

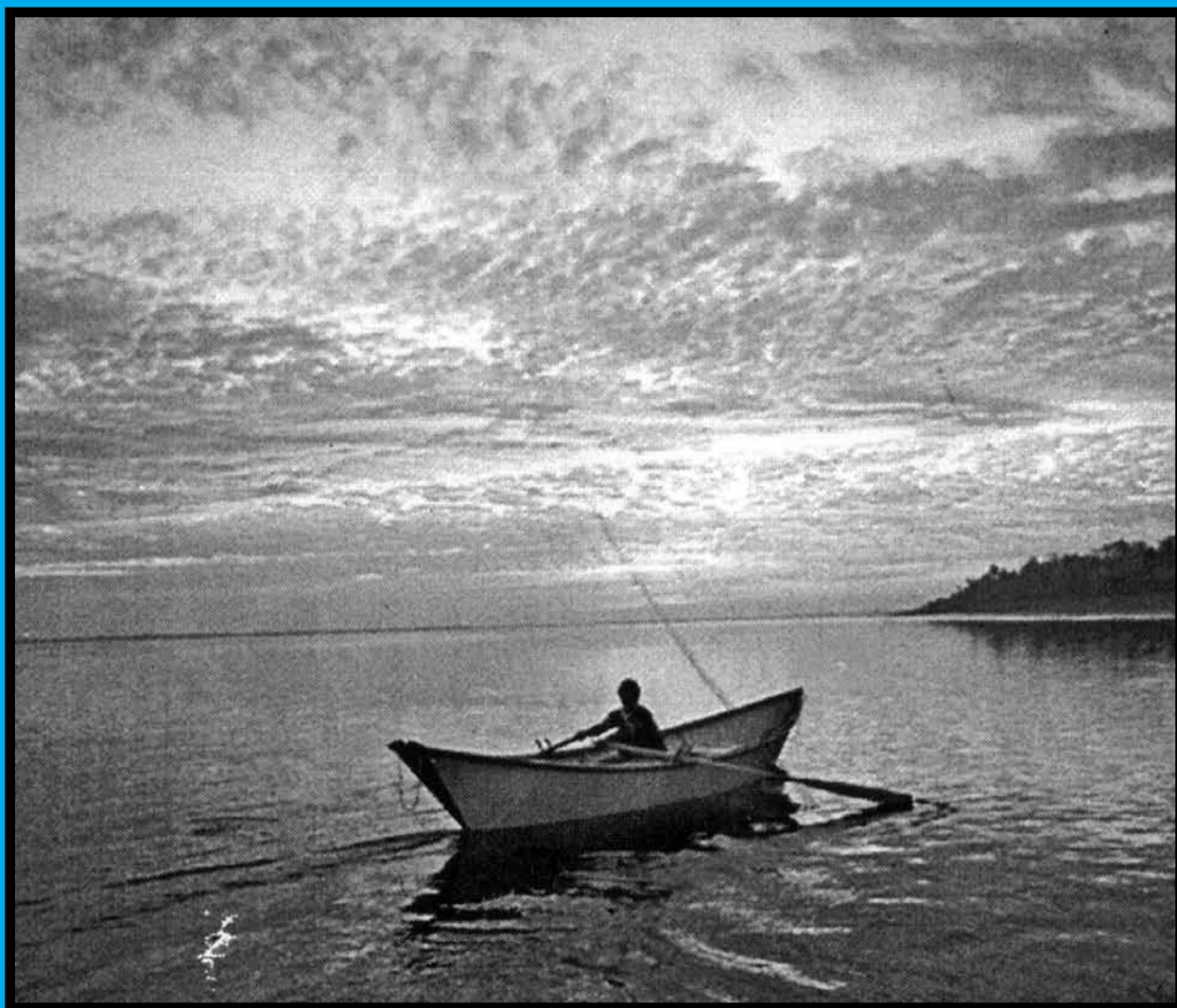


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 6

October 2016

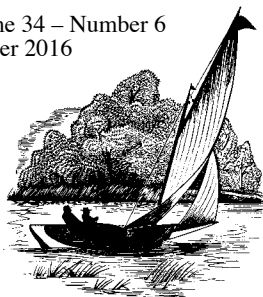
Special Features This Issue
Canoeing Stillwater Canyon – Dealing With a Phobia
After Almost 30 Years – Tim & Becky's River/Canal Boat
My Two Chine Four Knot Cat Yawl – Scat II
A Shetland Fourern or Osolver Boat
A Different Approach to Kayaking



messing about in BOATS

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Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks

Magazine production: Roberta Freeman

For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at

maib.office@gmail.com



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Barry Donahue's tale on page 16 about saying goodbye to his family Whitehall that had served them so faithfully over the past 30 years is evocative of how strongly attached many become to their small boats. This emotional attachment isn't unique to small boats, of course, but small boats are what we talk about on these pages.

It isn't the first such melancholy tale we've published nor will it likely be the last. This is a particularly strongly held attachment for those who have raised their children sharing small boating experiences together, as Barry had and, perhaps only slightly less strongly held by those who inherited the family boat from parents with its cargo of their own childhood memories.

Like family pets these boats become family members and as the years pass acquire an ever growing cargo of memories. Their presence in the lives of those so fortunate and, perhaps wise, as to keep them and not "trade up" to something bigger and faster perhaps, provide an ongoing reminder of what has transpired in bygone times every time they venture forth and become an active part of the latest addition to the family or builder's memory bank.

A home, if lived in long enough and not cast off in favor of something newer (and usually bigger, like a boat), acquires a huge "cargo" of memories but it does not take one on adventures as does a boat. The other possessions we acquire that do take part in our adventuring do not seem to acquire this memory bank and most commonly are replaced fairly often and disappear from our lives eventually.

When the time does come, as it did to Barry, that one has to give up the family treasure, it is sometimes offered to "a good home." There is more emphasis on the attitude of the potential buyer about what the boat will mean to him than in the money to be gained. The hope is that the boat will continue to be regarded by the new owner as it was by the seller and lovingly cared for and enjoyed. It is a sad day indeed for the original owner if he happens to see the boat later on neglected and becoming a candidate for the landfill after he has relinquished it.

We are fortunate in our small boat community to have a small but visionary

group who eagerly scout the classified ads and back rows of boatyards looking for neglected (and cheap) old boats to restore. While the purchase price is in the forefront here, the vision is usually of the boat once again out in the water prepared to go forward into a second life providing the potential of the same rewards to a new owner or owners. So there is some potential future for treasured boats that have to go when lives change and they can no longer be enjoyed nor properly cared for.

I got caught up in this "save that boat" mindset in the mid '80s and over several years a number of smallish boats came home to roost here for a time down behind the barn. I actually did recondition (restoration is beyond my skills and attention span) a couple of smaller ones, a Townie sloop and an Old Town lake rowboat (a Rangeley hull built canoe style) to name two. Both were rescued after having been abandoned by earlier owners not, obviously, suffering emotional distress for so doing. Reconditioning of a couple of others never did get started, they being small only in the salvage prices I paid. The amount of labor that became evident to me would be required after purchase was far beyond my available time so I, in turn, passed them on to other dreamers.

When that phase of my messing about in boats had faded by the mid '90s, three rather sad relics remained. The decision was taken to assemble them into a pile down behind the barn with the aid of a borrowed backhoe and then have a "Viking Funeral." A suitable permit was acquired to burn some "brush" and friends and family arrived on the appointed day to enjoy a pretty sizeable conflagration. It was indeed a very large "campfire" to sit around (at some distance at its height). I had no emotional attachment to them nor were their former owners even aware of their fate. I felt no guilt as I had made no promise to treasure them and rather enjoyed their spectacular demise.

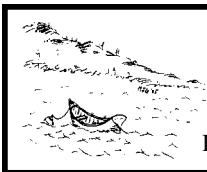
Perhaps I missed out on something but I never did "fall in love" with a boat as I was in my late 40s when I first got interested in them, with family long grown up. Nor did my Dad's boats (two Century inboards) capture my affections. No fond memories ever accrued, sad to say.

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On the Cover...

In a recollection of a summer long gone, Barry Donahue captures the essence of a summer morning 20 years ago on Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay as fellow member Pete Corbett of the Cape Cod Vikings Ocean Rowing Club heads out in his Banks Dory. In this issue Barry also reminisces back over some 30 years as he tells us of how he has had to finally bid farewell to his faithful family Whitehall, *Mary B II*, on page 16.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman, Constantwaterman.com

I recollect the day I purchased *MoonWind*. Our marina has an area of the hard across the road from where boats are stored for the winter designated the graveyard. Here reside those boats that haven't been launched for a couple of years or more. Some are in arrears on storage fees, some seemingly abandoned. Owners die, or move away, or lose interest in shoving the seas apart and drenching their souls in sunshine.

Generally, when the number of boats in the graveyard approaches a score, the marina resolves their problem of limited space by holding an auction. About every other year, they post notices, listing those boats about to be sold off. The auction generally takes place late in September or maybe early October.

In 2003, I decided my little Cape Dory Typhoon was too small for Paula and me. I listed her on the Internet and looked for a larger vessel. I couldn't afford very much. It seemed most prudent to choose an old boat from the graveyard and make an offer. Trouble was, none of the boats coming up for auction was really what I wanted. I wanted something large enough to go coasting with some comfort, but small enough to maintain and repair myself.

The closest I found was a twenty-six foot, twin keel sloop, the type they build and sail in the British Isles, especially Scotland, where the tides are fifteen to twenty feet and the boats can rest on the bottom when the avid tide runs out. A friend of mine warned me against this type of craft.

"They're stiff enough to be seaworthy," he told me, "but they don't maneuver well. And you shouldn't buy something with an outboard well, you're only asking for trouble. You can't tip the motor out of the water and, when it gets rough, water comes sloshing up into the well and interferes with your steering. You'll yaw from Fishers Island Sound all the way to Nantucket."

I've never been very good at taking advice. Too obstinate, or maybe just not too bright. The auction found me admiring this

twin-keeled beauty and hoping that no one else would want to bid for her.

The bidding finally started on my sloop. "Who'll give me two thousand dollars?" the auctioneer yelled. The marina was so quiet I could hear a seagull sing. "How about fifteen hundred?" No one responded. "A thousand?" he asked, looking straight at me. I gave him a grin.

"How about five hundred?" I said.

"Make that six," he replied.

"Seven," came a voice from behind me. I turned around. A boy, he couldn't have been more than twenty-five, stood there with eyes alight. He wanted this boat.

"Eight," I responded.

"Nine!" Over and back we went, urged on by the auctioneer. I felt someone jostle my elbow. "Make that fourteen!" I bawled.

"You don't want that boat," my friend confided.

"Sixteen hundred!" I shouted.

"She's not the right boat for you."

"Eighteen hundred!" I yelled.

"I've found the boat you're looking for," he said.

"Two thousand dollars!" I hollered.

"She's right out here on a mooring," he said. "You can take her for a sail."

"Going once for twenty-one hundred dollars!" the auctioneer cried.

"She's a lovely boat. A Sparkman and Stephens design."

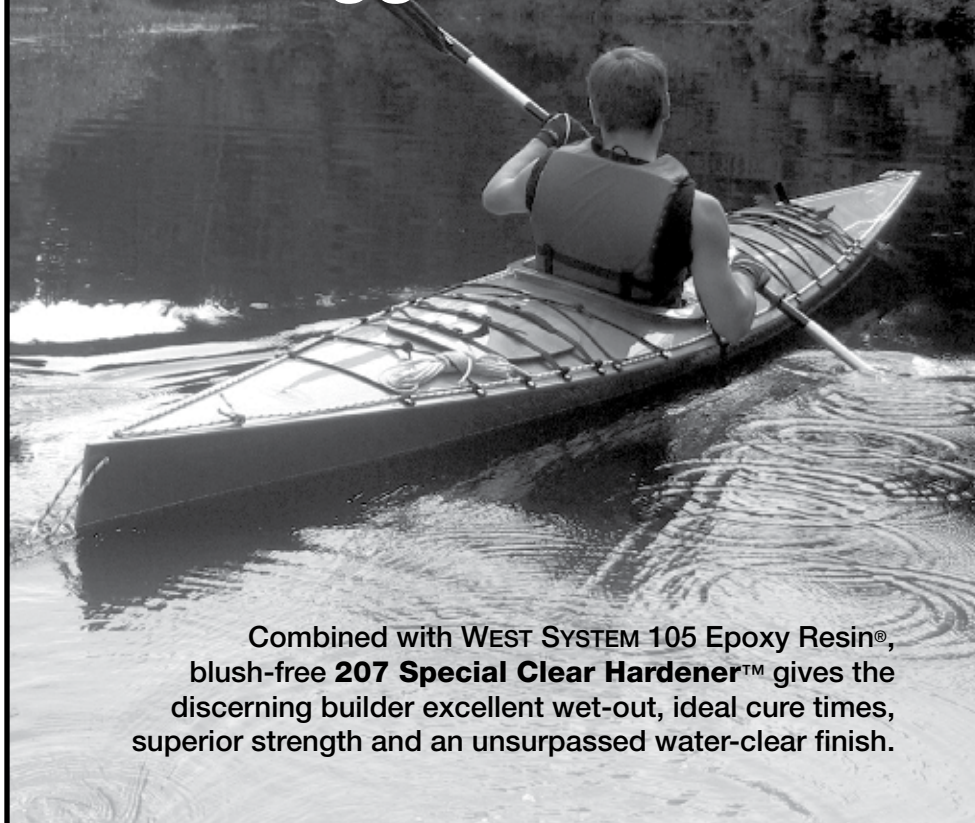
"Going twice for twenty-one hundred dollars!" the auctioneer said. He looked at me. I looked at the lad behind me, then shook my head.

"Sold for twenty-one hundred dollars to that young fellow in the back!" the auctioneer yelled, and everyone applauded.

Come on," said my friend. "I got the keys to the yard skiff from the broker." We pattered out to a mooring and there she lay: a dark green sloop with white deck and cabin, twenty-six feet long. A lovely old boat. She winked at me and, of course, I fell in love. She was just over thirty; experienced: the ideal age for a mistress, every man's dream.

We've had an affair for thirteen years now, and we're comfortable together. I sleep with her at every opportunity. But you understand how these things go. When she gets to be forty, I may just trade her in for a younger lover. But please don't tell her I said so.

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Activities & Events...

CBMM Fall Speaker Series Feature Trumpy Yachts

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum hosts its Fall Speaker Series October 5 through November 9. Two of the sessions from the four-part series will explore topics related to CBMM's latest exhibition, "A Single Goal: The Art of Trumpy Yacht Building," which is on display in the museum's Steamboat Building through November 27. Advanced registration needed as seating is limited.

Tracing the design and construction of the distinctive Trumpy wooden yachts, "A Single Goal: The Art of Trumpy Yacht Building" focuses its attention from 1909 through 1973 when the Trumpy Yacht Yard in Annapolis, Maryland, produced its last boat.

On Wednesday, October 5, at 10am, CBMM Chief Curator Pete Leshner will lead "Trumpy and Yacht Building on the Chesapeake" and provide an illustrated overview of the development of yacht design and the yacht building business on the Chesapeake Bay as a background for the work of John Trumpy & Sons.

On Thursday, October 20 at 10am, Donald Trumpy, former employee and grandson of the yacht designer who established the John Trumpy and Sons yard, will outline the history of the family business that constructed some of the finest wooden motor cruisers and houseboats of the 20th century in "The Story of Trumpy from Norway to Spa Creek: Five Generations with Donald Trumpy."

For more information call (410) 745-2916 or email aspeight@cbmm.org

The houseboat, *Freedom*, seen underway here in about 1930, is one of John Trumpy's designs.



Adventures & Experiences...

Making New Friends

Seems like Beau the Sea Dog and I can't take *Miss Kathleen* anyplace without making new friends. We met up with one kick-ass patrol boat in the parking lot behind our local oil change place here in far-from-the-sea Newport, Washington. The military vessel had nearly completed a round trip from her manufacturer in Tacoma, Washington, to Iowa, of all unlikely places, for weapons systems tests and installation. The husband and wife driving team, who were hauling this very large patrol boat were as interested in *Miss Kathleen* as I was in finding out about the 65-footer, soon to be part of the Tunisian navy. I suspect part of it had to do with her name, also being *Kathleen*. Beau and I went on to have a delightful day out on the river. Our new friends were headed west, with the prospect of heavy summer weekend traffic on the freeway and about 300 miles to their final destination.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA



Sold Out in Vermont

I'm happy to renew for another year of good reading and here is a report on the value of *MAIB*. We join with several friends in an annual yard sale on Memorial Day weekend. Everyone has old magazines to sell, boxes of them, *New Yorker*, *Fine Woodworking*, etc. I decided it was time to lighten the load of *MAIBs* I had kept so I put them out for \$2/year. People snapped them right up. I was the only one to sell my old magazines. I hope you'll get a few new subscribers from central Vermont out of it.

Grigi Graner, S. Strafford, VT

Designs...

We'll All Want a Ride

Johnny Mack's reportage on Willis-the-Wonderful and his rocket ship ("Tales of a New Zealand Rocket Ship," August issue) had a thinly veiled motive that was certainly not lost on me. Even if Willis goes ahead and does a JimBob Metalfake paint job, I suspect Johnny will be first in line with a low ball offer he really should refuse. He'll just have to remember his friends standing forlornly by the launch ramps of the world. We'll all want a ride!

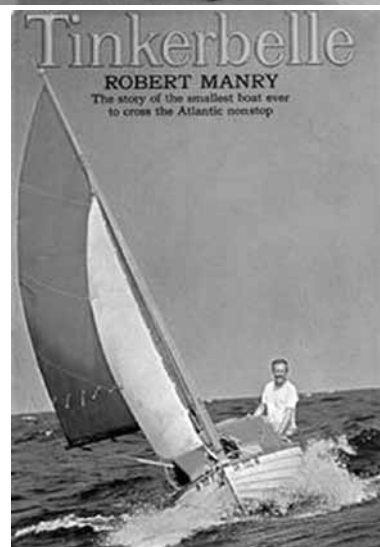
Dan Rogers, Almostcanada

Information of Interest...

Neglected and Ignored

I found Robert Manry's *Tinkerbell* sitting off in a corner of the Cleveland, Ohio History Museum, in my opinion neglected and ignored.

Robert L. Summers, Hiram, OH



More About Snowboating

In the April and June issues there were comments on "snowboating" and why it is impossible. I've been waiting for someone who knows more about it than I to comment on "ski kites," but since no one has I'll make the following comments. Skiing with airfoil kites with multiple control lines on snow covered frozen lakes is being done in the north country. It was on our TV news with a short clip some time ago. If you Google the subject you'll find some websites from people selling the kites, etc. The activity would be way beyond my physical ability and probably for most *MAIB* readers. Skiers ski across the wind flow and can actually make some progress upwind. I don't know how they "come about" to get on a new tack, make they stop and regroup. Anybody out there with some firsthand experience?

James Broten, St Paul, MN

Information Wanted...

Pontoon Boat Conversion?

I recently acquired a pontoon boat that had no railings or furniture. It might make a neat sailing catamaran. Have any readers seen this done?

Jon Lund, Hallowell, ME

Opinions...

Regrets Never Meeting Robb

We all certainly have regrets and one of my biggest regrets is never actually getting to meet, or correspond with, one of the neatest guys any of us could have called a friend, Robb White. In one place or another on my eclectic bookshelves are probably every title by the White family. I'll just chalk it up to timidity on my part, but I never bothered to write to Mr White and then suddenly he was gone! Thank you for printing Tim Weaver's retrospective. PUH-LEEZE don't stop at just five of those incredibly well crafted stories! And thanks to Jane, a girl we all wish we had known and invited to go fishing.

It's been a number of years that you've allowed me to talk to our boatfolk friends around the country on the pages of *MAIB*. For that, I say a simple "thank you." But mostly, I say thanks to Robb for his literary model, the one that I try less-than-perfectly to emulate.

Dan Rogers, Almostcanada

Projects...

CBMM Boatshop Report

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn reports participants in the boatshop's Apprentice for a Day program placed the final plank, otherwise known as the "whiskey plank," on the 25' draketail *Pintail* in August. This was a milestone for the group, leaving much fairing to occur prior to flipping her over to adjust the sheer, build decks, a small open cuddy cabin, install the engine bed logs, fuel tanks, exhaust and so forth prior to her launching in late October.

Pintail is available for purchase with proceeds supporting the education, restoration and exhibition programs of the non profit museum. With an asking price of \$32,000, CBMM is including the hull, a 14hp Yanmar diesel, traditional push/pull steering, wet exhaust and an open cuddy cabin. To learn more about purchasing *Pintail* contact Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn at (410) 745-4980 or jkuhn@cbmm.org. See more photos of the project at bit.ly/CBMPintail.



This Magazine...

Photo Correction

In the August issue report, "Modeling the Richardson Boat," the speedboat pictured was of the winner of People's Choice Award, *Lockpat Two*, by Gregory Rice in the Wisconsin Maritime Museum's 40th Midwest Model contest. Attached are photos of *Lockpat Two* and the Richardson *Slipper*, the speedboat referenced in my article.

Rob Ecker, Sheboygan, WI



Cover to Cover

Your good efforts give me so much pleasure, I love to find *MAIB* when I get home from work. I make a special meal and then read it cover to cover.

John Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

Many Thanks

Here is my renewal with many thanks for a wonderful publication.

Deborah Hayden, N. Falmouth, MA

In Memoriam...

Michael Vermouth

It is with sadness that I tell all the readers of *MAIB* that Michael Vermouth passed away on August 1, 2016. Michael was the proud owner and founder of Newfound Woodworks. He enjoyed the many friends, fellow boat builders and designers he met throughout the years. The boat shows were some of the best times because it gave everyone the opportunity to mix and mingle, learn new techniques and see the vendors whose products he used. This is Michael's story:

"I started the Newfound Woodworks in October 1984 as a woodworking/cabinet shop. I manufactured custom doors, windows, cabinets and furniture for about three years. Then I found Ted Moores' book *Canoeecraft* and built a Prospector and Red Bird canoe, each from the book, by lofting the offsets onto particle board. I became fascinated with this process because the boats were lightweight, strong, reasonably maintenance free and incredibly beautiful.

I began producing cedar strips at the request of others who wanted to build canoes. Soon I acquired epoxy, fiberglass, ash for gunwales and decided that maybe we could supply kits to those who wanted to build their own boats but didn't have all the millwork equipment necessary to produce quality strips, gunwales, decks, stems, etc.

I went to boat shows and woodworking festivals, produced catalogs and a website to market the kits. I hired several people, taught them how to build the boats and ended

up with several canoes, kayaks and rowing boats for display and customer demo.

We came up with the idea of an annual gathering of customers who had built their own boats. This Rendezvous was held every September on Lake Winnepesaukee and most recently on Newfound Lake from 1997 to 2007. This was a chance for both builders and anyone new to this to try out our boats, check out new designs and see what others had accomplished.

This has been a very rewarding occupation, helping others achieve their dream of building a functional work of art. It has been my passion and my life. I can't think of anything else I would rather have done with my last 30 years."

Sandy Vermouth, Bristol, NH



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Matt Murphy, Editor, *WoodenBoat Magazine*

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My father loved boat kits. I guess he built 10 or 20 or so during the time after WWII before he took off for California. When he found one he liked, he built the same boat over and over again and gave the finished boats away when the accumulation got out of hand. One of his favorites was some kind of canvas covered skiff, just frames and a few stringers covered with canvas.

Another was a tiny V-bottomed plywood pram that I believe was called a "Seashell." He was welcome to give either one of those away. The canvas boats were almost useless because you had to be so careful where you went and you couldn't drag it. The damned little pram acted just like damned little prams all do, slow, wet and crank and it could not be propelled with a paddle.

When I was about 11 one of my sisters (the middle one, then nine years old) and I took a trip down the Ochlocknee River from the GA 93 bridge to the Hadley Ferry... kind of short as the crow flies but a hell of a long way as the pram is dragged. As soon as our ride drove off and we got out of sight of the bridge, the river dwindled to a logjammed trickle and the little engine (Elto "Pal") spat its spark plug out in the only deep hole in the whole river and was no pal to us from then on. The river was so low that we had to drag that pram and that little engine all the rest of the way.

The trip would have been just a long wade through some mighty interesting country if it hadn't been for our watercraft. As it was, we wore all the paint off the keel and chines until all my father's little Reed and Princes shined like new money. My sons polished up the bottom of my old Grumman Sport Boat doing that same thing many years later, but enough of all that, I was going to tell you about the Sailfish when I started.

The Sailfish was a plywood kit, too. I never researched the design, but I believe that it was some sort of a predecessor to those ubiquitous fiberglass sailboards called "Sunfish" now... which, like an old .22 target rifle like the Boy Scouts use, is the standard to measure by when you think you have a hot shot rig. A lowly Sunfish sailed by a light, skillful kid in a good breeze will show just how much there is of that muchness you are so proud of.

So he built this Sailfish. I was about ten years old at the time and I got to sand the internal parts, paint the little plywood bulkheads and break off a few drill bits drilling the holes for the screws where he had stepped off some marks with dividers. He had this thing called a "Versamatic" which was a planetary screw-driving attachment for an electric drill (his was a D-handled Black & Decker, 1/4" chuck, weak, made a funny smell when it was run-

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.

Sailfish

ning, made a real funny smell when I burnt it up trying to install a muffler cutout on my momma's Ford station wagon 45 years ago. I still have his old 1/2" drill that stands knee high and won't drill a shaft log hole without extensive waiting periods between bouts with the spoon.

This Versamatic was a pretty good thing. It had two collars that spun when the drill was switched on. If you grabbed the top collar the screwdriver bit sticking out of the end turned at a much reduced speed to drive the screw, and if you grabbed the bottom collar it backed them back out. Though the drill always ran the same speed, you could vary the speed and torque of the bit by letting the collar slip in your hand a little bit. I think the man who invented it must have been an old Model T mechanic because that thing worked just like the planetary transmission in those old cars except that your hand took the place of the clutch bands.

That old Versamatic was one of the things I wish my father had left when he took off for California about 1955. Oh well, at least he left the Yankee screwdriver which would run rings around that gadget.

So we finished the kit. I believe there were a jillion little 1/4" #6 Reed and Prince monel screws in the deck and bottom of that boat. I have to digress again at the mention of that. Like my father, I sure do love monel. You know, the invention of "stainless" steel sure wasn't much improvement over that wonderful maritime metal. If metal was wood, monel would be live oak. I guess it is too expensive to make stuff out of anymore and I guess it is too expensive to make stainless steel like the kind that they made the 1930 Model A radiator shell out of too. Oh well, back to the Sailfish.

It looked just like a Sunfish except that it was made out of plywood. The mast step was the weak point in the boat. We children used to load ourselves out on the upwind side so many and so far and in such wind that the boat looked like it was heeling when actually the hull was level (and flying too). We used to have to pull it up on the beach and take the drain plug out about every 15 minutes and take turns blowing our breaths into the hole to build up some pressure inside the hull so the water would come out faster. When we did that, water would well up inside the mast step like a little spring.

My father accused us of abusing his boat and tried to patch the mast step all different kinds of wondrous ways. After he took off for California my mother finally fixed the damned thing with about a hundred pounds of concrete (glad I didn't have to drag it down the Ochlocknee River) and a bunch of coat hangers. After that, the mast had to twist the

deck and bottom from chine to chine instead of just a little place in the middle and it didn't leak quite as bad.

The Sailfish incident that has gone down in family legend doesn't have much to do with the boat though. Right soon after the Sailfish was finished (before we children molested the mast step) my father was drinking a few martinis on the porch of the coast house with a bunch of visitors while the husband of one of those people was down trying to teach himself to sail. It didn't do to pass by on the beach in front of that house if you were not in the mood to be scrutinized and criticized. My father was pointing out all the things that this man was doing wrong to all the other observers on the porch and not only explaining the proper way to do them, but implying that anybody who did not have the innate intuition to already know which way the wind was blowing and how a single piece of cloth would act when presented to that wind in the way this poor man was repeatedly doing it was a fool.

Indeed, I have made similar observations myself, but such verbal punishment was superfluous because the boat could take care of all that on its own. I don't believe that I have ever been involved with a boat that would hit you in the head any harder with the boom than that Sailfish. There is something about the geometry of the lateen rig I guess. Of course, when you are sitting flat on the top of the stick deck with no real toe hold and only about 18 inches of clearance to hide in when the damned thing jibes, there ain't a hell of a lot that even the most agile among us could do but take the lick. This poor man took his share right there in front of the coast house audience.

As the slapstick became progressively more funny and my father's comments more acerbic, everyone failed to notice that the poor young man's young wife was not taking part in the mirth. While they, in the throes of hilarity, were sloshing gin with a little vermouth and sometimes an occasional olive over the rim of their little glasses, she was sitting still, the surface of her martini remained high and level and her olive stationary even after she had set it down and taken up a five cell flashlight, which she used to beat my father over the head until he was subdued.

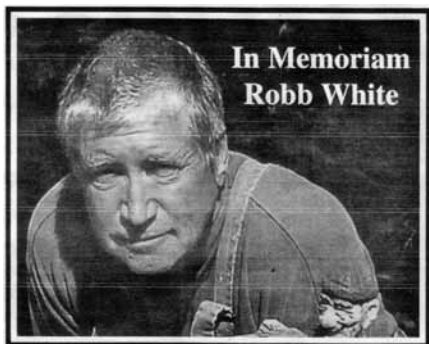
One witness to the incident said that she would have killed him if the lens hadn't busted and the reflector hadn't escaped and let the batteries out. I saw him when he got back from the hospital. The bandage was as big as a turban. I also fished the ruins of the flashlight out from under the settee. Boy, was it ever dinged up around the threads of the big end, and some of the batteries were even dented.

Many years later I used to ride the bus to California to visit my father at his house in Malibu (a trip just about equivalent to dragging a pram all the way down the Ochlocknee River except that there was no good place to go to the bathroom). One time I was talking to one of his associates while he was outside barbecuing on the hibachi. The person told me that there had been a time in their association when things were said about life before California that seemed incredible even to a Californian.

"Is that a fact?" said me.

"Like all those little crescent shaped bald spots all over his scalp, Robb said that they were old wounds from back in his sailing days."

"That's a fact," said me.



