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messing about in BOATS

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Special Features This Issue
"Great Tin Boat Regatta"
"Poetic Justice" - "Shantyboat Speak"

Volume 16 - Number 20

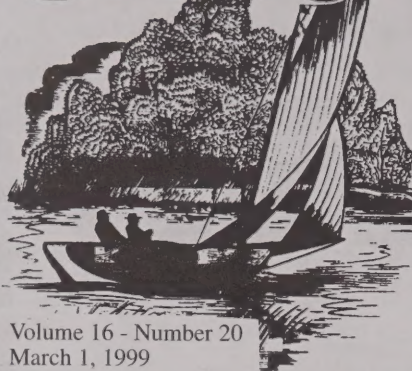
March 1, 1999

"Poetic Justice!"



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messing about in BOATS



Volume 16 - Number 20
March 1, 1999

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



A recurring pleasure daily in this magazine business is opening the mail and reading the letters many of you write to us which it may contain. Sometimes these are just notes on renewal forms, but often they are written on their own for a specific reason. I really look forward to reading what you have to say, and (sorry about this) I much prefer opening these good old fashioned envelopes with written messages contained within to reading email on the small screen with all its code garbage and lack of physical presence in my hands.

Many of your letters appear on the "You write to us..." pages, all that are written with that intent in mind of course. Occasionally I get a letter whose subject is one I want to elaborate upon and use it as part of this "Commentary". The week before this issue went to press (January 26th for the March 1st issue, indeed) the following such letter arrived from reader Charles Catlin of Neenah, Wisconsin:

"I want to commend you on a wonderful publication, wonderful for all sorts of reasons. One of these seems to go resolutely unremarked, which is your writers. I am ever delighted by the nuggets, large and small, that regularly appear. I am sure everyone has his favorites, but at this moment of writing I recall Jim Thayer's adventurous series on his UK-French tall ship experiences last year and Robb White's recent autobiographical piece on why he became a boatbuilder. Great stuff! And then, from an entirely different quadrant there was the eleven year old girl who described with real precision an afternoon of gunkholing in her kayak. You can't beat it!"

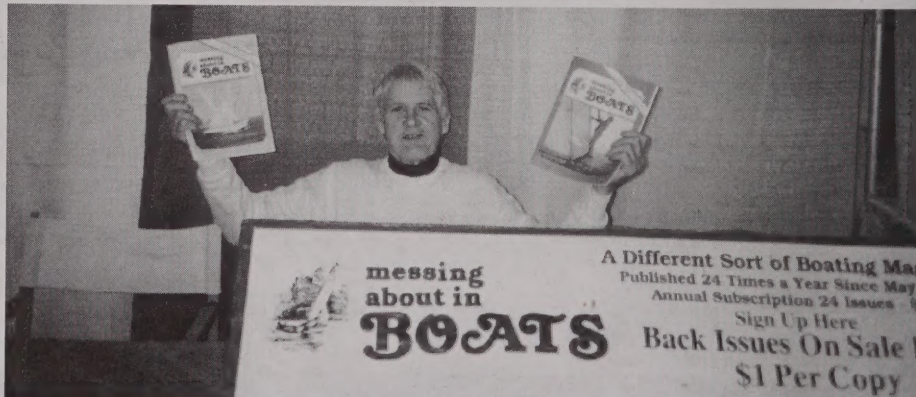
He's right, and a major reason why I am still not jaded after 380 consecutive issues over 16 years is the refreshment I get from our "writers", almost all of whom are

amateurs telling us about things dear to their hearts about this messing about in boats. The panorama of experience that so many diverse writing efforts bring to these pages makes the subject come alive in ways that professionally written articles in an official "style" just cannot achieve. Despite our shared interest, we are all different in outlooks and experiences and bringing this diversity to these pages is the treasure all of you who comprise our writers bring to us all.

Although I have been an "editor & publisher" since 1959, I am not a professional in that I never was trained in the field of journalism and publishing. I just learned by doing and so the magazine does not reflect what is considered professionalism in publishing today. It's sort of a plain vanilla product without the efforts of an art director more concerned with the packaging than the content interfering. A couple of years ago one of our readers, who is a professional writer, sold a feature story about us to the *Boston Globe*, and in it he described *Messing About in Boats* thusly: "In an age of information super-highways, *Messing About* is a dirt road..." I like that.

So, I want to thank reader Charles for bringing to my attention the lack of recognition for our writers' collective efforts which make the magazine what it is. As a non-professional myself I have great empathy with all of you who write for us about your interests and experiences. I too feel this is a wonderful publication, and not just because it is mine. While I indeed make it happen, it really is a creation of all of you who contribute in some way some of your experiences messing about in boats. Isn't it great what all of us amateurs are doing!

Look for us at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show this month, this is me trying to get passers-by at the Show to notice our little magazine.



In Our Next Issue...

We will learn about a unique canoeing/fiddling event from Charles Connelly in his "Fiddleheads of the Tobique" and also about an ongoing exhibition at the Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia, "Chris Craft - the Affordable Dream".

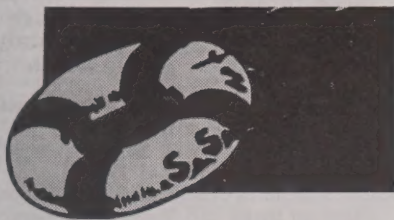
Gordon Brolier recalls "Summers at Put-In Bay"; Robb White describes "Monkey Island"; Smiljka Fitzgerald juxtapositions "Holidays & Hurricanes"; and William Washburn Nutting and Charlie Matthews continue their cruising tales in "Track of the Typhoon" and "Log of Therapy".

Mississippi Bob Brown details "Building the Swamp Yankee"; Craig O'Donnell reports on "The Sultana Project"; and the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum offers some insights into their 1998 season's highlights.

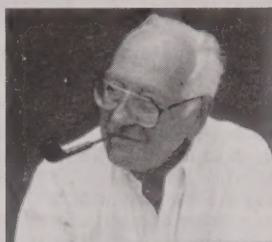
Clay Curry presents "An Interview With Chris Kulczycki of Chesapeake Light Craft"; Platt Monfort introduces his new "Cricket 12"; Dynamite Payson describes the genesis of instant boats in "Just Add Water"; Craig O'Donnell supplements Richard Carsens' "Dreamboats" series with a look at "Asian Boat Plans"; while Richard carries on with "Ninigo Sails III" in his "Dreamboats" series. Phil Bolger & Friends have yet to reveal their subject as of press time.

On the Cover...

Gordon South has a tale in this issue that's just as good a read as his cover cartoon promises on a subject any who have experienced an unhappy powerboat confrontation will recognize and appreciate.



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw
U.S.C.G.A.
Division 10

Semper What?

"Semper Paratus," always ready, is the official motto of the United States Coast Guard and of its Auxiliary. A more accurate translation is, "Always Training," and that's what I was doing on an unseasonably warm December afternoon.

Aboard 18-551, in addition to myself, was a coxswain doing his "required every five years" towing, a relatively new Auxiliarist striking for Crew qualification, and a Qualified Examiner who, on satisfactory performance of tasks, would "sign off" the Auxiliarists.

What actually did we do? First we "discovered" a vessel in distress, actually another Auxiliary boat. "This is a drill, this is a drill, this is a drill", on the radio. "Coast Guard, my engine has failed. I need assistance." "Vessel calling Coast Guard, what is your location? Are there any injured persons on board? Please

have all persons put on life jackets. Anchor if you can."

Arriving on scene, 551 proceeded to take the "distressed" vessel in stern tow, a very simple process. Then we had to bring her into alongside tow and demonstrate that all lines had been properly secured in the right places by maneuvering her in a complete Figure 8. The trick here is that the "towing" vessel be significantly aft of the tow and that her bow be pointed slightly inward.

In the midst of the Figure 8, the QE tossed a life preserver overboard and shouted, "Man overboard! Starboard side!" That's when the fun began.

"Break! Break! Break!" shouted the coxswain. "Cast off stern line. Cast off bow. Cast off both springs." With a word to the "distressed vessel" to anchor as promptly as possible, we were off after the "man overboard."

"Not bad," said the Qualified Examiner. "Now, let's do it again." So we did.

Even in December, the crew of 551 were sweating freely when the QE expressed satisfaction and we could head for home. It was 551's last mission for 1998. Next week she will be winterized after 152 hours on Auxiliary duty. She's earned her rest.

In March we will begin again.

"Semper Paratus" really means "Always Training."

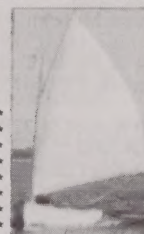
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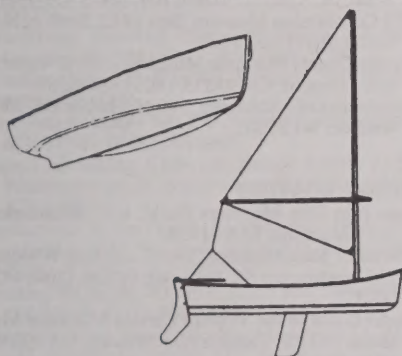
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Peter Spectre had this to say about the show in 1990 (WB#95):

"The word on the waterfront was that this show was different, and it sure was....the exhibits were real boats, and parts for real boats, and services for real people, and the folks in attendance were real boat enthusiasts."

**—Located on the Portland Waterfront
off of Commercial Street—**

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

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

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (781) 934-7555.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

Activities & Events Organizers '99...

A new year is now here and we'll soon begin to dream about our opportunities for messing about in boats (in winterland areas anyway) when the on-the-water season gets underway in a few short months.

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

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

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

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

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 3551 NW Federal Hwy., Jensen Beach, FL 34957.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.

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

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>

Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.

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

PADDLING

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

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

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

Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.

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

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

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

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

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.

Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202. (617) 727-1614 XT360.

Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.

Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.

Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.

Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.

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

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

Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.

Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.

Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.

Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.

Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.

United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

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

Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.

New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.

New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.

Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.

Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.

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

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.

Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.

Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.

Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: <http://www.seanet.com/~jrweiss/tsca-puget>

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.

South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.

Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950

Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.

Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.

Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.

North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.

Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

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

Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

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

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

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

You write to us about...

Needs...

Sail Rig for a Coleman

This past year I sold the last of many Sunfish that I have owned, as a crippling case of shingles two years ago prevented me from sailing at all and I am now uncertain if I will ever be able to boardsail again. So I am wondering about fitting a sail rig to my Coleman canoe.

I have plenty of Sunfish rigs, sails, old wooden daggerboards etc. I have reservations about installing a mast step and questions on designing a mast partner. I welcome advice from knowledgeable readers about this.

Ward Bell, 372 Sea Cliff Ave., Sea Cliff, NY 11579

Opinions...

Consider a Custom boat

I have been doing a lot of thinking about how to convince more people to build custom boats. Almost all of the people for whom I have built boats have thoroughly enjoyed the process, but there are not enough of them. It seems that most people are not aware that custom boats are not prohibitively expensive, are the most perfectly suited compromise and are just plain fun to do.

The *Track of the Typhoon* by William Washburn Nutting is the perfect example of the old fashioned way of getting just what is appropriate for an individual's taste and needs. People should, as you say in your Commentary, be able to take care of themselves and not rely on the hype from Madison Avenue to tell them what he or she needs in a boat to go to sea.

Damian McLaughlin, Jr, Boatbuilder, Box 538, N. Falmouth, MA 02556

Getting Older

I enjoyed and appreciated Alden Stickney's article in the December 15th issue, "Not as Young". His safety tips for older skippers were excellent.

Older canoeists also lose their flexibility, coordination, balance, etc. Being afloat on flat water does not create much of a problem, but loading and unloading from a car top and exiting or entering the canoe on a slippery embankment can.

I had to trade in my 59lb Old Town AMC Camper at the Chicagoland Canoe Base for a 36lb kevlar Bob Special made by Nova Craft. I also carry a "walking stick" in the canoe to lean on when stepping out of the canoe onto muddy or slippery river banks or lake shores.

Lawrence Seeger, Northbrook, IL

Level With Us Please

Please accept my suggestion about how your very wonderful and important publication can be improved at no cost. I think that you should always orient the photos so that the horizons are horizontal. As an architect, I always wondered why so many photos contradict nature.

On page 12 of the January 1st issue at the top of the page, the photo could represent a view slightly upstream of Niagara Falls. It would have been a more accurate picture of what the boat was doing if it were published with its horizon level, as nature demands.

Jack Chesley, N. Scituate, MA

Editor Comments: I never noticed this phenomenon, the photos get used as they are framed by the photographers, horizons being wherever they are because I just didn't give the horizons much attention, being focussed on the foreground subjects of the photos. I'll watch out for this now if I remember to.

Cover Caught My Eye

The January 1st issue cover caught my eye right away, the photo of *Typhoon* at sea made me think of my father's 40' *Gypsy II*, a square sterned, bug-eye deadrise he designed in 1940 following the demise of *Gypsy I*, the ex-Maggie E. Smith, a 9 log canoe which we had from 1929-38.

Track of the Typhoon is great reading, I'm glad you will be publishing the entire story.

Charlie Hewins, Philadelphia, PA

Nice to See What Others Are Up To

Your publication brings much delight, illustrating how you really don't need to be wealthy to enjoy the waterways. I've been in the boat business over 40 years and owned/built lots of "stuff" for just the plain enjoyment of it. It's nice to see what the others are up to on your pages, where anyone can express and exchange for all to take note.

I have built and lived on shantyboats on and off for years, a delightful low cost life style. Bill Foden and I have communicated something of this for readers in this issue in the article "Shantyboat Speak".

George Kiaffas, Haddam, CT

About Mandatory Education

I should like to weigh in on the subject of mandatory education for boaters. I use a Doughdish (for those who do not know, it is a replica of the H12-1/2) on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire during the summer, but the weekend sailing is very unpleasant during the season because of the lack of common courtesy of many of the power boaters. Many seem not to realize that their enormous wakes toss the small sailboat and spill all air out of the sails. They also seem to have to get ahead of the sailboat at all costs. Finally, many of the "drivers" of the small boats seem to have no knowledge of the rules of the road and of the buoyage on the lake. With my outboard I have towed quite a number of boats off nearby, well buoyed rocks. Some required education really is necessary as our economy keeps improving and more non-boaters plunk down the down payment and drive off to the salesman's admonition, "Have fun!"

On a more positive note, New Hampshire has a Boating Under the Influence law and an Open Container law which parallel the motor vehicle laws of the state and can cost the drunken boat driver his/her license to operate on the highways.

Finally, a question for Tom Shaw: What is the development, use of, and meaning of a "Pan-Pan"? This is not a term I learned in Massachusetts Maritime back in the '50's.

John Fiske, Lt. (jg), USNR (Ret)

Could Not Agree More

While out doing errands on a cold rainy winter day I found myself behind a car with a license plate which read, "02BBOATN". I could not agree more.

Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

Useful Information...

About Small Dinghies

I was pleased to see Jim Michalak's article about the AF3 that I built in the December 1st issue. A friend of mine plans to build one this winter and hopefully after next summer we will be able to write a story for *MAIB* about sailing them.

Also in that December 1st issue Edward H. Wiser's article "Building Tyler's Tortoise" mentions a *Small Boat Journal* article about a 10' dory for children (and the young at heart). This was Ken Brown's Lark. Ken has moved but still is selling the plans. Last I heard he could be reached at: Ken Brown, 7925 Kilmory Circle, Portage, MI 49024.

Ken asked me to let everyone know that plans cost \$25ppd and to emphasize that on the plans all parts are drawn full sized. This makes a great boat building project and is ideal for a first timer as it goes together easily and gives one some experience in working with resin and fiberglass tape.

Ken also has designs for a 12' Lark, an 8' Kayak and an 8' Lark that is made from one sheet of 1/4" and a half sheet of 3/8" plywood. I have not seen these designs. For more information contact Ken.

Pictures of four different Larks may be viewed on my web site: <<http://www.planet.eon.net/~hmcleod/lark.htm>>

On another subject, I sent you plans for the American Plywood Association's One Man Dinghy this past year. It is a pram type rowing hull that is constructed from a single sheet of plywood. The plans I sent on to you do not list the designer but last week I received this email from the designer:

"I enjoyed finding the photo of the yellow dinghy in your web page. You might be interested to know that this boat is my design, which I submitted to *Popular Science* for their Plywood Design Contest, and which won a prize and was published in *Popular Science*. Was it really 18 years ago?"

I was concerned that the dinghy, which has no integral flotation and is light as a feather, could be dangerous for an inexperienced child on a weather shore. I had visions of kids blowing out to sea, or non-swimming adults swamping the thing, so I asked *Popular Science* for a

hold harmless agreement or at least a cautionary statement on the plans. After all, they were expecting a release of the design rights from me. Their attorney said no way and got huffy, and asked for the prize money back! That's why my name is not on the plans.

I have no idea whether they still sell the plans, but I would guess not. I've begun to issue my original design drawings to friends who are interested. Last winter someone built four of them all at once, for his nieces and nephews! My first and only prototype hull is as good as the day I launched it, in Gloucester Harbor (a suitably nautical venue). The durability is good with a float coat of WEST on both sides and Interlux Interthane+. My name for the design was/is Dilemma. It was conceived as a dinghy for my 32' Atlantic proa Paradox circa 1987. For info on that see a flashback article published in *Multihulls Magazine*, November 1997.

I've recently been working up a sailing dinghy for little kids (and eager parents to help them build) which has a simple self-filling/self-draining water ballast keel for additional dynamic stability, no-need-to-unship rudder, no need at all for a daggerboard or daggerboard case, huge integral flotation, and a lug rig. About 8' loa. It might spoil nearly three sheets of ply, but what the heck. And it might be a fun frostbiter for big kids, too. I don't have a web page but it seems like I ought to now, because I have produced tolerably good schematic design studies for almost 200 boat designs, over the last 20 years. They are mostly sharpies, trimarans and

proas, 6' to 60'.

James Richardson, James Richardson Design, Architecture & Boats, <island@world.std.com>"

Herb McLeod, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Polynesian Sail Training

A group of people in Hawaii are considering an educational program involving construction of a fleet of 39' double hulled voyaging canoes basically 2/3rds scale versions of *Hokulia*, the 65' voyager headquartered in Honolulu.

The notion is to set up the mold in Kauai with other sites in Honolulu, Halewila, Easter Island, perhaps Tony Beach and others receiving hull pairs to be fitted and finished locally to re-introduce Polynesian sail training.

Jack Ralston, 2508 E. Willow, #210, Signal Hill, CA 90806

Polluting for Pleasure

After reading John Lund's article "Two Small Outboards" in the January 1st issue, in which he expresses his concerns about unburned fuel and lubricant from two cycle engines getting into the water, I thought readers might be interested to learn about Andre Mele's book, *Polluting for Pleasure*, published in 1993 by the W.W. Norton Co., ISBN 0-393-03510-7.

Mr. Mele has the credentials (he was "Riverkeeper" on the Hudson River, watchdogging pollution) and documents his contentions in his book profusely. He points out that fifteen times the oil spilled

from the *Exxon Valdez* is annually discharged into our environment by the two cycle engine. Perhaps this is not newsworthy and so gets little or no attention.

Paddles and oars, on the other hand, minimize pollution.

Allan Swanson, Sault Ste. Marie, MI

Stitch & Glue Boatbuilders Gathering

Chesapeake Light Craft, Inc. (CLC) is sponsoring a gathering for wooden boat enthusiasts as well as owners and builders of CLC's designs. OkoumeStock will be held on May 7-9, 1999, at the West River Center in West River, Maryland. The weekend will include a relaxing tour of the stitch-and-glue boatbuilding process; demonstrations of boat design, working with epoxy, working with hand tools, painting and varnishing, and demonstrations of basic kayak skills. CLC's entire fleet of kayaks, rowing boats and sailboats will be available for demos and try-outs. The weekend will begin with an open house at CLC's shop and end with a group paddling trip. Reservation and scheduling information are available on CLC's website (www.clcboats.com) or by calling CLC at (410) 267-0137.

Chesapeake Light Craft, Annapolis, MD

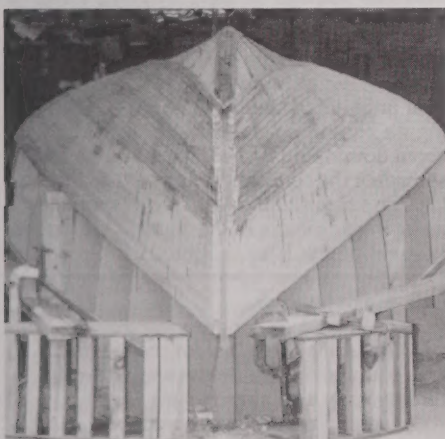
Boatshop News...

(Professional small boat builders are invited to take advantage of this column to let readers know what they are building. The following are examples of the sort of news we invite).

Arey's Pond Launch

Here is a photo of a new 20' launch I have designed and begun construction of for a customer who wanted the profile look of a catboat but to ride like a launch. This will be our first powerboat, with a hull speed of 5.5 knots.

Tony Davis, Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662



Latest from Lowell's Boatshop

We're picking up momentum here at Lowell's Boatshop in Amesbury, Massachusetts. We are quadrupling the number of classes offered this spring. We will offer two boatbuilding classes by Bob Elliot, an oar making class by Doug Scott and a class in finishing by Wendy Guinon. All these instructors are past employees at Lowell's who have continued on working with wood and boats in their own businesses.

