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Special Features This Issue
"American Star Invitational Hudson River Race"
"Born to Raise Sail" - Two More New Boats"



messing about in BOATS

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In Our Next Issue...

John Scull travels back in time to tell us about "The Flying Proa of Kapingamarangi"; Frieda Fenn chronicles "A Wine-glass Wherry Expedition"; Darren Garlock reports on "The Launching of *Helga Flundra*"; John Myers nostalgia trips back to his youth in "Getcha Name in a Paypuhs?"; and Eric Russell has another Old Ed Story, "Genesis".

Leslee Jacquette provides the details on "Flounder Bay Puzzle Boat Kits"; Lewis Moore describes his "Stillwater Boats"; Albert Eatcock asks "Can Hogging Help?"; and Ed Rogers discusses retirement boating in "Retired...4th Time".

Don Elliott carries on with "Building Paradox - Part 13; and Phil Bolger looks into alternative power in "An Electric Launch Essay".

Michelle Post asks "Who Says Hardware Has to Be Boring?" in another look into the Bronze Age; Sam Overman brings us his "Oarmaster II User's Report"; and Ken Ong tells us "How to Rig Your Capri-13".

On the Cover...

The Second Annual *American Star* rowing races on the Hudson River took place last fall off Manhattan, in memory of the pulling boat of that name given to General Lafayette in 1820. Sharon Brown's photo-story about this event is a feature in this issue.

Commentary...

Back around 1980 I was in the throes of infatuation with traditional small boats. I had been to the Small Craft Weekend at Mystic Seaport and could not get enough input about all these wonderful boats. Wanting to find out if others sharing this interest lived in my area on the Massachusetts north shore, I obtained from Mystic the list of participants at the Small Craft weekend, and arranged to contact all who lived within about an hour's drive from me and invite them to a meeting.

Casting about for a suitable meeting room, I visited the Peabody Museum in nearby Salem, and found they would rent me the use of their education room for \$50. So I sprang for the \$50, sent out the postcards and drove over on the appointed evening to see if it was to be a good investment. It was, about 50 people showed up and agreed to form a small craft club.

Sixteen years have passed since that evening, and we still meet one evening a month, except in July and August, for programs of interest to small boat people. By officially affiliating with the museum as one of its required (by educational non-profit regulations) local outreach efforts we could use the room rent free. Over these intervening years the program subjects have varied greatly but never run out. Membership has fluctuated, reaching a high of around 100 by 1990, but in recent years gradually declining to today's 40-50 regulars.

Our January meeting, however, drew a larger turnout than we had been experiencing, as we had scheduled a special tour of the museum's archives, the basement storage and workshop area where all the good stuff that's not on public display is kept, and upcoming exhibits are readied. Our host was the Assistant Curator of Maritime History, Lyle Forbes. No elderly relic he, but an energetic young professional in the field of maritime history, overloaded as are many in this work today, with a multiplicity of responsibilities.

In 1980 another young man named John Carter was the maritime curator who lisoned with our small club. John went on to become director of the Bath Maritime Museum and oversaw its expansion from a collection of colonial houses to today's Maine Maritime Museum in a multi-million dollar facility on the waterfront in that Maine city. John then moved on to direct today the Independence Maritime Museum on the waterfront in Philadelphia.

Replacing Carter when he went off to Maine was Paul Johnstone, another young professional on the way up. Paul was an avid scuba diver, focussing his diving on marine archeology. He often took summer sabbaticals to the Aegian Sea to dive on ancient Greek and Roman wrecks. A few years ago when about to embark on another diving adventure, Paul was offered the position of maritime curator at the Smithsonian. Well! Hard to say no thanks to that, and today Paul occupies the chair once held by Howard Chapelle.

The Peabody Museum is the oldest maritime oriented museum in the country, I believe. I say "oriented" because its main focus appears to be ethnological, with the maritime part sort of supplementary. This somewhat ambivalent focus is based on the museum's origins about 1820 when Salem's merchants, then major importers into the U.S.A., acquired much exotica from the Orient and the south seas brought home by their sea captains, and decided to collect it all in one place. They built East India Hall out of Rockport granite and today this original building is the heart of a greatly expanded facility.

Our trip to the archives was a real treat. Lyle was very much at home in this secret sanctum, and manifestly enjoyed revealing to about 60 of us many of the treasures a museum that is over 250 years old has acquired. We could look at all that was visible, but not touch. Lyle even opened a few of the hundreds of storage bins and drawers to show us things he thought might intrigue us. I was impressed with how much marine art there was, much of it prints. One large set of steel blueprint files held a collection of over 4,000 marine prints donated en masse by one individual collector. They have yet to be viewed by the public.

What we really would like to have seen was inaccessible to us. The Peabody has now added a facility in which to store historic small craft. Over the years such boats have been offered to the museum but declined due to no place being available in which to keep them. Now a place has been constructed with all the up-to-date technological devices to provide for a long term storage environment. But, as Lyle ruefully admitted, it's so chock-a-block full that no way would our large group even be able to get into the room. Individual researchers can, of course, obtain access for serious research work.

So we had to be content with viewing the jam packed basement rooms full of ship models, old sailing gear, ship hardware, diving suits, pieces of historic vessels, etc. This all made quite an impression on us all, later one member mentioned to me that he was "still in awe of last Friday's tour of the archives".

My appreciation of the role of these maritime museums continues to grow as I learn more about how they go about collecting, preserving and presenting the artifacts out of the past from whence came the wonderful small boats many of us enjoy today.

Readers within reach of Salem, Massachusetts who might enjoy joining us at our monthly meetings are invited to make themselves known to us so they can receive notices of our meetings, currently held on the second Friday evening of the month at 7:30pm. Annual dues of \$15 provide funds for honorariums for guest speakers and refreshments. Contact Bill Clements at P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862-0087 to get on our mailing list.



Small Boat SAFETY

It's All One Coast Guard Family

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G. Auxiliary

"MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!" The call interrupts the customary radio traffic on VHF Channel 16, the "hailing and emergency" channel. Somebody, somewhere, is in trouble and is urgently seeking help.

Chances are good that the calm reply from the radio operator at the Wrightsville Beach Coast Guard Station is the voice of a volunteer member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary. No less than four Auxiliaries from the Wrightsville Beach and Wilmington flotillas stand regular radio watches at the station, and two more are in training. Auxiliary volunteers also stand radio watches at Station Oak Island.

Just a few years ago such a situation would have been unprecedented. Today, with the downsizing of all governmental and military services, including the Coast Guard, the lines between active duty, reserve and auxiliary are increasingly blurred. All three groups are a real part of "Team Coast Guard" and, despite a significant reduction in the number of active duty personnel, the services that the public expects from the world's foremost maritime safety organization are being delivered as efficiently as ever. The Reserves are fully integrated into the active duty units such as area stations and the Wilmington Marine Safety Office and selected Auxiliaries aug-

ment the total pool of trained personnel."

Two words, "commitment" and "training," are key to effective use of the Auxiliary by the active duty units. If an Auxiliarist is to function as a part of a station's crew, he or she must make a very significant commitment of time. The unit depends on an Auxiliarist reporting for duty when scheduled and, if that Auxiliarist is to function as a part of an active duty crew, he or she must complete a thorough training program, work under supervision and ultimately qualify to "stand a watch" independently. It is not a quick or easy matter to be entrusted with the radio of a station such as Wrightsville Beach. Nine watches out of ten may be, almost certainly will be, "routine." When a crisis comes, however, it comes very swiftly and without warning. How the station responds to that initial "MAYDAY" radio transmission may well decide whether a life is saved or a life is lost.

Five years ago there were nearly twice as many active duty Coast Guard men and women assigned to the Wrightsville Beach Station as there are today. In that same five years, the number of search and rescue operations has increased by close to 150% yet effectiveness in 1997 is, if anything, higher than it was in 1992. The Wrightsville Beach Station, like the rest of the Coast Guard, has learned how to do more with less and the Auxiliary is proud to play its part in living up to the Coast Guard motto.

"Team Coast Guard" is truly "Semper Paratus" - always ready.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Gonna Rise Again

This tale did not happen to me. It was told to me by John Townley, a friend of a friend of the Coast Guard District Commander in whose jurisdiction it happened. This tale is of the sort that, when told by a Navy man, is always begun with "This is the absolute truth." When told by a Coast Guardsman, the phrase is "This is a no s__ter (fecal matter).

There is a large body of laws and regulations relating to burial at sea. If one is disposing of ashes, the matter is simple. Simply disperse the ashes anywhere except in certain restricted areas and watch the last mortal remains of your loved one float out to sea. When dealing with a relatively intact corpse, however, the matter becomes considerably more complicated. It has to be sunk outside the 12-mile limit after being prepared in certain prescribed ways.

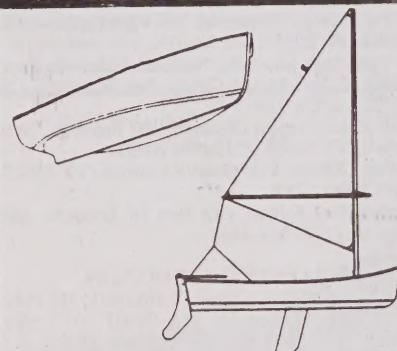
In the case described here, Grandpa had long ago made his wishes clear. He wanted to be buried in the same sea on which he had spent his working life. The family was willing to respect his wish and got their instructions from the Coast Guard on how to dispose of the body once Grandpa had sailed into the sunset. They took care of matters properly except that they neglected to tell the mortician what final disposition they had chosen. When the body was delivered to them, it was in an airtight metal traveling casket.

The family hired a boat and got off the 12-mile limit. They realized the casket would not sink immediately on its own, so they tied it up with chains and weights and consigned

Grandpa to the deep appropriate prayers and ceremonies. All went swimmingly, or sinking as the case may be, and the casket went down like a rock. The sea, as it always does, worked its ways. A few days later the weights and chains had come off and the casket merrily bobbed to the surface. A lookout on an Aegis class guided missile frigate spotted it and reported it to the officer of the watch. No one on duty knew what to make of this strange object and no one was willing to take responsibility for dealing with it. The officers conferred and decided that this mysterious object was a hazard to navigation and should be sunk by naval gunfire. After enough .50 caliber shells had perforated the casket, it then sank again.

This sinking, however, loosened the locks on the casket. A few days later Grandpa rose to the surface again with a great many .50 caliber bullet holes in him. The tides brought him gently ashore where he was found and reported to the local sheriff and coroner who, seeing all the bullet holes, missed the fact of his having been embalmed. They traced him down and held an inquest at which the family were severely questioned about how and why Grandpa got rubbed out by the mob. After all, why else would he have been so holey? The family finally got the whole thing straightened out, got Grandpa back and reburied him. Obviously, the family was deeply grieved and aggrieved by this desecration, so they have sued the Navy for several million dollars. The matter is still in the courts.

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ANTIQUÉ & CLASSIC BOATING

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (508) 281-4440.

N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.

Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.

Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.

International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.

San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

BOATING SAFETY INSTRUCTION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (617) 599-2028.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 225-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).

Activities & Events Organizers '97...

A new year is here and even though winter will be with many of us for several more months we can start to think about what we might want to be doing when our season gets going.

As a center of a sort of small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many, many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are frequently asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or organization or event.

To expedite this we publish this "Activities & Events Organizers" listing. We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we don't want to spend a lot of time either on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about opportunities. Instead we periodically publish this list and suggest that readers contact any of these that seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you want in this listing, then contact us, we may be able to help you. But bear in mind that everything we hear goes onto this list, we're not holding anything back.

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-0455.

Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (508) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (508) 281-6336.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.

Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.

Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (804) 596-2222.

Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025.

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (203) 572-5315.

New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.

New Netherland Museum, Liberty State Park, Jersey City, NJ 07305. (201) 433-5900.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (508) 745-9500.

Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.

Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-4203.

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ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, RR1 Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.

Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (804) 463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.

West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.

Connecticut Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.

Finlandia Vodka Clean Water Challenge, 300 Central Park West #2J, New York, NY 10024. (212) 362-2176.

Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.

Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.

Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.

Merrimack River Watershed Council, Lawrence, MA, (508) 681-5777.

New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
 Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
 Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
 Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
 Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-4695.
 Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
 Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
 Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
 Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
 New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
 Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Pike Messenger, 32 Boston St., Middleton, MA 01948. (508) 774-1507.
 Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (508) 282-4580.
 United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention.

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
 Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
 Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.
 Washington Small Boat Messabout Society, Bob Gerfy, Seattle, WA, (206) 334-4878.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
 New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
 Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
 Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
 Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
 Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
 Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
 Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o George Sargent, 5227 Williams Wharf Rd., St. Leonard, MD 20685. (410) 586-1893.
 Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
 Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.
 South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
 Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
 Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
 Traditional Small Craft Club of the Peabody-Essex Museum, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (508) 663-3103.
 Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
 TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
 Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
 Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (617) 272-9658.
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
 Noank Wooden Boat Association, P.O. Box 9506, Noank, CT 06340.
 Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
 World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
 Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
 Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
 Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
 The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,000+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event. Events and activities advertising will appear in the 1st issue of each month on our "Happenings" pages where readers will be accustomed to looking for it.

By asking you to pay a modest sum for the space you need, we will be able to pay for the added pages that will come to be necessary to provide this service, something we cannot afford to do at no cost.



The Small Craft Beach at Mystic Seaport slumbers at the end of a winter day, but can June's first weekend be far behind? (Sharon Brown)

You write to us about...

Your Experiences...

Wow, Wow, Wow...

March 4, 1993. About an hour of daylight remaining. Black, mirror ice off the Sailing Club, south, west, north, as far as I can see. Bubbles and cracks show 6" thickness. Should be quite safe. Wind rising, easterly, with approaching coastal storm, first good wind since this part of lake froze a week ago.

Search out 1940's hockey skates, 1930's skate-sail, stashed in cellar. Mush down to waterfront. Set up sail on cross spars and weight down rig with a rock to prevent premature departure. Wow, skates still fit. Wow, wow, laces stand the strain. Wobble down to ice, sail over head. Feels eerie standing offshore, several feet above perfectly defined lake bottom. Doesn't feel safe, but 6" figures plenty safe. Nobody else in

Swing sail down against body, to windward, and take a few skating strides southward. Am I crazy? Puff hits. Accelerate suddenly to 15mph. Watch ahead for small pressure ridges and frozen leads. Got no knee pads! Then stronger puff. Lean further to windward and stiffen. Leeward leg even further out. Instantly hitting 30mph! Can I hold the strain? Not sure, but what else?

Puff passes. Now gliding effortlessly over the pristine glass without seeming to slow. Time to head back, over the same, new tested, ice. Another "free-fall" acceleration without warning. Make a quick skidding turn into the wind to avoid the shore. No doubts now. Out again, further, and back. Once more. Once more again. Finally, hang it up while I'm ahead. It is getting dark. Ashore and whole. Wow, Wow, Wow! I can live on that for years!

Dick Besse, Skaneateles, NY.

Dymaxion Meeting

Marc Pettingill's mention of the Dymaxion car prompts me to send you this photo of my kayak ketch (April 15, 1996 issue) meeting the famous car on its arrival in San Francisco two summers ago.

I must add that Starling Burgess did not "invent" the delta wing as Marc suggests, rather he built licensed versions of the John Dunne flying wing, a British design.

Bill Longyard, Winston-Salem, NC.



Mississippi Boat Trip

I had planned on a week and a half boat trip on the Mississippi last summer but stayed on the river three and a half weeks instead. I was awaiting a rainy day to persuade me to head home but it never happened. I camped out the entire trip and never set up the tent.

We went through 30 locks altogether, over 800 miles on the river.

Dan Campbell, Jr., Bettendorf, IA.

Dedication for David

On January 19th the Cape Fear Museum and the New Hanover County Commissioners dedicated the David W. Carnell Maritime Pavilion. in conjunction with the museum's 99th birthday. The David W. Carnell Maritime Pavilion houses eight boats unique to southeastern North Carolina. The museum's collection includes four Simmons Sea-Skiffs, ranging from 18 to 20 feet long, a whaleboat, a shove skiff, a creek boat and a reproduction of an early motorboat. The collection is a result of donations to the museum.

David Carnell was instrumental in assembling the museum's boat collection. A former DuPont engineer, Carnell created boat construction plans drawn from Simmons Sea-Skiffs. More than 1000 sets of plans, available through the museum gift shop, have been sold from Maine to Australia. Camell has contributed articles to *Boatbuilder* and *Messing About in Boats* for the past 10 years.

Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401.

Boatbuilding Wonderfully Alive

Turkey is a constant fascination. We're about 45 minutes from the Bosphorus, which has to be one of the world's most beautiful and busiest waterways. Every time we cross it there's something new to see, in addition to the constant parade of ferry boats, small fishing boats and every size of commercial vessel from coastal steamer to supertanker.

Closer to home, wooden boatbuilding is wonderfully alive and well in the nearby town of Tuzla, where there's an entire street devoted to wooden boats. I went on a tour of the shops a couple of weeks ago and was hugely impressed with the range of what they were doing, all of superb quality. There's a local hull design for small fishing boats (15-25 feet) called *sandels* which is beautiful to behold. It's easy to fantasize about having one in Massachusetts or

Maine. It would be unique, but boat people would appreciate it. Actually, given the labor costs hereabouts, it's also easy to think about having a boat built.

In November, we went cruising on Turkey's south coast. It's a beautiful part of the world, with high mountains coming right down to the sea and tiny little harbors where you anchor with a stern line to the shore and your anchor in 30' or more of water. Because November is out of season, we literally had the coast to ourselves, seeing a total of two cruising boats underway the entire time. Yet, it was in the 70's every day and the water was warm enough for swimming, even for me.

It's all been very exciting and we're enjoying our new lives a lot. By the same token, there's nothing to match coastal New England and so it means a lot to get *Messing About in Boats* on a regular basis. Seeing the ad for the Maine Boatbuilders' Show just tells me that spring is already right around the corner.

John Chandler, Istanbul, Turkey

Row for a Swim

Went rowing in my Pocock 26' shell. I wore a sunshade to keep the low afternoon sun and its reflection from the water out of my eyes, made from a coathanger around my head with a cardboard curtain to my right outside the glasses and the bike mirror. I had some trouble getting it all lined up and was quite far out in the bay trying to adjust it.

I had my hearing aid, the eyeglass mirror, the sunshade, a hat, my watch (which is supposed to be waterproof, but the crystal is cracked under the bezel so I don't intentionally swim with it). There was quite a lot of large, fast yacht traffic which made waves across my track, requiring considerable attention to my sculling to stay upright.

As I was doing all this adjusting, with my oarhandles under my elbows, I felt myself going over, and I slowly went under. I tried to climb onto the shell and grabbed the sliding seat floating nearby and relocated it on its track, but got it backwards, not good for the lower spine.

I was several hundred yards from shore in any direction and it was deep. I tried to swim but had trouble while trying to keep the hearing aid out of the water. To heck with the watch! I felt things slipping away; my special rear view mirror clipped to my sunglasses, that sunshade I had just made, the seat, my socks.

