



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 7

November 2016

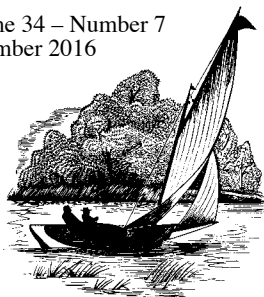
**Special Features This Issue**  
October Potter – The Finger Lakes Boating Museum  
Maine's Many Coastal Arms – Livin' the Dream  
Little Girls and Boats – Cruising the Scillies  
Poke About – *Dancing Chicken* – Carol Jeanne



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For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:  
**Jane Hicks at**  
**maib.office@gmail.com**

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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

This issue features a couple of reports on visiting maritime museums, Greg Grundtisch's "The Finger Lakes Boating Museum" on pages 12-14 and Michael Mills' "Maritime Museum of Barcelona" on pages 14-15.

Both offer us a good look into what these museums have to offer. I got caught up more with Greg's tale as I'm apparently hopelessly slanted in the direction of the "little guy" and his achievements. Not surprising, as I have been a lifetime "little guy" in what I have made of my life so far. When Greg tells us how, when his camera battery died on him while there, he was rescued by no less than Mr Ed Wightman, the museum's president, who came up with the battery Greg needed, I felt instant rapport.

The relative exotica in the Maritime Museum of Barcelona (200' multi oared Royal Galley, etc) reflects the longtime history of Spanish seafaring, very impressive stuff they did so long ago but I am more comfortable with the sort of small boats indigenous to our upstate New York lakes going back only about a century or so. My kinda boats, I guess.

Maritime museums loom large in the background of *MAIB* and how it came to be. In the late 1970s when I had been looking around for something new in my life and Jane had suggested sailing lessons, these soon led to a growing interest in the traditional small craft commonplace at the time on our Massachusetts North Shore. Reading John Gardner's columns in *National Fisherman* soon led me to the annual Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in 1979. The collection of traditional small craft there swept me away on a wave of enthusiasm I'd not experienced for a number of years. Reading about these boats was all very well, but actually seeing them, row upon row of them, in the Seaport's collection put me over the top. I had to get into this game!

Where to begin? I figured that maybe the local small craft folks around here who attended the Small Craft Workshop (125 miles from here) might be interested in forming a local traditional small craft club. At my

request, Mystic Seaport generously sent me the entire entry list for the Workshop with which to do a mailing to those on it who were geographically proximate.

Now, where to meet? Why not our nearby Peabody Museum in Salem, founded by the owners of long ago tea clippers that sailed out of Salem to the Orient, as a place to put their collected artifacts brought home with the tea? While the Peabody was/is more of an ethnological museum it did have a maritime department so they were pleased to rent me a function room for \$50.

That first meeting drew a good turnout and the museum then offered use of that room free of charge henceforth as they regarded us now as a bona fide community interest group that fit the museum's educational function. This was a major boost which subsequently provided a launching dock for *MAIB* in 1983. Both of these maritime museums, by being there and interested in what I wanted to try, were instrumental in my future life as a small boat magazine publisher. Neither of them were so big that they blew my "little guy" aspirations off.

Now some 35 years later, a maritime museum somewhere may enter again into *MAIB*'s future. What am I going to do with my archives when I get to the end of my cruise through life? Who would want the 34 binders containing the 700 issues we reach with this November 2016 issue (plus however many more yet to come)? Seems kinda wasteful to toss all of this history spanning 35+ years of small boating into the dumpster.

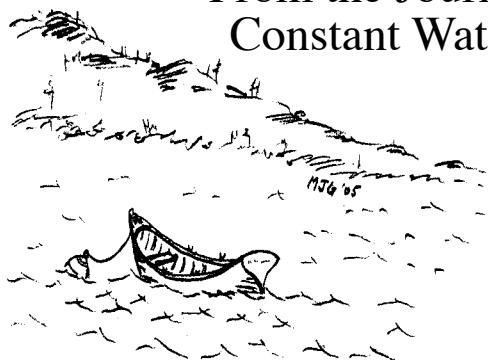
For those of you who are up to speed on today's technology, only the past four years are electronically stored (along with the actual print copies) and scanning all the earlier issues is a task far beyond us to carry out. I counted them, 23,392 pages to scan to catch up to the existing electronic files!

I don't yet know how this will work out and there is no imminent pressure to resolve this, at present, rhetorical question. All this small boat history has gotta find an appropriate resting place out there in the maritime museum world. We'll see.

## On the Cover...

Regular contributor Reinhard Zollitsch is back with us in this issue on pages 18-20 with a tale of paddling upstream and back on several of Maine's tidal rivers rather than just passing on by them enroute to places further afield along that coast. A consistent feature of his solo multi-day trips is the way he finds these little hideaway spots to pitch his tent for overnights. Seldom are they "official" campsites, I tend to think of him as a "stealth camper", he finds an obscure spot, stays overnight, then leaves with nary a trace of his having been there. Gotta like that.

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman  
Constantwaterman.com

At least went day sailing this week. Tuesday took Ethan and family out for the afternoon. Jasper, aged five, insisted he did not want to go. He'd been last year and the year before and was timid when confronted by so much water. Same as Saturday night when facing his bath. As usual, we consoled him but didn't leave him behind.

"I don't like it, when are we going back?" grows repetitious. Fortunately, he is fond of pirates just now. "Arrgh!" he hollers. "Avast!" He spends his every spare moment honing his cutlass.

Any sort of books or regalia having to do with buccaneers is eagerly appropriated. He reads quite well, and devotes many hours to books on robbery, mayhem and sailing ships. Ships? He had called my boat a ship. This led to the revelation that a pirate needs to know how to steer a ship. Once we arrived at the Spanish Main, he was at the helm, reading the compass and holding a steady course, and telling his parents, lolling on the foredeck, how well he was doing steering Grandpa's "ship."

The breeze was a delicious eight knots and steady, for a change. The sky was bright, the water was wet, and the helmsman had the time of his life for half a swashbuckled hour. Late in the voyage, we boarded the lobster pound in true piratical splendor.

Saturday, went out for a couple of hours with Paula, who doesn't care all that much for buccaneering. Eight to ten knots, said my forecasters on the Internet. They neglected to mention the frequent gusts to twenty. I should have taken a reef at the mooring, but it didn't look very rough in Fishers Island Sound. It wasn't until the tide changed and a nasty chop set in. Bouncing over the chop while heeled over 30° is not Paula's honeyed cup of herbal tea. And when it's puffy, it's difficult to eat a sandwich without the peppers leaping overboard.

A couple of lumpy hours proved more than enough. We went home, packed a hamper, and spent the evening in the park with four thousand other people, listening to the local chorale sing antique Broadway show tunes. I found it difficult to pay attention with such a small sea running. Settled back with one leg draped over the tiller and nodded off.

Sunday, went out alone to the mooring, prepared for a hearty sail. Breeze was ten to fifteen knots, and *MoonWind* champed at her halter, raring to run. I squared her away, then thought about my nearly full holding tank. I raised the pumpout boat on sixty-eight. Yes, he could be there some time that afternoon. Could he pump the boat tomorrow when I wasn't aboard? No, he answered. I supposed I would wait until he came else my forward compartment might sprout rank roses. I neglected to ask how soon he'd be arriving.

Now I know better. I started one project, then went on to another. The pumpout boat worked its laborious, fragrant way down the river. At three o'clock, I overheard someone from our marina asking his whereabouts. He'd be there in an hour and a half, I heard him respond. Four thirty! So much for any sailing that afternoon. I tuned in a baseball game and got out.

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In the summer of 1970 I was trying out a pretty little boat that I had built for this fortunate person. I put a piece of carpet on the transom so that my old ragged outboard motor wouldn't booger up the varnish and took it out on the flats to see how wonderful it was. While I was tooling around out there I saw this dead sea turtle floating with just the ridge of his carapace above water and his head and feet hanging down like they do when they have fermented a while after being drowned in a shrimp trawl. I eased carefully up alongside him with my paddle so I wouldn't disturb any little fish that were taking refuge in his shadow before I could get a chance to examine them (and so there would be no chance to skin up the paint on old Fortunate's boat).

He was sort of small for a sea turtle and had a rough shell, so I figured that he might be a hawksbill (the tortoiseshell sea turtle). I floated there alongside him for a long time looking at the little fish that were with him



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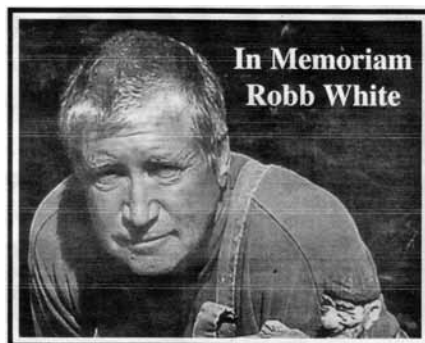
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## Remembering Robb White

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.



### Sea Turtle

In which I learn my lesson about being so presumptuous... well, almost

and trying to decide what to do. Hawksbills, never plentiful around here, were very rare by then so I decided to ease him into the boat and take him to Gainesville to Archie Carr\*. That would do two things, I figured. Contribute a specimen of a rare animal without having to kill it and give me an excuse to go see Dr Carr. I grabbed the turtle by the sides of his shell and slipped him carefully over the varnished gunwale of the little boat. It turned out to be the wrong thing to do.

In the first place, he was not a hawksbill sea turtle at all. He wasn't any kind of a sea turtle, but a common freshwater alligator snapping turtle (*Macrochelys temminckii*, perfectly described by Carr and Coleman Goin in their *Guide to the Reptiles, Amphibians and Fresh Water Fishes of Florida* as, "A big, dark, long tailed, big headed and ill natured brute of a turtle with a hard, fast strike and no color pattern.") and he wasn't rare, he wasn't dead and he wasn't even a he.

I saw evidence of the "hard fast strike" immediately and cowered to the very stern of the boat with my feet up on the seat. She decided to go the other way and wedged herself under the front seat where she began to tear up the boat. First she bit the carefully carved stem knee into ruin, then she kicked with her feet until she busted the elegant lightweight seat loose from the clamp, clawed the varnish down to the bare wood in about 50 places and bit my tiny precious Danforth anchor so pigeon toed that the shank could no longer pass between the flukes and the galvanize was popped off in about five places. I tried to rake her out from under the seat with my carefully scraped and treasured quarter sawn (by hand) ash paddle and she, with a flip of her big, ugly head, bit it half in two. I would have shot her at that juncture if I could have gotten to my tackle box, but she beat me to it. I wish I had it back.

Years before, when I was working on construction jobs to get through college and support the boat building business, I got laid off for about a long, miserable, rainy week

during Christmas vacation. I spent the whole time building this tiny, elaborate wood tackle box. All the compartments had little sliding wood covers and the miniature dovetailed trays fit together so perfectly that you could turn it upside down and not a single split shot, swivel or narrow hook would get out of place. I was going to send it to my father for a Christmas present but couldn't bring myself to part with it right then. Well, part with it I did that day. That damned turtle bit it into smithereens in just one snap. All that was left were splinters, little tiny rectangular compartment lids, a snarl of chewed up leader wire, ruined plugs and bent hooks. I saw my pistol only as a flash as it flipped over the side.

After eating the front of the boat up, she busted her way out from under the seat and headed aft. I went over the stern taking the broken off tiller of the outboard with me where it was hung up in the britches leg of my shorts. She started working on the stern immediately. I couldn't see exactly what she was doing but the sound was terrible and I recognized parts of the boat and pieces of my gear that were thrown in the water with me. I noticed the drain plug when it went "ploop" right beside my ear.

By the time I could gnaw and rip the cheap (but tough) 70% polyester sleeve off my T-shirt to stuff into the hole (I started to stick my finger in there, like the little Dutch boy, temporarily, while I worked on the shirt, but thought better of it), the boat was very low in the water. While I was concentrating, the turtle slipped over the side and disappeared.

In a way it was a good thing and in another it wasn't. The boat was so low in the water that I couldn't get in without risk of submerging the outboard motor. Without it or the paddle, I would be in a famous fix, not up just a little polluted creek but two miles out there on the flats. So I started frantically to dip water with my hands. I couldn't even hang onto the boat while I was doing this because, with the motor on there, it was so tippy. I had to keep wiggling my twinkle toed feet enticingly the whole time. You know, unlike alligators and snakes, turtles do most of their feeding underwater.

I hurried up, the best I could, but it was a long, long time before I could get back into the boat. Then I had to turn the gas tank over and let the water out from under the gas into the engine shroud to avoid contaminating the inside of the boat or the rest of the world. After that jackleg decantation, I had to improvise a throttle, tiller handle and choke knob. By the time I finally got back to the boat ramp holding the fuel hose onto the little titty with my cramped left hand and steering and throttling with the high speed knob with my right, it was dark and I (reeking of gasoline) still had to drive 80 miles to get home.

Something good did come out of this anyway. I couldn't deliver that boat to old Fortunate because I had to paint the inside to hide the repairs and he had particularly specified that it be varnished. I had to build him another one. I still have the old turtle boat.

\*Dr Archie Carr of the University of Florida in Gainesville was the sea turtle man of the world. Not only was he an effective researcher and powerful teacher, he was the most eloquent writer. If you have never read *The Windward Road* and *So Excellent a Fish*, you are in for a treat.

## Under the Cabin Lamp A Yachtsman's Gossip

By H. Alker Tripp

Lodestar Books, London: 2014

(First published 1950 by Iliffe and Sons Ltd  
for *Yachting World Magazine*)

Reviewed by John Nystrom

For those who haven't heard of Lodestar Books from previous book reviews I and others have done, you need to know that Lodestar is a British publisher of "New and Neglected Nautical Writing." The quality of the book-binding and production is exceptional, and I have yet to be disappointed by any book from Lodestar, either new work or reprints of volumes long unavailable. *Under the Cabin Lamp* seems to have never been reprinted and I can't for the life of me figure out why.

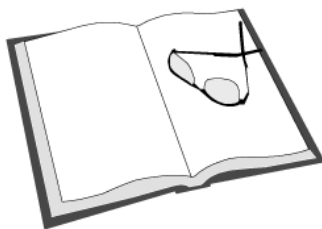
Sir Herbert Alker Tripp (1883-1954) published four books on sailing, with this being his last. Besides his avocation of sailing, Tripp was also an accomplished amateur artist, having several works used as tourism posters by English railroads. He had wanted to pursue art as a profession but was pushed into becoming a civilian employee of the London Metropolitan Police like his father. He rose from clerk to eventually become the first ever civilian Assistant Commissioner. Tripp was recognized as an expert on road and traffic management and was knighted for his efforts in that field in wartime London.

The places where Tripp spins his yarns are all still there in name, the Thames estuary and English East Coast, but even then the author recognized that the world he had inhabited was passing, indeed, much of it had already passed. That fact doesn't detract from the narrative at all, in fact, it is all the more relevant to me as I have on the agenda to read a couple of Lodestar published volumes by modern sailors who sail these same waters. I have no idea if I'll ever see the land of the Swallows and Amazons, much less enjoy their waters, but *Under the Cabin Lamp* is a great voyage for the imagination.

From the preface and jacket of this edition: "The ordinary yachtsman has many yarns to tell, but his gossip is mostly of a homely kind... Recollections of this kind are told under the cabin lamp, when sails are furled and the anchor down. We all have our own stories and topics, and here are a few of mine... tales of London's river and Thames mouth, of the Suffolk coast, of Cowes and the Solent, of Devon, and Cornish waters, tales, too, of old Britannia, of adventure into Broadland, of cruising and racing, and of stormy passages and peaceful havens."

Also reproduced within the text are the author's original illustrations which depict the scenes the author is describing. The illustrations make me wonder why no one has attempted to collect samples of Tripp's artwork and publish what would be a brilliant nautical art book? I hope this suggestion gets into the hands of someone at Lodestar or another nautical or art publisher.

At this time I don't think Duckworks is carrying any Lodestar books, but both *Woodenboat Store* and *Small Craft Advisor Store* are carrying a few Lodestar published items, possibly even this one. Check any of those if you can't get your local bookstore to order it. Last resort, of course, is Amazon.com. This is a read well worth your time and money. I'm glad I took the time.



## Book Reviews

### Finding North How Navigation Makes Us Human

By George Michelsen Foy

Flatiron Books, \$25.99

ISBN: 9781250052681

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

#### What the Publisher Says

Whether going to the grocery store or setting out on a cross country road trip there is nothing more important than navigation. It is a key human skill that some are able to instinctively grasp while others may have trouble finding where they parked their car. As humans we have honed our ability to navigate from our earliest days, whether by the direction of sun and stars or by using the GPS in our phones. In *Finding North: How Navigation Makes Us Human*, George Michelsen Foy takes readers on a journey from the crowded and confusing streets of London to the still archaic ocean navigation of Haitian traders, all in search of the key to understanding how humans have found their way around the globe and where we may be able to go next.

In 1844 Foy's great great grandfather, captain of a Norwegian cargo ship, was lost at sea after losing his way in a snowstorm. Channeling his ancestor's seafaring roots, Foy decided to try and unravel the mystery surrounding his death by recreating his ancestor's trip in the 21st century, limiting himself to navigational tools and practices that would have been used in the mid 1800s. To fulfill this quest, he set out on myriad voyages, visiting the home of a secret navigational cult in ancient Greece, undergoing the same training as London cab drivers and sailing on a Haitian cargo sloop. Foy also traveled to Schriever Air Force Base in Colorado Springs, Colorado, control point of the Global Positioning System (GPS), to better understand how the technology millions of people use every day works.

In addition to researching the oldest and newest techniques navigation has to offer, *Finding North* also explores other worlds entirely, exploring how the navigational basis of language and emotions work and how spaceships are able to accurately navigate. Foy spoke with scientists and biologists to grasp how navigation works in our own brains, finding that our own navigation systems are identical to our memory system. Humans remember things navigationally, defining our identity, and if we fully relinquish our ability to navigate to outside devices such as GPS, there may be a heavy price to pay, including a rise in memory diseases like Alzheimer's.

#### What the Reviewer Says

This book grabbed me right off when it arrived for I have long been fascinated with

how our ancestors found their way around the world with human instincts and gradually developing navigation aids, not only at sea but over land. As a fast becoming obsolete form of human who still prefers to use my brain to find my own way around without electronic aids, I was thrilled to read this book. Here are two excerpts which illustrate why. If they grab you, read the book, you'll not be disappointed.

#### Two Excerpts

"The sheer volume of data people in a wired society must ceaselessly deal with exceeds the ability of our minds to analyze and use. Our short term memory can hold and consciously process only three to nine bits of information at a given time, after which it must convert what it's seeing to medium or long term memory or junk it wholesale. Saving data burns time and energy. The average text message contains hundreds of bits of information, not to mention the memories, places and associations its information triggers. Multiply that by everything else going on around you, emails, TV, print ads, Twitter feeds, work data, Facebook, games, LinkedIn, talk, music and it's no wonder we have trouble keeping track. We use different terms to tag the problem, information overload, cognitive buffering, data smog, but the names don't point to a solution."

"What is startling about the Inuit is that only 50 years ago they used 100% traditional methods and it's all been lost in a couple of generations. Theo Ikumak, an old man now, who was born in an igloo and still navigates the traditional way across tundra and ice pack, no desert to the traditional Inuit but the interface with an abundance of life. In general, the older used active navigational areas of the brain 85% of the time whereas subjects 30 and under used them 50% percent or less. For a multiplicity of reasons, not least the misguided policies of assimilation sponsored by Ottawa, younger Inuit have almost entirely given up traditional ways, of navigation as of everything else, for the warm, easy suburban lifestyle of the rest of Canada. They have regular homes, TV, video games, they all use GPS, Facebook is on 24-7. While not advocating going back in time to an Inuit style way of life, the greatest concern is what happens to a society in which the spatial and mnemonic tasks for which our brains are built and in the use of which they evolved are performed for us by a network of electronic devices and associated systems."



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We received an order for a Potter for Sweden in the late winter of 1964-5 after a Swedish tanker captain called on us. It was my intention to find time for a fairly ambitious cruise during the summer and this seemed a good opportunity to combine business with pleasure. The Captain agreed, like the good sportsman he is, to accept the boat on arrival in Sweden.

During the ensuing six months a great deal of careful consideration was given to the requirements of the voyage. It would indeed be courting disaster merely to step into such a boat and sail away on such a voyage. Details of the preparations and the special equipment carried are described in the appendix. The original intention to set sail during June was defeated by pressure of business. All was ready by the early part of September, but at this time a persistent spell of easterly winds began to blow and it was useless to attempt to beat up Channel against these in so small a boat.

Eventually (as it happened, for only a short interval) there came a change of wind and I set out from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, late afternoon of the 12th October in company with friends of mine in another boat. We arrived at Cowes after dark that evening. For the next few days the wind was back in the east again and it was not until the 14th that I was able to get underway. Even so it was a poor beginning because of very thick fog. Visibility about 100'.

Setting out from Cowes harbour, under power, at 0830 that morning, I "felt my way" from buoy to buoy, past Ryde and across to the Looe Channel at Selsey Bill with a favourable tide. At this point the fog cleared, a light breeze from the south set in and helped me slowly out across the wide bay towards Beachy Head against the ebb. I passed between Beachy Head and the Royal Sovereign Light Vessel about 0400 hours on the morning of the 15th. By this time the wind had risen to Force 4 from the west. I was tempted to think conditions showed promise for the rest of the trip.

Alas, what optimism! During these early hours of the morning, one begins to feel the strain of a long watch. I had been motor-ing and sailing continuously since 0830 the previous day-so I was not surprised to find myself startled time and time again as my head fell forward and woke me repeatedly from momentary sleep. Later, however, after I had enjoyed the sight of dawn and sunrise, this feeling passed and I was able to sail, alert and active for the remainder of that day.

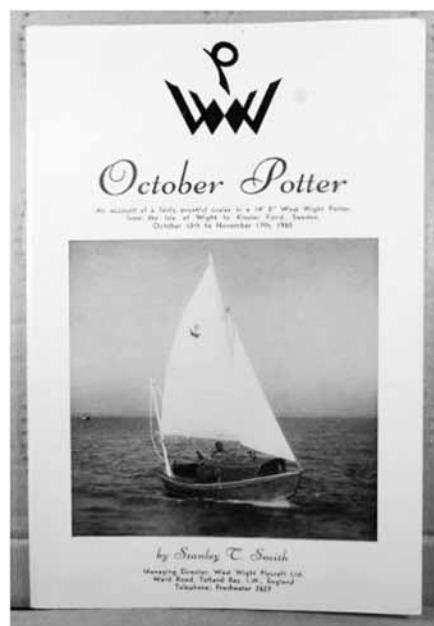
An hour or so after dawn at 0730 hours there was a sharp change of wind and conditions. For about an hour it blew from N.N.W Force 7 and I had to bring down the main. I sailed thus under the fores'l and mizzen, but a little later I reefed the mains'l and brought down the mizzen as the wind settled to Force 6 from N. It was hard, brisk sailing for the rest of that day and I sailed inshore to avoid getting too wet in the seas that were beginning to mount off shore.

Dungeness was passed about 1700 hours and I began to think I would be in Dover soon after dark. The wind died however and for two hours or more I made little headway off Folkestone. When I did reach Dover I had to fight a strong westgoing stream with insufficient wind, and I eventually picked up a mooring in the outer harbour at exactly midnight. I slept well that night, for I had been actually underway without a

## October Potter

By Stanley C. Smith  
Managing Director, West Wight Marine Ltd  
Printed in England for Stanley T. Smith  
by Lightbowns Ltd, Ryde, Isle of Wight

Reprint of his book giving an account of a fairly eventful cruise in a 14'0" West Wight Potter from the Isle of Wight to Kloster Fjord, Sweden, October 12 to November 17, 1965.



break for twenty-seven-and-a-half hours. In total my last sleep had been more than thirty hours before.

To my intense chagrin, when I awoke later that morning, I found the wind had again swung round to the east. It remained strong in the east for the next six days. At last on the 22nd, after poking my nose out of Dover harbour once or twice to find conditions impossible for getting clear past the South Goodwins, I could contain my impatience no longer; I got underway at 0930 hours. On getting outside I found there was just enough "southing" in the wind to allow me to slip through into the North Sea. What a joy it was, on clearing the South Goodwins, to "square away" and find a fresh wind on the beam for a few hours.

Again I indulged in undue optimism as it turned out. It seemed that easterly winds had become a permanent weather characteristic for northern Europe and Britain, rather like the "Trade-winds." Just in case this proved not to be so, I decided to get northward as far, and as quickly as possible. It should be mentioned here, for the benefit of those readers who like a fully detailed account of cruises, that my log-book and charts were lost later under somewhat harrowing circumstances, therefore most of what follows is from memory.

From the time I sailed out of Dover until the 27th, I sailed the boat twenty to twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four (one must not casually leave a small boat to fend for herself). Throughout the whole time, 22nd through to the 25th, it was a hard thrash for such a light craft in quite considerable seas, with the wind always forward of beam, never the longed-for fair wind. Then, on the 26th a change did come. The wind died to nothing

and I enjoyed the luxury of five consecutive hours of sleep!

With the change I got an ominous warning, though. The "permanent" high-pressure area over northern Europe was collapsing at last. Although there was no gale warning for the Fisher-German Bight area, where I was, it was clear gales should be expected shortly. When the wind returned (from astern at long last) I made use of it to gain as much sea room as I could, commensurate with getting north towards Tyboron Harbour, or even the Skagerrak in case of need.

Unfortunately there wasn't time to gain enough sea room, or enough nothing to save the situation as it developed. During the 26th the wind gradually veered to the west and gained in strength so that by the early morning of the 27th it was blowing Force 7-8 and the seas became too wild for a boat of the Potter's size to sail through in safety. I had to put out the sea anchor and hope that my erstwhile confidence in the new idea would be justified. Low clouds hurried across the sky and the seas built up into great moving hills of water, with occasional quite heavy breaking tops. Soon after the first gale warning, there came grim portents for me when neighbouring areas were given forecasts including Force 9 gales!

To say that I was unperturbed would be the biggest, fattest white lie of the year. Indeed, I felt quite concerned as I watched my hands shaking! The inevitable Force 9 warning came to my area a few hours later. The wind howled a higher note through the rigging and seas became positively "Atlantic" in dimensions. Even so, the new sea-anchor arrangement, together with the little riding mizzen, behaved so well that, after a few hours highly attentive observation on my part, with particular reference to occasional electrifying heavy breaking tops, I went into the cabin and slept well, as if only the rates and electricity bills were somewhat overdue for settlement.

Nevertheless, my hard-won sea room was beginning to shrink, I hoped most fervently that there would be a "spell" before another gale struck. Careful monitoring of my drift during the next two days (which I almost halved on the second day, by putting out a long warp with my spare rudder blade on the end) showed a rate of drift of slightly over one knot. During those first three stormy days, I felt almost sure that the wind would lessen in time to allow me to gain an oiling again.

On the evening of the 29th however, soon after dark, I saw the loom of Blaavans-huk Lighthouses and shortly afterwards the loom of Lyngvig Lighthouse. On taking bearings of these I placed myself between eighteen and twenty miles away from the coast. Unless I got a more moderate weather forecast later during the evening, my reading from the North Sea Pilot of the shore I was approaching gave me a very slender chance of survival. When later I got the forecast, it told me my area could expect a further twenty-four hours of Force 8-9! It seemed I had about fifteen hours left to me.

There was simply nothing more I could do to avoid the coast, and the consequences on reaching it. I spent most of the remainder of that dark and awe-inspiring night trying to rejoice over the hefty life insurance policy I had taken out on behalf of my children. I had done this on the advice of my friend and legal adviser, Mr. Anthony Gale, just before I set sail!

I slept for a few hours, but my heart wasn't in it, I had rather a lot on my mind. In contemplating the situation, I drew some irrational comfort from the knowledge that it would happen in daylight. I even allowed myself a very, very small ration of hope. I thought it just faintly possible that I might drift right into the entrance of Hvide Sande Harbour. I actually laughed aloud when this possibility struck me, and I went on to think how I would grin at the local fishermen and pretend that everything had gone according to plan!

Long before dawn I could see the actual lights, including the leading lights of Hvide Sande Harbour. I began to wonder if after all I might be fated to play my game on the local fishermen. Later, however, I could see my point of contact with the shore must be about half-a-mile further north. This was fortunate; later when I saw how complicated the entrance was, it was quite clear I would have been quite unable to negotiate it, and would certainly have been lost.

As I got nearer to the beach my reading of the *North Sea Pilot* as to the likely conditions was grimly confirmed. The coast is low lying and is mainly sand dunes, the water is fairly deep until within a quarter to half-a-mile of the beach, there are sandbars, from two to three, at intervals lying parallel with the shoreline. These ridges cause the seas, kicked up by westerly storms, with a fetch right across the North Sea, to break very heavily indeed. The *Pilot* advises shipping to avoid these breakers. I most ardently agree with the *Pilot*!

When I was about one-and-a-half miles from the shore I had a severe argument with myself. Should I, or should I not fire my distress signals? My feelings over this are strong. When I am in trouble at sea I like to feel my troubles are entirely mine, that no-one else shall be involved, that no-one else shall risk their lives on my behalf. On the other hand, I thought, suppose when it is too late, they find my unfired distress signals. What would the lifeboat men feel if, through local knowledge and from a bigger, more powerful boat, they knew that a call for their assistance would have enabled them to save the life of the idiot who didn't fire his distress signals? In spite of appearances, I dislike being thought of as an idiot. So I fired my signals.

It turned out after all that these were never seen. I now began preparations for what I thought would be my final and forlorn struggle with the sea. I carefully stowed my movie camera in a plastic bag and fastened the top to make it watertight, then the film record I had made of the journey, my passport, and papers, the Nova Pal D.F. radio which had aided my navigation so faithfully and well. I stowed these smaller bags inside all my best clothes, which were inside a much larger, heavier plastic bag, then I bound the top of this. I felt quite certain that, if the boat was smashed to matchboard, as looked so likely, these items at least would be found almost immediately. In the event this bag simply disappeared.

I then hardened up the air in the four Sea-Esta Roll-a-Boats, to ensure maximum buoyancy through the breakers. Of these I kept one for myself as a form of lifebelt (partially inflated is best for this), the remainder I tied together and placed in the roof of the cabin to help keep the boat from being rolled over. I sealed the plugs with insulating tape. About a quarter of an hour later I was

very close to the first of the breakers. They looked absolutely terrible, I was appalled. I stood up for one last look round then, about half-a-mile to the north, to my amazement and delight I saw a small ship with a very businesslike look about her. I thought it was a lifeboat, although I knew for certain it could not, so soon, have come in answer to my signals. In any case it was coming from the wrong direction. There is no harbour for many miles to the North of Hvide Sande.

