

Special Features This Issue
"Ideal Island Trail Cruiser"
"Can-Can Caper" - "Buying a Boat Unseen"

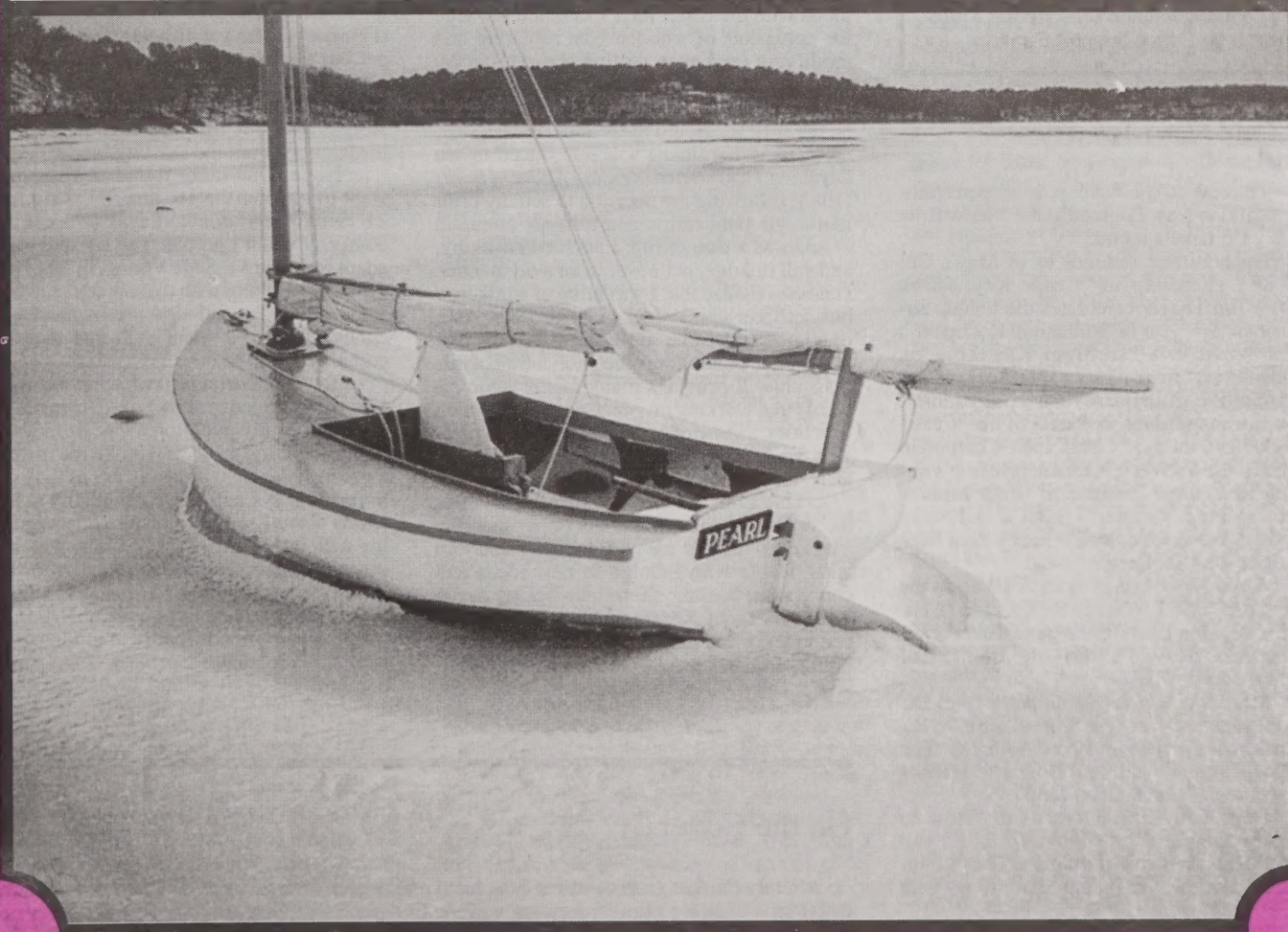
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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 17 - Number 21

March 15, 2000



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Barry Donahue's cover photo reminded me of an earlier time in my messing about in boats when we were looking for our first sailboat, back in 1977. We spent quite an enjoyable winter travelling along the New England coast looking at prospects we saw advertised in *Soundings* or our regional *Want Advertiser*, from nearby Maine (Portland area south) to Rhode Island. We must have looked at a dozen smallish 20-25 footers, mostly wooden keel boats. Some were frozen right into the ice at the docks. One had the ice in its bilge with the frantic owner still trying to melt it with a roaring kerosene space heater when we arrived early.

That was close to a quarter century ago. We ended up that spring buying a 23' Ralph Winslow cutter at a boatyard three miles from here, a boatyard which turned out to be owned by a high school classmate. We never did do much with the cutter after I satisfied my urge for doing lots of wooden boat repairing and modifying (and even writing about it for the original *Small Boat Journal*), and eventually it became apparent that this wasn't going to be the way we would mess about.

About the time I was introduced to sea kayaking I had started *Messing About in Boats* (1983) following my decision to sell my prior motorcycle publication and turn my attention to boats as a way of life. I pursued kayaking, and still indulge, but never in an avid manner. I came to realize that I was more of a tinkerer/builder/fixer-upper than sailor/paddler. And, of course, it became self-evident that my real vocation in boating was the publication of this magazine. It provides many of the same rewards that working on some neat old wooden boat does, a sense of accomplishment and pleasure when each issue wraps up. Even now, after 400 of them.

This evolution in what seems to interest me in messing about in boats (other than the magazine) has led me now to know and join with people who indulge in new ideas and concepts in boating, those who belong to the Amateur Yacht Research Society are good examples. I find their original thinking stimulating, and as I'm not burdened with excessive loyalty to the established wisdom, I en-

joy the company of similar free spirits. This is without regard to whether or not all the concepts and dreams I'm exposed to are realistic or likely to produce some wonderful new ways to indulge in small boats.

Readers who have been with us a while have noted that this has led me to multihulls as something I'd like to try. I began running articles in them several years ago as a reflection of my growing interest. And in my usual fashion this meant building my own. Further, my Yankee stinginess led me to make my first try at multihulls by converting an older sea kayak no longer being paddled (succeeded by a far nicer boat) into a one-man trimaran. I have been fiddling with this one now for about four years and have a working prototype I've even sailed briefly.

Now as I look at another on-the-water season about to open, and know that when I go to the Snow Row this coming Saturday (February 26th) I will again feel that tug to get out there on the water in something that grabs me, I realize it's time to bring my sort of open ended fiddling to enough of a conclusion to get out this summer and sail my trimaran. But not the existing one.

Nope. One more round of tinkering. I want to transfer the 16' amas/akas rig to my 21' Seda Tango double kayak so I can have company when I go out. The rig will readily adapt from the 17' Seda Viking, in fact I made the amas 16' long with this objective in mind. The windsurfer sail rigs are in hand, good enough for my level of skill and they were certainly cheap to buy.

To complete (at last) what has really been a modestly scaled project, I need to turn at least a portion of my attention away from my on-going bicycling projects. Unlike the trimaran, these have resulted in steady use as they came to fruition, as I had company readily at hand, which always seems to inspire one to get going with it. It does look like I may do a bit of cross pollination between the two interests when we attempt to fit a handcycle marine pedal power drive unit into the old Viking for quadruple friend Charlie to indulge in this summer. Yep, another project. This is an addiction.

In Our Next Issue...

The new on-the-water season opens (momentarily) in New England at the "Snow Row 2000", I'll have a report.

Hugh Horton reminds us of May's Cedar Key gathering in "Cedar Key, Think 2000"; Jim Thayer celebrates the unique nature of the new year in "Millennium Kokopelli"; Dick Winslow's "Autumn Kayaking on Golden Pond" finally gets a spot; Joel Flather tells of a "Pre-Christmas Wood River Paddle"; Jack Hornung brings us Part 3 of his "Cruising Guide to the Erie Canal, Lake Champlain & the Hudson River"; Nathaniel Bishop's ongoing adventures continue in "Four Months in a Sneakbox Chapter 5 (cont.)"; and Steve Turi's "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut" hits its 14th installment.

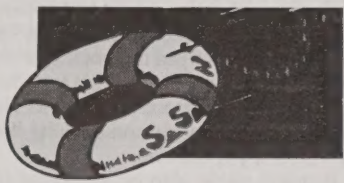
Robb White brings us an "Update on the New Skiff"; Dick Wagner reviews the "Center for Wooden Boats 1999"; and Tom Parker remembers "A Wild Clear Call" from a half century ago.

Mark Steele presents an entry level RC model yacht in "The Vic Smeed Starlet"; Richard Carsen's "Dream Boats" looks at "The Hollow Bottom"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present their "Cabin Clam Skiff".

Dave Gray introduces us to "How to Make a Simple White Poly tarp Sail"; and Robb White describes the making of a "Lightweight, Hollow, Octagonal Spar" to go with it.

On the Cover...

Surely the last gasp of winter is at hand and scenes such as Barry Donahue's photo of his daughter's Bobcat catboat frozen into a Cape Cod pond will melt away.



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

Getting Ready

A miserable day in southeastern North Carolina; snow, turning to sleet, turning to freezing rain and predicted to turn to just plain rain. No day to go boating but I could do the next best thing and make sure that everything was in readiness for spring. Simply checking the gear was good for the spirit. If we are to enjoy messing about in our boats some pre-season messing about in the shop is in order. *Chota Peg III* has already passed her 2000 "Operational Facility" inspection, but there are extra items in my gear.

First, the things that had been done. All anchor and mooring lines had been soaked in fabric softener for 48 hours before being rinsed and dried last fall. Main anchor and lunch hook had accumulated a little rust, they have been sanded and painted. Two of the four anchor

shackles needed replacement. My "alternate propulsion", an 8' paddle, had three new coats of varnish. The new fire extinguisher and bracket were ready for mounting, a plastic bracket this time as the metal one had rusted quite badly. Auxiliary vessels must carry an additional extinguisher above the legal requirements. My extra gas can has been sanded and repainted and I have worked out a new (improved?) way to secure it alongside the center console. I have only used it once but it's a lot easier to give someone a few gallons of gas than to give them a tow, and far less disruptive to their day.

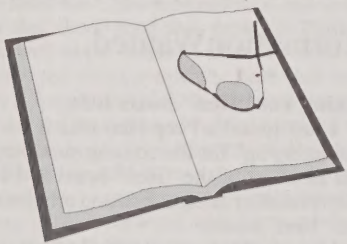
Today I went over each of my extra life jackets for wear and tears. I carry six spares, including two different children's sizes, in the canvas storage area in the T-top. An Auxiliary

boat will not tow unless every person on the distressed vessel is wearing a PFD and there have been times when I have had to lend one, generally when a child was wearing an adult size that would NOT provide protection if he went overboard..

The flares were dry and good until 2001. I prefer the pistol and shells as they seem to resist moisture in my relatively open boat better than other types. I have bought a new rear view mirror as the old one was rusted, and made a new bracket. It mounts from the radio box just over the helm and saves an endless amount of neck twisting, especially in the crowded ICW on a summer Sunday afternoon. I need a new monkey fist for the heaving line and will get my son, an ex-Coast Guard bosun's mate, to make me one as I lack that skill. The yellow polypropylene heaving line itself was replaced last year as the old one was brittle and dried out. I use that type only for a heaving line because it floats. Everything else on board is twisted or braided nylon..

Still needed are new spark plugs, a new fuel filter and new lower unit oil which can wait for better weather. The battery is warm and dry and on trickle charge and an emergency pull cord is in the tool box. The manual de-watering device (a half-gallon milk jug with the bottom cut out) is in a storage locker on board. It's useful not only for its basic purpose but for male crew on board.

Soon it will be time to put it all together, have a radio check and head out on the first patrol of the spring to check aids to navigation. As for today with its miserable weather, just working on the gear made me feel better.



