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"Houdini's Escape"
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messing about in BOATS

Volume 17 - Number 4

July 1, 1999

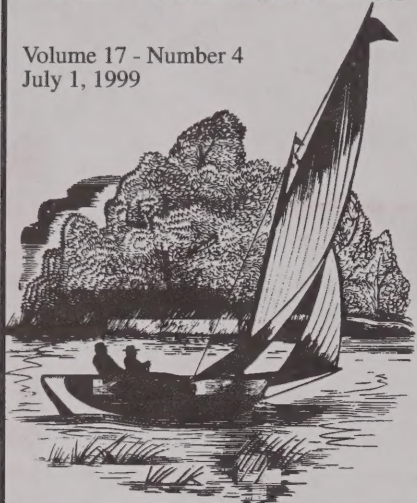


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In Our Next Issue...

Charlie Mink reports on the 8th Annual La Louisianne Freestyle Paddling Symposium in "Allons Pagailler"; and Ron Hoddinot tells us all about "Cedar Key '99".

Paul Brown offers a brief vignette about "Pete & the Pelican"; Sharon Brown presents the first of two parts for dog lovers in "Dogs at the Boathouse - Part 1"; John Welsford concludes his small boat sailing adventure in "Houdini...an Escape Machine"; Bob Austin wraps up his high altitude cruising saga in "Lake Titicaca Days - Part 4"; and William Washburn Nutting and his crew are well on their way home in "Track of the Typhoon - Chapter 13".

A free boat introduces Barry Donahue to the pleasures of catboats in "Catboat Education"; and we'll have more short reports from boatshops in "Boatshop News".

Mark Steele continues revealing the pleasures of model boating with "The Four Foot Sixes of New Zealand"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" discusses a "Cheap Chinese Rig"; and Phil Bolger & Friends have something of interest as yet unrevealed to us.

On the Cover...

The Essex River Race in mid-May brought together a disparate collection of rowing and paddling craft, and our split image cover gives you an inkling of what "disparate" means. Further comments about this are presented on this page.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I usually go to the Essex (MA) River Race each May because it takes place only eight miles from here and is sort of the season opener event for local small boaters. Unlike the Snow Row in early March, which attracts a much larger turnout with many more rowing boats, including multi-oared gigs, this race has been swamped by sea kayak entries, about 2/3rds of the boats are sea kayaks or their sit-on-top cousins.

While I use sea kayaks (solo and double) for what boating I get to do myself, I have to admit that they do not, when gathered in numbers, attract my attention the way the much more eclectic mix of rowing boats does. Like bicycles, sea kayaks all are of a pattern, with detail differences. The occasional wooden ones catch my eye because of the probability of their being homebuilt. The sit-on-tops, despite their touted advantages and typically superior speeds, just do not grab me at all.

At Essex, one kayak did stand out in my view, the three man longship pictured on the cover. The crew of three young athletes really made this boat go and they were the first boat to finish the 5 mile, out and back, course. Because they did start before the sliding seat rowing shells, they may not have been fastest overall, I didn't stay for results with other claims on my day awaiting nearby at home. Whether or not they were overall fastest, they were indeed impressively moving. The teamwork involved more closely related to that of the multi-oared rowing boats that do seem to have an appeal to me.

The smaller group of rowing boats was its usual nice mix, the other cover picture illustrates what I mean about eclectic, with a Monfort geodesic Whitehall solo, a traditionally planked dory double, and a purple pram. The black & white photo does not reveal that color, but it was quite noticeable. It's crew seemed to me, when I took the photo, to be speculating in awe about his chances against these fast looking competitors. When the starting horn blew and they launched themselves away from the line, his chances became immediately apparent. In the first 100 yards of a five mile race the pram was left far, far behind, each energetic stroke of the oars providing but a short hop ahead, while the longer boats accelerated away smoothly in great strides.

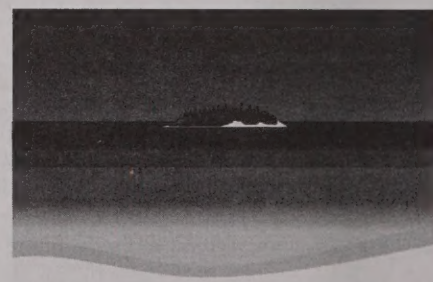
As ever attracted to the unusual and uncommon, I looked into this particular entrant. I had seen a young woman with him prior to the race, found her in the small gathering of onlookers, and engaged her in conversation

about her companion's effort. It seemed that he had built the boat himself, and that they often rowed it around in Essex Bay fishing, so he had decided to try it out in this race on familiar waters. What he had not been familiar with what the sort of pulling boats he'd be up against.

Like most of these low key races, the Essex River Race usually attracts a few locals who paddle or row off at a leisurely pace, perhaps accompanied by a dog, or several youngsters. They just want to take part, the race thing means nothing. I had figured perhaps this was another example of this outlook, but my informant suggested otherwise when she stated with some assurance that her companion would indeed give it his all and go the whole five miles.

Later out at Conomo Point, where the course passes through a narrow channel on its way around adjacent Cross Island, I saw her spectating. By now the leaders had rounded Cross Island and could be seen far out to the west on the bay headed back to the river enroute to the finish. The slower folks in a variety of boats, both kayaks and rowboats, were well mixed as they reached this halfway point, due to the staggered starts. No sign of the pram. As I departed to head back to view the finish order from a street end a few hundred yards before the finish, the rest of the spectators had also left and the young woman was on her own awaiting arrival of her guy, also, by now very much on his own.

I speculated as to whether he would show up at all, for still on his way outbound he would be meeting the onrushing stream of everyone else homeward bound. It takes true grit to press on in the face of such evidence of one's placing in a race. It would be so easy to just do a 180 and head back, still last but less alone. I never found out how this small drama worked itself out because when I left for home after most of the fleet was back, there was still no sight of the purple pram.



"Hang on! Here comes a big one!" Then the wave was past and, "where the hell are they? Where did they go?" "Shine the light around, oh no!, they capsized!" "There's the boat, underwater, right over here. The lights are still on, but where is the crew?" "Search around with the light, they must be under the boat!"

The Coast Guard boat is moving away fast to the south, totally submerged and almost inverted with the lights burning. There is no sign of the three crewmen who had come to rescue us.

The Jupiter Bar, as it was called more than a century ago, is pretty much as it was then. Perhaps with the conditions the same, more effort is made to make the inlet passable. When it becomes necessary, sand is dredged out and a channel is re-opened for the large yachts and sport fishing boats. "Local knowledge is required" is the warning one finds in cruising guides and on some charts, but little is found written about the reason for the warning or the cause of the condition along that section of the Atlantic coast.

Why does St. Augustine to Jupiter Inlet have different wind and sea conditions, as reported by NOAA Weather, than Jupiter Inlet to Key Largo? Jupiter Inlet is a dividing line for good reason.

In August of 1995, after Hurricane Felix had passed by the Bahama Islands to the east and was located some 1200 miles away to the northeast, the storm was still sending large swells to Jupiter, Florida. The Bahama Bank was acting as a barrier for the East Coast south of Jupiter. The Lake Worth Inlet at Palm Beach, just 12 miles south, was almost calm in comparison to the conditions that caused the loss of *Dreamspell* and endangered the lives of five men.

"Mayday" is not an uncommon sound on the marine VHF radio in the Jupiter area. Many small boats have been lost, along with the lives of some of those aboard. Most often those who were lost had violated some basic safety rule, such as not wearing a personal flotation device (PFD).

The life jacket, as we call it, is probably the least expensive and simplest life-saving device known today, yet it is the most abused. Another basic rule is to not enter the inlet on an outgoing tide with large seas running. As often as we tell ourselves that we won't or we shouldn't, we still break our own rules and get into trouble.

This was a nice day and a pleasant run out of St. Lucie Inlet, formerly known as Indian River Inlet, to bring *Dreamspell*, a 22' Rhodes sloop, home to Jupiter. Gentle 2-4' swells with no chop and very little wind were the sea conditions at Stuart when we got outside. In fact, there wasn't enough wind, so we motor sailed about halfway. A few times we got some wind from light rain squalls. This was never an unpleasant condition, however, as the afternoon wore into evening. As we passed Blowing Rocks and the Jupiter Lighthouse came into view a few miles south, we were aware that the swells had become much larger. They were long and smooth and none were breaking until they hit the beach.

As we progressed, and since I had never been aboard *Dreamspell* before, I began to discuss the inlet passage with Chris, who owned and loved his boat, as I have my 21' homebuilt catamaran. I run the inlet quite often and have made it a habit to don a life jacket



Losing *Dreamspell* Lessons in Seamanship – Hard Learned!

By Gene R. Perry

and insist that any other crew or guest do likewise. Even in good conditions a small boat is often swamped by the wakes of other vessels and the confused water caused by waves and wakes bouncing off the jetties. So I asked Chris where his life jackets were, he told me, and I got them. We put them on.

Though they were sometimes out of sight due to the depth of the swells, we saw a couple of boats go in the inlet. Perhaps this had some bearing upon the decision. There was some discussion about our options. Palm Beach would take all night, we saw no breaking waves in the inlet, it was approaching darkness, the other boats had no apparent problems, and a captain is bound to have faith in his vessel and confidence in his ability. Therefore, when Chris said we would go in, I gave him the tiller. I was not accustomed to sailing, and especially to surfing, a monohull. It was also a situation that I believed was suited to the captain more than to a guest aboard, regardless of his experience. Catamarans do respond to following seas in a manner different from monohulls.

Under power with the mainsail up for stability, or possibly for power in the event of engine failure, we turned west and lined up with the center of the channel. The ends of both jetties were visible ahead a few hundred yards and equidistant both sides of our course each time we came up on top of a swell. All seemed OK for a few minutes and we were surfing along well until, due to an offshore squall, we caught a crossing wave from starboard. This wave slapped the rudder and broke the tiller where it connects to the rudder.

The skipper said, "Oh my God, I hope I can steer with the engine." At this time we still had a chance to get back out into the ocean, so he carefully turned the boat around by leaning out over the stern and turning the engine by hand. The bow came around and we were heading back out to sea with the current flow, but against the seas. A rain cloud was coming out from shore and with it a little wind. This would have been good except that the wind created some waves along the face of the swells. One of these came over the engine and we lost our power.

Chris pulled the starter rope with some success, but the engine kept dying and soon his strength was used up. I was of little or no use to him as I had been suffering from ten-

donitis in the shoulders for some time and have a heart condition that allows for very little physical effort.

With no rudder or engine for steering, a broach to and rollover was almost a certainty in these large rolling seas, so an anchor was the only control left. Chris let one out from the bow and paid out his entire line. With luck the anchor held, and at the time it seemed that it would keep us pointed into the seas. He added even more line. The tidal current was too strong and the boat swung around, now pointed toward the inlet with the seas hitting the starboard quarter, lifting, rolling, and flooding the cockpit.

From the cockpit of *Dreamspell*, with her navigation lights on and holding tight to her tether, I took a good look at our surroundings. To the north and northeast there was nothing but corrugated ocean under a darkening and dismal sky. As we topped a crest, I would take another sweeping look. To the south was some more of the same, but with not such deep valleys, and lights were coming on in the buildings along the coast.

Then we came up again, and to the southwest were the beach, a jetty, and the beautiful parks crowned with the tall trees and a backdrop of summer evening sky broken by some curtains of rain in the distance. The west and northwest was where I wanted to be, inside where the water was smooth and the Jupiter Light winked its beckoning flashes from atop the lighthouse on its ancient mound of shells. It was so near, and yet so far beyond our reach.

Now it was almost dark, and the tide was low enough that the swells were all beginning to break. The breaking waves began to slam violently against the starboard quarter of *Dreamspell*. Water was coming into the cockpit, and it was becoming difficult to hang on and not be washed overboard. I felt like a 200-pound rag doll alone in a big washing machine. Chris went into the cabin where it was drier and quieter and radioed a "Mayday" on his handheld VHF transceiver.

Dreamspell was not the first to find herself in this predicament. In March of 1891, just over a hundred years ago, another small sailboat sat anchored in similar surf, awaiting rescue. Lt. William Henn, a well-known Naval officer and yachtsman, had chartered the *Minnehaha* from its owner, Captain Vann. Lt. Henn had previously, in 1886, sailed his yacht, the *Galatea*, against the *Mayflower* for the America's Cup.

It flew the signal of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. Captain Vann's *Minnehaha* was a 28'7" gaff-rigged sloop of shallow draft and broad beam for use in the shallow waters of South Florida. She had never before sailed outside in the ocean. This was a first for both the ship and its captain. Lt. Henn and his wife had chartered the boat for fishing, coastal cruising, and adventure in general. Also aboard was the Henn's steward from *Galatea*.

The conditions as they approached the Jupiter Inlet were remarkably similar to those in which we found ourselves. Lt. Henn wrote, "At 3:00 AM, having passed Lake Worth inlet, we ran into a heavy swell setting from the northeast. I at once knew that the Jupiter bar would be impassable. It was no use disguising the fact that we were caught on a lee shore and cut off from gaining any harbor. However, we remembered the life-saving station at Jupiter. If we could manage to gain it, I knew I could depend on the captain and crew

to do all in their power to save us."

About 4:00 they saw the Jupiter Light, which sent a ray of hope to their hearts. After much pounding and smashing with spray flying all over them, their leaking little craft clawed its way far enough to see a dim light on shore and soon the shape of buildings, which proved to be the United States life-saving station at Jupiter.

Captain Vann was ill from the rough seas, and there was much discussion and some disagreement, but the anchor was put down and all cable was let out at Lt. Henn's orders. The boat would not likely have been saved without it. He ordered their private ensign flown at half-mast with the "Union down" as a distress signal, the only kind they had. With the anchor down, the question came, "Will it hold?" She did some plunging, at times sending water into the cockpit, but the anchor held, and she came up each time trembling and shaking.

At daylight they turned their frightened attention to the shore and saw the United States ensign flying inverted in answer to their signal. Captain Carlin and his crew made more than one attempt to row out through the surf. He finally made it and took the steward, Mrs. Henn, and her two pet raccoons in to shore and safety.

This rescue was no easy task. Captain Carlin left a second anchor and a strong rope as well as some cork life preservers on the *Minnehaha*. The sick captain and Lt. Henn stayed aboard and took the pounding until the next morning, when the wind had changed and moderated and heavy showers had laid the seas down some. There was still a large ground swell, but on shore Captain Carlin and his crew were waving and pointing toward the inlet. Lt. Henn had enough faith in his judgment to attempt the run across the bar.

The crew was lined up on shore in a range line to show them the best course through the breakers. As the *Minnehaha* rose up on a crest, they lined up with the crew on shore, the skipper set his jaw and threw his whole weight against the tiller to keep the sloop straight. It was a very dangerous and frightening run across Jupiter bar, but they were able and lucky enough to save the boat.

"Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! This is the vessel *Dreamspell*!" The Coast Guard station at Lake Worth inlet answered the call. Chris gave them our location, the necessary particulars, and explained that we were in danger of capsizing at any moment. The now breaking seas were becoming larger and more violent by the moment. The boat was holding up well under the pounding she was taking, but the danger of being overturned was increasing with every crashing wave. The lower the tide, the worse the waves. About two hours remained until low tide.

After about an hour, though it seemed much longer, a boat approached us from the south. Chris had left the position lights on and had a powerful spotlight in the cockpit. The Coast Guard crew had no trouble finding us. We called to them, and they responded with something about getting into position. There were three of them, and we didn't question their action when they started to cross to the east between us and the oncoming breakers.

Then the Coast Guard boat began to rise higher and higher above us as a gigantic wave came on. I yelled to Chris to watch this one and hang on. Then, "Look out, they're com-

ing right on us!"

When the wave broke, the foam came right over *Dreamspell*, and I expected the two boats to slam together. It was a while before the rush of saltwater and foam was past. We turned to see where the Coast Guard was, and they had vanished. It was a most frightening experience to find them gone from the scene. One moment they are high above you and threatening, then nothing. Chris searched all around with the light, and we yelled for the crew with no response.

A moment later, just a few feet off our port quarter, we saw the lights of the submerged boat. It was drifting away to the south almost upside down just below the surface. No crewmen answered our calls, nor could we find them with the light. Since we were still upright and anchored, we thought they would come to *Dreamspell* if they were able. Their boat was almost under us.

We, of course, now assumed the worst and realized our peril even more. Chris asked me to go into the cabin where I might not get slammed around so badly. This I did and called the Coast Guard to report the capsizing of their boat with no sign or response from the crew. I had a problem making the station dispatcher believe me, though I was careful to speak slowly and enunciate well. Eventually she seemed to comprehend, and I pressed the point that we expected to go over at any moment and with each wave. *Dreamspell* had taken on a lot of water and the pumps couldn't keep up.

It was only a few minutes before we had another tremendous wave, and we began to rise up as though we were on an elevator. With this it seemed that *Dreamspell* rolled over, much as though she was just damned tired of all this banging around and really wanted to rest. Chris and I both held flares but lost them due to the powerful impact of the wave. I was very busy getting out of the cabin through the companionway. At least I had anticipated this and knew what I would have to do.

Chris was in the upside down cockpit with the spotlight and the radio and was reaching through the hatch into the cabin for me. I grabbed his hand and he pulled me out. I'm sure I saw a relieved look on his face as we lined up to dive under the cockpit combing together. We surfaced together and were both relieved to find that we were not hurt, just wet and wondering. He tried the radio, but the salt water had done its job. The light went out, and we were without communication or signal methods of any kind except our voices.

I hoped that someone on a jetty or in the park had seen our lights and saw them go out, but then realized that they probably couldn't see us even though we were only a few hundred yards away. Earlier we had seen a police car on the south jetty parking area, but they might not have even known our situation.

Dreamspell did her best to look after us to the end. She was almost completely over with her centerboard trunk nearly straight up, with about half the depth of the hull out of the water, except when the waves crashed over us. There wasn't much to hang on to, but it was less difficult than slamming around in the cockpit or cabin as though in a washing machine.

Chris often voiced his concern for me as he knew I was bruised up, tired, and very weak. We were most fortunate that the water was about as warm as it gets in August, so if one

of those damned helicopters would just look to where we said we were, this could be all over.

We reasoned that the Coast Guard was now looking for their three men and had forgotten about us. The helicopters were hovering to the south of us, probably because we told them that their boat was drifting in that direction. They certainly knew where we were from our conversations with the Coast Guard station, 200 yards east of the jetties and in the center of the channel.

The closest that one of their search lights came to us was about 50' or 60' south a couple of times. We hadn't moved since the Mayday, we knew this because we were constantly aware that the anchor could pull out or the line break due to all the turbulence. Granted, the visibility did decrease some when the light rain squalls passed over us. They cleared up pretty quickly though.

It seemed to us that our rescue chances died when the Coast Guard boat capsized. We had plenty of time to hash over the events to this point. We discussed many things, some of them with humor added. Chris once said, "Well, we just made some wrong right turns today, Gene. We could have made a right turn into the ICW when we left Manatee Pocket instead of a mile out in the ocean. We also could have turned right toward Palm Beach instead of Jupiter." The humor helped. If it could all be as simple as that.

Our optimism never died completely, however, as we mostly planned our next move and our options, if we had any. Being so close to shore would cause one to say, "Why not just swim for it?" Well, the current was very strong going out to sea, the waves were very large and breaking, the jetties are made of rocks covered with barnacles, and we were tired and weak. Reason enough!

At least after we were in trouble we did what now, in retrospect, seemed like some right things. Mainly, we wore life jackets and stayed with the boat. We never panicked or quarreled, which often causes problems in times of danger. I would never have left the boat as long as it was there to hold onto. I was pretty sure at times that I would not have made it to shore under those conditions, coupled with my physical condition.

There was a time, after we felt that no one would come into that mess after us or that they had quit looking, when we discussed the possibility of Chris attempting to swim for it. It seemed so close. I don't think we were either one serious about it, and I doubt very much that he would have left me under any circumstances.

We yelled to test our voices and decided to save them in case a boat should get anywhere near us. We thought we saw one moving back and forth toward us, but lost sight of it so often that we about gave up. I'm sure that sharks entered both our minds, but I don't remember either of us mentioning it. We were pretty still except for the rise, slam, roll, and drop of the boat every few minutes. Each time, of course, the life jacket slid up and tried to get over my head. I couldn't grab with both hands. I also was concerned that my wallet would come out of the flimsy shorts I was wearing.

With all of the many thoughts and discussions we had during this time, I thought how much it would help people to share their feelings and philosophies when they aren't in

dire circumstances. Of course, Chris and I can do that now in spite of the 40+ years' difference in our ages. Fast friendships are formed this way.

