

## SAVED A BOAT

To: davidirving@boneyardboats.com  
Subject: **saved a boat**

David -- I just got a chance to open my summer issue of B.Y.B. and read your letter from the editor. I was compelled to jot you a note.

In early February, I received an issue -- not sure if winter or spring -- opened it up and there was an ad for a free 1948 H-28 to the right person. I had been looking for a vintage sailing boat in the 28' to 35' range for over a year. Well, this was too good to be true. I couldn't wait till morning to call and see what the right person had to be.



1948 HERRESHOFF -- H-28 KETCH -- 28'

Eric, who advertised the boat, had saved it from being cut up at a marina in Tillman, Maryland. He had used it just as a day sailer for the past couple of years but, as he had several boats, never got a chance to work on her. He needed the room so decided she had to go. Eric wanted to make sure the person who got her was capable of restoring her and had already turned down a couple of people that had called before I did. I am a certified Historic Preservation contractor in North Carolina that restores Museums and has a love for sailing and wood boats. Eric told me to come on up and look at her, which I did that very week and decided I wanted her. Eric needed her clear of the dock by the end of March. I knew I couldn't get her out of there by then so I made arrangements for her to be docked at the very marina where Eric had found her. Eric was a tremendous help. He sailed her to the marina for me when the weather was a little nicer and made sure she was taken care of.

In the meantime, I called Mystic Seaport and was actually able to purchase a copy of Herreshoff's original drawings for the boat from 1946. I wanted to build a heavy wooden cradle to set her in and pull her back home on a heavy equipment trailer and a diesel truck from my company. After waiting

*Continued next column.*

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Subscribers can list boats for FREE in Bone Yard Boats!  
We will list boats from FREE to \$10,000 with rare exceptions.

Ginger Marshall Martus, Founder & Contributing Writer.

The Bone Yard Boats newsletter was founded in 1996  
when Ginger Martus tried to save a single boat from  
meeting the business end of a chainsaw.

We remain true to that mission.

Power or sail, wood or fiberglass -- we do not discriminate.

If you know of boats needing rescue, please let us know.  
If you have restored a boat, we would love to hear about it.  
Let your story be an inspiration to others.

### ...SAVED A BOAT (cont)

several months, the drawings finally arrived, and after carefully studying them I figured out how I wanted the boat to sit in the 16-foot cradle and what frames I wanted the six support arms to rest on. I took the drawings to my wife's office and had her scan the drawing into a CAD program (computer aided design). Then we blew the frames up to full size and printed them out on a plotter. This gave me a life size pattern that I transferred to a sheet of ¼-inch plywood and cut out.

I did this on three frames, as all of the frames were different dimensions. My son and I then built the 16-foot cradle and laid the full size patterns for the bow, mid section, and stern against the uprights and cut to fit the patterns. We loaded the cradle on the trailer and headed to Tillman, Maryland. The marina pulled the sticks, then lifted the boat and cleaned the bottom for me. We set her in the cradle and much to everyone's amazement it fit like a glove. The 1948 hull was still true to the 1946 drawings! We strapped her to the cradle then strapped the cradle to the trailer and after marking all her rigging and building a crutch on site for the masts headed back to North Carolina. The truck and trailer handled the 9000 pounds just fine, and we arrived home 9 hours later. The next morning we chained the cradle to a tree and dragged her off the trailer inch-by-inch blocking the cradle as it came off. I have drained her bilge and opened a lot of the caulk seams in the planking to let her dry out. I am building her a framed canopy to work under as I write this. Last week, I found a Volvo Penta diesel engine for her in Florida at an incredible price and drove down and picked it up.

I can't tell you how excited I am about this project, and it is because of your publication that I was able to find the boat I had been looking for. Thanks for putting Eric and myself together.

Carl K. (Bone Yard Boats subscriber)

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## ... PENNY CANDY

something funny I saw on the news (Okay I'll admit it...more likely something I saw on The Regis and Kelly Show). What stood out most about that day was a sense of restrained tension in my dad. He was like a bottle rocket at the mercy of a kid who doesn't know how to light a match. So when I asked if anything was new...he blew!