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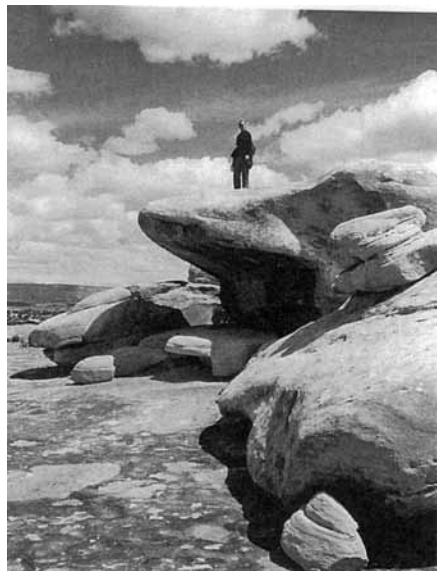
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Canoeing or kayaking the Green River from the town of Green River, Utah, to its junction with the Colorado is a 100 mile extravaganza through monumental canyons. Sheer "red rock" cliffs rise hundreds of feet. Nature has painted the soft wind and water carved sandstone in hues of red, gray, brown and white, all in shifting sunlight and shade. The river is full of minerals, drained from the desert, pale green to light tan. The canyon walls evoke battlements of giant medieval fortresses, complete with turrets and guard towers. We're many miles from the nearest road so, floating by in silence, I conjured a shouted challenge from a helmeted defender on high, or more likely the piercing cry of an Anasazi warrior.

John Copelin introduced me in New York to Jim Sheffield who for many years has organized trips like these. Jim has limitless enthusiasm and energy, many friends with similar interests and talent in assessing compatibility. He's also thorough and careful with all the details to ensure safety in wild country. For history, landmarks, distances on the river, I've borrowed from Jim's essay "Paddling 'in the Desert'" and his recollection of our trip. I took pictures but kept no notes so Jim has been a great help.

We were five in all, Jim, his son Jamie, Mike Dixon (Jim's former colleague in the Peace Corps in Africa), architect John Copelin and me. Jim had wisely brought us to Moab, Utah, for two days of acclimation to the southwestern climate and topography. We were literally to be paddling in a desert. So we hiked in two sections of Canyonlands National Park, one just North of Moab and other about 30 miles south.

Arches National Park is in the area we first visited. "Slick Rock" describes the surfaces worn so smooth by sand scouring winds that I found myself hoping for steps or a handrail on even mild grades. Nature's arches dwarf man's grandest attempts. A year or so later in Labyrinth Canyon on the Green I experienced with Jim and a larger group a violent sandstorm for several hours so I can attest to windblown sand, sculpting these magnificent formations.



John Copelin atop slickrock formations.

Proceeding to a southern section of Canyonlands, we parked by a vast park-like carpet of lavender colored blossoms. A short

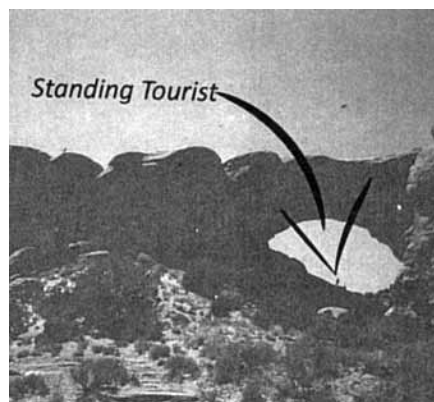
Canoeing Stillwater Canyon

Green River, Utah, April 1998

By Sidney Whelan Jr.



Stillwater Canyon on the Green River.



Arches National Park. For scale, note the outline of a standing tourist (Jim Sheffield) under the arch.

trail led us to an extraordinary display of Anasazi Indian petroglyphs midway up a canyon wall, well protected from sun and weather. It's called "Newspaper Rock" and we could understand why. It must have served as a bulletin board where passing or camping bands could report their hunting success. Near it was a circular storage bin tucked under a roof of sandstone, layers of mud bricks, perfectly preserved in the dry climate.

Newspaper Rock.



After a big breakfast on our third day in Moab we arrived at the outfitter's to load gear and food into a six passenger van. We were driven to the launching spot at Mineral Bottom where the Green River enters Canyonlands Park from the north. It marks the upstream beginning of the 42-mile section called Stillwater Canyon, which we would canoe for the next four days. Mineral Bottom is also the downstream terminus of Labyrinth Canyon, the section that starts 50 miles up the river at the town of Green River. Our outfitters had canoes waiting for us.

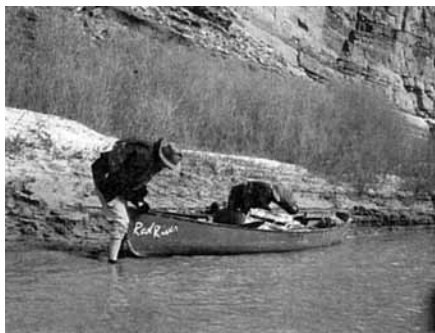
A word about Mineral Bottom. The van arrived at the lip of a semi circular escarpment, hundreds of feet above the "bottom," a flat area of several acres bordering the river. We descended a one vehicle wide track with little or no retaining walls, almost like crossing the flank of an immense dune, the van being a bit too large for the situation. Three of us were squeezed into the front seat and I was hard against the passenger door, nearest to the outer edge of the track. I soon avoided the view to the bottom. Two or three cyclists followed us down at a safe distance, waiting for our dust to settle, and while we were unloading they pumped their way back up the escarpment, in the distance they were scurrying black ants as they gained the top.

The first traveler to explore the full length of the Green River down to its confluence with the Colorado and on down to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado was John Wesley Powell (1834-1902). At the time no one, not even the Indians, could tell Powell what to expect as he set forth with a dozen men under his command. The natives could describe some of the river's course, but they didn't know, for instance, what impassible rapids or waterfalls the Powell party might experience in canyons so narrow and steep that there would be no escape. As it was, they lost at least one boat and they had to replace shattered oars with crude substitutes fashioned from whatever scrub trees they found.

This was 1869 and Powell had lost his arm a few years earlier in the Civil War at the Battle of Shiloh. And yet his account chronicling the voyage speaks calmly of scaling canyon walls as though there was nothing to it. He was a geologist and ethnologist, and he directed the US Geological Survey later in his career. Powell's professional qualifications and his extraordinary courage and determination carried the expedition through extreme difficulties. Toward the end three of his men deserted and climbed out of the Grand Canyon or near it, headed across the Colorado Plateau and were never seen again, probably killed by an Indian war party.

Around midday we set off from Mineral Bottom in three fully loaded canoes, Jamie a solo paddler, Mike Dixon and Jim Sheffield in another and John Copelin and me in the third. These were 16' fiberglass canoes and they served us well. In late April the weather was mostly cool, particularly at night. We brought our own sleeping bags and mine, chosen for lightness (the wrong choice), was none too warm. One night I wore gloves, a wool cap, two pairs of socks, etc. and was still cold. The sun was brilliant and with humidity at around 10% Jim kept at us to drink plenty of liquids. I failed once to follow his advice and at the end of that day had a pounding headache. Jim remembers that it snowed at the end of the trip as we paddled past the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers.

We “self guided,” doing everything ourselves. Looking back, this was one of the most satisfying features of the experience. For me, the least enjoyable task was unloading the canoe for overnight camping as the mud on the river banks was deep and slippery. Thanks to the outfitters, we had a propane fired cook stove, a good assortment of utensils, a portable chemical john, excellent tents and ample food.



Unloading the canoes at a campsite. Carrying all our gear up muddy and sandy banks was hard work.

It all worked well. We took turns cooking, cleaning up, etc. Jamie’s good humor and culinary skills were important. Mike Dixon is an excellent amateur naturalist, identifying flowers and birds. John Copelin is great company. Jim’s many trips on the Green gave us total confidence, although in the case of a medical emergency the inaccessibility of our route would have been a problem. There were few others on the river. A group of a dozen or so high school students from Seattle were taking this trip for their spring break and we passed them, a cluster of canoes floating along a canyon wall as their teacher explained its geologic history.

Jim Sheffield’s essay has reminded me of a unique topographical feature, a superlative on top of an already extraordinary landscape “Butte of the Cross.” Our dictionary defines butte as a hill that rises abruptly from the surrounding area and has sloping sides and a flat top. True to the definition, Butte of the Cross has a flat top and also a towering mass that arises from it, or alongside it like a donjon keep. The two features assume the shape of a cross in our line of sight only at a certain angle from upstream and at a certain distance. Short of that point, or beyond it, the cross eludes us.

Butte of the Cross.



Jim describes Horsethief Canyon, “One of the best hiking trails in the area where one can walk for miles back into the narrow canyon.” And we did. Bone dry in April. Winding, in places just a few yards unscalable vertical walls. Jim explained how dangerous such a canyon can be. A cloudburst can occur many miles away, out of sight and hearing. The sun baked desert can’t absorb a sudden flood which will then inundate down slope drainage channels like the one at Horsethief Canyon. With no warning, hikers are caught by a 20’ wall of water racing down the canyon. During thundershower weather one needs to respect this possibility. April is apparently relatively free of showers, so we were OK.

Our last campsite was at Spanish Bottom, just downstream from the confluence. The two rivers flow together, a ribbon with two stripes, the Green still cloudy and the Colorado clear. We were now close to our takeout point and we had a day to explore. Much like Mineral Bottom, but larger, Spanish Bottom is rimmed by high curving cliffs. We climbed a trail to take pictures. Before



Once established for a night or two we were quite civilized. Here Jamie Sheffield is at the propane stove, John Copelin (back to camera), Mike Dixon and I enjoy a meal.



A large barge-like craft powered by a jet engine took us back up the Colorado to Moab.

leaving, as we were breaking camp a solo paddler stopped, chatted a while and took this picture of all five of us. I’d apparently been reading and kept my seat for some reason.



From left: John, Jamie, Jim, Mike, seated SW Jr.

The takeout was just upriver from the Colorado’s first series of rapids, with huge signs warning canoeists and kayakers of the dangers ahead. A large, barge-like craft, powered by a jet engine, took us back up the Colorado to Moab. It was loaded with our gear, canoes and also the high school students with all their gear and canoes. It was several hours before we reached Moab, while the kids were busy writing compositions from their notes.



Messing About in Boats, October 2016 – 9

The running joke around our house has to do with how I “NEVER GET TO GO ANYPLACE...” Well actually, I do get to go lots of places and do lots of things. It had been a whole three days since we got back from the First Annual Howl at the Moon Cruise up Priest Lake way. I really can’t say what I was thinking. I even put *Miss Kathleen* away in her shed, to paint the hull of all things. But then those boys and girls down at the NOAA weatherguesser office started playing tricks with my work ethic. They promised increasing temperatures and blue skies for a whole cotton pickin’ week! It took all of 20 minutes to get Alice the Tractor hitched up and to haul boat and trailer back out of their hidey hole in the woods.

This is summertime. I don’t really, actually pack for a summer boat trip. A clean T-shirt and maybe an extra pair of socks and off we go. I’m the world’s most unenthusiastic cook both ashore and aboard. There’s always “something” in the galley cabinet. So once the trailer was hitched to Big Red, about all I had to do was sort of figure out a good place to go. And GO!

OK, that sounds pretty irresponsible. I did call around to see if anybody else wanted to go “someplace.” No takers. It’s probably true that most of us don’t spend enough time truly alone. And since I didn’t bother to bring a book, or my reading glasses for that matter, this was going to be an opportunity to enjoy my own company. So, after buying gas anonymously, I hauled my little wagon train down to a local place called the “Mud Hole.” Quite deserted, it was Monday morning, after all.



A nice ramp. Terrific weather. The last week in JULY. Nobody else there. Time to head “someplace.” Actually, the trip that began to form has been on my short list for years. It’s also been on my phobia list for longer than that. When I was a little kid somebody had the temerity to tell me about the “storms that come up without warning on Lake Pend Oreille.” Somehow that intimation of extreme nautical peril has been rattling around in my head for most of the ensuing six decades or so. I’m the guy with thousands of miles of ocean sailing. I’m the guy who has been in boats his whole life. And I’m the guy who has never actually been out on Lake Pend Oreille. Nothing like a boat that I’m rapidly gaining confidence in and the “promise” of a week of flat calm, sunny weather to make a start on quashing that particular phobia. My rough guess had the circuit about 100 miles and three to four days to make it happen. Flat, calm and sunny. I checked twice. Calm. No time like the present, eh?

10 – *Messing About in Boats*, October 2016

Dealing with a Phobia

Part One

By Dan Rogers

There is a mast eating railroad bridge right next to the Mud Hole’s ramp.



We put ours up after crossing under. I got to thinking. Actually, since this was a solo venture, I most likely was talking to myself, out loud. You probably know somebody like that, now don’t you? That particular conversation had to do with recollecting how I’ve been on this particular stretch of river in every season, every weather. That includes over a dozen different boats, power, sail and not-so-sure. I even tried to get washed over the dam once.



But since then I’ve at least taken a paddle and a few tools along. Even a spare motor most of the time. This chunk of water has become pretty familiar. Even though 30 miles to the east is that really stormy lake, the really BIG lake that I’ve never actually been on. Did I mention that it’s over 1,500’ deep? Did I mention that it’s surrounded by mountains that simply drop straight down into the water with long miles of sheer cliffs offering slim-to-no shelter for a mariner in need?

Nothing like a week of calm weather and a reliable boat to set things right. Heading east.



Along the way quite a few boats were holding swim call, just about anyplace they seemed to stop.



Soooooo, “All hands, abandon ship...”



Simply put, summertime in Almost-canada is a pretty darn special time! (My first attempt at a selfie, yeah, yeah, I know, I should stick to boats and other things of beauty, huh?) Anyhow, we continued on upriver, pausing now and then at an impromptu swimming hole. Truly delightful.

I don’t usually take pictures of rich guys’ houses but it is hard to totally ignore these modest little cottages.



Such humble dwellings dot the hills and beaches all over the place. But'cha know what? The water is free for all of us and, sadly, most of us are missing out for no real good reason. As I am won't to say, "We may never pass this way again..." Mowing the lawn can wait, that trip to the mall can wait. Good swimmin' days need to be grabbed with both hands. There's three serious bridges over the Pend Oreille River, not counting the two in Priest River. None of these are sailboat friendly. In fact, I took our little mast down to run under the really long and really low train trestle.



And rather suddenly, there we were headed out onto that Really Big Lake. But since it was gonna be warm and CALM for at least a week, no sweat. Except by then, on this trip with no avowed itinerary or schedule, we were already about a half day behind. More to the point, we were gonna need about another half day to get to anyplace that I would feel happy spending the night. Problem. The sun was already drooping toward the western horizon. Yep, a problem.



I made the command decision to investigate a deep fjord called Bottle Bay on the chart. The soundings suggested that I might find a bottom shallow enough to anchor at the far southern extremity. Totally exposed to the north but hey, gonna be warm and calm with a chance of light and variable SOUTHERLIES. But on the way in, lo and behold! A three-quarter hidey hole open only to the south. It shoaled to about 4' with good holding in 6'-8' at the mouth. Beggars can't be choosers. Besides, this looked waaaaay better than I was expecting to have to settle for. Dinner and lights out. Long way to go tomorrow.



Sunrise was a bit confusing. Pretty heavy rain to the east. The synthetic Norwegian on the wx channel was still droning on about clear skies and light southerlies. I followed my hunch to sit tight and see what might develop. At displacement speeds of 4-6 knots, we would be in for a long day with no real shelter along very steep-to shorelines. This was a trip to deal with a silly old phobia, not to create a valid new one. So, over the next couple of hours the trees started to whip around and the whitecaps passing just outside our little cove grew bigger and bigger from the NORTH. After a while morbid curiosity started calling the shots. I wasn't really ready to head out into the brunt of it but I was really curious about what it would have been like in the anchorage I had expected to have to use.



In a word, lousy! It was about a five mile inspection tour followed by a nap and a desultory tidivate ship session back in our hidey hole. Turns out we were anchored behind a private island, complete with a tennis court, hiking trails and even a small marina. All this adjacent to more of those modest cottages. I guess rich guys have a real affinity for looking out of windows at water. I'm always willing to wave back at rich guys who seem to think my use of their water is interesting enough to watch. And there's a rather big irony.

Kinda often the resident rich guys will actually come out onto their deck, wave and shout, "Cool boat!" The irony? They are, as often as not, shouting past their own big bucks stinkpot in its own custom built boat lift under a color coordinated awning. To tell ME that my cheapie little Frankenbot is "cool." Yes, she IS cool. But maybe there would be a bigger market for Frankenbotery than I ever imagined. Maybe?

A moment of truth. I was less than a quarter way into a voyage looking more and more ill starred all the time. The wind started to lay down mid afternoon. The synthetic Norwegian was not to be trusted. We headed west for home. Just for emphasis, our return to the Mud Hole, by nightfall, was accompanied with lightning hitting the mountain tops, spits of rain and high dud-geon in the morale department.



But that ain't the half of it.



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I think it's a safe bet. Just about everybody with a boat in this part of the world knows who Gary is! Gary is the sort of fellow you simply want to stop and chat with. Mystery is, how does a Really Nice Guy like Gary MacDonald ever get any work done? I also think that most of us TRY to be nice guys, most of the time, but I don't think Gary even has to try. He just IS. Anyhow, that's the gist of the conversation I was having with myself as I headed out of MacDonald's Resort for the second time in as many days.



My "reason" for stopping was to take on a couple gallons of gas for the boat and another ice cream bar for the both of us. Ballast. Mostly I just wanted to end this portion of a rather significant voyage on a high note. I've talked to this guy on the phone, by email and in person off and on for several years. He's been unfailingly a gentleman and completely sympathetic to my questions and concerns. (Probably my phobia about "his" lake comes through. Way more talking and preparing, than actually doing, on my part.) Anyhow.

Unlike our past CinC who posed (basked?) under the banner proclaiming "Mission Accomplished," I'll just have to settle for a subdued "mission begun..." And so it is. We didn't quite make it around ginormous Lake Pend Oreille but we did traverse about 85 miles of it, a mere drop in the bucket as it were. But there were no engineering casualties, no significant navigational faux pas, no unintended groundings, anchor draggings, broachings or unintegrated anxieties of any significance.

Part One of this epistle took place between the Mud Hole to the west and Bottle Bay to the east, about 60 miles round trip. We barely got our toes wet. Part Two takes place in a circuit from Bayview around to Buttonhook and 'longshore past Lakeside and across to Cape Horn and back to Buttonhook. A modest voyage of about 40 miles. There's the majority of the lake still waiting for my eventual return. But just check out what that little corner looks like up close and personal!



Dealing with a Phobia

Part Two

By Dan TRogers



And I had a couple "tourist questions" to ask Gary. For one, there's this rather interesting edifice off to the east from his establishment.



Turns out this is a relic from the 1930s, when lime barges would push up against this edifice and load, limestone, of course, for the cement industry. I suppose it's three stories tall. It would be an interesting research project to discover more about how the operation was built and run. This giant concrete cube can be seen from a long way off.



But then, just about everything about this lake suggests a "long way off."



And just to add a bit of drama, this shot is from a spot the chart insists is over a thousand feet deep! There is an even curiously structure closer in to Bayview.



It's a Navy barge complex of some kind. I'd surmise the central derrick is used to hoist sonar arrays up and down but they weren't exactly giving guided tours the day I motored on past. Besides, we made some more interesting discoveries. For example:



The standard issue clatche of cliffside and waterside humble cottages. But, to my mind, they are not so nearly interesting as the more DIY-ish variants.





Many of these are floating boathouses with people houses attached. Waaaay cool! But it gets way better...

This little corner of the now state park, once Farragut Naval Station (WWII boot camp) called Button Hook Bay is a total GEM. I have absolutely no excuse for never taking a boat in there before. It's completely landlocked. Completely pristine forests climb the vertical ascents surrounding. The only manmade intrusion is a rather large dock complex and a sign declaring that the nearest public toilet is 834' UP the trail. And they mean UP.

There's even a whole side of the bay that's only 20' deep and a wonderful anchorage area for potentially a couple of dozen boats, except in this part of the world everybody (except me) beaches or ties up. So you'd be hard pressed to see any boats riding the hook overnight, except for me, that is!



Exiting Button Hook Bay at daybreak.



This has got to be the perfect spot, especially off season. The launch ramp is only a mile or so away so access is a no brainer.





It's possible that it doesn't get much better anywhere and it was even quite warm for us swimmers.

Yep, swimming was great. Kid watching was even better!

This little boy patiently stalked the elusive lunker for a couple of hours. He casts with the best of us and showed steely resolve.



This kid showed remarkable proficiency with paddle craft and later with a fishing pole.



But just the best thing was seeing kids run and jump without anybody telling 'em to "be quiet," "slow down," "BE CAREFUL." There were maybe a half dozen of 'em who came by boat and by trail. Not a single cell phone (Ta dah! Cell phones don't work in this beautiful little spot.) Or any other electronic device visible. Just boards to stomp on, water to jump into, dust to stir up, rocks to throw and worms to drown. What's not to love?

So after our last fuel and ice cream stop at MacDonald's emporium of nautical delights IT WAS TIME TO BEGIN PLANNING THE NEXT VOYAGE. I sure hope it includes Button Hook Bay!

It could take lots and lots of therapy sessions to kick this rather pernicious phobia of mine. And do feel free to come along, there's lots and lots of room out there.



Mom Always Said...

By Dan Rogers

Remember how mom always said not to pick a scab? OK. I never paid much attention to that one either.

In the course of the past several months *Miss Kathleen* has been bumped, scraped and jostled against simply scads of docks, pilings, anchors and chains. She's been showing some sorta unbecoming gashes and gouges. So I figured that I'd just smooth out some of those dings and spread another 30 yard paint job on to, you know, get us through the rest of the season.

In the process of investigating I just sort of stuck the tip of my knife under one of the wounds, up forward, and discovered a whole new dimension of OOPS!!! My guess is that the half dozen or more layers of paint that accumulated during our building phase back last winter have had a period to "gestate," as it were. Those layers are of both latex and oil based genetics. They were spread in differing moments of humidity, ambient temperature and, most importantly, LEVELS OF PATIENCE. Yep. Some of those layers were put on without the regulation wait period between 'em. You probably know somebody like that, eh?

And of particular significance, our outdoor temperatures have been pretty steadily in the 90s for the past week or more. That shell of paint layers was not only pretty soft, it basically came away from the base gel coat like the shell from a hardboiled egg. I kept thinking that either it would stop and I could just feather the open patch with a sander, or I'd have to chip the whole boat.

Don't get me wrong. I have actually "peeled" quite a few boats under similar conditions but, with the advance of arthritis and post trauma joint stuff to both hands and wrists, it's getting harder to hold onto a razor blade to strip a 22' hull. Like that pesky scab we all (well, most of us, anyway) feel compelled to pick at, I just didn't seem to find a convenient stopping point. That is, until Kate came out looking for the dog. The Boss was out there with me, in the woods, supervising this particular round of madness.

She took one look at what I was doing, rescued her dog and walked back toward the house. Later, at dinner, she asked, "Well. What're ya gonna do?"

I said, "Fix it." I'm not real proud of how this little diversion came out but there's always some solace in the regular refrain here, in Almostcanada, "I can always fix it RIGHT, this winter..." In the meantime, there's always the power of squinting from a distance.



I guess it's time to go out and see if it's dry enough for a second coat. Probably been an hour. Maybe a bit more...

At the risk of feeding meat to the wildlings already rioting about the overly Chesapeake-centric content of this newsletter, I just have to say, the Chesapeake Bay area is amazing! Having lived and paddled and sailed here now for 18 years, I continue to discover new places, local treats and gracious, interesting folks. As they said in the old Natty Boh advertising, this is truly "the land of pleasant living." To wit:

At the invitation of SWSers Brent and Lois Sparks, my wife Valerie and I drove the two hours from our home in Solomons, Maryland, to Lancaster, Virginia, down near the end of Virginia's Northern Neck. The Northern Neck is the peninsula between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. Brent and Lois have relocated there after retiring from their day jobs with Dupont, most recently in Delaware. The drive down the Neck through beautiful farm country on mostly two lane roads could have been an end in itself if we had taken the motorcycle. Instead we were in the truck towing our Mirror dinghy *Eleven*.

Getting close to Lois and Brent's, we decided to grab some lunch. We prefer to find local places when we can instead of eating at chain restaurants. On the Neck this was not a problem. In Lively, Virginia, we spotted the "World Famous Corner Restaurant" in an old house/gas station with a screen door and a couple of rockers on the porch. The specials blackboard had two items, a soft crab sandwich and fried sugar toads. I usually jump at the opportunity for a good soft crab but "the toads" intrigued me. Our waiter (dad, his son was the chef) explained these were not frogs but toadfish, more commonly known as north-

A Weekend of Discoveries on the Corrotoman

By Brian Forsyth
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*



ern pufferfish. Expertly prepared and fried, they were easy to eat, kind of like a drumstick but they did NOT taste like chicken. They were some of the sweetest, tastiest fish I've ever had. Highly recommended!

While preparing for their retirements, Brent and Lois had been actively searching for a waterfront spot on the bay for three years. On arriving at their house we could immediately see that they had found an amazing place. Their house sits on a high bank with a southern exposure overlooking the east branch of the Corrotoman

(cor-row-TOE-man) River, a small but beautiful river flowing into the Rappahannock. At the top of the bank behind their house (a place they call "the drop off") they can sit and watch the ospreys and eagles and check on the boats at their pier, the 26' foam and glass sharpie *Navigator* and the Core Sound 20, snug in a covered boat lift.

Brent and I decided to go sailing (of course) and we had a great afternoon sailing up and down the river in the Core Sound 20. This was my first time in this boat and several things impressed me. First was how handy the boat was. This impression was no doubt reinforced by the ease with which Brent handled the boat. He built it and has sailed it extensively, figuring out just how to set this, tweak that, etc. I'm already a fan of the self tacking cat ketch rig but this is improved in the Core Sound by the use of sprit booms, moving them well above head level and eliminating the need for vang. Brent also believes in sail area. He has extra large roaches on both sails and we also flew a mizzen staysail except when beating to windward. The large sail area accelerates the boat smartly. Another thing that helps in this regard is the lack of any ballast, the Core Sound's hull shape giving it plenty of primary stability.

For dinner we feasted on crabs and oysters harvested right from their dock. We were so stuffed we could barely touch the most excellent barbecued chicken. Truly renaissance people (engineers, boat builders, beekeepers, etc), Lois is also an accomplished baker (fresh bread and scones, anyone?) and Brent is a brewer and winemaker. It was a tough weekend indeed!



She left me yesterday after almost 30 years together. *Mary B II* went down the driveway with a new owner carefully pulling away. The 16' Whitehall had floated this family for many years with kids growing up and having their own kids and their own boats. In her prime she was always a 50 footer in that she always looked best from 50' away. With transom and gunwales sparkling with varnish and in the '80s and '90s always with a kid or two or three aboard for a day of fishing or sailing or just exploring the islands and waters of Pleasant Bay in Orleans on Cape Cod, she was in her glory.

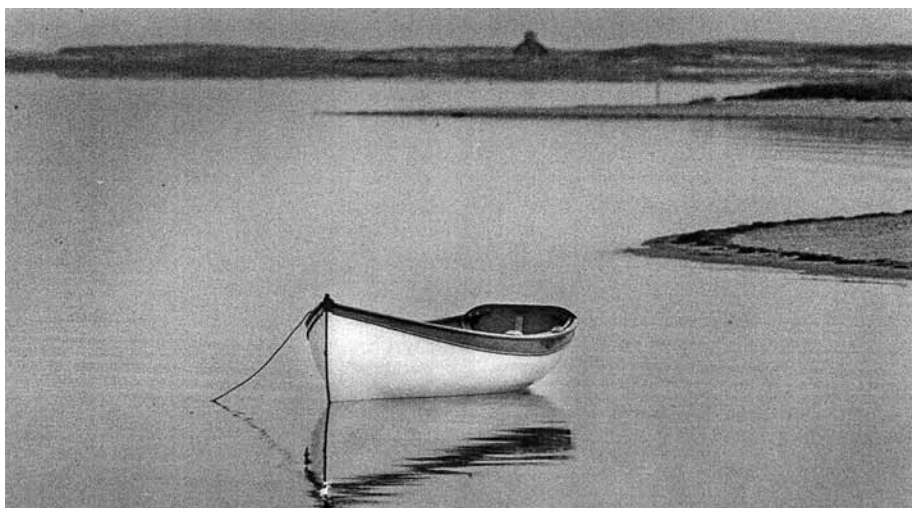
She always started first pull, with the oars that is, and always attracted a small crowd when sitting in her trailer outside of coffee shops or ice cream stands on the Outer Cape. She circumnavigated Cape Ann on the Massachusetts North Shore three times in the '90s, rowing doubles in the Blackburn Challenge, and won an early '90s Snow Row in Hull with Capt Pete at stroke oar and me in the bow pulling for our lives. This design for Boston Harbor in the 1870s showed what she was truly able to do!

After Almost 30 Years...

By Barry Donahue



Meghan and Brendan Donahue aboard *Mary B II* on The River in Orleans.



Mary B II sits atop a rising tide on Pleasant Bay in Orleans late in the fall during the 1990s.

The *Mary B II* afloat on Town Cove in Orleans, the oar made by Charlie (Uncle Chuck) Meads of Osterville.



A Pete Culler style oar leans on the transom of *Mary B II* in the early 1990s.

A December sprinkling of snow on the stern sheets of *Mary B II* with the shoreline of Little Pleasant Bay as backdrop.



We camped on Washburn Island in Mashpee on the Cape with other members of the Cape Cod Vikings Ocean Dory Rowing Club, with one year's highlight being a voyage to Martha's Vineyard with a great sail back. If the *Mary B II* could talk she would tell tales of the Outer Cape Chapter of the Vikings Rowing Club, tales of those now over the bar and those still with us but no longer afloat and the few still pulling hard. Tales of winter weekend mornings at dawn with the dories going out first to break up the skim ice at the landing in January, to summer mornings in late August as the sun rose out of the ocean to the east on an extra high tide and full moon that rid us of the greenhead flies.

Mary B II was a boat that took our children camping on the islands of Pleasant Bay as they grew older. They were with me when I set my "Irish Leg 'O Mutton" sail rig for the first time in a northwesterly gale and screamed to Sampson Island. There was that late June evening when my daughter and I had camped on Little Sampson Island with a wedding going on at Granny Cochran's house at the Narrows and a full moon rising from the sea and a cannon firing as the sun set. There were the weekends when I would boat camp on Hog Island with my son and his buddy. Dressed in camo with army surplus knives as long as their legs, they would disappear to go "mudding" in the marsh at the mouth of the creek. Not a few kayakers were surprised by this young pair rising from the water encased in mud from head to foot.

Those two in turn were equally surprised one afternoon when their mothers showed up in a pair of kayaks bearing treats from town. Those kids are grown now and have kids of their own now, but as my daughter has said, "the memories come back every time that we are afloat."

