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Special Features This Issue
"Dogs at the Boathouse"
"Cedar Key '99" - "Catboat Education"

Volume 17 - Number 5

July 15, 1999



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messing about in BOATS



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In Our Next Issue...

I will have a collection of photos and comments from the "29th Annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop" at Mystic Seaport.

Howard Johnson reports on his experience as a chauffeur in "A Motorboat Wedding Ride"; Norm Benedict recalls a 1970's river row in "Downriver Without a Paddle"; Sharon Brown concludes her "Dogs at the Boat-house"; and William Washburn Nutting's *Track of the Typhoon*, Chapter XV, relates "The Knockdown".

Bill Kristofferson introduces some of his multihull designs in "A Tale of Two Cats"; Mark Steele continues his tales of New Zealand model boating in "The Fun Fellow Fleet"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" series launches into poetry in "In Flight"; Phil Bolger presents Part 2 of his "Marina Cruiser"; and I expect to report on what transpired at the University of New Hampshire's small boat designer symposium, "Boat Talk".

We'll have a look at two small maritime museums, the "Maine Watercraft Museum" and the "James B. Richardson Maritime Museum"; and "Boatshop News" will include International Yacht Restoration School launchings, the Winthrop, Massachusetts High School Longship project, Seth Persson Boatbuilders Skiffs & Scows, and summer sea kayaks built by students in the Chandler Boatshop at the Pingree School in Hamilton, Massachusetts.

On the Cover...

"Freestyle" canoe paddling continues to attract interest amongst paddlers, and Charlie Mink brings us a short report and a few photos from the La Louisianne Freestyle Paddling Symposium in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



There's half of a dogs-in-boats story featured in this issue. The other half will be in the next issue, for Sharon Brown's enthusiasm for dogs-in-boats at the Boat Shop livery she runs at Mystic Seaport proves difficult for her to rein in. I'm not a dog lover, they are okay for others who keep them out of my way or off my property, but I am unmoved by the dogmania that affects so large a part of our population. The old saw about a dog being a man's best friend always elicited in my mind the rhetorical question, "well, if a dog is a man's best friend, what does this say about his ability to develop friendships with fellow humans?"

I could not recall running any dogs-in-boats articles in the 389 issues turned out to date. To investigate I looked into the index of articles that retired reader Dave Thibodeau has worked up. It is not yet complete as Dave still lacks some early issues to index, but all I came up with was a reference to "Dogwatch" which turned out to be a catboat story back in an early 1984 issue. Imagine, a catboat named Dogwatch!

There's another dog-in-boat story waiting to debut here, though, "Bird Dog" crewed on a Thunderbird sloop, hence the "bird" part. I hope this does not encourage an onslaught of dogs-in-boats tales however. I try to be open minded about all the very many ways we indulge in messing about in boats, but my prejudices do get in the way at times.

I am not without experience of dogs, past and present. During the Depression we lived on my Dad's aunt's farm for a while when he lost his job. We had a farm dog then. When we moved back to suburban surroundings in 1937 the dog, used to chasing and corralling farm animals, went after the neighbors. So it was goodbye. Later when I was growing up with my Dad's chicken farming, we had a couple of dogs to scare off the foxes on the summer chicken ranges. The first dog guarded too well, he got at the mailman (honest) before he hardly got to go to work earning his dogfood and had to be disposed of. His successors spent summers on a long leash on a long high wire in the chicken range, winters nearer to the house in a doghouse on a shorter leash. They did not get indoors in our house. They were farm animals with a specific purpose.

Over the years neighbors owned several dogs with very possessive ideas about their turf, which included using our yard as a toilet and attempting to chase me off my own place. Lots of barking and snarling episodes. I found I could best discourage them by going after them with a menacing snarl of my own and a substantial stick representing potential pain to them. They were not courageous animals and fled. But they didn't give up easily either.

So much for me and dogs, I figured you should know a little about why I am not amongst the dog lovers of humanity. I told all this to Sharon, but agreed to run her long dogs' tale (tail?) anyway. So enjoy it all who are so inclined.

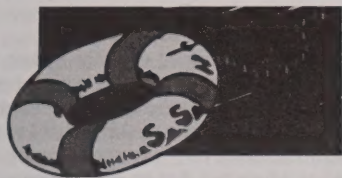
Did you notice my mention slipped into this dog story of an index of bygone articles? Yes indeed, something I have never had time to even contemplate is being developed by readers. In addition to Dave, who lives nearby (10 miles) a couple of other retired computer addicts have indicated that they want to undertake this task. Sixteen plus years worth, now 389 issues, all full of such a mix of messing about in boats material. Mind boggling to me, but a snap for a computer with a patient researcher I guess. It's just data.

I am still not yet ready to undertake filling requests that I sometimes get for "everything you have ever published on flat bottomed plywood boats" or similar broad gauge subjects. While those asking wish to buy the relevant issues, I had no way other than thumbing through 16 binders of 24 magazines each to produce answers. And now, even with Dave's index to help me find stuff, I do not have (other than my own file copies) many, many of the bygone issues, particularly the earlier years. So, while I can now use Dave's as yet incomplete index for my own research, I cannot undertake research for others. No time.

Well, why not get it all into my computer and just punch up the relevant subject and see what comes up? Even if I could afford the data entry time, it would still require me to look, and then how do I provide the material? Photocopying from a file copy is the only method I can see. No, there are no computer files of the contents that goes into every issue, all the stuff you see in each issue stays around for a couple of months after publication and then gets the heave ho.

Maybe all this will become more accessible and the index ultimately available to those interested. Then requests for specific articles from specific issues, accompanied by payment sufficient to cover the time and copying/mailling costs might be entertained.

Put it all on the Internet? Please. I am still bogged down in print media and expect to be long gone by the time the Internet, or whatever it evolves into, completely engulfs the world of the printed word. At times it's convenient to be getting too old to be bothered by the onrush of technology. My favorite description of what I am doing, from an article a reader did for the *Boston Globe Sunday Supplement* a few years ago is this: "In this age of the information superhighway, *Messing About in Boats* is still a dirt road." Amen.



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

The Coast Guard Auxiliary And Aids To Navigation

There are literally thousands of federal aids to navigation marking the safe channels in bays, harbors, rivers and the Intercoastal Waterway. There are thousands more private aids that delineate the clear channels to marinas and anchorages. The average boater who stays fairly close to home will rely on approximately 200-300 of these aids. The cruising boater depends on several hundred more. Local Auxiliary Flotillas conduct annual chart updating patrols each spring to make sure that winter storms have not damaged these aids.

Aids to Navigation, or ATONS, include lighthouses and radio beacons, but the vast majority are buoys or day boards, some of which are lighted and show a characteristic flash indicated on the chart. Accidents happen to ATONS. They are damaged by storms, struck by vessels out of the channel, subject to electrical failure and (sadly) from time to time hit by vandals. Maintaining all of the public and private aids to navigation is a major task and the Coast Guard has special units dedicated to this work. These buoy tenders are kept busy all year round.

Every boater, commercial or recreational, has a role to play in seeing that the ATONS are watching properly by reporting problems to the Coast Guard, but the Auxiliary has a special responsibility, not only in checking ATONS during regular safety patrols, but in special patrols at the start of each boating season. Early in April three Auxiliary boats from my own Flotilla will have checked all public and private aids for some thirty five miles of the Intercoastal Waterway. A little later, we will be verifying the position of off-shore aids using GPS. Other Auxiliary flotillas assume responsibility for areas to the north and south.

Not only do the Auxiliary crews check existing aids, they also keep a very close eye on their depth finders to make sure that there has been no new shoaling in what had formerly been safe water. At least one local buoy in my area has been installed because of Auxiliary ATON patrols and, unless current trends alter, another will be soon be added.

Each spring, as part of my duty as an Aids Verifier I check the PATONS, private aids to navigation, on three private marina channels in addition to the federal aids along a 35 mile stretch of the Intercoastal Waterway, and each spring I file discrepancy reports (with photographs) for all three. Two of these channels do not concern me, they are short (two red and two green markers) and they lead to marinas fully occupied by local boaters. The fact that the dayboards are in discrepancy with red letters on white rather than white on red and with deterioration of the plywood does not significantly affect boating safety.

The third channel does concern me. It is long (16 aids). It is narrow. It leads to four major marinas and it attracts a significant number of cruising boats. Were I a stranger to the area, I would have real difficulty attempting this channel at dusk, let alone after dark. Many dayboards are missing. Those that are in place are approximately 1/3 the approved size and have no retroreflective tape. Each year, when I check this channel, I have a brief regret that the Auxiliary has NO law enforcement authority. Here is a situation that could and should be remedied. All I can do is file a report.

Aids that are charted, whether public or private must, to be correct, be on station and watching properly. You and I need to have reasonable assurance that if an aid to navigation

is shown on the chart we can count on its being there to guide us to a safe mooring.

The moral of this story is that if the private aids to your marina are not correct and well maintained, you need to fuss a little and get any/all discrepancies corrected. Some boater you have not and will never meet will rely on those aids. You can make sure that his trust is well placed.

And, if and when you see an aid that is missing, off station or obscured by a bird's nest, report it at once to your local Coast Guard Station. You can be confident that an Aids-to-Navigation team will be out to make proper corrections. When they know it's broke, they fix it.

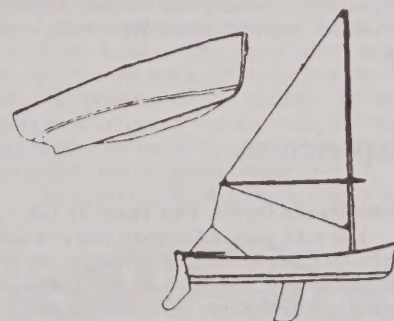
Checking on Aids to Navigation is only one of the many activities that makes the volunteer Coast Guard Auxiliary the principal boating safety organization in the country. Why not join us? Call 1-800-336-BOAT for the flotilla nearest you.

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Events & Activities...

125 Years of Eldridge

The Hull Lifesaving Museum in Hull, Massachusetts, has organized a major exhibit, "Aids to Navigation: Celebrating 125 Years of the *Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book*" which will be at the museum's Point Allerton Life Saving Station May 16 through November 14. Working in collaboration with the White family, world famous chart-makers and publishers of the renowned pilot book, the museum has assembled a fascinating display of early coastal charts ranging from Cape Henry to Halifax, including those of Geo. W. Eldridge and early U.S. Coast and Geodetic Surveys.

Navigational instruments in the exhibit include vintage sextants and an octant, a pelorus, a trim gauge, a taffrail log and a sounding lead, an early 1810 ship captain's log and several classic volumes on navigation. There are charming pictures of the White/Eldridge family and excerpts from the daughter's recollections of working on the charts which makes the exhibit really come alive.

During the run of the exhibit, the museum will sponsor lectures on piloting in Boston Harbor, celestial navigation and coastwise piloting, sailing alone around the world and skills workshops for children. There is also a present day chart, parallel rules, pencil and dividers for you to try to plot your course. This is an exhibit that will appeal to serious students of the history of chartmaking and old instruments.

The Hull Lifesaving Museum Inc., Point Allerton U. S. Lifesaving Station, The Museum of Boston Harbor Heritage, 1117 Nantasket Avenue, Hull, Massachusetts. Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday Holidays 12N-4PM. Summer hours: Wednesday- Sunday.

Experiences...

Three Weeks Down, Two Years To Go

I'm a 43 year old woman and I'm leaving home. Last week a friend bought my bed. Three days ago, at least a hundred strangers rummaged through my garage full of For Sale items. Today I finally said goodbye to my job of 10 years with the State of Florida. I will leave my very pleasant three-bedroom home in Tallahassee to move into the Apprentice House in Rockland, Maine with 10 other apprentices who share a love of building wooden boats.

How does my mother explain to our inquiring family members that her only daughter is moving to Maine to become a boat builder? "Yes, Uncle George, she's always wondered how those stem bevels were cut, and she dreams about pulling oak timbers from a steam box. My little girl!"

On March 15th, I left Tallahassee to spend three weeks as a volunteer at the Apprenticeship of Rockland. To be considered for a two year boat building apprentice-

ship position, each candidate must volunteer time at the shop and live with other apprentices. You check them out, they check you out.

During my volunteership, I scraped and sanded a 30' Channel Cutter, made saw horses, replaced missing boards on a truck bed, made mud flaps, dismantled plastic sheeting in the varnishing room, built a set of stairs, picked up trash on the side of a hill, cut a large trap door in the shop floor, made fire extinguisher boxes, designed a motor cover for an old table saw, sorted and stacked wood, made a rack for storing plywood, swept and cleaned, swept and cleaned.

I worked with another volunteer from New York and we performed our manual labor duties with pleasure, all the time eyeing the work in progress at the Shop: a Piccolo, a Rockland skiff, a Yankee Tender, a quarter scale gig, a 17' cedar canvas canoe, a Sand Dollar, a 21' open lobster boat, a 21' electric launch and the restoration of an Optimist Pram.

So off I go to Maine, to do what I've wanted to do for a long time. Not just attend a weekend workshop, not just collect books on the subject, and not just study my study plans.

What will I do when I complete my apprenticeship? I just might build a boat and sail to Tonga. Certainly my plans will evolve as my time at the Shop does. All I know now is I gotta go north. Gotta build those boats. Gotta be with those boat builder types.

Janet Hall, Rockland, ME

Needs...

What Have We Here?

Here is a photo of our "yacht" which we bought at auction. We very much would like to identify what we have. Can anyone help from the photo?

Smiljka Fitzgerald, HC 01, Box 4051, Rincon, PR 00677



Opinions...

Atlantic vs Pacific Outriggers

It has been pointed out that I have connected the wrong boat with the wrong person in my Dream Boats article in the March 1st issue. I apologize for the mixup. What I wanted to point out, however, was not so much who won what when, but that an Atlantic outrigger had successfully completed an Atlantic crossing. The point was, and still is, that I think that such a crossing would be really foolhardy, singlehandedly, in a Pacific type of outrigger, as the nature of the beast would be that it has to be constantly watched; you cannot just quietly go to sleep and hope against all common sense that there won't be some gust that will overcome the balancing weight of the ama, and nicely turn you over.

Compared with that risky kind of undertaking, a man (or woman) eventually has to catch up on his/her sleep, the Atlantic outrigger turns out to be quite safe. Of course, as Bolger has pointed out, no craft is entirely free from capsize, given the right conditions, but the Atlantic outrigger seems to be reasonably safe for a long distance singlehanded trip.

Richard Carsen, Flagstaff, AZ

Projects...

Land Or Sea Home

A project that has rattled around in my head for almost 5 or 6 years started out as a little houseboat idea. I'm always thinking light-weight and take-apart. Last year, I began working on a large 1/4 scale model of the cabin part of the houseboat. I had already worked out on paper an excellent floor plan for the cabin (I took a year of architectural design in college). So, with my big houseboat model, I was able to do detailed planning of the floorplan and also the construction method. I worked out a real easy-to-construct method that can be erected in about an hour and taken apart in about 45 minutes by one person, half this time if two did it.

It is built in panels, with no panel weighing more than 25 pounds. The floor is of the same principle. The size is 8' wide by any length you want. The houseboat cabin was planned to be 8' x 12' long. A month ago, I began building a few full-size panels in my small workshop. I built enough to erect an 8' x 8' cabin. I wanted to see how the strength and actual construction method would stand up. It exceeded what I had expected.

I have a special material that I plan to cover these panels with, but as I don't have it on hand yet, I covered them with the free lightweight clear plastic that our Lowe's Building Supplies store furnishes for customers to cover merchandise and materials they take home in their cars or trucks in rainy weather.

I erected this first 8' x 8' unit in the backyard on a nice, but rather cold day. A couple of days later, we had a 4"-6" snowstorm. I went out and sat in the unit and watched it snow! There were strong wind gusts occasionally, but the unit stood everything perfectly. And, it was surprisingly warm inside! I could have easily slept out there in a sleeping bag.

A day or two later, I was looking through a gardening magazine and saw an ad for an

8'x 10' greenhouse that was priced at \$1,200! It was not portable, or even take-apart, but was to be erected on a permanent foundation. That gave me another idea. With the temporary, thin clear plastic on my little unit, I decided to leave it erected and use it as a greenhouse through the spring! I've put several quickly-made shelves in it. I'd built a hinged door right into one of the panels. The roof is made of simple arched trusses that can be taken down in 10 minutes. The walls, formed by the panels, are 6' high, and under the arches the headroom is 7'. I found a source for special greenhouse plastic material in clear and several translucent colors, ultraviolet-treated, that will last for at least 5 years. I will get some of this soon.

Before erecting the 8'x 8' unit in the yard, I stacked the panels on my strong cartop rack to see if they could be carried on the rack. The stack is just 15" high and would be a cinch to carry in a pickup bed. But I'd feel comfortable taking it on my cartop rack to my usual camping lake site 30 miles away! It would make a much more comfortable living unit than any tent, making a several day/night stay a real treat! One or two people could take the unit on a fishing trip lasting a week or two and really save lodging expense with real comfort! I might even take mine (when finished with the better material) over to the coast for two or three weeks this summer.

And perhaps next winter, this could become a solar heated small boatshop at whatever length needed!

I'm still keeping my houseboat idea in mind, after testing this cabin unit as described, I'll be making several more panels to give a 12' length. I've thought about building two, large and simple kayak shaped floats that would attach under the floor panel of the cabin to convert it to my houseboat. These floats could be used separately as boats.

"Land Or Sea Home" is the name I've chosen for this project when I build it!

Walter Hand, Hobbycraft Kayaks, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692.

This Magazine...

Remembered From '89

I found you on the net and remembered you from '89, different to say the least. I recall a story about a guy who built a canoe of PVC pipe and vinyl upholstery material, and an instant tarp boat from a single sheet of 1/4" exterior ply, some 2"x 4"s, a 1"x 6" and a 9"x 12' plastic tarp. The classifieds were real small boats, not waterborne Chevys.

Scott Tanner, Chesapeake, VA
Shantyboats Came Through

Thanks to my recent request on these pages I have had a number of notes from readers offering copies of books about shantyboats. I have obtained through reader Chris Crandall, *Shantyboat...a River Way of Life*, *Shantyboat on the Bayous*, and *Shantyboat Journals*.

Leston Rice, Warwick, NY

Mohonk Skiff a Surprise

Even though I have come to expect anything and everything in *MAIB*, I was surprised and delighted to see the notes on the Mohonk Skiff in the May 15th issue.

My father was the hotel physician at Lake Mohonk and I grew up there, mainly in those boats. The dockmaster was kind enough to get

an old one out of storage for me, painted work green in contrast to the varnished hulls of the rest of the fleet. In return, I bailed all the boats after every rain and wiped off the dew each morning. I managed to rig a sail of sorts on "my" skiff, though I can't remember that it was very efficient. It was the "craftsmanship" of an eleven year old. She would, however, go slowly to windward and gave me many hours of pleasure.

The Mohonk Skiffs are delightful boats and I was pleased to learn that they are still being built. They deserve to be.

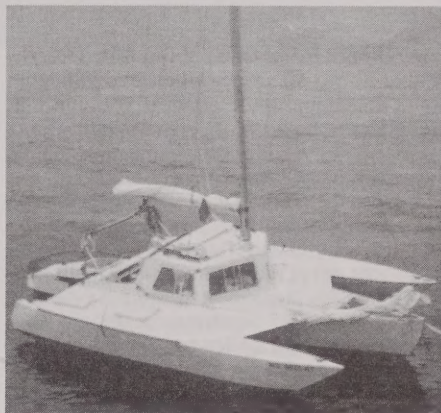
Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

Changed My Life

After a long (10 year) hiatus since my subscription lapsed, I recently found a copy of a February issue at the Savin Hill Yacht Club in Dorchester, Massachusetts and rediscovered the pleasure of *Messing About in Boats*.

Your publication did change my life when I purchased a little plywood trimaran from a classified advertiser. I spent five years rebuilding and customizing her and six seasons sailing her. *Big Sky* has been a major messing about in boats for a guy with little prior boating experience.

