



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 4

August 2016

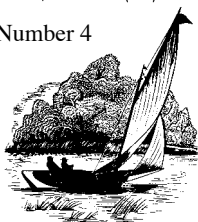
Special Features This Issue
Palooza and Crooza – Some Came to Sail
Paddle-A-Thon Among Silver Maples
Tales of a New Zealand Puddle Jumper
Modeling the Richardson Boat
The Wakulla County Model Bow Skiff



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

Volume 34 – Number 4
August 2016



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043

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There is no machine

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

I spent a day near the end of June at the Wooden Boat Show at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut, about a two and a half hour drive from here. You'll not find a report on it in this issue because it wasn't my purpose to do one. After now over 30 years of going to this (and other) boat shows, many of them as an exhibitor in earlier years trying to acquire new subscribers, the thrill is gone. I went this year after a several year hiatus to see some people I would find there. From all appearances on this glorious sunny Saturday the show was success, the place was packed with people.

I wanted to meet the folks from the local John Gardner Chapter of the TSCA who were running the Small Craft Meet where once the original small craft meet (as covered in the July issue's "25 Years Ago" feature) took place over at the California beach by the boat livery. They put a lot of effort into it with a number of workshops running throughout the weekend while overseeing the boat tryouts from the docks. I especially wanted to meet Bill and Karen Rutherford, Editor and Publisher of the Chapter's online newsletter from which we reprint extensively every issue. They do a nice job with it, a great example of what a TSCA Chapter can do to promote interest in traditional small craft. (www.jgtasca.org)

I also wanted to say hello to some of our long time advertisers who were exhibiting. I don't get to meet most of them in person and so here I could personally thank them for their long time support for this magazine.

Tony Davis of Arey's Pond Boatyard in Orleans, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod had two of his bigger cruising catboats at the dock, but we got to reminiscing instead about that now long ago day when we met at the laying of the keel for the *Spirit of Massachusetts* in 1983, wryly now observing that vessel's ultimate fate as a seaside restaurant in Maine. Not too many years later Tony acquired Arey's Pond Boatyard and has built it since into the major catboat operation in that catboat minded part of our New England coast. (www.areyspondboatyard.com)

Hillary Russell of Berkshire Boatbuilding School, way out west in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts, featured this year's example of his skin on frame ultralight boat designs, which he designs and builds and also teaches others to build. Unique this year was the "skin" of English grown flax in a yet further attempt to use natural materials in his boats. Noting the frame of conventional wood I inquired if he planned to combine the flax covering with his prior willow twig framing, closing in on almost total natural materials. He said he might. (www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org)

I wanted to catch up with John Harris of CLC Boats, his display was not hard to spot, occupying a long stretch of the waterfront much like the anchor store in a shopping mall. Lotsa CLC designs on display but John wasn't about when I stopped by several time during the day. At the Saturday evening banquet he was to be ushered into the *Wood-*

enBoat pantheon of those who have contributed significantly to the wooden boat culture. He certainly belongs there. (clcboats.com)

I did find Nick Schade of Guillemot Kayaks at the CLC stand, he and brother Eric were hard at work applying epoxy to a CLC kit kayak as an ongoing demo. They cooperate with CLC in various designs. Nick has been with us for many, many years offering his really spectacular kayak designs. (www.KayakPlans.com)

I get to see Ralph Johnson of Pert Lowell Co from time to time as his shop is only about 15 miles from here. He did not have one of his Town Class sloops in the water this year, but his landside tent was full of all the traditional hardware he also produces, including the mast hoops that Pert Lowell Co is famous for worldwide. Ralph and his wife Joanne carry on the business started by Joanne's father Pert in 1934 and this past year has experienced a boom in Townie business. It seems that a dozen shallow water moorings have been installed in crowded Marblehead, Massachusetts, harbor (home of the Town Class) open only to those who own a Townie and agree to race it during the summer months. Marbleheaders waiting for years for moorings have seized this opportunity to get one at last and old Townies are emerging from hiding and going through Ralph's shop for reconditioning to render them seaworthy. How long will it last? Until a dozen are out on those moorings. (www.pertlowell.com)

Wooden boat builder Tom Jannke invented UNSCREW-UMS™ in the 1980s. Later he retired and began making and distributing UNSCREW-UMS™ to craftsmen all over the world. Thirty years later this simple tool continues to be an essential piece in every wooden boat builder's toolbox. Tom had an interesting tale for us when we dropped by his booth. It seems that at another show last year his neighboring exhibitor was a hobbyist wooden furniture magazine. At show's end the editor approached Tom and bought some of his screw removing tools. Subsequently a favorable report appeared in the magazine and Tom found himself last December working round the clock seven days a week (only Christmas day off) to fill the demand created. (www.tltools.com)

Before I left for home late afternoon I had a look around at the "I Built It Myself" display of owner built wooden boats and happily ran into a long time reader, Allen Head of Concord, New Hampshire, who displayed his unique self designed and built river cruising launch which stood out amongst the "fleet" on display. It really grabbed me and so deserves a closer look in an upcoming issue. It is still kinda nice to meet readers amongst the crowds at small boat gatherings. It doesn't happen all that often, usually I have to explain yet again who I am and what I do. I never have figured out how to successfully market *Messing About in Boats*.

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On the Cover...

Some of us who paddle on inland flat-water rivers, at least around here, face an ever increasing array of beaver dams to negotiate. Even the high water this spring did not mitigate this, our cover shows members of the Norumbega Chapter of the WCHA getting over a nearly (but not quite totally) submerged dam on the Parker River on a late spring outing.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

My mother claimed to have been the only one to have been stuck on the East Haddam Bridge and ridden the span as it swung open to let a tanker pass through. As she isn't available to be congratulated or refuted, you'll have to take what I say for what it's worth. Normally, the bridge tender announces his intention of swinging the span by setting off a clanging alarm which alerts the entire village and sets Miss Marcus's dog, Clancy, up the hill, to barking his fool head off until the bridge finally closes, eight minutes later. Then he, the bridge tender, not Clancy, switches the traffic light at each end of the bridge from green to flashing orange and then to red. Finally, he raises the little steel gate that rises up from the gap between the very end of the bridge and the edge of the road. This little gate would probably stop a Jersey heifer if she weren't especially determined to swim in the river. It might even have stopped my mother's little Corvair.

If you weren't around in the early '60s, you might not remember Corvairs. The craze for compact cars had reached America, and General Motors manufactured the Chevrolet Corvair. The Corvair had its engine aft, the same as the Volkswagen Beetle and nearly every other proper boat. This was a radical departure for American engineering. Put the weight over the driving wheels and eliminate a long drive train went their logic. Unfortunately, they didn't do something right. Weight distribution might have had something to do with it. The car was prone to skidding, or drifting, or taking little side trips through people's gardens. It had a special fondness for bright orange zinnias.

I borrowed my mother's car a number of times when I was young and wild. That car and I had to work hard to keep the tow truck away. I never told her about the guardrail incident, I had to replace three of her four headlights when I recovered, nor about the two big maples I passed between, backwards, one snowy night, on the way home from a party.

Ralph Nader, that righteous advocate for the stupid consumer, wrote many ungentle words about those cars. "Unsafe at Any Speed," he entitled one article. "Unsafe at fifty on a sharp corner after two beers too many," is how I would have put it. Eventually, I inherited that Corvair, and carried a 125lb anvil in the forward compartment to give the front wheels more traction. I remember the look on the customs inspector's face at the Canadian border when he asked to inspect the trunk...

But the little Corvair was admirable for getting across the Bridge. She made it hundreds and hundreds of times, even with my mother driving. On this occasion, my mother had something important on her mind; or perhaps just a bit of oatmeal stuck in her ear. She never, she claimed, heard either the bell or Clancy. Nor did she notice the traffic light turn red. The little gate occluded the road in her wake. She found herself on the moveable span, the East Haddam end of the bridge, where the deep water runs, before the clanging penetrated to where the three little bones anxiously awaited something to do. After some frantic consultation, they agreed to pass the message along to Control Central. The synapses awoke and made their nearly customary arrangements. My mother suddenly awoke, heard Clancy barking, and hurled her hundred pounds against the brake pedal. The little Corvair condescended to stop.

I can see the bridge tender, high aloft in his little house over the pivot, shaking his head and muttering imprecations. Nonetheless, a tanker was now but a quarter mile off and couldn't stop if she wanted. He put the bridge into gear and swung the span. The little Corvair and my mother enjoyed the view through nearly ninety degrees. The skipper of the oil tanker missed his chance to rescue a car from the river. The bridge tender had a new grey hair to add to his collection.

My mother got good mileage out of that story. Sometimes, when she told it, she nearly smiled.

Matthew Goldman, aka Constant Waterman, Author and Illustrator (860) 912-5886

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Salem Massachusetts Classic Boat Festival

The 34th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival takes place August 20-21 at Brewer Hawthorne Cove Marina in Salem, Massachusetts. We don't get a chance to see boats like these every day! There will be a wonderful variety of vintage motor yachts, sailboats and handpowered craft. What's special about the show is that we get to meet and chat with a number of owners, some of whom will invite you aboard. Children get to make their own wee boat and can board real ones! Readers with a vintage boat (1975 and before) please contact me at (617) 666-8530, patwells@earthlink.net. We would love to have you bring her.

The boats are the main attraction but there is also a crafts show and live music throughout the weekend including New Orleans style jazz and steel pans. Readers can check boatfestival.org for details. The show goes on rain or shine!

Pat Wells, Somerville, MA

New Jersey Antique & Classic Boat Show

The Barnegat Bay, New Jersey, Chapter ACBS, will host its 33rd Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show again at Johnson Bros Boat Yard, 1800 Bay Ave, Pt Pleasant, New Jersey, from 8am-5pm on September 17 (rain date next day). This is an ACBS judged show, free admission/parking, with 50-60 boats expected, all types welcome in water or on trailer. For more information contact Stu Sherk at (610) 277-2121 or (732)8996604 or Ken Motz at (908) 910-3653.

Information of Interest...

More on Japanese Wooden Boat Building

I just got home from Japan (built two boats there) and found the copy of your magazine you sent with the review of my book. My thanks to you and Mr Russell for doing this. If it is possible, perhaps you could add a note to the upcoming issue saying that people can get signed and inscribed copies of the book directly from me. That information is absent from the review. Buyers should visit my website www.douglasbrooksboatbuilding.com.

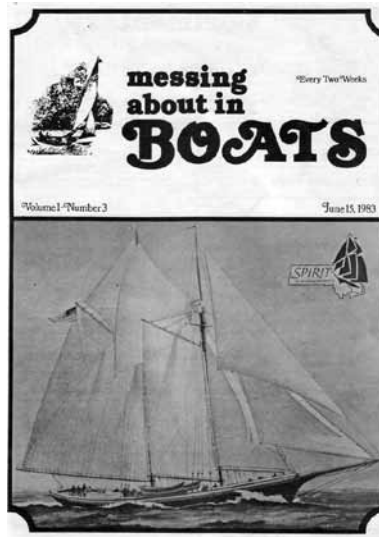
Douglas Brooks, Vergennes, VT

Maine Has a New Floating Restaurant

Set sail without leaving the dock. The *Spirit of Massachusetts*, a 125' schooner bobbing in the Kennebunk River, opens Friday as Southern Maine's most novel restaurant. Who needs a sidewalk cafe when you can cocktail on deck and nosh below? The tall ship, built in 1984 in Boston's Charlestown Navy Yard, sailed the globe as an educational vessel. In 2014 the *Spirit of Massachusetts*

was restored and brought to her new home in Kennebunk. Lobster sushi and chicken satay tacos share small plate status with old school escargot and oysters. A \$21 lobster roll may throw your budget overboard, but your out of town guests will cheer the splurge.

Editor Comments: The laying of the keel for the *Spirit of Massachusetts* was the cover story in our June 15, 1983 issue (our third). And now that dream ends as a restaurant in Maine!



Projects...

Bob's Oarlock Socket Mount

In the June issue "In My Shop," Bob's last picture shows the oarlock socket mounted outside. I never would have expected to see that. Can you get Bob to give us an explanation of his thinking on that when he has a chance?

Nick Fast,

Bob Replies

I don't like putting the oarlock there either but I wanted to use the longest oars possible and by putting the oarlocks there I gained several inches available on the inner end of the oars. This, in effect, gave me some very short outriggers. It seems to work.

Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley MN

Looking for Shop Tools

I have new to me boathouse, a 28'x30' garage in Somers Point, New Jersey, and am setting it up as a shop for building stuff

including boats, fixing up an old house and the shop itself.

I am looking for a good size 12" table saw, a planer, a jointer, a bandsaw, preferably multi speed metal with a blade welder, a 12"x48" or so metalworking lathe, a good size belt sander, a couple of floor stand drill presses and the tooling and accessories to go with them. I will have 100amp 220volt power available and can deal with odd voltages and phases.

I have a heli arc and gas welding and a plasma torch. I would be willing to buy and have shared use of tools if someone needed the room with tools seldom used. If you help me find tools you can come and use them. Call me with leads, comments or questions at (215) 262-9176 or email at Billcovert@aol.com.

Bill Covert, Somers Point, NJ

This Magazine...

Just Different Enough

"The Long Cruise of the Sea Dart II" was well done and just different enough from the norm to be quite interesting. Not sure if the author was a Sea Scout or a parent, but in either case a fun read. Nice to know kids are still being introduced to boats and boating. Also, it was refreshing to come across terms like titivating, Port o'Call, all fast and liberty. We all dream of owning a boat that big and it was instructive to read, "... breakfast was also on the stove, on the deck, on the griddle and on the Youth Cook." Thanks for a great monthly magazine.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*, Old Lyme, CT, KentLacey@SBCglobal.net

About "Over the Horizon"

Doc Regan has confused Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon-Tiki* with the *Ra* vessels. *Kon-Tiki* was a balsa log raft and sailed from South America to the Tuamotu Islands in 1947. The *Ra* and *Ra II* were reed boats built in 1969 and 1970 that were meant to demonstrate the feasibility of crossing the Atlantic. I still have my copy of Heyerdahl's book *Kon-Tiki: Across the Pacific in a Raft*, that I read avidly as a child in 1950. It started a lifelong fascination with boats and adventure travel.

Kurt Herzog,

And More About "Over the Horizon"

We are all glad that Steven (Doc) Regan has taken up the "Over the Horizon" column with its engaging assortment of tidbits. He concluded his column in the June issue with the observation, "It may be my opinion only but it seems the bigger the boat the less it sails." Not just his opinion. I recall reading somewhere in L. Francis Herreshoff, "the amount of fun to be derived from boats is inversely proportional to their size." Great minds, etc.

As an expression of my gratitude for Mr Regan's work, and the others contributing to your magazine, enclosed please find a check for another year's subscription.

Jock Yellott, Charlottesville VA

Schooner *America* in St Michaels This September

The 139' yacht *America* will be at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum on Labor Day, September 5 through Tuesday, September 6, and again on Saturday, September 10 through Sunday, September 11. *America* is a replica of the schooner that launched the America's Cup tradition in 1851 by defeating the best the British could offer to win the Royal Yacht Squadron's "100 Pound Cup." While in St Michaels, *America* will offer dockside tours to CBMM guests along with private and public cruises during select times.



As the official ambassador of the America's Cup, the replica schooner began its North American tour in San Diego in 2015 with its East Coast leg navigated in 2016 from the Gulf of Mexico up the Eastern Seaboard into Maine before tacking south through the Caribbean and on to Bermuda in 2017 for the America's Cup.

The sailing ship's visit in St Michaels is also anticipated to include multi media programs covering the past, present and

On October 1 and 2 the Museum will again host one of the nation's largest gatherings of small boat enthusiasts and unique watercraft at the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival XXXIII and 11th Maritime Model Expo.

The Model Guild of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, the North American Steamboat Modeler's Association and the Washington Ship Model Society are sponsors of the Maritime Model Expo. The event was traditionally held in May and is now being combined with CBMM's Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival which is annually held the first weekend of October.

Hundreds of amateur and professional boat builders, model boat builders and enthusiasts come from all over the region to display their one of a kind kayaks, canoes and other traditional small craft, along with a variety of maritime models also on display and underway in a large above ground pond.

The pond will be used throughout the event for model steamboats and other R-C models including model skipjacks, sailboats,



Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum News

future of the America's Cup in CBMM's Van Lennep Auditorium, along with special junior sailing talks and tours that delve into the principles of sailing and the benefits of junior sailing including self reliance and confidence. It will also enable CBMM guests to understand how the sport of sailing has evolved from 19th century sailing ships to the high tech sailing vessels participating in the America's Cup today.

The schedule for dockside tours, programs and public cruises will later be announced on CBMM's website at www.cbmm.org, with more information about the schooner *America* at bit.ly/SchoonerAmerica.

Charity Boat Auction

The Museum's 19th Annual Charity Boat Auction takes place on September 3. More than 100 boats ranging in size and performance from sailing dinghies to cabin cruisers will be in the water and on land to be auctioned off to the highest bidders. Advanced absentee bids will be accepted and can be called in with payment information at (410) 745-4961 or taken in per-

son until noon on September 2. As an absolute auction, all boats will be sold the day of the event with a title office set up at the museum for ease of transfer. All boats must be removed by Monday, September 5. The event is generously sponsored by Crabi Gras with proceeds from the rain or shine event benefiting the children and adults served by CBMM's education, restoration and exhibition programming.

Auction boats will be available for preview on September 1 and September 2 from 9am to 5pm each day and also beginning at 8am the day of the event with the live auction beginning at 11am. CBMM takes donations and resells boats throughout the year, holding aside some of the inventory for the annual auction.

One hundred percent of the revenue generated by the auction goes directly toward helping the museum's educational programs and restoring and preserving its historic structures and boats. The event also includes a flea market style tag sale from 9am to 11am where guests can purchase a variety of used boating gear, including ground tackle, electrical equipment, hardware, rope and chain, oars, life jackets, fishing tackle, motors and more.

Auction boats and the official rules can be viewed at www.cbmm.org/boatauction with inventory updated weekly. Boat sales are ongoing throughout the year with all auction boats subject to sale prior to the auction. To donate a boat or items for the tag sale, or for updates on the boat auction and inventory, visit www.cbmm.org/boatauction, call 410-745-4961 or email lmills@cbmm.org.

Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival XXXIII and 11th Maritime Model Expo

submarines, electrically driven models with modest motors and self steered pond sailing models. On land exhibitions include a collection of static models by Washington Ship Model Society members and other highly acclaimed modelers as well.

Sailing skiffs, rowing shells, kayaks, canoes, paddle boats, prams and one of a kind boats will be on display and in the water throughout this family oriented event.



Small craft and model boat owners hailing from all over the country will also be available to share their knowledge and boating experiences with guests. Scenic river cruises aboard the 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle*, along with food and beverages, will also be available to round out the weekend festival.

CBMM boatyard staff and Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School instructors will be on hand Saturday to offer boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations. Beginning at 1pm on Saturday a lively Miles River race of small craft can be watched from CBMM's waterfront and docks and from aboard *Winnie Estelle* during a river cruise. On Sunday festival goers are also invited to bring nautical items to swap or sell at a traditional maritime swap meet.

For advanced tickets and more information, visit www.cbmm.org/mascf or call (410) 745-2916.



JAMES WAKEFIELD, RIGGER and SAIL MAKER.

Taken from The Vermont of Today, by Arthur F. Stone, published in 1929.

Compiled on July 2, 1989 to commemorate the dedication of the Burlington Community Boathouse function room in his name.

I was clearing some junk out of my ranch and I came across some documents. This one is about the man who the Burlington Boat House is named after, a long ago far removed relative of mine. He had a nice place on the water in downtown Burlington... well it was a dive back then... now it is a fancy sea food restaurant. Any traces of family money has long gone, been diluted, dissipated, absconded, drunk up and misappropriated long before I came to be. But it is an interesting story and might be why I like boats! This copy is old and yellow... is it something that can be salvaged for a MAIB article? Johnny Mack. (Editor Comments: Here it is, scanned from the original).

CAPTAIN JAMES WAKEFIELD—All through his youth and young manhood, Captain James Wakefield followed the sea, a witness of many thrilling adventures and an active participator in as many more. Industrious, willing, and quick to learn, he advanced rapidly toward that day which every sailor longs for, when he becomes for the first time master of his own ship. And then, having learned all there was to learn, and seen most of what there was to see, Captain Wakefield took up his life ashore and leaving his native England behind him came to the United States and settled at Burlington, Vermont. In this place he established himself in business as a ship chandler, and here he passed the remainder of his life, an honored and respected citizen and an important factor in the business life of the community. The business which he founded survives today under the active management of his sons.

Captain Wakefield's father, John Wakefield, descendant of an old English family of this surname, was born, lived and died in England. He married Mary Proctor and of their thirteen children, James Wakefield was the youngest. He was born at Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, England, July 8, 1829, and with three of his six brothers went to sea at the earliest opportunity. One of his first recollections was of the coronation of Queen Victoria, when he was but eight years old, and of the feast which was spread as custom decreed in the open meadows in honor of the event. His thirteenth year found him an apprentice on the brig "Vine," a collier on the English coast in winter, and along the coasts of Sweden and Denmark in summer. When about seventeen years old, he shipped on board the bark "Sir Francis Bondhead," a vessel then in the merchant trade along the Spanish coast. At that time a revolution was in progress in Sicily, but unaware of this fact, the vessel entered the harbor of Messina to take a cargo of brimstone aboard, and Wakefield went ashore with the other sailors. A timely warning from a kindly Sicilian probably saved the lives of the entire company as even then they escaped with difficulty to their ships. During that night the rebels captured the castle in the harbor, and trained the cannon on the English vessel as they sailed away, although for some unknown reason they did not open fire.

Three hundred miles out, the vessel encountered a hurricane and sprung a dangerous leak, the water rising steadily during two days in spite of every effort with the pumps. Then the boats were lowered and as Mr. Wakefield waited the captain and crew went below,

broached a case of wine and proceeded to get uproariously drunk in the face of the impending danger. They left the ship just before she foundered, bringing one raw ham and a compass. There they were, eighteen drunken sailors and one sober boy, without food, three hundred miles from a shore where rebellion made landing perilous, and facing a gale that threatened immediate destruction. In the evening a British brig passed, but thinking they were pirates, gave them no aid. All through the night and the next day they fought the storm and only on the second night did an Italian brig overhaul them. They also were in fear of pirates and made them wait until morning before taking them aboard. Finally the company were set ashore on the Island of Malta and all shipped eventually for England, except Wakefield who signed with the ship "Leander" for the Black Sea. Subsequent voyages found him on board the "Sun," bound for Russia from Hull, with a crazy second mate, a sailor wanted for murder in Denmark, and a cook with a cork leg, and later, on the brig "Barragat" for Constantinople with a cargo of coal. The vessel went ashore under full sail in the Dardanelles, and only with the utmost difficulty was floated and proceeded to discharge her cargo. At Kirtch in Crimea she re-loaded with flaxseed and put up the Mediterranean for home. The captain got drunk at Gibraltar and when a fierce gale came up soon afterward, the cargo shifted endangering the ship and her crew. Although the decks were storm-swept, the voyage was completed, but only after greatest difficulties were met and overcome. Mr. Wakefield was afterward supernumerary on Lord Nelson's old flagship, "Victory," a relic of the battle of Trafalgar, and then shipped on the "Superb," a British man-o-war of eighty guns, sailing for Tunis under Admiral Parker.

While at Tunis, where he remained for four years, Mr. Wakefield heard that a brother who had been away from home for twenty years was living at Whitehall, New York. Accordingly he sailed in an American ship and found his brother, with whom he remained for a two-weeks visit, afterwards sailing down the Hudson to New York City, where he signed on a ship bound for Charleston, South Carolina. That was in 1853. He sailed on the ship "Olivia," shipped to New Orleans on a Baltimore clipper and thence went to Rio Janeiro. On this voyage the crew stole all the tea. In retaliation the captain withheld all the coffee and a mutiny followed. The crew was driven below and then one by one called up to be put in irons. When every man had been shackled,

Mr. Wakefield, who was second mate, passed a chain through their bound arms and locked the whole outfit to a stanchion in the hold. He decided, after this experience to quit the sea, and in 1854, returned to England. With his wife and child he sailed for America, where he intended to settle. When off the coast of Newfoundland the ship was overtaken by a hurricane and the masts torn out. While the officers and crew took refuge between decks, Mr. Wakefield crept across the deck, cut away the rigging and saved ship, cargo, and passengers. He lived for a short time in Whitehall, New York, where his brother had located, but in 1857, he came to Burlington, and opened a sail loft, where he made sails and dealt in ship supplies. His business as ship chandler grew to large proportions, and he remained active in its operation until within a year of his death.

One more thrilling experience on the water must be recorded. In 1876, in December, a heavy storm stripped the steering gear from a vessel three miles from the Burlington breakwater. Helpless she drifted toward shore, rolling heavily with a cargo of stone. Of all the old captains and lakemen, Mr. Wakefield and his son Jack alone made an attempt to rescue the crew. They pulled out to the breakwater in a fourteen-foot government lighthouse boat and when the vessel struck they had reached the spot. The captain of the ship threw two women into the strong arms of the old sailor in the little boat, and then as the vessel rose on the crest of the waves, one by one the sailors jumped into Mr. Wakefield's boat, the captain coming last, only about three seconds before the vessel sank. The father and son pulled the boat with the rescued crew safely to land, amidst the acclaim of those who had gathered and knew not how to aid. Few ships put into Burlington now, but once James Wakefield's books contained the names of a hundred trading vessels of various kinds.

Captain Wakefield was held in the highest esteem by his fellow townsmen. His integrity and sterling character won the respect and confidence of every man. He was particularly fond of his home and family, but any movement or enterprise for the best interests of the community enlisted his strong support. In politics he was a member of the Republican party, taking an active part in public affairs after he became a citizen in September, 1870, while he was affiliated fraternally with the Burlington Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons, and in this order was also a member of Burlington Chapter, of the Royal Arch Masons, Burlington Council of Royal and Select Masters, Burlington Commandery of the Knights Templar, as well as all bodies of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, including the thirty-second degree of the Consistory. Captain Wakefield was a member of Cairo Temple of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, while with his family he was a communicant of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he was also sexton from 1850 to 1872, during the administration of Bishop Hopkins. Until his death he was most faithful in attendance and altogether an exemplary churchman.

Captain Wakefield's passing, on June 22, 1912, removed from Burlington life one of the city's most honored and respected residents. A successful business man, a brave and stalwart sea-voyager, faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and the soul of integrity, he was the warmest friend of all the hosts of those who knew him. Only with his death, perhaps, did the community come to realize the extent of its deep affection for him and the constant value to the city of his mere presence.

