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Magellan Challenge - Cruising the Everglades

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 17 - Number 19

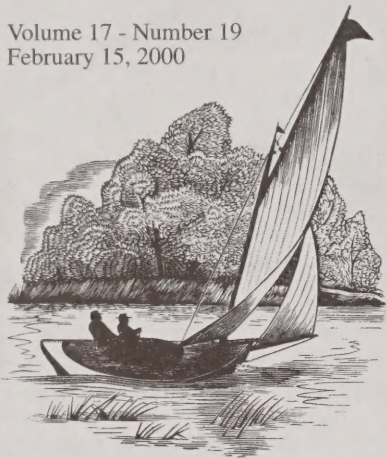
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In Our Next Issue...

Winter armchair cruising will include Jim Thayer's "Bro John Cruise"; John Gignilliat's "Cruising the Everglades, Part 2; the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's "Chebacco Reconnects"; Jack Hornung's "Guide to Cruising the Erie Canal, Part 1; Part 5 of Nathaniel Bishops' "Four Months in a Sneakbox"; and Part 12 of Steve Turi's "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut".

Craig O'Donnell will extrapolate his "\$5 Skiff" article featured in this issue with "Build a Centerboard Skiff"; Rob White details his experiences with his "Fishing Felucca, *Bul-ler*"; Edward Brown presents us with "The Story of the Sneakbox", fittingly enough for our ongoing serialization; and Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" discusses "So You're All Thumbs?"

Phil Bolger & Friends come ashore to discuss in detail "Trailers on Ramps"; and Joe Spalding introduces us to his "Big Yellow Trailer".

On the Cover...

John Gignilliat's SeaPearl on the beach momentarily during his ongoing tale of "Cruising the Everglades" which concludes in this issue.

Commentary...



Bob Hicks, Editor

Jim Betts returns to our pages in this issue with his detailed discussion of his latest heroic scale idea, promoting an around the world race for little diesel powered 20' motorboats. I figured I'd better talk about this sort of highly speculative undertaking before some of you who read Jim's article get back to me asking why I gave all that space to such a crackpot idea.

Right up front I'll say I personally believe this will go nowhere, but since I am not the visionary Jim appears to be, I thought he should have a chance to tell you all about it. Jim is the same guy who presented his concept for a 130', 185 ton "Condoship" in our October 15, 1994 issue, perhaps another "crackpot" idea in the view of us more conservative boat folks.

At that time, I commented that I felt Jim's notion of an oceangoing vessel with 30 owners aboard, each of whom paid \$335,000 for their piece of the boat, would founder on the issue of human relations. Imagining all those folks on an endless "Flying Dutchman" trip o'er the seas being able to maintain cordial relations beggared my imagination. It never happened.

Now Jim, who is a public relations man specializing in designing logos for major businesses, is back with this big race idea. After all, as he points out in the article, there are now a number of around the world race proposals being floated, all requiring major financial investments from those who might choose to partake. In an era when one can fly to the South Pole for cocktails, or climb to the summit of Mount Everest if one is willing to come up with the hefty cash demanded for such arcane adventures, costly around the world boat races fit right in.

The scale of Jim's latest concept is small in detail, just a little 20', \$35,000 boat with a crew of two, but big in overall scope, racing these at a 6 knot trundling pace around the globe, albeit using the Suez and Panama Canals in deference to sea conditions likely to be encountered in the southern oceans. He anticipates an eight month commitment, and has put a lot of thought into arrangements for stopovers, resupply, safety, lots of detail thinking.

Again my old fuddy-duddy outlook raises the question of just who would be likely to undertake this lark? Despite Jim's assertion that the oceans really aren't all that bad most of the time, and that the little boat he has chosen appears to be a survivor type, I wonder if he could attract enough people to make it work. Is it likely that there are potential participants out there with the \$35,000, the time, and the predisposition to tackle the enormity of the world's oceans in tiny diesel motorboats?

People who will be fulfilled by trundling along at 6 knots forever with a diesel barking away 24 hours a day inside their self-rescuing watertight aluminum container?

Well, I think not, but again, Jim does stimulate one's imagination with his ambitious ideas. He's been around boats a long time, has credentials he outlines in his article, including establishing a boatbuilding school, publishing boating publications, and designing and building his own boats. So I am happy enough to present his ideas for your consideration.

In perspective, until recent affluent times, such concepts as racing around the world have been limited to a precious few experienced sailors who viewed it as some sort of ultimate challenge, once the "mere" act of just sailing around the world became something even family sailors undertook. The onset of serious big money into big scale sporting challenges has made today's round the world contests under sail possible, the financial investments are so enormous that advertising and publicity money from major firms became necessary, as has occurred in most major sports today.

But Jim suggests that he has a "poor man's" around the world race concept. Only in comparison to the examples of the affluent events planned which he mentions. The commitment of money and time (leaving aside the personal risk involved) seems to me far beyond my definition of "poor man". The only "poor" aspect I envision is the likelihood of serious sponsorship money. What sort of firms with publicity money to invest would be attracted to so mundane a notion as a diesel powered 20' motorboat race around the world?

Oceanic motorboat long distance speed records and races are thin on the water, the idea founders on the problem of carrying enough fuel to feed the huge horsepower needs for high speeds, or on setting up refueling stops out at sea. Sail power hung on well past the advent of steam for long distance shipping because the early steamers had to carry so much coal to get where they were going that cargo space was severely limited.

Even today, only nuclear power can match sail for having an unlimited availability of power anywhere on the way around the world. Perhaps some day big powerful motorboats will set off on their own round the world races, and if they do that's where the big money will go.

Thus my reservations about Jim's proposal. Since he does have some interesting ideas, I am passing them on to you. And if any of you are indeed ready for this challenge, well you can contact Jim directly, he invites you to do so in his article.

We're all full of heroic stories about response: *The Perfect Storm*; the fishing vessel *Le Conte* case in the Bering Sea last year told so well in a series run in the *Washington Post*; lots of Coast Guard and Air National Guard cases where magnificent professionals saved lives at sea.

Sadly, we often learn more dramatic lessons when lives are tragically lost. In the midst of such losses, we must take the time to learn lessons and keep the losses from recurring the next time similar circumstances occur. My remarks will focus on the loss of the *Morning Dew* near Charleston, South Carolina, the winter before last. My goal is to learn, take stock and encourage prevention skills for all of us who have parts to play in making going to sea a safer experience.

The *Morning Dew* case: The week between Christmas of 1997 and New Year's Day of 1998 was supposed to be a pleasant time for the family of 49 year-old Michael Cornett. Mr. Cornett had just bought a used sailboat, a 34' Cal sloop, christened the *Morning Dew*. He had been a recreational sailor for more than 20 years and had previously owned other sailboats. He accepted delivery of *Morning Dew* in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, embarked his two teenage sons and his teenage nephew as either crew or passengers, and began a transit to Jacksonville, Florida.

As near as we can reconstruct the *Morning Dew*'s voyage, Mr. Cornett's departure from Myrtle Beach on the 27th was delayed by an electrical problem on the boat, which he corrected by buying a new battery at an auto parts store. While he made sure that the battery could hold a charge, he purchased some charts and planned an inland route along the Intracoastal Waterway.

At 2200 on December 27, the bridge tender at Little River, South Carolina, reported seeing *Morning Dew* in the Intracoastal Waterway. We don't know how far *Morning Dew* went on the 27th or where they spent the night. At 2:30 the next afternoon, the operator of a salvage vessel saw the *Morning Dew* heading outbound in Winyah Bay, moving toward the open ocean, cruising on engine power with the sails reefed to the boom.

The operator of the salvage vessel assumed the *Morning Dew* had missed the turn into the ICW and hailed the sailboat on VHF-FM, but was unable to establish communication. A sport fisherman also saw the *Morning Dew* heading toward the open ocean, also tried to send a warning, and also failed to make radio contact.

No one knows why Mr. Cornett headed for sea. Perhaps he wanted to find some sea room so he could spread some canvas on his new boat. Perhaps he missed the ICW and decided against retracing his route to regain his intended track. Whatever his thought process, at some point, he knew his boat was pointed away from land and continued out to sea.

There were small craft advisories posted from Little River Inlet, South Carolina, to Savannah, Georgia. Winds were from the east at 25 knots and gusting. Seas were running five to six feet. Areas of rain and embedded thunderstorms reduced visibility to less than one nautical mile. The water temperature was 55 degrees.

We do not know what happened aboard the boat over the next 11 or 12 hours. What we surmise is that sometime around 2 in the



Lessons Learned By the Coast Guard

(This speech by Admiral James Loy, U.S. Coast Guard, was delivered at the U.S. Naval Institute in Annapolis, Maryland. We print it with permission of the Coast Guard)

morning, the *Morning Dew* struck the north jetty at the entrance to Charleston Harbor, right around low tide. Some time later, it sank on the south side of the jetty, probably after being driven over the rocks by the east wind and the incoming tide. Mr. Cornett, his two sons, and his nephew died.

The Coast Guard's role in the case: Here's how the case developed from the Coast Guard's perspective. Coast Guard Group Charleston, South Carolina, carried out its normal watch routine on December 27 and 28, unaware that such a boat as the *Morning Dew* even existed or was underway within its area of responsibility. On the night of December 28, there was one watchstander in the communications center, standing a 12-hour watch from 6 in the evening until 6 in the morning. A more experienced petty officer had turned in for the night as authorized by the standing orders but was immediately available if anything unusual occurred.

At 0217, the watchstander heard a rapid and broken radio transmission on channel 16, VHF-FM. He could tell that the caller was yelling, and he interpreted the words he heard as, "U.S. Coast Guard, U.S. Coast Guard." He answered the call twice but heard no return call. A few minutes later he heard the keying of a microphone, and tried to respond again. No communication was established.

The watchstander did not perceive this to be a distress situation. It wasn't unusual for boaters in open craft to yell into microphones to counter wind or engine noise. Furthermore, atmospheric conditions often cause radio calls from outside the operating area to be audible in the Charleston communications center. It could have been someone seeking a radio check. There was no cause for alarm. However reassuring these explanations seemed to the watchstander at the time, later analysis and audio enhancements revealed that the call was actually the voice of 13 year-old Daniel Cornett yelling, "Mayday! U.S. Coast Guard. Come in!"

Even if the watchstander had correctly understood the call, there was very little information to go on. Without knowing the iden-

tity of the vessel, its location, or the nature of its distress, there wouldn't have been enough information to initiate a search. There would have been cause for a heightened state of alertness, and there would have been cause for some detective work to ascertain whether a distress situation did exist somewhere. But we probably wouldn't have launched a boat or helicopter because we wouldn't have known where to send them.

At 0628, the same watchstander, who had been relieved by the day watch, but had remained to perform some administrative work, received a phone call from the Charleston Harbor pilot dispatcher, advising him that the boatswain aboard an inbound automobile carrier had reported hearing someone screaming for help off the starboard side, that would be the vicinity of the north jetty. The pilot aboard the inbound ship had already taken it upon himself to direct his pilot boat to search the area.

The watchstander accepted the information and notified his supervisor. Nobody made a connection to the broken call four hours earlier. A little while later, we accepted the pilot boat's judgment in suspending the search. At 1115 two bodies washed up in the surf. The third body was found in the early afternoon. Michael Cornett's body was found about four weeks later.

It was a horrible accident and one made more horrible by the possibility that the Coast Guard missed the opportunity to rescue one or more of the *Morning Dew* sailors.

As I said when I began my remarks, when we encounter a case like this, it is important to focus our efforts on preventing recurrences. With that in mind, I'd like to draw lessons from this case for three distinct audiences: The American public, the Coast Guard, and the recreational boating public.

Lesson One: The need for investment in national distress communication system: The first lesson to be drawn from *Morning Dew* is a lesson in public policy, specifically the need for investment in a national distress communication system. Most recreational boaters would be alarmed to learn how fragile this weak link in our search and rescue system is. As matters now stand, there is a vast disparity between the communications capability that the public thinks we have and the communications system that we do have.

The Coast Guard is working with a distress communications system that is equivalent to what local police and fire departments were using in the 1950s. If you dial 911 on your telephone, say the word "fire", and run outside, a fire engine will show up at your driveway in a matter of minutes, and you can wait at the neighbor's house if it's cold outside. If, on the other hand, you pick up the handset on your VHF-FM radio, say the word "Mayday", and jump overboard, you could very likely drown or die of hypothermia.

Our operations centers do not have the capability to enhance and replay audio signals. And they do not have useful direction finding equipment. Our search and rescue communications depend on the ability of people whose lives are in immediate peril to explain calmly their identity, their location, and the nature of their distress. The more urgent the distress, the less likely are boaters to be able to communicate the necessary information and the less likely is their equipment to be functioning properly.

In many cases, we are lucky to get a position report as specific as "off Cape Hatteras", which may or may not narrow our search area to a couple thousand square miles, depending on what other information we are able to learn. Other times we initiate searches knowing only that distressed mariners think they are "on the hundred-fathom curve". I don't know for sure that it's true, but it didn't strain my credibility when I heard about the operator of a disabled vessel who reported his position in these terms: "I'm right about at the 'C', that's the letter 'C' as in 'Charlie' in Campeche".

"Roger, sir, would that be the big 'C' at the beginning or the little 'C' near the end?"

We need a communications system that gives our watchstanders the ability to translate calls like Daniel Cornett's desperate Mayday into effective action; a system that allows watchstanders to replay calls, slowing them down and adjusting the quality until the message can be understood; a system that determines and preserves an electronic fix every time a signal is received.

We are pursuing Coast Guard-wide modernization of archiving, playback, and radio direction finding capabilities as part of the National Distress and Response System. But we don't expect to begin to field this system until 2001, and it is not slated to be fully operational before 2005. In the meantime, mariners must understand that voice distress communications to the Coast Guard may not produce an effective response unless they include the vessel name, position, and nature of distress. Without those three pieces of information, we're often dealing with needle-in-haystack probabilities of success.

We must carefully guard against the possibility that video footage of our dramatic rescues may lull some boaters into a false sense of security, may give rise to a misplaced confidence that the Coast Guard can bail them out of whatever peril comes their way. We can't guarantee that we'll be there. The sea remains a dangerous place, and it continues to cover a vast space.

The first lesson from *Morning Dew* is that upgrading the distress communications system should be an urgent priority for our national transportation system.

Lesson Two: The consequences of stretching a Coast Guard too thin. The second lesson is for the Coast Guard. I have no basis for speculating whether an earlier search could have made any difference in this case. The lesson for the Coast Guard is a reminder that operational vigilance must come before all other organizational considerations. We've heard a lot of dialogue this year about shortfalls in the readiness of all military services. It's apparent to me that we have reached the absolute limit in streamlining our organization. Budget constraints have made us cut and trim everywhere we could. *Morning Dew* tells us that further cuts would degrade public safety if our previous cuts haven't already done so. Streamlining may have gone too far.

Our personnel are stretched too thin. Our people are working too hard. We have too little experience in too many crucial positions. A more experienced watchstander might have been able to pick up the word, Mayday. I say "might" because I had to hear the tape several times before I could discern the distress preword, and I had the advantage of knowing precisely what I was listening for.

Even so, a more experienced

watchstander who better understood how different the world looks when you're at sea on a stormy December night than it does from a cozy operations center might have been slower to accept non-distress explanations for the two radio calls at 2 in the morning; experience might have produced more persistence in seeking additional information; experience might have caused a more seasoned watchstander to continue mulling over the incident and be more ready to associate it with the phone call from the pilots.

More experience might have enabled an immediate recognition that our awareness of volunteer search activities should not normally be a factor in determining a Coast Guard response. I cannot rule out the possibility that our service-wide training and staffing shortages affected our response to this case.

Lesson Three: The responsibilities of recreational boaters for their own safety. The *Morning Dew* case should also provoke serious self-examination on the part of the general boating public. It is bad form to speak ill of the dead, and so news reports rarely recount the errors in judgment or seamanship that cause people to perish at sea. This tendency is understandable but regrettable. We face a moral imperative to learn from the mistakes we observe. To my view, we show the greatest respect for those who have been lost, especially for those who die unnecessarily, when we use the occasion of their deaths to prevent others from sharing their fate.

With that in mind, what lessons should recreational boaters learn from the *Morning Dew* case? The principal lesson has to do with the gulf between legally mandated safety requirements and prudent seamanship. The *Morning Dew* case presents us with a stark illustration that boaters have a responsibility for their safety that extends far beyond legal compliance. Consider these factors.

There is no federal requirement for recreational boaters to carry distress communications devices other than flares and efficient devices for producing noise. However, as a prudent mariner, I would never sail without a properly registered 406 EPIRB that would transmit my vessel name and position in the event that I could not. *Morning Dew* had a VHF-FM radio, flares, air horns, and a strobe light, but it did not carry an EPIRB. Note the gap between legal compliance and prudent seamanship.

There is no federal requirement for recreational boaters to have any protection from hypothermia. However, as a prudent mariner, I would not venture out in 5-6 foot seas in a 34' sailboat with a water temperature of 55 degrees unless I had an anti-exposure suit for every person aboard. If I did proceed to sea under those conditions, I would require everybody to wear their anti-exposure suits at all times when topside, and I would require them to keep them immediately accessible when below decks. *Morning Dew* may have had the required personal flotation devices aboard, but it sailed without a life raft for keeping people out of the water or anti-exposure gear to keeping them warm in the water if the boat went down. Note the gap between legal compliance and prudent seamanship.

There is no federal requirement for recreational boaters to carry particular navigation equipment. However, as a prudent mariner, I would never undertake a coastal passage at night without a compass whose reliability I

had personally verified, without some means of electronic navigation, or without the means for terrestrial or celestial navigation in the event that the electronic navigation failed. As near as we can tell, the only known navigation equipment aboard the *Morning Dew* was a magnetic compass of undetermined reliability. Note the gap between legal compliance and prudent seamanship.

There is no federal requirement for recreational skippers to get any particular amount of rest before or during their voyages. However, I would not think of going to sea for an overnight voyage unless there was someone else aboard who was capable of taking over the helm in the event that I became fatigued or incapacitated. When the *Morning Dew* went to sea, its skipper was committed to staying on watch all night in heavy weather after having stood watch all through the previous day. Once again, note the gap between legal compliance and prudent seamanship.

In describing this gap, my purpose is not to campaign for more stringent requirements for recreational boaters. I'm aiming higher. My goal cannot be legislated and cannot be regulated. My goal is prudent seamanship on the part of recreational boaters.

Eight hundred lives are lost annually from boating accidents, second only to the highway fatality totals that approach 40,000 annually. Recreational boaters have the ultimate responsibility for their own safety, and this responsibility chiefly falls into two areas. Boaters must plan to minimize the likelihood of finding themselves in distress situations. And then, because the power of the sea can overwhelm even the most careful efforts to avoid danger and dangerous waters, boaters must plan to maximize the likelihood of being rescued if they do encounter distress.

I am absolutely not picking on Mr. Cornett this morning. I am trying desperately to generalize a single case's experience to lessons that we can all take away to ensure that there are not any more tragic *Morning Dews*.

Contrast with *Acapella* case: The *Morning Dew* case didn't have to turn out the way it did. We worked a case about two weeks ago that shows what can happen when boaters give the Coast Guard a chance to save their lives. There's a lot that could be said about this case, which provided a terrific example of every part of the North Atlantic Search and Rescue system working together. But my purpose in mentioning the case is to show what mariners can do to take responsibility for their own lives.

The *Acapella* was a sailboat about the same size as the *Morning Dew*, in fact it was a foot shorter. *Acapella* was underway off the coast of Nova Scotia, hundreds of miles further from search and rescue assets than *Morning Dew* was, sailing in weather far worse than that faced by the *Morning Dew*, waves variously reported to be between 15 and 35 feet high, waves so high that they capsized this oceangoing catamaran and suddenly left it completely turtled, upside down with no power. Similar sized boat, worse weather, greater distance, more sudden disaster.

Yet the *Acapella's* crew survived. What was the difference? Principally, the difference was the crew's preparation. The *Acapella* was equipped with a properly registered 406 EPIRB. The boat was outfitted with a watertight compartment and an emergency escape hatch on the underside of the hull. The crew had anti-immersion suits. Once disaster struck,

the *Acapella* sailors retreated to their watertight compartment and used the escape hatch to deploy and tether their 406 EPIRB. Then they showed due prudence by staying with their stricken craft in their anti-exposure suits until help arrived, which it did. Within minutes of deploying the EPIRB, the search and rescue system was fully alerted, focused on saving their lives, knowing exactly who was in distress and where.

If we know people are in trouble, if we know where to look, and if distressed mariners can float and stay warm for a few hours, we have an excellent chance of rescuing them.

I opened my remarks suggesting the imperative of learning from tragic events. The *Morning Dew* case offers many such lessons for those who create public policy, for the Coast Guard, and for the boating public. Every life in danger at sea is an opportunity. Let's all learn, and commit to the investments necessary to preclude the unnecessary loss of any of them.

