

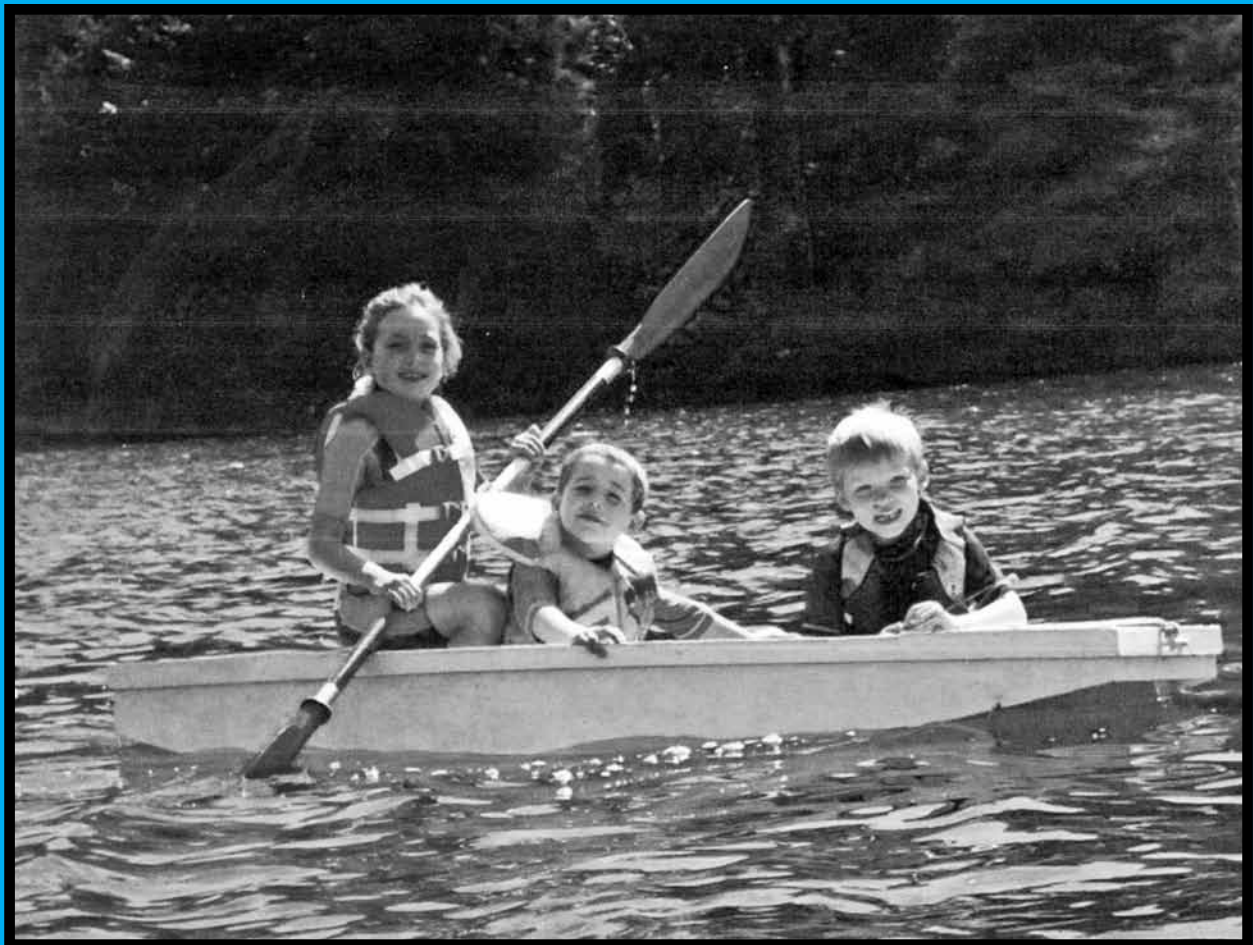


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 12

April 2017

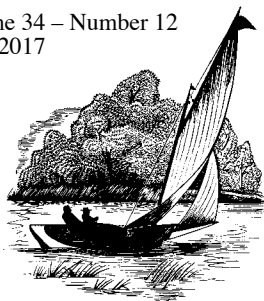
Special Features This Issue
Apalachicola River Solo Sailing Trip
From the Hudson River on a Paddlewheel...
Small Boats and Fishing in SE Asia – Seagull the Mouseboat
Re-canvassing Our Old Town – Heads Up!
Dave Gentry Chuckanut 12 Build – Over She Went!
The Late Starters Guide to Buying a Boat



messing about in **BOATS**

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

Volume 34 – Number 12
April 2017



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

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

From time to time we have heard from readers about how it seems to them that kids today aren't showing so much interest in messing about in boats. Even the group efforts at encouraging such interest in their parents' enthusiasm for boating, such as yacht club sailing programs, are coming up short with potential participants. Not all of them, of course, but enough to seem to be a trend overall. So when Josh Withe's tale of how he got (and kept) his kids interested in boating came along, I was really happy to run it (starting on page 18). Be advised as you look into it that it is in the form of a book he wrote and published for his eight-year-old daughter. In short, it's a kids' book but nevertheless readable for adults.

Josh has this to say about it by way of an introduction:

"This was written as a children's book for my daughter, I had it published as a hard backed book for her birthday. Each page had a picture with some text. She loved the book and she and her siblings still read it. Abby is now a teenager, this past spring she launched a kayak she built almost entirely herself. We took it along as part of our annual canoe camping trip in the Adirondacks. *Seagull* is still around, though Abby outgrew her and she was passed on to a younger sister. I believe she will be passed on to another family soon."

Well, to me this is going some distance to encourage a kid's interest in what dad loves doing. And it worked, that interest has endured into her teens when, too often, the kids depart from family oriented activities, especially if they have been routinely sent off to various school or community organized sports in which adults line them up into teams and order them around in their games.

The focus on team sports that our society endorses has never reached into our family. Yes, our kids went out for some school sports, track and cross country and took a shot at Little League and such, but none of it lasted, they had other things going on in their lives that absorbed their interest. No, boating was not one of them for I never got into boating until I was into my 50s and by then they were already out of school and off on their own adult lives.

Boating was never part of my life growing up during the Great Depression in the

1930s, my folks were hard pressed to just feed and house our small family of five. When my dad did finally get around to getting his long sought (since his college days prior to the Great Depression) dreamboat, a 19' Century inboard, he was in his late 50s. As I had at that time no intrinsic interest in boating and, being totally absorbed in my own self employed livelihood, our boating with dad amounted to an annual summer day trip to the New Hampshire lake, where he kept it, for an outing. So why I ever fell for messing about in boats in my early 50s remains something of a mystery, or perhaps a story for another time.

Back to kids messing about in boats, the key is the messing about part. If they just get to ride around in the family motorboat or sailboat with no active part to play, or had no earlier involvement with making (building even, as Josh's daughter eventually did) the boat a reality in their lives, they can't wait to get away to what to them will be some sort of more involving activity. Get 'em early, give 'em things to do, let 'em take those small risks of childhood that teach 'em how to deal with adversity.

My own small boating adventures, at about ten, involved nailing together rafts of planks and indulging in naval battles with one another in a local flooded gravel pit. There was no parental involvement, however, my mother (who could not swim and was deathly afraid of drowning) needless to say never found out about this risky little adventure (that pit was deep).

Well, obviously I survived that and many other similarly risky childhood (and later adult) adventures and now as a really old guy of 87, I watch how today our society seems obsessed with safety and kids are cocooned safely away from any and all perceived threats to their safety envisioned by their safety oriented parents. I am glad I'll not be around when they, in their turn, take over running things.

An even more discouraging vision of the future (that I thankfully won't have to deal with) is the apparent trend in our society to adopt, as quickly as it becomes available, technology which promises to take over activities we now perform (driverless cars!). An increasingly passive life experience is in the wings! But, as it is said, "that's another story (rant?)."

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On the Cover...

Kids seem to enjoy messing about in small boats, certainly reader Josh Withe's are in our cover photo. Josh tells us all how this came to pass in this issue in his "*Seagull* the Mouseboat" starting on page 18.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

It's almost too chilly this morning to write with this ballpoint pen, but no ice in my whiskers, so a fair day looms ahead. Again I'm anchored behind little Gardener Island in Point Judith Pond. Yesterday's forecast declared mid-fifties with a gentle, westerly breeze, and an all afternoon ebb tide, both propitious for shoving *MoonWind* on her merry way eastward from West Cove in Noank to that wilderness known to us locals as Rhode Island.

Well, I bent on my larger genoa and shook out my winter reef. After all, spring was officially arrived with bushels of pert crocuses and bags of mild zephyrs. In Fishers Island Sound all was indeed pleasant. I got underway at half past noon to catch the first of the ebb. My buxom genoa swelled in the six-knot breeze; my loosened mainsail filled; and I wafted eastward at a sedate three knots.

But Father Poseidon was basking on the reef by Wicopesset, a delighted gleam in his eye. "Testing the waters so early, Lad?" said he. "Wouldn't you like a wee bit more excitement? I wouldn't want you to doze off at the helm."

Fortunately, it wasn't much more than a wee bit. As it was, it took me an hour to sand my finger imprints out of the tiller. The breeze increased to fifteen knots and the tidal surge to five footers. The wind blew nearly dead astern and *MoonWind* thought it proper to fly her sails wing and wing. Already it was too late to try to reef. My preventer kept my mainsail close to the shrouds, while my booming jib shook the boat as it alternately collapsed then filled. *MoonWind* climbed the backs at five knots, then yawed down the fronts at eight. My cell phone, binoculars, and water bottle were flung about the cockpit.

Even steering as small as I could I verged on losing control. A few times the wind got behind my main and *MoonWind* skidded down the waves on her ear. My course on this tack brought me closer to shore; heading up four points, my jib behaved, but I had the sea on my beam. Plus this took me farther from Harbor of Refuge. After three hours of ardent plunging a little refuge seemed a worthy objective.

As I approached the sea wall round the harbor, I worried I might meet a Block Island ferry at the breachway and run her under. The water around the second breachway looked far less turbulent. I headed out to sea for a bit until I was nearly to it, came up a bit, removed my preventer, hardened both sails, then put the helm down, hard. *MoonWind* came into irons, stalled, and the wind and sea forced her back in a trice. "Well, then Lass, let's see how you like to jibe," said I, and spun her round on her heel.

Round she went, and I set a beam reach toward the windward edge of the breachway. I had let go the genny when I jibed her, having both hands full of other matters, and the jib had turned wrong side out. I fell off the wind and attempted to haul the jib back where it belonged. The knotted loop where my jib sheets met snagged on the head stay, of course. With every second the wind and tide, though somewhat abated, swept me past my mark.

I headed back up and left the pounding jib to fend for itself. In ten minutes time I tucked behind the seawall. Here was only a two foot chop. I could actually stand without holding on to something. I motor-sailed across the harbor, wrestled with my genoa, and dropped my mainsail into her lazy jacks. I went below and replenished my water bottle. My mouth was parched and my arms ached, but here we were, safe and dry. My standing rigging and sails were still intact.

I motored up the placid channel between the jetties and up the pond, past the docked ferries and the fishing fleet to starboard; past the empty pleasure boat piers to port. I traipsed my way up to uninhabited Gardiner Island, overlooked by vacant summer houses; rounded it; coasted to a halt; then let down my anchor. The tide had now turned and carried me up the pond. I let out ninety feet of roding then snubbed it on the cleat. *MoonWind* set her anchor, then cast a longing glance at a weedy boulder astern. I've learned, during the past ten years, to respect her glances. I rigged my anchor sentinel with a twenty pound lead weight. The sun was low as I stowed my jib, secured my main, made things all-a-taut-o and thought about lunch.

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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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Eastern Messabout

The 2017 Eastern Messabout will be held June 2, 3 and 4, 2017. The venue has changed to Martinak State Park in Denton Maryland. Make your reservations early as the park is small but nicer than Elk Neck. There are cabins available as well as campsites, <http://dnr2.maryland.gov/publiclands/pages/eastern/martinak.aspx>

Steve Bosquette, steveboats@gmail.com

Information of Interest...

Balloons?

Doc Regan asked the question on page 27 of the February *MAIB*, "Didn't the Army use hot air balloons for observation posts during the Civil War?" Professor Thaddeus Lowe won a contract with the Union Army to provide and operate balloons for observation of the Rebel Forces. The balloons were not hot air balloons but were hydrogen balloons. They were tethered balloons that were used up to about 2,000' of altitude.

Dick Hamly

More on Shantyboats

Readers who found the feature "Launching the Shantyboat *Moon Snail*" on page 19 in the March issue should have a look at an article in the July 21, 2016 issue of the *Knox Mercury*. It can be accessed by googling Shanty Boats knoxmercury.com

Robert Dalley, Lake Junaluska, NC



Opinions...

Brilliant Suzanne!

I must say that Suzanne Altenburger's article #18 (*MAIB* February 2017) in her's and Phil's long running series of articles on the unexpected (or not?) consequences of ill conceived fisheries limiting (fish resource conserving) regulations based on irrelevant parameters in limiting fish boat size, is simply BRILLIANT both in concept and in erudite writing. Suzanne, congratulations for great exposition and crystal clear logic!

And (for others intimidated by its length or obscure subject) this article does NOT require the reader to have also absorbed broadsides #1 through #17, this one stands by

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itself, recapitulating (for the most part) all the prior arguments. Highly recommended reading indeed. Bravo.

If I were better connected to the fisheries groups AND regulators out here on the Left Coast, I would be handing out copies left and right to the shakers and movers, but alas, my connections are entirely to the Recreational Boating community.

Wayne Gilham, Tacoma WA

(Marine Surveyor AMS #1240, SAMS, also President, Recreational Boating Association of Washington, "the boater's voice in our State Capitol," a consortium of 50 member yacht clubs AND some 1,400 individual members, looking after the interests of boat-owners in Washington, with our own full time hired lobbyist. See: www.RBAW.org

Projects...

In Our Shop This Past Winter

A 1926 Sound Inter Club *Aileen* and a 1927 Fay & Bowen shown here plus an 1890s Fantail Launch, a 1924 Fay & Bowen Junior Runabout, an early Adirondack Guideboat and a Lake George Row Boat. You can find us at 684 State Route 28, in Warrensburg, New York (way outside of downtown). Take exit 23 from I-87, follow signs for Route 28/ North Creek.

Tumblehome Boat Shop, Warrensburg, NY, (618) 623-5050.



Winter Wherry Work

Thanks to our amazing volunteers, the Gundalow Company's small fleet of wherry rowboats have been readied for our summer camp programs and more. We have many hands on volunteer opportunities throughout the seasons whether on the gundalow, on shore, in boatshops or at events. If you'd like to join our volunteers, send us a note at education@gundalow.org inquiring about volunteering.

Gundalow Company, 60 Marcy St, Portsmouth, NH 03801



Mayflower Restoration

The *Mayflower* is pictured here (courtesy of Plimoth Plantation) supported by her deck beams preparatory to major repairs to frames (futtocks) and lower hull. Progress can be followed through a live webcam on the Plimoth Plantation's website at plimoth.org/mayflowerLive.

JGTSCA, Groton, CT



Still Building Melonseeds

We are still enjoying Florida living and building boats. Pictured are a 13.5' Melonseed we delivered at Cedar Key back in November, Kathie sailing past in knee deep water in our 16' Barto designed Melonseed that we built back in 2001 and a 13.5' Melonseed we built back in 2003 that we are completing some minor repairs on and refreshing. We have now started on a commissioned 16' Barto designed Melonseed. Life is good!

Rex and Kathie Payne, Spring Hill, FL



This Magazine...

Back Issues

I have a lot of back issues which I will give to anyone who can pick them up or pay shipping.

McIver Edwards, Jr. MD, 44 Windermere Way, Kenett Square, PA 19348-2042



Dan's Adventure Cruise #4

June 10-12, 2017 "A Restaurant Tour of the Pend Oreille River"

It's becoming a tradition. Breakfast at AJ's in Priest River, Idaho. Saturday morning the place will be hoppin'. We'll fit right in! Plenty of trailer parking out front. This IS log truck country, after all. After breakfast we'll adjourn to the Mud Hole Campground to launch and leave our rigs under the watchful eye of the camp host.

Next stop, lunch at the Willow Cove Marina. They have an outdoor seating restaurant, fuel dock and that sort of thing. It's a

couple of hour's sail from the launch point, give or take.

After that the Dover marina has a quite nice restaurant, fuel dock, even overnight guest slips. But just across the river and upstream a bit is a nice anchorage and swimming beach. I guess it'll be up to the spirit of the moment.

Day two should put us into downtown Sand Point, Idaho. Shopping and, of course, a variety of restaurants are within easy walk-

ing distance from the town docks. Day two anchorage is about five miles to the southeast across the lake proper in a snug hidey hole at the beginning of Bottle Bay.

Day three should be a retracing of the route outbound. The water all along the route is pretty shallow and should be "just right" for multiple swim call stops along the way. Multiple launch/recovery options are available, along the way. Should be a nice cruise up and down the ol' Lazy River. Bon appetite!



Sea Dog

By Dan Rogers

Beau and I took our last tractor ride just this morning. It's five below out there, bold enough to freeze a salty tear. Now he's sitting on my lap. The Doc says it won't be long now. There's something I wrote for him (and for me) a few months ago. I'll share it with you now while we just sit and wait. I guess you could say we're still on watch. It's what shipmates do.

Bosun, the sea dog, he's dying.
And we both know.
We sit and muse on voyages done.
Bosun, he still checks the weight of wind.
It's what shipmates do.

He comforts me, from his own pain.
He'll shove off on morning's tide, and leave me on the pier.
He'd follow me, on any ship.
He'd cross any sea.
It's what shipmates do.

Bosun, he licks the hot tears from my cheek.
Not one of us knows how to stop.
We've come so far and seen so much.
Bosun, he talks to me without saying.
It's what shipmates do.



I have read some of the reader's views and letters, along with our Editor's comments in regard to how magazines, newspapers and the written word are now being crowded out by electronic media. Information that was once commonly presented on paper is now digitalized and found on the various "devices" and "apps." It has become the new way and soon, it seems to be, the common way to obtain information and communicate. We can argue which is better or worse, but if accepted by enough people it will grow and evolve. The new innovations will likely overtake the old. Email is a good example.

There was a time when boat building used wood as a primary construction material. Then steel, plastics (FRP) and composite materials offered new choices and became common. Building out of wood was considered less than the best material when the new stuff became available on the market. The time it took to build a boat as well as labor costs were reduced. Boats of plastic became more affordable to the average working squid like me. Traditionalists resisted. Some fortunate boat builders remained and continued on to build with wood. Many, however, did not survive the onslaught of new technologies and materials thought (promoted and marketed) to be better.

Along came a resurgence of wooden boat building, both amateur and professional. The "baby boomers" came of age with more disposable income and available time. *WoodenBoat* and *Messing About in Boats* magazines came onto the scene reflecting this popularity. Books became published showing alternative ways of building boats using non-traditional methods and materials. They fostered DIY (do it yourself) technique(s) boosting boating and boat building in ways never before thought of.

The professional builders and designers of traditionally built boats sometimes considered this an inferior type of boat building. At times they sounded as though it was beneath their dignity to even consider these non traditional design and construction concepts. Interestingly now though *WoodenBoat*, with all its traditionalist methods and builders, has been promoting the Lumbyard Skiff using non traditional methods and materials. Change in direction it seems. Better late to the party than not attending at all, I guess.



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Aging, Digital Media and Wooden Boats

By Greg Grundtisch (with the
lovely and talented Naomi's assistance)

There was a new trend toward building boats at home, along with the underlying notion of, "I can do that, just like they used to do it." Or, "I now have the time and the means to build one my way, or buy one from a builder." In *Messing About in Boats* some came up with new innovative ideas and designs along with new or untried materials. Some of those methods and materials proved to be successful and are now commonly used. Others were tested, failed over time and fell by the wayside. What became valuable was that this community of small boat builders encouraged experimentation, development and growth amongst amateur and professional alike. The interchange of ideas spurred on the use of new methods, materials and media. It simplified boat building enough to make it accessible and affordable to the untrained novice boat builder.

I said all that so I can offer an answer to which is better, wood or plastic, digital or paper? The answer is likely none of these. One may be more profitable or productive. One may be more easily accessed or feel more comfortable. One will eventually become common, possibly better?

For me the new digital technology is something I have to reluctantly learn and, at the age of 62, there is a certain level of resistance to new things. Change can be uncomfortable. For our kids and grandkids the technology it is not only common but considered superior. I'm told, "you don't have to cut down trees anymore to produce newspapers, there will be more trees to chop down for making those boats you like so much." OK, that may not be a good example. Kids say the darndest things.

I have written in the past about buying cheap unwanted boats, fixing them up and selling them as a way to support my small boat projects or, more importantly, to take the lovely and talented Naomi out to dinner. It went well for a while but then slowed, and slowed more. I mentioned this to Susan and Chris Gateley, the owners of the schooner *Sara B*.

Susan's answer was that the population is aging and the number of people who were once involved in building and restoring or repairing and maintaining boats were either no longer with us or don't want to work so much keeping up a boat. Time and age became factors. With the previously mentioned baby boomer's disposable income, age and retirement will often cause one to reassess priorities. Moving to a different climate, downsizing, spending time with grandkids, travel, working on your "bucket list" or any number of things forces one to realize that leisure time for boat related activities may not be as important anymore.

For someone as afflicted as I am with small boat or woodenboatitis, it is hard to imagine not having a wooden boat to mess about with or not having a glorious magazine like this available in any form.

That, I think, is the sad truth about the aging American baby boomer population. New technology, new products or having to learn a new way is why we often resist change. I will always prefer to have a magazine, book or newspaper in my hand. It is what I know and am familiar with. It is also unalterable. Digitally, one can go back and alter what was said or written. The mistakes or inaccuracies can be changed, too, but so too can truth and facts. It may have some potential unexpected consequences. The medium is the message. Remember?

So, in my subjective conclusion wood is better than plastic, and paper is better than electronic devices. That's for sure. The circa 1920s wooden skiff I am currently restoring is better than an aluminum or plastic skiff. The fiberglass hairboat owners say wooden boats are too much work. But every season I see them working on their boats and spending about the same amount of time preparing to launch as I do on my projects.

Old printing presses are becoming very valuable and collectable and artisan printing is becoming a "thing," like artisan pickles and bread or heirloom tomatoes. I miss sitting next to the old tube radio in Grandma's kitchen that warmed me in the winter when I was a kid. My kids don't know what a television tube is or a five transistor radio, but their phones have enough new technology to send a satellite into orbit or a rocket to the moon and back.

Like the resurgence of wooden boats, what is old may someday become new again and the millennials may someday rediscover wooden boats, but I doubt it. I miss the smell of leaded gasoline, too.

It's about time

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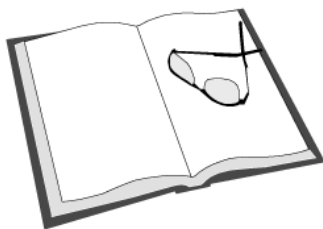
Stories of voyages have been literary stock in trade forever. We all have our favorites. Examples can be classic, such as Captain Slocum's tale of the first solo circumnavigation, or contemporary, like Tom Pamperine's tales of his travels in *Jagular*, his rerigged Bolger Pirate skiff. An ancient example would be Homer's *Odessey* or even the tale of Noah. As I said, we all have our favorites.

Over the years quite a few of these tales have been written, some great and some not so. The one I read before *An Unlikely Voyage* (whose title and author shall remain nameless, for though I enjoy eviscerating badly written history, geopolitics, etc, boat books that are poorly written or that just don't grab me I usually just give a pass or don't recommend) was not so good, not bad, but just not one to go out of your way to read, *An Unlikely Voyage* is a worthwhile tale in my opinion.

Almberg's story starts out as a search for a new cruising sailboat but the wife's veto nixes numerous possible candidates. Helena Almberg is not, however, rejecting these boats for the wrong color or pattern on the cushions or other frivolous reasons, she just thinks the usual boats on the market were uninteresting (yes, John Almberg is a fortunate man). The boats she does find interesting are wooden boats (no, that is NOT a typo). Let the adventures begin!

Working his way up to meet the demands of owning and maintaining a wooden cruising boat is an entertaining process in itself, but a key element is John building a wooden dinghy, in this case William Atkin's Cabin Boy design which gets named *Cabin Boy*. About the same time Almberg finds a wooden yawl for sale in Florida. Though it takes a while, the Almbergs acquire *Blue Moon* and begin the process of getting her ready to sail back to their home in New York. All of this took place back about 2010 during the economic downturn, which works out for John who is single handedly bringing the boats home (*Cabin Boy*, of course, is along for the voyage) due to his business being caught up in the slowdown. I say "works out" because the planned journey of a few weeks along the Intercoastal Waterway (ICW) turns into eight months, getting home just before Thanksgiving Day.

I made the effort to contact John Almberg and had a great phone conversation, eating up much of a cold winter morning. I had some technical questions about producing the book, which I will get to later, but mostly I wanted to talk to someone who had done this trip. Florida to New York City is roughly half of "The Great Loop," a watercraft journey around the eastern third of the US, running from the ICW, up the Hudson River and Erie



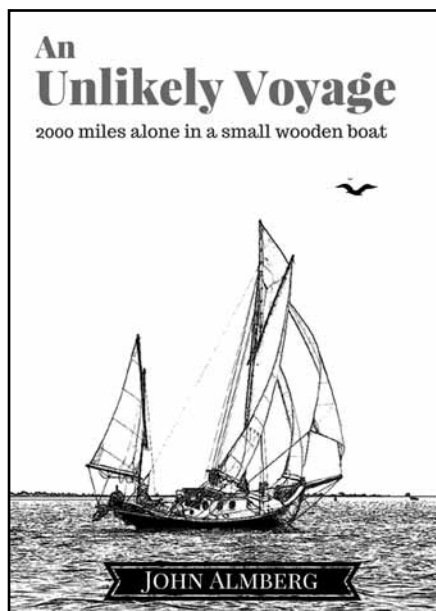
Book Review

An Unlikely Voyage 2000 Miles Alone in a Small Wooden Boat

By John Almberg

Available on Amazon (paperback and Kindle), iTunes (for iBook) and if you would like an autographed copy (same price, free shipping) you can get it directly from my website: unlikelyboatbuilder.com

Reviewed by John Nystrom



Canal to the Great Lakes, then through the river systems and canals that connect Lake Michigan at Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico.

I have wanted to do this ever since I first heard that it was possible. I have read enough

accounts of The Great Loop adventure or, like this, extended trips of part of the Loop, to have lost count of the books, magazine articles and blogs. This one is among the best I've read, however, it is both entertaining and informative. I could go on about Almberg's account but will leave it at that without any spoilers.

Now to those technical questions about the book that I put to the writer, or should I say publisher. The book started, as many do in this day and age, as a blog covering the events that I read about in the book. An adventure like this also ended up as the subject of a lot more than one conversation, I'm sure. Almberg was encouraged to put the story into print form (some of us troglodytes just refuse to spend our days totally glued to the screen) and, being a tech guy, he was put off by many of the amateurish looking efforts out there that the world of online and on demand publishing has brought to the market.

That sort of cheap looking effort can be found with a quick Amazon search. That said, Amazon (and others, I'm sure, but Amazon and their Kindle product is what I'm most familiar with) does allow people to publish without the expense of a vanity publisher or without getting an agent to sell their future best seller to a traditional publisher.

Like I said, John Almberg is a tech professional and it shows in the quality of the book's appearance. The pages are equal to anything put out by traditional publishing. I found only one, maybe two typos in over 300 pages. The illustrations, which look like good pen and ink drawings with some reproduced line drawings, maps, etc, are attractive and follow the text. The illustrative artwork is more numerous in the first half of the book and then thins out until just before the end. The author told me that he decided after a few weeks of processing illustrations that he decided that if he kept doing that he would just never get done. Fair enough, I can live with that.

John told me that the illustrations are NOT pen and ink, they are photos that were processed by software to become something resembling pen and ink drawings. Whatever they are they are quite good looking (and here I thought, in addition to his other accomplishments, John was also a great artist!). Even the cover, usually a failing with self published or on demand publishing works, is attractive and professional. I haven't seen the Kindle version but am told that it, too, looks as good as the print version. That is saying something because I've seen too many electronic format books that look like they were done by a junior high student with an attitude problem.

To sum it up, *An Unlikely Voyage* deserves your consideration. I'm glad I read it.



I worked and played around the Apalachicola for many years but had never sailed the river. Rivers are not generally considered prime sailing locations but this river had probably been sailed in days past. Andrew Jackson once dispatched two gunboats to sail upriver, likely on a rising tide, to about River Mile 15 to destroy a fort held by a band of Indians, free blacks and runaway black slaves. The boat fired heated shot at the fort and, on its first shot, lobbed a red hot iron ball directly into the powder magazine of the fort, destroying it and killing most of the 300 men, women and children seeking refuge there.

I do not know if there was sailing traffic proceeding further up the river after that. If there was, those sailors must have been a tough and patient lot to deal with shallows, rock ledges and adverse winds and currents of this river. Not being particularly tough nor extremely patient, I decided a downstream cruise would satisfy my sailing urges.

The River

The Apalachicola River originates at the confluence of the Flint and Chattahoochee rivers at the Florida Georgia state line. The Chattahoochee River starts in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains in north Georgia so the Apalach has a large overall watershed but not a particularly large watershed within Florida. The river is a Corps of Engineers barge navigation channel but this use has largely died out. The river has a wild feel to it. There are only one or two places along the river where year round houses occur and they tend to be clumped so one might go all day and not see a house. There are, however, dozens, maybe hundreds, of private floating hunting/fishing camps up and down the river, especially around point bars and side channels but they don't seem terribly intrusive. Major portions of the riverbanks are in state, federal or private conservation ownership.

Like most rivers in the US, this river has its environmental problems. Navigation issues (dredging, demolishing rock shoals, removing fallen and living trees along the banks and sand deposition) were major issues in the past. More recently, the issue of how to share dry period water among the three states in the watershed have been most controversial. A private conservation group, The Apalachicola River Keeper (ARK), has frequently taken the lead in bringing up and addressing conservation issues. The ARK is also a supplier, on its website, for maps and information for the Apalachicola "Blueway" recreational waterway that can be quite helpful to the river traveler.

The Boat

I have a 1985 Marine Concepts Sea Pearl. It is a double ended fiberglass cat ketch, lug rigged, 21' long and maybe 6 1/2' in beam. It is very light, a little tippy, but solid feeling under sail. When the wind is up it is best to sail it like a racing dinghy (I guess, never having actually sailed a racing dinghy) and I keep the mainsheet in my hand at all times. I have never capsized my Sea Pearl but it has given me a start once in a while.

It has a convertible soft top "cabin" that is well designed and dry if I adequately seal the seams. It is a joy to sail on a broad reach in anything over 4 or 5 knots of wind and up to maybe 20 knots with one available reef in each sail. For me, it goes upwind laboriously or not at all. Newer models have water ballast, a different rig and different skippers. I

Apalachicola River Solo Sailing Trip

January 2017

By Bradley Hartman

have heard that they go to windward better. I mounted a Yamaha 2hp outboard motor on a side bracket for backup power. I also towed a small recreational kayak for use as a tender.



The Sea Pearl and I at voyage end in the town of Apalachicola

The Trip

Day 1: After planning this river trip while the river was running at about 7,000cfs (cubic feet per second), launch day found the river running at 70,000cfs and rising at the Chattahoochee, Florida, boat ramp. The boat ramp was totally submerged with the water level almost 20' higher than a few days earlier. We backed the Sea Pearl down the road toward the ramp. I couldn't get the trailer deep enough to float the Sea Pearl off so I had to slowly wrestle it off. I then had to get under powerlines with the masts up. The power lines were about 20' closer to the water than I had anticipated. I paddled out while my wife, Anna Marie, watched from shore. She gave me the thumbs up and I paddled under without problems.

Once I got past that powerline, however, the mild current near the ramp pushed me downstream a little and I touched another small power line with no adverse effects, thankfully. I paddled to a steel pole, passed my long painter around it and held onto that line while I moved aft and started the motor. As I moved forward past the pole I released my end of the painter and picked it up later as the Sea Pearl motored out to the big river. I was off at 10am. Two friends, Guy and Jan, who had planned a kayak trip for the same time, had already left in their kayaks around 9:30am and were out of sight.

