



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 2

June 2016

Special Features This Issue
Phil Bolger & Friends #500!
Rowing an Eight – Marshwiggie Skin-on-Frame Canoe
The Long Cruise of Sea Dart II – 12 Steps to More Sailing
What I Learned Dinghy Cruising – Surfin' Old Town Maine



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

After some abnormally warm days in February and March here in New England, April has been kinda cold still for me to rev up enthusiasm for getting outdoors again, on the water or off. But years of experience assure me that it will get warmer and the revival of enthusiasm that comes with spring will again occur. The winter layoff we have here does refresh long-held enthusiasms, getting going again when the weather improves seems more inspirational than just facing another day of the same old same old fair weather those of you who live in sunnier climes have to cope with.

It's hard to ever recapture that original enthusiasm generated when a new activity is first discovered. As the years go by and the experiences add up, what I am doing may still be enjoyable but the excitement of new discovery fades, replaced by a longer running comfort with what I'm doing. Over the ever so many years now that I have been around, there have been only a few such original discoveries of new adventure possibilities. While this has resulted in my enjoying only a limited variety of such life refreshing opportunities, I seem to have a fairly long attention span as I continue to enjoy them at that aforementioned comfort level. I don't seem to be one of those who are into and out of a game in three years (34 years doing *MAIB* attests to this), like those who advertise the now boring toys of the last game for sale with the, to me, sorta sad comment, "lost interest."

Discovering traditional small craft in the late 1970s as middle age drew near was a revelation, amazing how excited I could still get as 50 years of living had passed by. I cannot explain how, after 30 plus years of motorcycle sport (a motorhead for sure) it was small wooden boats, row, paddle, sail that grabbed me. My family and friends of those years sort of assumed that I'd go into powerboats when I expressed my newfound interest in boats. But after all the thrills and excitement of motorcycling, powerboats were pretty dull stuff and the idea of simplifying my life with the simpler pleasures of small boating was refreshing.

My initial fascination in traditional small craft was nourished when I discovered John Gardner's columns in *National Fisherman*. Wonderful reading, John's laconic writing style was just right and his discussions of ever so many interesting small craft just fed my growing desire to be in this game. Living here where John grew up in boats and where such fascinating craft as the local fishing dories originated, I quickly became con-

vinced, after buying and reading John's *Dory Book* that I wanted to build a Swampscott dory. That this never happened, due to many time consuming ongoing life issues, including publishing this magazine, has been one of my life's minor disappointments, that's how it often goes, but one cannot do it all.

Before I undertook to publish *MAIB* I got involved in the TSCA and in 1983, after deciding that the TSCA's *Ash Breeze* and the *National Fisherman* still didn't give me all I wanted to learn about small boats, I launched this magazine. Good move, it's still inspirational as all your many stories come in to be shared with our readers. While *MAIB* ranges quite far afield beyond traditional small boats, the small part still is there and the experiences and rewards are to be enjoyed.

Our cover story this issue illustrates my contention that new excitements and thrills are to be had with small boats. The author, Mary Dooley, had been day sailing in the British dinghies favored by the Dinghy Cruising Association but when she went off cruising rather than just day sailing, a whole new world opened for her.

You've already had plenty of opportunity to learn how the British enjoy their small boating through our reprinting of articles from *Dinghy Cruising*. The DCA was organized in 1955, some 15 years before John Gardner's call to arms to protect traditional small craft from government bureaucrats intent on regulating them out of existence on spurious safety grounds resulted in formation of the TSCA. The DCA had no such looming threat, they just decided to get together enjoying cruising in their small sailing dinghies.

Their focus is quite narrow, cruising in small sailing dinghies, as opposed to the TSCA's wide ranging interest in all sorts of traditional small craft. Interestingly each organization has only about 800 or so members after all these years. One DCA member asks, "Are we a solitary breed?" Looks like this is the case. Somehow they fill their 76-page full color quarterly journal, *Dinghy Cruising*, with reports on all the many chapter activities (lots of cruising tales, of course), schedules of upcoming cruises, many articles on their boats, designers and histories. Kinda makes me wish I lived over there where everyone is so much closer together and have so many activities to enjoy together. Despite the impossibility of this ever happening, they do stir up some of that slumbering enthusiasm I talked about earlier.

On the Cover...

The happy camper on this month's cover is Mary Dooley who is discovering the joys of dinghy cruising with the UK's Dinghy Cruising Association. She tells us of "What I Learned Going Dinghy Cruising" on pages 13-15, reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, the quarterly journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

I approached Connecticut's Stonington Point about 1600 yesterday to find myself in the midst of a regatta of little sailboats. I had passed the outer breakwater, and just doused *MoonWind's* sails and started her motor, as the breeze would be blowing nearly down the channel toward Watch Hill. As soon as the regatta jibed for the mouth of Stonington Harbor, I gave *MoonWind* some throttle, and sprinted toward Sandy Point.

I'm now anchored behind Napatree Point beside Watch Hill Harbor. Napatree is a mile long neck of land fronting the sea with a shallow, sheltered cove, Little Narragansett Bay, behind it. The name Napatree came from "nape of trees", a wooded neck. Now there is scarcely shrubbery, let alone a tree, the length of this neck. The Great Gale of 1815 destroyed the trees. The numerous summer houses built here later were swept away by the Hurricane of 1938, now remembered by none save ancient folk.

That same hurricane cleared a half mile breach between the end of Napatree and that shoreward pointing isle whose northern tip is known as Sandy Point. As this breach way is shoal, most of us boaters must wend the mile long channel that begins at Sandy Point, and parallels the Stonington shore until it reaches the mouth of the Pawcatuck River. If we turn due south and run along the Rhode Island shore for half a mile, we'll fetch up at Watch Hill Harbor.

The channel also ascends the Pawcatuck River for a few miles. Both along the shore and up the river we must not extravagate, in many places the water beside the channel is shoal, and we shouldn't disturb the egrets who are stalking beside our boat.

Along the backside of Napatree Point is an anchorage sufficient for hundreds of boats, at least they think so. One hundred boats can anchor comfortably there with room to swing. Two hundred vessels ensure we will stay awake half the night to see whose anchoring scope is greater than ours. Three hundred boats ensure we will have more company in our cockpit than we ever bargained for.

Actually, the bottom holds anchors well. Were it not for three or more rafting boats attempting to share but one anchor... but that's another story. I trust that wasn't you I roused at 5am in the center sloop as your boat dragged into *MoonWind*.

Yesterday afternoon when I traipsed in here there were but three powerboats anchored. Only one spent the night. I dropped my hook in 9' of water and paid out lots of scope. Fortunately, the tide hereabouts seldom exceeds 3'. I let out 100' of roding with a 20lb sentinel. My neighbor anchored a quarter mile away. A 5-knot gale was forecast for the evening.

The harbor at Watch Hill, bereft of boats, proved quiet. During boating season, an active fleet of "Watch Hill 15s" moors here. These are Herreshoff sloops with 15' waterlines, a variation of the "Buzzards Bay 15:" a slim, tender, open, centerboard racing craft with plenty of sail; 24'6" overall length with a modest 6'8" beam.

Another fixture of Watch Hill Harbor is the beautiful *Aphrodite*, our goddess of these local waters. A 74' motor cruiser with a deep blue whaleback hull and magnificent bright work deckhouse, she was built in 1937 as a commuter yacht, and both rebuilt and renovated just a few years ago. She was relaunched by Maine's Brooklin Boatyard in 2005 following 45,000 hours of restoration. She graces nearby Mystic Seaport's Wooden Boat Show each summer. You are welcome aboard to admire her if you first remove your shoes.

Watch Hill is a village that comes alive in warm weather. Its luxurious hotels and stately houses stand quiet this time of year. Its high-end boutiques and restaurants await the bloom of summer. The antique carousel at the foot of the village is closed; the little horses remain in their stalls awaiting fresh paint, and a chance to flaunt their manes.

Only the lighthouse stays busy this time of year, alternating her red and white lights to keep sailors from her shoals. From where *MoonWind* lies placidly tethered I can also see the lighthouse at Latimer Reef beyond the breach way. The air being still, I can hear the automated, double bell from this tower, and the single horns from both the breakwater light and Watch Hill Lighthouse. Off Napatree Point a bell buoy adds her random voice to the mix.

Despite this muted clamor I sleep quite well. The nearly full moon shimmers on the rippled bay. I snuggle into my sleeping bag in *MoonWind's* quarter berth, pull my watch cap over my ears, and readily forget about the world of work and worry.



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

CBMM Antique & Classic Boat Festival

Wooden classics, vintage racers and other antique and Chesapeake Bay related boats are coming to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, June 17-19 for the 29th annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival. Hosted by the Chesapeake Bay Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society, the show attracts the finest runabouts, yachts, race boats, work boats, launches, hydroplanes and utilities. Chris-Craft, Trumpy, Gar Wood, Donzi and Lyman are among some of the boats represented.

This year's festival will feature a special appearance of the 1903 Lawley yacht *Witchcraft*. Now sailing along the Chesapeake, the 66' *Witchcraft* was designed by B.B. Crowninshield for William Bowditch Rogers for use as a racing yacht on Lake Champlain and built by Boston's famed Lawley boatyard in 1903.

Along the Fogg's Landing side of CBMM's campus, the festival's Field of Dreams features an array of restorable classic



boats and motors, along with other items in a nautical flea market sale.

For more information, visit bit.ly/CBMMBoatFestival or call 410-745-2916.



Information of Interest...

The Vikings are Coming!

We're getting exercised about the summer visit by *Harald Finehair*, a Drakkar longboat which departs Norway in May and will eventually end up (via the Great Lakes, the New York canals and the Hudson River in Mystic, Connecticut for the winter. I'm fighting the urge to go meet her with some restorative Kaffeekask spirits at l'Anse aux Meadows in Newfoundland. Talk about low emissions but high spirits.

John Stratton, Old Lyme, CT

Information Wanted...

What Happened to Tom's Stories?

As a subscriber from *MAIB* issue #1 (*Small Boat Journal*, *Maine Coast Fisherman* and *Classic Boat Monthly* before!) I was thrilled to see the piece from Tom in the April issue ("Grumpy Old Sea Dog")! What happened to the original Tom pieces? Are they available? I remember you reprinting one of them a few years ago but we need to have them ALL!!

Phil Carling, Hingham, MA

Editor Comments: Many of Tom's stories were published in a couple of books by International Marine a long time ago. They are long out of print but his *Voyages of the Damn Foole* is offered on Amazon.

Why No Snowboats?

In the April issue Peter Jepson of Ontario asks why we never hear of "snowboats" as an alternative to iceboats. The answer is because they don't work, for two major reasons. The first is friction. Iceboats work because the blades are so narrow. The weight per square inch is so high that there is a very thin film of melted ice under them, providing ideal sliding conditions. Skis for a snowboat would distribute the weight over a much larger area and therefore not create any melt. Wind strong enough to move the boat would tend to knock it over or dismast it. The second is directional control. Skis do not have as good a bite as skate blades. If the snowboat ever did move it would go only downwind unless a sophisticated canting mechanism allowed the edges to dig in, probably increasing the drag still more. I tried a lot of tricks on Great South Bay ice as a kid, but never this one.

Nick Fast, Hilton Head Island, SC



Oceana

Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*

Two sailing canoes from Hawaii have been sailing around the world since 2014. *Hokule'a* (means *Star of Gladness*) and *Hikianalia* of the Polynesian Voyaging Society (PVS) started from Hawaii on a five year worldwide voyage. They are two traditionally designed voyaging canoes, replicas of the canoes that brought the first Hawaiians to their island home.

Hokule'a and sister canoe *Hikianalia* are 62'x20' double hulled canoes, similar to the ones that Polynesian ancestors sailed. Since she was first built and launched in the 1970s, *Hokule'a* continues to bring people together from all walks of life.

This voyage is being done almost entirely using traditional Polynesian navigation methods, called wayfinding, as did the late Micronesian, Mau Piailug. Kaleo

Wong is one of their navigators. Navigators carefully study and revere nature for direction. Wayfinding involves the use of only one's natural surroundings, stars, clouds, waves, wind, currents, birds and wildlife to guide them. The *New York Times Magazine*, March 20, 2016, has an article on wayfinding, "Secrets of the Wave Pilots," online and "Sixth Sense" in print edition. Sailing across the Pacific Ocean they are amidst whales, dolphins, storms and calm winds.

In January 2016 they left the coast of Africa and sailed to Brazil. This spring they are sailing to the US and up the Potomac River to meet with President Obama. They plan to be in New York City by June 8.

To learn more and track their voyage go to the website <http://www.hokulea.com> where Hawaii's Polynesian Voyaging Society has a wealth of information.

Normally I would have read a book at least once straight through before reviewing it, but at over 650 large format pages, dense with text, photos, illustrations and information, it might just be years before I could get this book read through, so here goes!

Most *MAIB* readers must be familiar with Howard Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*, even if they haven't read it. The result of Chapelle's lifetime of documenting sailing and rowing workboats, both attempting to preserve the lines and convince boaters that historic workboats could be the basis of great recreational boats, that book impacts not only readers of these pages but also the revival of traditional small craft as a whole, wooden and traditional boat building schools, maritime museums, the whole universe that surrounds *WoodenBoat* magazine, *Small Craft Advisor* magazine, *Duckworks*, more than a few designers and boat builders, countless businesses and who knows what all I have left off this list.

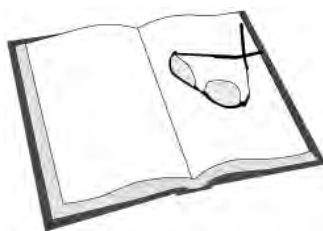
What we Americans tend to miss is that there is a tradition of documenting traditional boats and everything that surrounds them that predates Chapelle by almost a century. That line of research goes back to the 19th century and earlier and involves efforts to document folkways, folklife and folklore by both academics and amateurs that swept into fashion in mid 1700s Europe and gathered momentum as the changes of the Industrial Revolution, not to mention violent revolutions and wars, swept away the world that preceded. Among the things "revolutionized" away were the traditional lives and boats of those who worked on the waters of Europe.

That European tradition of small craft documentation was an ethnographic one so their interests were not just in the boats themselves, but also directly in the lives of the people who used those boats, their place in society, the economy and environment where those workboats were employed. Up until now the standard English language work utilizing this approach was *Inshore Craft*, edited by Julian Mannering. (I believe that that place has now been taken by *Traditional Boats of Ireland*, but more of that later.)

Mannering knew Chapelle and admired his fieldwork skill and work of preserving the architecture of the boats themselves, but is also critical of Chapelle's approach for "largely ignoring geomorphological, climatic and economic environments and the societies from which they emerged." There is a bit of truth, at the least, in Mannering's comment that "what began in Europe as a very specialized ethnographic study became in North America something of a cult with at times social and almost religious overtones."

In Chapelle's defense, two things stand out: (a) that Chapelle was doing the equivalent of rescue or salvage archeology, he was trying to preserve for study what was about to be lost forever (and promote traditional working craft as models for future recreational craft used by fools like us); and (b) Chapelle's last work, on American fishing schooners, was the equal of anything done in the European ethnographic tradition and as thoroughly documented and footnoted as any work of academia.

Traditional Boats of Ireland Project was supported by academic institutions and museums and the relatively low price of this volume reflects that support. Published here in the US, the book would run well up into three figures to purchase. My advice is, if you



Book Review

Traditional Boats of Ireland History, Folklore and Construction

Edited by Criostoir Mac Carthaigh,
Traditional Boats of Ireland Project
The Collins Press, Wilton, Cork,
Ireland 2008

Reviewed by John Nystrom

might someday want it, buy it now while it is available. The illustrations and line drawings by themselves justify the purchase and the text is uniformly well written, though it collects the work of several contributing authors. I was able to get it late last year on Amazon for just under \$50, but the latest Amazon.com search shows it just over \$54 shipped. Check your local bookstore first (mine was telling me that their price was about twice that).

The book opens with an ethnographic introduction (but don't let that put you off, it is useful to the story and a good read) that discusses Irish vernacular boats, fisheries and folklore (you can't have any study of Ireland that doesn't have at least one chapter on folklore and oral tradition). Both clinker and carvel construction are found in Ireland, along with a continuous tradition of skin-on-frame boats. After the intro, we are taken on a 'round the island tour of some 60 or so distinctive boat types, starting north and going west, south and east in turn. Each locality seems to have distinctive boat types based on local conditions and construction methods.

Next comes 150 pages just devoted to Irish skin boats, or currachs. (Frankly I bought the book just for this section alone. I have recently become infatuated with skin-on-frame boat construction, a subject where most of the sources are out of print and high priced when you find them.) And just like the wooden boats of Ireland, currachs varied in form based on local conditions and materials. Before you laugh off skin-on-frame construction, be aware that the British Isles were settled by waves of people traveling in skin-on-frame boats, that skin-on-frame boats were used in commerce and trade relations from Spain to Ireland to Scandinavia long before the rise of seagoing wooden vessels on the Atlantic and that the Irish may have continued using skin-on-frame small ships in commerce until Middle Ages. A tradition of skin-on-frame small craft, currachs, continues even until the present day.

The text closes with traditional boats on inland waters. Line drawings, references and

index close out the volume. Some 60 different types of boats are covered in this volume. This is an incredible project and an incredible book. If you don't get this one while it is available, you will regret it.

Website: <http://tradboats.ie/http://tradboats.ie/publications/book.php>

From the Traditional Boats of Ireland Website:

"The Traditional Boats of Ireland Project is the result of a combined effort by Irish people who are passionate about the rich diversity of boat types throughout the country. This project is a byproduct of a loosely affiliated group of individuals with a shared realization that Ireland's traditional boat types are rapidly disappearing. The purpose of this website is to raise awareness of the rich diversity of our maritime traditions.

The cooperative originated as a group of enthusiastic and committed volunteers whose founding aim was to raise awareness and interest in Ireland's diversity of coastal and inland water craft. The need for a comprehensive survey of Ireland's traditional water craft has been recognized for some time. It is a need which becomes more pressing as our stock of indigenous boats diminishes. But tradition is persistent and Ireland still possesses a remarkable diversity of boat types on its coasts, in lakes and on rivers, even if their numbers are in decline.

Much work remains to be done in relation to Ireland's traditional boats. A great many boats of heritage value have yet to be recorded, particularly those of the inland waterways whose stock of indigenous craft has proven more vulnerable to change than those of coastal districts.

The growing interest in 'classic' boats has helped sustain traditional skills and knowledge. Without this skills base, the ability to restore, replicate and handle the boats is endangered. It is therefore vital that we act now to preserve and record this irreplaceable part of our cultural heritage.

This site is intended to provide a platform to continue the work of the many contributors to the book *Traditional Boats of Ireland* and to invite others to participate in this important work. It is hoped the resources and information presented here will encourage people to share their knowledge and interest in the subject of traditional boats.

The Traditional Boats of Ireland project is an independently funded initiative but field work has benefited from the support of the Heritage Council of Ireland and generous individuals at critical moments. The organizing committee warmly thanks the Council and its staff for its continuing financial assistance and encouragement. It also wishes to acknowledge the generous support of Bord Iascaigh Mhara, the Marine Institute, Comhairle Bhéalóideas Éireann (The Folklore of Ireland Council) and Údarás na Gaeltachta in the realization of *Traditional Boats of Ireland*."



Toothaches

Toothaches have no place on a boat. They, among other ailments, will keep the sailor on the dock. At sea, or just afloat on the bay, they will keep one's mind ashore. They are no fun, the bane of humankind, we're all in this together. Can you imagine a full on toothache, coupled with mal de mer?

Other ailments abound as well for the mariner. Just being cold and wet continually, days on end. How long before that's considered fun? Splinters, cuts, toes stubbed against whatever they hit, all afflictions, to be sure, of the landlubber as well, difference being out there there is a ship to sail, port to make, little ones aboard counting on the sailor in charge. No time to tend that gash, there's a reef or two or three needs put in the mainsail, there's also reefs of a different sort downwind, waiting with jagged teeth, gaping jaws.

Wrap a rag around the cut hand or finger, ignore that bleeding toe. Precious cargo's aboard, be it only yourself. No time to sit this one out. And then there's the galley cook, who deserves more appreciation than is normally given what with boiling pots and hot grease, death seems to await the lowly cook. If the stovetop doesn't get him, the crew's liable to revolt over a poor meal. On the other hand, a good galley cook will always find billet. Word gets out, or maybe not. "You don't want him, can't cook for beans," keeping the best for themselves. The early boys were made of stuff we can only imagine. Setting reefs, climbing tall masts, rain, cold, sleet and gales. A hardy bunch to be sure.

How'd they deal with toothaches?

Winter in East Texas

Winter here is not bad, not bad at all. Some waters are frozen, an iceboat is about all one can use. Doldrums, if that's how it's spelled. Windless is the place they're at. Winter might as well be windless when it's howling 35 plus with a wind chill that'll put you somewhere south of zero. Doldrums, sail less days. Winter.

I used to live up at 5,500'. My sailing days were limited to when I could get to the coast. The offshore islands were indeed nice, the expense getting there was rather costly. The expense getting here, coastal Texas, was cheap by comparison. Sell the house, not a problem, except that it was a new build and only 80% done. Noticed one day my Linda was downsizing, I was as well. Sat down and had a talk. Sell as is, take the hit, took all of five minutes.

Came here with a Trailer Sailor 16 and an outboard hanging on the stern. I didn't feel all that confident in my sailing prowess and determined to get better. Set that OB in the closet and never looked back. Now I'm looking back thinking where'd that 65' steel barge come from I just lost some paint on. That concrete bulkhead, worse yet, that rip rap broken concrete I put another boat up against, after supposedly getting to be a better sailor.

The wooden docks and piles are somewhat softer, unless the spot we hit has some ole rusty iron on it or creosote to mark the sails. Better? Oh well, I guess it's just a state of mind.

Here in the State of Texas, I can sail all winter. Bang into all the steel, wood and concrete I can find. Getting better? I'd like to think so, depends who you ask.

Maritime Meanderings

From the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

A Sailor's Work

Sailors work, not necessarily on the water, but work just the same. Spent the afternoon trading sailboats with a fellow. He's a few years older and a bit more slowed down than myself. Why we do such things for these other women in our lives is beyond me. If they were actual flesh and blood we would have showed them our backs long ago.

Here we were, two of the over the hill gang possessed by two equally over the hill women of the floating type. Both of these beauties were on their respective trailers. The little 15' cutie had to come off and be set down gingerly upon the ground to be retrieved at a later date. This was, and is, a cash strapped affair hopelessly awash as two teenagers trying to scrape together enough change for a double date. Being frugal and each used to going it alone, we never get anything done waiting on another, we used what we had, oak trees, lines, straps, pipes, lumber, an old floor jack. Tied off, strapped up to the oaks, using the floor jack set on plywood on top of the sandy loam, a little at a time the cutie gave up her bed.

The older matron, an 18 footer, slid off her perch fairly easily following the advise of my cohort. Coaxing her back aboard her new home was slightly akin to getting a stubborn horse into its trailer, if any can relate, they're of a different breed.

Sailing work comes in many different and varied ways. The looked forward to part of it is the actual being on the water, but let's not fool ourselves, we're not there yet. These two gals needed their beauty treatments. One might think a sailor now would have a free hand in this beautification process, only a fool would think so. These two ladies will have their say in the matter, reconstructive surgery may be in the hands of the sailor but, if he knows what's best, he'll see to it his gal shines.

The afternoon well spent, job accomplished, at least that phase. The look ahead, the dreams will blossom, be nurtured, fed and rethought, shared with others. It's all a part of the mix, be it cooking, music, backpacking, crafting, life!

There's many a road to follow, many harbors to visit, long coastlines to explore, enough to keep two over the hill teenagers going long after the golden years. Work? Nah! It's fun.

It's Time

You'll know when it's time to start the next build, the next boat. Until then the feeling of the usual marbles careening side to side with all the decisions, the should I's, which design, plywood, lap, conventional or just fill it up with epoxy and sand it fair. Quick 'n dirty or the museum piece. At the last wooden boat show, I was told it was apparent I used my boat. I'm still trying to figure if that was a compliment or a snide remark. I took the compliment.

One day at the ramp, coming in or leaving, I don't remember which, a woman asked

how many years I'd owned my boat, actually m'am, it's just three months old. I'm sure she was a bit more embarrassed than I. Quick, dirty and strong. Shrimp boat finish is, after all, shrimp boat finish. My finish carpenter skills don't shine in these craft, they do allow for quick building.

Another one? Oh yes, there's one in the works. A little two sheet plywood sailing skiff. I don't consider it a serious contender as another build though. It's really quite simple. A well designed and thought out little sailer. Perhaps it's the challenge I'm looking for.

Perhaps it's Zeke the carpenter I'm looking for, I read of him while in first grade. Yes, a first grade reader. This is Zeke the carpenter, at six years of age. I wanted to be a carpenter. I am. It doesn't mean I followed the program, my pride kept me from wood shop in high school, all the cool guys took wood shop, not I. The price came later.

The first job I had, upon being shown the blue prints, "Hey! I used to draw that stuff in high school!" A job shortly after, a room add on for a neighbor, a library book on home construction, got me through that one.

Wandering in-n-out of boat yards and construction sites gave me ample skills. The desire to learn and build kept my nose in magazines and up late at night just trying stuff. Hand cut dovetails were one, the first of many were throw aways. Steam bending wood, inlays, blind nailing, mallets made of cut down ash trees, just growing and loving it.

So here I am, pushing 70, looking for another. The shallow waters here cry for the ability to sail on a morning dew, the back and knees do their crying as well. All things considered, it'll be a mix of an old hull of fiberglass, very, very shallow draft, epoxy glass structural, self righting, self rescuing, with just enough wood to keep her interesting, pretty and fun.

