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messing about in BOATS

Special Features This Issue
50/50 Sailing in a Breeze
Bathtub Armada - More New Boats

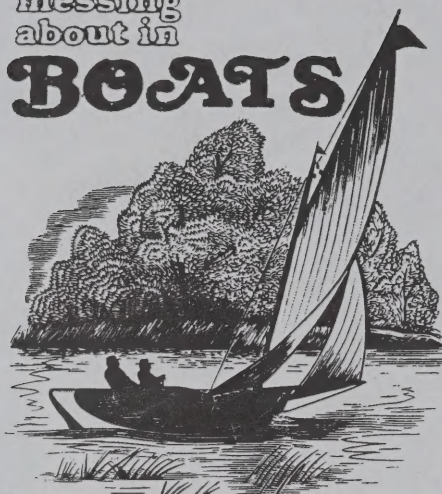
Volume 15 - Number 20

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Volume 15 - Number 20
March 1, 1998

In Our Next Issue...

Jim Thayer will give us a photographic look around at some more of the small boats and their owner/builders seen at St. Michaels last fall.

We'll learn about a "Substitute Snow Row" from "Thole Pin"; Smiljka Fitzgerald is back with another Puerto Rican adventure in "Riding the Storm"; and both Rick Klepfer's "Musings From Mustique" and Lewis Freeman's "By Waterways to Gotham" serials continue.

MacCarthy brings us "Some thoughts on Teaching Boatbuilding"; Riverswest Small Craft Center chronicles its project schedule in "Report From Riverswest"; and two museums weigh in, Lake Champlain with the tale, "Arnold's Gunboat Found" and the North Carolina Maritime Museum in "New Museum Coming Up."

We get to look at Windrider's Rave in "Speedquest"; Compac Yachts introduces their smallest yet, "Picnic Cat"; John Meyers tells of his search for his perfect design in "Just One Boat Away"; and Bernie Wolfard announces "Another Northwest Kit Builder".

Mike Badham's serial on the Amateur Yacht Research Society continues in "Wild Ideas, Worthwhile Goals"; and Phil Bolger shows us "Orquidea, a 42' Overnighter/Daysailer".

On the Cover...

Hugh Horton caught what appears to be a right of way confrontation in the making at the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Assembly last summer on St. Regis Lake in New York's Adirondacks. Hugh has more photos and news about canoe sailing in this issue.

Commentary...

It'll be close to March when you read this issue, although I'm writing this on January 30th at press time. Despite this being in the depth of winter I am beginning to feel the early stages of awakening to the possibilities of the new season. Already. What with other demands around here for things to be done I haven't really gotten seriously started on my winter projects yet, but I still can find mental space to contemplate what might transpire this season when I get outdoors again.

Funny how winter, so long a time indoors with so much opportunity for working in the shop, slips by while I still cannot get started. In late fall it seems there'll be plenty of time for all the planned projects, whiling away long winter weeks. But then Thanksgiving family time is soon followed by the Christmas season with all its distractions, and it isn't until after New Year's that I really intend to get seriously busy.

But then, lo, Jane's greenhouse will be fired up mid-February and this is the year it needs its 5 year maintenance, including replacing the double plastic covering on the 28'x 48' structure. So it's peck away at that, deal with snow removal (lots of it on our vast spread!) sneak in a couple of workouts a week at the local fitness club to forestall winter flabbiness, and maybe, just maybe, peck away at the trimaran project and the bicycle projects.

And then Eric ("Old Ed Stories") Russell mentions in a phone call that the Hudson River Clearwater Revival Festival is returning to the riverside this year and will I be there? This opens the memory banks, and contemplation of our first visit to the Clearwater Revival about ten years ago starts up the speculation about what other events we might undertake to attend this season. From here in late January it seems possible we could hit all those that particularly attract us personally, not just those that might be "good for business".

But, we didn't get out as much last season as we had thought we would at this time a year ago, so I wonder if this is again an exercise in fantasy. We do start early at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show, which is a "good for business" trip (only two hours away) that is also fun and provides an early spring shot of enthusiasm for the coming season. Then in early May the local Essex River Race is something I try to take in, I don't recall why I didn't in '97 but I didn't. Maybe the weather was bad.

The Small Craft Meet at Mystic the first weekend in June really is sort of the season opener, warm enough now to paddle and not be concerned about falling into icy water. It's a great gathering and I've made most (but not all) of them since about 1978.

In the past I've gone to the Maine Canoe Symposium a couple of weeks after Mystic, but in recent years I've passed on that. I'm not a canoeist but it's a great time with lots of interesting pleasant people. We

also took in the No Octane Regatta over in Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks in mid-June several years ago. Another great time but we haven't gotten back to it. A major deterrent is that Jane has her seasonal greenhouse business open in May and June and cannot leave for weekend outings. While I do go sometimes alone, I prefer to enjoy these events in her company.

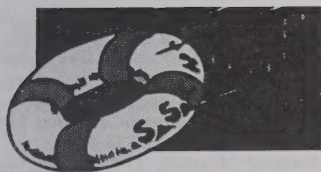
The Wooden Boat Show is a must, again it's "good for business" but also a very fine time as well. It's been handy enough the end of June when in Newport, Southwest Harbor, and Mystic. Jane could join me at Newport and Mystic as we daytripped so she could be home to tend her plants (can't abandon 'em like I can my boat projects). Southwest Harbor was too far away (5 hour drive) so she closed up a week early those years and the leftover plants fended for themselves with passing attention from our grown son and daughter.

But now the Wooden Boat Show has headed south to St. Michaels. Ah, St. Michaels. We really love the Small Craft Festival there in October, even if we skipped it in '97. But it's a ten hour drive, and requires five days away from here, two traveling, three there. Wooden Boat Show will be the same only in late June. I guess we gotta go though. It's great once we're there, but that driving! Around New York City and down the Jersey Pike! Ugh!

So back to the Clearwater Revival. It's mostly about the environment and music (Pete Seeger is behind it) and heavily youth oriented. It does have a small boatbuilders' get-together amongst it's many attractions. That's why we went. We just got swept up in its youth culture ten years ago despite our advanced years. A subsequent return was not so engrossing, the novelty was gone I guess. But we were younger then, we're older than that now. So...

I expect most of you have your lists of activities and events you attend, or wish to attend. Not only group gatherings such as I have described, but getaways to favorite places, be they vacation cruises, summer homes at the shore (ocean or lake), rented cottages, camping out, whatever. We've had a hankering for a number of years to do Moosehead Lake in Maine, only five hours away. Friends who have been there with their small boats report that it is a most attractive vacation spot.

So, dream on. But first, about these projects. If I don't get them underway soon I'll not be ready for summertime enjoyment of the fruits of my labors. Familiar scene, eh? Too soon the onrush of activities and events will engulf us, and we'll again be trying to figure out what, where and how we can fit such travels to interesting places and events into our every two weeks publishing timetable. It'll be a tricky bit of work, but maybe, just maybe, this year we will get out there more. Right now its sure is an appealing vision.



Small Boat SAFETY

Nav Rules Abbreviated

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

The purpose of the Navigation Rules is to prevent collisions between vessels. Most of the time those of us who mess about in small boats have little need of them. We are boating in protected waters, generally under conditions of good visibility and "common sense" enables us to stay free of dangers. However, there are some basic rules EVERY BOATER needs to know.

In most (but not all) situations, one vessel is "stand on" and has the right of way. The other is a "give way" vessel and must alter

course and speed. Now a quick digest of the rules that most affect skippers of small boats.

Sailboats are always "stand on" to power. I wish every power boater had some sailing background so he could anticipate the sailor's need to tack.

Any boat being overtaken is "the stand on" vessel and must maintain course and speed. The overtaking boat is the "give way" vessel and must pass with consideration of channel width and his own wake. It remains the "give way" vessel until the pass has been successfully completed.

Any boat which is seen in an arc from dead ahead continuing to 112.5 degrees on the starboard beam is the "stand on" vessel. To put it another way, if you can see the port light of another boat, it is "stand on." The "give way" boat must alter course and speed and pass (if possible) *behind* the "stand on" boat. The reason most helm stations are on the starboard side is to give the helmsman a good view of

this "danger zone." Operators of outboard motorboats with tiller steering have a problem with this. They are almost always so seated as to have a restricted view to starboard.

When two vessels are meeting head to head, neither is a "stand on" vessel. Both are responsible for altering course (preferably to starboard) to avoid collision. Remember to make the course change significant so it can

readily be observed by the approaching boat. You can also use sound signals to show your intention.

Vessels "restricted in ability to maneuver" are "stand on" vessels. In the ICW these are generally tugs and barges, in larger bodies of water they are often freighters. When overtaking a tow, it is both courtesy and common sense to call on Channel 13 (bridge to bridge) and ask for passing advice. Often the reply will be, "Wait until I clear marker XXX and pass on my starboard." Of particular concern in the ICW is a tug barge approaching a bridge. He has to shoot it with exactitude and he can't stop. You and I need to find a wide part of the channel and wait for him to go by.

Finally, remember that any and all navigation rules can and should be ignored if following them creates a potential danger. YOU may know the rules. The other fellow may not.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. 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.



Getting It Home

Mention of the *Constitution* reminds me of Skip Hoffman. About 20 years ago, he was a retired U.S. Navy bosun who bought a boat in the same marina where I kept a boat. Since he didn't have much money, he got a boat from the marina's "death row" and proceeded to fix it up. What began as a cheap (even for that era) fiberglass over plywood imitation of a Friendship sloop was eventually fitted out as a galiot sloop, complete with Spencer mast abaft the mainmast. The sails were hand-stitched Egyptian cotton, recycled from others' scraps into works of art. The suit of sails included a very functional course, topsail, and raffee. The interior and structural members were completely refurbished to the point that the boat was safe to take out in almost any conditions.

After creating this work of art, Skip swapped the boat even up for a very battered Chris Craft 45-footer as a potential liveaboard boat. The new owner then took the boat out once in moderate conditions, found that he couldn't handle her alone and removed the entire square rig, which made her an under-

rigged Friendship sloop with a Spencer mast. The only positive thing about this was that Skip got the rig back for free.

While he was still in the service, Skip was the enlisted captain of an LCVP. These vessels have all the seakeeping qualities of a shoebox with little of the stability. One time, the engine and electricals of Skip's boat went out as he was on his way home with no load to help trim her. Since waiting for help would have left him at the mercy of the waves and would quite likely have left the boat and him at the bottom, he decided to see what he could do to keep him and the boat alive. He found some dunnage and an old tarp which he rigged up as a mast and sail and brought the boat home before they even knew he was missing.

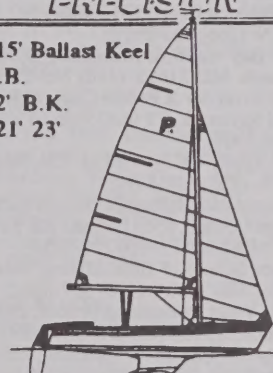
His older son joined the Navy and, after a stint as a recruiter, was eventually posted aboard *Constitution* as a bosun's mate 3c. Since this was 20 years ago, it is likely that he is as retired as his father or, at the very least has passed on to other duties. I have lost track of both Skip and his son. To both, Fair Winds. If you read or hear of this article, get in touch.

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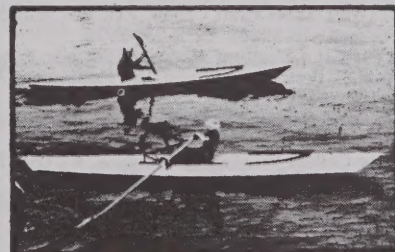
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Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (508) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

BOATING SAFETY INSTRUCTION

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

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (617) 934-7555.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Activities & Events Organizers '98...

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

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

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

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

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (508) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (508) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (804) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seaford Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
New Netherland Museum, Liberty State Park, Jersey City, NJ 07305. (201) 433-5900.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (508) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, RR1 Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (804) 463-6895.
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142.
West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Connecticut Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
Finlandia Vodka Clean Water Challenge, 300 Central Park West #2J, New York, NY 10024. (212) 362-2176.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
Merrimack River Watershed Council, Lawrence, MA, (508) 681-5777.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202. (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, P.O. Box 255, Paul Smiths, NY 12970-0255, (518) 327-3259.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-4695.
Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Pike Messenger, 32 Boston St., Middleton, MA 01948. (508) 774-1507.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

SAFETY EDUCATION

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

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.

Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.
Washington Small Boat Messabout Society, Bob Gerfy, Seattle, WA, (206) 334-4878.

STEAMBOATING

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

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barneget Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o George Sargent, 5227 Williams Wharf Rd., St. Leonard, MD 20685. (410) 586-1893.
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club of the Peabody-Essex Museum, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (508) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,500+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

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

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

TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (617) 272-9658.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Noank Wooden Boat Association, P.O. Box 9506, Noank, CT 06340.
S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (508) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

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

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.



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Your Experiences...

How To Build 20 Boats

I really got a kick out of the item by Marion McClure on the *How To Build 20 Boats* books. I had seen them over the years but had never collected them.

The issue that really got me going is in the Jefferson County library (Colorado). I don't remember which issue it is but apparently it was after *Rudder* magazine became part of the Fawcett empire. In this issue was the H-28 by Herreshoff as well as a pram, also by Herreshoff, designed for the yacht *Nereia*. Also included was Ostkust by Al Mason. The magazine must have been in the late 50's because Al Mason also had a real runabout with fins (above the water line!).

I spent hours studying Ostkust but in the end decided on something quite different, John Olin's trimaran, Tremolino. I still pull out my xeroxes of Ostkust occasionally. I did build the *Nereia* pram. The article did not have offsets and trying to loft from scaled dimensions was a real experience. Fortunately before building I came across *Sensible Cruising Designs* which had the pram drawings with the offsets.

Anyway I envy the holder of a collection of these magazines. There is a lot of dream potential as well as reality in them and nowadays there is a real dearth of articles on boats to build such as were found in *How To Build 20 Boats*.

Bob Chamberland, Suttons Bay, MI

\$200 Sailboat Reception

When I suggested to the editor of *Windward Leg*, the Sunfish Class newsletter, that they accept an ad from me for my \$200 Sailboat promoting it as an accessory to expand the utility of the Sunfish, using the Sunfish rig on it to make a day-sailer for four, he suggested instead that I do a story on using my hull with the Sunfish rig.

There have been at least six of the \$200 Sailboats built from my plans and all the builders I have heard from are enthusiastic. Jimmy Piver of Beaufort, NC, suggested I should be promoting it as a high performance boat not a cheap boat. Greg Rinaca from TX built one, learned to sail and is now planning a larger boat. He apologized for taking so long to send me photos because he'd been too busy sailing the boat. Just the effect I hoped for.

Dave Carnell, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405

AAAAACHooooooooooooo

Maybe I'm just the last guy to find out, but if there's anyone else who's about to use red cedar in a building project, they had better do a scratch and sniff test. Shortly (like that night!) after starting to build a Penguin class sailing dinghy, I discovered that while seemingly all other sawdusts have little impact on my schnoz-

zola, red cedar is the TNT of allergies. What a shame too, it looks good, smells good, planes good and sands easily. I'm sure somebody warned me in some article somewhere, but I'll sure remember now!

Rob MacAdam, Harwood, MD

Your Needs...

Halifax Trailer Sailors

Several of us in northeast Florida, the Daytona Beach area, have gotten together to form the Halifax Trailer Sailors. We have about nine small sailboats in our modest fleet at present. We meet once a month to sail together. We have a great variety of boats, from Peep Hens to Seapearl 21's. Several of our members travel 60 miles for our events which makes me think that our little association must be somewhat unique. We're not into racing, just into being social and sailors. We have a small one page monthly newsletter which keeps us focused. We will be sailing in a variety of locations around the north central Florida area, any place we can trailer to in a reasonable amount of time. We would welcome other sailors who would like to join us. They can call me at (904) 673-0852.

Steve Anderson, 50 S. St. Andrews Dr., Ormond Beach, FL 32174

Interesting Websites

Readers might want to know about a couple of interesting Websites on the Internet. First, the ACA's National Sailing Committee (Marilyn Vogel) has put up a web site chock full of canoe sailing information. It can be found at:

<http://www.enter.net/~skimmer>

Secondly, several new books have been added to Eric Eldritch's on-line library. You can read the complete text of Nathaniel Bishop's *Voyage of the Paper Canoe* and *Four Months in a Sneakbox*, MacGregor's *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*, and Erskine Childer's *The Riddle of the Sands*. All of these can be enjoyed at:

<http://www.tiacnet/users/eldred>

Bishop, of course, founded the American Canoe Association, and MacGregor invented the modern canoe. We're talking classics here.

Charles Hall

Your Opinions

The Perfect Storm...Mini-Review

Have you reviewed *The Perfect Storm* by Sebastian Junger? I was not aware of the book until my wife brought it home from the library a couple of weeks ago. It was a non-stop read for me. This is a harrowing account of the Halloween Gale of 1991 in the Gulf of Maine. This is not just a "storm" book but also an account that gives us a glimmer of insight into the lives of fishermen and others who ply their trades offshore.

The storm itself is a vehicle around which the author spins his story. He tells of the history of the fisheries off the Grand Banks from colonial times. He details the shore life of the crew of the fishing vessel *Andrea Gail* then the facts of the fishing trade on the water.

After the onset of the storm there were only two radio contacts with the *Andrea Gail* now at sea; the author reconstructs their last hours based on the experiences of other fishermen interviewed by the author. There is no made up dialogue rather a projection of what must have occurred.

The author gives a concise account of weather systems; how storms develop, particularly off the Atlantic coast. His account of the storm itself is harrowing and the descriptions from the participants make one wonder at those who want to go to sea for any reason.

The account of the heroism of the Coast Guard and Air National Guard helicopter crews, rescues at sea, loss of one helicopter and rescue of most of the crew by another craft, is most compelling. The description of ditching the Air National Guard helicopter at sea is horrifying. The helicopter is about to run out of fuel. The crew must drop out of the hovering machine. They can't really tell if they are 25' or 300' off the surface of the water. One man is lost. Four men recovered by a second helicopter.

The closing pages tot up the score in life and craft.

Now I have to revisit Conrad's *Typhoon* and Hughes' *In Hazard*, two fictional "storm" books.

Bob Chamberland, Suttons Bay, MI

Your Projects...

CROPC Completes Perigee

Perigee, the third hull of the Freshet class or "1-2-3"-person rowing boats, was in fact structurally completed several months ago, but has now been finished out over the past two months through the diligence of volunteer David McCulloch, and in early January was sanded and painted by a crew including Jon Persson, Geoff Conklin, Carlos Fernandez, and George Spragg. Though the hull is identical to others in the class, the interior treatment of seats and decks reveals several innovations which we are eager to test on the water. Overall, *Perigee* is lighter and presumably faster than her predecessors and a worthy addition to the club and to the river scene.