Book Review

The Doing of the Thing *The Brief Brilliant Whitewater* *Career of Buzz Holmstrom*

By Vince Welch, Cort Conley
& Brad Dimock
1998 Fretwater Press,
1000 Grand Canyon Ave.,
Flagstaff AZ, 86001
\$20 Paperback, \$35 Cloth

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

The passages from the diaries of Buzz Holmstrom made during his river trips reveal a glorious blend of one man's extreme risk in running rapids, his underlying skill, courage and strength, and his awe of the natural beauty of the waterways:

"I had thought once past there my reward would begin but now everything ahead seems kind of empty and I find I have already had my reward in the doing of the thing, the stars and cliffs and canyons, the roar of the rapids, the moon, the uncertainty, worry, the relief

when through each one, the campfires at nite, the real respect and friendship of the river men I met and others."

Haldane (Buzz) Holmstrom, 1909-1946, was the son of a Swedish emigrant locomotive engineer and farmer in Oregon. He worked as a gas station attendant in hard times, but acted on his ambition to run the untamed rivers. This book is a detailed biography with emphasis on his solo river trips. He was largely self-taught, but listened eagerly to other river men and read what books were available.

After two preliminary runs down the Rogue River in 1934-1935, and another down the Salmon in 1936, he felt ready to face the Colorado. For each trip he built a new boat of his own design, starting with a 12' open sharpie rowboat and refining each one based on his needs. He added length, sheer, and decking fore and aft, which became watertight compartments.

His technique improved with each trip, for there were several capsize the first time and few after that. He preferred guiding the boat through rapids and rough waters stern first, maneuvering with the oars as he read the passage ahead. On his second Colorado trip, he began entering rapids bow first, spinning on the first eddy, and then resuming the stern first attitude (now termed Powelling).

Reading each falls and rapids required reconnaissance and often transport of gear and supplies ahead to lighten weight. Each river had impassable stretches which required "lining" (guiding the boat on a tether) or portaging.

He ran the length of the Colorado alone in 1937, as far as Hoover Dam. This earned him election to the Explorers' Club as well as recognition in the national media as "the only person to ever navigate the Colorado River

alone" (Ripley). The next year he was back in another new boat accompanied by Amos Burg in a primitive inflatable taking movies of the trip. Never a financial success, Holmstrom shied away from public appearances, and his partner had minimal success in promoting the film. The second Colorado run was a masterpiece for Buzz, however, since he was able to make it through most of the rough spots he had previously bypassed. From his notes on the passage of Lava Falls another quotation:

"...I scarcely know what happened myself, didn't take long, it was just like a giant hand took hold of the boat at the upper end and set it over and steered it through. I would hesitate before running it again, it's the worst one I ever tackled. The boat works perfect."

These river trips were Holmstrom's major accomplishment. In 1939 he piloted a wealthy client from Portland, Oregon to Manhattan in one of his open boats powered by a 10 horse Johnson following a succession of rivers. They had to carry the boat by truck between the Snake and the Yellowstone and from the Allegheny to the Niagara, but they crossed the continent by river.

Holmstrom had a series of odd jobs until joining the Navy in 1942. He became a Carpenter's Mate First Class, and kept a squadron of PT boats running in northern Australia. Mustered out in 1945, he returned to his family in Oregon. His later jobs were in boat construction and maintenance for river surveying teams, and he died on a trip down the Grande Ronde in 1946.

Despite some slow passages, *The Doing of the Thing* combines the panorama of the 1930's (a succession of \$10 jalopies to haul each boat to the headwaters) with the narrative of a quiet hero into a boatman's odyssey.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Restoring, Repairing and Rebuilding Classic Wooden Watercraft with Harold Burnham,

Boat designer and builder Harold Burnham of Essex, Massachusetts, has worked on or rebuilt many classic wooden vessels over the two decades preceding his recent major projects, the 65' schooner *Thomas E. Lannon* and the historic replica Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story* (both subjects of feature articles in this magazine). Included are Beetle cats, cat-boats, Friendship sloops and lobster boats. He has rebuilt a Herreshoff 12-1/2, an Eldredge and McInnis power cruiser, a Crosby bass boat, a McKenzie bass boat and a 38' North Haven sports fisherman.

On Tuesday, March 21 at 7:30pm at the Waterline Center of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, 66 Main Street, Essex, Massachusetts, Harold will show slides of these individual projects, discuss rebuilding problems and their solutions and the practical, historical and/or personal reasons that he feels restoration is worthwhile. Everyone is welcome, donation \$5.00. Refreshments will be served.

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum is a handicapped accessible facility open for tours on Saturdays and Sundays from 1-4pm. throughout the winter. Please call for information and/or directions on Monday, Wednesday or Friday between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at (978) 768-7541.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum Course Offerings

The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in Vergennes, Vermont, offers a full program of over 40 maritime related workshops, courses, and events for adults this season, along with a dozen or more for kids. Detailed information is available in a 20 page catalog on request.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, 4472 Basin Harbor Rd., Vergennes, VT 05491, (802)475-2022, <courses@lcmmm.org>, www.lcmmm.org

Information of Interest...

Butt Saver from Oklahoma

We moved in August '99 to Eufaula Lake in eastern Oklahoma. The surface area of Eufaula is over 102,000 acres. In a couple of weeks I had finished my own little pram (see "You Write..." in February 15 issue), and twice daily rowed a couple of miles to service my jug fishing lines. I accepted tired and sore hands but no one ever told me about "rowers' butt". I soon developed a device to ward off this dread condition

Now you too can benefit from my tribulations. My "Butt Saver" is worn under your clothing to protect your backside from rough

seats or seams in your pants. Now you can row in your jeans or anything else without concern for chafe or discomfort.

Please look for my ad in the classifieds section. And if you would like to know more about the truly fine messing about on Eufaula Lake, contact me.

Bill Hart, Rt. 4 Box 2165, Stigler, OK 74462, (918) 799-5553.

About Equinoxes

I love your magazine and especially enjoy that towering literary giant, Robb White; after Dickens and Conrad he is the best! Robb raised some interesting geo-physical issues, a brief discussion of which may interest your readers, as they are not well taught in schools.

Either equinox (Latin for equal night) occurs when the sun is above the equator. The vernal equinox, about March 21, occurs when the sun crosses the equator "northbound"; in the northern hemisphere this marks the beginning of spring. Respectively, the autumnal equinox, about September 23, sun crosses "southbound" heralds beginning of fall. At these moments the poles are equidistant from the sun, sort of "square-on" if you can imagine it. However, let us not lose sight of the fact that terms like "the sun crosses the equator" is only a shorthand for what really happens which is that the earth is moving around and the sun is stationary (actually it's not, but this is not the time to discuss relativity, no pun intended).

No discussion of the seasons would be complete without mentioning the term solstice. This is when the sun is furthest north or south occurring on June/December 21 or 22 marking the beginning of summer and winter respectively. In the northern hemisphere, at the moment of the summer solstice, the North Pole is angled 23.45 degrees (23 degrees 27 minutes, resulting in the sun being overhead at the Tropic of Cancer (latitude of 23 degrees 27 minutes N), for this point, although this point is actually a circle as it applies anywhere on the planet that is the appropriate distance from the Equator. The same reasoning applies during the winter solstice when the sun is over the Tropic of Capricorn.

The vernal equinox is used to measure astronomical coordinates (like "right ascension") and this point is sometimes referred to as the "first point of Aries". This point was "in" Aries about 2,000 years ago but it has now moved to Pisces because of precession. Precession is the cyclic wobble in the Earth's axis of rotation. Think of the poles making lazy circles in the sky, like the hawk in Oklahoma. These circles are so lazy, in fact, it takes 26,000 years for one revolution. The North Pole will be pointing as close to Polaris as it ever does in 2017 so some of us may live to see this, although Robb and I may not. For those of you with mathematical leanings I should mention that the equinoxes move westward along the ecliptic at the speed of 50.2 arc-seconds per year.

M.S.J. Fifer, 306 Running Brook Rd., Hoover, AL 35226

Interesting Books

Your serialization of *Four Months in a Sneak-Box* by Nathaniel H. Bishop in 1879 is a good choice. I enjoyed the book thoroughly. It will be interesting to see what you do with the "politically incorrect" comments Bishop makes as he stereotypes some of the boating and riverbank population.

Readers might also be interested in *The Boy, Me and the Cat* by Henry M. Plummer. This adventure chronicles sailing to Florida and back in 1912-1913 on the route inside the barrier islands which would become the future ICW. I obtained my copy after an extensive search on the net; Amazon.com could not locate it. *Shantyboat*, by Harlan Hubbard, recounts a drift down the Mississippi to New Orleans starting in 1944. It provides insights into another way of life on the water from the perspective of an artists eye.

I am currently reading *River Horse* by William Least Heat-Moon, published in 1999. It is an interesting modern adventure of his voyage by boat across America from east to west (with a few portages). The next river story I will read is *Afloat on the Ohio*, an 1894 account of a voyage on the Ohio by Reuben Gold Thwaites. I would be interested in similar books which your readers have enjoyed.

L. Perry Philp, 148 Loantaka Way, Madison NJ 07940, (973) 822-3433, e-mail: <lpphilp@csnet.net>

Editor Comments: Bishop's text stands as originally published, he told it the way it was in his time, not ours. We reviewed *Shantyboat* a few years ago. *River Horse* is reviewed in this issue.

Information Wanted...

Looking For "Hen" Boats Info

I just found a Peep Hen which I will be "freshening up" for the coming summer. This is the smallest of the "Hen" boats at 14'2". I am interested in information and articles about these "Hen" boats.

Harriet Melmer, 1800 35th St. NW, Washington, DC 20007, (202) 338-0303

In Memoriam...

Bill Foden, RIP

It is with great sorrow that I must inform you of the passing of my father Bill Foden. He left us suddenly on January 18th while working "for a little while" between his much loved handmade *Serenity* houseboat and *Windjammer* sailboat. We are certain that he was pleased that he was messing about in boats at the time he was called home.

The Foden family would like to thank MAIB for accepting Bill into your small boating family, he greatly enjoyed writing for your publication (Bill submitted articles on shantyboats and yulohs for publication. Ed.), and the camaraderie of other nautical craftsmen provided by your readership. This association was one of his greatest pleasures in the past few years.

Bill was a Presbyterian minister and I know that he felt that his writing was an extension of his calling, plus it was plain old fun. One of his favorite quotes was from John Masefield's *Sea Fever*:

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, and all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by."

Bill Foden, Jr., Vineland, NJ

Opinions...

Use of the Yuloh

While I find the possibility of use of a yuloh to face forward in a skiff to be exciting, we need a skiff design that will be stable enough to permit standing while operating the yuloh, yet avoid the drag of an overly wide transom, and not weigh hundreds of pounds.

Greg McMillan, Port Townsend, WA.

Sea Pearl Pedal Power

The February 15th issue has some particularly intriguing stuff in your "Commentary". I had used, though sparingly, an Alden Ocean Shell 18', usually as a single, but a few times as a double. I sold it a couple of years ago to a woman in Mathews County, Virginia who lives on Mobjack Bay. She has water and I don't. I do have the years, in February there will be 86 of them. I have a stationary bike which I use constantly and a mountain bike which I use very little.

If I were a bunch of years younger I would go to Conway, South Carolina (the town where I was born) and try to work something out with the Sea Pearl people. What I would like would be a Sea Pearl 21 with an Alden drop-in rowing unit in the forward cockpit and a pedal rig in the after cockpit. This latter might come from the California outfit (if still in business) that developed that pontoon craft that did so well in the Catalina races. I would want a horizontal shaft inside the boat that would drive a large two-bladed surface propeller, with maybe an outboard rudder. I would want to keep the boat's beaching capabilities.

Then I would have a great sail powered and human powered boat, the latter with strong rowing power forward and forward facing pedal power in the stern. I used to hit things with the Alden when I didn't have my grandson in the stern with a steering paddle.

I've never used a recumbent bicycle but it seems that type of seating and drive would fit nicely into the boat. Didn't two guys cross the Atlantic in a pontoon stabilized recumbent pedal boat?

Bob Dornin, The Plains, VA

Messing About With Electric Boats

Electric powered boats are wonderful things to mess about with. They have some advantages which make them very attractive if you understand and accept their limitations. A quiet easily operated power plant in an attractive boat is certainly a great advantage, so too are all the joys of designing, building, and operating a successful boat.

