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BORIS LAUER-LEONARDI

Editor

ANDREW PATERSON
Managing Editor

CLARENCE N. ROGERS
LOU EPEL
Contributing Editors

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Editorial

THE lore and lure of colorful marine terminology are the priceless heritage left to the yachtsman of today by the lusty sailors of the past who opened up the world like an oyster by daring exploration followed by trade and commerce in wind driven ships.

The yachtsman is a seaman. The difference between him and the professional is merely the fact that he pays for the privilege, earning his money in other endeavors. The yachtsman has recognized since the very inception of the sport that correct nomenclature not only enables him to be specific and accurate in his statements and commands, but also that the romantic speech adds color to the sport and is one of its charms and attractions.

To the undying credit of the yachtsman it must be said that he has zealously cultivated the correct usage of seagoing terms and kept the language alive and growing. Like all living languages, it is in a state of flux, new terms being added, others becoming archaic and falling into disuse.

It is a source of constant pleasure to us that the American yachtsman is unremitting in his effort to encourage proper usage of seagoing terminology by instructing and aiding newcomers, and by passing it on to coming generations. If the right word is used there is only one meaning possible, and misunderstandings, which at sea can be costly, are eliminated.

THE RUDDER is aiding and abetting this trend, but in certain cases we are helpless. For instance, many correspondents show irritation at the use of the word "prow" by nonboating publications. The word "prow" died at sea in the middle ages . . . but newspaper reporters just love it; the "proud prow" as far as they are concerned still "cleaves through the ocean".

Another term which seems to cause confusion among yachtsmen themselves is "cutter". The definition is unclear, and every expert queried will give you a different version. Sometimes it's the mythical location of the mast, at other times the number of headsails, etc. If a man tells you he owns a schooner you know exactly what he has . . . if he tells you he sails a cutter the image in your mind is blurred, and you must needs see the boat itself.

Strictly speaking, a cutter is a single masted vessel with gaff rigged mainsail, housing topmast, reefing bowsprit and three headsails. There are none left in this country. All our single masted boats are sloops, and it might clarify the situation to call them just that. The sailor's language is a precious heritage; it is an important part of boating. Let's use it properly.

The holidays are approaching. Remember to hang up a stocking large enough to accommodate your dream ship . . .

Merry Xmas to you all . . .

B. Lauer-Leonardi

Baby Bluenose

By LEWIS EVANS



A little cruising vessel for well under one thousand dollars

THE editor of THE RUDDER has been crusading for small boats for those who want them after the war, no matter how small their income may happen to be, and his encouragement of such designs as Herreshoff's H 28 and Deed's Escape is a good step towards his goal. No doubt there are many however who do not feel themselves qualified or equipped to attempt the building of such a craft, and who find boatyard prices more than they can pay. Such would be sailors need not feel that a craft such as that illustrated with this article is beyond their means, especially if they live on or near the eastern seaboard. Most readers will recognize the type—a vest pocket variety of the Nova Scotian schooner of which the famous Bluenose is the outstanding prototype. Well, if a schoolmaster like I am (and schoolmasters are notoriously poor) can own and operate a craft like that, why can't you?

There have been articles from time to time in various boating magazines by people who have bought such craft, new or second-hand, with open midship sections as used for fishing in that part of the world, and who have reconditioned or redesigned the boat for pleasure purposes. The boat illustrated here however was built as she appears, and any changes that I have made are mostly confined to the interior of the cabin.

A brief account of the getting of the boat might be of interest to those who do not believe they can afford such a craft. All prices mentioned are those of 1939 and could hardly be matched today, but, even so, they are so startlingly low and doubling them may not hurt you very much; and remember, there are many such craft, larger and smaller, to be picked up secondhand around the coasts of the Canadian maritime provinces.

I spend my summers at Tadoussac, a beautiful anchorage at the mouth of the famous Saguenay River (see Antoine Cimon's article in THE RUDDER, April, 1944), but may I go on record as disagreeing completely with what he has to say about disregarding the Saguenay tides? Any tide that can hit seven knots on the spring ebbs is hardly to be considered unimportant. The Saguenay flows into the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles wide at this point, so there is lots of water to sail in, deep water too. We are so spoiled, in fact, that we feel quite uncomfortable with anything less than ten fathoms under us, and even thirty miles up the Saguenay it is 150 fathoms. I had sailed for some years in homemade rigs that were a wonder to behold, and I wanted a real boat.