Our Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club now has a total of six club rowing vessels: *Freshet*, *Apogee*, *Perigee*, *Current*, *Galardy*, and (see below) *John W. Brown*. Plenty of seats for all. Congratulations to our careful and diligent workers!

Ownership of the Liberty lifeboat *John W. Brown* has been transferred from the River School to CROPC/Connecticut Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association. The 26', 8-oared *Brown* was extensively rebuilt by volunteers five years ago for three years of annual Old Lyme vs Old Saybrook match races, though she did not see the water this past summer. Many CROPC members have had the pleasure of

rowing her surprisingly speedy 1000 pounds on the river and Sound.

As a TSCA chapter, the club will embark upon a needed long-range preservation and maintenance program and incorporate her into extended club activities starting this spring. We will also make her available for community-based educational outings. Members who have access to long (10'-11') oars, or who wish to participate in an oar-building project, are invited to contact us to lend or donate or build these useful items.

CROPC invites those interested in traditional small craft to join with them in these, and other, ongoing projects and activities. Membership benefits include:

Information on small-boating events on the Connecticut River and throughout New England.

Access to and detailed information on non-public launching areas for small craft.

A sizable network of friends who share your interests in using, building, and learning about boats and boating.

Participation in major small-craft happenings, such as the Mystic Seaport Small Craft Workshop, the Wooden Boat Show, various races on open and flat water, and other events.

Sponsorship of all-comers small craft gatherings in the early summer and fall on the river.

Excellent "local knowledge" of the river and the small streams, beaches, and ponds within its estuary complex.

Pre-registered access to weekend campouts on Selden Island for yourself, family, and friends.

Free use of club boats (and many members' private craft) which are well-suited to local waters and capable of carrying family and guests safely and comfortably.

An enduring, personal, hands-on relationship with one of the great waterways of North America. A note on CROPC funding: We keep our operating costs very low and most new projects are privately funded for the club's benefit.

If all this is of interest to you, establish your membership now for 1998 to enable the core activities of the club to serve you better. Single member, \$25; Couple/family membership, \$35; Associate/distant member for principal mailings, \$10.

The Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club (The Connecticut Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association), 18 Riverside Avenue Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.

Glass Weld Butt Joints

The current issue of Pete Greenfield's *Water Craft* (U.K.) has a piece about a new boatbuilding school at Lyme Regis. The master boatbuilder, Jack Chippendale, is pictured demonstrating a "glass weld" butt joint in plywood. This is the same as the "invisible butt joint" that I conceived out of a combination of Yankee parsimony and a desire to avoid hard work back in 1978. *Small Boat Journal* published my idea in 1986 (#48, p.90). Harold "Dynamite" Payson, builder of Bolger "instant boats", independently came up with the principle in 1987.

Before the editor of *The Boatman* (U.K.) published the idea she gave it to Jack Chippendale to review. He reported it was a good idea that he had used even before I had. *Boatbuilder* magazine published my article on the design principles of these joints in its July/August, 1991, issue.

The invisible butt joint makes two pieces of plywood one by building a skin of fiberglass and epoxy on each side. When you flex the joint, the load is carried entirely by those two skins you have built. Even for 3/4" thick plywood, a joint stronger than the plywood itself is so thin that it is easily made "invisible" in the finished surface. You can lay up a stack of two or more of these joints and in one operation produce 16' plywood from 8' lengths.

Dave Carnell, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405.

Freedom Schooner *Amistad*

Mystic Seaport and *Amistad* America, Inc. wish to announce that after more than four years of planning they will lay the keel of the replica freedom schooner *Amistad* on Sunday, March 8, 1998.

The *Amistad* incident began off the coast of Cuba in 1839 with a shipboard rebellion by 53 Africans who had been illegally sold into slavery. Wandering up the Atlantic coast, the ship was seized by a U.S. revenue cutter off the coast of Long Island and towed into New London harbor, where the Africans were initially imprisoned. They were tried for murder in Connecticut and eventually won their freedom after John Quincy Adams argued their case before the United States Supreme Court. The ship that was transporting them into slavery and then to freedom was named *Amistad*, which means "friendship" in Spanish.

The laying of the keel signifies the beginning of construction of this approximately \$2.8 million, 77', hand-hewn vessel. When complete, *Amistad* will ply the nation's waterways as an educational ambassador teaching the lessons of history, cooperation and leadership inherent in the *Amistad* story to Americans of all ages, interests and cultural backgrounds. Construction is expected to conclude in the spring of 2000.

Amistad will be built at Mystic Seaport. Mystic Seaport's shipyard staff is a diverse squad of professionals: Shipwrights, riggers, carpenters, shipkeepers, researchers, shipsmiths, and a naval architect who use traditional skills, tools, and materials. J. Revell Carr, Mystic Seaport President and Director, called the *Amistad* shipbuilding process fascinating, describing the construction as the transformation of wood and metal and fabric into a handsome ship that will carry this important story from port to port and give people a physical way to experience this pivotal event. Construction of the vessel will be seen by more than 425,000 people who visit Mystic Seaport yearly.

Building the freedom schooner *Amistad* is made possible by a State of Connecticut Department of Economic and Community Development bond, and by the project's lead corporate sponsor, Phoenix Home Life Mutual Insurance

Company based in Hartford, Connecticut. The project is being administered by *Amistad* America, Inc. a not-for-profit organization responsible for the fundraising and long-term care of the vessel. George Bellinger, Chairman of *Amistad* America, said the keel laying is a proud moment that many committed people have worked long and hard to reach.

Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT

Project Concepts Galore

Good to hear that you remembered my prior Chinese lug submittal in years past. Still convinced of their superiority and practicability. One recently surfaced advantage is no one ever had a Chinese junk sail stolen as is the case with S. F. Pelicans.

I'm quite taken with Pruitt's No Frills Design and he kindly sent me plans for his NF-15. He writes he's espoused some cruising philosophies in your Dec '97 issue.

Current rather wacky projects include researching homebased products such as drain pipes as potential floating component. I can't get anyone to build a 7'-8' skiff with one end pointed and the other raised like a scow or garvey. Ideal for direction/speed use the pointy end. For traversing or grounding, use the scow end.

On a Sacramento river trip nature called like now and had to do my duty standing in ankle deep mud. Note toilet demands are still difficult to fulfill in narrow beamed boats. Or else we need invention of special sitz products and techniques (sorry about this).

I noted historic Aussie rowboating attempting surfing and grounding, but more often broaching and overturning. Believe this could all be bettered by towing a small parachute drogue with tripping line affixed to the apex. Pulling same should dump and streamline the chute. I wish there were some agency to literally test such innovations as it'd have far-reaching effects on the boating population. Or some operational agency akin to boatbuilding counterparts. Lots of ideas here.

Always wondered about optimum aspect ratios for marconi sails; the drill seems simple with radio controlled models or else such as Sabots in competition over a triangular course.

Enough! I get so consarned interested and excited.

Norman S. Benedict, 801 Greenacre Dr., Santa Maria, CA 93455

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Daysails On Fort Peck Lake...

In late September of '93, Howard Rice and I drove to Montana's Fort Peck Lake on a bright, low 70's day with wind. We had our folding Klepper Aerius 1 singles, 15' by 28", rigged for sailing and paddling with a double-bladed, breakdown paddle. These Kleppers are "50/50 boats" because they are about equally happy being sailed or paddled. Howard's red-decked *Esperanza* rounded Cape Horn; beloved, green-decked *Sweet Pea* has yet to leave the States. Howard's rig's mainsail was about 35sf, his jib near 15sf; my sail was 21sf with a sprit boom on a freestanding mast.

Fort Peck Lake is awesome. It's a 134 mile long reservoir on the Missouri River with 1,520 miles of shoreline. Great plains winds blow across high, dry prairie cut by badlands. That somewhat typical day's wind was westerlies 25-45 gusting 50 plus (the local radio meant miles per hour, I think, not knots). We put in before noon at the Hell Creek Recreation Area, on the south side of the Reservoir. Hell Creek's gulch enters the main body of the Lake, the drowned Missouri, from the south. The launch is on the west side and, even in the lee, gusts were blasting silt

Sweet Pea underway...

Sailing 50/50 Boats In a Breeze

By Hugh Horton

and sand onto the water. Wavelets were squeegeed, bubbling along by the wind.

We paddled north for the main Lake, rigs on deck. When I saw the open lake, I said too crazy for me, so I returned south up Hell Creek gulch, looking for a lee to sail in. Here and there it was cozy and protected enough for one Western grebe. Although howling gusts whipped down the gulch, the western scene of soft, sandy shale hills and canyons in fall flower, thanks to recent rain, enchanted this water rat. Some of my childhood and youth was spent west. Now I can't get enough.

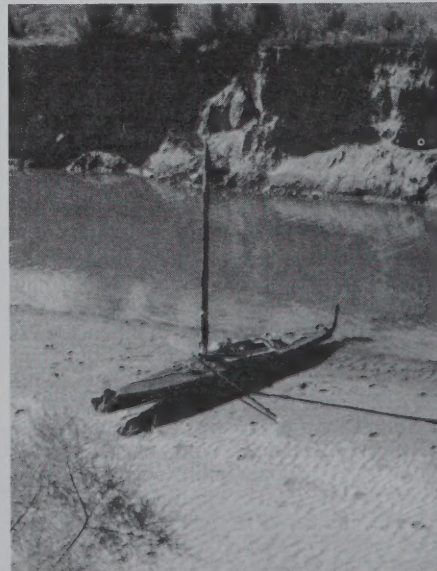
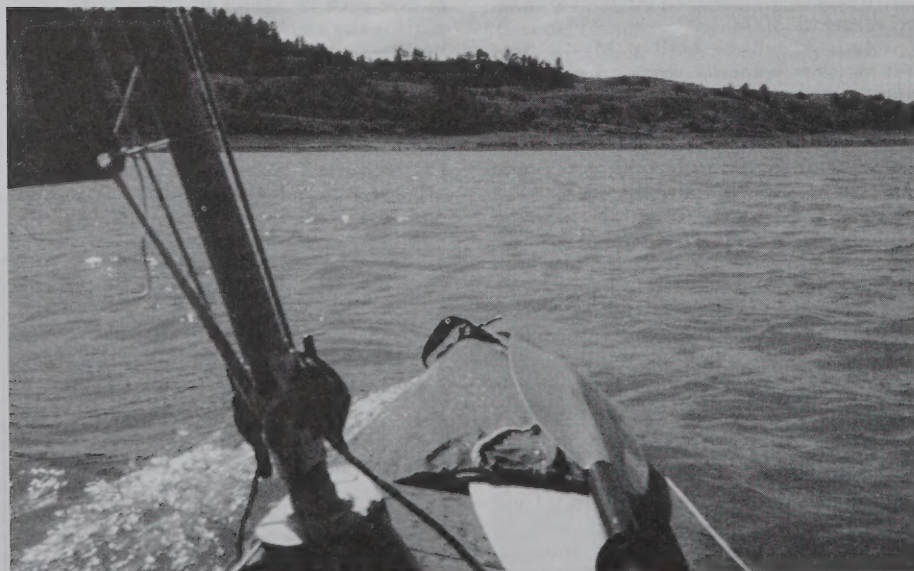
Windward paddling was exercised, double-bladed paddle still unfeathered. I set the rig a couple times. Okay, but no headway in gusts. Happily, the sprit boom tamed things to be mostly manageable. The gulch narrowed. I beached on a sandbar and relaxed, and enjoyed the sun, landscape, and flowers. After a stroll, whole wheat roll, water, and a brief doze in *Sweet Pea*, fitted with an attempt at a comfortable

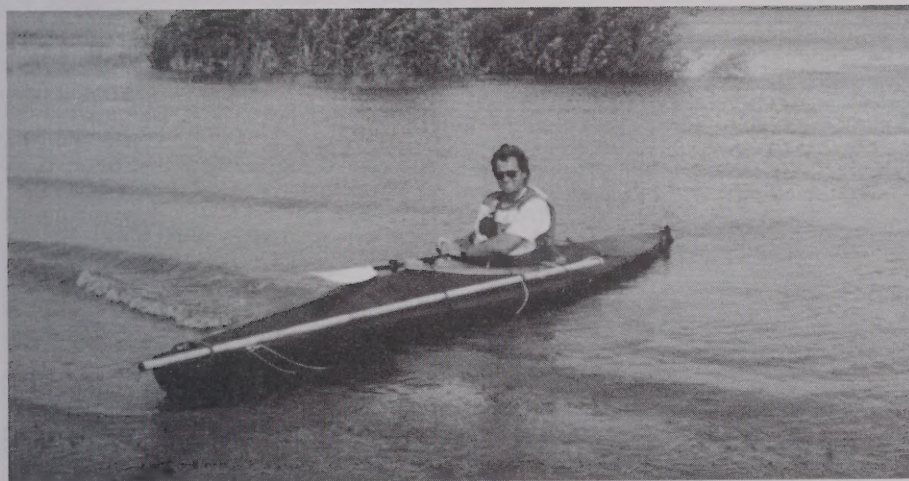
seat, it was time to sail back.

It was thrilling. Jibing was the anticipated problem, but between gusts it wasn't. What's easier to jibe than a tiny, low, battenless sail with a light sprit boom on a rotating, freestanding mast? In one gust, though, I couldn't jibe the sail in time and we plowed into brush and shale. I laughed. Disentangle and on we went, whooping and slicing along, fun out west.

Back at the truck near 4:30pm, Howard soon paddled up from the north, grinning wildly, soaked, cold, roaring, "Wow! Hugh, I got my hair wet! That's the most wind I've seen since Cape Horn!" I'd never before, or have since, seen him so stoked, so pumped, so elated. He had paddled up the main lake, hugging the shore from lee to lee, four miles upwind. He rigged his mast with a backstay, set the jib, and steered for the center of the lake. *Esperanza* flew downwind, mostly out of control, until one gust was far too heavy and flattened boat and rider into the chilly reservoir. He figured his self rescue to paddling took three minutes. Quoting a local fisherman about the upper Missouri's wind, Joe Glickman titled his article in the October '95 *Sea Kayaker*, "Hard enough to blow a rooster into a beer bottle."

...and on the beach.





Ron after his wild ride.

...& Lake Michigan

Last July, the idea had been for Howard and me to sail from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan southeast to the Lower Peninsula, across the northeast corner of Lake Michigan. The Beaver Islands are midway. Ron Sell would drive and ponder rigging his decked, 18'6"x 35", 55lb. Bell canoe, *Northshore*. Howard was preparing his Klepper Aerius II double, 17'x 35", for an open sea Micronesia trip, trying out rigs, inflatable outriggers, and a cockpit tent. The new spray skirt for *Black Puffin*, 15'x34", came late and didn't fit, so no cockpit cover.

But the wind was too much on the nose to make the Beavers. Instead we sailed northeast from Fox Point, toward the northernmost tip of the lake, and the Blue Haven Restaurant in Eppoufette, 25 sea miles east northeast. The trip was shortened, however, by an ignominious dump in little surf, due to my piloting mistake, after sailing just nine miles.

The three hours of sailing we had, though, was glorious. A crisp, clear cold front had passed the night before giving us stars to the horizon, and slowing mosquitoes and various flies in the morning. The breeze swaying the treetops was W with WSW to SW. Inshore, gusts flashed. The horizon through binoculars had jagged seas. The wind, once we got on the lake at 12:15pm, after tying in dry bags and extra flotation bags, was SW backing SSW and S, 6-18 gusting higher and variable. We reached, broad reached, and ran northeast, from a hundred yards to a mile and a half off the coast, neither boat always faster than the other.

The north end of the lake is clear and shallow with well developed sandbars. Fetch was many miles. Imagine broad reaching with plenty of wind on lumping waves feeling the shallows. *Puffin* and I surfed occasionally, nearly surfed often. It felt so good and controllable in the sparking sun, as long as we stayed away from breaking waves. The magnificence of it, the obvious "this is too good to be true" made me joyful, but wary. And hungry.

We should have eaten before sailing (now I'm reading John Macgregor's *The Rob Roy on the Jordan River, 1869*, in

which he extolls careful, deliberate planning. Our little trip, squeezed into jammed schedules, was the opposite.) Oatmeal had been at 7:30am. I neglected cockpit food assuming we'd be beaching early. About 2pm Howard threw over a plastic box with crackers and apples. This helped, but I still thought we should stop at Naubinway for a big, late lunch, then continue since dark came near 10pm.

But Naubinway's harbor didn't appear because I had confused the position of the road (U.S.2) west of Naubinway. The chart didn't have the road, as some charts do, and my recollection of the coast road on its way west, was it left the Lake at Naubinway, not a half mile west of town. I could see cars so I thought Narbinway's harbor would be to the left, west of them. As we reached the north end of the lake, the wind came onshore. I saw my pickup parked and decided to get close enough to shout with Ron about a restaurant and the missing harbor. *Black Puffin* and I sledded between the bigger breakers. I was just congratulating us and thinking about reaching in the troughs, parallel with the waves, when we started to broach...and did, tipping me into a not too cold, neck deep Lake Michigan.

Howard came in fine. At Beaudoin's restaurant in Naubinway, after pastries and pie, he decided to sail east one more bay, still with his test rig's low anxiety outriggers. Ron pushed him out through the first lines of surf. With half a breakdown paddle, he paddled frantically and made it. We

Ron's North Shore decked canoe on a ledge. Using an old 80sf windsurfer rig I sailed this boat in September against a Banshee and a Sea Pearl 21. the Banshee and I tore away from the Sea Pearl.



Hugh (me) after his wild ride.

loaded 43lb. *Puffin* and her 20lb. sailing rig, camping and boat gear, water, etc., and drove three miles east to meet him.

Compared to many sea kayaks, the useful volume is huge in the hulls we prefer for solo 50/50 boats. *Puffin's* hull, 15'x 34", is a Bell Starfire sized for two mediumweight, freestyle paddlers. For us, this gives space and buoyancy for regal camping, including a TV for bad weather, or, if necessary, for playoff baseball. We can bring books and water aplenty. Yet, pushed by a double-bladed paddle at a comfortable cruising speed, we move about as easily as a 17' sea kayak at the same speed, and we can still carry an emergency passenger.

Why so efficient? Because of low wetted surface and the Bell hull's slipperiness near hull speed. We can draw drier boats to sail faster, but the balance of sailing and paddling capability, and displacement, available in designer Dave Yost's boat is hard to match.