There is one so-called advantage of electric power that is exaggerated and may not even exist. This is the claim that electric power is environmentally friendly. The friendly part is the quietness and economy related to operating small well designed hulls at modest speeds.

What we must understand is that for all power plants, the greater the power used the more fuel required and the more waste pro-

duced. This is so for internal combustion, steam plants, man powered galleys, and also electric power. Unless we operate within sight of the power plant in our electric launches, the pollution is out of sight and maybe out of mind, but it is still there.

John S. Leonard Jr., Marine Engineer and Small Boat Addict

Projects...

Student Built Gig

Here is a photo of the Whitehall gig built by the students at St. David's School, a participating group in our New York City rowing activities.

Mary Nell Hawk, New York, NY.



This Magazine...

Your Little Magazine Could Use

A small section for Contents of what's inside.

Contact info; missing from "The First Canoe" by Peter Carter and "Bolger on Design". It would help others.

In Classified Market Place; FREE BOATS, as in *Wooden Boat*. Or a notice to all to add such a listing. I am interested in future opportunities. And many others are also willing to rebuild and enjoy their craft that they put workmanship and pride into.

More how to build or rebuild stories. My canoe rebuilding story was rejected by *Rudder* and *Yachting* back in 1979. They already covered this story, ie. give boat builders a chance to help others.

More articles on boat design, basic, intermediate and advanced. There is a lot of info out there but somewhat hard to get, ie.; trimaran basic naval architecture or multi hulls; new building materials info; sails and hulls Such as USA/New Zealand Yacht Trials building info.

Ask nationwide public librarians to list upcoming boat and or ship model displays. Morris County Public Library displayed hand-made ship/boat models. They inspire people!

Ask TV stations to show movies with Boats/Ships again.

Photos of launchings and relaunchings like *Wooden Boat*.

The above will promote *Messing About in Boats*.

Ronald Mulloy, Randolph, NJ

D.N. Goodchild
reprinting the nautical classics
at The Press at Toad Hall

BOAT BUILDING & DESIGN

CANOE AND BOAT BUILDING FOR THE AMATEUR

W.P. Stephens, 220 pp., with numerous illus. and 50 full-page plates. \$25.00, \$15.00 soft-cover edition.

A MANUAL OF YACHT AND BOAT SAILING

Dixon Kemp, 388 pp., with numerous illus. and 25 plates, \$50.00, \$30.00 soft-cover edition. (1878)

SMALL BOAT BUILDING

H.W. Patterson, 144 pp., illus with 10 fold-out plates and numerous in-text illus., \$25.00, \$15.00 soft-cover edition. (1924)

YACHTS AND YACHTING

Vanderdecken, 391 pp., 47 full-page plates, quarto, hard-cover edition only, \$55.00. (1873)

SMALL BOAT BUILDING

Edwin Monk, N.A., 110 pp., numerous illus and 3 fold-out plans, quarto, hard-cover edition only, \$30.00. (1947)

SMALL YACHTS: Their Design and Construction.

C.P. Kunhardt, 360 pp., with 56 full-page plates. In two quarto volumes, unabridged, hard-cover edition only, \$100.00 (1887)

PRACTICAL BOAT BUILDING FOR AMATEURS

Adrien Neison, 135 pp., illus, \$25.00, \$15.00 soft-cover edition.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION AND CLASSIFICATION OF WOODEN YACHTS

Lloyd's Register of Shipping, 77 text pages and 23 full-page tables, \$25.00, \$15.00 soft-cover edition. (1929)

Please add \$3.50 Priority Mail postage for the first book and \$2.00 for each additional book. PA residents please add \$6.5% sales tax.

D.N. Goodchild
P.O. Box 2814

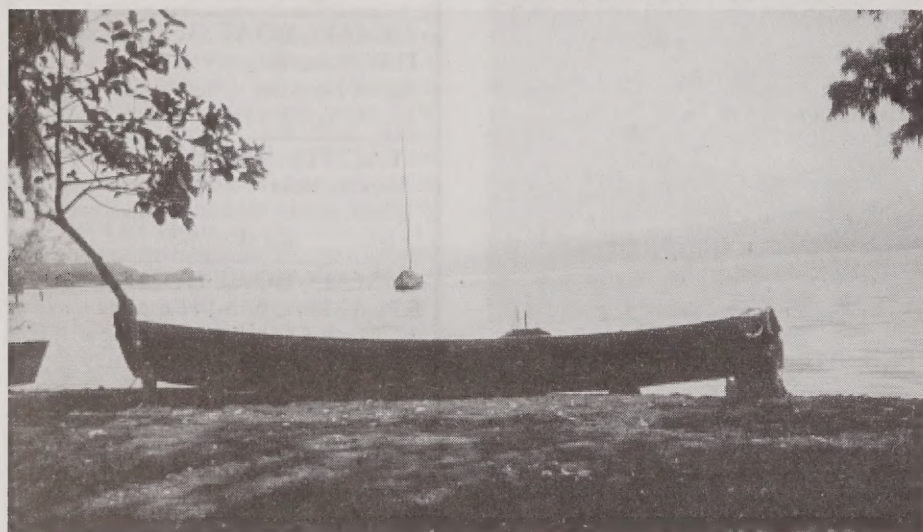
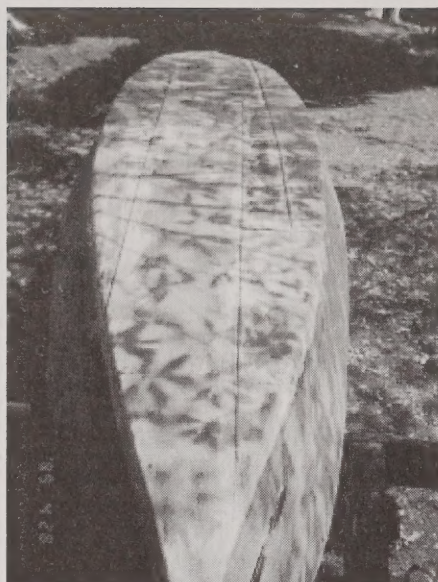
Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004

For additional titles in this list and for titles in 12 other lists, please go to:

www.anyboat.com



Catemarco skiff. Note thole pins, really guideboat type pivots, and bottom planking.



Laguna de Catemarco with skiff and sailboat.

Lovely excursion boats at Laguna de Catemarco



Cancun Caper

By Jim Thayer

Dedicated readers may remember my chance encounter with some Mexican Atlantic Challenge folks at the Brest railway station back in '96. They invited me to drop down to Cancun to see the gig that they had started. In February '97 we set off for Cancun but poor planning and bureaucratic hurdles resulted in an adventure through the wilds of the Sierra Madre Occidental instead. In '99, with all our ducks in a row, we made it.

We elected to take the '83 Nissan since it is pre EFI and a very common truck in Mexico. A glance at the map will reveal that it's a goodly stretch down to Cancun. Something over 3,000 miles in fact. However, new country and experiences would preclude boredom.

The highways along the east coast are pretty rough, definitely worse than the plateau central. While dodging potholes one must keep a weather eye out for the cops. We got nicked twice. One was fair and square but the other was a bandido who gave us a refund when we made a show of writing down his number. Down in Yucatan a guy played cat and mouse with us for 30 miles before finally giving up.

One runs into army checkpoints several times a day but they are no problem. At the Campeche border they confiscated our bag of oranges after we ate five on the spot.

At ten pesos to the dollar, hotels ran from 17p to 350p with most decent ones around 200p. Meals for two ran 20p to 80p. We kept moving but tried to see any noteworthy attractions near the route.

We stopped at a little resort town on the large Laguna de Catemarco to check out the boating scene. After visiting with a wedding party with neat combo, including full-sized harp, we toured the waterfront noting an old daysailer anchored out and several skiffs working cast nets. The skiffs were notable for their considerable rocker and fore and aft bottom planking. There were also lots of ugly fiberglass party boats.

We hit Cancun twenty days and muchas ruinas out of Colorado. Then, to find Victor, our contact. I hadn't been in touch since two years before. Approaching town I spotted some kind of telephone service and gave the gal the number. Victor had moved on but we got a new number and the message would be relayed. Easy enough.

A chance acquaintance had recommended a hotel but we couldn't find it. After asking a three different places, we gave up and settled on the closest place in view, the Canto. A good enough joint, except, no toilet seat!

We soon had Victor on the phone and he said he would be right over and in about three minutes there he was. After a moment's chit-chat we walked over to his digs. Would you believe 59 paces? Do I have some kind of strange power, or what?

We piled into Victor's Rabbit and set off to see the boat which was in back of a building about half mile away. The building is worthy of comment. Seems that there is a tax on signs and the bigger the sign the higher the tax. What to do? Well, forget the sign and just make the building so memorable that nobody can miss it. Vivid colors, wild graphics do it.

Victor is setting up a sort of youth nightclub with amateur talent, which is supposed to make money to help finish the boat. The molds were up with backbone and transom in place. Ribbands were on but there it had stopped, for some time it appeared.

Victor is sort of up against it with such an ambitious project. First off is the money, which may be the easiest part. Then there is the challenge of finding some decent plank-ing. Finally, probably toughest of all is lining up some real boat carpenters. I'm not sure who or when but apparently people from various countries came down to get the project this far along. It's obvious that more help is needed if this boat is to get to Brest next summer (see sidebar).

After taking more ruin pictures than we will ever get anybody to look at we headed homeward and laid over the night in Tuxtepec. Next morn we were off on the road to Teotilan, which turned out to be one of the great jaunts of North America. Not far along one skirts the tortuous shores of Presa Miguel Aleman, an enormous reservoir with numerous islands and palm trees. I was immediately smitten with the desire to go cruising. It would make a good expedition.

While we were wheeling along near the lake, the Mate yelled "boats", and I immediately reversed to see what I had missed. The main business was evidently furniture but amongst the beds and chairs was a plastic covered stack of four boats. They were 12'-14' long, about 3' of beam and cross planked on the bottom. The plank ends projected about an inch past the chine and all the seams were liberally payed with tar.



Fishing skiffs for Presa Miguel Aleman.

What really caught my eye were the one piece side planks, at least a foot wide. With Victor's problem fresh in mind I was delighted to find that there was indeed some suitable local planking. There was some discussion of boat price but I unfortunately have neither record or recollection of the exact amount. I did think it rather high.



Gig with Janis, Victor and lawyer friend. Note tables for nightclub.

A Good Excuse For A Field Trip to Cancun

By now you have figured out that this boat project is a really good excuse for a mid-winter field trip to Cancun. There are some reasonable excursion fares to Cancun and hotels off the beach are quite reasonable. All that's needed is some organizational type to work out the details. With that problem in mind I got on the line with Lance Lee who assured me that I am the guy with the job. I have a hunch that maybe he will scare up some real talent, but in the meantime, I am putting out a call for all red-blooded boat nuts with time, money, skills, and/or enthusiasm to get on the horn and let me have your thoughts.

With a group, and Victor as local liason, some great fun projects are possible. Special hotel rates, trips to the ruins, special meals, shopping, intercultural exchange, and so on. We want to help but no need to forget some fun for old numero uno.

The net and e-mail are the obvious ways to communicate but I am still e-challenged. Maybe I will get hooked up in 00. In the meantime maybe one of you e-hotshots could volunteer to get something started. I'll rattle some cages and see what I can turn up.

Victor is a very enthusiastic and talented guy and as a coordinator for non-profit organizations in Mexico has some contacts. You can contact him directly at: Victor Sumohano, Av. Sayil No. 4 Altos, Interior 3 S.M. 4 C.P. 77500 Cancun Q. Roo Mexico, Tel/Fax (98) 87 72 49, Beeper (98) 87 14 55 Cve.11355, E-mail: vikingo2@qroo1.telmex.net.mx >

Well, there you are. Just tell your wife you have to see a man in Cancun about a boat. Quick, before she can raise any questions, go on about romantic ruins, turquoise water, soft sand, swaying palms, balmy breezes, cheap



booze (if applicable) and tropical moonlight. Handle it right and I'll see you on the beach sucking up cheap ron.

