

8/13/98

Special Features This Issue
Questions You Wish You'd Asked
Mojave Mission - Versatility...a Boat Proposal



messing about in BOATS

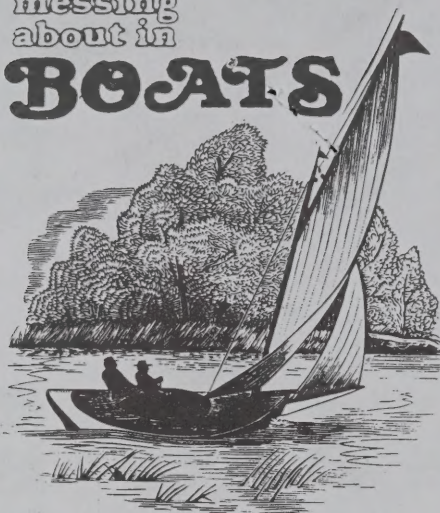
Volume 16 - Number 7

August 15, 1998



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Volume 16 - Number 7
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In Our Next Issue...

Doug McNary & Valerie LaFrance offer their views & photos on the WoodenBoat Show.

Allison Geddes submits a friend's account of "A Nasty Voyage"; Brian Salzano explores "An Unvisited Corner of the Cosmos"; Dick Harrington returns with Part 1 of "Exploring Traverse Bay"; Rick Klepfer continues with Part 2 of his new series "Scandinavian Semester"; and Tom also continues with another chapter from his new book, *The Odd-a-Tea*, "First Ship of the Navy".

Bulkeley Smith offers reminiscences about his "*Passionella*"; Doug McNary reports on a design attempt at "An Aft Sail Trimaran"; We look over Pakboats' folding canoe, "Escape 15"; James DelCamp concludes his "Versatility...a Boat Proposal" inquiry; and Richard Carsen's Dreamboats series continues his look at "Malibu Type Outriggers".

We have an excerpt of some interest from a materials engineering handbook entitled "What Wood"; and Ted Warren discusses at some length "Strip Plank Construction".

Yes, Phil Bolger will have his customary page also.

On the Cover...

A Phil Bolger designed Retriever, built by David Montgomery, at 22 knots with 90hp driving her on sea trials on Gloucester's Annisquam River. Phil details this, and another west coast Retriever, built by Tony Groves, in this issue.

Commentary...

Too late to accompany my report on the Small Craft Workshop at Mystic in the July 15th issue, Tim Weaver sent me the following commentary on that event which I am pleased to publish on this page. Over the years since our beginnings back in 1983 Tim has contributed a number of thoughtful articles about what this love of small boats we share can mean.

"Mystic's Small Craft Workshop this year was as nice as it gets, leaving me with great memories, on par with last year's fun at Saint Michaels, but different. Saint Michaels seems to say, "Let's use that boat." Mystic's workshop seems to agree and adds the notion "... and sticking with the classics doesn't hurt."

Take it either way and you're in the same place: Intriguing fun on the water. And that's what we had. It appears we're in the second generation of a traditionally oriented small craft movement, one that's putting boat use on par with traditional boat rediscovery.

The first generation, in my mind, is characterized by Lance Lee and his aficionados, budding and mature, descending on Mystic, blanketing the place in a down east aroma, devouring the workshops and disappearing into the fog to meditate. Every year Lee and the troops would appear with something just as interesting as what was going on at the workshop. And then there were the rest of us, also spellbound by the picture before us, the past made whole, Chapelle's history of small boats, *American Small Sailing Craft*, and Gardner's *Dory Book*, come alive.

Many working on traditionally oriented small boats were taking it in. First we had to figure out how to build or repair that Gordian Knot of an old time boat we'd stumbled upon, and later, figure out how to use it. Many did just that. It wasn't exactly a family affair. The old man was busy trying to figure out what he'd got himself into and the rest of the family were wondering what to make of that stuff he was buying and collecting. Judging by the shape of things last year at St. Michaels and this year at Mystic, the old man worked it out. Now we're seeing the rest of the family and the boats being used.

Just in time. It's just my opinion, but modern suburbia's taken its toll. From Portland, Maine to Richmond, Virginia we've got this great suburban corridor on this east coast of ours and it just keeps growing and growing. Time, money, water access, affordable housing, and things for the kids to do are becoming scarce commodities. The idea of fun these days, to take the neighborhood I'm in as an example, and it's about an average one, seems to be Disney Land. Seems like there's an ever-present uncon-

cious tally around here, what families on the street have gone, what families haven't, until finally the whole streets been there one way or the other. Seems like the kids demand it. Seems like the kids are the the boss. And it just doesn't seem all that right.

What is this quality time? Is it standing in carefully concealed serpentine lines waiting for a ride through Space Mountain? Or how about Hotel Hollywood and the freefalling elevator, or the water roller coaster, or how about fireworks at the Lagoon. Well, whatever it is, it is all passive. That's not to say it's not fun. But that's not to say it's quality time either.

I like to think that quality time is taking my daughter in our flatiron skiff, much modified, the skiff that is, so she'll work from a trailer down to the mouth of the Connecticut River and crossing over to the coves and trying to get a mess of crabs. Or just a mess of fun, what we just did at Mystic, taking *Sammy*, a little stitch and glue and very quick dinghy out in that Saturday breeze, a blustering, flooky, mighty quick breeze. Stepping fast, changing places, going in the right direction, coming about with a quick moves, teamwork on a little ten footer to keep her up, watching for the buoys, missing the rocks, watching that breeze, keeping *Sammy* on his feet.

I can hear Elizabeth now, "Daaahhhd, the rocks, the rocks, not there dad, the rocks." And after a while we were really working well together. Checking the breeze, throwing in a jibe now and then, staying out of trouble, enjoying the give and take of keeping *Sammy* on his feet. Keeping *Sammy* happy. Working together, a little something that's active, a sense of achievement when we're done, a little learning about each other when we're a tad, just a tad, tense. Enjoying each other, watching out for each other.

Or later that night, I missed this, but heard about it a week after Mystic over dinner at the house, how Elizabeth had gotten to the *Conrad* (they have sleeping arrangements on the *Conrad* for fifteen dollars a night during the workshop) a good bit before myself, and joined in a circle of folks just talking, just talking about Shackleton's great journey, and asking me did I know the name. Well, yes I did and told her where we had the book. Well, she didn't exactly jump for it, but launched into a tale of a diary relating to the ordeal recently come across, and by whom, and by how and where.

This sort of thing is something the country can use more of. Disney Land's nice, but user-friendly museums that can make room for the human condition, the trials and tribulations of the modern version of Everyman and his cares, that is something we need as much of as we can get."

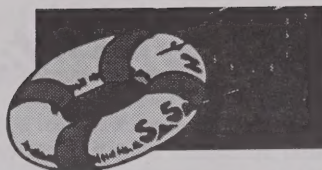
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Every spring, the media bring us news of drownings involving smaller types of boats such as canoes, aluminum jon boats, dinghies and the like. Already this year in my area we have been told about a man who drowned in a Mashpee pond, and a youth who drowned in a New Hampshire lake. Last year, about half of the boating fatalities involved these boats.

This sad situation calls for more attention than it is getting. Each drowning directly and grievously affects a family, and indirectly affects the whole pleasure-boating scene.

A typical small-boat drowning incident involves a small craft "capsizing", as the media put it. This implies that for some usually unexpected and treacherous reason, the boat involved suddenly decided to flip over. Properly used small craft simply do not do this. People bring such trouble on themselves out of ignorance, recklessness and stupidity. The correct word is "swamped". Through overloading, the sudden movement of an occupant or water conditions beyond the capability of the boat or its user, the boat tilts to one side enough to let water start coming aboard over one gunwale such as to quickly fill and swamp the craft.

Sadly lacking in basic understanding of today's smaller boats, the occupants then panic and try to swim to shore. Too often they don't reach it for such reasons



Small Boat SAFETY

Inexperience Can Cost Lives on the Water

By Bob Whittier

as poor swimming ability, the drag of wet clothing, coldness of the water or strength of the current.

For many years, all small boats manufactured for sale in this country have by law had flotation provisions built into them. This usually takes the form of foam installed in such places as will enable the boat to remain afloat and in an upright position with sufficient buoyancy to support its occupants. They can either sit inside the swamped boat with their heads and noses above water, or cling to the craft's side until help arrives or they can hand-paddle it to shore. When a canoe or

similar craft does capsize, it can easily be rolled right side up.

Because it is impossible to design and reproduce a "standard wave", a boat is tested for upright flotation in whatever dead-calm water happens to be available to its manufacturer; even a swimming pool will serve. So, just because the capacity label on a new boat says it will carry four persons or 800 pounds, we must not be lulled into thinking it will do so under any conditions and then overload a small boat and shove off on a blustery day. Capacity plates are helpful when comparing and buying boats, but are not guarantees of safety under actual water conditions.

I am familiar with the various boating safety programs, safety literature and the like, but have to say, much of it is obviously aimed at people who use larger, more powerful and more sophisticated boats on bigger waters.

I realize that the people involved in safe boating programs mean well. But in view of the annual count of small-boat drownings in New England waters, I very strongly urge them to forget their radar, rules of the road, the buoyage system, compass work and all that, long enough to get the flotation, overloading, hypothermia, hull stability and similar things in front of the many casual boaters whose lives really depend on such very basic knowledge.

How the Newspapers Report Small Boat Safety

Marshfield Kayaker Drowns in Hanover

Patriot Ledger June 16, 1998

The leadoff sentence reads as follows: "Hanover - An 18 year old Marshfield man drowned yesterday after roaring rapids in the Indian Head River pinned him for at least an hour under a kayak he had built for himself."

Despite having paddled on this normally placid tidal river many times, the victim apparently went out alone after a record 10 inches of rainfall had swollen it to exceptional size and velocity. He had become caught beneath his kayak in tree branches that hung into the water, had kicked one foot through the deck and was trapped beneath the kayak unable to extricate himself. Nobody saw it happen. He was discovered by another kayaker.

This was a young man who had taken boatbuilding courses, built his own boats and paddled a great deal. Yet he apparently did not understand what the enormous amount of rainfall had done to his familiar river.

Canton Boy Scouts' Canoes Capsize

Patriot Ledger June 16, 1998

The leadoff sentence reads as follows: "Hopkinton, RI - Six canoes carrying a troop of Boy Scouts from Massachusetts flipped over in the swollen Wood River yesterday after one canoe got stuck in overhanging tree limbs, overturned and caused a chain reaction of capsizing canoes."

Four leaders and eight scouts were dumped into the fast moving 50 degree water but all were able to swim to their canoes, a couple swam ashore where a local homeowner called 911, while the rest floated downstream to more placid waters where they righted their canoes.

All this occurred despite weather forecasts of persistent rain throughout the weekend, a record rainfall weekend in eastern New England.

Only Boat, Paddles Found in Search for 2 in Canoe

Boston Globe (no date on clipping)

The leadoff sentence reads as follows: "As family and friends anxiously followed the intense two-day search for two New Hampshire men who disappeared after heading onto Lake Winnepesaukee in a canoe Saturday night, the paddling equipment the young men apparently had used surfaced not far from where they had pushed off shore."

The report goes on to say that this paddling equipment consisted of a half a kayak paddle and an oar, that the young men did not have permission to take the canoe belonging to people living next door to the summer home where they had been partying, that they had headed out about midnight onto the lake in the shelter of a lee shore while outside the wind was blowing hard.

Two Die in Conn River Boat Mishap

(No newspaper credit or date on clipping)

The leadoff sentence reads as follows: "Enfield, Conn. - Police are investigating whether alcohol was a factor in the deaths of two men, one from Massachusetts, on board a small boat when it capsized in the Connecticut River."

The brief item further details that there were five men in this small boat fishing, three were able to swim ashore late Sunday night, and that none were wearing life jackets.

Dozens Gather to Mourn Drowned Seekonk Teenagers

Patriot Ledger (No date on clipping)

The leadoff sentence reads in part: "Dozens of mourners hung flowers on a fence around Ten Mile River in East Providence, RI not far from where three Seekonk teenagers drowned last week."

The report describes how the trio, who had just completed their junior year at Seekonk High set out on a fishing trip on the Turner Reservoir near the dam on the Ten Mile River. Officials theorized that they were apparently sucked over the dam by fast flowing waters fueled by the torrential June rains. One body was found 22 hours later, the other two after an exhaustive three days of searching the murky waters below the dam by over 400 rescue workers and volunteers. None of the boys were wearing life jackets.

You write to us about..

Activities & Events...

Delaware River Messabouts

Our Delaware River TSCA has two messabouts planned for late summer and early fall. On the weekend of August 22-23 we will gather at the cove in Elk Neck, MD for an unstructured weekend of family fun afloat, with camping on site. On September 12 we hold our Annual Messabout at the Union Lake Sailing Club in Millville, NJ. There we will have a great beach, docks and clubhouse, calm waters, great views and good winds with three launch facilities on the lake.

Contact Ron Gryn at (215) 348-9433 for details.

Delaware River TSCA, Pittsgrove, NJ

Second Sassafras Messabout:

We are planning our second Sassafras Messabout for the 18-19-20 of September near Betterton, MD. The wind's up a little more than for our first event in late July, the heat's down and the powerboaters are gone back into hiding.

People who have built their own small boats get together and picnic and sail and row, etc. Anyone is welcome with any kind of kayak, skiff, dinghy, canoe, proa, what have you, as long as they enjoy messing about.

Interested readers may contact me for details and/or look them up on my website.

Craig O'Donnell, The Proa FAQ,

<<http://www.cyberdyne.com/~jkohnen/proafaq.html>>

The Cheap Pages,

<<http://www.friend.ly.net/user-home-pages/d/dadadata/>>

Opinions...

Observations From Greenland

I read the article "Speed Quest Hydro Sail and Its Designers Believe That Real Sailing Begins When You Leave the Water" in the March 15 issue and found it just my cup of tea. I have been especially interested in the development of foils for boats because I think that they offer a whole new experience, sailing on minimal surfaces.

Foil sailing seems to me as a wonderful opportunity to combine iceboating and multihull sailing. Foiling utilizes skiing technology which is an exciting way to think about interacting with the surface of water with its endless assortment of wave patterns. Now that new building materials have evolved that make it possible to construct minimal foil surfaces, foil designers have to consider the surface of water to be skied (foiled?) over not pushed through. Wave structures and how foils interact with them will be intensely explored. And now with the evolution of computer capability to display three dimensional moving structures, we are on the threshold of a very exciting new horizon.

Simple small craft like kayaks and rowing shells, in which I have spent many hours watching and feeling the waves interact with the hull, have always been especially enjoy-

able for me, thinking about how the hull is interacting with the wave structures. I am looking forward to accessing on the Internet the evolution of foils both on the surface and beneath the surface. Even though I now live in Greenland, I can stay current with this cutting edge of boating technology via the Internet and your magazine.

Here in Upernavik, where there is always the possibility of chunks of ice on the water, foil sailing may be a little too risky.

If anybody wants to contact me I can be reached at Gail Ferris, c/o Hans S. Nielsen, POB 63, 3962 Upernavik, Greenland, phone/fax 011-299-96-1527, and eventually communication will be remotely possible at <ferris@greennet.gl>.

He Got It Figured Out

Wow, what a nice boat on the cover of the June 15t issue. Kilbum Adams figured it out just right and went straight and did it too. Got it all: Usable for anything. Go anywhere over land or water. Shade. Place to sleep. Cheap on gas. Seaworthy. Easy on the world with that four-cycle engine. Easy on the eye with that fine hull and neat rig too. All that, and he can row out of a fix... won't have to embarrass himself whining about his troubles on channel 16. The only thing I see wrong with it is that he better be quick at the launching ramp or he will waste the whole day with the jealous admirers who wish they hadn't overloaded themselves with so much junk.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

We Should Have Known

Thanks for your remarks in a recent Commentary about Ed Davis' boatbuilding school and the dinghies we built there so long ago. We should have known right off that the boat would be too tender. To Ed's credit it must be mentioned that the challenge was to get the boat done in two weeks while learning how to caulk the plank bottom and bevel lapstrake topsides. A transom bow would have fixed the tenderness but we would not have carved an oak stem and fitted the hood ends of the lapstrake sides to it. Had Ed gone for longer or wider we'd not have finished. As it was we all left with more work to be done.

Great picture. You certainly did a great job building the boat but maybe your grade for boat storage is not so good.

Sam Chapin, Key West FL

This Magazine...

Renewing, But...

I am renewing my subscription, but I think you would like to know that I almost decided not to do so. What saved you was the classified section.

I don't pretend to speak for all of your readers, but I have some thoughts I'd like to share with you about the magazine.

In general, sharpen up your editorial red pencil and raise the level of quality of writing and layout. Folksy is nice, but most

educated people expect a higher standard.

Your classifieds are a very important service to the community of people interested in good boats. I suggest you do what you can to expand it.

Your subject matter needs more variety. Perhaps you could solicit more material from readers or notable boaters. What about reprinting articles from the great boat journals/writers of the past, many of whom are/were from this region?

Think about including more material on the larger racing and cruising boats, too. It is not only corporate moguls who are involved in these boats, and the great old ones need support and preservation.

Move away from a concentration on the quirky and off-beat (front facing rowing will never be mainstream, for example; one article is enough on it).

While I appreciate the message of Phil Bolger (and have built and enjoyed some of his work), we have heard his message and it is not the only way. Sometimes what he comes up with is so extreme I have to wonder if he isn't playing a big joke on you guys. Most of the recent boats are beyond ugly and look to be real problems on the water. Those boats will end up in the bushes sooner rather than later and should not be encouraged. If people are going to spend all that time, money and epoxy it should be on worthwhile boats that will stand the test of time. Bolger's messages on owner involvement, sensibility and simplicity are good ones, but there must be another practicing designer out there with something to add.

I don't mean to be overly critical, but I want you to survive and even prosper. The intelligent, creative segment of the boating world needs you.

John H. Farrell, Durham, NH

And Some More Suggestions

I have greatly enjoyed reading all the issues I have received on my trial subscription, and would hate to miss any forthcoming ones, so here is my renewal.

The articles by Jim Thayer, Dick Harrington, Dennis Bradley, Rick Klepfer and Robb White are very entertaining, and in many cases educational.

There are a few suggestions I'd like to make which I believe would improve your great magazine, and not cost anything.

"The Old Ed Stories": If Mr. Russell is the author of a story, then his name should appear at the end of said story. If another person is the author of the story, then their name should be at the end of said story so credit would be given to them. Most authors of articles are listed at the start of an article but in some cases the author is not listed. For example, the very interesting articles entitled "Boat Design".

All articles should better identify the location referenced in the article so we landlocked readers might enjoy them even more. For example: The article "Consider Cedar Key" in the April 15 issue. Where is Cedar Key? Maybe most east coast readers know but the rest of us would also like to know.

You have a great magazine. I'm very glad you sent me a free copy back in November, 1997 so I could see what your magazine was all about.