The damned oars were in an awkward position and I had to swim around the boat to get them into some sort of order. I finally slipped a handle into a bracket on the opposite lock and bungeed the other oar to it to keep the boat upright. I tried to swim with the boat but it was very slow. I finally climbed onto the deck, straddling it on my chest, very uncomfortable with the vee of the deck against my sternum. I paddled off with both hands at about 1/2mph.

I approached a little island and went into the water, putting on my tennis shoes, which had been strapped under the bungee, and walked over the oyster shell beds to shallow water where I reorganized, got everything set and got back into the boat. Now, with no rear viewmirror, I had a bad time. I can't turn my head enough to see behind me

while rowing.

After almost rowing into two fishermen standing in the water, I arrived at my dock, where the boat, still with water in it, was a mess to carry to dry ground and drain. Then to my shower. All in a day's sport, exercise is, after all, what this is all about. I had my share this day. Unlike riding the fake bicycle, when rowing you have to come home if you go out, no chance out there to sneak off to the fridge for a beer.

Stephen DuPont, Osprey, FL.

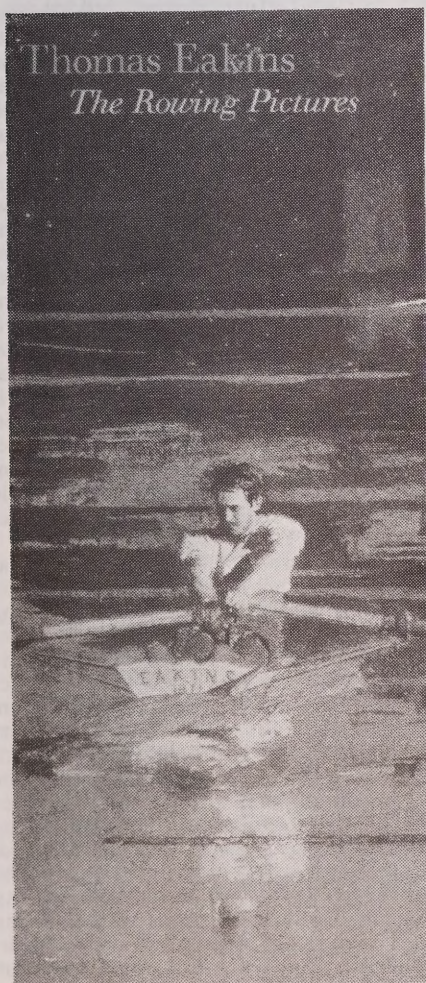
Thomas Eakins...The Rowing Pictures

Thomas Eakins: The Rowing Pictures, is a travelling display of this famed artist's work that will be on display at the Cleveland Museum of Art through May 15th. It has already appeared at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, DC and the Yale University Art Gallery in New Haven, CT, organizers of the exhibition.

The brochure states, in part, that "The rower, as an American ideal, presented the young artist with the perfect metaphor for his belief in the interrelatedness of physical, mental and moral discipline. Like almost all the art Eakins created, the rowing pictures are, at heart, about the strivings of the human spirit".

The painting here from the cover of the brochure (in color) is a self portrait of Eakins, a detail of his painting, *The Champion Single Sculls*, from 1871.

John Hawkinson, Easton, MD.



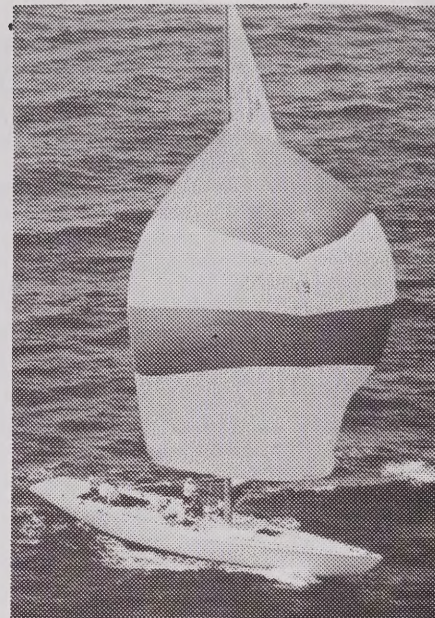
12 Meter Charters

Nefertiti, the 1962 12 meter sloop has returned to Newport, Rhode Island from South Africa, following a ten year world wide cruise. We brought her back to add her to our fleet of 12 meter charter yachts that includes the America's Cup defender *Weatherly* and Ted Turner's former *American Eagle*.

Nefertiti was built for the E. Ross Anderson syndicate at the Graves Yard in Marblehead, Massachusetts for the 1962 America's Cup defense. Named for the Egyptian queen, she was designed and skippered by the multi-talented Ted Hood, who ousted both *Easterner* and *Columbia* before being eliminated by Bus Mosbacher's *Weatherly* in the defender finals.

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There is something remarkable taking place in the old McGraw-Hill Building on 42nd Street next to the Port Authority Bus Terminal in Times Square, Manhattan. People are building wooden boats of traditional designs for use on New York waters.

In a city of Herculean proportions and legendary bureaucracy, the organization Floating The Apple is accomplishing the seemingly impossible. To understand the significance of the accomplishment of this volunteer group representing all walks of life and professional expertise, working toward common goals and together solving problems with elegant simplicity, you must visit and be inexorably drawn in. You must participate.

You can stand on the street and watch boatbuilding through the window while browsing the posters. You can venture inside and interact with the builder, students and volunteers. You can attend the launch of their first boat on Governor's Island, December 9, 1993, the *Cheticamp 19*, a modified John Gardner designed pulling boat built by Cheticamp Boatbuilders Ltd., Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. You can join them at the oars of a 25-foot, four-oared gig designed by Mike McEvoy of Battenkill Boatworks, Greenwich, New York, and built with his instruction in the shop. You can take the subway to the old garbage transfer site at Gansevoort on the tip of Manhattan at the end of 13th Avenue and tramp back up to the shop carrying treasure, a large piece of lumber salvaged from the riverbank and shop for bargains along the way at hardware and lumber "yards" behind anonymous doors. But, when you help haul a gig out of the Hudson by pulling together with others on the tackle at the davit on Pier 84 (44th Street) at Murray's Landing, position and strap the boat onto the hand-built boat "trailer" and then push and tug her up 42nd Street in rush hour traffic, you

Second Annual "American Star" Invitational Hudson River Race

By Sharon Brown

begin to appreciate the magnitude of their achievement. Every step of the way has been planned and requires the cooperation of participants.

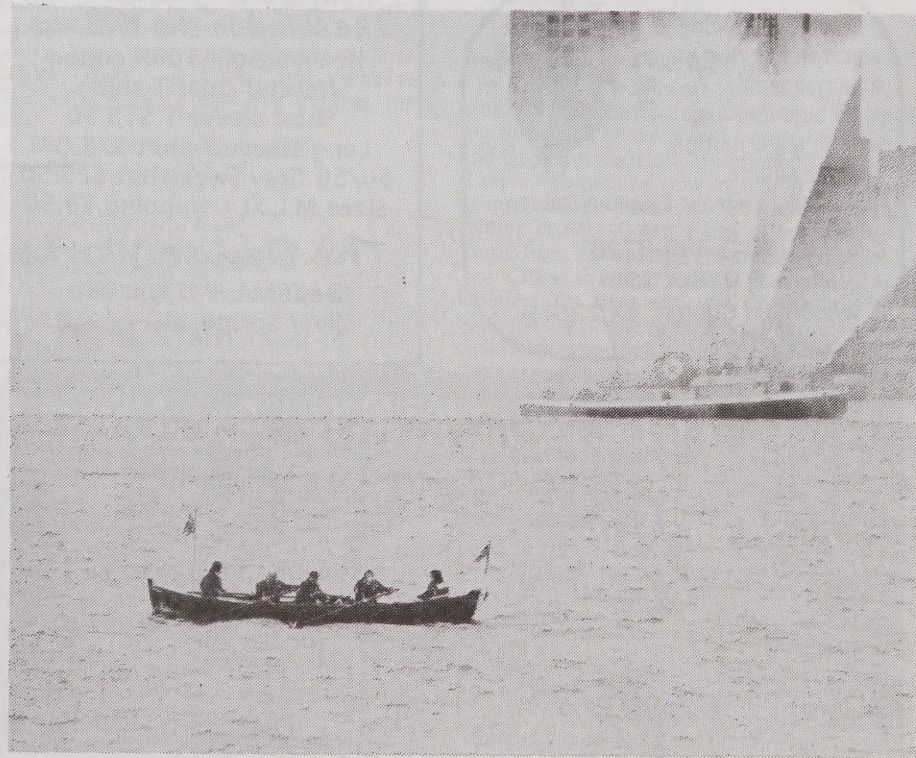
At Pier 84 "they always come out stern first," Chris Berg patiently explained, handing me the bow line to tend to prevent the boat swinging too far out over the river which, at the bulkhead, is at least eight feet below and accessible by a small floating dock. In turn each boat sling is released from the block hook, the davit is locked up and the boat is pushed by one at the bow and pulled by another at the stern. The course leads up the asphalt pier to the road where the boat is swung around and then pushed bow first along 12th Avenue to 42nd Street. There the fun begins as most of the uphill trip is in the street. At each avenue you and your partner, in this case Bogdan Malinowski, slow to time your stop at the light and with the change to green give an extra effort to run with her across the intersection and proceed alongside heavy traffic to the next light. Passersby hail. Some open their van windows and stare in disbelief. Others holler instructions, "Hey! The water's that way," and some give thumbs up. Some are plain annoyed at yet another impediment to their evening commute and pass too close as you wrestle to keep the wandering bow on course over the uneven pavement and avoid the potholes. It's hard work, it's fun and it is very instructive

about what people can accomplish given a common goal, a will and a modicum of cooperation.

Early morning Monday, December 9th I started my trip to New York City to attend the Second Annual "American Star" Invitational Hudson River Race sponsored by Floating The Apple. I arrived at Grand Central Station by car, Amtrak and Metro North at 10:30 AM and, after a brisk walk, found the boatshop at 330 West 42nd Street empty save for John Tichenor, Mike Davis and Jean Preece Doswell, who were about to lock up. We packed into Jean's overburdened station wagon, completed a New York U-turn and raced west on 42nd toward the Hudson River so as not to miss the 12:00 noon start of the race.

Some time ago Michael Davis got to wondering about the fact that he was living on an island and yet had no access to the water. An archeologist by profession, he began to explore the literature and the history of the Manhattan waterfront and eventually was lead naturally enough to John Gardner, then Associate Curator of Small Craft at Mystic Seaport and known affectionately as the "Dean of American Small Craft." John was the quintessential contact. He not only knew about the boating tradition of New York Harbor in the flourishing 1800s when the Whitehallers plied the waterfront, but he had traveled to Paris with J. Revell Carr to Count Rene de Chambrun's castle, the Chateau de la Grange and taken the lines of the *American Star*, a four-oared gig built by the Chambers brothers in New York probably before 1820. The *American Star* was given to General Lafayette on his last visit to the United States. It is the oldest known documented American-built small craft and, when presented to Lafayette at the foot of Whitehall stairs below the Battery on July 9, 1825, was famous on the whole Eastern seaboard. The *American Star* had gained a reputation and following as a winning race boat. Her crew, top boatmen, had been victorious against the English challenger, *Dart*, on a four-mile course in New York Harbor, December 9, 1824, before a cheering crowd of 50,000 spectators. John Gardner wrote an article about the *American Star* and her history (*The Log of Mystic Seaport*, Fall 1972), and in 1974-75 built the truly fine replica, *General Lafayette*, which is a significant component of Mystic Seaport Museum's world-renowned watercraft collection. John Gardner was the right person to inspire Mike and never doubted that he could implement his dream to provide universal access to New York's waterways.

When we reached the Hudson at Murray's Landing, three gigs were already in the water and Mystic Seaport's team, rowing the *John Gardner*, was practicing their power stroke. The aircraft carrier *Intrepid* on the adjacent pier provided a gray wall of protection for the crews to practice, sheltered from the full brunt of the north wind. Crews from the Sound School in New Haven and Beach Channel High School in Queens sized up the competition, donned PFDs and waited for Chris Berg's instructions before pulling away from the dock. An adult rowing group, *Nereid*, from East Rutherford, New Jersey, sported matching green monogrammed rowing anoraks, a cellular telephone and one Viking hat. *Nereid* is the oldest surviving rowing organization to row New York waters. Their club dates from 1868 and they call the Passaic River



Fireboat salute to the participants in the Second Annual "American Star" Invitational Race on the Hudson River. The *Nereid* Rowing Club, racing on New York waters since 1868, took first place in the adult division. (Sharon Brown photograph)



The Sound School crew, who traveled from New Haven early in the morning, wait for Bogdan Malinowski and Chris Berg to prepare their gig for launching. (Sharon Brown photograph)

home. Attempts to intimidate them by pointing out that "nereid" may be Greek for a sea nymph fathered by the sea god Nereus, but it is also the name given to a genus of marine polychaete worms inhabiting mud, were unsuccessful.

Spectators huddled against the wind. Some remarked how much better the conditions were than the previous year when it snowed heavily during the race. Volunteers helped position the boats near the davit, attach the cradle lines to the hook, and then slowly together let the boat down over the bulkhead to Chris's outstretched arms on the float below. Nereid's team launched their new gig, *Ivy*, for the first time and she was christened in a brief appropriate ceremony by the chase boat skipper, Robert Buchet, with hot chocolate. The Beach Channel High School A Team tried psyching out the competition by removing their jackets and racing bare armed in PFDs!

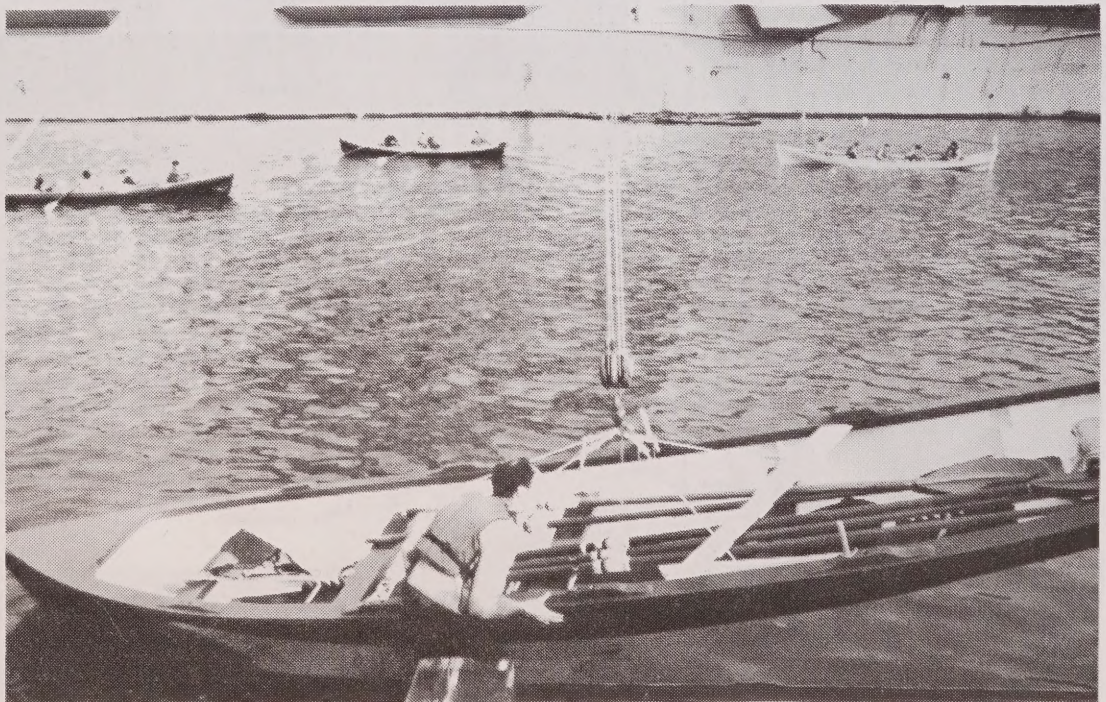
At the 12:00 noon start the three high school teams stroked toward the police boat and Coast Guard escorts at the open end of the pier on the Hudson River. It was clear that the A Team would be competitive. The second start for the adult crews found the Mystic team caught well back of the line at the signal. We watched, screaming encouragement into the wind, until all the teams reached the end of the

pier and swiftly disappeared in the current and wind sweeping them to the finish at Styvesant High School four miles away at Chambers Street.

After securing the trailers behind the chain link fence and securing the davit, we piled back into the station wagon and joined the traffic on 12th Avenue racing toward the finish. Between structures we caught glimpses of the boats surging down river and John kept

crews, teenagers and adults, peeling off their life jackets, shaking hands, posing for photographs, the wooden gigs from the 1800s and the magnitude of the imposing location, the hub of the financial world.

Every crew member was a winner. Each was rewarded by John Tichenor with a medal and a subway token. Floating The Apple volunteers tended the boats and prepared for the long tow back against the tide and wind to Pier



After a hot chocolate christening, Chris Berg guides Nereid's gig, *Ivy*, about to hit the Hudson River at Murray's Landing named in memory of Murray Greenstein, a neighbor and friend of Floating The Apple, who helped build the davit used to breach the bulkhead. (Sharon Brown photograph)

up communication by handheld VHF with the chase boat. It was evident that the gigs were winning the race to the finish.

After a long-winded negotiation with parking lot attendants, we were able to leave the car and only by running the last two blocks did we manage to arrive moments before the Beach Channel A crew got the first place whistle and the fireboat exploded into a celebratory plume of water in recognition. The remaining crews came over the finish in a group separated by no more than three or four minutes. The Beach Channel A Team covered the four mile course in 21 minutes 47 seconds, winning the High School Division, while Nereid took first in the Adult Division. The weary but jubilant crews rowed triumphantly into North Cove at the World Financial Center and tied up at the floating docks next to the yachts. It was quite a juxtaposition. The ecstatic

84. The rest followed John Tichenor as he lead a ragged procession of joyful celebration, triumphant athletes with beribboned medals hung around their necks and a dozen supporters, through the financial center lunch crowd to the subway station. Guided by John, we took the E train back up to the boatshop. On board, fellow strap hangers joined in the festivities. One was quite familiar with Beach Channel High School and their successful strategies in other sports. Exuberant Mystic crew, Ben Lathrop, kept up a running dialog for bemused passengers.

At the shop, crews stashed their gear and attacked the soda, pizza, a steaming pot of clam chowder made by Lissa Wolfe and heart stopping brownies. The talk was muted compared with the cacophony of our return trip surrounded by the crush of people and the noises of transportation. Camaraderie between teams was tangible.

Gradually the group broke up, the teams expressed their gratitude, hailed good-bye and headed out into the afternoon holiday season street bustle. Don Betts, Rudy Gillis and I walked back to the pier to see what help was needed bringing the boats back to the shop. It was previously agreed, now to some chagrin, that the racing crews would not have to walk the boats back if they walked them down in the morning. An OK bargain, but it came at the end of a very long day for the volunteer organizers. It took less than 30 minutes for the first boat to cross the finish line, but it took two-and-a-half hours to get the first two boats back to the pier against the wind and tide.

