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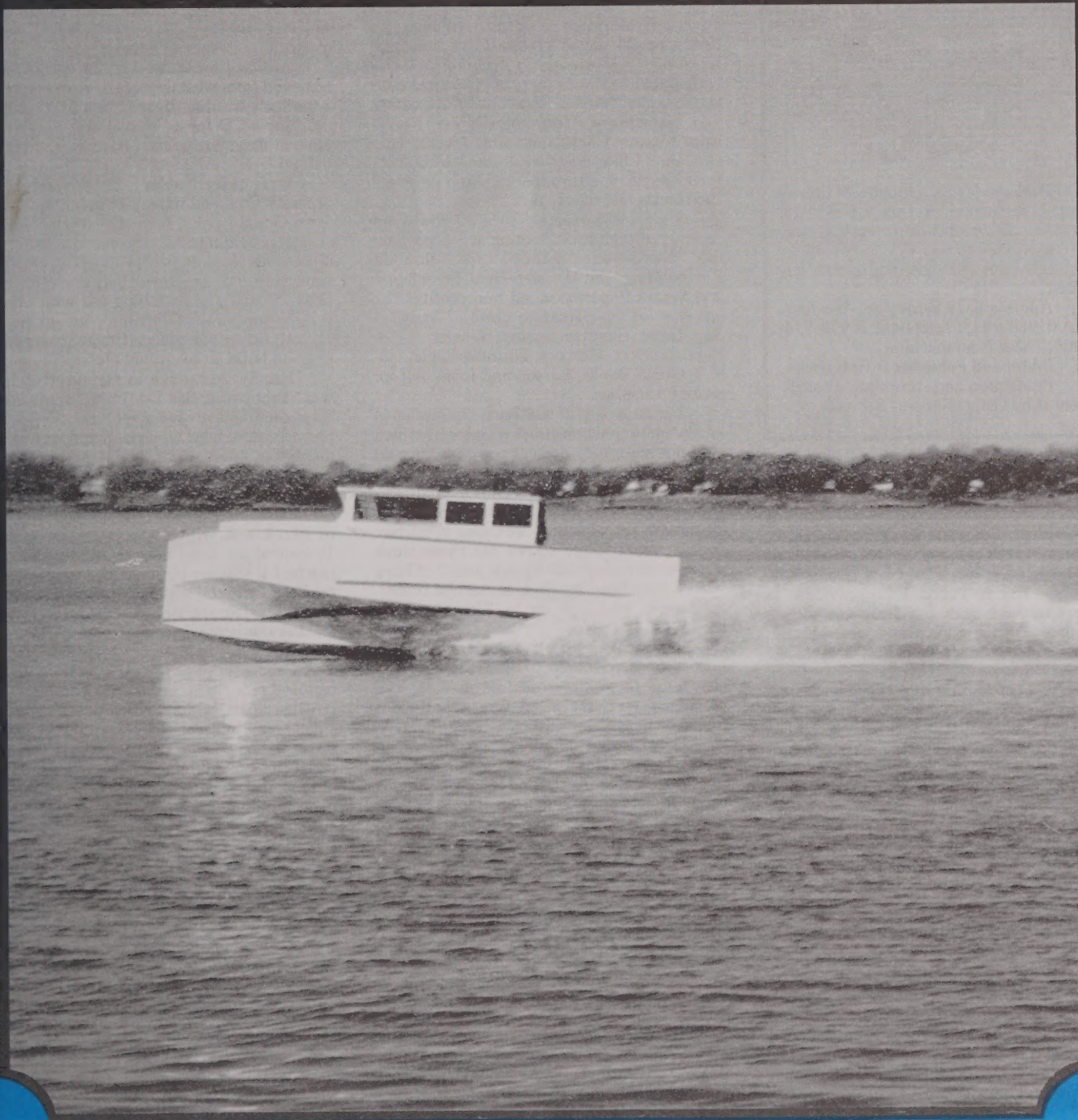


messing about in BOATS

Special Features This Issue
"Interruption" - "Lake Titicaca Days"
"Notes From Bitter Creek Boatyard"

Volume 17 - Number 2

June 1, 1999

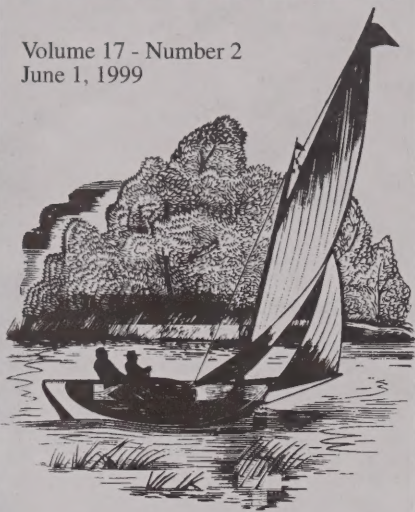


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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

Volume 17 - Number 2
June 1, 1999



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



"Can this be the same game?" I asked myself on a recent day as I looked over two pieces of promotional mail that turned up. "Sea it our way this summer..." announced the headline on a tabloid newspaper from the Port Townsend Maritime Education Alliance, offering up 24 pages of maritime activities scheduled this summer in that Puget Sound community by three non-profit maritime education organizations. "The Newest in Boating '99..." headlined a four color 6"x 9" packet from Treasure Chest containing, interestingly enough, 24 four-color advertising pamphlets for a range of ultra-modern, high-powered speedboats and related techie gear.

The three sponsors of the Port Townsend summer of traditional boating activities were the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, the Wooden Boat Foundation and Sound Experience, all non-profits. The sponsors of the "Treasure chest..." included Sea Royal, Bayliner, Boston Whaler, KVH, Baja, SeaDoo, Mercury, Formula Eagle, Cobalt, Grand Banks, Larson and Icom. All for profit businesses.

The latter sort of boating is chronicled in glossy newstand consumer magazines which I do not read, they are not my style, nor do they relate to my wallet even remotely. But when the marketers of this consumerism target me directly by mail, I leaf through the enclosures to see what they are trying to tell me.

Formula Eagle shows me three sleek powerboats racing side by side ahead of huge wakes, populated by sleek suntanned beautiful people, who urge me to "Come on, join the fun!"

Baja shows me the underside of its speedboat airborne, a cloud of spray behind it, a checkered flag emblazoned on its side. The message is, "See the speed, wear the attitude! Speed changes you."

Donzi shows an athletic young woman diving headfirst off a cliff, her ankles encased in bungy cord cuffs, headed for the surf hundreds of feet below, with a small inset of their ZX speedboat throwing up a cloud of spray to one side. They want me to know that, "Until now, you had to be into extreme sports to experience this kind of thrill!"

Larson is more sedate, their rakish cruising speedboat is shown at rest in a turquoise lagoon with its happy owner reading the paper on the foredeck, his briefcase and business suit scattered in a castoff trail leading back to shore. Larson tells me that "Ordinary boats are for ordinary people."

Maxum is also subdued, two attractive young couples in their sleek speedboat rest in a cove near a rocky shore, enjoying what I am told is "Elegant escape, instant stress re-

lief, knowing you've chosen our luxurious Maxum Sport Boat."

Yet, although it would appear that these boats offer escape, Bayliner, its floating jet plane momentarily at rest at sunset cocktail time, tells me that "No matter how far you go, civilization goes with you."

And as I mused at how far I seem to be removed from what appears to be mainstream America's boating dreams, Sea Ray offer to send me a CD for a "Virtual tour of a world beyond the mainstream." I am indeed far removed.

Well, affluent older folks, probably retirees with time and money in hand, get a nod from Grand Banks, their conservative diesel cruiser providing elegant comfort afloat trundling from place to place. But just in case you want a bit more excitement they also offer their Eastbay fast cruiser, telling me with one of those oxymorons advertising copywriters apparently do not comprehend, that "It took thirty years to build an overnight classic".

Finally, and much to my surprise, here was "Your Dream Sea-Doo" from Bombardier. The hated and reviled PWC in amongst the powerboaters who vigorously object to their disruptive antics afloat. Sea Doo offers me its XPLtd model with the assurance that "Everybody's doing it!"

Well, after all this, the good gray pages of black and white newsprint from Port Townsend are tame indeed. Ah, but they've reached a susceptible reader, I can actually read the text with some interest and pleasure for it's sensible and well written, all about topics way out here where I am on the fringes of "Boating USA Today".

Page after page of details and photos of people I recognize, sail training on large old wooden boats, sailing, rowing and paddling small boats, building rowboats, double paddle boats, canoes, kayaks, sail and motor boats, acquiring boatbuilding skills, woodworking skills, doing rope work, sewing sails, blacksmithing, lofting, carving name boards. All arcane arts totally unknown to the folks I saw in the "Newest in boating '99".

This Port Townsend must be some kind of small boat paradise, and all this goes on from June through late September, with the highlight the three day Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival on September 10-12.

If this is something you want the details on you can write to NWSWB, 251 Otto St. Port Townsend, WA 98368, or call them at (360) 385-4948, email. too at <woodboat@olympus.net>

Those of you interested in the mainstream stuff can inquire of Treasure Chest, 304 Park Ave. S., New York, NY 10010.

In Our Next Issue...

We'll include several features promised for this one that got bumped. Robb White is back with "Jubilee! A Boat Ride"; Garry Osborne takes us on his "Odyssey to Cuttyhunk"; Smiljka Fitzgerald relates how Christmas Eve in Puerto Rico provided "A Perfect Day for Sailing"; Greg Grundtisch describes "Bringing the Good Deal Home"; Bob Austin continues with Part 2 of "Lake Titicaca Days"; and in Chapter 11 of "Track of the Typhoon" our transatlantic adventurers spend "Ten Days in Ponta Delgada, Azores".

Herschel Smith suggests "Weaving a Kayak"; and Paul Labrie presents Part 2 of "Building Spark, a 28' Newick Trimaran".

Joel Glather offers his canoe design as "A Different Approach"; Mark Steele describes "A Model Schooner for All Seasons"; Richard Carsen begins a look at "The Bugi Boats" in his ongoing "Dreamboats" series, and Phil Bolger & Friends weigh in with an as yet unannounced design.

Finally, Garry Osborne suggests that we "Try a Comb for Convenience".

On the Cover...

That's a Bolger "Fast Motorsailer" motoring, builder Steve Crim hasn't gotten around yet to putting the sail rig on his project, he tells you all about it in this issue in his "Notes From Bitter Creek Boatyard".

6.2.99



1999 WOODENBOAT SHOW



The Family Boatbuilding Event: Sixty families built and launched their wooden boats at the 1998 Show.



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Tickets at the gate:

Adults (18+) \$10
Children ages 6-17 \$5
(Children under 6 admitted free)

Advance three-day tickets will be available from WoodenBoat until June 11, 1999:

Adults \$15.00
Children \$7.50

- Boat designers, builders, repairers
- Products you need to build and maintain your wooden boat
- Fifty teams build boats in the Family Boatbuilding Event
- More than 100 wooden boats of all ages and sizes

To bring your wooden boat to the show, please call Valerie LaFrance at WoodenBoat, 207-359-4651.

For lodging and tourist information, please call the Talbot County Chamber of Commerce at 410-822-4606, or see The WoodenBoat Show at www.woodenboat.com.

Please call WoodenBoat at 800-273-7447 for advance tickets.

Our thanks to sponsors of special events at the WoodenBoat Show, especially to Interlux Yacht Finishes for the 1998 Children's Boatbuilding Area. We are pleased to announce that Interlux has agreed to sponsor the 1999 Family Boatbuilding Event in addition to the Children's Boatbuilding Area. For more information about that event, see our ad on page 97 of this issue.

"I'm always thinking about that," Maynard said, and when Maynard talks about boats I pay a lot of attention. We were in his yard, next to the boatshed, overlooking the harbor trying to tie a flapping blue tarp over a skiff. The blustery NW breeze that meant great fall weather everywhere but on the water was trying to wrestle the tarp away from us.

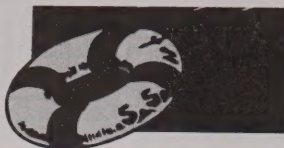
"I think about what would happen if my boat lost power like Nelson's had. I never get close to a lee shore," Maynard said. "I always want enough time to get an anchor out if the engine quits or I get rope in my wheel. Which way's the tide going, how far am I gonna drift in this wind, how deep's the water, how long will it take me to get the hook overboard?"

Buried in Maynard's telling about boats, lobstering, or looking for herring was a message. His words were wrapped around advice. As he often had in the 25 years I've known him, he was giving subtle lessons, sounding my knowledge to make sure I wasn't missing a point that could see me end up like others, losing my pride, my boat, or my life.

"I felt awful for his kids when we finally found Nelson's body on the shore of the island," Maynard told me, "and Nelson wasn't any better or any worse than either of us. We've got family." Translation: what happened to Nelson could happen to you or me, so pay attention.

OK, I was beginning to put the story together. Nelson Greene drowned while fishing from a boat like mine around the same ledges and islands that I poked my skiff around. He got rope wound up in his propeller while hauling short gear on a lee shore.

"I've been thinking about what someone might do to keep that from happening to them," Maynard said. "Nelson had a string of



Small Boat SAFETY

Lessons from Nelson

By Dan McCarthy

traps hauled by hand from a skiff like yours, but had a short shaft motor and low transom."

"It was pretty rough and he was hauling in close on the lee shore of Little Greene. He got a trap warp wound up in his propeller and the engine quit. He was leaning over the stern trying to cut the rope out, and that put a lot of weight in the stern. You remember that Nelson was a big man. He had all that weight in the stern, the engine, bait, gas tank, and his skiff was anchored by the warp caught up in his motor. The stern swung into the sea and wind. A wave washed over the stern, it didn't even have to be that big a wave, and filled the boat. That's all there was to it. In two or three more waves the skiff swamped and rolled over, and they were pitched overboard and swimming for the ledges about 50 feet away."

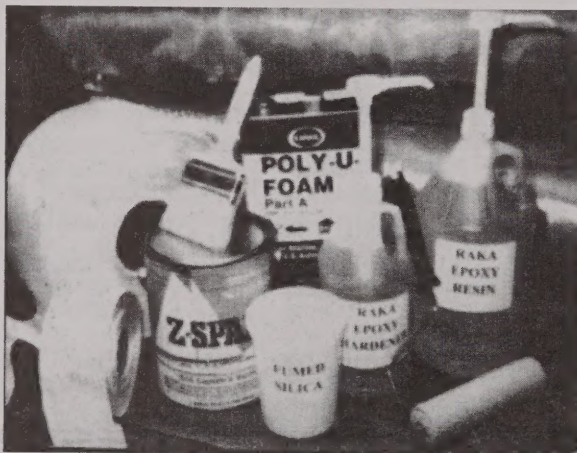
"Nelson couldn't swim much and he was wearing high boots, skins, and wristers. He didn't have any chance, see. The woman kicked off her sneakers and made it to shore because she was only wearing shorts and a shirt. She

only had to go about 30 feet before she could touch, and she sort of swam and bounced off the bottom until she crawled up on the ledge. She was scraped up some by the barnacles, but she made it. We found her, cold and shook up when we came along an hour or so later. Nelson's boat was just under the surface, upside down and still anchored to that trap when we came along. She said she saw him go over and thought he was going to make it right behind her, but he went down like a stone."

"We didn't find him then. We looked all around, hauled the trap he'd been trying to haul, hauled all the gear, but we didn't find anything. People started walking the shore of the islands looking for his body, and a couple of days later he washed up, boots and all."

"If he'd just thought to take a gaff or oar, pulled a little slack in that pot warp and tied it up on the bow, it all would have gone different. That's what you do when you get rope in your prop on small boat. Get that line made fast to the bow quick as you can. That'll put your bow into the wind and waves and give you a chance to work on the engine. It might have been all the chance Nelson needed."

Maynard stopped speaking and looked out across the his lawn, past the boatshed where he used to build lobster boats and seine skiffs. I followed his eyes, over the summer folks' skiffs he took care of for the winter, and I too could see the island where Nelson drowned standing out clearly about three miles off in the fall air. We stood that way for a minute or two thinking about Nelson and the wind and water and ledges. I was thinking about what I learn from Maynard's stories, and he was thinking about his friend Nelson. It was a perfect fall day, good for anything but going on the water.

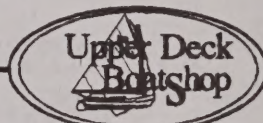


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Upcoming Events of Unusual Interest . . .

Canoe & Camp Skills Day

Our Hulbert Outdoor Center will host its annual low key Canoe & Traditional Camp Skills Day on May 29 in Fairlee, Vermont. It's a day of workshops, demonstrations, activities and displays for the pleasure and edification of paddlers and canoe campers. Participants are invited to bring along their own traditional small boats as well as used boats or equipment for sale in tailgate vendor format. If you'd like to sign on for a specialized workshop you need to do so beforehand for a separate fee, otherwise it's \$3 admission for the day.

Deb Williams, Hulbert Outdoor Center, Fairlee, VT, (802) 333-3405, <Deb.Williams@Valley.Net>

The Meaning Of "No-Octane"

No-Octane: 1. Powered by human muscle, will and ingenuity; 2. Powered by wind; 3. Operated without the use of petroleum products and internal combustion engines.

No-Octane Regatta for Wooden Boats, which takes place this year on June 18-20:

1. Boat races launched in 1991 to celebrate the opening of Adirondack Museum exhibit "Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks", for boats primarily of wood or wood fiber; 2. A spirited gathering of boat owners, builders, restorers and spectators who love to use, look at, talk about, marvel at, learn about and experience the skills, talents, materials and traditions associated with wooden and mostly wooden boats.

No-Octane Races: The heart of No-Octane RegattaWeekend - Saturday from 10am to 3:30pm.

Classic Gunnelling: One person per boat. Stand on the gunwales and propel canoe by pumping it up and down.

Gunnel Paddling: Two people per boat, paddling from gunwale-standing position.

War Canoe Race: 25' and 35' canoes with crews of eight or more compete on three-quarter mile course.

Bateaux Race: Local school students compete in reproduction French and Indian War inspired bateaux. Bateaux were student-built as part of a winter program offered by the Adirondack Museum.

Hurry Scurry Race: One person per boat. Dash 50 yards to the water, swim to boat, climb in and paddle or row to finish.

Guideboat Races: One and two-person races, around a two-mile course.

Father's Day Special: Dad's chance to shine! Two people per boat, with one under 14 years old.

Classic Canoe Races: One and two person teams compete in 200-yard sprints.

Sailing Race: For sailing canoes and other sailing craft, around a triangular course.

Canoe Jousting: The splash of comic relief. Two people per boat, one jousts feudally, one navigates futilely.

Grand Parade Of Boats: One hundred or more no-octane wooden boats on parade, with shoreline narration including boat descriptions

and other information of note.

No-Octane Venues: No-Octane Regatta events take place on Blue Mountain Lake Town Beach and the beach at Curry's Cottages, both on Route 28 in Blue Mountain Lake, NY, in the heart of the Adirondacks. Other weekend events are hosted by the Adirondack Museum, other organizations and businesses in Blue Mountain Lake, and nearby communities.

The Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY, (518) 352-7311, ext. 130 during regular business hours

Moose Maine Rowing Regatta

The 11th Annual Moosehead Rowing Regatta takes place on June 26th at the Greenville Junction town wharf on Maine's Moosehead Lake, open to any oar powered craft ready to tackle the 4-1/2 mile triangular course on what can be, if it's windy, a rough open water lake. Events start at 11am, you can preregister at a saving or post register race morning. Sponsor is the Maine Rowing Association, which requires participants to be members but will provide one month memberships on race day at only \$5.

Betsy Rockwell, Different Strokes, Greenville, ME, (207) 695-2680

Classic Boat Auction

The New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Museum is hosting an auction of Lake Winnepesaukee classic boats, outboards, gear and memorabilia on June 26th starting at noon. Preview is open at 9am. We are inviting consignments.

N.H. Antique & Classic Museum, Moody Mountain Farm, Pork Hill Rd., N. Wolfeboro, NH 03894, (603) 569-0000

Wooden Canoe Assembly Youth Building Program

Families are invited to Lower St Regis Lake, NY July 21-25 to build canoes together in the first family boat building program for the Wooden Canoe Heritage Assembly, a gathering which attracts between 400 and 500 traditional wooden canoe enthusiasts. Hundreds of antique and classic canoes are brought to the event.

Each family will receive a pre-cut plywood kit, with all of the building materials for stitch and glue construction included, of a new design created for young people to build and launch during a five-day program. The 10' long canoe has three boards per side and a beam of 28". A small deck and bulkhead, fore and aft, enclose flotation chambers.

David Niles, a Connecticut school teacher who heads up the building program, says, "This is the first time we have tried a high quality kit boat in the building program at the annual Assembly. I asked Andy Wolfe to design a boat for us that would be stable, lightweight and very maneuverable. The canoe will weigh about 20lbs. We wanted a boat that

would carry up to 185 pounds. I think this boat will provide many years of enjoyment for the young builders."

Andy Wolfe of Upper Deck Boatshop will produce the kits and teach the building program. Wolfe says, "This is a simple small craft that can easily be assembled by totally inexperienced wood workers. The lines of the boat are gentle, creating a very round hull shape. It will be a great experience for both the kids and their parents. No one has to worry about fumbling."

The cost of the program is \$295 per boat, and there is no restriction as to the number of builders. If you are interested in participating in this family canoe building project, contact David Niles at (203) 248-1704 before the June 20th deadline.

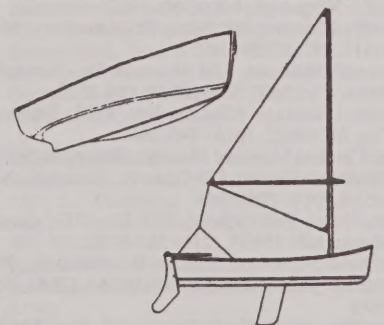
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Blue Mountain Lake, NY

Editor Comments:

While there is simply not enough space available in our 40 page magazine to list a calendar of all the messing about in boats events and activities which are being held nationwide from week to week, we do get letters from some readers who are involved in organizing events of unusual interest in our view. From time to time we will run this sort of information on this page.

If you feel an event on which you are working, or know of, might be of special interest to readers, write to us about it. We may agree and publish your information. You have to contact us well ahead of time, a minimum is a month, but two months gives more opportunity for us to fit in what you have to offer.