Likes Any & All

Occasionally a reader will fault you for expending too much ink on some facet of boating recreation about which that particular individual has some aversion. I really like the opportunity to read about ANY and ALL aspects which may strike your fancy.

The growth of *Messing About in Boats* in recent years, along with the corresponding increase in advertising, has been great for me. I discovered Jamestown Distributors some years ago and still order stainless fasteners from them occasionally.

Moby Nick Scheuer,

A Couple of Corrections Please

I have a couple of corrections to the article, "A Good Chance for the Rosemary" by Nick Scheuer, which appeared in the June 1st issue. I own the MacGregor 26, *Thebote*, and am the editor of the Rockford Yacht Club newsletter.

Correction #1: Salty Dog's *Sea Hawk* has an 8hp Honda which it has always had. It is a very quiet running engine which he mounts on a transom bracket and leaves on all the time, as do most members on their boats, including myself.

Correction #2: In Duncan Bay, we rafted all three boats all night on one hook, my Delta, an excellent anchor. The two anchor night was in a cove that barely had room to swing. Paranoia from the night before took over. Salty uses a Max anchor which sets well on short scope too. Untangling them only took a couple of minutes.

Correction #3: Nick's recollection of the last day's sailing is not quite as sharp as my pen. In our newsletter, I reported sailing back to Lighthouse Landing on a broad reach with jib and double reefed main, and "flying". We were doing 7+ knots, not motoring, we were going faster than motoring by a couple of knots.

Thanks.

Allen Penticoff, New Milford, IL

Reprint is Great

The serialization of Lewis Freeman's *By Waterways to Gotham* is great. We are charmed by the vocabulary, composition, history and folklore Freeman brings us. While different in content, it is reminiscent of *The Voyage of the Paper Canoe*.

Ruth & Bob Harris, Deer Isle, ME

Vote for An Article

I would like to cast a vote for an article on a Micro Inboard Runabout, maybe an old Yellow Jacket running an Aero-Jet engine or a newer one with a modern power plant.

Al Moran, Enterprise, AL

Editor Comments: Proposals for articles about specific boats, events or activities have to await someone doing the articles. I am not able to arrange to do such specially focussed stories, they take far too much time.

Useful Information...

Tennis Ball Anchoring

Since readers may wonder about my using a tennis ball to anchor my fishing line in my technique for measuring boat speed (Jury 15) a short explanation may be helpful.

A closed face spinning reel was specified for its very low drag on the monofilament line as it spins off the reel. Thus almost no pull is exerted on the tennis ball tossed out to anchor the far end of the line. An open face spinning reel would offer even less drag.

I used a tennis ball with lots of fuzz still on it so it would anchor more firmly. A wet fuzzy tennis ball does not move very easily through the water.

Trying to measure higher speeds may cause the tennis ball at some speed to skip when it hits the water. Partially filling the ball with water should solve that problem for you guys going that fast.

Kilburn Adams, Afton, MO

Non-PERF Race Handicapping

I would like to hear from any readers who have used non-boat-based handicapping in mixed-class sailboat racing. I figure that somewhere someone has developed a handicap that is based on crew performance rather than boat. Something akin to handicaps in bowling and golf. Something to give the lesser of us some hope of a distinguished finish now and then.

If you race with crew handicapping please share your wisdom and experience with me. Thank you.

Richard Ellers, 426 Central Pkwy, Warren, OH 44483-6213, (330) 399-6237, email <Geerichard@juno.com>

Two Tidbits & A Question

I have a couple of tidbits for your readers, and a question.

First tidbit: Dupont is marketing a new product called "Marine Grade" Tyvek. They say it's the ideal material for boat covers (and sails?). Visit their web site <http://www.dupont.com/tyvek/covers/boat-covr.htm> or call (800) 44-TYVEK for details and distributors. Falls River paper is selling a roll 96"x 10yds for \$70 plus \$10 UPS shipping. Contact them at (800) 372-3366.

Second tidbit: Several long out-of-print classics are back in print: *Voyage of the Paper Canoe*, *Four Months in a Sneakbox*, *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy*, and other small boat adventures from the 19th century. Visit their web site at <http://www.anyboat.com/books/mariner.htm> or write to:

David Goodchild, The Press at Toad Hall, P.O. Box 2814, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004.

And the question: I've just bought a 12' sloop-rigged fiberglass boat called an Islands 12. Its class symbol is a circle with a large Y bisecting it with the digits 1 and 2 on either side. Has anyone ever heard of this boat? I want to know more. Please write or email me! Thanks!

Charles Hall, 7005 Jeffrey Dr., Raleigh, NC 27603, email: <chall@totalsports.net>

Get a Look at Good Old Boat

When you mention *Good Old Boat* magazine in any of your issues you can tell people that they can get a free sample copy by requesting it through letters, faxes, email, phone calls, whatever.

Good Old Boat is bringing together a community of sailors who love and sail good old boats. One of the attributes of your boat has to be that you can afford to own it. Many wonderful boats are lovingly maintained by owners who value them immensely. They've been out there sailing for 30 or more years and continue to be a source of pride and enjoyment.

Karen Larson, Editor, *Good Old Boat* Magazine, 7340 Niagara Ln. N, Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655, (612) 420-8923 phone, (612) 420-8921 fax, email: <karen@goodoldboat.com>, www: <http://www.goodoldboat.com>

Simple mast Stepping Advice Needed

Can anyone suggest a simple and economical system for stepping the mast on my Seaward 24? I wish to do this solo on the trailer or water if possible. My current system uses a 12' wooden gin pole at 90 degrees to the mast base opposite the boom. The jib hayard is led to the end of the gin-pole and the trailer winch cable runs from the winch to the same end. I get good mechanical advantage but I still need three people: One wincher, one to connect the base of the roller furler, and one to resist lateral movement of the mast on the way up. The mast is 28' tall so it's a handful. I just know there is an easier and more effective way and I'm confident that the collective wisdom of your readers will save me a lot of time and mental energy.

Rick Lapp, Muncy, PA, email: <lappfam@sunlink.net>

Projects...

Truly Inexpensive Carry-Able Craft

The review of the umiak book in the June 15th issue gave me an idea. Funny that it didn't occur to me before. I have been trying to think up a truly inexpensive, easily carry-able craft for myself. I've been off the water too long! Remembering what I did with a kayak long ago, it struck me that a small canoe could just as easily be constructed in the same manner as the umiak. I wouldn't be able to fold it, or anything like that, but for a 12 - 13 footer which I could throw on my car (the kayak I could lift with one finger), who needs it? If I get it done and constructed, I will have another good Dream Boats article for you.

Richard Carsen. Flagstaff, AZ



Rugged eastern shore.

Mojave Mission

By Jim Thayer

Steve had been on the beach since Christmas in San Carlos, and myself since Kokopelli in October, so we were understandably restless come February. A couple of phone calls set up the parameters, meet near Beaver, Utah, at 1:00 on March 1, then head south until things looked propitious, clear to Baja if necessary.

We both hit the rendezvous plus or minus ten minutes and soon had the Limpet loaded on top of Steve's Sea Pearl and the gear transferred. Tooling south in Steve's big cushy Ford van, the expedition seemed promising indeed. Near gridlock going into Vegas reminded us that the West is no longer all wide open space, and it was nearing dark when we hit the turn for Henderson. Supper seemed like a good idea, and we found a great Mexican joint, with the hostess alone worth the trip. Steve, being younger and sharper than I, grabbed a seat that commanded her comings and goings. The goings were something else.

Lake Mojave was our immediate objective, and we arrived at Cottonwood late in the evening. The lines of trailers, big marina, and general urban ambiance were not what we had anticipated. There had been a lot of progress since I was last there in 1990. With talk of

Ready to roll. Palm trees, it must be warm!

moving on in the morning, we went back up the road to a power line and bagged it.

The morning was clear, about 60° and the lake beckoned in the distance. Well, maybe give it another look. Nosing around revealed that there were no camping restrictions, no action on the water, and a little breeze out of the south. Overboard!

We got away about 9:30, headed north with a light fair breeze which soon died and came back out of the north. Curiously the breeze seemed to be better in the coves than out in the lake. We worked along close to shore for a while, then gave up and towed with the motor.

We found a dandy sheltered beach on the western shore and made an early camp. I did lamb stew and Steve brought forth a very nice Walnut Creek Merlot. Parker would doubtless have called it chewy and goodness knows what else. Blew away all the stew and had chocolates for desert.

During the night Steve had to get up and run off some raccoons who trashed the garbage bag and then made a lot of racket climbing aboard the Limpet. I never heard a thing. Reveille was furnished by some coyotes who,

even without my ear, sounded like they were right in camp.

The third dawned clear, somewhere in the high fifties. We both took leisurely walks before breakfast. There are enough pretty and interesting rocks here to sink every boat in the west. A dangerous place for women and children with big pockets or daddies with backpacks.

I sculled the Limpet for a half mile or so sitting on the bow with a canoe paddle until Steve came along with the Merc. Soon we had enough breeze to shut down the power and we eased along under sail, towing the Limpet.

The crew was flaked out amidships when the sharp-eyed skipper spotted something ashore and whipped out the glasses. He couldn't make out what it was, but decided to investigate. Turned out to be an old sleeping bag which, after some study, didn't pass muster.

During the bag stop the wind seemed to pick up so Steve cast me loose. I made a ragged start because the tiller was still tied. The moral is, check every time you leave the beach.

Indeed the wind had picked up. Within minutes it was a capful and ere long it was blowing 20 to 25. We were getting along all right dead downwind, but the sheet was stretching my arm, the mast was pressing the bow down to make a fierce bone, and it was uncomfortably cool. We could have probably held out, but sailing is supposed to be fun. A suitable cove soon turned up and I carefully jibed in and ran ashore.

Bolger says you don't reef the sprit boom rig, you just snug the spotter and feather the sail. All very well on the wind, but what do you do downwind? You can just let it blow out ahead or even tack downwind, but those aren't optimum solutions.

The solution seemed to be rolling the sail around the mast, but then what to do with the snorter. I was seriously considering cutting a hole in the sail when Steve flew in. With his keen engineering mind, he sized up the situation and suggested fastening the boom to the mast at deck level and letting the boom run out beyond the clew.



No sooner said than done. Worked like a champ. The horrendous bow wave abated and everything lightened up. She threatened a goosewing jibe, especially when the boom was on the unroll side, but sitting on the sheet where it came off the horse helped.

We soon spotted a big bay and checked in to see what it offered. A cove to windward looked good and we beat in, the Limpet hampered by a rather slack sail. Our reward was a lovely beach with good shade and marred only by burro tracks. An exploration trip turned up a road 200 yards to the south, but no people.

Steve did grilled chops and my forward hold yielded up a Syrah from Le Pays D'oc. Easy living!

Wednesday morning a hilltop reconnaissance revealed that we were on the south side of a little archipelago with numerous attractive coves and an island. The breeze still abed, I sculled out and with the slightest zephyr headed west toward the narrow pass separating the island. Progress was slow, but the view of a nearby headland eclipsing a mountain miles off gave a nice impression of speed.

As we neared the pass, we fell in with a group of coots working the area and who moved unhurriedly ahead of us. At the noise of digging out the camera, they ran full ahead. Their interesting intersecting wakes in the still water should enhance the photo, but I was sorry to have bothered them.

Ghosting early in the morning seems a good and proper way to start the day. One has ample time to examine one's surroundings and contemplate one's placement in the grand scheme of things.

Lake Mojave (Mohave) is some 40 miles long, running from Davis Dam to the tailwaters of Hoover (Boulder) Dam. It is quite narrow except for a swelling in the middle some four or five miles wide. It lies in a trough between north-south fault-block mountains. Nearer the lake on either side black volcanic hills rise like islands from the outwash. The whole arrangement is curiously symmetrical. The eastern shore tends to be steep with rocky beaches, at least in the northern reaches that we explored.

Steve rowed way out and made sail, which killed any wind we had. He then motored off to inspect a large cove on the eastern shore, and then came back to pick me up and we headed south.

In the distance was a remarkable sight, a sail. Turned out to be a Catalina 22 with a very high cut main to clear a pop top. A man and wife, she in a good book, were just out mooching around enjoying the peace and quiet. I cut loose and eased on ahead. Steve killed the Merc and circled around for a chat. The gent seemed dismayed that his big boat was the slowest of the lot. Steve thought that he was strapped in too tight. Mojave is the best sailing in Arizona according to the fellow.

We stopped briefly to organize lunch and then continued munching on the water. The breeze out of the south built to a modest ripple maker which made for a pleasant beat with long tacks. This stately progress allowed plenty of time to admire the Plutonion masterpieces which decorated the eastern shore. The fiery artist had concocted some wild convolutions and colors.

Late in the afternoon we passed the put in and Steve went ashore to replenish the gas and check the truck. I continued on, and Steve caught me a couple of miles farther on while I was checking a promising bay. We chose a nice



Working the shore looking for breeze.



Soup's on.

Morning calm. Have another cup.



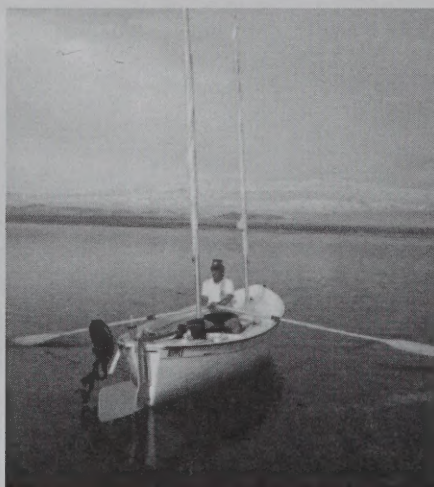
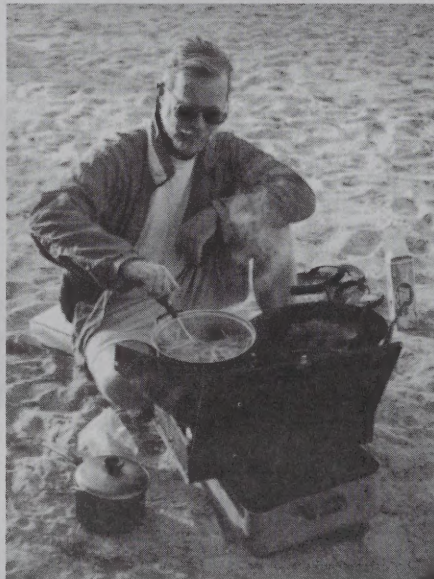
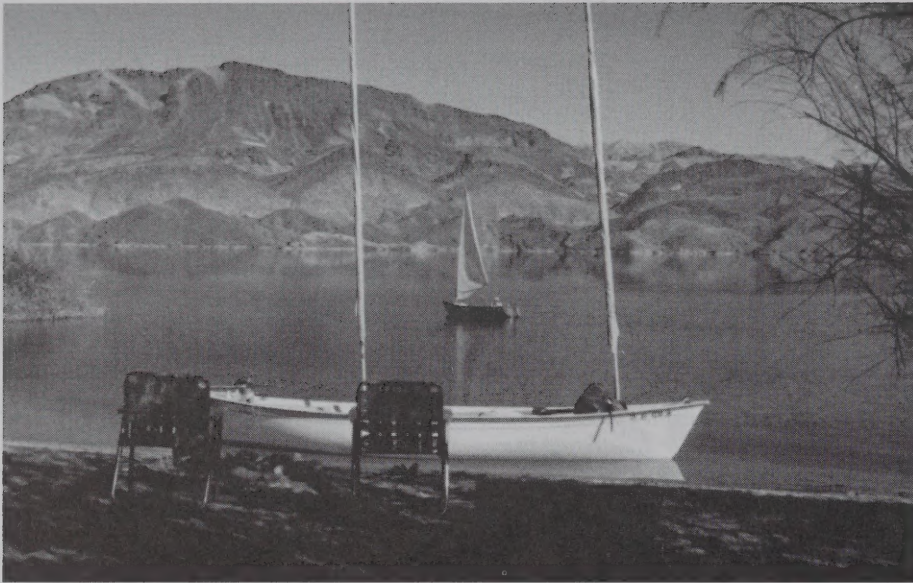
cove with mostly stony beach which necessitated shoes.

Salmon for supper and the half bottle of chardonnay remaining indicated the disapproval of my red loving compadre, convention notwithstanding.

Thursday dawned clear and mild. Yesterday's sky had been filled with more contrails than I ever remember seeing before, indicating some upper air change. I had predicted rain for Thursday night, and it looked like something might be working up.

We had a sort of indeterminate plan to work south along the western shore and see what developed. There was a light breeze out of the southeast and we close reached along just off the beach observing the waterfowl. One fellow of stately demeanor cruised placidly along, convoying three ladies who frantically worked the shallows, perhaps to find him a nice breakfast.

After passing a German couple at Six Mile Cove and a fellow in the midst of nowhere reading a paper, the wind died and we



Top left: Limpet playing.
Middle left: Steve with a decent wind.
Bottom left: Steve engineers Limpet reefing.
Above top: Master chef. Note firepan under stove.
Above bottom: Sea Pearl under oars.

went ashore for a ramble. We didn't turn up anything remarkable, but had a good stretch.

Back on the water it was dead calm. Steve gave me his 10' oars and motored off to find an early camp. I had myself a good bath and then started rowing north while displaying an immodest amount of epidermis. Before long there was a hint of breeze, then a nice little breeze and within minutes, way more breeze than anybody had need of.

On the way down we had passed an attractive beach, and I resolved to duck in there and do my reefing drill. Arriving at what I took to be the place, I noticed a line of trees 30 to 40 yards offshore which looked like a great windbreak. I turned to whip in behind them, but the boat wasn't interested. Snotter too slack. I tightened up and we zoomed in and beached.

Soon Steve, in a daring display of courageous and consummate seamanship roared in and inquired after my health. I assured him that I would soon be along and he tacked back out. I had thought to relax and have some lunch, but there was a serious surf building, seemingly unimpeded by the trees.

I pushed off and had a good shot, but the dagger board wouldn't go down. I put all my weight on it, but when it finally let loose I was too close in and drove it right into the bottom. I got the board part way up where it became well and truly lodged.

Holding the boat off the sand while trying to get my breath and figure out what to do next, it was impressed upon me that it would be better to hold the boat from the seaward side and get soaked than to work from the beach side and risk a broken leg.

The best bet looked to be working the boat along the beach to the shelter of a nearby point. The way was blocked by a large bunch of bushes. Assaying a trip around this mess got me a wet seat and a nasty gash in the bulwark from a sturdy branch. Nothing for it but to go around the landward side.

I couldn't drag the boat because the board dug into the sand. With some effort, I managed to get her clear of the water and proceeded to unload all the gear and stores. Thus lightened, I managed to prop the boat up on one gunnel and beat the board up with a rock. With additional tugging and banging, I finally got the board extracted. Then it was a simple matter to work her down the beach and around the point to a place where there was barely a ripple.

