



PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
EAST INDIA SQUARE
SALEM, MA 01970

messing about in BOATS

Volume 17 - Number 14

December 1, 1999



Special Features This Issue
"Letter From Xanadu" - "Tree House Pocket Cruiser"

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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

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Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks. Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

In Our Next Issue...

Larry Applebaum tells us about the "Lake Monroe Messabout"; and Greg Grundtisch does likewise about the "Great Lakes Wooden Boat Regatta".

Robb White continues with his Reynolds chronicles with "Reynolds River Trip from Hell" and also provides us with some "Reynolds Recipes"; Ed Taylor recalls "Carol Nickerson's Catboat"; Fred Bennett brings us the second installment of his "Letter from Xanadu"; and Steve Turi offers Part 7 of his "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut".

Foster Nostrand recalls "My True Boat"; Jason Spinnett continues with Part 2 of his "Tree House Pocket Coaster"; and Mark Steele continues his series on New Zealand model yachting with "The New Zealand Mullet Boat".

Richard Carsen sails on with his "Dreamboats" series with "The Ubiquitous Coaster"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will have something new as yet unrevealed to us.

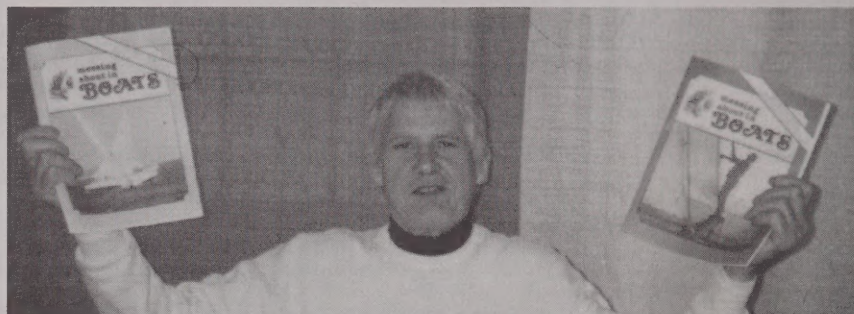
Ben Fuller concludes his two part series from the old *SBJ* in "Sculling Part II: Putting Your Best Oar Behind You".

On the Cover...

The Arey's Pond annual fall catboat gathering on Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay attracted 40 cats for a great day of sailing in brisk winds. More photos and comments are featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I started running our Christmas Gift Subscription ad again on the facing page as the gift subscriptions many of you do buy for family and friends provide a significant annual boost to our circulation. Because of the time delay in getting each issue out, the ad began in the last issue, November 15th. We have to start early enough soliciting your gift orders to be able to start the subscriptions with the January 1st issue each year.

The January 1, 2000, issue will close for the mailing list about December 10th, so we set a deadline a few days earlier to allow us to send off the list right up to date to the mailers. That issue will probably go into the mail around December 15th and will not reach readers until after Christmas. It normally takes one to three weeks for delivery but the pre-Christmas mails are much, much slower.

I am discussing this gift subscription topic this issue as something of a commercial, for this magazine is reader supported, about 75% of the income comes from subscriptions. Our advertising revenue is significant, but unlike the 75% portion that ads bring in for most commercial publications, we are the opposite. This enables us to carry on as we are, free from commercial hustle. The nature of a small magazine like this is not attractive to advertisers of main line commercial boats and boating related products. The subjects of most of our editorial content do not stimulate desire to rush out and buy, and there are only about 4,500 of you who subscribe. Not a big market, nor a big spending market it seems.

Subscribers are our lifeblood. How to keep them and add to them to continue meeting the costs of doing business on so small a scale? Keeping you coming back is a direct function of our content, if you like what you get, you renew. We have been averaging around 80% renewal rate for several years now since we've been keeping track. So renewals are firmly in hand.

Reaching out to potential new subscribers is the ongoing challenge, not only to replace that 20% or so dropout rate but also to build on towards a larger circulation. We could handle 10,000 subscribers as easily as the present 5,000 or so with the computer system now in use for recording subscriptions and mailing out issues. No need for added staff would be generated by so large an increase in circulation.

The larger the circulation we have, the

less vulnerable to fluctuations in the economy we are. Advertisers gain an increased potential market for their goods and services. These advertisers are just about all small firms or individual proprietors and your potential business is valuable to them. And those of you who write of your experiences for us reach out to more kindred spirits.

We do not do mass mailings to lists we could buy of people who might be interested in this magazine. The usual return from such mailings is around 2%-3%. We cannot afford to invest in such a circulation building effort. We do attend two boat shows a year that are aimed at the sort of boaters who might enjoy this magazine, the Maine Boatbuilders' Show in March and the WoodenBoat Show in June. We do reach helpful numbers of new potential subscribers at both. The rest of the commercial boat shows do not attract those who might find us of interest.

Over the past two years we have had a presence on the Internet, courtesy of By the Sea and Mims Mall, both run by readers who enjoy what we offer and wished to include us in their own offerings on the Net. These have resulted in about 8% of our new subscriptions, nice but not overwhelming as yet.

Our best source of new readers is from your efforts as enthusiastic readers. Referrals to friends, passing along copies, leaving them in dentist offices, all that sort of thing, brings in most of the new subscribers. A typical letter will tell us that, "I've been reading by brother's copies now for a couple of years and decided it's about time I subscribed on my own".

And so back to the Christmas Gift Subscription Order Form opposite. This annually provides the single largest lot of gift subscriptions, a major help to us. I would like to encourage those of you as yet not sending off a gift subscription or several to small boat minded family and friends to consider doing so this year. You thus dispose of some of your gift shopping easily, with a gift that keeps on coming twice a month for the entire year. We send each a card announcing your gift with whatever message, if any, you care to include with your order.

So there's my soft sell circulation building effort for this holiday season. I thank you for your support, and figure those you choose to gift with a subscription will be pleased with what they receive.

Give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to your friends who mess about in boats...

It's a gift that keeps on coming, twice a month all through the year!

To order, complete as many of the order forms at the right as you need (or copies of them) and send them to us at the address below with your check for \$24 (\$36 for Canadian or overseas) for each gift subscription order. We do not accept credit card orders.

We will mail out gift announcement cards in time for Christmas delivery if we have your order in our hands no later than December 6, 1999. If you wish, we will send the announcement cards directly to you if you prefer to personally deliver them.

All gift subscriptions will begin with the January 1, 2000 issue unless you specify otherwise.



GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDERED BY:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM:

☐ SEND ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

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GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM:

☐ SEND ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

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GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM:

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BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

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

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 684-9798.
CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145. (215) 755-2400. <pwbf@libertynet.org>
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620. (410) 778-6461.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

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

Activities & Events Organizers '99...

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

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

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

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

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

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950. (978) 462-8681.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerswald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerswald@juno.com>
Eric Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315).
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

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

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534, (508) 771-5218.
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.
San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>
Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.
West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RRI Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.
Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.
Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.
United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.
West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Midlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Merrimack River Maritime Association, Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pl., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: http://www.tsca.net/puget/.

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Richard Ratcliff, 819 Columbia Dr., Sacramento, CA 95864. (916) 481-7642.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: http://www.tsca.net/.
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

Important Notice to all Activity Organizers

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

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

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

You write to us about...

Opinions...

AYRS Follow-Up & Claiming Races

Good to see you at the Saturday session of the AYRS meeting in Newport.

Sunday's highlights included a talk by Tom Speer, retired Navy pilot, and now a Boeing aerodynamicist, whose subject was low speed airfoils, wing masts, and wing sails, applying high technology aerodynamics to efficient sailboats.

Keith Burgess had some excellent observations about the similar behavior of carbon fiber and wood in thin skin buckling.

I provided comic relief after these two, very briefly trying to get people to think about a cost-based rating rule for racing. The only way I see this happening is with claiming races, as in horse racing. Any contestant must sell his boat for a price fixed at the start of the season for his class; the \$1,000 Class, \$5,000 Class, etc.

At the end of the season hold an auction so owners know they won't chance losing their boats before then. Bids can go over the claiming price, but the owner gets only the claiming price, the excess goes to the racing association. A higher price bid at such an auction would preclude a boat racing again in that class.

Costs are vital to most of us, let's see what we can come up with when they are the most important factor. It wouldn't be easy to get this concept underway without a good publicist and promoter, but I do believe it would apply to certain type of sailor...me for instance.

Dick Newick, Kittery Point, ME

Don't Miss The Boat

Every man's a would be sportsman,
In the dreams of his intent.
A potential out-of-doors man,
When his thoughts are pleasure bent.

But he mostly puts the ideas off,
For the things that must be done,
And doesn't get his outing,
'til his outing days are gone.

So in hurry, scurry, worry, work,
His living days are spent,
And he does his final camping,
Under a cemetery tent.

Jim Betts, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ

Projects...

Make No Small Plans

I'm at work on final design of an 18' motorboat for an around-the-world race. Yes, my So-Du-It! sailboat was seen as a trans-oceanic racer but this will not likely happen (but six have been built.) Magellan (as I call it) has some interesting features:

It is self-righting and self-rescuing. The rather unique mast is a righting-arm that works with the ballast (in the form of 150gals of fuel in a box keel). There is also foam flotation and three watertight bulkheads. The power is a Yanmar 2GM20F(V) diesel with 18.2hp. This will give about 6-knot speed and a range of some 4,000 miles. The boats can be built of aluminum or plywood (keeping the back-yard builders interested). It's cheap: Around the world on about \$1,000 worth of fuel.

The race is some 24,000 miles (via Panama and Suez canals) and will take about 165 days at sea with 50 lay days. There are 17 stops along the way. Call it eight months plus (it's time we all had some time off).

She will carry a crew of two. What with SOLAS regulations, it really is essential to have someone on watch at all times (besides, you will surely need someone to kill, "Who the hell ever decided to do this?").

How, you may ask, do you race when all the boats are alike and you're following the rhumb line from point to point? It is a matter of attention to tides, currents and wind. In any case, it is an added safety feature that many of the boats will be fairly close to each other and can assist in case of trouble. The lay days are so that everyone can catch up at the finish of each leg. So we will have 18 starts. Each leg is scored on the basis of how many boats you beat. Total it up at the end.

The route has been plotted by OceanRoutes, an outfit that does this for cargo ships and such. This would be a \$2K deal, but they are doing for free because they love the idea. Boat-nuts are where you find 'em. The start will be in Charleston, SC, Jan. 1, 2001 (the "true" start of the millenium).

In real life I am mostly a promoter. I see much interest (and little action), sponsors and prize money. I see ESPN covering it. I see me winning. Bolger was right, I am a megalomaniac (one with a passion for doing big things).

"Make no small plans, for they lack the ability to fire men's souls." (Burnham)

Jim Betts, P.O. Box 1309, Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742-1309

This Magazine...

SBJ RIP

I really enjoy *MAIB*, keep the good stuff coming. We will hold you to your promise to avoid going the way of *Small Boat Journal*. May it rest in peace.

Michael Scheibock, Gahanna, OH

Editor Comments: *SBJ* could not "make money" the way its several owners over its life wished, as its broad focus on small craft attracted no major advertisers. I'm not in this to "make money", just a great living doing what I want with enough cash flow to keep it going. After 17 years now I feel fairly secure about continuing on as we are.

Themed Issues

Usually I'd agree that variety is one of the best features of *MAIB*. The focus of almost the entire September 1st issue on boat shows might seem to run contrary to the concept of variety, but I liked it very much. I've expanded my notion of variety to include occasional "themed" issues of *MAIB*, and I'd welcome seeing more of them. After several years as a subscriber, I still look forward to every issue.

Kim Apel, San Clemente, CA

Back Issue Index Stats

I thought you might appreciate the following summary I derived from the back issue index I have assembled which covers 388 issues. Since the index is cross-referenced, an individual article may be counted several times; for example the *Thomas E. Lannon* would appear under "Schooners", "Historic Replica", and "Boat Building":

556 Boat Plans, 196 of these from Phil Bolger

332 Articles/Items on Boat Building

265 ProfesFional Boat Builders

72 Professional Boat Designers

82 Articles/Items on Repairing/Rebuilding

165 Articles/Items on What You Are Building

130 Articles/Items on Tools, Techniques, Materials

30 Articles/Items on Epoxy

505 Articles/Items on Sailing/ Sailing Trips, etc;

203 Articles/Items on Canoes / Canoe Trips, etc;

263 Articles/Items on Kayaks, Kayak Trips, etc;

350 Articles/Items on Rowing

107 Articles/Items on Catboats

46 Articles/Items on Trimarans

66 Articles/Items on Schooners

60 Articles/Items on Historic Replicas

44 Articles/Items on Bizarre Boats

98 Funny Stories

185 Articles/Items on Boating Safety

A very impressive representation of the whole spectrum of boating for the past 17 years!!

A comprehensive cross-referenced index for most issues of *MAIB* is available on the Internet at <www.messingaboutinboats.com>. Click on "Index of All Printed Articles". This index will be updated quarterly. Questions or comments regarding this index may be e-mailed to <catboater@hotmail.com>

Dave Thibodeau, Marblehead, MA

When Was It?

I am at present a fireside sailor who enjoys your magazine. I like to go to boating meets occasionally, often after having read about them in your magazine. Recently the story "Friendship Sloop Days" caught my fancy. I loved the photos and the article was informative, but, no dates. These are often left out, as are locations.

When I read something interesting like this I check my calendar and note on it the date for future reference, if it was included. Would you please try to include such information?

David McMillen, New York, NY

Editor Comments: Yes I will, along with ongoing efforts to also include locations.

Useful Information...

Interrupted Power

A power cruiser restoration experience resulted in a most complete rebuilding and replacement process. However, back at sea, in any motion the engine stopped. No amount of trouble-shooting or replacement solved the problem. The puzzled skipper/owner was beside himself about his erratic engine behavior, until he just happened to see the ignition key shut the ignition off itself! It seems to key was affixed to a chain and king-size advertising specialty float that had just enough weight when swinging from boat motion to pull the key down. Replacement with a new ignition switch solved everything.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Activities...

Reliving My Good Old Days

As I was once involved in racing unlimited hydros with John Freeman's *Atlas Van Lines*, I was asked to participate in the filming this year of a movie called "Madison", concerning a local hydro driver from Madison, Indiana, who won the Gold Cup there in 1971. It has been a long process, starting last spring working on the boats and the "team" trucks and trailers preparing for the first filming on the Ohio River during the annual regatta at Madison, on July 4th.

From there we went on to Seattle in August for more filming at the Sea Fair, then back to Madison the end of August for more filming right through to October 9th. I'm now awaiting the call to go to San Diego for the final filming of the racing segment.

We had two boats from the east; John Freeman's *Atlas Van Lines* and Bob Shroeder's *Tempus*, which played the part of *Miss Budweiser* in the film. Four other boats from the Seattle Hydroplane Museum were used; *Miss Madison* aka *Safair West*, *Miss Buren* aka *Town Club*, *Cat's Pride*, *Miss Budweiser* changed to *Notre Dame* for the movie, and *Miss Thriftway*.

We did a lot of staged racing and it got a little hairy at 120-130mph while within 10'-15' of each other going at the same speed. Four of the drivers were professionals who race the new turbines. Not bad for this 71 year old!

Ernie King, Clayton, NY

Driving *Atlas Van Lines* on the Ohio River alongside *Miss Madison*, David Williams, director of the Unlimited Hydroplane Museum in Seattle at the wheel. A helicopter hovers just ahead of us filming.



Ken's Paper Boat Page

Ken Cupery's *The Paper Boater* is back in the form of a web site called "Ken's Paper Boat Page". The address is <<http://home.eznet.net/~kcupery/Index.html>> Ken's site may also be accessed by searching under the name Ken Cupery, then going to the site "The (not so short) History of Paper Boats", then scrolling to the bottom and pressing "return to the Main Page".

Ken's e-mail address is <kcupery@eznet.net>

Walter Fullam, Box 498, Princeton, NJ 08542, <wdfullam@pocketmail.com>

ICW Piloting Guide Updating

Beginning January 15, 2000, *Chartracker to the Intracoastal Waterway, Norfolk to Jacksonville*, the new piloting guide to the ICW, will be updated on a quarterly basis in January, April, July and October. The up-to-date data may be found on the web site of the publisher, Seaworthy Publications, at the web address listed below. Those without access to the internet may send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the publisher, at the following address, and the updates will be mailed to them.

Seaworthy Publications, Inc., 507 Sunrise Dr., Port Washington, WI 53074, <www.seaworthy.com>

Memories of Diablesse

In the classified ads in the October 1st issue on page 37 is an ad offering for sale a sailboat named *Diablesse*. This boat has an interesting history. Fritz Fenger, as I knew him, had many interesting characteristics. He lived on Summer Street in Norwell, Massachusetts and was a member of our Cohasset Yacht Club. He designed, and had built, *Diablesse* and moored her in Cohasset.

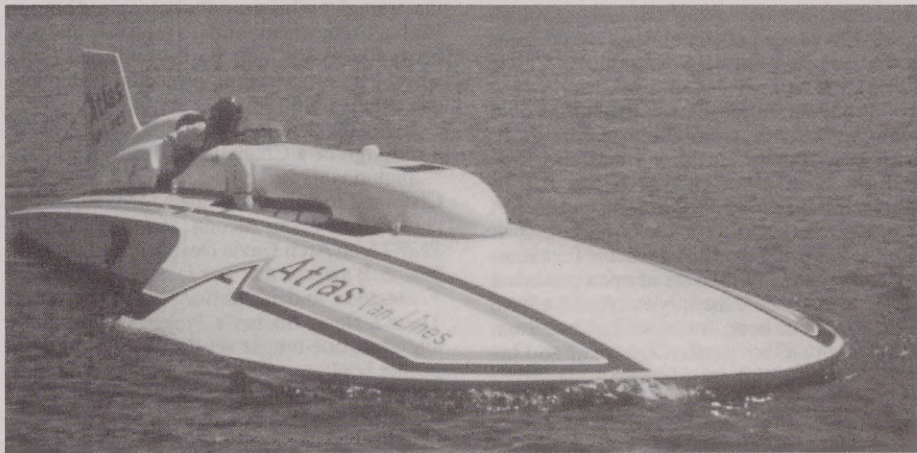
In about 1914 he took a 17' sailing canoe to Trinidad and from there sailed from island to island northward through the Caribbean. As it was during World War I, he had some troubles with German naval vessels. He finally gave up the trip when the sun became too hot for him.

Later in his life he designed cruising yachts, many of which were built and sailed in Australia. I recall one summer when a 70 year old couple sailed into Cohasset to meet the designer of their boat, which they had sailed from Australia.

Fritz said that the design of his sail rigs was always such that the sail area could be reduced in heavy winds, permitting the boat to sail on still in balance, no weather or lee helm if the proper sails were removed.

The last time I saw *Diablesse* was in Nassau in the Bahamas. Mr. Haase was there on vacation. I went aboard and talked with him. He was a very gracious host.

Herbert Towle, Cohasset, MA



Bringing John Freeman's *Atlas Van lines* back to the dock.

Owner John Freeman and his wife Maralyn about to entrust their *Atlas Van Lines* to me as I gear up for another shoot.



Good Skiffs is fine book, and it will join the handful of books that have become the dog-eared favorites of many traditional small craft fans.

