

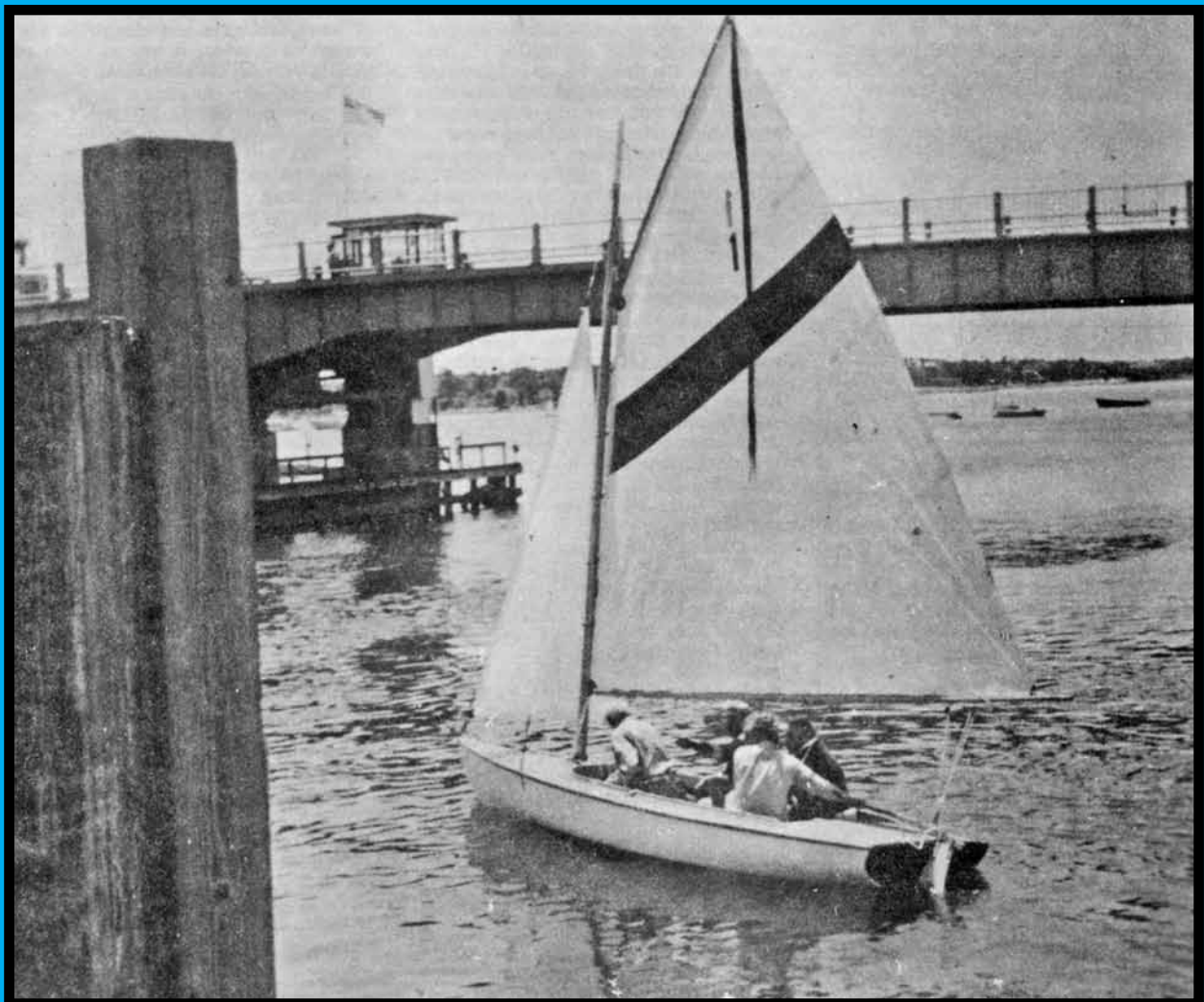
Our 700th Issue!



messing
about in
BOATS

Volume 34 – Number 8

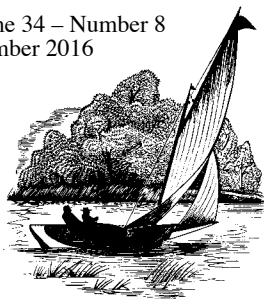
December 2016



messing about in BOATS

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December 2016



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

When I realized that we were reaching our 700th issue with this December issue (I had to do a head count back through 33 binders to be sure) this number loomed up impressively, that's a lotta magazines we've turned out with the same "staff" in the same place. Some changes have taken place over these years in the technology involved in getting a magazine ready for the printer (pre-press), mainly swapping over to a computer (from mechanical punched tape typesetters leftover from our motorcycle magazine days) around 1986 (an early Radio Shack model using a locally developed operating system known as "Forthwrite"). Later in the 1990s when circumstances found us sending off our pre-press to a printer 250 miles away (to get a significant reduction in printing costs from our local Boston area pricey shops) we eased into using the internet to reach them and also turned over the mailing to them.

Going back to read my original "Commentary" on the opposite page revealed half forgotten ideas I had then about what I wanted to do with this little magazine. I've reprinted it for your entertainment. In sum, my original intent that it be a New England focused "local" magazine was abandoned when interest developed further afield along our Atlantic coast, then on westward across the country as people out there found out about us. A second major change came in 2007 when skyrocketing postal increases put an end to 24 issues a year.

My original concept of a 12-16 page "bulletin" format soon succumbed to need for more space and as readership grew we went from those levels on to 24, 32 and 40 pages while still retaining the twice a month schedule. The final page count change (so far) was the aforementioned changeover to monthly publication going to 60 pages.

A major change slowly has taken place over the past decade or so as online small boating sites, most of them free to view, have proliferated, solving my early complaint about not getting my small boating news often enough, but also rendering my ongoing, now monthly, frequency hopelessly pedestrian. And the availability of color at no cost online further moved us into the background. To use color in our format with our budget would put us out of business in short

order. Thus, when soliciting online for a \$32 subscription, we hear, "why should I pay \$32 for a plain black and white printed magazine when I can see all I want in full color free online?" Indeed, hard to refute that logic.

Print media is being crowded by online offerings, newspapers are shrinking, even going out of business. Special interest magazines of all genre continue but significantly reduced in page count. Even big business publications like *Fortune* and *Forbes* (which both turn up here from time to time in apparent circulation building efforts) are pale shadows of their former selves. Good old *Time* (since about 1937), long a staple of weekly news, is pathetically thin today. So where does this trend leave our little periodical? Right now it is at about 1,600 subscribers, a long way down from our 1997 high of 4,300. It's been erosion over 19 years, not collapse, but still it goes on slowly downward.

Since we do not depend entirely upon *MAIB* for our living (it supplements our Social Security, much more fun than bagging groceries for that extra income) and it continues to be an enjoyable and rewarding experience for us, we carry on. I have yet to tire of what I do. In so many ways it enhances our lives with its ongoing support and communication from so many of you. I'd miss it when/if I had to give it up.

The problem with shrinking circulation is the shrinking of income resulting in the unit cost increase involved in printing fewer magazines each month, that advantages of scale thing. The gap is closing and eventually at some point there will be no income left-over after paying the printer and the postal service. Then what?

It has been suggested that we go online only, greatly reducing costs, of course, but then having to compete with all the free sites out there. But I've found that our readers seem to prefer printed issues arriving in the mail. Our online subscriptions total less than 50 added to that 1,600, most of these are overseas for the postage is astronomical (try \$3.30 each issue to Canada, \$6.97 each issue to Europe). And I am, now at 87, not enamored of starting over in an all new (to me) publishing environment. Maybe I would were I that guy at the right, 34 years younger then, but not now.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 5 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 6 You write to us about...
- 7 Book Review
- 8 A Summer Spent with Wooden Canoes
- 11 Canoeing the West Branch of the Penobscot River
- 14 Morning Mist
- 15 Where the Rivers Meet the Sea
- 16 Great Sailing Weather on Cape Cod!
- 17 Everybody Loves Tugboats
- 18 One More Last Time
- 20 Over the Horizon
- 22 Adventures in Military Surplus Property
- 24 A Modest Proposal
- 34 From the Tiki Hut
- 37 *Dancing Chicken*: Part II
- 38 CBMM: *Edna Lockwood* Restoration
- 39 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: We Needed a Powerboat
- 42 DCA: A Sixteen-Foot Microcruiser
- 46 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: Stan's Fleet
- 50 The Florida Cricket Class
- 52 Remembering Robb White: The Time We Almost Lost the Chicken Feed Skiff
- 52 From the Lee Rail
- 53 Trade Directory
- 58 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Yep, this is our 700th issue. There's nothing really significant about that number, it's just a rounding off at another 100 issue milestone. But this brought to mind how many years/issues we've been ongoing that I sorta figured I'd make it a subject for discussion. The cover photo from Issue #1 is a Cape Cod "Baybird" sailed by Loring Wordell, who was the subject in our first issue of a feature article about his "Phoenix Boatshop Cooperative...Where the Boats are a Byproduct." So long ago now...

So what am I going to do? I intend to carry on as I still can afford to do so on this hobby business basis. I try to reach out to those out there who still would like what we have to offer, they continue to pop up monthly but not in sufficient numbers to offset those we lose who do not renew their subscriptions (about 20%, not bad in the magazine publishing world). It would be nice to get over the net loss hump to a small net gain.

Every year at this time, when all the non profits out there are sending around their "annual appeal" letters asking for more money (in addition to their membership fees), we run a page (see page 4) soliciting gift subscription orders from any of you so inclined to support. Those who have been so doing now for many years provide a big once a year boost for our financial "fortunes." We want to spread the cost around amongst more readers, not ask for more money from all of you already helping to keep us afloat. If you have anyone on your holiday gift list who you think might enjoy *MAIB*, gift them a one-year subscription. When it comes up for renewal a year from now they might renew on their own.

I sometimes think of a not too far fetched analogy to what is happening. Commercial sail ruled the waves for a thousand years until steam came along. Then ensued a long period over 100 years in which both carried on, with steam gradually asserting itself as its technology improved until commercial sail was finished in all but the most disadvantaged countries. But recreational sail survived into today. Perhaps small plain print publications might so survive? I dunno if I'll be around long enough to find out, but the next 100 issue marker (our 800th issue) will come up in April of 2025. I'll only be 95 then so it could happen!

Perseverance Prevails When All Else Fails



Commentary



BOB HICKS

Well, yes, who needs another boating publication? I mean, there are dozens already on the newstands that cater to just about any possible boating enthusiasm. I know, I've read them all over the past seven years I've been in boating. But, I decided something still was missing. Only two of those magazines really reached my interests and they come out only six times a year, once every two months. *WOODEN BOAT* and *SMALL BOAT JOURNAL*, nice magazines indeed, but it's so long between issues that I nearly forget that I get them.

WOODEN BOAT and *SMALL BOAT JOURNAL*? Yes, that should indicate to you where my interests lie, but let me elaborate a bit. I like wooden boats. I like sailing wooden boats. I like rowing wooden boats. I like restoring and building wooden boats. I also like old one lugger motor launches and mahogany speedboats. I've found wood/canvas canoes fascinating. I like the idea of coastal cruising in small boats. I think steamboats are great. I'm not a purist about wooden boats I just prefer wood to use and work on.

So, OK, this means that *WOODEN BOAT* and *SMALL BOAT JOURNAL* should do the trick for me. But, as I said, there's that time lag thing. And there's one other really important aspect. Both are aiming at "national" readerships, and thus cannot focus on the local New England scene as much as I'd like to see them. There are hundreds of local stories that just cannot get into print because of the space and time constraints imposed by the size of these two publications, frequency of publication and nationwide focus.

So I decided for the third time in my life that I'd get into publishing a regional publication in which I could tell the many, many tales of regional interest about the sorts of boats I like and the people I've met doing interesting things with these boats. All that is going on here in New England that cannot hope for more than cursory mention in the major publications, or belated coverage several months after the event. Yes, since 1959 I have supported myself with small regional magazines, two of them, so I'm no stranger to the economics and mechanics of getting out this paper you are reading now.

The format I've chosen is this 12 to 16 page "bulletin" type, this introductory issue contains the sort of mix of news, features and classified ads I expect to provide. It has no trade ads yet, of course, but when those who think the readership we attract is a market for their products or services I expect you'll be seeing some ads.

The key thing is this. You will get a copy EVERY TWO WEEKS, except in August when we'll not publish. In August everyone is out in their boats, and I'll be too. But, save for then, you'll hear from us every two weeks. This means that information about upcoming activities will be current, and that reports on bygone events will be topical and up to date. And, the classifieds. You can get an ad out to potential buyers within any two week period. None of this 6 weeks to three months stuff. And the ads are cheap at 10¢ a word, even cheaper for any subscriber because a subscriber can have a FREE classified in any issue. Along with enjoying boats another thing I like is the buying, selling and swapping. I wanted a current, frequent marketplace for this. So I'm providing it.

The contents will reflect my interests but I'll not close my mind to other boating subjects that readers may suggest as long as they fit into this sort of home town paper format. I'm not going into any of the how-to stuff you can get from *WOODEN BOAT* or *SMALL BOAT JOURNAL*, other than when it comes with an article on how someone interesting did something interesting. I'm also not too interested in serious racing or in trade promotion items. I am interested in what the everyday boating nut is doing in this fascinating field.

In April of 1970 I started publishing my second regional publication. I aimed at local people and local activities. One of the first subscribers wrote that he was subscribing, but he figured I'd run out of things to print within the year. Now I'm in my 14th year working on issue number 156. That reader is still with me. It'll take time of course for *MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS* to build up that sort of score but it will, it will. I hope you'll be with us through the coming years.

Give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to your friends who mess about in boats...

It's a gift that keeps on coming all through the year!

To order, complete as many of the order forms at the right as you need (or copies of them) and send them to us at the address below with your check for \$32 (U.S. only) for each gift subscription order. If you prefer to pay by credit card, you may do so through www.duckworksmagazine.com for \$36.

We will mail out gift announcement cards in time for Christmas delivery if we have your order in our hands no later than December 15, 2016. If you wish, we will send the announcement cards directly to you if you prefer to personally deliver them.

All gift subscriptions will begin with the January 2017 issue unless you specify otherwise.

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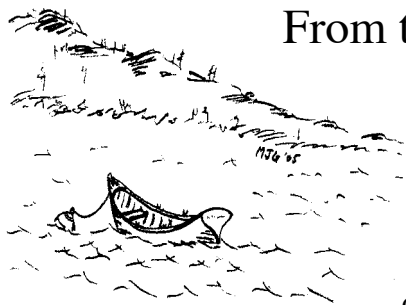
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From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Most of this week it has rained, a chill and disconsoling procession of raindrops from the gloomy heavens. But Christmas day arrived in dryer fettle. By mid morning we had an unwonted glimpse of the sun, and it grew unaccountably mild, near sixty degrees. I lashed my slim spruce oars in my truck and trundled off to the boatyard.

I should have liked to go sailing. Had I left at an earlier hour, I should now be able to brag that I went sailing on Christmas day. I might even have returned in time to partake of Christmas dinner. I resigned myself to merely messing about.

The Whitehall held a mere forty gallons of sweet water. I should start *Moonwind's* motor and let it run while I bailed her tender. I tilted the outboard into the drink, primed the carburetor and pressed the starter. The silence was impressive. I checked to be sure my thumb was on the button. I checked the main power switch that supplies the panel and discovered that I had neglected to turn it off my previous trip. Somewhere little electrons were sneaking off. How thoroughly thoughtless of them.

I discovered my pristine starter cord among my effects and removed the motor cowl and flywheel cover. She started on the third pull and ran smoothly. I should row about for a while and let the motor charge my battery. I hopped down and walked round the slip to the Whitehall and bailed her dry. I wiped the seat, stowed the oars and set the footrest in place. I cast off and clambered aboard.

Moonwind lazed in her slip as I passed her astern. On my way to the fairway I also passed *Endeavor*, *Galadriel*, and *Rapture*. *Rapture*, indeed!

Hearing voices, I pulled to Pier A where a local skiff departed with a handful of joyous travelers to nearby Fishers Island. I pulled partway into a slip to let her pass and exchanged waves with her skipper. In moments she was on her way to the sound, leaving the boatyard still as I'd ever known it. Neither yard crew, mechanic, nor sailor could be seen or heard. The seagulls were on sabbatical; the five hundred boats were free to dream of sunshine and breeze and birdsong.

I rowed across the inlet, and past the piers stacked high with lobster pots. The lobster boats lay fast in their slips; the four by four mooring markers glistened in the pale sun. The inner cove, sheltered by Mouse Island, the point, and the breakwater, placidly rippled. The breeze refrained from any undue exertion. The tide sloshed quietly 'gainst the retaining walls. My easy fisherman's stroke sufficed to part the supple water.

This was my Christmas present to myself and I unwrapped it moment by moment.

I let the breeze spin me slowly back toward the piers. With a few choice strokes I scooted between piers C and D and returned to check on *Moonwind*. There she lay purring contentedly and peeing unashamedly into her slip.

I secured the Whitehall fore and aft, adjusted her fenders, unshipped her Shaw and Tenneys, and scuttled ashore. Back aboard *Moonwind*, I turned off her motor and started it with the button. I turned it off, tipped it out of the water, and replaced the cowl. I gathered up bits of my gear from below: my Leatherman pliers, a wet bandana, a 12 volt converter, a near empty bottle of tincture of myrrh, my registration certificate. I checked the bilge, the head, my chafing gear. I replaced my drop boards and slid home my hatch.

I carried my oars and my bucket of gear to my truck, who ruminated in the shade of two tall sloops asleep in their poppets. It was now nearly noon and I needed to return and prepare for Christmas dinner.

Why are there never hours enough to mess about with our boats? Those hours we borrow to mess about we must treasure as rubies and pearls. The present is all we have or shall ever have, and though gift wrapped with care must be opened with eager fingers and squandered with joy.

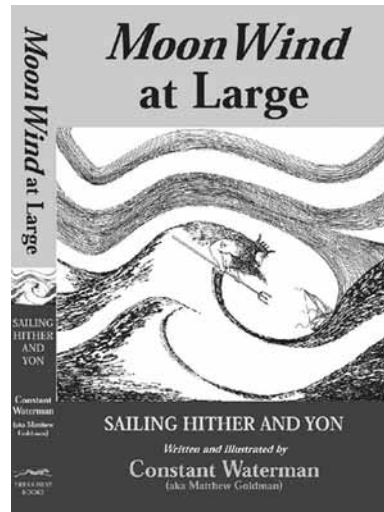
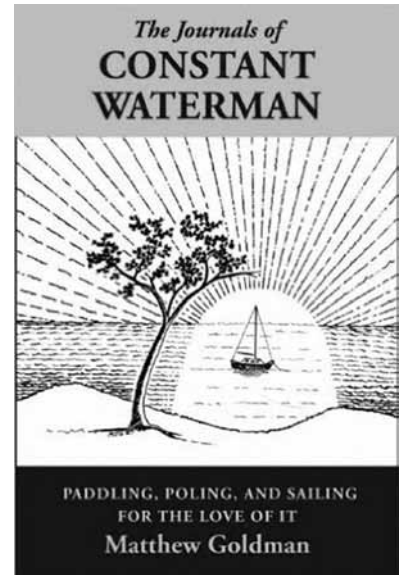
Season's greetings to all, and remember to tell your boats how much you miss them.

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman Author and Illustrator

860-912-5886

To view and purchase my books and cards please visit <http://www.constantwaterman.com>

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Lightning Stuff

This is a reaction to Michael Beebe's "Meanderings" article last month. As owner and sailor of Lightning #4171 for the last 35 years or so, I know you don't have to work that hard. All a Lightning needs are reef points, a dodger that comes back to the jib sheet blocks, floor boards that come up to fill the cockpit from the seats to the centerboard trunk and a downhaul on the jib to make it point. With this setup it becomes a shallow water sailer that is also dry (kinda), can carry six adults and will beat all the Javelins out there. With a boom tent it becomes a great camper for two. An electric outboard gets it where you need to be when the wind quits. The most important and the easiest modifications are the reef points. Just fix it and sail it. Another thing is that this boat is beautiful and can be recognized from across the lake with its tall rig. You can't walk away at the end of the day without looking back!

Dave Ferris, Torch Lake, Michigan

Information of Interest...

CYRG Donates *Elf* Classic Proceeds to CBMM

Classic Yacht Restoration Guild President Rick Carrion, left, recently presented Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Kristen Greenaway, right, with a \$1,500 donation from CYRG to CBMM. The funds represent proceeds from the 2016 *Elf* Classic Yacht Race which took place May 14 from Annapolis' Eastport Yacht Club to CBMM in St Michaels. The donation benefits the children and adults served by CBMM's education, boat restoration and exhibition programs.

The CYRG was founded in 1982 to foster the traditions of maritime culture and boat building, particularly those associated with the northeast United States and the Chesapeake Bay. The CYRG is currently campaigning the oldest known small yacht in America, the 1888 *Elf*, as seen in the background, a 30' class wooden sailing yacht built by George F. Lawley & Sons in Boston, Massachusetts, which now sails the Chesapeake Bay. For more information visit www.cbmm.org or www.cyr.org.

Sailor Hat PFD

The problem: The wind is blowing, your hat/cap flies off your head into the water while sailing. With a small boat you may be able to come about and retrieve it fairly rapidly, but if you have a larger boat that is slower, it takes some time to retrace your steps and get to the hat/cap that is now filled with water and, in many cases, has sunk before you can save it. Another hat has drowned.

The Pusser Rum hat solution was to have two loops of cord on the hat. One in back of

your head at your neck, the other under your chin. Now if the hat wanted to go flying, the neck or chin tether kept it in place. There is another solution to the problem, add a PFD to the hat/cap. Ping pong balls make great floats on hats, almost weightless, don't deteriorate in the sunshine. Use pieces of your 3lb onion bagnet as raw material for containing the ping pong ball(s). Make a small net enclosing the ping pong ball(s) and sew it to the brim of a hat or the top of a cap. A white one at the stern of the hat should also be considered.

It may look funny to landlubbers as you stroll around the waterfront, but you can explain that it prevents hats from visiting Davey Jones and never returning to where they belong, your head. If you want to carry out the nautical theme, paint the ping pong balls red and green and sew them on the brim of your hat in the proper positions.

Since you are under leg power on shore, a steaming light at the bow would not be out of place. Be nautical, be original. Ciao.

Connie Benneck, Dallas, TX

Another Museum of Interest

I have thoroughly enjoyed your publication for years, as I do messing about in boats. The content is nicely varied with regular references to topics of nautical interest outside the US. To that point, I recently visited Rouen, France and their Maritime Museum. They had many interesting displays about the history of Rouen as a port. A large barge one can explore and a restoration shop with several interesting projects in the works. Entry fee is very reasonable and it's accessible from the city by, what else, a nice walk along the Seine.

Perhaps you know of it already, but if not, your readers might be interested to know about it. Go to this link: <http://musee-maritime-rouen.asso.fr/>.

John Eberle,

Poet's Corner...

Simplicate

Lay for'd to the sail locker.
Search among the #2 drifter, mule, blade,
jenny, blooper, jenniker and spinny stay'sl.
Bend on the best choice for a close reach.

Pick a jib?

Yeah.

Standby to come about. Belay that!
Standby to gybe. Ease the mainsheet.
Cast off the preventer. Put the helm up.
Mind yer helm and prepare to meet 'er.
Cast off at the pin rail. Scandalize the mizzen!

Duck?

Yeah. Duck!

Strike below and break out sufficient stores
for mid rats.

Roust out the jack o'the dust and have him
put a high shine to Charlie Noble.

Draw yer ration from the scuttlebutt.

Then secure the messdeck until clampdown.

PBJ and water in the cockpit?

'Nach.

Make all preparations for entering port.

Point and veer two fathoms of warp from the
port hawse.

Heave 'round lively, now.

Belay and make fast to the horned cleat.

Flake and coil down; a round turn to the bollard.

Tie the boat up?

Yup.

Mark her bearing drift.

Calculate a course to compensate, one
to correct.

She's making way, standing into constant bearing,
Decreasing range.

Helm down. Let 'er luff.

Oh shit! We're gonna' hit?

You got it.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

This Magazine...

Comments on MAIB

Recently I visited the Steam Ship Historical Society in Warwick, Rhode Island, where I found *MAIB* prominently displayed, with many recent issues there for readers' enjoyment.

The look back with Robb White is nice but we have read it a few times already. Matt Goldman may have written one of his best offerings ever and nary a mention of mermaids. And Boyd Mefferd proves again he is a wonderful, creative and entertaining author. Thank you for bringing talented people into your monthly magazine and allowing them to do what they do best.

Kent Lacey Captain Commanding,
Steam Launch Golden Eagle, Old Lyme, Connecticut



Fact Checker Please

Doc Regan needs a fact checker, or at least the loan of a compass. In Vol 34, #5, September 2016, P29, col. 1: "Florida Gulf Coast beaches are smothered in algae muck several inches deep..." There was an algae bloom, but on the EAST coast. That's the ATLANTIC side, boys.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL

The Publisher Says

Beginning in 2010, Essex, Massachusetts, shipbuilder Harold Burnham took on the challenge of constructing a wooden sailing vessel using traditional techniques. The trees were cut from local woodlots and milled at the boatyard. Using volunteer labor from hundreds of friends, acquaintances and community members and recycled and repurposed materials as often as he could, Burnham constructed, in just under a year, the schooner *Ardelle* at a fraction of what it would cost with all new materials and a paid team of builders.

The vessel is a testament to community involvement and a badge of honor in the age of mass production. It is a reminder of simpler times and of a way of life that has mostly vanished.

Harold Burnham bears a family name that is synonymous with Essex, Massachusetts, the birthplace of approximately 4,000 schooners. He is the 28th Burnham to operate a shipyard there since 1819. Growing up in a family of shipbuilders, and in a town where shipbuilding is a tradition handed down over generations, Harold has carved out a place in history as a master boat designer, shipwright and sailmaker.

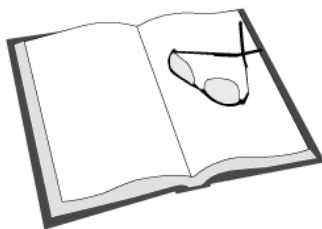
Dan Tobyn is an artist member of the Marblehead Arts Association and a member of the Griffin Museum in Winchester, Massachusetts. His work is on display in collections throughout New England and is featured in the books *Thoreau's Maine Woods*, *Scenic Maine Road Trips* and *Beachcomber's Guide to the Northeast*. He lives with his family in South Hamilton, Massachusetts.

The Reviewer Says

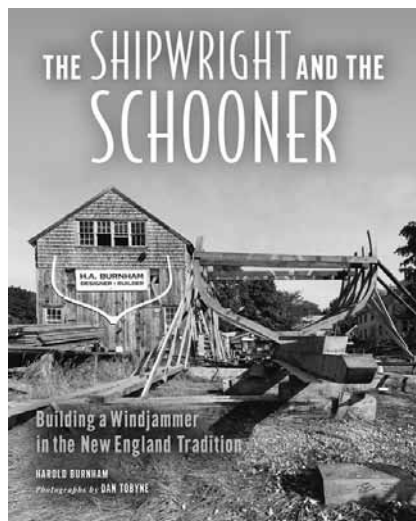
Readers who were with us back in 2010-11 might recall our running monthly coverage of Harold Burnham's building his pinky schooner *Ardelle* in his Essex, Massachusetts, shipyard the traditional way with a whole lot of help from his friends. Now Down East Books has come out with this wonderful book we can all enjoy. Because I have known Harold since his early days salvaging derelict Beetle Cats and have closely followed (and often published news of) his fortunes as he built up his reputation as a wooden boat builder of the old school, I dove into this chronicle of the building of *Ardelle*, superbly illustrated with Dan Tobyn's wonderfully evocative photographs, with great enthusiasm. It was a grand experience. Why did they decide to do this book? Here's Dan to tell us why in his Foreword:

"The smell is what I remember most about my first visit to the boatyard. The tide was out on the river that hot August night and the fusty smell of mudflats blended with whiffs of turpentine and cut wood. My daughter and I had come to meet Harold Burnham, the shipwright and owner, to talk about the possibility of photographing the construction of his new schooner.

Harold started his boat building business in 1995 on the same land used by five generations of Burnhams. A master shipwright, he builds boats using the traditional methods of his ancestors, shipwrights since 1819. He's an 11th generation boat builder and the 28th Burnham to operate a boatyard in Essex. As the story goes, around 1650 the first boat was built in Essex by a man named Thomas Burnham. He built the boat inside his house and had to tear a wall out in the spring to get the boat to the river. Harold



Book Review



The Shipwright and the Schooner

By Harold Burnham
Photographs by Dan Tobyn
Down East Books

128 Pages - 8"x10" Paperback - \$22.95
ISBN 978-1-60893-462-1

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

wouldn't be tearing out any of the walls in his house. His boat would come together outside, open to the weather, and if inside work needed to be done, he'd use the barn his great grandfather Oliver originally built.