This little ship bore down towards me so I put out a long line from forward (Ulstron, which floats!) so that she could hook it up and hope to tow me clear of the breakers. As she came near I signaled the presence of my line, frantically, I was afraid she might foul her propeller in it, and be in as perilous a position as my own. Fortunately my signal was understood and three times her skipper risked everything to get my line.

We were now among the first breakers. Huge and hideous, and with immense violence they rapidly filled the Potter. Only the sea-anchor kept her head to and saved her from being rolled over and over and smashed to pieces within the first few minutes. The third time round the fishing vessel got my line, but the next breaker threw the Potter back and simply tore the samson post straight out of her. The skipper of the fishing boat would have certainly lost his ship, his own life and the life of his crew if he had tried again. So he simply had to leave me to my fate. I learned later that he sent out a radio distress signal on my behalf. This action quite certainly saved my life, as I shall tell.

Meanwhile, as I got closer to the shore the intervals between the breakers became less and less, until the whole sea was a vast roaring, boiling mass of white water. I was fastened to the boat with my lifeline, but each breaker nearly battered me senseless. I never before had to fight so hard to live. After each breaker I found myself, legs one moment, head and arms the next, tangled up in the running rigging. I had to cut myself free time and time again. By the time I and the boat, had got to within a few hundred feet of the beach the sea-anchor probably dragged on the ground beneath I could occasionally feel my feet touch the ground and I knew I had to break the general golden rule. The boat was not getting into shallow water fast enough to save me. I had to cut myself free and make it by myself.

I could see several men running along the beach now. I cut myself finally free and swam, and was hurled towards them, then dragged back again into deeper water by the powerful undertow. This happened it seemed interminably, as in a nightmare. Somehow I remember I was stood up looking at them, waist deep in seaward swirling water. I expected the next breaker to carry me off my feet at any moment. I did not look behind me, only at the men on the beach, safe and secure, only a few feet from me. If they could not reach me, I certainly could not reach them. My entire energy had been used up. They waded in and I collapsed, unconscious, just as they reached me.

I recovered consciousness in hospital in Ringkjøbing, nine or ten miles away from Hvide Sande where I was given emergency treatment for exhaustion and cold. Complete exhaustion and almost fatal cold. I owe my life to those three brave men who risked their lives for the sake of a stranger, but they would not have been there to save me if Peder Sorensen,

the skipper of the fishing vessel *Tyrola* (who has since become my friend for life) had not had the presence of mind to radio a distress call on my behalf, after his own heroic efforts to save me had failed.

Unknown to me at the time the Potter washed in and was hauled clear by other men I did not see. I found later that she survived almost undamaged. A lot of her equipment and my remaining provisions were washed out of her and never found. What did it matter? I am alive! I was taken to the hospital on Saturday and released on Monday, fit and well, but stiff and aching in every muscle, and with a permanent memory of lavish kindness from doctors and staff. A few days later numerous large areas in various parts of my body turned blue, yellow, green and purple as unsuspected bruises came to the surface.

My first day out of hospital was a very busy one indeed. The police and C.I.D. detectives escorted me everywhere. They took me to see my poor beloved little Potter. What a dejected little thing she looked. Half filled with white sand (Hvide Sande), water, and the sodden remains of my gear, all tangled up with frayed ends of rope which I had had to slash and cut during the time in the breakers. I was delighted however, to find all the sails intact. The only structural damage, a minor break in the deck where the Samson post had been torn out of her.

In the evening I had to appear at a special Court before a Magistrate (or equivalent), to conform to Danish Law by explaining my presence in the country without money or passport! The Court-Room was the most pleasingly proportioned and decorated I have ever been in. But then I have only been in one before!

Apparently my excuses for diving into Denmark without a passport or money were accepted. I was released and told that I had been invited, by the skipper of the fishing vessel who had initiated my rescue, to stay with him as long as I needed to do so, Peder Sorensen, a wonderful friend, who during the next few days was unbelievably generous in so many ways. He had visited me in hospital, and by outward appearances looked as tough and as hard as a man could possibly look. Short and square, with a vise-like grip, he struck me as a perfectly adapted man for his job.

His house was comfortable, clean and beautifully furnished. But there was no-one living there but he and his old father. So we lived roughly as a trio of "bachelors" should. Most evenings we were invited out for an evening meal by one friend or another, and when we did not go out we went aboard *Tyrola* and had many bottles of Tuborg Lager to wash down fried eggs. Peder, speaking Danish in a loud rasping kind of thunder, and I English, till one o'clock in the morning, "skolling" furiously, shaking hands every few minutes or thumping each other on the back. We had a gloriously friendly time of it. But many people were very kind indeed, and I now have numerous good friends in Denmark.

At last the boat was ready to sail again. Never one to disdain the advice of local seamen, I decided to avoid sailing the last forty miles along the coast to Tyboron. Peder arranged the necessary road transport to Struer on the Lim Fjord, so that I could sail the remainder of my journey in comparatively sheltered waters. We went overland to Struer on the Saturday following my landing, and I found myself alone once again.

On Sunday morning I got underway but had hardly gone more than a mile out across the fjord when thick fog came down, and I had to return to Struer before I lost sight of the leading marks. Monday morning, though grey and hazy, so that I could barely make out the shadow of the coast a mile away, commenced with a light Southerly wind. I decided to make for Nykjobing at least. Before an hour had passed the fair wind turned S.E. then E. again and I had to motor the whole way.

On nearing Nykjobing I proudly hoisted my Red Ensign and my Ocean Cruising Club burgee for the first time on the trip. I felt the little boat had earned this privilege! A number of large car ferries, plying their back and forth courses from the Island of Mors to Salling sounded their sirens in friendly greeting, and their officers waved to me from their high bridges.

On reaching Nykjobing harbour entrance I decided to seek shelter there for the night. The wind had died and the motor was behaving like an invalid; also, it is hardly advisable to negotiate at night the complicated, unlighted channels through the narrower part of the fjord beyond Logstor for one's first passage through. On landing at 1645 I immediately sought out a supply of fuel for the motor for the next day.

The following day came, cheerless as before, very thick grey haze, almost no wind, and my poor ailing motor hardly able to give me three knots against the West-going stream. I barely saw the islands of Fur and Livo as I passed close by and it was approaching an early dusk when I passed the town of Logster. It was clear that the faster stream in this part of the fjord would prevent me reaching the harbour at Nibe. Navigation would be impossible here after dark, so I headed across the fjord to a place the chart described as a landing near the village of Haverslev. I could not find this landing so I had to anchor off and try to sleep on board.

The cushions were heavy with seawater. I had no blankets. The Primus was out of commission. The fog descended so that visibility became less than fifty feet. Almost freezing water dripped down from the rigging. I smoked cigarettes because I had not yet found a Danish pipe tobacco which suited my taste. I shivered energetically all night. But I did not sleep. By the first faint glimmer of the following dawn I was underway again, relieved and happy to be on the move. The course between marks average distance perhaps three-quarters of a mile-had to be set each time by compass because of the fog.

I reached Aalborg with great joy late that afternoon. I learned there, from several newfound friends, on the following day what the consequences of a mistake in navigation might have meant. A local fisherman had found two men that very day, stranded in a small motor cruiser in shallow water two miles from the shore, along the route I had just completed. They had been there without heat, food or bedding for three days and nights, and were in a very poor shape indeed because of the continuous penetrating cold. And I had been bleating loudly to myself all the while about my own misfortunes! I was very kindly treated at Aalborg, particularly by the Harbour Master, Captain Plougheld, and others I would like to name.

On this account, though I now found myself trapped again by the weather, my stay in this fine port was to prove rewarding, if

almost unbearably frustrating. The night of my arrival saw the wind increase with determination and stubborn vigour from E.N.E. It brought the first snows of Winter and the temperature got firmly stuck below 0°C. The short hop of seventy-six miles, past Hals at the Eastern entrance to Lim Fjord, and across the Kattegat to Sweden began to look impractical. Strong headwinds, icy conditions and a tired little outboard motor represented to me the near approach of defeat.

Eventually I telephoned my good friend the Swedish Captain and explained my predicament. That same evening he was travelling to Goteborg to catch the ship to N. Denmark to join me the following day. There was only one way to get the boat across the Kattegat. Buy a more powerful outboard motor. To my amazement and joy, he did just that! A 6hp Swedish twin cylinder "Archimedes".

Monday, the 15th, the Captain and I started our busy day of preparations for the final stage of the journey at 0630. All day trudging about in the snow, back and forth, while engineers overhauled the old pre-war Seagull I had been using. We organised the bringing into town of a number of motors from the surrounding countryside which might suit our purpose. We bought petrol, plugs, spanners (mine were lost at Hvide Sande) and attended to numerous now forgotten details.

At 20:00 hours we finally got under way from the snug little yacht harbor where I had moored the boat, scraped under the low railway bridge with inches to spare above the mast, past the cheerful lights of Aalborg and into the darkness and biting cold of the empty fjord. At midnight we motored past Hals out onto the bitter Kattegat. Wind Force 3-4, E.N.E. dead ahead, a short, choppy wet sea for our further discomfort. Temperature 10°C (we learned later). A multitude of brilliant stars, and frequent silent explosions of light from the brightest display of meteors I have ever seen, for our entertainment. Only sixty shuddering, shivering miles to go!

The late sunrise, shortly blotted out by thickening banks of snow clouds found us out of sight of land. Thirsty, our can of water frozen solid, hungry, we had, in our anxiety to get away, forgotten to put aboard the food we had ordered, and paid for! Wet from the wind-driven spray. Astonished, I at least, to see the forepart of the cabin top covered with a beautiful quarter-inch coat of the smoothest, most slippery ice I have ever seen.

On and on we crashed our way through those infuriating short seas unable even to tolerate spells in the shelter of the cabin. We had tried this during the night, and on emerging to face the wind and spray again found we could hardly bear the misery of our comfortless situation. In any case the bunk cushions were board stiff now, having frozen solid! We had with us a small half-pint bottle of Carlsberg "Elephant" ale, left over from the evening of our meeting in Aalborg. We had agreed to drink this on sighting the Swedish coast. All the afternoon we competed for the pleasure of shouting "time to kill the elephant", but the horizon was still empty when the sun closed down toward the sea astern.

The Captain now suddenly remembered something he had in the cabin. In a few minutes he came out with a vast brown sausage. He cut off two large chunks and handed me one. It proved to be a thick smoke-darkened skin packed with salt; mingled with the salt was minced raw bacon. We ate several lumps

of this and quickly developed a raging thirst to add to our collection of unhappy things to think about.

It became rapidly even colder and the wind began to rise a bit. The ice started to build a little thicker and the Captain soon transmitted his growing anxiety to me by his tales of "the black death", as he called it, which murdered fishing vessels off Iceland by building ice faster than it could be cleared, until the ships became unstable with the weight and rolled over. He had seen the death of more than one ship from this cause when he had been a fisherman in that area. I did not know he had lived in Iceland. To pass the time he told me more of his fantastic past. How, once, he had spent three years alone with a tent in the mountains of that forbidding country. This explained, to the comfort of my ego, how it was that he could stand the intense cold without (much) complaint while I ached with long continued shivering and felt almost paralysed.

The Captain saw something ahead. We thought it was a lightship and agreed, in view of our thirst, that we should call this our first sight of Sweden. We enjoyed that ale! The "lightship" proved to be a fishing boat and we found this very depressing. I was very unhappy at the prospect of yet another long cool night in the open.

Not long afterwards, when it had become properly dark, the Captain saw and recognised the loom of the lights of Varberg on our starboard bow. Shortly afterwards the faint loom of Kloster village, dead ahead. Our course had been a good one, even if our estimate of progress had been optimistic. With the wind increasing, our fuel getting dangerously low, and our destination still a long way ahead to windward, we still had our worries.

Then our motor stopped and could not be re-started. With grim pessimism we shipped the poor little Seagull. Our hopes were low because we had not gained great confidence in the engineer who had overhauled it the day before. We were mistaken, and I apologise sincerely to that young fellow. The motor showed all the old vigour and, though not so powerful as the other motor, it got us into Kloster Fjord with less than an egg-cupful of fuel left in the tank! We found a small harbour, partially frozen over, and moored up as well as circumstances would allow.

I stepped on to Swedish soil for the first time at 0015 hours, Wednesday 17/11/65. We then had a mere four-mile stagger through the snow to the Captain's home at the head of the fjord! We arrived there at about 0145 hours. I was astonished at the delighted welcome we received from the Captain's very charming wife. I had a hot bath, a change of clothing, a large hot meal. Then we had a few drinks of something new to me, a cross between vodka and nectar, and went to bed. Our first sleep for forty-five hours.

### Preparations

Physical Fitness: The first, and most important, preparation I made for the voyage, undoubtedly saved my life. I thought the trip might turn out to be a rough one, so I decided to make myself as fit and strong as possible. Every day I did physical exercises. I soon found I could do twenty press-ups without even changing my normal breathing rhythm. Exercises opposing muscle against muscle in various ways soon built a tough covering of hard-working sinew around my shoulders, arms, back, stomach and chest. When I set

sail I was stronger and harder than I have ever been in my life before. Undoubtedly the extra endurance this gave me enabled me to fight my way ashore far enough for my rescuers to reach me at Hvide Sande. It is quite certain I could not have done so otherwise. I am one of the very few men to survive those breakers in gale conditions.

**Sea Anchor:** Some months before I sailed, my friend Mike Patterson described a new type of sea-anchor he had thought of. I mulled over his idea, in the light of past experience, and eventually, with a number of modifications, I worked out the sea-anchor I felt would suit the Potter best. Mike's principle was for the sea-anchor to be so rigged that, should a boat be caught off the bow by heavy breaking tops, the arrangement would require the force of the roller to lift the weight of the sea-anchor before it could turn the boat over.

Although the Potter was attacked many times by the odd sideswiping breaker in the North Sea, it was soon apparent that the idea worked. Before such a sea could act on the boat its force was expended in partly lifting the weight of the sea-anchor and partly throwing the stern round so that she came about almost head-to-seas. Time after time this happened. I gained great confidence in the arrangement in heavy breaking seas twenty feet or so high, during the gales 27-30th October.

**Riding Mizzen:** One of the greatest assets in wild seas is for a little boat to stay head-to-wind. If she cannot be made to do so there is a very strong possibility that she may be smashed in or filled by the heavier breaking tops. Lying a-hull may suit some people. I would be very unhappy!

The advantages of this are as follows: (1) The stresses as the sail fills are transmitted as compression stresses into the hull. (2) The arrangement calls for no modifications to the steering gear in order to avoid a central mast. (3) No standing rigging is required. (4) The aft part of the boat is clear for action and gear. (5) It can be carried on board in pieces and rigged at sea.

The riding mizzen, as fitted to the Potter, was a very important safety factor. It made for considerably more comfort and peace of mind than I could otherwise have enjoyed.

**Life-Line:** The life-line was arranged as for the Atlantic voyages in the *Nova Espero*. A length of stout line with a long eye splice is passed round the mast and through the eye and remains in place throughout the trip. A second short length is attached to a large stainless steel snaphook. This can be fastened around the body without inconvenience. When leaving the cockpit it can be either snapped on to the mast line or to any preferred part of the standing rigging, or to both when forward.

**Fore-sail Downhaul:** This was very simple and very effective. A length of coullene hambro-line was fastened to the top cringle of the sail, entered into each hank down the forestay, passed through a twisted shackle at the bottom thimble of the fore-stay and led aft to the halyard cleats within reach of the cockpit. It was never necessary to get out of the cockpit to work the boat.

**Compasses:** I carried two compasses. The "Sestrel Minor" by Henry Brown & Son which we used for the second Atlantic crossing in the *Nova Espero*, and an ex-Government light aircraft compass with the rotating verge-ring, for use at night in case my batteries for the "Sestrel" light failed for any rea-

son. These were mounted on a slide-down, portable shelf in the cabin doorway, unaffected by deviation with the centre-plate in the "down" position.

**Charts and Pilots:** One Stanford folding coloured chart of the Channel. All the remainder Admiralty Charts for all coasts along the North Sea and Kattegat and through Lim Fjord. The appropriate North Sea Pilot and Baltic Pilot with supplements, including new buoyage code for Denmark. The Admiralty Consol Chart. All were spoilt or lost at Hvide Sande.

**Navigation Equipment:** All lost at Hvide Sande. Most important and most regretted, my "Nova Pal" transistorized direction finder, and three band radio. Along the English Channel I only used this little set for checking positions already known, so that I could evaluate it for the North Sea. Marine Radio Beacons and Console were received and translated into quite accurate positions, which I could verify by observation along this part of the route. I gained more confidence in the set the more I used it. It was mounted on a kind of portable pillar which raised it just above the aft end of the cabin-top, and could be quickly stowed out of the way immediately after use. I had numerous spare batteries, so could afford to use it for entertainment as I felt like it across the North Sea.

**Buoyancy:** Four Sea-Esta Roll-a-Boats were kept inflated and tied in place throughout the journey, that is, until I felt the need to adjust their positions on approaching the breakers at Hvide Sande. If those breakers had been less heavy (twenty feet high, half mile offshore) and severe, and myself not battered senseless by them, I could probably have rolled the boat right up to the beach, single-handed on the Roll-a-Boats, using the special handy-billy and the anchor I carried. As it was, they played their part well in keeping the boat upright and saving it from very severe damage in those terrible breakers.

**Distress Signals:** I carried two daylight distress orange smoke signals, and six night hand flares. The smoke signals were used off Hvide Sande, but none of the flares. I regret to have to say that these were not seen and that Peder Sorensen cracked on all possible speed on seeing my Red Ensign flying upside down!

**Spirits:** My friend Mike Patterson was horrified to learn that I wished to carry none at all. He wanted me to take some brandy for emergency. I am glad I resisted the temptation. My argument was that one may well think the time is ripe for "rejuvenation" some time before the real crisis arrives. It is well known that, although spirits will "warm the cockles of your heart" for a short time, they leave a man a little less able than he was, when the effects have worn off. This would have been fatal at Hvide Sande.

**Motor:** I borrowed a Seagull 100 long-shaft from my brother. For most of the journey of course this was stowed under cover in the aft locker. Unfortunately it was flooded at Hvide Sande and lay unattended for several days while I was in hospital. It was then overhauled but did not run well, probably owing to some slight maladjustment, until the final spurt of about twenty miles into Kloster Fjord. This saved us from an ordeal indeed!

**Cooking:** Primus. Good old Primus!

**Provisions:** Nothing special to report. Except that a friend supplied me with a flagon of strong homemade lemonade. This cleansed the mouth wonderfully in the "small hours" out at sea.

**Cockpit Cover:** A very heavy canvas cover, with strong-backs under, laced around the coamings. This was hardly used at all; but it might have been needed if the sea anchor/riding mizzen arrangement had not been so effective.

**Radar Reflector:** A portable, fold-flat reflector was carried.

**Miscellaneous:** Numerous items of equipment were carried, i.e. hand-bell for use during fog. A simple pelorus for snap-bearings from the cabin top, self-made. Our special sliding multi-purpose outboard bracket. And others too numerous to list here.

**Sails:** The normal standard terylene sails as supplied by our sailmaker. No spares were carried. The sails were in perfect order on arrival in Sweden. They set beautifully and worked very efficiently. The little riding mizzen had had to take a terrific hammering and is still as good as new. One could not ask for better than this!

### Presumptive Lecture

It may be thought that I am in favour of people making long passages in small boats. In fact this is not quite so. When I hear of a successful crossing of the Atlantic in a very small boat I am delighted (Paul Johnson, *Venus*; John Riding, *SJO AG*; Robert Manry, *Tinkerbelle*). It pleases me that they usually receive an enthusiastic welcome ashore. But at the same time I think there may be a tendency on the part of some people to say, "If tiny boats like these can cross oceans, what's all this time-worn stuff about the terrors of the deep?"

The sea can indeed be terrible. It has terrified me, at any rate, on numerous occasions in my life. It is a fallacy to imagine that, because the safety of the land is near when out for an afternoon's sail, this nearby security will be quickly attained should things begin to go wrong. It may be a dangerous, and sometimes fatal, false comfort, to compare the situation of a tiny boat in a howling gale a thousand miles from the nearest lee shore, to that of oneself in a much larger boat one mile from your own harbour entrance.

The off-shore man may well be blissfully asleep. You'd better not sleep! It is a fact that the sea claims almost all her victims because the shore is there to trap them. I believe many "big-ship" men have a painfully ingrown impatience of the very small boats which put out to sea in ever increasing numbers. I think they feel these boats (and the people in them) are insulting the sea their own hard-won experience has taught them to respect.

This lack of "respect" probably hurts the "big-ship" man, more particularly if he is unaware that many of the small boats are the result of long years of hard-won knowledge and development. I sympathize with his views, but I would hate to have to admit they are invariably justified. My enthusiasm fails me when I hear of some ambitious voyage to be undertaken by people, hair-raisingly flaunting their inexperience. I sincerely hope that they will not come to grief, but I also hope they will not succeed. Their success might tempt more people to "dare the sea." Definitely a short term hobby! Long passages in small boats should be made only after long consideration. The boat must be trustworthy, the equipment well chosen, the confidence of the crew well founded.

### Tips on Handling Your Potter

I designed the Potter at the very outset with leisurely pottering in mind as the boat's sole purpose. She is under-canvassed by many people's standards. Generally, however, I sleep at nights! The Potter's sections were designed for maximum initial stability, and she should not be allowed to heel more than about 10°. If she does, her sections will not allow an increase in speed, rather they will impede her. Also, her peak of stability is exceeded. In all ways the boat handles beautifully in reasonable condition; fast and exhilarating in a fresh breeze, close-winded and hard to get "into irons".

About Force 6 one should consider reefing. She handles well and remains dry with full fores'l and reefed main. Downwind in these conditions a jibe is not something to fear, although of course, one must beware of over-confidence. If one is caught out in over Force 6 she can be handled and even brought

"through the wind" with reefed main alone. But this needs careful handling and experience, particularly if the wind is unsteady. When all fails and the boat can only be taken downwind, it is sometimes a comfort to know that she can be sailed on to a beach! I am alive because the Potter draws a mere seven inches with the swinging plate and rudder up!

In light airs, the best tip I can give you is to have her listing slightly to leeward. The lee chine will do a good job of gripping the water and help you up to windward. Never have your sails penned in hard in any conditions. I have always found the boat goes better, and performs properly, with weight in the cabin. Never be afraid to load her with gear and equipment. She was designed to carry masses of people and their gear. But do remember she will be badly handicapped if this is placed too far aft. The forward third of the lee chine must be allowed to do its job.

### Warnings

(1) A light 14ft. centre-board boat can only be a freak if you can tramp about the foredeck without fear of turning her over. Be careful. If you have others on board and need to go forward on deck, see that they move well aft in the cockpit so that the stable sections aft can do their job.

(2) Remember always that the Potter is a 14ft. centre-board dinghy, with a cabin. Sail her with your main-sheet free to let run, pass it under the cleat at the aft end of the case by all means, but do not make it fast unless you are very sure of the conditions.

(3) Keep the plate down always when you are on board, unless circumstances definitely dictate otherwise. If you do have it up in such circumstances, never forget that it is up, and let it down again without fail when circumstances allow.

In 1949 the brothers Stanley and Colin Smith built the 20' boat *Nova Espero* and sailed her across the Atlantic from Nova Scotia to England, an achievement which stirred not only those who understand the sea, but the general public also. This historic cruise by the man who designed the famed West Wight Potter is an account of the second great voyage in *Nova Espero*, from Dartmouth, England, to Nova Scotia. This book is very collectible.

### From "Bill's Log" (An Internet Blog)

When I was 15 I had the privilege of being the regular crew aboard a miniature converted St Ives lugger. She had been converted to a gaff cutter with a low profile cabin and she was kept on a mooring at Dartmouth, Devon, England. One particular weekend in 1949, hordes of people gathered by the quay-side where there was a tiny clinker sloop. Strapped over her cockpit was an inverted pram dinghy acting as a cabin for her crew. I learned that Stanley and Colin Smith had recently arrived there in this 20' boat from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. To me, she looked like a daysailer, but I realized her sea keeping qualities must have been up to the job as she had sailed thousands of miles from a land far beyond the horizon.

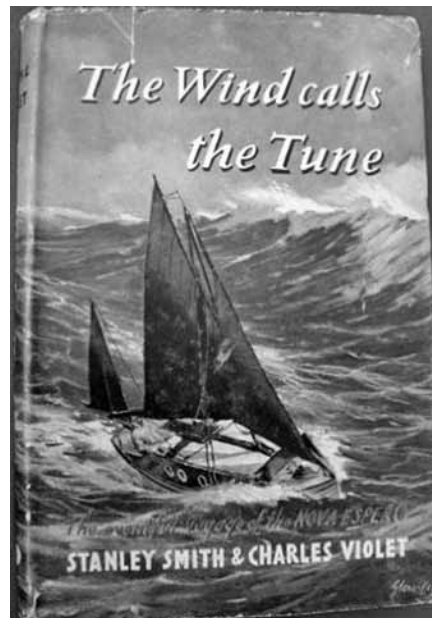
She certainly had attractive, easy going lines incorporating a buoyant bow and a wineglass shaped transom, the base of which was just clear of the water. The simplicity of her gunter lug rig was evident, there being no backstay, only two shrouds either side of the mast and a double forestay. I have since learned that her waterline length was 16' and her beam was 6'3". She drew 2'10" when fully loaded with equipment, food and water for her North Atlantic crossing. That left just sufficient space for the two broth-

*Nova Espero* sailing.



## The Wind Calls the Tune

By Stanley Smith & Charles Violet



Stanley Smith.



ers to lie side by side, i.e., 6'x4. She had 3'6" headroom. While on passage, generally one brother would be below while the other would be at the helm.

In their book, *Smiths at Sea*, published in 1951, they explained that through lack of funds they could not afford a sea anchor, a chronometer, a log, oil bags or even oilskins! The only thing going for them was 'hope' for the future, hence they called their vessel, *Nova Espero*, meaning 'new hope.'

On May 17, 1951, Stanley Smith and Charles Violet departed from the Festival of Britain Site, London, aboard the *Nova Espero* bound for New York. They were given a letter from the Mayor of London for the Mayor of New York. Damage sustained to the boat during a storm caused them to stop at the Azores to effect repairs. Wisely, before setting out on the voyage *Nova Espero* had been equipped with a proper cabin and a mizzen sail which would enable her to lie more comfortably to her sea anchor. The North Atlantic adventure to New York took about 18 weeks via Newfoundland. In 1952 their book, *The Wind Calls the Tune*, describing the voyage, was published.

### About Bill's Log

To get the best out of this blog I suggest those interested in a particular sailing boat may prefer to look at an alphabetical list to be found at my Small Sailboats page: <http://bills-log.blogspot.co.uk/p/small-sailboats-here-are-links-to.html> and if you want to read my Cruising Logs go to: <http://bills-log.blogspot.co.uk/p/cruising-logs.html>.

### *The Wind Calls The Tune*

Stanley Smith & Charles Violet

Published by George G. Harrap & Co Ltd

Price: \$8 Shipping: \$6 from UK to USA

Item Description: George G. Harrap & Co Ltd, 1953. 1 Available. Used Hardcover. Book Condition: Good. Third Impression. 189 pages. Illustrated dust jacket with white lettering over grey cloth. B&W illustrations and photographs throughout. Clean pages with firm binding. Mild foxing and tanning to endpapers and page edges. Mild wear to spine, board edges and corners. Unclipped dust jacket. Moderate wear and tear to edges and corners. Mild soiling to DJ. book. Book-seller Inventory # 1471542984cla <https://www.abebooks.co.uk/World-of-Rare-Books-Goring-by-Sea/54140959/sf>

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### Henry Sutherland Double Ender 1905

Henry Sutherland built rowboats and launches in Branchport, New York, from 1905 to 1914. He made this 14' double ender rowboat during that era. In 1962 the boat was discovered leaning up against a cottage at the northern end of Keuka Lake and purchased by the donor for \$10. Many years later Henry's great grandson Dan Sutherland of Sutherland Boat & Coach Co restored the boat to near original condition.



### Sutherland Troutboat 1906 Replica

This 14' rowboat is a replica of a boat designed by Henry J. Sutherland of Sutherland Boat & Coach Co, Branchport, New York, in 1906. Dan Sutherland built her in 1990 with the help of his grandfather Ernest (Henry's son). It closely resembles the original Sutherland Troutboat. Cedar planking is clench nailed to steam bent ribs, carvel style to form a smooth hull surface. The wineglass shaped transom gives the boat a fine entry whether rowing backwards or forwards. A unique feature is the under seat storage for a custom built Seth green fishing rig.



Dan Sutherland in 2003.



### Morehouse Lightweight Mid 19560s

The Morehouse Boat Co built hundreds of 12' lightweight rowboats between 1946 and 1958. The boats were cedar planked over steam bent oak. Early models (pre 1950) utilized clench nail plank fasteners and later boats were screw fastened. This example (donated by Jerry Nuerberger of Berwin, Pennsylvania) underwent an extensive restoration in the Museum's boat shop.



### Penn Yan Captain Kid

The Penn Yan Captain Kid KS-46 was built as a children's play boat. It was marketed as one of the trio of children's boats offered from 1932-1938. It is 6'8" in length and has a 40" beam. This boat was enjoyed for many years on the waters of the Finger Lakes.



### Penn Yan Ceestepper 1931

Penn Yan introduced the 14' Ceestepper outboard strep hydroplane in 1928. The company's advertisements described the boat "as the largest selling race boat of any type...made by the largest maker of racing boats in the world." Design and construction techniques closely paralleled those of the contemporary aircraft industry. The exterior of the hull was painted Chinese Red and the interior and trip were varnished. This 1931 XD518 racer has a narrow planning bottom wand wide beam just above the high speed water line. The side of the boat is inscribed with the words "Sea-Steppen' Fool."



## The Finger Lakes Boating Museum

### Part One

By Greg Grundtisch



The lovely and talented Naomi and I had attended a boat show several years ago on the northwest shore of Cayuga Lake that was sponsored by the Finger Lakes Boating Museum. It was held at the former location (building and grounds) of the Morehouse Boat Co, which is now part of the grounds of Cayuga Lake State Park. It was here I learned of their ongoing search for a permanent home for the museum and the many locations that were used in the past.

Then last year I bought a vintage boat that I could not identify. I emailed the Finger Lakes Boat Museum, inquiring of its possible design and builder. I received a prompt response from a Mr Ed Wightman. He identified it as a 1920s 16' outboard motorboat, built by the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co. He also sent along a book titled *The Wooden Boats of Skaneateles, NY*. This informative book was published by the financial sponsors of the Museum. Since learning some of the history of this boat and of the new permanent location of the FLBM, we have been very anxious to visit the Museum. That opportunity finally arose.