After the decision it's demo time. From then on it's worthless until the proven product. There'll be questions for sure, piles of doubts, naysayers galore. But the dreamers, ah! The dreamers! Fellow travelers upon the unforeseen paths humanity can't see, helping each other along, picking one another up, wiping blood of thrown stones from those who lack understanding. "Non conformist," they scream, "Just get a boat from craigslist."

Watch out! They'll turn you in when the time comes. The next one? Soon, maybe, soon.

The Fourteen

Well not quite, actually 13'10" stem to stern, she'll do fine. Just under the cut off of 14' requiring state registration if we keep her engineless. Won't be hard to do, very few days on this coast see nary a breath of wind. Mostly it can be a handful and then some. This 14 comes from the drawing board of an Englishman, a Mister Uffa Fox. Good bones if, even so as they say, a bit long in the tooth. There's potential, plenty of it, 125sf of sail area.

Let's start over. Fifty years, a long time to be sure for an old fiberglass dinghy built that long ago. Her transom was rotten, that was replaced, same rag of sails as when delivered, if you can imagine such a thing. Long blown out. The foam flotation long ago turned sponge but the bones, the bones be good. An old Fox design, Uffa Fox. A planing dinghy that'll fly. 125sf that'll pull like a mule and run like a thoroughbred. Skip across the wave tops, surfing sideways to the wind chop waves, like an actual surfer. Yes,

I've done it. I know. She'll do it again. This and with a blown out sail, now she's sporting a new dress, double reef main, a larger recut jib and a spinnaker waiting to fly.

She carries 10-15 gallons of water ballast in her belly, it's just me, you know, solo. I like to stay on top, keep her on her feet, dancing across the bay. Should be nice. Had her out on the first date the other day, fully dressed, full jib, one reef main, kicked up her heels she did. The wind was light. When it nears the 20 mark I may have to add more ballast, it should be wet and wild. With the summer heat it'll be even nicer. I've added water tightness under the foredeck for clothes and such. Midship gets the 10-15 gallons of water. Food stores directly behind in its own locker with a galley box especially built to fit across the transom, also works as extra flotation, the anchors go below the galley box.

All this for afternoon sailing? No, all this for a four or five day solo sail. My Linda's sister is coming to town and I'm off on exploration of waters unseen. Oh, I'll be wearing my harness, keeping me tethered to the boat. I'm told by some that most drowned sailors' last actions were pissing over the side. Discovered with their flies down I'm told. If it happens to me, first thing I'm going to do is zip up. Keep 'em wondering.

This little jewel of a dinghy has seen much water pass under her keel. Spent some time in Lake Michigan, then found herself in Canadian waters before being drug down to the Texas Coast. No telling where in between. Now she's in my care. First as a balanced lug before being converted back to her original rig as a sloop. This is how she'll shine, as a lug she was subdued, now she's ready to kick up her heels and fly. I'll take this dance.

Sailing

Went sailing today alone. Took the Fox, a sloop rigged dinghy, 13'9", designed by Uffa Fox, hence the name. Properly it's called a Javelin, built by O'Day Co. Built while I was still in high school. It's that old. Wind was up a bit. I added 35 more pounds bringing her ballast to 135lbs. Sailed with a full main, no jib. Had I used the jib I'm sure I would have had to put a single reef in, in other words reduce the amount of sail exposed to the wind.

Went down the Intracoastal a ways. Smooth water, nice breeze, no other boats, well, fishing boats. Do they count? Course they do. There's room and plenty of it. Didn't stay out too long, just a couple of hours. A bit of nip in the air still. Getting wet the other day brought me in sooner than if I'd stayed dry. Not a problem today. She scooted along quite well. Seems much faster than my Paradox, she is lighter though, carries more sail, is a lively old gal.

Having been sailing with a lug rig for the past three years or longer I find this Fox seems to have a slew of lines to contend with. Two sets for slab reefing, a topping lift, the two halyards for the main and jib, the downhaul for the boom, jib sheets and main sheet. Whew! The lug had three. Keeping these organized is a must, bedlam otherwise. Oh! Bow and stern lines also, and two anchor lines when out cruising. Not to forget various other lines and cordage, sail ties and gear tie-downs. It can get quite cluttered.

Coming back to the dock was uneventful, loading the boat onto the trailer was another story. Dadgum crosswind, needed

help to keep the stern from blowing off the trailer, going to have to build some guides of some sort. Help arrived, always seems to show up at the right time, a fisher gal from one of those other boats.

Keepers

I'm trying to narrow it down some. There's five out there at the moment with a partial build in the rafters of the new shed, a lightweight 12, or just about 12. Does that make it six? Something's gotta go. It's time to narrow the fleet, but which to keep?

Actually the choice isn't too hard. The twin keel may be gone in the morning, there's a fellow coming five hours, one way, be here about 8am, do the figures, he's serious. I think the twin will be gone come mid day.

The 12' Widgeon I so longed for, and thought would work, just won't. The knees, not enough leg room, good boat, good sailer, good for younger limbs. She won't be hanging around long.

The sloop, all 18' of a special design built especially for these shallow coastal waters, has some soft wood in her belly. Under the fiberglass floors, next to the hull skin. Goes back under the cockpit, no telling how far. A major fix. Missed on this one. I am leaning towards parting, as in parting out and then to the landfill. Economics and labor combined with physical limitations don't favor that old gal.

Next up is my second build Paradox. With a new view of the 18' sloop, the Paradox might not be going anyplace unless she's under me when she's a going. And she likes to go, too. The stronger the wind, it seems, the more she settles in. The fine bow cuts through the waves, sometimes letting a little green water over the top, but keeps on punching. A real confidence builder, one I'd like to be in, in a hard chance.

The Fox, oh the Fox. A lively old gal just shy of 14'. Sail across the shallows, showing her bottom without any embarrassment whatsoever. Once the tricks are learned, board down just enough to grab, sitting on the leeward edge, ready to pounce up hill if need be, she'll take me there. Makes one feel real good.

The last two are the keepers. The Paradox can handle two aboard in a pinch if need be. The Fox will sleep two in relative comfort, if one thinks of it all as being relative in the first place. A good, dry, warm bed goes a long, long way. We've a friend up north, a long ways up north, has spent many a winter camping in the minus stuff. He'll attest to the good, dry, warm bed part. He knows.

The new build? Well she is a two sheeter. Built with just two sheets of plywood. Supposed to be a load carrier, she'll do 7 knots as well. Light weight, less than 100lbs and roaring to go. Have an option or two or three I'm giving my self on this one. A three piece nesting type build one piece, compartmentalized or just basic using dry bags. Many options. Another advantage is no trailer needed, just throw it up on the car or in the back if nested. The horizons beckon. She seems eager to be gone, she knows there's another waiting in the wings. Which are the keepers? Could be worse choices. The question seems to have been answered, for now.

Dangerous

I told my Linda yesterday we're in a dangerous situation. I had a boat sold and it came back to me. It turned into a wash, too much rot in the bones. So I stripped it and took her to the landfill, oh well. I sold that twin keel last week, you missed it, oh well. The dangerous situation is now the only boat to sell is the 12' Widgeon, only two keepers left, what am I to do? Danger, danger, danger! Red flashing porch lights, even the neighbors are taking note.

Where the twin keel sat on its trailer is now a garden bed. The yard boss says that's how it is. A truckload of chipped trees sits in front of it. I've been relegated to the back forty. But being in the back forty is not so bad, I've a new shed/workshop, the back forty, though, is not nearly so large as my playground of yesterday. Not complaining, not complaining, it's actually good for me. Narrows the focus some. The shed/shop combo is nice as well, when I hang the nail bar where it goes, it's still there when I reach for it next time. Shipshape in other words. Never was able to do well keeping organized working under the oaks. I'm noticeably better at this, if only in appearances to myself.

The boats in progress, a little Summer Breeze in the rafters, being put together 'tween other projects, finishing up the Paradox's removable cabin top with hard hatch is progressing nicely. The Fox rework is doing well as well. Its progress brings a smile to my face when we sail, others shake their heads. The Widgeon is still up for grabs, you have some time left before another gets here ahead of you, which all sellers hope is soon. It was just a tad too small after all, the centerboard trunk just didn't give me the room I needed for ailing knees. Handicap parking is a good thing. Handicap sailboats, because of old age ailments or not, should cause thought about the frailties of the longevity of life and have us planning accordingly. What's next? We can shake an angry fist at the tug captain as we get bowled over or keep our eyes open and adjust our course, what will it be?

The carpenter in me is looking down the road at not just another project, but several. A neighbor I never really knew was a carpenter, lifelong and good and from what I'd seen of his work and heard as well, a very good tradesman. Came from Germany some years prior to my arrival. As age kept him from any regular type job, the sawdust in his blood wouldn't let him quit. He'd work for free, just buy the lumber, he enjoyed it that much. He died and his tools got sold off, hopefully to some who appreciate that sort of thing. Me, I missed the sell. But I've kept the memory.



Sea Dart II is a former US Army "T" Boat built in 1953 for use during the Korean War. She now belongs to Sea Scout Ship #228 of Rahway, New Jersey, and is used to train Sea Scouts (members of Boy Scouts of America) in all the subjects of seagoing and ship-board life. She is 65' long and is powered by her original Buda Diesel Engine. This cruise was from Friday, 31 July 2015, to Sunday, 9 August 2015, originating from her homeport on the Rahway River in New Jersey.

We Sea Scouts of Ship #480, Portland Connecticut, look forward every year to going aboard *Sea Dart II* to act as "reservists" during her annual long cruise. On Friday, 31 July, we arrived at 1800, observing the preparations for getting underway. I met some crewmates from last year and some new crewmembers. I met "Sandy," the Mom of the ship's bos'n from 2014 who was well known for her co-ordination of the meals so that we just had to thaw an evening's meal in the morning to use later that evening. She is known also for her sensational desserts, an assortment of brownies, muffins and chocolate chip cookies. She gave me an update about what the plan was for this year's cruise. Several other parents contributed also. Preparing nine days' worth of meals for 24 people and freezing most of them was quite a task.

The crew came from Sea Scout Ship #228, Rahway, New Jersey, Sea Scout Ship #5, Nava sink New Jersey, Sea Scout Ship #243, *Sea Horse*, Rahway New Jersey, Sea Scout Ship #480, Portland, Connecticut, and Boy Scouts with dual BSA registrations from Troop #104, Scotch Plains, New Jersey, and Troop #91, Perth Amboy New Jersey.



The crew continued bringing gear from storage, docking lines, small boat motors and fuel, food and personal gear. Fresh water was topped off. Capt "Z" then ordered the crew to shift into the Class "A" Uniform for departure. By this time many families, siblings and friends were on the barge dock to see us off.

19:45: "This is a drill, this is a drill, Abandon Ship." Everyone reported to their stations, wearing their life jackets and all were briefed so that they would know how to act in an actual emergency (fire, flooding, collision or man overboard).

The ship's service diesel generator was started and we shifted from shore power to ship's power. The ship's horn and peanut whistle tested satisfactorily. The Ship's Company was mustered and Side Boys were posted for Captain "Z's" boarding. He then led us in prayer, the Pledge of Allegiance and The Sea Scout Promise. Captain "Z" was then piped ashore as he had a work conflict

The Long Cruise of *Sea Dart II* Sea Scout Ship #228

By George Swanson

and would not be going on the cruise. Captain "G" would be this cruise's captain, along with mate "RH."

The main engine was started and at 20:24, *Sea Dart II* was underway for Mystic Seaport, Mystic Connecticut. As we went down the Rahway River we observed the Blue Moon rise to light our way all night. The crew shifted into working uniforms and stowed the docking lines in the lazarette.



Saturday, 1 August 2015: At 0230 I was awakened for my bridge watch with Mr "Z" and two or three Scouts. On the way to the bridge I checked out the galley for whatever was left from the last evening. Muffins and

cookies were found, but no coffee! Obviously the most important coffee maker (Mr "H") and the most important coffee consumer (Capt "Z") were not aboard for this cruise.

The 0300-0500 watch went well, observing various westbound traffic (three sailboats, one under sail, and a tug and a barge). The full moon and the gentle south wind were easy to take. It's not often that the pilot house doors are both left open all night while underway, what a difference from last year's (2014) cruise. We haven't seen a whitecap since we left the base in Linden, New Jersey. Several of the crew were sleeping on the main deck forward, where it's cooler than below.

0545: We observed sunrise, calm sea, good visibility AND the coffee was ready.

0930: Up all late bunks. Ahh, scrambled eggs are better at sea. Still lots of sun and little wind.

"Turn To" to prepare the ship for entering port at Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecti-

cut, our first port o'call. Morning training with Capt "G" for all those not on watch was Rule #5: "Duties of a lookout, by sight and hearing." We saw a Long Island Sound Ferry pass and were told that it is a former Cape May (New Jersey) ferry. The Captain is full of interesting information. For example, do you know that one can buy a slightly used lighthouse from GSA Auctions.gov?

1200: We passed #1 buoy to port as we entered the Mystic River (Connecticut) and the Captain took the conn. The first power reduction, from 900rpm to 600rpm, brought that pleasant "singing" of the shaft/propeller which tells me that we are entering port and "Liberty Call" can't be too far off.



Good heavens! Plenty of traffic! As the *Sea Dart's* draft is 8' we have to stay in whatever channel there is and by 1220 we had already sounded five short blasts on the ship's horn twice.

1225: We passed through the AM-TRAK Bridge and at 1242 the Rt 1 highway bridge, waving to the tourists with their ice cream cones.

1303" "All Fast" at Mystic Seaport, across the finger wharf from the whaler *Charles W. Morgan*.



1308: "Finished with Engines" and the in port watch was set.

1330: A Venture Scouting crew from New Jersey took a tour of the *Sea Dart II*.

1400: Tee shirts for Long Cruise 2015 were issued to *Sea Dart II* crew.

1400: Lunch, hot dogs and salad.

PM: Tours were conducted onboard throughout the afternoon by the watch and volunteers. We noted that the "Morgan" had people aloft manipulating her sails.

Supper: Tacos, pulled chicken, salad and Spanish rice. Not all the crew ate aboard as some had gone to reconnoiter the Mega Ice Cream place in downtown Mystic. They found that it also had a Mega line in front of it but, good luck to them, as the Army/Navy Store nearby was still there.

Sunday; 2 August 2015: In port Mystic, Connecticut.

0615: Reveille and frantic run to the shore side head/shower.

0630: Start the ship's service Diesel generator and the main engine.

0640: Underway for Martha's Vineyard. Sunny, calm, cool, flood tide and a full moon still visible in the west. A breakfast of pancakes and sausage.

0645: The Rt 1 highway (Main St) bridge opened and we're almost free.

0650: Rt 1 bridge passed.



0654: AMTRAK bridge passage.

0725 Mr "Z" reported that the fresh water is off, therefore, no coffee. We checked with the galley, Yes, it's on, and there is coffee too. Communication? No problem. We're approached the Newport Rhode Island/Block Island area and still not a whitecap since New Jersey. I scoped out the galley to see what's surfaced since last night. Soft baked filled thingies, chocolate covered donuts (one with a bite taken out of it), brownies, and three pounds of Wintergreen Lifesavers.

0840: Breakfast was on, but owing to the large swells before reaching the lee of Block Island (but no whitecaps), breakfast was also on the stove, on the deck, on the griddle and on the Youth Cook (JG). The refrigerator reminded us that its Heavy Seas Latch isn't latched, as an open #10 can of banana pudding made its way to the open door. There weren't many takers for breakfast. Most were below in their bunks, waiting for the swells to subside when we get in the lee of Block Island.

By 0920 I have given in to the swells and the call of my bunk, away up for'd. Amongst the underway sounds I heard the "laughing" of the fuel transfer pump feeding the day tank, or service tank, from one of the fuel storage tanks.

0936: Seasickness reared its ugly smell. The duty cook was ready with an apology, "Was it me? Was the sausage not cooked enough?"

1000: We entered the lee of Block Island and saw a high speed ferry just out of Old Harbor go down our starboard side quickly.

1025: The swells returned to bother us on our starboard side until again we reach the lee of Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard. Those hunkered down in their berths stay there unless they have a watch.

1050: I got coffee in the galley. Two crew members were there sleeping so I had my choice of the Geedunks on the table. A pan of brownies was there, two layers, covered with waxed paper. The lower layer had been untouched, but not anymore.

The rolling finally ended when we came into the lee of Gay Head to our south. Capt G. and Skipper S then commenced Marlinespike Seamanship Training on the main deck forward of the pilothouse. A retired 6" circumference tugboat hawser was used to demonstrate how to make an eye splice, forming a new docking line for *Sea Dart II*.



Characteristics of various materials used in making lines were discussed. Knot tying was next, including the knots required for advancement. Noon chow was peanut butter and jelly as the ship was still rolling too much for any soup like type of fare. Since noon the crew has been sounding the ship's bell on the hour, and on the half hour, so that they may get used to the number of bell strikes to tell the time during a four hour watch.



1712: Moored at Tisbury Wharf Company, Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Due to the evolution of warping her in and keeping her out of the way of

commercial traffic at the fuel pier (and the fact that in 1953 she wasn't built without a bow thruster), we were not ready to secure the engine room until 1745. So that figures out to be ten hours 32 minutes elapsed time between Mystic Seaport and Vineyard Haven.



1800: Titivate ship before supper and liberty. Supper: Baked chicken, cheese ravioli.

1815: Swim Call off of both port and starboard sides.

2000: The wardroom went ashore to purchase MV Bus Passes, get pizza and to pass on to the uninitiated the *Sea Dart II* folklore of seeing "The Statue of George" at the Ocean View Pizza Restaurant. Incidentally, the restaurant doesn't have an ocean view anymore, perhaps due to global warming? I don't know, it was dark out. While at the restaurant we made video calls to those two adults who couldn't make the cruise. The MV Bus Service got us back to Tisbury Wharf well before Cinderella Liberty expired onboard. It was a nice cool breezy evening, with a clear sky and a waning moon.

Monday 3 August 2015: In port at Vineyard Haven, Tisbury Wharf Co.

0800: Morning colors ceremony, Class A uniforms, morning prayer, Sea Scout Promise.

0905: Mr Packer visited the boat.

0915 Commence breakfast, French toast with eggs from Mr "RH's" chickens.

0930: Launched the ship's boats, one small and one larger aluminum skiffs (along with their respective outboard motors) and the 16' Coleman canoe. This took more time than normal due an issue with the starboard ship's service Diesel generator. Next JB and Skip S replaced the eye splice on the painters of both aluminum skiffs.

Lunch: Bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwiches.

1400: One skiff broken down in the lagoon pond and the other had to tow them back. The white and blue boats both returned with the white one soon brought back aboard. The automatic bailer in the bottom had failed and required repair. Someone will go to a hardware store to get supplies.

1600: Swim call. How many Sea Scouts will fit in a swamped canoe, and for how long? We'll find out!

1830: Supper: Mac and cheese, grilled zucchini with onions, grilled bratwurst. After supper I heard one well fed individual say, "Where are all those cake things I heard one of the mothers talking about back at the base?"

1930: The traditional "Raising of the Boats," an all hands effort, commenced. One single speed, hand cranked winch and a lot of groaning gets it done.

In the galley they washed the dishes, anticipating the last night ashore in the Vineyard.

2015: The last boat was raised. Bicycles were next. It reminded me of Noah loading the Ark, as everything came aboard. Then finally, Liberty Call for the crew.

Tuesday 4 August 2015 at Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard.

0630: Reveille of sorts. Coffee on.

0730: Rain and thunderstorms, the first whitecaps we've seen since New Jersey, and we were tied up to the pier.

0800: Breakfast (Mr DS in charge), Taylor ham egg and cheese on hard rolls. Delish!

0830: Hotel services were disconnected from the pier and the SSDG (ships service Diesel generator) and main engine were started.

0930: *Sea Dart II* is shifted to the face of the fuel dock.

0945: Bunkering commenced, then concluded at 1050. The fuel attendant wouldn't release us until we could demonstrate that we knew how to tie a carrick bend though. Out came the manuals to make sure it was correct. We left Martha's Vineyard with a bit of sadness, as each port has its special characteristic we enjoy.

1105: Underway for New Bedford, Massachusetts.

1200: We passed red bell #26 to starboard with a lighthouse to the north in the background. It sits on a hill, on Nodamesset Island, looking like a picture from a calendar. The viscous tidal flow against us caused our normal SOG (speed over ground) of 8.5 knots to be reduced to 2.9 knots. The ATON (aids to navigation) buoys looked as if they were underway themselves, speeding through the water.



1230: Wet down the decks, scrub down, rinse down.

1300: Chow underway, hot dogs.

1355: Three police boats, with blue lights and sirens, passed us by.

1430: "First Line" at New Bedford Massachusetts. There are HUNDREDS of commercial fishing boats in port with us, even though we saw only three at sea en route from the Vineyard. Heaving Line/Monkey Fist throwing practice was then given to scouts JB and JS.



1530: We walked up the hill to visit The Whaling Museum of New Bedford, which was informative and interesting.



1730: Back aboard *Sea Dart II*.

1830: "The Night of the Hot Peppers" began. It was a spontaneous, macho driven, jalapeno fired, testosterone induced contest requiring no previous training or experience. A #10 can of chocolate pudding was used in desperation to help quench the fires.

Then at 1900 we had supper, baked ziti and barbequed chicken (very nice!).

Wednesday 5 August 2015: In port, New Bedford Massachusetts.

0630: Reveille, coffee on.

0645: Main engine started.

0708: Underway for Block Island, Rhode Island, making the k-turn from hell to exit our berth. Weather hazy sun, light wind, calm sea.

0830: A breakfast of scrambled eggs and sausage.

0900: A fresh breeze and ocean swells made for a fun ride.

1000: So much for the solar wave machine! It made more swells than we could enjoy. There were more people hanging on and lying down when we were out of the lee of Martha's Vineyard and into Rhode Island Sound.

1400 arrival New Harbor, Block Island, Rhode Island.

1410 Almost "All Fast" but a line and Mr "RH" were left on Payne's Dock since we had to shift berths. There was a tuna tournament underway, which required some other boats be able to leave and return at will.

1445: "Creative docking" by Capt "G" put us in safely and without a shoehorn needed.



1530: The wardroom went ashore for ice cream and clam chowder at the end of the dock. We were then invited to tour another T-Boat at the dock, *The General*. *The General* is basically the same as *Sea Dart II* but had been extensively modified into a yacht.

1830: Supper, spaghetti and meatballs.

1945: Off to *The General* with six scouts in uniform and Mr "RH" for an Evening Colors Ceremony complete with bugle, Lyle Gun, shotgun like mini cannons AND hearing protection.



Thursday 6 August 2015, Relaxed Reveille.

0800: Morning Colors Ceremony in dress uniform, impressive. The crew was complimented on their behavior ashore last night. Now Hear This! The mystery of the day, who stole someone's stash of the Monster Energy Drink last night?

0950: I heard, faintly, someone calling out "adiamo," meaning that the Aldo's Bakery Boat was somewhere nearby. I believe that adiamo translated means, "Let's get going." We called them on channel 71 and by 1015 they were alongside with coffee, bread and sweet things. No complaints were heard about the food delivery.



Mr "RH" and volunteers then went to the local supermarket to reprovision and returned with groceries.

1100: The boat and galley were clean so Liberty Call was sounded.

1300 One crew member took a fall off a skateboard and was taken to the Medical Center to be checked out. He was released with some bandaged scrapes and abrasions. Capt "G" returned from the hardware store with spare parts to repair various "voyage repair" items.

1530: I was back onboard.

1700: Swim Call off of the dolphin just past our stern, which was attended by a roving group of teenaged guests from Payne's Dock. Then, in *Sea Dart's* pilothouse, a game of "Keep the Flip Flop in the Air."

1800: Supper, pulled pork barbeque with roasted corn and potato salad. Afterward Liberty was called and a contingent of ship's company headed to *The General* for Evening Colors. Most of the wardroom went ashore as well. As we were moored at Payne's and receiving "hotel services" (fresh water and electricity), engine room watches were secured for the night.

Friday 7 August 2015 in port, Payne's Dock, Block Island, Rhode Island. A wind shift occurred overnight, veering west to east, with sun and high thin clouds.

0700: Reveille. All hands mustered to launch the skiffs to assist in shifting the *Sea Dart II* since our inboard neighbor needed to depart. (The *Joanne III* of Harvey Cedar, New Jersey).

0850: Shifted from one berth to another with the assistance of tugboat *Russ*.

0858 "All Fast" again on the face of Payne's Dock.

0915: A breakfast of scrambled eggs with cheese and bacon, pan fried corn kernels and pulled barbeque pork.

0945: JB accidentally locked himself in the head. Capt "G" extricated him without further incident. At about 1200 the larger skiff, with six persons aboard, was off to the north end of New Harbor, while two of us took the smaller skiff into town. On our way we did a MOB (Man Overboard) drill on two apples we found floating and also a can, whose thin skin had been wounded, floating in the shallows. We finally beached the boat at the rear of The Beach Head Restaurant and went to Poppas for pizza. After returning to *Sea Dart II*, I walked back to Old Harbor.



1830: Supper, baked ziti with sausage and ravioli.



2000: We attended the Evening Colors ceremony aboard *The General* one final night. Bos'n K piped and lowered the ensign.

2400: Cinderella Liberty expired with all back on board early.

Saturday, 8 August 2015 in port, Payne's Dock, Block Island, Rhode Island.

0630: Reveille.

0715: Raise the small boats.