As we again were discussing what might have happened to the Coast Guard crew, we saw a boat again slowly working its way toward us from the south. We started to yell and stopped briefly until we were sure it was close enough. Then yell we did!

Steve, the Sea Tow captain, alone aboard his vessel, said that he had given up and was just ready to turn and get the hell out of there when he heard our voices. It is a wonder with the sound of his engines and the pounding surf. His timing between the waves was expertly done as he threw a line, which Chris took to get on board to be there to help me. They circled and came back with a line to me, and they both pulled me over the side. There was little time for the pick up, but thank God for the expertise shown by Steve. Heroism is his!

On our way to Lake Worth inlet, Steve said that he had felt a personal need to battle the violent inlet when he realized that no one

else was coming to get us. "There are still two guys out there, and I'm going after them!" He lost control of his boat twice, but gained it and stayed with it until we were safely aboard. His comment was, "It's my job!"

He also got a report on the Coast Guard crew, who had made it to the beach south of the south jetty where police helped them ashore. We felt better then. The Trauma Hawk helicopter took one of them to the hospital for treatment due to saltwater ingestion. Their boat washed ashore the next day at Carlin Park, well south of the inlet, but *Dreamspell* was never seen again. A young man lost his boat, that in itself is a tragedy, but when we think about what might have happened, we are very thankful.

Epilogue

Chilled and weak, with knees that wouldn't work, we were offloaded at the Sea Tow station in West Palm Beach. The news media was waiting, so it was necessary to make some hurried phone calls. It was pretty late, and hearing about it from us was much easier for those

who cared, than for them to see it on the late news as did my son and his wife. They recognized me by the shirt I wore, it was a Christmas gift from them. "Hey! That's Dad! What's happened to him?" A call from his mother clarified it. Finally an owner of Sea Tow was good enough to take us to Jupiter where it all started early that morning.

The heavy seas lasted for several days, and Chris made some disappointing efforts to find his boat. It took a week for me to be able to walk due to sprained knees and ankles. Now our sprains and bruises have healed, and we are both deeply involved in other nautical endeavors. Sailing is among them, and without a doubt we are wiser and more respectful of the Jupiter bar, and very thankful for one guy named Steve who really takes his job seriously. We are relieved that Sea Tow is there to assist the Coast Guard when asked.

Note: The historical incident was reported in *Century Magazine*, June 1893, as a portion of a very interesting diary by Lt. William Henn.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Stick With the Boat

Some of my friends around the club have been talking to me about a heretical comment I dropped into an earlier article. At the time, I stated that it is not necessary to know how to swim if you go out in small boats. I also said that I expect everyone to wear a PFD at all times when they are on the water. Anyone who has tried to swim in a PFD knows that it is very difficult. A PFD is meant to keep your head out of the water and provide upper body flotation. This means that, while you can use your feet and hands to paddle along, it is nearly impossible to bring your body close to level and get good leverage from your arms.

As it is much wiser to keep the PFD on than to try swimming without one in an emergency situation, swimming becomes almost irrelevant to safety. It is much more important to follow two rules: 1) DON'T PANIC and 2) STAY WITH THE BOAT! If you have to choose between the two, stick with Rule # 1.

A recent situation took place out of our club. A member and his son were out in a double kayak. After a nice lunch on one of the islands, they went back out on the bay and began to paddle home. They had thought that the weather, which had been deteriorating quickly, would hold off long enough to do the half-mile back to our channel. It didn't. A line squall caught them and knocked them over. Both opted for a wet exit. With their weight gone, partly flooded, the kayak was immediately pushed downwind before they could catch up with it.

At this point, they connected with each other and held a kayak paddle between them

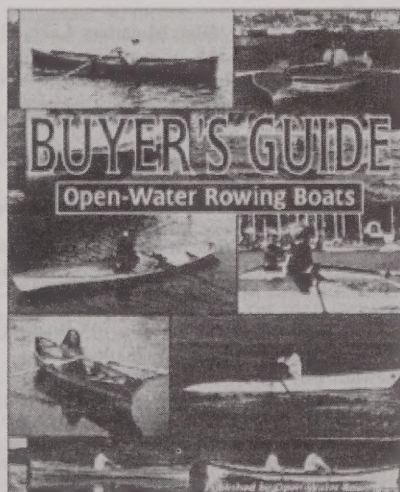
so they could stay together. They had no flare or other signaling device with them. There were plenty of power boats going by, but they were in a hurry to get to safety. They were not paying attention to anything not directly in front of them in the channel. Luckily, even though they could not stand up, they were out of the channel and not in a position to get run down.

They managed a controlled drift downwind. Just as they got their feet under them,

they spotted a grounded power boat off to the side and made their way to it. The squall was moderating and the owner of the power boat took them aboard and, once they got it afloat, took them back to the club.

As of this writing, the kayak has not been recovered. A nearby weather station measured the local winds at 86 mph, hurricane speed. Even though they misjudged the weather, they did everything else as they should. They stayed together. They kept their PFDs on. They kept their faces toward the wind, shielding their breathing with their hands. Had they faced in the direction of travel, the wind conceivably could have forced their faces into the water. Most of all, they kept their heads. We got off lightly. The club lost some equipment, but everyone survived. Survival is the only test of lifesaving procedure.

When I discussed this article with Dennis Quigley, he mentioned a way that a kayaker can rescue himself in these conditions. If he has his blades in the same axis, he can actually paddle along, controlling direction, making progress and generating body heat.



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Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.

RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620. (410) 778-6461.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

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

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

Activities & Events Organizers '99...

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

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

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

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (781) 934-7555.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950. (978) 462-8681.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. *Meerwald*), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 3551 NW Federal Hwy., Jensen Beach, FL 34957.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

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

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.

Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

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

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.

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

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

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

PADDLING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROWING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAFETY EDUCATION

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

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

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

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

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

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

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

STEAMBOATING

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

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

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

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

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

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: http://www.tsca.net/.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

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

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

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

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

TUGBOATING

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

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

WATER TRAILS

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

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

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

WOODEN BOATS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

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

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

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

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Lawley Rendezvous & Symposium

The 199 Lawley Rendezvous will take place July 16-18 at the International Yacht Restoration School (IYRS) in Newport, RI, marking the 10th anniversary of the Lawley Boat Owners Association. More than 180 yachts and tenders built by George Lawley & Son Corp. between 1887 and 1945 still survive.

Albert Hickey, Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931, (978) 281-4440, <voyage@cove.com>

Small Boats Invited

Owners of traditional small boats of sail, oar or paddle propulsion are invited to join with the mahogany runabouts at the Antique & Classic Boat Show at Skaneateles Lake in upstate New York July 30 - August 1. In the water displays along the elevated Skaneateles village pier will be supplemented by shoreside displays on the lawn in Clift Park. For further information contact Arnie Rubenstein at (315) 637-8522.

Finger Lakes Chapter, ACBS



Needs...

Erie Canal Cruising Info

I would welcome any information on, or comments on experiences of, cruising on the Erie Canal, including names of companies which run such cruises.

Hans Waecker, P.O. Box 6, Cliff Island, ME 04019-0006

About Rowing Speeds

Out of idle curiosity, I calculated the speeds of the top four finishers from your report on the Snow Row in the May 1st issue. Assuming the length of the race was 3 nautical (rather than statute) miles, their speeds were: 5.25 knots, 4.70 knots, 4.46 knots, and 4.25 knots. If, in fact, the Snow Row was 3 statute miles in length, these figures have to be multiplied by .87 to give their speeds in knots.

I mention this in connection with a review of the recent book (can't remember its name) offering an account of the first two men who rowed across the Atlantic back around the turn of the century. They hoped to average 6 knots. This leads to three possible explanations: 1) They were extremely naive; 2) They hoped to bump up their speed by riding the Gulf Stream across, or; 3) Modern rowers are hopeless wimps in comparison.

I wonder if any of your readers have insight into which is the most reasonable explanation?

William C. Mantis, Saint Paul, MN

Opinions...

Base Safety Education on Facts

I must disagree, in part, with Tom Shaw's article on small boat safety in the April 15th issue. While I most emphatically agree that ALL boaters (inspired & aspired) should be educated (with a heavy dose of courtesy and common sense injected) specifically pertaining to the rules of the road, of which so few seem to know anything about. I believe the education issued should be based upon fact, applicable to all vessel operators, not be biased towards a selected group by the rules being selectively interpreted in favor of those who seem to feel they don't need rules because of their unpredictable source of power.

My issue with the article is with the statement that "the sail boat ALWAYS has the right of way" (emphasis highlighted in bold print in article). This erroneous statement does nothing more than add fuel to the fire and help the rag baggers carry their mantle of self righteousness, as well as creating a feeling of false superiority because of the "one with nature" syndrome that seems to be part of the package with blow boats (until the wind dies and the small diesels & outboards start up, but the proper day shape seems to be conveniently missing while all sails remain limply hanging). Do most sailboaters know the proper dayshape/lights that should be displayed under these conditions?

A check of the Col Regs, specifically Rule 9(b), Rule 10(j), Rule 18(b), as well as Rule 25, state the sailboat does NOT have the right of way. Furthermore, Rules 8(f), 9(a), 10(k), 10(1), and 13 may also possibly be argued.

Kayaks, small rowing craft, sculls and the like, do not have a listing in the Col Regs, except for recommendation for lights. Therefore it would appear that their only "rights" tacitly exist from the practice of good seamanship by others and the self serving legal repercussions placed on all other boats.

I do agree that the practice of good seamanship is sorely lacking almost in the same quantity as common sense and courtesy. Both should prevail in the circumstances described, but that's a topic that will have to wait for another time.

Let's educate factually and without bias, then maybe both sides will lighten up and safely enjoy. In my 35 years of boating (both sail & power), I've never knowingly caused grievance to a smaller craft. I currently operate a large needle nose cigarette style, twin V-8, 65 mph go fast.

Captain Ben Grudinskas, Sr. Norwood, MA

Marriage & Boating

Chris Crandall does a fine job of handling marriage complexities and boating in his article in the May 1st issue on building his *Occam's Razor* houseboat. I remember one wife stating, "I could cope with another woman, but not that damn boat!" Crandall also considers cosmetics as an attraction. I wonder if we can approach couples' boating problems progressively.

Financial outlay for something questionable rates priority consideration. So let's con-

sider a basic barge approach. I leave dimensions open with a single known the family car's towing capacity. Then, there are additional persons to be considered, one's wife's lady friends, maybe grown ups out of the house, and seemingly always grand and great grand kids to be catered to. So, some early social analysis is also in order.

Now, barge is a bit of a gross term when noting flat bottom boats are called bateaus, scows, and all sorts of names. The initial idea is a cheap boat of rectangular plan form.

So, Step #1 is the cheapest possible homebuilt, possible to engage in some fishing with or without the missus. The gentle point is you mean business. At this point your basic barge has no deck or embellishments other than thwart seats. This gets you on the water with fishermen friends in case your wife remains a holdout. If she remains a hard case holdout you've at least a boat that possibly could be converted into a flower bed after enough chiding.

Step #2 is to provide some decking with an idea of sailing with a leeboard. Check around for Sam Rabl's designs here. Assuming the noise of your outboard motor is objectionable (along with almost anything else), some women are attracted to the total silence of sailing, and the kicker here is no heeling. I'd strongly suggest solo trials however, as getting caught aback helplessly will queer the whole deal.

Then lastly, Step #3, if there exists hope, consider adding a plywood cabin that is not too confining. Consider sides that can be hinged outward for maximum exposure and ventilation. Any nightmarish experience with excessive humidity, rain, mosquitos, etc. will be all she wrote, FINI.

If your second car is a small one, you're faced with sneaking a trailer hitch onto the family sedan.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

A Valuable Forum

Phin and Joanna Sprague have again done an excellent job of providing this small boat builder with a valuable forum at which to brag about our boats and describe many adventures enjoyed in them over the years. Their Maine Boatbuilders' Show is a quality event that attracts interested attendees.

We at Bay of Maine Boats want to brag about setting our own new record for sales, selling nine at this show.

Michael Severance, Bay of Maine Boats, P.O. Box 631, Kennebunkport, ME 04046

Projects...

A True Classic

I've just completed a Gloucester light dory. Congratulations to Phil Bolger, it's a true classic, rowing sweetly and turning heads everywhere in spite of having been executed as a "50 footer (nice boat from 50)". Thanks also to Dynamite Payson for his excellent guidance. I've never seen another here despite it being a fine place for open water rowing.

Wayne Poulson, White Gum Valley, Aust.

Pinocchio & a Lark

I built myself a Ken Brown Lark kayak and also a 1/4 scale Bolger Nesting Punt last year and had occasion to display both at a craft show where I work. The photo also shows Pinocchio sitting in the Nesting Punt. I made

this puppet in about 20 hours for a Halloween party and he just happened to fit right into the scale model punt.

Joe Mallia, Detroit, MI



Useful Information.....

Metal Source

Readers in the greater Boston area who may be in need of small quantities of non-ferrous metals appropriate for boating projects, such as brass, aluminum and stainless steel, should know about Metal Source, a warehouse for small shops and hobbyists stocking all sorts of leftover short ends of these metals at reasonable prices. They are open Monday-Friday 10-4, are at 280R Mishawum Rd., Woburn, MA 01801, can be reached at (781) 937-7880 and ship VISA/Mastercard orders anywhere.

Charlie Ballou, Wilmington, MA

Cruising Ministry Newsletter

A newsletter is being developed to act as the voice of those serving in the mission field and those who would like to serve. Cruising Ministries, which I organized after a life threatening illness closed to me, as an Episcopal priest, future opportunities to enjoy the cruising life, is my way of engaging in a small boat cruising ministry. I invite interested readers who might wish to help us develop and circulate this newsletter to contact me.

R. Clay Teppenpaw, D.D., Phd., Cruising Ministries, Inc., 6110 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653

Buyers Guide to Open Water Rowing Boats

Drawing on my involvement in editing and publishing my *Open Water Rowing* newsletter, I have collected together and published in a 32 page catalog format information on over 100 fixed and sliding seat rowing boats suitable for use on open waters, offered by 60 builders, and ranging from a 13' dinghy to a 30' sliding seat shell. All boats are pictured with full particulars (including price) on each, with many featured on a full color wraparound cover.



RIC/KA Sea Kayaking Trips

The Rhode island Canoe/Kayak Association runs year round sea kayaking trips, weather permitting, open to all kayakers who have the necessary skill level and proper equipment for each trip's conditions and time of year. Interested readers can contact the following for specific trip information and further details:

Aline Champoux, (401) 782-6515, <seakayakaline@juno.com>; Mike Martin, (401) 437-0957, <seakayak@juno.com>. Website is at <www.ricka.org>

The book is available for \$12 (plus \$2 p&h) directly from us at Open Water Rowing LLC, P.O. Box 246, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 841-5111, <dstookey@-ici.net> or on line from amazon.com or barnesandnoble.com.

David Stookey, *Open Water Rowing* Newport, RI

This Magazine...

Compliments on Articles

I want to compliment you on some recent articles. "Track of the *Typhoon*" reminded me of my own experiences with that boat in the mid-'50s in the Caribbean. By then she was a bit tired and the small boatyard at which I was helping a friend had her as one customer. She was unusually sharp forward and full aft, rare at that time.

Harry Davis' survey of the old Monterey fishing boat in the April 15 issue was masterful. It reminded me of my youthful admiration for those superbly beautiful lines. I suspect that the old girl was well worth the time and money required to save her. I cannot imagine many of the present fleet inspiring such a commitment 50 years from now.

Dick Newick, Kittery Point, ME

Must Take Issue

I must take issue with your comment in the March 1st issue stating that you "are not professional". I disagree. Your (I actually like to consider it "our") publication is not only professionally done but it always gets to us on time. It makes no attempt to please every type of sailor, boater, person. I enjoy it immensely.

Vincent Sheehan,
Madison, CT

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I have a cousin, a little younger than me, from whom I was inseparable until I joined the Navy. We even invented our own language in which we were both named "Old Eeen." We did a lot of wild things together when we were boys, and his folks said that I was the one who always instigated the worst of those things. After I got out of the Navy, I continued to try to push up some kind of insurrection in the Old Eeen.

One of the things we did when we were boys was to try to live off the "fat of the land" back in the river swamp, like we were some of the wild people of long ago. The land back there, though isolated and wild enough, wasn't as fat to two little new-boys as it had been to the long-gone, old hands who had left their sign along the banks of the river. We did manage to live like wild things for weeks at the time, but we were some hard bitten, filthy, and very hungry little boogers when we finally made the decision to give it up and walk out to see if there were any cinnamon rolls in the pantry.

After I came home from the Navy, I found that the Old Eeen had grown up. While I was gone, I had figured out some more ways to render a little more of that fat from the land, and I was anxious to go wild again, but the Old Eeen was always re-modeling the bathroom, or hanging Venetian blinds, or fooling with his damn car or some other civilized domestic chore. I missed him, but that didn't keep me out of the bushes, swamps, and wild coastline around where we live. On one of my explorations, I found Pleistocene Creek.

I was down there at the coast messing around in the marshes and rocky shallows where, if you can ignore the contrails of the jets heading to cursed Tallahassee, it is possible to imagine that nothing has changed since the old days. I noticed that in some of the little marsh creeks, even on the rising tide, the water seemed to be running out and it seemed to be a little bit fresh-tasting.

I wondered if some of those little marsh creeks might actually be tributaries of undiscovered rivers that flowed from the abundant limestone cave-springs which, when the sea level was lower, were home to the people of the Pleistocene, the hunters of the mighty mastodon and the long-haired mammoth, eaters of the colossal megatherion and giant bison, savage competition for the great bears and terrible cats whose bones are found around the ancient fires, among other artifacts, wonderfully preserved, in the cave-springs ever since the time of the Ice Age.

Those are the same springs that made the rivers that still bear the names that the people gave them so many thousands of years ago. After the ice melted back about where it is now and the sea came back, people lived along the banks of the old rivers and spoke the ancient names. These were the cheerful catchers of the lowly, oyster, pinfish, blue crab, mullet, scallop, and Seminole killfish, the durable parts of which show up in the kitchen middens from only a thousand years ago. These were the same cheerful, capable people who were run off by worried fools like us, who roar thoughtlessly around in high-powered machines and don't even know the name of the place where we are or see what it is like.

Late one fall, I took my lightest lime boat way back in the marsh and let myself become stranded by a low spring tide when the north wind blew the water even further away from

Pleistocene Creek

By Robb White

the land. Tasting the trickles, I dragged the boat through the little marsh creeks all through the mud and over the rocks and oyster bars looking for a stream running fresh water. It was hard work.

When it got to be dark, I squatted in the low tide mud and savagely ate my raw pelecypod snack and lay my skeeter and no-see-um bit self down in the bottom of my tiny boat, where it was grounded solid in the mud of the creek that I was working my way up right then. Before daylight, I was waked up by the wind singing in the trees, trees that weren't there when I went to sleep.

I found out that the wind had shifted around to the southeast, the tide had turned, and the combination had done, in just a few hours, what I had been trying to do off and on for a long, long time. I was drifting in my tiny boat, spinning slowly in the current, in a small, limestone-banked river so far from highways, boat landings, and houses, and so hard to get to that it was easy to convince myself that I was the first person to see it since the wild people.

After it got to be daylight I could see what it was like. I was in a concise, deep little river, maybe 50' wide. The solution-hole riddled limestone banks were almost vertical and there was a layer of black loam overhanging the rock walls. The woods on either side were higher than anything I had seen along this section of coast. There was an overstory of cabbage palm, red cedar, and live oak trees.

Except for scattered palmettos, a few yaupon (*Ilex vomitoria*) bushes and leaves, the ground was shaded bare. I could see taller trees further back from the river which might have been ash, tulip poplar, swamp hickory (*H. aquatica*) *Magnolia grandiflora*, red bay and laurel oak. Some places on the bank and little ponds off the river were lower than the rest and there were short, big bald-cypress trees and tupelo.

There was a generations old osprey nest in a cypress snag right on the edge of the creek. It was easy to see potshards sticking out of the dirt along the bank and in the shallow nooks of the river. I saw two shell middens that looked untouched since the last person had dumped the last basket of shells a thousand years ago. Though I longed to start looking further, I knew better. Those things didn't belong to me and, besides, the tide was already getting ready to go out. I paddled with it, looking at the landmarks as best I could, and went to get the Old Eeen.

Things in the modern world are always more complicated than they ought to be, and it was a long time before I could get back to that place. My wife and I had two little boys by then, so I was working all week at a paying job and the boat-building business took all my weekends. I guess I sort of joined the Old Eeen in the real world for a while. I didn't have time to paddle for days, sleeping in the bottom of the boat at night, just to get to the memorized spot to go into the marsh.

