

Special Features This Issue
Tin Boats in the Thousand Islands
Our World of Hawaiian Outrigger Canoes

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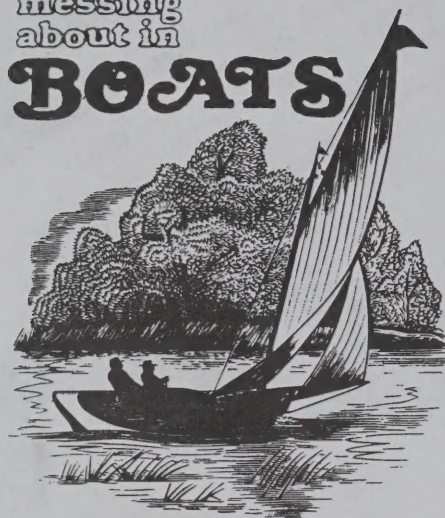
messing about in BOATS

Volume 15 - Number 19

February 15, 1998



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In Our Next Issue...

Jim Thayer takes a last pictorial look around at the people and their boats at last October's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival.

Hugh Horton tells us about "50/50 Sailing in a Breeze"; MacCarthy suggests some late winter "Florida Paddling"; The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum brings news of a great discovery in "Arnold's Gunboat Found"; Rick Klepfer continues his "Musings from Mustique"; and our serialization of Lewis Freeman's 1920's book, *By Waterways to Gotham*, continues with Chapter 5, "Lake Michigan Bares Her Teeth".

We will be able to admire a "Bathtub Armada", courtesy of Portland, Oregon's *Oregonian*; we learn from the source about "Riverswest's Next Incarnation"; Mac McCarthy discusses the way it is "Teaching Small Boat Building"; and Marlin Bree details "Upgrading a Wooden Rudder Blade".

Jim Michalak brings us "More New Boats"; Wilderness Systems introduces their new hydrofoil sailing kayak "Windrider Rave"; Morton Ray describes his "Electric Boat for General Waters"; Richard Carsen continues his "Dreamboats" series with "A Junk for All Seasons"; and we'll have Part II of "AYRS, Wild Ideas, Worthwhile Goals".

Jim Thayer reports from the road on "Topical Trailer Tips"; and we'll back this up with more details in "Trailer Tips".

On the Cover...

Paddling hard in a 42 mile inter-island outrigger canoe race in Hawaii, a women's team has the cover spotlight in this issue. Lots more backup on these boats in this issue.

Commentary...

How about this issue's cover photo! Great action in a unique boat, a Hawaiian outrigger canoe. And gaze upon the obvious upper body strength of the all-women crew. Last summer I saw these for the first time at the Blackburn Challenge open ocean race at Gloucester, Massachusetts. There were thirteen of them. Whoa! Where'd they all come from? Well, from all up and down the east coast.

This form of recreational boating sport has come some distance from its Hawaiian origins, and along with the photos and comments in this issue from Ted Ralston on the way they play this game in California and Hawaii we also have news of these boats being built right down east here in nearby Maine.

After the Blackburn I had discovered that a local extreme sport fanatic, and currently president of the Cape Ann Rowing Club, sponsor of the Blackburn, Ed Duggan, had two of the canoes right at his kayak rental livery five miles from here on the Beverly waterfront. I planned to go out with Ed, and some of the members of the local club that uses the boats, to get a first hand impression of what it is like. Didn't happen, usual distractions here.

I seem to be drawn to the more unique, out of the mainstream, even bizarre sort of boats. That is, I feel very strongly attracted to something like these canoes. I feel the same about trimarans, and a year or so ago you got treated to a series all about tris because I got so carried away by this intuitive feeling.

No, I am not so strongly attracted to the Hawaiian outriggers that I now want one, but the idea of going out in one with its crew certainly appealed, even the paddling hard part would be okay, they'd not be counting on me to help them win anything, and would no doubt tolerate my level of upper body strength in view of the gray hairs.

It looks like fun, and were I younger and looking for a challenge afloat, this athletic endeavor certainly would attract me. And the boat has that certain aura that surrounds Pacific watercraft, a "traditional" form of boating that Dick Newick has pointed out goes back 3,000 years.

Picturing the larger ancestors of these canoes crossing the vast Pacific, colonizing all those remote islands while the Europeans were still hugging the Mediterranean coast in multi-oared barges fascinates me. The gracefulness and oneness with the water that polynesian craft seem to have contrasts most favorably in my view to the European method of forcing bulk through the water with brute force.

When Ted Ralston's photos and newsletter turned up as a result of our featuring one of these canoes on our September 15 cover in connection with the Blackburn report, soon followed by Todd Michelson's promotional material about the Caribbean Caribe canoes built right nearby in Eliot, Maine, it was time for another foray into

something different on these pages. I added John Scull's proa racing in Kiribati story and Richard Carsen's flying outrigger tale, and then backed up all this exotica (for us) with Mike Badham's in depth look into the Amateur Yacht Research Society.

The AYRS is British based, from the very heart of old Europe's approach to what boats ought to be, yet it espouses really radical ideas, particularly about sailing, far from the accepted wisdom of the establishment. Many of the amateur ideas that have appeared in 30 plus years of AYRS journals bear marked resemblance to the polynesian way, that of being one with the sea rather than attempting to overpower it. So I thought it fit the ambience this issue acquired.

I am fascinated with how people doggedly cling to the accepted wisdom in whatever they have undertaken to do in the face of something different. Sailing's most obvious such dichotomy is the mono versus multi hull viewpoints. Monohulls from our European origins dominate sailing today recreationally despite their obvious performance shortcomings, discomforts and even dangers.

Multihulls, the polynesian way, just don't get no respect, even when they sail on by the struggling keelboat with its burden of lead. The spectacle of that America's Cup match wherein the American catamaran ran off from the giant New Zealand monohull was hard evidence that when it comes to sailing, multihulls do it better. The message was not well received, in fact it was ignored. Both were sailboats, after all, wind driven. Why the smaller, faster, easier to sail version was unacceptable is based on the huge investment that faith has created in the monohull concept.

Obviously I am not a hard core sailor, I started late in life and didn't do much of it. It still attracts me, but my early days of affection for traditional monohulls that are so lovely to look at have passed without my ever giving them a fair chance. Multihulls, of anything sail powered, seem to be my future.

I gave up rowing in favor of paddling, and that with double paddle in a kayak instead of the awkward (to me) single paddle canoe concept. And now in my bicycling I have fallen for the recumbent road bicycle rather than the 100 year old unchanged diamond framed upright. And a bike with suspension. Easier and faster and more comfortable to ride. But way out of the mainstream of established wisdom. Just like trimarans.

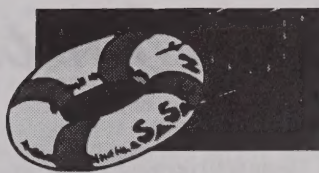
It seems my lack of long term commitment to the accepted dogma in either game has made it easy to change my allegiance when I see something that looks to be a better way to play the game I have chosen. And were I younger, as I remarked earlier, I'd go for those Hawaiian outrigger canoes.

There is something quite distinctive about those who love to mess about in boats. I can't put a finger on it, but this particular "mystique" wipes out most (perhaps not all, but most) of the barriers we humans have erected to separate ourselves from our fellow men: barriers of wealth, education, culture, race, national origin, and the like. I watched this boating brotherhood at work the other day at the boat ramp when one stranger went very considerably out of his way to help another stranger, and it made me recall an incident of many, many years ago.

One of the faculty at my Bermuda boarding school took two of us kids for a sail on his 18' sloop. I had sailed a little, my companion not at all. We were hardly qualified crew and, when a sudden thunderstorm blew up, our skipper realized that he had better get in as quickly as possible.

The boat had no engine, only a pair of oars. As the wind increased, the skipper very wisely dropped the sails and rowed against the tide into a protective cove.

"David," he said, "when I give the word, drop the anchor and we can ride this out." David did, indeed, drop the anchor. In his in-



Small Boat SAFETY

The Boating Brotherhood

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

experience, he did not secure the bitter end of the rode. The situation was getting difficult.

The skipper, rapidly tiring in his effort to buck the tide by oars, and with two young kids aboard, made a decision. He managed to get

us to the nearest mooring, secured to it, and, appropriating the dinghy he found there, took us ashore. In the course of all this, the heavens opened and we were three sodden and extremely disreputable sailors.

Picking up somebody else's mooring and taking his dinghy is hardly approved conduct and our teacher/skipper felt a real need to confess. He led us across what seemed like acres of manicured lawn to a most imposing house and rang the doorbell, realizing as he did so that there was a major party in progress.

When the door opened, we faced a most dignified butler who was determined to shoo us away. At this point the homeowner appeared, in full evening dress, with a rather stern, "Now then, what's all this?"

We told him our story.

"Quite right!" he said. "Only sensible thing to do. Your boat will be quite safe until you get her tomorrow." And, to that dignified butler's chagrin, he assigned his major domo the task of driving three wet and cold refugees back to school.

There really is a brotherhood among boaters.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric Russell

Readers wishing to contribute stories to the Old Ed Stories can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St. Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.



The World's Greatest Seafood

I was visiting Boston recently, and a friend took me to what she described as the world's greatest seafood restaurant. It's located on the Boston waterfront near Anthony's Pier 4 and the No Name and is known as If It Swims. The name refers to their claim that they have at least one of every type of edible organism from the sea.

I say organism because the menu lists everything from plankton salad to blue whale meat. The only concession to whether or not a species is rare or threatened is the price of the entree. If a customer is willing to pay enough, almost anything can be served.

The notoriety of the bill of fare would be enough to keep the place going even if the food were not as good as it is. The chef was a four star chef in Brittany before he was approached to try something new in America. Monsieur Claude took three years from the time he closed in Brittany to the time he opened If It Swims. That time was used to collect the animals for the menu. We were there a few days after the official opening. While dining, I saw people eating foods as common as flounder and as rare as braised giant squid in port wine sauce. Claude will soon have quality stars after his name again.

As walk-ins, the maitre d' seated us near

the entrance rather than in the rarefied precincts where the glitterati ate. Although I believe I saw Robert K. and John K. the night I was there, I couldn't guarantee it. The food is good enough and the offerings are broad enough that questions of political correctness go by the board.

As with any new restaurant, there are still gaps and rough spots. Discrete inquiry got us the information that M. Claude had not yet been able to obtain all the organisms listed on the bill of fare. While we waited on our entree, an agitated waiter called the chef to a table near us. The chef approached the client (for a diner at a restaurant of this quality is not merely a customer) and we overheard this discussion:

"Monsieur wishes to order a blue whale cutlet?"

"That is correct."

"You are perhaps expecting company?"

"No, I am dining alone."

"Monsieur is dining alone?"

"Yes."

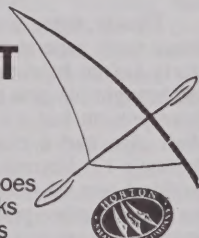
"There is no one joining you?"

"I told you I am dining alone."

"I am truly sorry, Monsieur. As you know, we insist on our food being absolutely fresh. There is no way that I will slaughter our only blue whale for one cutlet."

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Your Activities...

Puget Sound TSCA Chapter Forms

I would like to make you and your readers aware of the newest chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association: The TSCA Puget Sound Chapter. We organized in July 1997, and were approved by the national TSCA office late in the year.

The sun shone, the waters of Lake Whatcom lapped at the hull of a Herreshoff sloop; and a handful of TSCA members met to found Washington State's chapter of the TSCA. Bob Tapp, whose initiative got the ball rolling, chaired the meeting and was rewarded for his efforts by being elected the Chapter's first President. Larry Feeney, who had offered to host the first get-together, was similarly rewarded by being elected Secretary/Treasurer. After the business of adopting bylaws, the members proceeded to suggest locations and events for our next meetings.

Finally, some lunch and what it was all about, some general messing about. Member Marty Loken from the Wooden Boat Shop had brought his new pedal boat and most of those present had a chance to give it a try. Most also had a chance to try out Larry Feeney's 17' Herreshoff Knockabout Sloop and his Acorn 12 *Anemone*. Hugh Evans was the only member present who took the opportunity to try out the pleasant waters of Lake Whatcom sans boat.

TSCA Puget Sound c/o Larry Feeney
59 Strawberry Point Bellingham, WA 98226
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http://lwww.seanet.com/~jrweiss/tsca-puget

Lake Ontario Publication

The only US publication dedicated solely to covering Lake Ontario celebrated its fifth year of publication with a makeover and expanded circulation. My Lake Ontario *LOG*, now also on line at www.silverwaters.com, is a 12 page newsletter published five times a year featuring stories on maritime history, environmental issues and boating.

Although I see increased awareness, I remain concerned about the lake's future. I worry that just because we don't see piles of rotting algae and dead alewives that we may become complacent. While the lake is cleaner, we still have fish consumption advisories and other potential problems here. I founded the *LOG* because, as Rochester environmentalist Richard Swacen puts it, Lake Ontario remains "the last least littlest Great Lake" in US public perception. I am also author of a full length book on the lake *Ariel's World, An Exploration of Lake Ontario*.

I am an avid sailor and operate a sailing school and specialize in teaching women how to take command, both with introductory lessons and with two day liveboard learn-to-cruise classes using a 32' boat.

For more information on the *LOG* or Silverwaters Sailing especially for women,

email Susan@silverwaters.com or visit www.silverwaters.com or write to Susan Peterson Gately, P.O. Box 202, Wolcott, NY 14590.

True Rocket Memories

I especially enjoyed the December 15 issue because of the article on the A.R. True Rocket. When I was a kid in the '50s, my father owned an 18' sloop he called a Rocket by A.R. True. All I knew about it was it was that it was over 20 years old at the time. It was a massive boat that we sailed out of Mount Sinai Harbor into Long Island Sound.

Probably the most frightening experience I have had in my life was sailing it into Long Island Sound in the height of a three day nor'easter as a reckless teenager. It got me back to the beach safely, but not before I gained a whole lot of respect for Mother Nature.

Roger H. James Wallingford, CT

Your Needs...

Small Cartoppable Boats

Our interest right now is in small cartoppable sailboats under 18' or so to replace our current sail-rigged canoe. We want to sail some local lakes. We would like something we can make ourselves using stripper techniques or perhaps lapstrake techniques, but we would consider buying a boat if we can find the right sort of thing. We want a wooden boat with some nice design and traditional character.

Any designers or builders with something of this sort to offer are invited to contact us.

David Forrest, 148 Mercer St., Trenton, NJ 08611

Messabout Calendar

I am considering taking a trip cross country in late summer and would like to take in as many Messabouts and sail races where Portsmouth Handicap system is used as possible. I will have my San Francisco Pelican which rates the same as the El Toro, and will be travelling in a pickup with camper that is sort of self contained.

Bob Smithson, 988 NE Locksley Dr., Bend, OR 97701-7622, email: bobn-yari@empnet.com

Need a Good Scraper?

I've gotten a lot of good ideas from reader tips in this magazine so here's one from me. I have found a tungsten carbide scraper made by Sandvik that is ideal for levelling out bumps and fiberglass tape edges. Before I got this I smoothed irregularities with an orbital sander which produced lotsa dust even with the dust bag in place. Now this 2-1/2" wide blade scraper does it quickly and easily, the epoxy and glass do not dull the carbide scraper blade cutting away resin and even glass cloth bumps. I still finish off with the sander.

I bought my scraper mail order from Trendlines, (800) 767-9999, for about \$18

(many hardware stores carry the Sandvik also. Ed.). The cutting blade is reversible so when the edge eventually dulls you flip the blade and are in business again. Blades in 1" and 2" widths are also available. The Sandvik also makes a good paint scraper for around the house use.

There is a hand knob over the cutting edge for applying pressure with one hand while pulling the blade along with the other. The only problem I've encountered is chipping the carbide edge if I scrape across a screw or nail head.

Steve Krzysko, Salem, VA

Rules of the Road in Verse

When I was young, roughly 1,000 years ago, I had a great treasure known as *The Boat Book*, published I believe in the 1930's. In it were "The Rules of the Road in Verse".

I would dearly love to get a copy of those "rules, perhaps some readers know of them. I still remember a few, among them:

"When you see two lights ahead,
Port the helm and show your red.
Green to green and red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead."

And the final of the 20 plus rules:

"When in danger or in doubt
Run in circles. Scream and shout."

Any clues to a full copy of these "rules" will be deeply appreciated. They might even be worth reprinting in this magazine.

Tom Shaw, 3915 Appleton Way,
Wilmington, NC 28412

Your Opinions...

Coverage of USS Constitution's Sailing

I wanted to comment on your negative report on *USS Constitution's* sail last summer ("Commentary", September 1). I agree that much of the TV coverage was inane, but in all fairness, I think Chet and Natalie, with Margharita Desy supplying the color, did a great job. Margharita is the Associate Curator of the USS Constitution Museum.

As far as the show that the Navy put on, I think that the event certainly warranted the type of attention given by the naval escorts and the Blue Angels spectacular show.

I did not see any of the TV during that day, I was aboard the frigate *USS Halyburton*, one of the escorts, and my good wife spent the day surfing the networks and taped the proceedings for me.

Richard Berg, Rochester, NH

Editor Comments: I stand by my contention that the only "spectacular show" that day should have been *Old Ironsides* sailing along alone, the only object of our collective attention and admiration.

Shorter Strokes

The old debate is popping up again about how to get a longer stroke with your oars. Have you ever watched a work boat being rowed? I don't care if it's in a Norwegian fjord, on a river in Bangladesh or on the Grand Banks people who row work boats world wide use a short stroke to best move their boats.

I came to realize that most folks make canoe strokes that are much too long. A canoe paddle is doing its best work when the paddle is at a right angle with the line of travel. Having figured this out I began to relate the same ideas to kayaks and row boats.

Back to our guy out there making a living pushing his boat around on the ocean, he makes strokes about 5-10 degrees. His dad taught him right. The only time you are pushing the boat forward without a big waste of power is when the oars are nearly perpendicular to the line of travel.

It is very hard for most of us to make the stroke as short as I'm suggesting. You may feel that you need a few wasted degrees of travel to get the oar going and a few more degrees at the end of the stroke to get the blade stopped and turned around. Try hard and keep this wasted motion to a minimum and you will be rowing like a pro.

How Many Boats?