Entering the boatyard we could make out a number of structures including a house at the top of the rise and the barn below. We headed for the barn, largest of the buildings and closest to the water's edge. It was dark with little lighting and as we made our way down we navigated many obstacles, coils of rope, chain, stacks of wood, a couple of old boats on jack stands and a strange gangway

that ran past the building and down toward the river. Inside, we saw the barn was expansive, high ceilinged and open with a workbench running the length of one wall and a large collection of half models on the other. The interior was illuminated by two small lights and we could just make out an old dory hanging from the rafters, hand tools scattered around and heavily stained floorboards beneath our feet. Steep, tight stairs ran up one wall, capped by a hatch that led to the loft.

Entering the loft, the sight left us speechless, a wood stove was attached to the ceiling by long metal rods and every inch of space around the perimeter held an assortment of nautical odds and ends. A bench in the corner harbored what looked like plans or drawings and the lines for the new boat had already been "lofted," full scale on the floor. Scattered about on the floor were all sorts of tools, awls, long thin strips of wood, strange flexible measuring devices, odd shaped weights and an assortment of rules. A sewing machine sat off to one side along with a band saw, bolts of sailcloth, a rocking chair and a couch. The loft had a very low ceiling but, as I was to find out later, most real work in the loft happens on the floor.

It was here that we also found Harold. He was pondering an issue involving degrees of curvature for one of the lines. Looking over at us for a few seconds he paused and in, what I was to learn later, typical Harold fashion, he stared at us for a moment, then put his head back down and continued discussing the issue with the other two men in the room. They were throwing around words like "dead rise" and "futtocks," "fairings" and "offsets" and other words I could only assume referred to more technical aspects of boat building.

After about five minutes he looked up and said, "Hi I'm Harold," and that was the beginning of a grand adventure and one of the most interesting years of my life."

This book project is a combination of fine art photography and narrative text by Harold Burnham and myself that follows the construction of the 55', 45 ton Pinky Schooner *Ardelle*. The book isn't a how-to book about boat building, there are plenty of those around. It is a visual love affair with wood, history, romanticism, birth, friendship and ultimately, with a boat once built, will allow us all to go "down to the sea."

Old men came down to the yard to talk to her and school children and adults alike showed up and asked permission to touch her. Shipwrights and friends from around the region participated in her construction and people from all walks of life came to the yard and asked if they could do something, anything, to be part of this visceral and primal experience.

Harold and I are trying to bottle the magic and put it into book form."



Assembly 2016 at Paul Smith's College

The 37th Annual Assembly of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association was held at Paul Smith's College, July 12-18. Attendance this year was good, with over 300 attendees and over 200 wooden canoes on display on the green. Our Norumbega Kennebec project canoe was on display during the event and at the Auction on Saturday it was the final item to be offered. Auctioneer Jack Nettleton started the bidding at \$1,200 and at first the bidding was slow, but soon the competition kicked in and the bidding rapidly rose to \$2,700. The winning bidders were Richard and Lynn Lyford, from Winchester, Massachusetts.

Norumbega was well represented at the Assembly: Gary and Diane Amirault, Bob Benedict, Bill Conrad, Stuart Fall, John Fitzgerald, Benson Gray, Kathryn Klos, Steve Lapey, George Marsh, Dan Miller, Macky Mongold, Ed Moses, Greg Nolan, Greg and Shelly O'Brien, Larry and Robin Pixley, Norman Sims and Zachary Smith were all there.

John Fitzgerald and Greg Nolan did a demonstration on rib bending on an Old Town HW that is one of several restoration projects currently in John's shop. The demo went well with no broken ribs. Several WCHA members who had never done any steam bending were given the opportunity to try it, it is not as difficult as some think it is.



Diane Amirault and John Fitzgerald appear happy that Diane's first attempt at rib bending went well.

On Saturday morning John and Greg were back in the construction tent, this time to demonstrate steam bending outwales on the hull using a long polyester tube to create a steam box. Again the demo went well and everyone learned how to use this new method.

The poly bag material that they used is sold for packaging small items for sale, it is a continuous tube designed to be cut to length and heat sealed at the ends. In this application they use a piece of tubing as long as the gunwales, connect one end to the outlet of the steam box and let the bag fill with hot steam. The polyethylene is capable of withstanding the 212° heat of the steam, if it were just a little hotter the poly would probably start to melt.



Greg Nolan explaining the details of poly bag steam bending to a pair of attendees.

A Summer Spent with Wooden Canoes

Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter
WCHA Newsletter
Edited by Steve Lapey
Photos by Steve Lapey



The Annual Father's Day Trip

The Annual Father's Day trip on the Sudbury and Concord Rivers took place on June 19. Once again we had a good turnout for this popular event. This year marks the 11th time we have done this trip and it seems we never tire of these rivers. It would have been 12 years running but one year we were rained out.

The canoes and paddlers started arriving well before 8:30 at Sherman's Bridge over the Sudbury River in Lincoln, Massachusetts. Trip leader John Fitzgerald brought the whole family, Sue, Maria, Brendan and Erin along with Sadie the dog. John, Sue, Maria and Sadie all fit comfortably in the big 18½' E.M. White, it was not overloaded the way it was on our Maine trip in May. Brendan and Erin teamed up in the 15' Chestnut Bob's Special.



John, Sadie, Maria and Sue Fitzgerald in the big E.M. White guide canoe. This one was made in about 1940.



Larry Meyer paddled solo this year in his 17' Chestnut Prospector, always a good choice of canoes. Larry's Prospector has a shellac finish on the bottom which requires very little maintenance. This finish was always popular with Maine guides.



Brendan and Erin Fitzgerald enjoying the Sudbury River in the Bob's Special, a perfect size for two.

Morris Canoes were well represented, Howard and Eileen Herman-Hasse from Medford brought their very old Morris, pre 1905 as best we can tell, Gary and Diane Amirault paddled their Morris, it is an early one, however, since its serial number tag is missing we don't have a good idea of its year of build. Rounding out the Morris fleet we had Greg and Shelly O'Brien in their 15-footer made in 1915.



Howard and Eileen looking sharp in the old Morris.



Gary and Diane flying the American Flag from the stern deck of their Morris.



Greg and Shelly gliding along in the 1915 Morris, the newest of the three. It is interesting that all of the Morris canoes taking part were green.

Cole and Finn O'Brien chose the 15' Old Town Trapper for today's trip. This Trapper was ordered from the factory with almost every possible option. The only things missing were sponsons! So much for a "50 Pound Special."



Cole and Finn cruising down the river in the Old Town Trapper.

Pulling up the rear was your editor and Miss Deborah in the red Sweet Sixteen from Steven's Canoe Works.

With the rainfall this year being as much as 5" below normal the water level on these rivers was the lowest we have ever seen it. There is a bridge in Concord that we had to carry around a few years ago, we could not pass under it because the water was so high. This time we went under the same bridge with about 10' of clearance, quite a difference!

As usual on the Sudbury we were accompanied by plenty of birds, red winged blackbirds were abundant along with lots of tree swallows. Larger birds included great blue herons and Canada geese.

Lunch was at the usual spot at the National Park site by the Old North Bridge in Concord. There was an unusually large crowd of tourists at the bridge this day, probably due to the beautiful weather, hot and sunny. Our fleet of wooden canoes lined up on the shore right by the bridge captured the attention of many of the visitors. After lunch we returned to the river for the short paddle upstream to the take out landing and the departure for home.



Norumbega canoes lined up along the shore just below the Old North Bridge.

The Charles River Cruise

On July 23 we once again had the opportunity to paddle the Charles in the shadow of the old Norumbega Park in Auburndale. On this sweltering day your editor and Miss Deborah showed up in her yellow canoe from Stevens Canoe Works and Roger Andrews arrived with his partially restored Charles River Courting Canoe. We were joined on the river by Chuck Cossaboom in his Courting Canoe and he led the way to what had once been the MDC Police Station and beyond to where the Mass Pike crosses the river and then we returned to the Cossaboom home, the former boathouse of the Wabewawa Canoe Club where we relaxed and had lunch on the lawn.



Canoes on the lawn at what was at one time the Wabewawa Canoe Club.

There was some shade on the lawn, but soon enough we had to get back on the river and return to the Woerd Avenue boat launch in Waltham. Even with the light breeze it was as hot as it ever gets around here. With the low water level it was a challenge getting to the dock, there was one narrow channel through the weeds and mud. Normally the dam in Waltham maintains a higher level, but this year there just hasn't been enough flow.



Chuck Cossaboom leading the parade in his Charles River Courting Canoe, this one from an unknown builder. It is unusual due to its long Birdseye Maple decks.



Roger Andrews paddled his Courting Canoe, the long mahogany decks have yet to be reinstalled. By the next time we see this canoe it will be completed.

The Salem Maritime Festival

This year the Salem Maritime Festival was held for two days, Saturday, August 6, and Sunday, August 7, at the National Historic Site in Salem, Massachusetts. Heading up the event for the National Park Service was Norumbega's own Mile Parr. He was kept busy tending to all the necessary details.

On Saturday your editor brought a Steven's Sweet Sixteen with a sailing rig to display on the grassy area adjacent to our assigned tent. The sail flapping in the breeze attracted a lot of attention to our display of WCHA information and back issues of the *Wooden Canoe Magazine*. Helping out on Saturday were Gary Amirault, Stuart Fall, John Fiske, Benson Gray, Ted Harrigan, Steve Hulbert and Larry Meyer.



John Fiske, Ted Harrigan and Gary Amirault with the WCHA banner and a red sailing canoe.

We met lots of folks and tried to convince as many as possible to join the WCHA, or at least be introduced to the wonders of the wooden canoes. The weather forecast for Saturday was for rain and thunderstorms but most of the day was clear and hot except for a brief sprinkle in the middle of the afternoon that must have lasted for all of five minutes.

On Sunday Stuart Fall returned for a second day and he was joined by John Fitzgerald, Lawton Gaines and Dan Lapey. Although we had fewer volunteers we had more canoes to show off. Lawton brought his work in progress, the 1916 Old Town that he has been working on. The Old Town drew a lot of attention, people couldn't believe that it was 100 years old and that it was soon to be looking as good as new.



John Fitzgerald, Stuart Fall, Lawton Gaines and Dan Lapey at Salem. Yes, that is grass underfoot, the result of a month or so without any rain.



Canoes lined up at Salem overlooking the marina at Pickering Wharf. Left to right, the 12' Peterborough from 1953, the Stevens Canoe Works Sweet Sixteen, an early 18 1/2' E.M. White Guide canoe and Lawton's 1936 Old Town OCTA. (Fitzgerald Photo)

Fitz brought two canoes, his little 12' Peterborough Trapper and the new to him 1920ish E.M. White Guide canoe. At 18 1/2' it took up a lot of our space. The red sailing canoe came back to attract some more attention. By closing time on Sunday we had enlisted two new members to the WCHA. Welcome aboard Bob Brophy from Essex, Massachusetts, and Doug Moffat from Stow, Massachusetts. We hope you enjoy the benefits of WCHA membership.

Tully River

On August 13 the trip on the Tully River and Long Pond in central Massachusetts went off as scheduled in spite of the drought conditions and expected low water conditions. Your editor and Alan Doty were the only members to partake in the adventure and, somewhat to our surprise, the water level on the river portion of the trip wasn't bad at all. The Tully Dam, which is operated by the Corps of Engineers, was able to keep the water at a reasonable level. Alan brought his strip built 15' Prospector and I brought my red canoe from Stevens Canoe Works

We traveled up the East Branch of the Tully River from the launch site on Doane's Falls Road to Long Pond and the plan was to continue through the pond to the upper portion of the river. While we were able to find the ever elusive channel in the delta that is formed

where the river flows into the pond, it quickly became apparent that this portion of the river did not have enough water to float a canoe, so we spent some time exploring the shoreline of the pond before returning downstream to the launching area before returning home.



Alan Doty in the 15' Prospector, in need of a little more ballast in the bow.



Painted turtles enjoying the sun on the Tully River.

Canoes lined up at the launch site. The water, while low, was amazingly clear.



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Hallie Bond, curator at the Adirondack Museum, spoke highly of canoeing in Maine, guided by Garrett and Alexandra Conover of North Woods Ways, so five of us decided to sign up with the Conovers for a trip to include the West Branch of the Penobscot, following Henry Daivid Thoreau's mid 19th century route.

Two Johns (Palache and Copelin) and I had left Connecticut on a Wednesday and spent the night in Augusta. We visited the Maine State Museum Thursday morning (it had an excellent exhibit on the history of lumbering in Maine) and proceeded to Dover Foxcroft where Dick and Pam Stebbins met us at the bed and breakfast of Mr and Mrs Vaughn Fuller.

On Friday, after an early breakfast, we drove a half hour to the Conovers' HQ, met our sixth "sport," a pleasant, quiet woman named Margaret (I've lost her last name) from Concord, Massachusetts, and left our cars there after packing gear in waterproof bags provided by North Woods Ways. We were given lightweight, easy to pitch tents. All eight of us (guides included) climbed aboard their van, which towed a trailer piled with our gear, numerous bulging pack baskets of provisions and a cooking kit, etc. Bolted to the trailer and riding over the trailer box was a two-tiered rack, accommodating four graceful wood and canvas 18' canoes. They were built locally by Jerry Stelmok or Rollin Thurlow, both of whom use designs developed at the turn of the 20th century by E.M. White. We stopped at Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, for last minute purchases, including fishing licenses. A short distance east of the top of Moosehead we parked (along with about 50 other vehicles, the fall run of landlocked salmon having begun). We were at the junction of Lobster Stream and the West Branch of the Penobscot. We turned our canoes into Lobster Stream, the outlet of Lobster Lake.

John Palache and I were in one canoe, Dick and Pam Stebbins in another, John Copelin with Garrett and Margaret with Alexandra. This arrangement continued throughout the trip. A short paddle south brought us to the lake, across which we headed for our first night out. By 3pm tents were pitched by the "sports" while Garrett split firewood and in due course Alexandra cooked a great meal and baked muffins. For breakfast I remember having corn fritters and maple syrup.

The Conovers are pros in every sense. They met as undergraduates at the College of the Atlantic on Mount Desert Island and were

Canoeing the West Branch of the Penobscot River

By Sid Whelan

drawn to guiding under the mentoring of a man whose skills in the woods and waters they both absorbed like sponges. He and his wife operated an inn at Chesuncook Village (more about the village to come). His wife is from Paris, where they met during his service in World War II. Unfortunately, he died a year or so before our trip but his wife (I regret not having made note of their names) was at their inn when we passed by, and she was so obviously Parisian that I couldn't help inquiring how she could be at home in the Maine woods. Her answer was that she loves life in this setting and that yes, she returns to her roots occasionally to visit family and friends.

Back to our first camp on Lobster Lake. The weather was windy and the sky gray but we had several distractions, two bald eagles, loons and several golden eyes (ducks). Saturday we returned to the West Branch and lunched on "Thoreau's Island," where he had camped in 1854.

Perhaps the immediate surroundings have not changed much, but the Conovers brought us up to date. Most of northern Maine is owned by international companies with home offices overseas. Their lumbering operations extend to 100 yards back from each bank of recreational attractions like the West Branch. Outfitters and the public are allowed by permit to use the lumber roads, which provide access to all corners of the Maine forests. There are important exceptions, such as Baxter State Park and other conserved areas, but the pressure from the internationals to harvest natural resources and/or develop choice sites for vacation houses is constant. A high unemployment level and the consequent demand for jobs puts the state legislature frequently at odds with environmental advocates, who include many members of the Maine Guides Association, like the Conovers.

After lunch, finding a campsite was the priority but ideal spot after ideal spot was taken by eager fishermen as our little fleet paddled with the current. Finally we settled on a grassy island where we spent an ice cold night. I hadn't adequately anticipated the end of September in Maine. Alexandra's wonder-

ful breakfast saved the situation. She baked bread, cakes and muffins in a reflector oven every day. Garrett's skill with his razor sharp ax was our envy. We were welcome to collect firewood, and could even use the camp saw, but we were told never to pick up the ax. A sound rule.



A cold night camping on an island.



Alexandra's breakfast pancakes.

Our routine each afternoon, once a camping site was chosen and everyone had helped unload the canoes, was first to identify a suitable spot to erect one's tent and then to gather around the fire for drinks before dinner. Cooking pots hung from hooks on chains spread at suitable intervals along a cut sapling, stripped of branches and resting at each end in the fork of a sapling. The fire was kept low but the glowing coals and cheerful flames gave Alexandra the heat she needed to prepare her delicious dishes.

We lunched at Thoreau's Island.



The library tent on the shore of Lake Chesuncook.



Swimming was never an option. By the time we were settled the air was too cool, and when the sun was high we were moving along at a steady clip, stopping only at noon for nourishing sandwiches, soft drinks, fruit and cookies.

Sunday we lunched close to the mouth of the river, emptying into Chesuncook Lake where we were to spend the next three days.

The West Branch of the Penobscot River passed through one of the state's largest forests, which were heavily lumbered in the early to mid 20th century. At the time the most efficient way to get logs to sawmills was by abundant waterways. Ripogenus Dam was installed on the southern end of Chesuncook, close by our takeout point from the lake. We were told that at least one settlement had to be abandoned as the waters rose to flood 22 miles of what had been forest before it was clear cut. The lake enabled the loggers to float the logs, assembled with log booms chained together and towed by tugs to the foot of the lake. At the inn owned by the Conovers' mentors, we met a veteran of the 1930s and 1940s operations, a tug captain.

We walked through Chesuncook village, whose only access to the world was by boat or float plane. We learned that there are fewer than ten year round residents. We stopped at the inn, walked through the cemetery, had soft drinks in the house of a family that caters to canoeists and then paddled on down the lake to a fine campsite with a great view, although the weather was turning toward the first storm of the trip. Indeed, the following morning it blew and rained pretty fiercely. That night great horned owls were calling near the camp and John Palache heard coyotes howling.

The Conovers have a large eight sided tent to shelter the entire troop in bad weather. They call it the library tent because two of its features make for an incredibly cozy refuge, a little wood burning stove and an aluminum box full of books to inform and entertain. So we read and talked, most of us sprawled lengthwise on the floor of the tent.



John Copelin and all of us relaxed in the library tent while wind and rain whipped the lake.

Alexandra left after a while and returned in due course to report the following. She walked a short distance through the woods to a clearing she and Garrett sometimes use as a campsite and was suddenly confronted by a thoroughly unfriendly bull moose, no doubt because he had a girlfriend in tow and he thought Alexandra (all 115 pounds of her) a challenge to his machismo. He lowered his six-foot antlers, hair rising on his neck, etc, so Alexandra chose the nearest spruce she judged he couldn't push over and scrambled to a perch, where she remained until the cow moose and her swain of low IQ and fearsome temper had moved on.

Alexandra subsequently took Garrett back to the clearing and tried to demonstrate the ascent to her refuge. But without the adrenalin rush that had sent her like a frightened squirrel up a trunk bristling with the points of broken branches, she couldn't do it.

But for the wind and rain we would have been on the lake after breakfast instead of being nestled in the library tent. After frequently glancing skyward and checking wind direction, judging how menacing were the whitecaps, etc, Garrett decided that the conditions were not getting worse, if anything a bit calmer, and that we should get going toward spending the night as far down the lake as the light and weather would allow, the point being that the following day's paddle would be demanding. We were due at the takeout place at the foot of Chesuncook in time to return to North Woods Ways HQ early enough for us to unpack and depart. This was the busy fall season for the Conovers.

Accordingly, Garrett asked Alexandra to prepare a hot soup and sandwich snack while we packed our tents and loaded the



Garrett Conover and Alexandra Conover Bennett, founders of North Woods Ways, are internationally recognized guides from Willimantic and Ellipttsville, Maine, respectively. Since 1980 they have earned a reputation for quality wilderness trips and instruction. They have specialized in multi day canoe and snowshoe trips, leading and teaching thousands of outdoor enthusiasts from the United States and many other countries. Now they are more often in the role of instructors though they still make time to lead multi day winter trips.

They are co authors of *Snow Walker's Companion*, now regarded as a classic for winter living and camping skills. Garrett is author of *Beyond the Paddle*. His first fiction, *Kristen's Wilderness*, won Maine's Lupine Book Award as well as three others.

They are the recipients of several awards which include the 1997 Natural Resource Council of Maine "Conservation Award" and finalists for the "Caring for the Earth Award" (Quebec-Labrador Foundation/Atlantic Center for the Environment). *Yankee* magazine listed them amongst "Sixty People Who make New England New England" and in 1999 *Outside Magazine* profiled them (with five others) as "20th Century Heroes for a New Millennium."

Garrett and Alexandra radiate an inspirational connectedness to the landscapes and northern people whose skills they have been studying and practicing for more than 30 years. After three decades plus of guiding year round wilderness trips, North Woods Ways has transformed into each of us teaching workshops, both here and abroad. Reach-

ing out to all ages, we are passing along some of the time honored skills that we have been privileged to learn and share.

We then headed down the lake in a column with Garrett and John Copelin in the lead and Alexandra and Margaret in the rear. John Palache and I were the second or third in line. The wind, the waves, the fully loaded canoe and the fading afternoon light all made for an exciting adventure. Garrett kept us following the shoreline, staying as much as possible away from open water. These conditions slowed us considerably so that instead of spending the night an easy distance from the takeout place, we pitched our tents by flashlight considerably short of the designated site.

We were up barely at daylight with the storm greatly diminished, but the Conovers said that we should cross the lake while it was relatively calm. No argument from the six sports on that prospect. Having crossed the lake safely, we stopped while Alexandra and Garrett prepared a great breakfast. We still had a long poke down the lake but the sun came out strong. The wind built up again but it was manageable and we made the takeout on time. A lovely trip.

Winter months we can be found instructing locally and abroad (see Woodsmoke, Bushcraft & Wilderness Survival), engaged in photography and writing (Garrett), composing and performing music, crafting paddles, drums and such for Frogwoods (Alexandra). Garrett is available to present slide shows and give workshops. Alexandra is currently guiding Woodspirit and also teaches workshops.

The following are links to schools with whom we currently guide or instruct. You'll see why North Woods Ways and they are such a good fit. Try some of their courses and guided trips!

Woodsmoke: Bushcraft & Wilderness Survival courses and trips, Windermere, Cumbria, UK.

North House Folk School: Traditional northern craft school, Grand Marais, Minnesota.

Lure of the North: Traditional winter travel, crafts and skills, Sudbury, Ontario.

Song in the Woods: Backcountry dog-sledding adventures, Maine.

Please visit this North Woods Ways website often, as well as Facebook, for current offerings. Feel free to call or write us at North Woods Ways, 2293 Ellipttsville Rd, Willimantic, Maine 04443 (207) 997-3723 or by email.

This is where you can see what we have taught or been involved with over the years, some of which we still do:

Maine Guide Training Program: North Woods Ways offered the first 12-day Maine Guide training program in the state which ran for a decade. A number of graduates went on to form their own companies and take up this time-honored profession.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Assemblies: Founded in 1980, this organization works tirelessly to promote the care and use of fine wooden watercraft. We have taught workshops including canoe travel techniques and strategies, canoe poling, north woods paddling techniques, "Omering," open fire cookery, portaging and have written articles for their quarterly *Wooden Canoe* magazine. See the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association website.

Commonground Fair: Paddle making, axe handle carving and hanging, crooked knife making, hide tanning, mukluk and packbasket making are some of what we have taught since 1983 in the Folk Arts area. See the Maine Organic Farmers and Gardeners Association website.

The L.L. Bean International and Maine Canoe Symposiums: Over the many years, hundreds of participants were introduced to travel arts of the north woods such as the north woods stroke, canoe poling, canoe travel techniques and expedition menu planning. Often Garrett was the featured Saturday evening presenter with shows taking one on canoeing adventures in both Labrador and Maine. See the Maine Canoe Symposium website.

MidWest Winter Camping Symposium: Snowshoe and toboggan travel techniques, and menu planning are common workshops we offer annually at this event. See the Winter Camping website.

Snow Walkers Rendezvous and the Wilderness Paddler's Gathering: Hulbert Center, Vermont. Winter snowshoe and toboggan travel and warm three season canoe travel workshops are offered nearly annually at these popular New England events. See the Hulbert Outdoor Center website.

Speaking for Wild Lands: Public testimonies:

Links to organizations that you may like:

Natural Resources Council of Maine, Forest Society of Maine, Maine Woods Forever, Friends of Baxter State Park, Northern Forest Canoe Trail, East Sangerville Grange, Teens To Trails.

Outdoor Youth Programs: Life-jackets: Charlotte White Center, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

Founders and Former Board Members, Maine Wilderness Guides Organization www.mainewildernessguides.org.

Honorary Director, Friends of Baxter State Park (Alexandra).



Garrett in Washington, DC, lobbying swing state Senators for tough Climate Change legislation at the invitation of National Wildlife Federation and Natural Resources Council of Maine.



Alexandra speaking in Augusta. Then-Governor Baldacci left, and Alan Hutchinson of Forest Society of Maine on right.



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There is mist on the water this morning, cloaking the lake in a cottony white resembling a layer of fluffy frosting on the surface of the water. Sea smoke, some call it, but this is not the sea so here we just call it morning mist. It is only a few yards thick, dense at the surface and thinning as it rises with wisps of mist pirouetting on up to disappear in the clear air above. I knew I would find the mist today for the night was clear with no wind. Now, in mid September, as the equinox draws near, the days are often like this with clear, cold windless nights and sunny days.

The summer sun has been warming the lake water for months and the deep water holds its warmth on into the coming fall as the cold nights come, but the thin air easily gives up its heat when there are no clouds to hold it in. A thin layer of air resting on the surface of the lake is warmed and saturated by the water. It becomes lighter than the upper air and so begins to rise, sending new cold air to the surface of the lake. As the warmed air mixes with the cold air above it, it cools and can no longer hold its moisture, so tiny water droplets precipitate out. They are so small that they do not fall, but remain suspended and, as the morning light hits this gathering of millions of tiny droplets, we see a blanket of pure white morning mist.

I am out early today, just a little after sunrise. The lake is close to home and the short carry to the little stony beach was easy. The lake is calm as I carefully place my canoe beyond the rocks at the water's edge and step in, kneeling just behind center, trying to keep the little craft in trim. Today I am alone. The canoe functions best with two of us paddling, then it does its job beautifully. I cannot fool it by kneeling in the center.

The canoe and I make our peace and we paddle silently and effortlessly into the stillness of the morning. It is a bright, cloudless morning with the rising sun filtering through the treetops on the surrounding hills. The mist seems to be ignoring the sun, swirling about me as I silently paddle through it. A few tiny feathers and bits of goose down dot the water surface as the canoe moves along the west shore, the way we have gone hundreds of times. The lake does not seem heavily polluted but the water is cloudy, nothing like the clear lakes of the North Country. It is a compromise, but it is the best I have and so I use it with pleasure. It is the kind of boating

Morning Mist

By Hugh Groth



that we always enjoyed, not fighting waves and wind, just moving slowly along the shore to observe wildlife or sitting quietly to appreciate the scenery.

Here at our local lake we usually would start along the nearby west shore, circling the lake clockwise to get the best advantage of the prevailing wind. Wind is not a factor this morning, but I go the same way anyway. A zephyr of air stirs the mist and the water surface sparkles like crystal for a moment, then it is gone and all is still again as the mist closes around me.

It is calm and quiet and the mist around me is not dense so it is a good morning for seeing. I move along slowly and quietly as I always do, noting the mature flower heads and seed pods waving atop the multicolored plant life along the shore. In the spring and early summer everything is a fresh green, all shades from light to dark. Now there is only mature green highlighted by a bit of orange and red, upstaged by sumac and blackberry tangles in all shades of purple, russet, orange, red and yellow. In amongst everything is the dried grass, bent by the heavy dew. It is too early for fall color, but still beautiful in the bright sun.

I round a point of land and find a new snag, a tree that has recently lost its hold on the shore and fallen into the water. There on the tree is a great blue heron standing tall and trying to blend in with the branches. I think he might be our old friend, the one who is not shy, and indeed he eyes me warily but stays put as I stay still and glide past rather near without moving my paddle.

I turn into a little cove where I risk being bombed with ripening walnuts. The tree, once tall and majestic, now leans precariously out over the water, struggling to survive as nearly everything does in this seemingly serene and peaceful environment. A little further on there is the remains of a small barkless tree jutting up at the water's edge, appearing like a giant deer antler, one that has lost the struggle.