Randall Brubaker, Somerville, MA



A Real Magazine

Last summer some friends bought a cottage on the lower Potomac and then realized that they needed a boat. They bought a Thistle. Then I showed Tom *MAIB*. During the fall he read all my back copies and then subscribed. They were delighted to discover a real magazine.

Phil Frisbee, Washington, DC

Some Inner Sailing

I am a friend of Joanne Scott and have enjoyed very much reading her poetry in "Remembering...". Sailing has been a major interest in my life, although I have not sailed now in some ten years. One quickly forgets, so I thought I would indulge in some "inner sailing" from the pages of your magazine and enjoy once again the romance (and work) of boating.

Georgene Callahan, Somerset, NJ

Useful Information...

Neat Little Craft

I saw this replica of an older Norwegian fishing boat sitting on a dock in Trondheim waiting to be shipped to Bergen. She was built

of pine (I think), planks looked to be about 3/16" thick fastened with clenched nails. She was bright finished with trim painted and was set up for both rowing and sailing, the spars were aboard, but no sign of a rudder although gudgeons were fitted. I couldn't determine how seams were sealed. All in, a neat little craft.

Bob Smithson, Bend, OR



Look To The Fish, Says Henry David Thoreau

A boat would be a sort of amphibious animal, a creature of two elements, related by one-half its structure to some swift and shapely fish, and by the other to some strong-winged and graceful bird. The fish shows where there should be the greatest breadth of beam and depth in the hold; its fins direct where to set the oars, and the tail gives some hint for the form and position of the rudder. The bird shows how to rig and trim the sails, and what form to give the prow, that it may balance the boat and divide the air and water best.

The Mariner's Book of Days, Peter Spectre



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Friday, April 30th, 1999

It became a small boat convoy as we got closer to Cedar Key. Bud and Rhoda Tritschler towing *Nutshell*, *Whisper* behind my van, and *Ocita*, a Dovekie, being towed by Bob Wood, thundered down the two lane blacktop highway 24 towards the damp smell of the low tide salt marsh, which we knew to be Cedar Key. It was mid-day, and the air was unusually cool for the first weekend in May. The weather had been getting cooler as we drove north. A cold front was dragging itself over the peninsula, and we were getting the raw effects of it. No rain, thankfully, but the wind was very gusty and the high temperature was at a record low for the date, at about 58 degrees.

We pulled the boats up on the beach in front of the Island Place, and took a walk to see who else was here. As we walked down the street, we decided that Cedar Key would have to be renamed "Sea Pearl City" for the weekend.

We'd never seen more Sea Pearls in one place. *Chessie*, Mike and Becky Latta's centerboard Sea Pearl from North Carolina is here, Larry Whitted's Trimaran version, Paul and Dodie Waggoner's Tri, *Wag's Folly*, Jim and Pam Manning's Sea Pearl 21, Bud and Rhoda Tritschler's boat *Nutshell*, Mike Robert's boat *Solar Too!*, and Steven Slyter's *Pearl Ann*, are all lined up on trailers or "going over the side" at the boat ramp. Tosh from Atlanta has a new Sea Pearl. He got tired of watching their sterns at previous Cedar Key events. Other Pearls, including Dana Decker's sloop rigged hull number one, arrived on Saturday. In all there were 16 Sea Pearls at Cedar Key.

Other interesting vessels were also sighted. *Steadfast*, a Martha Jane, owned by a man named "Benнет", from California, is sitting on it's trailer alongside the Island Place. I can't wait for Steve Anderson to arrive tomorrow, as he is building a Martha Jane, and will be ecstatic to get a first hand look at a finished version. Mark Stewart brought his Glen L Sea Kayak 2 with CLC trimaran rig back for a second year. He's rigging her on

Cedar Key - 1999

By Ron Hoddinott

the beach. *Banana Boat*, Dale Niemann's Marples three Meter Tri, is on the beach in front of the Island Place. It's really well done, and cute, painted a bright yellow with a banana for a handle to open the stern hatch.

Of course Hugh Horton and Ron Sell have been here since Tuesday. Hugh brought the venerable *Black Puffin* decked sailing canoe, and Ron brought a new sailing canoe, based on a different Bell canoe design. This time he's engineered a unique "leeboard" that is actually a paddle held in a wooden clamp device. How's that for dual purpose - weight saving?

Bob and Carol Boyd have their new Pocket Cat, *Pau Hana*, in the water. They've added some finishing touches since I've seen her last. The canvas work is done now, with a see-through dodger and zip in curtains. Lots of mahogany trim has also been added, making her look much more finished.

Freddie-the-Cat, is a Brewer 26 cat boat design, cut down to 13 feet. It's a cold molded mahogany boat that is just as cute as cats can be. Bob Treet brought it up from St. Petersburg, and everyone thanks him.

Dinner tonight was at the Blue Desert, kind of a retro-60's place where everything is home made, and quite good, if you enjoy a funky atmosphere.

Saturday, May 1st, 1999

Up at the crack of dawn, we made breakfast in the room, and then checked on the boats on the beach. Damn it's cold out! The wind is blowing out of the northwest and gusting in the upper 20's. I go back in and put on three layers and my foul weather gear. Finally I'm warm enough, except for my ears. I know... Florida boy can't take the cold. It was only 50 or so, but with the wind, it was uncomfort-

able. We're trying to wait to see if the weather is going to improve. Maybe the sun will break through the clouds. The Pearls are completely out of the water, and the high tide isn't until 3 P.M. We get really creative with some 4 inch PVC pipe and roll them closer to the water.

Finally, I see another sail out on the bay between Atsena Otie and the mainland. That's it. That's all I can take. I'm going out. Mark Johnson, from New Smyrna Beach, Florida, is my crew for the day. We push *Whisper* off the beach and head out. We put three reefs in the main and two in the mizzen, but we're still barely under control. I'd underestimated the strength of the wind. It is gusting over 30 now, with a constant 20 knots.

Mark marvels at the speed of the Pearl in these conditions. We decide to head around Atsena Otie Key with the wind on a broad reach. Suddenly the bow rises and a rooster tail shoots from behind the rudder. A rolling wake, I tell Mark, is a sign that we're doing over five knots. When the bow rises up, that means were exceeding the 5.7 hull speed, and then some. I think we were pushing 7 or 8 knots at the time, but didn't have my GPS on board to prove it. We didn't plan on staying out too long, but by the time we beat our way back around the other side of the island, the sun made it's magical appearance from behind the clouds, and things began to look up.

For one thing, the beach at Atsena looks like the May 1st mess-a-bouts of old, with all kinds of sailing and paddling craft beached, and good folks enjoying the "boat talk", and finally the sun. We pulled up and joined in the fun. Ron Johnson, the Sea Pearl's designer, was there in a new Pearl Trimaran. Steven Steward's Mud Hen made a appearance, *Rope Yarn Sunday*, Andy and Sue Roo's Sea Pearl was there, and most of the fleet from the two small boat clubs, the "Halifax Trailer Sailors" of Ormond Beach, and the "West Coast (of Florida) Trailer Sailing Squadron", of which I am a member.

The Bolger Martha Jane, *Steadfast*, attracted a lot of attention. Steve Anderson and family were getting a ride in what will one day be "their boat." They all had huge smiles on their faces, as the MJ was really sailing well in the gusty conditions. Its tanbark sails stood out in bold relief against its pale green topsides, and off-white decks. It looked like a train on rails as it smoothly rode over the choppy water.

Sometime during this day, Jim Manning, a Sea Pearler who's a Coast Guard helicopter pilot during the times that he has to work, was put into action to save a smaller creature. It seems that his ten year old daughter Katie, spotted a baby raccoon, who had been stranded on an oyster bar with the rising tide. Jim said that the little "coon" couldn't tell which way to go to get back to the island, since his perspective was only two inches above the water. Jim performed the "Raccoon Rescue", after his daughter started crying, "Save him Daddy, he'll drown!" Jim put a towel over the tiny creature, and turned him over on his back. Doing that seemed to calm him down. Then, with wife Pam holding his Sea Pearl off the oyster bar, he carefully returned the baby raccoon to the solid ground of the island, where it scampered off with only its pride damaged. Three cheers to Jim, and the Raccoon Rescue Squad!

Even though the sun was out, it was still quite cool in the wind. So after making a run

Sea Pearls, Mud Hen, Dovekie, and Birdwatcher at Island House Beach.





Sea Pearls start to gather at North Key.

for the food cooler and socializing for a while on the island, we headed back to the Island Place beach. A shower, a rest, and a change of clothes are in order, as we've all agreed to meet at the Captains' Table for a two-club-and-all-interested-parties-seafood-banquet at 6:30.

Dinner was quite good, with great service from a well organized waitress and staff. We enjoyed the boat photo albums that were passed around and stayed late for dessert long after the plates were cleared away.

Then Ron Johnson came in with bad news. John Glass, a Sea Pearl sailor, and long time friend of Ron's, was missing. He'd last been seen beating up the channel against the still strong wind and tide, and hadn't been heard of for two and a half hours. Ron wanted Jim's advice on calling the Coast Guard.

Jim took the information and retreated to my condo room, where I had the appropriate charts. He called Clearwater station, where he works to request a chopper, and they patched him through to the Yankeetown station where a boat would be put in for the search. Luckily, after rechecking the condo where John was staying, he was located. Seems he'd run out of gas, and beached the "Glass Slipper" down around Daughtry Bayou and walked home, tired and cold. We all breathed a sign of relief. "It's tough to lose your friends like that," Ron Johnson said as he walked out our door. Yes it is.

Sunday, May 2nd, 1999

We were all looking forward to a sunny day with the winds coming down a bit, and that's exactly what we got. I was lobbying everyone for a repeat of last year, where we sailed to North Key on Sunday. Bob and Les were moaning about taking the Dovekie out of the water in order to head back early. Luckily, I'd made all the sandwiches for lunch and

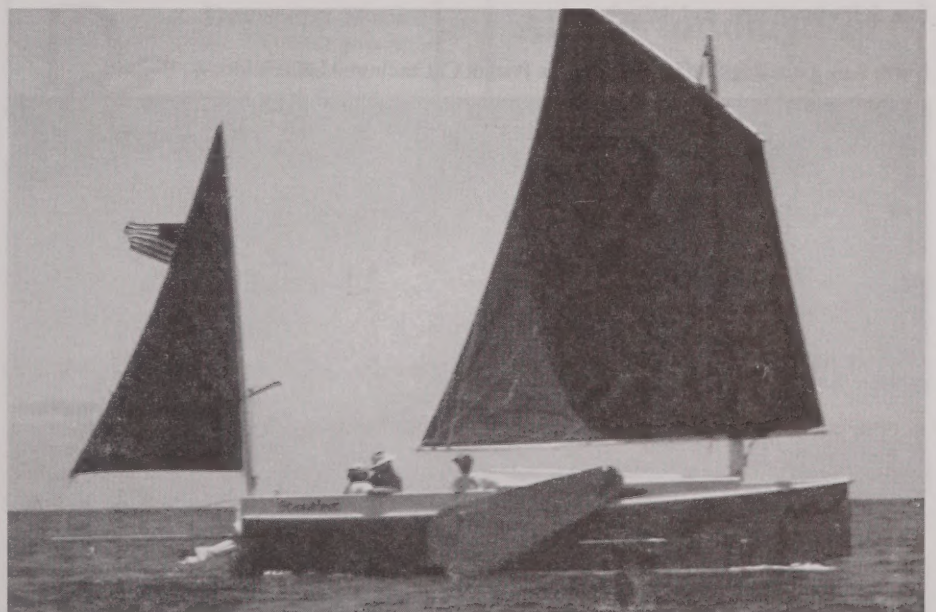
had them in my cooler in *Whisper*! I told them if they wanted lunch, they'd have to meet me at North Key! That seemed to do the trick, and they started getting ready.

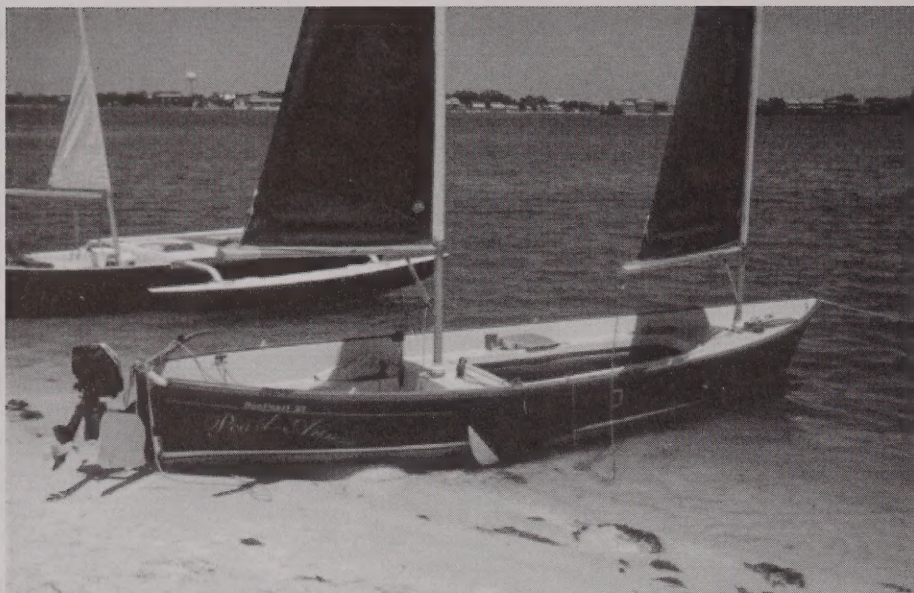
Mark met me down by the beach and Hugh Horton asked if I'd take his daughter-in-law, Suzanne, to North Key in *Whisper*. Naturally, I agreed. Suzanne and Mark were great shipmates. Mark got some time on the helm threading his way upwind to North Key. Suzanne hadn't had the chance to do a lot of sailing, having spent most of her life in Montana and New Mexico. She really enjoyed the day, though. Bottlenosed dolphins kept us company on the way, and flocks of Ibis flew

Steadfast, Martha Jane at speed.

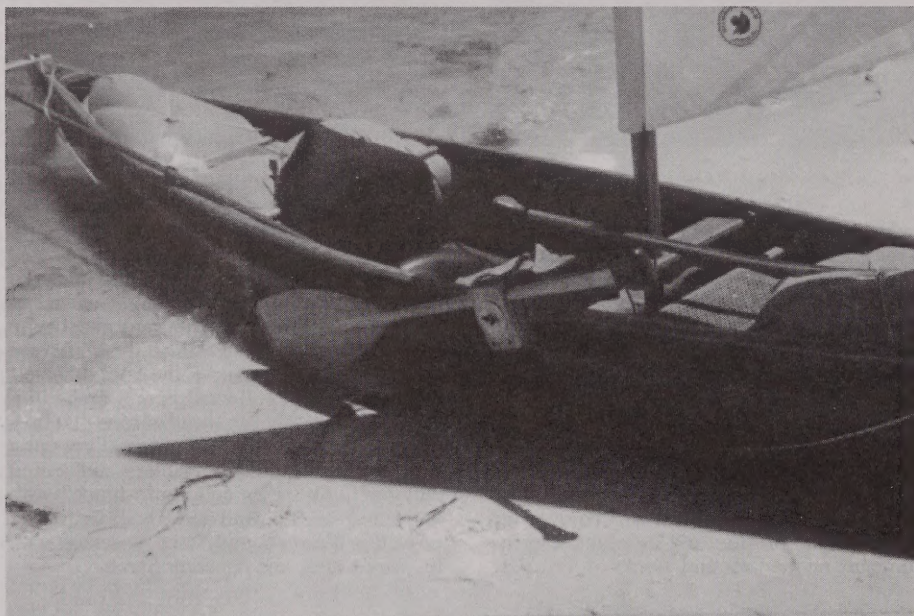
overhead to the northeast from Seahorse Key to the mainland.

On the almost pure white sand beach of North Key, we found several boats ahead of us, and more on the way. Paul and Dodie Waggoner set up beach chairs, the Mannings put down a blanket, and Katie buried herself in the sand, and collected hermit crabs in a glass jar. Pam told her ahead of time that they weren't coming home with them. I got out a Red Dog beer and my binoculars, and started playing "look who's coming to lunch" with interested sailors. Bud and Rhoda Tritschler arrived in *Nutshell*, and Steve Anderson with his wife Kathy, and daughter Sarah.





Pearl Ann, nominated Best Looking Sea Pearl at Cedar Key '99, Atsena, Otie Key.



Ron Sell's innovative paddle/leeboard.

North Key gathering Sunday, the Boyd's Pocket Cat anchored off.



Soon the beach was nearly filled, and arriving boats had to look for a place to poke their bows between the rows of Sea Pearls, and other beach cruisers. Pictures were taken. People were ecstatic about the great sunny weather, and cool breezes. Vows were heard about coming again next year. I even heard someone say that they'd never had more fun in a sailboat. Another swore that the reservations were going to be made as soon as they returned to Cedar Key. Finally I spotted Bob and Les in the Dovekie. They were doing well, having gotten underway late, and were quite hungry by the time they reached the beach. I showed them where the food was, and they enjoyed tearing into lunch.

After a respectful amount of time on land, one by one the gathering began to break up. As we had last year, we elected to sail southeast around Seahorse Key on the way home. This made our course two long broad reaches with a dead downwind run along the southern shore of Seahorse. We skimmed along just off the markers cautioning boaters not to land on the beach, as birds were nesting in their rookeries.

By the time we had Seahorse in our wake, the wind started to really kick up. We had the incoming tide with us, and the GPS began to record our speed in larger numbers than we are used to seeing. Our speed was good, but I'm sure the tide contributed at least a knot to the recorded 8.0 knots over the bottom. Before we really wanted to quit for the day, we were beaching the boat at the Island Place, and furling sail.

By six-thirty on Sunday, the Cedar Key Mess-a-Bout '99 was coming to a close. Most of the boats had packed up and headed out. A few of us headed over to the Seahorse Restaurant for a last-night-together dinner party. The group, which included Steve Anderson and family, Richard Sandy of the Peep Hen, and Bob and Carol of the Pocket Cat, were seated in the lounge downstairs.

The Andersons had ordered, and were waiting for their food. The rest of us were enjoying shrimp cocktails and liquid delights from the bar. If it weren't for the great company, I'm sure we would have been upset by the "there's only one waitress for the whole first floor" service. Suffice to say we were there a long time, but hardly noticed, as we were sharing our love for small boats with people who truly understand.

Monday, May 3rd, 1999

Last night forgotten, Steve Anderson and I met down at the beach for a last sail. Steve took his daughter Sarah along, but I wanted to be alone with my thoughts. Tosh from Atlanta was out sailing his new Sea Pearl. Together we headed out for a circumnavigation of Snake Key. The winds were southeast, and light. A totally different kind of day from the previous two.

The sun was up, and the light off the water was intense. I struggled between being comfortable behind sunglasses, and getting a good perspective on the puffs of wind without them. I went into a zone. Scrape, scrape... up leeboard, up rudder... a look over the side... watching the sponges go by. Soon deep water again, down board and rudder, concentrate on the wind ripples off the port side, glance at the tell-tales on the main sail, ease the sheet, check the mizzen, squint into the morning sun, feel the boat react to a puff. A perfect day.



Jim Manning enjoys a closer look at *Freddie-the-Cat*.



Core Sound 17.



Katie Manning (10) enjoying the North Key gathering.

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Sue Plankis in a superb demonstration of Canadian style of "omerling."



Above: Tryon and Anne Lindaberry in perfect balance.

Left: Mark Molina is the current solo men's freestyle competition champion.

Jackie Pepde (stern) and Karen Knight dancing on the water.



Allons Pagailler

By Charlie Mink

The 8th. Annual La Louisianne Freestyle Paddling Symposium got underway in fine form Friday night, March 26, with home-cooked crawfish pie and all the trimmings. This annual event takes place at the beautiful Fountainbleu State Park in Mandeville, Louisiana (north across Lake Pontchetrain from New Orleans).

