



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 8

December 2018

Highlight Features
in **This Issue**
A Day on the Bay - Traditional Rowing in Finland
My Seven Year Build - Sound Inter Clubs on Lake George
Ottersport Plywood Kits - Revisiting Bolger's Flying Cloud

The 1926 Sound Inter Club: iSc

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AILEEN, whose resurrection was possible through our
"true" process, joins her sisters, CAPRICE and GHOST.



messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Well, things are back to normal here following the disruption of my life brought on by my unexpected heart attack in September that I discussed on this page last month. Despite the two week delay in getting the November issue to the printer on my part the magazine did get mailed out just about on time through the extra efforts of our printer. We are fortunate to have so supportive a printer. Back to normal is just that, my optimism last issue on the outcome of the whole experience has since been confirmed by follow up tests that do show I suffered no damage to my heart. So it is indeed onward into another year and beyond.

Until this happened in September I have had no significant interaction with doctors, nurses, hospitals, ambulances and pharmacists over many years. As I appeared to have no health issues I seldom had physical exams and the odd one or two required for minor repair work like cataract removal always showed no need to be concerned about my health.

The aftermath of this disruption of a very satisfactory state of health has resulted in a blizzard of paperwork, amongst which appeared a "Problem List." As I perused the list of no less than 15 "problems," some of which were directly related to the heart attack, I found I had no idea of what tough shape I was in. I knew I was wearing out, hearing going, eyesight in need of assistance, stamina slowly shrinking year by year, but I was blissfully unaware of many "problems" the doctors discovered. They had never come to my attention. I will mention only one here, "generalized osteoarthritis." I guess the cartilage in my joints is wearing thin but it has yet to announce its presence to me directly.

Enough of this "how'm I doin'" chat, I do so only to emphasize that I see no looming issues that will get in my way carry-

ing on with all that I do, including getting out *MAIB* each month. But, like me, *MAIB* is aging, each year our circulation slowly shrinks as a black and white printed publication becomes less and less appealing in this age of instant full color news about messing about in boats that is available, often free, on the internet. New readers are increasingly hard to find as normal attrition in our subscriber list goes on. All of you who form our hard core of support keep us financially alive and I thank you for your ongoing support over so many years now.

This is the time of year when the "annual appeals" start to arrive in our mail from various organizations we have supported with annual memberships because we valued their efforts. Apparently an annual membership fee is not enough to meet their needs and so they come to the faithful looking for more at a time of year when giving is in favor. The version of this that we have pursued, that is practiced by publications, is the gift subscription for those on your gift list who might enjoy reading what we have to offer. This not only adds to our income (thank you) but adds new readers who may subsequently wish to renew on their own. A number of you have responded and I thank you for this extra support. Should you feel so inclined there is, on page 58, our annual order form for such gifts.

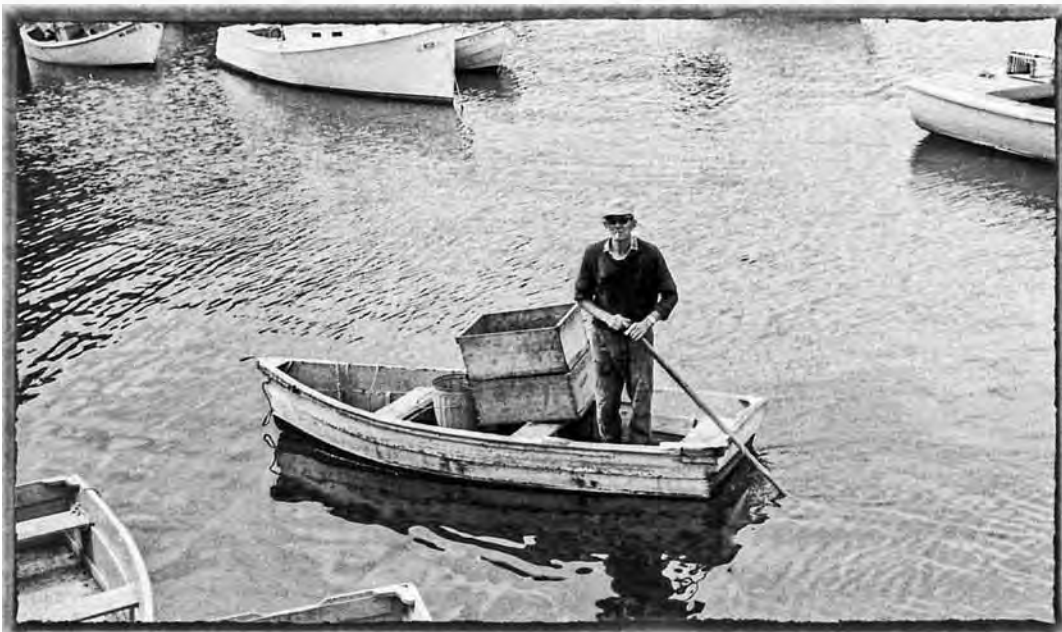
The money problem for a small circulation publication like ours is that the fixed costs of printing and mailing an issue has to be spread over a fairly large number of coies to get an affordable per copy price. We have just had to go up to \$40 a year for a subscription (after ten years) as our circulation has decreased to a point where we could not afford to hold the line at \$32. While I can go on working for a small retirement scale income, printing and mailing are major costs that have to be met from earnings.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 Harking Back With Harvey
- 4 You write to us about...
- 5 CBMM
- 7 Book Review: *Fury of the Norse*
- 10 Seen at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival
- 11 Bolton Landing Festival
- 12 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: A Day on the Bay
- 19 The Launching of *Sunny Sea*
- 20 DCA: Traditional Rowing in Kuohijoki and Elsewhere in Finland
- 22 The \$500 Yacht
- 23 Meanderings
- 24 Sea Stories and Tall Tales
- 25 Float Your Boat Parade
- 26 JGTSCA
- 28 My 7 Year Build
- 30 Building a 13' Peapod
- 32 The View from AlmostCanada
- 37 *Dancing Chicken*
- 38 Sound Inter Club Class
- 42 Ottersports Ltd
- 45 Small Craft Illustration
- 46 The *Ticonderoga*
- 48 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design
- 51 Our Coast Guard in Action
- 52 From the Lee Rail
- 53 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

That's a pretty dramatic photo on our cover this month from Reuben Smith, owner of Tumblehome Boat Shop on Lake George, New York. It shows a fleet of Sound Inter Club yachts in long ago action on Lake George, where they migrated to from Long Island Sound in the late 1930s. Reuben tells us that only five of the original 28 are known to exist today and now three of them, restored to original condition at Tumblehome, are afloat on Lake George and can resume class racing again. The launching of meticulously restored *Aileen* this past summer to join previously restored *Caprice* and *Ghost* turned that matched pair into a fleet. Read all about this starting on page 38.

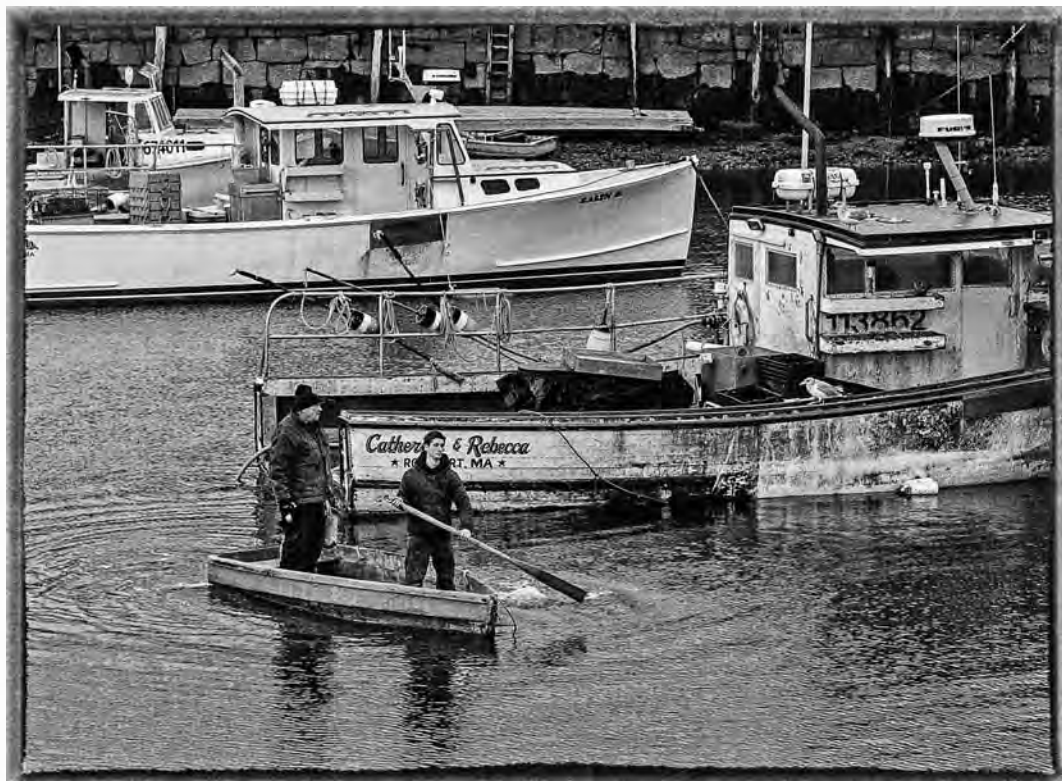


Harking Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."

Images by Harvey Petersiel

Working Watermen





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Best Written

The article in the October issue by Angus Chaney concerning the first voyage of the *S.B. James Brown* was one of the best written that I have read in a long time. I hope he cruises again next year with the 10hp out-board engine he mentioned and a small, quiet Honda generator and shares this experience with the readers.

Each year many of the steam launch owners in the Northeast gather for one week on Otter Creek and we cruise the exact same waters that the barge *James Brown* drifted upon. We also fight the same challenging winds sweeping along the waters of Lake Champlain. What a glorious first adventure, Huck Finn would have been right at home there.

This morning I came across a photo from two years ago showing me in the *Golden Eagle* steam launch at the end of a four boat raft for lunch deep in Kingsland Bay, the same bay where the raft *James Brown* stopped after leaving Porter Bay. Even on this "calm" day the wind is evident from the NW.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding
Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*, Old Lyme, CT



Adventures & Experiences...

Bad Experiences & Best Stories

I just read Susan Gateley's article, "Sea Stories and Lake Tales" in the October issue. She states, "The best stories come from bad experiences." It is the truth, as some of my best "experiences" and stories have been from such bad experiences, the most recent the sinking of the *Eagle*, or failing to raise the mast for it. In the past I experienced the capsizing of the skipjack *Dreamcatcher* on its maiden voyage. That same boat failed to launch the following season due to my dropping the newly built lighter mast over the traveler and breaking it in half.

Then there was the time Naomi and I sailed our schooner outside the Buffalo

Breakwater to see how the newly acquired boat would handle the 30mph winds with all sails raised and full. We were new to the boat and had not had much experience in heavy seas. We realized that the 10'-12' swells were a little much for a fun day sail. We tried and failed to make the boat come about. I never thought to turn the engine on.

I was concentrating on what the very near future would hold in regard to nearby breakwater rocks. Foolishly, we ran down the lee shore of the rocky breakwater for a mile to another entrance. Luckily, all worked that time but one error and we would have been hurt or killed. A bad experience. Worse yet, the boat would have broken up on the rocks. But it was a glorious and exciting very memorable sail! I learned something there, too.

But, like Susan, I think my sailing skills, limited as they are, have also plateaued and possibly diminished. I have become a lot more respectful of Murphy's Law or poorly aligned planets. I am also often reminded by those who know me of "Grundy's Law," "If Greg is on or near a boat, something will always go wrong."

But the game isn't over yet. Like Susan, I still plan to keep looking toward the watery horizon for new experiences and more miles of sailing adventure, but with a weather eye to the aforementioned Laws.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Information of Interest...

Winter Job Opportunity

I need someone with enthusiasm, energy and a will to work toward a liveable dream to come stay at my home/shop/dock/boat ramp here next to the Ten Thousand Islands this winter and help me (77) finish this 46' one off cruising catamaran/ sailboat, assisting me in a lot of fun jobs like winches, windlasses, mast, rigging, motor and drive unit, rudders, a bridgedeck cabin, etc. We should be able to sail it by next spring. It has already been launched.

In exchange for your labor (you would be someone who is mechanically minded and knows how to use tools without getting hurt!) I will give you room and board and a small \$\$\$ "Zubrot"(stipend) weekly and you can use my boats/kayaks, car/bicycle to explore this gorgeous nature preserve we live next to (also close by, "Big Cypress Swamp" and The Everglades. See my classified ad and give me a call! 239-389-6729.

Dennis Schneider, (239) 389-6729,
tev118ake@gmail.com

Boat Names

Looking over the October issue, the first title that caught my eye was "Boat Names." These little gems of humor really add a lot to the magazine.

A few years ago the ACBS expanded their "Directory" as data could be reorganized with just the push of a button. One was a listing of boats by name. Most people were pretty original, but a few were popular with a number of owners. I just checked the latest

list and surprisingly *Sweet Pea* won with 14 (Dave Lucas makes 15) with *Driftwood* and *Legacy* close behind with 13 each.

Names shouldn't really bring good or bad luck, but I must admit that I was anxious when I first tied *Breakaway* to the mooring. She was still there when I came back.

Recently I received a new coffee table book on ChrisCraft which has fine photos, but the text contains lots of factual errors. To review it would be a little like shooting fish in a barrel, but I may review it and see if it passes the smell test.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

More Boat Names

Firstly, thank you for your excellent magazine. No matter how big or small the boat or harebrained the scheme, it can find a home on your pages. No varnished mahogany snob-bishness to be found, just a lot of folk getting afloat (mostly) in boats. Wonderful.

Reading about boat names prompted me to offer these I have seen or read of over the years.

A beautiful sailboat, *Concerto* towing a dinghy called *Coda*.

In a river marina an old, listing, wooden Chris Craft in rundown condition with the cockpit canvas half blown open, *Cirrhosis of the River*.

On a power boat in my marina, *The Joyce of My Life*. My wife, Joyce, wants to know why I did not think of that!

My stepson's sail boat, *Windborne*.

On a bitterly divorced owner's boat, *Cynthia Anna*.

And finally, a power boat owned by a Jewish gentleman also in my marina, *Yom Skippur*.

Keith Elms, Waukegan, IL

Information Wanted...

Polynesian Navigation

A question that arose in my mind after reading about the explorations of the Polynesians and Norse is, how did the Polynesians hit those tiny islands amidst that big sea? The Norse had all of North America for a land-fall, a big target. But a tiny island a thousand miles away? And what if they missed? And how did the first boat to head out to sea know where to sail?

John Wilson, Charlotte, MI

This Magazine...

Pursuing Water Rat's Pastime

Reading your magazine connects me to an amazing community of folks who I would otherwise have no way to know. It is a welcome reminder in this fractious and angry world that there are many people of very different stripes who are all pursuing the Water Rat's pastime. Keep on messing!

David Kriebel, Magnolia, MA



News

Bugeye *Edna Lockwood* Relunched

Following a historic two year restoration project, 1889 bugeye *Edna Lockwood* was relaunched into the Miles River during the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's annual OysterFest on October 27. *Edna*, queen of CBMM's floating fleet, has spent the past several years having her nine log hull completely replaced by CBMM shipwrights and apprentices. All work was done in full public view and in adherence to the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Vessel Preservation. Shipwright apprentices working on the project were generously supported by the Seip Family Foundation and the RPM Foundation.

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



Edna Lockwood returns to the Miles River in front of a crowd at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum.



Shipwright Joe Connor smashes a bottle of champagne against the bow of *Edna Lockwood* to christen her before her return to the Miles River.



Kevin Cross from the Church of the Holy Trinity in Oxford, Maryland, uses holy water to bless *Edna Lockwood* before her return to the Miles River. Also pictured are Shipyard Manager Michael Gorman, far left, and CBMM's Kristen Greenaway, right, who offered brief remarks as part of the ceremony.

Shipyard Programs Announced

CBMM recently announced its Apprentice for a Day Shipyard Programs taking place now through April 2019. Programs take place on weekends and selected weekdays and include a variety of programs for every interest and age. Programs include Timber Frame Raising, Electronic Navigation for Non Technical People, Boating Essentials, Plane Making, Intro to Woodworking, Lofting, Open Boatshop, Chart Navigation, Three Strand Rope Splicing, Recommissioning your Outboard, Bronze Casting and more.

This year CBMM's Shipyard will also host special days when the public can help with the restoration of the 1912 river tug *Delaware*. Participants will work with CBMM shipwrights to learn some of the fundamentals of boat building by taking part in the stem to stern restoration of the historic wooden tug. Participants will have the opportunity to work on the project from lofting to her launch.

CBMM's Apprentice for a Day Shipyard Programs take place year round and offer demonstrations, workshops, intensives with visiting master craftsmen, on the water experiences and customized programming. Participation in each program is limited, with advanced registration needed. More information about each program is available at cbmm.org/shipyardprograms or call 410-745-4980.

Lofting the Tug *Delaware*

CBMM is offering two chances to get involved with its restoration of *Delaware* this December. From 10am-4pm Saturday and Sunday, December 1-2 and December 8-9, participants are invited to join Shipyard Programs Manager Jenn Kuhn in lofting the 1912 river tug. Guests can take part in one or both sessions of the workshop which will be held in CBMM's Bay History Building.

Lofting is the art of taking a set of offsets or measurements and drawing the boat to scale. It is from the loft that shipwrights pick up the necessary information needed to begin building the molds.

Built in Bethel, Delaware, by William H. Smith, *Delaware* once hauled scows on Broad Creek, often laden with lumber, and towed ram schooners to and from Laurel, Delaware. Occasionally she carried parties of young people to Sandy Hill for day trips on the Nanticoke River. Donated to CBMM by Bailey Marine Construction in 1991, *Delaware* is now a floating exhibition along CBMM's waterfront campus. A full stem to stern restoration of the tug began this fall, with the project anticipated to take two years. All work will be done in full public view in CBMM's Shipyard.

Participants are encouraged to bring a lunch. The cost for the workshop is \$85 for one weekend, or \$150 for both, with a 20% discount for CBMM members. Registration is required to cbmm.org/shipyardprograms.



Messing About in Boats, December 2018 – 5

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The Author Says...

Sometime around the middle of the ninth century Norse raiders (known later as the Vikings) turned their full attention to the populated districts found along the rivers and ports of Western Frankia (France). Having ravished the coasts of Britain and Ireland for years, they needed something fresh to satisfy their ever growing need for retribution and plunder.

Earlier excursions from Wessex and East Anglia had apprised them of the many churches, monasteries and settlements to be found along the banks of the Seine, with Rouen and Paris as special prizes. The weakness of the existing Frankish government became apparent when they were met with only sporadic resistance from the warring Carolingian kings, unable to stop the raids or protect their own citizens. Warring provinces of Dukes and Counts as well as a divided empire made a unified defense impossible.

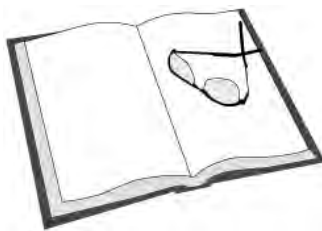
As the Norse carried out one successful raid after another, this startling and unprecedented ferocity spread all across most of the western regions of France. The more horrific consequences of these raids have been duly recorded by historians. Less well known, perhaps, is the great dispersal of the affected population. Young men and women as well as children were often captured and returned to some part of Scandinavia to be slaves or to be sold. Yet there were many who longed for freedom from their base treatment and tried to escape. For those in Denmark, escape was usually through Northalbingia, a territory which acted as a buffer between mostly Pagan Jutland and Christian Saxony. Escape was a perilous venture at best, very often resulting in recapture and death.

During this time there was much trouble between the Christian Danes, including those who desired conversion, and their Pagan countrymen. The Norse warriors, who identified closely with their Pagan gods, found themselves in conflict with their fellow countrymen as well as Christianity, an institution that considered the Norse gods as creations of Satan, or worse, as excrement of the devil.

This affront to their religion made some Viking nobles furious and often resulted in serious fights where many Christian sympathizers were killed, including Norse kings and their supporters, often by their own relatives. Thus, at least some of the attacks against churches and monasteries outside of Scandinavia could be considered as retribution against those who would condemn and destroy the Norse Pantheon, regardless of the looting that occurred.

Most of the written history from this era comes from the pens of Benedictines who, although they may have desired the truth, would be mostly incapable of identifying this cause and effect.

The Pagan Viking nobles and their followers were able to keep Christianity at bay for several hundred years. The Norse raids brought unprecedented violence and terror to many communities in Normandy and Brittany, both large and small. For a while it must have seemed to the unfortunate inhabitants as if God had unleashed His Wrath upon them...



Book Review



Fury of the Norse

By Joseph J. Bohnaker

Third Mellenium Publishing
PO Box 14026, Tempe, AZ 14026
<http://3mpub.com>
Paperback 400 Pages, ISBN 1-947483-00-5

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

This Reviewer Says...

This book is fiction and boats figure in it only marginally. It is essentially historical fiction concerned with medieval Norse (Vikings) conflicts with western Europeans around 900AD. We normally don't review fiction but focus on books in which messing about in boats forms the major subject. This review is thus a sort of special case in that the author, Joe Bohnaker, is a long time subscriber and past contributor to our pages.

I read the book with some interest as I read history for recreation. I found Joe's fictional evocation of the life and times (much violent savagery) of everyday people of these chaotic middle ages persuasive and the boating scenes of considerable interest. It is not a book about messing about in boats, but of savage conflict between the Norse raiders and the settled European population along North Sea coasts of France, the Low Countries and the Hanseatic city states on the adjacent Baltic Sea.

What follows is an excerpt from one of the chapters in which some marauding Norse pirates attempt to capture a coastal merchant vessel (a Cog) in which the author's protagonists are attempting to sail from France towards Denmark and the Baltic. Several other such boating scenarios are featured elsewhere in the narrative.

"The next day when the tide was right, Grotus took the ship, now laden with good Rhine wine, carefully out of the many channeled estuary and back through the maze of sands. He was using poles and sweeps to move the Cog into better water, now under way for most of the early hours. Fortunately a light breeze piped up out of the east, helping his movements.

"Normally, only a day is needed to reach the mouth of the Weser," he told the Abbot in answer to his question. They were once again standing on the quarter deck watching the ship maneuver through the sands. "But the winds have been mostly light up to this point," Grotus continued, "and it seems unlikely to change. And I have had reports of pirates. That makes me most unhappy."

"Pirates!" exclaimed the Abbot. "Let us pray that we do not make their acquaintance! As for the wind, my bones tell me we are due for a weather change."

The youth looked at the Abbot, thinking that after last night's escapade, of which he could only imagine, that his bones must be just fine! Pirates, indeed!

They passed through the sands with only a scrape or two and Grotus ordered the sail raised to take advantage of the light westerly breeze which he hoped would increase. Gradually the sail bellied out and took hold and they moved offshore into deeper water. When they were far enough out, Grotus ordered the course changed to north.