One of the outboard skiffs that has become so indispensable to me now would get me down the coast to the go-in place, but that wouldn't have felt right so I put it off until I had the time to paddle all that long, long way.

Neither I nor the Old Eeen had time to do things right anymore. That wonderful place was just as safe from us as it was from the TV football fans for a long time.

Finally I managed to shake loose one January when I got laid off at the furniture factory where I was working at that time. I called the Old Eeen. He was just getting ready to paint the house and fix the gutters, but I brow-beat him into putting it off for a little while since it was so cold. On the way down in the car, I told him about that place for the first time. I painted a pretty picture, too.

Then I said, "Eeen, we could go wild again. We could stay wild this time. Nobody in the world knows about that place but me. It ain't on the quadrangles, and you can't even see it from an airplane. Even if they knew, nobody would drag a boat all that way just to get to a little creek too far from the TV. You could just not show up in your classroom on Monday morning. The doings of the world would get along just fine without either one of us. Your wife owns them two newspapers, she has her teaching certificate, too. You know she could get along just fine without you and, Lord knows, mine would soar like an eagle if she could drop this old heavy load.

We could go back there and just set this damned skiffboat adrift. This norther would take it to Cuba. Somebody would be delighted to find it washed up. We could dug us out a canoe and live off the fat of the land forever. Wouldn't ever have to worry about no insurance or nothing." The Old Eeen sat silently over there on his side trying to act like he was looking out the fogged-up window.

"We could be real savages too, like the unconquered Calusas," I went on. "We could paddle swiftly but silently out of the marsh in our canoe, keep our heads down out of sight behind the grass, then we could swoop down on those fishing boats out on the flats, slip up behind them before they knew what was happening, and knock them in the head with a lighter'd knot. We could drink all the beer out of their icebox and smoke up their cigars and then send their boat on off to Cuba, too. Nobody would ever know, 'lost at sea.'"

The Old Eeen's eyes darted around a little bit, but he still sat there silently. Finally, he reached in his pocket and got him a cigar and gave me one, too. After he got it lit and smoking good, he said, "Eeen, what if there were some women in that boat?" "Well," I said, "if they were plump with pulchritude and cheerful looking, we could take them back to the creek and indoctrinate them into our ways and smoke up their Kents.

If they were mean and bossy looking, we would just knock them in the head too." "I ain't too crazy about that," he said, looking worried. "Maybe we could tell in advance? You got your knobblers, ain't you, Eeen? We could spy on them from the marsh grass and just pass up any boat with mean looking women in it. I wouldn't want to knock no woman in the head."

"New Eeen," I scolded, "you can't have no knobblers back in the naked wild woods. Hell, you can't even have no matches." "Yeah, but we could light them Viceroy's with a coal when we got back to our fire," said the Old Eeen eagerly, smoking hard on his cigar.

Things don't always turn out right, even with the best of plans. Like I said, this creek was a long, long way down the coast from the nearest road. After we had launched the

skiffboat at the closest possible place, we had to hurry so we would have time to pole in and take a brief look at that wonderful little place and then make the long, long trip back to the boat ramp before nightfall, because that sort of country is not navigable in the dark. While we were tearing along in the calm shallow water in the outboard skiff in the north wind lee of the marsh, I hit a *Busycon* conch shell with the foot of the motor and sheared the pin in the propeller.

It was freezing cold so, even though the water was shallow enough to get out on the flats to pull the wheel, I decided to lean over the transom to do it. After I got the propeller off, damn if the engine didn't tilt down and flip me over the transom, out of the boat, flat on my back in the cold, cold water. Not only did I get saturated wet, but I disjointed my right middle finger and dropped the dum propeller nut, and we couldn't find it to save our lives.

We had to turn around right there and row all those miles back to the boat ramp. If the Old Een hadn't had on two pair of britches, I would have froze to death.

Epilogue

I can't remember if me and the Old Een ever managed to get back to that little creek. When my sons got old enough to be interested in that kind of thing, my family went back and carefully camped on the ancient bank right where I knew the old people had last slept long ago. After it was dark, it seems like we heard their spirits out in the woods. Next day, my oldest son and I swam all the way to the little spring that was the headwaters for most of the little river. The clear water bubbled up through big grained white sand and thousands of salamander larvae and eggs. The banks were thick with poison ivy and other terrible bushes and vines. It was the wildest little place I ever saw.

Sometimes we talk about going back, but the boys are grown men now, just about in the same fix as the Old Een. I haven't been back there in 20 years. I am sure that the population explosion around here since then has not let even that spot go undiscovered by the damned go-anywhere airboats, jet-skis, "go Devils," and other such joy riding travesties that are so popular among the ignorant and thoughtless.

Both my children and the Old Een's are long grown up. He is still a school teacher, has all Christmas vacation off. He finished digging a pond in his yard and sold his backhoe, and I noticed that his house was all painted up and the roof looks sort of new, well-maintained. I am just as no-count as I ever was. We are both so old now that the dilemma about what to do with the women has solved itself. We'll just knock them all in the head. What the hell did I do with my phone number book?

"Is that a stick? Or..." "Shhhhhh, let's get closer..." "I can see its eyes!"

That was our first alligator-in-the-wild sighting. A few minutes later we saw another one, then two great white herons, some kind of very large hawk (we think it was a white-tail, endangered in Texas), and several mule deer that were leaping through the high grass.

Three of us in our home built wooden sea kayaks had paddled three miles from our launching place, out the mouth of Cavasso Creek and then across St. Charles Bay to Big Devil Bayou. After a short portage across an abandoned road we were at the beginning of the main part of the bayou. The muddy, brackish water was from a few inches to maybe two feet deep and twisted about a mile through spartina grass, live oaks, brush, and tall reeds. The brush in places was so dense that we could not have gotten where we were except by water. We talked about how nice it was to be sitting comfortably, warm, dry and bug free, in an area where few people had been.

The previous evening we had driven from Austin to Rockport, on the Texas Gulf Coast. A Guillemot 17 and a British designed 18 footer were on the top of my Honda CRV, and a Chesapeake 16 was on a converted utility trailer. After a good breakfast at Kline's, a Rockport landmark, we drove the few miles north on State Highway 35 past the State Fishing Pier to where the highway crosses Cavasso Creek. There is a good place to park off of the road, and in spite of the mud, a decent place to launch fishing boats and kayaks. We paddled a mile to the wide mouth of the creek, set a waypoint on our GPS and started across St. Charles Bay on a 105 degree heading, calculated to hit the mouth of Big Devil Bayou in Aransas National Wildlife Refuge.

My friend Trey, a very experienced paddler, was in his 18 footer, nicknamed *The Queen Mary* because of the way it goes through 2-3 foot waves against a 25mph wind, but that's another story. I, a less experienced but totally hooked paddler, was in my beautiful Guillemot, a Nick Shade designed strip built, its first time in salt water (Nick, it handled great!). My wife, Dena, a fairly inexperienced paddler, but ready for anything, was in the Chesapeake with the only compass. She guided us across the two mile wide bay dead center into the mouth of Big Devil Bayou. There was very little tide, and only a gentle

Here There Be Alligators

By Monte Rhodes

10mph headwind (causing just enough ripple on the water to make easy paddling). Even though the conditions were ideal, for an inexperienced paddler and first time compass navigator she did an outstanding job!

A friend who had made the trip a few times had told us about Big Devil Bayou. She told us about the Cavasso Creek launching place, gave us the 105 degree heading, and shared some tips on alligator etiquette. Such as, if you go ashore in the Refuge you want to be careful where you walk. Alligators are not at all aggressive but you don't want to surprise one. If you see one on the bank it will likely make a rush for the water, maybe right toward you. (!!!) But don't worry, it is not going to bite your kayak in half to get to you, it just wants to get in the water where it will feel safe.

We were being very quiet as we paddled around the first little curve of the bayou. Trey was a little ahead on our right, Dena and I were closer to the left bank. I saw what could have been a small piece of wood floating a few feet away from the bank. Dena, a little ahead of me saw it too. We let the light wind drift us closer until Dena very quietly said, "I can see its eyes!" It was the eyes and nose of a small alligator peeking just above the surface. As we drifted closer, within a boat length, it slowly sank. Shortly after that we saw another one (or maybe the same one) that slowly followed us for a few feet. We wondered how many pairs of eyes were looking at us from under the brush and grass along the edge.

The bayou slowly narrowed and after about a mile of beautiful scenery ended in a wall of tall reeds. It was a very pleasant place to be; oak trees, green grass and brush, bright sun, air temperature in the mid seventies, great companions, and beautiful boats.

Unfortunately, we did not get to see any of the whooping cranes that winter in that area, but we did see great white herons, a big hawk, many other birds and several deer. That and our alligator encounter made this paddling trip our most memorable one to date.

Our crossing back to the mouth of Cavasso Creek was relatively uneventful. The light wind and small waves were at our backs, we followed the heading on our GPS and hit the creek mouth at exactly the right place. A GPS is very handy in this area of few landmarks that are more than a few feet above water level. We could of course have followed the reciprocal of 105 degrees, 285, but it was more accurate, and more fun, to use a GPS with the compass for a backup.

It was a great little trip. We learned that Big Devil Bayou is a beautiful place with a variety of wildlife. Dena learned that she can navigate by compass and can paddle at least eight miles with little problem. Trey and I confirmed that we love paddling our sea kayaks and are already planning more trips to the Texas coast, hopefully with our navigator.

Our chart now has a note penciled over that area, "Here there be alligators."

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In November 1980 I began planning and preparing for a cruise to as far north and back as we could get in eight days. Steve M. would be my crew. We would sail on December 8.

We careened the boat against the bank of the basin, hauling her over to about 45° with her main halyard run to the Warn winch on the front of my pickup. We cleaned the bottom, caulked a small but steady leak, and painted down as far as it was dry.

That leak had let in enough water over a two-week period, when its caretakers forgot to check the bilges, to submerge the generator and damage it beyond local repair. That meant that when the engine was needed, we would let the battery provide ignition spark for as long as it had sufficient charge. Absent tidal currents and with sufficient time, we figured we could get away with it. We might or might not sail at night, but if we had to there was so little likelihood of meeting another boat, that running lights would hardly be necessary. As for the cabin, we had a bulkhead-mounted kerosene lantern, a supply of candles, and some reliable flashlights.

I was concerned about our lack of charts, but could do no better than a large-scale map of road map quality. I would also use as a cruising guide a book by a British sailor/adventurer who had hauled a 20' boat to the lake and sailed on its waters for eight months in 1974.

As for communications, we agreed to the following with our Embassy colleagues: We would take along one of the Embassy's Motorola "lunchbox" radios normally carried by the Duty Officer and assigned for emergency use. We would, of course, be out of range of any of the other sets on the net, but if we were overdue, our colleagues would travel to the general area we planned to sail and come up on the air every even hour of the day, on the hour, on a pre-selected channel, from 0800 to 2000 hours until contact was established.

We sailed as planned as soon as the breeze filled and made our leisurely way up the east coast of the lower lake toward the Straits of Tiquina. We spent the night in one of the deeper coves of the lower lake and, after breakfast and coffee prepared on the trusty propane stove, motored north until the breeze again filled. We passed the straits without incident, snapping photos of the ferry barges taking vehicles and people across to the Copacabana Peninsula to the west. By mid-afternoon we had made good only about five miles past the straits and decided to land and visit a village we could see in a pleasant-looking valley to our left, on the peninsula side. We anchored in 50' of water a hundred yards offshore.

The local inhabitants, Aymaras all, told us the place was called Kellay Belén, Bethelhem Village. Like many inhabited places on the Altiplano, it had been a privately owned hacienda until the revolution and land reform of 1952 broke it up and handed it over to the peasants who had lived on it in virtual serfdom. Many of the original buildings were still standing, but did not appear to be used. One of my favorite photos from my year on the lake is of *North Star* in late afternoon off Belén's beach, riding at anchor on her own reflection, against the backdrop of 20,000-foot-plus Illampú.

We replenished our beer and egg supply in the village shop and headed back down the path to the gravel shingle as the afternoon shadows began to lengthen. One of the local fishermen accompanied us. He said he really admired the yellow foul-weather gear he had

Lake Titicaca Days

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

Part III

Cruisin'

By Bob Austin

seen pleasure boaters wear, and wondered if we had any to make him a gift of. I assure him I would bring him a set "next time" we called.

We upped anchor and headed along the shore under power in a flat calm, hoping enough breeze would rise to put us out into the main lake where we could continue north, watch and watch, under the crescent moon that would rise later. Our projected course would take us between the long and narrow Island of the Moon to the northeast, and the larger and more irregular Island of the Sun, a couple of miles to the northwest. The map showed clear water between the two islands, and a look through the binoculars at the darkening horizon appeared to confirm it.

About halfway through the brief period between the tropical sunset and last light, all hell broke loose. It took the form of a howling, snarling katabatic williwaw that came down from the heights to our left like an avalanche and knocked us onto our starboard beam ends. We should have pumped that fisherman for some local knowledge, or foreseen that the air on those barren heights would cool rapidly as the sun set and, as it cooled, begin to flow down and fill the void left as the warmer air over the lake began to rise. But we had neither asked nor foreseen, and we were paying the price.

After recovering from the initial shock, we eased the sheets, bore off a few degrees to get some sea room, and regrouped. Shouting over the noise of the wind and slapping sailcloth and rising waves, we decided to try to make it around the northern end of the peninsula, pass between that shore and the Island of the Sun just a few hundred yards to the north, head up the west side of that island, and seek refuge in the north-facing bay that the adventurer's book referred to as North Kona.

The wind dropped to somewhere around a steady 30 knots as we plowed along and, guiding on the dim form of the land to our left, rounded the point and headed out into the strait. I went forward through the cabin and, working through the fore hatch, handed the jib as Steve sailed toward a lighted buoy in what seemed to be the middle of the channel. As we neared it we saw it heaving and plunging in the seas and realized that we had no idea what it meant, did it mark the channel or buoy a submerged hazard? Discretion became the better part of valor, and we wore ship back to the east and the north.

As the warm, humid air rose from the lake, thunderstorms formed and the lightning and rain that would accompany us for the next several hours began. At the same time, the wind dropped further and, once we had a reef in the main, life became manageable. As the remaining wind was from the general direction of the southwest, and with visibility next to nil, we soon handed the main, raised the working jib and sheeted it amidships, and let the boat find its own way downwind.

Thus we passed the night, snatching short naps below in our clammy foulies between stints as lookout. We saw nothing, but once or twice we heard what sounded very much like surf breaking on rocks too close at hand for comfort. We once decided to try anchoring, but found no bottom with the 35-lb. fisherman on 50 fathoms of rode, and ended up thoroughly winded for our troubles.

At the moment where there was just enough light to distinguish water from land, we discovered that we were no more than 50 yards from a vertical stack of rock and drifting steadily toward it on the oily swell! Worse yet, we were entering a V-shaped declivity in the rock and were losing sea room by the second. Behind us, along the course we had taken through the night, were a half dozen more of the crenelated black basalt towers that guarded these waters, but which were not considered worth noting on our map, and which had been invisible against the dark horizon.

"Steve, prepare the anchor and stand by to fend off," I ordered, winching the mainsail up and watching in despair as the sodden canvas hung limp in the light breeze.

I immediately dove below and pulled the companionway steps aside to start the engine. The engine wasn't to be started, however. I saw at a glance at the fuel line settling bowl that an old problem had recurred, condensation from the fuel tank had filled it with water. Hands shaking, I began to disassemble it, glancing out and ahead as the distance to the rock closed. Before I had the bowl emptied and dried and back in place, however, we were only a couple of boat lengths away from the dark, wet rock. "Away anchor," I shouted forward.

The anchor went, and the 50 fathoms of line went hissing out with it until it came taut with a wet twang. We stared, transfixed, as the distance closed, then saw that there was a slight angle to the anchor line and felt the boat slow and saw that the bow was swinging to windward. When we at last came to a stop, we could touch the rock face with the boat hook.

We proceeded under power around the north end of the Island of the Sun. According to the book, there would be good anchorage in North Kona Bay. The map in the book showed 20' in the middle of the bay and sand and weed on the bottom. The author had sounded it personally in his little boat, sculling across the water in the morning calm as his native crewman sounded with the lead. We would anchor there, dry out, and get some sleep, and once we were rested we would decide what to do next.

We rounded the northwest point of the island and the bay opened up ahead of us, much deeper north to south than the map in the book suggested, and steep-walled, like a fiord. As we reached the middle of the bay we throttled back, put the engine in idle, and for the second time that morning, heaved the fisherman into the clear water. And for the second time that morning, all 50 fathoms of the line ran out and it came taut with a wet twang. Perplexed, Steve brought the anchor halfway up as I steered closer to the south shore. No bottom, no bottom to be found until we were six boat lengths from the steep gravel shingle.

I checked the map again to reassure myself that there was no other place that could be North Kona Bay. There was no other place, nor was there any doubt that the alleged soundings were in feet and that the largest number

of feet was 20. There were even little anchors drawn in the bay to indicate good holding ground.

We finally set our 12-lb. Danforth astern, and I nosed forward until the bow grounded on the bank. Steve jumped ashore with the fisherman, ran it up the beach to the level *pampa* beyond, and planted its fluke securely in the earth.

We changed into dry clothes, hung our damp ones over the lifelines, and washed down a heaping serving of eggs and toast with a fresh pot of coffee.

"Let's see that book," Steve said, shaking his head.

I handed it to him, open to the page of the map of the Island of the Sun, drawn May 30, 1974, according to the author.

"Look at these names," he said, pointing at Point Barbara, Point Conrad, and Wreck Bay. "Now how did he get off naming these places? I mean, wouldn't you expect that the people who had lived here since God-knows-when might have given them names of their own?"

I only snorted.

(To Be Continued)



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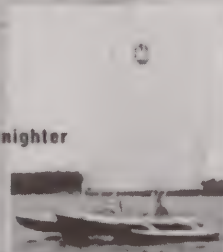
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The send-off was an inspiring one, but after the excitement was over, it was a relief to sit at the wheel and feel the little ship alive again after her period of inactivity. For hours I stayed on deck enjoying the poetry of it alone in the moonlight, the easy rhythmic motion as she lifted to the seas and dipped into the hollows, the regular swish, swish of the bow wave, the occasional dash of spray. It was one of those nights when one loses all sense of time and worry and feels in harmony with the scheme of bigger things.

We had been advised to run clear down to the 20th parallel in order to make sure of the northeast trades, but it was then so late that we decided to try a middle course. It was obvious that our best chance for favorable wind, even at this time of the year, lay to the south'ard, but I figured that if we went down to the tip of the horse latitudes, say to the 30th parallel, our chances for a good slant would be reasonable and we should not have to cover anywhere near so great a distance. Our course for the first week or so, therefore, would be about southwest.

This plan worked out fairly well. It was not many days before we picked up an east-erly slant which, though it varied from NE to E may have been the tip of the trades, for it stayed with us an entire week and enabled us to log 1031 nautical miles, which was within 6 miles of our best week's run on the record passage from Cape Race to the Scilly Islands. Nothing but an occasional squall or a school of flying fish broke the lazy monotony of this southern run. One day was pretty much like the next, with almost constant sunshine and tropical temperature. In fact, until nearly the middle of November we swam during periods of calm or hung over the side of the mizzen rigging for our morning bath. Even the nights were so warm that blankets or sleeping bags were out of the question. The water was filled with gulf weed like that encountered in the Gulf Stream, sometimes in windrows miles in length, and in fact so far as appearances were concerned, we might have been in the Gulf Stream almost from the time we left the Azores. There was no way of telling when we actually hit the Stream, and things went smoothly until the 13th of November, when we must have been about in the middle of it. It was on this day that we encountered that spell of unusually severe weather that worried shipping along the entire Atlantic Coast and furnished the copy for those harrowing press accounts which led people to believe that *Typhoon's* westward passage was a continuous round of danger and hardship.

But before telling of our experiences in the gales, let's look back over a brief synopsis of the log. While this makes pretty dry reading, the facts may be of value to those who may be planning to make a similar passage.

Once clear of San Miguel we found the wind almost due west, so that the best we could do was S SW 1/2W (magnetic). Close-hauled *Typhoon* behaved better than she had ever done, for anticipating head winds we had trimmed her accordingly. On the run from Nova Scotia, *Typhoon* had been trimmed by the stern for running before the wind and, while her behavior was all that could be desired when the wind was abaft the beam, she showed a tendency to pitch when close-hauled. With the greater part of a ton of coal in the lazarette and 750 pounds of chain aft of the engine, her bow was so light that she pivoted

The Track of the Typhoon

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter XII Off on the Last Leg

about a point three-quarters of the way aft, or approximately at the cockpit. This was comfortable for the man at the wheel, but when close-hauled in a rough sea and a light wind, the result was that she slatted the wind out of her mainsail.