Paddlers from across the country gather here each March for a weekend of freestyle paddling, teaching, fine Cajun cooking, and camaraderie. Perfection in weather added to the enjoyment of those who came to teach, to learn, or just to mess about.

This was Head Honcho John Steib's first year in charge, having taken over from the retiring Dan Earle, but all events proceeded smoothly due in part to the kitchen magic of Sue, his wife and paddling partner.

All teaching is in accordance with, and sanctioned by, the American Canoe Association, and all instructors are ACA certified. Teaching sessions are interspersed with freestyle demonstrations, many by national champion paddlers.

A special treat was in store Saturday night for those gathered around the (imaginary) campfire. An impromptu musical jam developed with a flute, a bohron, a harmonica, a mountain dulcimer, and a bagpipe.

For our northeastern paddling brethren who might be interested, the "Yankee Counterpart" to La Lu happens in July in the form of the Adirondack Freestyle Symposium held annually at Paul Smiths College. A call to Tom McKenzie of the Loon Boat Works, 973-503-9492, or an e-mail to loonworks@sprynet.com will bring information on that event.



The National Small Boat Calendar

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<http://www.by-the-sea.com/events.html>

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Jack Scott waits at the dock to take the lines of the Good Little Skiff for George Baskette. The ride over, Mr. P. quickly loses interest in the boat and once, to his chagrin, misjudged the distance to the dock (Sharon Brown Photograph).

Dogs At The Boathouse

By Sharon Brown

"I must state categorically that there is just no such thing as the superior, all-purpose rowboat, just as there is no such animal as the superior, all-purpose dog. Border collies were bred for herding sheep, dachshunds for digging out badgers, malamutes for hauling sleds, Dobermans for police work, and Dalmatians for running after coaches.

A veteran of small boat voyaging at Mystic Seaport and in New England waters, 11-year old Labrador Retriever, Kelsea partakes of one of her land-based games, waiting on the photographer to throw the tennis ball (Sharon Brown Photograph).



"Peapods are fine for setting lobster pots around rocky shores and ledges, guideboats for portaging through the Adirondack brush, salmon wherries for launching stern first into the surf, Whitehalls for fast taxi service across the bay before motors came into use—but swap these functions around at your peril. Whether a rowboat is any good or not depends to some extent on what it is used for and who uses it" (John Gardner, "Building Classic Small Craft," International Marine Publishing, 1977; also National Fisherman Guide to Boats 73(13):25, 1993).

John Gardner's classic words have special appeal at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse, not only because of his lucid explanation of small craft variety in form and function, but also because of his canine reference. John, who kept a desktop dictionary, was familiar with Webster's definition of *Canis familiaris*, "a highly variable domestic mammal closely related to the common wolf (*Canis lupus*). For many traditional small craft enthusiasts, dogs and boats go together.

And personal preference for small wooden boats is as diverse as personal preference for dog breeds. There is a significant range in both. In fact, off the scale, just as there is infinite variety in home-built boats, some mariners lack concern for parental history of their canine companions, and some would prefer cats as crew on aquatic adventures.

But what mariner, even one in a catboat, hasn't followed in the wake of ancient voyagers, orienting themselves by searching the night sky for the companion of Orion the Hunter, the Dog Star, Sirius. Brightest star seen from Earth, Sirius, found by following the line of Orion's belt to the left, may provide comfort when all elements seem overwhelming. Dogs bear close witness to the human condition. Their lives are inextricably linked to mankind.

Dogs are wretchedly exploited, as in Greyhounds. Bets are laid on the outcome of

their staged fights. They are raised for human consumption and medical research; they protect life and property for the wealthy and inner city gangs, alike. They perform heroic acts of bravery, serve as companions for homeless street people and the elderly ware-housed in retirement complexes. They are used in advertising, selling beer, cigarettes or designer handbags. They form the core of small mammal veterinary practices, participate in blood drives and contribute to municipal coffers, experiencing cruel, untimely ends when they run afoul of regulations.

They perform on stage, in the movies and at the circus. They work for the blind, police, search and rescue personnel, mushroom foragers, duck hunters, drug interdiction agencies, and detect fruit and vegetable contraband for the Department of Agriculture. They are banned from restaurants, public parks and beaches. They are beasts of burden and transportation.

On the other hand, "It's a dog's life," is a phrase meant to convey with apparent envy, their life of catered leisure, free from care, which some appear to enjoy, particularly in our society. They are a bellwether of our economy and self image. Dogs have monogrammed bowls and bags and other paraphernalia offered in yuppie catalogues and department stores, designer health food and shampoos, vitamins, licensed groomers, professional walkers, diaries, birthday parties, web sites, psychiatrists, and psychics.

At dog play schools, educated attendants spend quiet time, reading out loud to them. They appear in full page ads in the Wall Street Journal and The New York Times, or covers for The New Yorker or Yahoo Internet Life. Corporate personnel pose with them for glossy annual reports and journal articles. They are blessed in church and their stories afforded separate sections in libraries, bookstores and video store shelves. Their images chronicle the date and are featured in the Metropolitan Museum of Art Stores.

Many of the black and white photographs in "Dog Dogs," a current book by photographer Elliott Erwitt (1998, Phaidon Press Limited, London, U. K., reviewed Smithsonian December 1998) illustrate his vision of their schizoid life. "Every day they must live on two planes at once juggling the dog world with the human world." The book, a compilation of 820 poignant and hilarious portraits of dogs and a few cats, from around the world, illustrates how well they serve their dual roles. By coincidence in all 512 pages, there is only one photograph of a dog in a boat.

Start thinking about dogs and you see them everywhere, walking to the park, waiting in cars in parking lots, in pickups at the town dock, at the boat shop and boat yards. You read about them in The New Yorker and catch Click and Clack's dog jokes while tuning in NPR on the ride home. One attributed to Groucho Marx: "Outside of a dog, a book is man's best friend. Inside of a dog, it's too dark to read."

And another from Mark Twain: "The principle difference between man and a dog: if you pick up a starving dog and feed it, it won't bite you." You hear the voice of John Gardner reading aloud his thoughts about them. You notice the significant number of New Yorkers who stroll with their pets on the upper East side, stooping to clean the sidewalks of deposits left so indignantly by dogs

who's paws never touch the earth. You see them in the few family photographs you faithfully unpack after each move and display at eye level—your dog, boyfriend and a wooden rowboat.

You remember the delight that a family from Ohio expressed when they learned no one would have to remain behind on the dock as they could take their family pet for a row in the Boston Ship Chandler's Whitehall, Elysea. You recall summer days as a child on an estuary spent with your dog in a canoe and other small boats, all wood. And the stuff you step in despite resolve to the contrary.

Dogs impact human existence. We even communicate using their attributes as descriptive monikers in the vernacular. Whether or not you like it, dogs are here to stay.

Leashed dogs are welcome at Mystic Seaport, and in particular, they are welcome at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse on Lighthouse Point on the shores of the Mystic River estuary. In company of visitors inquiring of traditional small craft to rent, they are considered part of the family, and treated accordingly.

Regardless of their prowess at swimming, dogs frequently adapt quicker than their anxious owners, and with utmost trust board the livery boats, and settle down content to view the scenery from a new perspective. Or nonplused, they take a dip at the Australia beach or a drink offered in an improvised container from the tap at the head of the marine railway alongside The Boathouse.

It is not unusual for dogs to be mentioned in the daily tallies for The Boathouse. They outrank imaginary twins and are included in the statistics printed in the Staff Bulletin and seasonal reports, including the summary report upon Columbus Day closing prepared for the Yachting And Boating Committee and read by committee members some of whom are Mystic Seaport trustees.

The 1998 Boathouse Members Day report included the following sentence: "On Saturday, September 26, staff and volunteers worked under perfect weather conditions to put a one-day record of 382 people on the water in traditional small craft!" Several people were prompted to respond, "What? No dogs?!" As for example, in the report for the Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous Weekend, July, 1998, when The Boathouse put a total of 495 people and one dog on the water: The 20-foot catboat Breck Marshall carried 129 passengers, the 26-foot launch Resolute carried 82 passengers and there were 284 people and one dog in 108 boat rentals.

Sometimes the names of the dogs are included in the reports. On Members Day, September 23, 1995 The Boathouse provided on-the-water experiences for a total of 374 people (including 17 courageous non members) and three dogs. There were 93 boat rentals accommodating 260 people and three dogs (two Buddy's and a Ricci!) in traditional small craft, row and sail. By coincidence on Members Day in 1994, 250 Members and a dog enjoyed the opportunity to row or sail a small wooden boat on the river with friends and family. On that day, records show one Black Labrador, Ricci, sailed aboard a Beetle Cat and the Woods Hole Sprintsail boat Sandy Ford, and went out on two, half-hour, rowboat excursions. Ricci had established a record of small boat use.

Facetious? No. Whimsical perhaps, but The Boathouse is a place for families whatever their size and make-up. And as John

Gardner often remarked, if traditional small craft are not fun to use, their days will be limited.

I first met the black lab Ricci on the Seaport grounds on a wet October afternoon about five years ago when member Dan Ernst, a Rhode Island lobsterman and boatbuilder, tied up at the north end Cruising Club Dock. I invited Dan and Ricci to enjoy the benefits of The Boathouse and sail a Beetle Cat.

Thereafter it became their custom to join us in the fall in conjunction with their annual migration to Florida aboard the 26-foot dory sloop Neptune's Cradle or in the spring during the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, on their return north to Rhode Island. They were a pair, walking the grounds or enjoying a classic from the Boathouse livery fleet. However, Ricci won't be sailing at The Boathouse again and this year Dan made his passage south without her. Ricci, a veteran of the inter coastal waterway, is on her own solo journey having recently crossed the bar.

Seaport members like the Wiggins' family of Cos Cob, Connecticut—Roger, Kathy, Grant, Todd, and Leahann—often make the long drive to Mystic Seaport on a Sunday the one day they can all be together and they bring Bob, their dog. They may take turns sitting with Bob by the shore while others row or sail a Beetle Cat, or throw sticks for him at the railway. Bob is a member of the family. And like other visitors to Mystic Seaport they appreciate the fact that they are allowed to bring their leashed dog on the grounds. In the summer, many guests on vacation would be forced to pass by if the only alternative was to leave the family pet in the car frying on the hot tarmac of the parking lot.

Through the years Mr. P., an 11-year old Australian Shepherd, in company with George Baskette and Allison Pyott, has become a regular customer at the livery. His short, powerful legs and low slung body provide for good onboard stability. Mr. P. walks into The Boathouse with aplomb and purpose, and wastes



Alex Forbes steadies the bow of the Whitehall as a young couple returns from an hour-long workout on the river with their English Bull Dog. His kit includes bowl, water and leash (Sharon Brown Photograph).

no time trotting down the ramp and hopping aboard the Chamberlain Dory Skiff or a Good Little Skiff where he prefers the stern sheets, dry and a good vantage point for relaxed observation.

In August, 1994, 12-year old Nicole Giguere paid a visit by kayak. She was off her family boat, Nepenthe tied up in a slip behind Shipyard. Nicole paddled her bright yellow Aquaterra Keowe with her little black dog Blackberry as crew, over to The Boathouse in the evening. She shared her boat and her thoughts on the handling differences between it and the Chamberlain dory skiff.

A confident boat handler, used to cruising Long Island Sound with her parents, Nicole outfitted her kayak with soda, snack, paper

Jack Russell Terriers, Betty and Rudy, head out for a row in the Whitehall tender (Sharon Brown Photograph).





Alyssa Stover, Wade Smith, and Willis set out for Mason's Island in the newly launched Seaford Skiff, Helen Packer. A young, "Northeastern Coyote," as Wade describes him, Willis is comfortable in small boats, and last summer spent two weeks canoe camping in the Allagash River system (Sharon Brown Photograph).

back novel, and leash, and attended regularly to her crew's comforts stopping at shore points and floats along the river's edge for Blackberry's exercise and discretions. Both Nicole and Blackberry wore PFDs. Not surprisingly, she preferred the Aquaterra to the Chamberlain. "What you are used to is easier," she said perfunctorily.



Harry, a well-trained giant Schnauzer from Maryland rests on The Boathouse ramp (Sharon Brown photograph).

Blackberry scrambled from the dock to the cockpit, and tolerated the routine of being picked up, juggled in mid-air and ignominiously stuffed in forward of the molded bucket seat. Only her head projected above the cockpit opening and like an owl, Blackberry swiveled her head forward to view the oncoming traffic and back around to face Nicole who piped her interest with a steady chatter.

On a larger scale, a Mystic resident regularly brings his harlequin Great Dane to ride with Captain Granville Beals Jr. aboard the classic 1917 launch *Resolute* designed by Nathaniel Herreshoff and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of Bristol, Rhode Island. The Great Dane stands aft with feet planted on the transom deck coolly taking in the sights while the Captain and owner converse near the helm.

Museum visitors are treated to the arresting sight of a large, regal-looking dog aboard a vessel used as the starboard tender to the America's Cup contender, *Resolute*, in 1921. With airs, she attracts cameras and camcorders and it is easy to picture her mingling with the afterguard in *Resolute's* once-canopied aft cockpit.

Captain David Percival who sails Breck Marshall, often catches lunch at the dock aboard the catboat with his wife Darbee and their Shetland Sheep Dog, Megan. A five-year veteran of the live-aboard life in St. Thomas, Megan likes to stand up in the bow of their tender surveying all, whereas, the only dog that sailed with David on Breck Marshall, this summer, a small Jack Russell Terrier fell asleep under the seat.

David exclaims, "The perfect boat dog. Didn't have any interest at all." Another busy Breck Marshall skipper, Captain Brian Hill walks Goliath his four-year old Basset Hound, down to take a look at the catboat on his day off. And when Breck Marshall is buttoned up

for the season, he misses catboat sailing and the waterfront scene so much he takes his "coach potato" out for a row in the Whitehall.

Over the years young volunteer Theresa Grills demonstrated her growing repertoire of boat handling skills for her family. With dogs in tow, including the notorious Buddy, she proudly rowed them all—parents, siblings, and dogs—down to the bridge in the boat she loved the most. Jasen Somers of Shipyard takes his dog for a row after work and volunteer Craig Bush brings his 10-year old black Lab Rudder over for a visit via Whaler.

Seasoned volunteers Bee Guthrie and Eleanor Watson have both walked their loyal, devoted dogs—a Corgi and Laddie, a Shepherd mix—from the parking lot to visit The Boathouse, where they were content to sit and observe the interaction of people and small boats. Probably the first dog with a Boathouse history was Beth Doran's Golden Retriever, Katie who spent many weekend hours of her youth monitoring the scene from her quarters under the Boat-house, while Beth volunteered on the docks assisting visitors into small craft.

The Black Labrador, Kelsea grew up in a skiff and a Friendship Sloop berthed in the railway slip alongside the Boathouse. She spent her days in the Grey Boat Shop and her afternoons and weekends in classic craft on the Mystic River, Fishers Island Sound and Block Island waters. Kelsea even modeled for a Seaport Stores catalogue offering canine PFDs. She now spends her days at Beetle Inc. in South Dartmouth, earning special treats at the backdoor from Leo and Alma Telesmanick, and cruises in a Beetle Cat from the Cape to Nantucket with boatbuilder Bill Sauerbrey.

(To Be Continued)

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Our skepticism rose further over the next half-hour as we leafed through the pages devoted to the adventures of "the first to reach Bolivia in an ocean-sailing vessel." The author claimed to have made his soundings of the waters around the Island of the Sun "from five until nine" in the morning. "That might explain it," Steve said laconically. "It doesn't get light until six, and we're approaching the middle of summer."

The book was shot through with exaggerations, errors, and impossibilities. The author insisted on referring to the lake as "three miles high" when it's considerably closer to two miles. The author claimed that the temperatures on the Peruvian shore during the southern summer "plunge from 80 degrees to below zero just an hour after the sun sets," when 80 is unlikely and anything below 20 very rare, even in winter. (According to the *National Geographic Atlas of the World*, Washington, DC, 1975, the average temperatures for January in La Paz, at the same elevation as the lake but without its warming influence, are a high of 63 and a low of 43 degrees Fahrenheit.)

He had "Illampú and Illimani thrusting up over 20,000 feet far in the west," when in fact the former is due east of the Island of the Sun and the latter 50 miles southeast of the lake, beyond La Paz. He had himself shrugging off "100-knot" gusts off the land because the top of his mast flexed to shed the wind. He gave himself credit for teaching the boatbuilders of Suriqui to make their boats go to windward, and commented gratuitously on the sterns as "nailed-on, botched up" messes. I later asked Pedro L. in Suriqui about the author. Obviously uncomfortable at being asked by one gringo to comment on another, he averted his eyes and said, "Oh yes, that señor. We had some problems with him."

His insistence on billing himself as an explorer of some terra incognita was especially silly. For example, his claimed efforts at sounding and his mapmaking were entirely in vain. After our cruise, our defense attaché's office found and loaned me a fully professional Peruvian Navy chart of the upper lake that predated the adventurer's visit. It included dozens of soundings of the waters around the Island of the Sun, and they fully confirmed our findings of depths in excess of 300 feet almost up to the shores of North Kona Bay.

And, as I would learn after a later visit to the Yacht Club Boliviano and conversation with Dr. Boehm, his portrayal of the club as a barbed wire surrounded compound full of jackbooted Nazi fugitives from international retribution was pure fabrication. In fact, according to Dr. Boehm, the alleged incident described by the author on pages 269 and 270 of the book did not take place at the YCB, but at the German Club in downtown La Paz, where some of the boating members had invited him to dinner. The author had become so rabid in his anti-German vituperations that he was asked to leave the premises.

We spent the rest of the windless day and gusty, rainy night on the beach in the bay, with a short excursion ashore to stretch our legs and explore the immediate vicinity, which showed little evidence of life, human or animal. We sailed the following morning in a light breeze with the aim of reaching a village on the eastern shore of the lake, about 20 miles north of the Island of the Sun. According to the map, it was situated on a riverine estuary, and we thus

Lake Titicaca Days

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

Conclusion

By Bob Austin

presumed it would offer snug anchorage.

Again, the lake frustrated us. The wind never really got organized. By sunset we were no more than halfway to our destination, and darkness brought a near repeat of the previous two nights, but with less wind. Making scant progress through squalls, and relying on the frequent lightning flashes to illuminate the unlighted distant shore, we worked our way to the northeast. Well after midnight the lightning stopped and we crept along on a compass course in near total darkness until the smell of wet land and the rustling of totora reeds in the light breeze told us that we were inside the spit that protected the bay. We dropped anchor in 8' of water, furling the sails, and turned in for the night.

At first light we were awakened by voices close at hand and the thump of wood against our topsides. We went on deck and faced a scene reminiscent of the surrounding of the grounded San Pablo by hostile Chinese sampans in the film *The Sand Pebbles*. At least a dozen skiffs, each manned by two or three weather-beaten men in mixed native and western dress, had us hemmed in. "Buenos dias," I said with a calmness I did not feel. "What can I do for you?"

Their spokesman, in the boat laid along the port side, held up a handful of fishnet. "You tore up our nets."

Swallowing hard, I said, "Are you sure," as out of the corner of my eye I saw Steve duck below and return with his single-shot .410.

"Si, señor," said the head fisherman, showing me one of the cork floats. "You can see your paint here."

I could indeed see what could be a smear of our fresh bottom paint on the buoy. I nodded as I also saw Steve making a demonstration with his little shotgun, breaking it and looking into the breech and sighting at the sky. "Put that thing away," I hissed. "For Chrissake, there are thirty of them and two of us and we're a hell of a long way from home!"

The fisherman pointed with his chin. "You can see where you came through our nets."

I looked lakeward and saw that in these waters they fished from the top down, buoying their nets at the surface. I could also see that there were no floats along our presumed course of the previous evening. "So how much damage did we do?" I asked.