The *Mary B II* was a great boat but needed attention and money put into her. Health problems came and whacked me. A down sizing in the newspaper business where I earned my living hit hard, yet while my son was on his first deployment as a United States Marine in Afghanistan I finished a 12' double paddle canoe started a few years earlier.

The Whitehall needed more than I could give her and she deteriorated. As health and age caught me up I realized it was time to give her up. In mid February, with 2' of snow on the ground here on Cape Cod, a guy showed up and asked to buy her. I had to say yes and she left our home after so many long years. I hope to see her afloat in Round Cove next Spring in Harwich. She was a good boat. No, she was a GREAT boat!

I was then boat free for five days. More to come.

What is the Whitehall Rowboat?

The Whitehall rowboat is a wooden pulling boat that has a keel and a wine-glass transom originally manufactured at the foot of Whitehall Street in New York, New York, during the 1800s. The boat's design is an adaptation of earlier European boats and was originally used in America as a harbor taxi to haul sailors and cargo while providing services to ships anchored in New York Harbor. Its keel makes it easy to row straight by a single oarsman.

Remembering the Cape Cod Vikings Ocean Dory Rowing Club.

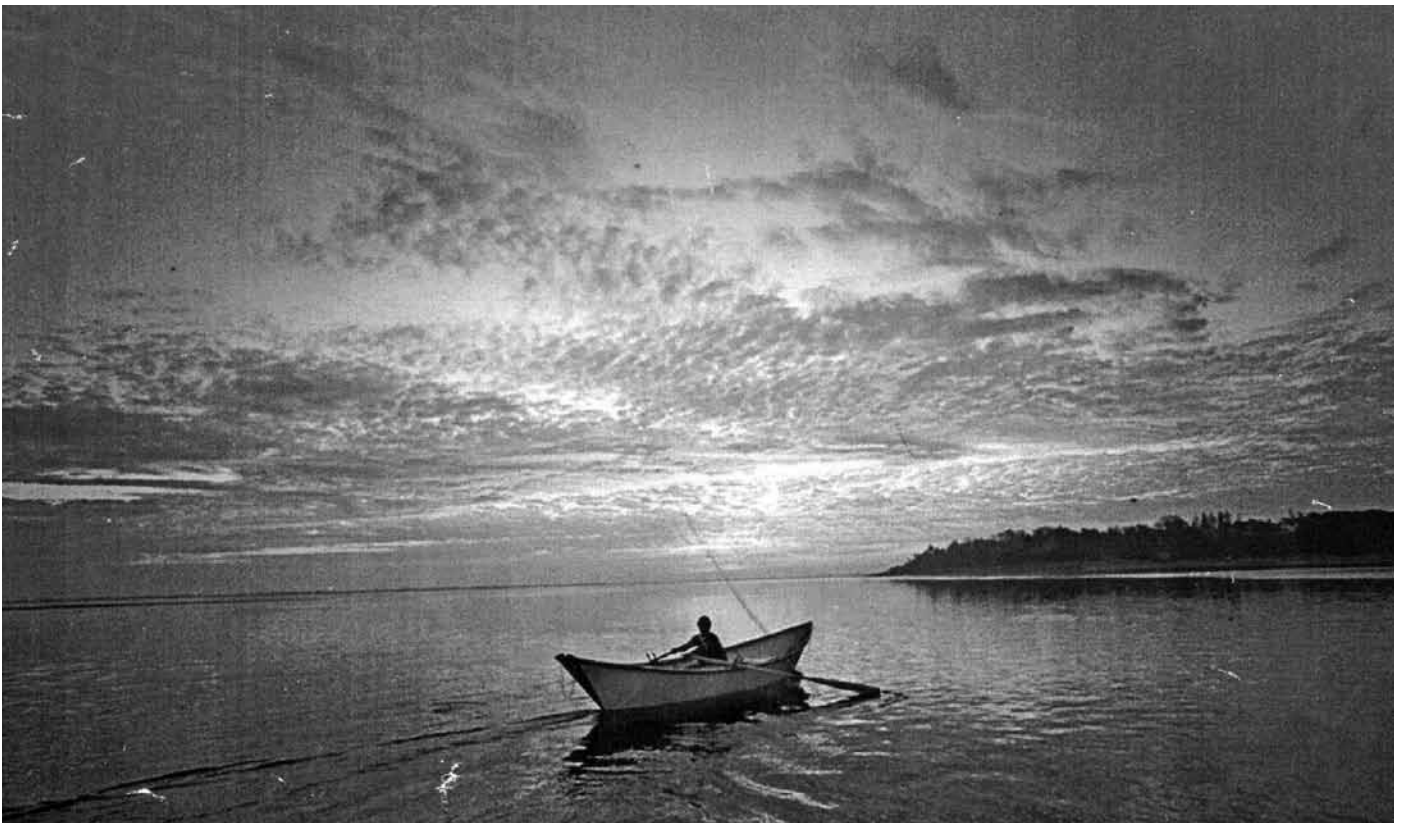


The late Jeff McLoughlin rows his Walter Baron (Old Wharf Dory) built dory down The River off Todd Rattle's old dock while Pete Corbett leads the way.



Pete Corbett of the Cape Cod Vikings Ocean Dory Rowing Club, pulls into a summer morn sunrise on Little Pleasant Bay in the mid 1990s.

Pete Corbett sculls his home built dory down The River in Orleans late in November 1992.



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Looking Ahead

New projects do that to a fellow. A cause to look ahead, envision the dreams. This new ride I have just happens to be a Lightning, all of 19'. Needing a bit of work is an understatement but already the dreams are flowing. I searched out, ordered and paid too much to read of the only Lightning I've found with a small cabin added, not mine, the one in the book.

The author records and tells his story of sailing Maine and up into Canada. The bug bit hard. At first I thought I missed this gem and ended up buying a second choice. Well, the second choice is up for sale and I'm diving in on this *Glass Slipper*, as she's called.

The mast is shot, the bottom's soggy, has a balsa cored hull. The repair had me stumped for a few days. The process unfolded as I progressed a bit at a time. The bottom will need to be faired, it was a worry at first. The epoxy dealer set me at ease. I've torn out most of the soggy stuff, sanded, vacuumed, wiped clean with acetone and replaced with narrow strips of 1/4" plywood, some long, some short. Side by side, butts staggered. Glass 'n poxy above ties the whole thing together.



This particular girl is keeping me up at night, has me looking forward to the next day's work. To me she has a resemblance of my shorter and different Paradox. I think I'll go cabinless with her, use a folding dodger instead, expandable into a cozy tent off some island.

Another nice thing, she'll float in a morning's dew, sail in a bit more. Around here that's a definite advantage. In my shallow water sailers I do get in some thin stuff. One afternoon I thought I'd take a new route, no chart, no compass, just by eye. Well, the cut I choose that a small feathered friend showed me the way was a no go. The little guy landed and stood with water under him. I thought the pass was to center then. The little guy hoped to the middle, still standing. All the way left, eh, little fella? Nope, one more hop and still standing my feathered friend was saying, "Not this way, even you can't sail here."

I really like ghosting along a few feet off the shore, chasing fish, crabs, listening to the whooping cranes squawk and complain as they fly off. It sure is beautiful.

The old mast was quite tall, I will be replacing with something shorter. Yes, I'm going to be playing around with this old girl, my Linda doesn't mind a bit, not a tad jealous either. She's actually looking forward to sailing with me. It'll be nice.

But first! There's work to do!

The Box

We've often heard of people living either within the box or outside the box. Small boat

Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe



sailors I would venture to say are living up there near the lid, ready to spill over into the seas of non conformity. The participants of the Texas 200, many would say, they've left the confines of said box long ago, the repeat offenders destroyed their boxes, there be no holding them back from almost anything.

There's another aspect of boxless living that maybe goes a bit further. Taking a perfectly good design of small sailboat cruiser and messing with it. Not the hull form, just everything else. Drives some people nuts. "Why can't you just leave well enough alone?" Sorry! Sheesh!

I'm not one to leave well enough alone. Where did it start? Probably my father asking, "Where does that road go?" And off he'd go, family in tow. Books will do it to you as well. Pop was big on libraries as well. And now we've got the internet, we can now see in real time what some poor hapless afflicted soul is doing to his beautiful boat on the other side of the world. Talk about inspiration, if this doesn't get one fired up, I'd say you just might be living in the bottom of the box. Same old, same old.

And that's fine, it really is. There's already too many guys on one wave, too many unused boats sitting in marinas, too many fishermen taking way too many fish. Get back in the box boys, grab the duct tape, get this thing closed.

Rig changes. Redesigning the insides of our little craft. I've been blessed with enough sense to leave the lines alone but that's where it stops. My first rig change was a Trailer Sailer 16', sloop to a junk rig. On the first launch some fellow was complimenting me on my gutsiness to even attempt such a thing. He was on his way to the country of Chile to start a business, I figured he to be the gutsy one.

The next change came to an old 12' Lehman cat rigged. Found it in a field, next stop the dump. All that was left of it was the fiberglass hull. I put fore 'n aft flotation/storage, added leeboards and a standing lug. Used it a lot.

Next came the *Fox*, an O'Day Javelin designed by Uffa Fox, got it as a sloop, changed to a standing lug. Kept it that way for a couple of years, now she's back as a sloop with a new main. Doing just fine.

My current project acquired most recently is this 19' Lightning. The balsa core bottom is about 80% mush, a little bit of the sides will have to be tended to as well. Today I found live termites up forward. Had

to sit down for a little while in the moaning chair upon that discovery. Later I told my Linda it was just a bump in the road. So I started removing the stainless steel bolts at the hull deck join. Tomorrow it'll be liftoff, I'll have that moaning chair a little closer in the morning.

I like the cleanness of the Lightning, I don't think I'll try and fit a cabin, perhaps a folding dodger as part of a cockpit tent. Really don't need much more. Am also toying with the idea of leeboards, got two made up already, shaped like airplane wing foils. They should create lift if set with the flat side outboard, point higher is my thought. We'll see, eh?

And with those port and starboard leeboards I won't be needing no centerboard, cut that sucker out, she'll be sporting a double berth. Easy, easy! It'll be all right, this Lightning will be skimming the flats, getting into places that'll leave 'em wondering how I got in there. Those hard chines, with just the lower tips of the leeboard grabbing, will carry us across flats 8" or 10" deep. There will be water ballast for sure, close to 500lbs I'm guessing, help her stay on her feet, she'll be dancing, oh yes, she will.

But first there's work to do, a sail to finish which, by the way, is to be a junk rig. Yes, tis true! A Lightning sporting a junk rig with a small jib, compliments of another design. Sails made of canvas, high quality drop cloths found at my local home improvement store in the paint department. This here is a shot in the dark to be sure. I'm treating the canvas with a mixture of boiled linseed oil and mineral spirits, 50/50. That should take care of the wet sail mildew problem, also a shorter mast, moved forward a bit.

I'd would have liked to take it to the plyWooden boat show over at Aransas Pass but I thought they'd chase me back across the ferry. When the Lightning boys hear about this they'll be uproar enough. When some of the purists heard of what I'd done to the Javelin, my computer started smoking.

Hey, it's paid for and then some. Boxes are a bit too confining for this daydreamer, I much prefer life on the outside.

Desire

Sailing is very much like riding a horse, minus the feed. How so? Well if you get bucked off, you get back on. If you get slammed while sailing, get back in, there's no walking home. The level of desire, that flame that keeps burning, keeps you up at night, has you looking at charts wondering what that coast looks like from outside in a fog.

Desire. Baseball great Pete Rose had desire, some say it was his desire that made him good. Practice, practice, practice. Those many bulkheads, both concrete and steel, unforgiving docks have taught me many a lesson. Its desire that keeps me climbing back in.

As a young carpenter I'd visit the library, looking at how to mags. The way I saw it I was feeding my mind, someday what I saw would come back just when needed. It often did and still does.

I had taken the 12' Lehman out for an overnighter a couple summers back. From Conn Brown out to Aransas Pass in the summer it's all uphill, directly into the wind. Lots of tacking, zig zagging for about five miles. At about the one mile mark the mast step gave it up. Pandemonium reigned, but only momentarily. The mast falling off to

port but still up, no serious damage yet, the voices seem to start, good voices, not those bad ones.

Look around for a quick assessment, who's near or far? I've read that before. Next step, lower the sail, now a longer look as to just what was downwind, an island with a sea grass shore. Check, makes for a soft landing.

Everything was secure, time to take stock of the situation. Plenty of fishermen passing by who could be flagged if needed. Not due back 'til tomorrow so no rush there, plenty of time to come up with a solution. Might as well make some coffee and eat, so I did. Might as well spend the night right there, I did that, too.

That consistent summer wind I could use for my advantage getting back to Conn Brown Harbour. I used that as well. Just so happened the fellow at the bait stand had a small amount of Bondo he offered up. I scraped the mast step with a sharp knife, applied Bondo and reset mast step. An hour later I limped home using just a little over half the sail to keep strain off of it. Read that somewhere, too.

Desire! How bad do we want something? There are limits, yes, yes, I know. Too often though we limit ourselves. My sister was bound and determined to become a teacher, she did just that, took a few years longer to achieve it, but achieve it she did. It took me longer getting here than I like, but here I am. Here is not necessarily Rockport, Texas. I can be here wherever I am. If you know what I mean.

I read once, "If you think you can, or if you think you can't, either way, you're right." Well, that's true, to a point. Our job is to separate the points, those peaks in life that are attainable, against those that are not, and be honest with ourselves along the way. I've been thinking of what I'm going to call backpack sailing. It's also called micro cruising, dinghy cruising, so we're really talking about the same apples. The back packing concept has helped me getting to the bare bones approach. Others use other approaches. This is the concept for me anyway, I've never backpacked, but bare bones I've done many a time surfing. Gone for days with nothing hardly, flew to Hawaii with surfboard and a grocery bag as a suitcase, the paper ones, not the fancy plastic ones with handles we have nowadays. It's desire, remember.

Who Am I?

David of Biblical fame asked that question of himself after being told God was going to bless his socks off. My question relays much the same feeling. Who am I to have been so blessed to be living a few blocks from the water on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico. Three boat ramps within a mile and a half, two are free launch and parking. If I cared to put wheels on a small sailboat I could push it to the end of the street and launch there, three blocks. I've a new shed my Linda insisted on me purchasing, a nice shop, 12'x16' with a loft. Then she lugs home a new window unit air conditioner for me!

Yes, blessed beyond words. And there are six small sailboats out in the yard as I write this, just sold the aluminum skiff but that didn't count anyway. Three are up for sale. What's a fellow need all those boats for anyway? Well, I had my reasons for dragging 'em home, it gets a bit foggy though, the reasons that is, the boats look just fine.

I am trying to whittle them down some, I really am. I'd like to do a bit more wood carving and incised lettering. Am I any good at it, some may ask, it's all in your perception.

I've done some caricatures and some duck decoys on the first grade level. I'd thought of doing some lettering for names of various boats, both power and sail. I did one a while back to hang on my 12 footer, I hung it on the outside wall of the house over the kitchen door. Used the wrong wood, mahogany, too dark, perhaps you can see why it's on my house and not on my boat. I hung it there to remind myself to keep a proper perspective of myself. Who am I, that I've been so blessed? Thank you Lord.

Yep, it reads, "Cove Habor."



Spiders

Some places breed spiders much more so than others and my Linda does not like spiders. It's been apparent for a long time, 32 years apparently, that's how long we tell people we've been married. Actually, we're told we can only count the calendar years, not the amount of time we spend together. We do spend a lot of time together. That's how's I can be there to rescue my little one from her fear of spiders. Two instants, the second first.

The old dually Dodge truck with the driver's door bolted shut. I know, I know, that's supposed to be high school stuff, but at times it seems as if I just got out of high school. Ask Linda. She was driving the Dodge when a spider crawled up out of the steering column. Picture in your mind your wife driving your truck with a bolted shut door and a spider crawling up towards the steering wheel. Deep stuff. I had to set off a bug bomb in that thing before she'd ever set foot in it again. I'm surprised all it took was a bug bomb.

Over on the Sacramento River Delta is a small boaters' paradise. Spiders seem to like the place as well. We had flown up there to check out a trimaran, 31'. A good sailer, a Searunner and full of spiders. The fellow lost that sale the moment he opened the hatch. Linda said he must have been a bachelor.

Another incident on the delta was with my TS16 turned junk rig. I had a couple of weeks to my self as the wife took a three week job in Stockton. I pulled the boat up the coast, dropping off an engine in Monterey Bay first. There was a fiasco I'll have to address at another time. Above San Francisco on Hwy 1, being a true trailer sailor, I pulled off in a wide spot to cook my dinner in the cabin of the sailboat still on its trailer with the evening rush hour a few feet away, interesting. Later I spent that night in a fogged in parking lot. No anchor light needed.

That's a long way round to the Delta and I had the dog with me as well. The poor thing hadn't gotten his sea legs yet, a few days later, while sailing, a sleeping seal got the better of him as he started barking and slid off the cabin roof into the drink. Fished him out as I sailed by. That night my Linda was to meet me at the marina where I had gotten a slip at for a few days. Cheap, a 16' sailboat is low on the fees. Linda showed up, I had the double berth all made up, put the dog in the cockpit. We were sitting under the lifting cabin top I had made for the little trailer sailer. I guess her memory was drifting back to those spiders on the trimaran.

She asked, "There's no spiders are there?"

"Naw," I says, "there ain't no spiders around here." And between us, as we're enjoying the evening looking out over the water, came a dad gum spider, lowering himself down his singular web from the edge of the cabin top ever so slowly. I'm looking out the corner of my eye, praying, hoping, Linda don't see it. Too late, she sees it and starts swinging, the spider got away and Linda slept in her car with the dog and the windows rolled up. I had the double to myself.

Yesterday Afternoon

Yesterday afternoon and into the night this little missive might well have started such. That 19' Lightning was on its way to the graveyard and I got off just in time. That's how I felt. The moaning chair had turned into a bed, all encompassing, wrapped up and snuggled in with defeat.

Not to be, not to be. The cost of education does not go down with the years, we just get to be a bit more selective in our choice of subject. We are no longer required to get a passing grade in Latin Prose. The subjects we choose though should be given our best efforts but even that is subjective. We are our own instructors, professors, researchers and guinea pigs rolled up in one. We should have learned something by now.

Pushing 70, I was telling everybody I was 69. My Linda informed me I was a year off, on the shy side. Good, I've another year I thought I didn't have. Another thing the years have taught me, when sourness rears its ugly head, things are generally better in the morning and when it's real bad, it may take a few days.

Well, the monster lurking in the bowels of the 19' rebuild yesterday set me off quite a bit, if only by a few hours and a good night's sleep. The behemoth has dwindled to just more work, not insurmountable, just work. There's still a roll of the dice to be contended with, but then I knew that going in. The dicey part comes in the faring of the bottom. Too many years on a trailer with balsa core turning to mush. Others might well have walked away and many did.

The possibilities I saw are still there, the shallow water ability, the strength, the proven design. She may not look like a Lightning to the untrained eye when I put her in the water, but a Lightning she'll be. Sporting a new top. At first I thought to keep her as is, or was, she's already morphing into her new self.

The instruction book, if there was one, is being written as the hours turn into days and then weeks. A builder's log, much like a sailing log, maybe should be kept, the memory gets old and seems to forget the finer points of the hard stuff. Maybe just forget the log, it

might prevent others from making that first step. Touch only on the highlights. I find reading between the lines many other stories lay.

I'm off and running, for that I'm thankful, to be held captive within by ailments might be hard to overcome, though I'm sure even then the sparkle of life in one's eye can be an encouragement to others taking their first steps. Sail on. Get back on the horse. Fix the dirt bike's flat. Get with it, turn the hearing aid off when the naysayers come around.

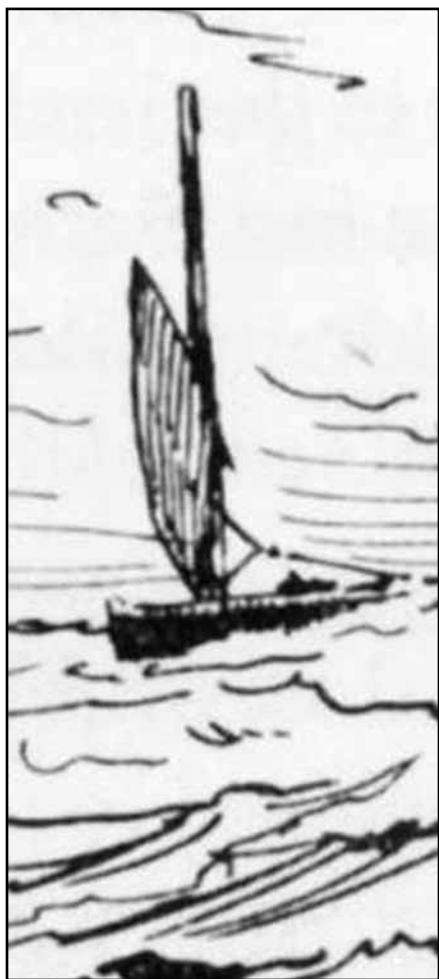
Stay tuned, there'll be more tomorrows and hopefully not as many yesterday afternoons.

Three Days

It was three days ago that boat, the *Glass Slipper*, a 19' Lightning, had me stumped. Put me in bed, if only in my mind. Like a bad cold, the flu, mumps maybe. All progress ceased, came to a standstill it did, rain didn't have a thing to do with it, the falling wet was just a cover. There was much to think about, more to get right, be sure about before she went under the knife, so to speak.

This 19 is everything I've been looking for, though at times I'd been hard pressed to say so. Draws 5", needs 5 1/2" to float, a bit more to drift off downwind. A puddle, a morning dew, is how some refer to such shallowness.

Well I'm back, flushed those many thoughts down and away. The down time was good, good for me, better for the *Slipper*, she'll be kept intact, giving some soundness deep inside, the old appearance shall remain, a new stick will be sought, perhaps even built, maybe even repair the original spar she came with, it'll take me a bit, use a different rig until then.



These moments of indecision that befall us dreamers of uncertainties seem to drive others to the edge before we get there ourselves. They don't like that, I know. I've been the cause of raised voices of exasperation telling me so. It can't be helped though. The canyons need be explored and there are many unexplored to be found in one's mind. Sailing gives an outlet for such wonderings, writing is another, building, cooking, tinkering with the motor bike, all these and more, worthy of a dreamer's time.

How many have ridden dirt bikes alongside the car they were riding in as a passenger while mom or dad drove? I have, never wrecked once. Another time standing with my brother in his front room over looking the beach and watching the waves, both surfers, 'How many waves do you ride from here?' I asked.

Canyons in the mind need to be explored. The reason being, as the clock winds down we don't want to be wasting any time. So three days isn't so bad, that fog had to be gotten through, all those details put on paper and saved, not discarded. No, no! Put the thoughts in file. Wacky ideas make for good campfire stories.

Gusts to 25

Gusts to 25 today. Left the dock with one reef pulled in the mainsail. It soon became apparent I needed to reef the jib as well. So into the shelter of the spoil island across the channel. Set the Danforth and shortened the jib. Set off once again and still too much wind for this little *Fox*, an O'Day Javelin. So back to the island and this time full speed ahead, into the bushes. That'll work, a little too good I was soon to find out. Drop another reef in the main and downwind to Aransas Bay. Let's see what it's like out there. First though, shoe time and into the water pushing off.

The bay was lively, downed a quick sandwich while still in smooth water and kept an eye on a passing shrimp. I'm glad he eased off on his speed as he went by, too many sport fishers just keep on going.

I thought of heading to the back side of Mud Island but I was falling asleep, crazy, eh? Hit the beach off of San Jose Island instead, not the island itself as it's private, but one of the outlying small islands. I got close and when I threw the anchor, yes, threw, I know, I know, the Piper was there collecting small change. The anchor landed with the shank towards the island and the crown to me, not good. Well maybe I'll luck out and she'll turn around and grab, not to be. In the interim I'd let out about 80' of line for 3' of water, overkill I know. Didn't work, she's dragging.

This fire drill, lest the helpfults start chiming in, was under control, or at least it wasn't too terribly run amuck. Dragging but slowly, I lowered the sails and got on the bow with paddle and managed to get close enough to step off into the weeds. With the *Fox* nestled ashore I pulled in the anchor figuring it to be weed bound, it was, looked like a basketball size mound.

Fire drill over, I ate the rest of my lunch, reset the anchor and went for a walk. I decided to sail back under double reefed main only. The wind had increased so I secured the jib on the foredeck and hit it. The wind in patches was kicking up some waves. Why not, I thought, try surfing these little guys. It was wet and wild and I was able to pick up a half dozen or so fun little waves on the way back across.

The Piper tried getting some real bucks out of me other than the anchor fiasco. A moment or so after leaving the island heading back I see a 1/2" galvanized nut lying on the berth top. Uh oh! There's only one on this boat and it holds the mast to the step. The bolt was half out, not good, not good at all. Let loose the main sheet, go forward, twist the mast with right hand, push on bolt with left, in she goes, nut on. Piper didn't collect.

Mental note, get that taken care of. Dummy! Had the jib been up? Had I been into a three dayer and Mr Piper did collect, what then? I decided a long time ago I'm not going to restrict my living by living according to what ifs. I do try and cover my bases, I do, I really do. But being alive, error is ever present. Not to worry, be happy. Gusts to 25!

Where It Started

I started sailing four or five years before I ever got on a sailboat. I'm finding after 50 or so years that it is mostly a state of mind. A living out side the box. When I first approached life on the outside I was a mere boy of 14, hopelessly enthralled with baseball. One thing led to another and I was graduated to a bench warmer position to relieve the catcher if need be. The need never arose and there I sat.

A friend invited me to go surfing. We hitchhiked to the beach and rented a surfboard for 50¢. I remember it having a damaged nose. A friend of the proprietor pointed that fact out to him, he looking at us, said it didn't matter, we'd never get up there anyway. We didn't, but we did get some waves, if only the soup, as we learned later it was called. The foamy white stuff. There was no bench to warm any longer. I was out of the box. Never to be told to sit on the beach.

The natural progression to sailing came four years later with a trip to a local island 26 miles off the coast. Then it started. Hooked I was and still am. The occupation I drifted into served me well, as a carpenter in both house and for a few years early on, in and out of boat yards. The dreams came fast and furious, alas, so did the beer and other things. Bad choices were finally let go of, sailing remained as well the carpentry skills. The jobs came and went, the boats seemed to come and go as well.

When I read of a 70-some year-old taking off on his boat the dream reignites, the sparkle is still there. That should explain why there are so many unfinished sailboats in so many backyards across the land, why there are so many boatyards full of decaying hulks, seemingly abandoned yet the rent is paid every month. Dreams die hard. Most don't understand. There's a saying that if you have to ask, don't. Because unless you've been there, you won't know until you get there and there's not any directions to be given to get there. You just have to get out of the box.

Where it starts is anybody's guess and is different in place and time as people. Where it ends? Perhaps in an easy chair, most likely not though. Many a sailor has gone off and never come back. They're slighted as irresponsible duffs, a blight on the boating community. I think perhaps it's the other way round. The hold-you-backs will never understand, they'll never understand why you sail engineless. Without a GPS? They gasp! Call the Coasties, we've got a live one here! Indeed they do, or at least they thought they did, slipped out in a fog, without instruments.



The caretakers of the Ipswich River are headquartered in a small castle perched on a high knoll above their charge. Dr Joseph "Bob" Petranek gave the Ipswich River Watershed Association (IRWA) his house and nine acres of land now called Riverbend where the river turns abruptly north as it flows on down to the EBSCO dam in Ipswich Center. The Association has a float at the foot of their eyrie's pine covered west slope. Racks with canoes and kayaks near the float await members' use.



Association float and boats, summer 2015
—Judy Schneider Photo

In mid August, after three months with very little rain, the old Closeteer and friends from Japan paddled and picnicked on the stretch of the wide river which is the impoundment behind the dam between downtown Ipswich and the Boston and Maine railroad bridge. Tributary Miles River up from Hamilton converges with its mother just down from the bridge and up from the Association's float. The afternoon was pleasantly hot and dry, the river calm with no detectable flow.

The six Japanese: Niho Kozuru, husband Jeff Hayes and his mother Kit; Dai Kozuru, Niho's brother, offspring of sculptors Hajime and Mitsue Kozuru, his wife Mito and their son Koh and daughter Kei in middle school; and the old Closeteer, their host for the paddle, spoke gently, subdued by the presence of other animals and thick green vegetation of many species along both banks. The family had descended the knoll into a different world, one visited by only a few people who come to paddle or swim in season. Most of the time the wide river and flanking jungle are without humans. Now and then a train passed adding a bygone touch. The wildlife isn't bothered by the trains and not much by a dozen or so daily paddlers. No one now shoots its members from banks and trains or vessels as in days of yore.

People have been enjoying the mill pond here since the first dam in 1635. Paddler Kit said "peaceful" several times. All in the group felt it. Until the early 20th century the bottoms and uplands along the river were graced by fields. Between words in two languages as they paddled, the old Closeteer tried to imagine the river with the EBSCO dam gone as some plan. The river would

Above the Dam and Tidal Water

By Pike Messenger

Reprinted from *Water Closet* 8/26/16

Middleton Stream Team Online Newsletter
"Foote's since 1955 wants its dam and huge Great Wenham Swamp impoundment where wildlife abounds in year around water."

become a narrow channel, no longer a millpond whose energy has for over half a century been ignored. It cannot be ignored by river herring, shad, lamprey eels, salmon and sturgeon greeted by a wall with a narrow fish ladder off to the side. These anadromous fish use much more energy climbing the ladder to the water above the dam perched on the ancient ledge of Ipswich's Upper Falls. Most no longer come at all.



Ipswich Mills coming into sight for paddlers down from Riverbend. For three centuries this stretch of the river was over a mile long millpond that provided power for Ipswich factories —Judy Schneider Photo

Folks who want the fish back spawning as in Indian times have talked for decades of removing the long unused EBSCO dam, the Willowdale Dam at Foote Brothers Canoe and Kayak Rental, six miles upriver, and the Bostik Dam in Middleton. If all goes as planned the Bostik Dam will be razed next year.

The descendants of egg and sperm laden fish that used to go upriver as far as Reading will still have hurdles at the Willowdale and EBSCO dams. Foote's since 1955 wants its Willowdale dam holding back the huge Great Wenham Swamp impoundment where wildlife abounds in year round water. Those abutters of the millpond from Riverbend to EBSCO probably want their mile long quiet skating and paddling pond to remain. At informational meetings about dam removal many have passionately said so. IRWA will lose its "peaceful" recreational educational pond but may gain lots of fish to marvel at in the spring. And what are a few paddlers lost compared with the gain of millions of fish. Maybe they'll let kids wade among the dense

schools as did Algonquian speaking children four centuries ago.



