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Special Features This Issue...
A Sharpie for 32 Seasons
Blackburn Challenge - Not Your Usual Boat Festival



messing about in BOATS

Volume 16 - No. 9

September 15, 1998



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Volume 16 - Number 9
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In Our Next Issue...

We'll revisit the Wooden Boat Show in pictures, thanks to Joanne and Ralph Johnson.

Ron Hoddinott reports on "Whisper Cruises the North Channel"; I'll describe "Landmark's Summer Sailing School"; L.W. Lord tells how "I Bought a Sailboat"; Robert Peterson chronicles "Not a Nice Voyage"; and Rick Klepfer concludes his "Scandinavian Semester".

Dave Thibodeau presents his "7' Catboat Project"; Ron Mamerow reports on the "Middle of Mitten Boatbuilding Club's Winter Projects"; Hugh Ware catches in photos "A Boatyard Moment"; and Paul Bennet Describes how "You Can Build the Sagamore Tender".

Richard Carson continues pursuing his exotic "Dreamboats" with "The Maduran Prah"; and Phil Bolger brings us Part II of his detailed discussion of "Double Eagle Cat".

Looking at boatbuilding materials we'll have Paul Burri's information on "Hollowood Tubular Ply"; and an excerpt from a technical materials text entitled "What Wood is That?" And to tackle the woods thus described Dynamite Payson brings us the first part of his "Great Tool Hunt".

On the Cover...

Muscle boats of a different sort seen at the Blackburn Challenge, the oar powered Cornish gig *Saquish* and the paddle powered Hawaiian outrigger canoe *ZRE*, both sporting 6hp (human power). The paddlers prevailed, as you can read about in this issue.

Commentary...

The appearance on our coastal waters of the PWC, personal watercraft and the subsequent abuses of its maneuverability and speed by thoughtless operators has raised quite a storm of protest from the establishment. This includes not only those of us at the bottom end of the speed chain with our small paddle, oar and sail powered boats, but also those who enjoy larger sailing craft, and even the powerboaters, amongst whom lurked those abusers who had previously enjoyed the dubious distinction of being the objects of our collective wrath. The scene wherein the owner of a giant wakemaker now complains about the buzzing PWC pests disturbing his view of tranquility has its ironic aspect.

Apparently one firm has now spotted a new niche for a special product, a new creation called "Jetmate" offered by RPM Marine, Inc. of Surry, British Columbia. "JETMATE adds PERSONNEL to your PWC. Take the PERSONAL out of your WATERCRAFT!" This is achieved by inserting a PWC into a slot in the transom of a specially designed wraparound hull fitted out with seating room for several friends. Now it's off at high speed with the gang, no more lonely battling about the harbor. Sort of like commercial tug pushboats move barges, run in fast forward.

Meanwhile the PWC makers have also recognized this niche, producing larger versions of their jet boats seating four. They resemble the classic wooden runabouts of bygone times just as today's cars resemble the old convertibles. A gang of four seated in a convertible sort of arrangement can power over the water at 50mph plus. The Bombardier Sea-Doo Challenger 1800 jet boat was recognized in *Machine Design* magazine in July as a "Stylin' Jet Boat", in an article entitled "Golden Ideas Give Rise to Gold-Winning Products". It was one of the winners of a "clever industrial design award". You can buy one for \$16,995 Canadian.

Well, so speed is getting up to highway levels afloat and just like the horse and buggy folks who first had to face the automobile, all of us slowpokes are crying out in concern about what this will do to our boating pleasures. It remains to be seen if we will be driven from the water as horses and buggies were, simply to survive the onslaught of what the recreation industry chooses to offer as its view of what the majority of the public wants.

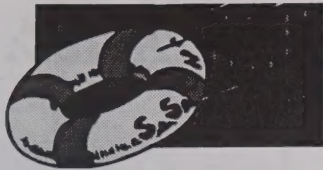
But, these are just little boats. Speed is being upped in quantum leaps in the world of commercial boating too with the advent of fast catamaran ferries. Yet another niche magazine reveals some pretty impressive info, *Speed at Sea, the Journal for Fast Ship Operators*, last winter described *Devil Cat*, a 300' wave piercing catamaran ferry built in Hobart, Tasmania and finished in a highly original livery inspired by the Tasmanian Devil of cartoon fame. After a 17 week charter to a local ferry outfit operating between Melbourne and Hobart, this vessel has arrived now right here on our quiet old New England coast, taking over the ferry duties between Bar Harbor, Maine and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Picture it. 300' long, 80' wide, travelling at 50mph carrying 240 cars and 876 passengers, covering 3/4 mile every minute. Better not get in the way. No less a dignitary of the cruising establishment than Roger Duncan, of *Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast* fame, comments in his "From the Dock" column in the August issue of the Island Institute's *Working Waterfront* about this scary apparition crossing the Bay of Fundy like some super train. Roger was trying to be realistic about the claims of the ferry operators about the hi tech safety systems onboard but does sketch out scenarios of potential disasters involving fog, impatient passengers resenting forced slowdowns, radar and other sophisticated detection gear not spotting small craft, etc.

He asks, "So what do we little people do?" and proceeds to list five defensive acts to avoid being swallowed up by the *Devil Cat*. These include knowing the exact ferry schedule; plotting its exact course from Schoodic to Yarmouth, a course it will slavishly adhere to; purchasing the biggest most effective radar reflector you can find; being prepared to hail *Devil Cat's* bridge on your VHF long before collision seems imminent; and don't go kayaking anywhere near *Devil Cat's* course, EVER!

Imagine it. Paddling serenely along out off Schoodic some fine summer day in a choppy sea, lost amongst the glinting waves in your kayak, when an growing whoosh catches your attention just in time to see this monster Tasmanian Devil about to engulf you in its gaping tunnel, unaware that you're even there. Must be how a mouse must feel when Tabby strikes.

1015.305
M585



Small Boat SAFETY

Greeting *Endeavour*

A lot of Coast Guard Auxiliary patrols are very, very routine. If it were not for the fact that being on the water is always enjoyable, one might almost use the word dull.

This one was anything but dull. We were asked by the Coast Guard to take a camera team to meet the *Endeavour*, a 101' replica of the ship in which Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe. The photographers were to take pictures of *Endeavour* as she entered the Cape Fear River under sail, and then be transferred from our vessel to the ship.

The Auxiliary boat was ideal for this duty. She was a 28', twin-engined Bayliner with a large cockpit completely enclosed with canvas and plastic side curtains, which we appreciated as the day was dull, windy, and with intermittent rain which, most fortunately, died away when we approached the ship.

We left the dock at 0730 and ran down the Cape Fear to Southport, arriving about 0915. *Endeavour* was still at sea, so we went out past Bald Head Island to greet her, and what a sight she was with her topsails glimmering through the haze, truly a ghost out of the past.

At the direction of the photographers, we circled the ship at varying distances while cameras clicked and the video cam purred. I understand that the film will be part of a series on tall ships to be aired in the fall and we'll be watching for details.

Just before it was time to transfer the camera team from our boat to the ship, we had a true stroke of luck. While we were parallel to *Endeavour* and 80 yards to her east, a shaft of sunlight broke through the overcast and reflected from her hull. It was a photographers' dream, and they certainly made the most of it, shifting from lens to lens with truly professional speed.

Transferring our passengers and their gear while both vessels were underway was not easy, but our Auxiliary boat was owned and skippered by one of the best coxswains we have. He laid her alongside a boarding ladder with apparent ease and held her there. "Careful with that camera," said one photographer. "It cost \$50,000!" Fortunately, it and the other camera bags went up the ladder to a waiting *Endeavour* crew member without a hitch, followed by our four passengers and Auxiliary 085 broke away and headed for home.

Active duty Coast Guard men and women say that one of the best parts of the service is that they never know what interesting duty lies just ahead. That is less true for Auxiliarists, but I would not have missed today's patrol for the world.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



A "New" Maritime Pest

There have been some articles printed lately about fiberglass termites. Whether fortunately or not, these pests have been known in America for at least 25 years. They were brought here with Taiwanese-built boats in the early 1970s, when the quality of Taiwanese construction was not nearly as high as it is now. At the time they were designated "polyestermites." All marine surveyors were sworn to secrecy by the CIA, as our government wished to keep the Taiwanese economy as strong as possible in order to irritate the mainland Chinese government. As a further aid to secrecy, the problem was officially designated "osmotic blistering." There was, of course, a fabricated story of the causes of the blistering. Among the things that were not told to the public was that the "blisters" actually contained the eggs of the polyestermites.

When found, the true polyestermites can be recognized by the nature of his feet. He has three sets of feet. Each pair has grown together to the point that the joined feet resemble a squeegee. After it excretes a highly corrosive and concentrated juice, these feet move rapidly up and down on the surface of the hull,

destroying the gel coat with a combination chemical and mechanical attack. These feet can move at approximately 2000 cycles per minute, fatiguing the bonds of the gel coat and making it easier for the polyestermites to get at the glass fibers which are its true food.

While some consider this beast an unalloyed pest, there are those who consider it a worthwhile addition to the list of biota, as it lets us get rid of the unsightly wrecks that fill up the back of every boatyard and marina. Without the lowly polyestermites, these large pieces of maritime trash would simply become landfill due to their inability to decompose. Now, due to the polyestermites' detoxification and reorganization (sic) efforts, plants and trees grow where once were only unsightly lumps of eternal white plastic cluttering up the landscape.

Efforts are continuing in secret to find a system that disrupts their attempts to attack floating vessels. So far there has been no success, as the toxicity of their juices makes them immune to our worst attacks. They thrive both above and below the waterline, whether on land or afloat.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum

at Basin Harbor, Vermont



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Opinions...

Ain't Good to Get Through Before You're Finished

About your editorials. You know, I think there are advantages to being in some kind of business where you can't ever afford to retire. For one, I believe it keeps us healthier but the main thing is, you can't quit before you reach your peak that way.

I got an eighty some odd year old uncle who builds and restores furniture. I was in his shop the other day telling him about these wonderful little pills my doctor prescribed... "One pill, and it is Katie, bar the door," says I.

He said, "Dammit, I just wish the hell I could get out of this business so I could sit down." He builds these four poster beds, turns the long, skinny, spiral-fluted posts on a homemade concrete-bed, lathe-looking thing that he built fifty years ago, has a waiting list that he says will last him until he is a hundred and six.

He wears these Air Nike shoes to help out his feet. The other day, he fell off his son's dock and almost drowned before he could get them off so his feet would sink and he could swim. In spite of his infirmities and bad attitude, the bed he is working on now will be his best. It ain't good to get through before you're finished. Steady as she goes there Bob.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

You write to us about..

Projects...

Yet Another One...

I done knocked together another one, again for a German couple. It is a strange thing to me how many of my customers are German. I have been trying to figure it out for a long time. None of them are from around here and none of them know the others. Somehow, they see one of our boats and it appeals to them. The boat is nine feet by fifty eight inches (Shaw & Tenney's oar formula makes the oars the same length as the boat!) and sixty three pounds. I have never built a boat this short before and was startled by all the weight, but actually, the only difference between it and a sixteen footer is a little bit of planking. The rest is all there.

The boat was built by the same eyeball method as the others, tulip poplar on sawn, natural-crook frames also of tulip poplar. The planks are all sheathed outside with epoxy and fiberglass before they are put on the boat and the garboards and first two broad strakes inside as well.

Needs...

Next Year We'll...

Time rushes by and we keep saying, "Next year we'll go". So maybe before we get too decrepit we'd better schedule our second, maybe our last, visit to New England (the first was back in 1987).

Ever since Dennis joined the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association he has day-dreamed about attending the annual Assembly held late July at Paul Smiths, N.Y. With fond memories of the tastes of fresh peaches and blueberries we would want to stay on for a few weeks after that; maybe see a few more small boats. Ideally we should like to rent a small cottage somewhere handy for water and hiking. We don't need much in the way of mod cons; we lived for seven years on the Isle of Coll without mains water or drainage, and still do not possess television, fridge nor microwave.

A comfy bed, a leak free roof and a tranquil aspect are our main requirements, so if there is anyone out there who has such a property to rent for summer 1999 please drop us a line.

Dennis would be prepared to teach his tortured ply kayak construction if any boatbuilding program organiser is interested in scheduling a short course.

Carol & Dennis Davis, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford, Devon EX39 1TB, England

One interesting thing, the whole boat was built from a splinter that split off this big old tree when it fell across a creek during the March Storm of '93. The wood was very pretty and we have been wondering what it would be good for for a long time. Always thought it was too short for boat planking. Ha.

That animal swimming along behind in the picture is a big hairy dog. She had to keep rowing so he wouldn't get in the boat and shake water all over her.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA



Useful Information...

Cartopping a Canoe

In answer to Chuck Eckfield's query in the July 15th issue about getting his canoe on to the top of his van, I find this method works well getting my canoe onto a station wagon.

My wagon has a roof rack with two crosspieces about five feet apart. I slide an army blanket under the aft crosspiece so it will stay there and pad the top of the car and the canoe as it goes onto the rack. I drag the canoe alongside the wagon right side up so I can lift the bow onto the top of the wagon with the stern resting on the ground. I then go back and lift the stern and slide it forward onto the rack. A second person to steady the canoe as I push it up is helpful.

After the canoe is up in place I tie ropes from the rack over the canoe front rack and rear rack and snug them so the canoe will not slide sideways off the rack and then run ropes from the canoe forward crosspiece on each side aft to the rack and snug them tight. I do the same aft to keep the canoe from sliding forwards or back. I run another line from the front crosspiece over the hood down under to one of the holes on the frame under the car. You may do this with the canoe upside down though it is harder to slide it.

I am aware that some people carry the canoe upside down on four foam blocks supplied by the canoe store for the purpose. You can still slide it up it using the blanket even if you do not have a roof rack. Tying it without a roof rack may require going through the doors which makes it difficult to get in and out of the car. You can tie it through the doors with them open and shut them on the line.

Stephen DuPont, Old Saybrook, CT.

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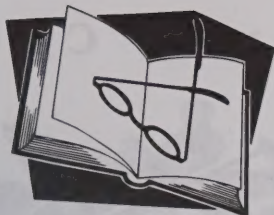
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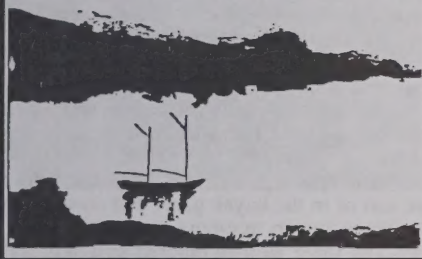


Book Review

DREAMS OF A LANDLOCKED BOATMAN

Adventures on the Connecticut River

Oliver Allyn



Dreams of a Landlocked Boatman: Adventures on the Connecticut River

By Oliver Allyn

Oliver Allyn, *Dreams of a Landlocked Boatman: Adventures on the Connecticut River*, J.N. Townsend Publishing: Exeter, New Hampshire, 1998, 176 pp., \$15. Chapter 6, "The Mosquito Pier," was reprinted in the February 1, 1998 issue of *MAIB*.

Reviewed by Jim Lacey

Oliver Allyn's *Dreams of a Landlocked Boatman* tells the story of the author's enduring fascination with small boats, which began for him as a childhood dream in the cornfields of Illinois and culminated some five decades later with a cruise down the Connecticut River from Hartford to the Sound, a 52-mile passage.

Like Henry David Thoreau, who felt that his excursions through the woods of Concord were as thrilling and exotic as explorations of Africa, Allyn convincingly demonstrates that a modest voyage in local waters can be as spiritually rewarding to the observant and imaginative as an offshore passage to the antipodes. Most readers of this journal should thor-

oughly enjoy Allyn's account of recollecting, designing, building, and messing about with boats.

The first stage of this sojourn began on a July morning in 1979 when Allyn launched at Hartford's Riverside Park his 16' Bolger/Payson crabbing skiff *Emma*, which he had modified for cruising and equipped with a homemade gaff rig. Two days of adventures and misadventures later, Allyn interrupted his journey at Portland, some 22 miles down river. After an interlude of three years, during which he designed and built *Laughing Star*, a 19' cat-ketch-rigged scow, and her dinghy, *Twinkle*, the author returned to Portland with his new boat to complete the excursion to the Sound.

As interesting as the details of the journey itself is Allyn's no-nonsense account of his doubts, occasional blunders, and ultimately rewarding sense of achievement in designing and building these boats. Interwoven with the narrative of this down-scaled odyssey are flashback accounts of boats from his childhood, including a mysterious derelict among the hollyhocks of central Illinois, a 7-1/2' square-rigged ship which he built and sailed on a grass ocean, a toy tug, and a wagon fitted out with a square sail that he raced perilously down a driveway.

Allyn, a stage designer and teacher at Mount Holyoke College before his retirement in 1989, brought to the task of building his dreams a practical sense of design and the ability to make do with available materials. Despite a penchant for the passive, a few typos, and a certain casualness in the use of commas and hyphens, Allyn's prose is efficient, at times lyrical, and refreshingly free of nautical jargon.

Chapter 7, "The Ominous Eye," is a gracefully written epitome of the book. After falling asleep in *Emma*, tied up on the unnaturally quiet river, Allyn is startled and bewildered by the probing light and roar of a huge tug pushing two barges upstream. When he comprehends the situation, he reflects that the river is full of surprises, and after reviewing a number of them he has experienced, Allyn feels that somehow the river is now his river. He then thinks over the years that have brought him to this experience and wonders why it has taken him so long to venture upon the dream.

Dreams of a Landlocked Boatman has personal associations for me. In the early 1960s, while we were living in New York City, my wife and I rented a summer place for a few weeks in Cape Porpoise, Maine, from a

young couple. Dan was another landlocked midwestern dreamer who had come east to build and sail his own boat. That summer, as I recall, he had completed the dinghy, which he let us use, and was at work on the sailboat.