While at Ponta Delgada we had shifted the chain from its position aft to a temporary bin just forward of the main mast, and this weight forward brought *Typhoon* more nearly to her designed running lines, causing her to pivot about a point somewhat farther forward and consequently improving her sailing qualities.

Wednesday, October 20: Rising. Strong wind from W kicks up big sea, putting Jim, Fox, and Dillaway under the weather, although Charles shows no sign of weakening. At 1:00 AM we were forced to lower the mainsail, sailing under jib and mizzen for the rest of the morning.

12:00 noon: Log 62.5. The island of Santa Maria just visible over port quarter bearing E NE.

1:00 PM: Hoisted mainsail and let *Typhoon* sail herself throughout the afternoon. Course SW x S.

4:00: Sighted ship off port beam.

Thursday, October 21: Barograph still rising. Wind backs in morning from W to SW x S. Course W. Unusual condition of rain, backing wind, and rising barometer.

12:00 noon: Log 123.2. Day's run 60.7 nautical miles.

4:00 PM: Rain. Barograph dropping. No seasickness, but everyone feeling listless due to the weather. Flies particularly tenacious.

7:30 PM: Wind dropping, finally dies completely. Flattened in all sail and all turned in. As the crew has not yet got back their sea legs, thought they had better have a night's sleep, which would have been difficult had we driven her under the motor. Another argument for an enclosed motor room.

Friday, October 22: Wind W SW, strong. Rain in morning, clearing in afternoon, glass steady. Course NW x W.

12:00 noon: Log 169. Day's run 45.8 nautical miles (bad showing due to calm).

3:30 PM: Wind backing. Changed course to W NW.

3:45: Wind hauling aft. Rain squall. Changed course to W SW.

PM: Longitude sight. Chronometer 5 hrs. 8 min. 13 sec. Observed altitude 19° 31' 00", longitude 27° 00' 00" W.

6:30: Started motor, which ran perfectly, but found the clutch slipping. After working an hour, gave it up till daylight.

Saturday, October 23: Glass high. Bright, sunny day.

10:00 AM: Started motor after adjusting clutch. Log 221. Wind light, scarcely enough to keep sails full, but with motor running slatting is eliminated.

11:00 AM: Log 225.9 (doing 4.8 knots at 455 rpm).

12:00 noon: Log 231 (5.1 knots. Day's run 62 miles. Noon sight, observed altitude 42° 56' 00", latitude 35° 27' 42".

3:00 PM: Log 245.2.

3:10 PM: Stopped motor as stuffing box is hot. Light breeze from NE.

PM sight: Chronometer 6 hrs. 18 min. 37 sec. Observed altitude 7° 29' 30". Longitude 27° 58' 00". First dinner of stewed salt beef (pretty bad) with dumplings, biscuits, potatoes, tea, and pineapple. Cabin looks like a tropical jungle with our cargo of pineapples hanging from the roof.

5:00 PM: Log 245.6. Started motor.

6:00 PM: Log 249.6. Heavy swell. Lowered mainsail to prevent slatting.

7:00 PM: Log 254.5 (4.9 knots under motor alone). Ran all night under motor. Faint NE breeze, hauling to SE.

12:00: Log 275.7.

Sunday, October 24:

6:00 AM: Log 301.5. Barograph high. Dropping slightly. Course W.

6:20 AM: Light breeze from SW. Stopped motor and hoisted mainsail. Course W.

12:00 noon: Log 332.3. Day's run 101.3. Noon sight, observed altitude 43° 18' 20". Latitude 34° 44' 28".

PM sight: Chronometer 4 hrs. 52 min. 31 sec. Observed altitude 24° 8' 30". Longitude 29° 31' W.

9:30 PM: Wind strengthening. Tied two reefs in mainsail.

11:00 PM: Lowered peak of mainsail during squall.

12:00: Lowered mainsail and sailed under full jib and mizzen.

Monday, October 25: Glass rising after slump during the night. Bad night with seas coming over. Motion below made it difficult to stay in bunks, which were wet, due to leaks around cabin trunk.

3:30 AM: Raining hard. Moon hidden by dense clouds. So dark we can't see jib. Rain knocked sea down somewhat and after it cleared the wind fell.

9:00: Fox and I started to hoist mainsail, but by the time we had shaken out reef, it was blowing half a gale from the north with a dreary cold rain and we doused it again and went below. The skipper attempted a sort of synthetic bread, which finished up as pancakes, terrible.

12:00 noon: Log 417.2. Day's run 84.9.

We are doing under 4 knots with jib and mizzen and should have mainsail up, but peak halyard got adrift and blew out of block and there is too much motion to attempt to go aloft and reeve it.

4:30 PM: Got out and set Tom Ratsey's trisail, which adds considerably to our speed.

5:00: Log 437.9. Course W. Wind N x E.

6:00: Log 444.3. Doing 6.4 knots under jib, trisail, and mizzen. About this time we began to notice gulf weed, which became more frequent until we got through the Gulf Stream.

Tuesday, October 26 (seventh day from Ponta Delgada): This has been an ideal day, and we hope it will be typical rather than the exception from now on. The barograph, already high, has been rising and the wind at last is from the NE, just where we want it for speed, and although strong, the motion is much easier than when close hauled. All night and until 4:00 PM we ran under jib, mizzen, and trisail, and then after splicing the topping lifts and reeving the throat halyard, we set the mainsail and by 5:00 PM were doing 7.4 knots, the mainsail adding 2 knots to our speed.

12:00 noon: Log 538.2. Day's run 121 nautical miles. Noon sight, 43° 21'. Latitude 34° 00' 25".

PM sight: Observed altitude 18° 2' 50".

Chronometer 5 hrs. 37 min. 19 sec. Longitude 31° 48' W.

7:00 PM: Wind hauled a bit east, necessitating gybing to port tack. New course, W SW.

8:00 PM: Rain squall. Doused mizzen, not much good anyhow running so nearly before the wind. We left Ponta Delgada just a week ago and have done but 564 nautical miles, a poor showing.

Note: Unusual activity in galley today with following results: Breakfast: porridge and tea; lunch: soup, baking powder biscuits, baked sweet potatoes and pineapple; dinner: salt beef, boiled potatoes, fried onions, biscuits, cocoa, cheese, and marmalade. As conditions are favorable, we baked six dozen biscuits and a pot of beans and cooked enough salt beef for hash in case of bad weather. (We find that salt beef is least objectionable when prepared as hash with potatoes and onions.)

Wednesday, October 27: Clear and sunny. Glass high. Strong breeze from E. Course W NW. During the morning we averaged as high as 7 knots under mainsail alone.

12:00 Noon: Log 667.1. Day's run 128.9 nautical miles. Noon sight, 43° 18'. Latitude 33° 42' 41".

2:00 PM: Set spinnaker with considerable difficulty, due to strength of wind, and almost lost Fox overboard during process.

2:25: Spinnaker tack lets go and sail is recovered and stowed only after a fine display of comic acrobats.

Thursday, October 28: Fox, who is displaying alarming devotion to the galley these days, goes on deck at 7:00 AM and returns proudly with a 4" flying fish which he picked up on the bridge deck. Charles finds two more on forward deck.

12:00 noon: Log 807.0. Day's run 139.9 nautical miles. Latitude from noon sight 33° 56'. Longitude from PM sight 36° 46'. Running under mainsail alone.

2:00 PM: Squall during skipper's watch.

Friday, October 29: Glass high. Wind strong E SE (magnetic). Day devoted largely to cooking.

12:00 noon: Log 963.0. Day's run 156.0 nautical miles. No noon sight.

2:00 PM: Schooner five miles S, headed NE. First ship we've seen in a week.

PM sight: Observed altitude 12° 29' 30". Chronometer 6 hrs. 34 min. 12 sec. Longitude 39° 36'.

Note: Although the first week's run from Ponta Delgada logged only 564 nautical miles, the good showing of the last three days has brought our mileage up to 994.2, which gives us a daily average for ten days of 99.42 nautical miles.

Saturday, October 30: Another ideal day. Crisp and sunny. Wind E SE. Course W x N. Glass high but dropping slightly.

12:00 noon: Log 1121.5. Day's run 158.5 nautical miles.

Took careful noon sight, starting early to make sure of getting sun at highest point. Observed altitude 44° 16' 30". Latitude 32° 42' 21". It seems that I have been careless with the noon sight lately and have been getting latitude too far north. Set clocks back one half hour to local apparent time. Everyone energetic due to good meals, fine weather, and considerable work done both above and below deck.

Sunday, October 31: Weather continues bright and warm. Glass dropping slowly. Wind still south of east. Course W NW. Thermometer between 70° and 80°. During my watch (12:00-3:00 AM) got a smart thump on the head caused by a small flying fish, which I caught and kept alive in a pail.

12:00 noon: Log 1257.8. Day's run 136.3 nautical miles. Noon sight, 44° 38' 20". Latitude 31° 01' 10".

12:25: Raised jib and mizzen as wind is enough on quarter to fill all sails. All had bath holding on to mizzen rigging.

Rigged up fish line as there are a lot of what seem to be bonito chasing the schools of flying fish, but as usual far out to sea we caught nothing. The little fliers are quite common

now. They leave the water singly or in schools, a few rods ahead of the *Typhoon*, and fly for as much as a hundred yards, generally to windward, before plopping into the sea, their filmy wings glistening in the sunlight.

Took two PM sights for longitude and got 43° 39' and 43° 40' respectively, which is hard to explain since it indicates that we have traveled only about half the logged distance since yesterday's sight.

Monday, November 1: Bright sunny day. Barograph high and steady. Temperature 78°. Wind drawing more to the south. Course W N W (practically true west).

With wind slightly abaft beam and all sails pulling, we averaged above 7 knots during the morning.

12:00 noon: Log 1408.8. Day's run 151 nautical miles. Noon sight, 44° 34' 40". Latitude 30° 44' 17". Passing through great windrows of gulf weed.

PM sight: Chronometer 6 hrs. 48 min. 16 sec. Observed altitude 15° 31' 30", which gives us 45° 10' longitude W. This again puts us way under our logged distance, and as there is no adverse current in this section of the Atlantic, either the sight is incorrect or the chronometer has changed its rate.

Tuesday, November 2 (fourteenth day from Ponta Delgada): Cloudy. Barograph high and steady. Thermometer, maximum 84°, minimum 74°. Night sultry. Wind S SW. Course NW, full sail.

Dillaway finds 9" flying fish on deck.

Awkward beam sea makes it unpleasant below and floods companionway several times.

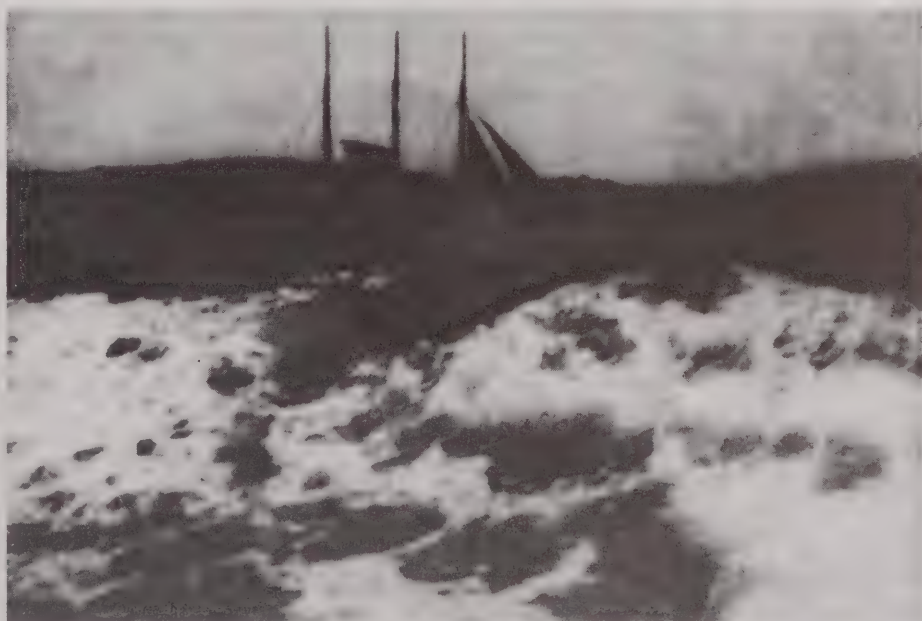
12:00 noon: Log 1570. Day's run 161.2 nautical miles. This is the best day's run of the western passage, bringing the total for the second week up to 1031.8 miles, which is within 5 miles of our best week on the eastern passage.

Noon sight, 43° 41'. Latitude 31° 19' 32".

Large, whitish cumulous clouds on the windward horizon, with ominous gray sunset behind hazy clouds.

6:45 PM: We expected something to hap

On the first day of the gales we passed a three-master hove-to.



pen and it did. About dark Fox at wheel called me just in time to reach the deck before the worst squall we have had hit us. It was one of those fierce jolts like the one that knocked *Nereis* down on her way to Newfoundland. Just had time to let go throat and peak halyards when it struck, flattening out the sea and putting us almost on our beam ends. The rain and wind were so strong that you could not tell where the surface of the water was. Jim and Charles got the mizzen down and we ran off under jib alone. Nothing seems to have carried away except the lazy jacks and the gaff jaw band. Squall lasted but a few minutes. Got main boom in crutch and hoisted mizzen.

Wednesday, November 3: Cloudy with succession of rain squalls. Wind S SW. Course NW x W. Jogged along through the night and all morning under jib and mizzen. Repaired lazy jacks and other slight damage caused by the squall.

12:00 noon: Log 1658. Day's run 88 nautical miles. Latitude 32° 06'. Raised mainsail.

Elaborate cooking operations under supervision of J. Dorsett occupy most of day, although the motion is bad, requiring skillful juggling. Among other things, Jim accomplishes two pies which bore quite a resemblance to the genuine American article. They were made from dehydrated apples supplied by Mr. Gilbert Fairchild and were voted excellent even by the conservative English contingent. The Shipmate range is working its passage these days.

PM sight: Observed altitude 11° 48'. Chronometer, 7 hrs. 20 min. 13 sec. Longitude 52° 46'.

Nights terribly long now, dark about 6:00 PM and sunrise at 7:00 AM.

Thursday, November 4: Still cloudy, although first night watches were clear and starry. Wind half a gale, hauling ahead of us and is about NW x W. Barograph rising slightly.

10:30 AM: Staggering under full sail, lee rail buried continuously, heavy seas coming over frequently. Fox and the skipper reef

the mainsail in the nude.

10:45: Wind still rising. Reef jib and mizzen for the first time, mizzen reefs easily but jib was a fierce job. While working forward, and especially on the bowsprit, we were continually washed by the sea. Worked without a stitch of clothes and the exhibition was one that would have graced "A Daughter of the Gods." *Typhoon* behaves nicely with all sails reefed.

12:00 noon: Log 1778. Day's run 120 nautical miles. Noon sight, observed altitude 41° 43'. Latitude 32° 39' 55".

PM sight gave us 52° 40', and a second observation gave the same longitude, which seems to prove that our very encouraging position of yesterday was wrong.

Wind gradually hauling. Best we can hold is N (magnetic). Hope we shall soon be able to take starboard tack for my bunk, although protected by a poncho rigged up as a sort of lean-to, is suffering from drips from the cabin trunk.

Friday, November 5:

12:00-3:00 AM: My watch. Steered herself for 2-1/2 hours close-hauled while I read below. Wind still hauling and I brought her about on starboard tack. Now holding W 1/2 S.

7:00 AM: Wind dying.

9:35: Started motor (440 rpm).

12:00 noon: Log 1827 (not reliable, due to gulf weed continually fouling log rotator). Noon sight, observed altitude 40° 41' 42". Latitude 33° 23' 16".

1:00 PM: Motor stopped but was restarted immediately (possibly caused by water in fuel). All had swim and Dillaway was left behind when motor started.

Came about and picked him up none the worse except a bit winded.

1:20: Motor speeded up of its own accord from 440 to 480 rpm. Cause not apparent.

1:50: Shut off motor as cooling water had stopped circulating (sticking check valve). A light westerly breeze springs up and we set all sail again. Course N x W. Rig up line as we are passing through school of bonito chasing

flying fish. Had one strike but failed to land him, a disappointment as we have about exhausted all the variations on salt beef.

PM sight: Chronometer 7 hrs. 21 min. 2 sec. Observed altitude 12° 24'. Longitude 53° 06'.

8:00 PM: Picked up the lights of a ship to starboard.

Saturday, November 6: Barograph high and steady. When I went on watch at 4:00 AM sky was clear, wind light W hauling to W NW. Clouded up at 5:00 AM with rain squalls. Doused mainsail, raising it again a half hour later.

12:00 noon: Log 1875.8. (Readings from now on are inaccurate due to impossibility of keeping rotator clear of gulf weed.) Noon sight, observed altitude 39° 29'. Latitude 33° 52' 38".

12:45: Wind died and veered to N x W. Came about and held W x N but confused sea detrimental to progress.

Jim produces biscuits and apple tarts, using last of our sugar supply.

Sunday, November 7: Wind NW x N. Course W x N. Barograph high and steady. Cool enough for clothes.

2:30 AM: Usual squall. Lowered mainsail.

12:00 noon: Noon sight, observed altitude 39° 36'. Latitude 33° 52' 38". Close-hauled and plunging into it. Motion below fierce.

3:45 PM: Wind veers to N 1/2 W, allowing us to ease sheets and make much better weather of it and more speed. Sight for longitude gives 55° 40'.

4:00 PM: Footing it again at 6 knots. Banks of cloud passing over throughout the night, but although puffy, there were no serious squalls. Burned out wick of binnacle lamp, necessitating candles.

Monday, November 8: First completely cloudy day since leaving Ponta Delgada. Cooler and more like fall at home. Wind NE to E. Large swells. Barometer high but falling. Course W x N to W NW.

12:00: Too cloudy for noon sight.

2:00 PM: After taking down and cleaning air line valves, pumped air to 100 lbs. by hand and started motor (457 rpm).

2:45: Drained water from Colador strainer and motor speeded up to 463 rpm.

3:00 PM: Wind E, light. Speed 4.8 knots.

3:10: Water stopped circulating, necessitating loosening check valve in water pump which had jammed again.

3:13: Started motor. PM sight, chronometer 6 hrs. 35 min. 25 sec. Observed altitude 22° 20' 30". Longitude 57° 43'.

7:00: Shut off motor and doing 5.5 knots without it. Grateful silence!

Tuesday, November 9 (21st day from Ponta Delgada): Wind died during night, and although light northerly breeze held throughout morning, rest of day practically flat calm except for heavy swell.

9:15: Started motor. Course W NW. It ran irregularly, showing a range in revolutions from 355 to 473.

12:00: Noon sight, observed altitude 39° 07' 30". Latitude 33° 46' 21". Stopped motor for ten minutes in afternoon for swim. Noticed some of those funny long necked barnacles

Bowling along before it on the southern run. Photograph taken by Dillaway, showing the youthful Charles, Fox with saucepan cover in attitude of Horatius at the bridge, the characteristically busy skipper, and Jim Dorsett at the wheel.



like those the Spanish fishermen eat growing under *Typhoon's* counter.

With today's biscuits the last of the baking powder was used and, since we have no soda for sour dough, we tried to ferment some batter for salt rising bread. Our meals now consist usually of coffee and oatmeal without sugar at 7:00 AM; a heavier meal of salt beef, onions and potatoes at about 11:00 AM, soup or tinned ham and biscuits at about 3:00 PM, and cocoa or tea and biscuits with molasses about 6:00 PM. Potatoes and onions almost gone.

Started last keg of water, but main tank seems to be holding out well.

PM sight: Chronometer 6 hrs. 51 min. 40 sec. Observed altitude 20° 22' 30". Longitude 58° 43'.

7:00 PM: Motor hitting off 470 rpm. No wind, booms in crutches.

Wednesday, November 10: Bright, sunny, and cool. High glass.

1:10 AM: Motor stopped.

2:15: Light air from S SW. Hoisted sail and made about 3 knots.

10:45: Started motor.

11:55: Motor stopped.

12:00 noon: Noticed partial eclipse of sun while taking noon sight. Observed altitude 38° 49' 30". Latitude 33° 48' 02".

2:25 PM: Started motor.

4:55: Motor stopped for sixth time during afternoon, and rather than fuss with it further we decided to call it a day.