It was not long before the bow lookout sang out: A sail! and he pointed to the western horizon. Grotus moved a hand below his eyes to shade from the water's glare, looking in that direction, three points off the larboard bow. He spied a large gaff or lateen sail moving southeast towards the ship. "Ay, Your Excellency," he shouted, "I believe we may have pirates for company."

"Good Lord," the Abbot said and Christian felt a chill pass through him. Looking hard toward the horizon, they searched to see the menacing sails, now reflecting the glowing sun.

Shouting a stream of commands, Grotus ordered the sail trimmed and the crew to retrieve arms and pick defensive positions. While they dived down the hatchways to retrieve weapons, Grotus explained to the Abbot that he was holding a northeasterly course parallel to the nearby sands hoping the approaching ship with a deeper draft would have to veer off. Her course would carry her past them and she would have to tack for pursuit. That would give them some little time to look for a passage through the sands and back to port. The chances were small. They had taken on only two new passengers, both men, and Grotus ordered everyone to their arms and into a defensive position on the ship.

"Your Excellency must move below or to the other side of the ship," he said to the Abbot.

"I will not!" the Abbot replied. "I will take up arms with the rest."

"My orders are to protect you," Grotus said.

"All the more reason why I should help defend the Ship."

Grotus relented and asked the Abbot to come with him to study the shoals between the ship and the coast. "Look out over the sands," he told the Abbot. "The darker water is where the deep channels run. The tide is about to turn and there still may be a passage back to the coast."

"Will they not follow us in?"

"The pirate's draft is much deeper than ours," he said. "They carry more sail than we do and they need a deeper keel." They studied the shoals for a while but failed to discover any such passage. They moved back to the other side.

"We search again when they get closer," he said.

The ship passed them on the horizon still heading southeast only a league away and shortly later tacked. "Yes, they are after us," Grotus said. "I can see now she carries two masts and a jib boom. I still believe it is an Arab ship. God help us!"

"An Arab ship?"

"Ay. These waters are plagued by pirates from many countries, but even so it may be a captured prize manned by Norse or Saxons or others."

Cristian had volunteered to keep watch on the sands, looking for a passage. Grotus had worked dangerously close and the youth could see the gleaming silvery spread of sand islands surfacing above the swirling tide which was beginning to fall. The coast seemed to be far off behind the glittering shoals. A thick haze hung over the whole scene, making his task more difficult.

The alien ship, being much swifter than the Cog, was rapidly overtaking them. "When they get close enough to make a threat, we can veer off into the sands," Grotus shouted. "Our bottom is strong enough to take a grounding. But I would rather attack!"

"Attack? How on earth can you attack?" the Abbot shouted. There was now a general uproar about the ship with all the shouting between crew now moving all arms on deck: Lances, crossbows, bolts, swords, axes, slings, an assortment of leather and wooden shields. Pikes were placed along the seaward rail to fend off boarding pirates. They could really cut an assailant down or knock him overboard.

"I have attacked before," said Grotus, "when I had little choice. We may find a way through the sands, but most likely we would go aground. If the pirates have a boat aboard, they will follow us in. I would rather fight

from the deck of a ship under way. We are heavy and have an oak-sheathed bow and an iron-clad stem. I will ram them if I can...if they are not much larger than we."

Grotus shouted commands to the helmsman, a small muscular man with eyes wide with fright, or so it seemed to the Abbot. Just then, the youth came running across the deck. "Passage through the sands!" he shouted. "It is coming up!"

"No," Grotus shouted, looking at the approaching enemy. "They are no bigger than we. We will fight. I believe we can ram them and run them off!"

"But the passage is coming up!" Cristian shouted.

"It is safer to attack, believe me!" shouted Grotus.

Everyone could see the approaching pirate ship now. She seems a type of Goleta," shouted Grotus. "We have a good chance!"

The dark ship came up close astern, her flying jibs followed by small square sails set on the forward mast and a large lateen sail set on the aft mast. The sails were drawing well in the increasing wind. Dark-skinned men moved to the rails hurling curses at the Cog and shaking their swords. They appeared anxious for the upcoming attack.

Tightening his grip on the short sword Cristian noted that it was much smaller than those brandished by the pirates. In the other hand he nervously swung a club.

"If they overwhelm us and board," shouted Grotus, "you two jump overboard on the opposite side and try to make it to the sands. I hope you can swim."

"Swim?" the Abbot said, rubbing his large paunch. Float perhaps, but swim... I think not!"

The youth winced as he realized he had never learned to swim. He knew nothing about it.

The bowsprit of the pursuing ship was quickly coming along the larboard side of the Cog, which was moving at the pace of a trotting horse. "They mean to run us into the sands!" Grotus yelled. "They are fools! When I yell down get flat on the decks and prepare for collision!" Cristian and the Abbot moved back from the rail. Tension filled their faces.

The onrushing jib boom carrying the billowing jib sails of the pirate ship looked like the appendage of a sea monster as it came up parallel to but slightly below the rail of the Cog. When it reached the bow area, it seemed

that the pirates could now leap aboard, Grotus shouted "DOWN" followed by a command to the two helmsmen. Cristian and the Abbot hit the deck.

The Cog responded to the iron-muscled helmsmen pushing hard on the rudder oar. The iron-clad stem swung quickly to larboard into the path of the oncoming ship. The pirates were completely surprised and tried to trim up their ship to fall off but it was too late. The larboard bow of the heavier Cog delivered the blow, with the bowsprit of the attacker running up the bow and shattering, dumping the jib sails and rigging alongside, climbing up the side of the Cog to the top rail. The loud crash and jolt sent everyone tumbling and reeling about the deck, but the Cog kept turning with little loss of headway.

The frenzied screaming attackers soon found themselves being pushed out to sea by the ramming Cog. One determined pirate managed to jump up and gain a foothold on the broken bowsprit leaping aboard the Cog, surprising Grotus and crew. But Grotus closed with him immediately moving his heavy body like a wildcat. The enemy sword slashed out but Cristian and the Abbot dived into his legs, knocking him off balance.

The sword thrust was off balance and hit Grotus on the shoulder. A kick hit the jaw of the Abbot. Cristian received a blow in the groin. Maddened, Grotus grabbed the off balance sea wolf by the legs and swung him into the rail, cracking his skull. Lifting the shaking body over his head, he hurled it into several other marauders coming up the broken bowsprit. Two more fell into the sea. As others tried to board from the side they were killed or knocked off by the crew wielding pikes.

At that point the crew let fly their bolts, downing two more of the attackers hanging onto the damaged jib boom. Grotus shouted for the helmsman to fall off, and the pirate ship, still facing out to sea, broke loose with a loud shrieking and cracking from the Cog and their damaged bow slid back into the water. The Cog shook itself and slowly gathered way and soon pulled away from the damaged attacker. The pirates labored to gather their wild entanglement of broken booms, rigging and sails from the sea and set their mainsail for a course taking them away from these damnable wild bastardly merchants. This was no easy prize, no cowardly ship master fleeing for his life."

The Cog

A cog is a type of ship that first appeared in the 10th century and was widely used from around the 12th century on. Cogs were clinker built, generally of oak, which was an abundant timber in the Baltic region of Prussia. This vessel was fitted with a single mast and a square rigged single sail. These vessels were mostly associated with seagoing trade in medieval Europe, especially the Hanseatic League, particularly in the Baltic Sea region. They ranged from about 15m to 25m (49' to 82') in length with a beam of 5m to 8m (16' to 26'), and the largest cog ships could carry up to about 200 tons.

Design

Cogs were a type of round ship, characterized by a flush laid flat bottom at midships but gradually shifted to overlapped strakes near the posts. They had full lapstrake planking covering the sides, generally starting from

I also undertook to look up more about the Cog and as a sidebar to this review bring you what was said about it in Wikipedia.

the bilge strakes, and double clenched iron nails for plank fastenings. The keel, or keel plank, was only slightly thicker than the adjacent garboards and had no rabbet. Both stem and stern posts were straight and rather long and connected to the keel plank through intermediate pieces called hooks. The lower plank hoods terminated in rabbets in the hooks and posts, but upper hoods were nailed to the exterior faces of the posts.

Caulking was generally tarred moss that was inserted into curved grooves, covered with wooden laths and secured by metal staples called sintels. Finally, the cog built structure could not be completed without a stern mounted hanging central rudder, which was a unique northern development.

Cogs used to have open hulls and could be rowed short distances. In the 13th century they received decks.

History

Cogs are first mentioned in 948AD, in Muiden near Amsterdam. These early cogs were influenced by the Norse Knarr, which was the main trade vessel in northern Europe at the time, and probably used a steering oar as there is nothing to suggest a stern rudder in northern Europe until about 1240.

Current archaeological evidence points to the Frisian coast or western Jutland as the possible birthplace of this type of vessel. The transformation of the cog into a true seagoing trader came not only during the time of the intense trade between west and east, but also as a direct answer to the closure of the western entrance to the Limfjord. For centuries, Limfjord in northern Jutland offered fairly protected passage between the North

Sea and the Baltic. Due to unusual geographical conditions and strong currents, the passage was constantly filling with sand and was completely blocked by the 12th century.

This change produced new challenges. Bigger ships that could not be pulled across the sand bars had to sail around the Jutland peninsula and circumnavigate the dangerous Cape Skagen to get to the Baltic. This resulted in major modifications to old ship structures, which can be observed by analyzing evolution of the earliest cog finds of Kollerup, Skagen and Kolding.

The need for spacious and relatively inexpensive ships led to the development of the first workhorse of the Hanseatic League, the cog. The new and improved cog was no longer a simple Frisian coaster but a sturdy seagoing trader which could cross even the most dangerous passages. Fore and stern castles would be added for defense against pirates, or to enable use of these vessels as warships, such as used at the Battle of Sluys. The stern castle also afforded more cargo space below by keeping the crew and tiller up out of the way.

Eventually, around the 14th century, the cog reached its structural limits, resulting in the desperate need for a quick replacement. The replacement, the hulk, already existed but awaited reconditioning. Although there is no evidence that hulks descended from the cogs, it is clear that a lot of technological ideas were adapted from one to the other and vice versa. The transition from cogs to hulks was not linear. According to some interpretations, both vessels coexisted for many centuries but followed diverse lines of evolution.

The most famous cog still in existence today is the Bremen cog. It dates from the 1380s and was found in 1962, until then cogs had only been known from medieval documents and seals.

In 1990 well preserved remains of a Hanseatic cog were discovered in the estuary sediment of the Pärnu River in Estonia. The Pärnu Cog has been dated to 1300.

In 2012 a cog preserved from the keel up to the decks in the silt was discovered alongside two smaller vessels in the river IJssel in the city of Kampen, in the Netherlands. The ship, dating from the early 15th century, was suspected to have been deliberately sunk in the river to influence its current. Consequently little was expected to be found in the wreck, but during excavation and recovery in February 2016 an intact brick dome oven and glazed tiles were found in the galley as well as a number of other artifacts about the vessel.



Reconstruction of the cog, *Roland von Bremen*.

Reconstructed excavated cog from 1380 at Deutsches Schifffahrtsmuseum.



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We all know that you never go to a big sailing event and not take a boat, that's a no brainer. Well, I wanted Helen to see this magical place I talk about all the time so we flew up and rented a car. This is one time I'm really glad I hadn't pulled a boat up.

There was only one boat that really impressed me, check this out (none of the rest of them even qualify as useable boats in my opinion because I didn't see a single built in cup holder) Look closely at this one, the main cabin has a steering station and kitchen and bedroom in the back. It can be closed off in bad weather. And it has a flying bridge complete with steering and engine controls and a bimini. The little 5hp outboard pushes it right along. Everyone wanted to know how he had both stations hooked up. I don't know.



See all those boats out there? And see the ones still at the dock. I took these pictures after the start of the fun race where everyone goes out and looks at the other boats and has fun sailing with all the other guys. What's so special about this, you ask? There was not one breath of wind anywhere. I mean nothing. The boats were either towed out or paddled out. We watched them and they slowly moved backward with the current. This went on for a little while and then they all came back in, either towed, motored or paddled. Those who stayed at the dock knew this was going to happen.



Seen at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival

By Dave Lucas



I always told my boys they'd have big shoes to fill, here they are.



I told Kurt I wanted his picture to show you guys that, yes, he is still alive and kicking and has the same boat he's always had. I thought he'd run off to Spain and taken up painting and wine drinking, shows you what I know.



Chesapeake Light Craft had their little teardrop trailer there, it's tiny but would actually fit a young skinny flexible couple, which pretty much eliminates all of us.



Throughout the late 1800s and early 1900s, regattas and races along the shore of Lake George, New York, were frequent and well attended boating events. The Bolton Landing Boats & Boating Festival, which took place on September 22, commemorated those once common regattas.

This small boat regatta along the shore of Lake George was hosted by the Bolton Historical Museum and sponsored by the *Lake George Mirror*, Tumblehome Boatshop and the Adirondack Chapter of ACBS. The event was, in part, inspired by the No-Octane Regatta, which many will remember took place on Blue Mountain Lake, New York, for several fun and fantastic years.

The event featured small boats from the late 19th to early 20th century, powered by oar, paddle and sail. Adirondack guideboats, Lake George rowboats, canoes, skiffs and decked sailing canoes lined the beach and played in the water. The Adirondack Experience (formerly known as the Adirondack Museum) loaned several boats from its livery and these were available for anyone to row. The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum brought two six oar pilot gigs. There was a rowing race and a sail

BOLTON LANDING BOATS & BOATING FESTIVAL

Small Boat Regatta on the Shore of Lake George, New York

By Reuben Smith
Photos by Crown Focus Media

race, all visible to spectators from the shoreline. Three original Elco electric launches from that period also participated in the event.

As was tradition of these types of regattas, a boat tow parade capped off the event, an historic Elco electric launch, the *St. Louis* (still owned by the Bixby family who purchased the boat in the late 1800s), towed four rowing boats with a passenger (my stepmother Hallie Bond) and musician (my brother) Alex Smith, both in Victorian attire, strumming guitar and singing to the other passengers in tow. A few ladies (my wife Cynde included) also were in period dress.

The event has a Facebook page where additional photos, including those from the early regattas upon which this event was inspired, can be seen. There is talk about making this an annual event.



A Day on the Bay

Dredging oysters in the Chesapeake aboard the skipjack "Lady Katie" of Tilghman Island, Maryland.

December 3, 1987

By Charles Hewins

Photographs by the Author

I went along just for the ride
To talk with the Captain
To talk to the crew
To take pictures
Mostly just to sail
On a skipjack

25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

Photographs of other skipjacks not mentioned in the story are included to show further activities aboard handled by the crews, and a sampling of the nearly two dozen remaining boats at the annual October/November weekend gathering at Sandy Point, Maryland, for Chesapeake Appreciation Days.



Stanley Larrimore, Captain, at the wheel of his skipjack, "Lady Katie" on Chesapeake Bay.

Splash. Wait. Watch the sky.

In the broad mouth of the Choptank river in this part of Chesapeake Bay, nine skipjacks are out today dredging for oysters.

"Lady Katie", skippered by Stanley Larrimore, carries us back and forth as we make our "licks" over the beds. Eight others are with us, moving between and around each other, taking a reef when the wind comes up, "shakin' it out" when the wind goes down.

"Woo!" calls Stanley, and the men push the dredge over the side. The cable slips around the roller, shimmies bottomward, and quietly scrapes up its load until Stanley hits the lever and the winder goes into gear to haul the load up from the bottom. Again and again, "Woo!" Splash. Wait. Watch the sky. And watch the Captain.





The crew starts culling.



A gasoline engine (the winder) hauls the dredge aboard over the roller. Grabbing the large rings, the crew lift it onto the deck.



Stanley watches the other boats. Who's pulling up big loads, and who the little ones. Plans the next tack where the dredging looks best.

The winder brings it up again. Both men haul it inboard. A crash to the deck; clatter of shells. They dump the basket, set it back up on the roller and start culling. Facing each other, they work fast, throwing the good ones, three inches long or more, behind them in piles on the deck, pushing the remains sideways and overboard, spreading the wet pile around in front of them as they go.

Sort, pick, throw; sweep the rest over the side. "Woo!" and the dredge goes in again. Sort, throw, scrape the debris to the side and over before Stanley throws the winder in gear again. Hour after hour.

Stanley's watch says eleven. It seems later to me. We'd started dredging around 8:30. We left Dogwood Harbor, Tilghman Island, before sun-up, about 6:30.

I had arrived at the dock at about 5:00, after checking Darryl's house for signs of life. No lights. He had said he'd probably go, when I talked to him the day before. Darryl Larrimore is Stanley's nephew. His crew hadn't shown up then, so he said, "...prob'ly tommorrow." Before he decided that, as he sat in his truck watching the eastern horizon, I watched his face. The sun came up red in a clear sky and its glow was on his face.

He's put his boat up for sale, the "Nellie L. Byrd". Yet he still hopes, like the others, that he'll still make a living. Tommorrow if not today. But the catches are smaller every year. And when they get bigger, then the prices they get a-bushel go down. A new mast costs 6,000 dollars now. Darryl wants to keep on, his Uncle Stanley tells me. He loves his boat and knows every plank in her, having replaced it all from the waterline up.

"Nellie" was built in 1911, but Darryl's made her as good as new. Didn't have to buy a new mast, but needed a new bowsprit, so he made himself one with a chainsaw in two hours, he told me. The old men had stopped and watched. The adze was the traditional tool used for this job, but Darryl was doing it his way. "What the hell you doin'?" they asked, looking on. He told me that with a pleased smile.

"They'll come back," Stanley told me, standing at the wheel. "Woo!" he shouted and the crew tossed the dredges over the side again.

"They come back before..." and he told me of lean years in oystering not long ago, and of a time back in the '40's. His boat's not for sale, although several others are this year, for the first time.

Heading out for the Choptank at 6:30 that morning, we had faced a faint breeze, mostly of our own making, the yawl boat behind pushing us along at a good eight knots.

"You wanna eat?" Stanley asked me. "Go 'head down," as he gestured to the companionway doors in front of him. The smell of frying bacon leaked out from the partly opened hatch cover.

Frank, one of the crew, did the cooking. I'd have gone down earlier when he invited me below, soon after leaving the harbor.

He could see that I was cold. Coffee water was boiling and three other burners were on to heat the cabin. He was glad to be cook, he said, because he could go below and keep warm for a while and not have to be working on deck all the time.

Eggs and bacon, bread and coffee. It was good, breakfast on the water.

By the time we ate lunch, after hours on deck, the baked beans, hot dogs and white bread had a remarkable taste.

Stanley stayed on deck for the whole trip until we got back at 5:00 in the afternoon, having gone below only once to see what all the smoke was about, coming from the oven. He reached in and pulled out something, and came back on deck with his handkerchief still over his nose and mouth, his eyes tearing freely. Frank had crawled up choking, and lay on the deck a moment to catch his breath.

The smoke smelled of burning plastic and rubber. When we could see into the cabin again, there on the floorboards were the black remains of someone's gloves, charred crisp, where Stanley had dropped them. Someone (no one knew who) had put them into the oven to dry probably.

Such a sight they are.



Stanley at the wheel, and three of the crew.



Frank, at right, also does the cooking.



"Clarence Crockett" passing to port.





"Caleb" with a single reef, starboard tack.



"Ellsworth" coming toward us.



With things back to normal, Stanley recounted fires aboard he'd known. "One right on here," he said, pointing down to "Lady Katie's" deck. "Gasoline spill." Someone pouring from one can to another had badly misjudged, and a spark from the winder had ignited it.

About 12:30 Stanley says to me, "They usually want to stop about now to eat. If they can take it and wait, I can." And it goes on for a while longer. "Caleb W. Jones" and Clarence Crockett" of Deal Island, and "Ellsworth" from Tilghman, are near us most of the day.

Such a sight they are. There's a good breeze now. Sails billowing out, they move by us slowly, the drag of the unseen dredges holding them back. When the dredges are on deck, and the wind's up a bit, the boats lift and heel and a few begin to nearly scud along on their flat, shallow bottoms. A beautiful big dance it is, weaving amongst each other, staged between the shores of the wide river mouth.

I watched "Caleb" coming about, her jib's reef points standing out like frenzied corkscrews on both sides of the wildly shaking sail until calming down into a steady heel on the opposite tack. We were in the middle of eight boats around us, putting some to windward backlit by the hazy sun, and some to leeward of us in direct light for the camera.

"Ellsworth" was at her prettiest one one particular tack. It was like a past dream come to life, like seeing my father's old bug-eye "Gypsy" on Hampton Roads again. I looked, and saw things. I forgot I had a camera.

"Caleb" gave me a good show once just after I had decided to save my last two shots until later. She flirted with me, it seemed, after I'd promised myself not to do anything more (to her) with my camera. She lifted her skirts, all ruffly at the bottom edge from reefing, and foamed along only a few boat lengths ahead of us, her bottom nearly exposed now and then in the trough between waves. She was so pretty. By the time I changed my mind and reached for the camera, it was too late. She'd left me.

Lowering sail on skipjack "Martha Lewis".

Messing About in Boats, December 2018 – 15

After the day dredging, we sailed back to Dogwood Harbor, going for a while on a broad reach, port tack. The skipjacks sail well in both light and heavy airs. They're built for the Bay, not the ocean. They're over-sailed for their hull size in order to keep way on while dredging. There are four sets of reef points on both main and jib to reduce sail when necessary to keep the dredges on the bottom and not skipping along and missing too many oysters.

Soon we both motored and sailed. Dredging stops at 3:00. We have to get the catch ashore two hours after finishing for the day. It's nearly a two-hour run from the Choptank to Tilghman.

Then we lowered both sails, and after furling them, motored at full speed the rest of the way.

I went forward where it was quieter for a moment. The motor sound became drowned out by the bow waves' continuous breaking. I hung over the side, near the Samson post, and saw the familiar sight I hadn't seen for twenty years, on "Gypsy II". We were plowing through the water, the bow wave coming right up to the after end of the trailboard. I stayed there a while, and almost wanted to climb down into that water.

Then into Knapp's Narrows to deliver our catch. We had taken in about 35 bushels, Stanley estimated. 150's the limit, he says, about 110 is the most he's taken. The last few years haven't been good.

"They'll come back," he repeats his earlier statement. "They always do. Mother Nature does it. We sure don't! They'll come back, unless..." he chuckles, "...unless things have gone too far!"

On the walk back to my car at Dogwood Harbor, I stopped by the little store at the Exxon station near the bridge. The men congregate there every morning before going out. It opens at 5:00 am.

A cup of coffee, self-service, was precious after eleven hours on the open water with only two or three warm-ups below in the cabin. Standing there by the coffee machine, stirring in sugar and canned milk, I sensed the deck moving under my feet. A good feeling.

The men were coming in again, back from the water. Some older ones on the benches were carrying on about prices and such. I couldn't help hearing a conversation that was ongoing when I entered the room.

"Why, his son's got a NEW house, a NEW truck, a NEW boat..., his payments must be 2,000 a month, and he cain't get no steady work! I don' know WHAT they go'n' do." The two listeners shake their heads slowly, in agreement to the negative, looking at the floor.



"Martha Lewis" crew furling the jib.