Early one evening, Dan took me in the punt to check out a substantial sailing vessel, perhaps a ketch or a schooner, that had anchored just offshore. Invited to come aboard, I heard talk of apparently famous boats, designers, and shipyards and, for the first time, realized that there was a fascinating world I knew absolutely nothing about. This was the nudge that encouraged me, once we had moved to New England, to get involved in messing about in small boats.

After sailing a board boat for years and then a daysailer which I built from a kit, I bought *Laughing Star*, not the boat in the book under review but a later avatar, from Oliver Allyn, just before his retirement (see "Buying a Weekender," *MAIB*, April 1, 1992). Since by prearrangement the name was to go with Oliver, I called our Nimble 20 *Chatterwug*, and to this day Barbara and I are delighted with Oliver Allyn's many sensible and ingenious contributions to the handsome cabin of our boat.

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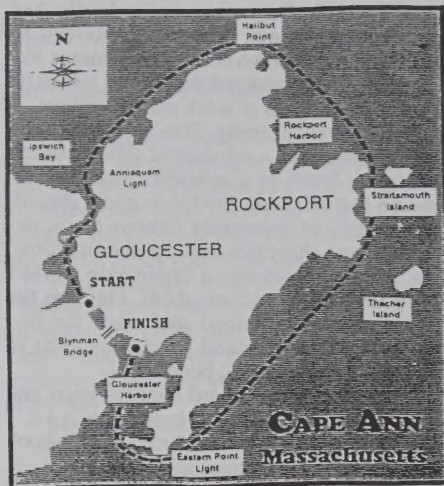
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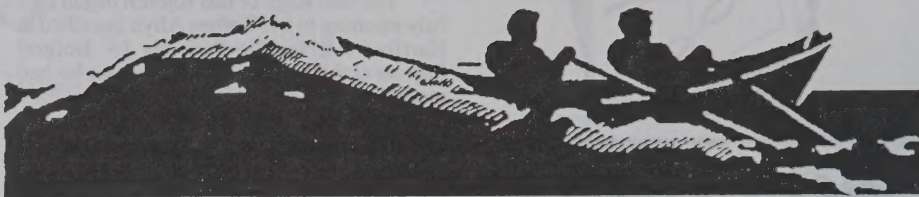


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CAPE ANN ROWING CLUB



BLACKBURN CHALLENGE

By Bob Hicks

A flat sea and hot but dry summer air promised a possible record for the 1998 running of this 20 mile race around Cape Ann on the Massachusetts north shore. 106 boats started this year, 28 of them oar powered, 78 paddle powered. Each of these basic forms of power included permutations; singles, doubles, multis, fixed seat, sliding seat, single bladed and double bladed paddles. The eclectic mix of boats is a major attraction in this race for we get to compare how different types do over so long a course.

The absence of last year's 20 knot northwest wind resulted in much faster times this year, and the fastest time, set by the Hawaiian outrigger canoe of Bob Zaveral & company (2nd overall in 1997), set a new record in 02:29:36. Last year's overall fastest, Joe Holland in a Kingfisher racing shell was set back to 3rd this year behind Ed Joy's surf ski. Neither of these bested the earlier overall course record set in 1995 of 02:35:03. The statistical breakdown at the end of this report gives you the various times of class winners as well as the dozen boats that came in under three hours this year, interesting reading for anyone who enjoys analyzing how different boats do.

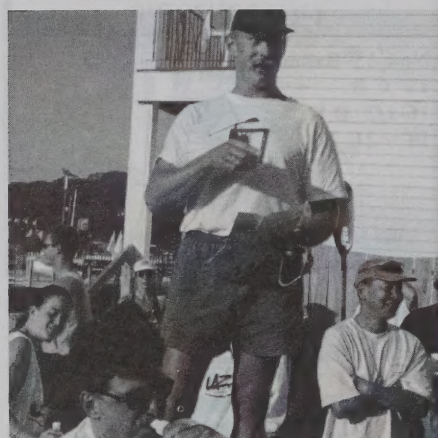
In the big boat battle of cubic muscle-power, the six paddlers in each outrigger canoe (three of the eight entered) bested the six rowers in the Cornish gig *Saquish*, a bit over 23 minutes between the *ZRE* and *Saquish*. Sad to see *Saquish* now the only one of the gigs taking up the challenge. One four man

boat without cox and another two woman and one man boat with sliding seats comprised the rest of the rowing boats with more than two rowers. Those two women, Gina Lampassi and Shelagh Donahue, teamed with Ken Parker in a Pilot gig with three sliding seat rigs to finish 9th overall, fastest multi oared boat, about 15 minutes behind the fastest oar powered boat, Joe Holland's Kingfisher.

While mentioning various "fastest" boats, the Tom Mailhot/Dana Gaines effort in Nick Schade's beautiful 26' strip built double sea kayak was something to see. Two top musclemen paddlers in an incredibly sleek, ultra long waterline touring kayak managed a 6th overall finish about 17 minutes behind the outrigger canoe and three minutes ahead of Larry Thomas' solo racing kayak.

And then there are the surf skis. These are sort of in the kayak genre but do seem to be increasing in numbers, this year twelve men and three women entered surf skis and Ed Joy set 2nd fastest time overall, about six minutes down on the outrigger canoe and two minutes ahead of the sliding seat racing shell.

Sea kayaks dominated the entry numerically, 43 men and nine women in solos and six men in doubles, over half the entry! Paddling seems to be prevailing over rowing in this race named after Gloucester's folk hero rower from bygone days of dory fishing fleets under sail.



Entries by Class:

Kayak Touring Single (Men)	37
Surf Ski (Men)	12
Fixed Seat Single	8
Outrigger Canoe	8
Kayak Touring Single (Women)	8
Banks Dory Double	4
Fixed Seat Double	4
Kayak Racing Single (Men)	4
Surf Ski (Women)	4
Kayak Touring Double	3
Sliding Seat Racing Single (Men)	3
Sliding Seat Touring Single (Men)	3
Open	2
Banks Dory Single	1
Kayak Racing Single (Women)	1
Multi Seat w/Cox	1
Multi Seat w/o Cox	1
Sliding Seat Racing Single (Women)	1
Sliding Seat Touring Double	1
Total Entry	106

From left top: Fitting a custom tailored spray skirt to one of the Hawaiian outrigger canoes. Tom Mailhot making the pre-race announcements. Variety is the spice in this race, a few entrants beached at the pre-race meeting.



"Hey, are you sure you've got all your stuff?"



"Gimme a shout when you're ready to go."

F. Russell Smith II took along a family member (daughter?) in his *Susan B. Holland*, to a leisurely 5th in fixed seat singles.



John Bakewell and Harry Armstrong enjoying a day under oars. Their time of 4:01:41 was typical of the more leisurely competitors, 4 hours being realizeable with perseverance.

Classic dories, a Banks and a Swampscott, happened to pass by our vantage point at Lane's Cove at the same time.





ZRE, the Hawaiian outrigger canoe of Bob Zeveral and friends setting a new course record.

Ed Joy brought a surf ski home 2nd overall about 2 minutes ahead of Joe Holland's Kingfisher racing shell, vaulting solo paddling ahead of solo rowing for the first time.



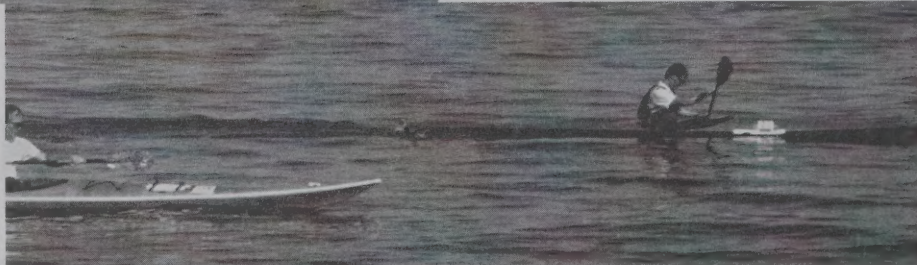
Joe Holland, the 1997 winner, settled for 3rd overall this year in his Kingfisher racing shell.

Tom Mailhot and Dana Gaines moving Nick Schade's 26' Guillemot touring kayak to a new course record for the class and a 6th overall placing.



Saquish, veteran of the Scilly Isles gig races last year in England was the only gig entered in the Blackburn this year, placing 10th overall.

Bruce Terbush (right), at 12th overall, in his solo racing kayak was last participant to finish in under 3 hours. I missed racing kayak class winner Larry Thomas who came by while I was loading film.



Jake Jacobson and Mark Kaudutich had sliding seats in this traditional looking boat, the only sliding seat touring double entered.

"And how is it going with you?" Greetings were often exchanged along the way, here Donald Wassell in his Alden, winner of the sliding seat touring single class, overtakes Mike McGarty in his fixed seat Monfort geodesic Whitehall.



Andy and Henry Hall winning the fixed seat doubles in what looks like one of John Aborn's Monument Beach wherries.

Howard Blackburn would appreciate Jack Anderson and Jim Tarrantino, winners over three other Banks dories.



Top Finishers Under 03:00:00 Hours:

* Indicates Class Winner

- 02:29:36* Outrigger Canoe - Robert Silvermail, Bob Zeveral, Bill Rogers, John Roosa, John Edwards, Blake Conant
- 02:35:31* Surf Ski Men - Ed Joy
- 02:37:40* Sliding Single Men's Racing - Joe Holland
- 02:38:54 Outrigger Canoe - Dick McCauley, Mike Fairchild, Chuck Brahman, Paul Dyka, Gary Aprea, Jackie Leuzze
- 02:45:13 Outrigger Canoe - N.E. Outrigger Team, Michael Handa
- 02:46:34* Kayak Double Touring - Dana Gaines & Tom Mailhot
- 02:48:55 Surf Ski Men - Joe Glickman
- 02:49:25* Kayak Single Men's Racing - Larry Thomas
- 02:52:34* Open (Sliding Seat Triple) - Gina Lampassi, Shelagh Donahue, Ken Parker
- 02:52:51* Multi Fixed Seat w/Cox (Saquish) - Bert Jenness, Mike Hammond, David Sierveld, Tim Snow, Tucker Patterson, Jon Daley, Ed Lund
- 02:53:13 Surf Ski Men - Joe Glickman
- 02:57:29 Kayak Single Men's Racing - Bruce Terbush

The Rest of the Class Winners:

- 03:00:50 Kayak Single Men's Touring - Maury Eldridge
- 03:04:34 Sliding Seat Single Women's Racing - Kinley Gregg
- 03:05:11 Sliding Seat Double Touring - Jake Jacobson, Mark Kaudutich
- 03:19:10 Sliding Seat Single Men's Touring - Donald Wassell
- 03:19:45 Kayaks Single Women's Racing - Denise Radke
- 03:19:58 Fixed Seat Double - Andy Hall, Henry Hall
- 03:22:24 Surf Ski Women - Becca Erickson
- 03:26:15 Kayak Single Women Touring - Sarah Evertson
- 03:35:43 Fixed Seat Single - Paul Neil
- 04:53:55 Multi Seat w/o Cox - Andrew Davis, Joshua Davis, Michael Hillegus, Andrew Davis
- 04:10:55 Banks Dory Double - Jack Anderson, Jim Tarrantino
- 05:18:08 Banks Dory Single - Anthony Miltello



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Not Your Usual Boat Festival

By Hugh Ware

Antique and classical boat shows across the nation often specialize in one type of craft. Perhaps it's gleaming speedboats or guideboats or canoes, perhaps steam launches or the boats of one maker, designer, or class. But in Boston, it's different. Founder and organizer Pat Wells (who also founded the Boston Tug Muster) has made sure that the Boston Antique and Classic Boat Festival has become, perhaps the right word is eclectic.

The nearly 40 entries for the 16th iteration of the event fell into three generic classes: Antique (built in 1947 or before); Classical (built in 1968 or before); and Reproduction. This July's meet had a couple

of gentlemen's steam launches with at least one crew (including their dog, Ben) in ever-changing vintage clothing, quite a few gleaming runabouts, carefully finished bass boats and other open fishing craft, numerous classical rowboats, powerboats, and sailboats. Some were reproductions, several by the Landing Boat School, and some were the real thing from builders like Lawley, Egg Harbor, Chris Craft, Lyman, MacKenzie, and Thompson. But this show had more. I'll not describe most of the entries or list the winners, worthy though they may be. Instead, I'll describe the three most unusual craft.



Jim Ewing's *Snohomish* (ex 110' Coast Guard tug), received a citation for Impossible Dream.

Ex 36' motor lifeboat, winner of Best Workboat, owned by Orleans (Cape Cod) Historical Society.



A 110' Antique?

Imagine an Antique and Classic Boat Show where one antique entrant was 110' feet long, but wasn't an old motor yacht or a big schooner. It was a former Coast Guard cutter, the diesel-electric icebreaking tug *Snohomish* built in 1944. The rules for the Festival state that "boats don't have to be in 'show' condition to compete in judging," and *Snohomish* was pretty much as she was when her Coast Guard crew decommissioned her and walked ashore after a half-century of breaking ice on the Penobscot River way Down East, and other duties. A bit tired, you know.

New owner Jim Ewing and a friend walked aboard, descended to the engine room, spent an hour or so figuring out how to start the two Winton diesels and safely operate the electric motor connected to the single shaft, and then drove her out of Woods Hole and up to Boston. Since then, they've pulled the armature (it developed a short) and had it rewound. At the same time, the motor coils were vacuum impregnated with varnish and baked. Some \$20,000 later, the *Snohomish* was underway again. Ewing and friends have since visited the ship's old stomping grounds (they got a great welcome from the fishermen who depended on the icebreaker in winter) and other places along the New England coast.

Maybe the old vessel will be put back in tip-top condition again, maybe Ewing and friends will continue to concentrate on the fun of cruising in considerable style in an ex-Coast Guard cutter. Few others can make a similar claim. No wonder the old tug won the judges' Citation for Impossible Dream.

Star of a Most Unusual Rescue

Snohomish undoubtedly took part in many rescues, but another entrant was the star of a most unusual rescue. Let's go back to 1952. A ferocious northeaster was pounding the nighttime New England coast. As the tanker *Fort Mercer*, off Cape Cod, started to break in half, the ship got off an SOS. Coast Guard attention quickly focused on the casualty. Rescue ships from Portland to Nantucket set out for the scene. A Coast Guard amphibian out of Salem was soon circling the wreck.

Meanwhile, another tanker not too far away was also in trouble, and it also broke in half, but far too quickly to permit transmission of an SOS. In strange irony, the crew of 33 on the drifting stern half of the *Pendleton* had a receiver and could monitor the details of the other ship's rescue attempts. Battered by mountainous waves in the shallow waters off Chatham, the hulk was helplessly driven past Pollack Rip Lightship. The crew was in deep trouble, but who knew? Personnel at Station Chatham did, its radar had watched the *Pendleton* break up and was tracking the two halves.

A DUKW set out, but the 2-1/2-ton amphibious track, normally a superb surf craft, couldn't handle the conditions. It was time for the Station's 6-year-old motor lifeboat to go to work. Anonymously numbered 36500, it was one of the famed wooden 36-footers with distinctive double ends, three whalebacks, and two cockpits. Tough, able boats that could survive almost anything, but conditions that night were bad, bad, bad.

The Coast Guard has an unofficial motto, first uttered by one of the Outer Bank's famed Midgett family of lifesavers, to the effect that, "The regulations say you got to go out. They don't say anything about coming back." So out went 36500 with its crew of four, into the night with its howling, wind-driven spume and mountainous seas suddenly appear-

ing out of the blackness. The Chatham bar nearly did them in. Pounded by a giant wave heaping up steep as it passed over the bar, they lost most of their rescue equipment and, most important of all, their compass. Perhaps thoughts of turning back entered the crew's minds, but they weren't ready to tackle the bar again quite yet, and besides, there were seamen to be rescued. They fought on.

Soon, they arrived at half of the *Pendleton*. A Jacob's ladder was hanging over the side of the listing stern section. In a delicate dance of timing the waves and adjusting 36500's position, Boatswain's Mate Webber moved the big lifeboat in and out. One by one, men descended the ladder and were picked up. Thirty-two men were safe in the

lifeboat and packed below out of the way in the rescue compartment up forward when the 33rd, and last, seaman slipped off the ladder and was swept away. Now, all Webber and his crew had to do was get the badly crowded boat back to shore without a compass to guide them.

Webber hoped to beach the boat somewhere, anywhere, but somehow, perhaps because of changes in the waves as they rose and crested to cross the bar, or from a locational "sense" acquired on many practice runs, he found the Chatham bar again, safely surfed over it, and reached the fish pier. A most successful rescue mission? An outstanding "Yes." But one wonders whether 36500's crew might, just possibly, have felt a faint tinge of failure because of that last man who didn't make it.

When its service life came to an end, 36500 was donated to the Cape Cod National Seashore for a Coast Guard display, but lack of funds allowed it to deteriorate. Eventually, a small town organization, the Orleans Historical Society, gulped, bravely acquired the famous old boat, and shouldered the burden of restoration and preservation. Now completely restored and updated with the equipment that is now considered necessary for safe cruising, 36500 glistens and purrs, and it chugged along at a sedate 8 knots, about all it was ever capable of, to Boston with its proud crew of volunteers, ready to recount details of one of the great sagas of lifesaving. Another wonderful "antique," but with a far more dramatic history than most.

Larinda Must be Experienced to be Comprehended

Bob Hicks has already described *Larinda* (MAIB, September 1, 1997) but she has to be seen, make that "experienced," to be comprehended. Imagine your name is Larry Mahan. Imagine that you fall in love with a small plan and brief description while reading Chapelle's *American Sailing Craft* (see pages 40-43) and decide to build something like that 1767 trading schooner. Ask Mahan sometime about the genesis of his interest. The story goes back to his third grade, as I remember the tale. You start in 1970. You chose to start with a ferrocement hull because you know it will take years for you and your family (and, eventually, over 1000 talented friends and volunteers) to finish such a big vessel, 60' on deck, 75 tons displacement, to the high standards you desire, and a wooden-framed vessel would be riddled with rot long before completion.