Daniel McCarter, Santa Barbara, CA

I love to read about the adventures and misadventures of kindred spirits in the magazine. Each reminds me of an experience I have had; dismasting, grounding, swamping, leeboard wiped off on an oyster reef, centerboard jammed, rudder busted, soaking wet and cold, sunburned and bone tired, been there, done that, looked like a pro, looked like a lubber. Ain't it great? Love every minute of it.

builds, one aluminum, one fiberglass. Each is an individual with its separate capabilities, good and bad points, and each has created fond memories over the years.

Clyde Price, Hurst, TX.

In the meantime, the Village Barn, which is insulated and heated with oil, will make a significant contribution to the well being of the Museum and to our collection, as a year round boatbuilding and restoration shop. We have cleaned and painted both the interior and exterior of the barn, creating an inviting space which already helps to make that side of our campus cohere.

for our future Skiff Livery. The additional costs for the Museum will only be for heating oil and staff during the cold winter months.

In addition to boat restoration, we plan to offer year round boat building classes. Kathy Kortz, our Director of Education, has applied for a grant to teach a three week boat building course for at-risk students. The barn will provide the perfect space for these and other classes which will not only benefit the Museum, but will also benefit the local area by bringing people to Clayton during the slow off season winter months. When the planned Library and Community Conference Center is constructed, there should be even more benefit to the village and the town.

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



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Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

We just completed an island-hopping, 7-time-zone-to-the-east trip to Cyprus; a large island in the Mediterranean. Starting from Mustique, we touched at the islands of Bequia, Antigua, Barbados and England; finally arriving on Cyprus 32 travel hours later and at 2:30am, local time. The purpose of our visit was to see our daughter and son-in-law who live and work there. Our son-in-law is employed by a ship management firm in Limassol, a large, seaside city and the largest ship-handling center in the world.

The country of Cyprus, independent since 1960, has a wealth of antiquities and a depth of history that is endlessly fascinating. As a result, we spent many days tramping to a few of the numerous sites of ruins that dot the countryside. The oldest one that we found was a village that was dated to 7000 BC, but most were of a later period or, more likely, a patois of various periods, each superimposed upon the remains of it's predecessors.

The Cypriot people are a curious folk who speak Greek, drive like maniacs, have wonderful food and are warm and friendly, in our experience. There is a strong undercurrent of animosity though; due to the unfortunate incident of their country being physically divided by the Turks who invaded in 1974 and who have retained the eastern 1/3 of the country since then. There are still Turkish Cypriots residing in the Greek territory, since the hostilities were with the Turkish government proper, but the general tenor of the country is anti-Turk. We saw many instances of the effects of long-term strife; most notable of these were the Turkish mosques and cemeteries which had been abandoned and vandalized.

We stayed in the quaint little town of Tochni, locally famous for its stone, although this was somewhat puzzling to us since the entire island is comprised of limestone and almost every building is of stone masonry. Here we got to know a few of the local people and found that, like common folk everywhere, they are friendly, out-going and proud of their heritage. The only quirky aspect that we found in the people was their attitude towards dogs, cats and songbirds. The dogs and cats are regarded as targets for Cypriot motorists, and the songbirds are hunted relentlessly and eaten; head, feet, beak and all. I do think that they remove the feathers, but all else is consumed. It is a strange thing to see a sky devoid of birds and to never hear a bird's song.

Despite current political situations, Cyprus is and has always been a strategic shipping center. Having a family member in the business provided us with unique access to the port facilities and the offices of the management firms that run the show here. We started out by visiting the old port of Limassol, from which fishing boats have for centuries set forth to seek a living. Here we found a large basin; formed by the shore on one side and stone moles on the other three, with only a small opening to allow entrance. Despite this protec-

tion, there was a lively wave action within the harbor, which set the hundred or so fishing boats to endless rolling.

We were not permitted to bring cameras into the port since there were four lean, mean and apparently camera-shy Coast Guard ships permanently stationed there. Along the shore side, we saw the Hanseatic Marine Training School; a facility that trains crews for merchant ships. Outward from this were berthed a few dinner-cruisers, a pilot boat, a handful of yachts and a collection of fishing boats that ranged from 16 foot, open craft to monstrous stern trawlers; the odor of fish was pervasive but not entirely unwelcome.

A number of the fishing trawlers were of that canoe-sterned, whale-backed-bow variety that speak strongly of a North Sea heritage and, indeed, closer inspection revealed that most had had a previous existence under a former name. Many of them had laundry flying from the rigging, indicating that the crew spent most of their lives aboard. Many of the smaller boats were equipped with a hydraulic line reel at the stem head which I assume was part of a long-line system that was set up for one or two men. The boats were moored cheek-by-jowl, bows to the mole. In many places they were stacked three deep, so crowded was the harbor.

A few of the boats were of wood construction, but most were of steel. The boats had the general demeanor of fishing boats anywhere; emphasis placed upon seaworthiness and the ability to catch fish, with less attention paid to appearances or personal safety and comfort of the crew. Despite spending the bulk of their lives fishing for their wages, a few of the crew members were observed fishing at the dock with long, black rods that had no reels but only the line attached to the tip and with which the fish were simply jerked ashore when they struck.

To the east of Limassol was situated the yacht harbor where hundreds of fine yachts were moored Mediterranean-style, with bow anchors and sterns secured to the dock. To the west lay the new commercial port where all merchant ships now come to take on and discharge cargo; but here, in the center of the old town, the vestiges of what must have been a typical port in Cyprus could still be seen.

We ventured to the new port of Limassol where the bulk of commercial shipping is carried out. The first indication that we had that we were approaching the port was the large number of ocean-going ships at anchor in the Mediterranean Sea at the west end of the city. These ships were awaiting berth space in the busy port and consisted primarily of bulk carriers and container ships for which the port is set up. Also seen, though, was a derelict ship that seemed to be in the process of being broken up; upon inquiry, we found out that it was a ship that had arrived without sufficient funds to pay for the dock fees and was eventually abandoned by her owners. The unfortunate crew was left aboard and depended upon the seaman's mission to stay alive and fed until they could work out a way to get back to their homeland.

As we neared the port, we could see the huge container cranes that are used to

off-load the large volume of containers that go through this port every day. A security guard and many miles of chain-link fencing were used to maintain separation between the waterfront and the general population, but my son-in-law produced a port pass that netted us a curt wave-through as we passed between the gates.

Our first impression of the port facilities was that they were all newly constructed and quite clean; it was only after we parked the car and started to walk that we discerned that this was a place of huge proportions. We gingerly stepped around rows of containers and tried to avoid being run down by the lumbering container carriers that blasted around the yards, their operators concealed in tented cockpits far above.

As we walked along the quay, we were given a running commentary of the goings-on, including a sobering explanation of how stow-aways are dealt with in this part of the world. It seems that if a ship arrives with a stow-away aboard, the Cypriots will not allow the ship to dock. Likewise, the ship will not be able to return to its port of embarkation since it is now known that they have a stow-away. The only way that the stow-away can be gotten off the ship is to create a situation where he is in need of humanitarian care. This means that the captain of the ship will try to make the stow-away sick or injured so that he can claim a humanitarian emergency. Most of these stow-aways are escaping from something sufficiently unsavory that they will risk this kind of treatment and they usually do not speak a language that enables anyone to explain the situation to them. A recent incident was created when two stow-aways were found dead in a ship after it was fumigated. The authorities claim that the captain knew that the two were hiding aboard when he ordered the fumigation and was just trying to avoid being refused entry to the port.

Other things of interest in this port were the many ferries, loading passengers for Egypt, Africa and points in the Middle East, huge port authority tugs, a floating dry-dock and a 3-deck livestock carrier which had open, straw-filled cages from stem to stern. A collier had just discharged a load of coal and the deck cranes were just tidying up the remains that were spilled on the quay. The dock's crane rails, recessed in the concrete, were filled with grain; evidence that a grain carrier had recently called.

Beyond the acres of containers, stacked three deep, were platoons of towering grain silos, each still shiny in its newness. Despite all of this tidiness, there were a few old tramp coasters of the type we have grown accustomed to in the West Indies; these were a joy to see since, in my mind, they will always represent the apex in the history of mechanical shipping.

At one jog in the quay, we came to a ro-ro ramp which was used for landing the many wheeled vehicles that are imported to Cyprus. The water of the Mediterranean Sea lapped around the pilings of the quay in pale aqua wavelets; we thought that it compared favorably with the waters of the Caribbean, although not as clear or as warm. This was a reassuring sight to us since we had heard a few years ago that the Med was very polluted and was perhaps beyond salvage. I am not saying that I would voluntarily swim in the port, but it was decidedly cleaner than any port that I have visited in the US or Europe. In fact, it was the cleanest port we have seen anywhere in all respects; a surprising fact in comparison to the anything-goes middle eastern port we had expected to find.

Overall, we were impressed by the efficiency of the works; most of the ports we have visited in the past were places where the facilities were old and had been through a restructuring to adapt to the new orders of containerization and bulk handling. Here everything has been designed from scratch with those methods in mind. The result is a clean and efficient facility, but one that seems too sterile for my tastes; I much prefer an aging port with antiquated equipment and vessels in varying states of decay. Of course, I wouldn't want to work in such a place; I'd just want to make the occasional visit to immerse myself in the exciting filth and color!

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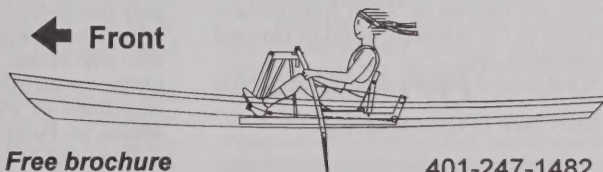
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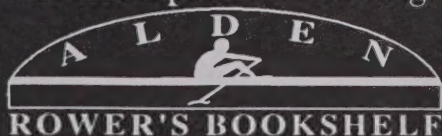
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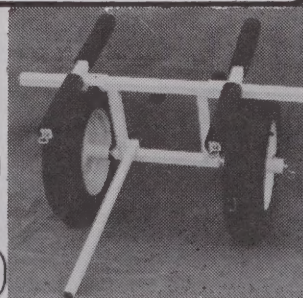
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My departure from the island barrier at the mouth of Green Bay marked the beginning of what I had come to feel would be the most arduous, and yet at the same time the most interesting, stage of my voyage. From Milwaukee to and through the Sturgeon Bay Canal I had skirted a sandy-beached coast, with towns and harbors at frequent intervals and the intervening regions taken up with cultivated farms. Green Bay had presented a rocky coast, but one, withal, so thickly fringed with summer resorts that the navigator really ran more risk of colliding with pleasure craft than with shoals.

But through the cliffy portals of "Death's Door" I had pushed into waters bordering a zone of comparative wilderness which, with only slight and rare breaks, would continue around the reef and shoal-beset north coast of Michigan and Huron and on down to the foot of Georgian Bay. Hundreds of miles of this rocky and desolate mainland and island coast, though they had wooed the voyageur, had never won the settler, other extensive stretches, knowing ephemeral settlement, had reverted to wilderness under the blighting touch of the lumberman who followed the forest primeval west and left destruction in his wake.

Nature, intervening to heal the manmade wounds, had restored to the ravaged regions a semblance of the smiling face they had presented to the red Indians and the pioneers. But the Indian and the voyageur had passed never to return, and the day of the permanent settler was not yet. The north coasts of Lakes Michigan and Huron, with their fringing islands, constitute in many respects the most attractive stretch of unspoiled wilderness in readily accessible regions of temperate North America.

Yet the appeal to fancy in the promise of action along the rock-bound, half-forgotten coasts and channels ahead was not stronger than the challenge of the record of my predecessors, "The Men Who Had Shown the Way." The tangible lure of the present was not more potent than the glamorous enchantment of the past. For at the mouth of Green Bay my course converged to join that of the early voyageurs along by far the most important of the routes by which the interior of North America was discovered to the civilized world of two and three centuries ago.

It is a callous present-day traveler who is
The north coast of Lake Michigan.



By Waterways to Gotham

The account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor from Milwaukee to New York, through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain and Hudson Rivers.

By Lewis R. Freeman

Chapter IV On the Tracks of the Voyageurs

not sensible of his obligation to the better men who blazed the way for him in the days when the world was young. Yet it is rarely indeed that conditions are such as to make it possible adequately to visualize in the light of today the problems and difficulties of the path-finder of yesterday.

When one stands, for instance, on the steps of the Wrigley Building or the Art Institute in Chicago and tells himself that La Salle and Joliet dragged their canoes through the swamps now replaced by steel and asphalt and concrete, somehow the picture is hard to focus to sharpness in the lens of the imagination. Nor is it possible to stand on the observation platform at El Tovar and conjure up a proper mental picture of Powell battling with the rapids in the depths of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, nor to frame with the car window of a passing train a true vision of Lewis and Clark trying to work their boats down through the whirlpools of The Dalles and The Cascades of the Columbia.

Cities rise where the path-finder starved and thirsted, farms are spread where he cut a path through trackless forests, factories cluster at the cataracts which swamped his boats, only at a few remote mountain passes, river rapids, or stretches of barren coasts where obliterating civilization has not yet encroached may the explorer of today put to the acid test of parallel experience the achievement of the man who blazed the trail. It had been my fortunate experience to learn thus at firsthand something of what the Grand Canyon had meant to Powell, the Columbia and the Yellowstone to Lewis and Clark, the Congo to Stanley, and the South Pacific to Captain Cook.

That is to say, I had run those rivers or sailed those seas in craft very similar in size and type to those used by their first navigators. And now I was to be given an opportunity to learn in a similar way what the north coasts of Lakes Michigan and Huron meant to Nicolet, Marquette, and Joliet, who had pushed their pioneering way along them in craft as light and open as my own. It was to this that I referred in writing that the lure of the present in the stirring work in hand was not more potent than the glamorous enchantment of the past.

A dog-eared volume of Wisconsin history picked up on the hotel table in Ephraim refreshed my mind as to the progress of early exploration of the Great Lakes. Champlain, the discoverer of Ontario and Huron, never pushed west of the latter lake. To two of his

associates, Etienne Brule and Jean Nicolet, was reserved the honor of carrying exploration farther up the Great Lakes. Brule turned his face toward Superior, from where he returned with a great ingot of copper as proof of the mineral wealth of the region. Nicolet headed west and south across Lake Michigan, ultimately reaching the mouth of the Fox River at the head of The Grand (now Green) Bay.

Here, garbed in a green robe of Chinese silk and holding a pistol in either hand, he held pow-wow with the Winnebagos, who assured him that a few days of paddling by the rivers we now know as the Fox and the Wisconsin would take him to "The Great Waters." Mistaking what was undoubtedly an allusion to the Mississippi as referring to the Pacific, Nicolet, on returning to Montreal, announced the discovery of the long-sought direct route to China.

It was reserved for Joliet, the Canadian-born son of a French wagon-maker, to continue exploration on the route discovered by Nicolet and so unravel the mystery of "The Father of Waters." Setting out from New France with the avowed intention of exploring the great river of the west, Joliet reached the Straits of Michilmackinac in the fall of 1672. Wintering here, he met Pere Marquette, who had established a mission for his wandering Hurons on the site of the present town of St. Ignace. The bond of confidence and affection established between the two men here resulted in a partnership that was to bring fame to both.

With two birchbark canoes paddled by Indians, the voyageurs started westward on May 17, 1673, following the same route along the north coast of Lake Michigan originally pioneered by Nicolet and subsequently used by Nicolas Perrot in trading for furs with the Winnebagos. A month later, having followed up the Fox River from Green Bay and portaged to the Wisconsin, they reached the Mississippi. Returning by the Illinois River, they came to Lake Michigan at what is now Chicago, whence they followed the west shore of the lake to Green Bay. From here they backtracked their original route to Michilmackinac, where Marquette remained while Joliet pushed on to Montreal to make report of his discoveries.

The following year Marquette returned to redeem a promise to found a mission among the Illinois. After wintering on the Chicago River, he reached his destination in the spring, but in such enfeebled health that he resolved soon after to retrace his steps to die among his beloved Hurons at St. Ignatus. On this return journey he attempted to follow the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Losing strength day by day, he died and was buried at the mouth of the river which now bears his name. Two years later a band of his devoted converts, paddling down the stormy coast in their canoes, returned with the remains of their revered leader to the mission he had founded for them, to give it to its final resting place in the chapel above the straits we now call Mackinac.

La Salle's ambitious expedition of exploration set out in the spring of 1679 in a vessel built and launched near the foot of Lake Erie. The *Griffon*, the first sailing craft to navigate the Great Lakes, reached Michilmackinac on the 27th of August, pushing on to Green Bay a few days later. Proceeding up Fox River in canoes on the journey that was ultimately to take him to the mouth of the Mississippi, La

Salle ordered the *Griffon* to return to the Erie base above Niagara. In charge of a pilot, supercargo and five sailors, and laden with many bales of valuable furs bartered from the Indians, she sailed on September 18th, never to be heard of again. Tradition holds that the end came in a storm that caught her between the rocky jaws of "Death's Door," and that the Indians of the peninsula put finishing touches on the destruction started by the elements. This version of the loss of the *Griffon* lacks substantiation, but the fact remains that somewhere between Green Bay and Mackinac, the first ship to sail those inland waters became also the first victim of the rocks and shoals that have since won for the north coast of Lake Michigan the grim title of "The Graveyard of the Great Lakes."

After playing its part as a strategic route in the struggle between the French and English and in the War of American Independence, the Great Lakes-Wisconsin highway to the Mississippi Valley became a channel of western pioneering movement second only to that of the Ohio. Most of the French Canadian voyageurs who played so important a part in the early navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri came to St. Louis by this route, and the long boats used by Lewis and Clark and the Astor expedition were dubbed "mackinaws" because the men who introduced the type came by a strait and post sometimes called by that name.

With the coming of steamer navigation, there was no longer necessity for the voyageur to crab along the rocky north coast of Lake Michigan in his canoes and bateaux, while with the westerly march of the railroad there was no longer occasion to use the Fox River-Wisconsin route to the Mississippi. For upwards of three-quarters of a century now the historic highway of the earlier and later pioneers from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi has been but a way of crumbling landmarks and fading memories. But what memories they are! Not all the savage fury of the storm that held me for four days an unwilling prisoner on St. Martin's Island could stem the rising tide of zest aroused by the adventure of trying to follow in the ways of La Salle, Joliet, Marquette, and Champlain all the way to tide-water of the Atlantic.