As I round the next point a kingfisher takes wing, calling a warning to everyone that I am coming. He stays about 50 yards ahead of me, flying somewhat erratically from tree to tree. By now the swallows are gone and I look to the shore underbrush but don't see the little green heron today. Soon, feeling he has done his job, the kingfisher flies back down the lake.

At the northwest end of the lake I look back down the way I have come and notice that the mist is thinner now. The bright sun reflects into my eyes so I drift into the shade of the trees on the east side. In the coves and the shade of the hills on the east shore there is still mist rising from the water. Hidden along

the shore are a dozen mallards. They quack to each other and swim out into the lake as I approach, not alarmed, just cautious. Several burst into flight, moving just far enough to feel they are safe. Several cormorants are in the treetops with their wings spread, drying them in the sun, and a small turtle extends his neck and basks in the sunlight atop a log.

In a while I reach the inlet at the southeast end of the lake and there in the shallows is a snowy egret, leaning forward ready to stab at a meal. He stands on one leg, looking, then spreads his wings and hops to a new spot. With silt from the inlet river and the efforts of beaver fully one-third of the lake has filled in. The basin where I used to sail my kayak decades ago is now a series of islands covered with willow scrub and shallow channels and ponds formed by beaver. The old upriver boat launch is no longer usable. One day the entire lake may disappear, but thankfully not in my time.

I paddle up a new inlet channel formed by recent flooding storms. The canoe glides smoothly and effortlessly through the lily pads as I come alongside a newly formed point of land of mainly mud and weeds. In the center a small sycamore sapling has taken hold, with a few others further back on more solid ground. As I come around a bend there is another great blue heron up to his knees in the shallows, hunkered down so that he appears almost like a large stone in the water, but his long bright bill gives him away. Soon I make him nervous enough that he stretches his neck, spreads his wings and, squawking his displeasure, circles across the lake, comes back and lands in a tree not far away, there feeling safe from harm.

With the sun up and warming the air there is no more mist. A gentle breeze has come up, rippling the lake surface. I finish my ride, not spending as long as when Mary Anne and I did this together, but it is a nice morning and I am refreshed, relaxed and happy. It is a short carry to the van and, as I load the canoe, a park maintenance man stops to comment on it. He tells me how he likes working with wood as well and wishes he could have made a canoe like it. "Things get in the way," he says. I know that he would rather be out on the lake today.

As I drive the short distance to home I try to remember all the interesting little details of my brief paddle so I can relate them to Mary Anne, things that would be of interest to no one else, but she will want to hear them.



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After an easy paddle across the spring tide-covered Essex salt marsh Stream Teamers picnic in the lovely field on Choate Island mown annually by The Trustees of Reservations. They returned when the ebbing tide was five feet lower. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)

Ipswich Bay, Massachusetts, a Gulf of Maine extension of the Atlantic Ocean, is encompassed by a 12-mile arc of sandy beaches and bars cut through by the Ipswich and Essex Rivers. The almost white sands are channel disturbing bars in the rivers between Plum Island and Crane Beach and between eastern Cranes Beach and Wingaersheek Beach, Gloucester.

Behind these beaches, protected by their dunes, are 10,000 or so acres of soft salt marshes of accumulated peat and sediment 1'-30' deep inward from their edges and only a few thousand years old. At low tides thousands of accessible acres of exposed mud flats teem with life. During spring tide highs, after new and full moons, the grass covered, flat salt marshes are often covered with water.

"Spring" here is not related to the season. Spring and neap tides are the monthly highs and lows based on the positions of sun, moon and earth. For a couple of hours on high springs, especially during easterly winds, the marshes behind the barrier beaches become vast bays. As a boy, like others raised in Salisbury, I called these spring highs "high runner tides." I still do.

Fresh water from the uplands of Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Essex, West Gloucester and beyond join these estuaries where salt and fresh water mix to form a thin but very rich soup that ebbs to enrich the ocean. The so-called Merrimack sandy loam soil of southeastern Salisbury is surrounded on three sides by tidal waters. I was brought up there on farms with very little freeboard. Years ago I attempted a poem about estuaries that were in my blood long before I'd heard the word:

Dark and light green grasses
In cowlicks swirl 'tween soft mud cricks
Levied by dune and upland rock
Watering place for more than ducks
Has depth and breadth
Beyond its bounds
Where larval travelers get their start
And subtler cycles turn
To nourish out a thousand miles.

In Ipswich Bay between Salisbury and Gloucester the nourishment in large part comes from the watersheds of the Merrimack, Parker, Rowley, Eagle, Ipswich and Essex Rivers. Each is fed by its many tributaries. The Merrimack's bring molecules all the way down from New Hampshire's White Mountains, the headwater streams of the Ipswich from off the roofs and parking lots of Burlington Mall and Wilmington.

On October 16, from the end of Island Street, Essex, 12 tiny vessels joined the mix

Where the Rivers Meet the Sea

By Pike Messenger
Reprinted from The Water Closet
Newsletter of the Middleton Stream Team
Photos by Judy Schneider
and Elaine Gauthier

for a paddle to a high handsome hill arising above the Ipswich Essex marshes. From Argilla Road to Cranes Beach, Ipswich, and Route 1A, Essex, they had admired the spruce covered hill called both Hog and Choate Island. It had been free range for hogs and other livestock for three hundred years. In 1930, after grazing ceased, spruce trees were planted. Now 86 years old, they rise up 70 or more feet, shading half the island's 200 acres.



Choate Island as photographed from a kayak on a spring tide covering the salt marsh during mid October's full moon. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)

The paddlers were en route to explore The Trustees of Reservations (TTOR) hill, a glacier deposited oval drumlin very steep on its southwest and northeast flanks, its steep northwest end, and the yearly mown gentle south slope. Its NW-SE axis was the direction of the movement of the estimated half mile thick ice sheet that melted here over 10,000 years ago. It is completely surrounded by wide salt marsh cricks that visitors must cross. These barriers had kept livestock out of mainland gardens.

Some among the visitors not familiar with high runner tides were surprised with what greeted them upon arrival at the clambers' Island Street landing. That mid day the marshes were under a foot and a half of water. The mile and a half paddle out to Choate is usually an indirect one via meandering wide cricks. These and the grassy marshes were hidden by salt water as they got underway and for another hour. With a brisk, west-

erly fair weather breeze the adventurers, backs and raised paddles acting as sails, were soon under the steep windward side of Choate. Helped by an ebb tide the fleet turned toward the drumlin's open southeast slope looking for a place to land.

A half hour after getting underway the tiny vessels were tied to bushes at the toe of the drumlin on a narrow high tide shore beneath thickets covering an ancient stone wall. The visitors struggled through and over the wall and entered a wonderful southeast facing field of 60 or so acres kept opened by the Trustees. Twenty years ago the movie *The Crucible* was partially filmed in a colonial village of facades around the surviving Choate house. The handsome house built in the early 1700s and renovated by the movie maker stands empty in the lovely field marked with stone walls.

Actors Daniel Day Lewis and Winona Ryder and the ghosts of John Proctor and Abigail Williams, the sinners they played, were not seen or heard. Maybe on a night visit alone their spirits might appear to ask you why they aren't in Salem. Playwright Arthur Miller certainly didn't have them there.

Choate was probably chosen because of views from its high field. God was there watching over his errant children among the coastal marvels of his evolution. The paddlers, just ordinary moderns not plagued by Puritan notions gone terribly awry, sat in soft grasses picnicking in sunshine halfway up the high meadow. They looked out across Ipswich Bay, fair marshes, beaches and sand bars. The gods certainly seemed to be with them, but whose gods, the Indians' or Cotton Mather's? It was best that no one spoke of either, just about the day they'd been blessed with as they looked out on the sea where explorers Giovanni da Verrazano and Samuel de Champlain had passed four centuries gone.



Choate Island as caught by paddler as she leaves that lovely drumlin astern. This photo was taken four hours later and five feet lower than the one taken at high tide. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)



The Yard

Construction has started on the new sail/canvas shop and offices to be located over the old boat building shop on Cygnet Lane. These improvements will create a more efficient work flow to the finish and detail shop. This new space also permits us to locate our office operations to higher grounds during the winter months. We are especially enthusiastic about the opportunity to offer a full service sail and canvas shop featuring custom fabricated work for all boaters and home owners.

The canvas shop will be run by our long time head rigger, Geoff Cabral. Geoff will continue to help with rigging and welding needs. We currently have the ability to perform canvas work and sail repairs.



New Custom Boats and Restorations

We've just finished our 2016 deliveries with the launching of a new custom AP Open Lynx with an inboard Ocean Volt electric motor. This beauty will be sailing in Pleasant Bay for years to come.

In the realm of future enterprises, we are continuing to work on the 24' AP Custom Cruising Cat for a mid 2017 launch. We are also thrilled to be building our second 19' wooden AP Caracal, which will be sailed locally out of Stage Harbor, Chatham, and an Open 16 Lynx, which will be sailed in the Great Lakes. Also, we delivered a new 14' AP Cat late fall delivery to North Carolina and we are finishing a Joel White Marsh Cat. Over the winter, we will be restoring two 14' AP Cats.



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Cat Gathering

As we look ahead to the historic 25th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering in 2017, this year's 24th was a worthy penultimate event. On the day of the race 96 participants had signed up and 84 boats finished the course. It was quite an event to behold. With fair wind, the boats sailed across Little Pleasant Bay, through the Narrows into Big Pleasant Bay, then back again to the finish line. It was truly a breathtaking scene and all of us at Arey's Pond Boat Yard would like to thank everyone who helped in any way, as well as all of those who participated. Proceeds from the event will be distributed to Friends of Pleasant Bay and the Haiti Fund.



Boat Shows

We had a great and celebratory weekend at the Wooden Boat Show in Mystic, Connecticut, in June. Thanks to the dedicated efforts of *Pandora* owners, brothers Burt and Drew Staniar, along with the Arey's Pond Boat Yard finish and rigging team, we are proud to announce that *Pandora*, a 1991 20' Huddleston catboat, was the 2016 Concours d'Elegance winner of the Professionally Maintained Sailboat award.

The Newport International Boat Show is also now behind us and we had success exhibiting two 14' Cats, our newest unfinished boat and *Sweet*, thanks to our friend Bernie Gustin, and in the water we had the G. Calkins Bartender, which we built in 2014.



Update on Gracie Anne

Tony will be recounting his adventures sailing with the owner of *Gracie Anne*, we hope to have that posted soon on our website. After a fantastic maiden voyage, her owner has retired from solo sailing. *Gracie Anne* is currently for sale.



This is a story about tugboats. Everybody loves tugboats. Little ones are cute. Big ones are macho. They capture the imagination in big and little ways. Everybody loves tugboats. Me, too.

We were brand new to living here, on the hard, in Almostcanada with our first fall rapidly turning to winter. Our HOA has a beach and a park and even something that has been called "the golf course" on plat maps since 1950 or so. We also have a 40 slip "marina" and a substantial swim dock. The docks all have to be moved into and out of winter storage twice a year. The lake freezes sometimes quite a few feet deep. When that ice breaks up in the spring the prevailing wind can make a mess of things down at this end of the lake. Soooooo, the Diamond Lake Beach Club had been paying a professional tug service to show up with the most adorable little steel yard tug on a substantial semi twice a year to move those docks a mile across the lake to a spot on the Boy Scout Camp waterfront that typically doesn't get the ice movement.



I may have never mentioned it but I tend to mess with things. A lot. That first winter storage cycle I went down to help out and I ended up making the transit with the professional skipper and deckhand (who normally pulled log booms around and set up pile drivers and other Big Boy Toys.) I just couldn't get enough of that little yard tug with the purring Cummins and big wheel ahead of that barn door rudder. Heck with the docks.



I coveted that tug from the get go. I also convinced the powers that be that "we" could do the same trick with an aluminum skiff and outboard. That was the last time the cute little steel tugboat came to Diamond Lake. Since that first trip on the cute little tugboat a few of us have been towing (pushing, actually) those docks back and forth across Diamond Lake spring and fall. Often it was cold, sometimes windy and raining. Each trip would take about an hour, barring a strong headwind. Three trips each set and the whole time that cute little tugboat was out there with me chugging along. Instead of sitting in a cold little tin skiff I envisioned myself standing at the helm inside, chugging along. Well, that all changed this year, finally.

Everybody Loves Tugboats

By Dan Rogers



Yep, *Miss Kathleen* and I showed up for work, sort of a test, maybe more of an audition. Since that first time, I've been turning out a continuous series of boats that were supposed to be able to do this job.

First there was *Old Salt*. She was a cool retro cabin cruiser but no tugboat.



Then, I dabbled with an even smaller and lighter iteration, *Shenanigan*. Too light and too tippy. Oh well.



After that didn't work out I tried a bit more beef. This one I named *Roughneck*. Lotsa beef. But, among other things, she tended to make me believe we might either sink or roll over at an unpleasant moment. Once again, oh well.



So, not until this fall did I have a girl that I could really count on to do the job.



It took me eight years. It only took her an afternoon. Quite the working girl, if I do say so...



Everybody loves a tug.

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Granted, most of the sensible people whom I asked to come along didn't see the apparent wisdom of heading out for just one more boat trip at the tag end of this rapidly degenerating season. In fact, there was only one "sensible" boat to show up. The other three boats show up even when there's snow on the ground so I can't vouch for their sensibilities.

On the third Sunday in September I've had the "September Surprise" cruise on the calendar for about a year now. The big idea is simplicity itself. Real simple, meet me for breakfast and bring a boat and food for a few days. I'll have you back to the starting point at the end of those few days. Just don't worry about it. "It" as in where we're going, how we're gonna get there and nettlesome details like that. Anyhow, that's the pitch.

Sunday became Monday so the sensible boat could get here with the rest of us at AJ's Café in Priest River, Idaho. We talked about how the chance of rain is most certainly DECREASING. We talked about how the HIGH temperatures and the DECREASING clouds would make for a decent cruise. We absolutely DID NOT dwell on the fact that there has already been snow at the higher elevations. Nope, none of that. And so it began, the "last cruise" of the almost over 2016 boating season. One more last time...

It probably takes a special breed of small boat sailor to just sort of "show up." Well, it gets a bit deeper than that. Bob and Jan and *Magic Bus* had to drive over 400 miles for an omelet at AJ's, Chris, about 35, Phil, closer to 45, and yours truly only about 12. And we were still about an additional 50 miles from the launch ramp and all the stuff we have to do to get small sailboats into the water and ready to support minimal bodily needs for a few days off on a semi wilderness adventure. And that was literally the last element of "Plan A." From there on in, improvise. We changed the cruise location about 150 miles from the middle of Washington State to the tiptop of the skinny part of Idaho. We changed the day to meet up for breakfast. Then we changed the launch ramp, direction of travel, camp site(s), distances travelled and a few other things.



Nobody got a shower. The weather was both abysmal and quite lovely. The wind blew REALLY HARD and not at all. It POURED DOWN RAIN. It hailed! It snowed, just up in the hills. And the most spectacular display of the Milky Way came right after the moon was obscured by clouds as it ascended from behind Chimney Rock. But the morning sunbreak over the Selkirk Mountains did a pretty good job of filling in for Ol' Luna. In the space of two or three days leaves had completely changed on hillsides far and near.

One More Last Time

By Dan Rogers

We crowded into *Miss Kathleen's* cabin for a dry place to eat and cook. And we sat on the beach, enjoying the morning sun, with camp cooked scrambled eggs and fresh perked coffee while contemplating the new snow on the mountains across the lake.

Another September Surprise Cruise is in the logbook. All in all a good gig, let me tell you a little about it.



All hands had already participated in the July "Howl at the Moon" cruise on Priest Lake. All of us had agreed to a change of scene for the September run. Hunters, Washington, on Lake Roosevelt was the agreed target. At the last minute we changed the destination and day. God changed the weather and NOAA told the fables. Something for everyone. We went back to Priest Lake. Not all bad, especially if you like surprises.

There was the usual fall doses of fog and sea smoke but we had our night stopovers all to ourselves. Campers, tourists, jet skis and even the camp hosts have fled. Just us.



I believe this is about when NOAA had forecast "light winds and clear skies..." We actually spent the first night at an opportune stopover to gain a bit of a lee from a very determined southerly. Winds had kicked up a very prodigious following sea and had all of us making sustained surfing runs over a

period of an hour or two. Chris in his Paradox had both heavy rolls/heeling and surfing speeds well above hull speed. Jan and Bob in their SCAMP reported several controlled gybes and finally a "chicken gybe" as things started to get squirrely. Miss Kathleen managed to squeeze 8kts out of turns rung for 5. And we were towing a partially filled dinghy.



As I was saying, Bob and Jan were the sensible ones. They actually PLAN stuff and show up with a full list of required and optional equipment and somehow it all fits in that 11'11" cutie, *Magic Bus*, from the board of the legendary John Welsford and the skilled hands at Gig Harbor Boatworks.

Chris settled into the cockpit of his 'dox like an Indie driver. Short and narrow, that little kit can haul all the essentials and point and foot like a much bigger boat.



Phil came with the biggest sailboat of the fleet, a Potter 19. Quite a capable boat for the conditions and for the location. Phil is a Priest Lake regular.



And my well travelled wagon train had only been home for about 36 hours from Puget Sound and it was time to head out again. Fortunately this ensemble has had lots and lots of practice with long haul towing, launching/recovering and long onwater transits. We do get around!



And when the rain pelted down outside, the first night clatche convened aboard. This was, foremost, a cruise. We sailed both ways, on the wind and on a wild run, over a very long fetch. As the only member from the Dark Side, I stood by to stand by and took pictures.

When it comes to “essentials,” this is *Miss Kathleen’s* Navigation Equipment Room.

I suppose it was about 30-50 miles by water for our little coterie. There was ample time beached and pierside. When it didn’t rain and blow it was sunny and calm and one continual surprise. One more last time.



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Gray Fleet

The “be all end all” ship of the Navy, the LCS littoral combat ship, has had one endless line of major engine failures after another. In less than a year, four of these center stage vessels have suffered catastrophic failures and now the Navy is trying to save face. They quietly announced that the four LCS’s would be converted into “testing” ships to see if everything works according to plan, that means that about \$2 billion of warships are now “test tubes” for experiments. Naturally the submarine and carrier boys are screaming loudly stating that they told us so back when these ships were originally planned. Those falling stars you see in the darkness of night are not asteroids, they are admirals’ careers going down in flames.

Seriously, you cannot make this stuff up. The day after I wrote the above paragraph the Navy announced that LCS *Montgomery* (LCS-8) had two engine failures while sailing in the Gulf of Mexico. LCS ships have multiple engines and configurations so that they can make it back to port after falling apart at sea. So the record stands at five US Navy LCS ships lost from duty in less than a year. Japan could hardly do better in full scale warfare during World War II. Senate Armed Services Committee chair, John McCain (R-AZ) has expressed a modest annoyance with the Navy’s LCS program.

Lt David Nartker, the skipper of the fast boat captured by the Iranians, detained and let go, received a punitive letter of reprimand by the Navy’s commander of the Naval Expeditionary Combat Command, RADM Frank Morneau. This career ending punishment was appealed to naught. The Defense Department and the Navy just do not accept surrender without a fight.

Captain Lloyd Bucher, of the infamous spy ship USS *Pueblo* incident, surrendered his virtually unarmed ship and crew to the North Koreans without firing a shot, thus giving the North Koreans and the Soviet Union access to our most top secret cryptologic codes, machines and networks. The National Security Agency went into a two decade long onset of apoplexy when they lost years of crypto secrets. Many people’s work of their lifetime went swirling down the toilet. Bucher avoided a dishonorable discharge thanks to the intervention of the White House. He was given a desk and allowed to wait for retirement.

Within the Navy, Bucher’s situation and his response is widely understood and burned into the brains of every potential skipper. Lt Nartker never fired a shot because he saw it would be suicidal. Clearly, he faced a crappy situation, losing your commission and honor or losing all your crew. Nevertheless, as a captain, that decision was on his shoulders and the expectations of his superiors were different than his decision.

Note Bene: The *Pueblo* crew spent a year of torture in captivity but the Navy refused to allow them the POW medal until several years later, and then only due to public demand.

In a move virtually (not literally) unprecedented, the Navy relieved the captain, senior officers and senior enlisted men from the USS *Bainbridge* DDG-96 for a series of unacceptable behaviors including poor management, poor leadership and violation of Naval regulations. One of the allegations involved illicit gambling in the form of a weekly poker game by senior men both officers and enlisted. The



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

crew purchased fireworks and stored them in the weapons locker for use while at sea. The incidents themselves seem relatively minor, leaving one to believe that the Navy found a ton of problems aboard the ship and nailed the men for the two direct violations. The *Bainbridge* is best known for its role in the rescue of Captain Richard Phillips of the *Maersk Alabama* that was made into a movie starring Tom Hanks.

Define a Navy: The Center for International Maritime Security (CIMSEC) examined that question because of the nature of the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society’s fleet. Certainly the dictionary definition makes a denotation that a Navy is a group of ships, a nation’s ships of war and logistic support and a naval establishment of yards, stations and personnel. Certainly the stars of TV’s “Whale Wars” fit into elements of that definition but not on others. Iraq has its own governmental Navy and the Revolutionary Guard Navy governed by the clerics.

Yes, Sea Shepherd has several ships that intervene against whalers (Japan and Norway) and illegal fishing fleets. Yes, Sea Shepherd has built ships specifically for aggressive intervention. But is “direct action” analogous to combat? Can nations like Japan and Norway fight against Sea Shepherd under the understanding of what is and what is not an act of war? CIMSEC’s debate has many supporters who believe Sea Shepherd is indeed a Navy and can be treated as such, however, the Center has an abundant of supporters who believe it is not a Navy, and cannot be treated as such under international rules of engagement.

It’s an election year. Congress again is fighting over how many ships are in the Navy. The Navy count is only fully active ships. Jimmy Carter added reserve and civilian crewed Navy ships as well. Ronald Reagan’s count dropped ships that were considered not up to “battle readiness” or Battle Force Fleet count, and that the White House used that process until current Sec-Navy Mabus added all ships including patrol craft and mine countermeasure ships but not hospital ships or high speed transports. The Congressional Budget Office has an entirely different system for counting Navy ships. Congress has been presented several widely varied numbers that indicate we have enough ships, not enough ships and too many ships. Data never lies.

The US Navy is eliminating the enlisted rating concept that has been in existence since the Navy’s creation. First of all is the elimination of several ratings that are obsolete or non descriptive. In the day, a Communications Technician Petty Officer 3rd class had nothing to do with communications per se, that was for the Radiomen. In the 1970s the Navy changed the rating to the more appropriate Cryptologist Technician. Originally there were six different branches of CT for Morse, Administration, Interpretive

(linguist), non Morse, maintenance, etc. This has all been changed. The CNO announced that the Navy shall go to a Naval Occupation System (NOS) similar to the Army’s MOS. Today, a third class petty officer will be addressed simply as “Petty Officer” and will be assigned a NOS of ABD 2307 or some such. This means that many petty officers may hold several NOS designations. CT-3 Jones will now be PO-3 Jones. My old Boot Camp Company Commander Master Chief Boiler Tender Ashley is spinning in his grave. The old Navy where the ships were wooden and the men made of steel is now a Navy of steel ships and wooden men.

Inland Waterways

The tanker *Aframax River* caught fire and released 90,000 gallons of fuel into the water, closing the Houston Ship Channel for 15 hours. Shortly after midnight the ship ran into an unseen object, puncturing her hull. Later investigation indicated that the object was a mooring dolphin. Two fire ships sprayed 300 gallons of retardant on the flames that were mostly the fuel on the water and not on the craft itself. The rapid response of the Port of Houston Authority fire ships ensured that any damage or pollution was kept to a bare minimum. In spite of praise from some quarters, the Coast Guard was critical of the pollution effect.

The Coast Guard and America Waterways Operators reviewed the safety of river transportation and discovered that the rate of commercial fatalities on inland waterways has declined since 2010. The study also indicated that the over 147,000 gallons of oil dumped into the water was mostly from two specific incidents. Both groups indicate that their ultimate goal of Zero Incidents is within the realm of possibilities. The study further indicates that shipping on the interior waterways remains the safest means of transport in the US.

The American Commercial Barge Line has repaired, restored, remachined and re-powered their towboats. A 43-year-old boat was totally made over and named the *Rickey Hughes* for a veteran captain on the lower Mississippi. The guts include two Caterpillar C-280 12-cylinder diesels providing over 8400hp each. Four older but rebuilt vessels were also rechristened at the same time, all of which were named for long time employees of ACBL.

The old stern paddlewheel steamboat *Julia Belle Swain* was featured in a recent edition of *Waterways Journal*. The original boat was constructed in Florida with a length of 169’ and beam of 34.4’ powered by compound oscillating engines containing cylinders of 12” and 24” with 7’ strokes. She was originally named *Charles E. Cessna*, a turn of the century Chicago doctor who bought 65,000 acres near what is today Pensacola, Florida. The excursion boat ran around the panhandle of Florida until a hurricane ran it onto a wharf.

One of the original builders of the boat took possession, repaired it and took it to La Salle, Illinois, to operate on the Illinois River. Captains Verne and Percy Swain renamed the boat *Julia Belle Swain* after Percy’s daughter. They eventually sold it to a Pittsburgh firm where it burned up in a fire.

The Dubuque Boat and Boiler Company built a 108’ by 22’ stern wheeler powered by twin Gillette and Eaton engines with 12” cylinders with 5’ strokes. Operating as an excursion

sion boat out of Peoria, Illinois, the ship was decorated with antiques salvaged from other paddle wheelers. Sailing all over the Upper Mississippi, the boat eventually ended up in Galena, Illinois, under the ownership and captaincy of folk singer John Hartford, the writer of Glen Campbell's hit "Gentle On My Mind" and winner of four Grammy awards.

Ultimately the boat was sold and used in La Crosse, Wisconsin, until 2009 when the business went under. The boat sat at the dock for five years rapidly decaying and falling apart. Fortunately a foundation for the preservation and rebirth of the vessel was created and it is currently being restored under the direction of Captain Eric Dykman who stated that the *Julia Belle Swain* should be ready for the 2017 season.

The entire Columbia/Snake River dam system will be shut down for necessary repairs on the eight locks that are at least 50 years old. These dams are in desperate need of replacement but the sequestration of funds has made the bandaidd approach the only feasible alternative. The rivers are the primary grain gateway to the west. One of the reasons for the Columbia/Snake problems arises from the ongoing battle between environmentalists and the transportation industry. The former, led by sporting goods company Patagonia, claims that dams are interfering with salmon spawning and that no less than four dams should be eliminated. The latter entity claims that opening the rivers will make transportation of wheat, corn and other grains impossible. The Congressional sequestration is a lovely political ploy whereby each political party avoids any semblance of responsibility on a complicated predicament.

Marseilles, Illinois, sued the Ingram Barge Company for community damages when a barge broke loose during a flood and slammed into an earthen dam opening the floodwater to the town. The city, in negotiations, settled for \$1.2 million instead of the \$2.05 million requested. The town will actually receive about \$750,000. Their lawyers will get the rest.

The *Casino Rock Island* was purchased by New Orleans Steamboat Company and will be towed to the Crescent City for repairs and refurbishing as a tour boat. The riverboat tour business is a rising business and states like Iowa and Illinois are moving from steamboat casinos to on land gambling venues. *Bettendorf Capri* and the *ISLE Of CAPRI* casinos, also in the Quad Cities are next in line to be altered to touring boats instead of casinos.

In the realm of "if one is good, a hundred must be better," states like Iowa and Illinois started off making big bucks on steamboat casinos and immediately decided to build as many as they could. You can't travel 50 miles along the Upper Mississippi without running into a casino. The number of gambling boats is extraordinary. The Quad Cities (Davenport and Bettendorf in Iowa and Rock Island and Moline in Illinois) have at least four boats plus Jummer's Casino. The overkill is killing the market quickly. Tourism seems like a better deal.

Merchant Fleet

The Russians always used fishing trawlers as the forward point of spying on US Navy activities. Typically a military specialist was aboard each fishing ship that was arrayed with sophisticated radio equipment. China is taking a play from that notebook and pushing the envelope of their territorial waters. Viet-

nam is worried about China and is also using their trawlers to keep an eye on the Dragon to the North. Indonesia views Chinese fishing vessels as paramilitary operations and simply captures the boats.

The US is trying to define what is a commercial ship vs a warship in order to supplement Rules of Engagement (ROE) and develop strategies appropriate to the situation. Last year China rammed and sank two Vietnamese fishing boats they believed were also spy ships.