Captain Wakefield married, on July 13, 1852, in England, Lavinia Merrishaw, born May 8, 1832, in Walpole, Saint Peter's, Norfolkshire, England, daughter of Henry and Mary (Patten) Merrishaw. She died at Burlington, Vermont, September 27, 1895. Children:

1. Henry Merrishaw, born in England, April 16, 1853, died at Burlington in 1861.
2. James, born at Whitehall, New York, September 5, 1855, and for many years the keeper of the lighthouse at Essex, New York. He married Mary Jane MacGlinn, and they became the parents of Charles, and Arthur, who married Helen Sheldon, and has one daughter, Gertrude Louise.
3. John William, born at Burlington, December 29, 1857.
4. Mary, born December 28, 1859.
5. Lavinia, born June 27, 1861.
6. Henrietta, born August 16, 1862, married William Linsley, and they have two children, Joel Wakefield and Helena Wells.
7. Frederick Walter, born February 8, 1864; married, in 1889, Mary Fitzgerald; children: Harold Frederick, born March 16, 1891; James Gerald, born September 24, 1892; Elizabeth Gladys, born September 23, 1893, died September 22, 1894; Julius Edward, born August 22, 1897; Robert Donald, born May 8, 1899; Frederick Walter, born May 31, 1901; and Clarence Seward, born February 20, 1904.
8. Albert Edward, born August 18, 1865; married, June 25, 1901, Lucretia Leach; children: John William, born April 26, 1902; Albert Edward, Jr., born September 10, 1904, and Ruth Marion, born in October, 1917.
9. Sarah Elizabeth, born October 8, 1867; married Arthur O. Marble, of Northfield, Vermont.
10. Henry Porter, born January 20, 1870.
11. Theodore Benjamin, born March 15, 1872; married Emma Jones and has one daughter, Theodora.
12. Emma Jane, born May 2, 1874; married James McIntyre, of Burlington, and has one child, George Arthur.
13. George Francis, born December 10, 1876.
14. Helen, who died in infancy.

John William Wakefield, Frederick Walter Wakefield, Albert Edward Wakefield, and George Francis Wakefield, sons of Captain James Wakefield, took over the business established by their father, and since 1911 have conducted it under the name of James Wakefield Sons, Frederick Wakefield being now deceased. All of them were taught the trade of sailmaking by their father and from the time of leaving school were associated with him in the business. In later years the making of awnings has been added to the original business of the sail loft and an extensive trade developed throughout the State of Vermont and surrounding country. The present plant at No. 52 College Street, Burlington, was erected in 1910, and is commodious and modern in every particular. The firm continues the ship chandlery business, furnishing everything needed for a lake vessel, and dealing also in flag poles and in the erection of steel smoke stacks. In their own field, James Wakefield Sons have the largest business in the State.

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Maybe the best way to sum up a ten day road trip, boat show and cruise is with a phone call I didn't quite make. There we were, just Beau the Sea Dog and me holed up in Mats Mats harbor, anchored alongside the two other remaining Palooza Crooza boats in a complete tropical downpour.



I had lost touch with Kevin over 15 years ago. But now I had his number and hit "send." I said, "Hi Kevin, it's Dan." With a couple of chirps, my phone went silent and immediately showed the Black Screen of Death. So, for the second time in as many days, I called up good ol' Marty on the old technology VHF marine band transceiver. Marty made the call for me. I'd get the chance to catch up with my old buddy Kevin later. Meanwhile, it rained. Then it rained harder. Harder yet. And finally, recollections of SE Asian monsoons were flashing back, except it was only about 50° outside.

During one of the short breaks in this abnormally heavy precip, I came to the conclusion that I had had quite enough relaxation. Enough enforced solitude, too. It was time to head back to Boat Haven, get *Miss Kathleen* on her trailer and look for drier pastures.



Marty's parting comment to me was something like, "I think I'll schedule this trip next time in any other month. Any month besides June." Maybe a good plan. But you know what? I don't care when he schedules the Port Townsend Pocket Yachters' Palooza and Crooza, people will come. It's just the neatest thing. It gets better each time. We had over 60 boats on display. People happily talking about their favorite subject, old friends, new acquaintances, casual contacts with just curious non boat people. Just a tremendous event.



The Port Townsend Pocket Yachters' Palooza and Crooza

By Dan Rogers

There were even visitors from quite another galaxy amid the boatfolk. Cultural emissaries perhaps?



These individual members of a remarkably large and quite heterogeneous tribe were caught in the act of attempting to abduct one of our number. I believe he, in fact, escaped.

I didn't come the farthest, that honor goes to a skipper from Alberta. Second place goes to the boat from Morro Bay. But we did cover over 500 land miles to get to the Palooza and were just about the first to back in and get set up.



Essentially, the show goes on for at least two days. The first day is a spontaneous display and discussion group of boat builders, skippers and folks of the inner circle. All the while the group grows and morphs. They come by water, land and combinations of those. Truly a day long gathering of the clan.



Then, after a second day showing our girls off to the visiting public...





...it was suddenly time to break camp and get ready for Phase II.



Almost two dozen boats crossed Port Townsend Bay together, threaded the labyrinthine channel that gives access to Kilsuit Harbor (which holds Indian and Marrowstone Islands apart) and reconvened at the state park float in Mystery Bay. We took the place over and made up a continuation of the prior days' discussion groups...
...with only a few abstentions.



And so ended the third day of the event. So ended the sometimes sunny, at least not rainy weather. Boats began to break off and head for home, both by prior intent and spontaneous decisions. We were suddenly down to about a dozen, give or take. As these things tend to go, that's a very respectable number! And, as we were heading back "outside," with *Miss Kathleen* bringing up the rear of the pack, sort of on just in case station duties, steam began spouting from the engine space. Not good.

My first guess was that the water pump had failed. I was kicking myself around a bit, thinking about how that very thing had been left off the final pre departure check list. I had consigned pump impeller replacement to the "It'll be OK" list. You probably know somebody like that. We were, at least, hauling a replacement motor along this trip. I gave Marty, our Leader, a call and told him that I would be dropping out for the next several hours as I rode the hook and made preps for an engine transplant. That was when I was totally blown away!

Marty, who had responsibilities for the entire aggregation, announced that he would be coming back to check on me. Humbling, to say the least. So *Oyster* took us in tow and we headed for a float a mile or so up current. I, the towee, was dry and comfortable in my swivel chair, listening to music, Marty, the tower, out in the rain. What a great guy!



As it turned out, I had simply sucked up some rather gossamer seaweed into the intakes. A relatively simple fix, that is after an hour or more attempting to remove a completely fabricated from the underside combination of stuff packed tightly around the motor's lower unit. The whole time *Oyster* stood by on the opposite side of the float, loaning tools, advice and an extra hand when I needed one. The whole time the remainder of the fleet continued on to the next destination, The Wooden Boat School in Port Hadlock. We got there as tail end Charlies and anchored the farthest out in a rapidly rising wind and increasingly open roadstead. This would be Beau's and my first excursion ashore in the dink. Way lumpier than in this picture. But I do think we strike a salty pose.



The pre arranged tour was already in progress as Beau and I splashed ashore. As we were anchored off a lee shore with growing wind against tide, the plan was to seek shelter farther south in a cozy little land-

locked harbor of refuge known as Mats Mats. As the farthest out boat, *Miss Kathleen* was clear of the bottom and anchor stowed much quicker than I expected. I really don't know how long the trip through the mix master that followed took. But digging the camera out and getting some shots of spume and chaos didn't quite make the top of the list. Too bad, too, it was at the very least, gnarly.

We headed into the thousand yard cut known as the Port Townsend Canal. Winds funnel between the steep rock cliffs close aboard to port and starboard. Tidal currents do the very same. No, I hadn't stowed the oars in the little plastic rowboat I call *Paint Bucket*. Yes, the anchor was two blocked, but not otherwise secured up forward, chain in a pile at the stemhead. And, worst of all, what I did to get the motor out and back in had seriously compromised our ability to steer with any predictable accuracy. Oh yeah, and the big Unk Unk. I really haven't decided whether the ol' girl needs some of that ballast put back into the keel sump. As in, I really don't know how likely we would broach and roll over in these sorts of conditions. And maybe the biggest question of all, would Kate ever forgive me if I drowned "her" dog?



Beau, for his part, took his station down below on my bunk and took all the bucking and plunging in total stride. A great shipmate, eh? We all got through the cut without calamity. A broach or MOB in there would have called for a bit of skill, daring and luck I'm grateful none of us had to produce. Thank you, God!

On to Mats Mats. At first light, boats began heading for home. In ones and twos, they upped anchor, stowed for sea and filed out.



Marty hailed each skipper, wished them a good voyage and thanked them for coming to such a marvelous event. And then the three remaining boats hunkered down for some of the heaviest rain I have ever experienced in the land traditionally infamous for drizzle.



Until we, too, broke ranks and headed for the barn. Actually, we managed to hook up with Kevin and even to deal with the prosaics of showers and laundry. Of course, more rain. Lightning. And increasingly time to head for home. But not without another quite pleasant diversion.

From the time I was in kindergarten, up through this very moment, I have been traversing the state of Washington by car. The main route runs from Spokane to Seattle via I-90. The highway crosses the Columbia River only once and at a completely forgettable little wide spot on the road known as Vantage, once upon a time Vantage Ferry. Forty years ago another dam was added to the Corps of Engineers' inventory and put the old "town" of Vantage underwater. In time honored fashion, the settlement was reattached to the tops of some rather striking basalt formations. And within the past couple of years governmental largess has once again flowed to this anonymous little hamlet in the form of one mongocious launching ramp and adjacent parking edifice.



I ask but one question, "Where is everybody?" At any event, the lake formed by Wanapum Dam, just a couple miles off to the right, backs up for 20 or more miles and has been "calling to me" for decades. This place is a lot like Lakes Powell or Mohave, extremely rocky and arid along the shorelines. But even better than those storied impoundments along the Colorado, there ain't no Californians! So we launched in complete solitude and headed between the dramatic rock formations to port and starboard.



And after couple of hours of pleasant chugging uplake the forward lookout gave a shrill cry of surprise, "CALIFORNIANS broad on the starboard bow!?"



Yes. I suppose they are, in fact, EVERYWHERE. Oh well, it's an isolated outpost. And since a very non California rain storm was growing in shape and ferocity at all cardinal points, it was time to tuck and run for home.



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NO OCTANE REGATTA: A WOODEN BOAT CLASSIC



It was Hallie Bond's idea to host a traditional wooden boat gathering at Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks in June. She had completed a four-year project as curator of the Adirondack Museum creating an all-new exhibit of indigenous small boats and wanted to give it a big sendoff for this summer's season at the Museum. And it was her idea also to entitle the gathering the "No Octane Regatta".



Dave Baker's turn-of-the century Rushton "Igo" is the only known survivor. But Dave uses the beautifully restored craft regularly.

It all worked, what a success. Over 100 privately owned classic small human and sail powered boats, crafted of wood, on a beautiful mountain lake with a good breeze for sailing and cooling temperatures chasing away a heat wave. The town beach was the nominal site, but the overflow of boats would hardly fit, so an adjacent waterfront motel offered the use of its waterfront lawn and beach for the display and launching of the boats. The town made it a big affair with the nearby Art Center hosting a boatbuilder show for the day, and a shuttle bus was set up to relieve parking congestion. It was some affair.

The event was divided neatly into two distinct events, with Saturday devoted to the on-the-water activities and Sunday to an all day series of seminars and a boatbuilder show at the Museum itself, perched high on a hillside overlooking Blue Mountain Lake. The division into two clearly defined days of activities focussed things nicely, the always present temptation to try out the boats did not exist on Sunday to compete with the more scholarly seminars and the Museum's "Boats & Boating in the Adirondacks" exhibit.

The Saturday on the water not only provided a showcase for the hundred or more beautiful small boats and the opportunity for enjoying them informally, but also had scheduled a series of organized activities, of a non-serious nature, except maybe some of those in the guideboat race might have viewed it as serious. Quite a sight, twenty guideboats on the starting line on one lake. The jousting in canoes provided comic relief, and was the only intrusion of non-wooden watercraft, the plastic canoes were thought more suitable for potential collisions that might occur in the course of the contest. Sailing canoes also raced, as did paddle-powered canoes, the latter in short sprint type races.

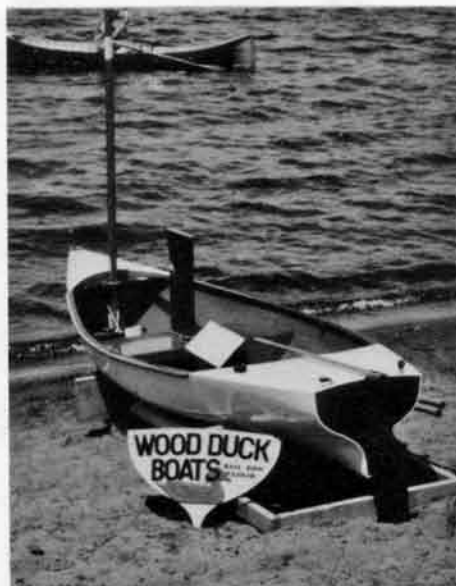
The climax of Saturday afternoon's activities was the parade of boats, organized with each participant displaying a number from which Hallie could tell the crowd what the boat was and who it belonged to. Some of the participants had gussied up in period costume for this event and it went off exceedingly well, even some of the sailing craft were able to sail by close in. At day's end many were saying, "we've gotta do this again next year!"

Sunday events were all on the Museum grounds. A toy boat event in the Museum pond for the kids attracted a number of youngsters, and a builder show was set up on the green, about a dozen builders taking part. Indoors a series of seminars took place on the "Care and Feeding of Your Old Boat" with various experts in restoration of classic old boats talking about shopping for an old boat, judging its merits, choosing a restorer, and maintaining the boat once it becomes a member of the family. And this was the occasion to view the "Boats & Boating in the Adirondacks" exhibit, to fill in your knowledge as to where all these great small boats had come from and why they had come into existence.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Right from the top: The Rushton "Princess" sailing canoe is indigenous to the Adirondacks, but what's this Swampscott dory doing here? The crowd really enjoyed the jousting at moments like this. End of the guideboat race, serious stuff. A couple of "period" performances; a guide in a canoe and another in a guideboat.

Below: Kind of a nice little boat by Wood Duck Boats, yet another small boatbuilder hopeful.





Above: The Jeromes carefully launch Nancy's 100 year old St. Lawrence skiff, "Scherzo".



Left from the top: At ease under sail. Dick and Jean Rybinski get into the spirit of the occasion. This looks like a family entourage. A unique outrigger canoe is readied for launching



Below: The kids had quite a fleet of rubber band powered boats at the Museum pool Sunday.





Above: This old skiff was subject of an "is it worth fixing up" presentation.

Right from the top: Mike Hanna and Jack McGrievy discuss the salvation of an old canoe. The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum was present in authentic craft and costume. The McEvoys of Battenkill Boatworks talk about Michael's "Good Little Skiff" with a Museum visitor. A classic Adirondack guideboat is followed in the parade by the modern plywood sailing kayak of Dan and Hedda, Leonard of Windhorse Marine.



Below: One of the war canoes apparently belonging to "Friends of Clearwater".



There's a Place Called Jones Bay

By Dan Rogers

Growing up in an artist's household, one of our "coffee table" books was Bill Mauldon's *Up Front*. There's a cartoon of Joe and Willey in a foxhole someplace in Italy. The caption reads, "This is the most important foxhole in the whole war 'cuz I'm in it!" That compendium of WWII battlefield sketches and cartoons has been in print about as long as I have. And, just a couple of days ago I managed to prove the wisdom of that simple phrase yet again.

I think the place is called Jones Bay. There's this almost landlocked little hidey hole just big enough for *Miss Kathleen* to swing around her working anchor. Nice mud bottom. Rock wall steep to on one side and the rest shelves away steeply enough to keep our rudder from digging trenches along the marsh grass lined "beaches." This has to be the tightest little hole I've ever had the pleasure of discovering at just the right moment. Here, courtesy of Google Earth, is our little notch in the rocks.



I do admit that this completely unplanned trip got off to a totally lousy start in a torrential downpour in a chain of would be launch ramps that progress from Priest River, Idaho, on around the mondo sized Lake Pend Oreille on around to rough as a cobb Idlewild Bay that fronts Farragut State Park's ramp. First it rained and was generally miserable. Easy to decide to move on and hope for better conditions someplace else. When the rain finally slowed down, the wind filled the excitement void. This picture from a calmer day shows the definite paucity of hidey holes. The mountains just sort of grow right out of the water.



It's safe to say that, at least in this case, I don't do things on the spur of the moment. That would take way too much planning and foresight. Nope. And, to make things a bit even more disengaged from good sense, I took a first time shipmate along. Bosun the Sea Dog has actually never even once been underway with me. I always figured he'd be a problem at launch time and a few other moments when I generally need both hands available for ship's work. Anyhow, he joined ship's company this time and we shoved off with no plans, few stores, little equipment and absolutely no local knowledge on many of the points of interest along the way. But like the man said, "Adventure is anything that doesn't kill you outright." And, man oh man, we had some of that adventure stuff. OK, I'm getting to that right now.

I suspect a short note of explanation about my shipmate is in order. Originally

named "Bosun," our lovable toy poodle quickly proved to be more of a dandy than the hard scrabble man jack leader of men I envisioned. So he answers up to "Beau." And that's OK.



Like I was saying, he's never actually gone to sea and, like most every one of us, came completely untested in the mal de mer department. And that's pretty much how we ended up swinging like a tilt a whirl around our Bruce and swivel/chain/rode for most of a dark and stormy night.

After giving up on Farragut and adjacent waters, we meandered on west a ways to a familiar water hole, Spirit Lake. I suppose it's five miles long and about a mile wide most of the way. Not real settled around

much of the perimeter and is the scene of frenetic logging activity and the economic boom times that naturally followed, back a hundred years ago. Back when Trees Were TREES. Yeah, yeah. Men were MEN. And women liked us better.

Now, the surrounding hillsides are a "managed crop" and get cut over much more often than back in the Good Ol' Days. Actually, just a few houses. Not very many roads and mostly tree covered hills in every direction. I can even plainly see the "back side" of Mount Spokane and her multiplicitous ski slopes right above the lake. A pretty nifty place to show up at sundown and run the length of and drop the hook for an evening of total solitude.

And that's what we did. Actually, that's what we at least had in mind. There were a few "firsts" for Beau and me. We had never actually launched a boat together. In fact, he had only been aboard the boat either in the shop during construction or more recently at rest on the trailer. So we had a few things to figure out.

Anyhow, we slipped *Miss Kathleen* into the water without much ado and headed for an anchorage I'd used a few years ago. The lake doesn't have a traditional outlet, it actually drains out through the bottom. Yeah, like a bathtub. We have a genormous aquifer that runs under parts of two states and several counties that puddles like Spirit Lake slowly dump into from above.



So the shallower, more swampy end of this lake is just another inlet stream. But it's shallow enough to drop a hook and gooey enough to keep it stuck in one place. Down by the little island.



We got settled in for the night and poor Beau started crossing his legs and scratching at the door. It's darker than the inside of a cow out there. The moon isn't due until about 0200 and even the butt crack of dawn won't be until around 0400. You can only apologize to a poodle in so many languages. Besides, he just wasn't having it. Soooooooo, at the slightest hint of lightness over the eastern mountains we pulled the anchor and made best speed back to the ramp. That meant we were back on the trailer by 0400. Another perfectly good lake just sort of tossed off.

Not like we didn't have other options. In fact, we just had too many options. So, as the sun crept over those mountains off to the east, we headed more or less to the west. Hey, "Why squint when you don't really have to?" is what I always say. From Idaho off toward the middle of Washington, probably as sensible as driving all the way to Montana if anything about this venture was sensible, that is.

The new "plan" was now to drive a hundred miles down US Highway #2 to the metropolis of Davenport, hang a right and wander across the prairies toward a delightful little spot known as Porcupine Bay. And that's just what our little wagon train did. And ya know what? Yep, that's right, we got there and the water was still soooooo low all the docks were still high and dry. No Bueno, senior. Out came the old faithful *Rand McNally*. That dog eared old book has been the catalyst of more adventures than I can begin to recount. How about Lake Chelan? Well, it's about as good as most any other.



Heck, it's better than a lot of 'em. At 55 miles long and mostly unbuilt with any real marks of civilization, it's not a bad choice at all. If only that was where we ended up going, that is.

Good ol' US Highway #2 is quite a ribbon of asphalt, running all the way from Houlton, Maine, out to Everett, Washing-

ton. That's two thousand five hundred seventy one land miles all in all. A road like that deserves respect. Granted famous sisters, like Route 66, get a lot more attention but who woulda expected a major two lane road like "Two" to simply come to a stop sign? Well, it does. Way out in the absolute middle of nowhere it just quits.

I could turn north and go to Canada. I could turn south and go to Mexico. West to Chelan will take a bit of detouring around obstacles like another really big lake and an even bigger river. Lo and behold, that particular bigger lake was literally just across the highway. Right there in front of us.



Quite a lovely drive, all in all.



Banks Lake actually occupies the grand coulee that Grand Coulee Dam presides over a bunch of miles to the north. The highway simply clings to the cliff side and skirts the lake. Our kinda place. We proceeded on up the lake for a spot known as Steam Boat Rock State Park.



There's a nice ramp, plenty of parking and lots and lots of water. So we plopped the boat in, parked the truck and got ready to shove off. The place has a lot in common with Lake Mohave or Powell, even the Grand Canyon. Really interesting and not too crowded yet that early in the morning.



So we launched and headed out "for a couple of hours..." I left my coat in the truck right next to my non sunglasses glasses. Still pretty early in the morning and gonna be sunny all day. Maybe you've made a choice like that? There was a real interesting rock formation on the far side of the main channel that we ran toward for an hour or so. In places like this, distance can be deceiving. I don't think those particular rocks ever got a lot closer. It's a big pond.



And Steam Boat Rock is one big rock.



To make this long story somewhat shorter, we ended up lounging around in the lee of a rock pile for well into the afternoon until the jet skis, wake board boats, aluminum fish killers and increasing wind made that anchorage pretty much untenable. All the while, Beau is the perfect shipmate.



And then we started to roll. The poor boy started to get a bit green about the gills and then a particularly vicious set of combers met from two or three directions and sent us on our beam ends. Time to find another place to hang out! And among the things we didn't bring along was a local chart. No, the boat doesn't have a depth sounder yet. So we settled on the somewhat irrational theory that if the other guys could make it through a particular passage, so could we. We set out through a moonscape with rocks emerging from the water on all points of the compass. Oh yeah, we don't have a compass yet either.

By the time we found Jones Bay, the wind was easily in the mid 20s and on the rise but still steady out of the south. The plan was to find a lee for those conditions. So when that little toehold came along, I didn't ask for a second opinion. An hour later the wind had clocked halfway around and we were really beginning to dance a jig. No time to be headed anyplace considering the current situation in the Navigation Department. Oh yeah, it would be real nice to have a way to get out on the foredeck and wash that windshield.



About then the wind clocked and stiffened. We were in for the duration. Good company, a great boat. No reason to move. Besides, the 150 mile drive home looks just about like this for at least half of it.



Banks Lake, a real nice place, especially after the crowds go home. Maybe you'll come along next time. I'll make sure I have a chart!



The Vikings Are Coming

On April 24 the Draken *Harald Hårfagre*, the world's largest Viking ship built in modern times, left her homeport of Hauge-sund, Norway, to sail to America on a challenging voyage across the North Atlantic. The expedition aims to explore and relive a mythological sea voyage, the first transatlantic crossing and Viking discovery of the New World.

When a Viking ship first journeyed from Norway to America more than a thousand years ago, Vikings displayed technology that was far beyond its time. Sailing through Iceland, Greenland and Canada before reaching the US, a crew of volunteers will contend with unpredictable weather conditions on the Draken's maiden voyage.

The 32 male and female volunteers, hailing from countries around the world, are under the experienced command of Captain Björn Ahlander. The captain warned, "It's hard to say which stretch will be the toughest before we've set sail, but the area that should be respected more than anywhere else is the waters of Cape Farewell by the coast of Greenland, among the most dangerous waters of the world."

The hand picked crew aim to embrace the Viking spirit of adventure while learning

and rediscovering old techniques and inventing new ways to revitalize the ideas behind Viking travel. Crew member Arild Nilsen said, "This is a fantastic opportunity to create history by reliving the challenges faced by our Viking ancestors and an adventure you wouldn't miss."

Despite being a traditional vessel, the Draken expedition will deliver a "modern take on Vikings" and recreate the first journey from Norway to America. The Draken is expected to reach New York on September 15 after an incredible five month journey.

To learn more about the Draken expedition and keep up with its progress, follow it on social media:

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCNnL_NJLZj11RiFYq4HZ6cTQ

https://www.facebook.com/DrakenHarald_Harfagre/

(At the end of June the Draken had reached Canada. Ports of call that interested readers within reach might wish to visit are: August 5, Green Bay, Wisconsin; August 18, Duluth, Minnesota; Early September, Erie Canal, Oswego, New York; September 15, New York, New York; October, Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut.)



A Day Sail

Went for a day sail yesterday. Took my Paradox. The cabin top has been removed, I found I much prefer sailing her that way, topless as it were. Much less confined I find. I like the openness, very much so like riding a motorcycle. I'm going to install a folding top for it, like a convertible on a car for stormy and inclement weather or those days of high wind and much spray. The pictures show the Paradox beached. That part of her ability amazes me. A little ship capable of sailing to the Bahamas and beyond, snuggled right up nice 'n cozy on dry sand. Nice.



As built, the Paradox is really only for one. She can be stretched to 16'6", making her wide enough to sleep two. Remember now, we're talking micro cruising, motorcycles aren't for everyone either. But they'll get you there.

She's a tough little ship, that's for sure. I was told it looks as if my little one gets used a lot, yes, she does. Another person asked how old my first Paradox (I've built two) was shortly after launching. Three months, I replied sheepishly. She's a farm girl, a Kentucky wonder, not some city slicker, and beautiful, oh yes! Yes, she is!

Stopped twice this day, beached her both times. Made a cup of coffee on the second stop. Sailing back the wind picked up quite a bit, gusts to 25. Back towards Cove Harbour the sky was getting pretty dark, looked like rain was gonna get me wet. I squeaked in and got home before the sky let loose. Seven hours on the water for this day sail. Very nice.

I'm a Bit Slow

I'm a bit slow, never have been very fast. In speech, on the job or making up my mind. Got an email from my daughter con-

Meanderings From the Texas Gulf Coast

By Michael Beebe

cerning her upcoming wedding, saying something to the effect about her and I being of the same mind, as long as we can change it at will, we'll be doing alright. My Linda and I had to start telling people, "we can tell you where we've been, not where we're going," we change that much. I know there are other kindred spirits who operate the same. When we meet for the first time it was like we had known each other for years.

"Are you doing the Texas 200 this year? What boat are you taking?" Hold on, hold on, I'm still thinking on the first question. The second question is already answered by previous actions taken earlier in the week. More on this right now. I had been planning on taking the *Fox*, an O'Day Javelin I've been remodeling. About a week ago, in a moment of genius, I removed more sections of the seats, port and starboard. After careful consideration of the next phase of construction and a quick glance at the calendar, I had the feeling maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all. I've only a week, if I decide to do the 200, to put together the *Fox's* new storage compartments, watertight as well, new berth top with ensuing canvas tent with mosquito netting, it ain't gonna happen.

That 17 that followed me home a few weeks back won't be ready either. The *Widgeon*, as is, is just too small. *Summer Breeze*, being built in the shed, will be in the shed a while longer. So the decision has been made unknowingly by me. A simple process of elimination.

After all, this stuff ain't rocket science. The *Paradox*, topless, is the one. A few tweaks and adjustments, load her up and head south. Been four years since my last participation in the 200 in my first *Paradox*. This time the cabin comes off and gets left behind, convertible style, open air, a water motorcycle, if you'll excuse me, perhaps more like a sidecar. All that and more. I can ride in it, on the floor, on the seat, side saddle on the decks if I please, sit on the aft deck even. Heck, I can stand on the aft deck if I so desire. Please just don't tell my wife if you see me doing so.