I declined to make a stab at bread. The batter which we tried to keep warm all night had fermented a bit but had an evil look. Mixed up dough and set it aside to rise. It rose sideways some but not upwards. Baked it and the

result was a sort of synthetic hickory nut with insides like a rubber shoe. Jim suggested breaking them up and frying them, which we did.

PM sight: Chronometer 6 hrs. 38 min. 15 sec. Observed altitude 23° 15' 27". Longitude 60° 05' 15".

We are about 800 miles from New York as the crow flies and should do it in a week, but our luck seems utterly to have gone back on us. However, we are drawing up from the region of 3-4% gales to 12-17% and will surely get some wind soon. We are bending up now, and I shall be glad when we get out of the neighborhood of Bermuda and beyond the temptation to put in. Our supplies, although low, should hold out if our luck is fair, and we have decided to chance it.

Thursday, November 11: Wind W SW. Course NW. Clear and sunny. Barometer falling.

11:10 AM: Started motor, which is on its good behavior, and ran beautifully until we shut it off at 9:45 PM. There was no recurrence of yesterday's trouble.

12:00 noon: Noon sight, observed altitude 38° 22' 20". Latitude 33° 09' 02". Probably not correct as it puts us 39' south of yesterday's latitude. Did as much as 6.2 knots under both motor and sail, although wind light. There is considerable swell, but motor seems to steady the boat and keep her from pitching.

PM sight: Observed altitude 13° 17'. Chronometer 7 hrs. 41 min. 35 sec. Longitude 61° 02'. Experimented with unleavened bread. Wicked stuff but slightly less deadly than yesterday's effort. Also attempted pancakes with batter of oatmeal and flour. Not altogether successful due to lack of baking powder, mo-

lasses and sugar.

9:45: Stopped motor as wind has strengthened.

Friday, November 12: Wind W SW. Course NW. Heavy sea. Barograph dropping. Wind strengthened to half a gale during night and when I went on at 6:00 AM we were under full sail and taking it continually over the cabin side. Had difficulty getting crowd started with the breakfast, and in hungry rage gave vent to some choice cattle ship language, for which I am duly sorry.

9:30: Decided to start motor as it seems to steady the ship when we are beating into it.

12:00: Rain. No noon sight.

PM sight: Chronometer 6 hrs. 12 min. 25 sec. Observed altitude 27° 12'. Longitude 63° 17'. Assuming that we were in practically the same latitude yesterday, we have done 130 nautical miles since the last longitude sight.

Dreary below without fire in range. Cooking done on Primus hung in gimbals beneath bridge deck whenever the motion is so great that contents of pans on range would be spilled due to angle of heel. Jim camping right on his job, wedges himself in oilskin locker where he can watch motor. Never saw anyone who could get quite so greasy. He has the color and general appearance of an East Indian.

5:00 PM: Motor stopped. (Never ran again.)

5:30: Glass falling and weather looks threatening. Reefed mainsail.

9:30: Lowered mainsail and stowed boom in crutch. Topping lift parted during operation; messy job. Course NW under jib and mizzen.

(To Be Continued)



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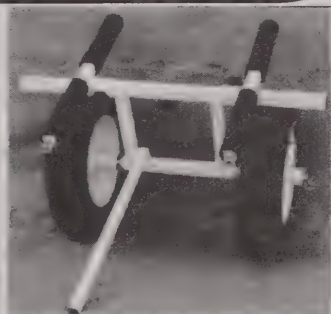
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It had been a hard year, a move to a new city, new jobs for both of us, and all the pressures that come with establishing the family in a new environment. I'd drawn up and started building *Houdini* one November, just before we found out that we had to shift. She was designed as an experiment in shape and function and was intended to be the smallest really practical cruising boat, and as such was a lot bigger than her length would suggest. I had the hull all planked up and much of the interior built by the time we shifted, but it wasn't until the following October that life had settled enough to start work again in earnest.

Jan had suggested that I go cruising during the week after Christmas, a suggestion that I seized upon willingly, and the work on *Houdini* came along rapidly. Even so, it was only two days before we were due to head north out of Rotorua, Jan and kids to stay with friends in Auckland and me to cruise in the Hauraki Gulf, that I was able to launch the new boat.

In order to at least try her out, I took her out to the little marina at Lake Rotoiti, not a good day as it was blowing a gale, but I was determined to at least get her bottom wet. The simple rig was soon up, the boat organized, and in she went. Even on my own she had a little ceremony.

"I name this craft *Houdini*. May good luck be with all who sail in her."

It had been a long time since I'd used that simple blessing. There was a time when I was building at least one new boat a year. My current total is 14 over 12 years, but the output has been at a more leisurely pace since I had a family and other interests to keep me busy. She floated very close to her lines, looked lovely in the water, and seemed eager, veering around and tugging on her painter as the gusts tore through the trees around the tiny inlet where I'd launched. I climbed aboard, hauled up the sail, and took off to see how she handled.

In my eagerness to get away, I cast off on the wrong tack. There was not much room on this side of the jetty and, "Murphy's Law" prevailing as always, a gust rounded us up as I headed downwind out of the narrow entrance, putting us under a tree and taking the mast off a metre or so above the deck! The pride that had me feeling so high as I showed off my pretty little creation came down just as fast as the broken mast, and it was a thoroughly chas-

Houdini's Escape The Perils of Starting in a Hurry

By John Welsford

tened me that headed off home that afternoon.

A very helpful crew at Mico Wakefield found me a chunk of alloy tube only a little too short and about the right diameter, so by the time I got home I'd figured out what had to be done. The top and bottom of the old spar were cut off and driven into the aluminium section, along with lots of epoxy and self-tapping screws to retain it, fittings were transferred, a few licks of paint applied, and by the time the evening was over I was ready to pack my gear and help the family prepare for Christmas Day tomorrow some 250 km. away.

Christmas is not my favourite day, too much pressure and obligation for me, but I do enjoy watching the kids with their annual orgy of excitement under the big pine tree in "Nan's" lounge. All went well with the celebrations, and I slipped away in the afternoon to try and build a boom tent for *Houdini*.

Frank Bailey is one of those guys who would have you believe that he has few and modest skills but who, in fact, is a great guy to have on your side when trying to fix a problem. I have no sewing skills, but between Frank with his sewing machine and me with scissors and a couple of cheap plastic tarps, we created a serviceable boom tent for *Houdini* in a couple of hours.

I stayed with the Baileys that night, greatly enjoying both the hospitality and the company, and next morning Frank came down to Island Bay in the Waitemata Harbour's upper reaches with me to launch the boat. Marcus Raimon lives just up from the beach, so there were three of us to get her off the trailer and rigged.

I took the other two for a quick sail up the channel to give them a feel of the new boat. It was blowing pretty solidly from the southwest, and with the tide coming in against the wind there was a fair chop. *Houdini* felt good, her space belying her small size.

Sailing dry and pointing well, we beat up to Beach Haven and ran back to the beach to drop my friends off. This was my first "proper"

sail in the new design. I'd done a few odd things in designing her that were contrary to my usual rules on proportion and balance. The theory seemed OK, but it was nice to find that she balanced well, pointed up satisfyingly close to the wind, and made good progress in conditions that, for most sailing dinghies, would be marginal.

On my own and off cruising for real this time, I headed out from the beach and down the channel towards Kauri Point, a notoriously rough spot where the tidal stream is forced through a narrow place in the channel, and where the cliffs cause the wind to swirl unpredictably. I sailed into this choppy mess just as a squall front arrived. Although I was standing off to keep out of the worst of the land's effects, I was caught "by the lee" just as a cross sea reared up on the other side and forced *Houdini's* rail under. She subsided gracefully onto her side, floating high on the built-in buoyancy, but allowing a few bits of gear to float out. Swimming around to the base of the mast, supported by my lifejacket, I undid the halyard and lowered the sail. Swimming around to the other side and heaving myself up on the centreboard brought her upright easily, and a moment later I was aboard bucketing her out (a boat this size contains an awful lot of buckets full of water).

It took about ten minutes to bail out, reef the sail, and get underway again, a crew in a big planing motorboat had kindly picked up the gear that I'd been going to lash in later, but the weather made it very difficult to transfer. They passed me a line and gave me a tow into Kendall's Bay and shelter, where we made the transfer.

As the weather was deteriorating further (I'm sure that whoever is in charge of the weather does not listen to the same weather forecasts that I do), I ran *Houdini* up into the bay, taking my tent and wet clothing ashore to wait it out. Although it was blowing very hard and the harbour was a harsh mix of grey and white, my camp in among the flax bushes was well-sheltered for the time being. I washed my salty clothes in the creek, spread them out to dry, and walked out the 5 km to the shops to pick up some more reading matter. Then I settled down to await the weather's pleasure. By late that afternoon my mountain tent was being completely flattened by the gusts, only me and my gear inside stopped it from being blown away altogether. *Houdini*, up high and

Houdini waiting for the change of tide in the Waitemata Harbour's upper reaches. Although very calm in here, the reefed sail suggests it's blowing "outside."



Waiting for the weather, it blew so hard that *Houdini* got blown right over on her side while sitting on the beach!



dry as the tide fell, was being blown over on her side by the force of the wind.

As I lay reading, I was approached by a gent who identified himself as the local Honorary Ranger. I told him I was aware of the prohibition on camping in the area, and pointed out that I didn't have a lot of choice as the conditions were lousy and the forecast was (belatedly) worse. Looking around and noting that I didn't seem to be a risk to the environment, he agreed that it was probably prudent to wait out the storm, and we finished our conversation on other subjects. It seems that most of the development of this lovely reserve is done by voluntary labour, and is under threat from mountain bikes which damage the trails and the young native bush, as well as the usual range of yobbos and vandals who leave broken glass around the ashes of bonfires made from the seats and picnic tables painstakingly backpacked down the steep track to the bay. I find some people difficult to understand.

It was late the following night, three books and a couple of long walks later, that the weather moderated enough to allow me to carry on down the harbour. I'd been packed and stowed since mid-afternoon, anticipating the winds lessening as the sun went down. In about 15 knots of breeze I hauled the boat out along the anchor line, laid at low tide in what would be deeper water when the flood came, then set off.

Although I was bucking the incoming tide, I had a quartering tailwind to help me on my way down the harbour and underneath the bridge. The roar of the city, even this late at night on a holiday weekend, was almost overwhelming. It's like a monster in a cage, the sound reeking of stress and frustration. But its always interesting sailing along the commercial part of the wharf district, the big freighters like giant seagoing horses among the ponies and cobs that service the coast and harbour. Each class of vessel seems to have a

personality, the tugs like short fat hospital matrons, bustling about nagging and cajoling their charges into their berths, the modern ferries like young women, fashionably dressed and striding purposefully across the harbour, and the giant ocean-going freighters dozing at their wharves while dreaming of exotic ports and far away places.

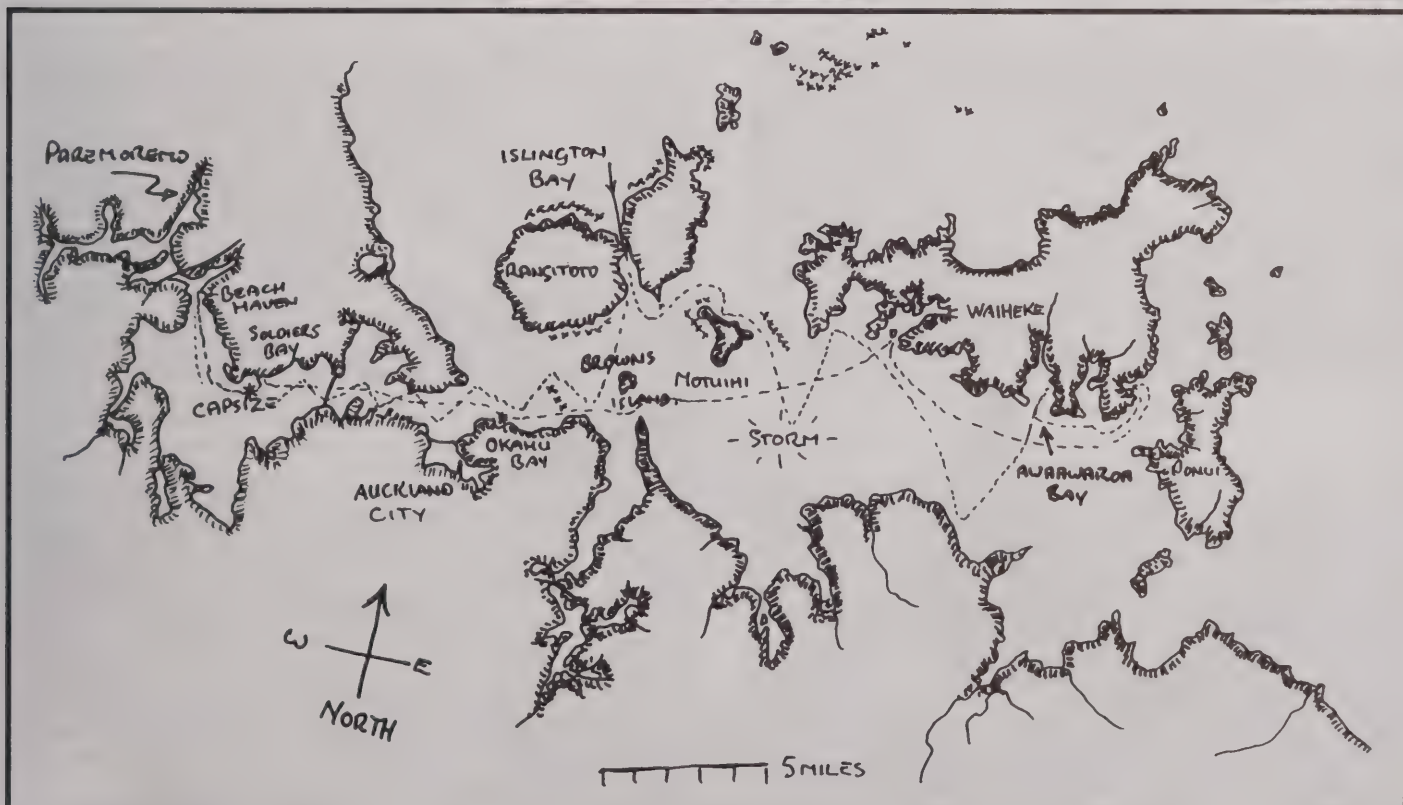
It was on the very last of the breeze that I slipped in among the yachts moored at Okahu Bay in Auckland's Centre, very quiet even though the road was only 50 metres or so away, and put the tent up more by feel than by sight. Making my bed and cooking a meal on board for the first time went about as planned, the order of storage in the big forward locker and the plywood box galley with its permanently fitted stove and racks for pots and pans made

the conversion from an open sailing dinghy into a cozy cruiser only a ten minute affair.

After a comfortable sleep, I walked ashore to the changing rooms on this popular beach to take advantage of the showers and to top up my fresh water jerrycan, then it was up sail and off for Waiheke.

It's quite a way across to Waiheke from Okahu Bay, and I was aware that I was still sailing a boat that was untried, even as a design. *Houdini* is the original, and this truly was a maiden voyage, so it was off along the coast rather than straight out into the channel. Past Kohi, Mission Bay, and St Heliers in company with a group of sea kayaks from Ian Ferguson's outfit near the Tamaki Yacht Club. They slowly pulled away from me at first, but either they got a bit tired or the breeze came

At home, tent up, galley ready for use, and my bed made up. Very cozy!



Houdini An Escape Machine

There were several ideas behind *Houdini*, as always with boats I build for myself there are elements of experimentation. In this case I had been wanting to explore the possibility of a wide-beamed, sheet plywood yacht of the gaff-rigged and bowsprit type that has become known as a Pilot Cutter, but a full-sized 25', 5-tonner is a bit much to build for an experiment. I wanted for my own use a comfortable day boat that would be seaworthy enough to roam the Hauraki Gulf and take a friend or two along, and while I was at it I wondered how small a boat could be and still be a viable cruiser?

A few days on the drawing board and *Houdini* emerged, a pure displacement dinghy, deep amidships, and almost half her length in width. There was enough room to sleep two on the self-draining floor that runs from the stern sheets to the big locker under the foredeck, room to seat six adults for a turn around the bay, and enough sail area to surprise a lot of people with her performance.

Building her did not take many hours, months yes, we moved house halfway through the project, so until the new place

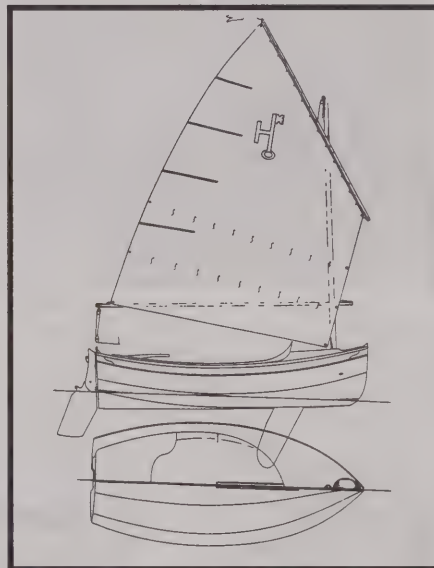
was knocked into shape she waited forlorn in the garage. However, her first ever sail took me on a week's cruise from the upper Waitemata all the way to Coromandel and back one very windy Christmas, and with a little tuning she has performed very creditably cruising and racing in all sorts of waters since.

Houdini can be rigged with a single standing lugsail or as a gaff-rigged catboat or a gaff rigged sloop. One enterprising builder rigged his as a cat yawl (main and mizzen, no jib), tells me with glee that nothing can get near him in light conditions, and that he has been for a "daysail" that took him the 20 miles from Devonport around Rangitoto, Motutapu and back! That is the sort of thing that she was designed for, my own *Houdini* has a lot of miles under her keel now and quite a few nights out in a sheltered cove with me asleep under her fitted boom tent.

I've cruised in megabuck boats, and this one cost about \$1500. I am reminded of the old saying that "the amount of fun you have from a boat is in an inverse ratio to its cost!" You'd better believe it.

Fact Box:

LOA:	4.10 m	13'2"
Beam:	1.80 m	5'10"
Weight:	85 kg	185 lbs. unrigged
Sail area:	10.7 sq m	115 sq ft
Plans:	\$125 post included from John Welsford Small Craft Design, P.O. Box 314, Ngongotaha, Rotorua, New Zealand, phone/fax 64 (07) 3575354	



At anchor in Awaawaroa Bay, waiting for a breeze.



up a little, because after a while I started to reel them back in again.

The boat felt good in the quartering tail wind as we went across the mouth of the Tamaki River and through the channel twist Musik Point and Brown's Island. Even with the wake of some very inconsiderate launches tossing us about, all seemed well so the bow was turned downwind toward Waiheke, a dark line on gleaming sunlit water, and we set off in the wake of the big vehicular ferry heading toward Kennedy Point, some eight miles away. Although it was a big jump in a little and brand new boat, I felt comfortable. The boat seemed well-balanced, stable in spite of the upset a couple of days before, and with near perfect conditions I was very comfortable with the situation. An hour and 45 minutes later we were inside Putiki Bay and tacking back and forth up the narrow channel to Ostend.

As usual, there was an array of interesting boats in this lovely little harbour. A Herreshoff, *Marco Polo*, with her three-masted schooner rig at the entrance to the bay, *Silver Bullet*, which stated life as a monohull bow with a catamaran afterhalf (I gather the theory was good but the results weren't so they filled the "tunnel" in to make her a more conventional shape) was there as a counterpoint to her traditional companion. Ralph Sewell's coasting ketch *Ripple* was loading up in readiness to go out, and the scene on the causeway at the end of the channel would have been like home to a shipwright of old with a wide variety of boats new and old being worked upon.

I'd got far enough up the creek to spot the crossed yards of the tiny brigantine *Coriolanis* parked in her mud berth in the mangroves and had been wondering where my friends Rhonda and John Griffith would be, when I spotted a bright red beard and floppy hat standing alongside a decidedly feminine form. Sure enough it was they, in fact they'd just remarked, "Wouldn't it be nice if someone we knew sailed in for a visit" when I'd come into view around the corner, the jaunty sheer and tan sail of *Houdini* marking her in their eyes as John Welsford's boat. I'm told that they'd decided it was someone else in one of my boats because it had an aluminum mast rather than my usual giant bamboo, which meant I had to tell them the apocryphal tale of Friday's launch, the overhanging tree, and the fate of the original spar.

After lunch together and a tour of their new house being built for them by Lou, another friend of old, we went out for a sail around the bay, finding that although small, there was plenty of room for the three of us, even with all the camping gear aboard.