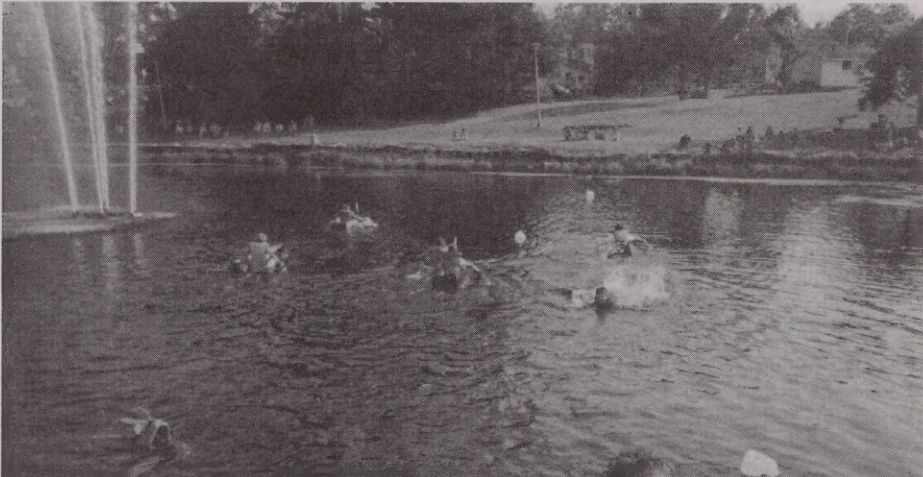
The products from these classes will be helping us to launch Lowell's Boatshop Livery this summer. With the livery boats we will be able to offer many on-the-water instruction programs as well as provide public access in our classic boats to a beautiful stretch of the Merrimack River. We are looking for a livery supervisor, in-

quire of this writer at address below.

The photo shows our fall class, the Discovery Team from the Nock Middle School, testing an Amesbury skiff's capacity (1822lbs!) after launching in late December. With generous support from the Institution for Savings in Newburyport, Massachusetts, the students built this 16' Amesbury Skiff to tend to the Nock School's small fleet of Lowell's Dorries. The skiff will be made available to the Livery by the Nock Middle School during summer months to serve as the Livery chase boat.

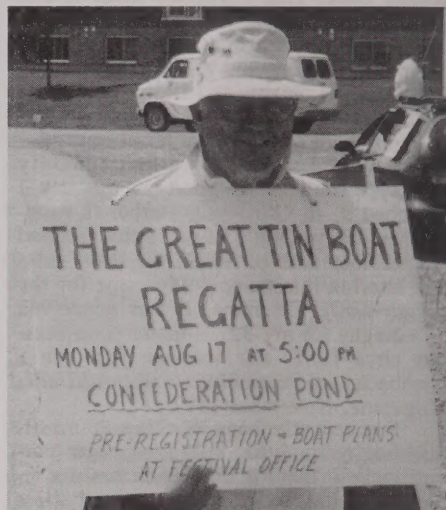
Mike Browne, Boatbuilder/Manager, Lowell's Boatshop, 459 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, <www.lowellsboatshop.org>





The Great Tin Boat Regatta 1998

By J. Peter Hughes



The author about to lead the parade.

Messing About In Boats (Volume 15 - No. 9) carried a piece on my return to the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River in August 1997, my first trip back in 60 years. It was a return to the place of my childhood on an island half a mile offshore of Gananoque, Ontario, Canada, "Gateway to the Thousand Islands." Besides seeking good sailing waters for my lapstrake 16' catboat, a primary reason for this adventure was to show my grandchildren how to build a tin boat.

The article reported on my reconnecting with a local childhood chum, Charlie Donevan, and how we gathered his and my grandchildren to build replicas of those early 30's tin boats. In those earlier days we needed these small craft just to get back and forth from our friends' islands. We had built them with "found" materials and ended up calling them tin boats.

All that was needed was a piece of corrugated galvanized barn roofing, about 3' x 6', a stick of wood for the bow stem, another for the thwart, and an orange crate end for the transom. Miscellaneous roofing nails filched from ever-present cottage repair jobs and leftover black-sticky roofing pitch (usually found on a back shelf in the boathouse) were used to assemble the boat and keep it from leaking.

What Charlie and I found with modern tools and materials (a power drill, self-tapping screws, sealant in the tube, and an applicator) was that we were able to put together a tin boat in only 20 minutes or so. At the launching we became so enthusiastic we speculated about developing tin boat races as a means of spreading the concept throughout the islands. Charlie suggested the race be incorporated as an interesting event in the annual Gananoque Festival of the Islands. Ergo, the Great Tin

Left, top to bottom:

- The parade in progress.
- The senior fleet, set for their start.
- The senior fleet on the way to the turning buoy, two already sunk.
- Junior fleet at award ceremony.

Boat Regatta 1998 became one of this year's festival events.

When I returned this past August, I found I had been proclaimed Race Committee Chairman (or whatever) for what was to be the first Great Tin Boat Regatta. I suspect this honor was bestowed on me because I was the only one absent when it came up for a vote.

Several weeks before the scheduled August 17th race, a tin boat from the previous year was put on display along with an announcement of the event and handout drawings of how to build such a boat. A workshop for kids and their parents was held by Charlie about that time where they built five boats, three out of "found" materials and two out of all new materials (cost, less than \$12 Canadian).

Interest in the event was boosted greatly in the Festival's opening parade about a week before the scheduled race. A number of youngsters who had built their own tin boats entered the parade pulling their much-prized tin boats on wagons. They worked the crowd along the route, encouraging others to join the event by handing out the instruction sheets, "For Building Your Antique Tin Boat" (see below).

On the day of the regatta, we gathered at the appointed venue, Confederation Pond by the Town Hall. A course was laid out with plastic jugs marking the start/finish line, a center turning buoy and another turning buoy at the far side of the pond. The distance from the start to the furthestmost buoy was about 30 yards.

Eleven participants entered the fray bringing their newly built tin boats. Each was unique, displaying all manner of workmanship, innovations in design and construction, and quite unexpected decorations. Ages ranged from 5 to 11.

Participants were divided into two fleets. The Junior Fleet included four skippers, 5 through 7 years in age. Their course went from the start line to the center turning buoy and back to the finish line. To their credit, no one sank. The youngest, a 5-year-old, exhibited great determination and did very well, thank you very much.

There were seven in the Senior Fleet, ages 8 and up, the oldest was 11. Their course was from the start line to far turning buoy and back to the finish line. Several sank. The winner built his boat just the afternoon before and had virtually no practice.

An unanticipated rule had to be implemented at the last moment. It allowed a parent or sponsor to assist each boat driver in steadying the boat at the starting line and even to swim alongside, but no pushing was permitted. What the heck, many were already up to their necks in the water anyway, holding their craft in place. No particular advantage was noted. In fact, the participants seemed to quickly leave the helpers in their wake. Loud cheering and encouragement was the order of the day.

The Awards Ceremony was special as it was handled by the Old Guard, four original tin boaters from the early 1930s. Yep, there they were, Benny Webb (note sidebar), Orm Murphy, Charlie Donevan, and me. I believe some in the audience used the term Old Codgers. Never mind, we loved to see the tin boats in action again. A 1933 photograph in the earlier *MAIB* article includes all the four.

Awards were made for 1st place in each fleet. There were two more specialized awards,



Senior fleet at award ceremony.

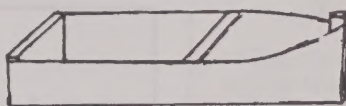
First To Sink and Last to Sink. All participants received ribbons stating "I survived the Great Tin Boat Regatta 1998."

The event was declared a resounding success. Everyone had a delightful time. The Great Tin Boat Regatta is now to be included as a regular event in the Festivals to come. We anticipate a significantly larger group of tin boaters next year, with speculation ranging up to 30 or 40 participants.

Additional awards are proposed in order to recognize excellence in matters other than pure speed, such as for innovative decorations and outstanding boat names. This became an apparent need as every entry, without any previous stipulation from the organizers, carried a name and was decorated. Some had fiendish names and graphics, while others took a more traditional approach.

Instructions for Building Your Antique Tin Boat

(All dimensions are "general", any size that works for the builder will do)



Please use recycleable materials as much as possible.

Materials:

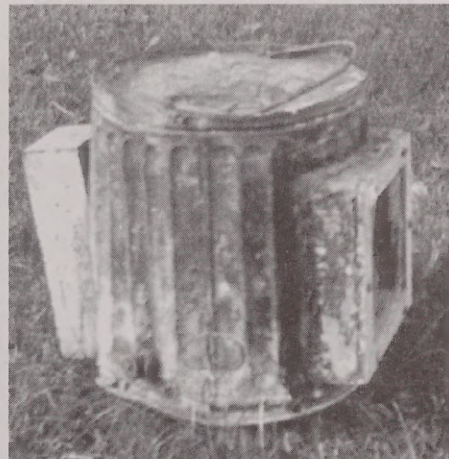
- 1 sheet standard roofing metal approximately 32"x 72", rusty is okay
- 1 dozen #8x 3/4" sheet metal screws
- 2 dozen #8x 1" sheet metal screws
- 6 #8x 1-1/2" sheet metal screws
- 1 tube silicon caulking
- 1 2"x 10"x 15" for transom
- 1 1"x 3" or 1"x 4" x 18" for stem
- 1 1"x 4"x 15" for thwart
- 2 pieces cedar shingle about 5"x 8" for paddles

Instructions:

1. Fold back flat the two long edges of roofing metal for safety.
2. Cut metal approximately 72" long (sheets are 32" wide standard).
3. Cut transom approx. 9"x 15" from 2"x 10".
4. Cut stem 1"x 4"x 18".
5. Cut thwart 1"x 4"x 15".
6. Bend metal around transom and around stem. Fasten with 1-1/2" screws into thwart.
7. Caulk all joints and any holes in metal with silicone.
8. Place boat in water positioning your body so you don't swamp. Shove off using a piece of shingle in each hand.

Good luck and happy boating!

"Remember the Diving Helmet?"



When I called Benny Webb in August, 1997, he said, "Remember the diving helmet? It's still in my boathouse." The next morning, when I went out to his island, there it was, showing its age. He had moved it from the boathouse to the lawn.

My older brother, David, had designed it as he had other things, including the tin boats. Having access to the metal shop in the physics lab in a university where our dad taught was fortunate, as that's where we constructed the helmet out of a garbage can. The principle is simple, as demonstrated by holding a drinking glass upside-down in water. The air remains in the vessel as long as it is kept "level" in its upside-down position.

The bail of the can was removed from the open top and refastened to the lip at the bottom. A 25-pound iron ingot was attached to the can at what would become the back of the helmet. At the opposite side of the can, 25 pounds of lead was fashioned to hold the win-



dow secured by a brass frame held in place by thumb nuts. Two pieces of wood were cut to work as shoulder rests and installed with enough space between to allow one's head to pass into the helmet. Turning the can upside down, we had a right-side-up diving helmet. The photo (ca. 1935) of Benny putting the helmet on a friend, shows the helmet well

Fresh air to replenish stale air was accomplished by a brass fitting through the hel-

met just above the shoulder rests to receive a garden hose. The 50' hose (went to the surface to a contraption utilizing two bicycle pumps to force air down to the helmet.

The two pumps were attached by a hinge arrangement at the ends of a 4' or 5' 1"x6" board. The bicycle pump handles were removed and the remaining rods affixed to a lever between the pumps. The foot of the lever was hinged to the same board halfway between the pumps, ergo the whole device was properly articulated. A brass fitting was developed to receive the two nozzles from each pump directing the air to the garden hose leading to the helmet.

By sweeping the lever back and forth, a more or less constant flow of air was sent down to the diver except, of course, when the one doing the pumping was distracted by pretty young lady.

We used the helmet a lot, along with other

underwater "inventions" including a diving mask. The diving masks were made out of an inner tube cut crossways into which fit to a 6" lens holder (available through the physics lab) entrapping a flat plane of glass. Behind this front section, the tube was cut lengthwise to provide two straps leading behind the head.

A lot of beeswax was used on the helmet and mask wherever the fit wasn't adequate.

We were in demand whenever someone dropped anything overboard, outboards being the most frequent object. Our depth limit was 50', the length of the hose. The biggest adventure was a large yacht which ran square on a large shoal just off our island. We inspected the damage and flattened a tin boat to help close the gaping hole. We couldn't budge the yacht. The *Frontenac*, a side paddle-wheeler ferry between Canada and the USA was called in to pull the yacht off the rocks.



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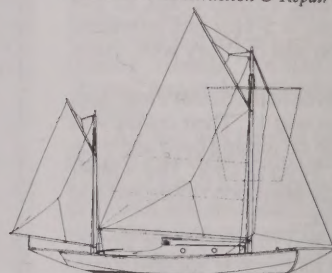
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Mother Nature's Magic

By Roger Allen

I had a mythic experience on my sail back from the Fall Annual Meet over at Jim and Ellen Brode's house. It happened while I was bringing the Museum's sprits'l skiff, *Malea*, up from Broad Creek.

In the morning, while we were having our Chateau Brode breakfast, Peggy Burrus invited us to sail in company next to her big St. Pierre dory, *Sister Ocean*, back to Beaufort. As an alternative to trailers and towing, it seemed like a great idea. Of course, such a big change in plans brought about a rush before the trip to make sure all of the boats got rigged up right and had their necessary gear. We had plenty of boats and managed to match up experienced sailors with those not so confident. Everyone who wanted to could go and have a good, safe sail. Boats shoved off as they were ready and formed up as a raggedy line of sail stretching down Bogue Sound.

We ended up being one crew shy of a full complement, and I found myself doing the run single-handed. As usual, I started near last, but everyone was in sight so that was fine and pretty to look at from back where I was. There were sprit rigs all over the Sound, which did my traditional heart proud.

Now, I'm used to bringing up the rear, and I think I know how to sail, but I haven't sailed a big boat by myself in years. I admit to feeling anxious at the start because the *Malea* is set up for at least two people. She is a big, open, gangly-feeling boat to me because I'm used to little, tight, 15' and under, round-bottomed, decked boats for single-handed sailing.

In the rush to get the boat geared up, I'd inadvertently put my lunch way up ahead of the mast, never thinking about the need to go forward later with no one at the tiller to stop her from rounding up, jibing, or worse. The devil's in the details. Life is for learning. That's life, etc., etc., etc.

The day was picture perfect with blue sky, truly sparkly water, and a steady breeze coming just over my right shoulder. The only way of making things better would have been to have Michelle along for company and to take the tiller while I went up by the mast to grab our lunches when noon rolled around.

I hate those mad dashes, hurtling the thwarts, buckets, bailers, and other gear to go forward for a quick grab, and dash back before things start going off on their own courses. I'm not a control freak or anything, but I don't really like being in the water, and so am uncomfortable when a capsizes occurs. It seemed I might be doomed to "No Michelle, no lunch."

In a short bit Bob Sension and Rich Mueller went sailing by, as usual, with a spinnaker flying this time, and I fell further behind. Being hungry, alone, and left behind is enough to make me feel right sorry for myself, so I figured I'd better do something about it before I became one of those cranky, self-centered crew members no one wants to sail with.

That is when the magical part occurred. I left the tiller and tried, with as much agility as possible, to rapidly but stylishly (a gentleman always behaves as if he were in front of a crowd, or so the English say) sprint up to the mast for my lunch. What, to my astonished eyes should appear, but the boat continuing on course as straight and true as the heart of Michelle!

Now, I am still capable of feeling true wonderment, but the moments have become scarcer as I live. Here was a moment for such a delightful feeling. I eased my way back towards the tiller, trying not to upset the balancing act, and found that things went along just as well with me sitting on the center thwart. I ate my lunch, slowly for a change, as the boat sailed perfectly along her course with nary a wiggle to make me drop my napkin.

If the wind eased, I just had to lean over towards the low side of the boat to bury the chine a little deeper to get her right back on course. If the wind picked up, I just leaned out over the high side to flatten her out a little and she'd again go right back on course. It was Mother Nature's magic as I live and breathe!

To add to my wonderment, I began to catch Bob and Rich in *Katchel*. Now each of them is a fine sailor, and together they make a fearsome trio, so I was astonished to be gaining on them. But, if you think about it a little, that lovely act of acceleration becomes comprehensible "magic."

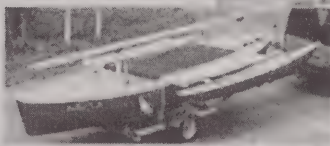
I had no centerboard down. Without me continually fooling with the rudder, which acts as a brake whenever it is turned across the flow of water through which it is passing, the boat became as efficient as it could be. Without my weight back at the tiller, the stern did not squat, allowing the hull to release the big bag of water I had been forcing it to tow. Without the weight of additional crew and gear, *Malea* floated higher in the water and so had less drag. By some fluke I had managed to get everything trimmed and balanced properly. What an eye opener to see what the boat was able to do!

Joshua Slocum, the first man in recorded history to sail around the world alone, watched in admiration for days as his old Delaware Bay oyster sloop, *Spray*, sailed herself across the oceans of the world. It is not hard to accept the obvious intelligence of a creature that can swim and fly at the same time. It is equally impossible to resist the charms, apparent affection, and willingness of such a wondrous creature when it will purposefully carry you where you want to go.

I only watched *Malea* for a few hours, but that was enough to give me an unforgettable moment. If you can figure out how to do it in your boat, it's worth the effort of sheeting in, or out, and shifting your weight around for a few minutes. The experience is titillating, believe me.

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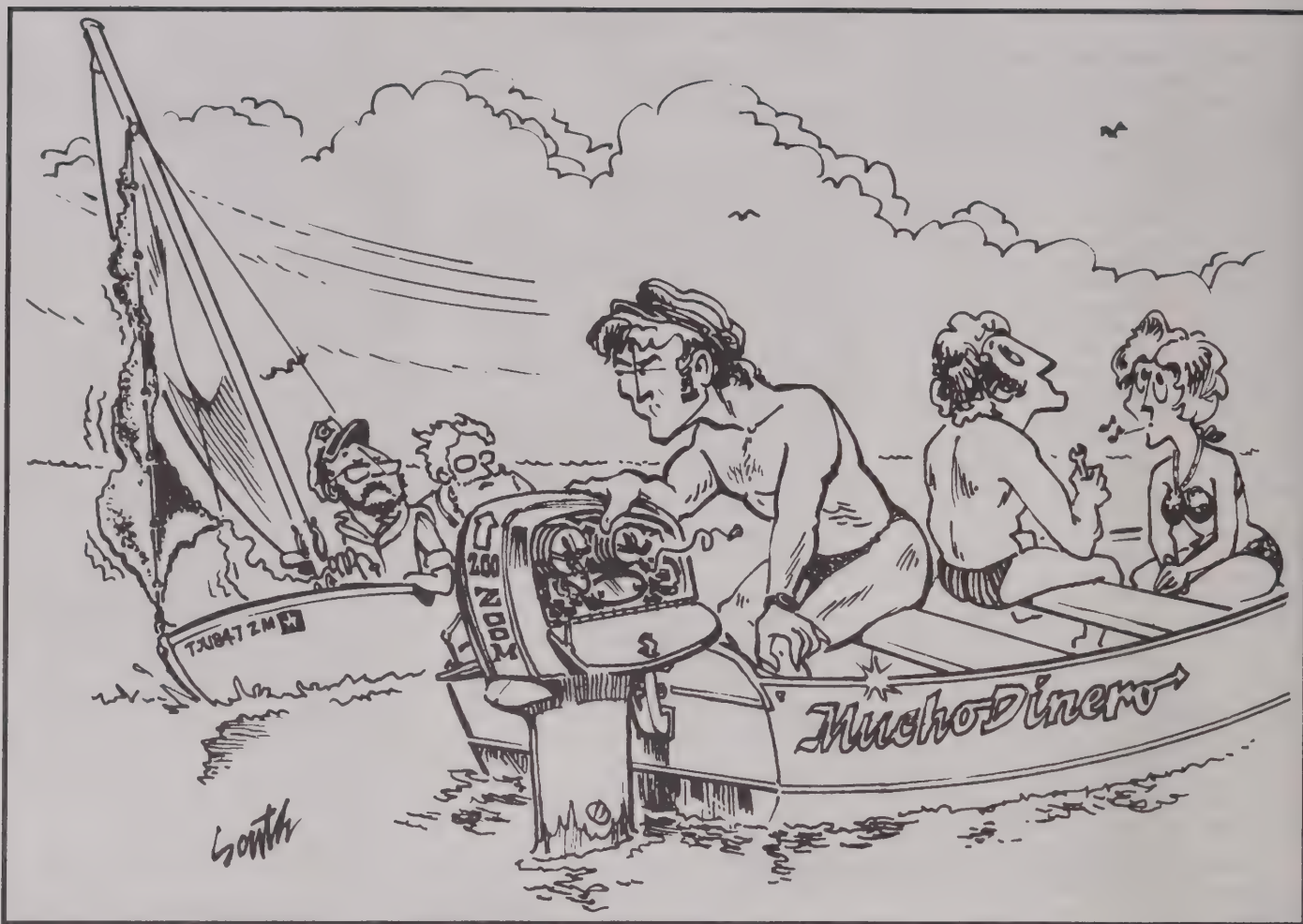
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I open the kitchen curtains to the view of the dazzling red penny sun some 20° above the horizon in the morning sky. The only things bluer than the cold cloudless sky are the long azure shadows cast by the naked gnarled trees. It's February in Minnesota and a cleansing new snow has replaced the dripping, muddy remains of an unseasonable warm spell. I rouse myself with bitter coffee and the yeasty-homey smell of baking bread.