Kit Hayes in foreground, Koh Kozuru from Japan behind. An American lady born in the early 20th century and a Japanese boy born in the 21st enjoying a paddle down the Ipswich River from Riverbend to the EBSCO dam —Kozuru Family Photo

Ah, you see, nothing is simple when humans get involved. To the paddling Closeteer both sides make sense. The Japanese family from nine thousand miles away happily pointing out animals and plants raised the spirits of their old host. Then again, when on a spring paddle after the dam is gone future guests may be able to scoop up herring with hands and hats. The old Closeteer and wife had done so with a small basket on a similar river in Rhode Island 60 years ago.

We are told expensive concrete dams are being built in places that mimic the natural rock falls of old. Rather than being steep on the downstream side they, studded with boulders, slope gradually. The fish ascend rock to rock up wide riffles. If we had our priorities in order and thought long term we might get our invaluable fish back in the numbers our ancestors came here to exploit. With new protections and management we might keep those early good times rolling. The descendants of the herons, cormorants and three otters seen playing just above the EBSCO dam that the foreign visitors delighted in would be delighted in their ways, too.

Gray Fleet

For folks who missed the charms and pleasure of serving in the US Navy, please understand that a joy of being enlisted is participating in a delightful endeavor called "station duty watch" that is additional work besides a Tar's daily assigned tasks. Typically a sailor works at his/her station eight hours each day and every third or fourth day is also tasked with "other duties" such as fire and security watch, on deck watch looking for ships or other such waterborne entities, standing with a sound powered telephone ready to pass on information to whomever, etc. Personally, because of my security clearance, I got to sit in a locked room waiting for a secured telephone to ring passing on highly classified information to the CO or senior officer on duty. FYI, it never rang.

Ships have watches 24/7 whether in port or at sea. This particular concept is as old as the oldest Navy and is absolutely necessary. As a meteorologist once said, "Even with the most modern equipment, I sometimes just have to stick my head outside to see if its raining." Thus, with all the sonar, radar, satellites and drones, we still need someone on deck looking at the horizon.

Last month Uncle Sam's Navy released a study of innovations developed by a creative commanding officer who recognized that his crew seemed less than efficient after their duty watch, especially the Midwatch (0000-0400, midnight to 4:00am). He also recognized that after six months at sea, his crew's personal lives were in a modest uproar when they returned. Worse, while the staff was trying to mend needed patches in their family relationships, they still had to maintain their work schedules plus an extra duty watch ever few days. One CO decided that spending one night out of every three aboard the ship while it was in "maintenance mode" was trying. He decided to attempt a 27 section duty watch rotation that means that a crewmember would have to work extra duties for a couple of days straight and then not have additional duty for 27 days.

The study itself showed that this worked wonderfully in terms of personnel issues, family matters and work efficiency, particularly in terms of the dreaded Midwatch. Under normal circumstances the study noted that effectiveness at work decreased to a level of a person with a blood alcohol level of .05, and this continued for at least two days. Under the innovative 27 section duty rotation, efficiency and effectiveness never fell below the normal or expected level. The entire Navy may face a major change in operation schedules that has existed for hundreds of years.

The US Coast Guard is celebrating 100 years of aviation. It seems almost as if they have always been hovering over endangered ships or flying through miserable weather looking for survivors. This special group of individuals rarely gets the recognition and support they deserve.

When the Wright Brothers were launching their first airplane they were assisted by members of the Life Saving Station (precursor to the Coast Guard) who allowed them use of their storage facilities and helped move the plane to the Kill Devil Hills at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Later, under President Wilson's order to develop an Aerial Coastal Patrol (another precursor to the Coast Guard), Navy and Coast Guard pilots flew NC-4, the first plane to cross the Atlantic.



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

After the sinking of the *Titanic*, the US instituted an iceberg patrol and by 1926 the Coast Guard was piloting amphibian planes. In 1943 they were experimenting with Sikorsky's HNS-1, the first military helicopter. Today they use everything from the MH-90 fast pursuit choppers to the mammoth HC-130 Hercules saving people, interdiction of illegal immigrants, drug patrol, maintaining ocean and river waterways, defending our cyber systems and a myriad of other duties.

The Navy has announced the names of several new ships. Of noteworthy attention are the oilers *USNS Harvey Milk* (T-AO 206) named for the gay San Francisco city council member who was murdered, the *USNS Robert F. Kennedy* (T-AO 208) and *USNS Sojourner Truth* (T-AO 210). A new guided missile destroyer will be named after Louis H. Wilson, former commandant of the US Marine Corps and recipient of the Medal of Honor (*SSBN-X Louis H. Wilson, Jr.*).

This writer had the great lifetime experience of escorting his father, Daniel E. Regan, to Guam in 1994 for the 50th anniversary of the liberation of Guam by the 3rd Marine Division and the 1st Marine Brigade. While standing at the spot where Dad's 9th Marines landed exactly 50 years to the hour previously, he introduced me to a tall, gray haired man with great bearing and erect posture, Louis Wilson. I, of course, had no real awareness of who he was until Dad pointed to a creek mouth emptying into Agana Beach, and said teasingly, "Do you remember that creek, Louie?" "Slightly" was the response. Then dad said to me that is where Louie won his Medal of Honor. Meeting him was an awesome honor.

Later that evening we were standing in line to board the *USS Dubuque* for ceremonies and we were with several old friends of dad's who eventually received field commissions and fought in three wars (one acquaintance left the troop ship as a Marine Sergeant and was a Lieutenant by the time he hit shore). Virtually being one of the last people in line, I turned around to discover that the two men behind us were General Carl Mundy, Commandant of the Marine Corps, and Louis Wilson. Of course, being the senior ranked person, he was the last person to board to the whistles, bells and announcement over the PA system, "Medal of Honor, coming aboard." Everyone, regardless of rank from private or seaman to general or admiral, stood and came to attention as this incredible and brave man came on deck. It was pretty darned impressive.

In the You-Gotta-Be-Kidding-Me category, our Navy has yet again decided on a uniform change because it is essential that they do so every other year or so. The Blueberry camouflage uniform is being eliminated. A few years ago the gold braided Ring Knockers desired a work uniform in a camo design because everyone else had one, therefore, in keeping with Naval tradition, they

designed one in blue hues. Seeing recruiters running around the shopping malls in a camouflage uniform seeking new sailors seemed ludicrous but necessary to keep up with the Joneses (Marines, Air Force, Army, etc).

Unfortunately, the colors worked wonderfully, especially in blending in with the ocean should a person fall overboard and be in need of rescue (even the CNO said the coloration was a stupid idea). Now men and women of our Canoe Club will have a khaki camo uniform. Also, the all weather jacket has been changed. The Dress Blue uniform has been changed so that the Navy Blue pants with 13 buttons and inverted creases on the sides has been dumped in favor of typical dress pants with a zipper fly and the jumper will now have a side zipper (actually men had those "tailored" with side zippers since WWII). The normal uniform of the day is a khaki blouse and dress pants so that you can't tell a marine from a sailor. More tax dollars spent in the need to meet the fashions of the day.

Merchant Fleet

With the unmanned technology explosion, a multitude of flying, sailing and submerging vehicles have rolled out. Straight from the pages of science fiction, the Coast Guard has a Wave Glider Unmanned Surface Vehicle that literally obtains its power from the wave motion and can sail for thousands of miles without human intervention. This machine constantly sends oceanic information to ships and it has proven to be effective in detecting oil spills and discharges.

Unmanned cargo ships? Rolls Royce, the maker of the most wonderful cars in the world, also makes some of the most wonderful engines in the world. England's Spitfires of WWII were able to match skills with German pilots because of their superior machinery thanks to their Rolls engines. Now Rolls has designed a crewless cargo ship. It looks like a gigantic submarine hull without a mast. Using concepts similar to the computers on an airplane coupled with controllers similar to air traffic controllers, the unmanned ship can run from shore to shore with ease but, more importantly, with less likelihood of accidents. Eighty percent of all ship accidents are blamed on human failure. Totally sealed, these freighters will be impregnable to pirates (supposedly). The single problem facing this ship is a lack of international protocols and procedures. Rolls predicts that these ships could be in use by 2020.

Mobile Offshore Drilling Units (MODU) and commercial ships need a significant rethink about maintenance and equipment upgrades. Paradoxically, additional testing, maintaining and invasive checking on equipment in itself creates equipment failure. According to Maritime Executive, studies indicate that too much maintenance creates approximately 68% of later failures due to excessive invasiveness, incorrect installation and post testing installation and incorrect operation. Experts claim that part of the *BP Deepwater Horizon* catastrophic disaster was due to too much messing around with equipment. Now that is a great topic to argue around a dockside bar.

A video advertisement by Fincantieri Ships is very interesting to US and Wisconsin citizens. The shipbuilding, repair and conversion company on the Great Lakes is one of America's crown jewels of employment, economy and availability. With over 20,000 workers, the company is a primary employer

in Wisconsin (I thought it was beer brewing). Among the ships that they build are tugs, barges and polar class support ships. They are among the few in the world who can provide winter fleet repair and conversion. Fincantieri has three shipyards that offer state of the art CAD manufacturing equipment, they have a 170-ton lift and Navy certified drydocks. An ad is an ad, however, people interested in the state of shipbuilding should know how essential Fincantieri is to the US.

Corpus Christi, Texas, is adding another oil dock on the Inner Harbor because Martin Midstream is expanding its oil and fuel storage facilities. This dock will handle a 52' draft ship of 1100' in length and pump at a rate of 30,000 gallons per hour. It will take a year to complete. This addition is an element of a 250-acre lease from the Port of Corpus Christi and extends into the Port Aransas authority.

Damen Shipbuilding has opened a new office in Houston and immediately ordered construction of four tugs by the Young Brothers of Hawaii, one of the largest tug builders in the US. Young Bros is a Saltchuk company but operated by Foss Maritime. The tugs will be built at the Conrad Shipyard. Got that??

White Fleet

Carnival had yet another major outbreak of norovirus that sent 172 to bed with gastrointestinal illnesses. *Crown Princess* had to dock a day early from a round trip voyage from Los Angeles to Hawaii and Tahiti and back. The passengers numbered about 4,100. The Center for Disease and Control noted that the detested virus seems to enjoy cruise ships but the disease is relatively common with over 20 million people being infected and 800 dying annually. The symptoms usually clear up on their own within three days, that means a lot on a five day cruise to the Bahamas. The CDC and the industry have worked relentlessly trying to find a means of control.

In the movie "Catch Me If You Can," the main character fakes his way in the world as a doctor, a pilot, etc. In real life Floridian Andres Parris practiced medicine on a cruise ship as the ship's doctor. Working aboard the Paquet French Cruises, *SS Rhapsody*, he ultimately was investigated, caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to three years. Gee, Leonardo DiCaprio did this in the movies and was paid millions.

Norwegian Cruise Lines *Norwegian Breakaway* lived up to its name when a lifeboat safety drill involving four crewmembers turned tragic. A lifeboat broke away from its davits, dumping the crew into the sea, killing one and injuring the others who were whisked away to King Edward VII Memorial hospital. The dead crewman was Diogenes Carpio, 41, from the Philippines.

Poor little Audrey Gandy, 2, became seriously ill aboard the *Carnival Dream* and was rushed to the ship's medical center and then rushed to a hospital when they docked. The girl had been chewing on a necklace given to her by her grandmother who had previously vacationed in Jamaica. The necklace came from a street vendor and contained crab's eye seeds that are extremely toxic, even fatal if swallowed. The seeds are common in jewelry from the Caribbean.

A cruise ship, *Thao Van 2*, sank a mere ten minutes from the docks in Da Nang with 46 passengers and a crew of ten. Three were found dead immediately but three others were missing including a seven, a four, and a 46-year-old. Of course, the ship was

rated for about 25 passengers. Wisely, local officials, concerned about survivors floating out to sea, ordered five fishing boats to cast their nets across the entrance to Han River. Lt Col Dang Huu Tai, the official in charge of the waterway, stated that the problem arose because of limited operating standards. One must be amazed by the comment implying that Asian countries lack boating standards or a lack of enforcement.

Abercrombie and Kent Travel Service has sent its first Northwest Passage cruise from Quebec to Nome, Alaska, at a congenial price of \$26,000 per warm (or should that be cold) body. Flying from Canada, passengers board their ship in Western Greenland and sail the Canadian Arctic to Alaska via the Chukchi and Beaufort Seas. In first class style, tourists float in comfort and warmth while guzzling top shelf adult beverages and chomping away at gastronomical delights in perverse polar opposite to those who first traversed the region using dog sleds and canoes, munching on blubber and freezing their tails off.

Crystal Serenity is currently traveling the opposite route from Alaska to Greenland with a few less paying customers and a slightly cheaper fare, albeit First Class can run as high as \$128,000. This once iced in region is wide open for travelers to sail in regions that brought the tragic end of Sir John Franklin, who attempted to find such open waters, only to fail and die along with his entire crew of 129. Roald Amundsen, the great Norwegian explorer, actually did find his way through the ice packs in 1906. With global warming and shrinking ice caps, the impenetrable Arctic is now wide open for large cruise liners packed with a thousand tourists.

Can the first Holiday Inn at the North Pole be far behind? Certainly Walmart will build at Baffin Bay next to McDonalds. I think a Beaufort, South Carolina, to the Beaufort Sea is any honeymooner's dream vacation.

Inland Waterways

The Inland Waterway Users Board met recently in Paducah, Kentucky, and inspected the Olmstead lock and dam that is being repaired at a large cost to the total waterway budget. At one point Olmstead was absorbing virtually the entirety of the Inland Waterway funding, but with a 2014 boost in funding it is now 14 months ahead of schedule and \$200 million under budget (yes, I too had to look several times at the information). In a former agreement that split costs 50/50 between the government and the industry, work slowed and overruns were common. The 2014 agreement put the split at 85/15 and improvements skyrocketed. Interestingly, once the US government took over control of the development efficiency and productivity increased dramatically.

The IWUB group looked over the Kentucky dam that is 17 miles from the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio. This 600' lock is to have a 1200' chamber added.

Muscatine, Iowa, was once the world's leading manufacturer of pearl buttons and peaked at making 37% of the buttons in the universe. Clammers, drillers, cutters, dyers and other workers were the mainstay of Mississippi River employment for decades. Muscatine was the Capital of Button Making. Mussels were abundant, easily caught and made wonderfully sturdy buttons. Beaches and shorelines are still covered with clamshells with three or four buttonholes in them. 123,000 tons of clamshells went through 43

factories in the Iowa city. One could smell Muscatine from miles away.

Once plastic became the norm, the button industry collapsed instantly and tossed river towns into economic chaos from which many never recovered. Some companies started "carding" plastic buttons that came from Japan, but Muscatine itself has no button industry today. Lansing Buttons in Lansing, Iowa, was the last of the carders and it closed last year. A 28' statue of a clammer sits on the riverbank in Muscatine.

FYI: I attended Muscatine Community College for a year and grew up about 15 miles from Lansing, thus I can personally attest to the impact of the industry. Muscatine has struggled for many years until HON, the office furniture company, opened headquarters in the town.

Pleasant Creek Lake, still trying to decide if it is a creek or a lake, was lowered by 15' so that this manmade body of water can be rehabilitated by eliminating unwanted fish, adding desired fish, increasing rip rap on the banks, terracing the bottom for different species of plants and fish, supplementing small fish habitats and overall making the lake more enjoyable and environmentally sound.

The lake was originally created as emergency water for the Duane Arnold Nuclear Power Plant across the road from the park entrance. When the DNR tried to lower the water they discovered all the valves controlling the dam were rusted solid, broken or otherwise unusable. It took a year to replace the machinery to open the floodgates. No one officially noted it but just how were they going to open the gates in case of nuclear emergency?

Fine Arts

Those who truly enjoy all things maritime and nautical need to see the Minnesota Maritime Art Museum in Winona, Minnesota, that houses one of the most incredible galleries in America. Who would have thought that a small midwestern city on the Mississippi River would collect a substantive grouping of maritime paintings? Featuring Mary Cassatt, Paul Gauguin, Monet, Van Gogh, Cezanne, Winslow Homer and a plethora of other great artists, this small museum will drag your anchor. For example, Mary Cassatt is known as a painter of women and children but she did produce "Feeding the Ducks" and "Boating Party," both of which I was unfamiliar with. This is a Bucket List item for everyone who loves water and the arts.

Among other exhibits at the museum is a collection of sailors' tattoos, complete with a history and photos of old time sailors getting or showing off their ink works. Typically an old salt was the skin artist using primitive tools with the skills of a surgeon. The modern parlor is also featured with copies of many different styles and subjects of a nautical nature.

Winona, Minnesota, itself is the historical center of Indian cultures. The Woodland variety of Sioux wandered around the bluffs and occasionally squabbled with their southern neighbors, the Winnebago, along the border with Iowa. The Sauk and Fox (called the Meskwaki today) were pushed west across the Mississippi between the two tribes creating all sorts of problems. All the tribes worked the many rivers that dumped into the Big Mother of Waters. Their riverine culture is well represented at Winona also.

Part One Our Ideal Houseboat/Canal Boat

General

Inexpensive, we are of modest means, which implies a self build, conversion or a restoration.

Trailerable, for moving between cruising areas, less expensive off season storage, ability to work on boat at home.

Primarily designed for an older couple with very limited provisions for short stay, occasional guests (can carry a tent for extra folks to sleep ashore). Will adapt for grandkids when necessary.

Simple, no complex systems to maintain or repair, easy to learn how to operate, robust and fun.

Where to be Used

We live in western New Hampshire. Reasonably nearby waters suitable for small, trailerable houseboating include:

Lake Champlain (under good weather conditions).

Champlain Canal to the Hudson River and Waterford, New York.

Erie Canal (New York to Buffalo and including the Oswego Canal and similar tributary canals and lakes).

The Hudson River south to around the George Washington Bridge.

The lower navigable sections of the Connecticut River from north of Springfield, Massachusetts, to Long Island Sound (New Hampshire waters are severely restricted for overnight stays on boats, ruling out our big lakes and the upper sections of the Connecticut).

Canadian canal and river systems.

The Great Lakes and New England coastal waterways require boats with greater seaworthiness than what we have in mind.

Likely Water and Weather Conditions and Built Environment to be Encountered

Protected river and canal waters, slow currents, roughest water likely from other boat wakes.

Open lake conditions on good weather days, up to small whitecaps, 30 knot winds, stay away from open fetch areas where waves exceed a couple of feet.

Canal and river speed limits generally around 10mph.

Canal locks.

Boat ramps and typical marinas.

Shallow water anchorages, usually less than 25' deep.

Ergonomic Requirements for Later in Life Owners

Ease of deck work, anchoring and mooring without having to clamber about deck obstructions.

Solid, safe height (at least 36") railings.

Easy to step on and off boat, different height boarding points to match varying pier heights, bow access to beach.

Few steps or ladders on boat, no steep climbs into and out of cabin, minimal use of cabin top, thus no flying bridge.

Easy access to the water for swimming and getting back aboard and for handling kayaks and dinghies.

Deck seating areas comfortably designed, or open for folding camp chairs.

Wide doorways and passages, we are not wide, but many older adults are these days.

Creature Comforts

Comfortable, well shaped seating, no straight-up seat backs and seats with no back slope, as are often found on boats and RVs.

Tim and Becky's River/Canal Boat

Terrapyn

By Tim Jennings

Standing headroom throughout, 6'4" minimum, 4'8" sitting clearance.

One full sized bed, 4'6"x6'6" (convertible to sofa or settee), nice thick mattress.

Head Compartment

On board head, composteer, we favor the C-Head: <http://www.c-head.com/>

Small lavatory sink separate from galley sink.

No inside shower necessary, prefer on deck shower, marina and swim bathing, provide on deck shower canvas privacy screening, draining overboard through scuppers. We have used the Duckworks version on camping trips but there are others to consider: <http://www.duckworksbs.com/gear/shower/> <http://www.roadshower.com/>

As well as many homemade units, see YouTube.

Nice Sized Galley Meant for Cooking

Two LPG burners with oven.

Microwave (small) when on shore power.

Well insulated, large built in ice chest, no power refrigeration (usually refrigerators are too small and often found supplemented with a cooler that's always in the way, might as well just have a really good ice chest).

Deeper sink, good sized.

Decent counter space.

Good storage for utensils, cookware, and dinnerware.

Interior Living Accomodations

Inside dining table for two, adaptable for four.

On deck gas/charcoal grill.

Book shelves.

Open, airy lockers for storage, avoid having to move something to get at something else.

Three season use, well insulated cabin, LPG cabin heater (nice to have a wood stove).

Simple home type through the wall air conditioner for use when on shore power.

Good sun protection, favor shaded deck areas over sun decks.

Insect screened deck area for evening lounging.

Large, screened windows, with awnings for sun and rain blocking.

Boat Performance, Systems and Capacities

Durable hull with substantial rub rails, lock conditions, novice operators borrowing or chartering boat.

Beachable, should be able to gently drive the bow onto a sandy or cobble beach without damage, provide substantial grounding shoes.

Shallow draft.

Trailerable, around 3,000lbs loaded.

No below waterline through hulls.

Self draining decks.

Substantial ground tackle and mooring cleats.

Exterior workboat finish, common latex house paint for ease of touch up.

Cruise around 6-7mph, fuel efficient displacement hull.

Suitably sized four stroke outboard engine, electric start and tilt.

Small, pull start kicker engine to get home on.

18gal fixed tank fuel with provisions for two 3gal portable spare tanks (sometimes one has to walk a ways to get fuel), keep fuel tanks separate from cabin, no fuel fumes in cabin.

No pressurized or hot water systems, foot pumps at galley and lavatory sinks, stove top hot water, pump up sun shower.

30 to 40 gallons fresh water.

60% grey water tankage for sink drains in sensitive areas.

AC Shore Power System

Air conditioner (5,000btu).

Microwave.

Battery charger.

Two to three receptacles

DC Power System

Starting battery, two house batteries.

Navigation lights (LED).

Cabin lights (LED).

Charging ports, several.

VHF radio and navigation devices.

Bilge pumps.

Solar panel adaptable.

Miscellaneous

Method of carrying two kayaks, which will serve as the boat's dinghies. Some thought given to ease of storage, launch and retrieval and getting into and out of kayaks alongside boat.

Prefer a hull and cabin aesthetic design that gives a nod towards river craft designs of the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Part Two

Our AquaCamper

23' LOA, 20'6"LWL, 7'-3" WL beam
8-10" draft to keel plus motor skeg
2,700lbs empty

The Find

In April 2015 I purchased a nearly new 1969 AquaCamper houseboat, built by the AquaCamper Corporation of Elgin, Illinois. I say nearly new as the boat had sat for 45 years, unused, in storage. Yup, this was one of those rare barn finds you hear about from time to time. The plastic wrap was still on some of the cushions. The original owner, according to his family and the boat's engine hour gauge, had used the boat about three hours on a lake north of Chicago but then died that fall. The boat was placed in a barn until his wife passed away many years later, whereupon the heirs sold the boat to me.



The Reality of the Barn Find

All was not as peachy as it sounds. First, I feel like I paid too much for it at \$7,500. But I did get \$800 for the 45-year new/old 80hp Mercury two stroke motor (it was better suited to a museum than being trusted behind my new boat and way too much horsepower besides). There was no trailer but I managed to cobble together a used one to fetch the boat from Illinois. Turns out that I should have bought a new trailer as the trials and tribulations on the way back to New Hampshire cost me about the same (long story, but I'll tell you that just about everything that could go wrong with an old boat trailer did).

AquaCamper must have learned how to build boats well after they built mine. I think I have one of the first few hulls they produced. It's constructed of plywood with a thin layer of glass fabric and polyester resin bonded to the exterior. Mild steel fastenings were used to hold the ply together until the glue dried. I found lots of Bondo filler for fairing. The more details I discovered about how the boat was assembled, the more I understood exactly why I could find just two other AquaCamper hulls still in existence despite a lot of internet searches. The boats must have started to cause owners trouble within the first two years of purchase. If the owners didn't keep up with the paint coatings and hull repairs, the plywood would rot rather quickly. Moisture penetration by osmosis would have rendered the thin polyester resin covered hull useless in a few years.

There are some good things about my barn find, the most important of which is that the boat is essentially new and has been kept in the dry all this time. No rot, no deterioration, very little fastening rust. If I can fix the sins of the original builders, I should be able to get many years of use out of her.



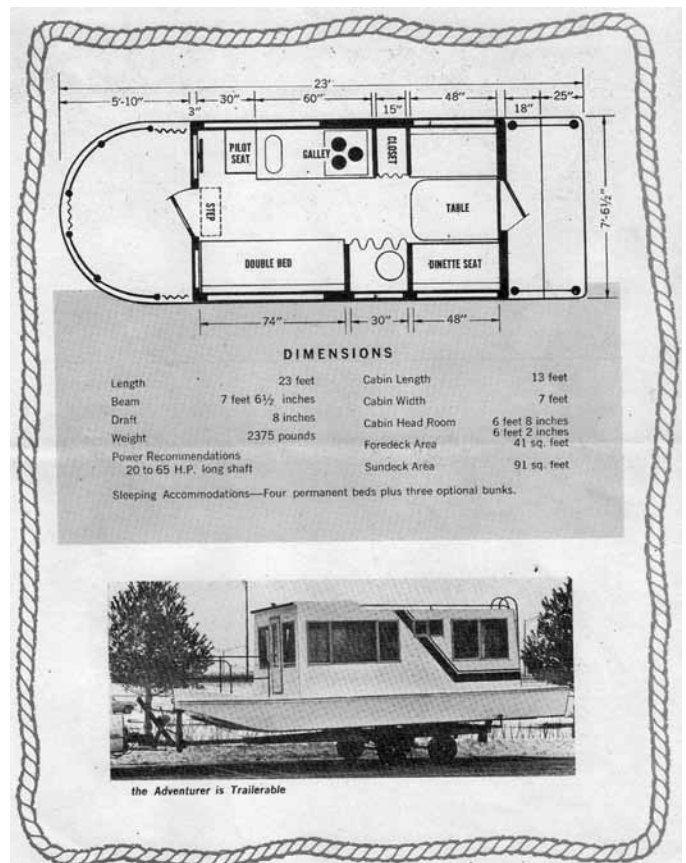
In Illinois, getting ready for the eventful trip to New Hampshire.

Adventurer* STANDARD EQUIPMENT

- | | |
|--|--|
| Formica finished galley | Two aluminum cabin doors with locks |
| Three burner L. P. range | Deluxe helmsman's steering wheel |
| Stainless steel sink | Helmsman's cushioned seat |
| Manual water pump | Full length hanging closet |
| 20 gallon water tank | Galley drawer storage |
| Deluxe ice box | Propane bottle and regulator |
| Five 12-volt ceiling lights | Shore electrical power outlet |
| One L. P. lamp fixture | Textured, washable interior paneling |
| Navigation lights | Vinyl floor covering |
| "Gaucha" foam double bed/lounge | Storage under fore and aft decks |
| Formica top dinette table/converts to double bed | Storage under dinette seats and lounge |
| decorator fabric/vinyl dinette foam cushions | Fore, aft & sun deck railings |
| Portable marine toilet | Sun deck ladder |
| Folding head door | Mooring cleats |
| Five sliding aluminum windows with screens | |
| Two fixed aluminum windows | |

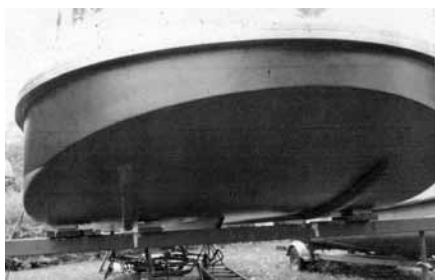
Adventurer* OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Indoor-outdoor carpeting | L. P. gas space heater |
| L. P. gas oven | Adventurer* tandem axle trailer |
| L. P. gas refrigerator | |



The hull bottom is two layers of $\frac{5}{8}$ " ply, the sides $\frac{3}{4}$ " ply, and the decks $\frac{1}{2}$ " ply. Fortunately, back in those days they still used the really good but nasty glues between laminations. If I can keep the plywood dry inside and out, I should have no issues. While I was a tad concerned about the lack of abrasion resistance of the thin fiberglass bottom coating, I felt that waterproofing the hull below the water line was most important. I'm pretty careful about not running aground. Many hours of original bottom paint scraping later, I had the fiberglass exposed.

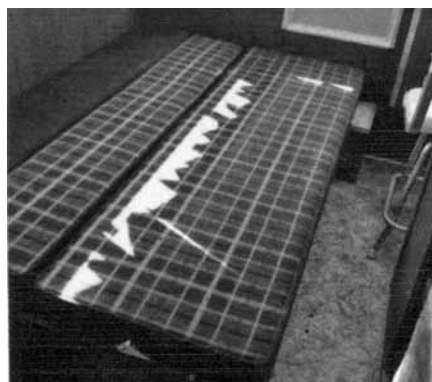
The difficulty of applying additional coats of fiberglass fabric and epoxy resin to the flat bottom, working from underneath, led to some research and a compromise that I think will be quite suitable. I applied a layer of 8" heavy fiberglass tape and epoxy resin to the chine all around. Next I coated the bottom up to the waterline with 10mils of Interlux two part epoxy Interprotect HS barrier coat, a product used on production fiberglass boats to seal the gel coat, followed by two coats of Interlux Bottomkote NT paint. Although I now have an osmosis proof bottom coat, I will carefully inspect the hull at the end of each season and repair any dings and gouges that might tear through the thin fiberglass.



Nice new bottom, glad that job is done.

This spring I will install reinforcing knees at the 1" thick plywood transom to beef up the area where my used 30hp Honda outboard will be mounted. I'll also fillet and resin tape the exposed interior chines at the stern and bow. All hull plywood that I can get to from the inside will be sealed. The decks and cabin top will be coated in a suitable epoxy.

The interior finish work is all 1960s dark ply paneling with mild steel fastenings. The cushions and upholstery are like new and a color that Becky can work with. The Herr windows are actually very good quality for a houseboat. The doors, though narrow, are watertight and function well. I've decided that despite my inclination to rip out the cheap interior furnishings, we are going to use the boat as is for at least the first season. Let's see what the original designer had in mind. Maybe after a few weeks of cruising his reasoning will become apparent and our needs better confirmed.



Gotta love this late '60s décor. My goodness, we created a lot of awfulness back in those days. Can't you just see a leisure suit hanging in the locker?



Lightening things up a bit with white wall paint and aqua blue accents.

Trying out a new color scheme, maybe not sea foam green, we'll see. Latex house paint is cheap!