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Gooch's Beach, P.O. Box 631
Kennebunkport, ME 04046
(207) 967-4461

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.
Classic Colonial Boats, c/o Russ Marshall, 108 Channel Rd. 2, Alpena, MI 49707, <MardiGras@webtv.net>.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.
Lyman Boat Owners' Association, 499 Foxborough Dr., Brunswick, OH 44212.
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.
Thompson Dockside, Box 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

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.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
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.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.
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, 60 Ft. Adams Dr., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

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.

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.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
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.
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.
The Sound School, 60 S. Water St., New Haven, CT 06519, (203) 946-7262.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert 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.
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950. (978) 462-8681.

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) 932-1765.
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.
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.
Plymouth 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.
Strawberry Bank 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, (732) 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.
Minuteman Model Yacht Club, c/o Jack Sullivan, 33 Rustic Rd., E. Walpole, MA 02032, (508) 668-7163.

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 Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.

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.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

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.

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.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

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 LOR 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

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Spruce Head, ME 04859

You write to us about...

Experiences...

"Think North" Friends Gather

The Wilderness Paddlers Gathering, held at the Hulbert Outdoor Center in Fairlee, Vermont, on March 5-7, was its usual complete success. Eighty of us congregated to celebrate great rivers. The sky was flawless the first night with almost Northern Lights clarity, soon to be replaced by a 10" snowfall. A few hardy souls slept in tents pitched on platforms, as their dogs were tethered outside.

The presentations included many new speakers and rivers, including John Lentz in Siberia, Steve Coffin in Labrador, and Victoria Jason sea kayaking the Northwest Passage.

A busy season ahead appears certain. Laurie Gullion and Bruce Lindwall, with a total party of fourteen, head down the Coppermine River, Northwest Territories, a projected 21-day trip with food for 27 days. With his dissertation wrapped up and PhD diploma in hand, Bruce is now free to pursue his career in arctic and alpine flora and fauna. But Chet Harvey, in his late 70s and most eagerly anticipating the Coppermine trip, looks upon Bruce's accomplishment this way, "Now Bruce is free to go on these canoeing expeditions."

Jim Abel, with Dexter Perkins, Sam Woo, and others (probably eight in the final party) will concentrate on the eastern NWT on the Quoich River north of Baker Lake, with a 2-3 month paddle. Will Lange takes his group to King William Island. Joel and Bev Hollis will challenge the Rat, Bell, Porcupine, and Yukon Rivers. Rob and Elizabeth Perkins go on a NWT paddling expedition. Greg Shupe and his campers go down the George. Victoria Jason heads for Pelly Bay.

Laurie Gullion's latest book, *Canoeing, the Ragged Mountain Woman's Guide*, has just been published. Laurie wrote of her own experiences as well as including quotations and insights from other women in canoe sport. Becky Mason was especially helpful, and presented much material. Laurie recounts the encounter of the 1988 Perry River expedition with the grizzly and her cubs on the Baillie River. It is a great and worthwhile book.

Richard Winslow III, Rye, NH

International Finance

Selling plans for my \$200 Sailboat has gotten me into international finance. Almost 100 sets have been sold. Recently Dean Ivanicic in Croatia saw my web page and e-mailed me for the price to Croatia. I told him \$23 and he asked how to pay. I suggested an international money order, but that service is not available to Croatia. His bank told him to get my bank account number and have them deposit the money to my account. After my bank told me that couldn't be a two-way pipe, I gave him the number. Nothing happened for a few weeks until a note came with a US \$20 and a US \$5 bill inside. He said the problem was getting small U.S. bills. The US \$100 bill is standard currency around the world for all

kinds of businesses, including drugs and gun running, but smaller bills are thin on the ground.

At least ten people have built the boat so far. The most common comment is how quickly they have something that looks like a boat. With no jig or lofting as soon as you bend the side planks to the stem, three frames, and transom you have a boat without a bottom.

Dave Carnell, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405-7850

Wind in the Willows

Recently looking for a technical book in the aeronautics section at Barnes & Noble I came across *Wind in the Willows*. Someone never knew...

Steve DuPont, Osprey, FL

Innocent Days of Youth

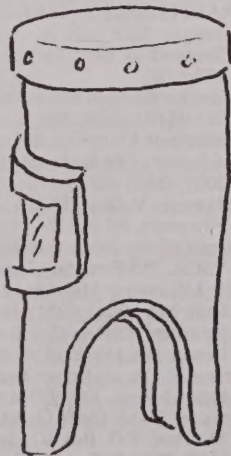
The article in the March 1st issue about a home-made diving helmet reminded me of a helmet my brother and a friend made about 60 years ago. The friend, whose name is Henry Miserocchi and who now lives in Long Key, is a very resourceful guy and the helmet was made out of the end of an old water tank. It was carefully cut out to fit the diver, as shown in the sketch, and looked to us like the real thing. It worked very well, too, except that Long Island Sound is so murky that you can't see very far under the best of circumstances.

While they were "diving" at the local beach club in Old Greenwich their activity caused a number of spectators to gather and among these was the daughter of a major local contractor who asked if she could be permitted to try the helmet. This girl was older than any of us and had long been the object of considerable admiration as she was very pretty and had a voluptuous figure.

My brother and Henry were perfectly willing to accommodate Marie but it was obvious to the two "engineers" that their helmet, with its close-fitting cut-out would never fit over Marie's ample bosom.

Whether it was obvious to Marie as well, and she was asking so as to embarrass the two divers, we'll never know but that is what happened. After some stammering and blushing they made it clear why they hesitated and Marie laughed and thanked them and withdrew her request.

Garry Osborn, Stamford, CT



Opinions...

Further on "A Modest Proposal"

I believe Tim Weaver may be underplaying the role of small boats and grassroots community programs. Also he may be ignoring the greatest and most universally available resource, the public schools. Across the country, there are millions of children who can find little or no reason to attend school. Classes are not only taught in ways that do not mesh with their particular style of learning or abilities, but most of the material that is presented is disconnected from or irrelevant to their personal experiences and interests. These students are the chronic truants and trouble makers. Believe it or not, thousands of school districts are desperately looking for programs which will interest and intrinsically motivate these young people. Allow me to suggest how Tim's proposal could fill this need.

Imagine a group of kids who are building their own small boats at school. They work in teams under the minimal supervision of their teachers. They develop responsible work habits, not because they have to, but because they want to. Moreover, they begin to see relationships among the various types of knowledge and skills required: Art, design, engineering, technical drawing, math, planning/layout, team work, financial accountability and budgeting, chemistry, hazardous materials handling, shop safety, reading and following instructions etc.

When the boats are ready to be actually used, they are introduced to seamanship, navigation, safety and planning, physical conditioning, and other related fields. This is followed by a series of boating trips, planned and carried out with significant student input. During the trips, opportunities exist for keeping logs and journals, writing stories and poetry, as well as reading stories and various accounts of similar voyages (which now have suddenly become very interesting for these kids). The students study the natural world around them and perhaps develop their own scientific studies and experiments, thus learning scientific methodology in biology, chemistry, ecology, and physics. Ultimately, these students become mentors and teachers to younger students entering the program.

Now, perhaps we are ready to discuss local or community small boat programs. These kids are now ready to expand their knowledge and experiences on the water. They are ready to volunteer time and effort in helping to maintain and promote the community programs and give something back to the community.

This is the point where I believe we could begin to move toward the big ships. Now these young people have created a pretty incredible history of their own, a rich history that they can utilize as a yardstick with which to measure the significance and relevance of events like the voyage of the *Amistad*. I can't think of a better way to encourage an at risk student to stay with his studies than to create a realistic, meaningful, and desirable goal. Spending his senior year sailing and learning on a big ship would be a great inducement for these kids. And the fact of the matter is, they would have earned it. This makes their participation a true accomplishment, both as individuals and as the members of a close knit group. There are no phony stickers or gold stars or incom

prehensible grades on a report card. There is a real, interrelated, and tangible set of accomplishments. What kind of young people would emerge from a program like this? I don't know for sure, but it would certainly be great to find out!

I don't know how much of this makes sense, but it seems to me that if we can incorporate every available resource like the community, the schools, individuals, and private institutions such as *Amistad* and *Mystic*, we would have an opportunity to promote these kinds of life-changing opportunities to the kids who need them most. We need to consider what the real end game is here. If it is to help young people become confident, responsible, and knowledgeable citizens in a democracy, then we should try.

C. Fred Bennett, Harrisburg, PA

Skin Strength Problem

About six years ago I designed and built a 4m one-man kayak, sticking closely to Platt Monfort's Ultra-light Kevlar-geodesic construction but with my own lines. Its only problem has been skin strength. It would puncture if I even thought the word clamshells. Apparently, Monfort has had this same trouble. As built, covered with denim, it weighed 24lbs. Now, with a satisfactory cover of heavier duck, its weight is up to 28lbs.

I think, now, with covering material like this strong enough for everyday use, the Kevlar diagonal bracing may not be needed at all. If I were to make another kayak (which I ain't about to do) I'd consider using thin wood strips sort of woven diagonally and no transverse ribs, with fairing stringers on the outside. As this is, in effect, a kayak-shaped coracle it would obviously be a corak.

Herschel Smith, Milford, CT

I Think I Missed Something.

I enjoy *MAIB* very much. After working in the boating industry for forty years I am surprised at the complexity that some folks add in to something as simple as building a little Bolger boat.

One thing I've begun to realize is that many readers are dabbling in chemistry that they seem to not understand at all. Many folks don't understand the difference between epoxy and polyester resins. When I'm reading about adding the starter are we talking about catalyst or hardener? The chemistry is very different but the results are similar.

Last winter, in a series about building in an unheated midwest garage, one reader discussed things like making a three to one mix today because it was only twenty degrees in his garage. All I can say is NO! NO! NO!

Don Duquet's article on building his Toto talks about epoxy resin with a one to one mix and about \$11 a gallon resin. I must have missed something. I would like to buy a semi load of epoxy at \$11 a gallon.

Don seemed to have the idea that the size of the batch has something to do with the cure. I used to do lectures on wood strip building and one point that I always tried to make to my audiences was to make many little batches.

I am now a professional boat repairer working on boats in the 25' to 30' range and I never mix a quart batch. My batches at work I measure by the ounce and the customer gets charged by the ounce. Epoxy resin and its hardener are mixed on the job. The chemistry should not be messed with. The mixture is

determined by the manufacturer and must be kept close to their numbers. I have used epoxies with a one to one, two to one, three and a half to one and the old standard WEST at five to one. Don't try to outguess the manufacturers.

A chemist friend told me that the actual stuff that forms the long tough molecules comes out about five to one. His feeling is that any epoxy needing a larger amount of hardener probably has inert fillers in the hardener to bulk it up.

Another chemist friend said to me that epoxy will cure at some very low temps but that there is a danger of pushing its limits because cured epoxy will soften and then recure more completely with a thirty to forty degree temp change. This kind of change is real easy to come by on a hot summer day. Your finished boat could rearrange itself while it's sitting on your black top drive waiting to get loaded.

Polyester resin has the hardener already contained in it from the factory. It requires a catalyst (a very small percentage) to get the reaction going. The colder it is the longer the reaction takes. More catalyst will speed this up. The catalyst is not only very caustic it is also unstable, if you haven't gotten a finish cure in a couple hours the catalyst has pretty well spent itself so the reaction is done.

I think that an article on how to use resins might be helpful. I'm not sure that I am the best person to write it but I'll think on it and maybe in a not to distant issue you will find some of my thought on the basic materials.

Remember DON'T MESS WITH THE CHEMISTRY!

Mississippi Bob Brown, Indian Orchard, MN

This Magazine

How Do We Do It?

I don't know how you do it but certainly you get more into your little publication than all the editors and publishers of slick boating magazines get into theirs. Good reading certainly it is and nothing of the looming of mega grand boats and equipment. Not only do I read every issue but I find myself continually going to pest issues to dig out data and articles of interest.

Richard Carsen's Dream Boats are fascinating and Bolger always is. Joanne S. Scott's poetry is unique and wonderful. I like the illustration with it too. I keep finding new things in the pages hence the return to back issues.

John Erickson, Shelton, WA

Editor Comments: The good reading comes from those readers who contribute their experiences, ideas and viewpoints, I assemble an issue twice a month. Not too difficult.

Useful Information...

But Where Was It?

Editor Hicks, Roy Terwilliger, et al... Yup, I'm guilty, failing to acknowledge much of *MAIB*'s readership is located elsewhere on the continent, I left out of the Pend Oreille Rendezvous report the fact that Lake Pend Oreille is in North Idaho. Along with Coeur D'Alene and Priest Lakes in North Idaho, Flathead Lake in northwest Montana, and Kootenay Lake

nearby in southeast B.C., a sizeable patch of natural lakes are close at hand in the region. Modern man's concrete adds a lot more lakes, mostly somehow less pleasing.

Each of the large lakes mentioned is in mountain country; each is unique, but all share the usual challenges common for small boat enthusiasts on mountain flatwater. River drainages and mountain forms tend to go every which way, partly due to late ice age activities and stuff like the blowouts of Lake Missoula, etc. Pend Oreille is mostly less than 100' deep in the northern end, with some low-lying shores, while the southern arm has steep shores to 3,500' rise and lake depths to 1,200'. To insert geopolitics where it doesn't belong, please note the distinction between North Idaho and the more usual "northern". South Idaho is an agribusiness suburb community of Salt Lake City. That ain't us.

It's here noted that Jim Thayer neglected to note either the name of the location nor it's state in the recent beautiful Kokopelli V story. That's okay, we know the way there and the rest can call for directions. Two masts make a real boat. Thanks very much for the fine story, Jim.

Next Rendezvous, mid August, 1999. Tomato paste not permitted. We'll perhaps spend more time putting miles under the keels.

PS... Editor is excused (once) for having recently placed us in another state altogether.

Bob Simmons, Sandpoint, ID

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North Star on her mooring.

Lake Titicaca Days

A Year of Messing About on the World's Highest Waters

By Bob Austin

Finding a boat

One of my first orders of business after arriving in a new country on a Foreign Service assignment was to scout the sailing waters and look for a boat to sail on them. The waters nearest La Paz, Bolivia, indeed, the only navigable waters in the country apart from the lowland rivers in the east, were those of Lake Titicaca, some 50 highway miles northwest of the capital city. And, after an off-and-on search of several months, in the austral autumn of 1980, I found what would be my boat for a year.

Though *North Star* measured 26' overall, her long overhangs reduced her waterline length to little more than 20'. But she was still the largest sailboat in Bolivia, and one of a small handful of cruising-capable ones. If there was anything bigger on the Peruvian side of the lake, our courses never met. She was carvel-built, plank-on frame, all wood from the single spruce mast to the floors. She had a 2-cylinder Volvo gasoline engine, berths for two, a head, and a rudimentary galley. According to the bronze plate on the cabin bulkhead, she had been built in Berlin, Germany, in 1958. No one could shed any light on how she had ended up on a lake 12,506 feet above and 120 miles from the nearest ocean. She certainly hadn't sailed there.

Apart from some pulpy spots below the scuppers, she had been spared from rot by the

cold water and dry air. However, that same air had dried her out badly, and someone's earlier attempt at sealing the deck with fiberglass and resin had been frustrated by the shrinking and swelling of the planks. She also had unrepaired collision damage to the upper topsides and deck in the aft quarter. But the bilge was reasonably dry, the standing rigging looked adequate, and the canvas mainsail and two dacron headsails were serviceable.

Tony O., the owner of the two-boat tourism hovercraft facility where the boat lay, gave me the name and phone number of the owner.

Only in the Andes

My offer of \$3000 US was refused, but within a week the owner called me back with a counter-offer, that of an anticrético contract. This was an arrangement that I had seen only in the Andean countries, under which the owner of a piece of property borrows money against it, interest free, while the lender enjoys the use of the property for the life of the contract. In case of non-payment, the property defaults to the lender.

We agreed verbally to the peso equivalent of \$1600, which the owner needed desperately to try to keep his small business afloat. My repairs and improvements would be added to the principal amount and the same amount would be adjusted for eventual devaluation of the peso, then at 20 to the dollar. We took the

verbal agreement to a lawyer, who said he'd never written an anticrético for anything but real estate, but property was property, so why not?

We signed on the dotted lines, and *North Star*, in all her faded glory, was mine for a year.

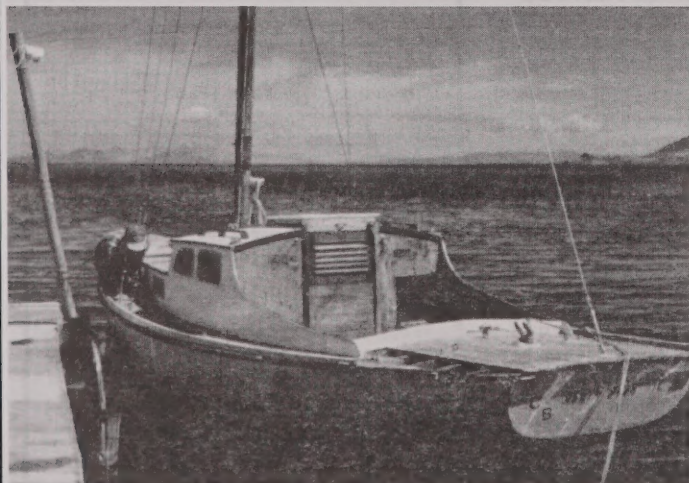
Restoration

I could have patched her up and sailed away, but I felt that would be cheating. Besides, the physical labor was a good balance to my work as a Political Officer in the tumultuous political climate of Bolivia in the early 1980s. Yet another justification for making regular trips to *North Star*'s home port of Cupuncara was the drive itself, a no-speed-limit run in my Ford V-8 pick-up over the 13,000' high altiplano just a few short miles below the snowy crests of the 20,000' plus eastern cordillera of the central Andes.

Tony O., in hopes that his goodwill toward me would help ensure Embassy trade for his own struggling enterprise, let me keep the boat on his pier and provided me with shore power from his generators and security from the campesino family that lived inside the fences of his facility.

For the first two months of my year, I tried to spend at least one day of each weekend, often staying overnight aboard, at Cupuncara, repairing damage, stripping and caulking decks, installing hardware ordered from American catalogues and delivered via

North Star before restoration.



North Star after restoration.



APO, replacing missing floorboards, tinkering with the engine, and stripping and painting the topsides. This last was the most challenging of the chores, involving trying to keep a gasoline blowtorch lighted in air 40% thinner than at sea level, and sometimes working chest-deep in the 50° water alongside the boat.

One afternoon, as I was slowly going hypothermic in spite of my full wetsuit, the residents of the village began to trickle down to the pier to witness the spectacle. A couple dozen were there, murmuring to each other in their native Aymara and discreetly stifling giggles when Tony wandered over, watched for a minute, and said, "You know, Roberto, there's an old saying around here, 'Dios es grande, pero los gringos son locos.'"

Those same people were a valuable asset. One mid-week afternoon I had watched concerned from the window of my Embassy office as the skies to the north darkened ominously and a green-black cloud of mist and dust rolled over the rim of the canyon that shelters La Paz. I approached the lake anxiously that Saturday morning, but breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the familiar white hull alongside the pier.

I then learned that the boat had, in fact, broken her moorings in the same remarkably violent storm that I had witnessed in the city, and that she had been towed back in from the lake by some of the local men in their sail and oar-powered fishing boats. I gratefully distributed my pocketful of pesos among all who claimed to share credit. (Tony warned me not to be too generous, lest I be granted the dubious honor of nomination as patron de la cerveza, responsible for providing the beer for the next village fiesta.)

Maiden Voyage

Our maiden voyage, with the Embassy's Marine Gunnery Sergeant Steve M as crew, would be to Suriqui village, on Paco Island, some 10 miles out into the lower lake from port. With the engine straining at full throttle in the rarified air to turn its sea-level propeller at idling speed, we made our way out the quarter-mile dredged channel. As we gained sea room, we hoisted sail, sheeted home, and began tacking over the sun-dappled crystalline water under the profoundly blue autumn sky.

An hour later and halfway to our destination, I removed a companionway slide and stepped below, onto a floating floorboard in ankle-deep ice water! As I threw the hatch open and began groping for the pail, I noticed for the first time how much daylight was visible between the topside planking, now being immersed by the heeling and plunging into a head sea after who knew how many months of exposure to nothing but the desiccating air.

I began proving the old adage that there's no better dewatering device than a man with a pail, knee-deep in bilgewater, and *North Star* sailed on toward her landfall. I was also quickly reminded of the head-splitting, chest-searing physical agony that doing anything hard, in a hurry, at 12,500' brings on.

We were met by a couple of boatloads of the local kids as we anchored in the bay on the east side of the island, off the village, and they rowed us ashore for a small fee. We were greeted by Pedro L outside one of the buildings closest to the water. Pedro had been recruited by Thor Heyerdahl for his skills in building totora reed boats and had been taken



The skipper with bum boat boys, Suriqui Village, Paco Island.

to the Tigris Delta of Iraq to work on one of Heyerdahl's Ra Expedition boats. He had a room in his dwelling to house his souvenirs of the experience and sold replica reed boats up to 4' in length to the tourists who came ashore from the occasional visiting hovercraft and hydrofoils. The larger of these, covered with a colorful native aguayo serape, made an interesting piece of family room furniture.

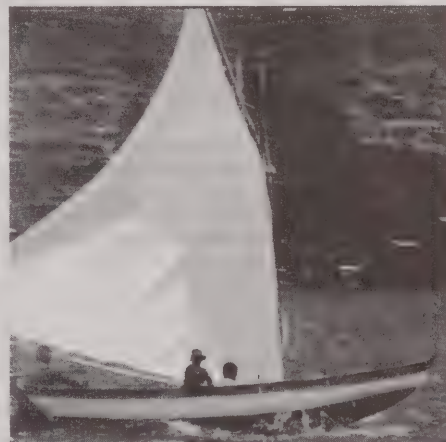
One of the main activities of the adobe-brick village that climbed past its crumbling church to the saddle that separated the two halves of the camel-backed island was boat building. At least in the lower lake, reed boats were built and used only by those too poor to afford wooden ones, and a large number of the latter seemed to be built in Paco. All the wood had to be imported to the treeless altiplano from the eastern lowlands, and all work was done with hand tools, but the local boat builders could turn out an eminently satisfactory product and sell it for what this dollar-rich foreigner considered a laughably low price.

The sailboats were especially pleasing to the eye. Carvel built bottom-up with the ends of the frames driven into the earth and painted in bright colors, they would not have looked out of place beached below a fishing village in the southeast of Spain, or in the Azores. The one large gaff sail was often hand-stitched from white cotton grain sacks. Lack of long and straight pieces of wood unfortunately detracted from the grace of the overall product, in that masts and spars were often spindly and crooked. The shortage of hardware also meant that the tack end of the boom was simply dropped into the bilge where it lodged against the back side of a floor.