The first two days of the storm that kept me at St. Martin's were so bad that even the big ore steamers remained in port at Escanaba, leaving the wind-whipped waters empty of movement from the shoals of Poverty Island to where they merged mistily with the Michigan mainland beyond the Bay de Noc. I divided my time between tinkering with my outfit in the shelter of the boathouse and taking long walks across and around the little island under the escort of the hardy Kincaide progeny. Not a little of the short and simple early annals of St. Martin's was revealed by our energetic explorations. Hey-day must have been contemporaneous with the height of the north coast lumbering campaign five or six decades previously.

Certainly, at any rate, the deeply buried dump of green bottles in the rear of a long, square-fronted log building was of pre-Volsteadian origin. There were ruins of tiny hamlets at both the north and the south coves, and half way along the grassy road between we found what had evidently been a community church or schoolhouse and a graveyard. The slip for boats behind the ruins

of the log breakwater at the north cove had long been left dry by the recession of the lake.

Where St. Martin's had supported a population of a hundred or more when it fished for the roaring lumber towns to west and north, I now found but a scant half dozen that would rate even as semi-permanent residents. This was made up of the lighthouse keeper and his assistants, and a couple of men cutting cedar logs for fence posts. All of these went home to Washington Island when ice closed navigation for the winter. There was neither telephone nor automobile, and only one team of horses. This idyllic condition may be expected to last only until the northward rolling wave of summer resorts begin to break beyond Green Bay Peninsula half a decade or so hence. The memory of the lily still unravished of its dewy freshness is filed away in a nook of its own.

Awakening to discover a clear sky overhead on the morning of my third day at St. Martin's, I prepared to get underway again. When I went up to report to Kincaide, however, the veteran urged strongly that I delay at least another day. Pointing out that there had been no appreciable rise in the barometer, he said that the apparent falling off of wind and seas was only local, and that there was still enough of both outside to scour the hair off a cast iron dog. If I must have a firsthand demonstration, he added, I might go along in the tender that Mallock was going to try to drive across to Washington Island and find out for myself. It was even rougher water than he liked to have the tender out in, but his report should have been on its way three days ago, and must be started today in any event.

Of course, Kincaide was right about the weather. With two or three miles of sheltered water at either end of the ten mile crossing to Jackson Harbor, the blast sweeping across the open stretch between stopped the dumpy, top-heavy little tender almost dead when she faced it and rolled her to her sidelights when she turned beam-on. While I solemnly assured Mallock that my own little shallow would have made better weather of the blow than his was doing, it was only by way of "saving face" after my temerity of the morning. As a matter of fact, there was enough wind and wave for four miles to have swamped any sort of an open craft less seaworthy than a double-ended whaler or a modern lifeboat.

Jackson Harbor, though perhaps the least beautiful of the several ports of Washington Island, is quite the best protected, especially for boats of light enough draught to enter the shallow inner cove. The island is the largest of the several "stepping stones" strung across the entrance of Green Bay. It has much fine

woodland, with hundreds of rich acres under orchard. The population is of Icelandic origin, tempered with a mellowing blend of Scotch and Irish. They are a simple, hardy folk, having much in common with the crofters of the north coast of Scotland and the Orkneys. The men are much in demand for fishing, lumbering and sailing, but however far they fare, and however well, the loved home island is never forgotten. The home weary Washington Islander whom I encountered so often along the lakes always recalled to my mind the lines put in the mouths of the Gaelic boatmen of the St. Lawrence:

"Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand; but we are exiles from our father's land."

My affirmative nod and grin to the eager query of, "An' did ye touch at Washin'ton?" were to prove open sesame at a score of fisher huts and logging camps on remote coves and channels of the rough north coasts of Michigan and Huron.

The tender bumped what Mallock called "The Rocky Road to Dublin" most of the way back to St. Martin's, but without doing much harm beyond scrambling some eggs and kerosene with the parcel post package containing Esther Kincaide's new mail-order pair of hiking breeches. The eggs and oil were a total loss, of course, but Esther was quite philosophical about the breeches, saying she would be using them for cooking anyhow.

There was a hint of high wassail in the friendly invitation of the logging camp at the ruined village on the south cove to "hang on for a snack o' grub," but Mallock had to hasten back with the station mail. Trudging the leafy tunnel of the grassy track across the island, we came out to the lighthouse in the lilac scented dusk to find a fish-bake in preparation on the beach by way of a farewell party. Firm translucent steaks, cut from the sides of newly-caught lake trout and grilled on planks by the heat of oaken embers, formed the piece de resistance, with various little sweets and dainties from the apple, the cherry, the currant, and the maple, fabricated in the Kincaide home on Washington Island and brought over to gladden the annual lighthouse visit.

For music there was a phonograph, waiting muted melody through the slats of the chicken coop that sheltered it from the wind, supplemented by a Jew's harp and an accordion. And when these failed, we joined in lusty choruses of old songs that we all knew, with the half-remembered words clipped short on the lips of wind-muffled mouths. What had been planned as a roaring campfire of driftwood was the only failure. We had to carry

Ruins of an old settlement on St. Martin's Island.



water from the lake to put it out after the gale began scattering the sparks a hundred yards inland to the brushy edge of the forest.

The wind was down the next morning, June 20th, but the barometer remained low, with a murky haze to the southwest indicating that the weather was still sulking and meditating mischief. Kincaide shook his head over the thinly veiled menace and consented to my pushing on only after I had promised to make the 50-mile run to Manistique the first leg of the traverse to the Straits of Mackinac. I fell in with the idea readily enough, for while it would carry me a considerable distance from the direct course, it insured a sheltered harbor in event the weather turned bad again, as well as opportunity to get a proper forecast before heading off along the rough and almost uninhabited coast beyond.

When I got under way at eight o'clock there were only a few puffs of humid air purring languidly from the west, with almost no sea at all in the sheltered waters between the islands. The shoals surrounding the Gulls were outlined clearly in the bright sunlight, so that I was able to ignore the buoyed channel and shoot straight across on a direct east-north-easterly course to the passage between Poverty Island on the south and Summer Island on the north. Two miles due east carried me over the shallows south of the latter island, and to a position from which I could head north-by-east to clear the out-thrust headland of Detour on the mainland. The direct course to Mackinac from here would have taken me straight out into the lake, to pass close to Beaver Island and its satellites, and on to the Straits by the regular north-and-south steamer track.

With this course carrying me 30 to 40 miles from land at points, I had never seriously considered taking it at any time since discovering that the Great Lakes were not always as smooth in real life as upon the map. The old point-to-point (and even cove-to-cove in emergency) course of the early voyageurs was quite good enough for me along the north coast of Lake Michigan. Or at least that was the way I felt about it the morning I resumed my voyage from St. Martin's. That four days' close-up of the ways of a wind with soft green water had not been without its chastening effect.

It was a beautiful run as far as Point Detour, the only fly in the ointment coming in the rather too literal form of a cloud of gnats, apparently carried lakeward from the mainland on the warm morning breeze. Although without the mosquito's lust for human blood, they were still highly annoying in their delight in wallowing in the pungent anti-insect dope with which I had anointed all exposed cuticle for the purpose of scaring them away.

I had been smearing off gnats with a case knifeblade for half an hour when I became aware of a heavy whistling roar, hurtling through the humid air from the southwest. A hundred times heavier than the deepest-toned steamer whistle, the weird sound set the atmosphere throbbing as from the rumble of a distant cataract. It was the regularity of the roars that revealed their identity, and I remembered the huge boilers in the brick structure beside the St. Martin's lighthouse tower, with the scores on scores of cords of wood stacked up to feed into the capacious maws of their fireboxes as emergency arose. So clear was the air in my immediate vicinity that I had al-

most persuaded myself that Dave Kincaide was limbering up his giant foghorn only for practice, when a solid wall of vapor rolled into the lake, blotting out Poverty and Summer Islands with a gray-white shroud of opacity as it came. Five minutes later the vanguard of the fog was rushing past me, quenching the gold of the streaming sunlight and leaving the motor spattering mist-muffled pops in the heart of an inverted bowl of dripping, sodden grayness.

Taking hurried bearings before the last of the mainland was masked by the scurrying fog banks, I made out my position as almost abreast of Point Detour, distant about a mile. Ahead, as shown by the chart, was a coastline scalloped by shallowly indented bays and running on in a general northeasterly direction to the mouth of the Manistique River, for which I was heading. There were two possible dangers to be avoided, neither by any means negligible. One was that of heading too far lakeward and so being caught out of reach of land if the lurking disturbance off to the south moved up the lake again, the other was that incident to getting off the course in the opposite direction and bumping into shoals.

Anxious to know just what to expect in the latter line, I shut off the motor and let the boat drift while I turned up a paragraph in the "Survey" headed "Between Point aux Barques and Point Detour." The whole was in the nature of a warning to give wide berth to a stretch of coast which appeared to be as thickly fringed with reef and shoal as a South Sea atoll. One passage, referring to points which the chart showed to be only a few miles ahead, was distinctly disturbing. This read as follows:

"Between Parent Bay and Portage Bay the coast is filled by rocks and shoals with very little water on them, the maximum extent being at the northeast point of Portage Bay, where a spit that is nearly exposed in places reaches two miles to the southeast."

Between the certainty of hitting a reef and the chances of getting lost in the fog with plenty of water under the keel, I unhesitatingly plumped in favor of searoom as against the rocks. Starting the motor again, I took out my pocket compass and laid a course for the open lake. Or rather, I laid a course which I thought would take me to the open lake. It was probably the fact that I set the compass (normally a fairly good little instrument of its kind) too near the head of the mushroom anchor to give it a fair chance to function that was responsible for the fact that I headed in quite the opposite direction.

The fog was so dense that not over 20 feet of gray-green water showed inside of the mist curtain ahead, and with no light striking through from above the depths, were as dully translucent as the surface of ground glass. The smooth, rounded rock that stopped us seemed to come bounding up through fog and water like a diving seal. It was fortunate that the engine was throttled down to the last notch, also that the blow was received and absorbed by the stout oaken forefoot before the propeller grounded. Both the motor and myself tilted automatically at the impact, and of the two my own recovery was the quicker. Bouncing back from the spring-steel hoop of the spray-hood against which my surprised anatomy had been flung, I regained the stern of the boat in time to shut off the engine almost as soon as the half uncovered propeller began to race. That allowed the bows to slide back into the water

from the sloping side of the rock and gave me a chance to collect my wits and my cargo. With practically no sea at all running, it was possible to proceed with both operations without haste.

Built to withstand just such a collision, damage to the boat was hardly more than paint deep. Everything loose had been carried ahead by its momentum, but the closest survey of the forward compartment failed to reveal the first sign of a starting leak. Re-trimming my load and truing up the spray hood crushed down under my weight was the matter of but a few minutes. All snug again, I looked about, to discover, through a momentarily lifted flap of the fog curtain, that I was drifting within a hundred feet of rocky beach closely backed by a thick wall of forest.

Black turtle-backed rocks, like the one with which I had collided, carpeted the floor of the cove on all sides, most of them just under the surface of the water. In a shallow pool on a limestone shelf a stranded fish flapped weakly, jealously watched by a pair of gulls and a lone kingfisher. Where the waters of a little spring tumbled down the rocks a bevy of robins shivered, as though waiting for the sun before taking their morning baths. From a birch at the edge of the woods came the clear, sweet notes of a thrush, a challenge to the fog that might dampen plumage but could not quench the fire of inward ardor.

It was a wonderfully snug little haven to have remained in for the lifting of the fog, but the quietness of the air and water finally decided me in favor of saving what time I could by feeling my way along up the coast at reduced speed. Pulling out where the water seemed to deepen again, I headed away under throttled motor in an endeavor to parallel the shore as closely as possible without completely losing touch with it. A sharp watch prevented another collision, but the shifting fog made the shoreline as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp.

The fact that it seemed to be winding round and round on itself in narrowing circles like the spiral of a snail's shell was doubtless an illusion fostered by the necessity of turning constantly to port to regain touch with the fugitive blue-black blur which betokened land. Progress was painfully slow, and it was with real relief that a sudden shower of golden glimmers through the mists marked the passing of my first and my last Great Lakes fog.

The fog, which had sponged the clinging humidity out of the air in its passing, seemed also to have left the prospects of better weather in its wake. There was brilliantly clear sky overhead, while the bank of muddy murk to the southwest had receded and paled to a less menacing somber gray. The brisk southerly wind was keen and bracing, snappy with ozone.

Running out a couple of miles, I headed up for Manistique, still obscured by the rolling fogbank to the north. Helped materially by the freshening wind, I bowled along at a lively rate until a horizontal ruffle of foam ahead charted the long thin reef thrust out, poniard-like, from the tip of Wiggins Point, four miles north of Point aux Barques. Running in until the dervish dance of golden light motes warned of a shoaling bottom, I shut off the engine and drove on through the flashing foam-flecked combers under oars. This was a half-mile inside the red gas and bell buoy marking the channel beyond the end of the shoal, but there was plenty of water all the way

across for my few inches of draught.

Three or four uncovered rocks bared warning fangs at me as the boat was swept by, but the thicker welter of white revealed their positions well in advance and it was not hard to avoid solid contact. In a storm, between uncovered rocks and heavily breaking waves, it might have been hard to avoid foundering here, with the light wind and seas I had it was about like running a fairly rough rapid with an unusual amount of time to pick a course. It could probably have been managed with the engine, but the few minutes to be saved by running under power were not worth taking the chance of disabling my capable little kicker.

With the sun mopping up the last of the fog ahead the smoke clouds above the mills of Manistique began rearing their inverted spirals against the sky, a dark slaty blur at water level revealing the easterly curve of the coast where it looped round to Seul Choix Point with its white finger of lighthouse tower pricking the haze just forward of the starboard beam. With Seul Choix directly on my course to Mackinac, and with Manistique many miles off, there was strong temptation to save time by running direct for the lighthouse station on the historic point.

A sudden freshening of the wind conspired with Kincaide's warning about not passing Manistique without getting a weather forecast to hold me to my original course. Consoling myself with the thought that there would still be time to push on to Seul Choix before dark anyhow, I laid a course for the lighthouse on the ends of the harbor breakwater, and drove ahead before the now sharply blowing southeast wind. Until I was within half a mile of the entrance, the following wind and waves were a real help, giving the boat all of a knot and half extra speed. Then the seas began to shorten and steepen in a way not entirely to be accounted for by the shoaling water, and which I learned later was due to the current of the river meeting the rising tide blown in from the lake by the wind.

Between the ends of the piers at the entrance, the waves were actually combing over and breaking in the middle of the 18-foot channel, so that the boat shipped much solid green water as she yawed to port and starboard, while the outraged Elto coughed indignant protest at by far the worst drenching it had yet received.

The performance must have looked a good deal worse to a spectator than it seemed to a participant. Two boys, fishing on the east pier of the breakwater, dropped their poles and ran into the tower of the lighthouse to call the keeper. Roused from his sleep, that worthy gave one look from the door through blinking eyes and began bawling through his megaphone for a launch to put off from the fish-docks a quarter-mile up harbor. Then he dashed down the steps, jumped into his skiff and started to push off on a rescue party of his own. The fact that I missed few if any of the details of his frantic efforts to keep from falling overboard when the boat came to the end of the painter he had neglected to cast off is the best evidence that I was not in serious straits myself. A sharp turn to starboard a hundred yards inside the entrance took me into quiet water in the lee of the curving east pier.

Approaching the picturesque row of fish docks along the east bank of the river, I was confronted with the phenomenon of a rapid

in-running current where I had expected a set in quite the opposite direction. One of a number of fishermen busily engaged in taking in the slack of the mooring lines of their boats paused a moment to explain what was wrong. Heavy southerly winds, he said, had the effect of shoving ahead a body of water which acted like an ocean tide all along the north coast of the lake. The water of the Manistique River had already been backed up to a rise of over a foot at the docks and two or three feet more might be added before dark.

The responsible wind, he added, was not the one which had been driving me along after the rising of the fog. That was only a stiff breeze. The force behind the making tide was a sustained blow which had probably been driving up the middle of the lake since early in the day. The worst of it might never reach the north shore at all, but just the same it wasn't a thing to take any chances with. All the fishing boats had already come back to port and none was going out. I might, of course, make Seul Choix Point lighthouse before the weather got too bad, and again I might not. As the intervening coast had not been designed to make forced landings easy, especially with only one man to the boat, he was inclined to recommend that I should lay up in Manistique for the night and see how the weather developed.

This sounded like reasonable advice, and I was all the more ready to follow it when I found that a large launch belonging to a fishing outfit just west of Seul Choix Point had postponed until the morning a departure announced for four that afternoon. The skipper of this launch (whom I learned was a member of the French Canadian family of Goodreaus, well known all along the north shores of Michigan and Huron as pioneer lumbermen, sailors and fishermen) very kindly offered me a berth alongside, with a place in his cabin to spread my bed for the night. He also suggested that I put in to his little natural harbor near Seul Choix Point and pay him a visit. We could make the run in company the following morning if the weather was favorable.

My thoroughly earnest efforts to secure the latest official weather forecast before leaving Manistique met with no success. The Coast Guard stations were along the main steamer track, now on the opposite side of the lake from that I was following. The latest bulletin at the post office was 36 hours old, with the weather forecast already a matter of past history. Rumor had it that a local radio operator received weather data, but him I was unable to locate either at his office or home.

The end of a storm on Lake Michigan.

Returning to the Goodreau launch, *Gawask*, to sleep for the night, I found the captain had come down from his home in the town to tell me that he had just had word of a raft of net-piling that was to be ready for him to take in tow for Seul Choix the next morning. As he would be delayed in getting away, with his progress very slow at best, he thought it would be preferable for me to start at daybreak so as to take advantage of the lighter airs usually prevailing earlier in the day. He still hoped I would lay over a day for a visit with him.

With the strange wind-driven tide lip-lapping higher and higher against the crumbling logs of the river-wall, and with inky masses of flying clouds alternately obliterating and revealing starry patches of the purple vault overhead, I kept the pioneer long into the night, drawing him with ready interest from yarn to yarn of his colorful years of hunting, fishing, trapping and lumbering in the times when (to use his own expression) there were men and trees with the bark on all over the Michigan peninsula.

