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messing about in BOATS

Volume 17 - Number 3

June 15, 1999



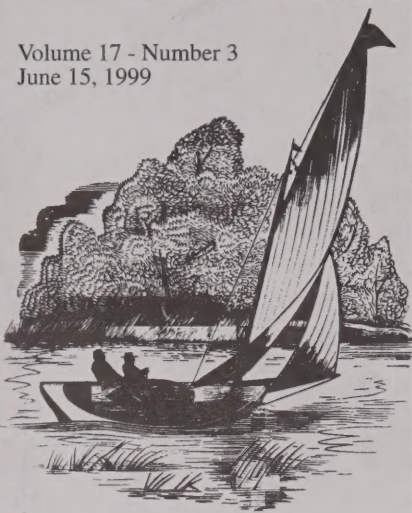
Special Features This Issue
"Jubilee... a Boat Ride" - "A Different Approach"
"Odyssey to Cuttihunk"

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In Our Next Issue...

Robb White takes us back in time on a boat ride up "Pleistocene Creek"; while Monte Rhodes warns us that "Here There Be Alligators" (not the same creek!); Bob Austin carries on with his "Lake Titicaca Days - Part 3"; and William Washburn Nutting's "Track of the Typhoon - Chapter 12" finds our adventurers off on the last leg.

New Zealand designer John Welsford sets off on a shakedown cruise along the New Zealand coast to test his own 13' daysailer in "Houdini...an Escape Machine"; while Belgian Luc Caesar tells us all about his 14' daysailer design "Doryplume"; and Mark Steele presents another of his sailing model reports in "The Four foot Sixes of New Zealand". How about all this international flavor!

From back here in the USA, Phil Bolger applies some hindsight to his '50's design "Blacksnake" (Part 1 is in this issue); and Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" series continues with Part 2 of "Bugi Boats".

On the Cover...

Robb White happened across Dan Blake's 50' paddlewheeler with its brand new 1923 Palmer engine and just hadda have a ride in it. He tells us all about it in this issue.

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



On May 1st I spent an entire lovely blue sky day indoors in a classroom at the Landing Boat School in Kennebunk, Maine. It was the Forum '99 meeting of the New England Chapter of the AYRS, the British based Amateur Yacht Research Society.

Well, I didn't mind too much for the program included a lot of interesting stuff far out there on the leading edge (or even beyond it) of messing about in boats, with emphasis mostly on sail power. Much of the AYRS focus since its inception back in the '50s has been on utilizing wind as a power source, and investigating ways to get beyond the traditional viewpoint of the yachting/sailing establishment. For a long time catamarans and trimarans held center stage, but much more radical stuff has also been offered up and at this gathering there was no lack of that.

I guess I will start with Dave Culp's "Kite Tugs". Dave has done a lot of work on kites as sail power. Most of us have noted the kites that kayakers sometimes launch to tow themselves along. Well, Dave is far beyond this level now and his concept of kite tugs is far down the course set by the occasional attempts today to add sail power to large vessels as auxiliary power. When the wind is right, the sails are hoisted and take on some of the propulsive chores, conserving fuel.

Dave pointed out that the super kites possible to be built today can offer a boost to a freighter or cruise vessel, but when the wind isn't favorable for the desired course, the reeling them in, storing them, and relaunching later when a wind or direction change permitted, would be labor intensive and messy. So Dave conceives a sort of an enclosed control gondola attached to a super kite, manned by a small crew, which hooks up the kite to any appropriate vessel which wished such a boost. When conditions alter the need, the kite and its "tug" drop the tow and sail off looking for other business. Hugh Ware, you'd better look into this for that tugboat book you're writing!

Following my own subjective interest I now come to the topic of landsailing, presented by current world record holder Bob Dill of Burlington, Vermont, who sailed to 108mph on a small Nevada dry lake in March in his *Iron Duck*. Perhaps sailing on the hard is getting a bit away from messing about in boats, but I was fascinated by Bob's rig in a way I'll clarify in a moment.

Landsailing has been around a long time, and the most commonplace efforts involved sailing DN iceboats rigged out with wheels on large, flat hard packed beaches common in England with its enormous tidal ranges, or on dry lake beds in our southwest desert country. Bob decided that claimed speed records for

iceboats, up around 140mph, were bogus as no accurate speed measuring equipment was used by those claiming the records. He went on to establish that it appeared that around 85mph was probably the fastest land sailing record and determined to build a land yacht specifically designed just for setting a record.

The *Iron Duck* was the result, a streamlined three wheel frame with a tall wingsail at the back, pilot within a totally streamlined cockpit by the sail, and a weight of about 1,800 pounds. Heavy! Yep. It could have been much, much lighter, but Bob couldn't keep the wheels on the ground as speed picked up, sideskidding set in, so "ballast" had to be added. Still he got up to 108mph on a course scarcely a mile long in winds of about 40mph. The *Iron Duck* needs a 20mph wind just to get moving enough to start to create its own apparent wind.

Well, in my recumbent bicycling I've tried the recumbent trikes that sit 6" off the ground, weigh 25lbs, and can be pedalled, even by me, up to 25mph on the flat for a mile or two before the power (me) flags. So, how about a sailpower auxiliary for such a trike?

But, back to boats. The day finished up with a statistical presentation by Rich Boehmer. He is a world class sailing speed expert with long association with sailing speed efforts such as Phil Weld's Ostar effort. His graphs and charts and diagrams, and sail plan views of various fast sailing vessels, past and present, all conspired to be able to compare how different sailing rigs in different times compare head to head.

At one point Rich projected on the screen side by side the sail plan views of the last of the J boats, *Ranger* I believe, and also the current super boat *Playstation*, a 120' catamaran built to compete in "The Race" in 2000. The two stood up face to face comparable in size. The J boat, however weighed in somewhere around ten times *Playstation's* weight! Ballast.

When talking about those faster keelboats of yesteryear and their ultimate design parameters, Rich would toss a statement right to a slight grey haired man sitting right up front. Back came the response about the technicalities involved, almost offhandedly, from this man who obviously had it all right there. His name? Olin Stephens. At 92, still on top of his field and right here amongst the radicals of the AYRS participating in this exercise in creative ideas for uses for wind power afloat. Wonderful.

You can find out about AYRS by contacting Tom Blevins of the AYRS/NE at P.O. Box 212, Edgecomb, ME 04556, phone (207) 882-6396, fax (207) 882-9826, email <tjblevins@clinic.net>



WOODENBOAT MAGAZINE'S

1999 WOODENBOAT SHOW

The show for wooden boat owners, builders, and designers

THE WOODENBOAT SHOW...

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- ★ Booksellers at the show include WoodenBoat Books and Benford Design Group, *Maritime Life and Traditions*, and several dealers specializing in antique as well as new nautical publications
- ★ Watch a regatta put on by the U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, and learn modeling techniques from the model makers at the show

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- ★ More than 85 boats, including the oystering skipjack *Rosie Parks* and the log-bottom bugeye, *Edna E. Lockwood*
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- ★ Family Boatbuilding—70 parent/child teams will build and launch their boats over the weekend
- ★ Log canoe races in the river—Spectator day charters available on *Mr. Jim* (Saturday, fee)
- ★ Daysails on the 76' schooner *Imagine* and the 70' skipjack *H.M. Krenz* (fee)
- ★ Daily cruises on *Mr. Jim*, the Museum's Chesapeake Bay buyboat (fee)
- ★ Slide lectures in the Steamboat Building Auditorium
- ★ Children's model-boat building
- ★ Special tour of the Museum's small craft collection (Saturday)
- ★ Children's story hours
- ★ Ships plans, oral histories, photos, manuscripts, books at the Howard I. Chapelle Memorial Library



JUNE 25-27

CHESAPEAKE BAY MARITIME MUSEUM

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Call WoodenBoat at 800-273-7447 before June 11 to order advance three-day passes, or see information on our website, <www.woodenboat.com>.

1. The boat should carry sufficient crew, 14 lbs. for each foot of waterline length is suggested as a minimum.

2. The boat should be stable enough to allow the recommended weight of crew to sit on the gunwale without dipping it under or the craft capsizing. A beamy hull is advised, minima to aim for with 12', 14' and 16' dinghies would be 4'4", 5'3" and 5'10" respectively.

3. The boat should carry sufficient positive buoyancy to support itself together with stores and partially immersed crew, plus a reserve of not less than 112lbs. This buoyancy should be so disposed that it is possible for the crew to put the boat back into sailing condition after capsizing or swamping. It should be stressed that capsizing is not an acceptable proposition in a seaway due to the long period of exposure that may ensue and the possible loss of stores and equipment. In rough seas, recovery may even become impossible.

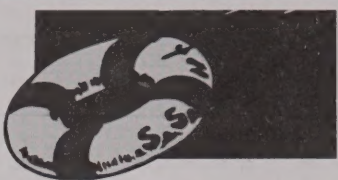
4. The vessel should have at least a foredeck.

5. Mast, rigging, fittings etc., must be strong enough to withstand capsizing forces.

6. Consideration should be given to having the mainsail canvas a grade heavier than on a similar sized racing dinghy; at least this will ensure longer wear. The mainsail should be capable of being reefed whilst at sea and the possession of a storm jib is desirable on sloops.

7. The following equipment should be carried aboard:

- ◆ Lifejackets for each member of the crew and one spare if possible.
- ◆ Waterproofs and plenty of warm clothing for each crew member.
- ◆ An anchor (if of fisherman type 1lb for each foot of overall length is a good guide, metric equivalent 1.5kgs per



Small Boat SAFETY

Small Boat Safety Recommendations of the Dinghy Cruising Association, Great Britain

meter. Patent types, CQR or Danforth for example, can be two thirds of this). The anchor warp, length 30 meters upwards, should be of non-floating material and have 2-3 meters of chain between it and the anchor. 8mm is a good average warp size.

- ◆ Two bailers, attached to the vessel by lanyards, or one bilge pump of substantial capacity plus one bailer. A bucket is also recommended.
- ◆ Two rowlocks secured to the vessel by lanyards, two oars and one spare rowlock. Paddles are not considered a satisfactory substitute.
- ◆ Drinking water more than sufficient for the cruise. At least three pints per person per day.
- ◆ A reliable steering compass. If possible it should be kept in one position where it should be checked for deviation.

8. The following equipment, additional to the items above is advised where the cruise is more extended than just day sailing:

- ◆ Navigation equipment such as charts, pilot books, tidal atlas and a means of plotting a course.
- ◆ Spare compass, need only be of pocket type.
- ◆ Portable radio capable of receiving shipping weather forecasts.
- ◆ Barometer.
- ◆ First-aid kit and instructions.
- ◆ Watertight container holding day and night distress signals.
- ◆ A powerful light to conform to DTI collision regulations and at least one spare electric torch.
- ◆ A loud horn, bell, whistle or other means of giving audible warning in thick weather.
- ◆ Tool kit to choice.

9. Before a trip, however short, let someone responsible know where you are going and by what time you expect to return or phone in.

Editor Comments: The Dinghy Cruising Association is a long term, well organized association of small open boat sailors who must contend with Great Britain's far more demanding on-the-water sailing conditions of tides and winds. Small boat sailors in our USA might benefit from communication with, even membership in, the DCA. To initiate this, contact their membership secretary:

Roger Gingell, 13 Tebbit Close, Bracknell, Berkshire RG12 9BA, Great Britain.

The DCA publishes four information packed bulletins yearly for its members, including in each many of the sorts of sailing/cruising tales we receive from readers. It also maintains an email address at <pebick@btinternet.com> and a website at <http://www.salford.ac.uk/media/staff/jmahome/dca_home.htm>



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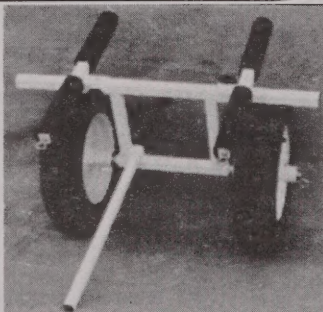
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Until the early 1980's working sails dotted the upper Chesapeake Bay here in the fall as the skipjack fleet "drugged" oysters. In the 1960's there were nearly 60 boats actively dredging; by 1998 there were less than seven working skipjacks. Now that oysters are scarce most intact boats are devoted to projects, museums and excursion parties.

The Last Sailors describes eight similarly endangered fleets of working sailing craft scattered across the globe. The author, Neil Hollander and the photographer, Harald Mertes, voyaged across three oceans to join the crews in loading, unloading, sailing, and living with each vessel. The essays describe the peculiar combination of sailor, working sailboat, and geographic area woven together into a delicate fabric that faces extinction (and the encroachment of the internal combustion engine). No welfare state stands behind these toilers of the sea: Once boat or man is disabled they are forgotten, not replaced. One of our professors used to advise us that the veneer of civilization is thin.

This book covers small and large craft from the five-log jangada of northeast Brazil to an immense trading junk of Macau or the stately aiyassa of the Nile. The number of hands needed to work these boats remains few, despite the size. Except to haul up large spars and sails as well as cargo, the crew averages out to an old man and a boy. Most of these craft developed to fulfill a local need and were based upon crude native craft to which sail was added after European colonization.

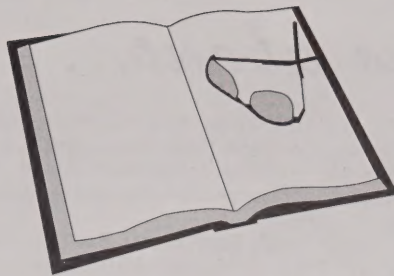
The Windward Islands schooners reach back and forth from Trinidad to Jamaica carrying cargoes of insignificant size and quantity, rarely out of sight of land, and innocent of instruments (if lost they throw a pig overboard and follow his homing instinct towards the nearest sugar cane plantation). After only a few hard years one is "In need of paint, her fittings and rigging rusted, looking much older than her age."

The V masts of the Sri Lankan oruwa were always a mystery to me until the authors explained that the boat never tacks or jibes, but simply changes ends and directions, carrying the sail through the masts and steering from what was the bow. These dugout log canoes are held together by lashings. The outrigger is always to windward and with increasing wind velocity men climb out. Wind strength is measured in terms of the number of hikers.

The aiyassa sits high when empty but looks like a raft when fully loaded. Enormous cargoes of bricks are carried from the delta up the Nile to Cairo, the downwind leg. Heading back empty they will band together and hire a tug to speed the empty run. The brick market is declining, and so are these graceful sloops.

The jangada are five dowel-joined logs sailing out 30 miles to the edge of the continental shelf in northeast Brazil, spending more time coming and going than pursuing the few paltry fish. The book relates a vivid account of three boys taking a chance and getting upset in a sudden storm. One was lost and the other two barely made it back on the crippled boat.

The delta of the Ganges-Brahmaputra is shallow but heavily populated with watercraft of which they describe the Bangladeshi shampan; the hull derived from the junk with a lateen rig. The cargoes may be as unrefined as dirt, and the weather as fierce as the cy-



Book Review

The Last Sailors
The Final Days of Working Sail
 By Neil Hollander & Harald Mertes
 St. Martin's Press, New York
 Copyright 1984

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

clones of the Bay of Bengal.

The coastal lumber trade in Chile favors a smaller craft, combining the native lancha chilota hull with a gaff sloop rig. Firewood, lumber and shingles are shipped to Puerto Montt where the lanchas sit on the tide until the load sells. Some wives go along on these family boats, but most wait behind. This remote corner has three hundred days of rain per year here, and the wind is unpleasant from all directions. The helmsman keeps warm by placing a brazier of coals between his feet and tenting that over with a poncho: "You sit here half warm, half cold, and sometimes you don't know which feels worse."

These are scattered evidences of working sail across the globe, existing on slim margins. Probably many are now gone in the fifteen years since this account was written. These men were self-trained sailors and fishermen, probably more adept than their landsmen colleagues in everything except the ability to hold a paying job in a warm dry place. Many of these craft evolved from local needs and materials for functional needs that all to soon disappear. The jangada builder can

no longer obtain the preferred peuba logs and he has changed the hull design to employ different species of wood. Innovation is supreme, the jangada has a mast partner/step with eleven different positions to adjust the rake of the mast to the sailing conditions.

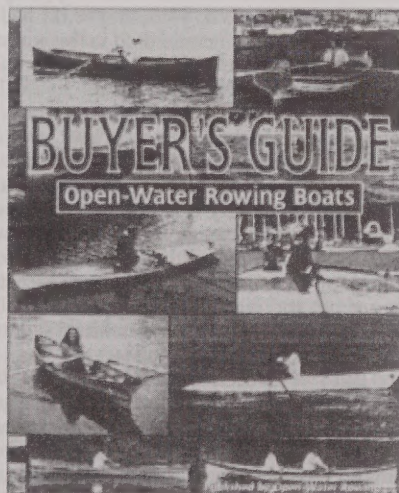
Despite an absence of modern sailcloth most of the rigs cut a handsome sailing figure: Ordinary muslin can look like cloth of gold if it is properly set. On the junk rig, one man can rapidly reduce sail using the ancestor of slab reefing. Some of the larger rigs required long heavy halyard pulls using a primitive capstan.

Storms, cyclones and bad weather are a constant threat to these survivors. The warnings of turbulence come from experienced eyes reading clouds and sky. In Chile, "You usually know when the weather's going to change; there are lots of signs; as long as the snow on the mountaintop stays white the weather won't change, but when it becomes grey, you know a storm is coming."

The authors cajoled their way aboard each of these craft; soon to find out that the stevedore efforts expected of their cohorts were beyond them. They must have had a way with words, and no sailor can resist having his photo taken. They were soon brought into the "family" of the boat and in the book they have been able to get us into many sailors' lives.

My memory of these men is that of sailors who have known little in life except a hard subsistence, proud to share their experiences and yarns with the outlanders. Soon enough these sailors will have vanished. "Why do sailors sign on? We asked many that question. Many men know no other way to live and, as always, there are those who have their own, very private reasons for going to sea."

The book, copyright 1984, by St. Martin's Press, New York, is out of print, but there are eleven copies listed by the Advanced Book Exchange on the Internet. Two years after the first visits, Hollander and Mertes retraced their steps with a film crew, making a video using the same title narrated by Orson Welles. The video has over two hours of beautiful sailing motion, but the personal touch of the book's insight is lost in the narration which dwells on the loading and unloading of bricks and mud. Look for this film if you have a bountiful video store near you.



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Activities & Events...

Friendship at Festival

On July 10th the National Park Service will have on display, as part of the community's Maritime Festival, the yet to be completed replica of the 18th century Salem merchantman *Friendship*, at its Custom House Historic Site at Derby Wharf in Salem, Massachusetts.

For further information call Mike Parr at (978) 740-1696

"Native Legacy" Traces the Origins of Today's Small Boats

Whether mass-produced or individually handcrafted, modern canoes, sailboards and windsurfers all share a common beginning in pre-colonial Native American boating traditions. Follow the transformation of centuries-old kayaks, dugouts and surfboards into contemporary high-tech small boat designs at "Native Legacy", a new exhibit opening at Mystic Seaport in early July and running through Columbus Day. Due to ongoing building modifications, an exact opening date has not yet been set. Call 888-9SEAPORT for updates.

Explore Native American boating traditions and their transformation by European-American boatbuilders into small vessels that reflected the tools, materials and societal influences of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Trace the modernization of Inuit kayaks into double-paddle canoes; dugouts from southern Ontario into Canadian canoes; and Hawaii's surfboards into sailing board boats, with rudders and conventional rigs, and then into standup sailboards. Discover the contemporary applications of traditional boat design, from today's mass-produced recreational boats to the Native American users who are rediscovering their heritage by restoring canoes and kayaks to a central place in their culture.

Dozens of historic and modern boats, models, plans, informative illustrations, photographs and videos will comprise "Native Legacy". A daily children's art activity, such as designing and making a paper canoe, based on classic and current children's literature will be offered. Simple, touchable models of different small boats will help you understand and compare the design and function of Native boats.

Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT

Crocker Memorial Race

The 33rd Anniversary Crocker Memorial Race, honoring internationally renowned yacht designer Samuel Sturgis Crocker, will be held July 17th on the waters off Manchester-By-The-Sea, Massachusetts, sponsored jointly by the Manchester Yacht Club and the Manchester Harbor Boat Club, of which S.S.Crocker was a founding member. The race is open to all yachts carrying U.S.C.G. required safety equipment and epitomizes that special spirit represented by S.S. Crocker, combining those characteristics of both cruising and racing which emphasize seamanship and love of sailing. Traditionally a

fun race for the skipper with little or no racing experience as well as the seasoned racer, come and enjoy the friendly atmosphere and the excitement of competition. For further information contact:

John Lind, Manchester-By-The-Sea, MA, (978) 526-9636, <jtlind@tiac.net>

Small Craft Exhibitors Invited

The Antique and Classic Boat Show that the Finger Lakes Chapter, ACBS will host July 30th through August 1st will be our fifth consecutive year in Skaneateles, NY. We are very much interested in increasing the number of small craft exhibitors who participate in our event as we have an excellent venue where small craft can be displayed on the lawn adjacent to the water where larger boats in the show are moored. In addition a ramp and dock are available for easy launching of small craft during the Boat Show.