Call now! Operators (machines) are waiting. Jim Thayer (970) 487-3088, 241-6904. (This just in: Lance Lee tells me that there will be an Atlantic Challenge meet at Rockland, Maine, in 2002 with all sorts of traditional boats welcome. He expects perhaps 30 gigs, 3 sandbaggers and all the other neat boats that can get there. This affair will doubtless be as close to DZ as we will ever get on this side. It is not to be missed. Start planning. Should we, through some sort of lakadaisical pussyfooting around, miss the Brest 2000, then the Rockland meet becomes a sure thing.

For general information on Atlantic Challenge: www.atlanticchallenge.org



The village of Somesville, Maine, celebrated its founding with a Maritime Festival held last June. Some members of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum were asked to make an appearance by sailing the Museum's flagship, *Lewis H. Story*, down to Somesville, the same way Abraham Somes did in his Essex-built Chebacco boat back in the 1750s when he founded the village.

Captain Chucky Burnham, Sherry Proctor and I took our departure from Gloucester Harbor and set sail for the four and a half-day trip on June 16. We sailed "down east" as the sun faded and gave way to the moon, which slipped in and out of the clouds. The breeze was light to non-existent. Sometimes sailing "with a star to steer her by" we motor-sailed until the wind came up the next morning. We sailed all day the following day, spotting whales, seals and few other vessels.

That evening we anchored in a small cove that only Captain Chuck could find. It was beautiful and located somewhere near Vinalhaven. At anchor, the *Lewis H. Story* got quite a bit of attention from neighbors. Those that came out to investigate were dutifully invited aboard and given a tour. After they left, and just before it got dark, Chuck served dinner; coffee, cheese and crackers, grilled steak, re-stuffed baked potatoes, corn, tomatoes and strawberry shortcake for dessert. While

Chebacco Boat Reconnects Historic Link to Down East Seaport

By Bob Cameron (from Essex Shipbuilding Museum Newsletter)

onboard overnight accommodations could be generously considered sparse, no complaints were heard from the crew and all slept soundly.

In the morning the sail was rather short. We stopped at Northeast Harbor, near the entrance to Somes Sound. Again, a group gathered to learn what manner of boat she was. Showers were available and some of the crew proved that dishwashing soap can get you clean. The crew enjoyed their short visit to a hospitable Northeast Harbor.

The sail to Southwest Harbor was beautiful and we enjoyed the best sailing weather since we left Gloucester. We picked up a guest mooring and stayed overnight at Southwest Harbor. During the next day we picked up Harold Burnham, the ship's builder, John Drake and Dave Brown at Ralph Stanley's boatyard.

Ralph was very helpful. Mr. Stanley is a boatbuilder who serves as Vice President of the Somesville Historic Society and has been the recipient of the National Heritage Fellowship grant for boatbuilding. From here the *Lewis H. Story* sailed into Somes Sound and to Somesville.

Over 100 people gathered to greet the crew on the town float, which began to go underwater. No one got very wet and everyone enjoyed the festivities. Harold wore a "cavalier's" hat, which was a very good touch. In the evening, we were guests at a welcoming dinner served by the Somesville Historic Society. Later at their meeting, Harold Burnham presented a talk on the history of Chebacco boats, featuring a slide show on the construction of the *Story*. Harold's talk was very well received and we are welcome back anytime.

The return trip was with a different crew under very different conditions. Returning with the *Story* were John Drake, Sherry Proctor and Dave Brown. It was a straight thirty seven hour trip through heavy seas. The ship handled well under all conditions. At one point the diesel engine stalled when the heavy seas caused it to suck air when the fuel shifted. It was restarted and performed well. All agreed that the ship performed fabulously and was well worthy of the trip.

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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Small Boating On New York's Erie Canal

A Practical Guide For Muscle-Powered Cruisers Part 2

By Jack Hornung

Oneida Lake To Albany The Mohawk River Route (about 140 miles):

From Sylvan Beach at the eastern end of Oneida Lake, a pleasant line canal leads to Rome, a distance of about fifteen miles. This section might be skipped by the small boater, but I would not do so because I enjoyed the stretch. At Rome, the Mohawk River enters from the north and becomes the eastward flowing Erie Canal all the way to the Hudson River near Albany.

Even though the Mohawk has been dammed, dredged and lined with stone rip-rap, you now have the distinct sensation of traveling a real, medium-sized, flowing river. I was there in the spring and the current was noticable and helpful to my progress. I would caution that the unfriendly rip-rap banks preclude small boat landing for long spells so you should take advantage of any landing spots you do see. Furthermore, I was warned of dangerous undercurrents. Unlike most of the canal, camping spots on the first half of the Mohawk are limited. I camped at the Canal Park on Lock 20, at the Ilion Marina, and at St. Johnsville, where former police officer, Bernie Brandow, deserves great credit for promoting and managing what is I feel is the canal system's finest marina campground.

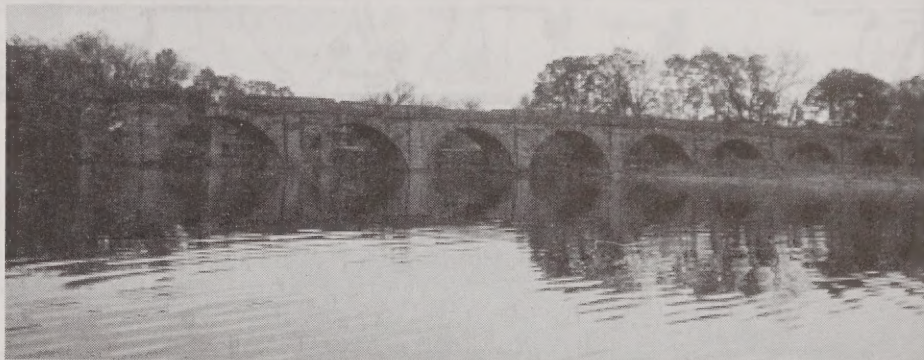
Here in the Mohawk Valley, in one of the most intensely industrialized regions of the nineteenth century nation, I was amazed that the river completely bypassed most of the cities. For example, I could see nothing of Rome or Utica as I went by them. Little Falls, with quite limited tie-up facilities, was the first town the river passed through. Although I saw smaller towns, the only other major industrial town that the canal visibly bisected was Amsterdam, with its great looming smokestack of its now-defunct, famous carpet mills.

The fact that the Mohawk bypasses the cities is a mixed blessing for the boater. Yes, it is nice to have the wilderness. But the interest of historic or other features in some of the cities is cut off. For example, at Schenectady, there is, I am told, a seventeenth century historic Dutch "Stockade" district, which is a thriving residential district and which has been lovingly restored. Yet there is only a small, inadequately constructed, inconveniently located small boat dock available to visit the city.

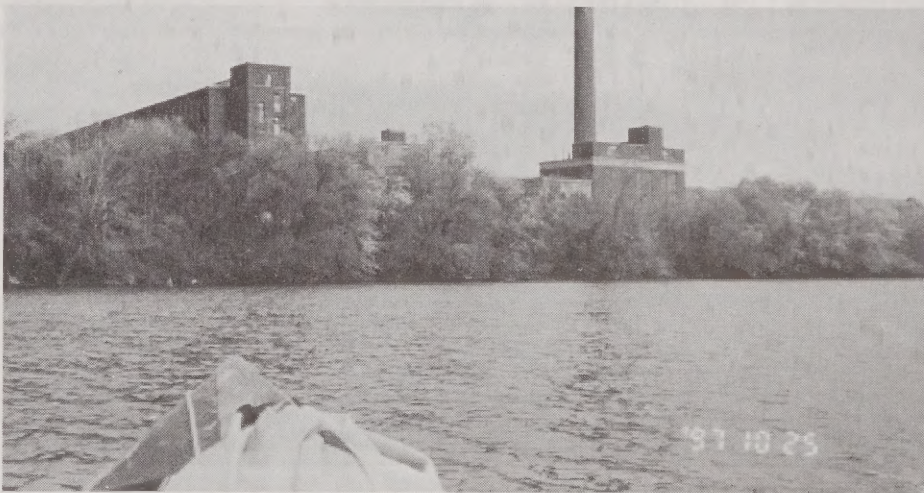
I must say that the Central Mohawk gave me special pleasure and special memories that the pure wilderness traveller would never encounter. In some places the flanking cliffs narrow the river valley to a rather tight corridor. On one side, right next to the river, is the New York State Thruway. Spotting my doggy and I rowing down the middle of the river in our little boat, truckers would give me friendly



Along the line canal between Oneida Lake and Rome.



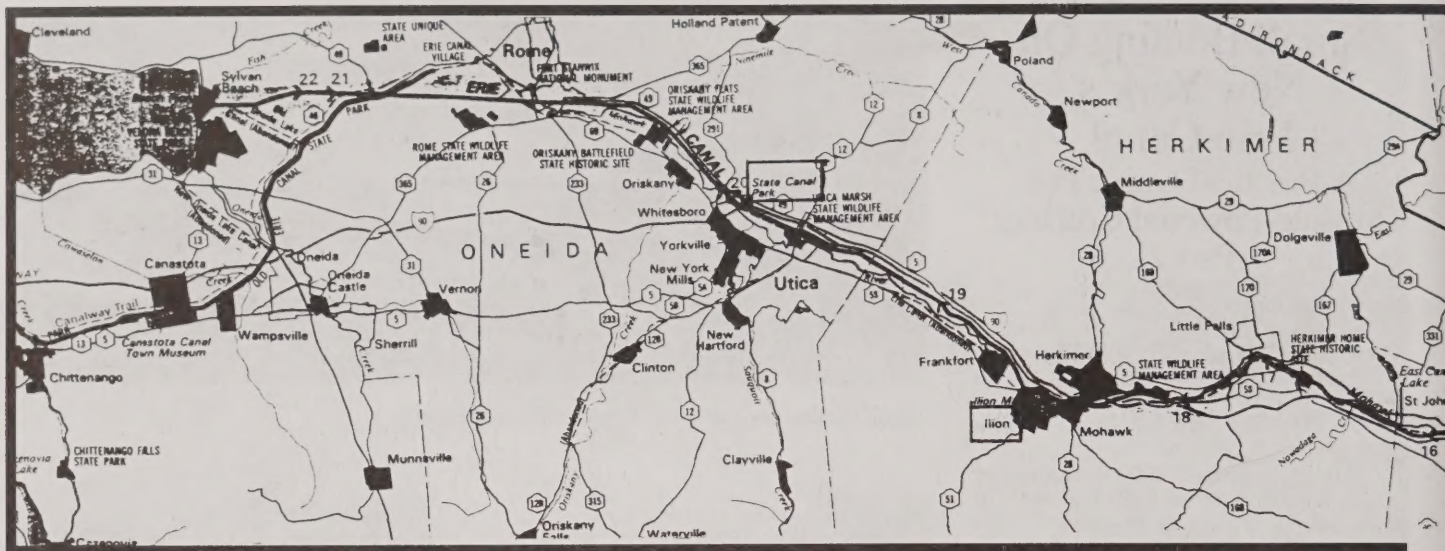
Ruins of the aqueduct carrying the Schoharie River across the Erie Canal, which, according to a sign on the site, prompted Melville to remark, "Roman arches over Indian rivers."



Smokestack America, the abandoned Mohawk Carpet Mills at Amsterdam.

Even passing through Amsterdam, the Mohawk is mostly a rural setting.





Narrows ahead.



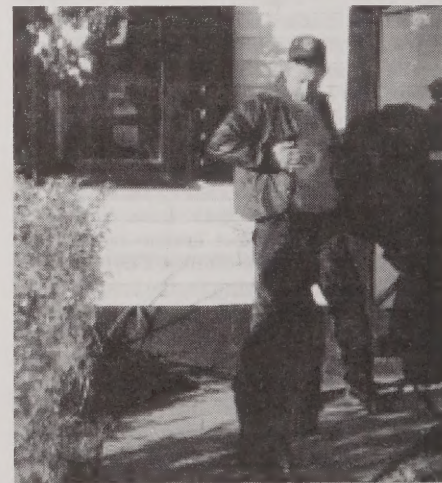
Typical ruins of the old canal along the Mohawk.

Approaching one of the dams on the Mohawk which regulate water level.



greetings with their air horns. On the other side of the river there are major transcontinental railroad tracks. Several times, in response to my wave, freight trains would hail me with their long mournful whistles. When is the last time that a freight train gave you, personally, a friendly toot?