Along the way, you come upon a giant engine, a 1928 100hp Wolverine diesel, and spend eight or ten years rebuilding it. Painted anew in a glowing green with shining brass and copper fittings, it's so beautiful a showpiece that you place it in the center of the main saloon. It blocks social interchanges from one side to the other, but who cares? Artistic friends carve leaping killer whales for the transom, frogs for the figurehead and rudder top, and other creatures for above and below. You recycle long leaf yellow pine, lovely stuff indeed, and use warm red woods inside, all varnished. You and wife, Marlene, son, Larry, daughter, Linda, and volunteers labor on and, finally, *Larinda*, named for your children, tastes salt water in 1996, over a quarter century after you started work on her. Not a reproduction, but a modified version of the original, and utterly spell-binding.

Launching doesn't bring an end to your labors. You decide to use lug sails with full-length battens instead of the square sails of old, three sails handled from the deck as opposed to six sails on the original. The Portuguese brought the lug sail to Europe from the Far East, and it has proven its worth, especially on ships with small crews. There's other work (which continues today) to be done by the whole family and friends. Soon, however, *Larinda* is ready to earn some money by daily tours, charters (what a lovely site for a wedding), and a cruise here and there.

That's how she came to be at the Festival, where she was crowded with a steady stream of reverent visitors. Each walked up a sturdy gangway, each stepped off onto a sea chest serving as a step, and each was greeted and carefully handed down by Larry Mahan himself, clad in colonial costume. After a tour, each departed, deeply impressed with both ship and man. But *Larinda* provided more than a moving experience for participants and visitors at the Festival. Her cannons made a lusty contribution to the nautical "Amen" after the Fleet's Blessing on Sunday, the booms mingling with the steam launches' whistles and other craft's noisemakers.

I was glad to tell Mahan that his accomplishments had refreshed my belief in the unstoppable human spirit. As I stated earlier, this was not your usual boat show.

Larinda, a ferrocement replica of an 18th century schooner, built and owned by Larry Mahan, won "Best Interior".





Larinda's transom with leaping killer whales and frog reposing on rudder.



Larinda's bowsprit and frog figurehead.



Non-participant Berk Eastman tug perhaps thought the open hatch over *Johanna's* engine indicated "push?" *Johanna* is a 1989 replica Hacker owned by G. Daniel Prigmore of Hull, MA, and won "Best Reproduction."

Page 12

Annie, a 1980 reproduction of a 1934 double-ended yawl, owned by Fred and Jane Bauer of Marblehead, MA, won "Best Sailboat."



Dorothy, an 1898 Lawley 25' fantail lake launch, owned by Dean Seibert of Norfolk, CT, won a citation for Special Birthday (100th!), and "Spectator's Choice."



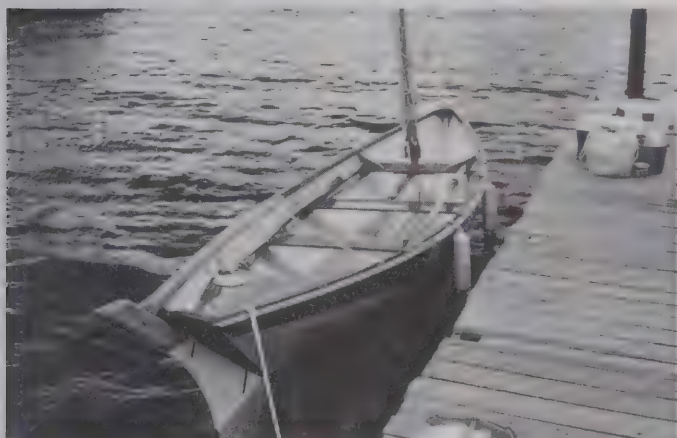


Decision, a 1962 Egg Harbor 37' flying bridge sedan cruiser, owned by Eugene Miller of Braintree, MA, won "Best in Original Condition."



Adelia, a 1912 18' Lawley tender, owned by Brian Cartwright of Toronto, Ontario, won "Best Powerboat."

Captain Gnat, a 1991 17' Swampscott dory built by the Landing School in Kennebunkport, ME, and owned by Alfred Gosciniak of Somerville, MA, won "Best Hand Powered Boat".



Pat Wells, tireless and dedicated founder and organizer now of 16 Boston Antique and Classical Boat Festivals. She says she just loves old boats!

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Whisper's Michigan Sojourn

By Ron Hoddinott

On my way to the North Channel this summer, *Whisper* and I stopped in to see an old friend on Sherman Lake in Michigan. Being the son of a military officer, I'd left Michigan in the middle of my senior year of high school and had never returned. Over the past dozen or so years I've had a recurring dream about returning to and sailing on Sherman Lake. My high school years, like most everyone's, were a time when I was learning who I was. Swimming, fishing, boating, water skiing, and sailing were my summer activities on the lake.

One person, above all others, shared these passions. Pat Doran, a young lady who also lived on the lake, and I discovered sailing together one day when we were both 15 years old. Pat had an aluminum skiff which we used for diving, exploring, and occasionally making midnight raids on the Boy Scout Camp across the lake. Pat also had an old canvas tarp that wasn't being used. She suggested, as I recall, that we find a mast and turn her skiff into a sailboat! Well, you can probably guess what the resulting vessel looked like when we

were done. We called it a junk rig, and not because it looked anything like the Chinese version. We had no idea how to make a sailboat go upwind, so we used the motor, a 2.5hp air-cooled Eska, to power upwind. Then we'd set the sail and cruise back down. How cool, we thought, to be using the wind to go almost where we wanted!

A counselor from the Boy Scout camp, who swooped all over the lake in his sailing canoe, took pity on us one day and suggested a leeboard. He showed us his finely made pivoting mahogany board with thwart across the canoe. We rolled our eyes as we calculated the difficulty that we would have duplicating such a beautiful piece of work. We scrounged around in Pat's garage and came up with some heavy lumber that was probably part of a dock at one time. We hacked a thwart and leeboard out of an old 2x6. It was the best example of what teenage enthusiasm and lack of skill can produce. Needless to say, we were delighted at any forward progress the boat was able to make, especially to windward. We didn't care, we were sailing!



The Doran cottage and the aluminum skiff that was our first sailboat.

Pat Doran on *Whisper*.



Our love of sailing progressed until I was able to put together a sailing pram with the help of my carpenter grandfather and a donated canvas sail. Pat ordered a Grumman canoe with sail rig. We were both smitten for life. Pat had other passions as well, she was an excellent competition water skier and excelled in other sports. She taught me that if there was no wind, then it was time to water ski.

On my drive out to the lake, I kept wondering what I would find. Would Pat still live there? Would the lake be taken over by yuppies with small versions of lakeside mansions replacing the small cottages that lined the lake in the 1960s? I was delighted to find that although most of the lake dwellers had improved their lot, the cottages and ambiance of the small lake was much the same. Pat's house still had "Doran" hanging over the garage by the road. Her van was parked outside. I could tell it was her van by the stickers all over the back. "Pray for Wind!" was one I distinctly recall. She was still Pat.

Unfortunately, she wasn't home. I walked out on her dock and took some pictures of her house and the lake. The aluminum skiff was still there, minus the "sail rig." Her Grumman canoe was pulled up on the shore, but no Pat. A sheltie collie, just like the ones her mother had raised in the 1960s, was barking at my intrusion. I left her a note and drove on around the lake.

Back at my campsite at Fort Custer State Park, I made dinner and began to work on my journal. As I was typing page three, I looked up and Pat Doran was walking toward me. She'd gotten my note and come right over. It seems that Pat had been wondering for years what had happened to me. Being the son of a military officer had many benefits, but one big drawback. We never got to go back and see the people who made our lives what they became. I can't blame my father's chosen profession entirely, as I've been on my own for quite a while. But the concept that one moves on and never looks back was ingrained in me as a child. I accepted it as normal when, in fact, for most people it is highly abnormal.

Pat couldn't stay long as she had to attend a graduation ceremony at the new YMCA camp across the lake, but we tried to fill each other in on our lives for about an hour. She was very interested in *Whisper* and my trip to the North Channel. Plus, she had some of the charts I'd need for the trip. Pat had been a physical education teacher for a short time, then a school bus driver, and finally had become a snow ski patrol at western resorts during the winter. She had been a competitive water skier, has her captain's license, and has done charter boat work on the Great Lakes and in the Caribbean.

She also races Flying Scotts on Gull Lake. She sails only the best kind of boats, as she says, OPB's (other people's boats). She has taught herself wind surfing and is now a certified instructor. During the summer she runs the sailing program at the YMCA youth camp across the lake (the former Boy Scout Camp). She had been getting the sailboats ready for the summer when I was at her cottage earlier. Pat suggested that we race Flying Scotts on Gull Lake on Sunday. I couldn't believe my luck.

The next morning Pat was working with her sheltie dogs Breeze and Traveler in the yard when I arrived. As I walked into her yard

she apologized for running off so fast last night, and started pulling something out of her wood pile. It was a wooden sign that had been on the DN iceboat that we had pieced together after pulling it out of a fire intended to destroy it forever. It said "Burnt Toast." We laughed as we recalled the attempt to reconstruct the ruined boat. Pat had finally gone over to Gull Lake, gotten some expert help, and renamed her iceboat *Toasty*. She showed me some pictures of the final result, which I had never seen. We talked and reminisced, and she attempted to catch me up on the past 35 years of her life, as I did the same for mine.

It was like a time warp, as we felt that only a few weeks had gone by. We were two high school sailing buddies reunited after a long weekend. Pat had to wait for a collie pup to be dropped off for the weekend, so I launched *Whisper* at the much improved launching area on the lake.

Rigging and launching *Whisper* into the crystal clear water, where I sailed a boat for the first time 35 years ago, put a major smile on my face. The wind was blowing gently off the land as I eased into the boat and cast off the dock lines. With the speed that *Whisper* can make in the gentlest of winds, the lake suddenly seemed much smaller than I'd remembered it. Much big water has gone under my keels since those days, but the lake was just as beautiful as I'd remembered it. I sailed on a lazy beam reach toward Pat's cottage and beached *Whisper* alongside her Grumman canoe.

Pat put the visiting collie in a cage and told the other two pups to be good and stay put, and we pushed *Whisper* off for a sail around the lake. I shortly let Pat take the helm, as I knew she was itching to do. We sailed around every part of the lake, and on the way back towards her house we spotted her Flying Scott captain, Brenda, standing on the dock. Brenda didn't feel well, but we suggested that a pleasant sail in *Whisper* was just what the doctor ordered.

The winds were fluky as they usually are on small inland lakes. We'd get a puff from the northwest, and then the wind would completely stop. Then the wind would slip over the water toward us from the west or even the northeast, the shape of the shoreline determining to some extent the wind direction and strength. I'd learned about lake sailing from the first, so this was not new, but it did bring back many fond memories, memories of being chased by Boy Scout counselors with racing canoes after we had fired bottle rockets into their camp at midnight. Lake rats were we, and damn proud of it.

Brenda and Pat were both fascinated by the Sea Pearl, enjoying its smooth ride, handy rig, and quick acceleration in the puffs. We sailed until lunchtime, when we beached *Whisper* and Pat put together a delicious tuna salad for sandwiches. After lunch we went out again, taking the two sheltie dogs along with us, as they didn't want to be left behind. The wind was increasing, and we put up the cabin/dodger, really just to show it off to Pat and Brenda. The dogs took up residence down below. Occasionally one or the other would join us on deck for a reassuring pet or to walk the promenade deck to take some air. It was comical, but they really did seem to enjoy themselves.

Later in the afternoon, I went over to Brenda's boat on Gull Lake to help her install

a cuningham line and to fit her new tiller to her rudder. What a difference the Flying Scott is compared to the simplicity of the Pearl! Everything is done for speed with little concern for comfort underway. It's a race boat, and everything appeared to be overbuilt to take the stress and strain of the hard upwind beat. The quality of the construction, the almost new North sails, the initial stability of the hull, and the smooth narrow rudder blade made a favorable lasting impression.

That evening it was time to get out the North Channel charts and get down to serious cruise planning. Pat had several large-scale charts of the area and one that showed all of the Great Lakes regions. We started with that one to determine the best way for me to get to the North Channel. Pat was in favor of me crossing at Port Huron and proceeding north along the Bruce Peninsula to the town of Tobermory to catch the ferry directly to Manitoulin Island.

After looking at potential jumping-off spots for the Sea Pearl adventure, Little Current seemed like the most likely place. I could launch there and buy groceries at the last minute if necessary. It was also closer to the Benjamin Islands and other small islands where I could find a sheltered lee in a blow. It made sense when I saw the charts and measured off the distances with a pair of dividers.

On Sunday morning, I found Pat playing with her dogs in the yard. We paddled her Grumman canoe over to the YMCA camp, where she selected appropriate beginner equipment and proceeded to teach me how to wind surf. With very light wind and good instruction, I was able to wind surf, something I'd never really tried to do before.

Back at the cottage, Pat called Brenda, and the time was set for us to arrive at the Gull Lake Yacht Club. The wind was still light, and the "star snobs" were hauling out their boats in disgust. We thought the race might be canceled, but in a few minutes the wind increased and the race committee ran all over the lake re-setting the marks for the new wind direction. We cast off the mooring and struck out for the course. Pat and Brenda insisted that I skipper the race, and I agreed. I felt a little funny accepting the offer because I'd never sailed a Flying Scott before, but they assured me that there was nothing tricky about them, and that they'd handle the foredeck work if a spinnaker was needed. That sounded reasonable.

The Scotts were the last group to start, right after the PHRF boats. I managed to pull off a perfect start right at the pin going full speed as the gun went off. Everyone was impressed. I was slightly surprised. I expected to see all the Scotts right at the line, but only one other one was close and I was able to keep him off by zigzagging right before the start to establish position and kill speed. The race was two-and-a-third times around the course, starting at the leeward end and finishing at the windward mark. We really had an easy time of it. With the great start, only John Kittredge was close.

I showed Pat and Brenda how to increase speed after each tack by gently trimming sails as the boat gets back up to speed. They also learned a bit about covering the competition and maxi-tacking on headers to get "in-phase" with the wind shifts. We didn't have too many shifts, but we made the most of the ones we had. At the finish we were 100 yards ahead of

the nearest Scott, and even ahead of some of the PHRF boats who'd started five minutes ahead of us. We used the spinnaker on the last run, and actually handled it pretty well. The other Scott got close once, but I refused to let him sail over us, and he finally had to back off to get ready for the downwind leg. At the finish line, the committee wanted to know my name, as they put the results in the paper. Oh, well. Pat says the Scott sailors won't soon forget me. I hope not, I sure won't forget them.

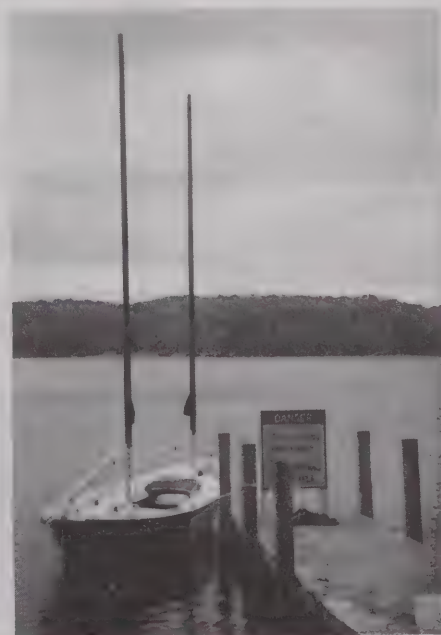
Brenda and her son, and John and his son, wanted to see *Whisper*, so we went back to Sherman Lake. I had to get her out of the water so that I could continue on my journey the next day. Brenda's son, Graham, went with me to take the boat out. It was my last sail on Sherman Lake, so I took my time and cruised around for a bit in the failing wind. Finally it was time to put *Whisper* away. Reluctantly, I put the cover on her and tied everything down for the trip to the North Channel. Pat cooked a pot roast while I cleaned up. Then we got out the North Channel charts again and looked closely at anchorages.

Pat shared a hilarious story about a cruise she'd made to the North Channel with a group of women. They were all alone in a deserted anchorage and were swimming naked, cavorting on some rocks, when another cruising boat showed up. It was headed right for a submerged rock, and all the girls started waving and yelling for them to turn away. Of course, the crew of the other boat was so taken with seeing five naked women jumping up and down and waving, that they ran their vessel hard aground on the rock.

We talked for several hours, until I started to feel sleepy, and then we said good-bye. Pat suggested that we all charter a boat some spring down in the southern Caribbean. It sounded good.

I went right to sleep in the tent when I got back to camp. My dream of returning to the place where I had learned to sail was now a reality. The next day I headed for Hugh Horton's house on Old River Road in Mt. Clemens.

Whisper on Sherman Lake.



As long as we were in Sweden, there was one more maritime shrine that I felt we had to visit: The *Vasa*. We traveled to Stockholm on the X 2000; this is a fast train that hits up to around 140 miles per hour. They tried to import these to the US a few years ago and actually put one into service on the eastern seaboard, but they found out that the US tracks were not adequate for these speeds and the X 2000 could do no better than our Metroliner. In any case, the ride was comfortable, smooth and quiet; the only time that we felt discomfort was when the train entered a tunnel, here the air pressure built up rapidly until our ears popped.

We disembarked from the train at the "centrum", and walked through the snow to "Gamla Stan", or "old town" which is situated on one of the many islands that make up the city of Stockholm. Here we were treated to narrow winding streets and ancient buildings; but this was a complete antithesis to Copenhagen, for the streets were filled with pleasant people and lined with inviting little shops. Resisting as many shops as we could bear, we made our way to the ferry terminal where we just caught a small, inter-island boat that took us to Djurgarden where a museum building has been constructed to house the *Vasa*. This building is situated within and across an old, stone-lined graving dock, where at one time Swedish men-of-war were serviced.