They're fun boats, solid as a rock, don't hardly tip, not too far anyway, can get in a groove and go like a train. Going across the flats she'll stop on a dime if the chine runner hits. Then it's hike out and hang on, cuz when she flattens out, she's off again. Only once have I had to wiggle her off a bar, good boat. So I'd say the second question is answered, the first is answered as well. I think you already knew.

The Texas 200 Alone

It's been going through my head, why not? Odd, many may say. A year or so ago my memory is doing its usual thing, a fellow sailor and owner of a *Paradox*, from Hawaii no less, shipped his *Paradox* from Hilo to San Diego, rented a box van and did the 200 alone. He didn't plan it that way but that's how it worked. The shippers were late. I've been thinking of doing the same. Dave continued on to Florida, I won't. The alone part started some time ago, the "now's the time" started upon further reflection. Why? Well, why not?

Two years back I missed the start of the 200 for reasons beyond my control. Figured I'd jump in as they passed by, I live near the water they sail on. I did jump in, ahead by a day, so I just kept at it, sailing alone. Having done the 2012 Texas 200, and then sailing the other half on my own a year later, why not do the first half alone as well? Or so my thinking goes.

Reese Pauly, I think it was him, wrote a book about his sailing titled, *There Be No Dragons*. If we're on the same page, them dragons be only in your head. Bob Dylan said it a little differently in one of his songs, "the dreams are only in your head," nightmares, that is.

A fellow told me once, "fear paralyzes." I've found, like ice, it melts as we approach. Doing the 2012 with the group enabled me to do the other half which gives me enough reason to consider doing what I may or may not do. I've changed my mind before, many times, and none of the change outs has really made any difference.

Getting married my uncle said, the color of the house paint doesn't matter. Ramblings? Call it what we will, sail alone or with somebody, or as the shoe salesman says, "just do it."

Woke Up Monday

Woke up Monday with the *Fox* on the mind. I can finish it, I know I can. Laying there in bed, way before the sun, it came to me just what I had to do before this next Saturday, before leaving for Port Isabel and the start of the Texas 200.

I thought I had it narrowed to taking the *Paradox*, even listed it as the boat of choice when I signed up to go and sent in the fee. Things change. An O'Day Javelin, designed by the late Uffa Fox, hence its moniker. I've changed a few things. Raised the floor to the level of the centerboard trunk from the aft end forward. Added a forward storage compartment, under floor storage as well.

She carries two anchors, 14 gallons of water down low amidship. Has a galley box across the transom. The aft 4' is yet to go under the knife. The molded in factory seats have been removed back to the 4' mark. I'm not done, but she's sailable and ready to go.

The mainsail is new with two reefs, the jib is oversize for light air sailing, it has a reef as well. This is the first foresail I've used with a reef in it. I must say it comes in handy. She even sports a spinnaker, which I'm taking.

I'll be using a two man hoop tent, fits within the cockpit on the raised floor. Has a rain fly and netting for the bugs. I carry 4" cushions, with a pillow, these old bones need all the help they can get. So there you have it, switch trailers tomorrow, load the boat Friday, maybe sneak in a sail before the week begins, it sure is nice being so close to the water.



The drawing shows the layout of the *Fox* I drew up some time ago and surprisingly she's fairly close to my ideas. She's a good one and a keeper, or so says my Linda after buying a new sail for her. Here's the new bulkheads late Monday afternoon. The raised decks are fitted and she's tugging at her mooring line.

Missed Another One

I missed another Texas 200. Paid the fee, worked all week getting my gal ready for the big one here on the coast and here I sit when I had planned on being at anchor tonight awaiting the captains' meeting in the morning. Happens, eh? That stuff called life, makes all the more appreciated the things we do pull off.

Car trouble, we've only one, ball joints. Alone I would have chanced it. My wife was going to drop me off and drive back. I didn't want to leave her with that chance. The bright side is the *Fox* is almost 100% complete now. And sailable as is. Leaving me room to paint the *Paradox*, finish *Summer Breeze* and put the Montgomery 17 back together as well and still looking at others boats, go figure. If there was a boaters AA, I'd be a charter member, doubt I'd ever get a 90 Day Pin though.

Included is a picture of my date, she's still ready, even more so. In the picture she's sporting a gallows, used when she was rigged as a lugger. The photo was taken when she was in transition back to a sloop. The gallows were removed. And just today I was thinking of putting the lug back on. The lugsail mast sits forward of that partial cabin front, yes, she had a hard top for a while, a lifting top, may yet again.



I've thought of a cat yawl for her as well. As a lugger I hit the sweet spot totally by hook and by crook, as it's said. Flying by the seat of my pants. When these hair ball ideas arise, and I jump on them, I set the varnish way back out of sight, embarrasses my wife, it does. "Are you going to paint it?" she asked. It's partially primed, only to stop the UV rays. Shrimpers remember, it's not about high gloss, I tell her.

In my surfing days I scrounged enough money to buy five surfboard blanks at one sitting. Three were all mine, two belonged to a buddy. I really enjoyed designing, building, then riding them. Those three were only some of several. The natural progression was sailing. Being a carpenter, having tools, an understanding and supporting wife, go for it. So I do.

In the shed is a partially built *Summer Breeze*, all 11'8" of her. I'm thinking water ballast, flotation/storage chambers, foil shaped leeboards, a sleeping floor and several interchangeable sail rigs. And light, just over a hunnert. A car topper. Should be fun.

Paying the Piper

I paid the Piper again today. Threw him some more change. I got off easy this time, and for this one you'll have to use your imagination. There was no "go pro" set up so there are no pictures. Coming into the dock, this time just a little different, this is where the Piper comes in. He was there, waiting, waiting to collect. There's a new tug and barge outfit there in Cove Harbour, they're set up to the right of the ramp, real close to the fish cleaning station. Big tugs, usually two, sometimes three. They create a wind shadow, thought I'd use it to my advantage. Some other guy used it to his instead.

Usually I drop the main and ghost in under jib alone. This time I did just the opposite. I dropped the jib coming into the wind shadow, gaining some speed with the main and then against the tug, just inches, I dropped the main. Damn, I don't have the dock lines ready. Fruitless glances show nothing, the nearest line I know is too short, I grab it anyway.

Rats, not enough way on, need a little from the paddle, get it and go for the empty docks. Stepping off the boat my ankle picks up the jib sheet and stops my forward momentum, the feet stop, the body keeps going, wham! Down on my left upper leg sideways, could have been worse. Looking around, seeing no one, it was quit a jar. Amazing, the jib sheet that wrapped around my ankle also kept the boat from drifting off. Mr Piper was easy on me today. The shoulda's, coulda's and woulda's started rolling around in my mind. Aw well! Another time, different place, I hit the dock and the mast came down. It was on a Saturday, the docks were full of people, today was a piece of cake, no embarrassment whatsoever.

Mr Piper only got some loose change this time, last year though he got me good. Same dock, cost me six weeks in one of those plastic boots. He can be expensive. Him and I go back a long way. As the years progress I'm doing my best to send the Piper packing, sometimes though, he's there, waiting in the shadows.

The Shed

The shed/workshop is filling up. My usual MO. As a lifelong carpenter from A to Z, shop work was a rare thing. I never acquired the discipline to keep a tidy shop. The best I can do now is put something back in its proper place and, generally there is. Pushing 70 now, so don't get my hopes up. I'm vindicated in a small way by an article in *Fine Woodworking*. I don't remember his name but the craftsman was using his table saw as a gluing table, the other flat surfaces being full, to facilitate his current project, a desk for a Sitting President.

While I've never built anything for any president, I did work on a remodel for a friend of a Sitting President, the President came to town, and to dinner at said house, we had to vacate the day before, just that was interesting enough.

The shop, back to the shop. Not even a year yet and it's all ready overflowing. The purists are shaking their heads, but that's OK. Long, long ago I learned it don't matter. The product or intended use, that is the goal.

Years back, when my younger brother was just starting out, he would mark with his pencil using several strokes. Drove me crazy. "Quit your coloring and cut the wood," I'd yell. He's now surprised at my work habits. He passed me up long ago.

Years back again. I had a business card drawn up, clouds, the sun, a bird and a tree, The Out Side Workshop, I named it. Well, I've been working under the oaks, built a couple of *Paradox*'s, remodeled a few others. The shade is nice, especially when drop bys show up, my Linda set me up with a couple of chairs and small table, if she's home they may get some iced tea, I always seem to forget. If their timing is real good, they'll be asked to stay for breakfast on the screened patio.

Rockport's a nice place. Water's right down the street. Live between two launch ramps, both about a mile and a half away. Yes it's hot, the mosquitoes are a bother sometimes, but the wind, if you like small craft warnings, this place is your cup of tea. I look forward to it when she really blows, just something about it. I like it a lot. Other things to like here as well, it's beautiful, people are friendly as elsewhere. It's pretty as well on the East Coast, the mountains, even my time spent in the desert I found beauty.

Oh, the mind wanders, eh? Sailed yesterday eve. Gusting to 21, says the report. Put a reef in the *Fox*, oversize jib, just watched this time to see how far she'd go before I released the main. Didn't have to. I've got 100lbs of water in the bilge, which I moved aft a foot, seems to help. The water helps as well. Sailed across the flats, some of it 12" deep, it gets a little tricky at times. The wind direction was right so I sailed through a cut between two spoil islands. Three tacks, close quarters, but I had it all to myself. Nice day.

I'll be posting more pictures soon of the *Fox* remodel. At the ramp I was asked by a Sunfish sailor what kind of hull I had. An O'Day Javelin by Uffa Fox I told him. He knew the name. *Summer Breeze* model with a full size one in the making under it.



Twice Now

Twice now I've taken the *Fox* out. Two days ago the wind was up and I left the dock with two reefs pulled down in the main and the foresail had a reef rolled up from the bottom of the sail. Everything was stowed. I harnessed up a tether to the mainsheet, figuring if I went over the side the boat would sail circles around me. Haven't tried it yet to see just what would happen, maybe soon when I go over intentionally.

The ride was wet and wild scooting along with the wind just forward of the starboard beam, the white ponies were running free, the water warm, the wind warm as well, I was soon drenched. Sitting facing forward with my back against the sloped front of the strapped in galley box the *Fox* was showing me more of what she could do, way more than what I would want for any length of time. It's a gas either way, this stuff helps me keep in shape.

Today I left the dock with full sail up. I learned something the other day, for me a first, probably old hat to many sailors. Tied fore and aft to the dock with wind on the starboard beam pushing the boat away from the dock, I raised the jib backed, meaning as if I was heaving to. With the wind on the starboard side, the jib sheet was pulled taut back to starboard and secured in the cam cleat.

Then I raised the mainsail and let it just flutter in the wind, then tightened the main sheet to quiet it down. Then it was out of the boat to cast off. Bow or stern first, didn't matter, untied, don't let go the line, do the opposite, pull sailboat next to the dock, flick stern line off the piling being quick, flick bow line off as well. If need be, pull the boat back to the dock, step aboard and sail away. Loosened backed jib sheet, pulled in on port jib sheet and went sailing. What's nice about this procedure is that it can be done with even the sails reefed and it's quiet. No flogging, noisy, lines slapping my face or glasses flicked into the water. I'd be looking good.



The Texas 200 was running at the moment, as I reported earlier car trouble kept me local. On the way out sailing today I saw a yellow catamaran coming in reefed down, jib lowered, two young guys about my age, all

beat up looking. I understand. Seems as they had some boat problems, a leak started up in one of the hulls. Asking for information I gave what I could. Offered a ride if needed. Started out into the bay and thinking about their situation, I came back in to see how they fared.

They had secured a place on the bulkhead and would be calling their buddy. Having told them I'd check back to see if they made the connection, I went off again. Well now, one can't go far if compadres might need help. Back at the dock I see they're nowhere to be seen. I loaded up the boat on its trailer and went for a look see.

They had gone inside the office of the yard's bulkhead they tied off to. Finding them after a very short conversation, I learned that they had contacted their ride and would soon be on their way. The reason for my concern was their vehicle and trailer were 50 miles further up the coast. I would surely have given them a ride if need be, it wasn't.

Two good sails, two days, I wonder how long it'll be before they realize just how much fun they had. Took me a while, and then I did the other half of coastal Texas.

Loops

A fellow at the office gave me some bunched up, tangled line he retrieved from a dumpster. I sorted it out then and there at McDonald's that very morning. Between the fishermen there, morning coffee you know, it was surmised it came from someone's sail fishing rig. Here in coastal Texas one can make a small sail boat barge type thing, at most two feet or so. No real measurements given. This line is then drug off island with the breeze carrying numerous hooks in hope of catching numerous fish. That's the consensus anyway at the office.

The reason for this short missive is the laughter it brought my wife this morning at her betrothed's expense. There were about four sections of line, once untangled. Seemed strong enough, not damaged, plenty of life left. So the latent sailor in me says short lines, with loops, comes in handy for various tyings on the boat.

As it was a solid braid, I figured to just whip the loops in one end. Having made up eight of these about 3' long, I showed them to my wife, telling her how I counted as I went, eight right, this is real difficult. Thinking I had one left to do, I finished up and saw yet another on the table. Huh? Must have overlooked that one. Did it and gathered the finished ones at my feet. The photo shows the reason for my Linda's good cheer this morning.



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I was excited about participating in the 36th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise. It would be my 32nd. I had been looking forward to the cruise ever since “rescuing” a 1990 West Wight Potter 15 from upstate New York last June. The many months of work restoring the Potter were going to pay off. The fact that this would be the first WWP 15 to participate in the Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruises started by Peter Duff back in 1980 was equally exciting.

The weather forecast for the week of the cruise was certainly not bright and cheery, in fact it predicted rain for every day of the cruise with daytime temps in the 50s and night time temps in the 40s. But hey, it ain’t a good cruise unless there is a little rain. Right? Like my mother-in-law use to say as she picked up the “blind” nobody wanted in a card game of “sheep’s head,” “God hates a coward!” I was going to sail!

Norm and I had originally planned to drive to Maryland’s Eastern Shore together on Thursday. Normally a third of the cruise participants start the cruise a day early. Norm sent me a text Thursday morning saying he had experienced 1/2” of rain at his home in 30 minutes. He was going to launch Friday morning. It was raining a just little bit in Annapolis so I decided to go. “God hates a coward!” I was going to sail!

I arrived at the Long Cove public launch ramp in Kent County after lunch on Thursday. No one was there. Morry Kapitan’s pickup truck and trailer were there. He had said he was launching on Wednesday. I was getting ready to launch in a light drizzle when Brent and Lois Sparks drove up in their pickup truck. They had launched earlier. Their boat was moored at Long Cove Marina next to the public ramp. I launched, motored over to their boat and moored alongside.

The last time I saw *Navigator*, their home designed and built 26’ spritsail schooner, was on the 2015 Spring Cruise. It had just been launched then, had no masts and was not finished inside. After tidying up, Brent invited me below. We sat on chairs in the cabin and chatted while Lois took a nap. Outside it was gently raining. After talking for two hours we decided to get some early supper at Ford’s Seafood Restaurant in Rock Hall. The plan after supper was to motor to Davis Cove for the evening. Ford’s was warm and bright. The hot Maryland vegetable crab soup was good for body and soul.

Back at the marina I cast off from *Navigator* and motored in a gray drizzle to the far NW corner of Davis Creek, the first creek north of Long Cove. We found Morry anchored in his Peep Hen listening to a baseball game on the radio. We chatted a bit and then *Navigator* and *Little Boy Blue* anchored for the night.

Now the Potter 15 is really just a dinghy with a roof. The quarters below are really tight. The only thing I could do in the cabin was crawl in backwards, work my way into my sleeping bag and lay down. I could not sit, cook or brush my teeth. I could not turn around. Yeah, it’s tight down there. So I took off my life jacket, foul weather jacket, bib overalls and sea boots and crawled into my heavy sleeping bag on the port side of the V-berth. I looked over at the wall of gear stacked to the cabin ceiling on the starboard side of the V-berth and hoped the boat would not roll in the night. I also made a mental note to make a list of things not to bring on the next cruise. I just know it is going to be a

Some Came to Sail

Some Played the “Opt Out Card”

The 2016 Shallow Water Sailors’ Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise

By John Zohlen

loong list!

I slept well, except for the times I had to use the jug. There was no way to kneel in the cabin, out of the cold wind and rain. So, I did what I had to do in the cockpit and then crawled back into the sleeping bag. “God hates a coward.” There was one small problem experienced during the night. The cabin was closed up because of the rain. Sometime in the wee hours I noted condensation dripping from the overhead. No problem, just open the hatch until it started raining again, then close the hatch. Repeat as necessary!

Friday morning was cold and gray. The weather radio said it was 46°! I ate a cold breakfast, paddled over to Morry’s boat and found his stove going in the cockpit with the bimini up. Bless his soul, he made me a cup of fresh coffee. If he had asked ten dollars for it, I would have gladly paid. All three boats got underway in a heavy mist and sailed out of Davis Creek, down Langford Creek and into Long Cove to greet the Friday arrivals. The clouds were dark gray, low and scudding from the NE.

The next three hours at the ramp were very interesting. The following is a list of cruise participants who launched their boats:

Morry Kapitan in his Peep Hen (Wed).
Brent and Lois Sparks in *Navigator*, their home built schooner (Thu).

Myself in *Little Boy Blue*, my West Wight Potter 15 (Thu).

Mark Bertacchi in *Reasonable Assurance*, his Dovekie (Fri).

Brian Forsyth in his daughter’s Wayfarer dinghy (Fri).

Tony Pettit in the small homemade open yawl he designed and built (Fri).

Norm Wolfe in *Piilu*, his Normsboat (Fri).

Jerry Culik in *Blue Knot*, his West Wight Potter 15 (Fri).

Leigh and Desiree Ross in *Pelican*, their Martha Jane (Fri).

John Harris in *Pocketship*, his CLC mini cruiser (Fri).

These folks came to the ramp on Friday but did not launch their boats:

Dave and Donna Laux in *Sparrow*, their Spirit 6.5.

Norman and Diane Hudson-Taylor in *Littoral*, their Swedish built sloop.

Jake Millar without *Sedge*, his Dovekie.

Brian, Mark and Tony were busy launching their boats. Dave and Donna arrived at the ramp with their boat in tow, raised the mast, listened to the weather forecast, lowered their mast, gave us a quart of fresh strawberries and said goodbye. Thanks Donna! Norman and Diane arrived at the ramp with their boat, did not raise the mast, listened to the weather forecast, gave us a big bag of fresh baked cookies and said goodbye. Thanks Diane!

Jake arrived without a boat! When was the last time that happened? He regaled us with his sad story. He had driven down the New Jersey Turnpike on Thursday. As is his practice, he towed his Dovekie without the

canvas installed and the boat plug IN (“says he knows where to find it”)! He got to the Delaware Memorial Bridge and the heavens opened up. Jake’s brother lives in Galena Maryland, a half hour from the bridge and Long Cove. Jake stopped at his brother’s home and found *Sedge* had become a bathtub with water sloshing around. Everything in the boat was wet!

Since there was NO sun in the forecast he came to the ramp to announce he was “playing his “Opt Out Card.” Jake seems to have found an obscure paragraph in the Shallow Water Sailor manual that says you can play that card when it rains, or something like that. Sounded like a lot of sea lawyer talk to me. Jake said goodbye and left. Brian, Mark and Tony got underway to head down the Chester River towards the Eastern Neck National Wildlife Refuge. They planned to spend the night in Church Creek. Before getting underway Brian called and cancelled the planned Sunday brunch at Uncle Charlie’s Bistro. Guess you could say we played the group “Opt Out Card” with them. They were going to open on Sunday just for us. It turned out to be a good call.

Norm arrived at the ramp and readied *Piilu* for launching. Soon thereafter Jerry showed up with *Blue Knot*, his 1988 West Wight Potter 15. History in the making here, not just one Potter 15 on the Spring Cruise, but two!

Eventually the two Potters and *Piilu* got underway. We sailed on a close reach out of Long Cove, crossed Langford Creek, rounded Nichols Point on Quaker Neck and began tacking up the Corsica River. The NE winds were light and variable. Leigh Ross called my mobile phone (it was a planned conversation, I normally turn my phone off except to send “sugar reports” home at night). *Pelican* was being launched at the ramp and he and Desiree wanted to join us for the evening. Finally I decided I had had enough fun for the day and offered *Piilu* a tow to Emory Creek.

Emory Creek is about two miles up the Corsica on the north side. It runs north and south, is narrow and has trees on both sides. It is not a #10 anchorage for scenery but a very good “hurricane hole.” Besides, Norm said he had found a Hooters Club at the head of the creek on a previous cruise. Most of us think that is just a figment of his imagination! *Piilu*, being the BIG boat, put her anchor down and the two Potters moored on each side. There is a Friday night raft up tradition on as many Spring Cruises as I can remember: Norm brings chicken curry and Sandy Lommen cooks the rice.

Unfortunately Sandy and Leo could not come this year. Sandy has cooked the rice forever because long ago I “wrecked the rice.” For that misdemeanor I have been assigned perpetual scullery duty. No, Sandy, no rice! Ugh! Sandy, bless her heart, sent me detailed instructions before the cruise in an email on how to make perfect rice. However, Norm, not willing to have his curry “wrecked,” insisted on doing the rice himself. Smart man! Norm, Jerry and I ate our fill. Thanks, Norm!

Pelican motored into Emory Creek just as we were finishing dinner. Leigh and Desiree came alongside our nest and chatted. Norm gave them the pots with the rest of the curry and rice. Ha, no scullery duty tonight! Thanks *Pelican*! They went further up the creek for night anchorage. Our nest broke up and did the same. The weather radio said the high temp for the day had been 51°.

Saturday morning arrived cold and gray. I ate another cold breakfast. *Piilu* raised anchor and joined *Pelican* to retrieve his cooking pots from the night before. I raised anchor and motored over to *Pelican* and *Piilu*. *Blue Knot* soon joined the nest. We chatted a bit and then checked the weather forecast. The weather radio said it was 47° overnight and the high for the day was going to be in the low 50's. Heavy rains were predicted after supper and rain was predicted for most of Sunday.

I had been warm and reasonably dry the previous days and nights with five layers of clothes and a wool watch cap, all worn 24 hours a day, plus foul weather jacket, bib overalls, sea boots and a 2" thick closed cell foam life jacket worn when on deck. That notwithstanding, after listening to the forecast, I decided to play my "Opt Out Card." Hey, I had spent three days and two nights in cold and wet on a 14' boat. I had done nothing to be ashamed of! Surely God was not going to think of me as a coward. But there was one more thing on my bucket list for this cruise, circumnavigate Cacaway Island over on Langford Creek. I had come to sail!

I slipped the mooring lines and drifted off the nest, raised the jib in a gentle NE wind and sailed out of Emory Creek. *Piilu* and *Blue Knot* soon followed. We turned west and began reaching down the Corsica River, crossed the Chester River, rounded Nichols Point again and began tacking up Langford

Creek. Two miles up the Langford, where it splits into the East and West branches, is Cacaway Island, right at the notch in the "Y." Norm and I cross tacked up to the island.

I have sailed between the wooded island (about 800' long and 200' wide with a house) on other boats. The first time was with my Dovekie. The gap between island and mainland then was only 50'. I remember touching bottom. *Piilu* and *Little Boy Blue* sailed through the now 200' gap, side by side, and never touched bottom. Some day there probably will not be an island for my great grandchildren to circumnavigate. It is slowly disappearing due to shoreline erosion.

As we came around the island, the three boats that had gone down the Chester River Friday afternoon to the Eastern Neck Wildlife Refuge came tacking up the Langford. They were Brian in his Wayfarer dinghy, Mark in his Dovekie and Tony in his small yawl. They, too, were going to circumnavigate Cacaway Island. As we passed each other they told us they had spent the previous night with John Harris in his CLC *Pocketship*. He had sailed up the Bay to join the cruise from his home on the Wye River and was returning home. Sorry we missed him.

Norm and I ran downwind and met *Navigator* just as they turned into Long Cove. I recovered and made the Potter ready for the road. Norm, the Sparks and I decided to get one more bowl of Maryland vegetable crab

soup at Ford's. Just as I was leaving the restaurant the remaining cruise participants, except John Harris and the Ross' came in with the same idea. Began driving home in a light rain feeling pretty good about myself, I had come to sail and had done so for three days, in spite of cold and rain. I think my mother-in-law would have been proud.

PS: I drove home Saturday evening in intermittent rain. It rained Saturday night in Annapolis and most of Sunday. In fact, as I wrote this article a week later, it had rained every day since arriving home. I do not consider anyone playing their "Opt Out Card," at the ramp or at home before the cruise, a coward. As I said in this year's Cruise Planning Article, "Oftentimes adventurous sailors will leave the group to explore creeks and rivers that pique their interest. Captains should feel no obligation to get underway and/or join them if they are concerned about navigation and weather or they just want to relax. It is very common for folks to have a second cup of coffee while others leave early to catch some morning air. We seldom sail for more than three hours at a time."

I envy those folks who opted out. They certainly must have enjoyed that second cup of coffee and most assuredly had more common sense than me to get out of the rain. In fact, my mother would have seriously questioned my common sense for going on this cruise. I know my wife does! But, my mother-in-law, she would have been proud!



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The Middleton Stream Team

A Non-Profit Organization
Dedicated to Protecting and
Preserving Middleton's
Streams and Wetlands

On a perfect spring summer, almost solstice, June Saturday, four old Middleton Stream Teamers, the daughter of one and surprise guest Robert Painey Metcalf put vessels into the Ipswich River off heavily traveled Route 97 in Topsfield, Massachusetts. The now five old timers, average age about 75, had signed up for the Ipswich River Watershed Association's fund raising "Paddle-a-thon." The association's goal of \$15,000 for the event had been exceeded by a couple of thousand. Sponsored participants putting in at landings from Reading to Ipswich proceeded northeast downriver toward the Association's handsome headquarters at Riverbend in Ipswich where there was to be an end of paddling day party.

Once off the dangerous highway, all thoughts of traffic, money and any kind of "thon" disappeared. We were again on our beloved river among kindred souls. Guest Painey, a venerable long time stalwart of the Association, with help set forth in his

Paddle-a-Thon Among Silver Maples

By Pike Messenger

plastic foam kayak one-sixth his weight. An old Closeteer and former student, Katharine, manned a large canoe. Judy, Bob and young Rachel were in kayaks. Within a few minutes we had left asphalt for an ever turning path of quiet water bordered by lush water plants. A dry northerly breeze cooled us. The logistics of getting to the start were over and all were at peace.

Other paddlers quietly passed except for soft good mornings. We heard no canned music or cell phone noises in four hours. There were no motors of any kind on the river. No one was paddling hard or in a hurry. A barely detectable flow moving in a meandering channel toward the sea helped our fleet of five along. Below the surface were water plants and blooms of "maiden hair" algae. Escaping bubbles of oxygen glistened from the algae on the surface. In coves off to the river's sides white water lilies graced the shallows. The dominant trees seemingly leaning on the river were silver maples (*Acer saccharinum*) with delicate leaves in their season's best green on top and silvery underneath. These soft maples were our companions for much of the next four hours.

From start to finish handsome reed-canary grass dominated on the flooded flanking floodplain. This can now be said of much of the fresh water river from Reading to the dam in downtown Ipswich below which very different fauna and flora are found due to twice daily doses of seawater. Beaver dams in the past two decades have given us a different Great Wenham Swamp. The loosestrife is gone, the great silver maples under stress are drowning.