I needed to be away to catch the tidal "gate" into the Waiheke passage. To try and sail in through past Orapiu after the tide had turned would take forever, so by two in the afternoon I was out past the point in the deeper water and off down the coast again.

It had been a couple of years since I'd been in this area, but in spite of a few new houses and a new subdivision scarring the hillside above Putiki Bay, it still felt as familiar as ever. Scooting down past Rocky Bay, Awaawaroa Bay still seeming to have too many "A"s in the name, and Big Muddy Bay, I was soon around past Fisherman's Rock and into the channel, well in time for the tide and getting a feel now for how quickly the little boat could cover the ground.

(To Be Continued)

The Physics of Rowing

By Ken Donovan

On April 10th students at the Sound School in New Haven, Connecticut, began studying physics in an unusual way. The School's four identical 18' dories, built by students in AquaTech classes over recent years as shop projects and kept for on-the-water small boat handling and safety classes, were fitted out with four different rowing rigs; sliding seat, sliding rigger, front facing and oar-on-gunwale.

The boats are to be rowed and timed over a short course in order to compare the different rigs. The physics teacher then will discuss with the students the theoretical math and physics which apply to each rig.

The following concepts are to be investigated: Vectors; Newton's Laws of Motion (Equilibrium, Interaction, Acceleration); Linear & Rotational Motion; Levers & Fulcrums; Work; Torque; Mechanical Advantage; Sum of Forces; Frontal/Lateral Surface Area; Air Resistance; Water Resistance; Buoyancy; Center of Gravity; Center of Flotation.

Students will diagram the forces involved in rowing each rig and learn how to factor in variables such as wind, currents and tides in order to row the best course.

The program runs for five weeks and involves three different classes and two teachers.

Jim Langan of the Sound School staff provided the sliding seat rig, George O'Dell of Onboard Products of Newburyport, Massachusetts loaned the sliding rigger, and Myron Young of Laurel, New York lent his forward facing rig.

The Sound School is at 60 S. Water St., New Haven, CT 06519, phone (203) 946-7262.



The classroom, 70 degrees, sunny, light west wind, calm seas.



Today's lesson; a little teamwork and problem solving. "Lessee, just how are we going to fasten this thing in here?"



Conventional Oar on Gunwale: Seat, feet and oarlocks fixed.

Front Facing: Articulated oars reverse thrust.



Sliding Seat: Feet fixed, seat moves with oarlocks.

Sliding Rigger: Seat fixed, oarlocks move with feet.





Rowing Doryplume with a friend in a Force 6 headwind along a rocky shore in Brittany.

A European Look at the Dory & the Sprit Rig

Reader Luc Casaer of Belgium was inspired by our American dory to design his own version, which he entered into a small boat design contest ten years ago in a French boating publication. His design won an award and was subsequently adopted by the magazine as a kit for home builders.

Luc sent us a report on his design from the British publication, *The Boatman*, along with an extensive article from the French magazine. Needless to say, this provincial American editor could not read the French, but I can bring you the British report along with Luc's handwritten comments and photos from the French report.

Luc also sent along an article published 15 years ago in *Practical Boat Owner* espousing his views on leeboards and sprit rigs, which casts a slightly different look at this familiar small boat rig.

The third and most recent of the *Chasse-Mare'e* designs is radically different from the Vivier creations not only in hull and rig, but in intellectual origins and method of construction. For a start, she is currently available only as a kit, but, more importantly, her origins are more American than Breton, being an obvious descendant of the Swampscott dories (see *The Boatman* #3). Designed in 1989 by Belgian Luc Casaer, Doryplume emerged as such an outstanding entry in a design competition organised by *Le Chasse-Mare'e* that, by 1991, she had been added to their range of reader-offers. For the competition, the designer's terms of reference had laid great stress on portability and ease of construction without reduced sailing performance. The number of Doryplume kits sold, now into three figures despite a savage recession, is some measure of Luc's success in producing an outstanding little boat.

The featherweight aspect suggested in Doryplume's name is no idle boast. Weighing in at 50kgs or a little less in sailing trim (110lbs), she is the simplest of boats to handle ashore. During acceptance trials, *Le Chasse-Mare'e* took an early example to the Mediterranean on the roof-rack of an elderly Wartburg estate car, proving that, with a suitable vehicle, it is possible to dispense with a trailer. For launching, a pair of lightweight wheels with axle passing through the skeg is supplied with the standard kit, and several

Doryplume

By Bill McDonald
From *The Boatman* Issue #6, April/May 1993

Doryplume buffs have put this to good use in exploring the sort of river that calls for portages around dams or rapids. As with the other *Chasse-Mare'e* designs, the Doryplume's spars fit comfortably inside the hull for trailering or rowing. In many respects, her rationale is quite close to that of the big touring canoes of the 1950s but with the added bonus of being an extremely seaworthy little craft with a very creditable performance under sail. Luc's background is in Finns, so this quality is perhaps to be expected!

Under her standing lug and jib, Doryplume points high and goes about as quickly and easily as a much less traditionally-inspired boat. Carrying a diminutive 6sm of sail (64.59sf), she nevertheless ghosts along quite creditably in light airs, picking up rapidly in the slightest gust. With a good working breeze, she is a sensitive boat thanks to her slender hull, only 1.20m beam on 4.55m LOA (3'11" on 14'11") so that she needs sympathetic handling. On this score, I would rate her suitable for parents and children, or for experienced teenagers, but she is most emphatically not a boat in which youngsters

should take their first steps alone. Sailing her in a Force 3, I was reminded of the sort of horse advertised for sale as "not a novice ride". With Doryplume, this is true in a positive way, she is not a family pony but a thoroughbred.

As with their other boats, *Le Chasse-Mare'e* has arranged for a number of French yards to offer Doryplume as a stock boat. A majority of owners, however, have preferred to assemble the kits themselves. Typical of these is Philippe Beguet, of Nantes, who spent a winter assembling the boat which he now campaigns regularly in sail and oar rallies, usually with his daughter Marie. As this was his first building project, he preferred to work slowly and carefully, making the various small adjustments he found to be necessary. At the other end of the time scale, Doryplumes have been assembled and given their first coat of epoxy in the space of a week's full time work. But for those contemplating building one as a first project and feeling the need for a short break in congenial company in Brittany, *Le Chasse-Mare'e* organises weekend courses in Douarnenez especially for buyers of Doryplume kits.

LOA: 4.55m (14'11")
Beam: 1.20m (3'11")
Draught: min 0.09m (3-1/2")
max 0.85m (2'9")
Sail Area: 6sm (64.59sf)
Trailering Weight, approx 50kgs (110 lbs)

The Designer Comments;

Bill McDonald had a better feeling of my objectives in designing Doryplume than the people from France, who looked at it as a mere "nice looking classic boat".

My three principal objectives were:

1: Lightness to cartop easily, yet still will take a lot of gear for three months.

2: Seaworthiness to be able to cruise along a coast without fear.

3: Nice looking in order to not hurt the feelings of the people living on the shore. This part of Doryplume's qualities has made me a lot of friends in different countries. A glittering plastic hull with big engines would have made them enemies, certainly in the poorer countries.



Above: Because the planking on Doryplume is only 4mm, it permits the garboards to curve at stem and stern, the resulting convex surface increasing the buoyancy fore and aft. When the makers of the Doryplume kits found 4mm too fragile for their customers and substituted 6mm for additional strength, they lost part of this added volume.

The Doryplume kit laid out.



Under standing lug and jib, Doryplume points high and goes about as quickly and easily as a much less traditionally inspired boat.



The twin skegs on the bottom accept the trolley wheels for land transport, and the wheels, when stowed on board, add some buoyancy in case of swamping.

Doryplume is very light at about 50kgs, kind of a "glider" technology, so she can be cartopped for long distance cruising. North Africa is about 3,000km from my home base.



Sur les routes
d'Afrique du Nord.



Assembling a Doryplume kit on a strongback.



Of Leeboards & Simple Rigs

By Luc Casaer

Perhaps your readers might be interested in my experiments with leeboards. My particular kind of leeboard clips over the gunwale. The advantages are numerous: Nothing in the way for the rower; no centreboard case, so the craft is easier to build and lighter to carry; the waterflow is not disturbed by the centerboard slot; the waterlogged craft can easily be bailed, because no water is coming through the case, and you can finely trim the lateral plane to a neutral helm by shifting the board's position along the gunwale. A huge gain for a small investment. But there's more to come!

I first experimented with this leeboard on a Canadian canoe, which I found too good a boat to hamper with a centerboard case. The Canadian canoe has some tumblehome in her sides so the board was angled out, as on most traditional Dutch craft, to give an efficient lateral plane when heeling.

But on my Swampscott Dory the sides are flaring out above the waterline, so the board is angled inward, which at first didn't seem to offer a favourable lateral plane to sail efficiently to windward. But it worked splendidly; the dory even gained stability and heeled less when sailing faster! I gratefully accepted the results without thinking much further. Some months later I came across an article about the forces in action, written by J.P. Brouns, a Belgian architect working in France. I was in fact sailing my dory on the same principles as Tabarly was sailing his *Paul Ricard*. Only the lever of my foil was a couple of feet, while the lever on *Paul Ricard* was several metres.

The big advantage of this kind of leeboard, which I first found on a design of Bolger in his book *Small Boats*, is that it can be fitted on all kinds of open boats, from canoes and wherries to ex-lifeboats, without much alteration for the boats character! A boon for boating enthusiasts under the shadow of inflation. It is, of course, essential to reinforce the sides sufficiently to stand the strains of the leeboard.

A further point is that on short tacks the board can remain on the same side because it is clipped over the gunwale and will not float up as a traditional leeboard would. So one has not to worry about shifting things on every tack, provided the gunwale is reinforced in such way that it can stand the reversed stress. The foil shape of the board is, of course, not adapted for this new tack but over a short distance the loss is less than when taking the trouble of lifting the board clear of the water and putting it in the water again on the other side.

A second experiment was the rudder, which had to be fairly deep to give enough grip in a seaway because of the long underwater body of the dory. The first rudder was in one piece and I had to lift it off the gudgeons every time we came into shallow water, then steer with an oar. Lifting the rudder was not much of a problem but fitting it back on the steeply inclined transom was difficult,

so I made a rudder with a lifting rudder-blade, which however proved too awkward to stow easily on board.

Another of my hobbies is building model aircraft and here I found the "end-plate" effect in the chapter on the aerodynamics of wings. End-plates limit turbulence on the wingtips and increase wing efficiency, so I fitted an endplate to a very shallow rudder. It worked beautifully. Even in rough water the rudder kept good control without problems. And the small rudder was easy to stow on board. From what I understand in the yachting-press the keel of the Australian 12 metre works partly on this end-plate principle. This rudder adaptation can be very useful on craft sailing from a beach or in shallow waters.

A third experiment was tried with the rig. The first weeks I sailed the Swampscott dory it was rigged with a boomless spritsail. This was good to windward and on a beam wind; it was however difficult to handle in a strong following breeze because it induced rhythmic rolling. On a beamier hull this is of less consequence than on one with the fairly narrow waterline of a rowing hull.

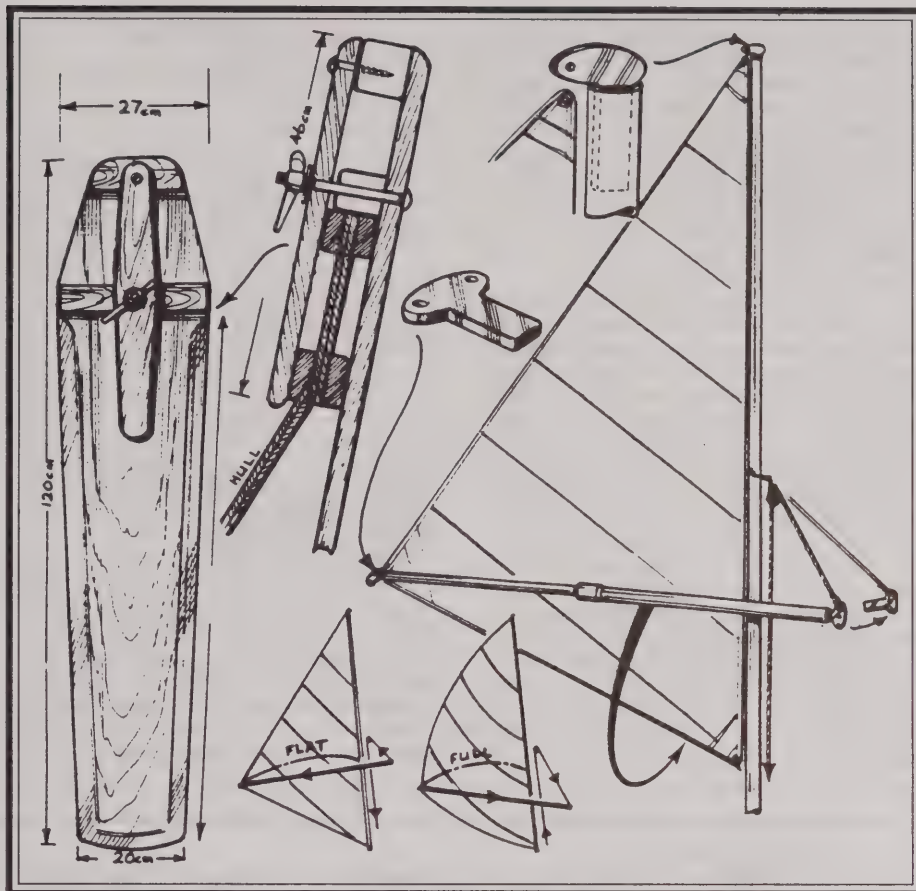
I found a sailboard rig the most obvious alternative to my traditional spritsail. Thousands of these have been sold over the world, so there is a big choice of different quality masts and sails readily available at competitive prices. Since on a sailboard the tack of the sail comes near the foot of the mast, I had to find a way to lengthen it. I took a section of GRP tube from a set of fishing rods and slid it over the mast top. It has been strong enough.

Instead of the wishbone, I adopted a horizontal sprit on one side of the sail only. Hence the name of this rig could be "horizontal sprit rig" but other suggestions are welcome. I first met this kind of rig in a monograph on the Chesapeake Bay by Brewington, edited in 1953. I am, in fact, quite surprised it never has been adopted somewhere in Europe, certainly now that on sailboards it is a more than familiar sight in most sailing areas. Sailors must e a very conservative lot.

In my opinion this rig has many advantages on a small boat over the common boomed sail we all know so well: A clean airflow in the lee of the sail; because of the high clew the sail is not pinned on the water in case of a knockdown; built-in-downhaul, which I find the most striking advantage versus the boomed sail. It eliminates rolling and puts no strain on the sprit, which is in compression only, so all the gear can be light. There's no need for a sheet traveler; you have good control of the sail shape, and there's no hardware, only a few pieces of plywood, bits of rope, and two blocks.

In the eyes of the aerodynamic purist there's one big handicap. On one tack the sail is pushed against the sprit and the foil shape is spoiled! In my experience this disgrace is softened if the sprit has enough play near the mast; only the after part of the sail will be thus affected. But, if you dip the sprit each time when coming about the foil shape is maintained on both tacks. Once assimilated this maneuver takes no more time than sheeting in a jib and certainly less than tacking a genoa. Besides, it is only a refinement and no necessity.

My sprit was made by two mated sections of my GRP fishing rod. Joined from one end, they make a boom of the right length;



from the other end they telescope into each other to a short tube that can be stowed inside the mast. Any tube the right length and of about 5cm diameter will do. As you can see from the drawing the system for passing the sprit under the sail is very simple, providing the boom is not too long.

An additional advantage of this rig is that any triangular sail with a luff shorter than the mast can be used almost without alterations. If this sail has no eyelets for the lacing around the mast, I stitch a number of velcro tapes along the luff instead of punching holes. So far it has never come undone.

Perhaps all this looks too simple to work, but I can assure you that, having sailed this rig for several seasons now, I am not disposed to return to the good old boomed and goose-necked mainsail with either its Chinese gybes or straining downhauls.

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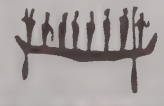
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The Bugis themselves are a most interesting subject. They are, in truth, a nation of seafarers. When I was sailing before the mast, Bugis often made up part of the crew. So did Madurese, Javanese, Malayan and other Indonesian races, Indonesians being far from an homogenous group. Usually, the benevolent or non-benevolent, conscious or not conscious condescension they are treated with by most white men has set up a barrier which seems typical in those who have been raised in close contact with white society.

The Bugis, I found, are a notable exception to this rule. Racism was certainly not absent among the crews I sailed with, but the usual vilifications that are part of that worldview bounced off them like rain off a duck's back. Part of that may be due to their past as pirates, a way of life that certainly was a great leveler of class and race. Only those who had the skill and cunning to keep up their own end would manage to survive; judiciously applied bluff played an important role.

Whatever it was, the Bugis not only could keep up their own end professionally as seamen, but also socially. They were adept in the various foc'sle games and politics and were sought after as fourth hands at the complicated card games which were popular at the time.

But there was more. All of us sometimes exchanged pictures of girl friends or family, and they were no exception. What surprised

Dreamboats

The Bugi Boats - Part 2

By Richard Carsen

me, when shown family pics, was that in one and the same family, the skin color ran from very dark, through gold to purest white. I believe the white came from the Toraja, who occupy the highlands of the Bugis' main island home, Celebes (Ambon). I do not know the Toraja, but they built a very peculiar stilt-home, wider at the top than at the bottom, and with a crescent shaped roof which they claim represents the shape of the starships that brought them here. Now the Minankebau, an ethnic group in Java, have identically structured houses with crescent roofs. I have personally known some of them, and they do have this almost alabaster white skin color, especially the women.

From where came the dark skin? Look at the steering oar of their craft. It is totally unique, in that where steering oar is usually fastened to a beam at some more or less central point around which it swivels in the vertical plane (the helm on such oars points either forward or sideways), the Bugis' oar is attached only at the top and the helm points backwards. The only other place where you

will find steering oars fastened at the top with a backwards pointing helm is in the Carolines. The people of the Carolines are dark skinned!

Those who have Lewis' *We the Navigators*, can look at the photo on the cover, or on page 85. This shows the helmsman operating the same type of oar, holding it down with his feet while grasping the backwards pointing helm with his hands. In this particular setup, the backwards pointing helm makes total sense. As he will have to carry the oar to the other end of the canoe when tacking, it also makes sense that there should be a minimum of attachments (one) to loosen. See page 34 for the same steering arrangement on the Puluwat canoe; Puluwat is also in the Carolines.

The Carolines is a group of tiny islands that kind of dribble towards the Moluccas which are part of the Bugis' stamping grounds. These people are even today known for their navigational skills, like the Bugis; the latter seem to have lost most of it today.

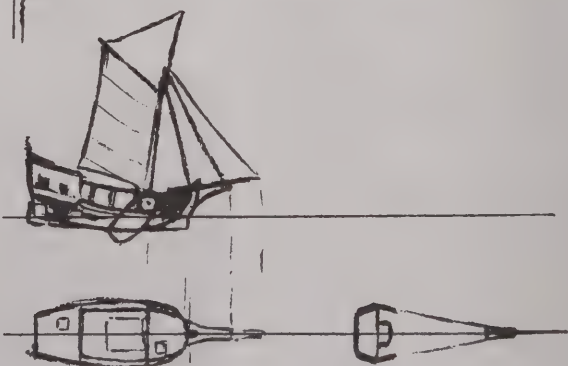
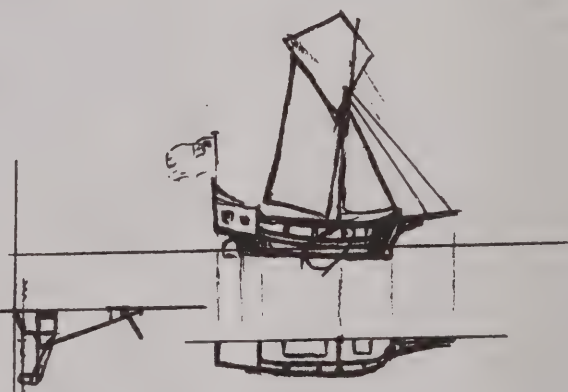
We see then that these people, as well as their craft, are a synthesis of many different influences, suggesting a sphere of operations far more extensive than that of the present.

To wit: The hull shape seems that of the pallar from Bangladesh, India. The building method is Arabian, the masts recall the Javanese pirate ship which had a rectangular sail on a forward tripod, and a smaller one on

Applications of Some Bugi Boat Ideas:



Sails set on cables
Horizontal brailing
Bi-pod masts
An aft pavillion
Standing gaffs



To brail the topsails, read how Pete Culler did it on his replica of the *Spray, Skiffs & Schooners*.

a single mast aft. These craft carried a single jib on a long bowsprit. We find a steering oar connecting us with the Carolines and a steering gear housing going back to Mediterranean ships of the 13th century, which could be boarded thru the steering oar housing.