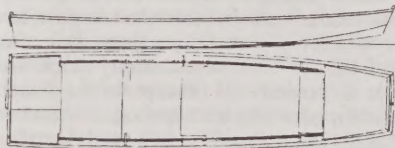
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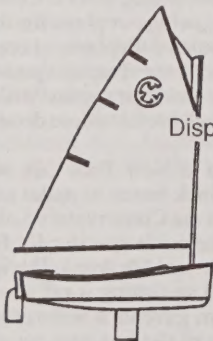
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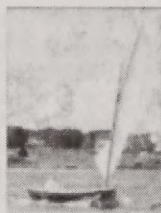
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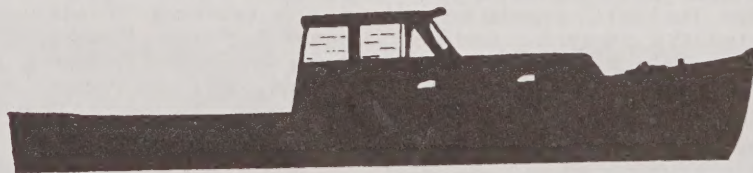
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Activities & Events...

Mystic Seaport Hosts First Ever Championship Model Yacht Regatta

There is nothing small about the 8' long, 10' tall, 65lb models that will take to Mystic Seaport's waterfront for the first ever "J" Challenge Cup Model Yacht Regatta, an American Model Yachting Association (AMYA) and U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group (VMYG) event, July 28 - 30.

A dozen radio-controlled (R/C) sailing models, representing six of the original ten "J" boats, the 120' yachts that competed for the America's Cup prior to World War II, are expected to take part in the three-day event. Practice begins at 10 am on Friday; the Fleet Championship, which will decide which model yacht is crowned national champion, will be held Saturday from 10am to 3pm. Match races re-creating the America's Cup races of the 1930s, such as *Shamrock* vs. *Enterprise* (1930) and *Endeavour* vs. *Ranger* (1937), are scheduled for Sunday from noon to 3 pm.

An exhibit of America's Cup model yachts outside of the "J" class era will be on display throughout the weekend. A free-sailing, wooden model of *Columbia*, America's Cup defender in 1899 and 1901, built in 1920, is expected to be part of the display as is a 1970s R/C East Coast 12-Meter Class design. Other models representing 1980s and 1990s high-tech racing designs are expected along with an 8-1/2', R/C model of *Intrepid*, converted from an actual 12-meter 1974 tow tank hull to a sailing model.

The sport of model yachting dates from the 1800s and reached its peak of free-sail racing activity during the 1920-30s. World War II precipitated a major decline in the sport which, with the advent of radio control (R/C), regained a new height of popularity in the 1970s. Coinciding with this increased activity, the AMYA was established in 1970 to promote R/C model yacht racing and has grown to 120 clubs. The VMYG, a special interest group of the AMYA, caters to those interested in older sailing designs and their history. More information on the clubs can be found on their websites, www.intellisys.net/AMYA and www.swcp.com/usvmyg.

Call (888) 973-2767 for more information or visit Mystic Seaport's website at www.mysticseaport.org

WoodenBoat School News

Our new course catalog for the year 2000 is now available on request. We've been receiving phone calls and email messages since September from folks wanting to know what the 2000 program will look like, so we're certainly aware that interest is running high. If you're contemplating joining us this coming season, start making plans. We began taking course reservations on January 3.

Looking back over 1999, we experienced the best year in our 19-year history. Including

our off-site program, we offered a total of 98 courses from early April through mid-October. We filled 77 of these and only had to cancel five due to low enrollment. We hosted a total of 821 students, compared to 747 in '98. We also had 346 alumni return this past season, compared to 283 the previous year. A lot of boats were built and/or sailed, and knowledge was passed on for the building and sailing of many, many more. Thanks to everyone who participated, especially our outstanding faculty.

Looking ahead at the 2000 schedule, while many courses are being offered again, we do have some interesting new ones. Bob Elliott will be leading a course in the traditional construction of a Salisbury Point Skiff from the design tables of Lowell's Boat Shop, Amesbury, Massachusetts. Brion Rieff, an extremely talented boatbuilder from Brooklin, Maine, will be offering "Introduction to Cold-Molded Construction". Rich Kolin will fly in from Seattle, Washington, to teach a two-week course, "Building The Annie Skiff", a 14' traditional daysailer. John Harris, designer and shop manager at Chesapeake Light Craft in Annapolis, Maryland, will be showing students how to construct two 18' sharpie daysailers.

Down on our waterfront, Kristin Heard will offer a kayaking course for women, while Mike O'Brien presents one for folks over 40 years of age. We also have the pleasure of adding *Jarges Pride*, a Sam Crocker 33' cutter, to our "Craft Of Sail" fleet. And for recreational sailing, we acquired an 18'8" Mackinaw gaff ketch for students to enjoy. An exciting opportunity will be offered by Ben Ellison to students on board *Belford Gray* as she sails to Rockland to participate in the annual Friendship Sloop Racing Days at the end of July, and Brooklin artist Chris Baker will treat interested students to a fascinating week with oil paints.

Back in the shops, Karen Baisch, gifted woodworker, cabinet maker, boatbuilder, and alumna of *WoodenBoat* School, will be teaching "Marine Woodworking For Women" along with a two-week "Fundamentals Of Boatbuilding" course. Rounding out the new course offerings will be Chris Kulczycki's "Building Your Own Annapolis Wherry" and Bill Thomas' "Building Your Own Ultralight Canoe".

Interested readers may request our course catalog from *WoodenBoat* School P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616-0078.

Rich Hilsinger, Director

Tall Ship Crew Opportunity

South Street Seaport will be sailing its tall ship *Wavertree* in the July 4th Parade of Tall Ships in New York harbor. The museum is offering a sail training course for the volunteer crew that will handle the great sails. Those volunteers assisting with the restoration of the ship will head the list. All who sign up will receive the training schedule, to apply call the volunteer office at South Street Seaport, (212) 748-8727.

Just In Case

It was not the way I had planned to spend New Year's eve. To be honest, I had expected to watch the 10 news and turn out the lights on 1999. Then there was a call from the District Communications officer, "Coast Guard Group Fort Macon would like all Auxiliary radio stations to be up and monitoring channel 16 from 2200 hrs on December 31st till 0005 on January 1st just in case."

You can call this a case of Y2K jitters or you can call it sound precautions. While there was no reason to suspect that the Group's radios would malfunction as the century rolled over, and in fact they operated perfectly, the Coast Guard takes no chances with vessel safety, so up and down the North Carolina coast (and, I'm sure, in other areas as well) Auxiliarists manned their radio stations, ready to hear and relay by land line any calls for assistance.

Being able to provide that extra measure of security to mariners was well worth the loss of a couple of hours of sleep.

Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

Interesting Information...

Moosehead Sailing, Mouse Trap & Crack-erjack Model Boats

A year ago I told you about buying a Montgomery 15, sight-unseen in Florida from an owner in California, and asked if you might be interested in hearing the story as an article for *MAIB* (coming soon. Ed.).

Since writing the article we took the M15 to Moosehead Lake in Maine last August, and had a wonderful time sailing there. Day after day of 10kt to 12kt winds, sunny skies, and almost no powerboats (except for the fishermen trolling for lake trout and salmon) and no PWCs. It was idyllic. The only catch is, that it is 390 miles from Glastonbury, Connecticut to Moosehead Lake, but if that's the price to pay for good sailing and peace and quiet, that's OK by me!

In your January 1st issue on page 7, Norm Benedict had written a letter about Victor Mouse Trap powered model boats. That sounds like a grand idea, and a wonderful project for schools, Scouts, and grandparents (we have two grandchildren ages 9 & 10 in Dallas who have a swimming pool). Could Norm give us some drawings or plans for the basic boats? Plastic bottles with plastic spoons as paddles and a Victor Mouse Trap as a power source, what ingenuity and what a great "make something from nothing" project. More details please!

When I grew up in New York City we used to use Cracker Jack boxes to make sail boats and sail them on the Conservatory Lake in Central Park (a lake made specifically for model boats at 73rd St. and 5th Ave.). The inner carton was waxed so cutting it off about 1" up from the bottom gave us a waterproof hull. The narrow side of the box was cut off about 3" inches up from the bottom, giving a square sail. The rudder was a wooden spoon from a Dixie Cup ice cream put in a cut in the stern of the boat. A bit of dirt in the bottom acted as ballast, and, away they went!

Conbert H. Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

Cruising Europe

We have now spent four consecutive summers cruising the wonderful canals and rivers of Europe on our former Connoisseur 12.75 rental boat *L'Amitie*. This year we cruised from Amsterdam to Berlin and back with lengthy detours up the Kiel Canal to the Baltic and also exploring the wonderful Mecklenburg Lake District. Readers wishing to know more about such canal cruising are invited to contact me.

Glenn Goltz 4240 Arguello Way, San Diego, CA 92103, phone/fax (619) 299-0440, <gpg325@aol.com>

Cooperative Boatbuilding Training Program

The recreational boatbuilding industry is a major contributor to the economy of Carteret County in North Carolina. Two distinct groups make up this industry; producers, such as Jones Brothers and Parker Boats, who make relatively standardized small fiberglass boats for a mass market; and builders like Jarrett Bay Boat Works who cater for the custom market, especially for sport fishermen. Each sector has rather different skill requirements of its workers, with the custom builders tending to need a workforce with more traditional woodworking expertise.

The rapid expansion of the market for custom vessels in recent years has generated a demand for more skilled workers. In order to support this important local industry the North Carolina Maritime Museum has joined forces with Carteret Community College and Jarrett Bay Boat Works in creating a specialized intensive training program for potential entry-level workers in this field. Exploiting the traditional skills and educational expertise of the museum's boatbuilding craftsmen, this program, offered through the community college and conducted in the Harvey Smith Watercraft Center, will teach boatbuilding carpentry, tool care and use, safety, lofting and mold/pattern making, and marine finishing to groups of students dedicated to entering this significant local industry. The first eight students begin classes in October, and they will be followed by successive groups every three months.

This program is an exciting and important development. It brings together industry and educators both to perpetuate traditional craftsmanship and to support local industrial expansion. It provides training for county residents to enter an industry offering worthwhile longterm career prospects. The museum is very excited that it can simultaneously advance its cultural mission and provide tangible benefits to the community.

Paul Fonton, Curator of Small Craft Research, N.C. Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516

Projects...

My Own Design Houseboat

Thanks to the inspiration I got from *MAIB*, I have designed and started construction on my own 30' taped-seam plywood houseboat. It will have 7' headroom, a 7' couch, and a 7' bed (I am 6'6") and be pow-

ered by a hidden 50hp four-stroke. I'm 6 months into the construction and have the basic hull faired, sheathed with fiberglass, & bottom painted. This week I started on the cabin.

I found the design /boatbuilding books by Bolger, Devlin, and Gerr to be the most helpful. I'm enjoying this project so much, that I'm considering a career in boatbuilding/boat design. Do you or any fellow readers know if there are other boat design schools besides Westlawn and The Landing School?

Tim Hoezee, 12169 Limberlost Ln., Grand Haven, MI 49417, (616) 846-6160

Simple Taped Seam Skiff

Here I am with a pair of average blue cats in my own designed and built skiff, fabricated from luaun underlayment and scrap pine. A layer of 10oz fiberglass in epoxy protects the bottom of this simple taped seam rowing craft.

In the background is the eastern arm of Eufaula Lake, 100,000 acres of prime messing about in and fishing water.

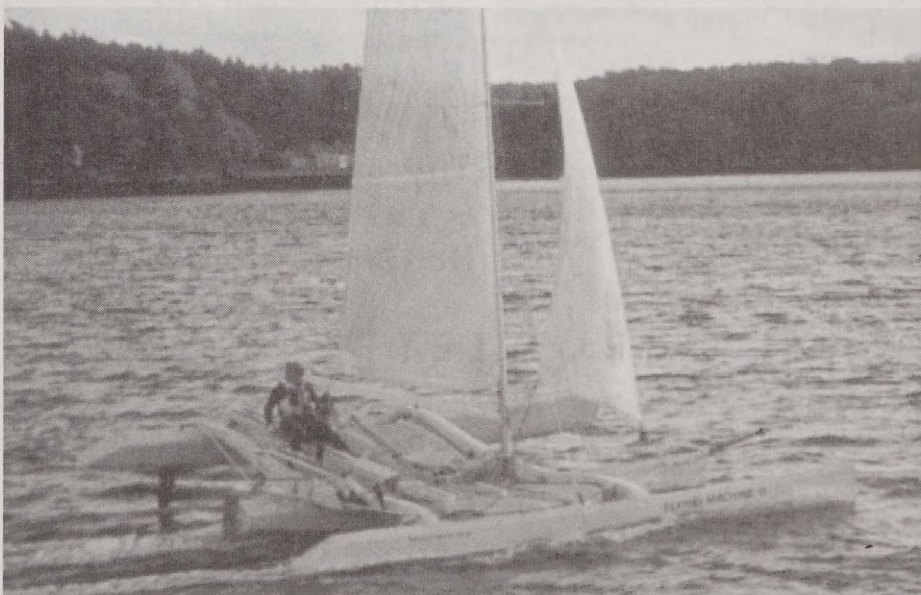
Bill Hart, Stigler, OK.



Still Gaining Speed

During 1999 I got my latest version (#5) of my Tri-X-5 trimaran up to 21.7 knots, fastest to date.

Andy Vavolotis, Robin Hood, ME.



Progress Report: The Reconstruction Of The Pinnacle Virginia Of Sagadahoc, Built In 1607

Our Vessel Committee has finished its preliminary investigation and sent its work to selected maritime historians throughout the world, requesting proposals for research and concept design. We are very pleased with the quality of the proposals that have been returned, and plan to award a contract by year's end.

The Education Committee has sent out packets to every school district in Maine. A good percentage have responded with interest, and we have responded with further material. In late August, a teacher's workshop was conducted, where attendees could visit the archaeological dig at the Fort St. George site and learn first-hand about the Popham Colony and its vessel. Response to the workshop was overwhelmingly enthusiastic.

With the help of many members, we have improved our visibility by exhibiting at the Maine Boat Builders' Show in Portland and Bath Heritage Days, and by sending two newsletters to all members and friends. Our current membership numbers well over 200 individuals and families.

We are now operating as "Maine's First Ship", rather than as our initial "The Virginia Project, Inc.", to become more easily identifiable to the public and to eliminate the confusion the name *Virginia* causes.

To date we have put aside \$3,000 for an Endowment Fund to maintain and operate the *Virginia* after she is built.

What will be happening this year?

We'll be seeking a naval architect to prepare construction plans based on the research and concept design we expect to receive by mid-year.

We'll expand our resource pool for teachers wishing to include study of the Popham Colony in their classes and will conduct more teacher workshops.

A vessel construction site will be selected.

We'll continue to participate in public events, increase and involve our membership, and begin a formal and widespread fund-raising effort.

The Board of Directors, Maine's First Ship, 28 Fort Baldwin Rd., Phippsburg, ME 04562-4742

Had a good night's sleep waking only for the tide shift, we bumped the bank and one anchor had to have its scope adjusted. The temperature was 39F when I woke at 0530 so I went back to sleep until a bright sunrise woke me about 0700. The morning was clear as crystal all around with a ten knot breeze from the WSW. No hurry this morning, we need at least half tide to pass through the shallow areas south of the Plumbush bridge. High tide isn't until just after noon. The weather report says more stiff westerlies today shifting to the NW and increasing to 25 knots in the afternoon. I wonder how the run across the Joppa Flats will be with that much wind and the flood running counter to it.

Weighing anchor about 0930, *Shoebox* and her intrepid skipper had a very pleasant run down Pine Island Creek and up the Plum Island River. We took it slowly at half throttle to kill some time and to enjoy a beautiful breezy Fall morning, but also to allow the flood tide to provide us with plenty of water to clear the many shallows up near the bridge. Full

Shoebox Fall Cruise

(Conclusion)

By Tim O'Brien

throttle was needed to overcome the swift current opposing our passage under the Plumbush bridge.

By 1115 we were crossing the Joppa Flats. The breeze was no problem as we were in the lee close offshore. There was a noticeable chop in the main channel to the north of us but we had a free ride assisted by the flood. We moored to a vacant float at the North End Boat Club in the early afternoon. Later I took a walk into town to get a paper and then spent a quiet evening reading onboard.

I slept until sunrise at seven. Looked like another fine day, wind cold and clear with a brisk wind from the west, directly down river. The thermometer registered 37F outside and when brought in the cabin it went up three degrees, neat!

As I clutch a hot cup of tea for its minuscule-heating value I'm compelled to review why I do this late season solo cruising in a small, rather austere, homemade houseboat. It's a valid question; many folks ask. A clear convincing answer is both varied and a bit elusive.

To some extent one's view of himself is tailored by the current environment, change the usual environment and one's perspective of himself undergoes a subtle change. It's hard to explain. In normal everyday circumstances, I tend to make comparisons, to draw conclusions, to size myself with respect to others and with how those "others" handle themselves. It's an unconscious sorting or grading process. I suppose it's an effort to determine where I fit in this overall chess game. How do I stack up?

In a crowded society with many competing views, people, not the environment, loom large or take a larger portion of your time. Off on a solo cruise with no schedule or preset agenda the perspective changes, my outlook changes.

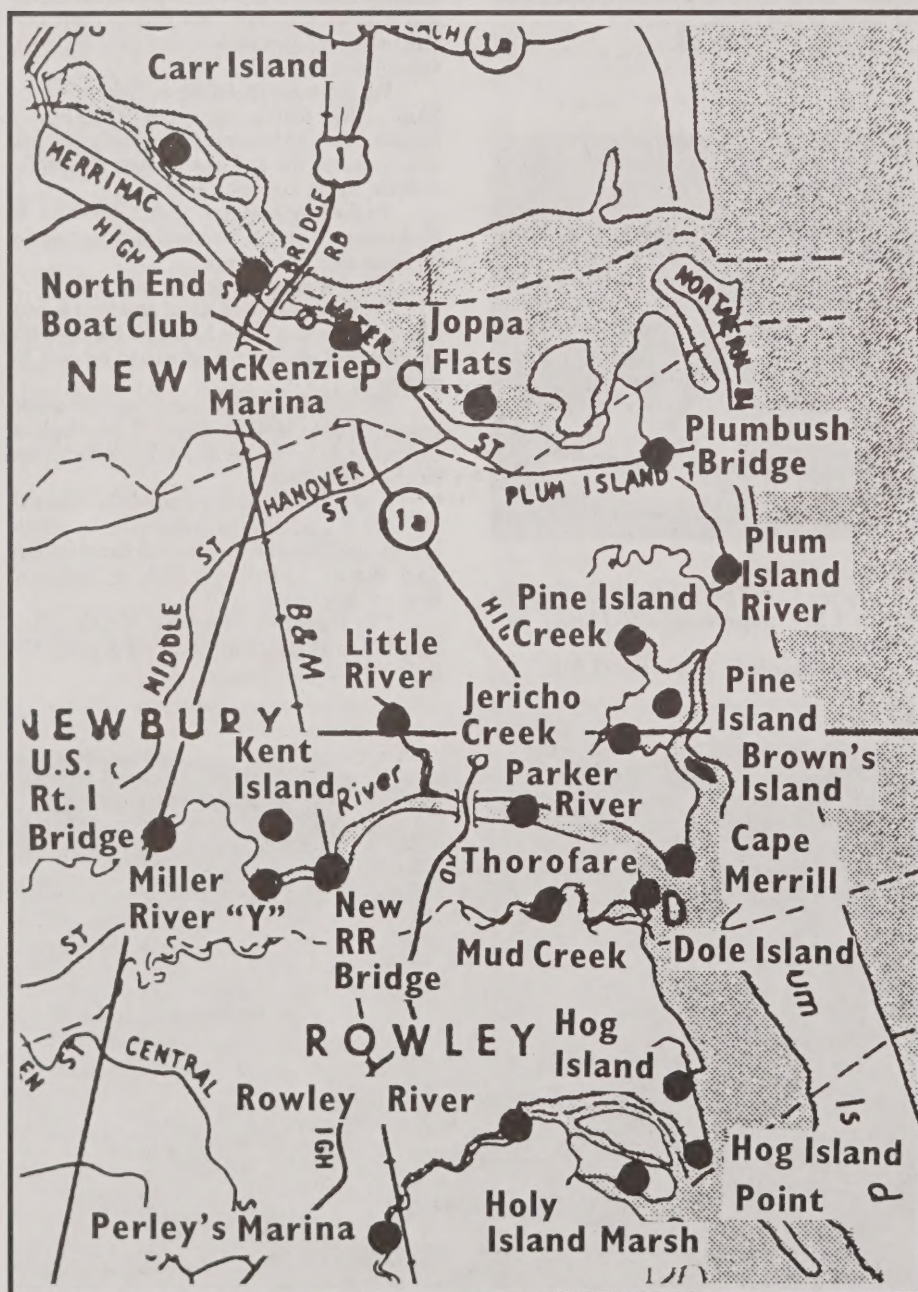
For example, I've just finished spending a week alone aboard *Shoebox*. Five of those days were spent in, and transiting, the extensive marshes of Plum Island Sound and its tidal estuaries. In those five days, while deep in the marsh, I saw only five other boats; two duck hunters, a clam digger's boat on the flats, a small sailboat and the game warden's boat. I was essentially alone out there although society at large was only a few miles away. I could see their houses in the distance.