Skaneateles is a beautiful historic village located at the north end of Skaneateles Lake, one of upstate New York's eleven Finger Lakes. Our annual show is a judged event, drawing 10,000-12,000 spectators to see the boats brought by 60 to 70 exhibitors.

Anyone interested in more information or an invitation to the show can contact Dana Ritchie, Boat Show Co-chair, at (781) 275-6521 (eves) or via email at <dritchie@northeastbusinesssys.com>

R.D. Sherwood, Secretary, Finger Lakes Chapter, ACBS, Skaneateles, NY

Opinions...

How to Best Use the Time We Get?

The way life seems to be today you have to figure out how to best use the time and money left over (if any) after dealing with life's ongoing demands. Thoreau said, when you want anything, to first ask yourself, "How much of that thing you call life are willing to give up to get it?" When you do, you suddenly find things you thought important, become only a burden. I used to think I would build our next boat, and it would have to be wood again. But it would be hard to give up a summer or two to do it. Well, maybe if I had a big enough barn, and could do it in the winter. But that's a big barn, and a big if. There are an awful lot of perfect, and cheap, 21' to 25' fiberglass keel boats languishing in marinas (I would like our next boat to be keel, and in that size range).

Last summer I didn't sail much with my Elver, *Bivalve*. Many things kept taking our weekends away from us. The two times we tried to use *Bivalve* didn't work out. Too choppy on the river to enjoy it one day, and we got out too late the other. Hard to sail... easy to fritter away time on... what? I don't even remember the rest!

But I've girded myself this time. *Bivalve* is almost ready for anything. Little day trips, and longer overnights on the Hudson should be possible. I feel like we're rushing towards summer like a cork toward a sluice gate, and I'm hoping we're ready to make the most of it.

We did use the kayak more, though, last year. We took it to the Cape with us. Cathy, Clare and I were comfortable on various trips in Provincetown harbor, Wellfleet harbor and up the Pamet River. I'm going to take the Pamet all the way to the end this year. We also used it in the Hudson, and on the annual swamp trip.

H. Richard SantaColoma, Putnam Valley, NY

Falling Overboard, Boatbuilding & Seagulls

P. R. Angel makes a great point in the April 1st issue about boarding unassisted after falling overboard in "Small Boat Safety". This almost happened to me sailing during coronary recovery and is indelibly imprinted on my memory.

Bolger has included notches and handholds in his rudders for ages. Hope gudgeons and pintles are up to the job.

Got into a spitting match with some stuffy Brits about this when the sailboat is manned and operable. They stated to heave to, I stated the opposite suggesting pickup at speed brings the body of the unfortunate up to water level which could amount to something like 70% of the freeboard.

Trailing a line makes a lot of sense, particularly if it could detach a rope ladder when pulled hard. Add knots/handholds to rope?

Greatest demonstration of an overboard rescue involved the capable but unlovely Peggy Slater captaining a huge schooner, the *L'Apache* in a race to Tahiti. Man discovered missing, so she persevered sailing in the reverse direction for 24 hours until she found him.

A recent article in *Readers Digest* described a USN type fallen overboard who remembered to take off his trousers and inflate them. Believe he was in the water over 24 hours before discovered and rescued.

Hypothermia is a real bummer because any stimulants ingested for recovery require blood transfer to aid digestion. This is feared when sailing the beautiful mile-high Lake Tahoe.

Indulge me a little in boat fabrication, please. I note continued commentary about improper woods and other materials used in DIY boatbuilding. Latest is lauan plywood. For sure this material has a funky inner ply. Point is, in an internal structure perhaps this offers potential flotation. Maybe a low-priced feature!

I keep wondering about further development of the "Pricker" type roller used in FG layouts to eliminate air bubbles. Commercial cost of one is \$110. Okay, take a flat rolling pin or any wood roller like used for wallpapering, preferably sand down to bare wood, then get a box of sharp tacks and dip the heads in epoxy and affix to the roller making an instant pricker. Seemingly every material with inner spaces, including corrugated paper, could be easily well punctured so the subsequent covering of latex, polyester, or epoxy can be applied and well squeegeed in. Builders don't seem to stint on outer coating materials, so squeegee it in for additional benefits like a zillion structural air spaces.

Also, I keep wondering about usage of plain blue insulation EPS board. Believe it comparable in price to plywood. Naturally easily cut, formed with low heat, scored for shaping, etc. More important is this material

covered on both sides for flotation is wonderful. Mainly, it should result in unprecedented light weight for such as trailerable shanty boats. For critical areas, certainly FG tape epoxies in will suffice. Plain "sheathing" like Dacron can be obtained at yardage stores, it can be heat shrunk, and applied with latex-based elastomers and paints. Adequate certainly but not up to FG strengths. Something for "you write us about...."

A hint for Seagullers: Seagull outboard water coolant impellers are marginal, resulting in cooling problems hard to trouble shoot. The salient area is the outlet to the muffler at the bottom of the cylinder. Eyeballing is not enough; probe with some pointed object and frequently you'll bust thru a hard crystallized layer of hardened salt that obstructs exhaust water flow.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Schooners in the Slave Trade

The way I read it, the Atlantic schooners and brigantines used between 1780 and 1850 had a few things in common: They were based on the Baltimore model, carried much sail, were consistently pressed hard while at sea, and lightly built as the cargo, the enslaved, opium and specie did not require a heavy boat.

This led to a distinct and well known profile, much as the drug enforcement offshore speedboats and their antecedents, the ultra fast drug running offshore speed boats that came out of Miami not very long ago, have today.

So back to "The value in painting the outer limits of a schooner's main boom and bowsprit white. . ." A low profile with long main booms and bowsprits were characteristic of such boats, distinct and well known characteristics. So, the more invisible these features were from a distance, the safer such boats were from the eyes of British, and sometimes American, naval craft trying to eliminate the slave trade and piracy. And from the opposite point of view, the easier it was for this sort of boat, and they were well liked by West Indian and Mediterranean pirates, to catch a merchant ship unawares. And that was quite often the ticket to death, enslavement, beatings, rape and the destruction for the captured boat.

It is more than modestly interesting that these boats have been romanticized. A fast sleek schooner, low in the water, hard pressed, powerful on her feet is romantic icon these days.

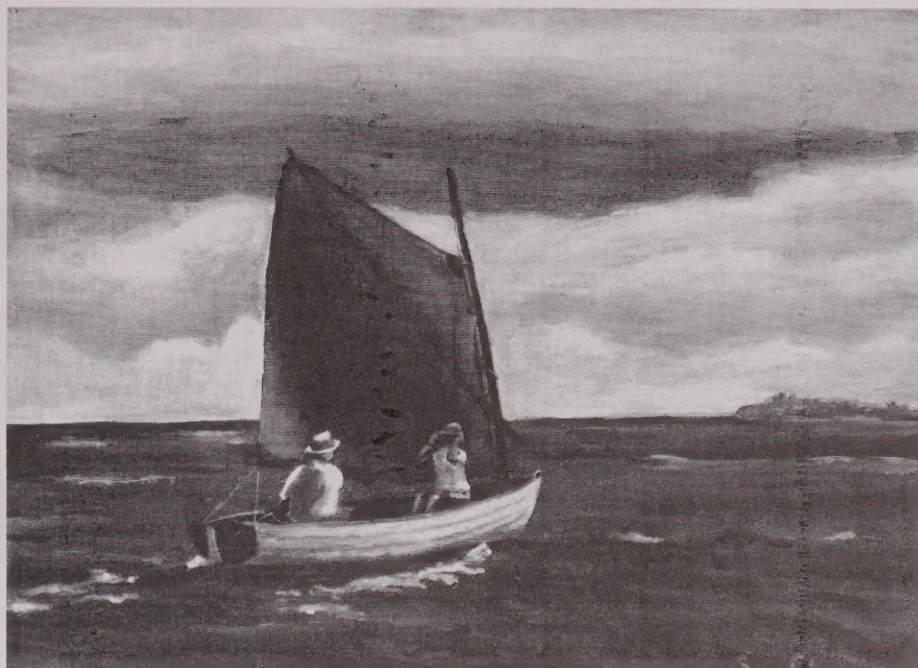
An interesting but unrelated fact: The Fredonia class Banks schooners are probably, with some adjustment for their specific purpose, the closest thing to a distinct shadow of that line of marine architecture, if architecture is the correct word.

Tim Weaver, Rocky Hill, CT

Outboard Drag Under Sail

I had three responses and as many opinions to my letter seeking advice on outboard motor drag on my sailboat. One person had actually measured boat speed both with the motor in position in the water and then pulled up out of the water while under sail. He saw no difference in measured boat speed on the knot log. Admittedly a data point of one is not very conclusive from a technical standpoint.

Another had no actual measurement but said the boat seemed to sail much better without the motor in the water. He admitted also to enjoying the "sweeter, cleaner craft" without the motor in the water.



Sam Got It Right

Here is a photocopy of the painting that Dr. Sam Chapin did of the picture in my ad. That was always my favorite picture of a boat and I didn't think that he would possibly be able to improve on it when I took advantage of his classified ad in *MAIB* but he did. The painting is so wonderful. It seems to intensify the delight of that moment.

Robb White, Boatbuilder, Thomasville, GA

Yet another's experience was that motor sailing (outboard equipped sailboat) was the most desirable way to get good VMG to windward.

The point was also made that one only needs a very small motor to move a sailboat at or close to hull speed. A small motor would make more practical the idea of removing the motor from the well when the wind is up.

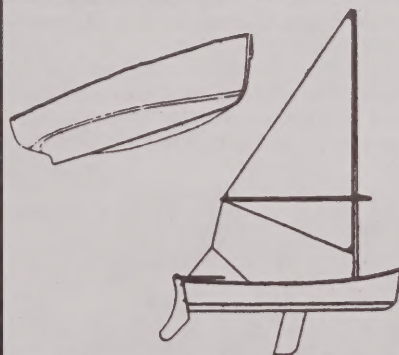
Norm Benedict from California commented as follows: "Usually the standard prop has so much pitch you overrun the sails. I got a prop with lesser pitch (Evinrude 4) from Michigan Prop for \$7.50 that allowed motorsailing with the engine running on "Start". My Aquarius 23 could stay with the keeled 30 footers with strapped genoas in the usually trying thrash to windward going from San Pedro to Catalina Island. Engine noise hardly discernible, nor smoke/smell."

So, what am I going to do? I do believe in a sweeter cleaner craft. It just makes sense for a sailing vessel, and if it feels right psychologically then I will enjoy it more even if there is no real difference technically. I have an old 4hp Mercury long shaft that doesn't weigh much. I think I will try that and remove it when sailing (at least until I get tired of taking it out and putting it back). As for giving up the charging system of the outboard, my electricity use will probably not be so great that a solar panel wouldn't do the job, although I have no experience with solar panels.

The other thought for auxiliary propulsion is oars of course. This I probably won't try as there will be times when the wind drops and I will really like to get to port before it gets dark. There is enough of a tide rip in many of the "down east" places that I sail that I would be hard pressed to make any headway if the tide was against me.

Jack Dice Stonington, ME

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Next to messing around in my own boat, my favorite thing is messing around on other people's boats. You won't catch me in any metalflake, over-powered outboard bomb or fooling around in a Bayliner or Donzi or big-butted South Florida wake dragger, but if I pass an interesting boat, I can turn my head all the way around just like a bird. I know how to provoke a ride and, after we get underway, instigate the person to get the best from the old boat, too.

I don't get right in their face and say something like, "Is that all this old thing can do," or anything like that. I am subtle with it. Like, "What do you reckon would happen if we were to untie all those little strings holding all that extra sail in that wad up there on the boom?" Or, "I always heard that even on boats this big, when you get to hull speed the boat only makes two big waves instead of all those little ones all down the side like that. Is that the truth?"

One time the reef strings on this old schooner that my sons and I provoked a ride on had been tied so long that we had to gnaw the granny knots loose. When we finally got

JUBILEE!



PADDLEWHEEL RIVERBOAT TOURS

A Boat Ride

By Robb White

the whole main and foresail free and the hal-yards (throat and gaff peak for each) snatched all the way up, we were out from under the lee of the land and the old boat laid over and started boogying on down the bay. It scared the captain so bad that he got crossed up and went on the wrong side of a dredge operation, and the old boat hit the spoil so hard that she jumped completely out of the water like a mullet, this is a 50' boat now, and jammed the centerboard into the case with oyster shells so bad that we had to dive it with a screwdriver so we could finally beat back into the river.

It was during Christmas vacation and the fair wind that took us out was a norther. I think I still have a few goosebumps that haven't warmed up yet. Did I learn my lesson about instigating things like that? Shoot no.

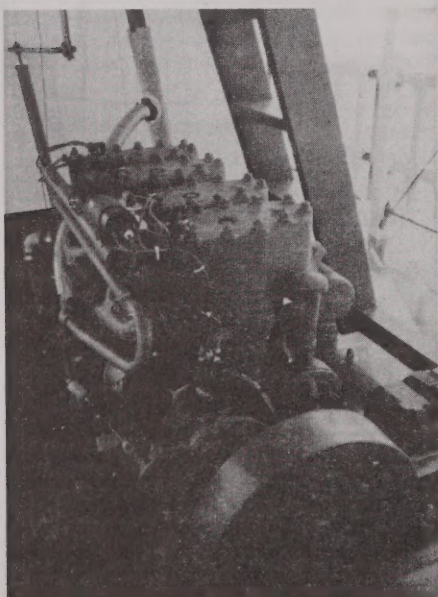
Just the other day I had to go to Apalachicola, Florida, to whine to the tax lady a little, and as I was tooling down Water Street, a new boat caught my eye. It was a long, lean, paddlewheel boat, brand new looking. Had a Norwegian flag on the nose pole. By the time I got parked and trotted back there, the captain was just finishing up oiling the big roller chain that pulled the homemade sprocket of the paddlewheel. I noticed that he oiled each

roller just at the end instead of juicing up the whole thing and dribbling a lot of oil in the water. It was easy to provoke a ride. His name was Dan Blake and he is one of those big, easy-going, enthusiastic sort of men that can be provoked into most anything, even building a 50' paddlewheel boat named *Jubilee*.

I was so busy staring at all the details with the paddlewheel that I missed the main thing until I almost ran into it. He has a real engine on that thing. Right there on deck, in the middle of the boat, right under the wheelhouse, wide open to the air and plain view is a brand new, waist high, 1923, ZR4 Palmer gasoline engine. I mean brand new, not rebuilt and dolled up. The inscriptions stamped into the crankcase inspection plates are as sharp clean as a rifle barrel. Dan told me that his father had held onto that engine for a long, long time in case he ever needed to propel something. "Want to watch me crank it up?" said he. "Will a yellow butterfly light on a dog turd" I thought to myself.

With the slightest little twitch of his hands on the flywheel, the big engine started and sat there idling. Us old messers know what I mean by "idling," but there are billions of people who don't. They think the nervous twitter of a modern automobile as it sits waiting for the stoplight to turn green is idling, or the nasty bleat of a two-cycle Detroit diesel in a bus, or the self-destructive sounding clatter of a four-cycle diesel engine in a semi-truck, or the wretched skipping of a two-stroke outboard. Those things don't know how to idle, what knows how to idle is one of those old, big, slow-speed engines like the one in *Jubilee*. Big means 600 cubic inches in four cylinders, slow means 600 rpm at work. "Want to go for a little ride," says Dan.

Words don't come to mind. I got so excited that I took a picture of my own eyeball with the first frame of my little disposable camera and blinded the other eye with the flash, almost went over the side with the blind staggers. As soon as we backed out of the slip (which a paddlewheel boat backs down and steers in reverse like no other) and got underway, and I calmed down enough to stop looking at the paddlewheel, rudders, and engine at the same time, Dan leaned out of the wheelhouse window and quietly said, "Notice that



there are only two waves down the length of the boat. That means we are just about at hull speed."

Some people are already pre-instigated, I guess. As words fail me, I'll just tell you, that was a boat ride. Dan does that all the time, and I am glad to say that his wonderful boat is paying off for him. He makes about two or three 1-1/2 hour trips a day for \$15 a head

The Jubilee

The length is 50' and the beam is 10'. The shapely hull is welded steel, built in the southern way (Dan is from Vicksburg, Mississippi) with formed plate and radiused corners like a round-bottomed, modeled bow riverboat instead of flat and square like a barge. Looks like old Dan has done a little welding in his day, too. The superstructure is open with a high wood wheelhouse with real marine wheelhouse windows that let all the way down. The steering is wire rope wrapped on a spool and the throttle and shift are cable, bellcrank, and pushrod style. The gearbox is a Palmer oil bath, plate clutch, transmission, one to one, new like the engine.

Everything works as it should. The 9' wheel is driven by a big roller chain off one end of one of those old 9" Ford truck differentials that were so popular with the hot rod and race car fiends of my day because of the easy change gears. The drive shaft from the engine runs on deck under a wood box. The engine, at 600 rpm, turns the wheel at 25 and Dan calculates that it takes about 12hp and very little gas to do the easy 5-1/2 knots that he and the boat like. There are plenty more horses where those 12 came from, too.

The original Palmer bronze cylinder, brass piston raw water pump works the coolant through a "keel cooler" box, welded inside the hull. That old pump will probably last a long, long time working in that nice clean antifreeze instead of sandy river water. There are two complete ignition systems like an airplane (except that an airplane is like an old Palmer). One set of spark plugs is magneto fired and the other is fired by coil and condenser through a distributor like on a car. Whichever one is doing it, it don't miss a lick.

The River Trip

The Jubilee river trip is almost as fascinating as the boat. The mighty Apalachicola River, which forms Apalachee Bay, the third largest estuary on the East Coast of the Americas (after Chesapeake Bay and Mississippi Sound, the Amazon has no bay) is unusual. There are three big rivers that come together to make the Apalachicola: the Chattahoochee, which forms the line between Georgia and Alabama and drains the near half of both; the Flint, which is the main river draining middle Georgia below the fall line; and the short, unusual Jackson River. The Jackson River flows out of Lake Wimico (which is about as wild a place as any I know) and runs about 20 miles into the Apalachicola. By then it is just as wide as the Flint and Chattahoochee put together and three times as deep.

It is a mysterious thing. I guess all that water comes out of the ground. That is one of the unusual things about the Apalachicola River; another is that, except for the town of Apalachicola at the mouth, some little old towns (Chattahoochee, Blountstown, Bristol)

up near Lake Seminole where the Flint and Chattahoochee were dammed by the Corps of Engineers, and the tiny town of Estifanulga, about halfway between the dam and Apalach, there are hardly any inhabited places on the banks of the river (none at all on the Jackson or Lake Wimico).

The whole Apalachicola river valley is unusual. There are peculiar, out of place seeming plants, isolated relics left over from the ice age, like Atlantic white cedar and two species of coniferous trees, Gopherwood (*Torya taxifolia*) and the Florida Yew, that are found nowhere else. If you can tear yourself away from the joy of the old engine quietly throbbing on the job and the delight of the easy thrash of the paddlewheel, you'll find that you are in a fascinating place.

Captain Daniel Blake, (850) 653-9502, reservations required.



NOT FOR EVERYONE

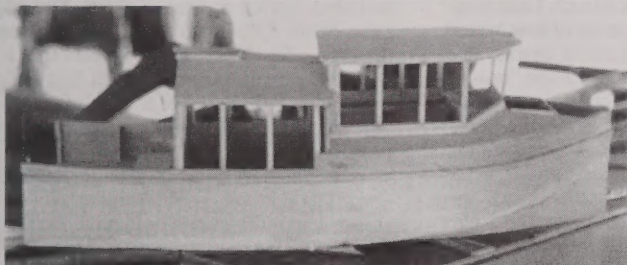


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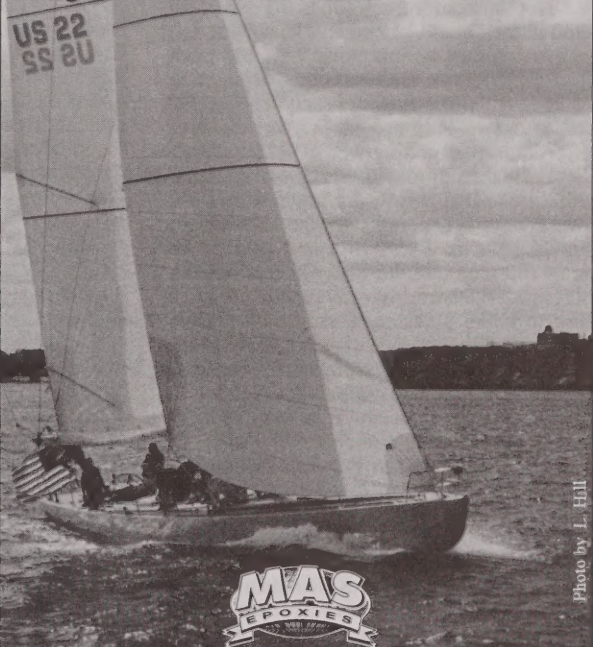


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As the summer advanced in the familiar cycle of hot, humid days, followed by showers, followed by drier weather with the usual front and northwest breeze, I'd often wonder, as I drove to work, what kind of adventure might we undertake to add some zest to a weekend. At times the urge was particularly strong and, because our kids were now old enough to look after themselves, we were able to plan excursions on short notice. I say "we" when, in fact, this plan was conceived alone but carried out in concert with my wife who participated with concern, with forbearance, and in the best of good humor.