The next challenge came up rather quickly, a railroad bridge crossed the river a short way below Chattahoochee and there was no friendly open span. With the river about 20' higher than it was a few days ago, the clearance for my mainmast was now in question. I estimated that I could probably make it but decided to be careful. Taking down the mainmast is never a great option in a Sea Pearl when on the water. I decided to back under the bridge with the motor on, facing upstream with the idea that, if it looked too close, I would speed up and head upstream to consider Plan B.

As I maneuvered into position between the two main bridge supports, bow upstream, I noticed an ominous bow wave on the

upstream point of each bridge abutment and what seemed to be a much faster current going through the slight restriction under the bridge. I gave it some more gas and then a little more gas until the little Yamaha was screaming, just holding steady with the bridge in an upstream direction. I eased the throttle slightly and eased backward toward the bridge. I was now under the bridge with my mainmast still about 5' upstream of the bridge girder. It looked OK to me so I eased off the gas a little more and slipped slowly under the bridge backward.

As I slid downstream more I noticed major eddies behind each abutment. I knew each of these could force me back upstream into the rather unforgiving concrete abutments so I kept easing downstream backward until well clear of the abutments and eddies. I turned downstream and headed on, somewhat happy with my handling of the episode but with a nagging question, did I have enough muscle remaining in that 2hp kicker to make my way upstream if I had needed to at the last minute? Maybe I would have to write this successful passage off to luck rather than my river running skills!

The wind was light and pretty variable but mostly out of the southwest, straight up the river at me. I had to beat upwind a lot but always downriver. I had to stay alert for dike fields (several rock groins, each perpendicular to the bank, that push water flow into a more confined, deeper area to enhance navigation) which were totally underwater but resulted in some pretty gnarly looking water over the dikes and around the ends. Early in the day, with very little wind, I used the paddle occasionally to help come about and to avoid obstacles like dike fields, snags and buoys.

Later I got better at managing the boat but the highly variable winds and sharp river curves kept things interesting. I started using the motor more frequently to insure coming about and avoid obstacles. Sometimes I couldn't seem to hold to a steady course across the river. Eventually I just let the sails tell me where they wanted to go and, if clear of obstacles, I went that way.

I passed I-10 at 11:30am, the Gregory House at Torreya State Park at 1:30pm and the highest bank along the river, Alum Bluff, at 3:15pm. I almost caught up with Guy and Jan, probably because they had stopped for lunch. For a while, during a brief period of favorable winds, I was gaining on them but when I was about a half mile back the wind quit and they soon paddled out of sight. Later I caught sight of them again in the distance. It is easy to spot the flash of kayak paddles, even a long way down river.

Around 4:00pm I came to Sutton's Lake, just south of Highway 20 near Blountstown. I pulled in to scout. These "lakes" are often one end of a slough system where high water enters or leaves the floodplain and back swamps of the river. They are out of the racing main current but usually have some current of their own. I didn't try to catch Guy and Jan because I didn't want to be looking for a campsite in the dark. The river banks are treacherous to approach, especially at high water levels, because of the tree branches that reach far out into the river just looking for the chance to snag a mast.

All the friendly sandbars on my Google maps were submerged and just a memory. Even the Corps of Engineers sand spoil piles from dredging the river for navigation were mostly underwater. There are floating private

hunt camps up and down the Apalachicola River. These camps can be a refuge of last resort for paddlers and small sailboats when the water is up so high that there is no land anywhere that we can tie up to or camp on. I tied off to the floating dock of a floating camp in the slough, assuaging my trespass concerns with the idea that surely no camp owner would be too hard on me under these conditions. Plus, I never actually set foot on the dock or floating camp. I was perfectly happy just to have something to tie off to.

I decided to explore Sutton's Lake in the kayak. I had carefully packed a double bladed, two piece paddle. Alas, I had brought two male connection paddle ends. Pretty dumb but not the first time I have done this. The result, happily, was good. I grabbed my long single blade paddle and "canoed" the kayak all over the slough. This was a more elegant way of getting around, anyway, with no splashing or dripping and less chance of getting clotheslined between two trees. It was a pleasant night except that the highway was closer than I thought and there was some sort of industrial activities going on nearby all night. A small thing. My kayaker friends had gone on down river to avoid the highway and industrial noise but I was happy to be there.

Day 2: The next morning, about 8:10am, I motored down Sutton's Lake and into the big river. There was no wind so I cut the motor, left the sails in the lazy jacks and just drifted. One of the high points of the trip was idly drifting down the river on a clear morning with no wind. Very Huck Finnish. Drifting really gave me a chance to appreciate the beauty all around me and to look at trees and the occasional birds.

Even drifting was not without responsibilities, however. With even the slightest zephyr the Sea Pearl would move, usually bow first. It was my job to try to keep the bow pointed toward the middle of the river, especially as we neared a bank. In drifting conditions I could give it a dozen strokes with my paddle, turn the boat in a different direction and gain several yards back toward the middle.

As the day wore on the breeze increased slightly. For the first three days the wind was always coming right up the river. My theory, probably unsupported by science, is that the breeze, from many angles, will drop between the trees, align itself with the river and blow up the river or down the river. There were many times when a look at the quad sheets and the compass would tell me that I should be able to sail a beam reach on the next straightaway. Almost without fail, however, the wind would end up being right in my face. Therefore, when there was enough wind to sail, life was a never ending beat to windward, downstream.

My Sea Pearl does not go to windward well. However, beating upwind but pointed downstream provided the illusion that I was making good progress with each tack even if most of the progress was due to the current. This made beating upwind enjoyable but the constant tacking also increased the probability of encountering a hostile riverbank. This would be no laughing matter. Tree branches or leaning trees sometimes reach out 30'-50' from each bank. If I did get hung up in the trees, especially where the current was ripping, I could be in serious trouble. I relied on the motor to get me out of tight spots and it never failed me.

Sometimes the boat would not come

about on a tack, maybe because the wind or river current swirled just as I began to come about. No paddling or sail handling would get the boat to come about and we would head toward the ever lurking branches. The motor would give me almost instant steerage and, with the combination of rudder and turned outboard motor, I would come about and dodge another bullet. The trick, of course, was to make all failed attempts to come about while far enough off the bank to give me plenty of time to go to the motor. Happily, I never failed to get the Sea Pearl pointed back toward the far side. It wasn't always pretty, however.

While drifting and slow beating to windward, one must keep a sharp eye for obstructions in the river. The channel is occasionally marked by the Corps of Engineers with anchored metal buoys that didn't seem too much smaller than Sea Pearl. The fast current would often force the entire buoy under the surface, leaving only a mysterious wake as evidence of its presence. Once, happily only once, the skipper looked out to port and saw a buoy emerge from the depths like a breaching whale about 20' away. Obviously the lookout had failed to see it.

Finally the headwinds were getting too strong and too variable to make for pleasurable sailing so I switched to motor sailing with the mizzen up for the last hour or so. This worked out well. The mizzen doesn't flog badly like the main does and I would keep on a course where the mizzen would be pulling most of the time rather than flapping. This was fairly relaxing sailing although if I were a sailing purist this would be completely unacceptable. I am not and it wasn't.

Around 3:30pm I found another nice lake, Porter's Lake, on river right and swooped in to look around. There were the requisite two or three floating camps at the entrance. Behind them was a beautiful "lake" of deep water but with large bald cypress, Ogeechee tupelo (source of tupelo honey) and overcup oaks (a true deep swamp oak) growing all through the slough.



Porter's Lake, second night anchorage.

I decided to stay just off a tiny boat ramp at the end of a long woods road. It looked like there was a path to it through the many tree branches and the current was minimal so I slowly motored in, planted my claw anchor into the road shoulder and set a stern anchor to stop the stern from swinging downstream into some bushes. I walked the road for a bit and then returned to paddle the kayak up the almost cathedral-like slough. I cooked dinner that night to the cacophony of several barred owls arguing over the events of the day.

Day 3: When I awoke and looked about it was apparent that the water levels had risen a foot or more in the night. The shoreline had moved 150' further up the road and the current had increased somewhat. When it was time to leave I realized that the current was now strong enough to push me into the sieve of bushes just downstream of my stern. I wasn't sure how I would start the motor and pull the anchor without drifting into the bushes. My Plan A, kedge my way out of the trees by moving one anchor at a time in the kayak, pulling the Sea Pearl up to it, planting the other anchor at a new place and work my way out. I patted myself on the back for this cool bit of seamanship prior to actually doing it.

Not wise. Plan A did not work. Maybe I didn't position the anchors carefully enough but all I got for my brilliant tactical planning was even closer to the downstream bushes. Plan B was to use the motor to back the Sea Pearl slowly against the current and to ferry across current as my main mast cleared each branch. My 2hp motor does not have gears or even neutral and Plan B was a little more difficult than readers with actual gear shifting motors might expect. However, with adroit boat handling, this did the trick and I was out at 9:30am. Gotta try that kedging idea again somewhere!

I started out the day peacefully drifting again. My kayak friends passed me while I was drifting. Because of the rising water and limited chances to camp, they were taking out down the Chipola Cutoff at Wewahitchka (usually referred to as Wewaweehaw). A major part of the Apalachicola River's flow goes down the Cutoff, joins the Chipola River and then flows back into the Apalachicola River several miles downstream.

It was another warm and beautiful day. I progressed through drifting, then beating upwind/down river. I passed the Cutoff around 12:15pm. Later I passed the infamous Sand Mountain, a giant Corps spoil area from the '80s where the Corps had lopped off a small piece of river and filled it in with an enormous amount of sand dredge spoil.

As 3:00pm rolled by I was getting a little worried that I wouldn't find a place to stay out of the current. I was encountering occasional floating camps on the inside of the river curves up against the willows where the current was much reduced. I passed them up as I was approaching a looping bend of the river, Battle Bend, that the Corps had long ago isolated from the river by dredging a shortcut across the base of the loop, thereby reducing the length of the river about a mile. The upstream entrance to this artificial ox bow lake had been filled and appeared impassible.

Happily, the downstream entrance to the lake had a small channel through a willow thicket that let me in. I was nervous about dropping anchor in deep water, getting it fouled on one of the thousands of sunken logs and tree tops and never seeing it again, so I tended to anchor in water as shallow as possible. In this case I anchored a little too close to the entrance willows which occasionally put my stern into some 3' high willow tops when the wind shifted. I accepted that and stayed at anchor there.

It looked like a predicted front was coming through shortly. I secured the convertible house, checked that the anchor line was secure, made sure the now stowed on deck mainsail was wrapped securely and went below. I don't cook below so I chowed down on jerky, cold canned stuff, chocolate and a



Battle Bend oxbow lake, formerly a part of the main river.

little wine. Not bad at all. It started raining and I was feeling snug in the tiny cabin.

I was getting worried, however, about the jerking and tugging of the anchor line as the wind seemed to shift every minute and the boat would slide around and then come up short. I had my reefed mizzen up and sheeted tight which usually keeps the boat pointed firmly into the wind. After a while I relaxed somewhat as occasional flashlight checks confirmed that I was still in the same place. The boat was also making myriad bangings, crashes, groans, etc. I gradually sorted out and corrected most of them but finally fell asleep with a few mysterious noises remaining.

Sometime in the night I felt a few drops of water on my face. A quick check revealed water dripping through some seams in the house top that had apparently not been sealed. No big thing. I would shift over a little and put a large towel to soak up the few drops coming through. While shifting over I noticed that my hunting jacket/pillow was soaking wet. Further exploration revealed that my Thermarest mattress pad was pretty wet and my sleeping bag was wet around the edges. Water had made it in around the main mast which fits inside a PVC pipe through the deck.

Now I remembered that we used to have little skirts that fit around the mast to prevent this. I was also sleeping on a flat floor with no floorboards. Even a tiny amount of unwanted water would hit that flat floor and fan out wetting anything on the floor. I got up, started mopping up with my camp towel, squeezing the water into a bucket and dumping the bucket out onto the "bridge deck." After an hour it stopped raining. I sat on my now merely humid seat cushion, leaned back against a wall of mostly dry things, pulled the

sleeping bag over me and slept OK through the rest of the night.

Day 4: When I woke up I figured I would hang out in Battle Bend for the morning and then venture out once the weather stabilized a little. However, the slewing back and forth at anchor was getting worse as the winds increased and my faith in the anchor was waning rapidly. My compass said the wind was still out of the south but I could see the river mist 100' away blowing south so I decided to leave sooner rather than later.



Sea Pearl in Battle Bend.

Once more my stern was not far from some lee bushes so I had to get the motor going and the anchor up at the same time to make a clean getaway. It did not happen. I walked the anchor back to the aft cockpit but this let the bow blow downwind toward the willow tops. The anchor did not come up first try. When it did, I started the motor, turned it sharp to port and turned the rudder hard to port in an effort to make a really tight circle. That did not happen either and I plowed through the willow tops until I came to a halt. However, my luck then changed. I spun the motor around and backed out of the willows cleanly and in position to make my getaway. A few minutes later I motored out the little channel into the big river with the main in lazy jacks and the mizzen reefed. Another adroit bit of seamanship, on second try, anyway.

The wind was from the north, strong and erratic. I still had to motor sometimes but generally ran under sail. While approaching the Pinhook, a very sharp turn in the river (if you are pushing a barge, at least) I saw an unexpected sight. The combination of high speed current on the outside of the bend and very high winds coming straight into the current produced a long standing wave train with the waves breaking. I skirted the wave train but when I got past the Pinhook I met the full force of the wind over my stern. I hit some high speeds for the next mile or two and the kayak seemed to be happy skimming along behind.

As I got further down the river, not far above the town of Apalachicola, the wind was high with 20 second gusts even higher. I estimated better than 20 knots, maybe considerably better in the gusts, and the Sea Pearl had never gone faster. It was squatting with water pouring back into the self draining aft cockpit and it was making a big wake. But we were screaming! I watched the boom bending slightly around the mast as the wind seemed to strain the sail. But it was heady stuff. All this under nothing but the reefed mizzen!

I finally got a little alarmed and had room enough (and sense enough) to fall off onto a broad and then beam reach where I could depower the rig by luffing. This gave me a chance to check on the status of the

kayak. All I saw was kayak bottom. It was clipping right along but was clearly in the inverted position. I beam reached over to a phragmites and bulrush shoreline which provided a friendly lee and relatively shallow water to anchor in. I walked forward on the port deck, as I had many times before. When the boat predictably tilted to port, however, I lost my balance. The main mast was no longer there to grab and I walked over the gunwale and into the deep blue sea.

I had been using the mainmast and mainsail in the lazy jacks to steady myself on deck walks and I had stowed them all an hour before. Fortunately for me, the bow was already in the reeds and the water was only waist deep. I did a very cool twist (axel?) so that I could grab the gunwale on the way down and landed a perfect 10.0 on the bottom of the river. My life jacket did not even get wet. Getting back in was easier than I had feared. I had already righted the kayak and was able to bail some water out, drag the kayak up over the gunwale and over the self-draining aft cockpit and dump almost all the water out.

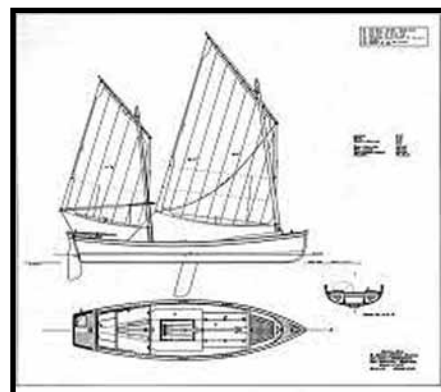
I fully realized then that I had been sailing beyond my capabilities, especially with the kayak in tow, and decided to forego my glorious high speed victory sweep past the restaurants in Apalachicola. Instead, I struck the remaining sail and humbly motored slowly to the marina. The lower part of the river was pretty wild and woolly with multitudes of whitecaps and big chop. The kayak was still not happy. A major lesson learned, towing a kayak is great on the river proper but is to be avoided when the wind and waves are up and the sailing is a little hairy. Or maybe I need to learn more about towing dinghies.

I found a slip at the marina beneath the bridge and hiked over to the Gibson Inn a couple of blocks away. They had a room, I took it and called Anna Marie a few minutes later. She was glad to hear I was off the river and safe and would pick me up the next day. I had a beer and a nice dinner to celebrate all that adroit seamanship and/or good luck. Great trip.

Optional Author's Note

The astute reader may have noticed my repeated reference to "adroit seamanship." One of the advantages of a solo trip is that there are no witnesses to contradict the telling of the story. Some of you, who may be more aware of my seamanship capabilities, may have doubts about the adroitness of my sailing maneuvers. However, this is my story and I am sticking to it.

(Brad Hartman resides in Havana, Florida, and can be reached by email at brad_anna@att.net)



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Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

The weather reports were fairly positive, so bright and early on December 20, the eight of us headed out from our warm beds for the Maryland Eastern Shore to celebrate the winter solstice in our favorite way, to go sailing. Doug Oeller and Jim Drake had reserved a couple of cabins at Janes Island State Park, near Crisfield. In the past this annual event has mainly been a gathering of the Delaware Valley TSCA, but there is a new chapter forming in the South, the Old Bay Chapter. Doug Oeller, Phil Maynard, Kevin MacDonald and I are old and loyal Delaware River sailors but the Old Bay group aren't exclusive and have welcomed all to sail with them.

While it can be cold in December, and the water is a cold 35°, there are compensations. Janes Island has heated cabins with comfortable beds, full service kitchens and even indoor plumbing. We assembled about noon on Tuesday and started launching right away. Three Marshcats with six people, me with Joe Manning, Harris Butlin and Kevin in *Little T*, Phil crewing with Doug on *Comfort*.

It was chilly with a light northwest wind so we sailed down the Dougherty Canal into Crisfield Harbor, we were headed south into Pokomoke Sound but decided just to sail in the harbor and back home. It gets cold in the afternoon as the sun goes down and it pays well to not get too far downwind before turning around and heading home. When we sailed back to Janes Island Jim Drake had turned up in his beautiful, almost perfect Coquina, *Molly Malone*, and Peter Gottlund as the fourth crew member.

The one nuisance of the luxury cabins at the State Park is that they didn't let us go in until 5pm, so we all stood around and surrep-

Winter Solstice Cruise

By Mike Wick, Photos by Harris Bucklin



titiously sipped our beers while we admired and helped rig *Molly Malone*. There is no drinking at the park and we scrupulously follow that policy as long as somebody is looking. At 5pm we moved to the cabin and supervised as Harris and Peter cooked a lovely and warming beef stew over the outdoor charcoal grill. We ate and talked until it got too cold, then went to our two cabins for the night.

The Wednesday weather report was good so we planned and paired off for our real solstice adventure day. There was wind in the night but the morning came with mild wind and moderate temperatures. Kevin and Joe set off to break trail while Doug towed Jim's Coquina up the canal. It is narrow and the trees block the wind so a tow upwind is quite helpful. I was sailing with Joe in his Cat but brave Phil and Jim were in *Molly Malone*.

As we beat up the Annapessex River the wind strengthened enough so we were riding the rails as we went upriver. Wind and waves increased but the river quickly narrows and offers more protection. It was inspiration to watch Jim and Phil coordinate and balance beautifully while the rest of us watched and were poised to assist if they should make any mistakes. But they didn't.

We stopped at the head of the river for lunch and photographs, then we headed west as the wind eased off for a lovely reach back home. That night we ate a fine supper that Joe had planned and prepared, ham, cabbage, mashed potatoes and dessert. We went to bed replete.

Thursday morning most of the gang had other commitments, only two of us were still available, but Kevin drove down to the Crisfield waterfront and reported back that it was blowing hard and the ferryboats to Smith and Tangier were sawing up and down at the pier. Our successful solstice sail was over, we headed home. A December outing makes the subsequent winter break much shorter and we put our boats away for the snow season. Come spring and warmer weather we will be back together and headed out again.



From the Hudson River on a Paddlewheeler To a British Canal on a Narrow Boat Via the North Atlantic on the Queen Mary 2

By Derek Van Loan

Tour Boating on the Hudson

My old friend, Captain Stan Wilcox, pilots the double decker tour boat, *Spirit of Hudson*, on the Hudson River out of Hudson, New York, late spring through the fall months and also on tours north of Hudson and as far south as Poughkeepsie. On weekends he runs a pontoon ferry back and forth across the river from Hudson to Athens. The vessels embark from the waterfront park in Hudson, a short walk from the Amtrak Station below the foot of Warren Street.

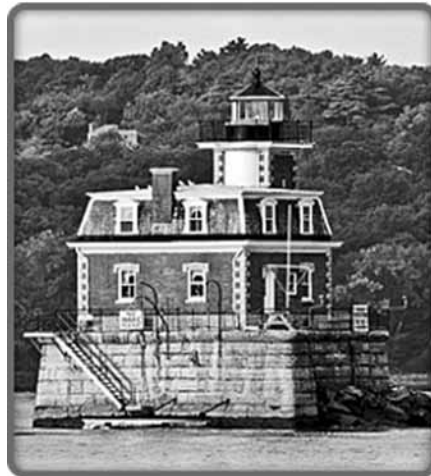


Incidentally, Hudson's Amtrak Station is the third busiest of all the train stations in New York State. Hudson is an old whaling port, founded in the late 18th century by Quakers from Nantucket. I was born in Hudson and remember it as a hardbitten little city with crap games in the alleys and Billy Holiday from the juke boxes in the bars. Fortunately Hudson's lovely architecture was not improved out of existence. Strong traces of ship building and maintenance are still evident. The old rope walk alley, an old crane, are still there. Now Hudson's antique shops, art galleries and topflight restaurants attract trippers to local B&Bs from all over the country. Oceangoing ships, tugs, barges and pleasure yachts pass by.

There's a Wednesday early afternoon hour or so tour downriver to Catskill and back, too. Those aboard get to glide along the Hudson past lush green shores in summer, and autumn colors in fall, under the Rip Van Winkle Bridge and past Olana, Hudson River school painter Frederick Church's home and studio high above the river. There are eagles, cormorants and more. Curious structures, ice houses, brick smoke stacks, nestle in among the trees.

Stan had been a carnival barker in his youth for the hootchie cootchie show and for Columbia County Fair parking. He financed his college as a local disk jockey presenting The Hayloft Jamboree and Polka Time at WHUC. Finishing a tour he'll announce that all items abandoned on board would be found on eBay the following day. Abandoned children will "be set to work cleaning the bilges." Once, when a passenger leaned into the pilot house to ask Stan if he could turn the vessel around in the tiny harbor of Catskill, Stan replied, "well, we are going to soon find out," as he spun the wheel and fisted the throttles. A ripple of laughter rises above a sea of smiles.

Last summer Captain Stan had another of my old school chums and I out on the Hudson Athens ferry. Dan and I ate well at the popular Stewart House in Athens, an inn here since the 19th century. The ferry passes close by the old lighthouse. Several times each summer Hudson Cruises takes sightseers out to this most interesting institution. Check out hudsoncruises.com and get out onto the historic Hudson.



Across the Atlantic Aboard the Queen Mary 2

After a couple of weeks in my old home, Columbia County, New York, on the border of Massachusetts and the Berkshires, my old school chum, Dan Shafarman, and I Amtraked downriver. Arriving in Manhattan, the transportation system somewhat

fell apart. The taxi driver got us lost while attempting to find the *Queen Mary 2* in Brooklyn. He stopped to ask a fellow driver and eventually we blundered through into a packed mass of cabs and buses to be ushered aboard after a security check.



The *QM2* is a machine that allows me to live so very well in the present. I've no expectations of swift travel, no itch to arrive. Each moment is enjoyed. Time zones pass at a human pace. This is to be my third passage aboard. Our first stop on this passage was Halifax, Nova Scotia. I'd always wanted to visit.

Along a coolish and sunny waterfront, Dan and I walked a mile or so up to the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic. The *Titanic* disaster is featured as is the infamous Halifax explosion. I skimmed both in favor of steamer models from the 19th and early 20th centuries and the exhibits of small craft. One, a perfect model of the *Franconia*, was made in 1923. It is about 12' in length, 1/4"=12" scale. One boat, a small goose boat from around 1900, is a hunter's blind, a fine example of minimalist boating. There's a model of a sidelever marine steam engine, motorized so one can study the valve action. In the water outside we boarded the C.S.S. (Canadian Survey Ship) *Acadia*, a coal fired steamer built in 1913 and retired in 1969.

And so, after dropping off the harbour pilot, we set off across the Atlantic. Also aboard were old friends Bruce Bradbury and his mate, Romeo. A few months earlier in the year, while at a party, we'd been pleasantly amazed to find we were to be shipmates. To further wonder at the demographic I occupy, another woman I know, a rare bookstore owner in Columbia County, was also aboard with her husband.

On previous passages I've always been delighted with my assigned tablemates. Mostly they've been Brits, but Dan and I were to have a good time swapping stories with Vicki and Richard from Los Gatos and Steve and Judy from Fishkill, New York.

Steve and Judy are retired as is Richard. Vicki still lectures and teaches. At an adjacent table David and Allison of Edinburgh share our enthusiasm. "Do you all know each other?" they ask.

"Not yet," we replied.

It is a pleasure to be with satisfied people. Everyone here has everything they need. Dan says greed is not necessarily built in, it has to be learned. So would that all the world's peoples have all that they need. Could satisfaction spread throughout the rest of the world?

Aboard the *QM2* there's a library up forward with stuffed seats for contemplating the oncoming sea. I searched without inspiration for something to read until running across a familiar British, now American, author, Jonathan Raban. Then I curled up with his amusing *Driving Home*, a collection of his stories. Raban would be a perfect speaker aboard this vessel. I've read several of his books.

One of the virtues of traveling at a human pace is having time for conversation. How often we regret not taking the time to communicate. Dan and I covered years of thoughts. It is so interesting to compare shared experiences from long ago. Dan, my late wife and I certainly had many worth remembering.

Ship's clocks are reset at noon some days as we steam eastward. We lose an hour every 15° of longitude so, when making an appointment one must consider whether there will be a 12 noon. I have an old watch on which I conveniently reset time zones at the touch of a button. Bruce, Dan and I sit on a lower deck, the sea coursing past our elbows. Conversation ranges from Dan's recommending a visit to The American Museum of Precision, Windsor, Vermont, to Effie Gray, Ruskin's wife, to the correspondence of actress Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw.

Lumpy seas leap with sharp, white edges and we at their center as we steam eastward, ever eastward. Today, Sunday, September 11, the wind has a nip to it. While we sit behind huge windows in warmth, Bruce and Dan get on to William Morris, Bruce's special interest, and inspiration for the museum quality wallpaper manufacturing facility Bruce founded. We finish with a remembrance of Enrico Banducci's lodging for his Hungry I talent on Broderick Street, San Francisco. I believe we've covered more ground than our ship has ocean this afternoon.

Monday, September 12, and the ship rolls slightly. Wind is Force 6 and we are making about 23 knots over the bottom. It's cloudy, we've just passed *Flemish Cap* and are on a great circle course for England. This means when plotting a course on a flat chart, taking into account that the earth is round and adjusting the ship's heading to reflect the roundness. And so we traverse a shorter distance than we would if we steer a straight line on a flat chart. The Gulf Stream is giving us a one knot lift along on our course, too.

But on a more local level, in The Kings Court, a cafeteria, there's pork cordon bleu, an oblong of meat breaded in a tomato sauce. Oh, and soft ice cream cones for dessert. Later Eric Satie's *Gymnopedia Number One* on the guitar. And there's the excellent film, *The Lady In the Van*.

At 10 I attend Peter Dean's lecture on the Elephant Man. He recounts Merrick's life and reconfirms the opinion that he died from asphyxia while sleeping not in his usual reclining mode. Lying flat, poor man, was a fatal luxury. At 1:15 Maedalen Reising,

harpist, played Satie, to laughter, silverware clinking. The National Strings Orchestra and The Sunrise String Quartet, Anthony Inglis, conductors, gave us Elgar's *Serenade For Strings*, Barber's *Adagio For Strings*, and the Pizzicato Polka.

On Wednesday, September 14, I attended a lecture given by author, maritime historian William Fowler, "Pirates" There was also a meeting of passengers "sailing solo." I did not attend, thinking to avoid acquiring a girlfriend who lives a very long way from my home in Mill Valley.

On Thursday, September 15 we are south of Ireland. Bruce, Dan and I have tea with harp music in the background of our conversation. Bruce and Romeo will head for Italy after we land. Bishop Rock is said to be to port but visibility is limited. Blackened sea bream, mushroom soup for dinner, with salad.

And so on Friday we docked early morning at Southampton. A breakfast of bran cereal with skimmed milk, apricots and orange juice somewhat compensates for my recent culinary excesses. With just carry-ons, Dan and I are swiftly ushered on to the Cunard bus to London. We arrive at what is now the departure, not the arrival, dock of the Victoria Coach Station. Then we get lost in London traffic attempting to get to the arrivals dock. Passengers grumble.

The driver stops to our advantage, right next to the London Underground Station, a long block from the other. This is where we want to be. I make a point of complementing the beleaguered driver. We are, at least, two satisfied passengers. An attendant helped us buy and load Oyster Cards, a most convenient way to negotiate London.

We underground across London and up the Northern Line to Archway, then walk to our home away from home, thanks to Dinah, my daughter's mother-in-law. My daughter, Katrina, welcomes us to their home, an 1880s, tall, pale stone rowhouse. On Saturday morning I awake, having slept very well. One great advantage of ship travel is the easy adjustment to the destination time zone. My unlocked smart phone talks to the internet and displays the correct time in the correct time zone. Dan and I walk to Crouch End with Katrina where we acquire pounds for dollars at the Royal Post Office. I'd brought recipes for soups and so shopped for ingredients for corn and pepper chowder. We left Katrina, an author, tucked into her cafe with her laptop.

Expensive you say. Presently there are trans Atlantic fares as low as \$888, double occupancy, aboard the *QM2*. Add in another \$100 or so for tips, conveniently paid with your credit card at voyage end and, well, I consider this a bargain. Studies show that money spent on experiences provides more longterm satisfaction. We flew back to the US on IcelandAir, which was half the price of any other airline last summer.

Narrowboating Through a Green and Pleasant Land

The London Canal Museum (www.lcm.me.uk) is on Battlebridge Basin on the Regents Canal in North London. Dozens of narrowboats are moored there. Inside there is a sectioned narrowboat, a cargo carrier that had been pulled by a horse. The entire midsection was for cargo. The after 10' or

so was living quarters for a small family. A coal stove and stowage, a cabinet berth, once comprised a cozy home. These boats all displayed striking, almost garish, artwork. Stylized castles and roses are universally featured. An excellent film, black and white with subtitles, takes visitors through London on a canal boat in the 1920s. Audio interviews of people associated with the canal are available at the touch of a button.

It was here, a few years ago, that a knowledgeable Welsh curator, Alun, suggested the British midlands as a good area for beginning narrowboaters. And so my friends, Captain Stan Wilcox and Dan Shafarman and I did. Captain Stan had chosen the canal hire boat company because of its easy access via the National Rail. I only had one requirement, many pubs per mile.

We arrived at Coventry on the National Rail system, a splendid system, I might add, with most wonderfully helpful station attendants. On September 23, a Friday, this university city throngs with youth and it was a pleasant walk to the canal boat basin across the town centre. This city had early become second in commercial importance to London. The canal system reached here by 1769.



We boarded the *Taw Valley*, our 58' narrowboat home for a week (Valley Cruises). Graham, a no nonsense ex Thames River policeman, took us out for a romp along the canal. And so we picked up what we needed to know and were fortunate to have Captain Stan take the helm until Dan and I also got the hang of it. Our cost for the narrowboat, including fuel and cooking gas, was \$1,500 for a week.

Thinking that we would just continue off onto the canals of Britain, Graham was surprised to learn that we had planned to stay in harbour for the night. We expected my daughter, Katrina, and my grandkids to join us there the next day. Turning a 58' boat around in a canal was only possible because we had not yet entered the mostly quite narrow network that crisscrosses England and Wales. Turning basins are rare and marked on the map.

Graham managed, however, and next day Katrina, Dinah, her mother-in-law, Elijah and Callie arrived by train and made themselves at home aboard as we motored out of Coventry. Narrowboats can tie to the edge of the canal almost anywhere. We did and walked to a Sainsbury's supermarket, huge, Stan remarked, "you could land a 767 in here." Now we had provisions. Everyone was at home. Elijah relayed messages along the boat from the helm to those of us sitting in the foredeck well.