It only remained to schlep all the junk down the beach from the site of the stranding to the new launch point. At each return to the boat I fortified myself with a high calorie fix of chardonay and Fig Newtons. Eventually all the stuff was back aboard and only the decision of whether to row or sail remained.

"Once bitten, twice shy." Since the goal was nearly dead downwind, rowing seemed the easy out and would keep me warm to boot. The wind had enough onshore slant so that I had to work pretty steadily and make a real effort to get around a couple of points.

Having neither keel nor skeg, we slipped along to leeward at a goodly rate. Being broadside to the waves required some care with the oars but was no real problem. Before long we pulled into Steve's cove where we found him considering an S&R mission. He was a bit piqued that I have all the fun adventures.

Can't remember what we had for supper. Between my forecast and the look of the sky,

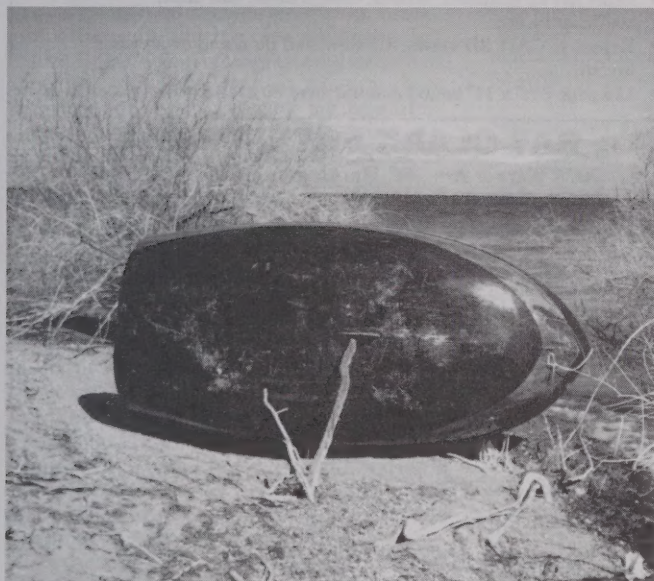
Steve decided to put up a tent . I sought it out and only suffered a spattering of sprinkles.

The wind blew all night and come morning was honking unabated. I did my reefing thing and got away well ahead of Steve. The boat had my undivided attention and we fared well enough, although a couple more rolls of the sail would have been welcome. Steve didn't catch me until we got to the marina, so we don't have any wild and woolly photos.

The man moving the dock at the marina said 30 to 40 was predicted. We loaded up and headed back to reality . It started flaking north of St. George and was soon snowing heavily. There was motel speculation but we hung on, rabbitizing an entire two-pound bag of carrots for sustenance. Unloading in the snow at the split point was a cruel reminder of the wintry month to come, but good memories eased the pain.



Limpet under oars



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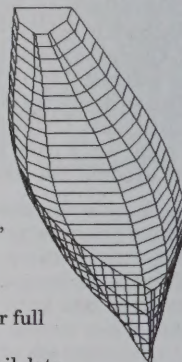
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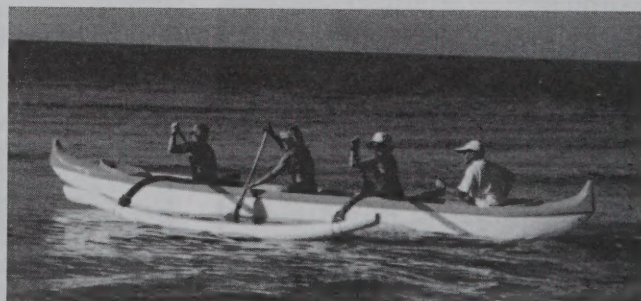
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Let's assume for the sake of discussion that you've been toying with the idea of taking a short cruise with your sailing dinghy, possibly this summer. If it is anything like the seaworthy 16' Wayfarer, this can be great fun. But you don't necessarily want to do something as primitive, or remote, as camping on the North Channel, such as a group of us Wayfarers did last August (see *MAIB* Vol. 16, No. 1).

The truth is, the amenities that often go with dinghy cruising are sparse. The little boom tent gets even smaller after it has been raining for a while. Some people prefer land tenting, but this is not always an option. The pitch, "you will experience the great outdoors," means that there will be few, if any, showers or rest rooms on this trip. Bathing is done by going over the side of the boat. "There will be some physical effort involved" is short for "you are not only expected to sail the boat, but you have to cook and wash the dishes, too."

Not all dinghy sailors, especially those of the gentler sex, want to rough it. But they might be willing to give a short cruise a try if there were just a few small luxuries included, like an occasional shower room stop, breakfast, a dinner or two at a nice restaurant, and maybe a little shoreside sightseeing thrown in along the way. This then, is where a short cruise on the more civilized, but beautiful, Grand Traverse Bay might do just fine.

I invite you to stay with me, go back to July 1997, and let me take you along on a marvelous five-day cruise of Michigan's Grand Traverse Bay. See if you don't agree with me that this cruise offered a little bit of everything needed to make it a grand experience.

Almost by Chance

This was not a well-planned cruise, which is counter to what I normally preach. The Wayfarer North American Regatta was July 12 and 13 at Harbor Beach, Michigan. I was going, even though Margie (my wife and usually reliable crew) had begged off this time. She had been very dedicated through the season up to then, so I was understanding about it. Because of this, however, I was to pick up as crew, a very nice teenage lad, at Harbor Beach.

At first that was all there was to it, but the longer I thought about the five to six hour drive by myself, the more I felt I needed to get something more for my troubles. I knew I didn't stand any chance of really doing well at the races, not to fault my as yet unfamiliar crew member as much as my own inferior racing skills compared to the "hot shots." Harbor Beach is located on the outside of the Michigan "thumb," which juts out into Lake Huron. Why not just stay a couple extra days and cruise around the "thumb" area of Lake Huron since I was already there?

Some day I may still do that, but as people who are familiar with this section of coast know, it is completely exposed, has little protection, and few harbors. I decided I didn't like that. Almost by chance, I noticed on the west coast of Michigan, the Lake Michigan side, a very large, interesting looking bay depicted on the Michigan road map.

I had never been to Grand Traverse Bay before and knew nothing about it, except for a few comments from sailing friends in the past that seemed to indicate it would be a good place to cruise. I was short on time and my

Have You Explored Lake Michigan's Grand Traverse Bay Yet? Part 1

Another Tale of Dinghy Sailing Adventure -

By Dick Harrington

only source of information was the road map. However, there was little need to worry. After arriving at Harbor Beach, the Michigan sailors were glad to provide me with much enlightening and valuable advice. Especially helpful were Jerry Best and Earl Schnur, both of whom had sailed and vacationed in the area many times. It sounded really great. They wished they could join me. I was sold, charged up, and ready to go. I could hardly wait until the races were over. Of course, placing close to last in the races may have had something to do with that as well.

Suttons Bay and a Boat Named *Ben Main Jr.*

The clock radio on my Blazer's dash was reading 10:00 PM and the brightness that lingered in the sky from a pleasant summer sunset had finally faded some miles back. My thoughts went once more to the sad fact that here I was, destined to be launching in the dark from some strange place, not having the faintest idea where I was going to spend the night. Finally, there was the sign welcoming me to Suttons Bay.

It is just a small, quiet, seaside resort village, and the sidewalks had already been rolled up for the day. But in the soft glow from the few street lights, I could see several picturesque storefronts and interesting looking curio shops. I was happy and very relieved. Suttons Bay was indeed as pretty and quaint as Jerry Best had said it would be. Thank goodness! The glitz and commercialism of Traverse City, which had not impressed me at all, was not evident here.

There aren't any signs to the boat launch, but a nice gas station attendant gave me directions. It is close by at the town marina, but well hidden behind the main street storefronts. The parking lot was well lit and there were still several couples and singles out and about enjoying the evening. The people were friendly and, before even having a chance to assess my situation, I was engaged in conversation, mostly trying to answer landlubber questions about the Wayfarer, as well as, "where was I going sailing at that time of night?" Things were definitely looking up, but I still had a lot of questions of my own to answer and a lot of boat to get ready.

One of my visitors was a "salty" older gentleman, obviously retired, whose name was Richard Shepherd. He had been puttering around the marina with a fellow "who really doesn't know much about boats," trying to debug a short in his running lights. I thought the other fellow was indeed kind of odd, but matched up well with the rather strange looking, two-masted, 20' sailboat he was tinkering

with in the dark. You will find a lot of "character type" boats, as well as the characters to go with them, around this area.

I guess Dick Shepherd decided that I was a more interesting subject, sitting in the parking lot late at night with my cruising dinghy hooked to the back of the car. Anyway, as I proceeded to rig and load the Wayfarer, I rewarded him with one of my Pete's Wicked dark brews, which invariably improves any conversation. Then listening to Shepherd, I began to learn some things about where I was about to go sailing the next few days, and before long each of us was trying to outdo the other with our torrid sea stories. My new acquaintance decided I must be OK, took me under his wing, and we became good friends.

For half the year Shepherd's home is Cincinnati, Ohio. The other six months he spends living on his 20' gaff-rigged, Bruce Bingham designed Flicka, moored at one of the jetties at Suttons Bay Marina. Dick also owns a Seapearl (modified to a trimaran) which is his "sailing around in" boat. He is living the "good life," and the fact that the "Mrs." stays home doesn't seem to matter. The Flicka is named *Ben Main Jr.* after Shepherd's old sailing buddy of many years who has since passed away.

Thus it was, instead of having to sleep that night in the boat on the trailer in the parking lot (which I have done before, but in this case it would have been in violation of a city ordinance and possibly costly), at the invitation of Dick Shepherd, *Blue Mist* was birthed at a vacant spot on the marina jetty opposite *Ben Main, Jr.* What terrific luck! What great people you meet sailing and cruising.

It had been a long, late night and I was very tired when I finally snuggled into my comfortable sleeping bag. Sometime in the early hours of the morning thunder showers arrived and it rained hard, but I slept soundly. My little boat was safe and secure.

To Bowers Harbor Under Reefed Main and Storm Jib

It was 8:00 AM, Monday, July 15. I unzipped the tent flap and there was Dick Shepherd. "Here's the key to the shower, when you're ready let's go get some breakfast." The sky was still somewhat threatening and I wasn't in a hurry to depart. We ate Belgian waffles at Shepherd's favorite place over in Leland, a picture postcard little village on the outside shore facing Lake Michigan. This also gave Dick the chance to show me some of the area and see its attractiveness. Then, after stopping at the grocery store, the pharmacy, and the ship's store to get the necessary charts, I was ready.

Some sun was popping in and out of the clouds and a strong, gusty breeze was blowing. Even in protected Suttons Bay small whitecaps were evident. The weather radio was forecasting 15 to 20 knots out of the south, with thunder storms arriving by 3:00 PM. Dick Shepherd had suggested Bowers Harbor for my first stop, about 12 nautical miles away located on the near side of the central peninsula, which divides Grand Traverse Bay into two arms, west and east. This was just a nice sail from Suttons Bay, which is on the west shore of the west arm. But it meant sailing across the west arm, which is a wide open stretch of water with a long fetch from the south (all the way from Traverse City at the very bottom of the Bay).



Dick Shepherd had the trimaran modified Seapearl reefed.



The "odd fellow" from the night before with the character boat was also out. Northport was a delightful surprise. Temporarily beaching the Wayfarer on the sand, I made a quick tour of the waterfront and ate some lunch.



It was already past noontime and I wasn't sure whether to chance it, but I couldn't continue to stay at the marina either. Meanwhile, Dick Shepherd was getting ready to launch the Seapearl. That settled it. I would at least show him what kind of sailors the Wayfarers are. So, with reefed main and storm jib, I fought *Blue Mist* off the little jetty (only one or two small scratches) and took off planing down the narrow marina channel.

Dick Shepherd had the trimaran modified Seapearl reefed. The "odd fellow" from the night before with the character boat was also out. I was a little surprised at just how well the Wayfarer was handling the gusts, I was actually enjoying the sail. However, my two friends seemed to be content to just tack back and forth across the bay, going nowhere. I joined them for a couple of turns.

Taking out my camera, I decided to make some close passes at the two for pictures. On opposite tacks, the "odd fellow" suddenly began to fall off the wind, with a bead dead on my bow. I yelled at him, "head up!" He yelled back, "I don't know how to sail this thing, get out of my way!" After that fiasco I checked my watch. It was 3:00 PM and there were still no big black clouds anywhere in sight. I decided what the hell, let's go for it, waved good-bye, and headed for the big open bay.

I was learning something that would be further reinforced as the week progressed. Unlike the lower Great Lakes where July winds are frequently weak, this far north (at least on Lake Michigan) they are plenty forceful. Rounding Stony Point, I hardened up to close hauled and was almost able to make the southerly heading I needed to hit the gap between Marion Island and Tucker Point, one of the two channels leading to Bowers Harbor.

The swells were on the order of three to four feet, and the easy downwind ride I had enjoyed up to this point suddenly became hard work and very wet. But this is a deep water bay (the depth beneath *Blue Mist's* keel was nearly 400 feet, and there is one area in the east arm where it is 600 feet deep), so the swells were of the longer ocean variety as opposed to the short, steep, dangerous waves we can sometimes experience on shallower Lake Erie.

The sail from Suttons Bay to Bowers Harbor took only three hours, which means the Wayfarer was doing better than 4 knots (disregarding drift, tacking, etc.), in spite of the fact that a good deal of the time was spent punching into waves. I was tired and had enough by the time I reached the protection of Bowers Harbor.

Bowers Harbor is a quiet, scenic bay with lots of protection and a few private residences scattered here and there along the tree-lined shore. But there aren't any public facilities. A small, colorful, and attractive sailing club is nestled in the far northeast corner of the bay. I anchored *Blue Mist* in close in the opposite, northwest corner where it was only 8 to 10 feet deep. The water was very clear and I could see remnants of fresh water clam shells laying on the sandy bottom along with my 11-lb. Bruce anchor. Nearby were several sailing yachts on moorings.

Northport, "A Delightful Surprise"

Tuesday arrived bright and sunny with just a whisper of wind. I was now completely into my "cruising mind state," living in a different world, lightheaded, barefoot, and care-

free. Yesterday and any of its concerns were forgotten. After breakfast and a refreshing swim, I sailed over to the fascinating little sailing club, obtaining permission to use the rest room. Then, with a breeze beginning to pick up, I cast off for Northport. Passing Marion Island for the second time, I may have seen the "old fishing lodge," the haunted house that I would hear about later from the old guy at Elk Rapids. But I didn't yet know about any of that.

Except for one distant sail, the whole seascape was mine. It seemed like nearly all of this part of the Bay was deserted. Sailing down the day before, I had encountered only a couple of boats and that morning there had been only two or three people moving about at the sailing club. This quiet, almost remote, atmosphere is another remarkably pleasant quality of this area.

Retracing part of my route from the previous day, I turned *Blue Mist* north for the 14 nautical mile jaunt to Northport, not far from the tip of the Leelanau Peninsula which forms the west side of the mouth of Grand Traverse Bay. The southwest wind was by then blowing a good 15 knots and the waves out on the west arm were 2 to 3 feet. On a broad reach, and holding onto full sail, *Blue Mist* planed at 6 knots. I timed the elapsed time between buoys over a distance of several miles. Needless to say, Northport was reached in record time.

Unexpectedly, however, as I came under the lee of the Leelanau Peninsula, the winds became extremely gusty and difficult, forcing me to reef again for the second time in two days. This was quite the opposite of what I had anticipated and was very baffling. At the time I suspected that this unusual condition might have something to do with the land affecting the southwest wind coming off Lake Michigan causing turbulence.

Since then I recall reading about a downburst phenomenon that can be created close to shore by land formations similar to this one. Anyway, the effect is dramatic and I was relieved to finally land on the beach at Northport. According to the article, the solution to avoiding this downburst turbulence is to sail further off shore.

Northport was a delightful surprise. The stony shores were gone and in their place were long, golden, sandy beaches. This small village is just a little seaside resort town, but with a distinctly nautical air to it and the picturesque quaintness of a New England village

with its brightly painted waterfront shops and restaurants. The town center piece is a beautiful waterside park, boasting a wide sandy beach and handsome yacht basin, which hosts many visiting yachts in the summertime. At first, temporarily beaching the *Wayfarer* on the sand, I made a quick tour of the waterfront and ate some lunch. But there was too much to see so, I secured her for a longer stay, tethered to her anchor a short way from the water's edge and, with camera in hand went exploring in earnest.

I needed to get Margie a little surprise, her small reward for letting me run off having tons of fun cruising two or three times a year while she holds down a full-time job. I de-

cided right away that this was the place, except that by the time I got serious about shopping the stores were closing up. But that was OK because I would get right to the job the first thing in the morning. Margie loves the Northport shirt I bought for her, and it has become one of her favorites, whew, got lucky again!

The large bay outside the manmade harbor/marina is pretty exposed, which would make it an uncomfortable anchorage under some circumstances. However, with the relative calm of a pleasant July day and with the breeze being offshore, I was happy anchored out front that night along with half a dozen local boats on moorings.

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In Swedish, the word "semester" means "holiday", or "vacation"; Kay and I decided to leave our tropical island home in Musique for a month's semester to what we hoped would be a cold and snowy respite from the endless progression of "perfect" days that we have almost become accustomed to here in the West Indies. These hopes were bolstered a bit when we were delayed in leaving the island of Barbados by planes that were reportedly behind schedule due to snow in England. This was encouraging, but a bit scary too, since we had only one sweater each to keep us warm until we reached Sweden where Kay's family was to meet us with parkas and other frostbite protection gear.

Our hopes flagged a bit when we reached England though, since all the weather they had there was rain and fog. We quickly got on our flight to Denmark and upon arriving there we found the same conditions, although a bit colder.

We are usually eager to visit new places and to sample the diversities of culture that are becoming increasingly hard to find in our homogenizing world; but Copenhagen left us feeling unfulfilled in a depressing sort of way. We realize that not much

Scandinavian Semester

By Rick Klepper

can be garnered of a country's essence by a minuscule exposure such as ours, but still, we have rarely been left so devoid of enthusiasm on first exposure to a capital.

Our first indicator was in the airport where we found disposal receptors for used hypodermic needles in the airport toilets; this seemed a poor way to introduce people to your country. Perhaps folks seeking an uninhibited existence might see this as a sign of hope, but we found it depressing. Our subsequent walks through the city did not improve our outlook; we found the streets to be dark and hard with narrow sidewalks lined with cold and imposing buildings. It is true that the city was full of waterways and some fascinating north sea type boats, but even they could not dispel our uncomfortable feelings.

We did take a drive along the coast, to the north of the city, where the landscape opened up and some fine houses could be seen. I think that the remainder of the coun-

try might be fine, but coming into Copenhagen on a dark and rainy winter's night is not a good introduction.