When we pulled the *John Gardner* into the jealously guarded "boat parking space" in front of the shop door it was a tired but well-organized team that positioned the boats. Each trailer was manipulated in a specific manner in tight quarters to enable the boat to swing in the most efficient manner onto the sidewalk. Then the specially designed, handmade dolly was hooked over the gunwale and the boat was

turned on its side and rolled through the remnants of the revolving door with literally inches to spare. Last, we had to pick them up in the air and arrange them on high saw horses in order to pack all five boats in and yet still have room to move and build boats. It was an instructive process.

Before the boats were stashed, tourists off the street from Great Britain were signing the guest book, photographing the pulling boat under construction and sharing their boating history. Mike Davis patiently fielded their questions, eager to share his dream.

On your next visit to New York City, put Floating The Apple, 330 West 42nd Street (between 8th and 9th Avenues) on your schedule and treat yourself to a visit to the shop or plan ahead and take a boatbuilding class. Their next big project is to establish a community boat-house at the Pier 84 site and they are looking for help of any kind. They welcome tax deductible donations: Floating The Apple, 400 West 43rd Street, 32R, New York, NY 10036. You might also wish to explore the four-oared gigs, *American Star* and *General Lafayette* further, and read about them in John Gardner's latest and last book, *Wooden Boats To Build And Use*, just published by Mystic Seaport Museum and available through the Publications Department for \$29.95 (plus tax and handling, telephone orders 860-572-5347, fax 860-572-5326 or e-mail publications@mystic.org. You might find yourself in for a pleasant surprise and looking for John's other books, *The Dory Book*, *Building Classic Small Craft, Volumes 1 and 2*, and *Classic Small Craft You Can Build*.



High school teams representing the Sound School of New Haven, Connecticut (middle), Beach Channel High School A Team (bottom) and B Team (top), of Rockaway, Queens pull hard at the 12:00 noon start. (Sharon Brown photograph)



Beach Channel High School A Team displays their winning form which saw them cover the four-mile course in 21-plus minutes. *John Magnus*, the gig they are racing, is named for the coxswain of the famous race boat *American Star* victorious against the English challenger *Dart*, December 9, 1824. (Sharon Brown photograph)



Beach Channel High School B Team pumps up the volume in the gig, *Taxi*, with able assist from young Hillary Smith of Ledyard, Connecticut. (Sharon Brown photograph)

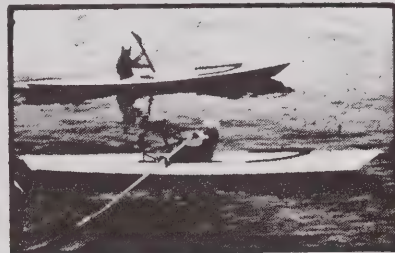


The Mystic Seaport crew pulls at the oars of the gig, *John Gardner*, named in honor of the man who was responsible for preserving the lines of the *American Star*, and inspired the study and construction of thousands of traditional small craft around the world. (Sharon Brown photograph)

The Sound School team from New Haven relax after their finish in the Second Annual "American Star" Invitational Hudson River Race sponsored by Floating The Apple with generous support of Toney Edwards, owner of Le Madeleine Restaurant, Manhattan. (Sharon Brown photograph)



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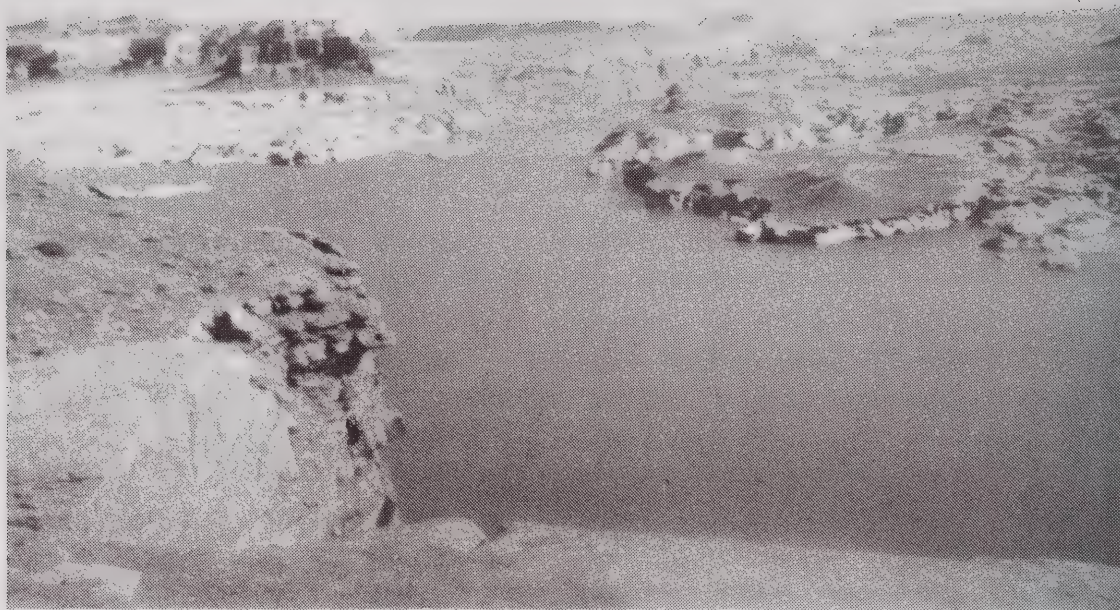
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What with fooling around in Europe most of the summer and one thing and another, I never got around to checking out a Kokopelli site I had in mind. With the end of the season fast approaching, I settled on McPhee Reservoir, a big lake with unrestricted camping and very few motorboats. A number of fellas called and said they'd like to make it if the weather was nice, hardly a necessary qualification here in sunny Colorado.

Friday the 25th gradually lightened up enough to reveal a low overcast and a snow line on Mt Garfield well below the 7,000 feet that the weatherman had predicted. My preparations for departure were inordinately deliberate, which is not to say thorough. About noon, with a little brightness showing over the Uncompagre to the south, I hit the road. I stopped for lunch in the peculiar Unaweep canyon and it began to snow heavily. Around Naturita and again at Slick Rock there were traffic control people and the road was full of large trucks moving uranium tailings, a classic case of "it's easier to make a mess than to clean it up." Of course, the locals don't complain about Uncle Sam when he's paying to move dirt. Crossing Disappointment Valley the name echoed my own attitude. North of Dove Creek the roads were snow-covered and slick.

Approaching McPhee on X road, I grabbed the second turn toward the lake and nosed into the sparse saplings for what little windbreak they offered. A hundred years from now there will be some magnificent cottonwoods along the shore here. However, the roar of hydrogliders and buzz of aquacopters will probably make the place untenable.

Dark was fast coming on so I broke out a turkey salad sandwich and unearthed a bottle of Oak Ridge Cabernet laid by in anticipation of a thick steak over a campfire. Alas, no corkscrew was to be found. My last hope, an *Outside* magazine Swiss Army knife exhibited only an empty stub. Nothing for it but to dig out the cork with a penknife for, under the present conditions, some heart medicine was strongly indicated.

Public radio from Salt Lake was into fund

Kokopelli Madness

By Jim Thayer

raising but good company nonetheless. Supper finished, I found a wonderful classic music station, another plus for McPhee, and retired to my stateroom in the rear. With the Coleman going and the window cracked, the temperature was reminiscent of that aboard the Anna in the Irish sea. Thus inspired I set about writing up the summer's trip.

The morn dawned bright but an ominous overcast to the east sent out fat tentacles to smother the sun. The race was nearly equal and the outcome in doubt until well into the morning when the valiant orb vanquished his fulsome foe. Well, that's what you get when a guy has time on his hands!

From the car guys: Some grads are looking at a gadget. The physicist wonders "Why does it work," the engineer ponders "How does it work," the accountant muses "What does it cost" and the Liberal Arts man asks "You want fries with that?"

I had a good breakfast of fried bread and then ran east to the end of X road where I discovered a gravel launch ramp and a restroom. I headed the truck into the sun and entertained myself while waiting for the snow to melt. In time, the warm cab and the lure of the sparkling water emboldened me to step outside, but the carbide-toothed wind made it a short foray. Later in the afternoon the wind moderated but the poor sun had been caught in a pincer movement between the fulsome fog of the east and a flock of woolly sheep from the west. There was still ice in the cockpit. I thought about going rowing but I my strong masochistic streak has badly atrophied in recent years. I did take a long walk before supper.

I picked McPhee because it is a nice big lake down near Powell where it is usually pleasant well into the fall. Upon reflection, one notes that its water has to run 400 miles to get to Powell so it must be a good bit higher. My hindsight is exceptional. Although it was gor-

geous Indian summer right up to the week of the meet, I guess we had better put a cutoff date of October 1st on McPhee. When it falls, it falls hard.

Sunday morn there was snow in the winds. There was snow on everything and it was still flaking. Time to punt. We headed straight west from Cortez, down verdant McColl canyon, across the Ute reservation and climbed over Comb Ridge, coming to rest under the magnificent cottonwoods of Comb Wash. The rain let up enough to cook a burger on the tailgate. Then I ditched the trailer and went upstream to see a remarkable cave and check out Arch canyon. The rough gullies required that I take out the receiver hitch.

I finished the turkey salad and turned in. It was still raining, but warmer.

Come morning the clouds were down to the top of Comb Ridge. There was a very light drizzle but big drops fell out of the cottonwoods and hit the cap like pigeon fire.

After breakfast, I put in the hitch, hooked up the trailer and crawled up the long grade west. About 20 miles later there was a loud scraping noise and I stopped to find the hitch gone. I evaporated quite a lot of drizzle berating myself for an idiot. When I put the hitch in I had felt the keeper snap into place but hadn't looked under to make sure everything was OK. I found the hitch about 100 feet back, then kept going in the increasing rain to look for the pin. Just as I was about to give up, my good fairy hove into view in the form of a motorgrader. He picked me up, reversed a half mile back to the salvage, rummaged a bolt and nut out of his tool box and offered to help me get hitched up. Luckily I sent him on his way else I should have been highly embarrassed. I couldn't get the bolt in. Why? Because the pin was still in place. Momentarily puzzled, as I often am when faced with the obvious, I soon figured out that I had not inserted the hitch far enough and had put the pin through behind it. Anyway, it's interesting to note that a hitch will stay in twenty miles, uphill and down, on friction alone. Aside from being quite wet, it was a free lesson. You will be surprised to learn

Opposite page: Confluence of Colorado (center) and Dirty Devil (left).

that I hadn't brought any rain gear.

Arriving at the Hite ranger station, I was discouraged to hear the morrow would be just like today. Woe is me. After lunch, a pretty soggy affair, I thought I detected a faint lightening in the west. Nothing so dramatic as a break in the clouds, mind you, but just a hint. Concurrently the rain died away to a mist. After three days of near reptilian inactivity, I was desperate for some exercise. The *A Duckah!* was pushed overboard, the oars run out and we headed northeast across the mighty Colorado canyon.

There was no wind for sailing and it was too cold anyway. I had in mind to head up the Dirty Devil canyon because from the road it appears a very attractive place. The Navajo sandstone dips into the lake just at the confluence of the Dirty Devil and the Colorado. The Navajo, a dune formation, is a light colored formation which weathers into delightful rounded forms. Flooding results in all kinds of nifty pools, pockets, hidden landing places and neat camping spots. I wanted to check it out from the water.

At a leisurely 20 strokes a minute with several stops to look around, it took two hours to reach the highway bridge. The *A Duckah!* moves very easily but carries like a freight train. The sun made several brief appearances and lit up the cliffs but wouldn't highlight the bridge for me. After tea and cookies it was nearly 4:00 when we started back. I determined to pick up the pace and cut the meanders a little closer. We made good time down to the long straightaway where the sun came out, a blast of wind hit and it started to rain eastern style. We soon had a gorgeous double 180 degree rainbow framing the incandescent red rocks. Wow! I got carried away snapping photos and nearly hit the wall.

I had forgotten my usual block of foam seat and was making do with a 30 caliber ammo box. Also, I had forgotten the streachers which are removable for sleeping in the boat. As a result, we were a little handicapped trying to make headway against the wind.

By feathering, short stroking during the blasts and reaching out during the lulls we managed to make reasonable progress. Feathering is not my strong suit but when you feel the wind grabbing at the blades you have to. If you have a pair of spoons it's fun to skitter the blades along the water on the return. My friend Tim Mayer always feathers, wind or no. He rowed the entire Blackburn feathering every stroke. That's remarkable enough, but he also trained his crew to do it. Certainly it's a skill worth cultivating because when you need it you really need it.

I was dreading the main channel where we would get it right in the teeth with a long fetch. I dropped the board a hair and quartered across to the south shore where there was plenty of shelter if needed. With the setting of the sun, the wind moderated to a steady 10 to 12 and we got home in the dark just after 6:00. Back at the truck I brewed up a toddy using a special extract of blackbirds prescribed by my old sailing buddy Dr. Booth for use after a day on the water, or any day for that matter.

Well, I guess that's it for the third annual Kokopelli meet. What, with its random date and changeable venue, the meet is nearly as ephemeral as its fabled namesake.



Huddled in the bushes at McPhee Reservoir.



Hite launch. Low clouds, no crowds.

Today's goal, the Dirty Devil bridge.



The United States Naval Base at Newport, Rhode Island, is a snug harbor. It seemed especially so on the morning of May 21, 1995, with bright sunshine, crisp cool air with a light breeze out of the southeast. It was 0900 hours and we were still adjusting the tension on the backstay, doing the best we could with my inadequate tool kit. Janet and Katherine were stowing provisions and taking in the scenery of a quiet harbor. The silence was broken only by two noisy gulls jousting over a piling to roost upon and Kim, swearing under his breath at a stubborn turnbuckle.

The four of us had driven up from New York the day before so that Kim and I would have a very early start for our trip. We were preparing my recently purchased Pearson 27 sloop for a transit back to her new berth at Mamaroneck.

Two months earlier, in March, Janet and I had responded to an advertisement in *Soundings* for this vessel named *Home Before Dark*. Her owner and his wife were moving up to a larger cruising catamaran and planning to head to warmer waters. After 30 years of owning day sailers we were looking for something more comfortable, yet still responsive to the helm, and this boat was it. Within 20 minutes we were writing a deposit check and I was already dreaming of cruising the waters of Long Island Sound on her sleek hull.

We returned once again to Newport for the requisite trial sail on Narragansett Bay. It was a sunny albeit cold March day as we made our way out of the base harbor and motored parallel to the Newport bridge. We silenced the diesel in an eight knot breeze and *Home Before Dark* slid serenely beneath the beautiful cathedral arch of the center span under main on a south heading towards Fort Adams. As we unfurled the 130 genoa, she healed and accelerated swiftly. My excitement was barely contained as I felt that assured stability of a fixed keel, my first.

Within a half hour the wind was kicking up around twelve knots and I sensed a bit of nervousness on the part of our hosts. I thought it had to do with my being at the wheel but, as it turned out, that was not the case. I now un-

Chance

By Leonard A. Dell

derstood the significance of a boat's naming. We came about, furled the jib and headed for the slip.

During the preparations for the transit home, the owner had cautioned me to get an early start for the Block Island Sound crossing. Those 25 nautical miles would represent the only open ocean water on the course. I was warned several times. It seems that these waters are relatively calm in the morning but build up considerable rollers during the day. I had studied the charts and planned a course from Pt. Judith to The Race, figuring on a southwesterly this time of year, then head north into Mystic or Groton for the evening. Piece of cake!

Kim and I waved good bye to the ladies around 0930 hours and motored out towards the center span of the Newport Bridge. A light southerly breeze and bright sun gave a placid aspect to an otherwise cold day. On this heading, under full sail, we close reached down the bay with a magnificent view of Newport Harbor and roads. As we left Breton Point and entered Rhode Island Sound, I checked my watch and felt a twinge of anxiety at the late morning hour, wishing it were four hours earlier. Almost immediately *Home Before Dark* was rising and falling with the two-foot swells, the breeze was kicking up and I was remembering those words to get an early start.

By 1200 hours we were under shortened sails in four-foot seas with 12 knots directly on our nose out of the west. What had been a clear blue sky was now dark gray and, except for the whitecaps, the mounting waves had turned the same somber color. As someone who had, until now, sailed a 16-foot center boarder or rowed a skiff on fresh water lakes, the situation appeared threatening. Each starboard tack took us farther away from our destination waypoint, while on port tack we rolled

towards a lee shore with a following sea.

The waters of Block Island Sound can be cold and dreary in May and, as we slid into the trough of on-coming waves, I expected to torpedo into each rising crest. But as I came to realize the seaworthiness of my new boat, my fear subsided and was replaced by a sense of exhilaration. Despite the winds and waves, we remained high and dry as we beat down the exposed Rhode Island coastline. During spells from the wheel, Kim would stretch out relaxed along the windward seat in the lee of the cockpit combing as though this was a piddle on a pond and sleep!

At 1500 hours the winds were about 18 knots and continued out of the west while the sea continued to build. Kim estimated about six feet. When the Danforth anchor loosened from its chocks and started slamming against the hull, I decided to head north for Watch Hill Pt. and the relatively flat waters of Fishers Island Sound. My traveling companion was concerned about the shallow water and obstructions there, but with only three-and-a-half feet of draft, I didn't have to think twice.

We sailed between Napatree Pt. and East Pt., leaving a FL R 4 sec Bell to starboard, then veered west toward the south side of Ram Island about 4 NM distant. Although the wind velocity continued steady, the sea became a two-foot chop and we clipped along at a steady 6.5 knots under reefed sails. Seeing the RG N "S" fairway buoy that marked the entrance to the Mystic River come up on the starboard bow provided a sense of relief. As we neared, we headed up and doused the sails, then turned up river under diesel power.

Tied up at a quiet marina later that evening, I was exhausted but Kim was ready for a night on the town. What had been a defining moment in my life, staring into foamy gray waves, thinking of the cold waters and tasting that salty spray, was a mere day sail for my weather experienced friend.

Janet and I are closing out our second season on Long Island Sound with our boat, renamed *Chance*. Each outing is unique and fills us with the satisfaction and joy that comes with moving over water on a confident boat.



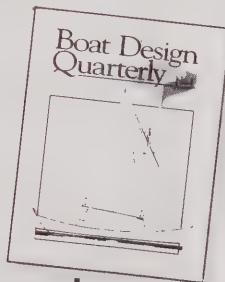
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Born to Raise Sail Gathering V (1996)

By Bill Robinson

Photography and digital horsing around by Jim McGuire

With a growing number of enthusiastic customers using their Batwing sails, and the then-new BOSS rig (Balogh Outrigger Stabilization System), Mark Balogh and Sam Carveth started annual meetings each October in 1991 on Cedar Island, North Carolina. This is an ideal area for kayak and canoe sailing, with plenty of wind and sheltered from the big waves by the Outer Banks and, in October, usually not too many bugs. I was one of these enthusiastic customers, with a Klepper double and a Queen Charlotte single rigged to sail. Eager to go to the first gathering, I was arrested for LSD in the summer of 1991, I can honestly say that I never, ever put more than 3000 hits in a dry bag in the bow of my Klepper. So I watched from behind bars the first four of these celebrations vicariously, via photos and letters, while the peculiar drama of prison flowed around me.