It could be two long months before petrified lakes come alive to receive our precious vessels, I think moodily. I gaze out the chill window and remember three decades in the Sunbelt. The days there weren't necessarily happier, but I recall one time in a warmer clime when the usually elusive poetic justice gave me an experience that continues to warm my heart.

In Texas in the summer of 1966 an old friend bought a Lido 14 sailboat. These round-bottomed sloops were said to be just the thing for the short chop of the shallow Galveston Bay waters. As a fellow enthusiast, I was the willing crewman whenever he got the "call of the sea". When it came to learning to sail, my friend Walt attacked the problem with his usual scientific solution, *The Systems Way*. This involved devouring every available book on the subject and making 3x5 cards which broke down everything into assemblies that left nothing to chance.

Happily, *The Systems Way* locked the rudiments quickly into his brain and in less time than one would think, Walt became a good fairweather sailor. Soon we were launching out

Poetic Justice Happens But Once In a Lifetime

Story & Illustration by Gordon South

of most of the public access ramps within a reasonable distance.

About 20 miles north of Clear Creek Channel, Clear Lake's tributary to Galveston Bay and the boundary between Harris and Galveston County, lies the town of La Porte, Texas. Now a blue collar community, in the '30s and '40s it boasted an expensive hotel, spa, and yacht club. Sylvan Beach was known among the southeast upper crust as the place to summer. During World War II, and into the early '50s, famous swing bands were booked there and the opulent halls rang with music and laughter. Now reduced to a threadbare reminder of its former grandeur, it sits among boat sheds and machine shops and offers access to the sheltered waters of the bay, but to a new breed of water sports people.

My friend and I arrived early Sunday morning and were cheered to find ourselves alone in the quiet. Dawn had tiptoed in gently some hours previously and was content to warm us without a breath of wind. We launched the boat and, as he went to park, I stood on the dock and held the bow line, charmed by its image perfectly mirrored in the still, dark blue water. We began assembling the bits and pieces into a rigged boat. In the midst of this, we were joined by two couples

launching a large aluminum bass boat from its tandem axle trailer.

The driver, casually confident, whipped the trailer into the water on the other side of the dock from us and spiked the car to a halt. The boat, anodized dazzling blue and polished aluminum, surged off the trailer as the vintage Buick, already in drive, heaved out on its way to the parking area. The other man, in a brightly colored bikini brief bathing suit, padded up the dock in his bare feet. His legs, the nearest of his body parts to our heads, were deeply tanned and the contrast to his soles and toenails was startling.

"Nice day for the water," Walt said affably. The young man, his back to us, bellowed to the man parking the car, "Y'all don't forget the beer." Scrambling for the edge of the boat, he squatted down and grasped the gunwale. "Damn, man, I almost gotta chase this here thing to Bolivar."

Walt and I turned our backs to the view of his skimpily covered behind and resumed our own project. Soon thereafter we heard the heavy treading of the well-muscled driver, similarly clad, but with the addition of a Greek fisherman's hat cocked at a jaunty angle. Dangling from his fingers was a six-pack of beer, torn open, one of the cans in his other hand.

Walt tried again. "Sure is a pretty day to be on the water," he looked up pleasantly. "I hope we get a little more wind than this, though." The dark, handsome man's eyes flicked absently to us in our little boat as he continued without breaking stride.

"Hey, man, don't rub that against the

dock, that boat don't have a mark on it. You gotta church key?"

"After we get packed, man. Hey, get rid of all that cardboard, I don't wanna be boxing and unloading every time I wanna beer. What's holding up the girls?" He sat down and held onto the gunwale by hooking his heels over the inside edge. The driver, hat pushed back on his head, replied, "They're dragging the cooler and the rest of the stuff in. Man, I parked on the other side of the world." He dissolved into a braying fit of laughter and jumped into the boat.

By this time we knew that we had our own fish to fry. Walt raised the mast and I attached the forestay. Thorough as ever, he pulled out if his pocket a medicine vial with cotter pins in it. "Here, insert this in the bottom of the turnbuckle, bend it slightly, and tape over the sharp end."

Next door, two pretty girls arrived, equally bare, breathlessly giggling, and dragging a huge cooler, their other hands filled with more boxes. The men proceeded to shuck the beer cans from their cardboard prisons and, as the girls removed other groceries from the cooler, replaced them with the beer. The happy chattering and stowing of goods would be accentuated periodically by the gasp of another deflowered beer can, its contents quickly consumed, then crushed and discarded clattering, into the bottom of the boat.

We satisfied ourselves that all was in readiness, whistled up the wind, and shoved off. After an awfully, awfully long time, the glassy swells oozed us some 30 yards or so from the dock. The boat, sagging under her droopy sails, drifted around so that we were the subjects in a slowly turning ignominious display. There we sat, the water dancing reflections from the hot Texas sun into our squinting eyes.

We slumped, blinking out the stinging sweat, and aware every moment of the self-absorbed horseplay from the blue boat still less than a half of football field away. Suddenly from the giggling and ebb and flow of chatter, there came to life the unmistakable snarl of a powerful, large displacement engine.

"Well, at least we won't have to endure their company any longer," my friend muttered morosely. Without warning, our torpor was shattered. The "fly in amber" was blasted into a furious hornet's rage. Out of our nonexistent wake came the blue and silver dazzleblaster. Turning the boat into a tight inside turn, pretending not a hint of awareness to our existence, the man with the Greek fisherman's hat sat lithesome and beatific. He cut a 360° circle around us, as close as the boat could turn and maintain a constant radius. No

smirk, no hooting, no acknowledgment. No more emotion than stepping on a beetle. Then they were gone.

The shattered surface churned its outrage, the curtains of spray reproachfully returned to the sea, hissing a glittering rainbow of protest. We rattled and banged against whatever we were near and ducked under the slatting sail. When certain that we still had all fingers and toes, we raged and swore and speculated on their parenthood and whereabouts after death. Finally, we ran down and Walt, showing wisdom I didn't feel, said, "Ah well, we've got the whole bay to ourselves now. Let's just forget 'em."

As though to verify his words, a gentle cooling breeze stirred my damp hair. Walt pointed and stiffened like an Irish Setter. Yes, it was stronger now, more insistent. The centerboard responded and sang its joy, the gurgling wake chortled in delight after its somnolence. Elated, we looked at each other, laughed, and then we went sailing! The exultant breeze continued and we did seem to have all of Galveston Bay to ourselves.

An occasional anchored fishing boat and a few sails off in the distance were the only contrary proof. We raced the desperate mullets as they leaped clear of the water, watching them return with a splash only to be replaced in the air by a dozen others. The hours passed unnoticed and after a while the wind got subtly cooler. We decided that it was getting time to think about quitting.

"Let's set a course toward that large fishing boat anchored way over there and then head for the barn," he suggested, pointing to an indistinct blob on the horizon. We tacked toward the boat, coming about carefully every time as Walt did some mental adding and subtracting to the compass heading. We were happily busy as we approached the anchored fishing boat. As the distance narrowed, we suddenly recognized the occupants.

Standing bent over the outboard, the large cowl removed, was our Hayseed Adonis, his bronzed back now a neon pink. Forward of him, despondently holding some sort of tool, slouched his buddy. The girls, also glowing, sat near the open cooler, now apparently empty. This diorama looked as though it had not changed for some time.

"Gordon, look sharp now, poetic justice happens just once in a lifetime," Walt said softly. One of the girls looked up hopefully. Then she looked crestfallen. We were close to earshot now, but her murmuring was unintelligible to us. One by one the marooned mariners slid a look at our approaching boat. Then, with careful casualness they studied the sky,

the water, anything beyond our immediate selves. The distance quickly shrank between us as Walt bore down on their stricken craft.

"Prepare to come about," he muttered. I eased the jibsheet out of its cam cleat. "Hard alee." Walt moved the tiller.

We swept into our turn. I waited for the jib to backfill and popped it across, cleating it on the lee side in a smooth motion. Our perigee passed close to their stern, where the complicated guts of the stricken juggernaut were exposed and hopelessly dead. "Prepare to jibe." Our orbit continued smoothly around their bow.

"Jibe ho." Around we went, ducking the swinging boom, cutting a perfect circle. Now the man really bent to study the tangle of plumbing and wire. He adjusted his Greek fisherman's hat and gazed down, stroking his chin. It was as though he was the only man in the world and that engine was a bouquet of the prettiest flowers God ever grew.

With gleeful satisfaction we peeled off and sailed an easy beam reach all the way back to Sylvan Beach. The sky was the most glorious blue, the bay was its most pristine, and this time at least, Browning was right, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

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With all the goodies that get thrown out behind the sail loft, the haul out yard, the chandler and cabinet shops, a person could build a boat just from the leftover materials, a recycled boat, something to get out on the water fast. I realized this when waiting around for a ride on a boat was no longer acceptable. Besides, it's hard for an old gaff sailor like me to fit into the fiberglass and Kevlar racing click.

I started building my own boat with only a holesaw and a screwdriver. The transom was cut from a piece of scrap marine ply from the haulout yard. I wanted a reverse transom, like the plywood Transpac racer *Baby Ragtime*, so I took a pencil and sketched my stern shape on the half-inch plywood, freehand, with no tape measure or straight edge. I smoothed the ragged cut with sandpaper left on the ground at the nearby haulout yard. Bounty from the yards was plentiful but most of the plywood was too heavy. I wanted my boat to be ultra-light with quarter inch plywood, the only wood or major material I bought for the boat. A marine grade birch would be light and strong.

The boat's length was kept short, twelve feet so it could be car-toppable. I sketched the freeboards on the light plywood with a pencil. There's nothing like full size plans, eh. When I got the shape in pencil, I used a permanent black marker to get a clean line. What I needed was a scroller but I had to settle for the keyhole saw. I would also need two bulkheads and had to come up with some ribs, stringers and chine clampboards. I went with a flat bottom design, but a V would handle the pounding much better though the construction would be more difficult.

After cutting out the starboard and port topsides, I cut out a bulkhead that angled at fifteen degrees for a seat back and a forward bulkhead out of more scrap marine ply.

At the local lumber yard the foreman knew I was building a small boat from recycled materials. He pointed me in the direction of a bin containing scrap to be had for the taking and to help myself whenever I wanted some. I thanked him and loaded all the cedar and fourteen foot lengths of trim which would become my mast, some nice mahogany and some spruce scrap, all I could carry to my van.

Two of the pieces were fourteen feet long and I thought they were cedar. I glued

Baby Ragtime An Exercise in Recycled Boat Building

By Driftwood Dan



them together with wood glue, wrapping the pieces together tightly with masking tape in lieu of clamps. Where would I get twenty clamps? I used a Navy survival knife, shaping and carving what was to be my mast, sanding it fine. When I varnished the wood it deepened to a beautiful golden red. It turned out to be redwood, strong and light.

For a boom I used the same procedure, glue and tape to create an eight foot spar of cedar. To connect the boom to the mast I cut a rectangular hole out of a piece of scrap Lexan that the mast was fed through. The boom was swiveled and pinned to the Lexan. I had long felt that Lexan would find great use on boats, it's strong, flexible, won't crack or break and is bullet proof.

I joined the hull pieces together with cedar ribs and chine clamps and stringers using weatherproof drywall screws, and waterproof glue, caulking with waterproof liquid nails. Then I cut out a deep-V outrigger. Outrigger boats sail much better than most people think and they sail well on both port and starboard tacks. Mariners in Micronesia have been sailing outriggers for a thousand years. The world's fastest large sailboat is a New Zealand craft, *Crossbow*, a sailing outrigger clocked at thirty-five knots, probably a plywood hull. Catamarans tried for years to beat that record and couldn't.

For crossbeams I used shaved down two-by-four spruce and joined the hulls with lag screws and strong Honduras mahogany scrap butt-blocking. The mast step was cut out of more Honduras.

The rudder was a cold mold technique using leftover West System epoxy, joining several pieces of cedar 1x3 until I had a decent rudder and shaped a tiller out of some other cedar from my favorite lumber yard. I lucked into a deal on a used Makita cordless drill and salvaged an old jack plane.

I braced under the deck with cedar so it could be stood on and cut out the rectangular step holes with a combination of drill

and keyhole saw. The proud little redwood mast was ready to step but I needed rigging which I got off a broken wooden dinghy mast, nice stainless rigging, bronze turnbuckles and halyard cleats, even a jib block and bronze sailtrack.

A jib and main were hand stitched with dacron thread from blown sails discarded behind North Sail's loft, an excellent source of sail material. I got a brass grommet tool and finished off the sails.

The boat needed a daggerboard and one conveniently washed up on the beach and was sanded and varnished. The daggerboard slides into some cedar slats through bolted to the starboard side. I went with a rudder mounted on the crossbeam, a unique feature which enables me to sit in the main hull with a rudder extension. My how comfortable the steering is and it was strong enough that I didn't need struts. I ride on the hiking slats when the wind comes over the outrigger, adjusting my heel angle by sliding out on a boat cushion which slides on the cedar slats.

I soon realized *Baby* is a wet boat. Some scrap smoked plexiglass made a fine spray shield. The hull and outrigger were painted black to match both *Crossbow* and *Ragtime*.

City Dock in Annapolis is a great spot to show off a boat, and *Baby* attracts a lot of attention. Live video of my boat with me sailing her was the lead-in action shot for the five-o'clock news in Washington, D.C. for several weeks!

One day I sailed by a beachfront bar down Ego Alley where several girls rated each boat as it passed. Sevens and eights were good marks, even for a classic Alden or Herreshoff. The girls stood up in their bikinis and hoisted five tens. I tipped my long billed marlin cap. Man was I proud.

On another day I raced a Laser. The wind was about fifteen and steady. The Laser had me into the wind but while we were running a beam reach I caught him and my sharp bow kept bumping into his stern. Downwind, I surfed the wake left by a freighter steaming out to sea. A yacht broker saw me sail in thirty knots of wind. He said *Baby* was the fastest accelerating boat he'd ever seen.

Baby did display some unusual sailing characteristics. She would balance out perfect on a reach or into the wind by adjusting the main and jib to work together. I would sail with no hand on the tiller. When sailing through the crowded anchorage I would be heading right into the gun'les of an expensive yacht when *Baby* would veer all by herself and steer around the boat. When the wind was stiff she would head up and around and when the wind was light she would fall off and go around that way always avoiding the imperiled boat. *Baby* was sensing the altered winds disturbed by the anchored vessel like a self-steering wind vane reacts.

Kids from the sailing clubs would eye my boat. They would suffer in the traditional dinghies while I sailed past them in comfort. She was the kind of boat that everyone who passed by would wave at and salute, so I thought I should finally write this report. A guy with a scroller and a couple of power tools could whip one up in a couple days, maybe less.

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The Lawley Super Yacht *Migrant*

(Reprinted from *Lawley Built*)

By Robert Miller

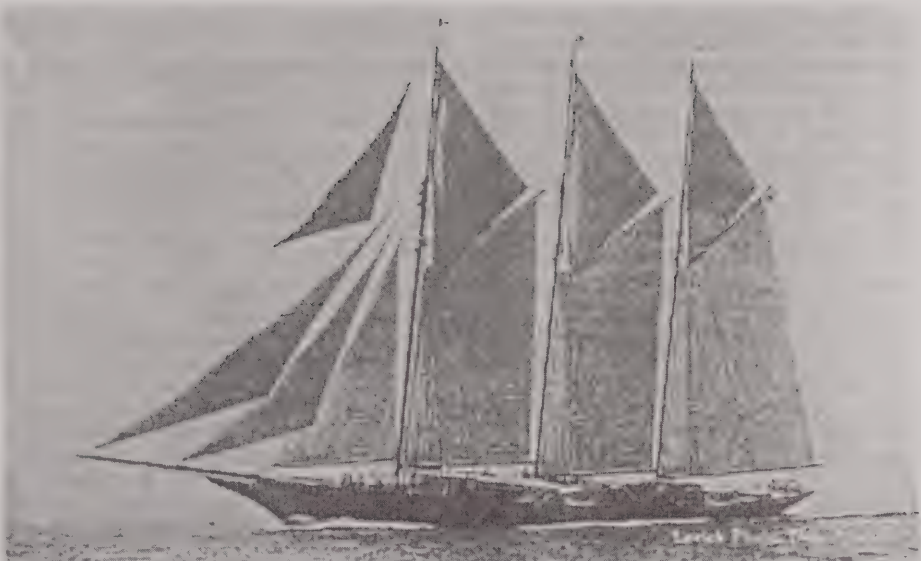
A noteworthy but often overlooked achievement of George Lawley & Son was the *Migrant*. She was among the very last of America's Golden Age of Sailing yachts. For a three-masted schooner, she was enormous: 223' LOA with a long bowsprit and mizzen boom that pushed her clearance length to 270'. Her steel masts measured nearly 200' above the water line.

Designed by Henry J. Gielow, *Migrant* was built in only seven months during 1929 for Mr. Carll Tucker of New York, the heir to the Underwood Type-writer fortune. Mr. Tucker started selecting his crew (eventually to number 35) well before launching. The engineers were sent to the Bessemer Diesel Plant at Grove City, PA, to watch and inspect the casting and build up of her engine. During this process, they selected engine parts at random and had them sectioned to check for defects. The mechanical reliability of the engine was essential for a ship of *Migrant's* length and draft (15'). The 6-cylinder diesel, with 18' bore and 23" stroke, was rated at 950hp.

Migrant was commissioned shortly before the Great Depression, but the Tucker fortune was secure enough to keep her in service all through those bad times. It was a great job for her proud and loyal crew. While the rest of the nation faced hardship, they lived aboard in winter quarters at Miami on full pay. In season, *Migrant* was based at City Island, NY, flying the burgee of the New York YC. From there she cruised extensively to the America's Cup Races at Newport, the Canadian Maritimes, and Grand Manan Island. Another year she sailed to the Caribbean, Haiti and into the Panama Canal. Her most memorable voyage of all was to the Mediterranean in 1931. Her passage from City Island to Gibraltar was made under sail in only nine days, pushed by winds that kept her gunwales awash for long periods.

On that cruise, *Migrant* visited Naples Bay, transited the Corinth Canal in Greece, and moored off the Doge's Palace in Venice, her tall masts in perfect harmony with the spires of the city. Sometime during that cruise, perhaps near Naples, she was in a collision that broke off her bowsprit and caused a layover for repairs. The fortunate outcome of this accident was that it enabled an Italian artist to put the ship on canvas in two magnificent paintings. One depicts *Migrant* under full sail with Mt. Vesuvius in the background. The other shows her on her dark stormy Atlantic crossing, tossed on the waves under shortened sail.

Migrant continued her elegant life throughout the Depression, but when the U.S. entered WWII, Carll Tucker sold her to the Navy on March 21, 1942 for one dollar, in keeping with the tradition of yachts going off to war. They were badly needed for anti submarine patrols and stayed in that service until replaced by new patrol craft in 1943-44.



In all, over 50 large yachts were taken into the Navy and designated PYs or PYCs. *Migrant* was converted at the Sullivan Shipyard in Brooklyn and commissioned on May 19, 1942. Her foremast was removed and the others shortened, her stack and bridge were heightened, and her cabin gutted of unneeded flammable wood. She was then armed with one 3" gun, four 20mm guns, and two depth charge launchers.

Migrant's Navy career was somewhat unique. Unlike the other yachts, she was never classed as a patrol vessel, but as IX-66. IX was the Navy classification for a polyglot collection of relics, hulks, foreign ships, experiments, one-of-a-kind, and oddballs that defied standard classification. All the other yachts were classified as patrol vessels, even those that were never used as such. *Migrant* was at least as large and fast as the other yachts, so the reason for the IX designation is unclear. Furthermore, long after the other yachts were taken off patrol duty, *Migrant* soldiered on. Her mastheads must have been an ideal lookout for spotting U-boats. Very few of the PYs had masts that tall. She patrolled the south coast of New England out of New York until the spring of 1944, after which she patrolled the northern New England coast out of Boston until the end of the war. If *Migrant* ever encountered a U-boat, the event was too minor to be mentioned in her record. She was decommissioned at Boston in August 1945 and sold out of the service in January 1946.

The luck that had kept *Migrant* in splendor all through the Depression now had run out. Apparently there was no attempt to return her to her former state. She next appeared in Florida as an inter-island cargo ship. Her masts were gone, her deck housed over and her hull painted white. By 1953, she had a new identity: she was the British flagged *Fimber* registered at Nassau and owned by a Warren Bodden. In waters where less than ten years before she had wintered over in grand style, she was now just an obscure Caribbean cargo carrying drudge. But her graceful lines still showed through, and those who knew her still recognized her.

She sailed in inter-island service for seven years until July 13, 1953. On that day, enroute from Ponce, Puerto Rico to Forte Liberte, Haiti with a cargo of cement, she sank in deep water off Cape Semana in the Dominican Republic after an explosion of unrecorded nature.

That ended the life of the *Migrant*, relatively short for a great yacht, only 13 years cruising and 24 years afloat. By comparison the more famous *Atlantic*, with which *Migrant* was often compared (the two were often moored close together off City Island, NY), lasted 80 years, from 1905 until 1985.