We decided to take the "flygbat" or flying boat from Copenhagen to Malmö, Sweden where we were to meet our friend Olof. These boats are large catamarans of perhaps 150' overall. They travel between the two countries on a very regular schedule and seemed to us to be a unique way of travel. The boats are outfitted with an interior that is reminiscent of a jetliner, with aircraft-type seats and vinyl-lined bulkheads and overhead. They carry up to 250 people and travel at 40 mph. This meant that we were unable to go out on deck and get the full experience, and we were a bit disappointed by the smooth and uneventful crossing during which little could be seen through the tinted windows.

As the lines were slipped and the boat moved out into the harbor, we could feel a little lateral rocking, but little else. As the speed increased, we could sense that the boat was rising up on its hydrofoils and we were off. The remainder of the trip was as bland as man can make and we sat staring out the windows while our fellow passengers read newspapers or bought candy or liquor.

Although disappointing, the trip was better than going by air. When we arrived at the Swedish port of Malmö, we found a new wrinkle in the routine; brought about by the creation of the European Union, we no longer had to clear customs or present our passports, we just got off the boat and into Olof's waiting warm car.

We drove north for about five hours, to reach the island of Rosso, near Stromstad, where Olof and his family live. Here, at last, we found some snow and cold temperatures. At this latitude, in late December, the sun does not drag itself over the horizon until about 9am and only shines weakly until about 3pm when it gives up to try again the next day. This means that most of the day is spent in darkness and one finds it very difficult to drag oneself out of bed in the morning.

We did arise early though, since we had plans to go sailing! Olof has a wonderfully rugged 48' yawl that he built to his brother's design a few years ago, and it is the most comfortable sailing boat for cold waters that I have ever had the pleasure of sailing on.

We walked through a thin layer of crunchy snow to the dock where the boat is kept. The dock was ice-covered and we had to tread gingerly to avoid taking an unwanted swim. The last time we had sailed on this boat, she was sporting a dark green hull and a Bermudan rig; this time she was white and had been fitted with a unique gaff rig which had the gaff boom fixed to a gooseneck upon which it could rotate downward to strike. A topsail was set on a separate track on the mast so that it could be set or struck independently of the main.

Olof got the temperamental diesel stove going down below, while we got things stowed for our sail. We planned to motor through the archipelago of nearshore islands that line the coast here and make our way to Stromstad where we were to pick up another person and see the town before returning by the outside route in the area of the North Sea known as the Skagerak.



The docklines were slipped and we headed north. The views were very fine with rocky, snow-covered islands at every turn and small groups of white swans slowly paddling out of our way as we bore down upon them. The sailing here is very tricky; not to be attempted without local knowledge, and I was glad that Olof took the helm. We were enjoying sailing from the warmth and security of the yawl's big pilot house; after so many winter sails in a snow-filled cockpit with our numb fingers wrapped around the tiller, this was a real treat.

As we passed through an impossibly narrow cut and swung west with the channel, we encountered ice. At first, Olof held his speed and we sliced through the initial thin stuff with little resistance. Soon though, the ice thickened to a few inches with indications that it would thicken more if we were to continue. Olof brought the yawl around on a tight turn to port and tried to return to the unmarked channel. Just as we were about to rejoin our outward track, the boat lurched heavily and noisily to port as we hit the rocky bottom hard. The effect was as if we had hit a floating mine; we were thrown off

our feet, the saloon was filled with flying coffee and ashtrays, and the compass leaped off of its bearings in the binnacle gimbals.

Everyone was shaken, but otherwise unharmed. Clearing away the mess of crockery and dislodged stove parts, we pulled up the bilge hatches and shone a torch down along the keel to see if any leaks had started. Everything looked fine, and we then took a look at the engine to see if it had shifted on its beds. All seemed well, but we decided to shorten our trip and just go for a short sail offshore instead of going out into the Skagerak.

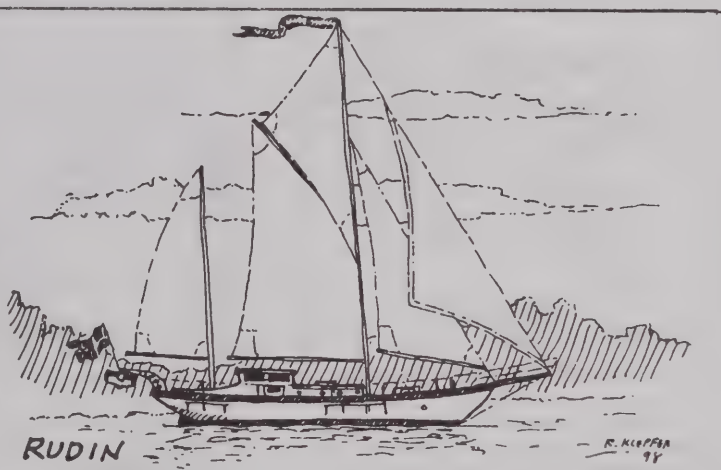
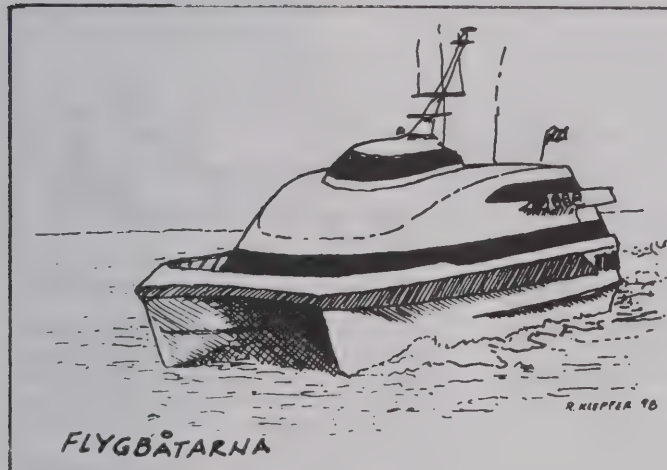
After motoring out into a large bay, we headed up into the wind and started to get sail up. This turned out to be hazardous duty since large chunks of ice came hailing down out of the rigging as each sail was raised. The gaff got snagged under the lazyjacks and Olof had to go aloft to sort things out. I was at the helm and was hoping that he could get things set right before I ran the boat ashore on a large rocky island just upwind of us. Just then, in the midst of all this chaos, the telephone rang!

Olof's daughter, Karin, took the call

and it turned out to be from another sailboat; the only other one out that day. The caller was a single woman who emigrated from England some years ago and now lives on her 20' sailboat, year-round, in this cold neighborhood! She had seen us out and wanted to know if we wanted to sail in company for a bit. We got things sorted out and obliged by sailing up to windward of her; having a good look and a friendly wave as we passed by, flying everything we had.

On our return trip, Olof beat his way through impossibly narrow channels between the rocky islands; sometimes changing tacks as soon as we had settled on the previous one. At last, even Olof was forced to give in to powering the last quarter mile upwind to the dock. We secured the boat in darkness and fitted sail covers and canvas over the cockpit since Olof is a commercial sea captain and had to leave the following morning to meet his ship in the States. Still, we were happy to have found the opportunity to sail and to find some crisp sailing conditions in the bargain. Our next stop: Norway!

To Be Continued



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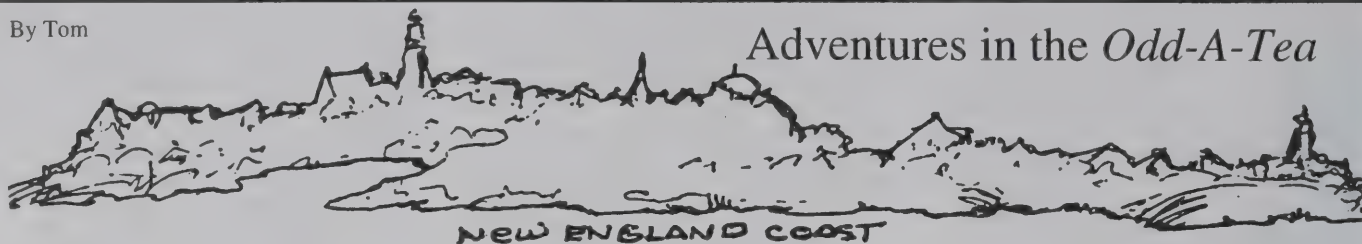
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By Tom

Adventures in the *Odd-A-Tea*



I sailed into the harbor early one summer morning and anchored between the beach and the public dock. The boat swung freely to the wind and tide. More wind rode than tide.

I admit it is a strange craft without a familiar sail rig. It was certainly puzzling to the conservative little town. Still, if the boat were anchored off a primitive island, children would swim out to greet it and the men would row their canoes out to trade. They would eventually invite the sailor ashore and have a great feast. Then they would cry when he said "farewell."



But here, off this cold New England coast, fishermen motored by indifferently, seeing that it was not a fish and could not be sold. The lobstermen ignored it as well since it wasn't a lobster. The duck hunters avoided it. It wasn't a duck. Recreational boaters raced by it, leaving it roll in their wakes. When the shore people saw the odd craft sitting calmly in their bay, they questioned one another about it. "When did it come in?" "Where did it come from?" "Who's aboard the boat?" "How long is it staying?" "Where is it going?"

They got no answers. An artist painted it. A photographer took pictures of it. A reporter, knowing nothing about it, wrote a long story about it.

"Is he going south or looking to winter over here?" the harbormaster asked, "cause

Endangered

there's a time limit to anchoring in this harbor."

"He could be a criminal," the policeman said.

"Has he been fishing? 'Cause all the fish are ours," the fisherman said.

"He has to be polluting," the environmentalist said.

"What's the name of the boat and what's its home port?"

the waters that border it are owned. Legally bought and owned. That boat has no right to be anywhere."

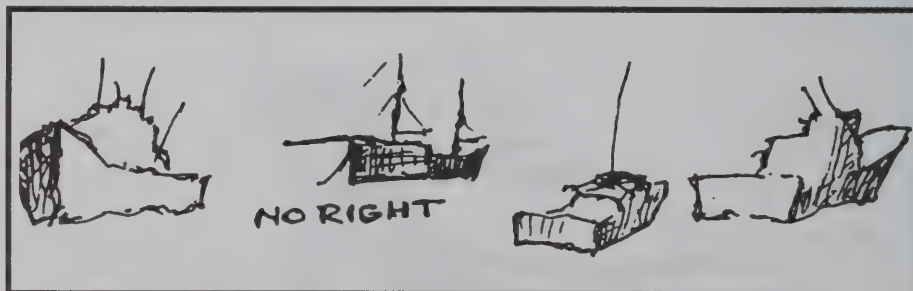
"What kind of a vessel is it anyway?" an authority on sailing boats was asked.

"I don't know," the authority answered.

"Who's aboard? Anyone see him?" No one could answer.

"What kind of a man would sail such a thing? The boat has no name or port of call."

"That boat needs an overhaul before it puts to sea again," a sympathetic sailor said. "He'll disappear in that boat the way it is now."



"Has he come ashore?" the customs agent asked.

"Does he need fuel, food, or water?" the boatyard man asked.

"He seems to need nothing."

"Good for nothing, if you ask me," said a good-for-nothing.

"Good to talk about," a talker said. "We haven't had anything to talk about in months."

A boat club member began to complain. "He's anchored too close to our boats." A lobsterman complained that the boat was over his trawl. Fishermen said that it interfered with their nets. Complaint after complaint followed until it was agreed that the boat was causing a great deal of trouble, should not have come into their harbor, and that it certainly should not be allowed to stay. Someone would have to tell it to go away.

"It should be told that this part of the world is owned. Every square inch of it and

There must be 20 boats in this harbor all fitted out better than that rotten boat he's sitting in, and they'll never leave their moorings. The only hazard they face is breaking loose and washing up on the beach. Let him have one of those. Nobody will miss it."

"You're crazy. That's private property. No one gives away private property."

"All we know is that we can't let him stay or there'll be trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Who knows, but there's sure to be trouble."

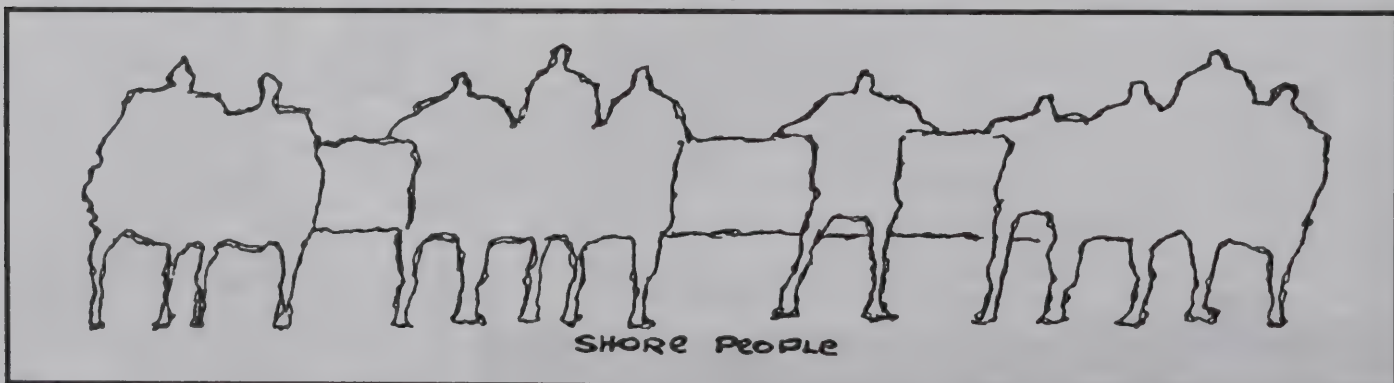
"Then what do we do?"

No one spoke, for no one knew what to do.

"I think it's the last one of its kind," the sailboat authority finally said.

"Then what do we do with it?"

"We could confiscate it," a confiscator said.





WANDERING

"Then what do we do with it?"

"We could preserve it," a preserver said.

"We could trap it, tame it, and train it," a trapper, tamer, and trainer said.

"We could try to improve it until we ruined it," an improver said.

"We could exchange it for something better," an exchanger said.

"We could use it for bait," a fisherman said.

"That's not true. Schools are where we train people," a teacher said.

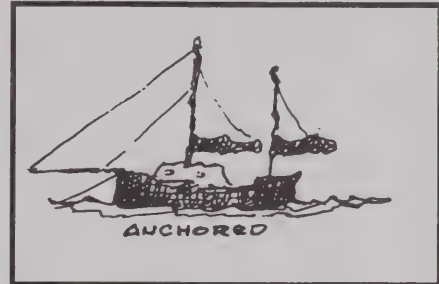
"Schools and colleges are nothing more than daycare centers for the people society doesn't know what to do with. What the hell are you training them for? This society doesn't need people anymore. In fact, it doesn't want people anymore," the anti-educationalist said.

"Stop arguing about education and let's get back to the boat."

"We could leave it alone," no one said again.

"Everything on it could be sold," a merchant said.

"The anchor could be sold in Albania for astrals. The binnacle could be sold in Burma for balboas. The cockpit would sell in China for centavos. The deadeyes in Denmark for duets. The escutcheon in Ethiopia for excudos. The forestay in Fiji for francs. The gooseneck in Guinea for guilders. The hatches in Haiti for human heads. The Irish pennants in India for ibers. The jib in Japan for junk. The keel in Kuwait for kopecks. The limberholes in Libya for lira. The mainsail in Morocco for marks. Nettlestuff in Nepal for ngees. The planking in Poland for puddles. The quarterboards in Qatar for quetzals. The rudder in Rwanda for rupees. The taffrail in Turkey for talons. Ullage in Uganda for ulms. The



ANCHORED

vang in Venezuela for volcanoes. The whipstaff in Whales for wampum. The xcalk in Xochimlo for xiegs. The yards in Yeman for yings and yangs. And the Zephers in Zimbabwe for lots of zlotus.

"There's a fortune to be had in the capture of the last of its kind. When profit can be made from a wild thing, especially when it is free for the taking, then it is doomed. Better us to take the last of its kind than someone else," all agreed.

But while they had been deciding what to do, I had weighed anchor and sailed away.

"When did it leave? Which way did it go?"

No one knew, and the people grumbled and cursed their luck

"I'm glad it got away," no one said.



GOOD FOR NOTHING

"We could leave it alone," no one said.

"Feed it to our pets," a pet owner said.

"We could kill it and eat it," an omnivorous man said.

"We could kill it for the love of killing," a killer said.

"We could make fertilizer out of it," a farmer said.

"We could pluck it and skin it," a plucking skinner said.

"We could pet and play with it," a gentle person said.

"We should examine it and study it and display it in our schools to show how we can stop despoiling our planet," an educator said.

"Education won't stop despoiling the planet. It hasn't even slowed it down. If anything education has speeded it up. Education is a weapon and teachers are arms dealers. They give their disinterested students the weapons to commit an eco-holocaust," an educational critic said.



RECORDING



GOT AWAY

One of my favorite *MAIB*'s was an issue some time back containing two articles on Fishers Island Sound. Though I've lived in Atlanta for 15 years, the Sound is part of my home waters and I still keep the charts, which I pulled out in response to reading those stories. They cover a rocky, historically rich cruising ground filled with clean, cold water, tidal races, and summer fog.

I recall a cruise with my brother Fred some years ago. On route from Shelter Island New York to Fred's mooring in Noank Connecticut, we putted along the north shore of Plum Island in a dead calm as the fog slowly began to coalesce around us. We'd come up through Plum Gut against the first of the falling tide and, as we coasted along Plum and then Great Gull Island (all we could see at this point), it was obvious we'd be crossing The Race at full ebb, in limited visibility. The Race is the area between Valiant Rock and Fishers Island through which flows a lot of the tide going in and out of Long Island Sound.

I pulled out the Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book, which I bought for the boat on coming aboard. For those unfamiliar with the region, I'll mention that this book has been published for 124 years and is a New England Institution. It features a yellow ocher cover that stands out in a book shelf jumble, with a hole punched in one corner in case it's more practical to add a loop of string and hang it on a hook. The print is large and dark, to be read in a dim, unstable cabin. In fact, I think the book's high degree of legibility is its main point of superiority relative to other coastal pilots.

I cut out the expired months from the tables I'm using, and the book falls open to the pages I need. Among the astronomical data included in the pilot, my favorite is the one-page essay "Tides and the Moon," which explains very concisely the interaction of forces creating the tides (some physicists may object). Eldridge supplied the current speed and direction in The Race (2.7 kn., 112 deg. true). I'd plotted the rumblin' to a bell buoy off Fishers Island's western tip, and now I just needed to know our boat speed to figure the required compass course.

As it turned out, Fred had no kind of knot meter on board. We discussed this as we finished lunch, the necessity of carrying adequate navigation equipment, the prerogatives of owner and captain, both of us agreeing that inviting your brother aboard your boat indicated a very generous nature, and that we could estimate our boat speed close enough.