Mike Webber, senior analyst for Wells Fargo Securities wrote a report "Shipping's Corporate Governance War" that details an ongoing sector wide and market drag in which a small group of individuals are responsible. These publically held companies tend to be small and family operated although the company's stock is traded on Wall Street. They tend to do what they want simply because they are small and majority stockholders are within the family. There are additional problems because of the entire industry is replete with obscurity.

Most companies outsource marketing and chartering of their vessels and have little control over their ships. This also tends to be the operation of maintenance and drydock repairs whereby many companies have some sort of connection with technical managers (think "sweetheart" deals). Sales and purchase fees are problematic because it tends to involves kickbacks for services, sales of assets or product sales. Many company's Board membership often is interlinked with people who can provide "deals" for service, sales, etc. Many board members can be family linked. This harkens back to the Gilded Era of 130 years ago. Of course, all this impacts the sector on the Stock Exchanges.

What to do with old, derelict seagoing ships? The ship hackers have long been accused of poor safety, dangerous work, ill training and general pollution. The Scrapers and the Ship Builders have resisted any semblance of regulations and tend to center themselves in countries with minimal rules. Bangladesh is notorious for hazardous ship recycling. Now the industry leaders are asking the European Union and associated states to pressure Asian countries to find solutions to the sundry problems connected with scrapping ships.

Ship builders are suffering from a massive cut in new ship orders. Clarkson Research cites data that indicate a 91% drop in orders for new vessels. Half of the active shipyards internationally have closed since 2009 when the overall world economy took a jolt. Low freight rates, oversupply and limited profit margins have forced owners to limit new builds and push older ships further.

Some might think that ship hull anti fouling is no big hairy deal, but they are wrong. New technology leader Micanti of Holland has created a new means of keeping ill desired little flora and fauna from attaching themselves to ships. In the ancient past copper bottoms were the answer. But the normal work of ships soon eliminated the metal. Copper within paint was the norm until now. Micanti has introduced a carpeted adhesive material that is attached to hulls like wallpaper. The little threads keep away the typical growths. Even better, the material is very eco friendly. One spokesperson reminded ship-pers that 60-70 tons of toxic paint flakes off into the ocean each year.

Critics have worried about the speed impedance of non smooth fabric on hulls, however, research shows that the elimination of fouling entities actually generates greater ship speed plus a savings of about 30% in fuel costs. The hairy stuff is expected to remain attached for at least ten years. Because of non toxicity, removal of the material is easy, safe, and non polluting. The downside is that this is a new and very small company and is limited to sales and training. It will be awhile before they can manufacture, sell, install and remove the product themselves.

Other Stuff

Refugees continue to pour into the Balkans and overwhelm all resources, especially since both Syria and Russia abrogated their cease fire in Aleppo and other cities. Another overloaded boat sank killing 52 people. So many civilians are being slaughtered in the Middle East that no one with a soul or heart could possibly deny them the opportunity to flee, nevertheless, the region's resources cannot keep up with the flow.

The Viking replica ship, *Dag Sjövald/ Draken*, entered US waters on its way to New York and eventually to Mystic Seaport. Legend has it that the Vikings attempted to enter the Great Lakes but were halted by vicious indigenous people. This 21st century version was also halted by indigenous people in the form of the US Coast Guard that halted the boat from entering US territory because it failed to meet safety standards required for entering our country. This was eventually worked out and the ship anchored at New York. The problem with laws, mandates, rules, regulations, directions and instruction is that there are always unforeseen situations. Common sense is not an acceptable excuse in a legal situation.

The National Maritime Historical Society bemoaned the constant quandary of debris in the oceans. They noted the rate of dissipation of sundry materials. A paper towel will last about two to four weeks in seawater, an apple core bobs around for two months, a disposable diaper will still be identifiable 450 years after they were jettisoned, an aluminum can will stay with us for 200 years, a plastic bag remains a plastic bag for several decades, monofilament fishing line remains hazardous for 600 years and glass bottles and jars will be glass bottles and jars forever.

NOAA removed 57 tons of fishing nets and line north of Hawaii in one month. One net was 11 tons unto itself. The debris from the 2011 Japanese tsunami is incalculable, and although an estimated 70% of it has sunk to the bottom of the Pacific, mountains of trash wash up on US and Canadian shores yearly. A 200-ton loading dock ended up on an Oregon beach. Kodiak, Alaska, uses large cranes to pick up beach trash for appropriate dispersal. Although the beer cans tossed overboard and the garbage bag full of last weeks leftovers cannot compare to the tsunami mess, every bit of our litter adds to an already fairly sick ocean (and it makes a mess on my favorite beaches).



Messing About in Boats, December 2016 – 21

In the early 1970s, long before I was to become an antique boat dealer and restorer, a teaching colleague introduced me to the government agency that handled sales of surplus military property and allowed individual citizens to bid on it. Nobody was going to be able to buy a tank and terrorize his neighbors. Things like that required two diagonal torch cuts completely through them to render them unusable and unrestorable. There were many more mundane offerings, however, and some that were pretty bizarre, but not combat related, which were sold intact.

There were numerous companies that made their livings from buying and reselling this material and, knowing their market, they paid good money for things like jeeps and forklifts. Although I sometimes bid on things like that, I was never successful. Small guys like me stood a better chance with oddball items. The trick was to figure out what to do with them, and therein lie some pretty good stories.

Items were located at military bases of all the services and scattered all across the country. The sales prospectus which was mailed out periodically would lump more or less similar items and give a brief description of each lot. There would be an estimate of the condition, the weight and the original cost to the government. Everything had been made to rigid specifications and, in general, started out as the best quality.

Some items were unused, others were used all the way down to scrap. There might be an offering of 5,000 brassieres, all sizes, ranging from new to poor condition. I did not bid on them but did think about lots of 1,000 "Mickey Mouse" extreme cold weather boots, mixed sizes, conditions and lefts and rights. By then I had already worn out several pairs and knew that they were the best cold weather boots in the world. I was used to paying \$50 a pair back then so I knew they were worth money. Upon request, the agency would send a list of successful bidders with what they paid, and I remember being shocked by how much the surplus dealers paid for the boots. I decided that my next occupation would not be "boot dealer."

All the items were available for inspection for a period prior to the opening of bids and, if something was nearby, sometimes I'd go take a look. More often I'd risk the 20% required deposit and only look after I won the bid. Depending on the item, often I wouldn't look at all, just pay up and show up. I recall one 30' aluminum boat in poor condition nearby in Groton at the sub base. It was described as 5,000lbs so I bid \$500, thinking that I could get about \$1,250 with just a quick trip to the scrap yard. I won it and then I went to see it. It was blocked up and with a big push I was able to move it a little. Not expecting to be able to budge 2½ tons, I requested that it be weighed again. The Navy had a crane with a scale attached and, when hoisted, up turned out to be only 1,500lbs. There was a protest process for misdescribed items, although the Navy said that I'd bid on a boat, not scrap aluminum. I did eventually prevail and my deposit was returned.

Bidding was competitive and often I was outbid by a wide margin. I remember trying to buy several of the early Lunn Laminates fiberglass whaleboats with the Universal Diesel engines. They are great boats and lots of people knew it. I began to think that when I won a bid there was something I didn't know, that my only successful bids were mistakes.

Adventures in Military Surplus Property

By Boyd Mefferd

(Stay with this tale, some boating stuff comes into it!)



I did stand a chance with the oddball items, however, and bought an unused 30' aluminum cargo boom that I mounted on a winch truck and used to build our building. Another was a set of airplane boarding stairs from Westover Air Base near Springfield, Massachusetts. I imagined that since John Kennedy had been the Senator from Massachusetts, he might have flown into Westover and walked up or down our stairs. We used them as back stairs for our building. When we went away I'd just pull them away from the building with the fork lift and nobody could climb up to the back door. It was sort of like a moat and a drawbridge.

Sometimes I'd seemingly make a mistake, but in the 30 days that were allowed between the award and the last pickup day, someone else who really wanted the item but hadn't bid enough would come forward, save the day and offer me a good profit. I remember buying airport marker lights that I really didn't need but sold to a dealer who supplied small airports.

One of my best "mistakes" was an elaborate data recovery machine which had cost the government almost \$300,000. A friend at the University of Missouri had shown me one in operation. Data was stored in microfiche and kept in thousands of slots, stacked many high and all arranged on both sides of a long aisle with a track running down the middle. An air operated "picker" would be told which exact slot was being ordered, race to the spot, suck the microfiche out, race back to the front and project it on a screen. In the early 1970s this machine had faster recovery times than the most powerful computers and was a viable invention. We all know that computers got much faster soon, but at the time this machine was a big deal.

I won it at \$2,000 and went to Huntsville, Alabama, to see it. My friend had drawings and installation instructions to loan me, but even so, the thing had been so badly taken apart that I despaired, like Humpty Dumpty, of ever putting it back together again. I was ready to kiss my money goodbye when the

company that had originally made it offered me \$6,000 so they could use it for parts! I wasn't always that lucky, but it was fun when it happened.

My best score, however, was a 52' Navy ship's gangplank that I thought I might use as scaffolding. It was beautifully built, Navy spec paint job and almost new. It had a trailer and a 45' flatbed, so getting it out of Bayonne, New Jersey, was no big deal. It sat unused for a while until my wife and I were visiting an artist friend who had purchased a farmhouse in the country south of Albany. Most of his land was across the road, and across a substantial creek which ran strong much of the year, up to the top of the banks in the spring. He knew that I did steel fabrication in my artwork and asked me if I thought we could build a steel bridge across the creek, strong enough to survive the spring flood.

I told him I had something better and we measured and found a narrow spot which the 52' gangplank would just span. I delivered it and with the roller on one end and a neighbor's big tractor hitched to the other, the farmer pulled the plank across the creek and up the other side. It was a perfect fit and served my friend for many years. He said that he didn't have money but offered me a trade for one of his sculptures. I admired his work so this was great! He was already well known, but over the years he became more and more famous and the value of the sculpture kept increasing.

For 20 years I loaned it to the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. When I got it back I thought about selling it but decided I would not do so in my friend's lifetime. In 2013 he had a retrospective show at the Whitney in New York City and then passed away about a week after the show closed. An art dealer helped me make the sale that put my surplus adventures into the black many times over, all starting with a Navy gangplank.

Surplus saved the day several other times. Often when I won a bid I would get a postcard from a professional expediter who offered to pick the item up at the base and ship it me. I bought a big roll of 3M reflective "Scotchlite" film in Oklahoma City and I hired a Terry Wayne Enterprises to get it and send it UPS, which was then a fairly new company. It arrived COD on Railway Express instead with a shipping bill for more than I had paid for the item.

UPS put Railway Express out of business soon after that and it was obvious why. I was enamored with writing nasty letters at that time in my life and told Terry Wayne Enterprises how much money they had cost me and that if we ever did business again, they would absolutely have to follow the customer's shipping instructions.

Now fast forward a few months, my late wife and I were headed out to Los Angeles in a 24' diesel box truck that I had bought at auction in New Jersey. "Mefferd Displays, NY, NY" was on the door. We innocently set out with a gas card, an American Express card and not much cash because we didn't have much cash. On the Kansas Turnpike just west of Topeka we found ourselves running alongside a tractor trailer with "Terry Wayne Enterprises" lettered on his door. I think we took him a little up the hills and he passed us going down.

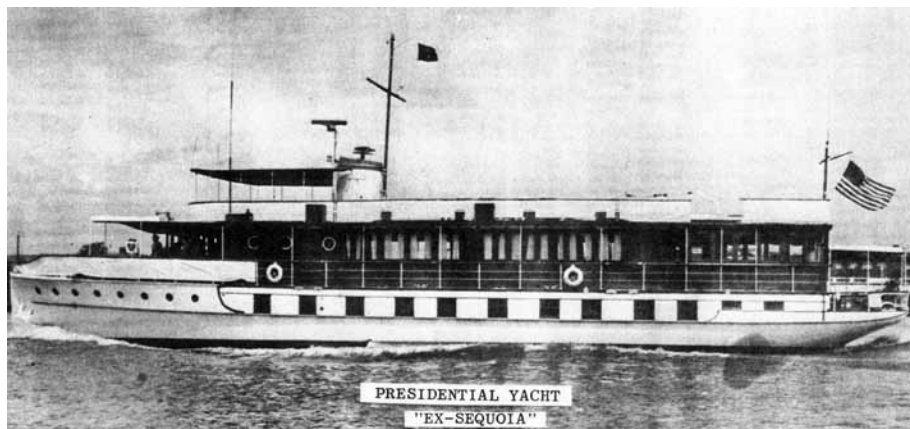
At the next rest area he gestured for us to pull in. We parked and got out. "Is this Mefferd a big outfit, or are you it?" he asked. I answered and he said that he was Terry. He

apologized for the shipping mixup and asked what we were hauling and where we were going. I said that we were empty and headed to LA to pick up one of my art pieces. He said that if we would follow him to Oklahoma City, he'd give us a load.

He had two lots consisting of many, many loose boxes of aircraft parts that he had been putting off boxing up and shipping. We put one guy's stuff in the front of the truck, built a little plywood dam across and then put the rest. Terry gave me the addresses and phone numbers and told me to collect \$500 cash from each delivery.

It turned out we didn't have nearly enough cash to make the trip. Fuel was not a big problem but lots of restaurants and motels didn't take AMEX. We were broke by the time we got to LA, but then we had a thousand dollars in cash, all thanks to a little roll of surplus Scotchlite and some exceptional luck.

I didn't usually get emotionally involved with the surplus offerings but there was one big, big exception, 104'7" big, in fact, the Mathis Trumpy Presidential yacht *Sequoia*. When Jimmy Carter was inaugurated early in 1977, one of his early actions was to order the sale of the Presidential yacht, which I guess was a frill he didn't need. Despite the unique nature of the item, normal protocol was followed and she was offered in a sealed bid sale, just like the brassieres and the gangplank. I was in love and couldn't put the catalog down and I've kept it all these years. Maybe I should have known that I was going to end up in the



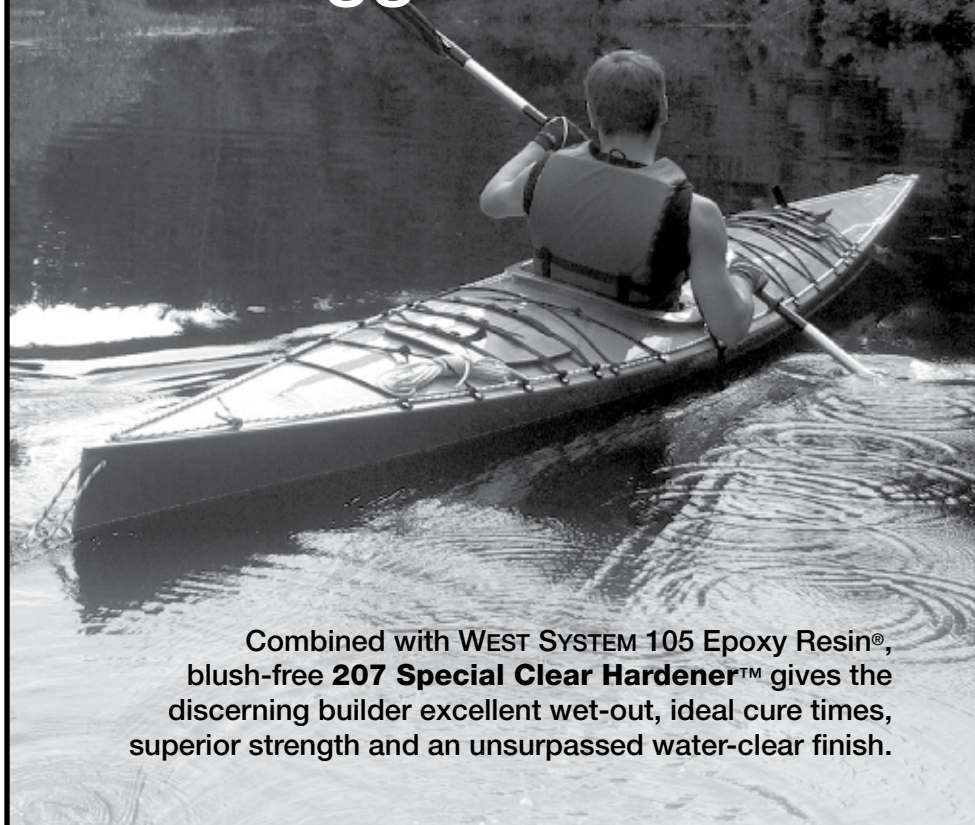
boat business, but in 1977 I had a new building and a small daughter, and no matter what kind of bid won the day, I was in no position to own and care for such a yacht.

Sequoia was described just as any other ship or boat would be, with "major items of equipment remaining on board," including her two 6-71 Detroit's, various generators, compressors, fire pumps and bilge pumps. She was at the Washington, DC Navy Yard, and, if not removed by the contract deadline, could stay there for \$50 a day. A brief history included her use by FDR, Johnson, Nixon and Ford. Apparently JFK had his own boats to use when he wasn't going up and down my airplane stairs. I understood that the high

bid was \$250,000 and Congress tried to block the sale but she did pass into private hands. In 2004 Congress authorized \$2 million dollars to purchase her back for the government, but apparently that was turned down and she is now run as a privately owned tourist attraction at a marina on the Potomac.

When a bidder had been inactive for a while the government would send a postcard which needed to be returned to stay on the list. Sometime in the late '70s I didn't return it and really didn't miss it all that much, I don't know if I would do it all over again if I had the chance but, for the most part, it was fine while it lasted. If I was to get back in, I'd probably pay more attention to the whale boats.

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Part 1

I've asked the Experts. It really is a simple question, or so I thought. At least I get a very simple answer. "Dunno." Simple, sure. Satisfying? Not so much.

Many of us go to what we think of as small boat "events." The long standing tradition of going to a "messabout" is a central column of our subculture. Forums, online articles and social media are a recent but popular method of expanding our exposure to each other. Sort of a continuous messabout and that's nothing but cool.



So back to my question. Is just looking at, talking about and what distills rapidly into just a vicarious experience of messing about in boats "enough?" That iconic Peggy Lee song from the late '60s asks the same question. "Is that all there is?" She answered her own question with, "...then let's just keep dancing..." Certainly the musical Grande dame, who gave voice to "Lady and the Tramp," knew a thing or two about existentials. Certainly.

Heck, this basic wonder what has been bandied about for millennia. Plato and Aristotle and their gang of cognoscenti took regular swings. More recently our good buddy from Philosophy 101, Mr Descartes, crunched the whole enchilada into a Cliff Notes' friendly version with "cogito ergo sum." But I seriously doubt ol' Rene ever labored over whether to build a Bolger/Michalac over a Welsford. Sail or putt putt? Workboat or work of art? Nope. Those eggheads from Phil class all neatly begged the question.

Not me, I'm gonna keep asking it until I finally get some answers. And not just any old answers either. After all, this is election season. We as a nation here in the xenophobic "Land of the Big PX" are collectively spending billions on a similar proposition. It's called confirmational bias. Another pretty basic dilemma. The psychobabble definition suggests that if we already have emotional/intellectual/physical investment in an idea or position, then we will go to just about any length to find evidence to support that way of thinking.

Rene must be doing flip flops in that ol' pine box, eh? We've managed to cut his catchy slogan down to Twitter friendly size by side-stepping at least 60% of his equation. On the macro level we're down to a simple "is."

Back to my question that the boat experts also sidestepped. Is talking about, and reading about, other guys' boat trips really enough? If so, then I'm not even being subtle when I suggest that the whole shebang is pretty unsustainable. When I really want to be in the know, I ask the great Seer from Bradenton. The Lucas is never chary about expostulating his view of the world. Dave regularly extols the virtues of whatever boat he is currently building as "the very best." And maybe this buck really does stop at the Tiki Hut. Maybe.

A Modest Proposal

By Dan Rogers

But Dave never "goes anyplace." Well, other than downriver to that beer and hot dogs joint someplace closer to Tampa Bay than his World Headquarters of the Lucas Boatbuilding and Happy Hour Club. Then he scuttles back to the Tikiguys before that Florida sun gets too close to the western horizon. Don't get me wrong, I really respect the Bard of Bradenton. He really knows his shtick. But I'm trying to salve my own minority opinion confirmational bias. So work with me here, willya?

Let's just stop dancing for a minute and listen to the orchestra. I've been to a whole lot of places, especially this summer, that are pretty cool places to put boats into and explore. Over the past half century or so that adds up to tens of thousands of miles of paddling, sailing and putt putting around. Back to confirmational bias.

Waaaay back when *Small Boat Journal* was gonna live forever and ever, I read about a guy with an old Ford half ton pickup and a cute little Montgomery pocket cruiser who hooked up and headed out. I don't remember his name or even where he went. But dog-gone it, he hooked up and headed out! Years before my own land water voyages of discovery. He is still my anonymous hero. And I think he should be yours as well.



We ALL should be hooking up and heading out. And not just vicariously. Sailing back and forth on our own local puddle, bay, river, even ocean is OK. Probably the best excuse to be poring over those nifty study plans for the "next one." But seriously folks, IS THAT ALL THERE IS? Nope.

Let me try this from another angle. I've sort of slid into being a two bit mini cruise leader. For example, I get this lunatic notion that it would be really cool to go play in the rain before or after the jet skis are hatching and swarming. I go a bit further down this slippery slope and start looking for playmates. Several thousand eyes anxiously scan the Boat Porn Channel each and every morning. I put out the word that we're gonna go hook up and head out. Usually fewer than a half dozen boats will actually show up and that's awesome. But what about everybody else?

So, my question is, what would it take to get YOU to join in the fun? It's a simple question. And if I get any answers I do have another question. Think of it as a modest proposal...

Part 2

OK, I asked around. Several folks who I correspond with regularly offered some rather thoughtful feedback. Occasionally the answer was more personal in nature, "Dunno why I don't..."

Then I got a note from the editor himself, "The Shallow Water Sailors in Maryland have over 100 members, their annual cruises in spring and fall attract a half dozen at most. Our local chapter (eastern Massachusetts) of the Wooden Canoe Association has about 75 members, their more or less monthly day trips (five to ten mile paddles on local flatwater rivers) typically draw a half dozen of them and an annual trip to the north country for a wilderness paddling holiday half of that."

Those ratios seem to match what I have observed elsewhere. It's at least a baseline. Generally it seems that people join and continue to belong to organizations and looser affiliations via social media that enhance a continuing opportunity for vicarious experience. These groups are notionally made up of folks who build, maintain, modify and sail/paddle/motor vessels occupying the "small" end of the small craft spectrum. There is, collectively, a great deal of time, effort and expense obligated to this endeavor.



MAIB's monthly compendium is, first and foremost, in the business of conveying vicarious small craft related experience to its readers. I'm honored to be a regular contributor to that effort this past decade or more. And I don't belittle that apparent vicarious thing one bit. Hey, at my age, I tend to do something, build something or go someplace, and then I sort of forget all about it. MAIB shows up in the mailbox and I get to do it all over again. For that matter, I'll admit to waiting up until midnight (Pacific Time) most weekdays. You, too?

Midnight is when the Boat Porn Channel comes on. Duckworks online magazine puts out the latest story of an adventure, a build, even a monthly collection of random letters and prose sent directly to Chuck (Our Father Who Art in Texas). About once a week they publish one of my opus'. I get to see what I've been up to that way. Vicarious experience of the most personal kind!



I think I understand that part of the story but that's not quite what the question really boils down to. My question iterates as, "Is that state of affairs really enough?" More to the point, does this apparent consensus that we will simply stay home and read about what some other guy went out and did, a satisfactory solution for the majority? And I do have a follow on question. If so, does it need to be so?

This is my personal take on the demographics of the thing. Damn near everyone I know in this small craft community of ours are not only men but they're retired guys on social security. This is certainly not because we have to wait until we're old to sail and paddle and build boats. It's not even close to a requirement that we must wait until we no longer have to go to a real job to finally build a boat. Nope.

I've been doing this stuff since I was shooting marbles on the grade school playground. There's about six decades in between filled with all the "normal stuff" of education, and military service, and families, and careers. But the whole time I was doing "normal stuff" there was a boat on the sawhorses, or on a trailer, or in a slip someplace. One time or another I've tried to estimate the number of miles sailed/paddled/motored during those 60 odd years. Probably on the order of 30,000 nautical miles. Probably more. And the important part of this is that most of us have been doing this stuff our whole lives.



It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that our favorite pastime hobby life-style choice could likely die with us. To my way of thinking, that would be like extinguishing the bald eagle, or something like that, because nobody was "interested." Still the likely outcome. We're the "last generation" that really does this stuff. Scattered examples to the contrary, we old guys are at the end of a storied line. I have no interest in trying to convince anybody to do anything they really don't want to do. The task at hand is a whole lot harder than that.

I'd like to continue to "entertain and inform," as my high school creative writing teacher listed the several methods and motives for putting words together on the printed page. I'll leave the persuasive discourse to our pundits and operatives. Now there's a crowded and apparently lucrative genre for ya. This boat thing is just for fun, or as Mrs Pardey would have us understand, "...for as long as it's fun..."

Sooooooooo, back to the question(s). How do we continue to make it fun? And how much good/big/often/exciting is "good enough?" Finally I think it's time to get around to my modest proposal. I'll be right back, with Part 3.



Part 3

First off, I'm dumbfounded to remember that my shop apparently has not only been, clean, orderly and put away, it has on occasion contained more or less completed projects. Evidentially I have a hidden past with orthographic tendencies. Blatantly linear, even.



OK, that's a bit more like normal. Phew! Well, don't get me wrong. Everybody, even me, has to clean up and start over, now and then. But I don't think we should ever give points for "being done." Because when you're done, you're DONE.



Let me try this from another angle. One of the things folks notice right away about *Miss Kathleen* is that panel of woven pine pieces on each side of the cabin. I have to admit that I don't know of any other boat with such a thing hung on her. I didn't have any sort of example for a goby. So, in truth, I tend to explain it as what happens when "a cluttered mind has access to sharp tools..."

You've probably already guessed, this is a pitch for being a bit less settled in viewpoint, a bit less attached to this psychological construct we refer to as a comfort level. This is a pitch for, well, clutter. Yep, what I think we all need to do now and then is to scatter things about and reassemble them into new and interesting shapes. Nothing hard about that, pretty cathartic, really.

In this case I'm going to propose a somewhat new and kinda daring notion. It has all the shopworn memes of hooking up and heading out. I'm just gonna scatter the parts and reassemble them into a new configuration. Think of it as a mosaic with a customized pattern. Sort of like that.

For several years I've been blessed with an abundance of opportunity to participate in a large number of group cruises. As you can see, we've had spectacular weather, water warm enough to swim in and secluded beaches to pull up on and pitch a tent with no neighbors. Just the sort of thing that gets everybody to repeating, "...I've just gotta come and do this again!!" Yep, sometimes, it's just flat out perfect.





And sometimes it ain't. That's when the refrain swings to the laconic, "...are we having fun yet?" Or the grateful, "...sure glad I DIDN'T go on that one!"

Hey, we're all entitled to our own share of mood swings but we don't get to control the weather. More to the point. **WE DON'T GET TO CONTROL HOW MANY OPPORTUNITIES WE WILL HAVE.** That's the Master Helmsman Upstairs' job. And, near as I can tell, he don't share too many of those details. My own response has been to offer a simple toast at campfires, water's edge bull sessions and the like. "We may never pass this way again." And on that point, I do believe we all have to say, "yup."

You are also welcome to your share of "yeahbutts" and a few "sowhat's" thrown in for good measure. A really smart guy who I've never actually talked to in person sums it up with a single word, "ambivalence." I hate to say it but he's probably on to something here. But, we of the more cluttered mind perspective will most likely always have another angle of viewing. Sort of isometric.

I suppose isometric projection is too orderly for my own scattershot depiction. I'll call this more of a "Swiss cheese" method of description, just keep poking holes in a problem until I begin to "see the light." Sorta like that. Anyhow, here goes.

One of the larger objects currently residing on my shop floor is a really well preserved old tri hull runabout. Unfortunately she's had a very bad accident. Seems I didn't quite manage to purge ALL the water from her engine block last fall. This spring, when I started her up, that beautiful Chevy six simply bled to death before my eyes. There was an ugly crack in the block from fore to aft. After almost 50 years of surviving our frigid winters, I broke the motor beyond repair. Beyond that, just about every piece of plywood in the boat and all the vinyl upholstery attached to all that plywood had turned to sheets of sawdust including the floor. Do you smell another Frankenbuild in the offing?