How Cuttihunk became our destination I can't recall precisely because we had never been there, but my son had given me a copy of David Yeadon's book, *Hidden Corners of New England*, for Christmas 1976, and Yeadon's observations about Cuttihunk and the lure of an "offshore" adventure held a lot of appeal. From Stamford (our home) to Long Island is only four miles to the nearest point but Long Island, with its millions of inhabitants and the "World's Longest Parking Lot" (the Long Island Expressway) held little allure compared to Cuttihunk, with its unfamiliarity, its distance, and its small population. It offered more adventure, I suppose, because it was unknown to me.

In mid-week I called from the office to tell my wife about my bold plan for travel. I wonder now why I chose to announce my idea over the phone as opposed to over dinner or during a commercial break on television, but whatever the reason, I told her, "we're going cruising," and I roughed out the plan for her. The word "plan," indeed, may indeed be inappropriate usage. Whether there were lodgings available or not I had no idea, nor did I know where we could launch our Sunfish and park the car. The fact that we were planning to make this trip on a Sunfish may not put us in Joshua Slocum's class, but we were thrilled with the prospect nevertheless.

Not long before, my son and I had competed in the Great Connecticut River Sunfish Race, a two-day, camping overnight trip from Hartford to Essex, and from that experience we at least knew how to carry clean, dry clothes and washing-up gear in a way that prevents them from getting wet.

Early on Saturday morning we left home with the Sunfish in tow, driving east on I-95. (I've always wondered why the state's sign painters refer to I-95 North and I-95 South along the Connecticut shoreline when the shoreline, which the highway parallels, comes close to being precisely east and west.) We knew what direction we were driving because we carried a huge brass compass for our voyage. It was mounted in gimbals and filled with alcohol, a useful precaution in the event we lost our way or were overcome by thirst.

We drove through Providence and left I-95 in Fall River to follow a minor route to the shore at Westport, Massachusetts, where a long, public beach called Horseshoe Beach stretches eastward along Buzzard's Bay. Cuttihunk was just visible as an indistinct lump in the haze about eight miles away as we drove along the beach toward a tidal inlet where it would no longer be possible to follow the shoreline.

We turned in at a refreshment stand on the side of the road opposite the beach, and I asked the proprietor if I could leave my car and trailer on his property for a day or two.

Odyssey to Cuttihunk

By William G. Osborn

"Sure," he said, "just park back by the lot line." It seemed so easy a response for him, so comfortable in its generosity, so unexpected in its spontaneity. It was the first of two such demonstrations of humanity we encountered that made this weekend particularly memorable for us, even if the rest of the adventure fell flat, which it did not.

We shifted the Sunfish to the beach dolly with mast erect, the spars in place, and the duffel fastened to the deck, ready for embarkation, all on the side of the road opposite the beach. I half expected to see a vehicle with flashing lights speeding toward us as we trundled across the beach, to forbid us to launch there, to tell us we couldn't leave the country on a Sunfish and to demand to see our passports! We encountered no resistance, however, and after disposing of the beach dolly we sailed away with a gentle southwesterly just forward of the beam on course for Cuttihunk, making no allowance for the vigorous current there in the mouth of Buzzard's Bay.

The idea of the enterprise had been more exciting than the reality, thus far, and we had an uneventful two-hour sail over toward Cuttihunk. We had no problem with the current, but as we got closer to the island it began to take on a totally fantastic aspect. It had the appearance of an island equipped to fly! The engine of this apparition turned out to be a home-brew wind generator that was under construction, and which gave Cuttihunk the appearance of having remarkably un-island-like capability.

The little bay that is formed by Penikese, Nashawena, and Cuttihunk islands I had studied on the chart and I knew, more or less, where the hazards are, and the leading marks, and we located the narrow entrance to the "pond." I enjoyed the exercise of the short-tacking, bottom-touching effort to get into the pond, and we sailed past the old Coast Guard station and landed at the little piece of shingle by the town dock where *Capiquat* was drawn up. *Capiquat* was (is) an old fishing boat that was shored up there, and she lacked a plank or two below the waterline. *Capiquat*'s restoration took quite a while, we discovered on subsequent visits, or perhaps she had an obstinate streak in her and kept losing the same couple of planks.

Having arrived safely at our destination, we walked up the hill to the Allen House, which Yeadon had mentioned, and with the all-too-obvious trappings of a couple of odd cases, we stepped through the screen door onto the verandah-cum-dining area with dried salt on our shorts and carrying a wet duffel bag. It was probably obvious to the average observer that we hadn't arrived aboard the royal yacht.

Lunch was being served in the main dining room and, as we looked around trying to locate the reception area, a man who was seated with a woman and another man with a full beard asked, "Can I help you?" When I said I was looking for the office, he pointed to the bearded man and said, "He's the office." Then followed this exchange:

Adventurer: "We just sailed over. Do you have space for us tonight?"

Beard: "Sure."

Adventurer: "We'd like to have dinner, too."

Beard: "OK."

Adventurer: "Do you take American Express?"

Beard: "The checks, yes."

Adventurer: "I mean the card. We don't have any traveler's checks."

Beard: "Your check will do."

Adventurer: "I don't have any of my checks, either."

Beard: "You can send me one when you get home."

I guess this hirsute hotelier showed me a thing or two about trust. It was an experience I'll never forget.

Beard then showed us a clean, airy room on the corner of the second floor of an immaculate old frame house that formed part of the Allen House real estate and, having dropped off our one piece of "luggage," we began our exploration of Cuttihunk, still wondering about our exchange with Beard, about his business acumen, about the state of the hotel business on Cuttihunk (there were two guest houses operating on Cuttihunk at that time), and the contrast between the way we had just been treated by the management of the Allen House and by a whole host of merchants in other places and at other times.

Cuttihunk is very small, but the terrain and the foliage combine to make exploration a lot of exercise. We walked up the narrow, paved, walled-in roadway to the top of the principle hill where there are the remains of concrete bunkers which, I suppose, formed part of our coast defenses during one or the other or both of the World Wars.

To go to all that trouble, our government must have had a grave concern about intrusion from the sea, and certainly Cuttihunk stands in the path of intruders who might try to come ashore in that vicinity. The experience of the QE II, when she ran aground in the area a few years ago, suggests that a prospective invader should equip himself with better charts than the pilot of the QE II had.

At the top of the hill we studied the progress of the wind-generator project and watched the young, bearded engineer who was working on it. His 250cc Yamaha woods bike stood nearby, and we would have liked to ask some questions about the wind machine, but he was so high up that conversation was impossible. We later heard that the scheme was being paid for by Mr. Spaulding, the sports equipment mogul, who had at that time a home on the island.

The generator could have reduced the cost of electricity on the island, provided the technology was up to the task, but I believe that technology didn't really become available until quite a while later. In any case, the Cuttihunk wind-generator was never to generate. At the time I remember thinking, "Hats off to Mr. Spaulding," and I think the same today.

Electric power on the island was at the time, and I suppose still is, provided by a couple of diesel generators whose operation and maintenance required the services of a full-time engineer. As an individual whose livelihood was earned on the fringe of the electric power industry, it occurred to me that the cost of power for Cuttihunkers (are big, handsome residents called Cuttihunks?), where there are only a few families living through the winter,

could be materially reduced if a high voltage, underwater cable were brought from the mainland, but I suppose it would be very expensive. It would probably be inappropriate to suggest that the residents form a Rural Electrical Cooperative, borrow a huge sum of money from the federal government at ridiculously low interest, install the cable, invest the rest of the money wisely, and live happily ever after.

Our tour of Cuttihunk continued. We passed the rather substantial dump, and that's something else Cuttihunkers are going to have to address. Maybe they should get the Rural Electrification Administration to lend them enough money to build a garbage-burning steam-plant to satisfy their electricity needs. That way, the more people move to Cuttihunk, the more garbage, the more power is generated to serve their needs, their fuel, after all, being free.

We walked all the way to the Gosnold monument, after Bartholomew Gosnold, who founded a short-lived colony on the island in 1602, and whose hardy band of colonists, when Gosnold was getting ready to return to England for supplies said, "That's all right, Bart, we'll just come along to make sure you get home OK," and the colony was abandoned.

Our hiking at an end, we washed up, changed into salt-free clothes, and went down to dinner. I had bluefish because we were at a place where fishing is what the locals do, and I don't remember what Mrs. ordered. We were waited on by a girl who had come to Cuttihunk to work and spend the summer, and we agreed that most kids would have much preferred a bigger, busier place to hang out for summer. She provided us with excellent service, however, and the kitchen did a fine job on our dinners.

On Cuttihunk there is no alcohol served nor sold, and there is no night life whatever so we were early to bed. (If we had been in Las Vegas we would probably have been early to bed, too.) Sunday morning we walked to the other end of the island, to Canapitsit channel, which separates Cuttihunk from Nashawena island. The channel is narrow, it is bounded by plenty of rocks, the current was swift and in Duncan and Ware's *A Cruising Guide To The New England Coast*, they warn of its dangers. We were particularly interested because we planned to sail out of the pond, turn south through Canapitsit channel, west along the south shore of Cuttihunk, through Hen and Chickens reef and back to Horseshoe Beach.

We asked Allen House to prepare a lunch for us, which we took pains to wrap in waterproof stuff to keep it appetizing. After launching we sailed around the inner perimeter of the pond and enjoyed the view. There was a sailing club that had a fleet of Turnabout dinghies, and there are a number of beautiful homes bordering the pond.

Turning toward the exit channel from the pond, we sailed past the dock where the regular ferry, the *Alert*, docked. The former Cuttihunk residence barracks of the Coast Guard now belongs to a group of Coast Guard families, if I have the story straight, and it is a handsome, well-kept property bordering the pond.

Cuttihunk's pond is small and completely surrounded by the island, the entry is curved, and the main part of the island is quite high. From a lubber's point of view it appears to be a very safe haven, although during a winter storm I suppose it can be menacing to someone in a small boat. While sailing my GP14 on Weber Pond in Maine on a brilliant sunlit afternoon, the wind freshened enough to fill

me with respect for that little body of water and to knock me down long enough to cover the floor boards with water. I struggled into the lee of some huge trees and rolled about half of the main sail on the boom, removed the jib, and sailed back to our rented cottage with my tail between my legs. All of that was on a pond not much bigger than the pond at Cuttihunk.

Sunday's weather was not much different than Saturday's, there was a good breeze and, in spite of the vigorous current in Canapitsit channel, we made a little progress to the south on each tack across the deep part, and near the edges we could see the hazards in the clear water. Once out into Vineyard Sound, or Rhode Island Sound, whichever is the appropriate name for the water just there, we encountered a long, gentle swell typical of a broad expanse of water as we coasted along Cuttihunk's southern shore. We had not seen the Spaulding home when approaching the island nor on our walks, but now we had a good look at it and it is splendid, indeed.

There are no beaches along the southern shore of Cuttihunk, it wouldn't be a good place to land in any but the most settled weather, and you had better have pretty robust shoes on even then. We kept well clear of this "solid property" and penetrated Hen and Chickens reef without incident and headed back to the mainland. The miles went by quickly, and I think we both felt a little disappointed that our adventure was nearly over except for the girl who walked to the water as we landed at Horseshoe Beach and asked us, "Are you the people who sailed away yesterday morning?" It transpired that she and her husband lived close by, they had a Sunfish, and they had often discussed sailing over to Cuttihunk but had never undertaken it. We had a good gam.



Gunkholing with Cleve, Winter Harbor

By David Buckman from *Fetching Along*,
a photographic essay of the Maine and Canadian Maritime coasts.

Idling about Winter Harbor's quiet backwaters with the sun at our back, a rising tide promising deliverance from gross navigational transgressions, and a bracing primordial brew wafting across the saltings is an eminently

agreeable occupation. And it was a duty for which the *Leight* was well suited, for her centerboard could quickly be raised out of harm's way, which was a good thing for Cleve could have been a contender for the world series of

groundings. All but impervious to the spirited censure that followed his defects of watchmanship, a few chips of paint off the centerboard was of no account whatsoever to Cleve, who took great delight in exploring the slimmest of possibilities, preferably under sail.

Hugging the shore of Penobscot Island, we eased along silently, the mainsail catching what few errant zephyrs were about as a great evergreen tapestry unfolded a few yards off the beam. Dodging glacial erratics and weedy shoals, we came within a few yards of a great blue heron standing stoically at water's edge.

Not long afterward, I was puzzled when Cleve directed me to run the *Leight* onto a muddy bar. Following his directive, we crunched to a standstill and struck sail. When the mate laid down on the foredeck, I had no idea of what he was up to until he pulled a net bag from his pocket and, reaching over the side, harvested mussels for dinner.

Later, making for a niche in the bold shore, the mate looped the bow line around an iron ring implanted by quarrymen a century ago and shoved the *Leight* back into deeper water where the CQR was let go astern. So situated, we could haul her ashore like a shirt on a clothesline when we wanted to take a walk. The *Leight's* crew was a contented lot that night as the flickering lantern light made her kennel of a cabin snug and inviting, a bottle of ambrosial nectars was breached, toasts were offered, and laughter echoed about the darkness.



North Star at Cupancara, Bolivia.

Lake Titicaca Days

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

Part II

By Bob Austin

Guests

Almost all my sailing guests were Bolivians, and for people with little experience of water, much less of sailing on it, they were universally good sports.

Another single American expatriate and I invited three young women, sisters from a traditional *paceña* family, for an overnight sail to Paco. We spent a very quiet evening, made memorable mostly by the only moonlight rainbow I've ever seen, and slept fully clothed in Levis and alpaca wool wherever we found space. What was remarkable about the excursion is that none of the women, in the course of more than 30 hours on board, could overcome her reserve to the point of using the head! Yet Tom and I heard not one word of complaint.

In June of 1980, in the last military coup in Bolivia's coup-punctuated history, a triumvirate of service chiefs seized power from a lame duck government, also in effect overthrowing a President-elect, Hernan Siles Zuazo, who, as he had already done on at least one earlier occasion, went into hiding somewhere in Bolivia. Following the coup, I developed as one of my political contacts a young, attractive, American-educated Bolivian woman who was active in high levels of Siles's now-proscribed party, the MNRI. We met regularly in the city, and she joined me on a couple of occasions for some day sailing on the lake. Once, tongue firmly planted in cheek, I suggested that when Siles was ready to make a break for it, we could take him across the lake to Peru on *North Star*.

One morning several weeks later, the lady made discreet contact with me and told me that it was all laid on for that night. If I could be on the boat and ready an hour after dark, they would deliver Siles up to me at Cupancara and we could be on our way. Stunned and embarrassed, I had to explain that I really

hadn't meant it, and that even if we tried, we would have little chance of slipping by any patrols, or even making it across in one night.

The breezes on the lake usually weakened as the night advanced, and she had seen how little good the engine did, even when it started and kept running. Disappointed but understanding, my friend said she would pass on my refusal and make other arrangements. I went directly to my office and informed my boss of the overture. He said, "Sure, Bob, go ahead and do it. And when you get to Peru, just keep on going, because you sure won't be coming back here!"

I soon learned that with the logistical support of another, more activist, embassy, the MNRI cadre had managed to deliver Siles to the lake that evening, and that he had made it safely to Peru in a smuggler's speedboat. Under international opprobrium and embargo, the "Cocaine Coup" regime finally crumbled, and Siles would return to Bolivia in 1982 and assume his rightful place at the head of a civilian government.

In the last months of 1980, however, the military cracked down on its opposition, and my friend was arrested one night after returning home from dinner at my house. Pressure brought to bear by her influential family and, extraofficially, by me, got her out of the grip of the Ministry of Interior and safely into exile in the U.S. I remained quite close to her family in her absence, and I once invited her seventy-something-year-old widowed father, her older sister, a mutual male friend and his 12-year-old daughter for what we planned as a day sail. Indeed, it would have to be a day sail, as anything that would get us home later than 9:00 PM would mean violation of the curfew and arrest, if not shooting on sight by trigger-happy peasant soldiers at the inevitable roadblocks. As we headed for home port, how-

ever, first wind, then engine failed, and it was already approaching 9:00 as we drifted to within heaving range of the pier.

All I could do was offer a couple of damp blankets, light the gas stove and a couple of candles, and open a bottle of the Johnny Walker Black that lubricated social life and warmed chill winter nights in highland Bolivia. The hours until dawn passed slowly, but without a word of complaint from any aboard.

I sailed for the long Easter weekend of 1981 with the woman I dated for my last six months in Bolivia. Although there was little wind, we were compensated by a moon that appeared impossibly full for three consecutive nights, and when the moon is full in a cloudless and unpolluted sky 12,500 feet above sea level, the effect is dazzling. We visited several islands, and it was on one of them that I first learned that an unattended inflatable is an open invitation to its rough use by muddy-footed local children. The second night saw us ghosting into an island cove where I dropped anchor. It was only in the morning that I learned from a local fisherman that we had spent the night in Peruvian waters.

I met a remarkably sophisticated and cultured young Aymara woman from La Paz. She was without a doubt the only Aymara, male or female, who could lay claim to a McGregor 36 catamaran, which she kept on Long Island Sound. On our one sail together on the lake, I asked her how you would say "North Star" in Aymara. Reflecting a moment, she said, "*Warawara del...*" and pointed up-lake. It then occurred to me that "north" as a named cardinal direction is a distinctly western construct.

The only guest who did complain to the point of wanting to be taken home was an Embassy colleague. But it was cloudy and blustery, and it did begin to sleet and blow as we moved out onto the lake. I must admit that the idea of spending the rest of the afternoon sipping brandy and listening to Vivaldi in front of her La Paz fireplace was more appealing than what we had set out to do.

One day as I was ghosting along the bank of *totoras* that rimmed the island that sheltered my port, I came across a local man and his son, in his early 20s, checking their fishing nets. I invited them to join me for a sail; they climbed aboard we took their skiff in tow. The man wore the typical peasant fedora and spoke Spanish with a thick accent, muddying the vowels in the Aymara manner. He was self-conscious and diffident in the way I had come to expect as a *senor* among peasant people. Not so his son, a third-year student at the *Universidad Mayor de San Andrés* in La Paz.

After six consecutive years as a Person of Consequence in Latin America, I at first found his self-confidence, his breezy speech, and his familiarity off-putting and, I would admit to myself later, a little threatening. I began to grow accustomed to it, however, and by the time they cast off their boat after a circumnavigation of their island, I was telling myself that education and its byproduct, an insistence that members of the traditional ruling classes deal with them as equals, is the only hope for the future of Latin America's peasantry and the rest of the world's fellahin people.

I met some other islanders under truly threatening circumstances. I was out on a breezy afternoon with the Political Counselor's secretary when I noticed two native sailboats

on a converging course with *North Star*. When I jibed and headed off on a new tack, they came with me, demonstrating a surprising turn of speed off the wind. Within minutes it was obvious that they wanted to speak me and, having little choice, I heaved to and brought them alongside.

They wanted to know how much water I drew and if I had recently sailed through the straits between their island and the mainland. About a meter forty, I said, and yes, I had been through the pass. In that case, one of them said, holding aloft a handful of mesh, it was I who had fouled and torn their fishnets which, they pointed out, are anchored to the bottom and are buoyed up below the surface by floats. I readily agreed that \$18 in damages would be quite fair, and they sailed off.

I had a more pleasant time landing and eating trout at the tourist hotel a few miles above Cupancara and during a call at the YCB, the Yacht Club Boliviano. A pleasant facility with a sheltered basin and a clubhouse behind a low adobe wall and shaded by the eucalyptus that provide green to the high plains, it hosted a mix of Bolivian and expatriate boaters, the latter including a number of sailing Canadians and a mixed bag of Europeans. There was a preference for powerboats, most of them of modest size and power and locally built, but there were a few day sailers and production overnights of provenance as uncertain as *North Star*'s. I met and became friends with YCB Commodore Dr. Bruno Boehm, a second-generation German-Bolivian born and raised in La Paz.

A Little Natural History

Lake Titicaca is, in reality, two lakes separated by the narrow Straits of Tiquina. The lower lake, my waters, even has its own name, Chucuito. It covers about 600 square miles of Titicaca's total of 3,000 but, being rather shallow, probably contains less than 10% of the water. That water is cold enough to kill a swimmer in less than an hour, but is warm enough to moderate the climate around the lake. Ice, other than morning frost and rime in the shallows, is rare, and I saw no snow during my two years of acquaintance with the lake.