The boats, lacking keels or centerboards, did somewhat poorly to windward, but it mattered little as the islanders could take advantage of the afternoon onshore wind and the evening land breeze to commute to the mainland and back.

The islanders came to accept me and my occasional guests, as long as we observed the rules: Do not photograph anybody, especially boat builders at work, without permission, which was not automatically granted. Keep in mind that every square inch of the island, other than beaten paths, belongs to somebody, and that trespassing is considered bad manners at

Native boat under full sail.



the least. Behave discreetly and keep a low profile in general. Remember that the Aymara motto is, "Don't lie, don't steal, don't be lazy," and always respect them for it.

Hotel Petit Andino

I often stopped on the way home from the lake at the Hotel Petit Andino, about 10 miles down the road toward Batallas, the biggest town between El Alto International Airport and the lake. Butch and Sundance would have felt at home there, built of adobe brick finished with plaster and painted in the dark blue that lakeshore dwellers favored for what little wooden trim their houses bore, it had four cement-floored guest rooms and an equally charmless indoor dining area where you could drink or eat meals based largely on meat and potatoes, both whole and naturally freeze-dried as chuno, and other starches, enlivened by fiery locoto peppers.

On a typical sun-washed July afternoon, its Christmas lights were not only still up, they were still on. Rufino, the teenaged son of the proprietors, served the occasional guest and we enjoyed chatting while warming ourselves in the sun at one of the outdoor tables during my coffee breaks. I remembered him at Christmas with clothes from Sears Roebuck delivered via APO Miami.

(To Be Continued)

Date: November 7 & 8, 1998

Place: The Great South Bay, Long Island, NY

Had the *Vodex Vextok*, my trusty and smooth sailing Seaportal 21 out both Saturday and Sunday this weekend. And a fine weekend it was. Fall splendor to an excess. I could, if I chose to, tell you all about the howling gales sailed through on Saturday. Or I could tell you all about the continuing clean up efforts at certain infrequented beaches I happen to know of, or the Horseshoe Crab Cemetery I have established thereupon. I could fill you in on the evidence indicating that this beach is frequented by the elusive red fox (the animal, not the actor). I could describe sitting becalmed under brooding grey twilight skies. I could describe many different things, such a fine and varied weekend it was.

But this despatch is destined to be of a different nature. The author prides himself on sticking to solid moral ground as he makes his way through this strange life. He likes to believe his every stride falls upon the very bedrock of moral principal. But tonight, I am distraught. Is it possible I have strayed from my virtuous pinnacle onto sodden ground? Have I become mired upon a side road of unconscientious muck? Have I left my foot prints in the soft tundra of turpitude? Have I fallen into the well worn rut of selfish ego? The readership must sit in judgement, for this author has found himself unable to grapple with the full dimensions of his recent behavior. Here is the tale:

After an extended visit to the certain beach I have already mentioned for the purposes of cleaning and maintenance, I departed for Watch Hill. Watch Hill is a federal park whose eastern terminus delineates the designated wilderness area on this portion of Fire Island, a veritable jewel nestled along the barrier island about three and a half miles from the mainland of Long Island, its southern shore lapped by the Atlantic Ocean. It's a wonderful place, off-season.

In season, it has become the domain of the martini set, or rather, the Coor's Light set, which is a downscale subset of the former. July and August are witness to a throng of these philistines, swilling booze while lolling about on the sundecks of their pollution machines in either ignorance or simple contempt of the natural beauty surrounding them. Happily, they are faint of heart, and make a desperate sprint for the great indoors as soon as the weather turns the corner into autumn, returning the park and the bordering wilderness to the sort of place it was originally intended to be, one of quiet and solitude.

In that spirit, I was pleased to find upon arriving at 12:30 that I was the only vessel in the marina. I packed my things and made off to the beach, where there was much booty to be collected by way of finely polished shells, glass, and the most curious of slate-like rock ground flat and nearly paper thin in the surf. I have a stack of around fifty of them at home ranging in size from a small saucer down to a coin, and the stack is barely six inches tall. After a bit of maintenance upon a driftwood sculpture I have been working on (it held up well, even though obviously subjected to tidal surge at some point during the week) I set off back to the marina by way of the nature walk, upon which I planned to partake in my luncheon feast at my usual spot overlooking the marsh.

Interruption

By Brian Salzano

I sat down upon my favorite bench (didn't have to fight any crowds) and prepared a delicious sandwich of tuna vindaloo. Really good stuff. Beneath the grey November sky, poised before my meal, I paused and looked about. In the distance circled a marsh hawk. Some plover darted about along the edge of the bay. A bit further down a heron was picking its way slowly through the reeds. All about me the tall grasses and gnarled scrub trees of the swale swayed in the now fading northwest wind.

The clouded sky was a luminous silver-grey. Winter hung in the air. Off in the distance another sailboat was slipping noiselessly into the marina. All was silent. Serene. Placid. Tranquil. Other adjectives. I felt calm, and was enchanted by both the beauty and the ultimate harshness of nature. The distracting mental chatter of daily existence faded gradually and I found myself in a rare moment of complete repose.

Slowly I brought the tasty treat to my lips, its succulent flavors enhanced by the great outdoors. Then, quite suddenly, just as I was about to sink in, the silence in which I had found my fleeting bliss was riven by a mechanical drone, which started sputteringly at first, but soon reached that ear-wrenching pitch capable of being produced only by high frequency internal combustion machinery.

The spell which had been cast upon me evaporated. The plover scattered like leaves in the wind. The hawk, with a casual glance over its shoulder back towards the marina, peeled off in mid-flight and headed east down the marsh. The heron followed. My eyeballs bounced round my skull like marbles in a can of spray paint.

I was furious. I became seized by self-righteousness. The audacity! To come here, HERE, to the National Seashore, the Wilderness, with some infernal whining belching machine to trample upon the solitude of those who are happy to enjoy the great outdoors without the disturbance of mechanical contraptions or TV sets or microwave convection ovens or electric toilets or the whole litany of modern nuisances! This was an outrage against nature itself, and was not to be tolerated.

I sat and stewed, completely unable to enjoy my food. After a few minutes of wallowing in this ill state, I had second thoughts. Surely, perhaps, this was some machinery of vital import to the maintenance of the National Seashore. Or perhaps a fellow boater engaged in emergency repairs in the first safe harbor he could find. Of course! How foolish and selfish of me. No one would ever come to this place of resounding beauty and solitude and turn on a generator or a weed-whacker for no good reason. Whatever was going on back at the marina, it must have been justified by circumstances. I grew calm again, although the repose I had achieved just moments before would be impossible to regain in the face of the background decibel level I was experiencing. I managed to gag down my lunch, almost enjoying it.

Twenty minutes had passed since the racket began. I packed up and set off back to the marina, a ten minute walk. Once there I continued all the way around A dock, and then

all the way around the perimeter of B dock, another 5 minutes or so, all the way to the very last slip on the west side, straight to the only other boat in the marina aside from the *Vodex Vextok*, where I found a man calmly shoving rubber bungies into a plastic bottle while a gas powered generator fumed and buzzed beside him.

The boat was huge. Brand new, too, from its appearance. Probably something in the \$300,000 neighborhood. Aesthetically it was nothing compared to the VV, as it was designed on modern (read UGLY) lines. I was not impressed, and wouldn't have considered a trade for a second. Ha.

I stood there for a minute, waiting for him to give up his little game of pretending not to notice the person staring at him from five feet away on the dock. He didn't hold out for long. He turned to me with that "Can I be of some help to you, little fellow" look that I expected to get from some guy on a 50' long yacht whose starboard jib-winch was worth more than the VV in totality. Being nearly apoplectic I could only turn to look at his generator, then back to him, and sternly utter these three words:

"That's rude," I gestured politely, as if to indicate, "Your turn!"

Not expecting such a straightforward attack, he could only muster the sheepish response, "Gee, guess its a little loud, isn't it."

I replied, smugly, I must add, "Some people come here for peace and quiet. If I wanted that (gesturing) I could stay home and listen to my neighbor cut his weeds."

By appearance, I suspected he was not a gentleman, and braced myself for an ungentlemanly response. But, often as not when people are taken by surprise, there is a lag between the issuance from the gonads of testosterone and its immutable effect upon the psyche. So, before his hormones had the opportunity to turn him into an argumentative hot-head, his more reasonable side delivered the message to me, in so many words, that if I was planning on staying the night he would be sure to make every effort not to disturb my peace.

Although I knew he didn't mean it, and would change his mind as soon as the testosterone thoroughly soaked into his brain, I took it as the most meager of mea culpas, and was satisfied. I informed him that it didn't matter as I was departing straightaway, and, sorry, but I just felt that I had to say something, good night, storm off down the dock in my clumsy water proof boots. I set the kites right at the dock and sailed smartly out of the marina with my hands clasped over my ears in mock gesture. He ignored me. I thought the matter finished with. Hardly.

The next day I departed early from my berth on the Swan with a vague plan of trying to make my way over to Sunken Forest, about 5 miles further west from Watch Hill. An allegedly interesting place which I have never managed to get around to visiting. Winds were light and contrary, so that plan was immediately abandoned. The light weather pretty much forced me back to Watch Hill, as I didn't have a lot of time to spend sailing this day. I was across the bay in about an hour. Sure enough as I approached the marina I saw the mast in the same spot and knew what I was getting into. As expected, bearing down on the harbor I could hear my friend's machinery going full tilt, as it probably had been doing since I left the day before.

Again, my frail ego reached deep into the recesses of my humanity and came up with a bucket-full of self-righteousness, which it dumped over me as if it were cleaning the deck of a boat. I could not resist it. It felt good. But through it all, I still really wanted to pursue this matter with authority rather than emotion. Before stomping down the boardwalk to an ugly confrontation I checked at the shuttered ranger station, where there are posted some sketchy Marina Rules. Nothing there about generators. Fine. Here's some phone numbers. Write them down, get to a phone. No answer at the day number. No answer at the night number. Call the SCPD Marine Bureau. Sorry we don't have anything for the National Seashore. Try Parks. Nope sorry can't help. Coast Guard? Dunno nuthin'.

I give up on the idea of approaching this man with any sort of authority regarding the use of generators on the dock. I am anyway sure it is the most flagrant sort of bureaucratic no-no. But regardless, I will NOT tolerate this intrusion into MY space. This noise polluter must be put down, with dispatch.

I storm down the dock, west, down across, back east, out onto the finger dock. Lean over. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! I knew he had watched me coming over for two reasons. First, the hatch slid open almost instantly. Secondly, the testosterone had had ample time to leech into his grey matters. He was mad. He was also much bigger than me. I was undeterred. It was too late anyway.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to turn that thing off."

But now, the luxury of time had given the fellow time to concoct some snotty replies. "Can't. I'm recharging my systems" (emphasis on the word "systems"). SLAM. He closes the hatch, with a flourish.

There is the dreaded pause of indecision, during which the generator misses once or twice to relieve the tension.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

The hatch flies open in a way that indicates he hadn't assumed I was going away.

"Sir, I must persist. Turn that miserable thing off."

"Look buddy, quiet hours start at ten pm, I can do what I want until then. Don't knock on my boat again." The sentence is not suffixed with threats, but the implication is clear. SLAM.

I wonder what he's up to down there. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! (I got testosterone too). He emerges again, glaring. I beat him to the draw. "Listen you. I'm not going away until you engage me in some civil conversation."

I am amazed, both at my spontaneity, and at the fact that it has its intended effect. Once again, caught off-guard with an unexpectedly reasonable statement, he trips up. The pry-bar had found its fulcrum. The rest of the conversation from this point is unimportant, and too lengthy to recall in detail anyway. Suffice it to say, after trying to explain to him my exact objections (to which he he was fairly incomprehensible) he agreed to turn off the noise-maker for the two hours or so I planned to be there. The story itself is rather amazing if only in that I was neither ignored nor beaten up, which is my usual fate under such circumstances.

Did I teach this guy anything? I doubt it. Anybody who would go through the trouble

of navigating a quarter-million dollar fifty-foot monster across shoal waters under questionable weather all for the privilege of watching TV inside whilst outside the world waxes in autumnal splendor is probably beyond any hope whatsoever. But, true to his word he turned off the machine in short order. Ultimately it was of little matter as he and his partner headed out for a walk and I spent the remainder of my time slinking around the brush trying to avoid contact out of fear of an impromptu thrashing from these two junior industrialists. My great shining moment of courage faded rapidly back into the timorousness which is the staple of my daily existence.

Even as I compose these words, I yet wonder as to the righteousness of my actions that day. Was your irrepressible correspondent morally justified in confronting this Vulgarian? Legally justified? In the summer I could have taken it in stride merely as part of the seasonal invasion of the philistines. But in November, that serene twilight pause between a fading autumn and the dark despairs of winter, it was simply intolerable. I ponder if I am entirely alone in my reactions to these sorts of things, these intrusions which serve no purpose on this planet but to annoy and disturb. Are there others who would have reacted the same? Or am I simply an abject misfit lost in a world of noise and fume, a prozac candidate?

EPILOGUE: January 9th, 1999. I managed to flag down a park ranger on the beach a few weeks later. I recounted the tale to him, querying as to whether I was right to behave so. He looked at me as if I had eyes on stalks, and while sympathizing with the situation, calmly explained I was out of line, on a legal basis at least. I was crushed, and it was only the presence of this fellow that kept me from sinking to my knees on the sand and weeping, not so much for my error, but for a world gone to the dogs.

He departed and left me alone on the endless expanse of beach. I walked slowly back to the bay side, where I beheld once again the sight of the *Vodex Vextok* sitting alone in the marina, and all was silent under the grey sky but for the rush of the wind. Later on, back at home, I leafed idly through a newspaper while my neighbor chopped wood with his chain saw.

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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When we left *Typhoon* in the last chapter, she lay hove-to in a gale that drove her to sea again after she had almost reached the protecting lee of the island of San Miguel. The passage to the Azores had been a much slower one than we had expected, and it was then Sunday, October 3, the thirteenth day after leaving Coruna. Our mizzen mast had been broken while endeavoring to make the lee of the island, our food was almost exhausted, and the crew was sick. In taking an account of our situation, about the only thing I could find to be thankful for was the fact that we actually had made a landfall and therefore were relieved of any uncertainty about our navigation. At worst, it could be only a few days until we should make the islands again.

The last entry in the log for Sunday reads: 4:30 PM: Fox lying on the floor mixing a batch of baking powder biscuits with the last of our flour while the skipper reads the instructions from Horace Kephart's *Camping and Woodcraft*. A big sea just came clear over us, partially filling the cockpit, pouring in the companionway and drenching the stove through the Liverpool head. Nothing seems to have carried away on deck. Outline of San Miguel faintly visible over port quarter.

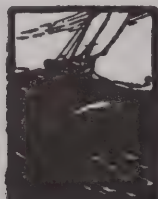
Monday, October 4: All last night and all today we have been hove-to under the trisail, letting *Typhoon* work out her own salvation, which she is doing nobly. Tonight I have been reading Conrad while Jim, Fox, and Charles, tired out from a day of idleness, are asleep after a sketchy meal prepared with difficulty due to the erratic motion of the boat. There is a certain fascination about our predicament, blown far off our course after we had almost reached our goal; our food is low, the kerosene practically gone, the last candle used last night between twilight and moonrise (we are splurging with a cabin lamp tonight), and there is nothing left to smoke.

The night was strenuous with now and then a crashing sea all over us that caused a tremendous noise below and shivered the ship

After nearly reaching the protecting lee of San Miguel, *Typhoon* was blown out to sea and reached Santa Maria several days later with her food supply exhausted.

The Track of the Typhoon

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter X From Santa Maria to San Miguel

as though she had hit a rock. She varies from close hauled to beam-to, and we could avoid the crests to some extent by keeping a man at the wheel. We could not dodge them, there is not steerage way enough for that, but we could hold her pretty well into them. And such seas they are, by far the most impressive I have ever seen.

Unlike the steep erratic ones we encountered in the lee of the island, they are long swinging hills and valleys of water, made up of a succession of lesser seas, and the distance between the main ridges must be from a third to a half a mile. They blot out the horizon except for an occasional glimpse from the top of one of them and to watch these big fellows, towering like snow-capped mountains, bear-

ing down upon us, and then to feel the little vessel rise easily over the crests is fascinating indeed, but it is best to do so with but a head out the companionway and a hand on the slide, for once in every few minutes we get a thorough drenching.

The water is all dark and ruffled by the wind, with long streaks of white, the shredded remains of broken seas, and just astern of us all day long two little Mother Carey's chickens have skimmed the surface of the water, sometimes actually dragging their toes in it, waiting for scraps of food, a trick they must have learned from the gulls. Then there is the singing of the wind in the riggings, the regular tap, tap, tap of the halyards on the masts, the roar and hiss of the breaking crests, and the constant swish of our own bilge water.

This noon Fox took the wheel to steady her and Charles, with his arms about my body, held me against the mizzen mast for a latitude sight. The altitude of $47^{\circ} 15'$ puts us in latitude $38^{\circ} 12' 26''$, which is about 30 miles north of San Miguel, but we are not sure of our longitude as conditions were too bad for a sight this afternoon.

We decided not to attempt to make sail. She might carry the double-reefed mainsail alone, but we can't afford to risk losing it now that our mizzen stick is broken. If we could run before it the risk would not be so great, but close-hauled or reaching with a 10-oz. cross-cut sail in a wind like this, even double-reefed, would be tempting providence; furthermore, it would require a man on deck. We are making less leeway than if we had put out the sea anchor, but we are getting pretty far to the north.

Rotten sunset behind gray clouds with wicked yellow edges and a yellow reflection in the sky.

Tuesday, October 5: Another day hove-to. There must be gales, interminable ones, as well as glassy swells in hell.

Got the crew up early and shifted the trisail to the port side and have been on the starboard tack all day. The crew have been sick but feel better this evening. Fox, who has not sung much today, was performing the solemn rite from the cockpit when a big solid one came over, filling the well and taking him with it. From the cabin I could see him disappear over the coaming and, rushing up the companionway, I found him, a limp, pathetic figure in the waterway; he had caught the lifeline.

Another big sea came clear over us this afternoon while I was trying to bring the sun down to an impossible horizon. Although we tried several times, we were forced again to go without a longitude sight. We did manage to get an observation at noon of $46^{\circ} 50' 00''$, which places us in latitude $38^{\circ} 50' 14''$, and this, if correct, means that we are about 48 miles north of San Miguel.

8:00 PM: The seas are coming over a bit more frequently, but the motion below is not so bad and the crew have regained their sea legs. Fox is singing again. The sunset was not promising, behind gray clouds with whitish yellow light in the sky, but the barometer has been going up slightly. Today we used the last of our rice and condensed milk.

Wednesday, October 6: Wind dropping at last and barograph still rising. At 8:00 AM we took in the trisail and set the double-reefed mainsail, and soon after we were able to shake out the reefs. We are headed southwest and, although in doubt as to our exact longitude,



we ought to pick up San Miguel before dark.

10:00 AM: Set jib and put over the Bliss log.

11:00: Sighted steamer approaching broad off port bow.

11:30: Crossed her bow and found that she was headed NW x N.

8:00 PM: Sighted island off port bow, high and mountainous and of somewhat the same character as San Miguel. Probably it is Santa Maria, although Jim is confident he can recognize our first landfall.

4:15: Charles sighted what appears to be land in a low lying mass of clouds far off on the starboard beam. If this is actually San Miguel, the land we are approaching must be Santa Maria.

By nightfall the wind had died and we lay for the rest of the night in a flat calm waiting for a wind to determine which island we should make for.

Thursday, October 7: All morning we lay becalmed hoping for one of the squalls which we could see in progress all around us. Occasionally a light air sprang up from one quarter or another and finally, about noon, we set the spinnaker to a northeast breeze, which gave us steerage way. Gradually the wind backed to the northwest and, taking in the spinnaker, we set it as a balloon jib and were able to make a knot or two toward Santa Maria. A diligent search through the food lockers produced a smoked herring and one and a half pilot biscuits, which were consumed straightaway with a can of chicken soup, as there seemed now but little chance of our failing to make the land. Our progress throughout the afternoon was exasperatingly slow and by sunset we were still three or four miles off.

As the sun sank behind the mountains, we were able to get a perspective of the island, which till then had been but a flat, mountainous silhouette. Behind the rocky cliffs that formed most of the shoreline, the land rose in gentle slopes to the higher peaks. Here and there a windmill, with gaunt arms outstretched like those of a crucifix, stood out sharply against the yellow sky and, nestled in what appeared to be coves near either end of the island, were little towns with tiny red-roofed, stucco houses like those we had seen on the cliffs of San Miguel.

As darkness came on, we headed for the town near the northern end, expecting that its lights would guide us in, but by 8:00, although we could not have been more than a mile off, we lost the land entirely and there was not a light visible. We had not seen a fishing boat or any sign of life, and it seemed that we must be approaching a deserted village. Slowly and carefully, with only a breath of air to help us, we held our course and finally picked up what appeared to be a small blinker light in the direction of the town. Then another light appeared far up in the hills and still another, a moving one that wandered about the hillside, probably a lantern carried by someone walking along a road.

We waved a lantern, hoping that someone would see it and guide us in, but there was no response. Then, as the black form of the cliffs loomed up against the scarcely lighter sky, the lights entirely disappeared and a strange sound, like that of a phonograph or some strange musical instrument, came out to us. Drawing in closer we could hear the dull rumble of the surf and the mysterious noise we had heard grew louder and proved to be

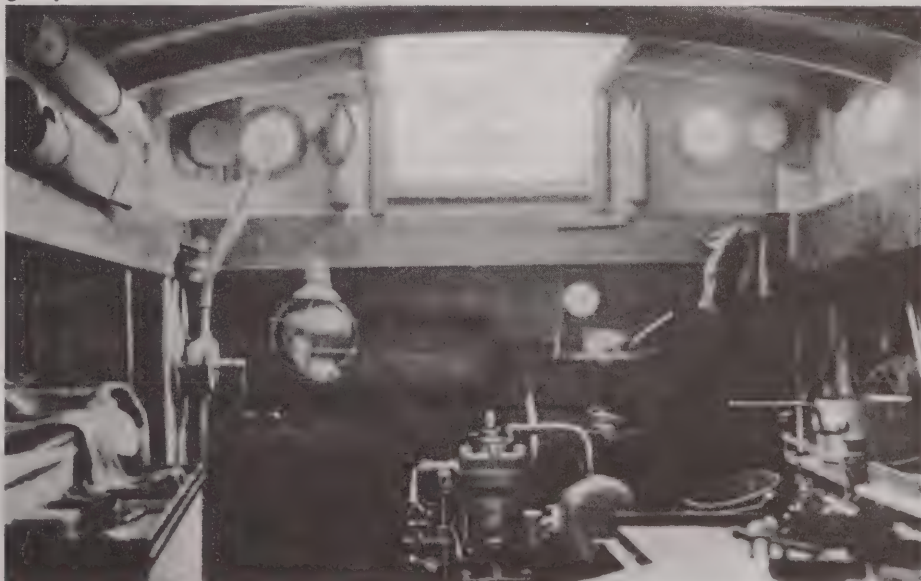


Portugese fishermen of Ponta Delgada.