It was fortunate that I banked that gold of human experience while I had a chance. Neither the *Gawask* nor her skipper ever caught up with me, and subsequently, in St. Ignace, there was a report that both had taken the count in a bout with a mad maverick of a storm which the crafty Great Lakes Thunder God must have been extracting from his capacious bag of weather tricks, even while the sturdy old pioneer drummed heels on the side of his deckhouse and entertained an effete but kindred soul with tales of the days when trees die with their barks on and men with their boots, and nothing less than an ax would kill either one or the other.

Up to the time of writing I have never been able definitely to verify the report of the loss of the *Gawask* and Captain Goodreau. The latter's brother, whom I met in Mackinac a weeks after my departure from Manistique, had heard the report current among the fishermen but was inclined to doubt it. Letters of inquiry, sent to both Manistique and Mackinac, have been returned to me. Until I hear definitely to the contrary, however, I shall continue to hope that the sturdy launch aboard which I slept so snugly my night in Manistique is not included in the list of 24 craft reported by the Coast Guard service to have been lost in last year's storms on the Great Lakes, and that the name of her rugged skipper is not on the roll of the several score sailors paying the supreme penalty during the same period. (L.R.F.)

(To Be Continued)





The fleet (about half the total) in some sort of parade formation.



Peter and Charlie attaching the tin roofing to the wood stick (the bow stem) with self-tapping screws and a power drill. A heavy bead of silicone had been applied to the wood just prior to this operation. Sam, the designated test pilot, peers over the side with skepticism.

Charlie setting the transom in place with assorted grandchildren. Once again, silicone had been applied just before screwing the tin to the wood transom. Sam now appears to have assumed a certain level of trepidation about this whole event.



Tin Boats in the Thousand Islands

By J. Peter Hughes

"When Charlie Donevan and my brother and sister and a whole bunch of other kids spent our summers on the islands, we needed a way to ply the waters of the St. Lawrence River..." Peter Hughes began. His grandson's face said it all. Seven-year-old Sam tilted his head, rolled his eyes, inhaled deeply. He had obviously heard a lot of the kinds of stories we, no matter our age, have heard from our elders, tales of walking 20 miles to school through mountain-sized drifts, legends of bravery on the high seas, stories of backbreaking jobs, heartwrenching trials, mindbending adventures. "We were separated," Peter went on, "by water, and we needed to travel between the islands. We had things to do, after all."

Peter and Charlie, reunited in Gnanogue, Ontario, after not having seen each other for some 60 years, stood over a workbench in the back of Donevan's Hardware Store displaying pieces of what appeared to the untrained eye, that is, to all of us but Charlie and Peter, to be scrap. Beneath the buzz of overhead fluorescents, crammed among every imaginable plumbing, welding, carpentry, and electrical tool and stacks of lumber and glass, we stared at the components of what Peter and Charlie claimed would be, ultimately, an authentic tin boat. Sam gently fingered the piece of wood the size of an old-fashioned orange crate, a couple of pieces of 1x3 about 20 to 24-inches long, and he skeptically eyed the main component, a piece of tin roofing 30" by 6'. "You're going to make a boat from this?" he asked.

"The tin boat was your brother David's invention," Charlie said to Peter, "or at least that's what Benny Webb and I remember."

"As I remember, he got the idea from *Popular Mechanics*," Peter said, "but to be honest, I can't remember the genesis. I do remember everything else, though."

"Tin boats," Charlie sighed, a reverential tone to his voice. Despite Sam's wariness, we all were mesmerized by the passion these two men in their 70s were displaying in the workshop. They seemed, suddenly, to be young boys again as they beamed at these seeming throwaway items, the kind of things most of us spend our time trying to figure out how to discard.

"You used this stuff?" Peter's daughter asked. "I guess that's because it was the Depression."

"The Depression wasn't anything special to us," Peter said. "We didn't know anything else. Using scrap was just the way we did whatever it was we did. It wasn't a hardship. We were lucky, really, living on an island three months each year. We needed boats, so we worked with what was handy."

"Tin roofing was handy," Charlie nodded.

The Thousand Islands, though more than a thousand are scattered throughout the wide beginning of the St. Lawrence River where it drains the Great Lakes, is still and always has been a boater's paradise. Residents of the islands can reach the mainlands and other islands only by boat. The natives who originally inhabited this wondrous area traveled by ca-

noe, and as the years rolled on the conveyance of preference evolved into the beautiful St. Lawrence skiff. But Charlie and Peter and their friends and siblings were kids, they had no money, no access to it, no fancy modes of transport. Still, they wanted and needed to travel between the islands where their families spent the summers. Apahoqui to Tremont isn't far in the scheme of things, but any expanse of water is unbridgeable without some method of transport, and so it was that the boys invented the ingenious tin boat.

The youngsters built them, they painted them, they named them. They journeyed the waters for visits, and they built fleets of tin boats and went to war against each other. They used whatever materials they could find to build them.

In those days, as Peter and Charlie tell it, building the boats was a time consuming affair. First, of course, they had to collect sheets of 3x6 corrugated tin roofing, and then, with borrowed pliers, they bent back the edges to avoid the most agonizing wounds. They collected galvanized roofing nails wherever they could find them, and they picked up their last requisite building material from the ubiquitous cans of roofing tar that lay scattered near every summer cottage.

"Sounds like you were getting ready to build roofs," Peter's son-in-law joked, but by then the men were hard at work, preparing their tools on the hardware store table. Charlie grinned.

"We have some new-fangled items here," he said, laying a tube of silicon on the table. "Beats the old black tar."

Peter laughed. "Oh yeah, remember our hands?"

"And our clothes," Charlie added.

Sam watched his grandfather at work, curious if still a bit wary. "You floated in these?" he asked as his grandfather instructed him in the mechanics of tin boat building.

"You'll see, Sam," Peter said. "You're going to ride in this one, be our test pilot."

We all could see that Sam didn't believe this for one minute. Few of us did. Only Peter and Charlie's undaunted enthusiasm kept us from voicing our apprehensions.

Peter bent the short end of the tin, placing one of the 1x3" boards in between and, "voilà," he said. He was right, it did, suddenly, look like the bow of a boat. In that moment we could see just what those boys had seen back in the 1930's, ordinary tin turned into something new, something useful, something unbelievably recognizable.

"Now for the screws," Charlie said, and again he beamed. Peter crooned over the modern tools. "Self-tapping screws," Charlie explained to us as he handed the box to Peter. "We didn't have those in our day."

"And we didn't have power tools," Peter laughed as he and Charlie's grandson Michael screwed some 10 or 12 onto each side through the tin into the board or, as the men explained, the stem. They then placed the orange crate sized board at the far end of the piece of tin, which they folded upward and screwed to the board on each side and to the bottom.

"It used to take us hours to nail these boats together," Charlie explained to we observers, but in minutes now, with those self-tapping screws and the power screwdriver, a boat sat on the table before us.

"And now the silicon," Peter said, and he instructed Michael and Sam in the proper



The final assembly is the insertion of the remaining piece of wood athwart-ship to provide a flair towards the bow.

way to fill in the spaces where water might seep in, despite the screws. "That's where we used to use the tar," the men explained as the boys worked.

"Now Charlie fitted the last piece of 1x3 wood between the upper edges, "the gunnels", he explained, pushing it as far forward as possible. Michael, with grandfather Charlie's guidance, screwed it in place, and thus the flare for the bow appeared.

"A boat!" Peter announced. "Ready for launch."

The next day, not at dawn but early enough for those of us more spoiled than the men of the Tin Boat Armadas, we set out for Landon Bay on the banks of the St. Lawrence to launch this new tin boat.

"Sam will go first," Peter said. We readily agreed with his choice, none of us thought that anyone over 40 pounds could possibly ride in this thing, so Sam it was, the designated navigator. He looked more worried than ever when Peter proudly handed him two cedar shingles, cut down to comfortable size, to use as paddles.

"Do you want to name her?" his mother asked.

"The Red Rocket," Sam announced, and we could hear a note of pride edging into his voice, tinged, perhaps, with a slice of fear.

"Great name," Peter said, and then, wistfully, "David's was called *The Barracuda*."

"Mine," Charlie said, "was the *R-100*, and we each painted our boat a different color. We used racing stripes and insignia, and we sometimes lashed two together with 2x4s to make catamarans."

"Let's not get carried away," Sam's mother said, eyeing her son who seemed more or less ready to go.

He dipped his toe in, then climbed all the way in and scootched forward to set the boat on her lines. Balancing himself, using each paddle hand to help, he turned and looked over his shoulder at his grandfather, then down into the boat's innards.

"Grandpa," Sam said softly, and we all looked and saw the water nudging its way through the places where the silicon had not

quite done its job.

"Bring on the duct tape," Peter called and Michael and Sam went to work, taping up the spots around the bow that were most open to the elements, as Charlie and Peter crooned over the glories of the modern age. "Duct tape," they said, over and over. "Amazing duct tape."

"Okay, Sam, now you're all set," Peter said as the last of the tape went round the bow.

We held our breath. We were nervous for the lad, for though the water was warm and shallow, the sun bright and hot, this tin boat, despite its duct tape and self-tapping screws, looked, well, homemade. "He'll never make it a foot from shore," someone whispered, but Sam seemed suddenly determined.

Again he positioned himself, and he set off. To our amazement, he floated. Not just that. He seemed airborne, racing over the water, arms working those oars like windmills working air. "Atta boy," Peter called, and Sam seemed, all at once, just as joyous and buoyant and strong and determined and thrilled as his grandfather and Charlie had looked when they first spoke of the amazing tin boats.

"I'm boating!" Sam called as he took off across the sea.

"Come back! I want a chance!" his sister called, and Michael called, and Michael's sisters called. We all were clamoring now for our chance at commandeering what we had once secretly scoffed at.

The tin boat held us in its thrall. It was, we had learned, an extraordinary, seaworthy vessel. We tipped our caps to the Apahoqui and Tremont Island boys of the 1930s, and we rushed to shore to take our turns, waving to Sam to return.

As we each took our turn, we grew more and more excited about this do-it-yourself happening and the possibility of introducing a Tin Boat Derby as a regular event in the annual Gananoque Festival of the Islands. A tin boat race would be a whole new kind of race, much like the Soap Box Derby Michael had raced in just the week before, but this one on the waters in this boaters' paradise. We could each, as we took our turn at the boat, envision the

whole of the glittering blue sea of the Thousand Islands, dense with tin boats racing from one coast to another, boaters' arms whirling.

"Simplicity is nice," Sam said softly once he was back onshore. The journey seemed to have changed him, forever.

When the tin boat race happens next summer in the Thousand Islands, the power boaters of this boaters' paradise had better watch out. Power boats may be big, and loud, but as each of us took our turn cruising the waters in the tin boat, we knew this simple vessel would one day become the envy of every islander, of every boater.

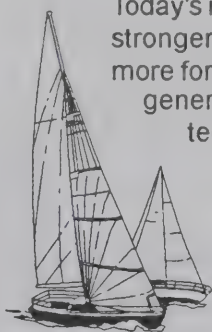
A group launching in the '30's, that's Charlie in the *R-100*, named after a dirigible that passed overhead in 1933 (ergo the dating of the photograph).



Sam, on the initial test run, shows great aplomb with the whole adventure. Note he uses a piece of cedar shake cut to about 4"x6" in each hand for better propulsion and balance. Also note some duct tape, a handy thing around tin boats, was used on the bow to stem a leak not caught by Charlie and Peter back at the "tin shop."

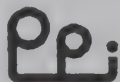


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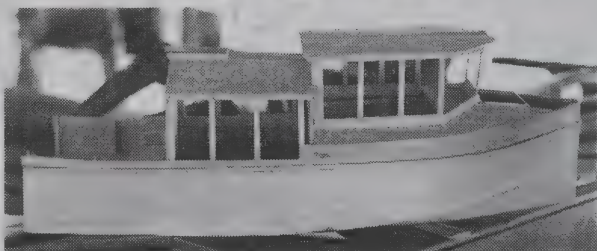


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"Lawley Built"

'98 Symposium & Rendezvous at MIT

The 1998 Lawley Symposium will be held Friday, July 10, at the MIT Museum, 265 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The museum is the home of the Lawley Collection of more than 4,000 drawings and other artifacts.

The symposium is for the owners of more than 170 surviving Lawley-built yachts and tenders, yacht restorers, yachting history buffs, and curators of yachting history collections. It will include a roll call of Surviving Lawley Yachts & Tenders, Restoration Case Histories, and panels on How to Survive a Survey and The Value of Your Lawley Yacht or Tender.

Bring Your Lawley Yacht or Tender. Fran Charles, MIT Sailing Master, has invited Lawley boat owners to tie up at the MIT Sailing Pavilion on the Charles River while attending the Lawley Symposium. The Sailing Pavilion is just a few blocks away from the MIT Museum. A reception will be held on the dock following the symposium. You can stay tied up overnight and motor out on Saturday morning to attend the Boston Antique and Classic Boat Show across the harbor in Quincy. Here is Fran's gracious invitation:

"The MIT Sailing Pavilion would be a great spot to hold a Lawley get together next summer on the Charles River. Having grown up sailing 110's for over 20 years of my life, I have always admired anything that came out of the yard on the Neponset River.

Typically, Friday afternoons and evenings in the summer are our quietest day of the week. We have racing or novice classes on all of the other days. Recreational sailing will be going on, but it doesn't involve every boat here.

Your group would be welcome to tie up to the dock, host a barbecue and swap stories. Some boats might wish to anchor just away from the dock and we would be able to shuttle people to and fro as needed. Since the railroad bridge at North Station will not open during rush hour, some folks may wish to come in to the Charles River between 10 and 2 on Friday. Of course, they'd be welcome to stay tied up overnight so they could motor out on Saturday morning.

We have some grilles and a small galley area with a refrigerator and some counter space if you'd like to have dinner on the dock too."

Kurt Hasselbalch, curator of the MIT Hart Nautical Collections, will also guide us through the Lawley Collection and explain his plan to upgrade it, including the publication of a *Guide to the Lawley Collection*. (See following article).

Interested readers should contact us for further details about attending.

Lawley Boat Owners' Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931.

MIT to Upgrade Lawley Collection

Curator Kurt Hasselbalch intends to upgrade the Lawley Collection and publish a *Guide*. Kurt has already upgraded MIT's Herreshoff Collection and published a *Guide to the Herreshoff Collection*. The *Herreshoff Guide* has become an instant bestseller (see Maynard Bray's review in *WB137*). It is sold by *WoodenBoat*, Mystic Seaport Museum, Llewellyn Howland and other booksellers.

No one has a greater vested interest in the success of Kurt's plan to upgrade MIT's Lawley Collection than the owners of the surviving Lawley yachts and tenders. Publication of the *MIT Lawley Guide* will strengthen the provenance and increase the value of every one of the 170+ surviving Lawley-built yachts and tenders. Here is Kurt's proposal:

"The project will provide greatly improved access to the Lawley Collection and reduce wear and tear caused by frequent handling. Presently, the plans are housed in metal flat files. Many of the plans are not in folders and the majority of the plans are rolled and need of repair. The catalogue of plans and vessels will consolidate the information found on the drawings and will provide a much higher level of access to the various ancillary drawings and modification for each design.

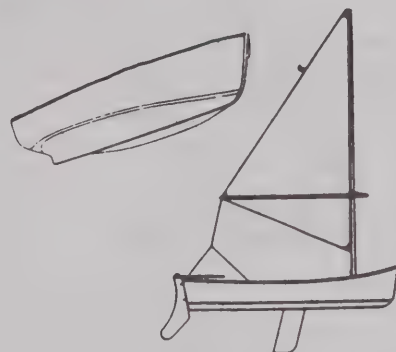
Preservation microfilming will facilitate systematic visual and hardcopy access to the plans, while at the same time dramatically reducing the amount of physical handling that is now required to look at the drawings. The physical condition of the drawings varies a great deal: Plans on tracing paper and regular drawing paper are quite fragile and are in great peril from acid degradation. Plans on starched linen are in better shape and, with modest care, may last another hundred years.

In one comprehensive operation we will record drawing-specific data required for our database, input this data into a computer dedicated to the Hart Nautical plan records, make new acid free folders for the drawings, consolidate all materials into a comprehensive collection guide, and create a microfilm master (plus two service negative copies) for each document in the collection.

The result will be long-term stability for the physical condition of this collection, while at the same time greatly enhancing the level of intellectual and visual access to this valuable archive. For long-term back-up of fragile documents, microfilm remains the medium of choice for libraries, archives and museums. Furthermore, it is possible to digitize images directly from microfilm. The MIT Museum's long-range goals for collections management include multimedia collection catalogues utilizing digital images.

When the conservation and rehousing of the collection is complete, a *Guide* will be created to assist users. The *Guide* will contain a history of George Lawley & Son Corp., including profiles of the many famous designers represented in the collection, a description of the materials in the collection, an explanation of the organization of the collection, and a design and plan list."

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Wild Ideas, Worthwhile Goals

By Michael Badham

(This article was published about ten years ago in the now defunct *Nautical Quarterly*, but it is still relevant to today's continuing search by those unfettered by slavish adherence to the accepted dogma for new ways to achieve speed over the water. Michael felt we might usefully reprint the article, the rights to which he owns, and we agreed.)

Lying abed with a broken neck in Antigua's English harbour 23 years ago, I could see from my window a concourse of expensive-to-maintain and mostly illustrious charter yachts alongside or at anchor. Illustrious or not, they all seemed to me to be monuments to inefficiency in terms of payload versus financial and physical input. Few, I figured, did little better than to break even, with many providing a welcome tax break for absentee owners and most providing a glamorous lifestyle for the young sun-bronzed stalwarts who sailed them.

With my upperworks encased in plaster, I had all the time in the world to open my mind to inspirational visits by the Muse. And, by Zeus, she came! But whether it was Clio (history) or Urania (astronomy) I never did find out. Articles by and about Arthur Piver and his trimarans in the yachting press must have influenced this divine visitation. But nowhere was it written that "multihulls equal profitable chartering". Only my Muse told me that.