The spokesman figured we had done about \$30 worth of damage. For form's sake I negotiated down to \$24 and, with a heave of relief, watched the boats pull away. Under power we extricated ourselves from the minefield of fishnets and found more open anchorage in deep water hard against the inside of the spit.

After a long breakfast and some shipboard chores, we took the inflatable ashore to replenish supplies. The people were no less friendly to their visiting gringo cruisers than your average Aymara villagers, but when we

returned to the inflatable we found that it had been cast adrift and was lodged against a bank of reeds 20 yards offshore. Fortunately its retrieval required no swimming, but my row back in the muddy boat in jeans wet to the crotch was less than pleasant. Increasingly frustrated by the lack of wind and growing a little irritated with each other in the clammy and narrow confines of *North Star's* cabin, Steve and I spent the remainder of the afternoon and the night in our anchorage.

The following morning there was enough breeze to get us out onto the lake. Our destination was the Island of the Sun. Unfortunately, after blowing long and hard enough to set up a pretty good swell, the wind dropped off and we wallowed for several hours before logging any course made good to the southwest. We arrived off the island before dusk and motored carefully into its crater-like main harbor on the eastern side. Studiedly ignored by the locals, we anchored, furling sail and, deciding that it would be easier not to explain our presence and intentions, spent the rest of a quiet night less than a hundred feet offshore.

The next day was almost as frustrating, taking us only back as far as Kellay Belén. Relieved that the man to whom I had promised a set of foulweather gear did not come to see if I had made good on my promise, we planted our bower anchor firmly on the gravel shingle, the Danforth on the shelving bottom astern, and hunkered down to await a repetition of the williwaws. They didn't disappoint us, but although they howled and moaned and the boat rattled and heeled and yawed most of the night, our ground tackle held and we came through safely.

I was not feeling well myself, though. Something I had eaten or drunk had disagreed with me, and I was suffering from stomach cramps that several times involved extricating myself from the warmth of my sleeping bag and wedging myself into the damp and pitching head.

Dawn saw me feeling tired but cramp-free and the day windless. We motored slowly along the shore until the battery finally lost the ability to spark ignition, then did our best to make progress through the occasional cat's paws. Mid-afternoon saw us back in the Straits of Tiquina with five knots of breeze from the northwest.

As we began to leave the town of San Pablo de Tiquina and the Bolivian Navy's lake headquarters behind, a small plank outboard with a young officer forward and an enlisted man at the tiller set out and overtook us. As they came alongside, the officer demanded to see our zarpe, or cruising permit. "Zarpe?" I said. "I didn't know we needed a zarpe."

"Si, señor," the officer said. "Everyone needs one." As he spoke his boat, held to ours only by the hand of the sailor at the stem, began to sheer away from us as we continued on at two knots. "Halt," the officer commanded. "Then follow us to the Navy headquarters to take care of this."

"But Teniente," I protested. "We have no engine and your headquarters are upwind. It will take a long time to get there."

The rating managed to get his engine started and again maneuvered alongside. The engine died and the same sheering-off evolution began anew. Meanwhile, Steve had ducked below and surfaced with our passports held high, mine the diplomatic black and his the official maroon. "Somos diplomáticos," he

called in his best Marine drill sergeant voice.

By now I suspected that the correct response was, "Here, sir, please take this money and be so kind as to see to the paperwork for me," but Steve's approach had merit.

"Are you both Ambassadors, then?" the officer asked as his boat fell astern.

"Yes, both Ambassadors," I replied, keeping a straight face.

"All right, then," the officer called after us. "But you will require a zarpe next time you pass."

As we cleared the straits, the strongest and steadiest wind of the voyage filled in from the west and we arrived back at Suriqui before dark with a bone in our teeth. The night was uneventful and the last leg home the following day was as agonizingly slow, if on flatter water, as any crossing of the trip.

End Game

Well into the second year of my tour, and already brushing up on my college French for onward assignment to American Embassy, Paris, I prepared to bring down the curtain on my Bolivian sailing adventure. I sought out the owner of the boat and asked if he was prepared to redeem his pledge. He was pained to say so, he explained, but business had been bad and he was unable to come up with the cash.

I was in a quandary. Under the terms of the contract, the boat was now mine. But what would I do with it? I could hardly take it to Paris with me, and if I did claim it I might have a hard time selling it before my departure. We put our heads together and came up with a solution, find a third party to buy the contract.

We did so, in fairly short order, in the person of a successful German-Bolivian pharmacy owner with boating experience and the desire to own a cruising sailboat. After brief negotiation he paid me the amount of the original anticresis, adjusted for a 20% devaluation of the currency plus the delivered cost of all material and equipment used in the repair and outfitting of the boat. I signed *North Star* over to him and walked away, with regret tempered by the relief I had come to feel as I got my affairs in order before moving to a new assignment.

Epilogue

I returned to Bolivia for a brief visit in 1982 and was invited to lunch at the YCB and a motorboat outing as a guest of Bruno Boehm. *North Star* had found a new home in the club's little basin, sheltered from the open lake by an earth berm and beds of totora reeds. She looked much as I had left her, but she was riding higher by the stern and her transom now carried an outboard motor mount. Dr. Boehm told me the present owner had jettisoned the engine. I couldn't say I blamed him.



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It was on Saturday, November 13th, the 25th day from Ponta Delgada, that things really began to happen. With this day came the first of a series of gales which culminated in that of November 17th, during which *Typhoon* came triumphantly through as severe a drubbing as a small boat ever experienced without disaster. During the night we had plunged along under jib and mizzen to a W SW blow, holding about a NW course and making fairly good weather of it.

But the barograph curve had been dropping for two days, and consequently we were not surprised when, at 7:00 in the morning, during the skipper's watch, a terrific rain storm hit us so suddenly that there was scarcely time to lower the mizzen before we were in the midst of it. In a remarkably short space of time the wind hauled around from W SW to N, and for two hours and a half we reached along under jib alone, heading a little north of W.

By 9:30 the wind had got around to the NE and was blowing a full gale with the seas already grown to enormous size, though confused due to the sudden shift of wind. Raising the mizzen we took a WNW course and *Typhoon* behaved beautifully with the wind and seas slightly abaft the beam. With the wind abeam or slightly forward, she is likely to slap the seas with the flat of her bow, but with it anywhere aft of this point, her performance in rough water is superb.

After a rest below during which Fox was on the wheel, I took her again from 1:00 until 4:00. The character of the sea and the rain had made a noon sight impossible, but by the middle of the afternoon the atmosphere had cleared and ahead I picked up the masts of a vessel still hull down below the horizon. Feeling that the ship was coming our way, we awaited the meeting with the excitement that such a break in the monotony of a long passage always causes.

Slowly the sticks came up, much too slowly for a vessel underway, and as they grew they seemed to be absolutely without canvas. Then, as the hull finally came above the sea, we saw that the ship, a fine three-masted schooner, was practically hove-to under half a mainsail and two headsails. She was almost directly in our path, and as we bore down on her at nearly six knots, we could see that she was making bad weather of it, wallowing and pitching a third of her length out of water with every sea. She was not hove-to in the sense that her head sails were aback, but was headed in the same direction we were going and making not more than a knot or two.

Bending our course to pass within 50 yards to windward of her, Charles took the wheel and, assisted by Jim and Fox who held me to the main crutch, we photographed her twice shielding the camera with our bodies from the seas that were coming over. Three figures in yellow oilskins on the quarter deck of the schooner stood at the rail and seemed too stupefied at the apparition to return our salute as we waved them good luck and continued on our way.

This first gale marked the culmination of the long barometric drop, and as the glass had started to rise rapidly by nightfall, we decided to carry on for the night under jib and mizzen instead of resorting to the trisail, for we were doing nicely and could not afford to cut down our speed.

By Sunday morning, November 14th, the wind had moderated, although the weather was

The Track of the Typhoon

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter XIII The Gales in the Gulf Stream

still cloudy and so cool that we felt that we must be drawing out of the Gulf Stream. By 9:00 we were able to raise the single reefed mainsail and were doing a good seven knots when the wind hauled from N NE to E, back again to N NE and then settled down to a light easterly, giving us about four knots on a W NW course.

It was a great relief to be rid of the rain, the breaking seas and the tiring motion, and we took advantage of the opportunity to rebuild the fire in the Shipmate and prepare a good meal from our rapidly diminishing food supply. A noon sight through a rift in the clouds gave us an altitude of 36° 20', which placed us in latitude 35° 11' 22".

On Monday morning the wind, which was still moderate, hauled to E x S and we changed our course to NW x N as the Gulf Stream had not set us to the north as much as we had expected. Although cold enough to be out of it entirely, our calculation put us not much beyond the middle of the Stream. A noon sight through the clouds gave us a latitude of 36° 05' 42", and another snapshot of the sun for longitude in the afternoon worked up to 68° 33', rather a disappointing showing, as it indicated that we had done but about 300 miles during the last three days of strong winds.

Realizing that our progress was too slow, we endeavored to increase our speed with the spinnaker, which we set at 4:00 PM lowering the mizzen, which is worthless under the circumstances. But it was really blowing too hard for the light sail and at 10:00 in the evening the tack of the spinnaker carried away, it was taken in, and we ran throughout the night under full mainsail on a NW x N course with rising E SE wind.

The moderate weather that we had had during Sunday and Monday proved but a breathing spell between gales for by the morning of Tuesday, November 16th, we were overtaken by another blow from the same quarter and even stronger than the one of the 13th.

At 6:00 in the morning the lacing on the main gaff carried away and 10 minutes later, during a severe rain squall, the wind backed from E SE to E NE and increased in intensity. Half lowering the mainsail to keep our steer-

age way, we hoisted the jib, finally lowering the mainsail entirely, stowing the boom in the crutch, and running before it under jib alone for two hours. I took the wheel at 10:00 and drove her for a while longer with now and then a sea coming clear over me, filling the cockpit and thundering on the cabin trunk.

By this time the wind was so strong that we were in constant danger of losing the jib entirely. It was, of course, impossible to keep the wind exactly on the quarter and to steer an absolutely true course, due to the big seas, and if we jibed again, as we already had done twice, I felt that the jib would be blown out of the bolt ropes.

And so at 10:30 I had the boys bring up the trisail, lace it to the mast, and partially raise it to keep our steerage way and to blanket the jib, which was then lowered, muzzled, and lashed to the bowsprit with considerable difficulty. While raising the trisail, one of the crutch tackles which we used to sheet it got adrift, and it took a few minutes of strenuous work, in which the nude form of the elongated Charles figured conspicuously, to get the sail in hand again and sheet it in.

While we are on the subject, I wonder how many yachtsmen in this country know the proper way to lace a trisail to the mast. I must admit that I didn't until old faithful Harry Speed at Cowes explained the method to me. If the sail is laced spirally round and round the stick, you will find it well nigh impossible to raise the sail and to lower it again. But if you lace it zigzag fashion, passing the line from the eye in the sail around the forward side of the mast to the next eye each time instead of completely encircling the mast, you will find that there will be no difficulty in raising the sail with the throat halyard, and that it will come down with a rush when the halyard is cast off.

By this time we could see that we were in for something more serious than anything we had yet encountered, but any feeling of concern was entirely dispelled by the fine behavior of the ship. After putting some additional lashings on the tender, I took the wheel and thoroughly enjoyed the exciting experience. At times like this we had occasion to thank *Typhoon's* long keel, for it was this feature that made it possible to keep her from either yawing or broaching-to as we ran before it.

Even so, it required careful steering every minute for if we took the seas too squarely astern there was that uncertain feeling, when coasting down the big ones at tremendous speed, that *Typhoon* might trip and actually pitchpole, and if we took them too broadly over the quarter there was an equally disconcerting feeling that she might broach-to.

At 3:00 Charles took the wheel and the rest of us went below. Jim and Dillaway were in the starboard berths, I was resting on the lee transom, and Fox was on the companion steps. No sooner had he drawn the companion slide than there was a tremendous crash, which gave us the impression that we had been run down. I remember most distinctly that Jim, who had removed all his wet clothing and was absolutely naked, dropped with a mass of books, boxes, and other gear from a point directly above me, missed the table entirely, and fell on top of me, presenting a most grotesque spectacle.

Then, for the moment everything was blotted out by hot, dense steam caused by solid

water coming down the Liverpool head and into the Shipmate range. As the steam cleared, I remembered feeling greatly surprised that the weather side of the cabin and even the port lights were still intact after the shock. But otherwise the cabin seemed a total wreck. The oily bilge water had actually come over the deck clamp and down onto the transom where I lay, and everything movable was a jumbled mass on the lee side. Fortunately the boards had been placed in the companionway, as they always were in rough weather, and we were completely battened down except for the two swing ports in the after end of the trunk, through which considerable water had poured.

Our first thought was of Charles. We jumped to the after ports to see whether he

was still with us and there he was, clinging to the wheel, up to his waist in the water that had filled the cockpit and was still almost to the level of the coamings. Dazed by his experience and in the midst of a floating mass of water breakers, ropes, and the pathetic remains of our spoiled salt horse, he made a ridiculous spectacle. But he was still there, which was cause for general rejoicing.

It seemed that *Typhoon* had been allowed to broach-to and had been knocked flat on her beam ends with both mast heads in the water. Although the experience was by no means a comfortable one, it was worthwhile in that it proved that she would come back. In the rush of building the ship, I had suggested to Baldwin that to avoid the delay of having an

iron keel cast and shipped to Baddeck, it might be advisable to put all of the ballast inside as the fishermen do, but Baldwin, good old sailor man that he is, insisted on putting a 3000-lb. lead shoe on the keel and this, while it is really lighter than she needs, was sufficient to right the ship. She had come back slowly, but she had come back.

Three days before, when we met the schooner hove-to, we thought that it was blowing. But that gale had been a mere curtain raiser to what we were now experiencing, and we felt that at last the limit had been reached. However it was not until the following day, November 17th, that we met the real test.

(To Be Continued)

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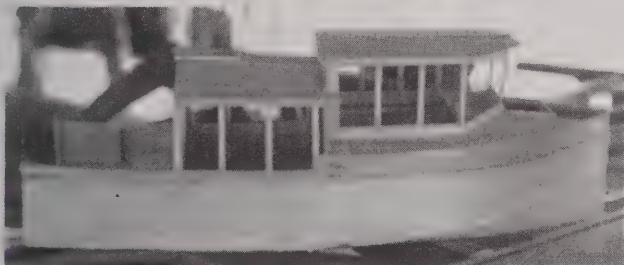


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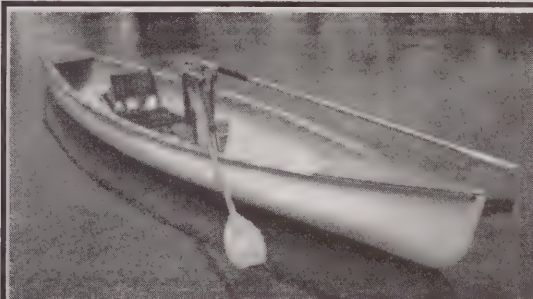
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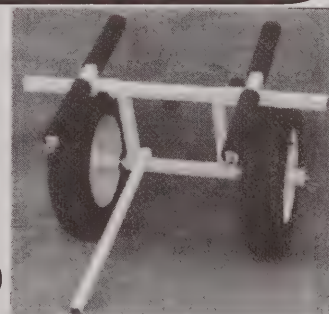
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Approaching Park Point, Waiheke Island. Still choppy but nowhere as bad as it had been further out, and much, much, nicer than half an hour later!

Houdini's Escape The Perils of Starting in a Hurry Part II

By John Welsford

Cruising in little boats is deceptive. I've been fooled several times at the speed with which a passage can be made. In fact, on one memorable occasion I got myself comprehensively lost off the Northland coast after overshooting my landfall by about 12 miles and ending up on a piece of coastline that didn't look anything like where I wanted to be! It turned out that we'd averaged 6-1/4 knots for six hours, when I'd been counting on the little 15-footer making good about 4.

I still haven't got a log, a mechanical one is too vulnerable on a boat that is beached a lot, and the lack of an electrical supply makes an electronic unit impractical. But the rate at which the price of hand-held GPS units is falling might provide a solution to several navigational problems in the near future.

Waihekes Bottom End is one of the most beautiful parts of the Hauraki Gulf, a stunning cruising ground no matter which part you are in. Sailing *Houdini* along the many little bays, ducking in to look over an interesting boat or crossing the channel to check out a possible overnight anchorage, was just like being in heaven. As the clock crawled around to evening, I slipped back to Omaru Bay and was pleasantly surprised to find Ralph Sewell's *Ripple* anchored in the shelter of the point.

After a hail that resulted in an invitation aboard, Ralph and I spent a very pleasant couple of hours swapping yarns. *Ripple*, a small coastal cargo ketch in the traditional manner, has recently been re-powered with a 15hp Sabb, and I was interested to hear that the simple, low-speed diesel seemed to have plenty of power to push 20-odd tons of gaff ketch.

Ralph is feeling the years a bit these days, a couple of strokes have taken the edge off him physically, and he needs a crew to help

him handle his little ship, but the mind is undimmed and the spirit undaunted. It was good to spend the time with the old gentleman, as every time I see him I am aware that here is a treasure that may not be with us for long.

I slept well that night, tucked away in the shallows with my tent up. The airbed and sleeping bag in this environment are better than the best hotel bed I've ever found. By 7:00 next morning, though, we were off out into the stream and gone, heading for Graveyard Point in Awaarua Bay.

This spot is lovely. It is shallow for a long way out, which keeps the big boats away, with a near perfect beach inaccessible by road, a couple of pohutukawa trees, which provide just the right amount of shade, and a grassy bank that is grazed enough to give a springy cushion under your towel when lying in the shade. This is my personal favorite in a place with many near perfect anchorages.

I lay in the shade for most of the day, reading and dozing, swimming and beachcombing, just what the pamphlets on tropical holidays depict. But in this case the whole boat hadn't cost what an overseas holiday would, and she'd be capable of taking me on as many more holidays as I wanted. In fact, on summing up, I reckon it is cheaper going cruising in *Houdini* than it is to stay at home! Morning found me anchored across the other side of the bay, tucked up in the shallows by the old boarding house.

While sitting in the stern sheets having breakfast and contemplating the day from under the cover of my tent, I had a trio of visitors row over from one of the bigger boats in the deepwater anchorage next door. They had not expected to find anyone aboard and, after a very sociable chat, went off seemingly quite impressed with the style of my accommoda-

tions and the reasoning behind my mini cruiser.

The marine radio forecast, which I'd been listening to several times a day and which had consistently been predicting uncomfortably high winds (correctly!) told me that we were likely to have "20 to 25 knot winds, gusting 30, with rough seas." I figure that if you have a foot of boat length for each knot of wind speed then you'll be about right. Except for extremes maybe!

On this basis, I was about half way to OK with a boat a bit over 13' long. But like everyone who has to work for a living, the spectre of having to be on time at the office was looming up. I looked at the options, several safe harbours to leeward, good visibility, cell phone coverage good and battery well up (yes, I had the bat phone aboard, I try to pretend its not there and although it is not a "marine" service, it does work), and thought long and hard about how the boat and I had performed to date.

After all that thinking, a bit hard when on holiday, I figured it would not hurt to have a look outside the bay, and if the weather looked to be more than we could easily cope with, I could duck back in. By 8.30 AM we were out and into it. Although the front that was causing all the fuss was not forecast to come through until early afternoon, the waves were a good metre high and there was enough breeze to make the backs of them streaky with foam. But *Houdini* was steady enough, she was still able to tack, was making fair progress about 50° off the wind, and was not taking any spray aboard. We stood on, hoping to be within range of home next day.

About halfway across to Maraitai Beach, the wind came up a little more, 25 knots on my little hand-held meter. I didn't want any more breeze but the boat still plugged along, seemingly not bothered by the fuss, I had an eye on Whakakaiwhara Point off my lee bow at the mouth of the river up to Clevedon as a possible bolthole, or simply straight up the beach at Maraitai. Shoal draft boats have options available to them that the big boys could not use without real risk.