Eager to get out of the biting wind, we hurried to the entranceway and paid our fee. Walking through an elaborate air-lock, we got our first sight of the massive *Vasa*; and what a sight it was! The museum must have sought the services of someone experienced in theater lighting, for the manner in which this ship was highlighted created as dramatic a setting as one could devise.

For those unfamiliar with the *Vasa*, it is an intact 17th century Swedish ship of the line that was incorrectly designed and foundered on her maiden voyage after sailing less than a mile. Curiously, her captain was jailed for the mishap, but later released

Scandinavian Semester III

By Rick Klepper

when a court decided that no one was to blame for the loss. Her builder, who was probably more to blame than anyone, had died a year before her launching.

Modern day calculations show that the ship's draught and ballast ratios were way too small; however, ship building in those days was not a science and the *Vasa* did not look much different than other warships of the day. It is interesting to note that during this period, more warships were lost due to accident than to naval action. Unfortunately, 50 or more seamen lost their lives when the ship rolled over in a moderate breeze and filled through her open gunports.

The ship lay for thirty years until someone devised a diving bell suitable for salvaging her guns. This salvage effort took 25 years after which the ship was considered an irretrievable loss and further salvage operations were abandoned. Record of the ship's location was eventually lost and she remained at the bottom of the harbor for another 273 years until Anders Franzen, a local engineer, located her near the island of Beckholmen. The ship had been preserved by the cold and brackish waters of the Baltic and was mostly intact. Franzen had found her by spending three years digging through the archives and by taking core samples with a home-made rig that he operated from a little skiff; when his corer came up with blackened oak in it, he knew that he had something.

It took five years of effort to raise the ship, which was done by digging tunnels under the ship and pulling cables through, but on April 24, 1961 the ship emerged to the sunlight after 333 years on the harbor bottom. Another 6 years of diving operations were needed to bring up the incredible collection of artifacts belonging to the ship that

were dislodged from the hull over the centuries.

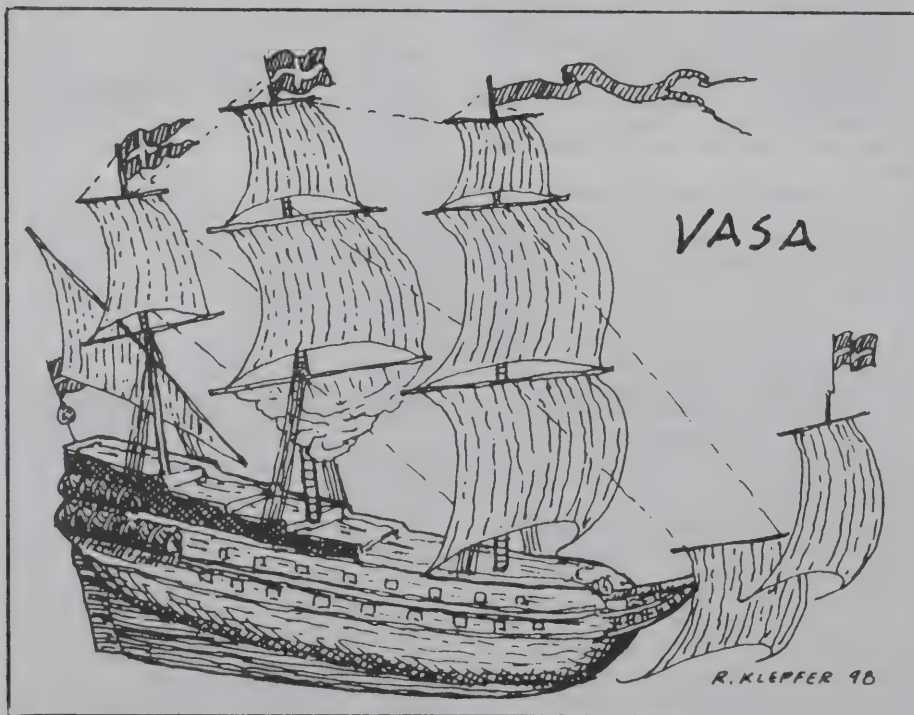
When the ship was raised, nearly 40 anchors, a history of 17th through 20th century ground tackle, were found lodged in the hull! After this, a team of conservators set about re-assembling the thousands of fragments of the ship that had been dislodged over time. Considering that the *Vasa* is 226 feet long, 38 feet broad, and displaces 1210 tons, she must be the largest artifact ever preserved.

The *Vasa* was intended to impress the world with her might and beauty; to this end she was fitted out with 64 large guns, but, perhaps more importantly, her hull was adorned with a remarkable collection of sculptures: 500 figures and over 200 other carvings. Most of these treasures of 17th century art survived intact and were re-installed on the ship after conservation. The result is indeed impressive as some of the figures are over 5 feet tall. Originally, all of the carvings were polychromed, but centuries in the mud have removed all but the faintest traces of the original paint. A decades-long, microscopic study of the paint remains had just been completed when we were there, and a sample of the fully rendered paint scheme, applied to a reproduction figure carving, was on display. It must have been a remarkable sight to see her on her first sail!

Although she was mostly complete, about 5% of the ship was missing; these pieces were recreated by the conservation team and positioned on the ship where the originals would have been. The wood of these new elements is a much lighter color than the original, darkened wood; so the viewer can easily discern which parts are new and which are original and, at the same time, see the complete ship. The entire ship had to be sprayed with preservatives for 17 years to prevent her from disintegrating in the air. We later found out that the museum is kept cold, dark and humid in an effort to preserve the ship "forever".

In another part of the museum, a collection of articles retrieved from the ship are on display. Together, these artifacts provide a pretty complete picture of what ship-board life was like in a 17th century warship. The ship had gone down so quickly that many men were trapped below and the same water conditions that preserved the ship, preserved the men. Fully clothed skeletons were found on the lower decks and even the skeleton of the ship's cat was there. Everything necessary for life on ship was found, including barrels still full of spirits, casks containing 333 year-old butter, hand-crafted board games, sea chests full of personal belongings, and even the sails of the ship. The ship's boat, complete with oars and sails was found, preserved and placed on display alongside the *Vasa*.

From the *Vasa*, the first complete plans for a 17th century ship were drawn. These plans have been used by countless model makers to create highly accurate models of the *Vasa*. We were fortunate to be present when a show of perhaps a hundred of these was at the museum. There were the usual full-rigged versions, the under-construction version, the planking-removed-from-one-side-so-you-can-see-the-internal-workings variety, sectional models that showed the fa-



tal design flaws, and even one which was a complete model, but that had fiber optic viewing tubes so that you could see into the ship and find that the model maker had crafted the entire interior, including the crew! Perhaps our favorite model was the one made out of knackebrod (hard bread), smor (butter), and kaviar (caviar), and kept in a refrigerated case, or perhaps it was just getting towards lunchtime! Before departing the museum, we took in a short movie that contained a good bit of the 1961 film footage of the ship being raised, pretty impressive stuff.

Going out into the cold again, we decided to walk through town and see what it had to offer. We crossed the bridge to the main island and spent the next few hours walking along the waterfront, which was lined with ships and boats of ever description. This city is truly a boaters' paradise. Although most of the boats were laid up for the winter, a few could still be seen making their way among the many islands. As the light faded and the sky filled with pink and purple clouds, we were treated to the sight of a huge ocean liner backing and filling as she wended her way through the narrow waterways. In the summer, 100 year-old steamers ply these waters and also venture out into the canal system that makes most of southern Sweden accessible by water; one can even cross the entire country from east to west in this manner. This time though, the old steamers were resting, cheek by jowl, and gaily lit, in rows along the quay.

Stockholm is a fantastic city, a city of islands, a city of water, a boaters dream; even in the dead of winter it exudes a pleasing, exciting and vibrant essence. I felt so at home here that I began to think that Stockholm might eclipse London as my favorite city on earth.

The following day we devoted to seeing a few shops of interest; in particular, marine shops, of which there are many. We found a marine book shop that had a very complete stock of books, charts, posters, and electronics. This place took us hours to free ourselves from and we felt ourselves very good for having only purchased one book; a volume on varnishing for Kay's nephew who had just bought himself a fine traditional Swedish sloop, all finished bright, including deck and topsides.

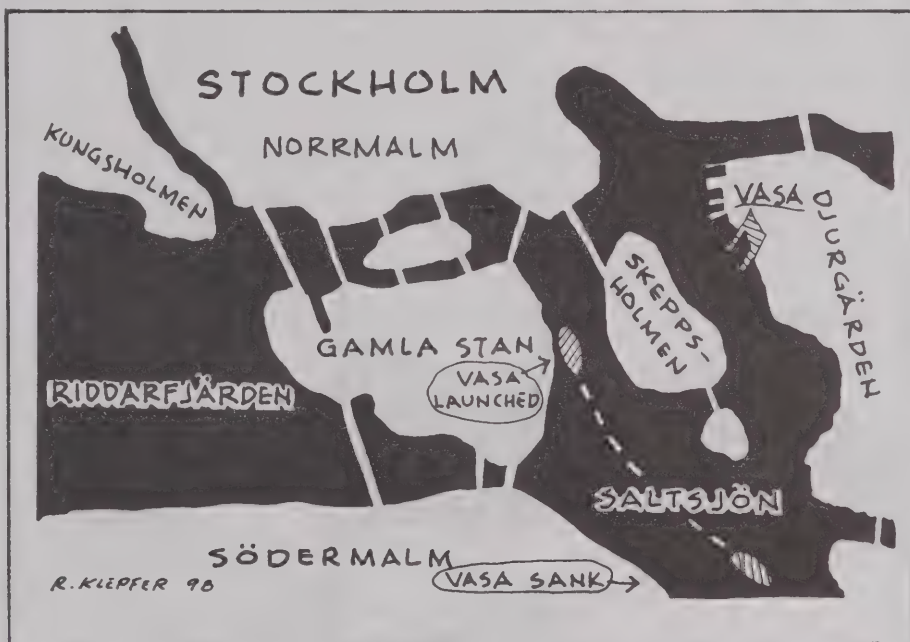
Next we found a sailors delight, a huge loft filled with nothing but cordage, sailcloth, blocks, rigging and the like. We could have spent days here, but felt content to

leave after finding two teak-shelled, bronze-sheaved, stainless-fitted and roller bearing-equipped blocks that we have been wanting for the rigging of a gantline on our cutter.

Other sojourns led us to similar lofts, full of marine salvage. Now here is a real hazard to navigation; we could well have been embayed in these halls with no hope of ever extricating ourselves! True, some were filled with things that an interior designer might place on the coffee table to create a "nautical" effect, but we soon weeded these out and found the "real" places. Here were all manner of instruments and hardware that had been stripped from every conceivable type of vessel; ship's wheels, binnacles, running lights, navigational equipment, models, out-dated charts, bells, blocks, and so on. We found an exact replacement cooker to our cutter's, but upon thinking of carrying it back through 5 countries in our luggage, decided that we didn't need a spare that bad! There were perhaps a dozen shops of this nature that we wished were located a few thousand miles closer to our cruising grounds.

On one island we found a full-rigged ship that had been converted to a hostel; this seemed like a great way to live cheaply for awhile in the city, but we wondered if her accommodations would prove to be as spartan as those aboard the *Joseph Conrad* where we had spent a few less than comfortable nights aboard in Mystic.

Our time in Stockholm came to an end all too soon; we could have lingered, until summer if necessary! Kay had made trips to Stockholm in the summer before and tells me that it is an incredible place then, with thousands of boats, profusions of sidewalk cafes and throngs of people. The city is as clean and well maintained as any I have seen. There is very little trash, graffiti, or homeless evident. Anything that you could want is available in the shops and, at the current rate of exchange, the prices are very reasonable. It is a seasonal peculiarity that the hotel rates are very low during the Christmas season, due to the lack of businessmen in town. We felt that a much longer look at this wonderful city is warranted and we will just have to figure out a way to do it.



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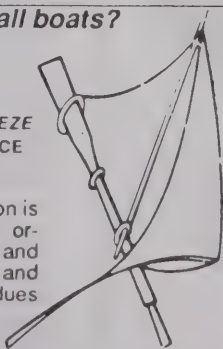
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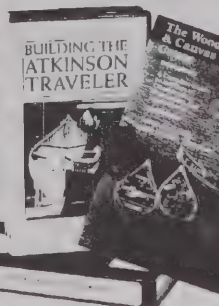
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A Sharpie for 32 Seasons

By Bulkeley Smith, Jr.

She was no ocean racer, but she could hold her own with any in thin water and light air

My first sailing, in the 1920s, was done in Little Narragansett Bay and its coves, Chopoquoit Harbor, Quonochontaug, and Brightmans Ponds. For those familiar with any of these waters, there's a simple rule — if your boat won't go, get out and push her off.

I have been aground from Chesapeake Bay to Northumberland Strait, and I hope to keep it up as long as I can, but the bulk of my grounding has been in familiar waters and in boats designed to do so. One of the best of these was the Sharpie of this story, designed

and built by Ken Jones.

My first disciplined and solo sailing was done in a Cape Cod sailing skiff, a plain, tough, and thoroughly forgiving boat. If you ran aground, you twitched the centerboard pennant and got away. Next, I played with a sailing kayak with a fixed leeboard. She was light, delicate, and notional. If you bumped bottom with her, you suffered. Thus, early on I developed a strong taste for boats that would touch and go happily.

In 1940, I first looked into the late

Howard I. Chapelle's American Sailing Craft, where I discovered my type of boat — the Sharpie. Here were sturdy, shallow-draft, lightly rigged vessels with cheap and simple gear. After this I kept my eyes peeled for anything on Sharpies.

Then I saw Ken Jones' design. She was not perfect, for she showed shrouds, a run that turned up perhaps too quickly to meet the transom, and she seemed a bit plump forward. In all, she might be judged more flatiron than Sharpie, but she was small, handy, tempting — I was hooked.

In the mid-1940s, at the head of a little bay in Branford, I saw a small, almost toy-like Sharpie. She had no brightwork, but sported white topsides and spars, French gray deck and cockpit, red bottom, halyards cocking the booms just so, clean, lovely, and no stays. What was she? Whose was she? Gradually, I realized it was the Ken Jones design (with some differences) that had caught my fancy. For two years I dreamed about her, but never saw her sailing.

When we bought an old house back of the Thimble Islands in Stony Creek Village, a boat became a possibility and our dream took on some substance. We heard that the little Sharpie was for sale. Helen and I tried her, looked at each other, and left the dock possessed of a vessel whose last tangible link with us was broken in 1978 after 32 years of love.

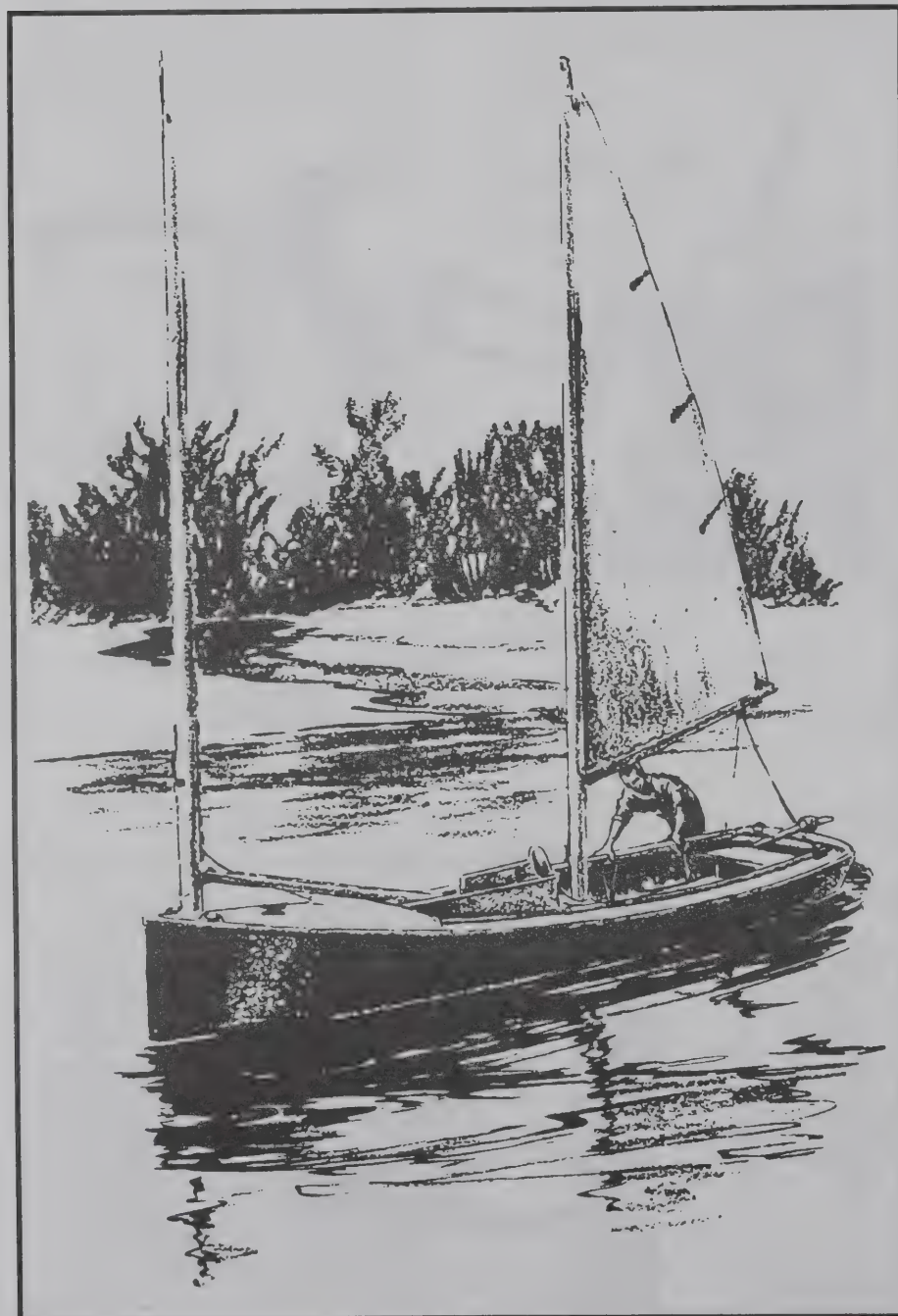
In a few days following our purchase, we had a stake in the mud just off the town dock. In those spacious days, such things were not only possible but usual. With a strong easterly tide, we ghosted her over to the Thimbles one evening.