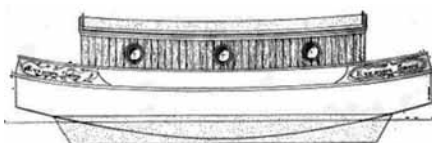


When I first broached this admittedly sensitive topic, SWMBO-in-chief was rather insistent that my "last one was supposed to be my LAST one." Maybe you know somebody like that?

And what has this got to do with you? Maybe quite a bit.

Part 4

This little cutie is a real deal actual design by a Real Designer. I'm just borrowing the drawing to illustrate an idea. I'm thinking of putting together a "fleet clubhouse" to accompany at least some of next summer's events here in the upper left corner at least. What's a fleet clubhouse and why would anybody want one?



Well, for starters this is an idea that has been gnawing its way into my limited number of brain cells for something like 40 years now. It usually is associated with a small tug of some stripe. Totally imaginary. Completely without a role model. OK, a fantasy. I've dabbled with this notion over several Frankenbuilds. This was an early iteration.



It went together quick.



The dang thing even floated.



Heck, it even had a tuglet to tow it around. Hey, you gotta start someplace. This combo became playhouses and other people have both of the hulls now.



I even tried a bigger Frankentug. That little boat followed me all the way to Sail OK and back. We ran up and down Priest Lake and Lake Roosevelt a few times. But still too small.



Sooooooo, then I tried an even BIGGER Frankentug. And this one had promise but the poor thing was pretty top heavy. Hell for strong, you could say. So, finally, this past building season I pulled out what was left of the stops and the well travelled *Miss Kathleen* was born at the Frankenwerke. Ninty days to get in the water and, most likely, the rest of my days to finish off.

She's turned out to be a pretty capable tug boat soooooo, I'm thinking it's time for the next step. But I suppose I should at least try to answer my own what and why questions first. And, this is my modest proposal.

I'll use the last cruise of the season that a few of us just completed on Priest Lake as a case in point. This was at the end of September. For much of the time our weather had a winter taste to it. Half of our fleet were small boats that were, in all respects, capable boats for the conditions on the water but accommodations for overnighting their crews have some significant limitations.

Our first night out followed a rollicking downwind surfing expedition. Even *Miss Kathleen*, while towing a partially rain water and spray filled dinghy and running with 5 knots rung up, was surfing at 7 1/2 to 8 on occasion. Things were getting a bit gnarly. As it worked out, I holed us up in a sheltered nook at a deserted campground dock and everybody was at least secured out of the wind, when a gawdawful rain and hail squall hit.

This idea has its roots in the idea that one doesn't always get in before the fit is in the shan. More roots in the idea that not everybody who might want to participate in one or more of these events has a boat they can actually spend a night in. And there's always more roots but this is probably an OK preamble.

So whatif *Miss Kathleen* was towing something that sort of looks like the bargelet? She was waiting at anchor for you and the other open top boats along for the cruise. The teapot was already on. The barge had a rudimentary stand up galley and a stand up head with shower with a door. Up forward were a couple bunks that double as facing couches with a table in between.

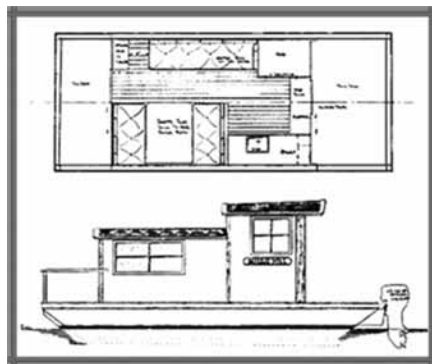
Whatif the fleet rafted up with *Miss K* and the bargelet and simply came aboard to change into dry clothes, heat up something for a quick snack/dinner, flopped on the couch and told stories, took a nap, or even somebody decided to spend the night and save setting up a tent ashore.

Whatif? I guess I'll stop there and see if anybody answers up. Soooooo, whatif??



Part 5

And so it begins again. With due respect to Mr Devlin, I'm only borrowing his promotional drawing for Millie Hill simply for illustrative purposes. Sam's shanty boat cabin is really more angular and in your face than what I'm thinking for the next Frankenbot offering, but the break to the coach roof and the cambers of the overhead are close. I will begin with the foundation of a quite seaworthy hull.



This new craft will need to obediently follow her future tug, *Miss Kathleen*, and take whatever conditions are thrown their collective way. I figure to build fast and light. The interior will be rudimentary at first anyway. The exterior will be workboat/paint grade at best. No exposed brightwork, not this time. I'll have to settle for cute, beautiful is beyond the design brief. This bunkhouse barge to be will probably suffer from bouncing off things, sitting out in the elements and extended periods of uncovered storage.

We're talking stuff like 1/2" MDO, 1/4" ACX, buckets of PL Premium and a smallish amount of Duck'pox and glass tape. Windows are still up for grabs. Square household windows really, REALLY irk me. Arched tops and portholes can go a long way toward keeping up the "Cute Boat" tradition so firmly established by her Frankenbot forebears.

The basic design brief is pretty, well, basic. Standing headroom in the galley and head. Comfortable sitting headroom forward in the dinette and settee area. That latter spot should be well ventilated and windowed for the benefit of folks either lounging at anchor/pierside or underway in "travel trailer" mode. RV style conveniences, such as standard commode and sink/shower, a decent cooktop and icebox, a sink big enough to actually wash dishes in, tanks, pumps and such.

Basically we've got a 6'x15' rectangle footprint to stick all the people stuff into. There's a couple of feet leftover for anchors, ladders, motors and all that boaty stuff. There's about 5'-6' of that 15' to divide up among outside sitting and outside steering cockpits. I do think it makes sense to have the ability to be self propelled, even if the primary mission profile is limited to being towed.



This is getting to be really old hat around the Frankenwerke. I've completely lost track of how many hulls have been reduced to empty boxes before taking on a new identity. But being rectangular, this one will be the easiest to modify. It only took about an hour to get seats, interior woodwork, gas tank, batteries and all that jazz shucked out onto the floor.



Motor and outdrive are almost next.



Then, just maybe, this little girl will be getting light enough to be pushed around the service bay with a little less huffing and puffing on my part. Hope so.

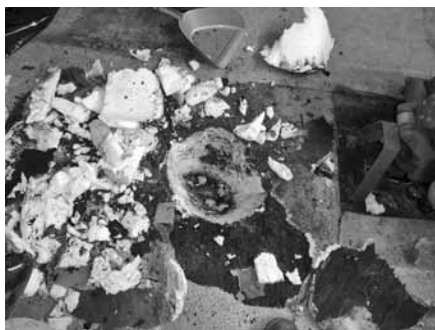
And so it begins...

Part 6

I think there is a moment in each of these sorts of project where you could say, "The calm before the storm." Something like this.



Most of the easily removable stuff has been ripped out and chucked often with only minimal ceremony. The hull is laid open but the majority of rotted wood, cracked and splintered vinyl and corroded metal has yet to see the light of day. And so it was a few hours back with this one as well. All along I've had a pretty good (or in this case, bad) idea what was below that '60s vintage yellow vinyl sheet. This ain't rocket science. In fact, I hit upon a pretty low tech method of moving forward, a garden shovel. I just shoved it through the floor and dug a small "test well."



The brown garden mulch lookalike was a sheet of plywood maybe as recently as when Jimmy handed the keys for the Lincoln bedroom over to Ronnie. Since then the sorta thin layer of polyester resin and glass matt spread over it to keep water out has done an exemplary job of keeping it IN. The flotation foam chunks out pretty well with that same garden implement. It's wet, too, and must contribute to the weight of this ol' girl in a most startling manner. It breaks out much like the meat of a coconut, sometimes in big blocks, sometimes in splinters and dust. The hull stiffening stringers and engine bearers have also returned to dust and bite sized pieces. Once exposed, they take on a "forest floor" character. Basically that foam has been holding the boat together for decades.

The substance of my modest proposal is quite literally this hull's only viable salvation now. Absolutely NOBODY would undertake to restore this boat to "speed boat" levels of structural integrity. Way too expensive for a boat with such an inherently low resale value. Tri hulls were never real popular and now they are just thought of as "old." That ol' GM 250 is a bit shy on its horsepower per pound of engine weight numbers compared to more modern V-blocks. And it takes up a whole half acre of space as well.

I'm disappointed that I destroyed that engine with a small dab of winter ice but it happened. Now we take a short break and see if we can still stand. This phase will need about another half day to get the hull cleaned out and ready for some new floorboards. I'm starting to get a little enthused. I'm starting to see what this could turn out like.



Hey. Enthusiasm is a good thing...



Part 7

OK, the Boss came around this morning. He even "signed off" on some of the stuff headed for our local transfer station but he also wanted to know sumpin'. Me, too, for that matter, where's that lazy layabout morning crew that I've been bragging up all these months and years? I suppose if I could bend my fingers I'd give 'em a call but for now I'll just have to blunder on by myself.



Don't get me wrong, the Boss was real supportive. It's just that he had his regular haircut and pedi only yesterday and a guy in his position needs to keep up appearances.



I'm thinking that any comparison to ice and snow just might be apt. I left the shovel and broom in the picture to show how much more "headroom" we're gonna get in return for all this excavation stuff. About a foot! That's a whole bunch when it comes to windage and overhead door clearance on the trailer and all that stuff. Judging by the state of the embedded stringers, the foam deal isn't the best idea boat builders have come up with, half way through the past century, anyhow.



What I need to do next is to pull that engine and outdrive, then finally this hull should pirouette around on those furniture dollies like a gossamer princess. Tomorrow morning is what the Planning Dept guys put up on the planning board. I really hope THEY expect to be here, too. That chunk of Detroit Iron is one heavy piece of machinery. In the meantime I've been sort of sending draft copies of this emerging story to "the usual group of suspects" and I've gotten quite a basket of comments, both on the build just begun and the concept of trying to expand the activity base with a "bunkhouse barge." I particularly like the first one.

"OK, you are officially nuts!"

"Keep it up, we need our towable bunkhouse for next year!"

"Kind of like excavating a mummy's tomb, you never know what you will find!"

"I love it, the start of a new job, the start of a new series of daily upgrades and dead ends. Looking forward to a vicarious journey into Frankenbote construction. Sign me up for a bunk."

"I didn't want to stir the pot by asking, but I have been WONDERING whether you would do another winter project. I'm glad you will and I (and your other followers) look forward to reports from you and the elves."

"Nothing ever very modest about your proposals. I am thinking of several suites with queen beds and individual bathrooms with soaking spa tubs. Certainly the water/holding tank capacity of your current Frankenbote could accommodate that. Oh yes, must have forced air heating and a resident cook."

"I think your idea is a good one and would allow a dry place when needed but have you done a scale layout for this yet?"

"If you are able to provide seating for several in a dry area where they can converse or read, a small table for cards or game board and a small area for a single burner to heat hot water for coffee, tea or soup you've hit just right. Just an idea, the head is a nice idea but in using the RV I've found that mixed company in the remaining space doesn't work."

"Good luck and I look forward to watching the progress."

"That is quite a project! Looks very promising but hope you are not putting too much on yourself to provide such luxury."

"You still haven't shown how you plan to get two boats to a place a couple hundred miles from home on one trip."

"I've been in great suspense all week with Parts 1 through 3 wondering what the "modest proposal" was. Now I know!"

"If you can make something cool from a tri hull it will be quite a feat indeed. (Them things are ugly)."

"Maybe some camo paint like a landing craft?"

"Marshall McLuhan said, 'The medium is the message'."

"A revelation. It is hard to use the modern media without its possibilities using and overwhelming. Why would one stream a football game in a kayak? But why not? Is a group of boaters floating in a canal, each watching their own phone, in a group activity?"

"A final question. Does the freedom of the activity really lend itself to the structure of organization? Down here (Florida) it seems that A/C won't let them outdoors during yachting season. Events where folks have to get out of their COMFORT ZONE are becoming a dying thing."

"The interweb has allowed so many

the ability to become the vicarious yachtsmen/women that we don't see much of them any more. It's beginning to look like we are doomed to playing in smaller circles with friends who are fewer and farther between."

I'd say that the vote for me to continue being officially nuts is pretty close to unanimous. There were a few dissenting opinions and I'll pass them along later, right after that damn engine learns to take flight and land lightly in the dump run trailer.

I've even got a surprise to pass along from the Bard of Bradenton. Can it be? Has The Lucas finally taken a sip of the Frankenstein Koolaid? Could be...

Part 8

If you're old enough to remember the then edgy pun that "euthanasia" was just another name for Ping Pong Diplomacy, no doubt you've been through that sort of thing for real with pets, friends and family members. In this case I think at least two of those categories apply, friend and family member. When it's up to us to do the right thing, comes a time when we have to decide. Keep up the good fight or just let 'em go?

I gotta say, that I have gone through one helluva round on the behalf of this family member and friend, a very nasty business indeed. If she lives, she'll never be the same. The cancer was so much farther advanced than I could imagine. I've been through this a dozen times before. Probably more, never seen it this bad. Never. I kept thinking that maybe, just maybe, we'd get to the bottom of it. There'd be something left of the old girl. Well, not so much.



I've still gotta clear out the last of the bags of scooped up debris and broken parts. I think even that voracious Sawzall was hesitant to keep probing. Keep amputating, there just hadda be a stopping point. At least we finally decided to quit. Today is gray and cold and rainy, just the sort of day this whole project was hatched for. I'm going to go out and continue to fill the trailer for one of probably several dump runs. Maybe a quarter ton of rotted wood and soggy foam. large chunks of still shiny gelcoat and polyester mouldings from back in the day when boats were put together by hand. No vacuum bags, no real understanding or consideration, maybe, for the frailties of this "no maintenance, wonder material" that changed boat building for the common man forever. Water, heat and cold, they ALWAYS win.



I guess you might say that my friend was loved. Loved to death even. She was cared for so well that nobody realized the extent of her illness. Packed away in a plastic cocoon under a shed roof for over 25 YEARS, hot in the summer, cold in the winter. Tightly wrapped against the elements, vinyl over chopper gun and polyester matt over plywood over foam. No real airflow. The cancer was, simply, everywhere, floor, stringers, engine bearers, decorative cushions, plywood furniture, all reduced to pulp and dross. She was way sicker than I realized when I brought her here. I probably should have never put her through this indignity. But I did.

So the recovery period will be a tough one for the both of us. There will still be more surgery, more cutting and ripping. She's hurting, me, too.



Her heart is gone. She'll never do what she was born to do, no more.



That's all behind us but we ain't quit yet. We ain't done, we're just begun. Please join us for the journey.



We've a long way to go but it could be a very rewarding voyage. All 'boooooaardd...

Part 9

The nice man at the transfer station said I left 680lbs of boat stuff in his dumpster.



The Boss said, "don't forget those damn outboard motors we've been tripping over the past half dozen years!"



So I gave 'em to a guy who has more junk than I do. And I came home with enough material from the lumber yard to build the 6'x10' cambered roof this gal is gonna sport. Maybe this week... Heck, maybe tomorrow.

Guess what? Guess what you do when everything above and below the knee hurts and you get a wild hair? Well, do ya give up? Take shortcuts! I cut this centipede out of 3/4" MDO. The cambered deck beams are set like a house, sixteen on center. It seemed like an easy number to remember. Every 16" on my tape is marked in red. Harder to mess up. Mostly I had to figure out how to lift those really heavy sheets up onto my table saw and cut the blanks. Well, the idea of running a 6' long chunk of that stuff accurately through the band saw was not a little daunting as well. "That's OK," I kept telling myself every time the blade would wander away from the line. "I'll just true up the stack with my trusty belt sander." Sure.

I think my almost new heavy duty sander has "issues" like the rest of us. After devouring a couple brand new #30 grit belts, he threw a drive wheel and sat there spinning a disconnected motor. We all got our troubles, I guess. So I decided that the stack of NINE deck beams would simply have to be good enough. And they are probably gonna do just fine. Nothing like a liberal application of PL to fill those pesky gaps, eh?



Of course, I know what the Real Boat Builder Guys would do. Of course, they'd WAIT until they had the right tools and enough energy, or even help. Of course, but maybe they don't have my political pressures to deal with.

I may have mentioned that Kate considered my last Frankenbuild to be my LAST. But even when I offer my detailed, well reasoned explanation(s) I get that vibe that says, "Yeah, but what about all the other stuff you're supposed to be doing before your surgery in a couple weeks? What about that there smart guy?" Soooooooo, I'm sort of trying to hurry this along, at least the initial phase, so I can close up the shop for the cold weather soon to come.

Somehow the centipede in the foreground will need to figure out a way to take flight and get up onto the hull in the background. I suppose it'll weigh a hundred pounds erso. And the cotton pickin' thing is 10' long by 6' wide. Those guys in the Engineering Department have had the whole summer off. I figure it's way overtime for that crowd to get up a plan. I'll ask 'em at the morning staff meeting.



Part 10

Like Buck Owens so famously warbled, "...I've.....got...uhhh.....tiger by the tail, it's plain to seeeeeeeeeee..."



Seems those Engineering Department boys and girls didn't have much of a handle on how I was supposed to get that giant plywood centipede from the floor up and looking like the roof it really should be some day. The basic notion ran kinda like this, "Hey,

no big deal, just hoist that bad boy up in the air, then roll the boat under on those furniture dollies, put some legs under it. Piece a cake!" Yeah, right.

A whole day shift and a night shift later I came in and told Kate that another half day and I should be able to leave it alone for a while. She was very quick to remind me that was the anthem I've been singing for at least a week now. Dontacha just hate it when they're right?

Maybe if I had taken that metaphorical piece of cake and smeared it on the floor things might have gone better. But no, a few days ago I found myself sling shotting that boat a halfinch at a time with a pull from an overhead chain fall. But that was before the engine and 500lbs of wet and rotted innards were lifted out and hauled away. So let's just say that I had reason to believe that breezy forecast of success at the morning meeting. Part of the problem stems from not having the proper crane in the shop any more. The Real Big Crane is mounted on the floor out in the woods in *Miss Kathleen's* storage shed, positioned for lifting motors in and out, lifting that boat off her trailer, stuff like that.

So anyway, I don't want you to get the idea that I'm not having much fun lately. I'm not, but you shouldn't be concerned with my level of entertainment. For some inexplicable reason, known only to the Engineering Department nerds, it was just about as hard moving that hull around today as it was when fully loaded and really, really, HEAVY. Dunno. So after a while I managed to get it back inside the shop and then tried to go on to Step Two. I think this is where the disclaimer on the furniture box, "Some Assembly Required," must have gotten its inception. Basically not much worked not much of the time.

We went from this.



Back to this:



And then after hours of huffing and puffing.



I had a modest Ah ha moment. Then it tried to land with a sickening thud. Back to square one.



Then the guy from the Bright Idea Department showed up and started in on me. Every sentence starts with "...all ya gotta do..." I'll bet you've got those guys hanging around your shop, too. Finally he convinced me to push from below instead pulling from above. Since I could only do this one end at time, things got a might squirrely, to say the least.



Besides, it was getting real hard to find volunteers to go under that huge mouse trap to reposition the sort of just stuck there posts from time to time. About then I decided that leaving the boat balanced on centerline on a couple of moving dollies was a bad plan, what with all that climbing around in there and all. But somehow both ends got pulled and pushed and yelled up into about the right spot in space. Remarkable, really.



Circles being what they are, as the crane reached about the right altitude his crane thingie started getting progressively shorter. But that's just geometry. Geometry don't take sides even in an emergency. So it waggled on for a whole day.



After that camber was drawn on the pattern piece with a pencil, run along a bent piece of tigerwood spline, there's been precious little emanating from that palatial office my Design team occupies. I suppose they think I'm just gonna wing it or something.



And I suppose I will now that I think about it. Meanwhile, that tiger and I have declared an early knock off. Maybe I'll let go, if he will. Maybe.

Part 11

The transmogrification of ol' Mobius the stinkpot has been running apace. One of the biggest rewards for this sawdust to prose conglomeration I attempt to maintain is that I have a fairly extensive group of "Usual Suspects" to correspond with. I've had the good fortune to meet boat folk from all over the place. Some of these guys and gals I'll never likely even get to talk to in person, but I do hear back from quite a few, especially when my Frankenwerke crew is up to something a bit more outlandish than normal. This current project has attracted a pretty wide range of comment.

Normally I don't line up words with names, but it's fun to toss in an excerpt here and there, both plus and not so plus, as they come "over the wire."

"Damn, you are good, Dan, keep it coming, wish I lived closer! You have a coffee pot in there somewhere, right? I had visions of towing a small bunk cabin just like that when I owned my little tug, but that's not too practical now so I am enjoying your writing and works vicariously!"

"Visited my to be engineer son over the past couple of days in Bozeman. When asked for critique of my rough drawings of my sailboat conversion, all he said was, 'Looks good to me.' I'm thinking he just wants to see me get with it and go fishing on this boat or maybe camping on Ft Peck for a week. (This one from a fellow Frankenbuilder)"

"I remember once at Hooper's where a young guy showed up with a small keelboat that he had removed all the interior structure. It wiggled until we installed floors and

a cabin sole and a couple bulkheads. He had gotten in over his head."

"Been enjoying the dialog and pix on 'yur' projects BUT I'm also amazed to notice how you continue to be such a 'glutton for punishment' 'O' the 'ol' bod and wallet. BUT yah, but I also hate to see you 'spinnin yur wheels' on these potentially neat projects. 'Whaddua' mean 'spinnin yur wheels'? Well I'm glad you asked."

"Building a boat from scratch is far easier than trying to fit a barge into too small of a hull. A square plywood barge would be very easy to build and it could do a much better job than what you are planning. I would be happy to design it for you if you are willing to listen."

"Fun to get your updates on the project, gotta wonder at this point if the combination of structural compromise of the hull and top heavy effect of the superstructure could render the vessel unsafe in all but flat water conditions? Asking for a friend :-)"

I know there have been quite a few more over the past week but this former career navy "admin puke" has become decidedly sloppy in record keeping in the intervening years. I suppose age, deteriorating memory and "eye problems" have something to do with that. I just can't see myself getting too fired up over repetitive, non creative stuff anymore like filing and record keeping. Believe me, this current project has taken on a rather creative air.

It's also "gone 3-D" very quickly. In fact, the night shift guys got it together, last night and completed the basic interior framing.



This is part of the facing berths/couches up forward. Those "vertical" faces are leaning over at 15°. In order to get 6' headroom I did have to make the floor area pretty narrow and down into the basement as far as practical. Sooooo, one of the ergonomics consultants that drop by our morning staff meetings suggested that we could open up knee room a bit by trying this idea. Obviously the jury is still out on this one. He was also rather insistent that we should get the backrests figured out.



This whole project was spawned around the idea that a stand up head with a door would attract Spousal Units of the female lady person persuasion to our mini cruises. That was what got me into this current Tar Baby in the briar patch routine. Although this got started only a couple of weeks ago, it seems like a whole building season has come and gone already. The coffee can is there as a stand in for where the thunder mug will someday mount.



The height of the aft cockpit sole has been subject of a rather contentious design effort. The big idea has been to suspend a floor that is high enough to self drain and allow for me a peek over the coachroof while standing. It also couldn't be too high for easy cabin ingress/egress. Turns out that a simple step with 9" rise makes it all work out pretty close to OK.



One of the projects that has had to wait is cutting all those deck arches into curved bottoms to match the curved tops. Good thing I didn't do it any sooner, all those flat bottoms have been very satisfactory places to measure down from to level out berths, floor pan and what have you. Not too shabby for somebody

who can't seem to plan very far ahead when it comes to this spontaneous building thing we do here at the Frankenwerke.



Aft to starboard is the vestigial galley flat and a spot for the cabin heater. This one is an antique kerosene unit that I got a while back off eBay.



But I think the Pullman train car coal-fired (cast iron) one that has been decorating our cottage in the woods will go nicely here.



I do admit that Kate was less than enthusiastic about that idea. I guess we'll see what turns up, huh?

So, if I can get that lazy, layabout morning crew up and off to work, maybe we can get some more of those three "Deeze" things cut up and stuck down here and there.

Part 12

Sometimes I overlook how hard some parts of this job are likely to get. At least it's hard for a guy with bad wrists and knees and with 70 winters' worth of notches carved in his coup stick. Today seems to have been a case in point.

The rough in of much of this little shanty boat has come together pretty darn quick. I was to the point where I had to start shaping the overhead beams in order to continue with the interior walls that will surround the focal point of this project, the head compartment. I kinda passed over the details on this back in Parts 9 and 10. They're up there on 16" centers and made out of 3/4" plywood. With all the vertical supports in place, I didn't need the flat bottoms these beams were born with any longer.



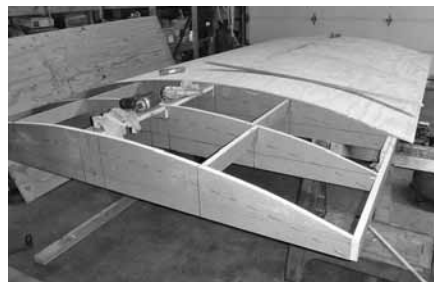
Not that I think I will. But if I WAS to do this again, I'd make the top about the same way. That flat side on the bottom of each overhead support was just really useful during the framing phase. Useful, but a bunch of excess weight and a potential head knocker for anybody over about 5'8". So today was designated as official "carving day."

The thing that I sort of poo poo'd was how this thing was gonna go when I had to hold sharp, heavy, spinning, reciprocating and sawdust spewing things overhead. Well, just holding 'em overhead ain't such a big deal. Anybody who has been to Boot Camp at some point in his youth has learned this valuable skill. What I'm talking about is that very effective training tool used upon new members of the military establishment who "fail to conform," an interesting slant on basic pedagogy if ever there was. The scenario goes in a variant of this, "Hey WORM! Pick up that there rifle and hold it over yer head! HIGHER! Now start RUNNIN' around the room! I wanna hear you sing! I wanna hear y'all SHOUT. I wanna hear you tell me 'fold my blankets in equal thirds, SIR'...I can't HEAR you!!!" Do that once or, God forbid, more than once, and you will forever "conform."

I've been sort of expecting this particular job to be like one of those marches over to the Discipline Company except nobody was yelling at me to get down and rip off 50 push-ups with somebody sitting on my back. And it's been quite a few decades since I found it necessary to sprint around with an M-1 as if I was attempting to take off in a hang glider.

But still, this business of shaping the undersides of these overhead boards has been one of the elephants in the room. Part of it has to do with how I "designed" the contraption in the first place.

In some ways, building this rooftop was similar in concept to another old friend from Navy days, the GM 71-series diesel engine. Want a bigger engine? Just add cylinders to the end. The 6-71 was just a 4-71 with a



couple of extra jugs hooked onto the end. Granted, not real sophisticated, I'll just call it simple but elegant. That's how I glued this centipede together. I just kept adding sections until it was "about right." By the way, that hashed line in the last picture was put there to trim the excess material back to, once everything was situated.

Once again, the "about right" method of engineering prevails. Two inches is a pretty recurrent interval when cutting up a sheet of plywood so I figured a final thickness of 2" for those beams would be "about right." I think the Real Boat Builder Guys refer this to it being "sided" at 2", I think.



So anyway, I used a lot of blocking and reinforcing spans of 2" width. I kinda always knew there would be a problem with cutting this business up from the underside, but I also figured that I'd just figure it out when the time came. Well, that time came today and I choked!

Call the Frankenwerke a low budget operation if you must but I saved a bunch of labor cost by not shaping the undersides of these beams when they were just flat pieces of plywood. Mostly what I saved on was figuring out the guzzintas. Once I got the monstrosity leveled to an imaginary level point over the hull, I used the flat undersides to

measure down to make the central walking area, berth flats and even galley and head surfaces all line up in a parallel plane.

Just like ol' Mr Robertson told me about waaaaaaay back during my short adventure with geometry class as a high school sophomore. While my loose grip on concepts like "theorem" and "postulate" resulted in a Gentleman's "D," I did, in fact, retain some of the more practical stuff. (As I recall, Mr Robertson promised to pass me at the end of the semester if I promised to never take another math class from him. You could say that we both kept our promises.)

So anyhow, I suppose we could dub this entire exercise as "occupying a higher plane." So I dragged a few cutting and grinding tools into the shanty and commenced to discover how unlikely any of them would be capable of making that one swell foop cut that my Design Department guys had spec'd into the "plans."



There were certainly more tools involved but this little pile caught the cameraman's attention while he was tripping over the pile of stuff on the floor that had progressively crashed down from a marathon of hacking and slashing.



And I suppose it's reasonable to say that after that first Chainsaw Massacre, things resembled what the Engineering Department memo specified...