The simple shore power system is a plug, fuse and one receptacle (replaced with GFCI) and works fine. The DC power system is rudimentary but it works. I will add a battery charger for use onshore power. I replaced the flimsy water tank with eight 4gal water jugs. Moving the galley hand pump suction tubing from jug to jug is a simple matter and

foolproof. A jug under the sink will serve to collect grey water when we can't use the through hull drain. I removed the LPG piping and tank as these are nowhere near compliant with modern boat safety standards. I figure to use a portable butane stove until I can engineer a proper propane locker. Upgrade the deck fittings and replace the railings and away we go.

Part Three Does She Fit the Bill?

We think *Terrapyn* is going to work out great. Yeah, she's kind of plain, maybe even ugly in some ways, but she will be our water-front camp without the taxes. She's relatively inexpensive, even after the work to date, the trailer, the motor and the work to come. Of our list of requirements for an ideal boat, she meets most, but we do have the following issues to address:

No beaching the boat until I can beef up the bow for abrasion resistance.

Will have to come up with some ideas for easy swimming and kayak access.

The cabin is roomy, but the built in straight backed benches and sofa are wicked uncomfortable, the bed is narrow, ice box poor and so on. I will take care of these and other creature comfort issues when remodeling the cabin. The good thing is that all of our requirements can be met within the existing cabin envelope.

The stern deck is tiny, so having a screened in porch might have to be reconsidered.

I think the boat will perform well for the intended cruising waters. She's not that much different from other scow type hull designs I've seen. I found a used 30hp Honda outboard which I think will provide sufficient power to get her to hull speed without strain and with good fuel efficiency and with enough reserve push to handle cross currents and winds in tricky close quarter maneuvering. We will see.

Part Four Future Plans

One can do a lot with this houseboat to make it more comfortable, seaworthy, handy and safer. It's just a big plywood box, easily adaptable. But as I stated before, I ain't touching a thing until we've had a season or two of use. We need to find out how she handles and trims. We need to discover her strong and weak points. We need to reach conclusions on creature comfort modifications based on real experience. Our previous boating experience with a chartered Nimble Nomad trawler (probably the most uncomfortable boat I've ever operated, and many river and canal trips in our own freighter canoe camper has taught us a lot. Keeping things simple is paramount.

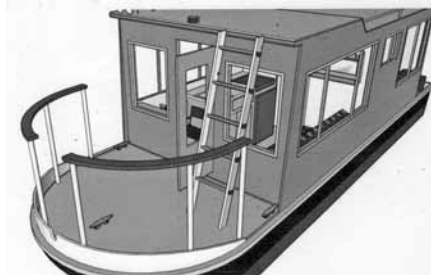


Couldn't help but show you our Scott Hudson Bay freighter canoe river camper, *Odonata*. We've spent many days and nights aboard this boat on the Connecticut River and the Erie Canal. The fun we've had on *Odonata* has informed our plans for *Terrapyn*.

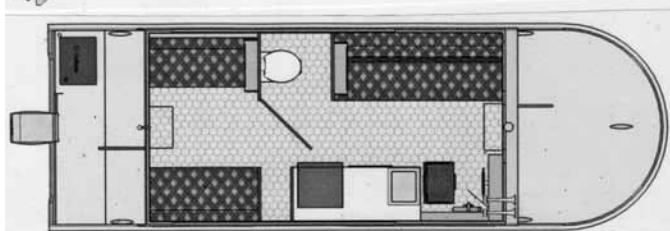
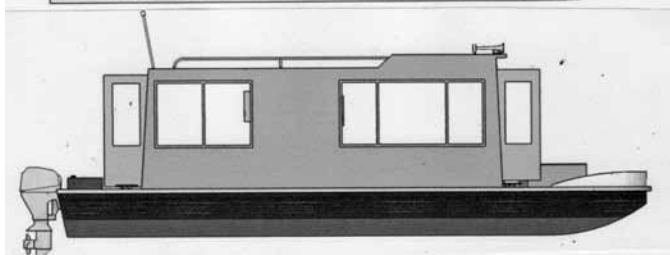
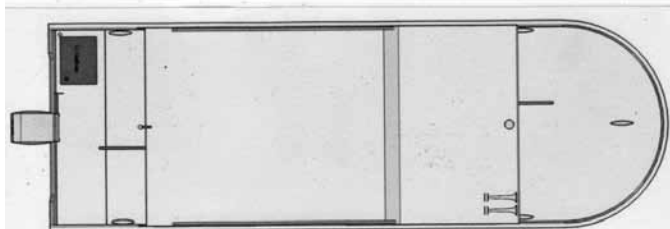
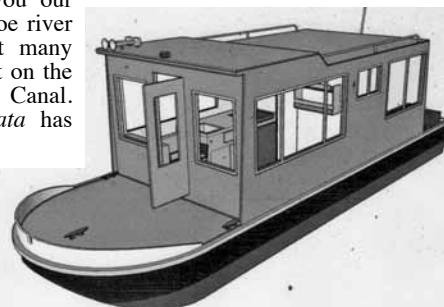
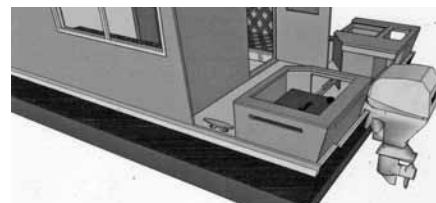
Must Do For First Season

Install new bow rails.

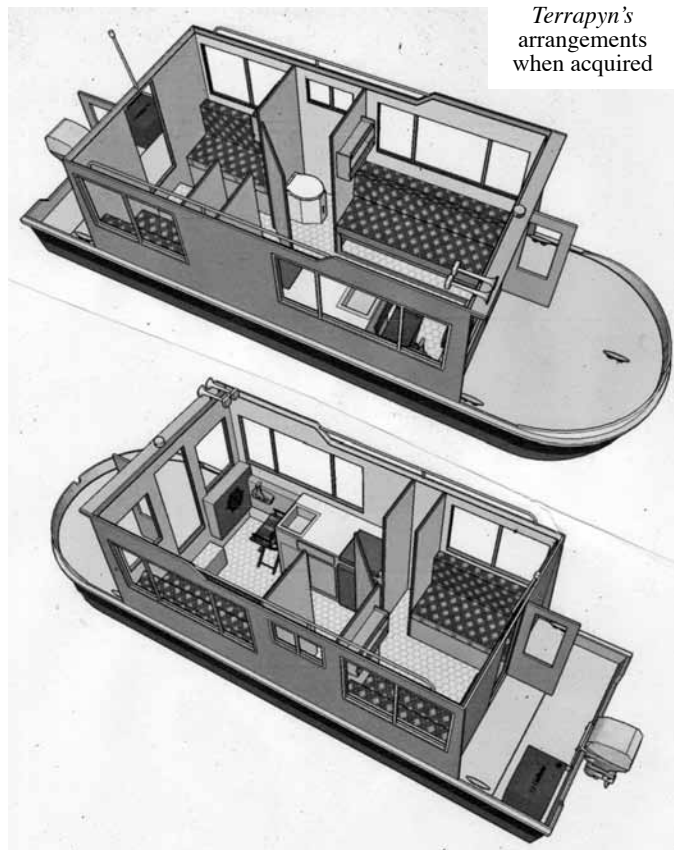
Install a detachable, lightweight aluminum ladder for access to the cabin roof via the bow. Mounting the ladder on the bow permits it to be angled (no room on the stern), thus making it easier and safer to climb. It should be able to be used on either side of the front door and slid up on top of the cabin roof when underway. It might be useful for bow access to a beach.



I have to do something to make the after deck more useful and safe. Here's an idea I'm toying with to make some seats and a motor box, plus railings.



Terrapyn's
arrangements
when acquired



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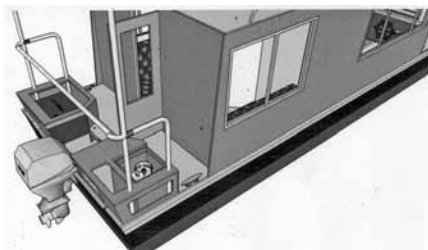
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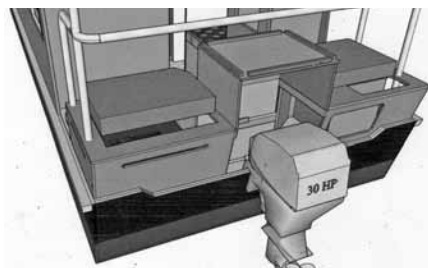
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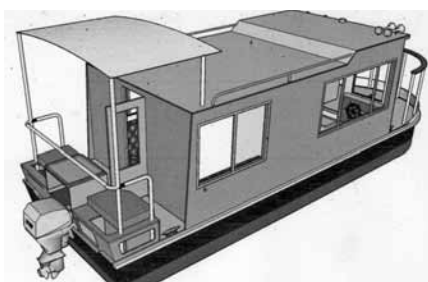
I should be able to create a sealed propane gas locker with overboard drain under the starboard side bench.



The motor box cover should make a nice table and will deaden engine noise considerably.



And all of this makes a stern canopy possible.

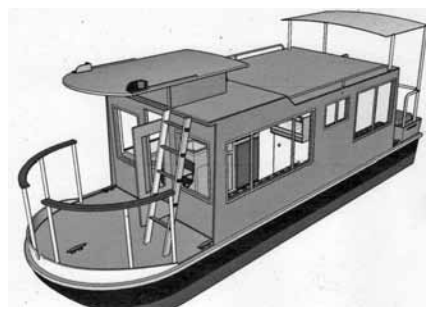


Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet

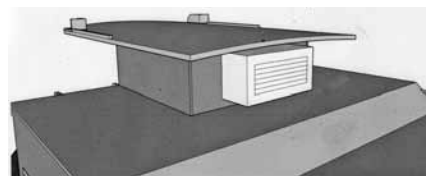
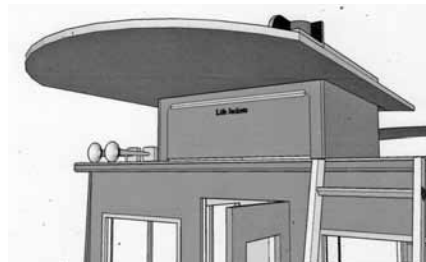


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Provides a handy storage space for life jackets, and a swell location for a standard air conditioner when on shore power. A hole would be let in the cabin ceiling to access the AC controls from below and allow cool air to blow into the cabin.



Some Big Ideas for Terrapyn's Future

Box keel, not sure of all the benefits, but I think it could increase the waterline length to the full 23', thus improving hull speed, increasing roll stability, providing a place for tankage and storage and flotation and reducing the likely wave slap noise at the bow that scow hulls experience.

Adding transom extension sponsons to either side of the engine would increase water line length to 26', enable a slight hull bottom curve upwards for better stern wave passage and create a larger back porch.

Add a short tunnel at the stern to enable the engine to be raised for reduced engine skeg draft. This would have to be done in conjunction with the engine sponson work.

Add side sponsons (6" wide) running fore and aft on both sides and made of rigid foam and plywood, the bottoms of which would be just above the water line. I think these could increase rolling stability much like amas and provide additional positive flotation.

These big ideas would take some careful thought and serious work and would keep the boat out of service for a season. It would take some courage and determination that I'm not sure I have and might not be worth the effort for the good they would accomplish.

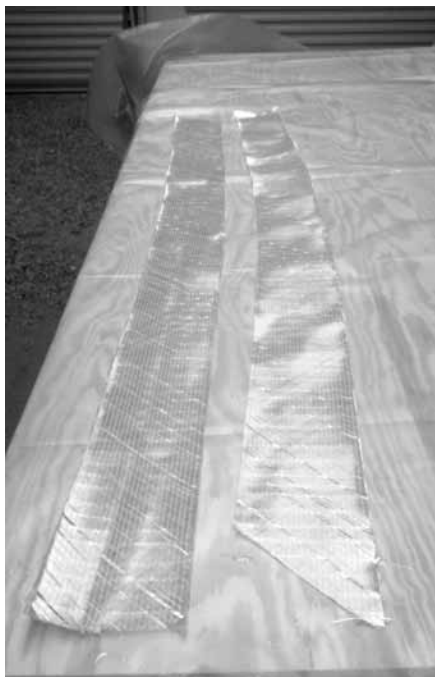
But here's an idea that I think would be fun to do, could be built at home and installed on the boat while it's in the water.

Epilog

So there you have it. We are launching in late May. The boat will be based in Whitehall, New York, at the entrance to the Champlain Canal. We'll be looking forward to report what we learn from our first season aboard *Terrapyn*.

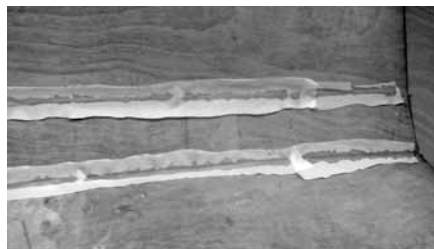
(This article was originally an OCH submission for houseboat design contest.)

So at the end of the last installment (#2, May 2016) I actually had a boat stitched together in an actual boat shape with #14 copper wire and glued together with hot glue on a strong bench. The next step was to secure the seams and remove the stitches and proceed to tape the inside with the biaxial cloth. I used Thixo by Total Boat (see picture) and just caulked the epoxy into the gap/seam. I have learned early on to use the peel ply strips to squeegee out the excess and flatten the sides (see pictures), then peel the ply and, voilá, no sanding, well, not that much sanding.



Just Build the Boat Why Don't Ya Part 3

By Steph Smith



The station moulds stayed in until the gunnels were built up so I had to do this in sections, as you see in the pictures between the moulds. The ends of the canoe are too sharp to use the biaxial so I used 6oz cloth and preimpregnated the biaxial tape on the bench. This worked great as it got the epoxy out of the mixing container and made working time that much better. The tape was precut as was the 6oz and then laid on the seams after removal of stitches and hot glue. Putting peel ply on top held the epoxy from running off the tape and again made a non sand surface.



I have used System Three Silver Tip throughout, it is more expensive but is non blushing, but I still have been roughing up non peel ply areas with #80 grit for adhesion. I used the heavier triaxial tape on the bottom as the motor well was cut out of the bottom here and stronger is better.



In the next installment I'll put cedar blocking in the bow to back up the hole for the bow line as a chrome padeye would not fit with the Salish Canoe concept and the designer had it all drawn out on a sketch that also shows finessing the bow so it is not so pointy. If you go on the internet to google coastal salish canoes you will find a video on how they were traditionally built of large cedar logs and heated inside to spread the log. Boy they were heavy. I think my hull at 27' long will weigh about 275lbs. We shall see.



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Why did I develop this boat? Basically, because after three attempts to complete Watertribe events I still hadn't completed a single one. The Everglades Challenge (EC), for which Watertribe is perhaps best known, is billed as "an unsupported, expedition style adventure race for kayaks, canoes and small boats. The distance is roughly 300 nautical miles depending on your course selection. There is a time limit of eight days or less. Your safety and well being are completely up to you."

This race starts in Tampa Bay the first weekend of March and finishes in Key Largo. There are some what they call "filters." You must be able to self launch from the high water mark without outside help, fit through sometimes narrow openings, under low bridges that require masts being lowered, operate in some very thin waters and fend off lots of mosquitoes and other critters. Of course, the effects of exposure to the elements, fatigue and vagaries of weather go without saying.

My first attempt in the 2011 EC was a 23' single outrigger canoe with water ballasted float. Halfway through I broke it and retired from that race. Next year I started the North Carolina Challenge with an "improved" version. That lasted only a few hours before the mast came down. Becoming convinced I needed something much simpler, I tried my sailing dinghy next but soon realized that wasn't going to work either.



Amidst these learning experiences I tallied my complaints. I didn't like being forced to sit facing forward full time in a narrow hull, after 60 years of dinghy sailing this just didn't feel right. There was too much complexity and time to rig and de rig the out-



My Two Chine Four Knot Cat Yawl

By Tony Pettit
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

rigger canoe. None of the boats had enough space inside their tents to do the cooking, changing and sleeping without constantly moving gear to find space.

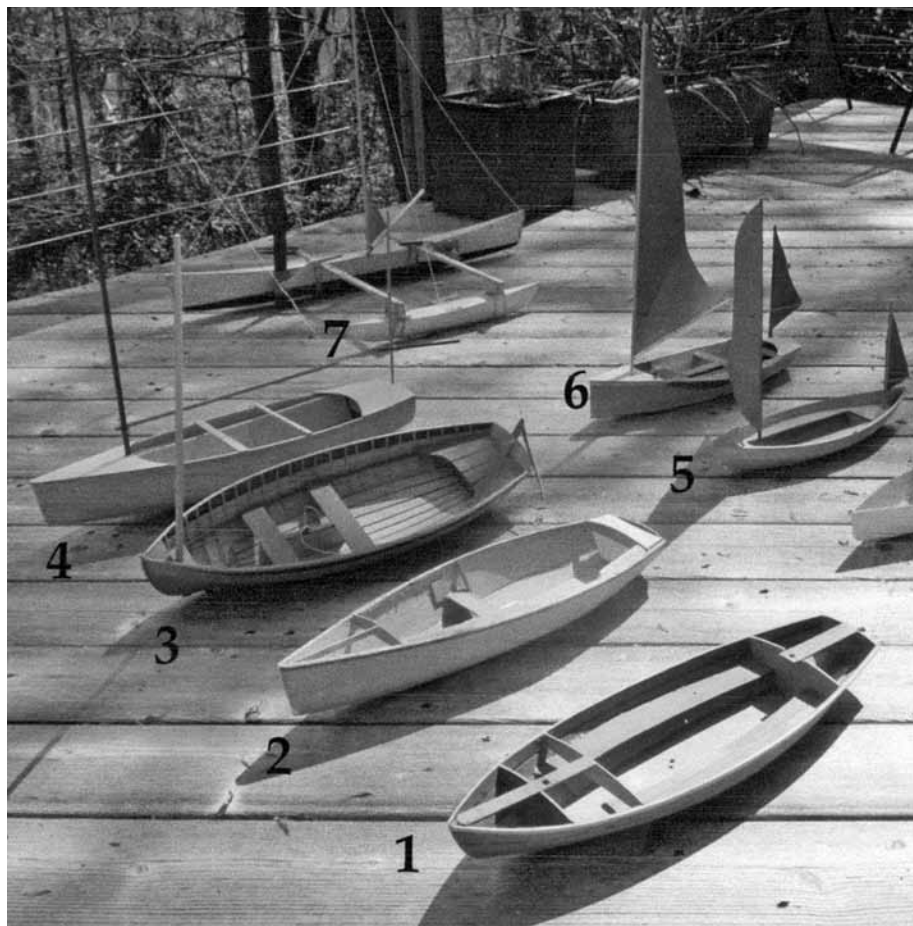
I spent over a year trying one last shot at the multihull approach by sawing up the canoe and repurposing it into a 26' proa. The proa worked but was even more complex and required more sea room to maneuver than acceptable for Watertribe races.

Now it was time for a new set of requirements. She would be a monohull, a simple, low stress design, maximum size for one person to handle on the beach, a non planing hull with movable ballast, cheap, easily, quickly and safely reefed, a "sit in" boat vs "sit on," capable of averaging 4kts

most of the time, rowable into a moderate breeze, bug tight, comfortable while seated and sleeping, self rescuing, able to make good progress to windward in 20kts of wind, dry in sloppy conditions.

I had already started to modify an Albacore dinghy for this purpose, but when I tried to row it into a chop it just wasn't going to work. Also, the Albacore shared the same trait of not keeping her bow up when I was trying to reef her single handed. In fact, I had capsized the multihulls three times while trying to reef. More and more a cat yawl configuration seemed in the cards. I didn't want the mizzen for drive, just for balance and to help with reefing. And I must admit that there may be some influence here from Slocum's *Spray* as well.

A number of other designs were considered and I made several models to help better assess hull shapes and internal layouts. Readers may recognize some of these models, which were my approximations/modifications of existing designs. In the photo, model #1 is the Welsford Walkabout and #3 is the



pretty Herreshoff Columbia dinghy (note the various models are not built to the same scale). Model #4 is a lapstrake design I came up with but rejected because it would cost too much for the wood. Model #5 is a Bolger Sweet Pea and #6 is a Storer Goat Island Skiff, both cat yawls. Model #7 is my proa as described above.

Model #2 is what I came up with in Hullform (thank you, Blue Peter) and I did flotation testing on it to check my self rescue ideas. From the lines drawing it can be seen that it has a narrow bottom (as Bolger would like) and then considerable flare to the sides, somewhat like a dory.

I was aware of the dory's fine reputation for seaworthiness, provided it had several hundred pounds of fish in the bottom and that's where my sandbags were going. I chose sandbags over water ballast because the weight would be more easily moved underway and there would be less structural weight. The boat was designed around a central, sacrosanct space which I call "my space," where I was to sit and sleep and nothing would be allowed to compromise that. She looks a little like a stretched Penguin dinghy, a design I've always loved and one I grew up with.

She has a fine entry to help her work through a chop (hopefully), high sides, enclosed centerboard trunk, watertight storage compartments mid ships and aft, decks with coamings fore and aft and wide gunnels. These latter features were to strengthen the hull (to handle racking stress), promote dryness and facilitate a bugproof boom tent. She carries the rig off my Penguin dinghy, thank you, Phil Rhodes (I considered, then dismissed, Albacore and Trac 18 options) along with a tiny mizzen I made myself. Centerboard and rudder were also repurposed from other boats. The self rescue foam is all on one side because I only need it on one side.



When it came time to make the sheer line I had to depart from the plans a little and drop it a couple of inches with some sweep. She is made almost entirely out of 1/4" pine ply without frames. The side and bottom panels were glued to the chines first, then the bilge panel was glued and ring nailed to close her up. Because the ply was only three veneers it had much greater strength in one direction than the other and I used this to advantage in the panel layout. She has two layers of cloth and epoxy

on the middle bottom, otherwise just paint. She ain't pretty, but she isn't that bad.

So far, she has performed very much as I had imagined. Between the sail options and adjustments of both centerboard and rudder the boat can always be balanced, at times can be self steered. She came in around 260lbs ready to sail with oars and anchor but no ballast, provisions or personal effects. I now carry three sandbags of 35lbs each and a 5gal water jug which seems to be just about what she wants. The ballast can be moved around to complement my position and the conditions.



I have test swamped her twice with this loading and she can be readily flipped to the foam side (doesn't turtle because of the wooden mast) where she rises up and rights herself with enough stability to allow me to slide back in over the side. There is then only a little water over the floorboard. I think the plywood floor in "my space" traps water, thereby reducing free surface effect and assisting in self rescue. I have also jumped over the side with the boat dry and was able to pull myself back aboard without taking on water. If this sounds like a very stable boat you'd only be partly right. Without ballast she was worse than a canoe and even with full ballast she is very tender when not heeled, but once rail down the stability is great.



I have been reluctant to write about this boat because I have yet to complete a Watertribe race with it, but I am getting some experience and beginning to get the feel of it. We've done three overnight events since

April and they indicate she does, in fact, do 4kts most of the time and can keep up pretty well with Watertribe capable boats in moderate conditions. Most recent was an attempt to sail from Solomons, Maryland, to Ocean City by way of Cape Charles and the Virginia Inside Passage. This was a great confidence builder after seeing her handle some boisterous conditions off the mouth of the Potomac and then a leftover slop after it had been blowing hard the night before. She never took a drop of it aboard.

Her agility showed working up the Inside Passage. At the Ramshorn where the narrow channel curved back into a fresh SW breeze I was dreading having to row a mile or more, into a foul current at that. But the boat just kept making progress despite the short tacks and it wound up sailing all the way through. What a hoot! And I love my mizzen, it is so far back there that it has a huge effect on balance despite its modest 10sf size. The boat moves so easily through the water that the 72sf mainsail just feels like all that is needed. If that isn't enough for light air, she rows well. The boat is never going to plane, so adding more sail area is only going to create more stress.

What's next? More testing, particularly heavy air beating. Finish the bugproof boom tent. Maybe some portage wheels. If all goes well, Blackbeard Challenge, Pamlico Sound, Fall 2016.



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Somehow summer seems to have taken a few days off. Cold, drizzly. More the trappings of late Sep-tober than early August. Anyhow, the Planning Department guys here at Frankenwerke figured I had been playing all too much for their sense of work ethic recititude. My protests of “how can you measure ‘too much?’” fell completely on deaf ears. Nuthin’ big. But we’ve made a bit of progress in spite of myself.

Little long suffering *Lady Bug* has been too embarrassed to be seen out in public for about half a year now. I got a slap dash first coat of red sprayed on her hull back when there was still snow on the ground. Then she sat forlornly in storage through the whole of spring and (maybe even all of) summer. Well, nothing like a couple of coats of Ace Hardware store oil based red to make amends with a girl.



While we were at it, she got most of the way toward a new life as an electric propelled auxiliary. About all that’s left is a few wires and a switch. Oh yeah, and a manhole cover for the top. Another rainy day and things will be ready for a test hop.



As we ALL know, you simply can’t do something nice for just one of the girls without at least making an attempt to square things with the other one(s).



Summer Doldrums

By Dan Rogers



Punkin Seed probably isn’t completely happy with my attempt to maintain peace in the family but I did pull her out from the woods, dusted her off, rigged and promised. I promised we’d go sailing real soon. Then it started raining, harder. Back went the tarp and well, yep, back into the woods. I’ll probably get knocked on the head with the boom, won’t I?

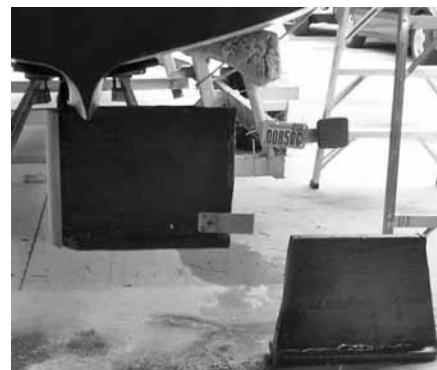
Those Planning Department guys were not quite satisfied so, in the finest Management by Objectives fashion, we put a bunch of stuff on the shop planning board. We even prioritized. About the last thing anybody expected to do during rainy weather would be to do any more painting but somehow, in my new persona as a “player” rather than a “doer,” the higher pri stuff like wheel bearings just didn’t seem quite as much fun. So *Miss Kathleen* somehow ended up with a few new coats of paint too between rain clouds.

And then something that everybody here at Frankenwerke has been talking about but avoiding like the plague. Sure, we talk about it but there is a very vocal faction that keeps shouting in my ear, “If it ain’t broke, don’t FIX it!?” The “it” in question is *Miss Kathleen’s* oversized rudder. It is really too big and not nearly as cool as I hoped it would be. Back in June, at the Palooza, one of the cognoscenti from the Port Townsend Maritime Center’s boat shop took one jaundiced look at it and said unequivocally, “Cut half of it off!” Half? That’s (what’s left of) a 50-year-old foam core sailboat rudder with a 1” bronze rod for a spine. I can’t just cut it off without sort of rounding and closing it up. Part of that reduction has to be from in front and the rest from behind. And believe me, everything I’ve read has only confused those proportions even more. This is a job for Guesstimatorman!



So, for about another 300 miles of making do with that huge bludgeon of a steering oar, I’ve tried to imagine how to make those recommended reductions.

Well, as I was looking for something simple like a box of washers, or maybe a paint brush, I happened to notice a new box of Sawzall blades. The rest, as they say, is now history!



The “mock up” rounded nose section carved out of a chunk of cedar seemed to go on pretty close to what I figured we needed. The little “genius tab” went on the trailing edge just for luck. And into the water we went!



Well, she seemed pretty happy with the shorter appendage. Some girls are like that. And that’s when I made another sort of disconcerting discovery. Seems the Supply Department has been taking the summer off, just like me. We were down to about 3’ of ‘glass tape and about enough ‘pox’ juice to fill a small tea cup. Big oops. Maybe. But desperate times call for desperate measures. I mixed up the last few drops and slathered it on.



We’re counting on every molecule of Goose Juice accelerant to do his duty. Sea trials at first light...

This is sooooo cool! And I'm totally clueless why it even works, other than that today at lunch I had a fortune cookie prognosticate that "a significant mystery would be solved this week." Nothing like going to a Chinese restaurant to get dunnos turned into ohwows.

Last night as sunlight and ambient temps faded to an unseasonable low, I felt a lot like a little kid on Christmas Eve. All I had to do was just "be patient" and everything would happen in the morning. Well, I guess The Grinch was on duty last night. Things didn't go at all well this morning. Seemed like a lead pipe cinch, too.

I significantly altered Miss Kathleen's rudder, lopped about half of it off and made some by eye shaping decisions that probably had more to do with how I was propped up on the pavement and how much my hands protested holding the Sawzall in a more or less consistent orientation. Not a whole lot of science. Not a lot new in that either, but I actually TESTED the mockup in the water and found it to be more or less satisfactory. So this morning's tests were expected to be more or less pro forma. Not quite.

I completely lost track but figure I launched and recovered that boat at least a dozen times. That's 24 separate backings in and pullings out all before breakfast. Basically all I was attempting to do was replicate the pretty good for gu'mit work setup from the night before. Each and every modification and adjustment that I made there on the launch ramp, this morning MADE THINGS PROGRESSIVELY WORSE. I'll admit to getting so vexed that I even forgot which way the helm was spinning out of control and what I had already tried with that little trim tab. I finally slunk home and seriously considered starting completely over. Bad.

But before cashing in there was a single wunderwhat lingering on the back burner. What if I tried an end plate? What if? Like I was saying, I don't have the vaguest idea why it even should have worked out. The rudder is currently reduced to about 16" in chord with a nearly 1 1/2" radius on the leading edge. Yep, that blade has grown to almost 3" in girth. Now that it's shorter fore and aft than a while ago, she tries to stay on course a lot better than the violent right turn (or was that left?) the boat always attempted to make whenever I loosened my grip on the wheel. That's the basic issue. The rudder is somehow affected

Summer Doldrums... Epilogue

By Dan Rogers

rather vigorously by the propwash helix and, at least until this morning's testing marathon, an itty bitty chunk of undulating aluminum on the trailing edge had sort of stabilized that situation. At some speeds and some sea states. Like I said, sort of.



I found a 16" chunk of 1/2" MDO cut to the "scientific" width of 11". That would leave about 4" of end plate projecting from each side. The leading end was shaped to match the radius of a coffee can handily sitting on the bench. And I shaped the edges with the ogee bit that just happened to be in the router table. Does this sound like a NASA moon shot? Not quite rocket science?

I even didn't really get the thing centered. Seems I was wearing clean clothes and didn't really want to lie down in the wet driveway and get it centrally positioned. You could say that I wasn't even remotely convinced this strange apparatus would even remotely perform as I hoped.