Upon our arrival we were warmly greeted and informed of some of the exhibits we would be seeing. We were also advised to watch a short video of the museum facilities, history and boats in the collection. It was a very well made and informative video and well worth the time to view.

After viewing the video we proceeded into the area of workshops, boats shops and exhibits, taking pictures as we went along. That is until the batteries in the camera died. As we were leaving to find a store to replace them, a gentleman noticed our dilemma and took us to his office and offered two new ones for us. His kindness saved us a lot of time that we had little of as we needed to return home soon for some timely obligations. So back to the boats and on with our tour of the facilities. Also, as it turned out, the gentleman who provided us with the batteries was none other than Mr Ed Wightman, Museum President. Timing is everything.

There are so many different boats and designs in the collection and, as more and more of the building gets refurbished and opened up, they are being regularly added. There was still plenty to see.

## Part Two

The Finger Lakes Boating Museum now has a permanent location. It is on a beautiful piece of property formerly owned by the Taylor Wine Co. This beautiful location overlooks the southwest end of Keuka Lake in Hammondsport, New York. The property has about 14 acres and 20 out buildings!



After over 16 years of not having a permanent location and conducting workshops, boat shows, restorations and collecting boats and related artifacts, along with publishing the quarterly newsletter, *The Copper Nail*, the FLBM's new home became possible due to the generosity of Mr J.F. Bud Meade III, the President of the Mercury Aircraft Corp who offered this property to the Museum. In October 2013 the board of Trustees voted to accept. In January 2014 it was game on!

There were 67 volunteers and the Stuben County works crew who undertook the renovations. These included the new entryway, classroom, exhibit halls, workshop, offices and the like. The first classes were begun in May 2014. Later in June the exhibits of various boats were added along with the boat shop children's area, a library and a ships store. On June 21, 2014, the Finger Lakes Boating Museum officially opened its doors to the public.

The Museum is open seven days a week all year and has had over 5,000 visitors from 46 states and eight foreign countries. Membership rose 50% in that time. Over the ensuing years many additional boats and artifacts have been donated. There are over 150 boats representing more than 40 commercial builders from the Finger Lakes Region. The collection includes rowboats, canoes, outboard and inboard runabouts, sailboats and ice-boats. There are also many archives, artifacts, photos, tools and anything related to boat building in the region.

This wonderful museum on its beautiful grounds with an extensive collection is in a very beautiful area of central New York State, the Finger Lakes Wine Country, a four season wine and recreational area, a good choice for a weekend getaway. If you are in the area it is very well worth the time to stop and look. It will not disappoint and is open year round.

The Curtis Wright Aviation Museum is also in the area (three miles) and has a few boats as well.

### The Extensive Canoe Display



### The Display of Runabouts

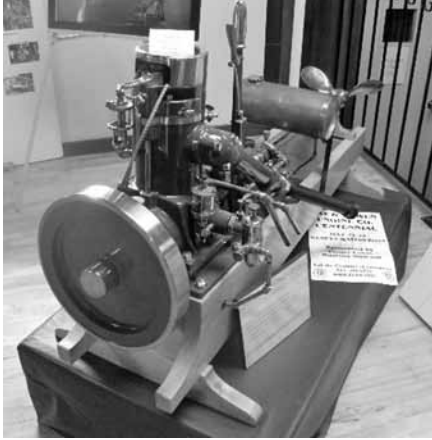


### And Plenty More to be Seen



### Fay & Bowen Engine Company

Fay & Bowen built more engines than boats. Fay & Bowen sold most of its early engines for use as stationary power plants. Often they ran milking machines. Today's collectors seeking original Fay & Bowen engines must look for them in the old family owned dairy farms of New York State and Wisconsin. And the little engines had multiple applications. One powered a sausage grinding machine in Baumgartner's Meat Market in Geneva, New York.



### Caille Liberty Single 1920

The Caille has a Model T ignition coil and trailing propeller. The pivoting propeller shaft tips up when obstructions are encountered, enabling a boat to operate in extremely shallow water.



**The Outboard Display  
Soon to be Doubled**



## Maritime Museum of Barcelona

By Michael Mill

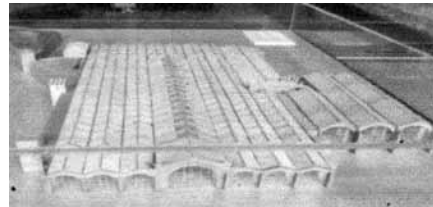
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*

Newsletter of the

Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Olga and I had the opportunity to visit Barcelona, Spain, in early July, the last day of a ten day trip to Switzerland and the Mediterranean. Looking for something to do on a nice Sunday, we took the subway from our hotel to the Harbor District with the purpose to walk a long mall filled with craft booths and tapas restaurants. While we surely planned to accomplish this objective, our first objective was to visit the Maritime Museum of Barcelona.

The Museum occupies the former "Drassanes Reials de Barcelona" (Royal Shipyards). These have been restored all or in part and provide a spacious and artistically appealing space to display the history of the region's relationship with the sea, in vessels and in narratives of the lives of those who lived there.



Architectural Model of the Museum

The displays included both working and pleasure vessels of the region, everything from small dinghies to larger fishing and trade vessels that mirror familiar designs of other regions of the Mediterranean.

I was drawn almost immediately to a display of a rowing/sailing catamaran of about 16' in length. My initial thought was this was a "pattino," an Italian rowing catamaran detailed in the most recent *WoodenBoat* magazine (Issue 251, Pg 41). But instead the displayed craft was a "Patin de Remo." The history of the vessel is remarkably like that of the pattino. This particular craft dates from the earliest 20th century and was originally from the Barceloneta neighborhood on the Catalan coast. Another craft, the "Patin de Vela," a sailing version, was on display. Credit is given to the Monge family of the region for optimizing and standardizing the sailing version. It's obvious that the design ideas were shared and even the vessel names are drawn from the same linguistic root as the Italian pattino.



Patin de Remo

Our next stops were to view the displays for regional fishing and working boats. Gen-

erally they were rowed or sailed off beaches with the fishing techniques including trolling and netting. In one instance, two boats would sail on the same course with their distance apart equal to the length of a large rectangular net with each boat attached to an end. The rowing designs (jabega, caro d'art) include multiple rowing stations and use dragnets to achieve the same objective. The build designs (palangrera, liagut) are pretty stout, with common design features often including markedly crowned decks and also large lateen sails with the masts canted forward at about a 15° angle from vertical.



Jabega



Patangrera

The "caro d'art" was a lighter rowed vessel. In this case, one end of the net would be fastened at the beach and the other to the boat. It was then rowed in a large circle and back to the beach, thereby stranding its catch in the shallows of the beach. Very efficient, if the fish are there!



Caro d'Art

Llagut (aka Catatana)





Liagut, showing rigging details.



Liagut keel designed to ground vessel upright, with keel shoe installed.

Moving on from the working craft, we came across a scale model thought to be the frigate *Barcelona*. This model, over 200 years old, was actually built to use in a classroom to teach naval cadets the details of the ship's rigging. The rigging was exact in every detail, yet the model itself was only about 10' long! It has been repainted and modified several times, hence the uncertainty of its parent ship.

The rest of the craft displayed included pleasure craft, contemporary sailing craft ("Snipe" class, dingy), rowing craft (Thames wherry, scull) and examples of primitive craft from around the world.

No visit to the "Drassanes Reials de Barcelona" (Royal Shipyards) would be complete without seeing the largest vessel in the collection, the Royal Galley. This warship of the



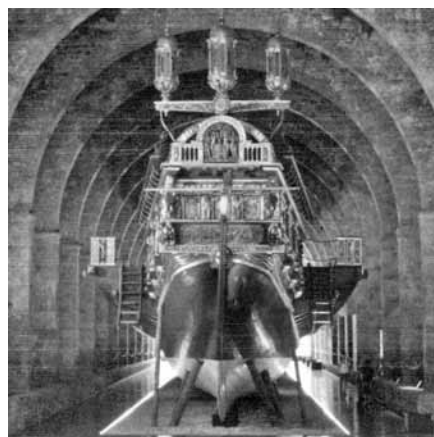
Frigate *Barcelona* teaching model

Aragon crown was about 200' in length, and was manned by four oarsman per oar!

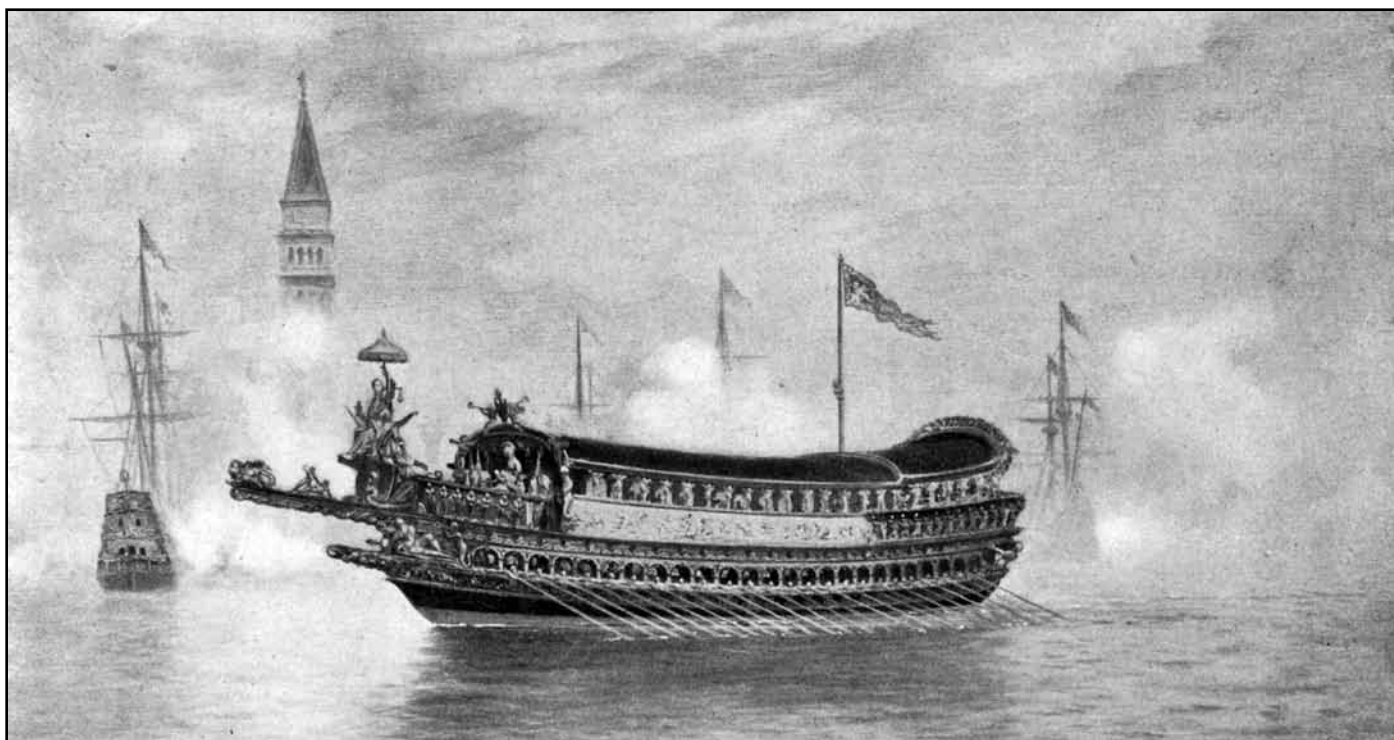
Even in as expansive facility as this you cannot fully appreciate the scale, complexity and ornate decorations of this vessel!

The Museum features rotating and temporary displays as well. I will be preparing a separate article for a future *MainSheet* on "Nautical Toys" that was quite fascinating as well.

Should you ever visit Barcelona, take the time to visit this Museum. It is easily accessed by the efficient subway system and is about one block from the "La Rambla," which is a long park area that doubles as the median of a major avenue. After spending about two hours in the museum it is a short walk to a large assortment of craft and souvenir booths as well as to many sidewalk "tapas" restaurants. It is the perfect location to demonstrate thanks to your bride for letting you visit yet another maritime museum. We had a wonderful relaxing tapas lunch, watching the passersby and street performers alike.



Aragon Royal Galley





In July...

the Norwegian Viking Ship, *Draken Harald Hårfagre*, was forced to leave the Great Lakes and the Tall Ships Challenge 2016 due to the cost for pilotage. The world's largest Viking ship, the sail training vessel *Draken Harald Hårfagre*, has sailed from Norway to Shetland, Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland to Newfoundland and into the St Lawrence Seaway and the Great Lakes. The ship was invited to participate in the Tall Ships Challenge Great Lakes 2016 and entered the waters of St Lawrence and the Great Lakes with information from the Great Lakes Pilotage Authorities that a ship of the size and variety of *Draken Harald Hårfagre* would be exempted the requirement of pilotage.

"...Foreign ships of less than 35 meters in overall length are not subject to compulsory pilotage in the Great Lakes Region."

The expedition relied on the information from the Pilotage Authorities and the possibility not to be a subject to compulsory pilotage. Unfortunately the project learned, when entering the St Lawrence Seaway, that the ship would require a pilot at all times while underway with no possibility of reduction in cost. The cost for the pilotage, if the ship were to participate in the schedule for Tall Ships Challenge Great Lakes 2016, is well over \$400 per hour.

The fees are not within reason for a non profit sail training vessel, it blocks the opportunity for any foreign tall ship to enter the Great Lakes and visit the ports. We are a non profit project with the intention to spread knowledge about the Vikings seafaring and to inspire people to pursue dreams and look beyond the horizon, as modern Vikings, says Sigurd Aase, owner and curator of the project.

We were required to have a pilot as soon as we left the dock at a cost of \$400 per hour, the same rate as is charged a commercial freighter. It was very disappointing, the people in the harbors around the lakes were expecting us and we have been warmly welcomed in every port we have visited, it is a pity we could not pursue this expedition, says Captain Björn Ahlander.

It was very unfortunate that *Draken Harald Hårfagre* was not able to continue the expedition to sail the waters where there is such high interest and presence of the cultural heritage from the Nordic countries. The only solution for enabling the *Draken Harald Hårfagre* to stay in the Great Lakes would be if the project somehow gets the cost for pilotage covered.

In April, just before leaving for North America, the crew held a ceremony during

## Historic Viking Ship vs Modern Safety Regulations



which a carving of a dragon's head meant to protect the ship from dangers like sea monsters and unforeseen raids was mounted on the *Draken*. Luckily the vessel encountered no sea monsters. But it didn't have a chance against the Great Lake's entrenched bureaucracy's concern with protecting the pilots' paychecks.

The plan, if no changes in funding appeared, was to leave the Great Lakes as soon as possible. Note: We want to point out that our project does not blame the pilots, we are aware of the need for pilots in the Great Lakes, it is the cost of the pilotage we can not bear.

In August...

the Tall Ship Journey ended for *Draken Harald Hårfagre* on her way to Green Bay, Wisconsin, for the Tall Ship Festival in that port. We were so happy and grateful that we made it all the way from Norway, across the North Atlantic Ocean, through the St Lawrence Seaway and into the Great Lakes, it has been a modern Viking voyage. The ship and her crew navigated through the rough seas, ice, extreme temperatures and all the storms along the way. We couldn't be more proud of this accomplishment.

In collaboration with the District 3 Western Great Lakes Pilot Association, we recalculated the estimated cost for pilotage for our expedition and had reduced the amount from 430,000 USD to 250,000 USD. This was accomplished by using current pricing tables from each of the Great Lakes districts, while working closely with our District 3 pilot to calculate a speed, route plan and timetable that is safe and works with the design of our ship. Even with this significant reduction in cost, we had not been able to raise enough funds to complete our entire expedition. So it was with a heavy heart that Viking Kings, the organization behind the *Draken Harald Hårfagre* project, has come to the decision to make the Tall Ships Festival in Green Bay the last stop in this Tall Ships Challenge.

Over the last few months we have made many new friends and received help and support from our pilots, The United States Coast Guard, Transport Canada, Sons of Norway, all of the ports, Tall Ships America, The Nordic Community of Chicago and from our loyal, enthusiastic fans. Despite all of the hurdles, we made it this far! Thanks to you, *Draken* and her crew have been able to meet thousands of people and share our story in the ports of Fairport Harbor, Bay City, Chicago and now Green Bay.

All funds contributed up to the stop at Green Bay paid the pilotage fees *Draken* had incurred as she sailed through the Great Lakes. Because the *Draken* team decided to end its Tall Ships journey in Green Bay, Sons of Norway ended its online fund raising campaign effective at that time. *Draken Harald Hårfagre* and Sons of Norway deeply appreciate the strong outpouring of support and contributions that put wind in the *Draken's* sails for several ports and would like to thank all donors who invested in the *Draken's* journey.

We were very happy to have made it this far, at one point it looked like we were not going to be able to sail the Great Lakes at all. But, at this point, we were very sad not to sail all the way to Duluth as it is one of the stops where the Scandinavian communities has been the strongest and most involved with promoting and engaging in our ship from the very beginning, and it is a disappointment not to be able to sail all the way. We have had the most amazing time sailing this expedition, meeting all the people and visiting all these places, says Captain Björn Ahlander.

Details...

When a Viking ship, meticulously recreated in Norway, crossed the Atlantic last

month, the feat captivated history buffs in the United States. They could hardly wait to get a look at the vessel, which was scheduled to visit a series of ship festivals along the Great Lakes this summer. But as the ship, called the *Draken Harald Harfagre*, glided into American waters it collided with an unexpected foe, modern day safety regulations.

After making stops at Canadian ports, the *Draken's* crew was told by US Coast Guard officials that if it wanted to sail through the Great Lakes, it had to hire a certified pilot, paid at an hourly rate that would amount to about \$400,000 by the trip's end. If unable to pay, the vessel would be forced to turn back.

"The crew has been devastated," Woody Wiest, a watch leader on the *Draken*, said at the time. Many of the team are volunteers, he added. "They changed their lives to be on the ship."

The standoff set off a frantic campaign by supporters. A petition calling for the Coast Guard to rescind the requirement drew more than 10,000 signatures, festival organizers vowed to find money to help and online fundraisers pleaded for donations from the public. The *Draken* crew said enough money had been raised to sail as far as Chicago, the ship's third American destination on the Great Lakes. But stops scheduled for August in Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Duluth, Minnesota, remained in doubt.

Lorne Thomas, a spokesman for the Coast Guard, said the agency was bound by a 1960 law requiring that all foreign vessels, except for recreational ones, have a pilot while on the Great Lakes. It couldn't grant a waiver even it wanted to, he said.

"Unfortunately the law is what it is," Mr Thomas added. "That's not to say there couldn't be a discussion about maybe it could be changed. But that needs to happen at the Congressional level."

Representatives of the *Draken* have portrayed their troubles as a result of an impenetrable maze of regulations on the Great Lakes, which straddle the border between the United States and Canada, while also sharply criticizing the cost that vessels of its kind, small and nonprofit, must bear to ply its waters.

In a Facebook video the ship's captain, Björn Ahlander, said the Canadians had told the *Draken* that the pilot requirement would be waived because the ship fell under a height cutoff. But he added, "When we came here, they changed their minds." The Canadian exemption, however, has no bearing on waters where the United States Coast Guard has jurisdiction, said Robert Lemire, chief executive officer of Canada's Great Lakes Pilotage Authority. His office was clear with the *Draken* about this, he said. Representatives of the *Draken* "are just making a lot of things up," Mr Lemire added. "It's not like we don't know what we're doing and how to deliver the message. So it was quite a surprise."

The bi national management of the lakes can be confusing for foreign visitors. Asked to explain whose rules apply where, John Swartout, the president of the Western Great Lakes Pilot Association, talked about shared boundaries, "gray areas" and rules that vary by district. Finally he said, "I wish I knew how to cut and dry it for you perfectly, but it is complicated."

"I fully appreciate how hard it can be to understand whether US law or Canadian law applies," he added. "And frankly

I think the authorities struggle with that same issue because the law is not perfectly clear on that subject."

The *Draken's* ordeal has also drawn attention to questions about the costs of pilotage, an ancient profession that exists around the world to ensure safe steering in unfamiliar waters. This year the Coast Guard raised the target compensation for a Great Lakes pilot to about \$326,000 a year, prompting a legal challenge from a group of shipping interests that said the rates were unreasonable.

Maritime officials, however, say the fees are commensurate with the skill and scarcity of qualified pilots. Mr Lemire, the Canadian official, noted that the pilots were among the most highly trained mariners in the world. Until this year the targeted annual pay for Great Lakes pilots was about \$235,000, far below what they could earn elsewhere, Mr Lemire said.

"It was impossible to recruit people," he said. Still, officials acknowledge that the costs can be onerous for smaller, historical ships like the *Draken* that don't possess the resources of the big freighter companies plying the Great Lakes, where the maritime industry is estimated to pump more \$30 billion yearly into the American and Canadian economies. And unlike in Canada, the American regulations offer no exemption based on tonnage or size, said Mr Thomas, the Coast Guard spokesman.

Sarah Blank, a spokeswoman for the *Draken*, said the crew was overwhelmed by the outpouring of support it has received from the public. A fundraiser hosted by Sons of Norway, a charity based in Minneapolis, had raised nearly \$60,000 for the vessel.

"We're so grateful to everybody who reaches out to us," Ms Blank said as the *Draken* was making its way toward Chicago. "We knew the people were interested and engaged in our project, but not to this extent." Ms Blank said the *Draken* was not against the pilots. But she added, "A project of our nature is not able to pay these sorts of costs. The fees are so huge. We really want to sail, and we really want to meet the people of the Great Lakes and unfortunately we are not able to."

## Later In Kingston, New York...

we spent ten days in unimaginable luxury in Albany, New York, where we went to work on the rig. The low bridges on the Erie Canal made it impossible to keep the mast and even the dragonhead up, so the ship made her way down the Erie Canal while we were working on maintenance and sleeping in a BED in an APARTMENT. The ship got her rig back up on arrival on the Hudson River and continued down the Hudson.

We arrived in Kingston, a small town along the Hudson River, deep in the Hudson Valley, where we have now been long enough to get to know people and places around here a little. I like that. Unfortunately it means we have to leave them, but there is some strange sweetness to that as well.

Fall is coming and there is a recognizable change in the air even if the past days have been scorchingly hot, we have tried to hide as well as possible under the awnings during open ship and maintenance work. The midday hours with the sun mercilessly beating down on us left us depleted in the afternoons, pleading the universe for clouds and overcast skies. But the trees have started to turn and last night was so cold that I had to

dig up my dry sack of long wool underwear in the middle of the night, which was a stark contrast to the previous nights of sleeping in underwear with only a thin sheet.

This journey is going on its last stretch and we can feel that in the air, too. Some of our old crewmates from the crossing have come back to join the ship for a little while and some more will come to New York City to see us. It is a good feeling to have them back, the ship feels more complete with them there.

In New York City we have been invited to the very prestigious and legendary Explorer's Club on the evening of our arrival. Everyone is, of course, very thrilled about this, but then we learned that we'll be expected to wear "cocktail attire" which poses a somewhat logistical challenge for our crew. To put it in perspective, one of our members arrived a few days back on a bike which he rode from northern Vermont, all of his belongings carried on his back in a canvas backpack. There was, to my knowledge, no three piece suit in that backpack. With many of the volunteer crew having a budget that doesn't allow for fancy clothes and with not too many stores around here we've been trying our best to scavenge together outfits for the occasion.

Somehow I feel like it will only be fitting that we should arrive like this, in improvised clothes very fancy to us but maybe just slightly odd to the land person observer. Myself, I was lucky to take the advice given to me by a boat building teacher years back, always bring a dress when travelling (unfortunately said dress has spent the past five months stuffed in the back of a long forgotten dry sack). For shoes I'll wear a pair of fancy men's shoes I found in the trash on the sidewalk in Quebec. It will be spectacular.

## The Final Destination for 2016...

was reached when *Draken Harald Harfagre* docked at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut, October 2. *Draken Harald Harfagre* will stay at Mystic Seaport for the winter, but the crew will cover the boat in early November and she will not be open to the public. There are not yet any plans for next year.

"It has been a tremendous adventure! A challenge extraordinaire, to explore the world with the largest Viking ship built and sailed in modern times. I'm proud of our crew and all the challenges we have overcome to reach the final stop on this journey." Captain Björn Ahlander.

Please follow the ship's website and social channels for updates:

[drakenexpeditionamerica.com](http://drakenexpeditionamerica.com)



## River Dam Removal

Looking at the coast of Maine, the stretch between Cape Small and Pemaquid Point is without a doubt one of the most intricate, most convoluted coastlines anywhere along the US Atlantic shores. It is clearly the result of glacial activity. Those long watery fingers reach far inland, to the towns of Bath, Wiscasset and Damariscotta and are wickedly tidal, as I was going to find out. In past ocean MITA trips (see end notes), I had only crossed those many arms, but each time I did so, I told myself, some year you will have to explore these areas also.

Well, 2016 was the year. But where would I start my trip? Since my mind tends to go left to right and north to south, it seemed logical to start somewhere up the Kennebec River. Since I am a Penobscot Riverkeeper, this other big Maine river had also been on my mind for some time. And yes, I could put in below the first upriver dam in Waterville, near Fort Halifax, just one hour's drive from my home in Orono, for an easy car-shuttle for Nancy. How convenient is that? Thanks my dear!

In recent years, two dams were removed on the Penobscot River, near where I live, so it is now free-flowing for about 40 miles, all the way from Old Town to the sea. This was duly celebrated by the citizens of Bangor/Old Town and other Mainers, but especially the Penobscot Nation, and us Penobscot Riverkeepers of course. On one of our last Riverkeepers' trips up Pushaw Stream, our group of about 60 local high school students in 8 war/voyageur canoes was delighted to witness the return of the alewives (a herring-like fish) all the way into Pushaw Lake, an event that had not happened for 120 years. Even Atlantic Sturgeon (according to Wikipedia "one of the oldest fish species in the world") have returned to the Penobscot, and we hope the salmon, an equally endangered species, will follow soon.

A similar rejuvenation had happened to the Kennebec River, I read in the papers, when a significant dam in Augusta was removed. This made the Kennebec free-flowing for 60 miles. So this trip, I had decided when I first thought about it, would start as my personal celebration of free-flowing rivers. OK, let's get going and check it out!

### 60 Miles Down the Mighty Kennebec River

Start date was July 20 (four days after my 15th Blackburn Challenge ocean race in Gloucester, MA). My put-ins are always very quiet. My mind is racing through a last minute checklist. Did I pack everything? Loading my Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe is done on autopilot. I had done it so many times: Compass, stopwatch and chart right in front of me, spare paddle, on the bow, radar reflector and wiggle stick with red flag on my stern, and two 10-liter water containers under my seat. I was ready to go. A hug and a kiss, and a bit later a wave with my paddle, and I was off on my 100-mile, 8-day venture.

Start of trip: Waterville/Winslow.



## Maine's Many Coastal Arms

Between Cape Small  
& Pemaquid Point  
By Reinhard Zollitsch  
reinhard@maine.edu  
www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

Except for an occasional small fishing boat near each town landing I passed, I had the river all to myself. The Kennebec was amazingly void of small towns or even houses, except for the Augusta/Gardiner area, and of course Bath further downriver. The banks were rather steep and wooded, and the river much wider than I had anticipated. I saw lots of eagles, and big sturgeon, jumping clear of the water, only to crash down with a startling big loud splash. I had read Atlantic Sturgeon can grow up to 15', weighing as much as 800lbs (about the size of my boat, only heavier). However, the ones I saw were mostly up to 3' long and maybe about 50-100lbs. Most people know sturgeon for its roe/eggs, sold as caviar, a true delicacy. I saw them almost as soon as I had put in, a very good sign that this river too is recovering from the earlier abusive years preceding the 1977 national Clean Water Act, initiated by Maine Senator Edmund Muskie.

After 15 miles, about a mile above the first Augusta bridge, I found a small more or less level sandbank river right, just big enough to accommodate my little Eureka tent. Swimming and reading felt good that afternoon; so did my Dinty Moore supper, heated on my little propane stove. (As you know, I never build fires on my trips.)

Next morning I was looking for the remnants of the Augusta dam. It was clear where it had been, but the river itself was flowing nicely through this area towards Fort Western. It had mostly served as a British supply fort during the French and Indian Wars, I read, servicing the next upriver fort in Waterville (Fort Halifax) and the hinterland beyond. Here I also noticed the effects of the tide for the first time, admired a replica of one of the old supply ships, and took care of my personal needs in the public wash house. I planned to do so at any public ramp or marina in order to keep all campsites clean and fresh smelling.



Site of former Augusta River dam.

Fort Western (Augusta).



I had planned to stop for the night at my trip mile 30, on one of those long thin Sands Islands. I thought I had found the right spot, put up my tent after some minimal landscaping, i.e. removing rocks and leveling the ground, when to my chagrin the tide rose and kept rising, eventually flooding my site. OK, pack up, and get back on the river! Two miles later, on the last of the Sands Islands, I had better luck: a sandy landing and a higher, level shoreline under trees. But by now it was 5pm, time to call Nancy for my daily safety check-in on my satellite phone. That old "shoe phone" still works. I am impressed and thankful.

The further downriver I got, I knew right from the beginning, the more difficult it would be to find an overnight spot. The MITA campsites are only along the immediate coast, mostly on islands, as the name implies. The third day would be my most challenging day. So this is how it went. High tide was at 5am, and I was off as soon as possible in order to take advantage of the ebb tide express. After Richmond, I entered the upper arm of big Merrymeeting Bay. The tide was still ebbing nicely, but a strong 15-20 knot southwesterly wind was kicking up whitecaps as well as tidal rips.

I was working hard and for a moment mistook the power line across the bay at Abagadasset Point for the line across the notorious outflow, The Chops. But the surroundings and course did not feel right. I had to go southeast. And then after almost two more miles I saw the second high tension wires spanning the narrow gut out of Merrymeeting Bay. If tide and wind are wrong, this can be a very challenging spot, but I flushed through The Chops without a hitch, noticing picnickers on the high banks cheering the lone boater.

I pulled out at the well-established public boat launch in North Bath. I was ready to call it quits for the day, but big signs made it very clear that that was no option (NO CAMPING!). When I was ready to get back into my boat, not only had the tide turned, but a strong 20 knot southerly had sprung up. Tide and wind were against the tired paddler. To boot, I had to stay away from the security area for Bath Iron Works, the big shipyard presently building several modernistic looking guided missile destroyers (the Zumwald class). The two ships had thin, sharp, reverse bows, inward slanting sides, hardly any windows or portholes – to me they looked very menacing, unfriendly and unseaworthy. I pitied the crew condemned to these modern steel ironclads.