Little things loom large, especially natural things such as the way a lesser yellow legs works the shallows for its dinner; the perfection of a great blue heron as it flares its huge wings to land; the sudden appearance of a big, whiskered harbor seal and its graceful dive; the sight of dozens of Canada geese honking their way south in fluid formation; and the subtle shades of color in the marsh grasses bending to the breeze. All are fully appreciated.

Every small change in the weather is duly noted, for it will affect my passage. Is the wind shifting? Will its increase make my transit wet? Should I change course to another port of call? What's the state of the tide? Will it allow me to cross the Joppa Flats? My interests and concerns are, in the main, natural ones, that is, ones generated by nature itself both in a general sense and in its smallest particulars, not by people. This is a big change from my day-to-day interaction with the usual set of players. So I think differently.

Normally I tend to worry about future events and the need to plan for them, even though they be ones over which I have almost no control. Or I dwell on the past; the "glories" of my salad days as a super skipper of an ancient submarine, etc., etc. As my beautiful bride of these many years has told me so often, "Tim, live the moment." She's right, of course, and I am learning.

Occasionally, one needs the chance to revisit life's imponderables. Who am I? Where am I going? Will I get there and if I do will it matter? So many questions one really cannot answer but must, on occasion, consider. What can I say profound that hasn't already been better said? Not much, but I can think about these matters and I believe that's useful. These late season solo cruises in the good ship *Shoebox* provide me that opportunity.



Cruising The Everglades - Part I

By John Gignilliat

"Welcome To Florida" the huge billboard proudly proclaimed. Although I had finally reached the right state, I still had over four hundred miles of driving to my destination. I was on my way from my home in North Carolina to the Florida Everglades for a sailing vacation. Marjory Stoneman Douglas, in her classic book, *The Everglades: River of Grass*, states, "There are no other Everglades in the world. They are, they have always been, one of the unique regions of the earth, remote, never wholly known. Nothing anywhere else is like them. It is a river of grass." The Everglades hold three international designations: World Heritage Site, International Biosphere Reserve, and Wetland of International Significance. I planned to launch my SeaPearl 21 in Flamingo, fifty miles into the Everglades National Park at the southernmost tip of mainland Florida.

I reached Flamingo at two in the afternoon and began preparing to launch. Sailors and tourist alike, intrigued by my unusual boat, would stop by for a gam. The SeaPearl 21 is cat ketch, rigged with unstayed masts. Its pop up rudder and lee boards give it a 6" draft. It has no motor, only two stout 12' oars and a rowing station. I finally got loaded up and launched, and at last was underway. I played the light breeze to the harbor entrance, then rowed out into Florida Bay. Once clear, I tightened the sheets and headed down the marked channel. Even though the sails were drawing, I soon realized I was not gaining on the day marker abeam. The light wind was not giving me enough speed to overcome the flood tidal current. I left the sails sheeted in tight and ran forward to unship the oars. This is what I referred to as "rower sailing". As soon as I had rowed far enough up the channel to get in deeper water, I stowed the oars and cut off on a reach across Florida Bay for Murray Key three miles to the south. When I reached the east tip of the key, I dropped my lightweight anchor in 11' of water and set up my pram tent across the forward cockpit.

The next morning I woke up to the sound of birds. There were birds everywhere, birds in the sky, birds on the water, birds in the trees, birds taking off, birds landing, birds in flocks, birds in pairs, birds singly. It was like living near a busy airport. I looked in the pamphlet I had picked up at the Visitor's Center and began to identify the different species. This was where the crossword puzzle birds lived: ibis, coot, kite.

I packed up and pulled the anchor aboard. A quick check with my lead confirmed that I was still in 11' of water. I began rowing along the north shore of Murray Key, working my way towards the deeper water (3'-4') of Florida Bay. The tips of my oars left tiny explosions of mud in the crystal clear water as I pulled along the shoreline. I have heard it said that racing will greatly improve your sailing skills. A corollary to that theorem is that an engineless boat will greatly improve your sailing skills. We are talking hard physical labor versus effortless wind-assisted gliding through the water.



The lightest little breeze began to fill in, and I quickly had the oars stowed and the sails drawing. I dropped one leeboard just a few inches and nursed the breeze into the channel. As the sun rose higher, the wind freshened to a steady five to ten. This was the perfect wind for *WhiteCap* under full sail. I hoped to exit Florida Bay, and work my way up the Gulf coast before entering the Everglades. I closed reached towards East Cape, the first of three lesser capes forming Cape Sable. Sable is French for sand, and I could see on the Florida mainland miles of white sand beach fringed with mangroves and palms.

Distances looked shorter on the chart than in reality, and I soon realized I had ten miles of sailing to reach East Cape. East Cape marked the end of Florida Bay and the beginning of the Gulf of Mexico. The incoming tide kept driving me back as I attempted to round the cape, so I eased the sheets and shot up on the beach for a lunch break. No sooner had I got situated, than the second boat I had seen all day was making a beeline for me. I thought maybe it was the Park Service coming to tell me that I could not stop there.

It turned out to be an older couple and their son who had been out for three days. They were starved for a little conversation. I was the first person they had talked to their entire trip. They were in a Carolina Skiff, which the father promptly told me was made in Georgia. "And I bet the Boston Whaler isn't made in Boston," I added. After a short conversation, we both continued on our way. Later, I would understand better their desire to talk to someone. This was to be the first of only two times I talked to people in the next week.

The tidal current had eased some, and I finally made it around the first cape. I fought the current and headwinds for several more hours, finally making it around Middle Cape. I decided to anchor just inside the Middle Cape Canal which led into the long, narrow, and shallow Lake Ingraham. I was surprised at how strong the current was in the canal. This shallow lake must empty and fill twice a day with the changing tides. As I sat in the cockpit heating up dinner and looking down the length of

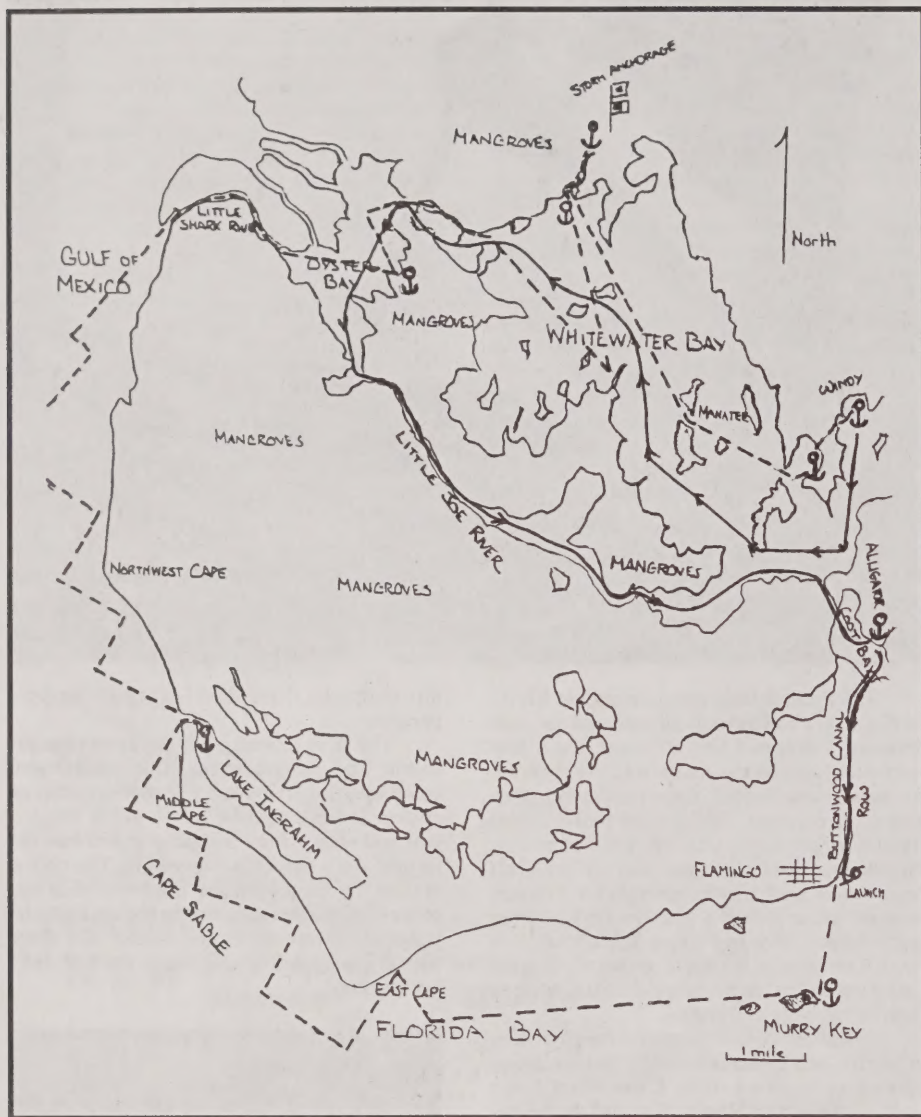
this long lake, I realized I was in a birder's paradise.

The next morning I woke up to near disaster! The plunger on my small camp stove came apart, denying me my morning cup of coffee. Intense repairs finally got it fixed. I was still somewhat disorganized and had not figured out a place for everything. The coffee was in the food box, the filters were in another bag, the thermos was in the cockpit, the water jugs were up by the anchor, the stove was in the cook kit, and where the hell did I put my cup!



I did not linger long over my hard-fought cup of coffee. I was anchored close to shore, just through the canal, and a fierce tidal current was draining the shallow Lake Ingraham. *WhiteCap* was tugging at her anchor and making gurgling noises as the water rushed by. With no motor, I did not want to get caught here when the tide turned. I pulled up the anchor and raised sail, scurrying out the inlet, more by water than wind power. I missed the main channel as I shot back into the Gulf. There was a thin line of sand off both my port and starboard beam as I sped along in the current. A quick toss of the lead showed I was in less than a foot of water! I skidded over a small overfall and was free, back in the Gulf of Mexico. Wow, what an exit!

Of course, the wind was still coming from



the exact direction that I wanted to go. It always amazes me that, with all the degrees on a compass, the wind always seems to find the exact degree I was heading. Oh well, I began taking long tacks out into the Gulf and back to shore. Soon I passed Northwest Cape and took an extra-long tack out into the Gulf, crossing tracks with a multihull coming down the coast. I tried to raise them on my hand-held VHF to no avail. The wind began to pick up just as I dropped my bailing sponge overboard. I jibed around to retrieve it, and as I sheeted back in, a moment's inattention put the rail down. I quickly decided I was foolish to be this far offshore in an open boat (even though I had positive flotation). I came across the wind and headed back towards shore. From then on, I set the timer on my watch and only did ten minute tacks on the offshore legs.

My original plan had been to sail up the Gulf side of the Florida coast to The Ten Thousand Islands and then work my way back down. I was undecided what to do, but there was a serious gale forecast in two days. I did not want to be in the Gulf with a small open boat and gale force winds. The storm coming sounded massive. My decision would soon be made.

I was approaching the Little Shark River Inlet as I tacked in towards shore. I could see

a large powerboat and a ketch anchored in the cut. The screws on my starboard oarlock were pulling out of the teak caprail and I desperately needed repairs. A broken oarlock for *WhiteCap* is like a fouled plug for most. I hoped one of the two boats could help me make repairs.

I tacked into the small basin. The dinghy was gone on the sailboat, so I made several more tacks up to the 40' sedan cruiser. I stopped a discreet distance off, furled the sails, and rowed over to introduce myself. They informed me that they were hard aground and that if I had arrived several hours earlier, I would not have been able to row up to them. I would have had to walk across the mud!

I explained my problem and showed them the screws that were pulling out. The captain came aboard and quickly repaired my oarlock with a cordless drill and two larger screws. I said I would offer them a beer or something, but it looked like they had everything they needed aboard. He chuckled and agreed. As I was rowing away, I told them I would pass on their favor the next time I saw someone else who needed help.

I looked around and made the decision to give up trying to claw my way up the coast. I was here to see the Everglades and here was

the entrance beckoning. The cypress came right down to the water's edge, a tangle of roots and trunks at water level with a thick canopy of green above. The Little Shark River was a beautiful green corridor inviting me into the Everglades.

There were the remains of a rising tide to ease me on my way. I rowed a bit, but a light breeze was finding its way into the river, so I set sail. By the time I got the sails unfurled and ready to start drawing, I got tangled in some trees along the bank. The current kept me pinned there. Twigs, branches, and leaves rained down on the deck as I tried to extricate myself. I finally broke free and began tacking up this beautiful channel. It was breathtakingly gorgeous. A pair of dolphins passed in search of a meal. An angular parrot-green head popped out of the water and gave me the once-over. It was a loggerhead turtle!

As the river split into various channels, I took whichever one gave me a better slant on the wind, knowing that they all would eventually reach Oyster Bay. This was the first time in three days that I was not beating into the wind. What a relief it was. I exited out of Little Shark river into Oyster Bay, which was several miles across. With a dying breeze of late afternoon, I ghosted across the bay on a reach. I entered the first cut on the other shore and dropped the anchor just out of the bay. As I cooked dinner, I watched a beautiful sunset across the bay. After cleaning up, I lifted the anchor to tuck away deeper into the cut. I stood leaning against the forward mast as the current slowly pulled me deeper into the mangroves. It was a feeling of total peace, as I stood facing the final embers of the sunset while the boat slowly drifted backwards.

I woke up to clear blue sky. All the accouterments for brewing a cup of coffee had been organized the night before. I soon had a steaming cup of Java to accompany my morning bagel. I let the strong current decide which direction I would go. As soon as I raised the anchor, it sucked me back into Oyster Bay. A fresh breeze glistened across the top of the bay, making it shiny and silvery in the morning sun. A picturesque little mangrove island stood in the middle of the Bay, reminding me of Lake Nagawicka in Wisconsin, where I had learned to sail as a child.

Under full sail, I reached up to the north end of Oyster Bay. Exhilarated by the thrill of reaching instead of beating into the wind, I flipped around and reached three miles to the south end of Oyster Bay. It was absolutely beautiful, too many islands to count, all lush green, thick with mangroves.

By the time I reached the south end, the wind began to increase. I am a strong believer in, "the time to reef is when you first think of



it." Reefing the SeaPearl can be done in just seconds. After the first reef, I was still heeling excessively, so I hove to and quickly took a second reef in the main. Still not satisfied, I took a reef in the mizzen. I felt slightly overpowered, but I think it was a case of nerves from sailing in such an isolated area.

A check of the chart showed an outlet that led to Whitewater Bay, my destination. This is a body of water four times as big as Oyster Bay and studded with islands. I began tacking up the channel, only to discover I was arriving at the same spot every time I reached the north bank. I was not sure if the current was tidal (it was), but I felt trapped in Oyster Bay. I took another look at the chart and saw a wider channel at the other end of the bay. I eased the sheets and headed in that direction for my third sail across the length of Oyster Bay.

I reached the marked entrance and began zigzagging up the channel. This time the wind was stronger and the current was slower in this wide channel. I began working my way past the red and green day markers. Near the entrance to Whitewater Bay, I saw an inlet off to port. Beating to windward in a small boat is hard work, so I eased the sheets and sailed into the channel for a break. The wind was stopped by the tall, thick mangroves. I manned the oars and worked my way in to drop the hook. I was tired and ready for a lunch break. I snacked on a tin of sardines and relaxed in the sun, so much warmer out of the wind.

After lunch and a siesta, I noticed that *WhiteCap* was not tugging at her anchor line as furiously as before. I freed the anchor and rowed further into this channel. There was a narrow cut off to the left. I could not resist the desire to explore. I disturbed a great white heron and she shrieked an imprecation as she flapped her giant wings in escape. This would make a great anchorage for the night, I thought to myself. NOAA weather's prediction of a frontal system with heavy weather was becoming more strident.

"No, it was too early to stop," I thought to myself. I spun *WhiteCap* around and pulled back to the main channel. The tidal current and breeze were both favorable as I sailed down the final cut to Whitewater Bay. This large inland bay was dappled with islands, while its shoreline was a made up of bays, bights, cuts, keys, islets, inlets, rivers, channels, lagoons, passes, a maze of mangroves and water. Everywhere the eye looked, there was water, sky, and mangrove. It was stunningly beautiful.

I hove to and studied my chart. I decided I would sail southeast, hard on the brisk wind, until I reached the south end of Whitewater Bay. Then I would flip over to the other tack, ease the sheets, and have a close reach across the whole length of the bay. Sailing close hauled in gusty, strong winds in a small boat takes total concentration. Although the water was rougher, this was actually easier than tacking up the channel earlier in the day. The wind was less gusty in the open water, but I still kept one hand on the mainsheet ready for quick release. I kept the mizzen sheeted in flat and vanged tight and would try to feather into the gusts before dumping the main. It amazed me that a flat-bottomed, lee-boarded, two-masted, cigar-shaped boat could go to windward so well.

I soon reached the south end of the bay where I had decided to do my come-about. I came around the eye of the wind, raised the

windward leeboard, lowered the other, and eased the sheets. This is where a cat ketch comes into its own. She took off like a horse freed in the pasture, leaping and cavorting over the waves. *WhiteCap* would surge and accelerate forward with every gust. We were close reaching parallel to the waves, and she would climb up the back of one and then slide down its face, enhancing the feeling of speed. This was sailing! All too soon, I reached the north end of Whitewater Bay. Finding an anchorage in the Everglades is about as difficult as finding a seashell on the beach. I picked the first cleft in the mangroves and went in one hundred yards to drop the lightweight Danforth.

The next morning winds were already strong and gusty in my protected anchorage. Rather than beat back into Whitewater Bay, I decided to go further into the glades up this channel and see if I could find a protected spot to wait out the predicted storm. The strong wind was pushing up the watery avenue, so I set a handkerchief of a mizzen sail. I raced along this mangrove-lined creek at a pace that seemed entirely too fast for the tiny rag of sail I had set. I did not want to go too deep into the glades and away from open water, for fear of not being able to overcome wind and current to get back to open water.

After several minutes, I saw a narrow cleft in the mangroves about as wide as my boat is long. I shot into the opening and leapt to the oars. After rowing fifty yards up the cut, I stopped where it made a turn. Here I would make my stand. NOAA weather was forecasting a massive frontal system coming in off the Gulf of Mexico. The forecast included gale force winds with gust of over fifty knots, severe thunderstorms, torrential rain, lightning, flooding, and tornadoes.

I began preparing for what sounded like Armageddon. I laid out my bow anchor up channel and then tied two stern lines to stout mangrove trees. I took the mizzen mast down and lashed it on deck. The rest of the afternoon was spent cleaning and organizing, keeping one eye on the sky. Ragged gray clouds were scudding by overhead. I found a tube of silicon and spread it over the seams of my

cockpit tent. They were seam-sealed but the last time I had used the tent, there had been a small leak.

Around five-thirty the sky got dark and ominous. By six o'clock, the rain started, slowly at first, then stronger. I noticed a few small leaks and tried to seal them from the inside. The next thing I knew, the rain came down in torrents and the wind shook and tore at *WhiteCap*. Water was leaking in everywhere. I quickly put my dry clothes and bedding back into its dittybag and hung on for dear life. The enraged wind slapped, jerked, tore, punched, and shook at *WhiteCap*. Rain, the wind's lackey, likewise buffeted and tore at the tent. Water spilled and dripped in everywhere. I felt like a puny little rat in the mouth of some giant terrier.

Then the lightning started. Not just single flashes, but continuous, kaleidoscopic light of varying intensity. There were no moments of blackness, just continuous flickering, pulsing, flashing lightning. As I hung on, I kept thinking of the mainmast still in position, a tall, wet, metallic finger pointed defiantly at the heavens. A simultaneous crack of thunder and flare of lightning had me sucking for air. I remember just recently reading that lightning bolts are one hundred times hotter than the surface of the sun!

It was an awesome and frightening display of the power of nature. I was greatly relieved when it ended an hour after it had started. That hour had seemed like an eternity. Later, when I got home, I learned that this storm had made the national news. Winds of over one hundred miles per hour were recorded and much damage was done.

In the lull, I took down the mainmast and lashed it with the mizzen. I then cleared out an area under the foredeck and jury-rigged a second canopy so I would have a dry area to sleep. The wind and rain returned, but not with its initial intensity. I soon fell asleep.

The next morning I cleaned up. As a testimonial to the fury of last night's storm, my closed cooler in the cockpit had four inches of rain in it. My snug little anchorage had served me well, but now I wanted to get back into Whitewater Bay. I still had a vague fear that



wind and current might keep me trapped in this maze of channels. The stiff breeze was on the nose, but I had a slightly favorable current. I pulled hard with the oars, rowing vigorously until I came out in a small bay. I quickly set sail, and several short tacks put me back in open water. The wind was strong and it took several tries to get the right amount of sail.