Just three deck screws were all I bothered to hold it on with from below. I was completely convinced it was a complete waste of time. This makes it all the more remarkable.



This little winglet worked like a Swiss watch! We ran in a straight line up to 7 knots ahead and up to 3 knots in reverse. No apparent speed loss to drag. No apparent vibrations. The works.

The dilemma is that I'm afraid to change anything. Subtle changes in this arena have always resulted in dramatic performance lurches, almost always in the direction of failure. So, since I don't even know why things changed for the better, and so dramatically, I'll just glue it on and mechanically fasten it JUST AS IT SITS. Maybe a coat of paint.

It's like the final scene in that old Peter Sellers classic "Topkapi" where a band of desperados have escaped a citywide police hunt in a school bus that is later seen racing through the Italian Alps. It misses a turn and slides over a cliff only to be suspended on the guardrail. Half on, half spinning over a thousands foot abyss. The movie ends with the guy in the back of the bus imploring the guy in the front that could arguably make a jump for it, "Nobody move!!!!"

I know just how he must have felt. Don't change a thing!



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The big Garvey boat that Wally's making is so cool that I'm going to make one for myself with lots of "improvements" so it'll be my new perfect boat, 'til the next one. The fiberglass we're using for these is called triaxial cloth because it has strands of glass that run in three different directions. It's very strong and easy to work with because it's not woven like normal cloth but stitched together to hold it all in together.



Steve took a video of us doing a section to show how easy it is to do, you need to remember that I've been doing this for a million years if it seems that I'm going really fast. The secret is to pour the epoxy on and spread it out to soak in, don't be stingy with the glue and when it's all wet out come back with the squeegee and pull out the excess with firm smooth strokes.

watch-v=lqeBtzgpmBg&feature=youtu.be
Dave and Wally glassing



The Scamp that Jim is building continues to get stranger and stranger looking. When I walk in and see it the thing looks like some kind of wooden insect model. As you can see, it's like making a big model airplane. I recommend this boat to anyone who wants to learn about all of the steps of boat building from laying out the patterns to putting them together in the right places. It's a fun challenge and small enough to be able to handle by yourself.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Don't feel overwhelmed, the thing is only 12' long, how hard can it be? You just have to cut out the parts and put them together and don't second guess the designer.



In the end it'll look like this. *Small Craft Advisor* magazine has a real hit with this boat, it looks seaworthy enough to go anywhere.



Or you can get one of these and just outrun the bad weather. David Thayer came by the Tiki Hut in his 27' long Packard. This has to be the most elegant boat I've ever seen. The all mahogany old Chris Crafts are classy but this one has a different feel to it, it's hard to describe unless you see it. Classy raw power. The forward seat is like being on a big fine leather couch and the space under the forward deck is big enough to sit in. When he left I jumped in *Lurlyne* to race him. He was

sitting at idle and I was wide open at 25mph and when I came up next to him he opened her up and was shooting by me at 50mph in an instant. Maybe I need one of these.



I found another use for stand up paddle boards, these guys had a ball being pulled all over the river. They were fighting trying to knock each other off and laying on them with their feet up in the air and riding up on the wake, you know, boy stuff. The tow rope is tied to the boards so they didn't get tired, even after a couple miles of this. Simon was the first to do this with one of these home-made boards and agrees that it's fun.



This is what you'd call a "fixer upper" in anyone's language. Steve B bought an old farmhouse on the water in Maine that needed a little work. Well, after removing all the bad parts this is what he had left, this looks a lot like old wooden boats that need a "little work." Something about the old and the wood parts should ring a warning bell. Oh well, he still has a couple months 'til winter.



Helen and I and her sister Norma Ann just got back from a ten day bus trip through Nova Scotia. We flew in and out of Halifax. Here's what Hopewell rocks at the bay of Fundy look like with the tide going out.

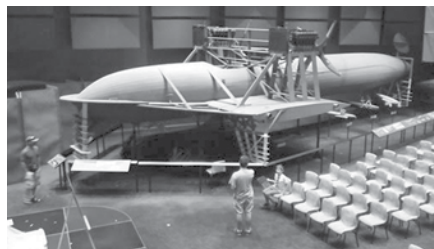


This is the same place a half hour later and it's still going out. Imagine a 50' tide coming and going every six hours, that's a lot of water. These rocks are at a place called Peggy's Cove. Pretty but only for a couple months a year when it's not freezing cold. There's not really all that much to see up there except for a lot of trees. The bus and the other people were nice but the ride from one place to another was through a solid tunnel of green, thick forest everywhere.

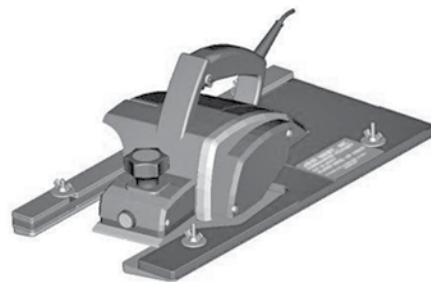


We toured the Alexander Graham Bell museum, this is the big propeller powered hydrofoil he built, and in Halifax we went through the Museum of the Atlantic. This is a giant place with exhibits of all kinds of things

including the *Titanic* and the giant ammunition ship explosion and these three sailboats. Notice the one in the middle between the big lifeboat thing and the cute little lapstrake catboat, it's a Snipe, the boat I courted Helen on. I don't know why it's here in this place with all the old historical stuff but it's cool.



This is a John Henry scarfing jig and I want one, any idea where I can get one or do you have one you want to get rid of? I don't think they're available to buy anymore.



This one is currently on my desktop and I love Cessna looking back at Steve taking it. My new boat is meant to replace this one but that's going to take a lot of innovation to accomplish. Helen and I and the dogs were out last night in a thunderstorm coming back home across the river at midnight. Here on the West Coast of Florida in the summer thunderstorms are a daily occurrence so we need a boat that can handle them or we'd not do much boating, which is kind of the norm with most boaters here. There's no substitute for really powerful running lights, spotlight, windshield wipers and GPS program to get us home safely.



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One of my most pleasurable duties as the US VMYG Historian is responding to emailed inquiries from people who have boats they want identified. In the fall of 2015 I received the following from Dave Crawford of Raleigh, North Carolina:

"For years I have had a model yacht that was built by my father sometime around 1930. It is basically complete and original with original sails and spars, although they are not currently installed on the model hull. All I know is that he told me that some national expert in model boats had tutored a group of kids on how to build and sail model boats. At the time he was living in the Boston, Massachusetts, area. The name of the boat was *Scat II*.

The reason I am writing to you is that I was getting ready to eBay some old sailing trophies that my father has won and one of them was inscribed:

W.M.Y.C. JR
1930
1st PRIZE
Scat II



The First Picture of *Scat II* and the Trophy Won by Dave Crawford's Father in 1930

Do you have any idea what W.M.Y.C. JR stands for? What is the full club name? Any other history on the club or resources for researching?"

At that time I was fully occupied getting the manuscript of our book finished so I took a quick look at a somewhat blurry picture of a classic hull form and replied:

"What you have appears to be a *Cheerio* designed by John Black, who was indeed a national expert. His book, *Yachting With Models*, is a classic. You can verify this by measuring the boat, it should be 50" long.

Black was the industrial arts instructor at Watertown High School so my guess is that W.M.Y.C. Jr. stands for "Watertown Model Yacht Club Jr. Division" or some such.

Hope this helps. Boats with a provenance linking them to John Black are quite rare."

What came back got my heart beating fast:

"The hull measures 41" lod and 8 1/2" beam. Is there any interest with your group regarding pictures, measurements, etc, that I could provide? I'd be happy to provide whatever you might want."

Scat II A Previously Unknown Design By John Black

By Earl Boebert & Dave Crawford
Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*
Newsletter of the U.S. Vintage
Model Yacht Group

"Oh, my dear yes, if this is a John Black design we definitely want to learn as much about it as we can. If it's 41" and by Black it's a previously unknown design and we'd appreciate all the documentation you are willing to provide. Does the Watertown connection make sense?"

Dave's reply clinched the attribution to John Black in my mind:

"My dad definitely went to Watertown HS. The trophy is dated 1930. My dad was 16 years old at that time so that, too, matches him to the high school.

He died in 2004, age 90. Before he died he had given me the model yacht *Scat II*. The first *Scat* was a Cotuit Skiff. You can Google it to get the particulars. In any event, his parents owned a summer resort on Cape Cod which was located in Cotuit, Massachusetts. At age 8 my father received a skiff for his birthday. He sailed it once and was terrified. It sat in the water all summer. The next year my father started sailing it. As he moved into high school and college, he raced the *Scat*. But while he was in high school, his family lived in Watertown, which is where he went to high school.

So, in about 2002 I now remember that I asked my father to write a history of the model *Scat II*. Lo, as I was taking the model off a shelf, I opened the hatch and found the attached letter and sketch. I think you will find the personal nature of the letter quite charming as well as informative."

Here is the letter, written 72 years after the events in question:

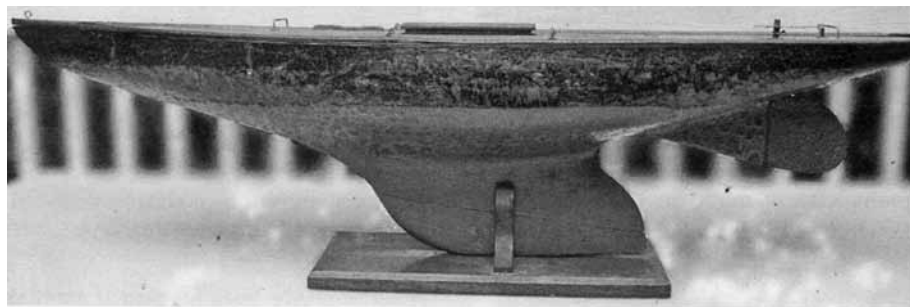
"What I remember about the 3' boat model you have: I think it was about sophomore year in high school that I joined the model boat club to find out how to make a sailing model. It turned out that the teacher running this club was the world champion in model boat racing, had won at the yearly competition held in England somewhere and attributed his success to having devised a simple mechanism which kept a boat going on a straight course regardless of wind puffs. He could thus aim his model at the finish line across the pond or river with some assurance that it would go there, while many of the competitors were straying all over the map. The teacher's name, I think, was John Black and the models he raced were 6' long.

We glued up a series of soft pine boards, and then shaped the outside of the hulls from the templates we had drawn using flexible wood slats to get the smooth curves desired. When the outside fitted the templates we started gouging out the inside with a light bulb under the wood hull so we could begin to gauge the thickness of wood left by whether we could start to see the pink of the bulb coloring the wood we were working on. We could tell 1/4" of wood left very easily.

We poured our own lead for the keel weight and I remember my delight in learning that if the holding bolts were extended inside the hull and a handle attached, it made an easy way to lift and carry the boat.

Deck, paint, spars and sail all were conventional except that there was a waterproofing liquid we used on the sail so that if the boat sank for some reason, once righted it would shed all the water weight on the sail and sail as with a dry one. I lost it once while racing across the Charles River but saw it go down and managed to retrieve it.

The steering idea Black had invented attached the rudder to the boom so that when a wind gust wanted to head the boat up into the wind, the greater pull of the boom on the rudder kept it on course. Of course, one had to find the adjustment that could accomplish this.



Scat II in Profile



Dave Crawford Holds His Treasure

I won more than my share of races as I had the advantage of knowing how to set the location of the jib to the mainsail better than the others.

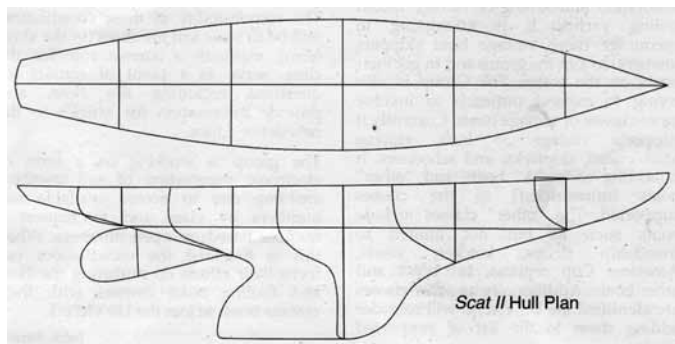
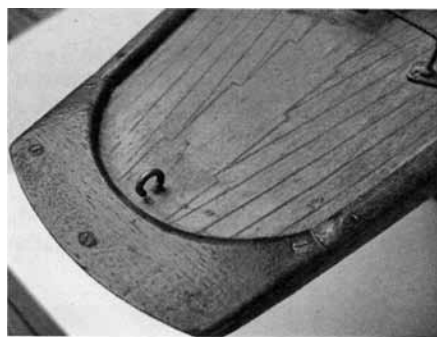
After high school and a summer of fun at Cotuit, it was stored in the attic of the hotel cottage my parents lived in until many years later and shortly before my mother died I investigated the attic and found it still there.

Everyone who builds models has dreams and visions of reality with them. I had many such vicarious adventures with this one and look back on it with happy memories."

Seventy-two years is a long time and memory is a tricky thing. The letter gives final verification to the idea that this is a John Black design. Black did indeed sail in England many times for the *Yachting Monthly* Cup, which was in its day the America's Cup of model yachting. He did not, as we will discuss later, win the world championship, nor did he invent the Braine steering gear with which the boat is equipped. Whether Black told these things to his students or not is beside the point, he was a great designer, a great competitor and a great teacher. He and many industrial arts teachers like him left a legacy that we see over and over again when these old boats are researched, that the construction and sailing of a model yacht was one of the most important events in a young person's life, one they never forgot.

These two photographs give a good idea of her fine form. Her dimensions do not fit any known class of the period so we must assume that this was a one design class that John Black devised for his students.

The photos that Dave sent shows the advanced craftsmanship that his father exhibited at the tender age of 16. The photo of the stern shows some pretty impressive joint work as well as careful lining of the deck.



The Braine quadrant is interesting. All of the other fittings on the boat were clearly purchased from A.J. Fisher in Detroit, who was the primary source for such gear in the 1930s. The quadrant, however, was equally clearly made in the shop class. This was probably done to give the students experience in sheet metal work.



The hatch was decorated with this delightful cartoon, in black against an orange sun that is barely visible in these black and white photos.

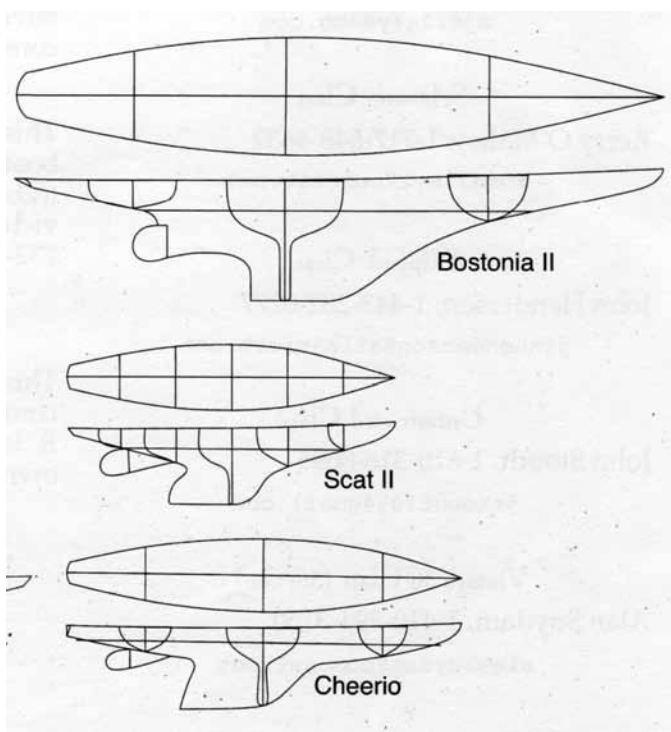
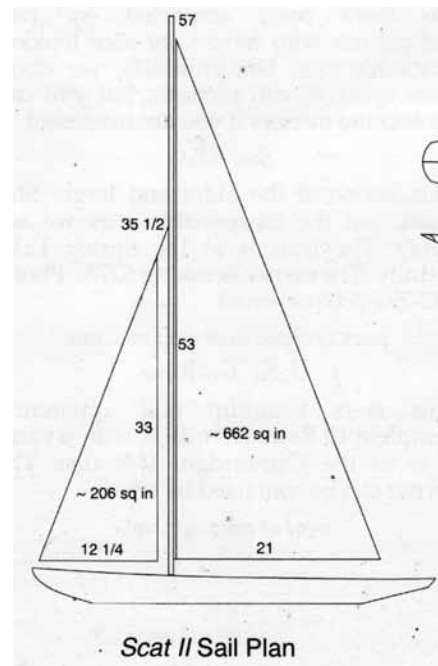


It is fascinating, and a bit depressing, to see what constituted an adequate level of craftsmanship for a 16-year-old in 1930.

Lines: A set of study lines for Scat II are shown in the context of John Black's other notable boats: *Bostonia II* of 1927, which came within one point of winning the *Yachting Monthly* Cup, and *Cheerio* of 1936, probably the most famous of the early Marbleheads.

Dimensions

LOA 41", Beam 8³/₈", Draft at the waterline 7", Hull weight 10lbs, Mast 57¹/₈" x 9/16", Boom 21³/₄" x 7/16".



Lepe, a GRP Shetland Fourern or Osolver Boat

How Antony developed his own cruiser from a bare Shetland Skiff hull: originally published in DCA Bulletin No.80, Autumn 1978.

A particularly detailed and honest account of the sailing and handling qualities of the type, as well as the work involved

by Antony Sluce

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

THE REASONS FOR OWNING a particular boat are dependent on a sequence of previous decisions and experiences. They are not always in practical terms logical, but the ownership of boats is not always logical anyway. When the children were young (2 and 3) I built a flat-bottomed 11ft dinghy using the Mirror dinghy principles of stitch and glue but rigging it with a leg o' mutton sail sleeved onto a pole mast, and building in a centreplate. We had four years sailing this on the rivers Erme and Helford and on Coniston Water. As the weight of the crew increased, the performance became more and more disappointing, and there was less space for picnic baskets and all the other paraphernalia. So we decided to go up in size.

My interest is in sailing, not in boat-building, but I had found the technique of stitch and glue very easy and quick. So I tried a number of designs on the back of an envelope before deciding that the appearance was too ugly and I really wanted a round-bilged boat. The next thing to look at were fibreglass shells to which we could add our own gear. When the market was surveyed there were few shells of the size required. However, putting appearance first and then size, weight and cost, we finished up buying a Shetland Skiff produced by Cox Marine of Brightlingsea.

The standard boat had bulkheads under each thwart containing buoyancy. This ruled out sleeping on the bottom boards. The lack of a centreboard case meant that the bottom could be completely free, so we bought a bare shell to which thwarts could be added, giving clearance for the sleepers. The shell was 15ft 3ins LOA, 5ft 4ins beam and 1ft 2ins draft. It was very strong with a heavy keel section, which meant it retained its shape without any bracing..

To the shell I added foam buoyancy contained by bulkheads fore and aft, giving 1200 lbs / 545.45kilos lift and leaving an area 6ft 6ins by 4ft for sleeping on. At

The SHETLAND 16, advertised at the same time, was deceptive. Although it shares some dimensions such as its beam with the Skiff, this was a wooden boat, clinker built to a traditional design by Allcraft of Lerwick and others in the islands. The hull was probably genuinely 16ft LOA without the bowsprit. Sail area between 130 to 180 ft². In 1970, 50 had been built and were in use.



Shetland Skiff



Photo: Cox Marine

Was gunter rig an appropriate option for this boat? In 1973 there was possibly less enthusiasm for lugsails shown by ordinary family sailors than there is today, so perhaps that dictated the choice

the gunwale a 2ins x 1ins inwale of keruing was nailed and bedded on fibreglass, to which sheets were led and rowlocks attached, and outside a rubbing strake screwed to the inwale to protect the gel coat. There were two rowing positions (making her a 'fourern' or four-oared boat), a sliding rudder projecting 1ft below the hull when sailing, but flush with the keel for beaching and a range of headsails.

If you liked traditional craft the appearance was very satisfactory and the boat was much photographed on the occasions when we were near other people. Since buying the shell I have read a number of books on the history of double-ended boats in Norway and the Shetland Isles. The type was developed as a rowing sea-boat and as such the skiff has lost nothing. No matter how heavily loaded there is no tendency for the pointed stern to drag, unlike a transom-sterned boat which can stop between each stroke. The Shetland fishermen always rowed to windward, until around the middle of the 19th century.

In order to make the skiff more of an all-round sailing boat the designer had emphasized the keel and added prominent bilge rubbers. To achieve this he lengthened the straight part of the keel and reduced the curved stem and stern posts. The effect was that the bow and stern were fuller than in the traditional types and the sheer was reduced. When running, the stern could be pulled down to the level of the water by the stern wave, unlike a transom-sterned boat where the water breaks away from the transom and planing begins. Another result of the pointed stern was that the helmsman could not sit out to much effect.

There was considerable flare on the topsides and to get a good waterline beam the boat had to be well immersed either by crew or ballast. This affected the initial stability of course. The crew were used to a very stable boat and it was a problem getting them to work together to keep the boat at the right angle for sailing. The stability steadily increased as the boat heeled, until the water came in over the gunwale when the boat would presumably fill up and capsize. If the boat was moving fast the gunnel could be underwater without any water coming in.

The steering was not spectacular because of the long straight keel. Short tacking to avoid the tide was agony. Every time we went about we lost five or six lengths against a modern boat. After the first trials on Coniston I increased the width of the rudder and had a new mainsail made with a longer foot to increase the weather helm. Then on smooth water we tacked in a stately fashion, but beating down Ullswater in a good force five with williwaws of six or more we did not stay at all if a squall was on us and only stayed otherwise if I watched the waves and got plenty of speed up before putting the helm down.

Since writing this I added another block to the mainsheet so that the boom was pulled right to the centre line of the boat. The result was dramatic and we were now sailing closehaunched for the first time. Going about became a question of releasing the tiller, the boat then sliding up into the wind, the jib coming aback and the boat spinning onto the other tack. Previously we had been going from close-reaching to close-reaching, swinging the tiller over, making it act as a brake. The extra block made the boat more enjoyable for the children to sail as they could hold the mainsheet easily whereas before there was too much pull.

The boat was easier to hold up in a squall as we could feather into the wind more. I am amazed at what this one modification did for the boat. My father told me to do it the first time he sailed the boat, but I put his advice down to failing strength due to age and anyway, inefficient hull shapes should not be pinched.

Heaving-to is a delight especially welcome in family sailing. The boat lay very quietly with the mainsail eased off to the shrouds and the helm

lashed down. On the run the long, straight keel kept you running true, until rolls to leeward occurred, for instance when a squall struck, when the keel started skidding and the boat tended to broach, pivoting on the bilge. Trying to correct the broach with the helm led to more heeling still. The only thing to do was to get the mainsail off, after which the boat became very docile. The centre of effort of the mainsail was outside the beam of the boat and had a leverage which was not there in the original square rig of the Shetland boats.

The sail area was the maximum which could be set on a gunter rig with spars that fitted inside the boat. The combination of sails and the resulting areas with their suitability for different conditions is shown below:

144 ft² : mainsail, jib, reaching jib, storm jib set below mainsail as a bonnet. Down wind only

109ft² : Mainsail, reaching jib. Largest area for windward work.

97ft² : Mainsail, jib.

81ft² : First reef mainsail, jib

56ft² : Second reef mainsail, storm jib. Smallest rig for windward work.

42ft² : Second reef mainsail.

14ft² : Storm jib. Down wind only.

The maximum areas were satisfactory and this was where sailing was enjoyable. The problem at the other end was that the smallest area for turning to windward was 56 square feet. This is because of the limitation of the gaff on reefing. To get a smaller area would require the unlacing of some of the head of the sail from the gaff. The naval whalers carried a trysail which also doubled as a reaching jib. I regret not having a reaching jib made to satisfy these uses. The existing reaching jib could not be sheeted in tight enough when set in place of the mainsail to enable the boat to turn to windward. The boat would not stay under jib alone but would under fully reefed mainsail after the adjustments were made to the mainsheet arrangements.

In ghosting conditions the boat would keep up with small cruisers such as Silhouettes and Leisure 17s if well heeled over. After this if the boat was kept upright leeway was not too bad. Eventually when the boat was heeled to the gunwale she made a tremendous show with spray leaping over the weather bow and pushing out to leeward but not in fact making much to windward (1.5 miles in an hour on Ullswater).

The historians are always going on about the ease with which the Vikings beached their boats. The big 60-footers with their thin planking would have required delicate handling on a beach and the small ones needed two feet of water to float. They cannot be moved by one person unless you want the bilges worn out. The technique we developed was for one adult to hold the boat upright and the rest of the crew to pull ahead or astern as required. Waders were essential in the early part of the year as you had to go in above the knees. The boat would float heeled over on the bilge before it would float upright. We acquired a rubber dinghy so that we could anchor off but it was not been the time saver I hoped it would be. For loading on

to the trailer on dry land, No. 1 held the boat level, No. 2 lifted the bows onto the trailer, No. 3 winched the trailer under the boat. We started floating the boat onto the fully submerged trailer, which removed the strain, except for thinking about what was happening to the bearings. A jockey wheel was the next addition to the trailer.

One adult and two children seemed to be the maximum for sleeping on board. Stowage of all the personal items with three is really the main restraint on cruising in this size of boat. The tent was in two parts, one over the bows and coming to the mast and the other a straight tent over the boom. They were made of Lancashire cloth and were held down by the shape of the boat rather than hooks and eyes. One hook was needed just forward of the shrouds. The cover stayed very wind-tight but there were drips which fell out at the gunnel and ran down into the bilges, avoiding the sleepers. To cure the drips would have needed a hoop at the widest part of the boat.

There was a removable stern locker and two under-thwart boxes for food. Originally I used a net in the bows to hold down the sleeping bags and kit bags, but then I added a foredeck. The deck was made of two layers of plywood (1/4-inch or metric equivalent), with a centre spine holding it up and a laminated beam to take the mooring cleat. It was strong enough for walking on and improved the storage capacity. At the same time as building the deck I made the centre thwart removable with four large brass bolts to hold it down. The final result was that sleeping became

much more comfortable but stowing the sailing gear became a problem. Previously the thwart kept it off us. The side benches had to go which did not, in the event, prove a disadvantage. The crew could then sit on the bottom boards out of the wind but where their weight was needed.

We were finally reaching the layout and fittings we wanted. The activities that took longer than expected were designing out particular problems without disbenefit to solutions already adopted, and acquiring materials such as wood and non-ferrous fastenings. Another restraint was not having a big enough shed to get the boat in easily. At the same time as completing the boat we had to learn a number of techniques for handling the boat ashore and afloat.

Because of the infrequent use we made of it I adopted the policy of writing down instructions for various routines so that we didn't forget the easy way of doing things. In our inland situation attention to the car and trailer is as important as attention to the boat in ensuring trouble-free sailing. In the three years the boat was usable we sailed on Loch Linnhe, Ullswater, Coniston, Windermere, Rudyard Lake, the Conway Estuary, Bala Lake, Poole Harbour, Weymouth Bay and Falmouth. We did not sail in any of our local sandy estuaries, a nettle to be grasped.

Of course Scotland and *Lepe* fitted ideally, with deep water anchorages in little bays and long reaches across to interesting islands. Then the crew got bigger, which led us to consider what the next boat would be ... AS.

All three photographs below, of a non-standard wooden **Shetland 16** found on Barra but made in Lerwick, are © **Brian Wishart**



It is thought that this boat was made to the order of an over-cautious buyer, as there is far more freeboard than is normal and the boat has a number of plywood additions to the standard hull, including side decks. It is Brian Wishart's opinion that the boat is in better shape than she looks, and if the rotting plywood additions were ripped out of her she would be halfway there. The original 16's gunter rig, as seen on the first page of this article, is kept in a garage close by.

These photographs and others can be seen in colour, together with interesting material on the history of the Shetland boats, online at marcsboatssheland. Not very long ago the fourerns and sixerns were delivered to Shetland as bundles of numbered staves and planks, directly from Norway, to be assembled from these 'kits'. The other two photographs in this article, scanned from 1970s dinghy books, were sent to me by Andrew Dawson.

A Quick Comparison *by Keith Muscott*

According to the editors of *Wooden Boat*, Joel White's Nutshell pram dinghy is 'one of the best tenders ever designed'. It is the first design in their first catalogue of building plans, *Fifty Wooden Boats*, and it is followed immediately by the 9ft 6in Nutshell, identical except for size. The smaller boat is 7ft 7ins, the length that comes from bending planks from a standard 8ft plywood sheet.

There has been a multitude of small pram tenders offered since then, and *Wooden Boat* may have changed their collective mind about which is best, but clearly Nutshell is still highly regarded. That book (still in print) appeared in 1984, so Joel White's boat must have been around for a while before that. Simpleton appeared in the public domain thirty years earlier.

You will see below how similar these two boats are, judging by their hull sheer plans. I mention this only to show that despite Simpleton being offered free she is a little thoroughbred.

Simpleton has a vertical transom, which is not as stylish as Nutshell's, but that is countered by slightly more buoyancy and space aft and the ease of mounting a rudder.

The raked bow transom is offered as an option by Westell; you might prefer the easier and more buoyant vertical stem were you building. There is a much more pronounced convex curve along the tops of Nutshell's stem and stern boards, but that is a detail to be configured in any way the builder wants. Nutshell's hull is built with three strakes per side rising from her flat bottom. Simpleton has an extra two strakes per side, five, which usually makes a hull look rounder and prettier, especially in this size. She, too, has a flat bottom, and this demands a prominent skeg aft, evident on both boats, and plenty of rocker, ditto, in order that they will track steadily when under way as a proper tender should and not skid about. The waterlines of both boats are the same, but Simpleton's keel lifts higher at the bow: this makes her bow transom slightly less deep but capable of rising to bigger waves before slapping.

No sail plan was offered for Simpleton, but you can see how suitable Nutshell's rig is for her. The mast step could be placed to brace the spar against the aft edge of the forward thwart, or the seat could be made wider and the mast dropped through a hole into the step. The centre thwart in Simpleton is placed perfectly to brace the case for a daggerboard in the same position as Nutshell's: they are usually let into the leading edge of a thwart, of course. Both boats are drawn with seats, not buoyancy tanks, which is unacceptable these days, but that is well within the scope of an amateur builder to put right.