As the moored yachts came up on our bow at Maraitai, I considered how we were going, looked at the chart, and was pleased to note that *Houdini* had made good about 45° off the wind with the aid of the tide, and slightly better than 3-1/2 knots! Not only that, but she'd been self-steering with the aid of a shock cord on the tiller for part of the leg, so we went about to see if we could make Kennedy Point, four miles away across on the Waiheke side of the straight.

When one is so close to the water the patterns and shapes of the waves are much easier to see, and I soon determined that we were doing much better out in the deeper water, the waves were further apart and not so steep. While the wind was perhaps stronger, it did not change in direction or strength as quickly, in fact, halfway across I was sufficiently comfortable to put the shock cord back on the tiller and pour a cup of tea from the thermos.

Morning tea was only chocolate biscuits, an apple, one cup of tea, and a meusli bar, but in those surroundings it was a feast! While relaxing in my comfortable seat in the stern sheets, a fairly big keeler thrashed past to looard. I was surprised and pleased to see that we were, in fact, pointing as high and that I was probably drier than the heavily raincoated

crew huddled in the cockpit of the bigger boat. Our three-and-a-bit knots soon saw us trailing, but it sort of put things into context. I was dry and comfortable, making good progress, and would be safely at anchor by the end of the day. What more could anyone want?

We managed to point rather higher than I thought on this board, making our landfall on Park Point, the south-western tip of Waiheke. I spotted what looked like Ross Dawson's little schooner rigged Tancook Whaler under power up ahead and hoped that perhaps she might be heading for Izzy Bay for the night so I could get a look at her.

Ross and I had corresponded while I was at Boat Books in Westhaven and I had seen the boat under sail several times, but had not had the opportunity to actually meet up with her owners.

I'd planned to go around the city side of Motuihi on my way to Islington Bay, but as we came up over the underwater ledge on the western edge of the Sargent Channel, the long forecast front became very clearly evident. Until then there had been a lot of cloud about, but well broken up and penetrated by many shafts of sunlight, lovely if a bit gloomy, whereas what was rapidly looming up was not the sort of thing I'd be out in, no matter how big the boat.

Among the steep cresting waves pushed up by the shallow bottom we were over the thought of even more wind did not appeal, so on the first smooth patch that came along I put *Houdini* about and bolted for shelter.

Once behind the island and in calm water there was not really any danger so I could relax, sure enough the Dawsons had put in here as well, so a couple of short tacks put us in by the beach and within hailing distance. It was only a moment's work to lay alongside and step aboard the lovely little schooner in answer to their invitation. While I waited for the calm at the bottom of the tide to attempt the Motuihi channel, notoriously rough in a breeze against the tide, we had a very nice dinner and a great chat, about boats and boating, what else?

As the sun set I poked the boat's nose out into the channel and found that the conditions had much moderated, allowing a comfortable ride across into Islington Bay. It was dark as we rounded the point and the riding and cabin lights of the many anchored yachts made the bay look like fairyland. It was almost flat calm as we drifted up to the head of the bay and dropped the 20-lb. fisherman anchor that allows me to sleep in peace. It looks out of place on such a small boat but I believe that small anchors are a waste of time, even on little boats as they do not have the weight to put their points into the bottom.

It took only a few moments to open up the galley box and boil the kettle, by then my big kerosene riding light was set, the tent was up, and my airbed inflated, a light supper, a quiet read, a comfortable bed, and a good night's sleep. I wouldn't have swapped my situation in this tiny cruiser for a bunk in any of the much more pretentious craft further out in the bay, a feeling that was intensified as the wee boat battled along in the high winds and adverse seas that seemed to prevail all that Christmas week.

Next morning was "going home" day, always a sad one, but full of pride and reflection on a job well done. It had been about 15 months since I had sat down at the drawing

board to design the smallest serious cruiser, one with a comfortable bed, capable of coping with the weather on coastal passages, and able to make a good distance on each day at sea.

Houdini had proven to be everything I'd designed for, the trip had been only her second sail, there were a few small mods to make but she was very close to right first time out. With yet another gale warning on the weather forecast, I headed out early to make it across to the weather shore to be out of the worst of it should the dire warnings on the radio prove correct. A long tack across the four or five miles past Bean Rock Light to the fortified volcanic cone of North Head at the harbour mouth, and I was into more sheltered waters.

It is always a good sail from there up past the Naval Base and the commercial part of the port, a lot to see and ships from all over the world looking down on their tiny relative as we sailed past. Auckland is a pretty city from the water, and I enjoy looking at the architecture from a point of view not so closely involved in the rat race.

I have a young friend who was building a sailing dinghy in the workshop at the Auckland Maritime Museum. She and I had corresponded as she designed the boat, and I was looking forward to seeing *Gildor* in the flesh. On heading *Houdini* into the museum basin, the huge castled and carved stern of the Australian *Endeavour* replica came into view. This is a crowded little patch of water with steam launches, the scow *Ted Ashby* coming and going, a sailing school, and other visitors all milling around.

I pulled into a nice little spot against the wharf under a full-sized model of the Whitbread winning *Maxi Steinlager II* and tied up. I spent an hour or so wandering the docks looking at the floating exhibits, getting ripped off at the cafe for a lunch, and hustled about by the crowd. My friend Lucy wasn't building that day, she was away in the little brigantine *Breeze* for a few days, so I was soon out on the water again.

Under the harbour bridge we went with the tide helping us along, and the by now very stiff breeze kicking up a big, steep sea, we bounced and splashed our way up past Kauri Point to Island Bay, where we had set off from a week earlier. With the tide still making and

a fair little surf beating on the beach, I decided to carry on up the estuary past Greenhithe to the shelter above Herald Island and await the ebb.

Through the moorings, with many overseas visitors staying in New Zealand to avoid the cyclone season in the tropics from whence they came, past the half asleep holiday makers fishing off the wharf at Paremoremo Point, and on up the channel toward Riverhead. A family in a fair-sized sailing dinghy set off after us as we rounded the corner past the boatyard, the first time I'd been near a boat of similar size in *Houdini* so I was very interested to see how we compared. I think they had too much weight aboard to make the best of the boat, so the fact that we went away so fast was probably not a fair indication of the boat's ability. It felt good though.

Lunchtime had been a while back as I passed the Ski Club's little inlet. This is not a good spot while the club is operating, but it is lovely when not in use for waterskiing, so I wriggled in along the narrow channel, tied up in the spacious basin so well hidden by the mangroves, and lay on the jetty reading while waiting for the tide to turn.

An hour or so passed and, as the water level began to recede, we were back underway. As I came out onto the main part of the estuary again, Frank Bailey came into sight in his canoe. I'd been spotted passing Beach Haven and Frank had got the news so had decided to come looking for me. We cruised back down stream together enjoying a chat. Frank left me as we passed Herald Island, slung his canoe on the roof rack, and headed off, leaving me to thrash through the chop back down to Island Bay where he and Marcus helped me unload the boat and heave *Houdini* back onto the trailer.

All over, a good cruise, remarkably good considering the new and untried design and some positively rotten weather. I'd really enjoyed the week out, back again in waters that I'd sailed since boyhood, visiting friends I've known for years, but with lots of time on my own for reflection and a peaceful recharging of my batteries. *Houdini* started her career well, little modification was needed to her plans for future builders and as always, "the worst day sailing is better than the best day at work!"

Houdini reefed for the wind "outside." Sail off to do battle with the elements.



It had started as a dud of a summer. I had injured my rotator cuff, and on an orthopedic doctor's orders I couldn't row my Whitehall or paddle a kayak. A real bummer not to mention, as a newspaper photographer, I still had to carry my usual 30 pounds of camera gear. As my son says, "Hold on, this is going somewhere."

In July, here on the semi-somnolent Outer Cape, we had a police stand-off that entailed about 10 hours of standing around before the local police convinced the individual to come out. During the day, everyone in town decided to come out and at least look at the police cars. While standing around being cynical with the other media types, a gentleman who I had a passing acquaintance with, approached us and asked the question that was going to change my summer, and probably my summers into the future. It was a simple question fraught

Catboat

Story and Photos by Barry Donahue

with hidden meaning, a question that needed thought, not a question that demanded a snap answer.

Mr Wilber Walker queried to the group of us watching state troopers put on camo gear and plenty of tick repellent, "Anyone want a free boat?" A reporter from a competing newspaper looked up. Quickly I spoke first without thinking, "I'll take it. What kind of boat is it?" Mr. Walker pulled on his Ahab-like beard and replied, "A Bolger Bobcat, but you have to buy the trailer with it for \$400." That put the competing word jockey out of the running and me thinking hard about the \$450 that I

had put aside to buy a skiff with a motor at the end of the summer season for next year's fishing, lobstering, and duck saluting.

I knew the boat's pedigree and had actually taken a few photos of Mr. Walker working on it about eight years earlier. I had taken a few more pics for the paper in the ensuing years of Mr. Walker using the catboat in Town Cove and Nauset Marsh. That cinched it. I said, "I'll take it," since I was also on the lookout for a trailer to replace the one that the Whitehall was on. The whole plan dovetailed nicely. The boat, named *Topless Maggie*, lay upside down at Mr. Walker's sister's yard, where it had been stored for a couple of years while the builder concentrated on other projects.

Cash changed hands and, with help from a buddy, the boat was turned over, the spars and related gear lashed on her, and off to her new port we headed. For us cheapskates here on the Cape, the Bolger Bobcat seemed to be the perfect alternative to the traditional but expensive, heavy, and maintenance intensive Beetlecat. Don't get me wrong, if Wilber Walker had offered me a Beetlecat, I would have taken that just as quickly, but this seemed perfect. Mr Walker had built a bulletproof hull and had a receipt of everything he had bought to build, rig, or coat the boat.

He also threw in a few goodies like mast hoops and a very well-cut sail. In other words, this was a boat that the kids could run over things with as they learned the secrets of the gaff rig, one that could be fished out of with a trolling motor that my son had on the stern of his camouflaged but rapidly biodegrading skiff.

With the boat in the driveway, I decided that this would be no yacht. I would treat the boat as its antecedents, simply a Cape Cod fishing boat with two colors, white hull, and spar tips with a medium buff on the deck, cockpit, and spars, and no varnish anywhere except the tiller. I filled some spongy places on the deck and transom with fiberglass putty and painted away, putting a couple of coats on everything. A new name was proposed by my daughter, *Pearl*. She was a proper Cape Cod girl when finished, despite the fact she lacked the plumb bow so beloved among the traditional variety.

The final blessing came with the arrival of Uncle Chuck, my boat mentor and builder of mahogany speedboats, spars for the Whitehawk, and ultralight interiors for BOC racers. This is a man whose judgement is so sound that 14 or 15 years ago, after declaring I was getting out of the news biz to be a boat builder, said if I did anything as rash as that he would make sure "no one on the Cape ever hired me, and that I was a photographer not a boat builder." This statement was made just after I attempted to build a dory, which turned into the most tender vessel ever put together. Even after the donation to a playground, kids continued to tip over, but that's a story for another time. Uncle Chuck declared the boat fine and predicted much future fun for all concerned. I finally could sleep at night.

At this juncture the pressure was on and my catboat education was in high gear. I brain-picked the creme de la creme de la crop of local catboat people, which here at this end of the Cape are many. From Tony Davis and crew at Arey's Pond for rigging advice, to Ross Whitelaw, an owner of an antique Crosby cat who told me, "reef early," back to Mr. Walker, who said, "reef early," to Dana Eldredge, the



Builder Wilber Wood sails across Town Cove in the early '90s.

The catboat *Pearl* heads out on a cruise in Brewster with Meghan Donahue at the helm.



builder of an over 30' catboat with 6'6" of standing headroom below who claimed there was "hope for me yet."

The catboat forum on the web page "By the Sea" helped in bits and pieces, as well as the Catboat Association home page. Adam Pettingill came by with two back issues of *Small Boat Journal*, which described the building and rigging process of the Bobcat. Any missing info was supplied by the two catboat books available as well.

With Adam's help, not to mention my daughters' help babysitting Adam's year-old girl, we threw ourselves into the task of rigging the spars and bending on the sail as it lay on the lawn in front of my house. We did it, though our springer spaniel left muddy paw prints across the sail as we whipped line for sheets and whatnot. The mast was stepped. It looked good. We raised the sail and as the summer southwesterly caught the fabric, down it came. One of my slippery hitches at the peak had come loose. "Better here than on the wa-

ter," was all Adam said.

All rigged, she sat in the driveway looking good as I waited for the perfect day to launch. A day on which the planets would be aligned, the wind would be light, and the schedules of my wife's nursing job, my son's hockey camp, and my daughter's horseback riding would come together on any day but a Friday. At last, a circle of buddies said, "put the thing in the water, it's not a wooden lawn ornament."

So I found myself one Sunday afternoon driving a catboat down the road to the place she was to be moored. I neglected to mention the mast was still stepped in the hope of sneaking under the telephone and electric wires on the 200-yard journey to the water. I got lucky until the last set of wires. Down the mast and spars came and squeezing the trailer, Jeep, and 6-1/2' boat between boulders set up to keep vehicles off the beach, the skeg and stern touched water. A bit was splashed on the bow in an impromptu christening, and off the trailer

she slipped.

At this point there was no backing out. She had to be sailed, there were too many witnesses. It was a typical early September day on Cape Cod, a 15 to 20 knot breeze with a one mile fetch staring us in the face. Adam came aboard with his daughter, Jeff came aboard because I guess he couldn't say no, and myself. The boat floated the 600 pounds with ease. We headed out into the wind and finally remembered catboat rule number one, "reef when you think of it." The boat screamed, we flew, and I remembered catboat rule number two, "don't jibe if it's blowing."

Again the oracles were right. As we flew back to a neighbor's mooring, the third catboat rule came to me, "it could be fatal running downwind if she jibes." Well, we didn't die, or get wet, or lose the top of our heads as the boom came swinging over. We made it back, and with *Pearl* safely snuggled down, somehow I knew I was just starting my catboat education and affection.

Members and guests of the Beach-moor Inn in Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, gathered to participate in my first Bootstrap Dinghy Clinic on May 22nd. We had about 15 participants and several other onlookers show up for the clinic on a beautiful sunny day.

Inside of four hours time, with much team work, they built a Bootstrap Dinghy from an enhanced kit. Most were amazed at how quickly and easily this little boat was built. I merely supervised the operation and stood back while the participants took control of the actual construction. The Bootstrap Dinghy is the first in a planned fleet at the Beachmoor Inn.

All of the folks involved sure seemed to have a great time, and this clinic was their very first experience in building a boat. I only wish

Bootstrap Dinghy Clinic

By Paul Bennett

that I could adequately express to you in words just how proud, excited, and satisfied everyone appeared to be.

The launching ceremony proved to be quite an emotional moment. The owner of the Beachmoor Inn broke out a bottle of ice cold champagne and passed glasses all around. After the launching, the builders all took turns at the oars rowing the Bootstrap Dinghy all

about Taylor's Point, while those watching from shore marveled at how building such a simple small boat could be so quickly and easily.

I have to say that I also had a lot of fun myself that day, as I always enjoy witnessing the pleasurable discovery of boat building by others, and the infectious motivation & positive attitude that re-sults.

We'd like to start planning clinics for next year, and have been considering re-quests from a local Boy Scout Troop and one of the yacht clubs in Marblehead. We'd love to hear from groups and organ-izations that may have enough space and facilities which might be willing to co-host one of these events.

Paul Bennett, Shoestring Shipyard, PO Box 117, Sagamore Beach, MA 02562-0117.





Euan Sarginson (extreme left) with Malcolm Scott (centre) and Clarrie Gorrie (right) with five of the old boats in front of the clubhouse.



Kea (built in 1935) under sail.



Readying *Dolphin* and *Kea* for a sail.

The fine hull lines of *Dolphin's* hull can be seen.



Euan's Dream of Preserving... The "Four Foot Sixes" of New Zealand

By Mark Steele

Euan Sarginson of Christchurch, New Zealand, is a professional photographer with fond memories of his young days spent sailing model yachts. These days he would love to retire and dedicate more time to his absorbing hobby of pursuing the whereabouts, and the ownership and restoration, of a very unique class model yachts once popular in the South Island of New Zealand. They are simply known as the "four foot sixes."

The Christchurch Model Yacht Club last year celebrated 100 years of existence, having been founded in 1898 with sailing water at Victoria Lake in beautiful Hagley Park, which is virtually in the centre of this garden city. Thanks to Euan Sarginson, assisted by several club members, no less than 14 of these impressive self-steering yachts were sailed at the club's Centenary vintage regatta on September 19 and 20, while the New Brighton Silver Band played on and old Penny Farthing bicycles and several vintage cars added to the delightful atmosphere.

From the introduction of the "four foot six," the rules laid down specified that the overall length of each boat was to be 4'6", excluding the bowsprit, with an average beam of 16" and a draft of 11". Races were held every Saturday, according to Malcolm Scott, secretary of the club, who has held that position for 27 years, usually over six lengths of the lake equivalent to one mile.

There is a resurgence in interest in non-RC sailing models, today of course, model yachts controlled by radio are the dominant force at the Christchurch Model Yacht Club, but the Centenary regatta belonged to the early boats, the scene-stealing "four foot sixes."

Visit Euan Sarginson's studio in Christchurch City at anytime and you are bound to find several of his beloved boats in prominent positions between tripods and photographic gear bags, cameras and backdrops. Is this a photographer's studio or a model boat collector's boat room, many might well ask. At his home, in his workshop/boat den, there are boats of all descriptions everywhere, among which are the true gems, a great many of the "four foot sixes." Euan's passion is to ensure that none of these boats end up in antique shops, eventually leaving the country, for the class is so unique to New Zealand and the boats such a part of the history of his city, that in his view they should remain there.

Dolphin, one of the many famous 4'6" boats, has been beautifully restored and was built in 1910 by Ikey Ekinstein, a German living in Christchurch. The boat was re-launched at Lake Victoria in September 1996. *Kea*, built in 1935, is just another of these boats now again up and sailing.

While enjoying the present, we should preserve the past, as the history and heritage of any country is worth any effort at preservation. Euan Sarginson is to be admired for his dedication to do just that with these boats that are a part of model sailing history in New Zealand.

Having followed Phil Bolger's articles on the Chinese rig with great interest, and agreeing that such rigs, made with super modern materials (flex battens & nylon, dacron, and even real blocks) are also expensive, I write this article to let those among us stressed for survival, with little extra cash, take heart again.

Chinese sails are prime examples of the Chinese philosophy of life, the shoestring philosophy. Most Chinese, including junk owners, are (or were) extremely poor. They also must have been extremely inventive and have had a natural bent for high efficiency.

I owned a junk once. She was built in Singapore, and I suspect that she crossed the Pacific on her own keel with illegals, and when dropping her human cargo in an out-of-the-way tiny bay, was grounded and cracked a few ribs in the starboard aft quarter.

I recaulked her, which gave me a very intimate look at the way she was built: No rabbets anywhere, not in the keel, nor in the stem. No fancy lining off of planks. She seemed to have been planked from the top down and the keel up; she had a heavy plank keel and a shallow V bottom. Where top and bottom met, oddly shaped filler planks had been scarfed in. Efficient?

In my collection I have photos of a junk that was brought to the States as an exhibit, when it was 125 years old. Talk about mickey-mouse; there wasn't a straight-lined section, neither in the side shown in the photo, nor in the deck. Yet she held together that long.

She had the usual bulkheads. The only section that had leaked was a small area between two bulkheads where the mast sat in its housing, which it shared with the daggerboard forward of the mast. Here pig-iron was piled for ballast, without ceiling, and the weight may have forced the planking in that area. But we are talking about rigs. Cheap Chinese rigs.

The junk's length was 30' and the mast stick the same length. 3' below decks and maybe 22' from the deck to the boom. That would leave about 24' between the hoisting blocks (two halyards) and the boom. With the usual hugely bulging roach in this type of southern sail, we are probably looking at about 340sf to 400sf of sail.