The forward end of the cabin showing the barograph, chronometer, and mascot from the old *Nereis*.

The companionway steps removed showing the motor, rotary bilge pump, and a corner of the galley.



the mingled cries of thousands of night birds in some rookery along the cliffs.

Knowing nothing of the character of the shore, we came about and made a number of short tacks along the coast, hunting for the little cove we had lost, which finally appeared as a low spot in the skyline of the cliffs that towered above us. It was all quite mysterious, working our way in with the lead line with no lights, no charts, no moon, much like the gun-running expeditions that Conrad tells about. We kept the lead going until we got four fathoms and could see the phosphorescence of the surf breaking on a point to starboard of us and then let go the hook.

The faint, ghost-like forms of the houses were just discernible, but in all the place there was not a single ray of light. It reminded me of that eventful night when Matey and I anchored the *Nereis* in Miquelon Roads and, as we had done then, we turned in wondering what sort of a place we should find by daylight. There was a difference though, for on that night we had a bull bird stew with dumpplings, whereas this time we turned in empty. It had taken us 17 days to make the run from Coruna, longer by a day and a half than our passage across the Atlantic from Cape Race to the Scilly Islands.

Friday, October 8: Turning out early we found that we were anchored in the middle of a natural amphitheater, the beauty of which made us forget that we were hungry. The shore of the cove was lined with a row of little stucco houses, blue, pink, yellow, all with red-tiled roofs. Back of the houses tiny rockbound fields extended ladder-like to the very sky. A single road stretched from a pink and white church on the right through the village and lost itself far up in the hills to the left. It was one of those bully roads for which the Portuguese seem to have a passion.

But best of all, the village was alive. A donkey, almost hidden by his load, minced his way along the waterfront, and at a little shingle landing beach a knot of people already had gathered to meet the strange little vessel that had dropped in on them so mysteriously in the night.

Fox and I rowed ashore in the clink and were welcomed by a most hospitable and picturesque crew, who shouted instructions to us as we made our way in among the rocks and surf. As we touched the shingle, a dozen willing hands grabbed the little tender, carried her far up the beach, and then welcomed us most heartily in perfectly good old slangy American. Out of the noise and confusion that ensued we gathered that we had made the town of San Laurencio, and that most of the inhabitants had served their time in the shoe factories of Massachusetts.

After 17 days at sea our legs were a bit wobbly and then, too, we were ravenously hungry, a fact that these good people seemed to take for granted. One hospitable soul, Agostinho de Laura, giving up all thought of his day's fishing, led us to his own little home and insisted that we eat and drink before there could be any further parley or sight-seeing. After a dinner of salt fish, wonderful bread, and what we recognized immediately, even after weeks of estrangement, as eggs, and many glasses of the local vinho, Fox was dispatched for Jim and Charles, and I was led to the home of the most prominent citizen, who had heard of our arrival and had requested "the honor" of a visit.

Our host proved to be one Albino Augusto Pereira, a distinguished citizen of Villa do Porto, on the other side of the island, who spends his summers here among his grapevines. A table was set with cakes, fresh figs, oranges, bananas, apples, and other things, the names of which were strange to me, and as we ate and drank countless glasses of vinho, he sat and enjoyed it all while the other members of his family and neighbors, hats in hand, crowded the doors and windows and lined the walls.

Realizing that the state of our finances would not permit us to stock up as we should have liked to do, we explained to our host that we needed a few simple supplies to take us as far as Ponta Delgada, possibly some dried fish, flour, and potatoes and a bit of vinho, and he dispatched a runner to the nearest town up in the hills for a special dispensation, for it was against the law to trade with foreign vessels.

When we could eat and drink no longer, the entire company went for a tour of inspection about the town. The place seemed to be devoted to the raising of grapes and the ladder-like fields on the slopes back of the town were green with vines, and each little house had its own wine press. That of Senhor Pereira was the most pretentious one in the village, consisting of a huge stone basin in which the grapes are pressed by means of an immense lever and wooden screw.

Not the least important of our company was the priest, an impressive looking gentleman, with white shoes and a black-and-white checked suit which would have looked more at home on Broadway than in this out-of-the-way corner of the world. At our request, he led us to the little pink and white church we had seen from the boat. It had been built a couple of hundred years ago, but was in a remarkable state of preservation due to the mild, almost tropical climate of the island.

Although but about 20' x 25' inside, the room was large enough to accommodate all of his little flock. It was bare of furniture except for an elaborately carved and painted altar at one end, and the floor was carpeted with long pine needles. In a sort of anteroom or confessional, separated from the main room by a wooden grill, our friend had a collection of curious stalactites which he had gathered from a cave on the island, and he insisted on our taking some of them for souvenirs.

Like all the islands of the Azores, Santa Maria is of volcanic origin and the lava is used in the construction of the houses, the building of roads, and for the fences of the tiny fields. Except for the small trees, suitable only for firewood, thatching, and the like, there is little timber on the island and the heavier beams of the houses, the doors and the shutters with which the windows are all closed at night, are all made of driftwood picked up along the shore. This wood is brought to the islands from the tropics by an offshoot of the Gulf Stream, and it is all honeycombed with the borings of the teredo, as large as a man's finger, giving a curious decorative effect to the woodwork.

Along the waterfront great thickets of bamboo grow wild, and in the little protected valleys we found orange and banana trees. Instead of matches, these people still depend on the flint and steel and for tinder the pith of the big central shoot of the century plant is used. There are no stoves, the cooking being done in the most primitive way, over a fire of sticks on a stone slab or shelf built into the side of

the kitchen. The bread is baked in stone ovens, which are brought to the required heat by first building a fire in them, just as our ancestors did a century or so ago.

In our tour of the town we dropped in at the home of Manuel Perry, another progressive townsman, who owned the only still in the place, with which he made brandy from the local vinho. The result is a white liquid of extreme potency, much like vodka or the Scandinavian schnapps, and for quick and sure results it is far ahead of anything we can boast, even now that the late Constitutional Amendment has flooded our fair land with liquid dynamite disguised as whiskey.

We learned from Senhor Perry a thing that made us wish that *Typhoon* were a tanker instead of a modest little yacht, namely that since the Portuguese escudo, which before the war was nearly on a par with the dollar, is now worth only about sixteen cents, it is possible at present to buy seventeen-and-a-half gallons of vinho, or three-and-a-half quarts of brandy, for the equivalent of a single American dollar. At the risk of over-populating this delightful place, we might add that one of the quaint little houses might be rented for an entire summer for about \$25.

By this time the courier had returned with permission from the authorities to let us have anything we required, and we found that Senhor Pereira, anticipating this permission, had prepared a stock of provisions for us of such generous proportions that we began to worry about our ability to pay for them. But it seems the kind old gentleman expected no remuneration and at the suggestion of our English-speaking friends, we carefully avoided any mention of the matter.

There were gifts from the other townsmen of bread, vinho, and brandy and as no one would accept a cent, we gave the money to the kids instead. On the way back to the tender we found an old lady selling herring that the fishermen had just brought in and offered her an English shilling for a mess of them. She gave us a peck, which was all she had, and seemed to feel a bit conscience stricken that she hadn't more to offer us.

Before we left, we took the opportunity to inspect the little fleet of half a dozen fishing boats which in many respects were like those we had seen in Spain. They are double-enders with fine waterlines but full deck lines, due to the reverse curved sections at the bow and stern. Each boat was equipped with what at first glance seemed to be a tiny tender about 5' long, but which proved to be a sort of live well in which the herring are towed home alive after they are taken from the nets. They are miniatures of the larger craft with open seams to permit the circulation of water, and the wood in their construction is sufficient to keep them afloat, even with a load of fish.

All of our friends gathered on the little beach to see us off and their genuine friendship would have been impressive indeed to most dwellers in cities where such attachments are not made in a day. It seemed unbelievable that we had been there but a few hours and it was only after many promises to write to them that they would permit us to leave so soon. It was just another instance of the hospitality that is the rule rather than the exception among people who live close to the sea.

After presenting our friends with our spare American ensign, we got under way at 3:00 PM with double-reefed mainsail and jib

and headed for Ponta Delgada, which is situated toward the western end of San Miguel and is about 55 miles northwest of Santa Maria. The strong southwest wind with which we started died early in the evening and we spent the remainder of the night rolling about in a flat calm with everyone below.

Saturday, October 8: St. Miguel is about 40 miles long, and at sunrise the island lay stretched out ahead of us in plain view, except for the western end which was lost in haze and the tops of the tall volcanic mountains which were shrouded in clouds, as they always seem to be. Occasionally parts of the island were obscured by rain clouds. We could see several towns, one of which we took to be Ponta Delgada until the western end of the island took form and finally the city itself. A light

breeze from the southwest gave us steerage way for an hour or so and then a breath from the southeast came, only to die as its predecessor had done.

Disgusted with our slow progress we slatted about for several hours in the middle of the day, swimming occasionally to break the monotony, until a strong breeze from the land sprang up, allowing us just to fetch Ponta Delgada on the starboard tack. As the sun set we were still several miles from the town, which seemed to be a big place with a forest of masts rising above a stone breakwater. Several little coasting vessels farther inshore either were getting a stronger breeze or else were extremely smart sailers, for we found it difficult to hold our own against them. One little vessel in particular, with an odd rig that we

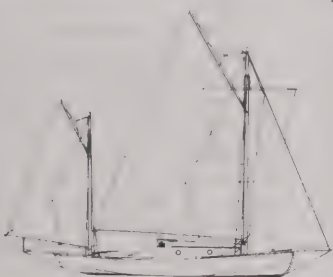
found later to be a threemaster with tremendous lateen sails, put it all over us and anchored in the harbor long before dark.

On none of our charts was the island of San Miguel more than about an inch long, so we were totally in the dark as to the layout of the harbor. Before long we were literally so and were forced to make our way in carefully with the help of the lead. Guided by the clock tower and the lights along the waterfront, we reached the inner harbor without difficulty and anchored off what appeared to be a public landing. We had been told at Santa Maria that Ponta Delgada was under quarantine for bubonic plague and that no vessels were allowed to put in there, but we got in without so much as a challenge and were not discovered until the following morning.

(To Be Continued)

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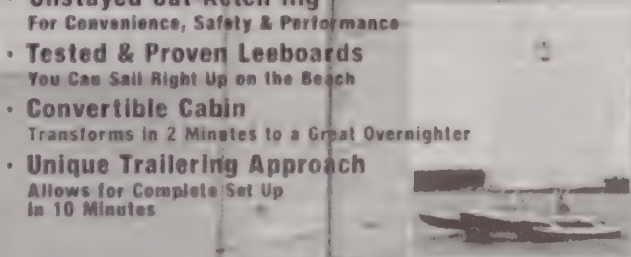
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Notes From the Bitter Creek Boatyard

By J. Stephen Crim

We were sitting in front of a campfire one cold, rainy evening in late September in Yellowstone, close to the end of a 30-day camping trip. The campground was crowded because the park had started to close some campgrounds and park officials were herding campers into smaller camps. There were motor homes with gensets running, kids and dogs were running through our "secluded wilderness" campsite, and a group of foreign students was singing beer drinking songs right next to us. I felt like I was at a tailgate party at Texas Stadium before a Cowboys game instead of "camping out." I asked myself, "what's wrong with this picture?"

We took a short hike just to get away from the crowd for a little while and came to the shore of one of the prettiest lakes I've ever seen. Lake Yellowstone is ringed with heavily forested shores with the Rocky Mountains for a backdrop and, even though it has launch ramps and courtesy docks, there was not a single boat on the huge lake. I thought, "If I had a boat tied up to a pine tree on the other side of that lake, I'd be having a real wilderness experience right now instead of 'camping out' in a parking lot."

I had just retired and had recently read Larry Brown's books about trailer sailing and frugal yachting, which struck a chord in me. We wanted a boat we could trailer to lakes, rivers, and canals so we could explore scenic, uncrowded places in solitude. Having previously owned sailing dinghies and a Hobie cat, we didn't think of ourselves as motorboat types, so we started looking for a sailboat. We soon bought a new 23' water-ballasted, plastic trailer sailer, with an "easy" mast raising system. We were beginning to work our plan when that boat suffered a direct hit by a Mother's Day tornado as it sat on its trailer in dry storage at a marina here in the Dallas area. Fortunately, we weren't there that day. It was totaled after we had owned it less than four months. "Man plans — God laughs."

We replaced her with a "pre-owned" 20' open cockpit Sharpie known as a Lightfoot. I particularly like the Lightfoot because, with the two free-standing masts with furled spritsails stowed under the seats, she can be used as a motor launch and rigged to sail quickly.

On our first "trailer sailing" excursion we headed for the beautiful lakes of Arkansas. We spent the first day intending to explore a large lake, keeping an eye out for waterfront real estate to investigate buying for a retirement place. With her masts stowed, we were mo-

toring our sailboat. The morning started out normal enough but, as we cleared the cove where the launch ramp was sheltered, a squall blew up which changed our plans. The waves were too high and the wind too strong for our little 5hp motor. We were losing the battle to keep off a rocky lee shore, so we turned back toward the shelter of the cove. "Don't worry, we can clear that rocky point, no problem."

Just then the 20-year-old outboard (which I had just spent \$200 on to have tuned up) died. It wouldn't restart. We were now drifting sideways faster than we had been powering forward. "Don't worry, I'll just break out the sailing rig. We can still clear the point, we don't need no stinking motor." But just as we got underway, the wind died. "Don't worry about that rocky point now, we can just fend it off."

It seems that every issue of *MAIB* has at least one story about a near tragedy in a sailboat because of too much wind or not enough. Murphy must have laws about wind and sailboats, I know he has laws about small outboard motors.

So we drifted wing on wing, but not really sailing, luckily toward the ramp, slower than a duck can paddle. I know this because a smart aleck mallard followed us for at least two hours begging handouts from our picnic and, unable to understand why we were going so slow, he frequently paddled past us only to stop and wait for another cracker. "Honey, is that duck actually laughing at us?"

We did the paddling the last quarter-mile and got to the ramp just before sundown, having spent the whole day not even getting to the big part of the lake. Forget seeing any real estate. We did have a relaxing afternoon though, just thankful that we hadn't fetched up on that dreaded lee shore. Just as we were wading ashore (there was no courtesy dock), sunburnt and tired, a motor boat cruised by heading toward a beautiful sunset at about 30 mph. Of course the people on board were laughing and having a good time, oblivious to my mood. I had to ask myself again, "what's wrong with this picture?" Obviously we needed another boat, maybe one that does more motoring than sailing?

So the search began. I won't bore you with the details of my search for the right boat. Suffice it to say that I never met a boat I didn't like, but then I never met the "right" boat either. While I was searching diligently for the perfect boat, I found a stack of about 40 old *WoodenBoat* magazines and some *Small Boat Journals* at a used bookstore, and I was

hooked. People actually built their own boats at home, maybe I could, too. I had the time and the inclination, even if my skills were doubtful.

I spent almost two years studying boat designs, writing and rewriting my wish list, researching building techniques, discovering and pestering Phil Bolger and others with naive questions, trying to work up my courage to undertake such a formidable project. The books and articles argued convincingly that anyone could build a boat using the "new" techniques and materials. I wanted to believe! I bought the plans for Bolger's Martha Jane and, after figuring out the notation for "feet, inches, and eighths plus or minus a sixteenth," I built a balsa wood model, but I was still skeptical that I could actually build a real boat out of full size sheets of plywood. The last thing I wanted was to have a half-finished, 23' plywood hulk sitting in the carport.

My wife had some thoughts along those lines too as she pointed out that I have been known to leave a project "untended" now and then. Maybe Dirty Harry was right, "A man's got to know his limitations."

I wanted a truly trailerable (not just a moveable) boat. We plan to trailer her long distances to get to scenic cruising grounds, utilizing the boat as a "travel trailer" on the road when necessary. She should be able to accommodate two people for at least a week or two on the water, and she must be relatively easy for a "mature couple" to launch, rig, and retrieve. I know from experience that "if it ain't easy, she ain't going." I thought I wanted the option to be able to sail her (if and when Mr. Murphy allowed) but, knowing that by far most of our boating would be motoring, I also wanted to have some speed capability in reserve to be able to outrun weather, avoid larger vessels, or just get somewhere in a hurry if I want to. I also wanted power (torque) available for maneuvering at the dock and getting on the trailer.

Bolger recommended the perfect solution to my wish list, the Fast Motorsailer (FMS). It's in his *Boats With an Open Mind*. This was before his Retriever and Champlain designs were introduced in *MAIB* in 1996. Fortunately, I was already about 50% complete with my hull by then, or else I might still be trying to decide between these three designs. I think these recent 22' trailerable outboard designs are handsome, and I'm sure they will be very enthusiastically received by Bolger's fans, but I would suggest that anyone interested in a cruising motorboat of this type also consider

the Fast Motorsailer, without her sailing rig, because she makes a fine motor cruiser. For those of us who are ambivalent about sailing, but want to keep our options open, she does, of course, have that capability.

I've postponed rigging her to sail, mostly because she has such a good planing hull and we are using her to cruise inland waters. I would like to sail her some day, if only to satisfy my curiosity, but for now, leaving off the mast with its large sail, as well as the large leeboard and rudder, makes her much easier to trailer.

The FMS's hull is designed differently from Champlain and Retriever in that she has deadrise of about 20 degrees and the hull has a distinctive flare at the bow where the bilge panels sweep upward. The "box" formed by the cutwater does not extend all the way aft as it is blended into the bottom of the bilge panels toward the stern. As a motor sailer, she was designed to handle the rough waters of the Pacific Northwest, and with her high topsides she is quite dry.

In his series on the four "22-footers" in *MAIB*, Bolger discussed the performance characteristics of each. His description of the Inlet Runner's hull shape and performance most closely fit those of the FMS (See *MAIB* Oct. 1, 1996). In his book he said of the Fast Motorsailer, "It's my belief that there has never before existed such a combination of sailing performance, power performance, usable space, lightness and compactness, and low cost."

While the FMS was not designed as a speedboat, she does plane easily, making it tempting to open the throttle on occasion. My top speed is 34 mph (by GPS) with a 140hp, fuel-injected, 2-stroke outboard engine. Obviously this is a much larger engine than Bolger recommends in her motorsailer configuration. We initially tried a 70hp 4-stroke engine, but it just wouldn't push her over a disappointing 16 mph, which was definitely planing speed, but the engine was redlined. I wanted to make at least 20 to 22 mph, which provides a much cleaner plane and gets her over the hump.

At first I was concerned about hanging such a heavy motor on her, but with her beam (buoyancy), that 370 pound engine (plus 40 gallons of fuel and two batteries as well as all our other gear) is no problem. I know she can even carry her own 2,000 pound trailer quite easily, if one forgets to remove the stern tie-downs before launching her. "Honey, why is the trailer floating? Did you put too much air in the tires?"

With Bolger's help, I was fortunate to find Bob Cushing in upstate New York who has built a beautiful Fast Motorsailer, as well as the Bolger-designed Microtrawler and Chebacco. Bob hasn't rigged his FMS to sail either, opting instead to use her as a motor cruiser. Since I was too unsure of myself to attempt to build a boat I'd never seen, and since I'd only seen one other home-built boat (a Martha Jane), we drove to Cazenovia. We were impressed with his Fast Motorsailer's performance, accommodations, and looks. It seemed to actually fit our wish list rather well.

Since this was my first endeavor as a boat builder, I was tempted to first build a smaller boat for the experience, and to perhaps mitigate my exposure should my project fail. I was attracted to the Microtrawler, thinking its appearance would appeal to my wife, but she



If a secluded campsite can't be found, we have our "travel trailer" handy.

Our home afloat on camping trips can take us where we wish to go, fast or slow.



insisted, "It may be cute, but we don't need another small boat." Bob shared his building experiences with me and his opinion was that the larger boat was no harder to build than the smaller one.

So, fortified with his reassurances of how "easy" it was, dozens of his construction photos, and his telephone number, I decided to go for it. If he could build his boat in nine months, I should be able to do it in about a year. My estimate was only off by about 12 months, but then I was giving myself a combination wood working/boatbuilding course as I worked. (I still have a rather formidable scrap pile.) Fortunately, Bob is exceedingly generous with his time, encouragement, and advice, without which I never would have been able to get through the project.

Following Bob's lead, I modified Bolger's plans for the interior to accommodate the extended cruising we want to do. She has a blunt forward section making for a surprisingly wide V-berth. The main cabin was modified (from Bolger's plans) to create a fairly typical (sedan) cruiser interior. I lengthened the cabin profile about 12" over the foredeck in order to create a shelf for electronics in front of the helm, and I increased her sheer line at the cockpit about 4", giving more back support to the cockpit seating. Like Bob, I also put hatches in the cabin roof allowing us to sit up top on occasion.

She has a low profile sitting in a marina slip with comparable production cruising boats, and next to them is quite unobtrusive. She seems to have a quiet dignity compared

to these modern boats with flashy graphics and aggressive designs. She never fails to attract attention wherever she goes, on the water, at the dock, or being towed down the road I've even had people jump in their cars and follow me to ask about her. Almost everyone who sees her wants to talk about her, but then I'm sure that this is not news to anyone who has one of Mr. Bolger's boats.

On our first overnight shakedown road trip/cruise, we enjoyed a beautiful autumn evening cruise on beautiful Lake O the Pines, about 150 miles from home, content with the way our plan was coming together. That night we put her in a transient slip at a marina and ended up visiting with local skippers patiently and proudly answering questions. "It's a cutwater, (louder) CUTWATER, (slower) C-U-T-W-A-T-E-R."