The lake is fed by numerous streams coming down from the mountains to the east and west and the high plains that lie to the north. It is dewatered through the appropriately named *Rio Desaguadero*, which flows south to form the shallow and forlorn Lake Poop—, below Oruro. The waters of Poop—in turn continue south to eventually lose themselves in the cold and even more forlorn wastes of the *Salares de Uyuni*, the Uyuni Salt Flats.

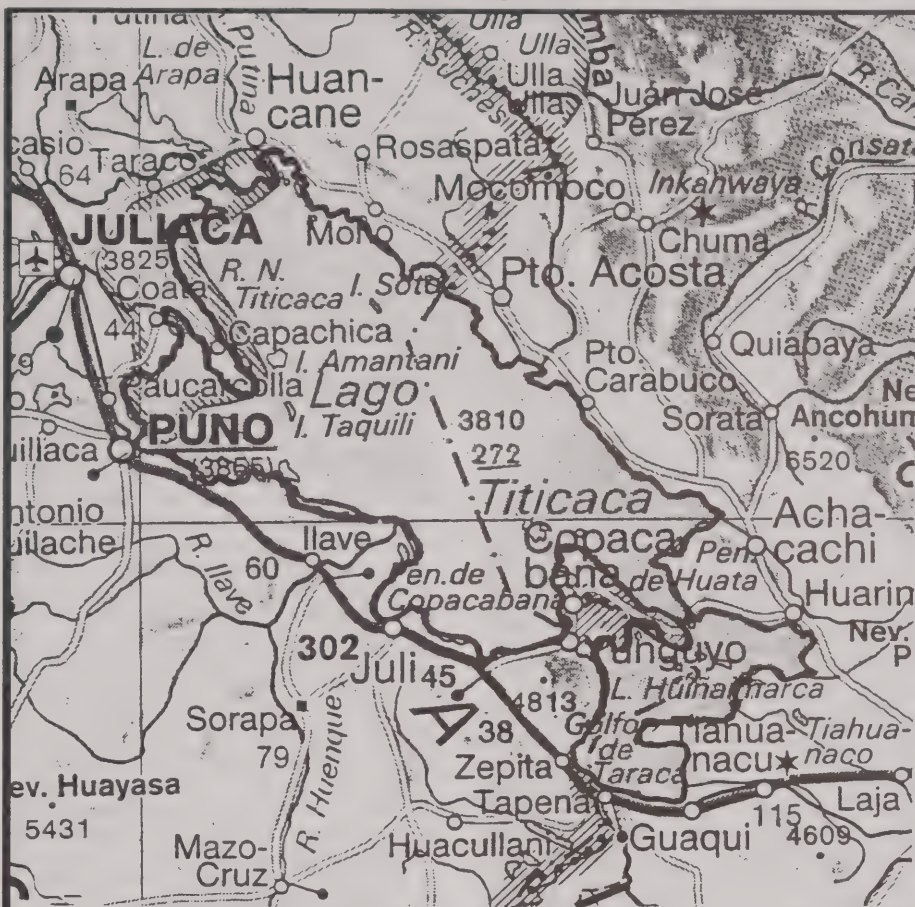
The height of the lake varies seasonally by a couple of feet, and over the longer term by as much as six meters. In the years shortly following my time in Bolivia, the water level fell to the point where Tony's million-dollar port works were presumably left high and dry, even with the dredged channel, then it rose again to flood lakeside fields, roads, and communities. Evidence of lower waters was apparent during my year on the lake, and posed a hazard to navigation in the form of unmarked submerged stone walls jutting out from the shores. I could just get over the flooded causeway that once had and again would link my local island with the mainland.

A typical alpine lake in spite of its size, Titicaca is poor in fauna. In the 1930s, well-meaning sportsmen stocked it with lake trout.

They grew to impressive size and their population burgeoned, and as late as the 1950s, Bruno Boehm told me, a fisherman could land a hundred pounds of them in a typical outing. Inevitably, however, they ran out of food and began to eat each other, and by the 1970s they were no longer caught.

There are still enough rainbow trout in

the tributary rivers to provide steady restaurant meals, but the lake itself holds little but a species of wrinkled, skin-breathing frog and a few species of small schooling fish. One of these is caught in drift nets, dried whole, salted, and set out in bowls as the snack food *ispi* served with the excellent *Pace*—a beer offered up in the cafes down on La Paz's Prado.

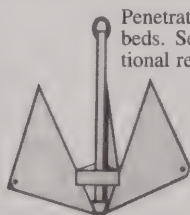


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There is something romantic about an island—any island. Islands have figured prominently in tales of adventure since the beginning of time; the idea appeals to the imagination. If the island happens to be hundreds of miles from anywhere and if, besides, it happens to be a strange volcanic place with ragged cliffs, mysterious valleys, and peaks rising in fantastic shapes to the very clouds, the romantic picture is complete. Such are the Azores. This little archipelago far out in the Atlantic—a link, you might say, between the Old World and the New—rears its ragged shapes from the ocean floor, two-and-a-half miles below, to a height, in the case of the island of Pico, of over 7000 feet above the sea.

For centuries these islands have attracted venturesome mariners. From the ancient coins that have been dug up from time to time, it is supposed that they were first discovered by the Carthaginians, but whether or not those hardy seafarers actually ventured this far, the fact remains that they were known to the geographers of Europe long before America was dreamed of. Mentioned first by an Arabian writer in the 12th century as a group of nine islands lying far out beyond the Canaries, they remained the western outpost of the world until Columbus and the 16th century navigators pushed on across the western ocean.

They were a natural rendezvous for the early Spanish and English expeditions to the New World, and it was off the island of Flores that the famous fight occurred between the British ship, *Revenge*, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, and a Spanish fleet of 53 vessels. Skipping lightly over the intervening centuries, it was at Ponta Delgada, the metropolis of the Islands, that the NC-4 dropped in out of the sky on her historic trans-Atlantic flight, and it was here that the *Typhoon* came to anchor on the night of Saturday, October 9. There you have the history of the islands from soup to—well, let us say, nuts.

When we dropped the hook off the clock tower after our run across from Santa Maria, we imagined that we were in for serious complications, for we had understood that Ponta Delgada was under quarantine for the bubonic plague and that no vessels were allowed to put in there. So it was with a feeling of guilt, as a perfectly sober man might feel at a Lloyd's Harbor dinner, that we responded to the hail of the customs officers and the harbor doctor the following morning. But these gentlemen seemed perfectly satisfied with our papers, though a bit surprised, and welcomed us to the town, explaining that while there were a number of cases of the plague, no actual quarantine had been declared.

We lay not far off a stone sea wall, which seemed to enclose a tiny basin where bumboats and little coasting vessels congregated. Beyond the basin, tinted stucco buildings, balconied and red-tiled like those of some Mediterranean port, rose picturesquely, and partially seen through a triple archway on the left stood the cathedral, whose lighted clock tower had guided us in the night before. On the other side of the harbor a dozen steamships were moored to huge buoys or lay along the breakwater, and at the farther end were crowded a heterogeneous assortment of fishing boats, little steam tugs, and sailing craft.

The small fishing boats were much like those we had seen in Spain and at Santa Maria, double-enders with the characteristic lateen

The Track of the *Typhoon*

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter XI Ten Days at Ponta Delgada

rig, but the coasting vessels were a distinctly new type to us. It was easy to see that they were a development of the small boats, for they retained the pointed stern and the lateen rig, but they were different in model. Sixty feet or so in length, they were fairly narrow, with parallel sides turning in rather abruptly, producing a bluff bow. The waterlines at bow and stern were fuller and there was less dead rise to the midship sections. All of the craft of this type that we saw were three-masted, with long bowsprits and huge lateen sails, the yards of which, when hoisted, extended far above the rather short masts.

One of these vessels, probably the one that had beaten us to port the night before, was discharging her cargo at the quay, and as soon as the customs officials were through with us, we put the clink over the side and rowed across for a visit. The skipper, a prominent townsman from some place along the coast, showed us about his little packet with justifiable pride, but he seemed to be more interested in our ship, which was unlike anything he had ever seen. His crew, a dozen of his fellow townsmen, were at mess when we arrived, squatting about the deck, each man with his own individual chest of food. It seems that these coasting vessels are seldom away more than three or four days and, consequently, are not equipped with a galley, each man bringing his own supply of grub and vino prepared by his wife at home.

After the skipper and most of the crew of the schooner had been shown over the *Typhoon*, every feature of which they showed a lively interest in, we went ashore for a look at the town, which proved to be larger than it had appeared from the water. During the war our government had maintained quite an establishment here, consisting of a battery and a flying station, but all that now remained, so far as we could see, was a solitary marine and his dilapidated flivver. There were numerous cafes, now closed, that bore names which suggested that they had sprung up to take advantage of the golden opportunity presented by the spendthrift Yankees, and these gave silent testimony that for a while, at least, Ponta Delgada had had its fling.

Since the exit of the lucrative Americans, the town had settled back into a monotonous

existence, depending for its support largely on the vessels that put in there on their way back and forth across the Atlantic. In the case of the American Shipping Board vessels the income must be considerable, for there is seldom a time when there are not several of them in the harbor. We found that eight of these ships, besides several of other nationalities, had been driven into Ponta Delgada for repairs by the gale that we had weathered in comparative comfort. One concern, the only one with facilities for making such repairs, has every reason to be grateful to heaven and a tolerant American public for the existence of the Shipping Board. They are certainly making hay while the sun shines, and the sun shows no indication of setting.

The town of Ponta Delgada is composed largely of two-story, balconied, stucco houses, closely packed along narrow, cobbled streets, with here and there an open space with a cathedral or public building to break the monotony. One street is pretty much like another and, after we had done a few of them, we returned to the ship tired out. Our legs had not yet become accustomed to the ways of the land, and at first we attributed our fatigue solely to our lack of training.

But we never really became rested while we were in the Azores, and the explanation is the enervating climate. It is not only warm, but extremely humid, a condition caused, I imagine, by the clouds which seem to cling continuously to the mountain tops. Then, too, there were the pineapples. It was the height of the pineapple season, and if there is one thing that looks better than a can of peaches to a salt-encrusted mariner, it's a fresh pineapple. We went in rather heavily for pineapples, and they produced a condition inside us that was decidedly detrimental to physical exertion. The whole crew lost its pep.

My first official act on Monday morning was to call on the American consul, Major Drew Linard, who received me cordially in spite of the fact that I arrived an hour before the office opened, due to some confusion with the local time.

"Are you a captain?" inquired the butler. "Yes, in a small sort of way," I replied, and he disappeared, to return shortly with the information that the Consul would see me, in spite of my unconventional calling hour.

Major Linard, expecting another tale of woe about rotten boiler tubes or engines wracked loose from their beds by the recent storm, seemed relieved at finding merely a social caller looking for human companionship. I explained that we had dropped in on him on our way across the pond and didn't want anything except, possibly, an introduction to someone with sporting instinct enough to cash a check.

"What kind of ship are you in?" he queried.

"A yacht," I replied, "the *Typhoon*."

"How big is she?"

"Forty-five feet."

"I mean how long is she, what's her tonnage?"

"She's 45' long, 36 on the waterline, and her displacement is about 15 tons."

"Crossing the Atlantic in a 45' cockleshell! Well, you are a nut," he said good-naturally.

"Nutshell, then, if you like," I corrected. "Typhoon is not a cockleshell."

Then Linard went on to tell me of his

meeting with Peters and Griswold and the other Harvard chaps who had been there six weeks earlier in the *Lloyd W. Berry* on their way to Europe, and how they had haled Peters to the consulate and started proceedings against him for cruel and inhuman treatment of his crew. The *Berry* was registered as a commercial vessel (she carried a cargo of flour for the fun of the thing) and Peters, inexperienced in the intricacies of Admiralty law, sweating under Linard's grueling cross-examination, had just about concluded that he was in for serious complications for violating something or other, when cocktails were served and the whole crowd had dinner at the consulate.

It was the first I had heard of the *Berry* since I had left Griswold in New York in June with the tentative plan that we should meet at Cowes, and I was glad to hear that the little schooner was making good. I learned later that she reached Southampton some time after we had left the Solent and, after undergoing some repairs, had proceeded to the Mediterranean, still, I suspect, with her cargo of flour.

Armed with a letter of introduction to an American by the name of W.W. Nicholls, and with a promise that Major Linard would visit the *Typhoon* that afternoon, I left the consulate and went forth in search of funds. Mr. Nicholls, who is in the shipping business, is one of those rare souls who seem to derive great pleasure from helping other folks out of difficulties. He not only cashed the check, but he offered to help us in obtaining such rare provisions as salt pork and salt beef, which are unobtainable in the Azores except from visiting ships.

For my \$100 check I received a sheaf of paper money that would make the proverbial cow blue in the face. And right here I must say a word about the money of the islands, for it is the most remarkable that I have ever encountered. The unit of the currency is the 1000-reis note, or milreis, which corresponds to the "escudo" or milreis of Portugal, but is not so valuable. The ratio is five island milreis to four escudos or Portuguese milreis, and to distinguish between them the island money is called "weak" money and the money of the mother country "strong." Then there is the matter of the exchange. Before the war the escudo was nearly on a par with the American dollar, but when we were there it was worth about 16 cents, and consequently I received 750 milreis or 750,000 reis, "weak money," for my \$100 check.

To try to do any shopping without an experienced mathematician to help you is hopeless unless you are content to put yourself at the mercy of the shopkeepers. You ask the price of an article and decide to take it without a struggle (which, of course, is wrong) and, seeing you are a soft creature, the shopkeeper tells you that the price is in strong money, whereas yours is weak. By this time, becoming hopelessly confused, you call him something uncomplimentary in the sign language and hand him a milreis note and trust to luck. Going on the supposition that humanity is about 50% honest, you take only about a 50-50 chance of getting shortchanged.

There's really no other way, for you could never hope to count the strange paper things you receive, all sizes, colors and denominations in both weak and strong money. But then you get such a wad of it back, and feel so disgustingly wealthy, that you oughtn't to kick if he does hold out a little. Anyone who can

juggle such money really deserves a commission for his skill. Who was I that I should kick, anyhow? Don't we do the same thing over here? The only difference is that we don't like the term petty larceny, so we stick it on the

bill under "cover charge" or "service."

In the afternoon Major Linard and George Cobb, the Vice Consul, came aboard the *Typhoon* and seemed much impressed with her, especially with her living quarters. They con



Above: *Typhoon* alongside two other American cripples in the harbor of Ponta Delgada.



Right: Preparing to lift out the broken mizzen with a cargo boom.

Bottom: The waterfront of Ponta Delgada where bum boats and little coasting vessels congregate.



sidered our accommodations much more comfortable than those of the *Berry* which, though a considerably larger boat, had her best space taken up with her cargo hold. Then they dragged me off to the consulate for dinner and a delightful evening, the first of several I was fortunate enough to spend at this hospitable place.

In the morning we busied ourselves about the ship. Fox and I took care of the work on deck, while Charles cleaned up below, and Jim started in seriously on the motor. We had not used the power since leaving the French coast, although Dorsett had spent some time in a fruitless endeavor to remedy the trouble while we were at Ferrol. We were determined to get the motor going if possible, for, with our longest leg still ahead of us, we could not risk slatting about in any more flat calms if we were to be sure of reaching New York before Thanksgiving. Already we had wasted too much time whistling for a wind, and every hour's delay increased our chances of encountering bad weather. This time we were successful and before long the motor was performing faultlessly. As to fuel, we still had the greater part of the oil with which we started.

In the evening, when I returned to the ship after another visit ashore, I found her close to the rocks off the sea wall, moored stern-to and slapping with her broad transom the seas that were being kicked up by a rising wind from the southeast. She had been lying to the 60-lb. anchor and it seemed that her 1" manila line had chafed through on the ragged bottom and she had fetched up on the rocks. But the boys had acted quickly, placing the big hook out to windward with the tender and hauling her off with the windlass before any damage had been done. They had pulled her off stern-to and, as she seemed to ride comfortably, had left her in this position, a thing we had occasion to regret, for it blew a living gale during the night and the pounding in the short seas was terrific.

Of course, we should have anchored farther up the harbor originally, but it was then too late to do anything. The shoal, rocky bottom was so close to loo'ard that I didn't dare to attempt to lead the line forward and let her swing around for fear that she might strike with her deep heel, and there was so little line out that to work her ahead with the windlass might result in breaking out the hook. And so we endured the discomfort throughout the night.

The next day we got her around bow to the wind without difficulty, and thus encouraged I decided to try to beat out of our predicament under sail, a thing that we should not have attempted in such close quarters without the mizzen which, of course, was out of commission due to the broken mast. Raising the mainsail, we worked her up to the hook with the windlass, sailed over it, broke it out without losing headway, raised the jib, and got away on the port tack. We came about nicely the first time, but missed stays on the second tack, dropped off and tried it again, only to miss a second time. With the mizzen to help us about, the maneuver would have been simple enough. We were out of the harbor now, but we were dropping steadily down toward the rocks and, not knowing the depth of the water, we were forced to anchor again. One of the little steam tugs, seeing our predicament, was hovering about us and, suppressing our pride, we threw him a line and were towed to a safe berth farther up the harbor.

We had not been here long when an officer appeared on the stern of the *Independent Bridge*, one of the crippled American ships, and semaphored over requesting that I come aboard to discuss repairs, which I did straightway. The officer proved to be W.J. Huber, the first mate. He grasped the difficulty at a glance and agreed immediately with the suggestion to run *Typhoon* alongside the *Independent Bridge* and lift out the broken stick with a cargo boom, a much simpler solution than taking her to the ship repair people, who were already crowded with work.

Warping *Typhoon* alongside and lifting out the mizzen was the work of but a few minutes, and the ship's carpenter, a Dane by the name of Anderson, hereinafter referred to as Chips, got busy immediately on the repairs.

The mast was cracked at the point where it passed through the deck, and the first idea was to shrink a long bronze collar around the bad spot, but after this was made it was spoiled in attempting to drive it home while hot, and the idea was abandoned. Since the mizzen is stepped in a bronze socket in the cockpit floor, there was a length of only about 2' below the break and, as there was plenty of room between the throat halyard block and the gaff jaws, we decided to cut 2' off the butt of the stick.

Then new shoulder cleats had to be made for the masthead, and Chips made a good job of them, mortising them deeper into the mast and riveting them right through the stick. The wire shrouds, of course, had to be shortened and respliced, and this job was simplified by taking all the slack off one end of each pair and then changing the position of the eye for the mast and reseizing it.

Typhoon and her benefactor became fast friends. The *Independent Bridge* and the other cripples in the harbor were undergoing repairs of one kind or another, interminable repairs, and consequently the officers had plenty of time for social activities. Captain Wingate, Second Officer Rodowsky, Third Officer Bell, and Glazier, the Chief Engineer, took a fancy to the little ship, and when we were not aboard eating their bully meals, they were swapping yarns in our cabin. They rerated our chronometer for us and supplied us with a light list and a couple of charts that seemed to be missing from our stock.

With the repairs completed, the problem of supplies confronted us, and this proved a problem indeed. There happened to be a food shortage in the islands, and an embargo had been placed on certain articles. Consequently it was necessary to smuggle a number of things past the little soldiers on the quay. Dear reader, if you have ever attempted to smuggle a dozen eggs in an ordinary business suit you will appreciate our difficulty. With an egg or two in every pocket of coat, vest, and trousers, you have a terribly aloof, touchy sort of feeling as you gingerly pick your way through the crowd at the landing and take your seat in the tender. You may get through the ordeal with but a small percentage of breakage, but the embarrassment caused by even a single broken egg is most disconcerting. We took but a few dozen eggs.

Through the good offices of Mr. Nicholls, we were able to connect up with 100 pounds of salt beef and a big sack of flour on the *West View*, another American cripple whose skipper, Hillary Williams, Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N., Retired, instructed his steward to let

us have it at cost. Even this had to be smuggled from the ship at night, for it seemed to be against the law to transfer supplies from one ship to another, and there were serious-minded little soldiers stationed on each vessel to enforce the law. Most everything else we needed was obtainable from the principal ship chandlery and supply store, and we laid in what I thought would be a sufficient supply for five or six weeks.

It was about this time that we met Manson Dillaway, who was stopping at Mrs. Brown's *Pension*, where lived our benefactor, Mr. Nicholls, and my friend, David Vaughan, an American artist with whom I had spent a number of pleasant hours in discussing the things which to me are almost as vital as the sea and its ships. Dillaway, an ex-Army flier and an admiralty lawyer of Boston, had come to Ponta Delgada to see to the disposal of a schooner that had been dismantled and towed into that port. While not a sailor he is, nevertheless, a mighty good sort and, as he was ready to leave for home, we suggested that he make the run with us on the *Typhoon*, an offer which he accepted with alacrity.

Most of the repair work on the disabled ships that always seem to crowd the harbor of Ponta Delgada is done by one big concern with a reputation for charging like sin. This company owns the tug that had towed us out of our awkward predicament and also the water boat from which we had filled our tanks and breakers. One morning a boat with a diver and full equipment came alongside the *Typhoon* with the information that the captain had been instructed by his company, the same one, to recover our light anchor which had been lost when the line parted several days before.