The gaff sails, with their standing gaff and brailable sails, seem to connect us with the 17th century Dutch "jaghts", a qualifying name equivalent to the early meaning of the word "clipper". These 19th century clippers, not the three masted square rigged clippers of the tea trade, as for instance represented in the Baltimore Clipper, and which must have reached the Moluccas, searching for light, small but high priced cargo, compatible with their type, finally brought the idea of the tri-angular topsails. The synthesis of all these influences, however, is the true Bugi genius.

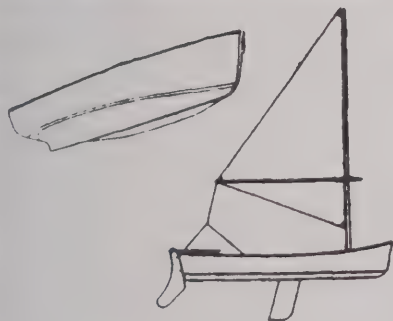
Like the multifaceted aspect of their craft, and the amazing amalgamation of their widely divergent ancestry, so seems their spiritual outlook to have been adaptable, remaining yet their own. Having been Christianized for hundreds of years, but now seemingly mainly Muslim, the long sojourn in the concepts of a monotheistic, much personalised god principle seems to have merely enriched, not destroyed, their own cosmology. I think that the Bugis, descendants of the most feared pirates, may yet have a lot to teach us in the way of social and spiritual synthesis.

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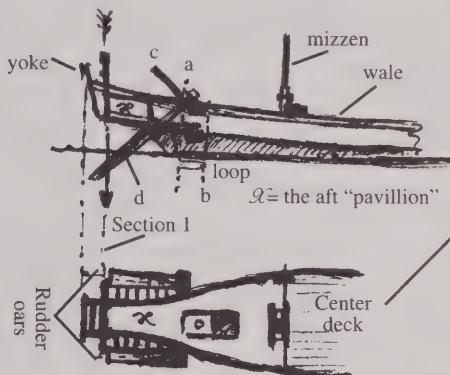
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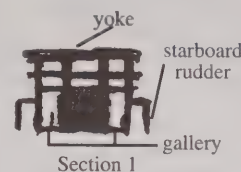
Galleries and Rudder Housing of the Bugis Boat

The "pavillion" 4.5' x 6.5' x 3'



- a: upright position of rudder
- b: upright stock thru loop holding it upright
- c: the helm
- d: slanted position of (starboard) rudder

Yoke and thru-beams form and support the galleries which are used as toilets; to this, the protective rudder housing is but lightly attached.



Black grate: cut thru pavillion

- Note:
- 1) aft quarters pinched in
 - 2) "yoke" and galleries forming a unit
 - 3) the rudder housing lightly attached to the yoke-gallery unit
 - 4) two heavy thru-beams supporting rudder and forward end of housing



aft "pavillion" on dutch 17th century "jaght" (yacht).

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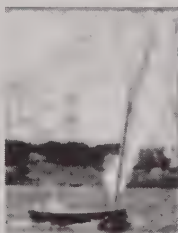
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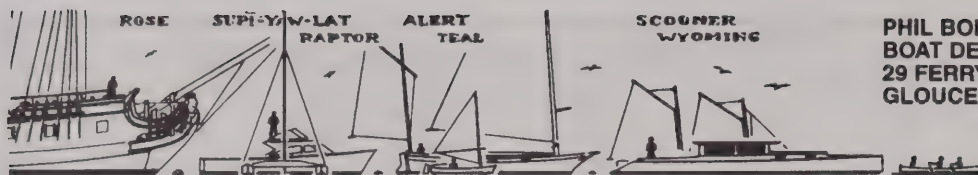
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Bolger on Design

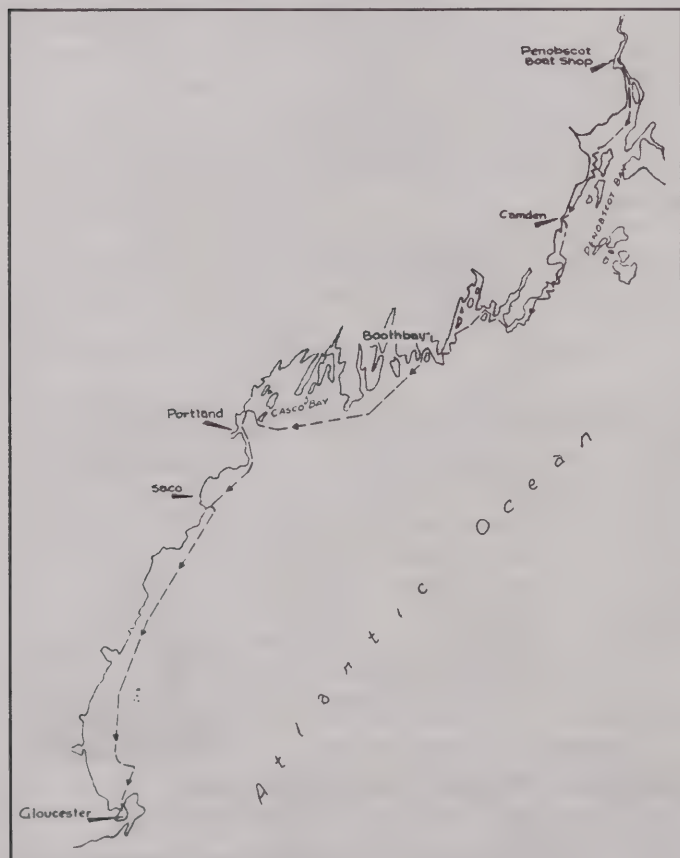
Bolger on Design Blacksnake - Part 2

Working Down The Coast

The next week I came down with Ted Ratcliff, Bill's brother, and we got her down around Pemaquid Point and up into South Bristol where we had engine trouble and decided to spend the night. The headwind persisted and since we were well fixed with a mooring under the eye of boatbuilder Sumner MacFarland (who had a lovely little auxiliary set up in his shop from Murray Peterson's design) it seemed foolish to beat all day to gain another twenty or thirty miles. Instead we went for a sail, what the boat was meant for, in the Damariscotta River and into East Boothbay, where Rice Brothers, Goudy and Stevens and Hodgdon Brothers had innumerable service boats under construction, from big motor minesweepers to skiffs. In the afternoon we put the boat to bed, and the manager of the Thompson Inn at South Bristol, who had made us most comfortable the night before, found us a lift back to Gloucester.

Having to put in a little work at times affects even boat designers and it was two weeks before we got away from the mooring at South Bristol. When we did, it was under power again and in a pea soup "thick-a-fog", which lasted us clear down to Seguin Island, where a nice breeze came up, bless its heart, east of south. A close reach took us

From Winterport, Maine, where she was built, *Blacksnake* was sailed down the coast of Maine to her home port of Gloucester, Massachusetts. The trip provided an interesting test of her capabilities.



down by Bailey's Island and Harpswell Neck and across the mouth of Casco Bay, and we ghosted into the Portland Yacht Club's anchorage late in the afternoon. I used to work for Lindsay Lord there, and also have many college friends in the neighborhood, so there was no trouble making ourselves at home. Next day we beat down to Cape Elizabeth, but turned back before an increasing sea out of the southwest. We had a nice sail out by Portland Head and then back up through Portland harbor, which was practically filled from side to side by a monstrous great Liberian tanker, by name *Ulysses*, as she was backed out of her berth. I swear that ship must have been 800' long.

Next day was Monday. We started off with a fine healthy northeaster, which petered out after a few miles and left us to run under power over to Biddeford Pool. I was about fed up with southwesterly by that time and decided to carry on and see if we didn't get a land breeze after dark. Sure enough, we got a nice little zephyr off Cape Porpoise, took the motor out of the well (so as not to be dragging the prop.) hauled the skiff up on the counter and wafted merrily along, congratulating each other.

Presently, the wind got a little stronger and went into the north. I said, "Maybe we'll get as far as York," hopefully.

Pretty soon it got stronger still. I said, "We're moving right along."

Off Cape Neddick or thereabouts it began to blow really fresh. I said, "We sure are dusting along." We were, too; figuring it up, we went from Cape Neddick to Isle of Shoals light abeam at something like eleven knots, which is going for a 33 footer, and I began to have visions of a record passage.

Unfortunately, at about that point it blew a little fresher, and *Blacksnake* took off on the forward side of a sea and went right along with it. That, I've been told, means something like fifteen or sixteen knots, and I don't want to do it anymore. It may be stimulating to plane like that in a dinghy with the committee boat standing by, but at around 2:30 of a night, with the seas all starting to break, and spray flying, and clouds scudding over the moon, in an untried boat, you can have it.

At any rate, it lasted about twenty seconds, I should judge, before she went over the forward side of the wave, stuck her nose down in the next one and ran wild around and across the seas. We were busy little men for a few minutes, and when we had time to think again we found that she had not capsized and that, no doubt due to subconscious seaman's instinct or something, we had got all the sail off her and were much happier than with all three hundred square feet of it set.

Presently, we recovered and got the jib on her and ran square off before the wind. Now, it will be understood, from the way I've related the foregoing that I'm not exactly conceited about my seamanship. Say I'm a pretty good boat designer and we will let it go at that. Neither am I any great shakes of a pilot, and what with the gyrations of the boat and flying spray and the flashlight getting wet, and so forth, I couldn't look at the chart. Also, as it subsequently transpired the chart (a borrowed one) had not been corrected lately.

However, as a guiding star I recalled from the last time I had been able to look at it that the next light we ought to see was a red one at Ipswich, Massachusetts, which I presumed would appear on the star-board bow. I didn't see it for some time, but happening to take a look on the port bow I saw a red light, and remembering no other on the chart had no doubt that it was the red light. Now this was horrifying; it indicated that while we'd been busy with other little things, the wind had gone round into the east and that we were driving up onto the beaches of Plum Island. My great uncle had lost a big auxiliary fishing schooner there. It also meant that we were embayed in the lee corner of Ipswich Bay and had no place to go to leeward except the Essex and Ipswich Rivers, nice places on a calm day in daylight and very familiar to me, but practically impossible to negotiate in a breaking sea and in the dark.

An Unexpected Test

There seemed to be nothing for it but to get out of there to windward if we could. The jib was doused again and just the peak of the mainsail hoisted. With this small triangle of sail we got her on the wind. She would lie about six points off, and seemingly did not make much leeway, but neither did we make much speed. We wished we had a couple of heavy gents with us so that we could carry a little more sail.

Just about every sea was breaking to some extent by that time, and there was a lot of water coming on deck over the weather side. It was dark and cold and wet and windy, and it struck me that driving her into such a wind and sea was about as tough a test as the experimental construction was likely to get, and that it was a poor time and place to make the test. However, she rode it light as a feather, the loose water all ran off the deck, and nothing but a little spray got inside. The unpleasant red light stayed well on the lee bow.

This lasted for a couple hours until, after 4am, daylight began to come. As the outlines of the land began to show it seemed that Plum Island had grown higher than I remembered it, as had Ipswich light tower. Also, Cape Ann, which ought to have been to windward, could not be seen, but only a very mean looking gray sea, steep and breaking in a fashion that I took to mean that we'd made a lot of leeway and were well up in the shallow water of Ipswich Bay.

Half an hour later the light had increased until I finally perceived through a fog of sleep and fright that the wind had not shifted, but was still in the north, that "Ipswich Light" was actually on Halibut Point, the northern tip of Cape Ann (it proved to be a new radar installation built since the chart had been corrected) and that what I had taken to be a menacing Plum Island was in fact the rising granite hill of Cape Ann, where I wanted to go. Our frantic clawing to windward had been in the general direction of the Azores, it seemed evident when we got our bearings.

Considerably chastened, unlike Counahan the Navigator, who boasted that he made a record trip to Ireland even if he had meant to go to Newfoundland, I put the helm up and we ran straight off before the wind into Annisquam. The sea was breaking on the Annisquam River bar and one broke over the stern but mostly ran off and out the outboard well. It washed the skiff up against the end of the main boom and cracked the outhaul notch, which was actually the only damage done that night.

In fact, the whole episode went to show two things: One, Phil Bolger is a lousy navigator; and two, *Blacksnake* is a harder boat to drown yourself in than anybody thought. 'Snake is now on her mooring in the Annisquam River and will make no more breezy night runs while I own her. I sail her single handed or with four or five friends of an afternoon, reefing under the former circumstance if there's much wind, and for a cheap boat she looks pretty good and gives a pretty good sail. That, one recalls, is what she was for.

Blacksnake in Retrospect

This article has been reprinted as written in 1955, the first year I had the boat. I didn't see fit to mention how she came to look as she does. I had seen as a schoolboy the serialized first publication of L. Francis Herreshoff's *Common Sense Of Yacht Design*, in which was a photo of the canoe stern R-Boat *Bonnie Lassie*, very low and pointy. It fascinated me; still does so in my autographed first edition of the bound book. *Blacksnake* was intended to look like a waterline model of *Lassie*. The effect was quite successful if you didn't get close enough to see much detail.

I had been very lucky in that scary night sail. It was not hard to capsize her and I did so towards the end of her second season, but in daylight in Gloucester Harbor where she could drift ashore and be righted, sailed out, and sailed home. She was not a bad sailer in moderate weather, though of course not nearly as good as she looked. After the first season I had the irritating motor well permanently covered and relied on a paddle to move her enough to avoid being set on rocks by a swell. I never succeeded in getting the motor in or out of the well without getting oil or grease on me, and often a cut or scrape as well. The motor had, in any case, frozen up early-on, having been designed for fresh water.

The rig was very satisfactory. It was instructive how little stress a cantilevered mast imposes on a hull. She was two years old before I noticed that the mast step was held in place by two rusty wire nails instead of the designed four bolts. I surmise that a carpenter put the nails in to locate it, and was then laid off, and nobody noticed that he had not finished the job. I saw it move as the boat rolled in a wake, and was able to get sail off her before it took the deck out.

Before that it had stood with as many as four men on the rail, bending in a gentle curve that tended to flatten the sail's draft. The balanced club jib was light and simple to sheet and gave good drive in light airs. In a breeze it would bend the mast forward and sag until it pulled her to leeward more than it drove her ahead, but by the time that happened she was a handful with just the full or reefed mainsail.

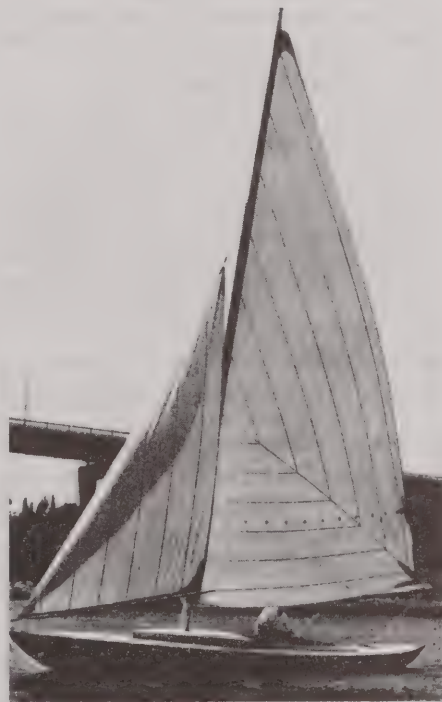
After a couple of seasons I decided to do something to make her less tense to sail and also to strengthen the flimsy bottom. She was turned bottom-up at a local boatyard and the bottom sheathed with dressed 2"x 4" lumber, sprung on edge. The rocker was so slight that this could be done without much force. Before they were put in place the 2"x 4"s were tapered toward their ends, from their full thickness of 3-5/8" out to 3/4" bow and stern. That is, when the job was done, the bottom was 4" thick amidships and 1-1/8" at each end.

The overall weight of the boat was something like doubled, but displacement was increased in still greater proportion so that she floated higher in the water than she had before, even after the added timber was well soaked. The top of the rudder was shaved to clear the thicker bottom. The centerboard was not altered. Its high-aspect-ratio shape was not a good feature, as she made noticeable leeway unless the board was down almost vertical, drawing over 5' of water, but at the time it seemed more trouble than it was worth to better it.

The new bottom was a huge success. She sailed better on all points. The increased momentum allowed her to shoot further in stays and lose less way before steadying on the new tack. She was much less flighty in squalls and never again came close to capsizing. And, of course, there was no more concern about weakness in the bottom (the glued-strip sides were amply stiff as built). The springy deck never gave any trouble, and none of the very light framing was altered. She was only used as a fine-weather daysailer, of course, but sometimes in a fair breeze and sea with five or six people. I sold her to some local people when she was five years old, and they used her for another fifteen. She wasn't showing any problems when she was burned in winter storage.

This courage-of-inexperience design was instructive about unstayed masts, balanced-club jibs, simplified construction, and heavy bottoms. The effectiveness of ballast that was actually lighter than water made it much easier to think in terms of water ballast later on. I had started by making sharpie designs with too little rocker, like all novice sharpie designers. The fact that the boat behaved better in every respect with more rocker led naturally to the thought that if a little more rocker helped so much, maybe a lot more rocker would be better still; a healthy attitude when designing sharpies. Various nuisances like the exposed rudder and the unhandy motor well were filed for future reference.

Verdict: An instructive experiment, with too many bad features to be fit to repeat. We've been toying off and on with a design intended to have a similar visual impact; but not really very much like her, as forty-four years of afterthoughts go a long way.



Rockland Apprenticeshop Current Projects

The Apprenticeshop, a division of the Atlantic Challenge Foundation of Rockland, Maine has wooden boats for sale that have been built by the apprentices or are currently under construction. These include a Murray Peterson double ended gaff-rigged sloop that on her sea trials "sailed like a dream", a Susan skiff and a 17' canvas canoe. Currently under construction for late summer delivery is a Haven 12-1/2 daysailer designed by Joel White. This is the second Haven built by Apprenticeshop students this year. The first was commissioned by a local man for his family's use.

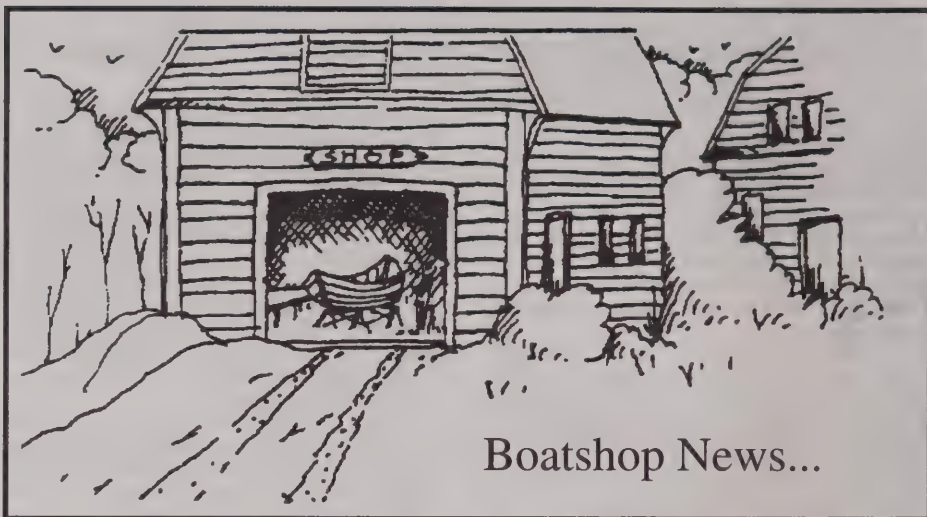
Two restorations are also underway. Both were donated to our programs, and will be offered for sale at the conclusion of detail perfect restorations. The Wianno Senior One-Design knockabout has been an active racing class for eighty-five years. H. Manley Crosby designed the Wianno Senior in 1913 for the Wianno Yacht Club of Cape Cod. *Alert* has been donated by the family of Maynard Bray, who has close ties to the world of wooden boats. Mr. Bray has been curator at Mystic Seaport and contributes to *Wooden Boat* magazine. This 25' beauty was originally designed and built by the Crosby Shipyard in Massachusetts in 1930. She will be undergoing a total restoration at the Apprenticeshop beginning in the fall of 1999.

The second vessel is a 46' schooner built by Stewart Darcy in 1980. She is strip planked with long leaf yellow pine over steam bent oak frames, with a new Volvo diesel engine.