I heard by accident of a builder of little schooners on Tancook Island in Mahone Bay (near Chester and Lunenburg, Nova Scotia) so I wrote to him for information. He told me of a craft he had built which was at the time in Montreal, so I had a look at her the next time I passed through that city. She was just what I wanted, so I simply wrote and said, "Build me another like that and have her ready for next summer." It was as simple as that—no contract, no designs, no nothing; and any

doubts I may have had about the builder's experience were dispelled when I learned that mine was to be the 127th schooner he had built! From time to time I sent him some money, and when June and the holidays came I drove to Nova Scotia (it being in the piping times of peace when we not only had cars, but gas to put in them) and there was my schooner, in the water, ready to sail.

So far she had cost \$500, plus \$75 for a secondhand one cylinder kicker, and \$14 for two galvanized kedge anchors, a forty and a sixty pounder made by the local blacksmith. Total \$589.

She was completely rigged, galvanized fittings throughout, and really ready to sail, for the next day we sailed her to Halifax, forty miles up the Atlantic coast. There we dumped her temporary stone ballast under a dock, unstepped her masts, lashed them on deck, and a freighter picked her up on her cargo booms and set her down on the after well deck, ready to carry her to Quebec for \$50 freight charges and \$10 insurance premium. What's our total now? \$649.

I dashed home by car and met the freighter in Quebec where she gently deposited the boat in the harbor on a hot June midnight, and we stepped the masts again. I remember the freighter's mate, who had supervised the unloading, coming over to look at the little schooner under the floodlights in the corner of the dock. "That's the kind," he said, "that you sail till her house is going through the water; then maybe you ease the sheets a bit. I'd sail her to the West Indies." That cheered me up. With all my inexperience I was not too happy even about the 150 mile trip down the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Tadoussac.

Next day we bought iron ballast. After buying the boat I could not afford a lead casting for her keel, or even lead for inside ballast. It was just before Canada went to war and lead of any kind cost money. Even the iron cost about \$35, and I will be very glad to get rid of it when the war is over and lead is again available. Then there were odds and ends of gear, some of which I had to buy, some of which I had left over from other boats and camping equipment. Add \$20 to cover a cheap stove,



Wing and wing

anchor chain, running lights, etc., and we were away on our first cruise in the *Noroua*, which is good French-Canadian for north-west wind.

Since that first season small improvements have been made yearly—a better stove, pipe berths to replace the original wooden ones, new lockers and shelves—all the little changes that a boat owner plans all winter and executes, with the greatest satisfaction next season, always getting closer to but never quite attaining his ideal.

Additional information about this particular boat may give you an idea of what you may expect for your money. She is twenty-eight feet overall, seven feet beam, draws just under four feet, is planked in three-quarter inch pine with oak ribs and mast partners. Her masts are solid sticks, the main being the same length as the boat. There are two bunks in the cuddy, and room for one to sleep on the floor between them. There is also room to sleep in the cockpit, snuggled up against the engine housing. The five-horsepower engine, turning a two-blade propeller in an aperture in the deadwood, pushes her four to five knots. For a gaff-headed schooner she goes well to windward and reaches

and runs like nobody's business. For the waters she sails, where there are frequent and vicious squalls off the mountains to the north, a ketch rig might be a little handier for cruising, giving a shorter rig than the schooner when the mainsail is lowered in a hurry. But the Nova Scotians can build schooners with their eyes shut; I don't know how they would be on ketches. Perhaps her main fault is that she is not quite large enough to carry an adequate dinghy conveniently on deck.

Finally, remember that in getting a craft like this you are getting a boat, not a yacht. There will be no mahogany or brass unless you order it specially, or add it bit by bit as the years go by. You can gradually turn her into a yacht if you like, installing a toilet in spite of Mr. Herreshoff, and planting bits of chromium plate here and there. Or you can keep her a good plain boat with no frills and get as big a kick out of a new galvanized iron turnbuckle you've saved up for as the yachtsman does out of his highly polished brass thing for holding the rum bottle when he isn't holding it himself. Either way you'll have a lot of fun, and you can begin without waiting till you've made that extra few thousand dollars you think you need for a boat.

Alligator Pump

By STEWART ROBERTSON

“ALL good ships leaks,” averred the watchman positively. “The salt water below keeps 'em sweet. No smelly bilge water in a leaky ship. Just water clean out o' the ocean.”

When I was on the Danish bark, he continued, we was sailing out o' Copenhagen to Yucatan and the Gulf, pickin' up mahogany logs. The logs was hauled down to the water's edge by oxen and collected there till there was enough to make into small rafts. They was floated out to the ship and tied up alongside. The lumber port under the starb'd cathead was opened up, a line was made fast to the log, the bitter end passed through the lumber port, then to a snatch block under the hatch, then to the winch on deck. When all was fast the men at the winch hauled away, and the log was snaked through the port and stowed with peavies and blocks and tackle, and secured for sea.