...except, for the wild aberrations from the line here and there. I continued to press on after my goggles were fogged up. More of that navy training at work here, "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"



So production came to a grinding halt. It was already after normal working hours for the Tool and Die Guy and, for that matter, Kate had already called me in for dinner. But we had another one of those "opportunity to excel" moments right there in front of us and, since I was already covered with sawdust, maybe a few more minutes would yield an epiphany of some sort.

My only reliable guide for making these mean as a junkyard dog cuts is the top panel itself. But there was still all that blocking and framing in the way of a simple saw guide. Besides, PL leaves some interesting stalactites when it squeezes out, all definitely in the way of an accurate scribing guide. At least a "factory" one, soooooo...

...I visited the plywood off cut pile and the plastics just in case pile for inspiration. A lot of this Frankenbuilding thing is based upon what size piece I pick up first. A couple of chunks of MDO and a couple of chunks of HDPE and a couple of deck screws and we had us a guide to trim the raggedy stuff.



Not the biggest Hosanna moment ever but the whole thing seems to be working pretty well. Of course, it's still defeated by some of that same blocking that defeated the saber saw and, so far, the trusty angle grinder with #30 grit is about as careful as a bull in a china shop.

Maybe the morning shift will have a better idea. Meanwhile, I think I'm late for dinner.



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When you know as many boat nuts as I do, it's easy to find someone who'll take on any project no matter how much they don't need to be doing it. This gets to be an addiction, especially when you've been playing with boats for a while and have gotten past the part where you're scared to just jump in and do it. I could name dozens of you but I don't want your wives to know how warped you are. This is a story of the boat activity that's taken place here at the shop recently.

I'll start with *Helen Marie*. I decided that she had turned into a trailer queen, not getting the use she deserved, so I wanted to give her away to a good home where she'd get used. I didn't advertise her because I didn't want her to go to just anyone and I decided to "sell" her for just the price of her motor.

Here she is out playing off our beach. She is the perfect boat for day playing and evening wine cruising but not really large enough for a couple of old boaties like Helen and I to spend a week in.



Here's both Helen Maries back when it was going to be a big sailboat. I had the center-board trunk in and everything and was going to put in a small cabin for weekend trips.



Until one night in 2010 when the shop caught fire and toasted the back end. The guys told me to dump it and start over but it was really only the epoxy that had taken most of the damage so I sanded it all off, reglassed it and carried on. I also realized that I didn't really want another sailboat but a slick fantail launch and this hull was perfect for that.



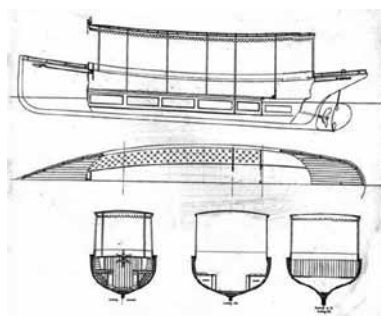
From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

What Comes Around...

By Dave Lucas

This is a sketch of an 1899 fantail launch and its dimensions are the same as the hull I was building, 26' by 6'. The power required to push it at hull speed was only 6hp. So this is the boat I made. I put in a 20hp motor but never needed more than half throttle.



Here's who I sold her to, Joe is perfect. He went for a 50-mile trip the first day he had her and will use her like she's made for. He lives in central Florida and will travel on the inland fresh water lakes and rivers when he's not shooting off the fireworks at Disney World. Seeing these pictures makes you want to head out, don't they? I told him that she's an all weather anytime boat. You can see that he's not scared of night time running. That is a kitchen sink you see there.



Now I have *Lurlyne* as our river boat for going out on afternoon wine trips and over to the water hole hangouts. We thought that maybe we're too old to be thinking about cruising on our on boat.

I have touted her as the perfect high-speed commuter and she is, almost.



I needed a new project and the big garage that Wally was building looked good and would make an even better perfect boat so I started one for myself. I needed a trailer for this new boat and one day we were sitting around the Tiki Hut having a few when Gary Cull of *Snail Mail* fame showed up. He's moved to a smaller place and can't keep her like he wants to. I knew that it was on the best trailer I'd ever seen so I offered to buy the trailer from him, which I did but it came with the boat attached.



I didn't think I really "needed" this boat but once I got to looking at it realized that it's a really fine little boat except for all of the electrical power stuff, so I called Jay Bliss to come over the take it out so I could put a little outboard motor in.

Jay came over from St Augustine and stripped it all out, including a ton of batteries, and now I had two boats to work on, life was good. Except one of us got to thinking that maybe we weren't too old for some light cruising if we had a larger boat and I knew just where the perfect hull was so I made Simon an offer he couldn't refuse (he's way worse than I am about cool looking boats).

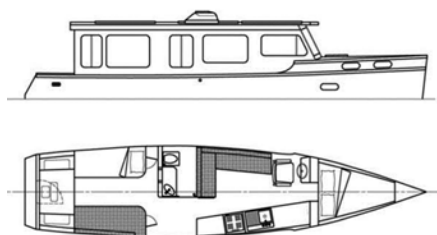
Simon had one of these that he's been considering making into something else but life keeps getting in the way for such a large project so we decided to make an even swap, the little tug and trailer for this giant C&C Mega 30 and its trailer. He can make the little tug into a really cool boat without too much work and I can make this one into a larger cruising motorboat with a little more work. It'll start out looking like this but will end up looking like something else:



Maybe this:



Or more likely this or something even better. I haven't started cutting yet but I have lots of ideas.



It's so big that I decided to build a big new shop to hold it, living out in the country has its advantages. This will be a couple of the temporary 20'x20' carport things put together to keep me out of the weather for a while.



In the meantime, while all this was going on, we pulled this old Lightning sailboat hull out of the shop so Wally could have more room to work on his garvey. He moved right in and set up his tool chest. This thing has been bouncing around here for years and will never amount to anything. Crazy Steve says that he's going to cut the sides off just above the floor beams and deck it over and make it a redneck Braden River flats boat.



We have a new permanent member of the shop crew, Sausage Jim is a good guy and is willing to put in at least three full days a week here building something. He's a rookie builder and wants to learn it all from scratch, and when he saw one of these melonseeds he knew that's the one to do. He's assuming that he can get good advice from one who's made several of these, me. Boy, is he in for a surprise. He started clearing out space and is ready to go. Just seeing this picture makes me want to rub my hands over it. This is the one that stayed in the shop so long that the guys threatened to burn it if I didn't do something with it. I loved seeing it sitting there every day.



And that brings us back to this Big Ben Garvey. Since I have a huge project with the Mega I don't need this one to work on and gave it to Howard who's in need of a new build. That's it, a full circle of a bunch of boats moving on making everyone happy.



Crazy Steve did a great job of filming and narrating this little evolution. There are several videos and several pictures and one man inside the boat doing the up and downing, my head ended up even with that tree limb. I didn't seem high to me 'til I saw these pictures. Click on this link and get ready to be amazed and mystified. I was.
<https://goo.gl/photos/n3NmJFrvU264YnX9>



These boats were strictly racing boats and didn't have heavy duty hulls. The complete boat in full sailing mode weighed 4,300lbs and of that the keel weighed 2,300lbs, which means that all of the rest of the complete boat weighs only 2,000lbs. That weight includes the mast, rigging, sails, deck and a complete interior. All that has been removed so we're left with about a 1,000lbs stripped out hull.

The three ton chain fall is hanging from a big limb of an old live oak tree. This rig is what we're often referred to as our "sky hook" and it has picked up all manner of things, including boats up to 3,000lbs. I'm probably the only one who knew all of these little details so all I was doing was lifting a perfectly balanced 1,000lbs of hull with a 6,000lbs lift chain fall hanging from a hundred year old live oak tree.



Now all I have to do is build the world's best twin engine 34' fantail launch with two bedrooms, kitchen and full bathroom, easy peasy.

Meanwhile...

September in Florida sucks, it's like the winters up north, when is it ever going to end? We were all supposed to go up to Fort DeSoto for a grand sailing event but it is still hot as hell and there wasn't even a hint of a breeze. Stan was still in a boating frame of mind so he took his junk out for a little motor trip. As you can see this is a good boat for these hot days, it opens up nicely, has a shady cabin and pushes along pretty well with the little 2hp Honda.



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We were out in our neighbor's giant pontoon boat with a whole pack of dogs. These guys like boats as much as I do, always something new to bark at. Asia is getting too old to be jumping on and off boats so Steve carries her like a suitcase, she's fine with that



With winter coming on in Buffalo it's time to start the boat building at the Marine Center. Roger Allen sent me these photos showing what the new boat they're starting will look like. It'll be a 42' Erie canal boat. Now that seems like a fun project to do during the cold winter months, inside all snug and toasty while the drifts build up over the building.



I've noticed that whenever I start working on a boat project my place starts showing the effects right away. It immediately starts getting lots tidier and better organized. This has nothing consciously to do with the idea that if my work area is well organized I'm less likely to mess something up in the building process. It seems to be more like an after effect (or I could say a side effect but that sounds too much like something medicinal and/or unpleasant). It started this time with the fact that when I'm not actually working on a boat project on the work table, it immediately starts to collect things. So, of course, I had to get everything off of there in order to start working on *Dancing Chicken*. This meant that everything that was on there had to end up somewhere.

There have been times, it's true, when I've just grabbed stuff and stuffed it into a bag to sort later. There's even a very small (really very small) one of those this time. But most of it is in some fairly logical "somewhere." One danger to this process is that it's easy to get caught up in it until it escalates to the point where the boat building project could get inadvertently and potentially even indefinitely postponed.

One facet of this is that I really could use more space for this project. Eventually I plan to take out that old gas stove and oven that I never use, thereby giving me more space for the work room. Also, I was thinking that if I got *Talitha Cumi* (my Bolger Tortoise) up into the loft, that would also give me more space. Meanwhile, however, I realized that if I put the bow section of *Dancing Chicken* up in the loft, that will give me an approximately 4'x4' work space which will work for the moment.

While I was investigating the loft and the various possibilities thereof, I noticed something else interesting. I had been thinking of designing a cabin for *Dancing Chicken*. This may really not be as impracticable as it may first sound. First of all, I'm a lot smaller than the average sailor. And the thing I found out while investigating the loft was that I need even less headroom than I thought I did.

The loft is one of those convertible cabinet lofts that are sometimes incorporated into campers and, while I was living here with my brother and my niece, that was my "cabin," so to speak. I'd been thinking that it must have had about 2' of headroom but then I found out that there are only about 20" of headroom up there. I think that this may open up some interesting possibilities. Besides, the way the boat is designed, a module could be included later that would give her more length. We shall see.

One main advantage of deciding on just going ahead and using the 4'x4' space that I now have is that I can get lots more done if I start now and actually, well, start. As a matter of fact, I got part of one side of one of the frames built this morning, which leads me to the next thing, something I have been finding out in the process of this and various other projects I've been working on during the last several months. If I have laths, I can probably build just about anything I want to build. I did say laths, and I did mean those approximately 2"x3/8" by usually around 4' long spruce battens.

I'm building the midsection frame of *Dancing Chicken* out of these. For one thing, I can layer and/or laminate them. If I do that, I can end up with a pretty hefty chunk of wood and, at the point at the beginning of the project where I have to transport my materi-

Dancing Chicken A Mini Saga in (?) Parts

By Gloria Sadler Burge

Part II

als, I have pieces of wood that are small and easy to move, an important factor for someone my size and weight, etc. So I have been trying out some stuff in this regard and saying things like, "Aha!"

Also, I think I've come up with a pretty nifty layering scheme that ends up being almost like interlocked at the corners, which would be pretty labor intensive if I actually had to cut "pins and tails." But since I have all these layers which might end up being almost the same thing, why not try it out? So I plan to do that. In fact, this morning I laid out six pieces on the work table as they will be if I do that. There need to be two more pieces and I plan to get back to that this evening or, hey, this weekend. It's Friday!

At this point we fast forward to Monday and, OK, I did that, worked on it over the weekend and so far so good, but I did finally decide that I would have to do something about the space. I did say "...for the moment" regarding the 4'x4' space. And it did work for the moment. I did get part of a frame put together, at least I got it measured and sawn and fitted together temporarily with tape. I use a lot of tape because, for one thing, it gives me a chance to twiddle around with it and see if I want to make adjustments. In this case I think it looks OK.

However, it seemed obvious that I was going to have to have a surface on which I could line up the sections to try to be sure that they'll actually fit. At this point I ran into what may be a controversy regarding how to construct sectionals. Can I actually construct them in several sections as they're being built, or do I have to construct them all in one piece and then, urk, cut them apart after they're built?

I'm pretty sure I recall that Ken Simpson (www.portableboatplans.com) has plans where I can build them in sections (and he has some really nifty ones). Chesapeake Light Craft, on the other hand (www.clcboats.com), has a beautiful little nesting pram that almost persuaded me to build that one next instead of going ahead with *Dancing Chicken*. That one I have to saw apart.

Meanwhile, I did want more space. I was still considering trying to get *Talitha Cumi* up into the loft. I thought I had a plan that might work but I think I was forgetting various factors that came into play while I was building her a couple or so years ago. One of these is the fact that the width of the camper is so close to the length of the boat that I always had to open the door every time I had to turn her all the way around on the work table. I hadn't actually planned to turn her all the way around this time but somehow, in the process of trying to maneuver her so that I could get her up into the loft, she got wedged.

The door I now have on the camper (I've replaced the original) is designed to slide. That way, for one thing, I have more room for the work area than I would have if the door swung inward. Also, in Maine, if a door swings outward and those little ice stalagmites collect down there at the base of the door, it can present a problem. That

happened once or twice. By then the original door, thankfully, had developed a certain amount of flex. So at one point while this was going on, if someone had happened to come walking around the corner of the camper and glanced down near the bottom of the door, they would have seen two arms extending out around the side of the door. The hand on one of them held a hammer, the hand on the other held a chisel and they were busily chipping away at the ice stalagmites.

So the current door slides. Great plan except that when *Dancing Chicken* got wedged, she got wedged with one corner of the bow ("corner" because she's rectangular in top view) against the door. Also, in the process, several things had fallen off the side table and landed right down there, also against the door.

Another of those forgotten factors was the weight. While *Talitha Cumi's* weight is minimal in terms of average weights of small boats, it's still more, I found out, than I am capable of lifting out of the sort of bind in which she was finding herself at that time. So I stood there for a moment in my best thoughtful problem solving mode and then did the only thing I could think of that I figured would work best, all things considered.

I got down on the floor and crawled under the boat to the door and first removed all the objects that had fallen down there against the door. Then I got the door to open at least part of the way so that I could crawl outside. Of course, then I had much better angles from which to work and I could take advantage of another aspect of my door design. I'd also designed it so that I could take it out of the frame if I had to move very large or awkward items in or out. So I did that.

Then, at that point I decided that getting *Talitha Cumi* up into the loft might be biting off more than I should try to chew, at least at that point in time, so I pulled her outside and over to a nice shady spot in the back yard. I got her situated so that she was resting evenly and above the ground and covered her with a tarp. Then I put about four plastic bags full of small Styrofoam blocks on top of that tarp and put another larger tarp on top of that (I've seen things that happen to surfaces because of condensation, etc., if only one tarp is used). I am not totally comfortable with this but, for the moment, until I can think of something else I like better, I am hoping it will be OK.

So now I have a 4'x8' work space. This probably means that if I can avoid excessive twiggling while getting everything resituated I can get going again here. I can see a couple of places where I need to even out the table a bit but hopefully that will only take a few more minor adjustments. So meanwhile here I go again, utilizing that phrase that I know I seem to use often lately (but after all, it is reflective of the intriguing but as yet largely unexplored nature of the situation at hand).

We shall see.



The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum has recently welcomed Michael Rogers of Trappe, Maryland, as a shipwright, along with three professional shipwright apprentices to work on the 2016-2018 log hull restoration of the historic 1889 bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood*. Joining Rogers on the project are apprentices Spencer Sherwood of Newport Beach, California, Lauren Gaunt of Pleasant Ridge, Michigan, and Michael Allen of Barrington, Rhode Island. The two year restoration project is being managed by CBMM Boatyard Manager Michael Gorman and Shipwright J. Maris (Joe) Connor, rounding off a dedicated team of shipwrights, apprentices, and volunteers.

CBMM's professional shipwright apprentice program is underwritten through philanthropic support and provides recent wooden boat building school graduates on the job training through the restoration and maintenance of the largest collection of Chesapeake Bay watercraft in the world. All *Edna Lockwood* apprenticeships take place over one year, with the opportunity to renew for a second year through the project's completion.

The team is restoring CBMM's queen of the fleet and National Historic Landmark *Edna Lockwood* by replacing her nine log hull in adherence to the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Vessel Preservation. All work takes place in full public view at CBMM's waterfront campus in St Michaels, Maryland, now through 2018.

"The opportunity to restore a log hull of this size and of such historical value is a once in a lifetime opportunity for the restoration team and the people who come to watch the process underway," commented Gorman. "Our shipwright apprentices will be learning skills that they will teach to other shipwrights as they move along in their careers, ensuring this unique Chesapeake building technique is preserved."

Rogers brings experience as a self employed shipwright and schooner captain to the project. As a past owner of the bugeye *Jenny Norman*, which he also rebuilt, Rogers is looking forward to constructing and shaping the logs for the *Edna Lockwood* project, as well as working alongside his colleagues and apprentices in a teaching atmosphere. He studied physics at St Mary's College and has lived in Baltimore, Maryland, Maine and now Trappe, Maryland. His first connection to the Chesapeake Bay came from sailing in the Baltimore Harbor.



Michael Rogers.

With experience on the *Saving Sylvia II* restoration project in Wilmington, North
38 – *Messing About in Boats*, December 2016



Edna Lockwood Restoration

CBMM Welcomes New Shipwright and Apprentices for *Edna Lockwood* Restoration

Carolina, Sherwood is looking forward to learning more about traditional boat building techniques while a Seip Family Foundation Shipwright Apprentice at CBMM. Sherwood attended Appalachian State University in Boone, North Carolina, and Cape Fear Community College in Wilmington, North Carolina, where a professor first introduced and connected him with the Chesapeake Bay.

Gaunt was first introduced to the Chesapeake Bay through the Great Lakes Boat Building School in Cedarville, Michigan. Her boat building interests began while studying art at Michigan's Kalamazoo College and later as an intern at the San Diego Maritime Museum. While interning, Gaunt helped with the *San Salvador* project, the construction of a historically accurate working replica of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's flagship *San Salvador*. CBMM's *Edna Lockwood* will be Gaunt's first historic restoration project. Gaunt is a Seip Family Foundation Shipwright Apprentice.

"My wife, Alexa, and I are thrilled to support the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum by sponsoring the Seip Family Foundation shipwright apprentices," said CBMM Board Chairman Emeritus Tom D. Seip. "We can't wait to see *Edna Lockwood's* historic restoration as it progresses and the new skills these apprentices will learn from the project and hopefully pass on to others."

RPM Foundation Shipwright Apprentice Michaels Allen is experiencing his first connection with the Chesapeake Bay. With a background in arts administration at the

University of Maine in Farmington and boat building at The Carpenter's Boat Shop in Pemaquid, Maine, Allen looks forward to the



From left, Michael Allen, Spencer Sherwood, and Lauren Gaunt.

milling of the loblolly pines that will be used for *Edna's* hull. Allen also brings three years' experience as a boat builder and carpenter from the non profit WaterFire Providence, in Providence, Rhode Island.

"The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is a very special place and RPM Foundation is delighted to support CBMM's apprenticeship program," said Diane Fitzgerald, president of the RPM Foundation. "We learned about CBMM through one of RPM's Ambassadors, Bud McIntire, a boat builder and a car guy! The weekend of our visit, September 23-25, was the perfect juxtaposition of RPM's automotive and maritime focus, as we enjoyed the St Michaels Concours at CBMM and the grand opening of the Classic Motor Museum in historic St Michaels."

The *Edna Lockwood* historic log hull restoration project is expected to take 25 months, with work on the logs now underway and completion of the vessel in late 2018.

Built in 1889 by John B. Harrison on Tilghman Island for Daniel W. Haddaway, *Edna Lockwood* dredged for oysters through winter, and carried freight such as lumber, grain and produce after the dredging season ended. She worked faithfully for many owners, mainly out of Cambridge, Maryland, until she stopped "drudging" in 1967. In 1973 *Edna* was donated to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum by John R. Kimberly. Recognized as the last working oyster boat of her kind, *Edna Lockwood* was declared a National Historic Landmark in 1994. *Edna* is the last historic sailing bugeye in the world. More about the project, including progress videos, is at www.ednalockwood.org.



I have messed about on the water in numerous sailboats, canoes and kayaks. My wife would also like to do at least some boating. She has muscular dystrophy, however, and has considerable difficulty getting on the water. I've taken her in sailboats and canoes but the difficulty usually limits this to once or twice a year for a couple of hours at most. And conditions have to be just right. Even then, she is not comfortable with the instability of small boats.

The thought that we needed a powerboat has lurked in my mind for some time. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to be able to go farther and explore new waters. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to have a boat that we could spend a day or more on in comfort, taking reading or work to do, or inviting a couple of friends along.

We travelled across the country in a van some years ago and enjoyed it. Perhaps what we were looking for was a waterborne version of a van. That had a platform behind the rear seat to sleep on, a table and a kitchen unit that stored our one-burner stove, pots and pans, dishes etc., and opened to form a cooking surface. I had also found room for a porta-potti and a mini-refrigerator. This seemed to define what we wanted in the boat.

So the search began. The minimum production boats in our area with these accommodations seemed to be about 22' long, boats designed for fishing. Their small cuddy cabins were about the equivalent of our van. But there was a problem; the step or two down into these cabins would be next to impossible for Evelyn to manage. And I didn't much like the huge outboards typically used on these, and the gas consumption they implied. And they are expensive. They're intended for going offshore, not the kind of leisurely poking around in harbors and such that we had in mind. We also felt that we wanted to be able to trailer our boat to different areas.

A boat that did catch my eye was the 20' mini-trawler style "Vagabond" built by Nimble Boats in Florida. This and its larger cousin the "Nomad" clearly march to a different drummer with emphasis on ample, even luxurious, accommodations, and the recommendation that they be powered by 9.9hp outboards. There is only one small step down into the cabin. But they too are expensive and I shuddered at the thought of trailering a boat over 7' tall on its trailer. We'd have to buy a bigger car to haul it.

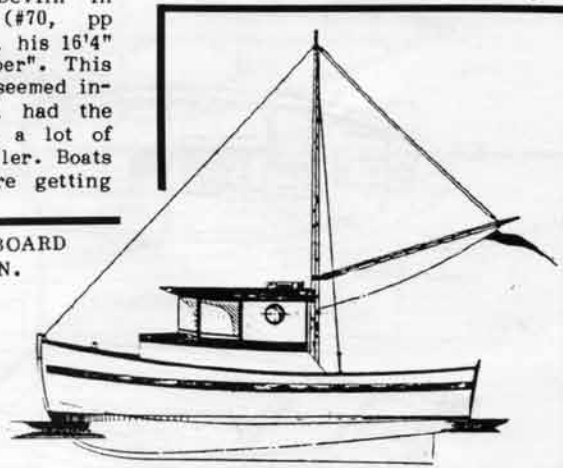
We thought about looking for a used boat. After looking at the fishing platforms, it seemed we needed to find an older style cabin cruiser with more emphasis on accommodations. We went out on just

We Needed a Powerboat

such a boat that a friend was selling. Evelyn wouldn't use the pedestal seat because it had no arm rests and she was afraid of falling from it. That could be fixed. A bigger problem was that she was sore for two days just from walking around in the cockpit. Even the very slight motion in a sheltered harbor made this very difficult for her. Perhaps we needed something smaller in which there would be little or no need for walking.

I remembered an article on the boat designs of Sam Devlin in "Small Boat Journal" (#70, pp 44-47) and, in particular, his 16'4" mini-trawler called "Dipper". This and an 18' version of it seemed intriguing but they still had the disadvantage of offering a lot of wind resistance on a trailer. Boats we were considering were getting smaller though.

"DIPPER", A 16'4" OUTBOARD CRUISER BY SAM DEVLIN.



I kept thinking about boats. Perhaps what we needed was merely a cuddy for sleeping and an awning over the cockpit that could be lowered when trailering. I've collected boating magazines and boat plans for years and I went through them

looking for something different. I looked at lots of Phil Bolger plans, both in "SBJ" and in his books.

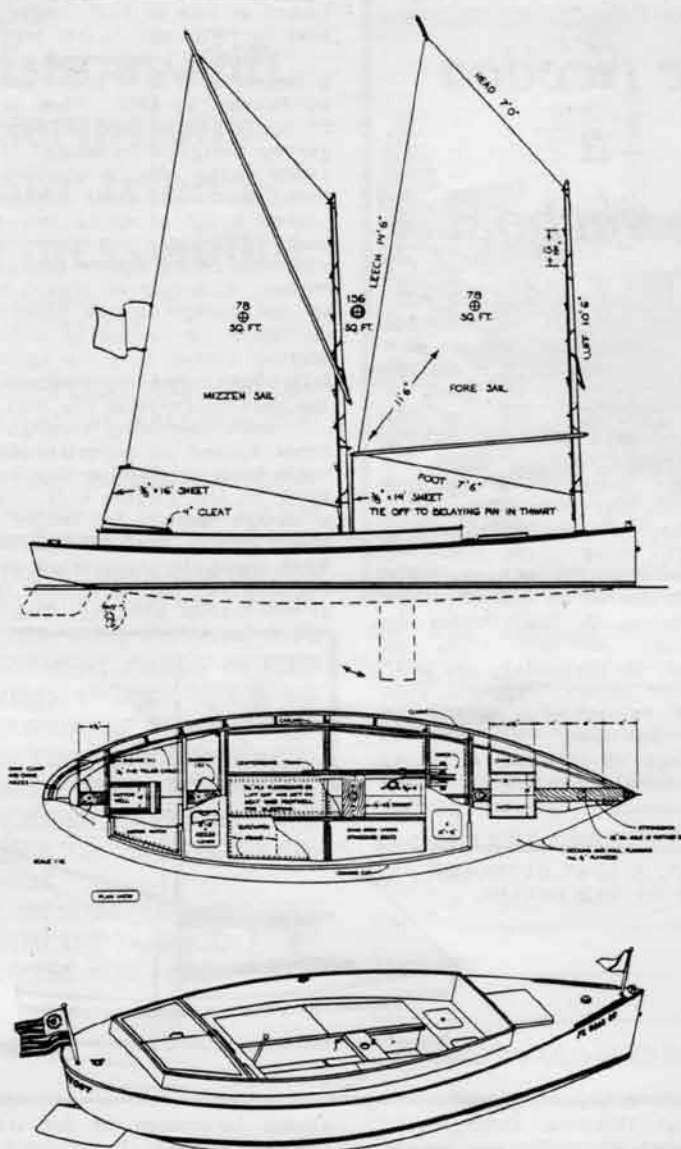
Finally I came upon a plan in a magazine of boat plans published by Fawcett in 1953, "How to Build 20 Boats". This was a plan for a garvey designed by Mason. It had a cuddy cabin over a sleeping platform, and two small cabinets. It packed a lot of space into a hull only 16'5" long by less than 6' wide due to its square bow and flat bottom. A dodger or bimini top over the cockpit would give us the enclosure we needed to extend the boating season into the spring and fall. But I had reservations about the seaworthiness of the hull form.

More searching through magazines turned up advertisements for boats built by Florida Bay Boat Co. based on the sharpie hull form, and a design sketch by Bolger for a power dory ("SBJ" #39, pp. 24-26). What especially interested me about the Florida Bay boats was the use of the canvas closures. The Bolger

sketch interested me for its comfortable seating. It occurred to me that seating like this becomes possible if you don't have to see over a cabin and, with canvas closure, you can eliminate the cabin entirely. Now we were down to an open

"LILY PAD", A 16.5' OUTBOARD GARVEY BY A. MASON.





"LIGHTFOOT", A 21' SAILING SHARPIE BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

boat that would be easy to trailer, could have comfortable bench seating aft, bench seats forward that convert to a large berth with the insertion of a center cushion, a place for a porta-potti under a seat, and storage also under the seats.

I sketched a 17' sharpie based on these thoughts. It had a large motor well aft. This seemed to have promise but the end of the boat behind the motor appeared to have little function. The boat was, in effect, a 13' boat, too small. I also devised a canal boat scheme inspired by a sketch in "Boats" (Jan. 1, '91, pp.19). The idea for this flat bottom garvey was to put the cockpit in the bow with a small cabin behind. The center section of the bow could be hinged to lower in the fashion of a landing craft; boarding could be directly from the beach. Other advantages would be

an unobstructed view and isolation from motor noise. But more passengers than the two persons for whom it is designed would overload the bow.