Just a decade ago a paddle on the river from the Ipswich River Wildlife Refuge to Ipswich Topsfield Road was in partial shade. Now it is savannah like with a year round inundated prairie of reed canary grass. The dark snags of dead maples stand sentinel along the river's banks. The head high grass stems, in full bloom now, are beautiful shades of green. Cows and haymakers are long gone. All grazing now is done by geese, ducks and other animals that hardly make a dent in the tremendous biomass.

The fast growing silver maples once lined the banks of the river from Thunder Bridge, Middleton's swimming hole, on down. When the banks erode on their river sides some slump outward seemingly leaning on the channel's water. Branches now pointing skyward become a new mini grove of trees all arising from the tipped parent. When wind and snow fell them away from the river the maples' shallow roots rise skyward above

the banks and new groves from the fallen trunks rise above. The old trees beneath are great mounds of dark gnarled roots and trunks along the channel. Because water has been higher thanks to beavers many of these water loving maples have died and are unable to send up new shoots.

On Saturday's paddle we passed scores of black trunks slowly rotting away. The savannah of flooded grass now receives much more light. This sounds grim and sad but somehow it is not. The silver maples are probably as they were four centuries ago before the beavers were trapped out. The maples will probably move to higher ground on the floodplain's edges.



One of many upturned shallow roots of silver maple along the Ipswich River. Offspring are growing up from the fallen parent.—Judy Schneider Photo

Silver maple leaves are delicate and deeply lobed with longer, flatter stems than other maples. More flexible leaf stems make them subject to the movements in the slightest breeze. David Culross Peattie, in his *Natural History of Trees*, waxed enthusiastic when describing silver maples along the Ohio River. "...every breath of wind is sure to set the foliage to spinning or fling it over. The contrast in hues of the two surfaces is seen to greatest advantage, when composed the tree seems clothed in dark green foliage. In the next moment the whole of one bough, or one half side of the whole tree, will suddenly turn silver, as the blades are reversed and show their undersides. Then, the summer breeze having sighed away, the tree regains its green composure... But when begin those day long gales that are destined to blow summer quite away, the silver maples along every stream are whipped into continuous white-caps, threshing and seething and flashing their silver in more torment than delight."

Saturday, in a light but invigorating breeze, we felt only "delight" in the green survivors. There are stands nearby along the river that can be viewed from dry land. Hike lovely River Road in Topsfield and look down at the trees along the channel or stop on Rowley Bridge Road bridge and look both up and down the river. We doubt if you'll get carried away in Victorian prose as tree lover

The Middleton Stream Team middletonstreamteam.org

We are a non profit all volunteer service organization formed originally as a small volunteer group in 1998. Our mission is environmental stewardship, primarily in those parts of the Ipswich River Watershed's river, streams and wetlands which are located in Middleton, Massachusetts. Our mission is accomplished in works of education, public service, conservation and advocacy. We interface with local and regional environmental, community, school and youth groups and with town government and serve all the community.

We proudly publish a weekly water related educational or advocacy essay for the community called the "Water Closet," together with current precipitation and river flow and cumulative precipitation data. We organize and run the town's annual Earth Day Festival in the spring, conduct family hikes in the spring, fall and winter. To stimulate awareness of nature's surrounding wonder and beauty we run annual river, stream and wetland photo contests for youth and adults. For the community we have developed and maintain five public river access sites to encourage use and familiarity with the river and the wetlands, we conduct occasional river trips for members and the public.

We suggest, sponsor and mentor environmentally related Eagle Scout projects. For youth, we organize and conduct environmental service projects and provide fun and learning hikes. We are involved in advocacy to conserve fragile ecosystems in our brooks, ponds, wetlands and adjacent uplands.

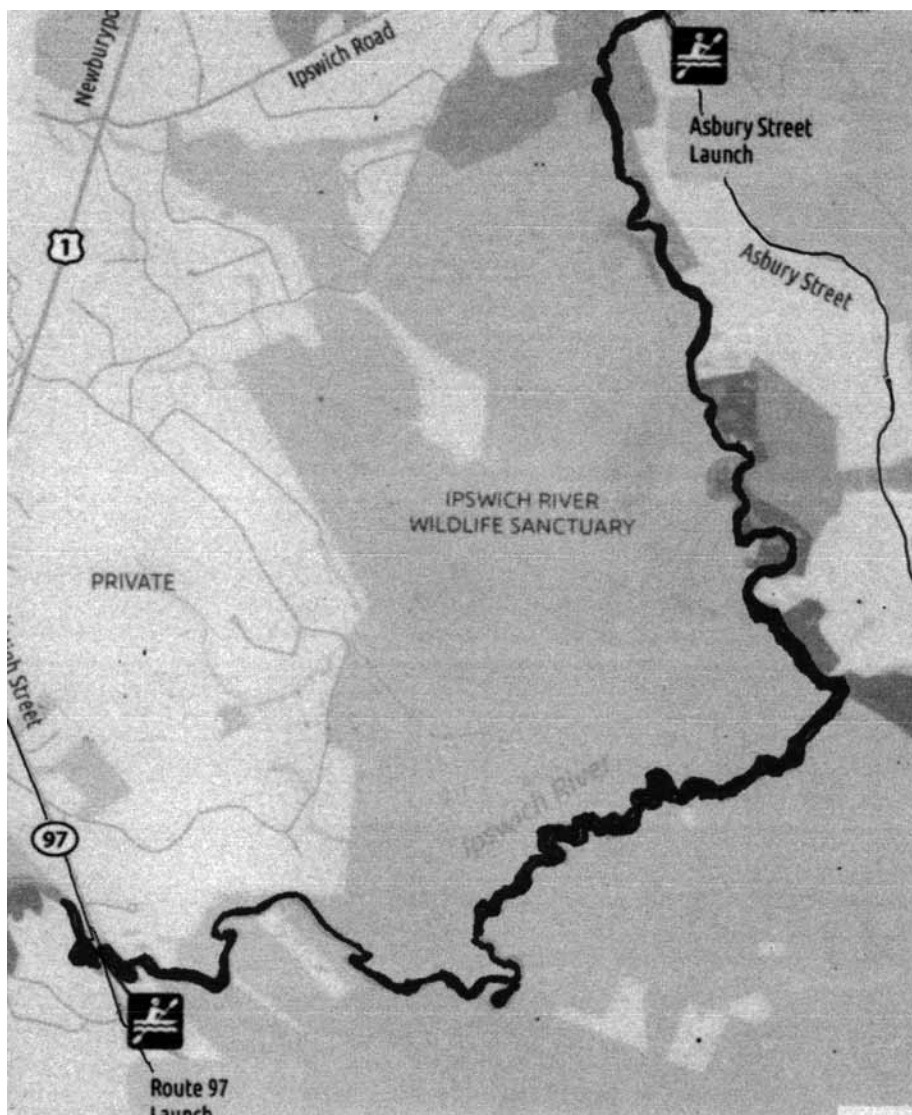
Peattie did, but then who knows how each of us interprets the music of trees when played by moving air.

Soon the emergent pickerel weeds, smart weeds and arrow heads will be putting on quite a watery flower show. The expanses of reed

canary grass are doing so now. It too waves and shifts color in the wind. The changes in plants and animals day to day, week to week and seasonally will have us back often until ice no longer allows. And who knows what the next few years will bring?



Paddle-a-thoners in canoe on Ipswich River, Great Wenham Swamp. Note the standing corpses of silver maples above lush green reed canary grass. Beaver dams have raised the water and drowned the trees. Maples seen on left are growing from old fallen trunks.—Judy Schneider Photo



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Water Environment

Shell Oil admitted that they had spilled 2,100 gallons of crude in the Gulf of Mexico and were trying to clean it up. Conflicting reports from the company said that over 90,000 gallons were in the water, showing a two mile by 13 mile slick, infuriating ecologists and Gulf Coast merchants who depend on beach tourists, claiming that the Gulf certainly does not need another spill. The economy of the region is just beginning to come back after the BP disaster.

Louisiana government officials have repeatedly asked President Obama to ban further drilling in the Gulf but BIG OIL's money flooding Congress has made that type of restriction unlikely. Evidently the concept of self destruction is not in the vocabulary of the Big Oil officers.

Dolphins are dying in record numbers since the BP Deep Water Horizon catastrophe in 2010. NOAA and the National Fish and Wildlife Commission have both studied the region and place the blame squarely on the shoulders of BP who incredulously deny that their accident had any impact on dolphins. The study, entitled "Adrenal Gland and Lung Lesions in the Gulf of Mexico Common Bottlenose Dolphins (*Tursiops truncatus*) Found Dead Following the Deepwater Horizon Oil Spill," certainly notes significant damage to dolphins in the region that did not exist prior to the tons of oil pumped into the waters off Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama.

"Animals with adrenal insufficiency are less able to cope with additional stressors in their everyday lives and, when those stressors occur, they are more likely to die," said Dr. Stephanie Venn-Watson at San Diego's National Marine Mammal Foundation. "No feasible alternatives remain that can reasonably explain the timing, location and nature of this increase in death." Dr Venn-Watson said, (<http://ecowatch.com/2015/05/21/dolphin-die-off-gulf-oil-spill>).

Californian beachcombers have discovered a rare yellowbelly poisonous snake whose venom is among the world's most poisonous. Having not been spotted since the 1950s, two snakes have been seen, captured and turned over to authorities. Normally a warm blooded creature, these snakes evidently have come swimming north because of El Nino and because of the warming oceans.

Black and yellow with a broad, paddle like tail, they can be over 3' long. The unusual aspect of these snakes is that they have a tapering belly that inhibits them from slithering so they spend most of their lives away from beaches and in tropical climates such as the Indian Ocean or along the Equator.

McCloud Creek, running through the valleys of suburbia and cookie cutter houses of the modestly affluent, is Iowa's only urban trout stream. Meandering around the city, it eventually dumps into Cancer Lake (excuse me, that's the local name) Cedar Lake in the heart of the town with an urban population of around 200,00 before the water drains into the Cedar River. Unfortunately Iowa's only urban trout stream has no trout. They were all found dead lying on the banks deceased from some chemical toxin that cannot be blamed on industry, factories or businesses. Evidently the citizens along the brook are to blame. Hmm, lawn fertilizer, weed killer, grub killer, occasional paint and oil and other illegal liquids?

Cedar Lake itself is a problem child. Originally surrounded by large manufactur-



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

ing plants, factories, mills and railroads, the lake sits smack dab in the center of town about two blocks from the medical district on one side and the convention center and theaters on the other. What could be a watery Central Park for Cedar Rapids, the murky waters have long tested above acceptable levels of complex chemicals, lead and arsenic, lending itself to the nom de plume of Cancer Lake. In the last couple of years health officials have allowed a modest level of fishing claiming that the bad stuff is on the bottom mud and not mixing with the water itself.

Now a group is trying to develop the lake as a park. A couple of miles long concrete bike and hike trail surrounds the lake and leads to the bike path going to Waterloo (about 50 miles north). Unfortunately a large railroad yard sits on one side that feeds grain to Quaker Oats that provides significant spillage to encourage a gargantuan number of geese, gulls and other birds to feed and nest there. Goose poop covers everything, mean geese menace bikers and hikers and they fear nothing. Environmentalists want to make something good out of the lake but some are against doing anything to keep the geese at bay. Meanwhile, a lovely bicycle oriented bar has opened on the lake. You will usually find me there during Happy Hour, loudly proffering political, religious, historical and environmental wisdom that is deeply appreciated by no one in particular.

Maritime News

Kone Cranes from Helsinki, Finland, is in the process of purchasing the Materials Handling and Port Solutions business for approximately \$1.3 billion. Kone is allowing Terex to continue negotiations with Zoomlion industries for the remaining elements of Terex or sundry parts of it. Kone is among the world's largest crane manufacturers, operators and port solution companies making elevators for small apartment buildings to gigantic cranes able to lift entire sections of massive ships.

Zoomlion is a Chinese corporation with similar corporation aspirations as Kone and it wants all of Terex rather than the MHPS division. If Terex agrees to sell itself entirely to Zoomlion by August, Kone receives \$37 million. Wall Street thinks that the Kone deal will remain and that Terex will retain the rest of the company compliments of the influx of the Kone money. Either way, Kone makes money.

Interestingly, Cedar Rapids Inc was an early forerunner of Terex and many of the old money elite in Cedar Rapids made their money from it. It is also of interest that this city is home of Rockwell Collins who makes virtually all the avionics for military and commercial jets, communications equipment for ships and radar systems. Everything from using GPS to find your favorite fishing hole to communications with the International Space station is thanks to Rockwell Collins.

No wonder the Soviet Union had Cedar Rapids as a main target during the Cold War.

White Fleet

A 33-year-old Texas woman and mother of four was seen on security cameras falling overboard in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico on a Carnival Cruise ship. The Coast Guard searched in vain. She was sitting on the rail and evidently fell backward off Deck 10. Once again, cruise ships are a dangerous place for drunks, idiots, daredevils and depressed people.

Celebrity Constellation was diverted from its Mediterranean cruise to Salerno, Italy, because a cook and his supervisor had a disagreement whereupon the underling took a butcher knife and attempted to kill his boss. Other galley personnel were able to manhandle the disgruntled chef and provide medical assistance to the supervisor. The former was arrested formally in Italy. The supervisor was hospitalized. The cruise business always provides interesting tidbits of "you gotta be kidding me."

Inland Waterways

The newest and most highly touted towboat running the rivers is the *Mr. Stephen W*, a twin screw 76x34 powerhouse owned by AM&O. Sporting twin Mitsubishi S12R diesel engines putting out a nice 2,500hp, this boat has four comfortable bunkrooms, three bathrooms, a wastewater treatment system and constant electricity thanks to two 90kw John Deere generators. The galley has granite countertops and backsplashes and Whirlpool appliances. The pilothouse features deck to overhead ports for total vision, a pair of Furuno FR8065 radars and twin Carlisle and Finch Xenon searchlights.

The Greater New Orleans Barge Fleet- ing Association (GNOBFA) held its annual meeting discussing several significant issues. Equal Opportunity Employment Commission has filed over 200 lawsuits amounting to over \$52 million in damages forcing the shipping industry to rethink some hiring practices. Family medical leave and wrongful termination aroused some discussion. But the crux of current discussion is the definition of the word "vessel" which the Supreme Court states is a reasonable looking structure's appearance and activities that would lead a reasonable person to consider it an entity to carry people and/or cargo over water. Evidently regulations about safety issues for vessels are not necessary for floating dormitories. Another major topic was Social Media usage. The use of Facebook to slam one's employer or to make malicious claims is suddenly a significant issue in the courts.

The big topic of this and several other conferences dealt with Subchapter M (Sub M) that has every towboat owner and captain in a tizzy. Sub M is a component of the Coast Guard Act of 2004 that establishes Federal guidelines for safety and compliance for blue water towers that has now been delineated to include inland tows. Among the problems is the inspection protocol, who makes the inspections and what penalties exist for non compliance. One specific complication is "who's on first," Homeland Security maintains that overall operations of Sub M belongs to them, meanwhile DOT and OSHA lays claim to jurisdiction but the Coast Guard seems to have the whole thing dumped into their laps. However, it seems that Coast Guard data is inadmissible in court for viola-

tions of Sub M. Attorneys all over America are drooling over this problem. I should have been a lawyer.

Gray Fleet

India, about which I have written often, just sold anti ship missiles to Viet Nam. Based on the Russian P-800, the missile is considered one of the deadliest ship killers available. The real concern is that both India and Viet Nam dislike China and both have had "incidents" with the Fiery Dragon. Meanwhile China continues to build up artificial islands, build radar stations and airstrips and station troops near Viet Nam, the Philippines and all of Eastern Asia. Watch out sailors, this will get messy one of these days.

In the saber rattling realm, the US, Great Britain, the Netherlands, the Baltic nations, Finland and Sweden held serious exercises in the Baltic. Over 45 warships participated next door to Russia sending a message to Mr Putin about his excursions into the former Soviet Union countries.

The US Navy is several hundred million dollars over operational budget for the year, forcing Congress to ameliorate the fiscal dilemma. This same Congress that cannot agree on what day of the week it is, demands more and more from the Defense Department but proffers less and less money to operate. If the Navy is having difficulties completing their mission, the poor Coast Guard is pushed even harder. The latter has been straddled with coastal protection, anti drug security, boating safety, rescue operations, environmental clean up supervision, navigation responsibilities, port and inland waterway well being, ice breaking and a plethora of other expectations.

Evidently, the Wonders of Capitol Hill find all sorts of duties for our sailing entities without providing the money necessary

to fulfill the assigned missions. Worse, they then have the audacity to demand a balanced budget, complain about the President not doing more vis a vis defense and are quick to blame the Gold Stripes for not doing their job all the while issuing photos of themselves bedecked with flag lapel pins and sounding patriotic and wrapping the flag around the Cross of Jesus, Hillary or Donald?

Yachts

The New York-Vendee race among the big yachters started with a bang, literally. Five of the competitors ran into floating debris and suffered a series of damages that sent them scurrying back to port for repairs because of damaged foils, keels and hulls. At least one reluctantly withdrew. Much complaining about the crap floating around off the Eastern shore is rising to a fever pitch (to coin a phrase). This current problem is also increasing questions about whether these racing yachts are so technologically designed for speed and so fragile that they simply cannot tolerate much in terms of durability. Methinks that old wooden boats that were slower can handle rough weather and other problems much better.

For the daydreamers among us, *Yacht* magazine showed the top ten most fabulous yachts in the world. Billionaires only need to talk to the yacht sales personnel. *Azzam*, a 590' monstrosity, takes the top billing with her total horsepower of 94,000 that pushes her along at 31 knots. The main salon alone is 95'x59'. She sold for a mere \$600 million to some sheik (of course).

Mere mortals might like the *Rising Sun*, the 452' boat that Paul Allen of Microsoft built in competition with Oracle CEO Larry Ellison, whose little vessel is only 416'. Allen's home away from home houses its own helicopter (damn near standard equip-

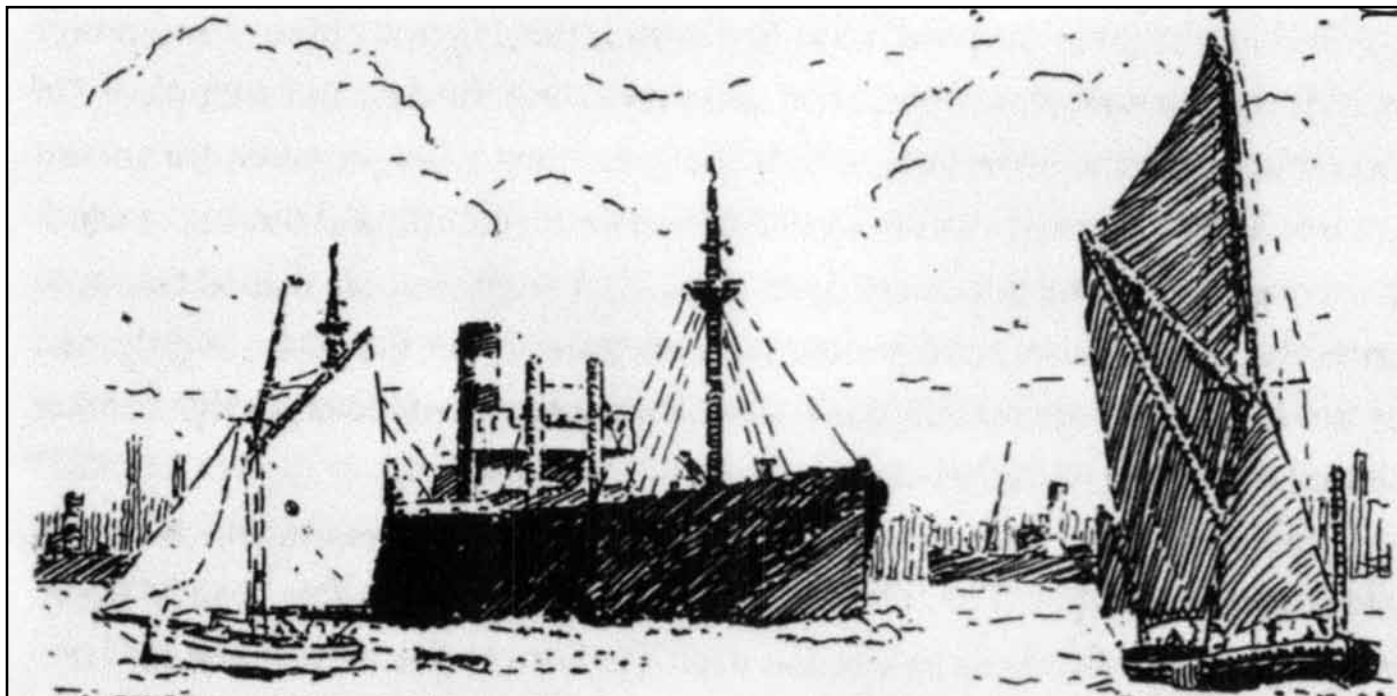
ment these days), a submarine and a ski boat for entertainment because I am sure there is nothing to do onboard.

Personally, I own a mini mega yacht, West Wight Potter *Genny Sea* 1183, a behemoth 15' long with a super powerful 5hp Mariner motor and baggy sails of an uncertain age, that was purchased on craigslist sight unseen. It supposedly contains amenities for two including a small bucket acting as a head. I wonder who has more fun on their boat?

...and from Stephen Salley

Along with my renewal I am submitting an item contributed by Gary Andrashko of Irvington, Virginia. It comes from his archive of maritime negatives. The caption is from Wrecksite.EU:

The *Kisnop* was a cargo steamer of 6,089 tons built in 1919 for the US Shipping Board by the Atlantic Corporation of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In 1937 she was transferred to the US Maritime Commission and then in 1940 to the MOWT and managed by Sir W Reardon Smith & Sons and renamed *Empire Dabchick*. In 1940 she was managed for the MOWT by J Morrison & Son. On the 3rd December 1942 when on route from Liverpool and the Clyde for St John (New Brunswick) in ballast she was torpedoed by the U183 and sunk. Crew of 48 lost.



Traditional Boat of the Month The Atkin Ration Skiff *George*



Bob Wolfertz enjoys a break in *George* while exploring his interest in flat bottomed skiffs exhibiting reasonable initial stability. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

William Atkin (1882-1962) and his son John (1918-1999) of Atkin & Co, established in 1906, drew "individualized designs for unregimented yachtsmen," generating ca 900 different plans. Over many years their work was published monthly in *Motor Boating* and some designs featured in *Motor Boating's* Ideal Series. John's widow Pat, of Darien, Connecticut, offers plans for about 300 of these through the website www.atkinboatplans.com. She and her family donated John's last boat, *George*, to Mystic Seaport Museum where she is available to rent at The Boathouse.

John Atkin modified his father's 1944 skiff design *Ration* of similar dimensions, 16'2"x4'3". He redrew her with more flare and sheer forward and named her *George* after the family Norfolk terrier. *George* was built from John's plans by R.K. "Bob" Wilmes of East Haddam, Connecticut, in 1993. She is a traditional lapstrake, flat bottomed skiff of 1/2" white cedar with oak frames on 30" centers, mahogany rubrails and Everdur bronze screw and copper rivet fastened. Her bottom is longitudinally planked with three strakes, 5/8" thick with inboard oak battens over the caulked seams and is fitted aft with a small skeg. She draws less than 6" and weighs in at 225lbs. Wilmes reported she was easy for John to launch from the beach on a rubber tired dolly (*Messing About in Boats* 11:10:21).

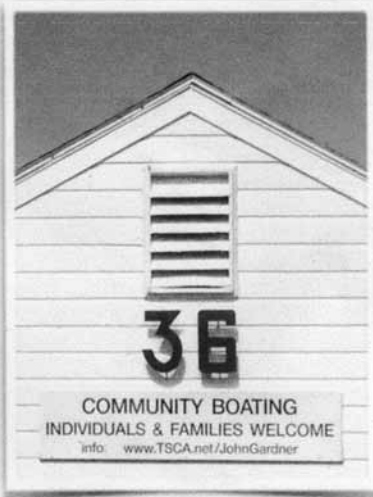
George is very nicely built and practical. Fitted with three rowing stations, she is easily trimmed on her lines, carrying up to five people. And while rather plain in design, and as unpretentious as her galvanized oarlocks, in the words of her designer, "She will provide any owner with the joys of being afloat and will be an excellent means of obtaining healthy exercise, alone or accompanied by friends, while enjoying the sights of the seaboard and the quietude of being afloat."



Merrill Dunn took this photograph of his new puppy George enjoying his namesake, as did the Atkin family Norfolk terrier George. (Merrill Dunn Photograph)

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On the same day more Boathouse fun, "Three Georges," with Joyce Coleman catching the puppy George in *George* with boathouse volunteers George Hess and Merrill Dunn. (Joyce Coleman Photo)

The Atkin donation included two pairs of leathered Shaw and Tenny 8' varnished spruce spoon oars. Spacious, she is a pleasure for families gunkholing along the Mystic River shoreline as she tracks easily on her skeg and is very stable, even the family dog can be comfortably accommodated, while teaching young children to row. Pat is enthusiastic about *George's* Boathouse duty. She appreciates that there is a worldwide customer base for Atkin plans and reports that the collection "will go to Mystic once I no longer want to handle it." A retired teacher and juried artist, Pat is a vivacious salesperson and usually near her booth charming attendees at the WoodenBoat Show.

Operating with his son Dan, Wilmes' small shop handled maintenance and restoration of many traditionally built designs, including the annual maintenance on Cornelius Shield's Tarpon Springs Sponge Boat *Patience* (MAIB 2:15:10; Acc. No. 1974.312; Mystic Seaport Watercraft 2001, Bray, Maynard et al, p.255) which was sold to him by Slade Dale who used her as a tender to the then schooner rigged *Emma C. Berry*.

If you attended the Wooden Boat Show in June your good fortune might have included pushing off from the Boathouse dock aboard *George* and musing about life, including what lucky recipients we are of the talents of those who came before when form and function were more closely associated and how in this setting so many connections occur between boats, their use and those who appreciate their value

Mamacoke Island Row

By Phil Behney

The Sunday May 15 row to Mamacoke Island was a success despite 25mph winds. We were in the lee of the land so we had very pleasant conditions, yet we could see the American flags at the Nautilus Submarine Memorial across the river standing straight out. When we returned the dories to Avery Point it seemed like gale force winds! Due to these winds we did not venture down to the sunken wrecks off the old Thames Shipyard, instead we rowed directly to the island and had lunch on the beach. After lunch Dan broke out the trash bag for picking up debris. Surprisingly there was very little trash to collect, not like our old Pine Island clean up trips where all variety of interesting castoffs were collected.

Next we forayed off to the interior of the island and promptly lost our way and turned back, but not before snapping a few pictures of the boats on the beach. Later Dan and I did succeed in finding the trail so next time we will be able take a nice hike. We had a total of six rowers, plus Peter Vermilya, meet us at the landing to wish us a fair trip and help us launch.

Ellie Czarnowski and friends planned to come from a cove on the north side of the island and meet us but, because of the windy conditions, felt it prudent to try another day. Ron and Leigh keep their sailboat at the marina where we launched so they were there to give us some much appreciated help in loading up the boats upon our return.