Soon I was slicing across Whitewater Bay, rail down and spray flying. I let out a whoop of excitement! I had filled my two water ballast tanks and I was glad for the extra weight. I sat up on the rail, to get added ballast. Even so, I shipped water over the rail often. I was tacking south towards a pass between two islands. When I came back into open water, I spotted a thunderstorm approaching from the west. Bright sunlight lit up the dark clouds, making it look sinister and menacing. I quickly ducked into a cut in one of the islands, anchored, and furled sail to await the storm.

My eye caught something moving in the water a hundred yards away. I stared at the spot for a long time but saw nothing more. I thought of spending the night at this anchorage since it was already five o'clock but first I rowed out and watch the sunset. I rowed into something that rolled and snorted. "Good Grief!" I exclaimed, "A whale!" But no, it was a manatee. That is what I had seen earlier.

The storm I had feared never materialized, and I decided to reach over to Hell's Bay, a maze of mangroves and water. I had a spanking reach, getting there just at dusk. I did not have much time to find an anchorage, and my first choice seemed too open. I had already dropped sail, so I rowed over to another likely spot. This seemed even more exposed, so I rowed back to my original choice and dug the anchor in. It was a decision I was soon to rue.

Around midnight, the wind shifted and picked up in intensity. The wind was funneling directly down the narrow channel at twenty-five to thirty knots. The anchor rode was bar tight so I let out another 10'. *WhiteCap* was sailing back and forth on her anchor, bouncing and jerking up and down on the waves. I felt like I was in a washing machine. At 5am I stopped pretending to sleep and brewed a thermos of coffee. The weather channel was issuing a wind advisory for all of southern Florida. "Sustained winds of thirty knots with numerous gusts over forty," they warned. You know it is windy in Florida when they are telling the Winabagos to stay off the roads. I did not need a weather forecast to tell me it was blowing like stink. I was aware of it all night long. As soon as the sun came up, I had to find another spot to anchor.

At first light, I struggled to pull *WhiteCap* up to its anchor. The anchor rode was still bar tight. I actually could have used a windlass. When the chain was finally vertical, I was unable to manually break the anchor out, having to use oar power. After quickly stowing the anchor, I was quickly back to the oars. Just a touch from one oar spun the boat around. There, only twenty yards behind me, was a cut with flat, calm water. I was that close to a peaceful night. Oh well!

I made a snap decision not to stop, but rather to set a bit of the mizzen and see how far I could run in this wind. Sailing a 21 footer with the center of effort almost at the stern is tricky business. Once I got her going in the right direction, she really flew. I was running

with the wind and *WhiteCap* was screaming alone even with not much more than a beach towel for sail. I was weaving my way down the channels and through the islands that make up Hell's Bay.

I sailed until I could go no further, having reached a cul-de-sac. It was a great finish to a short but exciting sail. I had sailed through a narrow entrance into a lagoon ringed by mangroves with a small island in the middle. I furled the mizzen and rowed over to a spot offering the best protection from the wind. It was dead calm water where I dropped the anchor. As I stood in the warm sunshine, I could hear the wind roaring like a runaway freight train just on the other side of the mangroves. What a joy this spot was, after the fury of the last two nights.

In the afternoon, I made one foray out sailing with the mizzen but there were too many mangrove islands to get free and sailing. I gave up and rowed back into my lagoon. I could not believe how difficult it was to pull upwind until I realized that both leeboards were down and dragging through the mud as I tried to row!

That evening I listened to the weather channel. They were predicting 10 to 15 from the west, a sailor's wind, not a survival wind. I got out my chart and plotted a day's worth of sailing. I decided I would tack up Whitewater Bay and back through the marked channel to Oyster Bay. I would reach down Oyster Bay and enter the Little Joe River. This would give me a 10 mile run to the canal leading to Coot Bay. It was an ambitious day's sail, but I was stir crazy after sitting all day.

I woke up early, glad to hear that the freight train had stopped running. I headed out of the lagoon with reefed main and mizzen. I wove past long, narrow mangrove islands, always trying to work west. I finally broke free into the open water of Whitewater Bay. The wind had an open run the length of the bay, and I had to take another reef. When I reached the channel to Oyster Bay, I scooted into the same spot I had stopped several days earlier. It had been an exhilarating sail and I rested and took a lunch break.

Now I had to tack up the same channel I had tacked down several days ago. The venturi effect increased the force of the wind as it was funneled down the channel. I was fighting both the wind and the current, so I stayed in the main channel where I had enough power to drive forward. If I ducked behind one of the numerous islands on either side, I would lose speed and get swept back by the current. It was hard work, but I was finally through. For the first time of the day, I could ease the sheets.

I pulled up the leeboard halfway and shook out one reef in the main and one in the mizzen and off we flew. What glorious sailing! After having already crossed this bay three times, I knew right where I was going. I was heading for the south end of Oyster Bay and the entrance to the Little Joe River. This was the same river I had tried to tack up against the current. Current fair or foul, I would have fifteen knots of wind off the stern.

I reached the entrance and off I went. It was a broad reach until the river turned due east. There was one hitch when the river took a short twist so that the wind was dead on the nose. The current was running hard against me as I tried to claw my way forward tacking back and forth. In the gusts I could make progress,

but in the lulls I would get swept backwards. Every second counts, so my comeabouts became more and more precise. Several minutes of increased wind speed finally gave me enough power to round the corner.

Off I took on a reach, flying down this beautiful mangrove-line river. Twice I was joined by dolphins out foraging for food. The river widened some, and I had to refer to my chart hoping I was following the main channel. Every time a gust would hit, *WhiteCap*, with her wings spread like the many birds of the glades, would accelerate with the burst of speed. This was a great payback for all the earlier upwind work.

After two hours of delightful sailing, I approached the canal leading to Coot Bay. I spotted the day marker and jibed the mizzen over, changing the angle of sailing from wing on wing to a broad reach. There, coming out of the canal, was a large pontoon tour boat loaded with tourists. As we passed, I waved, and the entire boat waved back enthusiastically. After no contact with humans for the past several days, this simple gesture of friendliness had the surprising effect of choking me up. I guess we really are social animals.

I entered the narrow canal and promptly lost my strong breeze. A glance at the shore confirmed that the current was against me. I thought I might have to get out the oars, but I stayed out of the center of the channel and crept forward using the occasional puffs and a slight counter current. I inched my way up the narrow canal and finally exited into Coot Bay. It looked more like a lake to me, but the part about coots was certainly correct. It looked like a coot legionnaire convention! The wind was free, and I had a wonderful sail, scattering coots in every direction. My final destination was Coot Bay Pond Canal.

As I got closer and closer to the narrow cleft, I could see a National Park Service sign. It read, "Hand Powered Craft Only". There was no way I was going to get into this tunnel-like canal with my masts up, so I obliged. I dropped the anchor at the entrance and quickly took down both masts. There was not even enough room to use the oars, so I broke out the bow thruster (canoe paddle) and sat on the bow stroking my way in. This was a spooky little hideaway with barely enough room for *WhiteCap* to squeeze in.

The setting sun created long, grasping shadows. The curved mangrove roots looked like giant spiders and the sinuous roots in the water, made me think of snakes. Just then I heard a soft splash in the water and looked up to see, in the fading light, what looked like a giant anaconda. A second look, and I realized it was the tail of an alligator! I hurriedly erected my pram tent, not because of my reptilian neighbor, but because of the real villain of the Everglades. Clouds of blood-thirsty mosquitoes arose from the swampy water in search of a meal. "Skeeters" and "gators" notwithstanding, I was exhausted after thirty miles and eleven hours of sailing and quickly fell asleep.

I awoke to distant rumblings of thunder. I cleaned up the boat and spent time getting organized as this was my last day out. I was headed back to Flamingo and the completion of my circumnavigation of Cape Sable. Just as I was ready to leave, it began to rain with thunder and lightning. I left the masts down and began rowing the short distance to Buttonwood Canal. There was no wind, so it would be a damp, wet five mile row down the



canal and back to the ramp. I got into a steady rhythm with the oars, and was pleased to see that a canoe with two paddlers was unable to overtake me.

I reached the ramp and civilization, drenched from both the sweat of exertion and steady drizzle of rain. As I was getting ready to pull out, a kayaker came over to inquire about my SeaPearl. He loved to go into the back country, he told me, but a Kayak limited where he could stop. There was no solid ground in the Everglades, so he had to reserve a chickee, a wooden platform built by the Park Service. This meant he had no flexibility to change plans for whatever reason. As I described my satisfaction with *WhiteCap*, I found I could not stop talking. I blabbered on non-stop as the words spilled out. Yes, I was suf-

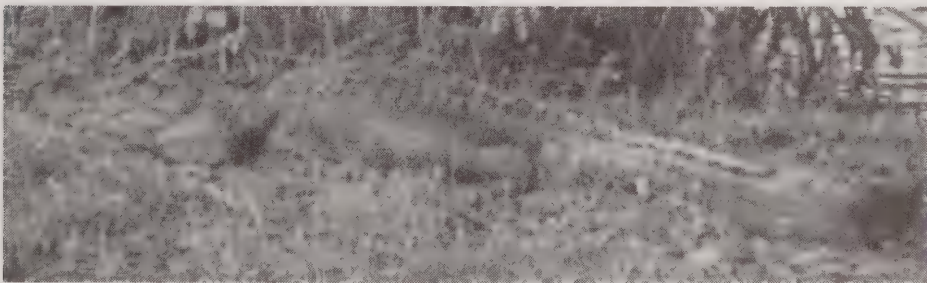
fering from conversation deprivation!

Standing around after being both damp and sweaty, I became chilled to the bone. I retrieved *WhiteCap* and asked the Park Ranger for directions to the campground, where I planned to spend the night. I was disappointed to hear that there was no hot water in their bathrooms. As I headed to the campground, I saw a sign that said Flamingo Lodge, and some motel-like buildings. I swung into the office and asked the young clerk, "How much is your cheapest single room?"

"One hundred dollars," was her laconic answer.

"I'll take it!" I responded, rationalizing that maybe I could sell a magazine article about this trip.

(To Be Continued)



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The World's Last Great Adventure... the Big Picture

By Jim Betts

Background: The globe has been circled by sailboats (single-handed) 93 times, starting with Capt. Joshua Slocum in 1898. The smallest one was 12', sailed by Sergio Testa of Australia in 1987. It's been done in balloons. But it's never been done in motorboats. Well, many mega-yachts have done it, but not as a race.

Yes, there's the Volvo Ocean Race in sailboats (formerly known as the Whitbread Round-The-World Race), which has a registration fee of \$416,900. This will start from England Sept. 23, 2001. There are now 23 entries. There is also the New World Challenge, a 10-boat fleet of 72' sailboats with amateur crews, that will start in San Francisco in the Spring of 2002. This will cost you \$45,000 to be a crew member. Let's see, that's 10 boats each with 15 paying crew members = $10 \times \$45,000 = \$6,750,000$.

So we have one race with registration fees that total almost \$10 million and another with almost \$7 million in fees. Are these events a "sport", a "race", or a business? Yes, these numbers seem out-of-sight, but you can confirm them by reading the articles in the *New York Times*, Oct. 24 and Nov. 14. (By Herb McCormick, in the sports section.)

My Magellan Challenge Race (MCR) will be, by comparison, a "poor-man's adventure". The boat will cost about \$35,000 in aluminum, or about \$8,000 in do-it-yourself plywood. (Including the \$5,000 or so engine.)

The Race: If all the boats are identical and have the same engine and speed, how do you race? It is like one-design sailboat (or motorboat) races. Like Indy 500 cars, Formula One and such. You play the sea conditions, route and wind. You may only win by a few minutes or hours, but you win. The score for the 18 legs is that you get one point for each boat you beat on each leg. Total at the end.

The Boat: A funny thing happened on the way to the starting line. I had been struggling with the design for a suitable boat for some months, but my thinking had been "racer" rather than "makes good sense".

Quite by accident, I found out about a boat designed and built in Australia only a few months ago. The designer is Dave Jackman, best known for his designs of fast aluminum powerboats up to 50'. If you subscribe to *Passagemaker Magazine*, see the story in the Fall 1999 issue. You may get a copy of this by sending \$7 to the magazine at 105 Eastern Ave., Suite 103, Annapolis MD 21403.

As it turned out, Dave and I were looking at the challenge from the same direction: A small, affordable, long-distance cruising motorboat offering ultimate safety, self-righting and self-rescuing, and some reasonable degree of comfort.

But Dave had added some big factors that I had missed. His design is a boat with down-stream, non-racing capabilities (you can't drive your Formula One race car to work). It is a boat that you can race, but also cruise, use to fish, lobster, or just play around with. You can get about with four people



Announcing an Around the World Motorboat Race

By Jim Betts

Tourists are now climbing Mount Everest, the world has been circled in a hot air balloon and the smallest sailboat to circumnavigate was just 20' long. What next? How about a race around the world in 20' motorboats? That's my idea (I am a veteran sailboat racer and yacht designer), which I am calling "The World's Last Great Adventure". The boats will be identical and powered by an economical, 18hp diesel engine that will develop a speed of about six knots and give a range of some 3,500 miles on 170 gallons of fuel.

The race, some 27,000 miles long, will start at Charleston, SC in January 2001, and finish at Charleston about August 15. Going via the Panama and Suez Canals, it will have 18 legs, the longest from Wake Island to Hawaii (about 2,500 miles) which will take about 18 days. The time at sea will be about 200 days and there will be some 50 lay-days at the end of each leg. This will allow for a new start at each point.

Each leg will be a race in itself, scored on the basis of one point for each boat you beat. The total score at the end will be the grand-prize winner. Participants may go for only a leg or so, with new crews taking over at the end of the leg. Each boat will carry a crew of two so that someone will be on watch at all times.

The boat was designed by Dave Jackman, well-known Australian designer and is self-righting and self-rescuing. While the prototype boat was built of aluminum, a do-it-yourself plywood version is offered. The majority of the boats will be built in the U.S. by a contract builder and the cost is estimated at \$35,000 each. Participants who wish to take turns of the boat may share in the cost.

For more details, including study plans, pictures of the boat and race information, contact Jim Betts, PO Box 1309, Point Pleasant NJ 08742-1309 USA.

aboard. You can install a larger engine and zip around at speed. While aluminum is really the material of choice, we are at work on a plywood version. A major factor is that this boat is in the water, tested and proven. Very important if we are looking at a January 2001 start.

Safety is the key. Dave Jackman's boat is rough and tough. It is self-righting and self-rescuing. And it is fairly comfy. The seas of the world are not violent for the most part. "Long periods of boredom interrupted by moments of panic," someone once said. Dave's boat will right from a complete roll-over. Bunks should have seat belts. It probably will not happen, but you should be ready if it does (secure your sheet-anchor so it does not bounce around inside the cabin.)

In order to assure equal boats, I am now in contact with a major builder of aluminum boats in the U.S. to be the official builder. Yes, it would seem to be an idea to have licensed builders worldwide, but why build boats around the world and ship them to the start? After the race it is anticipated that many will want to sell their boats and the U.S. would be a strong market. Then too, we may race again the next year, so the boats could be put into storage until that time.

We are offering plans for building in plywood. This will be a big plus for the do-it-yourself group. A frame kit would be a plus and that's in the works. There should be little difference in the performance of aluminum and wooden boats, but we will do some speed/distance/ fuel-consumption tests and one version or another may be given a handicap. The cabin interior may be customized as you see fit, so long as there is no significant change. It is anticipated that the aluminum boat will be priced in the area of \$35,000. The plywood version should be around \$3,000 for wood, glue, fastenings, etc. You may, of course, build your own aluminum version. The cost of the materials is about \$4,000.

Power: At this point, the engine is Yanmar 2GM20, two cylinders, 18.2hp. This engine has been around for years and has a proven record of service. Its "continuous" speed is 90% of its maximum, or 16hp. You could probably run this wide open for the entire race, but fuel consumption would suffer greatly and the chance of engine failure would surely be a risk. Therefore, all engines will have a "throttle-stop" that limits its speed to the cruising level.

Note: Engines sold in the U.S. are mostly fresh water cooled and do not have the hand-crank feature. Those sold elsewhere are sea water cooled and do have a crank. Either version is available worldwide, but in the U.S. the world-market version is about a four-month special order. Take your pick, but I'll take the world-market version with the crank. Contrary to popular belief, sea-water cooling does not do any damage to the engine. Diesel service is available at every stop on the race. There is a spare parts kit that should be carried, mostly because it has spare belts. I suggest two fuel filters rigged so that one can be cleaned with the other in use.

Electricity: The engine alternator generates 55 amps. The boat will have two heavy-duty 12v (or other voltage as you require) batteries. You can run about any equipment you wish, including an electric stove and even a refrigerator, if you can find space for it. Radar uses about 4 amps, the autopilot 1 amp. A 12v refrigerator requires about 5 amps.

You can also use 110v appliances with a converter.

Water: You may install water tank of any size, but I think 30 gallons will do for two people for 18 days, the longest leg. A reverse-osmosis watermaker would be a good idea.

Food: Take whatever you want. Just keep in mind that cooking may not be easy at times. Canned stew can be eaten cold. Look into such things as HeaterMeals, which require no refrigeration and heat themselves. (See their web site: www.Heatermeals.com). You can order a trial package of six of these.

The Crew: Between the race days (about 200) and lay days (about 50), we are looking at about eight months. Who knows how many people can make the entire trip? So, think about changing crews from time to time. Say you can do a month. This would be about from the US to Lisbon. Then someone else would take over your berth, etc. Then there is the matter of qualifications. There will be no "test", but you will be expected to write a letter about your boating experience. We don't encourage novices! If you say you have the stomach for it, go to it. Just remember that you can't get off at the next corner and take a cab home from the middle of the ocean.

Every effort will be made to match up suitable crews. Note that a crew of two is required, no solos. This is a matter of safety. SOLAS (Safety Of Life At Sea) regulations call for all vessels to maintain a constant watch. Every circumnavigation book has at least one near miss with a large ship. Like you, most of these now run on autopilot. You need to keep a sharp lookout. Besides, you really can't be alert between naps. Each person should get normal sleep. But keep in mind that you are on duty (each leg) for from 3 to 18 days.

Paying For The Boat: If you want to participate for only part of the race, you may buy a share. With about 8 months (say 255 days) and a crew of two, that's 510 person/days. If the boat costs \$35,000, that's \$69 per person/day. If you plan to participate for 30 days, that's \$2,070. (Where can you get a month's vacation/adventure for that?). Someone may want to buy a boat and then charter it for some parts of the race. Given the investment, risk and such, I'd say a charter fee of \$80 a day would seem reasonable. I will soon have details about the builder's terms; deposit, etc.

Sponsorship: We will be going after sponsors to help pay various expenses and provide some prize money. I have talked with a few that seem promising and they all say that it will take a minimum of 25 entries to keep them interested. Their gain will be exposure of their names on the boats in anticipated TV and other news coverage at the starts and finishes. The best prospects are "world-brands" such as Coca-Cola and similar. But there may also be interest by national brands who may want to sponsor a "national" entry. Just look at all the sponsorships of the America's Cup, automobile racing and other sports. Boat-related stuff certainly seems promising. In any event, this will not likely to be a big deal until we get closer to a real start.

The Course: Legs and mileages are as follows; Charleston to Bermuda (900) to Azores (2,000) to Lisbon (1,100) to Algiers (1,000) to Suez Canal (1,600) to Aden (Yemen, 1,500) to Bombay (1,500) to Madras

(1,400) to Singapore (1,800) to Manila (1,400) to Guam (1,700) to Wake Island (1,400) to Hawaii (2,500) to San Diego (2,500) to Mazatlan (Mexico, (1,000) to Panama Canal (2,000) to Miami (1,500) to Charleston (400).

This course is, for now, very preliminary. The two biggest factors are weather and fuel range. As it is, the dates miss the major storm areas. The longest legs are 2,500 miles and the boat will have a range of about 3,500 miles. But it is certainly better to have too much than not enough. Yes, there is fuel available at each stop, including Wake Island, where it is only \$2.65 a gallon. That's likely to be a bargain.

The final determination of the course will be in the hands of OceanRoutes, an outfit that does this for the shipping industry. Plus we must be concerned with the political situation around the world at the time. We planned a stop in Sri Lanka, but the U.S. State Dept. says don't do that. But conditions may change.

The lay days between legs are so we can rest and resupply and get a fresh start together. Remember, each leg is a race. But there may not be a need for as many as presently contemplated. I did allow 5 at Hawaii because I think we will all need a rest at this point. And a party, to be sure! And a bigger party at the finish. I'm trying to interest Mumms Champagne.

Safety: The boat is self-righting (from a complete 180 degree flip) and self-rescuing, with foam flotation and water-tight compartments. Lockers are tightly sealed, so act as air compartments. Each entrant will be required to carry basic safety equipment plus SSB or similar communications gear and VHF radio and EPIRB units. Because boats will generally be on similar courses, it will be possible for many of them to stay in touch by radio, so help is not far away. Boats will check in on a daily basis at a set time.

Speed/Range: The boats will go about 6 knots at cruising speed and will have a range of about 3,500 miles on 170 gallons of fuel.