Traditional river supply boat.





Zumwald class destroyers (Bath Iron Works).

Then a patrol boat raced towards me, reprimanding me for missing to round the first of their many “KEEP OUT” buoys. That was too bad! I was barely making headway and was not going back. Their buoys were leaning vigorously towards me. Wind and current were that strong. At nun #34 I finally decided to ferry across the big river, hoping no fast boats were coming by. Well, I made it fine, but pulled out almost immediately on the first little point on river left, way before the maelstrom of Fiddler Reach, two tight 90° bends in the river. I was bushed/spent.

There were grasses, even a tiny patch of beach sand, no steps coming down the steep bank, no house in sight – a perfect spot for my little Eureka tent. But it was hot (mid-90s), necessitating several swims. After supper, dark clouds formed in the west, and we had a doozy of a thunderstorm, with significant lightning and gusty winds, taxing my tent to the max.



Minimal campsite above high water mark (Bath).

The morning was surreally calm, as I rode the ebb current toward the elbow of Fiddler Reach, passing the Percy & Small Shipyard at the Maine Maritime Museum, river right. It is impossible to miss the full-scale skeletal mock-up of one of their large six-masted schooners they built here between 1894-1920. Bow, stern and the six masts of the *Wyoming* (the biggest wooden ship ever built in the U.S., at 329.5') tower over everything. Have to stop by here next time I am in Bath.

Doubling Point Light (Fiddler Reach).



I eventually passed picturesque little Phippsburg, paddling all the way to Perkins Island, near the mouth of the Kennebec River and Fort Popham. The Perkins lighthouse is a cutie, and the little rocky island it stands on is a MITA site – phew! Finally an official, legal stopover! But taking out at low tide was not easy. So I waited in the shady campsite, wrote my trip diary, walked across the island to the lighthouse, took pictures, and even got some easy Clive Cussler reading done. Tides take their time coming in or going out on their 6-hour cycle. You’ve got to be patient. Unloading all my gear and carrying my boat above the high-water mark through ankle-deep sandal-eating muck is no option for me.



Perkins Island Light.

#### Up to Wiscasset

From my first MITA trip in 1996 I fondly remembered paddling up the Back River from Perkins Island into Hockomock Bay. It is a most delightful narrow shallow river, winding its way through tidal wetlands. I again saw Floridian birds like egrets, ibis and white herons, before the river spat me out near Castle Island, my next MITA stop. By then the tide was up, and take-out was no problem. The campsite was large, shady and level - life was good. I even had the chance to meet with the MITA caretakers of this place, as well as chat with four kayakers dropping by for a rest.

MITA camp site (Castle Island).



Tide is coming in (Perkins Island).

However, getting off this island the next morning was not as easy as when I arrived. There was an extensive, impenetrable mud bank at the put-in. So I had to wait again for the tide to come in enough for me to slip out of there. It then was a long paddle up Montsweag Bay to Wiscasset before the tide turned. But to my surprise, the strong and much deeper tidal Sheepscot River, running parallel to my course, a tad to the east, was carrying so much more water up to Wiscasset that it spilled down into Montsweag Bay from the north, making it almost impossible for me to make it through Cowseagan Narrows and under the #144 bridge to the town. I was eddy-hopping and sprinting from one point to the next, till I finally made it into the last bight, where the now defunct nuclear power plant still sits. Several ospreys had moved into the old docking area with elaborate stick-nests filled with noisy young chicks. I smiled and “approved of their message”.



Wiscasset's old nuclear power plant.

The Wiscasset public boat launch was easy to find: right beside the yacht club. I needed a break. I took care of my needs, topped off one of my water containers, and splurged, ordering a double scoop of ice cream on the public dock. I needed that! It was another very hot day, especially so far inland. The long, low Route #1 bridge was choked with tourist traffic, and I was glad to be sitting in my boat. “No traffic jams for me,” I mused with a smile, as I pushed off again.

Self of author with double-scoop.



### Down the Sheepscot River

At about high tide I headed over to Fort Edgecomb on Davis Island and began my long haul down the entire Sheepscot River. I got a nice boost towards big Barters Island, where I decided to take a little detour into Cross River and down the Back River (the second Back River in this area). At the defunct wooden bridge to tiny Tibbet Island, I ran out of steam as well as water for an easy take-out. A small more or less level ledge attached to a patch of dirt and weeds would have to do for the night. It was a Canada goose hangout, I noticed, but not tonight. As soon as I had set up, I was in for yet another violent thunderstorm, which got most everything wet.

THICK FOG greeted me the next morning. I could not even see the other shore of this narrow Back River. High tide was at 5am, and with all the shallows around me, I had to scoot out of there in a hurry. Breakfast was reduced to a granola bar and a swig of water. Everything, wet or dry, was packed up in a hurry, and I was off, on compass course, even across the river. I then felt my way down Back River along Barters Island till I got to the little swing bridge to Hodgdon Island. From there I rounded Sawyer Island, kept the two Ram Islands to starboard (even though I never saw them), and the Isle of Springs to port (what a delightful name for an island, don't you think?). One more short foggy compass-course hop headed me across to Powderhorn Island, my MITA stop for today.



Foggy arrival on Powderhorn Island.

And what a wonderful choice this was. I found a wide sand beach facing north towards a tiny, picturesque hub island. And as the tidewaters receded, a gravel anchorage with ledges on two sides invited power boaters all

afternoon to come by and anchor for a picnic and swim. I counted more than ten boats, all vacationers from around this area with far-away homes like Austin, Texas, Baltimore and Boston. The many kids were having fun, as were the many water dogs. No loud ear-splitting screaming or screeching, hardly any barking – everybody was just having FUN. And I even got all my gear dried, especially my sleeping bag. Life was good again!

### The Home Stretch

All day, though, I noticed that my left knee, where I had been operated on for a torn meniscus a few years ago, was acting up again. It was hurting, buckling and swelling big-time, all the way down to my ankle. Even an ocean cool-down did not help. By next morning it had gotten even worse, and I could not see myself “having fun” paddling up and down the Damariscotta River for the next two days, just because it was there and I had initially thought of doing it. Instead I decided to head right down to Boothbay Harbor and from there more or less straight-line it to Pemaquid Harbor, my planned take-out spot, before my knee got even worse. I phoned Nancy on my satellite phone at around 7am and arranged for a pick-up in Pemaquid at high noon that same day. “No problem! Can do!” What a sweetheart!

Looking at my charts, I cheered up again and was suddenly looking forward to paddling this 15-mile stretch, rather than bucking the tides up to Damariscotta and back. First I would head for Boothbay's Townsend Gut swing bridge. The tide was still ebbing, i.e. was running with me through those narrows. OK, I did not loop through the inner harbor either, as originally planned, but touched on Mouse Island, Spruce Point and Ocean Point instead. I was suddenly on open water, and loving it. The weather was great, maybe a tad on the too-hot side, but there were no big waves to contend with. From Ocean Point I traversed the Damariscotta River to Inner Heron Island and into the Thread of Life, just east of Christmas Cove, a delightful string of little islands and ledges. It eventually spat me out into Johns Bay. At the northeastern point of Rutherford Island I headed across to Johns Island and past Fort William Henry (my 5<sup>th</sup> fort of this trip) into Pemaquid Harbor.

I got to the wide gravel-beach public landing early, which gave me ample time to carry my gear and boat from the low water mark up to the paved ramp, where Nancy

could back down the car for loading. I was hurting all right, limping and grimacing, but inwardly smiling about having made a good decision, straight-lining it to Pemaquid two days early. Today's paddle even turned into my most beautiful and rewarding day of the entire trip.



End of trip: Pemaquid Harbor.

And then Nancy arrived, also a tad early, and automatically backed down to my gear. After a hug and a kiss and a quick evaluation of my knee (“Take 2 Tylenol and call me in the morning!”), the trip was suddenly over. We packed the gear into the trunk of the car, and I got some help from a local retired coast guard skipper, who had been asking me questions about my trip, my boat and my thoroughly modern radar reflector on the stern deck. We swung my 65lb boat overhead onto my car roof rack, tied everything down, and we were off. Special thanks go again to Nancy as well as the helpful Coast Guard skipper. My knees would have buckled for sure, heaving my boat by myself – not a pretty picture.

See you next year, my paddling friends. Till then be safe, be prudent, make good decisions, and don't forget to HAVE FUN!

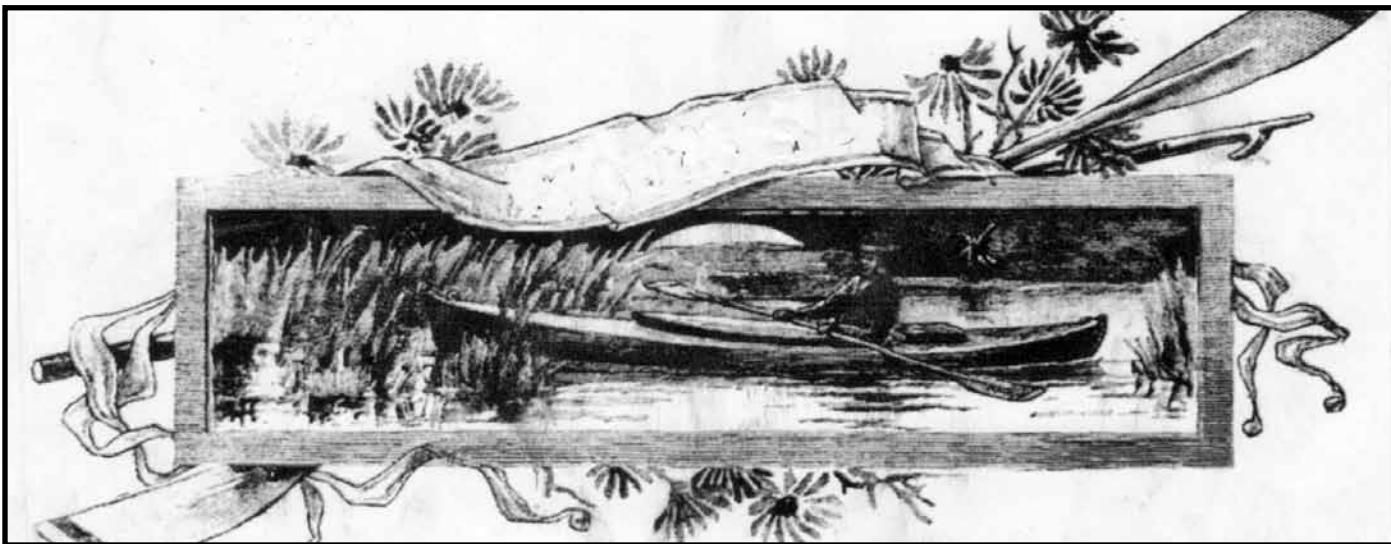
Info: [www.mita.org](http://www.mita.org) (Maine Island Trail Association).

For history buffs, here are the names of the five forts I paddled by: Fort Halifax (Waterville/Winslow), Fort Western (Augusta), Fort Popham (mouth of the Kennebec River), Fort Edgecomb (Wiscasset), Fort William Henry (Pemaquid Harbor).

For more information, see:

David B. MacNab: *15 Interesting Historic Sites to Visit Along the Coast and Rivers of Maine*. Maine Authors Publishing, Rockland, ME, 2013.

Harry Gratwick: *The Forts of Maine*. The History Press, SC, 2013.



It's a yarn about what can happen when one finally stops planning and begins to simply go off exploring. The characters are, no doubt, familiar, a poodle, a boat and me.

The setting, a real big place that I know as Puget Sound. I understand that some or most of that cold water arm of the Pacific Ocean has been redubbed the Salish Sea. No matter. The mountains are still where I left them, about 35 years ago. The sky was blue for most of the trip. Just a week after Labor Day, the fetches were surprisingly vacant of boats, the shorelines of people.

We were out about a week and a half, give or take. The last big cruise of a season, already chock full of boat trips and road trips and day hops and being on the water kinds of adventures. The summation of about 8,000 miles of trailer towing and around 500 hundred miles of actual boat travel. Probably more. I haven't kept very accurate records. No matter, it's a yarn after all.

## Livin' the Dream

By Dan Rogers

A boy and his dog. An adventure to places he'd never been and some other places he had all but forgotten. The boy, now an old man, the adventure, as young as tomorrow's sunrise.



Our first destination was the legendary Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. Last year I made the big mistake of coming during the published times and days. This year the three of us were already on hand the day before the day before. I got to talk with skippers of boats of "other construction" who were evacuating the harbor and I got to watch the exhibitor fleet begin to assemble and file in.





Beau the sea dog, *Miss Kathleen* and I share a few dominant traits. Beau and I both have bad knees and we're both introverts. Not anti social or hermits, we just tend to value the company of a few well chosen companions. Crowds and lots of walking were both something we decided to avoid. The Wooden Boat Show is a far flung exhibit. Port Townsend is really a popular destination that particular weekend. Parking for something as long as our wagon train becomes non existent. Besides, *Miss Kathleen* is at best a hybrid and, certainly through no particular fault of her own, not up to the construction standards exhibited by the hundreds of vessels displayed both on the hard and at pier side.

The local custom is for locals to gather on the docks and in the waterside eateries the night before. We were camped out in Tom's yard on the outskirts of this small town and decided we were "local enough" to follow suit. So Beau and I spent an entire day in and about the burgeoning exhibit. Quite satisfactory. One day is never enough, certainly, but our knees and temperament had reached satiety.

Come Opening Day we took our leave of the Festival proper and headed out for adventures of a different nature. Marching to a different drummer, you could say. I don't think I've been out and about on the Salchuck since the Man from Plains was in the White House. Not again until the past couple years anyway. I've been fortunate to have made cruises on the lower Hood Canal in and around Port Townsend and even a short jaunt from Hartstene Bridge to Jarrell Cove a year ago. All pleasant outings. All pretty limited in scope and duration. Suddenly I was blessed with awesome weather, plenty of time, a capable boat, a capable towing vehicle and a very special companion. I went where I chose to, stayed out as long as I cared to and shifted from north to mid and finally to the south sound. Livin' the dream.

Part of this tour of ports and anchorages was to old haunts. I've had a number of boats moored in the water on the Sound and Lakes Washington and Union in past lives. I served on two different navy ships home ported in Seattle and Everett in the late 1970s. In fact, my first ship was built at Todd Shipyard on Harbor Island. I was a member of the commissioning crew back in 1970 at the height of the Cold War and the Viet Nam build up. I've visited ports all over the Puget Sound region and into Canadian waters as well while on active duty. I've transited repetitively as a bridge watch stander, often the guy calling the shots as conning officer, up and down this complicated waterway. But all that was a long, long time ago and there was still a really big swatch of water in the South Sound that I had never gotten around to visit. Until this last week, that is. Livin' the dream.

So many of us build these boats, and go to events, and communicate on the forums,

even submit articles for publication. But somehow trips of a week or more in those boats just don't seem to materialize all so very often. We plan and we talk about taking boat trips. We just don't seem to really DO boat trips. And remarkably it's really not so very hard to accomplish. Just launch, and untie, and head out. Anyhow, that's what Beau, *Miss Kathleen* and I did.

Our two main bases of operation were Brownsville, on Port Orchard Inlet between Agate Pass and Bremerton, and Olympia at the absolute bottom of this archipelago. Brownsville is a funky little burg that prides itself in being both close knit and friendly to outsiders. For starters I was sort of stalled in the street outside the marina and launch area, looking for the way in without getting stuck in a dead end. One of the locals parked his truck, walked out in the street where I was surveying the place and simply directed me in.

With *Miss Kathleen* in the water, Beau and I wandered into the bar and deli. A four piece codger band was tuning up for their regular Friday night performance. It's a pretty small room. Part way through the show a customer needed to get something from the potato chip rack. The guy on bass accommodated by leaving his stool and ducking down while the desired bag was found and retrieved without missing a beat or a note. I was asked about the dog, and my boat, and where I was from, over and over. One lady came over and shook my hand and thanked me for coming to Brownsville. How cool is that? How rare is that?



Swantown Marina in the Port of Olympia is an expansive operation that stretches from a substantial boat repair and storage yard as one enters the bustling port from downtown. There are neat as a pin parking lots, permanent moorage docks, guest moorage floats and a quite fine double launch ramp. The far end of the complex houses multiple rowing clubs and scholastic teams. Once again, the staff is super friendly. Just one example of the "howdy stranger" mentality probably sums up nicely. Beau and I were trudging from shower to guest float and there was a modest sized picnic in progress under a large awning. I can't take that Beau anyplace without attracting admirers but, moreover, I can't take that poodle anyplace without at least one or two "can I pet the cute dog?" A lady at the picnic asked about Beau, then asked me if I'd like to join them for a hot dog.

That sounded particularly good at that juncture. Then the law of small worlds took effect. I was talking to a man who looked rather familiar. He said so of me as well. Come to find out he was part of a big boat group visiting Jarrell Cove during the first Drizzle Cruise and sharing the pier with our eclectic group of Drizzle Cruisers. It's a small, small world indeed.



Anyhow, our small group of swash-bucklers went soooo many places during this cruise that it's now a bit of a kaleidoscope in my memory.

There were two 20-mile round trips to Pickering Passage with side trips to Hope Island where I talked with this group of at least eight people who had come across from Boston Harbor on a 21' sailboat and they were still talking to each other!



In contrast, Beau had the space of a large hotel room! He adopted my open duffle bag for a sleeping platform. It seemed to allow him to stay put when we bucked and rolled through passing wakes and head seas.



We visited so many places, I'll name what I remember. Most of the time the weather was pretty spectacular, continuous blue skies, almost full moon at night. Not real cold at night and up to 80° during the day.

There was the little logging town of Shelton at the head of Hammersly Inlet.



A side trip to Seabeck, on Hood Canal. I managed to avoid total panic towing that big trailer boat combo on a stretch of road that advertises 14% grades both up and down! Shoulders? What shoulders? We didn't launch when we finally got there on the advice of a number of locals who simply said, "Show us your boat. Nope, too big." Soooo, off we went to retackle that wild climb and descent again but the ribs were probably worth the trek out there. Probably.

Another side trip took us out to Marty Loken's boatshop just down the road a piece from the Nordland General Store and World Headquarters of the Mystery Bay Yacht Club. Earlier this summer I bought a burgee and joined the club with the admonition that I could come back any time and buy ice cream from them. This trip, I got so engrossed in a discussion of old Allis Chalmers tractors that I forgot to visit the ice cream freezer. Better luck next visit!



I took Yogi Berra's advice on the classic, "When you come to a fork in the road...definitely take it!" and took a gawdawful twisty turny road that runs along the water and past beachfront houses that cling to the roadside, more fit for a mule than a truck and trailer, one night while driving from Brownville to Olympia. We ended up in Twanoh State Park after closing time. I told the nice enough ranger that he could charge me what he wanted but there was absolutely no way I was gonna drive back out on that road in the dark. We spent the rest of the night camped out on the launch ramp. Dawn showed another of those pesky minus tides. On to Hartstene.



I decided that ramp was too much of a challenge for a guy working alone, launching a big boat, even with Beau's promise to "help."

We came back, later, a couple times by water, from Olympia. This is where we met up with a gang of the Cool Kids from Port Townsend.



In no particular order, this group included a guy who still has an unabridged dictionary on a stand in his house. There is a fellow who seems to know more beer brands and types than I know boat designs. Another member of this group has more to say about tuning a lugsail than I thought there was to describing quantum mechanics. And finally, the senior member of this travelling brain trust has a marvelous gift of quick wit and repartee. Most of the time I just sat and watched the interchange among a group with a tremendous fund of life experience and nautical savoir faire to match. A really fun experience.



Kate says that I live like an animal on these trips. Beau doesn't seem to mind and I suppose this is typical. A one pot two box dinner in progress with tide table, chart and cruising guide all in the same heap. Livin' the dream!



I think we drove just south of a thousand miles on this junket and covered another 150 miles by water. Lots of launch ramps and lots of anchorages, marinas and open water, in one of the better places to be if you happen to think that boats are not exactly a matter of life and death, nooooo, they're much more important than that!

Ports of call included Bremerton, Silverdale, Blake Island, Jarrell Cove, Hope Island, Poulsbo, Port Madison, Boston Harbor and a gaggle of hidey holes that don't have names on my large area "navy surplus" chart from decades long past. What a grand voyage!

Sadly, we may never pass this way again but we should try nonetheless. All we gotta do is launch, untie and shove off... Livin' the dream.



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This is a tale of little girls and boats. A few boys, but mostly girls. And boats. I was coming back up the dock at the Port of Toledo for the umpteenth time. The 2016 Wooden Boat Festival was just about over. Crowds of visitors had thinned. But still, people were passing shoulder to shoulder as they stopped and looked, moved on, compared notes and generally took in the scene. My personal objective had been to engage as many of those visitors as possible. My usual prospecting line was pretty simple, "Ever been on a boat? Ja'wanna?"

This simple formula had netted about a 75% success rate over the two days that I had been using such a simple ruse to get kids and quite a few adults as well to come aboard *Miss Kathleen* and "talk boats." Quite often that entré had further led to a ride in a row-boat or canoe or coracle. You never can tell. New sailors come in all descriptions.

Suddenly things were not so simple. I stepped aside for a family group to pass. In the middle was a young girl in one of those motorized wheel chairs. She had already negotiated the uneven board surface of the marina float. Moreover, she had obviously made it down a very steep ramp at low tide. They were in the process of leaving.

My first, and only, thought was, "what can I possibly offer her?" Basically, how could I help this little girl benefit from her visit to my world of small and tippy and all but inaccessible small craft on display up and down the dock? Without any further discussion I blurted out, "Ever tie up a boat?" She stopped. I blundered on. Mom looked at me with an unspoken question and stepped aside. We blocked traffic on the dock. And I absolutely didn't care. I absolutely HAD to make this little girl glad she had come "to Toledo."

It's impossible to know how long these things take. Fifteen minutes? Longer? A crowd was forming. The little girl was smiling. I blundered on. First, the stock standard rendition of granny knot vs the square knot, cum thief's knot, cum reef knot. It wasn't until I handed the bitter end of the line to her that I realized she couldn't really lift her arms. I blundered on.

We made it work. Cleat hitch. Bowline. Masthead knot. Stopper hitch. For as long as it went on I'd like to think that little girl was the princess in the balcony. Her eyes told me so. Mine? You'll pardon me if they puddle up when I talk about it.

If she's half as glad she came as I am grateful she did, the entire show would be a success. I have been able to paddle and row and sail and swim without hesitation. Since I was a lot younger than she is. Her eyes taught me lessons that I will take a long time to absorb.

All I had to offer in return was a round turn and snubbing hitch. And a heartfelt "thank you" long after she and her family made their way up that ramp. Somehow I've lost her name among the mental cobwebs but her face is still beaming. May we meet again there, shipmate. May we meet again?



## Little Girls and Boats

By Dan Rogers



Little girls and boats.

Her name is Rosie. She's gonna start kindergarten in a few days. The show was over about an hour before. Three of us had decided on the spur of the moment to get underway and head up the Yaquina River a ways. We had stopped at the ramp called "quarry... something..." Out of nowhere a little girl rushed up and gave me a big hug!

One of the dozens who had come aboard and tried the helm and helped me rock the boat and other "silly stuff" kids like me are prone to try. She was with Mom and Dad and they had seen us tied up along the highway on their way home. Rosie assured me that she'd be back next year. Me, too. I hope.

Little girls and boats.

It's been about ten years now since my niece Mary and I have done "boat stuff." Back when I was out dragging *Lady Bug* around the country from puddle to ocean to pond, Mary and I had some pretty cool adventures. She's "all grown up" now and starting high school in a few days. She and her little sister Sydney accompanied me the thousand or so circuitous miles from home to Toledo this year. What a grand expedition.

We went swimming in one of our old haunts among the Palouse wheat fields.



We camped out in the desert heat of the Umatilla, Oregon, grasslands. We moseyed on up onto the central Oregon plateau. More history than people living there now.

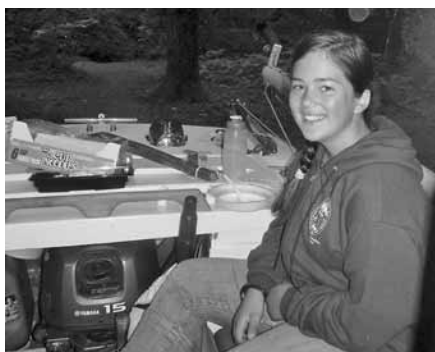


We even discovered an old Ferguson tractor like the one Mary has at home. How cool is that?



We camped aboard *Miss Kathleen* in the spectacular Oregon Cascades rain forest.





And when Uncle Dan finally found our way into Toledo down yet another hilly, twisty, kinda scary mountain road, we went swimming. Paddling. Rowing. And simply being together. Little girls and boats.



Yep. Little girls and boats.



And the occasional uncle.



Mary and Sydney's mom, Jill, came all the way from North Idaho to join us at the Wooden Boat Festival and to give the girls a ride home in time to register for school.

This was my third trip over the mountains, deserts and winding roads to the Toledo Wooden Boat Festival. I certainly hope it ain't my last. Poof! The girls had headed for home. The crowds had headed for home. Except for just two of us. John was good enough to lead an expedition upriver to a now defunct metropolis known on the map as Elk City. One thing I have observed in my travels is if a town appears out in rural America with the word "city" in its name, it most certainly isn't one anymore.

The scenery was incredible. The navigation interesting. John only grounded once. I only had one thump and bump myself.



We had lunch at the head of navigation and made the trek back downhill. Kinda sad. Kinda happy. Toledo 2016 is history. Fond memories. New friendships. Really cool boats. Lots and lots of excitement. And little girls and boats.



I'll hazard a guess. Maybe a dozen or fewer towns around this great land actually start their official name with the article, "The." I did happen to stop at one of them on my way home from Toledo. To be specific, it was The Dalles Marina in The Port of The Dalles. Lewis and Clark had to portage here. For eons Native American tribes set aside their differences to gather here and snagged migrating salmon by the teepee load. Ol' Man River was a legendary maelstrom. Rapids, cataracts and roaring vapor made this place famous. And fearsome.

Not so much these days. Most people roar on by on their way east and west. Sort of a hot and gritty little burg, if you ask me. But the sign said "launching ramp." It's usually blowing like stink when I'm one of those roaring on by. Not this time. Flat calm. Hot, for sure. But CALM. So why not?



That ramp goes down, and down and down some more. After I found out the hard way that we don't quite fit in the turn around down by the water, I got to back on down it anyway. The farthest distance between two points is often a short cut. But we made it in and proceeded to head out to see "the sights."



OK. So call me an unreconstructed tree snob already. But there were a couple kinda interesting things nonetheless. For example, there are about 150' feet of placid water over the top of those primordial rocks and rapids these days. It's not only DEEP, the once canyon walls now serve as quay walls.



## The Dalles An Unlikely Stop

By Dan Rogers

And just in case your mother never got around to telling you how barge babies are made, this is one of those places.



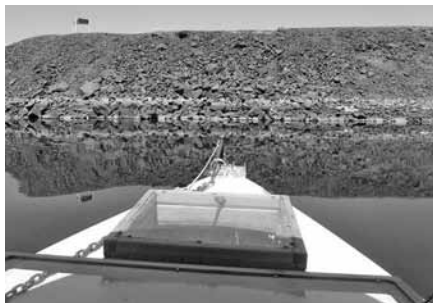
As the man said, "Simple, but elegant." And just in case you were wondering, there is certainly a chamber of commerce here. How else to explain how that mountain got put in just the right spot?



And finally, the marina operators must certainly have considered the view from their docks in the basic layout.



Certainly they must have.



Oops, there I go, being a snob again. I finished this spontaneous cruise with my normal exhortation, "We may never pass this way again..." Perhaps with more determination than wistfulness. Perhaps.



Without much fanfare we were off to follow the footsteps of mountain men, explorers, Indian braves, ox teams and 100 years of automobiles. By the way, have you launched at The Dalles? We have!



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## Walter

There's some of you out there, perhaps a good portion actually, who know Walter. Related in some form or fashion, if not distance kin then at least good friends of the fellow. I first read about Walter way back in school. Read a book about him, *The Life and Times of Walter Mitty*. Although our names are spelled differently, we're blood bound through and through. He commuted to work as many of us do, he'd miss his get off point, bus stop, or train station, whatever the case may be, all because his mind was elsewhere.

I think we can relate. In grade school one of my teachers early on told my mom I was forever gazing out the windows. Yes, Walter and I go back many years. That's where voyages begin actually. Even if they be of a few days' duration, the imagination is sparked or set afire and go we must. Some even go so far as building a specific sailboat for a specific event. There's plenty of the Mitty folk who've done the Texas Two Hundred in craft especially built for the event, another is the Everglades Challenge, there are more as well.

Of the Mitty clan, I suspect they're one of the few families that can cross all boundaries of every nation on earth and people group ever to exist. This Mitty clan I also suspect may very well be the only clan that allows others entry irregardless of place of birth. It shouldn't oughta be, but that's the way it is.

Walter's done some microcruising as well. A friend of his, years ago, lived aboard a 12-footer for a spell, another older gent I read about with one leg gone lived aboard his 12 as well, under a bridge, sold bait after having rowed out to obtain it. These dreams we hold don't have us yearning to live under bridges, safe to say, but those bridge types certainly had dreams we could relate to at one time or another. The voyages of the dreams, truth be known, are just the thing that spurs many on to accomplish the unaccomplishable, or so they're told. You can't do that! How are you going to eat? Where you going to live?

I met a fellow sailor who took his many years of experience backpacking, along with another friend of similar knowledge, and were dropped of in the wilderness as if they were whisked off the street. Only the clothes on their backs and the knowledge in their heads to see them through for a month. Where did it start, this dream to do such a thing? To sail around the tip of South America, to kayak the west coasts of the Americas, to sail across the bay to the next harbour? Uncle Walt, the inspiration of so many known, and the unknown of many more. To all the relatives of Walter Mitty, arise and offer a toast in his name. May his name ever be an inspiration.

## Books

There are good books and not so good books. The good ones grab hold and take us places. Sets the imagination free and the next thing we know the charts come out, the calendar is studied, plans are made. Books will do that. But we have to be careful, they can be costly as well. I've been reading a book for the third time now and each time it's been a different book. Same story, same author, third book. Usually I pass along certain ones and keep others for long time reference.

This particular one by the Pardey's, *Cruising in Seraffyn*, they're in the Sea of Cortez in 1969. Where was I? Well, the year

# Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

before I had hitchhiked to the East Coast from California, with a surfboard no less. The new short boards had been out for a while and the one I took was 6'8". Made it easier, though not by much. Leaving Florida going north, while I was sitting on a bus stop bench, a young kid came by and struck up a conversation, telling me how he'd like to start surfing but didn't have any money and such. Here kid, take my board, I'm tired of lugging it around anyway. That was one happy kid. A little while later his mom and him came down wanting to know if I really gave him the surfboard, had me sign a paper saying so. Good mom, happy son. Well, I went north, got to Virginia Beach and wished I still had that board.