"Martha Lewis" yawl boat. The powerful push-boat is used for leaving the harbor and returning to harbor, and for dredging under power only on Mondays and Tuesdays, by Maryland law, as a conservation measure.



Aboard Darryl Larrimore's "Nellie L. Byrd".



Darryl, Stanley's nephew, at the wheel of "Nellie". Next to him, James O. Webster, whose grandfather had owned her when new. Bob McLaren at right.



Darryl Larrimore (crouching) steering "Nellie L. Byrd", passing Rebecca T. Roark". Chesapeake Appreciation Days, October 31 and November 1, 1987, off Sandy Point, Maryland.

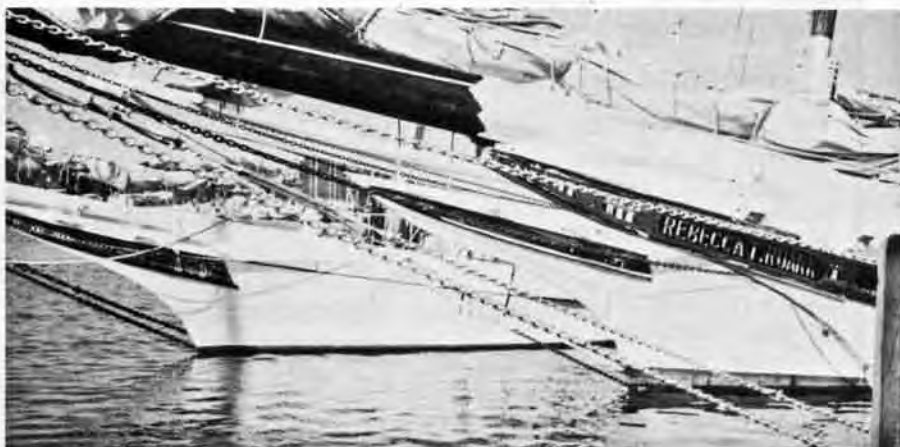


"Kathryn" from aboard "Martha Lewis". Tilghman Day, October 24, 1987.

The "Byrd's" new trailboard and gilded eagle.



"Stanley Norman", "Caleb W. Jones", and "Rebecca T. Roark" at Sandy Point, Maryland, October 31, 1987.



"Ellsworth" and "Nellie L. Byrd". Sandy Point, Maryland, October 31, 1987.



"Dee" of St. Mary's, "Martha Lewis", "Kathryn". Sandy Point, Maryland. Early morning light, October 31, 1987.



I can only hope that Stanley's prediction is right. Darryl said to me earlier in the summer, "...by the time they come back, in twenty years, all the boats will 'a' go'n'!" With all his usual kidding and joking, there's still a sadness, the same as I saw in him when he watched the sunrise the day before, waiting in the truck for his crew to show up.

If a few days' pay feels good enough to them, many of the crew just don't show, the day after they're paid.

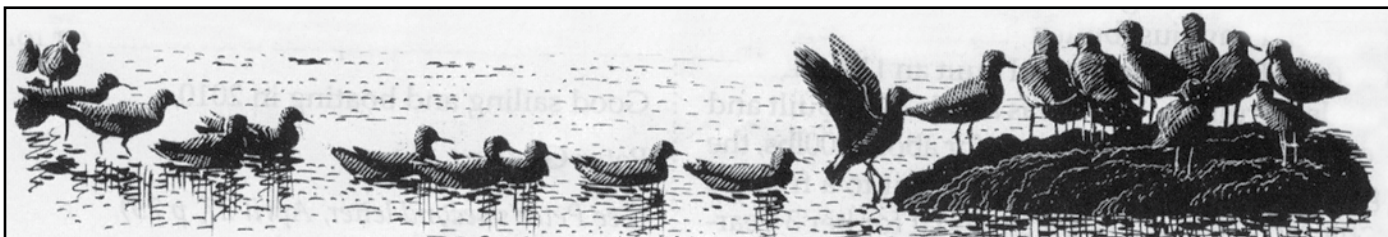
It's a day-to-day living, hoping it can continue.

If not today, "...prob'ly tommorrow."

The Launching of *Sunny Sea*

“On a beautiful, warm Sunday in September a group of friends and family gathered at Jay’s Dock on Boone Lake in northeastern Tennessee for the launching of *Sunny Sea*, in memory of her designer and builder, Gunnar Finn Wilster. She was the last of eight boats which he skillfully built or restored after he retired from his 26 year Naval career. She is a sturdy yet graceful sailboat, lovingly constructed over a period of years, and was readied for her christening by his daughter and son-in-law, Cate and Brad Hacker and his son Stephen Wilster.

As Kaylynn, his widow and biggest fan, Buff and wife Sharon, one of his oldest Navy buddies, and dear friends stood on the ramp, Cate and Brad put *Sunny Sea* in the water and attempted to break a bottle of champagne across her bow. After several unsuccessful tries Brad popped the cork and poured the bottle over her bow as Cate pronounced the boat dedicated to their beloved Captain. The group on the shore echoed her memorial as they raised their glasses to Finn’s memory and the fitting tribute to his dedication to his craft, his Naval career and his love of family and friends.”



Traditional Rowing in Kuohijoki ~ and Elsewhere in Finland,

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

by Anthony Shaw



Editor Comments: Brief mention in our November issue (page 40) of a Finnish "Churchboat" prompted re-printing this article from *Dinghy Cruising* offering more details on this unique small craft.

Boarding Aallotar

Photographs by the author

MOST DINGY SAILORS are familiar with the concept of 'falling back on the oars' (outboards have been known to be unresponsive at critical times), but craft dedicated to travel exclusively under oar power generally see less exposure, at least in this

publication. In Finland, though, clinker-built wooden 'churchboats' are synonymous with summertime, and probably have been since even before the coming of the churches in the fifteenth century.

A country with 300,000+ lakes and

a very sparsely inhabited interior has surely seen summer water travel ever since it was first inhabited. Until recent years, though, their use was strictly utilitarian, most obviously for getting folks to church from remoter corners of the countryside.

The final years of the last century saw gatherings of up to 10,000 rowers taking part in recreational but strenuous events, heavily supported by companies as well as sports clubs.

One such event is still the Sulkava Suursoutu, a principally national event rowing round the island of Partalansaari in eastern Finland, a distance restricted for the main racers to 60 kilometres. (The fun rowers do a further 10, but spread the trip over 2 days.) There is quite a variety of boats involved, single and double 'river sculls', the somewhat bizarre 'shift double' with one person on the oars and a second in the stern paddling (and shifting places at





At Kuohijoki, 2017

intervals), but most rowers are in the standard 12-metre churchboats described below.

But equally interesting from the average boater's perspective are the events where a local community, usually rural, gathers around a churchboat that has been preserved as a memento to a former country lifestyle. For most visitors to Finland, this is most easily witnessed at the Midsummer Festival in Seurasaari Helsikki, where on the Friday evening of the Official Midsummer Weekend (all three days being a public holiday in Finland) a couple are married in the tiny wooden church on this 4-acre living museum.

Their departure from the island is in the hands of half a dozen or

more traditionally-clothed local parishioners, rowing the recently recreated solid pine, 12-metre long churchboat.

Similarly in other parts of Finland throughout the summer, local festivals and fêtes typically use this ultimately collective form of public transport to publicise their event, as well as to directly involve 20 or more local citizens at the oars. Whereas the racing boats have a standardized 12-metre length and plywood construction, specific freeboard height and a maximum of 14 rowers, these ceremonial boats are more traditional and vary from village to village.

Like the Seurasaari boat, the traditional material is solid pine

planking, milled to about 1", on spruce or another fir ribbing, with a simple cross-thwart bench seat and usually a solid pine oar. The single thole pin mounted on the gunwale fits into a bracket on the side of the oar (in racing boats a plastic bracket) cutting out the added refinement of feathering the oar. With its 1½-metre width, a churchboat is remarkably stable, and I for one am happy not to have to build up my muscles at the start of each season to beef up my limp wrists!

The lack of feathering also makes the activity much more accessible for beginners, and less strenuous for the majority of ageing rowers who make up the crew of most 'festival boats'.

In Kuohijoki this July, a village 3 hours north of Helsinki popular with urban summer cottagers, in the very down-home weekend celebration of 'Unikeko' (a largely forgotten celebration of the passing of the high days of the Finnish summer) the largest of the three craft taking part was the 18-oared *Aaltotar* (*Beauty of the Waves*). Setting off at 7 in the morning, the boat passed under a local bridge to the accompaniment of singing, accordion playing and dancing before arriving after its 10-kilometre voyage on the shore near Luopioinen Church, where it joined fellow churchboats *Ahti* and *Kukkian Kulkuri*. After a church blessing, coffee and further R&R, the three boats returned to their respective villages in mid-afternoon.

Events such as this are not unusual in this country of so many lakes, but are very locally-based. Long distance routes, such as the 200k Karelia-soutu or Tour may involve 30 or more craft, and include canoes as well as churchboats. But to be seated on a wooden craft still constructed on very similar lines as the Viking longboats that roamed Northern Europe is a treat to savour.

Viking crossings of oceans have been well documented, and even if they never rowed to church (except maybe in their fading years) an appreciation of the miles they must have rowed is surely due, as well as the sore posteriors that their rowers must also have endured! AS



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The \$500 Yacht

By Gregory Pettys

Growing up on Long Island Sound around boats, I always envied people who could afford the beautiful yachts that lay in the harbor off Rowayton, Connecticut, their varnish shining like gold in the sun. Herreshoff, Rhodes, Hinckley, Atkin, Garden and many other famous yacht designers were well represented. Of course, this was in the 1960s before fiberglass boat building had taken over and these yachts were built of wood.

The boat I owned was a 16' beat up skiff I'd inherited from my grandfather. It was a fun boat for banging around in but was far from a yacht as I could get. Of course, being 20 something without a steady job precluded owning one of said yachts, but I always kept my eye open just in case a bargain came along. I still do it today because I believe that all sailors are dreamers.

One day I was visiting a friend who had a nice catboat at a dock in the Five Mile River. Just behind it was an interesting looking sailboat. It was an old wooden gaff rigged sloop which a man had been living on before he passed away. It had been neglected as the paint was peeling off the sides and deck and the rigging hung in tatters. But under the rough exterior I thought perhaps I saw the makings of a yacht and maybe the bargain I had been looking for.

The boat was heavily built with flush decks, a short heavy mast supporting a gaff rig. She had a massive tiller that gave her almost a Viking feel. The name on her wide transom said she was the *Independence*. Somehow this pretentious name seemed to fit her. I wondered who owned her and what her story was.

I found out from my friend that a Captain Higgins owned the boat. Captain Henry, as he was known by, was a well known local character who owned Henry's Clam Bar, the only restaurant in the village of Rowayton. I had worked there in my teens opening oysters and clams at the raw bar and knew the Captain. At the restaurant Captain Henry would tend bar wearing a fancy vest and bow tie and I would listen as he regaled his guests with his stories. He had a bit of PT Barnum in him and, although he was short with thick glasses, he had a way with the ladies.

I knew that Captain Henry and a group of his fishermen friends hung out at an old shack he owned at the end of the dock where the boat was. This gang of men had a rough reputation and I wasn't sure what kind of reception I'd get when I showed up there. I knew the Captain was partial to Pabst Blue Ribbon beer and Canadian Club whiskey so I stopped by the liquor store on the way down to see him.

It was a cold winter day. I can still see the scene as I entered the shack. In the middle of the room was a wood stove blazing away and around it were clustered a band of rough looking characters right out of a smuggling novel. The men were busy cooking clams on the stove, which spattered and crackled as the clams opened up and the juice hit the

hot stove top. The atmosphere was thick and close with the smell of tobacco and smoke.

The men had obviously been drinking for some time and I recognized one of them who I knew had been suspected of murdering a fellow lobsterman. I held the six pack of beer out in front of me as I stepped inside. Captain Henry sat in the back. He recognized me and waved me in. "Well, well, what brings you around?"

"Hello, Captain Henry, I brought you some supplies." I handed the beer and liquor over. "I was wondering what the story is with the old sailboat sitting at your dock?"

One of the men spit a glob of chewing tobacco with a loud crackle into the fire as the Captain mulled this question over. "I hadn't really thought about it but she is a fine vessel. I want \$500 for her."

I was sure that the Captain had gotten the boat for free when its owner had died but I was too excited to bargain. "I'll take her if that includes hauling her so I can check the hull for rot."

"I think that can be arranged. Come down here next week and bring some more supplies with you and we'll haul her out." And so that is how I became the proud owner of the *Independence*.

Her dimensions were 26' on deck and about 11' beam. She had a bowsprit and a gaff rig. Her hull was unusual as it was oak planked and copper riveted. Each seam had a batten behind it. I never did find out where she was built or who built her. She was similar to boats built at the Linnell Yard in Savin Hill, Massachusetts, around the turn of the century.

With her short rig and heavy construction she was really slow in light winds. I laugh when I remember it once took me four days in August to sail her from Norwalk, Connecticut, to Block Island, a distance of only about 80 miles. That's an average of 20 miles a day. A buoy we'd passed in the morning would later pass us going the other way as the tide turned.

She was so slow in light winds that I'd wait for a small craft advisory to be issued before I would take her out. With a strong wind she would get up and go like a freight train. I sailed her summer and winter. It was really inspiring to sail along the winter Connecticut shore, cold wind and snow in my face, the wood stove warming the cabin and a pot of fish chowder below, the massive tiller in my hand guiding my ship. There were no other boats out there in the dead of winter. I had the whole of Long Island Sound to myself and would imagine myself back in the age of exploration with Block, Cabot and Verrazano exploring unknown seas.

I lived on her for a summer and had lots of great adventures aboard her. Eventually, after a few years, a life with responsibilities caught up with me as it does to sailors and dreamers alike. I sold the *Independence* to a young couple who sailed her to Maine. I saw her a few years later on the mud in the harbor at Portland with a for sale sign on her. I almost called the number on the sign but I wasn't looking for a bargain that day. I went on to own a number of other sailboats but my favorite has always been the old *Independence*. She was the stuff that dreams are made of.

I Ended Up

Last spring, over in Port Aransas at the PlyWooden Boat show, I was given a Lone Star 13 sailboat by a very generous and soft spoken fellow by the name of Roger. I'd met Roger a few years previous at the same show. Then with the gift he showed interest in a little 12-footer I had built, *Summer Breeze*, so off it went to him. Trading, Chuck L. said, made him smile. Made me smile as well, Roger.

Well the Lone Star was/is a good little sailor but she was a back breaker for me. My tender back just could not find a comfortable position. Having a 12' Widgeon sailing dinghy already up on blocks, another one just didn't seem to fit. The Widgeon is already gutted, with stringers added to help stiffen where I had removed stuff, a bulkhead added at the forward end of the centerboard trunk and what comes next is anybody's guess. This Widgeon is the same one my son-in-law sailed circles around me with last spring. It's not as deep as the *Red Top* so we shall see.

With enough work ahead of me, the Lone Star needed to go. "Harry, do you want a little sailboat?" I asked.

"Nah!" said he, his plate being more than full already.

Another friend who has been on the lookout for a daysailer was called. Said he'd be by the next day. The next day, I thought! The next day? I'd been in the truck driving to see my next little sailboat. Free don't come by too often.

He came by, took a looksee, and said, "Let me think about it. I let you know in two days." The third day I called him. He turned it down! Incredulous! Hard wrapping my head around that one.

So craigslist it is, not free but for sale. I've learned a free ad on craigslist for something like this is not easy to deal with. Turning something which should be simple into the mayhem that would come from a free ad, no thanks.

Up for sale then was the way to go. I even threw in a trailer, get your own papers on the trailer, just to sweeten the deal and move it. A friend at morning coffee asked what I was getting in its place.

"Nothing in mind," said I.

"Yeah right, I know you," he replied.

"No really," said I in my defense.

Linda liked this transaction as well, she got a third of the sale. Said she was going to call John and thank him for refusing the free sailboat, she now had more spending money for her upcoming trip.

So the LS 13 is now living in Port Isabel. I can bring the Widgeon here for the next part of the remodel which should see her in the water before Linda leaves for Ohio next Monday. And I can finish up the refit of *Red Top*. As I sit anyway, when I get up out of this chair I'll know how things really change. And change they do.

I Haven't Been Sailing for a Week

I haven't been sailing for over a week. A cold settled in, settled in quick this time, right into my lungs. Tuesday evening I thought at first allergies, Wednesday showed it to be a cold, Thursday morning sent me to the doctors to get antibiotics. They did the trick, turned me around back toward good health, but for me it's a slow process. So no sailing.

Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

Yet. And the weather turned cold. I'm thinking it'll warm again before the continual cold of winter arrives. I've sold my Paradox, so for this upcoming winter I've been preparing my own type of frostbite dinghy sailing.

I finally sent away for and received a dry suit in preparation for the cold. I do believe I'll be needing it. My latest tent made for the *Red Top*, my Lehman 12', appears to be keeping the water out, rain water. Next test will be actual "in use" out on the water. Don't need to go far, nor spend a night, just out aways on the water a half mile or so, tucked behind an island on a cold windy wet day and see what happens.

Sleeping bags, foam mat, warm clothes, a book or two, galley, coffee and soup to be heated up, ought to be a cozy time on the water. Now, now, nothing dangerous, not to fret. A visit to a friend out in the county a half dozen miles or so on the same kind of day can be a whole lot worse, getting in a fix unprepared as we most likely are.

Controlled chaos, if there is such a thing. I recently read about a solo climb of El Capitan, no ropes, no line, no back up. Crazy? I give him an atta boy. I've recently read on some forum, 11 pages worth, about a small boat sailor most small boat sailors look up to with respect, Howard Rice. Most, I say, because all of what I read on those 11 pages were not lauding Mr Rice for his recent accomplishment, they were taking him to task.

At the moment I'm guessing 20% were Monday nighting him. It's been a couple of weeks since I've read it. I liked Howard's response, in a nutshell, he don't care what the naysayers have to say now, he didn't care then. I'm with him, not the naysayers. His going, him shipping a 12' sailboat to get him close to Cape Horn and his subsequent sailing there, showed this to be so. Perhaps the inspiration to be gathered from Mr Rice's endeavor is not so much to follow in his footsteps but in attitude. Turn off the hearing aids and go. I'm pretty sure I won't be going to the Horn in *Red Top*, but I will be often the only small boat out and about in the nasty local stuff.

Why? The old "if you have to ask" won't be used here. I'll give an attempted explanation. Surfing in winter, late afternoon, west coast, sun going down, small waves, cold, full wetsuit, punching through four footers, punching through translucent lips of water about to break over me as I'm paddling back out for another ride.

Mid winter, sailing alone from Anacapa Island back to Venture Harbour, jacket on, reef for first time ever, snug in a minor accomplishment, then with dying wind and sun setting, millions upon millions of diamonds glitter and dance before the setting sun.

And here, in *Red Top*, a migration of cow rays I was told they were. Going north, me south along the shore. Soon surrounded, completely surrounded, so thick they were banging against the boat, banging on the bottom, I could feel them with my bare feet on the floor of the dinghy and, another time, white heron's doing their mating dance. Unbelievable stuff.

I know there's more treasures to behold

and sights to be seen out there in the nasty stuff as well. I'd like to see it, experience it, it's all God's creation.

The Lehman 12

Hull Type: Outboard Dinghy

LOA: 12'/3.66m

Beam: 4'5"/1.37m

Draft Max: 2'/.61m – Min: .25'/.08m

Displacement: 175lbs/79kg

Rig Type: Marconi Cat

Sail Area: 81sf/7.52sm

Designer: Barney Lehman

Builder: PlastiGlass/WD Shock

First Built: 1953

The Lehman 12 is one of the earliest fiberglass production sailboats in the US. PlastiGlass was the name of Barney Lehman's company, which was the original builder. Production was turned over to WD Shock in the late 1950s.

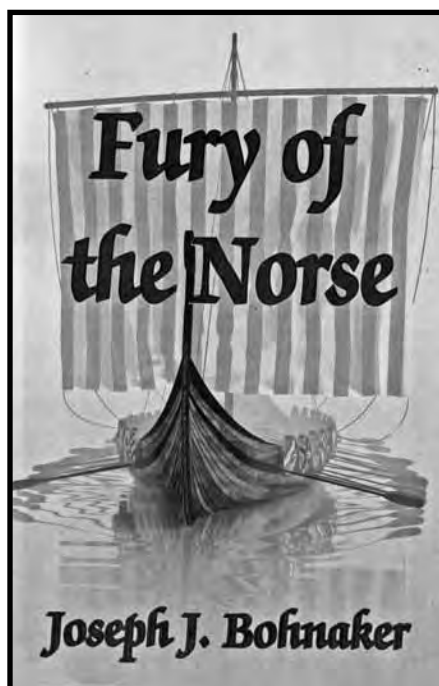


The Flying Dutchman

My first duty station after a very short Boot Camp was on the Coast Guard cutter *Agassiz*. It was a “hundred and a quarter” ship based out of Cape May, New Jersey. I found that the Jersey coast was a very different place between summer and winter. In the summer the “hundred and a quarter” was a pleasant ship to cruise on. In the winter it became a very seasick vessel. It was notorious for giving a very rough ride in winter weather.

Let me start with a very tranquil summer cruise. We were a search and rescue vessel and very late one summer evening as darkness fell we got a call about a missing aircraft. Witnesses had earlier seen an aircraft flying too low over the ocean a couple of miles offshore in northern Jersey. We were sent out to do a search for wreckage or survivors.

We began on an expanded grid pattern starting where the plane had been spotted earlier. We were on a northerly heading with about ten miles to our first turn when the quartermaster said that the radar showed a large vessel closing from our aft port side. It was a big blip on our radar that, judging from its size, must be a freighter. But, it was closing on us at about 40 knots.



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Sea Stories and Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

The captain was on the bridge very quickly. He asked the QM how much water they had over there, they were, after all, between us and the shore and we were already in shallow water. A quick look at the chart and the QM said, “about ten feet.” The captain said it must be a ghost ship, a “Flying Dutchman.” Well, the ship held its heading and we held ours and it passed between us and the Jersey shore. It had kept moving away at 40 knots when we reached our turnaround point and headed out to sea, turning south in a half mile.

With our now expanded search pattern we had several seamen now sitting in the dark on the roof of the wheelhouse, scanning the ocean with all the binoculars we had on board. About a half hour went by when the QM said, “Our Flying Dutchman is coming back. This time I am plotting him at about 80 knots.” He passed us very quickly this time at that speed and went on off to the south.

We reached our turnaround and went another half mile out and started north again. By now dawn was not far off when the QM said, “It’s coming again, this time at 40 knots.” The Captain was still on the bridge and said, “You lookouts keep a good eye out when he passes again.”

Just as he was passing again the sun broke over the horizon and we could see very clearly lit up in the sunlight a blimp. Our Flying Dutchman was flying all right, it was a navy blimp out of Lakehurst, New Jersey, doing nighttime maneuvers just off shore. This was in 1958 and the Navy still had blimps.

Shortly after we got a message from Headquarters that the missing plane had been found in its hanger. The pilot and passenger forgot to check in and went out and had a few and never got home that night. Our week at sea was running out so we headed back to Cape May.