Resupply: While there is adequate storage space for regular cruising, you certainly don't want to try to carry an eight-months' supply of toilet paper, food, etc. Most of the stops are in major cities with plenty of stores to shop. However, if there are certain things you want, but not likely to find around the world, we plan resupply "dumps". This will be achieved by having some "official" address (marina, yacht club, etc.) at each stop so that your friends can ship supplies to you.

Navigation: It is assumed everyone will use GPS and I suggest two units, just in case. Also good to carry a sextant and know how to use it. A chart-pack of the entire course will be developed and supplied to each entrant.

Support Crew: Even if you can't make the race, or even a leg of it, you can be part of the effort by joining as member of a support crew. You may be able to help build one of the boats, assist an entrant by sending supplies, or just root for your team. At least your membership will help fund some of the organizing effort and you will receive regular newsletters with news. Maybe we'll have a T-shirt for you.

Who Is Jim Betts? I have raced sailboats and cars for some 45 years. I have built 5 of the 12 boats I have owned. I founded the International Amateur Boat Building Society and published *Amateur Boat Building* magazine. With Ted Brewer, I co-founded the Yacht Design Institute and co-authored the book

Understanding Boat Design. Co-designer (with Ted) of a number of boats including the recent GP-16 and SO-DO-IT! (See these on web site www.databoat.com.) In "real life", I am a journalist and publisher (five books so far).

Who Was Magellan? Ferdinand Magellan (1480-1521) was the Portuguese navigator who was the first European to discover a route by which ships could sail around the world, around the tip of South America. He set out with five ships in 1520 and was killed in the Philippines in 1521. One ship completed the voyage and landed in Seville, Spain (from where they had set out) Sept. 9, 1522, around the world in just over three years. While Magellan did not complete this voyage, he did circumnavigate the world. On a previous eastbound voyage to the East Indies, he had gone beyond the longitude of the Philippines. John Fiske, an American historian, said, "The voyage was doubtless the greatest feat of navigation that has ever been performed."

"There are people whose feelings and well being are within my influence. I will never escape that."

(Hugh Prather)

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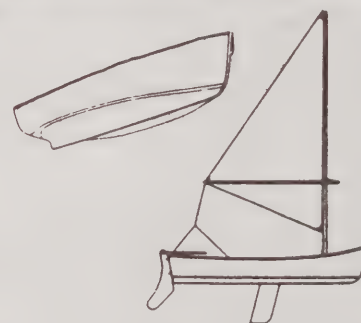
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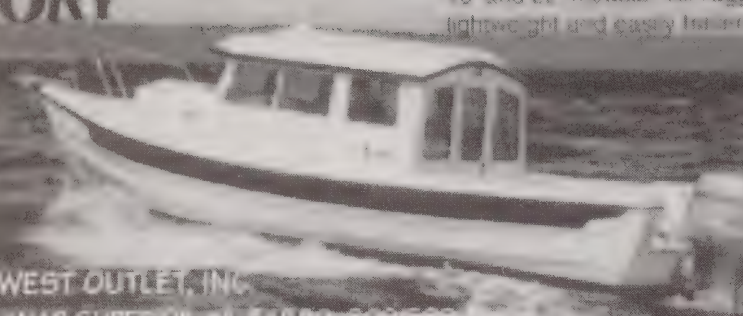
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A Look at the Boat

Dave Jackman's Pazapa (from the French pas a pas, step by step), is a tough-looking boat both under construction and in the water. As it needs to be! The roll dampening blades are shown retracted. They are extended below the waterline through trunks in the hull. (Shown with rubber pads to prevent vibration.)

LOA 20'-0"

LWL 19'-0"

Beam 8'-0"

Displacement 4,400lbs (2,100 kg)

Berths: 2 or 4

Headroom: 6' in cabin and cockpit

Hull Aluminum: 5 mm bottom, 4 mm

sides

The cabin pillars are for hanging onto when the going gets rough.

(Photos by Dave Jackman, reproduced by permission from *PassageMaker*).

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half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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SN Windbourne

I got a phone call from John in 1975 or 1976. He said that Brett had a job bringing a yacht UP from Florida and he needed another hand. Would I be interested? I thought carefully for one nanosecond and said, "Of course!" It was late spring and I was "at liberty." John drove me out to Northport, Long Island to meet the boat.

Windbourne was a 70' aluminum center cockpit ketch with every amenity, including air conditioning and a microwave oven. The main saloon, er, no, sorry, in this case salon, had a wraparound couch, just enough mahogany paneling, and some Wyeth prints. The master stateroom aft had a king-sized bed. There were smaller cabins forward and crew bunks in the bow.

Northport Harbor is lovely. It's surrounded by tree-lined hills sprinkled with pretty houses and lots of boats. *Windbourne* was tied at the town dock. Early in the morning the harbor master was insisting that Brett clear the dock immediately. Blarney, er, Brett explained to him that the primary (fuel) filter was clogged and that as soon as the new filter arrived he would move the boat safely and instantly away from the dock. We spent the morning doing teak deck chores and afternoon found us strolling in town. Blarney, er, Brett, made the acquaintance of a young lady.

That evening the boat owner's son arrived and we left Northport's lights, entered Long Island Sound, and set course for Montauk Point. We sailed uneventfully under bright stars. Since I was just a "decky," I didn't participate in the arrangements for our slip at the Montauk Yacht Club. We spent about a week there, puttering with the boat and touring Lake Montauk in the outboard inflatable.

The owner's son came with his wife and kids one day. We took the boat out and anchored while they picnicked and swam. He returned late on a dark and windy Friday night. The wind was blowing us onto the dock and a row of pilings along the other side prevented us from swinging out on a spring line. There was a lot of back and forth, racing of our engine, pushing off from other boats, and shouting on deck. Many sleepy yachts in the basin were brightly lit by the time we actually departed. Once on the Sound, we set sail for Nantucket.

Everyone aboard conked out while I steered the dog watch. Our heading was directly toward the rising planet Mars. It twinkled brightly in changing colors, and I wasn't sure if it might be an aircraft of some sort. In the predawn light there was a row of clouds on the horizon. The light and their shapes were confusing. They might have been a long row of WWI ships in camouflage paint schemes. I pored over the chart, fearing perhaps they were islands. The sun rose and with it the crew. I conked out and woke up as we entered Nantucket Harbor.

Our Nantucket sojourn lasted a week or two. As I lay down to sleep our first night there, I noticed the sound of a locomotive engine. There are no trains on the island. I finally decided that the steady, subdued roar was emanating from the island's electrical power plant. A stroll in town next day confirmed my conclusion. The town is cutesy, with brick paved streets, flowers everywhere, and lots of tourists.

We conducted daily forays with the inflatable. We stopped at the rock jetties of the



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

Part 11 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

inlet where Brett found oysters growing. He ate his lunch on the spot, fresh, cold, and raw. I preferred more mundane fare.

Brett's lady friend from Northport arrived, so I went to town for the evening. I had about \$34 in my pocket and there had been no sign of any wages forthcoming. I walked about a bit, which didn't take too long. I went into the only place that showed any signs of activity, sat down, and ordered a beer. I was charged something like \$5 for it. As I slowly nursed my beer, some people sat at the next table. They were Alan King, the comedian, his friend Norm Fell of "Three's Company" fame, and their wives. They seemed cranky and I was in no position to buy a round, so I left. I walked some more and decided it was late enough to return to the boat.

Even salty dogs need an occasional shower, so I repaired to the public restrooms adjacent to the dock. The shower was separated from the main room by wood partitions. The shower was occupied, but when the water stopped I took my clothes off. While I stood there in the altogether, a man and his young son entered the main room. Their gentle sensibilities were obviously disturbed by my lack of costume. When the shower user emerged, I

was surprised to discover a separate dressing room before the shower itself. Oh, well.

Stan Parks, from Maine, was a licensed captain and he joined the boat at Nantucket. He brought his number two along. We departed Nantucket bound for Maine. Stan misjudged the shoal waters off Cape Cod and we had to make a sharp right to get farther offshore and into deeper water. Provincetown dropped away behind as night fell and we entered the Gulf of Maine. Being a bit of a night owl, I was happy to take the late watch. There was little breeze, so we motored all night. The sound of the engine became a drone with many voices. My ears were picking out the separate sounds of the engine itself, the supercharger's whine, and the vibrations through the hull. An extra high-pitched tone turned out to be a slightly loose V-belt.

We put into Boothbay Harbor and all hands were happy to get ashore. We ventured to a local rock and roll joint. The music was loud, the crowd was dancing, and our feet were squishing in the beer on the floor. That night I heard a splash beneath the porthole over my bunk. It was not an aquatic pink elephant but a curious harbor seal.

The next day we sailed to Camden, a really pretty spot. We took a walk about and next morning Stan put us to work waxing and polishing the topsides, toil made worse by the need to do it while standing in a tippy dinghy. While I took a rest from my labor, Captain Stan informed me that I now had permanent shore leave. I went to the drugstore on Main Street, which had a marble topped soda fountain and where the pharmacist wore a pristine white smock. There I met Brett and his girlfriend. I'm sorry I don't remember her name, she was really sweet. They had shore leave, too, and were waiting for a bus.

I decided to hitchhike. Several rides brought me to the tollbooths of the Maine Turnpike. A white van stopped for me. The driver was a young Maine man who said he was on his way to Pennsylvania to join the Navy. The movie "Star Wars" had just been released and he had the cassette tape of the album. He played it loud and repeatedly all the way from Maine to New Jersey. It was a long night. He slept in the basement in my house until 5:00 the next day. He then left. I hope he fared well.

Stan Parks, I understand your position at the time, but if we ever meet again, I intend to impress upon you that waxing the hull was indeed a very bad idea.

I haven't seen or heard from Brett since.

(To Be Continued)



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I walked through the muddy streets of the uninteresting village to the conspicuous monument of the aboriginal inhabitant of the river's margin. It was a conical hill, situated within the limits of the town and known to students of American pre-historic races as the "Grave Creek Mound." This particular creation of a lost race is the most important of the numerous works of the Mound Builders, which are found throughout the Ohio Valley. Its circumference at the base is 900' and its height is 70'. In 1838 the location was owned by Mr. Tomlinson, who penetrated to the center of the mound by excavating a passage on a level with the foundation of the structure. He then sank a shaft from the apex to intercept the ground passage. Mr. Tomlinson's statement is as follows:

"At the distance of 111' we came to a vault which had been excavated before the mound was commenced, 8' by 12', and 7' in depth. Along each side, and across the ends, upright timbers had been placed which supported timbers thrown across the vault as a ceiling. These timbers were covered with loose, unhewn stone common to the neighborhood. The timbers had rotted and had tumbled into the vault. In this vault were two human skeletons, one had no ornaments, the other was surrounded by 650 ivory (shell) beads and an ivory (bone) ornament 6" long.

In sinking the shaft at 34' above the first, or bottom vault, a similar one was found, enclosing a skeleton which had been decorated with a profusion of shell beads, copper rings, and plates of mica."

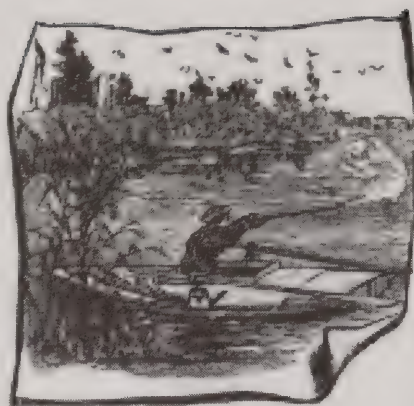
Dr. Clemmens, who was much interested in the work of exploration here, says: "At a distance of 12' or 15' were found numerous layers composed of charcoal and burnt bones. On reaching the lower vault from the top, it was determined to enlarge it for the accommodation of visitors, when ten more skeletons were discovered. This mound was supposed to be the tomb of a royal personage."

At the time of my visit, the ground was covered with a grassy sod and large trees arose from its sloping sides. The horizontal passage was kept in a safe state by a lining of bricks, and I walked through it into the heart of the Indian sepulchre. It was a damp, dark, weird interior, but the perpendicular shaft, which ascended to the apex, kept up an uninterrupted current of air.

I found it anything but a pleasant place in which to linger, and soon retraced my steps to the boat where I once more embarked upon the ceaseless current and kept upon my winding course, praying for even one glimpse of the sun whose face had been veiled from my sight during the entire voyage save for one brief moment when the brightness burst from the surrounding gloom only to be instantly eclipsed, and making all seem, by contrast, more dismal than ever.

It would not interest the general reader to give a description of the few cities and many small villages that were passed during the descent of the Ohio. Few of these places possess even a local interest, and the eye soon wearies of the air of monotony found in them all. Even the guidebooks dispose of these villages with a little dry detail, and rarely recommend the tourist to visit one of them.

One feature may be, however, remarked in descending the Ohio, and that is the ambition displayed by the pioneers of civilization in the west in naming hamlets and towns



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879
(1837-1902)

Chapter 3

(continued)

From Pittsburgh to Blennerhasset's Island

The Grave Creek Mound — An Indian Sepulchre - Blennerhasset's Island - Aaron Burr's Conspiracy - A Ruined Family

which, with few exceptions, are still of little importance, after the great cities of the older parts of the United States and also of foreign lands. These names, which occupy such important positions on the maps, excite the imagination of the traveler, and when the reality comes into view and he enters their narrow limits, the commonplace architecture and generally unattractive surroundings have a most depressing effect, and he sighs, "what's in a name?"

We find upon the map the name and appearance of a city, but it proves to be the most uninteresting of villages, known as Amsterdam. We also find many towns of the Hudson duplicated in name on the Ohio and pass Troy, Albany, Newburg, and New York. The cities of Great Britain are, in many instances, perpetuated by the names of Aberdeen, Manchester, Dover, Portsmouth, Liverpool, and London, while other nations are represented by Rome, Carthage, Ghent, Warsaw, Moscow, Gallipolis, Bethlehem, and Cairo. Sandwiched with these old names we find the southern states represented as in Augusta, Charleston, etc., while the Indian names Miami, Guyandot, Paducah, Wabash, and Kanawha are thrown in for variety.

In the evening I sought the shelter of an island on the left side of the river, about three miles above Sisterville, which proved to be a restful camping place during the dark night that settled down upon the surrounding country.

Tuesday being a rainy day, I was forced by the inclemency of the weather to seek for better quarters in a retired creek about three miles above the thriving town of Marietta, so named in honor of Maria Antoinette of Austria.

The country was now becoming more pleasing in character, and many of the islands, as I floated past them on the current, gave evidence of great fertility where cultivation had been bestowed upon them. Some of these islands were connected to one shore of the river by low dams, carelessly constructed of stones, their purpose being to deepen the channel upon the opposite side by diverting a considerable volume of water into it. When the water is very low, the tops of these dams can be seen and must, of course, be avoided by boatmen, but when the Ohio increases its depth of water, these artificial aids to navigation are submerged and even steamboats float securely over them.

On Wednesday the river began to rise, in consequence of the heavy rains, so, with an increased current, the duck boat left her quarters about 11:00 in the forenoon. Early in the afternoon Parkersburgh, situated at the mouth of the Little Kanawha River in Virginia, came into view. This is the outlet of the petroleum region of West Virginia and is opposite the little village of Belpré, which is in the state of Ohio. These towns are connected by a massive iron bridge, built by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

Two miles below Belpré lay a beautiful island, formerly the home of Blennerhasset, an English gentleman of Irish descent, of whom a most interesting account was given in a late number of Harper's Magazine. Mr. Blennerhasset came to New York in 1797 with his wife and one child, hoping to find in America freedom of opinion and action denied him at home, as his relations and friends were all royalists and opposed to the republican principles he had imbibed. Here, on this sunny island, under the grand old trees, he built a stately mansion where wealth and culture, combined with all things rich and rare from the Old World, made an Eden for all who entered it.

Ten negro servants were bought to minister to the daily needs of the household. Over \$40,000 in gold was spent upon the buildings and grounds. A telescope of high power to assist in his researches, books of every description, musical instruments, chemical and philosophical apparatus, everything, in fact, that could add to the progress and comfort of an intellectual man, was here collected. Docks were built, and a miniature fleet moored in the soft waters of the ever-flowing Ohio. Nature had begun, Blennerhasset finished, and we cannot wonder when we read of the best families in the neighboring country going often 30 and 40 miles to partake of the generous hospitality here offered them.

Mrs. Blennerhasset, endowed by nature with beauty and winsome manners, was always a charming and attractive hostess, as well as a true wife and mother.

For eight years Blennerhasset lived upon his island, enjoying more than is accorded to the lot of most mortals, but the story of his position, his intelligence, his wealth, and his wonderful social influence upon those around him reached at length the ear of one who marked him for his prey.

Aaron Burr had been chosen Vice Presi

dent of the United States in 1800, with Thomas Jefferson as President, but in 1804, when Jefferson was re-elected, Burr was not. The brain of this brilliant but ill-balanced and unprincipled man was ever rife with ambitious schemes, and the taste of political power in his position as Vice President of the United States seemed to have driven him towards the accomplishment of one of the boldest and most extravagant dreams he ever imagined. Mexico, he thought, could be wrested from Spain and the then almost unpeopled valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi taken from the United States.

This fair region, with its fertile soil and varied climate, should be blended into one empire. On the north, the Great Lakes should be his boundary line, while the Gulf of Mexico should lave with its salt waters his southern shores. The high cliffs of the Rocky Mountains should protect the western boundary, and on the east the towering Alleghenies form a barrier to invading foe.

Such was the dream, and a fair one it was. Of this new empire, Aaron Burr would of course be Imperator, and the ways and means for its establishment must be found. The distant Blennerhasset seemed to point to the happy termination of at least some of the difficulties. His wealth, if not his personal influence, must be gained, and no man was better suited to win his point than the fascinating Aaron Burr. We will not enter into the plans the artful insinuator made to enlist the sympathies of the unsuspecting Englishman, but we must ever feel sure that the cloven foot was well concealed until the last, for Blennerhasset loved the land of his adoption and would not have listened to any plan for its impoverishment.

His means were given lavishly for the aid of the new colony, as Burr called it, and his personal influence made use of in enlisting recruits. Arms were furnished and the Indian foe given as an excuse for this measure.

Burr, during this time resided at Marietta, on the right bank of the river, 15 miles above Blennerhasset's Island. He occupied himself in overseeing the building of 15 large bateaux in which to transport his colony. Ten of these flat-bottomed boats were 40' long, 10' wide, and 2-1/2' deep. The ends of the boats were similar so that they could be pushed up or downstream. One boat was luxuriously fitted up, intended to transport Mr. Blennerhasset and family, proving most conclusively that he knew nothing of any treasonable scheme against the United States.

The boats were intended to carry 500 men, and the energy of Colonel Burr had engaged nearly the whole number. The El Dorado held out to these young men was painted in the most brilliant hues of Burr's eloquence. He told them that Jefferson, who was popular with them all, approved the plan. They were to take possession of the immense grant purchased of Baron Bastrop, but that in case of a war between the United States and Spain, which might at any time occur as the Mexicans were very weary of the Spanish yoke, Congress would send an army to protect the settlers and help Mexico so that a new empire would be founded of a democratic type, and the settlers finding all on an equality, would be enabled to enrich themselves beyond all former precedent.

About this time rumors were circulated that Aaron Burr was plotting some mischief against the United States. Jefferson himself

became alarmed, knowing as he so well did the ambition of Burr and his unprincipled character. A secret agent was sent to make inquiries in regard to the doings at Blennerhasset's Island and Marietta. This agent, Mr. John Graham, was assured by Mr. Blennerhasset that nothing was intended save the peaceful establishment of a colony on the banks of the Washita.

Various reports still continued to greet the public ear, and of such a nature as to make Blennerhasset's name disliked. Some said treason was lurking, and blamed him for it. He was openly spoken of as the accomplice of Burr. The legislature of Ohio even made a law to suppress all expeditions found armed, and to seize all boats and provisions belonging to such expeditions. The governor was ready at a moment's notice to call out the state militia. A cannon was placed on the riverbank at Marietta, and strict orders given to examine every boat that descended the stream.

Mr. Blennerhasset had no idea of resisting the authorities, and gave up the whole scheme, determined to meet his heavy losses as best he might.

Four boats, with about 30 men, had been landed upon Blennerhasset's Island a short time before these rigorous measures had been taken. They were under the care of Mr. Tyler, one of Burr's agents from New York, and he did all in his power to urge Blennerhasset not to retire at so critical a moment. It was, however, too late to avert calamity, and the unfortunate family was doomed to misfortune.

The alarming intelligence now reached the island that the Wood County militia was en route for that place, that the boats would be seized, the men taken prisoners, and probably the mansion burned, as the most desperate characters in the surrounding country had volunteered for the attack. Urged by his friends, Blennerhasset and the few men with him escaped by the boats. His flight was not a moment too soon, for having been branded as a traitor, no one knows what might have befallen him had the lawless men who arrived immediately after his departure found him in their power.

Colonel Phelps, the commander of the militia, started in pursuit, and the remainder of his men, with no one to restrain them, gave full play to their savage feelings. Seven days of riot followed. They took possession of the house, broke into the cellars, and drank the choice wines, until, more like beasts than men, they made havoc of the rich accumulation of years. Everything was destroyed. The paintings, the ornaments, rare glass and china, family silver, furniture, and, worst vandalism of all, the flames were fed with the choicest volumes, many of which never could be duplicated, for the value of Blennerhasset's library was known through all the country.