Three years ago when we began using the Bell Starfire, I was convinced we had the best currently available hull. What I didn't anticipate was a love affair with this boat. The underwater shape of my custom design Knockabout, which I'd viewed as a next step, has been rethought as a result of experience with *Black Puffin*. What was to have been just another hull in a series of experiments toward a 21st century 50/50 boat, has become closer than I'd expected to a nearly ideal craft.



Art Gibson relaxing along.



Alice Zalonis in *Black Puffin*.
Elliot Fruman.



Art Gibson and Ema.



WCHA Assembly '97 Sailing Report

By Hugh Horton

This year's Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Assembly, in the Adirondacks at Lower Saint Regis Lake, Paul Smiths, New York differed from other years by its relative lack of wind. Which was fine for Kayann and me, because on a nearly calm, sunny, low 80's afternoon, we walked to the spalling, exfoliating crown of 2,873 foot St. Regis Mountain, 1,254 feet above the St. Regis Lakes.

The Assembly was the usual friendly, comfortable group of individuals and families, doing interesting things in their beautiful canoes, in a splendid setting with fine, fair weather. And the stable flies, the ones that look like houseflies but bite like piranhas, were hiding (the ship's flyswatter normally leaves a tattered dozen or so a day in *Black Puffin*. This year's total was less than half a dozen).

Marilyn Vogel, secretary of the American Canoe Association National Sailing Committee and editor of *Canoe Sailor*, and her husband Chuck Sutherland, former *Anorak* editor and developer of the Nav-Aid, shared the sailing seminar with me. Our intention is to try to answer questions about sailing and to provide a sailing opportunity, either with us in a tandem, or by oneself. Adirondack Park Ranger Gary Hodgson displayed and discussed his sweet, birchbark canoe, which he drew and built, with its teeny spritsail. Ron Sell expects to be back next year with his decked canoe *Northshore*, and more custom paddles. Howard Rice should be back, too, from Micronesia with tales and his teaching talents.

Although the wind was fickle, SW 4-8, Bill Ling and Alice Zalonis sailed for the first time in their lives, commanding *Puffin* solo. Friend Bill, 44, a native Adirondack paddler, grew up working a long, single blade from a high seat. He looked at home, though, sitting low in *Puffin*, sheet in one hand, steering rod in the other. Alice, 20, had built her Jawbone kayak at home and was wondering about sailing it. She's a biology major at St. Mary's College of Maryland and a 2nd generation *Puffin* sailor; her dad, Mark, having sailed his first time at the '95 Assembly. In *Puffin*, she was a picture of dawning excitement and thanked me earnestly. Since the Assembly, she's made a 25sf lateen rig for her Jawbone, with steering rods and a single leeboard, and has sailed the lower Youghiogheny River, Pennsylvania.

Black Puffin now has given a dozen people their first solo sailing experiences. *Puffin* has let me playsail in gusting fall winds of 5-30+ knots on a 200' wide, tree edged, meandering river. At Cedar Key we've run in 12-18 knots in the channel against the current. She has carried me sailing ecstatically, surfing swells on Lake Michigan, and has been paddled hither and yon, laden and not. Decked, sailing canoes can be versatile!



By Paul Dechene, *The Oregonian*
 Photos by Joe Davis, *The Oregonian*

Bathtub Armada

One family's fascination with pirates led Dad to build a replica of a working warship

About 15 years ago, Wayne Tedder had a problem. Pirates. Five of them, all over his Grayland house on the Washington coast.

They were his sons Eddie, John, Wayne, Matthew, and Joey, ranging in age from 6 to 19.

"They'd seen *Treasure Island* and wanted to be pirates," he recalled.

Since he couldn't find a can of Pirate-B-Gone, Tedder was forced to be creative.

"I made them wooden swords, but they weren't satisfied," he recalls. "So we got row-boats and they fought battles in the bay."

"They really enjoyed that and said, 'Dad, let's build a real pirate ship, like the *Lady Washington*.'"

As a marine engineer, Tedder scotched that idea. But he wondered if he could build a replica, say 18 feet long.

So he set to work.

First, the boys went to the library and picked the ship they wanted. They chose *The Barbados*, a revolutionary warship captured from the British.

"We went through all the boatbuilding techniques. It was a good experience for the boys."

But Tedder wasn't satisfied with the outcome.

"I built one out of wood at first. But I couldn't get the strength I needed, so I used it as a mold and made a fiberglass hull."

It worked, but it was extremely hard to sail. Square riggers just weren't designed to be handled by a few men, let alone a solo sailor.

Along came lifelong friend, Archie Malloy, who had sailed with Tedder since they were Sea Scouts.

Malloy was thrilled. "I gave him the tiller and never got it back," Tedder said.

But Malloy suffers from an old back injury, so he can't jump all over the ship trimming lines. Instead, he devised a tackle that allows one man in the cockpit to handle the entire ship and its 14-plus sails.

"He's a mechanical genius," Tedder said. "He made it a joy to sail."

Naturally, Malloy had to have his own version, so the *Barbara Anne* was built.

Both sail faster than their hull speed, the theoretical maximum determined by the volume of water the hull must displace. They can also handle rough seas. Tedder and his son Joey have crossed ocean bars during small-craft warnings on several occasions.

In fact, the only limiting factor on the ships, Tedder says, is that you can carry enough sail to actually drive them under, which happened to a number of clipper ships around Cape Horn.

These days, Tedder and Malloy can usually be found on the Columbia River around Cathlamet on weekends.

If you don't see them at first, listen for gunshots.

"We have cannons," Tedder said. "I'd like to gather a fleet and put on a battle."

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Nice little building at the confluence of the Chassahowitzka and Potter Creek at (1).



A ways up Potter Creek at (2), not too far to go to the headwaters spring.

Out in the open on the Chassahowitzka at (3)



Florida Paddling

By Mac McCarthy

It is now late winter and traffic here in Florida continues to be intense with our winter visitors here in full force. If you still plan a late winter trip to Florida and are looking for some interesting places to paddle, don't neglect the west coast.

For the last seven years, I have driven from Florida to Maine to teach a class at Wooden Boat School in Brooklin, Maine. I camp and paddle as I go, and spend two weeks or so exploring new areas. I enjoy paddling ponds surrounded by mountains, some of the lakes so crystal clear that you can see rocks 20 or more feet below the surface. But one of the things I really noticed this year was the lack of living things. I saw very few frogs or tadpoles, very few minnows or small sunfish, and really not much bird or animal life. Pretty, but almost sterile, was the impression I got. There must be fish there, because most of the ponds had at least one loon in residence. I guess I am spoiled. I'll tell you why.

Just up the coast from Sarasota, above Tampa, there is a whole series of streams. Most of them are crystal clear, spring fed, and a total delight to paddle. These streams are short, four to five miles long from start to finish, with a mild current running over sparkling white sand and deep green water plants. Some of them wind through tropical jungles, others run through hardwood forests. At the Ichetucknee you can put in at the spring and just drift downstream, but at most of them you put in and paddle upstream to the spring and then drift back.

Many of these streams flow into the salt marshes along the Gulf Coast of Florida. Each one is different with its own personality, the ones I especially like can be wild and full of surprises. On some of these small streams everyone obeys the no wake speed limit, on others no one does. The Gulf water here is shallow, the only beaches are on the Gulf side of the mostly uninhabited barrier islands. Inside the barrier islands, oyster bars, mud flats, and salt marshes extend for miles. The area has some of the best fishing left in Florida. On the weekends the water can get crowded with small fishing boats, but during the week you might have the whole stream to yourself.

Florida streams on the East Coast seem to be named after saints or local wildlife. On the West Coast, almost all have almost unpronounceable Indian names, the Chassahowitzka for instance. I read someplace that it means "Pumpkins hang high."

Pumpkins or no pumpkins, the Chassahowitzka is my favorite. The Ichetucknee is prettier and far cleaner, so far as beer cans go, but the Chassahowitzka is full of surprises.

The other morning, on the Chassahowitzka, paddling downstream with the current, I was enjoying the early morning peace and quiet. Early in the day the water is even clearer than later when motor boats have stirred up silt from the bottom, so I was watching the underwater show as well as keeping an eye on a big osprey soaring overhead in search of his breakfast. As I passed the mouth of a small spring-fed stream that enters into the main river, there was a virtual explosion

of water along the bank. I thought I had startled a large alligator, but instead saw a triangular fin heading straight at my canoe. My first thought was shark, like in *Jaws*. Then I realized it was a porpoise. He surged past me only feet away, in water only a few feet deep.

After I collected my wits, I realized there were two of them, working as a team to corral the freshwater mullet against the bank. Often they were in water just deep enough to cover their bodies, but they knew what they were doing. I watched them for over half an hour. They would surface almost alongside the canoe in the clear water, give me the once over, then go back to their fishing. After a while they moved out into the deeper channel and slowly swam towards the Gulf as I paddled along beside them. As we reached the mouth of the river, they continued out towards the Gulf, while I turned back to explore Potters Creek.

Potters Creek is fairly wide at first, but very shallow when the tide is out. These creeks and streams are spring fed, but strongly influenced by the Gulf tides when you get down near the salt marshes. The scenery here is straight jungle, towering trees, subdued light, and rotting vegetation. The bottom of the creek goes from mud to bare rock to sand, but stays shallow. I watched an otter forage for food along the bank while herons stalked their prey, anhingas watched me pass while they dried their wing feathers. The stream soon narrows, the water picks up speed, and you paddle a torturous route up to the spring itself where water flows from a fissure in the limestone

into a pond barely big enough to turn my Wee Lassie around for the trip back. The water is clear as glass and barely deep enough to float my canoe over the white sand bottom. The bright green water plants stream out in the current beneath my boat as we twist and turn on our way back to the wider water. No room for a double paddle here, I use the small paddle I keep under my canoe seat. I don't believe any boat bigger than a Wee Lassie has ever floated on this tiny spring.

For those with a bigger canoe, they may never see this particular little spring, but there are several others you can paddle back into.

South of the Chassahowitzka is the Weeki Wachee. This is a gorgeous little stream. There is some development, but the wild sections are truly beautiful. You can watch sheephead swim below you as well as bass. Gar fish and mullet abound. Birds are everywhere, with species changing as the seasons change, but egrets, anhingas, raptors of all types, herons, limpkins, and many others abound. Stop on a white sand bar, eat lunch, and cool off in the clear water. A civilized picnic spot.

North of the Chassahowitzka is Homosassa River and then Crystal River, where there is a large population of manatees. Further north is the Waccasassa and Otter creek. Past the Waccasassa turn west to Cedar Key and some excellent sea food restaurants, as well as vast areas of salt flats and small off-shore islands to explore.

This is a part of Florida most people never see. It is sort of like stepping back in time.

Wintertime is the best time to camp and explore here. The bugs are mostly gone and this area hasn't really been discovered by the typical tourists yet. Thank God most of them would rather go to Disney World, which leaves a lot of the good stuff for us to enjoy for free.

If you get as far south as Sarasota, stop at my shop on Rt. 301, and I'll talk your ear off about canoes and my favorite places to paddle.

On the Weeki Watchee.



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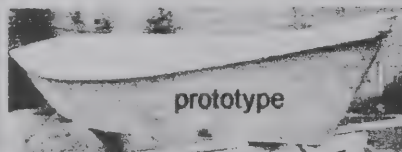
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Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

Our final port visit in Cyprus was to the ancient one of Pafos in the far western corner of the island. On our drive there, we passed the site of Aphrodite's birthplace, just west of Pissouri. The waters here are reputed to provide everlasting youth and beauty to those who swim there; figuring that we should not let such an opportunity pass, we pulled over and took a walk down to the beach.

This part of the coastline of Cyprus is exceptionally dramatic, with high limestone cliffs rising sharply out of the Mediterranean Sea and small beaches of large pebbles and dark sand. This legendary place, where the goddess Aphrodite is supposed to have emerged from the sea, is further enhanced by a series of huge rock outcroppings that lie just offshore, around and through which one can swim. We waded in and were immediately shocked by the cold water temperatures, wow! After having a long, leisurely swim amongst the boulders, we dried off and continued our westward journey to Pafos.

The town of Pafos is situated in a farming area and has not been affected by the huge influx of tourist hotels that has destroyed much of the flavor of Limassol. The port itself is primarily used by fishermen and has little or no commercial traffic. Flanking the port are the ruins of an extensive and ancient city, replete with tombs of kings, large amphitheaters and endless catacombs of passageways, walls and fallen columns. Here we also saw the most incredible ancient mosaic floors; room after room of the most delicate and finely modeled artwork. In this place, at least, the Bureau of Antiquities has recognized the value of these artifacts and has erected huge sheds to cover them; in most other places we visited, there was nothing to prevent people from walking right on them.

Walking into the port we found a huge enclosed harbor which was full of small fishing boats. There were also a large number of cruising sailboats, fishing boats for hire, dive boats and the ubiquitous para-sailing boats that seem to be everywhere in Cyprus. As we walked down the mole, we could see the prominent fortress that at one time guarded the entrance to the port. Like most places in this part of the world, the present fortress had been constructed with and in the ruins of the earlier fortress that had previously occupied the site. A few hundred feet to the east lay the rubble remains of yet an earlier fort that had been destroyed by explosives some 500 years before.

This fortification had actually seen quite recent service since it had been active during the 1974 Turkish invasion when Greek Cypriots placed men with machine guns in the crenelations of the roof. We took a walk inside and poked around the thickly built interior walls that were last used for salt storage in the 19th century. As near as we could see, the ruins were not maintained but were surviving only on the strength of the massive original construc-

tion.

One interesting feature about Cyprus in general is that they do not spend any time or effort on providing safety measures for anyone; this fortification and every other one we visited, allowed visitors to climb up on crumbling roof parapets or anywhere else that they might choose. Even the roadways provide no guard rails despite a sheer 500 foot drop and no shoulder. We who pay huge amounts for safety features and at the same time subsidize a huge legal system to handle the lawsuits that still come to be, should take notice.

I suppose though that the Cypriot methods are not to be entirely envied though, since we had a first-hand experience of how their legal and insurance systems work. Our daughter and son-in-law were hit by a drunk driver a few months ago and they had to go to court while we were visiting them. When they emerged from the courthouse, they did not seem entirely happy about the outcome; it seems that the man who hit them did not show up for court despite having paid the equivalent of \$100,000 US dollars as a bond. The court further told them that if the other driver was found to be drunk at the time of the accident, his insurance would be voided and they would not be paid for the damage done to their car; sounds like they could use a good no-fault system.

The fact that the other driver forfeited his huge bond for such a small matter was puzzling to us until it was explained that he was most likely a member of the Russian Mafia; a large group of unsavory characters who are regularly in Cyprus for money laundering and to escape the harsh Russian winters. Our kids wisely accepted the advice to not press the matter any further.

We reluctantly made our way to the airport at Larnaca early one morning and began our long journey back to the West Indies; we were ready to leave in some ways, but we look forward to another visit to this curious and wonderful island.

Back on Mustique again. We had a recent run-in with a tropical storm; while walking down the beach, thrilling to the huge waves that were actually breaking over the off-shore islands, we were struck by two huge combers that snuck up behind us and knocked us over. I was OK, but Kay was caught with her foot between two rocks and was spun around while her foot and lower leg remained trapped. This caused the ligaments in her knee to be torn and she required medical care. This is not so easy here for, although we have an excellent physician in permanent residency, the facilities that he has to work with are minimal. He advised that we get the next flight out to Martinique, the closest place where full medical services are available.

As luck would have it, we were able to get on a flight the next day and Kay limped into Hopital de la Meynard on Martinique that afternoon. This was not accomplished without some trepidation since my 30 year old high school French is, to say the least, rusty and Martinique is effectively a small French city, plunked down into the Caribbean Sea. I could well remember my

last trip to Paris (when my high school French was a lot fresher) and the difficult time I had with the French people who had little patience for anyone who did not speak their beautiful language.

We were pleasantly surprised, however, to find that the people of Martinique were quite friendly and very helpful in getting us settled on their island. We were also impressed with the unique melding of the French and African races that occurs there; we saw some of the most physically pleasing people that we had met anywhere. The truly amazing part to us was the fact that, despite being only 110 air miles away, no one in Martinique had ever heard of Mustique and few could say where St. Vincent was!

Although I was concerned about Kay's well-being, I knew that Martinique would have an interesting port and I was hoping to have the opportunity to explore a bit. As it turns out, we did spend the better part of two days in the hospital and in getting the various things that were required for Kay's recovery, but there was still time to explore. The result of a lot of X-rays, bending and prodding was that Kay needed no surgery, as was first feared, but only an immobilizing leg brace to be worn for the next 6 weeks.

The remainder of our time on Martinique was spent poking around the fascinating town of Fort de France and the portions of the port that we could see from

there. Most notable were the high speed ferries that were continually blasting in and out of the pier in the center of town. These indicated a brisk trade in connecting the rural areas of the island with the city. Also in evidence were a substantial number of large commercial ships, the likes of which we never see on Mustique.

Among the merchant ships that we saw was a Bernuth Lines vessel that is typical for the Caribbean where there are limited port facilities. These ships are equipped with huge derricks that seem to defy the principles of sound ship design; I can only conclude that the derrick tubes are constructed of thin-wall pipe that has far less than its apparent weight and which look to the eye to be overwhelmingly top heavy.

Our favorite aspect of the port was the handsome but sturdy pilot boats that can be seen working around the harbor. These boats had that indescribable essence of "Frenchness" that is most pleasing to the eye, but that does not stand up well to close analysis; I suppose that this is largely due to my preconceived notions of boat design butting into an alternative approach that is just as serviceable and equally as pleasing to the eye. The boats have seemingly graceful lines, but when the individual details are examined, they look as if they couldn't be made into a harmonious composition.

In contrast to the pilot boats, we saw

an unusual work boat that had the appearance of being a nautical caricature. This beamy vessel had a hugely exaggerated sheer line and was further equipped with whaleback decks, fore and aft. As if this wasn't enough, she was reinforced with large gussets, gargantuan rubbing strakes and a reinforced coaming around her open well deck. This arresting form was gaudily tricked out in bright orange paint and contrasting black fenders; one had the immediate impression that this boat would come out on top regardless if pitted against the meanest of seas or any other vessel; Erika's swells would have caused it no concern!

Despite the curiosities of the watercraft in the harbor, the water itself was worthy of study. In contrast to most other Caribbean ports that we have visited, the water in this harbor was dirty and uninviting. An unusual aspect of the design of the town's seawall was that it allowed the sea to lap up into the street and occasionally wash over the wall completely, a rude surprise to anyone like myself who might walk down the street with other things on his mind. The most surrealistic sight though, was the near-shore tide rip that was full of shoes of every variety, a matching pair of platform high-heels was even seen, floating along as if their owner had just departed for the depths and didn't want to soil the seabed!