First, the boats. This is a book about boats that, historically speaking, were transom-sterned, cross-planked flat-bottomed craft with sharp bows. Boats of few lines. Boats that were a part of the scenery of creeks and coves and rivers and bays and sounds. So commonplace that their presence was the rule, not the exception. They were as common then as the small aluminum skiff is today. They were the flatirons, and, some say, unique American craft. They were enchanting thin water craft when nicely thought out, and they worked. And they've close to vanished.

Some of the best of the old ones, as well as some of the newer designs are here. One of the goals of this book, or so it seems to me, is the presentation of some of the finest designs within this type, boats that hint at a standard to which skiff design can be held, especially the sailing/rowing versions.

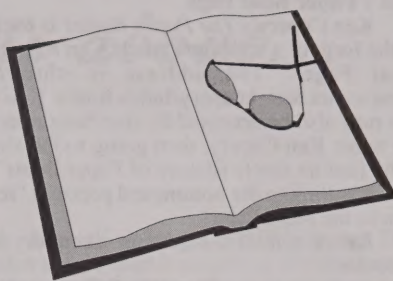
There's Chapelle's *Mississippi River Yawl Boat*, and his *Oystering Skiff*, *Cap Cod*. There's *Widgeon* from the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's collection, a modification of the 1889 Quilla Price skiff by Johnson. There's Robert Baker's *Westport Skiff*, a little eleven footer that is all form and function. And another eleven footer, E.J. Mooney's *All-purpose Rowboat*. Then there's a C.G. Davis *Cruising or Racing Flattie*. It's the sort of boat that your basic, and quite contented, flat-iron skiff fan is always saying, "Someday, someplace, I'm gonna get one of those." And there is the very trim and always popular Culler *Good Little Skiff*.

From current designers and builders we have *Sea Urchin*, from Stimson Marine in Boothbay, and she's as pretty a skiff as one will see. Then there's *Footloose*, a fifteen footer from Jordan Wood Boats in South Beach, Oregon. She's a loose footed, sprit rigged skiff that seems just the ticket for camping and cruising in the sort of open protected water that's best for these boats. And we have *Lark*, an Atkin boat. And last, but not least, Stambaugh's *Chesapeake Light Skiff* and his *Bay Skiff* series. All are affordable, all will fit a growing family's budget. That's just the sail/row side of this flatiron tale.

If the book stopped here, that would be enough. In just these skiffs there is a range of design within a distinctive subtype that we can sail or row, or sail and row, that fish and crab, that'll take the kids on a picnic, help them catch their first fish and let them lean over the edge to their hearts delight, that'll explore protected places, and go camping (and *Footloose* looks a winner here).

But that's not Karl. Power skiffs are next, mainly short, but a few around twenty feet or so to ponder. It's a case of the flatiron skiff going modern. So we've got Ken Swan's *Nez Perce*, a thirteen foot outboard type. Another Atkin boat, *Maude and Emeline*, a lapstrake oar and outboard type. Then comes *Redfin*, a fifteen foot outboard John Gengler boat out of Plainfield, Wisconsin. She's kind of wide with a bit of dory in her sides. There's *Work Skiff*, an 18 footer from Harold Payson, but designed by Bolger.

There's mention of the Birdsey skiff, built by Speedwell Boats of West Barnstable on Cape Cod. It's the modern flatiron, a rugged, roomy professionally built skiff that seems



Book Review

Good Skiffs: How They're Designed & Built

By Karl Stambaugh
Devereux Books, P.O. Box 503
Marblehead, MA 01945
Review by Tim Weaver

always has a local builder with a market.

At the mouth of the Connecticut, Brockway built a somewhat similar skiff, though more rough and ready, the Persson Brothers carry on that tradition there now with a more durable version while up river Bill Greenough builds a similarly inspired boat in Berlin, Connecticut. And it's probably true that boats like it are built north, south, east and west, wherever there is protected water that can act up a bit.

But on, there's Stambaugh's *Redwing 18*, a redesign of a Chapelle skiff that Karl says "...includes all the characteristics described in Chapter 2 together with the added benefits of contemporary construction." Then there is *Jiffy Skiff 22*, an Arch Davis Design out of Morrill, Maine. It's a boat that was featured in *National Fisherman* and is the largest in the book. There's Harry Sucher's *Power Skiff* with the attendant one-lunger set up. What we've got in this book, amongst other things, is a very fine flatiron boatyard. And although our writer includes a fair share of his designs in the book, he's not stingy in his presentation of other designer's work. It's a nice feature and it pays off when it comes to another of his goals.

And for that we've got to go back to Chapter 2: Skiff Design. Here the grammar of skiff design is set out. Length, beam, flare, rocker, freeboard, thwarts, oars, scantlings and the unique oarlock positioning method championed by Stambaugh. And since all of the above are variable factors, what we have is a rather huge set of possibilities that are categorized and begin to provide a focus as to what's underfoot when we look at a flatiron skiff.

This is an education. Karl is beginning to unburden the boat designer's trade of some of its quiet givens. And if the reader has been giving the book its due, by now she, or he, is fairly caught up in a world of fascinating factors. After Chapter 2, it's back to all those lovely designs. The pages will rustle. Just what sort of character does *Good Little Skiff*'s rocker have, and how does that compare with *Footloose*? And the beam, just where does that fall in relation to the rocker on those two quite different types? And then one turns a page and

adds another skiff to the comparison, then another, and another.

There's serious pondering here, it's gonna be tough getting out of that easy chair on a Sunday with so much to consider. And it can get a bit overwhelming, there are many boats, many factors to hold in one's mind's eye to get the picture of the range of what works. And Karl's thought of this, too. In the Designs section of the book, under *Bay Skiff 15*, Karl discusses *Bay Skiff 15*, *Bay Skiff 12*, *Sailing Skiff 15* and *Power Skiff 16*. They are, as Karl says, "...a close family with subtle changes favoring their intended use." A little observation, a little comparison, a little visual memorization and we're out of the woods, ready to attack that boatyard again. It can get interesting.

What's been described so far is the kernel of the book, its seed, so to say. From here it's but a small jump to modeling a flatiron craft, choosing one from the designs presented or creating one that's a more personal boat, modified to one's likely sailing and rowing spots. And Karl moves in those directions, suggesting books that are helpful, *Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson* and *Devlin's Boatbuilding*, or one can use his templates for the *Weekend Dinghy III* that come with the book for a first effort.

Next comes Chapter 3: How Skiffs are Built. This chapter pulls things together. Here the emphasis is on modified traditional and modern skiff construction, comes down to plywood and epoxy, and the variety of building techniques they support. But the book's not married to any one method. In fact building techniques tend to pop up everywhere in this book, especially amongst the discussion of the various designs.

If you care to build the traditional way, C.G. Davis's, *A Cruising or Racing Flattie*, ought to do the trick. Davis writes, "For the sides, get two planks 17 feet long, 18 inches wide and 7/8 or 3/4 inches thick...." And he's off. And if you'd like to see such planks, just to help you spot them in your lumber discovering odyssey, check out the roof of George Thompson's boat shed on page 6.

But back to the chapter. This is pretty much a nuts and bolts affair. Techniques are laid out, charts of what boat can be built what way, and most easily, are provided. Time and material cost are given for several of Karl's boats and *Good Little Skiff*. The midnight oil has not been spared in the summary of what can be done, how it can be done and, sometimes by extrapolation on the reader's part, what the costs might be. The reader is now pretty well set. He, or she, can go find a used skiff from an informed perspective, go to a builder and discuss what's wanted, maybe make a deal, or build a boat.

With the last notion in mind, *Weekend Dinghy III* takes the stage. But it's not that simple. There's a dynamic here, and it's our writer's quest for the right skiff. For *Weekend Dinghy III* flows out of *Weekend Dinghy II*, and *Weekend Dinghy II* flows out of the first *Weekend Dinghy*, built, as Karl says, "After an intense two and a half years that it took to build the schooner, I wasn't anxious to start another large project in terms of time or dollars, I needed something easy to build. Finances at the time favored locally available materials. I wanted to be able to put the hull together in a weekend, finish her the next and be in the water for a cruise on the bay thereafter. A skiff came to mind immediately. Total

cost would be around \$120 today."

And so the tale of the *Weekend Dinghy* unfolds. Thanks to the chapter on skiff construction, and some more construction writing in the discussion of various boat designs, we're left with the possibility of building any version. The first one is, more or less, semi-traditional; the second is glue and screw; and the last is stitch and glue. What's especially nice about the weekend dinghy projects, is that the writing has taken us through the designs quandaries and realities that created it. It no just, "Here's a good little boat, follow my directions." This book is about understanding.

So it goes. It is nicely written, in some ways it's like listening, of how the schooner was interesting and at the same time an ordeal, of the problems with the first *Weekend Dinghy* and their solution, of how beam and oar length can work together, of the compromises to be kept in mind in designing a skiff that will sail and row, of how using the skiffs fit into the rhythms of his life.

Karl is not presumptuous when it comes to construction. He realizes that many small boat fans don't spend their days in the visualization of three dimensional objects and the way such things fold, a process that leads to a highly refined common sense of structure and the nature of its integration, a talent most weekend boat fans just don't have the time to develop, at least not right away. He is very careful and methodical with the *Weekend Dinghy III* building instructions. He takes nothing for granted, and admirably so.

Take the picture of the drilled holes with the cable ties cinched. Someone building this boat for the first time might easily drill those holes way too close to the edge and get in trouble, ties pulling out because the holes are too close to the edge, the boat just not coming together. One of the hundreds of mundane but discouraging things that can make a hoped for enjoyable afternoon difficult, but with that picture in mind, the holes will come out right.

For myself, the modern way is fine, my skiff's got a plywood bottom now. But the fun of finding that traditionally built flatiron skiff that's got a lot of sharpie in her, needed a new bottom when I got her, and the consequent search through Chapelle's *Boatbuilding*, for ways to fix her, cross-planked bottoms are not quite as simple as they are made out to be, and Chapelle is hardly the last word on the subject, and finally getting that bottom right, now that was pleasure.

This book doesn't replace things that help things like that happen. The book isn't meant too. But it does something just as valuable, it helps us to find the right boat. And the right boat is so important. The right boat lasts and lasts, and for many a small boat fan, the right boat is a flatiron skiff. A peapod on a creek just might not get used, a fine boat in the wrong place. Now, if you've got to cross Long Island Sound or the lower Potomac as a matter of principle, then that's another story.

But for the average family the right skiff will do so much for so little and become part of that lucky family's lore. That little skiff will fit in like a gentle dog with kids. Perfect little boats for mom and dad, a few kids, maybe the dog. Just the ticket on sunny day with a summer breeze, and the modest waves of protected places. And for that crowd I'd want a big 15-footer.

But on, what places? Although it is a given that you've got to pick your days, no

water is safe all the time, there are lots of places. Around New York City, the Tappan Zee might be perfect; In Connecticut, the Pawcatuck River, especially behind the bars just beyond its mouth, the barrier beaches of Napatree Point and Sandy Point keep the Fisher's Island Sound swell well away but leave the breeze alone; further south, really south and around Miami forty years ago, Biscayne Bay, just off the library, just perfect weather in January.

Or, really far away, say the reef off Merizo at the Guam's southern end. Here you can reach along, sailing with a gente roll inside the reef, the safe side, and watch the waves trip on the reef's seaside coral wall, one that rises a hundred feet from the Pacific floor, holding shimmering waves aloft, waves gently touched by the offshore breeze, translucent concave giants driving forward, crashing, shimmering rainbowed sights. And we have

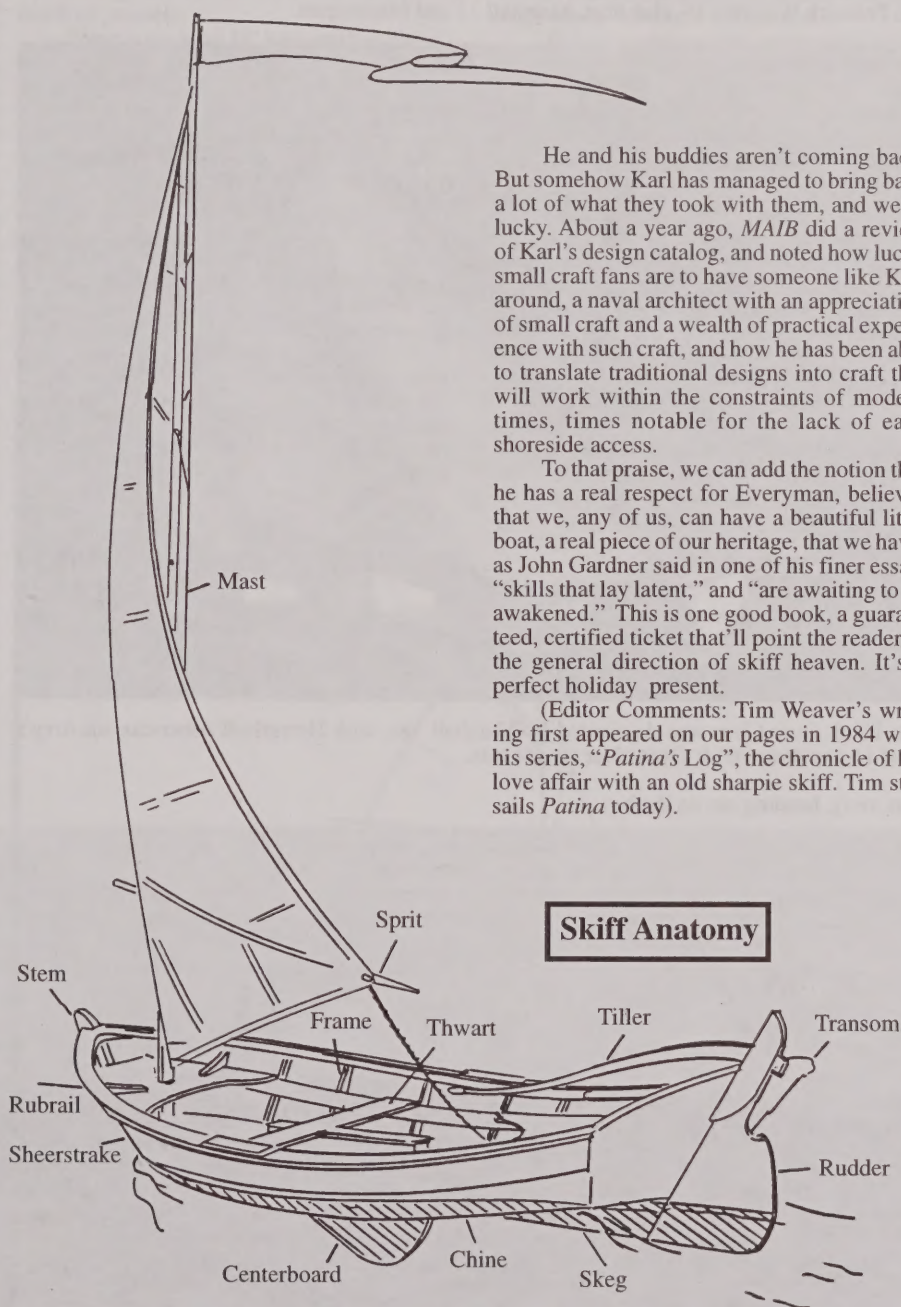
not even mentioned the southern tidewater, the pristine backwaters of the Pacific Northwest or those of San Francisco Bay. It's endless. Waters like these, these varied, beautiful waters are skiff places.

We are lucky to have this book. The days when one had a brother up on a nearby sound with a perfect little crabbing skiff, and a cousin down river on an immense creek, a perfect place for his sailing skiff, and a friend around the point who had a skiff with just enough freeboard and flair to fish the river's more open spots, are gone. And so's the fella living on the nearby creek who built those skiffs, who you could have gone to and told him just what you wanted, sort of a combination of all three just to give him a headache. And he would have come up with something that worked, maybe not just what you'd hoped for, but something good enough.

He and his buddies aren't coming back. But somehow Karl has managed to bring back a lot of what they took with them, and we're lucky. About a year ago, *MAIB* did a review of Karl's design catalog, and noted how lucky small craft fans are to have someone like Karl around, a naval architect with an appreciation of small craft and a wealth of practical experience with such craft, and how he has been able to translate traditional designs into craft that will work within the constraints of modern times, times notable for the lack of easy shoreline access.

To that praise, we can add the notion that he has a real respect for Everyman, believes that we, any of us, can have a beautiful little boat, a real piece of our heritage, that we have, as John Gardner said in one of his finer essays, "skills that lay latent," and "are awaiting to be awakened." This is one good book, a guaranteed, certified ticket that'll point the reader in the general direction of skiff heaven. It's a perfect holiday present.

(Editor Comments: Tim Weaver's writing first appeared on our pages in 1984 with his series, "*Patina's Log*", the chronicle of his love affair with an old sharpie skiff. Tim still sails *Patina* today).



Arey's Pond Cat Gathering '99

By Joe Tamsky
Photos by Tony Davis



The 16' & Under Class fielded the greatest variety of boats; Arey's Pond 14, Beetlecat, Classic Cat, Fenwick Williams 15, Handicat, Marshall 15 and Minuteman.



The 16' & Over Class was dominated by Marshall 18s, with Herreshoff Americas, an Arey's Pond 16 and three 20' & Over older classic cats.

Cats away, heading out on the bay.



The 1999 Arey's Pond Cat Gathering took place on August 28th on Pleasant Bay on Cape Cod, in the towns of Orleans, Harwich and Chatham, Massachusetts. The course was 4-1/2 miles windward/leeward with a 15-20 knot gusty sou'wester blowing.

Back in 1937 a *Yachting* reporter described the performance of the great German Star boat *Pimm* as "standing up like a church steeple and going to windward like a greased eel." This year, co-skippers Bill Clary and Bruce Colvin had their Marshall Sanderling *Cat-A Poul* travelling in like manner. In the gusty sou'wester they bested a fleet of 40 catboats of all shapes and sizes, ranging from a 20' plus 100 year old Crosby to Beetles. One of Tony Davis' new 16' cats from his Arey's Pond Boatyard was a local hopeful, but had to settle for 12th spot behind the parade of 11 Marshall 18s in the 16' & Over Class.

John and Vinnie Thornton headed the 16' & Under Class in one of Tony's Arey's Pond 14s, besting 18 starters including 7 more of its yardmates. Another local catboat builder, Merv Hammatt (Compass Classic Yachts, Orleans) in one of his 14' Classic Cats placed 3rd behind the Thorntons and Harry Herrick's Handy Cat. The smaller class attracted a wider range of boats, also included were Beetlecats, a Marshall 15, a Fenwick Williams 15 and a Minuteman.

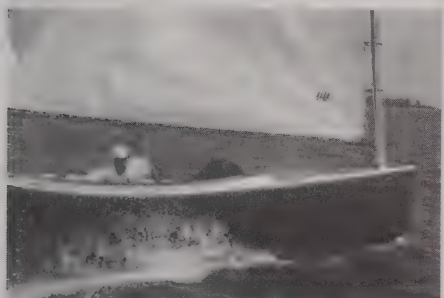
Of particular interest to your scribe was the fact that the first three Marshall Sanderlings had women at the helm, as tacticians or crew. Women were more numerous in the smaller class boats.