A Whale Tail

On a beautiful summer morning off the New Jersey shore we got a call that there was a whale on Barnegat Beach. The residents were not at all happy about it as it was beginning to smell. Barnegat Beach was only a few hours away and so the *Agassiz* got the call to get over there and fix the situation.

When we neared the beach we got a call from the lifeboat station that they had the whale in tow and would get it out into deep water so we could take over the tow. As we approached we saw that it was the lifeboat station’s 36-footer pulling something larger than itself. That something turned out to be a sperm whale about 60’ long. The 36-footer was not making very good time.

We worked up so the two boats were alongside and took over the tow. As soon as we began pulling the 1” line parted. The Atlantic was like a lake that morning, good thing too as we now had to rerig a tow line on this animal.

The captain backed the ship up nearly on top of this creature and we managed to work a noose around the its tail. We were using our 2½” nylon towing line, that would surely do the job. We dragged that carcass backwards for about five hours and got it about five miles offshore. Whales are not designed to go backward and it was a real tug getting it that far.

The captain didn’t want to leave this mass of blubber floating around in the shipping lanes so we turned it loose there and headed for Atlantic City. We anchored off Steel Pier for a binocular liberty.

Before breakfast the next morning we got a call that the whale had beached again back on Barnegat Beach within a hundred yards of its first landing. On our way back to Barnegat the chief fabricated a hook that would hold the whale’s mouth shut so we could tow it headfirst.

It was the same routine as yesterday but this time the lifeboat crew inserted the hook for us and away we went. Things went better this day and we were able make our tow at about three knots. We were well beyond the shipping lanes before sunset and the captain decided to turn the carcass loose. But he still felt that we were too close to the shipping lanes to just leave this mass of blubber floating around so he decided that it was a good time for some gunnery practice.

Once every three months we were expected to fire our gun. The ship had a 40mm mounted on the forward deck. This cannon was uncovered and a crew was chosen. The chief picked a crew that had never fired the gun before and he acted as gun captain to talk the crew through the operation. Most of us considered the gun a joke. We would be going away at 14 knots if we were ever confronted by a situation where the gun might be needed.

Joke or not it was always a welcome break in our routine when this gun got uncovered. The captain had the idea that maybe we could blow this creature into little pieces before we left the area so we steamed back and forth past the carcass while the gun crew did their thing. The chief was a good teacher and his crew got several good hits. But the H.I.T. shells that they were firing would go completely through the whale without exploding until they were ten to 15 yards past the carcass.

We had the whole area to ourselves and we fired up a lot of ammo that evening, then checked out handywork. That whale had holes punched through its blubber a foot around but it was still just one big piece of floating blubber.

The captain said it was time to call it a day. He radioed our position and told anyone listening to avoid the area until the sharks did what we couldn’t do. We then set course for Cape May, our week’s duty would be done in the morning.

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Float Your Boat Parade

By Arthur Strock

As the crow flies my partner Susan and I live about 100 yards from Mt Lake in Warren County, New Jersey. At a mile long and a quarter mile wide, this delightful lake is the largest natural spring lake in rural Warren County.

This past summer the Lake Association decided to encourage messing about in boats by scheduling its first "Float Your Boat Parade." Prizes of Visa Gift Cards were offered for three categories of decorated boats, funniest, prettiest and most original.

Due to slow moving and lagging publicity there were only three entries, making for a very small parade. Nevertheless, lack of size did not limit the fun. Susan and I accounted for two of the entries. Susan won the prize for most original as she took a "bubble bath" using small translucent balloons as bubbles in a Phil Bolger "Yellow Leaf" design built in 1987. This event was its 104th outing. I won the prize for the funniest as a pirate with a skeleton sidekick in a Gavin Atkin "Micro Mouse" built just five years ago. A family won the most original with their handsome pontoon boat beautifully adorned with fresh flowers.

Next year we're looking forward to having just as much fun, but hopefully with a very much larger number of boats in the parade.

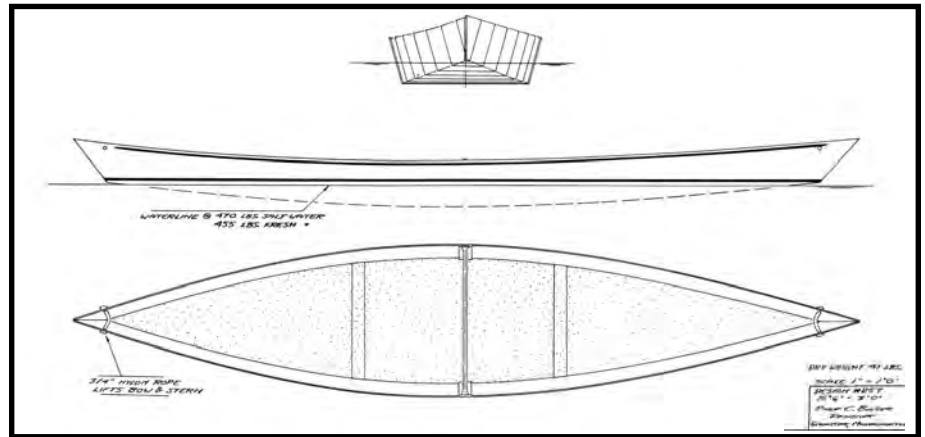


About Bolger's Yellow Leaf Design

Yellow Leaf is Design #257 from the early 1970s. Designed for a cross country race to be carried across land between crossings of ponds, lakes, river arms, she is a very light sub 50lb shallow smooth water "pirogu" type to carry at best 450lbs. She measures 15'6"x3', to be built all in 1/4" plywood, likely too flimsy

for some but easy on the back between the waters. Today we'd reinforce at least her bottom with blue or pink closed cell foam, covered in 1/8" ply in way of feet, perhaps with further ambitions for harder duties yet, such as additional sinking resistance.

(Plans for Yellow Leaf, Design #257 are listed at \$35 to build one boat from Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930)



About My Micro Mouse Design

By Gavin Atkin

I've had a number of requests for a still smaller Mouse, and the Micro Mouse is it! However, I also wanted to create an official Mouse with a flat bottom and curved sides since, although the straight sided, flat bottomed Mouse boats work surprisingly well, I think their looks may well put off some potential builders. I don't think the curved sides add all that much extra work, just two curved plots to create the bottom and a few straight bevels to the frames.

I had chine logs in mind when drawing up Micro Mouse because experience has taught me that even quite young children of eight or nine can enjoy playing a part in building a boat of that kind, under close supervision I've found they can plot coordinates, cut framing lumber and drive galvanised nails into pre drilled holes. However, I see no reason why people should not stitch and glue Micro Mouse if they prefer. I'd suggest, though, that epoxy is probably not a suitable material for children to work with.

I think Micro Mouse could be built in a variety of ways, one might set up the frames on a rigid base, trim them to accept the sides and internal chine logs, another would be to

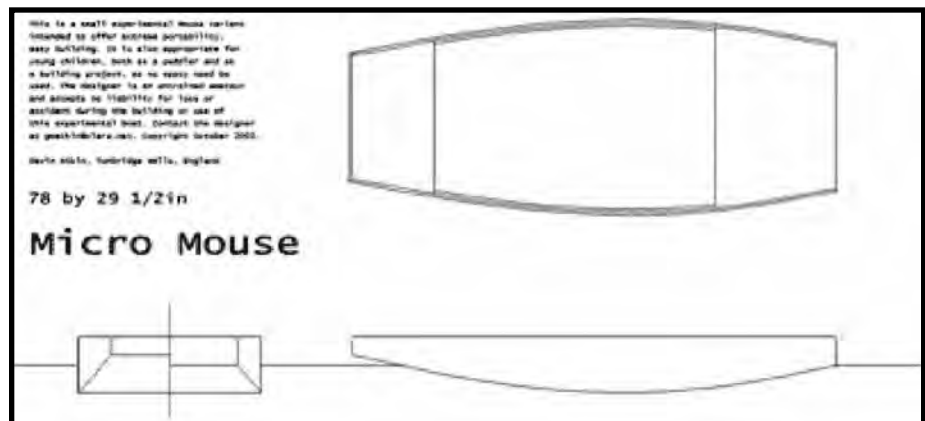
build her sharpie skiff style by attaching the sides to a temporary 29 1/2" central frame, then adding the bows and stern transoms and then the pre measured frames (not forgetting to cut slots in the frames to accept the chine logs of course!).

Naturally, the usual Mouse principle applies to the decks and gunwales. First fasten and glue the 1/2" inner gunwales, then use the hull itself to mark the shape required for the decks, then cut out and fasten and glue the decks, and then, finally, add 1/2" outer gunwales to cover the ply edge.

For extreme lightness, I think Micro Mouse might profitably be built in 1/8" ply and covered in epoxy glass, and that if material of this thickness is used external chine logs may be practical.

One last point, Micro Mouse will need a skeg and it's not yet clear to me how large it will have to be, except to say that it should be quite large. To make it, I would create a 1/2" wide slot using two 1/2" strips of timber fastened to the aft bottom, and then I'd cut and fit a skeg to fit snugly in the slot before fastening and glueing it into place. If 1/8" material is used for the hull, the hull material in way of the keel should be doubled up once or twice to shore it up.

(Micro Mouse plans are available from Duckworks Boat Building Supplies.)



September Oar and Sail Outing at Bluff Point

The September Oar and Sail Meet was a success. It was a beautiful day with clear fall skies and a light SW breeze that gave us a free ride home. Sunlight glinted off the water, the water was warm and the light chop was confined to the other side of the barrier beach. Renè Boelig and Bill Rutherford rowed and sailed the peapod, Peter Vermilya paddled his kayak and Ellie Czarnowski stand-up paddled her traditional inflatable paddleboard.

Ellie reported that she saw needlefish or gar (hard to tell the difference) and a big school of fry. Only one big jellyfish. It was smooth sailing with some sand between our toes. Pencil us in for next year.



October Full Moon Row off Bayberry Lane

It was a cool, clear night in Baker's Cove with a big, fat moon reflecting its light off the still waters. Phil Behney rowed the *Susan Holland*, our replica of John Gardner's modified Herreshoff rowing boat, escaping the hectic and noisy world for some welcome peace and quiet. We have two dories available at the Avery Point Boathouse capable of double rowing and one single (a total of five seats available) plus two more dories in Mystic if someone wants to go get them. Plus members can always BYOB (Bring Your Own Boat) if you wish. Contact Phil (flipbeh@gmail.com) to join one of these Rows. The next one may be in daylight at Briggs Brook, a secret piece of water in the heart of New London near the site of the first grist mill.

Around the Shops

At our Avery Point Boathouse: John Giulietti has completed the underside of his modified Bolger 19' rowing dory and is in the finishing stages of the interior. His goal is to row the new dory in the Blackburn Challenge and/or the Snow Row up in Massachusetts. Meanwhile, Dan Nelson is back from the wilds of Wisconsin and is finishing the last of the three pair of new oars for our Dory fleet.



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At Mystic Seaport's John Gardner Boatshop: Twice a year a cadre of volunteers, self named PILOTS, descend on the Seaport to assist with spring and fall seasonal activities which, in addition to sharing good food and fellowship, pull the Livery boats, scrub their bottoms to a fare the well, then store them on the hard for us more weekly volunteers to bring in to update their putty and paint. The cycle repeats itself in spring with a celebratory launch. Consider joining, contact Chris Freeman at MysticSeaport.org.



Elsewhere in the Boatshop, our Andy Strode volunteers at least twice weekly and our Sid Whelan (ask him about the newly published book on Guideboat builders) is in most Tuesdays. Here he is making small rags out of big ones.

And for those of you who requested a photo of our Mr Cleat, a sometime columnist, here he is painting himself into a corner in the cockpit of a Beetle Cat.



View from the Side Deck

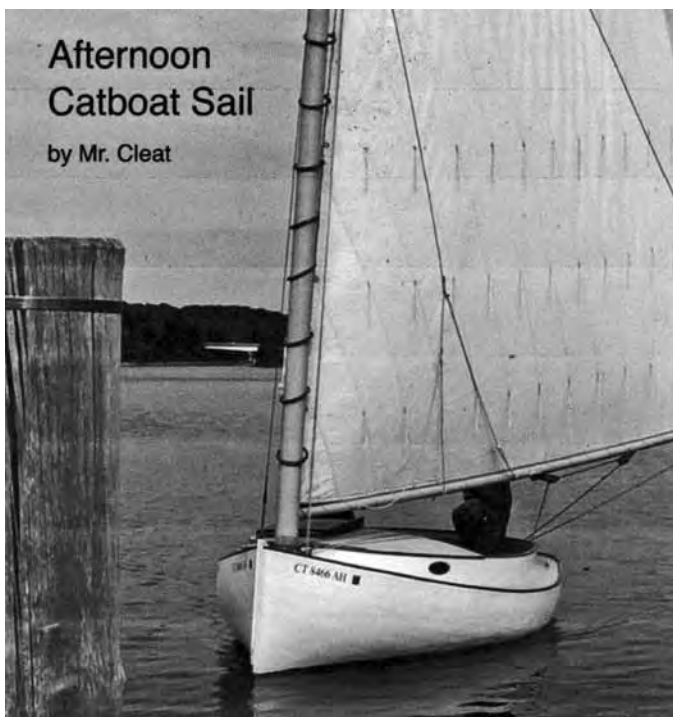
The bright white light of the New London Light cuts the night as a Block Island ferry, all lit up, steams quickly by. It is dark. It is fall. I know it is fall because the boats are returning. Viking Ship *Dragon Harald Harfagre* came back up the river from ports as far away as Rockport, Maine, and St Michaels, Maryland, conclusively proving the Vikings settled not only Newfoundland, but also the rest of the eastern seaboard.

Clipper schooner *Amistad* came in, flags a flying, from faraway New London. Space has been made for dude schooner *Mystic Whaler* on a nice south facing wharf and schooner *Brilliant* has down rigged, her masts carefully supported alongside an empty boat. Well, almost empty, the main table in the saloon remains to be carefully dismantled and extracted to receive a sanding and its hundredth coat of varnish.



Afternoon Catboat Sail

by Mr. Cleat



Karen and I were wandering across the Mystic Seaport campus after an interesting "Behind the Scenes" visit to the Rosenfeld collection when we spied the catboat *Breck Marshall* coming around Lighthouse Point. Something about the skipper's stance seemed familiar, it was our own Dane Rochelle. He changed course, heading directly towards the end of the small pier that juts out under the bowsprit of the tall ship *Joseph Conrad*. Dane could not see us as we walked down to the end of the pier. He was chatting away with a group of photographers on board as they captured the play of light and reflections of the full rigged ship on the water.

"Ready About!" we called out as he closely approached. That brought a peek around the sail from Dane as he said, "Oh, it's you! Meet us over by the *Morgan* at Middle Wharf." Being right nearby, we quickly complied and met the *Breck Marshall* as the photographers happily disembarked.

"Come aboard," offered Captain Dane. "This is a last sail of the season for the *Breck*, as we affectionately call the catboat. "We're out of service but it is a beautiful day on the river." We clambered aboard, joined by David Tang who also wandered by at that time. The best things happen when you don't plan them.

A light breeze was gradually filling from the southeast as we reached further upriver, passing the *Morgan* and on into the bay just opposite the old Peace Sanctuary, now owned by the Nature Center. The sky was clear blue as was the water. We discussed the depth of water, or the lack thereof.

"Anderson Island" appears during spring low tides, lending its name to the "Anderson Island Irregulars," a special projects Seaport volunteer group. Dane admitted to having a nodding acquaintance with the island, having found it one afternoon at near low tide. No worries, the boathouse sent him a dinghy and a few good books to await the tide's return. Today we skimmed right over it. Shallow draft has its advantages.

Around the corner we went, past the Livery Boathouse that issues *Breck's* tickets, past the Boat Shop where *Breck* was born and through clouds of black coal smoke from Steamboat *Sabino*, whose whistle was shrilly announcing that she was backing out with a fresh load of passengers. A lovely day as we lazily tacked down the river towards the bridge.



It was getting a bit chilly, however, so we regretfully came about and coasted downwind with that great sail stretched out alongside. We cruised on past the recently returned schooner *Brilliant*, her varnish still aglow in the late afternoon sun, back around the Point and headed towards Middle Wharf to tie up for the day, and perhaps the season. Dane brought her expertly in so it was just a short step to the wharf to capture a cleat and down sail.

Good company, beautiful boat and 1870s houses on both sides of the river. An afternoon sail that will warm our memories through the long winter ahead.



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It had been going so well, after two months of coral reef snorkeling and fishing in the remote Los Rocques archipelago north of Venezuela, when we departed that April 1981 morning, hard on the wind north northeast out into the reinforced NE Trades, bound for St Thomas. Those oncoming hillocks of water had had a lot more searoom behind them than the storms we encountered after leaving Germany's North Sea coast in July 1979.

Our Wharram 35' cutter ketch catamaran had shown itself to be a reliable vessel in the worst we had met. But that afternoon her two weakest links let go one after the other, first the mainsail leech ripped at the first reef line (should have reefed down) and shortly thereafter the port rudder jumped out of its gudgeon. We turned downwind to the Las Aves deserted islands where we repaired and explored for a good month before heading north to Florida to build a bigger liveaboard boat.

In West Palm Beach a lot happened and suddenly it was 30 years later. Now I had a home/shop in a fishing village on the Gulf coast, a ramp right there in my back yard with direct access to the neighboring Ten Thousand Islands, a pile of marine fir 10mm ply, a full complement of tools and enough pocket money to buy glue (Loctite PL Premium), screws, white wood 2"x4"s and miscellaneous to keep me going from month to month. I had just turned 70, felt great, had energy, time and memories.

The memories had produced a plan for a design to answer the various contingencies we met up with when living aboard a non production built catamaran, such as decent

My 7 Year Build

By Dennis Schneider

storage in places which are readily accessible and viewable at a glance. That was number one, and to go along with it I wanted to be able to walk from stern to stern along the flooring directly over the keel, with the deck right above my head to brace against if I got caught down below in a pitching seaway.

The triangular cross section of the Wharrams made the draft too deep for the shallow bays around our new cruising area, therefore I turned to the multi chine, vertical topsides of Brown Searunners. This would allow a draft of 18"-22" fully loaded at nine tons. Look at the three drawings here:

The cross section drawing shows some of the solutions I came up with. We enter each hull via a "nacelle" near the stern. We "duck/step" inside a hatch like, 4' high opening and place a foot inside the threshold at the top of a straight stairs (not a ladder!) descending forward through a bulkhead (can be made watertight) into the (starboard) galley or (port) single berth.

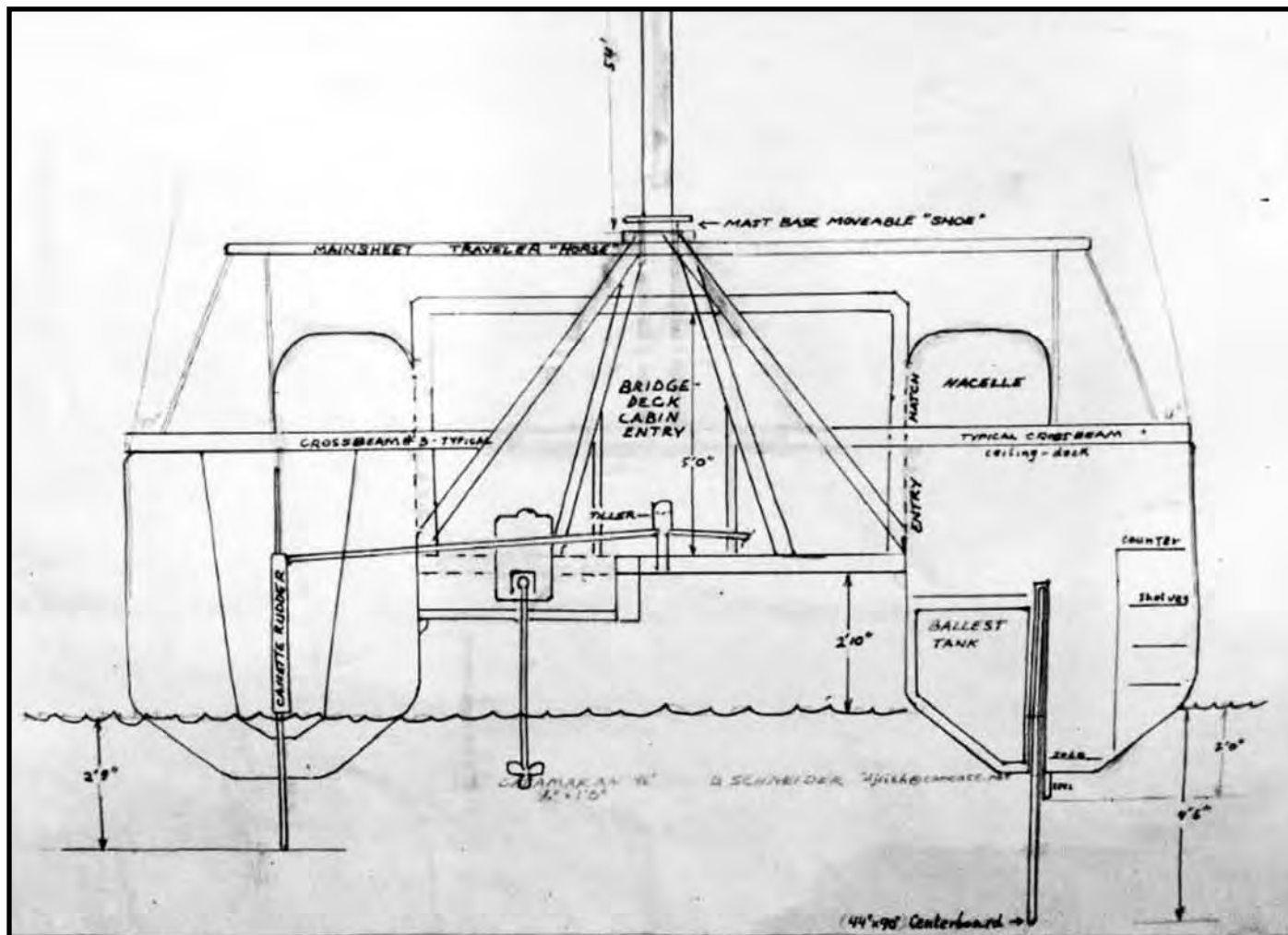
Then we walk forward on the sole/floor just above the keel and, as we are 5'8", we don't have to duck until we reach the second crossbeam where there's another sealable bulkhead, and to port is a composting toilet, sink and storage, and to starboard a kid's berth and another composting toilet. There is a clean flush deck all the way forward from the nacelles.