Remembering my brother-in-law's brief but unsuccessful experience trying to fiberglass a wooden hull 30 years ago, I knew I didn't want to spend the time and money, not to mention the added weight, to fiberglass a boat of this size if I could find an acceptable alternative. I found brief references to a plywood material called MDO in my research. MDO, which stands for Medium Density Overlay, is a high grade external plywood with a phenolic (i.e., resin impregnated) paper covering bonded to one, or both sides, as a surface especially made for painting. Some people call it "sign painters" plywood because it takes paint so well and the paper covering hides the wood grain of the substrate.

MDO comes in 3/8", 1/2", and 3/4" thick

ness. I haven't been able to find 1/4". It usually comes in a standard 4' x 8' sheet, but I've also bought 4' x 10' sheets. I'm told it has the same external grade glue and wood substrate as marine grade plywood, and I found it compared very favorably with marine grade as to voids. MDO comes with both fir or pine substrate, the pine was cheaper but probably heavier. MDO may also be used in construction projects to build forms for concrete. If it's to be used this way, it might be sold with a coating of a waxy releasing agent which would not be appropriate in boat building.

There's not much written about MDO, but I did find brief reference to it in some books and articles. I discovered that others use this material for boat building, including Stiff Craft in Ohio, whose Amish craftsmen make exquisite wooden boats (see *WoodenBoat* Number 112). I understand that other commercial boat builders have used it for years. MDO is also used by state highway departments to make

the big green interstate highway signs.

Before deciding to use it, I tested unpainted MDO with both sealed and unsealed edges, using the old "boil test" and by soaking small pieces in the hot tub for several months. I also left some unpainted pieces in the yard for over two years while I built the boat. There was no delamination or deterioration of the plys or the paper surface.

I didn't epoxy the boat's structural frames to the paper surface of the MDO, as I wanted to ensure joints with wood-to-wood contact, which was probably overkill since the paper surface of MDO takes epoxy very well. It's quite easy to cut the paper covering away using an electric planer in order to create a butt joint or attach a panel to a frame. Wherever I did join the paper surfaces to each other, I just scuffed the paper surface with sandpaper or a knife and applied the epoxy fillet and/or fiberglass tape as normal and faired it in with excellent results.

Since my boat lives on a trailer, I didn't coat the MDO panels with epoxy as a sealant before painting, which might be advisable if a boat stays in the water. I did, however, fiberglass the 2' wide bottom of the cutwater for abrasion protection, and I used a two-part epoxy paint below the waterline.

I've never considered myself a craftsman. My limited building experience would better be described as that of a "wood butcher." I have thrown together some 2 x 4's in the past, but I never liked finish work and my patience grows thin with detail. My motto has always been, "Cut to size, beat to fit, grade to drain, and paint to match." I was in for a big surprise. I learned to like detail, and I even discovered that fiberglass work (in moderation) is not really so bad either.

Now I know, this boat building thing is fun! I was really sorry when the project was finished and now that I've got all these tools, umm..

By-The-Sea

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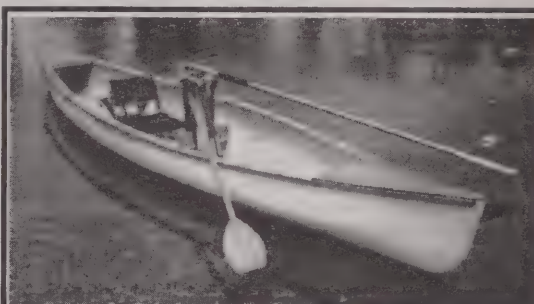
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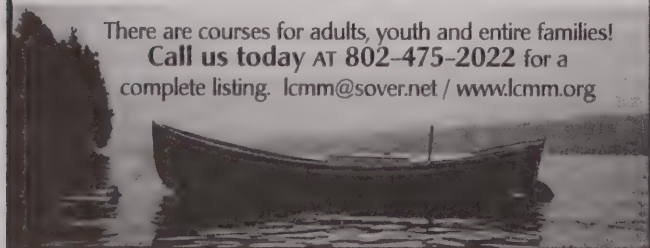
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Mike O'Brien's article in the February 1, 1996 issue of *MAIB* inspired my latest boat building project, a Dick Newick trimaran design called Spark. When I saw Spark's lines, it was love at first sight!

False Starts

I'm an amateur boatbuilder who has built and/or restored five small boats since the early 1980s. Since about 1990, I've been anxious to build a larger and more complex boat and began exploring some possible designs. I first envisioned building a traditional coastal cruising sailboat, about 30' in length. It had to have shallow draft, since I wanted to explore quiet coves denied to deeper draft boats. And it had to be relatively fast, I don't want to poke along at 2-3 knots. Trailability was not a requirement and simple construction was desirable. Finally, I wanted a boat with attractive lines.

My thoughts first turned to Sharpie designs (why I hadn't originally considered a multihull still baffles me). A good friend, Peter Biancani, was an expert on Sharpies. We first met through rec.sports.boatbuilding and began an e-mail discussion on the merits of sharpie design. He soon barraged me with faxes of articles and designs of vintage and late model boats from Munroe, Chapelle, Herreshoff, Kirby, etc.

I was initially attracted to Munroe's Egret design, as redrawn by Joel White & Co., but eventually dismissed it as being a bit too spartan for me. In December of 1995 we flew to Maryland in Peter's small plane to inspect a 32' Bruce Kirby Norwalk Islands Sharpie that was for sale. It was a beautiful boat, with a reputation for moderate speed, cruising accommodations for four, enclosed head, galley, shallow draft. It had everything I wanted, at least what I thought I did.

I studied Kirby's design in depth. But as I got into it, serious self-doubts began to creep in. I had never done any cold-moulding, although I thought that I could learn how. My barn was too small. I would have to build an extension, to say nothing of the usual building permit hassles, etc. Cost, complexity and building time are proportional to a design's size. Could I really afford this boat in terms of

Building Spark A 28' Newick Trimaran Part 1: Why I chose Spark

By Paul R. LaBrie

building time, not to mention raw materials? How often would I use such a boat?

I almost made the common mistake many amateur boatbuilders and boaters make. I hadn't properly analyzed my needs and limitations. I had succumbed to a pipe dream of extended cruises complete with palm trees and beautiful sunsets. I should have known better, as I was aware that many boat projects go unfinished when reality collides with such dreams. Fortunately, I woke up.

Reality Sets In

There were several more variables I would need to factor into my design criteria. The first was simplicity. There is a direct relationship between ease of use and the frequency with which a boat is used. Many of the boats in seacoast New Hampshire, where I live, are "mooring queens," they sit mostly unused all summer long. Typically, this is because these boats require lots of work and willing crews to sail. I realized that whatever I built I would often have to single-hand. My wife is not an avid sailor and I couldn't count on friends and family to crew every week.

My revised design would need to be simple in rig and in use. I also asked myself how much cruising I would really do. Family and job obligations had to come before my hobbies. Whatever I built mostly would be used for daysailing. This sent me in search of a different design. I still wanted a fast boat of some size with shallow draft, and I still wanted an attractive boat. Trailability was still not an issue. I MIGHT get away for a short cruise during the summer, but I didn't need to haul along an enclosed head and sleeping facilities for four.

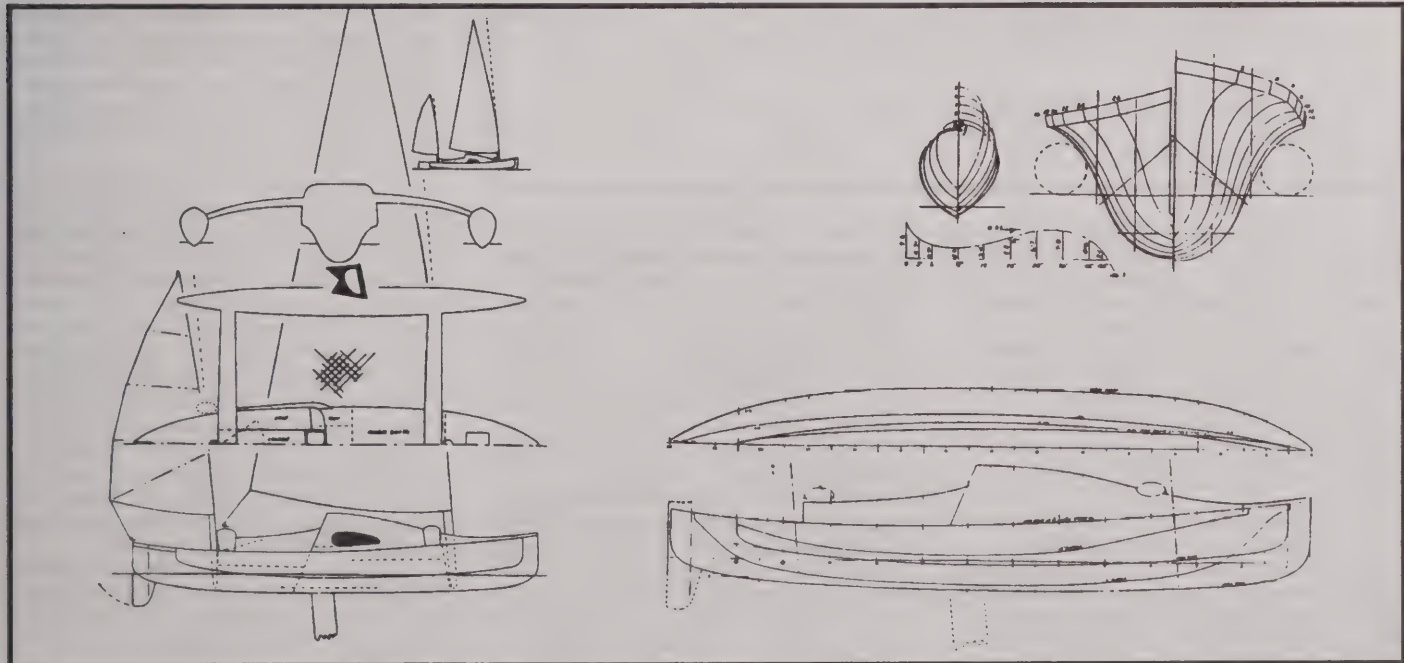
That's when I discovered O'Brien's article. "Why not a Multihull?" Spark filled all of the requirements of my new vision and more. Dick Newick's Spark was fast. O'Brien says, "Spark might not beat a wing-masted trimaran to windward, but she should be ahead of almost anything else." The thought of handily passing another sailboat makes me smile! And Spark is beautiful. It's been called a trihulled rendition of Herreshoff's Rozinante. I confess that I have a weakness for canoe yawls. Spark is not a beginner's boatbuilding project, however I'm familiar with the bead and cove strip construction used to build her.

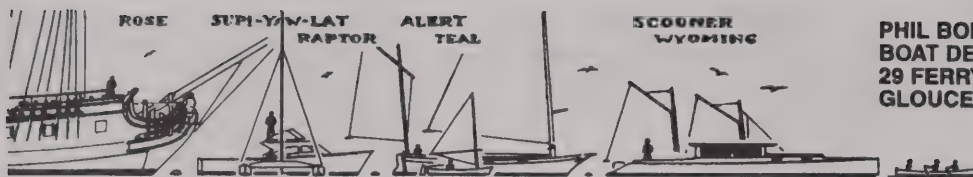
In the late 1980s I built and used a 20' Grand Laker square-stern canoe that is strip-built. I've experienced the strong but light hulls that can be constructed with this technique, and I was confident that I could build such a boat again. Spark is also simple in rig. I was intrigued by Newick's choice of the Ljungstrom rig. O'Brien reports, "the system (Ljungstrom rig) consists of a doubled, boomless, battenless, leg-o-mutton mainsail that furls (and reefs after a fashion) around an unstayed (carbon fiber) rotating mast." There is no jib, no standing rigging, no spinnaker, and no boom to worry about.

Finally, for that occasional cruise, Spark has very reasonable accommodations including a double berth and space for a small stove and below decks sitting room, but it lacks standing room and an enclosed head. L. Francis Herreshoff would nod his approval.

I was smitten. After I mulled over my decision for a couple of weeks I visited Dick Newick, with check in hand, and bought the design.

(To Be Continued)





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Design No. 654 "Bantam 16/20" Outboard Dayboat/Light Cruiser Part 2

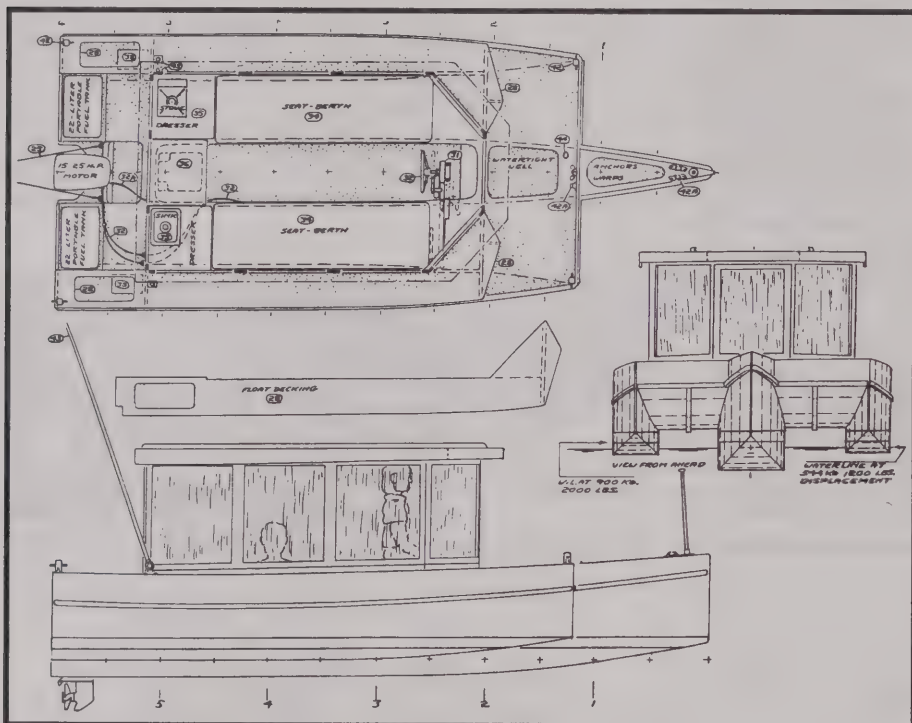
Length ready to run: 6 m
 Length ready to trailer: 4.80 m
 Beam: 2.44 m
 Draft at 900 kg/2000 lbs. displacement:
 0.21 m

Trailer weight: between 410 kg/900 lbs.
 and 545 kg/1200 lbs.
 Displacement at 0.21 m/10 inches: 900
 kg/2000 lbs.

Power: 15-25hp outboard

Estimated speed with 15hp: 12+ knots
 Estimated speed with 25hp: 16+ knots

Fuel tankage in two on-deck portable tanks:
 46 liters/12 US gals.
 Battery capacity in 2x6V (golf-cart) T-105:
 217 Ah



The development of Bantam 20/16 began with an inquiry from a man we'll call Jeb. Brother Jeb, being a life-long waterfront character of sorts, periodically indulges himself in projects ranging from cheap-at-any-cost over sensible and interesting to megalomaniac, some which can be fun for others as well. This time Brother Jeb had found inspiration re-reading historic accounts of various solo paddles, rows, and sails along some of America's big rivers and long coastal stretches.

His idea was to relive the flavor of some river cruises of former times, especially a well-known adventure in a sneakbox. Being in his "golden years," he intended to do it with less hardship than the sneakbox voyager by using an outboard, but insisted that the boat be no larger than the original crafts, around

12-13' by 5'. To him short was just plain beautiful, apparently assuming that if the early travelers had had a chance at more comfort on a longer hull they'd have rejected it as well. And, as was more likely the case in his idols' motivation, cost mattered as well in Brother Jeb's mind, arguing that more length to safely carry the load and handle chop and wakes would be too costly. He wanted it short and wide!

Once you are talking about a short and wide planing cruiser, our 14'6" x 7'11" Microtrawler would have fit that bill well, by one size larger though. But he had rejected that two-berth design after an earlier aborted scheme to excite another couple to share construction costs and accommodations in that 15' envelope in preparation for a grand extended riverine adventure. Incidentally, he also expected that tight package to carry enough fuel

for 500+ miles of planing range in addition to four adults and gear, this one had really been off the charts! But he probably had fun just talking about it.

So, we had known for a long time that Brother Jeb likes schemes with very optimistic projections, usually in excess of plausibility and typically doability. But an unreasonable wishlist can stimulate creativity and may result in unprecedented but viable concepts. This time he was on a roll and also wanted this sneakbox to be capable of 20+ miles per hour to compress the time of the adventure, while still expecting a range of up to 300 miles, some sneakbox! The gap between the search for the authentic experience claims on the one hand and his proposed wishlist on the other widened one more notch when he proposed to actually spend every night of that trip in a marina/hotel in order to save money on otherwise necessary onboard accommodations.

Well, we soberly proposed getting a used alu-skiff, hanging a 4-stroke outboard on it, adding a bimini top or canvas dodger, and be off cruising with it within a few weeks, except for that range at that speed in such a small hull. Of course, wanting to voyage at higher planing speeds would not give him much feel of what the sneakbox cruise had been like, not to mention the obvious problem that, like his proposed configuration, at 12' length it would also not be able to maintain such speeds if the river was choppy, so that days or weeks of winds against the stream could seriously disrupt his reservation schedule.

In fact, we argued he should either do the cruise in a replica sneakbox and really find out what the historical exploit had been like, or else go for a minimum outboard cabin cruiser and more realistic capability than what he was proposing, without earning points towards that fabulous Golden Cleat award for tying up at marinas every night. But we also saw a possibility to develop a very light cruiser by going somewhat slower, with more elbow room, more stability, and much more safety and still keep her affordable. Rather than being "short at any cost," being "light overall" might offer opportunities.

A preliminary study is usually a good reality check in pursuing possibilities and exposing limitations. The result was much like Bantam 16/20 in its final form, a trimaran hull to allow a slender but very stable shape that would plane to moderate speed (10-12 knots) from a smaller lighter outboard (15hp) without a desperately high fuel consumption, while carrying enough fuel and supplies to be independent of the riverbank for several days at a time. Combined with the river's current, she'd do beyond 15 knots over ground and could still "make it uphill" again if he zipped right past his scheduled fuel stop in all the excitement. It could also carry a second person overnight and could keep going in a chop.

With accommodations extended over the bridge and organized stowage in the floats, it was roomy for relaxed stays aboard. Clothes, supplies, and bedding would remain dry in both chop or downpours, while charts could

be spread out along with field guides and video equipment to record the adventure, no wet sores here. There would be no feeling of being cramped, especially with the glass-walled shelter from which the river scenery could be admired without either being sunbeaten in fine weather or demoralized by one too many wet-and-cold episodes. Screens would keep the bugs out, even with the side windows folded up under the roof for an all night cooling breeze. There would never be any need to depend every night upon some form of shore support, be it in Brother Jeb's "Frequent Snoozer Marina Visitation Program" or just in the traditional beach cruising mode.

Remember, the laker requires a beach, no property rights conflicts, no wakes, on the Mississippi (?), and preferably no hostile or just rambunctious flora and fauna, including the two-legged type. We've done our share of hundreds of miles of river and canal double paddle cruising and found that the daily realities of weather, shoreline configuration, flood-stage, and unfriendly people can interfere too much in your endeavor to match the expectation of some romance and freedom for a week or two.

Finally, this light power trimaran proposal was no more difficult to build than the shantyboat and not enough heavier to spoil it for single-handed trailer hauling. It was more expensive in materials and labor but, it seemed clear to us, had value out of proportion to the difference. With re-provisioning twice a week you could spend weeks in her exploring oxbows, canals, estuaries, or just trying to keep up with a 20-ton tow sucking the water off the banks. A sensible approach to the ICW would not unreasonable either, getting lost away from the traffic pattern between channel markers, and always able to seek shelter at burst-speed should the weather not cooperate.

Perhaps predictably so, Brother Jeb did not like it being a longer multihull, our thorough explanations of her advantages notwithstanding. He was just dead set on his short but high speed sneakbox for the marina-to-marina itinerary, referring to his sketch of a pilothouse on a 12' hull to protect him in a pinch. On the background of the marina scheme, he found her too long and thus too expensive. As any builder of our Microtrawler will testify, a short but wide and dense boat is not inherently cheap. For starters, that design of less than 15', for instance, wants about 45-50hp to get up on a plane with all her cruising accommodations for a top speed of high 20s, but not 300 miles of range.

At any rate, as a favor to Brother Jeb, we'd hung in with much more patience than usual. But now this had gone way too far and we were sure that we would be doing him no favor to attempt to design a significantly smaller version in an effort to match his projected use. There is a minimum size of that configurations below which all sorts of issues can get out of hand, such as insufficient load carrying capability for either all-day 20+ knot planing speeds or multi-day independence, while expecting satisfactory running characteristics across the whole speed range, not to mention the ultimately unfathomable incongruity of wanting a cheap craft that had to guzzle gas to go fast in order to hop from costly hotel to costly marina. A well-designed 16' alu-skiff would serve well on such a short-breath itinerary. This design did not need doing!