This was a fun event, the high point of the local sailing season, with this year only two starters failing to finish. \$500 was raised for donation to the Friends of Pleasant Bay to support their ongoing efforts to maintain the beautiful bay as an ecological and recreational feature of the Outer Cape.

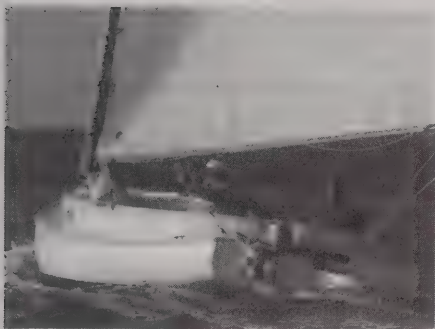
Following presentation of the awards all enjoyed a fulsome cookout on the grounds of the sponsoring Arey's Pond Boatyard.



Bill Clary and Bruce Colburn in their Marshall Sanderling, *Cat-A-Poult*, tramping downwind in the gusty breeze well ahead of the fleet.



John Vinnie Thornton pressing on ahead of the 16' & Under fleet in their Arey's Pond 14.



A 100 year old Crosby cat still providing pleasure on Pleasant Bay.

More cats away...



The Chatham Baybird

By Edward A. Tucker

I call this boat the Chatham Baybird because I have never seen it anywhere else (Chatham, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod). Maybe I should call it the Pleasant Bay Baybird because that's where they usually sailed. I saw one old one up in Plymouth but there was a fleet of fifteen or more in Chatham. They all belonged to the yacht club that was part of the Eastward Ho Country Club.

They would have races every week during the summer and once in a while they would race down Chatham's Old Harbor and we would see them go by Scaterree, all fifteen of them. They would hug the shore when the tide was coming in to keep out of the current as much as possible.

These boats were 18' long and had a beam of 5-1/2', and were decked over forward and aft with seats on both sides. They were round bilge, wooden, and I think they were designed by Alden. I don't know who built them but I think it was someone up around Cape Ann on the Massachusetts North Shore. They had a gaff rig and a small jib with a total of a hundred and forty five square feet.

Some wealthy people in North Chatham hired an old sailor to take care of their Baybird, and you never saw a more immaculate boat. She had a sail cover, and when on a mooring she was as trim and pretty as could be.

One of the old-time owners wanted to try a marconi rig to see if that would improve the boat, so I got the job. I raised the mainsail and put a bigger jib on her, but the boat was no faster; in fact she was not as fast as some of the fleet.

The whole fleet was sold over the years,

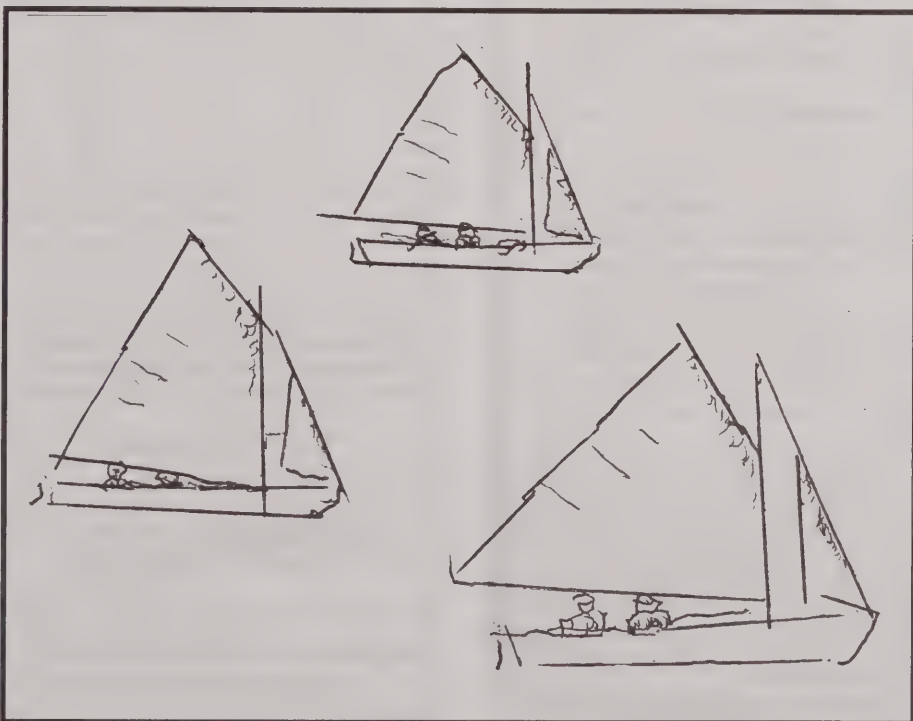
mostly to the various summer camps that were on Little Pleasant Bay. Some became plugs for molding fiberglass hulls from. You can buy the fiberglass boats today in Orleans, Massachusetts at Compass Classic Yachts, Inc. I know from experience that these are excellent sailboats and I recommend them highly.

My brother and I had one we bought for \$50. We kept it for about a year and then we sold it and got our money back. At that time \$50 was a lot of money. We sailed her a lot while we had her and found her a very good sailboat. She was surprisingly stiff and able and pretty fast, although we had no other boat to race with except Carol Nickerson's cat boat, with which we could not compete.

In later years younger generations turned out in smaller boats with marconi rigs, but they could never touch one of the old Baybirds that happened to be in the same race with them. At that time there were several types of boats racing. There were two Lightnings that started five minutes ahead of the other boats. At that time I was sailing a Cape Cod knockabout with all the ballast taken out and I finished between the two Lightnings. With the Baybird fleet gone it was anybody's race.

Now-a-days they sail Hobie Cats and God knows what else, so the yachtsman has to be satisfied with either sitting on the porch with a cool drink or joining these go-fast boys. So let the Baybird go down in history as a fine sailboat, in fact, one of the best.

(Editor Comments: Our very first cover, May 15, 1983, featured a wooden Baybird built and sailed at that time by Loring Wordell of Hyannis, Massachusetts).

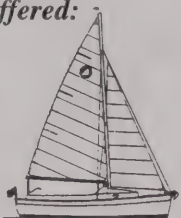


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Short Ships '99

From Atlantic Challenge Foundation

Twenty-eight boats of assorted sizes, shapes and classes assembled under brilliant skies in Rockport, Maine's harbor on September 12th for the umpteenth annual Short Ships Rowing/Paddling Regatta, sponsored this year by the Apprenticeshop of Rockland. Participants joined spectators after the conclusion of the race for a chicken BBQ and awards ceremony.

Prizes included: *WoodenBoat* Calendar, Yvon le Carre prints, Apprenticeshop hats and shirts, rowing apparel donated by Nors Sport, a silver charm donated by by George Jewelers, and gift certificates donated by Coffins and Maine Sport. Also the Bill Gribbel trophy, a half-hull of a traditional rowing vessel that one winner get to keep and display for a year, went this year to Fixed Seat Doubles winners Ed Wartels and Evan de Bourtillon.

Bill Gribbel, race founder and his grandson turned in 56.55 on the four mile course in his 19' fixed seat Whitehall.

8 Mile Course Class Winners

Single Racing Shell:

Richard Saltonstall	1:09:10
Outrigger: M1	1:15:51
Kayak: Dick Hansen	1:26:55
Gig: <i>Humanite</i>	1:36:22

Fixed Seat Double:

Ed Wartels, Evan de Bourtillon	1:40:30
Fixed Seat Single: Tom Hunter	1:44:15

4 Mile Course Class Winners

Fixed Seat Double:

Anne Farrington, Donald Carter	51:20
Alden Single: Dave Hillman	52:22
Canoe: Anita Scott	55:45
Alden Double:	
James Benson, Dottie Hokkanen	56:15
Kayak: Julie Hegan	1:13:40
Fixed Sea Single: Gregory Johnso	1:24:36
Gig: <i>Communité</i>	1:29:00

Special Award Winners

Most Enterprising: James Gregg, who, upon seeing that his gig was full, hopped aboard a black rower owned by Bill Gribbel and started to row, when, also Most Enterprising, Bill Sproul hops aboard to help. James had never met Bill prior to this shared rowing adventure.

Hey, Have They Started Already, or Hard Of Hearing (the start horn) Award: *Communité* Gig.

Last But Certainly Not Least Award: We thought everyone had finished, and that Craig Hadley in his kayak was last, but then apprentice Gorka A. Sacaberia arrived in his hand-crafted Susan Skiff to usurp Craig's hard-earned slot for persistence in the face of great fatigue.

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half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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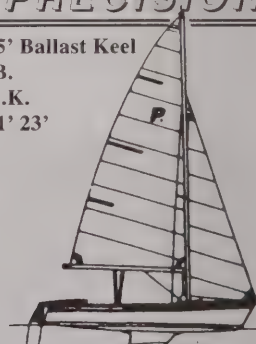
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The Welders

When the pound fisheries stopped operating, the yard on UJ's west side lay idle. It was bought from the Carlsons by a man named Tom Galager. He's a welder and operates Laurelton Iron Works. Most of his work is the repairs that are constantly needed by the commercial fishing boats and their gear. He has done some interesting projects. One was the steelwork for the county jail then being built at Tom's River. In addition to his regular crew of welders, he hired my brother Blaise and my cousin Frank. Their labors were directed at drilling the holes in flat bars so the round bars could pass through. "B" and Frank never wanted to see another drill press after that summer.

Other big jobs were more nautical. An early one was the conversion of a retired Canadian lightship into a yacht. He changed the square, utilitarian profiles of the cabins into much sleeker shapes, all in steel. I don't know where it was stationed before the change or where it went for the final yachty cosmetics. Another product of Tom's yard was a lobster boat, built from the keel up, also all steel. He painted it white and named it *American Girl*. The biggest job in size was the *Atlantic Twin*. She was an all steel catamaran about 90' long. They pulled her up on the beach behind the welding yard with help from a bulldozer and a very high tide. They cut her in half from side to side, and then pulled the forward half 20' ahead. They then welded in 20' of new hull and deck on each side.

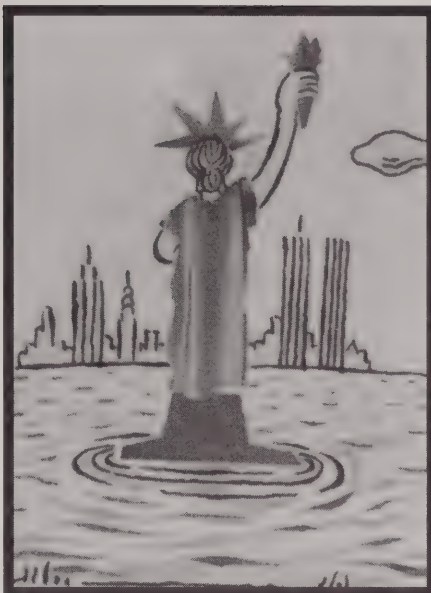
When it came time to launch her, it was soon obvious that the bulldozer used to take her out was not up to the job. A much bigger one, a Cat D-9, arrived and it, too, was strained but finally managed to get her back into the drink. I spoke to the crew as they were getting her ready to leave and discovered that she was heading for Little Ferry, New Jersey, about three miles from my home. I hitched a ride and it was a fun trip. We entered Ambrose Channel where something went boom in the night. After slowing a bit and some discussion, the skipper and crew surmised that we had struck a floating log and it had simply bounced off one of the steel hulls.

We proceeded into New York Harbor, through the Kill van Kull, and up Newark Bay to arrive at her Hackensack River berth at noon. I thumbed a lift home and was happy not to have spent more time aboard because the sound level was pretty onerous. She had a GM 8V-71 in each hull and a large diesel generator and the pounding resounded throughout the boat. There was some talk that she was headed for Woods Hole to do some oceanic research work. I haven't seen her since then, (1971?).

Captain Fatty Pants and Captain Sinbad

When the early '60s arrived, the writing was on the wall for the rowboat renting business. Most of the customers were buying their own boats. UJ decided it was time for a change and rented dock space to two party boats. They were the *Dolly N II* and the *Ocean Queen*. The *Ocean Queen* sailed on weekends under charter. The *Dolly N II* ran half-days, she'd leave at 8:00 AM and return at noon, also at 2:00 PM until 6:00.

One day some mechanics were at the dock working on the engines of the *Dolly N II*. I chatted with them about the engines and the skipper got the idea that I might be useful



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

Part 6

Boating from Behind the Statue of Liberty

By Steve Turi © 1998

I must down to the seas again, for
the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may
Not be denied.
John Masefield

to have on board. Thus began my first real experience in the work force. I was 15 years old that summer. My duties were to bait hooks with slices of squid (yes, I have enjoyed eating calamari since then), to net fish that were caught, and to clean up after seasick fishermen and women. We would shut down the engines and drift just off the beach, bouncing our baits along the bottom. Our main target was fluke, but we brought up many sea robins and little sharks, even a baby hammerhead once. It was also my job to dislodge the hooks from the mouths of these beasts.

My career at sea ended when the skipper got his station wagon stuck in the sand near the dock. I stupidly put my hand between the tow rope and the car's bumper, losing two finger tips when the rope slipped. This injury later spared me from an all expenses paid vacation in Vietnam.

Many of my friends were now getting their licenses and cars. They'd drive to the shore on weekends, but where would they sleep? UJ's house was overflowing with our family. Thank you *Ocean Queen* and *Dolly N II* (smile). I'll let you decide which captain belonged to which boat.

Pirates Attack the Ferry

During this time of teenage lunacy and testosterone poisoning, there was a ritzy nightclub in Brielle. It wasn't actually in Brielle, it

was afloat at a dock there. It was housed in a huge old ferry boat that once plied the Hudson River between New York and New Jersey. George Morrow was the owner. He bought the retired boat and sailed it down to the Manasquan River. The last obstacle before getting it to the dock was the railroad bridge across the river. The boat was just a bit wider than the opening in the bridge.

Denied cooperation from the railroad, he ordered the captain to go through the bridge at full steam ahead. This move quickly adjusted the differences in size between the boat and the bridge. The boat proceeded to the dock and Mr. Morrow happily paid for repairs to the bridge.

He did a fine job of interior renovation and *The Ferry* became THE spot for dining and dancing. My dad played trombone in the band there for one or two summers. He was notorious for his PINK dinner jacket, which was pretty wild for the time. Perhaps he got the idea from the rowboats? Anyway...

One night my friends and I returned to Channel Drive after an unrewarding evening of "looking for chicks" at the boardwalk. (We wouldn't have known what to do if we "found" them). Someone suggested, "hey, I know! Let's dress up like pirates and attack the ferry!" and all of us boneheads agreed. We put on rubber boots, old hats, and eye patches and boarded one of the rowboats, sailing off into the dark with a kerosene lantern held up at the bow.

On our way to the ferry we encountered a boat aground on the north side of the river. It seemed that this fellow had taken his girlfriend out to watch the submarine races. While they watched, the tide had gone out, leaving them firmly stuck. In sympathy with a fellow pirate, we waded in and set them free. As the two boats drifted apart we heard, "hey, thanks! You guys want some beers?" "Yeah, sure, just toss 'em over to us." I held my hands out in the dark to catch one.

I caught the first one, right between my eyes. Stars! My face suddenly was wet and it took a minute to see in the dim light from the lamp that the wet was blood. Goodbye ferry, hello emergency room. Doth a few stitches and a scar a pirate make? 'Tis probably a good thing we never got to the ferry.

(To Be Continued)

My "Latest" Adventure

My "latest" adventure is pictured here enjoying my Bolger designed June Bug, the photo is on the Hackensack River with Secaucus, in the background.

I began construction mid-May and launched mid-July, truly an "instant" boat. She is such a nice sailer that Lynn and I have christened her *Sweet Pea*.

I plan to install a small inboard engine, details will follow.

Steve Turi





Beautiful Blue Marsh Lake, a typical Army Corps of Engineers response to flooding in this part of the country.

A Letter From Xanadu

By Cap'n. Freddy B.

Part I

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

"Kubla Khan"
Samuel Taylor Coleridge



Sabot ghosting alongshore at Conewago Lake.

Tern at rest on windless Conewago Lake.



Dear Friend,

I have just returned from a wonderful trip! Before I describe all the splendid experiences, I guess I should explain that this trip was defined more by the passage of time and living in the moment than by place. You see, the whole point of the experience was to just be on the water as much as possible, and the only practical way to accomplish this was to take a series of day trips and short cruises. As a result, there was no goal, no destination. It just may be, after all, that this is the only journey worth taking.

My voyage began (if voyages indeed have a beginning) on December 26, 1997, and officially (artificially) ended on December 20, 1998, so as to frame the cruise from winter solstice to winter solstice. With two brief exceptions, it was carried out in two small boats, *Tern*, a 16' MacGregor sailing double-paddle canoe designed by Ian Oughtred and beautifully built by Michael Stetser of New Freeport, Pennsylvania, and *Sabot*, a 14' gaff-rigged cruising catboat designed and built by me.

12-26-97, Beaufort, North Carolina: My wife, Sonya, and I are sailing *Tern* from the public launch ramp on Taylor Creek in the company of our son, Kevin, who sails his M Scow. He runs rings around us as we work our way to windward in the narrow creek passing by the lovely Beaufort waterfront. It is a warm, gloriously sunny winter day on the Outer Banks. We beach the boats on Bird Shoal and indulge ourselves in a sumptuous selection of wine and gourmet cheeses (deciding to throw the Limburger to the sea gulls). We walk the dunes on the island, spotting numerous wild ponies and bird life. With the late afternoon breeze dying with the setting of the sun, we paddle languidly back to the launching area. Somehow Kevin is able to

sail that M Scow back in no discernible breeze.

12-31-97, Turner River, Everglades: Sonya and I are paddling through astonishingly clear water. This part of the river is a narrow, winding ribbon of sparkling liquid, a mere 5" or 6" deep in places, and completely enclosed overhead with a verdant canopy filled with wildly screeching birds. After several miles, the river is too shallow even for *Tern* to negotiate, so we eat a light lunch and return.

"And here were gardens bright
with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an
incense-bearing tree."

1-10-98, Conewago Lake, Pinchot State Park, Lewisberry, Pennsylvania: We are paddling our home lake. My wife does most of the paddling and I nod off in the stern of *Tern* in the unexpected warmth of a perfect early January day in central Pennsylvania.

2-1-98, Blue Marsh Lake near Reading, Pennsylvania: We have "discovered" this lake because of an article in the local paper about a wintering flock of snow geese. A portion of this lake is fed from a limestone creek, which seems to resist freezing. In spite of recent frigid weather, we are able to paddle *Tern* for several miles before encountering ice. We have a light lunch in a beautiful cove filled with eerily glowing lime-colored translucent water. After lunch, Sonya and I explore the high ground above the lake from a maze of lovely hiking trails. Although we fail to spot any geese today, many kingfishers and huge lake trout are observed, even during this time of deepest winter.