The *Susan Holland* was taken down off the rack for this row, Mary Pine and Steve Barton rowed her, Dan Nelson and Sherry Jenkins teamed up with a club dory, Mary Rainy and I and our little dog rowed another club dory.

There is an abundance of history on this stretch of the river with farming, rope walks, Indian villages, oystering, railroad activity, submarine base as well as geological features. Perhaps a fall foliage row to this spot could happen if there is enough interest and some more member boats, kayaks, canoes, rafts, anything floating?



Around the Boat Shops

In the home shops winter builds were splashing as maiden voyages were being made. George Spragg had completed his new self designed, double ended, front facing rowing skiff. He pronounced it much more stable than his last but is now planning a larger version to include a passenger.

Carl Kaufman completed his Atkin "Maude & Emeline," in the words of her designer, a "smart and able low powered fishing skiff," for use in Block Island Harbor to access his larger sailing vessel. A very nice piece of work, accurately built on the same table upon which he builds his racing shells, using trimmed down molds from our Chapter's *Nina* build.



At our Avery Point Boathouse the replacement dory build is close to being flipped, team leader Dan Nelson, assisted by Bill Armitage, have the bottom nailed on and ready for final trim and bottom fiberglass. Dan's incentive is to get far enough along to get his own Southwest Dory build underway for he is next in the queue.

Meanwhile, Andy Strode came in for some extra duty days and varnished the newly leathered oars recently completed by Rob Pittaway just in time for them to be used on the Chapter's Mamacoke Island Row.

The big news, however, is John Symons' beautifully varnished mahogany powerboat. As he rolled it out of the shop he celebrated 75 years since his dad bought the Thompson runabout in 1942. John's son Scott Symons was also involved in the restoration, making it truly a family project.



At the Deltaville Maritime Museum in Deltaville, Virginia, restoration of the 1924 log bottomed buy boat, the *P.D. Crockett*, is now complete and she is making the rounds of maritime festivals this June. The *Crockett*, the only log hulled buy boat in Virginia, has seven 55' loblolly pine logs in her bottom plus two shorter ones. Lead builder/restorer John England gave us a tour the day it rained buckets at the Urbanna Meet.



Quite a project, but more to our interest is John's latest project, a new Chesapeake Bay Deadrise Skiff. It is built for power but herringbone planked with every plank shaped to fit, including twist in both directions as they get close to the bow. The boat is 20' long with a 7' beam, John set it up with advice from Mr Wilbur Norris, 89 years of age, a very, shall we say, experienced waterman.



Vera England at the bow of the Deadrise Skiff.

Mystic Seaport Boat Shop vessels moved out of winter maintenance phase into active summer use. At the west end of the White Boat Shop schooner *Brilliant* completed her refit with a reconditioned and re-varnished bowsprit ("ten coats and you're done"). Present in the photo are Mate Christine McCormick, Volunteer Bob Young, Former Mate Christopher Jander (who stopped by to admire the depth of finish), Volunteer Jim Downs and Captain Nicolas Alley (with donut in hand). Not in photo is volunteer and TSCA Chapter member Dane Rochelle. *Brilliant* departed soon thereafter for races at Oyster Bay, she started her ten weeks of teenager cruises in June.



At the Seaport Small Craft Hall (formerly known as the Rossie Mill) National TSCA members Thad Danielson and David Cockey, with assistance from Lead Volunteer Phil Tankard and our Chapter member Carl Kaufman, took the lines off a 12' Spurling rowboat (see Chapter 17 in John Gardner's first book, *Building Classic Small Craft*). David used an innovative photogrammetric method to take the lines. Thad plans to use the lines to build both carvel and clinker replicas in his WoodenBoat School boat building class this summer.

At the lively Boathouse and John Gardner Boatshop, boats worked on all winter have been uncovered, launched (and bailed) in readiness for the May 21 opening. Mike Messick and Bill Littell readied a Beetle Cat for rental (after, of course, taking her for a spin to check the rigging). On Pilots' Weekend Peter Littlefield finished cutting the last of the live oak fitches for next winter's potbellied stove while Fred Fisher and Joe Young painted trim on the John Gardner Shop's back door. The fleet is in! Please plan to come by and take a boat out for a row or sail.



Gail Ferris gave an informal and highly interesting presentation to members of JGTSCA and the public on her kayaking adventures in the Pacific Ocean near her home in Sitka, Alaska, on May 6 in the UCONN/Avery Point Academic Building. Gail used her self produced videos and

Gail Ferris Guest Speaker

By Peter Vermilya

slides to show the stunning scenery and local aquatic wild life around Sitka as well as several special adaptations she has made

to her own boat for ease and safety of use. Gail is well known to longtime readers of *Messing About in Boats* for her writings and her videos which feature her Arctic kayaking adventures off Greenland, as well as Alaska, which can be seen at:<http://nkhorizons.com/index.htm>.

Boathouse Fleet at Mystic Seaport 2008

Photo by Sharon Brown





Selections from the Mainsheet, newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

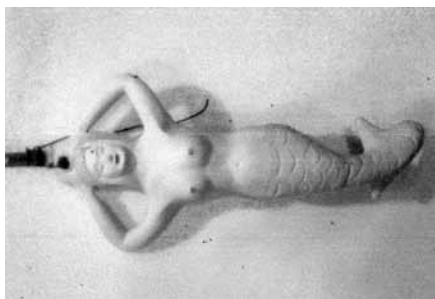
The Mermaid, Drag Queen and Psycho Killer on the Piankatank

By Pete Peters

We launched Thursday, May 19, at Freeport Landing on the Piankatank River, which means "winding river." Fair winds of 8 knots greeted us. The ten small craft sailed in two groups towards the Chesapeake Bay. Tacking into the wind past shores of few houses and lush greenery, we head to Fishing Bay and Deltaville. Tonight seven boats raft up in a pristine Healy Creek. Bow and stern lines and fore and aft spring lines are belayed. Appetizers, beer and wine are shared, gaming begins and stoves lit. Dinners consists of Campbell's Chicken Soup, homemade chicken curry, chicken teriyaki and freeze dried pasta.

Here is the mermaid part. Mermaids have always been part of sailing lore. Supposedly when viewed they bring bad luck and often predict the sinking of your boat after nine times around. The Mermaid award is bestowed on Obadiah tonight for what reason is not yet clear.

The mermaid is an inflatable rubber bumper found along the road one day by Kevin, taken home and painted, then passed among sailors to be hung on their bow for the duration of the float. It is a dubious award. One can only imagine Kevin painting this rather burlesque figure in the kitchen when his wife enters and asks what he is doing. The truth is usually the best defense.



Steve begins to take triangulation of the raftup under Doug's tutelage. Then Capn Doug brings out the Drag Queen. This is a simple anchor alarm. It provides distance and GPS accuracy alarms on a free app. The alarm is quite annoying when it detects anchor dragging. The rest of the raftup can attest to this. It is interesting to note that when viewing this app others also looked at Active Captain Companion.

"Psycho Killer" is a song by Talking Heads released in 1977. After dinner the guitar, penny whistle and mandolin come out.

Songs abound. There is a request for Steve's theme song, "Psycho Killer," to which we all join in "Quest ce que c'est/Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba/ Run run run run run run away oh... oh..."

Night falls and we realize in the morning the dew point is above the temperature. Next time I will put up the boom tent. Tomorrow fair winds and following seas. Boats participating: Three Marsh Cats, Handy Cat, Navigator, Melonseed, two Caledonia Yawls, Ness Yawl, Lightning, custom Sharpie.



Shanty Boat

By Tom Shephard

A friend of mine, Rob Barker, is finishing up an Atkins Retreat shanty boat that he is building. Rob owns the South Cove Boat Shop in Easton, Pennsylvania.



Glued Lapstrake Canoe Completed

By Dave Robbie

I completed the Tom Hill designed canoe for my friend at work. He commissioned me to build it for him in August 2015, so it took about ten months. It usually takes me about a year to build a boat. Having the new insulated back room in the garage helped me to maintain progress even during the wintertime. I will deliver it to him the first week of June 2016.

Boat Plans: Charlotte, from Thomas J. Hill Boat Designs.

Plywood: 4mm sapele mahogany from Harbor Sales.

Epoxy for all joints, fillets and sealing: 105 resin and 205 hardener by West System.

Old Town diamond head brass bolts and 3/8" brass stem bands: Northwoods Canoe Co.

Top Coat Paint: TotalBoat oil based from Jamestown Distributors.

Burl wood for breasthooks: Pocono mountain grown supplied by customer Dave G.



About Our TSCA Chapter

The Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association works to preserve and continue the living traditions, skills, lore and legends surrounding working and pleasure craft whose origins predate the maritime gasoline engine. It encourages the design, construction and use of these boats. Whether you have an interest in traditional boat building, messing about in small boats or helping preserve our maritime heritage come join us and shore the camaraderie of kindred spirits. Check out our website at: www.tsca.net/delriver/index.html.

The Parker River Trip

Photos by Greg O'Brien

This was a quick pickup trip on the Parker River in April as the scheduled event on the Blackstone was cancelled due to the water conditions. It was a wet and rainy morning when Gary and Diane Amirault, Greg and Shelley O'Brien, Jeff and Mary Ann North donned rain gear and launched a little after the scheduled starting time. Gary and Diane paddled their old Morris, Greg and Shelly teamed up in the 15' Old Town, Jeff and Maryann came with their family treasure, a red 16' Carleton. Your editor came along with a red Stevens Sweet Sixteen to show the way downstream. As expected there were a few blowdowns and one beaver dam that had to be lifted over, other than these there were no problems as the river was very deep, the spring runoff still flowing.



Gary and Diane Amirault slide the Morris over the beaver dam while Jeff and Mary Ann North await their turn in the red Carleton. This beaver dam is new, last year the beavers had just started working on this section of the river. Now they have a dam and two new, large beaver lodges.



Jeff and Mary Ann enjoying the old Carleton in the rain

Spring Wilderness Canoe Trip

By Steve Lapey

Photos by John Fitzgerald and Steve Lapey

On May 19 the Norumbega trippers once again headed to the Maine North Woods for our annual Spring Wilderness Trip. This year it was to be a relatively mild excursion, putting in at the north end of Aziscoos Lake, paddling to the Lincoln Brook campsite to set up a base camp for three days of exploring and fishing.

Tom Anderson and Alan Doty left from western Massachusetts very early in the morning, John Fitzgerald and I (Steve) got to sleep a little later and everyone met at Dave Dumas' home in Gray, Maine, for the final leg of the journey to Aziscoos Lake, just north and west of Rangeley, Maine. The dirt road into the landing had been reported to be passable,

Norumbega Chapter WCHA

Spring News and Notes

From the Chapter Newsletter

Steve Lapey, Editor

that was just a bit optimistic, there were a few rough stretches that required careful going, but the two Jeep vehicles handled it.

Tom and Alan paddled together in Alan's 16' Prospector, a stripper that Alan made, John and Dave used the 18 1/2' E.M. White Guide canoe and I used my 16' Red Trip Canoe. At the launching ramp it soon became apparent that John and Dave had brought just a little too much gear and one large pack had to be offloaded and put into the Red Trip Canoe to prevent the big White canoe from being too top heavy.



It is not easy to overload an 18 1/2' canoe, but, John and Dave had help from Sadie and Abbie.



Alan and Tom paddling on Aziscoos Lake in the 16' Prospector. Loaded as it was they still had plenty of freeboard.

The Lincoln Brook campsite had been advertised as "the best campsite in Maine," however, that may be stretching it some. The fire pit was nice and there was a new outhouse, but the areas to set up tents were scarce and the rocky landing left something to be desired.



Tom Anderson, Dave Dumas, Alan Doty and John Fitzgerald along with Sadie and Abbie, watch the bacon cooking on the cast iron griddle. Between the 65lb griddle and all the food that came along it is easy to see how the canoe became over loaded!

The fishing in the area where Lincoln Brook empties into Aziscoos Lake must be good, we had a fairly constant parade of fishing boats trolling past us every day. Now and then we saw a trout or a salmon being brought in. Our fishermen, however, did not do as well as the locals. Trolling from a canoe or casting from shore did not produce a single bite. Fortunately we had plenty of regular food along and were not counting on the fish for our meals.

Other wildlife sightings included moose and deer, along with a pair of bald eagles that were hanging around our campsite, a great blue heron and lots of mergansers, both male and female, the males only stay around here for a little while before going on to points unknown. Loons were in abundance, there were dozens of them on Aziscoos which indicates that there must be quite a few fish to be had, we just didn't find them.

We had a little bit of rain on the paddle in and on Sunday morning there was a sprinkle for about 15 minutes in the early morning, just enough to let us pack up wet tents and gear for the trip home. As usual for our spring trips, the bugs were not a problem. Another week and the black flies would be out in force and take all the fun out of canoe tripping.

Sunday morning came all too soon and we paddled out, back to the landing to load the canoes and gear for the return to civilization. Another Norumbega trip completed and now it is time to start thinking about next year's adventure.

The Kennebec Canoe Project

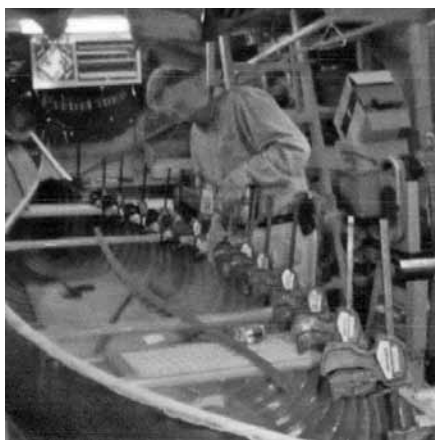
By Steve Lapey

Photos by Steve Lapey, Greg O'Brien,
Steven Hodge and Lawton Gaines

The Kennebec project continues to move along. On March 12, Jeff Morrill and I combined forces to mill the outwales and the rail caps from a piece of Sitka spruce that Ed Moses generously donated to the cause. The outwale stock was made to 7/8" square that will be bent at both ends to match the sheer curve and then sliced into two pieces 3/16" thick at a future session. For now, one end of the stock is soaking in water and will be ready to bend at the next gathering.

The seats and thwarts were all ready to be installed so we trimmed them to fit, drilled and bolted them to the inwales. On this Kennebec canoe the seats and thwarts were secured with the same L-shaped brass bolts that Morris used on his canoes. It is interesting to see the similarities between the Kennebec and a Morris. Possibly someone from Morris came to work at Kennebec and brought some ideas with him. We have seen this Charles River model and a Kineo Special with the Morris type stem and from the build records there appear to have been many made with the cedar stem noted.

The rail caps were made to 3/16" thick and 1 1/16" wide, rounded over on both edges with a 3/16" roundover bit on the router table. After a little sanding we clamped the port rail cap in place and started nailing it on. We used escutcheon pins, #16x1" for this, these match exactly what they used at the factory and we spaced them every 3", just like the originals. The second rail cap will be installed at the next gathering and then the ends will be trimmed and joined.



Plenty of clamps hold the rail caps in place as Jeff Morrill pre drills the holes for the escutcheon pins.



This rail cap is almost completely nailed in place, the ends have been left loose so we will be able to trim them and make the joint when the other cap is in place.

On March 19 a good sized group arrived to work on the Kennebec. Bill Clements, Lawton Gaines, Stuart Fall, Michael Clarke, Greg O'Brien and Steve Hodge all crowded into the canoe shop to attempt to bend a piece of Sitka spruce for the outwales and to complete the installation of the rail caps.

Well, the bending didn't work. The piece of Sitka had a small flaw in it that we could have worked around when resawing the outwales, unfortunately the flaw was in the area that was to be bent into the curve near the end. A week of soaking in water followed by an hour in the steam tube wasn't enough and while being bent, the wood cracked right at the bad spot.

Time for Plan B. On Sunday two new outwales were cut out of another piece of Sitka, planed, tapered and sanded. After a five hour soak Dan Lapey and I bent and clamped one end of each rail to the form. This time all went well and the other ends were bent on the following Sunday.

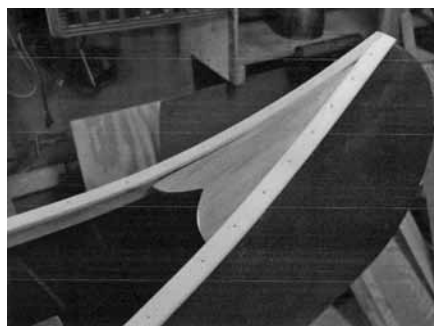


The same gunwale bending form that we used last year for the Robertson needed just a few changes to match the curve of the Kennebec.

The installation of the rail caps went smoothly, lots of clamping was needed to hold the caps in place, then each nail position was marked and drilled for the #18x1' escutcheon pins that were required to match the originals. The rail caps were predrilled for each escutcheon pin and the hammering was done with care to avoid any hammer blossoms on the nice new wood.



Rail caps in place secured with brass escutcheon pins. From left to right, Stuart Fall, Lawton Gaines, Steve Lapey. Mike Clarke and Bill Clements.



The biggest time consumer was the task of joining the ends of the caps at the very ends. It always takes a lot of patience to get the cuts just right so the caps meet with a decent miter joint.

On April 9 a large contingent of Norumbega members and a couple of visitors arrived at the canoe shop to work on the Kennebec. Roger Andrews, back from the sunny south, Tom Bickford, another snowbird, Mike Clarke, Bill Clements, Lawton Gaines, Jeff Morrill, Ed Moses, Greg O'Brien and Ken Turner were joined by Tom Heys who stopped by to pick up some hardware from Ed Moses for his Old Town project on his way to another event. Two Groveland neighbors came to watch, Les Harriman and Kurt Bode.

We had a full house. The assignments for the day included the installation of the original keel that Ted Harrigan had taken home over the winter and cleaned off all the old paint and bedding material. This task went easily, the new bedding compound was applied and the keel was lined up on the center line of the canoe and secured from beneath with #8 round head wood screws and copper washers. The washers were the original, the screws were all new.

The second task was to be the installation of the brass stem bands. On this Kennebec they used a cedar stem in the Morris

fashion and, since the usual stem band screws might want to pull out of the soft cedar, the builders attached the stem bands with brass rivets. Our job was to rivet the new stem bands on using the existing holes in the stem which meant taking a lot of time to spot exactly where each hole would be drilled in the brass stem bands. This part went fairly smoothly and soon we had the bow stem band and seven rivets in place, ready for the rivets to be hammered flush.

The rivets that the makers used turned out to be #12 escutcheon pins that are no longer made and not available anywhere. After a lot of searching *Wooden Canoe* editor Dan Miller came up with 24 of these pins and he generously donated them to us for this project. The pins are normally supplied in hardened brass, each one had to be heated to cherry red with a propane torch and quenched in water to anneal them.

Here is where things started to get difficult. We had made up a couple of bucking irons to back up the heads of the rivets from the inside of the canoe while the outer ends were hammered flush. Unfortunately, our tools weren't working in the tight quarters and the frustration level was rising quickly. Greg O'Brien came up with a better idea for a bucking bar involving a large bar clamp and a firewood splitting wedge. Crazy as it sounds, the new tool worked perfectly! This is creative problem solving in the Norumbega way!

Unfortunately there was not enough time to do two stem bands, we quit for the day when we had one on, the other would have to wait for the following week



Roger Andrews, Ed Moses, Bill Clements, Steve Lapey and Michael Clarke teamed up to drive the screws for the keel.



Lawton Gaines, Ken Turner, Roger Andrews, Steve Lapey and Ed Moses work to line up the rivets for the stem band.

On April 16 Bill Clements, Roger Andrews and Lawton Gaines teamed up to attach the second stem band. This was easier than the first, but it still took most of the morning to finish. The special Greg O'Brien bucking bar was used on all but one of the rivets, there was one that needed a shorter tool because the deck was in the way.

The final work session for the Kennebec was held on April 30 when the final task was the nailing on of the new outwales. Roger Andrews, Tom Bickford, Bill Clements, Lawton Gaines, Jeff Morrill and Ed Moses all contributed. The new outwales had been milled and bent to fit, all we had to do was clamp them in place, mark for the nailing locations, predrill the holes and drive the nails. Sounds easy, but it was well after noon before we could call it quits for the day. All that remains to be done is the final varnish and another coat of the Hunter Green enamel and this Kennebec will be on her way to Paul Smith's for the Assembly Auction.



Jeff Morrill, Roger Andrews, Lawton Gaines, Bill Clements and Tom Bickford all smiles after the final nail was driven.



Bill Clements and Ed Moses discussing the correct nail spacing for the ends of the outwale.



Rail caps, outwale and stem band all have to line up just right at the tips.

Lawton's OTCA Project

In August 2015 long time Norumbega member Lawton Gaines from Canton, Massachusetts, came upon a 1916 Old Town OTCA where it had been resting under a tarp for the past 35 years in the neighboring town of Attleboro, Massachusetts.



A quick inspection was all it took for Lawton to determine that this OTCA was very much worth saving and it was loaded up and taken home for the restoration to begin.



His close friend and coworker for many years said he would never use it and offered to give it to him but only if he restored it and then took him for a ride.



The best news was that the canoe, tired as it was, appeared to be capable of floating, so Lawton took it to the nearest pond and launched it for a test paddle. The test convinced Lawton that he should continue with a complete restoration of the OTCA.

This 16' OTCA was built in 1916, it is a CS grade with 20" decks. It pre dates the diamond head bolts that we see on Old Towns from the mid 1920s onward. The seats and the thwart are secured with flanged bolts that are recessed in counterbores that are finished with wood plugs. It came from the factory with a keel, outside stems and a floor rack. It had a single thwart which appears to not be original (it may be a replacement) and an indication of a thwart behind the front seat. There is no indication of a center thwart ever being installed and there is no mention of this on the build record.

A complete inspection revealed that there were only two broken ribs and a minimal amount of damaged planking that will need replacing. The very ends of the gunwales and the tips of the decks show a little bit of rot, just enough that new wood will have to be spliced in. At the weigh in the OTCA tipped the scales at 79 pounds, about average for an OTCA of this vintage.



Good news and bad news, the good news was that the original floor rack was still there, the bad news was the multiple layers of paint that were on the interior. This wide thwart may or may not be original to the canoe.

Soon the canoe was stripped down to bare wood and a second weigh in showed that the hull alone had a weight of 37 pounds, quite a difference. It rapidly became apparent that the interior was going to need a complete stripping, the original varnish was there, under about four coats of paint. It took 1½ gallons of Kleen-Strip paint remover and about 50 hours to get all this crud off. After stripping the interior was looking pretty good. Lawton used Kleen-Strip, a pretty mean product. Fortunately it was in the fall and the work could be done outside where there was unlimited ventilation to move the fumes away.



Lawton found that it was easier to just concentrate on the bottom of the canoe first and then tip it up onto one side and then the other side. This kept the stripper flat on the painted surface in a thicker coat, allowing it to do its job better. It was still a long, messy task, but rewarding when it was done.

With winter approaching the project was set aside to await warmer weather for the woodwork to begin. In the meantime, Lawton began gathering the materials and tools needed for this project. Work continues on this restoration now that the weather has warmed up and Lawton has started to remove the broken ribs and planking. We should see an update on this project in our next newsletter.

At nine years of age I started building a boat. Over the winter, I found some wood in the basement that my father said I could have. As it was winter there was not much to do outside. My father wasn't a carpenter, or even a relatively handy man, but he did have some tools lying around. I'm in the basement with no one to play with, just my imagination, and my thoughts turned to Tom Sawyer and his raft, so I built a raft. I nailed together old pine boards using a variety of different size nails, bending half of them and then smashing them into oblivion. I broke up an old cooler and put the cooler pieces underneath. I made a little seat and a little paddle.

Later that spring my father very carefully put the boat into the car and we drove the short distance to Mill River. He pulled out a beer and a soda and we toasted and christened the boat. I then proceeded to tell him where to meet me as I sat on the little raft. With my full weight on the boards the boat sank to the water's full depth of 18", anchoring my butt to the bottom and soaking me completely. My first boat went straight to Davey Jones' locker. Patiently my father and I finished the soda and the beer, he then extracted the boat from the depths of Mill River and that Sunday night it went out with the trash.

The next Christmas I found some more wood, this time in the garage. I brought it into the basement and I built a little box. Well, I thought this was surely better, it was about 15" deep, about 3' feet long and looked a little bit like a coffin. I couldn't see any light through the seams in the box. I then asked my mother for some old clothes. I nailed an old hockey stick to the front of the box and then cut and sewed an old pair of my father's pants to fashion a sail.

Well, the spring came late that year so it was a long wait. One day my father came home from golfing and said, "come help me with your boat." We picked up the boat, loaded it into the car and drove down to the Mill River. When we got there my father carefully pulled the boat out of the car and we walked down to the water together holding it. We assembled the sail and my father pulled out a beer and a soda. We toasted it with the soda and beer and then christened it. Carefully we pulled it out to where it was in

The Boat Project

By Philip Costello

deep enough water. Again we optimistically discussed where we would meet and I sat in the little box. The boat sank to the bottom, the water spilled over the sides and quickly I found myself sitting in a box submerged up to my shoulders in the river. Patiently my father pulled the boat out of the water and we loaded it in the trunk and went home. My father carefully pulled the boat out of the car and put it in the trash.

The next Christmas I got an inflatable raft and that spring my father and I went down to the river. I got into the raft and went down the river about a half mile where my father picked me up and we had a soda and a beer.

Well, years went by and I learned to canoe and sail at summer camps. I went to college and joined the work force, got married and acquired a dog and a daughter. Years later I came across the picture shown of the *Coot*, a Chesapeake Sharpie with a bowsprit and raked sails. It had been many years and my father had long since passed. Here I was again looking over the pictures and drawings from *Rudder* magazine circa 1940 thanks to the Poly Sail website.

The idea started small and started to take hold. I remembered that I started to laugh as I was walking through Home Depot thinking, what would be the harm in getting some boards to see if I can put the frames together and then envisioning my Dad saying affectionately, "Here we go again."

Later that night I found myself sneaking boards into the upstairs empty bedroom. While my wife was contentedly watching TV, I stealthily tiptoed up the stairs with an armful of pine boards and measuring tools. Unfortunately my 12-year-old daughter's radar was on and she followed me up to the empty bedroom and stayed and watched while I laid out the first frame. She waited for a while and then asked, "whatcha building?" She loved watching Phineas and Ferb.