As can be imagined, there was little turn over in *Migrant's* crew, some staying with her until she was sold. They were a close knit group and some stayed in touch with each for the rest of their lives. Their passing, however, has dimmed the memory of *Migrant* in recent years, but she still lives on as part of that yachting heritage in which every Lawley owner is a proud participant.

(Bob Miller's uncle, Andrew E. Jorgensen, was 1st assistant engineer on *Migrant* for six years. Meanwhile, the legend of *Migrant* lives on in *Margaret*, her 28' Lawley-built launch, now owned by Capt. Raymond Thombs, himself a legend as the long-time captain of *Jessica*, the 75' Consolidated commuter shown on the cover of the new *Guide to Wooden Power Boats*.

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Thursday June 1: Five months gone and this is the first time I have had the boat out this year. Shame on me, no good reasons for not going our sooner, just a lot of excuses. Drove to Crystal Cove on the St. Johns River just north of Palatka Florida. Rigged and put in at 1300hrs. Sailed to Palatka with a 10 knot wind on the nose. Anchored at 1700 for the night. Put up my new homemade canopy and had salmon croquet sandwich and apple cake for supper. Partly cloudy and breezy, very pleasant for my first night out.

Friday June 2: Up at 0545, very pretty sunrise. Coffee and music for breakfast. Headed north on the east side of the river, just checking out all the little nooks and crannies. Strong thunder storm at 1430, wind, rain & lightning. Ran back to a little creek, called Dog Creek, that I had passed earlier. I got

From The Log Of Therapy

Cruising in a Montgomery 15 on Florida's St. Johns River Cruise #3, June 1-8, 1995*

By Charlie Matthews

into the creek far enough to be sheltered but my keel was touching part of the time, about a foot and half of water in there. A small boat does have some advantages! Wind shifting to the north. I crossed over to the west side of the river and anchored in the mouth of Fish Creek, just north of the power plant at 1700hrs. Nice spot for a small boat. Bad storm due south, hope it doesn't come this way (it did, but no problems).

Saturday June 3: Up at 0545. Complete overcast, headed north at 0800. Sailed to Toco Creek on the east side of the river. There is a ramp and little store here, (on state road 13). Nice little cove here, well protected except from the W & SW. Got ice, anchored and had lunch. Storm coming so decided to stay here. Had storms the rest of the day, had to cook supper inside, chicken ala king, not bad. Storms are the start of Tropical Storm Allison, looks like I lucked out again.

Sunday June 4: Up at 0600. Rained most of night and is still spritzing and overcast. Coffee and ham sandwich for breakfast. Met a nice couple on a Hunter 26. They live in St Augustine and keep their boat moored here. Got ice and headed north for Palmo Cove about 8 miles away. Just a slight breeze for slow sailing. Had to run into Silvanol Cove at 1200 for storms. Left Silvanol at 1445 in light rain and motored to Palmo Cove, arriving at 1645. The little 2hp motor runs for 1-1/2 hours on a tank of gas, one quart. A nice

cove here, although a little bigger than I like, with a nice view of the Green Cove Springs Bridge about 3 miles away. Lots of gators and birds here. Beenie Weenies for supper. Steady rain since noon.

Monday June 5: 0600 Palmo Cove, weather bad, storms spotty with rain and wind gust 30+ knots. Had to put out my big anchor. Will stay here today, good bird watching area. Winds got stronger in the afternoon. Moved to the west side of the cove close to the woods out of the wind.

Tuesday June 6: 0515, wind still howling, boat rocked side to side all night due to wave action. All this bad weather has been caused by our first tropical storm of the year. It is supposed to clear out by noon today. Had coffee and cereal. Got underway at 0700 under main only with two reefs in. White caps and a bad chop, even in the cove. Had a hard beat for about two miles until I got well out into the river. At times when I would catch a wave bow head on it would almost stop the boat dead in the water, but very little water came into the cockpit.

Once out into the main part of the river I had a close reach all the way to Clark Creek on the west side of the river, arriving at 1115. I have used this anchorage before, it is one of the prettiest coves on the river and it doesn't even have a name. No rain this morning, just heavy clouds and wind. Anchored and put damp items out to dry.

Had a MRE for lunch and supper. A MRE is a Meal Ready to Eat, government issue. Not bad once in a while. This one had a ham slice, fruit cocktail, orange nut cake, cheese spread, crackers, chewing gum, coffee, cream, sugar and chocolate milk mix. The wind calmed down a little at around 1200. 1800 now and a beautiful blue sky with white puffy clouds. Lots of Osprey here. Took a river bath and a fresh water rinse. Lots of jumping fish, but they don't bite my lures. To bed at 2130, nice clear half moon, this is living.

Wednesday June 7: 0600 medium fog. Sun came up as a orange ball, nice. Osprey took a nice fish 150' from the boat. Saw three large gators. Had light breeze most of night. 0830, up anchor, sailed out of the cove under full main and arrived at Toco Creek at 0945, 4.6 miles, good sailing. Called Marie from the pay phone, she said that the storm had been upgraded to a hurricane for a short time in Gainesville. Got ice and anchored in the cove for another night. Saw Swallow Tailed Kites, very pretty birds and masters of flight.

Thursday June 8: 0530, nice breeze all night. An airboat came into the cove at 2300 hrs. (gator hunter), scared me out of a good sleep. Up anchor at 0700, wind blowing straight into the cove so motored out one mile, then full sail and a nice reach for 12 miles and a beat for 3 miles to Crystal Cove Marina, arriving at 1215. Very hot, 90+. Buttoned up, took boat out and departed for home at 1425. A somewhat stormy, but good little seven day cruise.

(To Be Continued)

* Cruises #1 & #2 were published in 1997.

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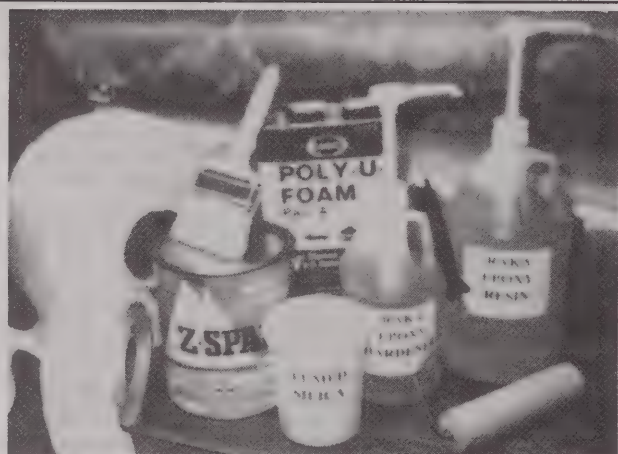
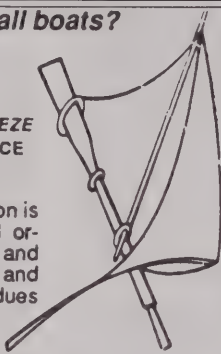
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Cruising the St. Johns River

One of the few north flowing rivers on the continent, the St. Johns flows deep and smooth from the wetlands west of Vero Beach, Florida, past Jacksonville to its mouth at Mayport. For the cruising boatman, the river divides itself into three different sections.

From River Statute Mile One at the junction of the ICW with the St. Johns at the mouth of Sisters' Creek, the first section is the five mile side trip past Mayport and Mayport Naval Station to the Atlantic. It's a striking contrast between the busy fishing port and naval station on the south shore and the beautiful windswept dunes on the north. The short cruise past Fort George and Huguenot Memorial Park and out to the Atlantic is a pleasant one, and Mayport is famous for its seafood restaurants, although none are right on the waterfront.

Upstream from the ICW junction the busy deep water channel winds 15 miles upstream to Jacksonville, where the redeveloped riverfront and Riverwalk are both beautiful and inviting and every urban attraction is immediately at hand.

As you leave Jacksonville, the river changes character and the second section begins, a 40 odd mile stretch of broad estuary passing by Doctors' Lake and Jurlington Creek. Palatka, at Mile 83, is an old river town full of 1800s buildings that shouldn't be missed.

South of Palatka the third section begins as the river narrows and begins to twist and turn its way southward towards Sanford. Ten miles upriver from Palatka, Dunn's Creek makes off to port. From Dunn's Creek, just beyond the new high bridge, Murphy's Creek makes off to starboard, one of the prettiest sections on the river.

From Dunn's Creek southward on the St. Johns the beauty continues with dozens of excellent anchorages among the Seven Sisters Islands. The aborted Cross-Florida Barge Canal intersects below the islands, but it is best left to the many bass boats that run west in the old canal to the stump and bass filled waters of Lake Rodman.

Mile 99 marks the town of Welaka, the last convenient place to stock up on supplies north of Sanford. Not too far above Welaka at Mile 105 is the entrance to Lake George, a bass fisherman's paradise. Branching off from the black waters of the lake are two perfectly clear springs on the west side. The northernmost, Salt Spring Creek, has a bar across its entrance that limits exploration, but Silver Glen Spring to the south is more accessible and a very popular place among local boatmen on weekends.

The 35 odd miles from Lake George to Lake Monroe are the most beautiful and least developed on the river. Four miles south of Lake George is the village of Astor with a number of waterside restaurants and fish camps. At about Mile 151 is Hontoon Island and State Park.

A few miles south at Mile 161 the river enters Lake Monroe, and across the Lake at Marker 143 is Sanford, an oasis of civilization and hospitality. Above San-

ford the St. Johns reverts to the primitive state, limited pretty much to shallow draft power or sail. But for the 160 plus miles from Mayport to Sanford it offers unparal-

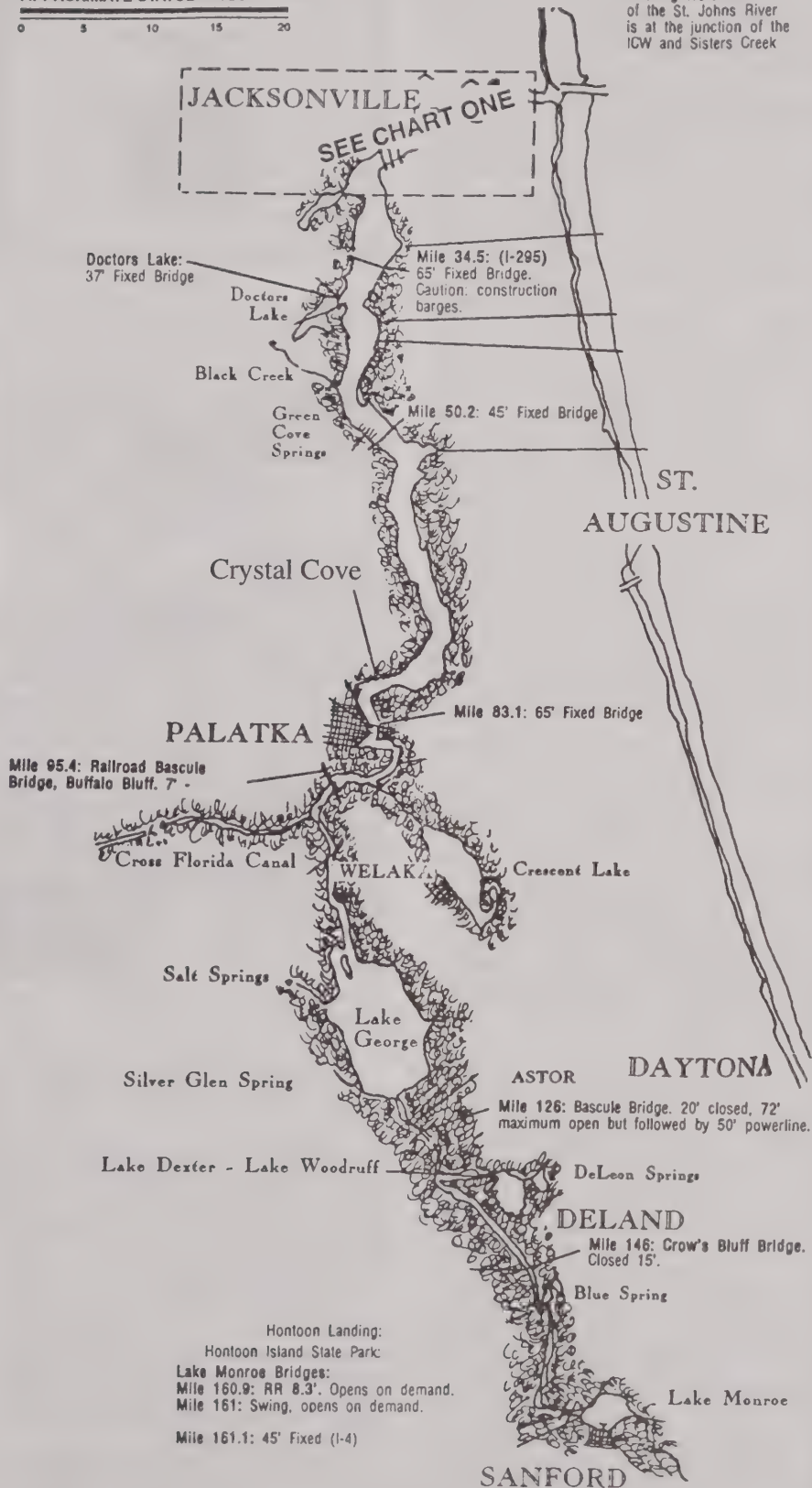
leled cruising, scenery, facilities, fishing and hospitality to all boats. To bypass the St. Johns is to miss the very essence of Florida's freshwater cruising.

CHART TWO: ST. JOHNS RIVER

APPROXIMATE STATUTE MILES

0 5 10 15 20

Piloting Note: Mile 0 of the St. Johns River is at the junction of the ICW and Sisters Creek



Aboard *Typhoon* Bay of Biscay Sept. 10, 1920

We're halfway across the Bay of Biscay, headed for the point of the Spanish Peninsula. We took our departure from Ushant night before last and should reach Cape Ortegal tomorrow evening if the easterly wind holds out. It's a crisp, sunny day and hardly conducive to writing, but we must catch up with the yarn, and it is next to impossible to do anything while *Typhoon* is in port.

The last chapter told of the hurried departure of the little ketch from Baddeck soon after midnight, July 18, her run under motor power out the Big Bras d'Or Passage; the discouraging experience in the calm, and finally the gale off the coast of Newfoundland and the decision to keep on for England in spite of the fact that there seemed scarcely one chance in a hundred of reaching the Isle of Wight in time for the British International Races. The close of the chapter saw us about ten miles off Cape Race, from which we took our departure at noon on July 22.

For just a few minutes we could see the land, a distant gray silhouette and, as it was lost in the haze over the port quarter, we made out a steamer of some sort making directly for us from the same direction. My first thought was that kind friends, feeling concern at our failure to put in at St. Pierre as we had expected to do, had put a Coast Guard boat on our trail. Or possibly the U.S. Navy delegation had descended on Baddeck to see the HD-4 and Baldwin was needed. On she came, and I had that same uncertain feeling you get when the traffic cop at the City Island crossroads stops you, and you don't know whether he merely wants a ride in to town or you're pinched for the third and last time for exceeding the speed limit.

However our friend proved to be only the steam trawler *Afrique* overcome by curiosity. Steaming completely around us, he sized us up at close range and, from the way all hands and the cook talked vociferously with both arms, and from the general sloppiness of the ship, we judged she was one of those French trawlers that have largely taken the place of the St. Pierre schooners since the Newfoundland bait legislation was enacted. Waving us farewell, she steamed back again in the direction from which she had come. There's something delightfully amateurish about a Frenchman on the water.

The first two hours of the actual transatlantic part of the cruise were anything but exciting. A light southwest breeze over the quarter gave us about 3 knots. Then, at Casey's suggestion, we set the spinnaker and by 4:00 we were doing 6-1/2. From then on things improved, and by 5:00 the wind was sufficient to warrant taking in the spinnaker. At midnight we were tearing it off at the rate of 8-1/2 knots under full sail, too glad to be driving her again to think of shortening down as we might have done had we not been pushed by the calendar.

Friday, July 23, was a fine sunny day, about the only one we had, in fact, until we reached the English Channel. At noon the log showed that we had covered 142.35 miles since 12:00 of the previous day, a fairly good day's run. But in the afternoon we had to resort to the spinnaker again, and for three hours, from 4:00 to 7:00, slatted about with prac-

The Track of the *Typhoon*

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter IV *Typhoon* Reaches Cowes With 37 Hours to Spare



Baldwin, Dorsett, and the skipper the morning of the arrival at Cowes.

tically no wind at all. Had we known that it was to be the last experience of the kind we were to have for some time, we might have taken it a bit more stoically.

By this time Dorsett was beginning to feel better and we decided to divide the nights into three watches of three hours each. Although never quite right until we hit the Channel, and not able to do any work below, Jim never missed a trick at the wheel and, in fact, he made up for his shortcomings below decks by doing more than his share of the steering. Steering from then on was a job that demanded boots, oilies, woolen gloves, and the heaviest of clothing, for we were running a rough great circle track close to the 50th Parallel, and the North Atlantic in that latitude is far different from Long Island Sound.

Saturday, the 24th, was more typical of the sort of thing we were to get. I awoke about

6:00 to find Casey, in dripping oilskins from a foggy third watch, wrestling with the Shipmate range while *Typhoon* sailed herself. Having allowed the fire to go out, he was relighting it for the third time with no great success. Casey in the galley always suggested Briggs' classic series of cartoons entitled, "A Handy Man Around the House," but all his domestic shortcomings are excusable in the light of his expert seamanship, cool judgment, and iron nerve that were the despair of those who faced him on the gridiron, and his never-failing humor, all of which make him the best man on the water that I have ever known.

We breakfasted leisurely on prunes, ham and eggs, and coffee, while the ship kept her course with the wind one point abaft the beam, a rather unusual performance, as anybody who has sailed, with the possible exception of old Joshua Slocum, will appreciate. Later in the day, when the wind hauled from south by west to southwest, bringing it four points abaft the beam, she kept her course long enough for the man at the wheel to go below for a smoke or a mug-up, but we found that this was possible only when the wind was absolutely steady. Close-hauled or when running before it under jib alone, she would sail herself for days if necessary.

Conditions were unfavorable for a noon sight for latitude, but by this time we were pretty sure of the deviation of our compass on the easterly headings and felt that we were not far off our great circle course. The lack of a longitude observation didn't matter either, for our Bliss log, while set to overrun a trifle, gave us a fair idea of our position. At noon it registered 588.25 miles, showing that we had made 109.25 nautical miles for the day, a rather poor showing due to the lack of wind the previous afternoon. It was the poorest showing of our record week, but the barograph curve was slumping, and increasing wind and rain indicated that our run for the next 24 hours would be better.

From noon on we maintained a speed well over 7 knots, and by 6:00 were tearing it off at nearly 8-1/2 knots, which I think is close to *Typhoon's* limit. She was staggering a bit under full sail and, feeling that she would be more comfortable for the night without any material loss of speed, we tucked two reefs in the mainsail. Thus shortened down she maintained a speed between 7 and 8 knots throughout the night.

By 10:00 the next morning, July 25, the seas had grown to a tremendous size, but the wind had dropped enough to warrant shaking out the reefs, which brought our speed up again to a full 8 knots. At 12:00 the log registered 760 miles, indicating a day's run of 171.4 miles, and we set our clocks ahead an hour to 45th meridian time. We were well beyond the limit of the Grand Banks, in the neighborhood of Flemish Cap, but the weather was still thick. In fact we might have been on the banks all the way across so far as the weather was concerned. Where time is less of a consideration than comfort, I would suggest crossing the Atlantic via the Azores, as Skipper Tom Day advised us to do, rather than by the northern route. But with us the one important thing was to reach Cowes in time for the races.

In the afternoon the wind increased again, necessitating a double reef in the mainsail, and at midnight it was blowing so hard that we were forced to take in the sail entirely and run under the jib and mizzen. We were all begin-

ning to feel the lack of sleep and two hours at the wheel was about all we could stand without actually falling asleep, and even then the second hour was a series of cat naps ending with a start just in time to keep the boat from gybing or luffing up into the wind. Steering becomes so automatic that it is possible to sleep and still carry on until the shifting of the wind on your face or the changing motion of the boat breaks the monotony and brings you back to consciousness with a jerk.

This groggy condition we experienced during that first hard week out from Cape Race was due largely to the fact that it was difficult to get adequate rest below when off watch. Casey and I had the two bunks on the starboard side and, as we were practically continuously on the starboard tack, these bunks were on the weather side, and the motion of the boat made it almost impossible to stay put in them. They were spring bunks and rather broad, to accommodate the regular navy springs, and it is not easy to wedge yourself into them.

In spite of the bunk board, Casey used occasionally to fall out of his in his sleeping bag and fetch up in the galley on the lee side. I used to make a trough of the mattress and a duffle bag and tie my arm to one of the rods about the bunk with a bath towel, but even then it was impossible to keep from rolling about like jelly on a plate, without constant exertion that was quite detrimental to proper rest. Jim had no trouble on the lee side, and in fact seemed so comfortable that I shifted to the unoccupied pipe berth on that side and have been there ever since.

Spring bunks may be perfectly comfortable in a quiet anchorage, but I don't think I shall ever have one on a boat again. A pipe frame with a canvas bottom loosely laced so as to sag somewhat, and with a thin cot or hammock mattress, is to my mind the most comfortable type of bed for a boat. In the day time it is folded up against the sheathing with the bedding in it, taking up no valuable room, and when in use it may be topped up at any angle to keep you from rolling out. The secret of the comfort of this sort of a berth is that it sags and adapts itself to the irregularities of your person, supporting your weight uniformly instead of only at the bumps. If you must have spring bunks in a boat for ocean cruising, make them with high bunk boards and narrow enough to enable you to wedge yourself in with your knees.