2-8-98, Memorial Lake, Fort Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania: I am sailing *Tern* alone today. The breeze is light, but the heaviness of the winter air is apparent as she twitches nervously in response to each little gust. I find a quiet cove at the northern part of the lake and recline in the bottom of the canoe to keep out of the cool air. The trees above me are filled with small, twittering birds. Several Canadian geese and a motley old mallard cruise by the canoe in a thinly veiled attempt at procuring a handout.

2-28-98, Memorial Lake: It is way too cold to be out on the water, but I find that if I paddle *Tern* steadily I am able to remain quite warm. Fortunately, I have brought something hot to drink that will help me ward off the frigid conditions. The skies are ominously gray, and the air is quite heavy with the moisture of an approaching storm. It is cold enough to snow. What a wonderful privilege it is to be out on the water today! I make a vow that it is never too cold to go boating, then I realize I can't feel my toes any more and hustle my frozen butt home.

3-7-98, Memorial Lake: Here I am again! This small lake is becoming the body of water of choice for me this winter, probably because it is only 15 minutes from my house. It is cold but sunny, and I am cutting quite a wake with *Tern* today. As a lifelong sailor and former non-paddler, I had never even tried to understand what the appeal could be to all that physical exercise, but now I am beginning to find in this pursuit the perfect counterpoint to the elegance of wind-driven propulsion.

3-29-98, Memorial Lake: Alone on this lake again. Sonya is still hibernating "until the temperature gets above 60!"

4-5-98, Conewago Lake: It's finally 60 degrees! This means my wife can do most of the paddling again while I sit in *Tern's* stern and eat and drink like some VIP from the Age of Elegance. As usual, we also hike the "lake" trail and have a cookout on the eastern beach under some stately pin oaks.

4-11-98, Chesapeake Bay at Tilghman Island, Maryland: We arrive the evening of the tenth at the "fishin'" motel of the famous Buddy Harrison. Fortunately, we have requested the room located furthest from the lounge. There is a karaoke country music singer in the lounge who is desperately attempting (and failing) to find the correct key to every song he is crooning. However, the food and hospitality at Buddy's are first rate. I realize that I am becoming curious about the origin of a green stain the size of Texas on the carpet of our room.

The sailing is perfect, with a light breeze and clear skies. We sail lazily in *Tern* along the shoreline of the island, turning back at Black Walnut Point. The evening is spent walking through the charming community on the island, then more good food, bad music, and a good night's sleep. Tilghman is one of those places that makes me feel like a time traveler. It is nearly the same as it was 25 years ago, but change is in the air. I sure hope the real estate people don't bugger it up!

4-12-98, St. Michaels, Maryland: After an early and generous breakfast at Buddy's, we drive to the public ramp at St. Michaels and rig for another beautiful day of sailing. The wind is very light and unreliable today, so we take our time ghosting along the waterfront of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and then out into the Miles River. This is wonderful! There's not a power boat in sight.

The wind shifts and carries us into Long Haul Creek, past the Miles River Yacht Club. This creek passes by lovely homes and wooded hills and then splits. We explore both branches as though we were a survey party sent by Capt. John Smith himself. We paddle back to the museum (which we consider to be our Chesapeake home port) and go ashore to stretch our legs and eat lunch. Finally, it's time to return to Harrisburg (our land-based home port).

4-25-98, Conewago Lake: I have *Sabot* out for the first time this year! After spending the winter in the canoe, our little catboat seems like the *Queen Mary*. She's sailing better than ever with a new ballast configuration and improved rigging of the gaff peak halyard. Also, the redesigned cockpit I built over the winter is much more comfortable. The wind becomes erratic and gusty by early afternoon, so I drop sail and anchor in a secluded cove to read and relax under the freshly budding branches of the poplars, maples, and white oaks overhead.

5-3-98, Blue Marsh Lake: There's not much wind today, so it's back to the canoe. As usual, my wife does most of the paddling while I criticize her technique until told to "Shut up!" We manage to do some sailing, but the wind is annoyingly fluky, so we decide to spend the rest of our time hiking. The streams and freshets along the hiking trails are gushing with dozens of icy-cold waterfalls. It is a glorious spring day in the Pennsylvania mountains.

"And there were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

5-15-98, 5-16-98 and 5-17-98, St. Michaels: It's good to be back, this time in *Sabot*, with all the comforts of home below decks. This is the annual Spring Maritime Arts Festival at the museum. The wide-ranging collection of art and crafts is impressive, and the people are even more friendly than they usually are around here. We make friends with some artists and eavesdrop on some tall tales being told by one of the skipjack captains. The sailing is great, steady breezes in the 10 to 12 knot range which *Sabot* loves so well. We sail among the skipjacks during their Saturday afternoon races, snapping close-up pictures of these elegant old girls.

I think my favorite time of day at the museum has to be in the evening, when the grounds are closed and we can walk quietly among the boats and historical artifacts. The old Tolchester bandstand is a favorite spot. It reminds me that my grandmother used to dance to the bands under the stars 75 years ago as a summer resident of Tolchester. Even now, while having difficulty remembering her phone number, her memories of those nights are as vivid as if they had happened yesterday. I hope that I too will always have vivid recollections of these wonderful times on the water with my family and friends.

5-23-98, Conewago Lake: We enjoy a wild, gusty sail in *Tern*. Because of the wetter than usual spring, the shoreline of the lake is more lush and colorful than I've ever seen it.

5-30-98, Conewago Lake: The lake is a perfect mirror. This is one of the most rewarding paddles we have ever had in *Tern*. I love the way this little boat carries her way in smooth water.

6-6-98, Blue Marsh Lake: It is a gusty day, and the high shoreline of the lake is creating all sorts of shifts. Sailing is not easy, particularly in a gaff-rigged catboat like *Sabot* that is jibing uncontrollably every five minutes. But we aren't here to sail so much as we are testing out the small outboard motor I have just tuned up. After dropping the sail, we subject ourselves to two solid hours of hideous noise and the stink of partially burned two-cycle outboard fumes. I hate gas motors on boats, and the only reason I am doing this is to make sure that the motor will work reliably later this month on a planned trip through the Cayuga-Seneca canal in New York. The motor runs perfectly all day today, it will "die" during the New York trip!

6-18-98, Conewago Lake: The wind is howling out of the northwest, often gusting above 20 knots, and shifting as much as 180 degrees instantly. I have met a teaching colleague and three of our freshly graduated students at the lake for "a little sail." These guys have never sailed before, so they don't know just how crazy it is to take a 60-pound sailing canoe out in conditions like this. I had hoped to teach them the finer points of sailing, but this isn't the time.

I take each of them out, one at a time, and we have a blast! We are hanging almost completely out of the canoe to windward under full sail, just scooting across the lake. Each time the wind shifts we practically fall over backwards before clambering back into the boat. Chalk up four new converts to sailing. Of course, these guys are gonna think sailing is this much fun all the time!

6-21-98, Conewago Lake: It's a perfect day! Forget the yard work! Pinchot State Park is only 45 minutes from the house. We pick

up some "special" subs with everything (for only a \$1.60 apiece) at the little general store nearby and spend the day floating and paddling until sunset. This time I do most of the paddling and let my wife act like the big shot.

6-24-98, 6-25-98, 6-26-98, and 6-27-98, St. Michaels: "The Wooden Boat Show." One little word...HOT!!! I have sailed on Chesapeake Bay for 30 years and this is the hottest I can ever remember feeling. On the first day, Sonya and I sail across the Miles River to beautiful Leeds Creek. We anchor in 2' of surprisingly clear water in a little horseshoe-shaped cove and immediately dive overboard.

The water is delightfully cool, considering the oppressive heat. We are suddenly amazed to discover that we have anchored in the midst of a frenzied horseshoe crab mating ritual. It is quite incredible to watch, knowing that these creatures are one of the oldest forms of animal life on earth. Despite all the abuse we (the youngest form of animal life on earth) heap upon them and their delicately balanced environment, here they are, doing what they've always done in the same little cove where they've always done it, and managing to survive.

That night, we anchor off to starboard just up the creek. The mosquitoes are quickly asserting their dominance over us on the food chain. Moreover I have a fever, probably as the result of a lingering sinus infection and our swim today. After a sleepless and bloody night, the morning of the 25th dawns, already hot beyond belief. We swim to keep cool and finally sail back to the museum.

We are meeting our friends, Warren and Sally, for the show. They are bringing their beautifully restored 40' Sparkman-Stephens sloop down from Havre de Grace and have arranged to dock at the museum during the show. They have passes for us to use the showers! Havre de Grace is a three to four day trip, and they are really exhausted by the time they arrive. The trip back will be long, too.

I am instantly reminded why I no longer have a big cruising yacht. It will take us four hours to unrig and drive home in an air-conditioned car, yet our little "yacht" is equipped with all the necessary stuff for cruising. When people ask us how fast *Sabot* goes, I'm fond of saying, "She'll do an easy four and a half knots on a broad reach and 65 miles an hour on the interstate."

The next day is Friday, the first day of the show. REALLY HOT! We buy some beautiful double paddles for *Tern* from Shaw and Tenney and try to enjoy the exhibits. The heat finally drives us back into the water. My fever seems worse. A tremendous thunderstorm cools things off a bit for sleeping. We watch it roll in from the safety and comfort of a waterfront restaurant as we enjoy soft crabs and cold beer. A planned birthday celebration for Sally at the restaurant doesn't come off because they have to stay behind to look after their beautiful yacht. I don't blame them for worrying. They have lavished thousands of hours of meticulous work on this lovely boat. *Sabot* rides out the storm alone in a protected shallow cove.

Saturday morning is still pretty hot. We've seen everything, we're tired, I'm sick, so we head home. I am disappointed that we won't be staying for the launching of the family-built boats. I hope Wooden Boat repeats that great event for the next show.

(To Be Continued)

One day, while we were up in that same little tidal creek catching crabs, we saw a yellow biplane with a good sounding engine. Now I know it for an old Stearman like so many that were sold off as surplus after the war and were flown to death dusting DDT onto tobacco fields. We watched it follow the same shore that was becoming so familiar to us by then, then it banked and flew out to sea and as we watched, began to fly along the shore of a distant island that we had barely noticed in our preoccupation with the flats. Our attention was focused. We began to make plans.

We made a special arrangement with my mother to help us get ready to go to the island, extra gas, extra water, some groceries. Some of us thought about trying to get her to help us sidetrack the little naked ones but we knew it was no use, they had seen the airplane and heard the plans being made. Early the next morning, we set off. It was kind of strange to run the old outboard motor for so long. It seemed to me that we ran over the slick calm water for a mighty long time before the island started getting any closer but after a while, we could see details of the beach, sea oats, dunes, clear little waves curling along the shells of the sand of a steep beach. When I shut off the engine and we slid up, it was certainly a different kind of place. We all piled out onto the strange new shore, St. George Island.

We became obsessed with that place. The flats were forgotten. We ran amok. Our parents had to make daily trips to town for gas after that. It is easy to think that they went on with their daily doings without giving us a thought, but I know the binoculars ("knobblers" in the family language from some long grown up child's pronunciation) were well focused when the time came for the afternoon sea breeze to bring us back in.

St. George Island at that time was not only completely uninhabited, but was almost unvisited. Someone had some cows over there and we were wary of them but eagerly used their cow-plops for fuel to cook our crabs because, on our end, there were no trees to make the pine straw and pine cones that we usually piled around our foot tub for fuel. We discovered many new things over there, but we were particularly excited by relics of the Army that were everywhere.

There were old rusty bombs, nose down in the sand among the cow plops. We found a whole tiny island covered with big bullets (fifty caliber, machine gun the veterans said) that must have been used as a strafing target. The shell casings from those bullets were concentrated on a sand bar just east of that tiny island. We loaded the old Reynolds up with those artifacts (probably, all that brass contributed to the eventual electrolytic destruction of the old boat. I heard that just the slightest swipe of a mark of brass on some aluminum will take its toll).

During WW II, St. George Island was used as a practice beachhead by trainees from Camp Gordon Johnson which stretched along the coast from where Lanark is now nearly to Ochlocknee Bay. Camp Gordon Johnson was a real hell-hole for the trainees. The nature of the place was part of the problem, but the isolation was bad too. There was nothing for the troops to do but go to the tiny towns of Carrabelle and Panacea, where black soldiers were not welcome. The trainers of this place were housed in pretty good permanent buildings which are still there among the crumbling

The Reynolds Crew Discovers St. George And Saves The Day With A Brave Rescue

By Robb White

asphalt of the runways and marching grounds.

Retired folks from up north live in those little places now. St. George Island has people living on it too, lots of people. In the late fifties, some kind of agreement between government and development caused the state to build a causeway and bridge over there. Now St. George Island is the biggest city in Franklin County.

One day, after we had rampaged up the bayside shore and picked up all the bullets we needed, we noticed that the sky was getting dark and dangerous looking. We were almost to the place where the trees and high dunes started so we decided to hurry on down there to take shelter in the dunes. The thunderstorms of the Gulf of Mexico are caused by the difference in temperature of the land and the shallow water, both hot as hell in the summertime.

Usually during the day, the land gets much hotter than the hot water and a sea breeze is drawn in by the updraft convection over the land. As this humid air from the sea is drawn up, each molecule of water vapor gives up the heat energy that excited it into evaporating in the first place. Soon the heat released by all those little molecules as they condense causes a cumulus cloud that stretches from the height of first condensation all the way to the stratosphere and, depending on the temperature differential and humidity, sometimes from horizon to horizon.

After dark, the land cools quickly and then it is the hot water that causes the convection upward. The result is a land breeze and thunderstorms over the water. Either way, clouds that grow into the upper levels of the troposphere often get blown in unpredictable directions so Gulf Coast seagoing people soon learn to keep a weather eye out. The summer storms of the Gulf come up quick and blow hard. In five minutes, the shallow Gulf can be transformed from a fiercely hot dead calm into a such a sea that no boat can maintain planing speed and even seagoing tugs have to head up for a while. Often, the lightning is almost continuous, a bad situation to be in.

We had had a lot of experience with these swift violent thunderstorms and, by then, had established a quick little ritual. We ran for the beach and quickly took the engine off and turned the boat upside down, stern to the wind with the foredeck propped up on the engine and water cooler. The little ones would hide under the boat and the big kids would take shelter in the dunes as best we could unless there was lightning, then it was a tight little huddle with us all under the Faraday's cage of aluminum.

Though the wind sometimes got up enough to hammer the boat pretty good it was never snatched loose from the strong hands of the little ones. After the storm was past and we resumed our navigation, there would be a strange track left on the beach from where the children under the boat had swiveled the transom around to keep it to windward as the storm

swept by. This time, when we arrived at the place where we planned to turn the boat over, we found another boat, the first we had seen on St. George Island. We quickly unloaded and turned the old Reynolds upside down. After the little ones had dived like ghost crabs into the hole, we noticed that there were some people too. We could see them waving at us from the trees up the beach where they were trying to bait up a little lightning. We could tell that the mosquitoes were eating them up. We didn't have time to exchange greetings before the blow brought the stinging sand and drove them back to the trees.

When the stinging rain came, though it stung us outside ones too, it was better than the dry sand. Immediately, those people's boat began to drag its anchor. If it hadn't been for quick work by my oldest sister and my wife-to-be in the the strong SW wind it would have been gone down the bay. They squatted in the driving rain and held the little iron-lump style Navy anchor down in the hard sand until the blow was over. Lucky for those people that there was no lightning because, my wife-to-be did not like it and does not to this day and would have quickly abandoned the project.

Those summer storms usually pass just as quickly as they come up and pretty soon, the mosquitoes were eating us all up. We children put the Reynolds back in and began to load her up. I guess those people thought that we were getting ready to leave them because they came running. They turned out to be two couples of college students from FSU (formerly FSCW, Florida State College For Women which got modified to accomodate returning veterans).

The boat was a Correct Craft, plywood, inboard runabout about eighteen feet long. We saw it all the time after the initial rescue. It turned out that one of the girls of that crew had a summer house about a mile down the beach east of us. Though I was only twelve or thirteen and she was in her twenties, that girl from down the beach tried to kiss me one time. Luckily, I was able to outrun her easily in the soft sand.

She attracted the man with the Correct Craft quite often. Their boat was out of fix and they were stranded, had been all day long. The trouble with the boat was sand in the engine cooling water from through-the-hull fitting.

As is often the case with people who have boats like that, the boat is left wallowing in the waves at the water's edge while the cavorting is going on. In this case, the tide went out and this man thought that the enormous horsepower of the flathead Ford V8 would shake the boat loose from the sand. What actually happened was that the sand shook that engine loose from its horsepower.

Now their food was eaten, their drinks were drunk and the shade was scarce. They were glad to see us. Since the Reynolds was too little to take all of us to the mainland, we agreed to tow them. Because of the direction of the wind, I decided to take them directly home to our house instead of where they wanted to go.

At first, it was not too bad. Even though the sea was still up pretty good from the leftovers of the thunderstorm, it was in a fair direction and their big heavy inboard boat, propeller dragging, came along noticeably on the towline. The outboard that we had at the time (a 7-1/2hp Scott Atwater, a strange engine) had

no compression that could be felt by pulling the rope, but it ran anyway, and before it got dark the wind shifted more to the northwest and that slowed us down.

We discovered that their boat was half full of water and we had to stop and give them something to bail with and tell them to center the rudder so the old *Afridawater* could make a little better progress. After dark came, the usual backward wind sprang up from the land and it was slow going for real. Finally, we had to head directly for Porter Bar to make any headway at all. When the gas gave out, we were in our old stomping grounds, though still about two miles downwind of the house.

Sleepy children piled out onto the flats and took up the towline in the dark as if they had been doing it all their lives. It was slow progress too. Not only was that other boat heavy, we had to keep out where it was deep enough for the propeller and rudder and go slow so we could drag our feet for stingarees.

Only fools wade in water where they can't see the bottom without shuffling their feet for stingarees. If you slide your feet, you will touch the ray and scare him away without stepping on him. If you step on a stingray, he will instantly arch his tail and slide the spine which is loosely attached at the base of his tail into your ankle.

The spines of stingrays and catfish are encapsulated by a slimy membrane of poisonous stuff, not usually infectious in stingarees,

but very much so in catfish, especially fresh water catfish. Not only are those spines poisonous but they are serrated, barbed, in a most exquisite way. Only flesh knows flesh.

A stingaree spine will stay with you like nothing else I ever saw. If they stay in you, you are in trouble. Some say that it is possible to grab the end with a pair of pliers and sort of unscrew the spine so that the barbs won't take so much meat as it is pulled out, but the idea never appealed to me all that much. I think they must be cut out and they hold on to the last barb. I am sure that some terrible surgery happened in the kitchens of the men who hauled the long beach seine. A lot of the folks down there have some bad looking scars where the skin of a long homemade incision didn't heal back straight, kind of like a crossbuttoned shirt.

When I got hit while I was doing a bottom job on my sailboat on the flats of Dog Island, My Momma, then in her dotage, said that the best thing to do was to soak your foot in the hottest water you can stand while you drink all the whiskey in the house. Worked so good that I was able to ignore the injury and go back and finish the job (turned out kind of sloppy). It was only after the thing had healed and I began to walk funny that I finally went to the doctor to find the spine imbedded in the tendons of my ankle. My mother carried a nine inch stingaree spine in her pocketbook, said that it was for self defense, but I know that it

was to impress little boys with.