I was curious as to why anyone would want to sell her, and ultimately discovered that her owner had her built at the instigation of John Killam Murphy, with some JKM modifications. The new owner took her out and was badly scared by her. Rather than learn her ways, he decided to sell her, but didn't let it be known. By the time we arrived, the price had dropped considerably.

The Sharpie loved the Thimbles. She beached easily on the shelving rock ledges and on the beaches, and she thumped over half-tide rocks with aplomb. She would slip through places just wider than she was and could always find a smooth lee behind the islands to race across, no matter how it blew. Or, she might ghost out among the islands at night, getting her owners invited aboard all sorts of vessels by people who hadn't seen any Sharpies sailing lately and wanted to know more about her.

In general, she had excellent manners. She went to windward nicely unless the chop was too short, but preferred not to be strapped down overly hard. Ease off a hair and she would pick up markedly and go much nearer where she looked. The little Sharpie loved it with sheets just started. She romped on a reach and sailed silently and, oh so deceptively, wung out dead before it. For a flat-bottomed boat, she could move out with practically no wind at all.

Her initial stability was such that I could walk up and down her side decks happily, though she was only 16' long. Jumpy guests didn't affect her much, and she was stiff enough to do a good deal of sailing on her bottom. Of course, she had no ultimate stability whatsoever, but she'd warn you just in time if you were pressing too hard, just as a dog



warns you before it will bite you, and in all those years she never capsized with anyone in her.

At those times when all Sharpies pound, she would pound thunderously. Since it didn't hurt her, we got used to it, but then most of the time she didn't pound at all.

Her big, open cockpit with its clean, smooth, flat bottom made a fine place for lounging or lunching or taking dogs, offspring, or guests. My daughter sailed in her up to within a week of her birth, and was crawling all over her by the following spring. A harness with a leash going to my ankle made it all safe. If she went over, I'd surely notice.

Provisions for food and sanitation were the simplest. We could be aboard and sailing in half of no-time. A food basket, clothes, and cushions came aboard with us. Everything else, fog horn, running lights, sweep, anchor and warp, bucket, and a few simple tools lived there. Nothing was ever taken

As we grew used to her, we found out some of the things which this Sharpie could do — sail backward surely, slide sideways accurately for close work at crowded docks, work her way through the harbor at speed with absolute certainty in very close quarters, turn nearly in her own length, and stop dead. She could also steer herself with no rudder by the use of weight, sail trim, and centerboard trim. You could anchor her just off a dock with the centerboard so that bumpers were unnecessary (for short stops only).

Until the cotton sails gave out, we used to sneak up the little salt creeks and eel runs on the rising tide. With no oar, paddle, motor, or rattle of plastic sail to announce us, the creatures of the marsh ignored our passage.

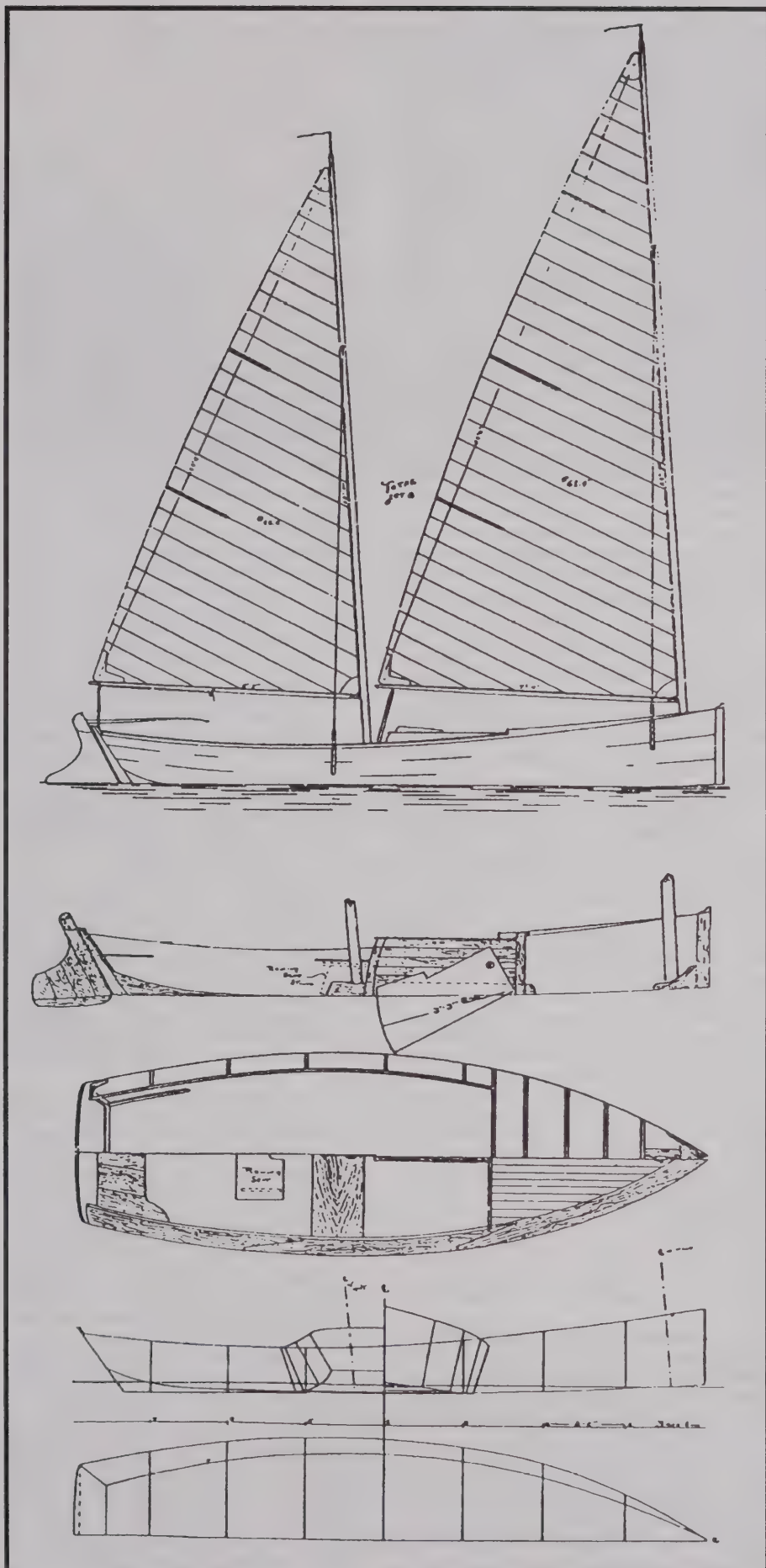
With such fun available, I was slow to understand why the racing classes got towed in after running around the buoys, or why other boats dropped sail, wallowed about, got their outboards alive, and vibrated their way to the dock.

Later, having sailed some of the newer ones, I discovered that lots of pleasure boats are no pleasure to sail. But you could get the Sharpie set right and then let her take care of you. Good, quickly-rigged boats get used a lot, and for several years she sailed almost daily after work and pretty solidly on weekends. Unsuitable boats don't get used. It's too much trouble, the weather is wrong, any excuse will do. I know. We've had unsuitable boats, too.

As we used her more, our confidence grew and we tested her harder. We even tried cruising in her, and for this she was unsuitable. Little boats with low sides and great cockpits don't belong too far from shelter when it begins to blow. On the other hand, we enjoyed some fine thrashes to windward and grand, lolloping reaches with wet rumps returning, but nobody had to cantilever out in 70 pounds of wet sweatshirts to do it.

She was easy on herself, too. In all the time we had her, she had three gear failures during sailing, a halyard and a sheet which I tried to sneak through to the end of the season, and a tiller.

From time to time I would attempt to improve the boat. I tried lashings on deck for the sweep, boom crutches, gratings, and a small summer cabin, but she didn't like them. They went away and were not replaced. She did accept cup hooks for the foghorn and my wife's canvas bag, and a running light high on the foremast.



Accessibility in this boat meant more than summer cabins, a clean bottom meant more than gratings (sick dogs and lost sardine sandwiches explain all), and who wants to unleash a sweep in a hurry? This tendency for a boat to resist changes over a period of time suggests that the designer and builder may have produced a "unity of hull and rig," as Chapelle put it, which doesn't want to be violated too far. Put another way, if the boat can convince the owner that it works too well to be interfered with, then someone did something right somewhere.

Let me attempt to show you how this was done, based on my 30-odd years of living with her.

When I first saw the plans in 1947 I thought she was too full forward and cut high aft too suddenly. After all these years with her, during which she sailed very well, I now think that I looked too much at the deck line and not enough at the chine line, which seems fine to me now.

I still wonder about the quick upturn at the end of her run. Could it have started earlier and been smoother? Prospective owners, regardless of experience, always know better than designers and usually tell them so. Thank goodness this boat was already built, or I would have interfered with her and possibly spoiled her.

If you take a look at the lines of Chapelle's 35' and 28' oystering Sharpies, you'll see that they are long and thin with proportions on deck on the order of nearly 5-to-1. John Gardner's 18-footer, *Shag*, is a bit fatter, followed by Winchester Bennett's scaled-down replica of a 35-footer. Fattest of all is our Sharpie at 16' x 5' x 4", exactly 3-to-1.

Fortunately, her flare makes her a lot narrower at the chines, so she sails nicely. By the same token, she provides more elbow room than a slimmer boat would at this length. For instance, I have just looked at the Bennett boat with its slightly narrower beam, its confining, oval cockpit, and higher coaming. She's a lot less roomy where it counts. While boats get smaller, people don't.

Another factor of comfort is lowness of sides and centerboard trunk. Our Sharpie is just right for leaning your arms on the side decks or centerboard case. The case on Gardner's *Shag* is also low enough. I have sailed in her and she's livable, having been designed to be so. By contrast, James Curry built a replica of Chapelle's 28-footer. Photographs suggest an uncomfortable cockpit. I have sat in her and on her and agree. I think it has to do with the greater height of the case and the side decks amidships. On the deck you sit too high. On the bottom you sit too low, and the case cuts you off from your neighbor. Her scale is for oyster tonging, not for unspecialized messing about in boats.

I do assume that Ken Jones had some idea of people's sizes and shapes when he started noodling his design. Incidentally, the sides of our little Sharpie are high enough to keep standing 2-year-olds inside, but low enough to be interesting to them.

Hull construction followed skiff and garvey methods instead of featuring the heavy, built-up keelsons and bulkheads of the true Sharpie. In small examples such as this, I expect that skiff practice may not only be lighter, but also be easier to keep clean and ventilate

than Sharpie design. Gardner's *Shag* is also closer to skiff build in some respects. Both boats have twin bottom stringers and no keelsons.

I am not sure of the wood used in my boat. I believe her topsides are cedar. Her deck, according to John Gardner, who has studied her, may be cypress. Her bottom boards were quarter sawed and never cupped. I expect they are pine, for the bottom showed less scarring than I would have expected if built with a softer wood. The planks were not sawed off flush to the sides, but stand proud, perhaps as much as 1/8". Fastenings are galvanized boat nails.

The hull differs from Jones' plan in having a usefully high coaming across the front of the cockpit. The stern thwart does not go to the sides of the boat, and so cannot trap water. No rower's seat or rowlocks were provided since the station indicated on the plan is too far aft to be very useful, and the deck is too low to row without high outriggers.

The test of design, construction, and maintenance of the boat is presumably the length of her life and the number of pieces which fail. This boat came to me after several years of over-painting and under-use. I sanded more and painted less, using flat topside paint and soft bottom paint. The deck and cockpit were just touched up. Spars I sanded and painted lightly. Later I just spot painted often.

In the early years, she often stayed in from April to October. Cleaning her was done with bucket, sponge, brush, and sometimes a handful of sand and salt water, nothing else. I used no cover, preferring to bail as needed instead. I hauled her out in the lee of my house, in the partial shade of a winter thicket. I blocked her level and opened three drain plugs, one for the center and one for each side beyond the twin stringers. No winter cover was used either, although I did keep the ice out of her.

No piece of wood had to be replaced until she went out of my hands for a couple of years and was stored under an unventilated plastic sheet. After I got her back, we removed some rotten wood from the foremast partners and the deck. The masts were teardrop in section for most of their length, with rounded heads and dumb sheaves carved into them for the halyards. When I last saw them, they were without check or crack.

The booms were flat-sided and subtly curved on their undersides. They had sail track, bronze carriages for the clew outhauls, bronze tack, downhaul and gooseneck fittings, and bronze bails holding bronze blocks. At the heads of the sails were bronze shackles with bronze chains guarding the pins. I expect the boom fittings weighed more than the booms.

The masts bore sail track, gooseneck track, downhaul cleats, halyard cleats, or fairleads. The mizzen halyard belayed to the mast while the main led aft and was belayed to the starboard side of the centerboard case.

The sheets were each spliced to a padeye on a side deck, then passed through a block on each boom and down to a fairlead on the opposite side deck. Thus, each sheet also acted as a traveler. The sheets, halyards, outhauls, and downhauls were all the running rigging there was, and it all worked too well to interfere with. The remaining hardware consisted of the centerboard pennant cleat, a mooring cleat, and a pair of chocks, all bronze, of course. I replaced the bronze chocks with over-

sized galvanized ones big enough to take proper line and chafing gear. Other than this, I did nothing to the fittings except test their fastenings for tightness once in a while. Nothing ever carried away.

Running rigging was manila of comfortable section for my hands to hold. New line went to the halyards first, would be changed end for end, then get demoted to sheets, dock lines and, ultimately, to rope for the neighbor's children to tie each other up with. Eventually I tried nylon for the centerboard pennant and dacron for the outhauls and downhauls. But, for sheets and halyards, I preferred the soft feel and traction of nicely broken-in manila.

The boat came to me with Egyptian cotton sails made by Chris Bottger of Islip, New York. I added reef points and cringles after the first year, I didn't need them often but was glad of them when I did. These sails set quite well, were beautiful, easy on the hands, and I was glad to dry them out between trips and ease off on the lines when it got wet.

When they started to go, Ed Raymond of Hathaway, Reiser and Raymond made me a new suit. They were dacron, taped instead of roped, bigger (no need to allow for stretch with dacron), had a gigantic roach in the leach and featured all the battens I didn't want. They were the first dacron sails I ever handled, and they were so noisy I was scared that they would shake themselves loose from the slides. They also set oddly.

Mr. Raymond came to Johnson Point and showed me what to do with taped sails. They were lovely, faster, smoother and, since they're still in great shape, clearly immortal. No longer, however, could I luff quietly up little eel ruts without disturbing the waterfowl, and a certain feeling of calm went out of my sailing life. Dacron is the best thing that ever happened to deaf sailormen. For years I carried a small kit of sail repair gear just in case. I never needed any of it.

As mentioned, my first mooring was a stake, cut in the woods and jumped into the mud of the harbor, just like all the others in Stony Creek. These things were usually hickory, and they would last several years before the worms or the ice got them.

Later, at Johnson Point, I made a Great South Bay mooring out of an old kedge from a 35' fishing boat. I torched off one fluke and set it very carefully with the other fluke down. This arrangement did not foul, nor could I impale myself on the other fluke in the shoal waters of my creek. This mooring took 10' of chain and about 30' of heavy manila, which came through my big, galvanized chock, took a turn around the foremast, and ended in a gigantic bowline around the juncture of the centerboard case and the deck beams.

This heavy line and hitch (well parceled) got me laughs in Stony Creek where, in those days, clothesline was not unknown, but it took me through the big storms of 1951, 1954, and 1955. The Sharpie filled and capsized in two of them, but took no damage and never moved a foot.

If I were to do this boat over again, what might I do differently? When I started thinking about this article, I expected a long list of brilliant changes on the basis of all these years of informed infatuation. Actually, I should change surprisingly little, and most of that tentatively.

Clearly, I'd get the bronze out of the fittings and into the fastenings. With better fas-

tenings, I'd have her today. I should also get rid of all those indestructible bronze cleats, only a hair too small, and replace them with bigger wooden cleats and belaying pins. I know I'd get rid of those noisy, heavy sail tracks and try lace lines. I'd also probably switch from booms to sprits, thereby getting rid of the last of the metal fittings. This would also rid me of that occasional tendency to yaw which booms have and sprits help to stop.

But think of her as she was set up, and consider how well she served us and at how amazingly little cost in failures and damages. She was fine for our purposes, not to cross the finish line triumphantly, immediately to self-destruct, like the ideal racer, but to serve our changing whims over a long period of time.

If I were to change her too much. I'd end up with another boat, with other strengths and weaknesses. As she was, we could not have asked for a more eager or willing servant.



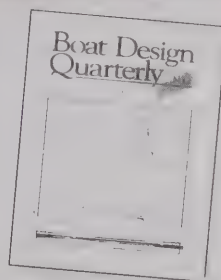
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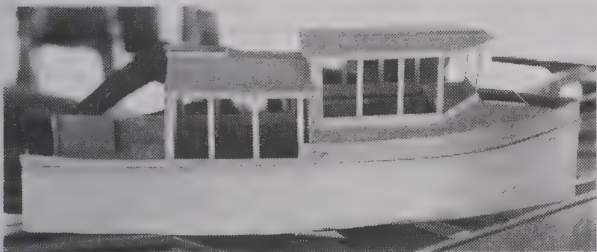


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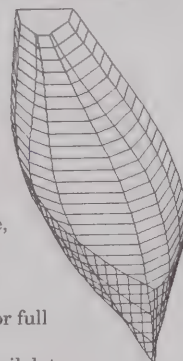
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Vesica seems to me the latin for what we call a fish (form). And that is exactly what it represents. Most of us have seen the sign of the early Christians, xristians, as it again is used today, you can see it on bumper-stickers. It derives from the Greek ixtos (the x is the mexican x which sounds like ch), which means fish, and which was close to xristos, the anointed one. It also had meaning in another way; the ancients loved to do puns, riddles and meanings in meanings and again in other meanings.