Finally I got out in July 1996 and naturally put attendance at the fifth gathering high on the list of things to do. My friend, Jim McGuire, had been to all of the previous meets with his own Klepper. Both our doubles are rigged as "schooners" (in this context, a schooner means two Batwing sails with the larger stepped in the middle of the boat and the smaller in the front). This gives good balance, enhanced windward ability and flexible sail area for a range of conditions and has become a popular rig for double kayaks. We decided to bring my Klepper and his Feathercraft single. This would be the first time out for me in the Klepper, a big test to see if my arthritis, which had worsened in prison, would allow me to enjoy kayak sailing.

I brought a box of cassettes Ram Dass had been kind enough to send me in prison, about 18 hours worth of lectures given in 1969 about yoga, meditation, Who You Really Are, the great guru he found in India, etc. etc. We were quite zoned with hanging out with Padmasambhava on the astral for eight hours when we pulled into the campsite Friday afternoon. The forecast was for storms Friday and Saturday and it was blowing pretty hard with some ominous clouds, but we got only a few sprinkles during daylight and a bit of rain and hard wind in the early morning Saturday. The morning looked perfect for serious knocking about in the sheltered areas, although damn rough where the wind had some fetch, once beyond the trees the offshore wind was something like 25 knots, plenty for the purpose.

Meanwhile my guts were rumbling, thought I had the runs but in fact only had Fig Newtons. Each time on my forays to the camp John I passed a pop-up camping trailer of unique design, an A-frame. Since a camping trailer of some sort could be an eventual home for me, I introduced myself to Michael McMath and Susan Fontaine who were staying in it and got the promise of a guided tour. They had recently bought the rig, which assembles and breaks down in about 15 seconds, and also had a new Folbot with a BOSS and a 32 Batwing.

Also on the Folbot front, Dennis and



Mark Balogh in his Dagger Freefall.

Nancy Stevens were in attendance. Dennis was the first to put Batwings and a BOSS rig on a Folbot and has helped introduce others to the combination. His gear was immaculate, including some gunnel bags designed to fit between the frames along the sides that caught my attention. These are produced by a mutual acquaintance, Logan Fleckles (one of the finest and least forgettable names in the boating industry). I met Logan at a sea kayaking symposium in Savannah in 1990 where I played amateur psychotherapist/confessor as he guzzled coffee and chain-smoked cigs, seems his wife was sick of his in-the-house boatbuilding in Chicago, sawdust-in-the-oatmeal-and-oatmeal-in-the-sawdust syndrome, don't you know, and told him to sell a boat or don't bother coming back or some such. His work was very high quality, although I questioned the hull shape he used at the time. Evidently he must have sold something because, by gum, he's still in the game and good for him.

Anyway the cops, in their infinite wisdom, made off with my own set of six Colorado River Design gunnel bags, which at \$30 a pop was quite a loss. For open-cockpit kayaks, especially folding boats, such bags spoil one mercilessly. Logan doesn't have the concept down quite right, I'm afraid. They have to either be of waterproof fabric with at least a flap over a sturdy zipper to keep things dry if the bag sits in water and protect from water falling from above (full water tightness is optional), or the bag should be quite open and drain easily. Then you can use smaller waterproof containers within the gunnel bag. Logan used heavy but permeable cloth that doesn't drain well and a lightweight zipper with no

flap, back to the drawing board, Mr. Fleckles! Still, they look sharp, which counts, and Dennis had a good method of clipping them in.

I've always been curious as to the potential for sailing inflatable boats, especially in directions other than downwind. So my first trip out Saturday morning was with Al Pfender in his inflatable sea kayak rigged with a BOSS and a 28 Batwing. He'd certainly done a good job in structural terms spreading the stress, but the whole thing was a loser from the get-go. The boat couldn't help but consist of three balloons sitting on the water with an unjustifiable faith placed in its leeboard to turn it into a sailboat. As the way out of the narrow channel through salt marsh was dead downwind and either very light and gusty or very strong and gusty, neither too fun to beat into on the way back, I was not long in advising the captain to make a short outing of it and not go too far away from an increasingly attractive dock. This was especially true since I was in front without a seat which had blown away a day or two ago following the downwind proclivities of inflatable objects. As a result, there was precious little betwixt my wet rump and the unforgiving elements. Plus there were yesterday's Fig Newtons.

Al was quite reluctant to heed my advice, even as things started to kick up a bit. On a trial reach I pointed out that we were making a minimum of 15 degrees of leeway, which made the upwind return ominous indeed. Meanwhile, Al regaled me with his design idea for a sailboat that was both uncapsizable and self-righting. I gathered it was a form of ballasted trimaran with retractable akas (crossmembers) which would bring the amas (floats) close by the hull after a cap-



David Valverde and Susan Levin in their tricked-out Klepper schooner.

size, triggered to do so by a weight sliding down (or is it up?) the inverted mast...hmmm.

Finally we did turn, wearing about as the boat declined our invitation to tack. Good enough for the tall ships, good enough for me. I noticed as Al became more animated in his disgust with the boat's steering that our headway against the wind was occasionally positive, but not steadily so, unless reasonably augmented with paddle power.

Eventually we did return, as you may deduce since I'm here to write of it. My wandering eye now fell on the WindRiders brought by Andy Zimmerman, Rick Jones, Jay and Jane Lewis and by the intrepid designer himself, Jim Brown. Jim and his wife Joanna were the toast of the gathering, and for good reason. This latest production boat shows the finesse and experience reflective of a whole career. Evidently the quality and very reasonable price have combined to make this quite a successful boat commercially, and I'm sure this is just the start. Since being offered early this year, Wilderness Systems has sold 400 boats.

I begged my way into a spin in Jim's boat and clambered aboard. With arthritis in my back and hips, it is almost impossible for me

to be comfortable in a small boat, but this was a big surprise. Because the cockpit of this single seat nine-footer comes up to just under your arms, the seat can give full back support and your legs can have somewhere reasonable to go on their way to the rudder pedals. None of the jackknifing of a kayak here. Also, the windshield is terrific to duck behind when the speed gets up, since the bows are designed to go through waves and not waste time and effort bouncing over everything. The boat paddled easily from the dock and before long I was bombing downwind to where it was really blowing. A few jibes and downwind tacks and we were screaming. Mark Balogh tells me you can't capsize this boat, but I sure thought I came close a couple of times with the leeward ama all the way under, heeling 30 degrees or more in a trimaran is something else altogether, even if only for a few seconds. A helluva ride. Windward wasn't bad once I learned to take it easy with the rudder. It needs a light and gradual touch to full over, then it tacks like a car. There's no centerboard or leeboard to complicate matters and it seems to steer easily even with a low-aspect shallow keel. The rudder is inboard and so doesn't kick up and I landed it pretty hard a couple of fumes in this very shallow bay, but the shape is forgiving and I came off without too much fuss. The sail had to be designed to fit into the budget, a \$3000 boat can't be too finely tweaked, and from that perspective Jim did very well. Of the improvements that more money could bring in customizing, a fancier sail is about the only one I can think of other than waterproof storage on the trampolines for cruising (I never settle for a great daysailer!). Reefing by rolling around the mast is easy on the beach but would be a bear alone in a nasty chop, and so Jim is thinking of ways to reef from the cockpit.

I came back blown away by a truly impressive boat, on a kick-ass sailing day and location. If you ever get a chance to try one of these out, do not hesitate, lemme tell ye. Andy Z. and Co. at Wilderness Systems are cranking them out and you should be able to come across one here and there in short order.

Jim Luton and Holly Sears brought two extraordinary boats and both were very quick indeed on the water. Jim gave a slide show Friday night about American Canoe Associa-

tion canoe racing, including shots of his own partly-decked canoe and its gaff sloop rig. He started with a glass hull and did all the extensive woodwork himself and to a fine finish indeed. I wanted to go along for a sail, but with things kicking up and there not really being a place for a passenger, I was out of luck. Also he brought a lovely lapstrake single kayak, *Eclipse*, which he designed and built and rigged with a 38 Batwing and BOSS. There's the argument for the home builder in action, for no production boat could be made with that much care and devotion.

Another fast and striking boat was the Wilderness System Trika brought by Jim and Mary Overby. This uses hardshell amas and a curved deck for an aka, giving a sort of spaceship look and very little drag. Also, instead of Batwing sails that dominated the field on other kayaks, this boat uses a windsurfer sail which is relatively big and efficient but can't be reefed. For daysails with caution, it looked terrific and performed very well indeed, but I wouldn't want to get into unknown conditions with it and wouldn't consider it for cruising due to the single, large, unreefable sail. This is a go-fast-or-go-home boat and it most certainly does.

Mark and Sam get to sail rather rarely, as is common among people who are busy out-fitting hundreds of others. It was especially good to see Sam get a chance to go out, as this has been a very difficult year for her and she obviously needed our favorite form of therapy. They brought three boats, a Sealution and two Dagger Freefall whitewater kayaks. These stubby little boats, each with 28 Batwings and BOSS rigs, were quite a hoot to see and they performed very well. This comes close to the minimum sailing gear possible that actually works. Jim McGuire tried one out and reported a wet, fast ride with terrific acceleration and maneuverability. I saw him from the comparative comfort of a WindRider getting facefuls of water and having a blast. Mark, who sails this kind of boat more than any other, wore neoprene waders and a drysuit top which suited the occasion well.

I put my Klepper together and pondered. It was more difficult for me now to deal with the weight and various hassles of getting things together, apart, stored, maintained, transported and afforded. Tomorrow's sail would be the real test as to actually going through H2O, but for the moment it looked prudent to offer it for sale. At this juncture it was fortuitous that Ralph Diaz and Donna Deprose showed up bringing a solo Feathercraft. Ralph is the one-man operation behind the magazine *Folding Kayaker* from New York City. His bag is quite the specialty rag for rag-and-bag sailor/paddlers like myself. The experience has made him a complete expert on what equipment in what condition is worth how much in what location during what season, and how to get the buyer and seller together. As he looked at my assembled boat one could almost hear the gears whirring as the internal assessment progressed. Asked how much I wanted, I ventured "\$2400?" Ralph frowned and said I could get \$3000 in New York City, so we decided (since several had heard the first figure) that if sold here at the gathering, \$2400, and if through Ralph's magazine, \$3000.

Mike McMath hovered over the hear, his boat jones working overtime?!

That evening Hans Rostek gave a slide show of a trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands

Sam Carveth, Queen of Sailing Kayaks



in his Feathercraft single with an 18 Batwing. There were certainly some impressive scenes, both subline wilderness and horrid clear-cuts. See it while it's there, folks. He took along a boat cart with impressively large wheels to cope with enormous tides, something I wish I'd done on a couple of trips myself. No way to pack the cart except lashed on deck, which looked like a problem but what other solution? Camping on foot-thick moss looked like a treat.

Next day was clear and still windy but not as severe as Saturday, yet more great weather for the gathering. I spent the morning hobnobbing and fell to talking with the most elaborately equipped member of a hyper-equipped group, Raye Aikens. With his wife Helga he'd brought a double and a single with Batwing and BOSS rigs, a fancy boatcart, special mounts for GPS, etc. etc. He's had a career in engineering, making and selling companies, fussing with microwaves, which caught my attention. I'd spent 14 months in prison designing an odd fusion reactor which would depend on high-intensity microwaves to set off an inertial confinement implosion in a high-pressure liquid environment, but had realized I didn't know enough about microwaves to complete the design, or even know if it was feasible. So we proceeded to jaw about such. In time I'll be sending him some drawings and see if something reacts. Should it work, you'll see it in the funny pages. Heard it here first!

David Valverde and Susan Levin, from New York City with a schooner-rigged Klepper, saw I was a bit hungry and 40 or so pounds underweight and started insisting I eat and eat and eat from their marvelous camp kitchen. Jim, having met them at previous gatherings, deliberately set our tent next to theirs, and now I learned why.

I'd been looking forward to meeting David for some years. After two rather ragged attempts to make my own outriggers, I was the first to put a BOSS rig on a folding kayak and then after a bit to expand to a schooner BSD rig. Jim saw, liked, got his own and David saw Jim's at the first gathering, saw, liked, got his own and even more so. His hull is an expedition Klepper, as compared to my own standard hull (although I put on double keel strips, homemade paddle keeps, through hull fittings for sheet attachment, etc. etc.). I tried a partially-inflated heavy-duty air mattress between the keel board and the hull, switched to a closed-cell foam pad and had to throw that away when a very large ant colony found it perfect for housekeeping, and had no time to replace it before arrest. David goes one step further and has an air mattress just the right width to fit beneath the keelboard, which gives the hull a rounder section and some rocker. Both make the boat a better sailboat and the mattress protects the hull from damage on impact.

I took the standard Klepper sailing seat, which rests across the cockpit and adds greatly to stability control and general handiness, and replaced the clumsy straps with J-bolts. This makes the seat compatible with the spray deck which is badly needed in rough conditions. With my rig I put the sailing seat just behind the front seat and in front of the middle mast. David, who sails alone more than I did, put a sailing seat on both sides of the cockpit from the back edge to the aka in the middle, as you can see in the picture of his boat.



Holly Sears, Jim Luton, Mark Balogh.

Well, there would be more details to bore you with, but suffice it to say that his boat shows a lot of careful thought, attention to detail, quality construction, generous spending and some very heavy lifting. We agreed to have a long sail together in the afternoon.

Jim and I got going first and made very good time on a broad reach out to near where Mark and Sam used to live (they moved early this year to southern Virginia). As we neared open water, the wind became as much as I cared to deal with, even with the front 18 down and the 36 main reefed to 30. On reaching the sound, it was obvious that not bringing the spray deck was making our decision for us to turn back, otherwise we'd certainly have filled the boat up in short order. Turning to run, we came as near to surfing as Kleppers can be expected to and made serious tracks. When Jim in the front seat starts giving cowboy yells I know to look out.

We finally saw David coming to join us, unexpectedly alone, after a late start. We agreed to duck around a point and beach for a bit if a rest and to figure out how to get back. I was not inclined much to beat back into a big chop and whitecaps, as there was an alternate route, but finally decided to do so. By the time we went back around the point, the wind had started to tame just a bit and continued to moderate and, thank goodness, David had a speed advantage with a 32 and 28 sails giving more area, less weight (with one person), and superior hull shape. It does make a difference to tighten the air sponsons along each side of the Klepper with a pump, since this makes the skin and boat more rigid and hence faster. This is also a very good idea with the BOSS amas as the cold water will contract the air, especially warm air blown in by mouth, leaving soggy floats that can come off and certainly go slower. A silly person might leave a tightly pumped ama on a hot beach, in which case it could go bang, but not us, right?

We managed to get back with the sun still up, but not by much. Jim fired up his Zip Ztove, a little device that should have its own article all to itself. A little fan in its base blows air into a combustion chamber that holds twigs, pine cones, cow chips, charcoal, or whatnot and develops a fire like a miniature blast furnace. He cooked up a pot of millet and dried vegetables, including dried jalapenos that were rock-hard before cooking and impractical to

cut up, OR SO HE CLAIMED. On doling out our portions in the dark, somehow I ended up with a collection of these unseen whole peppers while Jim got to enjoy just a mild flavoring they had imparted to the whole.

We were chowing down with Mike, Susan, Hans and Judy when I started gagging, spitting and generally making a scene as to my oral conflagration. In half an hour I realized my eyeballs were not in fact dangling by their respective optic nerves, or at least someone had re-inserted them, and I could rejoin the conversation in progress around the campfire. Mike and Susan had decided that they didn't have the spare change to splurge on my boat, but it was not a happy decision for them.

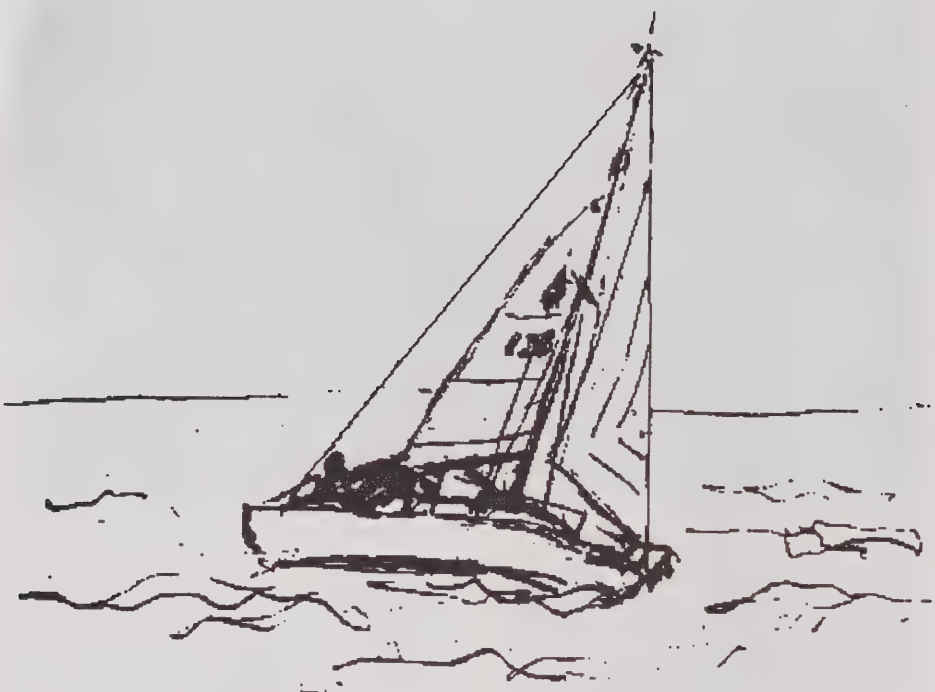
Next morning we paced up and took off for Charlotte and did another eight hours of Ram Dass tapes as Jim kept up with his business via the car phone. A couple of days later Mike called up Jim's studio and said that in fact he wanted to come get my rig, which he and Susan did the following Friday night. You may see my post-sale realization of boatlessness in the accompanying photograph.

Jim Brown in his WindRider.



Four Day's Sail

By Mark Fisher



Saturday

So naturally, we head *Ayesha*, our elderly Bristol 26, upwind (south in this case). Well, the breeze was light and fitful, coming after a week of stagnant 86% humidity air, and beating is a good way to magnify a gentle breeze. Hey, this beating into a gentle breeze thing is really working! Up to hull speed and, let's see, perhaps time to reef. (A second proverb, "Reef early and often" can keep an elderly, narrow beam keel/centerboarder going rather than getting knocked down.) Hmmmm...make that a second reef.

Here comes the Kent Island bridge (weather often changes here). Hmm, perhaps a smaller headsail. And so we found ourselves double reefed, under working jib, beating into 15 to 20 knots of moist southerly breeze and a stiff chop. We always could have gone back north, I suppose, but we'd made all that way to su'thard and we were hoping to see Punch Island Creek again.