0730 Aldo's Bakery Boat came alongside for that last muffin until next year.

0740: Undressed ship of the fore and aft line of signal flags.

0808: Underway for Port Jefferson, New York, to ice cream and a brief layover.

Sunday, 9 August 2015. Zero-dark-thirty: Early reveille. Underway for the US Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York, for a brief port call, then underway for "The Base," Linden, New Jersey.

The final leg of the cruise was a busy time cleaning the ship and berthing compartments, and bringing all the gear topside. But the most fun of this last day underway was "Dessert Sunday," consisting of pudding, ice cream and peach cobbler.



Passport to Adventure Long Cruise Guide

By Sea Scouts, BSA | March 30, 2016

An annual Long Cruise just like Scouting relies on summer camp or baseball relies on the World Series. It is the pinnacle of what Sea Scouting has to offer, high adventure on the water, lifelong friendships, lifelong memories and, of course, valuable lessons. For Sea Scouts, a long cruise is a joyous opportunity, beyond the scope of the routine. It is more than just a scenic outdoor experience. It is more than just a physical challenge. It is an experience in living and cooperating with others to meet an exciting challenge. It is learning to overcome difficulties and learning to live in harmony with nature and each other. Every Sea Scout should be able to look back on their favorite long cruise with a smile. To make this a reality, the National Sea Scout Committee has published the Passport to Adventure Long Cruise Guide.

The Passport to Adventure Long Cruise Guide is the one stop shop for any ship to plan and execute a successful cruise. Its eight chapters are packed with topics including Before You Go; Who Will Go; Trip Planning; Travel, Budget and Insurance; Promotion and Preparation; Equipment; Underway Procedures; Sail Safely; and Wrapping up Your Long Cruise.

Additional training modules for planning and executing successful cruises are under development and will be released soon. If your ship is unable to go on a long cruise this summer, please direct your Sea Scouts to the Provisional Cruising opportunities available to them.



Telling a good story is not as easy as it sometimes looks. Ask anyone who has ever seriously tried. First of all, you've got to snag the potential reader's attention long enough to get her or him to go along with you, only then can you get on to actually telling the story. Even then you're not done until you can find a way to end it in a way that leaves the reader satisfied that it's been worth sticking with you through the telling. This is all about how a good story came to an end.

A man of my acquaintance is "getting on," as they say. He's basically still in pretty good shape and those who know him often speak of him as "spry." As I tell the story now he has just entered his 80s. This acquaintance of mine has had a lifelong passion for boats and the water, which has likely been a big factor in keeping him going. That's beginning to change now and it's those changes that set this story in motion.

He has had quite a few boats over the years and it has often seemed to him that each one has marked a particular phase of his life. In his 30s he had gotten himself on the weekend crew list of a spectacular sailing yacht owned by a crusty old retired admiral, a salty old coot who did not run a "beer and foolishness" vessel. Crew was expected to know, or to very quickly learn, proper nautical terms

Old Age and Old Boats

My Corner Of Alaska

By Brooke Elgie

and procedures and to keep the boat, in the admiral's archaic terms, "all a-taunt-o" at all times. Rum was served around when safely moored at the end of the day but otherwise the admiral barked orders just as he used to and the crew jumped to it. My friend's learning curve was steep. He loved it. The hook was set.

The first boat he owned came along in his 40s, a 12' open sailboat that he, his wife and their small daughter sailed near their home in Puget Sound. The daughter took to it, too, knowing port from starboard before she was sure of left and right. A few years later my friend and his wife took a hard look at things and decided that they had reached a point where their lives and dreams had seriously diverged. They were good, decent people and they managed a divorce that left them lifelong friends. She created a satisfying life in business and he followed the water.

He studied boat design. He worked alongside a gifted builder at first and then went on his own. By the time he'd reached retirement age he had built and sold several pretty good sized boats and he was living aboard a very fine older sailboat that he'd found as a derelict and had turned, largely by his own effort, into a near showpiece. In his mid 60s he felt as though he had just reached his prime.

Old wooden boats are a powerful metaphor for life itself. As the sea miles build up they require more effort and attention to keep them afloat and, just like us, they become less able to maintain full speed into a stiff breeze or to shrug off the minor collisions of life. By about ten years ago it was becoming clear that the boat needed more from him than he had to give her. The turning point came after he'd worked his way deep into the bilge to do some simple piece of engine work and had gotten stuck. Fortunately his wife was

nearby, heard his call and hauled him out by the back of his belt, and a week later she had to do it again.

He sold that boat to a young man who dreamed the same dreams that he had dreamed himself not that many decades ago. The young man's intentions were no doubt good but something happened. Life interceded or perhaps the dream simply faded. In any case, the young man stopped even coming around and my friend had to watch the agonizingly slow process as the boat went further and further downhill.

He figured that if he played his cards right there might be time for one more boat, something small like the one he'd sailed with his daughter. It would be his Last Boat. Working alone, it took him most of two years. There wasn't much to it. The Last Boat had one sail and a small outboard. Below he gave it a good single bunk and a small galley. He'd been feeling the return of an old urge to write so the Last Boat had a desk and a bookshelf. He named his Last Boat *Fred* in honor of his father and he imagined that his father would have been proud of him.

He went out with *Fred* often and he enjoyed the compliments that came, especially the ones that noted how well *Fred* did when the wind had kicked up before they had gotten safely in. His principle pleasure, though, was to sail up one of his nearby watersheds on a high tide and intentionally go aground. There they would wait, *Fred* on his broad flat bottom and himself with book, music, pipe and pen until the water came back and floated them home.

Several years passed quite decently this way and he was able to keep up with the boat's needs. Boats or people though, no matter, age happens. *Fred* was getting a bit tatty around the edges and he was becoming just a bit wobbly. His wife began to watch nervously until she saw the red sail coming home. Then, a month ago, he tried to fix a leak and only made it worse. He managed to shrug it off but then a few days later he barely pulled himself back from a wobble that would have put him in the drink.

Here the story could have gone either way. When he'd been younger and still brave in that way that younger men have of being brave he would have pressed on. He could feel how that temptation still lingered. Age brings with it different ways of dealing with the world. The years of sailing had taught him a couple of the universal actions, look up ahead for bad weather, read the water, reef when you first think of reefing and don't push your luck. Perhaps it was time. His choices were limited though. In the isolated community where he lived there was simply no one interested in buying *Fred* and on no account could he let him slowly rot on the beach.

The good Story Teller needn't make the reader suffer each detail of the anguish his subjects go through so this story won't go into the days of wrinkled brow and the nights of troubled sleep that went before the Decision. No. We'll cheat. We'll jump ahead to the last scene. My friend, his wife and a small clutch of old friends are standing together on the edge of a large open field. Arms are around shoulders. They are telling stories about boats and harbors and water. A bottle of good Irish whiskey goes around.

It's a calm day. The flames are HOT. The column of smoke goes straight up until it meets a faint breeze and bends off toward the west. Seaward.

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What I Learned Going Dinghy Cruising



Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

by Mary Dooley

I HAD DONE DINGHY SAILING before, but never had the opportunity to go dinghy cruising until this year, when I went sailing with Roger Barnes on Avel Dro. After a couple of short trips in the UK, I agreed to join him for a long weekend living aboard and cruising along the north Breton coast, out of Roscoff. This is what I learnt.

Getting ashore has a cost. There is a trade off between having water to sail in, and having beers to wallow in. The dilemma is easily resolved because after enough beers you don't need to dash off so quickly the next morning anyway.

Hold tight to the rope when asked to jump ashore. Not because you are worried about letting go of the boat, but because, only when you

land, do you discover what you are actually jumping onto.

Waterproof socks need to be pulled right up.

Penknife envy is a real psychological phenomenon. When I was a child I was in awe of people with shiny Swiss army knives, complete with many strange appendages that disappointingly never seemed to get used. On a boat people frequently get the opportunity to expose their penknives in multitudinous ways. Penknives are top of my Christmas list this year.

On a boat there is a use for everything. Or more accurately, everything has more than one purpose. Plates are saucepan lids, cushions are mattress levellers, fenders are beached boat levellers;

the oars hold out the sail, lever the boat level, and sometimes get used for rowing as well.

Always put your waterproofs on.

Always look forward in rough sea, especially when sitting on the edge bit thingy, so you can see the big waves coming.

Terminology. At stressful times don't admit to not knowing what the gunwale is, or the halyard, thwart, or the bit the chain goes through. Do not show surprise at the mention of a horse or a painter being located somewhere on the boat; they are very effective stowaways.

Hardly anybody else actually sails.

99% of boats are on moorings, 1% are under motor, even when they are pretending to be sailing. Notably,



Baie de Morlaix — hidden topography

nobody else is sailing without an outboard.

You need to find rowing fun at times. Sometimes for quite long periods of time.

Pontoons are very nice but can make you seasick. Marinas may seem like lovely cosy places with easy mooring, electricity and hot showers, but actually they are to be despised. Instead you find a charming inaccessible creek where there is a gamble as to what is underneath once the tide has drained out. There are old chains to get anchors stuck on, old anchors to get hulls stuck on, and thick sticky boot sucking mud that people get stuck in. There is a whole hidden unexpected topography.

Knots. I had been told that a bowline was the only knot you need and can be used for virtually everything. Roger seems to think it is a pretentious knot over-used by the sissies who sail on white yachts.

Rope should be wound clockwise. There appears to be no scientific reason for this. But if a rope tangles there is an accusation of anti-clockwise coiling.

Hygiene. As in childbirth, on a boat you stop caring about acts of personal hygiene that are normally conducted coyly and discreetly. Acts of hygiene are generally kept to a complete minimum.

Shepees are very good on land, but can lead to nasty accidents at sea. Boys (who don't need shepees)

don't warn you of the dangers that they are all too familiar with. Do not pee into the wind. Bring plenty of underwear.

Long hair is a problem. Amazingly you can buy products called 'sea spray' or 'sea salt'. Clearly these people have never been at sea.

Most of the time, nobody at sea really knows exactly where they are.

The French have lots of spiky rocks, and they may think that the waves that roll in from the Atlantic are dramatic, but actually this is all very tame compared to Watchet in the Bristol Channel.

Navigation. Even so, rocks are

everywhere in Brittany. If you are a mathematician you can make magical calculations about the height of the forthcoming rock and the state of the tide in order to work out if a crash is imminent. This of course is ignoring the aforesaid point that actually it is unlikely that you know exactly where you are on the chart, so you may be calculating the wrong rock. Anyway the simple solution seems to be that cunning mathematicians are hard to find and so you use good old-fashioned techniques like: Can you see a rock sticking out? Can you see the shadow of a rock just below the surface when standing on the foredeck? Can you see water breaking over something that may be a hidden rock? Is the chartplotter showing a red stripy zone? Have you hit a rock here previously? If the answer to all the aforementioned is no, and depending how fast you are going and how hungry or thirsty you are, then it is possible to sail across areas covered in rocks without having an advanced mathematical qualification.

Seamarks. There are loads of sticking out things in the sea that have secret meanings. Sometimes they are huge and obvious, at other times they look like the kind of sticks carried by shamans. But the size of the marker doesn't necessarily indicate the importance of what they are marking. For example, you

Morning tea





Evening at Ile de Batz

can have a huge green lighthouse type structure and a spindly green stick, both marking the same channel. Because they are green they should be passed to starboard (otherwise known as the right), unless you are facing the other way in the channel in which case they are on the left. Yes, I hear you say, obviously that is when you are coming out, but when several islands are involved it is hard to tell which is going in and which is coming

out. Then there are other sticks that mark hazards; there are sticks that mark lobster pots and sticks that mark oyster beds. In fact there are a lot of sticks at sea, far more than I had expected.

Cardinal marks are like big friendly bees. They are yellow bees and if they are wearing a black vest they are warning you of something nasty to the south, if they are wearing black knickers it is to the

north. This is all very helpful, but the bees at the entrance to Roscoff harbour seem to me to be mischievous, or to have put their underwear on incorrectly. At night the bees turn into flashing clocks.

Tidal streams. You are meant to be able to tell the direction of tides by looking at moored boats and the flow of water around buoys. Notice my scepticism.

A tidal race is something to be feared, but should not be confused with overfalls. These look like a race but apparently are friendlier in their own very mean way.

Waves can be confused, or disturbed. As with confused teenagers, these times make life difficult for all. The surface of the water reveals great secrets – to the experienced eye only.

Baby seagulls use pester power by squawking at their mothers in exactly the same way as human young do, which gets very annoying when they are not your baby seagulls. It is advisable to carry suitable ammunition or some foul-tasting bird food to prevent this, although apparently curry powder also has the desired effect (on both birds and children). Cormorants don't talk to each other. Wading birds march along the shoreline in an orderly line at exactly low tide.

Early mornings. In tidal waters, boats sometimes have to be moved around in the early morning dark. The biggest problem is not that you can't actually see, but that your hands are so cold that they stop working properly, and you feel in danger of the futile activity of whingeing.

Luckily after all these more challenging moments there is always the cheering, essential and quintessentially British activity of being made a cup of tea by the amazingly talented sailor who brought you to this perfect world. MD

Morning at Ile de Batz



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Cruise of the Catboat "Grayling"

A PAUSE TO REFLECT:

Spending the day fogbound on Block Island was a welcome change of plans for "Grayling" and I. A day to relax, to explore, to think.

Block Island is a long way from our home waters. Getting us out of the Great South Bay was no small feat. It's something I'd wanted to do ever since the "Grayling" was launched in 1987. Until this year, however, neither the boat nor I were really ready for such a journey. But this gathering at Mystic is one I wouldn't have missed for anything.

I remember first hearing about it some years ago. I had gotten out a sheet of paper, sketched out the next couple of years in a sort of long range calendar and highlighted July 6-8, 1990. I also set aside a week on either side for the trip to Mystic, and again for the passage back home. But now, here I was on Block Island, after the Mystic meet, and not heading for home! I'd decided to just let go and have a good time. I would take most of the month of July off and sail "Grayling" to Cape Cod and the Islands!

This year, 1990, had been a pivotal one for me. I'd been working for five years with my father in the home building business on Stat-

en Island. The first three or four years were very good for me, both from the personal growth and financial viewpoints. But I was beginning to feel constrained by the arrangement. I was at the point where I felt I knew enough to run the business myself, but couldn't because my father was looking over my shoulder all the time. Anyone who has worked for a parent will no doubt understand what this was like. If I had been in this situation with an unrelated boss, there would have been no problem, but with my father it was difficult indeed. We discussed the problem, and decided the best thing for both of us was for me to move on to pursue interests of my own. That way I wouldn't end up resenting him, and we could continue to maintain a close personal relationship unmarred by the stresses of the workplace.

It hadn't been so bad when there were other partners to deflect some of the attention. We had had partners who were supposed to take care of certain aspects of the business. They and I had offices on Staten Island, while my dad maintained an office in Manhattan. All went well until I took three months off to sail trans-Atlantic on the

newly completed 134' barkentine "Corwith Cramer". With me away it became evident to my dad that he couldn't get along with the partners, so a "divorce" occurred. Evidently I had been kind of a buffer between them. Upon my return, I found my responsibilities expanded as I now had to do most of the work previously handled by the ex-partners.

For a year all went well. There was lots to do to get a new project off the ground. My dad and I both kept busy and were working very well together. I learned a lot during this time; about business management, real estate development and civil engineering. But finally, in 1989, the bottom started to fall out of the real estate market. At that point the job slowed down and we found ourselves looking at each other across the table, wondering what to do next. That is when I began to realize that I didn't want to have my dad second guessing me for the rest of my life. I guess what I wanted was to be able to make my own decisions, my own mistakes. I'd reached the point where I felt I could run the business as effectively as my dad could, and had a hard time abiding by some of his decisions that I dis-

agreed with. So we both agreed that it was a good time for me to move on. Not only because of the state of the economy and my mental and emotional well being, but because I had actually planned for this long before.

When I entered the family business back in July, 1985, it was with the express goal of moving on after some time. To myself I always considered that I was on a five to ten year plan. Being a builder was not what I really wanted for myself for a lifelong career. I did get involved, however, for the following reasons: I'd be my own boss (mostly); I'd be doing interesting, practical, hands-on work, largely out of doors; and I would make far more money than the freshman naval architect that I had just become could have earned.

BACK TO SCHOOL

In 1981 I entered the Webb Institute of Naval Architecture as a freshman. I was 25 years old, which is old for an undergraduate freshman, and actually the upper limit for freshmen at Webb. But I had kicked around a bit and come to the conclusion that I wanted to be a naval architect. So a naval architect I did become. What a program! I'd been to good schools before (graduated Colgate University 1979), but nothing like this. The speed and intensity of the program was astounding. This wasn't learning, this was training. At this tiny college on Long Island's north shore, they try very hard to be sure that students have very little time for anything but school work. I guess some of the more gifted students had more free time, but I found myself challenged to the max. Graduating from Webb was without a doubt the biggest challenge of my life.

So there it was, 1985, and after the most challenging endeavour of my life, I was planning to NOT follow my training, but rather to go into the home building business. Well, my friends all thought I was nuts. But I thought I knew what I was doing. And sitting on my catboat on Block Island in July last summer it was evident that I did indeed have a good vision of what I was about when I decided to build homes for a while. After all, if I hadn't made that choice, I wouldn't have this beautiful old catboat to sit on.

Living in New York City, I knew that to restore "Grayling" would take a goodly sum of money. Because of the location of the boat, I couldn't hope to do all the work myself. Also the fact that I was working long hours, and often six days a week, posed a significant barrier to my ability to do the restoration myself. Being a partner in a building venture during these "fat" years was the only way I could see to afford the restoration

of "Grayling".

If I hadn't become a builder I probably wouldn't be starting my own business now. Over the years I had put enough cash in the bank to enable me to live for a while without an income. I'd also gotten some invaluable experience in the construction business which provided me with the assurance that should my own business fail, I could get a job working for someone else. Hell, if all else failed, I could always get a job as a naval architect! In any case, because of the state of the economy, the emotional turmoil of my work situation, and the desire to move on to pursue my vocation, I decided it was the perfect time to chuck it all and go off on my own. So there on Block Island, I recalled, I decided to put the fledgling new business (Even Keel Boatworks, Inc.) on hold until August. Until then I would enjoy myself. Go to Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard, Oysterville, and who knows, maybe even Nantucket.

GOING ON FROM MYSTIC

Late on Saturday night, July 7th, at the conclusion of the Mystic meet, I had decided to sail to Block in company with several other catboats on Sunday morning. I had previously planned to leave "Grayling" in Mystic on my friend George's mooring until July 17th or so. The plan originally was to go back to New York City for a while, take care of some business, and return, hopefully with a crew or two, to sail "Grayling" to the Vineyard for the Edgartown catboat rendezvous. But late Saturday night I learned that several cats were headed to Cuttyhunk via Block Island. I knew I could muster crew to Block and thought I had crew to Cuttyhunk also. From Cuttyhunk it's a short hop to Woods Hole where I anticipated meeting many local friends.

Sunday worked out perfectly. We passed under the Mystic River bridge opening, we being myself, and my friends T.J. and Dave. The wind was slight and as T.J. and Dave had ferries to catch to return to their Monday jobs, we motor-sailed until the wind came up. About an hour away from Block Island we were able to stop the engine and make nice way under sail. I had put both jibs on her and we charged into the Great Salt Pond in a freshening southwester. "Grayling" is rigged as a racing cat, and as such carries a large jib on a 7' bowsprit and a small jib on the forestay. With both jibs on we caught an 18' Sanderling, named "Sanderling", in a wild entrance into a crowded harbor. T.J. and I began stripping "Grayling" of her headsails while Dave took pictures and we played dodge-boat with the big yachts in New Harbour. After

some fancy maneuvering the mainsail came down and the hook dropped, all without starting our trusty little diesel.

Within a couple of hours I was "crewless" as T.J. and Dave got their ferries back to "America". Several other cats arrived during the afternoon so I pulled up the anchor to join them in a quieter shallow water anchorage. We spent a great evening with Cal in "Cape Girl", Bob and Chris in "Sara Hope", Roger and Joshua in "Marmalade", Bill and Ted in "Lady Jane", and Peter and Cathy in "Matchless". Nearby "Shoveller", "Ginger", "Felicity", "Sanderling" and a threesome of Marshall 22's completed what was a lovely scene indeed. The strong winds predicted for the next day didn't scare the others, but I'll admit this did make me a bit nervous. I was relieved upon waking up Monday morning to find it was not only not blowing very hard but was also very foggy. The others decided to stay put and I was glad.

I would have followed if they had gone, regardless of the weather. It's a long trip to Cuttyhunk or Woods Hole from Block Island and I was damned if I was going to do that without company. With no crew it made a tremendous difference to be in company with others. To be able to talk on the radio and not to have to really worry about navigation. I'd just follow them! I was glad not to have to struggle in heavy winds by myself on the open ocean. We would try for an early morning departure on Tuesday.

So on Monday night most of the fleet participated in an epic fish soup prepared by committee aboard the "Lady Jane". Everyone had contributed something, a good way to use up all our leftover vegetables, milk and meat. The addition of beverages, gin, wine and beer, made for a festive occasion as we ate between rain squalls. Never even made it ashore that evening. Just off to bed, to be up early and off to our next port.

Douglas Goldhirsch

Editor Comments

This became the first of an 8-part series that ran through our September 15, 1991 issue. Doug's concluding remarks in that issue reveal the true significance of this adventure:

"This voyage has been but the first leg of a much longer journey. While *Grayling* was the magnificent vehicle for this vital first leg I see the journey ongoing. The vehicles may change, there may be other boats, and certainly other people. On *Grayling* this past summer I set out on the journey that is the remainder of my life."

Indeed it was, for today Doug is the owner/proprietor of Southport Island Marine in Maine's Boothbay region. He has become a long time advertising supporter of this magazine, you can view his ads in our Boatbuilders & Restorers Directory in every issue, in this one on page 52.

As I write in Western Pennsylvania not far from Punxsutawney where Phil promised us an early Spring, the fireplace is blazing and flakes of snow are still falling. Too cold to consider laying down another coat of varnish out in the boat shed, so it is a perfect afternoon to sip coffee, reflecting on the last sailing season and the spring to come.



My log book tells me that last year, I was on the water 70 times. It's no world record. But, as an inland sailor with two active kids who is still two decades from retirement, I feel like I had a pretty rich season.

#1

4/11/2015

WeatherStation: Winds W-NW, 10-13 kts.; gusts 20-25

First sail of the season. Took *Tiramisu* to Yellow Creek. Lake level is high, water frigid. Ice finally broke up last week. Spotted a single loon. Crossed to south shore, beached and took in a reef. Enjoyed bracing, wet 2-hour sail, somewhat chilled even through the neoprene. Great start to the season.

.....

#70

12/14/2016

Weather: Wind S, SE 4-8 kts; gusts to 20.

Unseasonable warm day 65 deg. F. Launched at south shore and sailed to western extreme and over to north shore sailing base. Talked with park staff doing shoreline maintenance. Few waterfowl. Relaxing sail. Radar warned of an approaching storm; got *Tiramisu* out of the water and tied down on the truck just before storm hit.

Living proximate to water, marrying a patient woman, having kids and even a dog who enjoy sailing all help one enjoy more sailing. But another significant factor is that,



Twelve Steps To More Sailing

By Ken Sherwood
kwsherwood@gmail.com

four years ago, I built the right boat. As a volunteer at two community sailing clubs at nearby lakes, I have access to JY15s, Sunfish and Flying Scots ready to rig, and also had my own Ensenada 20 at dock. But the boat I sailed most last season, and the season before that, was *Tiramisu* - a Michalak-designed Piccup Pram.



This is not the perfect boat for everyone, of course. But, I think that some of the principles that make it a good fit for me could be used by others in choosing their "right boat." So the title is a weak joke. I'm not going to suggest you "admit you are powerless over your addiction" or "make amends to those you've harmed in your desire for sailing." Rather I want to share my sense of how, in a dozen ways, the match of the Piccup Pram's features contributed to many sails which otherwise wouldn't have happened.

1. Easily single-handed
2. Self-rescuing
3. Quick to rig and launch
4. Easily rowed
5. Reefing sail(s)
6. Stable
7. Comfortable seating
8. Kick-up rudder, leeboard
9. Modest maintenance
10. Self-repairable
11. Easily transported
12. Character

Let's start with the first two features. I love to sail with friends and family, but if I needed to organize crew for every adventure, it just wouldn't happen on many days. The boat must be ***Easily single-handed*** in a range of conditions. The Piccup Pram replaced my first boat, an FJ (Flying Junior), because the FJ was a bit too lively for early-Spring and late-Fall winds and water temperatures in my part of the world. Further, the Advance Corp. seat model FJ

that I had purchased was not ***Self-rescuing*** in high winds. The afternoon when I capsized alone and had to swim the boat to shore because I couldn't bail sufficient water to stabilize it for reentry put severe limits on when I could feel comfortable sailing that boat.



While the pram cockpit is very large and could hold a lot of water for a boat this size (6 x 4.5 in a boat that's only 11.5 feet long), it rides quite high in the water with its fore and aft flotation chambers; wooden spars prevent turtling. A line looped along the rear transom makes for easy entry, and a bailer is lashed to the boat. My first and only open-water capsize with the FJ was a rude surprise. I test capsized the pram soon after launch, making sure I could self-rescue and practicing a strategy for doing so.



The Piccup Pram is also extraordinarily ***Quick to rig and launch***. As fans of Michalak will know, the boat fits nicely in the back of a short-bed pickup truck (hence the name). During the best sailing months, I often keep it tarped in the back of the truck, with rudder and oars in the cockpit, PFD and sailing hat in the truck cab, ready to go to the lake at the first sign of a free afternoon and a good wind. The balanced lug sail is rolled around the spars, which are kept in a hand-sewn spar bag in the shed. The bulkhead compartments in the pram are also handy for keeping bailer, anchor, float cushions etc. safe but at the ready. No spending 60 minutes preparing to head out to the lake.