This went on for weeks, gradually fillin' up. A few logs here and a few logs there. The old ship leaked a little and each watch had to man the pump for a hour. As we loaded up she leaked more and more, and soon the watch had to do a hour an' a half at the pump.

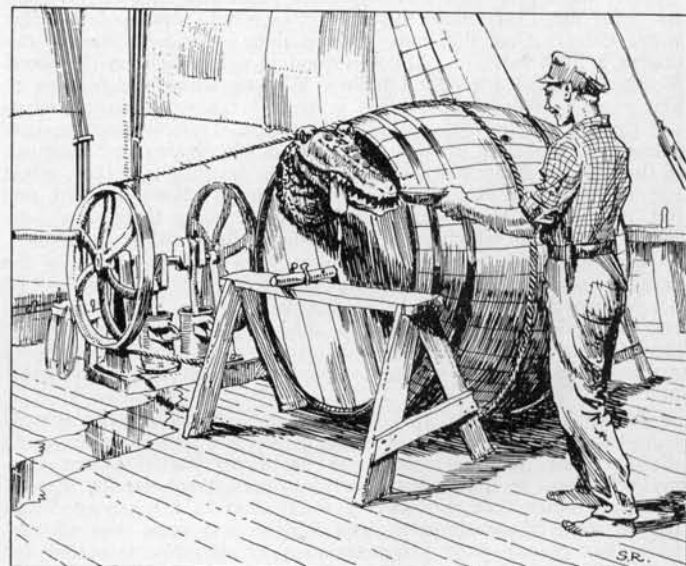
Well, sir, we was at a place called Termino. It was off the entrance to a river that was full o' alligators. The natives who brought out the logs took a long midday siesta so we could only stow from dawn to four bells in the forenoon watch, and from four bells in the afternoon watch till dark.

There was a bo's'n's chair rigged from the martingale at the waterline on which the man who made fast the logs sat. We had taken on about twenty logs that day when at dusk the mate noticed a log, nearly submerged, floating alongside and bawled out the bo's'n for not making it fast. We had a darkie from Jamaica, a fine seaman, always singin' and cheerful. He was in the chair when the bo's'n got bawled out. He called to Harry (that was the darkie's name) to make fast the log and then come aboard. He did. And when he got aboard he was as pale as a ghost, an' shakin' like a leaf, an' his eyes like to pop outen his head. He stood there jibberin' an' pointin', not able to say a word.

Then yells started comin' from the hold, and the mate ran to the hatch and met the crew comin' up, and fast too. They had their eyes astickin outen their heads, and jibberin'. They made straight for the fore chains an' went aloft faster'n they had ever done afore. Then the second mate, who was a ole timer, got his wits together an' called to the mate that the log they had hauled aboard was a alligator.

The mate made a runnin' noose an' waited till the animal was under the hatch, then slipped the noose round its neck and called to the winch hands to haul away. They did, and there was the alligator, hangin' by the neck an' kickin' like mad.

On deck was a big barrel like the whale ships used to stow their oil. I upended it and the 'gator was lowered inside. I clapped on the lid and secured it wi' a lashing an' a coupla nails. The animal jumpin' around inside upset the barrel, and as he tried



I gave him the drink of water he was askin' for

to run away inside he made it run all over the deck. Hearing the noise and shoutin', the captain came up and his eyes like to of popped out when he seen half the crew in the riggin' and a barrel rollin' around the deck all by itself.

I was actin' as ship's carpenter that voyage so I got the barrel in the scuppers and secured it wi' a couple of oak wedges used for battenin' down. Then I bored a coupla holes in the middle of the barrel ends and passed an iron bar through. We lifted the barrel on a coupla sawhorses and when the 'gator ran around inside the barrel spun on its axle, but didn't go no place.

The starb'd watch was at the pumps at the time, so I got me a piece o' endless line and passed it round the barrel and round the flywheel o' the pump. When the 'gator ran around inside the barrel it revolved like a squirrel cage, and bein' hitched to the pump, they both turned.

Well, sir, that 'gator would run around till he was all out o' breath; then he would put his head out through a hole I had cut in the barrel head. He would have his tongue hangin' out like a faithful dog an' I would give him the drink o' water he was askin' for, an' away he would go again. The old ship leaked more'n ever, but we didn't have to pump a stroke. In fact the pump kept suckin' air all the time, an' I had to put a brake on the barrel so's the 'gator wouldn't waste his strength.

What happened to the 'gator at the end o' the voyage? Why, sir, I sold him to the Hagenbeck Zoological Gardens in Hamburg, an' the crew had to begin pumpin' again.

What, sir, you don't believe it! Why the bark was the *Hermeniee* of Copenhagen, and bound for Hamburg by Yucatan in the year 1906. You'll find it in the ship's log, and it don't lie.