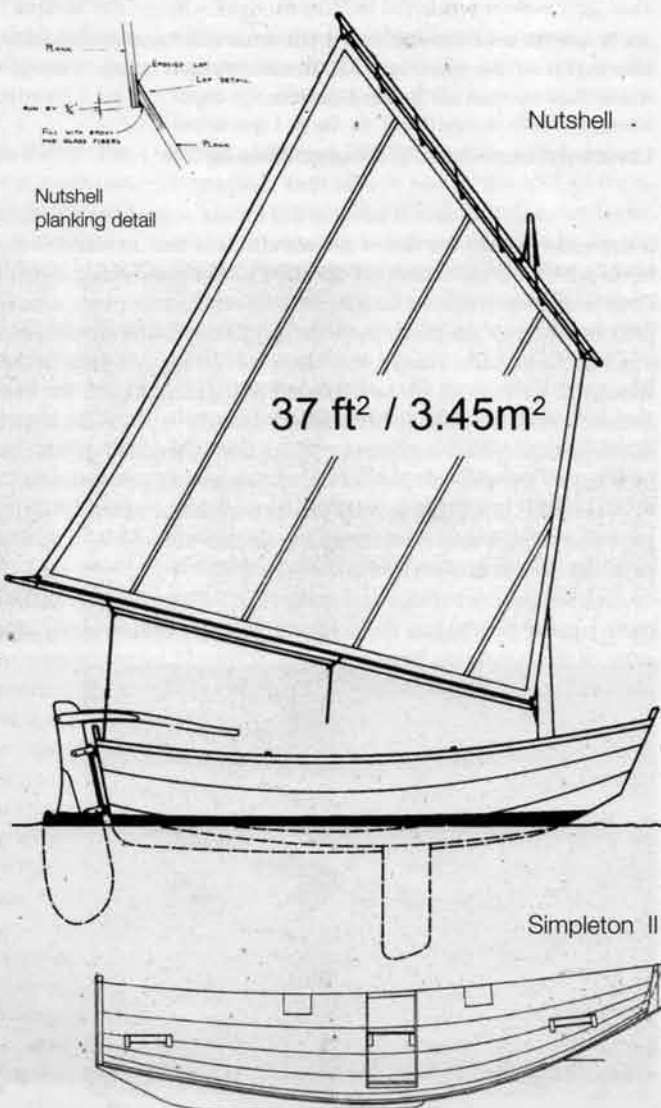
I sent these two sets of drawings to Peter Glover once, among many other mailings that went to and fro between us to inspire agreement or controversy, and he insisted that the boats

were completely unlike, which stumped me. He cited the method of planking, of all things, as the big difference, but one of the two options Westell offers would be similar to that for Nutshell were epoxy fillets used – had they been possible, 1954-6. Perhaps Peter was uneasy about the possibility of my bandying around accusations of plagiarism. As if I would.

The point is that the boats will almost certainly perform equally well. If Nutshell is one of the best tenders ever designed, then Simpleton can't be far behind, if at all. Prices will have risen by now, but in the 1984 book Nutshell plans were \$75 plus another \$75 for a how-to manual and video.

One of our members emailed me on receiving DC229 to query why I was bothering, as you can design your own boats these days using free computer programs, and Westell's choice of methods and glues are antiquated. But you don't mess with historical documents: we can all substitute our preferred methods and choice of adhesives – and Simpleton is an excellent little boat that deserves to be kept alive.

Finally, judging by my home print-out to proof-read the last issue, the plans drawing (DC229, p69) was not giving $\frac{3}{8}$ -in squares, which was a worry as they were thus very slightly out of scale, but I see the drawing in my hard copy of DC229 is spot-on. Hope yours is too. Clearly printing, like domestic plumbing, is one of the black arts. KM



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Piccolos and Ransomania

There was an article in an issue of the Brunswick (Maine) "Times Record" sub-titled, "Jack Gates is off to England for Arthur Ransome gathering."

I read the piece eagerly. Then I went to a very old scrapbook. There I found a card, bordered with illustrations from the books of the writer of the "Swallows & Amazons" stories, written and signed by him to me in his own fair hand; "Best wishes for fair winds. Arthur Ransome." It was undated, but he wished me luck for my stay in hospital and with my upcoming entrance exams for the Royal Navy College. So it must have been written in 1939.

Gates, "Barnaby" and Anderson, front to back, with the Piccolo.



His books, for those who aren't familiar with them, are about young peoples' adventurous sailing on the waters of England's Lake District, Norfolk Broads, and occasionally further afield. The characters; boats, youngsters and grown ups ("natives" as seen by the children) were drawn from real life. One of the erstwhile children, Bridgit Sanders, recently launched an appeal to restore another of the characters, one of the stories' boats. Jack Gates, among contributors worldwide, donated funds. The encouraging response to the appeal, coinciding with the centenary of Ransome's birth, led to the formation of a nine-strong steering committee for an Arthur Ransome Society; and Jack, afflicted as he is with a terminal case of Ransomania, has corresponded with all of them.

Small wonder then, that when I called and offered him the loan of that half-century old piece of memorabilia to share with his fellow Ransomaniacs, he accepted with alacrity and gratitude. Time was short, Jack was flying out in two day's time. So a hurried arrangement was effected whereby I could both deliver the goods in person and, at the same time, be privy to a rather special launching, of, until some hours later, I knew not what.

Known locally as Burnett Bay, there's a shingle-fronted cove off Flying Point Road on the way to Wolf Neck Park near Freeport. As I drew up, there was no doubt in my mind that I had come to the right place. Where else would one expect to see Betty Hadden (late of the Rockport Apprenticeship); master craftsman Dave Foster; or wooden

boat builders Bob Miler, Rob Stevens and Alex Hadden; plus a small knot of dedicated wooden boat nuts? And to complete this picture, there were two (one brand spanking new and the other not quite) examples of the Bob Baker designed 12'8" "common man's yacht", cedar on ash "Piccolo" sailing canoes, pawing at the seaweed, raring to go.

One was the four year old "Magic Piccolo", property of Mozart-loving Jack Gates; and the other, the yet-to-be-launched "Mudlark", property of Bowden Anderson, a recent convert to the Ransome Credo.

The "Piccolo" is dissimilar to the boats in Ransome's books, but she has offered Jack the opportunity to do, as he says, what those books have taught him he wants to do with the rest of his life. This (his life) is now so structured that he works from 1700 to midnight as circulation assistant at the Bowdoin College library and freelance book indexer, and then has the daylight hours to himself.

Thus, in the four years that he has owned "Magic Piccolo", Jack has put out in her on some 600 (six-hundred) occasions, never without his Kerry Blue terrier, "Barnaby"; and despite the craft's miniscule 30" beam, has not capsized once.

These have been the happiest four years of his life, he says. He rediscovered Ransome's books, and was thus prompted to have his own boat built, and has been exploring the Casco Bay Islands under 25 square feet of main and 7 square feet of mizzen, along with a kayak double paddle, ever since, and in

I stand by the water's edge and watch two kayakers go by. Somehow I feel drawn towards these elegant boats, yet at the same time I hesitate and, for another season, let this experience pass me by. Why?

Two developments characterize the world of sea kayaking these days. At one extreme, long, high performance boats with narrower and narrower beams, relying on high cost fibers (kevlar and carbon) to achieve low weight. At the other, inexpensive boats made from much cheaper and less resistant materials, often too short to pretend to any decent handling on the water. Yet more and more people, some older who are discovering sea kayaking, are looking for something more stable, easier to handle and that allows for mistakes, what sailors call "a forgiving boat." Sharing some of their hesitation and in search of such a craft, I started my exploration first with a stroll (more accurately a paddle) down memory lane.

The Double Paddle Canoe



One of the original double paddle canoes built for John MacGregor.

Before I am accused of looking outside the proverbial "box," let me redefine what sea kayaks were supposed to be. The goal was to use modern materials to reproduce the type of craft Inuits had been using in the northern countries for centuries around the globe to hunt and travel. It is this first attempt at reproducing the shape of the Inuit kayak that led John McGregor in 1876 to commission Lambeth to build for him a series of "canoes" assembled the way boats of his days were built, that is, cedar planking on oak frames.

Last year I had the chance to acquire and restore a boat built surprisingly close to McGregor specifications (possibly based on Alford's Tursiops), different only in its use of the more modern material, plywood. Compared to regular sea kayaks, this boat is not as fast but is significantly easier to use, providing that extra stability that allows one to relax, fish or even stand up! Gone is the worry about capsizing, even in the biggest waves. During all his travels McGregor never did capsize, would jump rapids (and occasionally get caught in them) and never mentions anything remotely resembling an eskimo roll. The incredible popularity of these double paddle canoes somehow got lost during the war years, never to reappear to these days. Maybe it is time someone does bring back to life the double paddle canoe.

A Different (But Certainly Not New) Approach to Kayaking

By André M. Bergeron



My modern day replica, built of oukoume plywood over a light frame.

The Folding Kayak

Championed by Ralph Diaz's book (now 20 years old, as of its first publication), it is almost unimaginable to consider how popular these boats once were. In Europe (thanks to Klepper, Pouch and Nautiraid) as well as in America (Folbot), thousands of young and not so young paddlers took to the streams, rivers and seacoasts in colorful folding boats, a majority of them double or tandem. Reading through the many stories assembled in Jack Kissner's book *Incredible Folbot Holidays*, first published in the 1960s) one is struck by the fact that a lot of beginners, some in their 50s and 60s, were exploring every river available to them, even those with challenging whitewater segments. I came to fully appreciate their excitement when chance brought me a 50-year-old tandem Folbot with wood and aluminum frame and nine (yes 9') foot paddles. Assembling the boat proved a challenge since it had been stored in its bags for the last 25 years.

We were lucky enough to find on the web (where else?) instructions and photographs from the Folbot era and successfully assembled our bright yellow and blue kayak.

We found this Super Folbot at a yard sale, stuffed in its original bags.



Of course, we could have tried newer folding kayaks being manufactured by the original companies (Klepper and Folbot) or relative newcomers to this segment of the sport (Feathercraft), but the experience of sailing an original Folbot Tandem with those awkward cedar paddles brought us back in time to the days when New Yorkers would board a train at Central Station and ride north along the Hudson River to paddle in groups of 50 or more.

The Folbot is different from the double paddle canoe. It is a bigger, slower boat but extremely pleasant to paddle. Our first attempt was on a mountain lake, deep into the Adirondaks of Upstate New York. Like the canoe, this is a very stable boat, it really envelops us, to the extent where we rarely, if ever, feel the need for a sprayskirt. The boat conveys a unique sense of being in communion with the water with the hull flexing naturally with the waves.

The two boats share a 16' length, nearly 30" beam (29" and 32") and an absence of rudder or skeg. The double paddle canoe has a keel band which helps it track beautifully and the Folbot handles just as well, thanks to its almost hard chine construction. Primary and secondary stability are excellent in those two boats. Diaz has a photograph in his book of a man in a Folbot standing... on his hands! Being roomy and dry, these boats allow one to carry just about anything needed for a comfortable camping excursion.

Options

What are then my options? The first and easiest is to acquire a brand new Folbot, single or double. Klepper, Folbot, Nautiraid and Pouch are still producing impressive designs. One could almost criticize them for trying too hard to emulate the modern, narrow kayak. At the same time, they all propose models reminiscent of the folding kayaks of the pre-war era. Feathercraft and some lesser known companies are also expanding the paddler's choice while trying to reduce the weight of their craft. The only drawback is the prohibitive price of most of these new boats. Why not then look for a used one?

With literally thousands of boats produced between the 1920s and now, it appears easy enough to locate an old Klepper or Folbot. Surprisingly, their hulls were so resistant that most outlasted their wooden frame.

Restoring an Old Folding Kayak

We basically have three choices: Find an acceptable boat with little repairs needed, usually consisting in doubling some frames or replacing one of the removable bulkhead. Since every part of a Folbot comes off, it is simple enough to use the old part as a template for a new one. It is also possible to order parts from the original maker of the boat.

My latest project: A Pouch tandem, from East Germany.



Our second option consists of finding an old boat without a skin or, more likely, an acceptable bottom skin stitched to a rotten or torn canvas top. Some were folding kayaks but we will also come across permanently assembled frames. How to cover such a frame? Many companies, including Wayland in England and Kajaki-Margaret in Poland, will provide us with a brand new hull, provided they know precisely what model we have. Good pictures and precise measurement are the best alternative to actually shipping the frame to them.

What if we're good with wood? Using the wooden frame of a Klepper kayak, one can easily assemble a plywood hull. With a frame that combines wood with aluminum

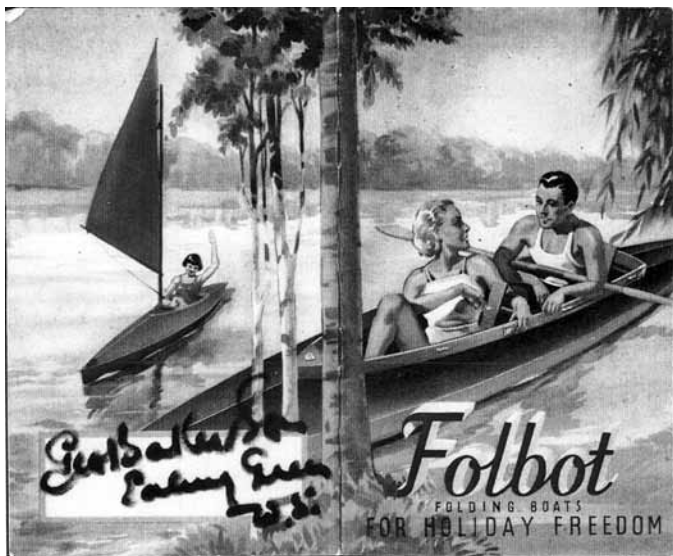


A brand new skin from Kajaki-Margaret in Poland.

tubes (Folbot), a stitch-and-glue construction can take advantage of the shape available. Speaking of stitch-and-glue construction, a few companies that manufacture kits offer some boats that come close to the design features of the original double canoes (Boralis XL is the best example).

Sea Kayaks are Here to Stay

Sea kayaks offer one of the best and simplest way to take to the water. L.L. Francis Herreshoff was right, "It is my opinion that the double paddle canoe gives the most fun for the money of any type of boat a person can possess, and I must say that it is my favorite form of aquatic sport." The good news is that it is still possible to find a boat that will provide the measure of comfort and stability that will let us enjoy the cruise, whether we are adept at rolling a narrow kayak and fully appreciate its speed and manoeuvrability or would rather feel supported and cared for by a comfortable, stable and roomy craft harking back to the first days of the modern sea kayak.



FOLBOT POPULAR SINGLE-SEATER

Consists of: Superspeed hull, full size oak frame, with 2 seats, 1 back rest, 1 full size, 1 half size.

Length	17 ft 6 in.
Beam	25 in.
Height to cockpit	25 in.
Length to cockpit	12 ft 6 in.
Cockpit length	12 ft 6 in.
Weight of hull	25 lb.
Weight of seat	15 lb.
Weight of back rest	15 lb.

PRICE £7-10-0
Carrying Bag 12/- per pair

SPORTS-TOURER TWO-SEATER

For Touring or Sailing, on Sea or Rapid Rivers. Consists of: Two-seater hull, full size oak frame, with 2 seats, 2 back rests, 2 full size, 2 half size, 2 back rests, 2 half size.

Length	17 ft 6 in.
Beam	25 in.
Height to cockpit	25 in.
Length to cockpit	12 ft 6 in.
Cockpit length	12 ft 6 in.
Weight of hull	25 lb.
Weight of seat	15 lb.
Weight of back rest	15 lb.

PRICE £12-12-0
Carrying Bag 18/- per pair

SILVER CLUB TWO-SEATER

Consists of: Two-seater hull, full size oak frame, with 2 seats, 2 back rests, 2 full size, 2 half size, 2 back rests, 2 half size.

Length	17 ft 6 in.
Beam	25 in.
Height to cockpit	25 in.
Length to cockpit	12 ft 6 in.
Cockpit length	12 ft 6 in.
Weight of hull	25 lb.
Weight of seat	15 lb.
Weight of back rest	15 lb.

PRICE £18-10-0
Carrying Bag 18/- per pair

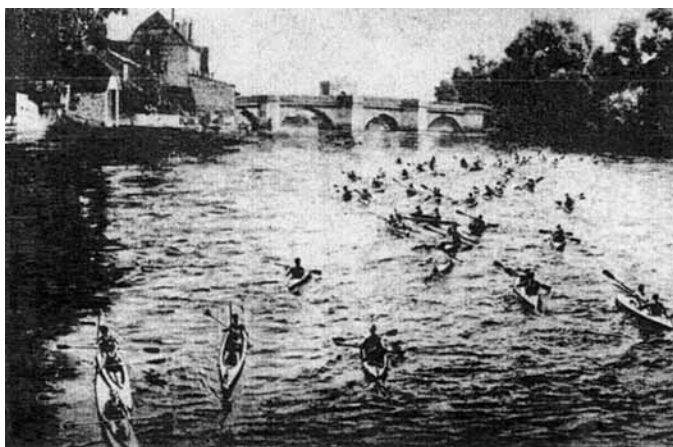
LIGHTWEIGHT TWO-SEATER

Consists of: Two-seater hull, full size oak frame, with 2 seats, 2 back rests, 2 full size, 2 half size, 2 back rests, 2 half size.

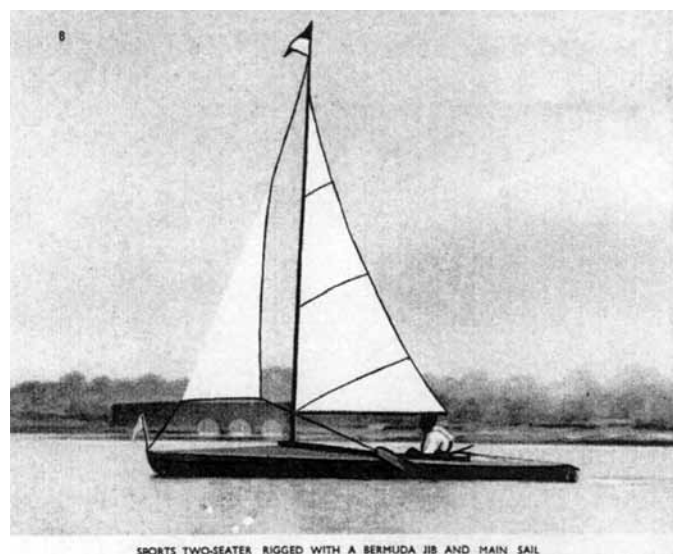
Length	17 ft 6 in.
Beam	25 in.
Height to cockpit	25 in.
Length to cockpit	12 ft 6 in.
Cockpit length	12 ft 6 in.
Weight of hull	25 lb.
Weight of seat	15 lb.
Weight of back rest	15 lb.

PRICE £9-9-0
Carrying Bag 18/- per pair

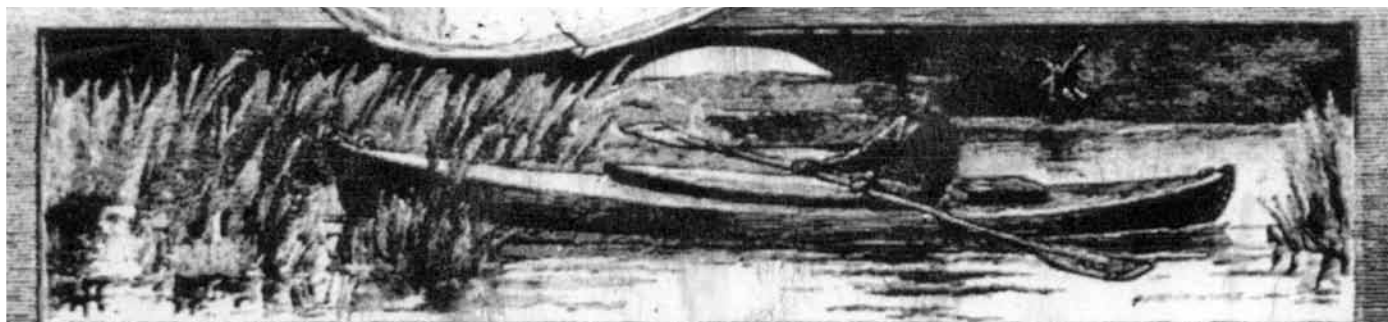
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

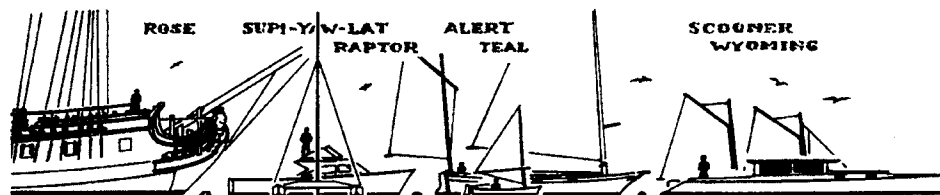


THE CLUB DEPARTURE



SPORTS TWO-SEATER RIGGED WITH A BERMUDA JIB AND MAIN SAIL





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

So we are back at the original light day-sailer/overnighter large cockpit and cuddy hull configuration including the original cat yawl rig, the centerboard geometry, no ballast, all about as light as she's ever been for easy trailering and frequent and undramatic launching.

And yet, the Glass Cuddy seems a fine option to extend Chebacco 20's utility not just across another season plus, but also in her better protection against weather and knockdowns serving as a light cruiser. Think seemingly cramped small sports car minimalism and yet good enough for those touring adventures to talk about forever, since best returns for the initial modest investment.

No grand headroom under that roof which has to be low enough for the given cockpit bench height aft to still allow peering over from the tiller. The thickness of that roof is a direct result of feeling a 2.5" ply foam ply cored roof laminate during a hot summer day vs the 1/2" ply section nearby, feel free to do without. Either way, feel free to slouch back to windward.

Also, no built in galley or head. All strictly old school with those functions out in the cockpit, weather and bugs permitting. Hey, we're almost roughing it, except that we can be out of the bugs, the rain and wind, too much sun.

Under the cat yawl rig she should be reasonably self tending once set up well, with some tiller line strung into that cuddy for minor interventions. Of course, some will invest in greater complexity, if not even a joystick type autopilot for making progress under sail or power while inside.

No opinion actually whether the sloop rig would be much worse on that steadiness keeping her course without constant attention. Giving up the mizzen and mizzen spritboom, we can go for a thinner mast, shroud it conventionally with three wires, use the same mainsail, same boom and gaff and swap that mizzen for a larger jib, retaining the tabernacle for shooting bridges or mangroves, trailering, of course, and to get that lightning rod down when exposed in a thunderstorm. On anchor or on her mooring, lowering that draggy stick up there may be a good routine to cultivate.

Again, only side by side testing would likely reveal the full spectrum of either rig's advantages and drawbacks. Near religious opining could be indulged in over establishing a quantifiable matrix of desirables in order

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #504 in *MAIB* Glass Cuddy Chebacco Design #540

19'8"x7'5"x1'3"x5hp x176/195sf Sail Area

to arrive at a coefficient or final numerical rating of each rig. Of course, the not so faint of heart will do this with the same boat, a few extra bits and pieces after building her with that option in mind, to then follow a hard comparison schedule, leveraging ironclad memory and superior analytics, or something. What will nix any hopes for scientific data assessment purities is that the sloop adds 19sf.

We sure can also argue about that forward raking three panel windshield forward, citing aerodynamics, off putting workboat looks, etc, instead preferring an aft swept smoother look. I'd argue that neither dew nor rain should obscure the view forward, nor the sun bake everything inside her cuddy. If we want to go slicked back rather than determined eager eyebrows, we can start placing its base at that bulkhead just ahead of those luxurious 6'6"x27" bunks.

Ahead of that bulkhead #2 we'd have just empty volumes ready for shelving, netting, hooks for bags and duffels, fore and aft wine rack, Port wine intra oral drip rig. We are looking at 3'6" of length on between 6' and 3' of width there to make up for that scant 7" or less deep stowage under her 5" thick bunk cushions.

Ground tackle and forward wet lines all stay outside in her 2' deep volume ahead of the collision bulkhead. Access to all that via top inwards hinged centerline windshield panel and the hinged or just removable panel in her foredeck (keep that lanyard attached). On the cat yawl with boom off to one side, standing up to haul in that somewhat oversized hook is not drama with that tabernacle to brace against. With the gaff sloop we still stand in the boat, perhaps kneel, and not on her deck.

Her looks have grown on me, well, I'd say that anyway. Taking 7" of height off her original sheerline at her stem, then adjusting her sheer to match the original near amidships but without any other changes to her

hull, goes a long way towards making her look much sleeker than the original two person overnight cuddy in the bow and big central six person cockpit ever could allow.

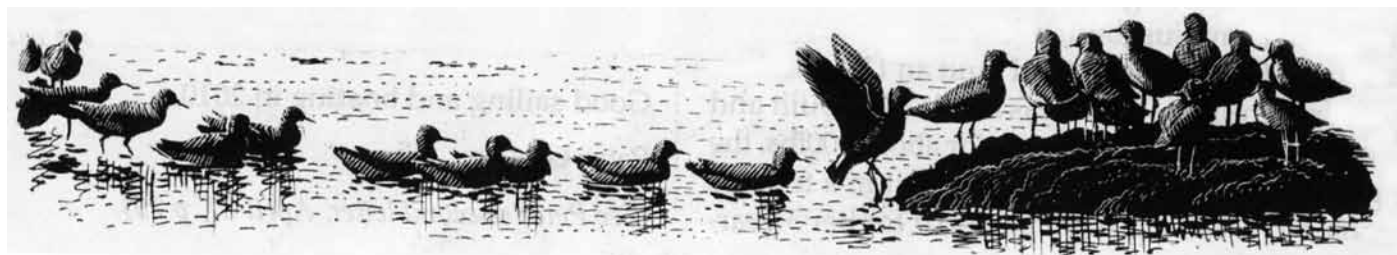
Of course, on such a light boat Phil would be concerned about weight placement to avoid her dragging her stern around when four adults in a short aft cockpit were along for a sunset sail. Here with, say four adults, it should usually be two in the cockpit with two in the glass cuddy, all hatches open. Drink holders below and that Port wine drip rig might resolve any discontent about those two cuddy sofas, the pillows and all, along with the firm promise that looking out from this low to the waterline she'll feel much faster. True actually. And not everybody who'd like to come along for a sail wants to be dealing with tiller poking and bights of mainsheet underfoot or near the neck. Rotate positions as desirable for social harmony.

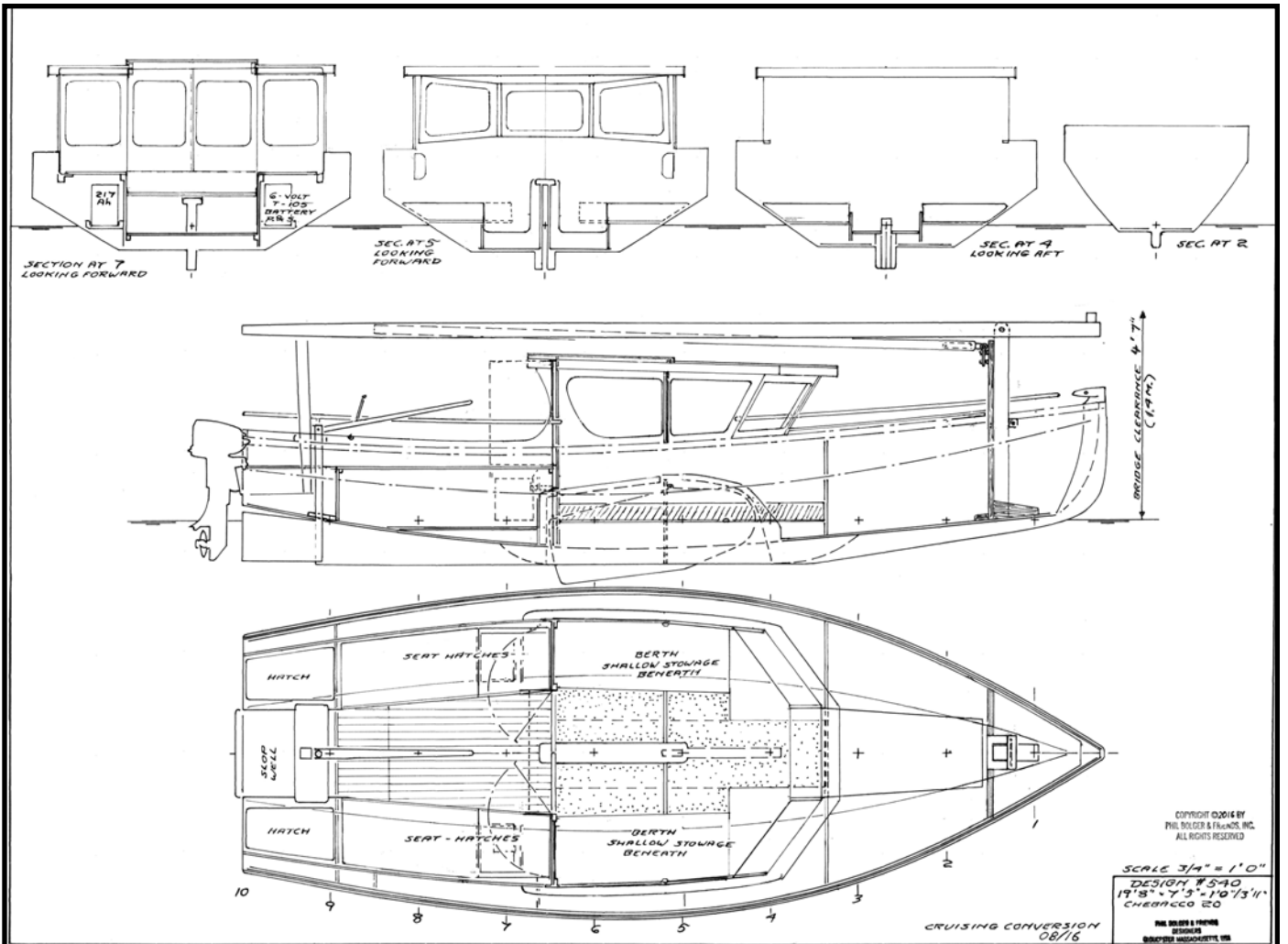
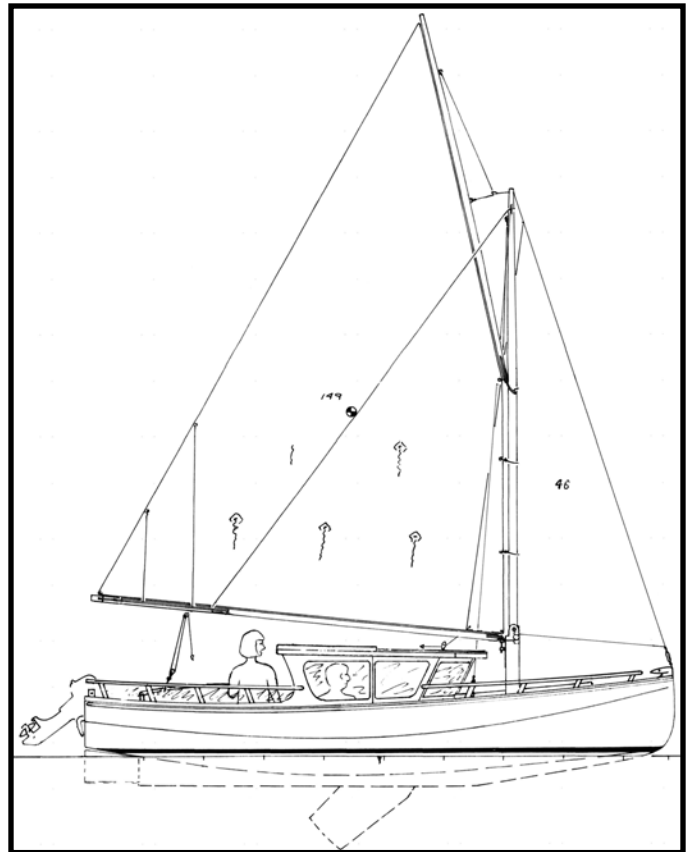
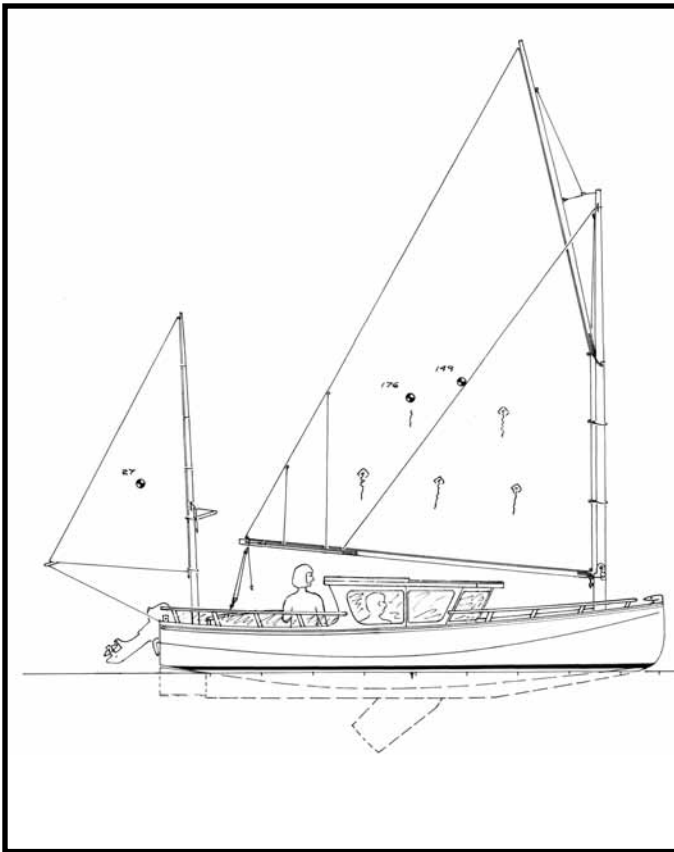
All in all actually a worthwhile exercise to contemplate seriously as, of course, all the PB&F sketches here in *MAIB*.