Once at the lake, rigging involves unbagging the sail, threading the halyard through the deadeye at the top of the mast, stepping the mast, attaching the downhaul, shipping the rudder, and tying the mainsheet block (with the mainsheet coiled and pre-threaded) to the boom end. Then I simply push the boat off the back of the truck into the water, usually remembering to grab the painter first! While this might sound like a number of steps to the uninitiated, it becomes a quick routine within your first few sails. I live 12.7 miles from the lake. Even without pressing the speed limit on my old truck getting to the launch ramp, I can be moving under sail about 30 minutes after walking in the front door after work.



Derigging is equally simple and quick. Once, I came to shore alongside a pair of kayakers; *Tiramisu* was secured and we were ready to head back home before they had finished securing their boats and equipment. It's not a race (actually, I was curious to see how quickly I could derig.) But, in practical terms, having a boat that quickly rigs and derigs means that on a promising day, if I can get off work at 3pm, I can enjoy a two hour sail and still be back in time to get the kids from Lacrosse practice at 6pm or help make dinner. It's truly one of the underappreciated advantages of a simple, traditional rig.

Of course, conditions at the lake may turn out to be not what I expected. For that reason, the right boat must be **Easily rowed** and have a **Reefing sail**. The pram is the first rowing sailboat I've owned. Effective

auxiliary propulsion shouldn't be optional, in my mind. For every sail boat I've experienced, that means oars and/or an outboard, preferably oars!



No one except canoe sailors enjoys paddling a sailboat back to shore! Even small boats paddle poorly, and it's worse when you've got the tiller under your knee while leaning out over the port side to get a good stroke. With the modest oars I made for the Piccup, arriving at the lake to a flat calm is no real interruption to my plans. I step the mast, keep the sail rolled but thread the halyard so it's ready to hoist, and row on my way. Not only is this convenient, but it means I'm much more likely to take a risk on a trip to the lake when the afternoon or evening wind forecast is marginal. Then when the breeze fills in, I can easily hoist the sail while on the water and enjoy.

When I sail in April and November, hilly Western Pennsylvania is more likely to produce strong, shifting, and gusty winds. With two sets of reef points, the pram's lug sail can be reefed down to a small and low handkerchief of a sail. The spars allow some twisting off for moderate breezes, but I often use the first reef when the lake is white-capping (average depth is 15 foot with a two-mile fetch to the west, so waves are quick to build). I've sailed frequently in 15+ knots with no fear of capsizing.

In addition to prudent reefing, it probably also helps that the Piccup Pram is quite **Stable**, having a sharpie bottom. Generally, the sailor sits on a cushion directly on the floor – resulting in a very low center of grav-



ity. In light winds, it is stable enough that I feel comfortable standing when sailing off the wind. The Piccup Pram's curved bilge panels also give the hull a shape that allows

one to steer by shifting weight to port or starboard, fore and aft. The traditional rig also contributes to stability since it takes advantage of upper spar flex to absorb the worst gusts, and the sail can be dropped in seconds. It looks un-seamanlike, but with an unstayed mast and a long mainsheet, I can also let the main rotate past 90 degrees to quickly luff on any point of sail.

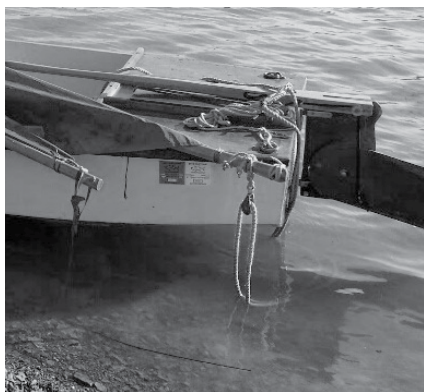


Now, I love sailing and I would put up with a reasonable amount of discomfort for a scenic or exhilarating sail. My wife and kids enjoy a pleasant sail in just the right weather. **Comfortable seating** is something your passengers or crew will enjoy! I find that when I can take them out for a nice, relaxing sail there's more sympathy in allowing the boat along on vacation, or helping to lift it from the pickup truck and store it in the shed come winter. In addition to



assuring less adventurous crew that there is minimal chance of capsizing, *Tiramisu* allows me to raise the sail high enough that there's no need to duck to avoid the boom – remember you're sitting on the floor – and in winds below 8 knots, I can allow my crew to lounge against the mast without moving, as I shift to the windward side as we tack to keep the boat in balance.

(*Comfort of seating is quite relative. I have taught friends to sail on the Hobie Escape, and what's comfortable for one sailor can send another to the chiropractor. The Piccup Pram does require some mobility and, lacking proper seats, may not be comfortable for people of all physical conditions.)



Some amateur boat builders consider the **Kick-up rudder, kick-up lee-board** to be nice but dispensable options. I don't understand this. The rudder on the Piccup is installed before launching from a pickup bed into the water – then I kick it down. Whether sailing in a familiar lake with shallow sections, low water at season's extreme, and occasional un-charted rocks and submerged trees, I want to be confident that an impact will just kick my rudder up rather than ripping it off the transom. Both the rudder and the pivoting, single lee-board on my pram are held down with stretch cord through clam cleats to absorb any impact. And while it diminishes pointing ability, being able to partially raise the blades and sail in six inches of water is great fun. Similarly, I find being able to lock full up/down or in between facilitates beach launch and retrieval when there are high winds and waves.



Why are **Modest maintenance** and **Self-repairable** boats best? As much as I can enjoy sanding and varnishing, it's important to be able to sail! And when something breaks, you can't sail while waiting for parts to arrive via UPS. At least twice with boats on vacation, a significant failure occurred which might otherwise have ended the sailing portion of the trip. But when a new mast is as close as the nearest Lowes, the sailing continues.

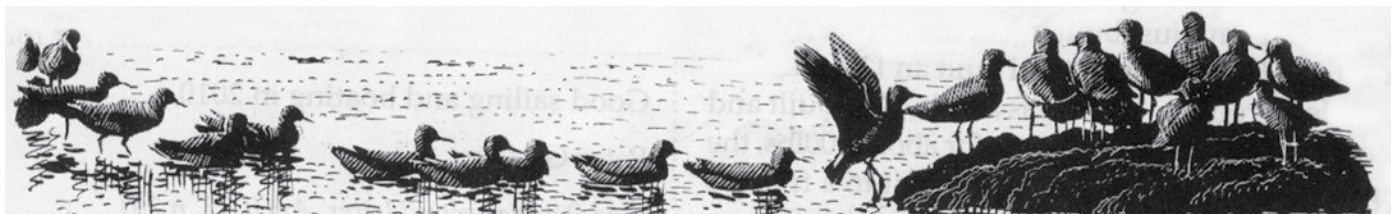
If you are able to spend vacation near

water, this can provide a wonderful opportunity to explore new territory or lounging about ready to launch when the wind picks up. The Piccup Pram is relatively easy to transport. Finished weight varies; mine weighs about 100 pounds. At home, it lives in the bed of the old truck. One year, we did car-top it to Cape Cod; lifting it to the roof is possible but not advisable for one person. So when the crew voted for a trailer, I didn't protest. Still the light weight and modest size are important. The best boat can be launched with or without an actual boat ramp. *Tiramisu* can be carried overland by two people, transported on a wheeled dolly, rolled on large inflated bumpers, even dragged by hand over short stretches of grass or sand.

Ken Sherwood is an avid sailor, volunteer at the Friends of Yellow Creek and Moraine Sailing Clubs, and advisor to the sailing club for Indiana University of PA, where he teaches English.



Herreschoff fans may not think the Piccup Pram is up to snuff, but everywhere we sail her, *Tiramisu* engenders conversation. She has **character**. *Where did you buy it?* *Is it an antique?* *You built it?* . . . Yes, *I used to sail.* . . . *Actually I have a sailboat.* . . . No, *it's in my uncle's barn.* . . . *It needs a little work.* Well, *it's a bit too big for me to sail alone.* . . . *I don't have a tow vehicle any longer.* . . . *It sure looked like you were having fun out there.* . . .



It's the political season now and the divisions between parties and groups of people seem to stand out more than ever. Never mind bending the rules, legislators want to revise them altogether and positions turn on a dime depending on whether the party is in power or in the minority. This is a boating magazine so I won't waste space going into detail, but I suspect that you know what I mean.

You'd think that the bucolic world of vintage boat restoration would be free of such divisions, but you'd be wrong. In one corner there are preservationists who decry the use of any material that was not original to the boat. The trouble is that most double planked boats were made more watertight with a layer of light canvas between the inner and outer planking, and this canvas was soaked in white lead, which is no longer available.

To replace this canvas layer, some people create a membrane of 3M 5200 polyurethane, spread out thick on the inner planking with the outer planking bedded in while the goo is still wet. These are known as fifty-two hundredists. They insist that the bottom of a high speed runabout needs to flex a little. 5200 is flexible, epoxy is not. They claim that an epoxied boat rides harder than it should.

On the other side are the epoxyists, who pretty much seal and glue everything into a very strong, rigid set of laminations and don't worry about the membrane idea. They point out that while 5200 is tough stuff, it doesn't like extended exposure to motor oil. Lots of old engines have small oil leaks that are hard to fix for long. They admit that waves hitting the epoxied hull make a louder sound, with the stiff hull acting as a sounding board, but the ride is no different and the noise is something that one gets used to soon.

At Boyd's Boats we started out doing 5200 bottoms in the 1980s, had trouble with them and switched to epoxy around 1990. Knock on wood, we've had no troubles with them and customers who had one of our epoxy bottoms on their first boats came back for another on their next. The boat that I use and show, the 23' 1942 ChrisCraft *Logo*, has a 5200 bottom that was done very well by Ed Bradley in northeastern Connecticut. It's fine and I expect it to last a long time, but given the choice, I guess I'm an epoxyist.

Epoxyists and fifty-two hundredists do talk to each other. They'll even have a drink

Boat Technology And the Art of Shoe Repair

By Boyd Mefferd

or a meal together, just like Democrats and Republicans used to do in DC in kinder and gentler times. They are, however, pretty much set in their ways for the most part. It's very unusual to hear that one has switched camps and preferences are widely known. An epoxyist will probably turn away a customer who insists on 5200 and likewise, a 5200 shop will use epoxy for some things, but not on the boat bottom.

Here in Canton we'll use 5200 for lots of jobs, bedding struts, sealing exhaust pipes where they go through the transom and a variety of other little things.

3M, the old Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, has made 5200 for a long time and, unlike many products in the marine pallet, its formulation doesn't seem to have changed with new regulations. Most readers of this magazine probably are used to working with it and have their own ideas of what it can and can't do. One thing to remember is that if you expect to ever take something apart again, don't bed it in 5200, or glue it with epoxy for that matter. Both are very tenacious products.

For instance, we'll often double plank runabout decks in epoxy to reduce the swelling and shrinking that plagues the traditional style but the sides, which are the most vulnerable to damage, will just be screwed on dry so that a plank can be replaced without disturbing those around it.

One use for 5200 that is destructive is the caulking of bottom seams that are open when the boat is dry. It's tempting to just squirt the stuff up in there and make the hull tight and good as new, but once the 5200 sets up it fills the space that the planks need to expand into. As they swell with no place to go, the entire bottom pushes out, breaks the carriage bolts that hold the chines to the frames and the bottom and side frames separate. This leads to a compromised hull. As a general rule, if the bottom needs to be caulked in order to float,

it's time for a new bottom. Products like the waxy Slick Seam are gross but they don't block the expansion like a tough material like 5200 will.

The price of 5200 has gone up a lot in recent years but I'll still use it for odd jobs, particularly if I have an open tube that will go hard if it sits around for too long. It works great for roofing repairs and attaching car trim that has fallen off (the same thing about not expecting to get it apart again applies). I fixed a shower recently, removing the damp sheetrock and replacing it with pressure treated plywood, with the tiles bedded on it with old 5200. I don't expect to be replacing that anytime soon.

But maybe the most novel new use for 5200 is shoe repair. When my trusty, comfortable Sperry boat shoes were about a year old the leather was still fine, but the stitching holding the soles to the shoes rotted out. I pumped some 5200 in there, applied a little pressure with a clamp, let it sit for three days and I was back in business. I wore them all day, every day, for another year until the stitching at the heel failed. The toes were still holding fine so I gave the heel the treatment, too. Then I noticed that one sole had worn through (why does one wear through and not the other?) so I gave it a liberal coating of 5200, the kind of thing a 5200 shop would be proud of and so far, so good. It seems to have about the same traction as the original boat shoe sole, but if you hear that I fell off the boat this summer you'll know that it didn't. Eventually the leather will fail and I don't know of a boat product fix for that, but in the meantime, as long as there's an inch or more left in a tube, I'll be well shod.

I don't think that the fashion police will approve, but people are supposed to admire the boat, not the captain's shoes. I did have one friend who worked briefly as a helper in high end yacht sales at the boat shows. He was told to look at the person's watch to see if he (or she) was the type who could afford the boat or was just looking. If the prospect had no watch, then he was instructed to check out the shoes.

As a postscript to this tale, maybe you are thinking that if fixing shoes with 5200 is the big excitement in my life, things must be pretty slow, and you would be right about that.



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SURFIN' OLD TOWN, MAINE

RON DRUMMOND AND THE ART OF CANOE SURFING

BY DAN MILLER

What do you do if you are fourteen years old, and your older brother taunts you into paddling your new Old Town canoe into the surf of the Pacific Ocean where it is promptly broken in two? Ron Drummond was that fourteen-year-old boy, and this is what he had to say about that event:

Well, I've been interested in canoeing ever since I was fourteen years old. I remember my brother, Tommy. He's older, year and a half older than I am. He says, "Aw, you're dumb to try to go out in the ocean in a canoe." First time I brought a canoe down ... we used to spend our summers at Hermosa Beach, and I brought the canoe down there. The next morning we went down to go out in the ocean in it, and the waves about six feet high, thick and curling. And I says, "I don't want to take it out through that." And he says, "Oh, you chicken!" So I couldn't take that, so we went out ... sure enough, one broke and right into the canoe. Broke the gunnels in several places, burst the hind end all out, and it took me about two weeks to repair it. That's when he says, "Aw, you're dumb anyway to try to take a canoe out in the ocean." That made me determined that I was going to learn to enjoy canoeing on the ocean.¹

¹ Direct quotes by Ron Drummond are from a 1988 conversation between Ron and Greg Lynch, and are reprinted here with permission.

Ron Drummond was born in Los Angeles in 1907 and raised in Hollywood, neither place of which could be said to have a strong heritage of wood canoes. It is not clear why Ron saved up his money so he could buy an Old Town canoe in the early 1920s, but the fact is, he did, and it led to a lifetime of canoeing and canoe surfing.

Ron was a self-described adventurer. As a college student, he was drawn to exploring northern Canada. Unfortunately, he did not have the right degree. Undeterred, he persisted.

(Like his father) I wanted to be an adventurer, too. So that's why, I was studying mechanical engineering at UCLA, and I just figured, well, it really doesn't interest me. Go back to Schenectady or someplace and work for... you'd get about \$150 a month then. So I heard that Eastern Canadian Mining Company were sending canoe expeditions out to unexplored areas to get the geology of it, so if they ever found anything that was favorable for the deposition of minerals, why, they'd send probably 40-50 prospectors in there. So I saw the manager of this company when he came out to Los Angeles. I heard he came out every year on business. So, he's a nice fellow, he sort of patted me on the back. He said, "Well, son, we only hire graduate mining engineers and geologists." So that let me down. So anyway, the next time he came out I went to see him again. He said, "You're really interested, aren't you? You're really



ALL PHOTOS COURTESY BENSON GRAY



enthusiastic." So I said, "Yes, sir!" So he said, "Well, I'll tell you what you do. You spend a year studying the subjects that I tell you to, and then we'll give you a try on one of our expeditions." So I studied mineralogy and geology and pre-Cambrian shield and blowpipe analysis and all that sort of thing that'd make me of some use to them, and then I got on with them. So, the result was, my career partner, Jack Barrington, had been the first white man on five rivers of northern Canada, and mapped them, and we named them, and our names, their names are on the Canadian government maps now. ... I named one in Northern Manitoba, Barrington Lake, Barrington River. ... I found a needle hammered out of native copper, up inland from the northwest corner of the Hudson Bay, so I named it the Copper Needle River. That's in big letters now on the Canadian maps, the Copper Needle River. I felt real proud of that.

Ron, with his Newfoundland dog named Surfer, was a regular at Dana Point, one of southern California's famed surfing spots. He wrote and self-published *The Art of Wave Riding* in 1931, which is widely regarded to be one of the earliest books about surfing. Despite the burgeoning popularity of surfboards, Ron would continue to surf in a canoe throughout his life. In his own words:

So I think I'm the only one in the world, probably, that enjoys a Canadian-type canoe surfing and doing various stunts out in the ocean. It's meant a lot in my life, canoeing. I've really enjoyed it. I remember, I've said to Tom Lake, "I think I'll quit canoeing and take up my surfboard again. I need to practice on surfing." "Oh," he says, "forget the

surfboard. That's really something, something different. You keep that up." So on his advice I kept canoe surfing. It is a great sport.

By the 1960s, Ron's canoe surfing caught the attention of the Old Town Canoe Company, who would feature a photo of Ron surfing in his Otca model in their 1966-1968 catalogs. This was a period of transition for Old Town. Having offered only wood canoes and boats since 1900, their first composite canoe, the fiberglass FG model, was introduced in 1965. The first fiberglass power boats appeared in 1966, and by 1970 the company had branched out into the manufacturing of kayaks.



Ronny Carter on Bull Falls, Massachusetts River, August 1961 in a lightweight.



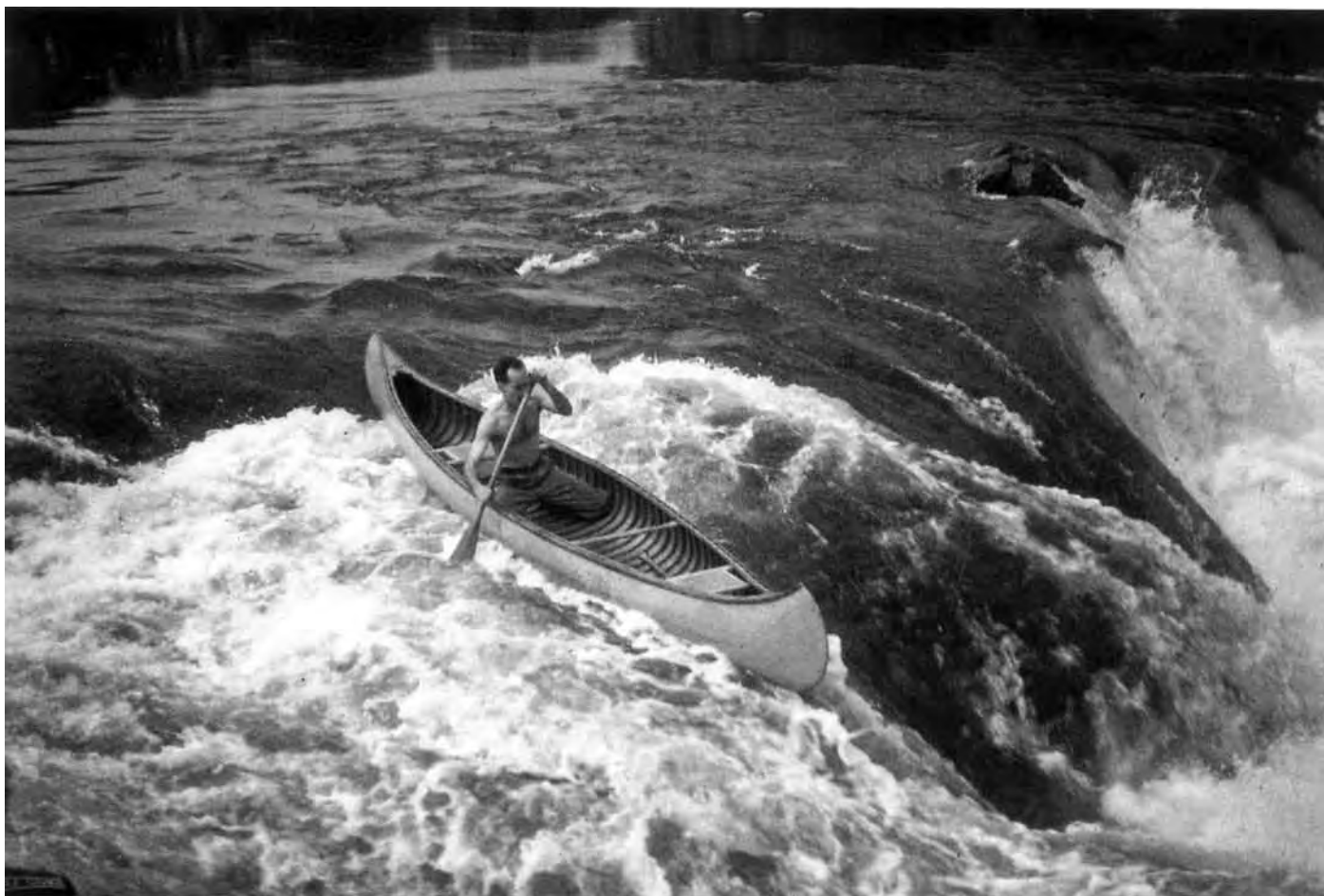
Ron Drummond surfing in an Old Town Otca on Squaw Beach, California

Portion of page 3 from the 1968 Old Town Canoe company catalog. The photo of Ron Drummond appeared in Old Town catalogs for three straight years. Courtesy Benson Gray.

Old Town's 1969 catalog showed them to be a hip company. It showcased their new, psychedelic Breakout design fiberglass canoe. Full-page painted vignettes featuring different canoe models were sprinkled throughout the catalog—"Four-on-the-Floor" with a Wahoo sailing canoe and Corvette, "Up Tight" with a Guide model and hard-fighting muskie—and, certainly inspired by Ron Drummond, "Keeping Your Curl" featuring an Old Town Otca catching a big wave.

Apparently anticipating the advent of the small "squirt" kayaks, Ron also mastered the art of rolling a kayak in the surf, as described in this exchange:

(Greg Lynch) I remember one of the kayaks you surfed had looked like it was home-built. You must have built it yourself, because it looked like it was a real tight skin stretched over it of some type, like a canvas, or, I don't know exactly what it was made out of, but I do remember that. How you could roll upside down and go through the waves. I remember you could roll upside down and punch through the waves on that. And that's



KEEPING YOUR CURL



Page from the 1969 Old Town catalog showing a young man canoe surfing in an Otca with the classic number 4 paint design. The painting was certainly inspired by Ron Drummond. Author's collection.

the first time I ever saw you, was out there at Dana, surfing. I used to go there quite a bit when I was a little kid.

(Ron Drummond) Oh, I think I'm the only one who sort of mastered the art of paddling when you're upside down. You know, you have your blades at right angles to each other so when you're taking a stroke under water like this one, why, this one'll slide through the water. So when I come to a big broken wave, to get through it when I'm paddling out to sea, why, I just turn upside down and paddle under it upside down, then head from



a roll back up again, and it's the best way by far. If you try to go through it when you're upside down, it'll hit you and knock you backwards and all that sort of thing. So that's really a good system of going through a big, broken wave.

You may have heard of a self-rescue method called the Capistrano flip. You may even have attempted to do it. What you may not know is that the maneuver was invented by Ron Drummond, and he described it fully in the Autumn 1964 issue of *American Whitewater* (www.americanwhitewater.org/content/Journal/get-journal-pdf/issue/3/year/1964/1).

The essence of the Capistrano flip is to roll the swamped canoe overhead, give a strong kick and flip the canoe upright, so that it lands on its bottom empty of water. It is not an easy thing to do, though I expect Ron made it look easy. He did admit, though, that it was much easier to do with his Grumman aluminum canoe with flotation ends than with his wood-canvas or fiberglass canoes.

Ron and his dog Surfer are no longer with us—he died in 1996 at the age of 89—but his legacy, like that of the wood and canvas canoe, lives on. *

"This article first appeared in the February, 2016 issue of *Wooden Canoe*, journal of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association. Dan Miller is a canoe historian and editor of *Wooden Canoe*. He can be reached at dan@dragonflycanoe.com. Benson Gray provided the historic photographs. For more information about the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, visit www.WCHA.org."

Opposite Page Photos

The top image, which appeared in the inside back cover of *Wooden Canoe*, February 2016, was used on the back cover of Old Town Canoe Company catalogs from 1960 through 1963. Taken by Paul Rittenhouse, it shows Murray DeCamp Spear running Lover's Leap on the Housatonic River in a 17' long Otca model around 1942. The original slide with this image was recently discovered, but the Housatonic was dammed in 1955 forming Lake Lillinonah so this drop has been underwater for over 60 years.

The bottom image appeared on the outside back cover of *Wooden Canoe*, February, 2016 and was entitled, "Surfing a canoe is easy... or at least Ron Drummond makes it appear so."

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Something new! Rowing in an eight. My newest form of boating is rowing on the Charles River on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5am to 7am. Completely different from my days of one design, PHRF sailing and my rowing on the ocean. It's all about teamwork, whether carrying and launching a 57' boat in the darkness at 5:30am or listening to the commands of coxswain and rowing together as a unit on the river. It's a steep learning curve for me. The other rowers are all former military, young, old, male and female. Some have been in the program at Community Rowing for two or three years but one third are, like me, new rowers. The physical part is demanding but I find it very frustrating trying to learn new boating terms.