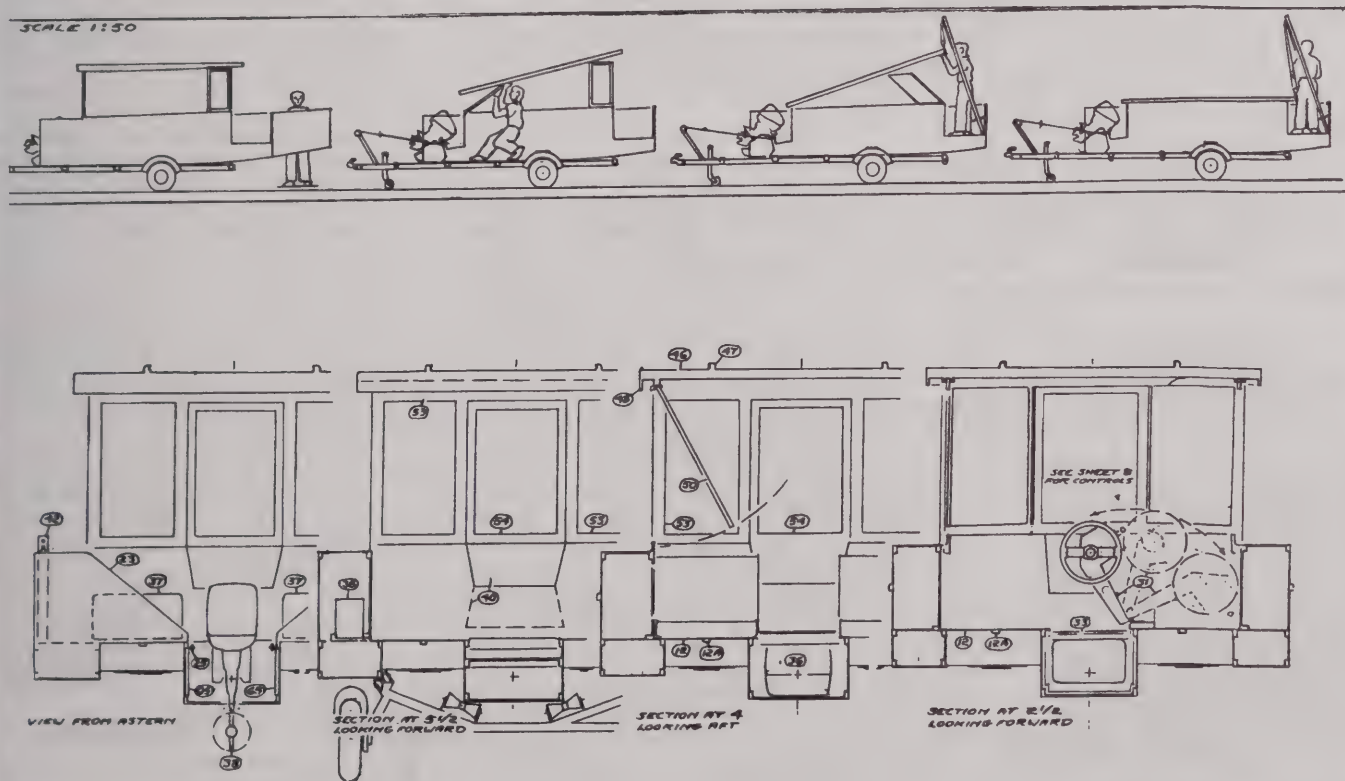
So, Brother Jeb was off finding someone else to help carry the burden of his dream along, and has since apparently modified/somewhat rationalized his initial wishlist to come up with a 16' dense, loaded, "short"

transom-bowed boat he claims can do everything he wants it to, now of course completely disconnected from the traditional sneakbox idea, and it'll likely need 40+ horses to go his speed. Meanwhile, the trimaran concept continued to mature in our minds.

Then Mijneer Binkhorst and his wife stopped in to talk with us on a tour of New England. He's a Dutch dinghy racer of considerable standing, but they intended to have a light outboard dayboat/overnighter built to use in his neighborhood, which is the Schelde estuary near the Rhine Delta. They were thinking of a version of a favorite Dutch type of powerboat, but lighter and buildable in plywood. They wanted to keep the boat at home, on a trailer, in his garage, towable by the usually smaller European cars to enjoy the wide range of harsher and more protected waters that surround them.

The boat had to be able to handle the nasty chop of wind against current, and it was to have a small cuddy to occasionally offer shelter from weather or for overnighting. They did not expect adequate accommodations for cruising but were, of course, interested in using the boat more than a day's run from the trailer. The Netherlands has enough waterways to offer a lifetime of relaxed boating. Thus, different location but similar use suggested discussing the light power-tri sketched for Brother Jeb.

We showed it to them, and raised the option of folding the top and taking that 4' long main bow off when she's on the trailer to result in a compact envelope of about 16' x 8' and no higher than his car to fit readily through his garage door. They saw the advantages of its overall configuration, especially the melding of cockpit and cuddy by the use of the full headroom glass cabin. The cockpit had shel-



ter, the cuddy had a view, and both were twice the size they could have been if they'd been kept discrete.

With the side windows folded up and both doors open, she would be airy on demand indeed without complicated canvas concoctions, and folded or erect she would be dry for years to come, with curtains offering privacy for the head and the night. They saw that the sharp bows and wide skis of the trimaran could keep going at good speed in a riverine chop. Apart from fitting his garage, the folding top would trailer easier and make a tight lockable structure to reduce the theft and vandalism hazard if the rig had to be left parked outside.

They understood the concept and this time we were off and running. With her minimal envelope for her overall performance we would call her Bantam 16/20. We found, of course, that folding the house, with full design of all necessary details without hardware and other wishful thinking, turned out to be a lot trickier than we had thought at first glance. The design took us much longer to detail well than we had budgeted for, mostly on that account, and we ended up with an eight-sheet set of plans by the time we'd made enough diagrams and sections to be sure it was doable and to demonstrate how it could be done using off-the-shelf components. Now she will fit the garage, and doing 65mph on her light, single-axle trailer behind a light car, her pro-

file is low enough for both decent mileage and around-town maneuverability, while her glass remains protected. Here is how the top folds:

1. Fold the side glass panels in and hook them up against the underside of the shelter top.

2. Step the gin pole and hook its purchase to the forward end of the shelter top (which weighs a bit).

3. Disconnect the after wire-and-turn-buckle assembly to release the after panel from the shelter top and fold it down inwards. Allow the shelter top to pivot on the outboard corners of the forward quarter panels.

4. Unhook the forward wire-and-turn-buckle assembly and release the shelter top from the quarter panels and lift its forward end with the gin pole purchase, enough to clear the swing inward of the quarter panels.

5. Unlatch the forward door from the starboard quarter panel and swing it in to hook against the inside of the port quarter panel with the left hand, while swinging the starboard quarter panel in and down with the right hand.

6. Swing the port quarter panel with the door attached, in and down. Hold the starboard panel high enough to clear the swing, the starboard panel's stowed position is above the port panel where they overlap. Insert a secure prop to support the quarter panels in the lowest position that does not overstress their hinges.

7. Lower the forward end of the shelter top into its stowed position on the coaming.

8. Secure for highway speed.

With one crew aft with a hand directly on the outboard and the second ducking ahead of the house, she should be able to duck and cover under most "unpassable" bridges with the roof folded flat, whether idling through a Gracht in an ancient Dutch village or poking along the edges of navigable water under the Carolina marsh county road up some shallow creek for the night.

A small but integral part is the pivoting helm, another "time-eater" during design, which can be steered standing up or sitting on the starboard settee, to finally swing away to allow the folding cabin top to settle snug on the coaming.

To routinely reduce her overall length from 20' to 16' for compact trailering and storage, her bow is attached with a simple two-bolt-cum-wingnut geometry located well above the waterline for utmost simplicity and reliability planing or removing, which was the third "time-sink." In order to allow her bow to be taken off safely while high and dry on her trailer, she is trailered backwards, i.e., she'd be launched bow-first and retrieved stern-first, aided by those rounded motorwell extensions and a short bridle attached to the motorboard left and right of the outboard.

Thus, removing her bow does not require the craft to be shifted fore-and-aft on the trailer, avoiding any problems of either absurdly high tongue weights or back-flips of trailer and craft together from too much weight behind the trailer's axle. The 4' bow piece can thus readily be lifted off the main hull by one person to be safely stored flat on its side on one of the bunks (tarp) under the folded top. Together with an optional folding trailer tongue, such as on Eazyloaders, for instance, the overall length of trailer and boat could be configured to not exceed 17'.

Light weight for trailering behind a subcompact would be nice for a total weight of 1000 pounds for both trailer and boat. But

being realistic is important as well, particularly after one too many a dose of Jeb. By the time we had everything in place, the trailer weight was calculated to be on the order of 1200 pounds, or 550 kilos, with a 15 hp Honda 4-stroke (or approximately 25hp 2-stroke), 12 gallons of fuel, and two good-sized batteries for a total boat and trailer weight of around 1500 pounds. That is conservative, based on using fir plywood. The boat weight could be reduced to near 1000 pounds by going to Okume, and to near 950 pounds (or 425 kg) by eliminating one of the batteries.

Skinning the shelter top with 1/8" door skins instead of 6mm would save another 50 pounds, a test panel indicated that it would be plenty stiff enough but less impact resistant from the inevitable jump onto the folded craft on the trailer. No doubt builders will find a few more pounds here and there as maker of ambition. But if you take the 1200 pound figure and add four adults for a total of 750 pounds and a slower day outing, she would go down to where the bottom of the boot-top is shown on the profile, draw 10 inches, and displace just under a short ton, call it 900 kilos, still with very clean running lines for good fuel economy and a good shape for encountering a small chop.

She is carrying just 12 gallons of fuel to feed a miserly smaller 4-stroke. More is a maker of weight and would depend on the heft and consumption of the horsepower used, which in turn affects her low wake characteristics and, of course, her final trailer weight. She can carry a bit for a two-some cruise, but when she would begin to labor to get on a plane is a maker of practical experience. She is supposed to be very light to retain efficiencies.

Ergo, whether you really need to carry 200+ Ah battery-capacity at 12V is a matter of particular use of her. Between radios, running lights, navigation equipment, and at least two decent reading lights a night to do without kerosene lamps, and whether the chosen outboard has a good enough alternator all depends. A hand-starting outboard, a 100 Ah battery, and a solar panel on the roof will serve most purposes.

She will certainly be a very steady and dry boat most of the time since the three sharp bows will make little spray and not throw what they do make high or above the rub/sprayrail. A monohull, even one of a complex shape such as our 16' Shivaree, could not have such gently curved lines. A conventional multihull of the usual rounded and veed shape would be much deeper and not lift as quickly to a wave crest, and would bottom out on the bridge more frequently. Both would take a multiple of effort and skill to build and get on with the proposed day outings and then cruises.

Bantam 16/20 is probably as light a home-buildable cruiser with such accommodations, stability, and efficiencies as we can come up with, and like any folding camper-trailer, she'll fit into any garage.

The Binkhorsts call this project *Klapkot*, a Flemish word for a waterfront shack (kot) where fishermen meet to hang out and talk (klap) and drink. Mixing Flemish, English, and German this could also mean Folding Shack, Folding Berth...

Plans for Design # 654 Bantam 16/20 on 8 sheets of 17"x22" are \$150 to build one boat, and are available from us at Phil Bolger & Friends, 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester MA 01930 (fax 978-282-1349).

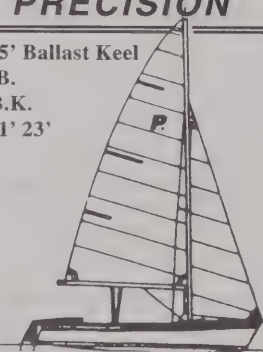


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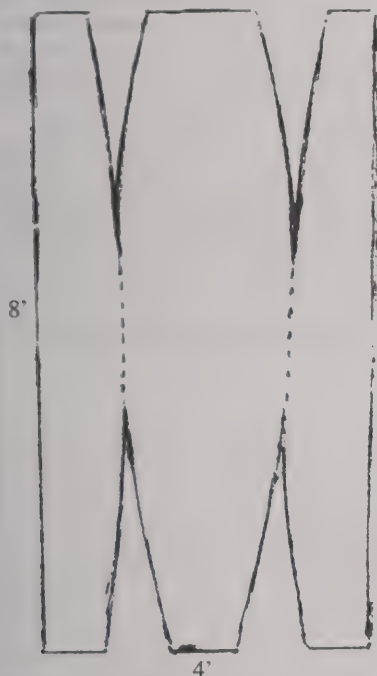
It wasn't until I read Basil Greenhill's *Archeology of the Boat: a New Study* that I realised that hulk wasn't just a generic term, but a specific type. Do read the book, it will inspire you!

This is the most Liliputhian expression of this type, a bottom with curved-up ends and raking sides attached.

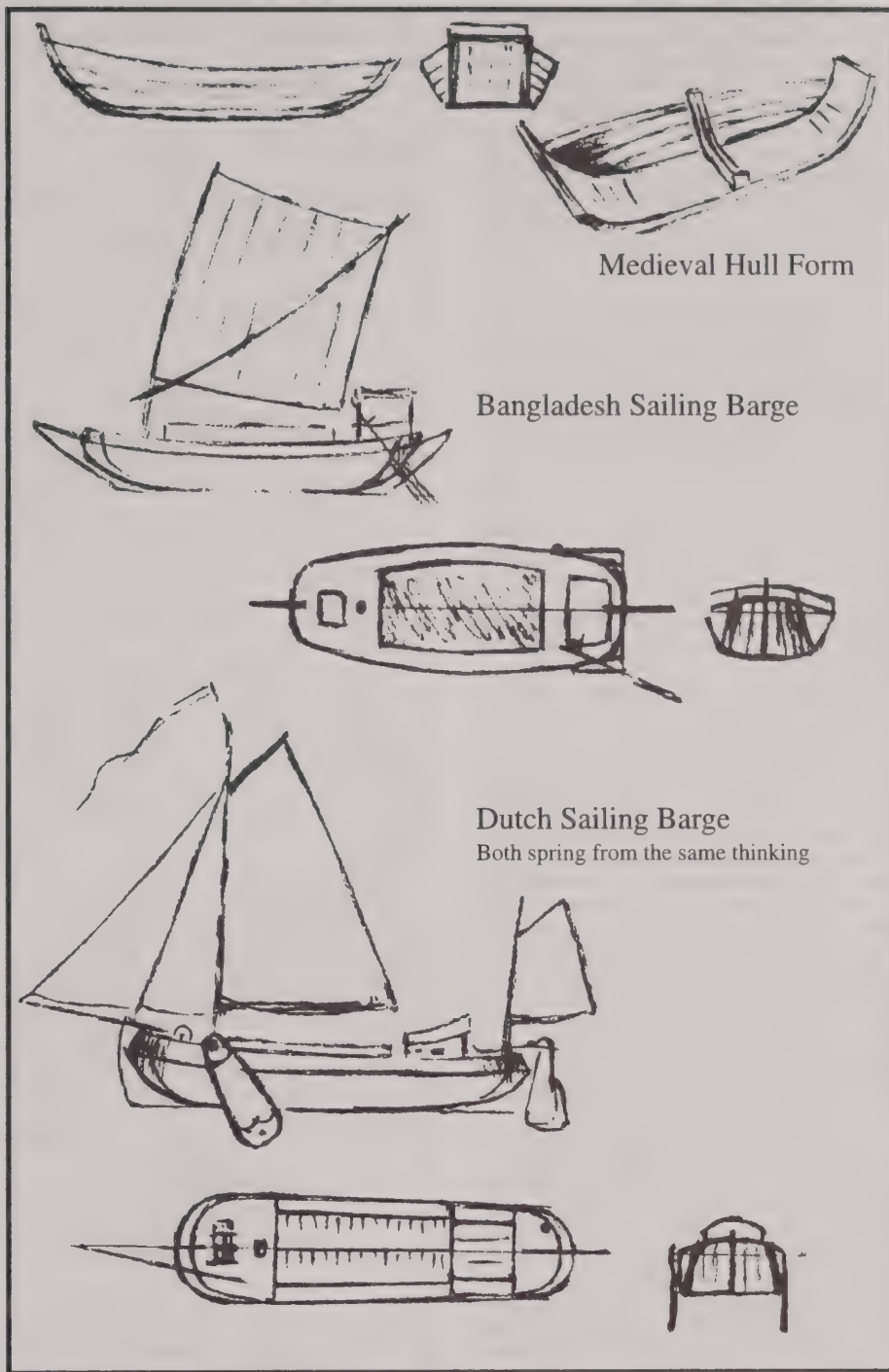
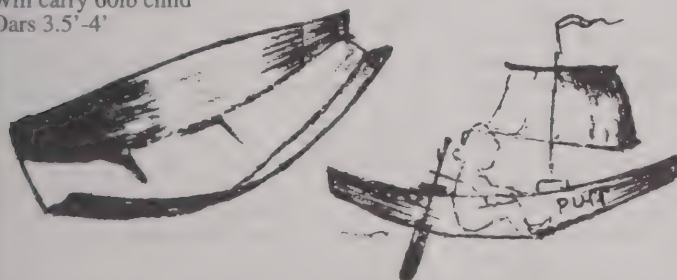
Cut out the figure, fold on broken lines and force sides and center together, taping them together with tape. The little scoop you get is not unlike an early model of an Egyptian craft shown in Heyerdahl's *The Ship*, or its smaller version.

Constructed from an 8'x 4' plywood panel, it does look in profile like one of those early Egyptian craft which probably were constructed on the same lines.

Draw this figure on a transparent sheet, paste it onto a piece of cardboard (a piece of a Wheaties box?), cut, fold and tape. It is really easy. If you have a 4'x 8' sheet of 1/4" or 3/8" ply, scale it up and transfer it onto the plywood, cutting and gluing it together using the sew and tape method. You will create a small vessel for a little girl or boy.



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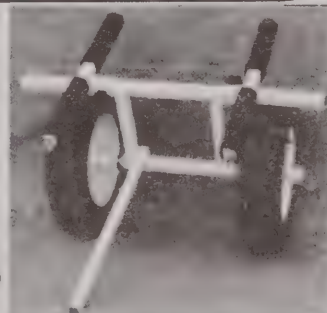
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Ever since we bought an old Rhodes 19 a few years ago I've become involved, again, with moving a boat around. Our earlier boats were smaller; a 17' Grumman canoe, a Sunfish, and a GP14. The GP14 was fairly heavy, at 350lbs, but the Rhodes is really heavy, at somewhat over 1000lbs. The GP14 could be launched directly off the trailer without immersing anything more than the very bottoms of the tires and it could be just as easily retrieved. The Rhodes is another matter altogether.

To avoid immersing my old, general-purpose trailer, I lift the Rhodes clear of it, pull the trailer out and wait for the tide to float the boat. For recovery, I have the local marina lift the boat out of the water, wash it, and place it on my trailer for the ride home. These two operations occur only once a year, thank goodness. Once home, the boat is covered for the winter and I remove the trailer so as to make it available during the winter.

This business of loading and unloading a half ton boat has occupied a lot of my thought and muscle in the recent years and a couple of useful ideas and accessories have come of the effort. That's why I'm writing this, on the odd chance that some part of it may be valuable to others.

In order for the trailer to be inserted under the boat or removed, the boat must be supported in such a way as to allow clearance in both height and width to admit the trailer. I use a 4" square x 3/16" wall x 8' long aluminum alloy 6061T6 tube for this purpose for the front of the boat and a double 2"x 6" of Douglas fir at the stern. Evaluation of the adequacy of the material, the cross-section and the condition of the material selected for this purpose calls for skilled analysis to prevent a possibly disastrous accident. I take great pains to stay out from under the boat while I'm involved in this work. The tubular element is used as an accessory to the loading and unloading process; the double timbers, when loading the trailer, are attached to the trailer, becoming an integral component of the outfit..

Lifting and lowering is done with a scissors-type jack from a Japanese car and I operate the jack with a 12v cordless drill. For this purpose, incidentally, the cordless drill speeds the work marvelously, until my single battery poops out and I have to revert to my 3/8-drive hurdy-gurdy. Although the jack has a range of movement from about 4" to 16", the weight of the boat makes it necessary to limit the travel to the range from 10" to 16" so as to avoid overstressing the jack, and the drill.

I built four horses, just 22" high (the right height to allow the trailer to pass under) and of very robust proportions to support the boat during insertion of the trailer. In addition I have made several pairs of sturdy boxes, all about 12" square and having thicknesses varying from 3" (2"x 4" square plus 3/4" plywood top and bottom) to 5" (2"x 4" on edge square plus 3/4" plywood top and bottom) to 7" (2"x 6" on edge square plus 3/4" plywood top and bottom). All of these have a hole in the top and bottom to enable them to be handled easily with one hand.

The addition of fitted lids to several plastic milk crates render the crates strong enough to support a very considerable weight and provide boxes about 12" high. These boxes and an assortment of short lengths of 2"x 4", 4"x 4" and 1" stuff make it possible to raise or

Moving A Boat Raising a Mast

By Garry Osborn

lower the boat a little at a time at each corner so as to keep it nearly level.

During lifting and lowering it finally dawned on me that it would be sensible to place a single support between the boat and the aluminum tube, forward, where the hull is deeply V-shaped anyway. This means that lifting or lowering one end of the tubular beam does not tip the boat side-to-side at all because just the skeg contacts the tube at the front (with a carpeted pad underneath it). Also, while lifting or lowering one end of the timber beam at the stern tips the boat both side-to-side and front-to-back, it does not cause shifting of the boat in its support pads. It's a much safer way to perform this operation. Before I adopted this tripod approach the boat would shift in its pads, making me very uneasy, at the same time as it rubbed off some of the bottom paint.

Lifting or lowering is done in small increments; I lower one end of one of the beams the thickness of a 2"x 4" and then the other end two thicknesses, and so on. When I move to the other end of the boat to catch up I take pains to leave the end where I've been working level and I keep a spirit level handy in case I lose track of where I am at any stage of the operation.

For the pads which support my boat on the trailer and when it's stored on the two beams I tried a couple of times to shape timbers to provide broad areas of contact, unsuccessfully. If I arrived at a reasonably good fit for one part of the hull it wouldn't serve a few inches away because of the constantly changing contour of the hull. Although the hull of the Rhodes seems very rigid, it was obvious that it would deform slightly if the contact was

in a very small area and I was motivated to provide broad support surfaces.

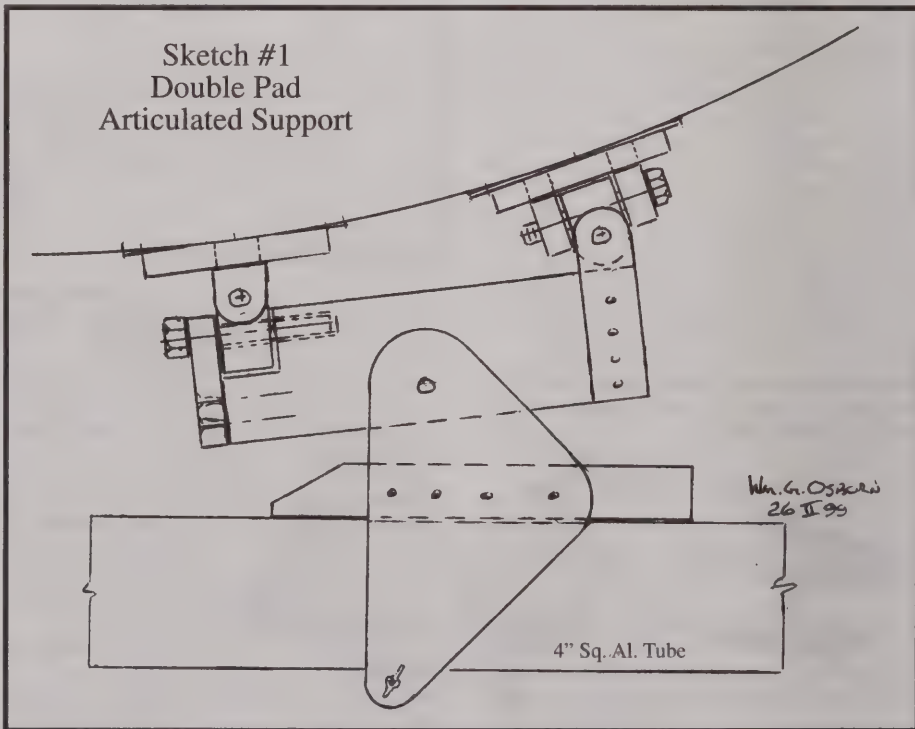
An alternative approach was suggested by the universal articulation on the tops of the poppets used by the boat yards but it's easy to see that the large size of the pads served no useful purpose on the contours of the Rhodes 19. Therefore it occurred to me that even a small articulated pad would be better than what I had accomplished so far and if more surface contact is desired the way to get is with multiple small pads.