Two minutes later we were out the door, because only one word in the English language gets Dad and I moving that quickly, and it ain't FIRE! Now folks, you can't expect much when the word FREE is printed larger on a sign than the thing being offered, but when the thing being offered is a boat, you need blackout sunglasses.

Penny failed my first impression. The exact thought that came to mind was...Does it float? And I use the word "IT" in the kindest of ways. The second thought was...My dad must be crazy. But seeing the sparks radiating from my retired dad's eyes turned a few of my screws loose too. Thus began the project that would bond father & daughter together forever.



PENNY & DON & PENNY CANDY

The project was a true nickel and dime venture, meaning we saved our pennies, nickels, and dimes to get Penny where she is today. Originally, Penny was going to be a family fishing boat; since Penny's hull is so deep, we thought she would be much safer for the kids than the usual platform fishing boats.

Now don't gasp! When we brought Penny home that day we were going to slap some house paint on her then run her into the ground until we could afford something better. Cracked windshield? No problem... they make clear duct tape. Alright, at the time I thought I was giving her a better fate than the chainsaw-welding nice guy. Then someone got us thinking that maybe Penny was sort of special.

The day we got Penny, we didn't have a trailer hook up on our car, so we had to hire a tow truck to bring her home. The ground was wet, and the heavy flatbed nearly sank on our boggy property. The driver kind of plopped Penny's trailer in the yard and high-tailed out of there. Dad and I stuck around to inspect Penny more carefully, and "discuss" all the important stuff like paint colors and duct tape. This was the first of many "discussions" we've had since.

The truth about Penny Candy... Me and Dad "discussed" every single bolt, trim, and product involved in the project... sometimes with embarrassing hostility, and sometimes with head-shaking absurdity. In fact the other day I had a good

laugh when Dad tried to persuade me to stand in Home Depot's return line to bring back a single 32-cent bolt. No way was that going to happen. I have a line I won't cross in the name of thriftiness, but dad grew up during the Great Depression. He has no boundaries.

Anyway, Penny wasn't in our driveway more than five minutes when... (now this is the truth) ...a strange truck dead-halted in front of our house and pulled in. It turns out that this man was a craftsman who happened to restore antique boats as a hobby. He identified Penny as an early model Cutter. I guess he knew what he was talking about, because there it was, written on the serial number plate. (We never bothered to look at it until then... It was a free boat!)

The guy gave us lots of restoration advice while he excitedly gave himself a grand tour of Penny's hull, inside and out. He actually gave me confidence that the boat might float. Not that I don't trust Dad's judgment, but it helps to have an expert opinion. Then the guy gave us his card, and we never saw him again. That was the beginning of our love affair. Every time Dad and I restored a new detail on Penny, we became more enamored by her charm and beauty. Fishing Boat? No way! Show Boat... possible. As time wore on I began to notice Penny's smile. It's reflected in the mirror-like shine of her bow, and the glossy smooth surface of her wooden dashboard. It's also evident in the countless hours Dad and I spent scraping, sanding, and yes, hand sewing her vinyl seats.

Friends, the value of Penny Candy isn't measured in nickels and dimes. Penny gave this father and daughter the opportunity to hang out and work together as a team. Sadly, I think mainly boys get to experience this kind of comradery when they build go-carts and other stuff with dad's guiding hands. Something very unique occurs when you work side by side with dad. After a while you begin to share stories, then slowly his knowledge is passed onto you in the tradition of our ancestors...and you learn to listen...and rebel... and before you know it, you've got an understanding of what a man's world is like. Wouldn't you dads out there want your daughters to have that kind of power when they strike out on their own?

So for all you dads out there with little and not so little girls, try doing a daddy/ daughter project sometime. Because communication is priceless.

That's the true value of Penny Candy.



1958 CUTTER/AVON 17'