Back west, I stopped in Salt Lake at my uncle's, he got me a job, after working a bit flew home with my grandmother who had been there visiting as well. With that money I kept going and ended up in Hawaii, in 1969. Interesting. I sailed a bit while there, inter-island on a Piver trimaran. Hooked again. I sent away for plans of a Jim Brown Searunner Trimaran. And now many years later I sit in coastal Texas reading a good book again and the memories flow. Good books will do that.

The "Black Tuesday" of 1989, if memory serves me at all, I was working on a remodeling job for a Northrop CEO. The panic was evident, the tension could be cut with a knife. Later, while reading another good book, I find on that very day Tania Albie was sailing into New York Harbor from just finishing a circumnavigation alone. The boys in the office didn't have nothing on her.

Good books, even not so good books, will take us places and enrich our lives in ways we can't even begin to imagine. Logs are books as well, to reread and experience again the places we've been. I've been given a few logs as gifts, sadly I've never been one to keep faithful at it, I can't hardly even hold a pencil without trembling so. Makes writing difficult, especially aboard at the end of the day.

I can't say I didn't keep logs, just not the normal type. Any bit of paper or notebook would do. Interesting things I would keep track of. Like the times I saw hundreds of porpoise off Anacapa Island, high or low tide didn't seem to matter. Another memorable time when a school of rays was traveling north and me in my 12' sailboat in the shallows surrounded by so many rays even bouncing on the bottom of the boat. Then there was the time I saw the herons dancing, courting one another. Truly amazing. Logs turn into books, memories as well do the same, sometimes even good books.

## Sunlight

She saw the sun this afternoon for the first time, the little 12-footer. She measures under 12' actually, by about 4". Which would make her 11'8". In my surfing days, way before short boards came in vogue, I remember one of my long boards being 9'8", not much change left there, but oh, the possibilities.

This new boat can take me almost anywhere up or down the coast. It's able to carry stores for a week or so for one guy. A canvas

tent of some sort and mosquito netting and away we go. Especially nice in tandem with another small sailboat. Going nowhere in no particular hurry. There's plenty to see along most any coast.

One might think that after a day's sail there'd be not much else to see. People think that of the desert as well, and the desert dwellers don't mind a bit having folks think that away, keeps the crowds away. Many a day I say to myself, "I've got it all to myself." And I do. Growing up surfing midweek in winter we'd have it all to ourselves, now the question on those same beaches is, "Doesn't anybody work anymore?" I, like the desert dweller, hope they don't get wind of it.

So she's out of the shed basking in the sunshine. Next month I plan on lugging her over to the third annual PlyWooden Boat Show at Aransas Pass. That would be Texas. I was there at the first one and the second as well. My brother asked me to get him a shirt when the first show came around. As they give showgoers free shirts for the cost of the entry fee. I sent it off to him, as well as the second. I may have started a tradition as I'm leaning toward sending him this year's as well.

A few years back, while in Seattle and visiting the Wooden Boat Center on the lake, I picked up the previous year's tee, half price, why not, I thought. We've a store here in town called Cast-a-Ways, no it's not a bar but it could be. It's a second hand store/social center. It has regulars looking for deals. The community center is another, not second hand stuff but meals served once a week to the lower income and we qualify but don't go really all that often. It, too, is a social hour. Quite a few of our like go there as well.

Out in the sun the Summer Breeze glistened in her 10' paint job. For those unfamiliar with the term, it means that she looks good at 10'. When placing an ad on *Sailing Texas* a few years back I was asked by the gal what a 10' paint job was. Funny, shrimpboat finish, another is workboat finish. We make light of our laziness. But gee whiz, she don't sail any better no matter her finish.

Summer Breeze is not her name, it's the make, like Paradox, Lightning and such. This one is going to be christened *Walter*, or maybe *Walter M.* or just *Walt*, the reason being I've been to Port Lavaca already in her and she's never been wet. By now you should know *Walt's* last name. If not it doesn't matter.

What matters are the preparations made, the dreams started, footsteps made in any direction and the dreams shared and acted upon with others. Set aside the daily chores and get to dreaming, that'll speed things along. Happy sailing.

## Mosquitoes

I once heard a fellow saying him and a hundred thousand mosquitoes changed his flat tire. It doesn't take very many words to paint a vivid picture. Years ago, when reading to my two daughters at a young age, at times I would stop and we'd share the pictures each of us had in our thoughts. They were never the same. Growing up being hauled off to the local library with brothers and sisters in tow by an adventurous father who at times while walking on a fine Saturday morning, the route along the railroad tracks was taken, just because it was different.

Those books at an early age set the pace for many a journey, having the encour-

agement of loving parents even more so. Building that first sailboat in front of the garage meant the family car would be regulated to the carport for the duration, nothing was ever said other than encouragement. Reading Jack London's stories and books set some off on the same type of adventure. When it was discovered what could be done with a camera along to aid in the giving of lectures, well, the adventurers with the monies collected just kept going. We are like that. Given the encouragement of acceptance we become rocket ships aiming for the stars, or at least the harbour across the bay.

Looking back toward the setting sun as its reflected rays across the glistening water's surface that winter day painted a picture that would appear very different in every mind described. In the 1950s there was a TV program about Naval battles called "Victory at Sea." I don't remember any of the shows but the opening credits always showed the same scene which portrayed a boisterous, stormy sea bathed in sunlight.

When surfing a few years later, that scene would sometimes surface in my mind's eye in describing the current conditions. We all have them, these pictures of the mind. Put into words is an art I'd like to learn. I'm thinking of Joseph Conrad's *Hurricane*. It's amazing what he was able to do. Others as well, very able to take their readers on journeys they would be hard pressed to make otherwise. Charles Stock of English fame had dreams of sailing the Horn but settled for sailing local waters instead and sail he did, over 70,000 miles in his days. He loved sailing, he loved his wife and children more and stayed local.

Words, words, the building blocks of civilizations and of the everyday Joe. The expansions of dreams shared at both ends. Even after death there are words shared in eulogies softly spoken.

Mosquitoes! Conjure images we'd just as soon forget. There's a place called the Mosquito Coast. Let your mind go there for a while. Land is cheap.

## A Good Sport

My wife is a good sport. She gave sailing a go for the first ten years of our, to date, 15 years together. She never did care much for it but I do admire her tenacity for the go of ten years. She's never hindered me, never held back, always said anytime I wanted to go sailing I had her blessings. She is and has been true to her word.

Being a carpenter, I built us a house shortly after we were married. After the dry-wall stage and working on the cabinets I was throwing together a small sailing dinghy for the local lake at the same time. A little flat bottom stitch and glue thing. With the bottom cut out and standing against the wall of the garage, cabinets half done, in walks the wife asking, "Where'd that curved piece of plywood go, darling?" With a twinkle in her eye. Later we sailed together on the local pond.

Well, she's never begrudged me having these other women in my life and their coming and goings. She knows she's the keeper and all these others play second fiddle. I tell her the good book says, "Husbands, love your wives." And I do, yes, I do.

Well, this picture shows yet another of her putting up with my shenanigans in the sailing world. We'd been working on a garden for several months now. The arbor you

see in the picture just a few weeks before held the cantaloupe vines she had growing up it until something got the cantaloupes and the buggers had to come down.

If you look closely you'll see hanging from the arbor a tiller drying in the only open sun this time of year in our back yard. So whatever killed those cantaloupes was doing me a favor. I don't think I'll tell my wife this, course I know I will. But heck, it's empty now, just standing there.



Yes, my Linda is a good sport. She lets me keep my own harem just so long as they stay at the backside of the property and don't even think of bringing them near the house. There's five left out there now. Another will soon be gone. As encouragement she says after the next one gets sold and the proceeds go back into the house kitty, if I sell another it'll be strictly boat money.

I don't know if I liked the gleam in her eye that time, a little bit too much eagerness in it, but she is a good sport.

## Dreams

A question was asked of me by a likable fellow, doubly so because he had just bought a sailboat I was selling. It ended as it should with both parties happy and content. The proverbial best day of a sailor's life, the old saw, when he sells a boat and when he buys one. So we had two happy campers yesterday.

Very near my age, though a few years short and still working, I'm retired and he not nearly so blessed healthwise as I, he'd been smitten with a few ailments that would slow a fellow down for sure except that the sparkle was still there, the hope alive.

During the exchange under the oak while sitting at the picnic table, another sailor stopped by to take a look at the very boat that was soon to be history. Not to purchase but to gather ideas for his restoration of a like kind model. The stopper by pointed to his ride and asked, "How do you like my new van?" bought especially for road trips in pursuing another of his dreams, stargazing. The van will give him a nice place to sleep out in the west Texas landscape. I guess there aren't too many hotels near the best stargazing spots. He's 70. Still dreaming and he'll be keeping his boat in the water.

Hooking up lights, getting them to work, are a part of the hassle that can't be got around. So in the morning the boat will be heading back north, nine hours worth. The stopper by chimed in with his pick-

ing his up in Missouri, Linda happened by with her two cents saying how we went to Florida a few years back. She relates often enough when the boat travel purchase pick up subject comes up of how the desk girl at the marina there in Florida asked, tongue in cheek, "Don't they have any sailboats in California?" They just don't understand.

Huffing and puffing and sitting down several times during the process, drinking plenty of water, the question asked, "How does a fellow know when it's time to give it up?"

"When the dreaming stops!" was my reply. "When the dreaming stops!"

## How Many?

How many have you had? They used to ask that question in bygone days when I'd been sitting at the bar for more than a few hours. And the counting starts. Don't forget the one in the shed, someone pipes up. It's not fair really, counting them like they do. They kind of multiply like. Follow you home. Anybody who's been at this awhile knows. Anybody worth their salt understands. No questions asked.

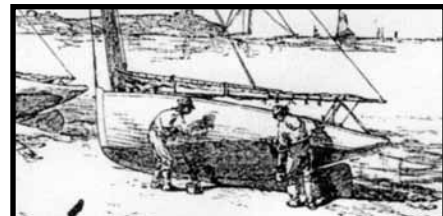
Then there are the non sailors, the hunters! Yep, the hunters. Get them to tell you how many shotguns they own and their worth! Far exceeds what's lying around my backyard. My brother, an avid freshwater fisherman, had close to 25 rod and reels, no kidding. Drove his wife nuts. "Grandkids, ya know" was his answer. The fellow who runs *Duckworks* online magazine builds boats and sails them, then sells them. How many so far? I really don't know. I asked his wife last year at the PlyWooden Boat Festival, I don't recall if she knew herself just how many her husband had built. I do remember her saying he has several more in his head. Those are just the ones he fesses up to.

I surf craigslist looking at small sailboats. Have it bookmarked on the computer. Probably some of you can relate. Actually, truth be known, we'd have acres and acres of just projects we're going to get to some day. It's like that. If we're honest we know it to be true. The last counter that came by my house has one in storage here in town, one in the do it yourself repair yard just down the street. He has another in the water eight miles south and yet another in storage in Florida. That's four! Anyway, my six have been reduced to five. The 17 went north last Sunday morning.

An interesting side note. The Paradox sailor who built and sailed his Paradox throughout the Hawaiian Islands and then attempted the Texas 200 shipped his Paradox to San Diego, trailered it to Port Isabel and missed the start by a month. Bummer!

He decided to do the 200 anyway, alone. I met him as he spent the night in Cove Harbour on his way to Florida. He did the 200 and then some. Interesting fellow, nice guy. Anyway, he is getting ready for the Bahamas. Should be nice, should be nice.

So how many? I'll never tell. Not yet anyway.



# Cruising the Scillies:

## Two weeks in a Tideway

by Les and Molly Higgins

Monday July 23 to Friday Aug 3, 2001

First published in the Tideway Association Newsletter, 2004

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**T**HE QUEEN'S HOTEL in Penzance is an excellent place to begin a Scillies cruise, especially if you've trailed a Tideway from the Lake District. We sat in the open Victorian windows of our room sipping tea and watching the navigation lights of the fishing boats turn from red to red and green, then green, as they rounded the fairway buoy from Land's End and turned into harbour.

We had studied the Scilly charts in advance (Admiralty Small Craft 34 for the offing, and SC883 for the detailed view of St Mary's and the principal off-islands), and Jeff Penhaligon, the Harbourmaster at

Hugh Town, had recommended reading *A Yachtsman's Guide to Scilly* by 'Norm', which managed to suggest that the Scillies were about as dangerous as Cape Horn. However, courtesy of Pat Thomson, we had also made contact with two Scillonian Tideway sailors, Maureen Stuttaford and her sister Joan, whose welcome and kindness gave us the best possible introduction to Scilly.

07.30 on Monday saw us on the quayside at Penzance waiting for the crane to lift *Gemini*, trailer and all, onto the *Scillonian*, where she would travel lashed down as deck cargo to Hugh Town on St Mary's. The Isles of Scilly Steamship Co. assured us that boats were regular ferry passengers and charged us the very reasonable amount of £119.68 return, including craning at both ports. Since cars are not allowed on Scilly, we went as foot-passengers at £74 each. The voyage from Penzance to Scilly, 30 miles west of Land's End, is notoriously rough but the seas were calm on our way out, although there was a heavy Atlantic swell, and we were delighted to see two basking sharks off Lands End.

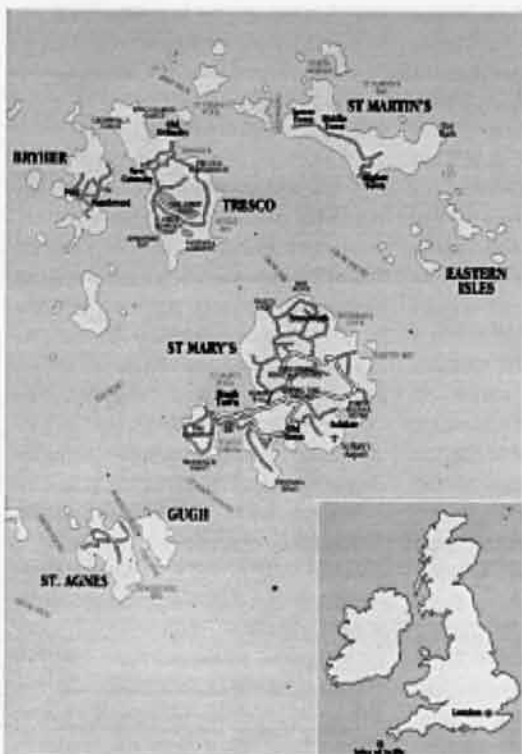
Maureen greeted us on the quayside

at Hugh Town, and pointed out the Mermaid Inn slip at the end of the harbour wall as the best place to launch, then bore us away for lunch and local knowledge to The Boathouse, their guest house on the harbour (highly recommended for Tideway sailors!) We left *Gemini* loaded on the quayside: as the Harbourmaster said, 'Nothing don't get pinched on St Mary's – it's an island.'

Returning to launch, we found that we had brought far too much gear to stow safely for cruising: the rule should be, 'If in doubt – leave it out'. Usually we solve the problem by dumping the surplus in the car; this time it went into Maureen's outhouse, together with our freshwater buoyancy aids, which we quickly recognised are no substitute for proper sea-going life-jackets.

After a brief discussion with the Harbourmaster, we booked a mooring close in to the harbour steps at £6 for the night, and arranged that one of the local carriers would remove our trailer from the Mermaid slip to the boat park for our fortnight's stay and return it to the slip at the appointed time, for the princely sum of £10 for the two weeks. Launched and loaded, we rowed '*Gemini*' round to look at Maureen's Tideway on her mooring, then headed across the harbour to find our own.

The first night of a cruise is always 'shake-down time. Because *Gemini* is a Bermudan Tideway, the boom is too low to support a boom tent with reasonable headroom, so we raise it on a boom crutch lashed to the mast and haul the after end



Gemini ready to sail



up on the topping lift. A line runs from each side of the boom-end to a hook under the gunwale to create the aft triangle. The light ripstop nylon tent is tensioned by hauling on the topping lift. The forward end of the tent is stretched over the foredeck and fastened with rubber rings to the foredeck bollard and the tent sides attach to hooks under the gunwales. Forward of the mast, the tent is closed together with Velcro, making it easy to fit round the mast and giving access from both bow and stern.

With the tent up, and the weather kept out, the first job is to secure the fiddle for the stove to the forward thwart and brew up. It is worth putting the tent up in the early evening even in fair weather: summer dews can be just as soaking as autumn rain, and if you intend an evening stroll to the pub, our experience suggests that it is easier setting up your tent and sleeping arrangements in daylight before several glasses of good cheer than afterwards!

The forward end of the tent can be easily rolled back for cooking, fishing, or star-gazing and since we sleep on the stern bottom boards lifted onto the centre and stern thwarts, that vital end of the boat remains dry. With the tent set up, we inflated the indispensable *Baldrick*,

and headed for the high life of Hugh Town. *Baldrick* folds up into a surprisingly small space for a proper two-man tender, and on a cruise lives folded flat in his bag secured with shockcord on top of the stern locker. His oars double as paddles for *Gemini*.

Tuesday morning was calm, with light winds and a slight sea. Tresco was lost in the sea mist, so the time spent working out a compass course (335M) for Bathinghouse Porth wasn't wasted. We were very aware of an interested audience on the harbour wall as we stowed and prepared to sail, and Molly carefully singled the mooring rope through the ring on the buoy and held the jib aback to bring her head round before letting go. We slipped out through the crowded moorings on the ebb tide, and then found a little more wind beyond the harbour wall before it fell light, leaving us wallowing around with plenty of time to admire the cruise ship *Black Prince* lying in St Mary's Roads. By lunchtime we were anchored over sand in around 2 metres of crystal-clear water off Carn Near on Tresco. The anchorage was beautiful, sheltered, and empty, and with the lack of wind and the delights of the Abbey

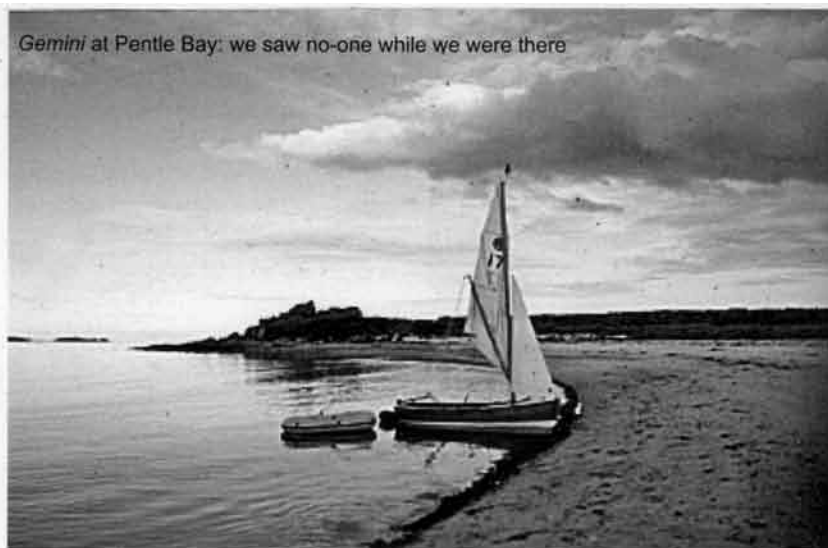
Gardens to explore we decided to stop there overnight. With an hour of the ebb to run, *Gemini* would be safe for at least a couple of hours, so we went ashore in *Baldrick* to experience for the first time the sparkling silver sands of Tresco. *Gemini* carries a ten-pound CQR with 4 metres of chain and 25 metres of anchor warp, so our maximum anchoring depth is around 5 metres. Since we intended to lie afloat at anchor every night of our cruise, weather permitting, calculating the depth of water and tidal rise and fall was important. We carry an Eagle fish-finder, which proved to be invaluable for finding suitable anchorages, since not only does it give an accurate indication of the depth, but also shows whether the bottom is reasonably flat or shelving, whether it is sand, mud, or rocks, and where there are areas of kelp or heavy weed-growth. Given the reefs off many of the islands, it also proved an excellent navigational aid.

Wednesday dawned with beautiful sunshine and a flat calm. Since we have learned that cruising is much more civilized with access to toilet facilities, we had bought a week's ticket for the Abbey Gardens, having first carefully sampled the quality of the loos. Yes, we do 'bucket and chuckit' sometimes, but not close inshore. Returning from a hot walk round Tresco, we found 'our' beach still empty apart from one couple picnicking in the sand dunes. As I waded out to check on *Gemini*, I found I was paddling through a migration of prawns swimming out on the ebb. It took very little time to net about a pint, and boiled in sea-water on the beach they made a delicious lunch.

With the tide beginning to make and a faint breeze, we decided to move on up the east side of Tresco. However, we found ourselves with too little wind to make way over the tide, and rowed instead round Green Island and over Diamond Ledge into Pentle Bay for the night.

A light northeasterly on Thursday encouraged us to move on up the coast to Old Grimsby, towing *Baldrick* as an experiment, as we

Gemini at Pentle Bay: we saw no-one while we were there



were becoming tired of constantly inflating the tender and packing it away again. At Old Grimsby quay, it seemed a good idea as we used the tender to dump rubbish and fill our collapsible 5-litre water carrier, which stows under the starboard side of the centre thwart. There are no shops at Old Grimsby, but it is a pleasant walk across the island to the shop at Dolphin Town, and then to the pub and teashop at New Grimsby.

Returning to the boat, we forgot to ring for the Marinecall forecast, and when we tried the mobile, found that the Orange network didn't extend to Tresco. With the northeasterly lightish but steady and a clear sky, we decided to work north with the ebb around Tresco to look for the Piper's Hole cave, an old smuggling haunt, and then turn east with the turning tide around Norwethel to anchor for the night in St Helen's Porth on Tean. We followed a larger dinghy\* with a B on the sail (?) beyond Gimble Porth and out into the wide blue Atlantic rollers of Old Grimsby Sound.

*(It may have been a 16ft Beaufort cruising dinghy, if the B was white in a black square with a heraldic clarion above it: see Ads, page -Ed)*

We watched her broad-reach wide outside the Kettle rock and Kettle Bottom and turn onto starboard tack to run for Shipman Head and the entrance to Tresco and Bryher. We couldn't identify Piper's Hole, and decided to go about and turn back for Norwethel.

However, the wind was falling

light and with a dragging inflatable and an increasing seaway, we couldn't get around first time to beat back in the light airs. Gybing back onto a run, we held enough wind to clear the Kettles and close Shipman Head, and turning into the narrows of New Grimsby Sound found a breeze over Castle Down to lift us over the last of the ebb and dry out just off the Bryher old quay.

Lesson 1: don't assume you will be able to do what you first intended – have an alternative in mind and respond to the conditions. And don't tow an inflatable with a Tideway in light airs.

Strolling across the island on a hot, blue, Scilly afternoon, we ducked into the coolness of Bryher Church...some nice old lanterns...and appreciated even more, as wandering Tideway cruisers, the clean, tidy, Bryher toilets. As the tide lifted *Gemini*, we eased her over the sandbanks and out into Green Bay.

In the cool of the evening and with a brisk breeze, we reached south over Tresco Flats heading for Yellow Rock to gybe round and line up with the north tip of Inner Colvel Rock – a transit we calculated would ease us in between the Rushy Bay Ledges which were beginning to be difficult to pick out in the rising tide. We found a sheltered anchorage over sand with swinging room between the rocks of the Ledges, sighed with relief and got the frying pan out.

A Marinecall on Friday morning

from the phone box in The Town confirmed settled weather, NW/NE 3, and a smooth sea state with the possibility of fog. We had read about Samson, the island abandoned finally in the 1850s and reputed to be cursed...which of course made us want to go and see. In the first really fresh wind since we began, we reached briskly between Samson and Puffin Island and in our enthusiasm decided on a circumnavigation before landing. Standing well off to avoid outlying rocks, we passed between Shag Point and White Island, surprising a puzzled-looking seal. *Gemini* butted her way back round the north end of Bollard Point, and we turned her onto a run to pick up the empty sandy beach north of Bar Point. We had seen no other human being all day, and were beginning to feel the loneliness of Samson.

As *Gemini's* nose ground into the Samson sand, a tripper boat appeared from behind Puffin Island and unloaded dozens of tourists. Leaving the well-trodden paths, we spotted overgrown patches of scarlet pimpernel, elder and nettles, signs of previous habitation. Despite the trippers, a sad place.

What began as an apparently fair reach across to St Mary's rapidly became a wet beat with a rising wind over tide after rounding Puffin Island. A blustering force 4 bullied *Gemini* through the sharp chop until we reached the shelter of Hugh Town harbour and weaved our way close-hauled through the anchorage and mooring lines to beach outside Maureen's back door. *Gemini* was given a cheerful and admiring welcome by Maureen and Joan, who took photographs and even brought a visitor out to look at her. Or at the loonies.....we're not sure which! The ebb was well set in by now, and we left *Gemini* to dry out while we shopped.

When we returned at about six, she was still ten yards above the tide-line, which gave us a chance to try out our latest gadget: inflatable boat rollers! Originally they had been part of our safety planning – we knew from the charts that Scilly beaches

are often flat and sandy, and we had reasoned that if there was a threat of really rough weather, we could float *Gemini* onto the rollers and haul her above the tide-line. However, we quickly found that you can't lift a fully laden cruising Tideway onto rollers...at least, we can't! But...if you scrape a hole under the keel behind the bows, and another one forward of the skeg, you can slide your rollers under the boat, and inflate them in place...and our amazingly tough German inflatable rollers proved they could lift her even if we couldn't. A bit of a shove rolled *Gemini* gracefully down the beach (with a quick scurry to get the third roller in place before she fell off at the stern) and she launched herself without fuss. With the evening breeze dropping, Molly sailed her quietly across to Appletree Bay on Tresco for the night.

We awoke on Saturday morning to fog and the distant howl of the Wolf Rock light every 45 seconds or so. As the sun burned the early mist away, a slight breeze picked up and we decided to continue with our plan to make St Martin's, despite the light airs. Sailing, rowing, and sunburning, we passed Guther's Island, with its distant resemblance to a ruined castle and huge population of black-backed gulls and shags.

The increasing wind took us on to the Southern Bays of St Martin's, and enjoying the sail, we decided not to land but to round St Martin's

Head and anchor in Great Bay on the Atlantic side of the island. Mistake!

Lesson number 2: winds increase around headlands, but there's no guarantee that they'll still be there when you need them on the other side. As we rounded the east headland and turned north into the open ocean, the wind picked up....not over-brisk, but a good sailing wind, maybe force 3. We began to beat out from the Head, and realised we had a strong ebb running against us. We seemed to be constantly reaching back towards the Daymark without making any great progress. And then the wind dropped, and we were reduced to oars to round a rocky headland against the ebb.

It took an hour's hard pulling to get us round to the north coast of St Martin's, and not before we'd had too close an encounter with a reef that suddenly just opened up ahead of us as the tide exposed it. Great Bay was occupied by three cruisers, and we anchored in five metres in Little Bay, where we spent two days sunbathing, swimming, reading, fishing off the rocks, and recovering from frightening ourselves half to death.

We had planned to return from the north side of St Martin's on Monday morning by sailing over the bars between it and White Island, and then round the top of Plumb Island into Tean Sound on the flood. The plan went well to

begin with, and we hauled and rowed over the White Island Bar at around 10.30 on Monday morning. Crossing the bar brought us into Porth Morran, where we beat up into the tide, and discovered our way was blocked by another much bigger bar stretching out to Plumb Island, with heavy surf breaking over a reef that stretched about as far out as we could see. The chart showed a drying height of 4 metres, and the tide tables a high neap tide for the day of 4.5, so we decided to tack about the Porth and hope the tide would cover the bar sufficiently for us to get through. If we weren't happy with the conditions at high water slack, we'd retrace our course, pass over the White Island bar, and wait for the next tide to round St Martin's Head on a rising tide, the previous lessons learned.

Perhaps we should have anchored, for some time later our tacking brought a visit from a local motor-boat who had been watching us for a while, decided we were in difficulties, and come to offer us a tow. We gratefully accepted, despite some embarrassment. As we left him with thanks in Tean Sound, he said, 'That's alright. I hope someone's looking out for me when I need it.'

Although the north side of St Martin's was very beautiful, with hindsight and considering the difficulties we had both getting there and getting back, it hadn't been the most sensible choice of destinations.

Lesson number 3: although the tide tables and the chart might suggest that you have enough depth of water to cross a bar, and a Tideway doesn't need much, whether you actually can cross it or not depends on how exposed the bar is, the strength and direction of the wind, and the wave height at the time.

A subdued Monday night dried out in the muddy West Porth on Tean was made more uncomfortable by low tide being at 0911 on Tuesday morning, necessitating repeatedly towing

Dawn mist in Appletree Bay



the boat into deeper water from 03.00 onwards to avoid being dried out on Tean for most of the morning.

At around 07.00 a better wind lifted us out of the West Porth, past a very pretty Finesse 24 (*Vela...have I seen her in Classic Boat?*) anchored in the East Porth, and into the deeper channel between Hedge Rock and Long Ledge to race the ebb across to Old Grimsby Harbour on Tresco for a Marinecall forecast and essential supplies, including lighters for the stove. We use a single burner gas stove on *Gemini*, set into a fiddle on the forward thwart, and we usually carry a couple of disposable lighters and a plastic cylinder of storm matches for emergencies. We had never used the storm matches before, but had needed them the previous night and discovered that they produce lots of flying sparks and smoke and you can't put them out...not very desirable in a boom tent! Better provisioned, we set off north between Norwethel and Crows Island to land on St Helens for lunch. The island has the ruins of the Scillies' Pest House where crews from ships with sickness aboard were quarantined to recover or die, and a hermit's cell with blackened hearthstone is still in place.

In the ruins of the cell, a frantic shore-lark was struggling to feed a very fat little cuckoo, flightless in the corner of a wall. An uneventful sail took us back across the St Martin's Flats to anchor for the night in Higher Town Bay, in the company of a solitary Shrimper.

Scilly is an archipelago of countless small and uninhabited islands, and the last hour of the ebb early on Wednesday 1st August found us setting out with a good northeasterly force 3 for Great Ganilly, one of the Eastern Isles. However, with little more than a metre of water over St Martin's Flats, binoculars showed a clear line of surf breaking over Ganilly Bar, and we gybed round for a run through crystal clear water over sand towards Tresco while waiting for the tide. A sighting of underwater rocks off Pentle Bay made us realise that we'd wandered north of our intended

course, so we quickly dropped the hook to check the chart...and were ashamed to discover we were on the wrong fold!