Check out the following rowing terms (especially the ones further down). I had asked the coach to forward to me this glossary of terms for rowing in an eight, which is very alien to any boating that I have done in the past, including the rowing on the ocean that I do in the Hull Snow Row and the Essex River Race. I felt frustrated trying to understand what I was supposed to do. I'm gradually learning, but it's a lot of terminology to remember to be an efficient member of the crew.

General Terminology

Coxswain: A very important member of the crew. His/her primary job is steering but they also provide feedback during races about location on the course, relative position to other crews and stroke rate per minute. They serve as in-the-boat coaches during races. They call power 10s and encourage the crew. However, they do not say, "Stroke, stroke, stroke."

Cox Box: A small electronic device which aids the coxswain by amplifying his/her voice and giving a readout of various information, such as stroke ratings.

Stroke: One full motion to move a boat. Consists of the catch, drive, finish and recovery.

Catch: The part of the stroke where the oar enters the water.

Drive: The part of the stroke where the rower pulls the blade through the water using legs, back and arms to propel the boat.

Leg Drive: Term used for driving the legs against the foot stretchers on the drive.

Layback: Term for how much to lean back at the finish. Too much is bad, too little is, well, bad also.

Finish: Part of the stroke after the drive where the blades come out of the water. The rower removes the oar from the water by first pushing downward then away with the hands.

Release: Another term for finish.

Feathering: Rotating the oar in the oarlock so that the blade is parallel to the surface of the water. The blade is rolled with the inside hand (hand closest to the blade) so it is

Rowing an Eight! My Newest Form of Boating

By Richard Honan

parallel to the water, concave face upwards. This is done at the start of the recovery and the blade is slowly squared again before the end of the recovery. Feathering makes rowing easier, especially in windy, choppy conditions because the blade doesn't slap the waves as much and because air resistance on the blade is decreased.

Recovery: Part of the stroke where the rower comes back up the slide slowly towards the catch. The oar is pushed away from the body by extending the arms, reaching the body forward and compressing the legs so the shins are vertical, preparing for the next Catch. The oar should not drag on the water.

Stroke Rate: How fast strokes are taken in terms of strokes per minute.

Rowing Commands or Terms!

Ready All, Row: Coxswain's call to begin rowing.

Weigh Enough: Command for rowers to stop. Usually given a two stroke warning, as in, "In two, weigh enough." Rowers know that in one (said at the catch), rowers complete one full stroke, and in two (said at the second catch), rowers complete this second full stroke and end at arms away, blades squared, boat balanced. Generally, after performing the command, the coxswain says, "And down," to which the rowers will feather the blades and set the boat. Saying, "And down" depends on the coxswain, some coxswains prefer that rowers automatically set the boat after weighing enough. However, weigh enough means ending the stroke at arms away and not down. Whatever the coxswain's policy, it should be clear and consistent. Note: In an emergency, the command is "Weigh enough, hold water!" Stop whatever you are doing and hold water.

Check It Down: Coxswain's call that orders all the rowers to drag their oar blades through the water perpendicularly. Blades are squared and partly buried, effectively stopping the boat. Used in landings, turns, before race starts, etc.

Hold Water: Coxswain's call similar to "Check it down." Akin to braking hard. Blades must be square and buried, oars held tightly to break the boat's momentum. Very important in emergency situations, also used before race starts, turns, etc.

Let It Run: Coxswain's call for all rowers to stop rowing and pause at the finish, letting the boat glide through the water and coast to a stop. Used as a drill to build balance.

Run: The distance the boat moves after a stroke. Long run is very good. Run can be visually measured by the distance between the last puddle made by two-seat and where eight-seat's blade enters the water.

One Foot Up and Out: Command for exiting a sweep boat. Procedure is as follows. The outside hand holds the oar away from the body. The inside hand holds the gunwale to the dock. The inside foot is removed from the foot stretchers and placed on the step-in board, the body weight is shifted forward as the rower stands supporting on the inside leg. The outside leg is placed on the dock, as the rower gets out of the shell.

Power 10 (or 20 or 30, etc): Coxswain call to take a certain number of power strokes. A power stroke is a stroke that musters all the strength the rower can give.

Set (the boat): Command to balance the boat. Generally used when rowers are not rowing but sit relaxed with both hands on the oar as it floats feathered on the water. Each rower setting the boat is actively maintaining a constant oar handle height, thereby keeping the set/balance of the boat steady and centered. Rowers' body leans (or lack thereof) also affect the side-to-side balance. Sometimes all rowers are setting, other times only some rowers set. If someone is rowing behind one who is setting, their seat is moved up to avoid getting hit in the back. Rowers also "set" the boat when they pause or weigh enough and let the boat run with oars in the air, the oars and bodies are again used to balance the boat so it doesn't rock side to side or run with either port or starboard side down.

Square: The blade is perpendicular to the water. Rowing square blades is rowing without feathering during the recovery.

Technique -Related Terms (Mostly things to avoid doing!)

Catching a Crab: Slang, getting an unexpected tug or jerk on a blade, sometimes boat stopping violently. The blade gets "caught" in the water and may be quickly sucked in from rushing water, making the oar handle fly up or towards, or even behind, the rower. Crabs happen because of poor technique, often getting the blade in the water at the wrong time, but sometimes one rower's skyng/ruining the set can cause another rower to crab and crabs are more easily caught in choppy water (including motorboat wakes). The best is done to maintain proper control of the blade, especially in race situations, and improve your technique to avoid catching crabs.

Check: The interruption or braking of the boat's forward momentum. Things that cause a check during a race include poor blade work, rushing the slide and hitting the front stops.

Digging: Happens when the blade is too deep in the water during the drive. This really affects the set and it's hard to get a crisp finish. Sometimes seen with skying. The blade should not be entirely buried in the water during the drive, but rather remain at the same depth as when the squared blade is just floating (no hands on the handle).

Hanging at the Catch: A pause in a rower's rhythm as a blade is about to be dropped into the water. This happens when the slide is rushed and gets to the top before the other rowers and then the blade just hangs in the air while waiting for everyone else. Hanging at the catch means rushing the slide more than is needed and thus slowing the boat, it's inefficient because energy is wasted hurrying, throwing off the "swing" or unified movement of the other rowers, and also makes it very hard to catch with the other rowers.

Missing Water: This happens when the hands are not raised enough coming up to the catch, jamming the oar in the water when at the top (front) of the slide. When done right, water is splashing behind the blade. When done wrong, the first part of the stroke is actually out of the water and a lot of power is lost, the strong leg drive is missed, which is why this is important. Worry less about slowing the boat with a little backsplash, worry more about not missing water.

Rushing the Slide: Coming up the slide too quickly and/or accelerating up the slide. The recovery should be a slow deceleration and rushing the slide creates momentum in the direction opposite to the where the boat is going. Whether or not the legs bounce or hit the front stops at the top (front) of the slide, rushing the slide slows the boat, using the legs to brake the recovery. Rushing also wastes energy, it's better to pull hard twice (and relax/breathe during the recovery) than to pull hard three times in the same time (and spend even more energy hurrying up the slide and slowing the boat by rushing on top of that). One wouldn't last very long aerobically and would not be effi-

cient. If the stroke rating is fast, bring up the rating in the water by pulling harder, and concentrate on keeping the recovery smooth and decelerating. It's ideal to have the recovery take twice as long as the drive (this is having a good ratio).

Skying: The blade is too high off the water. This strongly affects the set of the boat and may lead to digging besides. Usually seen at the end of the recovery, when the rower lowers the hands coming up to the catch, sometimes in too bent over a position (when tired). The rowers should instead sit up more and raise their hands into the catch.

Shooting the Slide: Starting the drive rear end first (not the center of the back), leaving the shoulders in back behind initially. This ends up being a quick jerk of the seat backwards, a result of a too explosive leg drive and not moving the blade through the water as the legs push. This is very wasteful of the powerful leg drive, puts the back in a very inefficient position for transferring leg drive to driving the blade, may strain the lower back and even causes the boat to "check" or jerkily slow down. The checking action/reaction results in the boat going in the wrong direction resulting from the jerky movement of the butt (and nothing else) in the right direction. The drive should have a firm start but be controlled and smoothly accelerating all the way through. Think of the oar handle and the seat being joined by a bar that maintains a constant distance between them during the first part of the drive.

Tea-bagging: Pejorative slang. Just dipping the blade in the water during the drive, applying little or no effort to move the boat forward. This is basically going through the motions of rowing without doing any work. The cox and others can recognize tea-bagging because there won't be a puddle left on the water after the blade leaves it. Rowers who pull hard will leave a large puddle behind their finish, tea-baggers are basically dead weight and better replaced with rowers who make an effort.

Miscellaneous Rowing Related Terms!

Erg (Ergo/Ergometer/Erg Machine): A rowing machine designed to simulate the actual rowing motion, used for training and testing.

Regatta: An organized crew race.

Head Style Racing: Done in the fall on a river where there are twists and turns. The shells do not line up but race against the clock after starting one behind the other. Another crew need not be passed to beat it, but passing a boat that started ahead means surely beating their time. The race distance is usually three miles.

Sprint Racing: Done with the crews starting with the bows of their shells even and racing parallel to each other. They start together and the first crew to cross the finish line wins. We do this racing in the spring. On the collegiate level and internationally, the race distance is 2,000 meters. Master rowers (age 27 and older) race 1,000 meters.

Novice: A rower in the first 12 months of rowing. Since it takes most people a while to refine the basics of rowing and racing, they can row against others of similar experience level.



Never the one for great ideas, creativity or perception, I was smart enough to read an interesting article in the "Capt'n Pauly" column of an old *Small Craft Advisor*, a magazine I highly recommend, and decided to build a "better mousetrap." The article showed how to build a small air conditioner for a small boat. The concept was interesting but its ease in building whetted my appetite.

Quite simply, the author took a large pail that had a cover and glued insulation throughout the interior of the bucket. He then cut a

Homemade Air Conditioner

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

large hole in the cover and two smaller holes in the sides. He inserted two pieces of PVC pipe the size of the holes and then placed a solid block of ice in the bucket. He took a small fan and placed it facing down on top of the bucket so that the air streamed onto the frigid block below. He simply hooked the fan to an electrical inverter that transformed DC to AC and attached it to his 12volt system.

All well and good except my *Genny Sea* (West Wight Potter 15) has no electrical system whatsoever. Oh wait, that's not true. I have a small inexpensive motorcycle battery to run my depth finder. Surely the air conditioner and the depth finder would drain my little battery quickly, or so I thought. But a shopping trip to Harbor Freight offered a solution.

They had a cheap, low wattage solar panel supposedly for recharging cell phones or iPods. "Aha," said I. "This will solve my potential problems." Yes indeed, by putting the solar panel on the deck, attaching it to the battery, hooking the battery to the alternator and plugging the fan into the device, I had an air conditioner.

All looked wonderful, innovative, creative and useful for my best friend, Mango the Magnificent Pug, who eschews sailing because of his inherent fear of water and because of his physique. Pugs are brachycephalic dogs and suffer in hot weather. For the non veterinarians, this means that flat faced dogs can't cool themselves sufficiently in warm weather. Mango prefers TV, a soft easy chair, air conditioning and a cuddle toy or an occasional piece of pepperoni.



Yachts

The Clipper Around the World Race, a British race under the tutelage of Sir Robin Knox-Johnson, himself a global soloist, lost a second sailor this year. Crew member Sarah Young, 40, fell overboard and died. She was not tethered to the boat when she was swept over the side. Her yacht searched for an hour but found her already dead. Weather conditions were stormy, slamming the boat with 6' seas. With permission of her aunt, they buried her at sea. Young's parents are deceased and she had no siblings.

This was the second person from the same boat who died this year. Andrew Ashman was knocked unconscious and later died of his injuries. Although Ashman and Young were amateur sailors, both had vast experience at sea. The race coordinators, sailors and all of Britain were keenly saddened by the deaths. Knox-Johnson said that a thorough investigation was underway.

Sir Robin Knox-Johnson was the first person to solo around the world nonstop. Not only was this accomplishment incredible, he did it four more times. His last global circumnavigation was at age 68. He is known worldwide for his participation in, and promotion of, sailing races, yachting and introducing young people to the sea.

Bob Bitchin's *Cruising Outpost* (formerly *Latitudes and Attitudes*) is a quarterly magazine of quick wit, irreverent cartoons, excellent stories and clear insights to the seafarers of the world. Among his stories is one about the good folks who went out for a month long vacation in a 106' yacht, *Serena III*, and who had to call the Coast Guard for rescue while a mere 13 miles offshore. The boat was listing badly and the vacationers had to be rescued as the boat sank underneath them. An explanation remains at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Several sailboat skippers have complained about anchorages off the coast of Mississippi. Evidently their hooks won't set regardless of anchor type. The mud is fouled into a thick coat of oily gelatin and nothing can get a hold in that muck. One captain said it was like trying to set an anchor in Vaseline. The petroleum jelly is the residue from the Deep Water Horizon oil "spill" of a few years back. BP is still trying to financially settle the claims from that accident. I wonder how much money the fish got?

The Coxless Crew, a delicious play on words, is comprised of four sturdy women who completed a voyage from San Francisco to Australia. This endeavor took almost a year and was used to raise money for Walk for the Wounded and Breast Cancer Care. The girls didn't sail, they rowed, becoming the first all female crew to row the Pacific. Alternating in two hour shifts, the four made one nonstop haul between Hawaii and Samoa.

A Canadian sailor trying to achieve the Bahamas in his 47' yacht was attacked by pirates but managed to fend them off after a trying fight (fortunately the pirates had no guns). Two days later he lost his mast and holed the hull. In dire straits he finally succumbed to issuing a May Day call on Christmas Eve. To the rescue came the US Navy in the form of Santa Claus. The sailor boarded the *USNS Pathfinder* to be greeted by the good St Nick in full costume. The ship's captain was playing Santa at the ship's Christmas party when the SOS came and remained so attired during the rescue.

Two old duffers named Bob and Steve



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

tried to sail from Norway to America but encountered some difficulties. The 71-year-olds had to call for a Norwegian rescue team for assistance within minutes of leaving the dock. Evidently these quintessential nautical nomads needed abnormal help and thus earned the nicknames "Captains Calamity." After the Norwegians had helped they sailed further until they sought aid from the Danes who nicely facilitated them until they got as far as Scotland. After the Scots took care of their problems, the duo did not need relief until they were off Northern Ireland, which assisted them as far as their southern cousins. The Irish rescue service patched them up enough to arrive in England where the boat tipped over as the tide ran out and a lit candle burned up the vessel. Dear God, there really has to be a lesson somewhere in this mess.

Trivia: How come we call "May Day" when we need assistance? It comes from the French "m'aidez" which translates to "help me." (Thank you, Bob Bitchin).

Gray Fleet

Uncle Sam's Canoe Club (aka the US Navy) discovered they had at hand an incredible teaching tool they forgot they had. Wooden hulled Yard Patrol boats have been around since Noah and are quickly being replaced with more modern steel versions. Some insightful person realized that the YP bridge was very similar to a destroyer's and 20 YPs were assigned to the Naval Academy where midshipmen can learn the basics of seamanship, bridge management and navigation in a standard environment like the YP's bigger sisters.

The Naval Institute had a contest to determine the greatest warship of all time, and this attracted over 900 members and 26,000 votes. They were unable to designate the Number One of All Time but did come up with some interesting perceptions. The *USS Constitution* was #1 based on its war record, endurance and significance to American history. It was, and is, well built, fast and heavily armed.

Many historians liked the Korean "Turtle Boats" of the 1590s. With a curved covered top sporting sharp spikes like a porcupine to repel borders, numerous holes for muskets and cannon, movable by protected rowers and a dragon head that spouted smoke, these ships scared the hell out of the Japanese and defeated them in the Imjin War of 1592-1598.

Aircraft carriers have been the foundation of naval security since WWII and the *USS Enterprise* (CV 6) was the most famous and popular. Personally I believe that the *USS Yorktown* (CV-5) deserves that honor but she was sunk at Midway. *Enterprise* had the good fortune of surviving the war unlike *Lexington* (CV-2), *Saratoga* (CV-3) and others.

Probably the most significant warship was the *HMS Dreadnaught* of the early

1900s that was so modern in design, size, speed and armament that it rendered existing battle wagons obsolete, unleashing a massive large ship construction craze that inundated Europe and the US. The political, economical and nationalistic effects of this ship led the Western nations down the road to World War I, whose aftermath led to the Great Depression, the rise of Communism, Nazism and Fascism, World War II and the Bull Market of the 1950s. Perhaps no ship in history had such an impact as the *HMS Dreadnaught*, although one might argue for the ships of Columbus but they were not warships.

The battleships certainly warranted consideration. The *USS Iowa* (BB-61) and her sisters were the largest, most powerful ships ever launched by the US. Unfortunately, after Pearl Harbor the importance of the battleship force suddenly was kicked to second fiddle by the emergent superiority of the aircraft carrier. The *Iowa* class ships were the most weather resistant ships available and their multitask usage was debated for 50 years. The biggest drawback of these ships was the amount of crew necessary to operate them. Needing over 3,000 sailors to sail these behemoths, the *Iowa* class ships became neutered giants.

The submariners posited that the *USS Nautilus* (SSN-571) deserved mention as the first and finest of the nuclear submarines that set all the important records of submergence time, speed and the use of cruise and nuclear missiles. However, this boat (and subs ARE called boats in the Navy) never fired a shot in anger.

This leads to a chronic barroom or Officer's Club discussion, what is the difference between a boat and a ship? Captain Peter B. Welch, USNR (ret) SC, related over Moscow Mules on July 4 that a ship can carry a boat but a boat can't carry a ship. That is the standard line. However, is a destroyer a boat? The *USS Cole* (DDG-67) was hauled back to the US on the deck of a Dutch semi submersible tug, *MV Blue Marlin*! Another response was that boats do "business" on deck, ships do "business" below deck. Actually I love this discussion and hope to continue it with the esteemed Captain Welch over many more Moscow Mules. Join us?

The ongoing struggle over territorial waters in Asia continues unabated as China has pushed its claims hundreds of miles eastward virtually to the borders of Brunei, Malaysia and the Philippines all the way south of Vietnam. This is over 1,200 miles from Hainan to the Philippines and an equal distance toward Indonesia. As mentioned several times, China claims all of the Spratly Islands, the Paracels and the Scarborough Shoals. The US Navy has ranted and raved about the territorial claims and Southeast Asian countries file diplomatic complaint upon diplomatic complaint with neither the US nor EU taking a position officially.

The *USS Fort Worth* (LCS-3) headed back to San Diego under limited power after blowing its complex gearing systems that switch from gas turbines to diesel power. The Commanding Officer was instantly relieved of his command because the problem, which will take months to repair, cost millions of dollars and keep the ship from carrying out her mission, was caused by human error. Commander Michael Atwell can kiss his career goodbye whether it was his fault or not. The Navy has always believed that when an incident of this magnitude occurs someone's head must roll (unless it was an admiral's).

ral, then they give him a medal for bravery in dire situations).

Trivia

In 1984 the world's population was about 4 billion, today it is at 8 billion but India will soon overtake China as the most populated nation on earth. Interestingly, the US has never been particularly close with India and concentrated on China. China backed West Pakistan in the civil war while India leaned on Russia for help in East Pakistan that ultimately became Bangladesh. Thousands of Bengali died in a virtual genocide of Arabs using US supplied weapons. The unintended consequences of President Nixon's and Henry Kissinger's Realpolitik may be coming home to roost. A quick look at the map shows that India has an incredible coastline controlling the Indian Ocean and access to Africa. The concern over the sea-lanes of communication is just beginning to dawn on the powers of Washington.

White Fleet

Despite myriad afflictions, accidents, bad weather and other problems, the White Fleet seems to be fiscally sound, evidenced by the increase within the fleet, especially by Carnival, that is currently seeking hundreds of potential employees for their nascent ships. Fincantieri delivered *Koningsdam* and is committed to build five additional cruise ships while Mitsubishi Heavy Industries is birthing the *AIDAprima*. Positions for cooks, stewards, crew, officers and the like are being advertised.

The 150' sightseeing cruise boat *Adventure Hornblower*, operated by Hornblower Cruises, slammed into the concrete pier of San Diego's Embarcadero causing traumatic injuries to three passengers and minor injuries to four others. Coming into the pier too fast, the skipper gave five blasts on his horn as warning but was unable to avoid a collision. San Diego Fire and Rescue squad provided first aid to the 139 passengers and nine crew. Fire Captain Joe Amador claimed that a propulsion system malfunction was to blame for the accident.

PT Darma Bahari Utama's *LCT Rafelia II*, a ro-ro carrying 72 passengers, rolled over and sank in the Bali straits. Many crew and travelers jumped overboard but only 48 were rescued. Five bodies were recovered, including a mother and infant child. Authorities

stated that they were aware of a hull breach prior to leaving port but someone dropped the ball. The company lost its operating license immediately after the incident in March.

Royal Caribbean's *Anthem of the Seas* was damaged by a severe storm in the Atlantic while it was heading for Florida. This marked three consecutive sailings with weather mishaps for the unlucky ship, 4,100 passengers and over 1,600 crew were battered around watching windows bust, table and chairs tossed like play toys and dishes flying across rooms. Of course, the people aboard were scared to death and demanded refunds and other financial returns for their discomfort. Unfortunately most folks on the White Fleet do not understand that storms at sea are common, especially during the winter months. No doubt the travel agents do not like to tell people that meteorological events occur, and Mother Nature occasionally disrupts schedules.

Merchant Fleet

Several shipping companies have seen a change in CEOs. Darrell Bryan is the interim CEO of Interferry after Len Roueche retired while over at Stolt-Nielsen Limited (SNL, snicker, snicker) Rolf Habben Jansen became a new director, coming over from Hapag-Lloyd AG. Unfortunately Indian freight hauler Mercator will not have a court appointed director as it tries to restructure its financial problems. Creditors, particularly HSHNordbank, have demanded a new director but the courts said no. Mercator will face additional court battles trying to stay afloat after an \$11 million loss the first quarter of 2016 that marked three and a half years of losing quarters. Maybe Mercator ought to consider going into the cruise business.

A French Navy helicopter on a typical anti terrorism/anti piracy mission spotted a large cargo dhow carrying suspicious looking material. *FS Provence* stopped the ship and discovered an illegal payload of thousands of machine guns, assault rifles and anti tank guns as well as appropriate ammunition for them. Surprise, surprise, they were Somalia bound.

FV Saputi, a Canadian fishing trawler off the coast of Greenland, listing horrifically from a leak beyond the ship's pumps to maintain buoyancy, called Danish Arctic Command for assistance. They sent the patrol ship *Knud Rasmussen* to provide additional pumps and guide the fisherman to Nuuk,

Greenland. The video of the mission proffers truth to the incredible skills the Danes possess, comparable to our own Coast Guard. Scenes show the radar tracking, the navigation and the speed that the rescuers exhibited. Spot on, they loaded additional pumps onto a helicopter that sped directly to the ship and parachuted several pumps to within a few feet of the listing vessel that did not even have to change speed or direction to retrieve. All chutes landed within boathook reach of the *Saputi*. Subsequently the chopper directed and stayed with the boat until it reached safe harbor.

Greece, where problems abound ranging from a dismal economy to the proliferation of Middle East immigrants fleeing war zones, added a massive strike by the Hellenic Crew Union and the Towing and Salvage Crew union due to the government's attempt to alter pay, retirement age, pensions and insurance coverage. Under the strike ships cannot berth, shift or sail. Ships needing tugs found themselves without help. Fisherman could not unload their cargoes and ferries could not run among the islands. Just another day in the life of Greece.

A Lyondell-Basell chemical plant fire that started when cleaning fluids and heavy fuels erupted in flames, hampered the Houston Ship Channel. Although the blaze was extinguished and shipping resumed quickly, neither the Houston Fire Department nor Lyonell-Basell would respond to questions, although they did state that the chemicals presented no problems for residents. One wonders about the fish.

Miscellaneous

Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon Tiki*, a reed boat fashioned in similar form to those plying the Nile and South American rivers hundreds of years ago, proved that sailing to the South Pacific and the sundry Paradise Islands of perfect climate and weather, did not settle the argument that the South Americans could sail the oceans, in fact, actually whetted the appetites of his opponents. Now identical boats are trying to sail to Easter Island and back! Two boats, *Tupac Yupanqui* and the *Rahtiti Tane*, are balsa log rafts in the middle of the journey between Equador and Easter Island while studying currents, climate change, pollution and El Nino. Norwegians under the guidance of Signe Meling are attempting this particular experiment.

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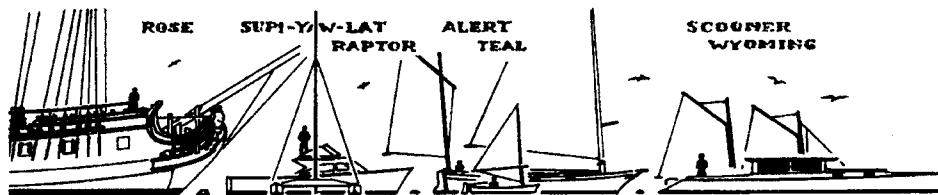
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“...Design Column #499! So what about #500? I’m afraid that no grand reveal is in the offing. Still, I may take a glass of Pinot Gris or Riesling on the occasion of #500.”