The oldest pictures, where some god gives a king permission to build a temple, show the deity handing the king a pin, a ring and a roll of rope; eventually, in later pictures, first the rope is dropped and then the pin. The king is just handed the ring. However....

With a pin, a ring and a rope you can build a complete edifice, or a boat. You could set out a line, sighting in on the rising of a star or other heavenly body at a specific time of the year, and by creating a vesica perpendicular to that line, create a line perpendicular to the first line, etc. etc. Even primitive cultures in the depths of Indonesian jungles, know how to do this. Of course, you can also set out the longitudinal axis and the sides of a double-ended boat, albeit a very primitive one. Some native American tribes set out the basic outline of their boat (canoe) in this manner.

Now, if you take any boat and look at the main waterline at rest, even boats with transoms, you will find that that waterline has the shape of a vesica, the aft point is where the transom touches the water. This vesica however will be somewhat misformed; instead of the pure arc, part of a circle, it will have bulges in places, in the buttocks, or hollows, near the stem. However, the two sides are still equal, though they are mirror images of each other.

Now, when I tilt the boat towards port or starboard, the lines, and the area they enclose, become unequal. I have found that something can be deduced from the shape, the now distorted shape, of these two areas.

It was the scow which first put me wise to that. The scow crabs, that is, she has a sideward component to her movement. The scow is vesica shaped with the ends cut off. But when you tilt her, you again form a vesica, with one of the chines as the longitudinal axis, but greatly unequal areas at each side. Look at the drawing. Now, by the law that governs the action of foils (air or hydro), there now exists a force, when the craft moves thru the water, that will pull it in the direction of the largest area and the greatest bend; more about the latter later.

I had a double ended cruising-sailing kayak. When the ends are not resting on or in the water, you have a very elongated scow form. For five years my brother and I used to tack this craft in a small lake formed by the cut-off arm of the river. It was a long curving lake, probably less than a mile across, so the movement of the craft could be accurately observed. It obviously didn't go where it looked but higher into the wind than it looked. It crabbed, upwind.

Lewis, in *We The Navigators*, says

Dreamboats The Lob-sided Vesica

By Richard Carsen

that all the builders of native outriggers he asked denied that the overbuilding of their craft towards the outrigger had anything to do with making them more weatherly. It was, they said, to offset the pull of the outrigger. I am sure they are sincere; it is probably pretty hard to gauge this effect in a large expanse of water, with few solid points to go by. However, Lewis gives a trip he made with time and distances travelled, having a favorable wind in the first half of the journey, and having to tack in the second half. He observes that basically they move the craft in a series of undulations, letting the craft run upwind till the movement is exhausted, then falling off to let the sails fill again. As dinghy sailors we are all familiar with that. However, the total resulting move in the direction of the wind takes place in a sort of narrow reach, doing 10, maybe 15 degrees to windward.

Taking this information and setting it out on graph paper, assuming the speed of the tacking craft to be the same as when it ran with a favorable wind (I think that was 8mph), which, seen the way it is done, is really bending over backwards, there was no way I could achieve the upwind target at the distance stated without some outside help. Was there a current setting in that direction? Lewis does not mention this. I think that it was the crabbing to windward as a result of the canoe being overbuilt at that side (the outrigger side).

I have seen an actual hull, and it is not the first time I have thought to notice this, that was twisted. By mistake? If this had been a rough affair, I could have accepted that. But this canoe was beautifully carved and finished. Those who did this could not possibly have missed the almost spiral general twist.

Think of an area where there are certain prevailing winds. Let's say, going out you are usually tacking; going home the wind is full. The twist would, in this case turn the craft clockwise round its center. With the ama attached in the clockwise direction, it could tack with the ama to the right, but go home with the ama to the left of the course-line with the wind blowing in over the aft quarter. The twist was such that whichever way you looked along the center of the canoe, the forward bulge would always be to the right, the aft bulge always to the left. Whichever was forward, the forward one would always pull toward the ama, towards the contrary wind, the aft one always away.

This may well be the reason that in certain areas there were or are double canoes with dissimilar ends, who are paired back to front to one another. The purpose, frequent traffic between two islands, and action in the prevailing wind, may well have been the same as that of the twisted hull. In the Ceylon outriggers I described, although I did not notice it in the main hull (then, I was unaware of this), I certainly noticed it in the amas. I was sure the twist was for a reason, although I then couldn't fathom what this reason was.

Figure A shows profile of simple scow. B shows the plan with flaring sides, seen from below the bottom. C is a sectional view. D shows this section when heeled. The broken line in B shows the shape of the waterline in this heeled situation.

The hip, buttock, diminishes the upwind movement of the bows. E shows one way to deal with that by making the craft narrower toward the aft. It would still be the break between bottom and the sloping aft part.

E II flattens the hip out even more, by shortening the horizontal bottom part and making that slope up somewhat. The heeled waterline now shows a stronger foil shape, favoring the windward pull of the head.

G shows the bottom of a wide flattie, heeled. They were hard to move thru the wind; the heavy hip is pulling the transom to windward, but forcing the stem downwind. To correct this they introduced a V-bottom aft.

H shows the change in the shape of the vesica favoring the head to move to windward.

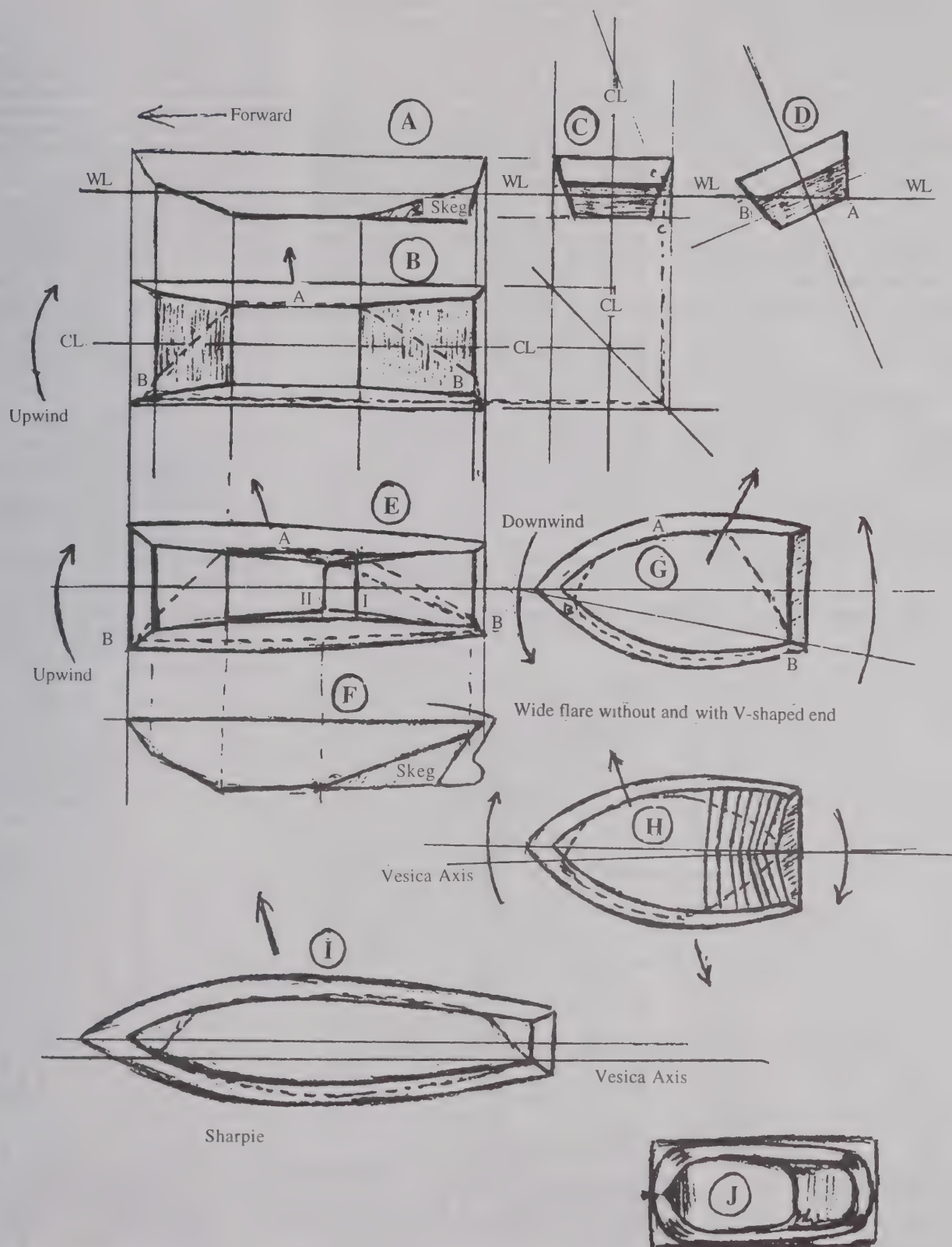
I shows what happened to a sharpie when heeled. The ends were supposed to be raised above the water. The waterline then shows the pattern of the scow. It is my thought that this vessel sports a sharp bow instead of the flat transom, but was otherwise conceived as a scow in the way the Chesapeake watermen named their craft, a sharpie scow!

J shows the bottom of a traditional Dutch flatbottom craft, all rounded out of an original rectangular concept.

Turn to Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*, page 157, "the extreme development of the Casco Bay Hampton Boat of the square sterned model". If you think of the stem as some kind of forward skeg, you can see how in profile the bottom is like drawing F. However, forward there is a great difference. You feel how the deep forefoot would press against the water, creating resistance there, while the wide but high hips, when heeled, turn the craft around its center into the wind, by creating a downwind force there. This boat is indeed extreme, but if you look at other designs in the book you see again and again, not as exaggerated, the same idea, all nicely rounded and flowing into stems and skegs.

As you know by now, I am a fan of the dhow, that age-old trading vessel you find in the Indian and Arabian seas. Here the sharply sloping stem ends on the forward part of the keel; this is the deepest part of the vessel. In the aft quarters, the hips, like the Hampton boat, are high and full. Again, while the deep forepart provides the necessary resistance, the high hip, the ship's widest part, is aft of the middle, at the break of the quarter deck, when heeled, provides the pull at the quarter that makes the craft face the wind. The one I sailed tacked beautifully and without hesitation.

All this does not mean that centerboards or leeboards do not greatly improve performance; but the boat is a unit, with every facet co-operating. I hope that this will help you plan the shape of your dreamboat more efficiently.



In an age when certain 30' trimaran kits go for over \$30,000, where many multihulls are not seriously expected to cruise on their designed lines with more than a light dufflebag, that carbon fiber toothbrush, and not too many days of actual cruising supplies and spares, where "trend-setting" solitary "hard-bodies" pursue the ascetic life in sleek tubular "habitats" to reach sometimes exhilarating speeds "on the edge," we think the following discussion bears close reading.

Yes Double Eagle violates all sorts of conservative multihull dogma. But who cares? No, she won't plane. Yes, she can withstand quite some abuse, be it from several beachings a day or sailing over all but the most recalcitrant flotsam. Sure, she'll work for money or just to make your family cruises happen. And yes, she's affordable and actually buildable by mere mortals, her overall structure allows vari-

Bolger on Design

Design # 646 Double Eagle for Fritz Koschmann Part 1 of 2

ous layouts other than this particular one for commercial charter.

There certainly are more opportunities beyond the well-established dictates of conventional "revealed multihull-truth." It's one thing to have by now well-trodden predictable approaches of developing multihulls. But it's another to pronounce the status quo as "the way it has to be," whether you can afford the initial hard costs of it, or whether you can afford the serious compromises in utility and

ergonomics you are often saddled with as a matter of course. This prototype is under construction.

Double Eagle is a design in response to a wish list by Alaskan charter boat operator, Fritz Koschmann. For several years he had mostly daysailed for hire one of our earlier 30' Cat-Yawl Sharpie designs, offering outings into the dramatic shorescapes in and around an Alaskan national park. Now he was interested in a significantly larger craft to accommodate up to six paying guests, plus one or two crew for more extended wilderness exploration.

Attracting clients to come far to experience intact wilderness from the water would require a boat that would offer, for up to a week or more, basic comforts for up to seven or eight people, viable logistical autonomy, and environmentally responsible operating procedures,

Length on deck - 39'0"
Length overall with rudder and stem cap - 42'10"
Length overall with sheet staff - 51'4"

Breadth overall - 16'6"
Breadth on deck - 16'0"
Breadth hulls - 4'

Hull draft on design water line (DWL) - 1'4"
Draft with maximum rudder - 3'6"
Draft with maximum centerboard - 4'8"

Height from DWL with mast lowered - 10'6"
Height of standing masthead - 43'8"
Height of rig with full sail - 50'6"

Sail area total - 930 sq. ft.
Main sail area - 675 sq. ft.
Jib area - 255 sq. ft.

Designed displacement - 14,800 lbs.
Pounds per next inch of immersion at DWL - 1,400 lbs.

Fresh water tankage capacity - 288 U.S. gals.
Waste water tankage capacity - 250 U.S. gals.

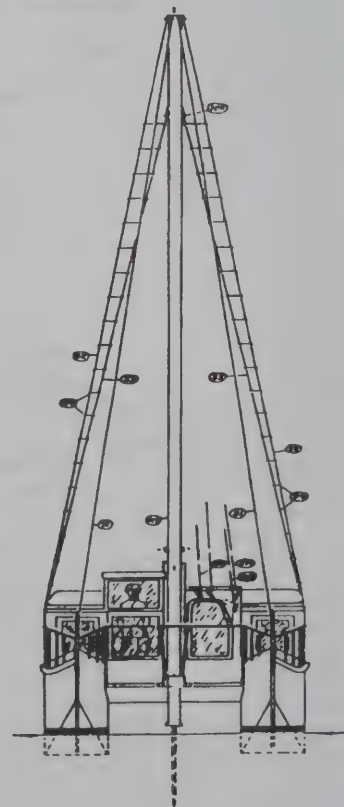
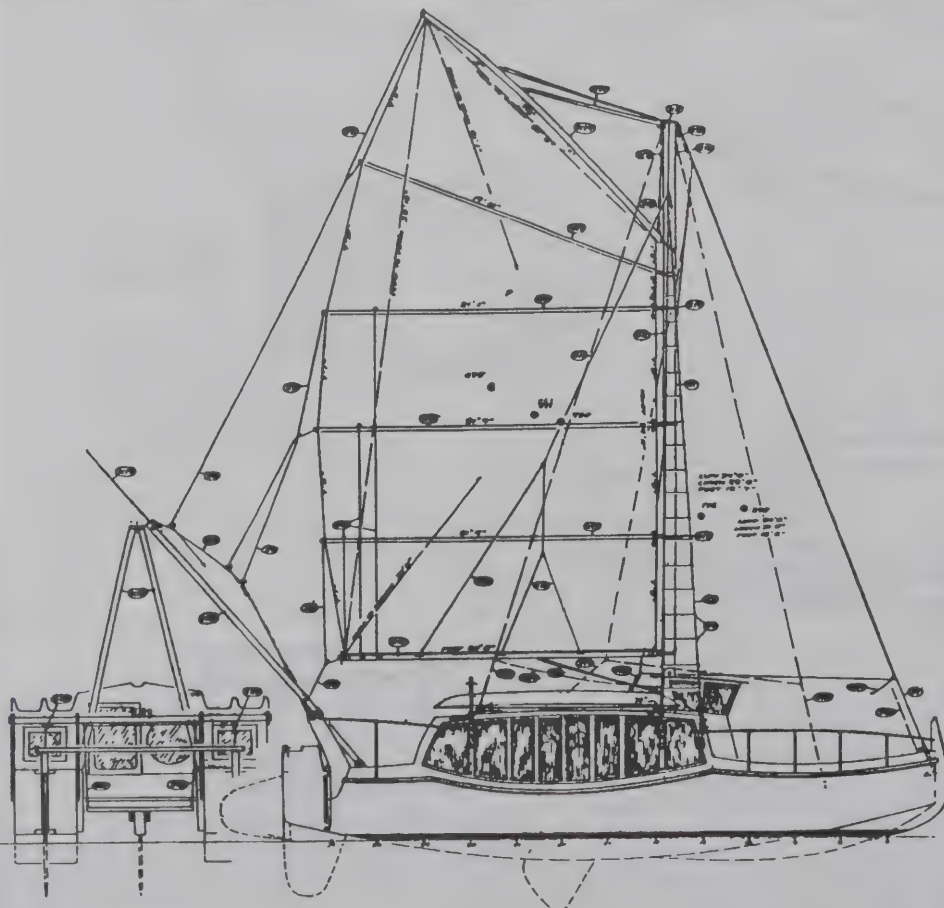
Propane tankage - 6 x 20 lbs.
House battery capacity of 712 Ah at 12V from 6x2V cells

Four double berth cabins
Two heads

Four kayaks or two kayaks and one canoe

One 25-50hp 7-passenger yawl/pushboat (Design #651, see Sept. 1 issue)

Fuel capacity - 40 U.S. gals
Electricity - generation by 10 (+ 140) amps alternator(s)



keeping the footprint/impact of her presence to an absolute minimum. To enhance her utility and the experience of the clients, they would have to carry four kayaks or two kayaks and one canoe, where they can be safely stored and readily be launched, obviously handy and necessary would be a outboard utility. Apart from serving as a charter cruiser, she would have to support smaller expeditions ashore for sightseeing, birdwatching, hunting, or paddling sessions up smaller streams and could, of course, support pleasure diving operations or scientific work in remote locales.