I tried walking the deck in time with the passing water and estimating my gait, but this was tough on the deck of a 24' sailboat. Fred felt he knew the boat well enough to estimate her speed by just looking at the wake, which I didn't doubt. We decided the little outboard was pushing the boat at 4 knots, and I laid out our course accordingly (a compensation of over 30 deg. to the NW of the rumblin'). We took our departure from Little Gull Island and launched ourselves into the void.

Our intended landfall was about an hour away, so we dug out a horn and settled down, making our signal and steering a careful compass course. Tracking through the fog with all reference points removed brings a wonderful feeling of being off the grid. Uncanny too as our dominant sense, sight, becomes suddenly useless. This throws a very active part of our brain out of work, which I imagine accounts for some of the really elaborate hallucinations

Light Keeper of The Past

By Bill Perkins

reported, full-rigged ships from another century cutting across the bows, etc. In this case, after a long foggy interlude, it lifted for a moment and gave us a glimpse of Valiant Rock, right about where it should have been.

Knowing we were in safe water for the present, the fact that we could neither see nor hear the lighthouse on Race Rock didn't worry us. That light has always struck me as a cursed Victorian mansion somehow transported to the middle of a tide race. The use of a domestic architecture there has produced the effect of a dwelling appallingly isolated and exposed. Imagining the light keepers of the past stranded there by prolonged stormy weather has always given me the horrors.

We were still in smooth water, being upstream of the tide rip that develops further into The Race. Fred told me of being out there one night on our brother-in-law Rick's power boat. They were fishing for stripers in the company of other boats, everyone trolling in and around the rip when suddenly a distress flare shot up. They went to investigate and found that the crew of a good-sized outboard boat had already been rescued.

The victims' prop had fouled one of the many lobster pot buoys, stalling out the engine. The boat had immediately swung to the pot warp like an anchor, presenting her transom to the steep chop and filling up in minutes. Fortunately there was a flare gun aboard and the crew managed to get a shot off. Fred (who cruises with his wife and children) said he'd gone out the next day and bought the same set-up, feeling that the minimum legally required flare packs most of us carry couldn't be deployed in a really nasty scrape like that one. He heard that the boat washed up a week later near Montauk Long Island. The west end of Fishers Island now emerged from the fog.

Earlier in the day Fred and I had been reaching along the northeast tip of Long Island in a fine morning breeze. We'd been gradually overhauled by a good-sized sailboat powering along at full throttle, and had wondered at the crew carrying all that rigging around and not raising sail. By the time the breeze died away and we had been forced to power ourselves they, or more likely a lone helmsman, were miles ahead.

Now this boat, which had been out of sight and out of mind for hours, suddenly reappeared to starboard, following the shoreline and still going full bore, but now fighting against the ebb as she worked her way back north into Fishers Island Sound. Her skipper, oblivious to the powerful current across his course, had been flushed out The Race to God knows where before realizing the error.

I think it's sad that boaters (and hikers) born to the age of the GPS will seldom be in doubt of their position, and so never know the unique feeling of traveling with just a compass course to guide you, or the satisfaction and relief of making an accurate landfall. In another generation, the video charts showing the boat's position as a little icon moving across the screen may have become a legal and even psychological necessity. We have a safer, but diminished world.

As I was growing up, my family kept a boat (the *Schollevaer*) on a mooring in Stonington Connecticut, at the eastern end of Fisher's Island Sound. Like many of the former whaling ports along this coast (New London and Mystic, for instance) the town found that at the end of the whaling era the residents had accumulated enough curios from the four corners of the earth to fill their own museum. This is very fittingly housed in the old lighthouse on the point and is well worth a visit. From this fine little harbor, we would often head out through Watch Hill Passage to Block Island or Newport and points east and, at least once each summer, we would be overtaken by fog as we made our way back across Block Island Sound.

We didn't have radar, a VHF radio, or a depth finder (I threw the lead when required). This was not a statement of any kind, but just the way things were aboard most pleasure boats. Eldridge was there, of course, and we did have one electronic nav aid in the form of a wonderfully rugged steel-cased Zenith radio direction finder. I guess it was tube driven, as I seem to remember that it glowed. It received AM, FM, and sideband, plus it was topped with a directional antenna and a compass card so it could be indexed to the current compass course.

About halfway across the sound it would be time to correct our DR, and I'd be sent down to the brightly lit cabin to fetch the Zenith. There would be my two sisters, listening to WBZ (Radio 103) out of Boston and reading *Seventeen* magazine. Followed by glares, and actual hissing, I'd collect the radio and make my escape to the deck.

If the area has many navigational hazards, it also has many lighthouses, most transmitting Morse code for RDF. When the geometrical relationship between the boat and the available transmitters was advantageous the resulting fix was good, but steering an accurate compass course for prolonged periods was still the key to maintaining an accurate position. I spent a lot of time at the wheel from an early age and the magnetic compass, preferably in a free standing binnacle, remains for me the central symbol of navigation.

After steering for hours through the fog, I found that the compass would take on a somewhat occult presence. The pivot point of its card became the exact center of your frame of reference, the card itself your only source of orientation. The members of our family shared the responsibility of steering to a greater or lesser extent. Fred was there, but still too small to take a trick at the helm in those days. He was instead the boat's fiery, red-haired mascot.

As the time of our estimated arrival at Watch Hill Passage approached, tension would build. A mistake here could send you ashore through the surf or, if you strayed south of the passage, onto the rocks of Watch Hill reef. Nothing to be done but wait, and hold the course.

First would come the sound of the horn from the lighthouse, ominous and thrilling after our long isolation. This gave us some feel for our position, though the volume and direction of the sound could be quite distorted.

Next would come the sound of the buoys marking the passage, a bell to starboard and a gong to port. Hearing one of these would pretty much tell you where you were, and you could then make any necessary adjustments. After

straining our eyes for hours and seeing nothing, fastening them on something solid was a physical relief. As a buoy came in sight, we would gaze on it transfixed, first to verify its number and then for the sheer pleasure of examining its detail, nut and bolt and clapper, though the scene was somber and the buoy's arrhythmic clangings were eerie.

When the current was running strongly, the awesome power of the tide would become

manifest as these big buoys were leaned over, twisting and straining at their chains, forced partially under and throwing a deep wake. With the current behind you, they gave the unsettling impression of churning upstream (straight towards the boat) and, in fact, enough speed had to be maintained to dodge these unmanned engines of destruction.

The buoyage faded quickly astern, leaving us alone again in the fog. It was now late afternoon. My father had plotted a series of courses that would carry us, with care, past Nappatree Point and around a breakwater, up into Stonington Harbor before dark. All eyes returned to the glowing compass, lamp-lit and lamplike, the glass encased, oracular brain of the boat. In touch with hidden forces, expressing an otherwise invisible reality.

The breeze was blowing a steady 15 knots out of the northwest when I launched *Windrover*, my 16' Sunbird daysailer, at East Grand River Park in my hometown of Grand Haven, Michigan. A line was securely attached to a bow cleat on my little sloop and the mast support on the trailer, or so I thought. As *Windrover* floated free, I watched for her to drift off and catch up at the end of the mooring line. She did, and then she didn't.

Quickly I shut off the car, set the emergency brake, and raced to the end of the dock while shucking my Topsiders, t-shirt, and wallet as the boat drifted away from the dock. With a chilly splash, I jumped, gaining a couple of yards on her. With a few powerful freestyle strokes (oops, forgot to shuck my watch), I was alongside and quickly scrambled on board. I grabbed a paddle and paddled back to the dock, happy that it was midweek and there was no one there to witness this stupid trick.

I tied up at the dock, very carefully, and parked the car after dumping my shirt, shoes, and wallet in the cuddy of the sloop. By the time I had sails raised and was ready to cast off, I was somewhat drip-dried, but my shorts were still soaked. I threw on my life vest and cast off, running downwind out of the cove. Out on the river, I broad reached down a narrow channel in the fresh breeze, the centerboard humming with the speed. This stretch of the river bends on a long crescent shape, so eventually my broad reach became a close

An Afternoon Out On (and In) the Water

By John Smolenski

reach and then a beat. We were still somewhat sheltered from the wind, and the sun shone bright and warm. My shorts were soon fairly dry.

A mile up channel we came to the main part of the river and, for the first part of the day, in the full brunt of the breeze. *Windrover* fairly screamed along, just on the edge of planing, with me hiking away to windward to keep the boat flat. We made three tacks upwind before reaching a sheltered cove where I turned downwind and eased the sheets to enter. We entered a bit too fast for safety, so I turned up into the wind to cut our speed before turning downwind again at a slower pace.

Heading deep inside, I came to a pond of sorts about 100 feet in diameter, where I turned upwind, pulled down the sails, and dropped my tiny Danforth anchor overboard. After tying up the lowered sails, I broke out a cooler with lunch, brought out my mini shortwave receiver, and listened to a talk show on Radio Canada. We were quite secluded here, and I was able to strip off my shorts and let them dry completely on the boom.

After lunch I killed the radio and grabbed a book for some reading, an account of a

singlehander sailing from the Med to New Zealand. This guy was having a lot of hardship along the way. Still, though, he continued on with the assistance of new friends at each new port. Soggy pants no longer seemed much of a problem, especially with the sun beating down and the Michigan temperature a comfortable 70 degrees.

After a chapter or two, I pulled on my "just about dry" shorts, raised sail, upped anchor, and short tacked out of the cove. The breeze was still a good 10 to 15, so we were soon flying again at 5 to 6 knots, great speed for *Windrover*. After several long tacks we were back at the channel and the launch. I ran downwind inside and tied to the launch dock to drop sail and retrieve the boat. Driving with a damp butt, I decided it had been a great sail, albeit a wet one.

As fall approaches, I launch more carefully and make darn sure my mooring line is secure. I don't want any more quick swims, especially as the water temperature gets colder.

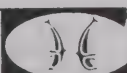
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Many of us small boat enthusiasts have either bought boats that were built by individuals, or bought plans for our own construction projects. Our experiences have varied greatly between the quality of the amateur-built boats and the explicitness of the designs we've purchased.

There are some lessons I've learned that I want to share with others who plan to buy an amateur-built boat or build from someone's plans. Asking the right questions can often save you from making an irreversible mistake, costing countless hours of time and expense.

When I decided it was time to build a large vessel, I chose steel, took welding courses, and started to look at designs. I drove down to Florida where I visited a steel boat operation. I looked at one of the hulls and found it had a slight twist because the builder wasn't using frames. The builder said, "You don't need frames and a little twist never hurt anyone. All you have to do is set your rudder off a few degrees and it will compensate." Can you imagine buying a finished boat like this, not seeing the twist, and then have the boat veer off course when the rudder was straight? I bet that the owner wouldn't inform the buyer of the problem, and I'm not even sure that a surveyor would have noticed it.

I built a 34' gaff cutter of steel. The naval architect's prints were professionally done, but finishing the boat took more time because there weren't enough details. The boat turned out well, but it the project would have taken less time if I had asked the right questions in the beginning.

A friend asked me to survey a boat he was interested in buying in Ft. Lauderdale. It was a 46' schooner and advertised as pin-perfect. What I found was a laundry list of problems not readily visible when walking through the boat. All the problems were hidden behind panels, floor boards, headliners, cabin joinery, bunks, and engine compartments. It turned out to actually be a restoration project, and a very expensive one at that, for any unsuspecting buyer who took the seller's word for it.

I purchased a 9' catboat from a girlfriend's nephew. Because of our relationship, and because the boat was recommended by his uncle, who was a carpenter, I didn't question the workmanship and essentially bought the boat after a brief overview. When I brought the boat home, I found he used exterior plywood and not marine, used an ironing board for the centerboard, which explained why it was severely warped, and used clothesline for the shrouds. The hardware came from True Value. The mast came from a junked Blue Jay. The boom and rudder came from a sailing pram. Fiberglass had already started to delaminate on the 1/4" hull.

The paint used was interior latex, the kind you would use for your living room. The sails had been crammed into a laundry sack and stored on a garage shelf. They had mildew stains throughout, were too small for the boat, and the hardware wasn't compatible with the spars. It took me a month to rebuild the boat to the extent that it could be resold. And what could you say? He was my girlfriend's nephew.

I bought a 16' Swampscott dory from an older gentleman who represented it to be solidly built and without problems. Looking at it from the stern, there appeared to be a slight twist. When I questioned the gentleman, he replied there was no twist in the boat. The bow

Questions You Wished You Asked

By Mark Reveaux

couldn't be inspected because it was up against the boatyard barn. I asked the man if it had any problems and he said no. It looked OK from the stern. It was loaded on my trailer and it was not until halfway home (a 200-mile trip each way) when I looked in the rear view mirror and saw a pronounced twist in the bow. I pulled into the rest stop and took another look. Sure enough, there was a twist.

I got the boat home, unhitched the trailer, took a few steps back, and the twist was even more evident. It cost me \$150 to return the boat; \$50 in gas, the entire day driving 400 miles, and \$100 that the gentleman required to accept the return. Plus, I had to return it to his house, which was five miles from his boatyard. So over one weekend, I ended up driving 800 miles so that I could pay a man \$100 to transport his boat from the boatyard to his house. The man wasn't dishonest about it, actually. When I asked him about it, he said that a twist in the hull was OK and wouldn't affect the performance of the boat. He was right, performance probably wasn't affected, but in this case we have a difference of values in what we consider acceptable workmanship.

For me, it was a mistake, and it would have been even more bothersome if I had kept the boat. And when it came time to re-sell the boat, the buyer may not like the twist any more than I did, and consequently offer much less than what I paid for it. It's really supposed to be the other way around. Improve the value of the boat and get more for it than what you had originally paid, but this is only possible if the problems are correctable.

A friend of mine bought a 23' homebuilt cabin cruiser a few years ago. The builder said it was solid, no dry rot, no leaks, and everything worked. Turned out that everything worked except for the pump, which was needed most. The boat sank 20 minutes after launching.

I sent away for plans to build a kayak. What I received (for \$95) was a videotape of the building process and two small prints that didn't show sufficient detail for building the boat from scratch. The designer explained later that the plans were only intended to be part of his kit. I looked at this as my fault. I should have asked more questions.

I'm currently working on a kayak project, but this time I asked the right questions, the designer is helpful, and it should go well.

From my previous experiences, I've made up a checklist that might be useful for anyone contemplating the purchase of a used boat, especially one built by an individual, or plans for a boat building project.

Purchasing a boat:

Was it designed and built by a professional? If not, has the amateur built other boats in the past and, if so, what were they?

How long has he owned the boat?

What materials did he use? Marine plywood?

What kind of fastenings? Copper, bronze, or galvanized?

What kind of caulking? (The builder of the 23' cabin cruiser used plaster of paris.)

How has it been stored? Inside? Under a tarp? If a tarp, does it have vents?

If it's a sailboat, are the sails original?

Homemade? If so, of what material? Cotton? Dacron? (The sails from one boat I looked at turned out to be made from bed sheets and were described in the ad as being in "perfect condition.")

How is the mast? Was it originally built for this specific boat?

Is there a twist in the hull? Is it true as seen from both ends?

If you really plan to look at the boat:

How far away is it? How interested are you really? If you're very interested, arrange to take a friend with you who's knowledgeable about what you're going to look at. If you drive all the way there on your own with enthusiasm about seeing this boat, and if you have your boat trailer hitched up, you could become a kid in a candy store the minute you drive into the boatyard and be ready to buy anything.

The longer the trip, the greater the chance of your taking less time to look over the boat carefully enough. Kind of like getting buying fever. This is when you're most vulnerable to an impulsive decision. A friend, who isn't emotionally involved in the purchase, would look at things you may overlook because of your enthusiasm. He/she could keep you from making a mistake. After looking at the boat, you tell the owner you're going to lunch and you'll get back to him/her. At lunch and away from the "pull" of the boat, you can talk about it rationally. If you both agree you should talk about an offer, then we get to the contract stage.

Contract stage:

"I'm interested in the boat, but have some questions. Because of the distance between you and where I live, I won't have a lot of time to evaluate the boat. If I take the boat home and find problems that were not evident here, I need to know if I can return it for a refund. I wouldn't be comfortable signing an "As Is - Where Is" sales agreement. I might be willing to pay a fee for your inconvenience if I do return it, and I would return it within a week."

The above is one approach, but you'd want to tailor your way of handling it depending on how you feel and the owner's disposition. In some cases, even if it's an individual owner sale, you might be able to work out a contract whereby major items would be guaranteed for a specified amount of time.

If you're buying plans for building a boat:

The single biggest question you need to ask is: What will you be sending me? What skill level are these plans intended for? Further questions would be: Can you be specific? Will these plans be complete enough for me to build the boat? Are they in steps for each stage of the construction? Are there dedicated drawings for the more complicated sections, such as the bow and stern, the centerboard, cockpit, mast step locations, rudder, and rigging? Since you're a long distance from me, I can't view the plans before you send them to me. If after receiving them I feel the project is too complicated for me or, if for any other reason, I decide not to pursue it, can I return them for credit, less a fee for your inconvenience? Most reasonable designers would agree to a reasonable re-stocking charge.

If it's possible, ask if you can contact people who have built this particular boat from his plans. A call to one of these people could be worth its weight in several Americas' Cup class winches.

Communication is one of the single most important tools you can use when deciding to buy or build a boat. This also holds true when signing on as crew. What are the captain's plans and what does he/she expect of you? Don't feel like you're being a pain in the neck. You're the buyer and it's your right. If you're the one who has to drive a hundred miles to look at a boat, or pay for mail order plans and spent lots of hours building your project from them, it's your right to ask as many questions as you need before committing yourself. Good luck, and good communicating.

TWO PEOPLE CAN RAISE YOUR MAST with

MAST UPTM

Anyone who raises and lowers a mast as often as I do may find the following of interest. I use a square steel telescoping tube called a Mast Up as my mast crutch. It extends to 9-1/2' and is well worth the \$140. Here's why:

On one occasion I was raising the mast over at Newport with my block and tackle using the strut provided by Shock. The topping lift came undone and the mast came crashing down on the crutch. Since I had the Mast Up extended to 9', the spreader struck the top of the crutch, bending the crutch back slightly as the spreader slid down its front, coming to rest on the pin used to adjust the length of the crutch. What a piece of luck!

Even if the mast had landed squarely on the top of the crutch it most certainly would have bounced off the rubber roller and landed on the cabin top, bending the mast.

Eventually the aluminum pin on the strut broke off due to metal fatigue. I made a more sturdy one using 1-3/4" OD square aluminum tubing 6" long. For the pin I drilled a 5/8" hole in the end of a 6" piece of 1-1/2" aluminum rod and inserted a 5/8" round aluminum rod into it, leaving 4-1/2" protruding to insert into the base of the mast. The 1-1/2" aluminum rod fits neatly into the square tubing which has a 1-1/2" ID. A stainless steel bolt secures the 1-1/2" OD rod into the square tube.

Drilling the 5/8" diameter hole in the 1-1/2" rod required a drill press and patience as the heat expanded the metal even with oil lubrication. The 5/8" pin needs no bolt to secure it in place, a few taps with a mallet makes it plenty tight enough.