Travelling down the long Mohawk Valley, the transit of periodic locks psychologically punctuate what could otherwise be a lonesome trip. And I want to take the opportunity to gratefully acknowledge the helpfulness of the Erie Canal's lockmasters by citing an example of the extraordinary hospitality of one of them. I had rowed up to Lock 7 tired, cold and hungry after an exceptionally long, rainy day. Without my asking, the lockmaster, Bob Barterriere, helped me to get my boat and gear up a steep bank, assisted me in actually setting up camp, and cooked my canned stew for my supper in his microwave. In the morning, when he came to work, he brought me coffee and donuts. You can't beat that treatment anywhere and for any amount of money!



Lockmaster Bob Barterriere at Lock 7 was a generous host to this camping cruiser.

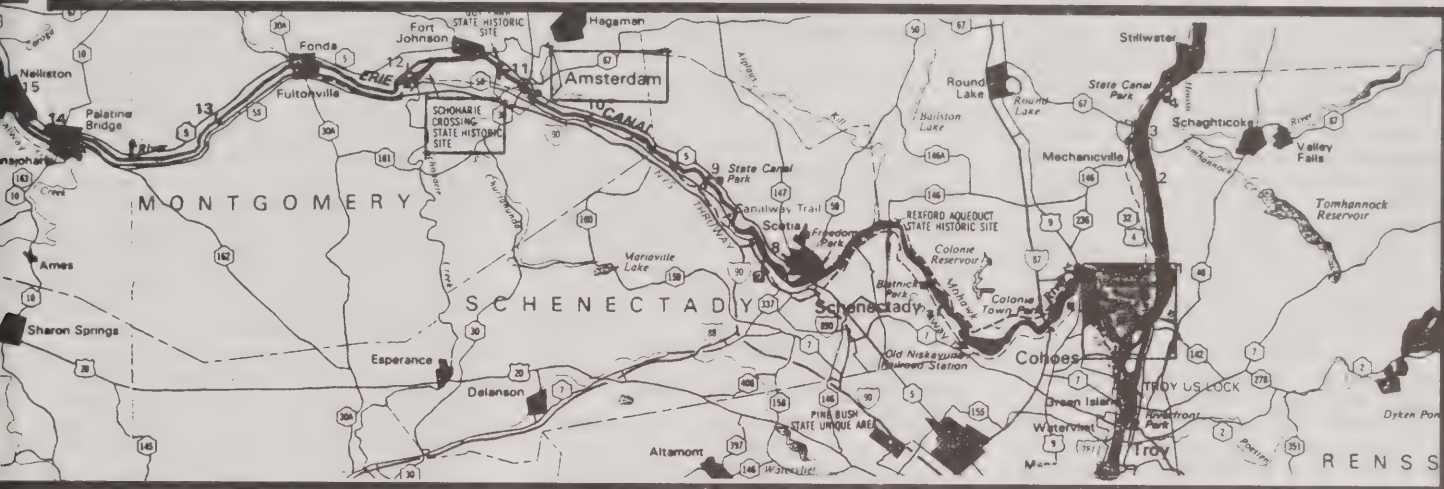
As the Mohawk approaches its junction with the Hudson River, one would expect that the sizeable metropolitan area of Albany, Schenectady and Troy would surely "urbanize" the appearance of the Mohawk. But the opposite actually happens. The river skirts north of these cities, and widens out into a

lake-like setting. High wooded bluffs flank and enclose the widened river, aflame with fall color at the time I passed by. Only occasional buildings are seen on the high hills and these are stately institutions that enhance the landscape. On the south bank, a series of beautiful waterfalls pour into the river from the woods and cliffs above. The scene was enough to arrest the heart.

Moving eastward, the "lake" narrowed down to a river once again, and a guillotine-like guard gate obstructed passage. The guard gate heralded the end of the Mohawk River. I had arrived at the world famous "Flight of Five" locks which would drop the canal abruptly one hundred and fifty feet down to the level of the Hudson River, the



"The scene was enough to arrest the heart."



highest set of locks in the world for such a short horizontal distance.

All other guard gates on the canal are kept raised during the canal's open season. But this one is always kept down in a closed position and only raised to allow boat passage. This arrangement is to protect the communities below in case a lock should malfunction and inundate them with the full force of the Mohawk River. As the guard gate was lifted open at my request, great sheets of water cascaded downward dramatically from its ascending blade, recalling pictures I have seen of baleen whales opening their cavernous maws, an unforgettable sight.

Once inside the "Flight of Five" locks, the far hills on the opposite side of the Hudson Valley came into view. Locking down in quick, repeated stages, I was exhilarated to be transiting these famous locks in my little boat, although there seemed to be something disproportionate as my fourteen foot guideboat descended this massive watery staircase. At the last lock, I exited into the Hudson River with satisfaction.

I feel that the Mohawk River is the most dramatic and interesting of the three recommended routes. Perhaps my feeling is influenced by one violent thunderstorm out on the exposed water; or by a two day gale whose following winds blew me along on at a wild pace; or by emerging from a lock to unexpectedly hear the sudden, unimaginable thunder of a freight train on a bridge only about fifteen feet directly over my head; or rowing through snow and sleet storms after which, in the evening, I could really appreciate my snug boat-shelter.

(To Be Continued)



New arch bridge nearing Schenectady.

The guard gate at the Fight of Five locks opens for this traveler.



New York Times Welcomes Typhoon Home 35-Foot Yacht Nears O'er- Sea Trip's End

Typhoon, a Month Out From
the Azores, Off Delaware
Capes in Heavy Seas
Spoken by Tramp Friday
Editor of *Motor Boating* and Party
Are Returning From Harms-
worth Races

Somewhere off the Delaware Capes is this 35-foot ketch rigged auxiliary yacht *Typhoon*, with three men aboard, who must be ready to qualify as ancient and expert mariners, for the tiny bit of boat has been fifty days at sea, tossing in the Atlantic.

Up to yesterday grave fears were felt for the safety of the *Typhoon*, but late yesterday the Navy Department, which had been asked to search the seas for the missing yacht, reported a British tramp freighter as having spoken the yacht at 7:15 o'clock Friday morning, while the small vessel was tossing and rolling off the Delaware coast.

Early last July William Washburn Nutting, editor of *Motor Boating* and owner of *Typhoon*, decided that he would sail his craft over to England to report the Harmsworth Cup Races for his publication. He took along F.W. Baldwin, general manager of the Alexander Graham Bell Laboratories in Nova Scotia, and a third man.

After covering the races Mr. Nutting on Aug. 31 left Cowes, intending to touch at the Azores on his way back to New York. On Oct. 16 the *Typhoon* quit the Azores and headed due west for Manhattan.

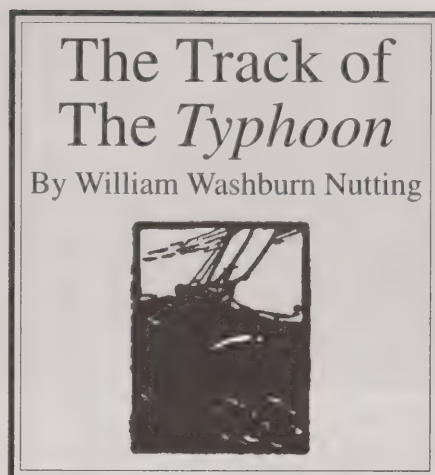
45-Foot Boat Ends 8,000-Mile Voyage

The *Typhoon*, Buffeted by Gale
for Days, Back from
Isle of Wight
Lost a Mast in Storm
Two of Crew Washed Overboard
and Rescued — Trip a Test
for Small Craft

New York, Tuesday November 23, 1920: The 45-foot auxiliary schooner *Typhoon*, which looks like a Cape Cod catboat, arrived yesterday afternoon from her 8,000 mile round trip to Cowes, Isle of Wight, and back via the Azores. Her crew, consisting of Captain William Washburn Nutting, editor of *The Motor Boat*, who organized the experiment to show how easy it was to cross the Atlantic in a small craft if she was taut; Mason Galloway, navigator; Charles Hardy, his apprentice; James Dorsett, amateur yachtsman, and two sailors, Uffa Clark and William Foy, all looked hale and hearty when they stepped ashore at the Municipal Pier, St. George, Staten Island.

Their hardships had not been as severe as expected. The provisions ran short for a time and all hands lived on hardtack and water. Several of them were washed overboard and back again during a big gale on Nov. 17, and the decks were awash most of the voyage of twenty-three days from the Azores. Otherwise the voyage was pleasant.

The skipper of the little craft describing the westward voyage of the *Typhoon* said: "We left Corunna, Spain on Sept. 21 and sighted



Epilog

From Lee Kemble

When I finished reading the serialization of *The Track of the Typhoon* last year I noted that the author remarked upon arriving in New York that, "the reporters and movie folk descended upon us and we learned that Mr. Harding had been elected." My curiosity aroused I consulted my local library's *New York Times* microfilm collection and came up with these news items:

the Azores on Oct. 6 when we encountered a heavy westerly gale which blew us offshore for four days. The mizzen was carried away and we put into Santa Maria, where a new mast was stepped. From there we made for Punta del Gardo and finally left for New York on Oct. 19."

"All was well until Nov. 17 at noon, when the *Typhoon* was in the Gulf Stream in latitude 35.38 and longitude 70 west, and we ran into a northwest gale with high seas which wallowed over the small craft. Fox was standing forward and was washed into the sea and Dorsett, who went to rescue him, was also carried over the side. We threw lines to them, but they missed them until we attached a bucket to the end of a rope and that did the trick. We hauled the two men safely on board."

"From 5 P.M. until six next morning the *Typhoon* was tossed about like a cork. The lead keel was all that saved the boat from going down. The storm was made more interesting by the fact that we had been living on hardtack and water for three days as the provisions had run short."

"Two days later, when the weather was calm, we obtained provisions from a Spanish steamship, the *W. Solava*."

The Captain said they had been kindly received everywhere in England and had ovations in France and Spain.

Five Years Later Her Skipper Is Lost At Sea

From Lee Kemble

Perhaps there are other readers who share my enjoyment of the "Track of the *Typhoon*" tale who would be interested to learn that a few years after the *Typhoon* voyage, Nutting and crew were lost at sea sailing from

Greenland to Labrador. I stumbled upon this intelligence quite by accident:

MacMillan Traces Lost Nutting Party

Explorer Talks With Greenland
Official Who Last Saw Lief Erickson Crew
All Are Believed Dead
Heavy Storm Arose Three Days
After Their Boat Left Green-
land for Labrador

Washington, Sept. 3, 1925. Donald B. MacMillan reported by radio today to the National Geographic Society that he had discovered at Holstensborg, Greenland, where the *Bowdoin* put in on Tuesday, further indications to confirm his belief that William Washburn Nutting of the *Lief Erickson* and his brave comrades "have sailed from their last port."

Nutting sailed in the Spring of 1924 in a forty-foot sailing boat from Norway with three companions to follow the Viking trail to this country. The party reached Iceland safely and sailed in August, 1924, for Greenland and Labrador. No further word was heard from them and it is feared they may have been lost in a storm. MacMillan's radio message read:

"We have discovered here in Holstensborg the man who entertained Nutting of the *Lief Erickson* and his party during their stay at Julianehaab. The person who entertained Mr. Nutting is the retiring Governor of Holstensborg, O.C. Rassmussen. Governor Rassmussen in 1924 was the Deputy Governor of Julianehaab. He was the last to say farewell to Mr. Nutting and his party.

The *Lief Erickson* party spent their evenings at the home of the Deputy Governor, now Governor Rassmussen, and discussed frankly their plans and hopes, and ordered through his booksellers books on the voyage of the Norsemen, the Norse sagas, &c., to be delivered to Nutting in the United States.

He further stated that, contrary to the rumor circulated in the United States, Mr. Nutting's destination after leaving Greenland was not to be some port north, but Battle Harbor, Labrador, the first radio station he could reach, Julianehaab at that time having no radio station. Nutting approximated seven to eight days necessary time for the run from Julianehaab to Battle Harbor.

Mr. Nutting took only five gallons additional gasoline, his tanks being full."