Other projects from our shop sold recently include *Luna*, a graceful '40s era Mermaid sloop. She was designed by Farnum Butler, known as an excellent marine architect and founder of the Mount Desert Yacht Yard, completely restored by Italian apprentice Simone Luraschi. *Luna's* new home is at Marblehead, Massachusetts.

Galatea was built by a celebrated portrait artist from Maryland over a 16 year period and donated to the Apprenticeshop last year. She was purchased by a couple from Rhode Island who have renamed her *Annie's Song*.

The Apprenticeshop is a division of the Atlantic Challenge Foundation, a non-profit international educational organization based in Rockland, Maine, committed to building community through the traditional woodworking skills and craftsmanship of apprenticing, seamanship and community service. Visitors are welcome at our new maritime education center currently under construction and renovation at 643 Main St. in Rockland, Maine.



Boatshop News...

Marathon Boatbuilding Sessions Are My Method

Dog Island is the easternmost barrier island in Apalachee Bay in the northeastern Gulf of Mexico. There is no bridge to it and people used to be sort of scarce over there, which suited my hermit notions, but the metastisization of cursed Tallahassee is beginning to change that. I actually live on the island more than anyplace else. My method is to stay down there until I figure out what I need to do on the boat and then I come up here to my shop in Thomasville and work a marathon session day and night with just a short snooze every now and then while the glue gets dry.

When I get to a stopping place or get confused (more often all the time) I hop into my old Ford V8 and flatten the grass along that whole hundred miles of road to the boat ramp. Then I mess about in a marathon session with only a short snooze every now and then. The only thing wrong is that there ain't no money to be made like that and I have to keep my priorities straight, like which end of the trail to let the old Ford run out of gas.

Here are some photos of our little sailboat, 12'x 40"x 35lbs, just outfitted with a new sail from Stu Hopkins of Dabbler Sails.



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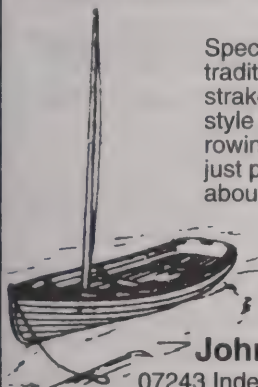
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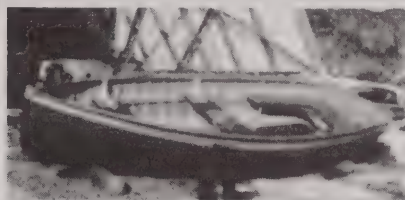
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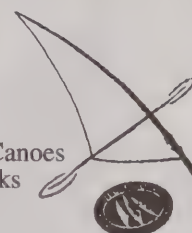
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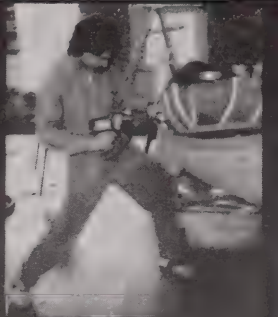
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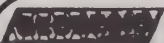
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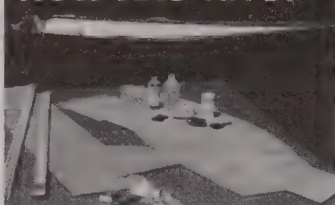
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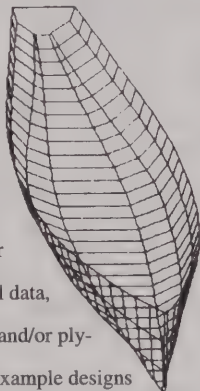
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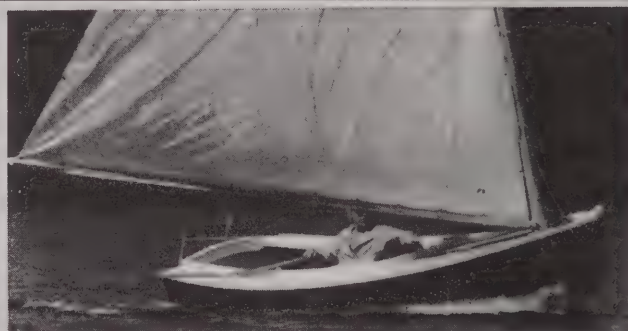
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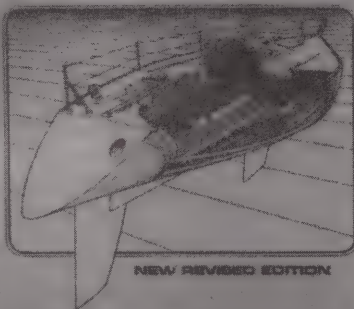
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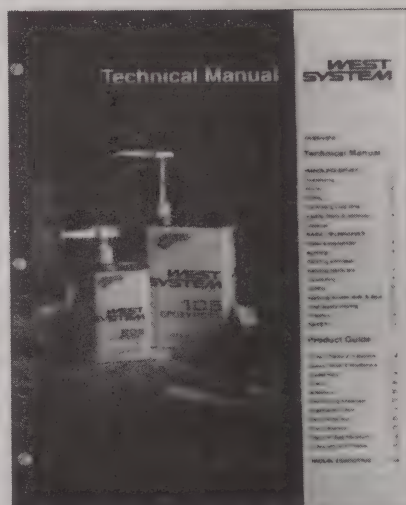
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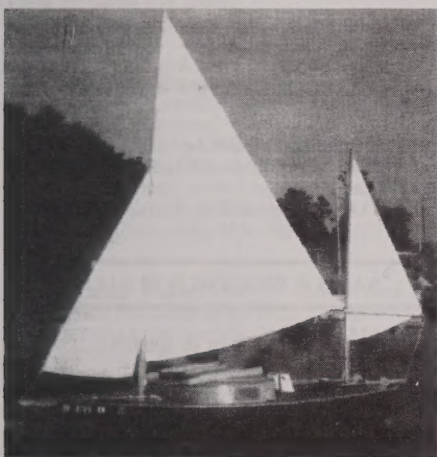
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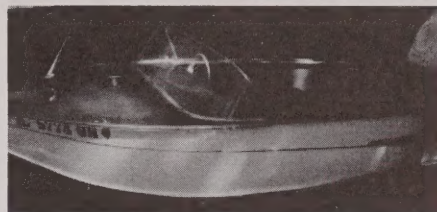
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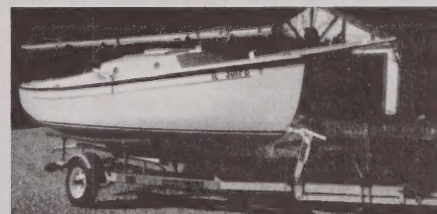
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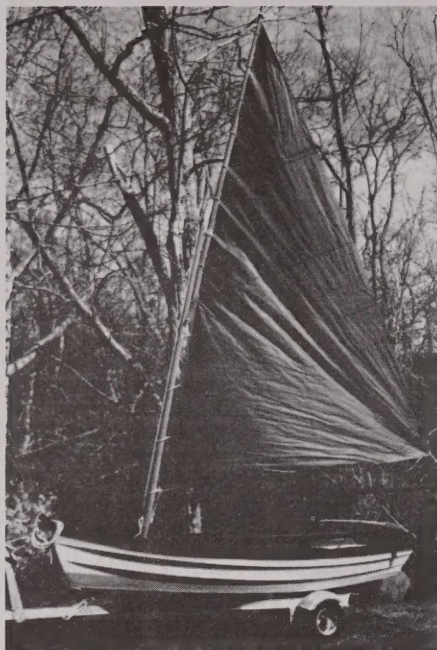
Bolger Black Skimmer, 25' leeboard sharpie cat yawl. Johnson 8hp OB, tandem axle trlr. Nds some work. \$2,000 OBO.

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. Bristil cond fresh water boat. Never moored, always stored inside. Asking \$4,500.

TERRY HEINZ, Argenta, IL, (217) 795-2348. (04)



11'3" Susan Skiff, sailing model. Traditional design, cedar on oak. Custom blt at Apprenticeshop, Rockport, ME '91. 2 rowing stations, handcarved spruce oars. Never abused. Trlr checked out by boatyard & raring to go. \$1,200 for package. SHERRILL SMITH, Orleans, MA, (508) 255-1484. (05)

18' Concordia Sloop Boat, designed/blt by Pete Culler. Exc cond (stored inside 15 yrs). Alum trlr. \$6,500. SCOTT ADAMS, Boston, MA, (617) 266-7548. (05)

14' FG Peapod, "Sail Oar #1". \$250. **11'6" Culler Sampan**, wood. Free. PAUL SCHWARTZ, Beverly, MA, (978) 922-7244, 6-9pm only. (05)

13' Boston Whaler, 35hp johnson, w/trlr. \$6,000. **15' Boston Whaler Harpoon Sailboat**, 5hp Johnson, w/trlr. \$7,500. Both in exc cond, came from Deer Isle, ME estate. ED HOWARD, Essex, MA, (978) 768-7282. (05)

21' 2-Man Racing Canoe, *Cheetah*, African mahogany ply by Kirk & Storgaard of Denmark. Patched but still beautiful. THOMAS GALE, Logan, UT, (435) 752-1624, <Gale@xmission.com> (05)

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

Seda Swift Kayak, deluxe FG, 17'L, 24"W, 12"D, 45lbs. Exc cond, stable, versatile. \$850. **15' West Wight Potter**, '85, w/trlr, 2hp Honda OB, mainsail jiffy reefing, jib & genoa. Vy gd cond. \$2,400. DICK BRIDGE, Laurel, DE, (302) 875-0879. (05)

Beetle Cat, mid-'60s, prof cold molded, 3 layers over white cedar planking. Exc cond, w/trlr. Asking \$2,300. Will help deliver. CHARLIE VON HAGEL, Bel Air, MD, (410) 838-9261 eves. (05)



Handcrafted Wooden Guideboats, two compl w/ caned seats, oars, paddle & yoke. Exc cond. TOM WHEELER, Wallingford, VT, (802) 446-3582. (04P)

15' West Wight Potter, 2 bunk cabin w/cushions, fixed gunter rig set up for single handed sailing, wooden, natural finish spars w/rod furling jib. On serviceable Lady Bee tilt trlr w/spare tire. The Potter is discussed in Larry Brown's book, *Sailing in a Micro-Budget*. Priced to sell at \$1,300/BO. EUGENE TRAINOR, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-3734 aft 6pm or lv message. (05)

Old Town Canoe, Yankee model w/full lateen sailing rig & paddles. '46 classic, all orig in gd cond. \$1,600. **Dyer Dhow**, w/sailing rig. New leathered oars. 7'11" midget in exc cond. The perfect tender. \$950. JOHN LOHER Wales, MA, (413) 245-4669. (05)

21' Fjord Lapstrake Double Ender, intended for IB power. Perf for 1 lunger or steam engine. Nds some work. \$575. CHRIS EBY, Paradise, PA, (717) 687-6417. (05)

16' Com Pac Sailboat, w/trlr & extras. \$2,500. **240 O'Day**, hardly used, fully found. \$15,000. **18' Precision**. \$5,600. And more. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (05)

Old Town Canoe, '21 Charles River model. Schuyler Thompson rblt '97. \$2,000 OBO. TOM FAGAN, Niantic, CT, (860) 739-6686. (05)

Bolger Micro, exc cond, compl w/trlr, ready to sail. \$2,500. JACK BRANDIS, Hatfield, MA, (413) 247-5527. (05)

10' Dinghy, ca '10, make unknown. Compl restored include new canvas by TSCA of South Jersey. Sliding gunter rig w/gd sail. Asking \$2,000. **15' Whitehall**, blt '93, cedar on oak, mahogany interior, 1 pc Honduras mahogany transom, sprit rig, Shaw & Tenney oars, much, much more. A beautiful boat. \$4,200. WILL HUTTON, Cape May Courthouse, NJ, (609) 465-5155. (05)

Dyer Dow, w/sailing rig, new leathered oars. 7'11" Midgit in exc cond. The perfect rowing, towing, sailing & motoring yacht tender. \$950. JOHN LODER, Wales, MA, (413) 245-4669. (05)

Free Boat, '50s Hampton style, Maine blt, 15-1/2' cedar on oak. For OB power. Nds transom & some planks. Pretty lines. Free to good home. JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 659-7605. (05)

BOATS WANTED

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, <steverama@prodigy.net> (04)

Older Venture 21 or Kells 23, or similar FG hulls to convert to motor launch. Do not need rigging or trlr. OK if hull is damaged. JOE MACOZEK, 109 Cider Hill Rd., York, ME 03909, (207) 363-5826, <wolf@ici.net> (05)

17' Bristol Dory Skiff, cosmetically challenged ok but must be sound. W/wo trlr or OB. BRIAN FLYNN, Wilton, CT, (203) 328-5776 work, (203) 761-9644 home. (05)

Catboat, 14'-16', preferably in FL or VA. JOHN VIELE, Cudjoe Key, FL, (305) 745-1064, <pamunjohn@aol.com> (05)

17' Thistle Sailboat, any cond but better is better. Destination ME. WILLIAM BLACKMORE, Rangeley, ME, (207) 864-5411. (05)

9' Fatty Knees, sailing dinghy. **12' FG Catboat**, ie. Rainbow, Kitten. JUNE PENDINO, 18 Park Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742, (732) 892-9463, <jpendino@whrhs.org> (05)

15-1/2' Drascomb Dabber, or **Montgomery 15**, or similar. Vy pristine, no wood hull. Can pick up in New England in July. JOHN LARSEN, Pueblo West, Colorado, (719) 547-3811.

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

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

Dagger Board, Mast Partners, Rudder, for Cape Cod Mark dinghy. \$50/BO. EUGENE TRAINOR, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-3734 aft 6pm or lv message. (05)

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

Bliss Float Coat, worn once, blue color small size. \$50/BO. EUGENE TRAINOR, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-3734 aft 6pm or lv message. (05)

Oars, new custom hand made oars w/Adirondack style horns. Carved by race winning boat bldr in Adirondacks. Soft maple for that extra flex kick at end of stroke. 7'11-1/4" long. \$349. I'll be at Mystic Small Craft Workshop 1st wknd in June, No Octane Regatta at Blue Mountain Lake June 18-20, and Wooden Boat Show in St. Michaels June 25-27. Look for tallest guy around.

CHUCK RAYNOR, Richmond, VA, (804) 285-7233. (05)

Universal Diesel Engine, Model 5424, 3-cyl 24hp FWC compl w/manuals, for parts or reblding only. Asking \$800. **Rockwell Contractor Table Saw**, super rugged. Asking \$350. **Sears Craftsman 10" 2.5hp Radial Arm Electric Saw**, like new. Asking \$395. \$700 for both w/free delivery between Portland, ME and Stamford, CT.

JAY FOLEY, Worcester, MA, (800) 233-6539 days. (05)

Grand Laker Trailer, new 13" rims & tires '98. Takes small boats/canoes up to 22'. \$295. STUART FALL, 30 North St., Topsfield, MA 01983, (978) 887-9657. (05)

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

'90 Mercury OB, 25hp electr start-batt, remote controls, thru tube steer, 2 - 6 gal tanks. Exc cond, little use. \$1,500 OBO.

JEROME ENOT, Dover, NH, (603) 749-4100. (4)

'86 Mercury 25hp OB, longshaft, tiller steering, low hrs, used little as kicker. \$800. **'92 Yacht Club 16' Trailer**, stored winters in garage, exc cond. \$300. SHAW BOSWELL, E. Brunswick, NJ, (732) 846-5772, <s.boswell@worldnet.att.net> (04)

Marine Fuel Tank, certified 94gal, diesel or gas. 14"x 26"x 60". New, never used. Cost \$600, sell for \$150. SIGMUND EVANKOW, Lyme, CT, (860) 434-2737. (04)

GEAR WANTED

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

Universal Bracket, tiller to tiller extension for Sunfish, etc. A.L. COURTINES, P.O. Box 542, Cotuit, MA 02635, (413) 747-5350. (04)

Skippy Shipmate Stove. MELISSA TANGREDI, Northport, NY, (516) 261-8636, <mtangre@suffolk.lib.ny.us> (05)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

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Prints, parting w/most of my marine library. Send SASE for list of give away priced how-to-builds & prints. Too old to bld too many dream boats. ARMCHAIR ADMIRAL, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702-5822, (508) 872-4206. (04)

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



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

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

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)



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

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

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35.

ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

The Odd-A-Tea, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated.

TOM MC GRATH, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book published 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)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.

TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

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

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

Old Canoe Catalogs.

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

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Marine Artist Watercolors, let me turn that dream scene into an original painting, you and your boat drifting past historic scenery in a Winslow Homer style watercolor. I've painted the boat scene from Maui to Maine for 25 years. My artwork is in the U.S. Naval Academy. 14"x 16" matted, \$40. Send photo. Useable for T-shirt transfers. Larger commissions available.

DRIFTWOOD DAN, D. Osterday, 220 W. Palomino Dr., Tempe, AZ 85284. (TF)

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

SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)



Charter Pleiades, 35' classic sailing yacht. Cruising for 4 on this beautiful vessel \$1,100/wk bareboat. Penobscot Bay, ME.

GEORGE EVANS, P.O. 19, Isleboro, ME 04848, (207) 734-8139 eves.(7P)

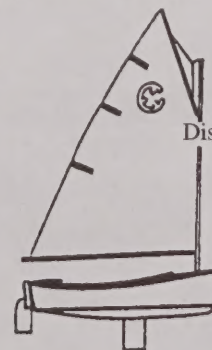
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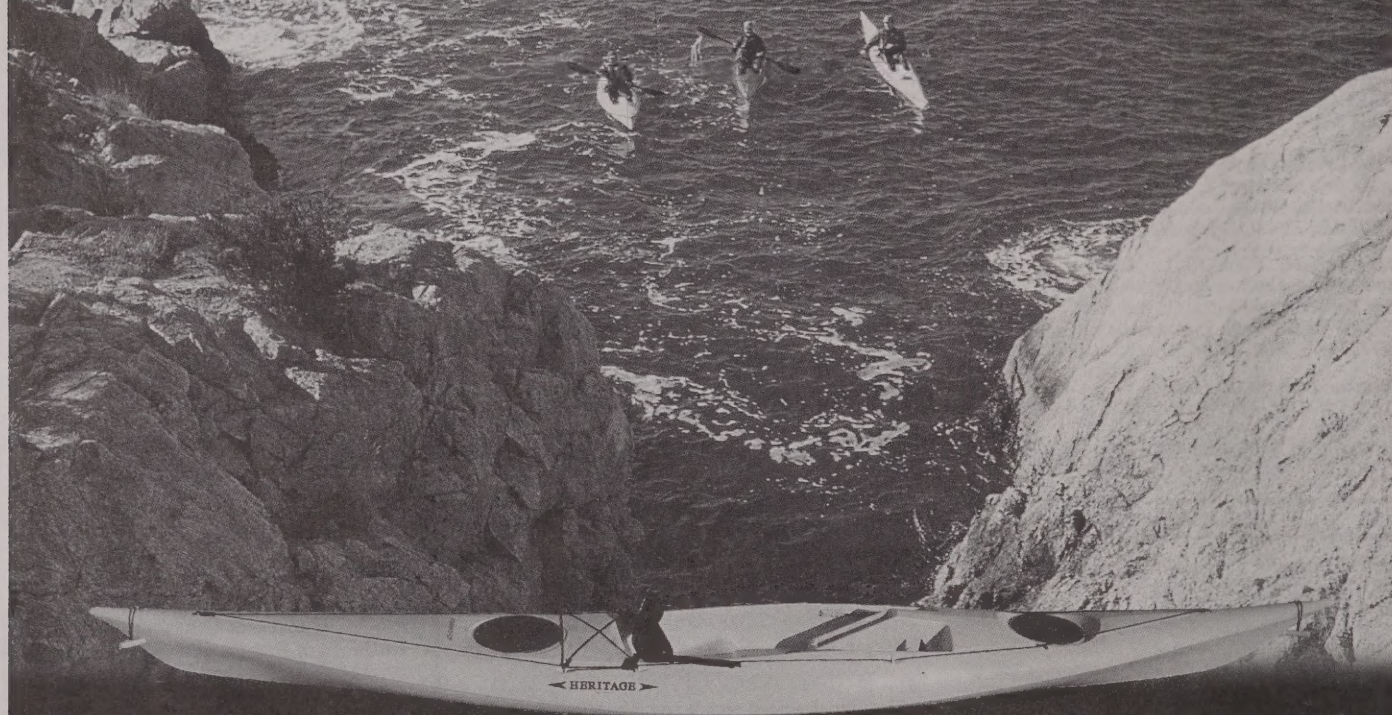
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