In light of the client's budgetary limits and construction skills, she would also have to be home-buildable, with a straight face, to a budget of materials/outside services of around U.S. \$25,000 (in 1997-98) to get her safely underway to pick up clients at the town landing.

Koschmann did leave her basic hull and rig configuration up to us and Double Eagle emerged. Here is an edited version of our presentation to him:

This is Double Eagle, your "sailing wilderness camp."

Why a Catamaran?

A monohull with the required accommodations, galley, and dining facilities, plus comfortable inside and outside seating, the capability to serve as a safe and comfortable base for days/week at a time, all for six plus you, and preferably with an easy motion/comfortable sailing attitude for those without sea legs amongst your clients, just did not seem to be competitive with Double Eagle's basic configuration.

In fact, a monohull with floor space to match this people intensive user profile would have had to have been significantly longer to give your clients the minimum of space and ergonomics offered here and does, of course, impose constraint in terms of cost, structure, and volume through the need to carry ballast. We tried several unpresentable monohull studies, which soon moved us to agree on this catamaran configuration as the most efficient use of your available resources.

Her Appearance

Her appearance is primarily a function of what your wish list indicated you need to have for your business. We were not wed to any particular styling fashion, but had function, ergonomics, and home-buildability essentially dictate her profile. Only then did we try to take "the edge off" of what could easily have been an even boxier proposal of probably offensive blandness.

From a traditional aesthetic perspective, the inherent styling problem in designing catamarans lies in the fact that, for purposes of structural integrity and "ride" in a seaway, the bridge that connects the hulls has to offer at least 2' vertical clearance between its underside and the waterline. Allowing the necessary standing headroom imperative for the comfortable use of the generous space in the tourist trade, Double Eagle's height immediately measures a significant 10' from the waterline to the top of the wheelhouse on just 40' of hull length.

The other issue that is inherent in catamaran design is the matter of the two hulls. You can capitalize on them or try to hide them.

Looking at Double Eagle in profile, the challenge thus lies in visually interrupting the

ergonomically necessary structural expanse and distracting the eye from the bulk, while actually maximizing the opportunities thus emerging.

Functionally, with two hulls of up to 4' width, the logical choice for the location of the cabins and their berth is, of course, towards the lower ends of the hulls. There we can take advantage of the fore and aft volume available for stretching out the legs under only 32" vertical clearance, while offering decent sitting headroom of 44" to get into bed without instant claustrophobia, and finally, near amidships, allowing headroom of well over 8' where each cabin becomes part of the overall superstructure, not sharing any walls protects snorers from the recriminations from light sleepers, while intimacies inside the cabins are not directly subject to casual eavesdropping either.

Imperative ergonomically and logistically, the large volume of the full-width house amidships accommodates two heads, full galley, comfortable saloon, serious tankage and storage volume, and enough elbow room for seven or eight people, throughout even several days of continuous rain.

Over an extended period of time, we discussed different styling opportunities between us and, after much back-and-forth, decided to pursue this thoroughly untraditional silhouette. With her layout concentrating her vertical expanse amidships, these gentle curves make her enclosed volume look much less angularly massive and are echoed throughout in the shape of windows, moldings, and rub-rails, all combining to dramatically lessen the impact of her actual bulk, not to mention that bending hull panels has structural advantages as well by adding stiffness.

Not roofing over the bows with more deck or super structure keeps them visually and structurally lighter, while offering functional advantages below and above decks. These light bows can thus well support the greater visual mass amidships, even that unexpected, weird, but very functional phone booth type wheelhouse, at least you can see where you're going.

The tall, narrow-framed glass area, that cuts away so much visual weight amidships, both matches necessary vertical structural members and produces the desirable airy interior that allows near 360° field of vision when your clients are forced inside again, due to another cold front, or just man-eating horseflies.

Her shorter sterns, then, are balanced by the bows, the gallows, the rudders' vertical size, the A-frame sheet staff, and the main sail shape. The fact that Double Eagle carries her main power plant, workboat, and life raft in the form of the yawl boat, between the sterns, is hidden from at the least the forward 180° perspective and comes as a visual and intellectual surprise. Nobody said it was pretty!

Finally, some lines of her silhouette and applied details/textures hint at the traditional cultural realm she will be operating in. For instance, the eagle head on each bow's outside could be painted or carved and bolted on in a nod towards the purpose of her existence as an explorer and scout of the beauties of her waters. A touch of whimsy would not hurt her including, for instance, some carefully scaled murals in black line on white of sketched symbols and "captured moments in nature," your Pit-flier on your charters seems to reflect the

spirit well.

The point is that Double Eagle would be unique in her waters, unbridled by the confines/dictates of traditional yacht appearances to which catamarans, by their nature, can not well adhere to anyway. She is thus free show off her superior capabilities in her own thoroughly unexpected but (conceivably) appealing style. To us it seems that clients seeing her for the first time might smile at how she is at home in her waters, and look forward to the many comforts and possibilities for adventure she exudes with her airy interior, outside seating forward, the tempting boats on top, and the promise of private spaces below.

We would propose that you try different color schemes and a few well-chosen items of ornamentation to maximize the impact. A few carefully placed pieces of varnished moldings, bolt on and off for the season only, would underscore her organic heritage as being born from the wood you see rising up the dramatic shoreline.

The Layout

The principal advantage of the catamaran configuration is the real estate that is available and, to us, imperative for the purpose you are describing. With most people not used to comparatively cramped quarters for hours and days on end, hosting six in the confined space of a boat necessitates as much real estate as possible within your means to keep the experience one they would not regret having to pay for, "Mutiny off Chichagof..." It would be nice to send them on their way back home with memories that will make them come back next year for a longer charter yet.

Whale-watching, Fishing, Diving, Canoeing

With the real estate of the catamaran, you can readily seat, sunbathe, set up for fishing off her bows and sterns all six of your guests (or just your family and friends) for more than just a cramped day or two.

For sightseeing, whale-watching, sunset cruising, four people sit on the benches ahead of the house, with two scattered around on folding deck chairs. They see where you are taking them, and from your elevated wheelhouse position you can keep an eye on them not falling over board while scanning 360° for sights, obstacles, and other craft. To avoid having the railings right at eye level when seated and looking forward for whales as she moves up and down through the water, we sloped the hulls' decks down towards the bow to both lower the railing's visual height without reducing their effective physical height of at least 40" and to drain them well, curved decks add lighter stiffness as well.

The two bows afforded by the catamaran configuration offer the most railing length over which to lean to get closer to nature, be it whales, or to do visual depth-sounding when you take them into that shallow place where you will let her dry out over a tide while they explore the flats and tidal pools. The anchors hang off the spire with chain/warp storage closer to midships in a narrow but taller compartment. Or they could be mounted off either bow, with storage in those narrow volumes, running on a movable bridle between the hulls, keeping the pull on centerline, and damping the shock loads on an exposed anchorage.

The bows' insides feature a beaching gate each over which dry-footed expeditions up the beach and into the woods are possible. You

could also scuba dive from there, using all the deck space ahead of the house to lay out the gear and offer instructions, "Glacier Bay Dive Camp."

The cabin top offers two 48" wide spaces per side to store upside down four kayaks or two plus one beamy canoe, with adequate fendering of Double Eagle somewhat wider boats up there could be accommodated near tall pilings. Which way you want to launch and retrieve them may be a matter of practice with the bow offering the ladders for safety but no wave shadow for the less agile to get into the narrow boats, and the stern bay usually occupied by the yawl boat. That, of course, would make a decent dive platform as well, and might even be a decent way to get the kayakers seated safely from before they slide down into the water.

The Yawlboat (Design #651) itself will be able to carry six plus you. Your actual experience will indicate whether it is possible or wise to launch her with a full load or not. With one or two runs, to get all that luggage and gear, you can certainly pick up your clients just about anywhere. Should outright beaching of Double Eagle for that purpose not be possible, this might be more impressive than summoning them to some busy and grimy town dock where you would always be in a rush to vacate the space. Of course the Yawlboat will do a broad range of utility duty for narrow water exploration or milk runs to fill water jugs or to drop off a hunting party somewhere upstream. While Double Eagle's draft is just about 16" (4'8" board down) and allows all sorts of close-in maneuvering to get to that perfect spot for the night, her overall footprint is clearly somewhat of a handful in really tight quarters.

Should the weather on deck get to be too much for even the oilskins, retreat to the warm and dry saloon is always possible and nothing to be dreaded.

Glass House Saloon and Galley

There is up to 6'5" of headroom in the saloon, with enough real estate for relaxed lounging, spinning wilderness yarns, or feeding everyone more or less at once, if you can get that much food going that quick.

As mentioned earlier, her large glass area is intended to allow essentially 360° of view of the surroundings, underway or at anchor, when the outside conditions are just too nasty to enjoy the sights. Between rain, cold winds off the glacier, or just general bugginess, not being locked up again in some tight space with dropping morale spreading from face to face, should matter a lot to your clients. You get this glorious view by building the upper sections of the bathroom, the toilet room, the stateroom walls, and those of their doors of 1/4" laminated glass, or (better) 1/2"+ Lexan, depending upon your cruising aspirations. You will need a lot of curtains or K-Mart vinyl blinds here. Incidentally, while there are 50'+ catamarans offered with 9mm hull skin thick(?)ness below the waterline, going with at least 12mm polycarbonate windows well above the waterline seems downright conservative.

In daily use, the assumption is that using the bathroom, for instance, means pulling shut for privacy's sake at least its inside curtain, in part the other one as well, thus blocking the view through the glasswalls out through the actual windows only for the time necessary.

The same goes for privacy in the staterooms, where mid-day occupation would just block out a narrow wedge of the circular view. The more people should inexplicably feel like being in bed at mid-day, the less this growing blockage of the view by the drawn curtains matters, as those few left have more places to choose from which to peer out through plenty of still clear glass. At night, everything is expected to be drawn tight as a matter of course, while allowing individual cabins to keep their single big outside window uncovered for night sky observation or romance's sake. This concept of the glass house saloon is essential to the overall airiness of Double Eagle's communal space, allowing both full view and on-demand privacy when needed.

Settee, table, counter, and galley proper are all about 7'-7'4" long. There is enough space here to weather that stubborn "Baranoff Low," which just doesn't seem to want to move east over the mountains.

The settee will seat at least three people, without too much elbow rubbing, on the fixed side of the table, with folding chairs or stools seating the rest along the folding half, producing, without strained physical familiarities an all-you-can-eat King Arthur-size table of 7'4" x 3'6". In a pinch, ten could put down a plate and a mug of something.

The counter folds down as well to trade space with that large table. With that counter flipped up for business, you can seat four over their breakfast bowl of cereal while you are slaving away over those hash browns and eggs in the galley.

Unless someone wants to help out with their special pancake recipe, your galley space is out of any traffic pattern and you have a thoroughly viable surface area and undercounter stowage, up to the task. The double sink is supposed to be regular home improvement stock, while the three-burner stove will probably have to be one of those expensive stainless marine propane stoves for safety sake, too close to the waterline for self-draining configurations here.

Water supply is via manually pumped header tank, sight glass for consumption control, regular faucet, and gravity-fed hanging spout. Camping type limited hot water could be produced nearly on demand with propane-powered wall units. The 6'11" long by 14" narrow by 15" deep icebox is out of the way below your feet, requiring minor thinking ahead of what you need to take out when, but with major energy savings and real estate efficiencies in return. Like the stove, it is propane powered (fine on a catamaran with limited heel).

We've shown locations for two wall-mounted Force 10 12,000 Btu propane cabin heaters to take the chill off the boat for late season cruising. With decent sleeping bags, the essentially unheated cabins would not be much of an imposition, with that warm saloon always available to watch the snow on the beach with a hot cup of tea. For summer evening chills, some wall/centerboard post-mounted kerosene lamps for mood will heat things up as well if needed, just don't put any in the cabins due to the obvious fire hazard.

Notice the 2" foam core roof structure, allowing some thermal control plus stiffness overhead to wrestle with the small boats on. To what extent you want to locate e.g., 1" foam elsewhere as well to limit the effects of condensation and perhaps stretch the seasons of

operation of your business is up to you, just keep the interior ply-sheathing to between 1/8" and 1/4" ply.

The propane supply to feed the hungry heaters and the more miserly stove is located right behind the collision bulkhead forward, allowing six standard aluminum 20-pound bottles to safely sit strapped into racks, three per hull. For plumbing simplicity sake we would propose to just run one bottle connection from the port hull aft to the galley and the saloon, leaving the other five bottles unconnected, connecting just one bottle at a time in the port compartment only. Since the forward port cabin is supposed to be the "captain's quarters," you could safely run the pipes/hose, pressure gauges, and shut-offs aft through there, without worrying about some client's pesky 10-year-old with that neat pocket knife. And, with a quick daily lifting of the connected bottle, waking up cold or losing cooking heat halfway through that big dinner should be avoidable. One hundred and twenty pounds of fuel should be adequate for heater intensive early spring or late fall cruises. Without anchors in the bows, this weight is of no consequence in its forward location.

Sleeping Six

Double Eagle has four small staterooms with standing headroom where it counts. Each one offers cozy sleeping for two, more width (44") in the two aft cabins, private storage under each berth, at least one big private fixed outside window, an escape hatch overhead, adequate ventilation, and just enough wriggle room to comfortably put on clothes one occupant at a time. Wire each for a 12V fluorescent cabin/reading light right over the mattress edge, and the clients should feel quite cozy and comfortable.

We would assume you would make the port forward cabin yours, out of the toilet traffic pattern, just enough volume for one to have a bookshelf or two, cavernous under-bridge-deck athwartship stowage of your guns, ships' safe, expensive fishing rods, etc.

Thus, with four private spaces, peace aboard should be more probable than double-bunking with just a curtain for privacy. This would obviously work with up to three couples, or one larger family, even with two feuding kids. Those of even more hunger for the great outdoors could sleep outside under the stars on the forward deck.

Toilets, Sinks, and Shower

On her starboard hull, she has two identical 4' x 3'6" full heads, i.e., a shower capable floor cum drain, a regular sink, and a toilet. They share no walls with any cabins and are publicly accessible any time from all locations aboard. Along with the galley sink, there would be three places to at least brush teeth at and wash down hands and face.

Freshwater tankage is adequate for week-long cruises with all cabins occupied. Under the galley to port of the icebox, she carries 164 U.S. gallons in a single integral tank. In her starboard hull, under the two heads, she carries an additional tankage of 2 x 62 gallons for a total of 288 gallons (nominal) of fresh water. Divided by seven users aboard, this leaves around 40 gallons per person to be used on a week's cruise, good enough for those less familiar with prudent water use.

On the other end there are two wastewa-

ter tanks, one under galley of 112 gallons, and one to starboard under the heads, measuring 157 gallons, for a total of nominally 269, probably less than 250 useable. Note that waste water and excrements/urine are plumbed into the same holding tank.

In practice, this means that the fresh water for dishwashing, food preparation, and galley handwashing is taken out of the port fresh water tank and then returned via elbow and gravity drain as gray water into the adjacent waste water tank in the same hull, shifting of serious waterweights is only probable through water in food, then secreted in the starboard holding tank. The freshwater to starboard is typically used for personal hygiene, to then drain again back into the starboard holding tank. This virtually eliminates concerns over moving the weight of 288 gallons of water during a week-long trip, and it keeps to a bare minimum the plumbing necessary for that period of habitation of seven aboard.

For both toilets we have drawn, as we've done on several recent larger and smaller cruisers, the "don't look down" solution to typical onboard plumbing concerns. An improved (fly-less) version of the well-established out-house concept, it is essentially just a holding tank with a tight (seaway) lid, a regular seat,

and a small 12V continuous-duty extraction fan (i.e., \$10. computer cooling fan), drawing smell out through a dedicated holding tank vent pipe, dumping gasses under the bridge to be immediately diluted in that 16' wide space between the hulls.