I next remembered a 21' sailing/motor sharpie called "Lightfoot" designed by Robert Johnson ("Wooden Boat" #22, pp. 62-65). Florida Bay Boat Co. built a version of this as the "Bay Hen". I had been so struck by this boat that I had sent for the plans. I dug them out. The sailing rig would make it difficult to adapt the boat to our needs but as a motor launch it could be readily adapted.

The motor well with non-steering motor and rudder presented a steering problem by Johnson's own admission. We didn't want a boat that was difficult to handle around a dock if I was going to manage it alone. Upon reflection, I realized that this diffi-

culty could probably be circumvented by enlarging the motor well and steering with the motor. The well might be moved aft a few inches as well as having its transom lifted a bit. This boat is pretty, has considerable room for accommodation and entertaining, and is simple to build. It too is flat bottomed.

Another boat that caught my eye was a deadrise launch. The design and building of this 22' semi-displacement boat was described in "SBJ" #26, pp. 50-54. This boat, in contrast to the boats we were looking at, was designed to run efficiently at about ten knots, and it gets 25 miles to the gallon using a Honda 9.9hp 4-cycle engine. Its plank construction would not be suitable for a boat that would be kept on a trailer much of the time, however. And its form is not suitable for plywood construction.

Another look at the Fawcett publication turned up the 19' outboard cruiser called "Waterman", designed by Howard Chapelle. It is a modified sharpie based on the Chesapeake Bay workboat launches. While he designed it for heavy traditional plank-on-frame construction, Chapelle also showed a plywood version. Its low deadrise hull is only slightly more complicated to build than a flat bottom sharpie. The hinged lifting cuddy cabin top is intriguing. I would use a thwartship seat aft with bench seats forward that double as a berth. I would shorten the cuddy to allow more cockpit seating.

It seemed we might be getting close to our objective. "Lightfoot" and "Waterman" are quite comparable boats. The latter is shorter because it does not have the overhanging stern of the sharpie. It also seems that it would be a bit more seaworthy and be able to run at a ten knot speed that would extend our range. Another option that occurred to me was to use the hull of the Devlin "Dipper" (remember that?) and build it as an open boat like "Lightfoot" and "Waterman". "Dipper", though shorter, is a bigger boat with about a foot more depth and width. This chunkiness would presumably require more power and make it a bit more difficult to trailer.

To assist in getting Evelyn aboard, we are looking into using a lift, such as the "Hoyer Lift". To simplify the boat and get rid of the need for a space robbing console, I'll use a side-mounted tiller for steering. Examples of the use of such steering can be found on the deadrise launch mentioned and on a William Atkin launch described in "SBJ" #27, pp. 28-36. In considering how to put a bimini style top on "Lightfoot", I discovered that it could be designed to fold down into the front of the cockpit for trailering. On "Waterman", it would fold under the hinged cuddy top out of

the way and out of the weather.

I decided to look into having "Waterman", the 19' Chapelle design, built. I approached a local builder for an estimate. He figured about \$1,200 for materials and \$8,000 for labor. My hope in using a local builder was that I could work with him and reduce the labor cost.

I also considered another boat that would perhaps serve at least as well; a semi-dory designed by John Gardner. The plans for 16' and 19' versions are included in his "Dory Book". They are simpler and should thus be less expensive to build.

At this point I decided to go ahead and get a Honda 9.9 that a local dealer had on sale, as it seemed we were committed to building or buying something on which I could use this engine. While purchasing the engine, I asked the dealer what he had in boats. He showed me a Lowe basic 16' aluminum skiff with four bench seats. Not attractive. But it could be functional if I could adapt it to serve our needs, and it is light for trailering. He would sell it for 40% off.

I took some measurements, came home, drew the boat on my computer, and began exploring modification ideas. I also rifled my "Small Boat Journals" again for ideas, and came up with an article in issue #1 on customizing aluminum skiffs. This article contains the statement that "a tin boat is a tinkerer's dream." This, and Dave Getchell's praise for the basic aluminum skiff, led me on.

My second try at a plan was based on removing a section of one seat, adding platform sections with storage under, building a steering console, and using removeable folding seats (see my drawing). By removing the seats and raising the floorboards flush with the bench seats, the after half of the boat can become a sleeping platform. I found that West Marine sells a bimini top that it seems could be used on this boat.. With side curtains added, we could have enclosure for camping or inclement weather.

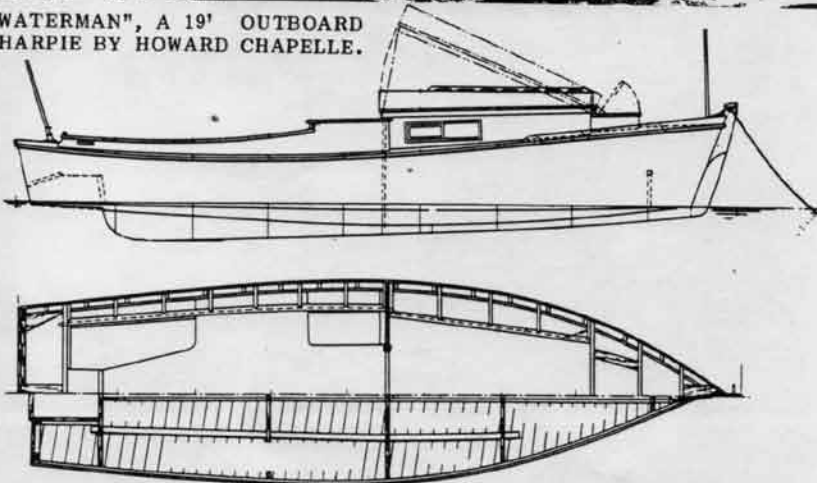
Since it looked like this would give us an inexpensive way to find out if such a boat will work for us, I bought this hull. My experience with small boats has taught me that the smaller and simpler the boat, the more it will be used. Based on this boat, we can perhaps further define our needs and find or build a boat later that better fits these perceived needs. Or maybe this one will be just the right mix of portability and usefulness even if it isn't pretty.

Chuck Wright, N. Falmouth, MA.

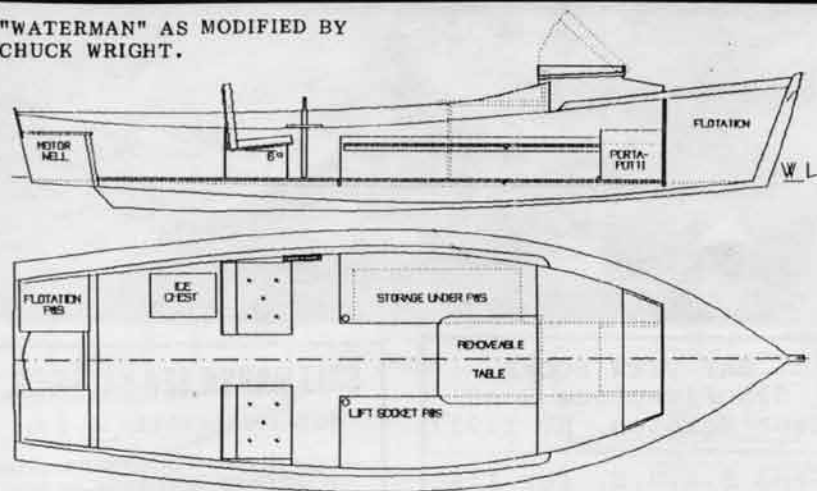
Chuck Wright is active in both sea kayaking and canoeing, leading many AMC group outings, and often reporting on them for "Boats".



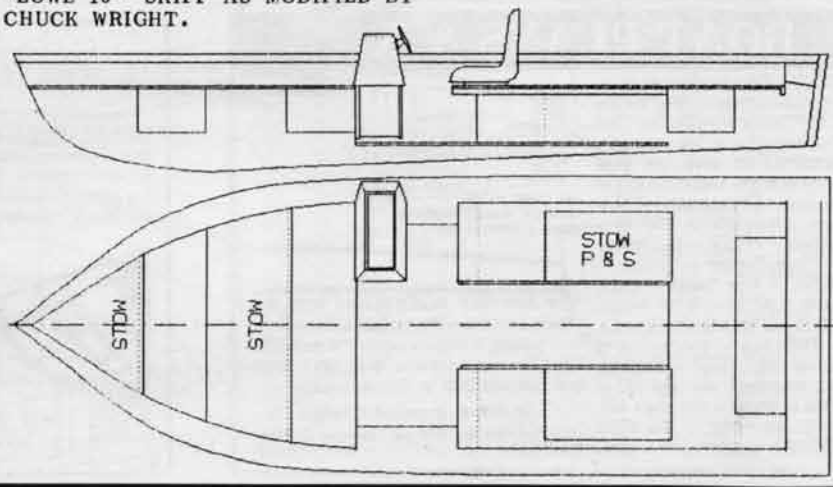
"WATERMAN", A 19' OUTBOARD SHARPIE BY HOWARD CHAPELLE.



"WATERMAN" AS MODIFIED BY CHUCK WRIGHT.



"LOWE 16" SKIFF AS MODIFIED BY CHUCK WRIGHT.



A Sixteen-Foot Microcruiser

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

by David Whitehead

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

By 2013, with anno domini advancing relentlessly, I was forced to accept that there were few new adventures suitable for a septuagenarian within easy reach so I sought a new interest and new challenges. The solution was found on my doorstep as I live in the village of Kinvara on the shore of Galway Bay.

Galway Bay encloses about 1000 sq nautical miles and the coastlines of the bay and islands add up to about 250 miles. The area offers extensive micro-cruising opportunities with over thirty destinations ranging from semi-sheltered piers and secluded bays to tidal, drying creeks. The Outer Bay and especially the Connemara shore, has extensive sheltered bays and inlets penetrating well inland to the hinterland and is a delectable cruising ground ideally suited to exploration in a small, shoal draft boat. The Aran Islands provide a more exotic, fair weather option only a half dozen miles offshore.

The cruising ground of the inner part of the Bay is on a small scale and I had visited a selection of destinations, mainly those with a pub close by, but I now recognised how little of the potential of the Bay I had realised.

The Boat

If a boat suited to this sort of cruising ground could be road-trailed she could have an extended cruising range and be able explore other mini cruising grounds such as Cork Harbour, Roaring Water Bay, the Shannon Estuary and Lakes, Strangford Lough and Mulroy Bay – and who knows one might even go further afield, perhaps to the Rade de Brest, or the Morbihan?

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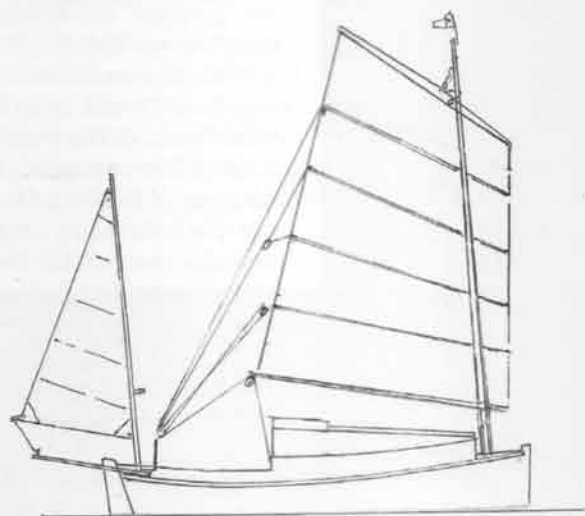
The criteria for such a boat are quite demanding. The vessel needs to be shoal draft and of a hull shape that can dry out level, which effectively rules out a keelboat. Road trailing requires her to be easy to launch from and recover onto a trailer, thus light in weight with a rig that is easily stepped and struck and spars that are light and short are called for. Weight is critical as it determines how much work is involved and thus the motivation to head off to new pastures! The heavier the boat the less likely she will be trailed far or often.

The boat is intended to be used in sheltered and semi sheltered waters and will only venture outside them in settled weather – and then with care. The small scale of its cruising waters means that passages of 20 miles would be unusual and they



will more often be ten miles or less. The 'accommodation' is for camping rather than caravanning and with judicious use of B & Bs the crew is not likely to have to spend more than a night or two aboard in a cruise of a week or so.

After studying Charles Stock's writings I concluded that his 16ft *Shoal Waters* is about the right size. A low aspect rig with short spars is optimal and the Cat yawl rig allows the main mast to be placed far forward clearing a space for



the 'accommodation'. I thought a centreboard was preferable to leeboards or twin keels as it can be used as a sounding device in shallow water. A sharpie hull maximises the volume available within a given set of dimensions and is relatively quick and economical to build.

This hull shape also makes for easy loading onto a trailer and the centre of gravity is kept low. A study of designs, plans and descriptions on the internet found nothing entirely suitable but many ideas seen there were incorporated into the concept.

My son had already had a

boat built to Carl Stambaugh's Catbird 16 design (*see p 53*) and the builder, Tiernan Roe of Ballydehob, was happy to build another, incorporating my requirements. The principal modifications made were to move the centreboard a foot to starboard to improve the space under the cuddy; the centreboard shape was changed to reduce the height of the casing and the rudder was redesigned to make it easier to retract for drying out.

One hundred and fifty kilograms of inside ballast was installed and watertight bulkheads were located at the fore and aft ends of the cuddy. Together, a high coachroof, sidedecks, a watertight cockpit and bridge deck and the ballast are adequate to ensure self-righting from a knockdown.

The space under the cuddy is big enough to hold a berth, a portable toilet, a cooking shelf with a single ring gas stove and plenty of storage space for food, water, navigation and bosun's stores and personal effects. There is also ample storage for warps, fenders anchor and rode, etc, in the watertight cockpit lockers.

The cuddy roof gives four feet of headroom under the high camber at its aft end and some inches more under the hatch (where the casing of the PortaPotti provides a comfortable perch!). A small forehatch gives access to the main mast and the foredeck.

The cockpit drains through ports in the transom and the side benches have watertight locker lids so that in the event of a knockdown there is





plenty of reserve buoyancy. About twelve cubic feet of foam is stowed in various locations around the boat so she will float high enough to be bailed out in the unlikely event of water getting below after a knockdown.

rigging so at the end of the season the gaff main was replaced by a Chinese lug sail of the same area as the balance lug of the original design. I have not yet been able to test out this rig but am looking forward to doing so next spring.



The lug mainsail of the design was replaced with a slightly larger gaff sail with all lines led aft to the



There is no standing rigging and the running rigging is as light and simple as possible. The bumpkin is easily removed and it is pretty simple to set up and strike down the rig. The all-up weight of the boat is about 350 kilograms which allows the use of a lightweight, single axle road trailer easily towed by a small car.

The bottom, centreboard, rudder blade and the inside of the centreboard case were painted with CopperCoat so that antifouling is not needed although the boat will most likely spend much of the time on a mooring. The stem, keel, centreboard, rudder and chines are protected with brass strip to prevent

abrasion damage. There is a 2 ½ hp Suzuki outboard on a lifting bracket as auxiliary power.

I decided to call her after Jim Brading's boat in Arthur Ransome's *We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea*. My first boat, the 16 ft Gaff Cutter, had been called *Imp* so *Goblin* seemed appropriate for another 16-footer.

Goblin was first launched for trials at Roaring Water pier close to Ballydehob in west Cork in 2014 but then spent the rest of the year on her trailer at the builder's house as I had other commitments which prevented me from using her that summer. *Goblin* was trailed up to Galway in autumn last year and stored behind Pierce Purcell's boat shop in nearby Clarinbridge. In February this year I contracted pneumonia (with complications) so that I was not fit for sailing until late in the season. In any case the weather on the west coast of Ireland this 'summer' did not encourage maritime activity!

With the assistance of ICC members Donal Morrissey and Peter Fernie, *Goblin* was launched at Tarea Pier and brought to my mooring at Kinvara Harbour in July. The little sailing I did manage thereafter showed that the concept worked and the little boat is well balanced and has adequate stability, although, like all dory-shaped sharpies, she heels 10-15° easily before becoming quite stiff.

The main problem encountered arises from the difficulty of access to the foredeck. Although one can dive below and emerge through the forehatch this might not be practicable at all times, so in order to enable picking up and dropping the mooring, anchoring, and recovery of the anchor, a strop has had to be rigged running from the cockpit, along the side deck and through a block on the stem head and thence back along the side deck to the cockpit.

Two other lines lead aft from a mooring cleat on the foredeck so a bow line is always at hand from the cockpit. A stern line is also kept permanently rigged and a midships line can be easily set up from the cockpit.



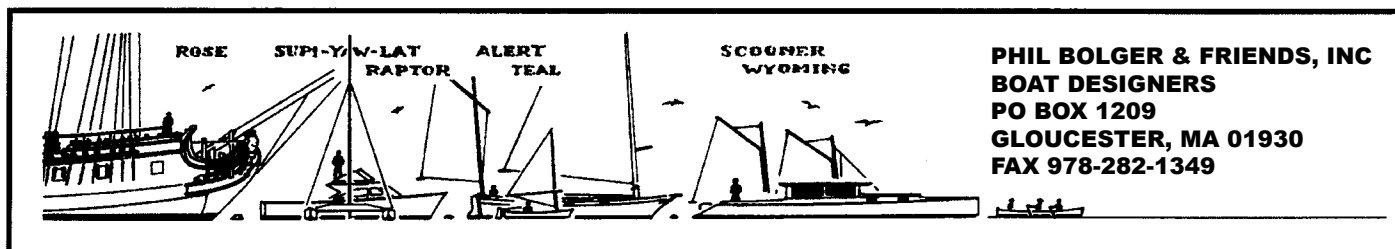
There is no instrumentation although a water level-actuated electric bilge pump is powered by a golf cart battery with a small solar panel and pumps bilge water into the centboard case. A couple of supermarket LEDs provide light below to supplement an oil lamp – although I have not yet been aboard in darkness!

I am very happy with the little vessel and I am looking forward hopefully to an active sailing season when I intend to try to exploit *Goblin's* micro cruising and road trailing potential more fully – *Deo valente!* DW



(Top Right)

Serendipity is an open version of the same design as *Goblin*, the CATBIRD 16. She is owned by David's son, who is shown sailing her on Loch Ness



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I had a sequence of meetings on Green Boats in southern Maine so it occurred to me to just extend one of these rides from Gloucester down east by a few miles during the afternoon to go and see Stan and his Manatee, aka *Alert*, Phil's Design #357. *Alert* had been built strip planking fashion by the late Jim Melcher with a friend on the shores of Great Bay in New Hampshire. After feeling her out in New England, Jim sailed her down the East Coast, then trucked her across the continent, sailed down the West Coast etc, etc, eventually set off for Europe solo, fell off her some 200 miles off the Canadian east coast, got back aboard her via her rudder mounted steps, got to Europe safely, turned 74 there, went deep into the continent by rivers and canals and finally came back to the Americas, this time doing the sleigh ride two handed in love once more.

Home built, on perhaps 22" of overload draft full of provisions for the long ones, initially more intended for coastal work and gunk holing, with sheer endless places to explore on East and Gulf coasts, alongshore and way up the estuaries, if not doing rivers and canals.

I'd last seen her together with Phil in a storage yard for a New England winter when Jim, in his early 80s, was offering her for sale. But we'd also been aboard her sailing

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #506 in *MAIB*

Stan's Fleet

In order of appearance in this article, with specifications as listed in Phil's archive:

Design #357 Leeboard Cat Yawl
Manatee, 33'6"x7'8"x1'6"

Design #363 Lateen Scow Tortoise,
6'5"x3'2"

Design #562 Utility Rowing Boat,
13'1"x4'1"

Design #589 Keel Centerboard
Catboat, Beach Cat, 15'1"x6'6"

when she came to visit Gloucester. She had stayed on the mud next to Phil's *Resolution* on the other side of his floats at Montgomery Boatyard. Atlantic crossing and routine mud berths, getting the most out of the investment indeed. A completely different definition of High Performance from that of the hothouse bred cruiser racers pushed so hard at the boat shows and certain glossy mags.

Now well over 35 years of age and apparently in good hands and sailed a lot, I

sure wanted to go and touch her, just a bit further down the road from where I already was in Maine. Well, not as bad as casually trying to cross Montana in a day via what will be 660+ miles of Interstate, my quick jaunt up the road would actually add up to another 150 miles one way or a total of 450 miles for the day from Gloucester, just about as far as running down to Washington DC. But it was worth it.

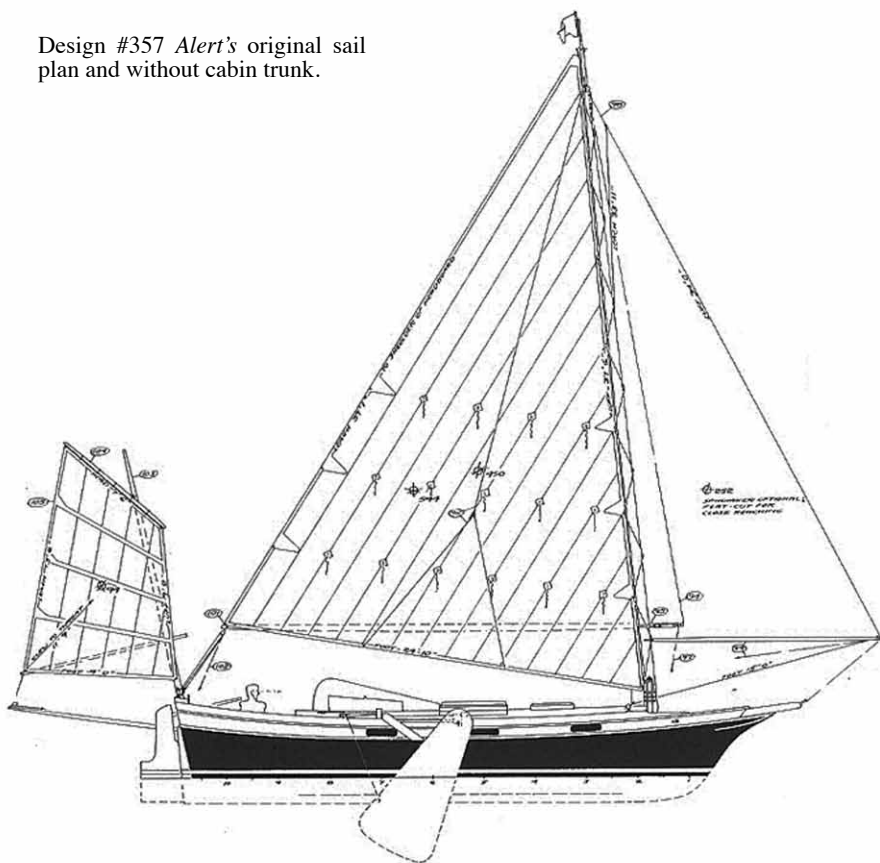


Alert in her winter berth.

Alert's cockpit with main mast laid down by Stan on mast crutch.



Design #357 *Alert's* original sail plan and without cabin trunk.





Alert's stern quarter with Stan. Note off center prop, stout end plate on her rudder and that vital ladder up the rudder.



Inside Alert's main cabin.



Alert's main cabin looking forward through her galley.

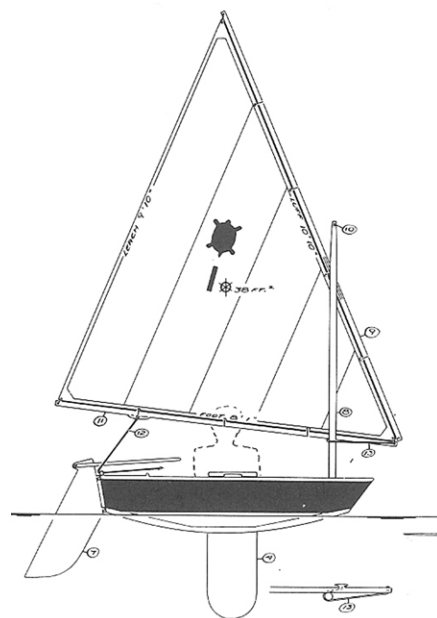
Alert's bow cabin with V-berths.



I had not anticipated seeing the mix of shapes of Bolger Designs apart from *Alert*. Not far from saltwater, but deep in the woods at the end of Stan's and Ms. M's driveway there was indeed #357. But first I rolled by one shelter and that boat shop and saw standing casually and solidly on her side over two 2x pieces on that crushed rock in that shelter, bow transom first, a recently built Tortoise with her fore and aft drop in rowing thwart on top, oars inside next to a coil of soft-cored gunnel guard, all awaiting final assembly and likely paint. Stan had opted for Phil's stone cold, no nonsense, you need only a single curve in a hull for this duty dinghy rationality. Two sheets of plywood, some dimensional lumber, fasteners or adhesives and it's off and running putting her together, the usual Instant Boat approach. Well, nice contrast with that all curves and drama barge yacht hull of *Alert*, a fine accent. And who'd steal this box boat from the dinghy dock?



Not much to building the Tortoise.



Design #363 Tortoise sail plan.

But next to her in that shelter, on a dedicated trailer, the innocuously named #562 Utility Rowing Boat. Again, all plywood and some lumber, but this time rendered in glued (epoxy) lapstrake construction to perfectly lined off plank shapes to arrive in this all curves light two person craft, pretty much the opposite of Instant anything, never mind boxy.

Over 24 years ago Phil had this shape built by David Montgomery to the larger Design #600 Spur II, measuring 15'4"x4'6", currently hanging under the ceiling in the shop downstairs here. We car topped her to a WoodenBoat Show in Newport and rowed her when 12-meter America's Cup sloops barreled along with no jibs and a second reef in their mainsails. And we had one particularly memorable trip on the Concord River on a fall day, with frost on the ground in the morning and us sunbathing aboard her by noon.

So, Stan's 13-footer can do all sorts of work, be it dinghy, exercise machine, day-tripping on rivers and ponds, fishing, sunbathing and just plain showing off her elegance. And since Stan has been on the water for a bit, one would expect a perfect oar movement to add to her polished appearance just gliding by near effortlessly.



Two different ways to use plywood to build a boat



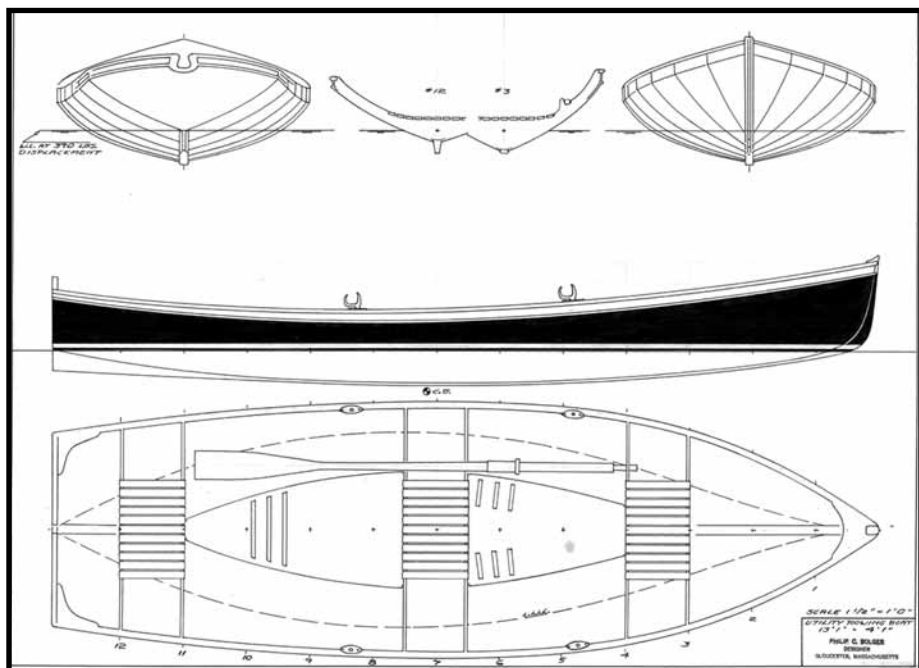
Stan the builder.

A completely different aesthetic emerging in that boat shop. Here well into the first half of what it will take to get her all finished to sail, Stan is working on the centerboard-version of #589 Beach Cat. Double chine plywood stitch and glue construction to arrive at a fine easygoing day sailer for easily four adults. No convex and concave dramatics of free flowing hull lines here, just what seems desirable to carry sail, optionally a good load of folks, all on a narrow waterline if in light trim, and very buildable in plywood, reasonably fast to assemble, to then ride happily on a modest bunk trailer with its wheels under her bilge panels.