That sail could be made by a bright 8 to 10 year old. The cotton cloths were sewn together full width, the strakes lying parallel to the luff. The shape, which I understand they lay out on the ground with a rope, is cut to size and the entire area bordered with a sewn-in boltrope.

Outside this boltrope is a heavier rope that also goes right around the entire sail, and is seized to the boltrope at regular intervals. This rope is then tied to the yard and the boom. I think that this is also the rope laid out to get the rough shape of the sail. This fairly light material would blow out in the first blow, if it wasn't for battens and diagonal ropes that connect them. These ropes cross from the luff of the batten above to the leech end of the batten below it.

The uppermost part is larger than the other parts, in the distance between the yard and the first batten. It seems some kind of a topsail that, according to photos, can be allowed to blow free in a sudden squall. As the sail has two halyards, one must be used (is attached to) the yard, and the other to the first batten. The halyard that is attached to the yard has a tackle between mast and yard. The yard has no parrel. The other halyard has the tackle

Dreamboats A Cheap Chinese Rig

By Richard Carsen

deckside and ends in just a single line rove thru a second block at the masthead.

To sew the straight, vertical, full width cloths together needs no more skill than most European girls used to have in the fifth or sixth grade. Where experience comes in is in the shaping of the roach. That roach is formed by the length and distance of the battens. For reasons having to do with weave, weft and tension, the panels between the battens must be shaped so that the diagonals are not stressed when the sail is lowered. This is an important point. The shape must be so that the diagonal, when the panel is folded, does not become longer (which would stress it) but shorter when the panel folds.

The battens are double, one on either side of the sail, and run from outer rope to outer rope, where they are notched and seized. They do not stick out beyond the outer rope, so sheetlets do not get hung up. On my boat the battens were held together, the pairs that is, by sticking a fine wire thru the sail. This does cause the sail to develop holes in these spots, but Chinese boatmen say that these holes improve the draft of the sail. They also make holes in their leeboards and rudder for the same reason. As some believe that this type sail goes back to the days of the early Egyptians, they have had a long time to find out whether or not.

In the southern craft (Singapore, Hong Kong) sails usually do not have more than five battens. The tall, narrow sail that Bolger shows has more. I can see the low, wide sails for the southerners because of the sudden hard squalls in that sea. I do not know the reason for the tall northern sail; high, steep coasts?

In the southern sails only the battens have sheetlets. The system is as Bolger shows. However, the boom has its own sheet. Below the boom is another panel, much narrower than those above the boom. The lazyjacks go thru a staple on the boom, and around this lower panel, which has but a batten at the bottom. Its function seems to be to receive the the upper panels and hold them neatly into some kind of receptacle.

The sheetlets work as Bolger indicates, but the function of the line that connects the luff with the mast is not as indicated. The sheetlets form two groups; the upper three are one group, the lower two another. The two groups are then connected in the way Bolger shows. No conventional blocks with sheaves are used here, but wooden blocks with simple holes. These blocks and some of the indestructible sheetline (hemp) are still hanging in my tool shed. You can make those yourself from a strong wood.

The line that connects the five battens at the luff with the mast is not a downhaul, but a parrel. The function is very interesting. The battens each have a rope parrel, strengthened with a branch of the proper size, attached to it. These parrels become progressively wider when nearing the bottom of the sail. Why? This is shown in a clay model I have of a small, one sail junk, that is apparently running before the wind. Mast and sail are also made of clay, and the position of the sail is fixed, mast

and sail are one piece. The sail is "cockeyed". The luff is not parallel to the mast; rather, the mast crosses the sail at an angle to the luff. In other words, rather than having this wing effect like in a gaff sail, the two sail areas port and starboard of the mast are balanced to a point where there would be considerably less turning momentum, with the wind trying to force the bow off its downwind course. Again, less stress. The position of this parrel rope as shown in Bolger's cartoon, is the position for upwind sailing.

Now efficiency. Sure, if you have the irresistible urge to beat everything on the water speedwise, you better have a rich father or make a very good income yourself. If, however, your dream is to cruise on a dime or less, this is a good rig. There is nothing in this rig that you cannot make or repair anywhere. Any type of material will patch a big hole (don't worry about the small ones); the floormat in your cabin, a tarp, that old jacket you never use. I am thinking of being well out of sight and reach of land. It won't affect the performance the least bit. For you are indeed using a plank, a stiff flat surface just like the early aeroplanes. But those planes did fly.

Now here a word to the wise. This flat surface will not react to the wind the way a nicely shaped sailmaker's sail will. Before the wind, anything goes: I have seen them use a small tree in eastern Europe on the Baltic shore. It's tacking and reaching where true understanding separates the men from the boys. Pull in your sail tight and instead of going forward you'll go sideways. I have seen hundreds make that mistake even with conventional boats and sails.

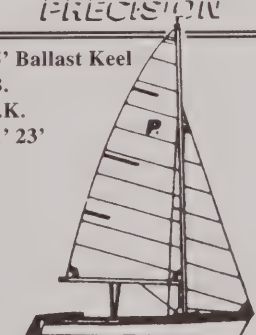
Try your sail set a little more open and be surprised. For cat owners: When tacking up, loosen your luff and you will not lose so much way when you go thru the wind and she will go easier. Just lower your gaff slightly. All this goes against the Gospel by Saint Yacht, but even the gospels have been rewritten so often no-one really knows the truth.

As Bolger shows in his gaff-lug-junk sail, do use a spar to run the sheetlets on. You can then put a yawlsail on it, ala British coastal fishermen (see Leather).

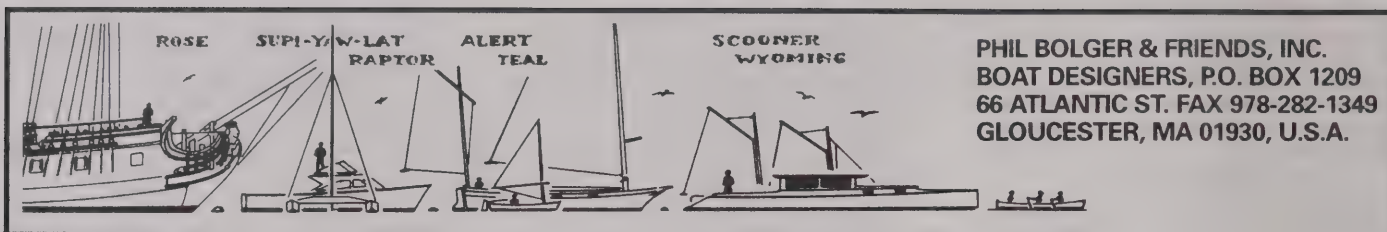
Did I make one myself? Yes, a high narrow one which I used in the Newport Beach, California harbor and bay. I used 39" wide ticking for cloths. Narrow slats, straight from the lumberyard, were thru fastened tightly thru the sail, five battens thusly fastened. I had it on a small scow, somewhere between 7' & 8'. Tacked wonderfully.

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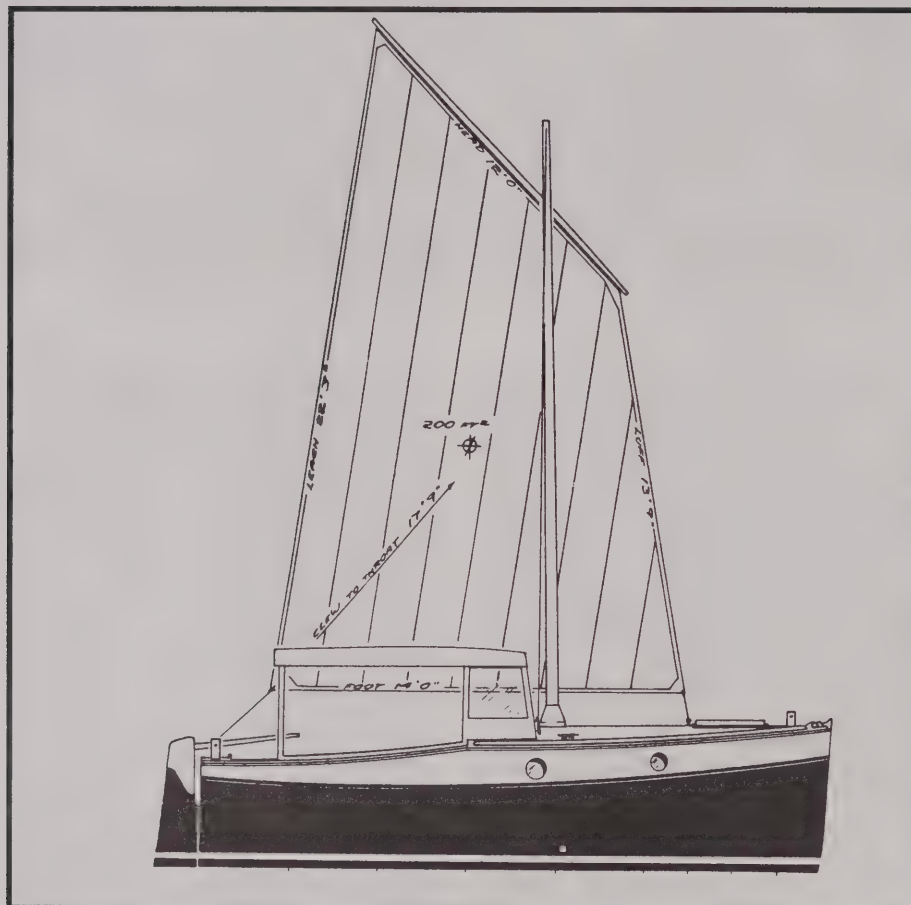


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Bolger on Design

Marina Cruiser Part I



The marina cruiser concept was originally worked up for my series in the old *Small Boat Journal*. I liked it enough to make working drawings for it, but nothing happened for some time. Some years later I used it as the "winter cruiser" in the following fictional scenario written for *WoodenBoat* magazine. The cruise described, supposed to be taking place in mid-March, was based on a cruise I and some friends made from Portland, Maine, around Mt. Desert Island and back.

The boat we used was a big lobsterboat type, much bigger and more powerful than the little "marina cruiser," though like her, she only had two berths and somebody slept in the cockpit. The coal stove was a lifesaver. We went up to the head of Soames Sound, off to Monhegan, and through the back passage from Boothbay to Bath. In spite of the snow, or maybe because of it, that was one of the best cruises I was ever on.

Still there was no serious interest, and I reprinted the essay in my *Boats With an Open Mind*. Some time after that, we heard from Bruce Tyson of Port Sorell, Tasmania, who had done a superb job of realizing the design. He is one of our favorite people, having also built extremely nice renderings of our Chebacco 20 and Romp designs. The latter appeared with our Romp update a few months ago. In the next issue we'll print his letter about the Marina cruiser and his photos of her. We like her a lot, and it's ironical that this New England type boat had to wait for appreciation until the word got to the exact opposite side of the world.

The Friends

Why a miniature power cruiser is steaming into Bucks Harbor, Maine, in the month of March, manned by three middle-aged men, is a long and irrelevant story. She was built as a marina cruiser, a substitute for the summer cottages that were cheap in their day but were built on land that only rich people can now own. This boat was meant to lie through summers at crowded float stages. She'd be plugged into shore electricity, and her crew would have access to marina washrooms.

Her original owners were a city couple whose children were grown and gone. On hot days they might motor to a nearby anchorage. There, or in their marina berth, they would sit in folding lounge chairs in the cockpit shade (the standing shelter had a white fabric top over an open frame that reflected the heat of the sun while transmitting a glow of light). They would eat ashore or picnic fashion.

The cruiser was designed as short as possible to reduce the marina bill. The rudder can

Marina Cruiser

21'3" x 7'10" x 2'4"

be swung 90° if there's a threat to include it in her length-for-charges. She steers with a tiller to save the cockpit space of a wheel and console, and the tiller can be unshipped when she's not underway (the normal condition). She is carvel-built on bent frames, and her builder complained that the bow is so full that he had to steam all the upper planks.

Otherwise, she was quite cheap to build in New England. The cedar sheathing inside the frames has a pleasant smell, and the gravity-powered air circulation behind it keeps her cuddy unusually dry, there is never any apparent condensation inside.

The original owners fondly imagined that she made 10 knots, they were under the impression that no motorboat ever went slower. In fact, the two-cylinder, 13hp diesel drives

her 6-1/2 knots. If she had a 3:1 reduction gear to swing the larger prop allowed by the aperture, she would make 6-3/4 knots. With twice the power (which would not fit in the designed compartment) she might make 7 knots, with 10 knots' worth of wake.

The engine has very low time and the mast, yard, and sail usually were stored ashore to clear the cabin and reduce windage and bridge clearance. She never went anywhere where a tow wasn't available for the asking. But it was established, when she was new, that she could sail after a fashion, even a little to windward.

Below, the double berth was made up with tucked-in sheets and blankets. The forward hatch was used only for ventilation, since it was easier and cooler to anchor by the stern in the only conditions in which she ever anchored. If a shower threatened, she would go home. A plastic sheet was propped up over the hatch in warm, rainy weather so it could be open without dripping. Some craftily

placed hooks on the topsides stretched the store-bought square sheet in place with the strutted peak facing in any direction. The effect was highly unseamanlike. A portable television set stood on the forward platform.

Other people in the marina did not understand this boat, but they were tolerant. A few of them knew that she was a loose imitation of a production cruiser of the 1920s, but even those who did not bother with history thought her quaint. She became a marina mascot. Children would shout, "Look! The *President Coolidge* is going out!"

The notable difference between this boat and her ancestors is that the engine has disappeared under the double berth. High-powered boats were once built with engines in this position, but they were long and slender and, even so, were slow for their power and wet and wild-steering in a seaway. The small modern engine in this boat is so light that it just about compensates for the weight of the helmsman at the tiller. The bow has a complex forefoot shape showing deep hollows in the waterlines. The lines of flow are sharper than most, and the bow wave is turned over in a clear roll indicative of a dry boat and a steady steerer.

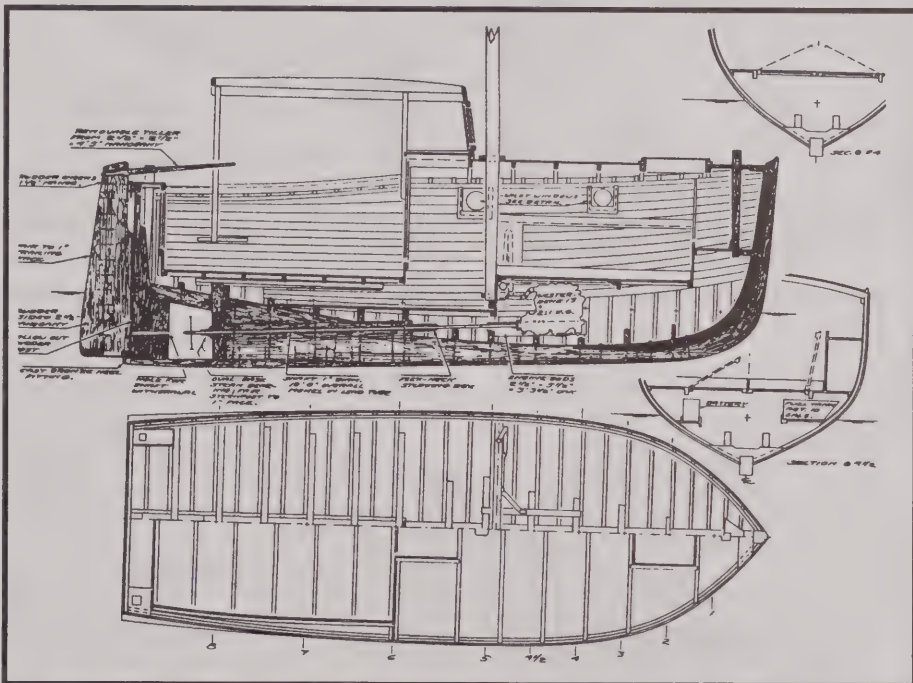
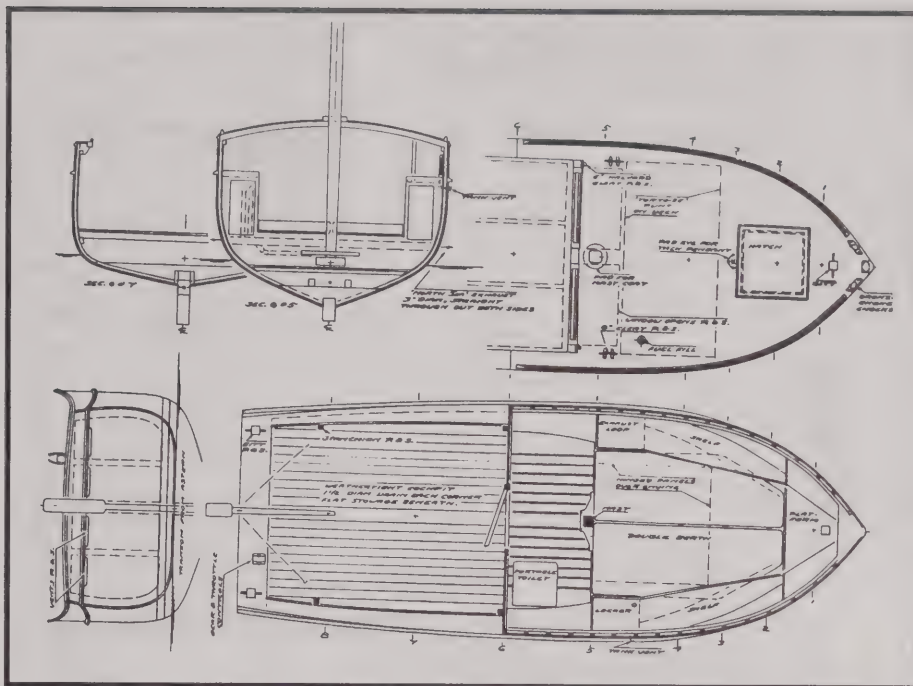
The present skipper has done what he could to make her fit for a coastwise passage. He re-stepped her mast, and the dipping lug sail has brought her up Penobscot Bay on the brisk southwest wind as fast as the engine could have. Because her fuel capacity is very small, the auxiliary propulsion is welcome. The sail tames the exhausting bouncy roll that makes the buoyant little boat intolerable for any length of time in rough water.

Insect screens have been battened over what is suspected to be plain plate glass in the windshield, the skipper having read Captain Alex Moffat's account of how a screen an inch from the glass saved the wheelhouse windows in Kaiser's War sub chasers. The fabric shelter top has been replaced with plywood fitted with grab rails, and the open sides have been paneled in almost to the stern.

A tarpaulin has been laid over the double berth, turned well up the sides. To handle the anchors, the current crew walks over the tarp covered mattresses and stand chest deep in the hatch. A bundling board runs down the berth centerline, since the skipper and his friends are neither homosexuals nor quiet sleepers. The third man sleeps on a folding cot in the cockpit. They all have good sleeping bags and wear overall oilskins with long johns inside. They plan to wash and shave in Bar Harbor.

An anthracite stove is bolted down where the control console should have been. It faces aft, they wish it faced forward in a boat that pitches as hard as this one does, but at any rate it does not face athwartships and has not yet spilled a substantial amount of hot coals. A stiff stanchion is bolted at the after inboard corner of the stove and has so far prevented any bad burns resulting from falls against the stove. Three 50-lb. bags of coal were stowed under the cockpit where the lounge chairs used to be put away.