Mrs. Blennerhasset had remained upon the island during this week of terror, hoping by her presence to restrain the lawless band, but the brave woman was at last obliged to fly with her two little sons, taking refuge on one of the flat riverboats sent by a friend to afford her a way of escape.

Mr. Blennerhasset was afterwards arrested for treason, but no evidence could be found against him, and he was never brought to trial. He invested the little means left him in a cotton plantation near Natchez where, with his devoted wife, he tried to retrieve his fallen fortunes. The second war with England ren-

dered his plantation worthless, and returning by way of Montreal to his native land, he died a broken-hearted man, leaving his wife in destitute circumstances. An attempt was made by her friends to obtain some return for the destruction of their property from the United States government, but all proved of no avail, and she who had always been surrounded by wealth and luxury was, during her last hours, dependent upon the charity of a society of Irish ladies in New York City who, with tenderness, nursed her unto the end and then took upon themselves the expenses of her interment.

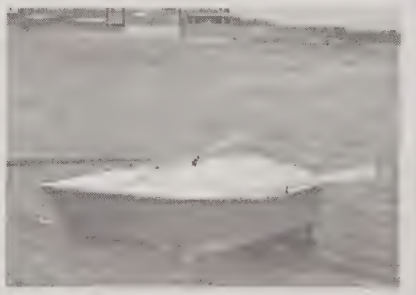
Such is the sad story of Blennerhasset and his wife and I thought, as I quietly moored my boat in a little creek that mingled its current with the great river near the lower end of the island which was once such a happy home, of the uncertainty of all earthly prosperity, and the necessity there was for making the most of the present, which last idea sent a sleepy sailor hastily under his hatch.

(To Be Continued)



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Shoestring Shipyard



A threesome of Pettingill brothers gets a tow home after their propulsion technology fails. In other words, they broke an oar while circumnavigating Hog Island in Orleans.

Winter Vikings at Play

Barry Donahue is back with some more of his photos of the Cape Cod Vikings Rowing Club enjoying their obsession on the winter waters on Cape Cod.



Pete Corbett pulls his beast of a Coast Guard dory across the top of Oyster Pond in Chatham. Pete is keeper of the Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club web page at www.c4.net/viking.



Jeff McLaughlin powers his Old Wharf Dory through a chop on Pleasant Bay in Orleans.

Bob and Judy York pull hard across Oyster Pond in Chatham.





Bundled against the cold, a doryman anchors his boat off Old Field Point in Orleans.



A doryman slips between some rocks off Old Field Point in Orleans on a chilly December morn.

Outward bound to the start of a new century, a pair of boaters braves the December cold off Namequoit Point in Orleans.



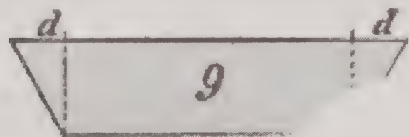
"Paddlefast" ran this skiff in the *Scientific American Supplement* for June 24, 1876, as the second in the series "How To Build Cheap Boats". Within reason, you can make this skiff longer or shorter to suit though not as easily as a scow.

In a 1913 book called *The Cabin-Boat Primer*, there is a chapter on skiffbuilding for hunters and shantyboaters, and most of the how-to-build items are, if anything, simpler than this one, though 16' feet rather than 10'. It's truly a classic American simple, cheap boat. For the curious, \$5 (1876) equals \$72.50 now. You could probably just make it under \$75 today using plywood, scraps of 2x and 4x, and the cheapest paint and glue.

"The following directions are for the construction of a skiff to carry four persons. If built for rowing alone the cost of materials will be about five dollars. It is easily built, but more difficult than the scow described in our last article. Its sharper bow facilitates speed.

Ten or eleven cedar boards $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick, and not less than 7" wide, are required; also, two cedar boards 1" thick, 14" wide, and 10' long, free from knots. The latter will be called the side boards (sides). They should both be of same quality, so that one will bend as easily as the other. Cedar is used throughout, except where the name of the wood is given (today you might have to make do with cypress, pine or tulip poplar painted with a durable house paint over a primer coat containing anti-fungal agents; or slather the boat with Cuprinol. CO'D).

A piece is cut, shaped like Fig. 9, with the entire length 4', the width 12", distance "d" from the end to the dotted line 4". We will name this the crossboard (mold). A piece of oak is cut of similar shape, but making the entire length 20", width 13", and distance 6". This is the stern board (transom).



Both ends of each side are sawed off bevel like the ends of the crossboard, and with same slant at both ends. The bevel at one end of the side should be the reverse of that at the other, making one edge 12' 8" long, and the other 12'. The side has the appearance of Fig. 9 elongated. The tapering of the sides at the ends, which was necessary in the scow, is not required here. The necessary upward curve of the bottom is obtained by the bending of the sides as described hereafter.

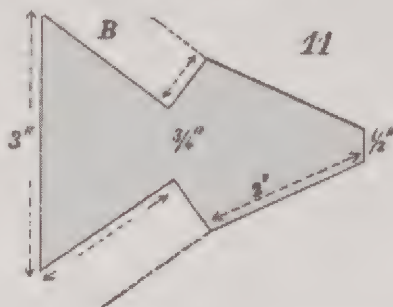
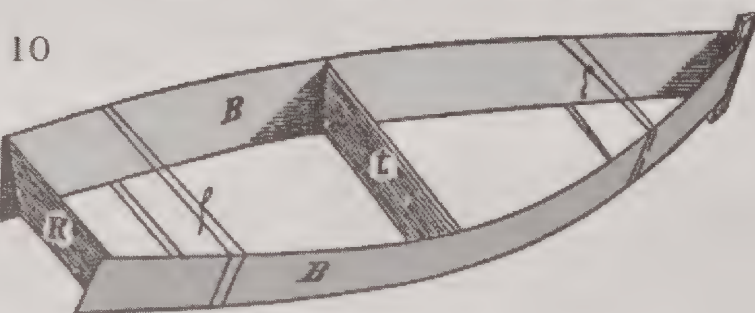
Set the sides ("BB" Fig. 10) on edge parallel, with the long edges uppermost and at about the middle place the crossboard "I" between, also with its longer edge uppermost. Nail the sides "BB" lightly to the mold "I". With the aid of ropes draw two ends of the sides together; the other ends draw against the stern piece ("R", Fig. 10). In a piece of oak about 16" long, cut grooves throughout its length and make the cross section like Fig. 11. This "stem piece", as it is called, is placed between the end of the sides that were drawn together. After altering the shape of the stem piece, if necessary, so the sides ("BB" Fig. 11) shall fit the grooves, the sides are securely nailed to both stem piece and sternpiece. The projecting upper end of the stem piece is sawed off, and the boat inverted carefully.

Build the \$5 Skiff

By Craig O'Donnell



A FIVE DOLLAR SKIFF.



The convex edges of the sides are planed down an inch or more at the middle ("c" Fig. 12) so that the bottom (the boat is now bottom up) may be flat from "a" to "b", making easy curves at "a" and "b". The flattening of the bottom is not useless, the draft being thereby diminished, and the speed probably increased. Bottom boards $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick are nailed on crosswise (Fig. 12-1/2) and the projecting ends sawed off. A long bottom-board is put in, as before described for the scow, and the crossboard, which is temporary, knocked out.

Fig. 13 represents the seat at the bow. The cross-piece "n" is secured by nails driven through the sides into its ends, as at "P". In Fig. 14, which represents the seat at the stern, the cross-piece "L" is fastened in the same manner. There is a cleat at "K". The seats in both bow and stern are about 3" below the edges of the sides, and the seat-boards are lengthwise. (Note that a hole for a mast and a mast partner are shown in Fig. 13; Paddlefast

is already thinking about Part 3. CO'D).

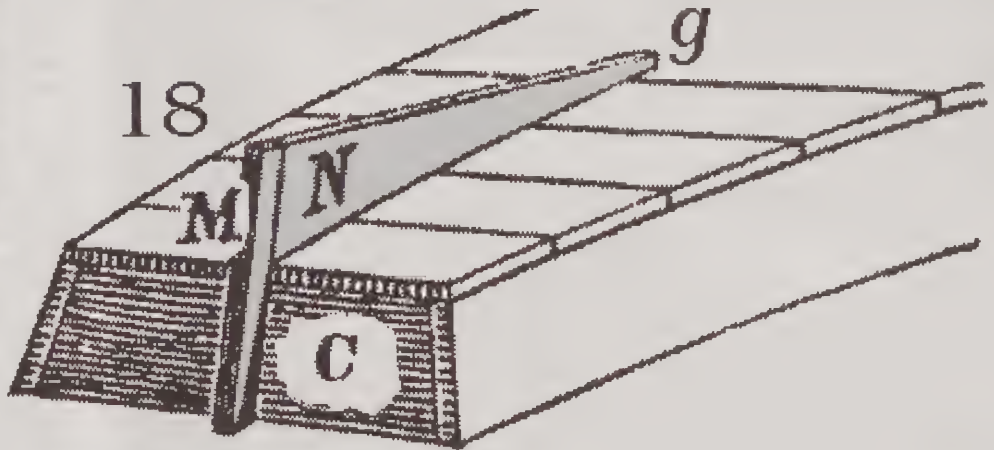
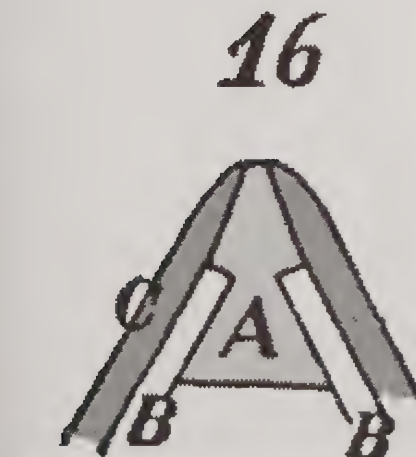
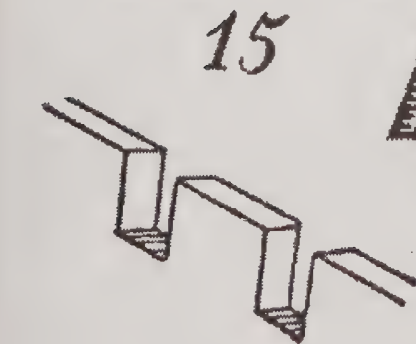
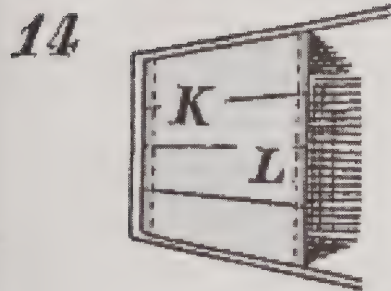
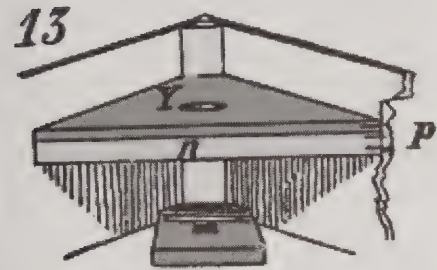
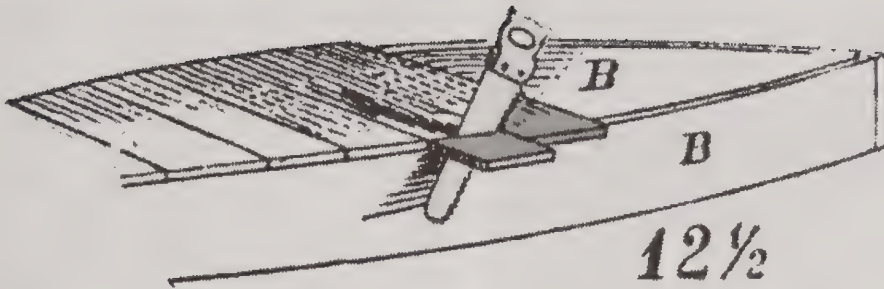
We are now ready for the "upper streaks," as they are called. Two strips are cut 12' 8" long, 2" wide, and 1" thick; two notches, each 1.5" s long, and nearly 2" deep, are cut in the upper edge of each side (Fig. 15). They are 3" inches apart, and the point midway between them is 5' 1" from the stern, measuring on a straight line in the middle of the boat. All the longitudinal measurements hereafter given are upon this line.

The upper streaks are now nailed on the outside of the sides even with the upper edges of the latter, like the stripe upon "AA", Fig. 9. The joint made by the upper streaks at the bow is shown by Fig. 16, in which "A" is the stem-piece, "BB" are the sides, and "CC" are the upper streaks. The row-locks are now completed by a short strip ("y", Fig. 17), strongly screwed on the inside, over the notches. Make thole-pins, of the shape shown for the scow, and fit them into these mortises. It is often convenient to have another pair of rowlocks about 2' nearer the bow, so that when a person sits in the stern, the rower may shift forward to better distribute the weight, for a boat rows hard when the stern is weighted down.

Make two cleats for the rower's seat, with their aft ends 6' from the stern, and the upper edges 7.5" below the edges of the sides. Saw off a seat board 3' 10" long.

Invert the boat and fit a piece of 1" board ("N", Fig. 18) upon its edge, at the stern, upon and perpendicular to the bottom. It is fastened at "g" by a screw; between "g" and "M", by nails driven into it through the bottom from





the inside, and by the strip "M" of the same thickness, nailed on the end of "N" and crossing the stern-piece vertically, to which it is screwed.

A 3/4" hole is bored through the stern-piece at "I", Fig. 19, through which the painter, 10' long, is tied. An iron strap, shaped like the double line in the same figure, is screwed to the cutwater. The proper length for oars is about 7'.

The boat is now caulked unless already rendered water-tight by one of the equivalent methods described in our first article. Nail heads are covered with putty, two coats of paint are applied, and the skiff is completed. In our next installment we will describe the method of making a centre-board sail boat."

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The Swan Lake Skiff

By Eric C. Holmstrom

Not too long ago a man living on Flathead Lake in Montana approached Greg Morley at his boatbuilding shop. He had a dream of the perfect pulling boat to use for pleasure and exercise. It was a dream he had followed that had seen him spend years of effort seeking the design that was right. He found it at last in a magazine photo of a White Bear Lake Skiff, a design inspired by the classic Whitehall, a basic harbor taxi of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Long impressed with the wood strip building methods used in the Morley Canoe Shop to build canoes, kayaks, and rowing craft, he approached Morley, photo in hand, and asked him to begin the design process. With only the photo as a guide Morley began to make drawings and half-models, until it looked just right to the eyes of both dreamer and builder. He then built the boat in cedar and fiberglass, and there it was, 17' long, narrow wineglass transom, 48" wide, a little bow and transom rake, beautiful sweeping sheerline, and a round bottom and flared sides.

When first launched the boat performed beautifully and soon proved to be fast and comfortable, dry in rough weather, easy to control, and very attractive. Morley took it to a show just before delivery and there, a chance encounter began the next chapter in the life story of the Swan Lake Skiff.

At the show, Art Birch of the Glacier Park Boat Company saw the skiff and began thinking about how a similar boat made of fiberglass would enhance his rental fleet. His firm, the G.P.B.C., is the one that builds and operates the big power launches and cruise boats in the parks. They also rent pulling boats, canoes, and outboard utility boats.

At the time Birch's firm needed a new rowing boat to replace some of their aging rental fleet in Glacier and Waterton Lakes National Parks. These new boats needed classic lines, a high degree of safety, and easy rowing ability, if they were to weather the fierce and sudden storms common on the large Rocky Mountain lakes where they would be used. He asked Morley if such a boat could be built. The answer was yes, and soon a new incarnation of the boat was designed.

This new version of the Swan Lake Skiff would be about 14' long, made of fiberglass, and have wood seats, gunwales, and outside stem and keel. In this way two boats came from the original vision, a 17' cedar-strip and fiberglass pulling boat and the wood-strip and fiberglass skiffs that now grace the lakes served by the Glacier Park Boat Company.

Currently the skiff is all mahogany strip, with a white oak stem and keel. There are no ribs in the structure, for the clear fiberglass laminate provides a very high degree of strength. The hull is laid up of 3/16"x 7/8" mahogany strips on a mold, bottom up. The outside is sanded smooth and fair, fiberglassed, removed from the mold, and then sanded and glassed inside. Then the outside fiberglass is sanded very smooth, after which the gunwales, deck, keel, thwarts, and knees are installed. A special clear epoxy finish then goes on the outside of the hull and all of the exposed woodwork is finished with Deks Olje oil finish. Fi

nally the bronze horn oarlocks and stem band are installed and the boat is ready, complete with 8' Pete Culler style spoon blade and standard blade oars. From start to finish the boat takes nearly a month to complete.

The Swan Lake Skiff is yet another stage in the evolution of Greg Morley's work with cedar and mahogany strips and fiberglass. His Morley Cedar Canoe Company has branched far afield from the 17' Willets-inspired cedar canoe with which it began in 1972. Cedar strips and glass have now seen the light in 16' and 19' rowing dories. An 18-1/2' Adirondack guideboat for sailing, traditional rowing and sliding seat double and single rowing has also been completed. Decked open-water touring canoes for double-bladed paddling, kayaks, and open decked recreational rowing shells fill out the ever-growing line of small boats turned out by his shop. The canoe with which it all began is still produced, but as the Swan Lake Skiff proves, the changes, design innovations, and new creations keep oncoming.

When asked about the benefits of his wood strip and fiberglass construction methods, Morley emphasizes both form and function, utilitarian and esthetic values. "The

boats," he says, "because of their classic designs, do what they are asked to do whether rowed, paddled, or sailed. They are rugged and extremely strong and each is very lightweight. They also are low maintenance vessels. Yet the clear coats of fiberglass still reveal the living tones and textures of the mahogany and cedar." In the case of the Swan Lake Skiff, this allows the superb craftsmanship of its builder to be seen throughout the boat and lets the warm tones of the wood's natural coloration complement the skiffs classic lines.

One story aptly illustrates this connection between form and function. Some years ago a professor at one of Montana's state universities bought a Morley cedar canoe. He used it regularly on the lakes and whitewater rivers of western and central Montana. When he was done, he scrubbed the canoe down, cleaned it up and put it in storage. Where? Why inside his home, hanging above the two-story stone fireplace of his spacious living room. What fit so well on the running rivers of Montana also fit in amid the wood tones, textures, and rough stone of his house. The professor's canoe was functional in the best sense of the word, but it was also esthetically pleasing. Letting the

wood speak with its own voice through this durable yet beautiful construction method, is Greg Morley's way of bringing both elements, the utilitarian and the esthetic, together in a harmony, a harmony that honors the past yet transcends it as well.

One might assume that pulling boats are built only in New England by descendants of fishermen. But Montana also has its traditional boat builders, one of whom, Greg Morley, creates classic visions in wood and fiberglass in the town of Swan Lake, Montana.

So if you were ever to visit Lake MacDonald or another lake in Glacier or Waterton Parks you might have the chance to row the Swan Lake Skiff. If you do, your eyes will catch its classic lines even as your oars guide its subtle movements. Then you will have experienced for yourself this unique combination of form and function in a venerable design recreated to live again in a new form. You'll see that Greg Morley's pulling boat, the Swan Lake Skiff, is one of the few that deserve to be described in two paradoxical words that describe her as she really is.

The Swan Lake Skiff is a contemporary classic.

My Dream Skiff At Last

By Howard Percival Johnson Jr.

One day my distant neighbor George called, "Hey Harrid (Howard), you like boats, you want a boat? I gotta clean up my yard."

"Sure George", I said, "I'd love a boat, I'll come right over." And I jumped in my van and went right down there. George and I dragged this thing out of the weeds, bugs and vines and all, and put it in the van. He said they had to clean up an old lot, prior to construction and it was too good to throw away but he knew he'd never get around to doing anything with it. I got it home, scrubbed it out and looked it over; something about it looked familiar.

In 1970 my friend Jim Miller got a job with a man named Peter D. VanDine building traditional style, rowing skiffs, in two sizes, out of fiberglass, finished with wood trim and very beautiful. I had visited them, working at the shop and admired the boats several times. Then I was invited to come to the Annapolis Boat Show where they were on display. This was the first time any friend of mine was showing boats and I was delighted to go. They had both boats shined up and tied to a floating dock for everyone to try out and plenty of takers.

I had my eye on the most affordable 12' size, with teak gunwales and seats. Getting into it was kind of tippy and a little embarrassing but once I took up the oars she went like the wind! As fast as I pulled the oars, she would zoom ahead. Light as a feather and super maneuverable, I was hooked. Somehow though, I never could scrape up the eight hundred dollars and even though some of my friends had them, I was just an admirer.

Something about this boat I had just gotten, looked like a VanDine creation. I called Jim Miller and described it to him. "Oh yeah," he said, "that sounds like that one-off, 16' launch, he made for himself, electric powered. It got old and he was redoing it with all the latest high tech stuff, when someone stole it from behind the shop. It was years ago."