With the assistance of Fox, who showed them about where it lay, they succeeded in finding the hook, and I began to feel that my bill with the concern in question was mounting to gigantic proportions. Steeling myself for the ordeal, I called at the office to settle the account. I feared that they might consider towing the *Typhoon* out of her difficulty as a salvage job and charge accordingly, and I sort of felt that divers were an expensive luxury. Introducing myself, I explained that I had come to settle up and then waited for the jolt, but it never came.

These gentlemen explained that, since *Typhoon* was not engaged in trade, they could not think of charging for services which it had been a great pleasure to them to be able to perform. They admired the *Typhoon*, they said, and only wished that they might have been of greater help to her. Ashamed of my fears, I thanked them and left with a great and glowing confidence in the human race.

As I was leaving the place with my guide, a barefoot youngster with a complimentary admiration for all Americans, we had an adventure. There was a great noise of shouting and clattering from up the street, or, rather, the shouting came from numerous excited gentlemen standing in doorways and other points of vantage, and the clattering from a runaway that had the street pretty much to itself. It was a warm day and we needed a lift, my friend and I, and so, exercising as much care as I could, for the horse was a small, delicate-looking animal, I stopped it, vaulted into the little cart, got my companion aboard and drove smartly back in the direction from which the thing had come, assuming a casual sort of expression, as though we always did

that sort of thing in America when we wanted a ride.

The effect on the doorways was delicious. Presently we came upon a crowd of breathless people led by a very red and very rotund person with a whip, who seemed on the point of apoplexy. Assuming that he was the bereft proprietor, we alighted smartly, turned his property over to him and left him, gasping and surprised that we had not charged for salvaging the outfit.

After going through the formality of paying our harbor dues, I called at the consulate for our health certificate and to say good-bye to the Major and Mrs. Linard, whose hospitality will live in my memory along with that of Les Capucins and my friends of Cowes. After a dinner at a cafe with a name reminiscent of the American occupation, the U.S. Club, the entire crew of the *Typhoon* dropped in at our little rendezvous in the back room of the ship chandler's, where seafaring men congregate to, as the Scriptures say, "Look upon the wine when it is red," although I must say

that their interest in the beverage was somewhat more than ocular.

When it was learned that we were actually pulling out that evening, our friends, who had been improving the opportunity offered by an unlimited stock of local and imported beverages, started in to ransack the entire place for suitable gifts to bestow upon the crew. Glazier appeared triumphant with a box of Dutch cigars and a bottle of Black and White, someone else discovered chocolate and cigarettes, and Captain Wingate, totally disregarding the importunities of numerous clerks and the proprietor, nearly precipitated a riot by mounting a stepladder and sweeping off the entire contents of a shelf of fancy canned goods which he ordered delivered to the *Typhoon*.

Then all hands repaired to the *Independent Bridge*, where another dinner was served and, after receiving a final tribute of medicines, a large saucepan and saltpeter for our pickle barrel from the steward, and taking aboard a couple of dozen pineapples which Dillaway had ordered, we were ready to cast off.

So far as I know, the noisiest moment in the history of Ponta Delgada up to that time was when the American collier *Orion* beat off a German submarine while the local artillery officers were hunting for the key of their ammunition locker, or possibly it was when the Armistice was signed. But these demonstrations could not have surpassed the uproar that broke loose as the little black ketch slipped her moorings and sailed out the harbor in the gathering dusk.

Every ship in the place, regardless of nationality, broke out her siren and blew salute after salute, which we returned on our foghorn and with many dips of the ensign. It was a tribute from big ships that plow the Seven Seas to a tiny craft that played their game for fun, a tribute that blurred the eyes of her crew and brought strange lumps into their throats as she rounded the breakwater, met the heave of the open sea, and squared away out into the path of the moon.

It was Thursday, October 19, ten days after we had come to anchor at Ponta Delgada.

Days go by in the same repetitive routine, time flies, and sometimes there doesn't seem to be much to write about. Since we lost our house in the hurricane, we had to redirect our projects. Building a new home became a priority. Consequently, we had less time for our boats and sailing adventures. However, we are now finally living comfortably in our new home. It is not big, but it is good to feel a new roof above our heads. I have to mention how lucky we were to meet four strong, young men, all construction workers, with whom we became good friends and who offered to volunteer to put up the roof. They exchanged labor for good old-fashioned meals and plenty of beer. The roof was up in no time at all. Such friends are precious.

Once again we can spend more time on the ocean, away from land. As I look back, between days and days of hard work, I remember a sailing trip we made just to get away from house building. To me it seems definitely worth writing about. I have written quite a few maritime short stories in the past three years. The late Michael Pauley, editor of the *Tropic Times*, published my first story and encouraged me to write more. I shall always feel indebted to him.

I have had 14 stories published since then. I wrote about different topics, put different titles. However I had never quite had a perfect sailing day. The word perfect is a risky word. Perfection is more what we strive towards rather than achieve. Yet a short sailing trip on Christmas Eve (of all eves) was quite perfect to me.

We had decided to go out for a short sunset sail. The wind and the ocean looked rough, but my husband assured me that we would keep close to shore. He wanted me to enjoy it. I once wrote that enjoyable sailing to me is when the winds are 10-15 knots and I can enjoy sailing in a relaxed state of mind. I never cared for strong wind and rough seas (until this trip). When we sailed out we first stayed

A Perfect Day of Sailing

By Smiljka Fitzgerald

close to shore as promised. But then Richard slowly started sneaking further out. To him it is like the call of the wild. He is simply driven to more wind and gusts. He kept downgrading the strength of the wind, trying to convince me that it was not so strong. Later I learned that I had been tackling 35 knot gusts that day.

Out there, he asked me to take over the tiller. I nervously accepted but eventually got a strong "feel" of the boat. The gusts were strong and exciting. As I was learning to sail through gusts, at one point the boat was sailing so smoothly and I had a peculiar sensation. It was almost as if deep down below, along the center of the boat, there was some energy line along which the boat was gliding in perfect harmony. I imagined it as a white line of light. It was the first time that I felt one with the boat and the boat as one with the ocean.

Then suddenly, at the height of my elation, we were hit by such a strong gust that I could barely control the tiller with both hands. The boat started turning and heeling, ready to burst from the strain. I panicked. I did not know which way to direct it. Humbly, I asked for help. My husband jumped to the tiller, I moved away, sat down, and tried to regulate my breathing.

Once the gust was tackled, I resumed sailing, trying to achieve that perfect gliding feeling again. After a while I suggested that I fish while he handled the boat. Since I believe, unfortunately, that the ocean around this westernmost point of Puerto Rico is pretty much fished out, I don't usually expect to catch

much. I threw in a hand line with a little yellow feather as a lure. Almost immediately I felt a tug. I had a fish! Pulling in the line is always exciting. You never know what is hidden at its end. I pulled in a 6-pound bonito. As I unhooked it, I watched its silvery body in awe. Enough for a nice dinner I thought.

The wind was still strong, we were flying, but all fear was gone. Only excitement. I threw back the line. Not even two minutes had gone by when I caught another fish. Another bonito. Then another, and yet another! Within half an hour I had caught six good eating fish. My new record. It seemed that I could not pull them in fast enough. My husband was impressed. He did not know that his wife was actually a fisherwoman.

By this time we were getting close to the shore, heading in. The sun was gloriously setting in the west, but there were also threatening clouds from the east. Once we docked, I strung the fish on a wire and proudly carried my catch. The fish were heavy, the wire was cutting into my fingers, but I didn't mind. I felt like celebrating.

Although I usually enjoy cooking, that evening I did not want to cook. I remembered our good friend, the Italian chef at the Calypso Cafe Bar and Restaurant. We decided to bring the fish to him and ask him to cook us up a dinner. Proud as he is of his culinary skills he accepted, loving the idea. While we waited for dinner, family and friends stopped by expressing Christmas greetings. We invited them all for a fresh fish meal. The meal was delicious and we enjoyed it in a festive spirit.

All in all, in one short sailing trip I had realized better than ever the deep pleasures of true sailing, made a new fishing record, and conquered my fear of gusts, may I never panic again! It was a sailing trip closest to perfection, so far.

Now I am back to daily routines, always on the lookout for something exciting to happen. Something worth writing about.

We begin with a little Chinese philosophy. Stay with us, it won't take long.

There is value in nothingness. Lao-Tse, the father of Taoism, looked at a bowl and realized that we tend to think of it as being made of clay. But it is the space in the middle, he observed, that really makes it a bowl. What isn't there is what makes the bowl useful.

That's it.

Joel Flather of Little Compton designs and markets little boats, fiberglass solo canoes based on the wooden Adirondack canoes made by James Henry Rushton a hundred years ago. Flather's canoes weigh only 18 pounds, remarkably light when you consider that other solo canoes and kayaks typically weigh 40 pounds or more. His canoes are expensive, \$895, to be precise. You pay a premium for lightness, for what isn't there.

A couple of years ago Joel and his hunting and fishing buddy Peter Winne of Tiverton took a trip to the Adirondacks and found themselves impressed by the Rushton designs they saw up there. They formed Compass Canoes to market boats of similar design.

"We have been developing the shape of our boats off of original lines used by Rushton," Joel says. "He designed the first boat for a crazed Pennsylvanian named George Washington Sears, who fled from his wife and five children each spring and went up and paddled through the chain of lakes in the Adirondacks. Sears, nicknamed 'Nesbuk,' had a health problem which made him weaker each year. The first boat, very similar to this one, weighed 18 pounds. The next year his weight had gone down and he paddled a Rushton boat which weighed 12 pounds. The final year he went up to the Adirondacks he could hardly lift anything. So Rushton built him a boat that weighed 9 pounds."

Rushton made more of the little boats, and they became the standard Adirondack canoe. Joel says the boats combined light weight with surprising strength.

"They were usually made of 1/8" or 3/16" thin strips fastened with copper nails. They were very light and incredibly durable. And over the years that they paddled those boats in the Adirondacks, they never destroyed any of them. In fact, the original is still on dis-

A Different Approach

Reprint from *Shorelines*
Newspaper, Westport, MA,
October 9, 1998

By John Greenwood



play at the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake, New York."

Joel points out that the Compass canoe is not just a Rushton rip-off, or "splash" boat, as they say in the trade.

"We gave it a sharper entry and then we increased the freeboard, or the height of the gunnels, just because we were going to be working in choppy water than you find traditionally in small lakes."

The little canoe is made of fiberglass, not the wood of the original.

"There is a team of two boat builders in Bristol who have been manufacturing these boats for us. They are world-class sailors who build and repair ultralight sailboats for themselves and for people around the country. They are at the very top of lightweight technology, people who are able to get the weight of this boat down to 18 pounds."

The trick lies in careful manufacturing, not exotic materials.

"The boats are hand-laid fiberglass with vinylester resin. There are boats these days made of Kevlar, but we chose fiberglass, because if you should bang a rock, it is much easier to repair than Kevlar."

What is the big deal, you might be wondering, about lightness? What does a light boat do that a heavier boat can't?

Peter Winne says he's put hundreds of miles on these boats. He says a light boat is an easier boat to deal with. He is not trying to design the lightest possible boat, but the boat most efficiently suited to its purpose. A light canoe is just easier to lift on and off a car top, or carry by yourself to the water's edge. An avid fisherman, he also likes the idea of being able to pack the boat in to distant ponds which haven't been over-fished.

"Some day I would like to try to build one 8' or 9' long, weighing about 12 pounds.

In California they have some really remote ponds and fishing waters..." His voice trails off at the thought of it.

The little boats are not for everyone, but Joel Flather has some careful thoughts on who his potential customers might be.

"We are looking, as an example, for women who would like a craft of their own. A boat they can easily get off the top of their car, launch, paddle with extreme safety and take back home. We sold one of our canoes to a gal who, when she gets back home to Boston, carries it up three flights of stairs to her apartment."

Older folks, too.

"We also are targeting what we refer to as senior people, myself included, who are sick of carrying 40 to 60 pounds of kayak about, or the old-style heavy canoes."

And fishermen.

"We are at the beginning of the curve," Joel says, speaking of actual sales, "but we are approaching 50 boats now. We will be going after a bigger national market this spring. We are developing a web site that will allow us to target the specific people that I mentioned. We will also focus on recreational magazines like *Paddler*, *Outdoor*, *Backpacker*, *Fly Fisherman*, *Salt Water Angler*, publications of that nature."

Kayaks, low-slung paddle boats with decks, are very popular these days and for good reasons. Typically a kayak will out-perform a canoe, paddling faster and with less effort. Many paddlers find that a kayak's low center of gravity makes them more stable than canoes. Joel and Peter prefer canoes.

Peter says he likes the fact that his legs aren't cramped under a deck.

"I like not having my legs confined as in a kayak. If you are fishing, it makes it easy to move around and readjust your position, and that's important to me." He adds that it is easier to load fishing and camping gear in a canoe and easier to reach the stuff while you are underway.

Joel admits to some limitations in his little canoes.

"Catching a big fish like a striped bass is really exciting, because you do have to pay attention to where the bass is in relation to the boat. Fortunately, the boat is light enough that it will spin and you can keep the fish towards the bow. Another thing is that you don't want to put a live bluefish in the boat."

The boat is small and a bluefish has teeth.

"One of the silly questions we get is, 'Can you put two people in this boat?' The answer is no. But that's another attribute of this design. My wife and I enjoy boating together, in separate boats. Because when I want to go out and throw a couple of plugs, she wants to go along the shore and look for shorebirds."

Two boats? That can be an expensive hobby.

Joel has a ready answer.

"There are small, single-person, rotationally molded, polyethylene kayaks that sell for \$495 and weighs 35 to 40 pounds. Our canoe is for someone who appreciates a fine fly rod or an ultra-lightweight bicycle. It is a hand-laid fiberglass boat with hand-crafted wooden rails. There is a lot of detailed work in this boat which you won't find in a boat at a lower price. And it only weighs 18 pounds."

You get what you pay for or, looking at it with the eye of Lao-Tse, you pay for what you don't get.

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The Sweet Lassie Canoe by the Compass Canoe Company

Concepts

My wife and I like to go boating together, in different boats! We have two Sunfish, two recreational rowing shells, and two Sweet Lassie canoes. There is peace in our family, but especially when we are on the water. When I want to paddle by myself, I can easily load my Sweet Lassie onto my truck. When my wife decides it's time for her to get away (from me), she flips her Sweet Lassie onto her SUV and off she goes. If my father decides it's time to go exploring one of the local salt marshes, maybe do a little clamming or crabbing, he'll borrow my Sweet Lassie and be back in time for cocktails with some delicious shellfish.

Our neighbors' children love to mess about in the shallow waters near the beach and somehow fit three into a canoe designed for one. At camp in the Adirondacks (where the original Wee Lassies were built by J.H. Rushton) our Sweet Lassie is constantly in use and has been carried three miles to a remote pond by an overzealous fly fisherman. (Is that an oxymoron?) But a lady friend of ours uses her Sweet Lassie like a bicycle (after all, it weighs less than one) and, after canoeing on the Charles River in Boston, carries it up three flights of stairs to her apartment in Cambridge.

Does it do whitewater? No, who wants to? A sprayskirt locking one into a hot cramped boat where Eskimo Roll expertise is mandatory? I don't think so! At least not for me, my wife, my dad, the kids next door, our friend in Cambridge, and a growing number of people who feel canoeing should be dry, comfortable, stable, easy, exciting, and fun without hassle.

Technicals

18 pounds - Your roller blades weigh 4 pounds, and your golf bag?

10'6" - Plenty of room for you and your gear, but not your best friend...

Composite construction - Means you can bounce off rocks. No problem!

Seating - Chaise lounge comfort on tastefully covered, closed cell foam with full back support and under-thigh cushion. Wow!

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There is a magic "something" about even the very word schooner, don't you think? In the world of model sailboating, the interest in such boats never fails to amaze me. New schooner models continue to appear, and there is something rather special at the sight of a schooner of any kind as it glides across a river, lake, or pond.

John Alfred Spencer, who died in March 1996, was well-known throughout the yachting world as a designer, the most famous boat to his design perhaps being *Infidel*, still racing on the U.S. West Coast as *Ragtime*, and about as elusive as she was to her rivals on the Auckland harbour when it comes to obtaining details and photos of her exploits in U.S. waters.

Spencer later turned to model yacht design, and in the 1992/93 period, as a way of expressing appreciation to the island nation of Fiji's efforts at sponsorship and promotion of the first six years of one-metre racing (when the writer was in charge of that nation's Na-

Black Panther, the last Spencer designed full-size schooner to be built.



The prototype (extreme right) and the first two built on launching day in the sea in the north of New Zealand.



A Model Schooner for All Seasons

Part I

By Mark Steele



The writer's schooner *Fijipsy Jack* hard on the wind.

tional Tourist Office in New Zealand), he went about designing a rather unique model schooner called the Fiji Magic Schooner.

The cat-rigged schooner was guided by John's belief that many enjoy fun sailing without having to get involved in the cost of serious competitive racing, and he was to choose

an unconventional rig, a simple version of the wing rigs used on high performance multihulls. Once the rigs are set up they stay that way, and the easy-to-rig aspect comes from just being able to drop the rigs over the supporting tubes, attach the sheeting, and be off and away laughing.

He also wanted the schooners to appeal to those who like to build their own boats, those who dared to sail something a bit different. He first built a prototype, *Fiji Fun*, using a one-metre hull designed around a traditional American Sharpie moulded to his Merry Hull design, but modified aft with an additional chine in order to dish the stern. He was to follow this up with *Fiji Magic* for himself and, because of my own involvement and interest, I ordered the second to be called *Fijipsy Jack*.

Several were then built in New Zealand, about 16 that I know of, and a college in Whangarei in the North Island of this nation took on a class project whereby 10 were completed by students. Where the project really took off, however, was when Chris Jackson, editor of the English magazine, *Marine Modelling International*, sought and obtained agreement from the designer to have that company's Traplet Plans Service carry the schooner within their growing range of plans.

Henry Farley of Hatfield in Herts, UK, was commissioned to build one and to draw up detailed plans, then featuring over three lengthy how-to-build-it articles in the magazine. If Traplet can still supply copies of those articles, they would be a great help to any builder. All anyone can do is ask them.

From Spencer's own drawings, which I handled at the time for the New Zealand and Australian market, a great many Fiji Magic schooners were built in New Zealand, and interest came from Japan from my friend Nobuji Shiomi, who was quick to build his *Fiji Flying Fish*, while Barry Gibson, another friend in Victoria, Australia, built another which he called *Eric*.

The highly detailed and accurate plans that come on two sheets, with complete templates for all sail panels and rigs, are still available in the UK from Traplet Publications, Severn Drive, Upton-on-Severn, Worcs WR8

Jim Watson of Wellington with his schooner he chose to call *Fijiminy Cricket*, there's a JIM in it somewhere!



OIL, United Kingdom, and cost 12 British pounds, and I believe that demand has been reasonable. I certainly have referred a great many who wrote to me after a photograph and mention of the schooners appeared in *WoodenBoat* a few years ago.

Relatively easy to build, these schooners are for people who seek an exciting RC model yacht with classy lines synonymous with schooners, for people who don't wish to be competitive and instead want to enjoy building and sailing a graceful creation. They are no slouch either and often goosewing impressively downwind, and they have that certain something that causes people to stop, look, ask questions, and admire. A few then leave the lake or pond and go away, order plans, and build.

This is a boat that simply breathes of the islands, any islands, but in particular the Caribbean, where I lived for a great many years, and the Fiji Islands, which are nearer to New Zealand, and where schooners were used in past years for commercial purposes.

Here in Auckland, three more have been completed and four others are on the build, enthusiasm seems to suddenly come out of nowhere. I am firmly of the belief that this schooner will continue to enthuse modelmakers over many years, and hopefully the plans from Traplet will be around and available longer than most of us will be.

In the next article I will tell you about the second of two Spencer delights in the world of model yachting, the Fun Fellow. Fun, that is what it is all about, is it not?

(To Be Continued)

Bringing the Good Deal Home

By Greg Grundtisch

Everyone remembers their first. You look back, fondly remembering the experience. Maybe you felt a little awkward, or self-conscious. But you never forget.

I remember my first. Like most 14-year-olds, there was the pleading and begging, the nagging and rationalizing of why you should or shouldn't. Finally that special day arrived. It was going to happen at last! Dad said, "Yes, we should buy a boat." So we took a few of Mom's rugs and her clothesline and headed off to the discount department store.

We went to the sporting goods department. There Ed, the assistant manager, greeted us. Dad, being one of the greatest wheeler-dealers of all time, went to work on Ed. Dad proceeded to explain how we wanted a good deal on a boat. Ed's eyes twinkled as he explained how he had "such a deal. Take a look at what I have in the storage room," he said.