This much fuel will last a week if the stove is run full blast when they're awake. The stove will carry a fire 20 hours if it's well-banked, but at this time of year they bank it only to sleep. At anchor, with the cockpit tented in, the stove puts out so much heat that on 40° evenings a forward port is left open, giving air circulation through to the transom





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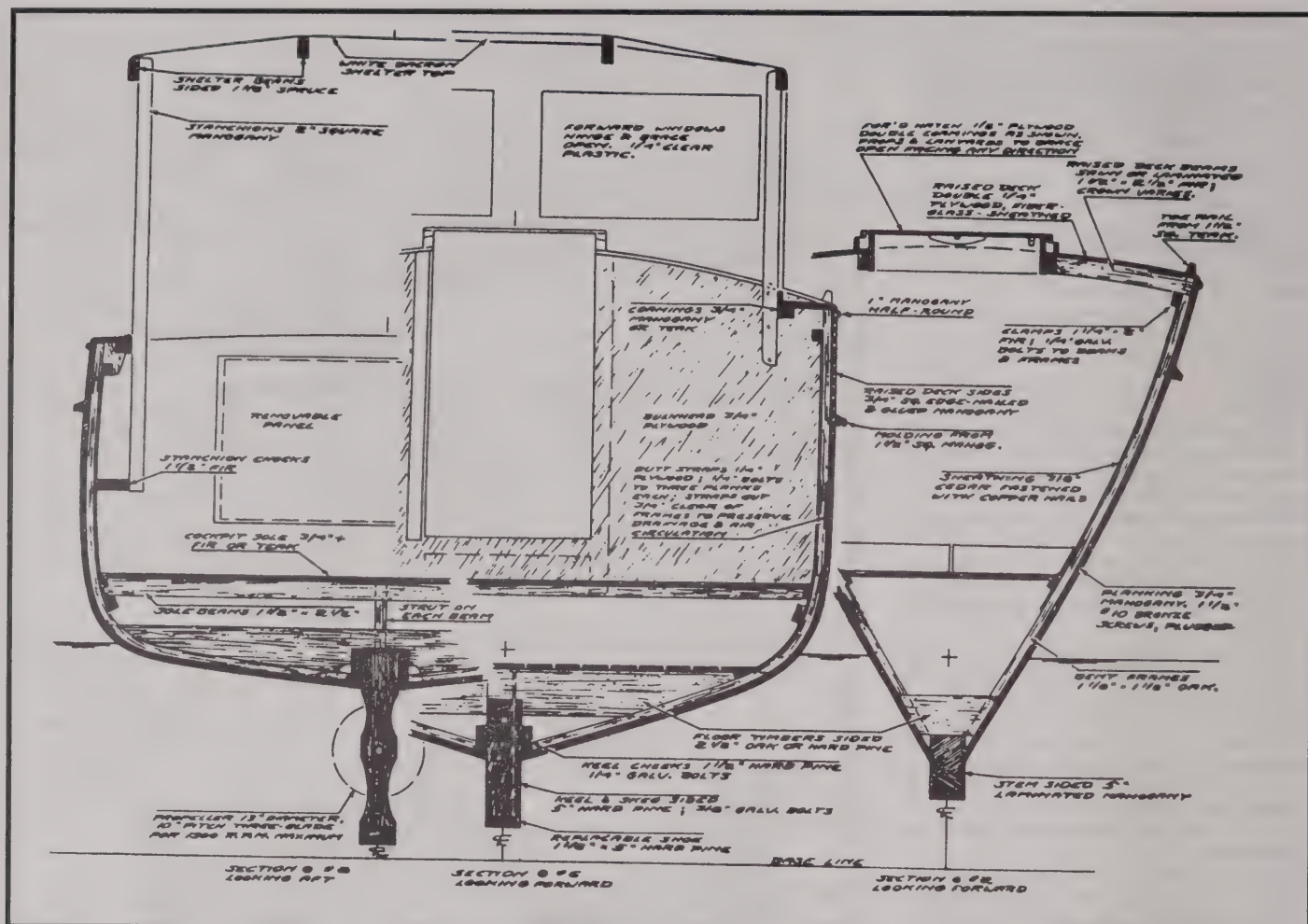
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openings. One of the men smokes and has agreed to light up only abaft the after shelter stanchions. The cuddy door had to be removed as the width of the stove blocked its swing, but they would have kept it open in any case.

They have another type of smoke problem. When the transverse North Sea exhaust rolls its lee outlet underwater, the diesel fumes belch out on the weather side and blow back

over the boat. The crew all wish the boat had a dry exhaust up the mast, ideally even the man who once grabbed the stove blocked its swing, but they would have kept it open in any case.

Underway, the stove heat goes away fast through the cabin's open after end, but socks dry and water keeps hot. The men will boast later that it snowed on their cruise, but in fact it was just a flurry. They took care not to start

in a northeaster and were ready to run in and wait it out if one had blown up on the way. They counted on, and got, offshore winds and plenty of calm. The high-sided boat will live in a very wicked sea, but she makes little progress in a head sea and quickly wears out her crew with her wild rolling and pitching. This "winter cruise" is an anomaly, and soon the boat will again become a summer cottage.

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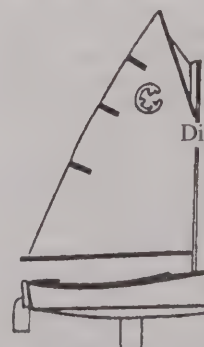
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Boatshop News...

Chebacco Boat is Completed

The construction of our Essex Shipbuilding Museum's replica Chebacco fishing boat *Lewis H. Story* is complete. Finishing touches included wiring of running lights and instrument panel. The boat already has made two trial runs up and down the Essex River, both before Christmas. On board for the first trip were Harold Burnham, designer and builder, his father Charles Burnham, brother Ted, John Drake and Sheilagh Donohoe (a 1992 Olympic Silver Rowing Medalist) and her dog Otis.

With one comic exception, the trip went well. The water was calm and the weather fair, with a beautiful sunset on the river. The boat was operated both under power and under sail.

"She performed beautifully, just as I designed her to make very little wake. The Yanmar 27hp diesel engine provided plenty of power. She comes about with ease, balances well and seems to sail herself," says Harold. When asked how it felt to have something he designed and built perform so well, he replied, "I felt relief!"

Comedy was supplied by the dog, Otis, who never got his sea legs. It seems there was a temporary plywood hatch that was not secured. Otis stepped on it, remained suspended in mid-air for an instant and then fell through. No harm came to poor Otis, but the sight gave everyone a good laugh.

On board for the second run was Harold, his brother Ted, sister Deb, Sherry Proctor and Jimmy Lower. Unlike the first run, this was done in bitter cold. Once again, the *Story* performed well.

"Now that it's built, it will be good for at least 20 years. All it will need is annual maintenance," says Burnham. With the work done, he is anxious to turn the boat over to the museum, but he'd also like to see how it handles compared to modern vessels and is waiting for spring before making any trips along the coast. He'd like to sail it to Rockport, the Isles of Shoals or Maine, and says that it's capable of sailing anywhere so long as it doesn't go too far out. Designed as an inshore fishing vessel, as were the originals, it is capable of coastal trips of a few days but is not suitable for the open ocean.

A schedule of activities for the *Story* as part of a Port-of-Call program for the 1999 season is being drawn up.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, P.O. Box 277, Essex, MA 01929



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Your invitation to boatbuilders to present what they are, or have been, building, inspired me to send you this pamphlet with three photos of recent boats I have built to order.

Edith is an L.F. Herreshoff designed Rozinante I built in 1995. *Arethusa* is a N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25 I built in 1996.

Harmony is another N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25 I also built in 1996.

I have been building custom boats and yachts since 1970 and there is a blank space on my promotional pamphlet entitled, "Your Boat Here".

Damian McLaughlin, P.O. Box 538, N. Falmouth, MA 02556



As the size of successive boats I've owned has shrunk, the sense of adventure of crossing successively smaller ponds has not diminished. It does appear that the size of the adventure is a function of the size of the boat. But having tasted blue water, my thoughts wander back to adventures on big seas. Nothing in my mind can rival the vast expanses of the Pacific Ocean, huge reaches of which are in warm waters, dotted with islands fringed with reefs, studded with romantic coconut palms, and giving sustenance to people willing to live simply on islands of modest to small sizes.

In fact, the islands have been populated for at least 1,500 years, and possibly quite a bit longer. This vast area of the Pacific has properly been called Oceania and can be thought to cover a roughly triangular shape with Hawaii, Easter Island (Rapa Nui) and New Zealand (Aotora) at its apices. Fabled Tahiti sits at its center, yet situated just east of south from Hawaii more than 2000 miles away!

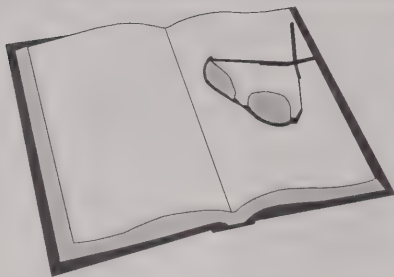
Captain Cook, traversing these waters in the mid-1700s, was amazed to learn that the handsome people inhabiting these archipelagos were not only physically similar, but spoke virtually the same language. How did such people migrate and populate these islands? Was their migration a one-way trip or did these people maintain communication with one another?

Three conflicting theories of discovery and settlement have been advanced and vigorously debated:

(1) The Polynesian ancestors originated in Indonesia and the Philippines and spread eastward to the Marquesas and thence east and out throughout Oceania. This was done over many years, but relied at least to a significant degree on deliberate voyagers who skillfully navigated sea-going vessels on return trips. Hawaiian lore speaks of back and forth exchange with Tahiti, and there is evidence of even earlier arrival of Marquesans in the leeward islands of Kaua'i and Ni'ihau of Hawaii.

(2) The fact that such voyaging would have required extensive sailing against the prevailing tradewinds, and would have required skill to find tiny island atolls barely visible from 15 miles out, reached over great distances led to theory (2), which holds that settlements were accidental, by ships blown off course, with much loss of life, and most certainly were one-way.

(3) The third theory was made widely popular by Thor Heyerdahl, who agreed that westward expansion was next to impossible, and hence people must have come from the



Book Review

Voyage of Rediscovery

By Ben Finney et Al.

University of California Press, 1994

Reviewed by Hermann Gucinski

South American continent using favorable winds and currents. To make this archaeologically far-fetched idea at least seem plausible, he built the balsa raft *Kon-Tiki* and drifted from South America's west coast for 101 days until smashing onto a reef in the Tuamotu Archipelago. I thrilled to reading his adventure story, and was, of course, fully convinced at the time.

To prove Thor Heyerdahl wrong, and to challenge the harder to refute theory (2) (harder, because it has greater archeological consistency than does theory (3)), the Polynesian Voyaging Society was founded in the 1960s. Its ambitious goal was to not only recreate (in design, if not materials) the twin-hulled voyaging canoes that were likely in use back between 500AD and 1,500AD, but to recreate the navigational techniques that had been developed and passed on by oral tradition, and which had been almost forgotten in the present era.

Almost, but not quite.

Mau Pialiug is a navigator living in Micronesia who still possessed this knowledge, and knew how to apply it, at least in his sailing domain which encompasses 10,000's of square miles. Polynesian navigation is radically different. The compass was unknown, as was a system of coordinates we use (latitude and longitude) on traditional maps, on which a boat's progress is depicted as seen by the God's eye view.

Instead, the voyaging canoe is viewed as a bird in flight, but with you on board it appears stationary with respect to reference objects. These may include reference islands, even if over the horizon, which draw abeam and pass astern, terms we ourselves use. These, used in conjunction with stars, sun, constellations as both steering guide and signs of the canoe's progress, enable sufficient accuracy to lay a course.

They must be interpolated by the wise use of the lore of winds and ocean swells, observations of land-roosting birds flying to or from their fishing grounds, the appearance of clouds over islands, even the reflections of the shallow waters of atolls which leave a green shimmer on cloud bottoms.

Because no written language existed, all this required prodigious amounts of memori-

zation; the relative positions and bearings of major islands in this vast domain, the knowledge of seasonal winds and implications of changes, ocean swells reflecting and refracting around islands, as well as the lore of the very important currents that shift a vessel's position without leaving a clue when out of sight of land.

All this would be meaningless if the voyaging canoe could sail downwind only in the manner of *Kon-Tiki*. A real test would confirm if the above skills could be applied to a vessel that could endure at sea and make reasonable progress to windward. Thus was born the idea and the ship *Hokule'a*, a 62' twin-hulled canoe with two masts and traditional sails woven from dried Pandanus leaves. *Hokule'a* means Star of Joy and refers to Arcturus, which is directly overhead in Hawaiian latitudes, and thus marks that island's sailor's homecoming.

Hokule'a left Maui on May 1, 1974 and sailed for Tahiti with Mau Pialiug navigating by traditional Polynesian methods. It reached Tahiti after 32 days, with a stop in the Tuamotus, known as the dangerous archipelago to western sailors because of its low islands and tricky currents. It made the return voyage in 22 days, but used modern methods because Mau Pialiug could not be aboard for the return trip.

More ambitious voyages followed in 1980 and in 1985-7, using a Hawaiian navigator, Nainoa Thompson, who learned his skills from Mau Pialiug and his own research and practice. The long voyages reached all the way to Aotora (New Zealand) and reinforced the point the first voyage already proved: "...for skilled navigators, error in course setting, steering, and dead reckoning are likely to occur randomly, and the longer the voyage, the more opportunity there is for such random errors to cancel out one another."

The seaworthiness of the voyaging canoes, their windward ability in boisterous trades, enabling them to make good a course of about 75 degrees from the true wind, their seakeeping knack (Polynesian sailors carried not only supplies for the at-sea leg, but taro, yam, and breadfruit plants as well as pigs and chickens that enabled them to settle at a new island), the navigational skills that permitted two-way trips, all combined to show that theory (1) has considerable merit.

It also shows that the orally transmitted legends of such voyages may have a basis in fact. It certainly convinces the reader that the idea that the Polynesians were a primitive people who more or less stumbled on successive island discoveries is false. They appear to have developed the skills to know their ocean environment intimately, the creativity to design and build seaworthy vessels from available materials, and the mastery of the difficult navigational challenges for these extended voyages long before, or at least concurrently with European sailors making similar attempts.

The rediscovery voyages of the *Hokule'a* served to stimulate renewed interest in the historical antecedents of these remarkable people and apparently has contributed to renewed and justified pride in their historic achievements. Lastly, my few words here cannot begin to do justice to this exciting, thorough, and well-written account that makes vast Oceania come alive. This book is a must read whether you intend to cross that pond, or venture out in blue water.

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"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



The Rules of the Road

I was riding a city bus the other day, something I normally do not do. I was sitting in the front passenger seat and was seeing mostly what the driver watched.

Frankly, it was scary. The driver was attempting to maneuver her land-bound monster through rush hour traffic, avoid pedestrians who seemed intent on self-destruction, not get hit by other vehicles, respond to radio calls and, at the same time, make forward progress. Frankly, any sane person would have drawn himself into a fetal position and begun whimpering. Obviously, the driver was made of sterner stuff. She did all of the above superbly.

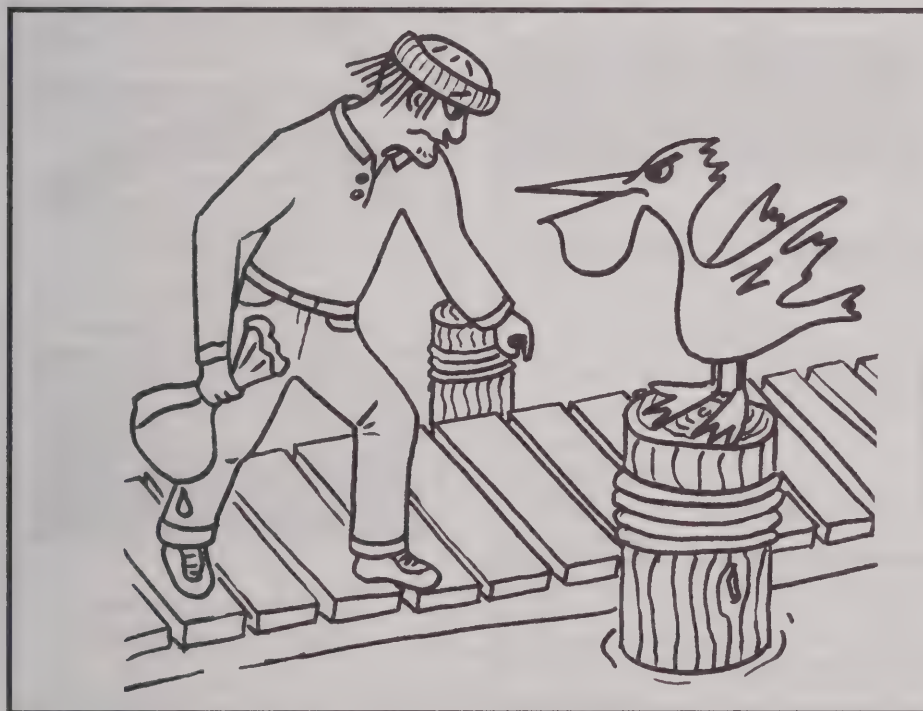
On the water, the situation is similar. How many of us have tried to assert right-of-way in the face of a larger vessel, even when it was not necessary to keep from going aground? How many of us have said to ourselves, "I'll have plenty of room to clear the bow of that tugboat (or tanker, barge, or other large vessel)." If you are reading this, you have been lucky. You haven't paid for your sins. Yes, we all have lapses in judgement.

There are really only two rules of the road. The first is **KEEP A GOOD LOOKOUT**. The second is **DON'T HIT ANYTHING**. Some of us call the second rule the Rule of Gross Ton-

nage or the Rule of Iron. As we read it, it says, "If it's bigger than you, don't hit it. If it's smaller than you, don't hit it. If it moves, don't hit it. If it doesn't move, don't hit it. If it's harder than you, don't hit it. If it's softer than you, don't hit it. In other words, don't hit it!" There are very few situations in which an accident starts out as inevitable. Even in those situations, there are ways to minimize the problem.

If you are male, it is important to keep your mental gonads between your thighs, not your ears. The few minutes or seconds gained by slipping though ahead of that big thing just ahead may cost a lifetime of pain (if you survive). The vessel with limited maneuverability doesn't have the choices you have. They also don't have the braking ability you probably have.

When a commercial vessel gives you five toots, it is worth considering that the guy in that pilot house; a) almost certainly has a better view of the proceedings than you do, b) almost certainly has more experience on the water than you do, c) is cursing you vigorously while trying to not grind you under his keel, and d) may be costing the owners of his vessel considerable money as things at his end get out of control so he can avoid hitting you. Right of way is far less important than staying alive.



Pete and the Pelican

By Paul Browne

As every fish on the Ottawa River knows, Pete likes fishing. He had a trolling line out for most of the trip. Nothing was biting though, and Pete was starting to get depressed. He would fiddle with the rod and mutter subtle hints like "the fishing is lousy in Florida." So as we were rumbling and chewing our way through the water down the intracoastal ditch,

I spied one bait shop that looked particularly rustic. The place had a sign up that proclaimed it the "Number One Bass Hole." I figured they could give us some advice. I swung the helm hard to port and cut the engine. We managed to tie up without destroying the dock.

As we swaggered up the ramp to the shop, I noticed that there was a sleepy pelican on the

deck outside the door. Now pelicans can be quite common and tame down here, so I merely nodded politely at the bird as we went in. But Pete bought some bait inside, and when he came out clutching his paper bag he found himself nose-to-beak with the pelican, who wanted the bait and had been plotting while we were in the store. The bird nearly got it too, backed Pete up into the store again with much flapping and snapping. The bird was pretty agitated, too. But Pete's a red-blooded Canuck, and from behind the shelter of a display counter he gathered himself for a charge. He was sort of like General Brock up Queenston Heights in 1812. The bird saw the wild colonial look in his eyes and decided maybe he'd let him go this time.

Pete made it to the boat and we cast off in our usual 120-decibel cloud of diesel smoke. But despite that heroic battle and much further effort, Pete never did catch a Florida fish. Not every story has a happy ending.

Note: Pete and the Captain encountered the bird during a 500-mile trip aboard a 35-year-old ex-Navy lifeboat.