With all of those square bottom molds now looking odd upside down with her recently being righted, her final appearance can at best be guessed at this stage of construction. But apart from the plans right there, I certainly know what her little brother Design #470 Bobcat looks and feels like in the flesh on 12'3"x6' and that seemingly absurdly shallow barn door rudder that actually feels quite authoritative because of its unambiguous endplate making it act as much bigger. Picturing Beach Cat with a boom tent, the mind wanders into overnighing scenarios, light cruises on a lake or poking for a week around that bay.

In the other end of that thought spectrum would be a more or less manic sand bagger rig exercise along the lines I proposed for Bobcat in *MAIB* Vol 31, #7, November 2013. There I followed the sandbagger school of thought into what we'd now call (temporarily) steroided increases in sail area from 110sf to 250sf. On Beach Cat that would translate into going, on occasion only, from 139sf to, say, about 300sf. Whether Stan will feel like 'roiding her up, we'll see.

Beach Cat plans handy in the boat.



Design #562 Utility Rowing Boat general arrangement.

Beach Cat with not yet much of a hull.

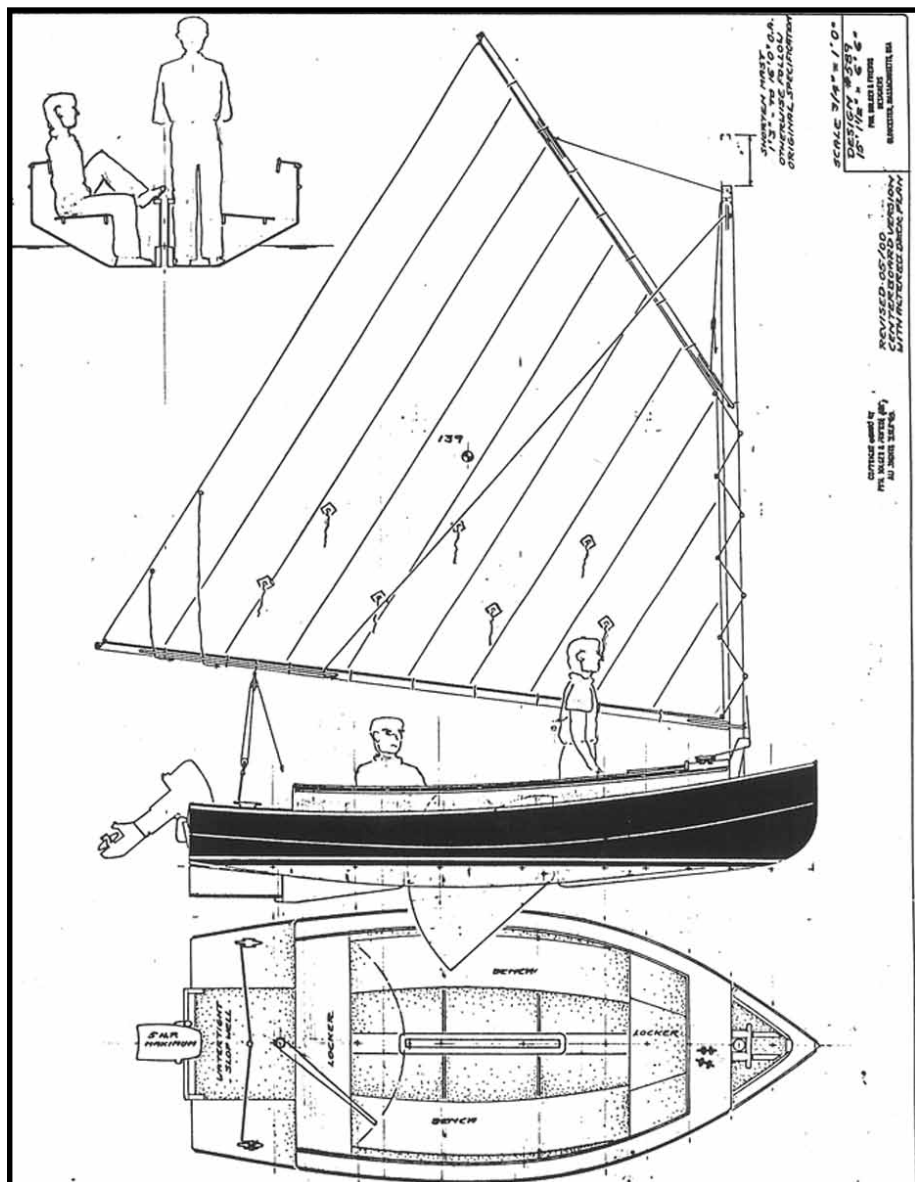


All curves, home built and extensively ocean tested, Manatee/*Alert* was first discussed by Phil in Chapter 16 of his 1980 book *Different Boats* and there really should be more of her out there. Part of my workload here is to get Phil's book manuscript on this barge yacht hull form into print. He explored that shape down to cartopable rowing boat sizes and up to, well, much bigger than *Alert* ocean capable designs.

On this visit we only had time for Stan to share just a few anecdotes on his cruising her in New England maximizing on her virtues. But Ms M and Stan are not done yet with the topic Manatee/*Alert*. For now I'll let the pictures and the few graphics speak for themselves.

Just think of where she's been and how few ocean cruisers could have actually followed her from her place of construction in Newmarket, New Hampshire, on tidal Great Bay, soon on to both sides of this continent, the Atlantic Ocean, deep into Europe, Gloucester's tidal berths and across quite a few winters between sailing seasons now tucked in under the trees, mast folded, all wrapped up under her canvas cover, always ready to serve as a guest house. High Performance indeed, apparently in good hands.

And Stan is having at it as well, likely impossible without the engaging partaking by Ms M. Stan has done all sorts of things, from work in science to building things, like his home and three of these boats, with other craft before, now elsewhere or just used up. When some folks get all cranky about the general state of affairs these days, good to think of the doers, solo and couples, who in small and in dramatic ways expand their own personal existence with can do and thus those of others by example, moving the bar towards more intrigue, excitement, rejecting stagnation in favor of satisfaction of moving boundaries where few should be lasting, and thus implicitly, if not explicitly, pushing back against the fashionably malcontented by planting small and bigger exclamation marks for many to see, usually actually ending with the poignant question mark after how about this!?



Design #589 Beach Cat.



The Cricket class was a 15', chined, V-shaped catboat with wishboom (wishbone boom) that died out in the early 1960s. By that time the Cricket fleet was only found at the Miami Yacht Club and, given the small numbers at the demise, it is today, a forgotten class. But in digging through US sailing history more comes out about the Cricket.

The Cricket class was designed sometime during the 1890s in or around Atlantic City New Jersey, where it became extremely popular. Reports indicate hundreds were built and about one hundred were racing out of Atlantic City in 1900. It was, as far as I can determine, the earliest example of a chined, V-shaped sailing dinghy in the United States. More about the early development of the Cricket class (who was the designer? what prompted the design? when did the class die out in Atlantic City?) has been hard to come by.

In the 1920s, when northerners began to flock to the remote but bucolic winter paradise that was Florida, the Cricket class was also exported in numbers from the New Jersey shores. It was reported that 25 Crickets were shipped to southern Florida with most of them destroyed in the hurricane of 1926. The Cricket class would rebuild in Miami and would form the core of the Southern Florida Sailing Association (later the Miami Yacht Club) when it was organized in 1928. The Cricket would become the boat to beat in the free for all under 150sf (sail area) class.



When, in 1931, Bill Crosby designed the Snipe for the Florida West Coast Racing Association's free for all Trailer class, he must have been mindful that his Snipe would initially be compared against the Cricket class, at least in Florida. Between the two, the hull design similarities are striking. It does seem that Crosby started designing his Snipe using the Cricket as a baseline and then added user friendly features (a sloop rig with a high boom being the most notable one). The Snipe went on to international fame, the Cricket to oblivion.

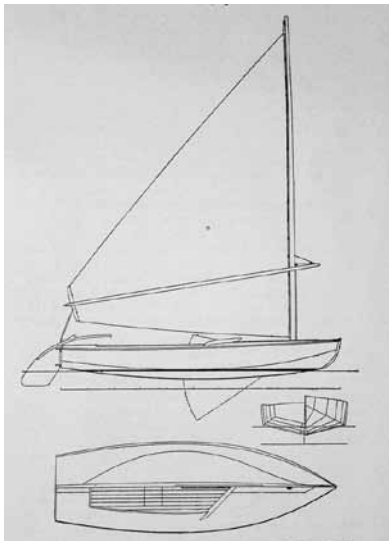
The closest we have to a set of lines for the Cricket was this one design commissioned by St Petersburg Yacht Club as featured in *The Rudder*, 1919. The lines look very close to a copy of the Cricket although the length for this one design is a foot longer (at 16') than the Cricket.

Author says, "*The Rudder* article states that six were launched in March with an additional six on order, built in St Pete by Captain Edgar Young and delivered complete and ready to sail for \$150 each. They planed in quartering winds and tested well in the Bay's choppy waters as well as out in the Gulf. The snotter allows draught (sic) to be adjusted underway, although there is no provision to reef. Specs were: LOA 16'-0", LWL 13'-6", Beam 5'-0", Draught 0'-6" (Rudder 0'-10"), with Sail Area 123sf."

The Florida Cricket Class A Missing Link?

From Irwin Schuster

Barely mentioned in the www.spyc.org as a "Cricket Class," developed under the Trailer Class rule, the Florida One Design shown in the December 1919 issue of *The Rudder* is the earliest document showing lines. The design is attributed to George S. "Gidge" (both of them soft gs) Gandy (hard g this time). Clearly the booms shown were not symmetrical wishbones but simply sprit-booms, although both types may have been used.



Windmill Class Association says: "The Windmill is a 15 1/2' foot, two person racing dinghy designed by boat builder Clark Mills in 1953. Having designed the Optimist Pram in 1947, Clark saw a need for a two person high performance dinghy that can be inexpensively constructed by amateur builders.



The class has since evolved with the times to allow fiberglass construction and aluminum spars, yet both wooden and fiberglass Windmills remain equally competitive. The Windmill is a born racer. Its narrow, hard chined planing hull provides high performance. Being a non trapeze, non spinnaker boat makes the Windmill accessible to a wide range of sailing skills."

www.sailboatdata.com says, "A native of Clearwater Florida (US), where he spent most of his life, master boatwright and designer Clark Mills is best known for his Windmill and Optimist Pram designs as well as the Com-Pac 16 and Com-Pac 19."

Author says, "It is pretty clear that Mills' Windmill was 'inspired by' the Florida One design. Clear because, to drop the name of a fellow who was around at the time (and still is), Charley Morgan says so. Charley knew all of these fellows, has a good eye for this stuff and I will take his word on it."

www.snipeusa.com says, "About the boat, The Snipe is a 15 1/2', two person, one design racing dinghy which has delivered an enjoyable sailing experience and outstanding long term value for its owners for 75 years. Designed in 1931 by William Crosby as a smaller, easily trailerable sailboat which can be rigged and launched in a minimum of time, the Snipe has evolved into a modern tactical dinghy which is enjoyed by a broad spectrum of recreational racing sailors, ranging from the entry level novice sailor to the Olympic champion. Across this spectrum of experience is one constant, enjoyable family recreation together for a lifetime."



Author says, "I describe the Florida One Design as a Cricket type, cat rigged, sprit boom, club clew, centerboard, deadrise, 16' knockabout."

So, in summation, The New Jersey Cricket was the basis for the Florida One Design, which evolved to the Windmill, which was used as a model for the Snipe. Thus, as we all know, we build on precedents. That's the story of civilization. Copycat, steal, improve (hopefully) and make it our own.

Photos are attributed to the websites mentioned, except for the model, which is my own.

About 1965 or so I built an eyeball replica of the old 19' *Nueva Eva* sloop we had when I was in the Navy. It was a good boat for us when my sons were little. Though it was an open boat, it would easily carry us and all our camping stuff for long trips in the big water. Like the real *Nueva Eva*, it had a long straight keel with very little drag (only drew 18") and would balance to self sail on the wind. We made many a long voyage of exploration in the open water of the Gulf of Mexico and the bays, rivers and marshes around here in that old boat... trips that were the joy of our youth.

We played like we were original discoverers as we sailed into places where there was no sign that we weren't the first. Even in less pristine new ground, we developed the talent of ignoring the beer cans and fishing skiffs out on the flats as we explored ahead... little lookouts on the bow hanging by the forestay... supper cooking on the coal pot in the sandbox on top of the live well.

One spring we were on the eastern tip of St George Island (where the state park is now, "Four Wheel Drive Vehicles Only on the Beach" the sign says). We had the new *Nueva Eva* anchored in a little sandbar cove and had gone ashore in the skiff to mess around while we waited the tide to run out enough to dig a few clams.

You know, there are five kinds of edible clams in Apalachee Bay. One is the regular old campecheinsis quahog, the ones the wild people called "female clam." Some of them here are as big as a grapefruit and one of them is a chowder right by herself... if you can bring yourself to kill a 12-year-old girl. Another, the Sun Ray Venus, is a very active, well decorated clam that can dig as fast as you can (depending on who you are). They are sandy inside and considered to be inedible by most people but if you know what you are doing they are better than the big hard clams.

There is also the great seaside cockle whose shells used to be so thick on the seaside of the barrier islands that we built igloos out of them when we were children, but now are kept pretty well picked up by eager women who think they need to own every seashell they see. Sunray Clams are pretty agile but nothing compared with a live cockle (a seldom seen thing). Cockles have such a long, prehensile foot that they can climb out of a pretty good sized bucket... may jump out.

Cockles are even more full of sand than sunrays but... if you know what you are doing, are delicious. You have to watch out if you fry them for fritters though, they'll pop hot grease on you worse than anything I ever saw.

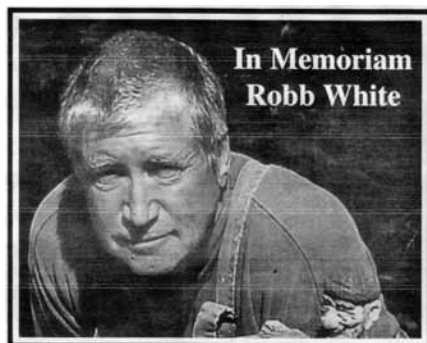
Then there are two kinds of clams that Atlantic people call soft clams that live in permanent, deep burrows on the flats. One makes the shells that are called "angel wings." The wild people called them "male clam." There is another male clam, too, but he is so seldom seen that I can't find any mention in the literature. This is a giant burrowing clam almost as big as the geoduck of the West Coast. Anatomically they look like the soft clams they have over on the Atlantic side but are much bigger. I think that one reason they are not well known is that they live in a hole about four or five feet deep dug into the roots of the grass of the flats. We planned to enhance the one pot meal we had simmering in the sandbox with one or two of those kinds of clams... hoped for about five sunrays... when the tide fell.

While we were waiting we had walked a

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.



The Time We Almost Lost the Chicken Feed Skiff

In which some bad luck leads to a night we've never forgotten.

long way west up the seaside beach when we saw a long line of black clouds coming down the bay. We picked up both little boys and started trotting back to the boat but were too late. Even though the rain didn't start before we got there, the blow did and was so strong out of the southeast that it blew our aluminum skiff off the beach where we had pulled it up and whipped it into the bay.

I put my boy down and lit out running but by the time I got as close to it as I could get, it was way too far to swim after and was scooting along so fast that I couldn't have caught it if I had been an Olympian, so we hurried to the big boat only to find that it was landlocked by the falling tide. We dug a little ditch in the sand and by hauling her down by the halyard and washing with a bucket in the driving rain finally managed to get her out of the hole and into floating water... but by then the skiff was long gone and it was late in the afternoon.

I might have considered letting the durn thing go because it was getting cold and windy and we would have to sail dead downwind, but it was a good skiff that I had unloaded many a boxcar of chickenfeed to scratch up the scratch for when I was a boy and was dearly beloved to me (still is). We scrambled in and snatched up every scrap of sail the old boat would stand... and she would bear a lot. We boiled off downwind the bay into the sunset smashing into the backs of the waves and steering fine to avoid yawing enough to jibe or even broach to in the big following sea that was blowing in through the pass between St George and Dog Island.

Straight up downwind sailing has always been a rare thing with us and it was exhilarating business despite the fact that the skiff was out of sight by now and we knew that we were in for a long cold night. When it got dark it got real dark. The sky was over-

cast and the moon wasn't due to rise until some 11 o'clock or so. We just held on downwind and decided to go until I could tell that we were fixing to run up on Porter Bar way the hell and gone down by East Point where the last light had shown the downwind drift to hit the land.

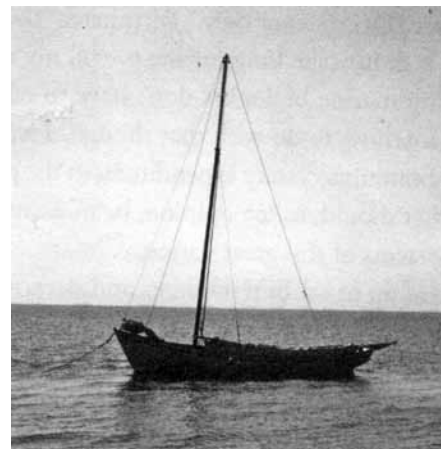
I knew the tide would still be rising when we got there so I figured to just round up in the shallows and wait for daylight or the moon to peek through a gap in the cloud, enough to try to took for the skiff. The wind was so steady that I hoped it would be in sight, stranded on the bar just downwind. As usual, once the plan was made we relaxed as well as we could in the fast sailing boat (which, it don't pay to act too smug about your yacht when in the presence of a Caribbean sailing smack ... sailing off the wind in a good breeze).

While we were eating our clamless chowder and crackers with cheese I could see a hint of the moon every now and then and by the time the boys were sleeping under their sailbags on the life preservers under the foredeck, the front passed and the sky was clear and the almost still full moon was shining bright. The wind was even moderating a little bit when I finally saw the skiff, aluminum gleaming in the moonlight, as it slid bow first down the bay.

When we finally caught it (a lost aluminum skiff with only a light outboard motor and a pair of oars for ballast will plane in 20 knots of wind) it was late at night and we were 15 miles downwind of all our camping stuff. We began the long, long beat up the bay. Those shallow keel style sailboats are not built to go dead upwind. The people who normally use them are not frantic about where they think they need to be all the time like most North Americans. The old boat would beat upwind though if it wasn't pinched too close. I learned that it was best to try to make just the least little gain to the tack and keep the boat sailing along at a good clip instead of creeping along and sliding sideways.

This one would self sail just right without having to tie the rudder so all I had to do was push the tiller a little while my wife wordlessly reached up from her warm sailcloth nest and backed the forestaysail with her foot for each tack.

We sailed all night in the clear air with the water sparkling in the moonlight around us. The next day was wonderfully clear, too, and they dug sand fleas and caught the delicious pompanos off the seaside and fried them for our lunch while I snoozed in the warm sand. Dang, I believe I'll go try to lose that skiff again.



When we donated *Hirado* to a charity group, I kept my Guzzler manual pump and a Rule 1000 bilge pump. The Guzzler and the Rule 1000 were quite old and I saw no reason to burden the charity with such equipment. The Guzzler came in handy following the "light flooding" of Shell Point as Hurricane Hermine wandered through the area. After the unexpected storm surge from Hurricane Dennis (2005) we had to pump out the sump in the elevator shaft at our cottage using the Guzzler. Well, after Hermine, we had to pump it out again. A bilge pump is a handy device to have available. While we used the Guzzler (and a small bucket) to empty out the sump both times (no electric power), I will have the Rule 1000 ready for use because I can connect it to my car's battery.

Because the Rule 1000 is old, the plastic does not bend as it used to and I need to connect the bottom of the pump to a sheet of lead to allow me to place the pump, where I want it when being used in the sump. I learned the lead trick from an "old salt" about 20 years ago and used it in *Hirado* to let us move the bilge pump around as needed. Without some way to anchor the pump, it moves around as it tries to pump out the water. The piece of lead provides an anchor for the pump. Since I was not able to get the pump apart to screw/bolt the base of the pump to the lead, I had to use



another approach. Nylon wire ties slid neatly through the slots in the base of the pump and wrapped around the lead quite nicely. The pump now has a base and is ready for a hose to be attached and the wires extended to the car's battery when needed.

Now and then I have needed to run a wire set for a DC connection to make sure the problem with the device not working was not in the wiring. Since it is a now and then operation, I have a standard AC extension cord set up for such use. I have a female plug with a red and black wire of sufficient length for the clips to attach to the battery terminals. The regular extension cord is plugged into the female connection and the DC device is plugged into the female end of the extension cord. To keep polarity straight, the extension cord I use is marked as to the positive side (the connection to the battery is obvious, red wire to positive terminal). In my case, the wider blade, the male end, is the positive connection. The positive side of the female end (where the DC device is plugged in) was so marked. Thus I have DC extension capability

when needed and an AC extension cord the rest of the time.

When I was working in the Geographical Information System Unit of the State of Florida's Division of Emergency Management, I would need, now and then, to calculate the distance from point A to point B. Being a GIS operation, I had the latitude/longitude of both points and could use the standard right triangle formula for the calculation by using the "one minute of latitude equals one nautical mile" rule. The distance calculated was not exact, but it would do in most cases since the sphere part of the distance was not a factor. However, over long distances the sphere aspect of the calculation can affect the distance and needs to be considered. Happily there is such a calculator on the National Hurricane Center's website (nhc.noaa.gov) under the drop down menu labeled "Data & Tools." Load in the two points and get a calculation of the distance between (with the usual disclaimers).

One of my volunteer activities is to review books for a boating publication. The nice aspect of this activity is that I get to read a number of books I might not otherwise purchase. The books are free and I get to keep them after I send in the review. A recent such book that I would like to bring to your attention is *A History of Sailing in 100 Objects*, by Barry Pickthall (Adlard Coles Nautical, 2016). Some of his choices are interesting in that we use them every day.

You have a boathook on your boat but did you know they were not a common item until after 1800. A Scotsman developed the item for his convenience.

The smoke flares you may carry on your boat were developed by a housewife who continued her late husband's work and sold the patent rights to the US Navy for \$20,000 (in the 1870s).

The CQR plough anchor was developed as a stockless anchor for soft bottoms. A number of variations of this 1933 device now exist. Oh yes, CQR stands for "Coastal Quick Release."

The trapeze that my wife loved on our Fireball and Tornado was developed in 1936 and banned in 1938 for use in competitive racing until the mid 1950s.

The author starts with a pot created around 3,500 BC showing a sailboat and moves forward with objects, people and craft to 2006. It is a very readable book and would make a fine present for a nautical friend.

The Ranger 26 that we raced from time to time had lazy jacks to hold the mainsail while it was being raised or lowered. When we were racing they were moved out of the way up by the mast. The lazy jack arrangement is a very useful item for most sailboats as the setup keeps the mainsail from billowing all over the place after it is unsecured from the boom for raising or being secured to the boom after lowering. If there is no boom a different set of issues arise when raising or lowering the sail in any amount of wind. There are a number of ways to arrange the lazy jacks on a boat and some research may be needed to see what is the best arrangement (help groups on the internet are a good start). The one item I found that is needed is a separate attachment point on each side of the mast about three-fourths of the way up the mast for the port and starboard lazy jack arrangement. If your boat does not have lazy jacks, this might be a good winter project to both consider and, maybe, install on your sailboat.

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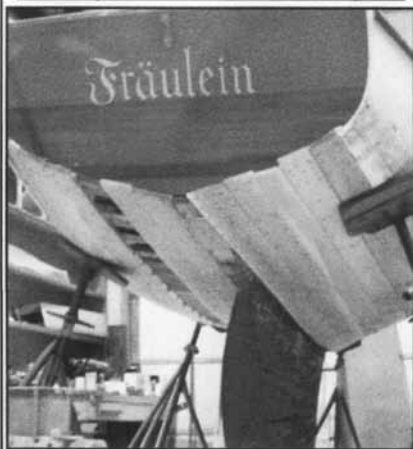
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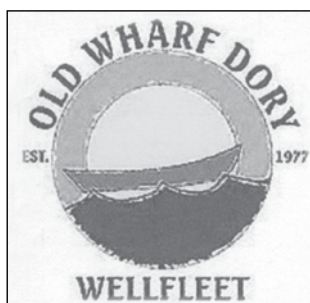
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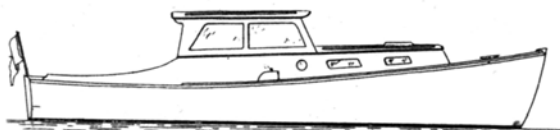


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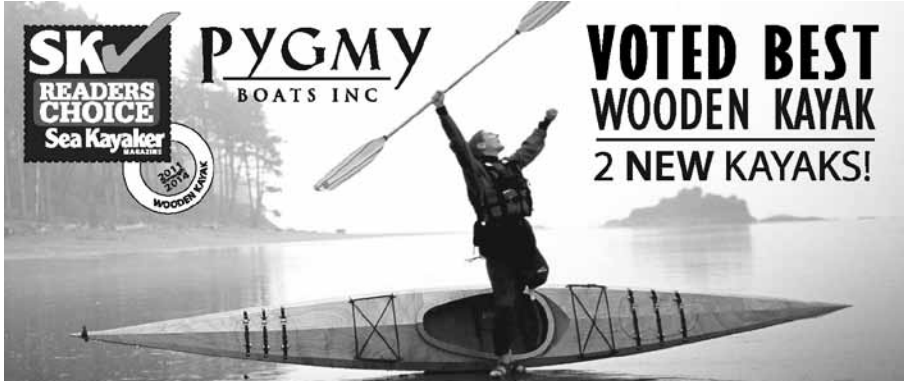
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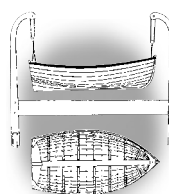
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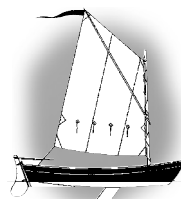
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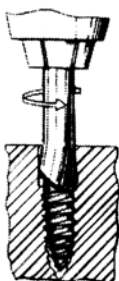
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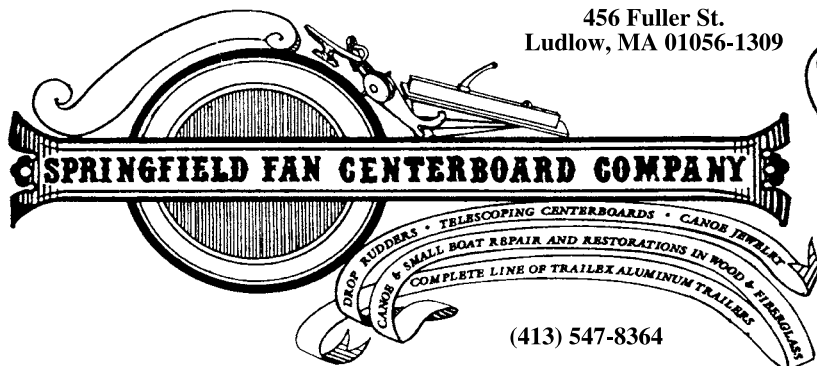
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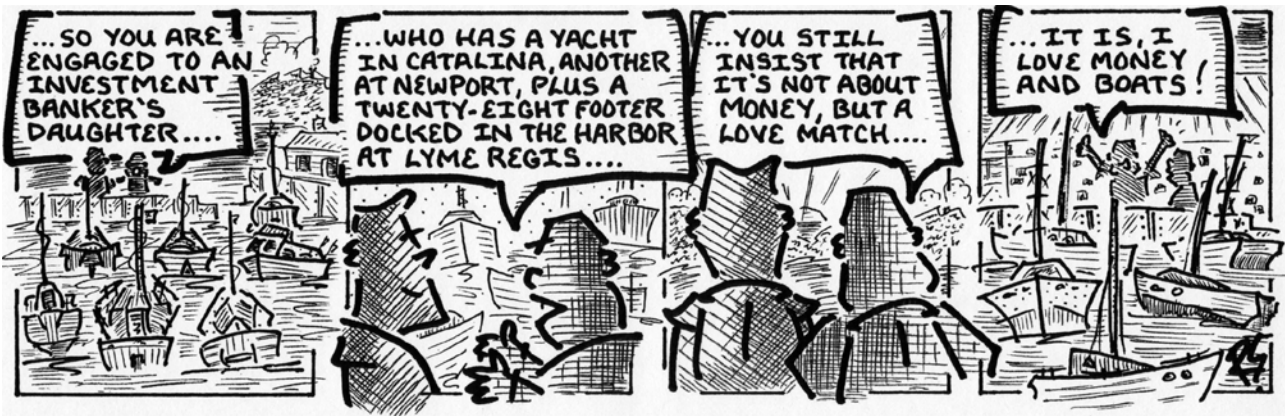
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