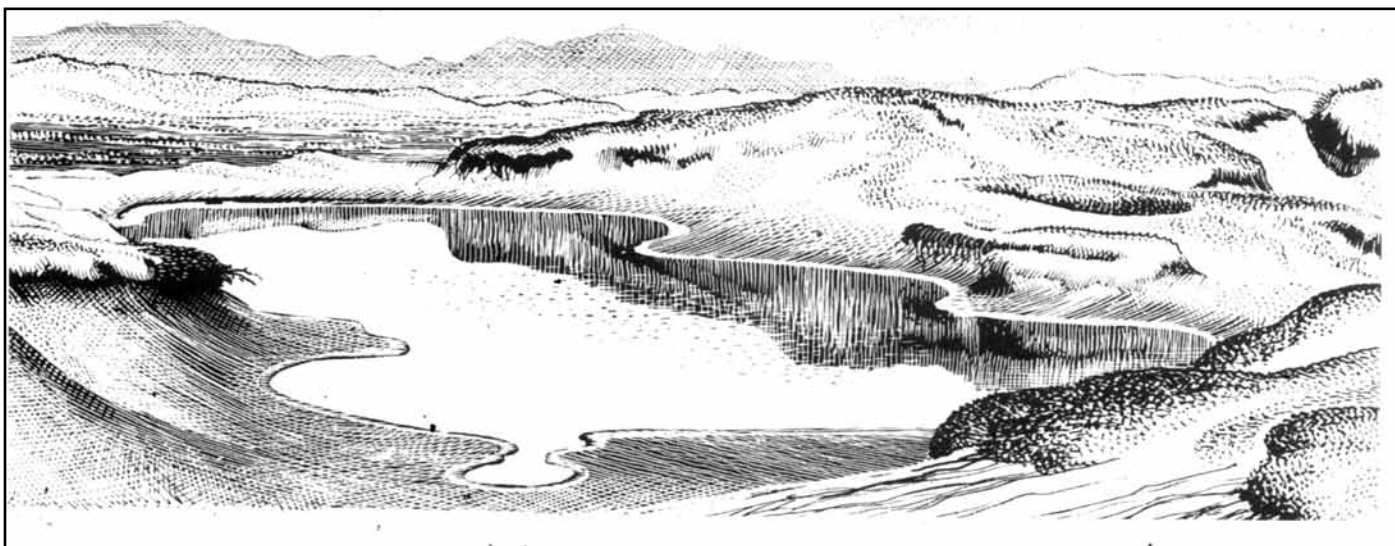
I said enthusiastically, "a boat." Immediately I knew this was a mistake. She asked if she could help and I said sure. She helped me mark lines and points for a while then she lost interest and went down stairs.

Well her mother's senses were back on track and she was in interrogation mood. I could hear from upstairs, "What were you doing Phoebe?"

"I was with Dad," she replied.

"What's he doing?"

"He is upstairs playing with wood," Phoebe spouted enthusiastically. I knew that was it, I was a goner, and a second later my loving wife and daughter were standing by me in the spare bedroom with a pile of wooden boards with pencil markings on them sprawled out across the floor. The question came and before I could reply my daughter said, "he is building a boat!" I started to cringe as the look slowly spread across my wife's face, the look normally reserved for people she thought were crazy, including, of course, her husband. The next words were, "what the heck is wrong with you? You're building a boat in an upstairs bedroom?"



I ran into an old chum at a meeting we have a couple of times a year. During a break we were shooting the bull and getting caught up when he asked me if I wanted to see a picture of a boat his son built. I said I did, as I always like to see homemade boats and it was a welcome diversion. I was expecting good stuff but the boat picture I saw hit me upside my head like a 2"x4" and left me flip flopping on the deck like a landed trout. I thought at first my eyes deceived me but there it was, a fetching handmade from scratch, 10' welded aluminum sport/speed boat of a design I have not seen.

I think it was a righteous piece of craftsmanship for any age, but the fact that it was a unique design from a young lad of just 20 put it over the top. I immediately thought such a promising builder and his boat deserved mention in *MAIB*. So with that mind, I would like to introduce you to Willis Page and his creation from Groton, Vermont. I couldn't wait to get the lowdown from Willis about this project so we touched base and this is what I learned.

"I grew up on Lake Groton in Groton, Vermont, and have always been around boats and have always had an interest in them. When I was younger and it was really busy on the water, I thought it really fun to see all the different boats, PWCs and the occasional airplane go by. It wasn't until I was a senior in high school that I really started taking an interest in actually building boats and did a lot of research on them and their different types. At that time we had to complete a senior exit project. As boats were on my mind, a friend and I elected to take on an old worn out wooden canoe as our project. We sanded it down to bare wood and refinished it with fiberglass. I learned that I really liked working with my hands and I learned I really liked building boats.

"I am now 20 years old and have chosen welding and metal fabrication as my career. I am currently going to school to get an associates degree in welding while I work at ROBCO Steel Fabrications in Wells River Vermont. My boss at ROBCO taught me everything I know about fabricating and then some. He has also been really generous by opening doors to his shop for me during the past two months and letting me work on this project as I please. He has also ordered parts and metal for me left and right so I could get the best deals on materials, which I very much appreciate.

"I've never done a project like this before as we don't do this type of work in the shop. It was all completely new and this boat was my first attempt at making anything out of aluminum other than a square box for a battery or diesel tank. I've learned a huge amount just on this one project alone and am really happy with how its turning out. So far so good, I think.

"Now that the end is in sight, I am battling with the idea of either buffing the aluminum and clear coating it, wrapping it in vinyl or painting it with a metallic paint to look like a bass boat. If I paint it, I'm thinking that a metallic green and black or metallic gray, orange and black would look good. I have not decided yet and I am open to any suggestions. Johnny Mack is trying to talk me into leaving it a gnarley raw aluminum finish like all the really cool guys who own 1957 Alumacraft Flying C's have. I don't know about that as I don't know what a 1957 Alumacraft Flying C is, but the first

Tales of a New Zealand Puddle Jumper

By Johnny Mack

question everyone asks me about my boat is what color I'm going to paint it. I'm thinking I also want to do something on the bow to cut the sun's glare off the aluminum.

"I have also not come to any conclusions for flotation. I was originally going to make the sides of the boat into compartments that I would fill with foam. That's no longer possible due to mechanical design conflicts. So now I am thinking of building an airtight deck so if I do capsize all my hard work doesn't go to the bottom of the lake. Either way, I am going to water test it to make sure all my welds are watertight. If they test out I will lay a bead of epoxy on them to ensure that they stay that way.

"I am also really interested in wooden boats and want to build one but I'm worried wood won't hold up for the way I want to use it. I've always liked the idea of boating on rivers. The problem with that around here is all the places I want to try have patches that can be very shallow and rocky. So I don't think wood is an option for me right now as I am afraid the hull would get shredded if I grounded out.

"I picked this aluminum design after I researched New Zealand tubing boats that are built to traverse just the exact type of water that I want to go in. From what I have learned these boats are practically rock proof, only draw a couple of inches of water and can almost be driven on dry land. I patterned my design for shallow running capabilities but I think it will also be a lot of fun to jump a few wakes around Vermont's lakes and ponds and also see if I can open her up and put a bass boat or two in their place. So that got me really excited in this project and it has been the only thing I have been thinking about for the past four months."

Willis mentioned that his boss at ROBCO Steel was nice enough to mentor him with instruction, the use of equipment and after hours access to his shop. If you ask me that is worthy of an additional mention as it is a first class thing to do and one those us with the boating hobby particularly appreciate.

I also should add that Willis did this on a shoestring budget as he got the ball rolling when he horse traded for a pair of jet skis. He bought them on craigslist by driving a bargain that would have even made my Scottish ancestors blush. He then salvaged the motor out of one of them for this project, bartered the other with his boss who gave him a very favorable and generous materials exchange and reworked the trailer for this boat.

Willis went on to say he designed the boat himself as store bought blue prints pushed \$400. Which, of course, resulted in him having to make up some of it as he went along. I mean who does that with a boat? All of us, of course, which leads me to believe that messing about in boats it is in his blood, which makes Willis's boat infinitely more cool than any store bought unit can ever be.

No amateur work here. This boat is a work of art and it looks like it should be on exhibit at the Miami Boat show. But how would you classify it? To me, Willis's boat

looks like a cross between an aluminum rocket ship and Billy Bob's boat that James Bond took for a joy ride, you know the fastest one in the Bayou. It's a completely new breed of boat not often showcased in *MAIB*. It will no doubt perform to plan and easily navigate shallow rivers, jump prodigious wakes or shoot roostertails around a packed shoreline of ooglers, all with a considerable amount of style. It is a type of craft that I can only call a "Deluxe Buffed Out Jet Packed New Zealand River Bashing Puddle Jumping Young Lady Enticing Micro Water Wolf" or "New Zealand Puddle Jumper" for short.

Oh, come on, am I the only one who thought that? I'm guessing young ladies will find the prospect of a nice boat ride on a serene Vermont lake on a balmy afternoon with a handsome fellow who can make a plan, get it off the drawing board, follow it through from beginning to end, meet a tight budget, has a full time job and is perusing professional credentials as an interesting proposition. It was something I kidded with Willis about as that being his intention for building this boat all along, of which he didn't deny.

So, if you know of any nice young ladies who would like a boat ride with a quality young fellow, and they find themselves near Lake Groton and just happen to have a delicious hand packed picnic lunch and a thermos of icy cold pink lemonade with them, I am sure an arrangement can be made. And if you know of any such young ladies you should contact Willis right away to arrange an accidental crossing of paths as it will save him from having to endure the likes of Dan, Dave, Henry, Mississippi Bob, Connie, John, Bob, Doc, Matthew, Robert and legions of others who I don't mean to overlook and in particular me, especially me, from pestering him half to death for a ride ourselves!

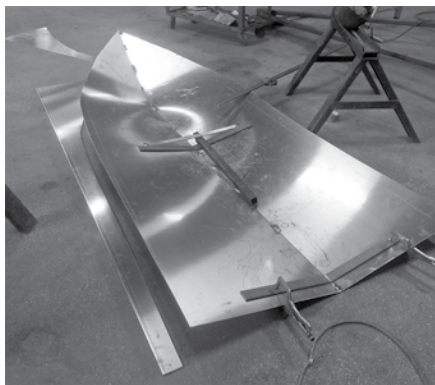
I told you there is no dust on this kid. Isn't it refreshing to see a young lad on the fast track like this? I'm thinking he has a bright future and can't wait to hear about his adventures. Here's to Willis and his boat everybody!



Initial layout.

The very beginning.

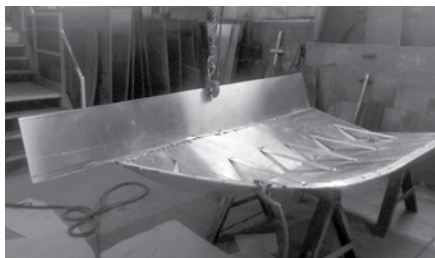




Initial shape.



The bow.



Floor bracing.



Adding the gunwales.

Transom interior.



The bow.



Torch in hand.



Strakes added to bottom.

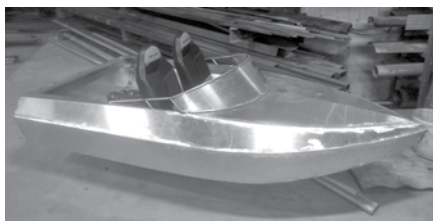


Windscreen.



First launch.

Seats installed.



On the water.



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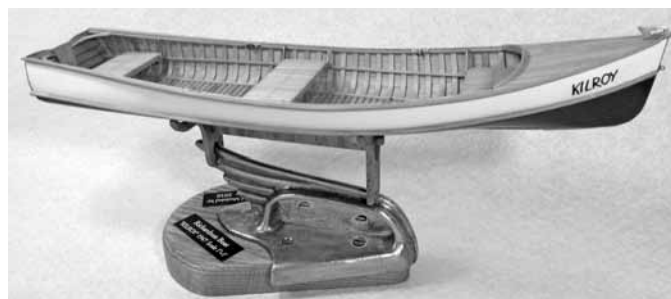
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Dale Wingert's original Richardson 16' fishing boat with construction date of June 2, 1947.



Completed model on mount, an original Richardson bow ornament.

Modeling the Richardson Boat

An Historical Account

By Rob Ecker

The inspiration for this project is to pay homage to my father's generation, the "Greatest Generation," WWII vets and what would have been their dream boat for fishing and recreation on Green Bay, Lakes Winnebago and Michigan and thousands of inland lakes. Kilroy was representative of this era and therefore the name. The most concise history is offered by Dale Wingert of Sheboygan Falls who is recognized as the local Richardson Boat expert. It was one of Dale's boats that I used to measure and scale my drawing.



Transom with handles and plates.

Dale's History

In 1936 Jairus Richardson started J.S. Richardson Co in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin. Jairus loved to race rowing sculls and passed his love of designing and building boats on to his son Bill Sr and grandson Bill Jr. They started racing with outboard motors and boats Bill Sr had designed and built. Richardson race boats were dominant for many years and held many speed records and championship titles. Today only two of the race boats are known to exist, one is displayed in the Manitowoc Maritime Museum, and the other one hangs as artwork in a New York high rise apartment.

Model of the Richardson racing speedboat.



The boats that were first built as support boats for their racing endeavors became so popular orders were taken and Richardson boats were born. Fellow woodworker Ben Hochrein assisted Bill Sr in the 1940s. Complete records exist of who ordered each boat built from 1941-1948. A gifted engineer, Bill Richardson Sr became president of Richardson Brothers Furniture, which became one of Wisconsin's top 100 firms in revenue. Bill sold the boat making forms to Ben Hochrein to concentrate on the furniture business. Starting in 1949, Ben Hochrein built boats under the name "Sheboygan Falls Boat Works." These boats were built the same as the Richardson's but some exteriors were fiberglassed instead of the time honored canvas method. Ben continued to build boats into the late 1960s.

From 1936-1969 about 450 boats were built. I know of only 42 remaining with more slowly surfacing.

Richardson Boat Construction Account

Construction was preceded by a two year search for history and drawings. The actual boats exist but no drawings or sales literature, as they were built on request only. Using Dale Wingert's existing boat with a build date stamped on under the front seat as 6-2-47, also the year I was born, I built a reference cage around the boat. Using this cage, I suspended a template with 4" height increments below the double center line to measure at the 1' station positions to determine the interior profiles. Along with many other notes, dimensions and templates I then created a 1/2" to 1" scale drawing. This was then reduced to the building scale of 1" to 1'. This first stage was more difficult than the building of the model.

A slip apart plug was constructed of pine using station points as reference points.

The tumblehome of the stern is the reason for the removable plug. Once the plug was shaped, grooves were cut to receive the floor board runners and bow structure. A sub-assembly of the short floor boards ladder was constructed on a dummy plug to replicate the curvatures of the boat bottom. The short floor board assembly was then placed on the plug and long ribs were installed and then the siding was done. As with canoe construction, the siding was covered with canvas and filled and painted. I used a utility linen, glued in place, scorched to remove the fuzz, and then built up with rattle can spray primer and final coats.

The removal from the plug went remarkably well, followed by attaching keel, guide strips and sheer rails inside and out. Deck beams were fitted and covered with veneer. Seats and braces were installed and then the jewelry, oar locks, seat, supports and hangers. For the seat parts and transom plates I used styrene plastics. Bow ornament and transom handles are boxwood. Ribs, siding and seats are red gum while the sheer, glide strips and keel are maple.

I used primarily AC glue during construction. The bending of ribs was done by soaking in water and ten seconds in a microwave. Finish on wood is Watco natural oil. This boat is dated on the bow stem for completion as 3-3-16, my oldest son's 47th birthday. The presentation stand is an actual bow ornament from a Richardson Boat with a birds eye maple cradle and oak base.

Original Boat Builder's Notes

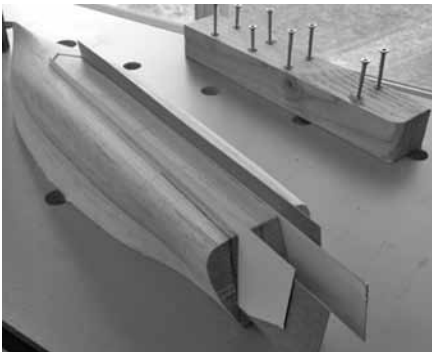
Dale Wingert's original boat's build date was 6-2-1947 as stamped on the bow stem assembly under the front seat. Dale's boat is approximately 3/8" short in height along the entire sheer line as it was found resting bottom up and the ends of most ribs were rotted from ground contact.

The original building materials are bow ornament, seat hangers and legs, transom plates and fish scale are cast aluminum. Stem band is aluminum. Oar locks are cast bronze with tapered shafts. Transom handles are store bought stamped steel. Deck is 1/8" masonite. Seat frames, deck beams, coaming, sheer strips, glide strip, floor runner, seat risers, keel, knees, braces and bow assembly are red oak, 3/16" thick planking, 3/8" ribs, floor slats, seat slats, transom are white cedar with canvas covering painted, not filled, with oil based paint with spar varnish over.

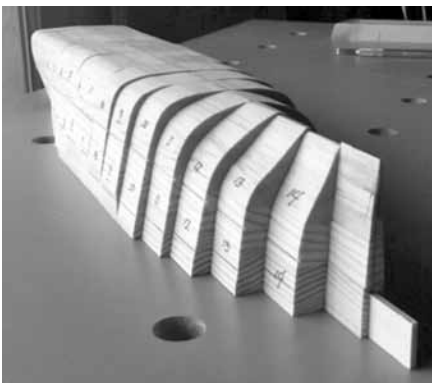
The explanation for the extensive use of red oak (not a water resistant wood) is that the family business, Richardson Brothers Furniture, was the location of the building of these boat as well and red oak was readily available.



Measurement cage set up. Length was divided into station points, 12" apart. Vertical was divided into 4" increments. Note hanging cardboard template with runners at 4" height increments, and feeler stick on the 24" height runner (first below top, on right) used to gauge distance from centerline to inside of siding. Double strings, 6" apart, stretched the length of the boat at the centerline allowed visual alignment of cardboard template with the center line at each station.

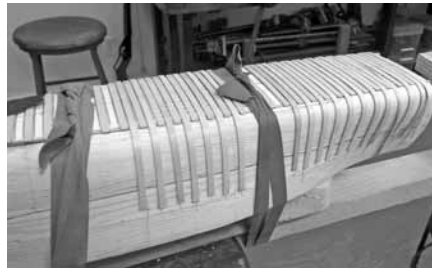


Profiles of each station aligned on a center beam to form the plug.

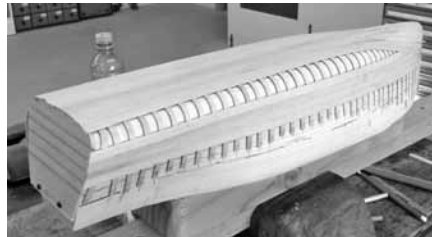


Plug must break down due the tumblehome of the boat's stern to allow removal from plug when complete.

Dummy plug fashioned to match plug bottom on which the short rib ladder is first assembled.



Short rib ladder in place on plug with long ribs being added.



Siding being applied



Linen being glued to plug after siding is faired.

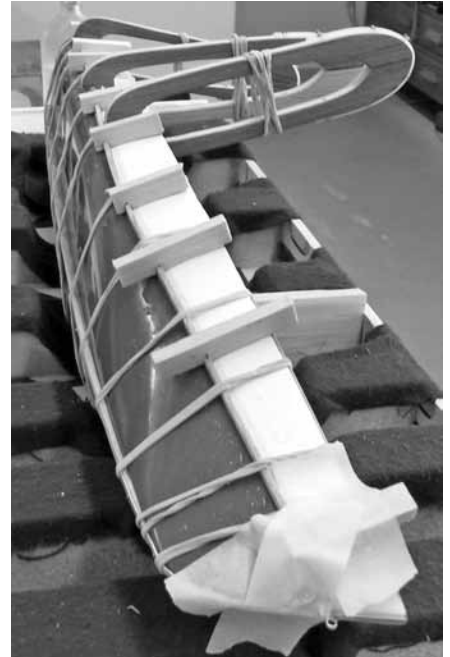


Priming plug after singeing fabric first.

Masking between color coats.



Installing seat risers.



Adding side glide strips.



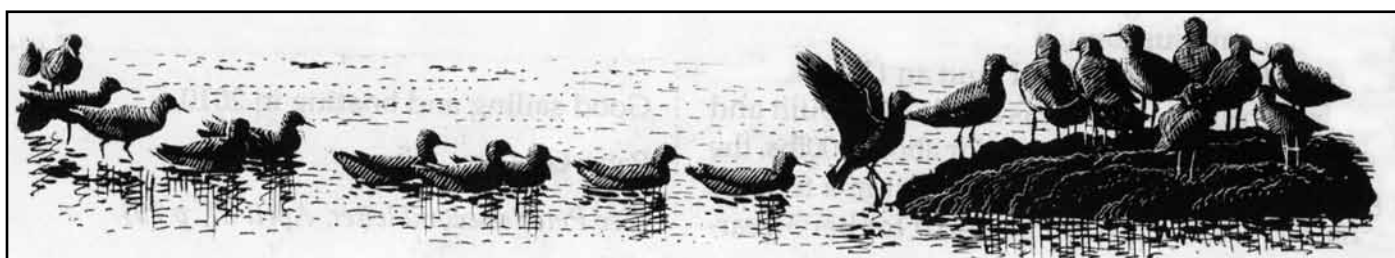
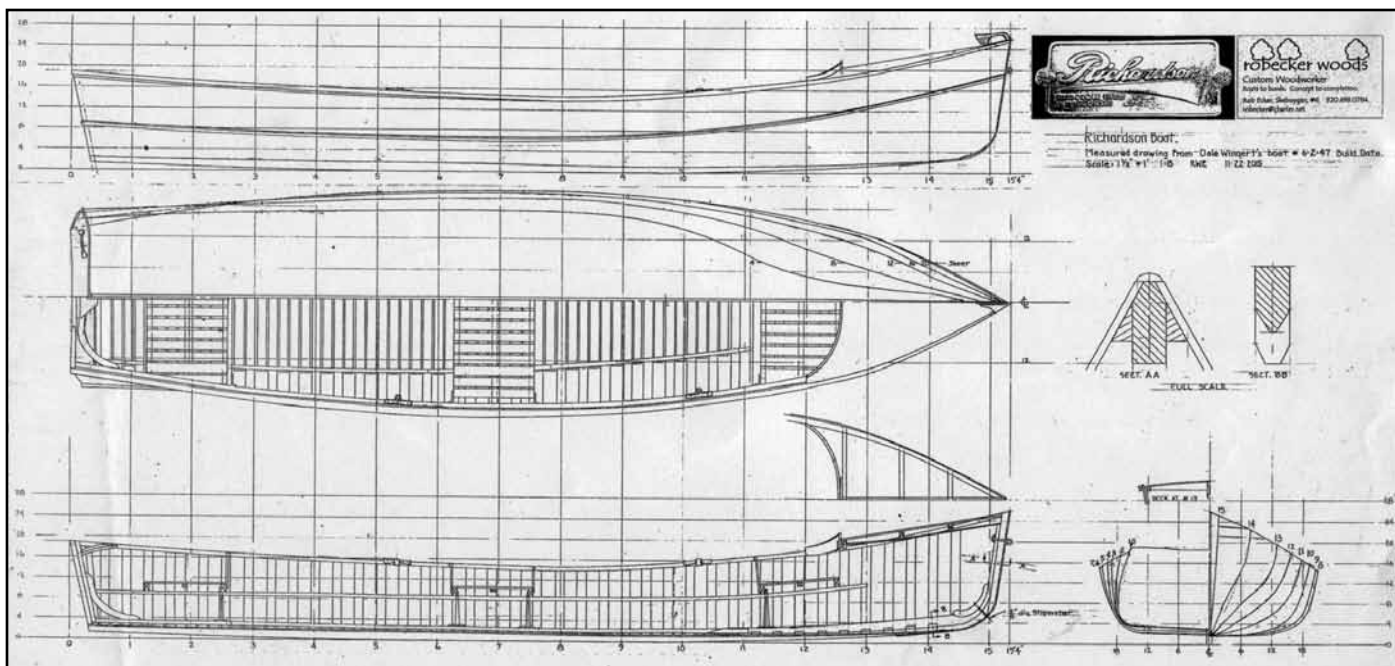
Seat and hangers.

Transom details, seat supports.



Resources

Dale Wingert, Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin
 Interview with Dan Small
 Outdoor Wisconsin Episode #2625
www.mptv.org/localshows/outdoorwisconsin
 Sheboygan County
 Historical Research Center
 Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin
 Fellow Modelers
 Jim Brotz, Steve Wheeler, Paul Wilson
Messing About in Boats, August 2016 – 39



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1921

BEETLE CAT - CELEBRATING 95 YEARS

2016



1924 Duxbury Fleet



2015 Weekapaug

What a busy winter it has been. The mild weather caused a steady inflow of Beetle Cat sailboats coming in for maintenance and repair work in January and February, not something we are accustomed to seeing. In addition, we have sold nine new and used Beetle Cats this winter and can't seem to keep up with parts orders. Some of the frenzy can be attributed to the Beetle Cat Championships being held at Hyannis Yacht Club this year. People are pulling their Beetle Cats out of the barn and getting them back out on the water, or coming by our shop to see what we have available. Mark Conroy has done a great job of getting the fleet fired up and into action there and we expect a big crowd for the Leo this summer!

With over 220 boats in storage this winter, the crew has their work cut out for them. Jonathan and Seth have been busy building new boats and restoring numerous old ones while Marc and our newest employee, Denise, do the annual maintenance painting and varnishing. After the successful launch of his boat *Abi*, Manny Palomo will be back in the shop this spring to lend us a hand. Jer-



Refurbished boat *Fog Dog* next to a new boat being fitted with its hardware.

News from the Beetle Boat Shop

By Michelle Buoniconto

emy King and Thaddeus Yukna are also helping get boats ready for spring launching. Meanwhile, Bill and I are diligently working on getting our new beetlecat.com website launched with new photos, more up to date information and custom wood spars and flagpoles added to our repertoire.

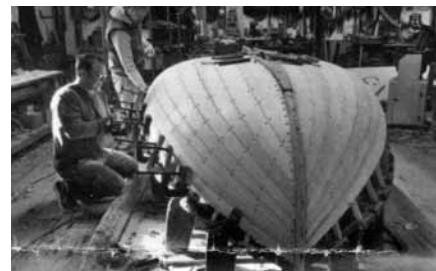
Bill Womack has been on the hunt for an antique wood flat file cabinet for several



Antique wooden filing cabinet will hold all of our Beetle Cat archival materials.

years now and, much to my surprise, when I returned from my winter vacation he had procured a suitable addition to the shop. He spent a week sorting and filing all the old shop drawings and, as with any endeavor of this kind, he found historical treasures he never knew he had. That is also what I am finding as I look back into the Beetle Cat archives for old photos and articles as part of the Beetle Cat's 95th anniversary this year. James Bartlett was nice enough to send us a notebook he believed belonged to Leo Telesmanick containing some of the oldest photos I have seen.

One of those photos, of the Beetle Cat "Bugs" sailing in Duxury Bay in 1924, is shown in the header photo of this report. Another thing that grabbed my attention is that the names of the sailors in these photos and articles are more often than not recognizable, as one generation after another continues to sail the boat. As we celebrate the 95th anniversary of the Beetle Cat this year, we look forward to discovering and sharing more Beetle Cat history and thank everyone for their loyal support!



Jonathan and Seth planking a new Beetle Cat.



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42 – *Messing About in Boats*, August 2016

Jim is making good progress on the Scamp. He's doing a great job following these complicated plans and is having fun doing it. This boat has slots and tabs that fit together. I definitely recommend this boat for anyone who wants to have fun making a small boat from plans, especially if you've built balsa airplanes. It's small enough to be easily handled and complicated enough to be challenging. You will need a calculator to convert millimeters to feet and inches a lot.

42 – *Messing About in Boats*, August 2016

strength by having strands of glass running three different directions and it's not a woven fabric, it's layered and then stitched together. This makes it lay flat, gives a good glass to epoxy ratio and it will make really tight corners without worrying about air gaps.

What you see here is a 100 yard roll of the stuff, 21 gallons of epoxy and a few other things. No, we don't need 100 yards for the current projects but if we buy a whole roll and get it delivered in a freight truck it's a lot cheaper than the normal by the yard price. This pallet full from RAKA cost about \$2,000 including tax and shipping.