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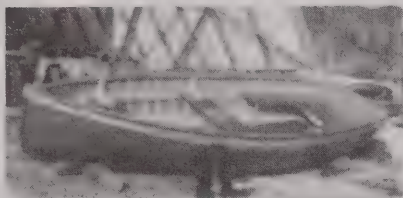
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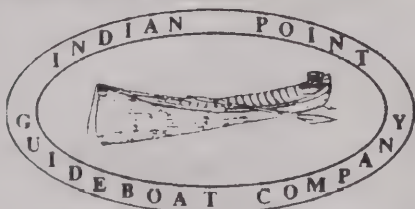
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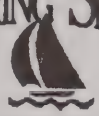
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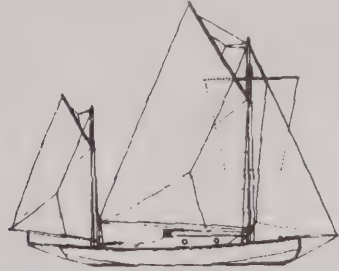
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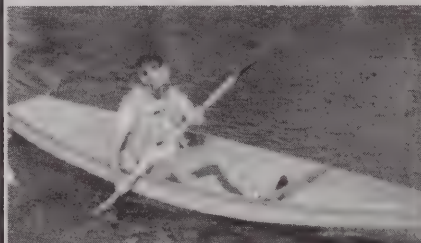
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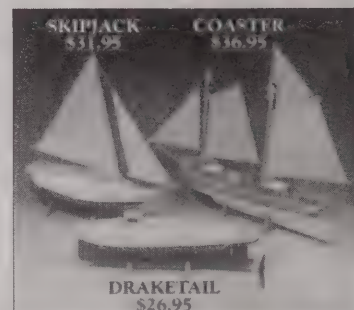
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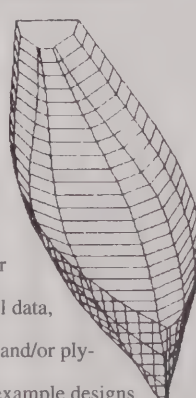
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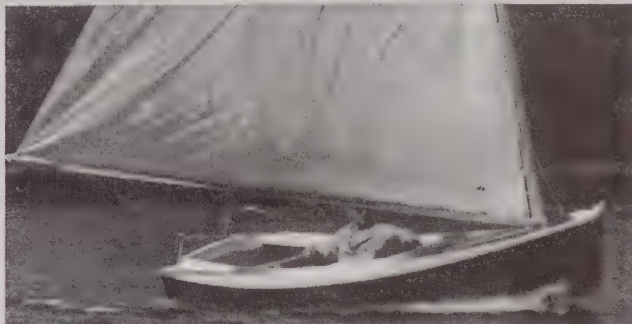
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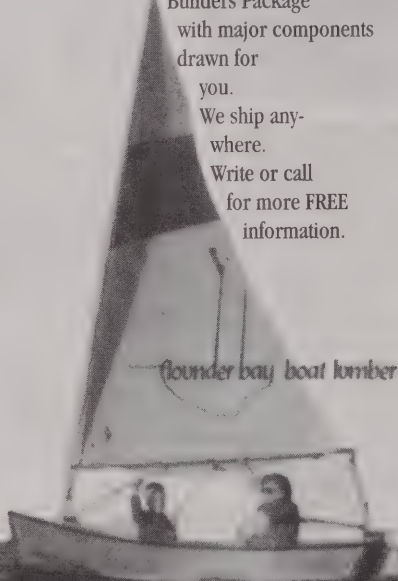
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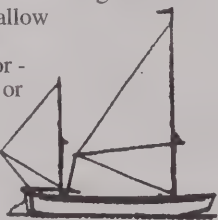
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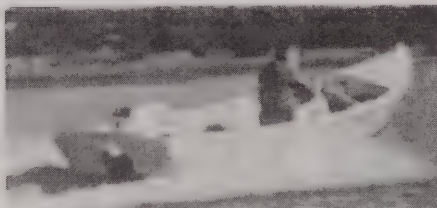
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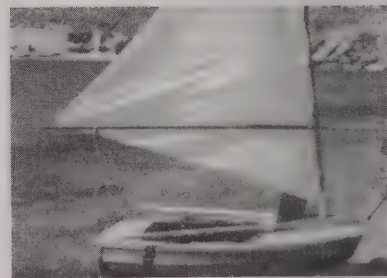
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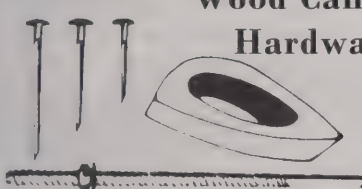
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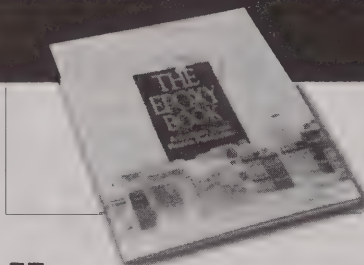
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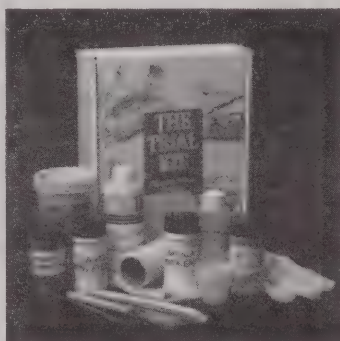
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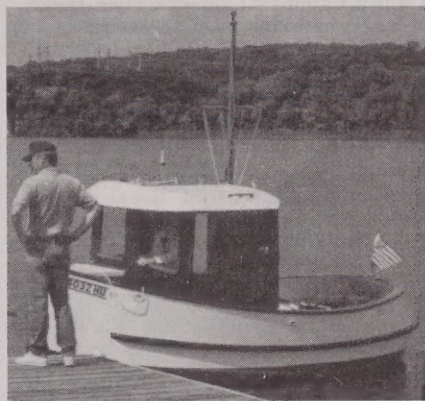
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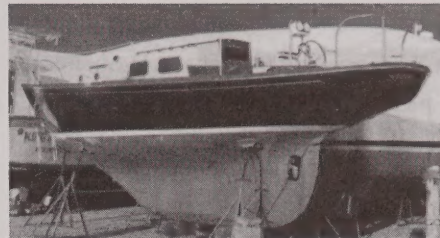


Mini Tugboat Tug-A-Lug, poor health, infrequent use & another small electric boat force sale. LOA 15'3", beam 7'4", hdm 6', draft 20". Powered by GE 10hp 36v reversible electric motor w/solid state controller. Has 36v onboard automatic battery charger w/25' 110v shore recharge cable. Attractive lg teak ship's wheel, compass, 36v ammeter, voltmeter, twin horns. Ignition switch & throttle controls in console. Separate 12v battery electrical system. Dock lines & anchor w/100' line. Lg solid brass ship's bell. 2 fwd cabin windows open for ventilation. Fwd hatch 20"x24". Cabin door fitted w/port-hole & SS security lock. Fire extinguisher. Lg formica countertop in cabin & folding formica top table in cockpit. Lots of storage bins in cabin. Removable white bimini summer top over aft cockpit. Folding wooden mast w/crossarm, flag lines. Approximate weight of boat 1,250lbs, on new custom blt Magnum trlr totals 2070lbs. Loads & offloads easily, tows nicely behind Ford Ranger pickup. Easily carries 2-6 people, handles well on local lakes. Slow but vy maneuverable. Due to insufficient use am unable to verify designer's claim of several hrs cruising capability on overnight battery charge. Clear title, might deliver for expenses. This crowd pleaser is an environmental jewel, no fumes, no noise, no fuel, no pollution. Just quiet, leisurely pleasure boating. \$12,750.

TONY BINGELIS, 8509 Greenflint Ln., Austin, TX 78759, (512) 345-1537. (06)

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

EDWARD FEINBERG, 67 Meadowbrook Rd., Brookline, MA 02445, (617) 734-6507. (06)



30' Alberg Sloop, strong pretty cruiser, fully equipped, electronics, sails, engine, head, etc'all in gd cond. Dark blue FG hull blt by Whitby in Canada '66. Graymarine 25hp auxiliary, dodger, new interior cushions '99, Edson wheel steering w/binnacle & instruments. Sailed 8 seasons on Buzzards Bay, Vineyard Sound, etc. Have "new" '58 boat. Located in Pocasset, MA. \$14,000.

HARLEY LAING, Milton, MA, (617) 698-3078. (06)

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

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

15' Boston Whaler 4.6 Harpoon Sailboat, 4.5hp Johnson, w/trlr, in exc cond. \$4,500. Came from Deer Isle, ME estate.

ED HOWARD, Essex, MA, (978) 768-7282. (06)

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)

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)

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)

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)

Bolger Micro, exc cond, compl w/trlr, ready to sail. \$2,500.

JACK BRANDIS, Hatfield, MA, (413) 247-5527. (05)

Drascombe Dabber, 15'6" yawl, FG, vy gd cond, w/trlr & OB. \$3,500 OBO.

PETER SCHWIERZKE, Somerset, CA, (530) 626-8647. (06)

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)

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/OBO.

EUGENE TRAINOR, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-3734 aft 6pm or lv message. (05)

18' Grady White Runabout, '62 lapstrake plywood, 55hp Homelite 4-stroke OB, 2 large downriggers, fishfinder, etc. Holsclaw tandem axle trlr. \$2,000.

ROBIN EKSTROM, Putney, VT, (802) 387-5259. (06)

23' North American Sailboat, exc cond shoal draft keel w/CB. On stands in Barnstable, MA. 2 sets sails w/genoa, stove, sink, accessories. Slps 5. 8hp Honda OB. \$2,000 firm.

ANDREW VOIKOS, 289 Salt Rock Rd., Barnstable, MA 02630, (508) 362-2490. (06)

21' Tiki Catamaran, Wharram design. \$3,500. **10' Decked Sailing Canoe**, Dennis Davis design. \$300.

12' 10" Sweet Dream, Marc Pettingill design, weighs 30lbs. \$350. **15' 6- Hour Canoe**, Richard Butz design. \$300.

MAN MANCINI, Narragansett, RI, (401) 295-0433. (06)

16' Lyman Runabout, 25hp Johnson OB & trlr. Stored under cover, last used summer '98. Nds cleanup & touch up cosmetically to be ready to go. Asking \$2,650. **9' FG Skiff**, rough but useable. \$100.

JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-6962. (06)

Free 30' Double Ended Cutter, Buehler design, new construction presently at planking stage. Pictures & details available on website only. New sails, diesel engine, etc for this boat can be purchased if desired.

SHOESTRING SHIPYARD, Sagamore Beach, MA, (508) 888-7960, <http://www.shoestringshipyard.com> (For Sale/Free Stuff page). (06)

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

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

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)

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)



36' Modified Herreshoff Meadowlark Ketch, 30hp Yanmar less than 100 hrs. '85 by Doug Higham in Vineyard Haven. Exc cond, well maintained. In water, Osterville, MA.

WILL J. PRICE, Osterville, MA, (508) 428-9733. (06)

21' Fjord Lapstrake Double Ender, intended for IB power. Perf for 1 lungur or steam engine. Nds some work. \$575.

CHRIS EBY, Paradise, PA, (717) 687-6417. (05)

Old Town Canoe, '21 Charles River model. Schuyler Thompson rblt '97. \$2,000 OBO.

TOM FAGAN, Niantic, CT, (860) 739-6686. (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)

'82 O'Day Daysailer, FG, w/trlr. Nds minor work. BO over \$1,300 or trade for sailing dinghy.

BILL KAVANAUGH, Newburgh, NY, (914) 562-3734, lv message. (06)



35' Lawley Weekender Sloop, lot of boat for a little money! Sparkman & Stevens design blt '38, refastened '81, repowered '95. 6'3" hdm thruout, loran, depth, knot, vhf, teak decks, interior & cockpit cushions, spruce spars, club footed jib, anchor & line, 2 sets sails plus spinnaker, head, ice chest, dining table. Holds 75gal fresh water, 18gal fuel. Slps 4. Documented. A classic beauty becoming cosmetically challenged. A great buy at \$7,500. Will consider partial or total trade for smaller sail or power boat.

JAMES DINCECCO, Marblehead, MA, (781) 594-4015 days, (781) 631-7026 eves & wknds. (05P)

PHOTO 3"

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)

25' Albin Motor Sailer, FG, w/2cyl Volvo diesel. \$6,000. **10' Grant John Boat**, alum, few holes but otherwise gd cond. \$50.

TONY GAMBALE, E. Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462 eves. (06)

13' Metzeler Inflatable, 18' mast w/main & jib. Sails like new, only used twice. Paid over \$2,000 new, sacrifice for \$500.

CHARLIE CROTEAU, Worcester, MA, (508) 756-2049. (06)

BOATS WANTED

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)

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. (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)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

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)

Sail Rig for Klepper, compl except rudder. Old Egyptian cotton sails. Free, you pay shipping.

ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462. (06)

SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

Used Sails, for old 17' O'Day Daysailer. Main: foot 9'6", leech 21'4", luff 11'3". Jib: foot 6'10", leech 14'7", luff 12'9".

RICHARD RUDIS, Mansfield Ctr., CT, (860) 456-1335. (06)

GEAR FOR SALE

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 WoodenBoat Show in St. Michaels June 25-27. Look for tallest guy around.

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

Johnson Sea Horse, 3hp twin, '64 model JW19M, w/orig book. Lks new. \$500. **Trailer**, for 23' ComPac sailboat. \$900.

FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (06)



Melonseed Skiff, blt at NC Maritime Museum, this is possibly the most beautiful Melonseed ever. Aesthetically, historically & pleasurable a real treasure. Impeccably maintained in like new cond. \$3,000 incl 2 sails & trlr. Delivery can be arranged.

CHARLES DELMAR, Durham, NC, (919) 286-1188, <bookman776@aol.com> (06) **PHOTO 3"**

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—
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as simply messing about in boats.

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



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

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 Port-land, ME and Stamford, CT. (05)
JAY FOLEY, Worcester, MA, (800) 233-6539 days.

OB Motors, parts, antiques. (05P)
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107.

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

3hp Evinrude Yachtwin OB, long shaft. \$250. **Antique '37 Johnson 9.9 OB**, vy gd cond. \$300. **'62 Mercury 100hp OB**, in storage 30 yrs. \$600. **Anchor**, several old fashion type fisherman & Danforth. Vy reasonable prices.
TONY GAMBALE, E. Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462 eves. (06)

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

GEAR WANTED

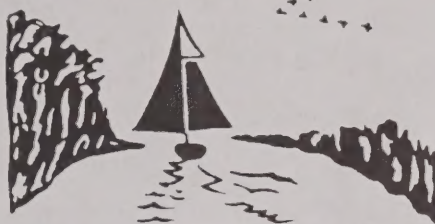
British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. **FRANK VALENTINO**, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

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

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT PLANS - PATTERNS - KITS - Unsurpassed selection - 7' to 55' - A variety of rowing boats - Sea kayaks - Dorries - Dinghies - Daysailers - Motorsailers - Powerboats - Fishingboats - MORE. **176-page DESIGN BOOK - \$5.00** (Sent Airmail) - Includes FREE "Supplies Catalog". Epoxy Manual \$2.00. "How to Fiberglass" Video \$32.95.
GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA9, 9152 Rosecrans, Bell-flower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA 562/630-6258, fax 562/630-6280, www.glen-l.com (99P)

"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 water-colors, scores of sketch charts evoke 2,000 mile cruise from Chesapeake to Dry Tortugas. \$19.95 signed, postpaid. Reviewed in January 15, 1999 is-sue.

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



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)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book writ-ten 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)

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

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)



Bliss, the Quick & Easy Canoe, plans \$26. Illus-trated leaflet of 16 small craft designs \$2.
DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (11/99EOIP)

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

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)

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

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunt-ing & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rud-der*, *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)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

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

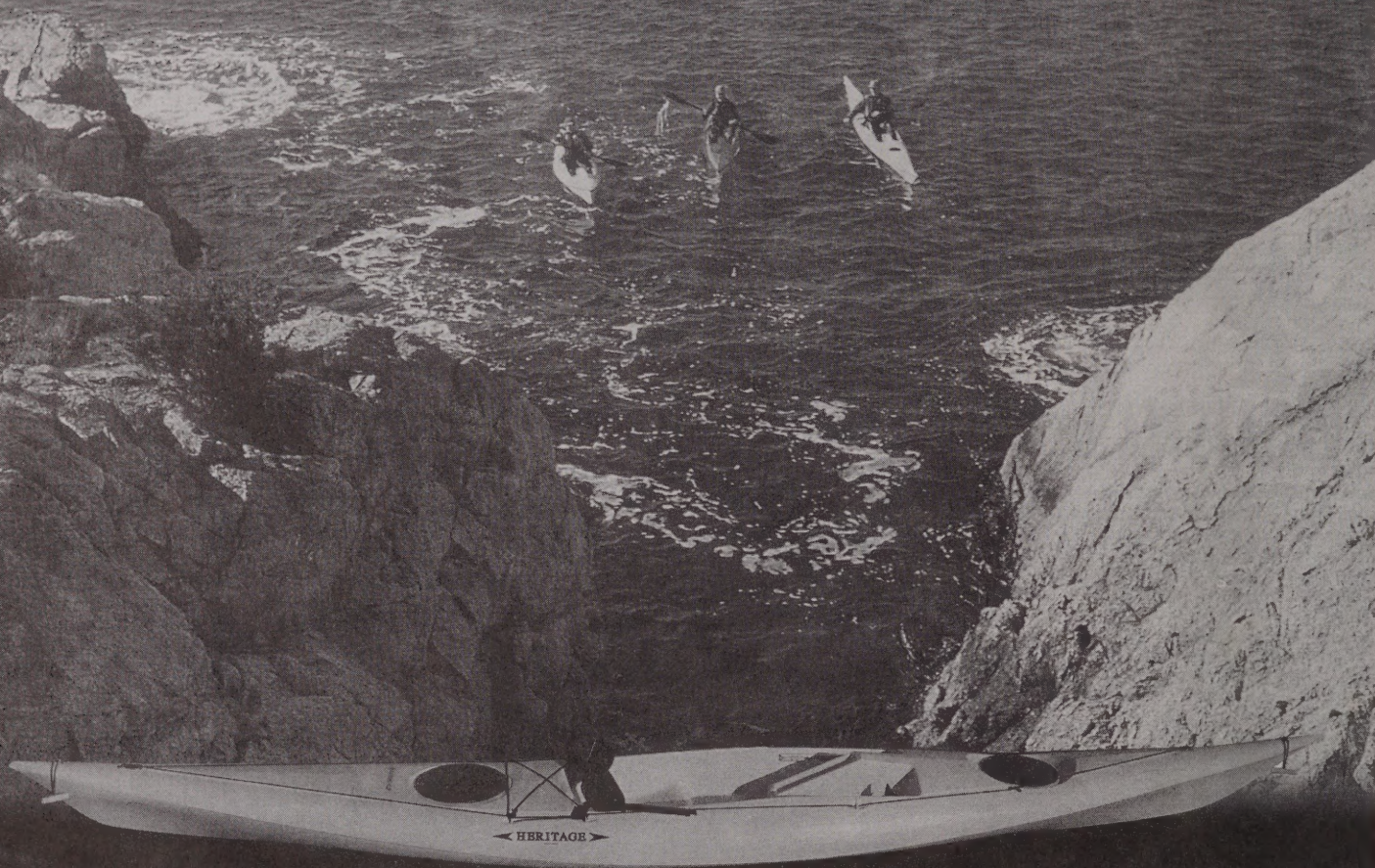
Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free picture painting of your boat, but \$50 for 9"x 12" & \$100 for 18"x 24" will get your painting done 1st. Send no money until you get a painting you like.
SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)



Charter Pleiades, 35' classic sailing yacht. Cruis-ing for 4 on this beautiful vessel \$1,100/wk bare-boat. Penobscot Bay, ME.
GEORGE EVANS, P.O. 19, Isleboro, ME 04848, (207) 734-8139 eves.(7P)

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