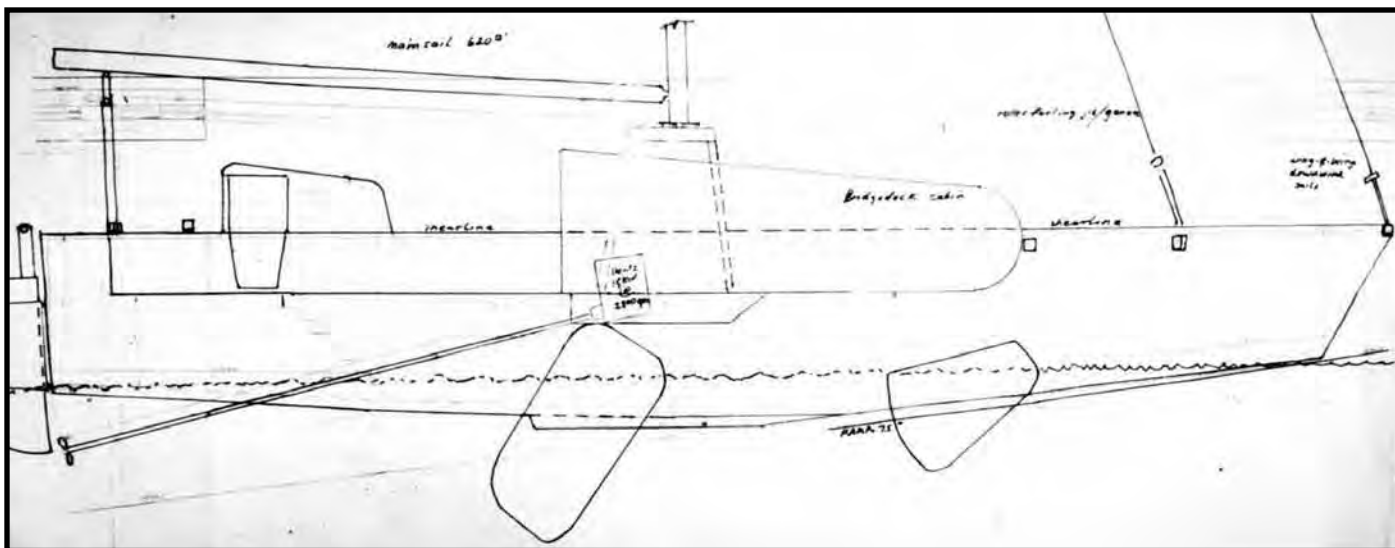
The elevation drawing shows the submarine like shape and take note of the bow cutaway forefoot! I did this out of necessity, because of the 7° ramp I had built behind my shop/home as *Tevake's* future berth, she has to be "beachable." I assumed that this lack of lateral resistance up forward would make it easier to go about on the other tack but also make the boat less directionally stable and move the center of lateral resistance farther aft than normal.

To compensate for this I built in a second, smaller centerboard up underneath the jib, whereas the main centerboard (fully down 4.5'x3.5', exposed area) has about 15" lead back from the mast foot so that during sea trials these variable areas of lateral resistance could be used to dial in the right amount of weather helm for an autopilot.

All over the boat I have made my design amenable to change and modification since I could never afford to hire an expert (hi again, Richard Woods!) and I expect that a lot of the functions will need to be modified. Other components which I made adjustable to weather/lee helm were the rudders, which are kick up, mounted in sleeve like cases and tipped forward under the lower gudgeon to achieve about 10° balance. This angle can be adjusted to suit the helmsperson/autopilot motor. (I could write a couple of pages just on these rudders and their build from molds.)

The boat was launched about three months ago (again, worth a separate chapter just about that 72 hour drama) and I have to take it out soon to resolve an issue of imponderable dimensions, the size of the propeller?





What I plan to do is have the hulls loaded as much as possible, connect four garage door straight springs to one side of a bridle and, while having the boat towed at incremental speeds, measure how much the springs will stretch. This can be converted into resistance which Dave Gerr's *Propeller Handbook* can then convert into prop diameter and pitch.

Readers will have noticed from the elevation drawing that there is an 18' long propeller shaft. I bought an air cooled two cylinder Deutz diesel 35 years ago and I plan to mount it on the bridge deck to one side of the mast. In SE Asia these "long tail" outboards are common and for me the advantages are several (easier to soundproof and service out on the bridge deck, prop can be pulled up when not in use and cheaper than a Saildrive and more efficient than regular long shaft outboards). There's a lot more to be said about this drive unit but I will let it go for now.

Bow Up or Bow Down? Stern Squat, Or Up in the Air?

The equal distribution of loads over the length of the waterline depends on displacement equilibrium. The middle drawing shows how to address this issue graphically. First the hull displacement is determined using volume cross sections at 12 stations on 4' centers from stern to bow, then computing the cubic footage between stations and finally adding for the total displacement (64#/cu ft seawater) and dividing in half. This is the Center of Longitudinal Balance, or L.C.

Gravity. This is the fulcrum of the hull displacement at the designed waterline (= 4.6 tons/hull) and is analogous to a type 1 lever where the load and/or lift of each arm (properly named the torque or moment) needs to be equalized to keep the deck level with the horizon (ie, the designed sheerline) and the transom stern from causing turbulence.

The upper half of the middle drawing shows the spread of hypothetical loads around the fulcrum and the direction of the torque vectors (usually straight down, with one exception). For each component we need to know its weight and how far it is from the fulcrum. Thus, the mast and motor have a combined weight of about 700# but, because they are only about 1' from the fulcrum, they have a value equal to $1/24 \times 700$, while the ground tackle has a value of, say, $300\# \times 15/24$. The values of both arms must cancel each other out to achieve equilibrium and low turbulence past the sterns.

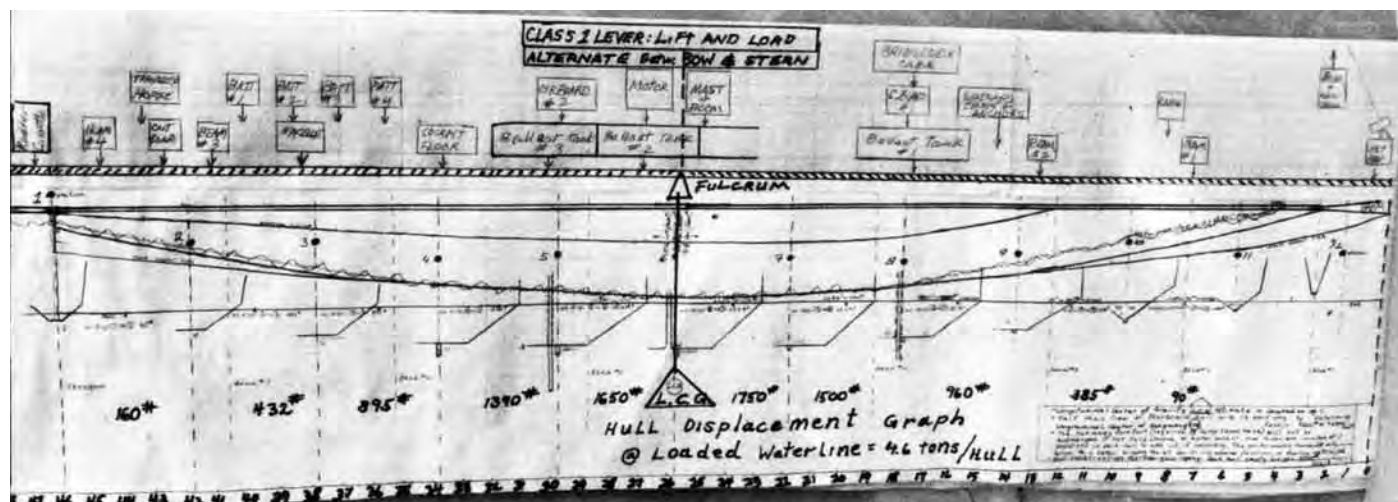
(The exception is the cantilevered torque upward of the mainsail and boom onto the first beam). I have provided three ballast tanks in each hull with a combined weight of 1.5 tons/hull, spread out on both sides of the L.C.G., to compensate for cargo out of balance.

I mentioned that the four crossbeams are flexibly mounted, via rubber pads, angle iron brackets, and $3/4"$ threaded rod. This design feature was one reason why I chose the Bergstrom & Ridder backstayless, three point staying rig. The B&R single shroud to each outboard chainplate and headstay to the

middle of the beam #1 suits my flexible hulls because, regardless of what orientation the pitching/rocking hulls have to each other, the three stays (at 120° apart) exert their tension always at only one chainplate point.

Modern catamaran design puts most of the driving force to windward (lift) in the full batten/deep roach mainsail, which is controlled via a mainsheet traveler once the luff, leech and outhaul tensions are set up. When a gust comes along we just let the traveler ease off to leeward and bring it back beyond the midline when the wind abates. My mainsail is 620sf and the cross section drawing shows the "horse" type traveler spanning from one side to nearly 20' on the other side. I will have to build this myself since I can just imagine what Garhauer would charge for a custom design.

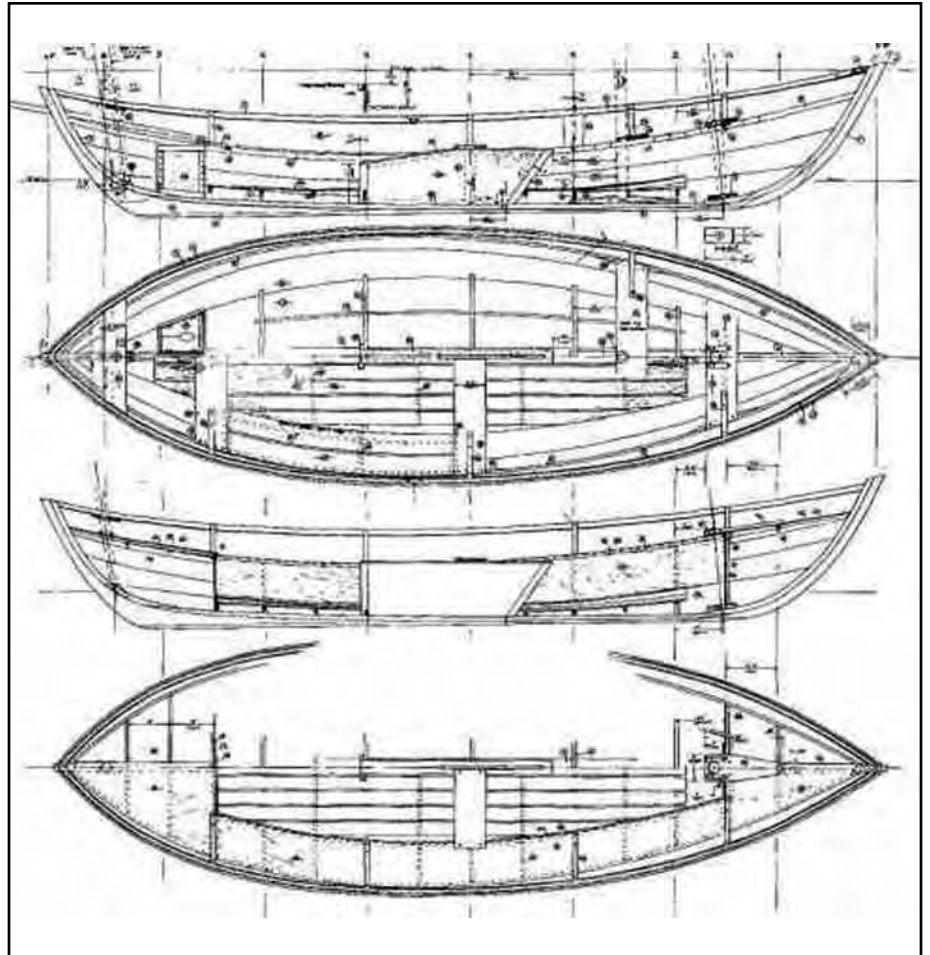
Having built the boat ramp behind my home/shop, which cost me a year of work, many permits required and fines paid, I had just turned 70 in Fall 2011 and decided I better get busy building the hulls. The shop floor is fairly level concrete slab, the overhead clearance is 8.4' and the useable width of each bay (there are two full size and two half as long) is about 10'. That means that each hull would take up one bay and the full inside length of 46' would be used. But joining the hulls would have to happen outside, and the easiest way to join them would be to use the same method of my first catamaran, four flexibly mounted crossbeams. The description of that connection and launch will be told further down in this story.



Building a 13' Peapod

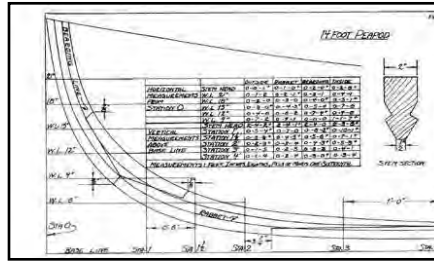
By Richard Honan

Today we began the actual construction of a laminated stem. We used thin strips of wood which were coated with Total Boat epoxy and clamped to a pre made bending form. Since the hull is symmetrical or double ended, we will be fabricating two of these stems. My assistant is my neighbor, 14-year-old Christian Buonopane, an eighth grader at the Winthrop Middle School. We still have a long way to go, pre building various parts of the hull (bow and stern stems, centerboard box, centerboard, rudder, etc) before we set up the molds and begin the actual construction of the hull.





Yesterday I trued up and trimmed the inner stem and fabricated or laminated the outer false stem. We're moving right along. Since this is a double ended boat, I have one more false stem to fabricate and then onto the station molds.



Today I finished trimming to size the pair of false stems or cutwaters. Lots of double checking and remeasuring. My Italian grandfather, Nonno Bonzagni, used to say, "Measure ten times, cut once." Even today, so true!



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Winter's Coming

This is the time of year when I'm supposed to be winding down on the Voyaging Season and getting a handle on the upcoming Building Season. The idea is simplicity itself. Tarp and park the boat(s) that will not be getting any, or much, maintenance this winter. The smallest ones don't usually NEED any maintenance, they just hang from the barn ceiling most of the time.

As for the rest, well, little *Punkin' Seed*, the Glen-L 13 centerboard sailboat, got the initial stages of a survey and rot patrol this past summer. She's more or less back together and ready for some fairing and patching and certainly a repainting. But she got shoved out to the woods and is already wearing a snow tarp.

Miss Kathleen will remain operational and underway until winter gets a good foothold. Her snow shed got flattened last year and I won't likely be getting a replacement together any time soon. She rides too tall in the saddle to fit under our barn door headers so her winter will be spent outside. Any maintenance and the inevitable mods will be done right out there behind those soon to come snow berms. *Miss Suzi* will get winterized and removed.

Lady Bug had already been rolled into the shop for winter overhaul. Then she found herself back outside. Her current motor, Mr Nissan, has not been feeling real well lately and occasionally refuses to start. I had made plans to work on him "over the winter." Now *Lady Bug* is already tossed behind the chain link and barbed wire. *LB* came up here with me from California, going on nine winters ago, now. She's quite familiar with being parked outside during "that" time of year. Other than making it pretty hard to get into the companionway and cabin hatch from a snow filled cockpit, things go pretty well.



That leaves the other two, the little Del Mar 15' cabin boat and the 18' Bell Boy cabin boat. The DM's cabin is gonna get shifted over as the matrix of a covered helm station on the BB and then get parked in "awaiting inspiration" status.

Roughly, the initial sea trial for what should become *Miss Kathleen's* lady in waiting is penciled in for March. Much imagining and such is yet to happen between then and now.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

This Could Make You Smile

Every now and again we run across somebody who is just about like they were back then. Something on the order of 60 years old, this little girl looks like she's got all her original parts. Not so many of us can say that.



We've got a perfectly good motor cruiser out in the driveway in *Miss Kathleen* but there are some things she can't do at all and some others she doesn't do real well. Gonna try to fill some of those gaps with the new 'un. This little hull is only 18' long and only 6' wide but really tall in the saddle though. I expect she'll be lighter and narrower to tow and shallower to launch, shoal enough to beach. The motor's gonna reside in the back row, not in a box. We'll see how that all comes out, I suspect.

The big wrap around windshield and old canvas top and side curtains are already history. It was not completely essential to get rid of them immediately, but a real convenience in getting in through the shop door. That's another thing I hope to improve on this time around, we need a boat that can just pop in and out of the shop as circumstances dictate.



Just a couple of hours ago, the two of 'em were settled in for the winter over at the storage lot. Now the both of 'em are slated for more direct attention in different shops with different approaches and different mission profiles. So it begins again.



The Next Opus Part 1

So it's that time of year again when we stop dithering over what project(s) to put on the Big Board. Time to imagine what the "next one" will look like when the dust finally settles. Up until this very morning it was a different hull, with a different mission profile and a different time allotment.

We sent one of the applicants for this year off to a different prospect. Rod said he'd be interested in adopting the little Delmar and putting her back into original condition. I said, "Great! Come on over." That little girl just kept getting slid back to the bottom of the batting order. It's been over two years ago that I dragged her home from imminent destruction. Since then she's just gotten rained on and filled with snow. So, good on ya, Rod. I hope she comes back to her lost glory.

Diamond in the Rough

This yet unnamed boat is just about the best hull that has come into the Frankenwerke, best original condition and best as is condition, solid and svelte. Almost no spurious holes or gouges, really a nifty tableau. What to do, what to do?

I'm trying to improve upon the lead vessel in our fleet without losing the multitude of innovations that have otherwise been a good thing. *Miss Kathleen* needs a near wide load width trailer and tips the scale at over 5,000lbs on the trailer. She doesn't beach so must be anchored out. After about 1,500 sea miles and beaucoup mods and transmogrifications I realize that the engine in a box concept is just not a good one for engine access, sound suppression and vibration mitigation.

I once read about a gem cutter who would study and stare at his from the quarry stocks until he simply "knew" how they would cut and finish. I guess that's what I've been hoping would happen to me for this little whutz'ername. It got to the point where SOMEBODY was gonna have to start cutting. I admit, the suspense was just killing me.

So this morning I got out the venerable Sawzall, drew a few cut lines here and there, donned a dust mask and turned on the blower. No drum roll. No gasp from the crowd. Just hack and slash. This one is supposed to go better than prior attempts to achieve something gem-like. And that old suspense has just been driving me nuts.



There's just one way to ever find out how one of these Frankenbots is gonna turn out. We just have to do a mock up, nuthin' else works quite so well. So we found space for standing headroom, a dedicated helm seat, a single berth forward, a conning station with proper elbow leaning place, a galley. Semi enclosed head. And even a small computer desk. And a 3'x6' uncovered cockpit.



I guess we'll cut and bond a few panels and partial bulkheads into a few critical junctions tomorrow. Maybe do some grinding and start removing the temporary shores that currently hold up all that standing headroom. Then it'll be time to do some assessing. Once across The Rubicon, the view isn't anywhere near as scary as it was on that long march in from Gaul.

Mission Creep

I suppose it's inevitable. Everything is in the Frankenbuilder's head and, in my case, there appears to be an unlimited number of possibilities for "success." I only know of one other Frankenbuilder in the whole wide world. Maybe there are a few more but Jim is the only other one I can tell you about. And he had the good sense to quit at a reasonable time yesterday and go up to the house and fix dinner for his wife.

If Kate knew about this, my goose would be cooked. She, in fact, had dinner on the table when I wandered in absentmindedly yesterday afternoon. Then I wandered back out to the shop. Suddenly it was pushing midnight and all I really had to show for my trouble was an imaginary boat floating primly amid the rubble of our arcane artform.



When I stand in the capacious expanses of a near 36sf cockpit, some pretty weird stuff happens. That simple, period correct cabin top somehow magically grows a few feet and equally magically encloses a few pieces of domestic comfort like a semi enclosed head and a computer desk. Maybe even a lounging couch and who can say? This is what the normal, reasonably well adjusted person will see in that same six by six enclosure.



From the beginnings of this week old project, the idea was a "simple" re use of a quite lovely hull and cabin structure. The notion was to keep the basics of the 58-year-old design. All I really intended was to get some standing headroom under the lid, a place to steer from inside. The berth was

already there, the galley was still in place and even a box for my composting sorta toilet. All the basic stuff was already in place. It was supposed to be simple.



Yessssss!

There will be a momentary celebration. All I hadda do was cut some off several times and then add some back on. Some trimming in situ, of course, yet to go. But the struts landed within $\frac{3}{8}$ " of where I would have liked them to.



OK, enough gaiety and revelry. Let's get some pox and glass on it before I decide we should change everything.

The Logic of Levitation

Current objective is to float the old top in a different plane at a different altitude and in a different position and make it look just like it used to look. Also, it's supposed to get about a foot longer and a bit narrower. But DON'T CUT ANYTHING UP!

What we have here is one of “those things.” If you have a trapezoid and you raise that trapezoid and if that trapezoid is wider at the bottom than at the top, IT WILL STILL BE WIDER. We’ve tried to do this bit of levitation before. The slopes need to be pleasing to the eye of the beholder. The planes transected need to be parallel. The spans need to be at least symmetrical. And somehow, it all has to stick together.



When I went out to the shop this morning there was a new note on the Big Board, “Try something different, but keep what ya got...”

Epiphany

Jamie the Seadog was out helping me find some sort of magic elixir on one of my Treasures Shelves out in the garage a while ago. I heard it before I saw it. One of my collection of stainless steel and aluminum tubes from canvas tops that used to adorn a wide number of boats that I don’t have anymore got bumped and started to slide out of the hangers, so I sorta restacked the assemblage. Next thing I knew I’m digging wildly through the stack. And so, the Frankenbuild got back on track.



We have been confounded by a need to replicate those “57 Chevy top” curves this old Bell Boy boat lid brings to the equation. Making fiberglass mouldings is pretty far beyond our admitted skill set so we’ve

been jousting with how to carve the proper shapes with our normal collection of finishing tools, #40 grit angle grinder, #30 grit bench disk sander and that hand rasp made out of a stack of hacksaw blades. Now here it was! The curve for the top spans, the radius for the edges and a simple way to attach these gifts from the Someday Locker and still be able to pivot and move ‘em around to get the right angles and such. The rush was on to find that coffee can where all those expensive and hard to get anymore end and mid fittings are hiding. Gotta be here someplace...

The curve I picked came with a set of bows that once upon a time held up the canvas enclosure for the flybridge on *Fiddler’s Green*, our 43’ liveaboard back in San Diego. I’ve been saving these bows for nigh on to 20 years! Of course, they are for a boat with a 12’ beam but what’s a little tube cutting and sleeving when I’ve got all the stuff? In fact, if I can keep a rattail file chucked up in a Jacob’s Chuck drill long enough before it wobbles out and rattles down the pipe, I can get rid of the ridge that inevitably happens to the ID of a 1” ss tube when I part it off with a tubing cutter, so I can shove a 3/4” ID ss tube inside and make an adjustable slip joint.



There’s a few more cut and fit hours to devote to this epiphany. We’ve even got some straight pipes to define the door openings and the “roof purlins” and the side panel mounts. This is getting downright exciting. Can’t you just SEE it?

A Regular Social Butterfly

Because of this I haven’t gotten out to the shop much to check on progress. I do have to admit that things go a lot slower when I’m not around. First, it was my mother’s 95th birthday party. Kate correctly pointed out that I probably couldn’t just call and tell her that I was gonna be busy that day cutting up plywood and making sticks and running the ol’ sawzall. Nope. It was a party I shouldn’t miss. Before I went down to The Big City for the festivities, the boat project looked something like this.