Believe it or not, one of those women declined to participate in that last mile of towing, we had to haul her too, like Cleopatra in her barge. We delivered these people into the company of my father, who introduced them to the martini.

The martini became a fixture of that house all through the fifties. It would be easy to think that our freedom was somehow connected but it wasn't. Though the daily martini party started early and lasted late, there were quite a few adults, my mother included, who only rarely joined in. They fished and fooled around in the other boats and cooked and swept sand out of the house. When we came home for gas or something, there were usually people we had never seen before sitting around on the porch, laughing and poking at the olive in their martinis.

Once on that porch, I saw a sunburned young woman (might have been Cleopatra) peel a slice of skin off herself that went much further down inside her clothes than I would have expected. I wanted to hang around to see if it would have the nipple on it like the eye on the shed skin of a snake, but the children were already loading up and ready to go.

(Next, "Returning Veterans Make A River Trip From Hell In The Reynolds", actually the first story in the chronological order of things, but left until last so you will know what's what).



Anchored in the sand by the fact that a tree was growing through her bow.

She had been deemed a derelict for several years, and it was past time to get her off the shoreline or her fate was to be sealed by a large bonfire.

Over the years, a few severe storms succeeded in affixing her in a seemingly impossible position for salvage, but something in her once graceful lines appealed to the wooden-boat-lover named George, and he set about to save her from her impending doom.

Getting her free of the tree was easy, but getting her off two iron posts that once held a dock and now penetrated what was left of her bottom, took some doing. Enlisting the aid of excursion boat owner, Captain Sam, and his wife, Olga, George scavenged as many empty barrels as he could and proceeded to cable them to the frame. The idea was to raise the hulk as high as possible and let her float free. No one but the Captain and George thought it would work, so they ignored the snickers and out-and-out insulting remarks regarding their sanity.

After several weekends, a few rainstorms, and hours of wallowing in the water, the time was ripe to test their plan.

During this time, their activity caught the attention of people up and down the shoreline, and all bets were unfavorable as to whether the boat could indeed be saved. Sixteen barrels were in place, seven wired to each side with two in the stern. Captain Sam's excursion boat was standing by, a large cable attached to what was left of the hull, and all seemed ready.

There She Sat!

By Jane Clark
(as told by George *Savadaboat* Clark)

In spite of a gray morning, a small crowd had gathered and seemed to be happy to make a party out of "Operation *Savadaboat*," which is what Captain Sam called it. Both sides of the lake had little groups of people clustered along the shore, who were either anxious for the success of the operation or happy to jeer, "I told you so!"

Captain Sam's excursion boat slowly started forward, the water churned wildly, Olga shouted orders to the Captain, nothing moved. The Captain pushed his boat harder, the crowd held their breath, suddenly the cable broke and there was a groan from the spectators. "Don't do a thing until I get back!" shouted the Captain and took off.

The shoreline became alive with people, all waiting for the return of Captain Sam.

The mood had definitely swung for "Operation *Savadaboat*" to succeed. Someone brought a picnic basket and a six-pack was passed around. Some even offered to help any way they could. George was feeling more positive when the Captain reappeared with a huge cable, which was quickly attached to the bow of the boat and the operation began for the second time.

Again the excursion boat started forward, the boards in the derelict boat groaned, Olga was shouting rapid-fire orders to her husband and, miracle of miracles, the derelict began floating and was being towed as planned.

A roar from the shore became louder and louder as the two boats passed each group. Several times, when Captain Sam's boat gathered steam and moved too fast, the derelict would do a nose dive and become almost submerged, at which point the cheers from the crowd on shore quickly turned to groans. But each time, after slowing down, she would pop back up and almost looked majestic bobbing along after her rescuer. It was a glorious afternoon, one that some old boat lovers still talk about.

George took the boat home, and for several years she stood in the driveway slowly being restored. She became known as *Clark's Ark*.

The neighbors were diligent in checking the progress of the restoration. One in particular would stroll over and just watch, always leaving with an encouraging word like, "good job, George," or "she's looking good." At this point his little boy would stick around and, after Daddy left, would invariably say "my dad thinks you're crazy!"

Clark's Ark was sold to another wooden boat lover who sent us photos of her, as proud fathers do of their children, after she was completely restored. She is floating, I'm sure majestically, somewhere in the waters of New York state.

Here in the Panhandle of Florida, it is midwest, straight south of Lake Michigan. Most people here fish and many of them own a boat or two, most under 20' long. I live on a canal system which was dug back in the bad old days. Today the canal culture is made up of weekend casual sport fishermen with outboards. There are a few old Clorox bottle sailboats that almost never leave the dock. The bay here is three miles wide and twenty miles long and mostly two to three feet deep for a thousand feet out. Ten miles west, in Pensacola Bay, there is a deeper water sailing fraternity.

I came here in '93 to retire. I bought a 22' Bayliner I/O with Volvo Penta (Chev 305), a hardtop. Entering the twenty foot wide entrance to our canal system, if the tide was low, I could clear the bottom with the outdrive up. Trouble was, with the tail up I had no steerage. With a crosswind I could not go straight ahead to save my life. I went in circles.

Fortunately I had a sometime hobby in electro-mechanical design so, using a small 12v trolling motor, I made a retractable bow thruster that pivoted down from the towing eye of the Bayliner into the water crossways. It was raised and lowered from the cockpit with a lanyard. With a reversing switch in the wheelhouse I could steer the bow.

I cruised and overnighted along with my wife for a couple of seasons, but getting there was like driving a bus. The people back in the cockpit were having the fun. I also had to slow down to 6-8mph to be comfortable. Then somebody told me about MAIB.

I knew I wanted to go slow and enjoy the scenery and I knew that I needed a boat designed for these skinny waters. I also knew how much I could spend, because I sold the Bayliner for \$3,500.

First thing I did was to buy Ray Clark's Plyboats software so I could re-invent the wheel. Or the boat, in this case. I started with an 18' sharpie design in the library of the software and stretched it to 22' and 8' beam. I gave it a 4" rise V, keel to hard chine, so I would have a bilge. I put in some rocker about 5" forward, and aft the transom rose 8" from baseline, which made the transom just clear the water at the keel.

I tried at least twenty different design changes to make the numbers come out right in the computer for center of effort, center of lateral resistance, rudder and leeboard area, prismatic coefficient, righting moment, etc. It drew only 7" empty and undecked. I designed leeboards after researching the idea of so-called double pivot leeboards, which means simply that on a flat hull side at the widest beam point you drill a hole midway down from the sheer, run a bolt through a hole in the leeboard a foot from the top of the board and three feet from the bottom end. The leeboard design was simple and left the hull interior clear and empty for a big cabin or hut.

I knew from reading Bolger that I wanted a junk rig and this made me look at Chinese sampans and junks where I noticed that the hut has a rounded Quonset hut shape. I could maximize the headroom in the center and still minimize the windage problem.

Here at home, I have a 25' setback on my side yard so I set up a strongback bench between two rows of pine trees crossways in the yard near the canal where I could get about 25' of length and 15' of width. Four saw horses, some 2"x6"s strung longitudinally and plenty of stakes into the earth, with many checks with

A "Tree House Class" Pocket Coaster

By Jason Spinnett

the level, and I had a strongback bench. For a centerline I mounted a small laser pointer off the end and a target off the other end, at what would be the baseline elevation, tangent with the lowest point of the keel (upside down of course).

Home Depot here I come. My old El Camino brought home thirteen sheets of 1/2" yellow pine exterior plywood. They say it is best to build a boat with wood native to the area where you intend to sail it. I also bought four sheets of 3/4" ply for bulkheads and transom. I went to a funky old sawmill not far from here and they sawed me 26' cyprus strakes for the sheer and hard chine.

I made my first and worst mistake when I made the keel with a plywood laminate in the center between two pine 1"x10" boards. That void filled plywood edge later sucked water into the bilges like a wick! The epoxy and glass cloth over the keel edge had a couple of bubbles which provided entry for seawater. My first instinct was to make the keel out of solid Cyprus, but somebody dissuaded me.

I ordered a thousand bucks worth of epoxy with all the tools & gloves etc. The software allowed me to keep adjusting the placement of the bulkheads 'til they fit the places I needed to make the two interior compartments for galley and foc'sl and still make the sheer and chine curves bend fair, like the drawings indicated. I laid out the offsets from the bow and tacked the bulkheads to the bench.

The cyprus stringers were very rough cut and uneven in thickness because that old rip-saw at the sawmill is about 100 years old. I bought a few boxes of galvanized and stainless sheetrock type screws, now called deck screws, and secured the strakes to the bulkheads. I decided to put the whole thing together with screws, then take it apart and glue it back together with epoxy after I knew it all fit together accurately.

The winter was the rainiest in years. I strung up tarps which caught tons of water and then dumped it on everything, so I learned to just throw a tarp over everything when I quit for the day and peel it off next day. If it rained I quit.

There was considerable bending of plywood to do, not to mention bending the cyprus. The best method was to use the come-along and sometimes hook the other end to a tree. I put in a massive clipper bow laminated out of three layers of 3/4" plywood with the aft part of it abutting, and partly going beyond, the collision bulkhead at station two, in case I will need to fend off a jetski or fisherman of the "spit kit" class.

My blue collar career was spent doing electrician work and, although I did build lots of treehouses as a kid and later a few "Coffee Shack" type dwellings in Hawaii, I am not by nature and disposition, a carpenter. I did, however, measure and check very frequently to see that this hull was symmetrical.

The only thing more unprofessional than my carpentry was my skill with the application of epoxy. I didn't get it through my head to mix a half pint at a time. I was afraid it would

not bond with the previous batch. I had plenty of batches go hot on me. I still have a half gallon size lump that would make a good deadlight if you like amber colored light.

This is a good place to mention my philosophy. Originally my brother, who lives nearby, was going to build it with me, but he loves antiques, and does meticulous woodwork and sculpture. He brought me a hand bilge pump that was huge, then a compass binnacle that was 8" across, and an old outboard motor. He did have a nice collection of miscellaneous blocks etc. plus a wooden helm wheel on his wall.

Every time he came over to work he gave me a solemn caution about something or other which I shrugged off. If something is a straightforward design, I don't care if it is tried and true or not. The conventional hollow aluminum mast with its spiderweb bracing is thought to be tried and true, but it is mostly tried and trying. I realize that there are quite a few things on my boat that are not in the handbook of proper boatbuilding. I don't care a fig. When it breaks I can fix it easily, more easily than I can build things the tried and true way.

My brother ended up generously giving me parts like the wheel and blocks, but he gave up on advice and couldn't bring himself to participate in the building of anything so unlike his approach. A traditional boat would have been a ticket to the club. An original design is a ticket to view the raised eyebrows of the people in the club.

After half the winter, working about two or three hours a day, I had the hull sheathed with the 1/2" plywood, so I numbered the panels and disassembled it for glue up. I had never done epoxy before, there was only one guy around whom I could ask for advice and I didn't find him 'til late in the process. I had built one boat before, an 8' El Toro pram for the kids thirty years ago. The upside was that I am self unemployed retired, and nobody was watching me make all the messes except my disinterested wife.

Good Will supplied me with a half dozen sets of pants and shirts to sacrifice to the cause so I could spill and not worry. I wore out plenty of cordless drill batteries and used a skill saw and a small Porter Cable finish saw, a borrowed orbital sander, a big 9" rotary sander, and a saber saw, but the most critical tool was a little Japanese hand pull-saw that I learned about when I lived in Japan. I bought the blade from the *WoodenBoat* store and the handle from Ace Hardware. Incidentally, Ace Hardware is handier than Home Depot for the small stuff you need.

By early spring I had stuck the thing together and coated the outside with a couple of layers of epoxy. I laid on a layer of 6oz glass cloth doubled at the hard chine and then a couple more layers of epoxy, then bottom paint and water base deck paint on the sides of the hull. I crawled under and untacked the bulkheads from the bench, then I hooked my trusty come-along to a beam that I end screwed between two bulkheads. I raised one side 'til the hull slid off the bench onto its beam ends.

There is only 5" of flare in the sheer so it sat reasonably straight on a piece of plastic that I had put down to skid it on to the canal, thirty feet away around a corner, and between two trees only six feet apart. I gave myself a week to inch it along toward the canal. By the fourth day at about an hour a day rigging and rerigging, I realized that the more I boomed

the bow out over the canal the more likely it would be to tumble pointy end first into the water and fill up before I could flip it onto its bottom.

Then I spotted the neighbor's inflatable in his yard across the canal. Obtaining quick permission by phone got me use of the inflatable which I tethered under where the bow boomed out. I cranked 'til it tumbled and then moved the inflatable a bit at a time till I could push my hull over onto its bottom in the water. I tied it to my little dock and had to admire its pretty lines with its sweeping forepeak and clipper bow.

Next day I noticed the artesian well from the top edge of the keel, but I already told you that story. I put a battery aboard, clamped on an electric trolling motor and tootled around the canals and out to the bay for a few days before I decided to head over to the public boat ramp.

I made a stupid false start in the matter of a trailer by first buying a flatbed trailer that was much too heavy duty. I unloaded it onto a couple of guys who needed to haul a small building and looked for something else. Luckily some guy who was leaving town had a trailer that he had built himself out of 2"x4" hollow rectangular steel stock for his boat. He never kept the boat so he put the trailer up for sale by parking it along the highway with a "Make Offer" sign on it. It was fortuitously designed with standard sprung dual axle and long tongue, set up for bunkers not very high up. It was just superficially rusty so I used galvanizing in a can to bring it up to spec.

The ramp has a bad hole at the base underwater, like most of them do, so I had a little trouble dragging the trailer with the hull on it up out of there, but my neighbor helped me. At the time I didn't even realize I could have pumped up the pneumatic lift on the rear suspension of my El Camino and cleared the dragging tongue. Later I put wooden blocks in the open ends of the hollow rectangular longitudinals the trailer was built with, so now it floats on the surface while I load the boat on it. "If it balks, re-invent it!", that's my motto.

Anyway, I towed it back to my front yard and parked it parallel to the driveway like most everybody here does. Only difference is I did my boatbuilding right there every day. I became a celebrity in the neighborhood. Who builds his own boat anymore? They only found out later that it wasn't gonna be a fishing boat. The guy across the canal told his wife it would be a junk rig and she scolded him for not talking nice about his neighbor.

I made the Quonset type dome by bending lauan 1/8" plywood into an arc with a 6' chord. Before I got the lauan I bought 1/8th oak plywood and tried to bend that to a 6' chord and it broke with a loud bang. Thirty five dollars worth of oak! I used it all up in appropriate interior places eventually. For the sides of the cabin I used 5/8" plywood dropped into slots in the midship bulkhead port and starboard one foot from the sheer at max beam. They came out 16" inches high above the deck with about 8" of bury into the midship bulkhead slots.

Then I end screwed the sides through the bulkhead at the 7' station and the one at the 15' station, which gave me a 6'x8' main cabin, not counting the foc'sl under the foredeck, 48sf of main cabin with no damn centerboard trunk! I hung louvered hurricane shutter doors to cockpit and foredeck to allow plenty of venti-



lation. I cut the end bulkhead curves with the forward one slightly coned in with a lower profile than the aft one. The aft one is 5' 6" high from the bilge.

Over the curved lauan I added longitudinals fore and aft between the round top bulkheads, with 3/4" styrofoam insulation fitted between them. I put another pair of lauan domes over these stringers to make a double wall insulated sandwich. I epoxied and glassed the lauan except on the inside ceiling. Then I stretched canvas over the outside to complete the coach roof, wet it down to shrink it, and then painted it, traditional style. I learned the cabin top treatment when I was in the Coast Guard on mahogany and spruce crash boats back in WW2.

There are two 12" oval ports on each side. I simply cut ovals with the sabersaw tilted for a bevel cut which, when painted, look like

portholes and not just holes. Inside I used 1/4" inch sheet safety window lexan mounted in tracks to slide sideways. The tracks are wood but could be stainless. Weatherstrip type gasketing, presses lightly against the lexan. This will take about as much pounding of waves as anything else on the boat can take. I am not a great believer in making things hell for stout like traditional brass portholes, or even the ugly plastic knock-offs with their work intensive wing nuts etc.

A couple of athwartship beams were put in to support the foredeck and then I decked it over with 1/2" plywood (later decked again with the pine T&G. with 2" ribs and 4" width). I did the cabin sole with the same. The sole is easy to take up with one screw every foot down the keel line. It looks traditional stained dark oak with oil stain on both sides.

(To Be Continued)



The Twin Foils Experiment

By John L. Davies and Lloyd M. Trefethen

Our "Twin Foils" concept went public at the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop in June. The idea originated about three years ago with speculation about how to eliminate totally the heeling moment in sailboats, permitting designs with no need for ballast and with minimal displacement (zero displacement, if one could build it) and big, efficient sails standing upright to the wind. In the ideal case, such a design might be engineered to produce the world's fastest sailboat.

The proa comes close, although the heeling torque is still transmitted through booms to live ballast on the windward outrigger. In "Twin Foils", the two hulls are connected only by tie lines. One hull carries the sail and the other carries the keel. It's an airfoil tied to a hydrofoil.

There are various possible tie-line configurations, but they must, in principle, connect the center of force on the sail to the center of force on the keel. This converts the opposing forces from a heeling torque to simple tension, so both foils remain vertical. In the prototype, there are three lines, one going from the masthead on "Sail" to the waterline on "Keel", one from bow to bow, and one from stern to stern. A single line with a three-way adjustable bridle at each end has also been used.

From one point of view, this arrangement can be considered a hydrofoil pulling a kite; from the other point of view, it is a smooth bottom sailboat pulling a hydrofoil. Analysis shows that both are true. Each foil pulls the other through its fluid, as in a conventional one-piece boat, but without losses inherent in fighting the heeling torque.

The first tests of the concept worked as predicted, but ran into the predictable, but almost ludicrous, problem of tacking. The trials were held on Upper Mystic Lake in Winchester, Massachusetts. The vessels were two Larks, one with a sail but with board up and no rudder, and the other with board and rudder down, but no mast or sail. The boats were sailed by Tim Fallon and Martha Carleton, captain and member of the Tufts sailing team (that year's national dinghy champions). With one in the keel boat keeping course and the other adjusting sail angle by bow and stern control lines, the two sailed beautifully on a close reach to the far end of the lake. But that was it. Since "Sail" had to be downwind, "Keel" had to be moved to the other side of "Sail". The lines were eventually re-rigged, but it was not a quick or easy maneuver.

It was apparent that a workable configuration would have to be able to reverse direction, like a proa. "Keel" is always kept to windward and "Sail" is always to leeward. As with a proa, the method of changing direction is by shunting, bringing the boat beam-to-wind so that, on the next tack, the bow becomes the stern and vice versa, and the boat accelerates in the other direction.