A couple of stainless steel eye straps on the opposite end to accommodate the topping lift and raising tackle make this a neat job. I may add a couple more eye straps to allow placement of lines led to the cabin top to prevent the strut from swaying side to side, similar to the lines used to stabilize the mast when raising.

Interested readers can obtain info from Mast Up, 2974 Ingalls Way, Eugene, OR 97405, (541) 686-2666. For \$10 they will send you a videotape, refundable on return of the tape.

Prolonging the Life Of Your Ice

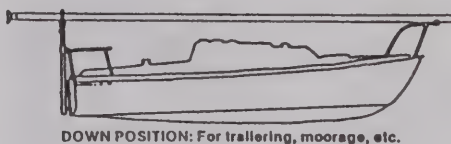
By Bob Cole

We have a 24' Strider catamaran which we take to the Florida Keys every summer. While I have read articles on building an ideal food/drink cooler/icebox from wood, foam and epoxy, I chose to use a 52 quart Igloo Marine cooler. Adding insulation to this existing container seemed less complicated to me.

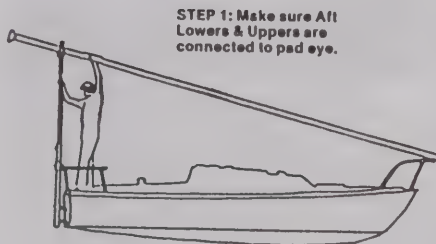
The advantages of this off the shelf cooler are many. Low cost, reasonably effective lid seal, ready to use, easy to clean interior, lightweight portability. Its major drawback is its inability to hold the ice over a long enough period for our cruising.

My solution to this was to fabricate a styrofoam "hugger" for the cooler, 3/4" around the sides and two layers (1-1/2") on the bottom. The sides come up to the lid joint. A swinging plywood door on the end allows access to the drain plug. The handles are remounted on blocks of cedar so they will still fold flat on the larger exterior. The lid has a 3/4" layer of styrofoam to complete the "hugger".

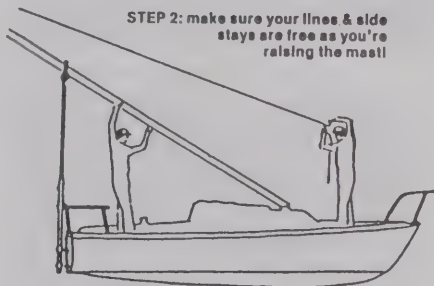
The modification has been a success. Last summer we had one piece of ice still present seven days after we purchased it, on a cruise from Marathon to Eau Gallie.



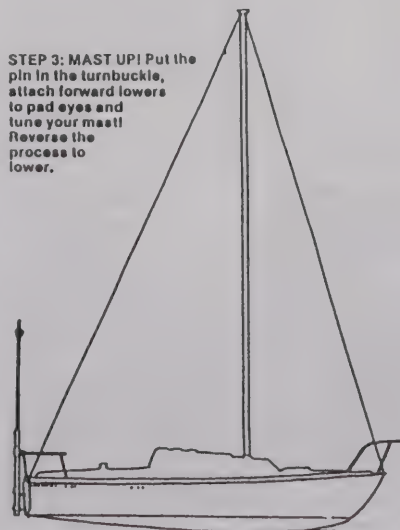
DOWN POSITION: For trawling, moorage, etc.



STEP 1: Make sure All Lowers & Uppers are connected to pad eye.



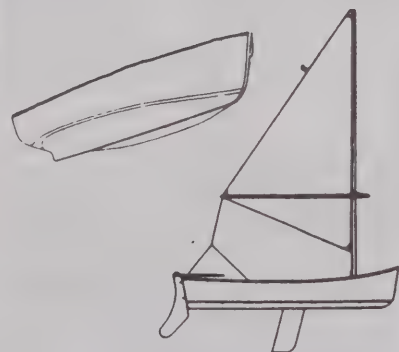
STEP 2: make sure your lines & slide stays are free as you're raising the mast



STEP 3: MAST UP! Put the pin in the turnbuckle, attach forward lowers to pad eyes and tune your mast! Reverse the process to lower.



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I was sitting in the local coffee place, where I usually go on Thursdays to write my notes; bottomless cup day. Selection of three strong straight types, three flavored, the rest decaffeinated. Sometimes they even have one that smells like it has dark rum in it.

So, I'm cheap, that's the entire point of this story. Am I that old or are hippies back in fashion? It may not be the veranda of the Hotel Continental in Saigon, "... Nor 'tis wide as the ocean or deep as a well, but 'twill do, 'twill do".

I noticed a young girl and her mother surreptitiously looking at me. Initiated the conversation, and it turned out that they were looking at my *Woodenboat* sweat shirt. It turns out they have a wooden boat, too. A quite large, and obviously old, Chris Craft. It's actually more of a shore house for the summer than a boat. Mind set; she said "wood boat; big one", and I immediately thought, "sail boat".

I had a few pictures of Nymph that I intended to put on the bulletin board (but forgot the ad text), and whipped them out like a proud father. Turns out she simply likes the shore, the husband is the boat dreamer. And they own a local residential deck building business. Source of woods? Source of ... ?

Also in the small world department, someone two doors down from me is a boat dreamer as well. Worked on the restoration of the steel hulled four masted *Moshulu*; rig, spars, steaming oak, other shipwright woodwork, but no boat of his

Boatbuilding Rubens Nymph Epilog

By Ron Magens



own. Gets *Sail* (that's how we inadvertently met, I got his copy along with mine), and *WoodenBoat* magazines. When we spoke, he was amazed that I was only a few steps away, and both had sailboats and was building/had built a boat. What did he think that big, grey tarp wrapped thing (the Potter) in my backyard was? And it has been uncovered a time or two with all the work I've done on it in the past few years.

He has tremendously more skills than I; besides actual shipwright stuff, he is a carpenter by trade and has been completely refurbishing his house. Yet he was amazed at what I had done. He wants to someday build one, but a big one. But the only one he mentioned in our discussion (he had come over with his son, and a friend who thought Nymph was 12') was a "15-footer,

for fishing and stuff, and for the boy to play around with." Again, mind set. When he said "big one" I thought a passage-maker, no smaller or less built than Bing-ham's Flicka or a Tahiti Ketch.

Tried to sell him Nymph; at a \$200 break even price, for the boy, who's eyes were wide with excitement; and for Joanne, get it out of the yard with the simplest delivery. No go. Tight money I guessed; the house, the kids. "Ask your grandfather," was the joking response to the boy's questions. I was a bit jealous; now if I had a son, or daughter, we'd own a fleet, or would have at least built one; even the dog ignores me these days.

Had yet another job interview. Went very well; straight from the shoulder talk, "You're the guy I want aboard (the general manager speaking); even if you were to only stay six months, we'd learn a lot from you. I'll call you Tuesday at the latest." Needless to say it's a week later and no call.

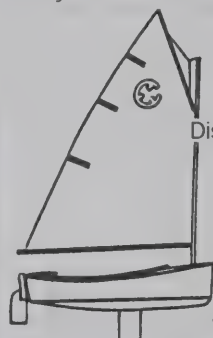
Depressed? Yes! Yet this time there was a bit of sun, and looking out the rear kitchen window, I could see Nymph. Bottom side up on a couple of horses; several days of sun, rain, cold (got down to 40 degrees), and no yellowing of the white, or change in the color of the transoms or gunnels. The white alkyd trim is glossy bright and slick and no warping or roughness in the lightly oiled outwale.

6/20/97: From a construction point of view she's set out in the weather for about two weeks now. Yes, I did have plans to get her over to Winter's Yachting Center before now, but plans for doing it at no cost have fallen through, and it's been raining off and on. However, everything is an opportunity. I'd rather any paint problems show up now than in the hands of a buyer. The latex paint (on the bottom) has blistered in spots. It's supposed to rain for the next several days. When it stops I'll give the bottom a moderate sanding and a coat of alkyd.

Love to sell it; for psychological reasons as well as monetary. But whatever happens, she looks great, everyone who sees her is amazed that she came out of the garage, in winter, and I did it!

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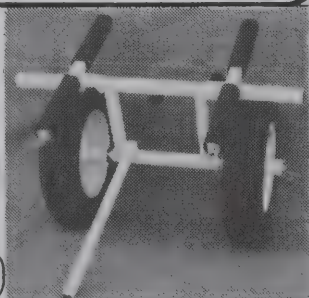
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Busy Times at IYRS

Student Restored Yachts Launched

May was a busy month at the International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, RI, as two classic yachts restored by students went down the ways.

Lobster II, believed to be one of the first run of Beetle Cats built in New Bedford, Massachusetts, was donated to IYRS in 1996 by Rebecca, Elisabeth and Stanley Tildesley in memory of Mary Street Bannister, who sailed the boat as a young girl in the 1920's. For the past two years, local high school students enrolled in the Newport Area Career and Technical Center (NACTC) program were responsible for undertaking the total restoration of *Lobster II* with supervision from NACTC instructor, Ron Ford, and IYRS instructors Jim Kennedy and Paul Murphy. On launch day they got to enjoy the fruits of their labor as they sailed away from the dock knowing that they had done their best work.

Sturdy Beggar, a Herreshoff S-Boat originally built in 1922, was the second vessel to make the splash into Newport Harbor. Following an extensive restoration spanning several semesters of coursework, full time apprentices watched the culmination of their experience float once again to her designed waterline and racing trim. Fitting out and rigging will complete the restoration and launch *Sturdy Beggar* into the Narragansett Bay S-Boat Fleet summer racing series, and IYRS sailing and seamanship courses. IYRS instructors involved in the *Sturdy Beggar* project included Frank McCaffrey (a.k.a. the S-Boat Doctor), David Short, Jim Kennedy. IYRS apprentices included: Frederic De Clercq, Heinrich Mueller, Linda LeValley, Keith Dempster, Philip Erwin, Tom Head and Irene Jefferson.



Temporary Rig Removed From 1885 Yacht *Coronet*

The first step of a comprehensive program to restore the 1885 schooner yacht, *Coronet*, has begun at the International Yacht Restoration School. This phase of the project involves the stabilization of *Coronet's* hull and the removal of non-historic material from the interior and rig.

IYRS recently documented and removed *Coronet's* two masts. Insects and rot had seriously damaged the two masts since their installation some 20 years ago. They were erected to preserve a schooner profile but never actually carried sails. Removal was necessary for safety reasons and to prevent the spread of damage to other, more historically important portions of the yacht.

In the fall, *Coronet* is scheduled to be hauled out for patching, caulking, repainting of her hull plus removal of non-historic galley and head equipment. Fundraising for the full restoration of *Coronet* will also begin this fall. The restoration is expected to take several years and cost in excess of 5 million dollars.

International Yacht Restoration School, 449 Thames St., Newport, RI 02840.



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Here is a tentative proposal for my ideal boat. Anyone with suggestions for improvement please, by all means, write this magazine as I'm sure there's plenty I haven't thought of. The best hull shape for semi-displacement is especially difficult to pin down for this concept.

After many years of "messaging," ownership of a dozen different boats, borrowing, renting, and trying out dozens more, attempting to design a hundred, and studying closely the designs of hundred more, I've come to these conclusions.

I need, for my recreational purposes, a boat with the widest possible versatility, usefulness, and maximum possible mobility without excessive compromise of any capability. The boat must be capable of a 100-mile crossing of a great lake or ocean bay like the Chesapeake, and of going up a long, narrow, river. She must allow comfortable travel, exploration, sightseeing, and living aboard. She must be able to keep a schedule. She must be easy to trailer and launch, so size and weight must be limited.

Am I asking for too much? Perhaps. Indeed, this is only part of the list. The complete list is very long, as you will see.

Much of this discussion will be theoretical, as no boat meeting all or even most of my criteria has ever been built. Also, these ideas are borrowed, thrown together from many sources. Making them all work together might take years of "field" (make that "water") testing.

Inspirations: Precursors

Here is a list of some versatile boats and capabilities to serve as a guide and idea source for what is possible.

Viking Longship: Unparalleled mobility to go up rivers and across oceans, shallow draft, beachable, portageable, fast under sail or oar, able to sail to windward effectively.

Cano-du-Nord: Most common voyager canoe, 25' x 4' beam, 6 paddlers, lightweight hull, easily portaged, burdensome, usable in the big chop of the Great Lakes. Built and repairable with readily available materials from the forest, birch bark, spruce gum, white cedar frames, ribs and trim.

Aleut Kayak: Capable of planing under paddle in the proper (native) hands due to the unique hull design and stern shape.

Sailing Canoe: Of the cruising type shows what can be achieved with an unspecialized craft, convenience, safety, comfort, long range, exploration.

Dovekie: By Phil Bolger, 21' x 6'8" x 4" draft x 600 pounds. Rowable, super shallow draft, easy to set up, launch, and trailer.

Shearwater: Also by Bolger, 28' x 6'6" x 6" draft x 1200 pounds shallow draft, good speed under adequate power and lightweight for size.

Pete Culler Powerboats: Semi-planing speed with modest power (though I'm aiming for semi-displacement capability in my boat for maximum efficiency). They appear easy to build and look like they might be good sailers. Neat traditional appearance. Decent seakeeping ability in rough weather.

Bay Hen: Super fast and simple mast lowering system using a mast tabernacle.

MacGregor 26X: 26' x 8' x 2000 pounds plus 1500 pounds water ballast reveals that a fast motorsailer is possible and not grossly expensive, trailerable,

Versatility A Boat Proposal

By James R. Delcamp

lightweight centerboard and 6' headroom in 26 feet.

Grand Laker Canoes: 20' x 4' with flat transom for outboard. The choice of native peoples of the North, cheap, burdensome, good speed under power and may be paddled. True heir to the Cano-du-Nord.

T.F. Jones Boats: Semi-displacement powerboats that achieve decent speed (10 knots) on very modest power. Simple and inexpensive to build. The boat designs *Elegant Slider*, *Puxie*, *Puxie 2*, and *Barbados Launch* from his *Boats to Go* book reveal the possibilities.

Puxie 2: 22' x 5' x 9" draft x 1100 pounds empty x 1000 pounds payload.

Elco Power Cruisers: Show that semi-displacement cruising speed, comfortable motion, and seakeeping ability, with a shape that might sail well are possible in one hull.

From this list may be culled a list of what a versatile boat might do. Other boats not on this list may suggest more ideas.

Boat Criteria and Capabilities:

Detailed discussion follows this list: Seaworthy in rough conditions. Fast motorsailer. Over 10 knots under power. Adequate range under power, 200 miles. Good windward ability under sail. Rowable in suitable conditions. Trailerable behind a standard car. Masts easy up or down, simple rig. Lightweight, 1000-pound hull and equipment weight. Carrying capacity, 1000 pounds, four people. Water ballast, 500 pounds approximate. Easy maintenance and repair. Low cost to build, purchase and maintain.

Shallow draft, 12" or less board(s) up. Beachable, grounds out level. Four berths. Separate head. Center cockpit with four comfortable seats. Sitting headroom. Full headroom under lifting hatch (pop top). Cabins fore and aft. Sleep on deck option for two. Self righting. Self bailing. Self rescuing. Full flotation. Traditional looks.

Can all these be achieved in one boat?

Detailed consideration follows.

Capabilities Discussion:

Many of these design capabilities reinforce each other. Examples include:

1. Trailerability, shallow draft, light weight, water ballast, and easily lowered masts all are mutually beneficial.

2. Center cockpit with fore and aft cabins helps keep weight more forward for motor cruising.

3. Two cabins permits keeping the portable w.c. away from sleepers.

4. Speed under power is assisted by light weight, removable water ballast, narrow hull, and easily lowered masts.

5. Sails, oars, and outboard provide alternative propulsion methods if one of them isn't working.

6. Raising steadying sails can reduce

rolling of this long, narrow hull when under power in rough waves.

7. Full flotation on board makes carrying a life raft unnecessary. Even full of water, the relatively light weight of *Versatility* would allow her to carry enough flotation material to float.

8. Shallow draft and beachability makes carrying a dingy unnecessary.

Multihull: Why Not?

Long I barked up the multihull tree, imagining and designing catamarans, trimarans, and even one quetramaran (it had some surprising capabilities, but that's another story). Wonderful boats multihulls are, too, but not for my purposes. For modestly greater speed for long cruises under sail (perhaps one-third faster according to T.F. Jones) when conditions are right, many compromises must be made.

1. Two or three hulls must be built and connected at great expense and complexity, a bigger monohull could be built instead.

2. To keep weight light to get speed, expensive, carefully engineered materials must be used (as in the Gougeon Bros. boats).

3. To get speed, long, narrow hulls are necessary, with very modest interior volume compared to length, and modest carrying capacity. If heavily burdened, performance suffers.

4. Wide, wide beam is required. Therefore: Costly double boat slip is needed; maneuvering is tricky in tight places; rivers and twisting coastal channels become difficult to navigate, just where coastal explorers might like to go; in sizes suitable for my purposes, set up, launch, and recovery time from a trailer are long; tall masts; lots of stays, folding outriggers, and wide beams all slow preparation.

Why Are There No Fast Motorsailers?

Taking a monohull racing sailboat under power from Detroit to Port Huron, Michigan, for the race to Mackinaw, I vehemently thought that. We went upriver at a blistering 3.5 knots against a 1.5 knot current taking 11 grueling, sunburnt hours to get there.

The McGregor 26X sailboat will plane at 20+ knots with a 50 hp outboard. Nice boat, but my ideal would use much less power, be cheaper, weigh less, and perhaps look less like a powerboat.