(To Be Continued)

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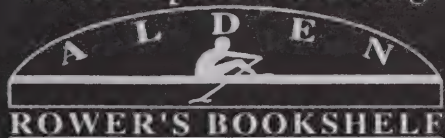
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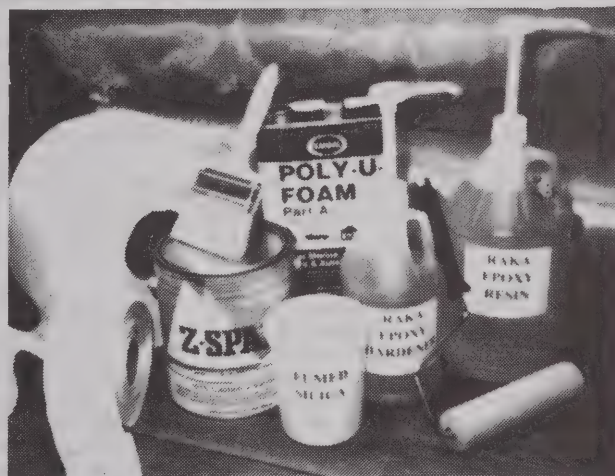
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Save for a few spitefully spitting rain squalls which kept me under the grateful shelter of the *Gawask's* cabin, the expected southerly blow failed to materialize. There was a clear indigo vault of sky overhead when I rolled out a half-hour before daybreak, with a spatter of stars that paled from glittering gold at the zenith, through orange and lemon to faded olive, where they merged into the spreading arc of brightness sitting like a halo on the brow of the coming day.

Of all the dawns I ever watched, that one stole earthward on softest foot. From the black velvet of full night, the heavens faded through the furry brown of the bat's wing to the dun-gray of fawn, before melting into a flood of fluttering light that rippled like a scarf of amber silk stirred by the breeze. Even on the face of the sun itself there was more of a glow than a glitter, rather the satiny sheen of the saffron poppy than the shimmer of polished gold. The young orb of day radiated sweetness and light rather than pomp and circumstance, benignity rather than power. He was essentially the herald of a day of fair promise, or at least that was the way it struck me at the time.

It was the magic of the morning working on my prideful consciousness of the feat of having made nearly 50 miles the previous day in but little over six hours that struck fire to smoldering ambition. With the Straits of Mackinac distant less than 80 miles by the dotted lines on the chart, what could be simpler than making the distance at a single jump? Twelve hours of steady running at seven miles to the hour would turn the trick with some to spare, provided the promise of the morning was fulfilled, and by every sign I knew the weather was going to be fair for twice 12 hours.

When a glance at the chart revealed that the steamer track would take me out of sight of the mainland for a good many miles beyond Scott's Point, I remembered the warnings of all my good friends of the Coast Guard and decided not to take the chance. I would hug the shore closely as advised, but would run until dark just the same and put up a real day's record to my credit. With 15 or 16 hours of the finest day of the summer, anywhere from 100 to a 120 miles ought easily to be reeled off, and playing safe all the time. Oh, yes, I was going to lean over backwards on the safety score. And that was the way the day began.

Anxious not to lose time by going up town and waiting for a restaurant to open, I decided to have recourse to my own galleyette, hitherto unused. Putting a can of water to boil on my "canned heat" stove, I cast off moorings and drifted down to the harbor entrance with the current. The wind-blown tide of the previous night had been receding for some hours, and the channel between the outer piers was barely rippled by the light westerly breeze of which I now became aware for the first time. Pulling out a quarter of a mile to where the lake became bright and clear, I poured a couple of buckets of water over my back by way of a morning shower, breakfasted on eggs, bacon, and steaming hot cocoa, and was ready for the day's work.

Congratulating myself on the luck of having a following wind again, I started the engine, laid an east-by-south course to clear Seul Choix Point, and settled back to bask in the gladness of the morning. The chart showed barely submerged reefs to port and starboard five miles from the entrance, but with the

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 V Lake Michigan Shows Its Teeth

sounding plummets of the slanting sunlight striking down through the clear water, they were outlined as sharply beneath the surface of the lake as upon the map.

When a dying pop from the motor signaled an empty tank, I was almost abreast of Seul Choix Point, indicating a run of nearly 16 miles for the first gallon of gasoline. I was sorry to pass the lighthouse without landing for a friendly word, but the temptation to take advantage of the fair wind and smooth sea to reel off my initial century run was too strong. A long narrow spit of rocks running out from the point proved too shallow to cross with the propeller down, so I tilted the motor and picked a way through under oars. The momentary slowing down was more than compensated for by the saving in distance.

Beyond Seul Choix Point, the coast dipped back to the north for several miles before turning easterly again to Hughes Point. The direct course to Mackinac continued on east-by-south. When the chart disclosed that I could hold this course for another ten miles without being over four miles from land when abreast Point Patterson, where the big dip to the north began, I took the chance without a misgiving. This would take me well outside of a very reefy bit of coast and still leave me in a favorable position to edge shoreward if there was the least sign of unfavorable weather. I wasn't going to take any chances with Great Lakes weather, I told myself, not I. I was going to play good and safe even if I didn't reach Mackinac for a week. That was the way the voyageurs had done the thing, and their way was good enough for me.

It was 8:00 when I got underway again beyond Seul Choix Point. The wind had freshened perceptibly but was still light. That there was a sort of buoyant gush to it (as though suggesting plenty more air where this came from), was all a part of the gladness of the morning. I even remembered hoping that it would strengthen a bit, so as to push me along faster, also that it would haul a point or two more southerly and give a slant that would blow the exhaust fumes off to leeward without lapping me in their soporific embraces. And when the wind obliged with both of these desiderata presently, I told myself that this was my lucky day, that things were surely coming my way at long last. And so they were, and in bountiful measure.

A smart run of an hour-and-a-half carried me abreast Scott's Point, distant about four miles due north. A place marked as Orrville on the chart appeared through my glasses only as a group of ancient log houses, probably the remains of an old lumbering village. To the south and southeast, several units of "The Beavers" notched the horizon, the cliffy profile of High Island rearing a blank silhouette against the broader but lower blur of the member giving its name to the group. I was looking across to the onetime domain of "King" Strang, and with regret that I had to pass it by.

James Jesse Strang, formerly a young New York lawyer, joined the Mormon Church at Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1843, a few days before the assassination of Joseph Smith at the hands of a mob. Promptly digging up some copper plates from a convenient hillside, Strang announced that they were the long-sought-for missing passages of the Book of Mormon and that he, by their finding, was designated as the new leader of the Latter Day Saints.

Most of the Saints rallied around Brigham Young, who led them west to found a New Canaan in Utah. Those faithful to Strang he shepherded north to the picturesque and fertile Beaver Island, where the leader built a tabernacle and proclaimed himself a king as well as an apostle of the Lord. The despotism of his rule, increasing year by year for a decade, reached a climax with an edict ordering every woman of his kingdom to wear pants, and pants, moreover, of a design approved by His Royal Highness himself.

Strang could not have been a student of history, else he would have known that he was attempting the sort of thing that had started paradises and kingdoms falling from the time of Adam. The sartorial edict was the beginning of the end. The Mormon ladies fell in step, their Gentile sisters, of whom there were a few on the island, demurred, refused to step in, so to speak, if the anachronism will be permitted. The recalcitrants, following another royal edict, were panted by force while protesting husbands and brothers were whipped. Both panting and whipping were carried out publicly, and to the accompaniment of appropriate religious rites.

Among the Gentiles smarting, both mentally and physically, from the humiliation, was a man named Bedford, who had come in for a particularly brutal beating as a sequel to defending the right of his wife to choose her own clothes. Mrs. Bedford wept shame tears for days and days, according to the chronicles of the time, but her eminently practical husband took elaborate care that none of the salty drops should fall on the priming of his trusty powder-and-ball horse pistol.

One day when a Royal Progress toward Mackinac was about to begin, there was a roar from behind a pile of cordwood near the steamer dock, and King Strang bit the sawdust, pierced by a bullet which shortly brought his life and dynasty to an end. Bedford, welcomed on the mainland as the overthrower of a tyrant, returned as the leader of a Gentile band that soon scattered the remnants of the late King's subjects to the four winds of the Great Lakes.

When I stopped to refill the tank of the motor for the second time, it was 9:00 and I had reached a definite parting of the ways, a point at which final decision as to my course for the rest of the day must be made. The

course to the Straits of Mackinac was a point or two south of east, straight out into open water and right down the middle of the narrowing lake. For 30 or 40 miles "The Beavers" would be my nearest land, and when they were left astern I should be running nearer the south coast of the lake than the north. The way back toward the north shore and the track of the voyageurs was on a course anywhere between north and east-northeast.

Even that benign vault of cloudless cobalt and the kindly breeze with its extra mile or more an hour of push would not have been enough to lure me out onto the great stretch of open waters, especially in the face of all the warnings I had received against attempting just that sort of a traverse, had not the chart and the U. S. Army Survey Bulletin joined the conspiracy at this critical juncture.

With the colored reef contours of the great bight to the north giving the chart the appearance of the face of a pernicious smallpox victim in the last stages, and with the Survey describing the coast for miles beyond Point Patterson as "filled with an extensive flat which, at about the middle of this stretch, extends out a distance of nearly 2-3/4 miles," I was not loath to take advantage of the fine weather to follow an outer course which would not only save distance, but also carry me far beyond the zone of dangerous shoals. I really thought I was taking the safest as well as the shortest course. Where my reasoning slipped up was in failing to take account of the altogether baffling assortment of tricks in the Great Lakes weather bag.

Just to be on the safe side, I decided at the last moment to lay a course passing north of Lansing Shoals, with their light ship, and head a bit north of east to come back to the mainland off Point aux Chenes, thus shortening the open water traverse to less than 40 miles. The rest of the way to St. Ignace I would hug the coast and take advantage of the lee of the island of St. Helena for shelter in case the wind got up in the afternoon. Nothing like playing safe with an open boat!

The first hour was glorious. The clear waters of the lake, green as emerald overside, were a shimmer of opaline brocade to sunward and a hard slab of furrowed indigo to the north. The sunshine was a smile of joy, the breeze a gay gush of gladness. Highly pleased with myself, the day, and the world in general, I lounged at indolent ease in the life-preserver-upholstered stern and watched the forest wall that marked the low northern coast fade through sage and olive green, to disappear from sight in a blur of slaty-purple. "The Beavers" still marched to the southward, now in single file along the horizon, now two or three abreast as when my progress superimposed the silhouette of Squaw Island against that of Whisky, with the skyline back of both blotted out by the loftily looming High Island.

With the mainland sunk beyond eye sweep, nothing save "The Beavers" broke the open expanses of water stretching to flat horizon in every direction. What a picturesque group they were, I reflected, and what a picturesque history had been theirs! Perhaps nothing could give better illustration of the day's apparent emptiness of menace than the fact that my most serious care of the moment had to do with pondering the picturesqueness of the skyline, historical and physical, of "The Beavers." I never got very far, though. I was just telling myself that there must be a moral

to the story of "The Rise and Fall of King Strang," when the rise and fall of something much nearer at hand put a period to incipient philosophizings. This was the surface of the lake, and a small fragment of it that fractured on the weather gunwale and spattered down my neck was the immediate instrument by which it called attention to a restlessness which had doubtless been increasing for some little time.

It was the very open and above-boardedness of what now began to have the earmarks of a strong southwesterly blow that had enabled it to steal upon me almost unobserved and quite unsuspected. If there had been fluky airs and banks of nimbus frowning a saturnine threat from even the distant horizon, I would never have seriously considered getting far from land, and certainly not out of sight of it. But with that steady milk-warm breeze and a clear sky, I had ventured forth lightsofely, with a mind so free of apprehension that it found nothing more serious to do than trying to hunt for a mustard seed of moral in the haystack of King Strang's history.

That cold douche of flipped wavecrest brought a mental as well as a physical shock, awakening me to a full realization of the distinctly disturbing fact that the boat was beginning to wallow in a sea of near whitecaps, driven before a wind which the briefest of calculations proved to have been augmenting force at the rate of something like five miles an hour since daybreak. It was that steady, relentless making of the wind that gave one furiously to think. I had already chugged jauntily enough through seas much heavier than those of the moment, or even any that were likely to be running inside of the next hour.

It was how things would be still later that was the problem, considered, that is, in the light of the fact that the nearest stretch of coast could hardly be less than three hours of steady running to the north. But it was the character rather than the length of that run which gave me pause and induced renewed resolve to fight it out with the wind and waves in open water rather than to face the blind gauntlet of the hidden dangers lurking among the almost unbroken shoal barriers to the north.

That high Hamletian resolve to bear the ills I had rather than fly to those I knew not of began to bend as the rising seas broke out their snowy pennants all the way to the southern horizon, to snap short when a wallowing comber broke inboard over the starboard quarter and left an inch of water slushing in the bottom of the boat. The wind was continuing to haul southerly, with the seas following. As long as I held my original easterly course, this brought both nearly abeam, making steering wild and erratic as the wind billowed the spray-hood and exposed the low weather gunwale to the full force of the mounting seas. Turning north and running dead before the wind minimized the trouble from both scores, and for the moment the boat made fairly comfortable weather of it.

That eight point alteration of course, however, signaled the end of the high resolve anent slashing through on the outside in open water.

Just as soon as it became evident that there was no practicable alternative to heading in across the shoals, I did a sensible thing, or rather two or three of them, quite the only sensible things, in fact, that I can candidly credit to myself between that time and when I pushed off at daybreak. Shutting off the en-

gine I refilled the gasoline tank. Between the wind and the lurching of the boat this was far from a simple task, and the amount of gas lost suggested that it would be a wise precaution to get out and have ready against the next filling the special can and hose devised by Ole Evinrude for use in just such an emergency. The can, fortunately, proved to be already full.

Lowering the readily adjustable spring-steel arch of the spray-hood and taking up the slack reduced materially the area of canvas exposed to the force of the wind, promising to mitigate an already troublesome tendency of the boat to yaw drunkenly and heave the lee rail under in the rolls. The bending of the end of a 100' line to the handle of my collapsible canvas bucket left me with what I was confident would prove a fairly useful sea-anchor in case of need. I knew that it would perform its function better if there was a hole in the bottom of the bucket to allow the passage of a current of water, but refrained from cutting this save as a last resort in order to have the handy little rope-bound canvas bag available for bailing.

As a final precautionary touch, I slipped into and tied on securely my old kapok life-preserver, still bearing the red mud stains of the Colorado. I needed some further protection against the flying spray anyhow, and the soft, flexible sleeveless jacket was as warm as a coat and much easier to work in, moreover, the reassuring pressure of the faithful old friend, it had brought me back from the bottom of the Grand Canyon after my upset in Separation Rapids the previous October, furnished just the sort of an unobtrusive bolster that my somewhat wobbly confidence stood so much in need of at the moment.

Anticipating that conditions might presently develop which would make difficult if not impossible further consultation of chart and Survey, I deferred starting the motor a few minutes longer in order to get a rough idea of my position. Bearings on Hog and Garden Islands of "The Beavers," with a hasty bit of mental dead-reckoning, put me 20 miles off the north shore of the bight and about due south of Biddle Point. With the whole landward area of the chart peppered with reefs until it looked like the target pattern of a choke-bore shotgun, uncomfortably shoal water was certain to be encountered in whatever direction I slanted shoreward.

Most of this would mean only shorter and steeper seas, but soundings of two and three feet over Fagan and Pelkie Reefs a point or two to starboard, and even shallower depths among the Mille Coquins and the Naubinway Reefs, almost on a direct line to the nearest land, meant heavily breaking seas and possibly uncovered rocks.

There were two reasons why it would have been futile to attempt to lay a course calculated to avoid the most menacing of these shoals. One was that I was not sure enough of my own position to reckon where they bore, the other that, having to run dead before the blow willy-nilly, my course would have to be a matter of the wind's will rather than of my own. The best I could do seemed to be to try to get some sort of a line on what the wind had in mind, and to this end a very meticulously stated formula in the Yearbook of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association promised to be of help.

It was called "a very accurate rule for determining the direction from you of a well-

developed storm center," and read as follows:

"With your back squarely to the wind, extend your right arm horizontally in front of you, pointing with the wind, and your left arm straight out from your side at right angles with the other, the direction of the storm center will be usually halfway between your two hands or, say, about four points off the wind, in some cases, only one or two, in other cases six or seven points. As the storm passes by, the wind on the south side of it will swing by way of the west to the northwest or north, on the north side it will back by way of the east to the northwest or north."

Now this all-embracing method of tracking the fugitive storm center to its lair by means of the extended arms may be perfectly feasible to put into practice on the comparatively stable-minded deck of a staunch 40-footer, but I shall never be convinced that the men who framed it ever tried it out from the bottom of a wind and wave-buffed open skiff. I managed to teeter to a precarious balance, and even to extend my arms at the prescribed semaphoric angles, but before adequate orientation indicated the direction of the lurking storm center, the boat toppled over the crest of a hollow-faced wave and the fact that I jack-knifed across the spray-hood instead of the lee gunwale was due entirely to the fortunate line of impulse.

Crawling back to a sitting position, I resorted to the alternative method of locating the storm center by reckoning "points off the wind." Turning my head back and forth through a narrowing arc until its nose pointed dead into the eye of the gruffening gale, the rest was easy. The storm center was, "say, about four points off the wind, in some cases only one or two, in other cases six or seven points." Even an apprehensiveness that was mounting with the rising wind could not cheat me out of a chuckle anent the "very accurate rule" that gave the storm center from one to seven points leeway.

I was able to garner one rather significant fact from the paragraph, however. This was that, when one was on the north of the storm center, a wind from the south might be expected to back rapidly through the east until it was coming from quite the opposite direction from which it started. As this seemed to indicate that I might shortly be assailed by an offshore wind ambitious to blow me back into the open lake, there was no question in my mind that no time should be lost in heading back toward land before opposition set in.

With wind and waves adding two or three knots of kick to that of the motor, I made wonderful headway for a while probably better than a rate of ten miles an hour. Then, with white streakings of foam beginning to lace the clear water between the curling wave crests as the wind shouldered them on with increasing force, the yawings of the boat became more and more troublesome. As long as she ran dead before wind and wave little water was taken, but when she was swung to port or starboard as a hump-backed sea tumbled along beneath her keel solid green water was dipped by whichever was the weather quarter.