A bearing of 087°M to the north shore of Nornour gave us a course to steer that would clear the rocks of Guthur's Island ledge, but it became very difficult to judge the compass course while beating into the northeasterly, and we resolved it into a simpler transit between Nornour and the north end of Pentle Bay.

Shortly we spotted a Wayfarer heading round Guthur's Island into deep water off Ganick in St Mary's Sound. She reached back onto our line, going close to St Martin's to round Ganilly Bar, and then disappeared around the northern headland. We copied their course through the neck of deeper water between the Bar and the Flats, and turned onto starboard tack to reach in towards Ganilly's West Porth, where three Dutch yachts were anchored off.

Making a rough stow of the sails, we worked *Gemini* in through the rocks and laid a shore line. Sea-birds rose in a cloud as we waded ashore onto a beach of shells, pebbles, kelp, and driftwood. There was silence apart from the washing of the waves and the cries of the birds circling above us. The Wayfarer had vanished and the yachts were empty. Ganilly seemed untouched.

We wandered round rocky bays fringed with thrift and mayweed,

gulls lifting as we turned every new corner. The tide had washed away any footprints on the beaches, and we sat for lunch on cushions of moss and turf and thrift on the cliffs, surrounded by wild flowers and a heady scent of gorse, looking out across the islands in brilliant sunshine. Ganilly was quite the most beautiful and unspoilt place we have ever seen.

The tide dragged us away later in the afternoon to sail back to Tresco by way of Great Arthur and the Gannicks. The Eastern Isles were spectacular, with excellent views of seals and colonies of gulls, and a real deepwater lift in the sea. The day turned grey as we passed south of Guthur's Island, with dark clouds rising in the East, and the wind falling light and sultry. We made a slow rolling goosewing back to Bathinghouse Porth, where we anchored for an hour to fish and read, but the strong swell and rising wind from the northeast made the Porth exposed and increasingly uncomfortable. We hoisted sail again and rounded Carn Near to anchor in Appletree Bay for better shelter overnight.

Thursday 2nd August was our last full day. We sailed up to New Grimsby for tea and clotted-cream sponge and the loos at the Quay Café. Checking the forecast, we realised the weather was on the change, with the wind increasing SW to NW force 4 to 5 and moderate seas. Rather than risk being weather-bound the following day, we stowed *Baldrick* and set sail



for St Mary's, chasing the ebb across the Tresco Flats and following the channel through the beacons. The wind was already rising outside in St Mary's Sound. We put in to Porth Mellon, leaving *Gemini* on a long shore line against the rising tide, to make a phone call arranging for the trailer to be on Hugh Town Quay the following morning. Returning, we found strong surf onto a lee shore, and made hard work of close-hauling our way out. We decided to

call it a day, and weaved a blustery route back through the crowded Hugh Town moorings to pick up a visitors' buoy. A rough night spent being rolled and swung around the buoy with the wind wailing in the rigging, despite the shelter of the harbour wall and the sea-anchor bucket over the stern, confirmed a good decision.

Hauling out on Friday morning, we knew we wanted to return. The Scillies is a wonderful cruising

ground for a dinghy...perhaps even better than for bigger craft, since we can go where they can't. We had learned a lot of important lessons, including some about our limits.

We'd like to record our thanks to Maureen and Joan...and our apologies for how long it's taken us to write it up!

Les and Molly Higgins  
*Gemini* Tideway TW17

\* The large dinghy with **B** on her sail may have been a Beaufort 16ft 6ins by 6ft 3ins cruising dinghy (see *Ads*, p29), or a French Brigantin 15ft 1ins by 5ft 11ins (rare now?). Surprisingly few big boats have an unequivocal single **B** displayed on their sails.



Beaufort



Brigantin



Lawrences Bay



Covean Bay, St Agnes

## Gray Fleet

The Navy's nuclear submarine *USS Louisiana* (SSBN-743) had a fender bender with the *USNS Eagleview* (T-AGS-3) offshore of Washington leaving both with damaged hulls yet both returned to port safely under their own power. COMSUBPAC is launching a full investigation (read that "firing someone"). *USS Louisiana* is one of eight Ohio class nuclear boomers operating out of Naval Base Kitsap-Bangor. *USNS Eagleview* is one of 250 offshore supply ships leased to MSC by Hornbeck Offshore services. For the laity, MSC is the Military Sealift Command that operates a variety of supply ships from dry cargo to fleet oilers with crews of military and merchant marine but operated by the Navy. Boomers are nuclear guided missile submarines.

The Naval Institute issues a week-in and week-out report of constant Chinese aggression in the Pacific. The Koreans have limited sense of responsibility for their actions, however, the Chinese do not make any move without thoughtful consideration, analysis of potentialities and firm understanding of the situations. Simply, North Korea likes to tease and bully but only could start a shooting war accidentally. China openly wants to control all of Asia and is virtually making daily probes to ascertain how far they can push without a war.

Meanwhile, the Iranians remain about as hostile to the US as anyone. Several Iranian gunboats with their weapons manned and uncovered harassed the *USS Nitze* (DDG-94). In spite of 13 calls on military frequencies, the boats played chicken running directly at the bow of the destroyer and constantly aiming their machine guns at the ship. The American captain sounded his horn many times and eventually fired ten flares across their bows in warning to no avail.

It is important to note that these were not boats of the regular Iranian Navy but of the Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps Navy (IRGCN) that is run by sectarian revolutionaries and not the official government of Iran. Obviously control over the country is an ambiguous sharing of responsibilities between the religious revolutionaries and the nominal government. IRGCN boats have constantly acted in a provocative manner toward the US to the point that the Defense Department has ordered our ships to escort merchant vessels around the Horn of Hormuz.

The US Coast Guard is an amalgam of many former services such as the Life Saving Service, the Revenue Cutter Service, the Lighthouse Service and the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation. The Revenue Cutter Service was established in 1790 by Alexander Hamilton in order to protect against smugglers, keep the French and British from blocking our ports and to stop slave ships from entering the US.

Hamilton was very aware of the smuggling trade in the early years of our nation. Prior to the Revolution, many of the great names in our history were involved in smuggling. Ben Franklin was known to invest heavily in smuggled goods as was Paul Revere to say little of the Virginia Lees and even George Washington avoided paying taxes on goods by purchasing smuggled china, tea and cloth. Hamilton recognized that the trend, especially in Massachusetts, was not stopping simply because of a change of government. The Cabots and the Lodges were not about to quit a lucrative business for the sake of liberty. This writer taught a graduate class titled "Buccaneers, Pirates, Smug-



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

glers: the Birth of American Democracy" that was fairly popular, if not eye opening.

The Unmanned Aviation Vehicles (drones to the civilian community) coupled with small Locust drones are a dangerous combination. Using a "swarm" technique like being attacked by a swarm of bees, the Navy experimented against a destroyer and, despite all the sophisticated radar, deck guns, radar guided Phalanx Gatling guns, four of eight UAVs hit the ship. By adding more guns and electronic jammers to the destroyer, the number of hits was reduced to two. The cautionary note is that the Navy did not increase to 20 or 30 UAVs in large swarms. FYI: Locust drones cost only \$15,000, that is downright cheap in Navy expenses, furthermore, larger orders may cut the cost by half.

The Navy is also testing an Unmanned Long-Endurance Submarine Hunter, a 130' submarine that can operate for months. The Navy notes that these in combination with the UAVs can swarm any fleet or single vessel easily. The advantage is obvious, they are cheap and easily expendable, they lower personnel costs (to say nothing of saving personnel lives), they are fast (not fast in speed per se but very, very fast computers making an analysis and making changes according to battle circumstances) and they are redundant (again, think in terms of swarms). Those of us from the "Old Navy" have to be amazed. No more stinking torpedomen reeking from weeks underwater, no more CIC officers sweating over boards and listening to sound-powered telephones, no more COs standing in the bridge for hours never daring to leave to go to the head? Even the uniforms have changed.

The Navy is reeling from even more bad news. *USS Freedom* (LCS-1) had to return to San Diego from activities called the RIMPAC exercises. Due to mechanical or human error, seawater contaminated the Colt-Pielstick Diesel engines, one of the two propulsion units used by the *Freedom*. The engines will have to be replaced or possibly totally rebuilt. The data indicate that the contamination lasted several weeks totally destroying the engines.

If that wasn't enough, sister ship *USS Fort Worth* (LCS-3) suffered a propulsion causality damaging its Diesel engines' combining gear (a mechanism that links the Diesels and the gas turbines to the water jets, or something like that). This time it was indeed operator error and quite similar to the *USS Milwaukee* (LCS-5) failure last year except that issue included computer errors. That skipper lost his job.

Of interest, the Naval Surface Forces commander stated that maybe the military should do a better job of training its LCS officers and crew. "I believe improvements in engineering oversight and training are necessary," Vice Admiral Tom Roden blurted in the understatement of the year. The entire LCS fleet is under severe fire from other sections in the Navy whose sniff of blood in the air could mean more money for their pet projects.

A day after the *USS Freedom* (LCS-1) killed its engines, *USS Coronado* (LCS-4) had to be escorted back to Pearl Harbor when it suffered electrical arcing between the Diesel engines and its GE gas turbines. The Navy always has to foist blame for problems and someone's career needs to be slain. With four LCSs suffering major and extremely costly engine problems in less than a year, they may be running out of junior officers and enlisted crew to blame. One wonders about a design defect.

## Yachts

A Frenchman, sailing a maxi-tri boat, *Macif*, set the new 24-hour speed record making 778 miles in that period. He averaged 31.4 knots in an attempt to cross the Atlantic. The transoceanic quest ended when the autopilot malfunctioned. While the technological engineering that made this possible is wonderful, it begs the question, who wants to sail at 31 knots? Buy a motorboat.

In another transatlantic race, the 100' super maxi *Comanche* attained speeds of 22 knots. Evidently a Bolger self built dinghy is no longer enough fun for some people. The sailing skills necessary for these ultra expensive race machines is beyond most of our abilities, but I wonder how many of *MAIB* readers really care about sailing at 22 knots.

The competitive sailors in the US were horrified at the London Olympics where the Americans failed to win a single medal in the sundry classes of racing and they vowed that such fiasco will never happen again. For four years sundry yacht clubs have trained young sailors, held stiff competitions and funded technological research while decrying the failures of the past. With vigor and commitment unseen in previous years, yachters laser focused attention on achieving greatness at sea. During the Brazil Olympics the American teams competed in the multitude of events including:

Men's Events, 49ER Skiff, Finn one-person heavyweight, Laser one-person dinghy), RSX windsurfer, Star keelboat.

Women's Events: 470 two-person dinghy, Elliott 6m-match racing, Laser Radial (one-person), RSX Windsurfer.

And the result was a stellar performance as an American won the Men's Finn Bronze medal. Period. The Aussies, Kiwis, Brits, pretty much hauled in the awards. Even Ireland did better than the US. No word has come forth from the American sailing community. Ouch.

An article in *Boating* magazine brought forth a loud chuckle when they reviewed "sailing myths." The best one was about who has the right of way on the water. Of course, the "rule" states that machine operated boats must give way to sailboats. Definitely this is a myth. When operating on a river and a large 15 barge tow is coming at you in your little Potter 15, the Potter better get the hell out of the way, quickly. This particular column came home recently when I could not help but notice that the boats with skiers and tubers behind paid little attention to anything in front of them, especially me in a kayak. And morons on jet skis feel an intense need to see how close they can come to you and how much water they can toss in your face. Indeed, small boats must fend for themselves or else. Can you see the tombstone? "But he had the right of way."

*Cruising World* nodded slightly to the mere mortals of the sailing universe with an

article on small boats for day cruising. The Marblehead 22 was top among those recommended. It has a 12' cockpit and "NO HEAD!" The Catalina 22 can sleep an isolated meager four. The sloop rigged Hunter 22 is a wonderful first boat for young families. At the bottom is the "unsinkable" Potter 19. Pretty dinky boats, aren't they? Put those in the Texas 200, the Water Tribe's sundry adventures or even the Lake Pepin Messabout and we shall see about those being small boats!

American Sail produces small boats that I never heard of before. This South Carolina firm makes a lovely 14' fiberglass gem possessing a hinged mast for easy rigging, color coded lines for the beginners and a working sail area of 112sf. They also sell a 10' dinghy that looks like fun. For those of us getting up in years and finding that raising a mast singlehandedly, launching from crowded ramps and dealing with almost guaranteed problems are tribulations worthy of heart attacks or strokes, these boats look pretty darn simple and easy. Of course, they will not be featured in *Sail* or *Cruising World*.

A pair of sailors did not come home as scheduled. The Coast Guard sent out planes, ships and choppers looking for them in the Pacific, an insurmountable task because they had absolutely no idea where they could be. Just before giving up their search a plane noticed something odd in the sand on an uninhabited island. In further investigation the pilot saw the word HELP spelled out on the narrow beach. A ship was sent to rescue the darn lucky duo.

A guy was out sailing with his wife and his dog on Lake Michigan when engine problems forced him to go below to make repairs, leaving the wife at the helm. Without realizing it their Belgian Malinois (looks like a German Shepherd and usually seen in the back seats of K-9 police units) evidently fell overboard. The intrepid boaters immediately put out a call for other boats to search for the missing pooch but at day's end it was not found. The boat was over six miles from land and the owners reluctantly returned home. The next day a bedraggled dog came into the driveway. He had swum six miles and walked 12 more to get home. The owner admitted he shed a few tears.

### Merchant Fleet

General Dynamics NASCO, a San Diego shipbuilding firm, has been selected to build two new con/ro vessels thanks to the Jones Act that allows American firms to issue US government guaranteed vessel bonds providing that they also be American owned and American crewed. Matson Lines will own the new ships at a cost of \$500 million. They will be named *Lurline* and *Matsonia*, names of previous Matson ships. The 870' ships will have a capacity of 800 vehicles or 3,500 TEU, possess double hull bunker tanks, feature fresh water ballast and comply as Tier III and LNG ready.

The controversial Jones Act was passed to bolster the fading US shipbuilding industry and control the economy of certain states like Mississippi and Virginia that were losing contracts to Hong Kong and Malaysia. The General Dynamics NASCO firm is a prime example of this Congressional Act at its finest. They could build these ships at around \$250 million apiece if they could secure the money. Asian shipbuilding could have built both ships for \$250 million. Therein lies the problem. Matson could get those ships for

half the cost but is pressured by the government to have them US built, therefore, Matson pays double and must pass that cost on to the customers, making them a high priced goods hauler. Meanwhile, another carbon copy ship built in Asia, owned by Greeks, crewed by Filipinos can carry the same goods for a fraction of the cost and have a greater profit margin.

Navy Boot Camp trains all would-be sailors in firefighting for the single reason that fires aboard ships is as common as the flu. Plenty of spaces are wallowing in oil, grease and flammable materials that can become a nasty problem with the addition of a simple spark from a tool or from a crewman. The merchant fleet suffers the same dilemmas but seemingly lacks the crew training or quality control of equipment as does the Navy. Maritime entities have constantly warned captains about firefighting equipment.

Unfortunately, too many inspections indicate that cargo ships have defective hoses, pumps and waterlines. Part of the problem is inherent with poor architecture producing wandering lines, dead end pipes, corrosion or low spots where mud, sludge and rust accumulate. A lack of firefighting training is another major problem.

Time seems to be one of the issues that need correction. Too often crews and officers are assembled quickly and on the water sailing immediately. With modern technology, the required crew sizes have diminished drastically. Shipping companies may be headquartered in Iowa, with ships home ported in Germany and personnel living in New Jersey. The chain of command is long and convoluted with responsibilities spread all over the globe. When fires erupt and the equipment fails, fingers can get pointed to dozens of people across every imaginable time zone, country border or continent. A crew must pray that the lifeboat is in working order.

### Interior Waterways

The Coast Guard has delivered its final warning to tow operators that they must do an electronic inspection of Transportation Worker Identification Credentials (TWIC) that means they have to run an internet search on the credentials of their employees. Homeland Security, TSA and the Coasties have been ordered to ensure the safety of ports under the Security and Accountability for Every Port Act (SAFE) 2006, not to be confused with the Maritime Transportation Safety Act (MATSA) of 2002 or the Volunteer Intermodal Sealift Agreement (VISA). Seriously, does the government hire someone that specializes in cutesy names for legal and military things?

Pacific Tugboats is looking for an experienced leverman to work on a 20" suction cutter head dredge on spuds and anchors. He must have a Captain License or have mechanical abilities. Wages are \$73.10 per hour and \$97.85 for OT. Gee, \$1,500 for teaching a semester long graduate course indicates some writer went in the wrong direction.

*Waterways Journal* has one of those columns with information ten years ago, 20 years ago, etc. Ten years ago the *MV Robert Love* collided with a bridge in Arkansas, killing 14 people. The Coast Guard recommended fines for the Captain, that was probably fine with the Captain.

Twenty years ago Jeffboat Inc model-tested a Z-drive tug. Today they are the "Big Thing" on tugs. One has to wonder why it

took so long to go from testing to actual production and sales.

Fifty years ago the Rock Island Engineer District celebrated its 100th birthday. Congress commenced work on the creation of a separate Maritime Administration Department. Nothing has changed in Rock Island since (humorous perspective of this writer and not a reflection of the publisher).

People driving up the Mississippi from Dubuque to St Paul will be stunned and shocked at the amount of algae thickly carpeting not only the sloughs and backwaters, but also the main channel itself. Few can canoe through that crud or even attempt to fish. A lure can't penetrate that muck. Sure enough, *Big River* magazine filed an editorial about the toxins in the river to the point that there is significant fish kills for over 100 miles, the water is so poisonous that dogs can get quite ill if they drink river water and even die if enough water is ingested.

One hundred years ago folks claimed that the water was clear enough to see gar and paddlefish on the bottom, not so today. The foamy green stuff is killing off lily pads and emergent water plants. The death of plants from lack of sunlight creates rot that absorbs oxygen and suffocates fish. This runs from Minnesota all the way to the Gulf of Mexico where the Dead Zone is the size of Connecticut. Lake Erie is again so polluted that many towns can no longer pull water for their use.

The neurotoxins that are the chief cause of all this come from phosphates and nitrogen fertilizers from farm runoff. Being from rural Iowa, it is painful to point fingers at the agricultural community but Big Ag rules the political roost around here. Both Iowa Senators worked very hard to kill any attempts by the DNR or EPA to investigate the concerns. I received a lengthy letter from Senator Chuck Grassley as he attempted (poorly) to rationalize his efforts. I taught three of his children early in my career.

Soapbox lectures are boring and usually ignored, however, our resource misuse is very noticeable. This is caused by human pollution. Our waterways are suffering as never before. We simply cannot continue to abuse our environment. The Mississippi is in dire straits. Our lakes and streams are dying. Iowa used to teem with native born trout but today they have to be stocked because they cannot survive on their own.

Dr Michael Osterholm (the nationally recognized expert epidemiologist who was among the first to identify Toxic Shock Syndrome and its connection with tampons, HIV-AIDS and homosexuality and Ebola and its entry into the US, and a former student of mine) is working diligently to reintroduce brown trout to northeast Iowa. As kids we tossed browns back in the water awaiting the rather feisty rainbow. I just hope two granddaughters will have the lakes and rivers to enjoy as I have.





It was on June 4 when the lovely and talented Naomi and I traveled to Little Sodus Bay to meet Susan and Chris Gateley for an afternoon sail. It was originally scheduled for a TSCA gathering but time to get the word out to the membership ran out. We decided to go anyway as it was our only opportunity to sail this season, and sailing with the Gateley's on *Sara B* is not to be missed if the opportunity presents itself.

We brought along the "Bastardized Beetle" as she has come to be known (thank you, Mr Womack), to finally get to sail her, except for her brief 20 minute test sail last year. It was a fun and lively sail and the boat worked out well and only got better as the wind picked up from a good breeze to 10-12 knot winds. We spent about an hour or so enjoying the sights of this pretty little bay in tandem with the Gateleys, Chris taking photos and Susan at the tiller of their little sloop and tender. Little Sodus Bay is a near perfect location to mess about in, lots of places for canoes and kayaks and all manner of small boats. There are campgrounds, several launches, marinas and an absolutely wonderful waterfront restaurant and B&B. More on that later. If you are in the area it is worth a visit, even if you are without your boat.

We returned to the launch and packed up the Beetle for the day so that we could finish the afternoon sailing on *Sara B*, and what a sail it was! After preparing *Sara B*, we left the mooring under power of a vintage Thornycroft that sent us across the bay as we raised sails and departed for the open waters of Lake Ontario. As we got out in the lake the wind strengthened some and *Sara B* was in her element. Chris offered the tiller to

## The Beetle and *Sara B*

By Greg Gruendtisch

Naomi and she kept the little schooner on a nice reach across the lake with her rail down and the proverbial bone in her teeth. The day was sunny and warm, the wind near perfect and company could not have been better.

I had a turn at the tiller as well and as I kept the same heading for a while I began to realize how much fun we were having. Sailing this schooner is a fantastic experience. She handles well, feels safe and comfortable and the sounds of her rigging with the wind and water is hypnotic poetry to the senses. Simply put, *Sara B* is the prettiest schooner to grace the sweet waters of the Great Lakes, maybe all waters. She's just that good.

The Gateleys, with some help from the *Sara B* co-op members, have done a very good job restoring and maintaining this special little vessel. Once you see her for yourself you will understand. Once you sail on her you may not want to sail any other boat. She's just that good.

It was getting toward late afternoon and it was decided to bring her about and head back to Little Sodus and her mooring. We struck sails as we entered the harbor and Chris brought the Thornycroft to life. We motored into the bay, picked up her mooring and got sails covered and the deck secured. We then headed to the dock of the best waterfront restaurant I have ever been to.

I generally don't promote such things, but the Pleasant Beach Hotel is different. The

owners are sailors and are very accommodating to boaters. They have docks and moorings available for the season or for dining at their impressive restaurant. The hotel (restaurant) has a very large outside dining deck and an indoor dining room, a full service bar and four B&B rooms. The reason I mention all that is not because of the beautiful location on the water, and not because the owners are very pleasant and engaging, they are, but because the food is exceptional and the prices are most reasonable. You will not find this value in any other waterfront restaurant anywhere. It's just that good.

It was a fun and enjoyable day of sailing finished off with dinner and a gam on the deck of the Pleasant Beach Hotel. We had good weather, good boats, good food and good company. It just doesn't get much better. Except now Naomi wants a schooner. I'm in.

Susan and Chris Gateley are lifelong sailors and use *Sara B* for pleasure and also for charters at times. They have also used her for research for environmental issues of Lake Ontario. Susan has written of this in her book, *Saving the Beautiful Lake, A Quest for Hope*. She now has a DVD of this available for a very modest sum. She also has a Lake Ontario log documenting sailing and boating issues, environmental issues concerning the lake, sailing and restoring *Sara B* among many other topics related to the above. For some enjoyable sailing video and photos, Google Schooner *Sara B*. There you will also find a way to contact the Gateleys or get on to the Lake Ontario log email list. Very interesting reading. Also Google Pleasant Beach Hotel for info about lodging, and dining.



I met a fellow on Corn Hill Beach in Truro on the last day of our vacation on Cape Cod. He told me that his friends own a house overlooking Corn Hill Beach and Pamet Harbor and that every August they look for the appearance of the little sailboat with the red sail. He was happy to finally meet the owner of the little sailboat. He went on to tell me that the owner of the house (cottage) has a watercolor painting with the little sailboat hanging in their living room in Cambridge Massachusetts.



I have since received this email from a Dave Phillips:

"Here is a picture of a small painting of mine that includes your charming boat. It's a small work and your boat doesn't have a large space but it is important just the same. My wife and I will point it out to each other when we see it sailing along Corn Hill Beach. The past 19 years we've rented a small cottage on Tom's Hill with a great view of the bay and your sailboat is a part of the beautiful charm of that spot. We are so grateful to our friends Buster and Lynne for reaching out to your family and

## The Little Sailboat with the Red Sail

By Richard Honan



passing on to you how much we look forward to seeing your beautiful boat sail by. It's part of our summer.

We're back home now in Cambridge and missing the quiet peacefulness but the small water colors around our home are fun for mementos. Hope you enjoy this image.

All the best, Peggy and David Phillips"



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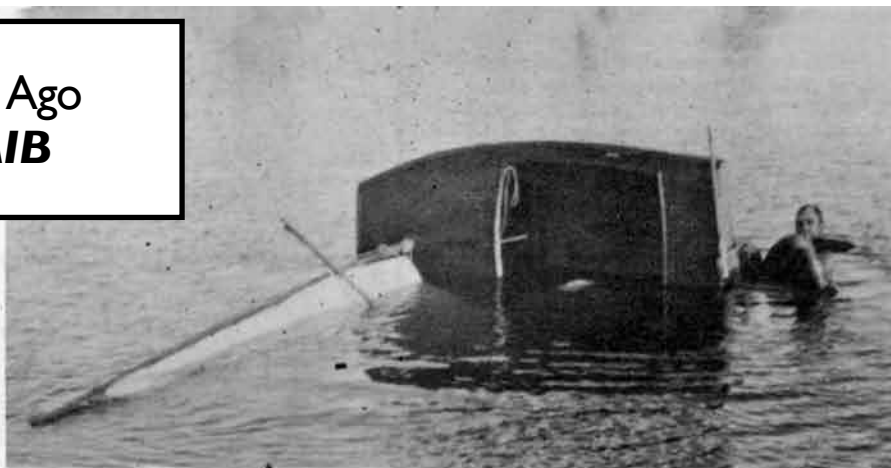


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With the successful design, completion and sailing of the radical and delightful "Wee Punkin", even such a dedicated boat nut as myself should have been satisfied, or so one would think. Yet, something, perhaps an inbred search for perfection due to a strong Puritan ethic blood component or such, resulted in nagging doubts. Had I done everything possible?

Obviously not. A swamping test was required. A constantly recurring lesson in my ongoing education concerns the difference between results unequivocally predicted on paper and those occurring in the real world. Ask any rocket scientist.

I fully intended to do the job at Lake Powell but the water seemed a trifle cold. Realistic, true, but I had no photographer. Nothing for it but to wait. In time "Wee Punkin" found herself in sunny tropical Florida, with photographers aplenty. Time to do or die.

The design thinking was that with the large foam core deck the swamped boat would float level and be stable enough to sail, albeit slowly. One should be able to climb in from the water with ease. If near shore, one would simply sail up on the beach to dump her out. Otherwise it would be tedious, but no real problem, to bail her out.

A tranquil lagoon with a bulkhead for the picture people was chosen and the boat cleared of all loose gear, save a nice St. Michaels T-shirt which was hiding far forward. The wind was quite light, but enough for sailing. We jilled around while I got her farther and farther up on her beam ends. I had her deck edge in the water but she seemed no more anxious for the fatal plunge than I. Finally I put my weight right on the coaming and in we went.

The water was colder than I had anticipated. In recent years I have noted that the old muscles aint what they used to be. This

notion was to be strongly re-inforced on this project.

The boat took on very much less water than I had expected. When I pulled down on the high side the boat simply flopped over, the wet sail encouraging a horizontal position. Without really thinking, I decided to pull out the rig. No problem except that it put undue strain on the deck.

The water was now warming up and it seemed like time to get into the spirit of the thing. I flipped the boat right side up and she floated like a cork. It was obvious that one couldn't climb in over the bow. The only answer was to climb in over the transom, which was accomplished with considerable grunting and groaning. It remained only to bail out perhaps ten gallons of water, restep the rig, and sail triumphantly ashore.

Well, what did we learn? One thing I knew beforehand; it is always a lot better to stay in the boat than to fall out of it. It is difficult enough to climb into an empty boat, unless she is a real tub. It is worse trying to climb into a boat with some water in her as the water sloshes around and makes her very unstable. A boat that is swamped to the gunwales can be climbed into but it is probably hopeless to try to bail her out. It is hard to overstate the importance of not getting into these predicaments in the first place.

Once into dry clothes, with a warming libation...a dram tipped overside to propitiate Neptune...one begins to turn the course of events relentlessly in the mind and soon develops a series of moves that would have won in a fraction of the time, on paper at least. It now seems clear that one, even one so flaccid as myself, could have gotten a purchase on the coaming on the high side and popped her upright while at the same time propelling oneself into the cockpit. She would, of course, continue to turn toward one, but

the mast and wet sail would (on paper) have enough inertia to slow her so that one could get in and get organized. She would sink some at the initial thrust and take on more water, but once inside one could deal with that at leisure. I am so convinced of this that I can hardly wait for summer to give it a try.

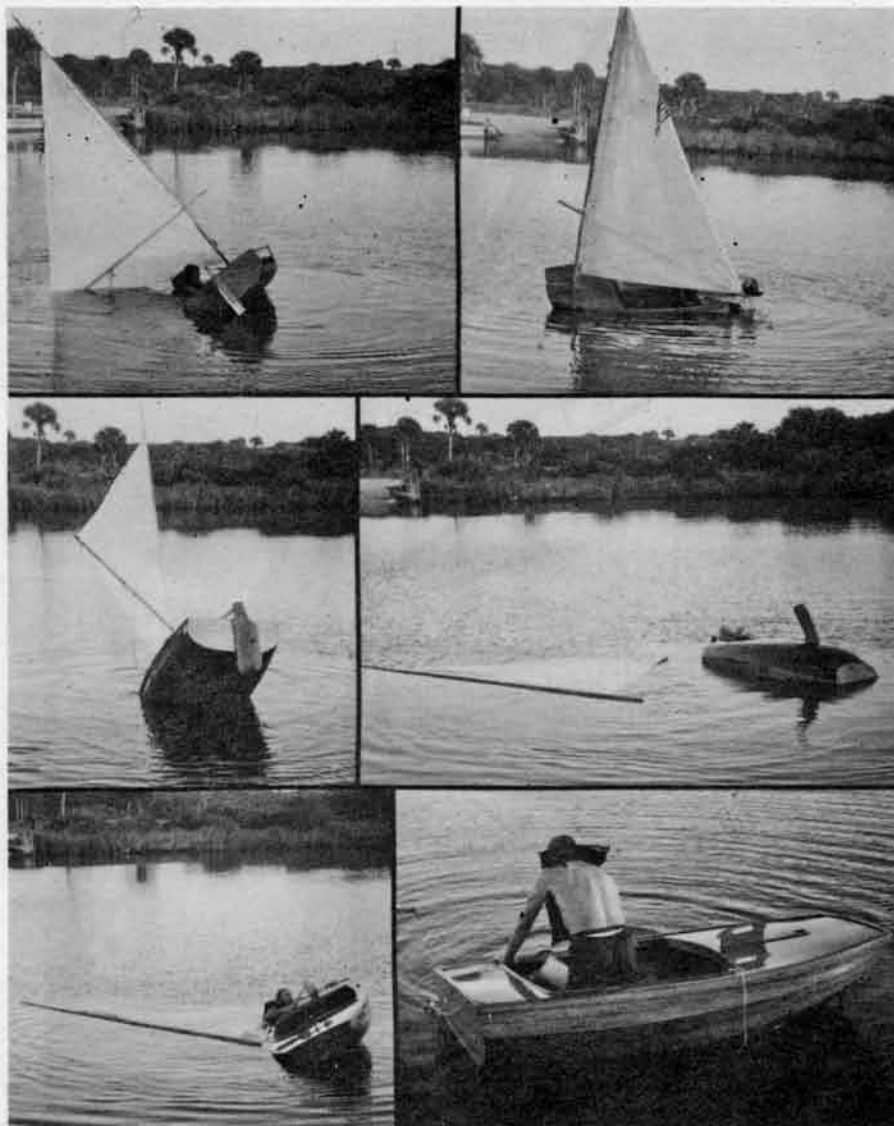
But, what could we do to make the process foolproof for small children, little old ladies (with tennis shoes, or without), and the like. Clearly the best way back in is over the transom. It only takes a moment's thought to figure out that there should be a toe hold in the rudder blade. One hooks the pedal digits in the hole, straightens the knee and slithers gracefully over the after deck. Why don't all small boats have such a feature? Why didn't I ever think of it before? Well, there you are.