The log of the *Typhoon* is a decidedly sketchy document. Like our navigation, it shows a lack of system that would shock a thorough-going mariner, but it tells the story briefly, and a few pages from it will help to keep this narrative from becoming tiresomely long.

Monday, July 26th. Cloudy but no fog; wind strong WSW. All feeling lack of sleep. High seas running and almost impossible to stay in bunks when we get an opportunity.

3:30 AM. Doused mizzen and let her take care of herself under jib alone. Motion considerably less and all had a good sleep.

7:30 AM. Turned out and spent most of morning rigging up the rotary bilge pump and pumping bilge which had begun to slop around again. Raised mainsail without mizzen, which seems to be a good arrangement for running before it.

12:00 M. Log, 910 miles; day's run, 150 miles (for 23 hours). Maintained almost con-

stant 7 knots all afternoon under double-reefed mainsail and jib.

10:30 PM. Main boom traveler carried away. Doused mainsail with some difficulty, secured boom in crutch, and let her sail herself under jib while we all slept.

Tuesday, July 27th. Thick except for a while in morning.

4:00 AM. Wind heavy WxS; course ESE maintained without touching steering wheel. Log, 995 miles.

6:00 AM. Log, 1001.5 miles. Casey improvises a strop of wire and rope to replace main-boom traveler, while WWN cleans up below decks. Set mainsail.

12:00 M. Log, 1030.4 miles; day's run, 120.4 miles. Took noon sight, really the first good one, although the horizon was obscured by fog. Latitude, 49° 8', just about what we wanted and quite good considering frequent changes of course. If longitude from log is anywhere near correct we are nearly halfway across.

4:00 PM. Log, 1057.6 miles.

5:30 PM. A large school of porpoises played about us for half an hour or so, almost touching the ship and jumping clear of the heavy seas. They seem to travel in groups of two or three and show no fear of the boat.

Wednesday, July 28th. Fog still holds; wind heavy, WxS; barograph high but starting to dip slightly.

2:00 AM. Log, 1121.5 miles.

4:30 AM. Set mizzen.

8:00 AM. Log, 1162.5 miles.

12:00 M. Log, 1192.3 miles; day's run, 161.9 miles. Fog too thick for latitude sight.

Wednesday was the sixth day out from Cape Race, and it was on this day that we got our first time sight for longitude. It was blowing hard and we were bowling along before it at top speed under jib, mizzen, and double-reefed mainsail, when early in the afternoon the fog thinned sufficiently to give us a glimpse of the sun. Casey took advantage of the opportunity and rushed for the sextant, and I stood by the chronometer while he brought the sun down to the very fuzzy horizon. Ignoring all of our profound volumes on navigation, and armed solely with Henderson's little manual, we worked out the sight together and found after several errors, and much to our astonishment, that we were actually but a few miles from our position by dead reckoning.

I say much to our astonishment, for you are bound to be surprised the first time you work up a sight and find that you actually are just about where you ought to be. Neither of us had ever done any serious navigation before. Casey had played a bit with his sextant and had gained some acquaintance with the various methods of obtaining longitude by a casual reading of several text books. I had written an article on the "89-48" method of obtaining latitude. But until we were in the mid-Atlantic, neither one of us ever had had occasion to work up a time sight with a real live chronometer. It's a damaging admission, but it goes to prove that navigation is really not the formidable thing we are likely to consider it.

But, dear reader, "do as I say and not as I do" in these matters, and don't start across the Atlantic unless you are sure both you and your boat are ready. I wouldn't for the world give the impression of flippancy in my attitude toward ocean cruising. What cruising of this kind I have done has instilled in me a profound re-

spect for the sea; she detests cowardice and is a friend to those who know and respect her; but on the other hand she is likely to chasten flippancy or over-familiarity with pitiless severity.

With two reefs in the mainsail we averaged 8.19 knots throughout the entire afternoon and drove her through the night under the same canvas, too elated over the progress we were making to think of easing down a bit. *Typhoon* fairly flew and the next morning for one hour, between 10:00 and 11:00, the log showed that she actually made a full 9 knots, the best she has ever done.

This was Thursday, July 29, the seventh day from Cape Race and the twelfth from Baddeck. It was foggy as usual, with rain, but nothing mattered so long as the wind held. At 8:00 in the morning Jim, who was at the wheel, sighted a full-rigged ship on our starboard bow bound up probably to some Norwegian port. She was the first vessel we had seen in a week and she made a bully picture tearing along with all her kites pulling.

At noon our log showed that we had covered 183.4 nautical miles for the day, the best run for the entire passage, and this brought our mileage for the week up to 1038.7, which I think we are safe in saying is a record week's run for a boat of this size and type. Our average day's run for the week was 148.39 miles and our average speed was 6.18 knots. Those hollow waterlines of Billy Atkins, and that broad run, aren't such bad features after all, if seaworthiness and speed are the qualities upon which the success of a boat depends.

Just by way of contrast, and to take us down a peg, the next day proved to be the worst since that exasperating one after leaving the Bras d'Or Lakes. In fact, save for that one exception, it was the worst of the entire run to Cowes. At about 8:00 Thursday the wind hauled around to the north and from then on gradually diminished. It was during my watch, and as the wind was now on the port beam, I trimmed her to sail herself, hung up a lantern, and went below and joined the others in a good old snooze. We needed it.

By 2:00 in the morning the wind had died entirely and we took in the mainsail and jib to prevent slatting. Occasionally throughout the day we got a bit of wind from one quarter or another, but our progress was slow. It rained continuously and we spent the day below on such jobs as the sea anchor, which never had been finished, straightening out the gear, and working up longitude sights. Our position was slightly below the 50th parallel in longitude 28° 21' W.

But the wind was hauling around to the northwest with a rising glass and that night we were treated to a change from our almost steady diet of thick weather. A glorious sunset and later a full moon with patches of clean, high wind clouds spoke well for the following day, and another good sleep, while *Typhoon* sailed herself, made up for what we had lost during the hard week.

The second week out from Cape Race was less strenuous than the first had been. On the whole the wind was good and we kept on driving her, but things had become more systematized and, hardened up as we were, we felt none of the fatigue that we had experienced in the earlier days.

When the weather permitted, we took a daily noon sight for latitude and a morning and afternoon sight for longitude, for we could

not afford to waste time on a poor landfall. Queenstown and the Royal Cork Yacht Club were out of the question and, instead of heading for Cape Clear at the southern point of Ireland, which would have shortened the transatlantic run by a full 24 hours, we shaped our course for Bishops Rock in the Scilly Islands off the point of Cornwall.

As we drew down to the traffic lanes we sighted more ships, which are always a welcome break in the monotony of ocean sailing. It happened that most of these meetings were at night, and several rather close calls woke us up to the realization that we had better start again to use our running lights, for which there was little need in the mid-Atlantic, north of the steamer lanes as we were.

In thick weather, even if not actually foggy, there isn't much warning of an approaching vessel. If she is going in the opposite direction she may loom up suddenly, pass you, and be lost astern in five minutes, and a lighted lantern or a flare ready at hand in the cockpit never should be neglected. As we drew nearer to the shipping, we never failed to have someone at the wheel except in clear weather.

One night we sighted two vessels bearing down on us from opposite directions. It was hazy and they were close aboard before we saw them, the masthead range lights of each almost in line. The situation demanded a bit of quick maneuvering and much waving of our lantern. It impressed upon us the necessity of a constant lookout.

As the second week drew on, our chances of reaching Cowes improved with each good day's run. On the afternoon of August 4 our longitude sight gave us 13° 45' W, or about 275 miles west of Bishops Rock which meant that, by averaging a little over 100 miles a day for the five remaining days, we could make it. The wind was holding up in great style. That day it was from the northwest, and at noon our log registered 174 miles for the past 24 hours.

At 5:00 in the afternoon we lowered the mainsail to replace the lacing in the head, which had carried away, and incidentally to tie in a double reef, and during the operation we had a bit of excitement. Intent on our work, we allowed the mizzen to gybe, which carried away the starboard shrouds at the mast and nearly cost us our stick. We luffed and lowered away just in time to keep it from going overboard, for it was blowing half a gale.

The cause of the accident was the slipping of the seizing at the eye of the shrouds, which were made in one continuous piece. That is the forward and after shrouds on either side of the mizzen are in one length of wire rope seized to form an eye to go over the mast head. This seizing was put on wire-to-wire and consequently slipped down, enlarging the eye and placing all the strain on the oak cleat which, although set into the mast, carried away under the strain.

Clearing up the tangle of shrouds and life lines, we snugged the mizzen boom in the crutch for the night, and when we reached the Channel rigged up a jury shroud with a fore stay we had put on the mizzen for just such an emergency, and this allowed us to carry our sail to Cowes.

On Friday, August 6, we made our landfall. Our morning longitude sight put us 60 miles west of Bishops Rock in longitude 8° 2' 17" W, and our noon sight for latitude gave us 49° 40' 50", which meant that we ought to pick

up the light early in the evening, unless our chronometer had changed its rate.

At 9:00 AM, the *Lapland* passed us close aboard, outward bound, and apparently on a course parallel to our own. Could it be that we were exactly right in our navigation and that she had come out of the English Channel? Or was she bound out from Liverpool and the Irish Channel? We hoped mightily that the latter was not true, although we were under the impression that this particular vessel docked at Liverpool. However, we dipped our ensign to her, she did the same, and we went our way trusting that our latitude was correct.

Our afternoon longitude sight put us almost on the meridian of Bishops Rock, but night came on without picking it up. Then, at 9:25, just as we were beginning to fear that the drubbing had been too much for the little Waltham, we caught the glow of the light, still down below the horizon. It was just where it should have been, about three points off the port bow, and again we were very much surprised and not a little elated. Our transatlantic run had been made in 15 days, 9 hours, and 25 minutes from Cape Race, and we know of no other small craft that has done it in better time.

Our first day in the English Channel will always be a crisp picture of my memory when other parts of the cruise have become blurred by time. It was clear and sunny, unusually so for England, and as we reached along to a southerly breeze, within sight of the Cornish coast, we passed all sorts of interesting ships and small craft, some bound up or down Channel and some trawling or lying to drift nets. We passed a whole fleet of steam drifters each with her mizzen set, and a number of large yawls with the characteristic red sails. Bully sailers they are, too, as we found out when we had a brush with one later on. She beat us, but the sting of defeat was eased somewhat by the fact that she was twice our size.

Navigating the English Channel is simplified by the chain of wonderful lights along the south coast of England, The Lizard, Eddystone, Start Point, Portland Bill, and the rest. It is so simple that I can understand why some of the skippers of our Shipping Board fleet (locally known as the tissue paper fleet) are the laughingstock of the Limies for their habit of taking on pilots at Land's End. A pilot from Land's End to Dover gets the equivalent of about \$1000, I am told, and our newlaid skippers are supporting a large and ever-growing element of the English population.

No unusual incident marked our run up the English Channel. Due to the effect of a head tide, we mistook the Bill of Portland, faintly visible, for the Isle of Wight, and put in and were caught in the notorious Race, which we had been warned particularly to avoid, but suffered nothing more than a few hours' delay. We were running before a good breeze at the time, with the spinnaker set, we must have been doing 6 knots through the water, but we were scarcely able to make any actual progress against the current. But other than a moderate tide rip, we saw nothing of the dreaded over-fall in which so many ships have foundered.

We carried the spinnaker until we were within a few miles of the Needles, which mark the entrance to the Solent. There could be no doubt of St. Catherine's light, but the Needles light bothered us. Our light list gave the characteristics of the light as a 20-second cycle

with light 2 sec., eclipse 2 sec., light 2 sec., eclipse 14 sec.; whereas our count was light 2 sec., eclipse 2 sec., light 14 sec., eclipse 2 sec., which is exactly the reverse.

However, we made for it, and shortly after passing St. Albans Head I went below for an hour's sleep. When I came on deck again we were right in the middle of a constellation of blinking lights, with rocks close aboard on the starboard side. I wouldn't have given much for our chances of getting through the channel, which is such a difficult one that large vessels usually go out Spithead at the other end of the Solent rather than risk it, even in daylight. I said so and Casey grinned.

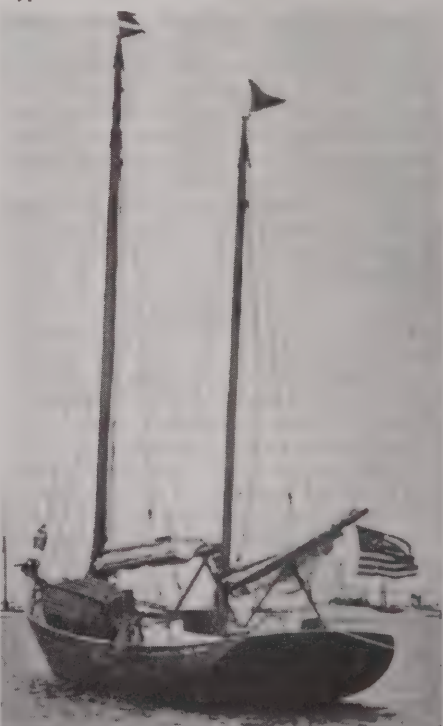
But Casey hadn't been asleep, and before I had waked up sufficiently to know just where we were, we had shot into the Solent and were sailing in quiet water for the first time in 22 days. It was a strange, depressing sort of feeling.

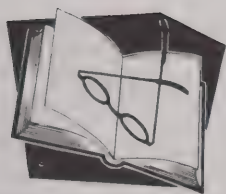
The tide was with us now and we covered the 15 miles to Cowes in an hour-and-a-half in spite of the light breeze. Luffing up off the Royal Yacht Squadron near what seemed to be the King's yacht, we dropped the hook alongside a "C.M.B." and a converted "M.L." at 3:00 AM, having covered the logged distance of 2777 nautical miles from Baddeck in 22 days, 1 hour, and 20 minutes. It had been a glorious fight without a single let-up, and as we stood there on deck, the three of us, in the faint light before the dawn, we felt the glow of pride that comes only from a task well done. We had accomplished, *Typhoon* and her crew, what had seemed to be an impossible thing. We had reached Cowes with a day and a half to spare.

Then, as the quaint town and the interesting craft about us changed from mysterious silhouettes to living things with form and color, we went below and slept as we had never slept before.

(To Be Continued)

Typhoon as she arrived at Cowes.





Book Review

Daring the Sea

David W. Shaw
Birch Lane Press

Reviewed by Edward Brown

As Jersey shore lifeguards, my stand mate and I did a morning workout in our lifeboat just about every day. Regardless of weather, surf conditions, or hangovers, Neil and I would short-stroke the big VanDuyne through the roiling white water and then settle down for long pulls, heading out due east for half a mile or so. The days were almost always clear, and if we rowed so far the low lying beach to the west dropped from view, we knew the way back was just to keep the sun south of the port gunwale. A few times fog came down on us out there, and without our trusty marker things could get tense, but generally the mist burned away before we got really uptight.

Maybe it was these open-water experiences, minor as they were, which brought home to me recently the magnitude of the accomplishment of two Jersey oarsmen, Norwegian immigrants Frank Samuelsen and George Harbo, who spent 55 days in an 18' open boat

rowing across the Atlantic in 1896. Their voyage has been chronicled in a newly released book, *Daring the Sea*, by David W. Shaw, Birch Lane Press.

Fame, or at least the hope of fame, started it all. Harbo and Samuelsen were eking out a meager living digging clams in Barnegat Bay, and figured they could better their lot with the celebrity of the first transatlantic crossing by oar power alone. They indeed did it, but the bubble reputation burst for the two clam diggers after a few short sessions of exhibiting themselves and their boat, *Fox*, and they once again passed into obscurity. Though Harbo and Samuelsen profited little from their ordeal, the fact that the two Norwegians were the first to make such a crossing (from New York's Battery Park to LeHavre) cannot be taken away from them.

Relying on Harbo's logbook, family interviews, and subsequent accounts of the trip, Shaw uses the omniscient approach here, recreating, or rather creating, the conversations, emotions, and even introspections of the two oarsmen as they cope with the up and down rigors of the crossing. This makes for an exciting narrative, like that of *The Perfect Storm*, for example, but a reader yearns for first-hand reporting of the actual log of coping with mountainous seas, their capsizes, the days of cold comfort food when the stove fuel ran out.

These Norsemen could do six knots in their double-ender with both pulling, a bit more than half that with one at the sculls. To try to get out of the way of storms, they'd now and again do 12-hour stints, but had little success in outrunning bad weather. The worst storm *Fox* encountered pitched her stern over bow, casting Harbo and Samuelsen into the sea. They righted the craft by hauling on the set of 2" handrails mounted near the keel for just such a contingency.

In truth, a great deal of thought and care went into the construction of *Fox*. This boat, a modification of the noted Sea-Bright Skiff design, was built by William Seaman of Branchport, New Jersey. *Fox* was 18' in length, 250 pounds of avoirdupois, with a beam of 4'6". She had oak ribs and cedar planking, watertight compartments fore and aft and, from a distance anyway, looked very much like the VanDuyne used today by lifeguards all along the Eastern Coast. On board were three sets of sculls and two of sweeps, the total cost of *Fox* was \$290, compared to the usual selling price of under \$100 for a regular skiff of this size.

Harbo and Samuelsen made sure they weren't buying a pig in a poke by taking *Fox* off Sandy Hook for several sea trials and shakedown, and filling the craft with water to determine if the secure compartments were tight. They found the boat was so buoyant that seven men could stand on the overturned hull and remain dry.

When Harbo and Samuelsen arrived at their first landfall, St. Mary's in the Scilly Isles, they were totally trashed, suffering from major exposure damage, sea boils, and black-and-blue hands. After a short rest, they pressed on to LeHavre to enjoy their brief moment in the sun. Harbo died of pneumonia in 1908 and Samuelsen, back in his native Norway, in 1946. The gold medal awarded the rowers by the *Police-Gazette* publisher for their feat is in a museum there.

Daring the Sea is a great yarn, fast-moving and gripping. It's an adventure to be read by a crackling driftwood fire with the wind and rain of a nor'easter beating against the windows, accompanied by the roar of a surf whipped up by the storm. That's one way to appreciate the story and the breadth of the victory of these two stout fellows.



Remembering...

Joanne S. Scott

Illustration by
David Q. Scott

Top Down

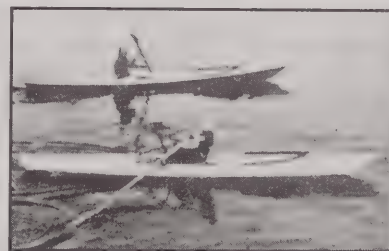
It was not your average wifely duty
Andot's mast was tall.

I was to ease the halyard,
Pay the rope, hand over hand,
Lower the boatswain's chair,
My husband, bucket and brush,
Slowly down from top
As he painted the mast.
Our baby of 9 months and her sister
Played in the cockpit, watching
Daddy sway in the air above.

I couldn't get it right.
Of course, I couldn't get it right.
His weight jerked in my hands.
No matter how hard I tried.
It was either too fast or too slow.
So I found my hands tying off
The halyard, my feet carrying me over
To the children, my hands scooping
Them up. I stepped off the boat,
Down the dock,
Not looking back.

I didn't know how
He would get down.
Didn't care.
Eventually, he appeared, but
It was never mentioned again.
The subject never came up,
Except when I bought
Rockfish at the market
Across the harbor
Later on that week,
Carl said, "I see your man
Tried to paint the mast the other day.

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My rendition of Jim Michalak's Toto went together pretty much like the plans and building instructions said it should. It was built outdoors on grass and the finished product is a little rough. But, its roughness hasn't diminished my enjoyment.

The cost was more than it could have been. I bought epoxy resin by the quart (one pint resin one pint hardener) to glue and fillet. I could have used the less expensive product that I used for coating the plywood but didn't learn the technique until I had the boat pretty much completed.

The supplier in Cocoa sells resin for \$11 a gallon and the starter in a two ounce bottle. For me this requires that I mix the resin and starter in quart quantities. The relatively large quantities require that I apply it before it begins to cure. For me, this meant that I could use it for coating but not for gluing and filleting.

After I had the boat stitched and the bottom glued and filleted I needed more epoxy resin and didn't want to pay out for more epoxy by the pint at the local Lowes. At this time I recalled several articles by different authors in *MAIB* who described

My Rendition of Toto

By Don Duquet

how they put the mixed resin in a bucket of ice to slow the cure rate.

So, I mixed a quart and set it in an insulated jug full of ice water. Poured out quantities as needed, mixed in the filler material and filleted or glassed the area under construction. I did not time any of the mixes, but I also did not work at a hurried pace and the mixture did not start. This will be my technique from now on. The daytime temps were in the high 80s low 90s, sunny and humid.

My mobile home sits on a lot made up of sand and a scrub brush called grass. The sand is very fine grained and when sifted and cleaned makes a good filler for epoxy work. Anyway it's what I used.