Seriously, once we understand that only bad knees or backs will discourage this low and lean layout, this very light cruiser can actually be taken all over the place riding light behind a modest tow vehicle to lakes, rivers, estuaries and also for coastal cruising, assuming we don't put opening side windows into her glass cuddy to compromise the broad shoulders against knockdowns. We'd always want to be sensible and not attempt to surf wind against tide at say Biddeford Pool in Maine or just the mouth of the Merrimack in Massachusetts. Gingerly making our way through that under reduced canvas and outboard, however, should be a plausibly predictable option. Or just wait a few.

With this light package, even uninitiated drivers could carefully thread the car and empty trailer rig on to the highway to come and pick us and the boat up again after a few weeks of fabulous cruising wherever the wind moved us. With luck we even captured that horsefly on mega pixel chip flying off with a solid ounce of your pulsing flesh, beyond logbook entries of the usual five days of steady rain we spent below and under the boom tent, private coves, sunsets, sunrises, fish in the pan.

It seems that there is one more Chebacco related piece due. Another obvious option for this light hull. And, yes indeed, another one for posterity!







Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society 4

A PARTNER OF THE FLORIDA MARITIME MUSEUM AT CORTEZ

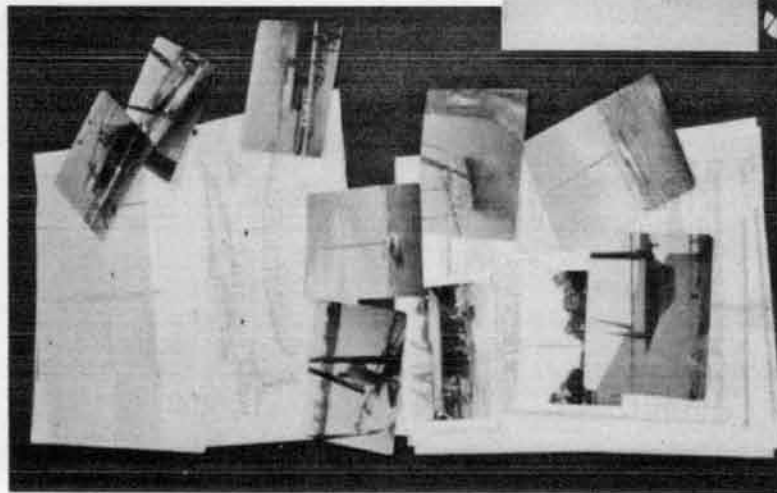
Dennis Dori spoke on his ownership of *Esmeralda*, an elegant class sailboat. He has done a lot of searching on the design, and sent this, a while back, from his letter to a club contact:

"Attached are pictures of my mid 20's era 25 ft. wooden one design sailboat named *ESMERALDA*. The connection of *ESMERALDA* to the Grosse Pointe (MI) Yacht Club is that back in 1926 & 27 your club commissioned Mr. T. Bingley Benson and the Oakville Yacht Building Company of Oakville, Ontario to build 16 of what was then called a "C-Boat", or at least that's what the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto call the 12 boats they had in their fleet.

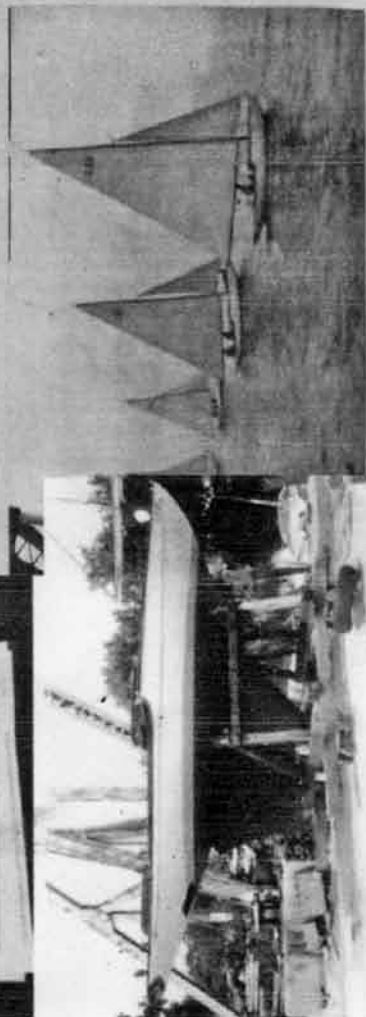
I bought the boat, which was moored in Chicago's Monroe St. Harbor, from a young man living in Oak Park, Illinois back in the early 70's. I owned *ESMERALDA* for three years while taking one whole year to restore her. I'm sorry to say *ESMERALDA* met a very ugly demise. A Mr. Jack Gorman, one of Chicago's boat brokers, took *ESMERALDA* in trade for one of his plastic boats (A big mistake on my part). One day after passing by Jack's yard in Oak Park, *ESMERALDA* was no longer on his lot. I noticed in his showroom window a sales counter that was made from the bow section of my dear old boat *ESMERALDA*. Jack told me that he chopped up the rest of the boat and sold off the lead from the keel and junked all the bronze fittings. Man, what a crime that was!

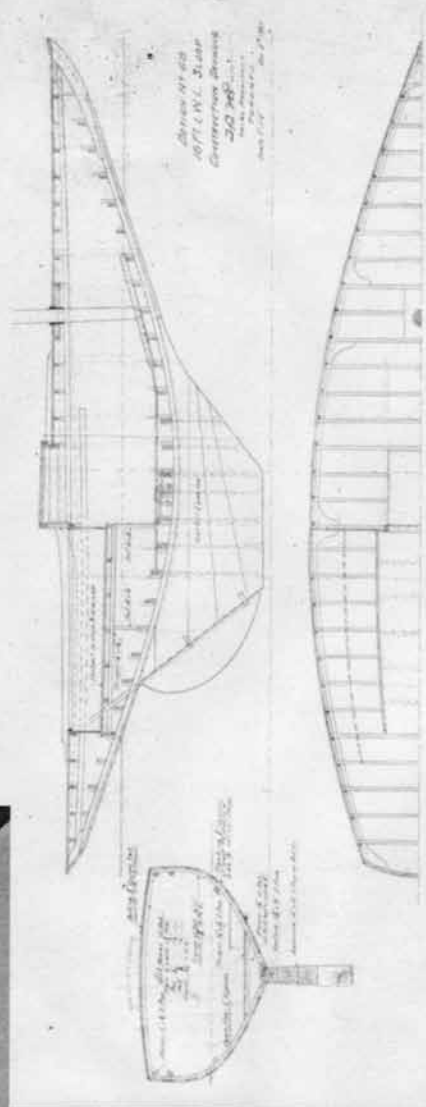
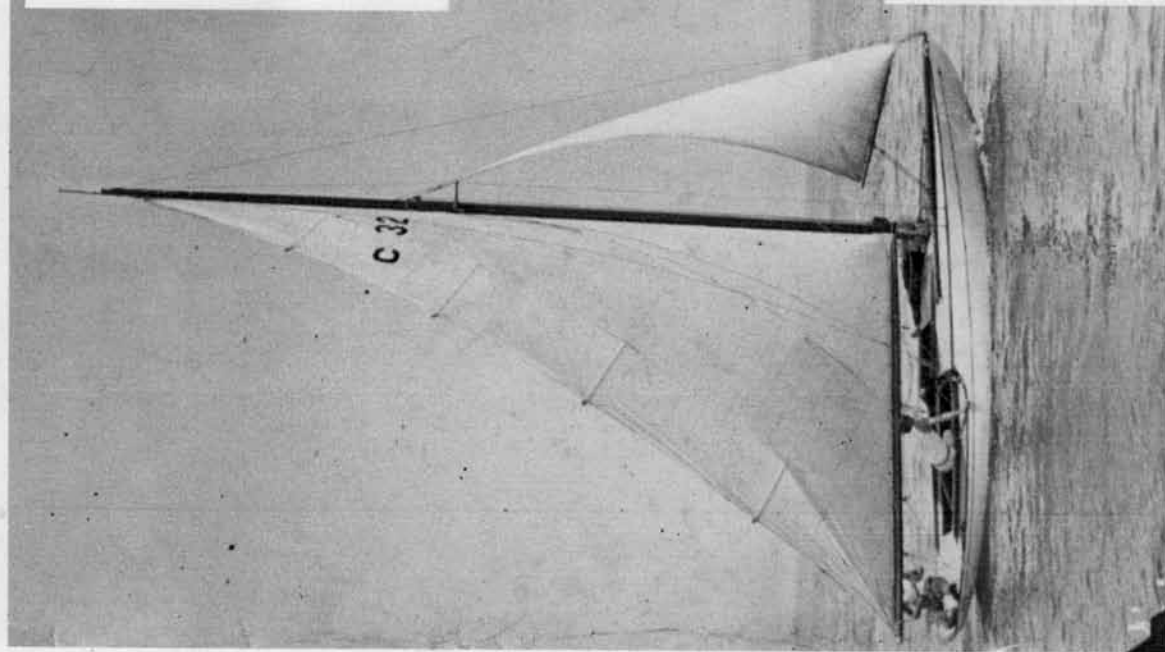
The reason I'm trying to attain more information about my dear old *ESMERALDA* is now that I'm retired I'd like start a project of building a scale model of her. Below is an update of where I'm so far, but I could sure use some more help. Especially figuring out how 6 of these Canadian built one-design boats showed up in the Chicago Harbor System.

..... All I had to go on was what the previous owner told me back in 1972. The only thing the young man I bought the boat from told me was that *ESMERALDA* was a one-design racing sailboat built in 1941. Possibly part of a fleet of one design racing sailboats that were known as "Canadian Eagles", or depending on who you were talking to as "American Eagles". When I bought *ESMERALDA* there were at least six of these boats still in the Chicago harbor system. I knew of two other "Canadian/American Eagles" in the Monroe St. Harbor, one in Jackson Park Harbor and one in Eubank's Boat Yard on the Southside of Chicago. I never found the sixth boat. Sorry to say that all but mine were in pretty sad shape.



Please return to J. Bingley Benson, President, The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Youth Division, at Cortez, Illinois, making 10 under the 1000000 Club, who are not affected by the concept of Internationalism. Being in 1988, as you know is a one-design race, but going very strong on the water. The R.C.Y.C. has twelve of these little sloops, and only one boat outside of the club. Between the fifteen, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is communicating the opportunity of 1988. Please return to J. Bingley Benson, President, The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Youth Division, at Cortez, Illinois, making 10 under the 1000000 Club, who are not affected by the concept of Internationalism. Being in 1988, as you know is a one-design race, but going very strong on the water. The R.C.Y.C. has twelve of these little sloops, and only one boat outside of the club. Between the fifteen, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is communicating the opportunity of 1988. Please return to J. Bingley Benson, President, The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Youth Division, at Cortez, Illinois, making 10 under the 1000000 Club, who are not affected by the concept of Internationalism. Being in 1988, as you know is a one-design race, but going very strong on the water. The R.C.Y.C. has twelve of these little sloops, and only one boat outside of the club. Between the fifteen, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is communicating the opportunity of 1988.





Sailed in Canada and the U.S., these Eagle Class boats were known as "C" boats because all of the original names started with that letter.

Mr. Dori plans to attend and tell more of his quest. He would like to build a model, with some guidance from our members.

Dennis Dori of Hudson is researching the history of this handsome class. "The only thing the young man I bought the boat from (in 1972) told me was that ESMERALDA was a one design racing sailboat built in 1941. Possibly part of a fleet of one design racing sailboats that were known as "Canadian Eagles", or depending on who you were talking to, as "American Eagles". When I bought ESMERALDA there were at least six of these boats still in the Chicago harbor system.

The first thing I learned yesterday was that ESMERALDA was not built in 1941, but built some 14 to 18 years earlier. The designer was T. Bingley Benson, a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. In 1922 the Royal Canadian Yacht Club wanted to build a new class of one design boats. They turned to Mr. Benson, so by the spring of 1923 Mr. Benson and the Gidley Boat Company of Penetanguishene, Canada built and launched nine of the new class of one design boats called "C-Boats" for the up coming season. Three more "C-Boats" were built a little later under the watchful eye of Mr. Benson in the club's own boat building shop."

Out at the lake this spring I thought I heard music in the distance. On a Friday or Saturday evening that would not be anything unusual, but this was a Tuesday morning. As I sat on the dock it grew louder, until I could tell that it came from a wakeboard boat speeding up the lake. Once it was past me the sound grew much louder. Obviously the speakers were mounted, facing aft (or backwards, the proper nautical term for a wakeboard boat). Maybe the music is loud because the people in the boat like it that way, or maybe the aim is to let the wakeboarder hear it clearly through his or her earplugs. As I watched I imagined that the boarder was doing his spins and hops in tune with the beat, but what do I know?

The wakeboard boats all have arched racks that hold the boards and skis set high over the cockpit, and these serve as speaker mounting locations as well. The crew this day looked like college age kids out enjoying themselves. Obviously they had the keys to a hundred thousand dollar or so boat, plus gas money, so I was not feeling sorry for them until I thought about how hard or impossible it is now to get summer jobs, even if they wanted them. Fifty some years ago, when I was on summer vacation from college, I always got a job and enjoyed working. I often thought that I learned more about the world from those jobs than I did in college.

Generally speaking, I don't think of music and boating as going together all that much. Some antique boat enthusiasts talk about the exhaust note (the music term) of a big old six cylinder motor as music to their ears. Others can identify a V8 from way across the lake. One customer said that she'd rather hear her old boat running than a whole symphony orchestra. She's gone now and maybe Saint Peter found her a little Chris-Craft that would run through eternity. In my case, I'm afraid to play music on a boat because I'm listening too hard for the next clue of something going wrong.

Playing music on shore to enhance the mood of the antique boat shows is a matter which gets debated from time to time. The Bay State Woodies Chapter of the ACBS held their first three annual shows (1989, '90 and '91) on the beach along the Merrimac River in Lowell, Massachusetts. The first two went well with a police boat stationed offshore to enforce a no wake zone.

Awards were given out at a picnic area about 100 yards up the hill. All this changed in '91 when the municipal budget went to hell and there was no police boat and club members decided that the picnic area, complete with tables and BBQ pits, was the perfect place for a party. They went all out and hired a band. The end result was that most of the people were up on the hill, eating and

Music & Boats

By Boyd Mefferd

dancing and paid no attention to the assembled boats on the beach below. Those of us who were dumb enough to bring a boat to a boat show were stuck down there, ready to catch our boats when one wake after another came crashing ashore. I got disgusted and went home early.

The next club meeting served as an opportunity to air grievances about the show and it was suggested that people who wanted to hold a party could hold their party, but it shouldn't be confused with a boat show. Parties were properly chastised and the matter didn't come up again for almost 20 years when a new member said that she thought the show could be livened up with some music. Grouch Boyd promptly squelched that idea but she and her husband found a new location and ended up running a second boat show there. I attended to see what it was all about, and there were the speakers and big band music, loud enough to make talking near them difficult. I go to boat shows to see the boats, obviously, but also to visit friends I don't get to see that often and to enjoy the opportunity to sit down and catch up on things. When I want to hear music, I go to a concert venue and just listen.

My music preference these days is mainly folk music and, oddly enough, I came to this through boating. When my kids were young they attended Montessori School and we ended up car pooling with the family of an up and coming folk singer. One of his gigs was a long tour opening for an older singer who was already quite famous in folk circles. The headliner was from California and came east in his motor home. Between concerts he really had nothing to do and my car pooling neighbor tried to entertain him as well as he could, but the job of social director got old. Knowing that the man enjoyed sailing, he introduced us and let me take it from there.

At that time I had a 28' E Scow out on the mooring at the lake. I hadn't intended to buy her, but went to look at a ChrisCraft that one of those donation racket outfits had for sale and ended up coming home with a fiberglass sailboat instead, just too good a bargain to pass up. The E Scow was all set up for racing with no way to reef the mainsail. She was named *E-gad*, which was appropriate because the next anxious moment was just up the lake in the next squall. Having a crew was nice on a relatively calm day, but essential just for weight when there was any wind. The hull and rig weigh 965lbs pounds and it carried almost 350sf of sail. They have a tendency to turn turtle and with a 30' mast on a

lake that is under 15' deep in most places, I had been cautioned to sail her conservatively.

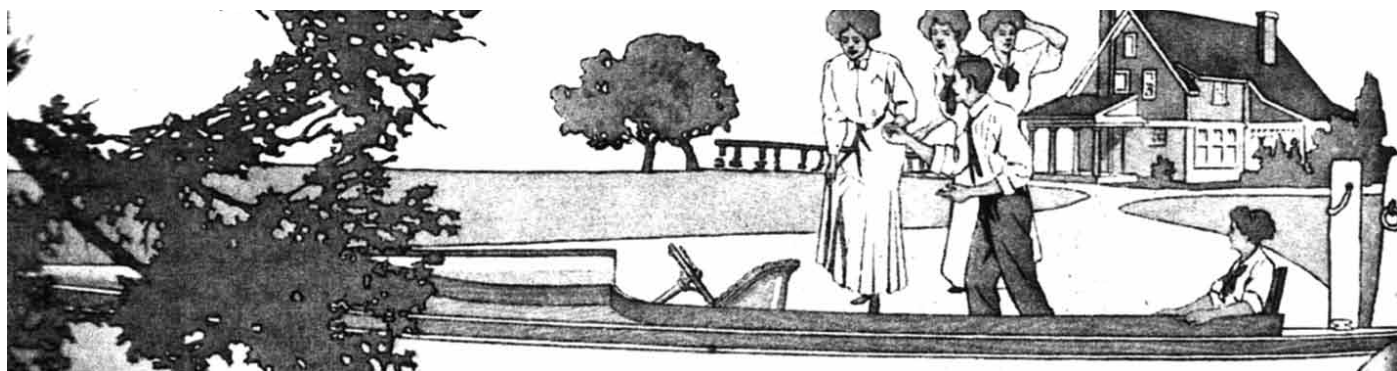
The famous folk singer and I had a lot of fun and never got into any trouble. He was great company and had an endless string of stories about what the music greats were really like, but as a crew he seemed to be a little off in his own world, not always that ready for what the next gust might bring. I'd never heard him sing, but he presented me with tickets and I went.

I must admit that I was a little anxious wondering how this laid back California sailor could manage to pull off a whole concert by himself, but with the first note on the guitar, I saw a completely different person. We never went sailing again after that fall, but I've continued to see him whenever he performs within driving distance, a friendship that has run over 20 years now.

One evening stands out as a reminder of just how quick and sharp he was behind that California exterior. My older daughter was living in Brattleboro, Vermont, at the time and got tickets and took me to his concert. It was a medium sized hall with first come first seated and we ended up about halfway back. I decided that since we got there a little late I'd wait until intermission to go up and visit so we just sat down, the lights dimmed and he started to play. Out of the blue, on the introduction to the second song, he said, "this one is for Boyd." It was a boaty song of some sort. I don't remember which one, I was too shocked. While singing the first song he'd been scanning the audience and we'd been detected. It was a lesson to never underestimate someone, no matter how casual they may be on a boat.

My local friend moved to Maine and eventually had to stop performing because of arthritis (talk about working with your hands), but over the years he introduced us to a number of other folk singers, some now famous, others now dead. There wasn't another sailor in the lot, however. Fly fishing seemed to be the pastime of choice.

My mother was a professional nightclub singer and piano player before I was born. In 1936 she won a full scholarship to Juillard at a time when few women were even admitted there. I took piano lessons as a kid but the music scene didn't seem to be there. I never took to it and was eventually allowed to give it up. Some people are naturals and I am far from it. But that doesn't stop me from enjoying music, even though I advocate pretty strongly for the separation of boats and music. Maybe if I were living the hard life on a whaling ship in a bygone era I'd learn a chanty or the two to help pass the hours, but I'm living in today's world and enjoy peace and quiet whenever I can find it.



As a member of the United States Power Squadrons, I took a number of courses in navigation. I learned coastwise navigation using fixes and running fixes and eventually celestial navigation. All this was before the affordable electronic navigation aids we take for granted today were available. For quite a while my electronic navigational aid was LORAN-C. It gave me a "real time" position as opposed to a paper plot that told me where I had been when the bearings were taken.

It was an old joke that a ship's navigator knew where the ship had been when the bearings/sights were taken, but not where it was now, except for the dead reckoning based on course and speed that was checked with the next round of navigational fixes.

The July issue of this publication had a short item on the *SS Warrimoo* and what happened when at midnight it was on the Equator at exactly the point where it crossed the International Date Line in 1899. The next time this could happen was the year 2000. I have not found anything that shows another ship duplicated the operation then.

Going along a canal looking for a given float or pier can be an interesting experience. In some areas, each street address is also shown where it can be seen from a boat. This is a great help, especially at night when looking for a friend's float. At one point a push was made to have all the floats marked so we would know where we were in a given canal at Shell Point. Some posted a sign with the street number and some did not.

I decided to post our street number on our fixed pier where it could be seen from a boat. None of the local stores had large enough numbers for easy reading from a distance. I found a source on the internet and acquired the two numbers I needed. The plan was to put the black numbers on a white background on a board and attach the board to the pier. One of the numbers came without the proper threads for the bolt cut into the back of the number. While the supplier was sending me a replacement, I went looking for a #10x24 blind headed tap. Would you believe that none of the shops or stores that I contacted had a blind headed tap of the correct size? The only solution to acquire the desired tap would be to cut a standard #10x24 tap at the wide point and make the needed tap.

Our GPS unit uses a projection and a datum source to display the latitude and longitude coordinates on the screen. Also, the data's projection, datum and scale determines the accuracy of the "dot" on our electronic chart. Of possible interest is that work is being finalized for a new datum for GPS units. Distortions from a poor map projection or positional inaccuracy from either poor transformations or improper selection can introduce problems in position location information.

One keeps reading accident reports where the electronic chart was set to the wrong scale for use. To improve the accuracy of GPS units, the datum used was moved from NAD27 to NAD83. There is now a plan to use a new datum by 2022. While that date is a bit in the future, we may want to keep up with the proposed change and how it will affect our current GPS unit and electronic charts.

One aspect of electronic charts that many users do not realize is that the accuracy of the chart is based on the scale of the original. More than once in my work in emergency management I had to deal with a map that had been made at one scale and was being used at a different scale. Unless the original



was created at a very low scale (1:1,000 or less), any enlargement would magnify any errors in the original. For instance, a map/chart made at a 1:2,500 scale has an automatic 1.25 meter error. That is not bad. But a map/chart made at 1:50,000 scale has about a 25 meter error. If we scale down a map/chart made at 1:50,000 to some lower scale factor, the error increases considerably.

One time, I had a map showing a power plant. The map had been made at 1:100,000 scale (50 meter error factor) that was incorporated into an aerial photo made at 1:1,000 scale. The power plant was about a mile out of position when the location symbol was placed on the aerial photo. Thus, if possible, checking the original scale of an electronic chart might be a good idea if we are going to enlarge the picture to get more detail.

It seems that fully automated commercial vessels on the high seas are on the horizon. According to a report by Eric Haun (July 8, 2016) on the web, *Lloyd's Register* has set out the "how" of marine autonomous operations in a new ShipRight procedure guidance publication which describes autonomy levels (AL) ranging from AL-1 through to AL-6 denoting a fully autonomous ship with no access required during a mission. According to the report, the procedure takes the user from identifying the initial "business need" to a "systems classed" status of a design and a ship, ultimately, in operation. While this is still a work in progress, those who sail offshore might want to keep an eye on the development.

Although there are a lot of procedural, legal and technical concerns to be worked out, it seems that the use of UAV (drones) to move items from one ship to another is being worked out by the commercial vessel operators. It is considered to be far safer and less expensive to move an item (spare part, medicine, etc) from one ship to another using a drone. Drones are also being considered as navigational tools to "look ahead" in icy water (small bergs) and in congested areas. Some places may be as congested in the air as they are on the water if the drone trend continues.

A retired professional mariner and I were talking the other day about allisions and collisions. He noted that mass and inertia are the two items that a lot of people do not consider. While the boat's speed plays a large part in the impact results, the size (mass) of the boat is also a consideration. Inertia comes into play when the operator of the vessel tries to change direction and/or speed. The displacement size of a vessel is the mass that is being acted upon by the inertia of the vessel. This is why a large slow moving vessel can cause a lot of damage to another boat, pier or the like when the impact takes place.

One of our sailboats displaced about 10,000lbs and the damage it did to a pier, while moving at less than a knot, was impressive when it hit bow on. We can see the same results of mass and inertia come into play

when we see someone hop off a boat coming into a slip and go forward to grab the bow pulpit to stop the boat. They usually go backward as the boat continues forward. An amidship cleat and a spring line to a cleat on the float/pier will stop the boat and save someone from getting hurt. Of course, that amidship cleat had better have a good backing plate and the spring line must be of sufficient size/strength to take the load. The use of a fender cleat in this instance is not a good idea.

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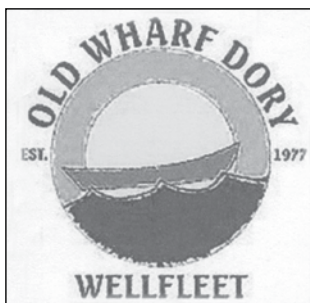
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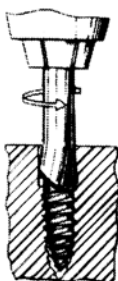
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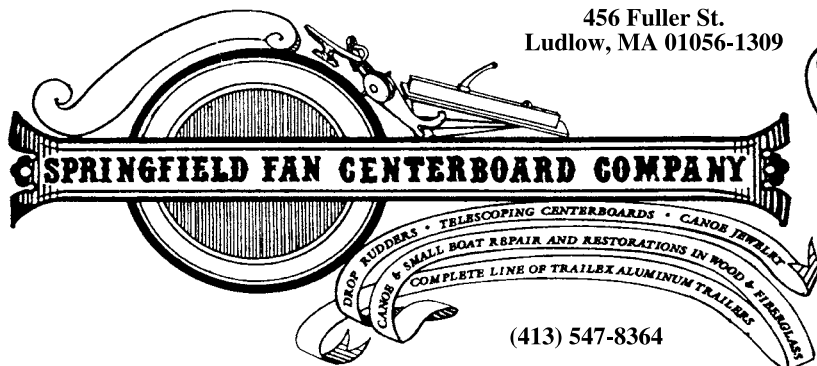
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GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, grundys-woodworks@roadrunner.com. (11)

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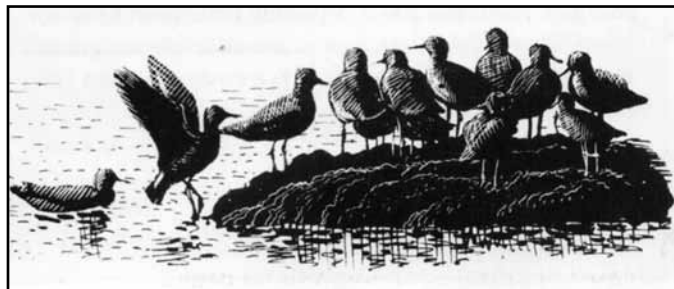
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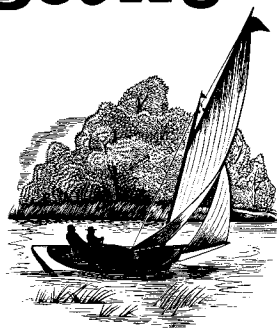
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