To facilitate further tests, we built a lop-sided pram, about nine feet long, symmetrical fore-and-aft, but with a flattened leeward side equipped with a large leeboard. Even before a rudder had been hung or a paint brush had

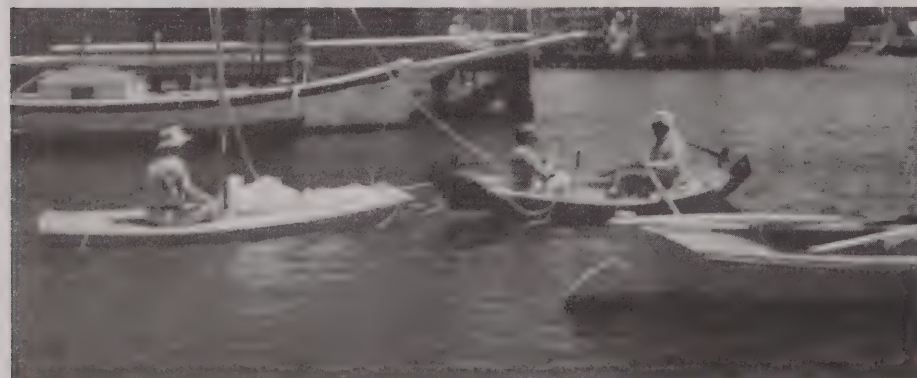


Underway, smoothly sailing, look, no heeling. But don't bracket those two pulling boats when overtaking them!



At dockside at Mystic Seaport, "Sail" and "Keel" appear to be a sailboard and a skiff tied up alongside one another.

Heading out, "Keel" provides the motive power under oars.



touched the boat, we had the opportunity to test it on Depot Pond in Eastham on Cape Cod with a Sunfish as "Sail" and a steering oar for control. The idea was that a Sunfish sheeted in flat was sufficiently fore-and-aft symmetrical that we could try shunting.

These tests were very revealing. They raised the problem of directional stability in a dramatic way: Steady sailing was okay, but in a maneuver the long, slender Sunfish controlled the pram (which pivoted wildly on its leeboard) rather than vice versa, producing a series of collisions.

The next step was the design of a new "Sail" with minimized directional stability. It was built with a clean flat bottom with some rocker, and just enough length (we guessed at twelve feet) to avoid pitch poling. A symmetrical polytarp sail was taped up and fitted to a stock aluminum sailboard mast. Twin skegs and a rudder from an old Snipe were added to "Keel" to boost its tracking ability. Trials in October 1998 showed us that we finally had something workable.

For the next season, twin flip-up rudders were added, suggested by a trip on the Martha's Vineyard ferry. The sailboard mast was lengthened with a wooden butt, wire stays were installed to replace our stretchy nylon, and sailmaker Ralph DiMattia of Quincy, Massachusetts, made us a new flatter sail with two luffs, (or two leaches, each with an adjustable leach line).

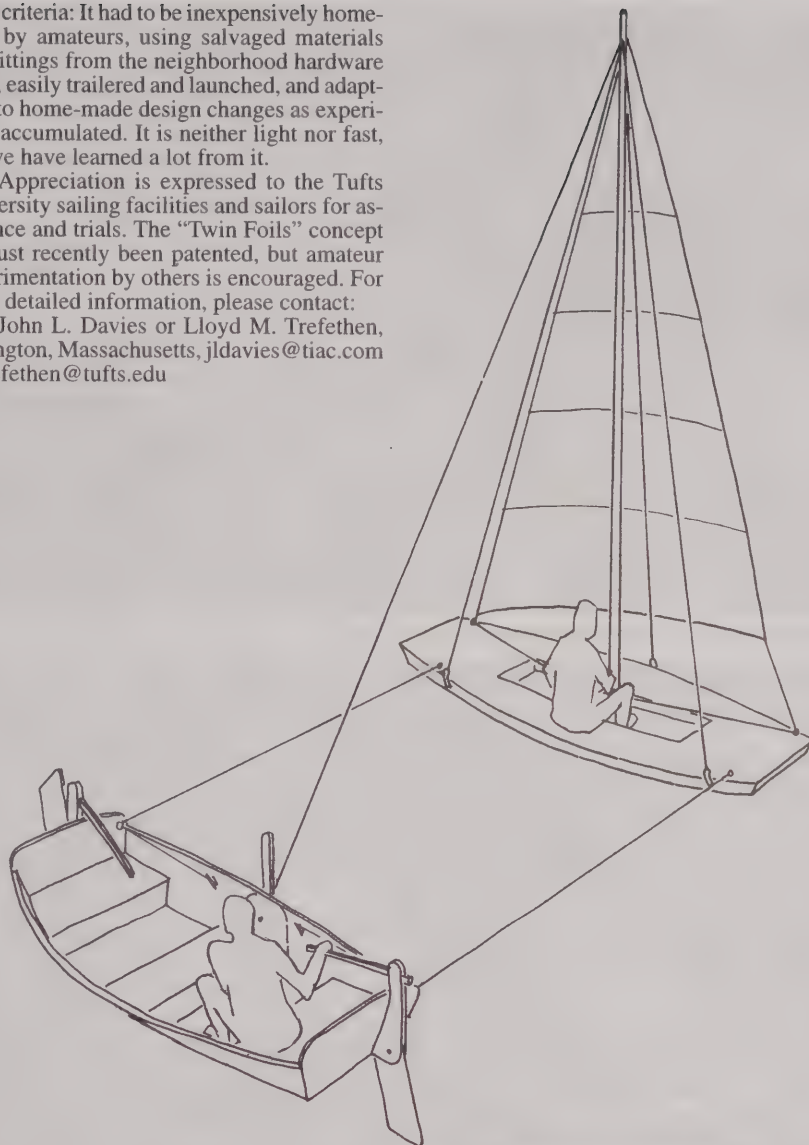
Experience to date shows that, in a steady breeze, "Twin Foils" sails well into the wind, and that tacking, while hardly competitive, is no longer a problem, taking about fifteen seconds. Larger boats designed to take advantage of light hulls and large sail areas should make for interesting speed-to-wind ratios, and smaller one-person hulls should provide sailing experiences not possible with rigid mono or multihull designs. Two flexibly connected hulls have more ways to move, more degrees of freedom, than rigid hulls. Crew placement, tie line configuration, and rig design are all open to exploration and experiment.

The present prototype is still far from an ideal demonstration of the "Twin Foils" principle. It was designed to meet basic, down-to-

earth criteria: It had to be inexpensively home-built by amateurs, using salvaged materials and fittings from the neighborhood hardware store, easily trailered and launched, and adaptable to home-made design changes as experience accumulated. It is neither light nor fast, but we have learned a lot from it.

Appreciation is expressed to the Tufts University sailing facilities and sailors for assistance and trials. The "Twin Foils" concept has just recently been patented, but amateur experimentation by others is encouraged. For more detailed information, please contact:

John L. Davies or Lloyd M. Trefethen, Lexington, Massachusetts, jldavies@tiac.com or trefethen@tufts.edu



Right: The view from "Keel", co-designer John Davies is smiling under that sunhat.

Pre-sail conference amongst the crew.





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The *Edward Basil*, a gaff ketch named after her father.

One of Jacquie's ketches enthalls a youngster at an Auckland lake.



Mark Steele on... The Boats of Auckland's Jack Spratt Model Yacht Lady Builder



I first met Jacquie Wellington some eight or so years ago, on the beach along Auckland's Mission Bay where she, her sister and I had gathered in order to sail a selection of her fleet of free sail model keeler boats that she was building at the time. Her intent, at that time, was to indulge in her delight and personal creative satisfaction, while hacking out an honest living making models of the schooners, ketches, and sloops she remembered from her days spent aboard vessels with her father on the waters of various harbours and sailing areas of New Zealand. We have remained friends ever since.

Jacquie Wellington's model wooden sailing boats are extremely unique, sail well without the modern convenience of radio control, have sheeting that can be set and reefed to suit conditions, have a weathered and used look, and perhaps are best described as akin to those "labours of love" some of us may remember in the years of youth when dads or favourite uncles built one-off models that enthralled us at the time and provided memories which the passage of time can never erase.

"Jack Spratt Yachts" is what she calls them, these beautifully crafted and rigged works of art, each inclusive of minutely detailed brass fittings designed and made by her. Carefully balanced, they are objects of both fascination and imagination, models of sailing vessels of a bygone era, replaced by today's use of glass fibre dictated by the requirement of speed. Jacquie's models are built to be sailed. They are objects of art. One I know of was bought as a decorative item for the beach house of a well-heeled gentleman of nautical background.

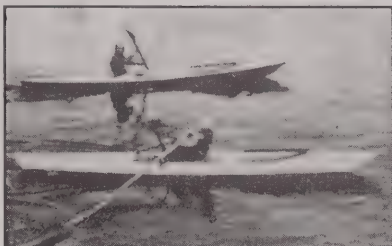
There was the mizzen stays'l schooner *Aloha*, an island trader, the mizzen stays'l ketch *Glenörchy*, another mizzen stays'l schooner *Marco Polo*, a gaff-rigged schooner

Oreti, the gaff ketch *Edward Basil*, named after Jacqui's father, and two or three more that soon attracted a handful of spectators who stood and watched us sail them and stooped on the sand to marvel at the handiwork on display that day.

These products of Jacqui Wellington, in the right circumstances and given some encouragement from bureaucracy, could have developed into a worthwhile and quite unique project, in time earning trade revenue for New Zealand, a nation that does not, in my eyes, appear to encourage craft persons. Instead, they prefer (it often appears) to have persons remain on sickness benefits (as was the case with Jacqui through an accident) instead of getting off them by way of their own abilities. For a nation with such a nautical heritage, that is even more deplorable. Whereas this lady is no longer at the moment actively producing boats in quantities, her heart is still with it. One can only hope that in time better winds will prevail and her boats will again start to emerge from her workshop.

With a good steady importer from North America, Britain, or Europe, the models of the Jack Spratt lady, Jacqui Wellington, could provide overseas buyers looking for something really different with a nice, handcrafted line of model sailing boats, and give her the opportunity to continue to "mess about with boats," albeit in model format, within her Auckland workshop. Ay, ay, Captain! That she goes, and it is a pity!

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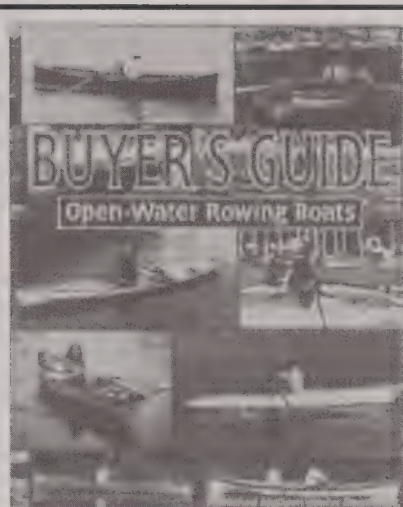
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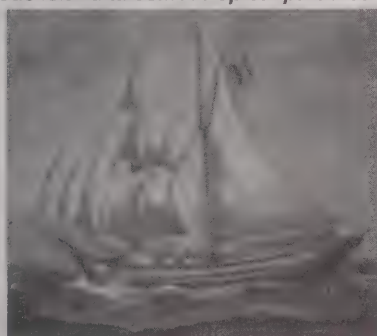
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Sandpiper is a simple, flat-bottomed skiff intended for "messaging about in boats" on sheltered waters. She was designed specially to be built by inexperienced amateurs over the four days of the Boats 99 boat show, and although her construction from sheet plywood reduces boatbuilding to its simplest elements, she is a good-looking craft with a lively performance under sail or oars.

As a sailing craft, Sandpiper can carry a choice of rigs, either a spritsail and jib, or, for even easier handling, a single balanced lugsail. Her windward sailing ability comes from long twin bilge keels rather than the usual center or daggerboard, and this gives her the benefit of a roomy and uncluttered interior. With her light weight, she is easy to trail (or even roof rack), launch, and recover. An overall tent cover makes her into a simple weekend cruiser for a singlehander (although cramped for two, except for children). Two adults can comfortably spend the day aboard.

Her shallow draught means that Sandpiper is ideal for exploring out of the way places normally inaccessible by boat, least of all under sail. She is at home in lakes, ponds, rivers, and the upper reaches of tidal estuaries visited usually only by wildfowlers in thigh boots. She can be used as a tender for larger craft and, with the great inherent stability of her hull form, she is very suitable for the newcomer to sailing. Buoyancy can be incorporated either in the form of inflatable bags or built in under decking forward and aft.

Speed and simplicity of construction were the main considerations in Sandpiper's design, although the result justifies the principle of "handsome is as handsome does." She is built from three-and-a-half sheets of 1/4"

Sandpiper

A Sailing and Rowing Skiff for Fast Building at Home



(6mm) plywood, preferably marine grade, with solid timber (Douglas fir or similar) for the framing and longitudinal members.

Construction is as easy as possible, easier

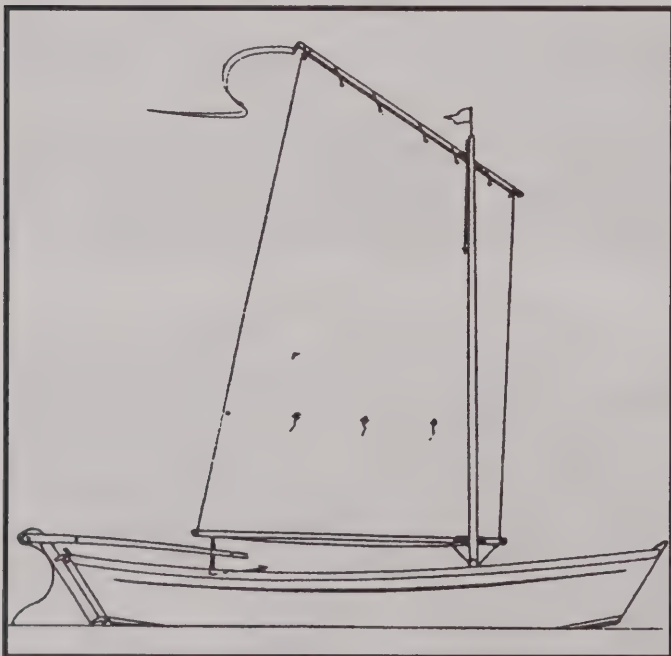
than for many kit boats of similar size, and requires neither boatbuilding skills nor special equipment. The hull is put together without a jig or building frame by bending the side panels around prefabricated frames, and then adding strength and stiffness with solid gunwales and chines. The flat bottom is then put on as a single panel. There is the minimum of measuring and marking out, the side panels are parallel-sided and the attractive sheerline is simply produced by bending them around the flared frames. The flare is constant and the frame bevels therefore are unchanging. All joints are simply butted, glued (preferably with one-shot polyurethane glue), and fastened with bronze ring nails of screws as appropriate.

Modest woodworking experience is needed, although very basic hand tools are all that will be required (an electric drill and jigsaw will be helpful). A reputable timber yard should be able to supply the materials and machine the solid timber to the necessary dimensions if needed.

Conrad Natzio, Boatbuilder, The Old School, Brundish Road, Raveningham, Norwich NR14 6QB, UK.

Dimensions

Length	13'7" (4.14m)
Beam	4'8" (1.4m)
Draught	6" (150mm) plus depending on load
Hull Weight (empty)	132 lbs (50 kg)
Sail Area (main)	57 ft ² (5.35 m ²)
Sail Area (jib)	13 ft ² (1.2m ²)
(Lugsail as main)	



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Finally, the end of our discussion of Design # 653 Tahiti, or is it?

Her Layout

Tahiti is designed as a safe and healthy long distance power live-aboard for no more than two crew! While she is over 38' long, she is quite narrow at just over 9', has a gentle shape with almost two pointed ends for easy running, and carries tremendous tankage, battery capacity, good water and holding tankage, plus a hold for spares and supplies to make the promise of endless cruising opportunities for solo or twosome passage making physically possible.

Whether living aboard in port or at sea, Tahiti won't force the basement perspective on its crew with rubbernecking and the threat of claustrophobic episodes. Her stateroom offers up to 12' of fore-and-aft expanse with lots of natural light, and her 13' plus length of deckhouse has a feel of airy generosity be-

Bolger on Design

Two Ocean Passagemakers Part IV

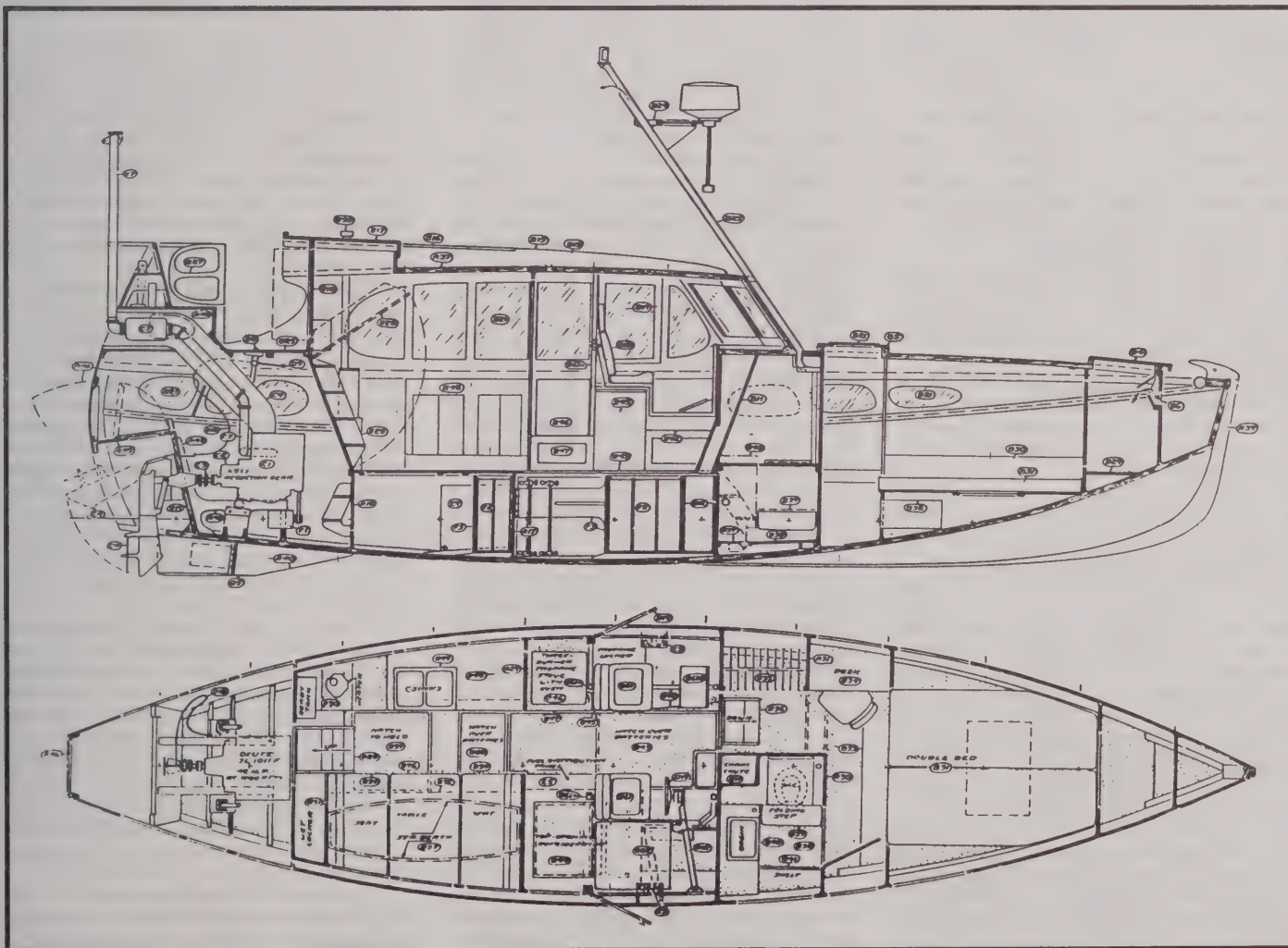
tween her glass area and the elevation above the sea level. She offers standing headroom throughout, including around her hip-high mounted engine, provides stout unsinkable shelter in potentially very hostile environment, a decent head, space for a small desk, full-size berths, and hopefully adequate stowage volume for personal belongings as well.