Nobody seemed to know how that curious mockup was supposed to morph into a useful boat cabin, but it was kinda interesting. Then we had visitors here at Frankenwerke. That almost never happens. Kate says it’s because I dominate the conversation and make people tired. Once again, no doubt correct. So I don’t know if they’ll come back.

Vince and Nancy are COOTS, among other claims to fame, and they’ve been driving all over the place in their really cool van conversion. It’s one of those tall enough to stand up in rigs and they’ve done an excellent job of making a real cozy house on wheels. One of the reasons they came to AlmostCanada was part of a search for where they want to retire. We probably shouldn’t tell The Lucas, but they’ve already been to Florida. Yup.

When Nancy and Vince showed up, we had changed the whole mockup. After our visitors drove off I went out to the shop to see about developments. Tired of doing mockups, I started actually cutting stuff off and drilling holes, all those things a Frankenbuilder needs to do. Otherwise I might get stuck in the planning phase and have to actually measure stuff and maybe even know how a project is supposed to end up. And then what would we do?



The idea is to use a bunch of those stainless steel tubes and canvas top fittings we’ve been hoarding for years and years to frame this cabin extension. Granted, it’s a whole lot thinner and stiffer than anything I could build out of lumber. I had absolutely no idea how I was supposed to stick the top and the side panels on to these silly pipes. But there was a bag from the hardware store on the bench full of those conduit clamps.



This contraption requires a pretty wide radius turn at the upper corners to match the forward part of the original factory top. I really was curious about how something that came from a tree was supposed to stay stuck down around those curves. Then I found it, one of those Genius Brackets that show up around here from time to time. Supposedly they will fit in each of the four ends and carry narrow strips from end to end that will all get glassed over and faired and stuff like that. This is all supposed to work out pretty well. I can hardly wait to see how all this is gonna turn out.



And another thing, something I learned a long time ago. If I make something crooked by just a little, everybody will notice. If I make something crooked by a whole bunch, then everybody will assume I did it on purpose. And the back end of this cabin extension is about 6" taller than the front end. As it was explained to me, nobody knows how this hull is gonna float but I'm guessing she'll bob up in the nose a bit. Making horizontals and verticals was never my strong suit. If I did make things perpendicular to the horizon, that might not work out at all, once in the water.

So the current Brilliant Scheme (BS) is to decorate the sides with cedar strips that parallel the top and the bottom and meet in a contrasting wood wedge thingie. I think there's also supposed to be a sort of funky big porthole in this panel. Just might work.



Virtual Reality Mockup

I was back out in the shop earlier this morning and went into the admin office and there was the spittin' image of the image we had on the shop Big Screen last night, right there on the computer. Pretty nifty, huh? Rod sent it to me. He didn't even have to stand on a ladder and pinch his fingers in those spring clamps trying to hold a stick in a straight line. Pretty cool.



Seriously Now

Enough foolin' around with mock-ups. Time to get serious! The whole thing is framed up on a "level playing field." Shouldn't take but a few more days and we should have something that looks like another 25sf of cabin floor space under a roof with windows and a door. The wooden "dazzle paint" set along the deck is the last refugee from the year ago *Miss Kathleen* blood-letting. I'm thinking that something like that should go on the sides of this new back porch addition to sort of cover up for any aberrations from the level and aligned that will certainly exist. It was always a crowd pleaser, back when *MK* sported those cabin sides.



As it turns out, 100% of the other Frankenbuilders who I know, at least all of them northwest of Bradenton, wonder why I don't just frame it up in wood. Great question, guys. We stayed the course with the metal tube framework for a few pretty reasonable reasons. But of all the things I'm pretty good at, this sure ain't one of 'em. Kelly the Canvas Lady could have had that puissant little trellis up and happy before her morning coffee got cold. Me? Well, this is getting seriously tiresome.



Time to get something else hung on that old gal. A name, perchance? The list is still hovering at about one or two, three max. But I think we'll have that figured out pretty soon.

The Hard Part is the Waiting

Waiting to see what the darn thing is gonna look like. So, like always, it was kind of a surprise to finally get a glimpse of how this little girl is gonna show off her curves.

That repurposed set of canvas top bows and assorted hardware gave me something to work from and that's always a nice thing, maybe other than having an actual plan ersumpin'. But for what we're doing, this is about as close to a blueprint as will likely come our way.



There's another day of ladder climbing and part shaping and head scratching yet. The trailing edges have to be filled in and the front end needs to be closed up to match the slope of the windshield. Then, after some more grinding and fairing goop spread all over the place, several pox and glass sessions will close things in and get it all sealed up for paint and a special Frankenwerke proprietary wood applique. Always a fun thing.



This wooden structure got rather complicated. It became necessary to run a passle of screws from the inside to hold things together while the PL kicked. I decided to leave them in place, so I just chucked up a fresh cutting wheel in the ol' angle grinder and, in a continuous shower of sparks, ground about 100 of 'em off.



The radiused sections are two layers of doorskin snapped, glued and screwed into place. The rest of it was supposed to be 1/4" ply. That turned out to be too wiggly so 1/2" MDO worked out better. Yeah, heavier.



Today is Sunday

At least we know where the door is gonna go now. Not much but something. And what's more, we know how the cabin extension is gonna blend in with the original coachroof. It has the same slopes as the forward windshield setup and it's faceted similarly too.





We've even got a sortaidea about how it'll look facing aft from the "conning hatch" above where the helm station is gonna go. It's only a 4" rise and it'll get glassed and painted the same as the forward section to hide the bulk as much as possible. We've even got a general notion of how sight lines are gonna be from the back door, out the forward windows.



Things are Shaping Up

I guess we've been at this one for a couple of weeks now. Most of the basic plan is roughed in. Getting ready for a major grinding and smoothing and fairing party. Then, boy, howdy, the ol' pox is gonna bubble. We've been turning out Frankenbots for quite a while now but this time was supposed to be DIFFERENT. I really tried to make this boat look like it might have if the factory had done it. That was the notion, except that the factory had the Real Boat Builder Guys working with well constructed molds and maybe even drawn plans.

About a week of this project has been consumed with trying to envision what that coachroof would have looked like under those fabricated parameters. About a week back I cut a major part of the original factory top off. Didn't discard the pieces, some sort of a premonition, I suppose. Well, now I have to graft 'em back on to smooth out the profile. And that black circle is supposed to represent a pretty big porthole that is supposed to go through the cabin extension that I spent all that time getting properly aligned. It'll cut through a majority of the internal stiffeners, too.



The aft bulkhead, door frame and window frames are glued and stapled in place. In order to keep things as lightweight as possible, it's only 1/4" ply. The joints will get glassed and the exposed surfaces at least 'poxed. It's a 28" door opening that will be essentially a frame with windows top to bottom. I'm thinking that the sidelights will be attached to the exterior surface. That tends to be the most watertight setup.



There's a second berth/settee combo added to the aft extension. The seat back is just propped up awaiting a piano hinge or two. The gray box in the foreground is the original porta pot place. It will continue in that role. This is only an 18' hull so repurposing space is definitely a matter of inches.



This is where a small galley cabinet and desk/counter top is slated to go. It'll double as a wardroom table, too. Just might get that framed up tomorrow. That and a helm station up forward. At least we didn't have to make a galley this time.



What'cha might call "compact." Stainless steel counter top and sink with a huge water tank. Once again, not bad in only 18'. Lots and lots yet to do. But we're getting our rhythm back, finally.



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At this point I'm telling myself that I'm probably not the only one who's ever had to experience one of those "Oh, for heavens sake, what was I thinking of" moments. This, of course, mitigates the chagrin only to a very limited degree.

It was probably at least partly because of that part of my mind that kept saying "C'mon! C'mon! I wanna be out in the water in that!" which is OK up to a point, but I think I need to gently admonish her, "Yes, dear, but there's no need to go off half cocked now, is there?" Because I had just come very close to doing exactly that.

It's about those lines. It is still true that I like the lines of the PDracer but there, already, were the lines of the forward section of *Dancing Chicken*, right there on the work board with even fewer of those "few, if any" modifications needed in order to draw the lines for the aft section.

So I got the work board out and started building. I got the basic pieces cut for the part that joins with the forward section (which is identical to the part of the forward section that joins with the aft section) and turned it around to work on the stern.

I had noticed that the work board had become warped while not in use (standing on end next to the bunk) but at first I figured I could work around that. But then I realized that at this point it was so severe that it would probably affect anything I built from that point on because I would have to tape and/or clamp the laths onto the board in the process, and....hmmmmmm.

So I put it all aside and went out into the foyer to take a break and work on something else. That was when my gaze was providentially drawn to a couple of 2x2s leaning up against the sink in the kitchen. I'd obtained them years ago for a project that I ended up not doing, but I kept them because I figured that sooner or later they'd come in handy for something. I wondered if fastening them to the work board would solve the warping problem.

It not only solved that problem, but I now have a unit that I can slide back and forth fairly easily so that it can be where I need it when I need it and it can be out of the way when I don't. Oh, hmmmmmm! I just noticed something. I swear and/or affirm that an interesting detail that I just now noticed in the photo I'm about to include was not done on purpose. I wasn't, honest, trying to get ready for Halloween or whatever.

To clarify, there on the workboard is something that looks like a face, drawn with strips of Gorilla tape. How it undoubtedly actually happened is that sometimes, while I'm working, I'll pull a strip of tape off of where it was and stick it on the board for future reference because I have often reused strips of Gorilla tape. Either way, this is possibly the goofiest of all those "Here's a picture of how I did that" photos to come along yet in the course of this narrative. Anyway, here it is, retracted for the night, or for lunch break, or whatever, next to the bunk, part of it just past the closet and part way into the bathroom.

Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts Parts XXII

Copyright © 2018 Gloria Sadler Burge



This next picture is essentially the port side frame for the aft section (still needs the outer layer and a few fasteners, but this is the basic shape).



I said back in Part XIX that "One thing that helps is that I now actually have a plan and instructions, which I didn't have before, but which I have slowly assembled, like a puzzle, in the ongoing process of the project." I then also stated that the aft section should move along more smoothly and quickly because of this, which has been true up to a point, but there was more "three dimensional rough sketching" necessary than I expected. For one thing, in both the lines for the PDracer and the original *Dancing Chicken*, the hull was 18" deep and *Dancing Chicken* is 16" deep and various little things like that which emerged upon closer observation.

Also, I guess I just assumed that if I had the "plans" for the forward section, I automatically had them for the aft section as well. This did not turn out to be a totally accurate assumption. In fact, I ended up building the 36"x16" rectangle and then "three dimensional rough sketching" the curves in, and then cutting away the part of the rectangle that wasn't the curve. Here's a shot of the "in process" aft section getting ready to have the last piece of the "wasn't the curve" part removed.



After the frames are together and the sides and bottom on, the next thing she will need are some bracing and hardware, etc. The hardware I may "sketch" at first, too, because from what I've found out about the possibilities of #12 gauge wire, it looks to me that I can make fasteners out of that at least for "at first." Then I can find out which available manufactured hardware looks like it will work and maybe replace it later.

Having decided on Coroplast for the hull, the hardware will be different from what would have been needed if I'd decided on plywood or a composite. I won't need hinges for the bottom, or not the same sort of hinges, but I will need different, and more (?) bracing for the juncture points, etc.

Meanwhile, the basic plan is to get her together in such a way that when launched, the entire boat will remain intact and be capable of proceeding with forward motion while remaining on top of the water. Those and one other criterion, all of the above mentioned should be as easy and fun as possible.

So will the puzzle pieces I have, when assembled, coalesce in such a way so that the finished puzzle will fulfill these criteria?

We shall see.





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During the Fall and Winter of 1925 it became evident, through friendly discussions among various yachtsmen in and around New York, that there was room for a small, wholesome, day sailing or racing class in between the Star Class and the 6-Metre Class.

This group of men, led by Mr Carroll B. Alker of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, had vision. They wanted a comfortable day sailer of pleasing lines which could be raced by those so inclined, or sailed by the junior element, which is so necessary to the future life of yachting, and yet they wanted a boat that would cost less than the 6-Metre. Several designs were submitted and finally those of Charles D. Mower, naval architect of New York, were chosen as the one design most nearly fitting the dream of the sponsors for the class.

Mr Mower's design called for a staunchly built sloop of 28'9" overall, 19' on waterline, 7'6" beam and 4'6" draught with 2,500lbs of outside lead. It was to be Marconi rigged with 425sf area, have a small cabin with 4' headroom and the cockpit and design for deck layout was to be made comfortable and easily handled. Mower supplied all these requirements ideally, as can be seen from the accompanying reproduction of a set of drawings and photographs.

Twenty-eight boats were ordered by yachtsmen in the Metropolitan area and the boats were constructed by Harry B. Nevins at City Island, New York, at a cost of \$2,400, including one suit of sails by Ratsey. Several of the purchasers bought these boats for the use of their children, both boys and girls. Three or four shouldered a small additional charge by having toilets installed under transoms in cabin to make a complete little cruiser for weekend trips.

Nevins did a good job of building. The entire fleet was framed from one mould and the finishing in solid mahogany trim was even more than the specifications called for. There were misgivings in several quarters regarding the masts. These sticks were 40' long and only 4" in diameter at the heaviest point. But Nevins chose excellent material and the only dismastings reported were one where a backstay was forgotten in a jibe and another caused by a mishap at anchor. The only other casualty to a mast was when the *Wee Betty* was struck by lightning and had her mast split.

The racing in this class was very keen. There were more than 17 boats starting in 15 out of 22 championship races. The largest number to start in anyone race was 23. Every boat in the class raced at some time during the season. The class stood only third in LISYRA percentage of starters to possible number that could start. This condition is

Sound Inter Club Class

By William Swan
Reprinted from Sailing Craft 1927



partly accounted for because five of the boats were not bought to race, but for pleasure sailing; yet even these five boats got in the game when the regatta happened to be held near their home port.

At the start of the season, in fact up to June 15, it looked as if the *Aileen*, owned by J.B. Dunbaugh, vice commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club, and sailed by Cornelius Shields, would make a runaway race of the class. It was freely predicted at the Larchmont Yacht Club that, handled by "Corney," who is considered by many to be the premier small boat sailor of the Sound, the *Aileen* would clean up the class. In fact, many yachtsmen backed this opinion by taking "Corney" and the *Aileen* against the field. To other yachtsmen this did not seem possible with J.B. Shethar at the helm of his *Babette* and Sam Wetherill at the helm of his *Bandit*, and such skippers as C.B. and H.A. Alker, G.B. Gibbons, E.T. Fox, Hobart Ford, Spencer Aldrich, A.W. Hicks and C.H. Appleby all opposed to letting *Aileen* "take 'em to camp."

Also add the possibility that some of the younger skippers, such as O.M. Mitchell, Jr, Ralph Crow or Madison Hayth might develop strong opposition. And, last of all, add the possibility that one of the boats might be sailed by some strong helmsman of experience, such as Kenneth Whiting of Larchmont, Bill Swan and Robert C. Bavier of New Rochelle, Clinton Riggs of New York, Jack Johnson of Greenwich, etc. So the *Aileen* really had competition because all these possibilities came to pass.

To get back to the racing, *Aileen* seemed to have it on the class at first with *Babette* and *Bandit* close up. With from 17 to 23 starters in every race, however, a boat which finishes in the first five regularly stands a good chance in the averages, and at the end of the first half of the championship series only a few points separated the *Wee Betty*, George LaBranche's boat, and the *Aileen*.

During Race Week the *Babette* won the series with 108 points and the *Aileen* and *Wee Betty* tied for second with 104.

During the last half of the championship series, the *Wee Betty* steadily pulled away

from her rivals. The *Bandit* gained in the percentage standing. The *Wee Betty* made what is considered by many to be a record performance by scoring 107 points out of a possible 112 against a large, well sailed, one design class. In other words, only five boats finished ahead of the *Wee Betty* in the last nine races.

To show how popular this class has become because of the calibre of the boat, there are only two boats known to have changed hands since the end of last season, and then only because the owners are buying 6 or 10-Metre boats. None of the leading eight or ten boats are changing hands and the same skippers will race them, although I know at least two who were offered the helm of the new 10-Metre class.

This 1927 season will be even more scrappy than the last, although the members now know one another better and the class morale will be better, but there are reputations to be upheld or re won and all the owners and skippers of the Sound Inter Club Class are looking forward to the coming racing season with a great deal of pleasure.

These boats handle well under all conditions. They are balanced perfectly for all light to moderate sailing breezes and only have a slight weather helm in strong to heavy breezes. It certainly is a pleasure to sit at the tiller of a smart craft where one is not only comfortable, because of leg room and proper height of seats and rails, but where one can handle his boat with only thumb and forefinger on the tiller under average conditions.

This class raced several times last year under extreme weather conditions. The ordinary thunder squall, hitting in during regattas, was peculiarly lacking during the 1926 season on Long Island Sound. However, there was more than the usual number of nor'easters and nor'westers. The Inter Club Class withstood them all without serious mishaps and, as far as I know, without reefing a single mainsail.

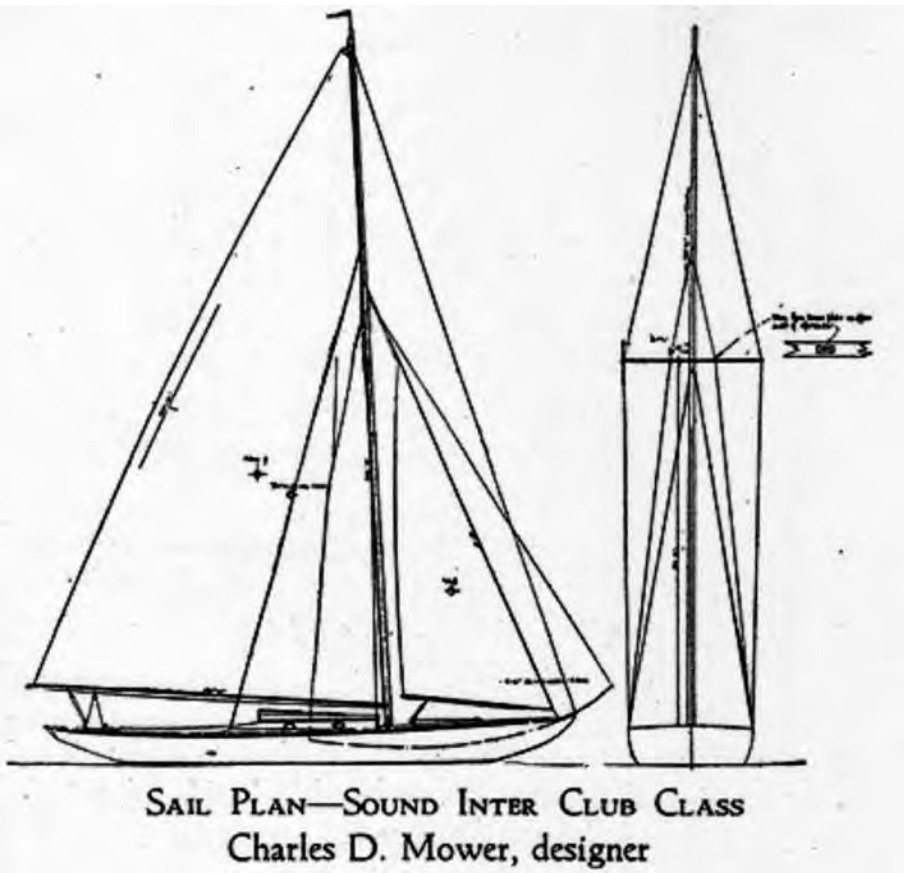
Two men, the skipper and a crew, are enough to handle them in light going. Under ordinary racing conditions and championship regattas three men are plenty and, in my opinion, all that should be allowed. Four, however, may be carried, which allows an "elephant" to come aboard in bad weather on those boats whose owners are fortunate enough to have at hand emergency sailormen.

The boats, being all constructed from the same mould of uniformly good material, are remarkably close in performance. Their designer skimped a little on lead because he believed that four men in the crew allowance would hold them down to proper waterline and sailing angle. About a month after they were launched it was decided that the addition of some lead ballast would be an advantage. This was placed in the bilge and when properly distributed made the boats much stiffer and did away with the necessity of four in crew in heavy breezes.

This lead has been cast in two slabs and inserted in deadwood of keel just above the lead for 1927 and should stiffen them still further because of the 18" greater leverage it will assert.

The sail plan has been slightly altered to counteract this leverage. All mainsails will be slightly larger next year because they will be cut to nearer the full length of boom and hoist. The forward triangle has been filled by adding about 18" to hoist of jib, thus increasing its area by about 3sf.

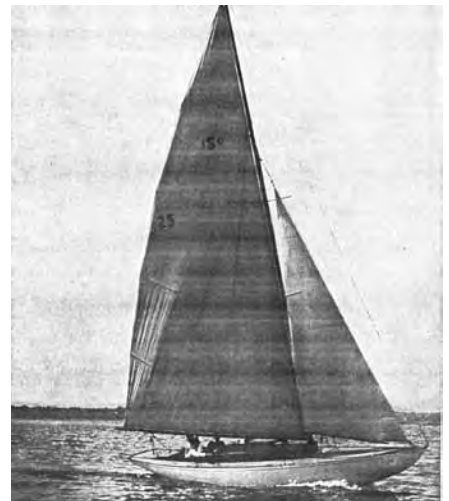
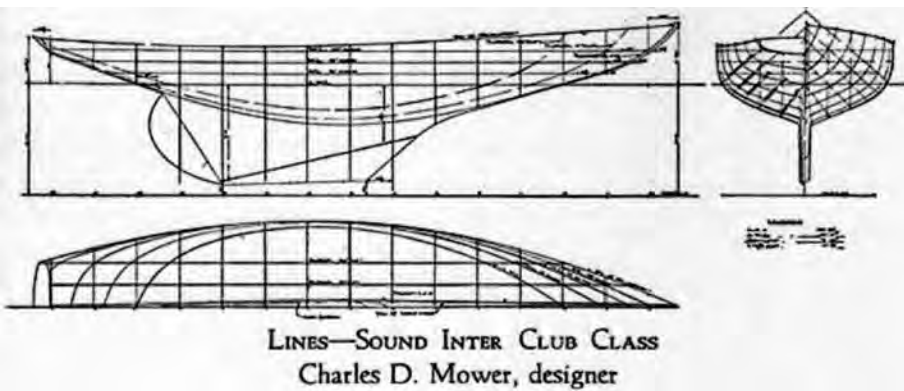




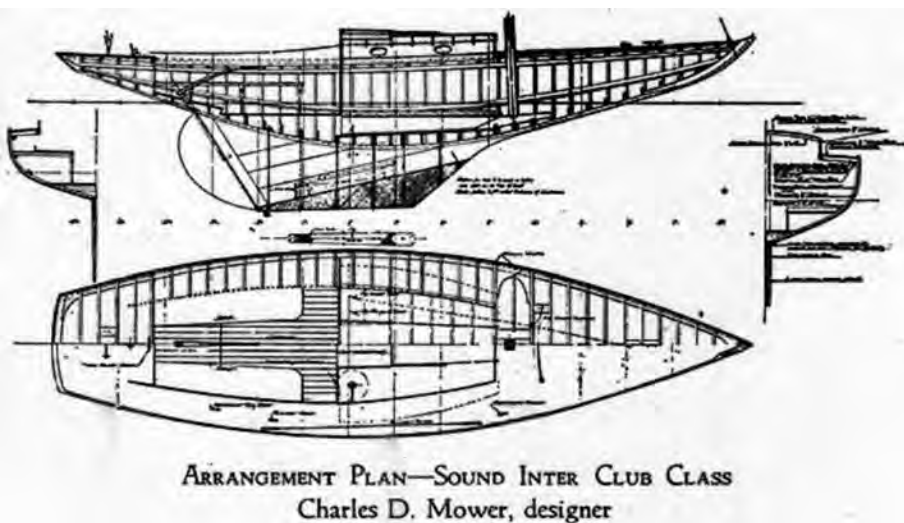
Bandit, owner Samuel Wetherell, assistant editor of Yachting, Larchmont Yacht Club. *Bandit* finished third in class championship both in 1926 and 1927. This boat is always among the leaders.