I use my '85 Toyota van to transport Toto to the Indian River Lagoon, it's only a couple of miles. I didn't want to carry it on top because the wind affects the tracking of my van as is. The addition of a boat on top would magnify the problem too much for my peace of mind. So, I removed the front passenger's seat and slid Toto in up to the dash. The aft end sticks out from one to two feet. If you are in Brevard County, Florida some time and witness a brown Toyota van with a red and white canoe/kayak type boat stuffed inside, that's probably me. If it is southbound I'm going to launch, northbound I'm returning to Mims. I also travel Hwy. 46 to the St. Johns River. Both places have excellent areas in which to paddle canoes and kayaks. If you live here you probably already knew, if you didn't now you do.

The first time I launched Toto it was gray overcast and windy. Not the best time, but my son wanted to see the boat in the water and take some pictures. After pictures were taken I headed out to the nearest spoil island. The wind was blowing dead on the beam and later from astern as I circumnavigated the island. When I rounded the island to return to the launch area the wind had picked up considerably. the wind on the nose and the waves were about 2',

whitecaps all around. I must have caused some concern for the people on the shore, because some cars stopped to monitor my progress. They moved on after deciding that I was progressing towards land.

Toto tracked well for the entire trip and took the waves without taking on lots of water. I did take on water when 3/4 to the wind and I avoided taking it on the beam during the return trip. Out and back took about an hour and was a good workout for this grandfather. I have since chosen calmer weather for my paddling but know that if the wind kicks up when I am on the water that I can paddle Toto to land.

My next trip was a good deal longer. It was planned to view the launch of John Glenn on his second flight. Toto was launched in Mims and paddled under the train trestle that leads to KSC. Then I paddled across the large open area to the Merritt Island Wildlife Refuge. I spent some time paddling slowly and taking in the sights of wildlife, then stopped for a snack. After resting for some minutes, and before I fell asleep, I paddled to the nearest spoil island just north of the swing bridge, the one on the road to Playalinda National Seashore. This same road is closed during all shuttle launches. Playalinda Beach is closed as soon as the shuttle is fueled.

I picked out a sandy spot and settled in to watch the launch. Since taking up residence here I have viewed a dozen or so, and it is always a grand sight. The weather was clear and the sun was behind the viewers. The conditions were perfect for watching a launch.

The return paddle was done in one step. It was boring but not eventful.

The third and fourth trips were on portions of the St. John's River. Both lasted 2-3 hours. The locals tell me that the area is not a good one for canoes and kayaks because they don't get any respect from the outboards and air boats. I didn't have any trouble, but it was only two days.

The day the picture was taken was another beautiful day for paddling on the Indian River Lagoon. My granddaughter Nicole accompanied me on a trip to a close by island, one we had been to on previous occasions. During the trip we talked about the lagoon and messing about in boats and this precious child asked me, "Tata, why doesn't everyone have a boat to mess about with?"

We were much surprised to meet an alligator this far out in the lagoon. I thought that they stayed pretty much in the wildlife refuge, it has fresh water. On night fishing trips we have encountered a large 12' gator swimming around the bridge abutments. I always classed stories of this gator as folklore, but not any more. Well, the gator stayed out by the channel and dived to avoid a person on a jetski who most likely was not aware that he had missed a rare sight. We didn't see him again that day, but on occasion we would glance out to the area we had last seen him.

Now my son is anxious to build a boat so we can take extended camping and fishing trips. The Everglades is the area we are targeting. If and when we go I will tell you all about it on my return. Perhaps we will make it to Cedar Key next Spring.

Donald Duquet, Mims, FL,



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My Pressure Treated Comet

By Finn Wilster

The only reason that I bring my restored Comet #252 to your attention is that she is now completely encapsulated in pressure treated pine. I'd be very interested in your readers thoughts on using pressure treated pine in this manner. Perhaps I'm just an old geezer who should devote himself to cable TV and the internet, but maybe further experimenting with pressure treated pine is indicated. It is certainly cheap, may last forever and, according to Professor Jagels of *WoodenBoat* fame, it expands and contracts only half as much as non-treated wood.

By way of background, I built a 17' flat bottom rowboat (Whisp) and, to protect her from the rocky bottom of our TVA lakes, and trailering damage, I covered her bottom and all edges with pressure treated pine. She spent one season either afloat or lying on rocks, depending on TVA's mysterious daily lake levels. She survived okay and still looks great, a feat that plywood covered with fiberglass would be hard pressed to match. Next I built a 20' fantail launch and for the deck laid down 1/4" plywood, then ripped 1/4" strips from pressure treated 2xs and laid them down on a bed of resorcinol glue, butcher block style, then heavily varnished it. After two years, the deck remains stable and looking good.

Encouraged by this, I decided to redo an old, sick Comet that had been covered with fiberglass to no avail. Her bottom was a mess, but what the hell, she was about 60 years old. I tore the western cedar off, replaced/sistered some frames with pressure treated pine, then laid 1/4" plywood. I planed some 1x6 pressure treated down to 1/2", then laid it down on a bed of 3M5200, with stainless steel screws run through the plywood into the frames. The sides weren't too bad so I sanded off all traces of fiberglass and planked over the western cedar with pressure treated pine, as with the bottom. I did the deck again in butcherblock style. The sides and bottom were painted with polyurethane oil



enamel. The combination of plywood planks and 5200 ensures a leakproof surface. Just for camping, and such, I built a removeable cuddy cabin.

One very important note: At our local lumberyard I pick through the wood selecting only choice pieces and always kiln-dried ground contact pine stamped "Durapine". I did notice that one 2x4 seemed very heavy but I used it anyway, and now have a few strips that rock and roll rather than lay quietly like all the others. Damn! Oh yes, I used resorcinol glue (no screws) as the can claims that it works with pressure treated pine. A good connection and overnight curing is essential. I used 5200 with the planks as it is reputed to be a strong adhesive sealant that remains flexible as the plywood and planks work against each other.

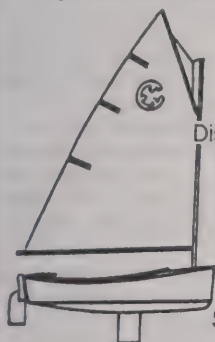
It seems to me that pressure treated wood provides a huge source of a very stable, inexpensive durable material, made in the USA. While I wear a mask when extensively sawing & sanding or planing, it seems to me that working with pine is a whole lot more pleasurable than messing with fiberglass and epoxy.

Finn Wilster, 363 Ogden Ln., Piney Flats, TN 37686



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Foreword:

In the days before satellites and radio when two ships meet at sea they would "speak," that is stop and the captains would use megaphones to communicate with each other. In these latter days when shantyboats meet, it is still the custom for their "captains" to "speak" to each other. This is an imaginative rendering of what might happen when two shantyboaters meet at George's place on the shores of the Connecticut River at Haddam, on a cold February day.

Bill Foden is the master of *Serenity*! -- The Slowest Boat Afloat!! and he has just pulled *Serenity*'s trailer into George's parking lot. *Serenity* is either a shantyboat or a mini houseboat, depending on your view.

George Kiaffas is a shantyboater to the core. He cannot remember a time when he wasn't involved with one shantyboat or another. He is currently in the boat business, but temporarily out of shantyboats. He has invited Bill here after an exchange of communications about the shantyboats each has been involved in over the years.

Our Shantyboat Speak begins as George, having appropriately admired Bill's *Serenity* on her trailer in the parking lot, invites Bill into his office.

George: C'mon in and get warmed up. We'll have plenty of time to look at your *Serenity* later on.

George invites Bill to take off his foul weather gear (it is sleeting outside) and make himself comfortable in a well-broken-in chair in front of the red hot pot bellied stove.

Bill: Nice stove you have there. They sure don't make 'em like that anymore do they?

George: Nope! Sure don't! They don't make anything as well as they used to. I got that one at an auction about 20 years ago and she's still going strong.

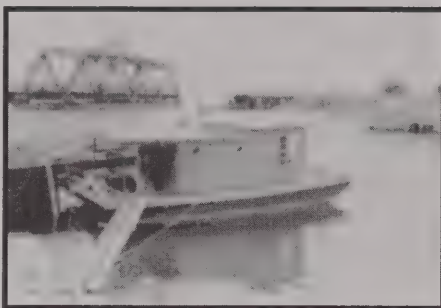
Bill: Ever have a wood burner in one of your shantyboats?

George: Yes, well sort of. The first shantyboat I had anything to do with was helping my friend Louie Desault and his father make a steel-hulled houseboat in Mystic back in 1948. It was a real fine boat, and had a nice wood burning stove, but it was a bit big for me! As far as I know it is still keeping someone happy on the water. I guess she was the boat that gave me a taste for shantyboating that has never gone away. The feeling of freedom and peace is something that has influenced me all my life, even now when I have had to relocate my business, pay bills, and have trouble getting my wife and family to understand the shantyboat lifestyle I want.

Here's a couple of pictures of her taken in 1975. You can see that we managed to get along without electricity, saunas, hair dryers, dishwashers, refrigerators, and a sundry of other things we have found simply complicate our lives and burden us down with a pile of

Shantyboat Speak

By George Kiaffas & Bill Foden

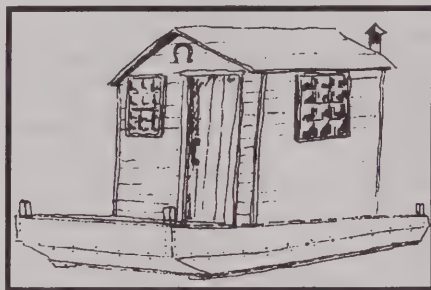


things we don't really need and overly complicate our lives.

Bill: Yup! I couldn't agree with you more, George. We all need to slow down and do a lot more and better living. But when did you build your own first shantyboat?

George: My first? Oh that was my *Adventure* in 1958-59. She was an 8' x 16' solid planked scow hull with an old lobster shack nailed on deck. Here's what she looked like.

(George takes a .5 mm mechanical pencil and quickly sketches out his first, *Adventure*.)



I loved her dearly because she was my first, but you could have written several books about what I didn't know about caulking. She sank into the depths of the Pawcatuck River five or six times before I gave up on her. Got a picture around here someplace, ah, here is about what she looked like when I planted her in my backyard.



Sort of sad isn't it? But at least she found a useful function in her retirement. If she hadn't had that habit of sinking all the time, I'd have her afloat yet.

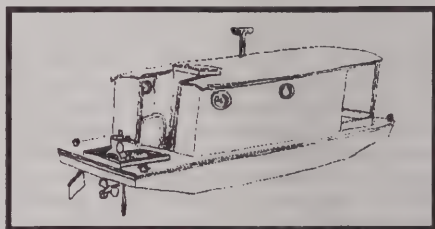
Bill: Yeah, that's sort of sad. But don't feel too bad about it as I have a 16' home-made strip planked canoe and an 18' Airstream trailer sitting in the backyard at the moment. The Airstream I will yet get rebuilt, but I'm afraid the canoe has about had it. But tell me,

what was your next shantyboat building venture?

George: After *Adventure* I built my first powered shantyboat in 1967. I called her *Lilypad*. I was beginning to learn things by that time and *Lilypad* showed the results. She had planked topsides but everything else was plywood. She had a lot of things I was experimenting with at the time, a front rudder, tunnel stem, and Universal 4 for power. Boy could she maneuver, go like hell, too. Unfortunately the pressures of marriage made me sell her at giveaway prices. Really miss her sometimes. Here's what she looked like. (Sketches *Lilypad*.)



Also someplace in there I built a simple plywood cheapie. I got a load of plywood, at too good a price as it turned out, and powered her with a 10hp Wisconsin that worked through a rubber-band V-drive. Got the idea from the Crosly-Aero Jet system for small boats. She worked real well with twin rudders with a moderate sized 2x4 keel and chine skids. The plywood was real bad though, and she de-laminated in about a year or a year-and-a-half, but I was getting the idea that I wasn't quite as smart as I had thought I was. Sadly I had to junk her. Here's what she looked like. (Sketches the cheapie.)



By this time I had learned that if you really wanted to have liveaboard fun on the water you had to cut the electrical umbilical cord and learn to use 12 volt, current, propane, and gasoline were the way to go on the river. Like it or not some form of mechanical power was necessary on a river polluted by PWCs and overpowered wavemakers going to fast, run by inexperienced ignoramuses. It's a matter of nautical self preservation.

I haven't had time to do any experiments with solar panels, wind generators, and the great new electronic equipment, but I think it has all kinds of possibilities for the electronically inclined shantyboater. Mostly I've been able to get along fine with just kerosene for lighting and propane for cooking. Here's a picture of one of my boats at a little river cove while I was enjoying the good life aboard.

I've also helped some of my buddies with their boats. Here's a picture of one I helped build in Mystic, Connecticut. It was a real nice one, but just too big for me. Take a look at those stained glass and arched windows, re-



ally fancy, huh? I think she is still in commission. A real nice boat, but a bit too much boat for my taste.



Bill: She looks real comfy, but there is still one thing that my *Serenity* has that none of your boats had. That is trailerability.

George: No, I never attempted to trailer any of them, but there was a good reason for that. My boats were all far more heavily built than your *Serenity*. I mostly used 2x6 horizontal frames with 12" spacing with and 3/4" sheathing plywood! Maybe I couldn't trailer any of them, but what they lacked in trailerability they more than made up for in strength and the ability to take punishment.

In 1976 I went through a hurricane at anchor in the river. Of course, I had the proper ground tackle and bollards and stuff so I could drink coffee while my boat and I took the full fury of Mother Nature. My friends thought I was crazy, but I knew how I had built that shantyboat and I had complete confidence in her ability to take it.

Incidentally I think your *Serenity* is basically well-built, but one thing I don't like is the way you made your roof.

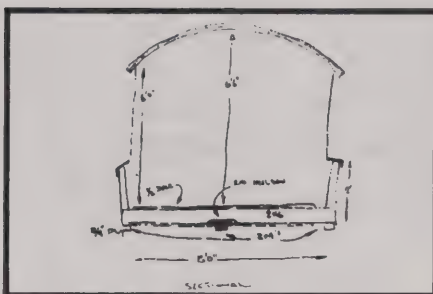
Bill: You mean because I made it flat? Yeah, a lot of people question that, and I have to admit that I did myself at the beginning. I had worked out three different ways to give my *Serenity*'s roof some camber or pitch, but then I suddenly realized that I was talking about a 20' boat that was never going to be exactly level. Then I thought about many of the would-be shantyboaters with absolutely no boatbuilding skills and decided to make it flat.

A second reason was that a flat roof, like the one Harlan Hubbard put on his shantyboat, makes a great place to store all kinds of stuff. Also, I have discovered that many of my young nubile lady visitors enjoy using the roof as a sun deck and engaging in the royal female sport of tanning.

George: Yes, I admit all those things, but I still think that the method I have come up with to make what I call a "parabolic roof" is worth thinking about if you're interested in a strong, dry, long-lasting roof. Would you like to see how I do it?

Bill: Sure. (George gets out his pencil and sketches his roof.)

George: Here's what I do. First, I build a



form of 2x10s with the right curvature. They don't have to be at any particular distance, just close enough so that the plywood rests firmly on them without distortion. Then I put down two layers of either 1/4" or 3/8" A/C plywood with the "A" side out with a good layer of ordinary roofing cement in between. You have to be careful to stagger the joins so that they are a good distance from one another. You fasten down the plywood only at the ends, of course, so that when the cement and end fastenings have had a chance to set you can remove the building form and you will have a tight, strong, economical roof over you.

You see here with a 12" arc you can have 5'6" of headroom under the sides and a full 6'6" in the center where it counts. You can vary the curve for just about any curve you want. Of course, when you get the curve too flat you are going to get into problems with strength and will have to think about putting internal framing under this kind of roof.

Bill: Yes, that's very similar to the way I sealed the roof on my *Serenity*. What I did was use 7/16th OSB (wafer board) laid at right angles to the roof plywood with a layer of roofing cement between the layers. The whole thing was fastened down with galvanized deck screws carefully placed in the rafters underneath.

Then I used a penetrating wood sealer and the whole thing was covered with the sealant used on mobile homes. It is white and quite thick and has some insulating and crack filling qualities on it's own.

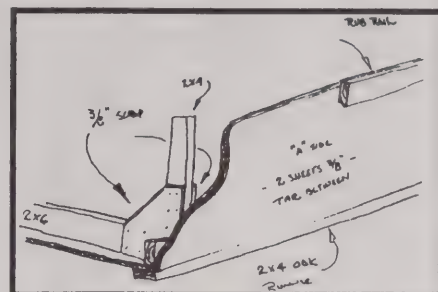
I might mention that the reason I did this was that I was too lazy to take off the paint I had on the roof and then fiberglass it. Fiberglassing itself is not difficult but the preparations to do it right are very time consuming. I still find that good and solid wood and plywood still give the best results in shantyboat construction for the home builder. Don't you agree George??

George: Sure do! I had a good friend named Earl Brockway who was a genius at good solid boatbuilding. Earl was a living legend to us guys up here. He taught us that we didn't really need epoxies, or polyester resins or any of the other fancy doo-dads a lot of the young boat builders think they need today. He built honest work scows and rowboats from ordinary lumber yard stock and they would last easy 25 years or more.

I've owned several of Earl's boats. The last one I had was a 20' scow that was already 30 years old when I took it on a trade. I used it for five years and then traded to a guy for an air compressor. As far as I know that guy still has it eight years later. That's why you can find Earl's boats still in service from Maine to Virginia. The last big scow he built, before he died last year, was 30' long. The customer finished it off as a scallop dredge.

Earl taught us good honest workmanship,

no stainless steel in any of his boats, only good solid galvanized stuff. Lasts forever when it is done right. Take a look at how he taught me to combine his methods with what I have learned.



George: See, just solid lumberyard variety 2x4s, 2x6s, and ordinary grades of plywood, galvanized fastenings and fittings, combined with the cheapest and most efficient bedding compound in the world, roofing cement, to make a strong, long-lasting, and economical boat construction.

Bill: would you like to see another picture of my last shantyboat on the river before we go out to look at your *Serenity*?

Bill: Sure!

George: OK, take a look at this one! Says a lot about both shantyboating and a serene liveaboard lifestyle doesn't it?



Bill: Yeaahh! Let's go out and continue our talk in my *Serenity* on her trailer. I'd like to persuade you that shantyboating can be even better when you can use your *Serenity* just like a travel trailer to find places like this one all over the country. I'll boil us up some water for a cup of coffee or cocoa and we'll talk about shantyboating at highway speeds.

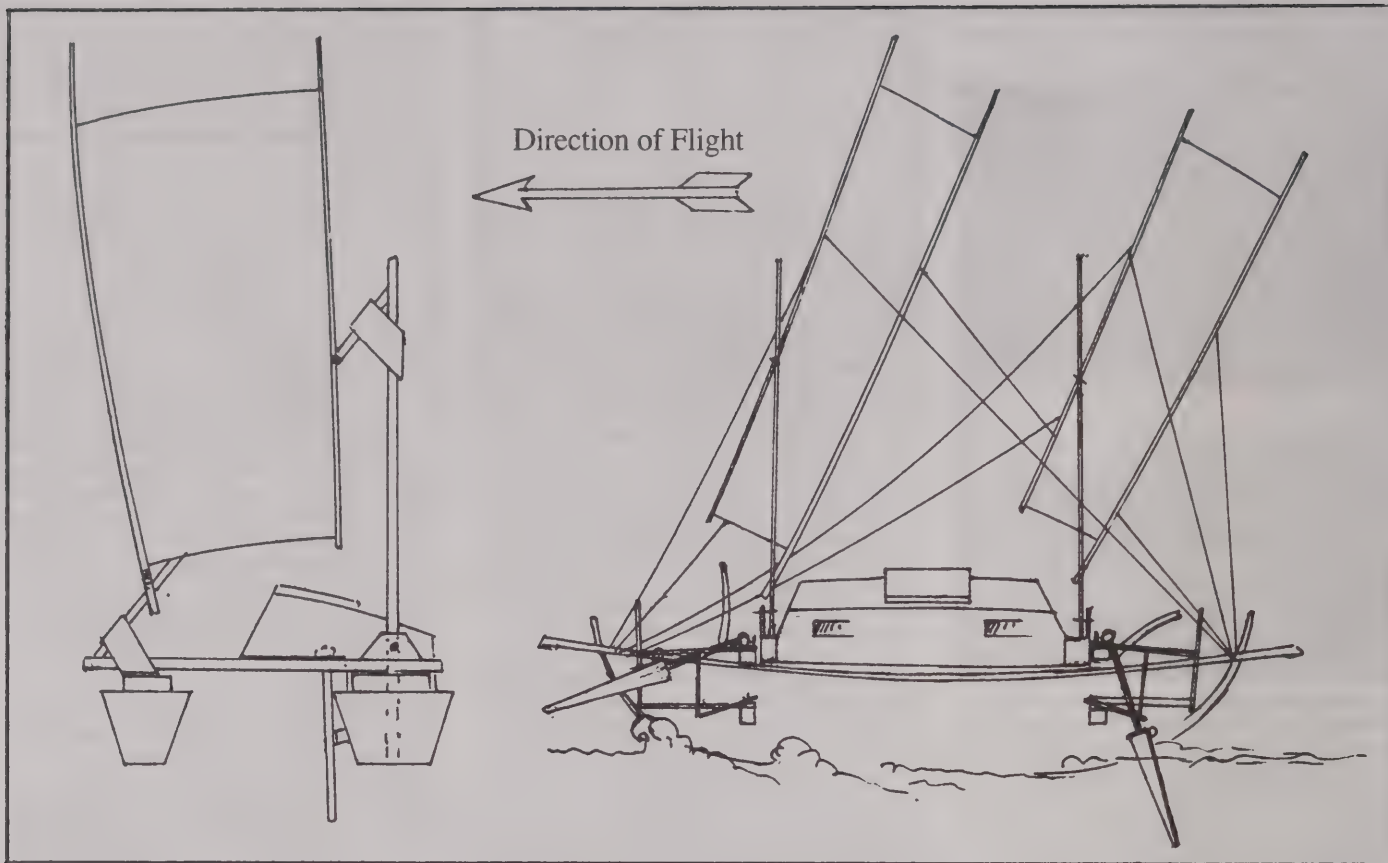
(Bill Foden is author of *Build Serenity!* - the Slowest Boat Afloat, and George Kiaffis is the owner of a boat business on eth connecticut River).