Very likely, if you are out of the boat under protest, there is some water inside. It would be nice to get rid of it quickly and with as little effort as possible. With the "Wee Punkin", which has a foam core cockpit sole as well as end flotation compartments, the water would simply run out if we provided a suitable exit. One simply reaches in over the side and pulls the plug. When she is dry, one must not forget to put the plug back in. A dandy feature if left on a mooring. On the boat I am doing now the through transom pipe will doubtless suggest inboard power.

This test re-inforced my previous notion, forcefully suggested when I left "Wee Punkin" in charge of some landlubbers, on the beach, in a stiff breeze, that the mast should be mounted in a sturdy tube to take the stress off the deck. A mast free of the step and out of control can turn the sturdiest deck into splinters. This brings to mind that hoary admonition to pitch the rig over the side when things get beyond control. One then sacks out in the bottom of the boat until it quiets down. Restepping the rig in a bit of a slop again points up the need for a mast tube.

One clear lesson from all this is that people so peculiar or retarded as to mess about in small open boats ought to give serious thought as to how they would go about dealing with a capsize. Moreover, they must go out and actually do it. I recall giving a talk on flotation at St. Michael's once and finding boat, self and gear sinking slowly out of sight. My only regret is that I hadn't had the presence of mind to salute as I went down. So, keep your head, and remember, "paper isn't everything."

Report & Photos by Jim Tayer.



Opposite page: The writer making up his mind to capsize "Wee Punkin", finally succeeding. Above: Recovery stages from the top. Over the side doesn't work. Nor does over the stern with the rig still up. Over the bow fails also. Well, the rig is out, now what? Success at last, coming up over the transom with some difficulty, rig in the water. Bailing out.

Below: Safely ashore at day's end.



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*Small Craft Advisor* contains articles and photos of newly launched boats of exquisite beauty, superb craftsmanship and precise construction that whet my appetite for a wooden boat hewn from exotic lumber, nurtured with diligence and birthed in my backyard with patience and deliberate care. Two years ago I made the leap after *SCA* magazine seized my cerebral cortex and forced the limbic system to excrete gallons of hormones and behavioral chemicals resulting in an obsessive compulsive drive unstoppable until the completion of a boat.

Unfortunately this story does not culminate with photos of a beautiful boat making sailors and lubbers alike drool. Worse, this is not the kind of article usually found on the pages of such a quality magazine. The editors of *Mad Magazine* would reject this out of kindness to humanity. This written experience will probably exude tears of sadness over a waste of good wood, nausea over the lack of knowledge and maybe even frustration about the stupidity exhibited. I blame the school counselors.

Back in the early '60s the Sputnik Crisis aroused huge indignation that America had allowed the Soviet Union to launch an artificial satellite into space before we could develop a technology of similar ilk. The requisite prescription was to identify highly intelligent students and herd them into the sciences while driving the dolts and sloths into "shop" classes. I was informed that I would be among those who piloted rockets to Mars or solved the contradictions existing between Newtonian and Quantum mechanics. I was barred from the school's basement housing the Industrial Arts department. God and Congress ordained me to mix two clear liquids resulting in a purple precipitate or to solve calculus equations. Calluses were for mere mortals.

Many decades later I found myself shaking with obsessive compulsive desires to build a boat. For the record, I left the world of chemistry and pharmaceuticals for a degree in history and graduate degrees in psychology. Interestingly, I never have been required to parse a Latin phrase or solve a quadratic equation, however, as a home owner I find myself hiring people to fix leaky faucets, cut firewood or operate a toilet plunger. In the Navy I was tested about what kind of wrench should be used on various types of problems. I did not know that there were different kinds of wrenches. The military put me behind a desk and told me not to cause any trouble or get in anyone's way.

Mississippi Bob Brown, a renowned boat builder and designer of small craft, teased me unmercifully about my ignorance of tools and building design. He candidly says, "No one is THAT stupid." Evidently I am.

Just to prove the old Coast Guard veteran and lockmaster wrong, I purchased plans for a floating object called a "Poke About" that supposedly is the easiest thing in the world to build. The directions said from acquisition of lumber to floating in the lake would take a full weekend. I started the first week of June. It took five months of steady, mind numbing work in 90° temperatures.

Actually, I had to perform a modest pre building operation by going to Home Depot and buying all sorts of tools; drill, sander, saw, epoxy, pliers, screwdrivers, nails and a thing called a planer. A trip to a lumberyard produced a couple of 4'x8' pieces of plywood, some 2"x4"s, some screws of sun-

## Poke About

By Stephen D. Regan

dry sizes and some directions on how to use epoxy. The plywood flew off the car at the first corner. I slept though knot tying (marlin-spike?) classes in boot camp.

The Poke About is a very cool little boat. It is one of those take apart things where the bow end fits nicely in the stern when travelling. Once at the water, the two ends are bolted together and away you go paddling like crazy. The 34-page instructions were complete with photographs and ideas for extending it to a two person boat or adding a small electric motor. It even had ideas about additional flotation for large people. I did not read the directions but I did examine the pictures closely.

With missionary zeal I commenced sawing and hacking. The directions I had purchased said something about a board with a 17° slant lengthwise, an end cut at 28° while the other end was to be at 73°. After sawing a couple of 2"x4"s it dawned on me that it was important to have the fatter end at the 17° rather than the other end. I only made that mistake about four times. Several trips to the lumberyard later I did not have to worry about hauling wood, they kindly delivered.



As grumpy old men are wont to say, they just don't make tools like they used to. First, my circular saw caught on fire and scared the heck out of my wife when she saw flames and smoke emitting from it. I continued to work, intuiting that as long as the saw blade continued to cut, so should I.

Second, the high quality sander featuring the name of a respected company suddenly made noises uncommon for wood-working utensils. Trying to figure what was going on, I started and stopped it several times until little ball bearings and springs were ejected at high velocity. Third, the saber saw, a replacement for my father's that once shot sparks across the garage and blew out the circuit panel, worked well but the blades kept snapping off at inappropriate times.

The hull of this boat is extraordinarily simple, a trapezoid 36" on one side and 24" on the other. The forward bottom deck is 24" tapered to 17". For each of these two floors one attaches four bulkheads. When completed, the two boxes are bolted together to make the boat. When apart, the forward compartment fits nicely into the rear. Simple, or so I thought.



When measuring out the floor panels I took extreme care to ensure proper measurements. Unfortunately, I evidently did not find the precise center of the plywood board so that when I cut my tapered sides one was about 1/2" longer than the other. Clearly this indicated that the front would not fit the back unless that, too, was cut with a skewer. This required another trip to the lumberyard. I shall not mention that I failed to note the page that showed how to get as much wood pieces from a single piece of plywood, nor shall I mention that I cut the front piece twice rather than the one for the rear. Plywood is plentiful and I never admit mistakes.

The entire project was designed for stitch and glue joinery but I had never attempted this technique so I resorted to the old fashioned nail the plywood to a 2"x2" glued to the bottom of the boat. The concept of nails and screws offer more confidence than an experimental trick. Yet again, accurate measurement failed and the wood piece glued to the bottom was a bit too short, thus at the junction of the sides to the bulkhead in the middle was without any semblance of connection. This did not seem a problem for my nimble mind since I was going to use fiberglass and epoxy on the seams.

The forward module was another box except for the gentle curve of the bottom rising to meet the bow. I had geometry in 1963. My knowledge of curves is microscopic and my comprehension of curve drawing is non-existent. I tried sundry homemade protractors (string and chalk) but found nothing that started gradually and tightened sharply toward the end. Even freehand attempts did not achieve much functionality or exquisiteness. The solution came in a moment of frustration and anger when I just sawed off the bottom where the curve should have commenced and merely slanted it to the bow.

The genius who designed this petite craft called this "fun, unique and easy to build." Obviously he never met a technological and industrial disaster of my ability. He stated, "it's very important that you insure the Forward Module is aligned properly, before applying the Base Panel, check by the A-B and C-D measurement method." My small little compartment was skewed about 1" indicating that the front of the section and the rear of the section were not parallel. See my above comment about plywood being easily obtained. I no longer used the word "cheap" in discussions of my boat building.

This supposedly weekend adventure was entering its fifth month of trial and error

when it was decided to start the easy glassing of the seams. An entirely too large a roll of fiberglass tape arrived from West Marine or Fisheries Supply. I made a table from badly cut plywood and some uneven sawhorses. Intuitively I reasoned that this process would be quick, easy and would solve my many joinery concerns. One quart of epoxy, one little tube of hardener, a plastic cup and a shoddy foam brush were placed with much alacrity upon my table. A nicely measured length of tape was slathered with epoxy and applied with enthusiasm and gentle care.

As a person with a doctorate in educational psychology with a specialization in learning, I know and comprehend sundry methods of knowledge acquisition and I grasp that each person's most effective and efficient processes for said acquisition are different. Personally, I find that reading directions is significantly less successful than hands on experiential education. With this in mind, I learned several additional concepts including:

Epoxy hardens fairly quickly.

Foam brushes fall off the handle easily.

Slathered fiberglass tape can slide with the least touch.

Fiberglass tends to leave a crease and a void at corners.

Epoxy makes a magnificent mess when spilled on garage floors, tables or sidewalks.

My experiential learning experience altered my perception so that my boat required additional epoxy after a lengthy and tedious sanding of drips, runs and errors (apologies to Johnny Bench). My new orbital sander was constantly resurfaced with various grits of sandpaper that produced not inconsiderable white dust clouds that clogged all aural and nasal orifices to the point of virtual asphyxiation. Ace Hardware clerks greeted me with open arms while enriching my basket with facemasks and goggles. My wife said something to the effect that "by God you aren't coming into MY house covered with all that dust." At least I made the Ace Hardware people happy.

After additional touching up of nooks and crannies but prior to actual beautification of my boat, I was ready for a trial run. My wife scanned the insurance policies and decided she had best attend this operation for fear of my drowning and leaving her peniless. We quietly slipped down to a rarely used dock along the Cedar River and waited until we were certain that no one would see us, especially if the thing sank like a rock. I bolted the two modules together and launched it gently into the water.



No sooner than the plywood touched water than up pulls a truck with a monstrous pit bull hanging out the window and drooling down the door. My frustration in having a strange observer fulminated to full seething when out popped not a stranger but my

brother of great talents and a firm belief that all the family intelligence was reserved for him instead of being divided equally between us. Laughing uproariously and with jabbing comments about ugliness at a public nature reserve, he whipped out his camera to record this initial trial run for posterity, if not for the funeral obituary.

I clambered in my wee craft and commenced paddling with a kayak paddle. It did not take a PhD to quickly observe that this entity of a vessel leaked like a kitchen colander. Stroking for my life I managed to get the Poke About from the dock to the landing without swamping. Inspection noted that all the corners were leaky. Surprisingly my brother did not smirk but merely suggested additional epoxy, lots of epoxy. Worse, I had added two boxes of Styrofoam for additional flotation but this was too much and I was floating in about an inch of water being blown around by the slightest of breezes. I added 50lbs of lead and sawed off the extra flotation.

After sanding off all the wrinkles and air pockets I indeed blanketed the craft with about a quart of epoxy. Skipping to page 15 in the direction manual I read that coating the interior with Thompson's Water Seal was essential. I reasoned logically that the exterior is as important as the interior so it too should be covered. Unfortunately I did not read that painting should precede this endeavor, and when I slapped on water based paint it literally slid off the boat. A fine oil based paint was painstakingly applied which seemed to work.

The following summer (remember it was supposed to be built over a weekend) I discovered even more leaks and the paint needed a total re do. Again, Ace Hardware enjoyed profits from my project boat. And yet again I forgot to check whether it was water based or oil based paints so I got to do this job a couple of times. In the meantime my brother simply gave me his kayak. But I was darned if I couldn't complete this "weekend" task.

The boat was placed on stands, filled with water, thoroughly checked for leaks and was cleared for future use. I will use my brother's paddle since I can't afford one. The boat was named after my favorite Florida bar, *Sea Hag*, to reflect the fact that this thing is one ugly duckling. The next time I will buy a kit. My wife agrees.

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## Part I

This next mini saga is not so much a sequel as a “prequel” to “*Talitha Cumi*,” a story about a Bolger Tortoise I built partly in my camper and partly in my improvised dome. “*Dancing Chicken*” is planned as a series relaying the progress and events as I go along, which is why the (?) is there in the title. Neither the reader nor I will know how many parts the saga will have until we get to wherever the point comes where I feel like I can say, “Well, I guess that’s it. Hope you enjoyed it,” or some such. The “pre” is because *Dancing Chicken*, a sectional dinghy that I had somehow (well, I know how, but that’s another story, maybe later for that) decided I wanted to design myself, was begun approximately 30 years earlier. Then, to quote W.C. Fields, “Things happened.”

I originally started building *Dancing Chicken* in a house in Houston, Texas, which ended up getting torn down. *Dancing Chicken* was one of the things out of there with which I made it. (I love playing with that “not ending a sentence with a preposition” thing. It can be lots of fun, if fun is the reason for which one does it.) After another couple of moves I ended up in a townhouse on which, while I was paying the monthly rent, the landlord was not making the payments to the owner.

Getting *Dancing Chicken* out of the townhouse probably involved my ragged, overworked guardian angel being assigned to go dumpster diving. For one thing, the owner didn’t want to continue to rent the townhouse to me for what I had been paying since he could remodel it, put in central air and heat, etc, and rent it for lots more. He also said that he wanted me to get everything out that I wanted in one trip and then to get out of there and out of the way while the workmen cleared and remodeled the place.

Apparently various contingencies impinging (don’t you just love that phrase?!) on the situation at that time had my judgment somewhat skewed and somehow I had decided to let *Dancing Chicken* go. In any case, I got everything I thought I wanted out of there and then after I got to Manville (where I was staying temporarily with friends while I waited for my brother to come to take me to Maine) I realized that I definitely did want *Dancing Chicken*. I phoned the owner and described her to him (just a frame of the bow section at that point) and asked him to hold her for me.

So there I was in Manville, with *Dancing Chicken* somewhere in that house in Houston. I called several times and asked if they’d turned her up and he said no. So finally I got permission to come over there one more time and look for her because, of course, for one thing I knew what she looked like and the owner didn’t (one person during one of the previous moves had guessed “a hockey net, right?”).

I got out of my friend’s car in front of the house and there was *Dancing Chicken* at the top of a pile of trash in a dumpster! I realized later that my first reaction, being majorly grouched out, was inappropriate. After all, there she was at the top of a pile of trash perched like a cherry on the top of a sundae, totally visible, not buried under the trash, in which case I might not have seen her at all and therefore probably never would have seen her again. Moreover, it was obviously the perfect moment for me to

## Dancing Chicken

### A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts

By Gloria Sadler Burge  
Copyright © 2016 by Gloria Burge

have arrived from Manville. Also, the dumpster was one of those on which (apparently) one side is hinged so that it can lie flat on the ground. Either that, or there was so much trash already in it that a hill of trash sloped down to the ground on that side.

I walked over to the pile of trash and the young guy who had apparently been hired by the owner to clear everything out of the townhouse said, “Ja lo jueg.” (“They already threw it out.”). “Ja lo jueg, my foot,” I fumed silently to myself and started up the hill of trash. “Quere que yo lo baja?” (“Do you want me to bring it down?”) the kid asked.

Still inwardly fuming somewhat, I replied, briefly and brusquely, “Si” (not “si, por favor” or “por favor,” just “si.”) So he did. I realized that he was actually a pretty nice kid and that none of this was his fault. He’d just been hired to do a job. I hope I at least remembered to say “Thank you,” but I don’t remember if I did or not. I was still pretty grouched out. After gazing wistfully at one or two things I knew I would have to leave behind, I picked up *Dancing Chicken* and carried her away with me, back to Manville.

After I got to Maine it was still quite a while before I got back to work on *Dancing Chicken*. She spent quite some time going back and forth between the Terry Camper workroom, the Terry Camper bedroom and the Airstream Camper. During these backings and forthings I noticed an advantage to the 2½’ length I’d designed for the sections. This length was originally selected so that I could take her along with me in the package express compartment of the Greyhound bus that went from Houston to Galveston. My plan was to take her with me on the bus and launch her in Offats Bayou. I think I’ve found out later that I could have designed at least some of the sections larger. Meanwhile, however, I like the ease of handling that goes along with this length and anyway, I’ve pretty much decided, but wait, there I go getting ahead of myself.

Getting back to the reasons for all these aforementioned backings and forthings, it was partly because I kept coming up with other ideas for boats and *Dancing Chicken* would get moved out of the workroom so that I could work on another one of those. At least one of those, I think, probably would go pretty well if it ever got off the drawing board. A couple of the main reasons why it didn’t were that, for one thing, I really didn’t feel like I had the know how, and I knew for sure I didn’t have the confidence, to go ahead and just wing it. That was probably one of the main reasons why I decided to first build a boat from someone else’s plans. I decided on the Bolger Tortoise, which became *Talitha Cumi*, launched August 24, 2012 (see *MAIB* October 2015).

Actually though, I think another very important reason why I didn’t go ahead with any of the other plans I’d drawn was because always, always, there was *Dancing Chicken*, *Dancing Chicken*, who clearly, it seemed to me, especially on reflecting back on everything back then, had so providentially been allowed to come with me on all those moves. So I shelved all those other plans and ideas

and started back to work on *Dancing Chicken*.

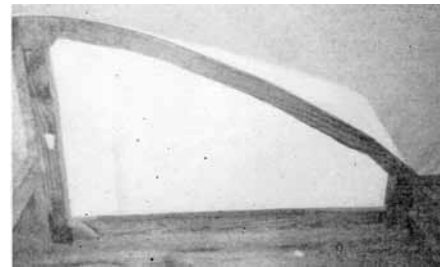
I hadn’t gotten very far, however, before I started coming up with modifications and changes to the original design because of real or imagined defects that I was afraid would, aha. There it is. That phrase. “I was afraid would (fill in the blank).” It is true, though, that some of these misgivings might be at least somewhat valid. I can see various aspects of the design that might, for various real reasons, not be optimal.

But then suddenly this summer (hmmm, sounds like a possible title for a play, doesn’t it?) I decided, “y’know what? I know how to find out.” I plan to run some tests. I don’t have the math, etc, at least not yet, to be able to construct a workable computer model to see what might happen. I’ve talked to some experienced boat builders though, and one of them said that *Dancing Chicken* might work just as she is. Meanwhile, I constructed a paper model, covered it with duct tape and tested it in a sink. So far, so good, better than I thought. Next I think I might build just the frames and then cover them with something “quick and dirty” and take her out on the water, not very far, in very nice, warm weather.

At this point someone may be thinking, “Something might happen.” Yes, of course it might. But I figure that if it does, it will probably merely be something embarrassing, nothing worse than that. And well, we shall see.



The original *Dancing Chicken* bow frame.



This is the original *Dancing Chicken* bow frame with a modification I drew that I was considering. If I had made this change, though, she would not have been the original *Dancing Chicken*!



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

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

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

The decision to transition to a land home permanently came along with the need to see more of six preschool grandchildren and a hip replacement for the first mate, the trawler found a new owner on the trip north in June 2015. The first mate came through the hip operation with flying colors and we quickly settled into our condo across from the museum in Solomons. As luck would have it, the PSCG volunteers were looking at their 2016 building plan and had chosen a traditional Smith Island Crab Scraper as a winter project. They had also been in contact with Annapolis Hybrid Marine (AHM) about electric propulsion for the scraper. As a newly "boatless" person, this combination had a great deal of appeal to me.

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

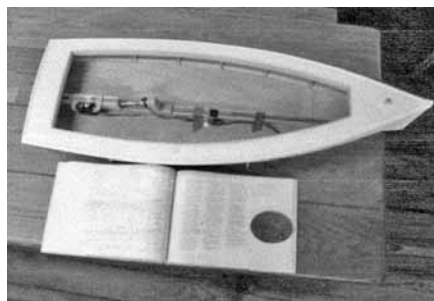
Our version, named *Carol Jeanne* for the wife with the new hip, would be just 20' to meet the boat shop capacity. Further, to match the electric propulsion with a lighter structure, the hull and sides would be formed with marine plywood over a less bulky frame of Douglas fir. Last, the freeboard was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

## Carol Jeanne

### A Shallow Water Powerboat

By Bill Wright  
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

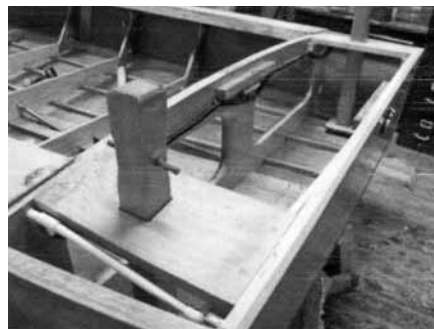
To get a handle on these changes, Alan first built an 18" radio controlled model that was run about in the museum boat basin and a local swimming pool. This gave the Guild some idea of the dynamic character of the hull form within reasonable scaling bounds of motor rpm and weight distribution. Next came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



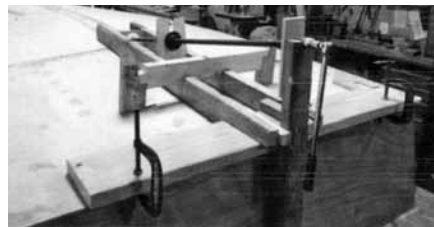
Our joint venture partners at AHM, Sally Reuther and David Diquinzio, visited often and provided the technical advice for the motor, battery bank and associated control equipment. The models were on display at their booth at the Annapolis Sailboat Show in October. The *Carol Jeanne* plans to use the Thoosa 7000 HT motor and a bank of 48-volt AGM batteries from Northstar. There are still lots of technical details to finalize about prop size, rudder placement and size and the overall weight distribution for the vessel.



PSCG members installing bottom planking. Note the double layers of plywood staves in the bow to achieve the necessary compound curved surface.



Robust mooring/towing bits at every corner. Wiring is run inside PVC conduit under the decks.



Set up for boring the shaft. Cutter was turned by hand, nice and slow.



Getting ready for electric motor and battery installation.

Bill Wright can almost see the finish line. It's going to be a swell boat



Here's what's become of the big melon-seed that Richard from Apollo Beach made from a giant chunk of solid foam. I didn't see him cutting the cockpit out but it was probably with some kind of glowing hot tool. He's been laid up for a while so I didn't go visit to see how he did it. Note the bulge on the end of the skeg. It's a built-in electric motor with a cowl around the prop to protect it and give it more ducted efficiently. You may remember that Richard is also an airplane designer and builder so he knows about this kind of stuff.



And just to make sure that he doesn't run out of things to do he's also building this Bolger Sneakeasy motorboat and last month he added to his airplane collection with a 60-year-old Piper TriPacer. It wears me out just telling you about him.

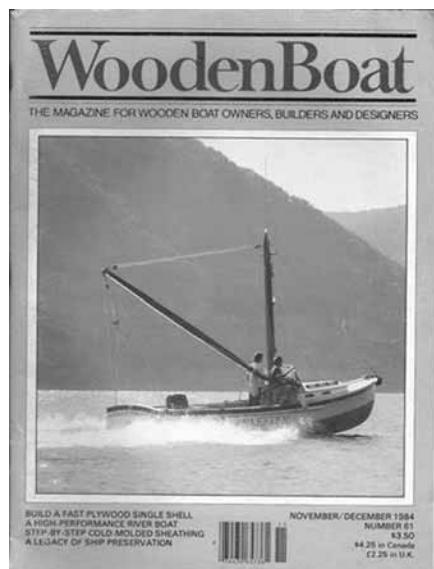


# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

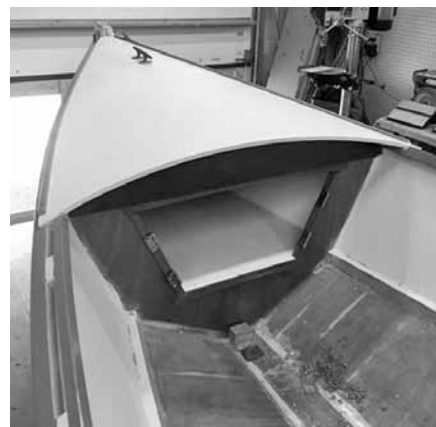
Another overachiever who stops by once in a while is Andre Mele. Besides helping to save the Hudson river, Andy also ran his boat shop that built this boat, he tells me that this cover photo was his "15 minutes of fame." I think he's had several of those. *Riverkeeper*, designed by Mr Mele, has a 9' beam, a cuddy cabin with two bunks and portable toilet and is propelled by a 115hp outboard mounted in a well more than 4' forward of the transom. With the outboard's lower unit up, the boat draws only 14" of water. The outboard well keeps the prop out of the way and leaves the stern uncluttered for research endeavors involving nets and the *Riverkeeper's* shallow draft will allow her to visit most places on the river. Her cabin also permits two people to remain on board overnight.

The Suncoast Waterkeeper is the same Andy Mele, who also was former Executive Director of a major Hudson River environmental group that was instrumental in forcing General Electric to remove 300,000 pounds of toxic PCBs from the Hudson. He is author of *Polluting for Pleasure* (W.W. Norton), the book that rendered the old two-stroke outboard motor all but extinct, keeping millions of gallons of oil and gasoline from American waterways every year. Andy has an MS in environmental science, Bard College.



Oh no, not another one! I didn't plan it but this report is turning out to be slap full of guys who worked too hard, got what they thought they wanted and can't stop going. Hell, that may describe most of us now that I think about it. Fland Sharp, shipyard owner, mayor, bar owner who got my Helen hooked on Kraken rum and builder is about finished with this one. I'm really glad he sent these pictures so I can educate you about what a "dead-rise" boat is. You often hear this term applied to fishing boats of the mid Atlantic states.

Chesapeake deadrise or New England deadrise is basically the angle that the hull comes up from the keel. All boats have a certain amount of deadrise or else they'd all look like a flat piece of plywood. Fland's boat here really gives meaning to the term. Hulls usually slope up from the keel to the chine and then up at another angle to the sheer (boaty terms), this one is a straight line all the way. It does stop doing this and go to a flatter bottom after a while. The opposite to a deadrise is a Jon boat, flat bottom all the way to the front. No, I don't know what this particular design is, he'll tell me, I guess.



Whenever Howard gets bored and isn't ready to start on another boat, he spends his time taking motors apart just to see how they work, you may recognize this one as the Yamaha 80 that he's taken apart at least five times before. He got a new torque wrench that measures inch pounds because the rod bearings called for 72 inch pounds of tightening. I think he'll be ready to start his little Chris Craft look alike in a couple of weeks, I hope.





Our new neighbor, Madonna and husband Chris, wanted a big pontoon boat and Steve culled all the ones on craigslist and found this one for them. It's a big 24-footer and is perfect for them. I have to admit that it is pretty cool.



Every year during the two weeks of summer they have up there somewhere in Maine, there's a gathering called the Small Reach Regatta. Steve Brookman sends me these pictures cause he knows that I'm down here sweating my bum off in the land of mosquitos and humidity. I'd love to take my little *Laylah* boat up there but I don't think it's possible to drive from here to there, I'd fall off the edge of the world and the sea monsters would get me.



Steve sent me these pictures he took of our weather event. "Hermine" came through yesterday and is still showing effects today. It didn't do anything bad to us but sure did dump a lot of rain. Since I live on a slope it all just runs down to the river. The main shop stayed bone dry (how dry is a bone anyway) but Steve's little home away from home turned into a good size river and for the first time the Tiki Hut got a good floor washing.



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There are few objects that have the innate power to touch peoples' hearts and spirits on sight. One of them is a handmade wooden boat, elegantly shaped to speed through its element and varnished to a luster that brings out the grain of wood and makes it glisten like a breaking comber in mid summer.

You could possess such a work of art in exchange for a \$5 raffle ticket. Called a Pooduck Skiff, it's a 12'10" boat with sassafras seats, double epoxied plywood planking, a turquoise interior paint job and a lightweight mast made of Pacific Coast spruce. The mast is strong but hollow, much lighter than you'd guess. Handmade by members of the East End Classic Boat Society in Amagansett, the boat has been wooing hearts at community events all summer.



The jaunty skiff, complete with trailer, oars, mainsail and jib and a new galvanized trailer will be awarded to the raffle winner at 4:30pm on December 10 at a year end party in the Community Boat Shop of the Society, which overlooks the wide range of dunes behind the East Hampton Town Marine Museum at 301 Bluff Road in Amagansett, New York.

The shop is the place where the magic happens. An easy, relaxed atmosphere prevails. The group's doctors, lawyers, teachers, writers, former restaurant owner, building contractor and others, volunteers all, come and go, mostly on Saturday and Wednesday mornings, and various projects gradually evolve into works of art. The society has 160 members but, according to the Society's president Ray Hartjen, "Five percent are active. The rest are dreamers."

There are a couple of boat restorations underway downstairs where former Sag Harbor Mayor Pierce Hance, a financial analyst and vice president of the Society, sort of runs the show. Members take the finished works, such as the *Molly Gann*, a restored Beetle Cat, out for a sail now and then.

Upstairs Burt Van Deusen, former owner of the 1770 House in East Hampton and an art gallery owner in Philadelphia before that, pretty much oversaw the construction of the Pooduck Skiff, which he championed and managed to convince the group to make. It was completed well ahead of schedule in 2015. They're now working on a second Sunshine tender (they've made one before) for next year's raffle, which raises money to help keep the society afloat.