Punch Island Creek drains the Blackwater Wildlife refuge opposite Solomon's Island. It is perhaps the largest unimproved creek on the Bay, one channel, no nav markers, no buoys, no nothing, except a 12-foot deep channel (behind the 6-foot bar) through a low profile, hard-peatshore creek-mouth with a sharply reversing tidal current.

But we weren't there yet. In fact, at this rate, it would be a two-day sail to get there and, as we had just four days for the cruise, it was as far as we wanted to be from home. In the meantime, we were banging our heads into that southerly. By the time we got to the Severn River we found ourselves on the Annapolis side of the Bay. Again, something we try to avoid. Navigating the Annapolis area is a little like getting out of a parking lot after a baseball game, if you can imagine that the mix includes everything from semi's to tricycles and it's "no fair stopping."

However, there we were. And to make things more interesting, we were the ones causing trouble. There was the usual Saturday race going on, everything from gold plated, kevlar

armed 40-footers to Sarah's sister in a 24-foot, 25-year-old Rainbow. (She didn't see us as she was concentrating on the race.) We tried to find a break in the traffic so that we could cross the line of racers without affecting anyone's standing and managed to do so. Then we had to tack to avoid an anchored freighter (I love these little hazards) and found ourselves crossing the lay line again! Finally we were past the turning mark, and could concentrate on keeping the boat moving through the chop.

I realized that it was much like getting through a rocky road in a Jeep. If I could place the boat on the correct spot on the oncoming waves, I could both avoid spray and keep the vessel moving. It became a game of watching the oncoming waves, judging which were building and which were dissipating, and heading towards the flat water which was always somewhere nearby. Boat speed was affected far less by pinching or falling off a few degrees than by smacking into a breaking bit of the slop. Morale was helped as well by providing a more consistent motion below and reduced doublings of spray.

We continued on south, switching helmsmen at hourly intervals. The sky was a smoky gray mist as though a thunderstorm were about to materialize, though one never did, thank heaven. We could see that the best anchorage on our way would be Dun Cove, behind Tilghman's Island, approached through Knapp's Narrows. We continued beating south around the Poplar Island group and their extensive outlying shoals (read "more chop") and finally made the turn into Knapp's Narrows. From out in the Bay we could see some sort of emergency vehicle waiting to cross the draw bridge and, as we approached, we realized that it was a (week early) Fourth of July parade! They had every piece of emergency equipment in Talbot County there, filtering across the Knapp's Narrows drawbridge. We idled in the channel, happily against a light current, while the parade filed past.

Once the parade was safely on Tilghman Island, the bridge rose to let us through. The

We have a rule of thumb for sailing on the Chesapeake, "For weekend sails, always start out with the wind." There's a reason, as Chesapeake weather patterns change frequently and a downwind sail north today will often put you in a position for a downwind sail south tomorrow.

power boat at the head of our file (of three) bulled through before the downstream vessels cleared and we moved up to follow and at least get clear for the boats which had been backpedaling as they waited. Suddenly a 40-plus-foot sailboat zoomed out from the sidelines between us and the boats ahead of us in the file! I reversed to kill our way and avoid a collision, as *Her Nibs* assumed the place she wanted in the line. We continued on through the channel, then turned north, now running before the wind but still reefed, the three miles to Dun Cove.

The anchorage was busy but not impossibly so, and we found a spot downwind of the main "fleet" to anchor just before dark. We greeted the dusk with the traditional Bay boater's charcoal votive flame and incinerated some hamburgers for dinner. Mosquitoes were a problem but not more than normal, and we settled down for a long anticipated rest.

Sunday

We were welcomed the next morning by sparkling blue skies, the first in a week. On looking out we realized that the wind had indeed reversed and was now northerly. After a leisurely breakfast we sailed off the anchor and threaded out through the fleet for Blackwater. Leaving the anchorage we were able to set the spinnaker. We ran under it until we got even with Black Walnut Point where the wind headed around westerly. Coming up on a reach, I got sidetracked into a spinnaker broach and we had a "Cushion Overboard Drill" with the spinnaker flying. It was reassuring that we could snaffle the beast and get back to a fixed location in an emergency. In an emergency, of course, this would have to be done single-handed, but the general outlines of what happened were good practice.

That little exercise concluded, we switched to the Genny and continued our reach down the bay. Navigation was important here as the Creek is not visible from more than a quarter mile offshore and I checked the accuracy of our knot log. We had a fair tide and it was running about 20% short due to the current. Marks came by on schedule, including the last buoy we would pass before the creek. We made our planned run past the buoy and turned in towards the line of trees on Taylor's Island.

They came closer and the bottom shoaled but, as expected, we didn't see the entrance. There was a low place in the beeline that I thought might be the mouth of the marsh (I ought to add here that we hadn't been down to Blackwater for five years, long enough to change the chart and lose its annotations). I picked a house on the shoreline and headed for that. As we got within a half mile, details

revealed themselves, the rip-rap in front of the houses, a van on shore, a sand beach and bright green marsh beside it. As we came in, a small boat came out from behind the beach. There at least was a channel! They looped around and came up beside us and asked where we were bound. On being told, they very kindly directed us to the channel we wanted, a quarter mile down the marsh. The channel had shifted in the five years since we had last been there.

A turn in over the bar, never less than six feet on the depth meter, and we were there! We motored up the channel past the county launching ramp to anchor. We prepared a Bermuda mooring, letting our principal anchor out and setting it, then pulling up on the rode to the end of the 25 feet of chain and shackling our storm anchor's chain to the rope/chain junction. We then dropped back on the rode, paying out chain until we got to the end where we tossed the storm anchor over. We then paid out a normal amount of scope and motored forward to set the storm anchor before falling back on the original anchor, and relaxed.

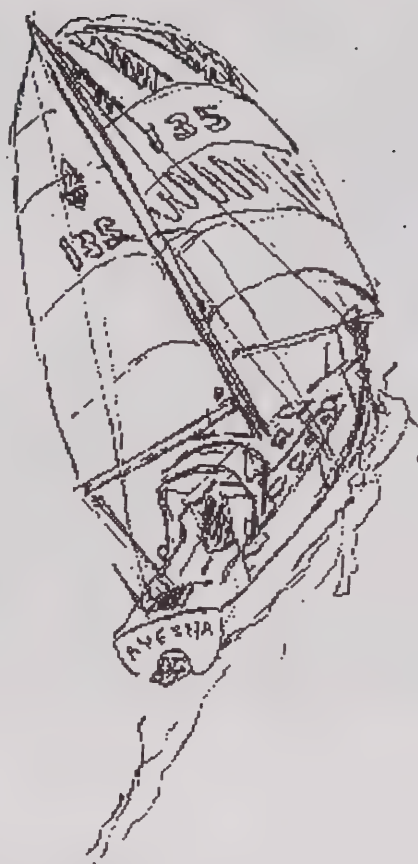
We had an entire wildlife area to ourselves, well, if you don't count the greenheads. The mosquitoes last night had reminded us how important good screens could be, so we looked through the back of the lockers to find the bundle of mosquito curtain I remembered. We hit pay dirt, the curtain I had prepared for our trip up behind Virginia's Atlantic barrier islands. Soon we were swathed in black veils, blowing gently in the breeze, with greenheads banging into the outside. The few that leaked in were easily evicted. The local insect level cut down our interest in exploration and we settled down to watch the other winged life (birds) for the afternoon. There were herons (blue, white, little blue and Louisiana) egrets (common and cattle), ospreys, marsh hawks and a rather scruffy looking bald eagle. There were also terns, gulls, skimmers and shorebirds (who always fly too fast to identify) and a red-winged blackbird on every stake.

The marsh is broken into many branching, secret channels, some, where the current runs, deep and hard-bottomed, others, guts or broads where the water spreads thin, are sticky and populated by hoards of clicking fiddler crabs. As the tide swishes past, tiny crabs and worms swim frantically and mysterious plops signal feeding striped bass and cownosed rays, while along the shore a swiftly moving bump signals a muskrat changing addresses. Egrets roost in the dark pines of the hammocks, bringing the stark lines of a Japanese woodcut to a scene where all other edges are soft and blurred. There was an enormous orange sunset over Scientist's Cliffs across the Bay.

The wind fell and it was getting a bit sticky. We went in for a swim and naturally the one fisherman of the day came by at that point, there's something magical about skinny dipping. At change of tide, we monitored the boat's swing to verify that the boat would tend to it in the current, and went to bed.

Monday

The next day, we decided to get an early start, as we were a full two day's sail from home and the failing winds of yesterday afternoon had reminded us that a day of bad winds could make us very uncomfortable schedule-wise. We were out over the bar in a light southerly at 7:00 AM. Heading north, the breeze soon filled in and we hoisted the spin-



aker again. This time the wind stayed aft and we carried the spinnaker at hull speed 25 miles up into Eastern Bay. The weather radio was predicting thunderstorms that evening and we hoped to get a visit with our friends Dwight and Maureen, who were dropping everything in their life and going cruising for two years. The sky changed through the day from a threatening mix of stratus as we left the creek, to a cheery blue during the spinnaker run, to a building haze that confirmed the weatherman's predictions. Nevertheless, we dropped in on Dwight and Maureen and chatted for an hour or so until the approaching overcast warned that we should make our good-byes and find somewhere more secure for the evening. We motored through Piney Narrows, catching the 2:30 opening of the old Highway 50 bridge. Once out of the dog-leg dredged channel, we set sail for the three miles to Queenstown harbor. Queenstown has a wonderful landlocked hurricane hole of an anchorage, reached via a short channel from the Chester River. Its only failing is an openness to the south.

We made it in under a lowering gray sky and quickly set the anchor hard with the motor at full reverse. I rigged out lightning ground, a length of chain shackled onto the mast and led overboard touching the shrouds. A roll cloud was heading toward us from the southwest. I finished putting in the tie-backs on the halyards just as the first of the rain began to fall. We retired to the cabin and unhooked the electronics from the power lines and waited, but not for long. The first gust snapped us around and laid us over 20 degrees. The sound of the wind climbed to a helicopter-like roar while the rain/spray swept across the boat. We were sustaining a 15 degree heel in the wind. I thought for a while

that the wind pressure was making us lie sideways, but then I got suspicious and went out to check the anchor, we were dragging. I freed up another 100 feet of rope but it still dragged.

Sarah prepared the storm anchor and I tossed it out off the bow. Shortly we rounded up as it bit and it was just a matter of waiting out the wind. There was a fair amount of lighting but no near strikes, thank heaven. The worst of it blew past and we hooked up the radio to listen to the weather service's overview of the storm. We heard a rather excited announcer warning of "tornadic winds" and suggesting mariners prepare themselves for winds of "hurricane force." There was some confused talk of a second front in West Virginia moving at 30 mph.

We went out to assess the situation. The Viking anchor had dragged when it had been stressed at an angle to where we had set it. When it popped out it brought up a firm clump of mud between the flukes, which prevented it digging in again. In the process we had dragged nearly the entire length of the Queenstown anchorage.

We raised anchor, motored back upwind to the center of the anchorage and set both anchors in a "Y" to minimize swing. As we were resting, two other sailboats came in, very wet but in good condition. They had met the storm out in the Chester. We finally went to bed and had a restful night. The second front came by around midnight but brought only wind.

Tuesday

In a beautiful morning we cleared out and sailed under a gentle southerly, having a "not-a-race" with a Tartan 28, then splitting tacks with them to head south out the Chester for home. The wind built to a warm, humid, but pleasant 12 knots and we were soon off the Love Point light. Sarah suggested we divert to Swan Creek for lunch, as we could easily reach our home berth by evening.

We blew down into Swan Creek with the breeze building slightly. We anchored near the mouth, protected by the spit between Swan and Tavern creeks. In here the breeze was quite gentle and when the main rode jammed in the hawse, we easily hung to the lunch hook. We enjoyed another swim, followed by a substantial lunch and a nap. As the heat of the sun roused us, we prepared for the last leg of the voyage.

The wind that brought us into Swan creek was now in our face for the trip home. We had hoped that it would shift to the north, as predicted, but that wasn't evident yet. The breeze had picked up a sharp chop again and we shortened sail to storm jib and second reef and buckled down to work to weather again. It was another three hours of "driving" between the chop, working *Ayesha* towards home. Finally we found ourselves short-tacking up the Magoth River channel (a luxury the congested state of the water would not allow on a weekend) and made our last turn into the slip at 6:30.

What a trip! We had expected light, fitful breezes, but every day found new directions for the wind to blow. We had made our objective and returned. We had weathered another Chesapeake T-storm and had bid farewell to our friends on their adventure. Now all we had to do was drive home in the light week-day traffic and enjoy a deserved shower and rest.



Two More New Boats

Petesboat

Petesboat was designed for Pete James, brother of Karl James who built the prototype Jewelbox to my design. Pete had made a few trips with Karl in the Jewelbox and had decided he wanted something very much like it for himself. He sent me sketches and I worked up the drawings, following his ideas.

In particular, he wanted a larger boat, lengthened 5' to 24', widened a foot to 7' and made deeper by about 6" with most of the new depth in window area. Pete wanted more motor capability, hopefully to the point of being able to plane. I borrowed heavily from my own little 11' Twixt for the hull shape. Twixt has been a good little sailboat and rowboat and went fine under power, although I never tried it with enough power to plane. It's sort of a compromise jonboat shape with a wide deep stern, but the stern in normal trim sweeps up just above the waterline. I also drew a warped V entry to try to reduce pounding in waves.

By Jim Michalak

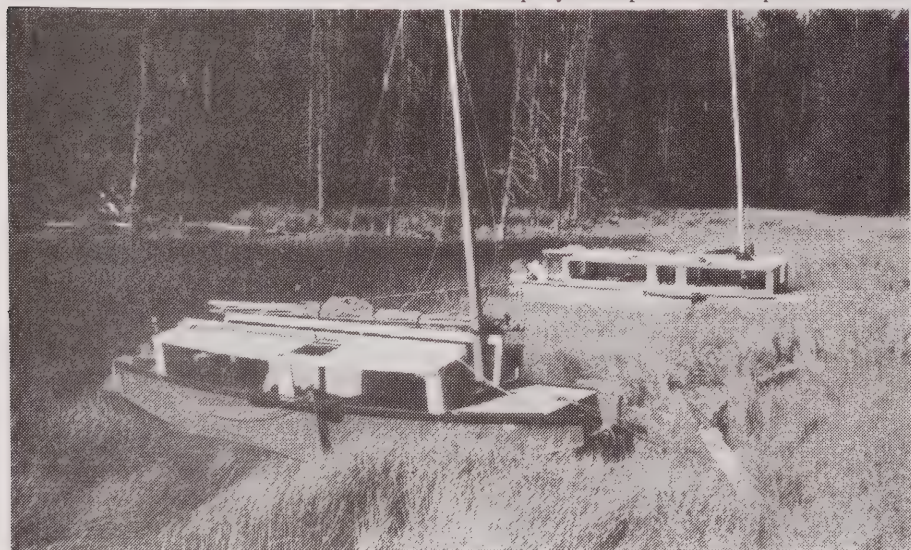
Pete built the boat, his first ever homebuilt, through a Wyoming winter in an unheated shop. All the parts were cut and shaped and assembled with sheet rock screws without glue. (The only difficulty he reported to me with the assembly was in the region of the bottom bow. The warpage of the bow planks in the V area was such that he ended up laminating that region from four plies of 1/4" plywood instead of two layers of 1/2" plywood as specified for the rest of the bottom. The heavier plywood would take the position but he found no fasteners up to the job of holding it there.) Come spring time, it all came apart and was reassembled with epoxy. He told me the reassembly took a lot longer than the initial construction, which is quite believable. He hurried it into the water by July 4th, sealed in epoxy but unpainted and a spectacle in beau-

tiful natural wood. His mast was a solid grown stick, apparently quite common in Wyoming.

She sailed right off the drawing board, so to speak. He and Karl took their two boats on a trailer/sailer tour and I've enclosed some of the photos they sent. I see mountains with snow and flooded desert canyons. It doesn't look like Florida to me. One photo shows both Jewelbox and Petesboat pulled onshore for the night (surrounded by more unfinished masts) and the great advantage of this sort of boat can be seen. The upswept bows and 4" draft allows a body to step off the bow front porch onto dry land. Quite a nice situation.

As for the "planing" power situation, it didn't get tried last year. I thought the boat would weigh a ton or so and need 50 horsepower to plane by the normal rules. Pete said at his altitude he'd need more. Shopping around for that size motor gave him the impression the motor would cost as much as the rest of the total project and he opted to clamp a 5 horse motor to the stern for the time being. The 5 horse pushed it 5 knots in good conditions. In bad conditions I'd think the little motor to be too small.

By the way, to accommodate the large motor, the single swing rudder was offset well to one side and connected with a simple linkage to the centerline tiller inside the house. In general, there is nothing about these rigs that is symmetrical. The lug sail is off to one side of the mast. The mast itself is mounted off center in the walkway and the single pivoting leeboard is outside the hull altogether on the other side. Pete reports all these effects amount to nothing, the boat going the same on either tack. That is about my experience, too, although I've never tried an offset rudder on my own boats. I'd say that a difference might be noted if two otherwise identical boats, but one rigged "lefty" and one rigged "righty", were raced against each other. The effect of all these asymmetries is a lot less than you might suppose.



Vireo

The prototype Vireo was built by Charles McMahan of New Matamoras, Ohio. I think Vireo was his first homebuilt boat, although he said he was enrolled at the time in a boatbuilding class that was working on a traditional planked dory. Vireo isn't built that way at all. She's built without jigs or lofting like all my designs. The shapes of the plywood panels that make up the boat are defined on the drawings. They are drawn full size on the plywood sheets and then stuck together like a model airplane. Bolger and Payson certainly popularized this style of building, although others, including William Jackson, had done boats that way before. It certainly saves time and money in a one-off boat.

Vireo is 12' long and 42" wide and meant strictly for rowing. Made taped seam style from three sheets of 1/4" plywood or lauan underlayment, she should weigh about 60 pounds and was my idea of perhaps the best impulse cartop rowboat, the sort of boat I'd leave strapped to the rooftop all spring, summer and fall. The oars strap up there, too, with the cushion, PFD and other little bits in the trunk.. Vireo was in many ways a refinement of my 8' WeeVee dinghy which has a very deep V bottom, chopped off ends and will row at 4 mph, quite fast for an 8-footer. Vireo has a shallower V bottom with panels that twist a bit to make a deep V entry. I would expect her to be very able and fast for her size. The V bottom makes for very straight tracking. If the chines are above the waterline, the water flowing over the bottom crosses no seams and should produce minimum drag. Charles reported the boat seemed very fast to him and his school buddies but had no hard numbers. He rows his Vireo on the Ohio River.