My first approach is shown in Sketch #1. Two 5" diameter pads, each having its own universal articulation are mounted on the opposite ends of a pivoted beam and, in order to provide as much contact to the curved surface of the hull as possible each pad is faced with a piece of firm, thick carpet. These supports work very well but they were a great nuisance to make, not because they call for very fancy work but because they are comprised of so many components. My band saw sped construction but they were a pain in the neck anyway. I made two sets like this, one of which is constructed so as to straddle the 4" aluminum beam. For raising and lowering they can conveniently be slid along the beam out of the way or, when maximum stability is required, they can be driven firmly under the hull.

There are five 1/2" bolts in each of these things and they rust and sieze in place and I started wondering how to get articulation more easily and without all the iron parts. I made a couple of single pad, articulated supports using 1-1/8" trailer balls and, in order to make a hemispherical hole that would receive the ball, it was necessary to make a suitable cutter, like a spade bit but round. This turned out to be easier than I thought it would be.

On a piece of 1/8" mild steel sheet I drew the half round contour having the 1-1/8" diameter and with the point in the middle for the lead and then just cut it out with hack saw and file, finally sharpening it on the trailing edge like a spade bit. A shank of 1/2" steel was notched to receive the cutter, it was

Sketch #1
Double Pad
Articulated Support



aligned by eye and silver soldered together using a propane torch. The mild steel won't stay sharp long but there weren't many holes to cut and it works fine. The articulated supports made with the trailer-hitch balls are great but I was still puzzling over how to make the thing simpler to fabricate and more useful, perhaps, to others. Why not use a ball of some sort, some ubiquitous, cheap, non-corrosive,

straddles the cuddy on risers which sit on the deck just aft of the mast hole, and its upper end resting on the mast aft of the transom. The A-frame, when in its upright position, is guyed forward and aft, the fore guy passing through a block that is attached to the trawling eye and located a couple of feet aft of the bow, offset to one side by the beam of the hull. The after guy is fastened to the mast support on

and then put a substantial tension on the strap using a simple toggle (Hyfield lever) but rope would serve perfectly well as long as a means of tightening it is provided.

I see no reason why the whole process could not be performed with the boat in the water, provided that water is calm. During lifting of the mast I move slowly along the cockpit seat with the lifting line in one hand and the butt of the mast under my arm or in the other hand, so I wouldn't be moving the boat around much.

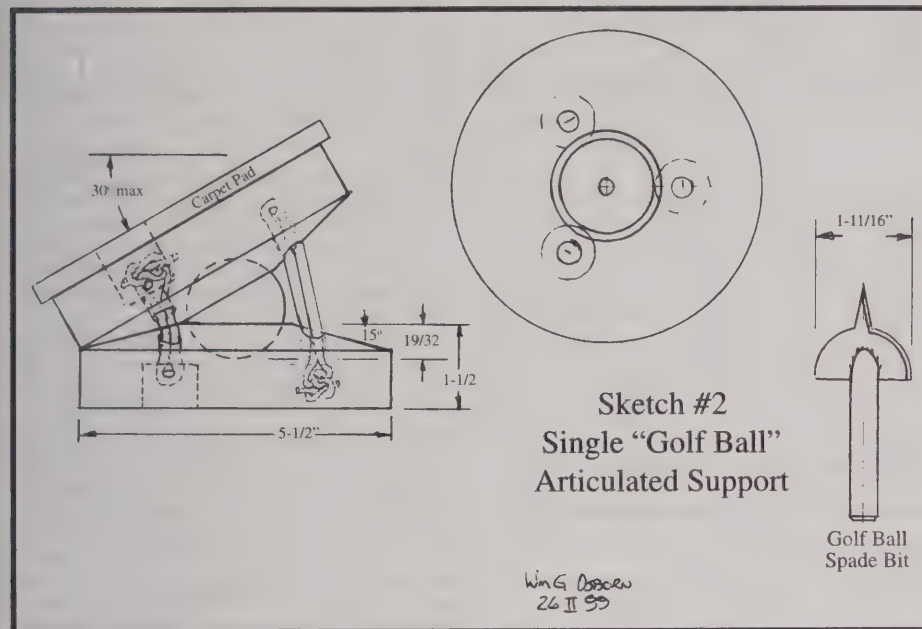
Raising The A-Frame: The A-frame, once assembled, and after checking the locations and leads of the various lines (two guys, end fastening of the mast-lifting line and the two parts of that line that pass through the block in the apex assembly), is raised by lifting part way and by hauling on the fore guy which passes through the block at the bow. The A-frame is fairly heavy but I can lift it up, place it on my shoulder, extend my arm and walk forward on the cockpit seat until I can take the entire weight on the fore guy. (I am 71 years old and weigh 160 lbs. and I'm about as flexible as a railroad tie.)

The after guy will prevent the assembly from toppling forward and with appropriate care its length can be determined as the process proceeds without much risk of losing control. Both guys are now made fast and they don't have to be very taut as a little free movement at the top of the A-frame is useful when the mast is lowered through the deck and while the step is being located.

Lifting The Mast: I store the mast with the sail groove up. For a grip suitable for lifting the mast that can be properly located some 14' above the deck and removed after the job is done, I use a little slider that fits in the sail groove. A sketch shows what it looks like. The bail must, of course, be small enough to slide along the sail groove easily. To make the one I used, I slid a piece of nylon tubing over a piece of 5/16" steel round stock and then drilled holes to receive the ends of the pre-bent bail which is then inserted, firmly gripped in the vice and the ends peened over so they won't pull out. My bail is 3/16" steel wire.

Before lifting, I attach the slider to the main halyard, shackle a block to the bail, and fasten a piece of line to the bail. The halyard hauls the slider up the mast approximately to the spreaders, the piece of line, attached to a cleat low down on the mast, keeps the slider from going higher during lifting and allows retrieval of the slider afterward. Both the halyard and the line to the bottom of the mast are made fast before lifting commences.

The mast lifting line provides a 2/1 mechanical advantage. It leads from the hand to the block mounted in the apex of the A-frame, down to the block on the mast slider and back to the apex where it is made fast. Before raising the A-frame, and before raising the mast, it is important to check that everything is clear



super-tough ball? Why not incorporate a golf ball?

Sketch #2 gives an idea of what the parts look like and I can say I was delighted with the results. Making them requires the use of a lathe to produce the shape of the conical parts and a new cutter was required (diameter=1-11/16"), but despite those objections these supports satisfy the requirements very well. The goal all along has been to make it easy to prepare a support that will, because of its articulation, present the center of its surface to any contour of the boat against which it is brought to bear.

Using a loose ball presented the problem of how to keep the assembly together. To date, I have made three holes symmetrically located around the ball, each hole to accommodate two diameters of a small diameter shock cord and each hole counterbored on the back side to accommodate the fastenings of the shock cord. In the parts made thus far each matching pair of holes (one in the upper cone and one in the lower cone) has its own fastening. A short length of aluminum round stock whose length matches the diameter of the counterbore secures a bight of the shock cord and the cord is simply knotted over the pin on the other side under a little bit of residual tension. The cones themselves are 5-1/2" diameter pieces of 2"x6" Douglas fir.

On Mast Raising/Lowering: After we bought the Rhodes 19 at a tag sale, and in order to save some of the yard bills, I prepared an apparatus which allows me to raise or lower the mast entirely by myself. This apparatus is quite simple and it may be useful to others.

The mast is transported and stored over the boat and, while stored, supports a plastic cover. For raising the mast, an A-frame is assembled, its feet pivoted to a 2"x6" which

the transom, which, in turn is equipped with pintles which engage the rudder gudgeons.

The A-Frame: The Rhodes' mast is 28'4" long and weighs about 50lbs. Its center of gravity is about 13'6" above the base. The A-frame is about 15' tall and the entire thing is made of three 10' lengths of 2" EMT (Electrical Metallic Tubing - cost \$.96/ft). Each leg of the A-frame is made of five components. They are as follows, starting at the bottom.

A 4' length of the EMT, flattened, bent and drilled for a 3/8" bolt.

A 2" EMT coupling.

An uncut and unmodified 10' length of the EMT.

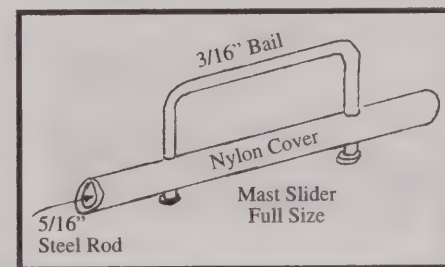
Another 2" EMT coupling.

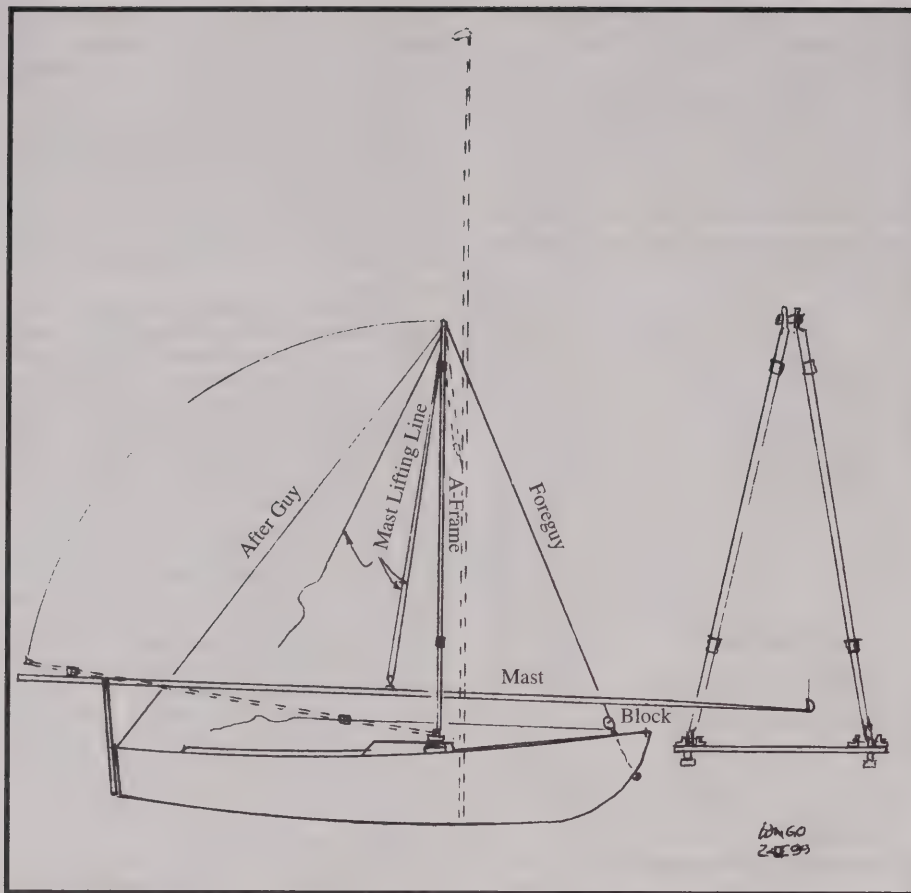
A 1' length of EMT, flattened, bent and drilled.

To facilitate assembly of the A-frame on the boat, a crossbar is permanently fastened to the stern mast carrier to support the A-frame elements as they are being put together. First, the two 4' lengths are bolted to the 2"x6" deck crossbar (each of these short pieces has a coupling permanently attached to it). Then the 10' lengths are inserted in the couplings; their after ends, which extend beyond the transom, are supported by the cross-bar on the rear mast support.

Finally, the apex assembly, consisting of the two short lengths of EMT, each having a coupling permanently attached, bolted up solid on a 3/8"x3" steel bolt with spacers, shackle, block, guy attachments, etc, is slid on the long leg components and all the coupling set screws are tightened. The apex assembly is above the mast, of course.

Before the A-frame can be raised the deck beam must be secured in place. I perform this work with the boat on the trailer and I take a robust strap right down around trailer and all





Using the two-part system described, the mast of the Rhodes can be lifted easily and under good control. One spreader starts under the fore guy and must ultimately be above the guy but it is easy to rotate the mast, both around its long axis and around the vertical axis of the lifting line, and thus allow the spreader to clear the fore guy as the mast goes up.

Strength Of Materials: I believe that no components of the system are at dangerous stress levels, including the 2" EMT. I was uncertain initially about the stability of the long lengths with their couplings and the possibility of having a tube collapse, aggravated by misalignment of the couplings, but these fears were apparently unfounded. Nevertheless, it would be wise to ensure that the cuts in the short lengths of EMT are perfectly square. An examination of the set up in accordance with column formulae confirms what I have found to be the case; it works safely. If your mast is much heavier or the height greater, you may have need of larger tubing.

Launch And Recovery: I launch the boat in the spring by removing the trailer from under the boat on a launching ramp, a private one for the use of which I pay the owner \$25. After parking on the ramp and raising the mast, two long beams are passed under the boat and the boat is raised, slowly, until four small but robust horses can be placed under the two lateral supports, allowing the trailer to be removed. After the trailer is removed, I lower the boat slowly to the ramp and wait for the tide to float it free. It takes me about 4 hours to step the mast and launch the boat. For me, launching in the manner described is a fairly vigorous day's work but I enjoy doing it and the saving is not unimportant to me.

Recovery of the boat in the fall is done by the local Brewer's Yacht Haven yard, the yard washes the bottom of the boat thoroughly, including the center plate and places the boat on my trailer. Then, at my leisure, I lower the mast and tow the outfit home, a distance of about 10 miles. For the recovery of the boat, the yard charges nearly \$186 and it would cost \$212 to have them step the mast and launch the boat, \$60 for the mast and \$152 for launching.

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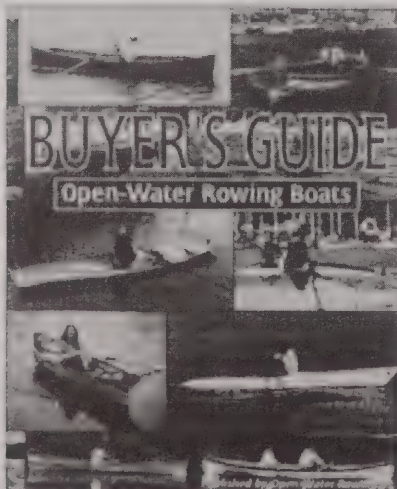
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"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



The Ice Man

Peter Stanford and I were talking about crabs the other day. Specifically, we were talking about king crabs and the fishermen who go after them off Alaska. The subject arose when we were working on an event for the summer and the question of catering came up.

His son works as a crew member on one of the boats. This is hard and dangerous work. There are more people injured and boats lost with no trace than in any other modern fishery. The reason is simple. The crab industry is a gold rush. There are presently a lot of crabs up there, and they are relatively easy to get. Of course, the eventual effect of over-fishing is obvious. Meanwhile, the survivors make a

lot of money.

An ambitious kid can go up there, sign on a fishing boat, and come back with a lot of cash. Peter's son is known as "Ice Man" because he is capable of working on deck in all sorts of conditions and often returns to the cabin covered in ice and snow. The amount of money flowing means that once a kid has enough money, he can plank down money on his own boat and become a captain. He hasn't necessarily been going out on boats for very long. Since he carries no passengers for hire, the crew is on shares, and he is in business for himself, there are relatively few rules and licenses. This means that the standard of seamanship is often

low. There is a tendency to rely heavily on electronic gear.

Peter's son was talking to him about an incident that took place this winter aboard a boat he had recently joined. They were headed out to the fishing grounds in the usual foul weather. The crew were below and only the captain was on watch. Peter's son got tumbled from his berth and noticed that, between rolls, they were heeled more than a bit to starboard. When he went up to the deckhouse, the captain was in the pilot berth reading a magazine. When asked whether anything was wrong, his response was, "No, the instruments say we're right on course."

Ice Man went out on deck. The first thing he noticed was that the starboard deck was getting immersed at the bottom of her rolls. The entire side was encased in ice from blown spray. He grabbed an ax and freed the ice. As the ice came off, the boat leveled out. During the process, no one joined him. When he went back below, no one even seemed to have noticed his absence.

He didn't even bother to curse out the captain, there are times that words are useless or inadequate. He did not crew with that vessel and captain after that trip.

It makes me wonder whether the captain of the *Exxon Valdez* was just following local custom.

Remembering

By Joanne S. Scott

Illustration by David Scott.



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Built in the Twenties, we first knew her As our neighbor's sloop. She'd tack back And forth off our bluff several seasons, While we admired the way she cut through water, Responding to the gusts that spilled off the trees, Water slapping against the hull, heeling.

She came into our hands in the early Seventies.

When I think of her, I think of our October Afternoon sails that took us in a zigzag From one side of Mill Creek to the other, Past high bluffs of autumn trees to low marsh, Eventually to the mouth, where Whitehall Bay Tempted us with long reaches.

The sail back with mainsail stretched out Before the wind was leisurely and warm Until the sun fell below the beeline. The ensuing chill reminded us Of bleak winter days ahead, landlocked.

We moored *Sparkle* off our marsh and Where we could see her swing and respond To the cats paws when looking out From the porch or window, an elegant temptress.

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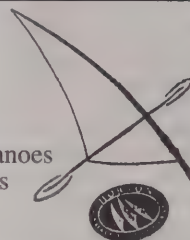
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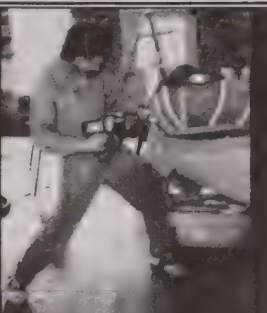
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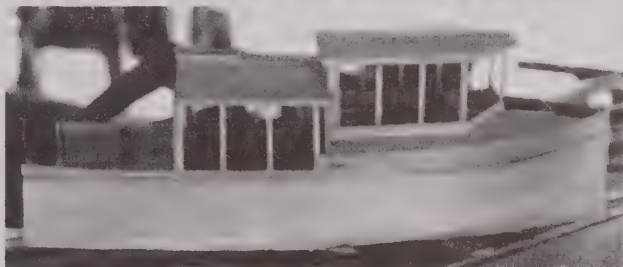


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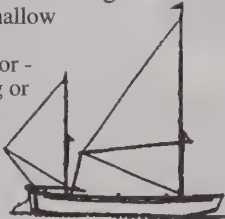
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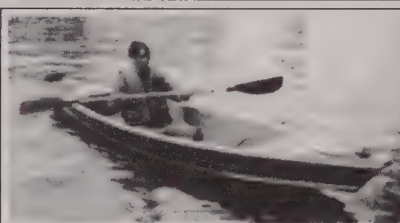
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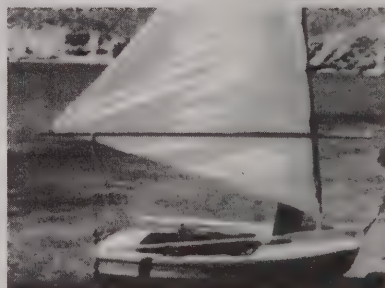
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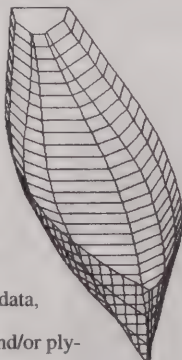
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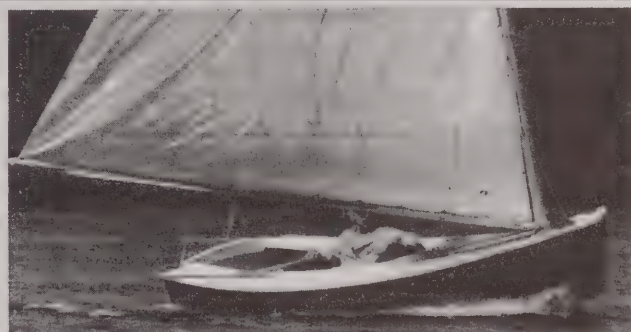
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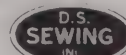
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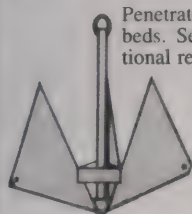
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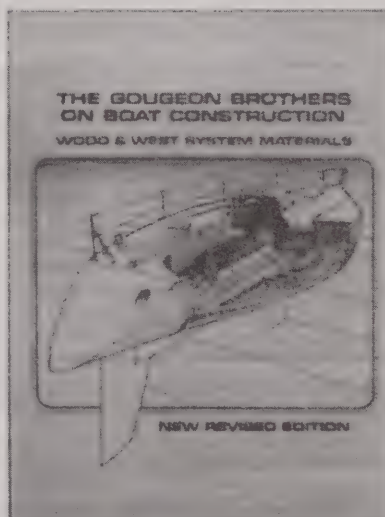


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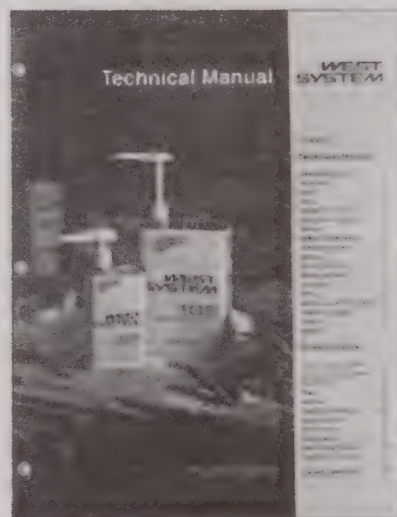
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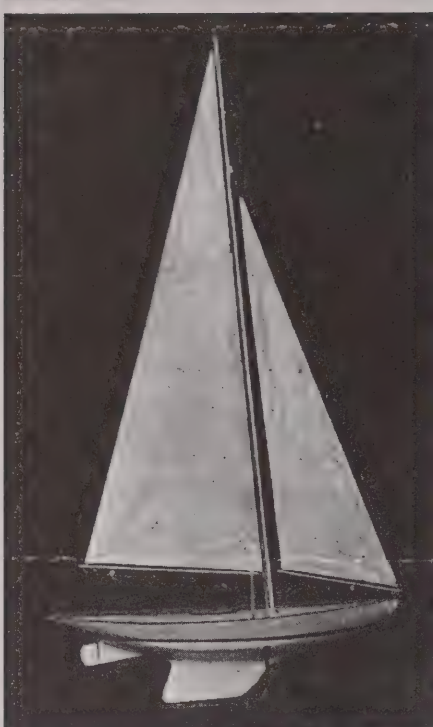
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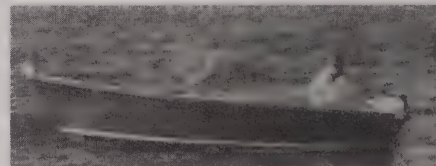