So I sent for all the literature about Piver's trimarans. And I sent also for a publication put out by another body that was getting favorable recognition in the boating glossies at the time, the Amateur Yacht Research Society. AYRS Publication Number 34, *Ocean Trimarans*, filled the gaps in my sketchy knowledge of the creature into which I was quietly confident I could persuade some sage businessman to invest thousands of dollars. Thereafter all went smoothly. We built the 46' x 24' Medallion-class trimaran *Spearhead* in England. We anchored in Antigua on December 8, 1963, having covered the 2,760 miles from the Canaries at an average speed of 6.2 knots in 18-1/2 days. And we were ready for charter work within another two

But, had I known of the existence of one Dr Harry Morss of Marblehead Neck at the time I was having my Caribbean brainstorm, and had I been an AYRS member, I could have benefitted from fellow-member Morss's research and had myself a lot more shut-eye during *Spearhead's* Atlantic passage. Morss had purchased the 32' trimaran *Charade* the previous year, and had built, experimented with, and written his findings to the AYRS about her wind-vane self-steerer. A dictum of the Society, as I was later to read in AYRS Publication Number 1, is that "We are simply concerned with helping amateur yachtsmen.

We feel that yachting can be most quickly advanced only by the free and unfettered exchange of ideas between yachtsmen everywhere." And Morss, I learned 22 years later, would have been only too happy to have exchanged ideas about trimaran self-steering when I needed them.

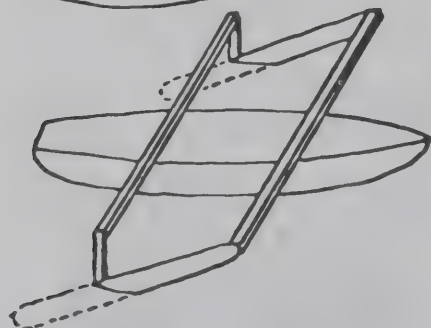
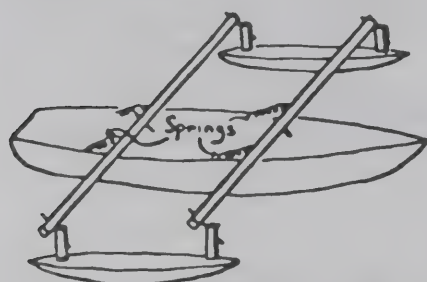
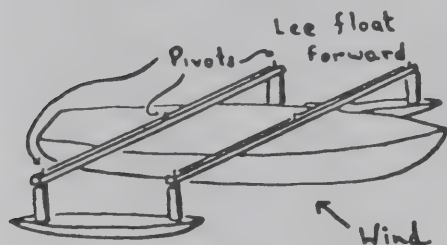
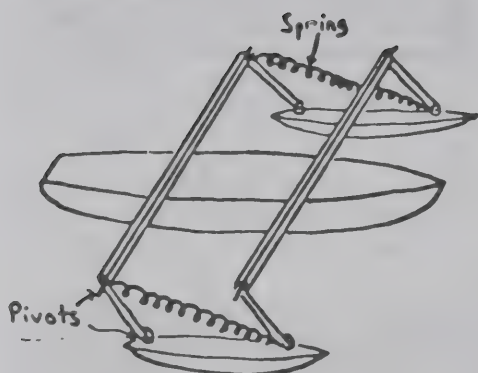
I was to learn from Dr Morss, in 1984, something of AYRS founder, John Morwood. I learned how he, as a full-time medical practitioner had, with the aid of a single typist, carried the whole project almost singlehandedly from 1955 until the early 1970s. Thereafter, Michael Ellison became full-time AYRS administrator and Morwood's title on publication mastheads changed from editor and publisher to founder and consultant editor.

"John," said Harry Morss, "quite simply is, or was, the AYRS. He believed, and still does, that there is so much to be learned about yacht development and that it can be learned without the assistance of multi-million-dollar research laboratories. I suppose his great forte is his extraordinary ability to needle people into really thinking how to improve their boats and to make them go better, and then to talk about their ideas, write about them, offer and exchange them with others."

Michael Ellison gives us a wonderful example of John Morwood's "needling" skills: "John's great success is and has been his ability to motivate other people to do the research and try the ideas. Many of these are his ideas, but he never ever takes credit for them and always encourages others. In my early days he wrote to Chris Hook to say his hydrofoil configuration was undoubtedly the best and only one likely to succeed. He wrote a similar letter to James Grogono and David Chinery. He destroyed the top copy and sent the carbon to the other person. I got the furious phone calls, and when I asked why he did such a thing he explained that development had slowed and this would get them back to building to prove him wrong. It did!"

It became obvious that if I were to delve deeper into this remarkable organization I must hie me away to the fountain of all (AYRS) knowledge, centered in a country house hard by a wind tunnel at Hythe, in the county of Kent, England. (proprietor, Dr. J.W. Morwood), and sit at the wizard's feet.

Thus, I found myself in an easy chair one sunny October morning at Woodacres, face to face with a twinkly-eyed Doctor of



The drawings above, from AYRS publication #2 on hydrofoils, are schemes for using buoyancy from lee floats

for stability. At right are plans for a self-trimming, aft-dipping lug-sail which allows freedom for the boom to pivot through 360° on the stayless mast, and to see-saw vertically.



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Medicine whose wit, charm and sense of fun, as well as the hint of a brogue in his mellifluous speech, all attested to his Northern Irish origins. Beneath that cozy exterior, however, as I knew already, lay a razor-sharp mind, honed for the best part of 69 years by constant probing into the sciences of both medicine and of what makes a boat go. The delightful Pat (Mrs. Morwood) brought coffee. Out in the yard I could see the milk dray trundling up on its daily rounds. And then, through the smoke of the first of what thereafter appeared to be a never-ending succession of cigarettes ("No nicotine or tobacco in these, of course. . ."), John Morwood began to talk of himself and his creation, the Amateur Yacht Research Society.

John Morwood's background and lineage are about as unconventional as are his own thought processes. Born in India of an Ulsterman in the Indian Medical Service (a sometime Bengal Lancer who weighed in at 250 pounds) and a lady from New Orleans, Morwood shipped out for California at the age of six months. In San Francisco he had a millionaire uncle, an inventor. "His invention was to get the pip out of an olive so you were left with an olive with a big hole through it. So he had the amazing idea of taking the olive that was left round the pip, putting it in a can and selling it. Incredible. "Morwood's father picked him and his mother up at the end of World War I and they went off to live in Northern Ireland where, at the age of 12, John built his first boat. He read all the relevant books he could, and more boats were to follow. Perhaps it was the 25' x 9' vee-bottomed vessel with a 1' draft with the plate up that was as much the genesis for the AYRS as anything. "Sailing her around Loch Neagh," said Morwood, "I discovered she'd beat to windward without the board. Most amusing."

After some World War II years with the Royal Air Force, most of which Morwood appears to have spent resurrecting a derelict 20 square meter down Christiansand Fjord in Norway, he decided to spend five years studying the theory of sail. "Well, in fact, inventing the theory..." (At this juncture in the Morwood story, it would be wise to interrupt myself with a remark made to me by Sir Reginald Bennett, chairman of the AYRS Committee: "John's Irish, you see," he said, "so he's a bit of a joker, loves to stir it up a bit, don't you know." And with this caution in mind, I think it best to substitute a *nom de guerre*, let's say "Mousey", for the name of a household word among sailmaking families which figures in the next part of Morwood's account).

"You see," he said, "nobody actually knew why or how a boat sailed to windward in those days. They just did not know. They knew how to make the sails to make her go, but that was it. I mean, when the Mouseys and Lord Brabazon (then AYRS chairman) were here to open the wind tunnel, one of the Mouseys said, "You know, Brab, nobody really knows why a boat sails to windward, now do they?" Well, from about 1948 to '53, I'd done a vast number of calculations to work out the theory on my own. No help, no books. nothing, absolutely nothing. I read Man-

fred Curry and all that, but he didn't know. So I wrote this book in 1953 called *Sailing Aerodynamics*. Published it myself, had a thousand copies printed and sold the lot, which was rather nice. Anyway, after a bit I decided this book wasn't altogether satisfactory and I said I'd start the AYRS."

Just like that.

Morwood wrote to all the yachting magazines describing what he was going to do. He brought out the first 20-page publication in 1955 with a first print run of 500 and it sold very well. In keeping with his penchant for tilting at windmills, it was devoted to catamarans at a time when, "The majority of yacht clubs were banning them, as you know: just wouldn't have them in the place." The naval architecture fraternity may have smarted a bit at that same first issue, in which Morwood stated a case for a novice drawing the lines of a yacht in two hours or less, and proved it with an illustration of an acceptable design done by a 14-year-old.

Thereafter, he put out an issue every two months. The second was on hydrofoils. "And in that issue," the master says, "I invented as many ways of using hydrofoils as you can imagine, including what I called a pair of "Jesus boots". You stood on them and moved them up and down a bit, there was a sort of tail at the back, and they had a bit of buoyancy you see, and that allowed you to propel yourself over the water."

From describing his Jesus boots, the wry country doctor switches in a flash to another topic in that second publication, a thing that was to mesmerize the sailing world some 30 years later: "And I also, of course, in that same magazine, designed two versions of the keel that the Australian boat won the America's Cup with, which is rather amusing, but it probably wasn't exactly the same. The idea was to swing an inverted "T" foil from the keel, so that when the boat heeled it would pull down to give her extra ballast as well as righting moment. Then I built a hydrofoil boat for myself. A couple of inverted "T"s" under the water which you could control via pump handles, that was a bit of fun."

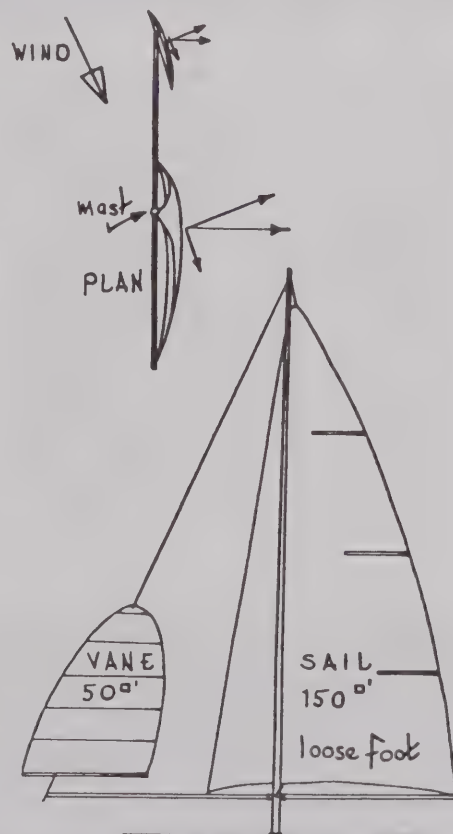
This seemed the right moment to ask Morwood about material dating back to the 1970s that I had seen in an AYRS paper with the heading "Vortex Generators". A handwritten notation next to it read: "1983, equals winged keels." There followed a discussion between American AYRS members with a footnote reading, "Josef Dusek in Sydney sent us details of catamaran owners who have fitted horizontal plates to the bottom of each hull and report that the yachts point higher and tack in a much more positive manner." There was no mention of any significant weight inherent in these "end plates", but the caveman-type sketch accompanying the note could not be mistaken for anything but the direct antecedent of *Australia II's* remarkable appendage. Wasn't this, I asked the doctor, a classic example of the AYRS's *raison d'être*, amateurs getting it right, with professionals (in the U.S. camp, in this case) paying no heed to their findings?

He agreed, and went on, "And it's relevant to the start of the Society, too. You

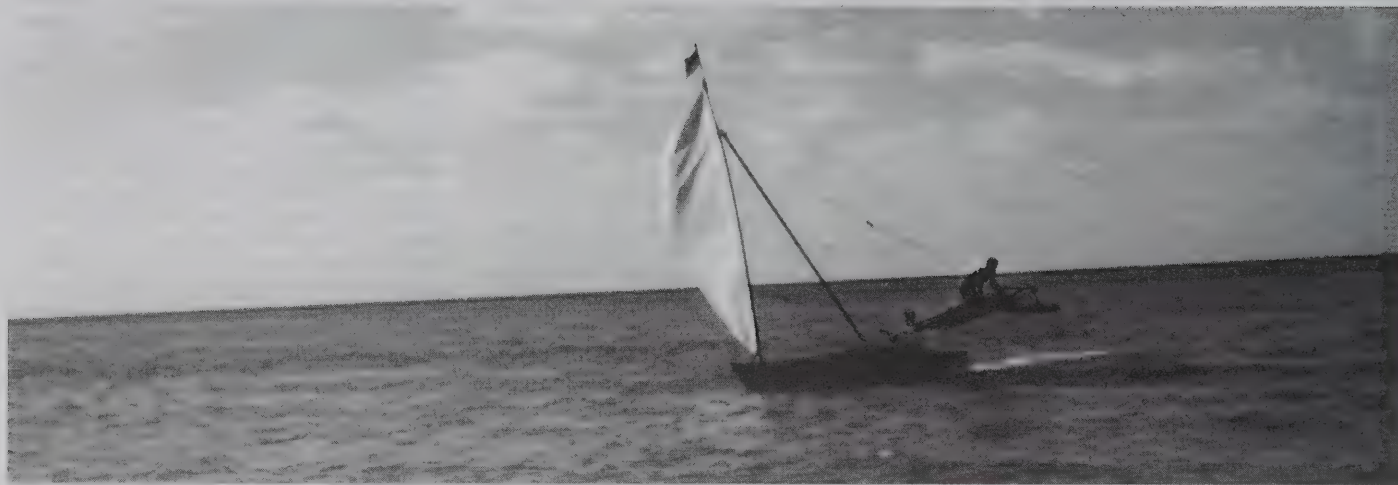
see, the year before I founded the AYRS, the Yacht Research Council came into being. They got a ten-thousand-pound grant and blew the lot in no time. They had to get professional observers in to watch (and to be paid for their time), so all the money vanished with one tiny little experiment on the 6-meter design. And that just reinforced my belief that I had to do all these things to start with at my own expense. But then, in no time at all, everybody else within the group was doing the same thing. The only thing is that people have been attacking us ever since for the use of the word "amateur" in the Society's title. It has caused an awful lot of problems."

I then repeated what one member had said to me, that he suspected that the word "amateur" may have been the cause of the decline in American membership. This precipitated an area of discussion which, taken in conjunction with opinions I was to hear subsequently from other AYRS officers, has to be handled with a lot of diplomacy.

(To Be Continued)



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An I-Kiribati racing canoe crossing the finish line at the Independence Day races in Tarawa.

Proa Racing in Kiribati

By John Scull

Tom Fulk's account of sailing Yapese canoes in Micronesia (*Messing About in Boats*, June 15, '97) was fascinating. His description of handling the canoe, steering entirely with the sail except when running, "tacking" by moving the sail to the other end of the boat (to the total confusion of a neophyte like myself), and the need for continuous bailing, was very close indeed to my experience. Like the canoes he described, the Kapingamarangi canoe in which I sailed had an asymmetrical hull to improve its windward performance.

The boat in which I sailed (*Messing About in Boats*, March 15, '97) had a simple rig. A halyard was tied to the gaff and run through a bee hole at the masthead. A single shroud was tied to the masthead and the outrigger, preventing the rig from collapsing downwind, away from the outrigger. The boom and gaff fit in a notch at either end of

the canoe, and the mast rested in a notch on a moveable thwart. As Tom and I both pointed out in our earlier articles, skillful steering was the only thing keeping the rig from falling in the windward direction. My canoe did not have the doubled sheet or the backstay and forestay he described, although I did see boats with this type of rig in canoe houses in the outer islands of Yap, and I have seen many photographs of boats with this type of rigging.

Sailing seems to be disappearing in the Caroline Islands (now the Federated States of Micronesia), but in Kiribati (formerly the Gilbert Islands), another Micronesian country, canoe racing is still an important sport. Linda and I attended the races at the 1988 Independence Day celebrations at Tarawa. The canoes raced across the lagoon and back (a round trip distance of about 30 nautical miles), sailing on a reach both ways. The boats are classed

according to sail measurements.

I-Kiribati (Gilbertese) canoes are made of planks sewn together rather than being dug-outs like the Kapingamarangi canoe. The racing canoes were rigged as Tom described with the addition of even more complex tackle connecting the shroud to the outrigger. Sometimes the canoes, like the Kapingamarangi canoe in which I learned, are sailed with the outrigger floats out of the water.

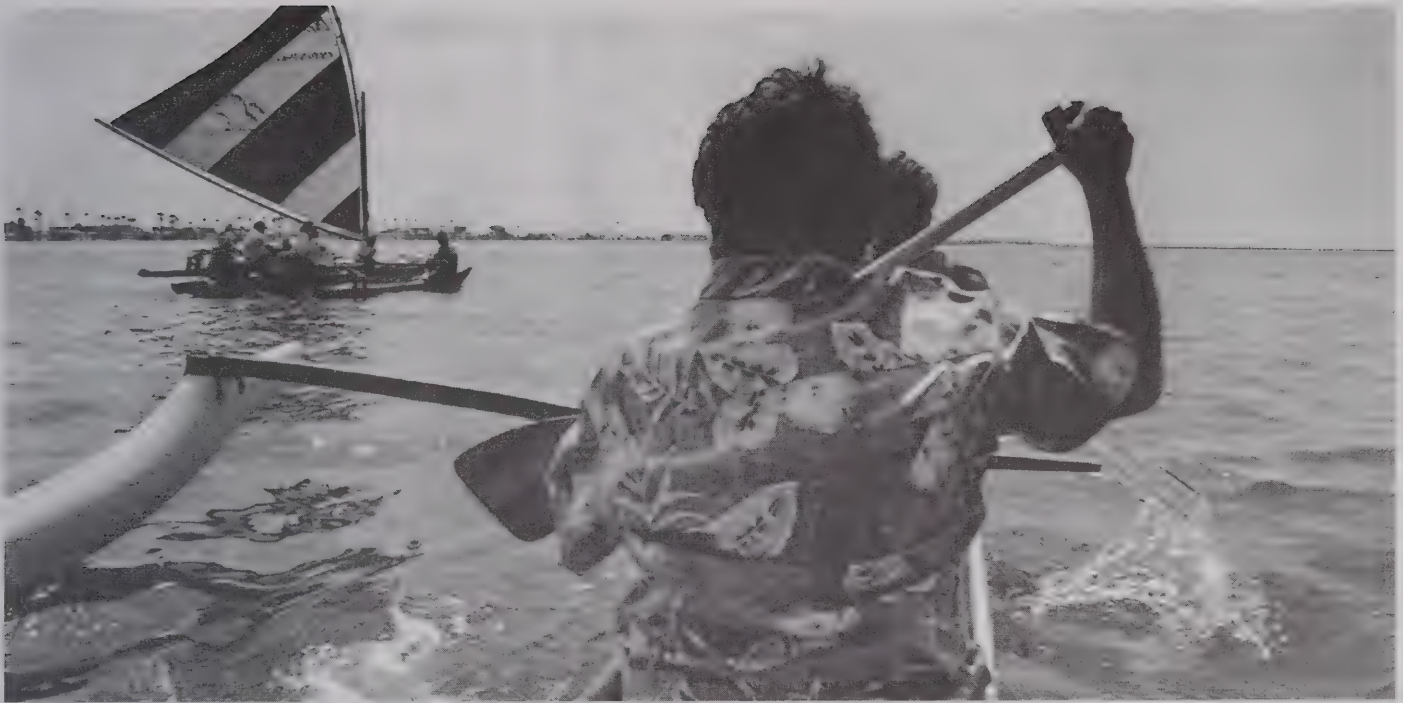
As a design, the outrigger canoe has some definite advantages over other multi-hulls. With no float to dig in on the leeward side, it is faster than a trimaran. The technique of changing ends avoids the tendency of catamarans to miss stays and end up in irons when tacking. The ability to quickly drop the rig and lie a-hull in a storm has allowed many outrigger canoes to survive typhoons. The fine narrow hull is very fast and makes little leeway, and a crew member on the outrigger provides effective moveable ballast.