This paragraph from the last issue did not quite do for Editor Bob. He had just seen the introduction to Phil’s, and then our, design work in a presentation I recently gave at the University of Rhode Island on our efforts towards a 21st century low carbon commercial fishing fleet. That introduction had to be very brief. In fact, compressing Phil’s 57 years of work since he hung his shingle out in

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #500

A Celebration

1952 at 25 years of age would be an absurdly tall order. No news on that for Bob, having worked with Phil for over 25 years, and since Phil’s death May 25, 2009, letting me discuss in *MAIB* whatever design related thoughts

that would be on my agenda. So Bob proposed something like what follows below. He had a point to nudge me towards, time for a moment of reflection. A brief moment.

Publishing 500 columns is not possible unless there is a fair amount of work behind it and a forward looking editor who opens the door this wide to have one design outfit speak for this long on this broad a spectrum. Almost completely uninterrupted (there were a few gaps right after Phil’s death) *MAIB* featured this sequence of 500 pieces on this office’s designs, design related thinking, building these two dimensional India Ink on Vellum schematics into 3-D floating objects and here and there even political realities related to this work.

To state the historic reality unambiguously, there appears to be no parallel to such effort on the printed record on this continent or in Europe of such an extensive sequence, focused exclusively on just one design office’s work. Sure, other folks add up their own growing sequence of discussions, but usually discussing all sorts of designs, projects, thinking from all over the known spectrum of designers and builders. This 500 episode effort, however, seems to be a unique accomplishment under one name, or a dubious fit of seemingly endless self centeredness.

Phil’s first article reached print in the March 1948 issue of the then major glossy national monthly, *The Rudder*, discussing as a GI in greater Tokyo between 1946 and 1947, his observations of types, builders and operations of smaller working craft along that working waterfront. *MAIB* featured the text and images in Vol 25 No 22 in April 2008. In print before he was even in business, he would, in the 1950s, come to write pieces on his early designs here and there in yachting magazines, but also offered his perspective in the *Maine Coast Fisherman*, later to become the *National Fisherman*. This work added up in quantity and diversity enough to have the publishing house, International Marine/McGraw-Hill, approach Phil with a book proposal, hitting the bookstores by 1972, no online stores then.

As is shown here with the six book-covers, his relationship with editors and this publisher was productive indeed, allowing his discussions of his designs in magazines to add up to eventually to yet another book. Here one example of a very productive such sequence, *Small Boat Journal*, under Dan Segal, had Phil respond every month to a particular reader’s inquiry about a “dream boat” with a new design concept, sometimes mere sketches, at other times pretty much full fledged designs. That rigorous sequence led by 1994 to his (so far) last book, *Boats With an Open Mind*.

This all depends on having something to say that an editor would deem interesting to the readers. Bob has used his judgment across these 500 pieces. Other editors had less forethought. In another glossy monthly that shall remain unnamed, Phil had been

1. Who are we ?

My husband Phil Bolger worked independently designing boats out of Gloucester between 1952 and 2009.

He produced 680 Designs

Beginning March 1948 he discussed his work in hundreds of articles in popular magazines. Since 1972 he wrote 6 books on his work, and four more book-manuscripts are due to be published.

He died May 24, 2009 at 81.



Between 1994 and 2009 we worked and lived together, joined in marriage and full-time Design-Work across some 60 Designs, with work discussed in well over 250 articles.

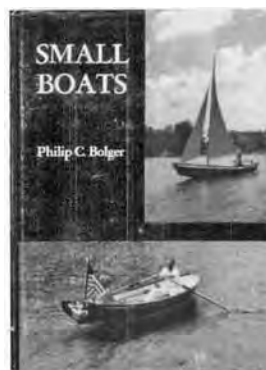


building up these repeat engagements until some major advertiser took issue with Phil's promoting kids actually rowing boats rather than buying some screaming two stroker to move that kids dinghy at 3 knots. So that editor submitted to that heavy hand and terminated Phil's column.

Small Boat Journal ended up being bought out, was renamed and lost its focus to become a mere monthly advertisement compilation, at which point Phil walked away to focus his interests elsewhere. Whichever way any of these editorial policies worked out, Phil found the demands of producing regular output quite good discipline, fostering writing style and allowing lots of bite sized such efforts to become the backbone for yet another book.

Obviously he designed with and without such deadlines, having begun such thinking apparently just before his teens when he conceived and then whittled little boats fit for puddles and little creeks, selling at least a few around the neighborhood. As he got into the more serious paper based design process, he developed routinely looking at the emerging model in his mind's eye, 3-D neurology based rendering before 3-D CAD. And while early on he numbered his plans by unit number per given year, over ten years into this, and around #100, he began to just count the plans sequentially as they emerged, up until his death in the middle of #680, the tiny "Nano."

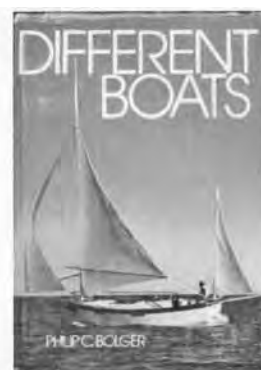
Taken straight out of that presentation mentioned earlier, these images here can only be an indication of the conceptual breadth of



1972



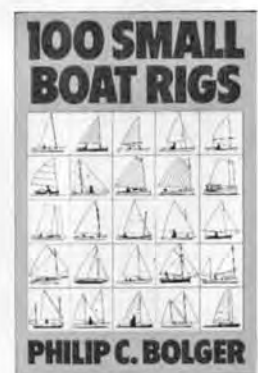
1976



1980



1982



1984



1994

Phil Bolger's Design-Work seen on Movie-Screens Worldwide

Since 1968/69 Phil Bolger's largest Design – "HMS Rose" – by 2003 a Lead Movie-Actress:

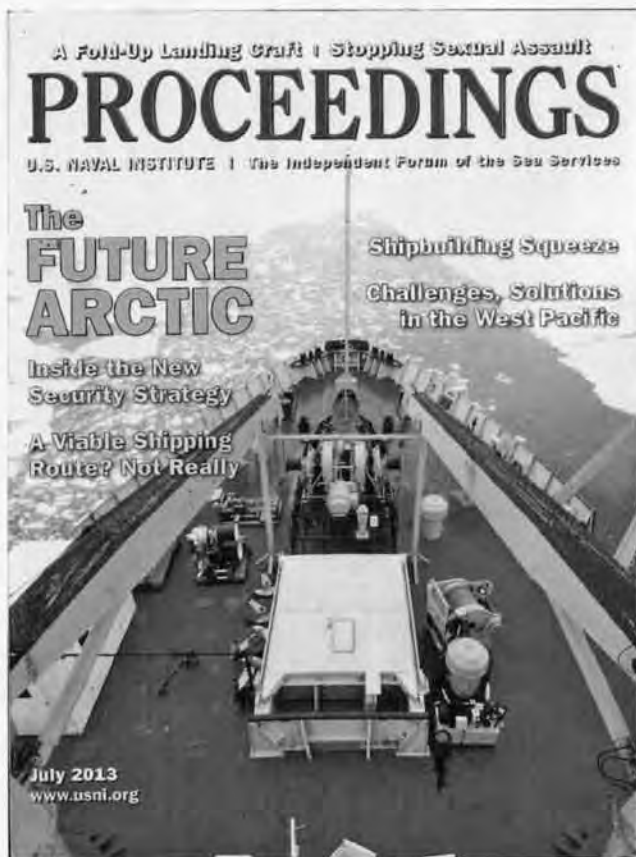
His Design #225 "H.M.S. Rose", measuring 115-foot, 13,000 square-feet of sail, 450-tons as the 24-gun three-masted square-rigger frigate, became the lead actress as 'HMS Surprise' in the 2003 20th Century-Fox Movie *"Master and Commander"* also starring Russell Crowe and Paul Bethany.



**The Archive of Phil Bolger & Friends Inc. covers
a lot of pleasure- and quite a few
commercial craft, with designs ranging
from 40lbs to 450-tons in Weight.**



A Sequence of work with the US Navy since 2002 and US Marine Corps since 2013 – here e.g. “LCU-F”



A LANDING CRAFT For the 21st Century

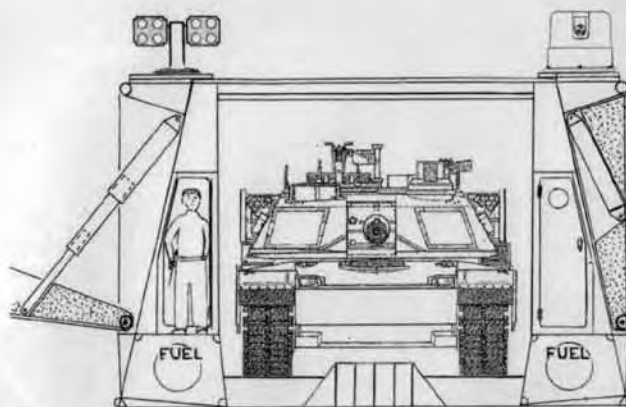
By Susanne Altenburger, Commander Michael Bosworth, U.S. Navy (Retired); and Captain Michael Junge, U.S. Navy

The old landing craft utility (LCU) is too small and too slow for today's amphibious landings. Here's a proposed successor—with a new, outside-the-box design.

The Navy needs a new, 21st-century landing craft utility (LCU)—the kind of “battle” ships and land-attack ships required for getting Marines, tanks and equipment (vehicle and cargo) ashore in today's amphibious landings.

To be sure, technological breakthroughs have given us a wide array of options for supporting personnel and equipment during the low, wet off on amphibious landings. The LCU's landing craft on

40 • JUNE 2016



his efforts, with ones since around #620 with me meddling with these as well:

7' wind/paddle powered yacht "Queen Mab" (#638) in this ever so perfect shot of her offering delights on a modest body of water, ready at under 40lbs to then be taken on the shoulders of her skipper for the walk home.

125' steel motor sailing research vessel "Phouma" (#410) here tied up and likely available for purchase at the Marina across from downtown Eureka in Northern California.

27' plywood and strip planked/cold molded i/o drive inshore/offshore sport fisherman "Robert's Blessing" (#505), here pictured leaving for fishing grounds well outside of San Francisco's Golden Gate.

8' plywood outboard/oars/sail powered global cruising liveboard tender/lifeboat "FastBrick," here on a high altitude Colorado lake.

19'9" human powered paddle/bicycle-drive train stern wheeler light cruiser for two "Becky Thatcher" (#669) in her home waters on the canals and lakes of central New York State.

36'9" centerboard yawl cruiser "Mocasin" (#297), smoking along on the Mediterranean water around the Balearic Islands, where Phil spent a year as a designer in residence in Porto Pollenca, Mallorca.

As indeed reflected across all the *MAIB* issues, Phil did all sorts of shapes from the simplest plywood types for rapid construction and, if need be replacement, over conservative almost cliché conventional sailing and power flavors, to very shallow inshore and offshore capable types, fit to cross oceans but also ready to dry out upright on the mud with the falling tide here in the Great Salt Marsh around Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Materials ranged from conventional plank on frame (steamed or sawn), over painted plywood, epoxy and glass cloth plywood, cold molding and strip planking, to steel, aluminum, solid and PVC foam cored fiberglass. And he even gave in to the pleadings of folks trying their hand at ferro-cement, reasonably cheap but often with quite lumpy results and not necessarily long for this world as workable hulls, while likely nearly immortal as industrial waste or fish habitat.

Propulsion geometries are indicated in these boats mentioned above with human, wind, gasoline and diesel based power, plus a few cases of external combustion/steam-engines, whether fired by wood, coal, oil or whatever.

And obviously layouts varied as much as the broad range of clients' wish lists suggested for pleasure, defense or daily commercial work.

Whether just these six boats, the rich sequence of types featured in most of these 500 *MAIB* episodes we celebrate with this issue, or across the whole archive, there would be no way to claim an obvious Bolger Design Philosophy. Plywood hulls are in the distinct minority here, with so called box boats again only a subset of these, however, memorable for the uninitiated or the hard core aficionado/missionaries of that thinking.

What can be stated is that the Archive is indeed reflected in these 500 episodes, clearly indicating a fundamental open-mindedness, periodically driven by contrarian/anti predictable/anti cliché exercises, at times explicitly or at least implicitly intended to tweak readers, apostles of conventions and occasionally even challenge the expectations of clients.

There are a lot of sequences in the archive that suggest a strong interest to not be bored by cranking out variations on a given theme for many moon phases, unlike my recent (almost predictable) think pieces in this forum around "Champlain" or "Chebacco," for instance. Here, picked at random, just one earlier sequence of diverse purposes, hull geometries, materials from about 1970:

#232: 15'6"x7'1" Outboard Utility "Seguin"
#233: 16'1"x5'x2'6" Tancook Whaler Sloop "Yarrow"

#234: 7'9"x4' Leeboard Pram "Field Mouse"
#235: 15mx4.6mx1.2m Single Screw Steel Power Cruiser "Omega"

#236: 11'x3'10" Lapstrake Yacht Tender "Defender"

#237: 18'x7'x3'6" Friendship Sloop "Monhegan"

#238: 39'9"x14'x3'9" Ferro Cement Commercial Fisherman

#239: 44'x10'x5'6" Cruising Schooner
#240: 15'x1'11" Kayak "Kotick" for P.C. Bolger.

These were all built, just not in that sequence, not necessarily on this continent, but most them, I suspect, still around. Phil's "Kotick" certainly slumbers securely downstairs, suspended from the rafters.

We once attempted to add up where his clients had come from and where his designs had been built and quickly got lost in the mounting data and the even greater uncertainties. Suffice it to say that most of his clients came from North America, some from Caribbean, Central America, some South America, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Philippines, Vanuatu.

A few odd notes on his thinking getting around. We have a copy of his Light Dory plans, pirated and then annotated in Cyrillic/Russian dating back to the time of the Iron Curtain, conjuring up in our minds the (silly?) visions of a state sponsored KGB approved project to alter the plans and then distribute them, obviously no royalties to this Gloucester bourgeois, a likely exploiter of some boat building masses reading boating magazines with the KGB introducing innocent young Komsomolsk to the simple to build, good looking rowboat, all the while exposing them to the regime subversive vibes of this Yankee Free Spirit that would likely have never been allowed to blossom under the hammer and sickle. But did they ever feel the vibe? At least they likely enjoyed the boat.

Shown in this 500th issue is the reference to #225, "Rose," movie fame via 20th Century Fox's *Master and Commander* of (yes!) 2003. Again no money! But giving rise to the perfectly silly self satisfaction that whether they would ever know this or not, viewers of pirated DVD copies in the back valleys of Afghanistan, Talibans preferably, are surreptitiously introduced to Phil's work through the dastardly sneaky Hollywood scheme of global cultural imperialism, or something like that. They sure would not have wanted to deal with him, nor would appreciate my attitude towards them, we'd both be too scary for their iron age sensibilities. Who would want to see them in the fetal position clutching their jammed AK against the horrors of *Instant Boats*?

Back in the real world, I had mentioned political consequences earlier. There has been a fair amount of fisheries policy discussions here around our range of low carbon 21st century fishing boat studies, hence my URI invitation to give that talk. But in a different

and actually more serious vein, and brushed by here ever so briefly, later this summer we should discuss at some more depth elements of Phil's and my work contributing to certain defense discussions, such as our Design #673. Quite dramatic stuff for this mom and pop scale outfit. And distinctly implausible! Except that this has already happened, on the documented record. And this may not have come an end yet either.

Next step later this summer must (!) be getting the updated and significantly enlarged (ex-) *103-Rigs* book into print again as a warm up for the other manuscripts of his commentary on his work. Once that process is on its way, then at long last focus on new designs beyond all these concept studies, pushing things into completed plans status.

Lots ahead. Onwards to #501 and Design #700. Optimism is a good thing and *MAIB* is not going anywhere anytime soon either.

From the Archives

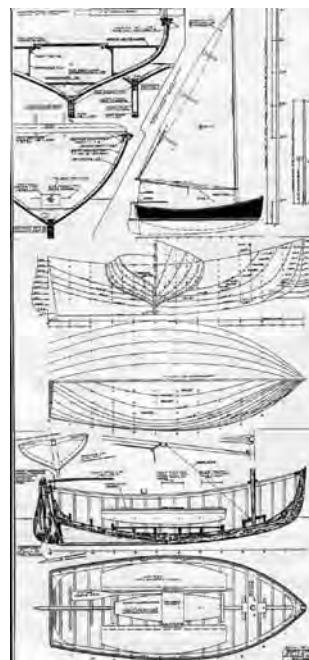
Bahama Dinghy - Yacht Version

Design #524: 12'0"x4'9"x1'3"x72sf Sail Area

The man who ordered this design wanted to try building a bent frame carvel planked boat for the experience. I lined her out to be somewhat undemanding to frame and plank, no very hard bends, not a lot of twist or spiling in the strakes including the garboard. A deep section like this is reasonable in an inside ballasted boat and the weight and sharp lines cope better than more modern types with a bobble of motorboat wakes.

The full keel, unballasted and all on one siding, is a good stiffener to hold the shape, and keeps the inside clear. Against that, it makes her slow turning (which she can stand on account of the extra momentum) and hard work to row because of all the surface area. The plywood walls aft save piling up a lot of deadwood to swell and shrink and shortens the bore for the bolts, I've been using these for 20 odd years and they've never given any trouble.

The design amounts to a yacht version of a Bahama dinghy, with less power and capacity for easier building and handling.



Around the Boat Shops In the Home Shops

Winter builds are being displaced by Spring spruce ups. Peter Vermilya has dismantled the frame for his Delaware Ducker in favor of getting his Beetle Cat ready for the Wednesday Night Races and varnishing bits of the big catboat. Mike Magee has moved the hull for his South Jersey Beach Skiff, completed to Smithsonian plans by Howard Chapelle, out the door, replaced by his trimaran, which he is spiffing up for sale. Anyone for a cruise to the outer islands? Email Mike at mageecarp@sbcGlobal.net

Meanwhile, George Spragg, assisted by Andy Strode, is actually building a new boat, a beamier kayak type boat that he plans to motivate with his forward facing oars. Knowing George, it will soon be afloat. Carl Kaufman is also constructing, having flipped his *Maude and Emeline*, and is now finishing her out for duty commuting to his mooring in Block Island harbor.

At the Avery Point Boathouse

Dan Nelson with his team and assisted by Bill Armitage and Phil Behney have the Chapter's Avery Point Dory well underway. The transom is in place, the midships frame adjusted and the bow sewn. Epoxying joints has commenced. The bottom is next. Meanwhile Rob Pittaway is busy leathering oars, they are looking good after being repaired and varnished. Eight down and eight more to go.



Peter Vermilya, Bill Armitage and Phil Behney Fitting the transom on the new dory.



At the Seaport Boathouse

The Gardner/Chamberlain skiff *Morsel* made it out the door, *Ellysea*, the Boston Whitehall, has upgraded thole pin pads and is also complete, so only putty and paint on the Whitehall, painted white naturally, remains in the boathouse shop. Meanwhile, over at the John Gardner Boat Shop *Pip* received her polished brass letters and *Wilber Langdon* is receiving repairs to her deck canvas in readiness for the summer's Tuesday night Beetle Cat races. Interior work continues on *Li'l Babe's* interior, the centerboard case now being caulked, repaired and painted.



Bill Littell doing major oar repair.



Andy Strode and Steve Tulka repairing the thole pin sockets on *Ellysea*, the Boston Whitehall.



Buck Lawson, Harty Ferguson and Jeff Undercoffler pushing a refinished *Morsel* out the door.

Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers

The Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers held an excellent meet on March 19 from 9am to 4pm on the third floor of the Stillman Building at the Seaport. For those of us who followed the direction of the modelers posed with examples of their craft in the entrance of the Visitor's Center to the back stairs of Stillman found a treat awaiting in the third floor conference room. This was not a static display, but a real hands on show and tell. Models of all kinds were underway from rough and tumble radio controlled models made to ply the River's waters to exquisite full rigged ships for display.

The emphasis was on "how to" with modelers standing behind their pride and joy eager to explain how they fabricated a particular detail. These techniques ranged from patient hand work to vacuum molding multiple hulls for ship's lifeboats to the latest 3D printing of parts for the windlass on a model of the *Emma C. Berry*. The boats ranged from strip planked schooners to plank on frame sternwheelers to a Los Angeles class submarine eerily lit with blue LED lights. What follows are a few photos of the boats from the March meet.



Messing About in Boats, June 2016 – 35



They have a group build underway of a 3' plus long model of the tug *Kingston*, the 45' tug which guards the southern entrance to the Seaport. Ed Hill is coordinating hull, propulsion, deck and cabin teams as they work from newly lofted plans. Ed speaks very highly of his teams, praising their willingness to share their respective areas of expertise, allowing each to learn a bit about the others which, after a slow start, is working out amazingly well. They welcome new participants.

They are a very outgoing group in what is often an individualist's hobby and willing to share their expertise. If interested in joining email Bob Andrie at smallyachtsailor@gmail.com.



First frame in place.



Ingenious adjustable clamp.

Swedish Watercraft

By Sid Whalen

These photos of Swedish watercraft were taken over 20 years ago in the harbor of Stockholm and its archipelago. Seafaring Scandinavians, Swedes maintain their traditional small craft themselves in the long, dark winter months. Picture families at work in their barns and boathouses, like Jim McGuire's operation at Mystic Seaport.

Lacking knowledge of their nomenclature, I lack captions to these pictures, taken from a boat that delivered summer commuters, freight and mail to islands (there are hundreds) in the archipelago. I can only say that gleaming varnish, fresh paint, spotless canvas and smiling faces spoke of pride and pleasure.

Swedes seem to be partial to double ended hulls. There were many, typically with bright finish. Among Stockholm's many cultural and architectural highlights is the *Vasa*, a 17th century warship preserved intact in 100' of ice cold freshwater when she rolled over and sank at her launching.



Traditional Boat of the Month:

Captain Hook

A Small Whitehall Type Pulling Boat



The ultimate stability of her round bottomed hull fares *Captain Hook* well when visitors find themselves in a wake thrown up by the schooner *William Bassett* gunning to make a Rt 1 bridge opening in 2011. (Sharon Brown photograph)

This month's small Whitehall type pulling boat is about as far as we can get from last month's pickup truck banks dory. It is as sleek and rounded as the water taxis which plied the waters off Whitehall Street in New York or the Port of Boston in the late 1800s, delivering ships' chandlers, owners and buyers from shore to ship and back. They had to be fast, easy to row and weatherly in a harbor chop.

We are fortunate to have an excellent first person report from member Sharon Brown on the history of these, not just rowing, but pulling boats. She then goes on to describe the "heady time for traditional small craft" in the mid 70s. We think you will enjoy her perspective as well as introducing you to the livery boat which called *Captain Hook*. Note that member Rob Pittaway drew the lines for this peppy little boat back in January 1976.

Captain Hook

A Sweet Little Hull in Context

Captain Hook, an 11'11"x3'10" round bottom pulling boat from Maine, is available for visitors to Mystic Seaport's Boathouse to row from mid May through mid October. Built as a replica in the John Gardner Boat Shop by Barry Thomas and Wade Smith, she was launched in the summer of 2000 and has already served 15 years on the Mystic River.

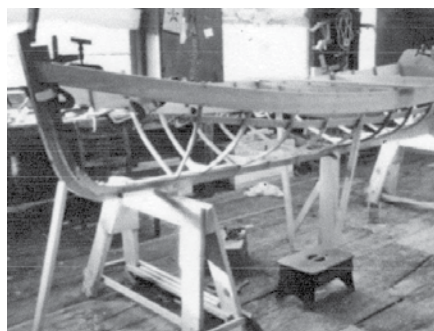
The original model, built ca 1920, was used by staff and Boathouse customers for 25 years before retirement to the Rossie Mill, where she is available for research and appreciation by boat builders and historians. Found in Southport, she was restored by her owner Richard W. Conant in 1973 and donated the following year (see Bray, M., B. Fuller, & R. Vermilya, *Mystic Seaport Watercraft Catalog*, 2001, Accession Number 1974.472). She is of a type once common along the Maine shoreline used for general transport and recreation with characteristics from the working Whitehall models of Boston and New York which were common from the 1870s through the early 1900s and subsequently used by waves of summer folk vacationing from major metropolitan areas.



Eleven years after her launch and still in great shape, Boathouse volunteer Joe DeGange prepares to secure *Captain Hook* for the night. (Sharon Brown photograph)

In 1974, John Gardner was in the thick of his small craft research at Mystic Seaport and investigating, among other topics, the development of the Whitehall and construction details of the four oared gig *American Star* replica, *General Lafayette*. In May he and Naval Architect Rob Pittaway made a presentation on the history and construction of the Whitehall and, in June, at the Small Craft Workshop John and Dick Conant were members of a panel discussion concerning boat building education, which included movers in the field of traditional small craft like Leo J. Telesmanick, Lance Lee, Jonathan Wilson and Ed Lynch, the Museum's curator. With Ben Philbrick at John's side, *General Lafayette* was well underway on the strongback by September.

Much of the Whitehall work was fueled by a long and fruitful correspondence between John and then Adirondack Museum colleague Kenneth Durant. Their association commenced in May of 1958 when Durant wrote John at his Saugus home with questions precipitated by reading microfilm of John's *Maine Coast Fisherman* columns on the Whitehall in the New York Public Library. Durant, researching the origins of the Adirondack guide boat of his youth, thought there might be a tie in with the Whitehall, and he recognized John as a kindred spirit. Durant was instrumental in helping track down the *American Star* outside Paris and, at John's urging, Durant donated his Whitehall materials to Mystic Seaport's G.W. Blunt White Library in 1971. Their rich collaboration continued until Durant's untimely death in November 1972.