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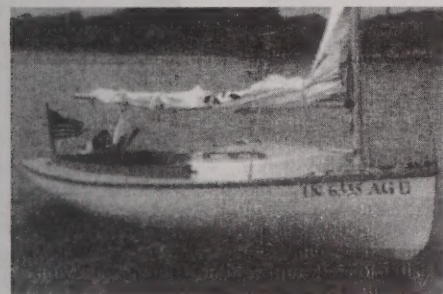
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18' Herschoff Americat, compl restored & better than new. New bottom paint, new Thurston sail, attractive interior w/new custom cushions for bunks, custom mooring cover. 6hp OB, '65 custom trlr. \$12,500. JACK MOORE, 33803 Belcher Rd., Shawnee, OK 74801, (405) 275-8498 home, (405) 842-2061 office, <jablmoore@msn.com> (3)



Stur-Dee Catboat, 14'x 7'. Edson Shock design sails 3 comfortably. Fine sailer w/no bad habits, easily handled by lone sailor. 130sf tanbark marconi sail, full battens. FG w/oak trim, mahogany floors & seats custom blt. Tent cover, all lines & anchor, 3hp longshaft Yamaha practically new. Tlr incl. Well kept & sailed only locally. Heart problem forces sale. Pictures & literature available. \$4,500. DAVE BARON, Freeport, NY, (516) 379-8496. (3)



22' Herreshoff Eagle, classic gaff rigged topsail sloop. Black hulled beauty, w/OB, trlr. \$9,500. Will consider trade for Tramp/Eagle tri. JOE LA GRASSO, Fenton, MI, (810) 750-9188. (3)

Carpenter's Boat Shop Sale: 9-1/2' Monhegan Island Skiff, plywood, w/oars. Nice to row, tows exc. Asking \$900. **20' Highlander Class Sloop**, FG, full suit sails incl 2 spinnakers, wooden mast & boom. Nds new ply deck. \$1,300 OBO. **19'8" Joel White Catspaw Dinghy**, for sailing & rowing. New. \$4,550, \$5,050 w/trlr. **28' Sloop**, fixed keel, deck stepped rig, gd cond. Nds minor work. 1 suit sails, cedar planking on oak frames, grt cruising design. \$6,500 OBO. **14' Wooden Skiff**, cedar on oak, nds paint & new rails. Nice project. \$600 OBO. DARIN CARLTON, The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768. (3)

Snowshoe 16, oak ribs, spruce for the rest. Covered in red Monocote, no leaks. Has been used only twice. \$400. BOB SMITHSON, 988 NE Locksley, Bend, OR 97701, (541) 382-6470, <bobnyari@empnet.com> (3)

12' Old Town Sportboat, '54, cedar, mahogany transom & canvas fully restored. 4' beam w/'63 Evinrude 6hp OB & trlr. \$1,900. BROOKS ROBBINS, Hingham, MA, (781) 749-1312. (2)



36' Modified Herreshoff Meadowlark Ketch, 30hp Yanmar less than 100 hrs. '85 by Doug Higham in Vineyard Haven. Exc cond, well maintained. In water, Osterville, MA (2) WILL J. PRICE, Osterville, MA, (508) 428-9733.

18' Herreshoff America Catboat, exc cond. Yanmar diesel, gaff rig, wheel steering, folding mast. Compl equipped, w/trlr. \$8,750. JIM CURRIE, Rochester, MI, (248) 651-3536. (2)

San Francisco Pelican, #2158 (pictured in 12/1/89 issue pg 13) by Smith Boat Shop '72. Vy nice boat, w/galv trlr. \$1,950. EARLE CADWELL, Rosewell, GA, (770) 640-6553. (2)

14' O'Day Javelin, hull nds reconditioning. Mast etc gd. No sails, no CB. Send SASE for descriptive sheet. BOB WHITTIER, Box T, Duxbury, MA 02331. (2)

12' Oldshoe Cat Yawl, Bolger design mini Micro w/addd cabin. Chair high cockpit seats 4 comfortably. Full length keel w/200lbs lead & self-draining water ballast compartments. 15" draft, 5' beam. Epoxied inside & out. Cedar masts. Rig & launch in 10 minutes. Boat & fitted trlr garaged, in exc cond. \$500. MANNY RUBIN, Toms River, NJ, (732) 286-1624. (2)

'62 Old Town Square End Canoe, gd cond, nds FG removal & recanvassing. \$750. **15' Thompson Rowboat**, cedar strip over oak ribs, glassed, in gd cond. Nds refinishing & rails. \$250. DAN MILLER, Cross Plains, WI, (608) 798-1882, <slakes@itis.com> (2)

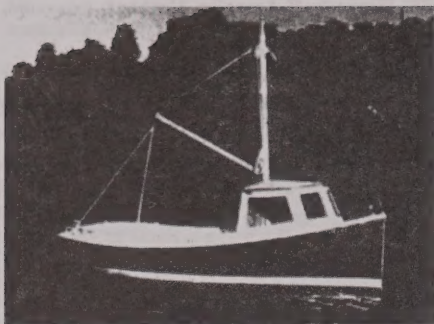
25' Catalina FG Sloop, pop-top 6'6" hdrm, '82 in vy gd shape. Swing keel (2'8" up, 5' down, 1,500lbs ballast). Profurl roller reef, jib, genny, main, gin pole. Sps 5. Head, galley w/Origo alcohol stove, fresh water & holding tanks. Radio, depth sounder, Plastimo (extra large magnification) compass. 2 deep cycle batteries, Arco solar panel &/or alternator, custom electrical panel. Windex wind vane. Micro solar ventilator. 9.9 Mariner OB nds reblding. Shoreland HD galv trlr. Mooring also available, Falmouth Foreside, ME. LEE HAMMOND, Enfield, NH, (603) 448-3867. (2)

14' Enterprise Sailboat, Jack Holt design, professionally blt in UK '62. Varnished mahogany deck & interior, Sitka spars, buoyancy bags. Grt cond. \$1,600. RICK BROOKS, Montreal PQ Canada, (514) 695-8151, <dbrooks@stssystems.com> (2)

Project Boat, Crocker Sally Rover, come get her for \$250. TOM HIGHAM, Osterville, MA, (508) 428-8374, LIS CLARK, Osterville, MA, (508) 428-4792. (2)



13'8" Melonseed Skiff, FG blt by Crawford '90. Teak flrbrds, rubrails, cockpit coamings, rudder, tiller, daggerboard. Fir spars. Dacron tanbark sail, dk green hull, buff deck. Cover, galv trlr, 2 sets oars. \$3,995. BILL MALONEY, Norwalk, CT, (203) 838-9514. (2)



18' Herreshoff Harbor Pilot, '74 Nowak & Williams, Volvo 140A 4-cyl, new cushions, mooring cover. \$8,500.
MICHAEL SMITH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5392. (2)



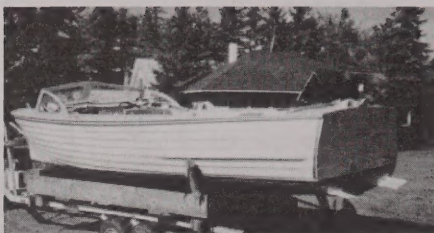
Grampian 31 Classic, full keel FG, blt '67. 31' LOA, masthead sloop. Roller furling headstay, 100% & 130% jibs, new full batten main, tiller helm, Atomic Four auxiliary. Extensive restoration & refurbishment, a lovingly maintained beautiful classic sailboat. I've gotten a smaller boat. Inquire for compl list of equipment & restoration details.
JACK DICE, RR1 Box 864, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 367-0966, <jackstoneme@acadia.net> (2)

Ahlberg Typhoon, grt family boat or weekender for 2. Behaves well in light airs or stiff winds. Vy gd shape, ready to go. Asking \$4,000.
LIS CLARK, Osterville, MA, (508) 428-4792. (2)

12-1/2' Sailing Dinghy, '76 cat or sloop w/sails & pr of oars. The best, Dyer Dhow. \$1,950. 19-1/2' Bristol Vcorinthian, Carl Alberg design, '687 in grt shgape. \$4,500. (2)
R.J. IZZO, N. Kingstown, RI, (401) 294-3567. (2)

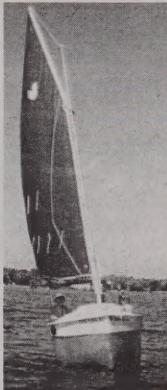
'83 Dovekie, hull #85, emerald green w/white sail. Soft hatch covers, back porch, 2/5hp Suzuki OB, anchors, porta potty, Edey & Duff trlr. Asking \$3,600.
FRED PECKHAM, 907 State St., Carthage, NY 13619, (315) 493-1223. (3)

16' Crawford Dory, FG sailing, rowing, motoring model. Numerous extra features come with this completely equipped classic heirloom boat. Pristine cond & copious teak make it a head turner. Photos available. Skiing injury limits owner's mobility, forces sacrifice.
RONALD SUCH, Kittery Point, ME, (207) 439-3045 (Kittery, ME), (603) 356-7179 (Conway, NH). Lv name & tel number on answering machine if no answer. (2)



18' Lyman IB, '57, orig Graymarine 109-6, engine & hull in gd cond. Runs & floats. Marginal trlr. \$2,800.
GEORGE HAECKER, Omaha, NE, (402) 558-6479. (3)

15' Peep Hen, shoal draft pocket cruiser. Slps 2, porta potti, cushions, green hull. 2.2hp Mercury, gd trlr. \$3,500.
GEORGE HAECKER, Omaha, NE, (402) 558-6479. (3)



'46 Old Town Yankee Canoe, w/sail rig, 2 paddles, paper history. All orig in gd cond. \$1,600. firm. **Dyer Sailing Dinghy**, 7'11" Midget model, compl in vy gd cond. \$850. **Cape Dory 22D**, '82. Hood roller furling, Yanmar diesel, main, jib, genoa. Loaded in as new cond. Call for compl listing & details. Offered @ \$13,800.
JOHN LODER, Wales, MA, (413) 245-4669. (2)

'73 O'Day Mariner 19', grt CB FG sloop. Trailerable & wknd cruising capable. Main, jib, 4hp OB. Well equipped w/trlr. Must sell. \$2,795 OBO.
RUSSELL SMITH, Ledyard, CT, (860) 536-1113, <fuzzy@hotmail.com> (2)

20' Classic Chesapeake Fantail Launch, '85, pine on oak, 6hp antique gas engine, hand start w/trans & magneto, custom trlr. \$1,500 firm. **15' Bolger/Payson Windsprint**, standing lugsail, kickup rudder, etc. All gd shape. \$500.
JAY HOAGLAND, Rockport, ME, (207) 596-0786. (2)

21' Dovekie, gd shape, 4hp like new. \$3,500 OBO. **21' Steiger Craft Hardtop I/O**, low hrs, color fish finder, tandem trlr w/brakes. All in grt shape, must see. \$14,900.
NED FLANAGAN, Hamden, CT, (203) 230-0432. (3)



Shell Kit Boat, Swiftly 15 blt '96. Unstayed ketch rig, mast folds for easy trailering. Twin full length shoal draft keels. Okoume deck & hull, spruce spars. \$1,500 include trlr.
R. ROSS, Hillsboro, OH, (937) 393-4959, <bobross@ameritech.net> (5)

18' Old Town Guide Canoe, recently restored wood/canvas. Exc cond. Asking \$2,000.
CHARLIE COSTELLO, Rowley, MA, (978) 948-5569. (3)

17'1" Plywood Cape Cod Catboat, *Princess*, 7'9" beam, 21"4'3" draft, 210sf sail area. Wittholtz design. Professionally blt '63, rblt '96. Entire hull & deck sheathed in FG. Alum spars, new marconi sail this yr. Mast on tabernacle for easy trlr sailing. Cabin slps 2. Include galv trlr & 4.5hp Evinrude mntd in well. \$2,500.
CHICK LUDWIG, Havelock, NC, (252) 447-8084 eves. (3)

14' Redwing Sailing Dinghy, classic Uffa Fox design. Lapstrake mahogany planking & steel CB. \$4,250.
BOB TABB, Lockport, NY (716) 434-7792. (3)

BOATS WANTED

22' Catboat Hull, any cond. A Marshall 22 would be ideal. Price must be friendly.
BRUCE ALEXANDER, St. Augustine, FL, (904) 540-4000. (2)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

31' Mast, from Alden Indian sloop. 15'6" boom & jib boom. All bronze fittings & SS rigging, dacron main & jib incl. \$395 OBO. Delivery possible.
RUSSELL SMITH, (860) 536-1113, <fuzzy@hotmail.com> (2)

Sitka Spruce Spars, 2 masts 6"x 7" base, 35' & 53' long. 2 booms, 12' & 18'. All in gd cond. Include 7/8" track & all standing rigging you can carry. Does not incl any hrdwre I've been able to sell in meantime. \$300 takes all or make offers for individual pieces.
MICHAEL CURRAN, 278 Sligo Rd., Rollinsford, NH 03869, (603) 743-3765, <flybynynt@worldpath.net> (2)

Gaff Cotton Main, head 12'6", luff 12'0", foot 18'6", leach 25'0". Fair to poor cond. Free. **Storm Trysail**, luff 14'0", foot 10'5", leach 18'4", w/6 7/8" bronze slides. \$50. **Kevlar Panel Genny**, luff 39'0", foot 20'0", leach 35'6". \$95.
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (3)

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

6,000lb Capacity Trlr, w/surge brakes. Blt by Essex Welding, MA, '77. \$850.
R.J. IZZO, N. Kingstown, RI, (401) 294-3567. (2)

Johnson 3.0 OB, exc cond. Model #J3BRESR. Spare prop etc. Little used. \$350 + shipping.
RAY SOBEL, Lebanon, NH, (603) 448-4246. (2)



New for 1999! Sail Cap, weathered sage, features Lord Byron's loyal Newf. 2 color embroidery, ad-just strap fits all. \$16. **Cotton Tee**, includes Byron's famed tribute. White, M-XL. \$16. 2XL \$18. S&H \$3.50 (check or money order). NORS SPORT, HC 33, Box 180A, Bath, ME 04530. (TFP)

White Polytarp Sail Kits, construct an inexpensive dinghy sail in just hours. No sewing required. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (8P)

'90 Mercury OB, 25hp electr start-batt, remote controls, thru tube steer, 2 - 6 gal tanks. Exc cond, little use. \$1,500 OBO. JEROME ENOT, Dover, NH, (603) 749-4100. (4)

Bronze Shaft Log, W/C #8654L Itwt, flexible, for 5/8" shaft, could be bored to 3/4". Bought new '70 for \$35, never used. Make offer. BOB WHITTIER, Box T, Duxbury, MA 02331. (2)

'75 Evinrude, 35hp long shaft w/single control & steering drum. Runs strong. Just replaced w/Honda 40. Incl 6 gal tank. \$500 OBO. DAVID DOANE, Wolfeboro, NH, (603) 569-6393. (3)

'88 Deande Trlr, designed & blt to carry antique boats & cars for show display. 4-wheel electric brakes, tool box, remote control electric winch. \$4,500 invested, asking \$3,500. DAVE PEACH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5571. (3)

GEAR WANTED

British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

Tiny Bruce Anchor, 4.4lbs. ROBB WHITE, Thomasville, GA, (912) 226-2524. (2)

Small Boat Trailer, galv or alum suitable for 14' rowing boat. Should be in gd cond & not too far away. STEVE KOOPMAN, 29 Briggs Rd., Saundertown, RI 02874-3815, (401) 294-6281 (2)

1 Ton Trlr, for a 20' boat, gd working order. The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768. (2)

2 Cylinder Diesel, 18-22hp, Yanmar, Universal or Westerbeke. Shld be in gd cond. DON HELFRICH, 459 S. Green St., Tuckerton, NJ 08087, (609) 296-8565. (3)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing. TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)



Narrow Waters, Dee Carstarphen's beautiful log of small-boat adventures. 140pp, hundreds of water-colors, scores of sketch charts evoke 2,000 mile cruise from Chesapeake to Dry Tortugas. \$19.95 signed, postpaid. Reviewed in January 15, 1999 issue.

PEN & INK PRESS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579. (TFP)

BOAT PLANS - PATTERNS - KITS - Unsurpassed selection - 7' to 55' - A variety of rowing boats - Sea kayaks - Dories - Dinghies - Daysailers - Motorsailers - Powerboats - Fishingboats - MORE. **176-page DESIGN BOOK - \$5.00** (Sent Airmail) - Includes FREE "Supplies Catalog". Epoxy Manual \$2.00. "How to Fiberglass" Video \$32.95.

GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA9, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA 562/630-6258, fax 562/630-6280, www.glen-l.com (99P)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35. ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

The Odd-A-Tea, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated. TOM MC GRATH, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin. WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

Wooden Boat Magazines, Nos. 1-140 compl. \$600. **Nautical Quarterly**, Nos. 2,3,8,18-24, 26,27,48,49. \$12 per issue or \$140 for all 14 volumes. Shipping prepaid. A. BENNET WILSON, JR., P.O. Box 380, Topping, VA 23169, (804) 758-0850. (3)

Color Copies of '41 Chris Craft Poster, 25" x 30" two sides. One side shows 12 runabouts 16' to 27'. Second side shows 19 cruisers 25' to 55'. Prices range from \$895 to \$28,900. Copies of both \$10ppd in mailing tube. JOHN LOGAN, 212 Swinomish Dr., LaConner, WA 98257, (360) 466-4630. (3)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slips 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

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

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

Noon Position, by Arthur Piver, to buy or borrow. BILL KOLESAR, 209 Bangsburg Rd. Port Charlotte, FL 33952, (941) 743-9311. <Trisailn@aol.com> (2)

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

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Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free picture painting of your boat, but \$50 for 9"x 12" & \$100 for 18"x 24" will get your painting done 1st. Send no money until you get a painting you like.

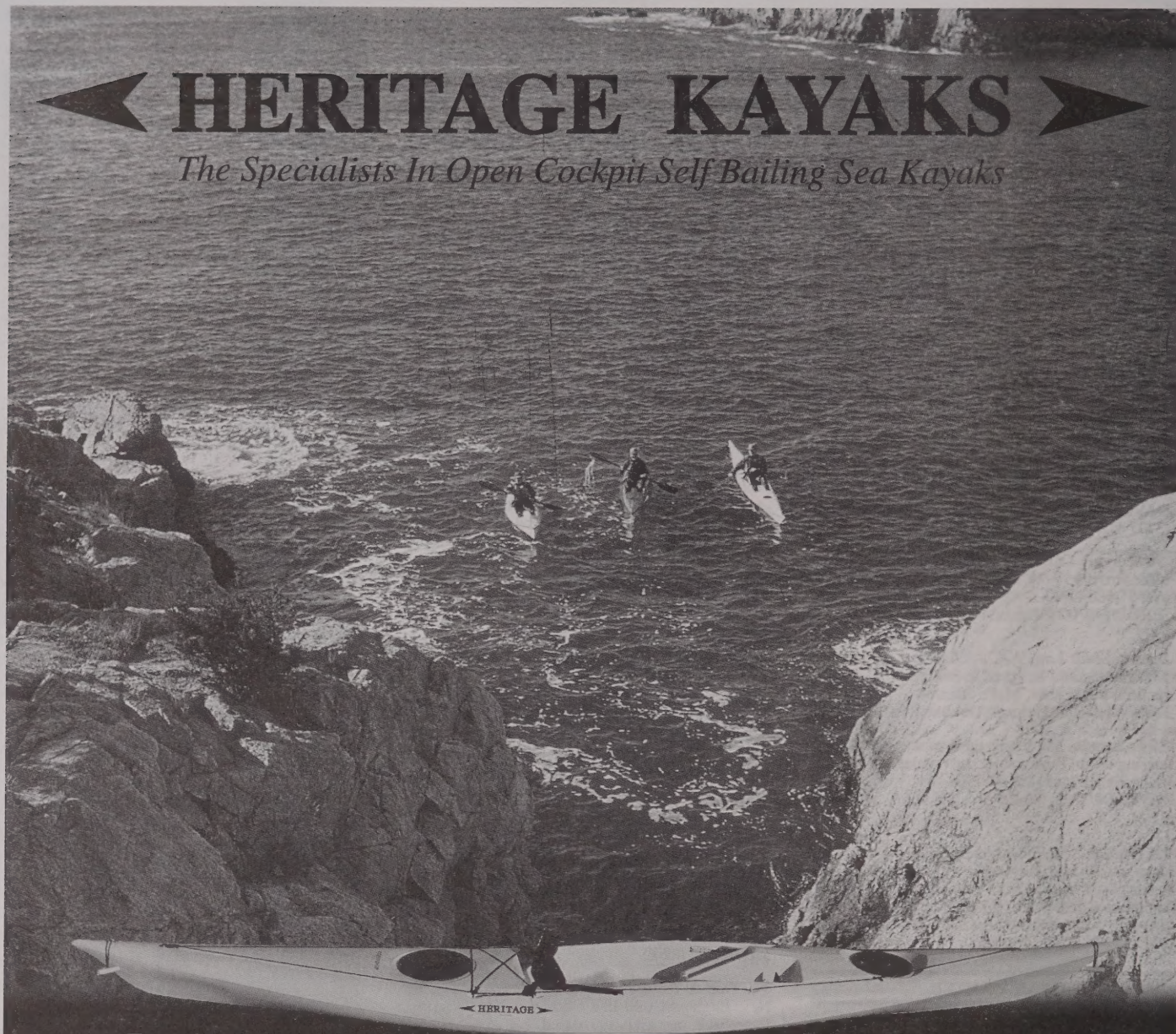
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