The canoe I sailed, the one Tom described, and the racing canoes are all small fishing vessels. In the past, the people of Micronesia built much larger voyaging canoes, and their traditional navigators were able to safely cross the vast distances of the Pacific Ocean. The traditions of navigation and boatbuilding are still alive in Micronesia, especially in the outer islands of Yap and Chunk in the Caroline Islands. When the Hawaiians wanted to re-enact a voyage between Tahiti and Hawaii in 1976 in the catamaran *Hokule'a*, they took along Mau Piailug, a Micronesian navigator.

As Tom said, *The Canoes of Oceania* by Haddon and Hornell is the best source for learning more about the construction of outrigger canoes. To learn more about traditional navigation and voyaging, the best books are *We, the Navigators* by David Lewis, *East is a Big Bird* by Thomas Gladwin, and *The Last Navigator* by Stephen Thomas. For an account of a recent voyage from the Gilbert Islands to Fiji in a large I-Kiribati voyaging canoe, see *Taratai* by James Siers.

The author and the crew of an I-Kiribati canoe, with lots of helpers, departing from Nabeina for a trip across Tarawa Lagoon.





This sailing outrigger is way overloaded because Miss Universe is on board and everyone wanted to help!

Welcome to Our World of Outrigger Canoes

Kahakai Maka 'Olelo "Vision Statement"

Kahaki is an Ohana, a family of members oriented to employ integrity, honesty, pride and teamwork to the goal of continually improving and excelling in both mind and body on and off the water.

Kahaki is founded with the purpose of fostering and promoting the sport of outrigger canoeing. The Club's mission statement is, "To always be highly competitive". Excellence in paddling and competition will give us recognition and stature. But, of course, while we do these high minded noble pursuits, we'll make sure we have one helluva good time!

Aukai and Makakoa Kai Happy on East Coast

By Ted Ralston

Aukai spent the summer in Burlington, Vermont as a feature attraction at the Burlington Sailing Center on Lake Champlain. She was in use every day and twice on weekends by members and friends of the Vermont Outrigger Canoe Club. Word spread fast through the local Vermont paddling community of the seaworthiness and stability of this newcomer to Lake waters, and she was allowed outside the breakwater by the Coast Guard even under conditions that kept other watercraft at port.

VOCC entered a coed crew in *Aukai* for the 21-mile Blackburn Challenge around Cape Ann, on the Atlantic Ocean north of Boston, placing fifth. Interest in outrigger canoeing is high in VOCC's home area and the club is now considering buying a second canoe.

Makakoa Kai is at home with a group of woman marathon paddlers in Rochester,

By Ted Ralston

I enjoyed your coverage of the Hawaiian outrigger canoes, which competed in last summer's Blackburn Challenge, in your September 15th issue. The cover photo on that issue is our *Makakoa Kai*, a Hawaiian Class Racer we sold east to Roberta Shapiro.

Perhaps your readers would find a few more photos and some background on our canoes of interest. The following excerpts are from our local newsletter, *Kahakai Konch*; the action photos are from our Long Beach, California area and from the 42 mile Molokai-Oahu Open Ocean Race in Hawaii. Enjoy.

Ted Ralston, 2508 East Willow #210, Signal Hill, CA 90806

NY. The group entered two races this summer in *Makakoa Kai* and won both, against Bradleys, Force 5's, and a Pacific Islander (ex-*Imua*) canoes. One event was the first-ever Liberty Challenge, a race through New York City Harbor and the lower Hudson River finishing at the Statue of Liberty. *Makakoa Kai* and her crew were featured on the cover of the September 15th issue of *Messing About in Boats*.

These two canoes bring to three the ex-Kahakai craft that are making people happy elsewhere. *Ehukai*, our old Keoni-class longboat, has been happy up in Vernon, British Columbia since 1993.

Canoe Names What's In a Name?

By Ted Ralston

Nai'a is porpoise in Hawaiian, and this canoe came to us already named. In a prior life she was named *Patches* for the

checkerboard look created by the foam pattern in her hull construction.

Leilani is a girl's name in Hawaiian, meaning heavenly flowers. This canoe (presently on loan to Santa Monica) is named after the second truly racing canoe, hewn from a koa log in Hawaii in 1936 as a sister to the famous *Malia* (Mary). The original koa *Leilani* is still in service at Outrigger Canoe club in Honolulu, although modified substantially from her original lines.

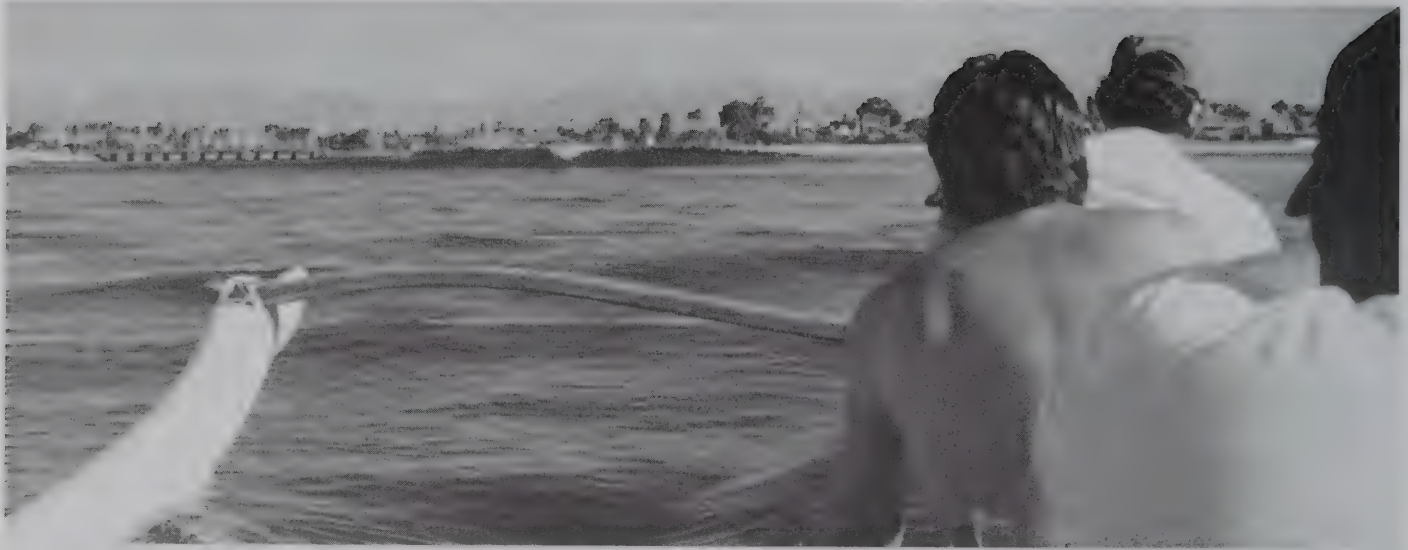
Ho'okahi Kai means together on the sea, named after the togetherness the club showed in putting on the second Restaurant Regatta, which raised enough to order this first Bradley of ours. *Ho'okahi Kai* is the 6th canoe out of the Bradley mold, after the mold was modified to meet Hawaiian hullform rules.

Kila Kai means majestic on the sea, certainly true of this second Bradley which marked our entrance to a well-equipped club.

Kaholo Kai means fast on the sea, an inspiration for us all. This canoe replaced *Aukai* (seafarer), now in Vermont.

A'a Kai means challenger on the sea, a challenge for all of us to continuously improve. This name has deep historical significance, as when outrigger racing re-emerged in 1900 after the missionaries had shut it down 50 years earlier, *A'a* was the first canoe built. It was raced by Prince Kuhio, and later by Lanikai Canoe Club until 1955 and is now in the Bishop Museum in Honolulu. Adding *Kai* customizes the name to us.

All of our canoes weigh the legal minimum of 400lbs or just a few over, when they have their weights installed. Right now *Kaholo* and *A'a Kai* are running without weights.



Makakoa Kai, the cover photo canoe on the September 15th issue, heading for the surf in Seal Beach, the crew contemplating the backside of a breaking wave.

Action at Long Beach



Makakoa Kai, dropping in on a subsequent wave, will get a 200 yard ride out of this one. The wave is just starting to feather before breaking. This is an unusual surfing spot, a river mouth nearby has built up a sandbar creating an open water break, with no beach nearby.

Makakoa Kai heading back out through the surf. This was the second wave in a tight set which half filled the canoe with ocean. The force of the wave has knocked #1 back into the lap of #2 (my wife). I was steering. The next wave ten seconds later finished the job, as with all the water onboard she wouldn't climb over the wave. We had to swim her out of the breakers, then flip her over, then upright again to make ready for bailing. Flipping dumps water and traps air inside so when we flip her back she's only half full and can be bailed, provided no more waves break aboard, refilling it. We all live for these times.





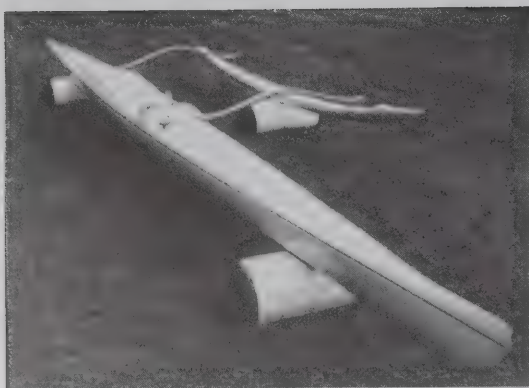
Charging hard, how can the crews keep this up over open ocean for 42 miles?

On The Molokai-Oahu Race

For More on Hawaiian Canoeing:
Hawaii Paddler Magazine
 305 Hahani St. Suite 245
 Kailua, HI 96734

They swap crew members on the fly, that's how. Every twenty minutes we change the stroker. Here a fresh #1 has just boarded, replacing the #1 who has just bailed out (in the water). We're allowed nine paddlers in these long races, the three not in the canoe paddling rest up on an escort boat, then rejoin their crews in rotation. Sometimes we change three at once. The escort boat drops the fresh paddlers into the water 100 yards ahead of the canoe, and when the canoe comes through we make the change, ideally losing only three or four strokes.





Caribe Outrigger Specification

Hull Construction: Carbon fiber with vinyl ester resin. Molded strong back (center vertical rib). Internal lapjoint seam, connecting hull and deck; iakus (outriggers) attach to hull using mated stainless steel studs with quick assembly wing-nuts (iakus to hull assembly time approximately three minutes).

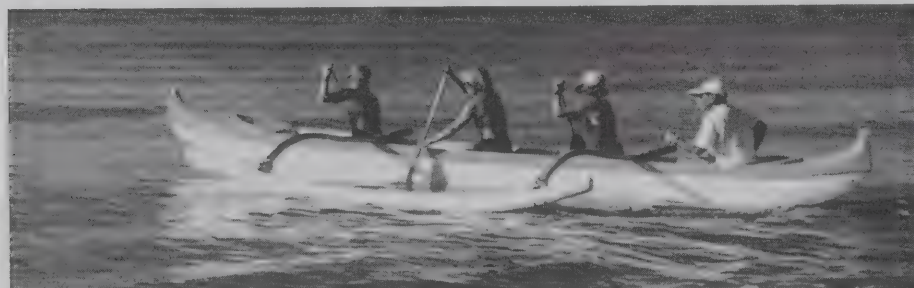
Specifications:
Length overall: 13'
Width: 15"
Height: 14"
Rudder: Removable 8"
Weight: 25lbs

Ama Construction: Carbon fiber with polyester resin. Molded sleeves with inserted stainless steel rods for connection to iakus (assembly time for ama to iakus approximately three minutes).

Specifications:
Length overall: 11'6"
Width: 4"
Height (including rods): 9"
Weight: 3lbs

Iakus Construction: Anodized aluminum with bent high curve.

Specifications:
Length overall: 56"
Width: 50" center of hull to center of ama
Weight: 2lbs



Deluxe Series 2200

The finest surfing canoe available seats four to six adults suitable for surfing, sailing, fishing or cruising.

Force Five 6-Person Outrigger Canoe

Built to Hawaiian Canoe Racing Association specifications: Fiberglass hull and ama; laminated wooden iakus.



Down East Built Hawaiian Outriggers!

By Todd Michelson

Perhaps you might be interested to learn that we offer several models of Hawaiian outrigger canoes being built for Caribbean Caribe right in Eliot, Maine by Ted Perry at East West Custom Boats. Here's some design info, masquerading as sales promotion material, on a couple of models.

The Caribe Outrigger is the result of many years of experimentation, training, racing, and evaluation, the newest in a long line of state-of-the-art racing and pleasure hulls. Two years in the making, the next generation of one-person outrigger canoes is here.

The designers of this new concept in hull shape and construction technique are much more than just manufacturers relying on someone else's input to create their design parameters. Every aspect of the hull's design was put through hours of testing, in all types of weather and water conditions.

Rather than relying on outside opinion and attempted articulation, the research and design team trained and raced the newest shapes as they were being developed. By having the sport's top athletes as part of the team, as well as the industry's leading local technicians, the research team was able to blend the performance desired with the construction needs of the production team.

All aspects of design were taken into account during the initial stages of evaluation. A design goal was set to try to build the finest all around hull possible. A hull with design characteristics making it the best in all conditions, from the flattest water to the roughest, was indeed an ambitious goal. A boat that would work well for both women and men again raised the team's design parameters.

Full-scale drawings were created with input and evaluation from all members of the team. Statistics were accumulated putting into perspective all race course conditions and relative performance priorities.

The race team's needs and performance goals were inputted and updated as design changes were formulated. Once all preference needs were obtained, tooling and construction took priority to create a molding system that would allow for the lightest, strongest boat possible.

The resulting product has proved to be the finest constructed performance boat of its type built to date. The detail and attention of the production team has helped to create the most attractive, functional outrigger in existence.

Look for Caribe Outrigger marketed under the Canoesports Caribe name and being played and raced with by outrigger canoeing's greatest enthusiasts.

And don't just sit there, join us!

Todd Michelson Sales, PO Box 639, Essex CT 06426, (860) 767-8665

I concocted this contraption (I was 15 in 1932) at a time and place where surfboards were never heard of, and windsurfers hadn't been invented. Nor were the construction methods and materials of ultralight construction then available. I imagined that hull and amas could be built from veneer over a very light and sparse wooden frame. The proper engineering of such a structure would be very critical so as not to have a craft that would fall apart at first try. What is of real interest, however, to those who design and build small craft, is the setup of the sail.

Many years later, during the Second World War, experiments would be done with glider platforms. It was found that the most efficient form was a triangular form, a delta wing. More recently, in three different parts of the world (England, Australia and, I think, the United States) experiments were done to determine the most efficient sail shape. Much to everyone's surprise, including mine, the most efficient form was found to be the Pacific type of triangular sail, the one that usually is supported by a strut or a short mast, which supports the upper yard of the triangle while the lower yard, the boom, moves freely toward the lee, and can be held by means of the sheet at various positions, creating various angles of attack towards the horizontal flow of the wind. This creates both lift and forward impulse.

One of the maybe somewhat unexpected results of slackening the sheet in a gust is that, while the heeling momentum is diminished, the forward momentum seems to increase, the directly opposite effect of slackening the sheet on the ubiquitous marconi. This can best be observed in

Dream Boats...

The Sail Set-up Of The Flying Outrigger

By Richard Carsen

the Arabian lugsail, the one that has the very short luff. When the sheet is slackened in a gust the foil area created by the foot of the yard, the throat of the sail being pushed to windward, increases dramatically; the result is that, while the heeling effect is diminished, the forward momentum is greatly enhanced, and rather than losing way, the speed increases and the boat continues "with a bone in her teeth".

In the above mentioned trials, the Pacific delta proved the most efficient, with the spritsail a close runner-up. IF the sprit was constricted in its movement by a vang. If you will visualize it, you can see with your mind's eye how an efficient foil is formed between the mast and the head of the sail if the sprit is not allowed to roam freely. If the sprit is not held, the effect is the same as with the marconi; a strong heeling effect is created. In the trial the marconi came in third and the lateen last! I am not sure what kind of lateen was used.

If it was the type as is used on the Sunfish sailboard, it is not really a lateen, but a balanced lug, the smallest form of the Chinese lug. Those sails can best be used imagining them to be just flat planks. This means that the sail's effectiveness occurs within a very narrow range. Sheet-ing it in tight, like a marconi, only produces sideways drift. I have seen people

struggle with that, but nothing in the world will break this concept that you must sheet in tight to tack, even if they drift all over the place. You can sheet in tight with a marconi because the sailmaker has produced the type of foil in the sail you can do this with, and because you now must hang overboard or have a ballast keel to keep the boat on its feet. None of this is necessary in traditional craft with traditional sails. I know it will surprise many but, no, the clipperships and other old timers did not have ballast keels.