Babette, owner J.B. Shethar, American Yacht Club. *Babette* won the class championship in 1927 with 81.6%. Capt Shethar, who is the class president, kept *Babette* well up all through the season. He did not win many races but was consistently among the first five to finish in a year where the average number of starters was 16 in each race.



Aileen, owner J.B. Dunbaugh, Vice Commodore of Larchmont Yacht Club. Sailed by Cornelius Shields. It is interesting to note that Mr Shields finished second in the class in both 1926 and 1927 with approximately the same percentage. Mr Shields is a consistently good starter and knows his tides and winds on Long Island Sound.





The Sound Inter Clubs on Lake George

Lake George, New York, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. Nestled in the Adirondack Mountains, about 60 miles north of Albany (or about 200 miles north of Long Island Sound's famous yacht clubs, such as Larchmont), the lake has been the summer destination for many for over a century. Many of New York's wealthiest financial and industrial leaders built grand "camps" on the lake, as did technical leaders and executives from General Electric's Schenectady, New York, corporate laboratory.

Just as the Sound Interclubs (iScs) were launched and began racing in the late 1920s on Long Island Sound, three men (who would be the center of bringing the iScs to Lake George a decade later) were hard at work as inventors and entrepreneurs.

Dr Ernst F.W. Alexanderson: "Dr Alex," as he was known to be called, was a Swedish electrical engineer working at GE. He is famous for his inventions in the area of radio transmission. In 1928 he brought sailing to Lake George in the form of a 30' Scandinavian sloop named *Nordic*. Soon after, in 1930, he joined the Lake George Club, the premiere social and sports club on Lake George.

Harold P. Pitcairn: Following an early career as an aviator, Pitcairn sold his business in the late 1920s to pursue his interest in helicopter technology. This interest led him, and Agnew Larsen, to invent the "autogiro" (a plane with a helicopter like rotating wing on top). He had a large family and in 1934 bought a large property on Lake George, a few miles south of the Lake George Club.

Hibbard W. Hall: "Hibby" Hall was a local entrepreneur and businessman who formed "Hall's Boat Company" in 1928. Located at the southeast corner of Lake

George, it was the hub of boat sales and working on Lake George. (The exact location where #12, *Caprice*, is being restored today.) Not only was it the premium Gar Wood dealer on Lake George, but it became the focal point for boat repairs, modifications and storage in the area. Many a wealthy Lake George resident took delivery of their Gar Wood's through Hall's in the late 1920s and '30s (Hibby himself owned a 1928 Gar Wood) and/or serviced and stored their boats at Hall's. Hall was also an avid pilot and learned the often tricky shifting winds around the lake.

And so, their careers off to great beginnings, these three young men came together to bring sailing to Lake George in a big way. Their first endeavor was to bring Cape Cod Knockabouts to the Lake in 1934 for one design racing. All being inventors and entrepreneurs, they quickly modified them at Hall's with lead keels for stability. Following this, they moved on to Stars, but by late 1937 they had an appetite for an even bigger, more powerful, one design boat. The timing was perfect, as down on Long Island Sound Corny Shields was establishing his new International One Design fleet and moving the iSc owners over to them. Records show that numerous iScs left the Sound area that year and the following. In total, it is believed that nine iScs made their way to Lake George. We do know that Pitcairn bought two, and Alexanderson and Hall bought one each.

The iScs became the largest and fastest sailboats on the lake. Racing at the Lake George Club became the favored and most competitive sport. Club records show that Hibby Hall dominated race results in the period 1939 through 1947 (racing may have

been suspended during the war years 1943 through 1945), followed closely by Pitcairn. The last reported racing results were in 1958.

Several iScs continued on the lake the following years, but the most famous were Hibby Hall's #10, *Teal*, and #26, *Night Hawk*. These boats were later sold to a local resort, the Canoe Island Lodge, and sailed for guests throughout the 1960s, '70s and early '80s. Other than #19, *Susan*, the current whereabouts of all these boats is unknown at this time.

iSc's verified (through photos of sail numbers) to have sailed on Lake George:

#6 *Windy* (originally *Ermar*) owned by Dan H. Winchester

#10 *Teal* (originally *Ahab*) owned by Hibby Hall

#13 (originally *Bandit*)

#19 *Susan* (originally *Lotus*)

#21 (originally *Orithyea*)

#23 (originally *Triton*)

#24 (originally *Pegety*)

#26 *Night Hawk* (originally *Sister*)

Harold Pitcairn is listed as the owner of #27, originally *Daphene*, in 1938, which was given the name *Picaroona*, but no photos of #27 have been found.

In addition, Corny Shields states that he sold his beloved #25 *Aileen* to someone on Lake George as he acquired his International. No records of #25 having been on Lake George have been found to date.

(Ref.: *The Lake George Club, A Family of Friends, The First Hundred Years at the Lake George Club, Diamond Point, NY, 2009*)



Aileen Returns

Aileen, the 1926 Sound Inter Club sailboat that has been under restoration at Tumblehome, was launched at Harris Bay Yacht Club, on Lake George, on August 23.

Reuben Smith led the restoration of the first matched pair, *Caprice* and *Ghost*, and now with *Aileen* joining them on Lake George, the class is reintroduced.

Learn more about the Sound Inter Club at www.soundinterclub.org. For more information about Tumblehome Boat Shop go to www.tumblehomeboats.com. They are located at 684 State Route 28, Warrensburg, New York 12885, telephone (518) 623-5050.





The New Sound Inter Club Class Bringing Them Back on Lake George

By Reuben Smith

By the 1960s the Inter Club Class boats were becoming tired and Lake George sailors turned to newer and simpler boats. Some boats were lost or fell to ruin or left the area. Two of these boats went to a local resort, the Canoe Island Lodge, and were expedition boats for guests at the Lodge throughout the 1960s, '70s, and early '80s. They were later destroyed, with keels from two of the iSc being used for the Canoe Island 30.

But think of it, during the same years that *El Lagarto* was retired from racing but still a fixture crashing around the lake, these sailboats were working the same water. Radically different boats but each as famous, in their own world, as the other. And both boats designed with the same basic premise, a boat that could be used for pleasure and yet raced on a knife's edge.

Today only five of the original Sound Inter Club boats have been found worldwide. The rest have been lost.



The First Fully Restored iSc Matched Pair

During my tenure at Hall's Boat Corp, in Lake George, New York, I led the major part of the restoration of two of those original five Sound Inter Clubs. The final phases of the restorations were completed at my Tumblehome Boatshop. The boats are sailed on Lake George, marking an historic reintroduction of the class to this beautiful lake.

Since no original builder plans exist for this historic class sailboat, restoration was painstaking, time consuming and involved the careful evaluation of old photographs and designer plans that lacked detail and accurate measurements, as well as careful study of the remaining boats.



True iSc™ New Construction Of this Classic

No true original builder plans exist for this historic class sailboat. But now the Sound Inter Club boat known to be the most original has been documented with laser technology, accurate to a tenth of a millimeter, to create the True Sound Inter Club. Built exclusively at my Tumblehome Boatshop, the True iSc™ is an exact replica of *Caprice*, an original Sound Inter Club, one of the five remaining today and the one known to be the most original.

For more information on building the True iSc™, check out the New Construction page on our website at www.tumblehomeboatshop.com.





Back in the '70s I became interested in building a stitch & glue kayak offered as a kit by a British firm, Ottersports. It was their Touring Single and went together easily by following the excellent instructions. The boat itself was wonderful, the V-bottom, however, hung up on rocks in very shallow waters which would turn me broadside suddenly, very disconcerting.

My replacement fiberglass Klepper Tramp was hardly a good touring boat, it wouldn't track but was well made. The Old Town Down River, designed by Bart Hauthaway, which I got next didn't track well either until Bart sent me a fin he'd designed for himself for use on flat water.

Stitch & Glue in the '70s

By Arthur Strock

Later on, when Ottersports was in financial trouble, Percy Blandford came to owner Ken Littleddyke's rescue, he had Ken design a kayak just a bit smaller than my Touring Single called the Kayel Compact. It made very economical use of plywood. Percy sent me the plans free and I publicized it when I was manager of the exhibit area of a "canoe roundup." I've been tempted to make it, less sharp V-bottom, but it would be a lot of work considering how many parts go into

it. I know it would go together well, Percy's influence can be seen in the plans.

Blandford talks in his autobiography of largely staying away from designing stitch & glue kayaks so as to not compete with Ken Littleddyke. Percy did design a stitch & glue whitewater kayak, a type that Littleddyke did not. Years later Blandford designed a stitch & glue canoe but unfortunately it apparently did not go to Clark Craft when they acquired Blandford's designs.

In the interest of publicizing the work of this early pioneer of stitch & glue construction, I thought I'd share some of the Ottersports designs with readers, herewith.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

Way back in history men made their boats by stitching skins together with thongs and although they were rough looking jobs, they were pretty serviceable. Better boat-building methods and materials were discovered and except in odd under-developed parts of the world the old stitching method was abandoned and forgotten.

But a few years ago, Kenneth Littleddyke realised that by using twentieth century materials and this ancient method of boat building, the joy of building his own canoe could be within the reach of almost anybody.

WHERE IT WENT FROM THERE

Even working from good plans, some skill was required in cutting the panels etc. to the correct shape, so something further was needed if canoe-building was to be brought within the power of literally everybody. The answer was—Kits of Parts.

PROGRESS IN KIT MAKING

As time passed and demand increased, Ken Littleddyke with his designing flair and Ottersports Ltd. with their unique experience of making top-class Canoe Kits came together, and the result was the 'Kayel-Otter' range of Canoe Kits, which has now become world-renowned.

'STITCH AND GLUE'

The idea spread, and nowadays vast numbers of light, sturdy boats of many types are built by using resin-bonded plywood panels, joined together by easily applied glass-fibre joints, and these are still the basic materials of all 'Kayel-Otter' Kits of Parts.

CANOE BUILDERS IN THE SEVENTIES

Are seldom experts and wisely rely upon first class Kits of Parts to compensate for their lack of experience. Frequently, father and son or teenagers working together, generally know a bit about 'Stitch and Glue', but even if they don't, there's no need to worry, as Ottersports Building Instructions are so explicit. Thousands have spent enjoyable winter evenings building their own canoes, and now enjoy summer leisure hours on the water; like the boys of Gaveston Hall School, whose master—Mr. Ian J. J. Johnston wrote:- "You probably will not know, but all the boys at this school are handicapped, and for them to have built the canoes and then used them, has provided them with a sense of achievement and pleasure which is an extremely rewarding thing to see."

OTTERSPOITS KITS OF PARTS ARE COMPLETE

They contain every single item needed to produce the finished canoe, right through from the illustrated building instructions to the very last spot of varnish.

THE BUILDING INSTRUCTIONS

Every stage of the work is clearly described in non-technical language and illustrated by simple but effective drawings.

THE PARTS

All panels, deckbeams, cockpit frames, blocks, etc. are ready cut to shape, lettered and stencilled with clear instructions as to where they fit. The cockpit coamings and lips are pre-moulded. Thus a well-shaped canoe is ensured without any reasonable chance of error by the builder.

MAKING UP THE CANOE

The Panels are stitched together with the Nylon Monofilament or Copper Wires supplied with the Kit and then the joints between the panels are made by the easy application of Glass-fibre tape and Resin also supplied with the Kit.

REFINEMENTS

All Kits (other than the 'Canadian') contain comfortable Glass-fibre Moulded Seats, and easily adjusted Footrests of the 'Platform' type. Hip-boards and Knee-bars are included in the Kits for the Canoes which require them.

FINISHING OFF

Plenty of varnish and thinners are provided to enable you to achieve a really fine finish to your Canoe.

WHAT DOES BUILDING INVOLVE?

Firstly about 30 to 60 hours of your time—depending on the model chosen—which will be spent enjoyably and will result in a welcome sense of 'something attempted, something done'.

Commonplace tools as found in most households—hammer, screwdriver, drill, plane, spokeshave or 'surform', tenon saw, pincers, chisel, file and varnish brush, are the only tools required.

No building board, jig, cramps, etc. are needed, nor will you require any previous boat-building experience or special skills—just a general handiness.

The high degree of pre-fabrication, coupled with the clear stage-by-stage building instructions ensure that literally anybody can produce his own canoe to a truly professional finish.



The New Kayel-Otter Touring Single

Your automatic choice for a fast stable canoe to take you anywhere.



The Kayel-Otter Touring Double

The Canoe which will attract either novices or experienced canoeists looking for a sturdy, light, touring canoe for two.

This is already **THE MOST POPULAR CANOE KIT IN THE WORLD**

producing a lively yet stable plywood canoe, ideal for touring on inland waters, harbours, and—in the right conditions—at sea. Perfectly suitable for the beginner, but as proficiency is gained capable of very good performance.

The canoe now has a lowered after-deck reducing wind resistance, and a cockpit raking down from fore to aft, giving a more 'sporty' appearance.

An entirely new and more easily adjustable 'platform' footrest is incorporated and a new and better method of mounting the glass-fibre seat.

Length—14' 6" (442 cm.), Beam—24" (61 cm.), Cockpit—33" (84 cm.) x 16" (40 cm.), Weight—33 lbs. (15 kgs.) approx.

The two-seater counterpart of the Touring Single and our second best seller. Ideal for two-seater touring. This canoe is extremely popular with schools and youth organisations and also as a family boat. It has Adjustable 'Platform' Footrests for both paddlers, glass-fibre seats.

A canoe in which you can get away from the tensions, dirt and urgency of everyday life and find peace, quiet and beauty on the water.

Length—15' 9" (480 cm.), Beam—29" (74 cm.), Cockpits—33" (84 cm.) x 16" (40 cm.), Weight—48 lbs. (22 kgs.) approx.



The Kayel-Otter Slalom Mark 6

The canoe that will strongly appeal to the more sports-minded canoeist.

A sturdy canoe with multi-chine hull, suitable for slalom and white-water work, but also completely satisfactory as a tourer.

Not only stable, but has a comfortable feel of stability.

A completely new design with lowered gunwale and deck lines improving its performance in windy conditions. It is extremely manoeuvrable with first class handling qualities, and can roll extremely well.

Hip-boards, Knee bars, Adjustable Footrest and Glassfibre seat are included in the Kit.

Length—14' 0" (427 cm.), Beam—24" (61 cm.), Cockpit—32" (81 cm.) x 15" (38 cm.), Weight—34 lbs. (15.5 kgs.) approx.



The Kayel-Otter "Sea Otter"

A first class canoe for the experienced canoeist when sea-going.

For the expert canoeist wanting to canoe regularly in estuaries or at sea.

Long lean lines and a hard-chine 'V' bottomed hull produce a fast boat with lateral and directional stability.

The breakwater on the foredeck reduces the danger of water travelling towards the cockpit which is itself raked down from fore to aft to further the water-repellent quality.

The aft-deck is flat—strongly reinforced—reducing wind resistance and facilitating entry to and exit from the cockpit.

Hip-boards, Knee bars, Adjustable Footrest and Glassfibre seat are included.

Length 15' 10" (483 cm.), Beam—22" (56 cm.), Cockpit—27½" (69 cm.) x 16½" (42 cm.), Weight—31 lbs. (14.5 kgs.) approx.



The Kayel-Otter Canadian

Just the job for the father who likes to take the whole family out for a day on the water.

A handsome canoe for single-bladed paddling by up to three persons, with excellent stability and performance, conforming as closely as necessary to the traditional Canadian Canoe shape.

Appealing both to the 'Canadian' enthusiast, and to the family man to whom its ability and open design make it an excellent choice, providing plenty of room for the children and for picnicking or camping gear.

This canoe can be paddled either from the traditional kneeling position, by the enthusiast, or in a more leisurely manner whilst sitting, by the family man.

Length—15' 7" (475 cm.), Beam—32½" (83 cm.), Weight—57 lbs. (26 kgs.) approx.



*Ice Scooters of
Great South Bay,
Long Island, NY
Types typical of
early & late
1900's*

*Irwin Schuster
1994*

Small Craft Illustration #13 by Irwin Schuster
irwinschuster@verizon.net



The *Ticonderoga* At Shelburne Museum

By Greg Grundtisch

When I learned that there were no available accommodations (for under \$300 per) in St Michaels, Maryland, for the MASCF, we had to change plans. The lovely and talented Naomi wanted to return to the Shelburne Museum in Shelburne Vermont, about 20 miles south of Burlington, Vermont. We were there last April 2018 and the museum was closed except for a couple of exhibits.

We arrived and entered the grounds that hold many diverse exhibits from historic buildings, circus collections, decoy collections, duck hunting, art both folk and fine period antique furniture, both primitive and fine. And then the boat.

The *Ticonderoga* was a vessel built and used to transport people and all types of goods, livestock and vehicles around Lake Champlain. It is powered by a coal fired steam engine. It is massive in size and it was saved and transported from the lake shore, moved overland to its location on the museum grounds. It is striking to see such a large ship as you drive by on the road for the first time.



Steam boilers and inside the boiler.



Boiler room maintenance tools.

Vertical arm that protrudes through the roof of the ship.



The smaller wheel is used to steer, the larger one is used if the main wheel fails. It takes two men to turn it mechanically on long cables attached to the rudder. The main small wheel is steam power assisted.



Steam engine to assist the steering.

Steam engine guages.



Steamboat *Ticonderoga*

(From Wikipedia)



The steamboat *Ticonderoga* is one of two remaining side paddlewheel passenger steamers with a vertical beam engine of the type that provided freight and passenger service on America's bays, lakes and rivers from the early 19th to the mid 20th centuries. Commissioned by the Champlain Transportation Company, *Ticonderoga* was built in 1906 at the Shelburne Shipyard in Shelburne, Vermont, on Lake Champlain.

Ticonderoga measures 220' in length and 59' in beam with a displacement of 892 tons. Her steam engine, handmade by the



Fletcher Engine Company of Hoboken, New Jersey, was powered by two coal fired boilers and could achieve a maximum speed of 17 miles per hour (27 km/h) (14.77 knots).

History

The ship's crew numbered 28, including the captain, pilots, mate, deckhands, engineers and firemen to operate the boat. The purser, stewardess, freight clerk, bartender, hall boys, cook, waiters, scullion and mess boys attended to passengers and freight arrangements.

Initially *Ticonderoga* served a north south route on Lake Champlain. Daily she docked at Westport, New York, where she met the New York City evening train. The next morning she carried travelers and freight northward to St Albans, Vermont. In addition to passengers, *Ticonderoga* transported local farm produce, livestock and dry goods on a regular basis, and during both world wars ferried US troops between Plattsburgh, New York, and Burlington, Vermont. Over the years she also operated on the east west run from Burlington to Port Kent, New York, and had a brief career as a floating casino.

When more modern ferries made her obsolete, *Ticonderoga* managed to persist in operation as an excursion boat for several years, however, by 1950 the steady decline in business threatened her future. Ralph Nading Hill saved *Ticonderoga* from the scrap heap when he persuaded Electra Havemeyer Webb to buy her for her growing museum. While the Shelburne Museum attempted to keep her in operation, the steamboat era had passed making it difficult to find qualified personnel to operate and maintain the aging vessel.

Relocation

In 1954 the Shelburne Museum decided to move *Ticonderoga* overland to the museum grounds. At the end of the summer season the boat paddled into a newly dug water filled basin off Shelburne Bay and floated over a railroad carriage resting on specially laid tracks. The water was then pumped out of the basin and *Ticonderoga* settled onto the railroad carriage. During the winter of 1955 *Ticonderoga* was hauled across highways, over a swamp, through woods and fields and across the tracks of the Rutland Railway to reach her permanent mooring on the Shelburne Museum grounds.

Much of her interior was restored to its original grandeur. The dining room and state-room halls retain their butternut and cherry paneling and ceilings their gold stenciling. The barbershop, captain's quarters, dining room and promenade deck contain furniture and accessories used in the *Ticonderoga* and other Lake Champlain steamboats.



Ticonderoga was declared a National Historic Landmark in 1964 under the name *Ticonderoga* (Side-paddle-wheel Lakeboat).



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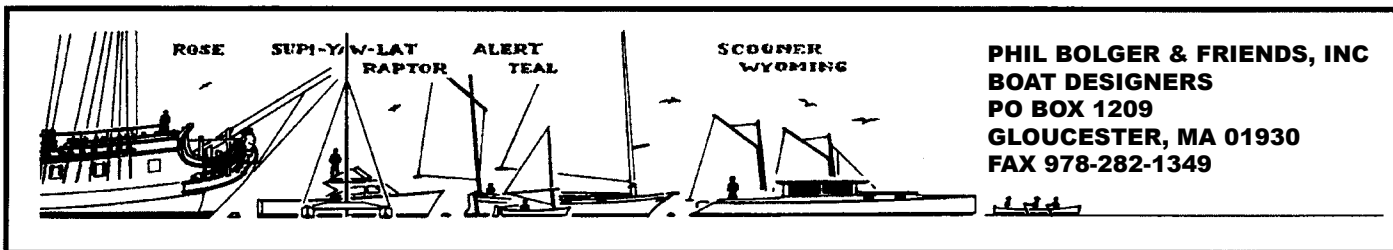


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Phil designed this experimental hull geometry in the fall of 1993 and had her promptly built by David Montgomery to indeed sail her first that fall, as he reported in the January 15, 1994 issue of *MAIB*, Vol 11 No 17 in this short piece:

"Dave Montgomery built Flying Cloud for me to try out the behavior of a thick box keel, with the idea of designing some very small steel boats (i.e., very heavy). The hull proper is Design #458, Brick. She's all 1/2" plywood, doubled on the keel bottom and weighs over 200lbs. It took 175lbs of ballast to get her down on her lines. But after a trial we flooded the ends of the keel box to replace most of the lead.

She made noticeable leeway close-hauled, so we added a 3" flange around the forward half of the keel bottom. This gave too much weather helm and I intended to make a new rudder half again as broad, but the cove froze before we got that done. She sailed respectably, drawing less than a foot of water, carrying two adults on chair height benches with 15" backrest bulwarks, displacing 750lbs, better in strong winds than light.

There is remarkably little wave making even when driven hard, all of 4 knots reaching, I guess. The sail is a standard Payson-Bohndell 59sf, on a 16' mast. She could stand more sail. A client of mine is talking of building some duplicates for racing in a small pond."