There we saw three aluminum boats, each with a small hole in the bottom. Ed explained how the former manager had accidentally discharged a 22-caliber rifle into the boats while helping a customer "unjam something from the chamber." It turned out to be a bullet. It made these boats leaky and difficult to sell.

"So would you like a good deal on one?"

After considerable negotiations, Dad and Ed came to an agreement, a "good deal" was reached, and we were bringing the car around. We had just bought a boat, with a bullet hole in it!

I threw Mom's rugs on the roof of the station wagon while Dad and Ed placed the boat on top, securing it with the clothesline. Down the road we went. Dad, grinning, silently thrilled about the deal, having paid much less than he anticipated. (This is the kinda stuff that keeps dads going), and thinking how 15 cents worth of hardware would fix that boat good as new. I was thinking about how much fun my friends and I would be having fishing and bringing this brand new boat.

We turned onto the expressway and headed toward the cottage, both in quiet fan-

ciful thought when suddenly we heard a WAAHOOOP! With a wide-eyed look Dad asked, "What was that!?" I looked around only to see my new boat "launched" 40 feet into the air, spinning straight up like a V-2 rocket! As it reached maximum altitude, it dropped like a shot goose, landing in the high speed lane of the expressway.

Both of us were considerably distressed, Dad, watching his good deal come to a crashing end, and my days of boating fun ending before they started. There was a certain amount of distress to the motoring public as well. Boats in the road aren't covered in the standard driver's manual. It created a bit of confusion as motorists somehow managed to avoid hitting the thing. Some people expressed their concern and amazement by gesturing that we were number one. A few shouted words of encouragement, I believe. Others made some disparaging remarks about our lineage.

We pulled over and I ran across the road dragging the boat off to the side. Dad backed up the car and picked up the scattered rugs. On examining the boat, we found remarkably little damage, just a small dent where the bottom meets the stern. A near perfect landing. Not everyone can launch and land a boat that way! A true testament to Dad's superior boating skills!

So, with the boat back atop the car, we decided that a few more loops of the clothesline were in order, and definitely an extra bow line. We knotted Mom's clothesline back together and tied her down once again. (Moms have the best boating equipment!) With everything double-checked and secure, we drove off the expressway and onto the side streets, Dad with one hand on the wheel and one on the gunnel, myself hanging out the window with both hands on as much boat as I could hold. We were once again in silent thought. Would the winds over the bridge to Canada be light? And more importantly, what are we going to tell Mom about her rugs and clothesline?

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Part I described how I selected *Spark*, a 28' Newick trimaran, for my latest boatbuilding project. Here I'll describe the first phase of the boat's construction. Before I begin, however, I'd like to say that the boat's designer, Dick Newick, has been of invaluable help to me. He has gone out of his way to guide me, including visiting my home. Last winter, he invited my wife and I as special guests at the annual New England Multihull Association (NEMA) awards supper. Dick is a wonderful human being.

In Polynesian terms, the principal components of a trimaran are: the vaka, the main or central hull; the amas, the outlying hulls or "pontoons;" and the akas, the crossbeams that connect all hulls. I will use these terms throughout my articles.

Spark is strip-built with the builder's choice of cedar, DuraKore, or CoreCell. I chose western red cedar because I am familiar with it and for cost savings, although CoreCell or DuraKore would produce a lighter

Building *Spark*— a 28' Newick Trimaran

Part II — Starting the Project

finished product. This is modern bead and cove strip construction. The inside and outside of the hulls are sheathed in glass and epoxy, producing a beefy version of strip construction that is popular with kayak and canoe builders. Other structural components (keelsons, deck beams, etc.) are built of Douglas fir. Dick Newick suggested that I begin by building the amas and the akas, which are being built simultaneously, then proceed to the vaka.

Building the Strongbacks

I started with two strongbacks. The first is used for the construction of the amas, then of the vaka itself. This strongback is 28' in length and 28" in width. At this stage of the construction, the strongback's working surface

stands about 3' off the floor. This will eventually get cut down in height when I begin construction of the main hull. My small barn is only 30' in length, so I've had to position the strongback at an angle to give me needed clearances all around.

The second strongback, which is 22' in length by 36" in width, is used in construction of the aka mold. I built it in my basement so that I can work on the aka components during the cold weather months. I can't heat my uninsulated barn much above 15-20 degrees over the outside air temperatures, which prevents any major epoxy work in the winter. Yes, I'll be able to get akas out of my basement when they are finished!

Lofting the Amas

Spark's design is evolving as we go along. Dick Newick has redrawn the ama sections to be fuller than those depicted in the original article. The same has occurred with the vaka, as well. This increased volume will allow *Spark* to carry more sail. Lofting the ama stations is not difficult. I created a master curve or pattern, cutting mine out of clear plexiglas. I next described each station by first drawing a fixed radius semi-circle originating at a specified offset. This semi-circle describes the upper area of the station. I then "connected" the semi-circle to the keelson by striking an arc between the two, using the master curve as a pattern. The same technique is also used in lofting the vaka stations.

This "master pattern" technique was developed by Dick Newick and has been adopted by many designers. I lofted the stations on a painted sheet of lauan.

The working ama stations are made of plywood. In each station I drilled two carefully placed alignment holes. I then fastened each station to the strongback, taking care to align them using two pre-stretched steel wires running the length of the strongback, as alignment guides. Each wire passes through one of the pre-drilled alignment holes on the station. I then went over the finished assembly with my homemade "fairing tool." (I may write this up in a short article...) Faired forms are a joy, and this is one of my favorite steps in the boatbuilding process. For the first time in the process you can begin to see, full-size, what the boat is going to look like.

Because the keelson and the deck beam are part of the construction, it is impossible to remove the finished ama from a conventional building form. The keelson and the deck beam will "catch" on the underside of the stations. To remedy this, I cut the ends off each station, then reattached them with flat plates using nuts and bolts. Remove the bolts before taking the finished ama off the form. When the ama half is removed, the ends of the stations simply slide off with the ama!

Building the Amas

The amas are each built in right and left halves. Each half will be epoxied to the other at final assembly time.

I bought a sufficient quantity (enough for one ama half) of western red cedar from a local Portsmouth wood dealer who specializes



Gluing down foam block for stern.

Foam end — shaping with surfboards.



in long clear lengths of specialty woods. I also bought Douglas fir for the keelson, deck beam, and the stem and stern laminations. I spent a good bit of time picking the lumber piles, trying to find nice clear pieces, ideally quarter sawn, with no grain runouts. I ran these boards out on my table saw, using a thin kerf carbide blade, cutting the lot into 1/2" thick strips.

These are actually just a bit thicker than the 7/16" called for, to allow for a good sanding/fairing of the completed ama. I then ran the strips through a homemade router jig, first creating a 1/2" bead. Because the "cove" side of these strips tends to be fragile, I usually reserve passing the strip through the cove jig until just before I put it on the form.

Because of the compound curves that the strips would take going from stem to stern, it is advantageous to strip the hull just to the first and last stations. Shaped foam is then used to form the bow and the stern sections. I used 1/2" marine plywood to create a permanent bulkhead at the first and the last sections. All strips terminated at these bulkheads.

The keelson and deck beam are made of 5/8" x 1-1/2" Douglas fir. I scarfed together sufficient pieces to make a deck beam and a keelson that would extend from roughly the first to the last stations on the ama. The stem and the stern pieces I built by cutting thin laminates from the Douglas fir, then steaming them and bending them over a form. After the pieces had dried for several days on the form, I glued them together with epoxy, again clamping them to the form, taking care not to overclamp, and thus starve the thin laminates of glue. The stem and stern pieces were then scarfed into the keelson and deck beam.

Glue-up of the cedar strips is with thickened epoxy. Many canoe and kayak builders prefer using a carpenter's glue at this stage, but I'm leery of using anything but epoxy on a boat which will spend the summer at a mooring. I pre-wet the cove and the respective bead with unthickened epoxy first, then use a syringe to distribute thickened epoxy in the cove of one of the strips to be glued. The cove acts like a trough and holds the glue nicely with few drips. Because I want the cove to face up, like a cup, on each side of the ama, I start the ama with a starter strip which is beaded on both sides. This starter strip is positioned at the midpoint of each of the stations. When the stripping was complete, I did an initial fairing of the hull, with long boards.

With the initial fairing complete, I then glued large blocks of foam to the stem and stern pieces, butted firmly against the bulkheads that describe the first and last stations. I then rough shaped the foam using Stanley Surforms. I dislike these tools on wood, but they are excellent when shaping foam. The final fairing of the foam was done with 4' to 5' long boards, actually 1/2" cedar strips to which I glued handles on one side and various grits of sandpaper on the other. The laminated stem and stern pieces provide one fixed point for the long boards and the hull itself provides the other reference point.

Sheathing

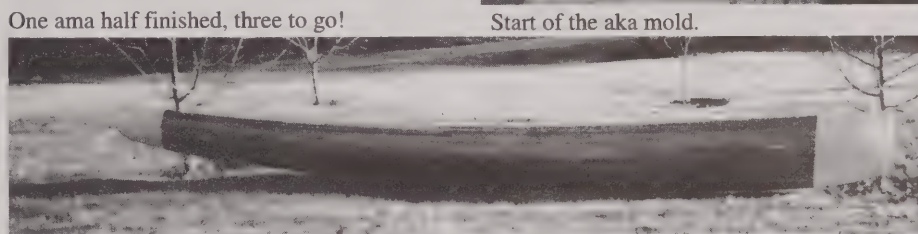
I first sheathed the foam ends, overlapping about 2" onto the cedar, using 10-oz. cloth and epoxy. At this time, I also gave the cedar an initial coat of epoxy. When these had cured sufficiently, I then went over the hull for a final fairing, cleaned the surfaces with a wipe of acetone, then sheathed the entire side (foam



Sheathing with 10-oz. fiberglass cloth and epoxy.



Start of the aka mold.



One ama half finished, three to go!

and cedar) with a layer of 10-oz. cloth and epoxy. Per Gougeon, we added two additional coats of unthinned epoxy to fill in the cloth weave.

After building cradles to receive the ama halves, I removed the half from the forms. I then cleaned out/sanded the interior and sheathed it in cloth and epoxy as well. One ama half is finished, three to go!

Future articles?

As I write this I am working on the aka mold, with hopes of finishing the akas by spring of 1999, when I'll give you a report on my progress. If there is continued interest, I will write articles as I complete major components of *Spark's* construction. If you have any questions about the building of *Spark*, please feel free to email me at <prl@cisunix.unh.edu>.

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The bugi-boats, I think, offer a wealth of ideas for the would-be amateur builder and designer to consider. They obviously follow the Arabian method of skin-first building for the bottom part, up to the bilges. The Arabian builder starts with a keel and two uprights, tenoned into the ends of the keelbalk, which are slotted for that purpose. These uprights, stem and stern posts, slope outward, the stem more so than the stern, and are slotted to receive the plank ends; the keel is also slotted to receive the garboards.

The garboards have then a fairly vertical stance, but the next planks are bent more and more towards the horizontal, albeit strongly twisted to make the slots in the uprights. Metal or wooden pins are then driven into keel and uprights to secure the planks in the slots. This method gives the typical pointed form, like an accolade, that we see in both the dhow and the bugi's bottom when seen in section.

The Chinese builders of my dhow-shaped "junk" made it simpler: The straight keelbalk was crossed by floors to which the bottom planking was attached, the garboards simply butting into the keel.

In the Arabian method one needs a multitude of heavy frame pieces, closely spaced, to prevent the seams from buckling open in a

Dreamboats

The Bugi-Boats - Part 1

By Richard Carsen

seaway. In spite of this heavy inner timbering, seams do part in rough, broken, heavily choppy conditions.

In the Chinese method, after planking and caulking, nails are driven from the outer, or top plank, into the lower, or inner plank. The hull I had was basically built on five main bulkheads, functioning as molds; I know, however, of one case where plank-to-bulkhead fastenings rotted out and disappeared. There was a little leaking through the empty fastening holes, but the integrity of the planking was not breached!

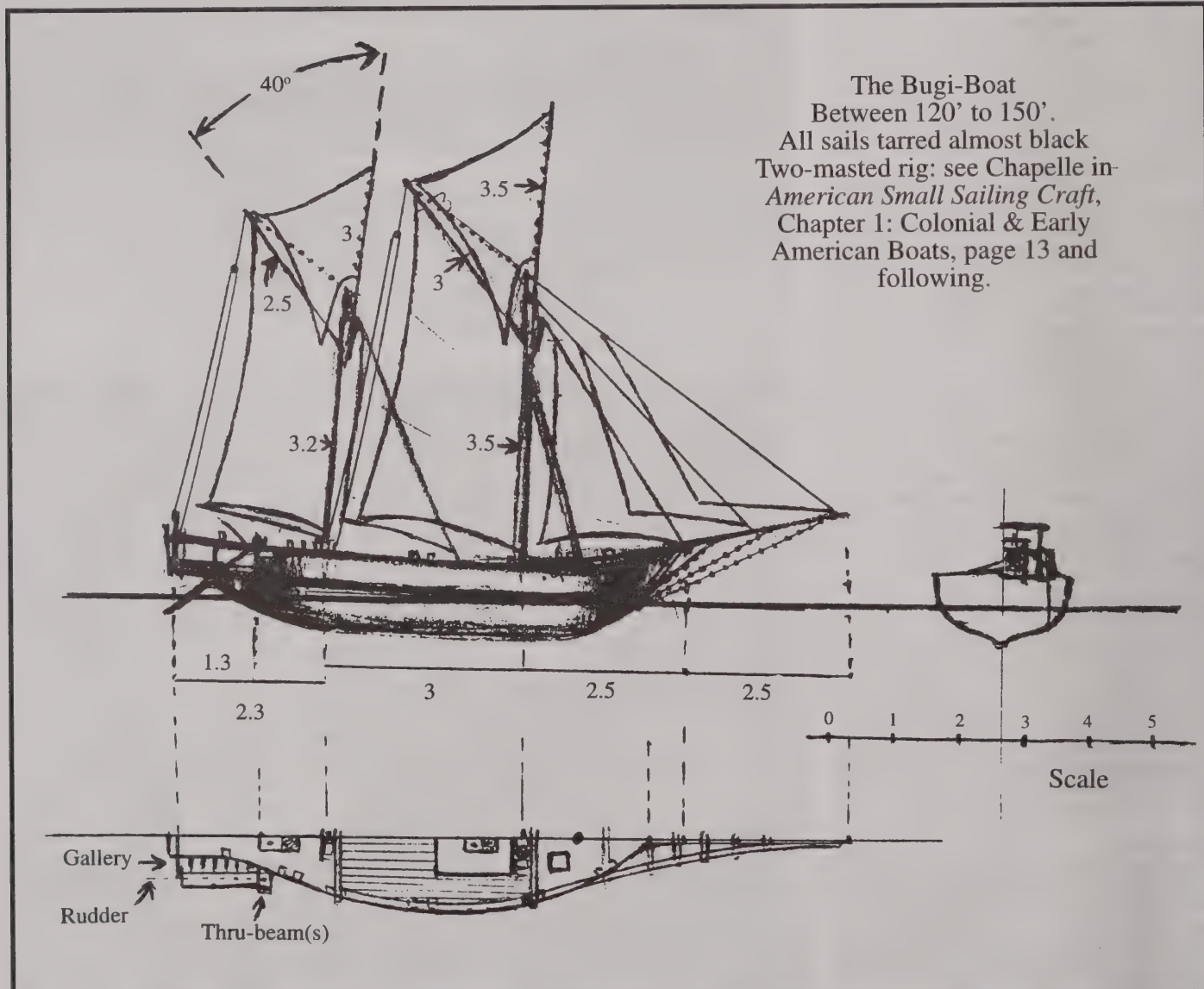
However, the Chinese builders, like the bugi builders, had been quick to recognise the advantages of the Arabian way of building on a keel, doing away with the cumbersome chine baulks and all the extra work as well as weight they produce, and their concept of planking which sees the area to be planked in three separate stages; the bottom, the uppers and the bilge.

In a double-end, the uppers can simply be planked with plywood, even if there may be is some twist. The Chinese way is to allow the planks to end on a narrow V-shaped transom. If you don't like the cut-off-nose effect, you can always install a false outer stem, as the bugis do, and as is done on many of the Dutch native (and very good looking) craft.

The V-bottom, which was straight most of its length, only curved up at the very ends and can certainly be "developed" to be executed in ply.

What is left is the bilge. Here I see that the bugis have adopted a much slacker version than is seen on large chows. To plank this, as was ably demonstrated on my hull, all you need is to cut narrow pieces that will fill the gap and will allow for the curve of the bilge; it was done with planking, but could be as easily be done with ply.

To achieve reasonable tacking capability, follow the Arabian way of allowing the hull to lean forward. This is basically achieved by having the main frame, the widest section, somewhat behind the middle of the hull, almost at the break of the quarterdeck in some chows. When a load is put into the center hold, the broadbeamed quarters will remain more buoyant, thus forcing the forward part down.



I notice loaded bugis also being down by the bows, but at least in plan, there seems to be no effort to widen the quarters.

In *Ring of Fire*, the author, Lawrence Blair, reports that the boat he sailed on seemed a poor tacker when empty. In my hull this attitude was achieved by locating all the ballast at the foot of the main mast which was about 1/3 of the length aft of bows. There was no perceptible widening at the quarters. Of course, these junks have a centerboard in front of the mast, which projects about three feet below the keel in a 30' boat. Smaller Arabian craft often have a foregripe. As they usually seem to be landed stern first, this is a good method.

The bugi-boats have absolutely no deck structures like cabins; they are entirely flat and bare fore-and-aft. Their rig set-up is worth mentioning. The masts are not thru-hull, but set on deck. This shortens these spars considerably. The mizzenmast is single, the foremast a bipod with a third member sloping forward, making the whole assembly a tripod. The bipod is very narrow. It straddles a vertical baulk, which comes up thru the deck, while there is another such baulk on each side. This assembly is held together by horizontal members, behind and in front, clamped together by heavy bolts outside the assembly. A lighter thwartpiece crosses the deck in front of the mast, secured to the heads of two heavy frames

(two on each side) that come up thru the side of the deck. The mizzenmast is secured in the same manner; being single, there is no center vertical baulk.

This setup makes it easy to lower the masts to the deck for repairs or replacement. The bipod is two poles, spliced together at the hounds; the third member is fastened between the legs, below the splice and the forward slope is not fixed; that is from almost vertical to maybe a 30 degree angle slope.

Someone constructed, some years ago, a foreward tripod mast from light metal frame, the legs of the bipod coming to the sides, and a bipod for the mizzen, connected to the mainmast by a horizontal member. The sails were set on cables and much weight was saved above deck. The owner was most satisfied with the results.

The bugis too set main and mizzen sails on cables, slightly slanted away from the mast at the bottom. They don't strike their sails, but brail them with four brails to the cable. The heads also run on cable and are simply pulled in towards the mast. The topsails slide on the topmasts and are also brailed against the top of the lower mast. The mizzen and mainstay sails run on cables, so do the jib and outer jib. All this makes for quick striking of sails in an area known for sudden squalls and storms. The topmasts can, of course, be retracted.

The gaffs, by the way, are standing, their

ends chained to the top of the lower mast. Main and mizzen seem to be made up of vertical cloths, taken full width, without any shaping, except for the heads. It seems to me that the seemingly greater width at the foot is an illusion, created by the cable, to which the luff is attached, being further from the mast at the bottom. All in all I do not think that there is a simpler, more practical, more efficient (from a handling standpoint) cruising rig than this one; its eight sails offer endless combinations without ever having to resort to reefing.

A hull constructed on the aforementioned principles, a cabin between the two masts, a shallow, shindeep cockpit surrounded by a sizeable coaming for back support and wind protection, would make a capable, handy cruiser on a small budget, everything pared to where you can do your own repairs anywhere in the world. The kind of narrow, but long, shipboats they carry, could be easily located on a side-deck and motorized for maneuvering the craft in narrow confines (as the bugis do use them); theirs are local dugouts.

As far as the set-up of the double steering oars is concerned, I invite you to study the drawings. Describing them is as hard and complicated as drawing them. They are interesting however, but I doubt that anyone would ever install them on his or her cruiser. Even in the world of steering oars there are simpler methods than these.

How About Weaving Yourself a Kayak?

By Herschel Smith

Anyone who has to hoist a boat up to a rack on top of a car, as I do, should be grateful to Platt Montfort for developing his Kevlar Geodesic Ultra-Light construction system. However, my own 4m (13'2") U-L kayak turned out to need a 12-oz. duck cover to be clamshell-proof, and this brought its weight up to nearly 30 pounds. I think if I had it to do over, I'd weave my kayak's whole structure. I'd build a kayak-shape curragh (or coracle), call it a "coryak" maybe.