She will not be much good at entertaining more than a total of perhaps five aboard for a few hours over a meal in the dinette, unless there is no need for all to sit around one table and you spread out all the way to the foredeck hatch. Two temporary guests can rest overnight on the converted dinette, plus one daring soul on the floor. But the space and clearances dedicated to her two gimbled

seats in the wheelhouse pretty much sum up her purpose. Here are all 38-1/2' of her:

Starting at the bow and the stem cap integrated Jonesport cleat, a self-draining open compartment for light ground tackle offers enough volume for a few hundred feet of moderate line, some chain, and any lighter preference of a lunch hook. Remember that we kept the weight and handling of the serious duty ground tackle aft for your safety and better weight distribution of the boat.

Next aft is the 2'x2' plus hatch, standing in which hip high and with little risk of going overboard the lighter ground tackle can be handled. This location of the hatch limits the possibility of soaking the double berth's mattress. Below the deck of that hatch compartment is space for keeping some spare lines for immediate deployment at the bow and volume for bookshelf alcoves facing aft. A solid door hinged aft, perhaps with matching bookshelves applied to its aft face, can keep possible spray or rain off the bed, or just a shower curtain section will do.



Then there is the good-sized double berth with lots of storage under, perhaps in simple bottom shaped matching would produce de facto drawers on a few casters rolling aft and down; other options are possible. Left and right of the mattress, on its upper surface level, there are further top-down bins for clothing or personal items such as medication, gun, important papers etc. Keeping the bin tops on that level visually opens up that space together with the port lights near the bed's after end, and allows spreading the comforter beyond the limits of the mattress.

Next there is ample space to get out of bed without necessarily disturbing a second person's sleep, enough space to move about to get dressed, or just enter the head. The desk to port could be optional if the port hanging locker needs to be enlarged or more drawers in a dresser seem appropriate. There could be more shallow stowage space under the flat floor in that area.

The head has its holding tank located near centerline to allow zero plumbing "don't look down" type outhouse, derivative toilet. We've put these crude and simple systems in a growing number of large and smaller live-aboard designs. The lid below the toilet-seat is well gasketed and dogged to keep rising levels from splashing up and out underway. While the tank is tall and narrow, the best solution might be to keep it pumped at least a third down in a bouncy seaway; a plain all purpose bucket might be indicated during solo rough passage to always stay on the bridge.

Consider that the "don't look down" toilet does not require any plumbing, valves, pumps, hoses, etc. except a permanently installed large diameter Edson pump to draw from about 1" of the bottom of the tank to evacuate the mess. There are no underwater sea cocks, freshwater wasting flushes, or dyeing saltwater smelling up a bowl. This is as simple and reliable as it gets, and a computer fan switched on when you open the lid will extract the odor up the mast for zero boat-internal smells without chemicals.

Dumping your grey water into it keeps matter liquid enough to make the extraction pump function reliably without macerators etc. Thus the head's sink gravity drains straight into it. As mentioned earlier, the principle of gravity fed faucets and showerhead offers rapid initial assembly, easy long-term maintenance, and hands-on consumption control. Locate respective header tanks in what size and location you prefer.

Up a few steps and you are on the bridge level with up to 65" of headroom. The gimbaled helm and companion seats are mounted on the seat frame weldment and will control its motion relative to boat movement and sea state. Whether from the helm or the sea berth, an instant 360 degree scan of the horizon is possible, and all gauges and indicators are viewable from both, important for the single-hander! Particularly in dicey situations during longer storm sessions, the single-hander never has to go below and have the view obscured.

The four panel windshield is a good compromise between strength, mild aerodynamics, and looks. The mast that runs up its centerline is an alu-pipe that is both structural carrying the radar, lights, signals, and antennae, and it serves to exhaust "up and away" the "don't look down" toilet/holding tank unit, boosted by that fan in the box under the deck.

Right abaft the windshield assembly is a cargo hatch of a 5'x2'6" opening, useful both during construction to introduce tank elements and batteries from above, and throughout Tahiti's life for similar purposes. Incorporated into this large hatch is a skylight complementing the optional glass areas in the hatches over the two doors in the sides of the wheelhouse.

These two doors, one per side right off the gimbaled seats, are hinged aft to fold out and back. This will put their lower ledge at safe elbow height when sitting. They have matching overhead hatches that fold aft for full headroom egress. Both doors and hatches could be assembled to allow opening of either on demand to match wind, spray, or temperature conditions. And both can be very well gasketed and dogged for maximum watertightness in serious storm conditions.

At sea the hatches would serve for additional ventilation, shooting the sun, or getting back in that fishing rod while at the helm.

Cruising in closer quarters, these doors are good for communication with nearby boats, visual depth sounding, and when rafting up with other craft.

Coming alongside, these doors allow the single-hander fender handling right amidships at her widest and quick access up and out of the locked seats via handrails and rub rail ledge to the fore deck rail to ready and tend lines, including jumping off on to the pier or float. In a marina, your convenience will determine whether these would be the primary doors, or the companionway with access over afterdeck. The rest of the bridge is fairly straightforward with good clearances throughout in the dinette (berths 3 and 4 for guests) and the galley. Notice the generous top opening icebox to starboard and the provisions for two 20-pound bottles of propane in a sealed self-draining compartment right under galley.

But while propane is a popular option, we would not be comfortable with it in spite of its promise of gourmet quality precision in cooking. Running long distance alone out there we'd rather had no open flames aboard at all, or worry about fumes collecting somewhere to blow, not to mention the obvious reality of much safer microwave cooking aboard a rolling craft when steaming across uneven water surfaces.

After all, in light of Tahiti's generous electrical capacity, cooking electrically is well possible underway without any limits on stewing sessions and endless bread baking. But even at anchor, after that big crossing has her batteries fully charged and you fatigued, her batteries would support sensible electric cooking for up to two weeks of zero combustion peace and rest somewhere, assuming a 1-1.5 kW/day consumption habit is more or less adhered to. Remember that she does not need or carry a generator! Finally, consider how much storage volume the propane system is taking up anyway. With her 9' beam, this is not a big boat and readily accessible galley stowage is at a premium.

In the forward compartment under the bridge sole are the above-mentioned 780 gallons of diesel in four long, narrow, tall tanks. A 15" wide by 36" deep space between the port and starboard tank twins runs the full length on centerline, covered by a full length 29" wide hatch in two sections. The tank connections, drains, sight glasses, valves, etc. for all four tanks are individually accessible either standing in the rear 3'+ of that space or

lying on the floor boards aft, working arms down.

Located in that space in its forward half and solidly tied down and potted in their own tray are six of the twelve batteries aboard (bank #1). Opening the forward section of the 29" wide hatch in the sole makes these battery caps and terminals fully accessible top down to check water levels, and clean solid connections.

In front of this cluster of six batteries is the chain box sized to hold near 45 fathoms/250'+ of 5/16" high test stud link chain. With a generous no clog chute right below it, the electric capstan is mounted dry and clean inside on the dashboard ahead of the helm, with short cable runs to the batteries or the inverter if an AC winch is made more doable in this unusually nice and safe location.

Next on that same dashboard is the turning wheel and chain stopper, the latter of which is supported at the stem by a serious pendant for adverse conditions and maximum strength right at her nose. Thus anchoring and retrieving the hook could be done reliably solo from the helm seat, with a saltwater chain wash array of jets ahead in the chain channel on the foredeck for in-house chain hygiene. Putting a counter on the chain wheel would offer precise calculation of chain paid out.

Right behind and below the helm seat, note again the fuel distribution panel, the plumbing of which emerges off centerline out of the after-half of the under floor tank compartment, allowing full control over tank status and overall weight distribution athwartships.

In the compartment abaft the fuel tanks are the two water tanks and the battery bank #2. Abaft the batteries and two tanks, this compartment offers approximately 65 cubic feet of hold capacity. Accessible through the compartment's 2'6"x2'6" hatch heavier weights could be stored forward with lighter items towards the engine room bulkhead, making carrying a complete second engine complete or in parts and stored in oiled bags conceivable.

The Dickinson diesel heater has to be mounted facing fore or aft for its float valve controls to work reliably, which requires certain compromises. In this particular case, the floor mounted heater stands on a pedestal with easy access to its controls and good clearances surrounding it for good and safe heat transfer and air circulation. This heater can be ordered with internal water coils that allow a simple water baseboard heater at the base of the berth in the stateroom, keeping that area comfortable. The necessary continuous duty warm water circulation pump will not draw enough to matter significantly in the context of the specified battery capacity.

The after end of the bridge features the companionway ladder/engine room access door combination. Hinged at its upper aft end and supported with automotive type gas springs, this hatch leads down a few steps into the standing headroom engine room. Full access of both sides requires that unusual slanted bulkhead section that allows movement around the engine's front end. The two rudder stocks in the engine room will probably be more useful as stanchions than be annoying in the way.

A second set of engine instruments would be located here as well, while the usual array of fuel filters would remain in the tank com-

partment forward, leaving just the regular engine mounted filters to do the rest.

Through the slightly off center companionway, access to the afterdeck is straightforward in conjunction with the forward sliding cover. This small area, just big enough to step out on, is perhaps the most poignant example of Tahiti's emphasis on generous house and cabin volume versus open deck space. Apart from the engine air box's vital high and on centerline ducting, the engine room hatch had to be squeezed in here as well.

Four to five people on board for a get-together would have to stay in the dinette. Still, sitting here on the forward facing bench of the engine air box, safely surrounded by the 42" high railing, looking forward over the house should be enjoyable. In fact, with the autopilot engaged, the ducting of cooling air and combustion exhaust should be effective

enough in terms of noise and heat control to actually invite viewing the course ahead from here. This is, of course, also the space from where to control the descent and ascent of Tahiti's two small craft carried in her fold-down saddleback position.

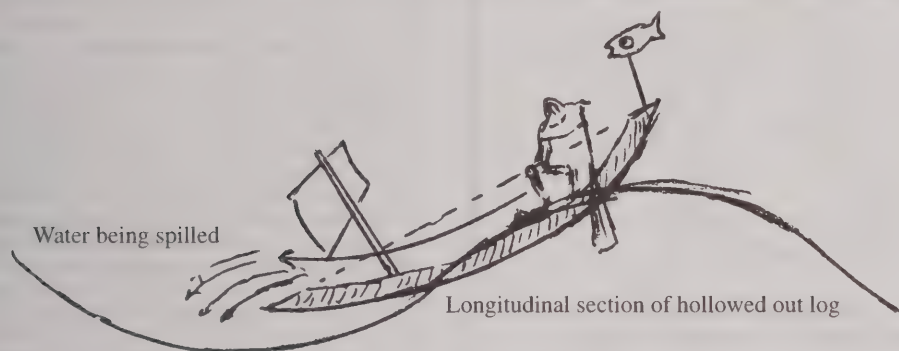
Emergency Rig

We are developing ideas about a simple downwind rig consisting of two short 10' masts, 10' sprits, and 10' booms, each stored flat on deck with tabernacles alongside on the outside of the foredeck railings. They would only offer a maximum of 180 square feet of cloth, but could be remotely raised from the wheelhouse. They would allow slow, broad reaching, and better downwind action. Details are still fermenting, but her proposed auxiliary rig could always be installed as an after

thought well down the line when her assembly is well into the final touches.

Again, we feel you'd have to have very bad luck or be very negligent to lose your propulsion after what we have tried to do to eliminate most traditional breakdown risks through careful choice of components. But should the engine throw a rod or your diesel turn into maple syrup, you'd have some means of controlling her progress, or at least attitude towards prevailing waves, as an alternative to using chain and rode to lie bow or stem-to. Thus secured and on autopilot, you might be able to fix what ails her. Remember that spare engine in the hold.

It seems that this is about all we have to say about Tahiti, until the update on how O'Banion is doing on the project. Of course, there is the old question of power versus sail for going long distances.



Dream Boats Wash-Thru Boats

By Richard Carsen

It was Thor Heyerdahl who called his *Kon-Tiki* raft and the reed boats *Ra I* and *Ra II* "wash-thru" boats. These were truly wash thru; no solid decks, no enclosed compartments. No wonder they were, or seem to have been, the first true ocean going craft. As long as they remained buoyant you couldn't drown. Heyerdahl's experiments proved that they could stay buoyant long enough to cross an ocean.

There is, however, another very capable type that, shall we say, doesn't hold water easily. These were first brought to my attention when I was fooling around with the model of a native "hollowed out tree" type of canoe. I had filled it with water to the brim to see what would happen, then gave it a push. The push alone was enough to spill maybe half of its water content. How much more, I thought, would it clear in a swell, or a really perturbed sea? This brought to mind the vlet, an open boat about 14' in length, no motor, which the fishermen used in the northwest of Holland.

Used, I say. Let me qualify that. That area of the Dutch coast bordering the North Sea is shallow, full of shifting sands and sandbanks, and when wind and tidal currents start arguing with one another in the wild dance of a storm...

The gooseneck on the boom of my 30 footer once snapped right off as she was thrown about just by the cross currents of the changing tide, no storm. Just water action. Can

you imagine what it is like when the weather really starts acting up?

Many big ships have been grounded and shipwrecked in this area. So what is it that I'm leading up to? In these circumstances the fishermen man their vlets and row to the rescue, and with every crewman safely ashore, row out again until nothing portable would be left on the wrecked cargo ship. Never mind the howling winds and the roaring seas. How did they survive?

Apart from their being superb boatmen, it was their vlets that made it possible. They are wash thru in the same sense as my little model; shallow, no obstructions under the rowing seats, they spill their water as fast as it gets in. Sometimes a small spritsail was used, steering was with an oar, and they were also sculled. No centerboard was used, and no rudder.

The rough and boisterous seas don't give the water much of a chance to stay in. Two men to a boat, they'll take it anywhere, even in the middle of the night, and manage to survive, earning extra cash on the side to eke out a meager fisherman's existence. That's what it once was, anyway.

The vlets were not kept on the beach but on the flanks of the huge dikes that protect the low lying land. The dikes are armored with big granite blocks and are steep. The fishermen ride in on an incoming breaker, jump out when they hit the dike and slide the vlet up

the dike on its wooden runners as far as the wave will carry it, and then some. They are a marvel to watch with their speed, handling and skill. Do they still do this? I don't know.

There were other craft that worked on this same principle. There were craft in the Philippines that were built with a heavy bottom and sides of logs, with no transom. The deck beams carried the crew quarters and cargo. A wave coming onboard just slid through underneath this deck and on out the back. Neat! Norwegian prams may work similarly to the vlet, they certainly look related.

In Holland there were, and still are, very big vlets with inboard motors, their form is still the same and they are reported to be very seaworthy.



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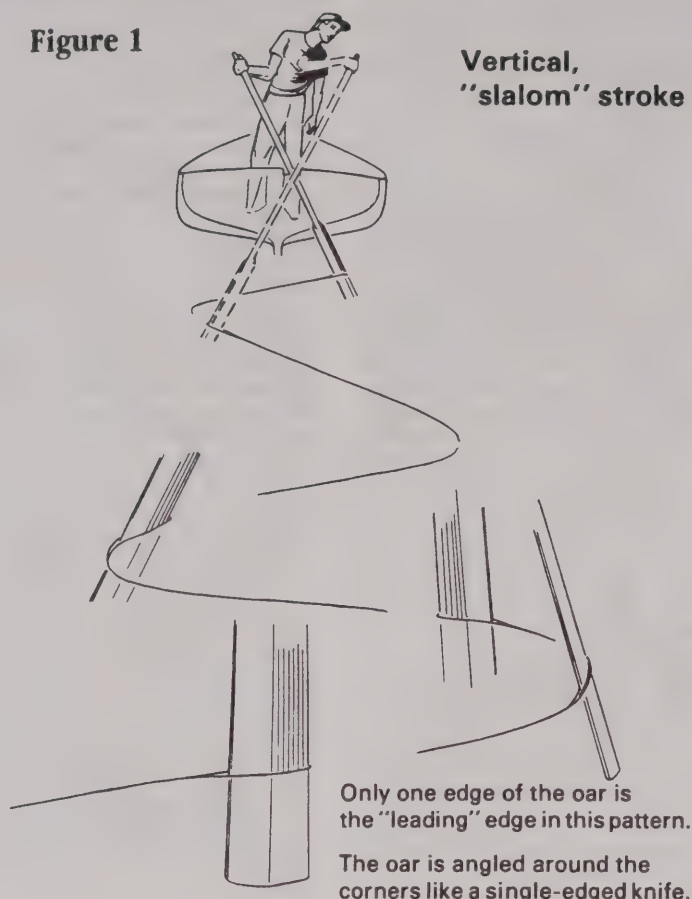
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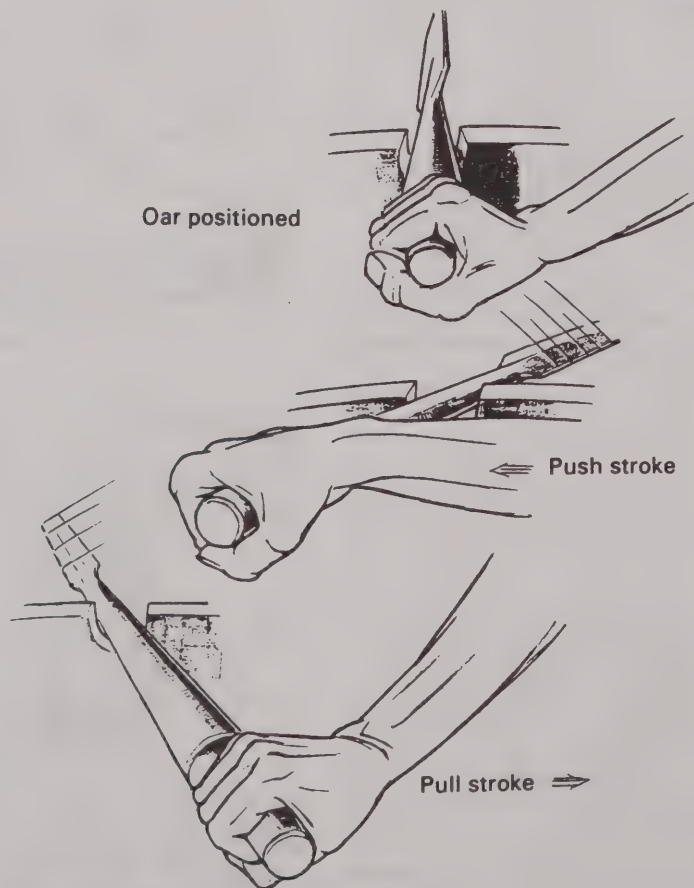
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Figure 1

**Vertical,
"slalom" stroke**



Oar positioned



Sculling A Lesson in One-Oarsmanship Part I

By Ben Fuller
Illustrations by Sam Manning

Sculling. For some it means an oarsman facing backwards, rowing a skinny boat with a pair of long oars as fast as possible. But for those who prefer to see where they're going, sculling also means putting an oar over the stern and moving it back and forth like a propeller.