We always need pictures of boat dogs and I have two of the best. When they get tired Tuck goes up front to lie on a cushion and Cessna just lays down between the front seats.



I'll show you some more real boat builders, I mean guys who don't use filler to make up for their inability to cut straight lines. Now don't get me wrong, the world needs guys like me who are really good at sanding cabosil or micro balloons to get a smooth finish and I do like paint but just look at this Lyman.



I am not capable of doing this. Jim Kelly spent years getting this old, really old 1954 lapstrake Lyman back in factory fresh condition. It probably started as a giant glob of gunk and ended up looking like this. And if that's not enough, that is also a 1954 something or other motor that he did. The skis are probably that old, also. I love the aft steering cockpit, whoever designed this one knew where the best riding place is.



I've talked about Richard Honan before. He builds everything and wins awards but I think his favorites are a fleet of these little Nutshells for his fleet of grandkids. When the water isn't frozen around Boston he spends a lot of time with these guys. Don't you love the little one in the big cap with paddle in hand? Yes, even the doggie has a life jacket on when required.



Richard's started rowing in an eight man shell so he figures that it's never too soon to get the young ones started. This is called a three man shell with furry coxswain. Helen and I just finished reading *Boys in the Boat* about the 1936 Olympic eight man crew. We still don't know how they get into the things or why they don't swamp.



He's going to kill me but I can't remember the builder of this one. He obviously does fantastic work and this isn't even his specialty. He really makes mahogany Chris Craft style speed boats using wood he came up with that's left over from WW2 PT boats. I'll show you some next time after he gives me some well deserved crap for forgetting his name and one man company.



Not paddle boards again! Simon came by to try one out and agrees that as a boat it leaves a lot to be desired but as a tow behind play toy it's not too bad. Here he is holding the towline but I think I like it being tied to the board itself better. I can just stand there safe and secure and watch the water go by.



Richard is finishing his up his board. Jean Marie likes the things and this gives him an excuse to hang with the guys at the man cave.



The Crystal River boat bums seem to be doing something with this old Acadia make and break engine that we gave them that Larry Page gave us. This is the motor that tried to break both of our hands so we thought one of their guys would know how to tame it, they did. I hope they put it in some age appropriate 1905 boat. It is a marine engine, it has a transmission and everything.



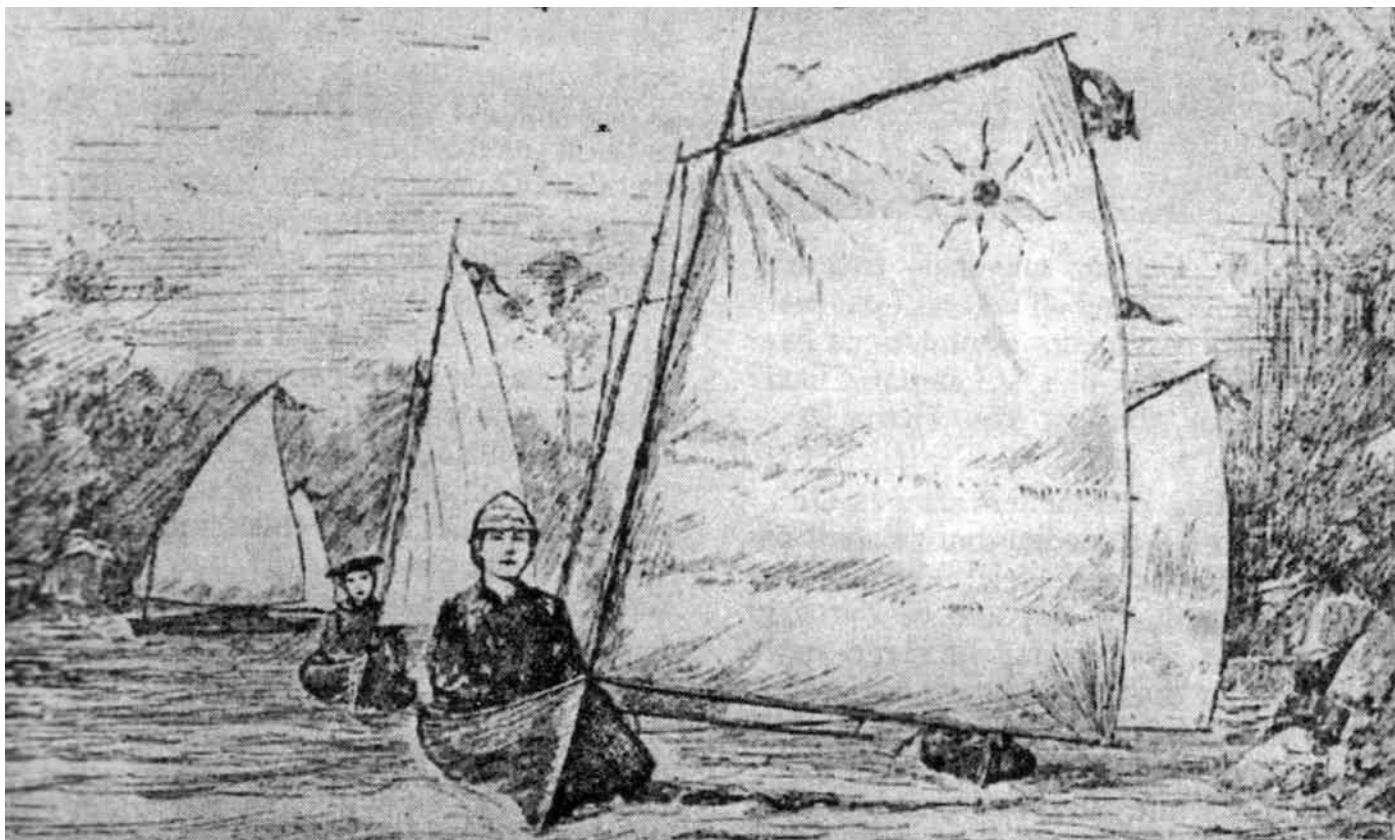
Our paradise from the water. Steve took this on the way in to work one day. Hey don't knock it, if you get up, get dressed and go to the same place every day, stay there till 5 and then come home it's called a job, isn't it? What is actually done for those eight hours or how much you make isn't really relevant. The top is covered with wood lath and I decided that I wanted a worry free living top so I've covered it with Spanish moss that seems to love it up there.



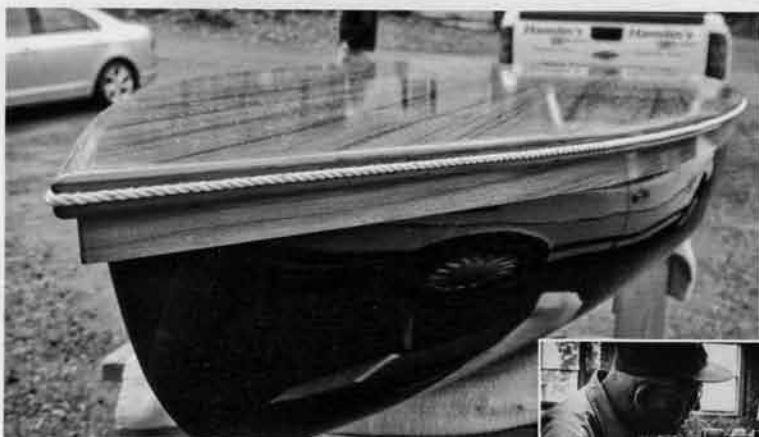
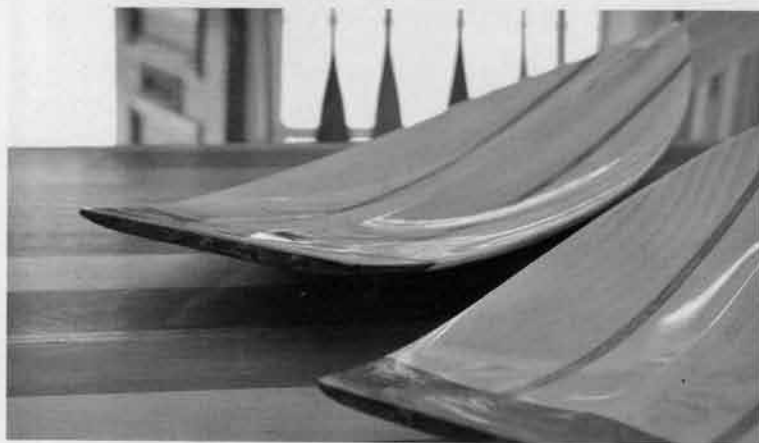
This is an aerial photo of Pelican Island National wildlife preserve over on the east coast near Sebastian, Florida, that I took at the end of a job I worked on over there. It was the first one, established in 1903 to protect the birds from plume hunters. Back when I worked with Lewis Environmental we got the job of stabilizing and preserving this island from further erosion. It had gone from about 15 acres to about four acres over the last hundred years, largely due to the dredging of the nearby Intra Coastal Waterway and the resulting wakes from passing boats. This was an extremely challenging project due to its location with shallow water, sensitive sea grass and bird nesting schedules. We accomplished it with the use of boats, manpower and a big helicopter dropping washed shell to form a natural barrier to hold in the sand. Robin Lewis is a genius at these kinds of jobs. Those are white pelicans you see at the bottom right.



Here they come, Dave...



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MAINE CRAFTED SINCE 1858

You know, it is pitiful how much lore is lost without a second thought. One of the most lost of all lores is the history and design of the little skiffs of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Howard I. Chappelle named and published the lines of a boat for every inlet from Greenland to the Chesapeake but he sort of ran out of steam from there on down and around. I am just as bad. I think I am personally responsible for the loss of the lore of the Wakulla County model bow skiff.

Almost everybody had one down around Wakulla County in the Florida Big Bend back in the first half of the 20th century and no telling how long before that. It was kind of like how everybody had an axe. I could never find out who built the first one or when but they were just about the standard skiff for commercial fishermen for a mighty long time. Wakulla County has, I believe, the most convoluted and hard to navigate shore-

Remembering Robb White

By Tim Weaver

It's now been ten years since Robb White's sudden death at 63 after ten years of sharing his wonderful stories with us. Readers who recall Robb's writings will understand our loss, those who have joined us since 2006 might come to understand this should they choose to read this series of five of what I consider to be his best work, beginning in this issue and running through December.

Robb's widow, Jane, responded to my request that we republish these stories as follows, "It is good to know that so many people with whom Robb exchanged letters still enjoy recalling the many stories he told them. Robb taught us to say, 'Joy of a Spring morning to you.'"

Robb was beautiful writer with a wonderful feel for living in this world. The five tales I have chosen are as follows:

The "Wakulla County Model Bow Skiff" should be in every small boat history and I am proud to have done the drawing for it.

Robb is at his boating best with his "Sea Turtle," can there be a nicer piece written by a boat builder anywhere?

Robb spent a life on the water, a waterman of many dimensions, and his "The Slaves Recipe" is a revelation of the reality of the waterfront that few know.

"Sailfish," well nobody has it easy and I guess Robb had his share.

"The Time We Almost Lost the Chick-enfeed Skiff" relates a beautiful family moment on coastal waters. I love this line two thirds through the tale, "This one (the 19' family sailing skiff) would sail itself just right with, having tied the tiller, all I had to do was push the tiller a little while Jane wordlessly reached up from her warm sailcloth nest and backed the foresail with her foot for each tack. We sailed all night in the clear air with the water sparkling in the moonlight."

Editor Comments: Tim Weaver was one of our earliest contributors, beginning in 1984 his series "Patina's Log" celebrated his long running love affair with his flat bottomed rowing/sailing skiff, which even today, 30 plus years later remains, in his words, "The best boat I ever had."

The Wakulla County Model Bow Skiff

By Robb White

line in the United States. You don't have to take my word for it. Just get on the internet and fetch up with www.terraser.com and call up an aerial photograph and see for yourself.

A good name to enter is "Panacea, Florida." There might be some places down along the Everglades almost as bad, but you can spend a whole day messing around down around Panacea or St Marks and not cover half a mile as the crow flies. Though the water is mostly very shallow and the bottom rocky and covered with oyster bars, there are deep holes sort of like limesinks all over the place and plenty of fish, crabs and oysters and it is still possible for a hard working person to make a scratch by living with nothing but a little skiff.

The coast of Wakulla County is no place for a big deal motorboat. Though it is the closest salt water to the monstrous Tallahassee (where national elections are decided) all the big money Bayliners stay right in the middle of the channel and never have any idea of what the coastline is like. In ten minutes a canoe can get so far from any sign of civilization that (except for jet airplane contrails and the ubiquitous trash from all the damned fools who, despite protestations of all kinds, don't know right from wrong) it is possible to convince yourself that you are the first person to ever see the place since the wild people were eradicated, but you aren't. People rowed, poled, sailed and paddled model bow skiffs around in those creeks and bayous for at least 75 years after the dugouts all got eaten up by the gribbles.

When I was a boy and a young man, I did it, too. My grandfather loved the place and every fall when the crops were in he rented a house at what they call "Wakulla Beach" (find that, if you can) and a skiff came with the house. We poled the skiff all through the creeks and caught crabs and fish and gigged flounders. Though I let the last model bow skiff I knew where was get eaten up before I got up the gumption to go down there and bog around in the mud to photograph it and take off the lines, I remember the boats pretty well. They were all just about as long as what you could build with 16' lumber. They were built hard chined in the southern tradition. With that, I must digress. Most small southern boats are hard chined. Bent frames don't last down here.

There is an old erroneous saying that states that southern oak is not good for building boats. Southerners invented that saying and it got misquoted as it moved north. The saying is actually, "oak is not good for building boats." Not even Maine pasture grown white oak. Live oak is the only exception. Anyway, a model bow skiff was built of heavy, old growth, cypress. Like most southern chine style boats, the sides were very thick and there was no chine log. The planking was just nailed onto the thick edge of the side of the boat.

A lot of southern skiffs were deadrise style both fore and aft, but a model bow skiff was flat bottomed except for the bow which had the steep deadrise of the bigger boats called "Florida Skipjacks" like in the picture

on page 248 in W.C. Fleetwood's book, *Tidecraft*. Unlike the Florida skipjack, the bottoms of the little skiffs were crossplanked and the junction where the steep planking of the bow met the sides changed from having the sides beveled to having the ends of the planking cut at an angle to meet the square edge of the side. That kept the bevel of the side from becoming too acute and hard to caulk.

You could see the little notch in the side of a model bow skiff about two thirds of the way forward where that change occurred. I always thought it was the neatest little trick. The bow planking was put on extra thick and then carved to form a hollow forefoot (model bow) and I thought that was another neat trick. Model bow skiffs were very low sided and the thwarts were just nailed across the gunwales and, in the stern, there was a platform extending about 6' forward from the transom.

You could sleep on that if you got caught short by the tide and had to spend the night in the marsh (not all that unpleasant in the wintertime if you had some good covers) but the other two functions of that stern deck were to strike a gill net from and to walk on to pole the boat, or throw a casting net. A model bow skiff was a deadly implement in a narrow creek full of mullet when poled backwards by one person with another person (there have always been plenty of women in the fishing business around here) standing on the stern with a big cast net.

When outboard motors came along in the '30s, the old boats were modified to accommodate them by kneeling a board to the port side of the bow. The best motors for that purpose were the old style which turned 360°. That way, the boats ran forward and didn't pound in the chop of the bay while heading to the creek and then the engine could just be swiveled around to head in the other direction to throw the net. Crab (both stone and blue) traps were worked by one person who ran the boat up to put the float on the starboard side where she caught it with the hook and trotted aft, hopping the thwart, to pull the trap onto the platform while he kicked the emptied and baited trap from the last haul off into the water. A good hand didn't even cut his motor off while he did this.

After the traps were swapped, an old heavy model bow skiff would run straight to the next trap while the man tended to his crabs and bait. Model bow skiffs were used to tong oysters, too. The low sides made it as easy as possible (which, ain't nothing easy about tonging oysters) and the boat was loaded from the bow back. Sometimes the boat would be so loaded that it would swamp in the shallow water trying to get back to the hill and then the poor man would have to unload the boat, bail and load it back up.

I am going to tell you something. It takes a hell of a man (be he male or female) to tong a skiff full of oysters and pole it home. It takes all kinds of people to make the world go round, don't it? There are people who won't buy a car unless it has electric windows and I know a woman who has never been more than 50 feet from a thermostat in her life.

When I was a young man, I worked on a tugboat whose captain had hard scrabbled, fatherless, through the Depression working a model bow skiff. He did it all, oysters, crabs, fish. Not only did he fish with a net, he commercially fished speckled trout (squeteague)

and redfish (red drum) with a hook and line. In the summertime, he and his mother and little sisters gathered wild rice up in the fresh water runs. He said that they would just pull the grass down in the boat and thresh out the rice with sticks and paddles into the bottom of the boat. It took a whole day to get about a load and then, while he poled the boat home, the women would sack up all that rice. He told me that they wouldn't miss a single grain, raked them out of the cracks with a knife. Then, the next day, they had to shuck it and that was the hardest job of all. Wild rice was too expensive for them to eat so they sold that for a little money to buy seed for the garden and shells for the gun.

Which, I hope the statute of limitations has run out on this sort of thing but those people down there killed a world of ducks in the wintertime and most of them were shot out of model bow skiffs. Almost all of Wakulla County is the "St Marks Wildlife Refuge" which was set up back in the early part of the last century for a good reason. That country was duck and goose country for real. The people worked the skiff for ducks the same way they did for throwing the net, backwards up the creek. "When we came around the bend where the bait was," Captain Junior told me, "We'd kill so many ducks that the feathers banked up on the edge of the marsh grass like snow." The feds had a hard time convincing those hard scrabble folks not to shoot those ducks that were worth a dime apiece at the same restaurants in Tallahassee which had bought the rice.

Not only were the locals sort of naturally recalcitrant, but they were hard to catch back in all that shallow water. You know, an enforcement officer who spent a lot of time doing his paperwork was hard put to outpole a man who tonged a ton and a half of oysters six days a week.

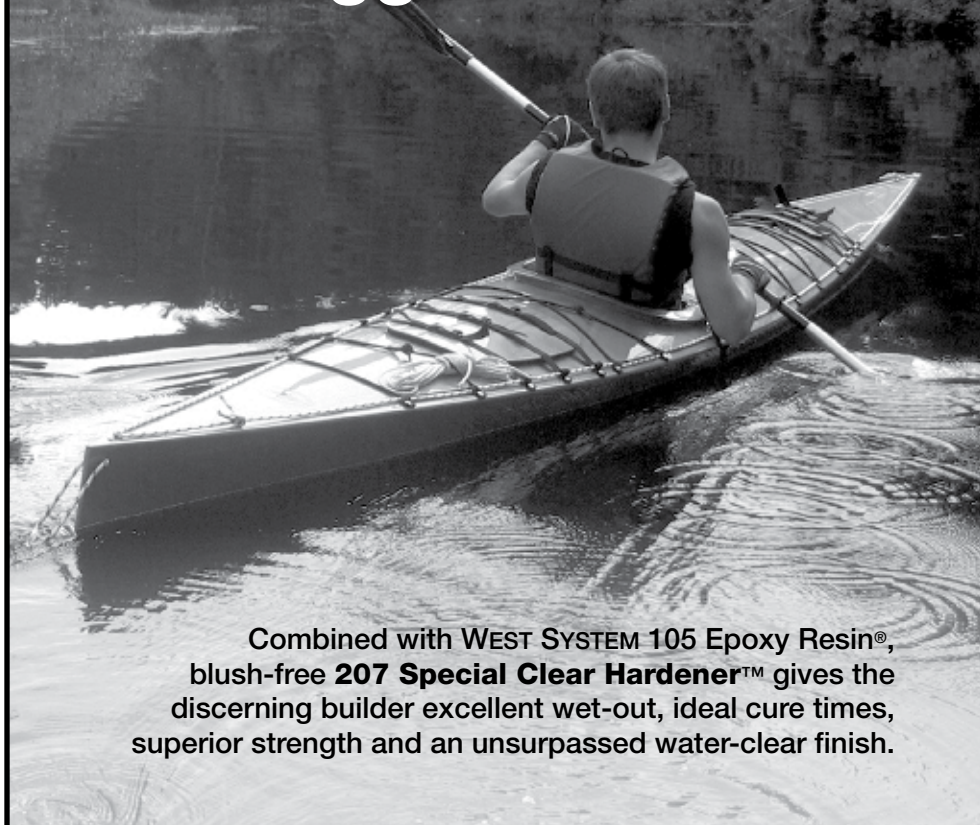
So I always hoped that I would find an old skiff in somebody's backyard. They would never rot out but they were so heavy that people never hauled them and the gribbles ate them from the bottom up. I watched it happen and never raised a sorry hand to

save one. I am embarrassed. If you want to see what one looked like, there is a picture on the wall of the Spring Creek Restaurant down on this coast I have been talking about. I advise you to take your little skiff when you go to take a look. Spring Creek is about as close to as you can get to Primordea in a car. I advise you eat there. Order the fried mullet but don't order ducks and rice, unless you know somebody.

Further reading: *Tidecraft*, William C. Fleetwood, Jr, WGB Marine Press, PO 178, Tybee Island, GA 31328



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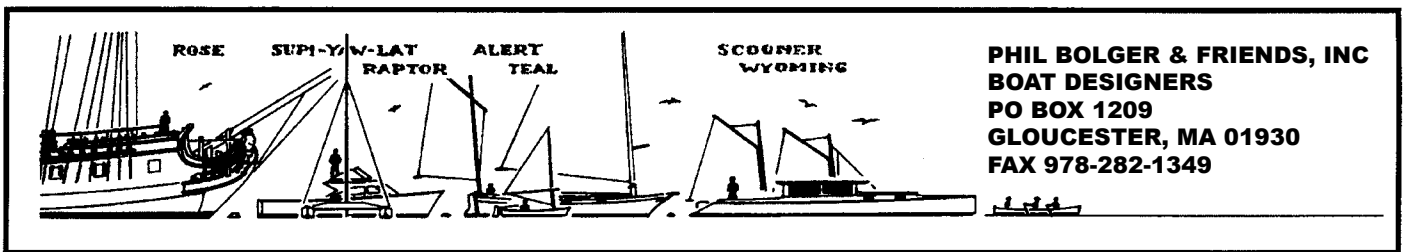
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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #502 in *MAIB* Chebacco 21 Proposal

Design #540 Based
Long Keel Gaff Cat Yawl Cruiser
21'2"x7'5" x 10hp x 2,800lbs x 285sf
VS

Seabird '86

Design #525
Long Keel Cruiser
23'x7'9" x 10hp x 4,150lbs x 282sf

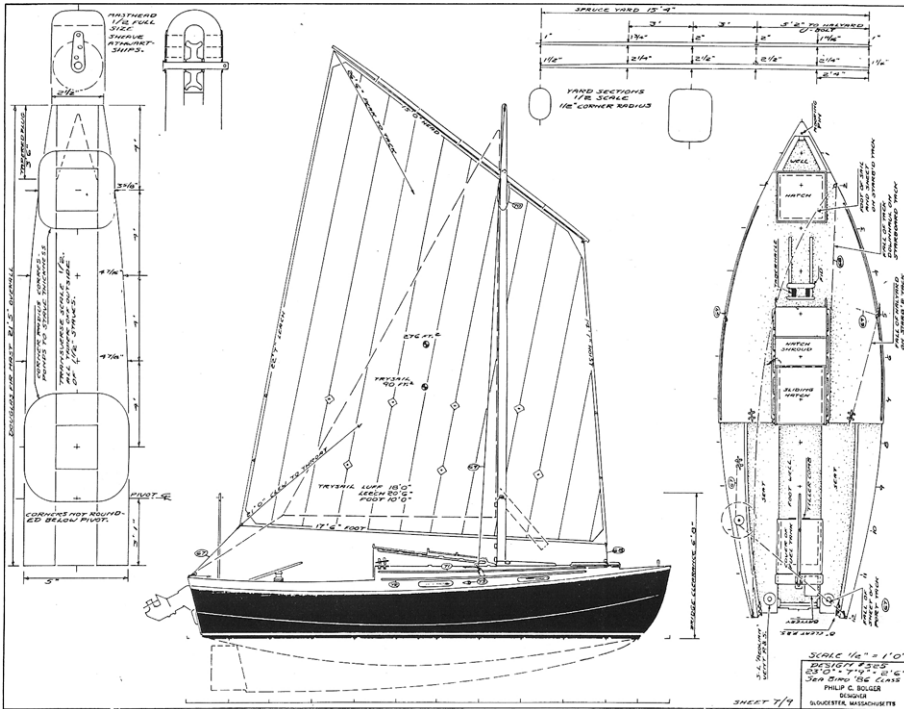
Once you go down this path towards a long keel Chebacco Cruiser layout, sooner or later you'll recall Phil's Seabird '86, a double chine plywood design only some 1'10" longer, a pinch wider, on a few inches deeper draft.

As Phil (and I) discussed in *MAIB* Vol 15, No 9, September 15, 1997, Seabird '86 was a reconsideration of Thomas Fleming Day's original "Seabird" of 1901. Best thing is to read of Day's motivations and Phil's thinking over 90 years later in Chapter 49 of Phil's *Boats With An Open Mind*, published by McGraw Hill in 1994.

To summarize, Day wanted to demonstrate to the yachting public a sensible coastal cruiser based on a plywood correct hull shape, fit to go outside, e.g. Cape Cod. Having seen a range of unfortunate, if not dangerous, boat types emerge based on various rules, his concern was to push back against what he perceived as decadence by promoting a 25'11"x8'x2' x 340sf readily buildable two bunk gaff yawl rigged shallow long keel cruiser with a centerboard to offer sound sea-keeping capabilities on a reasonable budget. He got Charles Mower to design her, got her built as "Seabird" and explored her virtues and limitations, eventually taking her to Bermuda and finally across the Atlantic.

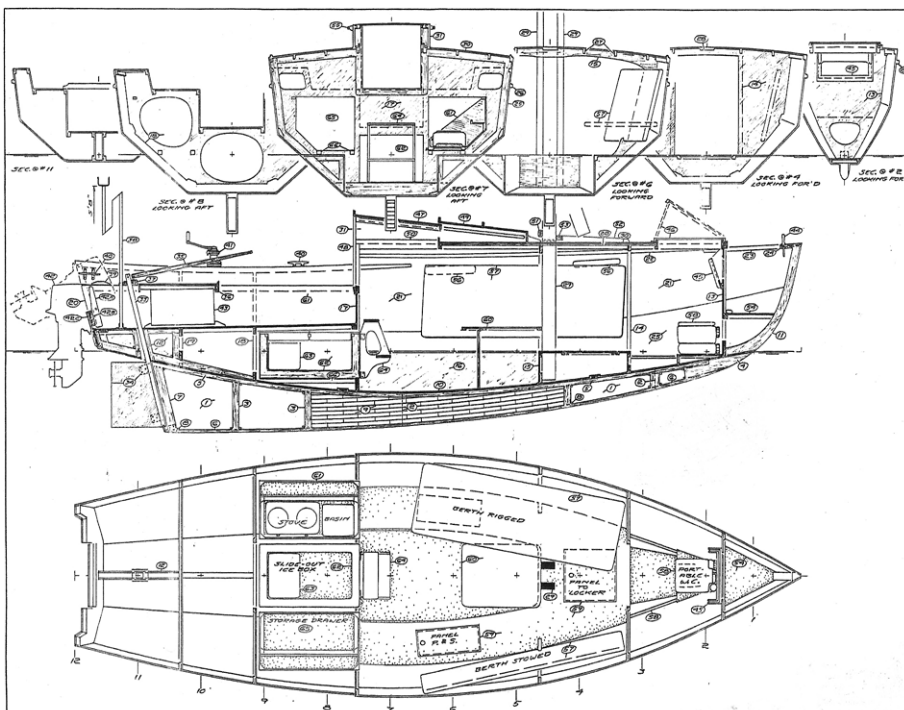
Phil's quite different take on the theme with the Design #525 Seabird '86 preceded #540 Chebacco by less than two years, featuring plywood structure, double chine section, outboard on centerline behind an underslung rudder, fully glassed or not. This Seabird, however, was first offered with his favored dipping lug rig, a geometry he deemed a good combination of simplicity, power, repairability, etc. While Phil was indeed partial to that rig, once we began to work together I proposed to enhance the design's appeal with this gaff sloop rig option, eventually followed with that hard dodger over the forward end of her cockpit. For more, again look at either the 1997 *MAIB* issue or that book chapter.