Storm Overtook Nutting

"Governor Rassmussen states that three days after the sailing of the *Lief Erickson* a strong southerly gale set in which corresponded to the weather experienced by me between Battle Harbor and Newfoundland the same day, report of which was mailed to the United States Government.

Governor Rassmussen has numerous photographs taken by him of Mr. Nutting, his party, and the ship while in Julianehaab and will be glad to give these to Mrs. Nutting, corresponding further with her on the subject if she so desires. Rassmussen is today retiring as Governor of Holstensborg, being succeeded by Governor Bistrup. Governor Rassmussen is now to assume a position of Deputy Governor of Godthaab, South Greenland, where Mrs. Nutting can reach him by mail.

I regret to say that this further confirms my belief, publicly expressed in the press, that Nutting and his brave comrades have sailed from their last port."

The next day being Saturday, and the mercury still standing at seven degrees above zero, I walked to Covington, and crossed the suspension-bridge to Cincinnati. It was the season of the year when the vast pork-packing establishments were in full blast, and the amount of work done spoke well for western enterprise.

Pork-raising and pork-packing is one of the great industries of the Ohio valley, and the Cincinnati and Louisville merchants have control of the largest portion of the business growing out of it.

When a stranger visits the pork-packing establishments of Cincinnati he marvels at the immensity and celerity of the various manipulations, which commence with the killing of a squealing pig, and the transformation of his hogship, in a few minutes, into a well-cleaned animal, hanging up to cool in a store-room, from which he is taken a little later and immediately cut up and packed in barrels for market. The reader may have a distaste for statistics, but I cannot impress upon him the magnitude of this great industry without giving a few reliable figures.

The number of hogs packed in Cincinnati during the past twenty-one years, from 1853 to 1875, was 9,242,972. While Cincinnati was at work on one season's crop of pork of 632,302 pigs, her rival, Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, killed and packed in the same time her crop of 2,501,285 animals.

The "Twenty-ninth Annual Report of the Cincinnati Price Current," published while the author has been writing this chapter, shows what our country can do in supplying meat for foreign as well as home markets. The states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, contributed to the packing establishments between November 1, 1877, and March 1, 1878, during the winter season of six months, 6,505,446 hogs; and during the summer season, from March 1 to November 1, 2,543,120 animals, making a one year's total of 9,048,566 pigs, which averaged a net weight, when dressed, of two hundred and twenty-six pounds. Thus the weight of meat alone packed in one year was 2,044,975,916 pounds. Add to this the crop of California, Oregon, and Canada of the same year, and the total swells to 12,301,589 hogs, duly registered as having been killed by the pork-packers, and there still remain uncounted all the pigs killed in thirty-eight states by farmers for their own and neighbors' consumption.

This annual crop of pork a jocund professor once described as "a prodigious mass of heavy carburetted hydrogen gas and scrofula," but the chemists of our day would more properly stigmatize it as a vast quantity of Luzic, Myristic, Palmitic, Margaric, and Stearic acids in combination with glycerine and fibre.

A western savant, having investigated the parasites existing in hogs, affirms that in western pork, eight animals out of every one hundred are affected by that muscle-boring pest so dangerous to those who have eaten the infected meat, and so well known to all students as the *Trichina spiralis*. The distinguished writer Letheby says of this parasite: "As found in the human subject (after death) it is usually in the encysted state, when it has passed beyond its dangerous condition, and has become harmless. In most cases, when thus discovered,



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

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

Chapter 5

From Cincinnati to the Mississippi River

Cincinnati — Music and Pork in Porkopolis
— The Big Bone Lick of Fossil Elephants
— Colonel Croghan's Visit to the Lick —
Portage Around the "Falls" at Louisville,
Kentucky

there is no record of its action, and therefore it was once thought to be an innocent visitor; but we now know that while it was free, (that is, before nature had barricaded it up in the little cyst,) its presence was the cause of frightful disorders, killing about fifty per centum of its victims in terrible agony. The young worms having hatched in the body of man, migrate to the numerous muscles, causing the most excruciating pain, so that the patient, fearing to move his inflamed muscles, would lie motionless upon his back, and if he did not die in this state of the disorder, nature came to the rescue and imprisoned the creature by surrounding it with a fibrous cyst, where it lives for years, being ready at any moment to acquire activity when it is swallowed and released from its cell."

Another parasite found in the muscles of the pig is known as the *Cysticercus cellulosus*, and the animals afflicted by it are said to have the measles. This larva of the tapeworm exists in the pig in little sacs not larger than a pin's head, and can be seen by the naked eye. The strong brine of the packer does not kill them, and I have known them to be taken alive from a boiled ham. The great heat of frying alone renders them harmless. When partially-cooked, measly pork is eaten by man, the gastric juice of the stomach dissolves the membranous sac which contains the living larva, and the animal soon passes into the intestines, where, clinging by its hooks, it holds on with wonderful tenacity, rapidly sending out joint after joint, until the perfect tapeworm sometimes attains a length of thirty feet.

Let us hope, for the credit of humanity, that these facts are not generally known, for man has ills enough without incurring the risks

of such a diet. If pork must form a staple, let the genealogical tree of his pigship be carefully sought after, and let the would-be consumer ask the question considered so important in a certain river-bounded city of Pennsylvania, "Who was his grandfather?"

In the year 1800 Cincinnati was a little pioneer settlement of seven hundred and fifty men, women, and children. Her census of 1880 will not fall far short of a quarter of a million. She contributes more than her share to feed the world, and is, strange to say, as celebrated for the terpsichorean art as for her pork. Even Boston must yield her the palm as a musical centre, and give to the inhabitants of the once rough western city the credit due them for their versatility of talent, and the ease with which they render Beethoven, or "take a turn in pork," as occasion may demand, many of the music-loving citizens being engaged at times in a commercial way with this staple.

Having obtained at a bookstore a copy of Lloyd's Map of the Mississippi River, I returned to the tailor's, where I was greeted in the most kindly manner, and informed that the young lady of the house, the only daughter of my host, had voluntarily left home to visit some city relations, that I might occupy her comfortably furnished room, with the open fireplace, which was now filled with blazing wood, and sending forth a genial glow into the heavily-curtained apartment. When I protested against this promotion in the social scale, and refused to deprive the young lady of her room, I was informed that she knew "WHO WAS WHO," and had insisted upon leaving her room that a gentleman might be properly entertained in it. From this time my now agreeable host stoutly refused to accept payment in advance for my daily rations, while, with his family and apprentices, he took up his quarters each evening in my new room, relating his experiences during the war, and giving me many original ideas.

It grew warmer, but the ice of the creek in which my boat lay did not melt. The water was, however, falling, and it became necessary to cut out the sneak-box, and slide her over the ice into the unfrozen Ohio. My host had become alarmed, and kept an anxious eye upon the boat. "De peoples knows de poat is here, and some of dem hab told others about it. If you don't hide her down de rivver to-night, she will be stolen by de rivver thieves." I was thus forced to leave these kind people, who about noon escorted me to the duck-boat, and showered upon me their best wishes for a prosperous voyage. It was a glorious afternoon, and the sun poured all his wealth of light and cheerfulness upon the valley.

Late in the day I passed the mouth of the Big Miami River. Indiana was on the right, while Kentucky still skirted the left bank of the river. The state of Ohio had furnished the Ohio River with a margin for four hundred and seventy-five miles. The Little Miami River joins the Ohio six miles above Cincinnati; the Big Miami enters it twenty miles below the city. These streams flow through rich farming regions, but they are not navigable. After passing the town of Aurora, which is six miles below the Big Miami. I caught sight of the mouth of a creek, whose thickets of trees, in the gloom of the fast approaching night, almost hid from view the outlines of a forlorn-looking shanty-boat. Clouds of smoke, with the bright glare of the fire, shot out of the rusty stove-pipe in the roof, but I soon discovered that it was the

abode of one who attended strictly to his own business, and expected the same behavior from his neighbors. So, saying good evening to this man of solitary habits, I quickly rowed past his floating hermitage into the darkness of the neighboring swamp. I soon put my own home in order, ate my supper, and retired, feeling happy in the thought that I should before long reach a climate where my out-door life would not be attended with so many inconveniences.

The next day a milder but damper atmosphere greeted me. By noon I had rowed twenty-two miles, and was off the mouth of Big Bone Lick Creek, in Kentucky. Two miles from the mouth of this creek are some springs, the waters of which are charged with sulphur and salt. The most interesting feature of this locality was the fact that here were buried in one vast bed the fossil bones of "The Mastodon and the Arctic Elephant." Formerly these prehistoric relics of a departed fauna were scattered over the surface of the earth. The first mention of this locality was made, I think, by a French explorer in 1649. It is again referred to by a British subject in 1765. A rare copy of a private journal kept by this early explorer of the Ohio, Colonel George Croghan, was published in G. W. Featherstonhaugh's "American Journal of Geology," of December, 1831. This monthly publication ended with its first year's existence. Only five copies of this number were known to be in print three years since, when Professor Thomas, of Mount Holly, New Jersey, encouraged the issue of a reprint of one hundred copies, from which some of our public libraries have been supplied.

This Colonel George Croghan, in company with deputies from the Seneca, Shawnesse, and Delaware nations, left Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh), in two bateaux, on the 15th of May, 1765, bound on a mission to the Indian tribes of the Ohio valley. On the 29th of the month the expedition reached the Little Miami River. Colonel Croghan there commences his account of the Big Bone Lick region. He says: "May 30th we passed the Great Miami River, about thirty miles from the little river of that name, and in the EVENING arrived at the place WHERE THE ELEPHANTS' BONES ARE FOUND, when we encamped, intending to take a view of the place next morning. This day we came about seventy miles. The country on both sides level, and rich bottoms, well watered. May 31st. Early in the morning we went to the great Lick, where those bones are only found, about four miles from the river, on the south-east side. In our way we passed through a fine-timbered, clear wood: we passed into a large road, which the buffaloes have beaten, spacious enough for two wagons to go abreast, and leading straight into the Lick. It appears that there are vast quantities of these bones lying five or six feet under ground, which we discovered in the bank at the edge of the Lick. We found here two tusks above six feet long; we carried one, with some other bones, to our boat, and set off."

In relation to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country of the Ohio valley, it is interesting to note that the "Six Nations" held six of the gates to New York, and were strong because they were united, for Colonel Croghan's enumeration of them shows that they had only two thousand one hundred and twenty fighting-men, and were never supported by more than about two thousand warriors from tributary tribes, when at war with the whites.

That the Iroquois, with their adopted chil-

dren, have not lost in numbers up to the present day, is a curious fact. About six thousand of the descendants of the "Six Nations" are at Forestville, Wisconsin, on government reservations; and the official agent reports that nearly two thousand of them can read and write; that they have twenty-nine day schools, and two manual-labor schools; that they cultivate their lands so diligently that they pay all the expenses of their living. They are reported as advancing in church discipline, growing in temperance; and are making rapid progress towards a complete civilization.

These six thousand, with other descendants of the Iroquois in Canada, will no doubt make up a total equal in number to the members of the old "Indian Confederacy," so graphically pictured in the glowing pages of Mr. Francis Parkman, the reliable historian, who has given us such vivid descriptions of the French rule in America as have called forth the unqualified praise of students of American history on both sides of the Atlantic.

Having rowed forty-three miles in twelve hours, I reached the town of Vevay, Indiana, which was first settled by a Swiss colony, to whom Congress granted lands for the purpose of encouraging grape-culture. Keeping close under the banks of the river, I entered a little creek a mile below the village, where a night, restful as usual, was passed.

On Tuesday I rose with the moon, though it was as late as five o'clock in the morning; but, although fertile farms were stretched along the river's bank, and the land gave every sign of careful culture, it was anything but an enjoyable day, as the rain fell in almost uninterrupted showers from eight o'clock A. M. until dusk, when I was glad to find an inviting creek on the Kentucky shore, about one mile below Bethlehem, and had the great satisfaction of logging thirty-eight miles as the day's run.