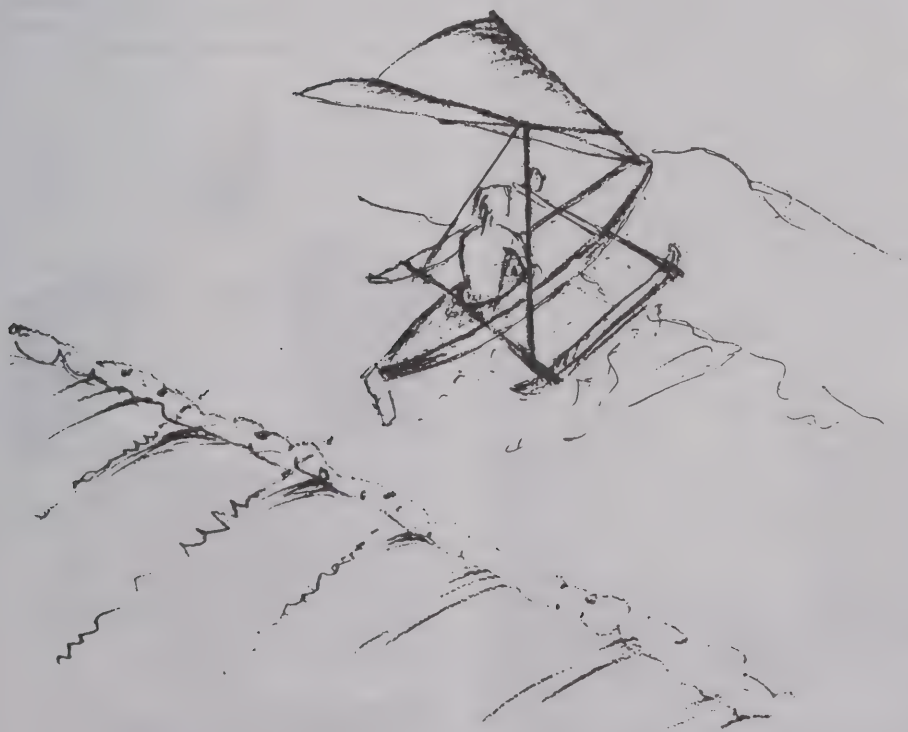
The true lateen does not have a boom along its foot. I have never handled this sail, so there is nothing I can say about it. Frankly, because of its long popularity, which has lasted until today, I believe it must be pretty effective in the right hands. However, the Arabian small boat sail beats it hands down because of the automatic foil effect.

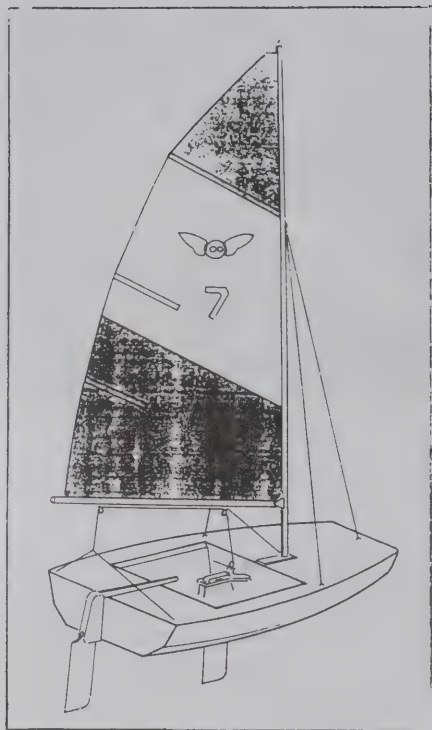
In the trials for a glider platform, during WW II, the delta was shown to be the most effective. Actually it was the double delta; two triangular sails joined along one leg. It is my opinion that that middle strut helps the effectiveness of the sail, because it creates a lateral flow. You can see this principle applied in prints dating from the middle ages. Many square sails have attachments in the middle which can be pulled in to form a ridge in the middle of the sail. This causes the above mentioned flow, which prevents a ball of air being formed in the sail, diverting the airflow and diminishing the effectiveness of the sail.

Now the sail I dreamed up for my flying tri has a middle strut, attached full length to the sail. This rests on a crossbar, which is attached only to the middle strut and the two yards. This rests, on and is attached to, the top of a tri-pod which has one leg forward towards the bow, and two legs going aft, in this case resting on the aft crossboom. Although I was unaware of this at the time, you find such set-ups in Indonesian and Philippine waters (the sea-gypsies, the lau, and some old Javanese pirate ships).

Those sails were square sails, hung from the apex. The lau sail strongly resembles the ancient Egyptian square sail. In the flying tri, the sail rests at its crossbar on top of the tripod. The apex of the delta is tied to the bow. The sail can now tilt either to port or starboard and becomes a tacking sail. In the position as shown in the drawing it can be used as a running sail. If the strut can move across the crossbar, the sail can be slid into an upright position by bringing the tack under the apex of the tripod. The idea was that, once it was airborne, the tack could be slackened off, bringing the double-delta to the horizontal so the assembly could glide for a short distance.

This is exactly what they did with the glider platforms. However, looking at the sail area of the maduran (off east Java coast) tris (double outriggers) the sail area should be greatly increased. Trials will tell. Are you reading this Mr. Payson? You always try every thing at least once! The whole shebang is controlled by lines at the end of the crossbar and at the tack of the sail.





The tiny country of New Zealand, with two main islands and some three million people, oft referred to as the land of the long white cloud, is very much a boating nation.

Holding the America's Cup may well take pride of mention among many, and indeed it certainly appeared as though the entire population supported and even gave financially to the effort, and rose in unison to cheer the boat onto victory, but boating in New Zealand goes much deeper than that.

In the waters of both the north and south islands, will be seen sail and powerboats large and small, and one soon realizes that Kiwi kids start young in their pursuit of enjoyment of activities on the water, perhaps leading on to greater things in later years.

New Zealand also has its share of yacht



Firebug's in the Land of the Long, White Cloud

By Mark Steele

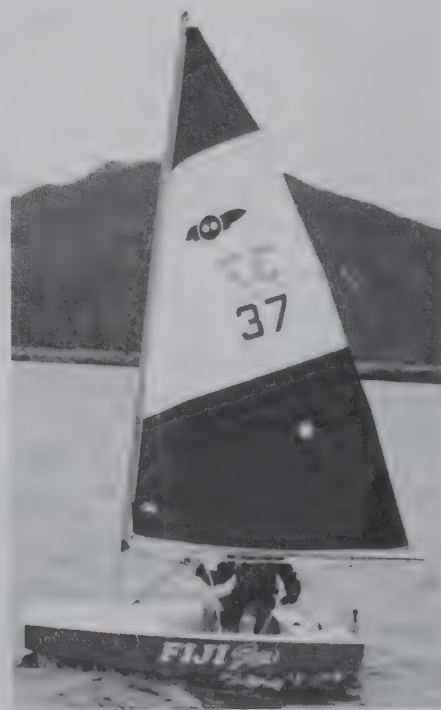
designers, many of whom go on to achieve worldwide status and acclaim, Bruce Farr and Ron Holland are but two of them. Mention the name of John Spencer in New Zealand, and those in the yachting fraternity instantly respond with enthusiasm, recalling particular memories and stories of the many sailboats (principally) that he designed.

John Alfred Spencer, born in 1931, died suddenly in 1996, leaving a legacy of successful designs, Flying Ants, Cherubs, Javelins, individual bigger yachts that achieved great

success such as *Buccaneer* and *Infidel*, the latter sold to the U.S., renamed *Ragtime*, and believed to be still sailed competitively, *New World*, *Great Hope*, and so many more.

John Spencer became known as the "plywood king," and whereas hundreds upon hundreds of his boats remain and are sailed on the waters of New Zealand, having backgrounded the man who was a personal friend, I must move on to the real meat of the matter, the Spencer-designed 2.4 metre Firebug.

With a lifelong interest in kids, Spencer wanted to make it as easy as it could be for them to get afloat in their own boat, and at the lowest cost possible. Before he died, he enlisted the enthusiasm and support of another of his friends, Peter Tait of Auckland, to promote and make his dream a reality.



Today the little Firebug, which is built only from well produced plans (available from Tait), after been a show-stopping exhibit at boat shows in New Zealand, has resulted in a fever of building activity in areas throughout both islands.

It is an extraordinary little yacht that is easy to sail, extremely stable for youngsters, large enough to take an adult and a young kid, and has a fine turn of speed.

Tait, himself a sailor, has gone out of his way to assist with information, providing guides on building as well as sources of material in New Zealand at better than average prices, and finished items, like tillers, if required. Do-it-yourself building in its entirety is actively encouraged, for that was Spencer's dream.

The hull is built out of 4mm ply, the bottom, 9mm, and the boat carries an alloy mast. Spencer's design for the Firebug has resulted in a boat that has a great deal of buoyancy, and the plans and instructions cover all aspects of building, including making your own fittings from full size details.

In New Zealand, it is possible to build one of these sailing dinghies for approximately 1000 to 1200 New Zealand dollars, depending on where one gets the materials.

"Get 'em to build it, and get 'em on the water" appears to be the aim behind this boat, and though club and even family regattas with Firebugs are getting popular here, sailing them for sheer fun and relaxation benefits are the main Firebug attractions.

The boat that bonds a father and son (or daughter) together, is another gain from a joint Firebug build and sail effort.

Peter Tait, Firebug Headquarters, P.O. Box 47-042, Ponsonby, Auckland 2, New Zealand, for any details.

It's Something New

The Firebug attracts interest wherever it goes:

"What sort of boat is that?"

"Gee, it's fast"

"Would I be able to have a sail?"

Even those who haven't sailed before can try it out, simply because there's room for two, one who can sail and one who can't. The clever design has resulted in a boat with plenty of stability and buoyancy. The ideal trainer, especially for children but for adults too.

Build One Yourself

It's probably not as difficult as you think. The designer, well respected John Spencer, has worked out the construction of this boat to be as simple as possible. The larger components bend around or slot into a building jig which eliminates such things as complex lofting and measurement.

The Designer

"I have made it as easy as it can be to get afloat in your own boat," says Spencer, "and as cheap as it can be, too."

The plans and instructions cover all aspects of building and include such things as making up your own fittings from full size details. Spars, sail, plywood, fastenings, etc. are all readily available. Inquire about the loan of a jig and templates or kits in your area.

Have a serious look at this one, it has to be a fun project.

Give a kid a major treat, build one together, or even better, build two and hold the family champs!



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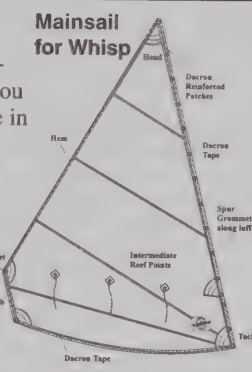
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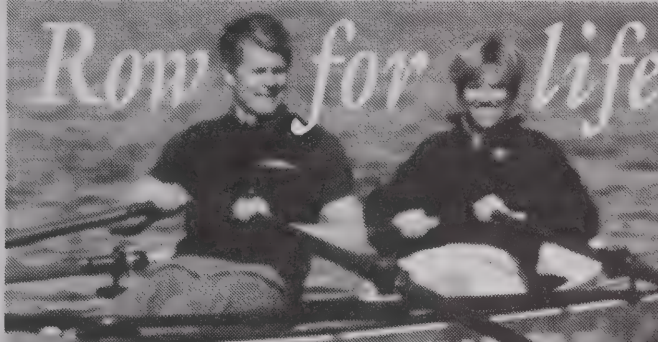
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One of the most enjoyable aspects of "simply messing about" is that it doesn't always have to occur on water.

When I'm not reading favorite back issues of this and other nautical publications, my wife and I often haunt local auction houses, old bookstores, or antique shops. While she searches out the "furniture finds" for our 165-year-old stone farmhouse, I'm on the prowl for boat or shop-related bargains. It was during one such serendipitous side trip that I found the mysterious Michigan "junk rig."

Since 1985, the family and I have taken alternate year summer vacations in Linden Hills, a small cluster of cottages nestled in the dunes just below South Haven, Michigan. It's a perfect place for boating and beach cruising, many families launch their Sunfish, Hobie Cats, sea kayaks, or (gag) PWCs off the sand and pebble shore.

It was a rare hot and humid afternoon late June 1997, and we were on our way back from the traditional dune rides above Saugetuck. Tucked alongside the Blue Star Highway was a dilapidated house, barn and outbuildings. The sign read, "Sunset Junque Shoppe". A broad front lawn shaded by leafy sycamores was decorated with all sorts of antiques. We felt the gravitational pull of curiosity and pulled into the shade.

Browsing for almost two hours, we were about to leave when I noticed a curiously familiar shape, wrapped in a yellowed canvas, leaning up against a hidden side of one shed. It felt like Christmas morning all over again as I carefully unwrapped the mildewed and spider-infested bundle.

Laying out before me was a gaff sloop sailing rig with wood mast, spars, halyards, and stays complete. Except for about a 1-ft. tear in the main and a couple of missing stamped bronze mast hoops, the lightweight cotton sails were intact.

The Michigan "Junk Rig"

By Ned Asplundh



"Where did it come from?"
"What type of hull did this power?"

There was no matching hull in sight, and the local antique experts couldn't vouch for its provenance.

I felt the early symptoms of "projectitis" taking hold.

"Hot damn! I can build something to fit this!"

A brief amount of horse trading with the shop owners and the rig was mine!

Returning to Pennsylvania, I used my son's Sunfish as a dry-land test platform to set up the rig, get measurements and some photos. After circulating scans of the photos on the Internet Bolger list to solicit opinions, some of the more inventive list members suggested that I simply use the rig on the Sunfish, marrying the two classic designs. Wow! What a concept!

However, with a 22 sq. ft. jib and 92 sq. ft. main, my "new" Michigan junk rig totals 114 square feet, a whole lot more than a Sunfish could carry, but just little bit more than Phil Bolger's Windsprint design. A letter from Phil provided confirmation and encouragement to go for it!

If any readers can recognize the rig's origin, I'd appreciate your information or comments. In the meantime, I can't wait to bang an "instant" hull together and get back on the water a new "junk-powered classic" this summer!

Ned Asplundh, 30 S. Westview Ave., Feasterville, PA 19053, 215-3578525, nasplund@voicenet.com

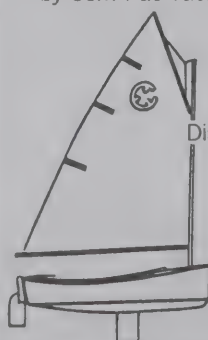
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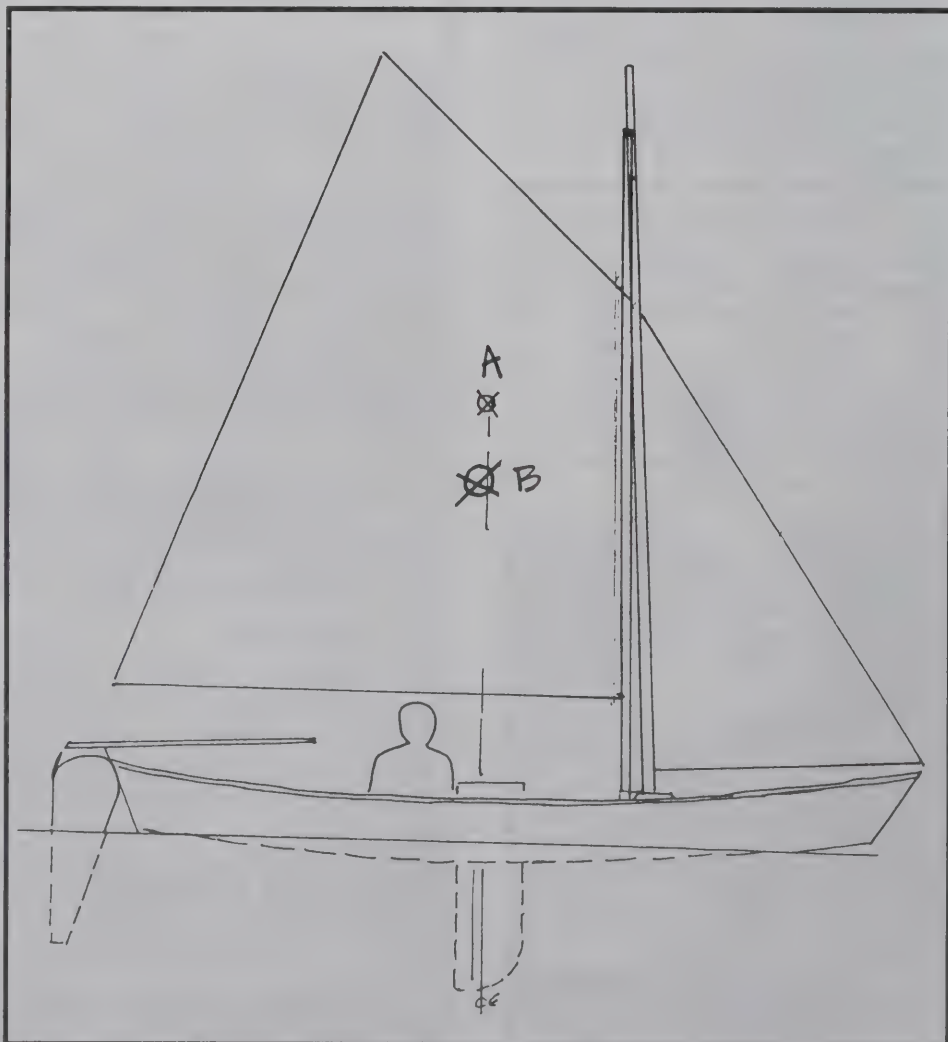
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Stove Top Steaming

By Marshall Katz

I built a wonderful 15' cedar lapstrake canoe (designed by Walter Simmons of Duck Trap Woodworking in Lincolnville Beach, Maine) in the basement of my home. When it came time to steam bend the ribs, there was a problem. My basement workshop has extra lumber and paint stored about, and the idea of an open flame under my home to make steam in a steam box was not at all a comfort.

It was while my wife was boiling water for tea that the idea came to me. Why not capture the steam rising from the teapot in one of those expandable aluminum exhaust pipes that are usually attached to the rear of clothes dryers. I purchased one at Home Depot (for \$4.50) with a 4" diameter, expandable up to 8'. I bent one end onto the top of a teapot full of water on the stove, and expanded about 6' of aluminum exhaust pipe horizontally along the top of the sink and countertop. I supported this with books and other pots and stuffed a rag in the far end to hold in the steam. I could steam four 5' oak ribs (1/4" x 3/4" x 5') at a time in the horizontal portion of the pipe. It took about 15 minutes of water boiling to saturate the four ribs to the correct softness.

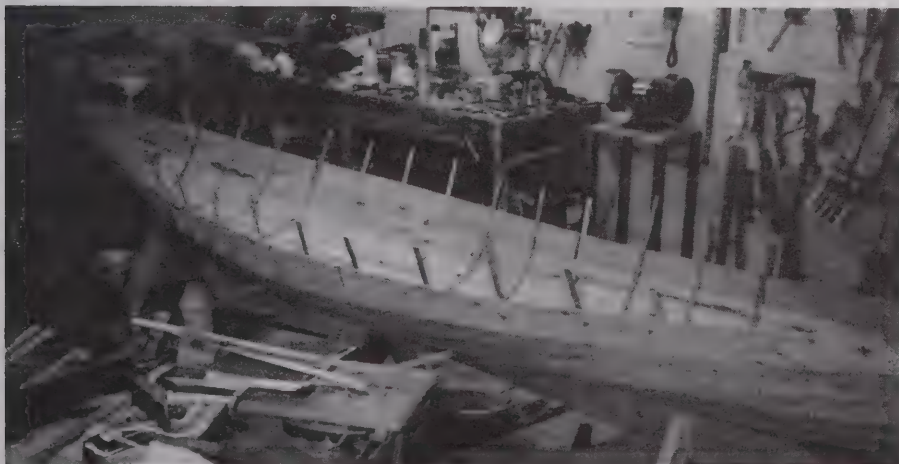
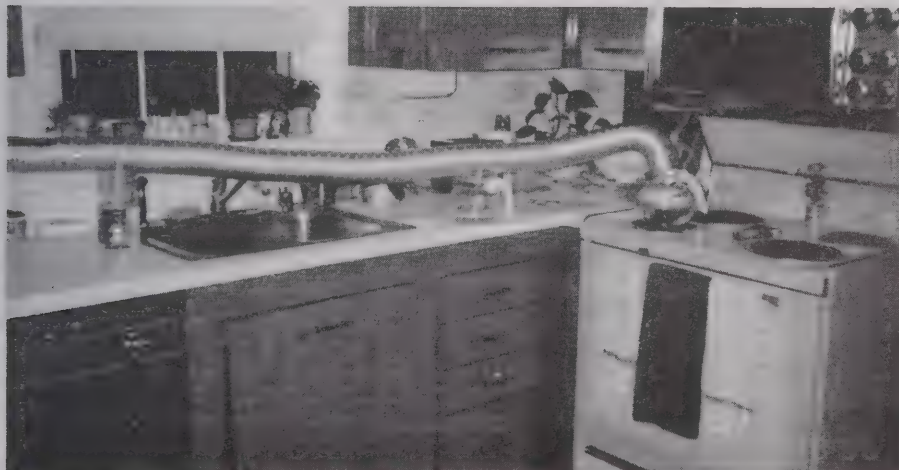
Now, there is very little time (about 30 seconds) to get each rib in place on the keel of the canoe before the rib loses its softness and becomes stiff and brittle again. When you think about it, though, it doesn't take very many seconds to remove one rib and rush it to the canoe in the basement. My procedure was to remove one rib from the aluminum pipe and begin to bend it on my way to the basement.

I want now to publicly thank my wife for her much-needed help. She would stand ready on the opposite side of the canoe and hold each rib in place at the sheer while I quickly nailed the pre-drilled center down onto the keel and clamped off my side at the sheer. Then she would clamp off her side. A very, very slight tap on the top of each rib before clamping at the sheer assured a good seat for each rib. After that, I would drill the holes and copper rivet the four ribs in place at my leisure.

We did four steamings on four different nights to get the 13 major ribs needed for the canoe. Some did split when placing them, but they were still useful for the smaller ribs (floors or half ribs). The ribs did get very hot while steaming, and we both wore insulated gloves to handle them.

The stove top rib steaming project was safe and it really worked. I would recommend stove top steaming as a great alternative to an open flame in one's basement.

Marshall Katz, 4310 Dahill Place, Alexandria, VA 22312-1229





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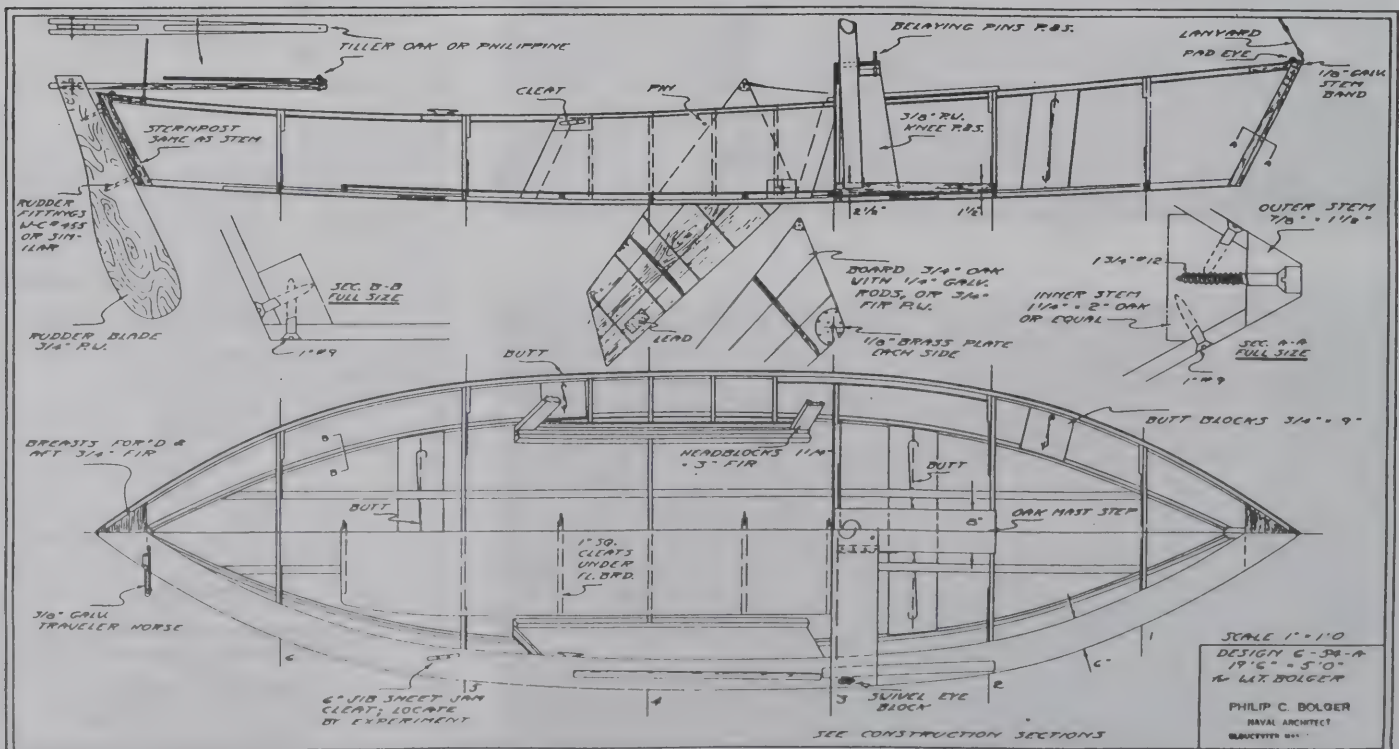


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Unstayed aluminum tube mast with a gunter yard sleeved over it. This allowed a very short doubling, it did not slide very freely and I've never liked the arrangement myself, but it worked well enough to be kept as long as the boat was in use, a good many years. The 58 sq. ft. jib did not bend the stiff mast enough to spoil the shape of the jib unless the wind was so strong that she needed to shorten sail in any case. Then she was sailed with mainsail alone. The powerful rudder with all its area close to its axis, coble-fashion, handled the weather helm of the far-aft mainsail without a



lot of force on the long tiller, or undue rudder angle. The raking rudder axis improved its effectiveness at sharp angles of heel and minimized the loss of force off the bottom of the blade. This rudder caught weed and lines, and had some tendency to flutter at high speeds, but again, it worked well enough to be kept.

This was not an "instant boat". Framing was set up on a temporary ladder frame and the side panels fitted in place. My brother, who built six or eight boats for himself over a 40-year period, took it for granted that lofting, building a ladder frame, and torturing some of the panels was part of building a boat. I've spent a sizable part of my working life trying to speed up the process for people who like sailing more than carpentry, who want a boat as soon as possible. With the experience we have now, this boat could have been built

in half the time, with little if any sacrifice of performance or looks.

This design isn't very embarrassing to look at even after 40-odd years; no need to point to the statute of limitations. These days we'd give her a much thicker bottom and recover most of the weight by leaving off the floorboards and stringers. She'd benefit by more rocker in her bottom profile, making her deeper amidships and carrying the ends higher would have made her faster and handier. The improvement would have been slight with a light load, but considerable with a heavy one. We'd prefer a gaff cat rig, but if the sloop was "given," eliminate the forestay and set the jib flying. Somewhere in the file there's a sail plan for this boat using the same jib set on a raking formast stepped as far forward as it would go, and the top of the foremast close to the top of

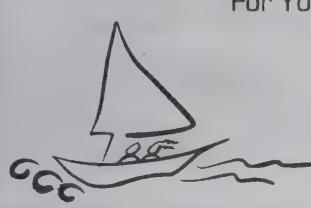
the mainmast (no connection between the masts, so they could be unstepped separately). The rig shown here worked well enough to make this experiment seem not worthwhile.

The rudder would now be shown with a swinging blade. The useless and vulnerable point at the ends of the bilgeboards would be rounded off. Some minor details of construction would be different if we designed such a boat now. She gave good enough sport. But, of course, most boats in this class that we're designing now have the "Birdwatcher" transparent raised decks that allow them to be used with less emphasis on the water and weather conditions, and much more comfort as well as safety.

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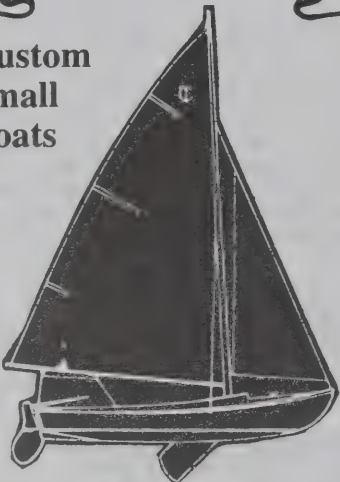
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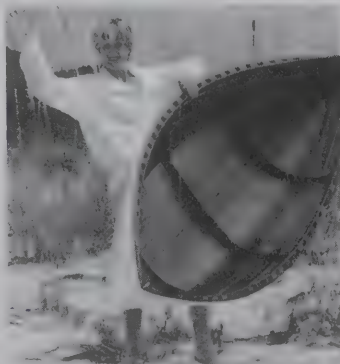
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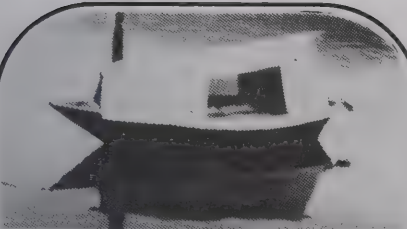
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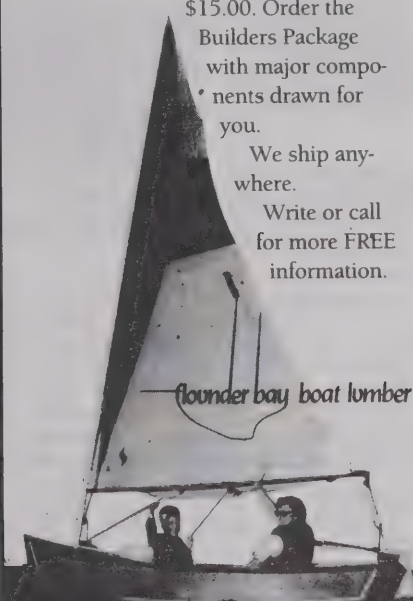
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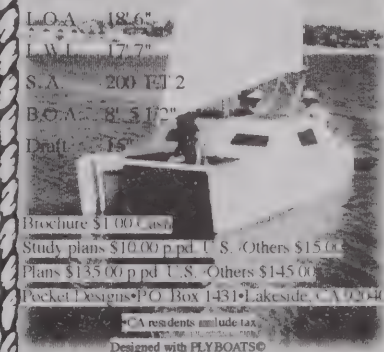
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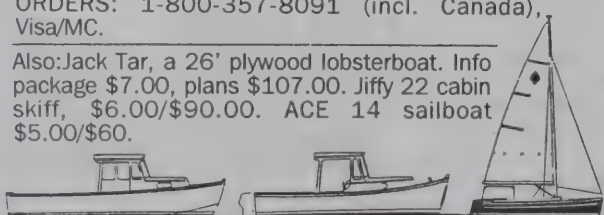
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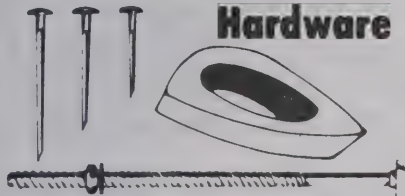
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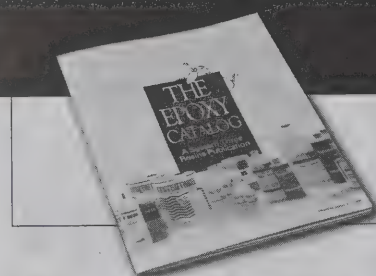
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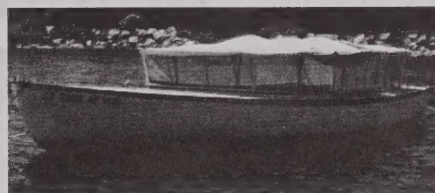
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TIM WEAVER, P.O. Box 791, Rocky Hill, CT 06067.



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ROBERT SCHOLZ, 14686 NE 22nd Pl #74, Silver Springs, FL 34488, (352) 625-4304. (19)

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ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (19)

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AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (609) 463-8539. (20)

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LES MARTIN, P.O. Box 855, E. Falmouth, MA 02536-0855, (508) 540-0603. (19)

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KEN MEYER, P.O. Box 64, Whitefield, ME 04353, (207) 549-5741. (20)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

The Boatman, 9 issues '95, #21-29, all exc cond. \$20 plus shipping. **19' Carolina Skiff Plans**, by William Cofer NA, boat never built. Incl John Gardner article on boat from *National Fisherman* extolling skiff's merits. \$10.
HANS WAECKER, Cliff Island, ME 04019-0006, (207) 766-2684. (19)

Voyages of the Damn Foole, Tom McGrath's first "officially" published book will be on sale in book stores and gift shops that carry International Marine/Ragged Mountain Press books, by St. Patrick's Day, "if the luck of the Irish is with us", reports Tom's #1 fan and landlubbing daughter Erin. Inquiries for ordering of *Voyages of the Damn Foole* should be addressed to the following:
MC GRAW HILL, Inc., Customer Service Dept., P.O. Box 547, Blacklick, OH 43004. Retail customers may call 1-800-262-4729; bookstores may call 1-800-233-4726. (TF)

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D.R. GETCHELL, SR., 56 Pease Town Rd., Appleton, ME 04862-6455. (TF)

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CUBBERLEY & SHAW, Box 607AB, Groton, MA 01450-0607. (20P)

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ERIN RUOCCO, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)

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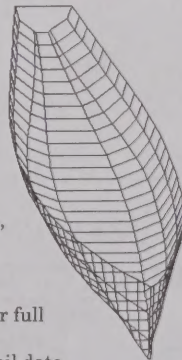
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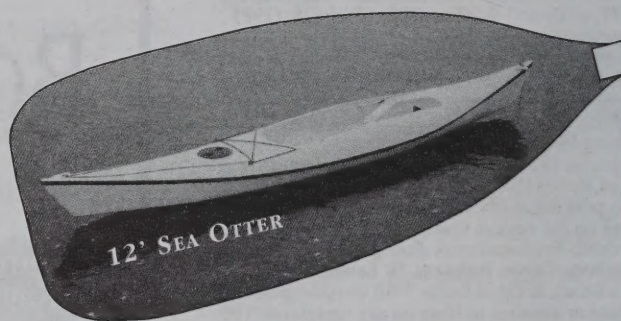
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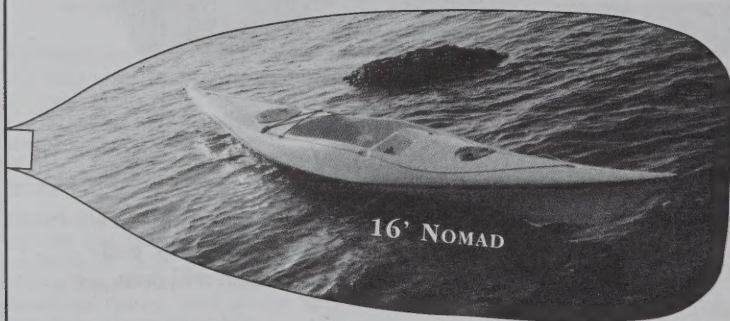


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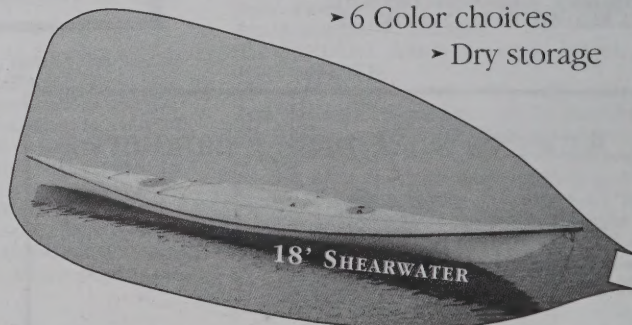
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