Why scull? It's slower than rowing but, because you can look ahead, it's useful in crowded harbors, working up a narrow creek, or through fields of skim ice. You can move a pulling boat sideways when making a landing, or easily propel a boat much heavier than you can row. It is also an ideal way to move an outboard skiff a short way when fishing, or get home if you have a breakdown. Sculling can be especially handy when your dinghy is filled with groceries, or when the dew is heavy and you'd like to start the day with dry trousers. And though it looks difficult, sculling is simple once you get the knack.

Sculling Roots

Traditionally, all over the world, people who work the water scull. I remember seeing a nest of punts (plumb-stemmed round-bottomed rowboats) in a harbor in Cornwall with only one oar in each and not a rowlock in sight. In the Bahamas, where fishing techniques and the narrow coral reef channels make it important to see where you're going, everybody sculls. They've even created a special stroke and oar for the job. In the Orient, the Chinese yuloh, or sculling oar, is the classic way of manually moving boats, up to sampans of 60' and more!

In this country, duck hunters have long used this stroke to sneak up quietly on their prey. I've also seen one man move heavy marine construction floats with a long oar working between wooden blocks. Photographs show oyster sharpies and dugouts being propelled around New Haven harbor, each with a long oar over the stern. Similar photographs show Chesapeake log canoes being moved the same way in the days before engines. And anyone who's traveled the New England coast has seen fishermen sculling dories or skiffs out to their boats.

In contrast to rowing or paddling, which requires the application of large amounts of power in short repetitive bursts, sculling is continuous, like a slowly revolving propeller with a large blade area. As a result, very large loads can be moved without great strength.

There are two basic sculling strokes, the vertical or slalom stroke and the horizontal or falling leaf stroke. The vertical stroke (Figure 1) starts with the oar at rest and the blade perpendicular to the water's surface. One edge of the oar always leads and the blade follows a path through the water like a fish's tail. The horizontal stroke (Figure 2) starts with the flat of the blade facing up. The leading edge alternates, and the oar's wake looks like the path

of a falling leaf.

The vertical stroke is usually employed in boats that use an oar for steering, like surfboats or whaleboats. It's easy to start and stop, letting the boat coast, and then pick up the stroke again, for the oar doesn't float up. It seems to develop less force than the horizontal stroke, although its full potential using specialized oars is only beginning to be explored. Generally, regular rowing oars or long steering sweeps are used.

The horizontal or falling leaf stroke is the most commonly used sculling method. It is powerful, makes effective use of body weight, and with the same oar, it seems more efficient, moving the boat faster than the slalom stroke. The primary disadvantage of this stroke is that the oar floats up when you stop unless the blade is weighted. However, if the oar has a closed oarlock or is captured in a notch under a bit of rope, it is possible to stop or back the boat by reversing the stroke.

Sculling Made Simple

In principle, sculling is the same for both the falling leaf and the slalom strokes: The oar blade is swept back and forth across the stern, with the leading edge always angled toward the boat. If it isn't, the oar will tell you by jumping out of the notch or lock.

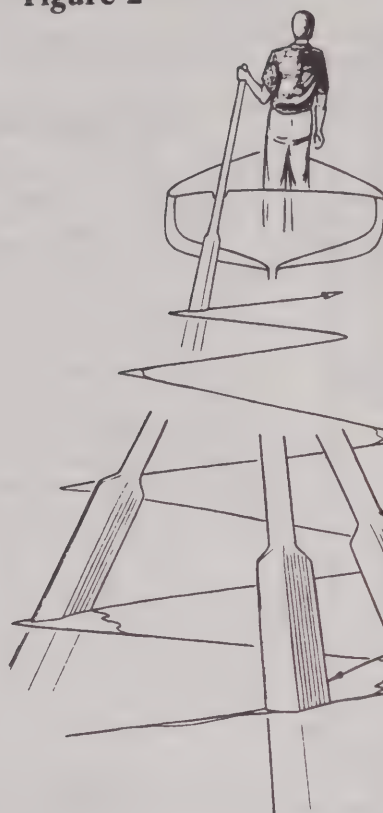
First, try the horizontal or falling leaf stroke. Let's assume you have a regular oar, the longer the better, and a notch on the centerline of the boat. Stick the oar over the stern with the loom or shaft in the notch. A bit beyond the balance point is probably about right, usually a foot or two below the leathers. I prefer standing in a skiff or dory, as you can get more force into the stroke. Don't worry about a little list if you stand to one side.

Grip the oar handle in your right hand, with your forearm and wrist level, or with the elbow dropped a little (Figure 2). The oar blade should be floating with its blade facing up. Start by rolling your wrist up and knuckles down, and pulling the handle toward you (the port side of the boat). Note how the starboard edge of the blade digs in as it moves to starboard and the blade starts down into the water. When the blade is 10 to 20 degrees off centerline to starboard, drop your wrist, roll your knuckles up, and simultaneously push on the handle. If you've done it right, the port edge of the blade heads to port and keeps digging in. If you haven't, the blade comes flying out of the water and you need to begin again.

The pitch and the direction have to be changed at the same time. Delay on either of these means the oar will come out of the water. At the end of the push stroke, roll your wrist up, knuckles down, and pull. Don't pause. When you stop, the oar blade floats up and you have to dig it in again to get moving. Pulling down a bit on both strokes, once the blade is working, keeps the oar in the notch and moves the boat forward. You'll find a rhythm is quickly established, wrist up and pull, wrist down and push.

The vertical or slalom stroke is exactly opposite (Figure 1). The blade starts vertically, perpendicular to the stern, but you drop your wrist, knuckles up on the pull stroke, wrist up and knuckles down on the push stroke. With this stroke, you'll find yourself starting and stopping with ease, but you can't get up much speed.

Figure 2



Horizontal, "falling leaf" stroke

Left-handed posture (as Bahamian) with the sculling notch on the port side of the transom.

You may prefer to lead with your right hand with the notch amidships or to starboard.

Both edges of the oar are leading edges in this pattern. The oar is swung from side to side like a double-edged sword.

The blade is rotated slightly at the end of the stroke, then reversed in direction.

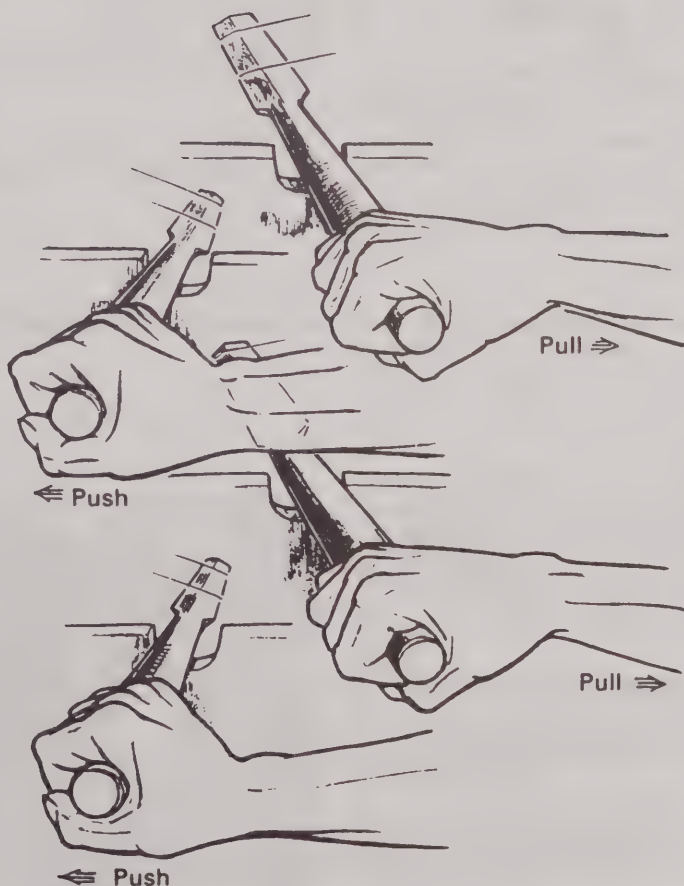


Figure 3

**Reverse stroke
(for backing
the boat up)**

Loom rotates in the palm

This hand supports the loom of the oar stiffly upward

Falling leaf stroke ("rising leaf" stroke?)

This hand revolves the oar and guides it back and forth

The oar is cutting upward, pulling the boat with it.

A closed oarlock, or a rope lashing over the oar, is required to keep it from lifting out of the notch.

Pull stroke

Push stroke

As you become more confident with reversing pitch at the end of the stroke, begin to experiment. To turn, take a deeper bite, pulling harder on one stroke or, with the falling leaf stroke, try almost no pitch on one stroke, plenty on the other. Or work the oar only on one side of the centerline. You'll turn every time. Reduce pitch and you'll scull at a high stroke rate, increase the pitch and your rate slows. A big blade seems to be happier at a slower rate, a small blade at a higher rate. With practice, you'll find you're putting more weight into each stroke, bearing or pulling down harder. As long as the leading edge keeps digging, the oar won't jump out.

Going Backwards

By reversing the wrist motion, it is also possible to scull backwards, just like a stroke I've done with a canoe paddle, the continuous draw or "rising leaf" causes the blade to dig in and pull (Figure 3). You need some means of holding the oar to the stern, a closed oarlock or a piece of rope run through two holes in the transom on either side of the notch are quite effective, otherwise the oar will jump ship. One neat arrangement is to use a stern line flipped over the oar and cleated to the transom knee.

You push up under the oar handle with one hand and use the other to change the pitch of the blade, letting the loom rotate in the palm of the pushing hand. It's knuckles up, wrist down, on the pull stroke; wrist up, knuckles down on the push.

My biggest problem seems to be letting the oar climb out of the water. You need to keep it nearly vertical, more than going forward, and keep a good hard push up under the oar.

Like anything, sculling takes practice. A float is a good place to refine your technique. A couple of blocks of wood nailed to the float's edge can simulate a notch or rowlock. If your boat isn't equipped with a sculling rowlock, tie it alongside a dock using a couple of fenders. Then use the regular rowlock and try to scull the boat sideways into the float. Whether you need to move a dinghy through a crowded anchorage, a sailboat in a calm, or a balky outboard, sculling is a skill worth learning.

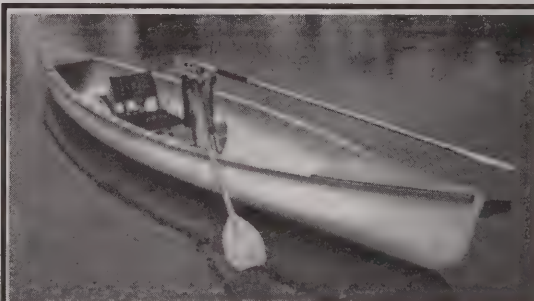
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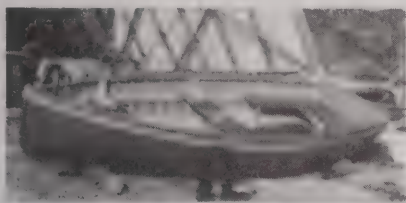
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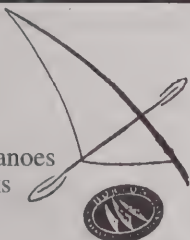
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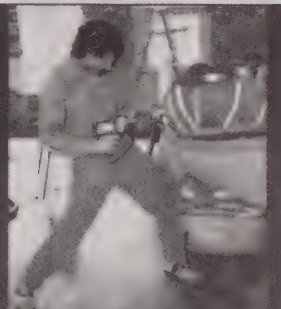
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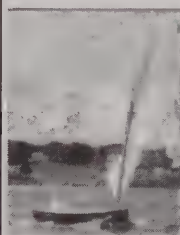
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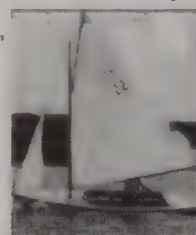
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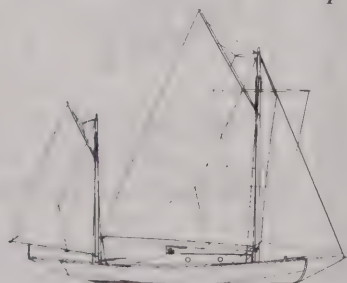
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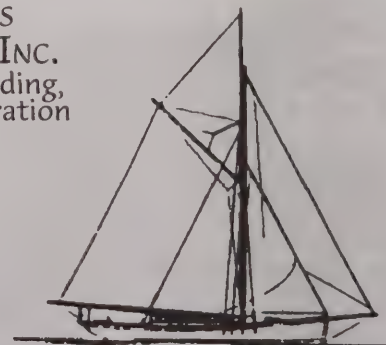
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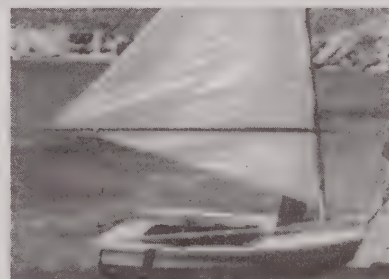


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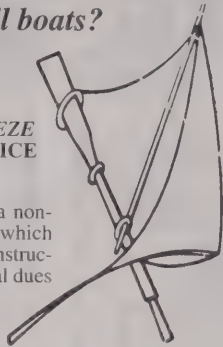
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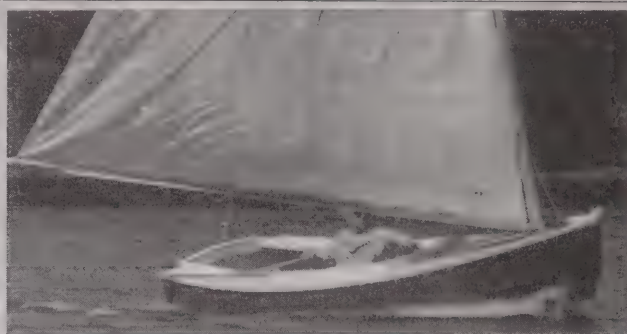
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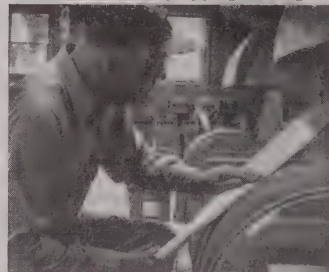
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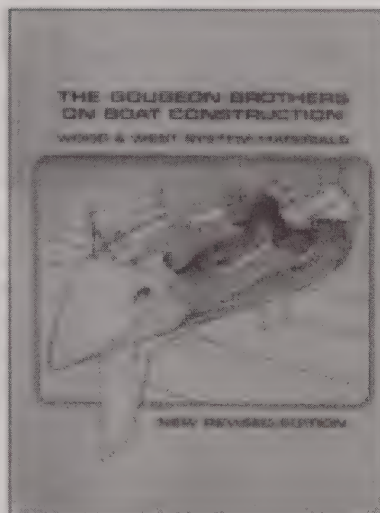
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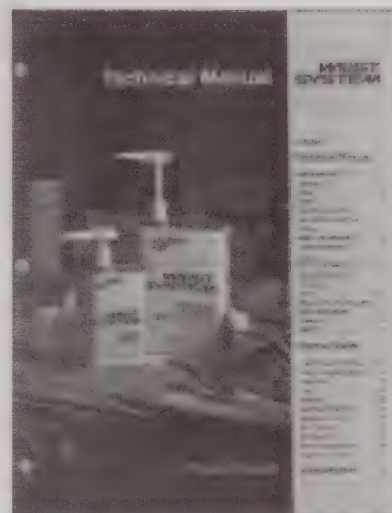
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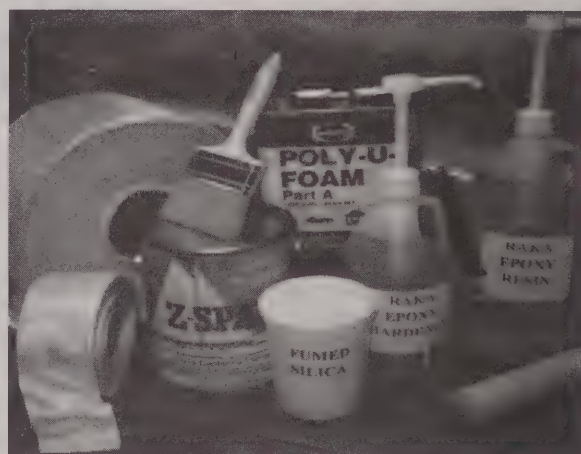
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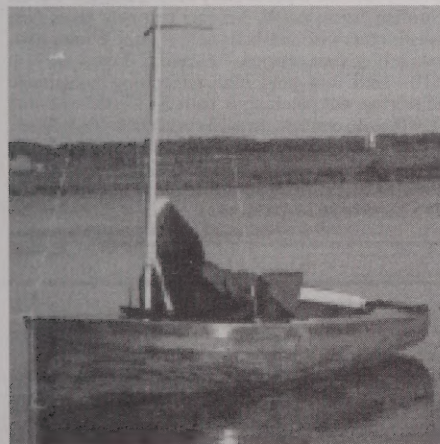


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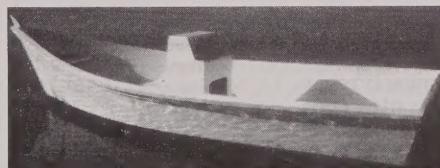
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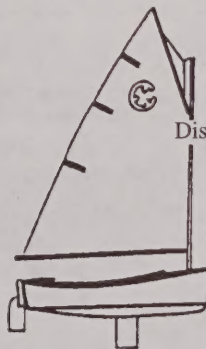
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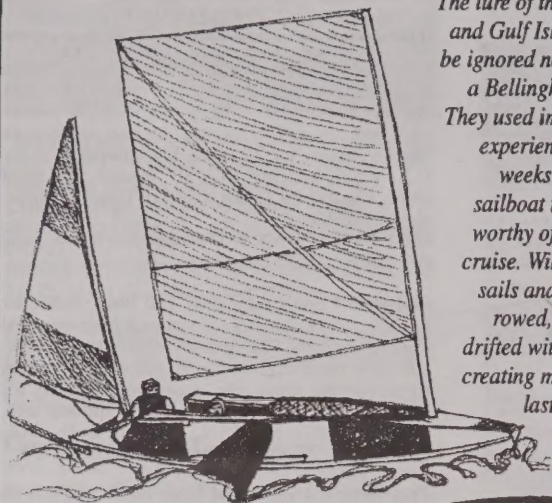
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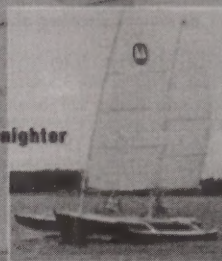
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