It was necessary to make an early start the next day, as I must run the falls of the Ohio at Louisville, Kentucky, or make a portage round them. The river was enveloped in fog; but I followed the shore closely, hour after hour, until the sun dispelled the mists, and my little duck-boat ran in among the barges at the great Kentucky city. Here, at Louisville, is the only barrier to safe navigation on the Ohio River. These so-called Falls of the Ohio are in fact rapids which almost disappear when the river is at its full height. At such times, steamboats, with skilful pilots aboard, safely follow the channel, which avoids the rocks of the river. During the low stage of the water, navigation is entirely suspended. The fall of the current is twenty-three feet in two miles. To avoid this descent, in low water, and to allow vessels to ascend the river at all times, a canal was excavated along the left shore of the rapids from Louisville to Shippingsport, a distance of two miles and a half. It was a stupendous enterprise, as the passage was cut almost the entire distance through the solid rock, and in some places to the great depth of forty feet.

On the 25th of September, 1816, when Louisville had a population of three thousand inhabitants, her first steamboat, the *Washington*, left the young city for New Orleans. A second trip was commenced by the *Washington* on March 3, 1817. The whole time consumed by the voyage from Louisville to New Orleans, including the return trip, was forty-one days. The now confident Captain Shreve, of the *Washington*, predicted that steamboats would be built which could make the passage

to New Orleans in ten days. I have been a passenger on a steamboat which ascended the strong currents of the river from New Orleans to Louisville in five days; while the once pioneer hamlet now boasts a population exceeding one hundred thousand souls.

As the bow of my little craft grounded upon the city levee, a crowd of good-natured men gathered round to examine her. From them I ascertained that the descent of the rapids could not be made without a pilot; and as the limited quarters of the sneak-box would not allow any addition to her passenger-list, a portage round the falls became a necessity. The canal was not to be thought of as it would have been a troublesome matter, without special passes from some official, to have obtained the privilege of passing through with so small a boat. The crowd cheerfully lifted the sneak-box into an express-wagon, and fifteen minutes after reaching Louisville I was en route for Portland, mailing letters as I passed through the city. The portage was made in about an hour. At sunset the little boat was launched in the Ohio, and I felt that I had returned to an old friend. The expressman entered with entire sympathy into the voyage, and could not be prevailed upon to accept more than a dollar and a half for transporting the boat and her captain four miles.

When night came on, and no friendly creek offered me shelter, I pushed the boat into a soft, muddy flat of willows, which fringed a portion of the Kentucky shore, where there was just enough water to float the sneak-box. The passing steamers during the night sent swashy waves into my lair, which kept me in constant fear of a ducking, and gave me anything but a peaceful night. This was, however, all forgotten the next morning, when the startling discovery was made that the river had fallen during the night and left me in a quagmire, from which it seemed at first impossible to extricate myself.

The boat was imbedded in the mud, which was so soft and slimy that it would not support my weight when I attempted to step upon it for the purpose of pushing my little craft into the water, which had receded only a few feet from my camp. I tried pushing with my oak oar; but it sunk into the mire almost out of sight. Then a small watch-tackle was rigged, one block fastened to the boat, the other to the limb of a willow which projected over the water. The result of this was a successful downward movement of the willow, but the boat remained in status quo, the soft mud holding it as though it possessed the sucking powers of a cuttlefish.

I could not reach the firm shore, for the willow brush would not support my weight. There was no assistance to be looked for from fellow-voyagers, as the river-craft seemed to follow the channel of the opposite shore; and my camp could not be seen from the river, as I had taken pains to hide myself in the thicket of young willows from all curious eyes. There was no hope that my voice would penetrate to the other side of the stream, neither could I reach the water beyond the soft ooze. Being well provisioned, however, it would be an easy matter to await the rise of the river; and if no friendly freshet sent me the required assistance, the winds would harden the ooze in a few days so that it would bear my weight, and enable me to escape from my bonds of mud.

While partaking of a light breakfast, an idea suddenly presented itself to my mind. I

had frequently built crossways over treacherous swamps. Why not mattress the muddy flat? Standing upon the deck of my boat, I grasped every twig and bough of willow I could reach, and making a mattress of them, about two feet square and a few inches thick, on the surface of the mud at the stern of my craft, I placed upon it the hatch-cover of my boat. Standing upon this, the sneak-box was relieved of my weight, and by dint of persevering effort the after part was successfully lifted, and the heavy burden slowly worked out of its tenacious bed, and moved two or three feet nearer the water. By shifting the willow mattress nearer the boat, which was now ON the surface of the mud, and not IN it, my floating home was soon again upon the current, and its captain had a new experience, which, though dearly bought, would teach him to avoid in future a camp on a soft flat when a river was falling.

A foggy day followed my departure from the unfortunate camp of willows; but through the mist I caught glimpses of the fine lands of the Kentucky farmers, with the grand old trees shading their comfortable homes. In the drizzle I had passed French's Creek, and after dark ran upon a stony beach, where, high and dry upon the bank, was a shanty-boat, which had been converted into a landing-house, and was occupied by two men who received the freight left there by passing steamers. The locality was six miles below Brandenburg, Kentucky, and was known as "Richardson's Landing." Having rowed forty miles since morning, I "turned in" soon after drawing my boat upon the shelving strand, anticipating a quiet night.

At midnight a loud noise, accompanied with bright flashes of light, warned me of the approach of a steamboat. She soon after ran her bow hard on to the beach, within a few feet of my boat. Though the rain was falling in torrents, the passengers crowded upon the upper deck to examine the snow-white, peculiarly shaped craft, or "skiff" as they called it, which lay upon the bank, little suspecting that her owner was snugly stowed beneath her deck. I suddenly threw up the hatch and sat upright, while the strong glare of light from the steamer's furnaces brought out every detail of the boat's interior.

This sudden apparition struck the crowd with surprise, and, as is usual upon such an occasion in western America, the whole company showered a fire of raillery and "chaff" upon me, to which, on account of the heavy rain, I could not reply, but, dropping backward into my bed, drew the hatch into its place. The good-natured crowd would not permit me to escape so easily. Calling the entire ship's company from the state-rooms and cabins to join them, they used every artifice in their power to induce me to show my head above the deck of my boat. One shouted, "Here, you deck-hand, don't cut that man's rope; it's mean to steal a fellow's painter!" Another cried, "Don't put that heavy plank against that little skiff!" Suspecting their game, however, I kept under cover during the fifteen minutes' stay of the boat, when, moving off, they all shouted a jolly farewell, which mingled in the darkness with the hoarse whistle of the steamer, while the night air echoed with cries of; "Snug as a bug in a rug," "I never seed the like afore;" "He'll git used to livin' in a coffin afore he needs one," &c.

The reader who may have looked heretofore upon swamps and gloomy creeks as too lonely for camping-grounds, may now ap-

preciate the necessity for selecting such places, and understand why a voyager prefers the security of the wilderness to the annoying curiosity of his fellow-man.

The rains of the past two days had swollen the Kentucky River, which enters the Ohio above Louisville, as well as the Salt River, which I had passed twenty miles below that city, besides many other branches, so that the main stream was now rapidly rising. After leaving Richardson's Landing, the rain continued to fall, and as each tributary, affected by the freshet, poured logs, fallen trees, fence-rails, stumps from clearings, and even occasionally a small frame shanty, into the Ohio, there was a floating raft of these materials miles in length. Sometimes an unlucky shanty-boat was caught in an eddy by the mass of floating timber, and at once becoming an integral portion of the whole, would float with the great raft for two or three days. The owners, being in the mean time unable to free themselves from their prison-like surroundings, made the best of the blockade, and their fires burned all the brighter, while the enlivening music of the fiddle, and the hilarity induced by frequent potions of corn whiskey, with the inevitable games of cards, made all "merry as a marriage bell," as they floated down the river.

In the evening, a little creek below Alton was reached, which sheltered me during the night. Soon the rain ceased, and the stars shone kindly upon my lonely camp. I left the creek at half-past four o'clock in the morning. The water had risen two feet and a half in ten hours, and the broad river was in places covered from shore to shore with drift stuff; which made my course a devious one, and the little duck-boat had many a narrow escape in my attempts to avoid the floating mass. The booming of guns along the shore reminded me that it was Christmas, and, in imagination, I pictured to myself the many happy families in the valley enjoying their Christmas cheer. The contrast between their condition and mine was great, for I could not even find enough dry wood to cook my simple camp-fare.

An hour before sunset, while skirting the Indiana shore, I passed a little village called Batesville, and soon after came to the mouth of a crooked creek, out of which, borne on the flood of a freshet, came a long, narrow line of drift stuff. Just within the mouth of the creek, in a deep indenture of the high bank, a shanty-boat was snugly lashed to the trees. A young man stood in the open doorway of the cabin, washing dishes, and as I passed he kindly wished me a "Merry Christmas," inviting me on board. He eagerly inspected the sneak-box, and pronounced it one of the prettiest "tricks" afloat. "How my father and brother would like to see you and your boat!" exclaimed he. "Can't you tie up here, just under yonder p'int on the bank? There's an eddy there, and the drift won't work in enough to trouble you."

The invitation so kindly given was accepted, and with the assistance of my new acquaintance my boat was worked against the strong current into a curve of the bank and securely fastened. I set to work about my house-keeping cares, and had my cabin comfortably arranged for the night, when I was hailed from the shanty-boat to "come aboard." Entering the rough cabin, a surprise greeted me, for a table stood in the centre of the room, covered with a clean white cloth, and groaning under the weight of such a variety of appetizing dishes as I had not seen for many a day.

"I thought," said the boy, "that you hadn't had much Christmas to-day, being as you're away from your folks; and we had a royal dinner, and there's lots left fur you so help yourself." He then explained that his father and brother had gone to a shooting-match on the other side of the river; and when I expressed my astonishment at the excellent fare, which, upon closer acquaintance, proved to be of a dainty nature (game and delicate pastry making a menu rather peculiar for a shanty-boat), he informed me that his brother had been first cook on a big passenger steamer, and had received good wages; but their mother died, and their father married a second time, and here the young fellow paused, evidently considering how much of their private life he should show to a stranger. "Well," he continued, "our new mother liked cities better than flatboats, and father's a good quiet man, who likes to live in peace with every one, so he lets mother live in Arkansas, and he stays on the shanty-boat. We boys joined him, fur he's a good old fellow, and we have all that's going. We git plenty of cat-fish, buffalo-fish, yellow perch, and bass, and sell them at the little towns along the river. Then in summer we hire a high flat ashore, not a flatboat, I mean a bit of land along the river, and raise a crop of corn, 'taters, and cabbage. We have plenty of shooting, and don't git much fever 'n ager."

I had rowed fifty-three miles that day, and did ample justice to the Christmas dinner on the flatboat. The father and brother joined us in the evening, and gave me much good advice in regard to river navigation. The rain fell heavily before midnight, and they insisted that I should share one of their beds in the boat; but as small streams of water were trickling through the roof of the shanty, and my little craft was water-tight, I declined the kindly offer, and bade them good-night.

The next day being Sunday, I again visited my new acquaintances upon the shanty-boat, and gathered from their varied experiences much of the river's lore. The rain continued, accompanied with lightning and thunder, during the entire day, so that Monday's sun was indeed welcome; and with kind farewells on all sides I broke camp and descended the current with the now almost continuous raft of drift-wood. For several hours a sewing-machine repair-shop and a photographic gallery floated with me.

(To Be Continued)



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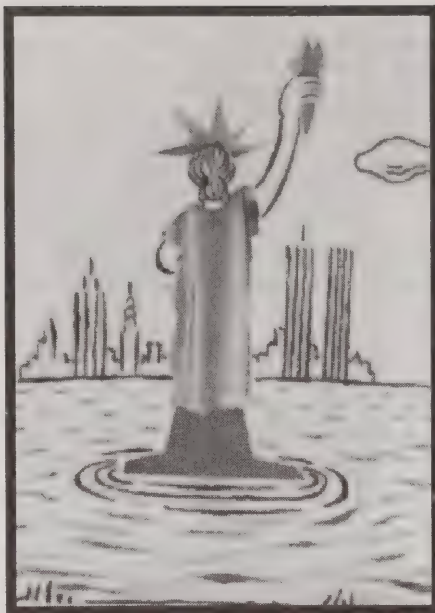
...is long and narrow, north and south. Its southern end lies in New Jersey, its northern end in New York. In my travels I found a place there that rented sailboats. The first boat I rented was a Hobie 16. Yep, I flipped it first time out. Now there's a nice man's gold ring with a jade stone at the bottom of the lake. My thanks to the kind folks in a passing boat who helped me right the cat. On subsequent Hobie outings, I brought passengers and kept the sheets eased.