At Marston Junction we started up the Ashby canal and in the afternoon Grandma Dinah called a taxi, giving him a bridge number, where he arrived and took them back to a rail station. The kids were charmed with the civilized living accommodations which include a tub shower, and a full galley.

We chugged onward to a meeting with George and Susan Kennedy at The Lime Kilns Inn Pub at Hinckley the next day. We tied up near their 70' narrowboat, *Caxton*. Susan knits as does Stan's wife. They'd met online where Fran mentioned that her husband and his strange friends were going to do a bit of narrowboating. Well, our chosen canals are right where Susan and George live. George graciously posts his most entertaining and helpful boating blogs (<http://caxton.narrowboat.us>).



Stan had purposely chosen pastoral canals with few locks. I specified that there be many pubs per mile. Market Bosworth was one of George's most worthwhile suggestions. And, with walking miles each day up into ancient villages we met locals and observed life. Oh, and we kept in shape and each lost a bit of weight. We had purchased an amusingly well written canal guide but George gave us his personal Nicholson's, *Waterways Guide 3, Birmingham & the Heart of England*. This work contains distances and information the *Canal Companion*, entertainingly written, does not.

Susan spotted us Yanks and bounced over to take our mooring lines just as we arrived. She moves quickly with smooth energy. She set us amateurs at ease and gave us a tour of their *Caxton*, a 70-footer. It's a party boat for two. There are full size washing machines for both clothes and for dishes and a clothes dryer. One big double berth and an enclosed foredeck for solitude. Every inch and centimeter of this vessel is used but still the interior is light and airy. Susan is recently retired and George, still at the helm of a large organization, plans to retire in the near future. They are a marvelous team and fun to be with.

George treated us all to a pub grub dinner. That and ale stand out among our cherished memories. We sat, ate and talked at a wooden picnic bench in the pleasant afternoon sun. They sent us off with a case of Golden Ale and a copy of *The Towpath*, a most informative newsprint periodical. Here boats are offered for sale, and for sale "on shares." They bear names such as *Elsa*, *Jupiter*, *Ralphie*, and *Devon Maid*. Later, on the canal, I saw a boat named *Nil Illegitimus Carbarondum*. There are ads for winterising.

A problem was arising, though, Dan was bravely powering through the beginnings of an abscessed tooth. Stan and I knew something was wrong. Dan, subdued, was not his usual self, although he did not grumble. The next day he began to resemble a lopsided chipmunk with a cheek full of nuts. Stops were made along the canal for walks in search of painkillers. Codeine is available over the counter here. But not antibiotics. With the pain somewhat at bay we continued up the Ashby.

After mooring the night just before Shenton Aqueduct we walked through farm fields along country roads to the almost site

of the last battle of the War of the Roses, Bosworth Field. Here Richard III met Henry VII. Stan and Dan traded passages from Gilbert and Sullivan. Gentle rain showers fell. There's a very good museum there with an exhibition board of weapons used during the battle that put the Tudors in power.

A printed message urged the observer to choose the weapon he or she thought would be most effective. Then there was under a lifted flap an explanation of the advantages and disadvantages of that particular weapon. Fire a pistol, say, then while reloading or using it to smite an enemy, you'd be done in. Swords, axes, lances, all carried a more or less dismal expectation for their erstwhile warrior. Oh, choose a longbow over a hand firearm if you ever find yourself being charged by horse mounted cavalry.

Children were touring as we were, a truly educational experience. It has been recently discovered that the actual battle took place some three miles distant. And Richard III's remains were discovered a while ago and reinterred with some ceremony. An opinion poll has found that Richard is now the favored ruler over Henry.

I was never bored when at the helm. We all took turns for hours at a time. Evenings we cooked simple dinners aboard. Pasta and tomato sauce sufficed. The refrigerator afforded cold milk and crisp salads. Hot water gushed from the deep sink faucet when wanted. We watched the weather and Doc Martin on the TV. The Clinton Trump debacle was available. Mornings I breakfasted on bran cereal, fresh English milk and canned peaches.

As Dan and I helmed, Stan was reassuringly close by to offer advice. Sometimes we rounded a bend to be confronted by oncoming canal traffic that at first seems to be hurtling down our canal. Stan, to an assembly of some 30 duck, heads tucked under wings, asleep on the canal bank: "You probably wondered why I called you all here this afternoon. There will be changes!" To the cattle, "see you at McDonald's."

The Snarestone tunnel (250 yards) is just before the end of the Ashby Canal. I'd wanted to experience a canal tunnel. Back in horse drawn days the horse went over the top and the canal boaters "legged" it through, lying on their backs pushing along against the roof and walls of the tunnel with their feet. Tunnel passage is single file only so the prudent boater turns on his headlight, then searches the dark hole for the light of an approaching vessel. Inside there are drips and the echo of the motor. And so we retraced our route from the turning basin at the end of the Ashby Canal. We decided to push on back to Coventry and get Dan to a dentist. On our way down Susan popped out on the deck of a canalside cafe with a cheerful, "Hi boys!"

On our way back to Coventry we did, however, divert to experience one lock onto the Oxford Canal where we followed the twists and turns along the hill's contours. This upper section of the Oxford, which goes down through the city of Oxford to London, has a most different character than the Ashby. Walking up to Brinklow we visited its 750 year old church, trustingly open to visitors. The Oxford is wildly overgrown with trees while the Ashby goes through farmland. Green and pleasant farmland.

Turns at the helm were never too long. Aside from the alertness required when meeting oncoming boats, there's an endless natural richness and curious attractions. There are



farm animals and ancient structures, dogs and their walkers pass in both directions I might add. We are not swift travelers. Stan quipped, "sure would be frustrating to drive a narrowboat ambulance." And there must be signs nearby that say, "CANAL PATH, BRING YOUR DOG." There are wagging tails as far as the eye can see.

Now, full disclosure, these commercial hire boats are exceedingly well built of steel. Even the arched steel cabin top on the *Taw Valley* measures about $\frac{3}{8}$ " in thickness. So tons of steel do not dance about on the water. These craft are ponderous. Fending off is out of the question. The passages through "bridge holes," for that is what the old canal boaters called them, are tight. The path alongside curves in to likewise pass under the bridge. All is lined with stone. And each of us brushed a bit of stone before we got the hang of steering.

The trick is to take it slow, but fast enough so that there's water flowing past the rudder so that it will respond. Horsing the tiller back and forth while regulating speed takes concentration. There's a constant pull from the action of the propeller water passing the rudder. Our boat wanted to turn left. Judgment is learned through study. At least we did not smash the edge of our cabin top against the rim of a tunnel. Our otherwise pristine boat had a dented cabin top forerunner from a previous encounter, presumably with the arched entrance to a bridge.

We were careful to keep our speed down so as not to destroy the canal banks with an excessive wake. We reduced speed further so as not to jostle moored boats and when passing oncoming boats. Oh, one good thing for Yanks, boats generally pass to the right of oncoming traffic. Easy to remember. Stan tells me there are over 30,000 narrowboats registered.

Other things to learn were taking a couple of turns on the stuffing box greaser down under the engine floorboards at day's end. Starting and shutdown procedures were simple and easily learned. Lighting the pilot on the heating system and switching from empty to full gas bottles were both simple and logical. We never used up our first bottle, and there are three. Hot water for sinks and shower is produced from engine waste heat. Even in the morning we never ran out.

There are many stops along the canals called "waterpoints." Here, besides water availability, sewage may be pumped out, but our tank was huge so that amusing activity was unnecessary. We filled our water tanks with the hose provided often. Graham demonstrated lock workings using a model in the office before we left. Valley Cruises had also mailed us a DVD depicting lock op. And more.

The two essential books for the area we traveled are *Canal Companion South Mid-*

lands and *Warwickshire Ring and Ashby & Connecting Canals*, which we purchased in the office, and *Birmingham & the Heart of England*, which George Kennedy gave us. There are *Canal Companions* for the other regions of the UK. And Collins Nicholson also sells waterways guides for other regions, too. There's some overlapping material but each has its strengths. Another informative book is *Narrowboats Explained* by Trevor Yorke. I purchased a copy at the Canal Museum in London.

Proceeding slowly so as not to produce a bank eroding wake, we slowed further when passing oncoming boats. The engine tachometer provides a quick read for readjusting rate of travel. Valley Cruises have a well deserved good reputation. Our boat was clean, the batteries provided all the electricity we needed when the engine was off. If you are coming from outside the UK be sure to let them know and they will provide towels and wash cloths. The Valley Cruises people are knowledgeable and a pleasure to deal with. Life at a walking pace, where slow is no disgrace.

Locks. As I mentioned Stan chose canals so that we would only encounter one if we choose to ply a few miles of the Oxford Canal. It is at the joining of the Coventry and the Oxford, which continues south past Oxford all the way to London. With only 6" of difference between the two canals, we passed through quite quickly. Operating the gates and the paddles is intuitive. Here, too, upwardbound and downward bound boats take turns. An average lock, we were told, takes about 15 minutes to transit. On many canals there are flights of locks. Very important, a white line near the lock gates marks the edge of a structural ledge. Give this plenty of room or the vessel could hang up on it as the water in the lock drains away. "Most awkward!" Stan says, having had experience on the Eire Canal, "locks get old."

We stopped at Hawksbury Junction and ate at the most excellent Greyhound Pub on our last evening. I found the best meat pie ever, Beef Bourguignon Pie with ingredients braised in wine. These included button mushrooms, baby onions, and pancetta, all at 11½ pounds Stirling. Each bite produced a taste bud festival. Perfect crust. I had, for the first time, hard cider in an 8" tall glass. It's slightly sweet, mildly bubbly and somewhat alcoholic. A cold and dark evening after a long day of canalling is the best time to curl up in a booth at the Greyhound near the fire. Walking along the dark canal and the moored narrowboats, there was the odor of coal smoke, damp vegetation.

We arrived just in time on Friday back in Coventry. At the office Elaine, head of housekeeping, cheerfully called her dentist and made an appointment. Then she drove Dan there. The dentist conducted a thorough exam, prescribed two antibiotics and then charged Dan under 20 pounds! Furthermore, when Dan visited a pharmacy they told him, "you are a senior, so no charge." My daughter has birthed two children under the National Health. She, and everyone I've spoken with there, loves socialized medicine. A proper measure of a civilization is how well they care for people.

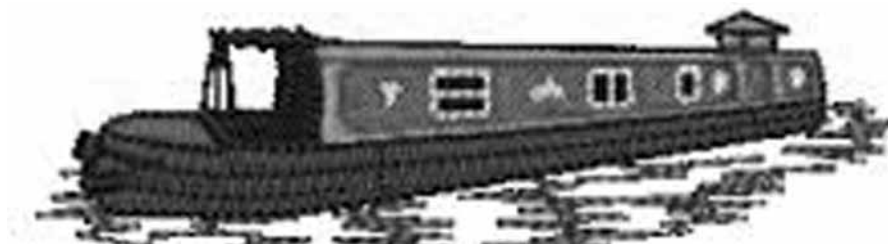
While Dan was hanging out with the medical profession, Stan and I revisited the excellent Coventry Transport Museum. I just had to have a photo of a Humber Super Snipe. What a wonderful name! Then we visited the bus station to check on scheduling to

the National Rail Station. The ruined Coventry Cathedral evokes the sadness of war.

The allies had broken the Nazi secret code and knew that this city was about to be bombed, however, any effective defense could reveal to the enemy that we had broken their code. So the choice was made not to mount an effective defense and the magnificent 14th century Gothic cathedral was destroyed. The walls still standing, and a few unbroken stained glass windows, only hint at our loss. A signboard laments our destruction in Germany, too. Poignant. In a lighter vein, Stan got a photo of me peeking through my fingers at the statue of Lady Godiva.

From Coventry we took National Rail and taxi to a bed and breakfast with three single beds near Ironbridge Gorge, 75 pounds, a bargain. Both Dan and I had long wanted to visit this first iron bridge, built of iron smelted in nearby Coalbrookdale in 1779 over the River Severn. It is about 100' long and in spiffy shape. This area, with the required coal, limestone and iron ore, was the birthplace of the industrial revolution. It was here

that Abraham Darby developed a method of smelting iron with coked coal. Previously wood was used and the country was running out of trees. Darby also perfected molding in sand. The excellent museum explains the development and presents samples of early products. And parts of the massive stone smelter are still there.



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Traveling to the island of Ko Lanta required a three hour ferry crossing of the Gulf of Thailand to Krabi Town, then boarding a much smaller wooden ferry to complete the journey. During the final leg to Ko Lanta we passed three smaller islands with several resorts. Each resort has its own "long tail" shuttle boat which meets the main ferry at sea for a transfer of guests. Conditions were calm on this particular day, but I can imagine that things might get hairy during choppy seas.



The shuttle boats are all "long tails," so named because of their extremely long propeller shafts. Power is provided by an air cooled engine, ranging from 5hp up to much larger diesels, depending on the size of the boat. Virtually all boats in southern Thailand are this same traditional design of wooden construction. I spent many days fishing aboard these craft and can attest to their fuel efficiency. However, it seems that the steel mufflers quickly rust out and are never replaced, which makes for a noisy trip.



A Look at Small Boats and Fishing in Southeast Asia

By John Depa

Over the past ten years, I have made it a point to spend the cold winter months as far away from New Jersey as possible, each year visiting a different part of the world, provided the country was located near the equator. And I have been quite successful in doing so. The annual trips have always been four months in duration, usually beginning at the end of November and ending in early April. This year I deviated a bit by spending the first six weeks revisiting Thailand and Indonesia, countries that I spent four months touring last year. I found these destinations to be affordable, friendly and provide excellent boating and fishing opportunities.

(Editor Comments: I have selected portions of John's lengthy narrative that might be of interest to our small boat (and perhaps fishermen) readers.)

In addition to this 10lb giant queenfish (which my hotel host barbecued to perfection), I also caught barracuda, mahi mahi and small tuna. I found that it helped me to convince a captain that I was a serious fisherman if I could show several of my recent catches on a cell phone or tablet and name the location and method used.



On to Bali. The craft used on Bali are totally different than those in Thailand. They are outrigger canoes, locally called "jukungs," all with identical hull design, bow, stern, beam and freeboard, varying in length only from 15'-30'. Consequently they can use the same amas and bamboo pontoons, which is very convenient. Older boats are constructed of local wood with a dugout bottom and single plank sides, but all newer hulls are fiberglass. This reduction in weight is a BIG help since the boats are carried up the beach, above the tide line at the end of each trip.



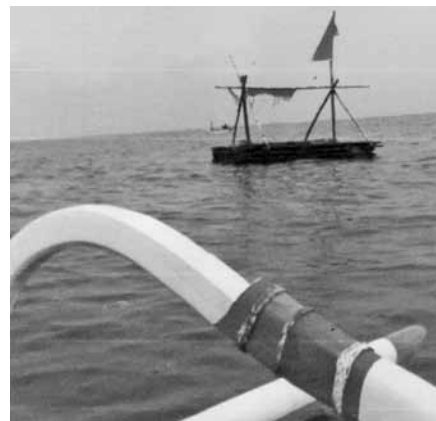
The fisherman are a close knit group and readily share in beaching chores, four men, one under each arc of the amas, are able to pick up the boat carry and it to safety. This must have been a considerably tougher chore with the wooden hull boats.

Years ago the craft were paddled, then later equipped with a lateen sail rig, followed by the use of long tail motors and currently powered by 15hp Yamaha outboards. Boats representing each stage of evolution are still in use today.



After two days of walking the beach and checking at dive shops, I finally found a Bali fishing partner. He had a newer model 20' Jukung, powered by a 15hp Yamaha, two stroke outboard and a few conventional rods and, most importantly, was fairly fluent in English. We talked for some time and agreed that we would fish from 5am until 9am, that I would keep one large fish to share with my host family and that the daily rate would be 300,000 rupiah (\$22 US). Over the next seven days we made four trips, catching fish during all but one.

Meeting at 5am, we were launched and underway at the hint of dawn. First order of business was to troll a 100 hook sabuki rig to catch live bait and a quantity of edible mackerel. (I learned early on that there is no such thing as an undersized fish in Asia, they are all keepers). Once bait had been obtained we begin trolling for larger fish. The rig is as basic as it gets, a single hook, snelled directly to a leader, baited with a live fish. Trolling is slow, just above idle speed, going from one "rumpon" to another.



A rumpon is a bamboo raftlike structure about 6'x18', anchored in from 100-200 meters water depth. These are used in other parts of the world and are very effective at attracting mahi mahi and other pelagic species. Off the coast of Belize they are called "RAFADs," an acronym for Remote Area Fish Attracting Device. They work by providing just a bit of shade in an otherwise barren sea. It's kind of like the small bush in the Australian desert that attracts a dozen 'roos, even though it doesn't provide enough shade for even one animal. Whenever I asked fishermen if the government provides this service, I got the same general response, "Government takes money, gives nothing." Sound familiar?



We rarely trolled more than four miles from shore and could visit a dozen rumpions, twice. If we had two strikes in the same area we changed tactics to live lining. A live bait is hooked through the dorsal fin and allowed to swim freely. A piece of Styrofoam is tied about 20' from the bait to keep it from swimming too deep, as mahi tend to feed on top. We caught fish using both methods.

I later moved on to Lovina, another fishing town located at the top of the island. Here the water tapers very gradually and entire families engage in hauling long, fine mesh seine nets from shore. I watched two hauls that did not appear very productive.



Just before departing Lovina I was invited on an overnight tuna trip. The boat would leave at 5pm, travel ten miles offshore and tie up to a rumpon to fish through the night, under a set of bright lights, returning to shore the following morning. Fifty years ago I would have jumped at the offer, but this 75 year old body would be aching for a week (at least) after sitting on a board in a narrow boat, knee deep in fish, with no way to lie down, for 13 hours, hauling 10lb tuna, on a hand line, with two companions who do not speak English. After one last look at the boat, I took a pass.

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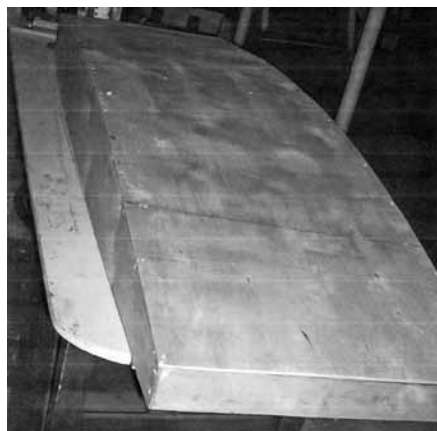
"In the loft upstairs in an old barn a man with a plan began to lay out a sturdy frame to build a boat on. Then he bought a sheet of plywood and drew lines on it. After making sure the picture on his plan matched the picture drawn on the plywood, he cut the plywood into pieces. The man spent a few days gluing more wood to the plywood. Then he set some of the pieces of plywood on the wooden frame so they stood upright. After that the man spent a few moments looking at the parts and the shape they made from many different angles.

The next day he worked on the boat. Long strips of wood were laid over the frames but the man wasn't happy, they didn't fit the way he wanted them to. He shut the lights off and went back in the house. The next day he worked on the frames with a saw, now the long strips fit perfectly into the corners of the frames. When the man was happy with how they fit, he glued the strips to the frames.

Now the frames and strips looked like a boat with invisible sides so the next time the man came out to build he glued panels on each side. Now the pieces looked like a boat but it still wouldn't float! It didn't have a bottom.



The man finally glued on the bottom and *Seagull* was born.



The next thing she knew, the man picked her up and turned her over, then he took a wood plane and smoothed all the edges on the top of *Seagull*. When the man was happy he glued two decks onto each end of *Seagull*. "Now she has flotation, she will never sink," the man said.

From time to time, a boy and girl came upstairs in the barn to see *Seagull*. *Seagull* learned she was to belong to the girl, her name was Abby.

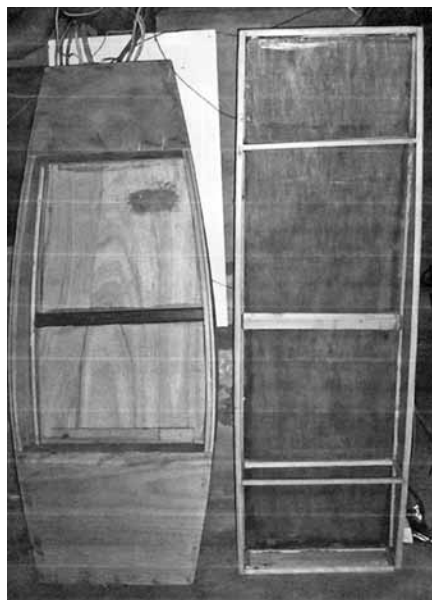
Then it got cold out, the nights were long, the man rarely came out to the garage loft, sometimes he looked at *Seagull* but rarely did anything to her. Then the weather began to get warmer. *Seagull* could see the bare trees and bushes were turning green from the window in the loft. The days got longer but the man didn't come back to work on her.

The Rowerwet Chronicles...

Seagull the Mouseboat

By Josh Withe

(This was written as a children's book for my daughter, I had it published as a hard backed book for her birthday. Each page had a picture with some text. She loved the book and she and her siblings still read it. Abby is now a teenager, this past spring she launched a kayak she built almost entirely herself. We took it along as part of our annual canoe camping trip in the Adirondacks. *Seagull* is still around, though Abby outgrew her and she was passed on to a younger sister. I believe she will be passed on to another family soon).



Then one day the man came, He lifted *Seagull* up on his shoulder and headed for the stairs. *Seagull* had never been moved like this before, she wasn't so sure she wanted

to leave the barn loft. The next thing she knew *Seagull* was out in the sun. "This isn't so bad," she thought, but then *Seagull* was placed upside down on the roof of a car. The man put straps over *Seagull* and then pulled them down tight. "Why are these straps so tight?" she thought.

The next thing she knew the car was out on the road, going very fast! "This man is crazy, I want to get down!" *Seagull* thought, but the man just drove faster. After a terrifying ride over rough roads and one road that was so dusty the man had to slow down to see where he was going, *Seagull* saw a very shiny flat area surrounded by trees, the man stopped the car, he took the straps off *Seagull* and carried her to the water.

"What is this... stuff? It's cold, and wet, I don't like it! I want to go home to the barn!" thought *Seagull*.

Then the man put some cushions in her, he held a paddle and wore a strange vest. He pushed her out into the water a little and then stepped into her. After the man got seated on the cushion, *Seagull* found the water was soft, it seemed to cradle her the way nothing else ever had. While the man was heavy, he didn't feel heavy in the water, instead she could spin and float a light as a feather.

The man used the paddle to send *Seagull* out on the water, soon *Seagull* was floating high above the bottom, there were trees and rocks down there, along with many other things. *Seagull* saw fish and turtles, some of them seemed to be afraid of her but others came closer to see what she was. *Seagull* heard a strange noise, she went closer to the side of the pond to see what it was, there sat a frog in the water up to his neck, he was calling to the other frogs along the shore.

"This is fun, I like the water," said *Seagull*, "this is so much more fun than looking out the barn window!"

Just then the man turned *Seagull* and paddled her back to shore. She was sad, "I was having so much fun, why do we have to go now?" The man got a lady on the shore to take *Seagull*'s picture,



Then he pulled her up on the sand. He got out a big roll of plastic and wrapped it around her. Then the man went back to the



car and got out his staple gun. When he was done *Seagull* was safely wrapped in plastic.

The man got back in and in a few seconds, she was back out on the water exploring farther than she had before. The man and *Seagull* left the bay and the car and went out to the main part of the pond. It had some waves, but *Seagull* found the waves just made the trip more fun. While the man spent his time looking at the shore and islands, *Seagull* saw many interesting things under the water, bigger fish and turtles, objects she couldn't identify, huge rocks, even a sunken boat.

Soon the man turned back to the beach, loaded *Seagull* onto the car with the tight straps and drove home. "I was just beginning to have fun!" she thought, but once again *Seagull* found herself on the sawhorses in the barn. Again the days got shorter and it got cold, the leaves fell, snow fell, *Seagull* slept and thought of the day on the pond. "I wonder what was on the other side of the pond," she thought, "I wonder when Abby will get to take me there."

Spring came again, the man came upstairs and began to mark *Seagull's* hull, "that pencil tickles!" she thought, but she did her best to keep still so his line would be straight. Then the man cut another board and stuck *Seagull's* skeg on. "Now you'll go in a straight line on the water!" he said. The man glued cloth all around *Seagull's* corners, "this will protect you from rocks."

Then Abby and her brother came upstairs, they were dressed a little funny in big shirts that went to their knees. Abby began to spread white paint all over *Seagull*, Abby's brother did also.



The kids were proud of *Seagull's* paint, when they were done she was white all over. "I guess I like being covered," *Seagull* said. Then the man added a handle to each end of *Seagull*, he tied a rope to each handle and he said, "now you're ready to go camping."

***Seagull's* First Flight**

The next thing *Seagull* knew, she was outside again. This time she rode on a small platform on the back of the van.



After hours of driving, and even a ride on a ferry, the van parked in a sandy parking lot.



The man untied *Seagull*, carried her down to the pond and put her in the water. "Ah, that feels much better" she said.

Then the man said, "Abby, get in your boat and learn how to paddle it." Abby took the paddle from the man and then he shoved *Seagull* out into the water. Once again *Seagull* was flying over a new scenery, only this time Abby was in command. Abby went this way and that, learning now to steer with the paddle, in a few moments she could make *Seagull* go in circles and straight lines.

Meanwhile the man and other people on the shore were bringing canoes and kayaks down to the ramp, they loaded them with boxes, bags and paddles.



One by one people got into the canoes and kayaks and launched onto the pond. The man said, "come on over here Abby, it's time to go" He took the paddle from Abby and stuck it in his canoe and then he took Nicolas and put him in *Seagull* next to Abby. The man tied the bow rope to his canoe, launched it and began to pull *Seagull* over the new pond.

Before long they had passed most of the other canoes and *Seagull* was busy watching all the new animals in and on the pond. Ducks, geese, loons, turtles, big fish and lit-

tle fish, snakes, and snails, the water was so clear she could see all the way to the bottom even in the deepest parts. Before long they came to a shallower section and then an island. Everyone was out walking around and talking, even the children.

The canoes were unloaded, tents set up, while the kids ran off to play in the woods. Before too long it got dark, *Seagull* was pulled up on the shore to spend the night resting to the call of the loons.

The next morning Abby and Nicholas got out of their tent near the water and *Seagull* and as soon as they had dressed the man told them they could go boating. The water was mirror flat with just a hint of fog, every frog and bird could be heard as they sang their morning songs. Abby took *Seagull* out again and Nicolas took a kayak and they paddled far from the Island over the smooth water.



Eventually they came back for breakfast, by then their cousins were awake and ready to play. After the sun was all the way up it got warm out, the children spent many hours paddling *Seagull* around the island and playing in the water.

After lunch some of the adults went swimming, Abby followed them in *Seagull*. They swam over to a small nearby island and walked around. There was a big tree lying in the water, they said it had been leaning out over the water before with a nice rope swing on it. One of the kids who swam decided he was too tired to swim back to the big island.



After Noah joined Abby in *Seagull*, they began to explore the shore of the island. *Seagull* could see everything under the water but Abby and Noah could only see a little bit, they did notice some tiny fish hiding under the old swinging tree. Noah took the bailer, which was already attached to the stern rope, and tried to catch some of the fish in it. *Seagull* kept laughing at the way the little fish knew to swim away from the big mouth of the bucket, but she made sure she didn't dump Abby and Noah into the water.

After they didn't catch any after a while Noah paddled *Seagull* back to the big island, where they picked up Nicolas and Levi.



The four of them were happily singing and playing when Uncle Michael swam up. Like a sea monster, he pulled himself up on the bow of *Seagull*.



With squeals and laughter the four cousins crowded into the stern of *Seagull* and then Uncle Sea Monster leaped off the bow with his arms. The wave he set up caused *Seagull* to fill with water! Good thing the kids all had their life jackets on! The water quickly stopped coming in, while *Seagull* was tipsy she didn't sink. Abby, Noah and Levi just flopped over her rail into the water and used the bailer to remove most of the water in her cockpit.



Nicolas was a little scared of the water and he grabbed onto the sides so hard it hurt, *Seagull* made sure she didn't let any more water in so he wouldn't be afraid anymore.

Before long the children had enough water out to be able to climb back in, but after that they stayed away from Uncle Sea Monster!

For most of the day *Seagull* was constantly in use by one or more of the cousins.



When they stopped playing in her, the man got in and took her for a paddle. He explored parts of the pond *Seagull* hadn't seen yet, and even tried to see how fast she would go.

That evening the cousins went fishing from *Seagull* and the canoes. While *Seagull* could see the fish swimming around under them, the cousins just blindly dropped their lines in the water and tried to attract the fish. "It would be so much easier if I could show them where to put the hook!" *Seagull* thought, but nobody listened to her. Once again *Seagull* spent the night on the shore of the island watching the moon over the peaceful water.



The next morning Abby and *Seagull* followed the man's canoe as they explored the shores of the bay the island was in. They stopped at one canoe carry and went for a short walk. Then they paddled over to the small island again and explored it.



Before long, hunger drove them back to the big island for breakfast. That morning the kids took *Seagull* out, but today the wind was blowing, before long they ended up downwind from the island. Abby, Nicolas and Levi were fishing and having fun, singing silly songs at the top of their lungs! After a while Abby figured out she couldn't make much headway against the wind so the man ended up towing them back to the island with the kayak.

After lunch it was time to pack up the tents, load up the canoes and head back. All morning long the adults had been watching the sky and commenting on reports of possible thunderstorms. Now the sky got darker and the wind picked up. In the final rush to get the canoes loaded Marcy the dog ended up at the wrong launching area, so the man put the Marcy in *Seagull* to ride back.

The canoes and kayaks began racing back to the boat launch but Marcy refused to sit in *Seagull*'s cockpit, instead she insisted on standing on the bow deck! As the boats got out into the waves from the main part of the lake, the rope towing *Seagull* began to tug and go slack.



Marcy the fell into the pond and began swimming! The man backed up the canoe to catch Marcy by the collar and then he put her in *Seagull* again.

Once again *Seagull* stood on the bow deck, and once again she fell in. This time Marcy's parents fished her out into their canoe, she still didn't learn though, this time she tried to balance on top of the huge food cooler, swaying and slipping as the canoe bobbed in the waves.

Later that summer *Seagull* got one more chance to float, for some reason Abby and Nicolas decided to launch her into the smallest lake ever.



While they had fun and imagined wonderful adventures, *Seagull* found the tiny pond in the back yard had nothing to see under the water. "I like real lakes better, but I'm glad to be part of their fun." After that trip *Seagull* sat in the barn and dreamed about noisy children, playing, enjoying and exploring, quiet peaceful nights on the pond and the call of loons as leaves and then the snow fell outside."

Summer Breeze, Third Sail

The first two outings showed me I had more work to do with the leeboards. They weren't long sails, just quickies, in and out, lasting less than an hour. This third sail would be a marathon burned into my mind for several reasons. The reasons bring to mind an old sailing rag on the West Coast. In it there was a monthly article entitled, "I learned this while boating." Or some sort of thing. Mistakes we make and live to tell about them. Puts a whole new meaning on "a good day out means getting back to the dock." Well, as you're reading this, I got back.

The wind was west, here that means offshore. At islands the wind comes around the ends and takes a whole new direction for the length of the island. With the leeboards askew, not at all in line with the centerline of the boat, I really blew it letting this one slip by. I could not go upwind, not a lick, broad reach only or dead downwind. Cove Harbour was upwind and I was a few miles out into the bay. With the wind picking up a few knots out there on the bay and with it the chop, and the water is still cold. Figuring my options, here's the dumb part (sorry Andre), I didn't have with me even a Bic lighter nor anything else other than a jacket.

Not a good prospect to spend a night out on an island in late January. My figuring got me turned around and heading back to Traylor Island. Broad reaching I knew I could do it and I figured again I could walk the shallows pulling the *Breeze* behind me. I did have some water shoes, thank you Lord. After reaching Traylor, off with the Levis and a two or three mile slog upwind in the shallows began.

The water was cold, soon though I got used to it and kept at it. With only a hour or so of sun left I found the answer to the question I

Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

had asked myself earlier. I had tossed a head lamp into the boat just before leaving. "Why am I bringing that?" I thought. After the first mile I could tell I was losing steam. The pace had slowed. I saw up ahead a lone fisherman just offshore. My hope was he'd not leave before I got into hailing distance. Turned out we knew each other. He sails a Sunfish and got into a similar jam months before when he broke his rudder.