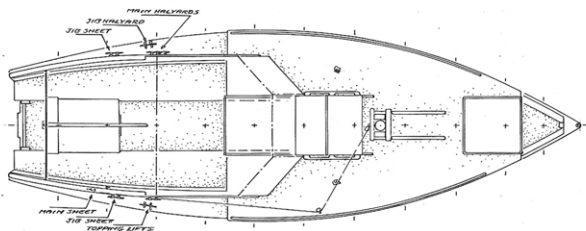
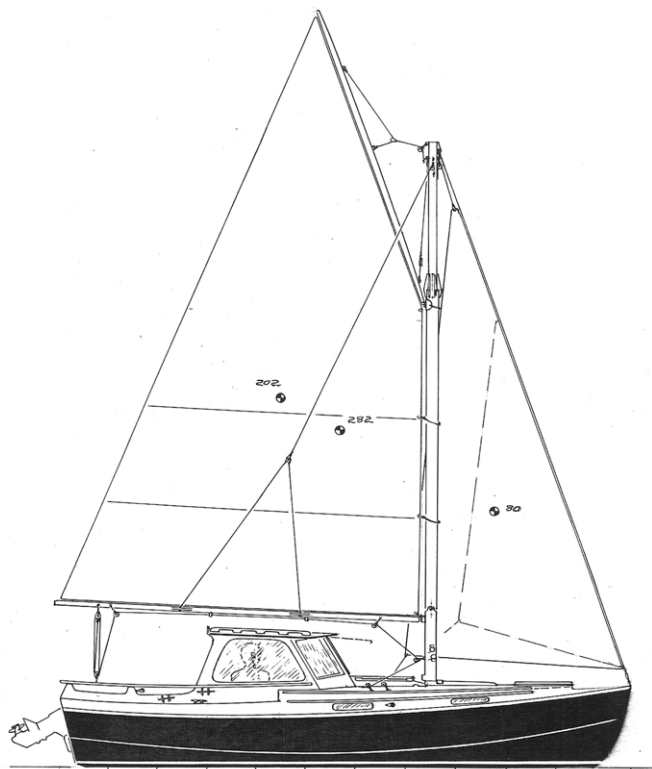
Many more Chebaccos have been built than of Seabird '86, with Phil's first experience of her geometries actually on an aluminum hull. Fortunately there is one Seabird '86 under plywood construction in Chile for



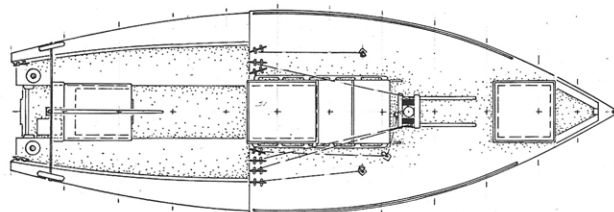
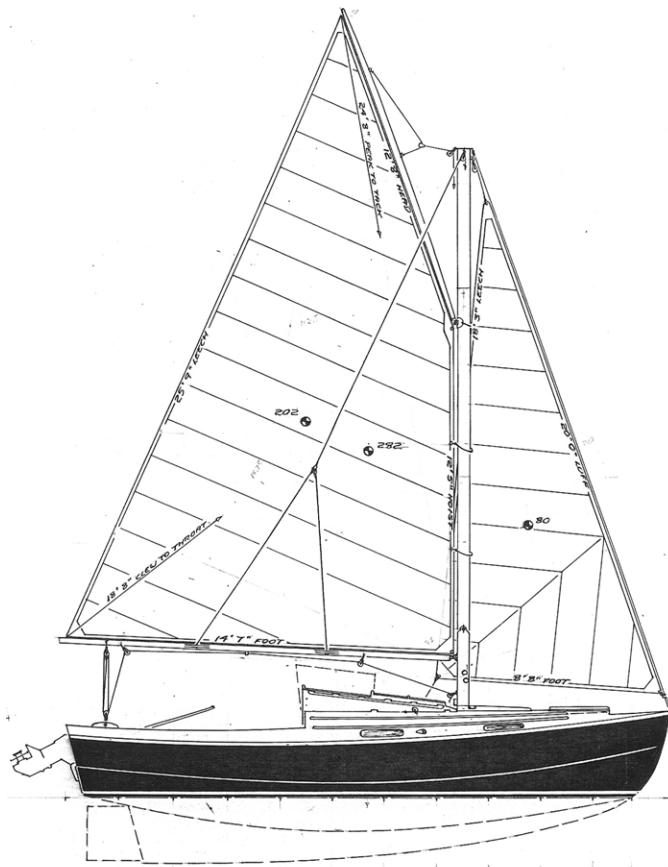
Seabird '86 Dipping Lug Sail Plan

Seabird '86 General Arrangement





Seabird '86 Gaff Sloop Doghouse Sail Plan



Seabird '86 Gaff Sloop Sail Plan

coastal cruising along the seemingly endless coastline of that narrow country and fast road rides down to that very tempting looking archipelago that appears to take up some 40% of that country's size, all the way towards Antarctic waters, Tierra del Fuego, penguins and nasty weather. The owner/builder, however, planned on the nicer water just south of Puerto Montt. Phil would be delighted that this hull is built with the dipping lug as the first choice.

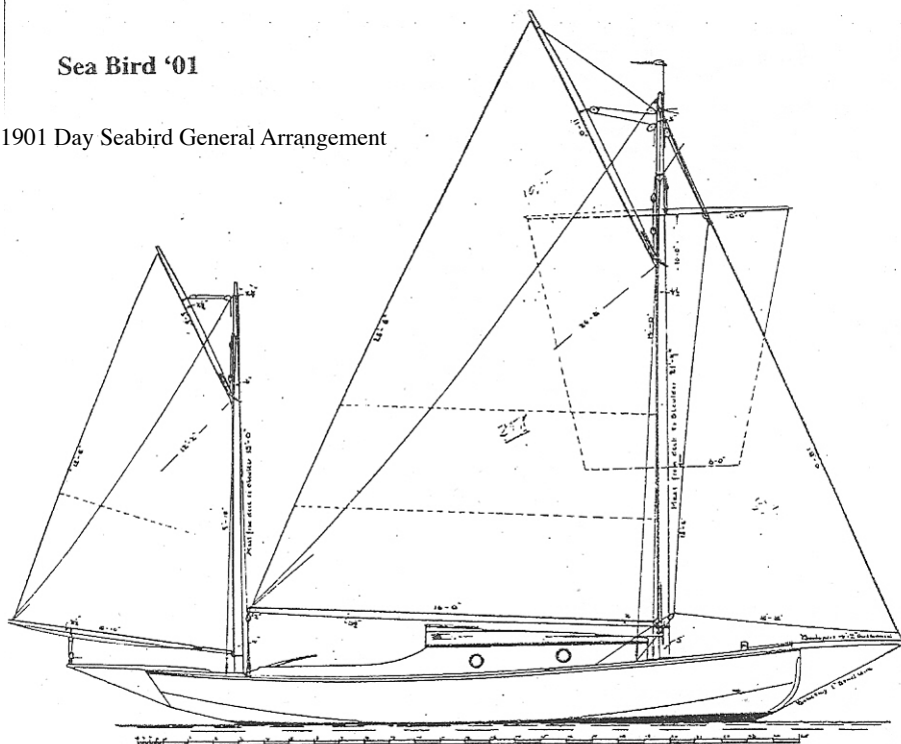
This Chebacco 21 version features a full transplant of the Blueberry's gaff cutter rig of 285sf, touched on in the last column. With that arrangement, the slightly smaller Chebacco 21 has a barely measurable area advantage of between 3sf and 7sf over the gaff sloop or the dipping lug. Shorter than Seabird, she is also substantially lighter, even if the guesstimate of this Chebacco version should be 500lbs too light. Cruising loads, of course, will again change things from one owner to the next, one cruise to the other.

Seabird's interior is looser with those ingenious slide forward galley modules under her cockpit. How far one could go maximizing Seabird's interior to the level of Chebacco 21's relative density depends upon one's needs and carpentry ambitions.

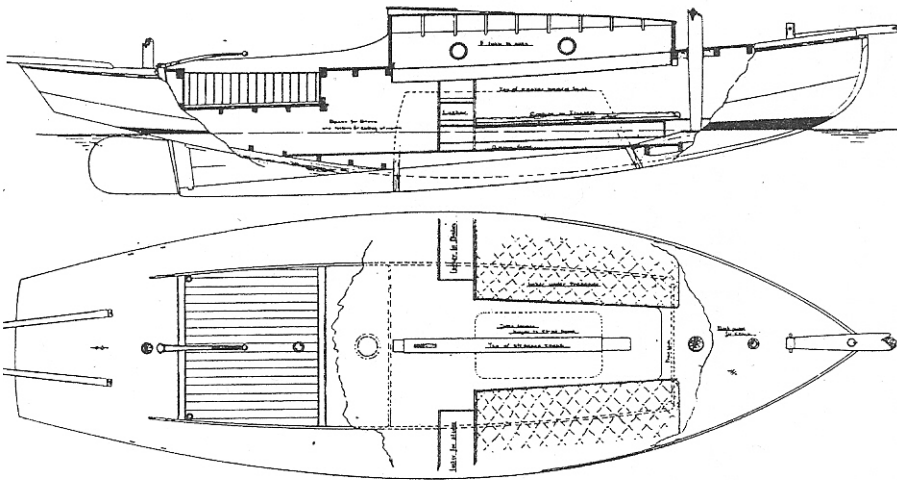
How much leaner Seabird's lines really are would bear some closer scrutiny, but probably are too close to Chebacco 21 to

Sea Bird '01

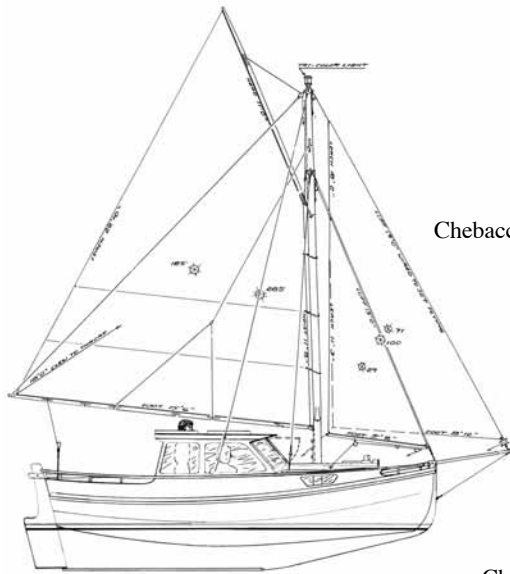
1901 Day Seabird General Arrangement



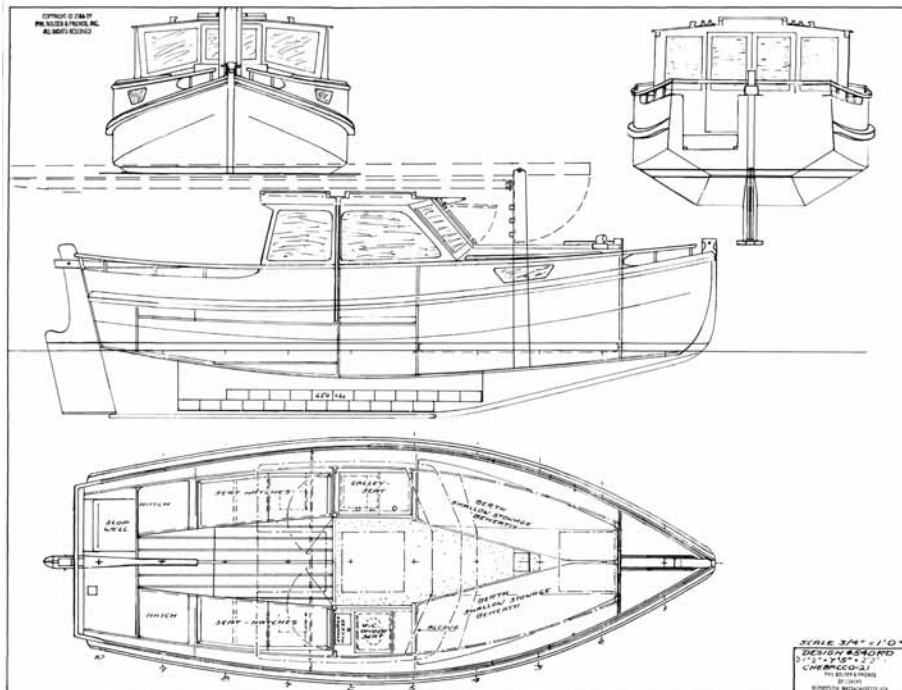
Sea Bird '01



1901 Seabird General Arrangement



Chebacco 21 Cruiser Study Gaff Sloop Sail Plan



Chebacco 21 Cruiser Study Gaff Sloop General Arrangement

matter much. Seabird's 4" more draft can matter in some waters, always load dependent. And yet, between launching ramp ease or exploring shallow waters, this may really be too close to be seriously serious about.

As proposed in the last discussion, a side by side sail could offer insights, though not necessarily conclusive ones. It would take an unorthodox set of justifications, or just an urgent bucket list, to consider that coastal cruise (of a lifetime!) down to Chile. Starting on the US West Coast at least, navigating by keeping the coast to the left would not be an imprudent principle.

Of course, perhaps there is a Seabird '86 in the continental US unbeknownst to this office that would offer the option to bring her together with a Chebacco 21 and Blueberry. After all, the three will ride the Interstate system quite well. Perhaps a winter meet in northwest Florida might be a fine motivation. Before that vision, however, at least the plans for Chebacco- 21 would have to be finished, assuming there is any interest in her.

Phil listed the price for plans of #525 Seabird (including the upgrades) at US \$300 to build one boat.

Thomas Fleming Day (1861-August 19, 1927)

Thomas Fleming Day was a sailboat designer and sailboat racer. He was the founding editor of *Rudder*, a monthly magazine about boats. He was the first to win the annual New York to Bermuda race. The T.F. Day Trophy is named for him.

He was born in Somerset, England, in March 1861, emigrated with his parents to the United States when he was a young boy and was brought up on Long Island Sound. In 1890 he founded *Rudder*, "a monthly journal devoted to aquatic sport and trade," which he edited until April 1916.

In 1911 he and Frederick B. Thurber and Theodore R. Goodwin sailed the Atlantic Ocean in his Seabird. In 1918 he designed the Islander that Harry Pidgeon built and sailed to become the second person to sail around the world.

He died on August 19, 1927 in Harlem, New York.



Frederick B. Thurber, Theodore R. Goodwin, and Thomas Fleming Day in 1912.

Several years ago, one of the members of the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club started to build a boat on the mezzanine of his home at Shell Point. He had designed and built a number of boats over the years in various places, so this was nothing new. When he had finished the hull, he called for help to turn the hull over so he could work on the inside and decking. A number of us showed up on the appointed day to roll the boat over. Of interest was that the beam of the boat was about 2" less than the available vertical space. Using rugs for sliders and broom handles as rollers we were able to turn the boat over. He went back to work on the boat.

This May the hull and decking were completed and the boat was ready for removal from the mezzanine to the trailer on the ground about 12' below. A call for help went out and a large number of friends, neighbors and ABYC members showed up to move the boat using four chain hoists, slings and a good deal of ingenuity. The moving of the boat off the mezzanine and down to the ground was accomplished with no damage to the boat or those involved. He will now install the inboard engine and finish up the boat. The joke of the moment is the person who drove by a few weeks before the move and asked, "How did you get that boat up there?" While grinning at the question, the owner/builder is reported to have replied, "One piece at a time."

If you have a really good seal on your icebox (cooler, etc) you might find it difficult to open from time to time. High school physics (or maybe it was chemistry) had a bit about hot air expanding and cold air contracting. When you load up your refrig unit and everything gets cold, the air therein contracts and forms a bit of a vacuum compared to the outside air pressure, if the seal is tight. It does not take much contraction for the standard 14.7 pounds per square inch (at sea level) to create a very tight fit and a possible problem with opening it later. If you find this to be a problem with opening your icebox, you might want to install a valve to be opened to allow the pressure to equalize (or install a bigger handle so you have better leverage to open the door).

The push is on for the use of an electronic chart display and information system



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

(ECDIS), which is a computer based navigation information system that complies with International Maritime Organization (IMO) regulations and can be used as an alternative to paper nautical charts. You can download the sections of a chart that have been updated and mesh the new material into the existing electronic charts in your chart reader. Of course, if the electronics go out you are left with no other navigational aids than your eyes and the magnetic compass and, if you kept a running deck log, some idea of where you are on the water.

Oh yes, one of my neighbors at Shell Point carries a smartphone backup for his onboard electronics. As long as the battery for the smartphone stays charged, he has local area charts connected to the built in GPS. He also has paper charts stored in one of the lockers.

If you are thinking about upgrading your boat's outboard and installing a larger horsepower engine, you might want to consider the strength of the boat's transom. There are two aspects to this "strength" question. The first is the ability of the transom to support the physical weight of the outboard and the vertical load it will place on the transom, both in the water and/or on the trailer. The second is the horizontal load the running motor will place on the transom as it pushes the boat forward through (over?) the water. Most people are aware of the vertical load consideration, but most people ignore the horizontal load until the transom starts to "bend" a bit over time. Most powerboats are designed (and built) to accommodate up to a certain horsepower outboard. If you go beyond the design calculation for the horsepower, you may find problems with the transom (or its connections to the hull) after a while.

All of the above came to mind when I was considering adding a small Seagull outboard to the skiff I had built for use around Shell Point. It was lightly constructed out of 1/4" plywood and 1"x2" fir. The idea had been to row or pole the boat about through shallow water. To add the Seagull I would have needed to brace the transom by increasing its thickness to at least 3/4", which would have required additional braces at the top and bottom of the transom where it joined with the rest of the hull. I also might have needed to strengthen the bow area to accommodate the increased pressure caused by the hull moving more swiftly through the water. The outboard was not mounted and the skiff, as built, was sold at an auction to raise money for the American Cancer Society (an annual event at Shell Point). The Seagull is still in storage.

With summer upon us in the northern Gulf of Mexico, sailboat racing is over until the more steady winds in the fall. For the next month or so it is light air or heavy squall lines. Sailboat racing is more than trimming the sails and adjusting the trim of the boat as the wind changes. There is the set of the tidal current and all those competitors. A lot of our racing was in one design sailboats (Fireball) and we knew our position in the fleet by where we were relative to the rest of the competitors.

Handicap racing is another story. We can finish first and be at some other ranking when the results are calculated. There is a formula for time on time and another formula for time on distance. Before the days of pocket calculators, one used a slide rule (it is water resistant, among other things) and a stopwatch. When a competitor ahead of us rounded a mark in the course, we started the stopwatch. When we rounded the mark, we stopped the watch and wrote down the time. Then, using the proper formula and our slide rule, we calculated whether our competitor was ahead or behind us in terms of corrected time. We might be a few seconds off in our calculations, but we had a good idea of how well we were doing. If we had two stop watches (or were fast with the buttons) we could also take the time difference of the boat behind us as it rounded the mark and calculate that relative position also. No time for a relaxing sail to the next mark, there were always things to do while sailboat racing.



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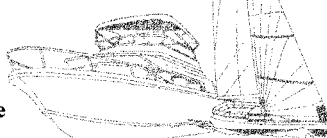


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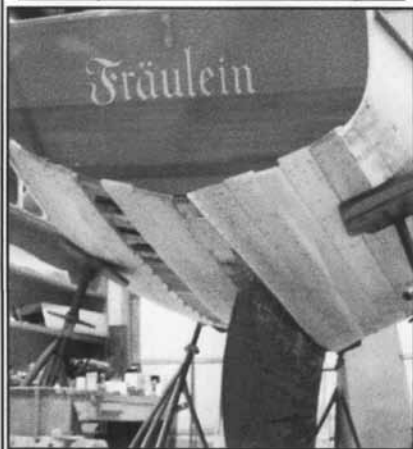
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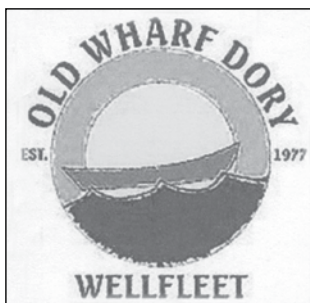
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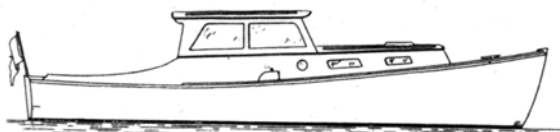


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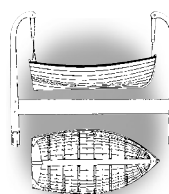
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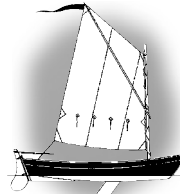
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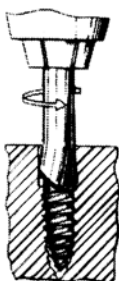
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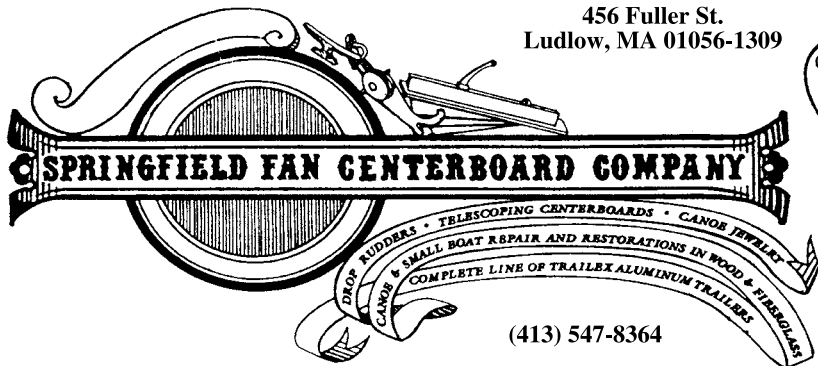
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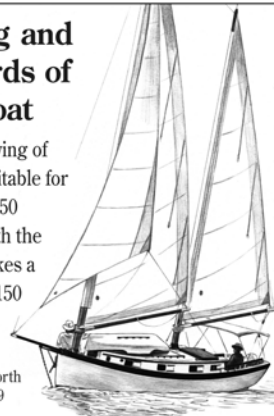
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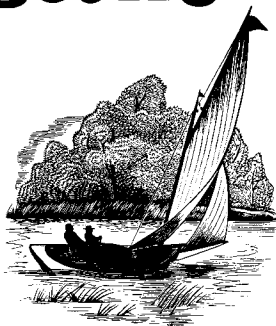
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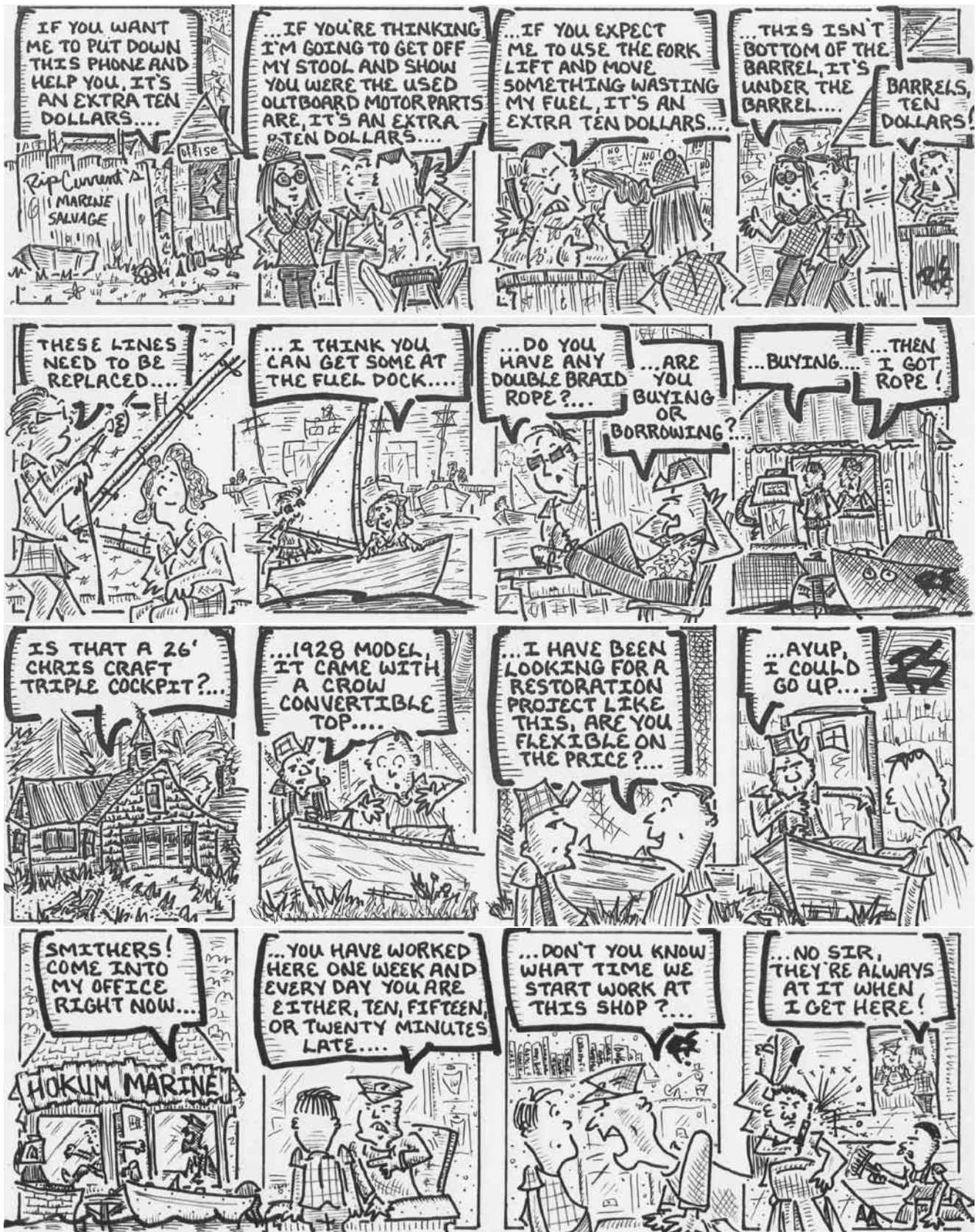
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