Construction would be simple. A strongback made of two pieces of 1"x3" furring strip nailed together, a stern and sternpost of 1/2" pine and four or five formers of heavy corrugated board (free from a bicycle shop) in place temporarily, a stern and a sternpost of 1/2" pine erected at the ends, and inwales and keelson of 3/8" x 1" cedar permanently secured to these. Then a few stringers can be tied into place and the weaving can start, using, I suggest, either 1/16" x 3/4" ash or 3/32" x 3/4" cedar. They needn't actually be interwoven, a dab of a resilient epoxy at each crossing should be fine. The middle part of the boat is simple enough, as the cross strips are continuous from inwale to inwale and cross the keelson at 45 degrees, but there's a little more to it toward the ends.

The framing of coracles and curraghs is continuous from gunwale to gunwale over their full length, making their sections oval all the way to the bow and stern, and this won't do for a kayak. Kayaks need to track as well as possible, this calls for a keel with little or no rocker, and this in turn means that only in the amidships can the sections be basically

oval. For a coryak, a way must be found to have more or less vee sections in the ends. To do this, each rib (if that's the right word) has to be in two pieces, each running from the keelson to the inwale, and they must be held to the keelson with a triangular piece of wood (or a bent piece of aluminum). Cutting and fitting these floors, as they are somewhat misleadingly called, is the one demanding part of the whole job.

Add three permanent external stringers and a gunwale, all 3/8" x 1" cedar, and with the framing now all in place, and a couple of temporary crosspieces in at deck level, the strongback could be unfastened from the stern and sternpost and the frame would hold its shape pretty well, but don't do this yet. Put the skin on first and give it its first coat of urethane paint so the frame won't go out of shape from the pull needed in making it wrinkle-free and from any tightening that the paint causes. Then, when the paint has thoroughly dried, take the whole thing off the temporary support, turn it over, and the deck and cockpit coaming can be installed.

I won't try, at this point, to go into detail about the deck. However, if some readers would like to consider building a coryak, let the editor know and I'll see what I can do to help. Also, I could be persuaded to draw up suitable lines for the craft. The 4m length of mine is just about right for a single-seater, but I would need to know the weight of the principal user so as to produce a design that will float on its proper lines, also something about your experience so as to come up with the appropriate beam.

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Bolger on Design

Bringing Blacksnake Home - I

A look back over 40 years to an early design, and its "sea trials."

(In Part II we apply hindsight to see if it might have been done differently)

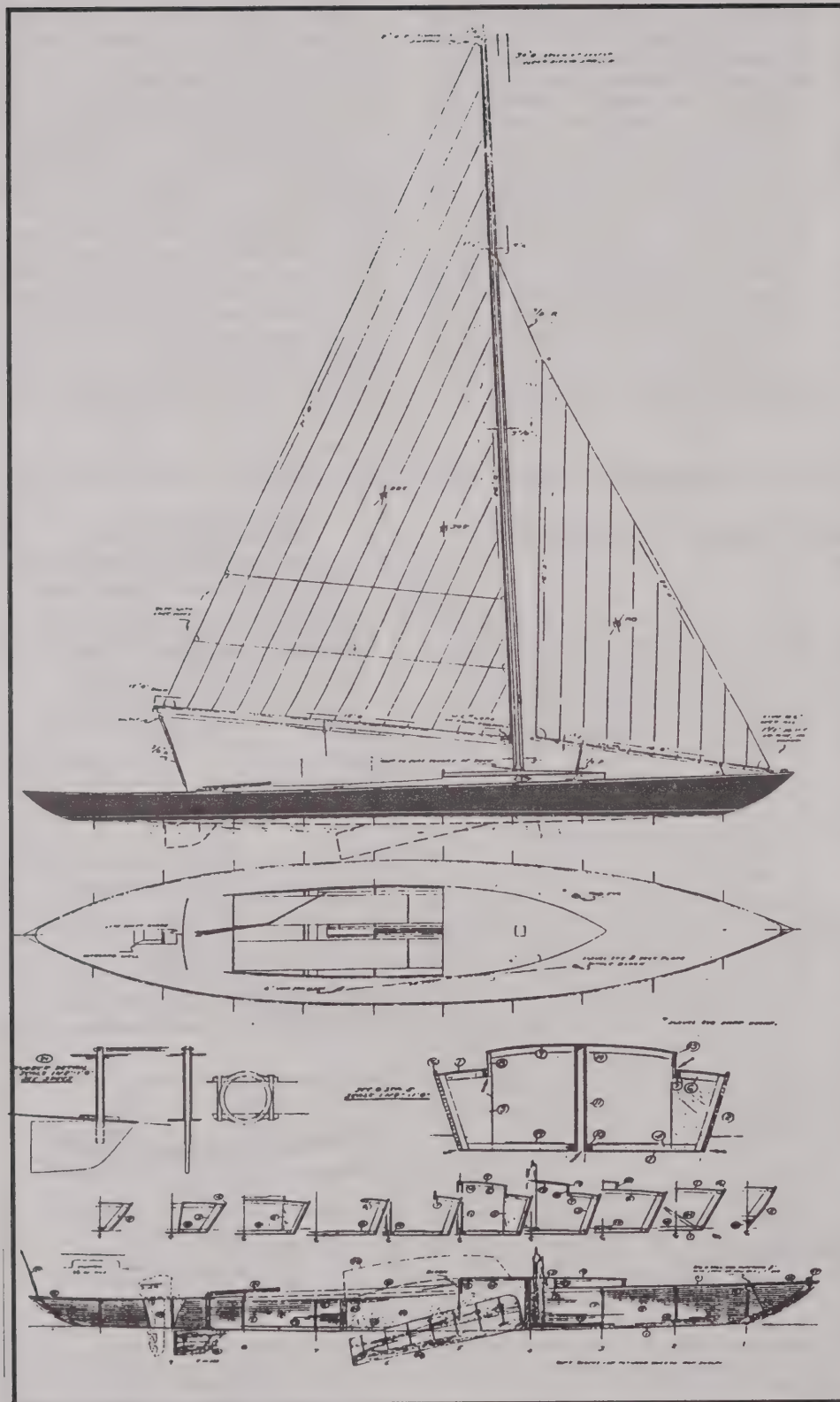
When I decided to build a boat to use in the summer of 1955, I knew that it would have to be low in price, and I was determined that it should be good-looking. Since I really don't have much time for sailing, it was highly desirable that it be quick to get underway and to put to bed without much maintenance. Last, it strikes me as foolish for a designer to have a boat built without taking the chance to learn something new or try out some ideas.

So I drew up these plans for a perfectly flat-bottomed, double-ended sharpie. I'm inclined to think that the sharp stern is really legitimate functionally in a flat-bottomed type and nowhere else, though they look so pretty that I often do them in other classes of work. She is 33' overall, 28' on the bottom (which is the sailing waterline), and 6'2" beam. Centerboard, of course, I sail in the Annisquam River, which is shallow anywhere outside a narrow channel. With the long stern it didn't seem practical to use an outside rudder, so I reluctantly went under the hull and, to keep the draft to 15", I put on a rudder that is not really quite big enough, though she can be handled with it well enough after some practice.

The rig I wanted to be simple, and made it so by eliminating all standing rigging. Most people are horrified at the slender 31' spar standing all naked of stays and shrouds, but some figuring seemed to show that it would stand, and data on old sharpie rigs confirmed the math. M.L. Condon, the marine lumber dealer of White Plains, New York, furnished a beautiful stick of sitka spruce without so much as a ripple in the grain and, in fact, in practice it does not even bend very much.

The construction was the unique part of the design; the 3/8" plywood bottom and deck fasten directly into the full inch strip-planked sides. Chine logs, clamps, and all other longitudinals are eliminated, along with the complications they bring into the transverse framing. Of the latter there were only ten. The trunk design had to take the whole thrust of the mast, yet by a little careful thinking it is neither complicated nor heavy.

The layout can be made out from the plans, and I'll highly compliment anybody who can find a superfluous piece of wood in it. The whole design of the boat's construction is depended on good glue and, after some fairly rugged testing, I can say it seems to be all right throughout. Another time I would make the bottom thicker, as she could stand the weight there to help her carry her way in short tacks.



The cabin, of course, is just a cuddly to stow sails and such in. Not but what you can sleep in there pretty well, there's plenty of room lengthwise and sideways, but it is so low that moving around is hard work. She is a day sailer, and no more a cruiser than she is a racer.

What Materials and Accessories Cost

I placed the contract with Penobscot Boat Shop in Winterport, Maine. Ordinarily I don't like to build so far from home, but I ordered late in the season, had some difficulty in getting the order placed at all, and the price was low even for so simple a boat. Proprietor George Bell's men made a generally satisfactory job of her, one or two things went wrong due to her freakish construction and she had to be worked on with eyes glued to the plans and specifications.

Two hundred and twenty hours of labor went into her, \$300 of timber, and \$166 in paint, hardware, and cordage. A used outboard (a 3hp Lauson four-cycle) cost \$75, and Thomas Sail Company of Gloucester, Massachusetts, made me a lovely suit of sails for \$305. These sails are of unusual cut, I hate battens and would have none, and it seemed logical to have the cloths run up the leach instead of the usual modern cross cut. The sailmaker suggested a miter-cut main to best take the strain of the outhaul, and the jib was cut with the leach.

This jib, you see, is not set on a stay, but on a balance club, and I worried about how it would set, but Thomas' put in a stainless wire luff rope and the sail sets very well indeed. I'm extremely happy with the rig and the cut of the sails. As far as I'm concerned, Captain Nat Herreshoff wasted his time when he devised the crosscut sail.

We launched the boat late at night the second week of June, and had a quick trial under the glare of the Penobscot Boat Shop's floodlights. I'd have liked a little more trial, but since the mast did not break when the sails filled (as one group of critics had been predicting), nor the boat capsize as soon as the mast was stepped (as another gloomy crew had been expecting), nor any of the structure show signs of collapsing (which was my principal worry), and since our time was short, we shoved off down the Penobscot River next morning, Bill Ratcliff and myself.

What with flat calm and with foul current, it took us a long time to get down to the bay at our cruising speed of 4 knots, passing through the solid filth of the Bucksport paper mill under the guns of Fort Knox, and past the great fertilizer plant above Searsport. Once out in the bay, the wind came up and freshened, dead ahead. We beat most of the day and got some distance down the bay, but finally concluded to run back to Belfast and spend a comfortable night at Harbor Lights, my uncle's place near there.

Next day there came a westerly and we reached down the shore at good speed to Camden, where we had to put in to install a forgotten and rather essential bolt in the rudder head. That wasn't much of a hardship, as Camden is about the prettiest and most interesting harbor I know, and the Camden Yacht Club is very hospitable. But it did hold us up awhile. Off Rockland, the wind went flat and we went on in under power, into Owl's Head Passage, where it came again from the southwest, right down our throats. I tell you, there's no difficulty explaining where the expression "down east" came from, but we were bound "up west" so to speak.

The rest of the day we beat up the coast, reef-crawling for smoother water and slants of wind. We went through places that don't show on the charts, in back of Whitehead Island, for instance, and had some experiences I wouldn't have missed, finding pretty passages that few ever lay eyes on. I admit that, at the time, I'd rather have been rolling along outside, seeing nothing but making time. We got by Tenants Harbor, where a seaplane looked us over, and finally around the corner into Port Clyde, gassing up there (the Lauson had run some 16 hours on 3 gallons of gas), and on round Gay's Island into Friendship. There Frank Winchenbaugh gave us a mooring off his boatshop, and we concluded to go home and wait for a fair wind.

(To Be Continued)



COURSES AND WORKSHOPS

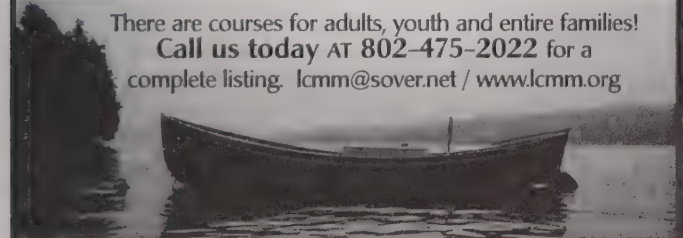
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Remembering



Joanne S. Scott

Barnegat Light

We had been out all night.
I had the watch, one to four
With all the rest sleeping below,
Going down, broad reach,
From Block Island south.
The stars overhead mirrored
In the phosphorus wake.
An easy riding swell hid
And revealed the lights
Of fellow travelers,
Freighters heading for the shipping
Lanes of New York Harbor.

We tried to time it for daylight hours,
But wind and tides didn't always cooperate.
I would watch for color match
Of red and green. Collision colors.
Steering a course by binnacle
And wheel made my tired mind
A blur until I spun round
To stretch, refocus.
Coffee cold in the cup.

The constellations overhead had moved
Through the sky, crossing the rigging.
The mast drew circles in the firmament.
Dawn crept across the swells
Catching waveless with pinks
As the wind died momentarily,
Welcoming the sun.
Atlantic City was our destination.
Cape May - just a little too far, this time.

Recalling coming north a few years ago,
I relinquished the helm and went below.
I remembered looking for Barnegat Light,
A big red lightboat. They had moved it.
Made it a museum ashore.
Some navigational aid.

Fog rolled in. Seas started to rise
And swell. Fog thickened.
The harbor approach seemed ominous
With the, yet unseen, long rock jetties.
I looked out at it all
From the forward hatch
And then, rolled onto my bunk.
Not my watch.

I raised four kids,
Buried one husband,
Married another,
Nine grand children,
Nine more by marriage.
My daughter calls,
Anguish in her voice,
A desperately sick child.
My heart opens. I listen:
Wanting to take the burden
Wanting to fix it all,
Knowing I can't.
Not my watch,
I say to myself,
Not my watch.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Walking Away with a Whole Skin

I was chatting with Lennie Smith the other night, and he told me about his grandfather's trip as mate of a five-masted schooner. She was not a very old vessel, built in 1917. She was built to help meet the heavy WWI shipping demand. When the postwar shipping slump caught her, she was laid up. The *Asta* sat idly for several years. Her caulking loosened up as she sat. She was taken to the yard, had her bottom caulked, and was made ready for sea. As she was to carry timber back from Florida, square timber ports were cut into her bows. They carried general cargo to Florida, then loaded her up with tree trunks and headed home.

In these days of reasonably reliable weather forecasting, we need only turn to the NOAA channel on our marine radios to have a fair idea of the weather for the next few days. Back then, if there was a local radio station, the weather report, if any, was likely to be whatever the conditions were that day, with no attempt to predict beyond the next 12 hours. Weather forecasting was neither an art nor a science, just a guess. I had an opportunity a few years ago to review a reissue of a 19th century seamanship manual. There were several chapters on the weather, with special attention paid to reading the barometer. Although it began very simply, the interactions and combinations between the wind, water, and air temperatures, barometric pressure, and other factors would have required the forecaster to do nothing but be a weatherman and not have time to deal with conning the ship. Many of the indications were contradictory or ambiguous.

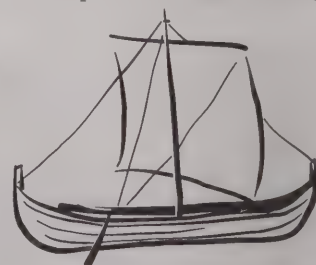
Needless to say, as they came north along the Gulf Stream, they caught a storm. They also discovered that, although the bottom had been properly caulked, the topsides had not. Every time a wave hit the hull, a mess of water went below. There was no way the pumps could keep up with the demand, especially with the short crew that was common in those days. Eventually she settled down on her cargo. Fortunately,

logs float. After the storm, she was floating high enough that they were able to pump out faster than the water came in and sail home.

When they got home, the captain cursed tight-fisted owners up and down and swore never again to take out a vessel he had not thoroughly inspected. Not long after, he and Lennie's father were invited to take an old ship, the *Nereus*, over to England. It was to be her last cargo trip before being broken up. After inspecting her, they submitted a work list that would have to be completed before they would consider taking her across.

The owners refused. They didn't wish to invest more than they had to to get her to the breakers. They must have figured she'd last one more trip. They did a minimum patch-up and hired a different captain to get a crew for the trip. They set sail but didn't arrive.

An earlier trip Lennie's father and the same captain took was to the bay of Fundy on the *Ethel N*. When they were a day out of port, the captain disappeared below and came up with a roll of canvas under his arm. He then had himself hung over the stern attaching the canvas. When they arrived, Lennie's father noted that the name of the vessel had been changed. A day after they left port, the captain carefully removed the canvas. Despite many questions over the years, Lennie never got his father to tell him the name that had been tacked on or the nature of the cargo. The trip did take place around 1922, though.



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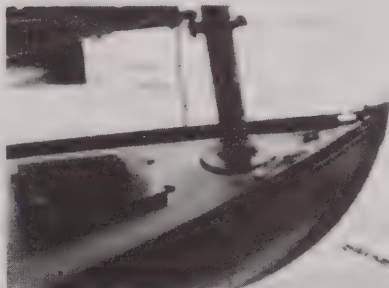
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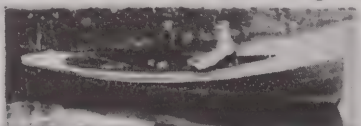
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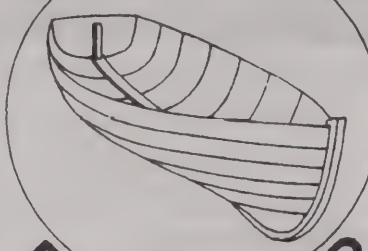


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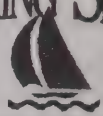


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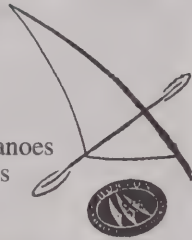
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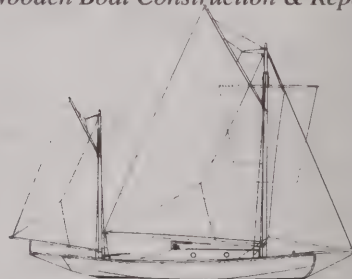
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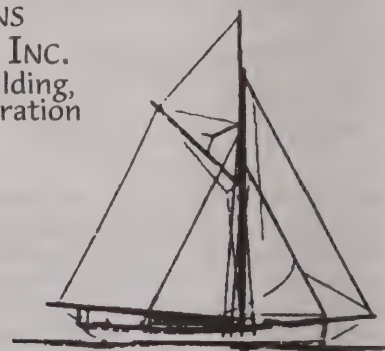
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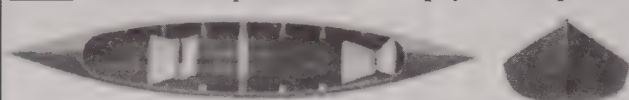
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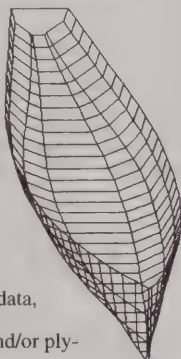
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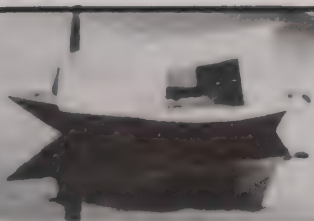
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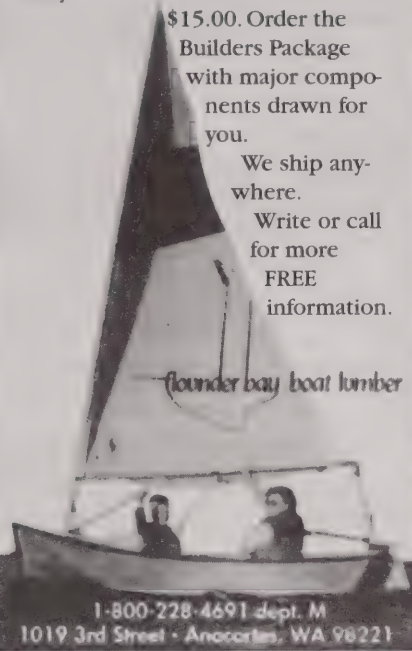
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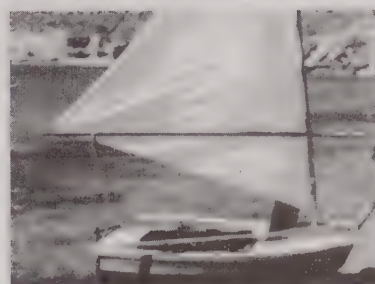
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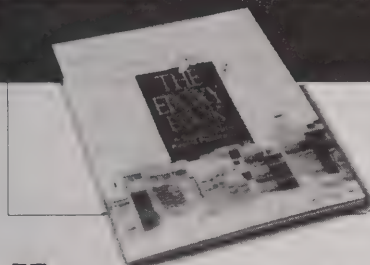


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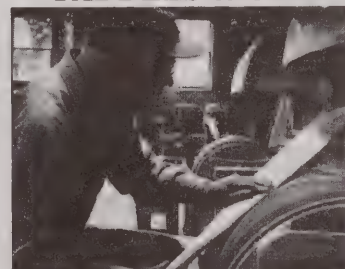
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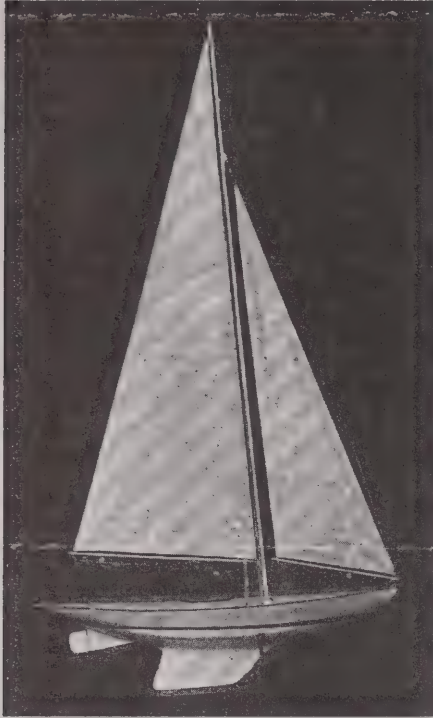
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ROSS MILLER, Chesterfield, CT, (860) 437-3387. (3)

16' Comet Sailboat, FG hull rigged for racing. Alum mast & boom, brand new Doyle racing sails rolled, not folded, into tubular sail bags. Hull in exc shape. Just put in & sail away. \$1,200.