As long as I could devote both hands to the tiller lines and meet a swing as it got underway, steering was not so erratic. But when I had to try to tool the reins with one hand so as to leave the other free for the bailing bucket, my quickly quenched wake began to take on more and more the seeming of the track of a

seismographic needle at the height of an earthquake shock. This cut down speed materially even before the plungings of the boat became violent enough to bring the stern out of water and start the screw racing.

With my main flocks of fears clustered about such nuclei of menace as half submerged shoals and the surf through which my ultimate landing must inevitably be made, I had failed to reckon with a more imminent threat which presently began to develop as a very real one. This was the danger of broaching-to and being caught broadside and upset. That possibility was suddenly driven home to me when, at the end of a wild swooping yaw to starboard, a sharp nose-dive flung the propeller out of solid water and left me fanning empty air with an impotent rudder.

A half second later the accelerated screw had bitten into green water again and restored steering way, but the instant of hesitation was just long enough to expose the boat to a broadside blow from a rollicking comber that broke against her from bow to stern. She had yawed so far round that the worst of the impact was taken and deflected by the spray-hood. Although water that was far from being blown spray I came right across my knees, that inundation, quite the heaviest I had sustained so far, was by no means the most serious phase of the incident. This was rather the fact that the boat all but capsized to port in teetering up the breaking front of the wave, and then rolled over just as far to starboard in tumbling off the back of it.

Taken quite by surprise, I had no chance to counterbalance the rolls by throwing my weight against them, in fact, I felt that I was doing rather well in not being flung entirely out of the boat. Momentarily helpless and adrift, my abused anatomy only added that much more shifting weight to slushing bilge water and tumbling cargo to decrease the precarious margin of stability.

It took a hard two-handed pull on the port tiller line to hold the rudder over when the re-submerged propeller restored steerage-way, but the boat came up smartly if staggeringly to present a buoyant stern to the next assault. Followed a rather madly mixed interval of feverish and somewhat futile activity, filled largely with poignant regrets over the fact that inadequate evolutionary progress had denied me the octopus arms so urgently demanded for the some half dozen important things that needed doing at once. Outstandingly imperative was an improvement of steering technique that would reduce the chances of broaching-to and being dealt another broadside by a charging sea.

This proved to hinge very largely upon keeping a sharp eye on the wolf-pack of waves pressing up from astern, divining just how and where each in its turn was going to snap or shoulder as it closed in and disposing my 230 pounds of live ballast so as to make for the best defensive trim, thus giving the rudder a chance to function under more favorable conditions. It was nothing more or less than applying the basic strategy of war or football, that of out-guessing the other fellow.

Balancing against the rolls came naturally and easily, sliding quickly forward to keep the stern from burying itself, or leaning aft to keep the crew kicking in solid water, required more of a mainspring of mental reaction. The ganglionic nerve centers back of reflex action are apt pupils, however, so that I presently had

my human gyroscope furnishing a crude but highly helpful fore-and-aft corrective while hands and mind were engaged with other tasks and problems. For a while at least, steering efficiency mounted faster than the force of wind and seas.

With improved control of the boat, there was a chance to shift a hand now and then to the bailing bucket and gradually to reduce the very considerable accumulation of water swirling mid-ankle deep about the bottom. She rode perceptibly higher and steadier after being relieved of the most of this shifting ballast, and for some little time an occasional hasty dab and toss with the bucket took care of all the dippings and sloppings that came aboard.

Encouraging as it was to know that we were doing distinctly better for the moment, I did not let my rising tide of confidence blind me to the fact that the real test would not come until we ran in among the shoals, and that even if trouble was avoided here there would still be the problem of filling an emptied tank while drifting without steerage-way; and after that would come the landing through the surf on what was almost certain to be a rocky shore. Heartening as it was, then, to find boat and engine performing so well under the most arduous conditions they had yet faced, there was still enough threat in the little diversions lurking in the unknown beyond the gray smother ahead to keep the Bird of Optimism from leaving his wet perch and soaring up to lose himself in the blue empyrean that still vaulted the stormy waters below.

Matching wits with the pressing wave-pack and trying to meet every lunge with a parry was rather good sport in a way, especially while I was getting a shade the better of the decision. The worst of it was that the contest demanded the practically undivided attention of my eyes. I could balance and bail without uncovering, but at every attempt to steal a glance ahead the enemy thrust home under my guard with telling effect. Trying to peek at the chart was still more costly, and I gave it up after the first attempt nearly resulted in another broaching-to. The shoaling comber which broke over into my lap on this occasion also slammed the half-unrolled chart, a sodden mass of pulped paper, into the water beneath my feet, and just at the moment my interest had been rather more than a little intrigued by a calculation which seemed to prove that the extensive Mille Coquins Outer Reef was directly in my path.

I was just dabbing about the blue-blotched picture of the shallows with a greasy forefinger when the cataclysm descended, and by the time I had contrived to put the worst of the displaced hunk of lake surface back where it came from by means of the bailing bucket, most of the chart had dissolved and gone with it. The loss really didn't matter a lot, however, for it was only a question of minutes until navigation was reduced to the primitive first principles of keeping afloat and going the way of the wind and the waves. Under the circumstances, therefore, scientific navigational refinements like the chart and the compass were strictly in the class of frills.

My somewhat sketchy mental picture of the chart of the Mille Coquins showed the outer and inner reefs as practically continuous and covering an area of several square miles. The shallows were marked with soundings of from three to twenty feet, with consid-

erable spaces of from five to eighteen fathoms between. On a quiet day there would probably have been nothing shallow enough to strike, and even in moderately rough weather there would have been a chance to pick a course by the deeper channels. With the present blow, however, where any course but one dead before the wind would have meant instant swamping, there was nothing to do but barge ahead and trust to my engine and the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack."

In this particular case I was more inclined to bank on terrestrial service than on celestial intervention. For one reason, I was not at all sure that the sweet little cherub had ever extended his salvage service to include freshwater sailors. Again, even if he did not draw the salinity line, there was a sort of dim consciousness of having already sounded the cherubian "SOS" on the three occasions which are supposed to be the limit beyond which his aid may no longer be evoked with any assurance of response.

On the other hand, I knew perfectly well that the only cherub that could be of any use in the event of engine failure would have to come in the form of a Coast Guard cutter or a lumping big fishing launch, and not the slenderest sliver of a craft of any kind had been in sight since daybreak. Of course, since spectacular last minute rescue work was the celestial wight's specialty, it was all very well to keep him hovering in the offing as a dernier resort, but in the meantime "trust in the cherub but keep your engine going," struck me as being a very practical sort of working maxim for "poor Jack" to pin his faith to.

With wind and sea continuing to rise, I still managed to maintain a fair margin of safety by bending every effort to trimming the boat and more effective steering. In fact, the opening round was somewhat in my favor, in that there was a bit less bailing to do during the second half hour than in the first. Indeed, had it been a limited round contest rather than a fight to the finish, had there been a sheltered harbor a mile or two to leeward, for instance, with deep water in between and nothing but the wind and the waves to contend with, the give-and-take of the bout would have been real sport. It was the uncertainty about the "worse to come" in the reefs and the final landing that robbed the play of its zest, except in retrospect.

The first forerunning signs of shoaling water in the form of shortening, steepening seas became manifest so gradually that, for a few minutes, I was inclined to attribute them only to a more rapid augmentation in the force of the wind. A foot or two more of foam at the hissing crests, with an increasing tendency to curl over and break, gave me the first hint that the bottom was rising and, by retarding the base of a wave, causing it to topple forward as a man trips and stumbles over a step in the dark. They were still far from being fully combing breakers, else the boat would not have continued to ride them; but the breaking tendency of their high rearing crests made it a deal easier to penetrate my defenses and come smashing in over the side.

The most disturbing phase of this increased effectiveness of attack became evident when it was launched directly over the stern. They put less water into the boat here than when they knocked off their hoary heads against the gunwales, but all that did come poured right across the motor. The outraged

little kicker spat forth all the profanity of its vocabulary in the form of coughs, grunts, gurgles, and sizzles, but the one fatal protest which I feared, that of stopping, never seemed to have entered its well-trained mechanical mind. Like the old-time mule-skinner, it appeared quite equal to doing its cussing and driving at the same time. That same string of explosive expletives followed every souse, but not for an instant was there a slacking of the steady tension of the tiller lines which told of a fully maintained steerage-way. And that was another of the cheering little beacons of reassurance to flash its heartening message across my watery wilderness of worries.

A slight broadening of the seas, with a lengthening of the interval of trough, signalized the passing of the first patch of shoal, apparently a well submerged outpost of "The Thousand Rascals." Extracting what comfort I could from the fact that there were only 999 of them left to run the gantlet of, I cast a hurried glance over my shoulder to see what next was to be reckoned with. High humping graybacks, foam-frosted beyond eyescope to left and right, filled the foreground and middle distance. A solid mass of wallowing whiteness almost dead ahead marked the ambush of the next "Coquin," rather a toothier, testier varlet than the first one, if a frothing mouth went for anything.

A dark slaty penciling on the far horizon revealed the thickening blur that would presently sharpen into the serrated line of forest wall behind a rocky shore. Nothing remotely suggesting steeple or factory stack pricked above the haze at any point; not even was there the up-ended cone of smoke pointing to an isolated sawmill. A wilderness of waters was rolling in against a wilderness of land, the twin wildernesses as they had unfolded to Nicolet, Joliet, and Marquette three centuries before.

The stinging slap of a wind-flung wave-top nipped incipient reverie in the bud and sent me aft to bring down the stern and submerge a racing propeller.

"Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port, on a coast you've lost the chart of overside?"

I mouthed the familiar lines through a frozen, spray-spattered grin, and forthwith resolved to take the first opportunity to tell Mr. Kipling that I knew all, all but the joy.

As I closed in on the second reef it became evident that the seas were getting up much more rapidly than at the first, indicating, apparently, that the shoaling was less gradual. Too, there was a perceptibly increased tendency on the part of the waves to shoulder the boat along. This was especially noticeable when I knelt far back in the stern to keep the screw buried and threw the engine wide open. Speed would accelerate tremendously as the push of a wave was added to that of the motor, so that at times we would drive along for three or four seconds in the heart of the tossing crest, making from 15 to 18 miles an hour. Now and again the boat would even acquire enough momentum to shoot it into a nose-dive down the curling front of a wave, the thing which one always tries so hard to accomplish in running a South Sea reef in a surf-boat or outrigger canoe.

The dizzy drop lets out the last link of speed, and, with a double bank of skilled rowers or paddlers, it is possible to prevent broaching-to and upsetting about two times out of three. Here, with all the power under stern

of the boat, there was not enough leverage to hold her straight for such a plunge, and I dared not risk what, with an empty boat and quiet water to carry into ahead, would have been no more than an exhilarating stunt. Throwing my weight forward and letting the propeller come up to churn nearer the surface effectually slackened headway and let the wave catch up and go rolling on ahead as we eased off down the back of it.

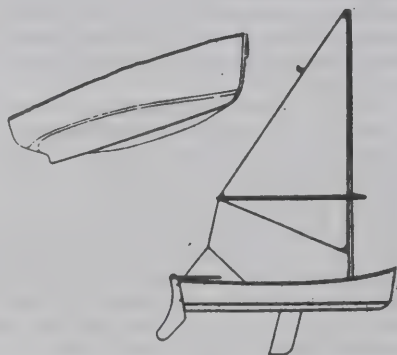
Shifting the weight forward or aft to raise or lower the screw gave a flexibility of control in rough water beyond anything I had ever dreamed possible, and I had gained a sort of rough working mastery of the useful little trick in nick of time. Two lively runs across patches of shoals no rougher than those already passed carried me on to the verge of another which, from the broad expanse of tumbling white it presented, was both shallower and more extensive than any yet encountered. A wink-of-the-eye-long survey ere I was toppled from a precarious crouch was encouraging to the extent of not revealing any actually breaking combers directly in my path. There were patches a few hundred yards on either side that looked rough enough for breakers, but even these I was not sure of.

In any event, I was not heading across the worst of the reef, certainly not where there was less than eight or ten feet of water at the shallowest. This meant that there would be no rocks to strike, that the half-breaking waves would be the only enemy to reckon with. The thought brought a renewed surge of confidence, my stock of which had been more on the ebb than the flow as various little odds and ends of straws pointing to the unenviable nature of my predicament continued to crop up. But since I was coming to master the finer technique of that wave running trick, this next reef (I told myself), rough and broken though it was, would be really good fun. And so it was, for a little while.

There was something singularly reminiscent of the gathering swells beyond the outer reef at Waikiki in the way the waves were humping up ahead as I crouched in the stern to begin that memorable run. Block in a flashing crescent of coral strand, a fringe of tradewind-tousled coco palms and the fluted buttress of Diamond Head, and the picture would be almost complete, I reflected. My steadied nerves even permitted reminiscence to mount for a moment and ride on the crest of that new flood of confidence. I chuckled at a picture of my first surf-running upset and the ludicrous problem presented by the necessity of getting a 300-pound Kanaka back into the swamped outrigger. But no, it was not quite the place after all for flashing pictures of the past, no matter how apposite, on the screen of memory. A very live and pulsing present had claims of its own. Driven by screw, the wind and a speeding wall of green water, the boat needed only the fillip of the law of gravity to send her toppling down the front of the wave that was trying to push beneath her keel.

Sheering like a diving shark, she started swinging to port, burying her nose as she went. Bringing her back from under the engulfing broadside with a yank that scoured the skin from palm as the tiller line bit into it, I slid forward in an endeavor to let the stern lift and so reduce the impulse of the propeller. For the first time the pretty little trick failed to work, probably (as I have since reasoned it out) because of the surge of water against the stern. I

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dared not shut off the motor for fear of the consequences of losing steering-way. Throttling it to the last notch finally slowed the boat down enough to let the wave have the right-of-way, but not until she had ridden the crest for over a hundred yards with her half-buried nose throwing spray like a speeding destroyer.

Careful not to crowd the margin of safety so close on the succeeding waves, I still managed to steal enough of a ride on each to drive the boat along across the reef at a speed at least double of that she normally made under motor alone. It was a splendid run, quite comparable for zest and thrill to shooting a rough canyon rapid. Telling myself that the present gait, if only it could be maintained, would take me to shore without another filling of gasoline, I cast a glance eagerly ahead to get a line on the chances of holding those fine, helpful, evenly-running shoal-made seas all the way in.

With an approving grin, I noted that the tumbling water ran on as far as the eye could distinguish between white and green. Then the forward-cocked ear, relieved of the deafening sideswipe of the whistling wind, garnered a highly interesting fact which, due to the foreshortening of the broken wave ranks from my low observation point, had escaped ocular perception.

A heavy, sullen roar, raucously vibrant, thunderous, came drumming up the wind from the welter of foam ahead, sounding a familiar challenge. I had heard too often the crash of falling water shattering against solid rock to make any mistake about it here. With breakers ahead in more senses than one, I made a very earnest and laudable attempt to ship a pair of oars upon which I might fall back in case the engine struck and went to smash. Trying

to steer with one hand and fumble the oars to place with the other, it is not surprising that I only made a partial success of either. Yet on other than an ad valorem basis, gain rather more than offset loss. That is to say, the weight of the water that broke inboard was about ten times the weight and volume of the oar that was lost over the side. That ended the brief but hectic precautionary flurry. "Safety first" gave way to "*Sauve qui peut*" as the order of the hour.

Slithering down into the bottom of the boat so that I could just elevate an eye above the arch of the sprayhood, I took a double hitch around each hand with the slippery tiller lines and slowly humored the boat back upon the only course which it could follow without swamping, that dead before the wind and waves. The breakers were close at hand now, that was plain from the increasing roar, the higher hurled seas and the smother of foreblown spray rising a hundred yards ahead. The vivid picture is still etched fairly clearly on the plates of memory, yet my outstanding recollection of the moment is of a whimsical attempt to put a brake on skidding nerves by humming, over and over again, a line of a popular song of my early boyhood.

I never did know more than the single line, and I was not even sure of the air of that, but the sentiment, in its terse comprehensiveness, was sheer perfection. "He's up against the real thing now!" was the way it went. I was in the crescendo of about the tenth repetition of the prophetic words when my wail was washed down my throat and quenched for good by a wall of flying water. But how peculiarly appropriate to the occasion the sentiment proved! (To Be Continued)

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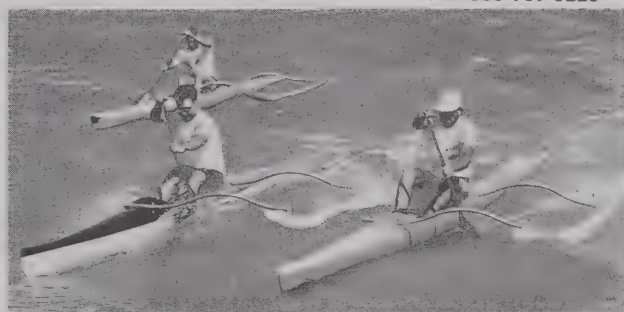
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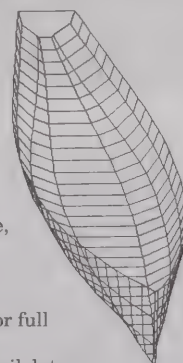
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Recently I received photos and test reports on two new dinks that were built to my designs. These two have graduated from my catalog of prototypes into the main \$1 brochure which now contains 20 boats. Also, I've received an update on my Petesboat design, which I wrote about in the March 1, 1997 issue of *Messing About In Boats*.

Tween

The prototype Tween shown was completed by Ed Heins of St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Tween is 7-1/2' long and 45" wide and about 60 pounds empty. She's built from two sheets of 5mm or 1/4" plywood with taped seams. Her hull is flat-bottomed for the most



Tween

By Jim Michalak

part, but the forward third of the bottom is slit on the centerline and warped to a V entry. I was a bit concerned that the plywood would not take the twisting and bending in the bow, but Ed reported that was no problem at all with his boat, which was built of 5mm plywood.

The hope was to produce a clink that was flat-bottomed enough to be simple, roomy, and stable, and yet cut through waves instead of being stopped. Ed said the bow shape was a complete success, slicing through the motorboat wakes that are common on his lakes. That confirmed my experiences with my own boat, Twixt, which is essentially the same shape stretched to 11'.

For Tween's rig, I tried something new for me. It is a 50 sq. ft. lateen set on an 8' mast, an 8' boom, and a 16' yard. How do you store a 16' yard when everything else about the boat is 8'? I put a hinged joint in the center of the yard. The sail is stored tied to the yard and boom ready to go. To set up the rig, you step the short mast, unfold the yard, and pin it to lock the folding joint, hook up the tack line and halyard, and hoist away. Ed said it all works as planned. I've never seen anything quite like it, but surely it's been done before. Most of the traditional lateens I've seen in the Mediterranean photos look to have yards lashed together from several smaller poles. Tween has my usual pivoting leeboard and kick-up rudder.