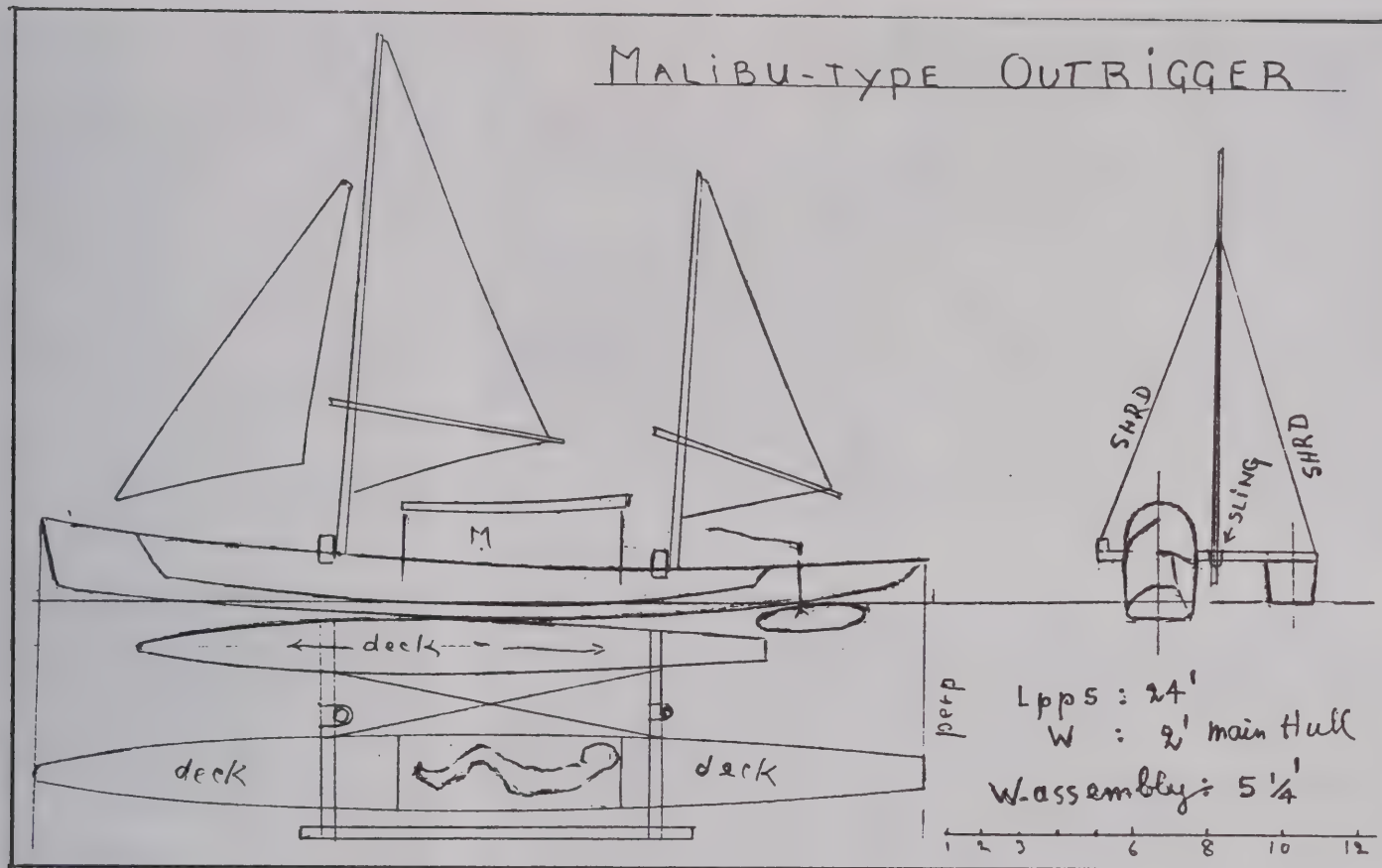
General shape and size: A long shallow 'V', fine bow, wide transom hull form. A long narrow boat is more comfortable in waves and more easily driven. 25' x 6' x 1000 pound hull size a little wider than a Cano-du-Nord on the same length. Four to one makes a very graceful boat. A 6' beam allows two bunks across and narrow aisle for feet. This size is burdensome without losing much speed under sail or power. It's about the maximum easily trailerable size. Weight goes way up if the boat's much longer or wider, and the boat is still rowable at slow but useful speed at this size.

A water ballasting system adds more versatility, dump it in light wind to row, to motor, or when many (well secured) supplies are on board. As supplies are used up, add ballast to compensate.

The boat ought to be self-righting without water ballast, with the sails down, by means of a modest amount of fixed ballast as part of the of the hull structure.

To Be Continued

MALIBU-TYPE OUTRIGGER



Almost thirty years ago I built something like this to be used on a lake in Canada. The overall width was slightly more and the sail area all in one sail, like the Malibu.

I delivered it on a practically windless day, the wind did not ripple the water! and it ran like a scared deer with three adults and two children aboard. That one had a different stern and a flip-up rudder and in spite of so little wind I had to keep tightening the wing-nut on the rudder-blade, as the speed kept flipping up the rudder. Later I saw her crossing the lake with what seemed impressive speed and no fuss.

The bottom line of the sides ran straight to about two-thirds and then started to curve up towards the stern. When you start to draw in the sides around the temporary center mold the straight line of the side bottom will form into a slight curve. According to dutch builders, this is advantageous to sailing.

There were narrow side-decks and a coaming of inch plank; the cockpit was a long rectangle, longer than what I show here, and the akas were clamped to the coaming by having a counterpiece underneath the coaming crosswise and a bolt with wingnut thru the entire assembly. This enabled us to take it all apart in a hurry. The akas were similarly bolted to heavy thwarts underneath the ama deck. Make sure the bolt head underneath is secured when (or before) you assemble, or have access holes near the akas.

After bending in the sides, I put permanent bulkheads fore and aft and removed the center mold. I like this type not as wide as, for instance, the Malibu, but suit yourself.

Dreamboats

By Richard Carsen

Malibu Type Outrigger

The sides I made up from two store-bought 12" planks, which came out somewhat less than 12" finished. The planks will bend unevenly. They are liable to tear out the screws from the framing that holds them together, so use small bolts, heads outside. If you can do some metal work, and you don't want the bolts, make some T-head staples. You stick the T between the planks (in the seam); hammer it tightly in; then you hammer the shank across your frame which you are holding in place with small screws. Bend the shank across the frame and then bend the end again into the wood. That should allow for a pretty good hold.

The bottom was cross-planked "Jess-a-peak" fashion. You will probably use ply. That boat was still fiberglassed. I no longer use it. Finish the old-fashioned way; see Rable's *Building Boats In Your Own Backyard*.

Wood and fiberglass do not give a trustworthy bond. Also I worked in fiberglass for seven years. The glass ruins your lungs, and the toxins fry your brain. But, by all means, suit yourself.

You might find that she can use more sail.

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In the September, 1996 issue of *MAIB*, we presented the two-some planing outboard cruiser Retriever. The design, commissioned by Charles and Claire Gietzen, called for a trailerable, planing, outboard-powered cruiser in the 20-22' length that would accommodate two taller and heavier people for inland and coastal exploration. The point was to offer much interior volume and stowage within a stable, simpler-to-build platform and still have a reasonably pleasant overall appearance, hence her "trawlerish" style. In an envelope of 22'6"x8'x8"/23", every usual dimension and clearance was oversized as much as possible, "cathedral" headroom, with lots of window area opening her up even further.

Well, she was built by Tony Groves in Moreno Valley, California, to glossy yacht standards, apparently reflected in her insurance rating. After a dry run on a table-top model, he assembled her in his backyard over the better part of a year. By late summer 1996, *Esme B.* took a short flight over Tony's house onto her trailer and now calls San Diego her home port/driveway. After much discussion earlier to pin down her style, in 3D she seems to please the Gietzens as well or, for that matter, the judges at the San Diego Wooden Boat Show. We understand she has explored Californian estuaries, coastal stretches, and inland waters such as Utah's Lake Powell.

These fast cutwater-sharpsies hold their surprises though. Their geometry is designed to: allow short/wide planing hulls that behave; with simple non-twist and very stout bottom construction; in which many cuts are straight right angles so that building in dense, volume efficient joinery has at least one level less of assembly stress, ditto for placing tankage and stowage holds; and which is supposed to offer solid stability at rest but plane early.

We had tried to do our homework in understanding these hulls, investing in two hulls, first building 7'3"x3'11" Design #581 Bee, planing furiously but tracking safely with 6hp. Then came Design #587 Hawkeye at 18'6"x7'9" that, with two, planed nicely at up to 14 knots with an old 25hp Evinrude and tracked as if on rails, cornering without heel either way and behaving well with a load of six just on her bow. We had also experienced the behavior of the 14'6"x8' outboard cruiser Microtrawler, Design #584 which, according to one owner, will reach 25-27 mph with a Honda 45 when properly broken in and

Bolger on Design

Update on Design #631 Retriever

propped. So you'd think Retriever would be a straightforward proposition.

Yamaha had introduced a slower gear/larger prop version of their 50hp four cylinder four-stroke. The so-called T-50 offers large props as "torquey" as 14"Ox11" with their 2.3:1 gear. Since a 14" large prop moves more boat at lower speeds than the typical 50hp 11"ers, we thought that the 240-lb. T-50 would suffice to get Retriever just up on a plane to explore her actual top speed from there. Lower weight and lower cost than a 75 or 90 four-stroke would have been great, if solid planing speed could be achieved at reasonable rpm. But that never happened!

With the T-50 screaming its heart out, *Esme B.* lumbered along at 12 knots with the usual unhappy attitude of a planing boat not quite getting there. Playing with props did not help. The boat was built as designed, floated where she should, was not yet loaded for cruising, and the motor worked fine. Ergo, we had been a wee bit too optimistic about the T-50s additional oomph and Retriever's eagerness to get going with it. Most embarrassing indeed.

No doubt "some" saw that coming, but "them" not having any experience with this novel hull geometry, onlookers' opinion on the matter is at least one dimension short. While there are plenty boats out there of Retriever's size and weight, they carry up to several hundreds of horsepower, slowed down some by inherently dramatic increases in machinery weight and fuel load per given hull. None of them, of course, offer her interior room and cruising comforts, and their range is still short, even if you could stand the gallon-per-mile fuel bill and the second mortgage on your home for the twin 150s. In the interest of sanity, economy, and respect for the waters we like to play on, we had gone a bit too far into the direction opposite the credo "thou shall take it for granted" that every day trip requires you to pour pints, quarts, and gallons of straight and semi-burned lube oil into your wake. Despite claims by the Petro-Dermatological Institute though, that smooth film of "blue smoke" all over your

summer outfit does not protect you from sunburn. We'd rather put cool "Greasy Kid's Stuff" in our hair instead.

At any rate, with a Honda 90, *Esme B.* reported being on target with around 20 knots of speed, fast enough to keep you busy scanning the water ahead. David Montgomery just finished a Retriever for Paul Connolly of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and without enough breaking-in time on that 90 Honda, we already saw 22 knots average two ways, which brings up another matter. The original design's location of her outboard is around two feet ahead of her transom in a generous cutout. Amongst other benefits, this allows a flush transom for a more "trawler" look, while her afterdeck requires a engine box. But *Esme B.* apparently needed a set of shallow wedges on her stern to get her bow down for looks. The as yet unnamed Connolly Retriever was built with the 90 Honda hung straight on her transom. Running her, it seems that Retriever is happier with the added buoyancy and waterplane area available without the cutout and requires no wedges. On the other hand, she is that much longer in her slip or on her trailer. Then again, we're talking about a lot of comfort on an already limited overall length, plus decent looks.

Yes, not surprisingly so, the flat hull bottom area left and right of her cutwater goes "thump thump" at displacement speed. For those who can't stand it, we've drawn optional fillet expansions that can be added without structural compromises by just epoxy taping them in place.

Finally, such relatively dense designs gain joinery pounds rapidly during assembly. Both boats floated where they should. But if you can stand the cost and politics of much lighter Okume, for instance, plus explore the best compromise between weight savings and extra cost/labor of using industrial/homemade lightweight balsa/foam cored panels under the bunks, as doors, house-top, etc., quite a few hundred pounds could be dropped for earlier planing, somewhat less hassle launching, and perhaps a somewhat lighter tow vehicle. The Gietzens went big with a full-size extended cab Ford truck fit to be seen with two Retrievers, while Connolly towed his boat from Gloucester Massachusetts, to Wisconsin with a mid-size 4.6L V-8 Ford Explorer. For the limited miles many people actually tow their trailerable boats every year, a beat-up full-size truck bought at auction from the utility company could be upgraded for limited cost, even if the fenders are rotting and the tailgate was trashed long ago. And there are always fresh rentals!

Incidentally, while you hardly see this actually happening on launching ramps, there are safe ways to retrieve even heavier boats without mega horsepower four-wheel drives clawing into the asphalt, or risking your tow vehicle on a slimy ramp going the wrong way. We'll discuss the basics some other time. Early hints are: put a third wheel on the trailer tongue, no casters; keep tow vehicle dry and preferably level; keep it running in park/neutral, foot on the brake; connect the 0/2 gauge wires to the engine's battery; and fire up that electric winch hooked between the hitch and the trailer tongue, pushing that button this way or that way, and see the trailer-cum-boat ascend or descend in a controlled manner.

Of course, just a long rope tethering the three-wheel trailer to the car will work too, differently but safely. Here the car moves, but

The Retriever built for Paul Connolly of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, launched at David Montgomery's boatyard in Gloucester, Massachusetts.



on level ground does not have to push its own weight up that ramp as well. You can do this facing the boat for superb control, most reverse gears are similar to first. Even on long ramps without level ground within 20-30 yards, at least you can stay high above the water, dry, and sure-footed.

Both options don't get that tailpipe/rear brakes/bumper ever wet or even risk flooding the ashtray. Worst thing that can happen is that the rope/wire gives, easy to oversize, and boat and trailer go south. But you and your car stay dry enough for you to contemplate going for a dive to find that trailer. Next time you will belt the trailer to the boat. For duty just within the yard here we've launched our smaller boats (500-1500 pounds) with compact cars even without hitches installed just using a 20' long rope.

Plans for Design #631 Retriever on 7 sheets of 17"x24" are \$300, and available from us at Phil Bolger & Friends, 29 Ferry St. Gloucester MA 01930-4834.



Charles Gietzen of San Diego, California commissioned Tony Groves to build his Retriever, here he views Tony's 1/6th scale model.



The prototype Retriever taking shape in Tony Groves' yard.

Esme B. flies out over Tony's house enroute to her launching.



Esme B. at the head of 7 Mile Canyon on Lake Powell in Utah. Forward hatch is open, boarding ladder is down, kayak rests on stern platform. Stern lines steady *Esme B.* against slow current and wind. No one else within a mile. Air temperature 80 degrees, water temperature 75 degrees. A tough life.

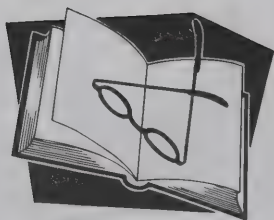


Build Serenity, the Slowest Boat Afloat, by Bill Fodon, is a how-to book on shanty boatbuilding. Its target is the first-time builder and non-boater. The author spends considerable time discussing the lifestyle and attitude that go hand in hand with self-sufficient, low income, and low maintenance living. The text is informative and does a good job presenting the romantic and practical considerations of living afloat. There is a wealth of technical information presented on such basics as picking good lumber at the yard, simple ways of achieving workman-like saw cuts, tips for fiberglassing, and much more. The printed instructions, combined with sufficient patience and the application of considerable effort, should net something which will float and function as described.

I've yet to build my first boat. Everything I know I've learned reading *MAIB*, Payson, Devlin, Herreschoff, Chapel, Gardner, and others. Mr. Fodon has a wealth of real life experience building boats, and I don't mean to second guess his intentions or motivation for expending the considerable effort necessary to get his shanty boat how-to book into print. If I paid \$29.95, I'd be very disappointed that no editor's or proofreader's hands appear to have touched *Serenity's* pages. The typos run the range from harmless to mystifying.

For example, on sizing options, "A 20' *Serenity* is really only a one-person boat. While two people and some cargo can vacation cruise or live aboard fairly comfortably. Many *Sereniteers* will find *Serenity* a bit confining for two. Even though there is at least twice (2x) as much floor and living space aboard a *Serenity* as there is in any boat anywhere near its size, the 10' *Serenity* easily carries a second person and a lot of goods as well. Its worth considering quite seriously!" On trailingering, "One of the nice things about *Serenity* is that if you don't want to move it you don't have to. --water."

The illustrations are grainy black-and-white photos which my bifocaled eyes had



Book Review

Build Serenity, the Slowest Boat Afloat

By Bill Fodon
Skyliner Publications
2556 Mart Ave.
Vineland, NJ 08360
\$29.95

Reviewed by Al Tilley

little luck deciphering. Some simple diagrams done with ruler and graph paper could have made the text much easier to understand. There are no plans or lines drawings, and it isn't until you've read several chapters that you deduce the boat's dimensions. There is a lengthy description of the virtues of AC plywood, but epoxy is never mentioned and polyester resin is recommended. Everything I've read suggests polyester resins are not to be trusted. It would seem especially risky to suggest their use in a boat which purports to be a liveaboard for retirees, the homeless, and others on fixed incomes.

Plans are given for a sturdy motor mount, but there is no discussion of the helmsman's station. Is he kneeling on the rear deck? Are

the boat's front and rear doors open for visibility forward? Picture the aged captain on all fours with a cigarette boat closing fast dead astern. Ouch!

There's a design for a multi purpose mast, but no discussion of what one might put on it. If we're sailing, shouldn't leeboards and a tiller be presented as well? There is much here of value, but in its present form it's difficult to comprehend. Some teamwork with accomplished book and boat people could have resulted in a much easier time for the shanty boat dreamer.

If you are prepared to spend no more than the book's cover price on plans, you can probably accomplish your goal with the aid of this book, but make sure your "moaning chair" is close at hand. If you believe that a little extra spent on plans could save you many hours and dollars later on, then there are many other shanty boat projects which might better reward your efforts and investment.

The shanty boat projects I had in mind are the Aqua Casa from Berkeley Engineering which looks like a fairly easy build for anyone familiar with Payson's New Instant Boats. For \$100 you get plans for both a 16' and 20' along with the trailer, less money if you only want one or the other. Complete down to the bitts, holding tanks, etc. Along the same lines is Bolger's Houseboat, his looks to be the best use of minimal space. Inquire about their availability from Bolger and Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

Atkin's Retreat would also make a fine project for a more advanced builder. Glen-L has several entries from mini to maxi sized and from what I've seen and read they seem to be complete and geared toward the inexperienced builder. I believe any of the above would provide a much likelier to be completed project for the home builder.

Nicest "idea" book I've seen is called *Handmade Houseboats* or something similar, picked it up from our local library.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell

The Mermaid

You may have heard of mermaids, that they sit on rocks and sing songs to entice sailors to their doom; that the sight of one means that the vessel will be lost, but not until someone has had a chance to sing about it; or that they are really sea cows, also known as manatees, and are really harmless. All of those theories are wrong.

I had one encounter with a mermaid, or rather, one of my crew did. It was not the sort of event that anyone would care to repeat soon. I am well known as a truthful man, but this strains even my belief. Every word is, however, the truth as best I know it.

We were sailing a four-masted schooner on a coasting voyage with a cargo of molasses for Boston when we ran into a storm. As mate, it was my duty to



stand watch and keep an eye on the other watch. One night, I came on deck during my off watch and noted that, although we were dead on course, there was no one at the helm. It was not unusual for the helm to be lashed while the watch took care of something on deck, but something felt wrong. When I found the helmsman forward, he looked a terrible mess and smelled as though he had been wrapped in seaweed. I asked what had happened. This is what he told me.

About fifteen minutes before, the vessel felt as though it had had a light shock (this is probably what woke me) and he could not get his watchmate to answer. There had been no hail from forward to warn of anything in the sea. He lashed the helm and went to find out what was going on. He didn't find anything amiss until he

got forward, near the foremast shrouds. There he saw what looked like a large fish tail standing on its fins. He looked further up and noted that the upper half looked like a rather pretty woman, navel and all. Her hair, though, stank. It reached down over her shoulders. At first, he thought it was a deck mop, but then he saw the swab tied up in the rigging near where she was holding herself upright. From the way her hair looked, it was clear that tales of mermaids having combs are clearly false, as are tales of their having mirrors.