As we reflect on these numbers and proportions almost 25 years later, it will occur to us readily that she may be amongst the densest, heaviest 8' dinghies ever designed and built with a straight face. Primarily, as Phil stated, this was to offer an actual sailing scale

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #530 in *MAIB*

Revisit of Design #614
Flying Cloud

8'x4'x1'1"x59sf x 220lbs
5 Sheets of 1/2" Plywood



range of insights around that box keel for eventual scaling up of respective geometries. And Design #635, Col H.G. Hasler, is indeed a heavy 20' steel long range single hander cat

yawl based on such a wide but well shaped box keel to carry structural and provisions burdens and offer standing headroom below.

But, of course, as just an 8' flow dynamics experimental test hull, she surprises with that astonishingly comfortable legs down upright backbone position to sail her from. Phil mentioned the 15" backrest height, with another 16.5" of distance from the two benches down to the sole, truly allowing normal sitting on that bench, with or without a cushion. For the unprepared, this is an unexpected reality on such modest footprint for both young and old, with good and bad joints, even with the option to sail her standing up on certain tacks 31.5" deep in her, with shoe soles about a foot below her waterline.

Based on that 8' overall length, the cockpit measures 4' in length, leaving forward 2'6" of foredeck and 1'6" of afterdeck, both ends really handy for out of the way covered storage for fenders, lines, pump, ground tackle, more life preservers, camera, provisions etc, to keep the people space uncluttered, 4'x4' is none too big anyway. But two adult folks will get along fine, often sitting across in opposite sides and ends of her. Good place to talk, with no doubt a range of options for drink holders. Just don't put those binoculars on your personal arm rest deck as the next tack may see it skid away into the deep.

For better behavior under sail, what about that box keel external shoe addition he mentioned? As it happens, within months of Phil's first trials of her we had gotten married. And from then on a lot of more pressing, interesting and necessary work started



to fill our agenda, with her ending up being turned upside down well off the ground on some 4x4s, at least a good place for hosting little critters. So she sat, at times protected with a $\frac{3}{4}$ " ply sheet flat on her 16" wide box keel to protect her from aging too much from sun, rain and snow drenchings of her mostly just painted plywood structure. Then she migrated in '99, along with a number of other boats, to our new land base on the other side of the marsh at 66 Atlantic Street.

While we had periodically kicked around various ideas about all sorts of externally applied/through bolted shoe geometries, it would actually not be until this fall of 2018 that I finally got to try a very different "web foot" to work together with that original slender rudder. While I sure had not planned any time and energy for this, I found myself in a rush rehabbing her outside surfaces to get her in the water for an unrelated pressing need. And taking down decades of layers of dirt, algae, then epoxy patching stretches of surface decay, she was finally refreshed in all of her colors to not embarrass her with 25-year-old grime and faded visuals. But at best a 90% restoration, with certain niceties to wait until spring of '19.



As one of those photos from her port rear quarter illustrates, sitting just outside the shop, her new shoe reflects a different balance of assumptions with moderate swept back leading edge wings amidships, along with a 2"-3" wide flange all the way up to the rudder's endplate aft. Since it is just a bolt on experiment, I only used some stainless carriage bolts, beads of silicone around those holes through her bottom and a $\frac{1}{2}$ " pressure treated plywood piece, a bit wimpy for hard encounters, however, also quickly replaced, should this second geometry in her life prove good enough for sailing more effectively, but too fragile. In fact, once a reasonably gratifying shoe has been arrived at, the next step would likely be to have that shape cut out of steel, with edges chamfered properly to get any ballast needs as low as possible, while armor plating her for more casually touching the marsh bottom.



First sails in mild and fresh breezes indicate that this shoe is indeed a marked improvement over the first experiment. And while Phil had a rudder size increase in mind, first sails with the original narrow blade has her hang on alright with very little rudder off center position. As expected, only when we run straight downwind with the single 59' sail perpendicular to her centerline will we need to give it some 20° of rudder to balance that distinctly asymmetric pull.



After these solo rides, I had several matters to reflect on here and much of that only after a few more sails, of course, since the phenomenon of a rudder across a range of tacks, except for downwind remaining often more or less on centerline, could suggest a range of realities.

It could be seen as a fortuitously efficient trim tab to adjust the course of a well balanced mix of hull dynamics and wing performance. I'd still need to lower the rudder mounts that final inch.

Or it could be considered under effective, since it is not carrying any tiller detectable lateral plane side loads that might be best balanced between lateral plane of box keel sides, the wing that keeps the water from flowing sideways around the box keel lower edges under the sideways push of the sail, and finally that rudder that should perhaps do more work than just staying out of the way most of the time.

However, with two aboard, the rudder's characteristics appeared to worsen substantially from marginal to challenging, an odd phenomenon, with a deeper rudder actually working less, with the problem likely ahead on that box keel. So, to quote one of Phil's mentors from the 1930s, Nicolas Montgomery of Montgomery Boatyard right on the Annisquam here in Gloucester, few rudders ever get made smaller, with the same holding true for most planes as well.

With the rudder now back in the shop, I may add at least another 50% to the current submersed area, along with a much wider endplate to leave no further steering uncertainties unaddressed. After all, should the specter of too much rudder authority loom, the saw remains handy, not a likely scenario though. On her proportion and appendages in the water already, we sure won't get precious about "wetted surface" considerations.

And certainly good that the wing is removable for ready replacement with yet another shape. But before any of that, limited depth underwater cameras are quite affordable, suggesting that a water and flour mix injected up forward into the flow along her box keel could be observed and studied, likely even in real time, best though with two folks, one for sailing and one for running that flow documentation gear, controlled by that bigger rudder.

I might just get that enlarged rudder on her in these last few sailing days of this season here in mid coastal New England, both for a further feeling out her unusual hull geometry, but also to just actually enjoy her a bit. Amidst the increasingly green golden marsh grasses and the spectacular mix of tree species foliage for even flaming background, sails solo or with an extra adult along in this in your face starkly simple, and yet so agreeably low stress, small dinghy just feels perfect for small waters, at never more speed than occasionally roaring along perhaps even beyond 3.5 knots.

So, for a few more times this fall, I'll carry that 16' mast on my shoulder, with the sail rolled around it, down to the neighborhood float. There Phil's truly ancient 5'6"x3'3" Shoebox (Design #539) awaits me, to carry me double paddling out to Flying Cloud drifting around on her mooring. Once towed to the float, Flying Cloud receives the mast, has me unfurl the sail, rig the sprit boom and sees me and us off for another ride through the tidal marsh with that box keel requiring not much more than 16" to still have her behave alright.

I may have to time things just right to sail her in rising shallow waters in order to see any trail of turbulences off her wings and flange skimming the creek bottom, probably best documented next spring with those cameras, this time above water on $\frac{1}{2}$ " PVC conduit pipe extended well behind her transom. However, despite that stout bow, later this fall, no breaking of first skim ice with her.

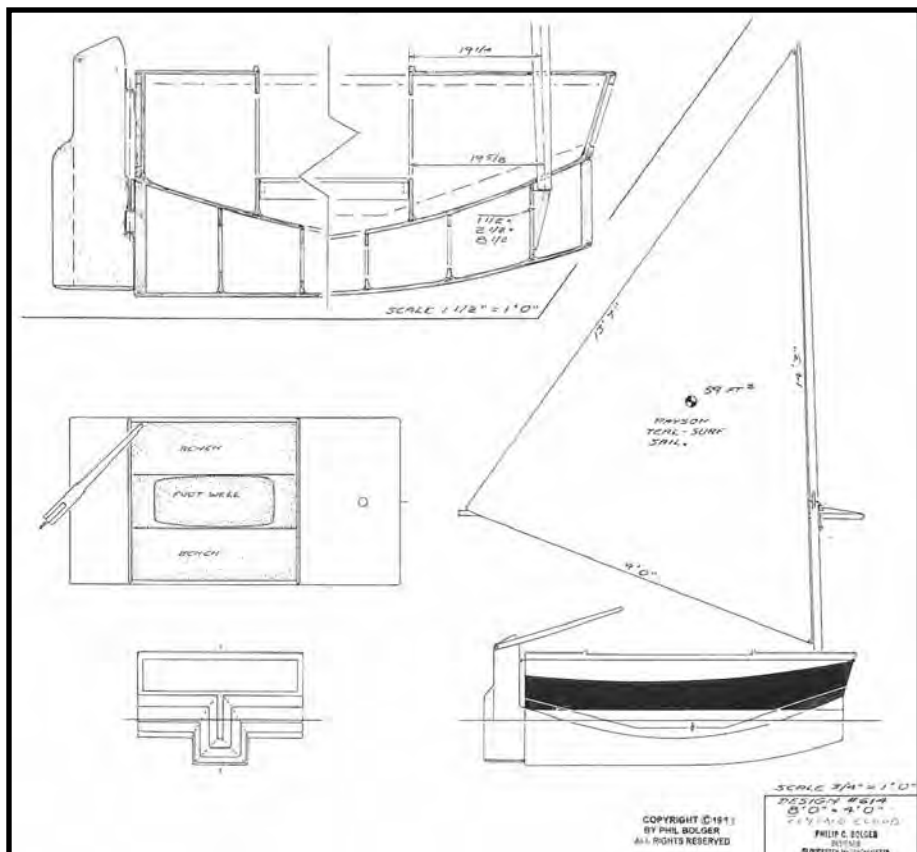
Once she is reasonably well balanced after these immediate tweaks this fall, and

likely more keel plate experiments next spring, there may be little reason to not follow Phil's vision of these spreading in fleets of mighty 8' long by 4' wide plywood sheet size boats explore and race in small protected waters, fresh or salty. Kids may insist on strong visuals, all the way to painting gun ports on her sides, while the more restrained may just do their own subdued color coordination, possibly even varnished veneer, after all, her topsides are just one ply sheet long! As built in late '93, and now refreshed, she is done in all white with this distinct rich Bristol beige arc and slightly bottom vee'd face contrast added to indeed take the boxy look out of the ever so square box. Some maritime cultures may add artful detailing on both transom faces, eyes to ward off unfavorable winds. Since the two oars need to come along just in case, having these in their oarlocks but tucked out of the way sticking out forward may certainly deter some in her path.

I am not sure yet how three or four ten-year-olds would make the most of her, beyond helmsman and race tactician, no doubt also stimulating the emergence of some sort of sea lawyer and most likely a sea battle strategist with water cannons, mudcatapults and rockweed slingers on the mind, while even with such modest statures that foredeck won't support boarding parties scheming to raid other craft as that bow transom might just dig in at the worst time to frustrate any speedy ambitions.



Most certainly, few adults even would really need anything like my neighbor's stonking V-8 powered 4x4 drive '88 Chevy K-5 on 33.5 gum balls in off road low gear just to launch this modest craft.



Designed and then built as an experiment, meaning to no paid commission, Phil priced Design #614 at \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube.

As promised in the November issue, in the January issue one more "obvious" layout option on that 7 knots 31' hull. After that, I think perhaps some more on sailing types.

Man Overboard Rescued

MIAMI: The Coast Guard rescued a 59-year-old man from the water near Fisher Island Sunday. Rescued was Lindsey Schult, 59. Coast Guard Sector Miami watchstanders received a report via VHF-FM radio channel 16 from a woman stating that her husband had fallen off his vessel and started drifting south at approximately 2:50pm. Watchstanders launched a Coast Guard Station Miami Beach 33' Special Purpose Craft-Law Enforcement boat crew who arrived on scene at approximately 3:05pm, embarked Schult aboard and returned him to his vessel with no reported injuries.

"Mrs Vietrich's utilization of the VHF-FM radio helped us respond and rescue Mr Schult within 15 minutes," said CWO Clint Smith, a Coast Guard Sector Miami command duty officer. "It's important that people not only have the proper safety equipment onboard, but know how to use it because it makes a huge difference in how quickly we can respond to an incident."

Eight Rescued from Capsize

MIAMI: The Coast Guard and partner agencies rescued eight people from the water Sunday in Biscayne Bay. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Miami received a 911 call at 8pm Sunday reporting a capsized vessel with eight people aboard. The watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and directed the launch of a Coast Guard Station Miami Beach 45' Response Boat-Medium boat crew. Rescue crews with Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission, Coral Gables Marine Patrol, Miami-Dade Fireboat, a Miami-Dade Police helicopter crew and Coral Gables Police department also deployed to assist.

The station crew arrived on scene at approximately 8:40pm Sunday, rescued six people and safely transferred them to Matheson Hammock Park. The Miami-Dade helicopter crew rescued one and Coral Gables Marine Patrol rescued the final boater.

Seventeen Rescued After Collision

SAN DIEGO: The Coast Guard medevaced an injured person via helicopter and rescued 17 passengers after a vessel collision near the maritime boundary line. The crew of the 332' yacht, *Atessa IV*, contacted Coast Guard Sector San Diego's Joint Harbor Operations Center watchstanders at approximately 7:50pm reporting a collision with the 65' sportfisher, *Prowler*, approximately nine miles offshore of Imperial Beach that resulted in extensive damage to the starboard quarter of the sportfisher and multiple injuries.

A Coast Guard Sector San Diego MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew and a Coast Guard Station San Diego 45' Response Boat-Medium crew were dispatched to respond. The Coast Guard Cutter *Sea Otter* was also diverted to assist.

Crews arrived on scene at approximately 8:45pm. The Jayhawk crew hoisted a critically injured passenger and returned to Sector San Diego where awaiting EMS took the man to UC San Diego Medical Center Hillcrest in critical condition.

The RB-M crew transferred 17 passengers, two reporting injuries, from the *Prowler* and took them to Sector San Diego. The remaining ten passengers were transferred to the *Atessa IV* and returned to San Diego, while



Our Coast Guard in Action

(A Selection of Late October Rescue Reports)

the captain remained aboard the *Prowler*. The *Sea Otter* remained on-scene with the *Prowler* awaiting commercial salvage. The cause of the collision is under investigation.

Unmanned Dinghy Investigated

SAN PEDRO: The Coast Guard searched for the owner of an unmanned dinghy found adrift approximately four nautical miles west of Point Vicente, Saturday. A Coast Guard Air Station San Francisco Forward Operating Base Point Mugu MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew conducted searches in the area that the unmanned dinghy was found. Crews aboard a Coast Guard Station Los Angeles-Long Beach 45' Response Boat-Medium and the Coast Guard Cutter *Blacktip* also assisted with the search. Sector Los Angeles-Long Beach issued an urgent marine information broadcast alerting mariners in the area to the situation.

Coast Guard Sector Los Angeles-Long Beach Command Center watchstanders received notification at 10:45am from a Good Samaritan vessel who reported the unmanned dinghy. There were no reported signs of distress or missing persons in the area.

The Coast Guard offers free "If Found" decals that can be placed in a visible location on small vessels or human powered watercraft through the Operation Paddle Smart program. The information on the sticker can allow response entities to quickly identify the vessel's owner and aid search and rescue planners in determining the best course of action. Positive identification may also allow the item to be returned to the owner.

Man Overboard Search Suspended

NEW YORK: The Coast Guard suspended its search Sunday at 12:15pm for a man who fell overboard from a container ship near Ambrose Channel, New York, Saturday morning. Coast Guard crews searched for over 24 hours and covered more than 460 square miles Saturday and into Sunday for the missing 35-year-old man who was reportedly wearing an orange jumpsuit.

At approximately 8:30am Saturday, watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector New York received a mayday call from the container ship *Northern Jaguar* reporting that a crewmember had fallen overboard while

arranging a pilot ladder in 15' seas and 35 mile per hour winds.

The search included:

Coast Guard Cutter *Shrike*, an 87' cutter homeported in Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

An MH-65 Dolphin helicopter from Coast Guard Air Station Atlantic City, New Jersey.

An HC-144A Ocean Sentry aircraft from Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

An MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter from Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

"Our thoughts and prayers are with the families and friends involved in this case. The suspension of an active search and rescue case is a difficult decision to make," said Capt Jason Tama, commander of Coast Guard Sector New York. "Factors such as water temperature, weather conditions and length of time the person has been missing, inform the decision." The search is suspended pending any further developments.



Downed Aircraft Search Suspended

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA: The Coast Guard has suspended the search for a downed civilian aircraft approximately 110 miles east of Charleston. Coast Guard 7th District suspended the search after searching approximately 3,516 square miles for 76 hours.

"It is with a heavy heart that we suspend our search for the missing aircraft and its five passengers," said Capt. John Reed, Commander, Coast Guard Sector Charleston. "I have spoken with the family of those that were on this plane and extend my deepest sympathies to them and all those who have been hit by this tragic loss at sea."

The Air Force Rescue Coordination Center (AFRCC) notified Coast Guard 7th District watchstanders Thursday of a civilian aircraft emergency at 11:33am. The Jacksonville Air Route Traffic Control Center received a report from the aircraft of an in-flight emergency, lost contact on radar and notified the AFRCC. The aircraft, a Piper PA-31, was leaving from South Carolina to the Bahamas.

Involved in the search were:

Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City HC-130 Hercules aircraft.

Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter.

Coast Guard Cutter *Hamilton*.

Coast Guard Cutter *Nathan Bruckenthal*.

Navy P-3 Orion.

Commercial vessel *Seabulk Challenge*.



What to give someone who enjoys boating? This can be a major problem for the giver (and sometimes a problem for the recipient). Although it is not considered “personal,” a gift card to a local marine supply (or big box) store might be a good choice. The recipient can then get something needed but not affordable without the gift card’s value.

One of the boating groups my wife and I belong to has an annual gift giving with a twist. Everyone who wanted to participate brought a wrapped gift to the party (value \$15-20). They were given a half a ticket when they placed the gift down with the rest. The other half of the ticket went into a container. When the time came, a ticket was pulled from the container and the number called. The person with that ticket went and chose a wrapped gift and opened the wrapping to expose the gift. They took it back to their table. The next number was called and that person chose a wrapped gift. Now, they had the choice of unwrapping the gift or trading it for the one already visible. Either way, that gift was opened and placed where it could be seen.

This continued until all the gifts had been opened. At the end, the first person had the choice of all the items in the room. There was a lot of trading around along the way and most people had fun. Sometimes a person would “lose” a gift they wanted for something else and some trading after the fact took place.

Our “gift” for the occasion was usually a boating related reference book or cartoon book. Reference because no one knows everything about boating or a cartoon book because a little humor can be helpful to get



things done. If you get stuck for a gift, almost any edition of Chapman *Piloting: Seamanship & Small Boat Handling* would be a good gift. No matter the edition (or age) of the book, the boating basics have stayed the same. If you are looking for a more specific area of boating, all kinds of books are available online.

On a different note, storm waves can be a problem for those along the shore when their wharves lift or tilt. I saw one pier that was “tilted.” The waves coming in from the Gulf side had lifted that side of the pier while the other side stayed in place. Another time a neighbor’s pier looked like a ski ramp as the windblown waves hit straight on to the end of the pier and the wave action slowly lifted it up until about half the pier had been raised about 8’ in the air. The owner finally gave up replanting the piles and had the whole thing removed. Lately a complete platform was lifted straight up about 3’. Everything is in place, it is just higher off the water than it used to be. Once a couple of diagonal braces are replaced it is good to go as soon as the ramp from shore is rebuilt to angle up instead of straight out.

It seems that paddle board people are not doing things right. One report notes that in “recent years” paddle craft accidents have accounted for 30% of the reported boating accidents nationwide. To help lower the accident statistics, the US Coast Guard has established the Auxiliary Paddlecraft Program which is designed to be an outreach and educational program to those using paddle craft. The American Canoe Association also has a course in coastal kayaking. Of concern to those involved in safe boating is that 85% of the fatal canoeing accidents and 45% of the fatal kayaking accidents involved people who were not wearing their PFD.

I must confess that back in the early 1960s when I was going on canoe trips down the local rivers and streams I had a PFD in the boat but not on me. The one time we turned over, everything loose (including the PFDs for the three people within the canoe) went floating down the river (along with my date’s slacks that she had worn over her bathing suit) but taken off because it was quite hot that day.

We got the canoe upright and were getting organized when a small boat came into view. A man out fishing with his son saw all this stuff floating by. He picked it all up and then came upstream to see if he could help. The only item missing was my date’s pants. We had saved the paddles (canoe mishap survival rule three) and ourselves (spring fed streams are cold!) and were on the bank when he showed up. We thanked him for gathering our stuff and checking on our status. The canoe was bailed out, the stuff loaded and on down the stream we went with the PFDs drying out on the bottom of the canoe.

Oh yes, Henry’s canoe mishap survival rules: 1: Save yourself. 2: Hang onto the canoe, it can be a long walk out through the brush. 3: Save the paddles, hard to move the canoe otherwise. 4: Save what else you can.

I have been reading an interesting book on taking a private vessel, *Polar Bound*, through the Northwest Passage in 2012 and back the other way the next year. The writer is British and uses their words for something we describe differently. To us a “float” is a floating dock, to her our float was a pontoon. Of course, most of the world separates docks from slips. You do not have a dock to which the boat is secured, rather you have a slip with either floats or piers on either side. The “dock” is the place where the boat floats unless you have a dry dock where the boat sets on cradles when the water is removed.

Hypothermia is a subject of many marine publications at this time of year. Most of the information is about immersion rather than exposure topside. Being cold and wet on the deck is just as likely to lead to hypothermia as falling overboard. Foul weather gear that keeps you dry and still breathes is vital for comfort and health reasons. A rain jacket is not enough as you need to keep your legs and feet warm, as the extremities of the body, the hands and feet get cold first. While most people have good gloves, few have really good “sea boots” and the heavy socks needed to keep the feet warm and dry. My wife and I and many of our fellow small boat sailors wore skin diver wet suit boots to keep the feet warm as they were less cumbersome on Fireballs, Lasers and the like. The dry boots were better, but the wet suit boots helped a great deal for a couple of hours on the water.

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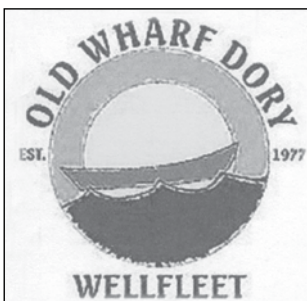
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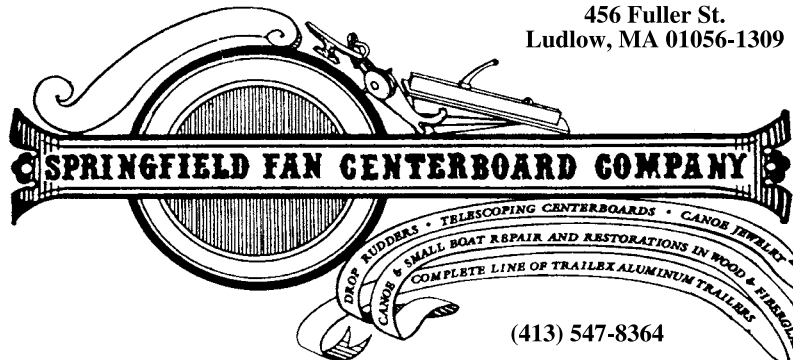
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