So I called Peter and reminded him of who I was and he said he remembered me and I told him, I had called Jim about the boat I found. He couldn't believe it. He asked me funny questions like, "Does it have a small diamond shape piece in the center of the foredeck?"

I had to go outside and look. "Yes it does."

He became even more excited! "I can't believe it," he said, "I'd given that thing up for lost. It was stolen from here fifteen years ago, I never thought I'd see it again."

"Would you like to have it back?" I asked.

"Oh I'd love to have it back, as a matter of fact, I have everything here to finish it off!"

We agreed he'd come pick it up, as soon as he got time. A few days later, he called and said he just realized that he has a mini pickup now and could I bring it over to his shop, in my van? I said I'd be glad to. He said, "well, I am so delighted to have this boat back, I have one here for you."

You can imagine that I was looking forward to going over there now and visiting Peter. They make carbon fiber helicopter parts under the name, Merganser Aircraft. The place is full of interesting molds for aircraft and car parts, all in shining carbon fiber. Peter came out and shook my hand, his hair is now snow white. He was glad to see his old launch, we agreed that it was in sad shape now. He showed me the new electric motor, solid state speed control and battery boxes, all very dusty.

"Now," he said, "I have something for you. I used this rowing skiff myself, for years

and it sat out on the rack by the beach. It's a little worse for wear, but you can still use it, or restore it, I know you can do that."

I was thrilled and thanked him over and over, he gave me the oars and seats; we carried it out to the car. "By the way," he said, "this is the boat we had at the 1970 boat show; I always kept it for myself. It's yours now."

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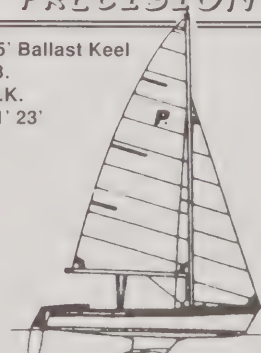
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The Pointy Skiff was designed to a conservative specification by Dynamite Payson. It was supposed to be a good example of a standard type. Dynamite wrote that an acquaintance of his who had no use for Bolger designs bought one of these without spotting its authorship and said it was the best skiff he'd ever had.

The fact is that most skiffs of this kind suffer from being too easy to design and don't get much thought. This one has plenty of height of side to carry a load without being half sunk, bottom area to be stiff to stand up

Bolger on Design

Pointy Skiff Design #329

10'6" long, 4'2" wide on the gunwale, 3'6" wide on the bottom, 1'4" least depth bottom to gunwale.

in, easy curves to bend in the panels without being so triangular that it rolls over if you try to get out of it over the bow, and proportions to get the most boat out of three 4' x 8' sheets of plywood (one 3/8" and two 1/4").

It was designed with a straighter bottom profile than would be best for rowing, at least with more than one person in the boat, to run reasonably well with a small outboard motor and to have plenty of buoyancy aft for the people who insist on sitting by the motor. It was not supposed to be a sailing boat. We got tired of telling people that it would be a mediocre sailboat and made this drawing.

The sail, mast, and boom are the same as the other Payson-built classes, Teal, Surf etc. Dynamite stocks nice Bohndell sails of this type. The rudder is also from the Teal class. The hull has its maximum breadth too far aft to work well with leeboards, and a centerboard would have to come just where the rower ought to sit. A good centerboard could have been built far enough off center to be clear of the rower, but this was supposed to be a conservative design with no asymmetries to make people uneasy.

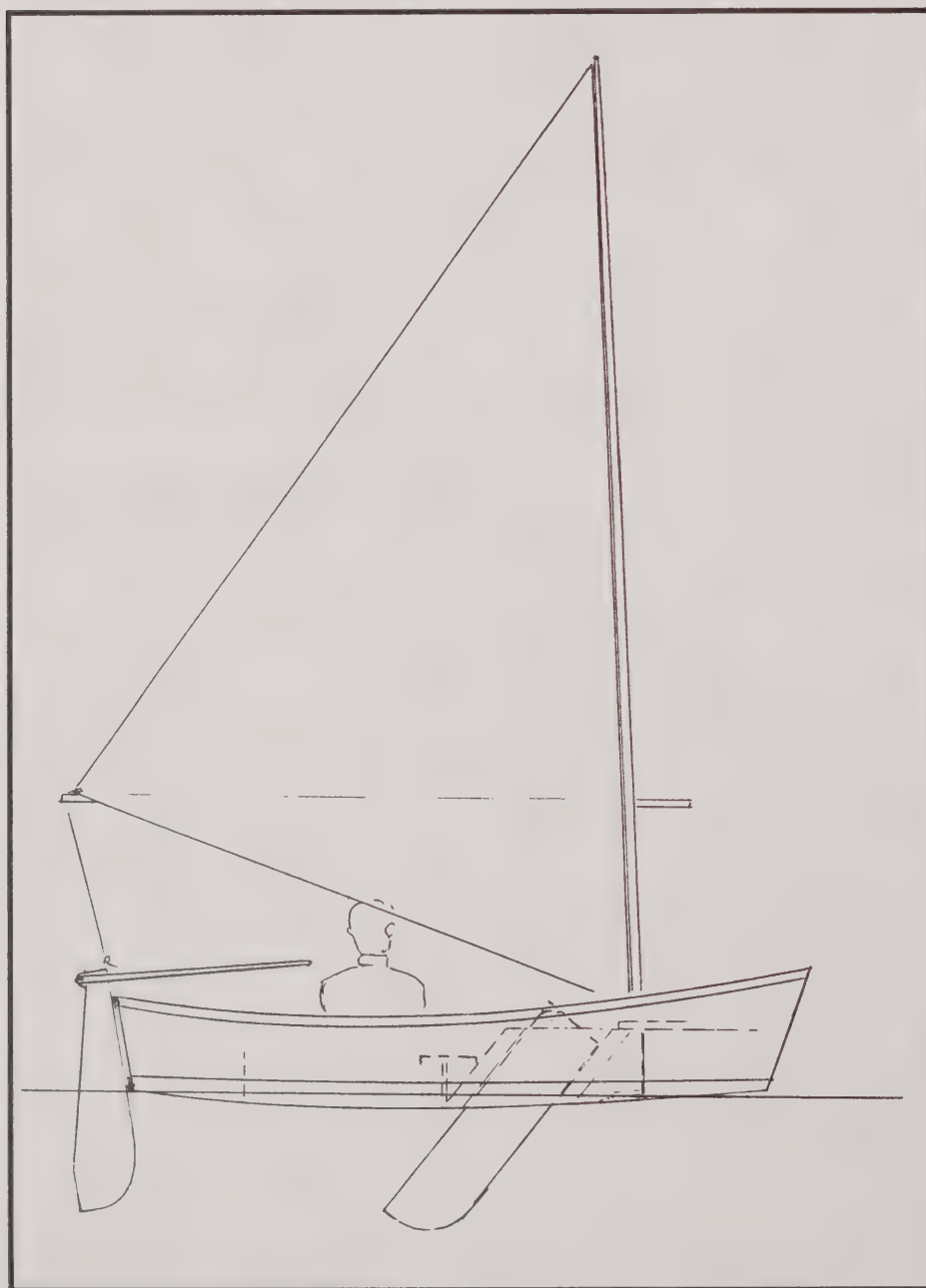
That left the daggerboard, which a lot of people have put up with for a long time (centuries if you count planks stuck down through log rafts) and which are very efficient lateral plane until you hit something and jam the board. It actually is off center, just enough to come up clear of the mast, but the people who are bothered by asymmetry never notice this much of it. Sometimes a builder notices it and "corrects" it, after which he has to unstep the mast to raise the board for beaching.

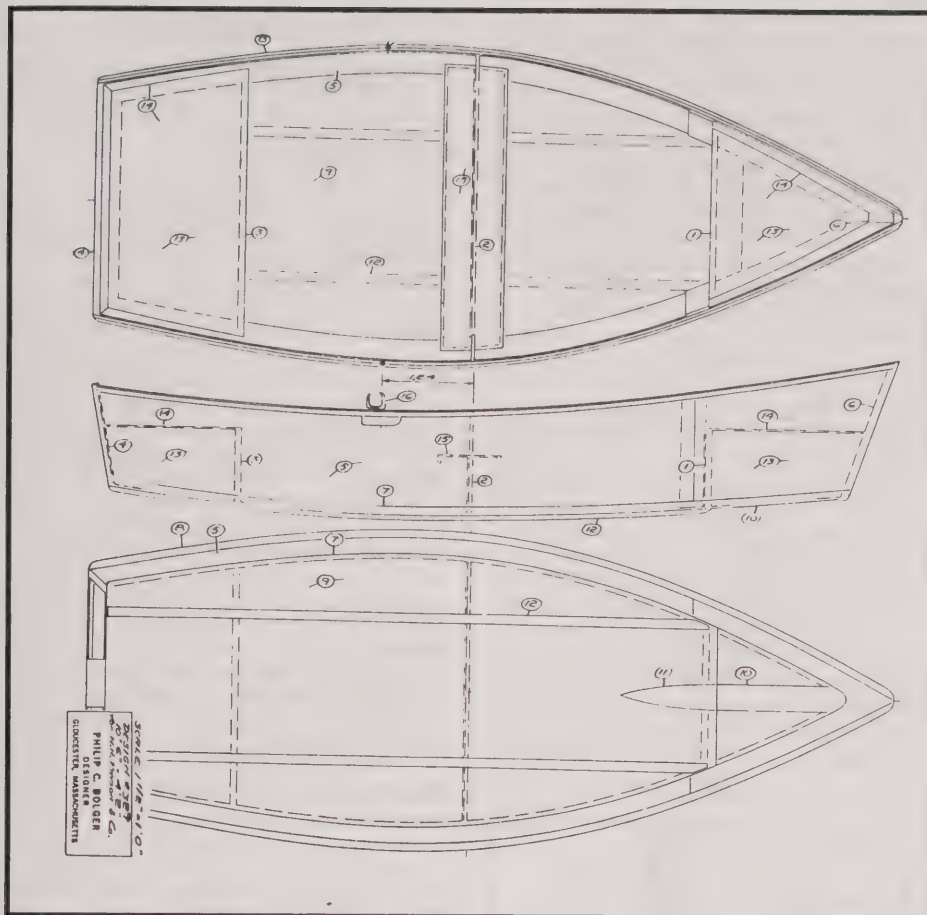
We intend to do something about the fixed-blade rudders on this and several other older designs. They're very simple to build and used to be taken for granted, but they're not justifiable. It's too hard, or even dangerous, to get on and off a beach with the rudder unshipped, and the quick building loses force after replacing a couple of broken ones. The daggerboard is bad enough and too big a concession to prejudices about symmetry.

The good rowing and motor boat is not much compromised by the sailing rig, if the sailing components are left ashore when the boat is to be rowed, or even if they're taken along, since the mast can be left standing in a calm, or stowed hanging much of its length out over the stern. The boat is stiff under sail, and with a light and active crew, again best solo, should be a good sailer.

The bottom profile catering to the motor option is even worse for sailing than it is for rowing, but if she isn't overloaded, and if the crew takes the trouble to shift their weight, and hike out when necessary to keep her sailing well upright, she makes a respectable sailer after all.

Plans of the Pointy Skiff are available for \$35 to build one boat, from Phil Bolger & Friends, 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester, MA 01930-1627.





The Little Gray Boat

By Joe Spalding

In the summer of 1952, I was enthralled with the idea of working at the local Redi-Mix Concrete and at the age of 18 I thought that would be lots of fun. However, after taking a dive while tossing 3/4" yellow pine forms out

of the foundation hole, fortunately that afternoon I heard that a job might be available at Alcott, maker of 12' and 14' sailfish.

The name Alcott came from Alexander Byran and Cortland Hienigar. Red Bryan was

a pal of my older sister and a real neat guy.

Tom Jesinskis (probably spelled wrong) was foreman of the wood shop and Carl (I can't remember) did the finishing. This seemed to be a good opportunity since I enjoyed boats and working with wood. The last time I called Alcott about 10 or 15 years ago, Carl was a vice president and Tom had retired several years earlier.

I signed up for \$1.25/hr. and was off to work by 7am in Waterbury, Connecticut, about 1 hour from my home. I was to work in the shop and my friend who got me the job worked in the finishing room. Our goal was to build a boat of each size and ship them every day.

The sides were 1/4" plywood prefabricated to 1" chines. My major chore varied from day to day, but around Wednesday the centerboard trunks had to be rasped out and smoothed. This was a major event.

I built centerboard trunks, 16 screws each with a Yankee screwdriver. We used double helix bronze screws that were similar to today's deck screws and they really jumped into the wood. The boats were spray-painted and the finish was really tick tock for fir plywood.

The masts were cut to a taper and planed in a planer. Then the corners were cut on the shaper and I finished sanding them to round. I managed to put the taper patterns through the planer at least twice. The spars were long pieces of fir similar to corset rods. Big mast step blocks were made out of Sitka spruce culled out from the mast-making operation.

That summer I also helped a couple of friends to build Sailfish from kits, a real busman's holiday.

This leads up to "the little gray boat". I mentioned that my Dad needed a small rowing boat for our camp in Skaneateles, NY. Carl suggested that I order a Hagerty Sea Shell kit and he and Tom would help me build one on Saturday afternoon (I worked Saturday morning).

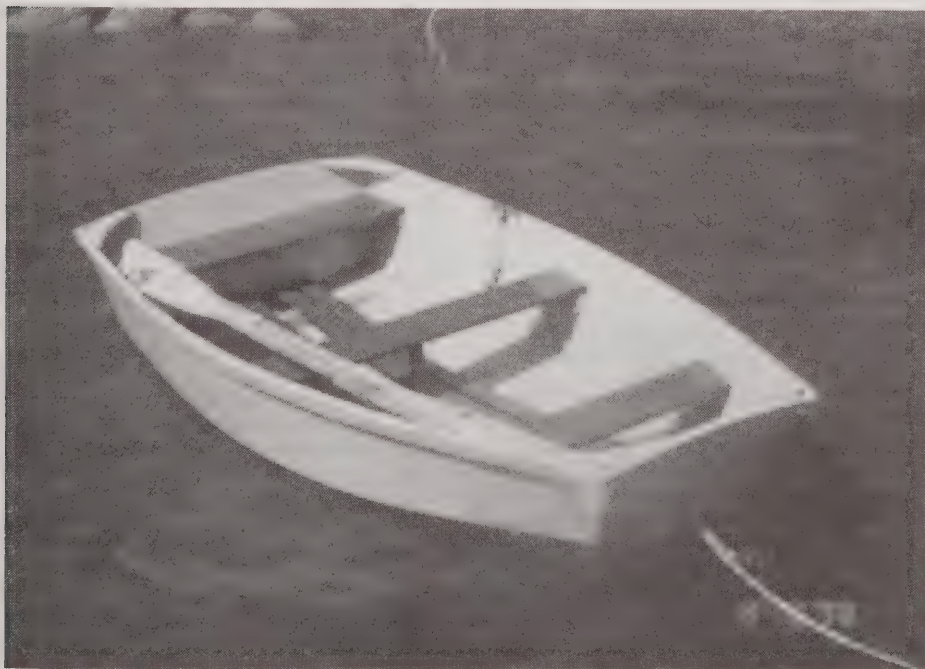
Needless to say, I got on the stick and ponyed up my \$25 for the kit complete with oars and locks. These guys had built lots of these dinghies when the Sailfish business was just starting. Alcott also built runner planks and other stuff for iceboats.

The boat flew together in about 3 hours. Tom faired the chine and keel on one side and Carl the other. The boat was finished with Woolsey gray and green floorboards and seats. The floorboards were not part of this kit, but Carl felt it would extend the life of the boat.

The boat was 47 years old this last summer. I have repaired the keel, the bowsom (the other end from a transom), and the gunwale rails. The chine seams have been re-glued with epoxy, but by and large, she just keeps rowing out to our moored boats. She was repainted after each major repair and maybe twice more.

This has made me a believer in fir plywood boats. I have subsequently owned a 1964 Thunderbird, 26' sailboat, built the Samuel Clyde, a 32' light cruiser, and I have built four instant boats so far, a Tortoise and 3 Pointy Skiffs. Needless to say, with a bit of care, a good plywood boat will serve a long time with minimum care and most repairs are easy.

I hope to build skiffs to order when I retire. My aging friends like the flat bottom and the ability to stand near the edge before one creakily eases oneself from the skiff onto a moored boat.



DreamBoats:

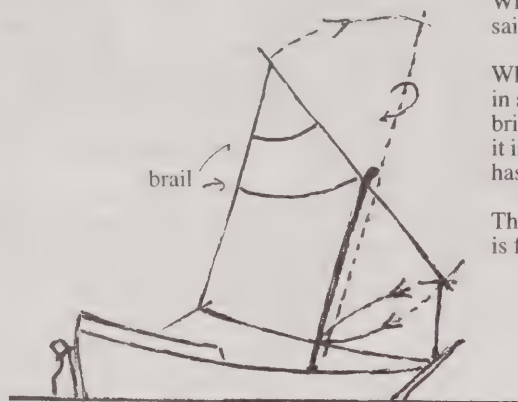
The Handling of the Lugsail

By Richard Carsen

When sail/yard passes in front of mast, sail/yard is hung in front of mast.

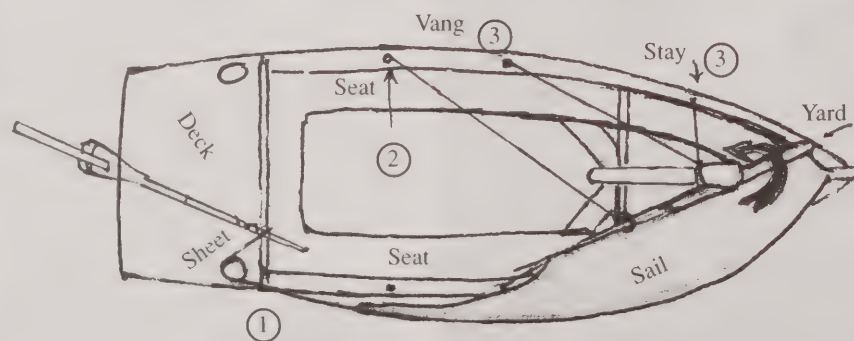
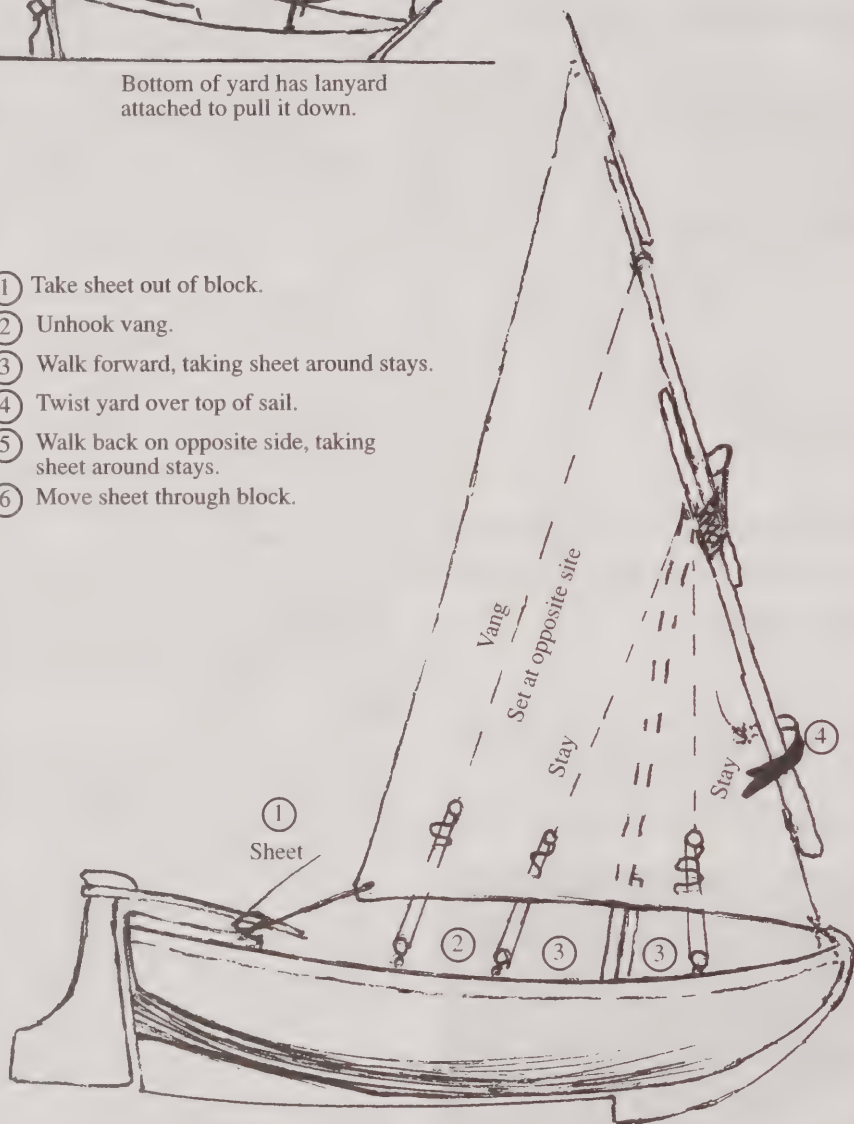
When sail/yard passes behind mast (as in some lateen sails or the narrow high bridge (as of the South English Coast) it is hung behind the mast, and the tack has to be taken around behind the mast.