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In the last issue I discussed the sail used on the islands of Ninigo, a group of small islands straight north of Papua (Australian East-Guinea).

In this issue I am showing this sail on an Atlantic outrigger; that is to say, here the outrigger is placed downwind, actually working as a float. Normally these amas are upwind acting as a weight, a balance, hence the correct Italian name for them, "balancieri" (balancers).

All said and done, outriggers are not the best for long distance single handling because they cannot be left alone to look after themselves. When Phil Weld wanted to partake in the Trans-Atlantic Single-Handed Race, he wanted to do so in an outrigger, a single outrigger. He, and his designer/builder Dick Newick, came up with this idea and called it an Atlantic Outrigger. Phil beat everybody to the finish,

DreamBoats

The Ninigo Sail, Part II

A Portable, Double Rudder, Beachcruising, Atlantic Outrigger

By Richard Carsen

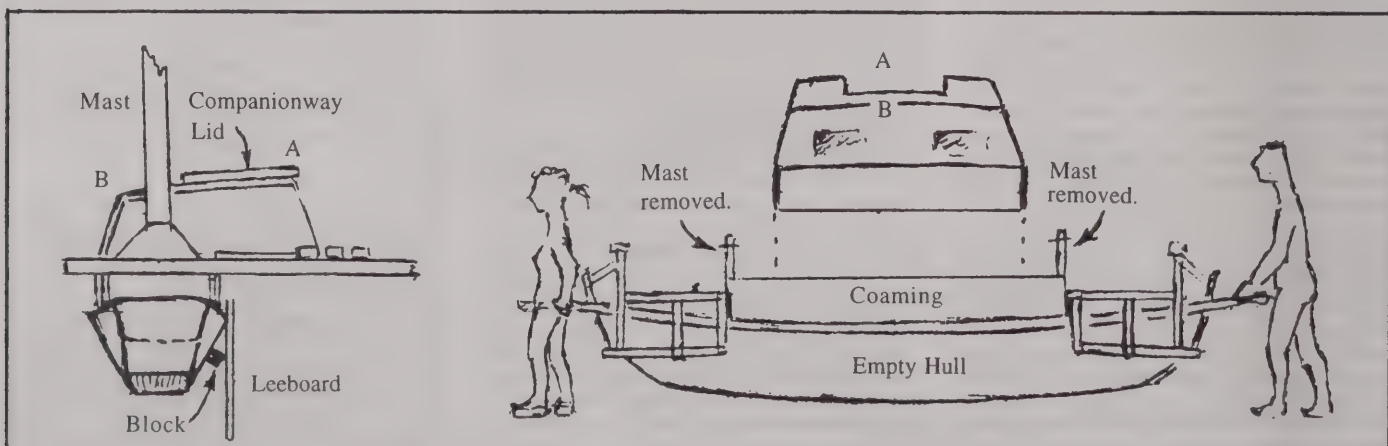
although after all the handicaps were applied he was in third place.

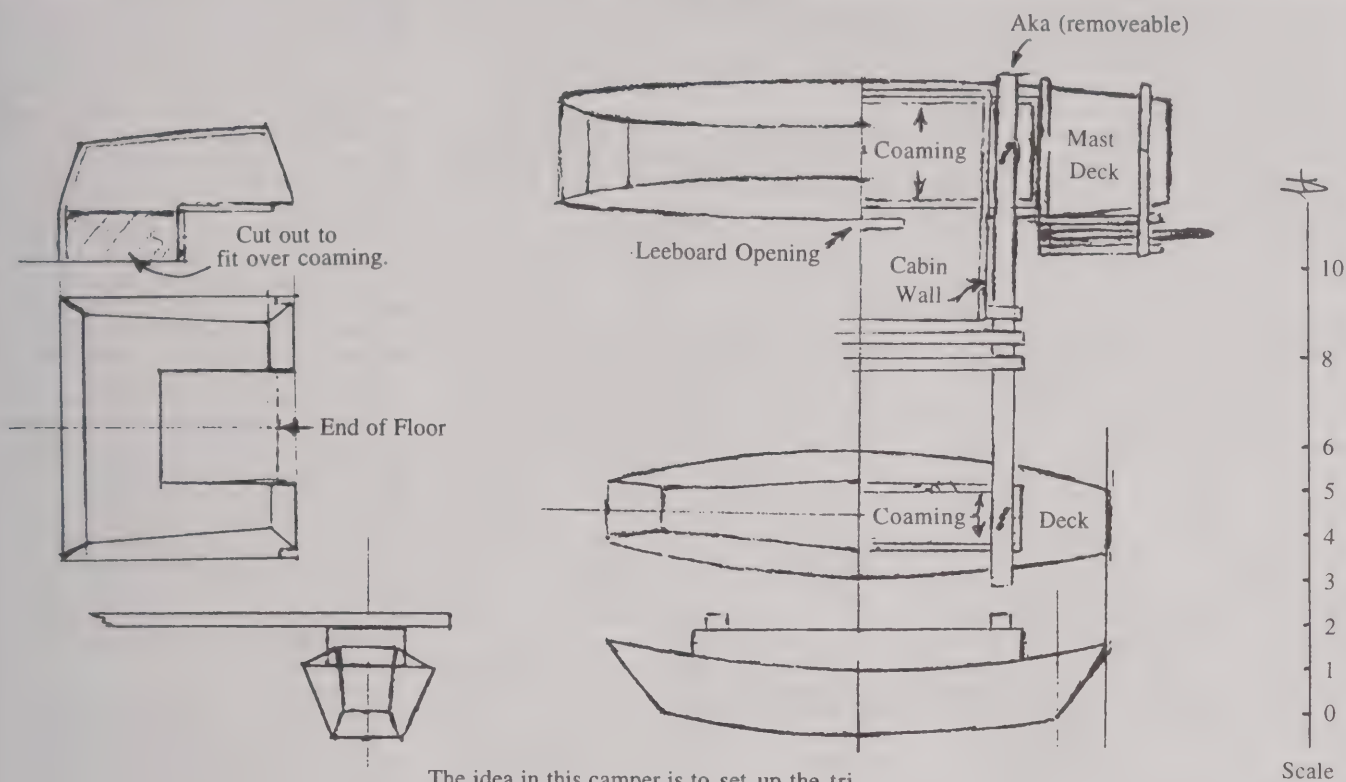
To enable the craft to go end-for-end, they devised an ingenious system that incidentally made the craft self-tending. It was perfectly balanced and would hold its course without the help of any automatic steering device.

The invention consisted of two centerboards, each fitted with a rudder. These centerboards could be raised straight up or lowered, providing steering was aft, no matter what direction the craft was pointed. As I do not know whether it was pat-

ented, I have refrained from showing it here. I have seen it shown in a book but cannot put my hand on it. In this you are on your own; better yet, invent something similar.

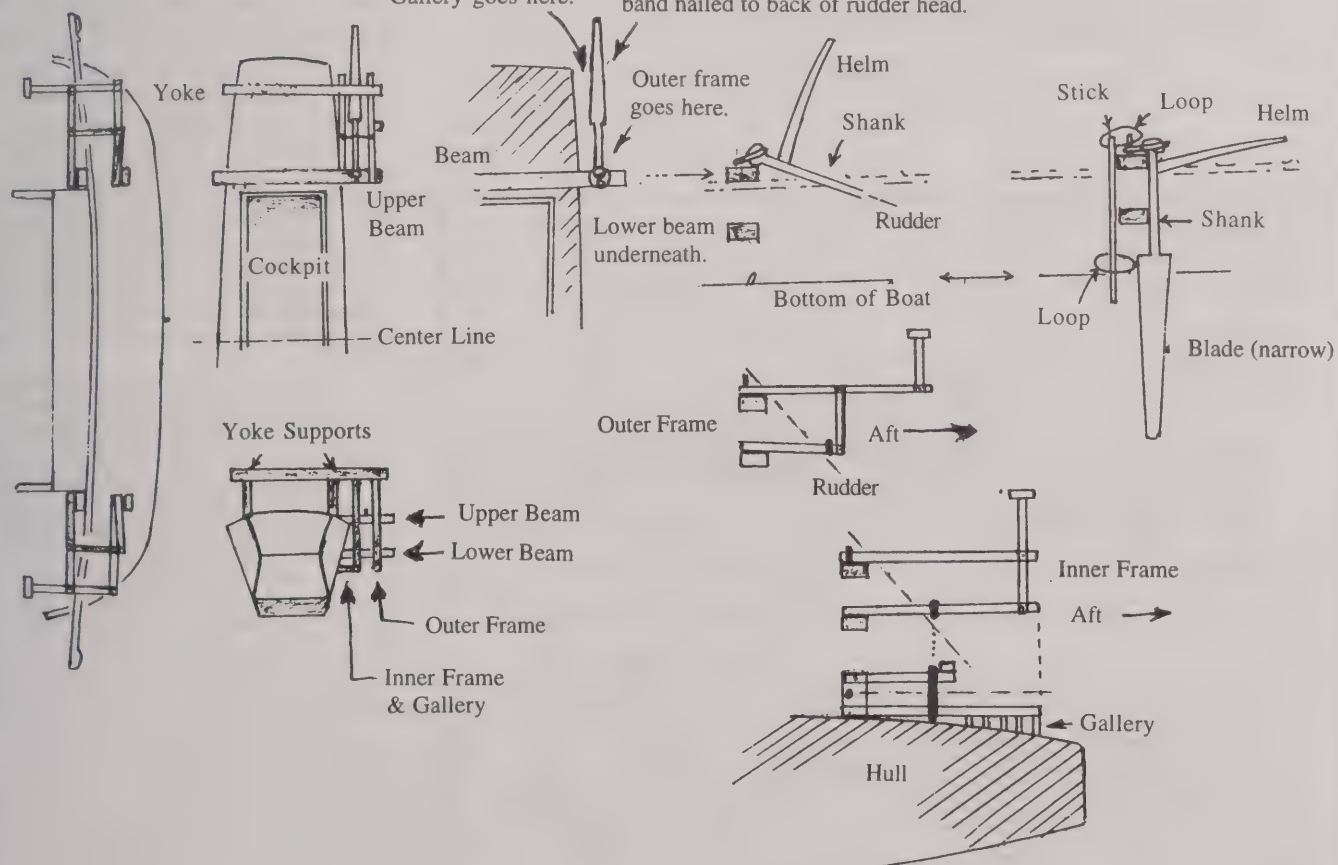
So to get away from having to carry the rudder back and forth, I show here two rudder-oars, hung in the way the Bugis do it, in some kind of cage. In the next issue I will show how it could be done with four leeboards, the way the great Peruvian oceangoing rafts were steered, without a rudder (see Heyerdahl's *Early Man and the Ocean* (Doubleday) wherein, on page 227, he gives, in a series of twelve drawings, the way the leeboards are handled for a complete turn-around, without the use of any rudder or steering-oar. In this format, the cabin top can be removed, so that the boat also can serve for an afternoon outing without encumbrances.





The idea in this camper is to set up the triangle on each aka, which gives a powerful sail, half the height of a marconi rig. The position of the sail helps counteract the drag of the ama.

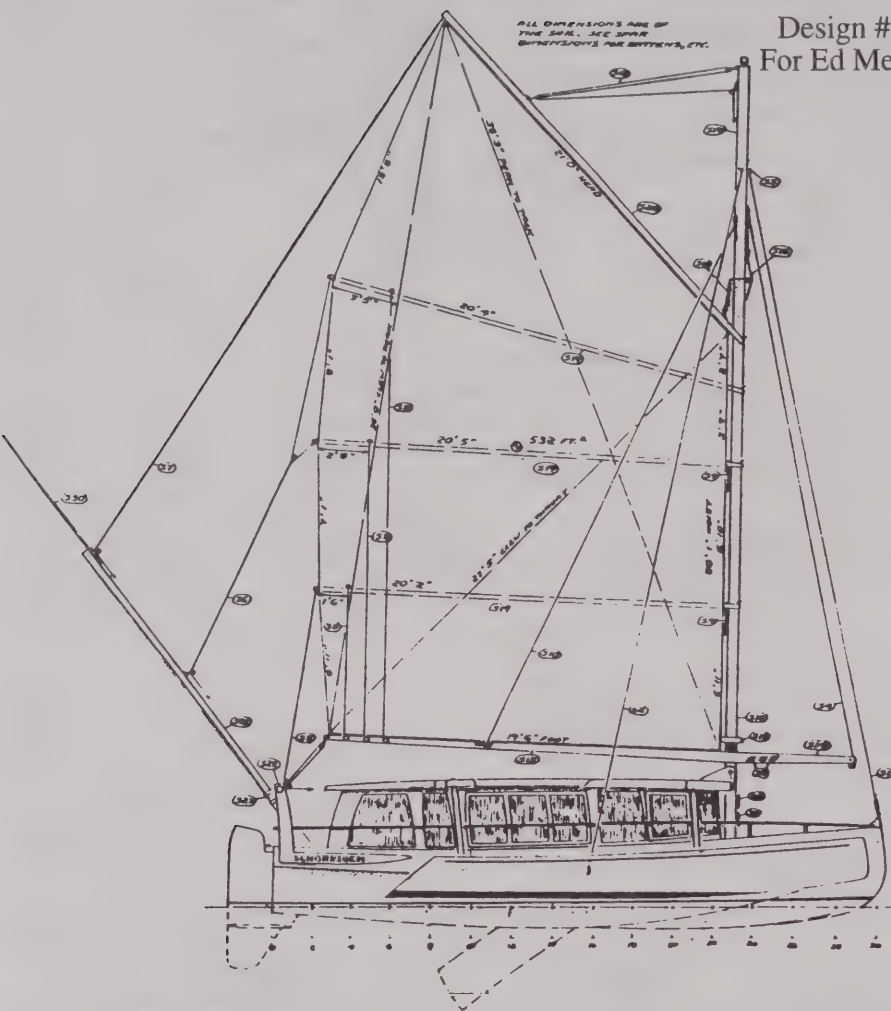
Gallery goes here. Rudder fastened to pin in beam with strong band nailed to back of rudder head.



Bolger on Design

B-31 Schorpioen Part 2

Design #649
For Ed Medalis



Length overall including raised rudder
35'4"

Length overall with rudder lowered
32'7"

Length for highway travel,
rudder swung over
31'6"

Length of hull
30'4-1/2"

Length waterline (DWL)
29'2"

Breadth with floats extended
20'0"

Breadth with float retracted
8'6"

Breadth of hull
6'4"

Draft bilge board raised
1'0"

Draft with maximum bilge board
6'0"

Height from DWL to peak of gaff
43'6"

Height from DWL to erect mainmast
40'10"

Height from DWL to top of sheet staff
17'4"

Minimum bridge clearance from DWL
6'10"

Height from trailer bed
7'11"

Displacement to DWL
4950 lbs.

Trailer weight
estimated at 3800 lbs.

Full sail area
532 ft²

Sail area with one reef
392 ft²

Sail area with two reefs
257 ft²

Sail area with three reefs
160 ft²

Fuel capacity
20 gals.

Water capacity (12 2.5-gal. jugs)
30 gals.

Holding tank capacity
31 gals.

Cruising accommodations for 2 + 2

Single-Handleable
Realistically
Trailerable
Coastal-Cruising
Trimaran

Her Interior

With Ed Medalis' emphasis on comfort, and the implied rejection of the sporting life on the ragged edge so frequently assumed to be part of the fast multihull equation, we tried to maximize the people space within her overall envelope. Apart from targeting just the young and the restless, there is little point in designing athletic devices which implicitly require above-average levels of physical fitness just to do normal cruising. He had no hang-ups about our solution, describing himself as, at times, too radical himself. He was no doubt curious as to how we would solve the various ergonomic and mechanical challenges. We were, too.

Once he accepted the opportunity of going full-house in this boat, cruising bliss without constant use of heretofore unknown muscle groups seemed quite possible. The layout is obvious, offering open airy sitting/sleeping/lounging/piloting accommodations for up to four, typically two though. Our Birdwatcher philosophy of light cruiser cabin design combines the workspace, where you typically control the boat, with the living space, where resting crew and guests can fully partake in the experience.

Without the confines of the sailboat conventional separation of cockpit and cabin, the limited available space is used fully all the time you are aboard, rain or shine, surfing or at anchor. Schorpioen's cabin, with its panoramic view from the helm of well over 300°, offers the promise of remaining drier and less at risk for early skin cancer episodes, while enjoying the open sky of an on-demand 30" wide and 68" long saloon hatch, two large all-weather skylights to observe the sail from the helm, two companionways fore and aft, and the option of sitting two or three at a time in that small self-draining bow cockpit, otherwise used for ground tackle work, sail hoisting, and reefing related activities.

To further add to the ventilation options, the midships three panel window section on either side open up and out, with screening possible. With all her window and door openings she should allow plenty of fresh air, even in a driving rainstorm. There is, of course, the catwalk on the forward A-frames to get you out on to the 24" wide floats at rest or in full flight, should the main hull be too crowded after all.

We traded full standing headroom for extensive under-sole stowage, the only kind possible much of aboard her slim main hull, but 5'6" under the main hatch is quite acceptable, especially since the galley, dressing space in front of her two flat closets to port aft, and the head to starboard offer cathedral headroom in excess of 6'6" standing on the hull bottom proper, inviting either more under-the-floor-storage or just bragging about it to other boaters. Her fresh and gray water capacity of around 30 gallons each is limited, but good enough for a week at a time, with more jerry cans always possible. Her rooftop configuration would allow the ingenious mind to concoct various water collection schemes.

She is sailed by a wheel powering her balanced rudder from the port forward seat/converted settee, allowing both conversation with co-pilot and keeping an eye on traffic out of the starboard quadrant. In light of the convenient bulkheading off of the outboard motor right behind the head, thus with the rudder

off-center to port, it came in handy to keep her wire steering on that side. Ditto for her port location of the off-centerboard/bilge board-cum-winch under the settee.

In keeping with all this, the mast and its tabernacle are off to port as well, since access to the forward cockpit on such a narrow hull allowed little else but centerline geometry. We assume that the pole mast will eventually become more or less invisible. We kept the tabernacle's traditional bulk to a bare minimum, and out of sight above the field of view, by supporting the pivot pin via the stout built-up full width horizontal brace which, in turn, is tied in with the house's sides, the bulkhead, and other vertical supports, the location of the two skylights fell right into place.

To still clear the 5' deep heel of the mast, necessary for adequate bury with shroud support during launching, the actual axis of the pivot pin is slanted to allow heel travel past the forward bulwarks, which in turn drops the mast just far enough to port across the roof to still allow the companionway hatch and saloon hatch to function when Schorpioen is inhabited on her trailer.

Her much lighter sheet staff aft pivots around the aft gallows to land straight fore-and-aft on the roof, and upon loosening the respective wing nuts can be moved several feet forward in its gallows socket to still come within her overall trailer length when folded forward. It could be completely slid out of its socket to keep companionway and saloon hatches free to function. More on her rig below.

Two Tortoise Dinghies Aboard

Before that though, note the two 6'6" x 3'3" Tortoise punts carried between the hulls

on either side. Obviously other options such as inflatables are possible. Whether you want to go as far as an outboard-powered one is up to you. Just remember not to burden Schorpioen with too much weight.

Beyond Displacement Speed Under Power

Finally, between the interest of giving her a shallow run aft for higher speed under sail, with minimal penalties from a few inches of immersed transom, and the obvious implications for her potential under power alone, we went beyond Ed Medalis' 15hp outboard and allowed clearances for at least a 50hp four-stroke four-cylinder, such as the large prop Yamaha T-50, whose lower geared 14"O prop should help Schorpioen move well above 10 knots, we're hoping for 12 wide open.

With her limited tankage of 20 gallons, she would not go very far without added fuel cans, but picking up her skirts ahead of a squall, or just bucking the local tidal rip through the barrier islands, should come in rather handy. The 15hp unit of only about 40% weight should be good for full hull speed.

Her Chinese Gaff Cat Rig

Schorpioen's mission as a trailerable cruiser for two, launchable by one, could not call for the conventional high tension complexity of race-oriented multis of her length. Rather it needed to accommodate the real world requirement of single-handed mast raising via simple worm gear winch and fully tabernaced pipe mast, which in turn meant a shorter mast overall to allow trailering without manhandling the mast out of its tabernacle position. Its mast's overall length is 40', or two welded stock lengths of 20'.