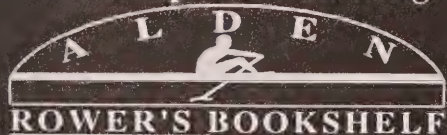
Charles used common lauan underlayment for plywood and stuck it all together with epoxy. Filleting thickener was pulverized agricultural limestone, something Dave Carnell has told us about. The rest of the lumber for the prototype came from motorcycle crates and planks floating down the river!

Plans for Vireo are \$15 and plans for Petesboat are \$50, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.



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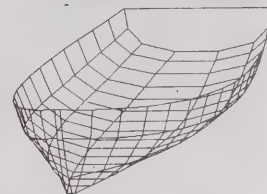
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 - Wetted area
 - Surface area of hull
 - Lateral area
 - Center of lateral area
- **Prints out:**
 - Table of offsets
 - All graphics
 - Plywood layout graphic
 - Plywood layout offsets
 - Table of design inputs
- **Printer support:**
 - Laser or ink jet
 - Epson or IBM
 - Proprinter dot matrix
- **Sail rig design:**
 - Sail graphic
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 - 20 sail types
 - Bowsprit



Center of effort of each sail
Center of effort of sail group
Lead of sail vs. lateral area
Table of sail design

- **CAD export:** (use for cabins, decks, etc.)

.DXF file 2D hull
.DXF file 3D hull
.DXF file plywood
.DXF file sailplan

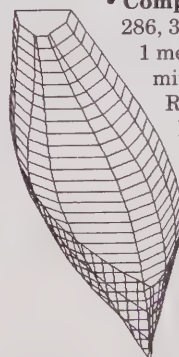
- **Modeling:**

Scale up or down .01 to 10X
In model scale do:

Table of offsets
All .DXF files
Plywood layout
Bulkheads

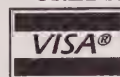
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Boats are often a great convenience, if not a necessity upon a farm, besides which they may be a source of much healthful recreation. It is our aim to answer here many questions about boats by describing the construction of two of the leading sorts of small boats.

A cheap and durable flat-bottomed boat may be made in the following way: The bottom is of two white pine boards, or other light, strong stuff, tongued and grooved together, and afterwards cut to the shape shown in Figure 1. The proportions given in the engraving may vary to suit circumstances. Cut the edge very accurately, giving to it a slight bevel upwards that the joint with the side boards may be close and watertight.

The stern is usually made of a Tamarack "knee", though other wood will answer, in the shape shown in Figure 2. The front of the upright part of the "knee" should be bevelled to an edge, the bottom being dressed and fastened to the keel with screws or wrought nails. The stern should be six inches wider at the top than at the bottom: 1/4-inch Spruce stuff is best for the sides.

To give the proper shape to the boat two mold-boards are put in at the dotted lines shown in Figure 1, to be removed when the sides are in place. Clamps should be used to hold the side boards in position while being fitted to the stem and stern. Lap the second board nearly one inch over the first, and place a piece of cotton cloth dipped in tar between the boards to make the joints water tight.

After the sides are in, remove the molds and put in two ribs which should be of white oak 1/2 by 1-1/2 inch, made pliable by soaking in water, and secured in place by clinched nails. A strip of board

How to Build A Small Boat.

From American Agriculturalist, July 1882

two inches wide should be nailed around the outside of the boat near the top, or gunwale, and the seats, etc., put in as shown in Figure 3. The pair of oars may be of ash, but many will prefer paddles for a small boat of this kind. The cost of such a boat will depend very much upon the finish given it.

Lapstreak boats, suitable for rowing or sailing, may be made of any desired size; the proportions to be observed in building them are to have the length four or five times the width, the greater width being adapted for mast and sail.

The first item in the construction of this boat is the keel, which should be a piece of strong white oak, six inches wide and two inches thick, dressed to an inch at the bottom and grooved at the top to receive the first streak, or side board. This keel should be fastened upon trestles, by means of wedges, to enable the work to be conveniently done.

The stem of the boat may be of a "natural crook" of hard-wood, sawed to a proper curve, and mortised to the end of the keel. The stern, after being cut to a proper shape, is firmly fixed to the rear end of the keel of the boat by a "knee."

The three mold-boards, to give shape to the boat, are next made, and fitted lightly to the keel, as they are to be removed when the sides are finished. The trestles, and keel, with the stem, stern, and mold-boards, are shown in Figure 4.

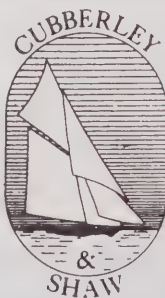
The next work is laying on the streaks, or side boards. These should be made of white pine, spruce, or cedar, smoothly dressed. They need to be cut of a particular shape, and this is determined by clamping the streak upon the molds, as shown in Figure 4, marking the line to be cut, with a pencil. The first board is fitted to the keel and firmly nailed the whole length, no nails being driven into the mold-boards. The nails should be very pliable, so that they can be easily clinched on the inside with a light hammer, a heavy one being held on the head of the nail.

As soon as the sides are finished, the ribs may be put in; they should be made of white oak and secured in place by clinched nails. There should be some short ribs running up only part way from the bottom of the boat. A narrow board is nailed upon the inside to the ribs a short distance below the rim for holding the seats, etc. The gunwale is made by nailing a streak along the inside of the boat, it resting upon the ribs.

The rowlocks, rudder, etc., may be arranged as shown in Figure 5. If it is desired to have the boat arranged for a sail, the mast can be "stepped" into a piece of plank placed in the forward part of the boat, with a strap of iron to embrace the mast, fastened to one edge of the forward seat.

All the parts as they are put together should receive a good coat of paint, so that the boat may be water tight and as durable as possible. When not in use keep it under cover.

In treating this important subject of Boat Building, about which we have so many inquiries every year, we have reproduced some illustrations which were used ten years ago.



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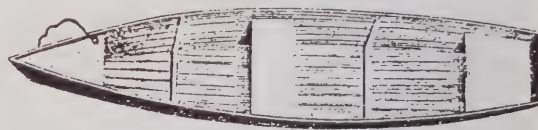


Fig. 3.—THE FLAT-BOTTOM BOAT COMPLETED.

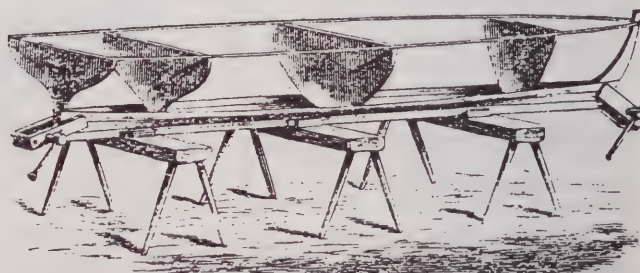


Fig. 4.—THE TRESTLES, KEEL, STEM, STERN, ETC., OF LAP-STREAK BOAT.



Fig. 5.—THE LAP-STREAK BOAT COMPLETED.

Building Paradox

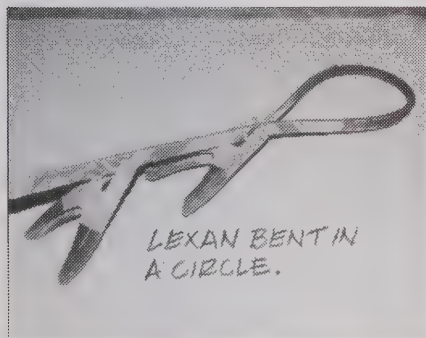
Part 12

By Don Elliott

Lexan: Will the large windows on *Paradox* break? Will they craze and scratch?

Lexan is not your "run of the mill" plastic, it is a high tech product. When I purchased the lexan for *Paradox* the plastic supplier told me an interesting story. At a recent plastic convention they had placed a hundred dollar bill in a lexan tube and capped each end with steel. The object was, anyone that could break the lexan with the sledge hammer provided could keep the hundred dollar bill. Even after numerous savage attempts, the bill was still inside the tube at the show's end.

I made my own tests (see photo). No matter how I would bend or twist it, it wouldn't crack or break. With effort I can scratch it, but you can also scratch any other clear product. It seemed tough enough.

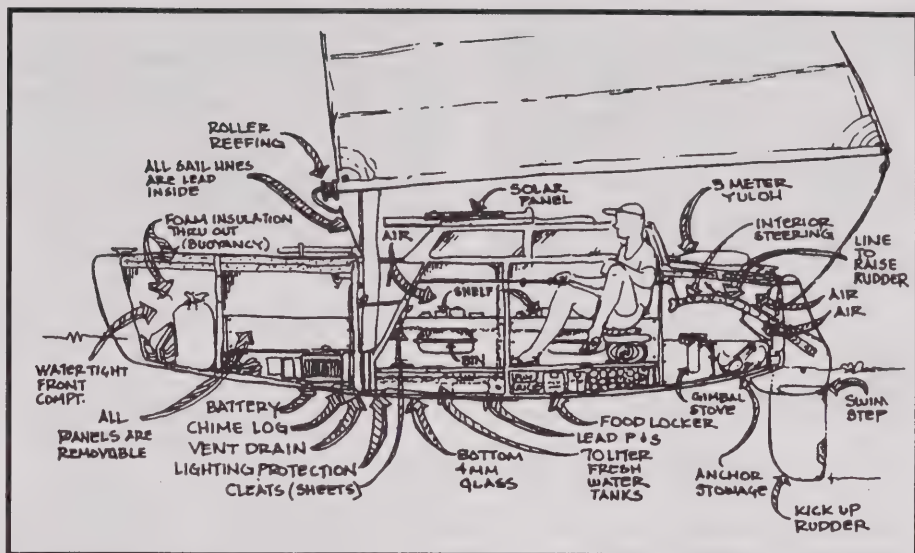
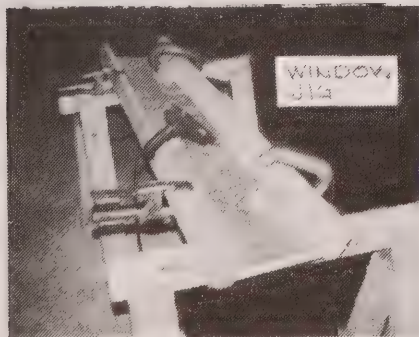


But, being the skeptic I am, I called the Engineering Department for more detailed, scientific insight. An engineer told me it is used in thousands of production boats and even on clear hatch tops. The main thing is to use the correct sealant, only silicone can be used, nothing else will work. Other types of sealants will cause it to craze and only one type of silicone can be used at that, GE Silicone II. It has to be the II not I.

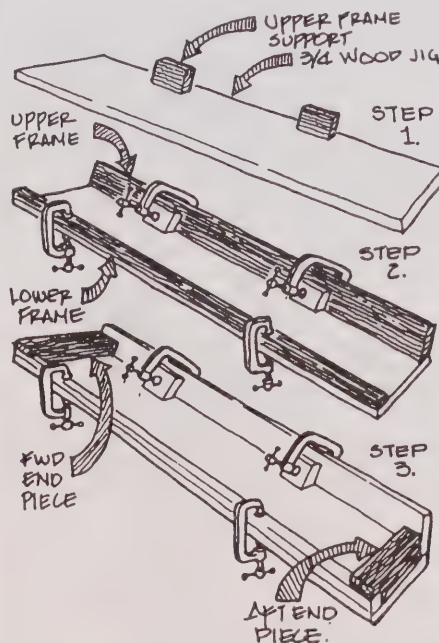
Something else will give before lexan will. Lexan is stronger than any other clear product on the market. It's ideal for the home builder as it can be easily cut and drilled with standard tools. The method of drilling, cutting and sealing the windows will be covered in detail.

Windows and Jigs: Matt provides dimensions and angles to control the shape of the window frame. It's a snap to make these frames with this method. The key is a simple jig.

The jig allows you to build the complete frame and is also used as a pattern for cutting the lexan.



The jig is a flat board with the outline of the window. Two tilted blocks hold the upper frame pieces, the lower piece is cut to its correct angle and clamped to the lower edge, then the end pieces are fitted and that's it (see illustration and photo).



WINDOW JIG AND FRAMING

Make the lower piece of mahogany or some moderate, rot resistant wood. If you can't, use close grain fir and give it four coats of epoxy. No pine here.

Save the jig as it will be used as a pattern to cut the lexan.

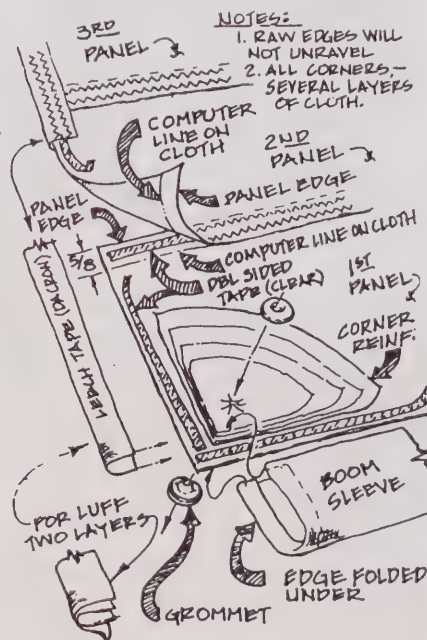
Sails: Every builder of a sailboat comes to a point where he must decide where his sails will come from, what materials they'll be made of and who will make them. Every feature and detail must be considered carefully.

If your sail blows out you will be just sitting, aimlessly drifting. If the cloth is too light it'll stretch and bag out, causing the boat to heel excessively. It must be designed for specific winds where the boat is intended to

sail. They must be designed by a sail maker.

The sail maker can make the sail, or you can. I had sail quotes and good information from some advertisers in this magazine.

I had always ordered my sails made, this time I decided to sew my own. Since I was building the boat, I'd like to make everything I could myself. I will describe that effort and let you be the judge if it's really worth it.



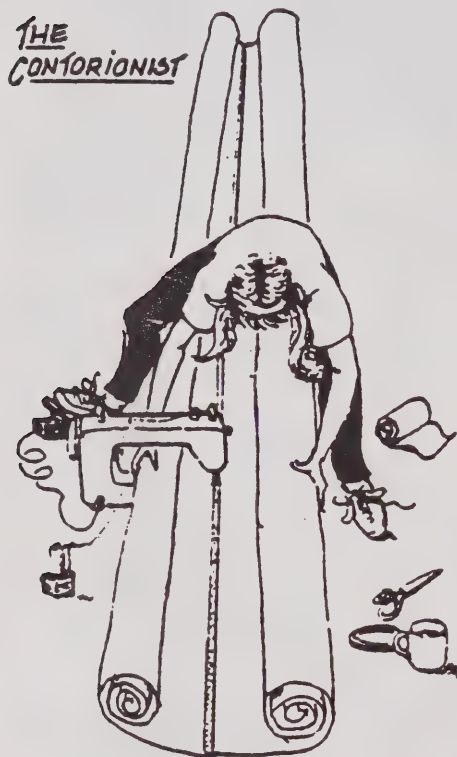
SAIL-GENERAL ASSEMBLY AND CONSTRUCTION

The sail kit, from Sailrite, cost \$217. If they sew it together it costs \$330. Basically what you do with the kit is you receive panels that are pre-cut, you tape them together, then sew the seam, then make the corner patches and sew them to the corners. Add Luff and Leach reinforcement, sew on sleeves for yard and boom at foot and head, punch holes for grommets and stamp the grommets in place with a tool. That's it.

Now for reality. The implication is that you can sew sails with any machine. The truth is it has to be a newer machine with a strong

motor. I tried three different machines which would sew normal materials with a combination of needles. I even had a sewing machine repairman make a special presser foot without success. I bought a new machine, it worked. You are sometimes sewing through seven layers of sail cloth. It will stop a weaker machine.

Also, it's almost impossible for one person to do the sewing. I tried tubes, clamps and fluorescent lamps to hold the material as you feed the cloth. It's awkward.



It is extremely hard to sew zigzag stitches in a straight line when you're sewing through heavyweight, slippery (slipping and sliding all over the place) sail cloth. You have to be a contortionist to reach over the machine while feeding it through the machine.

When it's sewn together, you then have to rent the tool to punch the holes for the grommets, plus shipping. Both ways!

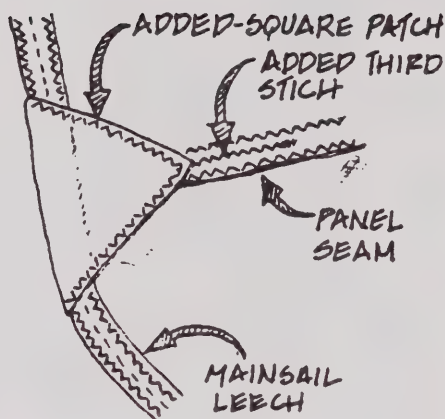
Would I make another sail? I might consider a small jib or dinghy sail. That's about it. My wife says never again! I agree, best let the sailmaker make the sail. In my opinion, without any doubt, sailmakers earn their money.

A few points, if you decide to sew your own sail.

(1) Get seven layers of sailcloth about a foot and a half long and see if your machine will zigzag through that without breaking needles, skipping threads, making loud punching sounds or just coming to a complete halt. This will tell you if your machine will sew the sail.

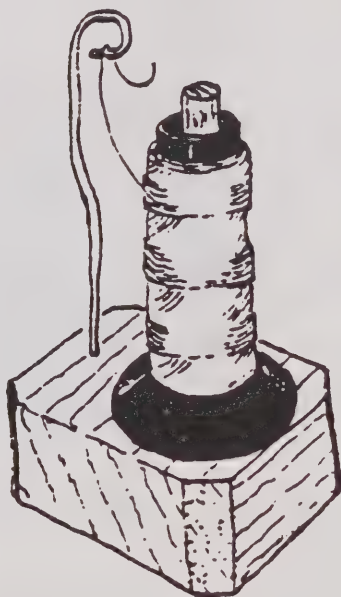
(2) A trick to solve the above problem is to zigzag the thin layers and switch to straight stitch in the thick stuff. (This was recommended by a sailmaker.)

(3) Look at the amp rating of the machine and get the highest you can get. (If it's in watts, divide by 120, that gives amps.)



(4) I added a square patch to lock-up the aft end of the panel seams. This tip was given by Frank Rosenow.

(5) You'll have to make a device to hold the sailmaker thread spool. It's easily made from a block, a dowel and a piece of copper wire (see illustration).



One thing I feel I should have been more firm about was the weight of the cloth. I wanted 6 oz. cloth. I let them talk me into 4.2 oz. I feel I will regret that.

I'd like to quote designer Ian Nicholson of the *Wayfarer* fame, "In our sail lofts we are saddened every year when we see inadequate sails which are sold with new dinghies. Stout cruising dinghies are marketed with sails that after a couple of seasons are virtually scrap. These sails are too light, poorly finished and not designed to stand up to the hurry burly of life afloat, certainly not life outside the shelter of harbor." He continues, "Sail for cruising...cloth weight should be high. Typically, a 16-foot boat should have cloth around 5 oz. weight and for really extended cruising it should be 5.7 oz."

Paradox, being a heavy 14-foot boat, should have 6 oz. cloth minimum. I may regret not sticking by my guns and insisting on 6 oz. cloth. I advise you to insist on 6 oz. or

above.