Captain Hook framed out on the backbone in 1998 with floors, thwart risers and the sheer strake fastened. (Sharon Brown photograph)

Captain Hook joined the museum watercraft collection during a heady time for traditional small craft and the replica represents a solid tradition of museum scholarship. She is a delight to row, having characteristics of a Whitehall such as her plumb stem, wineglass transom and full length keel. Her overlapped and beaded sheer strake of oak may indicate her ancestry was closer to the Boston Whitehall type. She tracks in a straight line, keeping her course, and yet is easy to turn and maneuver in tight quarters due to her modest length.

She is fitted with bronze patent swivel oarlocks and her sculling notch makes her a favorite to demonstrate prowess at single handed propulsion. Two rowing stations allow for a variety of position options for up to three persons and she is best rowed with 7' leathered oars, straight bladed or spoons. Her name attracts attention and her saucy black hull, paint accents and carriage, spellbinding for some couples.

The subject of boats and people is continuous. R.W. Conant's grandson, Ames, manages sales of the Conant Planking Clamp among the kit of many boat builders and reviewed in *WoodenBoat* (127:100 Nov-Dec 1995). A classic photograph of *General Lafayette* taken not long after her 1975 launch at the Small Craft Workshop shows Philbrick, Thomas, Pittaway and John pulling on the oars before the museum waterfront (75-12-92F2A, J. Deupree Photograph, Mystic Seaport Museum). *Captain Hook* is the last boat built in the John Gardner Boat Shop by Barry Thomas. Treat yourself to a long row in *Captain Hook* from the Seaport Boathouse on the Mystic River and indulge your thoughts within view of the inspiring shoreline.



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In the Boathouse at Tumblehome

The Boathouse is our new exhibit and storage space next door. After Shop Talk, we'll have the front open for viewing these fun boats:



El Lagarto, direct from the Adirondack Museum, this legendary Gold Cup raceboat spent the fall and winter at our new exhibit facility.



Stella Blue, a 24' custom speedboat built by Tumblehome Boatshop spent her winter in the Boathouse (after launching this past summer) getting some finishing touches.



What's in the Boatshop

At our Saturday Shop Talks, you're likely to see two electric launches undergoing restoration (an ElectricCraft and a fantail launch), along with two Fay & Bowens (a junior runabout and a very special 33' torpedo stern launch). We'll talk about what is there and perhaps do a demonstration or two.

About Saturday Shop Talk

One Saturday morning each month (usually the second Saturday) we open the boatshop doors to the public and talk shop. During these informal events Reuben will talk about each of the wooden boats on the shop floor about their history and the work being done to each of them.

June 11, 2016, 10-11:30am (tentative, call for details).

July 9, 2016, 10-11:30am (tentative, call for details)

Finding Us

We're at 684 State Route 28, in Warrensburg, New York (way outside of downtown). Take exit 23 from I-87, follow signs for Route 28/North Creek. Call us at (518) 623-5050.



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East End Boat Shop 2016 Season

Raffle Boat Progress Report

Pictured here is what this year's raffle boat, the Pooduck skiff, will look like (with Don Schreiber at the gunwale). This Joel White designed skiff is an expansion of the very popular Shellback dinghy. She is of glued plywood construction, length 12'10", beam 4'6" with a draft of 6 1/2". This year's boat will carry a hollow mast 12' in length with 65sf of sail. We are proud of the progress we have made this year as we are at least two months ahead of our work of previous years, thanks to the leading efforts of Tom Rosko and Burt Van Deusen. At the end of this newsletter is a link to a YouTube video of a Pooduck skiff under sail which will really display the beauty of this boat as she moves through the water.



2016 Events

The East End Classic Boat Society hosts local marine events, exhibits classic boats and conducts workshops to teach the skills necessary to build and preserve quality, hand-crafted wooden boats. We're proud of our young organization, staffed entirely by volunteers, who fulfill our mission of sustaining the skills and traditions of small wood boat building and restoration on the East End of Long Island, New York.

Classic Boat Fair at the Community Boat Shop, Amagansett, New York, Saturday, July 9: This fair is our first public display of the year of classic boats at the boat shop. Our featured boat will be the Pooduck skiff, which is nearing completion in the boat shop. Many other classic boats will be on display. Community Boat Shop members will be available to discuss wooden boat building and to conduct tours of the boat shop.

Fisherman's Fair, Springs, New York, Saturday, August 13: We are delighted to be able to bring to the Springs community this year's raffle boat, the Pooduck skiff. Our display is intended to encourage other fair visitors to become members in our expanding group of classic boat enthusiasts.

Annual Classic Boat Meet, Sunday, August 7: We invite our members and friends to gather at Louse Point for a picnic and a sharing of member owned classic boats. This gives everyone an opportunity to try out a variety craft.

HarborFest, Sag Harbor, New York, Friday-Sunday, September 9-11: We have an ideal location on Long Wharf, the village dock, where almost everyone who visits the festival comes by to admire the craftsmanship of the classic boats we'll have on display.



Maritime Festival, Greenport, New York, Saturday-Sunday, September 24-25: Our beautiful exhibit space is located in Mitchell Park, which is on the waterfront where the popular antique carousel is located. This festival has a great turnout.

Largest Clam Contest, Amagansett, New York, date to be announced for Fall 2016: Look for our Classic Boat Society exhibit. Enter a clam harvested from East Hampton waters into the contest and win great prizes! There will also be a homemade clam chowder contest.

Montauk Fall Festival, Saturday-Sunday, October 8-9: This family oriented community event takes place on Columbus Day weekend on the Green in the center of downtown Montauk. Stop by our exhibit booth and take chances on winning the 2016 raffle boat, the Pooduck skiff.

Our Sailing Fleet

Susan Constant & Molly Gann

Robert Vossen, once again this year, is managing reservations for sailing this lovely Beetle Cat about in the charming waters of Accabonac Harbor. Applicants must be checked out before accepting the responsibility of sailing this classic.



H 12 1/2 Restoration

The progress on this valuable restoration project is steadfast. Recently the bow has seen the installation of the breasthook, several ribs and the floors. Shortly the action will move aft where there are a number of ribs that will be replaced.

Dunphy Restoration

Three of our persistent volunteers are preparing the deck for the fifth coat of varnish. They are Richie Davgin, Bill Tucker and Richard Kelsey. Their effort will yield a finely finished hull with chromed hardware just awaiting the arrival of a vintage outboard that has been recently discovered.



Stewart Close and Pierce Hance are securing another segment in the bow of the Herreshoff 12 1/2 sloop.

Visit Our Shop

All are welcome to see the boat shop in action any Wednesday or Saturday year-round. Admission is always free. The Community Boat Shop is at 301 Bluff Road in Amagansett, New York. Check out our upgraded website, www.eecbs.org.

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I promised our Editor and Dave Gentry, boat builder and skin-on-frame construction evangelist, that I would write an article on my experience at skin-on-frame boat construction. That was some time ago. Now I find that the Editor has published an article on Dave's skin-on-frame Whitehall rowboat, the Shenandoah, in the April issue, so I am getting around to the promised article.

Although I did the work for a Canoeing Merit Badge many a summer camp ago in the Boy Scouts, my boating experience stayed quite limited into late middle age. The most consistent boating would have to be the once every few years day trip, canoe rental on a nearby river, wherever in the country we were living at the time (West, Deep South, Midwest), usually with a church outing or with friends from work. I always kept my eye out for a used canoe but never managed to close the deal. I just had other hobbies.

Ten or so years ago a friend got hooked on a website for shanty boat enthusiasts. This led to Jim Michalak's boat building electronic newsletter and from there to Phil Bolger. I was intrigued. My buddy Andy and I eventually happened onto both Jim and Phil's books and then found the fanatics that surround the Cult of the Puddle Duck Racer. Andy and I decided that we had to build a couple of PD Racers in the middle of Indiana, not exactly sailboat central.

Where to get help (other than long term counseling)? The PDR web presence located a nearby Hoosier in the PDR world, Dave Gray, none other than the Polysail Guru! Dave helped us both get our hulls done (as in "did about half the work" and his better half, Dixie, put up with way too much of Andy and I, but that's another story). Andy used his PDR as a rowboat and eventually moved away to Illinois for work. Dave and I got together to sail a few times and Dave put on PDR events before he, too, moved away to Florida to be near grandkids. I still have my Puddle Duck on a trailer but got the urge to build another boat after a while.

This led to a subscription to *MAIB*, pulling the occasional copy of *Small Craft Advisor*, *Wooden Boat* or *Good Old Boat* off the newsstand, endless hours on the net reading Duckworks and other sites and, of course, drooling over every boat that showed up at whichever messabout I was attending. My interest changed constantly but eventually settled on skin-on-frame boats three or four years ago.

Why skin-on-frame construction? Light weight, strength, beauty, all come to mind, but it finally all came down to cost. There just doesn't seem to be any other way to get so much boat for so little money. The designs I settled onto were by Dave Gentry at Gentry Custom Boats (<http://www.gentrycustomboats.com/>). Before you object to resistance to damage problems, go and Google the dozens of videos of people beating on their skin boats with all sorts of hammers and other implements of destruction, crashing them into rocks, etc. I won't defend my choice further than that, but suffice to say I am satisfied my boat might just outlast me.

Gentry's plans and instructions for many of his boats allow for both "traditional" construction, with bent ribs, and "non traditional" construction with the stringers and gunwales bent around cut plywood frames. I decided early on to use the plywood frame method. But what boat to build? Dave offers plans for canoes, kayaks, rowing boats

Marshwiggle

Building a Skin-on-Frame Canoe

By John Nystrom



(including a dory), sailing skiff or pram, paddleboards or sit-on-tops, even an outrigger sailing canoe à la South Pacific. With Dave's consultation by email, I bought the plans and instruction book for Chuckanut 15, a kayak of sorts. I say "of sorts" because the 15' boat has an 8' long cockpit opening. I sit flat and move with a double paddle. I am reminded of a 19th century decked canoe in the style of the Rob Roy or the designs of Percy Blandford in the 20th century.

Skin-on-frame builds can go very fast, as in under a weekend from beginning to boat in the water. I took my time, as in started in the spring of 2014 and in the water in late fall 2015. How did I stretch a weekend, or couple of weeks' project into a year and a half? I did it by not having much money or boat building material available, but build it I did.

For the price of entry Dave Gentry sends an illustrated book of instructions and sheet of full size frame and stem tracings. There is no lofting. Transfer the tracings to the plywood and cut them out. To avoid issues with strength caused by voids in the plywood, Andy Linn suggested I use marine plywood. I did so, but used the cheapest marine ply I could get. My boat used about half a sheet.

Now it is confession time. I was nervous about this. Now no complaint about Dave's instruction book, but I wanted more information (or was that hand holding?). Dave answered every email and gave great support, but did I mention that even with Dave Gray helping me build that first PD Racer, I bought both Jim Michalak's AND Dynamite Payson's boat building books? I contacted Jeff Horton at Kudzucraft and then bought his *More Fuselage Frame Boats* book (<http://www.kudzucraft.com/books/>). Both Dave and Jeff played a big part in my getting this boat built. Thanks guys.

It was the spring of 2015 before I was able to afford to visit a small local lumber yard and sawmill about 40 miles away. They had western red cedar available (not common in the midwest) and could cut it to dimensions. Better yet, they had it in 16' lengths so I wouldn't have to scarf to get long enough stringers and gunwales. Gunwales are 1 1/2"x3/4" and stringers 1"x3/4". The gunwales require a permanent bend through that 1 1/2" dimension which requires a long soak in water and hanging to dry with a weight or weights. I bought two 10' sections of flexible plastic drain pipe from a big box hardware store and soaked the gunwales a week. I clamped the two gunwales together and suspended them between two sawhorses with a 5gal bucket of water and other weights hung in the middle to put sufficient bend in the drying cedar.



Bending gunwales.

There are several options for fastening the parts together into a boat. Epoxy or other marine grade glue, corrosion resistant fasteners or a combination of all of the above is probably the boaty way to do it, but there is another. Inuit builders of kayaks and umiaks used cordage made of animal sinew to lash their boats together. I bought artificial sinew at the local Hobby Lobby. The decision reflects both tradition and that lashing the boat together makes for a boat that is both strong and flexible. Artificial sinew has an advertised strength of at least 70lbs, wrapped six to eight times around it gives "the wood is going to break before the lashings" kind of strength.

The big issue in the end, however, was that lashing is fast, easy to do and cheap (are you seeing a pattern?). I pulled the boat together with plastic zip ties and a Spanish windlass. As can be seen in the pictures, I even lashed the stem and stern to the keel (which is the same cross section as the stringers, though shorter) before lashing the gunwales and stringers to the stem and stern pieces. Twisting the boat into a shape I liked took about a week of frustration, but it eventually relaxed into good shape which is when I began to do my lashings in earnest. As kayak builder George Dyson has been quoted as saying something like, "The wonder isn't that man learned to lash things together, it's that he ever stopped."



Keel and gunwales lashed to stem, stringers being bent before trimming and lashing.

First former, zip ties and Spanish windlass.





Stem lashings.



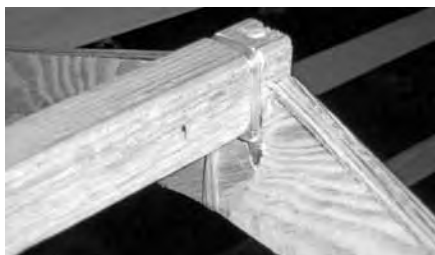
Stern lashings.



Deck beam lashed to first former.



Deck beam lashed to second former.



Second former, cockpit carlins, deck beam detail.

Stern lashing detail.

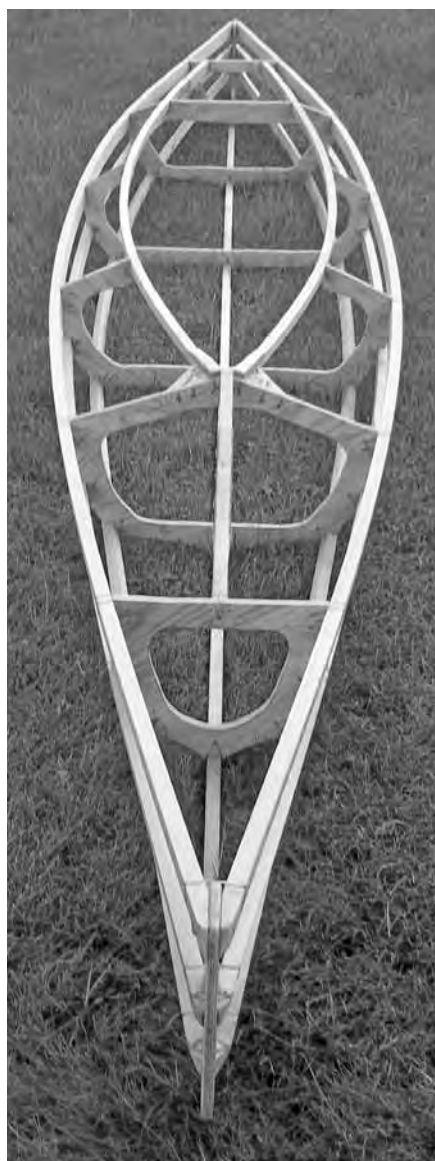


Stem lashing detail.



Frame complete.

Frame, bow view.



Speaking of George Dyson, he was also the source of my polyester fabric to cover my boat. Dyson can be contacted by email at: GDyson@gmail.com. He will send you a product and price list.

Covering the boat is what probably intimidates first time builders the most. After doing it, I can't figure out why. I followed Dave's instructions and they worked. The big trick is to "cut" the fabric with a hot knife. In effect, this melts through the synthetic fabric. I got my hot knife (in reality a soldering iron with a flat tip) for under \$20 at my favorite home improvement store. There was some easy hand stitching with my artificial sinew at the bow and stern. Everything else was stretching out wrinkles and stapling. It went smoothly (pun intended)! I used an old steam iron, without water and on low temperature, to shrink and tighten the fabric.



Fabric draped and stapled, clamps at ends removed.

Hull stapled, stem and stern sewn, fabric trimmed.





Deck attached and trimmed

Once the fabric was on the boat it was time for the application of a less than high tech chemical to waterproof and give abrasion resistance. The bottom and lower stringers were given a skim coat of PL Premium construction adhesive. My squeegee was an old credit card I needed to destroy anyway. After it had a couple of days to cure, I ironed it once more and then painted the boat with oil based Rustoleum. Yes, I didn't need high tech fabric coatings or marine grade products here. I just painted it. A cedar rub strip to cover the staple line on the gunwales and protect the boat and cedar cockpit coaming finished it up. Small stainless screws to attach the rub rail and coaming are the only mechanical fasteners on the boat.

A loop of line through tight holes in the gunwales near the bow and stern make great grab handles and a place to tie bow and stern painters. I cut up pool noodles and stuffed them into the bow and stern spaces, before covering, to give some marginal extra flotation.



Boat completed, leaves falling, get to the water before it freezes!

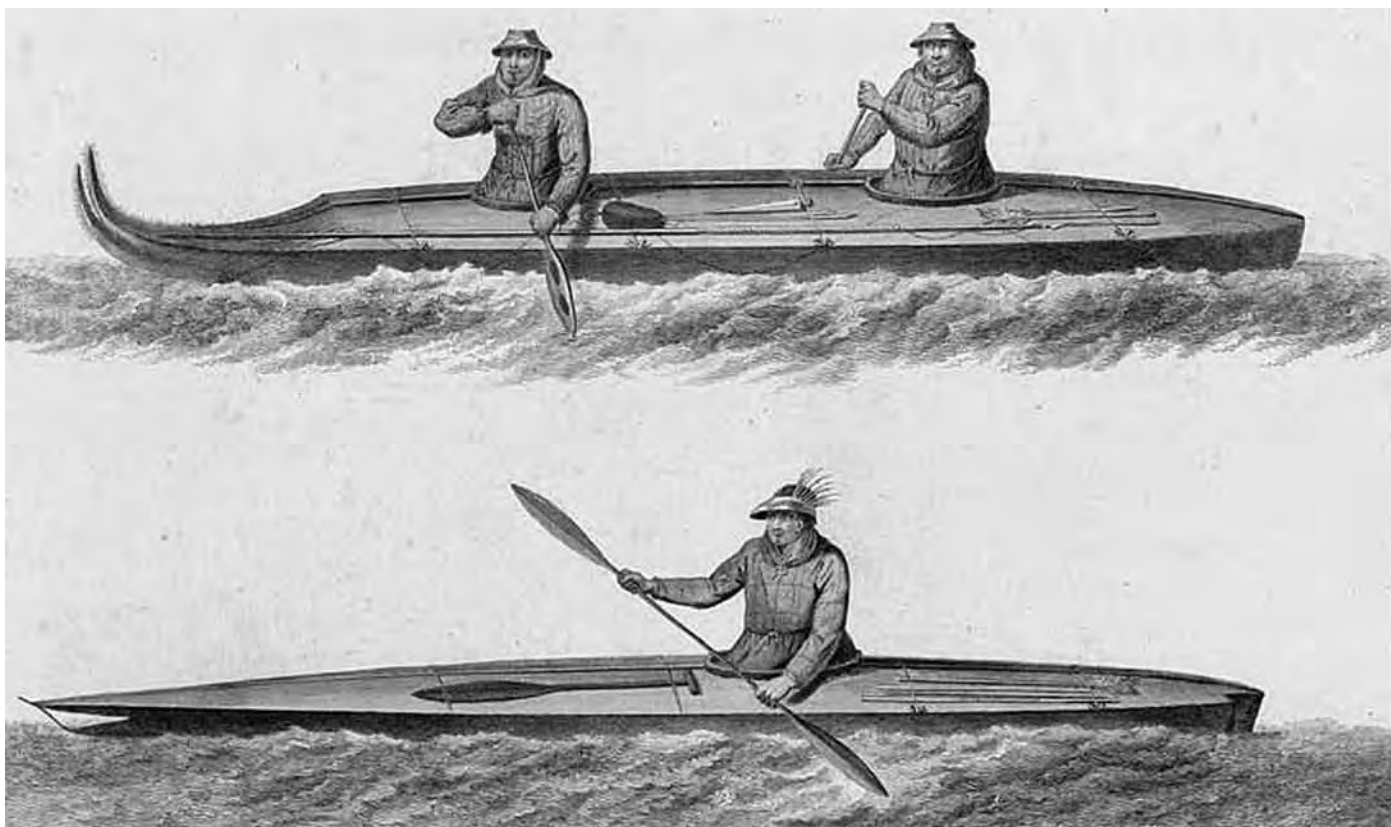
I got in one test on the water before the local lake froze up. The marina had pulled the docks and closed up, but the ramp is public. Only a few diehard fishermen were around. First time in the water, the boat seems stable and handy. I paddled for only a couple of hours

this first time out. The plans call for 39lbs for weight but my boat scales out at 44lbs. I'll take that on my first try. Looking forward to a bunch of adventures this coming year.



Car topped upright.

It floats!



A foggy morning on the river. *Miss Kathleen* and I are the only ones at the ramp. Just about the only ones on the road, for that matter. Well, OK, it's only about 0600 on a Saturday.



We were most definitely the only ones at the gas pumps as the sun peeked and then burst gloriously over the Rocky Mountains off to the east. Portents of great weather at water's edge in another hour or two.



It's the second day of April. Even though I don't have any playmates to share in the adventure today, except for *Miss K* and *Big Red*, our new beast of burden, that is, it looks like a great day to be afloat. The mission profile is pretty simple. We're gonna run upstream for a while. Then we'll run back downstream for about as long. We'll stay out for part of the day, all day or maybe stay out on the hook overnight. This sort of non scheduling would never be tolerated during the Building Season back at the Frankenwerke.

For sure, there are simply tons of things that I SHOULD be working on. Somehow I just don't think much is going to get drilled, bolted, painted, 'poxed or even planned today. Some would say that this is what we actually build boats for, to get underway. Interesting concept, don't you think?

The return trip to the west looked promising as well.



A Foggy Morning on the River

By Dan Rogers



So, as the fog thinned overhead, I fired up Mr Nissan. He's the only working stiff aboard today. We eased out into the current and came up to about 4kts over the ground. There's still a sound box to invent and get to fit over the still too noisy motor. Sure, one of the Planning Department guys, who stowed away, tried to get me to do some acoustic tests and fuss with finding that most annoying vibration someplace up forward. And for a while he had me jumping through his hoops. Finally I took a perch on the still being figured out helm chair. I found a sweet spot in our rpm curve that pretty much balanced the rudder and just watched the countryside slide past.

Not too bad to the east.



The fetches up to the north side of the river were pretty nice.



Well, not exactly nobody. The guy with the roaring metalflake bass boat with its screaming two or three hundred wild horses that caromed on past and out of sight around the corner in a shower of spray and rooster tail would certainly consider himself as Somebody. And presumably he got to wherever he was going ahead of all those nobodys in lesser contraptions. Such as we.

But since we not only didn't have a destination or a time required to not get there, I found it hard to worry about it. Other than that, it was a delightful way to spend the better part of the second day of April.



Until, after about 20 miles of mostly deserted river lay behind us, it was time to get back on the trailer. But I'm pretty sure we'll be back real soon. Wanna join us? We'd be glad to have you.

And the view down to the south was pretty unblemished as well. You could say that nobody was out there with us.



The Lucas said it best, “Dan, looks like you’re about 90% done, only 90% to go.” Yep, you nailed it Dave. I guess some of that goes back to the basic method of construction used here at the Frankenwerke. I call it the discovery method.

For example, when I discovered that the rudder was really not long enough, after I cut two-thirds of it off, I just started making it longer again until it was “about right.” Truth be told, it’s as long as it is right now because that’s how big the piece of MDO that I picked up out of the pile first was. Pretty scientific, that. Then, when I looked on the glass and ‘pox shelf, the only thing I had in stock to reasonably hold the new piece onto the original NACA foil section was a roll of 4” glass tape. Talk about giving that rudder the true Frankenbot look.



This creation was undertaken at night outside when the thermometer on the back porch was registering this by 2100.



Talk about a challenge for good ol’ Duck’pox, huh? Since the added piece was glued on with PL Premium, in the time honored manner, I just went ahead and used the PL squeezin’s to work as fillets and fairing compound. And that snazzy end plate across the bottom of the revised rudder was put there mostly to be able to nail it all together until I could get it all glassed over.

So then it was time to erect a tent and see if I could get them little ‘pox people to rub noses and hold hands in a timely manner.

Fiddly Bits

By Dan Rogers



I set up a space heater and let it churn away the remainder of the night shift. Then, since that behemoth had grown to such an unusual length, it was time to make it highly visible to protect it from getting walked into in some parking lot.

Dunno if it’s the end plate, the motor orientation or some other pixie dust that is actually responsible, but this setup seems to work pretty well so maybe we’ll leave it as a temporary fix. And everybody knows what happens with those.



The quickie plug that surrounds the lower unit has been a real challenge. I’m on about the third or fourth iteration of this temporary fix. Make it too tight and I can’t fiddle with how the prop helix affects the rudder. Too loose and it scoops water up into the motor well. And while it’s scooping, the whole arrangement sounds like a washing machine with the lid open, scoosh...slunch...scoosh...slunch...”

This iteration seems to be the best one so far. Of course, it’ll have to be made out of something that won’t fall apart under water, like this rough cut and unpainted plywood will. OK, I did paint it but something out of HDPE would certainly be better.



Anchor handling is an important thing and this is about version three or so. The hawse cap came from eBay. The winch and riser have been in my “spares” for years, just waiting for an assignment. We should be able to set and retrieve the stern hook pretty easily now.



The bow rollers are still a work in progress. The chain pipe and stowage under the forward berth will take some more head scratching yet.



A real Big Deal to me is cutting the engine noise down. I got some automotive foil that is supposed to work. Seems to, actually. The gas tanks and the fenders seem to fill the remaining space around the motor and probably do their part in absorbing some of the noise as well. But all this wasn’t quite enough.