Well, he did give a tow and with the tow the sun set. It would have been well after dark had he not been there. I left the boat in the water that night to retrieve in the morning. Mr Piper had been dogging me the day before, I had hoped he went home. He was there at the dock to collect his due.

Normally I launch at the south end pull-out, now I was pulling out at the north side. Difference being the south side has pilings along the dock to tie off to, no cleats. So while putting the boat on the trailer, I tripped on one of the dock cleats they have on the north side. I went down hard. The left knee is now gripping and a bruised rib won't allow me to lift most anything above waist high with out joining in the gripping. Guess I'm land bound for a few weeks. Oh well. That'll give me time to finish the Lightning and save my money for the next time Mr Piper shows up. And get my boat bag back together again.

Ribs

Here in Texas, ribs are what some people associate with BBQ and there are some good pickings here along the coast as well. Much to choose from. The ribs in this missive are of the type of which God took from Adam, one anyway. Years ago while working for myself, laying on the floor, reaching into the cutout in the wood floor where the floor furnace used to be, overreaching, pulling on what I don't remember, pop! Oh the pain, just lying there, too hurt to move, no one else on the job, these things happen it seems when I'm alone. After a while the pain subsided enough for me to put away the tools, lock up and go home. I took a few days off, when I did get back to work it was mostly pointing fingers for a while.

Well I did it again, but first an aside, just got off the phone from a friend who somehow wrenched his back, alone, and had to get himself to emergency, alone, and get back home after 12 hours of doctors prodding and poking to feed the livestock. What I did wasn't near so bad, although sleeping is kind of spotty. My little fiasco started down at the dock. Dad gum dock cleat grabbed my shoe and wouldn't let go. I went down hard and didn't bounce. Hence the bruised rib.

At the office I was egged on by one to tell of my mishap. Charlie asked if I'd fallen in the water. I said, "No, I wish I had, it'd been a bit softer. It was last year, I can share this now, enough time has passed, I did end up in the water. No audience, I was spared the embarrassment. Coming into the dock, I can never tell if it's going to be eventful or just bumps. Well, I don't recall just how so I can't even tell you how not to do it.

Plain and simple, spread eagle. Yep! One foot on the dock, the other on a rapidly moving boat, rapidly moving away from the dock. I was in and out so fast I didn't even get wet. I wish that was true, but it is true that the docks were empty. Unheard of. And! I managed to come up with the bowline still in my hand. That swim was quick and over with quick as a lick. This sore rib has been talking to me now for a week. I guess it will for a while yet, outside of uncomfortable sleep, slow getting up, it's not too bad.

I got the trailer fixed this past week, put new bearings on the hubs as well. Moving along, just slower. Had a birthday as well, the 69th, been a busy week.

Dancing

There is this right side, left side of the brain thing, creativity as its called, being on one side or the other, I don't remember which. My dancing and musical inclination comes from neither side. When it comes to those abilities found in me, my wife informs me I'm brain dead. I was once informed by a well liked pastor that there are more Indians than chiefs, we all can't be chiefs, nor dancers it seems as well. A coffee mate, over at the communal office a certain group of men use, informed me of his impending dance lessons set up, I think set up already, by his better half.

I informed him in no uncertain terms, zip the lips if he happens by the house. Oh, don't get me wrong, my wife and I twirl around the living room floor from time to time, and I do enjoy the short bursts of activity on my part. Her's as well when she's ROTFL at my clumsiness. In public, no thank you.

Even the new to me redesigned sailboat has enough room for slow dancing at anchor. Oh yes, really. It's not that it's such a huge sailboat, but if the cabin top were left behind and the berth cushions moved aside, heck, we'd have 30sf of uninterrupted ballroom. There would be no overhead twirls or such though.

I used to kid myself for years thinking I enjoyed dancing, I think it was the punch. That second or third and fourth, fifth and sixth drink of the doctored stuff, I even started to think I could. Then I sobered up. No, I'm not a dancer, and pushing 70 I know I'm not a dancer. I quit surfing several years past, I no longer wanted to devote the time I felt it required to maintain enough stamina to enjoy myself. And besides, falling into water is not near as comparable to falling on a dance floor. Both of those days are behind me.

So I'll sail my little boats and dance across the waters of the local bays. I know what moves to make, what strings to pull. I can pull into shore for a breather, make a cup of Joe, even take a nap.

Were I to sprawl out somewhere in a corner of the dance floor while out with the wife, the music would keep me awake, not to mention our dog is a little guy, there'd be no place for me to sleep when I got home. Whatever side of the brain dancing and music reside in, I can guarantee, I'm not there.



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Inland Waterways

The US House and Senate easily passed the Water Infrastructure Improvement for the Nation Act (WIIN) that also included the Water Resource Development Act (WRDA) that allows the Army Corps of Engineers to improve dams, ports and waterways. In a surprisingly bipartisan agreement, the Government is trying to cope with flood problems along the Ohio, Mississippi and other major rivers. One element that was culled was the possibility of tolls on bridges covered in the legislation.

Port Authorities across the nation, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Farm Bureau and even Ducks Unlimited praised the passage of the bill. Both political parties popped vest buttons proudly exhibiting their ability to cross the aisle for an important bill. There is no question that the President will sign this into law ASAP.

About 70 new towboats were built in the United States in 2016. Power plants ranged from 2,000hp to over 9,000hp. Seven of the new craft were built by Steiner Construction a Bayou La Batre, Alabama, firm founded in 2005 by Russell (Bubba) Steiner. Somehow a river rat with the name of Bubba seems very Mark Twainish. While these new gleaming vessels hit the waters, 68 others were taken out of service or scrapped. Some were laid up or were out of documentation, a few simply sank.

Barges moved the last remaining Space Shuttle external fuel tank from New Orleans to the California Space Museum. The tank is 154' tall. Interesting only in that this most modern transport entity was moved by one of history's oldest forms of transportation.

One of the problems the Coast Guard faces is the need for constant inspections of tow craft and barges due to Chapter 46 CFR Subchapter M. They are turning to third party companies to perform the inspections. Sabine Surveyors is the latest company to achieve the sprinkling of holy water by the Coast Guard. Gee, a money saving concept that creates more non governmental jobs? Certainly this is either unconstitutional or a mortal sin.

Elaine Chao, Secretary of Transportation, stated in her Senate confirmation testimony that a public/private partnership for improving locks and dams is "a bold, new sign" of the President Trump's vision. Chao, a former Secretary of Labor and Assistant Secretary of Transportation and head of the Federal Maritime Commission, is married to Senator Mitch McConnell, the GOP Senate Majority Leader. Chao admitted that the PPP would be a rough partnership but remains a high priority. Critics point out that this is a piecemeal approach not unlike Donald Trump building a skyscraper one floor at a time. Chao's experience is probably the best thing to happen in Washington for quite a while. Ironically, this is not new. The Olmstead Lock and Dam is under a PPP at an 85/15 ratio compliments of the Obama administration.

Who says women can't drive? In 1890 Mary Becker Greene earned her pilot's and master's licenses and operated a tow business with her husband aboard 28 different boats. They survived the Depression and in 1938 they bought a new steel tow the *Cape Giraudeau*. Tragedy struck and took her husband, and later her son died, leaving Mary running the company and a boat. In 1947 she purchased the *Delta Queen* that she operated with another son. She died in 1949 aboard her boat. A statue of Captain Mary is on the Covington, Kentucky, riverfront.



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

Gray Fleet

Once more in the realm of "you just can't make this s... up," the United States Navy announced in September that it was eliminating the 200 year old rating titles such Electrician's Mate (EM) or Cryptologist Technician (CT) and replacing them with Naval Occupational Specialty (NOS) similar to the Army's MOS. Sailors, current and former, raised an immediate objection to being a C 9203 instead of the beloved Boatswain Mate or Information Technician with the appropriate symbol on their Rate and Rating patch. Evidently the Gold Braids failed to think that the crew's attitude toward this change would make any difference. And once again, the Ring Knockers (the nickname for Annapolis grads who have a propensity to knock their rings on tables to let others know that they are the "TRUE NAVY") were dead wrong.

Led by the former Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy, Mike Stevens, the outcry stormed through the halls of the five sided center of the universe (aka the Pentagon) and was actually heard and understood by the boys (and girls) with the stars. After a three month attempt to defend this brilliant decision, the Navy waved the White Flag. The Navy will return to the old rating system. Chief of Naval Operations, John Richardson, said that he underestimated the fierce loyalty to the old tradition of ratings. Ya think!

When a Master Chief in the bilges tells the Captain that the ship is sinking, the Skipper should listen. Ironically the same CNO is proselytizing the subject of Malcolm Gladwell's book, *The Tipping Point: How Little Things Can Make a Big Difference*, that talks about fixing the Little Things often solve the Big Problem. For example, if meals are bad and no one deals with it, the crew gets frustrated. A frustrated crew thinks no one cares. Crews that believe no one pays any attention to them work with less efficiency. Without effective and efficient efforts, Pearl Harbor happens. Evidently the Brass Hats find this interesting and something "new." As Mississippi Bob often says to Old Doc, "Nobody is that stupid!" Wrong.

The LCS (Littoral Combat Ship) ships that attracted so much attention because of engine failures and general design issues may have a new assignment. The head of the Surface Warfare Department of the Navy wants to mesh the LCSs, submarines and Unmanned Surface Vessels into a Battle Network. OPNAV N96, RADM Ronald Boxall, believes that this structure provides an alternative to the Naval Integrated Fire Control-Counter Air (NIFC-CA) network of Aegis Combat Systems and E-2 Advanced Hawkeye airborne early warning aircraft and the Standard Missile family. Using an MH-60R helicopter as a sensor and over the horizon missiles, his proposed Battle Network adds a new and less expensive plan to existing concepts.

Three French police officers got carried away, literally. The trio was on board the *USS*

Eisenhower serving as an element of security when someone forgot to tell them the ship was leaving. The French cops discovered themselves setting off into the wine dark seas in a US Navy ship and it took some time before they could get anyone to listen to them. In the sea, far, far away from French soil, a boat was sent to rescue the guys who, in typical French fashion, complained bitterly about the lack of respect for them in failing to remember they were aboard. Possibly the Captain of an aircraft carrier leaving shore had something on his mind other than three foreign cops. This writer actually enlisted in the Navy in order to go to sea and never set foot on a Navy base other than Boot Camp for over four years. I should have been a French cop.

The end of the year report from the Navy indicates something of the dilemma it is in regarding the future needs from the sea. The *USS Gerald Ford* (CVN-78) is the newest carrier harkening back to carrier warfare of World War II. Congressional mandate states that the Navy has 11 carrier groups. The Advanced Arresting Gear System has some significant problems leaving some pilots up in the air, literally.

The submarine service is short on subs. Science Fiction proffered a Klingon cloaking device that scared hell out of Captain James T. Kirk (born about 100 years in the future in Riverside, Iowa, that already celebrates that event currently) of the Federation starship *Enterprise* when confronting those knuckle-headed nasty boys on Star Trek. The network news recently showed a man who developed a lens that bends light waves so that anything behind the lens disappears. A person can look through the lens and see a wall. If they put their hand behind the lens all they see is the wall. The hand seemingly disappears. Since sound waves operate similarly to light waves, the idea of a virtually silent submarine is capturing military attention. One specimen was shown. It cost the scientist about \$5 in over the counter materials from Home Depot.

An MQ 4-C unmanned carrier launched airborne surveillance and strike vehicle (UCLASS) successfully refueled a manned aircraft while circling an aircraft carrier, thus relieving the F-35 jets from the time consuming mission of acting as aerial filling stations. This has excited the Navy big time.

The Navy will build four additional LCS ships in 2017 including the *USS Gabrielle Giffords*, the *USS Little Rock*, *USS Sioux City* and *USS Omaha*, a pair of destroyers *USS John Finn* and *USS Raguel Peralta*, and a pair of submarines *USS Washington* and *USS Colorado*. Of course, a few ships shall be unlisted from the fleet.

The LCS ships have a peculiar history. The Navy wanted a general Swiss Army Knife of a ship that could easily be modified for specific missions. Naturally a multitude of companies leaped all over themselves trying to land the contract worth bazillions, and in true Blue/Gold tradition the Pentagon asked for two working models that were quickly hatched for inspection. Unable to select one over the other, the Good Guys decided to build both. Lockheed Martin got the Freedom variety and Astral got the Independence version. The Independence type LCS is a trimaran hull that is very stealthy, has a drop bow (looking like a Klingon Battle Cruiser), operates at high speeds and a rear flight deck. The other is far more typical looking Navy ship with a much smaller flight deck and it will operate along the lines of a frigate.

Often this column discussed the question, "How many ships are in the Navy?" According to the Navy League's annual *Almanac*, the US Navy has 312 ships operating under its command. This includes warships such as carriers, cruisers, submarines, LCSs, etc. It also includes the myriad of special mission ships operating under the Military Sealift Command under military command with Navy and/or civilian crews. MSC breaks their ships into eight categories: Oilers, Special Mission, Prepositioning, Service Support Surge Sealift, Ordnance and Dry Cargo, Afloat Staging and Command Support and Expeditionary Fast Transport. In layman's language MSC handles submarine and destroyer tenders, ocean tugs, rescue and salvage ships, hospital ships, petrochemical ships, freighters, transports and cargo ships. Some ships are crewed by civilians but owned by the Navy, some are owned by private companies and leased to the Navy and crewed by our men in blue and the Navy owns some ships leased to scientific entities such as universities. Confusing, isn't it.

Working Fleet

In 1834 the Seamen's Church Institute was founded in New York to provide religious services and minister to seamen and their families who were fairly held in low esteem and unwanted during the Age of Sail. The Institute exists today and continues to deal with the needs of both blue water and brown water sailors. Thousands of volunteers dedicated themselves to making "care packages" for mariners for the holidays that included watch caps, gloves, sweaters, etc. Rev David Rider is the current head of the Institute.

The bankrupt Korean shipper Hanjin Shipping is having some difficulty obtaining buyers for their Pacific routes after Korea Line's Board rejected Hanjin sales prices that reduced the cost from \$31 million to \$23 million. In a weird move, parent company of Korea Line, SM Group, may create another subsidiary corporation to purchase Hanjin. This continuing issue is tying up a \$14 billion shipping industry and leaves (at this time) over 70 ships waiting to unload.

Surprisingly huge developments in autonomous shipping (read that "unmanned") have come out of England and Norway. The Norwegians established an extensive area near Trondheimsfjord set aside for testing autonomous shipping. The area is perfect since it has limited commercial traffic yet proffers all the issues of open seas.

Meanwhile the British at Automated Ships LTD joined forces with Kongsberg Maritime to develop the world's first unmanned and fully computer automated ship for offshore operation. *Hroon* is a light duty utility ship currently being built for a variety of uses ranging from survey, fish farm support, firefighting, light cargo hauling and a multitude of other jobs. It will be operated by a remotely manned center, i.e., a pilot with a joy stick sitting at a desk in a nice room with a coffee pot and a chair that doesn't rock and roll with the waves. However, a totally unmanned and totally autonomous ship is being built in Norway.

The future holds lots of mysteries but the thought of a freighter carrying tons of cargo without a crew or an aircraft carrier with only a couple of dozen crew members launching, retrieving and mending unmanned fighters and bombers is tantalizing. Miniature stealthy submarines cruising the seas without any crews for years at a time keeping an eye out

for the nasties or launching missiles and torpedoes with pinpoint accuracy warms the cockles of any pasty white submariner. Gee, and the Navy just got rid of Coal Carrier ratings. Think of the future, a Third Class Joy Stick Operator, a First Officer in charge of computer mapping for a fleet of cargo ships. Exciting.

Over 25,000 people watched as the expanded Panama Canal opened for business this year. *Cosco's Panama* traversed the locks carrying well over 750 containers. Over 150 million cubic feet of material had to be removed to widen the canal.

The Norwegian shipbuilder Vard has signed a letter of intent (LOI) to build a 145 meter long passenger ship that can house 222 paying customers. The ship itself is unnoteworthy except that Vard has been extraordinarily closemouthed about the owners. The hull will be built in Romania for about \$118 million.

The maritime news is rather confusing. While some companies are building, expanding, and hustling, others are barely afloat or financially sinking. Korean shipping giants have provided spectacular visions of failure and Sinotrans of Hong Kong lost \$40.2 million in the first six months of 2016, yet Hyundai Marine showed a profit but remains over-all in debt. Antwerp reports a record amount of shipping in 2016 and the Port of Helsinki had a record year in passenger service. Of course, this is not a surprise. A quick exam of the Dow Industrial Average shows that within any given sector some companies are wallowing in money while others in the same sector are huge losers. Prognostication is impossible.

Water Environment

An environmental group claims that the death of one of ten oceanic contaminant fish deaths is caused by lost fishing gear. The biggest problem is lost netting that entraps fish for many, many years after it has been lost. One solution is a biodegradable fish net that is dissolved or eaten by bacteria after being in the water for a lengthy period of time. The group is especially pushing the idea toward the Norwegians who seem to have the most trouble losing nets. Full scale tests in Norway's waters show that the biodegradable nets work as well and as long as regular nets.

The Department of Justice's Division of Environment and Natural Resources levied some \$365 million in fines to sundry shipping companies for illegal discharge of pollutants during 2016. Princess Cruise Lines made the headlines with seven felony counts of violations and a hefty \$40 million in fines. Several officials and engineering officers are rusticated in American jails for their actions. The fines and jail time do not seem to serve as a deterrent. One wonders about the pursuit of justice in the new administration.

Small Boats

The MacGregor 21 gets little love and attention these days from a lot of snooty cruisers but for a production boat of yesterday a well used Mac can be a wonderful little day cruiser from which a beautiful sunset is just as beautiful as from the deck of a Hylas 64, furthermore it can float in 13" of any liquid substance. Hardly a speed demon, this oft insulted craft will get you from point A to point B eventually. Michael Beebe offers his warm hearted affection for his Mac in a recent *Duckworks* online magazine.

A pontoon boat is a fun vessel for entertaining bigger groups and enjoyable outings

in the sun, however, *Boating* magazine's review of the Playcraft Powertoon X-trem 3110 conjures up images that seem pretty foreign to *MAIB* readers, I think. A 31'x10' luxury performance pontoon powered by two (count them) Merc 400s that will push it along through the water at a mere 65mph. Why a family needs a pontoon that will break the speed limit on most highways seems a relevant question. Evidently this is for people who cannot decide between a good pontoon that can seat several and from which one can enjoy the flora and fauna of the waterways or a high speed performance boat that goes through gasoline faster than your flush water in your toilet. You get about 1mpg from this beauty. Clearly this is not a boat for us at the hump of the income curve.

A recent article about finding a good first boat to learn how to sail suggested the Laser Pico that can be had for around \$3,500. It was designed by Jo Richards, an Olympic sailor, with the intentions of building a boat on which a child can learn sailing within an hour or so, an adult can have fun for a small amount of money and people can race easily. A roto molded boat that can be easily transported, the Laser Pico can be rigged faster than Mississippi Bob can make up an insult about Iowans. An advertisement showed a guy rigging and heading to the water in less than six minutes. The designer did a magnificent job of making a boat as simple and easy to use as possible. My five-year-old granddaughter could rig this and start sailing, if her mother would allow it.

Other Stuff

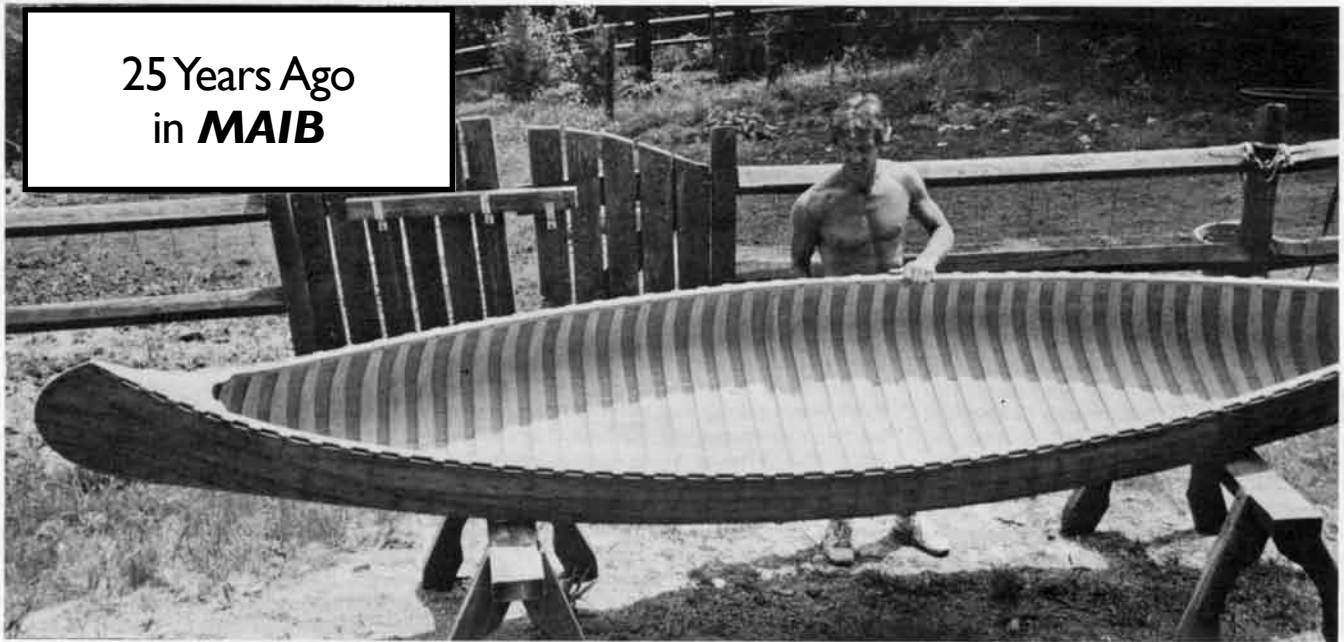
A British man had to be rescued from a pier when storm waves cut him off from shore. With waves reaching the top of the Blythe lighthouse and flooding the shore, the individual was stranded and would have been swept away but for the heroic efforts of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (RNLI). Many roders were impassible due to flooding. I wonder if the fish were biting?

The RNLI Olive Two unit was called to assist a man who was ill in his coastal home that the ambulance could not reach because of weather (evidently England has a lot of crappy weather). A RNLI chopper dropped a rescue swimmer onto the man's driveway. The RNLI guy promptly inserted said patient into the basket. The chopper took him to a pier where they could meet an ambulance. Not your normal at sea rescue but roads can be "iffy" in England.

The Japanese Coast Guard rescued 26 Koreans from a sinking merchant ship about 60km southwest of Goto in the Nagasaki Province. The crew was in lifeboats after already abandoning their ship. The Japanese Coast Guard maintained watch until the ship sank. Several Korean freighters have sunk off the coast off Japanese Islands in recent years.

Bob Bitchin, the indomitable publisher of the late magazine *Latitudes and Attitudes* and now the main man of *Cruising Outpost*, has regained the use of the *Lats and Atts* trademark and name. In a surprising move he elected NOT to return to the former magazine name but retain the *Cruising Outpost* title. The doughty character produces a wonderful, interesting and humorous periodical that I have read long before I got interested in sailing. I blame him for the expenses related to my boating perversion, for having columnists who addicted me to Pacifico beer and proffering cartoons that are the best. I have a *Latitude and Attitude* burgee over my desk, and a photo of Big Bob and me on my bookshelf.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Re~canvassing Our Old Town

Our forty year old Old Town canoe was in need of a bit of a face lift. She still floated, but the canvas was hanging off her gunwales like garland on a Christmas tree.. The gunwales themselves were tired, "rotten" on the ends. I had decided not to put off doing it another year. The previous canvas had lasted the whole 40+ years, I know because it had been in my Lady's family since it was first purchased. The canoe was also used and abused extensively, it was a sailing model with the lee-boards, rudder etc... The cotton sail was tattered so we sent out for a new one made of a light dacron. The fact that this canoe went over 40 years and still didn't leak at the time of recanvassing seems, to me, to be a testimonial to the longevity of traditional wood and canvas construction. Most of the local self appointed experts were convinced that canvas was too difficult to work with and that it wouldn't last. Well I had canvassed many decks in the past, without much difficulty, not that I would do it again, but I had never canvassed a canoe. So I decided to recanvas it.

The old canvas itself came off in just 5 minutes. There were two cracked planks which I just applied some epoxy to the area and one cracked frame which I also fed epoxy. The outer gunwales were rotten at the ends, so I just spliced and glued on new ends. Didn't seem to make much sense to replace the whole gunwale when only six inches of it were bad. Also the

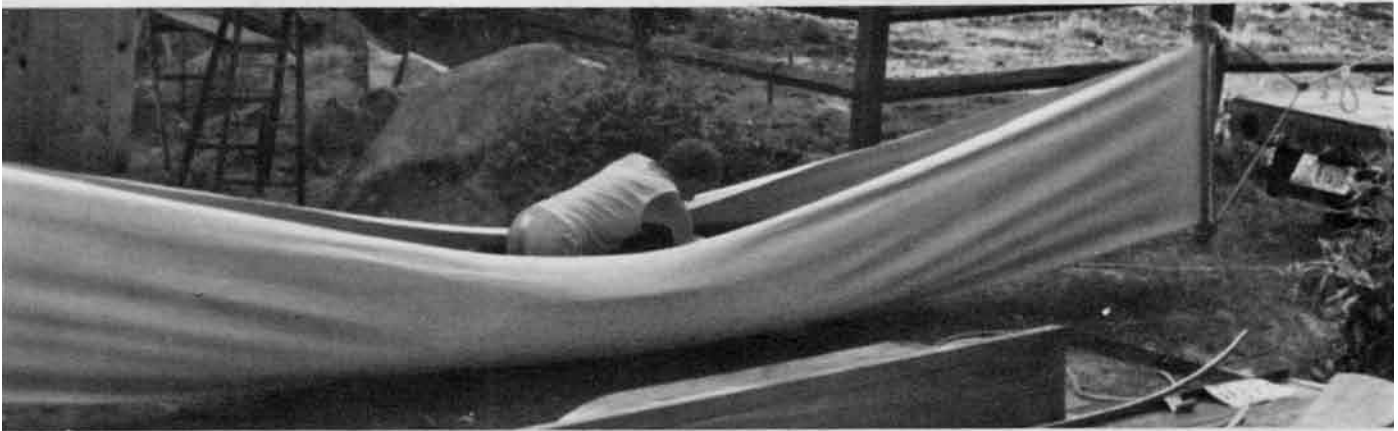
forward breasthook tip was rotted, so I fashioned a new tip, and with a long scarf joint glued this also. Obviously this project wasn't going to be a museum piece, but it was going to be a perfectly fine and useable canoe.

The next job was fairly difficult, I thought that it was the most difficult part of the whole "restoration", and that is cleaning and stripping the interior, getting that old varnish out of there. I have on hand several different types of paint and varnish remover, none of them worked. The black darkened muck, I mean varnish, just stayed there impervious to all my modern chemicals. After half a day trying to remove the varnish, I had done about three frames worth, so decided that I had better try and speed things up a bit. Sooo...I sandblasted it. My girl friend, an artist, does a lot of glass etching, so I borrowed the small sand blasting unit, and after a few practice pieces, proceeded to sandblast the entire inside of the hull in just two hours. The frames were hardest to do as it was very easy to raise the grain. I used 45 grit silica, available at any lumber supply store. There was never any danger of blowing holes in the planking or anything even approaching that. After blasting, I hand sanded with 100 grit sandpaper, very quickly, as it didn't need much. I then put on the first of many coats of varnish. At this time I also put back the thwarts and cross pieces to stiffen up the hull. I then proceeded to varnish everything. I've found on old wood that I like to darken it a bit so that any dead or dark spots won't show up as much. So, I just put on two coats of old fashion spar varnish or it's equivalent, which gives a nice golden glow. You can do the rest of the coats with this varnish but I prefer to, sanding lightly between coats, put on four or five or as much as I can stand, coats of a satin urethane, satin Tuff Shield. With the satin years of abuse marks won't show up as much....I also had to recane the "seats" but that was easy and pretty much self explanatory.

The next day was one of those fine beautiful blue June days that just inspires you to go on with a project like this. You know, like, why am I doing this when I could have been out on

the water Anyway, the canvas I got was 20' long and 6' wide. I folded it in half lengthwise, and made some clamps out of 4 3' long 2"x41" scrap, which I just screwed through the canvas, at the ends, with self tapping screws.... Now I had a huge envelope. I took and made a bridle at both ends with some short pieces of dacron line. Now I had to stretch this envelope lengthwise, but I didn't have two trees far enough apart on level ground, so I tied one end to my beat up Toyota truck and the other end to the brush guard on my Blazer. I blocked the wheels on my Toyota, put the Blazer in low 4wd and backed it up until the canvas was so tight that you could play notes on the dacron line... gotta be careful here as you can rip the canvas, even though it's incredibly strong. Now I had an envelope about 3' off the ground that I could squeeze the canoe into. I could've marked how far I backed up, then drove forward drop the canoe into the envelope, and back up again to the mark. After squeezing the canoe into this cloth envelope, I had to force it down. I did this by walking around inside, on boat cushions, this stretches the canvas nice and tight along the keel. (If this had been inside a shop it would have been an easy matter to fashion some braces from the ceiling to hold the canoe down into the canvas envelope.) I had my girlfriend kneel in the canoe, on boat cushions of course, where I needed pressure. About 3" to 4" in front of the bow and stern a clamp had to be placed to pull the canvas snug against the sides of the canoe, I made two out of 4 pieces of 1x3 and 4 large C clamps so I could move them back and forth as required, this worked rather well. As there is a lot of flare towards the ends of the canoe, if you don't do this it will be near impossible to make the canvas lie flat against the fine and aft sections...A picture would explain this far more than I could attempt with words. I cut the canvas evenly around the gunwales, to leave approximately 5" to 6". It was helpful for her to pull the canvas so I could have my hands free for driving the tacks, although her position in the canoe was more important in order to keep proper pressure in the right place.





I started tacking amidships, first one side then the other, then moving fore and aft 2,3 or 4 frames at a time as conditions required. I pulled the canvas tight making sure that there were no diagonal wrinkles along the bottom of the canoe, this means that there is perhaps too much pressure; I drove the tacks as close to the top edge of the plank as I dared, into the frame, of course, being careful not to split the top edge of the plank. They sell special tacks for this, (they're a bit thinner), and can be purchased at many marine hardware stores, I think even Old Town canoe company still carries them. But I

just used regular copper canvas tacks about a half inch long, they work very well "if you're careful." I continued to alternating back and forth, one side and then the other, until I was two or three frames from the ends of the canoe. Some people do one whole half (fore and aft, not port and stbd.) of the canoe then go back and do the other half... A slight wrinkle should form above the tack when you release the pressure from the canvas, if the wrinkle or bulge is below the tack after you have driven it, then you haven't exerted enough pressure in pulling the canvas taut.

After this part of the tacking was done I released the pressure from the canvas (I drove my car fwd), and then laid the canoe upside down on some sawhorses.

The next part is tricky to explain, not because it's hard to do, just hard to envision. I pulled the canvas out at the ends, taking all the homemade clamps off first, to follow the original crease of the envelope, I traced my finger back to where the canvas was tight along the keel and placed a tack there. I then cut the canvas from this point, (the tack) all the way out along the centerline to form two flaps. I pushed one of the flaps aside and folded the other flap over the stem pulling it tight, starting at the beginning of the cut, I tacked it at 1/2 to 3/4 inch intervals with 3/4" tacks all the way. Once it was tight along the stem, I pulled the canvas tight along the sheer (the last 3 or 4 frames) and tacked. The canvas was now very tight with no wrinkles. I then trimmed the canvas very tight along the entire length of the stem, then rubbed some of my favorite marine goop into the canvas with my finger.



When I was finished with that, I attached the other flap the same way and trimmed. Then I got to do this whole procedure on the other end of the canoe. After a little trimming pulling and adjusting, guess what? It's done. Just sit back for awhile and enjoy, there's something about a freshly canvassed canoe that's quite beautiful.

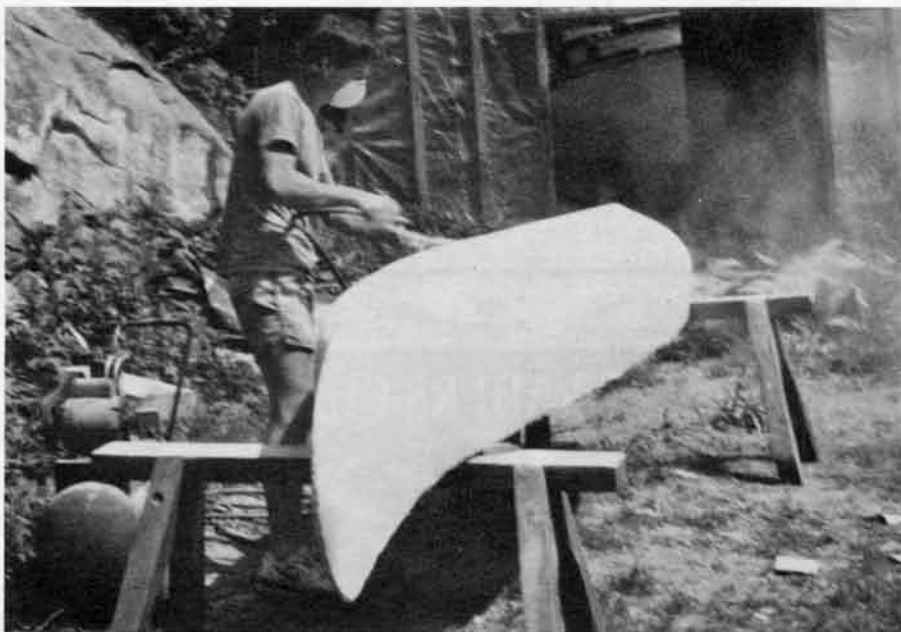
Now I had to fill the weave of the canvas. There are all kinds of substances to use here and I'm sure the putrist's have some special glop to rub into the weave of the canvas within certain phases of the moon, with the proper incantations. Old Town will sell you special compound and that's probably the stuff to use, and then there's Arabol and many other home-made types. I started off with some old cans of canvas sealer I had lying around for years, it's actually airplane dope or nitrate dope, I put on two coats, I don't know how much good this really does, but it did seem to tighten it up a bit. A little of your favorite preservative along the gunwales wouldn't hurt either. The longevity of the original canvas was probably due to the lead paint that was used extensively then. Anyway, after this mess dried and it dried quickly, I started brushing in with a stiff brush some regular old boatyard sander surfacer. The canvas will soak this up (not nearly as much as if you hadn't doped it first), quickly, on a good dry day it dries pretty fast. So, I got two quick coats on, rubbing into the weave with an old cloth garden glove. With sander surfacer I had to be sure to cover it up for the evening as it will soak up moisture like crazy.

This dried thoroughly overnight, so in the morning I sanded lightly with 80 grit sandpaper, by hand, down to the weave of the canvas, not through it, trying not to actually touch the canvas as this brings up a raised spot that is difficult to correct. I then applied two more coats of sander surfacer this dried quickly in the hot June sun, after about 4 hours it was ready to sand, believe it or not. I power sanded it with a small palm sander with 120 grit. This made quick work of the sanding and it came out very nice, but what a pain! There was dust and I mean **DUST**, clouds of the miserable stuff.

So after a little hand sanding, some vacuuming, and then blowing it off with the air compressor I was ready for some finish coats..... I finished painted it with a polyurethane, but practically any kind of paint would do here, as long as it's compatible with the underlying coats. I put four coats on, wet sanding between coats with 220 wet or dry sandpaper, and then the last coat I wet sanded with 400, and it came out very nice if I do say so myself I then attached and bedded the brass stem trim and wood keel piece attached the gunwales after painting and then I was really done.

I'm sure that there are many ways to cover a canoe, I'm not suggesting in any way that the way I recovered is the proper way to do it. I do know that it was not a horrible job, and it didn't take very long (four sunny June days). I was lucky in that there wasn't really any structural work, such as frames and planks to replace as this would have added greatly to the job. It was, do I dare say it? **FUN** I've just seen a lot of fine saveable canoes thrown away and neglected or allowed to rot in some barn or garage just because the owner could not face that seemingly difficult and impossible task of recanvassing. I just wanted to say that it's not that bad, just do it!

Ron Denman



Heads Up!

Few small cruising boats — whether sail or power — offer more than minimal headroom below. With a little ingenuity, however, it's possible to make that space not only workable, but comfortable as well.

Shortly before we bought our present boat, my wife and I were at the boatyard, sitting belowdecks in the February cold talking with the owners. We were sort of sitting as the headroom over the two low bunks either side of the companionway hatch did not permit me to sit erect, or even slouched. I hadn't expected standing headroom in its flush deck design, but this layout wasn't even going to permit what could be considered comfortable sitting headroom. About all that one could plan on belowdecks was bunking in and sleeping.

We bought the boat, a 22' Winslow cutter, despite this particular inadequacy, for its other attributes were too attractive. Anyway, I figured I surely could do something to improve the living quarters, making them sufficient for overnight use at least. The former owners, both about 5'6" tall, didn't share the problem I faced with my 6' height.

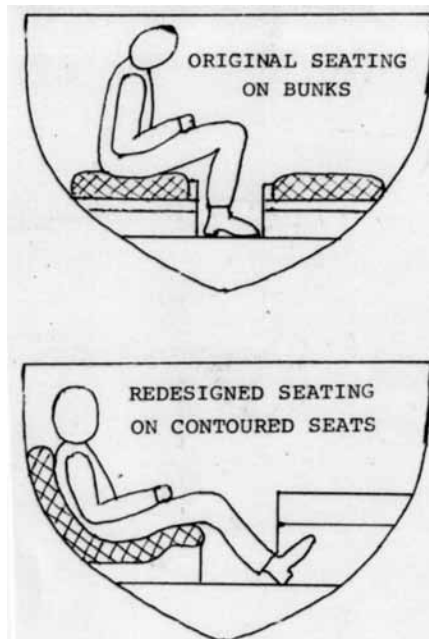
There wasn't a lot to stripping out the interior to see just how much room I had to work with. The two bunks were some 4" up off narrow floorboards that made up the cabin sole over a shallow bilge. The hull on this full keel design featured a rather deep V so the sole was hardly 18" wide and all but about 8" of that was under the low bunks. The height of each bunk, together with lack of foot room under the opposite bunk, left me no comfortable way to sit, even with my head carefully placed between the overhead deck beams.

Contemplating this limited interior I had some guidance in Edey & Duff's book on their Stone Horse, for this Winslow resembled the Stone Horse, albeit with less room and beam belowdecks. Edey & Duff espoused the need for comfortable seating below, maintaining that all necessary gear should be within reach of either seat, making standing or crouching unnecessary. While I could not simply adopt the Edey & Duff accommodation plan, I was able to garner useful insight for fitting out my new possession.

The only way I would gain seating room would be to move the bunks forward, creating a V berth. Room available would permit this, giving us a berth measuring about 14" wide at the forepeak and about 80" wide back near amidships. This would leave the head of the berth about 18" behind the mast and above the sole by about the same amount. With this space reserved we could then think about seating arrangements for the remaining 40" of lengthwise space between the head of the V berth and the cockpit bunk head.

Now for the seats. It had occurred to me that I already owned a seat that sat nearly flat on a floor, yet was most comfortable for long hours at a stretch. This was in my Toyota Celica automobile. Toyota engineers had probably spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to design that seat, so why shouldn't I adopt it? The seat itself was unsuitable, of

course, but its shape and the relationship of seat to back provided dimensions I could use in constructing wooden versions for the boat. Removing the seat from the car and setting it on a flat floor, I took offsets of its height at various points and its depth from front to back, thus developing, so to speak, the "lines" of a suitable seat.



At this point it was mock up time. I can't look at a drawing or sketch of a layout and really feel how it will be in three dimension. Sure, I can visualize but I can't really "feel" it. So I bought some sleazy quality plywood and economy grade (junk) studs from the local discount lumber store and began wielding sabre saw and hammer.

I went a couple of 2"x4"s across the frames to hold roughly shaped bunk boards cut from the plywood. This boxed in the effective volume of the berth position and gave me the physical space left for my sitting room. The seat went together from the same plywood and featured roughly shaped parallel sides topped with three flat slabs to approximate the seat contour. The backrest would be to the ceiling on the amidship frames of the hull. To my surprise, even these first rough mock-ups proved surprisingly comfortable.

To enable two of us to sit opposite each other comfortably the seats were staggered. The starboard seat was adjacent to the berth while the port seat was further aft up against the cockpit bulkhead. Now each of us could sit semi reclined very comfortably with our legs fully outstretched, backs against the hull and heads well below the deck beams.

This left space over our feet for further accommodations. Into the starboard side went the mockup for a galley unit, the sink to be a plastic dishpan set into a plywood counter over which a hinged lid would close to provide a table top for working up light lunches. Over the foot space to port, a desk would go in to hold charts, tide tables, a hand bearing compass and such basic material as we might need for local coastal cruising. This, too, would have a hinged lid to hold gear inside its 4" depth while providing a tabletop work area.

The very rough mock up worked. Before I cut a single piece of good wood I was able to test the layout for seating, bunking in, doing chart work or simple meal preparations. We could feel how the interior would be when completed and it felt right. The mock up pieces would provide rough patterns for the finished components, giving overall dimensions of length, width and height that I now knew would permit us the comfort and convenience we sought.

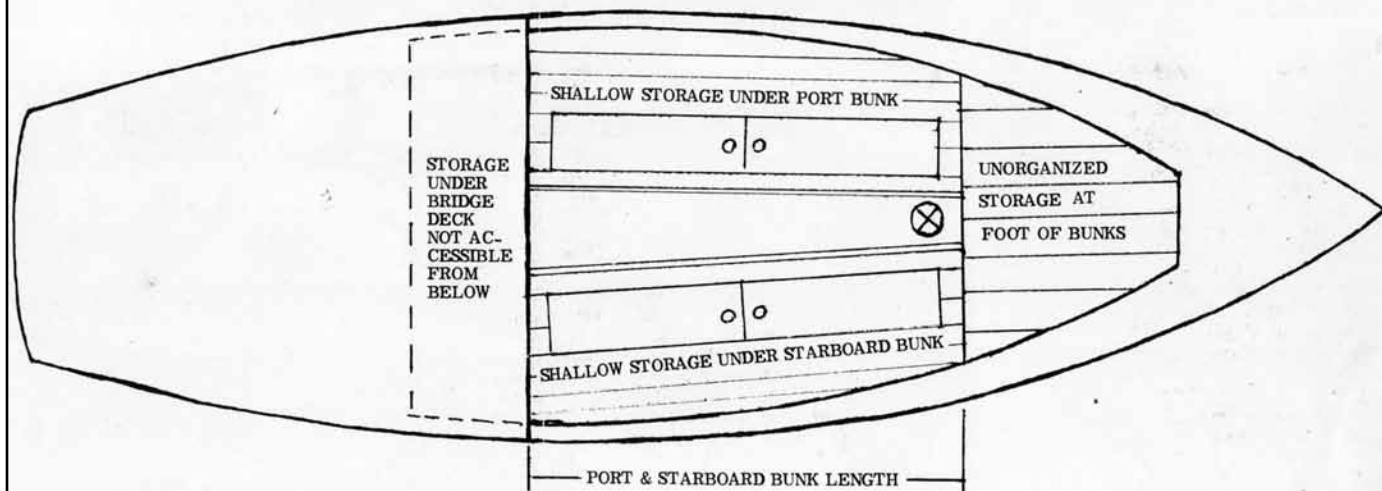
With a mock up that achieved our objective of reasonable belowdecks comfort in a tight, sitting headroom situation, it was time to fabricate the finished interior. I decided to build it up in component parts, each of which could be removed simply by taking out a few screws. This would simplify future hull interior maintenance, cleaning, etc.

Some room was left forward of the V berth in the forepeak so I installed an old wooden telephone cable reel on a pipe hanger off the deck beams to hold the anchor rode. Then came the berth. This is supported by several cross beams from frame to frame and additionally provides some hull bracing. The berth surface comprises four separate hinged lids over storage compartments beneath. Forward of the mast, over the rise of the keel at the forefoot, two triangular surfaces made up of parallel 3/4"x4" fir decking hinged down the middle to provide access for storage of little used items.

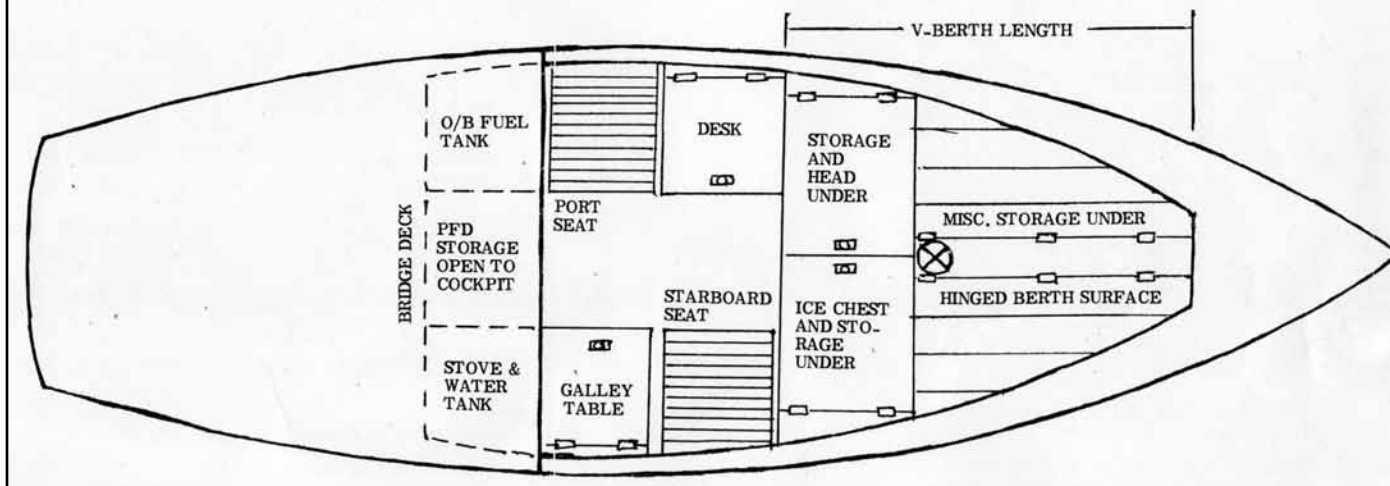
Aft of the mast, two plywood lids hinge at the outside to reveal the portable head to port, the portable ice chest to starboard and outboard of these two storage boxes to hold canned goods, paper goods, toilet supplies and non perishable stuff. These two boxes lift out, as do the ice chest and portable head, and are built with a bevel on the bottom matching the rise of the hull against which they rest.

Aft of the berth are the staggered opposed seats and work areas. To port the chart table desk abuts the berth at the same level with its hinged lid covering a 4" deep storage bin that leaves enough clearance for the feet of the person sitting opposite. Next to the desk is the port seat, which comes to the cockpit bulkhead. To starboard, the seat abuts the berth with the galley table between

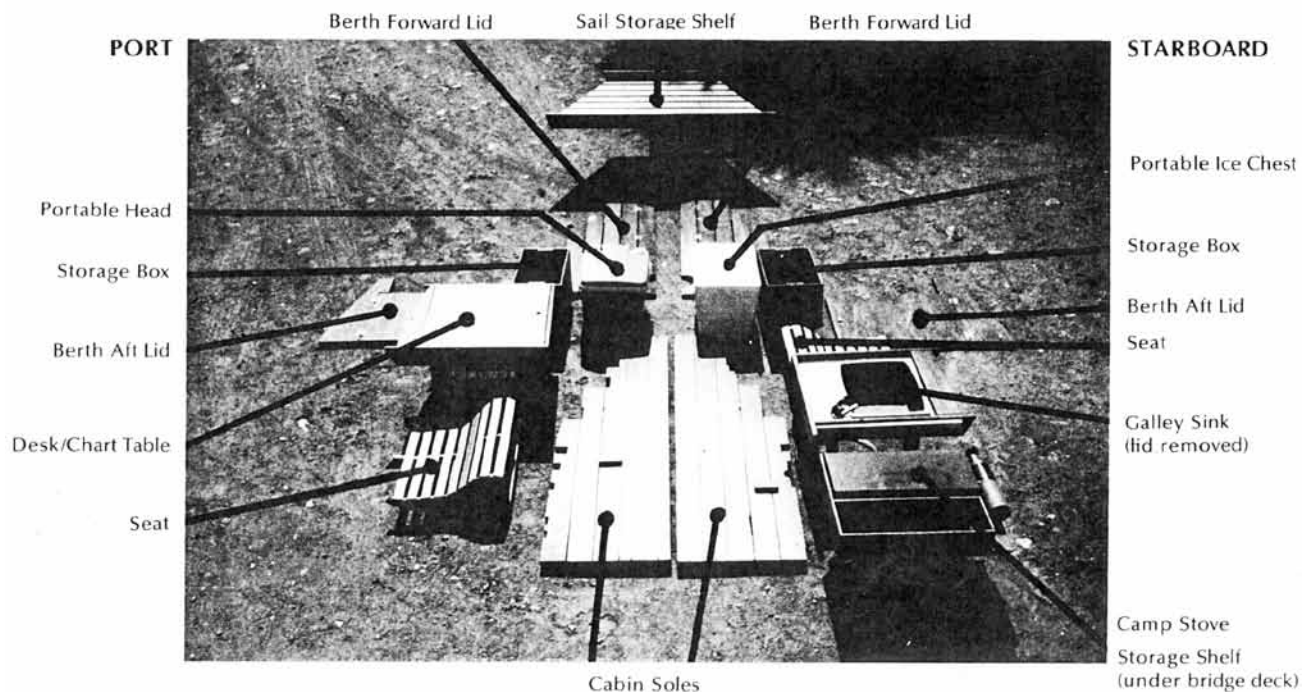
THE ORIGINAL BELOWDECKS ARRANGEMENT



THE REDESIGNED BELOWDECKS ARRANGEMENT



FORWARD



it and the cockpit bulkhead. The galley table also has a hinged lid and inside sits the aforementioned plastic dishpan sink for washups.

Further storage space, about 18" in depth was available beneath the bridge deck. To starboard and level with the galley table I installed a shelf on which the propane camp stove is stored. Thus located, it can easily be slid out to the table for at anchor cooking. We have no plans for cooking underway and room does not exist for any sort of gimbalbed stove installation anyway. Beneath this stove shelf room existed for a collapsible 5gal plastic water jug which feeds the sink via a conventional galley hand pump set beneath the lid over the edge of the dishpan sink. The sink is drained by tossing its contents overboard, it lifts right out easily.

Under the port bridge deck goes the 4gal fuel tank for my Honda outboard which is mounted in an inboard well further aft in the cockpit. The center of the bridge deck has a hatch that opens from the cockpit with a large removable storage box in which we keep PFDs. Beneath it on the keel is a box holding two batteries for the electrics. The switch panel and wiring is on the bulkhead facing the interior, directly beneath the companionway hatch and adjacent to the port seat.

This setup somewhat resembles camping out in a van in bad weather, we can function OK without having to move about much. To port I can sit and read, consult charts and the like or write on the desk top to my left, I plan to suspend my soon to be installed VHF radio from the deck beams over the desk and a stereo tape deck will get similar treatment.

To starboard my wife can sit and likewise read or, when preparing a meal, work on

a countertop to her left, cook on a camp stove on that countertop and wash up in the sink with the top lifted up out of the way. She can obtain cold food from the ice chest beneath the berth lid to her right and canned food from the adjacent storage box.

Keep in mind that this arrangement is all in it space of triangular shape, 90" wide at the cockpit bulkhead, tapering to 14" wide at the foot of the berth just under 10' away. Headroom from sole to deck is the maximum 36" at the companionway hatch. Clearance over the berth is about 24". There was further unused space over the foot of the berth so I made up an athwartship shelf for sail storage that sets onto cleats on either side on the frames, and gives clearance for the feet and lower legs of sleeping people. Still, the shelf is accessible from inside or from on deck through the forward hatch.

All of this initial remodeling was relatively inexpensive. The sleazy quality plywood and 2"x4" framing used in the mock up went into the rough lumber pile at home for shop shelving and whatnot later. All the furniture is made from inexpensive fir decking (house decking, that is) and exterior plywood. I stained and varnished the pieces so they looked decent enough and suit the boat's character. When time and inclination allow I can replace the furniture as I choose with units made up from nicer wood. Both seats, the desk, the galley table and the berth lids all come out as units with the removal of a few screws. All the rest is portable stuff, handily lifted out and carried home as desired.

These accommodations probably sound pretty cramped and confined and they are

if you think in terms of standing headroom in a small sailboat. But in actual fact the belowdecks area in the cutter "feels" quite roomy for short term occupation, much like camping out in a van or small tent yet with more built in convenience. Cruising in a boat this small means spending as much time as possible on deck with the cabin for shelter in bad weather or for nighttime. With some planning, however, it's possible to make a limited space both comfortable and convenient for those times when it is necessary to be confined belowdecks.

Continuing to Reminisce...

This is the second of several articles that I wrote for the long lost lamented *Small Boat Journal* back in the late 1970s which I will be bringing to you in upcoming issues. They proved to be the precursor of *MAIB*, which was my solution to *SBJ* being sold and no longer interested in my writing. The only sure way for an aspiring writer to get published is to own a publication in which to publish his work. So here I am, now 35 years later still so doing.

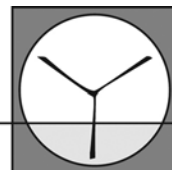
Last month my nostalgia tale was about bringing my newly bought boat home to work on it off season. This one relates my redesigning and building a new interior into the boat. You might wonder how this all worked out on the water. Well, it never got a chance to prove itself as we never sailed it much and it was soon sold on to new owners (who never reported back to me on how it worked out) as I plunged full tilt into wanting to build traditional small boats. This was the final nudge into undertaking publication of *MAIB* in 1983.

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YESTERMORROW

DESIGN / BUILD SCHOOL



01-26-17: Shortly after I wrote the last paragraph in Part III, I started thinking about that idea I had for a bus excursion involving *Dancing Chicken*. Quick recap. She was originally designed so that I could take her with me in the package express compartment of the Houston to Galveston Greyhound. I didn't drive but I wanted to go sailing. There was a little rental marina in Galveston that rented Sunfish. I'd rented one once but then for various reasons I decided I wanted to build my own boat.

Recently I called Greyhound to get information and, from what I gather, the expedition definitely sounds possible. Goofy maybe, but possible. (I will opt, for the moment, to postpone a discussion that could logically be initiated here about whether anything is, indeed, ultimately, impossible.) And then again, as for the "goofiness" factor, goofy can be fun, right? Also as a matter of fact, I remember a saying that was quoted to my class in Houston Community College by one of my art teachers years ago. I think it goes like this, "He who is afraid to attempt the absurd will never achieve the impossible." (Well, of course, that's "That which was hitherto believed to be impossible" but again, later for that...)

Meanwhile, however, since the first order of business is to get *Dancing Chicken* really here in 3-D and out on the water, I'm continuing with my three dimensional rough sketching. In the process various thoughts have come to mind. One is a recollection of something a neighbor of mine in Houston said, which was, "You're gonna need outriggers" (because of the narrow beam). Well, really, I can't totally blame my neighbor for the fact that I have been rather intrigued with that idea. The thought crosses my mind, "Why couldn't *Dancing Chicken* be a waapa?" (Gary Dierking has lots of cool stuff about these). And this would not, really, honestly, entail any major modifications and none at all to the basic hull, which is going to be longer, anyway.

Oh right, another quick recap. The length of the sections can be longer now that she doesn't have to go on the bus and, moreover, I think I originally had them drawn shorter than they really needed to be anyway. True, she would end up having some definite differences with the more traditional waapa, which for one thing has a stem bow instead of a scow bow, but I guess that's another thing I've been thinking about off and on for years and I think it might work.

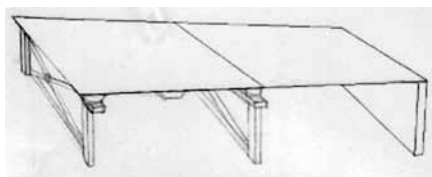
Meanwhile, interspersing, during the last couple of weeks, a bit here and a bit there in the process of the construction of the hull (little by little I can get a lot done), I'm in the process of making some laminated scantlings for the mid and aft sections. I've decided to do this instead of that layering scheme I'd thought of earlier, which really does sound pretty cool and also fun, but I think I may have a better chance of actually getting this done if I do this other thing which I came up while thinking about stuff while getting the table back up.

Oh, and relative to that, a friend of mine who had just read Part III suggested that it would be a good thing to have something to show how those modules go together under there. So very basically, here is how it goes. Details have been omitted for clarity here and there, especially on the part on the right which is where it's supported by those cantilevered pieces extending out from what used to be the frame for the sofa.

Dancing Chicken A Mini Saga in ? Parts

By Gloria Sadler Burge
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Part IV



Next, here is a shot of those "laminated scantlings" beginning to happen, which is two laths with a layer of Titebond III sandwiched in between them and some clamps attached. In regard to those, I found out something very interesting the other day about what happens when I laminate two laths together. When I went into the bedroom of my camper the other day with some pieces of scrap lumber, I was just planning to improvise a little "quick and dirty" bedside table. I'd happened, on the way in there, to pick up a small piece of those cut to specs scantlings that ended up being left over.



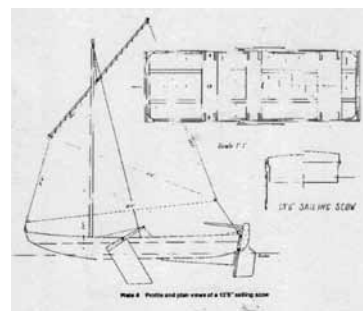
I also had a couple of small pieces of lath with me. It was when I started to experiment with putting them together that I noticed that two laths laid together are pretty much exactly the same dimensions as those scantlings I had cut to specs years ago for *Talitha Cumi* ("pretty much" because no two laths are exactly the same, but if I select them carefully I think I can get close enough).

Next, while I did have a tentative building plan sketched out in my head, it is a fact that, for one thing, my building plans have been accused of being "absurdly overbuilt." This tendency on my part may have been engendered partly by the fact that while I was building the original *Dancing Chicken* I saw a TV ad which featured a gorilla playing with a Samsonite suitcase. This led to one of my design criteria at the time being that *Dancing Chicken* must be rugged enough to withstand the rigors of being handled in such places as the Greyhound package express compartment (The handlers in which are actually probably much nicer to everybody's luggage and packages than that gorilla was).

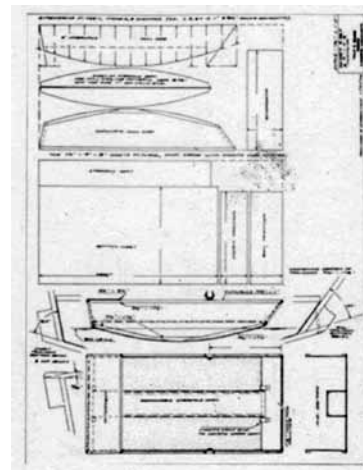
Then for another thing it suddenly occurred to me, "Why shouldn't I take advantage (or perhaps I should say "fuller advantage") of what I've learned while building *Talitha Cumi*?" The methodologies utilized in Phil Bolger's design obviously work, and the factor of their potentially being able to help me to accelerate the process is reflected

by the fact that the design I selected for building *Talitha Cumi* is designated as one of his "Instant Boats." (There's more about these in *Instant Boats* and *Build the New Instant Boats* by Philip C. Bolger. Oh, and also on "Instant Boats.com." "Bolger Boat Designs" can be entered into your search engine and find lots of nifty stuff about those (the printed books came to mind first because they're how I first found out about these boats years ago).

This would not, I hasten to add, entail changing the basic design as in profile view or aerial view of the original *Dancing Chicken*. It would merely mean that my building plans would look less like what one might see in *Simplified Boatbuilding the Flat Bottomed Boat* by Harry V. Sucher, which is where I got the drawing which I scaled down for *Dancing Chicken*. This one below is not the exact drawing I used for *Dancing Chicken* but it's a very nice example of a Sucher drawing (*Old School Sailing Scow* by Bryan Lowe, August 20, 2016 <http://shantyboatliving.com/2016/school-sailing-scow/>).



Instead it would be more like something you might see in *Instant Boats* and/or *Build the New Instant Boats* by Philip C. Bolger, such as this plan of Tortoise which is the plan I used to build *Talitha Cumi*, <http://boatbits.blogspot.com/2011/04/thinking-old-school.html>



Yes, it's true that building a frame by the methods illustrated in Sucher's book (it's out of print now but I've checked it out of the library two or three times and someday I may try to get a used copy) definitely sounds like fun and someday I may plan to do that. But meanwhile here is *Dancing Chicken*, having waited so long to be out there on the water doing what boats do, and I figure that maybe Bolger's ingenious methodologies might help that to happen sooner.

So aha, or at least perhaps aha. Hmmm, have I actually come up with a nice, simple, logical plan that might actually work? We shall see.

Continuing in the vein from last month's "Boat of the Month" (which was really "Rig of the Month"), this month we have another rig, the lowly sprit rig, a mighty comedown from last month's storied schooner rig. Lowly as in low center of effort, low as in not high in choice on the racing circuit but easy to rig and simple to build. And if you are an oar and sail type, easy to stow in the boat, out of the way of center seated rowers. No wonder this rig was the choice of fishermen and small boat handlers the world over since Vikings first stretched a bed sheet over a couple of spars.

First of all, what is a sprit rig and what is a sprit? A sprit is a spar that holds out a corner of a sail, either poking up the peak of a four cornered sail (think the shape of a gaff rig) or out on a clew (the lower aft corner) of a triangular sail. Its function is similar to that of a gaff on a catboat rig or a boom on a triangular leg-o-mutton (Marconi) sail except that the sprit, when rigged, is not tied to the head of the sail, as is a gaff, nor tied to the foot of the sail, as on a right triangle leg-o-mutton.

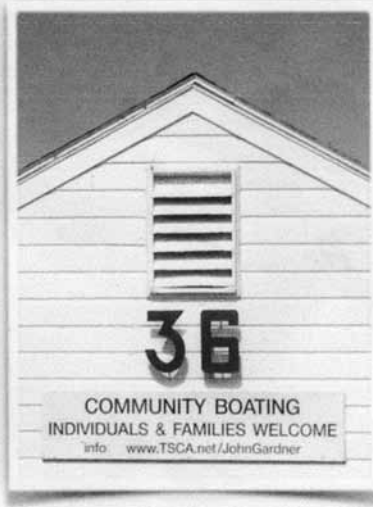
This makes it quicker to rig and easier to disassemble when coming alongside a larger vessel, so they are often used in dinghies. Just loosen its tightening line (called a "snotter," I have no idea why) and the spar comes free. The flapping sail can then be rolled window shade wise from the clew towards the mast, then lashed to the mast or, what I usually do, just wrap the sail around and around the mast. Since these rigs are small, the mast and sail can then be just lifted out of its step and laid down in the boat.

From all of this, you can correctly note that sprit rigs are for small boats, our kind of boats. Oar and sail, where we may switch between rowing and sailing a couple of times during the day, row out in the windless morning, sail back before the afternoon southwesterly. Also, technically, it is difficult to maintain the shape of a sail once it gets up towards 100sf or so. Plus, on big boats with big sails, the sprit gets pretty large and long and unwieldy unless it is left up all the time and brailled to the mast like the old Thames River barges. Brailing is simply putting a horizontal loop around the sail about one third of the way down and snugging both the sail and the sprit up against the mast. For us small boaters, this is a handy way to quickly reef when coming full stream downwind into a dock.

So let's look at the two types of sprit rig, the peak sprit and the boom sprit. Let's start with the peak sprit, it is easier to understand from the photo. The luff (the leading edge) of the sail is attached to the mast, usually laced but sometimes tied with individual ties to each luff in case one breaks loose (if it is that windy, we should not be out there). Regardless, it doesn't matter since the luff usually stays in place as the sail is wrapped around the mast at the end of the day.

I know, some people will want to get fancy and put the luff on steam bent mast hoops so the sail can be reefed but remember, these sails are best as small sails so just take the sail down if it gets too windy. If we do reef a peak sprit sail, it is usually rolled up from the bottom, tying the foot of the sail with reef ties up a foot or so on the sail. That is how Roger Barnes (remember him from the *Dinghy Cruising Companion*) does it on his 15' oar and sailboat, then scrambles forward to lower the whole rig as he shoots under one of those quaint stone arch bridges

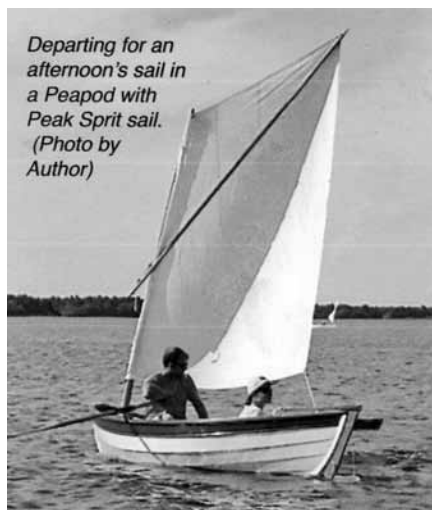
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Traditional Rig of the Month The Peak Sprit Rig



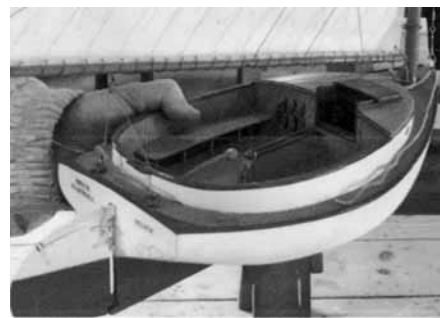
in Cornwall. Suffice it to say, he's the first one to the village pub.

All that being said, the major disadvantage to a peak sprit rig is that it is somewhat difficult to reef. The few times I have been excited out there on a long reach were when the wind rose and I was too lazy to row or admit that I can't sail. That's when I sailed back standing with water just under the thwarts. The other disadvantage is that with the foot (lower edge of the sail) being loose, the shape of the sail becomes less than totally efficient anywhere off the wind. In fact, I carry a whisker pole to hike out the clew (after corner) of the sail when going down-

wind in the Wednesday night races, maybe that's why they give me such a large handicap. The flip side is that with no boom, there is no low spar to whack me in the head when jockeying about. Next issue we'll take a look at the boom sprit rig.

Ted Stanton's *Breck Marshall*

One Tuesday out of the blue, into the Boathouse came Ted Stanton with his completed model of the *Breck Marshall*. We knew he had been working on a model of the catboat that he himself had sailed for many years at the Seaport, but had not seen the completed model. It is a beauty, a scratch built plank on frame model true to the original in every respect, even to proportional scantlings so its weight is an exact proportion to the real boat. Ted used the plans and construction details from Barry Thomas' book on building the original *Breck Marshall*, which was built in the John Gardner Boat Shop, just across the way. Ted's wife, Judy, sewed the sail, getting the up and down seams just right.



The completed model on its stand, a real credit to her Captain and Builder.

Around the Shops

Things have been busy at our UCONN Avery Point Community Boathouse. Steve Barton completed fabrication of new frames for his Klepper folding kayak which, upon completion, will no longer fold but rather be rigid. Next steps are to assemble the frames in the living room of his apartment and measure for planking. Actual planking to follow in a later shop time. It will be similar to George Washington's Axe, the frames will be replaced, the hull made rigid and a new deck installed, but it will still be a Klepper.

Meanwhile, Bill Armitage has completed installation of a classic pair of cast bronze, folding, rowing outriggers on his beautiful John Gardiner (yes, that is the correct spelling, look him up on quideboat.ca and see photos of Bill racing a 21-footer as well as Andy Strode and George Spragg assisting in its construction, it went on to win every major East Coast rowing race in 2007 and 2008). Bill's current boat is the 16' version, modeled with modern CAD software after Grant's *Ghost* and built with plywood panels. Bill rowed a similar boat the length of the Erie Canal, camping out with lock tenders along the way.

All this has been going on alongside the "Club Dory," a replacement dory for an aging member of our fleet. It is to be named for Professor Steve Jones, a mentor and guiding light of our chapter who recently retired. In recent weeks the dory saw a newly designed seat system installed, gunwales installed as well as the interior and exterior sanded and painted. We hope to honor Professor Jones with a spring launch.



Home Shops are busy: Peter Vermilya is busy planking his Delaware Ducker as temperatures permit. George Spragg, assisted by Andy Strode, has finished planking and is fairing a strip planked 14' catboat, similar to the one George already has. George is happiest when he has a build underway. Give him a call and purchase a 12' jon boat he built on spec, it will help pay for fairing compound.

Bill Meier, our esteemed National TSCA Treasurer, who has a garage stuffed full of beautiful traditional boats he built, sent in this report on his latest effort, a rebuild of a 1920's launch:

"Since I'm writing about boat stuff this evening I thought I'd give you an update on my Mathis launch project. The boat has been reframed and refastened and now I'm working on the design of the electric motor and belt drive reduction system to replace the inoperable Palmer inboard. The plan is to use a 2hp (1.5kw) motor running off of three 100amp hr lead acid batteries to drive the existing 10"x6" propeller. Keeping the weight (and cost) down has been a challenge but I think I have a reasonable plan. I'm now in the process of finalizing the shopping list. The goal

is to have it operational for the WoodenBoat show this summer. Wish me luck."

And this report in from Jim Friedlander who is spending the winter in sunnier climes:

"Greetings to all TSCA members. The weather here in SW Florida has been beautiful since we arrived. All I need is a TSC to sail. Hope to build one over the next few months, or at least start one. I will let you know of any progress. If anyone has suggestions on materials for building a Goat Island Skiff I would be interested in knowing. I may have a bit of difficulty acquiring marine ply in this neck of the woods."

Volunteers under the able tutelage of staff Jim McGuire and Max Maxwell have been busy in Mystic Seaport's Livery Boat-house, working their way through the sail and oar rental fleet, most are replicas, many built in the Boat Shop. Putty and paint is the order of the day (who remembers the old boat refurbishing adage, "Putty and paint make a boat what it ain't?") but many were built in the '80s and '90s so are in their 30s. A few of the Beetle Cats are turning 40. *Gideon Manchester*, the outboard powered flat bottomed skiff used for search and rescue of wayward Livery patrons, has been refurbished, including a new name board and registration letters/numbers.



Buck Lawton and Rene Boelig rolling and tipping *Gideon Manchester's* topsides.

The Dion Dory has entered the Boat-house and left with fresh, brightly colored trim. This large dory is similar to the one recently rowed from Juneau to Seattle, very seaworthy under oar or sail. A racier boat, *Fenwick*, a Riverside dinghy designed by Fenwick Williams, likewise made it in and out of the 'House, it is now stored in the adjacent Claggett Boat Shed awaiting spring. Currently (mid February) inside the Boat-house are Boston Whitehall *Elysea* and flat bottomed skiff *Mary*. *Elysea* got her center-board unstuck and *Mary* is getting a freshly varnished transom.

Bob Martin varnishing *Fenwick's* rudder.

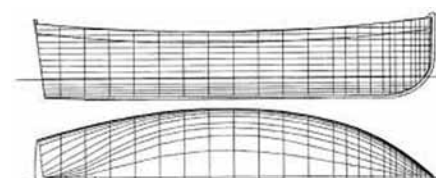


Beetle Cat restoration is well underway in the adjacent John Gardner Boat Shop. *Pip* and *Elvira Tucker* have made it inside and back outside, nestled close to the ground under winter covers. *Lisa* and *Skip's Star* are currently in Shop. *Lisa* was T-boned in a race last year, injuring deck and rail plus, due to age, her canvas decking needs replacement. This is the major project for the year requiring removal and replacement of hardware, rubrails and coaming. New cotton canvas decking was obtained from Beetle, Inc (BeetleCat.com or go visit in Wareham, Massachusetts, for a new boat). The fabric was stretched tightly, set dry, carefully stapled to the deck edge and given an initial thinned coat of deck paint. More coats to follow. Meanwhile, *Skip's Star* is getting her canvas deck edge tacked, puttied and painted. She needs a new deck covering as well, but is set to make it through for another year.



Rich Traskos varnishing *Lisa's* rub rail.

Stretching and stapling deck canvas on *Lisa*, Bill Jim McGuire, Dan and Ted Stanton.



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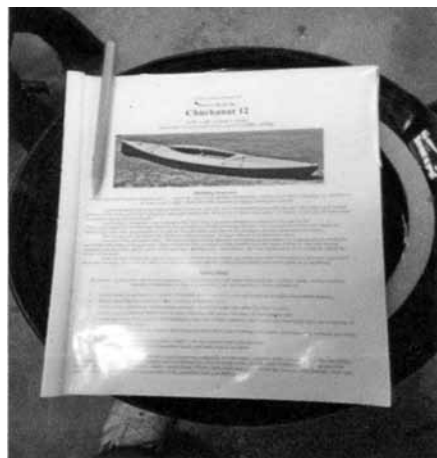
For the past few years, Carole and I have noticed that our plastic Wilderness Systems Pungo 12 and Pungo 14 had become increasingly difficult to get up on top of our Subaru Forester. Amazing how those things gain weight over time! It couldn't possibly be that we are getting that much older, but maybe at 83 and 77 we might need to consider something lighter to handle. I had been long intrigued by the various skin on frame designs now available which offer a weight reduction from the 40lb something to the 20lb range. Hmmm...

We are strictly flat water recreational paddlers. There are plenty of good whitewater runs available in this area, but no sense in tempting fate at this point in life. And as sexy as those seagoing Inuit designs may be, we need something easy to get into and out of, and reasonably stable. There are lots of lakes and quiet rivers available within 20 miles of here in almost any direction, and although we have an old Harbor Freight utility trailer which could easily handle the kayaks, cart-topping would be much preferred as the trailer is located away from our home, which constitutes an energy barrier, which means the boats would be used less.

We are blessed to have a three bay garage, one bay of which is a separate walled off shop, with its own overhead door. I have accumulated or inherited a reasonable assortment of woodworking tools and it seemed we would have everything we would need for a SOF project. I had built several boats previously, all of the epoxy and glass on plywood variety, so I felt confident in proceeding.

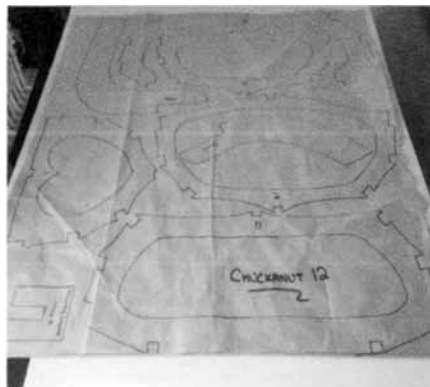
We studied lots of designs and decided to build two Dave Gentry's Chuckanut 12 recreational kayaks, advertised to weigh about 26lbs when completed. Since Carole has trouble lifting weights overhead, it will be up to me to get them on top of the Forester, which is pretty high, and I sometimes need a two step stool.

I talked with Dave Gentry and informed him we wanted to build two boats. The plans were ordered and we promptly received a packet including a very complete 17 page booklet of instructions and a set of full sized frame patterns done on brown Kraft paper with a black Sharpie pen.



Dave Gentry Chuckanut 12 Build Part 1 - Gettin' Ready

By Jim Brown



Since we planned to build two boats, I glued the paper patterns to some scrap 1/4" oak veneer plywood and cut them out with a saber saw and an ancient Craftsman 10" bandsaw inherited from my father-in-law.



One very big problem was that the booklet called for the frames to be cut from 12mm (1/2") marine plywood, preferably okoume. A local search turned up no marine ply of any kind available in the Knoxville, Tennessee, area so I went online and found the closest supplier in coastal North Carolina, about 500 miles from here. The okoume was about \$110/sheet, but meranti was available for \$80/sheet, which was good news. The bad news was that it would cost another \$80 to have it shipped to a freight station in Knoxville, which was nearly a 100 mile round trip from our house. But I was filled with enthusiasm, placed the order, and several days later picked up this precious cargo, strapped it to the roof rack on the Forester and got it home at highway speeds with two straps across, and one lengthwise.

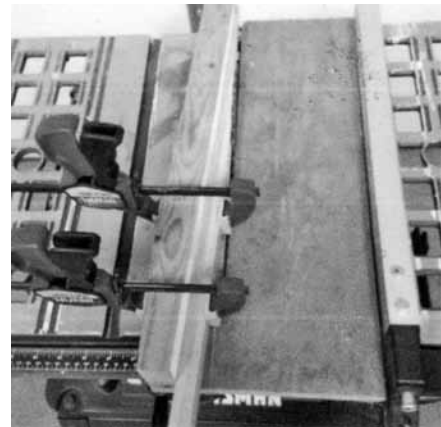
Meranti is somewhat heavier than okoume, but stronger. The stronger proved to be a good idea because later, when bending the stringers around the frames, considerable compression forces were generated! When I laid out the patterns on the meranti I found enough frames for one boat could be squeezed from only 31" of the sheet. Hey, I have enough marine ply to build three boats!

Since then I have found a local source for 12mm fir marine ply, which I would use if I had it to do over again.

I also searched locally for the recommended 13' length of western red cedar, but all I could find at the big box and lumberyards here was intended as house siding and was full of knots, not at all suitable for stringers. I finally resorted to using the pretty decent looking pine (or mystery white wood) available at the local Lowes, which came in 6' and 8' lengths.

Aha, time to dig out the scarphing jig I had made for the Craftsman table saw some years ago to produce a nice hollow mast for a Puddle Duck Racer sailboat I was building at the time. That wood came as 1"x4", 1"x6", 1"x8" and 1"x10", so some ripping would be needed before the scarphing. Once more, I later found a local source for the needed lengths of WRC or some other woods at the same place where the marine fir was to be found, which is: Jeffries Wood Works, (865) 573-5876 in Knoxville Tennessee. I will investigate that source further for the second boat.

Below is a pic of my rudimentary scarphing jig made of scrap wood. A scarph angle of at least 6:1 is recommended. I think mine is about 10:1 and it makes really good scarph joints. Note the clamps to hold the workpiece in place, I don't want to get my fingers too close to that blade. And I stand a little to the left side in case that machine sends a sharp piece flying in my direction!



Just when I think I had it all together and a was ready to do some serious work, stuff happens. The nice Craftsman table saw we had bought when remodeling a North Carolina beach cabin we had bought to fix up and flip, had a serious problem. An unknown someone, at some unknown time, had been working the blade tilt angle mechanism and forced it to the point of bending the mechanism so that the blade angle could not be moved back to vertical. Several hours were spent investigating the problem, which revealed that the saw could be repaired by replacing that entire mechanism, but that would delay the project for at least a month.

The solution was to get on craigslist and see what was to be had. I found a smaller, older Craftsman table saw for \$100 with a new, sharp \$40 blade and I only had to drive 100 miles round trip to get it. Not wanting to waste the upcoming weekend and the beautiful fall shop weather, I got the saw and went to work. (I have since found the new older saw looks exactly the same as one sold at Harbor Freight for \$139, without the mounting stand. By the time I got a stand, better blade and paid sales tax, it would be closer to \$200.)

The build requires a simple strongback made from a straight, not twisted, 2"x4" 7'4" in length. I happened to have such a thing on hand! I mounted this to two plastic saw horses with a couple of deck screws.

The stringers were ripped on the table saw, from the 1" pine. I have two roller stands which minimized the number of extra hands required to get these long pieces through the saw straight. All the stringers are 3/4"x1", except the gunwales, which are 1 1/2"x3/4" laminated from two 3/4" square pieces. The lamination of the gunwales is necessary because the Chuckanut 12 has no rocker in the keel and the force required to bend the 1 1/2" gunwales upward to provide some sheer in the deck line would force the keel to hog down at the bow and stern. By installing the bottom half of each gunwale first and then gluing the top half on later, I reduced the force pushing downward on the keel.

Then I scarphed each 6' long piece to an 8' piece to get the proper length after losing nearly a foot due to the scarphs. The scarphs were glued using TiteBond III wood glue. After drying overnight, the scarphs were almost undetectable and withstood great bending forces during later assembly. Some sanding of the sawn edges was required to get a smoother look and corners were rounded slightly, especially where the stringers would contact the polyester fabric covering later. I had purchased a 50 pack of #60 grit sanding discs for my Dewalt random orbit palm sander and used most of them on this project.

The frame patterns were arranged on the meranti marine ply for most economical use

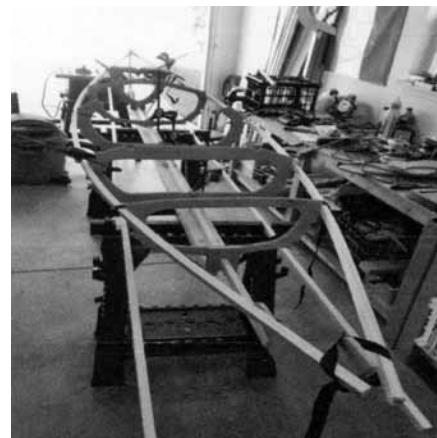
of the expensive wood. That's when I discovered it only took 31" of the 96" long 4'x8' sheet to get out all the pieces. Enough marine ply for three boats!

I was not satisfied with the precision of the notches I had cut in the thin ply patterns, so I made an accurate 3/4" square piece a few inches long and marked the notches in red pen on the meranti. I roughed out the various frames with my saber saw but cut them to the line with the bandsaw. The cuts for the notches were done partially on the bandsaw (in from the edges) but the bottoms of the notches were done with a coping saw, after first drilling a small 1/8" hole in the corner of each notch so the coping saw could make the turn. The notches turned out to be a very good fit to the stringers.

Once again, some equipment problems. The aforementioned ancient inherited Craftsman bandsaw blade broke just after the frames were completed. Previously the rubber tire on the large bottom bandsaw wheel had disintegrated. I ordered a new set of wheel tires from Sears but the new tire was so small that there was no way I could stretch it over the wheel, even though I tried heating it with a heat gun and then in hot water. Sears was no help in finding out how to get the tire on the wheel, so I just resorted to running the blade on the bare aluminum wheel, which had worked fine until now. If anyone knows how to solve this problem, please let me know! Meanwhile, I have a new blade running on the bare aluminum wheel again.

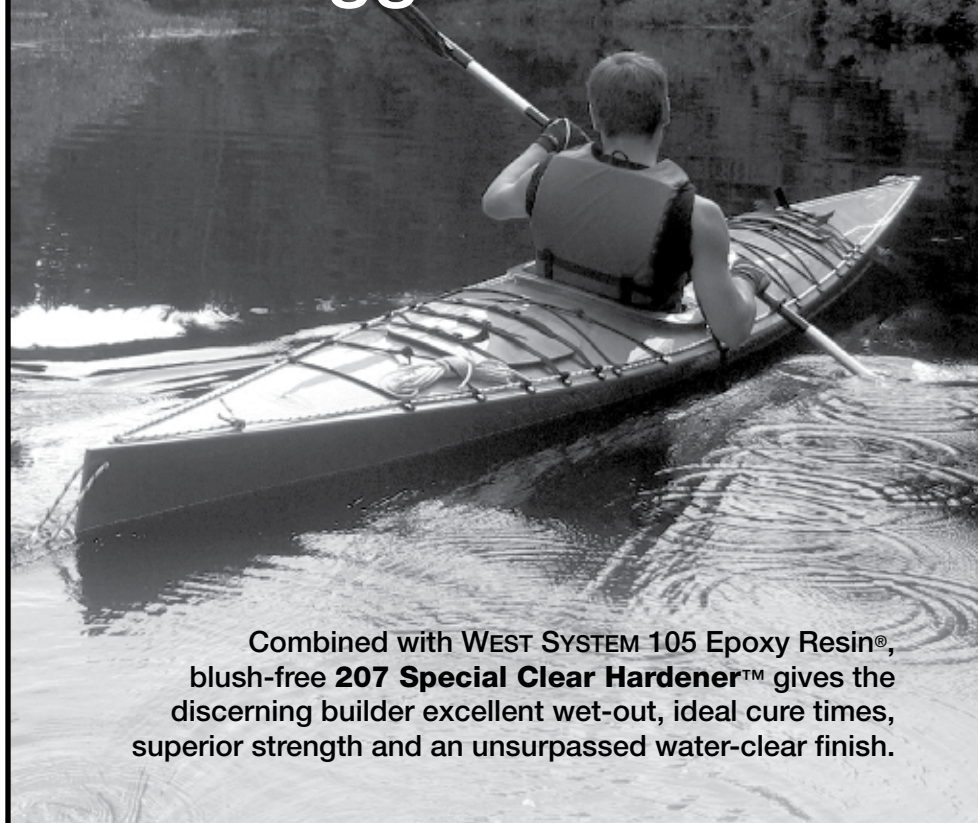
The next step was entirely unnecessary but I thought it would look better, so I

ran both sides of all the frames, and the bow and stern pieces, through my router table with a 1/4" rounding bit just to round off the sharp edges, except in the notches where the stringers would be fastened. That required more sanding as the meranti didn't rout as smoothly as some other woods. The frames were then assembled onto the strongback at the prescribed points. This is starting to look like the picture of the boat I have in my head!



In this pic one can see some of the straps used to pull the stringers together at the ends, which took considerable force. More about this in Part 2, where we will start building this boat in earnest.

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Part 21

Remember Sputnik? Nothing has been the same since them Ruskiess tossed that little steel marble up into the ionosphere. There are just scads of things we take for granted these days that came from the Space Race that followed. Like Tang fer instance. And moon walk conspiracy theories, for a couple of biggies. I'm pretty sure without little 'Nik, we would never have worried if something was "rocket science" or not. Anyhow. I've been dabbling in a bit of that dark art this week.

Here at the Frankenwerke we have a lot of stuff going on just about all the time. But we've never quite gotten to the point of establishing a Department of Rocket Science. So our own, admittedly overworked, Engineering Department staff has had to take the lead in this groundbreaking experiment. Which brings up another scientific principle, the angle of dangle, a principle discussed with a mixture of mystery and humor throughout my own period of maturation. An admittedly short, but intense, trajectory. And that about exhausts the list of experimental variables. We'll just call it empirically concise.

Our Proving Grounds have been a bit compromised with ice and snow but, since we can't all live in Florida, life must go on.

This is one of the Top Secret experimental photos that I'll share with you, provided that you swear on your Captain Midnight Secret Decoder Ring that you will safeguard these secrets of potentially strategic importance. "...First letter, M..." I'll try to explain this in less scientific terms for the minority who don't remember who Flash Gordon was.



I will admit to a small disappointment. My normally successful supply people were not able to find the large ball of Kryptonite that I really needed for this experiment. So *Gypsy Wagon's* trailer had to be a poor substitute. The mooring line in the picture is under about 800lbs of static pulling loads. The actual object of this scientific enquiry is to determine if Alice the Tractor will tip over backwards if that much weight happens to be dangling from her aft mounted crane. Hence we return to that Euclidian concept of "angle of dangle."



A Modest Proposal

(continued)

By Dan Rogers

And the initial answer to that question is a resounding "probably." Rear tires are getting pretty flat on one side and the front wheels are beginning to have that giddy sense of "I can fly!" that most of us former members of the Interplanetary Space Command all experienced on our first flight to Mars and back. No doubt you remember.

But back to our visit to Bell Labs. Rocket science. Basic physics. To put it another way, I just got the memo, the one that says, "What goes down, should come back up." And the possibilities are just plain awesome. I know, I really should have paid more attention in science class. Our little experiment in dissimilar equilibrium came after I had time after the staff meeting to study this most remarkable missive from HQ. You see, I know all about the business about stuff going up and then coming back down. I'm sure that's why the stuff that is supposed to be on my shop tool shelves is so often scattered around the floor. Basic applied physics. Well, anyway, you probably know somebody like that.

Here's our working hypothesis. If Alice can hold *Gypsy Wagon's* trailer tongue high enough, and that as a consequence gets the other end low enough, it just should be possible to get that boat to almost crawl LEVEL back onto the trailer. Like I was saying, this just could be awesome in the prospects for advancing the art, and certainly the science, of putting boats back onto trailers. So a little more explanation about the rocket science, angle of dangle and trajectory stuff is in order.

That trailer weighs about 1,200lbs to 1,500lbs unladen. When the boat is loaded, the tongue weight is around the proper number of 200lbs. But that was back when she had an 800lb chunk of Detroit Iron, gas tank, soggy foam and floor and at least a few extra pounds of errant beach sand all parked on the opposite side of the axle. Even with all that, the tongue (you science nerds call it a "moment arm") was trying to crash to earth with 200lbs of Newtonian apples. Now what I think we can do is lift that moment arm about 6' off the launch pad. Once things are chocked and secured from rolling, the Engineering Department guys say we SHOULD be able to winch the boat back onto the rollers just about like pulling it back out of the water. Except in this case we're sort of tilting the water level and holding both the boat and the trailer as if they were actually level. Well yeah, except for that minor irritant of

the tongue being 6' off the ground. But that's why it's called rocket science.

A lot like this except for the differences, of course. Oh yeah. The "trajectory" stuff is still sort of out there on the launch pad. If something sticks, or jumps a roller, or comes loose, scientists call them uncontrolled variables, then things could sort of go ballistic. Then we'd be back to rocket science. I'll let you know.

Part 22

Dang groundhaws! An optimist is nothing but a pessimist who believed the weather forecast. Or, maybe more to the point, anybody who really believes that "hope springs eternal" should maybe get their springs tightened up a mite. OK. To be fair, today is Super Bowl Sunday. Those geniuses down at the weather guessing department are probably all at somebody's game day party. They probably just picked some old forecast out of the file to run while they were having beer and pretzels with the guys this afternoon. Nobody was likely going to be outside and actually "doing anything" today. Weather forecasting for the number one indoor sports day in the whole galaxy is on the verge of being extraneous anyhow.

This matters how? Well, my neighbor Patrick said he could come down the hill and help me for a few minutes this morning. I've been expecting to get *Gypsy Wagon* out of the shop and onto her trailer and, since the "warming trend" that NOAA Weather has been offering me was supposed to begin today, it seemed like an auspicious juxtaposition of critical factors. Well, it could happen.

But. It didn't. Maybe I should set the stage just a bit. This is the backyard side of our house. Those snow mounds extend about halfway to the gutters from three porch steps down to the ground. Maybe something more serious is afoot here than simple Pollyanna optimism. I'll let you be the judge.





By the time Patrick got here I had already gotten the garage emptied of rolling stock and the latest Frankenwerke opus clear of the various tools, oddments and appurtenances surrounding her recent sort of completion. Also, I had a rabidly brilliant scheme that was simply bubbling over to be tried.



Unfortunately the staff photographer said he had to go in and check on the pre game parades, or cheerleaders, or something about this point. So I'll just have to describe this incredibly brilliant idea. I suppose I've done this trailer on/off/back on thing several dozen times. Each time the biggest problem (other than reliable weather forecasting, that is) is the real possibility that the boat will fall over. And GW has been sitting on a centerline row of furniture dollies and balanced with hydraulic jacks under the hindquarters. That works fine for staying in one place. Moving around? Not so much.

So this absolutely galactically brilliant scheme was all about keeping the boat on her feet while traversing the 50' run out into the sunlight. Well, overcast gonna snow is probably closer to the truth. Anyhow, for once the trailer going back under this boat is actually the trailer that came out from under this boat back last September. That means that it seemed it might fit the boat without lots of on scene mods back at the optimistic beginning of what portended to be a short Building Season. And I guess you could say that the BS was on the short side because I was on the binnacle list for almost two out of the past three months. Granted, the Christmas Elves did stay over at the end of their season to help out. But those guys are usually high on sugar plums and pretty erratic when it comes to showing up for work.

So the plan was to set the aft rollers of the trailer against the bow. The winch was tightened until the boat made noises like she was gonna cartwheel up onto the trailer in a paroxysm of joy. And lo and behold, IT WORKED! Basically, I put Alice the Tractor into reverse and just pulled the whole

train out as far as the snow. The dollies under the central hull began to split off and jump up behind, like couples at the end of a hayride. Kaboom. We were down on the snow and sliding away from the garage door like nobody's business. After that Patrick played C sharps with the winch strap and I steadily shoved the trailer back under the hull, courtesy Alice's ancient four cylinders.



This was just about the slickest iteration of a ritual that has grown in spectacle, pomp and pageantry over the years. Note to self, "Make sure there's snow and ice on the ground when it's time to insert the trailer."



That was about 0900. As a surprise to nobody but me, it started to snow. And snow and SNOW. It's probably about halftime about now. I know this because we've been experiencing a brown out for a few minutes as thousands of microwaves fire up and refrigerator doors pop open around the county.



And it's still snowing. Pollyanna was a total idiot.



This, by the way, this is the front yard. The roof has been raked once already this season. It was actually almost snowless at one point a couple of weeks ago. I do suppose, even with no additional snow, one might consider the possibility of spring being delayed just a bit. But when it does come I think we can count on lots and lots of water to float our boats in. He said, optimistically...

Part 23

Ok! Lucas was right. When we moved here from San Diego eight winters ago the Bard of Bradenton offered one of his rather succinct analyses of life, love and personal ambition. He called me an idiot. And often I remember that prescription with a mixture of data points from all over the graph. Not today.



Today I can unequivocally say that "idiot" was a bit mild. Another Lucasism comes closer to the point, Dumbass. Poor *Gypsy Wagon* has been sitting outside, on her trailer, for almost two weeks.



During that time temps have bounced from sub zip up to the lower 40s and back again. Another foot and a half of snow has come pirouetting down onto her cabin top and environs. Then we had a few days of moderating temps that seemed sure to lead to a trip to the launching ramp and a sea trial of some sort. What we got, instead, was several inches of ice on any horizontal surface that might be considered suitable for vehicular excursions.

Our driveway, road and county blacktop at the top of the hill are prime examples.

But today really took the cake. It's been raining heavily since the day before. Our ground is still quite frozen. What we got was several inches of standing ice water on top of several inches of compact snow and ice. Not quite enough to float *GW* but darn close. But what made Dave such a seer of truths today had more to do with me working feverishly to cut channels and streams into the underlying ice to get the burgeoning floodwaters to leave where they had been accumulating to where I considered it more convenient.

This posed "action shot" came after most of the excavation was more or less complete. In fact, the cheery demeanor is all a complete act brought on by hypothermia. The term "drowned rat" does come to mind but Lucas' term is reinforced by the fact I had been out there in the pouring rain, breaking up ice and herding an incipient prehistoric Lake Missoula from one impoundment to another. No wonder the dinosaurs died. Yep, dumbass for sure!



Then the totally unforeseeable happened. *Alice*, my faithful beast of burden, snow mover and, most importantly, BOAT MOVER, was doing my bidding to carve away a snow berm that we had laboriously piled up in the same exact spot a week prior. Certainly, she had reservations but as the most loyal employee here at the Frankenwerke she was doing her very best to satisfy my increasingly bizarre demands.

I already mentioned that God's Zamboni Machine has been working over this end of the rink known as Almostcanada. Mr Zamboni should really be proud. It's simply an accident that I haven't crashed and burned YET. Walking out there is a perfect reproduction of Bambi with skates.

Anyhow, we were turning and burning. Those 70-year-old drive wheels were spinning and clawing. *Alice* was acting more like a terrier pup with a chew toy, slippin' and slidin', when suddenly, the engine got louder and the horizon tilted. *Alice* either broke a hind leg or at best threw a shoe.



I admit it. I was already cold, wet and disgusted. Then it got dark and colder. Time to jack her up and await the developments only morning can proffer. As I try to straighten my fingers out a bit, a seminal thought keeps circling my cranium. No boat-ing today probably. Damn, Lucas was right...

Where chutzpah collides head on with hubris. With our recent spate of rain and snow and freeze and thaw, I've been thinking that it would be a good idea to simply put a tarp over *Gypsy Wagon* and await a better opportunity to get in that sea trial. Every time that I've climbed aboard and looked around she's been dry as a whistle. No obvious window leaks. Nothing, apparently, to worry about. I just got to fretting that something might go sour. So I went off to town in a gawdawful snowstorm this afternoon to get a tarp. You know, just in case.

It was cold and rather unpleasant when I got home about dark. At least it wasn't raining much. Kate said dinner was in about 15 minutes. No sweat, just gonna put the tarp over the cabin top and tie it off. Ten minutes max. I wasn't even gonna open up the door. But since it's a glass door I furtively flashed my flashlight, off of several inches of ice water covering the cabin floor. That, of course, meant that there had to be waaaay more in the bilge. It also meant that all the partitions and berth risers and such would be saturated at their bases.

After about an hour of bailing ice water and pulling inspection covers and all that sort of futility, the proper course of action from here became quite obvious. It can't probably get much worse overnight. Much. I'm late for dinner.

Part 23 Epilog

"What a revoltin' development this is..." We children of the 50s all watched *The Life of Riley*. William Bendix had a simple answer for just about everything. Chester A. Riley had a big heart and he always meant well. But, you see, Riley was on the crew today. Probably last night. It was a simple assignment. All he had to do was get the ice water inside the boat's cabin to drain outside somehow. I didn't really care how, just get it outside before it does more damage. Good Ol' Riley.

To be fair to Riley, I should offer a few statements in extenuation, as I used to say when prosecuting ne'er do well individuals back during my Navy days. Instead of a general warming trend like the prior half dozen years here in Almostcanada, February has been decidedly winter like. Since starting the day I hauled *Gypsy Wagon* out of the shop and put her back aboard the trailer it has snowed, froze, rained and simply been cold and crummy in these parts. And, as I was say-

ing, I sorta figured a tarp was in the offing. But then, every now and then, a weather window showed itself and I'd begin plans for a trip to the launch ramp. Can't put her in the water with a tarp.

So, somehow, a whole bunch of water made its way inside and really soaked up parts and places not really suitable for such a soaking.

And then it froze. The drain(s) got blocked up with ice so I called Riley in. He'd know what to do! Riley showed up with a 24" drill bit and a drill with a dead battery. No flashlight, no kneeling pad and a dustpan to use for bailing out the cabin. Like I was saying, Riley means well. This shot is of a rather large ice flow blocking the transom drain. The bright spot in the background is where Riley drilled through the ice from the transom drain last night. No water came out for pretty obvious reasons. But not for lack of trying.



Now here's an innovative solution, just cut a hole in the floor to let the water puddled on top of the floor run below the floor. NOT. Riley was pretty sure that he stopped before hitting the hull with the pilot bit. I told him to climb down under and take a gander. When he came out he asked me if that trailer roller was supposed to have fiberglass shavings and water dripping from it.



I answered him with a question of my own. "What are all those wood shavings INSIDE the boat?" Poor Riley, he was just trying to help but what a revoltin' development this is...



Part 24

Cold Case De-FEC-tive. None of the crew here at the Frankenwerke actually watch TV shows. You could say that we are “inner driven.” I think that’s the psychobabblers’ description. But one of the guys says he did, in fact, watch a trailer spot for one of the murder and mayhem shows. He could even recite the scene for me.

Doc: “This looks pretty bad. I got three entrance wounds... only one or two exits... bleeding internally... gotta operate... now!...”

Hapless sidekick: “...But...but doc... is ‘ee gonna’ make it...???”

Doc: “...Why do you ask?... Did he owe you money?...”

And then the TV switched to an All-state commercial. But at least we had somewhere to start. And I do admit to watching a fair amount of news channel broadcasts from time to time. That’s where I learned to combine complex actions into a one size fits all term. I’ll try one on you. “...bombing and strafing run carried out with ‘surgical precision’...” combined with “...collateral damage...” and with a dash of “...friendly fire...” tossed in for what they refer to as “balanced reporting.” That combines into a simple phrase, everybody can understand, “Awwwww...shitttttttt!!!” A universal truth.

I mentioned, rather stridently in fact, in a previous installment that I had delayed tarping *Gypsy Wagon* just a wee bit longer than I should have. Somehow a whole bunch of liquid state water was sitting on top of even more solid state water. The latter being ensconced under the floor, under the berths and even under the old motor mounts and pan. The sad truth about convection is that heat still rises no matter what some of the talking heads on TV have to say about it. And since there didn’t seem to be much heat outside the boat to be rising, we had one plus sized conundrum. That was the day that Riley showed up for work. Riley meant well. In fact, I was right there with him.

Basically it was that “surgical precision” thing and I did take a pretty long gander at the work bench next to my gurney when I went in for that total knee replacement surgery a few months back. Their tools looked a whole lot like mine. Think Sawzall and angle grinder for starters.

Riley was just trying to get the liquid state stuff to drain from the front of the bus to the back and out the drain hole. He assured me that he could tell when the drill bit went from the soaked wood floor into the airspace above the hull skin and that he would just stop drilling. Surgical precision if ever I thought such a thing could exist. But it seems ice and soaked wood and thin fiberglass all “feel” about the same, especially if it’s about 10° outside and fingers have long since ceased to send messages to the brain about that particular fact. So I wasn’t real surprised to note a persistent drip from under the hull right above one of the trailer rollers. And there’s another universal truth at work here, “What goes out, comes back in.”

So there I was, today kneeling on my bionic knee “in flagrant disregard for my own safety and well being” as I used to put on medal citations back in a different time and place.

The idea was, and still is, to get to the inside of the boat where Riley squeezed off a couple of half inch “rounds.” All I gotta do is... clean it up, grind it smooth and patch the

wound. This is where the ER crew left off. They weren’t real clear about why they didn’t complete the operation but they were pretty sure that my erstwhile buddy had what they call a “reasonably well tolerated condition.” And the bleeding seems to have slowed down a bunch already.

Plenty. But too late.



There’s an exit wound up under there someplace.



Just a “soft tissue” wound. Oughta heal up in no time...



There’s another one of Riley’s rounds here someplace.



And there it is right next to the scalp!



Doc says, “Just debreed the wound, suture and put a hot compress on it for a day or two...” OK. Got it?



Part 25

Getting to the bottom of things.



It’s an interesting confluence of events. A week ago it was raining hard, snowing at the same time, freezing and thawing, generally not what most folks would consider prime boating weather. I had just discovered that *Gypsy Wagon* had a bunch of ice water sloshing around in her cabin. My first thought, well, after the more scatological ones, was that I needed to rig a pump. I also was at the end of my energy from a really, really pernicious bout of the creeping crud. I came inside to take a break and see what was on the Boat Porn Channel. What should pop up but an ad for a manual “kayak pump?” This is a bit eerie, especially if you don’t believe in the legend of El ‘Weber and his gang of Texas Hill Country Desperadoes. I’ll save the more gruesome aspects of that legend for a campfire sometime.

Basically, El ‘Weber lives a dual existence, much like his cousin Zorro. By night he runs around the country planting evil thoughts in unsuspecting boat builders’ heads. Somehow he can get just about anybody to wake up one morning with a craving for sunstroke, snakebite, dehydration and an insatiable need for Vienna sausage. Again. I’ll tell you more at that campfire.

It’s the OTHER persona that I’m gonna tell y’all about now. This will require an oath of secrecy. Even El ‘Weber has his secrets. The nighttime desperado morphs into a daytime man of the cloth, nobody has ever seen him sleep. He is known as Our Father Who Art in Harper. True acolytes and even agnostics can tell you about the wonders of this Sage. He seems to be everywhere and he knows EVERYTHING.

Bare minutes had passed. I feverishly pounded the keys and placed my order for

this thing that promised to be a pump. Dunno how big or long it's supposed to be, just a pump dammit. And the phone rang.

"Dan, this is Chuck (he uses a cover alias in case he's being followed). Did you just order a pump because your boat is sinking in the driveway?" Who but Our Father himself would know such a thing? I gulped with a mixture of panic and visions of Valhalla and "Chuck" was obliged to let me settle into a growing puddle of despair.

"Sorry, Dan, but Tom and all his buds at the post office are out celebrating Presidents' Day today..." I know there was more. The soothing tones of Our Father would have to wait to salve another hurt. I had to make contact with denizens of another stripe. From that netherworld that is not truly Texas and not truly Louisiana. And there could be no delaying for national holidays. This was an unfolding disaster. I needed help and I needed it RIGHT NOW!

I made contact with the Diddat clan. They live at the end of the road, in a place known on the sign as "Barricade." The actual zip code is somewhat dependent upon the state of the tide and ambient moisture.

Anyhow, my favorite member of that infamous boat building clan answered immediately. It was good ol' Ike. His business card reads "Ike N. Diddat." And just a short talk with my buddy Ike has so often meant the difference between simply giving up or forging ahead with indefatigable tenacity. And about then some of that 'nacity was just what the doctor was ordering. I put my wet gloves and soggy coat back on and headed out to the driveway. Right back to work. Good ol' Ike.

I was kneeling in a few inches of ice water, trying to create a drain passage under the floor and into the aft section where the drain plug is. I was chanting my friend Ike's name. And that's when Riley showed up,

caught up in the moment, too, I suppose. Just the half inch drill, Ike, Riley and me. No doubt El 'Weber was dashing around in the background, too. Pretty crowded in there.

That was a few days ago. Today I started getting calls from Ike's older, crotchety brother, Howcome U. Diddat. Frankly, I didn't have a lot to say to him. Stuff happens. And now that most of the ice has melted and much of the water has drained out that awkwardly placed hole in the bottom of the boat, who should come driving up in his shining USPS carriage? Special DE-livery with a box from El 'Weber.

I hope there's some Vienna sausage in there, too.

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We were rolling badly in squally, gusty winds and confused seas, first to port and then to starboard. Finally there was one long roll to port and then... over she went! This is the story of the start of a sailboat race on the Miles River on Maryland's Eastern Shore. The race was part of the 2016 Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival (MASCF) XXXVI in St Michaels Maryland. The race was the first weekend of last October.

The Facts

Boat: *Piilu* is a Normsboat, in fact, the very first one. She is a balanced lug rigged (mast offset to port), double $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood layer, flat bottom, unballasted, 18' box with a slot top and a single (offset to starboard) centerboard. Jim Michalak designed her and Richard Cullison professionally built her in 2003 with help from her owner, Norm. *Piilu* is a veteran of many, many cruises, from the Chesapeake Bay watershed to the North Channel. She is also a very fast sailer and has been competitive in many sailboat races. She finished tenth out of 40 boats in the 2014 MASCF race, placing first in the "Beach Cruiser" class.

Crew

There were four souls onboard *Piilu* when she capsized. They have over 150 combined years of experience (no kidding!) in small boat cruising and racing. Norm, the captain/owner was standing in the after end of the cabin slot top serving as the tactician. Brian was sitting on the port cockpit seat with the main sheet in hand. Dean initially was sitting on the starboard cockpit seat at the tiller. I was sitting on top of a milk crate on the bottom of the boat with just my head sticking out of the forward end of the cabin slot top serving as lookout and time keeper. We all were wearing foul weather gear over layered, warm clothes. All four of us were wearing life preservers.

Situation Prior to Capsize

The weather was unsettled. Air temperature was in the low 50s. The seas were confused. We were sailing in intermittent squalls and gusty, swirling winds about 200 yards from the western end of the starting line. The last squall had just cleared and we were rolling back and forth heading towards the starting line. I felt like a kid in the lead car of a roller coaster ride. My shoulders were first pushed against one side of the slot top and then the other. I remember calling out "six minutes to start." Then *Piilu* began to roll to port and did not stop. Over she went on her port side.

Situation after Capsize

I was now lying on my side in the water. My concern was that *Piilu* would continue to roll over and trap me inside of the cabin. With a mighty push on the bottom I propelled myself out of the boat like a torpedo. As I turned around I saw Norm in the water at the stern of the boat and swimming towards the mast to unfasten the main halyard. *Piilu* was floating high on her port side with the mast and spars floating on top of the water. I swam back to the boat but decided not to enter into the slot top for fear that I might pull the boat over on me. Instead, I pulled myself around the bow to the starboard side.

Brian and Dean were there trying to reach the leeboard. The offset leeboard was still down but it was so high up in the air that

Over She Went!

By John Zohlen



only a porpoise could have reached it. *Piilu*, like most Michalak and Bolger designed boats, has external chine logs. I had never liked them, up to now that is. I thought internal chine logs gave a slicker underwater body to a boat and caused less turbulence at the chine. We would have had a very difficult time righting *Piilu* if she had been built with internal chine logs. The leeboard was over our heads and out of reach.

As it was, Dean, Brian and I grabbed the external log at the bow and stern and pulled down. With little effort *Piilu* rolled smartly upright. As she came upright the gaff on the lug sail slowly dropped to the deck. This was important because we did not have to lift the sail with water holding it down. We all swam to the stern, formed a queue and with some effort reboarded over the transom using the unfolded boarding ladder. Two persons in a small Boston Whaler, part of the race committee, came up and stood off to ensure our safe boarding. We discovered about three to four gallons of water in *Piilu's* non self bailing cockpit and about a gallon in the cabin. *Piilu* did float high on her side when capsized.

The four of us were standing in the cockpit debating whether to continue participating in the race when we heard the starting gun go off. We had capsized the boat and dumped four persons into the water, righted the boat and all reboarded in less than six minutes! And all wanted to continue racing!! Norm, the captain, made the common sense decision to retire for the day. He was absolutely right. We were warm from the adrenalin rush but soon would be getting cold if we had sat down and tried to continue racing the boat.

We accepted a quick ten minute tow from the Boston Whaler back to Fogg Cove, threw off the tow line and paddled back to the museum dock. We walked up from the waterfront back to our campsite. There was no hiding from the shore bound MASCF participants what had happened to us. With a change into dry clothes and some coffee we were disappointed but none the worse for wear. We all thought we could have won first place in the Beach Cruiser class again! Well, next year!!

My Opinions

External chine logs may not be the most hydraulically efficient boat construction method but they certainly are a life saver for a sailor in the water trying to right a capsized boat.

Norm requested Jim Michalak design and Richard Cullison build *Piilu* with a bridge deck aft of the cabin companionway. I believe this contributed significantly to the little water that entered the boat. Michalak routinely designs his boats with a large sealed compartment (lazerette) in the stern. This adds buoyancy to the stern and keeps the crew from sitting too far aft causing the transom to drag. *Piilu* floated high on her side.

All small sailboats should have an easy way to reenter them from the water. Not only is some means for elevating your body out of the water necessary, there should also be some additional hand holds (railings, Sampson posts, etc) to help pull your torso forward into the cockpit. The time to test your reentry capability and ability is in controlled (warm weather, warm water) conditions.

We all were wearing life jackets. That made it so much easier to focus on how to right and reenter the boat. I did not have to think about shedding foul weather jacket and bib overalls. We could use both hands to "right the ship." Boarding over the transom with the ladder was harder than I had anticipated with all the wet clothes. Fortunately *Piilu* had Sampson posts and other things to grab to help me pull my upper body over the transom.

Common sense beats pride every time. Initially all of us wanted to continue racing. Call it pride! Fortunately, the captain was thinking further ahead. We could have continued racing but the risk of hypothermia for all four souls, all over 60 years old, was real! It was a good call. Thanks, Captain!

Later that evening we talked about possible causes for the capsizes. I did not see it coming because I was facing forward. The others back aft could not identify an obvious cause except perhaps that Dean had shifted his weight to the windward side to help balance the boat against a gust and then the wind suddenly slammed us from the opposite direction. We actually capsized to the prevailing windward side. The main sheet was not made fast. We finally concluded the swirling wind suddenly back winded the sail and with most of the cockpit crew's weight on the wrong side, over she went.

My wallet and Honda car key fob both worked well after the submerging, as did the media card in Brian's digital camera. The digital camera, unfortunately, was not waterproof and died of a water logged brain.

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Just in case you are wondering, I have not died. Not much activity in my shop to write about. I decided early on that I was not going to build a boat this winter so I must find another project to keep my brain working. A lady friend from my church owns an O'Day Widgeon. Late in the summer she capsized it and lost the rudder assembly. Knowing that I was a sailor, she asked where she could find a replacement. I told her that I would ask around and, if necessary, I could make one for her.

I called my old friend Tim from Sailrite and asked him if he knew of any just laying around that needed a new home. "Got the perfect thing," he said. "\$100 will buy it if it fits." Well, it didn't fit so on to Plan B. I told the gal that I could make her one but I would have to have the boat at my place so I could make the new rudder fit. I asked if she could bring the boat here for winter storage.

That happened and much to my surprise that little 14-footer must have weighed 600-700lbs. The boat was built in 1977 and I think that the foam flotation was soaked full of water. I am used to throwing around boats and canoes in the 30lb to 100lb size. It became obvious that I wouldn't be moving this boat around much so we put it on top of my outdoor canoe racks. When I had help we rolled it bottom side up and there it will sit until winter is over.

I learned to build rudder heads when I worked at Seven Seas, a local sailboat shop. We had several customers with broken rudder heads, all from Chrysler boats. They were great boats but had a rather weak cast aluminum rudder head. The same people that built these boats also built the Desoto cars. These boats have been around for a long, long time. The Desotos are long since gone away but the boats that they built are still out there in large numbers.

Great boats but their Achilles tendon was the rudder head. They also had an early excuse for a roller furling jib, another Achilles tendon. Most of these have been replaced with better stuff. I did a couple of the replacements myself. They are still great boats. Very popular here in Minnesota.

The O'Day boats were another great series of boats, the Widgeon being the smallest one. They had an Achilles tendon also. They would soak up water in their foam flotation, making the boat very heavy, often stern heavy like the one at my place.

OK, now the boat is safely stored at my place so it is time to use the skills that I acquired years ago. I started with a trip to Minneapolis to buy a piece of aluminum. Then on my way home I stopped to visit Tim at Sailrite and scrounged through his old hardware. I found a pair of pintles of the right dimension and a section of broken spreader. I also got enough stainless #10-24 machine screws to put this thing together.

Tim Carlson is an old friend. He was my boss at Seven Seas. We go way back. He has been in the sailboat business since the time of Noah. I also worked with him at Hooper's Yachts. More recently he has been the owner of Sailrite, a sail loft in a Minneapolis suburb. I asked what he wanted for these small treasures and he said nothing. He reminded me that I had given him a pair of windsurfer sails recently. I got those given to me thanks to Doc Regan. Sometimes it is nice to know the right people.

So far the total investment was \$15 for a piece of aluminum big enough to build a



By Mississippi Bob

couple of rudder heads. I had some rough sawn oak boards that would become the rudder blade and tiller parts. Then Christmas happened. It does every year. My bride takes Christmas very seriously. Everything else shuts down before Thanksgiving and I can't open my shop until January 2.

I found a picture of a Widgeon on the computer and studied the rudder shape. I cut out a pattern for the rudder head from scrap plywood and ran outside to see if it looked right. I trimmed it down, then marked where the pintles should fit. When I was happy I used this plywood pattern to draw the lines on the aluminum slab. The two sides of the rudder head fit nicely on half of my \$15 purchase.

My plan was to have an oak rudder blade and tiller so I needed some spacers to hold the two aluminum pieces apart. That is where the broken spreader comes into the act. I had to separate the two plates by enough space to fit the rudder foil and tiller but close enough together so the pintles will fit over the outside of the two plates. I started by making the rudder blade and tiller. They both came out of the same oak board. It was rough sawn board and I milled it on my planer. I planed it on both sides till it was a scant $\frac{3}{4}$ " Now if my math was right two plates $\frac{1}{8}$ " each and a $\frac{3}{4}$ " oak board should just fit inside the pintle sides.



My rudder blade is a little longer and narrower than what the picture shows. I like foils with a high aspect ratio. Also, that is the width of my planer's capacity. The upper end is simply round and the lower end has a smaller radius on the aft edge. I bored a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole at the center of the upper radius. This was for the hinge pin. I moved the rudder to the rudder head and drilled a matching hole for the hinge pin to pass through. I next bolted them together and drew a line on the aluminum to mark where the board would fit and to mark where it could be expected to travel.

I next used my router and shaped the edges of the foil with a half round all the

way around. I next marked the board to show what part would be inside the rudder head. Then I fired up my jointer and began removing wood to make the board more streamlined. Most of the streamlining was done to the trailing edge. I avoided the portion that was inside the rudder head.

I wanted to add some lead to the lower end so I sawed a hole with a hole saw. I didn't want the lead to fall out so I drilled several holes into the inner edge of the hole so the hot lead could run into these holes and help tie things together. I cut two pieces of scrap plywood big enough to cover the hole. These would get clamped on and create a form to contain the hot lead. I next drilled a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole thru one piece. The two pieces got clamped on opposite sides. The one with the hole went on top so the lead could be poured in.

I melt lead on my camp stove in an old saucepan. I do that outdoors to avoid the fumes. The operation caused a lot of smoke. The well seasoned oak got charred a bit as seen on the photo. I was somewhat concerned that the lead was loose because of the charring. The board would need to get epoxied anyway and the epoxy would help hold the lead in place. I gave the blade a final sanding then coated both sides with epoxy. I carefully worked epoxy into the joint by the charred area. I wanted to make sure that the lead was saturated and secure. When the epoxy was hardened it got sanded followed by three coats of varnish. The tiller and its extension got varnished at the same time.

On to the metal work. I had marked where the rudder blade would swing inside of the head. I also drilled a hole for the tiller at the top of the head and a hole through the tiller so I could determine where I could mount the spacers that got bolted in. I put a bolt into the hole for the tiller and another down where the blade would mount. I next installed a spacer at either end to keep things aligned then went after mounting the pintles.



The two pintles were the same and both needed some modifying. I shortened the pin on the upper one. That would make it easier to install the rudder when bouncing around hanging over the stern. I also bored a hole through it that would be below the gudgeon. That hole was for a pin that should prevent the rudder from ever falling off again. I also had to shorten the tangs on the lower pintle so that the spacer and bolt would stay clear of the moveable rudder blade. I sawed some spacers a little shorter than the thickness of the rudder blade and started bolting things together.

OK, so much for my math, the pintles didn't fit. I had to shorten the spacers to narrow the assembly down. The spacers got shortened on the grinder and things went together better. The closeup of the lower pintle shows the spacers inside. Another photo shows the head nearly complete. The lower one has had the tangs shortened and the upper one has a shorter pin. I will drill a hole near

the lower forward corner of the head and install another spacer that will act as a stop to keep the blade from swinging too far forward putting it under the boat. I may also need stops that limit the travel of the tiller.



I have drilled a hole into the trailing edge of the blade near the waterline. This will be where I epoxy in a piece of 1/4" nylon rope that will run up through the head and out on one side of the tiller where I will mount a jam cleat. This will hold the runner blade up when beaching.



I said that I was not going to build a boat this winter, right. Our local big box store, Menards, had a sale on luan underlayment last week, under \$10 a sheet. My Christmas gift card got spent. I bought four sheets, enough to build a kayak. I also have a piece of 3mm marine plywood that would bend easily over a curved deck. As I already had said, no more boats, so I am not going to build another boat. But while I have too many boats around the place, none of them are kayaks. I bought a kayak paddle last summer, the price was right and one never knows when a kayak paddle could come in handy. It is still January. A lot of winter left.



Chesapeake Bay

Maritime

Museum News

Spring Launch Expected for *Pintail*

Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn reports that work continues on the 25' drake-tail *Pintail* with an anticipated spring 2017 launch. Construction began in January 2016 through CBMM's Apprentice For A Day (AFAD) Public Boatbuilding Program.

Pintail's Atlantic white cedar decks, forward and aft bulkheads, white oak engine bed logs and stainless rudder stuffing box have been installed. The curved forward coaming and after curved rub rail were steam bent out of sapele during one of AFAD's newly added Family Boatshop programs, then scarfed to the straight coaming running aft and the gunwales running forward.

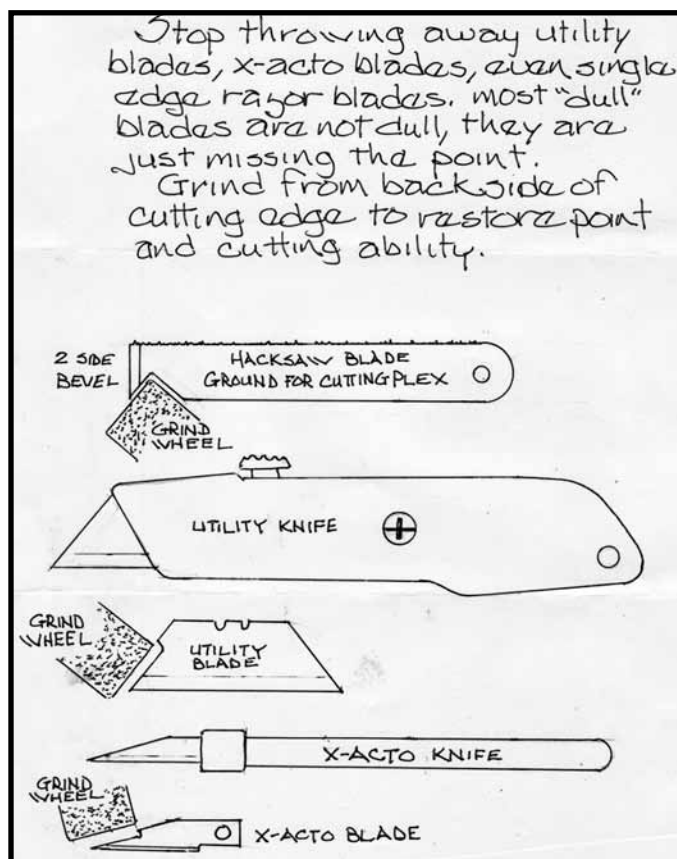
Next to be installed are the floors, the midship and aft seating and toe rails. Work continues on the duck walk (the area along waterline around her stern), cutting through the stern for the exhaust, the engine box and the steering gear. In the spring her Yanmar two cylinder Diesel engine will be installed, she will be painted white with a red bottom and her sapele coaming, gunwales and seats will be left bright.

Pintail is for sale upon completion. For more information about programs and the purchase of *Pintail*, contact Jenn Kuhn at (410) 745-4980 or jkuhn@cbmm.org. See more photos of the project at bit.ly/CBMMPaintail.



Participants in the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Apprentice For a Day Public Boatbuilding Program work on *Pintail*.

The curved forward coaming and after curved rub rail have been added to *Pintail*.





CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT

THE BEST BOATS YOU CAN BUILD

This demo model Kaholo 12-6 got crunched. Most of us wrote it off but CLC boat builder Travis Guthrie said he could make it right. Can he, there was a gaping hole and a crushed frame? The incident was not observed so we're not sure quite what happened. Most likely someone heavy stepped on the Kaholo while it was on the beach.

Travis epoxied the frame back together and cleaned up the torn edges.



Next, doublers were epoxied to the bottom panels, giving us something to glue the bottom to.



The broken piece is aligned with the hole.



Surviving a Wooden Boat Catastrophe

The broken piece snaps back into place remarkably well!



Mating surfaces are slathered in epoxy. Then a circus of stretch wrap, clamps and lead weights holds the broken piece overnight.



The next day we marveled at smoothness of the repair. Only a light sanding was necessary...



...and a bit of epoxy filler.



Travis sheathed the whole area with a single layer of 4oz fiberglass cloth.



Feathering in the fiberglass. Of course, the repaired Kaholo will have gained a few pounds and that section of the bottom isn't going to be varnish grade because of the damage to the wood. Keep going to see how we deal with THAT!



John's rule of wooden boat repair, "Sometimes it's better to make a virtue of a blemish rather than trying to hide it." A little bit of rescue board vibe looks cool (and intentional).



From the top and side the repair hardly registers.



2017 Build Your Own Boat Building Classes Update

WoodenBoat School Classes in Annapolis

Annapolis Wherry, April 3-8
 Passagemaker/Eastport Pram, April 10-15
 Northeaster Dory, May 1-6
 Tenderly Dinghy, Sept 4-9
 Annapolis Wherry, Sept 25-30
 Northeaster Dory, October 23-28
 Shearwater or Wood Duck Kayak, Oct 30-Nov 4

WoodenBoat School Classes in Brooklin, Maine

Shearwater or Wood Duck Kayak, June 11-17
 Tenderly Dinghy, July 9-15
 Annapolis Wherry, July 23-29
 Stitch-and-Glue Boatbuilding with John Harris, August 20-26
 Northeaster Dory, Sept 10-16
 Shearwater or Wood Duck Kayak, Sept 17-23

Center for Wooden Boats Classes in Seattle, Washington

Northeaster Dory, July 17-22
 Annapolis Wherry, August 21-26

Great Lakes School of Boat Building in Cedarville, Michigan

Northeaster Dory, June 5-10
 Annapolis Wherry, June 5-10
 Tenderly Dinghy, June 12-17
 Kaholo Stand-Up Paddleboard, June 19-24
 Shearwater or Wood Duck Kayak, June 26-July 1

Eastport Pram or Passagemaker Dinghy, July 10-15

Northeaster Dory, July 17-22

Annapolis Wherry, July 17-22

Tenderly Dinghy, July 24-29

Shearwater or Wood Duck Kayak, July 31-August 5

Skerry Daysailer, August 14-19

Cocktail Class Racer, August 21-26

New Catalog on the Way

Blaine and the Art Department at CLC have been toiling for two months over our all new from scratch 2017 catalog. You'll want to get your hands on this elegant 92-page book and best of all, it's free! If you aren't on our mailing list and you'd like a copy of the new print catalog, take a moment and sign up.



CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT

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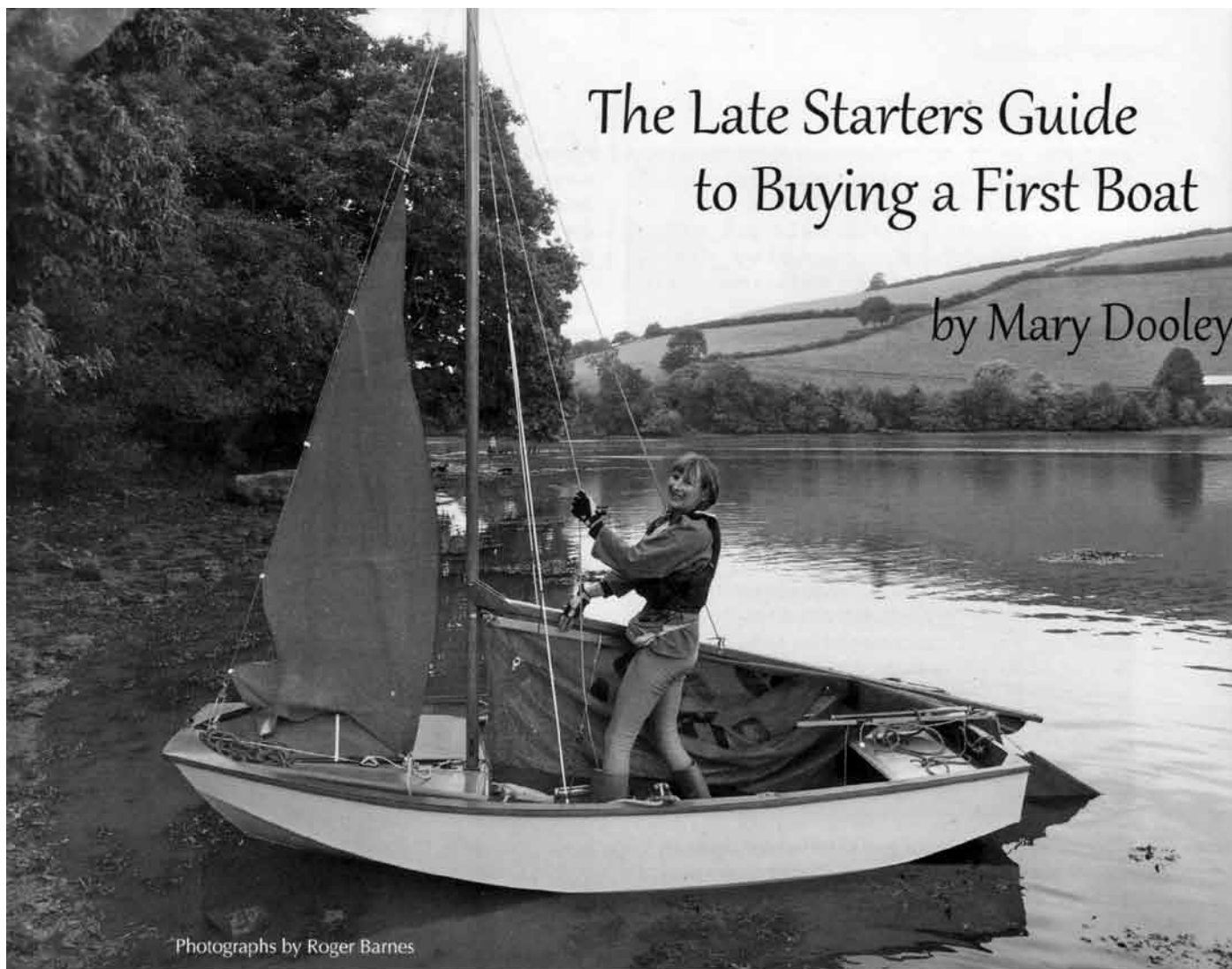


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The Late Starters Guide to Buying a First Boat

by Mary Dooley

Photographs by Roger Barnes

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

IN 2015 I JOINED THE DCA, which was one of the best uses of £24 ever. I didn't own a boat and was very content crewing for other DCA members who generously let me aboard their vessels. But the time bomb ticking at the back of my mind was the idea that one day I too could be a boat owner. Tick... tick.... tick..... like a teenager tapping up parents for money, I kept casually mentioning my idea until I got the answer I wanted. The answer came from Sarah ... who owns a lovely Lune Pilot called *Pampootie*. Sarah wisely suggested to me that whilst crewing is a valuable experience, I would only really learn about boats if I got my own. Her final words on the matter were 'But you will need to be interested in things like splicing'. Not knowing what splicing was I ignored that bit. In 2016 I bought my boat... so here is my snappy 10-point guide:

1. Several years before you even set foot on a boat, choose the name you will give your own boat. I have a Buddhist friend and at the bottom of every email he tranquilly advises, 'from the seed comes the tree'.
2. Ask advice, because everyone will give you a different view. You will be swirled in giddy circles and realise that advice is a form of prevarication and in your heart you already know what is important to you. I

chose a Mirror dinghy because they looked very light to pick up, proven by the fact that I distantly remembered a cute picture of one on the roof of a Mini.

3. Embrace your doubts. Welcome the big internal debate about whether to do it. Do you need a boat? No. Can you afford it? No. But answer this doubt with, 'What is happiness?' and, 'Can you manipulate your finances?' Yes of course you can, (some people were even giving boats away, but try not to dwell on why). What else could you buy? Dogs are smelly and very environmentally unfriendly and a boat makes a much better best friend.

4. Check that your subscription to the DCA is up to date. DCA members are lovely encouraging people. Sailing Superstars like Liz Baker will be shining role models of kind advice. DCA members like Phil Oxborrow will show extraordinary patience and help you to rig your boat, even with your fledgling knowledge of what all the bits are called. You will learn nautical terms such as: Topping lift (sounds like an instant milky pudding); Battens & Bungs (these alliterating dodgy solicitors are actually vital, trustworthy and cheap); Yard (an inexplicable name given to a piece of wood that has nothing to do with measurements, back gardens, or Jamaican DJs).

DCA members like Josephine Street, who are trustingly kind spirited, will come with you on your inaugural trips

and boldly go where lots of others have gone before, but with more understanding of how to get there. When I was making substantial backwards progress in tidal currents, Josephine knew the counter intuitive fact that sometimes to make forward progress you have to make millions of tiny tacks in impossibly shallow waters at the edge of the creek.

5. I am looking at my notes, I don't seem to have a point 5.

6. Ignore the 'don't do it devils'. They are mean minded fun spoilers. They will keep you awake at night lining up reasons why this is a foolish decision. This point is very much like point 3 so you can see how much doubt I was having.

7. This bit is probably sexist, but my mantra became, 'Think like a man'. Now some readers will find that they are already men so may be glowing with pride at this stage. But read further. I have crewed, helmed, and capsized in many locations but I acknowledge that when it comes to more exposed tidal waters, I know as much about sailing as the nation knows about the meaning of Brexit. However I know men whose only marine experiences have been on the pedalos in Hyde Park who have decided to helm yachts on flotilla holidays in Turkey. Now if any of you can point to a woman who has such irrational self belief then I am prepared to accept my mantra as being sexist and inaccurate, but the real lesson is that (apart from when it comes to leading nations) sometimes being a bit gung-ho is what you need.

8. Find your boat. If you are attracted towards numbers there is a wealth of information, it makes me realise where the term naval gazing came from. There are statistics on hull shapes, beams, sail ratios, buoyancy and ballast, to name but a few. If you are not attracted to this information just ignore it and feel assured that if a boat is reasonably popular with DCA members then at some stage someone on a forum somewhere will have already done some mathematical calculations. You will find boats advertised in many places. I had had previous success buying a bath off Gumtree so it seemed the perfect place to also buy a boat. And I was right, It was packed with Mirror dinghies, like animals at a rescue centre looking out pleadingly for a new home. I couldn't take them all so I chose one that looked like it was house trained and cared for; my view was don't pity the dejected looking ones they were bound to have deep seated psychological issues. But if you prefer a challenge you may go for one that looks like it bites as a result of cruelty and neglect.

9. Check out the current owner. You may have thought you were looking for a boat but we all know it is not the talent of the child that makes the child genius; it is the determination of the parents behind them. The owner of the boat I chose had many qualities. He was a previous DCA member. He was proudly devoted to his boat and I could detect concern on his behalf at the possibility of selling her to someone who talked about the pointy end and the back bit. Not only was he an excellent owner but he could provide the calligraphically hand annotated building instructions of the original owner. This boat had

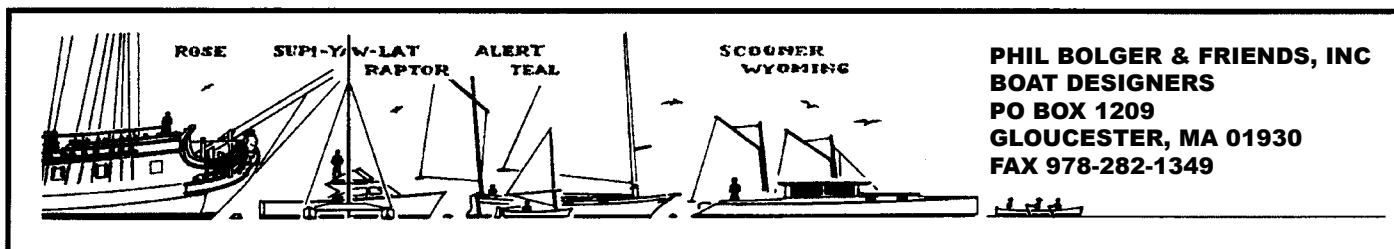
had love lavished on her.

10. Actually buy it. 'Think like a man'.... 'Think like a man'.... 'Think like a man'.... Panic, panic, panic. Look for a good omen – my pay inexplicably came a week early, so I sent the money to the man on my phone called Bob the Boat.

11. Resolve outstanding issues. How to feed the children for the next month? Where to keep a boat that is expecting to be pampered? How do you tow a boat when you don't have a towbar? How do you insure a boat? How do you sail a boat with a strange triangular-shaped front sail called a jib? How easy is it to right the boat if she is capsized (resolved by having the celebrated Youtube chronicler of capsizes and president of DCA on board at the time, well actually looking a bit surprised in the water at the time).

So there you are, my 10-point plan. I bought *Oranges* and immediately had 5 wonderful days sailing with the DCA at Cobnor. If I never sail again it would all have been worth it, and I still have no idea what splicing is. MD





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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #510 in *MAIB* – Messing About in Fishing Boats – Chapter 19

Don't worry! Not another one of those dense fisheries tomes to get stuck in as in Chapter 18 two months back. Instead, after all the pretty but static pictures of *Rose* in the last issue, this chapter is all about eye candy for those hooked on lean hull lines, elegant wave patterns, proven service and exemplary lessons for today through design thinking of some 100 years ago.

Those with good memories will recollect elements of these lines and related language from Chapter 14 of the fisheries saga in *MAIB* of November 2010, Vol 28, No 7, pp 47-49. I'll recycle selected and edited passages, add new language, but will also include more line art to examine, plus photos to feast on, all rounded out with an excerpt from the memoir of someone who actually ran one of this type all the way across the Atlantic and then in the WWI theater of northwestern Europe. He might have carried a rod to do some fishing along the way.

This is an example of how different spheres of work can very productively inform each other. Concurrent with each other, starting in the summer of 2002, much energy of Phil's last years was consumed both by work for the commercial fisheries and the US Navy, volunteer work for Gloucester and paid work for the Navy.

The promised memoir excerpt came to hand in another twist of that interaction, its author, who was subsequently a client of Phil's, had served aboard a 110' wooden submarine chaser designed (and built 300 units strong) for coastal waters defense by 1917 with another 100 for the French and dozens more for others. The type measured 110'x15'5"x150,000lbs and with 3x220hp gasoline engines they were supposed to reach 16kts, but with combat load in service did between 12kts and 14kts. Despite their design for coastal duties, WWI's demands to help the Allied effort unexpectedly saw a total of 235 trans Atlantic crossings of the type on their own bottoms, typically assisted by tugs and carefully planned refuelling along the way.

Any perusal of the 20th century history of fishing out of Gloucester will reveal that this type came to serve in that fishing fleet for decades. After the Navy began retiring the type, beyond demilitarizing it apparently stripped the hulls of the valuable engines as well, as they would have immediately found their way into rum runner's boats during the Prohibition era. So what was sold at auction were empty hulls, Atlantic and combat tested and apparently several dozens were snatched up for fishing duty.



Sub chaser profile before piers in US port.



A nice wave pattern cruising.

Sub chaser based dragger *Serafina Nicastro* in Gloucester Harbor in 1970.



Typically a single engine was installed with between 140hp and 165hp at around 400rpm, with Cooper-Bessemer and Atlas Imperial units leading choices, good for over 10kts. The fish hold would go where mid-ship fuel tanks and the two wing engines had been, with a house put aft over the engine and off they went fishing commercially year round, including Eastern Rig side trawling, which meant lifting the catch aboard over the side via mast, boom and lots of winch power. I am still looking for decent photos of them running, fishing and tied up.

There may have been about a dozen of these fishing out of Gloucester alone, routinely ranging out up to 70-80 nautical miles offshore in pursuit of a broad range of species. Virginia based flotillas would follow the coast northeast in pursuit of migrating species well

past Cape Ann. We still find folks around the Gloucester waterfront who worked on these, with some hulls serving into the 1970s. These were well into their 50s for age by then, many were on their third engines with some moving faster than most local vessels on up to 220hp via the single screw.

Without bow thrusters or tug assist, these lean hulls routinely stuck their noses between the wharfs to unload the catch or take on ice on the way out. At rest, they'd be tying up alongside each other four, five, six deep with necessarily good neighborly manners and ready reflexes to let the middle one go out in a pinch. For one account of one fishing, look at Chapter 7 of Gloucester's Peter Prybot's *White-Tipped Orange Masts*, 1998, now in paperback with History Press.

Today a number of fishermen have referred to these hulls which served their grandfathers as fishing craft and before them serving folks like Capt Moffat as trans Atlantic capable combatants, as a dangerously narrow type unfit for use in these waters around Gloucester.

Phil's client, the late Alex Moffat (Capt USN Ret) had commanded one of these and that experience on this narrow 7:1 length to beam ratio hull continues to offer useful lessons for the future of a low carbon inshore/offshore fishing fleet. Moffat was 26 in late 1917. His journal includes his initial experience commanding a fleet of 11 on a delivery trip from New London, Connecticut, to France. Next month we bring you his report on that trip.



SC 57 posing with crew for scale.



Serafina Nicastro at work fishing in 1970.

Vital Statistics US Navy World War I Sub Chasers

(From Appendix to *Maverick Navy* by Alexander W. Moffat, Capt USNR (Ret)
Wesleyan University Press, Middletown Connecticut, 1976)

Construction

Wood, compartmented with seven steel bulkheads

Dimensions

Length overall 110'
Length water line 105'
Extreme beam over guards 15'5"
Beam on deck 14'9"
Draft to bottom of deadwood 5'11"
Full load displacement 75 tons

Propulsion

Triple propellers 39" diam x 57 1/2" pitch
Three six cylinder gasoline engines rated 220hp @ 500rpm
Bore 10", stroke 11" directly connected to propeller shafts, compressed air starting and reversing
Cylinders individually cast, mounted on open base crankcase
Ignition Bosch waterproof magnetic spark plugs with low tension wiring.

Fuel Capacity

Total 2,500 gallons carried in four tanks shaped to hull in compartment forward of the forward engine room bulkhead beneath the floor of the officers' quarters

Speed

Operating on one engine @350rpm cruising speed of 8kts yielded maximum radius of 1000 nautical miles

Maximum theoretical speed with three engines @500 rpm of 16kts was unattainable because hull was loaded 5" deeper than designed draft.

Maximum actual speed on three engines was 12kts, on two engines 10-1/2kts, on one engine 9kts

Auxiliaries

One two cylinder gasoline engine rated 10hp connected on one end to a 4 1/2kw generator, on the other end to a combination 3" bilge and fire pump.

Each main engine was connected to an individual air compressor

All the foregoing machinery was designed and built by Standard Motor Construction Company of New Jersey

Armament

One 3" 23 caliber gun mounted on forward deck.

One Y gun firing simultaneously two 300lb depth charges by a 3" blank cartridge, mounted amidships aft of engine room house

Two racks mounted on stern deck, each holding six 300lb depth charges.

Two 30 caliber Browning machine guns, one mounted on each wing of bridge

Magazine

In compartment between steel bulkheads beneath Y gun, capable of storing 100 rounds high explosive shells for 3" gun, 50 rounds 3" shells for Y gun, 200 rounds machine gun cartridges and 12 300lb depth charges

Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet

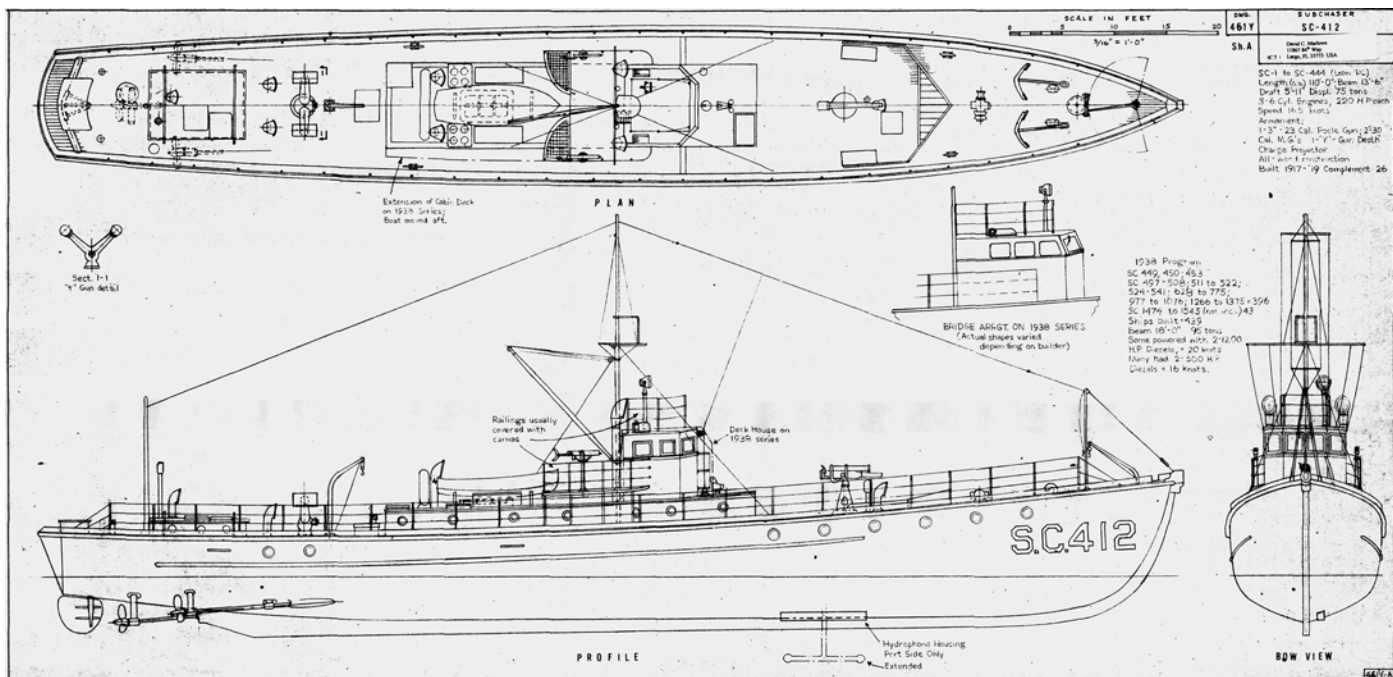


A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety, and value. Wing's Touring shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantedosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

Wing Systems

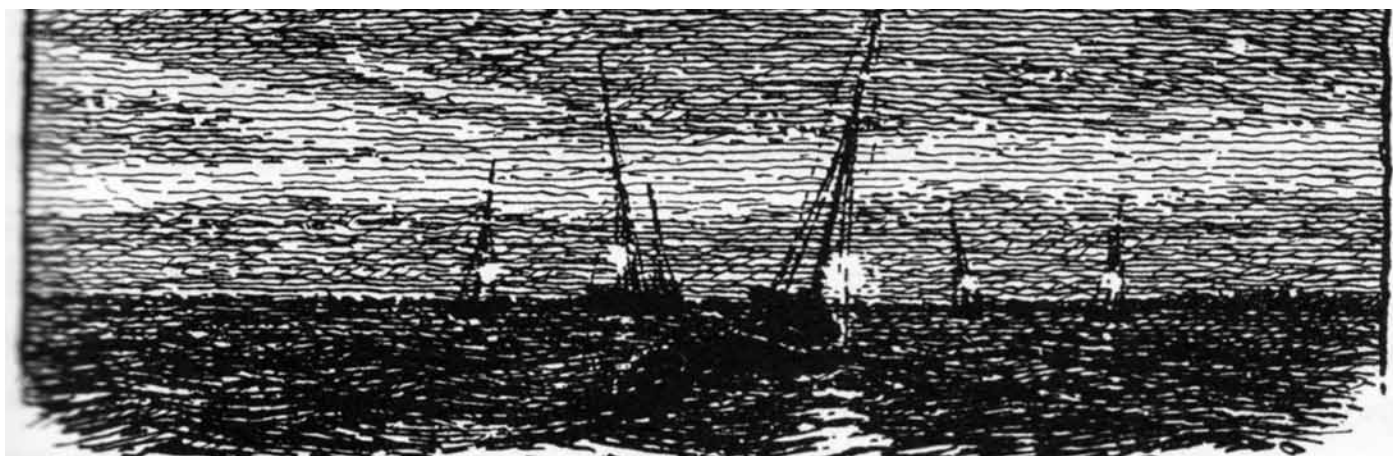
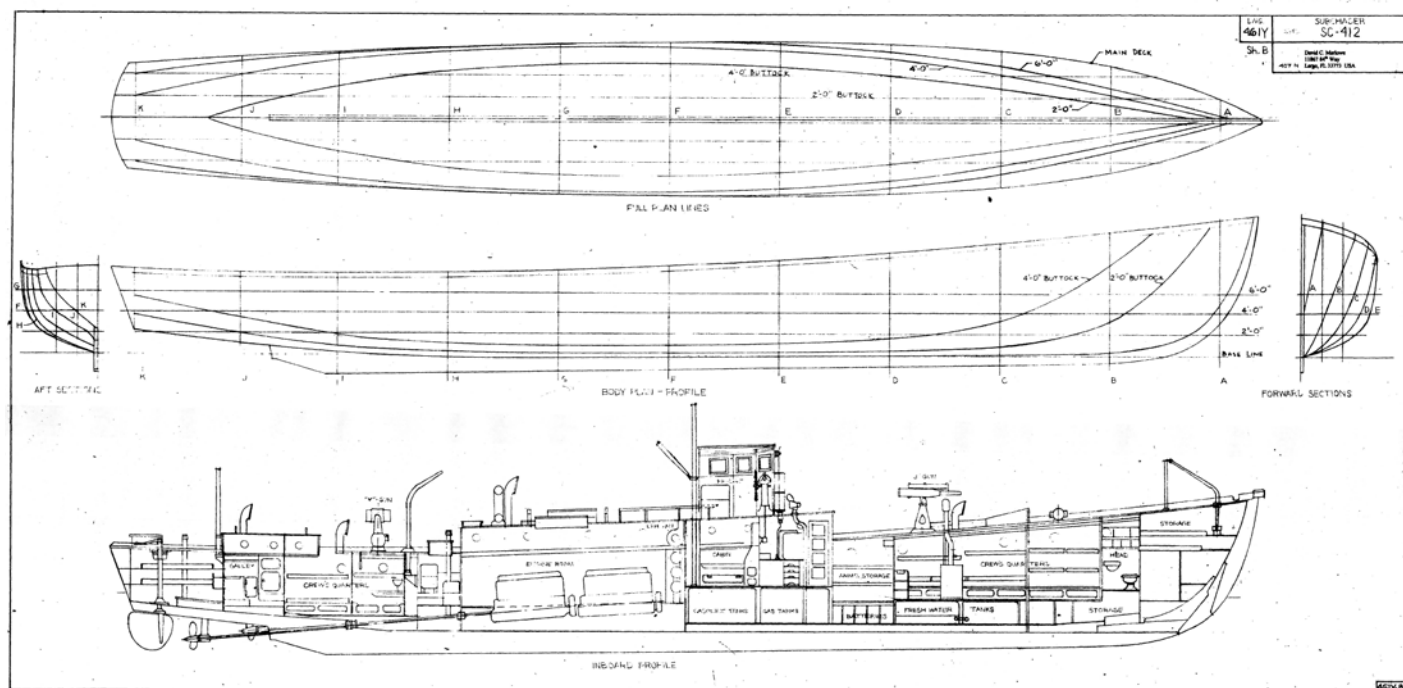
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Interior arrangements.

Lines and interior.



A gentleman came to our yacht club to give a presentation on the Everglades Challenge in which he had participated a number of times. He also brought his boat so we could see how things were set up for rowing and sailing the craft (one leeboard and an offset rudder). The craft extended beyond the trailer lights and I asked him about towing at night with that arrangement. It seems that he had a set of lights that go on the stern of the boat to provide additional lights all the way back, but had neglected to load the lights in the back of his truck and was hoping for a safe trip back to town. In Florida, a load can extend up to 4' beyond the trailer lights. Beyond that point another set of lights would have to be installed. Most people who I have seen on the road after dark have an additional set of lights (or reflectors) on the stern of their boat just in case.

When I was towing our Sisu 22, I had to have a second set of lights on the stern of the boat because the boat extended beyond the 4' limit. It was not that much trouble since I had used PVC pipe for the stern scuppers. Since I might want to plug the scuppers, I used PVC pipe with the threaded ends. To install my additional lights on the stern of the boat I screwed in a set of plugs with an eye-bolt in the middle of each one. The padded board holding the lights was hung from the screw eyes. A separate set of wires were run forward to the connection at the tongue of the trailer and all worked as planned. You might want to check your state's rules on this subject as it is not that hard to add an additional set of lights at the stern of most boats.

I had installed the PVC pipe with the threaded ends because I had seen one boat "sunk" after it had run aground and when the tide came in the stern of the boat flooded. If there had been plugs in the stern cockpit drains the stern would have floated up with the rising tide instead of filling with water. The Sisu 26 was a commercial hull with brass oblong scuppers. I shaped two pieces of 2"x4" to fit as plugs in case they were needed. Fortunately,



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

although the Sisu 26 was aground a couple of times, we got her floating before needing to insert the plugs from the outside (try to go aground on a rising tide).

Both our Sisu 22 and Sisu 26 had a few wiring bundles that were created after all the wires had been strung and attached as needed. The wires were then wrapped with a bit of electrical tape and secured to the bulkhead with screw attached cable clamps. The wires were color coded and could be traced quite easily when necessary.

Now, in most boat construction the wire bundles are created ahead of time for the boat model being produced. Although still color coded, tracing a wire in such a bundle is a lot of work, even with a tone generator or other electrical tool of that nature. In some cases it is more expensive, but easier, to simply replace the entire wire bundle than break apart the bundle and work on individual wires.

What brought the above to mind was our lawn mower was visited by some mice over the winter and some of the wires were chewed. Given how the electrical system is put together, the entire bundle is being replaced instead of the damaged wires. If the lawn mower had been wired like our boats, separate "bundles" for separate uses (i.e., lighting system bundle, engine/instrument bundle, etc) replacement/repair would be a lot easier. I am told by the mechanic, who keeps our vintage vehicles running, that I really do not want to see what has been done with automobile wiring bundles these days.

The Apalachee Bay Yacht Club has two boats for members to use (a Hunter 23 and a Catalina Capri 22). Before a member can schedule one of the boats for a day's sail, they must go through a checkout procedure. Major maintenance is done by the Club and minor maintenance is done by those using the boats (it is part of the "deal"). The Hunter 23 had a roller furling jib and the setup always was being worked on. We finally removed the roller furling and put a hank on jib on the boat. Roller furling is nice on a big boat with a small crew, but not much use on one like the Hunter 23, especially with only one 100% jib.

On larger sailboats, going forward to hank on and raise the jib is not a big deal. On small boats, like those the Club owns, the jib is hanked on at the dock and left folded down neatly on the foredeck (if necessary a shock cord across the bundle helps hold it until needed). Once on open water, the shock cord can be released and the jib raised. If it has been hanked on cleanly, it will be no problem to hoist it from beside the mast (or cockpit depending on the arrangement).

I read an article by an individual who did a lot of single handed sailing and had the jib halyard attached to the jib head and a downhaul (attached to the top jib hank) run to the cockpit. The downhaul was a light nylon line that ran inside the hank's "jaws" that went around the sail material at each connection point, through a guide on the deck at the bow and back to the cockpit. When the jib was hoisted, the line went up with the top hank. When it was time to lower the jib, he put the bow into the wind, released the jib halyard and pulled on the down haul. With the sail loose and luffing, it slid down the forestay quite nicely. Once it was down he used the sheets to "snug" it to the foredeck while he headed for the boat's berth. It all worked quite nicely and was simple to use. I have not seen such a set up, but the it sounded like an interesting idea.



Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society

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Byron Rosenbaum suggests that while she may not be suited for offshore use, this "Redneck Racer" offers all the comforts of home save the TV. Wonderful subject for a future diorama.

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The reason why paddle wheelers were popular had more to do with shallow draft, ease of repair and ability to turn in close quarters. On the negative side, for warships, the propulsion was vulnerable to firepower, and propellers allowed space for more guns.

Centering the paddle wheel may have done the same, but I wasn't there to suggest it.

Early in the 2000s, paddle wheels were again tested in small craft, and able to attain 38 mph. The folks who tried, decided that there was more work to do to refine the paddles, if greater speed were to be attained.



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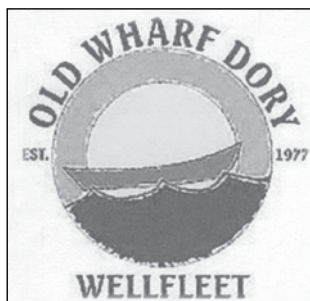
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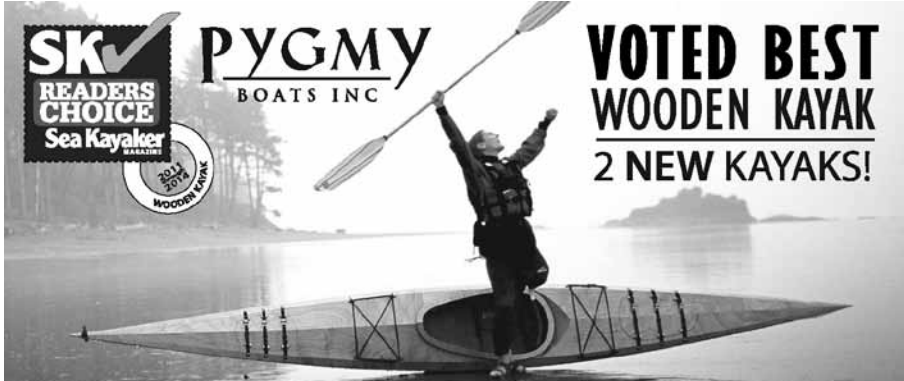
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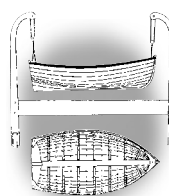
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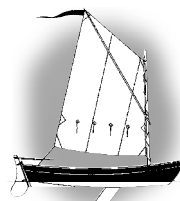
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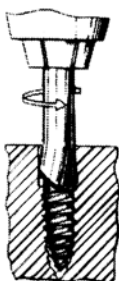
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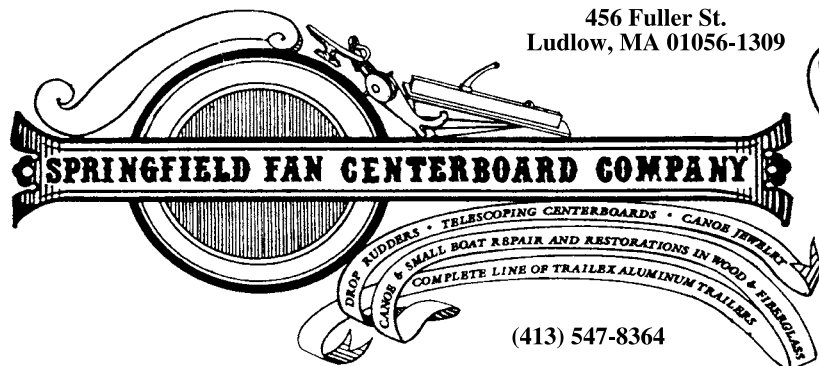
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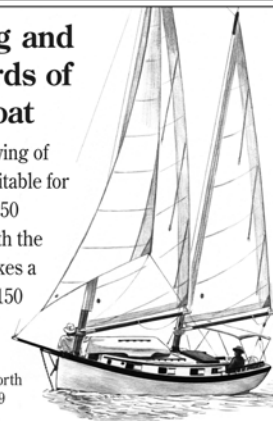
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HELP WANTED

Experienced Wooden Boat Builder Wanted:

The Hudson River Maritime Museum is seeking an experienced wooden boat builder to act as Shop Foreman at the Riverport Wooden Boat Restoration facility located in the beautiful mid-Hudson Valley region of New York State. This is a full-time commitment at a facility that has recently completed important restorations of historic sail and power vessels and is starting exciting new constructions in 2017. The successful candidate will have several years of hands-on experience building and restoring wooden boats as well surveying boats, creating estimates and supervising crews. Experience and knowledge of rigging, lofting and marine mechanical systems are all a big plus. Applicants should be hard-working, organized and willing to learn AND teach. Salary is commensurate with experience. Please send resume, cover letter and references to Lisa Cline, Executive Director via email at lcline@hrmm.org or via snail mail.

LISA CLINE, Executive Director, Hudson River Maritime Museum, 50 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (5)



**To those of you who are seeing our
magazine for the first time as a free
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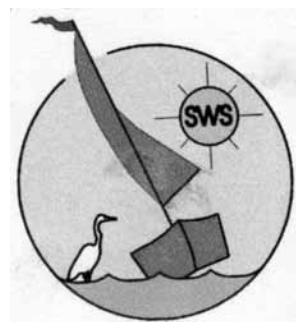
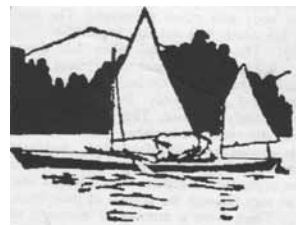
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This sample issue is #670 since May of 1983. We've been around for 32 years and plan to be around for many more.

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Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher



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Many years ago, 'Money Magazine' was about to spin-off a sporting magazine and we were to be part of that first issue. The author said, "The article is specifically about custom, high-end, ergonomic sporting equipment"...do you fit into that category?"

Once we had the word 'ergonomic' explained to us, (it WAS a long time ago,) we said, "Probably there has never been anything previously manufactured that more fits that description than our boats."

The article never happened, the magazine never happened, but that statement remains true. We, as modern boat-builders, often look back to the early days of these boats... and are constantly awed by the brilliance of the boat. Every part of it, the design, the construction, the boat's beauty and function. Among the most outstanding aspects is the perfection of the oars. And also, how difficult they are to make. We have never been able to find an outside oar manufacturer who had a clue what our oars were about. . . except for one, Steve Holt and the folks at Shaw and Tenney. We haven't landed on an exact package yet, but we are considering including their spruce versions of our oars in with the price of our boats. We imagine we will continue making our cherry oars. Details haven't been set. . .but we thought we'd share our thinking as it happens.

Boating season is coming....order early. Last year we were never able to catch up.