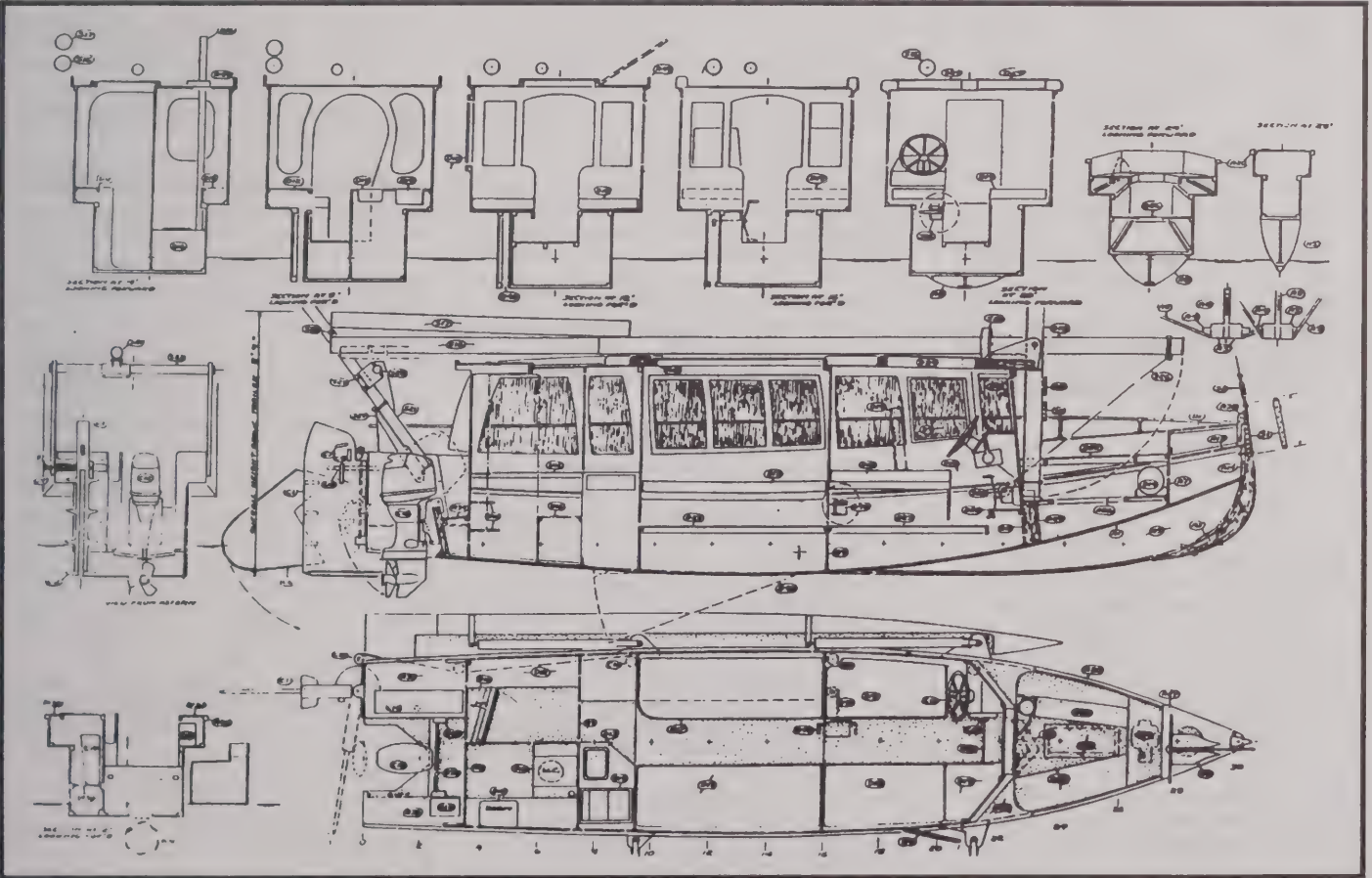
With about 5' of bury below the stout tab-

ernacle for safe raising and standing before stays and shrouds are set up, there is a shorter mast measuring 24' from tabernacle pin to the bottom of the hinged upper section, the two of which combined total over 35' above the pin. Their connecting plates unbolted and the upper mast folded over by hand along the lower, the overall mast length is just within the boat's overall trailer length. With the mast designed for honest folding and trailering, a large well-controllable sail area within these given dimensions promises both performance and safety. Finding a matching sail shape seemed obvious.

Traditionally, the gaff sail found widespread use in Western thinking, while Eastern experience resulted in the Chinese Lug. The former's aerodynamics are better, while the latter's stress control and reefing system is superior. Combining the best attributes of both, while attempting to avoid their drawbacks, in one new sail seems worthwhile pursuing.

The idea had been expressed in a number of our designs before this one. Schorpioen shows the latest thinking on sheeting to produce superb sail shape control for performance and maximizing the ease and safety of reefing the rig. This Chinese gaff rig combines the Eastern full-length reefing friendly battens with the Western luff on the mast and a gaff instead of a yard, all for the sake of better aerodynamic shape to sail faster and more close-winded.

Unlike its Eastern cousin, the Chinese gaff's boom, its battens, and the gaff all ride on the mast with jaws and parrels, preventing both the crude flat shape produced by some of the Eastern battens' stiffness so necessary to allow them to extend well beyond the mast, and avoiding the risks of S-shaped battens too



flexible to produce the best shape, irrespective of best efforts.

On Schorpioen, we chose a simple single gaff cat configuration of the Chinese gaff which allows significant sail area per given mast length without having to resort to a second (and third) sail to accumulate the square footage of 532 ft² offered on her. Between a single set of sheets, halyards, reef lines, and this uninterrupted expanse of well-shaped cloth, this rig combines the virtues of relative hardware simplicity with the opportunity of performance.

Schorpioen's Chinese gaff's battens are controlled by spans to, in this case, three sheets. The main sheet is the convenient one for close quarter quick maneuvering without much concern for best sail shape control and is to be used only in moderate airs. The middle sheet and the gaff sheet only begin to matter when longer tacks and greater efficiency are of concern. One by one these three sheets are adjusted to produce the most desirable shape. Since their pull is quite a bit aft than just down, there is less strain on them and thus less mechanical advantage necessary to handle them with just three rope clutches routing the sheets one at a time to an optional small winch. With that overall sheet geometry, there is little chance of the gaff falling to leeward, to produce the gaff sail's typical twist which, in turn, reduces much of its efficiency as the breeze pipes up.

These benefits come at the cost of requiring the so-called sheet staff aft, in this case a stock 20' length aluminum pipe, which adds some weight and some windage, plus the stinger in the form of an 8' folding plastic antenna to keep the gaff sheet from catching behind the sheet staff. But being of limited diameter and rather low down, their negative impact should be much less than the conventionally taller masts, commonly accepted as geometrically and aerodynamically necessary to set a triangular sail of the order of Schorpioen's uninterrupted 532 ft². Even her three sheets seem no more an imposition on the crew than that routinely expected in the normal handling of a main sail/overlapping jib combination of an area of Schorpioen's working sail.

The relatively slender boom is defensible in light of the limited strain exerted on it by just the lower sail panel in the context of the batten and thus sail shape control by the middle sheet and the gaff sheet. The boom's unusual vang accepts a fairly close proximity of boom/cabin roof without interfering with any foresail in this cat rig configuration. Its fulcrum is the laminated ring fixed on the mast over a foot above the tabernacle pin, against which industrial hard rubber casters on stainless brackets on the top of the boom jaws rotate for full movement of the boom around the mast. These casters are kept under load by both upward pull of the vang forward and the set sail aft plus, of course, the topping lifts.

Between this sheeting system, distribution of stresses and the boom vang, Schorpioen's mainsail shape should thus be fully controllable to any angle between boom and gaff you might prefer. Running off before the wind should allow full control of the sail without the risk of rhythmic rolling, while maintaining the option of pulling in or shaking out reefs under these conditions. Each reef has a leech and luff downhaul of each panel's batten onto the boom to prevent it

from rising or going adrift in a knock-down, color coded, gravity may suffice or it may not. Experience with the cat-rigged prototype of the Chinese gaff sail proved the ability to vary the sail area both while running downwind or beating to windward without altering course dramatically.

In this particular design, sheeting can be controlled from within the wheelhouse, with rope clutches and cleats immediately at hand overhead of the helm, while the hoisting and reefing of the sail takes place just ahead of the helm in the forward cockpit with the halyard's cleat on the mast and the reef line cleats on the boom. This particular split of inside and outside location of control lines was chosen for simplicity's sake, and the halyard and reef lines could be brought inside as well with additional sheaves and greater hardware density around the helm.

As a coastal cruiser, Schorpioen's sail area is moderate by some multihull standards. However, we do not propose any second or more sails to be added to her single sail until after some solid cruising experience has been accumulated and she's been found consistently underperforming. Hull and rig geometry together leave too many options to render any early authoritative judgement on.

For instance, as the choice for cruising under sail the shallows of the Atlantic and the Gulf coasts with limited risk of lateral plane damage, the off-centerboard's up-and-down position would have to be studied in conjunction with the obvious effects of the balanced rudder's capability to carry a good part of the lateral plane, and the given sail area per given course, but also in conjunction with the less obvious effects on overall lateral plane balance by the action of the two hard chines of main hull and immersed float. Furthermore, growing more familiar with the handling and the response of the rig, it may well happen that you'd rather divide her sail area into one more panel way up, as a matter of further reefing convenience.

In her travels amongst the crowds of boats with deck plans and stowage volumes dedicated to stamina-intensive rig hardware management, she may well be considered almost raked in her single sail geometry. Schorpioen's performance as a cruiser, though, might demonstrate that she does well without complicating days under sail with the addition of a jib, however hung, or the more elaborate efforts necessary for a spinnaker-type set-up. There is a certain elegance about doing quite well with less!

Finally: Multihull Capsizing

This design, like most trimarans with high-buoyancy floats, would be hard to capsize by wind alone, short of tornado and extreme hurricane winds capable of lifting the entire boat while keeping the sail sheeted (brain) dead on centerline. But she could be capsized by momentum (cartwheeling by tripping a float while being driven under sail at high speed) or by a heavy curling breaker.

The following should be taken with a grain of salt, as should be all schemes for multihull recovery. Given the hull form of the floats, the former would require a combination of reckless handling and bad luck, particularly in light of the options to vary her overall three-hull geometry somewhat. The latter might happen in a breaking inlet, or in a heavy gale at sea. Placed bottom-up 180° from

top vertical and assuming that the raised deck doors and hatches were closed reasonably watertight, she would be unstable between the narrow buoyancy of the housetop and approximately 500lbs buoyancy of the watertight spars. She would thus tend to float at an angle on the buoyancy of the raised deck and one float, perhaps at between 140° and 160° from upright vertical.

Assuming you can use the drier helm door to get out without letting too much water in (conceivable), the forward float guys would then be accessible. If that of the lower were let go, that float would retract, with the boat rolling to float on her side at about 110° from upright, with masthead and sail in the water acting as sea anchor while the high float and the main hull's bulk would likely be subject to wind pressure, pushing them bottom-first downwind.

If you then get the sail down via reefing downhulls in the forward cockpit, open one or several of the ports in the immersed float to flood it at least partially and, in cooperation with remaining inside crew, unlock and lower the mast, she should recover to about 80° from upright. Pumping water as ballast into the high float would eventually bring her upright. With the anchor and rode probably fully lowered in the water acting as a drogue, she might turn head-to for least exposure to whatever flipped you to begin with. Then the floats could be pumped out, along with the hopefully limited quantities of free water in the cabin proper.

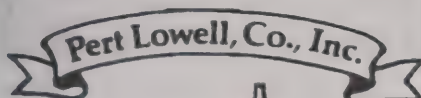
However long it takes for you to recover from the fright and the exhaustion, assuming no serious injuries due to the fumble, you'll decide whether you can afford to drift until things quiet down, whether you should attempt to power her home with floats extended again for wide stance, or whether sailing again is the only way out to continue your passage. Consider equipping her floats right off the bat with a few larger diameter hose connections to quick connect a bilge pump powered via external watertight power supply to fill whichever is the high float.

Whether it is conceivable that all this could be accomplished under conditions that would have caused the capsize, or whether the raised deck structure will have been arranged well enough during construction to remain watertight until the weather turned calm, is doubtful. It is not demonstrably impossible. It may be noticed that any position the boat can assume should leave one means of egress without immediately flooding her, so we hope. This gets convoluted indeed.

At any rate, B-31 Schorpioen should offer serious returns for a fraction of the budget required to contemplate competitors in the market. It offers airy non-basement accommodations for 2 + 2 in a very stout structure, for 3-4 season comforts, powered by a low tech/ bucks rig, and should have surprising speed with that midsection and run, while it still is actually trailerable with a straight face without elaborate launching choreography for 2+ crew hogging the ramp.

A popular 31' folding trimaran currently goes for about \$100,000, plus sails. Sails? As if cars came without wheels standard! Sure. B-31 Schorpioen would actually have a sail included for about a quarter of that.

Plans for Design #649 B-31 Schorpioen on nine sheets of 22"x 34" are available for \$350 US from Phil bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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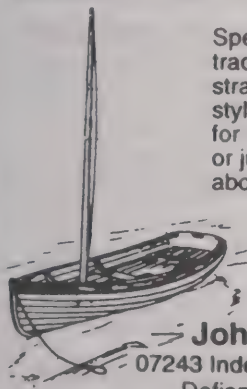
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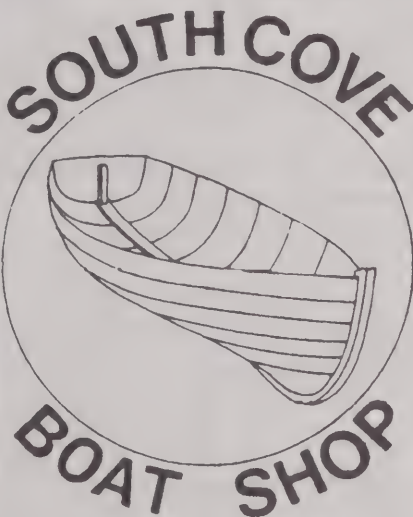
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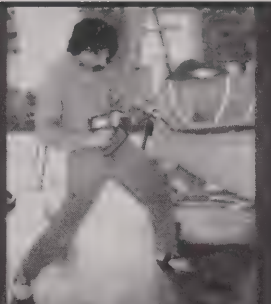
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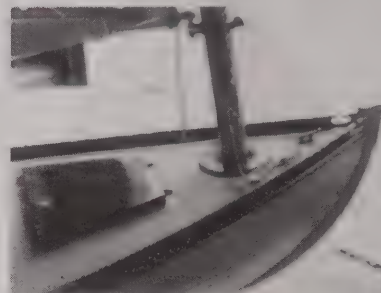
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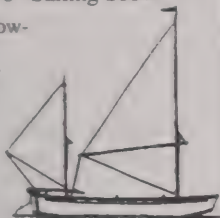
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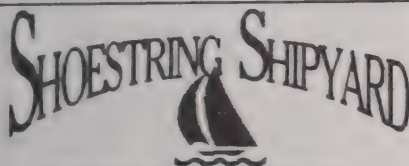
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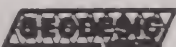
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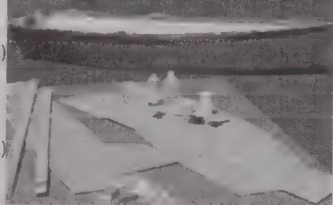
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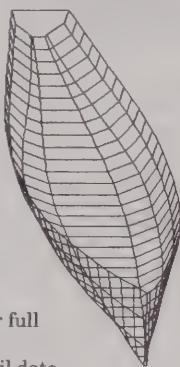
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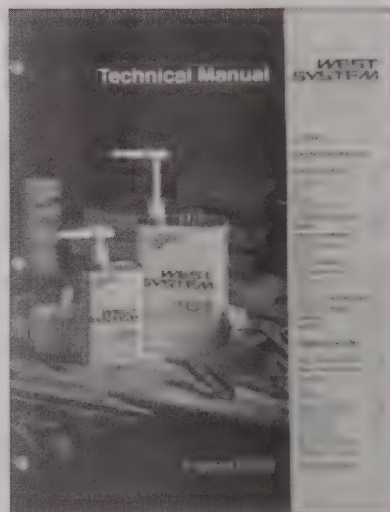
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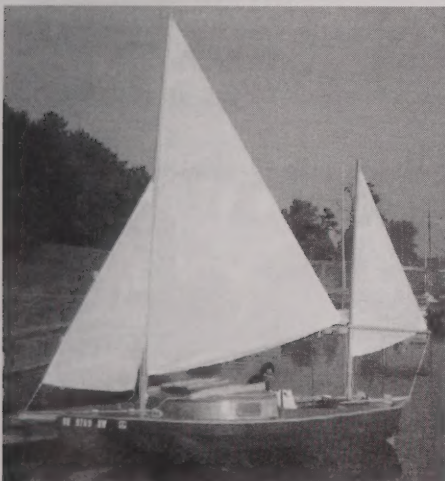
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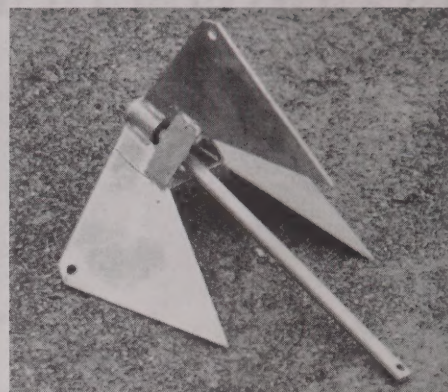
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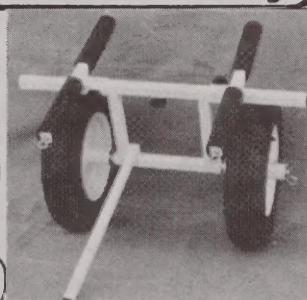
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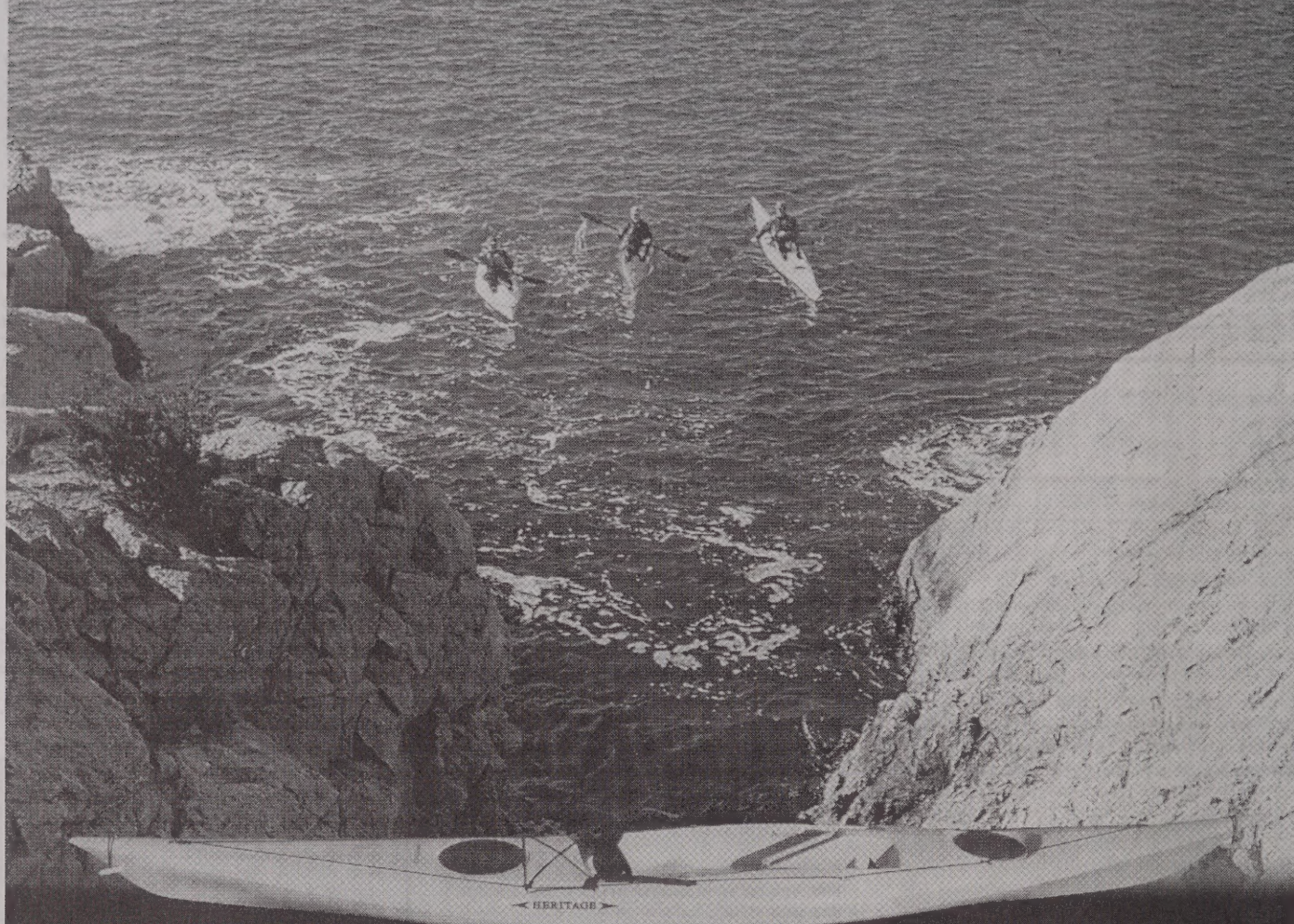
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