MICHAEL STEPHENS, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-6163. (3)

16' Bristol FG Launch, '77 w/'89 18hp Westerbeke 2 cyl diesel on exc galv trlr. Yard maintained. \$4,995.

14' Penn Yan Runabout, '53 twin cockpit, rare windshield, '56 Johnson 35hp OB, gd trlr. \$4,500. DAVE PEACH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5571. (3)

17' We-no-nah Spirit II Kevlar Canoe, 40lbs, VG. \$1,200. **10'4" Norwegian Style Pram**, lapstrake w/ copper rivets & roves. Finished bright, a beauty! New. \$2,150. **15' 2 Man Decked Slalom Canoe**, by John Berry. Rough shape but it floats. Free. ZACH THOMAS, Ballston Spa, NY, (518) 885-9769. (3)

18' Jersey Lapstrake IB Skiff, nds deck& finishing. Asking \$700. **18' Wooden Chris Craft Skiff**, '63, 350 Chevy motor. Nds work. Asking \$800. BILL YEAGER, Milford, DE, (302) 335-1022, lv message if no answer. (3)

15' MFG FG Runabout, '72 w/35hp electric start '78 Johnson OB, all in vy gd cond. Grt boat for fishing or just messing around. Sellw/wo old trlr. OB just checked & approved by OB mechanic, runs great. Located Shelter Island, NY. \$1,300 OBO. DANIEL GONNEAU, PO Box 343, Shelter Island Hts., NY 11965, (718) 726-3549. (3)

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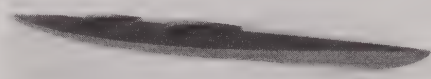
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'67 Sailstar Corinthian, LOA 20', full keel Alberg design similar to Cape Dory. Vy gd cond, sailed last year. 4hp LS Evinrude, tandem axle trlr. \$2,500. **'39 Alden Off Sounding Cutter**, LOA 39', mahogany on oak. Extensive work done to cockpit & upper planking, new transom & stem. Last surveyed in '95, found in gd cond. Recent work include new planks @ waterline, new rudder shaft, now in process of replacing Mercedes diesel w/newer version. 8 sails incl spinnaker. \$20,000 OBO. **17' Greenland Style Kayak**, canvas on wood, just compl. Vy pretty boat, weighs 38 lbs. Best for paddler under 5'10". \$1,200 OBO. GORDON TOWLE, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5224. (3)



17'6" Granta Scandian Double Kayak, okoume plywood, stitch & glue. Was floor model of Hudson Canoe, unused. \$800. OBO. ERNST HENCKE, Croton, NY, (914) 271-5387. (3)

16' Point Jude Sloop, '88, FG, green hull, cream topsides & cockpit, teak trim, teak & holly tiller, mahogany rudder, alum spars, tanbark dacron sails, Cox trlr. Dry sailed only, always covered or stored in drs. High quality sailboat in traditioanl design. Exc cond. \$3,200 OBRO. **23' Penn Yan Avenger**, '88, FG, 260hp Mercruiser I/O w/300 hrs, deep V hull (not tunnel drive), 9.5' beam, full canvas, mooring cover, 2 bunks & porta-potti. Seaworthy family fishing boat in exc cond. \$12,000. BOB GROESCHNER, Norwalk, CT, (203) 847-8726, <KaraMaru@aol.com> (3)

Sea Pearl, leeboards, water ballast, biminis, teak cockpit seats, lots of extras. \$4,600. See it on Long Beach Island at Harvey Cedars Marina. **Thayer Fantail Livery Whitehall**, his original mold, trimmed and decked in teak, Awlgripped. Stunning boat. \$2,200. LYNN HOFFMAN, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 949-4230. (3)

'88 Seaward 24 FG Sloop, vy clean trailerable cruiser, shoal lead keel & SS CB. Realistically slps 4. New mast, wheel steering, teak trim done w/ Sikkens, roller furling, spinnaker, sail & wheel covers, awning, Ritchie compass, VHF, loran, 2-burner alcohol stove/oven, porta-potti, 9.9hp Sailmaster OB. Exc galv trlr w/4 new tires. A stiff sailer. \$10,000. RICK LAPP, Muncie, PA, (570) 546-8372. (3)



16' Plywood Dory Style Pleasure Boat, '95 flat bottom 6'6" beam w/cabin, wood & canvas awning, fiberglassed hull, new trlr. \$1,250. JOHN INMAN, Bethpage, NY, (516) 520-9669. (3)

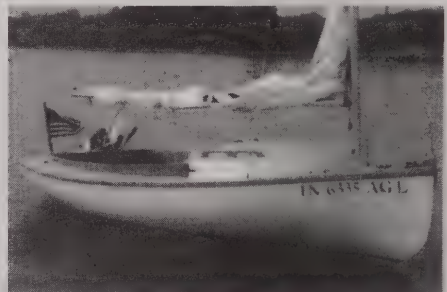
Boat for Free, OK Dinghy, nds work. All FG is sound, all wood nds (at least) examination or replacement. Mast is sound, boom is missing. Sails incl. Give it a good home. ERIC P. RUSSELL, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 646-1224. (3)

16' Point Jude, used, teak trim, boat cover, motor mount, galv trlr. \$2,995. **17' Grumman Canoe**, old but serviceable. \$250. **16' Canoe**, square stern \$295. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, newbury, MA 10950, (978) 465-0312. (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)

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



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. Trlr incl. Well kept & sailed only locally. Heart problem forces sale. Pictures & literature available. \$4,500. DAVE BARON, Freeport, NY, (516) 379-8496. (3)



Trailertri 18, 18' sloop rigged CB trimaran pocket cruiser, 8.5' beam on trlr, 14' beam on water. Designed by Farrier (F27 designer). Slps 2 OK inside, really comfortable on tramps. Mainsail, 130% hanked-on genoa, storm sail. Sailcover for main, sailbag for genoa. Depth sounder, speed & temp gauges. Adjustable depth OB mount. Blt-in lighted compass. Danforth type anchor, 10' chain, rope rode. Blt '86 w/WEST System epoxy, FG on outside & some interior areas. Okay cond, nds some TLC. Rigs, sails & tramps vly gd. HD trlr w/car size tires. Ready to sail/trlr. Original plans include. 1st \$2,300. '95 Mercury 6hp long shaft electr start OB w/alternator, less than 25hrs. \$750.

DAVID BYBEE, Racine, WI, (414) 632-7233, <rentman@wi.net> (3)

'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)

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BOB TABB, Lockport, NY (716) 434-7792. (3)

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)

15'8" Whitehall, sailing/rowing boat. Perf cond. Incl trlr. \$3,500.

STEPHEN ANDERSON, Valdosta, GA, (912) 242-6209. (5)



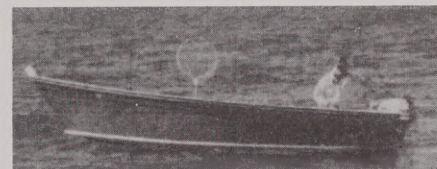
18' Herschhoff Americat, compl restored & better than new. New bottom paint, new Thurston sail, attractive interior w/new custom cushions for bunks, custom mooring cover. 6hp OB, '65 custom trlr. \$12,500.

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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)



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BOB SMITHSON, 988 NE Locksley, Bend, OR 97701, (541) 382-6470, <bobnyari@empnet.com> (3)



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)



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.

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18' Ideal 18, the perfect day sailing keelboat. Main w/jiffy reef, self tacking jib w/Harken roller furling, spinnaker, sailcovers, tiller cover. All Harken hrdwre. On trlr. Small OB. All mint cond. Asking \$8,500. Located Southwest Harbor, ME.

EDWARD FEINBERG, 67 Meadowbrook Rd., Brookline, MA 02445, (617) 734-6507. (04)

15' Whitehall Pulling Boat, cedar, oak, mahogany transom, seats & trim. Bronze fastened. Shaw & Tenney oars, two stations. A vly fine pulling boat in exc cond, 1st class. W/new galv trlr \$3,300 OBO. WO/trlr \$2,800 OBO.

DALE KILBRETH, P.O. Box 95, Jonesboro, ME 04648, (207) 434-7451. (04)

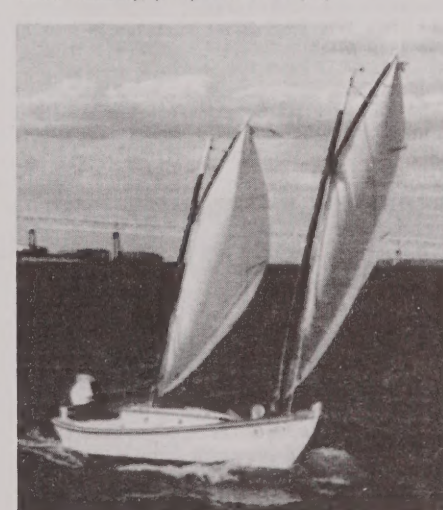
Old Town Square Stern Skiff, 14'2" w/long deck. Blt approx '43. Wood/canvas w/FG overlay in '60s. Orig brass oarlocks/oars. \$1,000.

JONATHAN SKIDMORE, Wantagh, NY, (516) 679-1622. (06)

Childrens' Skiff, approx 6'6"x4'6", ply & oak, ply painted, oak transom, thwarts bonze fastened bright. W/oars, new paint, bottom paint. \$300.

JOHN POWELL, Allston, MA, (617) 787-1441. (04)

Rhodes 19, Fg CB, almost new sails, trlr. \$2,650. GEORGIA COX, Chaumont, NY (eastern end of Lake Ontario), (315) 649-5717. (04)



'85 Wood Cat Ketch Dory, LOA 27', Beam 7", Draft 18", Disp 3,500lbs. Vly seaworthy, exc cond. Asking \$6,500.

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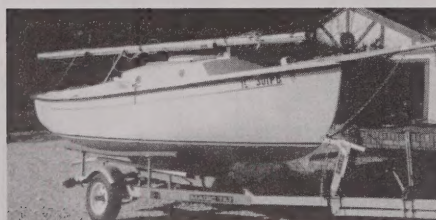
15' Wagemaker Wolverine, '58 molded plywood runabout. Hull in beautiful cond, recently stripped, stained & varnished. Comes w/fully restored & correct 35hp Johnson Javelin (not the Evinrude pictured), 2 pressure tanks & trlr. \$4,000. **15' Sportcraft Runabout**, '60. Recently tuned 40hp Johnson Seahorse. Plywood hull repainted, deck & interior replaced summer '97. Exc cond w/trlr. \$2,000. Can deliver because I like road trips. MARK HUEGELMANN, Lemont, IL, (630) 257-8191, <m_huegelmann@d135.s-cook.k12.il.us> (04)

'92 Old Town Canoe, Columbia 18' Fg white, modified V, moderate freeboard, back rest, OB bracket. \$450. **Peinert Rowing Shell**, 1x, 26, kevlar, '86, Australian green. \$1,400. **Vespoli Double Rowing Shell**, club model, FG, wood ribs, midweight. \$2,450. **Durham Dreher Rowing Shell**, 1x, '85 midweight, vy light, kevlar, mylar deck, white. \$2,250. **2 Windsurfers, Fanatic Ultra Cat**, long board, carbon fins, 3 sails, missing mast insert. **Hi-Fly Fun Board**, 3 sails. \$450 for all. GARRY CORWIN, Yorktown Hts., NY, (914) 962-4649. (04)

11' Sailing Sampan, Pete Culler design. Wood sides, plywood bottom. W/gd sails & oars, ready to use. \$550. DAVE NILES, North Haven, CT, (203) 248-1704. (04)

'93 MacGregor 26, on trlr. 8hp Evinrude w/alternator & extra battery in lazarette. Fully equipped for cruising: Autohelm, GPS, VHF, AM/FM cassette, depth., bottom paint, 2 burner stove, portapotty, spinaker, pop-top tent, anchors, teak swim ladder, cockpit cushions, custom mahogany interior cabinetry, compass and more. \$10,000. MARTIN STEVENS, Black Mountain, NC, (828) 669-2846. (04)

Bolger Black Skimmer, 25' leeboard sharpie cat yawl. Johnson 8hp OB, tandem axle trlr. Nds some work. \$2,000 OBO. GUS HEDDEN, Tuftonboro, NH, (603) 544-2369. (04)



Custom Compac 16, can be rigged as sloop or cutter. Has 5 sails; main, storm main, working jib, genoa, staysail w/club boom & traveler. Walnut bowsprit w/SS fittings, all other hrdwre bronze. 4hp Chrysler OB w/gas can. Galv trlr w/12" wheels, spare wheel & bearings. Ritchie Voyager compass, anchor w/rode, docklines, fenders, paddle & extra bottom paint. Bristol cond fresh water boat. Never moored, always stored inside. Asking \$4,500. TERRY HEINZ, Argenta, IL, (217) 795-2348. (04)

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18'7\"/>

Nimble 20 Yawl, like new. Tlr, sail covers, bimini, 7.5hp Honda 4-stroke, 5 sails incl spinnaker, much more. Contact Nimble website for more info on boat at <http://www.nimbleboat.com>. \$8,750. CHARLES KIRK, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 949-8365. (04)

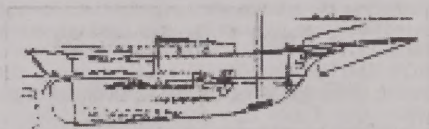
24' Bayhen, shallow draft gaff rigged cruiser. Galv trlr, 2hp Honda OB. Green hull, exc cond. \$9,000. **14' Blue Jay Sailboat**, blue hull, yellow & white spinnaker, galv trlr. Garage kept, like new. \$4,000. RANDY WRIGHT, Merchantville, NJ, (609) 665-2744. (04)

Nimble Nomad 25' Trawler, 45hp Honda, on trlr & loaded. Always covered. \$29,000. FRED MESSERLY, York, PA, (717) 244-6907. (04P)

Klepper Folding Kayak, 2 person expedition model w/rudder & spray covers. Exc cond. \$3,000. AL KRAFT, Lincoln, MA, (781) 259-1399. (04)

24' Sharpie Sloop, Wm. Atkins design, shallow draft w/9.5 Tohatsu OB. \$3,900. BILL MITMAN, ME, (207) 882-7693. (08P)

28' Herreshoff Ketch, nds work on hull. Engine Universal, sails etc. PAUL BELLIVEAU, Nahant, MA, (781) 581-0252. (04)



23' Friendship Sloop, FG bare hull. Classic lines, plans incl. \$1,000 firm. SIGMUND EVANKOW, Lyme, CT, (860) 434-2737. (04)

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Utility Powerboat, older model 15'-21' range. Wooden console Boston Whaler Montauk or similar would be ideal but all types considered. Prefer to trade a 23' Jeanneau/Ranger Formula 1 trailerable retractable keel sailboat in exc cond as part of transaction. Sailboat is in compl sailaway cond w/exc sails & all equipment incl an Icom radio, & is worth approx \$5,000. Willing to trade up or down w/cash supplement either way. Would also consider outright cash purchase of right powerboat. DONALD GORDON, E. Greenwich, RI, (401) 884-3389 home, (917) 545-4908 cellular, <doktor6@aol.com> (04)

Shallow Draft Cruiser, 20'-30', fixer-upper okay. Northeast location. STEVE LAYDEN, 79 Shore Rd., Bourne, MA 02532, (508) 759-3823, <steveama@prodigy.net> (04)

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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'"), foot 20'0", leach 35'6". \$95. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (3)

Lightning Sails, jib, main & spinnaker. Old but useable. \$50 plus shipping. HANS WAECKER, Cliff Island, ME 04019-0006, (207) 766-2684. (04)

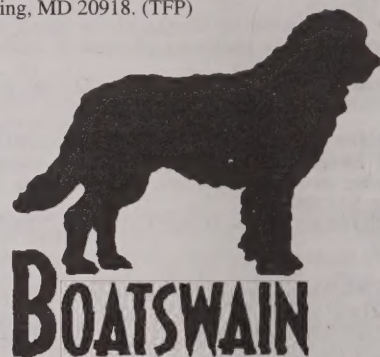
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Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30". Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

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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)



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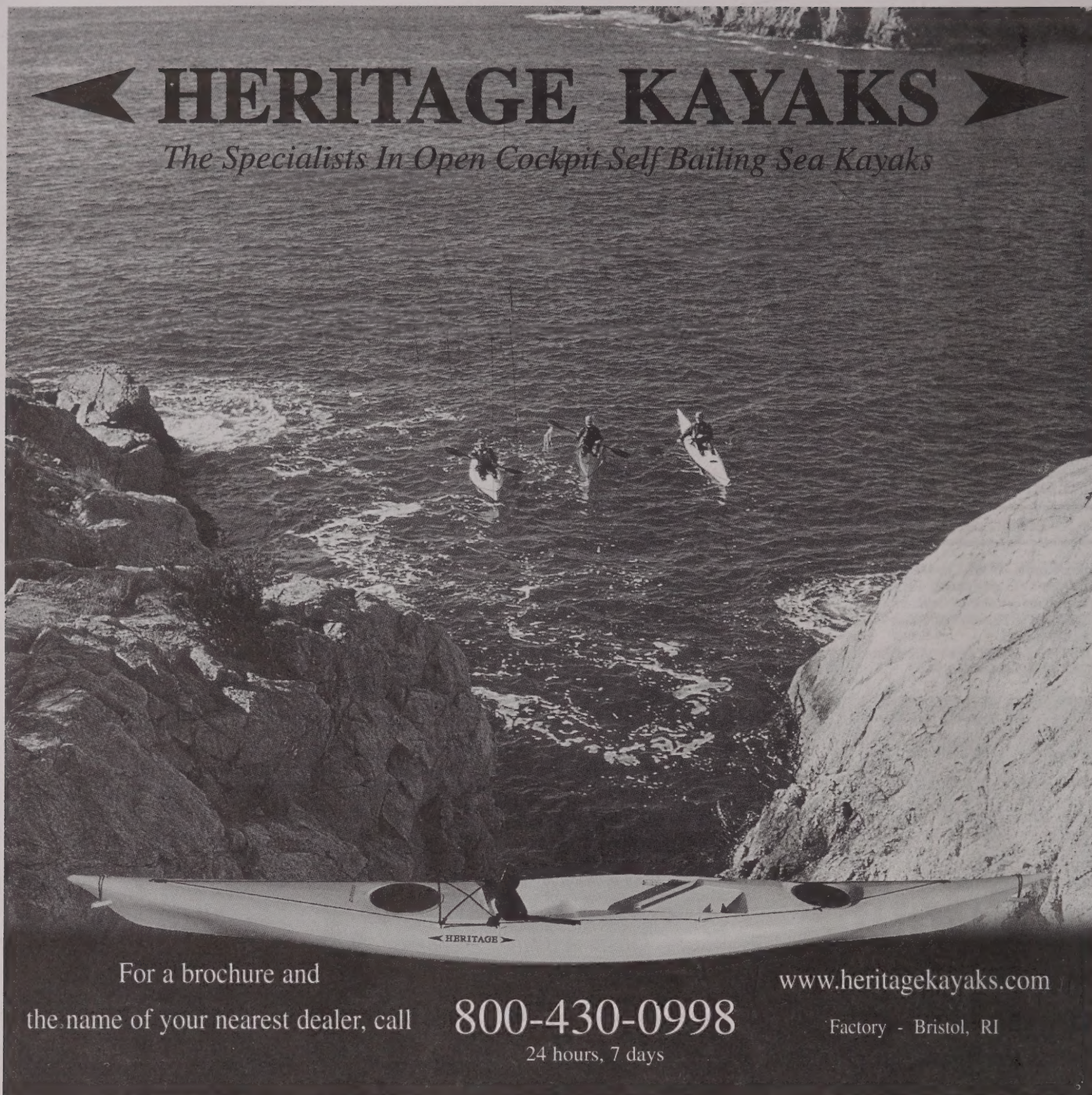
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