Water Tanks: Turn the hull over to gain access to the interior. The two fresh water tanks should be bare wood at this point.

These tanks must be completely watertight, no water should be allowed to migrate to the surrounding wood. Remember also its contents will be going into your body. Its surfaces must be pure and clean.

I am strict about what I eat and the water I drink. I made some phone calls and asked for specific answers on how the water tank should be built. I will be drinking from those tanks for a couple of months at a time. This is an area where you don't want loose answers.

West System said that they would not recommend using their epoxy to build the water tank due to the fact that the hardener they use keeps releasing a residue that's harmful if ingested.

System Three told me I could make a fresh water tank using their epoxy if I follow specific instructions. They said the Alaskan fishermen use fresh water tanks using their epoxy extensively with no problems. I will detail those precautions as we proceed to build the tanks.

How effective is epoxy as a water barrier?

Here's a quote from the West boat construction book, "Beyond a certain thickness (four to five coats), you gain very little improvement in moisture resistance in relation to the weight gain of the added coating material. Any resin you apply beyond five coatings may contribute to abrasion resistance, but will contribute little to moisture resistance."

In a phone conversation with System Three they recommended five coats of epoxy for the interior of the tank.

Here are the steps to make the tank.

(1) Orbit fillet all joints and corners (use large shooter).

(2) Pre-coat interior of tank. Let cure until just almost dry to the touch.

(3) Lay in cloth, cut folds at corners, let overlap an inch at corners.

(4) Important, do not float cloth, just wet out (see previous article on fiberglassing).

(5) Let cure until no longer tacky but just gelled (maximum three hours). Add another coat, let that cure until it gels, add two more coats using the same procedure.

Note: Do not glass top of surfaces of separators. Keep them clean. No drips here (most drips come from the edge of the cup and not from the brush).

To make the tank acceptable for drinking water, I received detailed instructions from System Three.

They are:

(1) Let tank cure at least five days.

(2) Wipe surface with white vinegar, then wash with warm water (not above 130°, anything warmer will release stuff we're trying to remove) and a little mild detergent, then rinse with warm water.

(3) Repeat Step 2 every day for five days. This removes any residue from tank surface. Do the tank top at the same time.

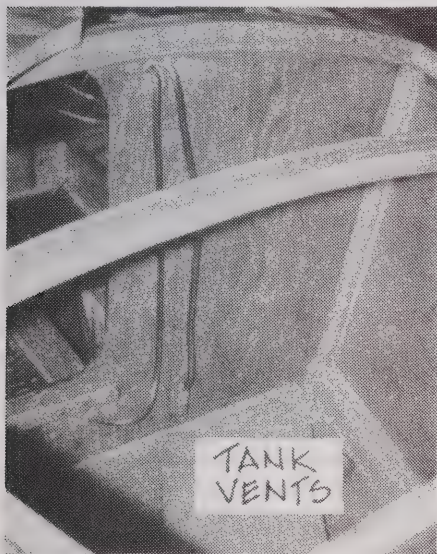
Before tank top is installed, tank fill/pumpout and vents must be installed.

Tank Fill/Pumpout and Vents: *Paradox's* water tanks (there are two separate tanks) have a system to fill from an external source or they can be replenished by rain water. When filling or pumping out, the tanks must be vented to expel air and receive air.

The vent lines are located high on the tanks and as close to the centerline of the boat as possible to ensure they aren't blocked at any angle of heel. They vent overboard in any condition (see photo).

When installing the pumpout pipe, keep the open end of the pipe 6 mm off the bottom to keep from picking up any possible dirt on bottom of tank.

Carefully mark and drill all holes. The vent pipes are hard to make the 180° bend, keep at it. Make sure it won't protrude and interfere with the mast. Install tubes after roughing their surface with 60 grit sandpaper. Glue in place. After the putty stiffens, make a finger fillet around pipe, remove your glove, put a small amount of "goop" on your fingertip and smooth out the fillet, building strong, watertight, fillet around pipe on both sides (see photo). Wash your hands good and after the epoxy cures wash off any "goop" residue.



Install Tank Top: I gave a lot of thought to installing the tank with sealant but decided that most have strong, adhesive qualities and the cover would be hard to remove. The epoxy allows me to fillet all joints and the tank becomes an integral part of the hull structure. My wife's arm can reach all areas of the tank through the ports for cleaning. With the entire port unscrewed I can wiggle my arm in. If needed I could install larger ports.

Carefully mark centerline of separator lumber on tank top, drill pilot in top for ring nails, start nails into tank top off the boat. Glue and nail tank top, making sure there is an adequate gap at side for bin panels. Through the port make a fillet with your finger around inside edges of tank top, if not enough putty squeezed out for filleting, mix more putty and seal interior of tank. Fillet outside edges of tank. Putty nail heads and clean up glue residue with vinegar.

Make Bin Sides: This is easy and needs no instructions with the exception of a few precautions. The opening in the bin side between bulkhead #3 and #4 is not located in the center of the bin, it must be positioned forward to accommodate seat support.

Allow for the insulation at shelf edges. Do not install the four panels of insulation at the sides of the hull between bulkhead #2 to #4 until the last thing or you poke holes in them while working.

The insulation panels at the bow between

the bow and bulkhead #1 must go in before breast hook is installed. Install them with contact cement. Do it now.

Food Locker Cover and Hinges: Food locker cover can now be cut down centerline. Cut and attach hinge to edge and fasten to bin side (use an electric screwdriver or you'll wear yourself out putting them on and off). It should operate freely, allowing for swelling and paint. Install toggle latch. Disassemble for painting.

The next article of building Paradox, Part 13 will include "Insulation Installation," "Deck to Hull," "Fiberglassing and Fairing" and "Cabin Construction."

References:

1. *Roving in Open Boats*, Ian Nicolson.
2. *Canvas and Rope Craft*, Frank Rosenow.
3. *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction*
4. *The Epoxy Book, System Three*

Some Things That You Should Know

Over the years we have enjoyed your fine publication and believe it is a great representation of the grass roots boating enthusiast. I saw you at the Maine Boat Show in Portland last year and told you that.

I do have concerns, however, regarding the use of trade names and accuracy of some technical and safety information regarding the use and application of epoxy in the series of articles entitled "Building Paradox" authored by Don Elliot.

A trademark is a valuable asset to a company and we at Gougeon Brothers, Inc. strive that it be used with care and accuracy. It is **incorrect** to say WEST, WEST 410 or WEST 407 et al. It is correct to say WEST SYSTEM 410 Microlight or WEST SYSTEM 407. It is also correct to say WEST SYSTEM® Brand epoxy or that a particular boat "is built using WEST SYSTEM products." It is **incorrect** to say W.E.S.T. products or "a WEST SYSTEM boat". Please take efforts to use our trademark correctly. If you ever have questions regarding the proper use of our trademark, please contact us. I have enclosed a brochure regarding our trademark for your review.

Similarly, Cab-O-Sil® is a brand name that belongs to Cabot. Their product is amorphous fumed silica. It comes in many grades, some refined, some not. Some are hydroscopic (attract moisture) and some are hydrophobic (repel moisture). Aerosil® is still another brand of amorphous fumed silica. The point is use of the Cab-O-Sil brand name may not be specific enough, for many versions may not be suitable for the intended application. In several instances in the articles it is spelled Cabosil and that is an incorrect use of their trade mark.

Vinegar is a mild solvent sometimes promoted as a "harmless" solution for cleaning epoxy from skin. Vinegar seems to make sense, it is a common food ingredient, it's been used medicinally as an anti-fungal agent and as an old time sunburn remedy. However, if used to clean epoxy from your skin, vinegar can promote overexposure to epoxy and subsequent allergic reactions. Common household vinegars, both distilled white and apple cider, contain 4 to 10% dilute acetic acid. They also contain low percentages of alcohols and mineral salts. When applied to remove epoxy, vinegar slightly dissolves it, then penetrates the protective layers of skin, carrying epoxy into your subdermal tissues. This increases the chance of an allergic reaction and may also increase the reaction's intensity. You can safely use vinegar to clean your tools. Working clean and wearing protective clothing, such as gloves and long sleeves, is the best way to reduce the need to expose your skin to any cleaning agent in the first place.

Is the spherical filleting tool the invention of the author? Is this tool and the concept of its use protected by the copyrighted article in your publication? Freeman Mfg. Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, a pattern and mold construction tool company has offered their catalog No. 046385 fillet tool and a number of various-sized versions for about 50 years. I've enclosed an illustration from their literature. We have used these tools, have been telling our customers where to get such, and have been making our own "spherical fillet tools" for 20 years. I can believe the author may have come up with this idea on his own, but he would not have to venture far to find others with well-used gadgets in their tool boxes that are similar or identical.

Mr. Elliot describes a method to contain "creep," two wooden pieces from slipping. Creep is a time-dependent strain of solids caused by stress not to be confused with slump, the condition of a fluid or thickened material (such as epoxy) to sag while under the influence of gravity or for pieces to slide under clamp pressure prior to curing. Creep has structural ramifications, e.g., a stressed scarf joint fails due to creep rupture failure of the adhesive. Some epoxy adhesive perform measurably better in creep than others. Slump is controlled by adding fillers to mixed, uncured epoxy. There is in fact an ASTM standard test method for slump, beyond the scope of this letter. The point is the mis-use of terminology.

There is much merit to Mr. Elliot's articles and his unique boat. There are some great tips. But the abovementioned points are a few of the examples of errors, misinformation and untested opinions which can be very misleading to one using that information as gospel. We receive calls daily from folks confused by such information, sometimes causing disappointment, failures or an unsafe condition. We urge monitoring the accuracy of information that you publish as otherwise your good intent could result in unintended dis-service.

I believe all epoxy formulators and suppliers hope the next installation of "Building Paradox" (that covers coating with epoxy and scarfing) deals with the methodology with accuracy and has a handle on some of the pitfalls.

James R. Watson, Technical Advisor, Gougeon Brothers, Inc.

Bolger on Design

Family-Schooner William D. Jochems Design # 639

Length over billet head and rudder: 29 feet 8 inches

Length of hull: 25 feet 6 inches

Length on the bottom: 24 feet 2 inches

Breadth over leeboard guards: 7 feet 6 inches

Breadth of hull: 7 feet 1 inch

Breadth on the bottom: 6 feet 0 inches

Draft of hull with full load: 1 foot 2 inches

Draft with maximum leeboard (upright): 3 feet 4 inches

Displacement with full load: 4900 pounds

Weight of water ballast: 1136 pounds salt water, 1100 pounds fresh.

Sail area: 462 square feet

Maximum mast height: 27 feet 3 inches

Minimum bridge clearance: 6 feet 6 inches

Maximum height above trailer bed: 7 feet 8 inches

It was high time for a week's cruise again before the end of summer vacations. After the first "shake-down" cruise in July, where many new experiences had been in store for proud builders and crew, this would be the second actual cruise after many weekends since of using the new schooner to explore the usual haunts. It is to be hoped that the launching ramp would not be clogged by a car spinning its wheels on the slimy concrete near the water. But there will be another hour of road travel with the rig before that concern may arise. They sure were eager to get the schooner in the water and on with the cruise.

Looking back now, it already seemed like long time ago that they had invested in their "family-schooner" much elbow grease, but only a fraction of the cost for a comparable boat (was there one?!). Working together, all four of them, you could actually call at least some of that effort "quality time." Of course, as everybody who had done such a project had told them, she had taken longer to complete than anticipated. Between work and school, time had been scarce anyway. When a bunch of smaller and larger disruptions, like those endless days in bed after the same bug got all of them in turn, conspired to "adjust" the official work schedule posted in the hallway and the workshop, the launch date and thus the big adventure would creep weeks further up the calendar. But real discouragement had never been allowed to set in. In fact, since the big family pow-wow had decided to find a boat to be built by all of them, the whole process had been mostly fun, with a few surprises and setbacks thrown in, "just to build character" as someone had remarked. The hope was that she would not need replacing with something else after all that work. As the kids grew towards

adulthood they could eventually use her on their own, taking their friends along. And to the parents the schooner did not look too demanding for a greying couple, with perhaps a cartoppable Junebug in tow there seemed to be no limit on where they might roam on their pension ages from now. Since it was up to them how well she was built and kept, thinking that far ahead actually did not seem implausible at all.

They had taken their time to find a design that would suit their needs and which would not be too fiendishly complicated or "high-tech" for them to build. Ever since mother had dragged dad into this boat-building thing, they had tried to avoid buying boats if they could build one in the garage. Even before they had gotten married there had been two plywood kayaks, later a skiff to take the kids along and then the little cat-yawl that had given them a flavor to stay aboard overnight. But with the kids growing by the day, a bigger boat was dreamt about. The problem was that they wanted the boat to do so many things, that they had not yet found a design that would fit their cruising plans, space requirements as a family, their limited pocket-book and would still be buildable before everybody had gotten old and gray with the kids long gone...

Mother had read the magazines for years and knew about Bolger. So when his outfit offered the latest design in the 25-foot range, she and Dad took a closer look. It was rigged as a schooner to keep the spars short for easy raising and lowering in trailer use and to keep lots of sail area reasonably low, allowing every crew to adopt "their" sail for the day if they so chose. With the small sails, no winches or other costly "trick" gear were necessary, even singlehanded her would be doable in perfect safety and without a requisite "bench-pressing regime" prior to the cruise. Having been designed in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the historic port of many working schooners once, she had been given a name with a ring reminiscent of those once typical in that fleet, the *William D. Jochems*.

Introducing this design, #639, Bolger wrote: "I've lost count of how many sharpies I've designed, starting with Blacksnake in 1955, but I think it's more different ones than anybody else, including my mentor Howard Chapelle. The most successful was Black Skimmer, designed for Mike O'Brien in 1976. She was the first of several 25-footers, wider for her length than the canon lays down, but so good a sailer and so widely liked that I hesitated to tamper with that design for many years. I eventually drew a modified rig that made it easier to get her big mainmast down on deck for trailer hauling. But she retained some inherent weaknesses. The cabin was a minimum cuddy fit for a couple to camp in for a few days. They recovered from knock-downs in reassuring fashion, but the margin of reserve stability was less than we like to see, on account of the low freeboard aft. The "Birdwatcher" idea, in which a shallow boat is given a high transparent raised deck over most of her length, suggested that a big improvement could be made over Skimmer without making her bigger or much heavier."

Apart from that design-experience, what attracted them to this design in their search for a capable and safe family boat was the utility and safety of Bolger's "Birdwatcher"-style raised deck. For them, and the two kids who would soon need as much space aboard as they

did, the unusually big interior would allow safe coastal cruising for all of them without dark, ill-ventilated cramped quarters constantly breeding tension and sooner or later fights, if not mutiny and AWOL, or just another turned stomach.

On paper, and then on the shop floor of their temporarily extended garage, the construction was straightforward enough to confirm the hope to actually finish her in months, with everybody pitching in, rather than years and many cobwebs. Most plywood panels could be prefabricated from diagrams and obviated most of the lofting and plumbing time in a one-off boat. The scantlings were well proven in boats much larger, though sometimes producing panels almost too limp and too heavy to handle by them. The one-inch bottom was reasonably easy to assemble, surface, and turn with a tackle hung from the rafters. But handling those long assembled half-inch sides and deck panels had produced some (G-rated) language and a pinched finger or two, but the strength would be comforting out on the water banging into buoys, flotsam or rocks. Everyone had been responsible for a particular job at a time, moving things right along until the inevitable snag when two independently made pieces would not fit for some reason. As the launch date was nearing ever so fast, tempers would occasionally flare, but a boiling epoxy-cup or a glance at the water-color paint scheme rendering on the wall would often cut short further arguments about blame for this setback.

With that temporary garage extension reaching into the driveway, word about the project had gotten around soon and amongst the usually friendly intruders there would be that one wisenheimer who kept nagging that she needed much lead for ballast or better yet a keel, "after all, there will be kids aboard..." Cranking up that 4x24 belt sander would produce enough dust and noise to make him eventually disappear. Unlike Black Skimmer, which had 450 pounds of steel ballast, #639 would have water ballast which Bolger claimed was practically as efficient in such a shallow boat as metal. And while water in its tanks would take up a lot of room inside the boat, it could be dumped to leave a heavily-ballasted boat little heavier on a trailer than one unballasted. This concept also came in handy when the almost finished boat had to be jacked up and placed on tripods to slide that shiny new trailer underneath her for the "Roll-out Party."

With her outside, they could finally see her from a distance and that raised deck unexpectedly looked rather well in 3-D; of course, the wisenheimer kept mumbling about the need for "waterways" and that she did "not look right." Interestingly enough, he did not see the connection between her hull shape, the water ballast and this high raised deck. As Bolger had pointed out, "the high-sided boat has immense reserve stability. On her side, she floats cork-high, with all her deck openings well out of water. The deck is so high above the ballast water, or so far out from it when the boat is on her side or beyond, that she is snapped back upright like a fin-keeler. There is nothing marginal about such a boat's ability to recover! And this deck adds no weight over the lower one, with the difference being only in the added area of the sides. The transparent plastic upper part of the sides doesn't have to be very heavy, just enough to keep the

water out since the boat won't be moving very fast when she is flat on her side..."

The proud builders would not admit this now, but when they first saw the design it had taken them a while to see what Bolger was talking about; particularly the parents who had been too used to old-fashioned boats in that size with all their cramped sweaty cabins seemingly designed to make kids and hesitant spouses wish they had never stepped foot on a boat.

Although still far from the water, most at the party wanted to "play boat" and tried out her accommodations in person. As the builders found themselves repeatedly discussing her layout, the "Birdwatcher" arrangement makes cabin a cockpit interchangeable. All the volume is usable day and night and the high deck increases the volume enormously and improves the usefulness of all of it. The cabin is not affected by demands of deck use. Waterways don't force the windows inboard or make comfortable sitting impossible. As the guests could imagine just sitting there on her berths, this arrangement allows four people comfort and elbow room, sailing or berthed, in the same size hull which, conventionally laid out, was cramped for two people if not periodically ill-trimmed. Some were surprised by the enclosed toilet room. She just did not feel as small as her 14-inch-draft 252-footer hull would suggest on paper. Here she was sitting on her trailer weighing less than a ton, of course without her 1100 pounds of ballast and with what looked like a decent capacity for supplies and people, Bolger claimed close to another ton without going deep of her best sailing lines, something that would be tested soon "in the wet."

The spars were not finished yet but the standing room with the masts' tabernacles in place gave a good idea how all the sail handling could be done from within that safe location; there would be no impressive acrobatics on a heeled, pitching and slippery foredeck requiring fancy protective suits and much energy drain just to set or strike the jib or let go of the anchor. But they could not yet demonstrate that neat folding sequence of both masts lowering with sails attached for quickly getting the boat ready as a streamlined trailer load. That would not be happening until the spar varnish had dried, the sails had been bend on for the first time and a windless day was predicted to keep her from sailing down the street on her three-wheeled trailer under full sail.

What was in place though were the plywood hatches that could seal that long opening against rain, wind, sun, underway or for the night, or just to keep the leaves out over the winter when she sat all locked up and snug on her trailer. The inside steering station though had not yet been hooked up.

It seemed that those wide leeboards received the most attention, not the least, no doubt, due to their stunning ornamental paint job that an artist friend had designed and then painted on them after dad had finished the wood and glass/epoxy work. The rudder would get a matching treatment before long. With the boat on the trailer, they would be moved up and down for all to see how they would keep the boat from going sideways under sails. None of the sailors amongst the guests missed the usual centerboard case inside, even though they were curious just how well these boards would actually work "out there." But they immediately saw that these boards would not

grow things on them, could not jam or cause leaks around some case. Obviously the boat was stronger for not having its spine cut for a centerboard. Less immediately apparent, but carefully explained to them by dad, they also allow a shallower sailing draft than a centerboard because, if they're out clear of the hull as here, they're effective all the way up to the waterline. He pointed out to them that this set had been designed short and broad, not as "efficient" as long, narrow boards but able to be used in shallower water since they would not spoil the boat's upwind balance if part-way up. Bolger had promised that the boat can sail her best in 3-1/2 feet of water. As an added bonus for navigation in shallow water, one of dad's friends reflected, she draws considerably more water heeled than she does upright, handy to free her from a grounding by letting go the sheets. Getting ever deeper "into leeboards," they would have almost pulled them off their mounting bolts just to inspect those bearings above and below the pivot that allowed the boards only one axis of rotation. They could not swing out off the hull and crash back or do broken-wing when left lowered on the weather side. Bolger claimed that they needed no handling in tacking since both can be left down at all times when under sail, but they all agreed that they would experiment with that anyway.

Throughout this afternoon, except for that wisenheimer, nobody seemed to take issue with the fact that both her rig from bowsprit to the end of the mainboom and her rudder were all off-center to starboard; most just moved fore and aft in the standing room without much contortions.

It was several weeks after that party that everything was "just so," with the outboard motor hung, all rigging set up, rudder and linkages connected, ground tackle in place and all the electric stuff working well, even the tax man had gotten his share. They had wisely kept the date and location of the first launching a secret, with just two friends sneaking up on them anyway. On a weekday morning they had all the time in the world to carefully plan every new move and try out everything a few times that needed more knowing about. Sure, there were some re-tangled lines, the motor suddenly died because the fuel line had been pinched tight by something and there was no routine yet about most maneuvers. But nobody got hurt, the boat got only a small obligatory "first scratch" and under the light but constantly shifting winds only the Windex got tested hard. That day they only went for an hour or two to a quiet spot to spend the first night aboard. The next launching all friends were invited and the fresh breeze moved an overload of eight eager sailors right along. During the first cruise, they really got good at making the schooner do what they intended it to, most of the time. Soon they began to relax in earnest and fully enjoy the fruit of their common labor, so far, she seemed well worth the effort, they concluded after that first extended outing a month ago.

Now finally at the ramp, they found it empty, ready to be used and launching procedures were just about routine by now, there are always onlookers when she shows up! So they might as well look good in every step of the job. The rig backs to the top of the ramp. The family piles out of the car and springs to their particular tasks. The third swiveling tire is lowered to support the trailer's

tongue-weight after the trailer is detached from the car. Tethered to the wire of the bumper-mounted 12V electrical winch, the rig is given a shove to make the trailer roll over the top of the grade. With the hand-held remote switch, wire is paid out and trailer and boat gradually ease down into the water, their descent controlled with the car remaining high and securely dry. With her water ballast tanks empty, the boat floats off with less than a foot of water over the trailer and the trailer is winched back up to clear the ramp for the next launching. While car and trailer are driven away to be parked, the rest of the family flood the ballast tanks and start the motor. The sailing rig remains lowered because they have to get under a bridge near the ramp.

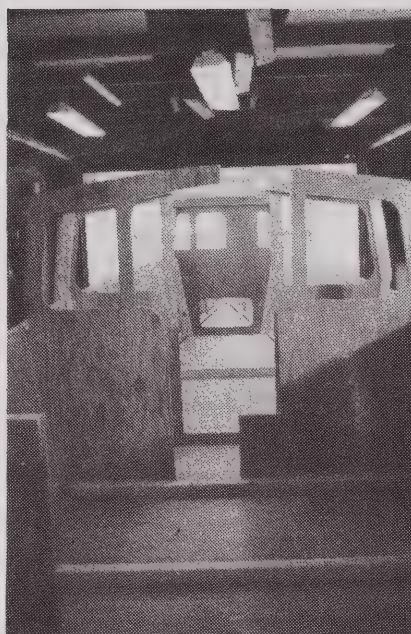
Clear of the bridge, but still in smooth water, the masts are winched up and locked. It's a murky, threatening day, with a conventional boat they would probably have canceled the cruise. In their Jochems they will keep the hatches closed as much as possible in case of rain. The main hatch amidships is not opened at all. The companionway hatch is opened briefly to pass the heel of the mainmast as it is raised. There are waterproof covers for the quarter berths to take care of rain or spray coming down this hatch. Since it looks as though it would be windy and rough, they reef the mainsail before setting it and keep the jib furled on its club. The two sheets lead inside, within reach of the helmsman at the inside tiller.

As they stop the motor and tilt the prop out of the water, they see soon that they're faced with a long, close-hauled leg against rising wind with a long fetch. It is getting rough! With the heavy-weather rig, the sails stand well in spite of a noticeable bend in the masts and gaffs. The boat has all the wind she wants with the reefed mainsail and full foresail. The family disposes themselves on the weather side to help her stand up, adults side by side on the quarter berth transom, the children sprawled in the high berth forward. Had the children been smaller, they would have been placed on the lee berths for security and one of the adults would have reclined on the weatherside forward berth. They all have a good view of the oncoming whitecaps to windward and of the lee bow wave rushing past close below the leeside windows. And they have a good time "maxing out" the schooner. Now and then, in a gust, they look into green water through the lee windows. They all know from an unscheduled experience on their shake-down cruise, that the boat can be driven through almost any squall. They have seen her right on her side with water on deck and they know that she will come up as soon as she's luffed or the squall eases. If an unwary crew slips, she does not fall far. Everybody stays dry. No need for either oilskins or harnesses or "banishment to the safety of below." Rather, they enjoy the swoop and drive of the boat.

They're working up under a weather shore, the sea diminishing as they near their intended harbor. The place they have in mind is crowded, packed with moorings and surrounded by rows of marinas. It's also near a channel frequented by heavy powerboats so that the moored fleet are never still with clanging halyards day and night. However, in a far corner of the harbor is an area of shallow flats where the moorings come to an end and into these flats opens a narrow, shallow tidal creek which twists its way into a wide marsh dotted

with wooded higher ground. Sails furled, they run under power at half throttle into the convoluted meanderings of the creek through the marsh. Two miles, as the creek winds, takes them a mile from the crowd. The tide is falling and they run out of water in a muddy lagoon. No matter, it's a pleasant enough place, they may not even need screens tonight with that wind aloft. The elder child pulls on boots, tests the bearing of the mud and carries out an anchor to a spot calculated to swing them clear of the banks when the tide floats them again.

At this point it begins to rain in earnest. They close up the hatches, light the stove for a preliminary hot drink and lounge at ease while a leisurely supper is prepared. Outside, the wading birds walk by, oblivious to the watchers behind the windows. *Birds of North America* is produced to identify the passers-by, there seems to be always a bird though that is not "in the book." Later, when it gets dark and the lights of the distant town show across the marsh to emphasize the privacy and security of this "anchorage," there may be some reading aloud, perhaps *The Magic of the Swathways* or *By Sail Across Europe*. Eventually they may draw the curtains so that under the clearing night sky the moon would not keep them awake.



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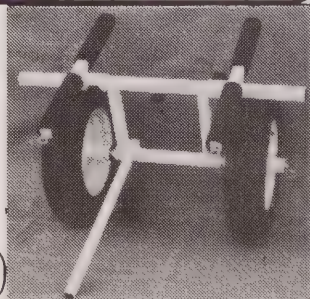
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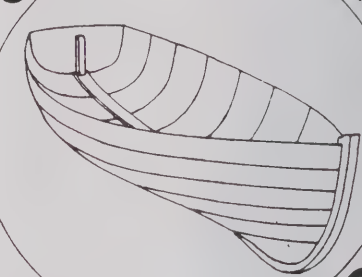
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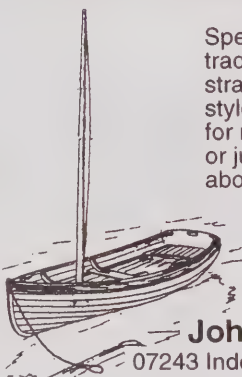
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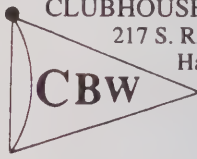
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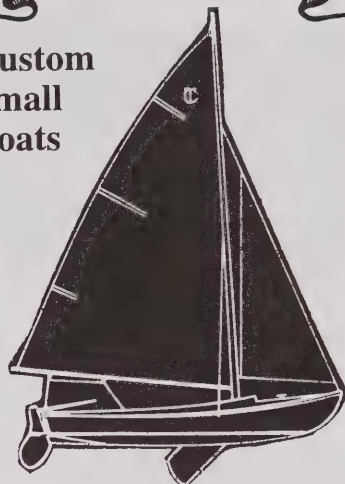
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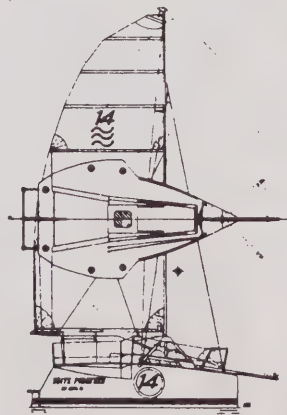
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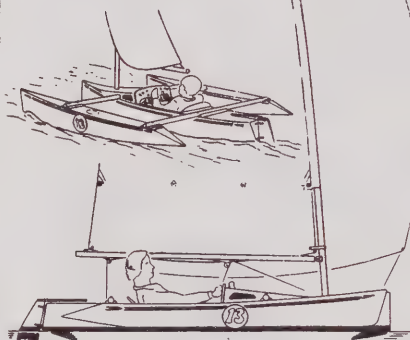
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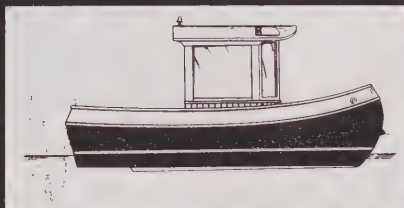
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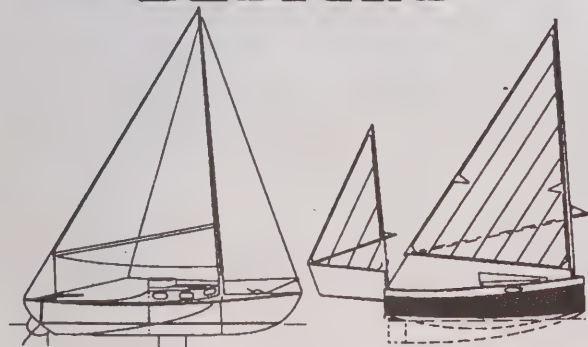


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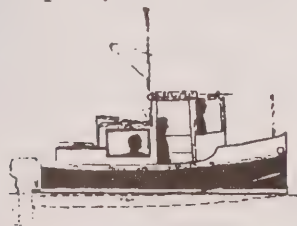
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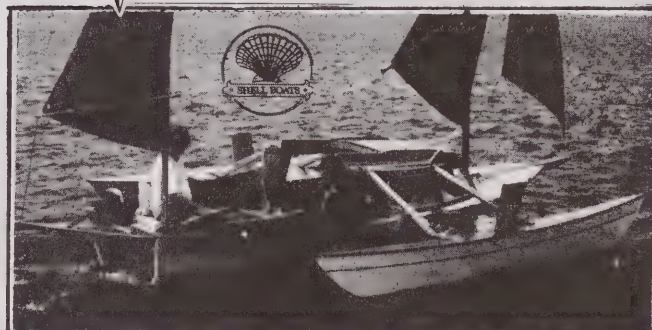
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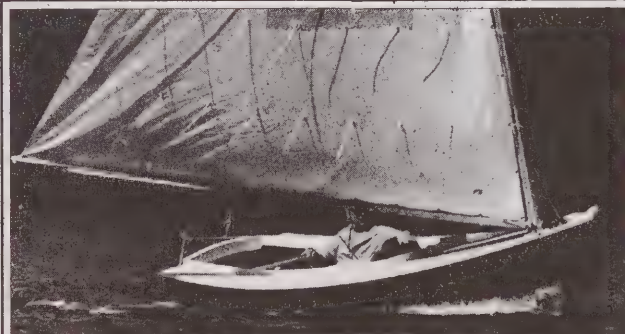
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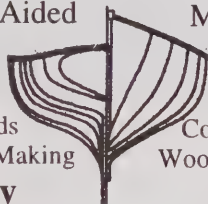
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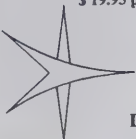
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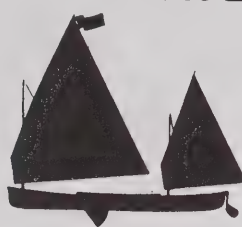
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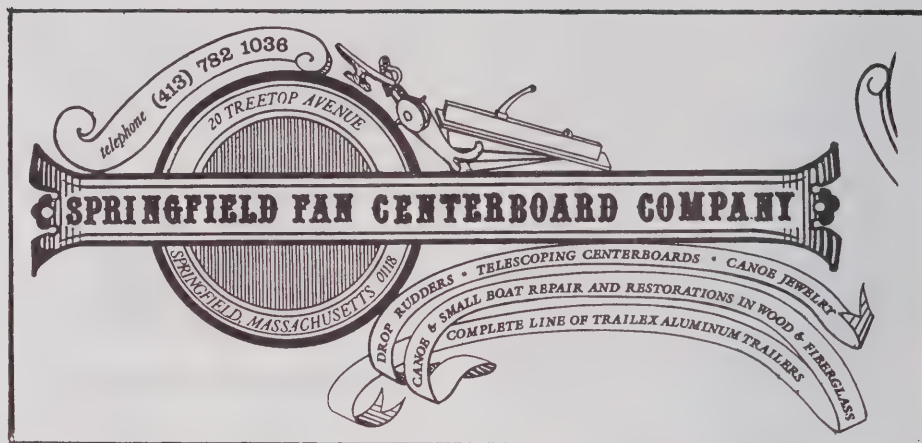
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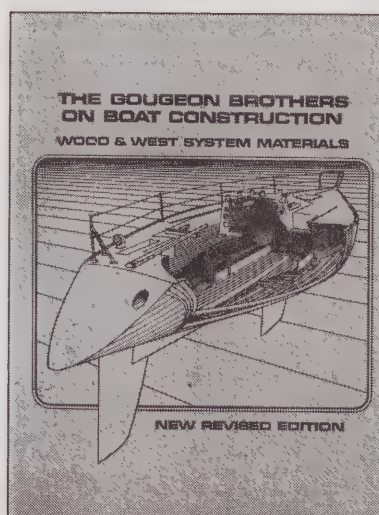
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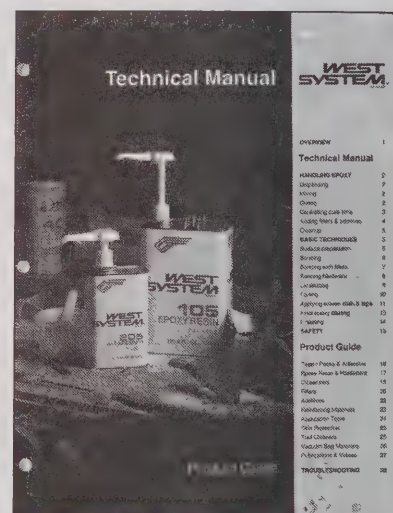
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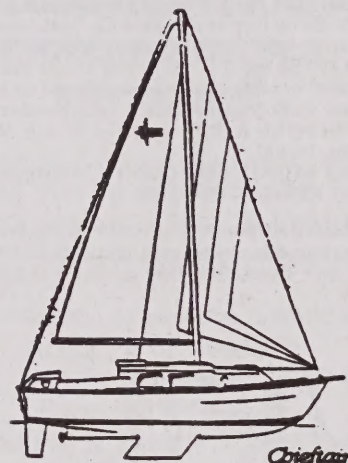


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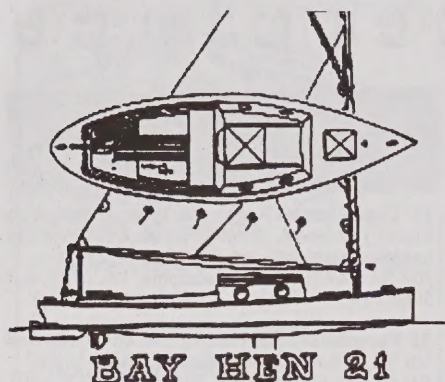
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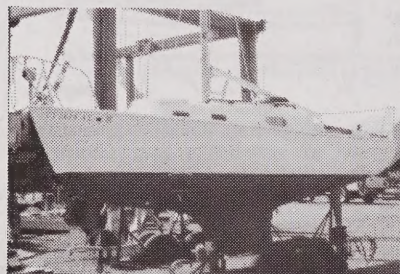
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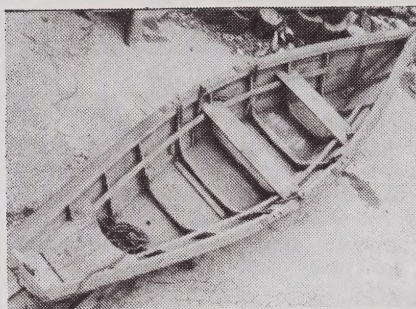


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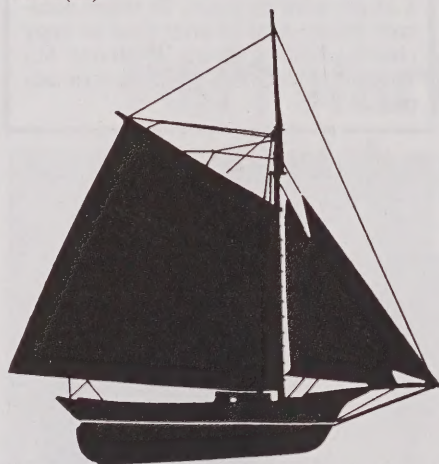


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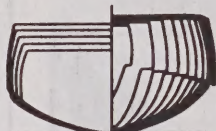
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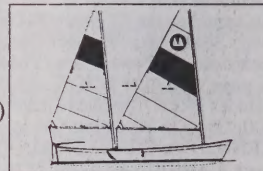
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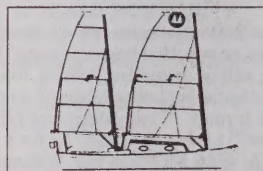
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