By the way, Ed and his wife sewed up the red and white sail from real sailcloth to patterns and instructions included with the plans. I thought it came out perfect from the photos. There's no reason for a fellow to delay a small sailing project because of difficulty getting a proper sail. My customers usually make their own per my instructions, and I've heard of no problems. True, it takes slightly different skills than woodworking, but you can get a good sail the first time through. Perfection takes several dozen, I suspect, and that is the realm of the pro.

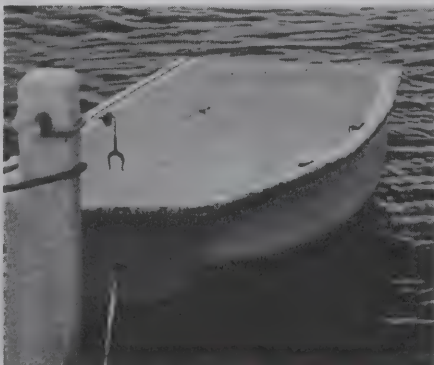
Blueprints and instructions for Tween are \$20.

Archdink

Like Tween, Archdink is 7-1/2' long, 45" wide, and about 60 pounds empty. But her shape is quite different.

Archdink was designed to be a tender for Bob Archibald's Loose Moose cruiser. Bob wanted a boat that would row and tow well,

Archdink



with a flat-bottom plank that would give stability such that a fellow could step down into the dink from the cruiser. Perhaps Tween would have filled the bill, but it hadn't been drawn yet. Arch had tried a Nymph dinghy at a messabout and thought he would like a wider bottom and more stability. He was very specific about wanting two bilge panels per side. Could that be done in jigless fashion?

I drew up what I thought he wanted. She has two bilge panels per side and, to my mind, effectively is a round-bilged boat with a wide, flat-bottom panel. During construction the idea is to bend the bottom, bilges, and sides around pre-defined forms and tape them all together. No ladder frame or building jigs of the old sort are needed.

Arch gave the drawings to the builder who was making his cruiser, and here is what happened. The builder cut out the panels to my dimensions and sent the loose parts along when he delivered the completed cruiser. Arch was to assemble the dink. The instructions got lost in the shuffle. Arch started to lay it all out on a ladder frame, the dimensions of which he could only guess at.

I suppose in a perfect world you might assemble an instant boat on a ladder frame and it might work. But in a real world it didn't work well. After many adjustments and restarts, Arch called and stated his problem. I told him to scrap the ladder frame and sent another set of instructions for building without it. Then she went together OK, except I had blown the expansions on one of the bilge panels and the pieces cut to that pattern didn't stand a chance of fitting! Arch built her without that plank and filled that bilge hole with a plywood plank scribed to fit as with a shutter plank. Taped seams, the builder's friend, stuck it all together and sealed any other gaps. I went back to my drawing board and revised my plank expansions using a computer spreadsheet I had since worked up.

Then I built a 1/4-scale model using heavy cardboard to check all was in order before correcting my tracings. I tell this story to point out that building boats from pre-defined panels is a different cup of tea from traditional building, and that figuring out those panel shapes can be a bit of a rocky road for the designer.

Arch reports all is in order now, it tows and rows very well with good stability and sea keeping. I should add that sea keeping is one aspect where a round-cornered boat can outdo a hard chined boat.

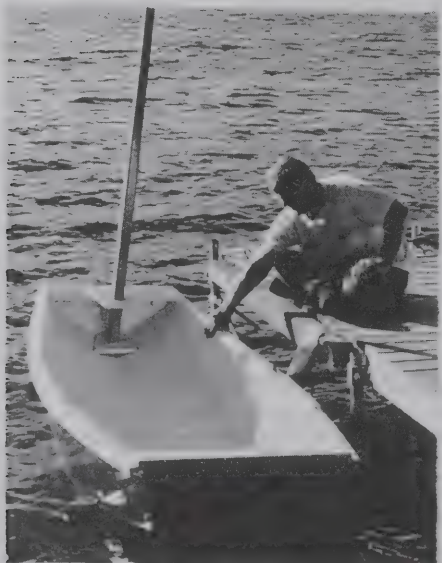
Arch didn't need the sailing rig for the clink, but it is essentially the same lateen rig as Tween's.

Plans for Archdink are \$15.

Petesboat Update

Pete James' motor sailer, Petesboat, was completed and trailer-sailed last year in many lakes in the West. At that time he used about 5hp to power it, although he had planned from the start to use it as a planing hull. I figured at the time it would take 40hp to plane it at 17 knots by the usual charts, and Pete was suffering from sticker shock at the cost of the big motor.

But he had an aluminum fishing skiff with an old 40hp motor, and I suggested he try Petesboat with that motor before purchasing anything new. That motor had wheel controls with remote throttle and gear shift, while Pete really wanted a motor with a built-in tiller and



controls. So this spring he mounted the 40hp motor with a pipe clamped to it for steering. Throttle and gear shift remained remote. A friend operated them as Pete shouted instructions down to the engine room, so to speak. Pete figures the motor really was putting out about 30hp, since it is older with its power rated at the power head and not at the prop as with newer engines, and since he's boating at 3500 feet altitude and assuming about 3% loss of power per thousand feet up.

With that motor, Pete measured 13 knots on his GPS with very good handling. He felt the boat was clearly up on plane. He says the boat will broad reach at 8.5 knots consistently in any good sailing breeze.

Buoyed by the results, he bought a new 60hp two-cycle outboard with tiller control. Testing in the waters near Seattle he said the big motor gave 20 knots at full throttle. Cruising at part throttle the boat and motor sang a happy tune at 15 knots. He's still experimenting with different props, as the given one doesn't quite allow the motor to rev to its designed speed. No doubt these motors are usually propped for the standard small and fast runabout.

Handling was still very good, although Pete said he's avoided really sharp turns. The boat has two skid/stiffeners on its bottom and they make her go where she is pointed. The stern squats a bit under power. No surprise there since the stern bottom is swept up to the waterline to give some reasonable sailing lines. The motor-mounted fin we hoped would solve the squatting was only a partial success. Perhaps adjustable stern mounted trim tabs of the usual commercial sort will be the best solution to that problem.

In general, I've been quite happy with the results. The boat trailers, sails, and motors quite well. The prop and trimming details should be routine, I hope. The boat performs under power exactly as Dave Gerr's charts say it should.

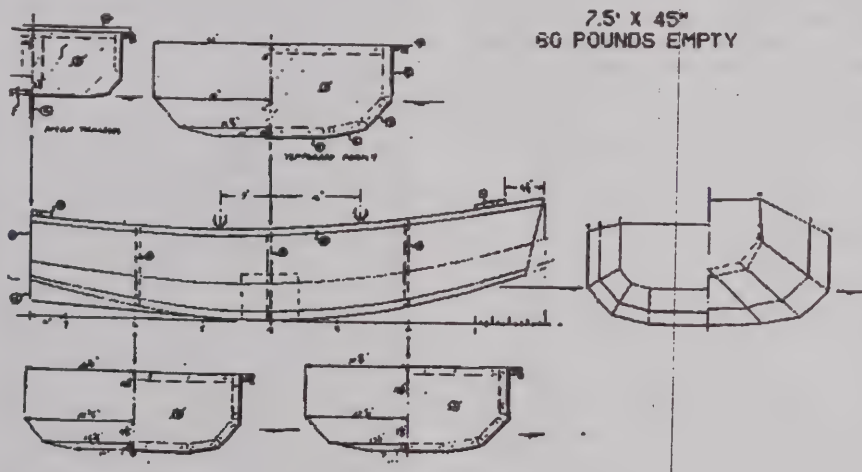
The only big fly in the ointment is probably the fuel consumption of the large two-cycle motor. Pete reports going through a 6-gal. tank in a 20-mile planing ride. Dave Gerr's charts predict that sort of fuel consumption. It comes with the territory. Clearly, if you want to cover any distance at such high speeds you need to carry a lot of fuel. Handling the volume and weight of the fuel becomes a special problem, not to mention the cost. Parsimonious types like myself might opt for a 10 or 15hp, four-cycle motor, quietly cruising at 8 knots, but covering three times the distance for the fuel.

Petesboat plans are \$50.

Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.



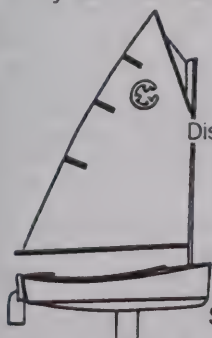
Petesboat



Archdink Plans

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In short, the subject is the present low ebb in the tide of AYRS fortunes. The viewpoints presented, both at Woodacres and later, were prefaced always with the caveat, "but this is not for publication," and so I have had to piece together a sequence extracted from the written word in a series of AYRS publications, as follows: "This is the thirtieth AYRS publication and marks the end of five years work which, in most people's opinions, have been very fruitful," reads the editorial in the AYRS publication dated April, 1960. Morwood then goes on to examine the multiplicity of research which had been accomplished, and what was planned for the next five years. He reports that some 10,000 letters were received since the Society's inception, that 46,000 publications were printed and some 40,000 sold. In general, all seemed to be well.

Then, in October of 1960, he writes: "So far no one has been found to take over the editing of AYRS publications, or even help with this." He goes on to bemoan the lack of time available to keep up with AYRS work, to follow up medical research projects, and to build the AYRS wind tunnel. The days just aren't long enough," he concludes.

In publication Number 44 (July '63), he writes: "I feel that in this publication my contribution to the AYRS is about completed. I find myself getting less and



Wild Ideas... Worthwhile Goals - II

less enthusiastic about catamarans and trimarans, and also feeling that the time has come for me to build and sail a boat myself. It has been my lifelong ambition to sail across an ocean (or three). In addition, I have two pieces of medical research. In order to study these matters (and others) I would like the editing and publishing side of the AYRS to be taken over by other people."

In the mid-1960s, His Royal Highness, Prince Philip, became patron, shortly thereafter to become president, of the Society. This honor, coupled with the fact that records available to me show no hiccup in the Society's forward progress, scarcely prepare one for the next development more than a decade later.

Publication Number 83A ("A" for Americas) in January of 1976 lists a new editor and a new publisher, both with American addresses, and announces: "In its 20 years of existence the AYRS has published over 6,000 pages of material on yachts in almost 100 booklets and books. A few years ago our founder and editor, Dr. John Morwood, reduced his AYRS activities as it became apparent that this worldwide group had achieved permanence in the world of yachting researchers. Master Mariner Michael Ellison (in England) then took over the administrative details and much of the correspondence with members. The AYRS now begins a new phase in its publication activities. Michael Ellison will concentrate on AYRS administrative details and production of major AYRS works while I will edit the bi-monthly journal of which this is the first. Michael will combine two issues of each of our journals and mail them three times each year to members outside North and South America to continue the system of AYRS members receiving four publications per year."

The mathematics of this are not immediately clear but it makes no difference. The arrangement was to change shortly thereafter, whereby Ellison was to mail printed address stickers to the U.S. office and the material was to go out worldwide from there. As planned, the AYRS (Americas) journals came out bi-monthly throughout 1976. That dated December (the final one as it was to turn out) carried the following editorial messages: "In 1976 six AYRS Journals were mailed in the U.S.A. for members. Unfortunately, we have been very late in mailing these issues to members in Europe and the Far East and I wish to apologize to them and to the

AYRS Committee in England for this. Unfortunately, we have probably antagonized members in Europe and the Far East. We are returning the editing and publishing role to England. Please address all correspondence to Michael Ellison. Michael is also seeking a new American organizer to take my place as I resigned some time ago."

With this abrupt termination of the AYRS (Americas) journals, it is for consideration that local membership assumed that the whole thing was on the way out, so therefore turned their attention to the American publisher's new project, the Experimental Yacht Society. In response to my offer of "equal time" on this matter, he wrote, "Sadly, our efforts hindered AYRS growth, and their membership and funds diminished."

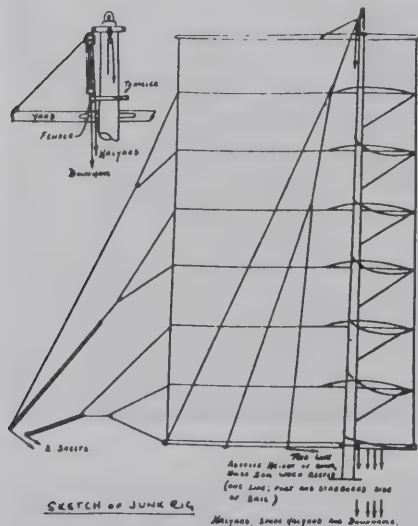
At Woodacres, Morwood's summary of the situation made sense. "Members throughout the rest of the world (outside the U.S.) were just not going to go on paying for something they weren't getting. British members, of course, were suckers and kept divvying up; but the British Committee got very shirty about not receiving any publications, so they fell out with the American editor and that was it. There just wasn't anybody to keep the threads together. By that time, of course, I'd given up myself. I'd started to get cataracts and so on. "But," he smiled, "I'd achieved my object, which was to learn the theory of sailing for myself." Morwood paused, and then added to no one in particular, "Rather a cumbersome way of doing it I suppose, but there we are."

It became clear, from the talk that followed, that Morwood regrets the inevitable process of delegation that necessarily accompanied the Society's early growth. "You see," he said, "the AYRS was a business, a one-man publishing company. It was my money, and I didn't want the wretched thing to fail. And while I was running it, it didn't."

"Anyway," he went on, "would you like to know the three things I haven't done or that the AYRS hasn't managed to get across?" I said that I did, and he listed them: The amazing advantages of the Madagascar, Dar es Salaam or, correctly titled, Malagasy outrigger; the semi-elliptical sail; and a crusade to have two one-sixth-scale models in PVC foam made of the *Cutty Sark*.

Despite Morwood's earlier assertion that he'd "given up" back in the mid-1970s, I came across a thought-provoking paper he wrote in December, 1983, called "The Optimum Multihull and Rig" in which, among other points to be made, he goes a long way to rectifying the first of the above three omissions.

He opens with the statement that the surfboard is the fastest sailing machine at present available. He reminds us that the sail is sloped to windward to reduce an already light displacement while the board is, in theory, canted to slope upwards to leeward. The optimum multihull, he states, is simply a trimaran with pintail (canoe stern) surfboards for floats. These are canted up to 55 degrees to give a sailing cant of 45 degrees when heeled 10 degrees.



The sketches shown on the opposite page of the planing dinghy *Shooting Star* were published in 1969 in AYRS booklet #76. Her high-boom rig enables the sail to taper towards head and foot. This reduces drag because a large triangle of sail is omitted. The boom is attached

to the front of the fiberglass mast, and the mast rotates independently of the boom. Another of *Shooting Star's* innovations is a hydrodynamically efficient bulbous bow. And yet another is the 6-foot trapezing circle which allows the crew to place their weight further outboard. Above, a sketch of a junk rig published in 1976 in AYRS publication #81.

The canted float bottoms can be flat and not sloped up forward as with surfboards and would work as hydrofoils, probably better than any of those being tried at the moment. Then he tells us that when first visited by Europeans, the Indonesians who had arrived in Madagascar about 1000 A.D. were using the forerunner of the canted "surfboards" just described! "The failure to accept the Malagasy outrigger," he protests, "is truly amazing. Pictures of the craft can be got from any travel agent in the brochures for Kenya. but multihull yachtsmen remain blind to its advantages."

The semi-elliptical sail, the second theory that Morwood failed to get across through the AYRS, was certainly given plenty of exposure with five full pages of text and three of illustrations in the AYRS publication for March, '76. Morwood built a boat from which to set the sail on an A-frame mast, noting that, "the ancient Egyptians used this system with success for a couple of thousand years, so it should work. But then I thought to myself, oh, really, I can't sail this thing with cataracts and a detached retina. I just can't start again."

The versatility possible with the semi-elliptical sail, as offered by Morwood, seems applicable to a variety of vessels, particularly with the advent of the unstayed mast. In a "Note to Inventors", Morwood says that if anyone were to apply himself to the problem of setting a semi-elliptical sail to the wind, they would do a great service to sailors.

The third undertaking Morwood would have liked to see succeed, to take the place of what he called "these tremendously expensive symposia in London on commercial sail," was "the availability of models of *Cutty Sark*, *Thermopylae*, any of the clippers. As far as I can see they were very close-winded; and then anyone can come along and rig them in all conceivable ways and race them round a course. Try it out on something, see if your rig'll beat the *Cutty Sark*."

Morwood's recipe for the optimum commercial vessel rig under, "decently arced yards for an upper sail which might give a coefficient of sail force of, say, three," is a windmill-to-propeller gear giving a positive but slow speed directly to windward for entering harbor and close maneuvering, to boost windward performance under sail, to abolish propeller drag, and to reduce the amount of lateral resistance needed. The drive between windmill and propeller would need a reverse gear change, Morwood notes, an ability to accept drive from an internal combustion engine, and an electrical charging capacity. With boats like a Tornado's coefficient of sail force being something like 1.8, the figure of 3, mentioned above, is not to be sneered at.

It was hard to tear oneself away from this, yes, fountain of marine knowledge, effervescing nonstop with a stream of adventurous ideas, and harder still to turn down the offer of a nooner ("Well, now that's over. let's hit the bottle") and lunch. But the good Doctor knew I was off to the AYRS-managed International Speed Sailing Week. "No, I won't be there," he

said, "I've just got wrapped up so much with this pre-history that I've got to put it off." Then, for the first time that day, and only momentarily, he seemed to let his guard down. "In the old days," he said, "I used to go to all these things and knew quite a lot of people; but gradually they get fewer and fewer; they forget you, nobody knows you. The youngsters come and go and you're forgotten, completely."

Dr. Morwood is wrong about that. Who could forget him? He is not only personally unforgettable, it is fair to say that the publications he has caused to be published, and mostly written himself, are unforgettable and, more to the point, inspirational and oddly influential. There have been just over a hundred Amateur Yacht Research Society publications to date, with a remarkable range of subjects from yacht electrics to multihull seamanship to solo cruising to megalithic boats.

The great majority of subjects researched by the AYRS has been entirely legitimate, forwardlooking and often daring. Slipped into the publications from time to time, however, appear some bizarre letters of query or recommendation, given space, I suspect, by an editor very much with tongue in cheek and chucking the odd piece of bait to those whose limitations compel them to dismiss AYRS members as mad scientists of the sea or, if they had read him, would go along with George Santayana's view that "England is a paradise of individuality, eccentricity, heresy, anomalies, hobbies and humor."