As he was concluding his inspection, she took a jump at him and grabbed him as though to pull him overboard. Naturally, he resisted and, after a brief struggle, she let him go and leapt into the sea. He struggled to his feet and, as he was stumbling aft, met me. I would have disbelieved him except for the seaweed smell and the fact that I noted several large, unusual scales on his clothes. As he looked such a mess, I sent him below and completed his watch.

That's the only encounter that I have ever known of anyone having with a mermaid. We never saw his watchmate again. Did he get taken overboard? If so, did he become a mermaid's mate, or was he dinner for her friends and family? I don't know.

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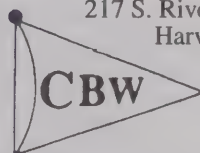
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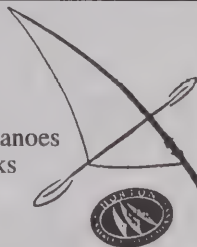


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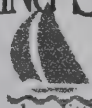


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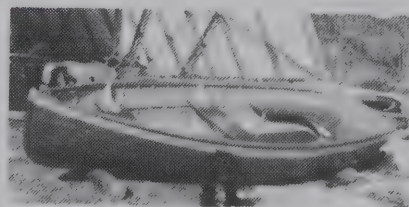
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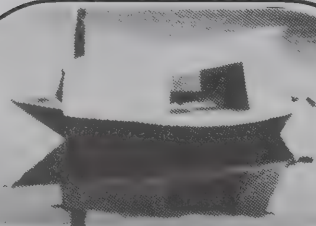
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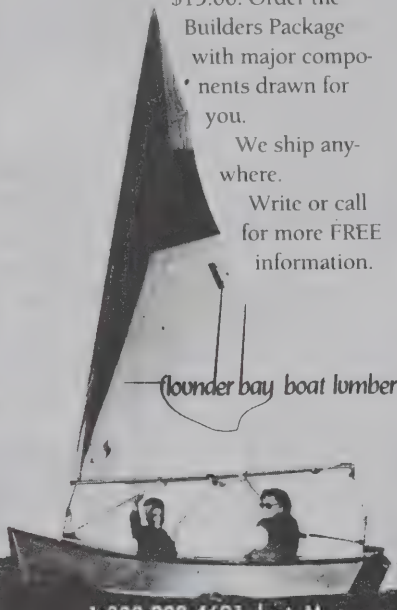
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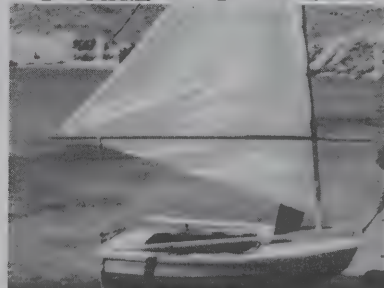
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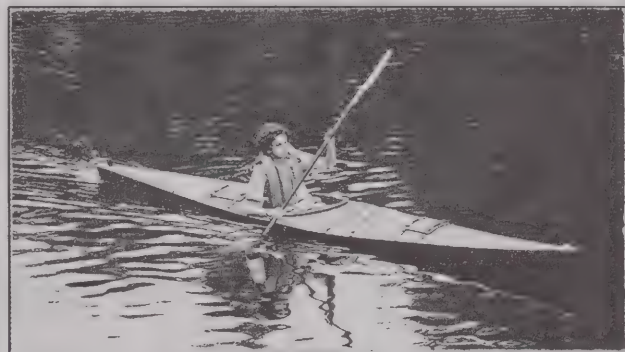
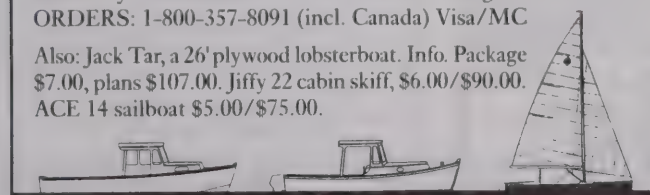
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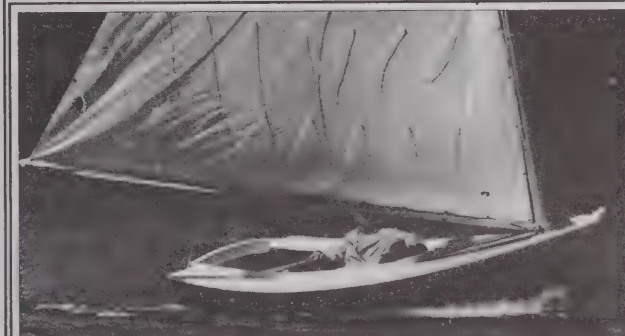
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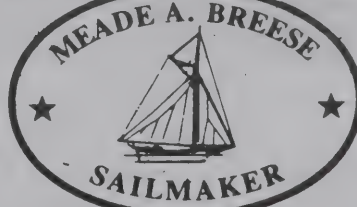
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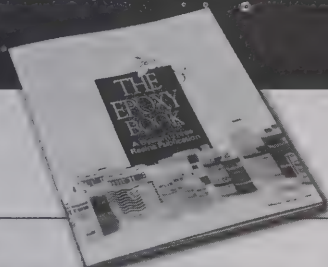
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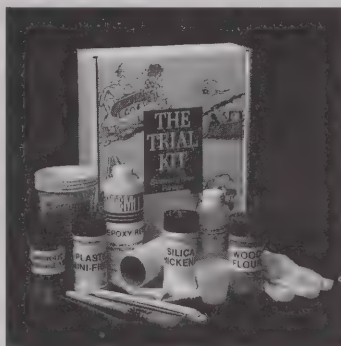
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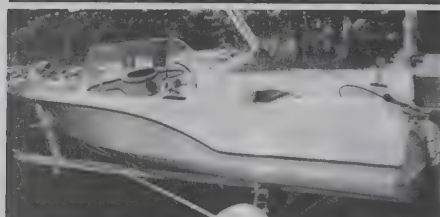
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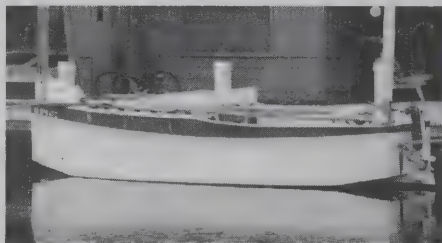
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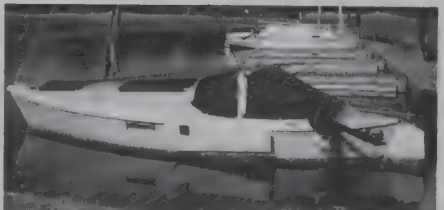
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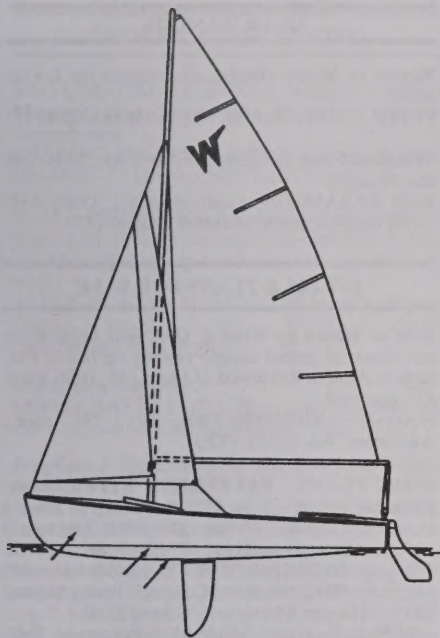
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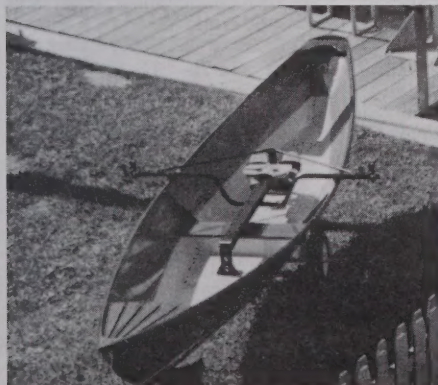
15' 10" Wayfarer, '83 Ian Proctor design camp cruiser/racer. FG hull, alum spars, lk new sails, alum trlr all in grt shape. Located Orange Cty NY. \$2,850. JIM MURRAY, New York, NY, (212) 477-6606/ (914) 446-5560. (8)



RARE '56 18' Chris Craft Sea Skiff, restored, flat-head six-Flagship engine. \$9,995 w/trlr. GEORGE'S BOATHOUSE, 136/138 Cedar St., Oneida, NY 13421, (315) 361-5415 days, (315) 363-2281 eves. (7P)

19' Seaward Fox Catboat, '95, w/trlr, 3hp Yamaha OB, dodger, cruising package, full battened w/lazy jacks. Exc cond. \$11,000. JEROME SMENTEK, Milwaukee, WI, (414) 771-45467. (8)

16' Alden Ocean Shell Single, Oarmaster & oars. Blt '86, gd cond. \$500. REBECCA or J.C. HALL, Plymouth, MA, (508) 224-8539. (10)



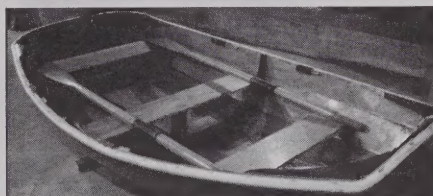
17' Devlin Oarling Rowing Dory, 1 yr old, used twice, always garaged, absolutely like new. Piantedosi oars & sliding seat, varnished inside, hunter green hullsides, full cover. \$3,500. Will deliver within reason. BOB MACNEILL, St. Petersburg, FL, (727) 867-5668. (8)



18' Lyman Islander, sidesteerer blt '52, w/ Graymarine Model 4-75 IB. Totally restored in beaut cond. Incl custom tandem trlr. \$4,800. WICK THOMPSON, Pt. Charlotte, FL, (941) 625-9720. (8)

9'8" Flat Bottom Rowboat, Steve Redmond's Tetra design as shown on page 120 of Tom Hill's book *Ultralight Boatbuilding*. New, never used. Lapstrake marine ply w/WEST System. Painted white w/green interior. Cetol on seats & mahogany trim. Looks sharp. \$850 (partial trade for Macintosh Computer equipment considered). LARRY DOW, Eliot, ME, (207) 439-8488. (8)

Klepper Aerius II, double folding sea kayak, '95 skin in exc cond, factory reconditioned frame & rudder. Incl '95 Klepper carry bags & paddle, S-4 sail rig, & BOSS System (never used) which turns it into a sailing trimaran that folds into 2 bags. \$3,499. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 10pm. (8)



Nutshell Pram, 7'9"x 4'3", beautifully blt, WEST epoxy, varnished. Skims like a leaf. \$1,195. ROGER HATCH, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-2005. (8)

W/C Canoe, nice. \$750. **Sunfish**, lks new. \$1,895. **Old Town Pac.** \$250. **Holder 14**, w/trlr. \$1,895. **Old Town 100th.** \$4,000. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (8)

17' Wood/Canvas Kayak, hard chine shallow V bottom, spacious cockpit. Nice cond. W. Folbot take-apart double paddle. \$250 firm. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (8)

Bart Hawthaway Kayak, 14'9"x 24", 30lbs. \$700. BILL DUNBAR, Jamestown, RI, (401) 423-3839, email: <wdunbar@ici.net> (8)

18' Classic Wooden Daysailer, blt by A.R. True. Restored '92. No trlr. \$2,500. ALFRED CHRISTIE, Beach Haven, NJ, (609) 883-9358 or (609) 492-4853. (7)



21' Venture Sloop, fast daysailer/weekender. FG hull, slps four, drop keel, pulpit, exc galv Cox trlr, Harken traveller & go-fasts, lights, battery, jiffy-reefing, brand-new mainsail, little-used 140% & 180% genoas, storm jib. Asking \$2,600. BRUCE CAMPBELL, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-1647. (7)



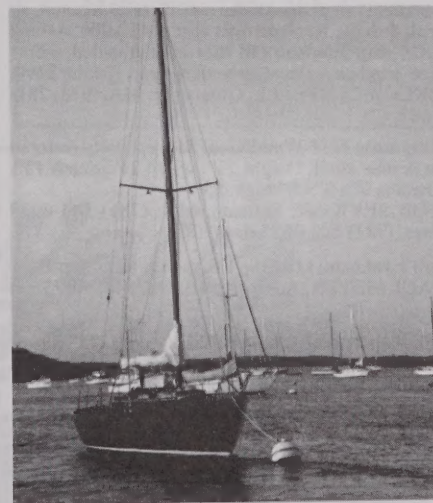
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Bolger 16' Micro Project, hull is framed, epoxy & FG incl. Lead keel cast & ready to be attached. Just about everything you need to complete incl plywood, FG, spars, sails, & trlr. I ran out of steam, but you could finish her quickly. \$600 OBO. 4.5hp Mercury OB negotiable. TIM LYON, Sycamore, IL, (815) 899-4612, email <slnelson@gte.net> (7)

Klepper Aerius I Expedition, single folding sea kayak, w/Klepper spray skirt. Exc cond, abt 5yrs old. \$2,750. **Klepper Aerius II**, dbl folding sea kayak w/Boss outrigger system & S-4 sail kit. Skin '95, frame reconditioned. \$3,995 firm. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 10pm. (7)

17' Boston Whaler, old style w/rblt mahogany console & seat. New wiring, lights, fishfinder, bilge pump, anchor, trlr, etc. With '98 75hp Yamaha, \$7,500. Boat only \$2,500. JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 659-7605. (7)

14' Acorn, lapstrake mahogany ply finished natural, w/oars & sails. \$700. **14' Shellback**, epoxy over ply w/sail rig, 2yrs old. \$800. **Bolger Brick**, w/sails, BO. PAUL CONNOLLY, Milwaukee, WI, (414) 765-3571 days, (414) 270-0231 eves. (7)



35' Lawley Weekender Sloop, '38 Sparkman-Stevens designed, refastened '81, repowered '95. 6'3" hdrm throughout, loran, depth, knot, vhf, teak decks, interior & cockpit cushions, spruce spars, club footed jib, anchor & line, 2 sets sails plus spinnaker, head, ice chest, dining table. Slps 4, holds 75gals fresh water, 18gals fuel. Documented. Lying Manchester, MA. A grt buy @ \$8,000. JAMES D. DINCECCO, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-7026, (7)



Catalina 22, '77, v/clean, new cushionms, many upgrades, singlehandedable, LR trlr, auxiliary. \$3,700.
WAYNE SMITH, Columbus, NJ, (609) 267-0970. (9)

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Eastern 22', or equivalent w/w motor.
JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 659-7605. (7)

Simmons Sea Skiff, w/trlr, no engine.
ROLF PRIVRAT, 2580 Schurr Ave., Bronx, NY 10465, (718) 931-9658. (7)

Wooden Surf Boat, from US Lifesaving era or early USCG. For 1876 Lifesaving Museum @ Indain River, DE. Also any artifacts.
HERB VON GOERRES, Lewes, DE, (302) 645-8866. (7)

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DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)

Yachtman Kedge Anchor, old style 35lbs. \$125.
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (7)

'64 Johnson 3hp Twin OB, looks new. From storage, w/manual. \$500.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (7)

GEAR WANTED

Tanzer 16 Motor Mount, also sources for Tanzer items.
PETER LAMB, Durham, NH, (603) 868-3090. (7)

Weedless Prop, for Seagull Forty Plus, '56/67 SJP (black tank).
BOB ABRAMSON, Stonington, CT, (860) 535-3699, email: <crapa@worldnet.att.net> (8)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.
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WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Snark/Mayflower Sailing Dinghy Owners Manual, also dimensions & profile trace of daggerboard.

RICHARD ELLERS, 426 Central Pkwy, Warren, OH 44483-6213 (No Phone Calls Please). (8)

Nesting Dinghy Plans, (or dinghy itself if not too expensive), 10' long assembled, no more than 7' long nested. Sailing ability nice but unnecessary if it rows well.

ALLEN HOLZMAN, 64782 Old Bend/Redmond Hwy, Bend, OR 97701, email <aholzman@scmc.org> (7)

Old Canoe Catalogs.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

Dinghies & Daysailers, by Butch & Rita Wilcox, published '87.

JACK MOORE, 1595 Los Osos Valley Rd. #25A, Los Osos, CA 93402, (805) 528-2586. (97)

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

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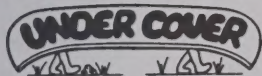
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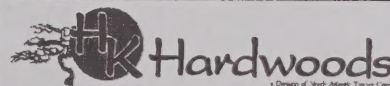
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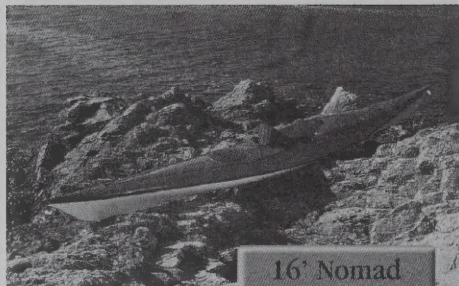
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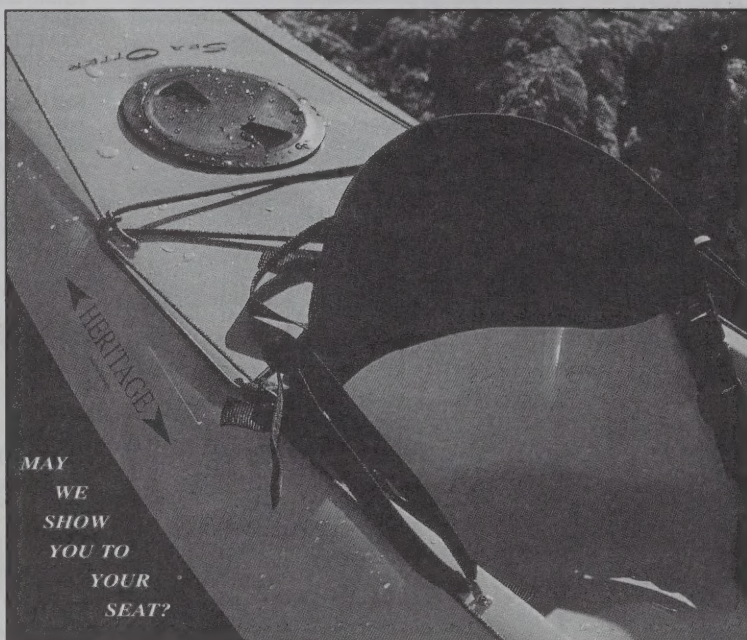
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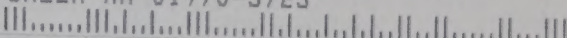
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