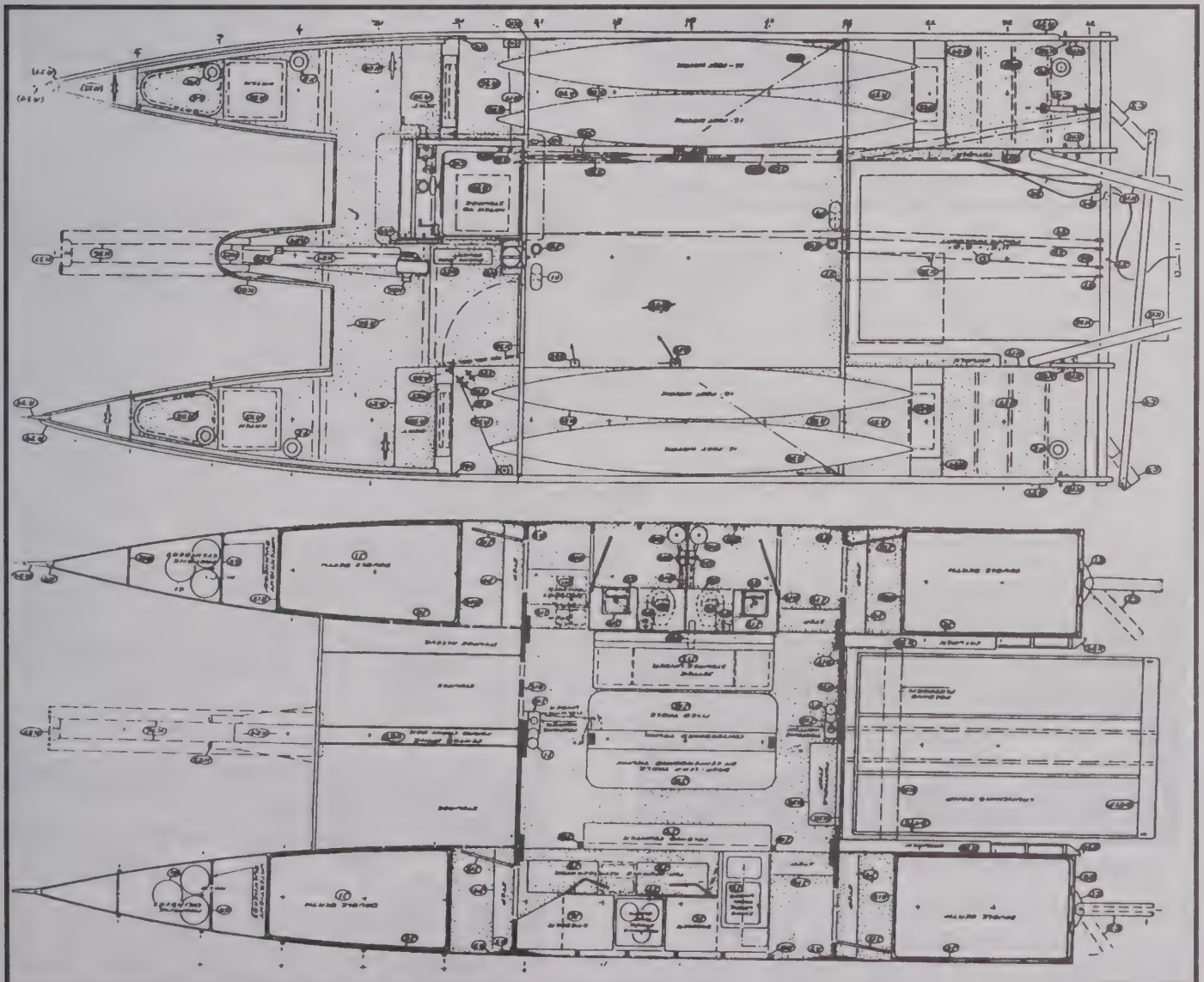
This is a system that is very simple to construct, very simple to use by uninitiated guests aboard without (untouchable) instruction manuals or need to strictly adhere to proper sequence, is very economical without wasting flushing water, simple to maintain with next to no moving parts or specialized hardware to break down and, in light of the generous holding tank, the avoidance of added "sweet-potti" chemicals and the automatic dilution by the washrooms' gray water, it is actually reasonably responsibly "green" if dumped overboard in more open water via big manual Edson pump evacuating under the bridge with the prop helping to spread the stuff, or conspicuously pumped out at designated stations.

Ergo, there are no seawater pumps, below waterline valves, leaky hoses, and other much-discussed grief apparently a perpetual concern with conventional systems. This approach produces a rustic but perfectly viable system of collecting and disposing of waste

in the best no-chemicals outdoors tradition, just without the ravenous black flies buzzing you from below.

As a further measure to keep your plumbing cost and efforts down while building her, we would have a 10-gallon header tank over the galley sinks for gravity feed dishwashing and meal preparation, and just a 10 gallon header tank in each head to feed the sink and the shower head. All three separate units would be hand-pumped by the user via a \$40 Guzzler diaphragm pump, both for low-tech bliss, and economy in use per session, a 5-10-gallon shower per person, for instance, should suffice, even with long hair. Again, hot water solutions are up to you, from making a pot of warm water in the stove for a sponge bath to automatic, wall-mounted, flow-through propane water heaters. Considering the options on the wilderness shore though, even cold water, but in a private enclosure and a warm saloon next door, sounds good and should perhaps be part of that authentic experience. Black tanks on the roof anyone..?

Next issue we'll discuss some more about Double Eagle's Yawlboat propulsion solution, look at her sailing rig, her structure, and offer preliminary rough estimates of her overall hardware budget.



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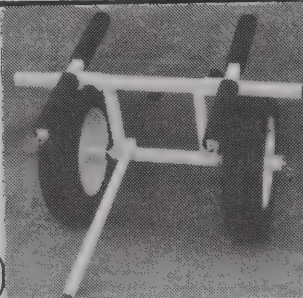
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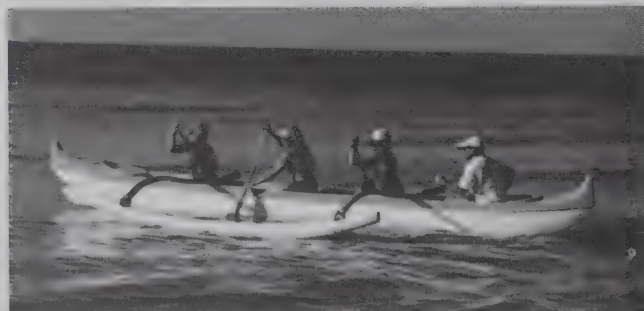
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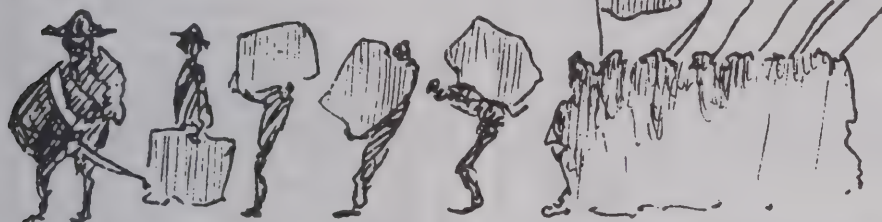
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LITTLE SHIP

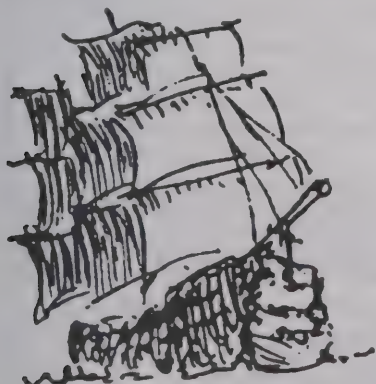
The little ship was built in this harbor and named after the town. It was a small vessel designed so as to be easily handled by local fishermen. A noted town fisherman, who was familiar with navigating and the treacherous coast, was expected to command it. Instead, orders came that a wealthy landowner from a neighboring town, recently appointed a general, would take command. The people were upset but decided to give him a chance. "Wait and see," they said, not expecting much from a self-made general. "What the hell does a general know about commanding a ship?" it was asked.



THE GENERAL

The day the ship was launched, the General came aboard with great pomp and ceremony, attended by his soldiers, servants, and assistants. The townspeople stood aside and declared that their ship needed seamen and not soldiers and servants. "Nonsense," the General replied. "A ship is merely a military vehicle and requires a military mind to command it."

When the ship sailed, the few seamen aboard were heard mumbling. "We thought that this was a People's Revolution to free us from tyranny."



MAN-O-WAR GAVE CHASE

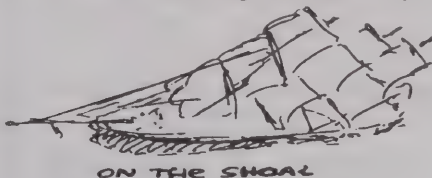
Not long after the ship left the harbor, it met with an old veteran man-o-war flying the enemy flag. Bristling with cannons and eager for battle, it closed on the little ship. The General, realizing he was the quarry of a formidable foe, fled without firing a shot.

The warship gave chase. The little ship made for the safety of the harbor, but the warship followed it in. Now there was no safety

First Ship of the Navy

By Tom

and no escape. The General ran his ship up on the beach and leaped ashore, followed by his soldiers and servants. The enemy warship came within cannon range when suddenly it



ON THE SHOAL

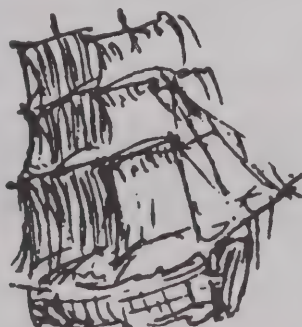
ran up on a shoal, listing so greatly that its starboard guns pointed skyward and its port guns pointed into the water. It held fast as the tide ebbed. The General's ship was also hard aground.



He ordered his soldiers to line along the shore and fire at the enemy ship, much as a dog would snarl and bark at an intruder. The



fisherman and crew, having stayed aboard the little ship, launched its two long boats, putting a cannon in the bow of one boat and gunpowder in the bow of the other. Hatchcovers were placed to shield the crew and the helms-



men from gunfire. Then they rowed the two boats out to the man-o-war.

"What are those men doing with my boats?" the General screamed when he saw what was taking place. "I gave them no orders. They are not at liberty to do anything without orders. I'll court-martial the lot of them. I'll have those men shot. Shoot at them," he ordered. The soldiers fired in the air. "At

them, at them," he screamed. The soldiers continued firing into the air. An officer suggested to the General that he should wait to see what happens. "I don't care what happens. I am in command here and things are done only if I order them to be done."

The tide was flooding quickly filling the ship and eventually rolling it over completely on its side. The enemy crew abandoned the foundering ship and swam for the shore, where the General and his soldiers took them prisoners.



FLOUNDERED

Afterward the General confronted the fisherman.

"You took action without orders," he accused the fisherman.

"I am a fisherman and when I see a fish to be taken I take it. No matter how big it is, I take it. I do not abandon the ship and run away from the fish," the fisherman said.



LOUT

"You insolent lout," the General said. "You dare question my courage?"

"I question what you did not do."

"You shall see how this affair is reported," the General said.

The fisherman turned to the townspeople and said, "You were right. This is not a war against tyranny. We are merely exchanging one elite group for another. I'll have no more of it," and he left.

And so history reports that the General captured the enemy ship in a great battle, even though his cowardly crew deserted during the action. The ship was sailed to the neighboring town of the General to be officially declared the birthplace of the Navy.



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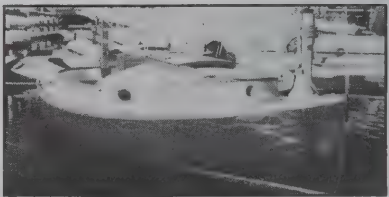


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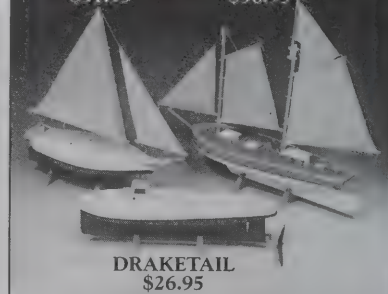
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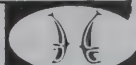


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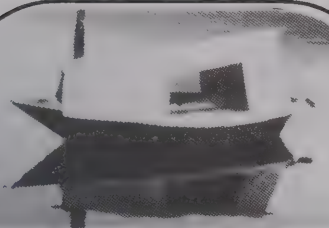


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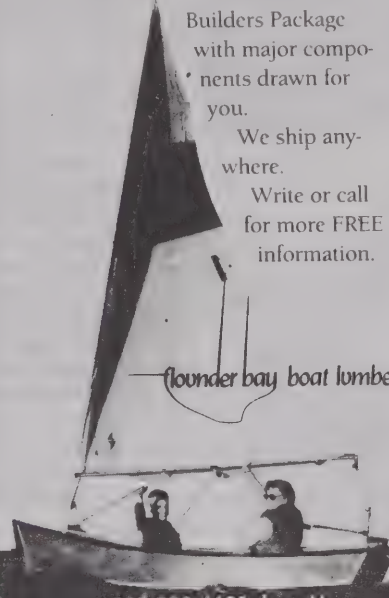
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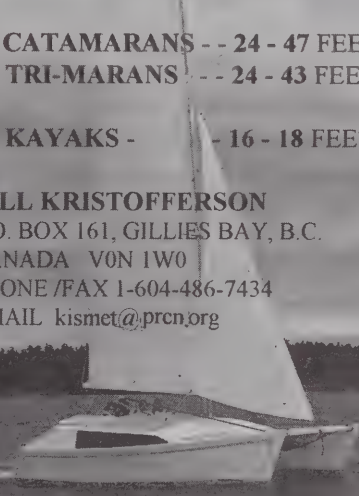
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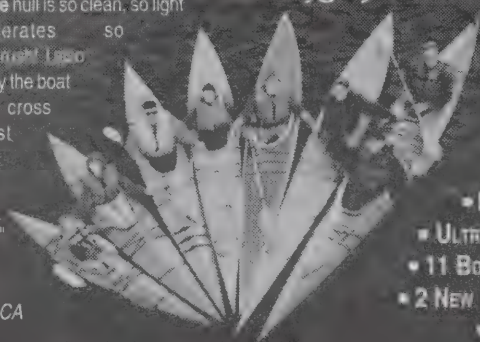
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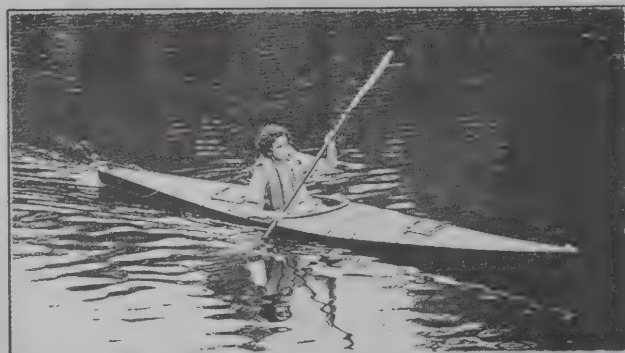
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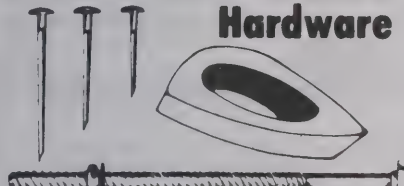
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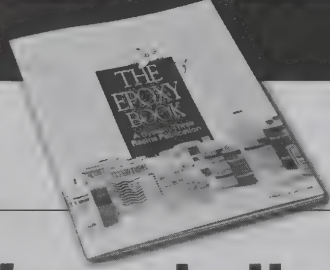
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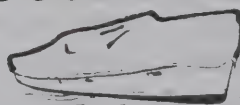


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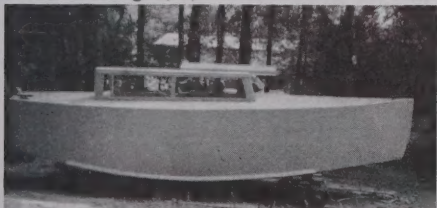
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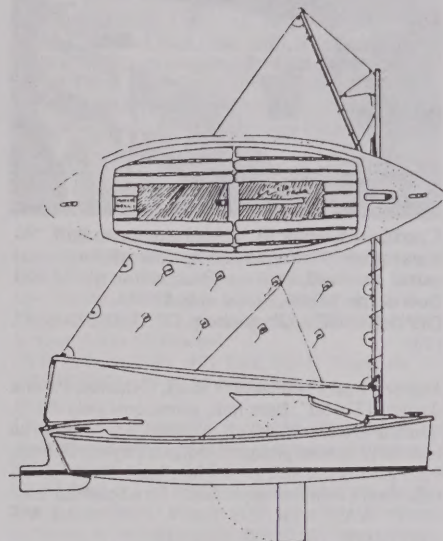
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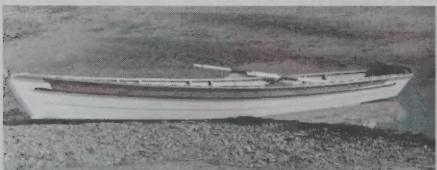
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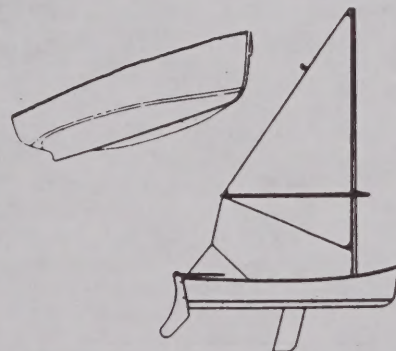
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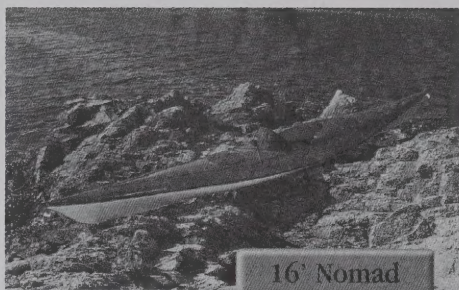
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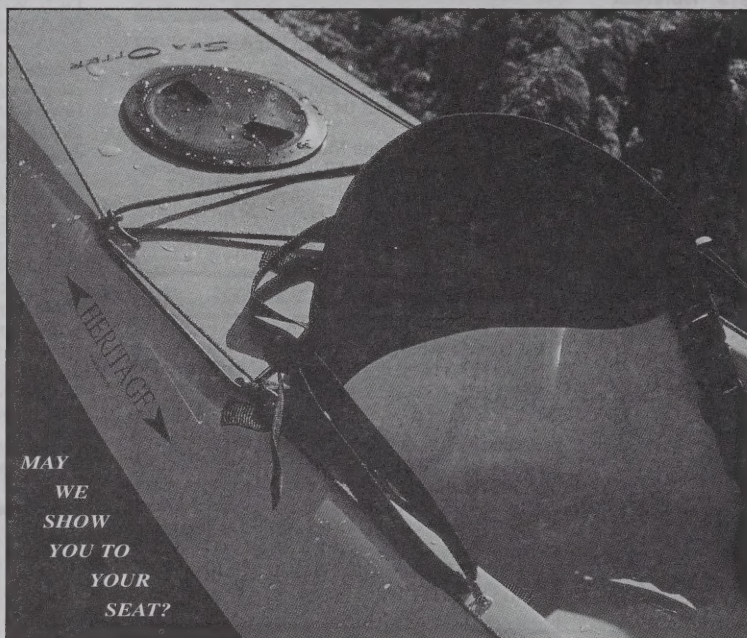
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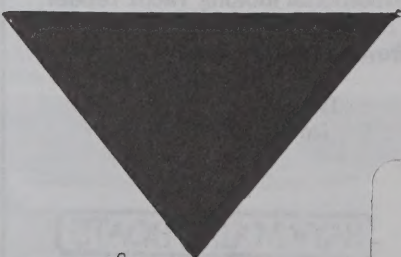
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