Before crossing swords with a really committed AYRS man though, be he English or from anywhere else in the world, one should familiarize oneself with the special shorthand in which he communicates. This is an efficient and economical method of verbal and written intercourse for those on the same wavelength. A prime example is the listing of some 69 symbols used in "Design for Fast Sailing", which must appear to the uninitiated as Greek (quite a few of them are). Another example occurred in my conversation with Sir Reginald Bennett, V.R.D., chairman of the AYRS Committee (amongst other things). I put it to him on the occasion of the International Speed Sailing week that, while sailing fast enough to burn the bottom paint off any of the many contraptions ranged on the beach below us was the purpose of the week, it was surely more important to the future of sail not just to go fast in very high winds but to record what progress was being made towards sailing fast in lower-force winds. *Crossbow II's* 36 knots in 34 knots of wind was impressive indeed. I pointed out, but how much more impressive would it have been in, say, 10 knots of wind."

"Yes," agreed the 73-year-old flyer/doctor/politician/sailor, and both British and Italian Knight. "I proposed this at Brest (Speed Sailing Week), proposed it in Holland. In fact, everybody knows I'm after it, and they all think it's a good idea; but nobody bloody well wants to take the trouble because anemometers are so inaccurate. I've been pushing this for years. VS over VT, don't you see? I mean I can vividly remember discovering VS over VT for myself in *Shamrock* in

1935!"

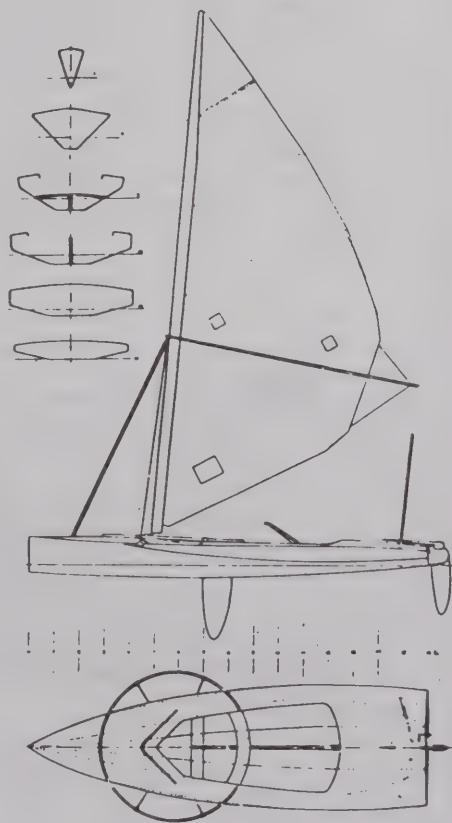
"Wow," I said (to myself).

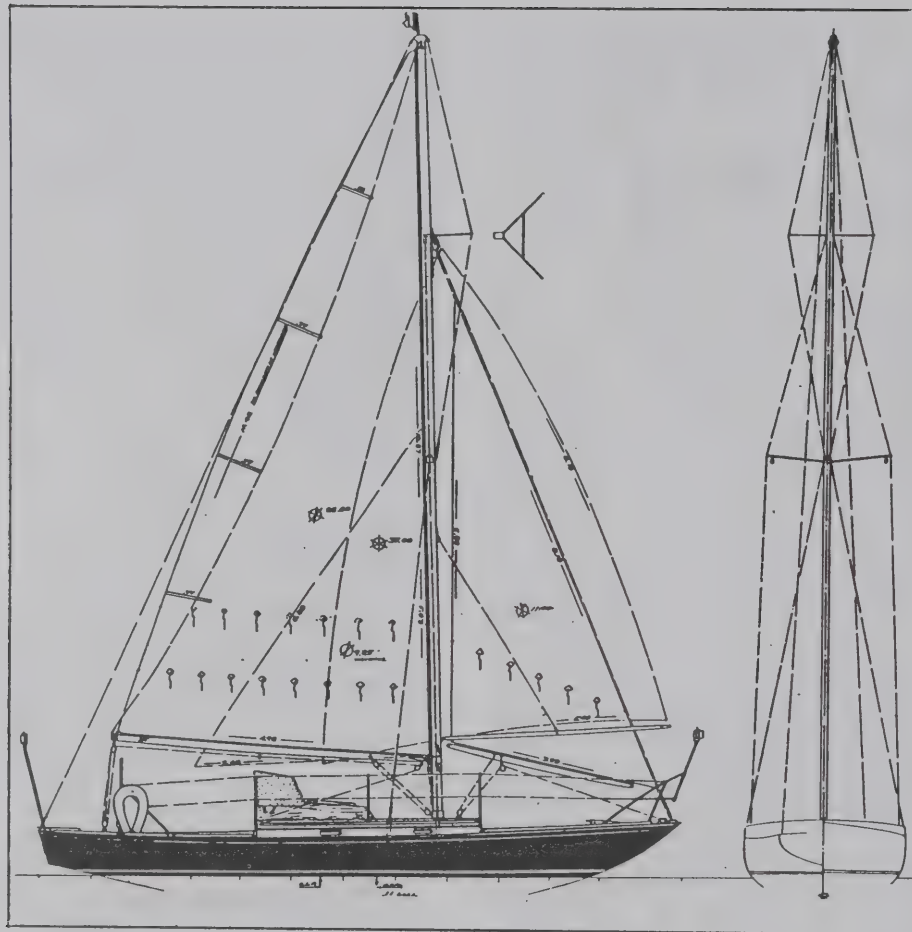
"We were coming up to the windward mark," Sir Reggie continued, "and *Britannia* was ahead. Dick Fairley said to me, 'Which side the spinnaker?' and I said, 'I really don't know, old boy, because it looks to me as it's an absolutely dead run. Anyway *Britannia* will be there in a moment; let's see what she does.' So she took the mark and turned downwind. We came foaming on up and by the time we reached the mark, *Britannia* still had her boom amidships going downwind, I mean she was going faster than the wind, hadn't lost way enough for the wind to catch up and push the boom out on either side."

Sir Reggie paused, and looked me straight in the eye. "Now that was my discovery of VS over VT," he said, "and that's a very satisfactory ratio of more than unity."

Now, while that small example of the AYRS lingua franca is not hard to translate in the context, (V over V equals boat speed over true wind speed), your average high school graduate might have a little trouble with this one from Morss and Bruces book, where the symbol for total sail coefficient C is defined as: $F/(p/2)A, v^2$, with F in pounds, p in slugs per cubic foot, A in square feet, and v in feet per second. It may help, in the above, to know that F, is the symbol for resultant or total sail force, p (the Greek sign for *Rho*) is for density, A is for sail area, and v stands for speed. Or does it?

(To Be Continued)





Bolger on Design

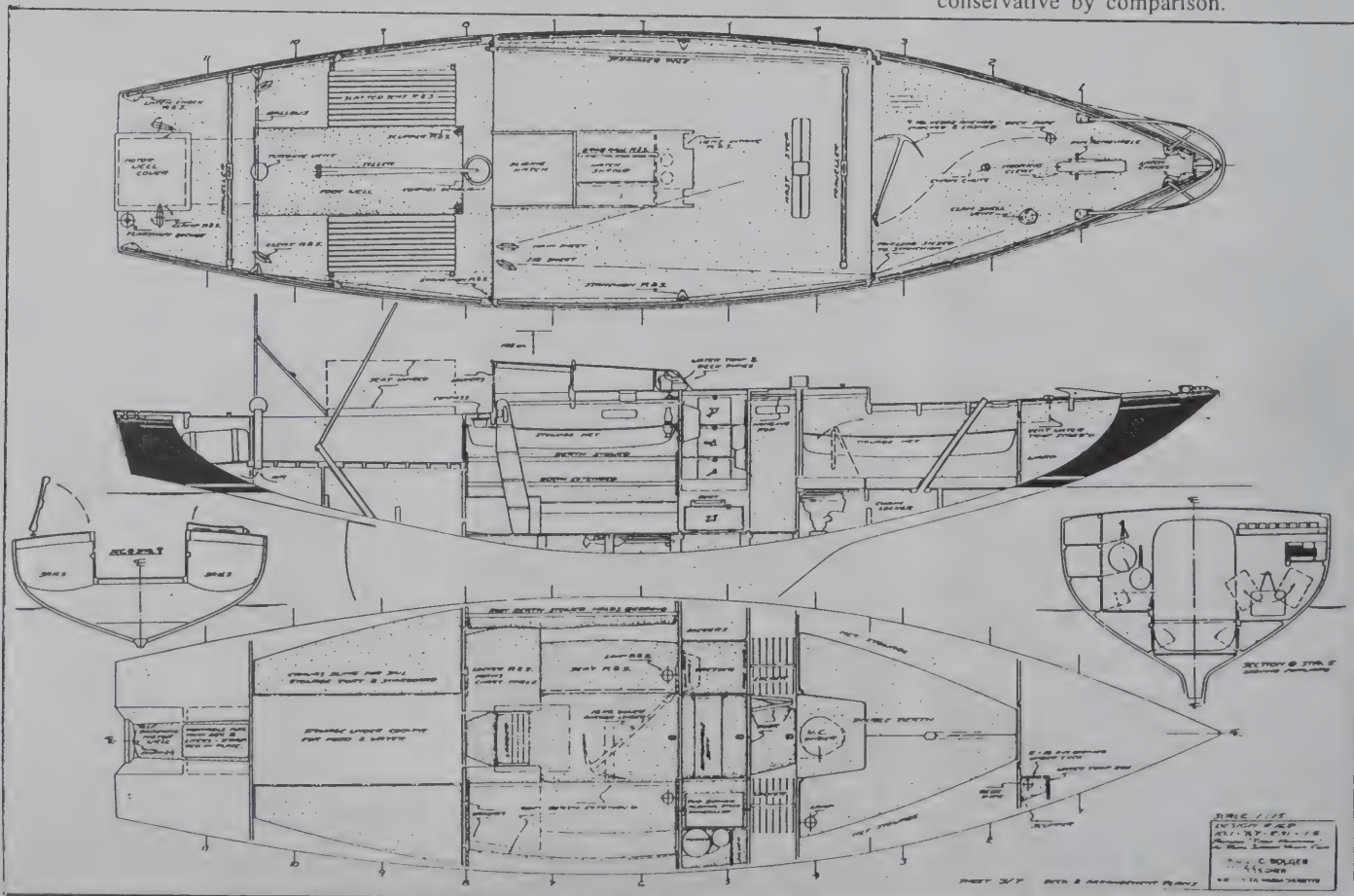
Baltic Sea Cruiser-Racer

Specs in Metric: 10.1m loa, 7.7m lwl, 2.51m beam, 1.5m draft, 3,840 cu m displacement, 1604 kg ballast, 37sm working sail area.

Specs in English: 33.1' loa, 25.3' lwl, 8.23' beam, 4.9' draft, 8,700lbs displacement with 3,500lbs iron ballast; 400sf sail area.

This boat was designed as an entry in a design competition organized by the Royal Swedish Yacht Club sometime about 1960. It got no prize at the time, probably among other reasons because the judges didn't like the stern-mounted outboard motor. Nowadays we would argue strenuously against the deep keel, lack of shelter on deck and view from below, and the small sail plan with numerous light sails to make her go in light airs. The rig was behind the fashion even at the time, with the comparatively small jib; I thought it was easier to handle and better aerodynamically, and didn't allow enough for rating rule prejudices.

All the same, this would certainly have been a very fast and sweet-handling boat with her clean lines and no propeller drag. She would also have been quite able for offshore work, the raised deck giving her good buoyancy in spite of her apparent low freeboard. The design was influenced by Col. Hasler's success in offshore racing some years earlier with an unmodified 30 square meter boat. This one looks very conservative by comparison.



One can't help feeling a little nostalgia for boats like this. They were very pleasant to sail in the right weather, and at the time it seemed perfectly natural to have the need for five feet of water always in mind when looking for an anchorage; the anchorages weren't so crowded, for one thing, and we hadn't yet grasped that all the pleasures of the shallow creeks could be available to cruising boats that were also seaworthy and fast. Going on forty years later, most people still haven't grasped it.

She was designed to keep the sea in all weathers. Ventilation is shown with good watertapping, the root berths amidships allow the off-watch crewmember to

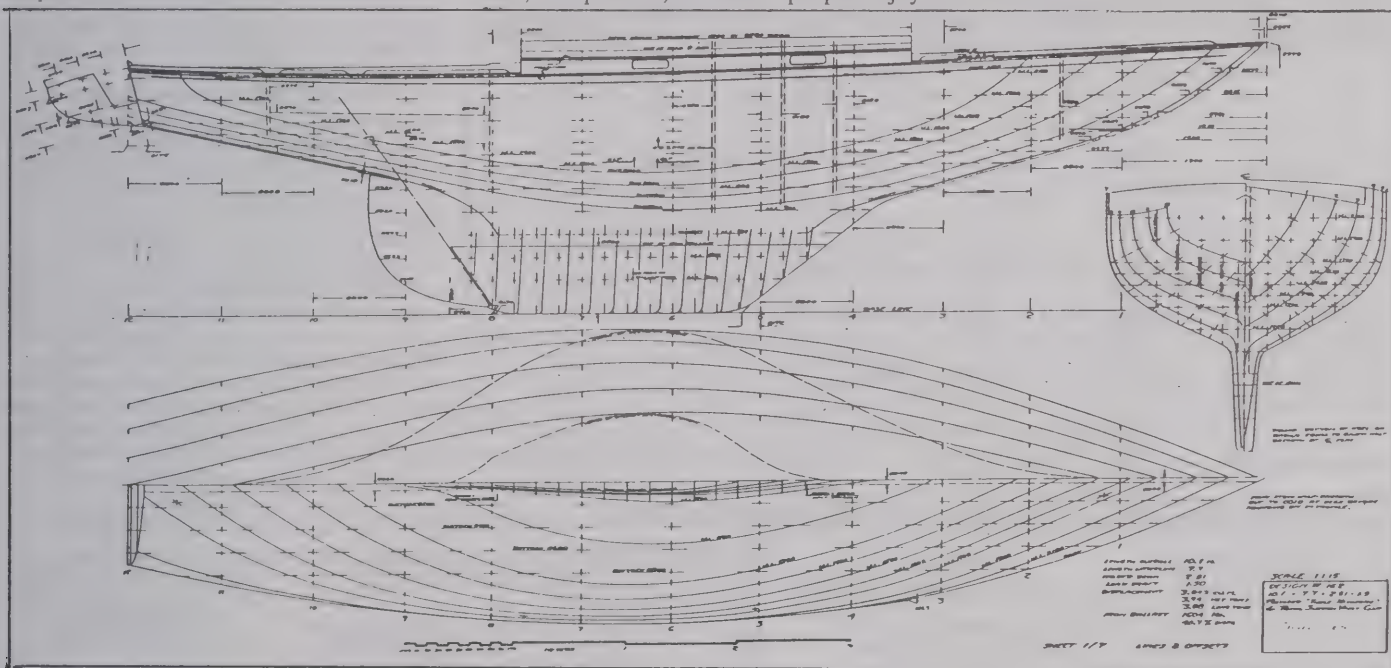
sleep securely on the weather side, and she's strong, watertight, and buoyant. The deep keel, in our opinion, is a bad device from a seaworthiness standpoint as well as a handicap and a danger on a coast, where, after all most cruising takes place!

People say of deep-keel boats that "they have a good grip on the water", when the fact is that the water has a good grip on them, to give a breaking crest the best chance to hammer them, when the shallow boat would slip away from the blow. But there are still a lot of people who can't seem to grasp how a shallow boat can be at least as immune to capsizing as a deep-keel boat (which it can, no question) and such people enjoy

themselves better with the keel to give them (false) confidence.

As may be, once in a while we like to show something like this by way of proving that we don't advocate the "box boats" because that's all we know how to do. In the next issue we'll indulge ourselves by showing something more extreme in this line. Then we may get back to some things that open up more options in boating. Incidentally, these particular plans have physically not aged that well, accounting for this poorer reproduction.

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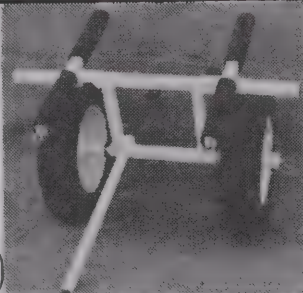
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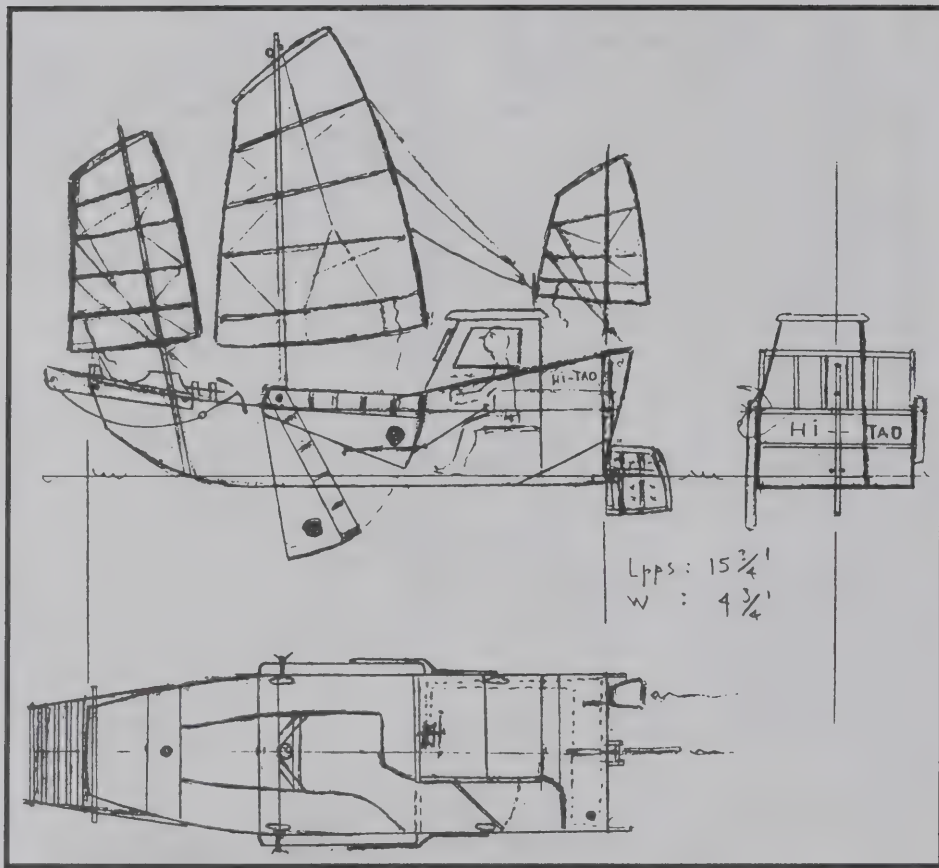


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Dream Boats A Junk For All Seasons

By Richard Carsen

The original junks had a scow form, that is to say, they had bow and stern transoms. Under Western and Arabic influence, many have now adopted some form of sharp bow.