Hoping to expose my sister Elena's kids to the joys of sailing, I rented a different boat from the same place. It was a dory style hull with a simple sloop rig. Its appearance promised a steady, tranquil experience for the first-time sailors. We raised sail and left the dock. All was steady and tranquil until the first puff of air came down from the shoreline hills. I kept her sheeted in and she began to heel. She picked up a little speed and continued to heel further. The lee rail went under a bit and a bucketful of water sloshed in. Both kids screamed "AAAAHHHHH," very loudly. I let go the sheets and the boat popped upright. They demanded that we return immediately.

Chrissy and Matt were pretty nervy kids. I'd seen them do things that were too scary for me, so I was quite surprised by their reaction. I tried to explain how heeling was normal, the boat had plenty of flotation, etc., but they were adamant and we returned, ending our 15-minute excursion.

Posh

In 1980 I met Lynn Gross. She appeared to enjoy water, so I asked if she'd like to join me on a rented sailboat. She said, "Yes, thank you, I'd love to." (How much does it need to cost before a "rental" becomes a "charter?") I called around and found a place on the Connecticut River that had a boat available for a week-long rental. Since I had no "official" way to demonstrate my ability to handle a boat, the young lady gave me a test by telephone. The test consisted of "Rate yourself, from 1 to 10, in the following areas: navigation, piloting,



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

Part 13

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 Masfield

radio technique, etc." I guess I passed because she said, "OK, see you Monday."

The boat was a 28' Lancer and it was named *Posh*. When we arrived at the marina, the same young lady told me that the boat was extensively equipped, including air conditioning. That seemed a bit elaborate for a boat of this size. We boarded and reviewed the various systems, engine, fuel, and electrical, with the instructor. The air conditioning "system" was an ordinary house window unit, placed on the floor between the forward v-bunks. I think the idea was to hang a curtain to encourage the hot air to rise out of the forward hatch and allow the cool air to blow into the cabin. It would run only on shore current and we never tried to use it.

The general plan was to sail to Block Island, spend a day or two there, and return. We spent the first day sailing on the river and learning the quirks of the boat. The engine was a Yamaha single cylinder diesel and it ran like a top. We enjoyed using the wheel steering and roller reefing everything.

Lynn's being on board added a whole new dimension to my sailing experience...food. She's a great cook and it was quite luxurious to forfeit my "eat it out of the can" habits. Lynn used the galley stove, but the burners were small and everything took much longer to

cook. At one hungry and impatient point, I had to insist on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich served without benefit of plate or napkin. Old habits die hard.

Early next morning we cast off and headed downriver to Long Island Sound. At the river's mouth we ran into a rock solid wall of fog. We anchored and looked over charts and such, waiting for the gray cliffs to dissipate. After lunch there was still no break, so we went upriver and discovered some extraordinary scenery. We went up as far as Haddam, where the opera house overlooks the boat traffic. We wended our way into Hamburg Cove, an arm of the river surrounded by tree-covered hills and populated by ducks, geese, and swans. Anchored there we swam and ate and found it so pleasant we decided to stay for the night. A few other boats joined us, and the one with the generator running shut it down early. I was snorkeling under the boat and found that there was no conventional propeller shaft. It had instead a unit much like the lower end of an outboard motor.

Three days passed before the fog finally cleared from the Sound. Going to Block Island would take too long for us to return the boat within our week. Plan B was Peconic Bay and environs. I could see Plum Gut across the Sound as we cleared the mouth of the river. Westerly breezes propelled us on a close reach. As we neared our mark, I noticed that our compass heading was beginning to change quite a bit. I had to make an increasing right turn to keep lined up with the pass between Plum Island and Orient Point.

By the time I realized that the outgoing tide was carrying us eastward, we were nearing the rocks that lie off Plum Island. The genoa sheet was fouled and I yelled at Lynn to free it while I gingerly hopped to start the engine. No purist I. I turned the bow to face the tide and we sorted the sheets as we went directly into the flow. Once abreast of the Gut we turned south, passed through, and joined the many boats on the bay. Coecles Harbor looked interesting on the chart, so we entered and had lunch and a pleasant afternoon. On leaving, the keel bounced over a sandbar in the little inlet. It didn't stop us.

There was a bit of chop caused by the tide running through Plum Gut. We were motoring with help from the sails. I was quite surprised when the hull actually started to pound on these little waves. The Lancer had a fin keel and was perhaps a little flat in the bottom. Probably good for speed, but the pounding seemed out of character for a sailboat.

We anchored in the river near the marina. That night we watched the Pleiades meteor shower and I lost count of the shooting stars. I haven't seen so many meteors since.

Posh's owner was some kind of engineer and had designed the air conditioner installation. Another of his creations was the pushbutton operation of the head. This became most noticeable when we were anchored in the nighttime stillness of Hamburg Cove. A push of the magic button brought forth a loud, continuously repeating gee-haw sound. An inspection showed that he had installed an automobile windshield wiper motor to operate the hand pump, beside the sea-going john.

Overall it was a grand vacation. Lynn and I returned the luxurious *Posh* at the end of our week, and we've since gone on to new and different boating adventures.

(To Be Continued)

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Every story needs a frame of reference, and to help you understand my decisions, and the reasons behind them let me begin at the beginning.

For twenty-six years we owned a Bill Tripp designed, Tripp-Lentsch T-L 29, a jewel of a sailboat. It was built by one of the top three shipbuilders in Europe and was elegantly and superbly made. It had accommodations for four; storage commensurate with the crew size; wide decks; and was deceptively fast for its size. It was an exquisite blend of everything needed on a vessel for sea kindness, strength, safety, and good passage making. I did all my own maintenance and repair work, and we loved her.

At the time when we bought the Tripp-Lentsch, we lived in Paris, France, and our first trip, from the builder's yard in the Netherlands, was through the Dutch inland waterways, and then down the English Channel to Le Havre. There we pulled the mast, and then went up the Seine River to Paris.

Our European sailing adventures, influenced by business relocations, then allowed us to cross the Adriatic from Italy, and sail down the Yugoslavian coast, sail in the Med, and finally after returning to the USA, to sail the New England coastal waters from New York to Boston.

In 1992 we decided to sell our T-L 29. Why? Well, how many times do you want to sail to Block Island on weekends? How many times do you want to follow the old route, on a two week vacation; Noank to Block Island to Cuttyhunk; Cuttyhunk to Hadley's Harbor; Hadley's to Cotuit; Cotuit to Nantucket; Nantucket to Edgartown; Edgartown to Cuttyhunk, and home again? Every harbor was getting more crowded, and the peace and quiet, that I as a sailor seek, was no longer available. Then too, we were in our early 70s and didn't see any prospects of growing younger again. So the time had come for a change.

With the T-L sold, we went smaller and trailerable, and bought a Phil Bolger designed Micro, sight unseen, just based on the builder's reputation and experience.

We were not disappointed. It was a fun boat if there ever was one. At every stop on the Interstate, when heading to Florida, Maine, or Lake Champlain, the questions would start: "There are holes in the bow, doesn't the water get in?" "...and what about the hole in the stern?" "...and the holes in the hull?" So some patient explanations were in order, to clarify the whys and hows of the unfamiliar Bolger design. After all, boats had a pointy end called a bow, and the Micro had a flat bow with holes that were steps!

The Micro was a delight to sail. On anything from a close reach to a broad reach, with its large sail area, it would take off like a homesick angel, and leave much larger boats in its wake. The Micro had cavernous storage space, and with its box-like hull shape, lots of interior room in the cabin. It was fun, but...

The but... involved the stepping of the mainmast. The mainmast was solid spruce and 22' long. It was stepped in a bow compartment. To step the mast, it had to be raised high enough, almost vertical, so that the heel could slide into the small bow compartment and deep down into the mast step. At that point the mast was locked in place and all was well with the world. Stepping the mizzen mast was not a problem, since it was much shorter, and lighter.

Again, our age played a role in the grow-

Buy A Boat Sight Unseen? Well, Yes. Why Not?

By Conbert H. Benneck

ing realization that mast stepping was becoming something that my wife dreaded, and I couldn't do all by myself, though I had no problem carrying the mast horizontally. It was the holding it almost vertical to step it, that got us.

So, solve the mast stepping problem by going to a similar sized boat, but one that had an aluminum mast and shrouds, which turned out to be a ComPac 16 that I had seen for the past several years while bicycling around the Clearwater, Florida area. Now I stopped to examine it. The boat, mast, and rigging, were okay. Someone had slapped on a coat of house paint with a roller to freshen up the appearance, and it obviously needed lots of TLC. The trailer however, was a mess. The tires were flat and rotted away from years of standing in the sun. The wheel rims were just a rusty mess. The springs were totally gone. But all in all, a sound fiberglass boat that just needed TLC; and a trailer that had to be rebuilt.

Locating the owner was not hard to do, and I made him a low offer for boat and trailer, as is, where is, which was instantly accepted (my offer was too high! But the owner was happy and I was happy).

Rebuilding the trailer for the Micro had been a learning experience. I got a lot of help from the Glen L Marine Designs book, *How To Build Trailers*, which gave me information in what to do; so now it was just unlimber the tool box and go to work.

I jacked up the trailer frame and then cut off the U-bolts holding the spring and axle together. I cut off the rusted bolts on the spring hangers to get the springs off. I removed the wheels and tires. I stripped off the old wiring and the lights.

Then it was off to a trailer store where I got new bits and pieces: Proper size springs, hanger bolts, U-bolts, wiring, lights, and a coupler. I left the axle in their shop, where they installed new wheel bearings and new hubs. Finally all was reassembled and rewired, and the ComPac was ready for its trip north to its new home in Connecticut.

Twelve hundred uneventful miles later, it was parked in our driveway. Then began the job of rebuilding the ComPac to a better than new condition. All the paint was scraped off the hull, hull/keel damage was repaired and the hull totally refinished. All the woodwork was also stripped and revarnished, and ta-ta, a new boat!

We enjoyed sailing the ComPac up on Lake Champlain. It was a sturdy, sea kindly little vessel. I could easily rig it by myself. Stepping the aluminum mast was foolproof.

But..., and it's these little buts... that devil sailors, it didn't have the niceties that we knew so well from our Tripp-Lentsch; niceties such as cockpit sail lockers for all the gear that is needed on a boat; the mooring lines, fenders, fender boards, anchors and anchor rode, sail bags, etc.; or good accommodations for the occasional night we might spend on board.

With that little, "but..." squirming around my brain, I read Charlie Matthews story "From the Log of *Therapy*". This was Charlie's account of sailing his Montgomery 15 on the St. Johns River in Florida for a week at a time, which was published in this magazine. An account of a cruise, and well written I thought, and the boat sounds interesting too, if Charlie can live aboard for a week at a time.

Then a few issues later, I saw an ad in this magazine from a man who was asking for someone to please sell him a Montgomery 15 again. He had sold his, and he said it was the biggest mistake of his life. He wanted his Montgomery 15 back again. Hey, this sounds wonderful. Someone who is that passionate about his former boat. This mirrors our feelings for the Tripp-Lentsch. Give him a phone call, I thought, and see what this is all about. So, I did, and he offered to send copies of the original Montgomery 15 brochures, so I could see drawings of the boat, and he put me in touch with the Montgomery web site on the Internet.

Now I was really cooking. I logged on to their site and started reading all the comments and chit-chat on the various Montgomery boats. There was the M-15, the M-17 and the M-23. I posted some questions and immediately got answers from all over the United States. Answers came in from Alaska, from California, and from Georgia. A most helpful and cooperative group.

Finally, one of the M-15 web site members suggested I contact an owner in Fresno, California who was thinking of selling his boat. I did, and we had a long discussion of all the pertinent details. It sounded great. I finally decided that this was what I wanted and told him I'd take his boat if we could figure out a way to get it from Fresno, California to Glastonbury, Connecticut.

I checked various shipping possibilities but found their charges almost equaled the price of the boat. