

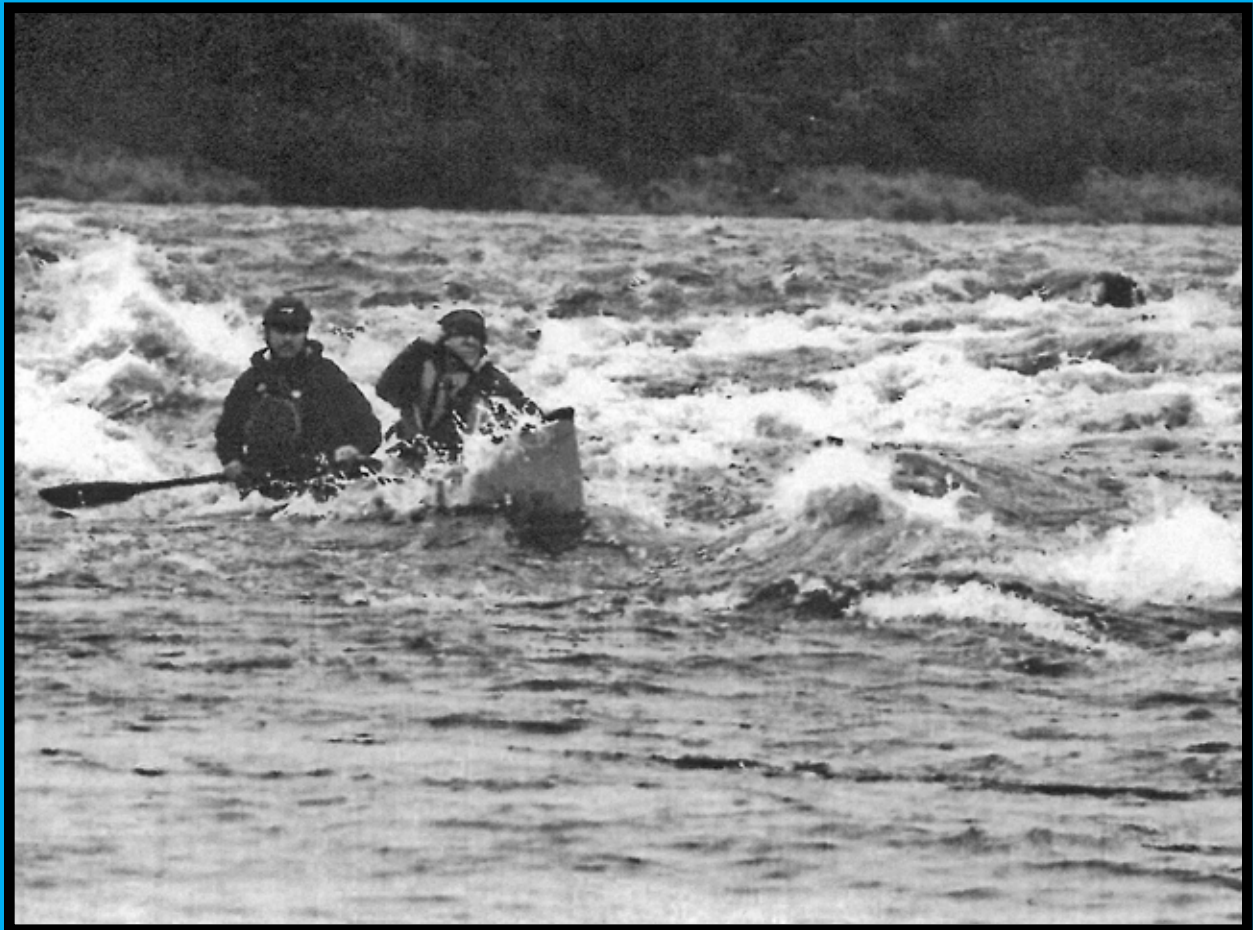


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 4

August 2018

Feature Highlights in This Issue
Canoeing Scotland's River Spey
Roger Barnes and *Avel Dro* - Sally IVth No More
A Launch to Remember - *Centennial*...a Builder's Notes
How to Build a Swampscott Dory



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

On the facing page, which I occasionally use as a sort of op ed page now that Matthew Goldman has retired from sharing his Constant Waterman viewpoint with us, are two short items addressing the issue of our “doing something with our own hands.” Connie Benneck is almost as old as I am and shares with me the common outlook we old guys have about where the world is headed. Dan Rogers recalls how it used to be for so many of us who grew up having to “do it with our own hands” or it wouldn’t get done.

Connie asks at one point in his remarks, “when do children today get to learn about the real world?” By “real” he means the world we older folks grew up in and learned how to cope with by doing much that had to be done ourselves. Now, however, “real” increasingly means the world of today in which the goal appears to be to do as little as possible ourselves by having so many of life’s details taken care of for us by the wonders of technology.

The relatively simple labor saving devices that have increasingly eased our daily grinds over the last century now appear to be fading into oblivion as minor stuff as, for examples, GPS finds our way around for us and smart phones take over more and more of our chores, with self driving cars and self running homes looming ahead.

Skills that were once necessary for us to get along in life are being abandoned to these technology aids. For example, why bother to learn how to find our own way around ashore or afloat when, with the pressing of a couple of buttons on a gadget, we can be led to where we want to go, not just by looking at an “interactive” map but also by being told in a computer created accent where to turn next.

Why this cultural rant deserves space in this little small boat magazine is because those of us who read it and pursue many of the activities reported on within, are still clinging to that increasingly unfashionable

do it ourselves notion. We collectively still want to “do something with our own hands.” Rejoice that you can still share this increasingly unfashionable outlook with others.

But yet, even here, “do it with our own hands” is being insidiously undermined as traditional boat building techniques are being bypassed by the “instant boat” concept that Phil Bolger and his sidekick, Dynamite Payson, introduced within my relatively few years of messing about in boats, with designs and techniques using factory manufactured plywood and super epoxy glues that have, among other attributes, “gap filling capability.”

Yeah, I know, we humans are tool users and it’s been a long time now since we did it ourselves with just bare hands to where we now can see the tools taking over, escaping from our grip. Just step aside, tell the device what we want and let it take care of it for us. Just become passive consumers, no longer creative contributors to our society.

I’m not finding fault, just lamenting the increasing loss of human skills that will be experienced by upcoming generations. Sure, I am guilty of using available technology to get to the goals I am seeking. I have to do so publishing this magazine or I could not get it printed nor mailed. But going out into my shop of now 60 years in the barn and taking in hand long used familiar tools and doing something with my hands, even if its just fixing a recalcitrant mower, somehow feels good, better actually than typing out this commentary on my iMac, which amongst other things checks my spelling for me.

The ongoing reconditioning of that 18’ Old Town Lake Rowboat in the shop’s annex is my escape back to “doing something with my own hands” that I look forward to for the simple pleasure of doing it. Even when I cannot get to it for days at a time its presence there has a soothing effect, lots of time consuming handwork yet to be done

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On the Cover...

Long time contributor Dick Winslow usually heads to northern Maine or Canada on his annual wilderness canoeing adventures, but last year he crossed the Atlantic to Scotland to experience how they did their canoeing there. The River Spey was no wilderness stream but it did give Dick and company one exciting section pictured on this month’s cover. That’s Dick in front getting a faceful of Scottish river water. His report begins on page 6.

Greg Grundtisch's article on "The Sad Decline in Wooden Boat Ownership" in the May issue overlooked, for me, a major aspect of his topic. Most modern children, at least the ones who I know and have met, have never had tools in their hands. Helicopter parents, trying to keep their children safe, probably would never allow them to use a sharp knife, plane, or chisel, they might cut themselves. The poor kids have never had a chance to learn how to do something with their own hands.

As older members of the sailing tribe, when we were growing up a large number of us learned how to use tools as children. We started out using our father's saws, planes, chisels, to build primitive toy boats out of pieces of 2"x4". We created something with our own two hands.

Those first experiences led us onward on the DIY path. As our woodworking skills slowly grew, we accumulated more and more tools and our projects grew in size and complexity as well. I was aided by the great shop teachers at the New York City 63rd St YMCA woodworking shop who taught me how to carve a 36" sailboat hull, make the mast and boom, build all the fittings out of brass and then rig the boat. It was happily sailed for years at the Conservatory Lake, the model boat lake, in Central Park.

All these growing skills resulted in ever larger sized projects from building 6' wing-span 1/4hp gasoline engine powered model aircraft, to houses and on to boats.

After WWII a high school friend bought a Liberty Ship's molded plywood lifeboat for \$25 from government surplus, which we gutted at a boatyard at Dykeman Street on the Hudson River and then built a lovely little gaff rigged cutter on the hull. I made the bowsprit, mast and boom as well as a new rudder and tiller using hand tools only. We hand spliced all our rigging using galvanized wire rope.

Doing Something With Our Own Hands

By Connie Benneck

While my friend had bought the boat, I, as the engineer, overhauled the rainwater soaked, hand cranked Universal ATOMIC 4 and had it running again (the lifeboat had sat on a pier in Brooklyn half full of water). We sailed it on Long Island Sound from City Island as far east as Bridgeport.

Years later, while living in Europe, I built rubber band powered working submarines for our children as well as new sailboats. As they grew older, and we had bought a larger sailboat, the children and I built an Optimist for one child, I stupidly thinking that the other could sail our 9' fiberglass dinghy.

Ha! Stupid adult! There were nothing but arguments between both children each weekend as to who could sail the fast and nimble Optimist and who would have to sail the bathtub. The child with the Optimist could sail rings around the 9' plastic bathtub dinghy.

So the following winter all three of us built a second Optimist in my cellar workshop in Munich. Then the arguments stopped and peace was restored. Now they could competitively sail against one another or in the Optimist races organized by the Chiemsee Yacht Club for their member's youngsters.

Both children became excellent sailors, learned how to row the dinghy properly, learned sailor's handicrafts, all the useful nautical knots, how to belay cleats properly, could make nets, macrame belts for their blue jeans, Turk's Head knots for their tillers and learned to use tools. They also had their own sailor's knives with sharp blades as working crew members and knew how to use them.

Today they can use screwdrivers, saw, planes and can pound nails accurately, but each has their own business so they have no time any more for Messing About in Boats.

When I was young and building model airplanes, we bought balsa wood strips, learned how to read a plan, learned how to break a double edged razor blade so that we had two tools and how to break one blade so that we had a sharp point for cutting the balsa. Today, kits for model airplanes are pre-built and only require a short simple assembly, you don't have to build anything any more.

The children today are given a Fisher Price workbench made of plastic with a plastic hammer, a plastic saw that couldn't cut a slice of American cheese if your life depended on it, or a phony plastic toy kitchen where everything is absolutely and certifiably child proof, but also is totally useless and only make believe.

When do children get to learn about the real world? When they finally leave for college and are finally away from hovering helicopter parents? They've lost 12 to 15 years of learning experience time using real tools, the kind that adults use but they are not allowed to touch. After all, they might cut themselves. Duh!

They have totally missed out on the joys we experienced by creating something with our intelligence, know how and with our own hands. We start with some basic raw materials and eventually create our kayak, dinghy, shelves, pull out drawers in our kitchen where we can store pots and pans. We have become semi masters of our own universe. We have found new satisfactions and our lives are fuller as a result.

We have also learned to think differently and we can make our universe fit our requirements. We are not limited to "what can I buy in the store?"

Not exactly this, but quite a bit like it. My first build only 60 years ago this summer.

Back then we all got a subscription to *Boy's Life*, a large format, full color magazine with our dues to the national Boy Scout organization. Every month we got to read about adventures of every stripe. Every article was heavily illustrated with either hand renderings or photographs. Everything from how to create your own Sioux war bonnet from actual eagle feathers and self tanned deer hide to the construction of an emergency shelter from precisely cut snow blocks.

And in the back were a plethora of small ads for everything from Plumb hatchets to Remington lever action 22s. Of course, the Remington ads would normally show a couple of scouts in full uniform dispatching a coiled and striking rattler with a single shot through the serpent's open jaws. In many ways, those long gone days of the 1950s represented an apex of adventure, fantasy and possibility for what was termed a "Red Blooded American Boy." I had a particular affinity for those postage stamp sized advertisements for boat plans and kits in the back of the magazine with the rifle ads. Jeez, some things we just don't outgrow. Not ever.

I can still remember. It was an outfit calling itself The Dedham Kayak Company. For the cost of postage and a SASE I could write

My First One

By Dan Rogers



for "literature." For a few dollars (probably about ten, or perhaps even 20) I could have my very own "kayak kit," like with the sailboat and the miniature ski boat that followed, I saved up my lawn mowing money and my babysitting money and my allowances. I sent this huge sum off to a place I still have never been, Dedham, Massachusetts.

After waiting for what then seemed an eternity, a long bundle of sticks, a mid sized box of slats and a roll of cotton duck showed up, I believe, at the Greyhound Bus terminal. If not by bus, then my first boat came transcontinental by train. Those sticks were straight grained stuff somebody had ripped off a piece of shiplap on his table saw. The slats were the sort of thing an apple crate would have been made from, resawn on a bandsaw. And there was a brown paper sack full of carpet tacks and another one with slot-head brass wood screws of several denominations. The instructions were a single sheet, typewritten and mimeographed, a simple sketch and narrative directions. This would have been the summer between the fifth and sixth grades, I would have been on my way to First Class and collecting merit badges for Star. I had access to a coping saw, an "egg beater drill," a ballpeen hammer with a loose head and a few C-clamps.

With several week's work, a couple of those small plastic bottles of Elmer's Glue and a gallon of that newfangled latex house paint, she went together pretty much according to plan. She floated and paddled well. That little boat was still intact and fully found when I gave her away almost 20 years later. Over a lifetime, the boats I've built, and been owned by, got bigger and more complicated but never better than my first one.

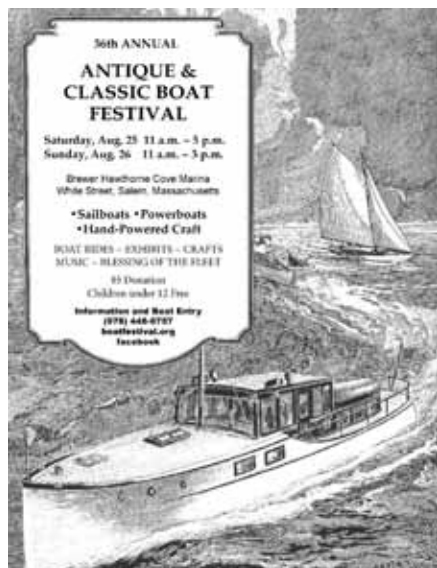


You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

36th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival

On August 25-26 this now long running festival of antique and classic boats returns to the historic Salem, Massachusetts, waterfront at Brewer's Hawthorne Cove Marina. Its informal closeup nature includes opportunity to visit with many of the owners of 40 or more classic sail and power boats and often go aboard. For a preview, check out the website at boatfestival.org. Anyone wishing to enter their classic is invited to call Jean at (781) 690-9707. Your boat need not be in show condition, they are all works in progress.



35th Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival (#36) returns on October 6 and 7 to St Michaels, Maryland. Hundreds of amateur and professional boat builders and enthusiasts come from all over the region to display their sailing skiffs, rowing shells, kayaks, canoes, paddle boats, prams and one of a kind boats

will be on display and in the water. Scenic river cruises aboard the 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle*, live music, along with food and beverages will be available to round out the weekend festival.

On Saturday, CBMM Shipyard staff and Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School instructors will be on hand to offer boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations. Also, at 1pm on Saturday the Miles River race of small craft will take place, viewable from CBMM's waterfront and docks.

On Sunday, festival goers are invited to bring nautical items to swap or sell at a traditional swap meet before heading home.

See photos at bit.ly/mascfphotos and for more information, visit cbmm.org/mascf or call (410) 745-2916.



Adventures & Experiences...

Trying Out My New Boat

Just hit the water with my new Suzuki 50. My 25 would have been sufficient for the speed I like to go but I would have had to wind her up all the time. Even though she is a quiet motor during the lion's share of her throttle range, open her up and she gets a little vocal. The 50 just lopes around so quiet I don't even need ear plugs, except, of course, for wind noise, which can be a bear in its own right.

I am at the stage where I have to open her up for brief periods as I am still doing the break in. Yikes! I could have easily gotten by with the 40 but the 50 was only a few hundred more so I figured what the hey! Turns out she's a little too fast for me at wot. I feel like a cartoon character, hands on the wheel, feet flapping in the slipstream. She'll peg me back in my seat for sure! It would have been another \$700 to get the 60. I am very glad I didn't do that. My cheapness saved me! The 60 would have been just enough extra where it would have been unsafe.

I am delighted to report that my 60-year-old aluminum boat appeared to have held together fine and did not leak a drop. Not a drop! But, as always, I have a few things I will have to rework. My nice stainless steel steering wheel is wrong for the boat and I had to replace it for the time with a plain second hand plastic model. The stainless wheel had a different taper for the hub shaft and was not a safe fit. I am hoping a shim of some sort will work but as I am trying to stay out of YouTube. I will search for a better looking unit that actually fits.

In retrospect, I should have also gone with a center console. The vintage advertisement showed it with a side console so I thought it would be cool to do as they did. There I go thinking again.

I do miss having a windshield, hardtop and cuddy to get out of the sun. But, on the positive, she is the biggest boat I can easily get in and out of the 10th Street boat ramp, which is restricted to craft 16' and below, at least according to the sign. My backing ability is a more definite restriction and this boat is at the max. I am delighted in the trailer though. It was pieced together by the previous owner who drove tow trucks for a living. He knew what he was doing with trailers and this is the best engineered unit I have owned. Backing is easier than any of them and most were smaller. Note to self, don't skimp on trailers!

As soon as she is broken in I am off to Swansboro for refreshments at the Swansboro Yacht Club, then Oriental for a cup of Joe and dare I saw New Bern on the Neuse River? Ahhh, maybe not. That might be a little too choppy for me, but you never know! This boat has just enough extra capability that I'm thinking I can double my boating days as my previous boat, the *Bludgeon*, was just a hair too small for the wind.

I would go into more detail about my plans but my cooler is packed, the boat is gassed up, she's hooked to my truck and its beautiful out so I have to cut this short.

Johnny Mack, Morehead City, NC

Time to Give Up Messing About

Your publication and the *Ash Breeze* are now the only connections remaining to my earlier maritime adventures. I have learned that at my age and waning sense of balance it would be folly, if not dangerous, for me to try messing about any longer. In the past my boating has been pretty safe, except for one recent event, which took place a couple of years ago when I went overboard while rigging my Menger Catboat, *The Great Pumpkin*, for the season. Luckily we were at our mooring buoy and my son was able to grasp my belt and help me reboard using the folding steps on the rudder and transom. It was a frightening experience and led me to the conclusion that messing about is for younger folks.

In any event, I still enjoy the mental pleasures of reading about boats and everything pertaining to them, your magazine is the front door to my nautical library.

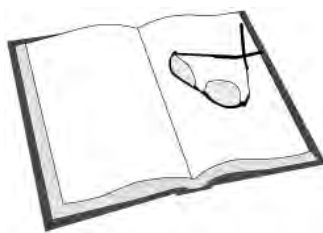
Joseph Ress, Waban, MA



Many, if not most, *MAIB* readers know just who Arthur Ransome is, though he'd likely be a "stumps every contestant question" on Jeopardy. Not so in the UK where Ransome is a well known, if localized, industry in the Lake District, East Coast and Norfolk Broads. His children's books are still in print, some of his other titles sometimes reprinted, and *Swallows and Amazons* was made into a film in 2016, in addition to earlier TV and film efforts by BBC and others.

The Arthur Ransome Society (TARS) is active worldwide (including Japan!) but still mostly a UK and Anglophile pursuit. For those who may still be wondering who I'm talking about, Arthur Ransome, journalist, writer and sometimes spy, is best known for a series of 12 children's novels (both about and written mostly for children). Most of the stories revolved around nautical settings, often small boats. In nine of the 12, Nancy Blackett appears, often in the center of the action, and she is usually considered Ransome's favorite character. The good little ship of our title was one of Ransome's cruising boats, named for the character Nancy Blackett.

The intricacies of British tax law lead to a proliferation of various "Trusts," similar to American "Not For Profit" setups, to support various "Worthy Causes." When a member of The Arthur Ransome Society discovered the deteriorating remains of Ransome's *Nancy Blackett*, to shorten a fairly convoluted story, they set up the *Nancy Blackett* Trust to finance the restoration and ongoing operation of the boat *Nancy Blackett* as an educational project, not to mention a sailing memorial to Arthur Ransome himself. A good deal of *Swallows and Amazons* fans' emotional investment in the boat and the Trust has to do with the thinly disguised connection between *Nancy Black-*



Book Review

Good Little Ship Arthur Ransome, Nancy Blackett and the Goblin

By Peter Willis, Foreword by Libby Purves
Lodestar Books, London 2017

Reviewed by John Nystrom



ett and the fictional boat *Goblin* in Ransome's book, *We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea*.

If *Good Little Ship* were just a nice story of the restoration of a classic wooden sailing boat, it would be worth the read, but it turns out to be quite a bit more. Partly literary history and criticism, partly biographical, partly sailing log, the book also includes an article Ransome wrote about a week long cruise in this very boat. The chapters are divided between *Nancy Blackett's* history with "Ransome" and "After Ransome." Appendix I details "Arthur Ransome's Pin Mill and Environs," the Ransomes' home port during that period in their lives and starting point for the unexpected voyage of *We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea*. Appendix II discusses "Ransome's Other Boats."

I've read many of the biographical and critical works about Ransome and find this one unique in that it connects the boats that figure so prominently in the author's life and affections with the literary works that Ransome is best remembered for. Although Ransome was an interesting character in his own right and involved in both literary, journalistic and historical controversy in his day, I doubt anyone would remember him as even a footnote in any of the above had it not been for his popular and enduring children's literature. If someone were to ask me for a recommendation of just one book about Arthur Ransome to read, as opposed to a book written by Ransome, *Good Little Ship* is the one I'm choosing. If you don't buy it for yourself, or borrow it from an indulgent friend, get your local library to pick it up. It's a great read all by itself and may encourage someone to look into the books Ransome is best known for. Looks like I may need to reread those delightful books again.

The Arthur Ransome Society

www.arthur-ransome.org.uk

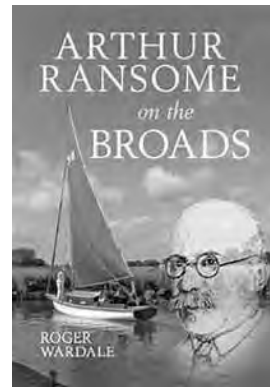
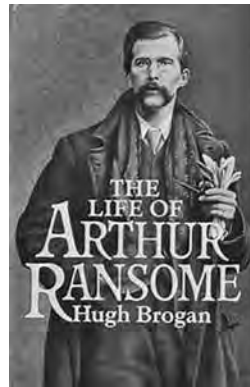
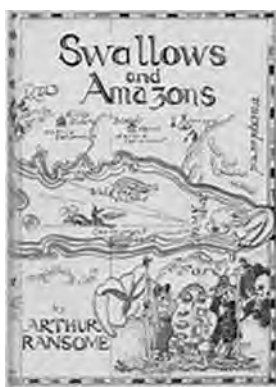
Arthur Ransome was the celebrated author of the 12 "Swallows and Amazons" stories written for young people of all ages. But he was much more: bohemian, media correspondent during the Russian Revolution, spy, sailor, fisherman, pipe smoker. The Society exists to celebrate his life and to promote his interests in exploring, camping, sailing, navigation, leadership, literature and much more.

Arthur Ransome & Captain Flint's Trunk
Christina Hardyment, ISBN: 0-7112-2692-0
Frances Lincoln Ltd, 2007 (1984)
Arthur Ransome and the World of the Swallows & Amazons
Roger Wardale, ISBN: 0-9535035-4-2
Great Northern Books, 2000
Arthur Ransome's East Anglia
Roger Wardale, ISBN: 0-946148-570
Poppyland Publishing, 2001 (1988)
Discovering Swallows & Ransomes
John Berry, ISBN: 1-85058-814-7

Other Books About Arthur Ransome

Sigma Leisure, 2004
In the Footsteps of the Swallows and Amazons
Clare Kendall-Price, ISBN: 0-95211-86-02
Wild Cat Publishing, 1993
In Search of Swallows & Amazons: Arthur Ransome's Lakeland
Roger Wardale, ISBN: 1-85058-839-2
Sigma Leisure, 2006 (1996)
The Life of Arthur Ransome
Hugh Brogan, ISBN: 0-224-02010-2

Jonathan Cape, 1984
Nancy Blackett: Under Sail with Arthur Ransome
Roger Wardale, ISBN: 0-224-03754-4
Jonathan Cape, 1991
Signalling from Mars: The Letters of Arthur Ransome
Hugh Brogan, ISBN: 0-224-04261-0
Jonathan Cape, 1997
The World of Arthur Ransome
Christina Hardyment, ISBN: 978-0-7112-3297-6
Frances Lincoln 2012



Scotland or bust! I did not bust! Hooray, I had returned safely to my spiritual canoeing home in September 2017, for an expedition on the River Spey.

The paddling history of the Spey, and other United Kingdom rivers and lakes ranks high as a significant reason to navigate these waters. I have long advocated that American and Canadian paddlers should undertake a pilgrimage to the United Kingdom, where modern recreational canoeing was born. Even before that time, the nineteenth century fledgling explorers honed their skills on these home waters before leaving for North America to confront the wilderness. I myself share this heartfelt bond with these early pioneering adventurers. We all wanted to know what was around the next bend.

Once off the train at Aviemore in the Scottish Highlands, I half imagined that I was back in my native New England, this Scottish community being a dead ringer for North Conway, New Hampshire, with forests, mountain ridges, lakes and rivers. Both places have exploded with runaway growth over the past 150 years. The once isolated village of Aviemore in the nineteenth century entered a brand new era with the arrival of the railroad in 1863. The snorting iron horse quickly transformed both Aviemore, and likewise North Conway, forever, bringing vacationers, sportsmen, fishermen, artists, golfers, and skiers north to breathe fresh air and drink spring water, in search of health and peace of mind. They had left behind crowded, congested manufacturing and mill cities to the south. Modern Aviemore, now a town, reflects this image of an idyllic gateway to outdoor recreation. For myself, Aviemore would serve as the put-in for the River Spey, just as North Conway beckons as a Mecca for hikers heading into the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

After our party of ten met for our initial meeting at the Aviemore railroad station at 10am, Grant, the head guide, made the introductions all around. We then proceeded to the river, a hefty stone's throw from the railroad station.

During the ritual of the put-in, I shall sheepishly confess that I missed most of the work, laying down to rest in a nearby level grassy area just off a path. I was a victim of jet lag. The others, either United Kingdom natives or the guides already in Scotland, did not half succumb to this modern malady, and good naturedly handled the loading duties without me.



Our individual gear was stuffed into two barrels with latches to seal the lid tops, one barrel for clothes and personal items, the other for a sleeping bags and air mattresses. I had flown over from Boston as lightly packed as possible, renting from the Beyond Adventure outfitter my tent, boots, sleeping bag, air mattress, and rain gear. Otherwise I would have risked throwing out my back, lugging such weight through airports and train stations.

Canoeing Scotland's River Spey

World Famous for Salmon Fishing and Whisky

By Richard E. Winslow III

Dedicated to the sport of canoeing which promotes invigorating exercise, robust health, great companionship, a sense of freedom and an endless vista. When one is canoeing, the world always seems to be a more positive, cheerful place.

I was introduced to a new canoe with the lettering, "Hōu Canoes" on its hull, and below that "Made in Britain." Established in 2013, this innovative manufacturer has adopted the intriguing trademark name, "Hōu," the Polynesian word for "now." They are carrying on, in a modern sense, the tradition of the Polynesians who hollowed out logs 4,000 years ago for ocean travel. According to its promotional literature, the company has taken every conceivable effort to incorporate the latest technology and design, coupled with the best materials, into its product. I found these canoes, very similar to the Old Town model, to be sturdy and reliable.



Grant, a United Kingdom native, is endowed with a football athletic build. He is a man in his thirties, and had already accomplished everything one could possibly attain in the world of Scottish canoeing. With such experience, Grant has become a full time, year round employee of Beyond Adventure, housed in its new outfitting facility on the River Tay.

I had traveled thousands of miles to join this expedition, but upon meeting the two assistant guides, it was as if I had never left home. Ray and Alex are Americans, both recent graduates of SUNY/Plattsburgh and natives of New York State. "I majored in hospitality and outdoor recreation," Ray said. We quickly became good friends as I was the bowman paired with Ray in the stern.

Lorissa, also an American, is an athletic young woman from Montana. She teaches school in the Big Sky state. Lorissa breathes the outdoors. "My grandfather," she said, "was one of the first packers into 'The Bob'." Revered in the outdoor world, "The Bob" is the nickname for Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness area. Through his writings, Bob Marshall has become my idol and mentor, a great environmentalist and explorer of Alaska's Brooks Range in the 1930s.

The others in our party hailed from the United Kingdom, consisting of four men and

one woman.

Ahead of us was a four day, three night paddle on the River Spey. From Aviemore, halfway down from the headwaters of the 107-mile river, we would paddle the last sixty miles to Moray Firth and Spey Bay, arms of the North Sea. Most of the paddling would feature still or slightly moving water. But we were harboring no illusions in advance. Ahead were two major rapids with self explanatory names, "Washing Machine" and "Knockando Rapids," which we would face on two consecutive days, broken up in between with a night's sleep.

To keep the river relatively calm and quiet, no motorboats are allowed to churn up and pollute its waters. No glass containers are permitted. All trash is to be carried out.

Compared to the well travelled Great Glen Canoe Trail to the south in Scotland, a waterway I had canoed the year before, the Spey loomed ahead as a much less commercialized river, with no canals, locks, barge pubs, map signs, and excursion boats. We would not have to contend with the Loch Ness monster, the Spey being too narrow to support such a mythical creature.

So much for all the history, geography, personnel, and preparations, let's get going! Launch! Step in! Trim the canoe! Paddle! We're off! The quiet water was flocked with white foam bubbles which wafted to the shore as fluffy rings. We paddled out into mid-stream.

Grant led the group in an easy current. I always knew at a glance where Grant would be. He would be paddling solo in a blue canoe, sporting a white helmet and a yellow PFD, or life jacket. The rest of us were in red canoes, blue helmets and red PFD vests. This color code arrangement provided a safety measure. In case of an emergency, we knew Grant's precise location.



"Do as I say, or you may dump!" Grant, the expedition's head guide, always has a firm grip both on his paddle and his guests.

A competent guide has to evaluate the skill and abilities of his clients. Grant soon developed a sense of confidence in his paddlers. He did not always push ahead as the lead canoe. On easy calm stretches, he frequently let others take their turn. Like race horses on a fast track, one canoe would break loose from the pack, charge ahead, only to fall back with the approach of a faster canoe.

The real danger ahead, however, was not necessarily the mid stream heavy swells and swift current, but that which would present itself along the banks. Toppled trees, undercut with the spring surge of overflow water during break-up or ice-out, had crashed into the river, leaving a messy tangle of trunks, branches, and woodpiles. "Strainers," as they are called, are the invention of a sadistic devil, hovering on the sneak to snare unsuspecting victims.

This scene may be a fitting subject for a landscape artist at his easel safely on the bank, but for canoeists, indeed, all water sportsmen, kayakers, rafters and swimmers, a trap to be avoided at all costs. A slam into a strainer almost invariably results in a dump, and often the entrapment of the paddlers, pinned in a hellish watery prison. Most canoeists, trapped momentarily on the surface or underwater, manage to wiggle and twist to free themselves. Every now and then the strainers take no prisoners. Regardless of how serious or incidental the dump may be, the whole party is delayed indeterminately to undertake a rescue.



Paddlers beware! Half hidden "strainers" lurk on the River Spey. These hazards await careless canoeists, much as a frog flicks out his tongue to zap an unsuspecting fly.

As it happened, one of our flotilla did dump in shallow water on this first day, upon striking a semi submerged tree. The accident proved to be a minor mishap except for the subsequent wet clothes and canoe full of water. Grant led the rescue. There were no injuries, no smashed canoes, and no swept-away equipment, just the feeling of chagrin by the soaked canoeists. They donned dry clothes on the bank. We were off again.



The pastoral scene was enhanced with sheep grazing in the pastures. At times I again half thought I was back in New England, with the trees in yellow fall foliage, lacking, however, the red maple tinge of back home. The river had not always been so peaceful and serene. "They used to float logs down from Aviemore," Grant said, "for ship-building on Moray Firth."

If you wander into camp, you may well end up as lamb chops for supper! Oblivious to canoeing parties, sheep graze leisurely on riverside pastures, affording a pastoral scene for plein air painters and photographers.



A red deer scampered behind a line of trees, frisky as the river. Upon our approach, a grey heron flew overhead and landed with a flutter on one of the upper branches of a tall tree downstream.

For many years, I have enjoyed canoeing and rafting on the wilderness waterways of Alaska and northern Canada. The further north one went, the deeper the spell of solitude. One might imagine that paddling this Scottish river would be a letdown, lacking the excitement of a remote Arctic river. That absurd crazy thought never entered my mind, as I and the rest of the party found in front of us exactly what we were looking for right here, topnotch canoeing at its best.

In the late afternoon, we landed and hauled our canoes up onto a grassy open field, our home for the night. In Scotland, the term is "wild camping." No signs, no prepared tentsites, no fire pits, no restroom facilities, no permits, just a random pull off the river campsite at a farm or pasture. There was also plenty of room for a few kayakers arriving a little later to set up their own separate camp. A high fence gave us, and the sheep, a sense of privacy. Ray helped me pitch my tent, and soon we headed for supper.



Luxury accommodations are reserved exclusively for canoeists at the Marriott/Spey canvas hotel. A tall conical teepee provides ample space for cooking, dining, and sleeping.

The main tent rose as a peaked teepee, roomy enough inside for cooking and dining, along with doubling as the guides' sleeping quarters, once everyone else had cleared out after the meal. At the door flap entrance, each person took off their boots to avoid tracking in mud. On a canvas floor mat, we sat around in a circle. In the middle around a stove, the guides cooked the meal. Relaxed, warm, and eating great food, we, of course, talked shop, holding forth on the

world of canoeing. "After the season is over here," Ray said, "I am heading for Thailand and Vietnam to lead kayaking trips along the coast with an American company."

Grant also spoke. "I went over to Finland to lead a trip," he said. "That country is fast beginning to develop its outdoor recreational potential. Compared to twenty years ago, they now have roads, lodges, and outfitters to open up the place with its 100,000 lakes."

The next morning was bright and sunny, a good omen in anticipation of the rapids ahead. Many fishermen were casting for salmon from either side of the river. Every now and then a fish would jump beyond their lures and hooks. The fishermen had waded out with their hip boots, eager to catch a trophy in the most famous salmon fishing river in the world. The anglers invariably wore forest green pants and jackets, blending in with the backdrop of grassy slopes and trees. The salmon would undoubtedly be less suspicious. On the other hand, they would surely avoid the flash of our bright red clothing.

If these fishermen needed a rest, or to sit down to tend to minor repairs, there was usually a long, wooden painted green bench close to the bank. Up the slope, modest cottages were strategically located for good access to the best fishing holes. The anglers appeared to be local people, not well heeled sportsmen who had travelled here from a distance in the company of their guides.



An angling paradise found. Casting for salmon is good both for the arms, torso, legs, and soul. On numerous occasions our party swung wide to avoid lines and hooks.

In our canoes, we always swung in a wide arc well in advance, to avoid disturbing the fishermen and the salmon. Depending on which side they were casting, we swung back and forth. No caster ever lifted a string of fish for display. Either the salmon were already caught and packed in a cooler, or they were not biting that day.

After this pleasant interlude, we approached the aptly named, "Washing Machine," a Class II thrash. First I heard the roar, and then saw the fury ahead. We were fortunate, there were no strainers blocking the center of the lead, for a clean shot.

Grant had gone ahead in the lead canoe, and jumped out on a rocky point. We awaited his commands. He had scouted and analyzed the whole scene, water discharge power, rocks, and eddies. With a wave of the arm, as if he were a traffic cop, Grant signaled for each canoe in line to proceed, one by one, at safe intervals, to take the most conservative lead.



Laundry service free of charge. Dick and Ray slam straight through the “Washing Machine,” correctly named for rattling canoes and drenching their occupants.

I tensed. Ahead was a succession of white crests billowing for about fifty yards. Ray and I splashed into this watery roller coaster. The canoe rocked up and down in a frenzy, the violent heartbeat of the river. I did not think, only reacted through instinct. We swept ahead to calm water. The “Washing Machine” had lived up to its name, with cold spray over my rain jacket. My face was completely wet. Luckily we had been provided free laundry service, perhaps an added perk for taking this trip.

In time, we arrived and landed at the town of Aberlour. Some of our party were anticipating a well deserved break for our strenuous paddling. We walked to the Aberlour distillery, founded in 1879. The Scottish whisky manufacturers on the Spey, the leading location of the industry in the country, are not shy. They brag without modesty that they are blessed with the finest, purest water on earth for their product. “Save water, drink whisky” is a national motto.

A couple of the boys had arrived ahead of me at the distillery and were leisurely sitting at an outdoor table on a patio. They were sipping free samples of the best whisky that Aberlour had to offer. I joined them. Teetotaler that I am, I could not resist a little taste on this special occasion.

Shrewd as the Scots are, they maintain an outlet store, open for business in a nearby building. The display showroom was like a boutique, all tastefully decorated. The salesman, decked out in coat and tie, acted as if he were a solemn doctor, dispensing his wares as medicine.

Along with our party, there were a number of tourists standing around as the salesman orated, explaining the secrets of his superior drink. With such a convincing come on, many became customers, unable to resist buying a bottle or so, housed in a fancy cardboard box. Tours of the distillery were available for a fee, but not at that particular time of day. We did not linger, and hiked down a country path to our boats. Home that night again featured wild camping, this time on a farm with crops which we were careful not to harm.

The third day on the river evolved much the same as the first two days. The morning was sunny but I was not going to depend on that. The Scottish weather is often fickle and changes frequently between sunrise and sunset, sunny, then cloudy, drizzle, and back to sunshine again, with no consistent pattern. Only a fool would hazard a guess what would prevail with this shift back and forth a half

dozen times. A friend who once lived in the southwestern United States had once remarked to me about the weather in that region, “If the day began with sunshine, it would stay that way until or even beyond nightfall.” That was not the case here in Scotland.

We approached Knockando Rapids with the roar warning us in advance. We swung around a slight curve, the canoe jumping up and down as it bounced from crests to dips. Ray had the run under perfect control. The river finally mellowed out as we glided into easy water.

The sunshine continued. We pulled off the river for lunch. The guides always set up a folding table with tablecloth for our buffet. Just then, a group of young ladies, probably on a school outing, landed their canoes a little upstream just below a bridge. This chance encounter marked the second and last time we would meet another party on the trip.



Don’t cut in line to make your sandwich! A riverside buffet provides an excellent prepare your own lunch.

After lunch, and with free time at hand, I strolled up to a country church overlooking the Spey. The scene was so quiet. No one else was around. Alongside the church was a cemetery with a gate entrance through a fence. I entered, walking through the lanes, and glancing at the numerous headstones. I immediately grasped the extent of the human price Scotland had paid in the Great War, as it is known in the United Kingdom, that is, World War I, along with World War II. On the stones were engraved the names of soldiers and the places they had fallen.

By late afternoon we found our home for the night, the last campsite of the trip. This time we were no longer roughing it. Instead of wild camping, our party enjoyed an established municipal campsite with road

access, rest room facilities, as well as shelter with tables and benches. As no one else was there, we had this luxurious place to ourselves. Tomorrow we would head for take-out at the village of Spey Bay.

The next morning dawned with a slight fog. It was as if we could grasp the squishy air and squeeze the drops of water out. I had always taken the most attentive care to my camera in the past, stored in its case in a dry place in my tent. I routinely checked out my camera, but, alas, this time it was dead to the world. There would be no still pictures or movies today. I had to junk the camera, a bad omen to start the day.

After breaking camp, I planted my feet, step by step, on the slippery muddy path with switchbacks down to the boats. Once we were underway, the weather deteriorated, fog, clouds, drizzle, and then rain, with a cruel wind against us. A gale was blowing in from Spey Bay, an arm of Moray Firth. This unruly storm greatly complicated matters.

Every outfitter on a guided trip always gears the final day as an easy short run to take-out. Most members of our party were committed to future plans. We could not afford to lose time with a layover day.

Less than a quarter mile from our take-out, disaster struck without warning. “Paddle hard, head for shore,” Ray yelled. I did not grasp what had happened. We landed with a hard bump and I hopped out on river left. I wheeled around and saw the red bottom hull of a rolled over canoe, entangled in a strainer. Without delay, Grant rescued Jim and Lorissa, as they popped up safely. He also freed the canoe from its wooden tentacles. Like all accidents, it happened so fast. Crouched down, I watched the rescue from behind bushes, which acted as a windbreak. The rain pelted down so hard that it stung my eyelids. Alex was concerned with my safety. He beached his canoe and I immediately jumped in. We paddled across the rough water to river right.

I spotted a rough rocky path leading to a cluster of indistinct, mirage like buildings, muted in the fog. Alex accompanied me for a few steps. I then walked on alone. At the end of the path, I chanced upon a pub in the tiny hamlet of Spey Bay. I was lucky. I opened the door and went inside, shed my dripping wet jacket and headed instantly to a fireplace, hovering close to its life giving heat from the blazing logs. I stood as close as I could without getting burned. For me, this moment was, in its own way, the highlight of the expedition.

A kindly lady at the pub counter took my order. She served up a bowl of French onion soup. Under such unusual circumstances, I relished this broth as the best I had ever tasted. In due time, the rest of the party arrived and joined me at the long table next to the fireplace. They wolfed down their own hot food. Our van was parked outside the pub. The expedition was over. We were safe.

In retrospect, if we had been blessed with good weather on the last day, this dumping ordeal would have probably never happened. The fierce Spey Bay wind had struck us hard, the equivalent of the Loch Ness monster, an enemy which we had to defeat.

Outside the pub, with the sky clearing, Ray and I posed for a picture, with the sea as backdrop. "We'll paddle the Tay River in Scotland next year," Ray said.



Until we paddle again! Against the backdrop of the raging Spey Bay, Ray and Dick pose for a traditional end of the expedition photograph.

Afterward I reflected on what this expedition had meant to me. Despite the occasional hardships, dumps, rain, and wind, our party's morale always soared like a grey heron in flight.

I could not help but recall Bob Marshall's moving and famous last paragraph in his book, *Alaska Wilderness*, "No comfort, no security, no invention, no brilliant thought," he wrote, "which the modern world had to offer could provide half the elation of the days spent in the little explored, uninhabited world of the arctic wilderness."

I can never hope to match Bob's eloquence and insights, but my own thoughts ran roughly parallel to his state of euphoria. Looking ahead fifty, five hundred or five thousand years from now, I have no doubt that, given an increasingly electronic and scientific world, we humans will flourish with the advent of prolonged life spans, faster transportation, and time saving machines. Technology shall easily produce superior canoes, tents, and whisky. All this "advancement" presumably shall usher in a more satisfying lifestyle. We will not have to work as hard.

But such a promise of a glorious future has no appeal to me, being perfectly happy to live in the present time. For us, on the River Spey the last four days and three nights, nothing could have provided more happiness than that which we had found in the simple joys of fresh air, fast rapids, and great companionship.

Bob Marshall, if he had been along with us, would have felt right at home on this fabled river. Long live the River Spey!



Practical Information

A paddling excursion on the River Spey embraces everything one could possibly look for in a canoeing expedition, rapids, grassy field campsites, salmon fishing, herds of sheep, forests, mountains, Scottish hospitality, and yes, whisky. Unlike the lure of the Loch Ness to the south, one on the Spey does not have to beat off an evil menacing monster for survival.

An able bodied party with average experience should encounter little difficulty on the Spey, a gentle stream for the most part, save for two rapids. And, if so desired, one can portage around the rapids. Do not miss out; canoeing the Spey is a most satisfying, unforgettable journey.

For Guide Service, contact: Beyond Adventure, Riverside, Aberfeldy, Scotland, United Kingdom, PH15 2EB.



A proud legacy continues uninterrupted. Training waters for the nineteenth century British explorers of the North American continent still offer superb paddling for modern day voyageurs.



Roger Barnes and *Avel Dro*

~ an indomitable duo

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

by Jacques van Geen

Translation by Roger Barnes

A two-day cruise in the Bristol Channel on board the Ilur Avel Dro. At the helm is Roger Barnes, the President of the Dinghy Cruising Association, whose members sail their simple but well thought out dinghies into the antipodes of the normal habits of pleasure boating. But the forecast is for inclement weather...

EACH WEEKEND THEY gather at various points of the coast. Casting off their sober suits as honourable subjects of the British crown, they don instead the colourful garb of fishermen, surmounted by strange oiled headgear. They cut their ties with civilisation, with hot water, hygiene and even the most basic comforts, and a continual spray of icy water is a vital part of their rituals.

When they return to their normal lives, they reintegrate relatively seamlessly, before vanishing to the next rendezvous.

The Dinghy Cruising Association (DCA) may have only a few hundred members, but they are all fanatics to the extreme. Their frail vessels work against the tide of the most powerful conventional dogma of our time: the truth that you must desire to own something, a boat for example, that is ever bigger, ever more expensive, and ever more flashy.

One fateful day I wandered onto the quayside near my home in Douarnenez, and one of these dinghy cruising types – the worst, no doubt, since they elected him President – sprang from his cockleshell and hailed me, laughing. I was weak and



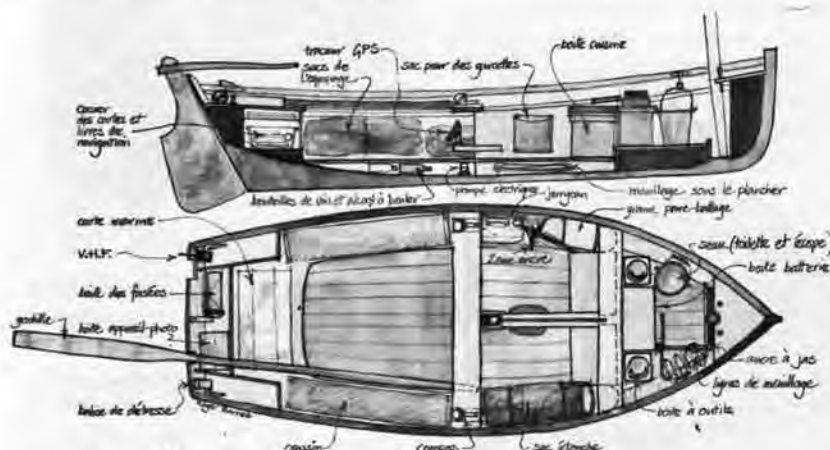
Muddy creeks: early days in the 12ft Tideway Baggywrinkle (featured in DC226, p21-22)

felt sympathy for him, and soon I was enmeshed in a diabolic spiral. It started with a cup of tea, which led inexorably to a day in late September when I was on the ferry crossing the Channel to England, and then I ended up aboard that same black cockleshell on the cold, rain-swept Bristol Channel. (We shall not speak for the moment, dear reader, of my baptism by full immersion).

Should I begin by describing

this gentleman, so dangerously sympathetic, or his boat? Roger Barnes or *Avel Dro*? The navigator has so well chosen and so well ordered his vessel that they are like one body. To portray one is to talk about the other, and vice versa. Confident but understated, both display a similar toughness, clothed in shades of tan red and hemp brown, blended with nuances of tarred wood. Neat and orderly, but at the same time rustic. Inseparable and indivisible. But the first is an Ilur dinghy constructed of clinker plywood, 4.50m long and some 350 kg in weight; the second a man of flesh and blood, about three times less long and five times lighter than his vessel, even in yellow oilskins.

Avel Dro is no ordinary pleasure boat. Just look at the small size of this vessel, which is evidently ridiculous, her archaic rigging and the long thin oars overhanging her stern, an incongruity that announces the lack of an engine. Approaching closer, we see other worrying signs as we peer into the interior of this craft. She is crammed like an egg! Stowage chests, coils of rope, anchors and rodes, buckets, waterproof bags arranged in



AVEL DRO ARCHITECTE : F. VIVIER

© Roger Barnes

under the side benches, and lockers under the bottom boards held shut by bronze turnbuckles. Everything is meticulously lashed down, close at hand. She reminds us of the small fishing craft of yesteryear; one of those valiant open boats in which the longshore fishermen of Europe passed their working lives. This is certainly not a holiday boat...

Her traditional rigging and gear is not there to look pretty, though. Simplify, strengthen: these were Roger's two watchwords when he worked at preparing his boat for coastal cruising. For the rest: 'no fuss' (*pas de chichi*). The modern instrumentation, the traditional technology, like her hull form and rigging, all were chosen because they have been proved to be robust, simple and sure at sea. For instance nautical charts coexist on board with modern GPS – a state-of-the-art chartplotter under the rowing thwart, well in sight of the helm, is backed up by a handheld device. Old techniques coexist with modern equipment to



Caracole at St Ives, 2000

assure the safety of the crew. There are two handheld VHF's, one kept within easy reach of the helmsman, as well as a mobile phone kept in a waterproof case and a distress beacon (PLB).

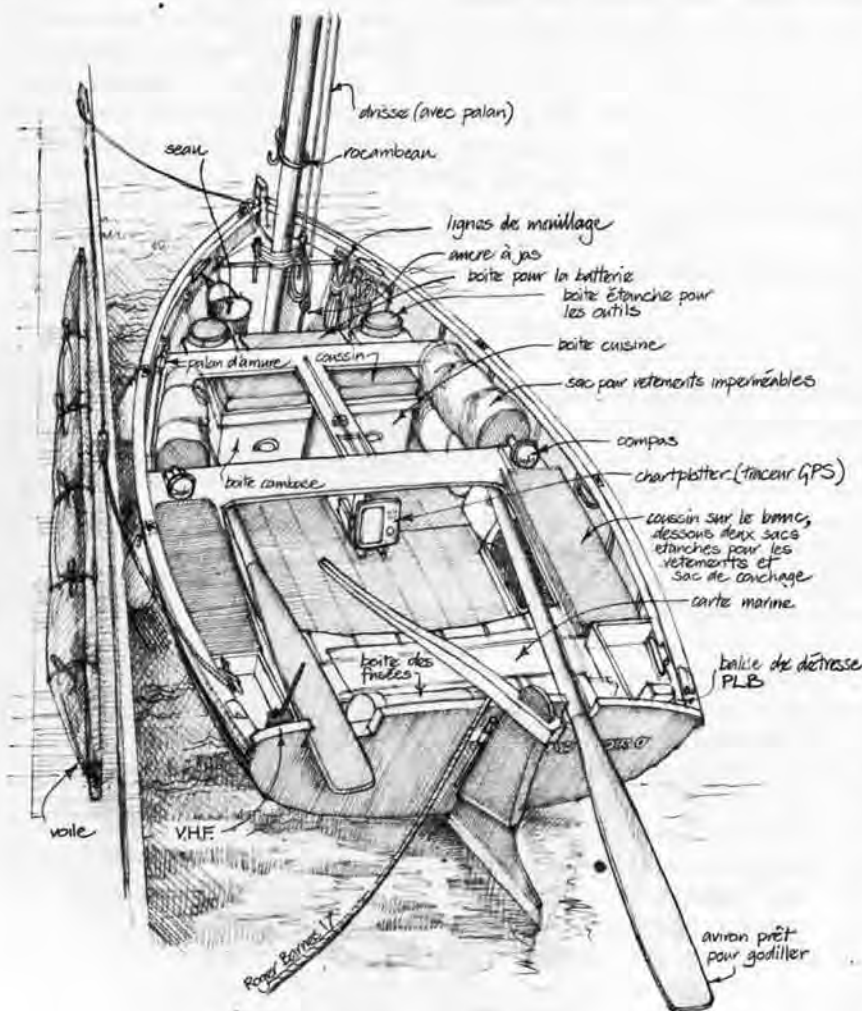
At a young age, Roger was introduced to the joys of sailing and navigating on Windermere, (in the extreme North West of England), where his parents

frequently took their family. Growing older, he sailed the length of the west coast of Scotland, and even out to the Hebrides and remote St Kilda, on board the boats of his friends or on charter yachts.

Cruising in a Tideway

He also began to cruise aboard his old Tideway, a pretty mahogany clinker dinghy of only 12 feet in length (3.6m). During many epic passages in his *Baggywrinkle*, still in Scotland but also off the East Coast of England, the Humber and exploring the Suffolk Rivers. 'It was with this boat that I first came to France and started to sail on the warm waters of Brittany,' he says. 'I came to the huge festival at Brest in 1992 and after that I participated often, far too often, in the maritime festivals of France.'

Regularly he and his friends also hired a couple of Broads Yachts, sailing and poling these magnificent traditional boats up the rivers and cuts, and across the inland lakes of the Norfolk Broads, working with the wind and human muscle, but never by motor. Whenever he had the chance, he also dumped his sea bag aboard rather larger traditional boats: Roger is a frequent crew member on the herring lugger *Rose of Argyll*, a friend of *La Cancalaïse*, of the old three-masted topsail schooner *Malcolm Miller*, and the Australian replica of Cook's Bark *Endeavour*. Then for a time he yielded to the siren call of 'bigger is better' and bought *Caracole*, a classic 6-ton cutter, designed by Harrison Butler. 'Suddenly





I had become a yachtsman,' he says.

He ended up living permanently aboard *Caracole* a good part of the time, and sailed her from Plymouth to Bristol, then to Brest and Douarnenez in the year 2000. After that he sailed her the length of the west coast of England and Wales, and across to the Isle of Man and Northern Ireland, before returning with her to the Lancastrian and Cumbrian coast ... so Roger had roamed about a lot before he discovered his alter ego in *Avel Dro*, even though this new romance is not a jealous one: he is still often

off adventuring on board other sailing vessels he deems worthy of his interest.

Seeking a small vessel that would be robust, efficient, and inexpensive in time and money, Roger decided to return to open boat sailing, and looked for a craft with a simple seaworthy hull and a decent freeboard. A single loose-footed lugsail rig met his requirements for simplicity, strength and ease of handling. 'Our way of sailing,' he explains, 'involves a change of perspective. Looking from our point of view, we are more attracted to working dinghies than sport boats.'

Do you speak Dinghy?

According to its founding manifesto in 1955, the purpose of the Dinghy Cruising Association is to promote the use of dinghies, (this term, without an equivalent in French, designates all kinds of small open boats under sail or oar), 'for any purpose except racing'. In practice, this means organising many two or three-day weekend cruises, which the DCA organizes most weeks throughout the season, and shorter trips in winter. But Roger and other enthusiastic aficionados see dinghy cruising as the ultimate culmination of pleasure boating, and their cruises can last several weeks, living aboard.

'In the last fifty years there have not been all that many modern dinghy designs produced that are truly adapted for cruising,' says Roger, who admits to a reverence for the designs of François Vivier. 'The popularity of dinghy racing has led to the development of formidable racing beasts, but they are really only any good for that. These boats are amazing but uninhabitable. They are unable to carry the necessary equipment to live aboard independently, they are not strong enough, not stable enough, and unsuitable for rowing.'

In the DCA flotilla you find many plywood boat designs of the early 1960s, as well as a few more modern designs to the plans of François Vivier, but also many vessels, less well known in France, such as the Welsford Navigator, the Norseboat, the Drascombe Lugger, the Wayfarer and obviously the Mirror dinghy, which remains as popular as ever.

This was also the approach of François Vivier when he designed the *Ilur*, combining the virtues of traditional inshore craft while taking advantage of modern construction techniques, adding lightness, watertightness, greater close-windedness, and the benefits of unsinkability.

Built by les Charpentiers' Reunis of Cancale in 1994, *Avel Dro* was 'remodelled' by her previous French owner, probably more for navigating under engine than under sail. Her rudder was cut down, the rigging altered and a large outboard bracket installed... Roger began by putting the rig and other gear back to its original state, according to Vivier's original plans. Since then there have been few modifications to her rigging or gear. Recently however, a two-part purchase was added to the halyard to aid in hoisting the sail, because Mary Dooley, an assiduous crew member on *Avel Dro*, had been struggling to get the halyard sufficiently tensioned with just a direct pull through the dumb sheave at the head of the mast.

So it is mostly by enhancements to her gear and equipment that *Avel Dro* has evolved to be a self-sufficient and safe coastal cruiser. Under the European RCD the *Ilur* is approved to navigate with 3 to 5 people aboard, depending on the category of the water in which she is sailing, but *Avel Dro* does not carry more than two crew members when cruising. It is a

Route du Sable (Ronan)





question of crew weight, and also of space to sleep and live in relative spaciousness. On his extraordinary passages, from experience, reflection and various simple refinements, Roger and *Avel Dro* have achieved the quintessence: a philosophy for living and navigating aboard a small boat, in total autonomy.

The idea of carrying out a feat just for the sake of saying you have done it is absolutely foreign to Roger. That is why *Avel Dro* has always crossed the English Channel on the car decks of Breton quaysides are sometimes surprised and even offended to discover that. Roger is amused by this. He explains to them that he lives on board his little dinghy while undertaking real cruises, but that making the crossing of the English Channel would bore him. Small boats have the great advantage that they can be transported wherever is most agreeable. So why punish yourself? And why seek tough deeds to achieve at all costs? The true pleasure of sailing has nothing to do with the extreme experiences that television fetishises, or in sailing as fast as possible. Roger's sailing seeks meaning along the wild coasts, in forgotten ports and remote creeks. In the places he calls, 'The most interesting parts of the sea'. In summary: 'Dinghy cruising is not about distance sailed. It is about detail.'

But that philosophy does not

prohibit Roger from making long passages, as testified by the navigation logs of *Avel Dro*. In England he sails mostly on the south and west coasts, but there is another Scottish cruise in his sights... Whenever he can, he also carries the flame of the DCA across to our side of the English Channel, under sail and oar. In France he has explored our Atlantic coast from the Pertuis Charentais as far as the Ile de Sein, not ignoring the Golfe du Morbihan, where he is a regular participant in the local maritime festivals.

The rest of the time *Avel Dro* lives on her trailer in a field near his house, as Roger chose to settle in the countryside, in the east of Somerset. Here, surrounded by white sheep rather than white horses, he can devote attention to his profession as an architect, without too much distraction, and of course to his activities as organiser, enthusiast and propagandist of the Dinghy Cruising Association. Although some way from the sea, this inland location allows him the freedom to sail at numerous places on the southwestern coastline of England, all less than two hours' drive from his home, carrying the light of dinghy cruising far and wide, to create consternation and self-doubt amongst blazer-wearing yacht owners and wetsuit-clad water sports enthusiasts...

The preparations for our trip together are rapidly concluded. 'Our small dinghies may not be as fast as yachts, but they are usually used much more often!' explains Roger. 'We can

keep them on the trailer at home and carry out all the necessary maintenance without long road trips between workshop, chandlery and marina. They are also always ready to be taken to the best place to sail, depending on the weather.' So *Avel Dro* is always 'poised for action' on her road trailer.

We load into her sufficient provisions for a few days living aboard. We recharge the various pieces of portable electronic equipment, as well as the big central 12v battery, which is lashed down in a waterproof housing near the bows, that also contains the chargers for the VHF and mobile phone. For my own gear, the skipper hands me two waterproof bags, 'Your clothes go in this one, the other is for your bedding, and anything that does not fit must stay ashore!' Having assembled the charts of where we plan to sail, and of where we may need to seek refuge, together with the necessary navigation instruments and our safety gear, we are ready to go!

But where should we go? A good cruise is a well-planned cruise, as everyone knows. But you must always

The Antidote to 'Yachting'

If dinghy cruising is a heresy, Roger is its High Priest, and his book is its scandalous viaticum. *The Dinghy Cruising Companion*, which still awaits a French publisher, was published in 2014. It talks about discreet sailing close to the coast, magical anchorages and warm encounters; secret creeks and small isolated fishing ports. Disregarding the conventions of modern living, he advocates a simple life of open-air adventure, of coastal exploration in defiance of the dear marinas that he considers ugly, useless, and superfluous.

In the book he reviews various boats, guiding the reader in the choice of a vessel, and mixes memories with technical advice: anchoring, rigging, equipment, manoeuvring, reefing, rowing, trailers, coastal navigation, provisioning, comfort and safety. It is not about sweeping generalisations, or categorical demands, but a way of thinking, of being, of navigating. It is about shared experiences and inspired reflections that focus on the particularities of dinghy cruising.

be prepared to revise your plans, even right up to the time of your departure, in the light of a changing situation... Roger knows his local waters and his boat, but the discussion is still an open one. Nautical charts, almanacs and coastal pilots cover the dining table and then, after pushing the furniture away, spread across the floor all around it. We take note of the tide times and the corresponding tidal flows on all the various local waters. This is vital, because the tides that flood into the Bristol Channel, that huge funnel, are among the greatest in the world. We check the weather forecasts from various sources that try, by their multifarious and fantastical augurs, to lead us astray amidst paper oceans rippled by virtual winds.

Plans are prepared, and the alternatives explored exhaustively. After a while, the multiplicity of possibilities gives us vertigo, when all we wish is to submit ourselves to the laws of the sea. The eternal childish stance of the navigator who tries to spread the varnish of human reason over something fundamentally free and untameable! We weigh up every option carefully, except the one that really makes sense: finding a comfortable corner by the wood stove, and snuggling down in the dry for three days, fortified with cups of tea and a stack of sea books.

The original plan, for the three days I am in England, was to sail out of Appledore and across Bideford Bar, and visit the small port of Clovelly as well as Lundy Island, well out in the Bristol Channel, before returning to Appledore. But the forecast winds are strong, veering from south to west, and of 25 and 30 kn, with gusts up to 35 kn. This is at the top edge of what is sensible for crossing Bideford Bar, and should we need to flee into shelter once out in the Bristol Channel, our options are limited. Ilfracombe is a good harbour, but only after a long passage towards Bristol through strong currents and vicious overfalls, or we might head across towards Wales, many tens of miles to the north.

We consider instead a more tranquil voyage in a sheltered river or an estuary. But then there is a vaguely soothing weather report, and we go back to our original plan. 'This is still going to be close to the limit of



Avel Dro just after arrival at Clovelly

this boat's capabilities,' explains Roger soberly. But I know Roger, his approach to life, to sailing, his experience of these coasts and of his boat. I know that he is no more interested in pushing his prowess to an idiotic level than I am. And we have already thoroughly checked over *Avel Dro*. So I have confidence in our decision, and if our 'not unreasonable' plans prove to be not so 'reasonable' after all, it will at least allow me to test the qualities of the man and his boat.

Arriving at Appledore the next morning, we meet up with *Little Jim* and her builder Alastair Law. *Little Jim* is a Paradox, a small coastal cruising boat with a cabin, that is well named as she is only 4.2m in length and of 25cm draught. We will be sailing together with *Little Jim*, and she is already afloat at the bottom of the slipway, tethered by her painter. Alastair stands alongside her, in bare feet and shorts, laughing at our planned escapade. It is reassuring.

Ten minutes suffice to get *Avel Dro* ready. She is fast to launch, rig and make ready to sail. We are fast too. We don our 'oily' trousers and our practical and warm buoyancy gilets, that are much preferable to the normal cumbersome PFDs, and the self-inflating models that you cannot wear under your oily top, that interfere with swimming when inflated, and prevent you clambering back on board and righting a capsized boat.

The wind, channelled between the riverbanks, is blowing out towards

the river mouth, and so it takes us with it, our sail well reefed down, the current flowing ever more weakly against us. Soon the Bar comes into view, relatively calm in the channel but bordered by impressive breakers on the neighbouring shoals. Roger sheets in the sail to spill wind and take some way off her, so the bow does not plunge too deeply into the waves. Once clear of the bar, we harden up and set a course into the south side of Bideford Bay. Close hauled now, it is easier to control the boat's speed as she pitches into the steep waves. No question in these conditions of pressing on towards Lundy, as we had originally considered. The wind and the sea would certainly be even greater in the open waters at the mouth of the bay. Out there, the southerly swell rolls in unhindered from the other side of the Atlantic, and the fierce currents around the island will not help either.

Avel Dro sails fast and the pumps see plenty of action too, due to the spray crashing from the choppy seas and the rain battering down on the bay. Roger has equipped *Avel Dro* with a pair of hand pumps fixed under each end of the main thwart, comfortably in reach of the helm on each tack, with crossed suction pipes arranged to empty the water out of the opposite bilge. There is also an automatic electric pump under the bottom boards, wired into the main battery. Soon we are picked up by the strengthening ebb current, and we punch bravely onwards towards the indistinct coastline fringing the bay

to the south, dim in the wet murk. For a long time we can see nothing clearly on that smudgy line of black cliffs bordering this almost deserted coast. Then, here and there, cascading from the green edging separating these dark walls from the sky, we pick out the white glow of a waterfall, pouring over the edge and plunging into the sea. We approach closer, to gain the shelter of these fantastic ramparts. Suddenly we enter their wind shadow, the wind drops and the sea becomes calm. Then, like a strand of white and beige lichen rooted in a thin crevice of granite, we finally see a handful of houses clambering up the cliff face. There is Clovelly!

A breakwater, a quay, a small slipway: barely a port. We cover the last half-mile under oars. We must arrive before the fair current leaves us and, above all, before the harbour dries at half tide, rendering the port inaccessible.

Oh Clovelly! Its unique street paved with black, slippery cobbles, and so steep that no wheeled vehicles can venture there. Here the people must

go about on foot, dragging sleds made of fish boxes mounted on wooden skids. In heavy continuous rain, being generously dispensed by the Atlantic skies, we climb the sinuous street, deserted by the tourists who flock here *en masse* on sunny days... We need to wait for the flood tide before we can haul the boat higher up the strand for the night, so we take refuge in the pub, at the sign of the Red Lion.

At the Sign of the Red Lion

Oh, warm and tranquil haven, with its stone-flagged floor on which our boots and oilskins drip abundantly. A blazing fire warms our bodies and our souls. Soon we're eating fish and chips, accompanied by local ales to restore our hearts! Oh, Scarlet Lion, how we love you for your hospitable welcome on this rainy, windy evening!

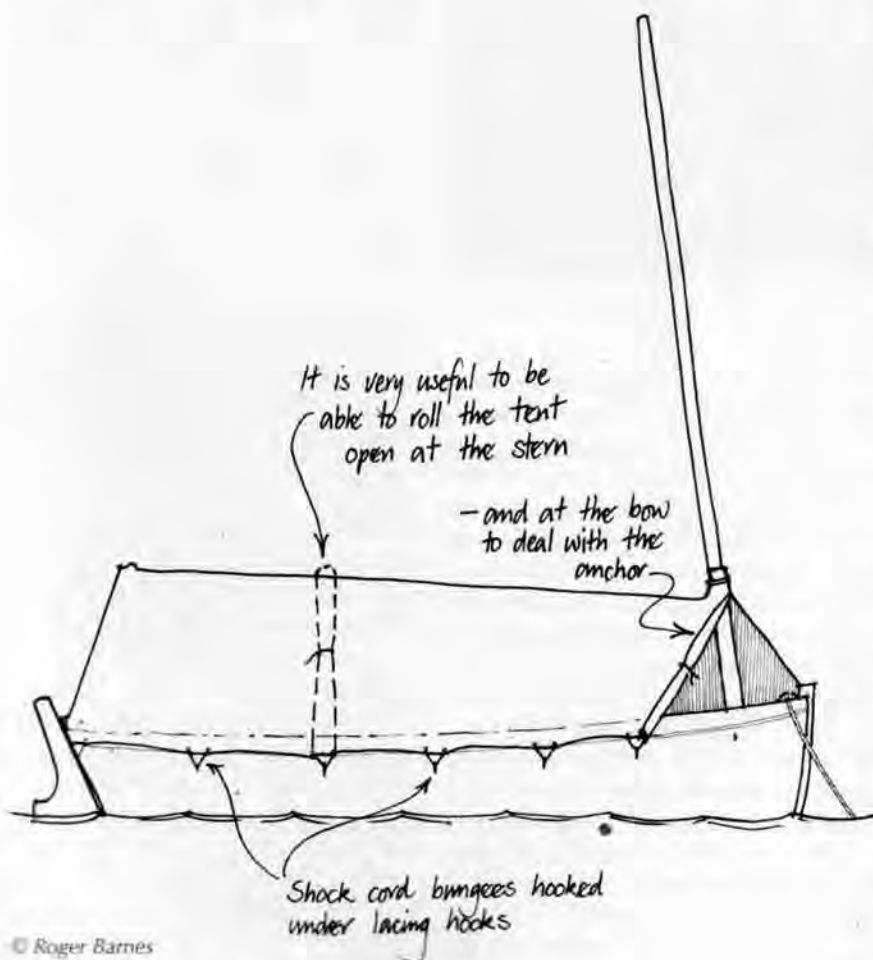
The time has come. We must haul up our boat, nosing her high up the pebble strand, and then moor her by bow and stern to the huge ground chains stretched across the harbour. Then we

set up the tent for the night. We rapidly unroll the canvas cover the length of the yard, which has been hoisted up the mast by the traveller and placed on some crutches at the stern, then the sides are held down by elastic bungees hooked tightly under a row of hooks some 20 cm below the gunwale. Clearly this tent cover is well designed and tested. Roger made a prototype of PVC tarpaulin before ordering the final beige canvas cover from a sail maker. He prefers a cotton canvas, 'because it reduces condensation'. The colour is important too, he believes, 'because it sets the mood for your early morning rising. If it is too dark, it condemns you to live in gloom, and if it is blue, to a dreary, cold awakening each morning.' But now bedtime approaches, and one of the fundamental rules of cruising, whatever the season, is that it will rain in the night.

Boat Camping in the Rain

Roger, who grew up in Cumberland in the far northwest of England, is used to a cold, damp climate. He always wraps himself up well and has developed a total indifference to rain. Showers, drizzle and deluges are all met with the same superb insouciance. Roger makes plausible preparations for a quiet night. He sings as he pours fresh water into the kettle. 'I don't understand why anyone, and particularly the French, goes aboard a boat without packing a kettle, one of the greatest contributions that British civilisation has gifted to humanity.' As the tea brews, he puts on some magnificently impressive woollen pyjamas, no doubt rescued from Shackleton's Antarctic expedition.

It rains. It pours continuously. And the cover was already sodden when we unrolled it. Drops of water bead on its underside and then dangle, trembling menacingly. At first hesitant, they swell and sway and ultimately lose their grip. We must unfold our bodies between the dripping water, the anchors, the bags, the ropes and the other gear. Soon our bodies find the required positions. Now go to sleep quick, before your sleeping bag is soaked, and the pots and pans we have arranged to catch the drips overflow or overturn. Roger does not like sleeping on a slope, so he gets up four or five hours later, after the tide



© Roger Barnes



Alastair and *Little Jim* head for the Bar ...

is agreed that we should have time to return to Appledore before the wind increases and the swell rises, so ruling out even that course of action.

'... *Avel Dro* plunges into the boiling cauldron ...'

By 11 o'clock we are in the thick of things, well on our way. Out of the shelter of the cliffs, the wind is back with us, stronger than ever, and rushes us quickly back towards the Bideford Bar buoy. The waves seem bigger than yesterday, yet not too threatening. High, definitely, but long and only lightly breaking. Arriving off the buoy, we round her up and replace the reefed sail with a small storm sail, a reused jib from Roger's old Tideway, then bear her off again and gybe to come onto the transit over the bar.

The waves are frequently cresting now and growing ever higher, breaking hard over the shoals to each side. Their height is difficult to estimate, as always, but they are certainly well taller than the 4m mast-height of *Little Jim*, who is still accompanying us, but disappearing completely between the summits of the seas. Yet the situation is under control. Roger, who has now taken over the helm, will soon be able to congratulate himself. It is good that we are well on our way now, out in the middle of the channel, especially looking at white seas to our left, breaking hard on the beach...

We are just coming abeam of the second starboard-hand buoy in the entrance channel, when a wave rather higher than the others breaks just under the starboard quarter of *Avel Dro* and trips her over, throwing us both into the foaming sea. Grabbing at the gunwale with one hand, I reach out to catch Roger, who is bobbing about entangled in the sheet. Roger is more concerned about stopping the yard and sail from floating away, because I had neglected to lash them down on board. We clamber back aboard the *Ilur*, which has already righted herself, virtually on her own, even with the plate up, (thank you and bravo, Monsieur Vivier!). We put her back on course without delay. I bail using the large bucket, aided by the electric pump, which has diligently started running. Roger guides the boat once more down the channel, and she behaves surprisingly well, even

has settled the boat onto the beach, in order to lever her hull back level with the help of an oar and to wedge her there with her fenders, already lashed in readiness alongside the boat before we erected the cover. Shamelessly, I leave him to do this without opening my eyes.

Asleep once more, I do not notice when Roger delicately moves my feet clear of the stove so that he can prepare our morning coffee. Nor do I hear the soft gurgles of his Italian moka pot, as it goes about its business. But then I discover, in that radiant dawn, another aspect of life aboard this *Ilur*: far from the easy comforts of a campervan or their floating plastic equivalents. In the light of that fair morning, my coffee mug in my hand,

the humble *Avel Dro* feels like a palace.

Now that we're finally up and about, we cannot resist a lunchtime feast at the inn. 'Toilets, hot water, a fine kitchen and a well-stocked bar - a dinghy beached beside a pub offers all the comforts that cabin yachts strive to mimic - but better,' Roger observes.

We review our plans for the day while waiting for the tide, discussing them with the harbourmaster and also the cox'n of the Clovelly lifeboat, just back from a training trip around the bay. Without doubt the weather forecast is unsuitable for a trip out to Lundy, as originally planned. The wind is forecast to strengthen and veer into the west over the next 24 hours, so we would end up trapped out on the island, unable to return. But everyone



© Roger Barnes

Avel Dro chavire à Bideford Bar

when flooded. Soon the water level is dropping visibly. I am just pumping out the last centimetres of water, with my back to the great seas rising up astern of us, when suddenly the boat takes off...

We have been picked up by a huge wave which sends us surfing forward at hallucinating speed, vibrating, whirring, jets of foam spurting from both sides of our prow. We are flying onwards through suspended time. Thirty seconds of eternity, perhaps, at 15kn then 16kn and even 17kn, as attested later by the chartplotter. There was just enough time to shout 'Grab hold!' before we were sent on this mad rush, on and on, endlessly. I grab hold so hard I feel the nails of my clenched fingers embedding

themselves in the thwart beneath me. Then finally the wave breaks around us and we settle down into a froth of foaming bubbles that fills the boat and spreads all around, leaving us sitting half deaf and dazed in a hissing mousse. 'Champagne!' these billions of bubbles seem to sing. All is well. We are still here. Drunk with foam, incredulous and stunned, but still here!

'... Roger calmly calls out the Lifeboat ...'

We look into each other's eyes. No doubt Roger must be seeing in my eyes the same stupor I see in his own. Without losing a second, I grab my bucket again, with tenfold ardour. Roger, fearing another sea pitching us inescapably into the breakers on the beach, grabs the VHF and puts out a Mayday call. He calmly informs Swansea coastguard of our situation, while we continue into the shelter of the river mouth. In fact, we have already passed the crux of the passage, and by the time the RIB *Glanely* from Appledore lifeboat station closes with us, things are well under control on board *Avel Dro*.

Less than ten minutes have passed since Roger's Mayday call. I have long admired the application, vigilance and professionalism of the volunteer crews of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, but I was blown away by the speed of their response. By their civility also, because we had clearly found ourselves in a place and at a time when we should not really have

been there, yet they refrained from any critical remarks. And I know that not one of these impressive rescuers who escorted us into the port would blame us for having called them out, not even the crew of a second and larger lifeboat that rendezvoused with us soon after, the All Weather Lifeboat *Mollie Hunt*. The deployment of this rescue force around little *Avel Dro* was rigorously professional, but without exaggerated severity. One of the rescuers inquired about our life jackets, which we were wearing under our clothes for convenience, as they were out of sight. On the other side of them was *Little Jim* and the impassive Alastair, navigating the chop insouciantly, with his sail deeply rolled down.

Back in Appledore, it is but a moment's work to get our boats out of the water. We change into dry clothes, then off to the teashop to order a Devon cream tea with a half a dozen big warm scones.

And then finally back to Roger's house, where the woodstove is soon hissing away. We drink more good hot tea. Our sleeping bags, clothes, charts and all our other kit is rinsed out and hung everywhere about the house to dry. The boat is laid up under her tarpaulin and we gently regain our composure. We begin to relax, and already we can smile about our struggles together. We can take the time to reflect, to draw lessons from our experience. And already I find myself dreaming of future passages, while my socks are not yet dry. The mad folly that infects the DCA is certainly contagious. JvG

Read: *The Dinghy Cruising Companion: Tales and Advice from Sailing a small open boat*, Roger Barnes, Bloomsbury, London (UK), 2014



Thanks to: A Short, A Hallet, R Coburn – the crew of ILB *Glanely*. J Pavitt, S Moles, D Atkinson, M Williams, GL Stanbury, D Elsemore, S McCarthy – the crew of ALB *Mollie Hunt*

(Left: running off under the old TW's jib)

GOODBYE

It was the perfect day for sailing. We had taken the yacht out of the harbor for an hour's demonstration sail on waters that were very familiar to me, but that little outing had now stretched into two and a half hours. The sloop showed its abilities on all points, and Mark, the new owner, who was sitting at the steady, fingersensitive tiller, could not restrain his delight. His one crewman could talk of nothing but of simply, irresponsibly just heading out into the Pacific, never to return.

But return we did, on that perfect day. We returned heeling on a reach through the beacons marking the channel into the harbor. We jibed not far from where seven years earlier the boat had first entered the water, and then headed close-hauled towards the Coast Guard pier. I gathered the few things I had with me and got ready. On the other reach now the pier was coming up fast. I stepped outside the lifelines and held on to the near back stay. Almost before I was ready, I leaped off. Wishes were called from the vessel that was now heading, slightly heeled, for the harbor entrance. I was unable to call anything in return for my heart was choked up in me. I had finally said goodbye.

THE IDEA

"Sally IVth" was a small sloop that had been with me from conception. I had built a few boats before, small dinghies, sound and durable, on other people's designs. But as my love of being out on the water and of sailing grew, a germ of an idea that had been dreaming in my mind grew as well. I wanted to build my boat, a boat with the features, characteristics and compromises I wanted.

This presumptuous idea emerged on sheets of paper as I spend endless hours describing my ideal boat, listing its proportions, outlining its performance, and sketching its beauty. At the same time I studied everything I could find on boat design. I made copious notes from what I read and spent many hours looking at the hulls of sailing boats on the hard.

"Sally IVth" No More

By Fred Holzknacht

As a tenderfoot, designing a boat was really a very risky thing to do. My design experience was in building model airplanes as a kid from pieces of balsa and tissue paper, planes that I shot from a catapult and planes driven by rubber band power, as good as or better than the commercial designs. But a boat was an entirely different matter. It was far more complex, it was not a model, and it was going to involve a substantial investment.

What finally emerged after a year or so, was a pretty vessel about 22' long with a 7'8" inch beam and a 3'4" draft. Its displacement was light, well under a ton and a half. It had a fine entry and a curved reverse transom that was stretched as it emerged from the water line. In the actual event, the boat turned out four inches longer because of a miscalculation in the building of the transom.

Calculating the displacement loomed as a problem. Even if I could have recalled my high school calculus, I doubt whether it was up to the task. I used an old formula that was based on the areas of the underwater sections, but I had to calculate these areas first. To do this I transferred the drawings as exactly as I could onto top quality art tracing paper and then cut them out extremely precisely. I also cut a square so I would have a known quantity. The physics department at the university where I worked offered me the use of one of their balance scales so I could get the relative weights of the sections. Then all I had to do with each was calculate the proportion to the weight of the square piece in order to

get the area of the sections.

I jumped at the chance to get accurate weighings. Little did I realise that the scales were going to be far too accurate for my purposes, and so the weighings took hours to complete. I ended up with extremely accurate area measurements, even though the formula that I used for calculating the underwater sections was basically a rule of thumb. Ah well!

The hull was cold-molded. Plans to use plywood (where my experience lay) had been abandoned when I found I could not design to the curvature limits of the material. I really wanted the round hull anyway for the sailing characteristics, so I opted to make the hull from strips of thin plywood glued in two layers at opposing angles. This would make the strongest hull for its weight. I planned to cover the lot with epoxy resin reinforced with fiberglass.

STARTING TO BUILD

Then one spring the work finally began. Frames were carefully lofted. A special run of thin marine-grade plywood from specified, select wood was ordered directly from the mill. From a number of boards I laminated an impressive-looking stem that seemed to take weeks to shape. Then at last I began work on the hull.

I had a good place to build it. My house was at the side of a hill and I had already had the posts holding up the high side replaced with steel framing for a future games room. So there was enough room to build a 22' yacht, and the steel beams above were ideal for lifting and turning the hull.

Since I only needed one hull, I built the longitudinal stringers into the mold, so that I could attach the skin directly and so build a far stronger hull (stringers and skin being one integral whole) than using the conventional way of adding frames to the skin and leading the stringers along the frames.

A friend who was building his own boat told me I was mad to do this, that I would never be able to get the mold off. Well, he was right, up to a point. Getting the mold off was an extensive exercise in extreme frustration. In places I had to saw a mold frame to pieces. Several times, especially near the stem, I had to use a chisel to get that stuff out because there was not enough room for a saw, barely enough room for a chisel! There seemed to be so much of the mold, far more I reckon than I built in the first place. However, once the firewood was out and I turned the hull the right way around, there was indeed a thing of beauty. And now it really did look like a boat.

I was now able to laminate the frames onto the stringers, steaming each layer until I could bend it into position. The only hassle was with the improvised steamer; the fitting of the frames went like a dream. So step by step the boat took shape. The transom frame was made and the transom layers (thicker ply) bent over it and glued. Then came the deck beams, the cockpit frames and the bridge deck and finally the cabin. Each stage brought the dream nearer to reality. An unfortunate encounter I had with a car delayed the laying of the deck for nearly a year, but I still struggled up



the ladder, plaster cast and all, and sat awkwardly in the future cockpit to enjoy the emergent being that was around me, slumbering, waiting.

SUCCESS FOR SURE

While I was building there was always the nagging question, what if it was not going to work out. A lot of time and effort was going into the project. Not only that, I seemed to be endlessly handing over large sums of money to suppliers, and my credit card balance was always at the limit. Would that wooden beast that was sucking me dry actually float, let alone sail?

Because of the strong element of uncertainty, I spent a tremendous amount of time, calculating and recalculating. Each piece of wood had to be identified so that I could calculate its weight. I felt that somehow, knowing all these details, I had a degree of control which ensured that the thing would go.

There were real struggles and hassles with the fin keel which was made of heavy pieces of scrap iron in cement that was thick with the waterproofing pozzalanic ash I added. Horrible stuff it was. It seemed to eat into any cut I had, not matter how carefully I washed my hands. After the fin was finally bolted into place and faired into shape with glass/epoxy, and I had glassed the entire hull and keel and faired it all (a painfully tedious process), I could wait no longer. The boat certainly looked like the real thing out of its element, but I needed more proof that all my effort (and money) was not in vain.

One afternoon I stumbled over one of the jacks that I had used to push the keel up and that were still lying around. That gave me the idea of how to get the proof. After still more calculations, I figured "exactly" where the center of gravity was under the keel, or, I should say, where it was supposed to be. The next weekend I untied the boat from its cradle so that it simply sat there unfettered on its keel. Then I put a two-ton hydraulic jack directly under the supposed center of gravity and very, very carefully pumped on the handle. Would it work? I kept looking up at the curved body above me. Slowly the boat lifted up and up, and then there it was, free from the cradle, perfectly balanced on the 1" top of the jack.

That was one of the greatest moments in my life. All my anxieties about failure vanished. I knew at that moment that I had done it. I had to postpone my joy for a few minutes to release the jack as slowly as I could. Then I went out to celebrate (forgetting to tie the boat back to its cradle until the next day). It was going to be perfect.

LAUNCHING

Launching date was still months away, but when it finally arrived I organized a party of friends to help me get it on the hired trailer and launch it. I estimated that it would take about four hours. It actually took two days. With the boat pulled up as high as it would go under the house, we quickly discovered that there was no way we were going to get the trailer under it. There was nothing for it but to start excavating. This was not easy for we could not leave the boat hanging from the steel floor beams. This meant we had to work



around the cradle to lower the ground level about a foot and a half.

Finally, after a lot of hard work, the trailer was in and the boat lowered onto it and secured. As we could not get a vehicle around that part of the yard, we gradually manhandled the trailer out from under the house, and then we struck another problem. The backyard was sloped and we were worried that the trailer might take off while trying to get it down to the driveway. We need not have worried; the opposite proved to be the case. Recent rains had soaked the ground so that the wheels of the trailer sank into the earth and it was a tremendous struggle trying to move the trailer. Although we started before eight in the morning, it was six at night when the trailer was at last in the driveway and hooked on to the towbar.

While we were having some beers, Alan, who I am sure did most of the work, summed up our feelings when he said to me, "Next time you do this, don't call on me."

The launching the next day went surprisingly smooth, except when the trailer rolled off the deep end of the slipway. A clutch nearly burnt out and me wet as I struggled to somehow lift the wheels over the underwater edge finally got that out. But I didn't care. I was proud as I motored the virgin vessel around to her berth. The

boat was afloat, and to the right marks. So long in its element only in dreams, now on the water it was filled with movement and vitality. It was alive. "Sally IVth" was born!





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"Sally IVth" Days

(Conclusion of "Sally IVth " No More")

By Fred Holzknicht

When the mast was finally rigged and tuned, "Sally IVth" was complete. It amazed me how difficult it was to get the mast in place. I had no trouble carrying on my shoulder the 27 foot alloy section, set up with the rigging temporarily taped to the mast, along the marina to my boat, but it took three people, struggling on the moving deck, to hold the mast vertical and place it over the mast step. Tuning too, took longer than I anticipated.

Then at last on sunny day with the winds between three and five, "Sally IVth" left harbor on her first sail. It was as though all dreams had come true.

Looking back I find I remember little of that first sail, except a great sense of satisfaction. Once in the bay I kept changing course to try her on all points of sailing, and I spent a lot of time making adjustments to the sails and rigging. I doubt whether I ever fine-tuned it to its optimum. But there were many other memories to come.

We cruised to various parts of the bay. We sailed to resorts and anchored offshore. We went gunkholing. We had days that turned so calm we had to motor home. We had winds so strong that we had to anchor sheltered overnight. And we ran aground several times. Fortunately the relatively shallow draft made it easy to push her off again. Mostly though, we sailed to Green Island one to two hours sailing away for a picnic or just anchored out in the sea and sun until it was time to sail home.

Once I took my four year old daughter Emily fishing. She had been pestering me about it, and I to keep her quiet I agreed to take her, so one Saturday we sailed out. Not very far from the harbor, I chose an arbitrary spot, dropped the lunch hook over, and we started fishing. I did so with very little enthusiasm. To my amazement, within half an hour we had caught eighteen fish; she had caught four, including the largest.

This same young lady gave us a bad fright once. We were always concerned about the possibility that she could fall overboard. I put up netting along the lifelines, she always had to wear a life jacket

when aboard, and when we were sailing she wore a safety harness. But even that did not stop her.

One day we were anchoring between the mainland and a resort island. It was around noon, just after lunch, and the tide was running out. Since it was hot, my wife and I were resting in the cabin with the new baby and Emily was playing in the cockpit in the shade of the awning. Suddenly we realised that everything was too quiet. I rushed up on deck and couldn't find our daughter in the cockpit. I looked everywhere. I had visions of her, being swept out to sea, but just before panic set in, I found her. She was hanging from the pulpit right above the water. Only her two small hands grasping the pulpit kept her from falling! After that incident, she always had to wear a safety harness clipped on!

There were also other hair-raising moments. In the bay one early afternoon I went to check out a new, unusual looking buoy, unaware that it was the windward buoy of a yacht race. Unfortunately, the racing yachts seemed to be all arriving at that very moment. For a while confusion reigned while I tried to get out of the way. It's amazing how clearly swearing carries over water.

I also recall a time near the end of a quiet day of gently breezes, we were sedately sailing in the channel into the harbor. Despite the narrowness of the channel, there were very many vessels coming in. Some were little, sailing dinghies, others were yachts from our size up to the one that was over fifty feet just off our port stern, and there were also some motor boats and yachts. The crowd didn't really matter. The breeze was light and so we were all moving at about the same speed.

Then there was unexpectedly a tremendous squall. All hell broke loose. Boats started moving at different rates. The fifty-foot yacht accelerated past us as if we were anchored, its skipper yelling, its crew scrambling to get sails down. A dinghy capsized in front of us. An on-coming sloop, heeled more than 45 degrees, was rounding up into wind, forcing a

power boat to scramble around it, very close to us. We lost our wind. Then it hit us again, just in time to avoid the capsized dinghy. In all that exciting mess there was only one minor collision.

THE STORM

There was also the time when I was racing a storm home. I was sailing single-handed at the time. The wind was strong and the waves quite high. With the wind on a broad reach, the sailing was exhilarating. Every now and then I caught the crest of a wave. From under the forefoot came the telltale gurgling, and the boat shot forward as it surfed down the wave. It was the fastest run I ever made across the bay. But angry clouds loomed ahead. The sky was turning a yellowish green. I passed a place where I might have had some shelter though it was fairly open, but I decided against it. The harbor was in sight, I was making great time, and I fancied my chances of making it.

Suddenly the wind shifted 180 degrees, slamming in with an unexpected force. The sloop was knocked down. I hung on the lifelines, my feet on the toe rail on the other side, as I yanked on the mainsheet (at no point did "Sally IVth" ever show a tendency to round up). The boat then came up and I could release the jib sheet. I could see the mainsail was ripped. For a few moments I did not know what to do, rushing to the foredeck and then back again. The shallow water to the lee was threatening. I dived down and got the plough storm anchor. Once that was down and I had let the line out as much as I could, I got the sails off.

I took stock in the cabin; heavy rain drops mixed with hail were pelting down outside. The mainsail was ripped along most of the leach and the wooden boom was split. I had no other sails on board except the genoa. I found that I was bleeding from a cut near ankle and a toe, done in my hurried rush to get things under control. But there was nothing I could do until morning.

After a sleepless night, when I kept getting out of my bunk to check the rode

for chafe, the winds were still very strong. Because of the shallow water I was in, the waves were short and very choppy. I decided that if I could get a little to windward I could make it into harbor under the jib alone. I tried to start the motor, an old outboard on a bracket on the transom. It would not start. It had been dunked. I spent some time working on it, but to no avail.

Since the tide was still fairly high, I decided to try under the jib alone. I pulled the boat up to the anchor, and then it was off. After several attempts I found I was losing more and more ground, and back went to anchoring again. I had lost so much ground that by low tide I was likely to be aground. So I did the brave thing and called for help. Even then there was drama in those very choppy conditions as the Coast Guard boat attempted to get a rope to me without either of us running aground.

Although memorable, situations like these were rare. The sail was repaired, I built a new boom, and the halcyon days of sailing in the sun were back.

GOODBYE

"Sally IVth" is now some eight thousand miles away. When we decided to come back to the United States, I fancied the idea of sailing her across the Pacific, but it was fancy only. I had no choice but to sell her. Mark, a former boat builder, fell in love with the boat the moment he saw her at the berth with the For Sale sign on a back stay. He came into possession of a wonderful boat. I found it hard to let go.

All the business of the sale was over. Although the broker still held the money, the boat technically belonged to Mark. The last condition of sale was a test run, and we had the most perfect day for it. "Sally IVth" was at her best in those relatively light conditions, so it was no wonder Mark was so delighted. Though this was to be my last sail, I too was thoroughly enjoying myself, even as we came into the harbor for the last time. It was only after I had leaped off onto the Coast Guard pier that the significance of the moment began to sink in.

I stood there on the pier, after I regained my balance, and watched the boat head back to the channel, heeling, responding to the breeze, a thing of perfect grace and beauty. It was the first time I had seen her under sail, but it was also to be the last. I felt choked up with unexpected emotion, so I turned and walked around the harbor to the broker's office to finish the business there. Then I fetched the dinghy from the marina to deliver it as I had promised. As I was driving home, I went the road along the point and parked there for a few minutes.

And there in the distance were the sails of "Sally IVth", white against the dark background of Green Island. Again I was overcome and tears began to swell in my eyes. I had said goodbye to something that for so long had been part of me, part of my dreams and part of my soul.

This was the last time I saw her, but I saw her in the best way, at sea in her element.



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After months of planning and an epic cross country journey, *Polaris* finally set sail on Atlantic waters on June 2 out of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts. The day started out hot and sunny as the final touches were being added to the boat. Elsewhere it was all hands on deck, setting up the bar, craft table, raffle and our very own Norsvald swag table! Inside the Waterline Center we hung pictures showing details of how *Polaris* was built as well as photos of some of the actual trees from which were harvested frames and planking.

Even before we finished setting up, people started trickling into the shipyard. We were surprised as more and more people kept arriving. One guest said, "Who is going to pass up the opportunity to see a real Viking boat in Massachusetts?"

The clouds started rolling in as we got closer to launch but the rain held off mercifully as volunteers from the crowd offered to hold the boat steady and help lower the boat off its blocks on to wooden rollers. Who knows how many ships in Essex had been launched with the help of these rollers and in this time honored fashion?

Right before we were ready to launch our Viking expert, Dennis Kane, dressed appropriately, read a passionate Norse inspired proclamation from aboard *Polaris* to celebrate her launching and wish her success. Just as Miranda Boyd sprinkled Aqua Vite over the bow (gentler than breaking a bottle) sprinkles of rain provided a very dramatic backdrop for Dennis's powerful blessing.

Volunteers, including many of our friends and family, formed two groups holding *Polaris* by her rails, a third group hauling on a long safety line in dramatic tug of war fashion. There was added drama as one of the lines came loose, a nerve wracking moment for those close enough to see and hear what was going on. However, neither this nor the rain deterred us and, after readjusting the lines, all it took was a bit of pushing and coaxing for *Polaris* to be gently lowered into the Essex River.

"*Polaris*! Unfurl your sail and bend your oars, the sea rises to meet you! Onward, through salt and spray, once more to ride the waves!" (Dennis Kane)

All the effort that went into building *Polaris* and planning her journey was all worth it for the excitement of *Polaris* gently gracing the Essex River. Floating around nearby the launch slipway we were able to raise her mast and, after a short row downriver, we turned

A Launch to Remember

By Stuart Boyd, www.NORSVALD.com

Photos courtesy of Scott Ryder and Len Burgess

around under sail providing an unforgettable sight for the remaining spectators.

We are thankful that our special guests took part, Skipper Arista Holden was able to travel from Maine to be with us and master boat builder Jay Smith traveled all the way from Washington State. Both of them being at the launch meant so much to us and ensured a successful day.





We especially want to thank the Essex Shipbuilding Museum Board, staff and volunteer crew whose brains and brawn applied to planning, setting up facilities and choreographing the launch and made *Polaris's* stay in Essex welcome and the successful launch day possible!

There was more besides launching a Viking boat! The museum set up an activity station with knot tying, coloring and small wooden boat kits, all of which were a big hit with the kids. A raffle highlighting prizes from local artists and businesses (including Norsvald) was on offer. The crowd enjoyed beer, wine and snacks, all while taking in the beauty of the Essex River. Some kids even got to experience the beauty up close as they took a quick swim!

Overall, it was a wonderful day and the Norsvald crew wishes to thank everyone in our community who came out to support us as we quite literally launched into a new chapter for our business!

What is next for us? In the days since launching *Polaris* on the Essex River she has made her way to her new, permanent home at Maritime Gloucester. We are thankful to finally be in our new home on the North Shore and excited for what is to come!

In the coming weeks we will be training our crew and perfecting *Polaris's* operations before we start chartering excursions later in the summer. Please contact us if you would like to book a trip with us.

What Manner of Launching Was This?

By Bob Hicks

I have attended a number of launchings at the old Story Shipyard site, now part of the Essex Museum. All the larger vessels, even down to the Museum's own 30' *Lewis H. Story* went down the ways, sliding on greased planks (well, except for the *Thomas Lannon* which was winched down the ways over four days). Builder Harold Burnham sent the *Story* down on its beam ends like the larger fishing schooners went down over 100 years ago so they wouldn't stick their keels into the shallow mud bottom of the river, a feat not seen here in modern times.

The 38' *Polaris* went down on rollers, not a "time honored" method as stated in the owner's story above ("Who knows how many ships in Essex had been launched with the help of these rollers and in this time honored fashion?"). This required those large crews of holder uppers along both sides as *Polaris* slowly descended in a series of jerks, being both hauled down and held back by teams of heave ho guys. Local expert onlookers could be heard speculating about what if *Polaris* got leaned over too far and toppled over on the line of holder uppers who would be hard pressed to get out from under in time on the slick muddy footing. But, not to worry, all went well.



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Sailing Topless

My second built Paradox came back a few days ago. Several months ago I found out Bobby, the buyer and the then current owner of the sailboat, might just be getting rid of her. He was and we struck up a deal over the net. He brought it by the other day, happened to be in the area. Imagine that, he lives in Oklahoma City, me in Rockport, Texas.

It's the first week of June here as I write this and a closed in boat like the Paradox can be awful hot inside. By the third day the gal was shirtless, top gone, set aside behind the house. I'd be sailing the Paradox without the small cabin. Today I did and what a pleasure it was.

I'm finding out there is very much I need to learn as far as getting the most out of her. Today, topless, the Paradox sailed like a big dinghy. The weight and power was there, the openness without the cabin as well, she was up and moving on a broad reach for several miles out into Aransas Bay. Then upwind, not as fast but steady and sure. Off the wind coming back in, there were some wind waves to be ridden, another first. Sitting on the side deck, feet on the opposite rail, at times the sheer under water.

It was nice, full sail up, with the white ponies out and about, maybe blowing 20, not a whole lot of spray coming aboard, a very good two hours out on the water. I don't think she'll get her shirt back on until it cools down next October.

Early Mornings

Early mornings, late nights are two places outside the boxes in which our peers would have us live. Another box not to be found within the norms of society and neatly fit are sailors, vagabonds and wanderers, young and old. These often misunderstood free spirits have exchanged the peerful intentions of family and friends in one exchange for another.

Still trapped within the constraints of
bone and flesh, mind and spirit, just not nine

Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

to five within four walls governed by a time clock. Surfers find themselves sharing these same boxes as well. The best waves are usually during the morning commute. There goes a multitude of job opportunities and the accompanying rungs of corporate ladders. Oh, well! Shrug the shoulders.

These feelings of freedom expressed by so few, yearned for by so many, not really available to all, after all somebody has to stay behind and take out the trash, pump the gas, turn on the lights. But not those of a different nature.

As a carpenter, blessed with the desire to build, blessed as well with the frequent lay-offs and the understandings of being a surfer, I received my share of incomings, those opposing my views, college not necessary, college, not education, college and my aversion to the ever present television.

Moving along, I'm the early morning type, carpenter, sailor, surfer. Three strikes it would seem. One alone will put me on a list, three will garner some stars, red markers, yellow highlighters. Getting past the unusual occupations to ride those early morning waves, being a carpenter with its accompanying layoffs, the next step morphing into the alternate lifestyle of wanderer vagabond comes extremely easy.

Perhaps in between those early mornings and late nights are a people fit and prepared to hike the hills like a certain Muir.

Opinionated

Opinionated old cusses, of which I am one, deserted crew can vouch it is so if one could find them. I've come to think those who've known me for years are really the only ones who can be aboard with me longer

than a day sail, I'm correct in this thought. Not the right or wrong of it, only that it is so.

The benefit of knowing one's own shortcomings go far in reducing the stress of a voyage. Be it down the Intracoastal or across the Gulf or the corner 7-11. You don't want to go to sea with me. My shortcomings are many and honed to a fine an edge as any knife could hold. Put that edge of a knife in a drawer shared with that of another old cuss and there be blood on the decks soon enough. Best go solo.

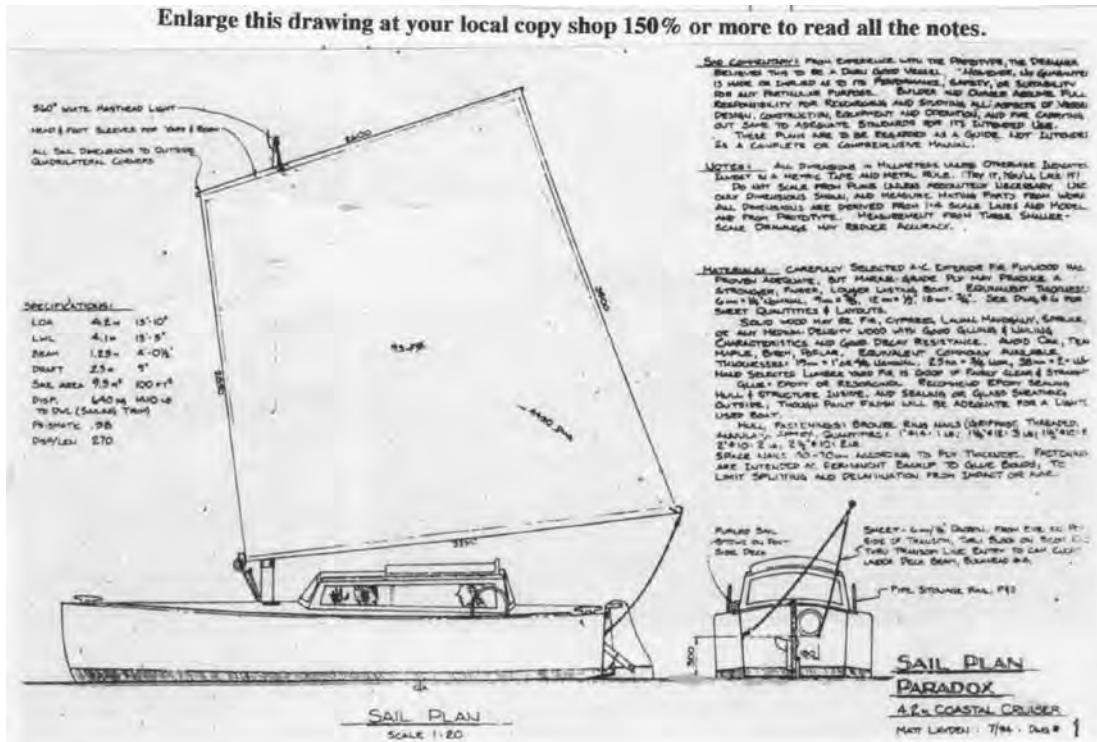
Why, he's a nice old guy, salty sea dog, crusty cap'n. Yes, yes he is, buy ya a beer or two or three. Here though in the quay side pub all can walk away of their own. Walk away and be alone with the girl of his dreams while she rocks gently in the ebbing tide. Put another aboard and soon the arguing will start over something as simple as the morning coffee. No, best go solo.

The peace and quiet found aboard ships
big and small while away from port can't
be grasped by the visiting overnighter, early
on perhaps, later though after they're left in
wakes 'tis best to go alone.

The simple blocks, lines, anchor rode, the depth sounder on its own knotted tether, marked for fathoms, the old cuss may have an electric torch about, he'll be leaning towards candles and kerosene. Cooking simple fare on a simple stove.

Twice recently I've had to cut a small voyage short. My fault? Yes, all my fault. First journey should never have left the dock. Education is priceless as well expensive. Bad memories of last year cannot be erased, dealt with and made peace with perhaps, but not erased. I got an "F" in that class, I'll not even be asking for a repeat. I'll take the failing grade and the education that goes hand in hand. Some things are best to just stay away from.

They'll be those reading this who'll say it just isn't so. I'll take that as well and be sure not to ship out with any. At my age I no longer need be proven right. On this one I certainly don't need be.



Middleton Stream Team

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

Lowell's Boat Shop to Curzon's Mill by Dory

Reprinted from *The Water Closet*, Newsletter of the Middleton Stream Team

Two old timers, former members of the Ring's Island Rowing Club, borrowed a dory from Lowell's Boat Shop and, along with two old friends, rowed up the Merrimack River on the tides to the Artichoke River and back. Old in the previous sentence refers to years not spunk and spirit. Nancy and the Old Closeteer invited Newburyporters Anne Spraker and Helen Pinsky to join them on the river in a handsome replica of 19th century work boats called dories.

From 1985 to 2005 their Ring's Island Rowing Club had a half dozen dories home ported at Salisbury's riverside knoll of granite surrounded by salt marsh named for 17th century colonial fisherman John Ring. His name is coincidentally appropriate for the 16-acre knoll of ledge ringed by seawater at high runner tides. For a few hours during a northeaster this past March it was an island when connecting causeways were submerged.

As a boy in the 1940s the Closeteer, raised on Pettengills' farms just a mile north on Ferry Road, sold eggs and sweet corn to the Ring's Islanders. When not peddling he swam in the river and nearby Mill Creek, climbed the abandoned granite quarry walls and played WWII games with the salty Ring's Island lads.

Nancy, an artist from New Hampshire, came to Ring's Island in 1978 and wisely bought a house looking out on the river. In the 1990s she and dog Esker joined the rowing club. They were often seen on the river in the club's pretty *Gull*, a small dory. Esker sat in the stern, not rowing, looking forward at her mistress. When coached by Nancy she howled beautifully like a wolf. On one memorable dark night rowers in nearby unseen dories imitated her howls.

The morning of our row upriver was perfect. Alice Twombly, rowing program leader at busy Lowell's, fitted her guests out with Dory #4 and gear and bid them bon voyage. The tide and experienced old hands at the oars soon had the 20' long dory well out in the current against a fair weather breeze from the west, at 8am the beautiful river was free of noisy plastic power boats.

After a spell, retired librarian and very literate Anne ably took Nancy's place at the after oars. Nancy moved to a nest of life jackets in the stern and read aloud selected poems by Albert Elwell, a 20th century West Newbury farmer poet legislator. Some of Elwell's lines about farming and nature reminded us of Robert Frost.

Helen, raised in Denmark, poet and many other things, sat in the forward seat and served as a sharp lookout for buoys and other boats. She once owned (and sailed) a handsome Swampscott dory. As conscientious lookout she would now and then interrupt

Elwell when pointing out perceived hazards. All seemed right with the world as Washington, Afghanistan, Syria, Korea and the G7 meeting were forgotten.

In dry air, under blue sky, on a high tide the old timers passed between the polluted former Amesbury Hat Shop site on which condos now stand and mature pines and hardwoods on the high bank across the river at Maudsley State Park flanking the river's narrow passage there. River water, this last half century clean, down from the White Mountains past bygone textile cities, meets and floats over the salty incoming Atlantic's twice daily contribution.

When the Closeteer was a lad, the river's mouth on ebb tides was a stinking sewer. The 1972 Clean Water Act and federal money that followed required sewage treatment by all communities on the Merrimack and many other polluted rivers around the country. Who was president at the time? Whose book led to the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts? The Closeteer asked these questions of his companions enroute to Curzon Mill.

At Curzon Mill just up the Artichoke River off the Merrimack, the dory mates spoke of Newburyport's mid 20th century novelist, John P. Marquand, who had lived with his wife at the Curzon Mill house for a while. As they pulled up to the foot of the mill dam just below the house a lady from an open window on the second floor bid them "good morning." The Closeteer, to make sure, asked her if this house had been the one where Marquand lived. She said, "Yes, his grandson lives here now."

The Merrimack River as seen looking west from Maudsley State Forest in Newburyport. (Judy Schneider photo)



We thanked her and not being strong enough to portage our heavy boat onward above the mill dam, turned around. On the way back to Lowell's on the now ebb tide we tried to remember the world famous author's books. He won a Pulitzer prize for *The Late George Apley*, based on his upbringing in the upper classes of Newburyport, a city once famous for its fine ships that engaged in world trade, fishing, and whaling.

Upon return Alice, whose boss at Lowell's is Graham McKay, descendent of Donald McKay, Number One 19th century clipper ship designer and builder, greeted us again and helped us tie up Lowell's boat. We four, combined ages 302 years, stepped onto the floating dock renewed. Slowly we climbed the stairs by the venerable two centuries old boat shop where perhaps 50,000 wooden boats had been built for work and later play. Our working days are over. On trips we joke, read poetry and return without fish.



Large dories owned by the rowing program of Lowell's Boat Shop, Point Shore, Amesbury, on the Merrimack River. In the 19th century thousands of these rugged boats of pine planking and oak frames were made at Lowells for the schooner fishing fleets. (Alice Twombly photo)

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This year's wilderness trip was a return to the West Branch of the Penobscot River in Maine including a two day visit to Lobster Lake. Tom Anderson, David and Adam Dumas, Alan Doty and I were the trippers, along with Dave's dog Abbie and Tom's dog Finn, leaving very early on May 16. Tom, Alan and Steve met up with Dave and Adam at the Dumas home in Gray, Maine, for the long ride up I-95 to Millinocket where we entered the Maine North Woods on the Golden Road.



Finn, Tom, Alan, Abbie, Adam, David and Steve pose for the group picture.

The ice in Lobster Lake was reported to be out on May 9, so we were not sure of what to expect. Also, the reports that we had seen for the road conditions in the woods were not good, it was a tough winter and a late spring so the road crews hadn't been able to get much maintenance done.

Hoping for the best we rumbled along the Golden Road to Pine Stream Road, which was to take us to the take out location, Chesuncook Village on the lake of the same name where we would leave Alan's Jeep. The Golden Road wasn't too bad as long as we kept the speed down going over the rough spots. Pine Stream Road has not seen too much maintenance in the last year or more and was very slow going. After three or more wrong turns we finally arrived at the "Village" and left the Jeep at the Graveyard Point boat launching area.

The best part of this ride was the wildlife viewing, we saw six moose, one bald eagle, three turkeys, two black bears and two partridges.



Bald Eagle in a spruce tree, one of dozens seen along the Penobscot River.

Everyone piled into Dave's RAM truck for a fun ride to the put-in where the road crosses Lobster Stream. The parking area was empty which led us to believe that we would have the area all to ourselves, and we did. Arriving at the launching site at about 5pm we planned to paddle two miles upstream on Lobster Stream to Lobster Lake and then a one mile paddle across the lake to where there are several campsites. At 3pm this would be a one hour trip.

26 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2018



Norumbega Chapter WCHA News

The Southern New England Chapter of
the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

Summer Newsletter

By Steve Lapey
stevenscanoe@gmail.com

Spring Wilderness Trip

Photos by Adam Dumas, David Dumas,
Steve Lapey

At this point the headwinds that seem to follow our Norumbega canoe trips decided to come alive. There was a stiff breeze on the stream, we did the two miles in about one hour. Upon reaching the lake the winds increased to a gale. It was now 6:30pm and we had a one mile paddle ahead of us.

Tom, Alan and Finn were in Tom's 17' canoe, Dave, Adam and Abbie were in the big 18' Chestnut Prospector. Both of these canoes are comfortable in heavy water. I was solo in my 16' Sweet Sixteen and I would really have liked to have had a paddling partner for this crossing. It took a lot of effort to keep the canoe moving and headed into the wind. I found myself kneeling up near the center thwart just to keep the canoe balanced properly.

Paddling into the wind, we couldn't take a break, the moment we stopped paddling we were traveling backwards, losing any progress we had just gained. There was no place near on shore to land before the campsites so our only option was to keep paddling. Halfway across the lake it became apparent that it would be getting dark and soon enough the sun fell below the horizon and we still had a long way to go.

Nearing the shoreline Tom and Alan pulled out ahead of us to search in the darkness for the campsite, Dave and Adam stayed back with me, the slowest paddler for which I am thankful as I didn't feel real comfortable out there in high winds on cold water. Soon Tom and Alan reached a sand beach, got out flashlights and luckily stumbled upon a campsite that would be home to us for the next two nights.

Following the lights, the rest of us finally reached shore where we offloaded our gear, set the tents up in the dark and everyone went directly to bed, exhausted from the paddling. It was 9:30pm when we hit the shore, a full four hours of paddling to travel three miles.

Launching the canoes at Lobster Lake on calm water.



Thursday dawned clear, bright and a little chilly, but it soon warmed up. We spent much of the day resting around camp. There was some talk of hiking and climbing Lobster Mountain, but that never went beyond talking. Tom baked a scone, I made Dutch Treat in the Bake Packer and Dave made a blueberry cake along with some biscuits in the reflector oven. We tend to eat well on Norumbega trips.



Tom Anderson tending his reflector oven.



Biscuits baking in Dave's reflector oven.

Friday was to be our big travel day, from Lobster Lake, down the stream and down the West Branch of the Penobscot River to a campsite on Big Island. The first leg of the paddle, from the campsite back to the spot where we had launched on Wednesday took us one hour. A nice change from the four hour grind in the opposite direction. Traveling downstream we had the wind on our backs most of the time.

The Bald Eagles have moved in on the Penobscot. We lost count of the eagles that we saw along the river, they would circle overhead and dive down to the water to pluck out a fish to take back to their aerie, which we

never saw. The eagles were the largest birds we saw, the smallest was the Ruby Throated Hummingbird that was hanging around our Lobster Lake campsite. It was all flat water on this stretch, there were very few rocks to avoid so it was a really relaxing paddle.

We arrived at Big Island in time for a late lunch, then we went about setting up tents and baking more cakes and biscuits for the night's dinner.

Saturday morning was still clear and a bit warmer. As we were loading up the canoes a solo canoeist stopped to say hello. It was Peter MacFarlane, a WCHA member from Vergennes, Vermont, in a 14' stripper canoe. He was on his way upstream on the Northern Forest Canoe Trail, his goal is to be the first to do the complete (700 mile) trip from east to west. With a 28 day plan he was slightly ahead of schedule. You never know who you will meet in the Maine North Woods.



Peter MacFarlane and his solo canoe.

The first part of the day's journey was the only patch of rapids that we would encounter, it was about a half mile of Class I stuff that we all managed to get down without so much as a scratch in the paint. After the quick water it was a fairly easy paddle to our campsite, which was just over a mile from Graveyard Point where the Jeep was waiting. We got to the site early enough that we sent Alan and Dave off down a trail that led to the Jeep and they drove back to Lobster Stream to get the truck and trailer, saving us at least three hours of drive time on Sunday.



Alan, Finn and Tom in the canoe Tom made. It is 17' long, 38" wide and made of sassafras.

Packing up to leave the Big Island Campsite.



On Saturday evening it started to rain. That lasted most of the night and in the morning it was just a few sprinkles, just enough to have us pack up wet tents and gear for the trip home.

An easy paddle brought us to the boat launch where we loaded up the vehicles for our return to civilization. All of the dust we had enjoyed on the way in turned to mud for the trip out. I have never seen so much mud and dirt on a canoe or on a trailer, but it all came off with a good hosing at home.

We were in Millinocket before noon where we parted ways. Alan and Tom stayed in town for a big breakfast at the Appalachian Inn on Main Street. Dave, Adam and I chose to continue down I-95 to Bangor for a late lunch at 5 Guys. Nothing like greasy fast food after five days in the woods. I arrived home just before 6pm, starting already to think of next year's trip.



A quick trip through the care wash should take care of both the car and the canoes.

Prospector Project Progress

Photos by Gary Amirault and Greg O'Brien



Gary Amirault, Doug Deyoe, Steve Lapey and Steve Hodge with the newly installed seats and thwarts.

On Saturday, March 24, the following met here at the canoe shop, Gary Amirault, Bill Clements, Doug Deyoe, Steve Hodge and Jeff Morrill. The decks and gunwales were hand sanded with #150 and #220 grit sandpaper to where they were now ready for varnish. The seats and thwarts were bolted in place and the stem bands were drilled.

On Saturday, April 7, we pretty much finished up the Prospector project. Gary Amirault, Tom Bickford, Bill Clements, Stuart Fall, Steve Hodge and Greg O'Brien joined forces to polish, bend, countersink and apply bedding compound to the stem bands before screwing them in place. After that, the decals were applied to the decks and the painter ring was installed. All that remained to be done now was a little more paint and varnish and she would be ready for the auction block.



Steve Hodge, Tom Bickford, Stuart Fall and Gary Amirault giving the Prospector a final inspection.

Upcoming Chapter Events

Once again, we plan to be a part of the Salem Maritime Festival on Derby Wharf in historic Salem on August 4 and 5. Volunteers will man our booth, talk to folks about wooden canoes and possibly sign up a couple of new members for the WCHA. Some project canoes will be on display with perhaps a canvassing demo.

On August 25, we return to the Charles River in Auburndale, a repeat of a well attended event that we have done in the past. The paddle is as long or as short as we wish, we will be in the shadow of the former Norumbega Park in Auburndale, site of a number of wooden canoe builders a century ago. The meeting place at 10am will be the boat launch on Woerd Avenue in Waltham where we have found ample parking and a dock to launch from, a real advantage for those with the long deck courting canoes that we hope to see here! We will paddle for a while and then gather at Auburndale Park for a picnic lunch.

On September 15, we will paddle the Nashua River from Still River Depot, leaving at 9am, to the Ayer Dam and return. This will be about ten miles of paddling and should take a total of four hours to complete. This is the smooth, deepwater portion of the upper Nashua, avoiding the fast and shallow area below the dam. The current here is very slow so there will be no problem on the upstream return after we have lunch at the dam. To get to the put in, follow Route 110 south from Harvard center for about two miles to Still River Depot Road. Follow the road to the Oxbow National Wildlife Refuge. Across the tracks there is a parking area near the boat ramp.

White Fleet

Carnival Cruise Lines was red faced again when one of its boats broke a main water conduit in the fire suppressant system and flooded at least 50 staterooms and passageways. *Carnival Dreams*, on a passage from New Orleans to the Caribbean, had to return to port. A few people were scared half to death fearing a modern version of the *Titanic*. Of course, all passengers would receive a full refund. I am sure it was a nice ride for a short time. Lawsuits to follow.

Poor old Carnival had a tough start to 2018. In one week on the *Carnival Triumph* a 44-year-old woman was seen plunging over the side on a cruise from, surprise, New Orleans to the Caribbean. Being in Mexican waters at the time, our southern cousin's Coast Guard took over the search and investigation. Unfortunately, in the same week aboard the *Carnival Elation* a woman fell from her 14th deck balcony and landed on the 11th deck where "there was blood everywhere," said a fellow traveler. Ship's Medical Staff tried in vain to save her.

A small girl fell to her death peering over the side on the fifth floor while waiting to disembark from the *Carnival Glory*. It seems that almost every month someone goes over the side on a Carnival ship. I should have been a lawyer.

On the Norwegian ship *Epic*, a woman fell overboard from the vessel but the crew managed to rescue her. She was first treated onboard and found in good health, but she was taken to a hospital when they reached port. The Norwegian Cruise Lines refused to proffer information about why she went over the side or if there was any foul play involved. Fellow passengers were more candid. A college girl traveling with her family leaned over the side to take a selfie and tumbled over. Several of her family members were there and immediately raised the alarm, fortunately for the girl. Darn cell phone photo taking!

Puerto Rico, still suffering from the aftermath of 2017 hurricanes, received over 7,000 cruise passengers in one week alone. The tourists are expected to bring about \$1.5 million to the economy of the island. Furthermore, *Freedom Of The Seas* will homeport out of San Juan for the coming year, that means jobs and about \$40 million to the local economy.

Princess Cruise Lines announced that they will offer a trip around Antarctica in 2019-20. For 58 days, travelers will witness the breathtaking view of the driest continent on the planet (zero precipitation, technically Antarctica is a desert). They will also have stopovers in Rio, Patagonia, Easter Island and Macho Picchu. Warn the orcas and penguins, cameras will be clicking.

MSC Lines had an advertisement about a special trip for everyone as a "New Family Plan." Free condoms? What will the Vatican say?

The White Fleet industry employs thousands of people annually. My neighbors, a retired art professor from Mount Mercy University, and his wife, a retired school art teacher, have discovered wonderful retirement jobs aboard cruise ships. He teaches "art stuff" to adults while his wife develops art projects for the children. Although they are considered crew and not able to do the sightseeing trips with passengers, they have traveled all over the Caribbean during the miserable Iowa winters and get paid doing it. Even more disgusting is that they really enjoy their work. Meanwhile, this writer researches



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

every day for this column for exactly zero income, gives lectures on Naval History to a variety of groups gratis and provides political wisdom to people for whom he has to buy drinks. Something is wrong with this picture.

Gray Fleet

Thad Cochran (R-MS), human vacuum cleaner of Federal dollars, announced his retirement, this also means a new chairman for the Senate Appropriations Committee, but that won't make much difference because Sen Richard Shelby (R-AL), another Senator known for bringing home the bacon, will replace him. This is soothing news to Pascagoula, Mississippi's Huntington Ingalls, the builders of ships for our beloved Navy.

Cochran was unhappy when Martin Marietta received the contract for construction of the multi mission capable LCS vessels. Sen John McCain (R-AR) fought against the LCS program claiming it was a concept unable to function in reality. Cochran foisted a major counterattack against McCain and Martin Marietta. In the end the Navy decided on two different models for the LCS, one built by Martin Marietta and one to be built in his home state of Mississippi. Billions of dollars flowed gently into Cochran's state and into the pockets of his staunchest supporter, Huntington Ingalls.

McCain's nightmare became true. The idea that one ship could actually function for many different missions utterly failed in reality. The high technology of the modern Navy requires different types (and shapes) of ships, and one (OK, two) models simply does not work for multiple tasks.

Huntington Ingalls also has the esteemed Senator Shelby deep into their pocket as a primary fiscal supporter of all things Shelby. The good Alabamian will also accept the gavel as chair of the Senate Subcommittee on Defense. For the past couple of years Shelby has worked tirelessly with Senator Jeff Sessions (R-MS) on the Armed Services Strategic Forces subcommittee before Sessions became Attorney General. Although unable to exhibit bi location behaviors, Shelby can act for two different companies. He already ensured that future LCS building will be accomplished with General Dynamics, a 'Bama company. He will also push for more helicopters from Sikorsky who makes the MH-60 helicopter. Sikorsky has experienced a severe down slide for orders. They are now rather jubilant.

Oh yes, when the Navy decided on building only one LCS this year, Congresswoman Martha Roby (R-AL) went into a fit. Now the Navy has ordered two. President Trump wants three. If you want to know how things work in Washington DC, just follow the money.

Earlier, the Navy announced that Chief Boatswain's Mate Jeffery D. Butler faced charges for negligent homicide in a destroyer

collision last year. Whoops, right pew, wrong church. Poor old Chief Butler had nothing to do with the collision nor had he faced earlier charges on a different ship. WHAT! The Navy mess things up? Never. Commander Alfredo Sanchez, CO of the *John McCain* (DDG56) is facing summary court martial for the fender bender a year ago. The negligent homicide charge seemed to have disappeared, as expected. His counterpart on the *USS Fitzgerald* (DDG-62), Commander Bryce Benson faces similar charges. Lt (jg) Sarah Coppock was court martialed for her role in the *Fitzgerald* collision, however, she was given a light sentence of a three month reduction in pay and a punitive letter of reprimand. Eighteen other sailors have received non judicial punishment for their roles in the two collisions that killed 17 sailors.

Proceedings, an open forum for divergent thinking among the rank and file of the Navy, lambasted the US Naval Academy in Annapolis for dumbing down the curriculum, one even charging that it was no longer a top level university. The Superintendent countered that the school has evolved. In the past, Annapolis was designed to weed out the weak, now it assumes that if you qualify for appointment you already have the "right stuff" to be a Navy officer. The school's purpose is to mature and teach the midshipmen so they can hit the fleet running.

One of the criticisms about the school is the incredible homogeneity of the student body which tends to be overwhelming white, politically conservative, male and Christian. The few non whites and females tend to be more alike with their schoolmates than different. Bluntly, we have a bunch of clones operating our Navy.

I am not saying anything, but of the ten Admirals, all are male and white. Of the 37 Vice Admirals, only three are women and two are black. We have 43 Rear Admirals in the Upper Half and only one is a woman and one is Hispanic but none are black. There are 53 Rear Admirals in the Lower Half, only three are women and three are black. The Navy does attain more blended staff when it comes to non line officers such as Human Resources, Cryptography, Engineering, Maritime Intelligence, Health, Legal and Chaplin Corps, Aerospace, Public Affairs and Reserves. These are not line officers and not in line for being a captain of a ship (or boat, for you submariners). (Data from the Naval Institute.)

For the uninformed, the Navy has this messy Upper Half and Lower Half of Rear Admirals. When confronted with the Army's Brigadier Generals (one star) and Major Generals (two stars), the Navy felt it was being outranked and they tried to have "Commodores," but it was confusing when a task group was lead by a commodore who may have a much lower rank. The Navy also has had difficulties with uniforms. Once upon a time Rear Admirals all had a solid large gold band and a smaller band above it. Now Lower Half folks simply have the solid large band. Vice Admirals have two small bands above the solid one, full Admirals have three small bands and, in the day of Fleet Admirals (think King, Halsey, Nimitz, etc), they had their five stars in a circle and four bands on their sleeves.

Small Boats

An interesting article in *Small Craft Advisor* focused on a West Wight Potter 15 sailed by a guy who wanted more cabin room

so he sawed off the top of his cabin and added a couple of feet to a new one. He can sit nicely in a chair and can actually use a PortaPotty in it. Potters have high chines and are easily pushed around by the wind. They all have a healthy desire to sail in a yaw rather than straight. One can only imagine how much more weather helm the Potter would suffer with a significantly higher cabin. Worse, the mast sits on the cabin roof and this additional height must have an impact on the balance of the boat. Maybe he should have simply purchased a Potter 19 or Precision 23. Although I can see Dan Rogers or Mississippi Bob trying this, just for the heck of it.

In that same edition, a guy wrote about el cheapo ukuleles he takes on his boat for personal entertainment. Jake Shimabukuro has made the uke worthy of attention again. He is probably the best uke player in the world and, if you haven't heard him, try a Google of him and listen and watch a Master at work. Being bored in Florida I saw an inexpensive uke in a bait shop and bought it. I had a blast strumming old folk songs from the '60s, a veritable one man Kingston Trio. If you know three chords and some lyrics, a uke is an onboard requirement. They even make plastic ones that can handle being wet. Now my Takamine G-363-D or my Martin will NEVER be near water of any sort. NEVER.

Mercury has introduced a 400hp outboard that has all sorts of fishermen drooling. Put three of those behind your Precision 23 and scare hell out of everyone. Mercury showed its power with the *Lickety Split* that ran in the Desert Storm Shootout on Lake Havasu. Brad Kloepfer and Paul Selberg wrecked their boat doing 158mph, killing both of them and critically injuring Kloepfer's wife. The boat was running with twin Merc 1350s. It is important to note, said the event organizers, that they wrecked after the race was over.

Travis Hickman is a featured boat builder in this edition of *Duckworks* online magazine. He shows how he can build almost perfect boats without problems of being off line about $\frac{1}{16}$ " here or $\frac{1}{8}$ " there by using a 3D laser transit to develop an exact computerized model of a boat. He then uses a Techno computer numerical control router (CNC) that cuts each piece perfectly. All he has to do is assemble the parts like a giant puzzle and, voila, his boat is ready for sailing.

While no one can question his skills or knowledge, it does seem a bit "modern" for old salts. Worse, the whole thing probably costs more than just heading to the boat shop and buying a boat. Nevertheless, even with a system like this I could screw it up and Dan Rogers would have to alter it in some fashion. Mississippi Bob would simply shake his head at us "foreigners" (meaning we are not from Minnesota).

Another featured article showed that some guy made a canvas boat that was 22" wide. Looking over the leftover canvas he decided to build a sail from the same canvas. He did indeed fashion a sail and a means of lifting a mast. A yellow canvas boat and a yellow canvas sail? Looks weird and it takes a lot of courage to sail this topheavy beastie, but sail it he did.

Although not really a small boat subject, this item warrants notation. John Fisher, a moderately well known sailor, was participating in the Volvo Around the World race when he went on deck to straighten things up and a rogue wave swept him overboard. He

was going to be just a moment so he failed to tie himself to the boat. Immediate action by the crew, including tossing buoy rings and signal devices, failed. He was never found.

History

During World War II a plethora of Major League baseball players joined the military. Thirty-six Hall of Famers swapped uniforms. Over 500 major leaguers and 4,000 minor leaguers entered the military. Of course, Army noticed the abundance of great ball players and immediately challenged the Navy to a Pacific World Series. Boasting the likes of Joe DiMaggio and Hammerin' Hank Greenberg, the Army looked forward to besting the White Hats. But Dom DiMaggio, Phil Rizzuto, Johnny Mize and Peewee Reese took up the contest. Admiral Chester Nimitz threw out the first pitch but it was Rizzuto who stole the spotlight with three hits and beat the Army 5-0. The bat bearing swab jockeys won the series four wins in a row.

Japanese planes sank the SS *Saigang* off Sri Lanka in April 1942. On fire and abandoned, the former British passenger and merchant ship was left as a basis for a pier in fairly shallow water. Now, 75 years later, the government wants to enlarge the harbor so it patched the holes in the old wreck, filled it with air and refloated the 450' hull. It saw the surface in March and was towed to a different spot and, appropriately, resunk for preservation.

Foreign Navies

Finland, the only democratic nation to have a border with the old Soviet Union, continues to look uneasily to their east. Their navy consists of patrol boats, minelayers, minesweepers, transports, tugs and cable layers and auxiliary boats. They have four Rauma-class and four Hamina-class Patrol Boats equipped with anti air missiles, anti aircraft guns and ASW weapons. They also have three pollution control vessels.

The Democratic Republic of the Congo's Navy consists of eight patrol boats. One actually works. One thousand Congolese sailors maintain that one boat. They have five navy bases in their nation.

Sri Lanka (Ceylon to us old folks) has a necessary navy simply because of its location on the globe. Pirates, insurgents and rogue arms shippers infest the region. The navy consists of five ocean going patrol ships, two missile boats, 35 fast attack craft, six landing ships and a lot of auxiliary vessels with the total fleet running approximately 225 floating warships manned by 48,000 sailors. The Sri Lankan Navy's motto is "Rata Wata Badi Run Weta." For duffers, it means "The Golden Fence Around the Country."

Greece, being a series of islands, must maintain a healthy navy to avoid invasion by Bulgarians or Anatolians. Of course, the Greek warships go back a long way in history including the Peloponnesian War when Thucydides said, "the rule of the sea is a great matter." Duh. Pericles put things bluntly, "The Navy, as it represents a necessary weapon for Greece, should only be created for war and aim to victory."

The Greeks have about 98 ships including 13 frigates, 11 submarines, 17 missile cutters, eight gunboats, nine LSTs, six patrol boats and the sundry support and auxiliary ships crewed by 30,000 sailors. Their Patron Saint is St Nicholas.

Speaking of Patron Saints, Russia's is also St Nicholas. The US Navy has no pro-

pective sainted person but American sailors look to St Christopher, St Jude, St Brendan, St Elmo (also known as St Erasmus) or St Michael. Not being a theologian, I must note that Christopher is actually the patron of all travelers and Michael is the patron of all military personnel. Spain sees Our Lady of Mount Carmel as their patron.

Catholic Prayers include this for all seafarers:

Seafarers' Prayer

O Mary, Star of the Sea, light of every ocean, guide seafarers across all dark and stormy seas that they may reach the haven of peace and light prepared in Him who calmed the sea.

As we set forth upon the oceans of the world and cross the deserts of our time, show us, O Mary, the fruit of your womb, for without your Son we are lost.

Pray that we will never fail on life's journey, that in heart and mind, in word and deed, in days of turmoil and in days of calm, we will always look to Christ and say, "Who is this that even wind and sea obey him?"

Bright Star of the Sea, guide us!



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If you want to build a Swampscott dory, first buy a set of plans. Go to Mystic Seaport in Connecticut; in the museum there, you'll find blueprints based on the lines of old wooden dories, the fishing and sailing boats that dotted the Atlantic for centuries. If you've never built a dory before, start small, perhaps with a 12-footer. For an experienced boat builder, a 15' to 17' Swampscott is within reach.

If you live in a northern climate like New England, you'll want a heated workshop to allow for progress during winter months. This space will become your sanctuary. It's where the lumber will stay dry, the metal tools rust-free. In the shop you can be yourself. This sanctuary must also protect the dory until she is built and ready to launch.

Purchase the highest quality tools available. Don't cut corners on quality, or you may cut the corners of a finger or a hand. If my husband says, the blade on the bandsaw is dull, I send him to the hardware store for a new one. I like his hands, and he likes to go to the hardware store. Besides chisels and vises, dory-builders need a drill press, a belt sander, several saws, various hand planes, dozens of long-armed clamps, hundreds of bronze screws, thousands of copper nails, a ball-peen hammer, a steam box, sawhorses, and an adjustable workbench. Buy a copy of *The Dory Book* by John Gardner. It's regarded as the definitive work on dory construction, and can advise the inexperienced boat builder on necessary tools. We keep a dusty edition in the garage-workshop.

Before you select any wood, consider the uses you have in mind for the boat. Swampscott dories are swift, sturdy, easy to handle, and difficult to capsize. Will you fly-fish on freshwater streams under the Montana sky? Will you row your dory on a great lake, or trap lobster in Kennebunkport? Perhaps you dream of sailing on the ocean, to escape the endless clutter of life on shore. That's what we imagine: the dory as our getaway car.

If you've set your sights on the sea, the scourge of salt water must be taken into account. In addition to brine and rot, marine parasites such as shipworms and gribbles will try to eat the boat. Woods like mahogany, white ash, cedar and oak are recommended for durability. No matter how beautiful, discard any piece of wood containing a knot. Knots become knotholes, through which water can enter and overwhelm the boat. In a dory as in life, the goal is not to sink.

Take into account the financial resources you'll need. Dory dreams are as free as the wind, but to build the boat it takes actual money. How much money depends on the boat's size, and on the materials you use. If your heart is set on mahogany from Madagascar, on its deep beauty and decay-resistance, hire an international wood broker who deals in exotic hardwoods. He'll have a man in Manakara, who'll watch for knot-free planks to reach noisy docks off the coast of southern Africa.

It may take years for this lumber to float in through the mist of the Mangoro River, so be patient. My husband Ward waited by the phone for eighteen months. Finally a ring, then the words, "we found it." A note of caution before purchasing exotic hardwoods: know which species are vulnerable or near extinction, such as Burmese Rosewood and West African Okoume. Avoid miscreants who will sell an endangered species of wood

How to Build a Swampscott Dory

By Andrea Caswell

as easily as they'd sell a soul. Never invite bad juju onto a boat.

It seems like a short time to wait, eighteen months, compared to the decades it took Ward to find me again. We first met as teenagers in college. But after graduation, our trails followed different compass points. Nearly twenty-five years later, we saw each other again at an alumni event. The sadness of long-lost slipped away from us like water. Finally a ring, then the words, Will you marry me?

As with any large undertaking, develop a plan. List the tasks to be performed in sequence to achieve the Dory Launch. On your project plan, include an estimate of the time required for each task, such as laydown the lines: ten hours or hang the planks: six weeks. These estimates in turn provide a rough sense of when the dory will be done.

Perhaps you're only twenty-two; perhaps you feel that an ample supply of the future awaits you. That's what I thought when I finished college. There were innumerable ways for me to spend my time, apparently none of them urgent. I drifted through entire years without setting a course for myself. A few hours of boat-work a month would have felt significant to me.

If you're nearly fifty like my husband, who's determined to launch this dory before he dies, devote ten or fifteen hours a week to boat-work. He bought the Swampscott plans when he was sixteen. The boat should be built by now.

Today he squeezed sanding into the space between dinner and sundown. Yesterday, he varnished a gunwale instead of eating lunch. He's in a rush because he let his dream languish into dormancy. Instead of making a project plan early, when he had the chance, Ward got distracted inland, miles and miles from shore. He wandered through a petrified forest, and settled by a hollow tree. The sacred Swampscott dory lines slipped into darkness, exiled in an empty tube.

Rest, but do not fall asleep. To move towards the future you've imagined, reckon with the past. Ask, When did I veer so far off-course? Which navigational clues did I miss? Release the opportunities that you didn't recognize, because they won't come again. Forgive yourself for failures. A boat can't be built on regrets.

After clearing the spiders, prepare for the first step in the build, called the Dory Laydown. You will render the boat's lines, or blueprints, full-size onto a flat surface, usually vellum paper. On boat plans, blue lines appear as a series of points and angles. These meticulous lines are drawn to scale, and boat builders rely on them to calculate the shapes of hulls.

In the laydown, the boat-to-be will unfold itself in paper pieces across the floor, revealing to you its future form. Ward used geometry to convert angles to distances, from which he cut pieces out of vellum. Since it's easier to cut paper than wood, a laydown is the most prudent way to confirm your math thus far. Consult "Part Two: How to Build a Dory" in Gardner's *The Dory Book* for techniques on measuring points and angles.

John Gardner learned boat-building as a boy in Calais, Maine. He later fell in love with old dories on the beaches of Massachusetts: Gloucester, Marblehead, Salem, Salisbury, Rockport. But by the 1940s, these working and pleasure boats had begun to disappear. As with thousands of hardy mules and workhorses replaced by mechanized tractors, so too did the gasoline engine accelerate the demise of the dory. Automobiles and motor-boats became popular. With the advent of fiberglass in 1950, the art of building wooden boats nearly ceased, leaving faint records in its centuries-old wake.

In subsequent decades of his love-affair with the dory, John Gardner fought to record historic designs. For generations, dories were built by eye alone, as Gardner lamented: It is unfortunate that boat-builders in the past did not work from lines, for much of our rich heritage of native small craft has been irretrievably lost. The old builders died. Their boats rotted away. Their patterns disappeared. Wood is made of dirt. Dust.

Building a dory will be difficult; I can't pretend otherwise. But don't give up when self-doubt creeps in through the workshop door. Seal your resolve with the strongest sealing wax; redouble your determination. Don't listen to critical voices: not your own, not other people's. The voices harass, you've never built a boat before, and that may be true. The deepest voices whisper darkly they whisper, you don't have the time, you don't have the money, the strength, skill, courage, all of your doubts filling in each blank. Fear fits snugly into gnawing seams, in the gaps where two edges meet. Don't let dark voices derail your dory dream. Stay the course, despite setbacks.

Acquire the boat builder's lexicon to become fluent in a dream-language. Learn that gunwale rhymes with tunnel, that a pintle goes into a gudgeon, and that you have the devil to pay. Don't be surprised when you find land-locked words surrounding the boat. The devil is the seam most vulnerable to rot; it runs the length of the waterline. Fill this seam with pay, or pitch. Let the smooth tar seep into the recesses of the gap, just as water will try to seep into the boat.

On the project plan, note the date on which you paid the devil. Document your progress, to see how far you've come. Compare your estimated pace for make the rudder or pound the oakum with your actual pace. Maybe you haven't made the rudder yet, or like me, you can't stomach oakum. Oakum is a caulking material made from tarred yarn and shredded rope fibers. It looks like ten years' worth of tangled, tortured hair washed up on the beach. Push past the oil-slick smell when you pound the oakum, because every seam in the boat must hold.

In high school, Ward worked summers at a sailing camp on Little Pleasant Bay, near the Cape Cod National Seashore. He ran the camp's workshop, and maintained a fleet of faithful but rotting wooden boats. When he bought the Swampscott plans in Mystic Seaport, he knew that building this boat wouldn't be easy. He's learned that it feels impossible at times. But he won't accept unattainable, so he hammers into the late night. He must finish the dory.

Keep a light shining in the darkness of a tube, if the dory plans are still waiting for you there. Don't despair if the project is going more slowly than you'd hoped. Maybe you're struggling with a stretch of rainy days.

Foul weather. There are other ways to make progress when the barometer falls. Hunker down with a maritime dictionary; look up definitions for sailing large and going free.

Pay special attention to language about the boat's anatomy, which will allow you to have conversations with the old-timers. These salt-encrusted men spent years building wooden boats along the northern Atlantic coast. It doesn't matter if they built Banks dories or Nantucket dories instead of Swampscotts.

"The old-timers know where the boat will be vulnerable," Ward tells me, as he fills a seam with oakum. "They've learned the hard way what will last, and what will fail." His fingerprints are spirals of tar.

When he was just out of college, Ward sought advice about building his dory. "Do you recommend Sitka spruce for the mast and boom?" he asked an old-timer in a bar on Buzzards Bay.

Through the dimness of the bar and his memory, the leathery man recalled how a mast had once performed in reality: on the ocean. His barnacle-like hands could no longer steady a chisel, or plane a block of wood into a 15' mast. "Read 'bout that in a book, did 'ya?" His face was etched into a permanent squint. He sucked his pint of Narragansett, then he squinted hard at Ward. "Fine, if 'ya wanna blow beer money on Sitka." Red-and-white crow's feet flared across his temples, striped like zebra mussels.

The old-timers are hard men. The sun has baked them to cracked dry clay; the wind has blown through their bodies. They've lost sons at sea. The rip-currents of time will pull these worn men under too, but until then, they know which seams may not hold.

"How 'ya riggin' 'er?" There are several rigging options for dories, but the old-timer offered none. Ward told him a Bermuda rig. The old man squinted east, into the eye of a stormy day. "Even with a jib, she'll twist in a following sea," he said, mainly to a wall lined with portraits of lost fishermen. "She'll open 'er seams, dump 'er oakum." Then the old man turned straight on Ward. "If the seams is open, she ain't a boat no more, boy. She's a leaky coffin."

Look beyond the fire-and-brimstone squint. In the old man's deep-water eyes, fathom the depths of your own dory dream. While your project plan may change, as life circumstances do, most elements will remain stable. Wooden boats have been built much the same way for thousands of years.

Laydown the lines. Carve the stem. Bevel the bottom. Secure the transom. Clamp the garboards. Fair the laps. Spile the batten. Hang the planks. Pay the devil. Nail the overlaps. Twist the stringers. Fit the thwarts. Steam the ribs. Pivot the centerboard. Pound the oakum. Wrap the gunwales. Plane the mast. Shape the boom-jaws. Make the rudder. Secure the cleats. Buy an anchor.

Ward forgot marry for love. He couldn't have known it was part of the plan, but here I am. Like the dory, I must fare well in stormy weather, and not become easily overwhelmed. I once asked him, "is that plank supposed to stick out like a snaggle-tooth?" He admitted no, that the boat is imperfect. Neither of us is perfect, but we manage. We make the pieces fit, the scraps and the shards, and the exquisitely smooth pieces, too.

If we'd fallen in love a thousand years ago, I wouldn't be allowed aboard the dory. Women anger sea gods, or they used to. Boats bearing my name have suffered ill fates

in local waters. The *Andrea Doria* sank off Nantucket Sound in 1956. The *Andrea Gail*, with her crew of six fishermen, was lost out of Gloucester in a perfect storm in 1991. As seamen go, Ward's not overly superstitious, though he's said that we can't launch on a Friday. Oh, and he'll place a silver coin under the masthead for good luck.

Be aware that a boat-building project arouses curiosity in neighbors. They'll become sudden experts, nautical engineers overnight. "Aren't those gaps dangerous in a boat?" a guy named Rich once asked from the safety of his driveway. A distracting voice.

The Stockholm tar in oakum tastes black and bitter. Its oily film turns tongues from pink to gray, and fumes may fill your thoughts. Ward's throat tightens when he hears incorrigible questions about the dory's seaworthiness.

Voices ask: Will it float? Can it survive a storm? He doesn't know, and that's a problem. This craft must carry us on open water; our lives depend on its soundness. Blueprints are delicate ink drawings, so they can't predict how the dory will react to a rough swell or violent weather. That's up to us. We must analyze darkening clouds in the sky, and notice changes in the atmosphere. Our behavior under pressure, and the laws of physics, will determine our boat's course.

Discipline your mind when dark voices enter. Find the moral support to plane heavy planks with splintered hands. Muster the courage to hammer copper nails, after your fingernails have blackened and begun to fall off. Above all, disappear into your sanctuary whenever you can. Time is fleeting, so work without distraction. Work without guilt. That's what I tell Ward. It's not selfish to build this boat, I say. It's not selfish to be who you are.

Soon we'll decide what to name the dory. Ancient boats were given female names, in appeals to goddesses for protection. Athena, patroness of ships, please watch over us. We promise to launch when the moon is full. Sedna, mythical Mother of the Sea, please nurture us. We are hopeful sailors.

(This essay was first published by *Stone-coast Review*, University of Southern Maine, in 2015.



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A Brief Interview With the Author

Q: What gave you the idea for this piece?

A: I had the idea for this essay when I began to notice the similarities between writing and boat building. Both require creativity and knowledge, the proper tools, the ability to put pieces together correctly and smoothly, and large swaths of uninterrupted time. I also recognized the more abstract commonalities: both demand determination, a willingness to fail, focus, a bit of stubbornness, and the ability to face fears and doubts.

Q: What was the hardest thing about writing it?

A: The hardest thing about writing "How to Build a Swampscott Dory" was that I'm not a boat builder nor a sailor. I didn't know most of the words that I'd need to use, so sometimes I truly "had no words" for what I wanted to convey. I relied on several resources to learn the relevant vocabulary. The most important one was my husband, his knowledge and experience. Sometimes I'd pull up a folding chair in the garage just to watch him work and ask questions. "What are you doing now?" and "What is that thing that you just put on top of that other thing?" Several books were also helpful. I used *A Sea of Words* to look up nautical terms, and John Gardner's *The Dory Book*.

Q: Did your husband finally finish the boat?

A: He did! We launched the dory from Wareham on Buzzards Bay in May of 2014. The moment the boat eased off the trailer into the water was the most nerve wracking. I think there was still a part of him that worried she would sink straight to the bottom the minute she touched the water. He named the boat *Fondly*. Now he sails and rows the dory out of Newburyport.



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It was two years ago this 4th of July I cleaned out the shop to begin building a replica inspired by Alfred Johnson's ocean crossing Banks Dory *Centennial*. The shop is only 20'x10' and *Centennial* is a 20' dory 6' wide, so everything not essential to the build had to go into the scrap woodpile or get stashed in the loft.

The first thing was to get a photocopy of the plans and offsets so I did not ruin my copy of John Gardner's *Wooden Boats to Build and Use*.

The bottom came together pretty quickly out of rough cut 2"x pine, which I ripped into 6" boards then resawed on my table saw to about 1 1/2". The boards were fit to each other and rough cut to the shape of the bottom (this saves time in the finish planing as there is far less waste wood planed to the finish thickness). I planed the planks to the final 1 3/8". Next I cross cleated the bottom boards and cut the finished shape of the chine to a batten marked line.

A trip to Rowley and Herrick's mill yielded some white oak at a reasonable rate, to get *Centennial's* six big sets of frames out of. The frames were glued and riveted together and ring nailed through the bottom planking into the oak. Ring nails hold well in oak but drilling for the nail is essential.

Next I had to cut out the big curved stem and bevel it on the bench to accept planking. The tombstone transom was glued up out of two pieces of oak with a spline and the grain oriented to prevent transom corners cracking over the years. The garboard planks came together from a 10' sheet of marine fir ply. White pine planking in wide relatively clear lengths with tight knots came from Parlee Box Co of Westford, Massachusetts. I had the pine stored in the shop loft for a couple of years ready to use in anticipation of this project.

Scarfs were cut in the boards and glued, then the shape of the planks was traced from the plank below it, all the upper plank edges are straight as an arrow which makes the planking process pretty simple. Once the planks were roughed out in shape they were run through the planer, this means the minimal amount of wood is planed, saving on time and energy. The rolling bevels I cut in the ends and dory laps to finish the plank ends at the stem mean that there is no false stem, as in the original boat's 140+ year old hull. I held the planking in place with clamps while the ends were fastened with more bronze ring shank nails. As I hung the planks one at a time the laps were drilled every 3" and riveted with copper nails and washers.

Before the weather turned too cold to glue I had all the planks scarfed and had three sets of planks on the boat. The temperature soon dropped well below freezing in the evenings and I was working on the boat around my full time job. Iron wood working tools are no fun to handle when they are 15° in the morning before work, so progress slowed.

I did use the winter months to tinker with the idea of building a small cast iron stove for my dory. I put it together out of sections of plumbing pipe and bolted it together with some bands and put a stove pipe on it. It worked pretty well, even so, I have been sure to take multiple precautions with ventilation and a carbon monoxide detector on board just to be on the safe side. I also used this time to paint the inside of the hull, green for the bottom and garboard and oil for the rest of the interior pine planking.

Centennial A Builder's Notes

By Dan Noyes

In January the opening invitation went out for boats for the Small Reach Regatta hosted by the Down East chapter of TSCA. The SRR is a gathering of 70 odd traditional small craft, sail and oar boats on the legendary cruising grounds of Eggamogin Reach and Blue Hill Bay. I signed up *Centennial* with a photo of Johnson's original, a photo taken some time around 1900!

As the weather warmed I finished planking the hull. The sheer strake cleared the low loft floor at the back of the shop by only a few inches. This 20' dory hull is the largest volume hull I can build in my shop space. I used a handsaw to trim the plank ends at bow and stern. The top edge of the last/fourth plank on each side is a straight line, the shape and angle of the sides of the hull is what gives the curve and spring to this boat's sheer line.

The original *Centennial* was built by installing a centerboard and decking over a typical Banks Dory. I approached my build in the same manner. In early April, during a family reunion of sorts, a bunch of us gathered at the boat shop. I freed the hull from the building strongback and we dragged *Centennial's* hull out of the shop. With the dory outside I could roll her massive hull and trim her garboard planks to the level of the bottom. Then I removed the strongback from the shop and rolled *Centennial* back inside to begin her conversion from fishing dory to transatlantic sailing machine!

I began by cutting and assembling pieces for the centerboard. The box is L shaped with the short leg of the L piercing the deck and the long leg along the bottom of the boat. The board has a long lower leading edge and an arm which extends up through the opening in the deck where a set of blocks are used to raise and lower the board. This arrangement is different from the original *Centennial* and similar to the sailing canoe *Eel* by Holmes. I made the centerbox from marine fir ply 1/2" thick, the slot width is 1 3/4" to accommodate a 1 1/2" board. I made the board of three layers of 1/2" marine fir glued together. I also bolted a 1 1/2"x3" box section steel tube filled with lead for a total weight of over 100lbs to the lower leading edge of the board.

Once the centerbox was glued and screwed in place I started framing the deck using spruce deck beams cut to a camber pattern and let into the rails along the sheer. I also nailed in the seat risers which would also do double duty to hold bed boards which would span the gap between the hull sides and the center box and be captured by rails on the box, these bed boards can be removed to access storage under the bunks.

The deck framing proceeded pretty slowly because there was a good amount of head scratching as I decided how to do the hatches and where to put the deck openings. I also put in a marine ply bulkhead at the sixth frame which separates the main cabin area from a buoyancy/storage chamber aft of the standing well. By mid May I had the deck framing done and primer on the deck beams. I would have to make good progress if I was going to finish the dory for the Small Reach Regatta in late July.

I covered the deck with a layer of 1/4" ply and over that glued down 1/4" pine planks and nailed down the composite structure to the gunnels and deck beams with copper ring nails. Cutting the pine planks took some time as every piece needed to be fit dry before I felt comfortable committing to gluing and nailing it into place.

With the deck glued and nailed down I began to paint the outside of the hull, primer and base coats for the color scheme, based on *Centennial's* paint scheme, red sheer strake, white #2 planks and dark blue for the #1 and garboard planks.

The time remaining until launch day, the 4th and the Small Reach the 24th was getting short, thankfully the toe rails which run bow to stern went on pretty easily, as did the big locust cleat I had carved during the winter to accept the aft end of the bowsprit and provide a handy place for tow and anchor tie off. Next I installed two large locust cleats on the deck on either side of the cockpit near the toe rail, these cleats provide a location to belay the main sheet to on the leeward rail. Sheeting from the lee rail has the same effect as a traveler, providing downward tension on the sail and reducing twist when close hauled. I also installed a locust cleat midships at the foot well for belaying the main sheet to or for lashing the tiller in position when single-handing.

The fittings for this dory had to be galvanized, stainless would look ridiculous and bronze would make this hard scrabble working man's machine look like a gentleman's yacht, a toy. Bow eye, rudder hardware, stem head fittings, chain plates, all had to be bought as cast galvanized hardware or cut out and bent up of galvanized bar stock. I did compromise on the rigging with stainless wire rope, which looked very similar to the new galvy and did not cost much more. The spars and rigging were completed the previous fall so all I had to do was rig and paint/varnish the mast, boom, bowsprit and gaff. I made the spars of spruce and varnished them for most of their length with a white boot top at the masthead, the deck and the ends of the boom gaff and sprit. The boom jaws and gaff jaws and saddle were carved of locust and riveted to the spars with copper rod and washers.

July 4, 2017, launch day, was a real beaut, sunny warm and breezy (see *MAIB*, September 2017). I had the dory all painted and decked out with some bunting at the bow for the occasion, a morning launch in the Parker River with 20 or so family and friends there to see it splash, including the great great granddaughter and great great great grandson of Alfred Centennial Johnson! They very kindly presented me with a book by Robert Morris titled, *Alfred "Centennial" Johnson, the Story of the First Solo Atlantic Crossing from West to East*, published by Y Crofft, Treffynnon, Pembrokeshire, England.

With the excitement of the morning launch passed I took the chance to try sleeping aboard, I rowed *Centennial* downriver just before sunset and watched the fireworks going off all along the coast, displays from Hampton, New Hampshire, to Gloucester Massachusetts, were visible from the dory downriver surrounded for miles by nothing but water and salt meadow. Sleeping is tight in the berths with minimal room to roll over or move around but the curve of the side makes a very comfortable notch to settle into. I must have been comfortable since and I slept until well after sunrise.

Summer Wind

By Richard Honan

After two years of looking at boat building plans, ordering wood, fasteners and epoxy, spending many Thursday evenings and Sunday mornings building the *Summer Wind*, today was Christening Day. Charlie, Max and their dad Colin got to see all of the work pay off as the two boys sailed off for the first time while their parents, Colin and Christine watched from the shore.

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The Boat Launch

They did it! The students launched their boats on a warm Friday morning on June 1. All went well and everyone had great fun. This was the Buffalo Maritime Center's "Hand to Hand" program for high school students. By building small boats using basic hand tools, students working in groups learned not only how to build a boat, but other useful skills. They learned how to measure, use math in a real applications, some engineering and construction problem solving, among other life skills gained by working together to complete a task.

The day started with some brief speeches by BMC staff, students and supporters of the program, then a talk about safety and how to launch these colorful little boats. Onshore, John Montague, Roger Allen and some BMC volunteers began orchestrating the launchings and placing students safely, if a bit shakily, into the boats. It went without any major incident.

Once onboard they were sent off to distant shores on historic Hoyt Lake (see following article) in Delaware Park. Some took to paddling right away, others, after



BMC's Hand to Hand Program

By Greg Grundtisch

some trial and error, learned and moved right along, if not with some slight trepidation. All the students were being observed in a safety net of rowboats manned by Brian Trzeciak and some high school teachers, volunteers and photographers.

There was some quiet chatter among the spectators and parents in the background as to the odds of any boats capsizing. None were observed at this point, but I had to leave for work before the conclusion of this event.

This program provides students with more than the aforementioned new skills. By taking a project to completion and knowing that they were a real part of it, they develop a sense of self esteem, confidence and satisfaction knowing they were a part of something very special. There was not one kid in the group who was not smiling and grinning the whole time I was there. Same goes for the parents and teachers. Cheers for all who were a part of this terrific program!

This event got some attention from some of the local news stations and also an on air TV interview with Dr John Montague, the Maritime Center's founder. He spoke of the Center and this remarkably effective learning program for students.



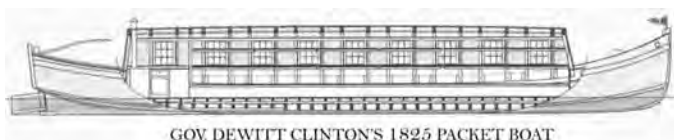
Building the Packet Boat for the Bicentennial of the Erie Canal

Exploring and celebrating Buffalo's Maritime Heritage has been one of the BMC's central missions from the beginning. From the first Buffalo Harbor Ferry through to last spring's launch of the Durham boat, *Erie Traveler*, for the city of Lockport and the Lockport Locks Heritage District Corp, we have done much to fulfill our promise. Now with the 200th Anniversary of the Erie Canal upon us we are presented with exciting new opportunities to carry out our maritime heritage mission.

For several years now, in anticipation of this moment, the Buffalo Maritime Center has been laying groundwork for the construction of an historically authentic "Erie Canal Packet Boat" for the Buffalo harbor, a vessel which could serve as a center piece for the Canalside

redevelopment and, even while under construction, provide a focus for interpreting Buffalo's harbor and historic Erie Canal terminus.

In 2017, the 4th of July marked the 200th Anniversary of the "ground breaking" for the Erie Canal near Rome, New York. The official ground breaking for the Erie Canal commenced July 4, 1817, 200 years ago. It had been only 41 years since the Declaration of Independence and just two years after Buffalo village had been burned to the ground during the War of 1812. The great canal project reflected a daunting challenge and an enormous optimism which would be mightily rewarded as the country grew.



GOV. DEWITT CLINTON'S 1825 PACKET BOAT



Hoyt Lake and Its Relation to Boats

Hoyt Lake was completed in 1871 as part of Frederick Law Olmsted's vision for the future of urban parks and spaces. In today's Delaware Park, formerly known as The Park by Olmsted, and then Gala Waters (it once had a large fountain, now gone), it became Delaware Park, named after the Eastern Algonquian Delaware tribe. It is a large 300 plus acre park with the lake as its centerpiece.

Jump ahead 30 years to the 1901 Pan American Exhibition where boats enter the picture. The Exhibition constructed miles of canals on the grounds and connected them with the lake. Hoyt Lake became a focal point of the Pan Am Expo for people where they could rent canoes and rowboats or stroll around the lake with its large fountain. It was connected by canals through and around all the exhibits, literally city blocks of canals and exhibit buildings.

There were imported Venetian gondolas and electric boats taking passengers for tours by water. Elco boats were used. They were run on DC batteries but were charged with AC electric. The interesting thing about that is it was the first time AC was used in any large scale, and done by Nicola Tesla. He generated electric power using new technology, water driven turbines, and sent it by wire to the Pan American Exhibition to "light it up."

Some have called the lake Mirror Lake, but that was actually the small augmentation to the lake where the New York State Exhibition Building stood (and still does as a History Museum). The lake and building were positioned to not only reflect the building on the lake during the day, but with the new electric lights at night, impressive for the times.

And this has something to do with boats also. Joshua Slocum brought his boat *Spray* up the Erie Canal to Scajaquada Creek and to Mirror Lake. He was moored for a time in the middle of the lake and would give talks about his sailing adventures.

After the Exhibition ended most of the buildings were taken down and reused elsewhere. The canals were filled and became streets. Eventually houses and businesses would line the former canals and most are still there. The lake stayed on as part of the park and became a recreational venue again with a boat livery and fishing (kiddies fishing) along the shore.

The good news today is that there is once again a boat livery at Delaware Park. The Buffalo Maritime Center built a fleet of rowboats and sailboats for public use at a very nominal fee. The park is also getting needed upgrades and with the vastly expanding attractions and boat use at Historic Canal-side and Inner Harbor (Buffalo Creek), the public is slowly becoming aware of the river pickles and brown trout in their midst. It took a while, but it's getting there. As my father would say, "you can't fix everything at once, just keep chipping away at it."

For some interesting viewing there are a few YouTube videos online with vintage Edison black and white movies touring the exhibits by electric boat. One is entitled "A Trip Around the Pan American Exhibition" and the other is "Pan American Exposition by Night."



Boatshop News

Restoring a Piece of History

Aileen is a 1926 Sound Inter Club sailboat designed by Mower, built by Nevins. The Sound Inter Club class started on Long Island Sound where they raced and sailed throughout the late 1920s and '30s. Then, in the 1940s, as many as ten were brought to Lake George. Today only five of the original 28 Sound Inter Club boats have been found worldwide. The rest have been lost.

With our restoration of *Aileen* nearly complete, a class is reintroduced. *Aileen* made her debut this season at the Wooden-Boat Show in Mystic Seaport in June and subsequently was launched on Lake George upon her return.

Reuben Smith led the restoration of the first matched pair, *Caprice* and *Ghost*, and now with *Aileen* joining them on Lake George, history is recreated. Learn more about the Sound Inter Club at www.soundinterclub.org and at the Tumblehome website, www.tumblehomeboats.com.



August Evening Events

On the last two consecutive Thursdays in August we'll enjoy an evening of refreshments and hors d'oeuvres and take a look back in time at boats and boating. The dates are August 23 and 30. Doors open 6:30pm, program starts at 7:15pm. Call 518-623-5050 or send an email for more information.

Upcoming Boat Shows

We'll be in full force at the 45th annual Lake George Rendezvous on August 25 at the Lake George Village Docks.

Regatta in Bolton Landing Featuring Historic Boats

Tumblehome Boatshop is a proud sponsor of the Bolton Landing Boats & Boating Festival, a regatta along the shore of Lake George featuring boats from the 1890s to 1920s. This free event is on September 22 at Rogers Park Docks, Bolton Landing, NYew York.

Finding Us

We're 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, (618) 623-5050.

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At the Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club

Jim's unfinished Scamp just left for its new home with Lonnie Black. He's the perfect guy for this, he's just like me, a little nuts. He's active with the Trailer Sailors and we'll see the finished boat at Cedar Key next year. I'm sorry about those of you who really wanted to give it a try but we only had one boat. You were all sincere but one guy just said, "if it's free I guess I'll take it." Maybe I should save his name for some of the junk I haul to the dump, it's free.



Howard is starting the build on this one so we had to go to the wood store for framing lumber, which meant a drive up to St Pete to the Axley brothers' cypress sawmill. I couldn't talk him into going to the mahogany store.



We got a bunch of 14' and 16' long boards that are pretty much knot free. They are not dried but we've found that we can still cut them to size and as they dry they hold their dimensions. They are pretty heavy now but in a couple of months they will be dry and very light and rot resistant.



Modifying a Melonseed A Rerun from April, 2013

Here's the finished version of Judy's little 13' Melonseed that I made a few changes on. It was built by a master builder according to the plans but you know what I think of sprit rigs so I changed things a little.

I dumped mast and spars (or whatever they call those stick things), made a new 14' lightweight mast that I can pick up with one hand, boom and gaff from a cedar tree I planted. I cut out the dagger board trunk, made a 3' long slot into bottom and installed a centerboard trunk and board. Made a new

From the Tiki Hut By Dave Lucas

deeper rudder and custom tiller. Raised the oar locks using bubinga wood, installed CUP HOLDERS, put a three dimensional wooden art block made by Helen from exotic woods on the hatch, put a pipe in for the mast so it wouldn't slip and break the deck out, made a knob for the drain plug from pecan wood, ran the main sheet up and forward on the boom and down to a swiveling main sheet cleat, put turning blocks under the deck for the two halyards and ran them back to the cockpit through cam cleats for easy adjustment, painted the deck with Sherman Williams marine coating.

Notice how the sail has a perfect shape, not a single wrinkle, that's achieved by small adjustments of the peak halyard as wind conditions change. All of the control lines are within easy reach to the skipper.

I put her name on the side and reconfigured the trailer for easy launch and retrieval. I did this little job for nothing to see how good I could make one of these little boats. *Freedom* is very light and accelerates like a greyhound with the slightest puff. I plan on making a couple of these boats for myself and sure hope I remember what I did with this one. And no, I won't make one for you. Jim took these pictures from my dock and got some good shots.



Why I Want Water Ballast in My Fantail Launch

Here is the perfect answer to all you pond sailors who don't think I need any water ballast in my fantail launch, a Newfoundland crab boat, owned by Ross Petten from Port deGrave in slightly choppy water on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland.

After seeing these I'm thinking about adding another thousand pounds. It won't be there when I trailer, it'll help keeping on track on a wind and stabilize in a chop. Talk about a picture being worth a thousand words!! Get ready to be seasick on still pictures.



A Big Day Today

A Big Day today, one the entire Frankenwerke Crew has been fretting and stewing about for almost half a year. Today is the day *Miss Kathleen* is headed for the exit. I, for one, have been worried about my Engineering Department's never before tried plan. At least, those guys told me they had a plan and, just in case they didn't quite think of everything, I managed to get a helper. Unfortunately he's only half qualified. This is one of those jobs that requires the classic combination of "a strong back and a weak mind." Fortunately he has a strong back. You take what you can get these days.

After a couple of unexpected days of knuckle busting and trips to The Big City for visits to the Emporium of Trailer Parts, *Mister Tom* has a completely BFN undercarriage, new axles, new brake drums, new brakes, new bearings and almost new, waaaaay over-size tires. *Mr T* is gonna be stylin'! This was neither planned nor budgeted. But there's more, waaaaaay more.



I was supposed to be waiting for my helper but it seems the Christmas Elves have come back to sort of check on things. They seem to start messing with stuff "just to see if it'll work..." and then they disappear and I've got to finish what they started. I think that's how the top started moving to the "moving position." I think they were just interested in how things would proceed, later, when our helper is here. I think that was the idea.

First off, they moved the top back a foot or so to allow me to jack the rig up another couple inches to get those brake drums in place. It's soooo much nicer to work on those finger pinching tasks on the floor of the heated shop. You see, there's still ice and snow very much stacked up just outside those 8' doors, the very same doors that *MK* will soon glide her over 9' tall self out through.



But, then the top got a bit unbalanced. I had to climb up there and see what I could do.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Before I even could say, "whoathere-bigguy!" the whole caboodle sort of slid off toward the forward hatch. Suddenly *Miss Kathleen* went topless!



There wasn't really a way to put a scale under that boatlid, but I'm pretty sure we exceed one and a half Volkswagens. Maybe as much awkward as heavy. Sure glad we've got help putting it back up. While we were waiting for The Cavalry to show up, we got all the window panels cut and rough fit.



We've got a lot of window frames and doors and stuff to deal with when things are back in their proper orientations. It's supposed to get warm and stop snowing for the next couple of days so we can stick the windows back in place on the PDQ. That's the plan anyway.

That hitch has to stay about 9" off the pavement. Looks about right. Hmnnn, I wonder if those vehicle mover itty bitty wheels are gonna roll.



It sure would bollix things up if one of 'em stuck and pulled out. We'd be down on our new brakes and drums. Perhaps I'd better wait for my half qualified helper, but...

Did you just hear a trailer moving? Yeah, me too. Sure seems like that trailer is moving toward the door. And there's still stuff in the way.

Well, we just can't stop here. We might need to close up the barn in case it snows again, tonight. Just a leeeettlle bit further.



Well, my half qualified helper Patrick showed up. He's a young buck, working stiff. We had to wait until he got off work. Somehow the staff photog was pressed into service, too, so we didn't get any shots of Patrick lifting that top back into place. I offered encouragement.



The service bay is empty for the first time since Thanksgiving. Three and a half months ago.



There's a top in place to hold the tarp and, with any kinda luck, there will be windows and doors sprouting in all the right places over this weekend. Not supposed to snow, might even start melting some of what we have.



Boat Building on a Skating Rink

We tried an experiment in thermal conductivity. The notion was for the "warm color" side of the tarp to soak up some of those photons and soften the ice under it. (Note to self: If you are going to melt ice, you really should remove the tarp before it refreezes, even slicker.) But, one by one, those windows took their places one at a time.



In a race with the low arc of the still winter sun the windshield found its future place on the team. No hinges or tilting stuff, but it fit OK.



And the aft bulkhead began to take shape. It could certainly be worse but boat building on a skating rink just isn't as much fun as I remember it being. And so it went all day until the thin sunlight morphed to another nocturnal slide into barely double digits on the thermometer.

But we have a back door and it almost fit the fourth or fifth try. Better luck tomorrow.



Come a Long Way Since Last Season

Those damn windows started popping loose from the neoprene tape. The windshield hinge didn't quite go in as planned. Stuff like that happens. But we're outside. The top seems to fit as expected. The trailer is just about ready for our State Patrol inspection in a week. We just need some more "fundamentals." Probably gotta sit out the pre season stuff. Probably gonna be cold and wet anyway. Might not be all bad. Maybe put some more tape on it and get back out there. Come a long way since last season, a long way, indeed, from nuthin' to almost...



What Could Possibly Go Wrong?

Blue sky. Snow berms next to the driveway are melted down to waist high. Folks in this same latitude but a few hundred feet closer to sea level are out wearing Bermuda shorts and planting petunias today. I've got a new trailer with new just about everything from lights and paint on down to tires. Even bearings and grease. A new boat, just about ready for the water. Just a couple technical wrinkles to iron out yet. Gotta go "across state lines" and get a little welding done on those new axles so they won't just spin loose when I apply those new brakes in those new brake drums. We got the new windows in and sealed yesterday so we could make this trip "out into the world." It's an absutootly be-yoooouuu-tiful day. What could possibly go wrong?

Well, enough went wrong on the first ten miles of back roads to pretty much qualify for an automatic upgrade from a full blown SNAFU into a beyond belief FUBAR that

rapidly morphed into a complete DIZZ-ZASSSTUHR, that's what. By the time I pulled into the Safeway lot in town that poor girl following along behind looked like we had taken Hits Alfa, Bravo and then Charlie for good measure. I think the chain of events went something like this:



The new boat windshield blew out when the super duper neoprene glazing tape lost its stickum at about 50mph.

When the windshield blew out, it blew the swinging door in a 180° arc and smashed it to bits against the engine box.

When the door disintegrated, those two, brand new, 1/4" polycarbonate sheets that had moments before been new, scratch free windows were ejected someplace into the road behind to be run over until scratched to oblivion.

When the windshield in front and the door in back were no longer in place, the side windows began to flutter and shake until they began to peel free and fly around in the cabin and settle like octagonal frisbees in random places about the interior of the boat.

When enough windows had departed their frames, the cabinet doors were wrenched open, and their random contents distributed in cyclonic fashion about the cabin. At least the contents that didn't flutter down on the road behind.

When enough wind resistance had been eliminated, the engine hatch flew open, shattered the hinges and flew astern, to be trailed on the retaining lanyard.

There's no doubt more but this all must have happened in minutes, all above the direct line of sight from my truck mirrors and between pullovers to check wheel bearings and tie downs and just about everything I could think of. At that point we were most of the way to the weld shop.

Well, we're back. We're bloodied. We'll be doing a few things a lot differently and a whole lot of things will get done over.

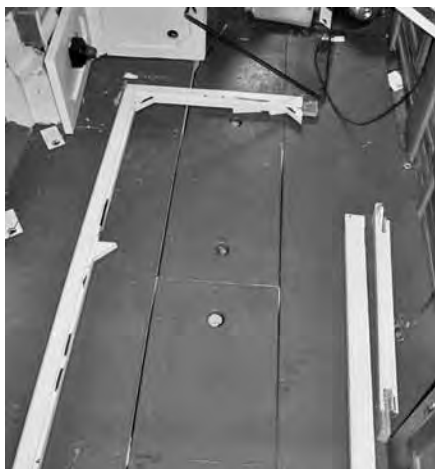


It really was a beautiful day. I could have saved a lot of trouble by staying in bed and watching it out the window.

Lots and Lots of Casualties

Without problems, just what dooya think we problem solvers would find to occupy our cluttered minds and our cut and crippled hands? This is just about that point when a rational guy would simply throw in the towel. Some, from the more enlightened side of the house, would mention at this point that "rational guy" is likely an oxymoron.

I sort of did a triage on the window situation. Lots and lots of casualties. This is most of what remains of the cabin door. Rebuild, replace? Dunno yet. Quite a few “walking wounded.”



The sticky, gooey stuff that didn't hold 'em in the frames seems to find ready access to the used to be unmarked surfaces. I guess I should have thought about that when I stacked 'em up back when we were pulled out alongside the road to go “see what happened.”



There's something else that happens when as I normally describe this Franken-building process, when “a cluttered mind has access to sharp tools...” When we jump to a new portion of the project and then have to jump back a few notches we don't, as a rule, get things quite orderly and put away first. So a bench that was already set up for installing electrical stuff and more finished stuff got inundated with stop the bleeding NOW stuff. Things got a bit more normal, than, well, er, normal.



We had about an hour of daylight left, and I figured I had about five minutes of use left in my good hand and maybe a bit less in the other one. Sooooo, we cut a few holes in

a recalcitrant steel plate with a dull hole saw and a bunch of now burned up and already dull drill bits to remount the trailer tongue jack away from getting mashed by the paint and sheet metal on *Big Red's* tailgate. I suppose it took an hour and a half at the end of a rather inconclusive day. However, Jamie the Seadog came out with me this morning to assess the damage and to make plans for the next orgy of self destruction on the TODO list.

One Hand Clapping

Quite suddenly, it was the sound of one hand clapping. For the past six months, I have been beak down and tail feathers up building a trailer, tearing a boat apart and putting it back together. Every day, every night. Pretty close to a laser focus all aimed at the day after next. A list that reached to the floor and got picked off, one by one. The date with the state patrol vehicle inspector has been set up since last year. Somehow this has been like studying for finals. There's always something that gets left out, something that should have been paid more attention to.

Then, suddenly, the list was, for all intents and purposes, DONE. I swept up a bit and just sat in one of the mounted swivel seats and looked around. Tomorrow we go for a road test, probably wander over to the log scales and get a gross vehicle weight. Maybe drop the trailer and get a tongue weight. Maybe even launch if the river isn't too wicked with the runoff.



Time to clean up the shop, toss out the accumulated scrap and put the treasures that didn't get used back on this shelf and into that coffee can. Time to let it sink in, just a bit.

Trailer Tuning

Jim, the World's Greatest Trailer Back-erupper, met me at the end of his driveway on a blustery, snowing raining kinda day. We went to a deserted hunk of asphalt near his spread and tried to figure how *Mr Tom* was likely to react to the various scenarios I'm likely to get him into. This (below), by the way, is as close as he can be allowed to get to *Big Red's* bumper without the two of them coming to blows. There's a very subtle difference between making a tight turn and needing a body shop. I paid verry close attention to what Jim had to say. I sure hope *Mr Tom* was paying attention, too.



We twirled to the left, twirled to the right, backed in to a sharp turn over a culvert. We worked out how many lanes I'll need to get out of a dead end. Stuff like that.



We even parallel parked. A regular trailer boot camp session. I'll admit that I still have a lot to learn about tandem trailers, especially with a trailer that weighs just about as much as the tow vehicle and stands a foot and a half wider.

Then, after this practice session, it was time to put rubber to the road and head on south, past The Big City, for our long awaited visit with the vehicle inspectors, the guys who would give *Mr Tom* his birth certificate.

We showed up early and awaited our turn. As a career Navy “admin puke” I have scads of practice at preparing for inspections. For sure, our T's were dotted and our I's were crossed. Within about a half hour we were on our way with a brand new service number tattooed on *Mr Tom's* nose.



But there was yet more to solve. By actual measurement, on the local truck scale, *Mr Tom* was pushing down on *Big Red's* hitch ball with over 500lbs of tongue weight and the front axle was carrying 1,000lbs more than the back one. And those guys are only 32" apart. Who woulda thought? Eight inches equals over a half ton, while 6" equals only 80lbs. Admittedly, I was the kid who got a “D” in freshman algebra and gave up my education in further mathematics after that.

Some of the modifications made here in the Frankenwerke last fall, and then over the past week out in the driveway between snow-storms, are somewhat eccentric and certainly eclectic. However, the answers to many of these disequalities were pretty much allowed for in the basic design process. I pretty much knew this might turn out this way.

Considering our equipment, and the physical condition of the operator, what did, in fact, come of Sam showing up with his slide rule and pocket protector full of pencils is so close to my initial guess as to make me

feel just a momentary rush of competence. Sure, I'll get over it.

"All we had to do" was "simply" pick *Miss Kathleen* up and move her back 8". At this point it seems that the staff paparazzo got involved with jacks and dunnage and lifting slings and other paraphernalia and "simply" forgot to take pictures.

We had to completely dismantle the winch stand and all the supporting steel beams and reassemble them in a new spot. Dozens of 1/2" carriage bolts and heavy steel. Somehow there are no new holes drilled through all this stuff. I must have thought of everything I needed to think about back in November. Are you as surprised as I am?



I'm sure the Real Trailer Guys already know this stuff but figuring for the effects of CG and pivot points and moment arms on a tandem is waaaaay different than with a single axle trailer. The fact that I guestimated all this within a half foot and essentially by eye, is just a bit unnerving. Sam worked out the equations.

We picked up the ol' girl and moved the ol' boy poquito a' poquito. Then back to the scale. We were within 20lbs from one axle to the other! And by raising the hitch ball from 17" to 23", the tongue weight varied from a low of 320lbs up to a new maximum of 400lbs. We settled on 21". There's more to account for. Gas, food and equipment, spare tire and tool box have to go someplace.

But here's the deal. Maybe you will want to try it yourself. "Simply" drive your car and trailer onto a public scale. Note the total weight. Back up until the trailer is off the scale. Note that weight. Go home and load up for a road trip. Repeat. It's a matter of differences. Even a guy who got a "D" in math can solve this one. Maybe you'll have to move your boat back or forward. Dunno. Won't likely take a lot.

Déjà vu, All Over Again

A hundred and twenty five years ago Cusick was a bustling river port, logging and mining center. Those pilings stuck in the Pend Oreille mud have been around just about as long as Custer hasn't. And now I found myself back there doing the same thing all over again.



It's the only launch ramp around that is neither still frozen in nor high and dry. The river current was even quite placid today. So there we were, that same old cast of characters.



The reason Sam and Dean and I were standing around on a slippery wooden dock over a barely above freezing river was to see if somehow *Miss Kathleen* could be persuaded to leave *Mr Tom's* tender embrace and go bobbing around on that stream. And, just like those first few trips back in the late winter of 2016, NOPE!!



Actually, she probably would have slid pretty gracefully IN. It was the getting back OUT that caused more than a little apprehension. *Mr Tom* has had a growth spurt in the past couple weeks. He's at least 2" taller than he was the last time we tried this, back in October. This translates into a couple of more feet needed to back *Big Red* into the water to achieve the same end.



This sort of thing may need to be resorted to on rare occasions but I never like to put the truck tires in the water as a normal modus operandi. Call me skittish about using an emergency plan for the regular deal, if you will. Anyhow, we're back to the design phase, again, to figure on bow rollers and a higher winch stand and a bunch of things I thought I might be able to avoid.

I have to be able to do this stuff all alone. About the only adult supervision I ever get is when I have Jamie the Seadog along and he's almost never willing to wade out there to help me with the winch. So we need things to be hyper simplicated as much as

can be expected, considering what this whole arrangement really requires. But since we were in the water, it seemed a good opportunity to see how Mr Yamaha had fared the winter hibernation.



Well, chalk that one up to DUNNOYET, too. Seems the primer bulb wasn't up to his duties any more and the sediment bowl under the cartridge filter that protects the secondary filter and the carb from accumulations of goo was a bit murky

These were the discoveries after those few dozen trial pulls. Mr Yammie was born without an electric starter but this just could be the year he gets a prosthesis. So, anyhow, we drove two ways, in the rain, tried to launch, tried to start the motor. At least we know pretty much what doesn't work.

Honorable Intentions, Unintended Consequences, and That Well Paved Road

I think it's a lot like a classic navigation problem. If you know where you were and where you are, you can figure out how fast you are going. Launching this hull has been about that easy to figure out until now. Basically what happens is something like this.

I back in until those little periscope thingies aft of the fenders are just poking out of the water. At that point the stern is just starting to float up off the trailer bunks. When I release the bow from the winch shackle, the bow starts rolling down toward the water's surface and aft toward deeper water. As a natural result of all this, the stern floats higher and the bow floats lower until we're on our marks.



Because the trailer is angled down and away, the keel stub clears the crossbeams that hold one side of the trailer to the other, pretty essential pieces. Typically the momentum is sufficient to swing the boat, much like the pencil in a pantograph, on her two mooring lines previously tied to the service dock alongside the ramp. The boat swings in a parallelogram with the dock while I more or less leisurely walk out and tie her in close.

Suddenly I discover that crossbeam (made out of heavy wall 3"x4" square steel tubing) is several inches closer to the sun, hence, closer to the water's surface. Perhaps even closer to the sun than the bottom of the stub keel. With little evidence other than the picture above, I can recreate where the water-line intersects with the trailer all the way to the tow vehicle.

Most of the ramps I use tend to be about 3' deep at about 25' from the water's edge. I'll often go out with the boathook and do a bit of probing and pacing off prior to committing to an unknown ramp. Yes, I do on occasion find myself on a ramp that actually changes angle the farther I back down. So much for predictability.

These wheels looked promising but didn't work out.



Looks like it'll be these wheels. After a bunch of head scratching and drilling and starting over, these 6" Harbor Freight caster wheels mounted in a gang on a 12" galvanized carriage bolt and a few more brackets and plates, of course.



This is the sort of thing we've saved this stuff for. Yeah, I know, we've saved it so we can take it out of the box or coffee can and turn it over, and try it upside down and inside out, and try it combined with something else that was never manufactured for such a purpose, and drill holes for it and then decide it just ain't gonna work. Back it goes into the coffee can and back on the shelf until next time.



And now we could get another couple of inches of new snow tonight. I suppose it'll make it easier to slide under the trailer in the morning to try tonight's inventions. We'll just have to wait and see what works.

Getting Down to It

After another snowfall was over, we put in a day long effort to mount several inventions turned out on the night shift laying in puddles of meltwater under some persistent drips from melting snow in the cockpit that drains down through the motor well.

In order to not give the undertaker any unearned advantage, I set *Mr Tom* up on the pavement from where he has been sort of stuck down in the newly thawed mud and the still not melted snow. And he got set solidly on jack stands but somehow we still were a bit too low to allow me to slide in and out from under all those steel beams with the creeper. So it was a matter of laying a mover's blanket down in the puddles and working faster than the water was expected to soak through. Fat chance, huh?



In order to keep the orthopod from any unearned advantage, we used several floor jacks to stick the inventions in place. Some of these assemblages are probably heavier than they needed to be.

There is now a rack of 8" urethane wheels waaaaaayyyy up under the middle of things. This is to allow *Miss Kathleen* to lower herself more gracefully into the water. There was an admittedly large amount of guesstimation involved in this and no way to really know if it will work than to go launch someplace. There's another one of these apparatus up forward.



Another refugee from the spare parts bin, the cross beam, was once part of a Harbor Freight shop crane. The casters were for one of the birthing carts that carried several of the Frankenbots around the shop. There's a pile of other stuff, especially at the ends. This was all necessary because of the shape changes created by Sam and my now infamous shift back of 8" to balance the axles.



I think we did quite a bit more today but the staff photographer got pressed into service to help haul a mountain of tools and parts in from that snow squall, so documentation is a bit thin.

I call this box the "Container of Endless Delights." I put a bunch of the stuff that has to still be installed on *Miss Kathleen* in it. For example, you won't see the interior dome lights in there because we got 'em installed earlier today.

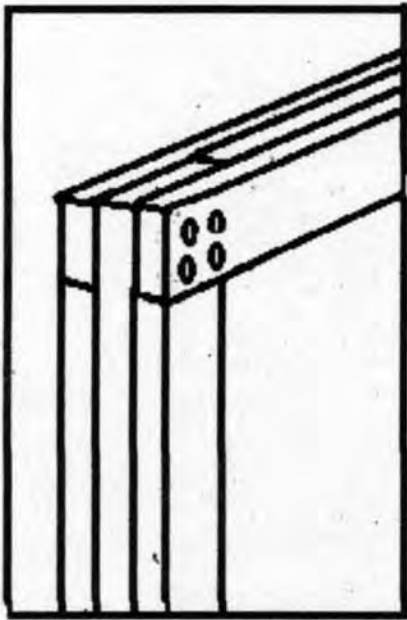


Here is the port side frame for the forward section.



There were lots of adjustments made in the process that led up to the taking of this photo, due largely to that to which I am referring as “the sketch factor.” Remember my use of the term “three dimensional rough sketch” a while back? Since then, I have realized that not only on that unit, but the way this project has been developing all along, resembles the process of sketching. I have come to several points along the way where I have had, essentially, to erase and redraw.

For example, recently I had myself convinced that the juncture I had designed for the “layering method” wouldn’t work. Here’s a Microsoft Paint sketch of that juncture:



When I think back now on how I had carefully worked out in my mind the reasons why I thought that it wouldn’t work, I’m reminded of those “Emily Litella” sketches on Saturday Night Live (ABC/NBC, 1975-1977, Don Roy King). In these sketches, News Commentator Emily Litella (played by Gilda Radner) rants on about how outraged she is about some current subject. One of the most famous is about objections being raised regarding “violins on TV” until her co anchor informs her, “That’s violence on TV,” at which point she delivers the now famous line “That’s different. Never mind.”

In my case, I blathered on about why I thought the layering method junction wouldn’t work and then when I looked at a completed test piece that I’d just done (just in case (?) the famous Radner line echoed in my mind, “That’s different. Never mind.”

Oh, and besides, yes, I do have a drill! I had one, at least potentially, the whole time. I think I mentioned in Part XVII that one reason I didn’t want to try the layering method junction was because of splitting problems

Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts

Part XVIII

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and if I had a drill I could pre drill but I didn’t have one.

Had I forgotten Nothing? Yes, Nothing is a saw, but the concept of improvising tools, as I did on that occasion, is still a good one to keep in mind (as I apparently wasn’t doing while I was rambling on awhile back about not having a drill). This next photo is of a drill I improvised and used to build the part I just finished. The inspiration for this was a nifty (and much more elegant than this one) manual multitool by Garrett Wade: <http://www.garretywade.com/shop-tools/multi-tools/show/all.html>



I’m probably going to plan to get another tool or two to use for the rest of the build, because while it’s fun to improvise, I’ve found some nifty tools online that look like they might help me get *Dancing Chicken* into the water sooner.

Meanwhile, another thing that almost brought me to a screeching halt a few days ago (along with my issues with 90° angles, gibbered about at length in Part XVII), occurred when I finally decided to take a breather and really got a good look at the progress so far. This was right before I’d finished the frame section and before I’d added the secondary pieces. As I gazed at it, the thoughts that immediately came to my mind were, “This is absurd!” and, “It looks like a kid’s puzzle!”

Here’s a shot showing part of that construct at a point where the “kid’s puzzle” simile is easily observable.



It had been quite a while since I’d done the original figuring that had led to the design decisions I had made back then and for a moment, I was actually wondering why on earth I had done it the way I had. I was even starting to think, “If I can think of some way to just start over right now, can I have her in the water this spring?” And then, “Or summer?” Yes, I’m starting to think in terms of summer. After all, as I was writing this it was now May 22 and on June 22, or thereabouts, it becomes summer!

Then I started to think back and I started remembering how earlier, aboard the O’Day Mariner, I was chortling about how I had finally struck on the building method for *Dancing Chicken*. I remember stating that there were many such methods and that some were relatively easy in execution, but that I didn’t like them, and I did like this one. It’s based on the design for the arches for the cockpit cover of the O’Day Mariner, and one advantage is that I could get a nice curve for the bow chine with it and another is that it’s relatively easy to construct (OK, admittedly not simple, but easy).

I also remembered something from way back in Part II where I first came up with the layering scheme, “Also I think I’ve come up with a pretty nifty layering scheme that ends up being almost like interlocked at the corners, which would be pretty labor intensive if I actually had to cut “pins and tails.” But since I have all these layers which might end up being almost the same thing, why not try it out?”

What I meant there, which I realize now was not expressed very clearly, was that doing it that way could give me almost like a mortise and tenon joint (or maybe sort of like half a mortise and tenon joint), but achieved by layering instead of cutting the separate mortise and tenon pieces. So far it seems to work. So I guess I will press on and continue to “try it out” and see what happens. I think, however, that I will still try to see if there is a way to reduce the number of necessary pieces.

Please pardon an abrupt transition, but it was indeed now the 28th of May. “How did that happen?” Well, for one thing, I think I had experienced something to which I’m referring as a “mid build crisis,” similar to the “mid life crisis” in which the victim thereof goes off on perhaps somewhat illogical tangents.

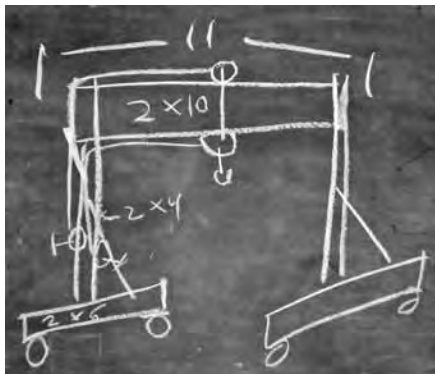
The Senior College Art Festival came up and I started, briefly, while, of course, interspersing some work on the boat as well (although I soon began to realize that it wasn’t working out as well as I had planned) to construct an art piece to enter at the Festival. I still think it was a cool project (a geodesic sphere composed of empty plastic Ensure bottles, Gorilla tape and duct tape) but it was not for now. I even really, I kid you not, had a dream that helped me to realize that this project, although nifty, was not for now.

So I recovered from my mid build crisis, corrected a skew in the construct that had gotten past me despite carefully, at least so I thought, adhering to the adage, “Measure twice, cut once,” and I also figured out a way to reduce the number of necessary pieces by four.

So now, “Will she splash in the spring?” Would you believe by the end of summer? That would indeed be cool. We shall see.



apart, verticals out of two 2"x4" with a single layer of 2"x4" blocks as spacers, a 2"x4" diagonal to brace the uprights leg, a 2"x10" cross-beam to serve as indeed our beam on which the hoist trolley will run to allow movement of lifted pieces between the uprights. Again, the size of the gantries, and thus the dimensions and numbers of pieces will likely vary for our



smaller or larger projects.

Image #2 shows the basics on our blackboard, good for others to fool around in chalk to explore options.



Image #3 shows the two horizontal base assemblies aligned in parallel by 2"x4" in each end to serve as a big mounting base for the two swiveling (and braking) and two rigid 4"x1.5" black polyurethane casters, with each rated at 250lbs. Since we had an ancient wooden wellworn ex icehouse floor in this ex icehouse shop, having a modest amount of give in these wheels to roll across seams, gaps, gouges and slight undulations seemed preferable to, say, cast iron casters of at least twice that load rating, but only good for a really smooth and level concrete floor.



Image #4 shows how that single upright 2"x4" spacer in the middle of that assembly will allow the insertion of the 12' long double uprights. Also spaced apart up on high, that (you are seeing this coming) will later also carry that crossbeam between them. With the diagonal brace in place to true up the vertical, this partial assembly can readily be man-handled, being still quite light, now a sturdy geometry, and will indeed stand just on its own near 7" wide base assembly.



Image #5 illustrates that we decided that we'd use the "self standing" gantry legs to add and brace the big load bearing cross-beam. You'll notice shims underneath to plumb and level everything to indeed end up with square geometries that will work in various locations in that shop and that won't have snotty kids point to in laughter due to being crooked somehow. And you'll notice that in order to benefit from the gantry legs being "self standing" and remaining in carefully established position and geometry during this stage of assembly, we have not yet installed

the 4"x1.5" swiveling casters. We would later just lift the same end on both sides to shoot holes and then drive aggressive large wood screws. On bigger, heavier weight gantries we'll want to through bolt everything, not necessary here. And the clock was running.



Image #6 offers first insights on the locations and angles of the lift and the horizontal trolley control winches. The lower one is the self locking lift winch, which could also be a worm gear winch, which will allow exact control of our lifting and then locating efforts down to the precise spot we intend. The upper, cheaper ratchet type winch will pull the trolley to this side of the gantry while a matching winch on the other leg will pull into the other direction. Not perfectly elegant geometry, but good enough to allow for the lifting winch and its loads to not drive the trolley into the direction of the hoisting winch as we put the load on it.

Which means, that, as we lift, the trolley winch on the far gantry leg will keep the trolley in place. However, once we want to move the load along the axis of the beam, say, towards the hoist winch, even just a few inches, we'll have to pay out the far trolley winch as much as necessary WHILE cranking up the hoist winch to correct for its cable length paying out/lowering the load, as the trolley and its hoist cable block move closer to their winch, this making the loads cable that much longer under the hoist.

If we do this alone, we'll go back and forth a bit. But everything is under as much control as we can have. An electric winch setup would accelerate this, but unless we'd start building a series of such boats, would be a bit pricey and laborious just wiring things up for just this one project.

Finally, I decided to go crude, simple and self adjusting by going with lengths of chain to shackle the hoist winch and the trolley winch cable blocks to, just slung around sharp corners of the upper end of the gantry uprights and there pinned in place with stout screws downwards to boot. I sure congratulated myself on not having to get all precious with angles, exact bore holes, extra load rated brackets, through bolting, all to suspend those blocks flexibly enough to see the cables under load align with the blocks and then the winches below (and now reread this dense image description).

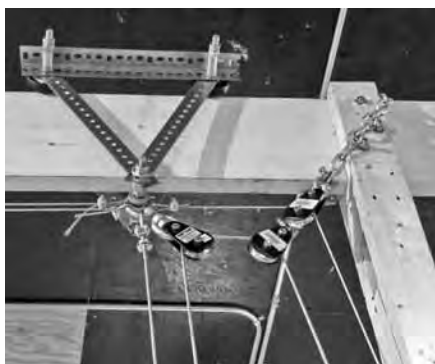


Image #7 gets us up close and shiny bits mechanical leaving not much to be explained in words, except to state that this is the trolley we prepared on the bench below, for assembly on and under the crossbeam. The decidedly crude as well rubber boat trailer rollers to allow the trolley to move. I would today improve by using these harder yellowish translucent polyurethane copies of this roller geometry, since the rubber ones did not want to roll readily under the load, something the trolley winches made up for, but still... The wire blocks were sized well in excess of the maximum load we'd be ambitious to lift.



Image #8 shows the much smaller and lighter glass cloth dispenser gantry, all out of 2"x4" sticks, only expected to carry that full roll of 50" wide cloth on a closet pole shaft, with the assembly wide enough well beyond our 7' wide hull bottom plate assembly of design #681 SACPAS-3 Gadabout. For this modest duty, plain 2" swiveling casters will do. I ended up using this single light gantry to actually lift a 16' fiberglass sloop hull onto her trailer, however, only with an eye on near perfect balance of the sling round the hull and an attentive ear listening to wood indicating undue stresses. And here again, no wheels on her yet either. This gantry we could almost lift single handedly to lay it on its crossbeam to shoot on the caster plates.



Image #9 is the family photo with all three gantries ready to go to work, with the fiberglass roll already loaded on the little one.



Images #10 and #11 document the first big test of lifting from horizontal to vertical and then back to horizontal to rotate SACPAS-3 18'6"x6'8" foam cored rooftop lamination. And here we see why this gantries building effort really advances the project pace and work quality with least injury potential, instead of trying to manhandle the large and already manhours intensive piece.

Built on a perfectly flat set of tables, more shims under the legs pinned down by

screws into the wooden floor, both sides of this rather unwieldy piece needed to be fiberglassed. On its future bottom surface I wanted to add significant tensile strength for jumping and walking on top of that 2.5" lamination, while the top needed glass and epoxy as reliable protection from weather and wear through several coats of paint eventually, with non slip mixed into the final paint coats.

So everybody stands in attention for all of us to choreograph this lifting sequence of the piece. And using one plain trailer winch nylon strap each to take the piece securely with each of the two gantries, we are in full control rotating it. First we pull the piece from flat horizontal to dead vertical with a brace shot into the table for the edge to rest against during that 90° rotation, and the tables temporarily braced against the gantries as necessary. Stuff begins to move alright.

Once it is in vertical position we'll move the piece across with the trolley along the crossbeam, coordinating the trolley winch action with the hoist winches action, to then lower the edge against the relocated race on the table for the roof panel to descend the other way down against it to complete the 180° rotation we wanted to work on the piece's other side.

We felt pretty good after this first test of this gantry thinking. The next pieces would be longer and heavier.



Image #12 shows one additional way to use the glass cloth gantry, beyond just holding the roll of cloth, assuming there are no special cuts and other modifications to the cloth necessary. So, in select cases of glassing larger areas, just rolling the cloth off the gantry is doable right into a fine bed of epoxy, with a steady forward never ever stop until we are done mindset focusing on coordinating epoxy pump duty to make the good stuff with the careful no wrinkles advancing foot by foot of panel length of this cloth and epoxy lamination.

And after a break, and with the epoxy curing towards nearing just tackiness, we may want to run another layer of glass and epoxy, following the "wet in wet" approach of multiplying thickness in one long session by taking advantage of the chemically perfect bond of still tacky layer happily bonding with the next wet one, all without any washing blush off cured epoxy, sanding to prep the cured surface for the next new layer etc, etc. We did this on a good number of large and small pieces.

In fact, if there is energy left, we might as well put a skim coat of our preferred glass cloth filler over the last layer to leverage that same favorable bonding chemistry as we apply the only surface in these two solid layering sessions that will actually need sanding for up to #600 grit smoothness if we need that.

That would be a very long day, but with several hours between the curing and the next layer to be applied. This is a most efficient way to get glass cloth layers installed, epoxy depth built up and, with just one final sanding session, smoothing that weave filling mix as the preparation for painting for instance. Many hours and frustrations are saved per given layer installed and finish quality established. Being jacked up on extra coffee is a small price to pay for the returns of compressing days into hours, with as good, if not better, outcomes actually. And who enjoys sanding into expensive cloth and epoxy anyway, if all we really need is smoothing to perfection that final wet in wet cloth weave filler mix?



Image #13 shows how carefully planning the use of the limited space in the shop and then the sequence of building large items can maximize what we've got to work with. Here we pull the second of two mirror identical full length 39'+ topsides off their panel curvature and twist defining support horses after we had built the first $\frac{3}{8}$ " ply layer of each flat on the floor, then carefully braced and lifted it to drape over the horses to receive them and there the second $\frac{3}{8}$ " ply layer and the twin layers of 10oz glass, finished with two coats of paint already.

As visible sort of to the left already, this completed full length topsides panel will come to rest on the gantries' base and against the uprights, secured between padding to protect the paint by just one scrap length of 2"x4" screwed into the base low and the upright above the topsides piece, all out of the way and yet so handy to be hung on the emerging hull weeks later, once the bottom plate has been constructed. To the far left, you'll notice her roof panel resting on edge, but within easy reach for installation many weeks later. Where else would we have put it, since no shop is really ever big enough.



Image #14 is also worth studying up-close. The big gantries in action, under partial load, carrying the first $\frac{1}{2}$ " Payson jointed and ever so well temporarily braced layer of the full length/full width bottom of that 39-footer. The bracing with cheap strapping was essential to keep the fresh epoxy and glass tape single-sided butt joints of this long first layer

from breaking those precious joints. Why not double side that joint? Because the second layer of plywood will cover the unreinforced joints in a 50% overlap rhythm, to then be glassed itself with two to three layers of 10oz glass cloth.

And, as touched on in **Image #12**, that second layer will go over this first one, once the first one is lifted way up and then lowered on the to be perfectly arranged sawhorses/supports of 2"x3"s and 2"x4"s plumbed and fastened into the wooden floor to then allow the correct lamination of that hull bottom curvature by letting gravity pull the first fully jointed piece we see hanging here down to the correct curvature, before we add the pieces for the second layer to that correct curve, with layers of glass and epoxy finishing this major subassembly. Lots going on here and more implied.

You'll also find, resting on the gantries' bases, the topsides already finished to smooth epoxy only finish on their insides with their outside surfaces glassed and fully painted resting against carpet, protecting the finish as these 39'+ long laminations out of 2"x $\frac{3}{8}$ " ply. These otherwise easily scratched pieces would be sprawling and hard to move at 275lbs each, unless stored, protected and ready to be hung for a first trial fit weeks later, safe and sound against the insides of the gantries' uprights.

Finally, in the distance to the left, barely visible standing upright against the work-bench is that roof lamination, fully finished on both sides, except for the paint. That I will eventually move by myself sliding the smooth edge of the piece across carpet remnants into position for both gantries to lift it up over the emerging hull structure below.



Images #15 and #16 document the biggest lift we'd need to do successfully without injuries or damage to our work. Fully finished already for a final coat of paint and with the V-nose bumper armor installed for good, this piece weighs in at somewhere near 1,000lbs. After the successively larger lifts so far, we would spend most of the day, indeed nearly seven hours, to think through, walk ourselves through and then brace and prep everything for this most intimidating lift yet, the full 180° rotation of her hull bottom. With more

and heavier duty nylon straps and carpet padding between straps and paint, we began the lift, ever so cautiously watching and listening for any warning signs under the increasing diagonal and vertical stresses of lifting this load. We sure did not want it take off sideways, hence more temporary bracing against her starboard hull edge, her future chine.



Image #17 is the view from her stern end during this tense process, with the piece hanging fully elevated and with all those supports below carefully but swiftly getting removed with never any hands or feet directly under that chine edge and with escape routes on the mind. But the weight hung securely, steadily, without noises of structural stresses from gantries or hull bottom. Then out with the remaining tables and the first blocking on the floor to receive the completed bottom plate, V-nose, fully glassed and painted for good, all that done already with gravity as our friend, rather than some torturous attempts at doing this in a bottom up posture.



Image #18 shows the roof lamination floating in mid air as I assembled the crude temporary supports to rest that piece on for the moment. At that point down to just one helper, that morning I had rolled the two large gantries along with their attached topsides panels just far enough out of the way, to allow sliding that roof piece over carpet pieces into place between the gantries for this lift. Doable single handedly, my surprised coworker arrived in time to take this image of the gantries doing their great work yet again, this time just the lighter weight roof lamination. As you see, it was painted satin white a while back, with raw epoxy surfaces only left bare where we'd soon install partial bulkheads and their fastening cleats.

The gantries would lift the topsides in place against the newly built chine logs and the increasing number of bulkheads and other framing. In fact, we did float the topsides in and out several times for dry fitting as we made everything come together square and true, with several trial runs to prepare for two big manic epoxying sessions.

One could conjure up unspeakable visions of other ways of building her. In fact, over the years and decades before this high stakes/high intensity hands on project in full public view to a US Navy brief, a range of more and, no doubt, less agreeable approaches were expressed in our Building Keys related to single and multi chine plywood/epoxy/fiberglass designs for power or sail. And boats indeed have been built and are under construction.

Some folks would just order ready-made welded steel gantries (see sidebar) for substantially more money, at significantly heavier weight, still requiring some assembly, but indeed much less of it. Except they'd have to modify these to carry the topsides between their legs for instance.

From Wikipedia

The terms gantry crane and overhead crane (or bridge crane) are often used interchangeably as both types of crane straddle their workload. The distinction most often drawn between the two is that with gantry cranes, the entire structure (including gantry) is usually wheeled (often on rails). By contrast, the supporting structure of an overhead crane is fixed in location, often in the form of the walls or ceiling of a building to which is attached a movable hoist running overhead along a rail or beam (which may itself move).

48 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2018

As a rower you probably have longed for a compass you could have in front of you as you row and which will indicate the direction you are going. Now, it is true that one can take a typical mariner's compass and use it while rowing, but it will read backwards, that is, it will indicate the exact opposite of the course you are rowing. For example, if you are rowing east it will read west.

You can use such a compass if you can do a little arithmetic in your head. Suppose you want to row SE (135° then) you would add 180° to 135° to get 315° and you would row keeping this 315° course in your compass. But suppose you wanted to row SSW (202°). Would you be able to add 180° to 202° and subtract that from 360° to get 22°? See what I mean? I've played this game but it is nerve wracking.

Here is the solution, so intriguing, so simple, so inexpensive. This rower's compass consists of a 1" sphere, marked in degrees, floating in a fluid filled clear plastic shell. The sphere floats so needs no bearing and thus can function at any angle. When you place it in front of you while rowing, it indicates your course. The photo shows it mounted on a PVC holder which can attach to the thwart in front of you. No thwart? Then mount it on a simple pedestal attached to the floorboards.

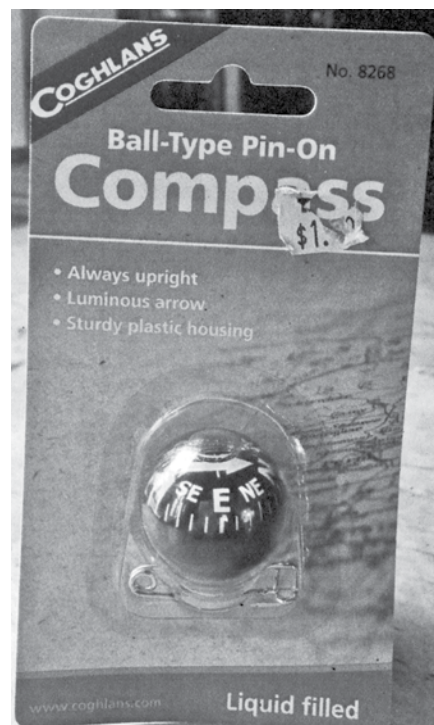
A Rower's Compass One YOU Can Make

By Val Thompson

You might think this compass is too small to read while rowing. Not so. Just before you begin each stroke you have a moment for a good look at the right distance.

To make this compass, purchase a Coghlans Ball-Type-Pin-On compass. Price \$1.69. This is a compass that pins onto a hunter's or hiker's jacket and should be available at most sporting goods stores or outdoor outfitters.

Snip off the safety pin and glue the compass to a PVC pipe coupling. That's it, that's all there is to it. Go row. Don't get lost.



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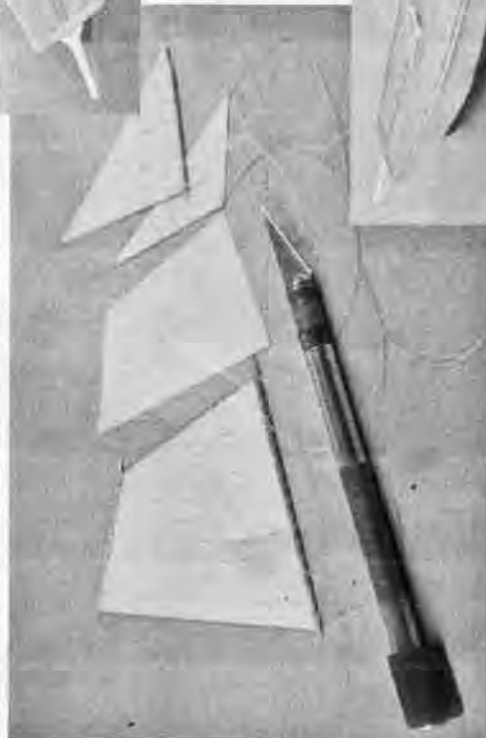
I, Sec/Ed, In Oct. 2011, I wrote: "(On) the ongoing Gulf Coast 'Butt Head' Scow Schooner project, the 1/96 (37.7") model has bits in place and deck furniture with painted topsides. The sails will be computer-generated and printed out on rag tracing paper. Mast hoops will be mounted, and spars laced before placement with shrouds attached. George Fehér was kind enough to send me some fine rigging line from his personal stash of fish lines and wires. I have found that there are no commercial needles fine enough to pass through the sails, and so while a needle point will be used to pierce the sails, lacing will be done with the thread itself, and stiffened with Elmer's white glue, per my experiments to date.

The mast hoops are too small to be made of wood, and on the advice of Alex Bellinger, my ships-in-bottles buddy in Newburyport, MA, I tried his technique of flattening strands of 0.009" dia. copper wire from lamp-cord. One advantage of this scale is that the materials come cheap. The wire is hammered flat resulting in a band about 0.004 x 0.013, that is work-hardened. Alex anneals his and wraps around a mandrel and clips them to end up with rings, but I found that for my purpose/scale I could work with the stiffer band and form the strip over a 0.093 brass rod, into an Omega shape, which I will try to use as the attachment by gluing the legs to both sides of the sails."

Subsequently, I laced the sail to the mast as well; rationalizing that every boat carried cordage and it was quickly replaced, while hoops were not readily. Think about the process of replacing a broken hoop at sea! I suppose if the ship carried a spare, and I've read that they did, it could be sprung on and riveted in place. Often a couple spares were installed, but would have to be relocated.

I spoke of making the tiny hull of 5 parts, split at the WL (for ease of painting) and CL, to make cheeks attached to the center plate forming the stem-keel-rudder post. Deck was individually planked... hull & deck all basswood.

Do not sell short, FDA Approved Scale Lumber: Toothpicks, Popsicle Sticks, Tongue Depressors, Bamboo Skewers and Chopsticks.



This was a fun project, but your Editor is happy to have it over the horizon. The rigging was a challenge!



Small Craft Illustration #9 by Irwin Schuster

irwinschuster@verizon.net

What does one do if the onboard electronics fail? I look at all the latest in electronic gadgets and wonder about backup instrumentation that is independent of the instrument panel and electric connections for the GPS, VHF radio, chart plotter, depth sounder, etc. A handheld VHF and GPS might be a good idea, especially if the handheld GPS has a chart of the local area on it. Of course, both devices depend on well charged batteries.

Since we have put our coastal cottage on the market, I have been sorting through all the "boat gear" that has accumulated over the years and had been stored there (that was where the boat was). One of the items I uncovered was a speaker that was used to inform those racing what was going on. The speaker was mounted on a board that could be secured on top of the cabin top. The lead ran to an old CB radio and was plugged into the PA outlet on the back of the radio. With the radio connected to the 12volt power on the boat, I had a loud hailer that worked quite nicely. If you still have one of your old CBs, you can also build a portable broadcast system with little effort.

For most of the years I have been sailing, I had a "boat bag" that went with me. In the bag were sailing gloves, a wind speed indicator, some small line, duct and electrical tape rolls, a rigger's knife, an emergency VHF antenna, rope fids, whipping line, waterproof matches (the old kitchen kind) and assorted items that might be useful on the water when on another person's boat. Over the years the contents of the bag came in handy from time to time. I happily never needed the emergency VHF antenna nor the matches.

At one time, I would take our Sisu 22 into the flats off Shell Point and clean the prop. The boat drew 2' and the shallow area I used had a nice sandy bottom. What made this operation feasible was the small swim platform I had added to the stern. The platform had a short ladder that swung down when wanted. After I had cleaned the prop it was no problem to step on the ladder and then the platform to get back in the boat.



Our Sisu 26 did not have a swim platform on the stern, but I did have a stiff folding boarding ladder that could be secured in one of the fishing rod holders. With either arrangement, getting back into the boat was not a problem. Without either of those devices, getting back into either boat would be a lot of work and need a good deal of upper body strength. I gave up on the "rope ladder" sold in some marine stores because it would "fold" up under the boat and not provide any support for standing up to get into the boat. The folding aluminum ladder was long enough that I could stand up on the bottom rung and then climb up the ladder and onto the boat. I never had to try using the ladder in a seaway so I have no idea what would be involved with a rocking boat. Perhaps a reader can provide such information? Oh yes, a related question, do others on your boat know how to deploy your folding ladder if you are the one in the water from falling overboard?

While unloading all the gear I had accumulated over the years, I found a "steaming cone" (I think it came from a large catamaran I helped strip.). A steaming cone is "flown" on a sailboat that is under sail and power to tell others it is, at the time, a powerboat operating under the Rules of the Road for a powered vessel. The steaming cone is one of a number of "day shapes" that can be raised to indicate various activities and conditions.

The day shapes, like various flag signals, come from the days before voice radio communication. Both the shapes and the flags were shorthand signals used by commercial and military vessels for communica-

tion and both are still used today under some conditions. While one may not have received a radio call, one can see the flags or shapes displayed on the other vessel. Thus, recreational craft are expected to display shapes or flags under various circumstances.

But how do we know what the shape(s) or flags mean? Unfortunately I cannot find a single source for such information (except in some exhaustive federal publications from the US Coast Guard). The one book on general signal flag meanings that is still around is *Yachting Signal Book* by J.R. Collier printed in 1985 by Cornell Marine Press and some of the items are out of date. If any of the readers have better sources, please let the Editor know.

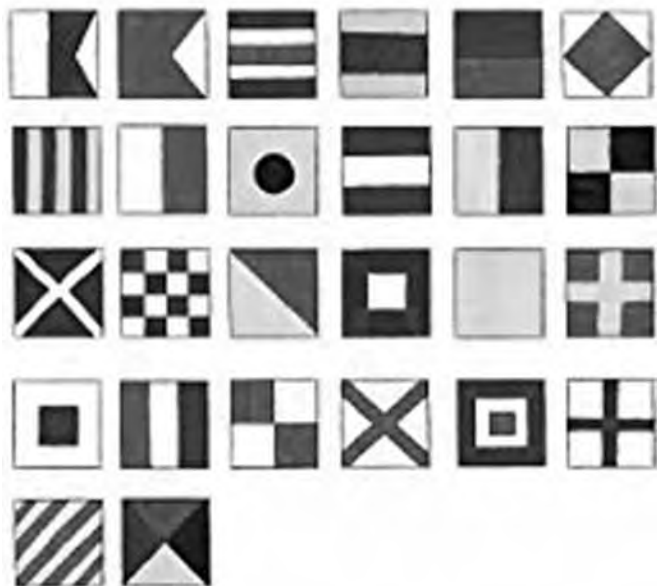
When out on the water, or considering going out, the current and predicted weather can be a factor. A neighbor at Shell Point has the current Doppler radar display as one of his options on his cell phone. He can look and see what are the current conditions in range of the radar in Tallahassee. Two sources of weather information that I use are configured to provide the user with aviation information, but they work just fine for the rest of us. The benefit of <https://www.aviationweather.gov/windtemp/plot> is that it gives the current picture of the location of highs, lows, wind flow and moisture with the ability to look forward 24-36 hours. Of course, the further out the projection, the more possibility of error. But it is a great site for current and future wind conditions.

My other source is <https://www.wrh.noaa.gov/zoa/mwmap3.php?map=usa>, which gives me a view of the entire United States and reports on area terminal weather information (although I needed to learn to read the codes). I click on the nearest reporting terminal and see what is the reported wind direction, wind speed, cloud cover and visibility at the time the observations were made. If the report is 20 knots from 270° with clouds at 1,000', visibility of two miles and rain, I know the weather is not good. With both sources I can see what the weather is now and what it is projected to be in the near future.

Nautical Signal Flags Basics

There are various methods by which the flags can be used as signals: Each flag spells an alphabetic message, letter by letter. Individual flags have specific and standard meanings; for example, diving support vessels raise the "A" flag indicating their inability to move from their current location because they have a diver underwater and to warn other vessels to keep clear to avoid endangering the diver(s) with their propellers.

One or more flags form a code word whose meaning can be looked up in a code book held by both parties. Here is basic alphabet in order across rows from left with standard meanings. A variety of colors are used.



A Diver Down
B Dangerous Goods Onboard
C Affirmative
D Keep Clear, Cannot Maneuver
E Altering Course to Starboard
F Disabled, Please Communicate
G Require Pilot
H Pilot Onboard
I Altering Direction to Port
J On Fire, or Leaking
K Wish to Communicate
L Quarantined or Stop Ship
M Stopped
N Negative

O Man Overboard
P About to Proceed to Sea
Q Vessel Healthy
R No Meaning
S Moving Astern
T Keep Clear
U Running into Danger
V Require Assistance
W Require Medical
X Stop & Watch for Signals
Y Anchor Dragging
Z Require Tug

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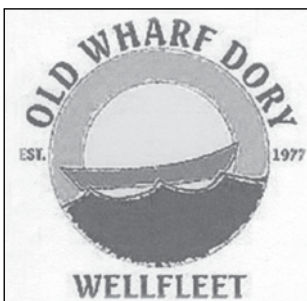
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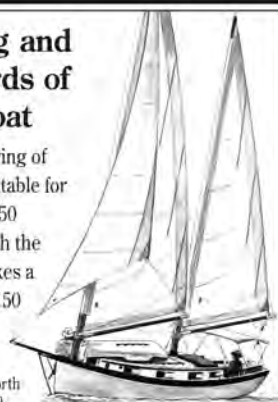
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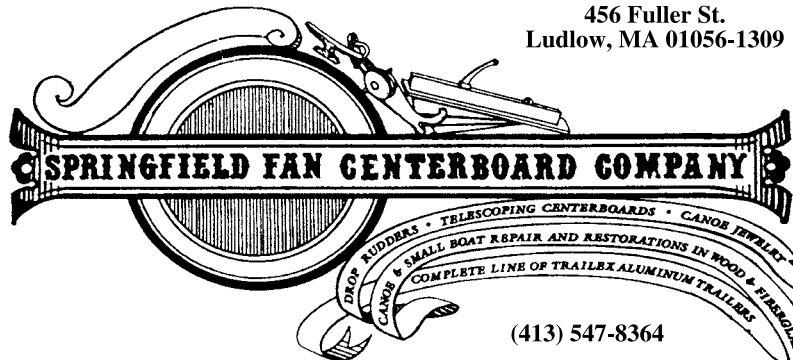
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CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



Oysterman 23, by Bill Menger Enterprises, Babylon, NY, for sale by second owner. A replica of the Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks that were used for decades for oystering and crabbing. A classic look, built in the finest of modern materials. Her mast is aluminum (buff colored) with hoops, and trim is solid teak. Dacron sails in exc cond. Sail Area 370sf, a generous design performs well in light air. Jiffy reefing and 2 rows of reef points make her stay on her feet in heavier breezes. Displacement 2,100lbs, LOA 31'3", LWL 21'1", LOD 22'6", Beam 8', Draft board up 1'8", Draft board down 6', Mast Height 32'. She is fast, roomy & comfortable, w/family-sized cockpit (self bailing, 7'4") w/ cushions. Great for day sailing with extra room for guests, entertaining at her berth or at anchor. She has full sit-up headroom below w/6'3" berths w/ cushions. Sleeps 4, for comfy cruising. Shoal draft for gunkholing or take her close up to the beach to put the kids ashore when day sailing. Easy to handle, all sails are self tending, all halyards and sheets lead to the cockpit for safe and easy single-handling. Running rigging braided Dacron, standing rigging 3/16"x19 stainless steel. Adjustable lazy jacks & topping lifts for easy, safe sail lowering. Sail covers incl. 5hp. Honda 4-cycle OB in starboard lazarette well, moves her along in a calm & will bring her home in a storm. Bronze yachtsman anchor (bow), galv Danforth anchor (stern), both w/ chain & rode. Functional bitt post forward, & traditional stern davits (SS) aft, w/dinghy for a totally traditional, salty look. Trlr incl. Asking \$22,000 for the whole package. Lying Fairlee Creek, near Rock Hall, MD. More photos & info available....

JIM MCKELVEY, (302) 743-7801, jimmckelvey@verizon.net (9)



Adirondack Guide Boat, black hull, cherry trim, sliding & stationary seats. Custom fitted trlr. Custom boat cover. All in exc cond. \$3,800. Located in Kentucky. To see more photos go to saslyter.com STEVEN SLYTER, (502) 479-9200, steven@saslyter.com (9)

'86 Potter 15 #1565, bow pulpit, boom vang, topping lift, 86 Merc 2.2hp, mushroom anchor, boat hook, whisker pole, 2 fenders, outhaul added to boom, tiller tamer, on '86 Shorelander trlr w/ rust, new tires uninstalled, sail slugs, nav. lights, new blocks for c/b raise and lower. Sails in gd cond. A good boat in need of TLC. Needs new folding cabin hatch (have old hatch for pattern), & hrdwre. Needs new rudder blade to replace temporary fix. Needs exterior cleaning. Has some docking & beaching scratches. Last sailed 2014. Reason for selling: age and downsizing, need the space. Located central IL. \$1500. GERRY SNEKHAUS, (309) 410-9931, snekhfg@sbcglobal.net (9)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

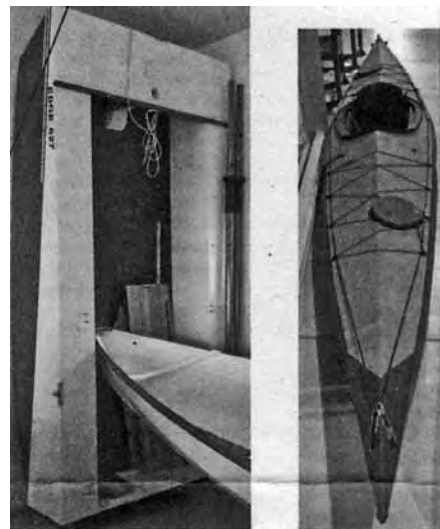
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28' Gaff Schooner Omoo, Launched '13. Strip planked, double ended w/outboard rudder, wheel steering. 9.9hp Johnson in motor well, twin inline daggerboards, new sails. *Omoo* is an enlarged version of L. Francis Herreshoff's "Carpenter" design. This is a very attractive vessel that gets favorable comment wherever it sails. See Craigslist: Maine Herreshoff. Asking \$4,900 OBRO. VALMAR THOMPSON, Edgcomb, ME, (207) 8827637. (8)



Sandpiper Catboat, built '84 by Marshall Marine Corp. (in dry storage for 10 years). TOP CONDITION, LOA 15'6", beam 7'1", draft board up 16", board down 3'9". Sail area 166sf, displacement 1,050lbs, ballast 200lbs. Sale incl like new Quantum sail, sail cover, cockpit cover, Mercury 3.3hp OB, anchor & misc items. 2016 Load Rite trlr (never in the water). \$7,000. PAUL BUNNELL, Madison, CT, (203) 245-9541, phwbunnell@gmail.com (8)



Fujita Folding Kayak, PE 1-430 Trek Ex 14'10"x26.5", cap 320lbs, packed w/paddle 48.5lbs. Incl Werner 4pc Camano paddle, 220cm R.60° nylon spray skirt, foot pump, watershed deck bag, repair materials, instruction & VCR video. Purchased 11/03 \$2,800, like new cond. Asking \$1,400. **16' Shearwater Double Ended Pulling Boat**, designed by Joel White, plan from *Wooden Boat*. 9mm Lloyds Reg. Okoume ply construction, teak details. 8' Tendercraft oars & locks, carry cart, launched 10/9. Exc cond. Asking \$1,000. **Puddle Duck Racer**, Edge 627. PDRacer.com. Polysail International leg o' mutton sail. Leeboard & rudder, beach cart, launched 6/12. Exc cond. Asking \$300. ROB ECKER, Sheboygan, WI, (920) 698-0784, robecker@charter.net (8)

Swiftly 15, built by Fred Shell '06, open model, incl trlr, motor & various accessories. \$2,000 or best offer. Health issues make it impossible for me to use my boat. JOHN SMITH, Hamilton, NJ, jdantonsmith@outlook.com (8)



Chesapeake Light Craft PassageMaker Dinghy, 11-1/2' foot long wooden pram. Exc cond, fully equipped for rowing, sailing, as a tender, or motoring. Possible to adapt to nesting configuration. Incl oarlocks, motor mount, full flotation, daggerboard trunk, homemade dolly & custom cover. For full description see CLC website. Asking \$1,200 for hull only, \$1,750 w/full sailing equipment incl nearly new 44sf lateen sail & all spars. No trlr but can be delivered within southern New England. LARRY HAFF, Westborough, MA, (508) 981-1302, larryhaff@aol.com (9)

16' Comet Sailboat, own a classic '37 wood Comet Hull #1181. Restored '04. Barn stored since '06. Tan deck & black sides painted with Awlgrip. Varnished wood spars. 1 set cotton sails (maybe 2). Ready to sail. Pretty boat at a bargain price, \$700 neg. Trlr available \$400. Photos avail.

MIKE HOLLIS, Chestertown, MD, (703) 801-6339, mikehollis@atlanticbb.net. (8)

BOATS WANTED

Tom Cat Sliding Seat Rowing Catamaran, most any cond. Will travel to pick up or arrange for shipping.

TOM JANNKE, Gales Ferry, CT, (860) 460-2212, tom@janneke.com (11)

GEAR FOR SALE

British Seagull CPC, '63 w/new block & rings, etc., long shaft, clutch, cost \$500 to rebuild, will push heavy boat. **Minnkota Riptide RT55S**, salt water, 42" overall, long shaft, 12V, used once, asking \$350. Buy both get free stand.

DAVID KELLAND, Lexington, MA, (781) 861-8981. (8)



Wood Strip Canoe Templates, books, Epoxy, hot-plate. Deceased owner made 2 canoes. Hope to put these materials to good use for donation to College Scholarship in his name.

BARBARA FREEMAN, Remsen, NY, (315) 831-3061. (9)

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For Sale: 18' Cold Molded Baybird Sloop

Built by Pleasant Bay Boat and Spar
Won Best Professionally Built Sailboat at the 2010 Wooden Boat Show in Mystic, CT.

Featured in Wooden Boat Publications 2010 Small Boat Magazine
Based on the original Starling Burgess design

Cold molded with cedar strips overlaid with two layers of 1/8" Spanish cedar cross diagonally set in West System epoxy, then sheathed inside and out with Dynel fabric

Seats are slatted cedar, unfinished. The trim is mahogany finished in Cetol, with unfinished teak rails.

Hollow fir mast and gaff with a solid fir boom

Contact: Tim Weiler, (203) 571-8022 (mobile), Tim.w.weiler@gmail.com

Asking price: \$14,900

Included in Price

Boat, Boom Crutch, Topping lift, Mooring cover, Galvanized trailer, Custom bracket to attach outboard, Cradles for the spars when trailering, Mooring cover, Custom made full winter storage cover

Specifications

LOA: 18'0", LWL: 16'3", Beam: 5'6", Draft: 6" board up, 30" board down, Displacement: 690 lbs, Sail Area: 145 sq ft, PVC centerboard, newly painted topsides and Antifouling bottom paint, Varnish finish on trim, Novabraid halyards

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We often find that the purchase of a boat involves the perfect companion. In this case it was Lacey, a Chocolate Lab who just didn't have an off-switch. Her favorite position in the boat was just where you see her. And that wasn't a topic open for discussion. To make this possible two cobble stones were placed in the stern of the boat.

In hindsight, perhaps it should have been three.