But for a sailboat in protected waters, a scow has the advantage of seeming to want to pull to windward (crabbing) when heeled. Chop will slow down a scow when it is met head-on, in sailing, tacking, however, you would always be at a slant to the wind and therefore to the wind driven wavelets. The lee side of the transom would then act as a bow, and by the very nature of its slope, the transom would present a V to the oncoming waves.

This boat would be easy to build as all is straight and plumb except in the forward part. But I don't think that if she were built with straight sides right up to the bow transom, it would make any noticeable difference in her performance.

The bottom would be cross-planked Chesapeake Bay fashion, right up to the transoms. The 14' mast should be easily removable and laid out, with sail, from the wheelhouse for cover, a large tarpaulin or plastic sheet over it might even make it watertight.

Propulsion is a small electric motor or a trolling motor. The 3' wide wheelhouse would give room for a young couple and one or two small children. This would be an ideal gunkholer in a small area with lots of interesting coastline. In my native Holland, full of lakes, canals, and waterways, I spent many a delightful summer vacation exploring an old cutoff arm of the river Rhine. The excitement of seeing what's around the bend and landing on an unknown shore, doesn't change with size. Exploring your local area, lake, or bay may give you all the thrills you'd ever want, without losing touch with your own home and its comforts.

To make a sleeping area of the cockpit, cut a canvas to size and strengthen it with cross slats. This can be rolled up and stored under a seat.

I like to build with plank, but plywood would be OK. Borrow Sam Rabl's *Building a Boat in Your Own Backyard* from the library. Buy it by all means, its invaluable for the small beginning builder, even today. Use house paint and other readily and not so expensive materials. Read up on Chapelle's chapter on the Friendship sloop in *Small American Sailing Craft* to learn about building with local woods.

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An Electric Boat For General Waters

By Morton Ray

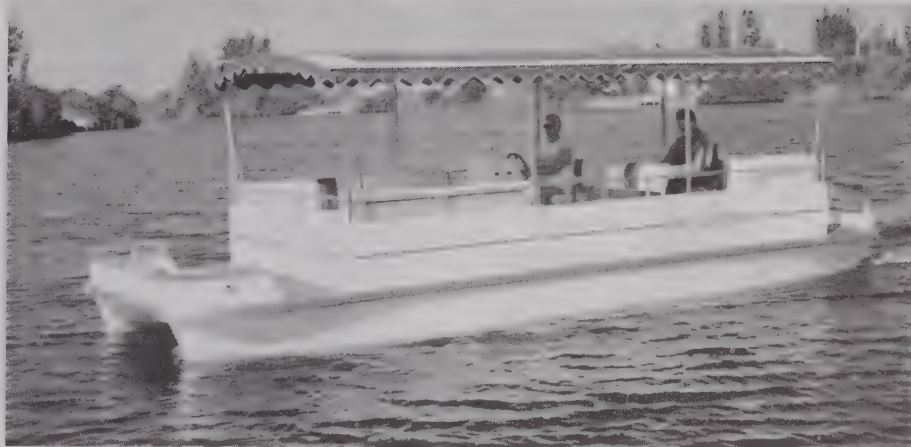
I have developed a new kind of pontoon boat, the Ray Electrocat, powered by batteries and solar panels. It is an efficient electric pontoon boat, suitable for use on larger lakes, rivers, and even for cruising. Now you can have pleasing speed and range while enjoying the advantages of electric power which are quietness, no smoke, shake, or fumes, no gear shifting or cranking.

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Overnighting facilities include: Seats convertible to one double and one single bunk, privacy enclosure, food bar/cabinet and DC refrigerator.

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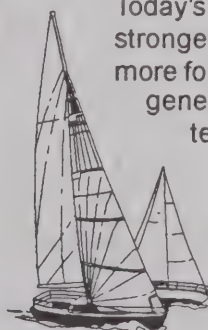
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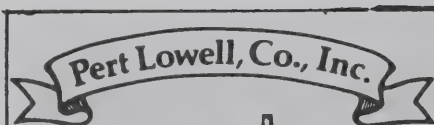
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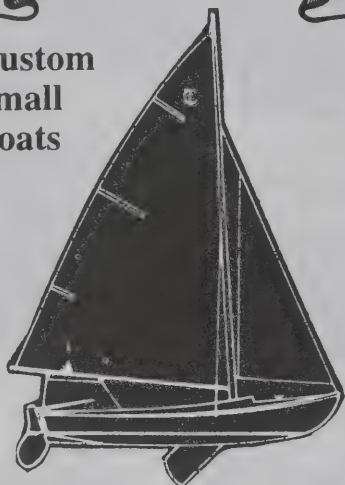


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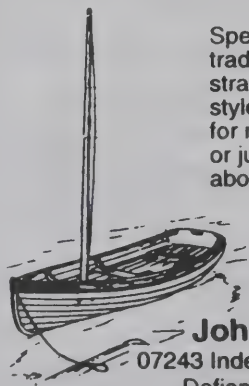
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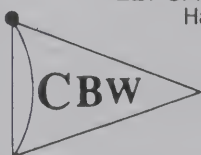
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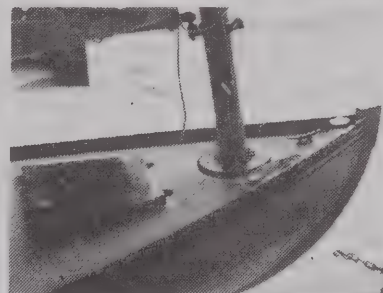
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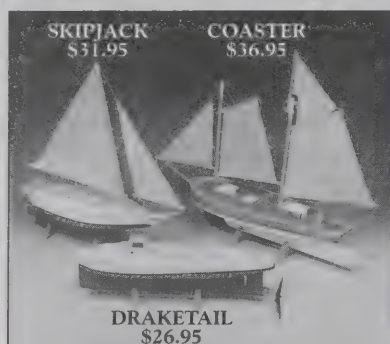
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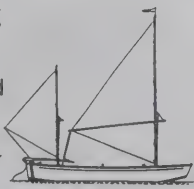
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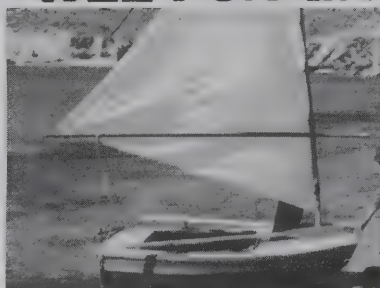
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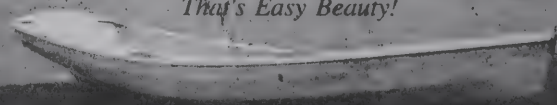
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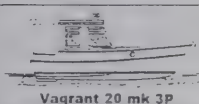


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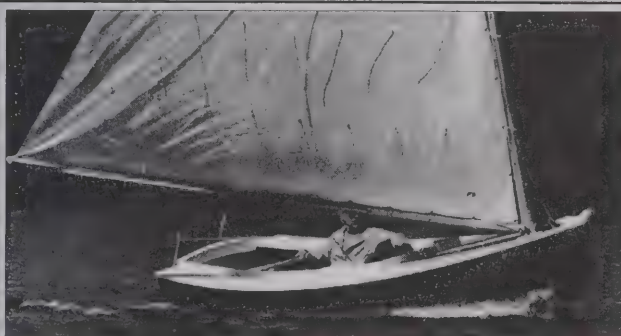
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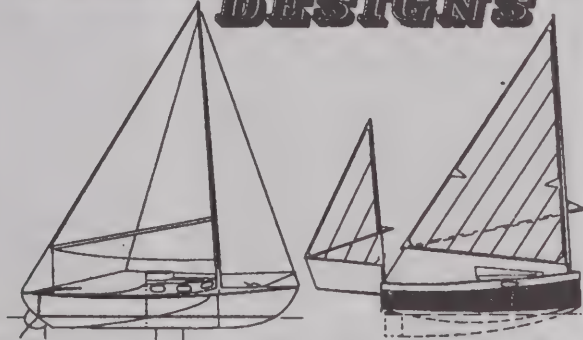
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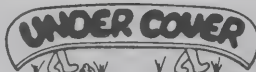
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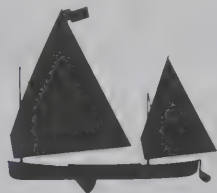
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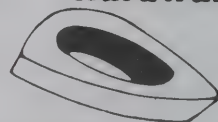
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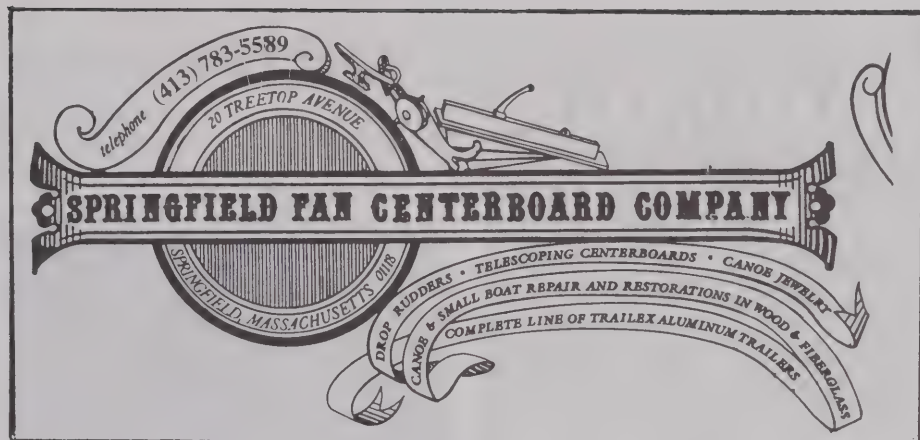
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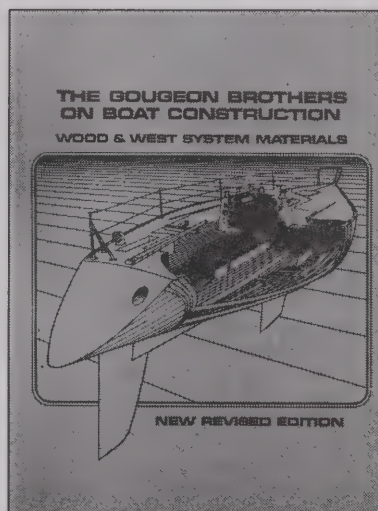


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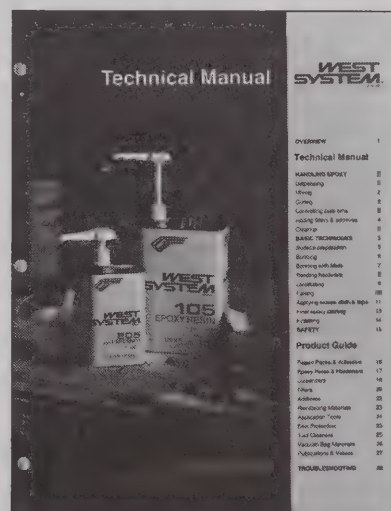


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Topical Trailer Tips

By Jim Thayer



You can tell a trailer man by the way his head is twisted. In my own case, years of trailer towing have resulted in cervical vertebrae so badly worn that I have trouble keeping my head on. I could relate pages of trailer stories from my years in the business. Suffice it to say that most of my problems have been ameliorated, if not solved, by good luck. Good luck beats preparation, but still it doesn't hurt to check over the equipment and even plan ahead.

Last spring I took a very small old trailer and put a long frame on it to carry the A Duckah! It made the trip to San Francisco and back with no trouble, but on the Kokopelli run I evidently dragged it over too many rocks and the axle began sliding over to one side. The U-bolts were too rusty to tighten.

When I got home, the local spring shop made me new U-bolts in about ten minutes. When reassembling the gear, I noted that the axle was drilled to take the spring center bolts. Obviously there was only one correct way to put it together.

Somewhere in Missouri I noticed that my near new tires had lost most of their tread. Not a lot of rocket science was involved in deciding the wear must be related to putting the axle back in the "right" position. Two jacks (you don't carry two jacks?) and a few minutes work had the axle out for inspection. Snatching a stick from a handy tree, I determined that it had excessive toe-in in the "correct" position. I put it back in the minimal toe-in position in front of the spring center bolts and tightened the bolts extra good. We made Virginia via Connecticut with no noticeable wear.

Heading home with a different trailer, we found ourselves in the wilds of Arkansas on a dark and foggy night. Why the boonies of Arkansas? Well, my benighted brother lives there, dividing his time between two addresses, neither of which has a phone. Lacking GPS co-

ordinates, it was hopeless to find the first one, so we were en route to the second thinking we had a 50/50 chance.

Meeting a car on approach to a narrow bridge, I ran the trailer tire, 8" beam, over a curb that was supposed to keep one away from the rail. Within a hundred yards we were flat. No problem, just put on the 8" spare. Oh oh! This trailer is a lot heavier than the other one. Awfully soft. It went maybe 100 feet.

A classic example of cascading errors. We should have stopped before nightfall, should have stopped for the bridge, and certainly should have checked the spare pressure.

There was no place to pull off so I fell back on previous experience. Somewhere in Utah, coming back from Frisco, we had a tire go flat. The trailer was too narrow to see in the mirrors and Janis, who is tuned to detect the faintest strange noise, didn't hear anything. We only discovered it when I stopped to take a picture. The tire had worn away, leaving two beads to protect the rim. It might well have gone another hundred miles. With this experience in mind, I figured we could easily make the 20 miles to Huntsville.

The tire popped off right away but we kept going. Ten miles into the trip the drag and noise suddenly increased. The rim had folded up and my new U-bolts were dragging on the pavement. We ditched, literally, the trailer and went for a motel in Huntsville.

Dawn found me in the far corner of the Wal-Mart lot next door where I hoped the noise wouldn't offend anyone. I hammered the dent out of the 12" rim and then canvassed the filling stations in town until I found the one with an air hose. The local cop was parked on top of the hose, and the lady had to hunt through the whole panel to find the switch but, hey, we got air.

The trailer was soon back at Wal-Mart and we set off in search of Brother John who, for a wonder, was right where we had hoped. Brother John is a remarkable fellow, as even a short acquaintance, perhaps just a close approach would convince you. For example, after a year's sojourn in Kurdistan, he recently rode a bicycle from Istanbul to England. He's adept at coping and using available resources.

He led us straight-away to the transfer station where stuff is sorted for the landfill. The tire semi was about two-thirds full and I could see that we had our work cut out. Lo and behold, the third one down in the front rank was a four hole rim with a decent looking 6.50 x 13 tire. It slipped right on, he whipped out his portable air tank, and we were in business.

And now for a spare. The one that hit the bridge was leaking through the sidewall. The tire store didn't have anything to fit.

After an hour of Arkansas back roads, while draped over junk in the back of a bump start diesel Rabbit, we arrived at Brother John's home base, a six-story monument to recycling. It was decided to give the leaky tire some medicine, a shot of oil. As you well know, oil makes rubber swell. With the valve stem out, we rigged up an old hose and, by alternately jumping on and off the tire, got it to inhale half a pint of used motor oil. Two months later the tire is still as good as new.

In a nutshell, upgrade those dinky 8" rims to four hole auto rims with secondhand tires. If they leak, oil 'em.

Happy trailering. Easy hills and wide shoulders.

Classified Marketplace

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TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (TF)

17' Old Town OCTA Canoe, AA grade w/sailing equipment. Blt '25, orig cond. \$1,200 OBO. RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (516) 757-3087 eves & wknds. (21)

19' Cape Dory Typhoon, weekender model (with cabin). This was Tom's boat in his later tales we published. I bought it from him when he upsize to a liveboard, thinking I'd rehab it and go sailing. Now I see this isn't going to happen. It's all there as it was when Tom sailed in it, with no major problems, but needs dozens of small to middling fixings up that Tom never bothered with. It's on a tandem aluminum trailer. \$2,000 firm. Plan on a lot of backyard detailing, but not much \$\$ expense.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (TF)

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DANIEL MC CARTER, Santa Barbara, CA, (805) 687-9855. (20)

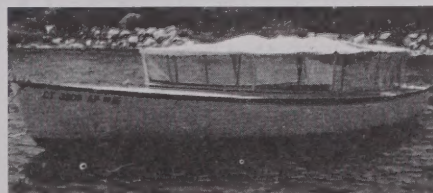
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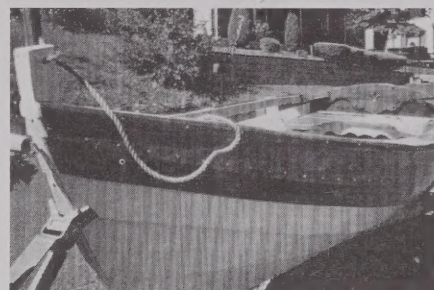
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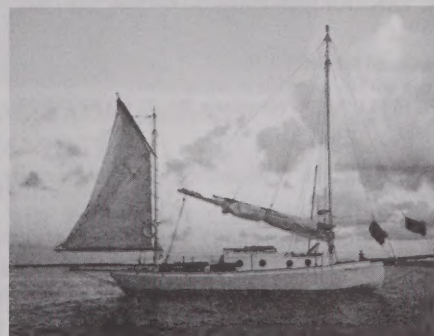
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Lightning Hull #6757, blt around '60 by my father. I am trying to track it down for sentimental reasons. He sold it in central CT around '68. Any leads? CINDY TILLSON, 26 South Rd., Westhampton, MA 01027, (413) 527-8618, email: tillson@javanet.com (20)

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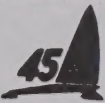
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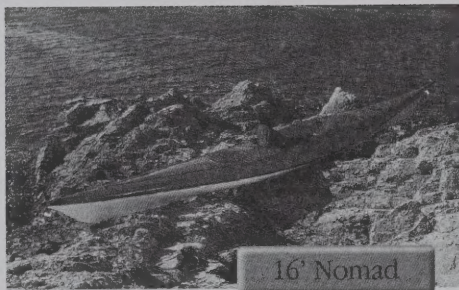
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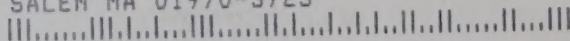
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