When you ask these guys who's in charge of what, they smirk slightly and avert their eyes a little. "We're sort of looser than that," said Mr Van Deusen. It seems everyone's in charge and no one's in charge at times but it all works out. The proof lies in the seven other spiffy little beauties the group has built and raffled off since 2005.

## THE EAST END CLASSIC BOAT SOCIETY

### Classic Lines and Design for the Water

By Peter Boody  
Reprinted from the *Sag Harbor Express*



Burt Van Deusen and the Pooduck Skiff  
—Peter Boody Photo

Their names are almost as intriguing as their lovely looks; an Atkins Skiff, two Swampscott Dories, a Catspaw Dinghy, a Sunshine tender, a Goeller Dinghy and an East End Sharpie. But isn't there a quarterback for particular projects?

"No. Different people take different roles," said Mr Hartjen, a retired educator, lifelong sailor and former summer kid on Gardiners Bay who has been heading to the water there since the early 1930s. He truly was the quarterback who managed the construction of the Hartjen-Richardson Community Boat House in 2006 and 2007. It was named for him and an East Hampton estate section family whose ancestor, George Reid Richardson, founded the Richardson Boat Company, wooden boat builders, in upstate New York in 1909.

For years the Richardsons helped the Society close an annual budget deficit of about \$10,000 or 25% of its annual budget, Mr Hartjen said. The rest of the revenue has come from membership dues, donations and the annual boat raffle which raises about \$14,000. Suffolk County provided a few of the workshop's tools. The Town of East Hampton provides no funding, except virtually free rent and a 20 year lease, with an option to renew, on the land behind its Marine Museum.

The raffle does a lot more than help pay the bills. It exposes a wider public to the beauty and appeal of wooden boats. "We have opened the door to all the people on the East End who come to visit us, who come and massage the boat, who now have a love, who have a new appreciation for the art of classic boat building," said Mr Hartjen. "It's an appreciation that didn't exist until we were here putting our wares out year after year. You know, people come back time and time again saying, 'I didn't win last year but I love that boat.'"

"Wooden boat building and wooden boats are like a romance," said Don Schreiber, a building contractor from Sag Harbor who first studied boat building, along with aircraft construction, electrical installation and metal working, in the 1940s at a vocational school in East New York. "You have

to love it." Time and again he has watched people come "massage the wood," he said, and exclaim, "Oh, look at this, it's so nice, oh wow!" whenever the Society puts its raffle boat on display and sells chances at summer fairs and events around the East End.



Showing off the Skiff at the Fisherman's Fair in Springs.

For all its charms, the Pooduck Skiff is a simple boat. It was designed by a noted naval architect, the late Joel White, formerly of Brooklin, Maine, son of the even more famous essayist, E.B. White, author of *Charlotte's Web* and *Stuart Little*. Joel's son Steve now runs the boatyard Joel founded in 1960. Mr White the elder named the boat after Pooduck Road in Brooklin, which leads down to Pooduck Beach.

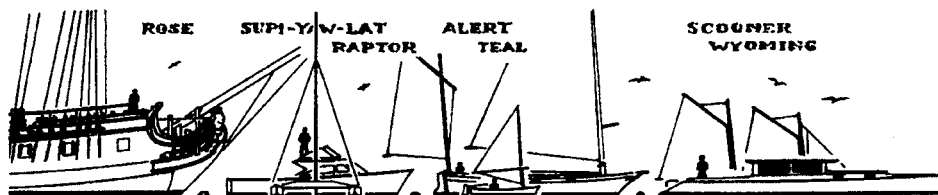
The handmade skiff would run you about \$7,000 or \$8,000 to buy, Mr Hartjen estimated. And sometimes the society does handle the sale of a boat whenever a raffle winner can't use his or her winnings. There was a lady from Montauk who bought a single ticket as a courtesy. She won that year's boat. She lived in an apartment and had no place for it. The Society helped her find a buyer.

"Some people say, 'We'll buy it if the winner doesn't really want it,'" said Mr Hartjen. "One person came to the boat shop on a Friday, won it on Saturday and sold it on Wednesday."

The society volunteers make the boat, the rudder and the centerboard. The sails and oars are factory made, as is the brand-new galvanized trailer that comes with the boat. Local suppliers often help out. Michael Marder of Marders Landscaping donated the base of an ash tree that provided the essential shape needed to make the breasthook for this year's Sunshine Tender. The Irony on Route 114 in East Hampton agreed to make a mast gate, a piece of bronze hardware crucial to sail management, for the cost of materials. When Ray Hartjen went to pay the bill the maker told him, "I had so much fun doing this, I'll give it to you."

You can see a Pooduck Skiff under sail, trim and taught, skipping along the water, by searching for "Pooduck" on YouTube. It's considered fast and easy to handle, either under sail or powered by oars. The boat can also be seen at the Community Boat Shop, which is open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 9am to 2pm. New members, with or without boat building experience, are always welcome. Neophytes learn by working beside someone who knows what he's doing. Go to the society's website at [eebcs.org](http://eebcs.org) for more information.

**Editor Comments:** "If you like what these guys are up to you may want to contribute to their year end fundraising effort" Here is the link: <https://www.razoo.com/us/story/East-End-Classic-Boat-Society>



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In the February issue this year (Vol 33 #10) I started a series of design sketches based on Design #540 drawn by Phil in 1988. "Chebacco" is named after Chebacco Parish, the village we now refer to as Essex, Massachusetts, with the largest of the lakes and ponds southwest of it still called Chebacco Lake. It was settled in 1634, nestled on a few higher spots along a small river, the Essex River, that quickly gets lost in the tidal Essex Bay estuary with lots of salt marsh, mud, sands, the surprising Choate Island rising some 160' above the high tide with evergreen stands and a few buildings and Essex Bay running out into Ipswich Bay on the southwest corner of the Gulf of Maine and into the northwest Atlantic.

Looking at a map, a chart or just Google Earth nowadays, the delights and traps of this fairly modest body of water are obvious, multiple, tempting with lots of little features

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #505 in *MAIB*  
 Trailer Overnighter Cat Ketch  
 Chebacco 20 Design #540

19'8"x7'5"x1'3/4"x11'3"x5hpx176sf

to explore by boat, quite apart from the clams awaiting digging. With between 8.5' and 12.5' tides (plus storm surges) this approximately 2x4nm area will teach vital lessons of sailing amongst significant tidal currents, shifting channels, often good fetches of wind, the mix of soft bottom and glacial erratics, i.e., big rocks dropped randomly by the retreating glacier that covered all this

some 10,000 years ago, and the ever changing visuals across the four seasons captured on film and canvas so often.

Only during late January through March, will icing conditions nix much of any watercraft movements. Still great to look at from fabulous angles if you carefully tread your path across the icy marsh with its natural and manmade ditches lurking underneath, with the explorer or artist surrounded by winter colors and harder edged contrasts drawing you further.

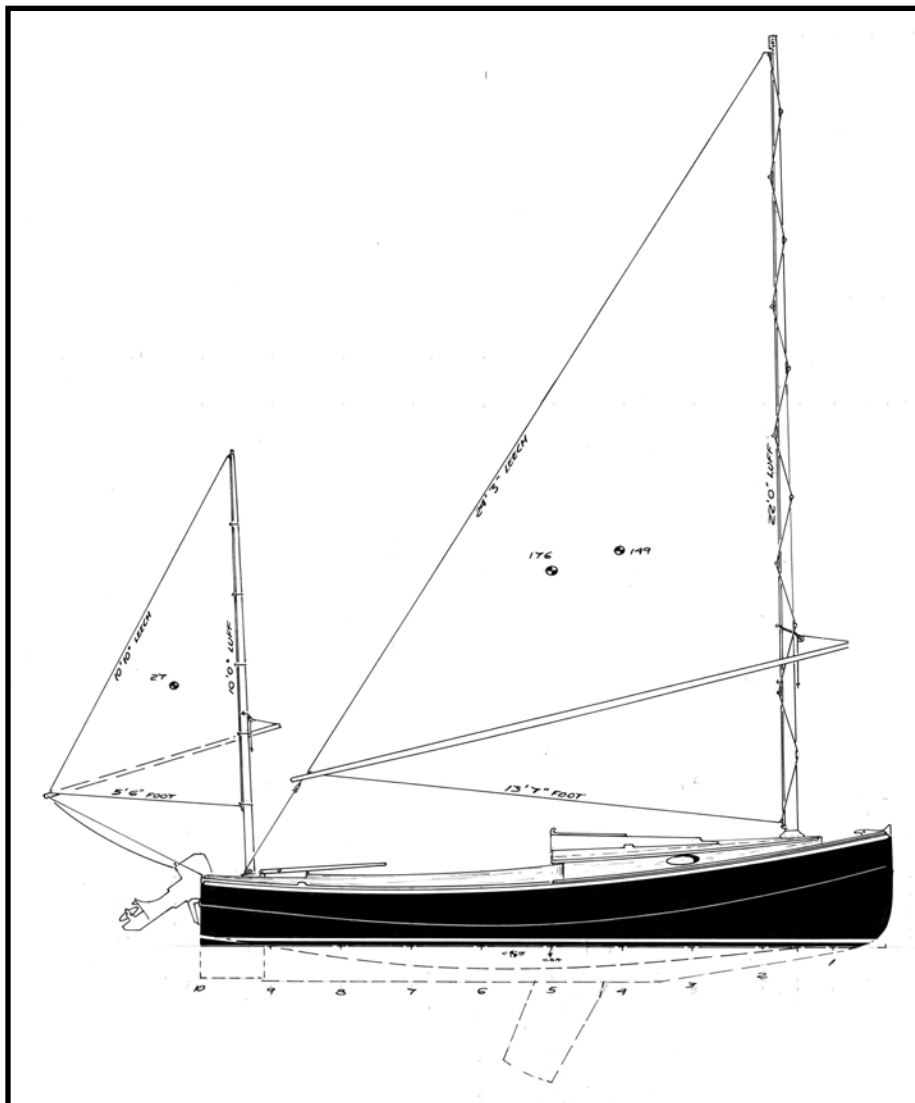
So Phil and Essex boat builder Brad Story thought that a shallow draft day sailer/overnighter, ready to casually be trailered and launched at will, would allow those without one of the limited moorings to their name to get out into these local waters. Or perhaps even around the corner through the scour of the Essex Bay water volume connecting to the ocean, then southeast towards Gloucester or northwest towards Plum Island Sound, connecting eventually with the Merrimack River and Newburyport, in both cases mostly inside.

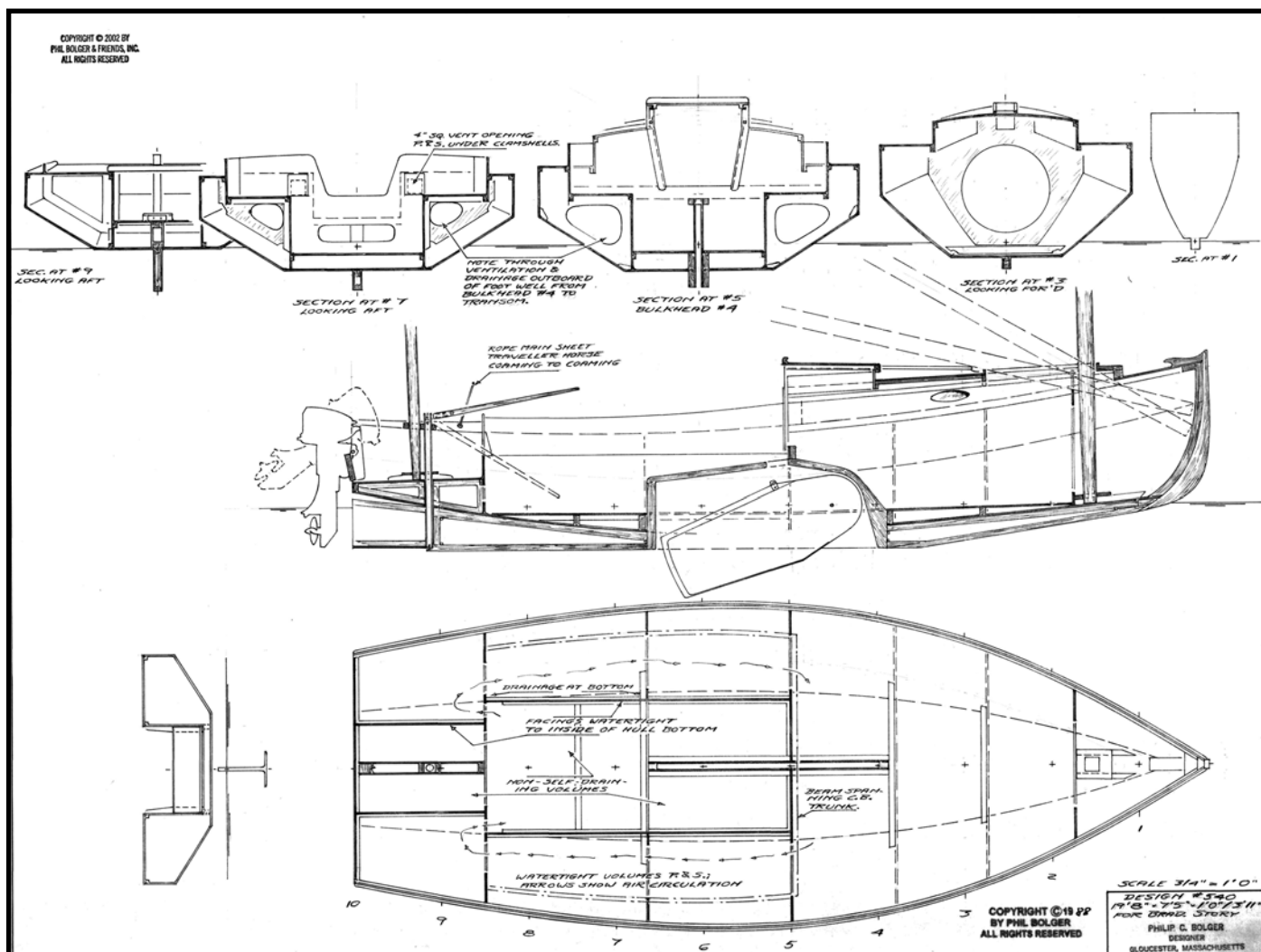
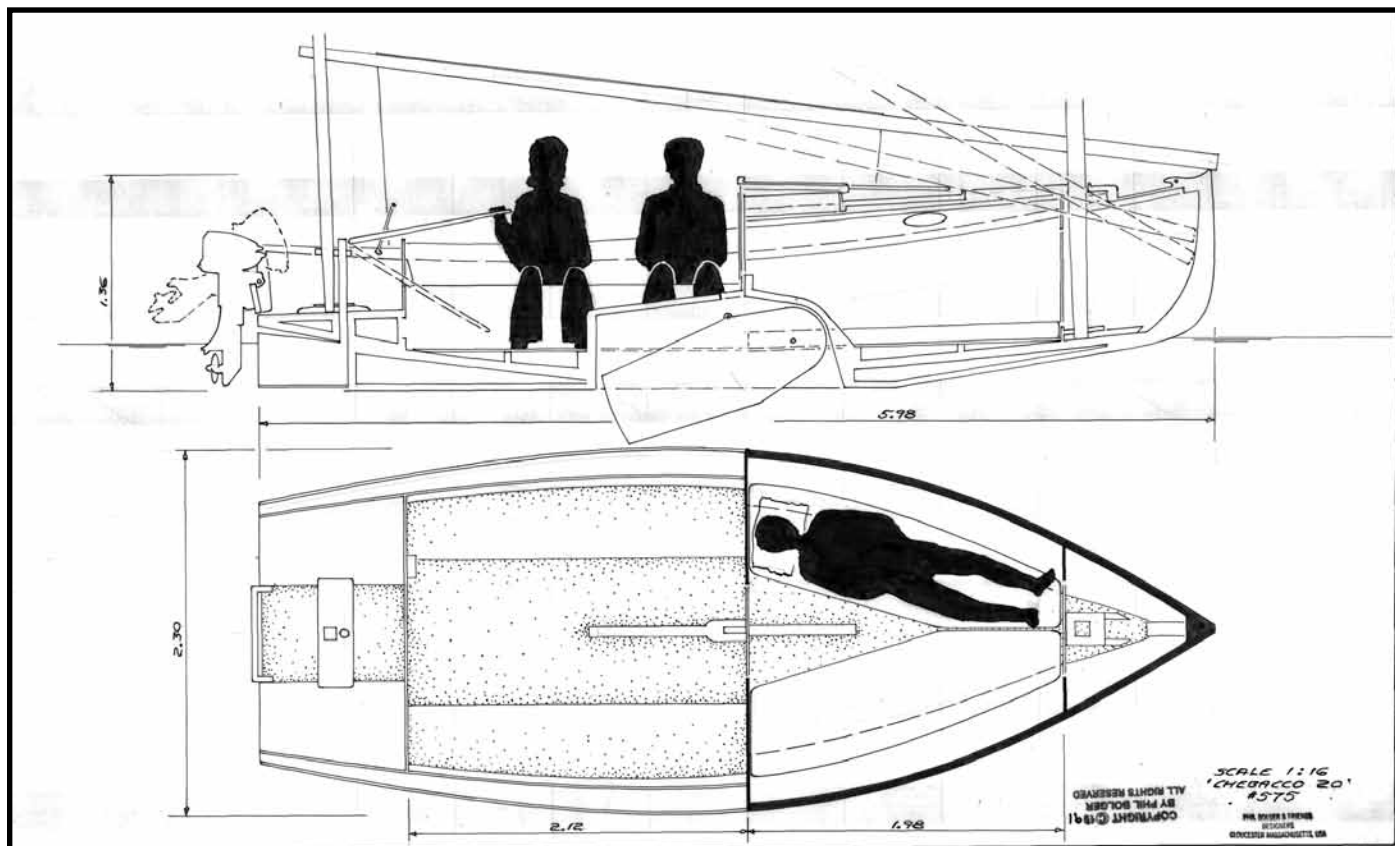
Rockport to the east, however, would mean few beaches once Coffins and Wing-aersheek Beaches are left behind, with lots of stout granite shores to navigate along to find the small Rockport Basin. And more of that headed southwest until Eastern Point Light and the 0.4 mile breakwater that, for the last hundred years or so, defines Gloucester's outer harbor, thence inside again with fine anchorages, all within full cell phone reception.

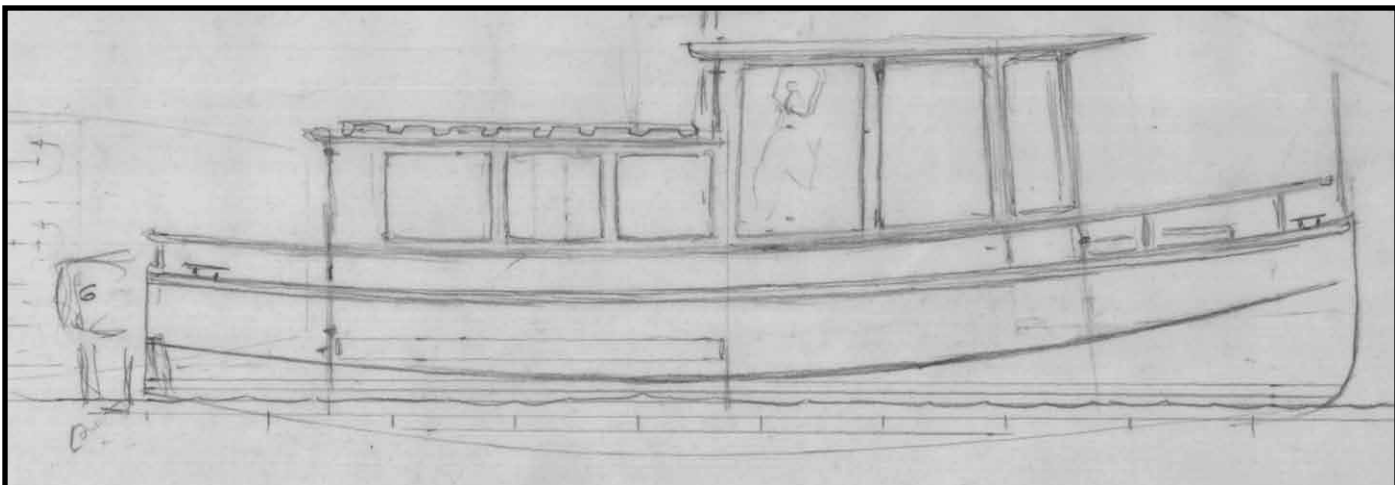
To refresh some folks' memory, and to offer her to others as yet unfamiliar with the type, I present the original unballasted Chebacco 20 in her double chine hull geometry, picture her round bilge sister hull without the knuckles and otherwise the same rig, layout, six person cockpit and a fine outboard mount right on centerline.

To wrap up this series of studies, I'll add a sketch by Phil I knew was amongst the Chebacco plans. Drawn in pencil on a piece of vellum cut out of a discarded larger piece, this is just a profile of a trawler type cruiser concept, powered with all of her mighty 6hp. She'd have two berths aft for up to six day guests, plus two seats in that full headroom wheelhouse forward, likely minimal galley under the seats and a door forward into that minimal bow cockpit to tend to ground tackle and step dry footed onto that beach or just the trailer tongue.

Initially I thought I'd develop this further with the usual plan views and a few sections to make the concept clearer. And as I suggested last issue, it would indeed look rather cute. However, I decided to just share this little scrap of paper as is, this quick thought, laid down in little time but to scale. Pulling it out the stack of the much larger completed plans sheets, I found myself moved to hang it up for a few weeks. A greeting from the past and from far away, and yet so near. You know what he meant...







According to a report I read recently, Australia is moving along to the north at about 3" per year. In the last 20 years it has reportedly moved about 5'. Since latitude and longitude are "fixed" on the globe, all the GPS readings on the continent are reportedly off a bit. The modification in GPS readings to account for this change (the US is also on the move, but much slower) is part of the new NAD 2022 being developed.

Although I have not seen it happen, one reads about, and sees pictures of, vehicles following their trailers down the ramp and into the water. A simple preventative measure that I always used was chocks behind the rear wheels of the vehicle if I had to get out of the car (usually during recovery). If the tide was right, I could put the transmission in neutral (or put in the clutch with the standard shift) and let the boat and trailer down the ramp and into the water (my wife held the line to the boat), hit the brakes so the boat slid off the trailer and then drive back up the ramp with the empty trailer behind me. If such was not possible, the first thing I did after setting the parking brake and putting the automatic transmission in park (I turned off the engine and left it in gear with the standard transmission) was to put chocks behind the vehicle's rear wheels.

One very efficient method I saw on one launch ramp was a pair of chocks (6"x6" and about a foot long, cut diagonally lengthwise) with a large lag screw eye screwed into one end. A line went from the screw eye to the rear bumper of the vehicle and was attached with a small hook. A chock was placed behind each rear wheel. When the driver headed back up the ramp, the chocks bounced along behind until he was on level land and could retrieve them.

Some boat engines have an automatic shut down action if the oil pressure drops or the engine overheats to protect the engine. Usually there is a buzzer that sounds off ahead of time so the operator has an opportunity to take corrective action. Sometimes the buzzer does not work or is ignored. I read about a freighter that was going downstream when the engine quit. Those at the helm were able to get the freighter stopped with "minimal" damage to the ship and the shore bulkhead. Why did the engine stop? The oil pressure dropped below the "safe" level and the safety switch for this problem shut down the engine. How this happened with no one



aware of the problem is part of the investigation. If you have an engine that will shut off if the oil pressure drops or the cooling water temperature rises, you might want to have your anchor and rode ready to be deployed.

At one time I flew a Cessna 152 with a photographer friend who took slides of our local bay bottom so we could see where the channels had shifted. Finding a still air day, with the sun overhead, with a very low tide was a bit of trick (usually in January or February). But the results were well worth the effort for local navigation information. I would combine the previous years' slides with the newer slides to show the changes in the local tidal flats for a presentation to those interested. Now one does not need a plane, a pilot and a photographer to get decent air photos of a selected area, just a drone with a digital camera. Granted, coverage in a photo at 400' does not compare with that at 1,500 feet, but current digital software will merge the photos together to give a wider coverage (with more detail).

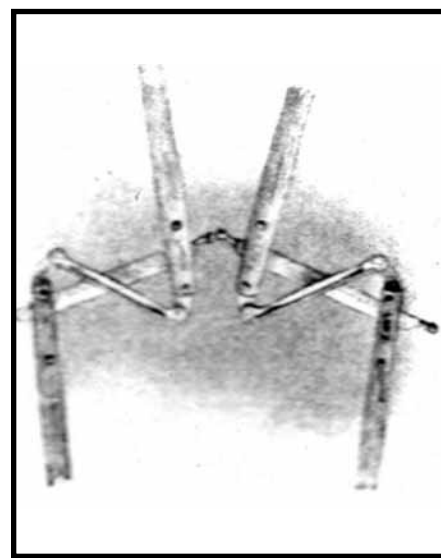
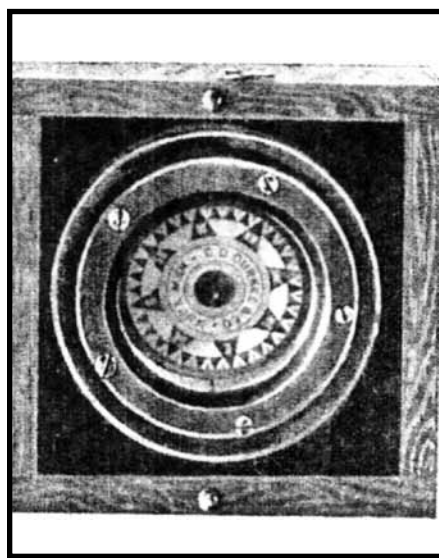
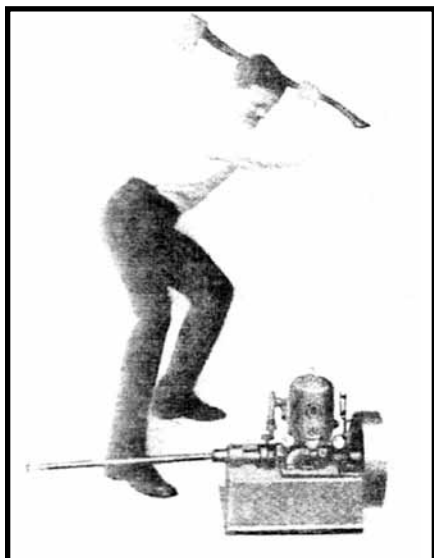
Many years ago, I was working on a fiberglass crack and needed a small, sharp, pointed piece of wire (or the like) to clean out the debris that was still wedged in the crack. That same week I had an appointment for dental cleaning. While the technician was working with her picks, the thought came to me that these were the tools I was looking for. I asked the technician what was done with old picks. It seemed that they were run through the autoclave a couple of times and then thrown out as medical waste. I asked about throwing some my way and left the office with a collection of dental picks. Now these can be purchased in the local supermarket or online rather than getting them from a friendly dentist. The picks are great for getting into small places and come in a variety of shapes and sizes.

Jibing can be of serious concern to some sailors. When I was learning to sail, the tech-

nique was taught in terms of pointing the boat downwind and then carefully bringing in the main and letting it slowly out on the other side. This technique required a person at the helm and a person handing the main-sheet. The operation was supposed to reduce the stress on the stays and the mast. When I became involved in serious sailboat racing on a Ranger 26, I learned a new technique. When the time came to jibe, the person at the helm pointed the boat straight downwind on the crest of a wave and, as the boat "surged" with the water flow, the main was brought over very quickly and filled on the other side before the boat reached the trough of the wave. When done correctly, no stress on the systems and no strain on the crew. Both methods work but require practice in light to medium airs before trying in higher winds. It is your call as a sailor and how comfortable you feel, but you should try the "quick" jibe some time.

Many of today's small sailboats have all kinds of flotation included in the design but little in the way of equipment for dewatering the boat if it fills with water. The Fireball we sailed at one time had side tanks and sealed areas fore and aft (all had drain plugs and access ports). The Fireball also had two Elvstrom bailers, one on each side of the centerboard trunk. When the boat was underway and bailers opened, any water entering the boat left via the bailers. All that was needed was some boat speed as the water flowing past the bailers "sucked out" the water in the boat. In one race the boat capsized and filled. After getting the boat upright and the crew back on board, we sheeted in the main and jib. Very shortly the boat was empty of the water that had entered when we capsized. Oh yes, if the boat is not moving, the bailers should be closed.

An alternative to the Elvstrom bailer for small powerboats is a rig I saw many years ago. The owner had a piece of 1/2" water hose secured in the bilge and the hose was long enough to go over the transom and trail in the water behind the boat. As the boat went forward under power, the water flowing past the hose provided the suction to keep the bilge drained. When he stopped the boat (at a good fishing hole) he pulled in the hose and coiled it in the stern. Of course, if the bilge water is oily this is not a good approach as draining this water would pollute the adjacent environment.



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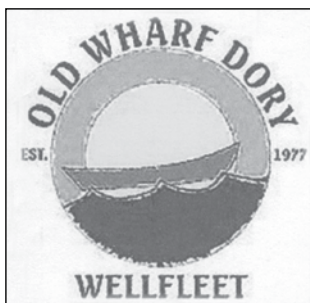
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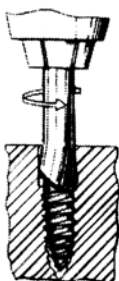
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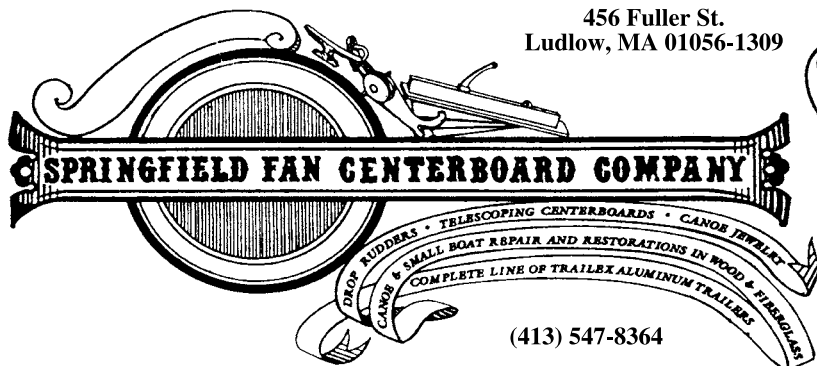


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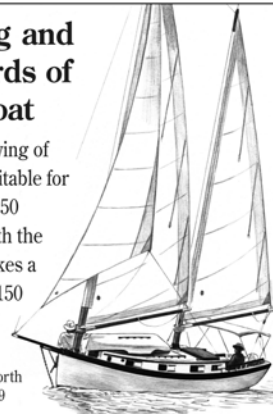
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