The time (and ease) of these maneuvers is far less (an easier) than writing this!



Bottom of yard has lanyard attached to pull it down.

- ① Take sheet out of block.
- ② Unhook vang.
- ③ Walk forward, taking sheet around stays.
- ④ Twist yard over top of sail.
- ⑤ Walk back on opposite side, taking sheet around stays.
- ⑥ Move sheet through block.



Already in 1936 our instructor in seamanship, telling us why he had advised the Royal Dutch Navy to use the split lug on their lifeboats, stated flatly that no-one knew how to handle a lugsail anymore. Professionals like fishermen or harbor boatmen, had already turned to motors. The economic advantages were just too obvious. Even the navy used motors for their ship-to-shore craft. But when in a disaster one was left in a lifeboat maybe hundreds, even thousands, of miles offshore, a motor would not be of much use; one couldn't store enough gas as the available space was needed for people, water, other supplies.

So it wasn't until 1942, when anchored in the harbor of Alexandria, that I had the opportunity to study, and actually handle the lugsail. Something very odd occurred. 'Tho lugsailed harbor boats were tacking all around us, and we were even using them to go ashore, what was happening escaped me.

I would like to point out that when Magellan first sailed across the Pacific, he reported that he came to this island where the natives couldn't see his ship! We are so accustomed to thinking of our seeing as objective, that we have a hard time conceiving that we constantly telling ourselves, explaining to ourselves what it is we see. This is called, "The Inner Dialogue" when you can make this stop, you suddenly become aware of an entirely different world, where you see forcefields and lines of force (read the books of Castaneda for explanations). Therefore, do not be dismayed if you do not immediately "get it". Before you can "see" it, the mind has to be introduced to, and accept, the idea.

We are so conditioned by the ability of our modern sail to swing from one side to the other, that we cannot conceive how this can be accomplished when there is a mast in between. One thing was obvious, they were not taking the sail down when tacking. But what were they doing? Although it was done before my very eyes, I did not seem to "catch" it. This must be common with western observers, and the very reason why in book after book so much balderdash is written, even today, about the Arabian lug.

As I could not see it, I began to think about it as to what had to happen to swing the sail. If not brought down to the deck, there seem to remain two possibilities; either you force sail and yard around the back of the mast, which means letting go of the tack and taking it around the back of the mast, and resetting it again, or loosening up the sheet and carrying that around the front of the mast, forcing yard and sail to turn around itself in front of the mast, and carrying the sheet back on the other side and resetting it. I came to the conclusion that the latter maneuver was done in the Arabian craft, although I still had a hard time actually "catching them at it" as they tacked their boats. By the way, most Mediterranean lateen sails use the former method; so did the boatmen around the southern coasts of England.

After a while I became convinced that the sail was taken around the front of the mast, and it was to test this theory that I decided to actually charter one of these boats, and sail it myself. I will describe this one-man operation.

These boats are open, except for a short deck aft. On each side runs a wide seat, right up into the bows, so that one can walk up one side into the forepeak, and down the other. The mast leans slightly forward and its top is often curved forward slightly. The halyard runs thru the top of the mast, which is hollowed out; there is no sheaf. There are four stays to the mast, two set forward and two aft of the mast. The yard is hoisted right to the top of the mast and has no parrel; where it would rub or bang against the mast, the yard is heavily wound with old rope. There is no banging noise. The yard is hoisted outside the stays.

In these harbor craft, the yard is carried at a very steep angle, and the actual luff part is very short. The tack is fastened to the stemhead. The yard is hung between one-third and one-half, measured from the bottom, the heavy end forward. About one-quarter from the top of the yard is a ring to which a stay is attached, which is on the wale opposite the hang of the sail. The sheets are run through a block on the afterdeck, one on each quarter.

It always surprised me how little strength was needed to control the large sail (on a 30'

boat). On all dhows I have ever seen, the yard is always made up from three pieces, the bottom and middle pieces overlapping each other at the mast. Very light pieces are used and the movable stay or vang is necessary to give the yard the support where top and middle overlap. Although these sails have brails, which lead to the bottom of the yard where there are cleats to belay them, the brails are not used in normal weather. When used, the sail is brailed before being toppled over the top of the mast.

This is the maneuver: Take the sheet out of the block and slacken up the vang. Take sheet and sheethorn in the hand and, walking forward, hand the sheet around the outside of the stays, continuing to the bows. Pull the sail against the yard, while grasping the butt of the yard with the other hand. Twist the yard away from you, at the same time making the sail follow suit, flipping it over the yard. The yard meanwhile, because of your twisting it, has rolled itself up on the little bit of halyard between it and the masthead, and reaching the top of the mast, falls off on the other side, taking the sail with it. As in every thing in sailhandling, it's easy if you time it right. As the boats have a foregripe just forward of the mast foot, all the vessel needs to start and continue through the wind is the initial gentle move of the rudder, it then slowly tacks itself through the eye of the wind.

By the time the wind starts to fill the sail on the other tack, you have walked down the other side, handing the sheet around the stays, reeving the sheet thru the block on that side, and resetting the vang on the opposite side. You are now again in business, and can sit down and relax at the rudder.

With lugsails with a large luff, everything remains the same, but instead of walking way forward, you can pull the butt of yard towards you, making the yard stand upright, but all else remains the same. How far you can pull the butt aft, will depend on the length of the luff (the yard end will then have a lanyard to pull it down).

With lateen sails, you will have to loosen the tack as well as the mast continues past the yard (so it cannot be rolled over its top) and you have no length of luff to pull the yard towards the mast. When forcing the yard behind the mast, your tack will need two lines, one on each side of the mast. No strength is needed when timed right and the sail can be brailed in a breeze. In *The Sons of Sinbad*, Villiers tells us that the sail has no brails (and this is a huge sail on a 120' boat). I would like to point out that the captain is a bedouin, obviously chosen because his father is a person of importance. He may well have been unfamiliar with the need of brails: how many landsmen know that these things exist?

Four Open Water Rowing Craft

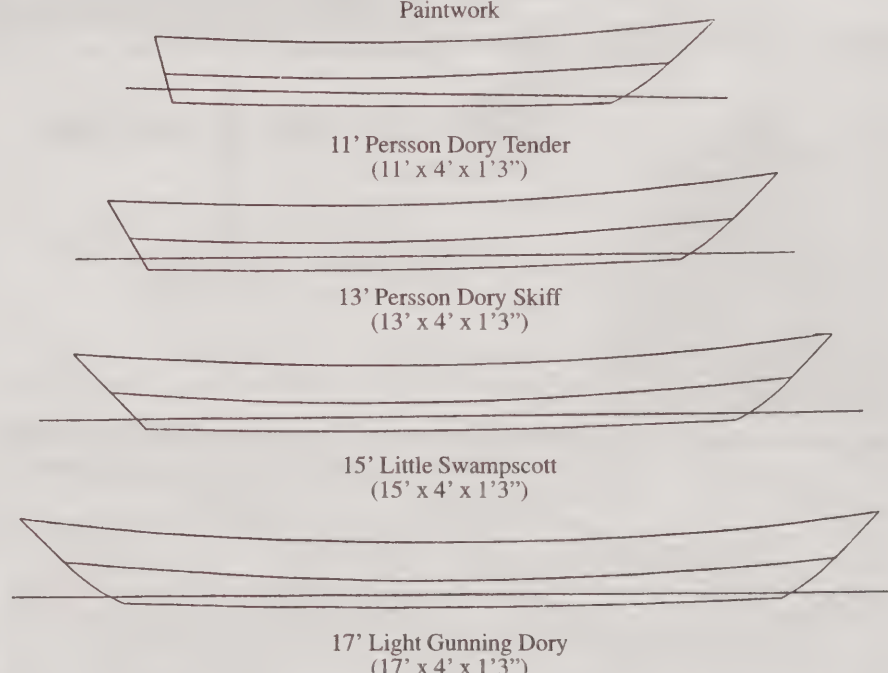
Over the past several years, there has been growing interest in the pastime and sport of open water rowing. The number of competitions and competitors has been steadily increasing, many schools and programs have built large-scale boats, and cruises of varying lengths have been undertaken and chronicled. There is even a new and successful newsletter, called *Open Water Rowing*, which reports on this activity on an international scale.

In essence, open water rowing revolves around boats which are designed to be seaworthy enough to use regularly on rivers, sounds, and the open ocean. While sliding seat boats evolved to provide ultimate performance on a closed course in perfect conditions, open water boats evolved to function capably in the conditions one is bound to meet on the waters to anywhere. This allows for unlimited use of these vessels in all but the most extreme of conditions, opening up all locations and schedules to frequent use of these boats.

In offering these four new boats (of which the 15' and 17' especially fulfill the requirements of an open water single/double), we are attempting to meet the lack of a truly capable, inexpensive, introductory boat for those wishing to enter the sport of open water rowing. The boats we are offering incorporate a plywood hull, with glass tape construction at the chines and batten seam at the second strake.

The hull design is of a modified dory type, which simply means there is a narrow flat bottom, with two strakes of topside planking. This makes for a boat that is stable, easily driven under oars, capable of carrying a heavy load, and remarkably seaworthy. The 17' Light Gunning Dory is intended to be competitive

Construction: 1/4" marine fir plywood
 Epoxy glass tape construction at chines
 Batten seam construction at second strake
 Douglas fir rubrails
 Options include:
 Epoxy glass sheathing of hull
 Epoxy coating of interior
 Paintwork



11' Persson Dory Tender
(11' x 4' x 1'3")

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15' Little Swampscott
(15' x 4' x 1'3")

17' Light Gunning Dory
(17' x 4' x 1'3")

in open water racing, either as a single or double.

In keeping with the objective of providing an introductory open water rowing boat, the pricing of these boats has been kept as reasonable as possible. It is our hope that these boats will play a part in the continued growth of open

water rowing as a competitive sport and healthful activity.

If you have any questions, or would like to review the model and drawings of these boats, please call Jon or Rick at (860) 388-2343. Seth Persson Boat Builders, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475

Reproduction of Charles Lawton
10 Yacht Tender

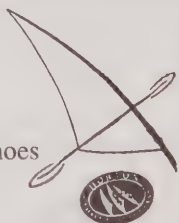
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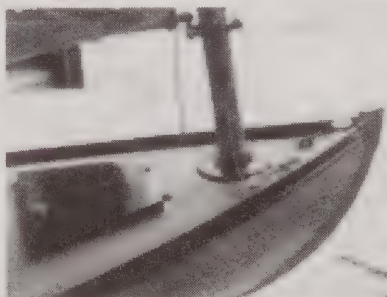


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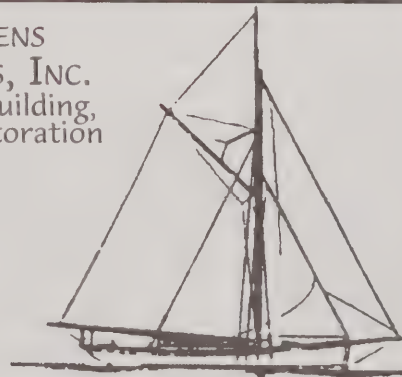
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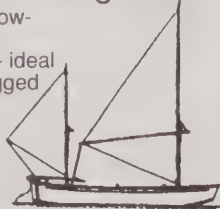


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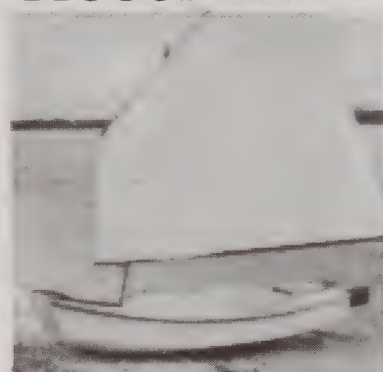


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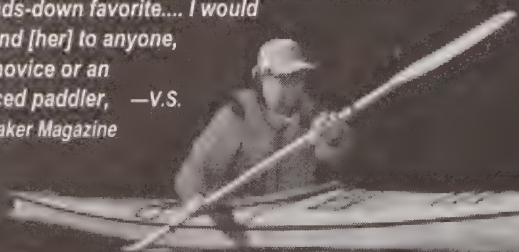
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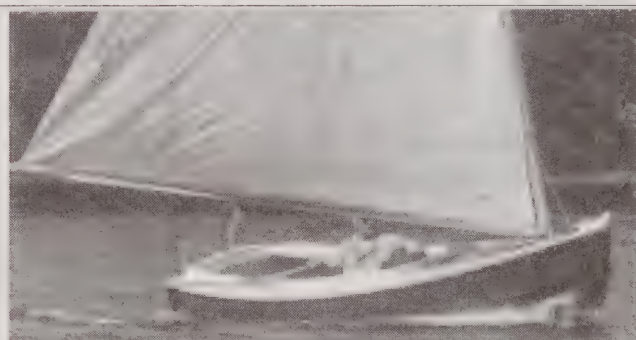
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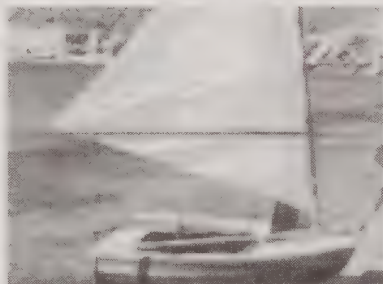
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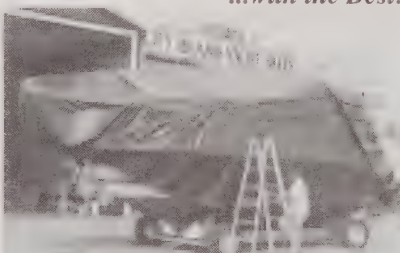
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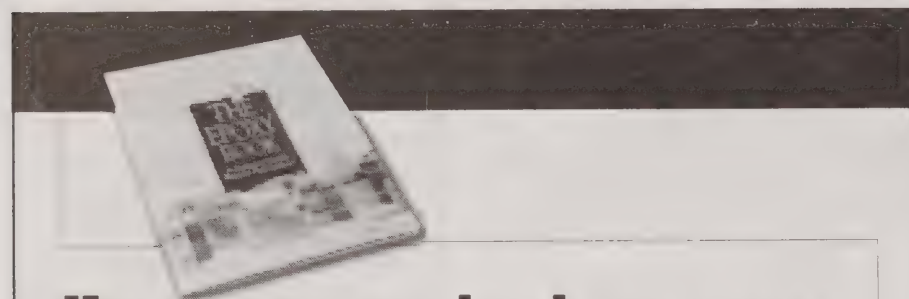
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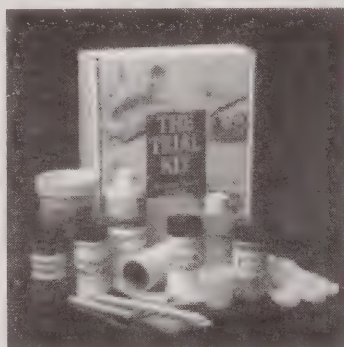
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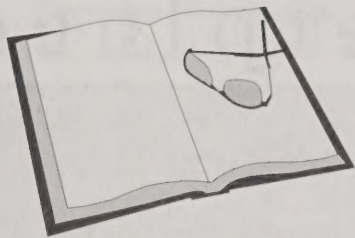
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Book Review

The Seaworthy Offshore Sailboat

By John Vigor
International Marine, Camden, Maine,
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Review by Norm Benedict

This book would be excellent if it were kept within the typical confines of its offshore sailboat title. However, the author delves deeply in recognition of naval architecture's "The Forgotten Factor", or seaworthiness. Famed Eric Hiscock reminds us that very few boats used in trans-ocean voyages were ever designed and built for the express purpose. Consider these facts with a guesstimated population of 2,000-3,000 U.S. registered boats widely cruising the seas. Currently a figure of 65 boats lost annually with out a trace is noised about. To be considered also are the great number of planned voyages that weren't completed for one reason or another Vigor's book with an updated viewpoint and scope approaches marvelous.

The major, understandable, topic is capsizing. Each chapter contains a surprising boxed summary, "Think Inverted". An authoritative British assessment is that boats can be capsized by a breaking wave with a height 55% of the craft's overall length. A further design development is that the design not be stable inverted, as occasionally noted on TV news. However, Vigor intersperses technical content with successes of boats ranging from 8' to 20' that have completed transocean and also circumnavigations.

A highly welcomed contemporary candidate is the Catalina 27, hardly recommended for straying from its coastal cruising design. Conversely, it has acquired offshore successes and a number of pages are devoted to detailed beefing up as the C/27 is affordable and available as a production product.

Right off *The Seaworthy Offshore Sailboat* is profusely illustrated with line drawings on basics of keels ranging from full, cut-away forefoot, and fin. Included are descriptions of hard and soft chines, and myriad details to aid the mariner in assessing fiberglass construction and also condition. The mast section interests as it concentrates on aluminum extrusions of keel and deck-stepped masts and attendant rigging needed. Wall thicknesses are included in event the maker or subsequent owner(s) might have cut some corners strength-wise. Wherever possible, marginal production components such as cast-aluminum

spreader sockets are called out.

Typical of Vigor's thoroughness is his describing new equipment such as a Digital Electric Barometer that records pressures over a 12 hour period. While almost forgotten, the infamous 1979 Fastnet Race recorded that sixty-three yachts experienced at least one knockdown which rotated further than 90 degrees. Some recovered quickly while others did not. Almost unbelievably the responsible weather depression had been tracked for days across the United States and Atlantic Ocean. Somehow, no barograph existed to record the all-important rate of drop preceding violent weather.

Such information will aid the newcomer, and possibly shed some light on disappearances of very experienced cruising sailors. In his Chapter 2, Vigor presents a 56 point checklist of man and ship to properly venture offshore. Adding up enough negative points may well save the expense of a boat surveyor in the first place!

In his Part 2, Vigor's most complete fitting out writings cover every possible ship's component, followed by significant operational details. His personal philosophies are mirrored in his writings on "The Black Box Theory" in which continued inspections of ship's equipment, and repair and replacement of items as needed, provide points in the Black Box. And when crises or violent weather occur, these points emerge to lessen ongoing efforts and rigors.

In actuality, most experienced offshore sailor, or perhaps survivors, have ongoing pre-emergency activities. Vigor includes many practical points of modern equipment, like noting cheap quartz watches replace costly chronometers while having time gains or losses of only 15 seconds a month. This looks like an outlay of less than \$50 would provide backup watches to check on each other or act as a replacement for one lost or damaged. He recommends use of sextant navigation despite modern marvels such as GPS. Vigor notes the Radio Direction Finder is falling into disuse like sextants, and advises a cheap AM/FM radio can be used in emergencies. They are equipped with ferrite rod antennas that are directionally sensitive.

Mrs. Jean Vigor contributes a refreshing chapter on the galley. Many cooking simplifications are noted with definite safety measures at sea. One note of interest is that fresh water floats on top of salt water for a long time. Thus after a tropical downpour, this bit of information would be of intense interest to anyone in a liferaft.

As something of a fitting finale, Vigor details an astonishing voyage of a racing-type sailboat named *Overture*. In a trip from Durban, South Africa to Brest, France with stops at St. Helena island, and Horta in the Azores, *Overture* experienced loss of the rudder, then mast. With jury rigging and repairs at ports, *Overture* slogged the planned 4,800 miles despite knockdowns, poopings, and a swamped cabin with virtually everything ruined or unworkable. Such true chronicles of bravery and adaptability aid in understanding the sea and how to cope with adversities before just giving up and risking dying.

In conclusion, *THE SEAWORTHY OFFSHORE SAILBOAT* probably constitutes the best single-source book on ocean cruising, and replaces several publications on the subject in my library.

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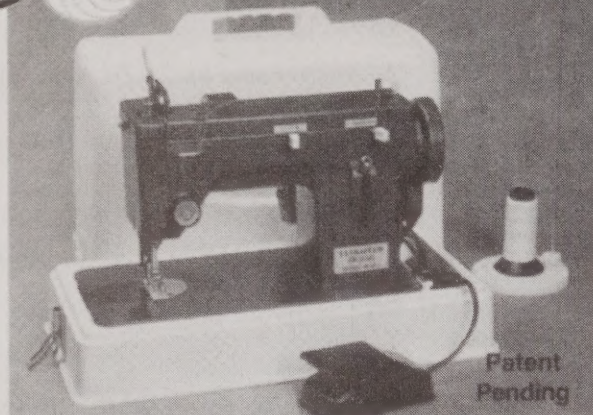
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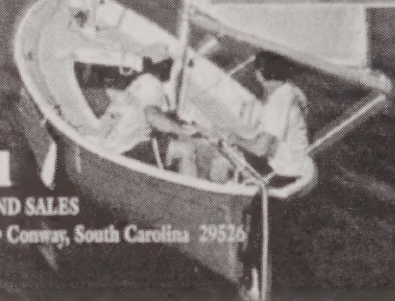
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