Sooooooo, this ugly as a mud fence collection of plywood scrap was pressed into service. As long as I run the blower (that makes up its own share of decibels) I can close the door. Conversation in the cockpit is pretty uninhibited by the noise levels now. Progress!

This, too, will need a more permanent arrangement. Hopefully it’ll work for the present but, of course, I’ll need to make something more attractive, sooner or later.



Everybody knows that Chuck doesn't come to work before noon at Duckworks and then he just fools around on Facebook for a few hours and goes back home. That's what you get to do when you become a Big Deal Business Mogul. So when I have a problem I need to call Miss Cindy. I was behind schedule and needed to get the electrical system finished. I had ordered a six switch panel and they were out of stock. Miss Cindy offered to send me two four switch units. At the time I thought, "What can I possibly use all those switches for?" Well, she was soooo right. In fact, all those circuits are taken up already and I'll probably need at least four more. Thanks Cindy.



For what I gotta pay that union helmsman, I'd think that simply standing behind the wheel would be OK. Nope. That guy insists that he should not only have a high backed seat with arm rests, he should be able to swivel around. So yet another "temporary fix" to see if he likes where I put it. I know, he's already looking for a cushy-er chair. Some guys are just never satisfied.



The "temporary" hidden swing stove idea has been working better than I figured it would, but it still needed a simple way to keep that door from swinging around when it was supposed to stay put. Yep. Miss Cindy to the rescue again. She tucked these little spring things into the Pony Express rider's saddle bag and had him gallop all the way up here to Almostcanada, damn near overnight.



Those little springs hold windows and hatches pretty well, too. I wonder if Chuck knows that they work for more than just swing stove mounted doors? Maybe if he'd ever stop fooling around with that FB and Pinterest stuff a guy could actually talk to him. Maybe?



Well, I've gotta get back to work. Only about 87% to go...

Follow up: All the way through the surgery I kept telling her that the operations would be worth it, that she'd emerge a looker. I think we're on the way. Not done yet, but things are looking up.



The Lucas Suggests...

Here's another "must have" item for you to install. There's nothing worse than slipping along in the late afternoon trying to enjoy remains of the day only to have the low sun zapping us in the eyes so hard that we can't see crap. Well, what is needed is a sun visor like a car has.



And here it is, I put it on with only two tries for a good fit (well, four on the port side, this stuff always works perfectly the first time in my head). It's held up with a spring clip thing and drops down when needed.

Chain locker: Something to think about. On my last three boats I avoided the problems associated with the chain and line inside the boat by just making an open top locker in the deck. I just cut a foot or so back from the bow and make a sealed bulkhead with a hole through the hull at the bottom for drainage. The ground tackle just plops in this open at the top locker for ready use and inspection.

Dan Replies...

Yeah, nice visor.

While mildew is, in fact, the western Washington state flower, up this way by the time I get the wet line stowed below it's already started to frost over. Then it just freeze dries. That pit you talk about would about land on my pillow. Amazing how much narrower and shorter a 21' hull is than a 25'.

I usually try to do the anchor stuff from the aft end and tow the hook around for a while until it cleans off. Usually I take a bite forward if I need to anchor off the bow. We're pretty shielded from the wind around here, what with all the icebergs, so anchoring is just sort of a formality.

Take care and stop squinting.





People pay big bucks, fly all day and settle for a lot less than *Miss Kathleen* and I had today basically for free. It's really a lot more than a catchy marketing slogan. Priest Lake, situated between two mountain ranges at the very northern extremity of Idaho, is truly a jewel. In fact, those mountains in the distance are actually in Canada.

As I hooked up the trailer and headed out this morning, the sun was already poking through the trees. Not a cloud in the undarkening sky. And in celebration of today being exactly one third of the way through the month of April, our air temperature had already shot up past 25° Fahrenheit. OK, a bit chilly still.

By the time we had reached our "regular" launch ramp on the Pend Oreille River, it was almost up to freezing. But a little voice said something like, "Today is gonna be too nice to spend on Regular Stuff." Soooooo, I dialed in a course for about 35 miles farther to the north.

Only a couple weeks ago this ramp was still snowed in. Not today. The parking lot was pretty empty, especially for a weekend. (I made it truck and trailer #3). I suppose everybody else had to go to the mall, er sumpin'.



Don't get me wrong, today wasn't completely hedonism run amok. We did have a mission, sort of. In the 2½ months since my first attempt to see if *Miss Kathleen* would float or turn over or something untoward, we have launched several dozen times. I've completely lost count, but The Geepers Machine that I stuck in a window next to the helm had already logged 75 miles on the water, lots

The Crown Jewel On a Day Fit for Royalty

By Dan Rogers

of that during what some folks consider the dead of winter, January and February. So one "mission" was to round that total off at an even 100.

There's more of a kinda serious nature, too. I have been steadily fixing things, changing things and completely starting over on stuff as well. The motor compartment had to be sound attenuated. The motor mount had to be completely rethought. The steering has never quite lived up to my expectations. The newly mounted anchor roller and hawse pipe and snubbing winch were still untested beyond the driveway. The trailer rollers had to be transmogrified for the bazillionth time. A rather complex plumbing job now allows a forced draft blower to expel the inevitable accumulation of two stroke smoke from the engine compartment. The forward hatch, the windshield and the door that holds the swing stove, down below in the galley, all needed to have something better to hold them open. And more and more stuff keeps popping up on the punch list. So today was a test day and the biggest test was to find out whether I had appreciably reduced the engine noise.

Once launched, our track was almost exactly 25 miles, pretty much happenstance.



But it was part of the mission. As far as some of the testing goes, that steering system is now possibly the best one on any boat I've ever had for holding a course without hav-

ing to tie something off or use an autopilot or something like that. All that fooling around with making a less balanced rudder and focusing the prop helix just so and messing with the mechanical advantage of the cables and a bunch of really boring stuff like that seems to have finally paid off in a big way!

I think I anchored at least four times as the day progressed. That would be for lunch and at least three power naps. This particular spot is where the Eastern Washington Movable Messabout crew stopped for lunch a year and a half ago. Today it was deserted.



In fact, just about every place I went was deserted. This is looking north toward the "narrows" that separate the two halves of the lake from each other.



These are a couple of beaches my family used to boat camp on when I was a kid, also very much deserted today. I did call around a bit last night to try and stir up some interest in coming along. I don't know, maybe I should change my deodorant and mouthwash? Nobody wanted to go.





Majestic Chimney Rock was nicely silhouetted by blue sky above and snow at its feet.



Passing by one of the resorts with a big boat moorage contingent already launched is truly a scene of pearls before swine. This old gal has more than a touch of class amid the inevitable cookie cutter stuff.



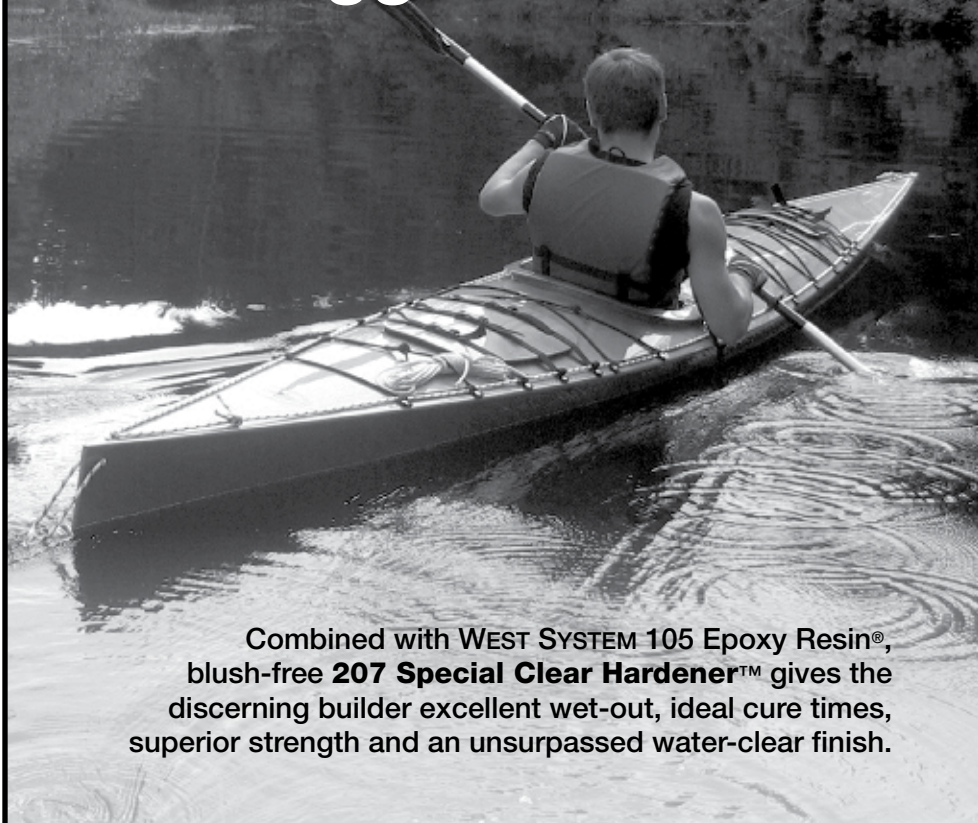
These panoramic shots could become a bit too commonplace. This one is facing east. Mountains, trees and crystal clear water everywhere.



Just a hint of light clouds off to the north. Some more high and thin stuff off to the west. And that's about all that came along to even smudge the sky. Quite a day! All I gotta say is, "Answer the phone when I call, otherwise you're gonna miss out..."



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You all know that we don't build boats here at the shop for money, hell, we don't do anything for money anymore. If someone's paying us to do something they own us body and soul and we're done with that. We also don't want any help with any building we do. Owning a boat sucks, nothing but maintenance and trouble. Building a boat, however, is a lot of fun and the ultimate challenge for our diminishing brainpower. Even one as small as a Nutshell pram will tax most of us. So you see why none of us will allow any help, if we're doing it for the challenge we sure don't want anyone "helping" us. Even when it comes to heavy lifting we need to figure out how to rig it right. We did have one exception. Here's the story.

Back in about '04 or '05 the lifeguards at Jacksonville Beach commissioned Roger Allen, then of the Cortez Maritime Museum, to build them a traditional wooden surfboat. It took a while to finish the boat because it was built by the volunteers who played at the boat shop there. Roger uses all building as a learning experience so speed isn't the driving factor. It got finished and was delivered in '07 and was really a beautiful boat.



That first boat turned out so well that a second boat was commissioned but the arrangements were different from the first one. I don't know the exact details but this one was built a lot slower than the first one, so slow in fact that eventually Roger asked me if we could finish it for them here at our shop. It had the basic shell finished and Roger is a good friend so we took it on. This was the first time we had done anything as a group and it was shocking at how fast and easy we whipped it out. We usually like to spend more time thinking about it than actually building, but this time it was just get it done and out fast. It was basically Howard, Jim and me and things got done with a minimum of fuss or conversation and we had it pretty much finished and ready for paint in just a few weeks.

Our One Exception

By Dave Lucas



But then we ran into a little snag, one night the whole shop caught on fire and burned up. The fire was caused by an old radio shorting out. It was kind of a shock but not as bad as you would think, turned out that I had great insurance and they replaced everything better than new and even threw in some extra just for the hell of it. We got a new shop and new tools, just imagine being handed ten thousand dollars to go out and get anything we think we need and more if that runs out.

Unfortunately there was one thing that we couldn't buy, the surf boat had somehow completely disappeared. It turns out that okoume plywood burns like flash paper and the whole boat simply vanished. These pictures were taken the next day after the fire and the one with the clear space is where the boat was sitting, no cleaning had been done, it was just all gone. The concrete block is the one the boat was sitting on in the previous picture with Jim working.



The fire happened in April '10 and we had a lot to do, what with spending money on all kinds of neat new tools, all power, no hand tools for god's sake. We're not living in the dark ages. Fland Sharp, the mayor over there, was very accommodating with us, but eventually we knew that we owed him a boat. Again we figured that we better work together to get it done. The picture of the new molds being set up was taken on December 1, 2010. This boat came together so fast it was like watching a time lapse movie. We would set up jigs and whip out parts like a well oiled machine, mostly Howard and Jim, I had to take the pictures.



Here it is three weeks later with Jim spray painting the inside. You heard me, three weeks. I used to wonder how they whipped them out in the old days and now I know how. If a crew knows what it's doing and are all getting with it without any standing around arguing about what to do next, it really goes fast, one cutting, one scarfing, one fastening can put in the pieces like a building a boat model. And since we had done the other one that burned we knew what to do. The floorboards are always the biggest pain because of the custom fitting required for every board. The usual time frame for just one of us building a boat like this would be anywhere from six months to a year depending on how much "thinking" is needed. That's the fun part.



Helen and I drove it over to Jax Beach, that's Fland on the right. They were happy with the boat and we were done with all that, sort of.



We didn't come home empty handed. The first boat had been in use for a couple of years and it was a real "rode hard and put away wet" kind of deal. They don't have any facilities for taking care of wooden boats there and it was a mess. It had cracks and splits and a little rot and was basically a basket case ready for a Viking fire. Helen and I headed home with the trailer (it's about 200 miles) and I got a mile away and called Fland and told him that I was coming back to get the first boat to take home to fix for them.

He said that they had no money to pay for it and I told him that we don't work for money anyway, and I just couldn't leave it there like that. We had nothing to do with that first boat but it looked so good, what the hell. You should have been there when I showed up back at the shop with this boat. It was not a warm welcome, but the guys are suckers just like me.

One of the problems on their beach is that they move and launch these boats by dragging them across the beach behind a jeep and run them up the beach and roll them in the surf, you know, the usual boy stuff. We stripped it back down to the basics and rebuilt it stronger. Hand Jim a pry bar and big hammer and stand back.



On the bottom we installed a full length keel of hard, pressure treated pine and two short runners and covered all with several layers of Kevlar to help with the abrasion on the beach. A complete rebuild of the inside and a paint job and it was ready to go home. We talked Stan into taking it this time and wouldn't you know that when he got home he brought the other boat back with him. What the hell is going on here? It seems that the boat we had made was taking a beating like the first one did but the final straw was that they had rolled it in the surf and put an oar right through the hull.

We fixed it and reinforced it like we did the other one and called Fland to come get it and not bring any of them back. Being the great guy that he is, Fland showed up a few weeks later with a pickup truck completely full of cases of Sailor Jerry rum, our favorite. He had evicted tenants from a bar he owns and brought us the stock as payment, what a deal. Turns out that we will work for booze. We've seen Fland several times since but not for these boats, you may see him and his lovely Brenda at Cedar Key this May.



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After a long layoff I am back working on the Oar Boat. I have had a problem with amino blush. I plan to have the rails and top 4" left bright so I varnished the top of the hull inside and out. The varnish didn't set up well. I am sure it is an amino blush thing. I had that problem a lot in the past but my new choice of resins isn't nearly as bad about the blush. The epoxy must be washed well with plain water to remove the blush. I got careless this time. The varnish did set up this time but very slowly. A second coat seems to have the problem under control. I have been holding off on painting until I get these top 4" varnished with several coats. Then I will wash and rewash the interior prior to painting.

I wanted to install the gunnels and other trim pieces so that is what I am doing now. The rails are mahogany. They were the first parts that I made last fall before I closed up the shop for the winter. The outwale is a harder wood so that went on the outside.

I started this step by fitting the inwales, softer Philippine mahogany. I screwed them in place from the outside with #8x3/4" wood screws. I countersunk the heads well into the plywood sides so the outer rail would lay smooth. The outwale went on using #8x2" stainless flathead screws all the way through into the inwale. They also got countersunk flush with the outside of the rail. I trimmed the ends then removed them and also removed the inwales.

Why? I wanted to get some varnish on these parts where they faced up against the plywood. OK, that done they got reinstalled. I then wanted to see how the oarlocks would fit. The 3/4" rails didn't match up with the screw holes on the metal parts so what to do? I would add a block on top of the gunnels so the holes would line up better.



By Mississippi Bob

Oar Boat

Part 4

I save wood, even little pieces if they are hardwood. I have been saving some walnut that was given to me for firewood. Burn walnut? No way, that would be a sacrilege. I had one piece that was a little over 2" square and about 14" long. I love working with walnut. I would get a deck and some gussets out of this block of wood. I resawed this block into some 3/4" boards. I wanted the deck to be more than 2" inches wide so I sawed one piece diagonally and got two triangles. I turned one piece around and glued them together. Now I had a 4" piece to make a deck with.

I used another slab to make gussets to fit against the transom. These pieces all got cut roughly to shape, then my new bench sander got put to work. I sanded bevels on the sides that butt up against the rails and transom. I sanded and fitted and sanded until I had a



nearly perfect fit, then cut them to their final shape. I did the same with the new deck.

I varnished the mating surfaces and installed them the next day. From another piece of walnut I cut some 5/8" pieces about a foot long. When I checked to see how the oarlocks would fit I wasn't at all happy so I made blocks 5/8" inch high to raise the oarlocks and got a much better fit. The fasteners would now be placed well in the rails.

The oar blocks that I made got a quick going over with the bench sander. I rounded the ends slightly, then sanded the ends down to nothing. I screwed them on with one stainless flathead on each end, then removed them and glued them permanently into place. The screws were only to hold the alignment while the parts got clamped overnight.

With the clamps off I next rounded the tops of the rails with a block plane, then with my random orbit sander I smoothed up all the edges of the adjoining parts. A little work with the belt sander on the deck and everything blended together well.

Time for some varnish. First coat raised the grain. I expected that. A little hand sanding and then a second coat. While the second coat was drying I cut a scrap of plywood and made a 4" marking gage. I slid this gage along under the gunnels and drew a line where the paint will end, both inside and out.

My next step will be another light sanding and also removing the seats and giving them a light sanding, then all parts will get a third coat of varnish. Then the interior will get a good washing and when dry the inside will get a coat of fiberglass primer up to the 4" mark.

Painting will get covered when I continue.



Small details that dress up the boat. Parts are walnut which makes a big difference in the overall appearance.



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In the May issue I wrote a bit about sail area and displacement. If more sail area is needed (light air day) there are a couple of options. Our Ranger 26 had the standard sloop sail pattern. Since we were racing the boat under the Midget Ocean Racing Club (MORC) handicap, we had some additional sails. These were the 150% and 170% jibs and three spinnakers (1/2oz, 3/4oz, and 1 1/2oz). For those not into racing their sailboat, a large, lightweight genoa is one option. Granted, some place is needed to stow the sail when it is not in use and the necessary lines to handle the sail, but it is a better sail setup for light airs.

Another option is to use a current high-tech zipper to add a "bonnet" to the base of the existing jib and turn the 90% jib into a 150% jib or a 150% jib into a 170% jib. Originally a bonnet was secured below the sails on a square rigger to increase the sail area without the need for extending the yardarm with a studding sail. I read about the idea of using a zipper in Pardey's *Cost Conscious Cruiser*, pp. 89-93. If any of you have worked with sail zippers, I am sure other readers would like to read your conclusions.

I have been reading a lot lately about protecting new cars against outside interference with the built in electronics. Some technicians have "hacked" a vehicle or two to demonstrate the vulnerability allowed by all the electronic access (wifi and the like) built into the vehicles these days. That noted, how safe is your new boat from outside interference? Could some one "adjust" your autopilot a few degrees to head your boat for a shoal that you expect to pass with sufficient horizontal clearance? Unless you manually keep track of the boat's course, how would you know?

One of the advantages of electronic charts is the ability to download new, revised data as it becomes available. NOAA is working to produce chart files so that only the actual changes will be downloaded (instead of the entire file). The concept is a bit like a hard disk backup program where the software only backs up the files that have changed since the last backup rather than copying the



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

whole hard disk. To learn more about this capability you need to access "The Chart File Service" on the NOAA website.

Of interest is that the "duct tape" we purchase at the store is not used for heating and air conditioning work. What we normally buy at the hardware store dries and disintegrates with changes in the temperature and flexing of the metal. What is used in the heating and air conditioning work is a special type of tape designed for that environment. There are other special tapes on the market designed for various uses. Some of these products have the same (or interchangeable) names, which requires reading the fine print to see if the tape is suitable for the intended use.

For years I used black vinyl electrical tape to seize the ends of lines to prevent their unraveling. When I had time, and it was for a long term use, I used flat dental floss to whip the ends of lines. The dental floss tape came in a handy dispenser and lasted just as well as whipping twine (and was less expensive). When I was involved with stage work we used gaffers tape as it held nicely, came off without a residue that needed to be cleaned and was available in a variety of colors. The tape was more easily removed because it had a less aggressive adhesive than duct tape. Gaffers tape is also more like the original duct tape in that it has a cloth backing instead of one of the vinyl derivatives. In any event, check the wrapping tape frequently to make sure it is still doing its job and not disintegrating.

For many years the slungshot (a weight in the center of a monkey's fist) was illegal in Florida because it was also used as a weapon by sailors and street gangs. The 2016 session

of the Florida Legislature made the device legal to carry and it is no longer considered a concealed weapon. The measure was sponsored by Rep Neil Combee, R-Polk City, with Sen Alan Hays, R-Umatilla, sponsoring the Senate version. A weighted heaving line on a boat is now legal again in Florida.

Ever had your vise grip pliers refuse to release when you pressed the lever? Mine did that to me the other day after I used them to remove the remains of a nail. Everything worked fine until the nail was out and I tried to release the pliers. I had set it too tight and nothing would release. I tried to back off the adjusting bolt too, but could not get it to turn. Using another pair of pliers I was able to back off the adjusting bolt enough to release everything. The nail was out, the pliers were working again properly and all was successful.

One acquires various tools for one reason or another. Sometimes we have the tool and have no idea why. In my case, I have a fair sized rubber mallet. It is excellent for wood or metal work, as it usually does not leave marks on the object hit. I pulled mine out the other day to re set some door molding that had come off quite nicely with all the finish nails still attached to the wood. When the repair job to the door frame had been completed, I carefully lined up the nails with the old holes and then used the mallet to re set the molding. Everything went back in place nicely and we cannot tell that the molding had been removed and re set.

The GPS equipment we use today may be replaced by another system that does not rely on satellites. Granted, there is still work to be done to get the system operational. But since the research is being done by the military for its use, I expect that the process will be successfully completed one of these years. The alternate to GPS is GMN (geomagnetic navigation), which uses the earth's magnetic field for location information. At present, most of the work is on creating a library of maps and charts showing lines of magnetic force and the very sensitive sensors needed to read those lines. It will be interesting to see how this area of navigation progresses.



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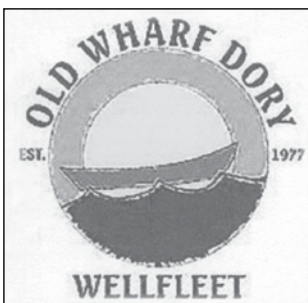
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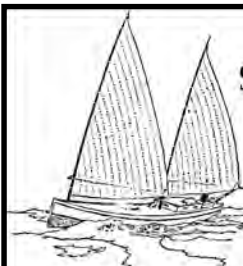
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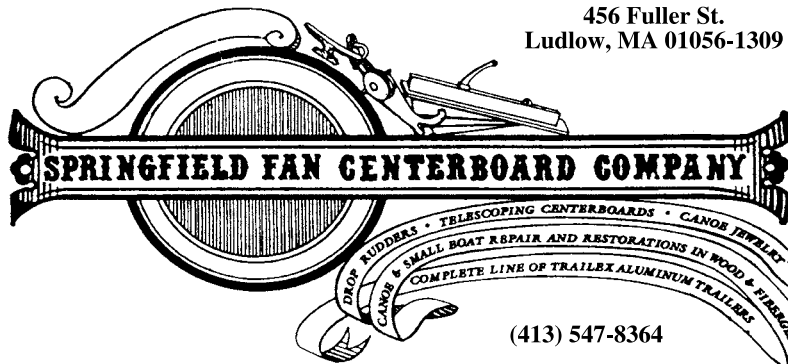
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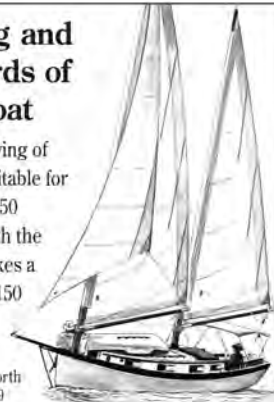
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Bad Days Afloat!



messing about in **BOATS**

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BREAKING NEWS

We send these ads to Messing About a month ahead. As of THIS date, in late April, the guys in the shop tell me they have a new boat. It's pulled from the same sweet mold as our regular 15' guideboat....but this will be a clear-skinned Kevlar guideboat. No glass. They are offering it as a solo. Outfitted with cherry gunwales, a webbed center seat, floorboards, a sliding seat, a sliding-seat foot-brace, external Kevlar skid plates, an epoxy and graphite black coat and 8ft spruce spoons from Shaw & Tenney. The boat in this photo. our regular composite guideboat, weighs 70 lbs. The first of the new boats weighs 56 lbs. The guys think they can tweak the layup to 50 lbs. They are hoping to sell this boat to the rowing/exercise enthusiast. And are expecting to get a package deal in the neighborhood of \$4795.

Long ago Steve Kaulback said, "The water doesn't care what the hull is made of. All it knows is weight and shape." In THIS photo, of our standard kevlar/glass guideboat, you can see the shape pretty well. As is it is barely touching the water. Imagine it touching the water with 20 fewer pounds. A common phrase we've heard over the years when someone was first trying our boat was, "This boat really wants to run."

We think this new boat will really want to fly.

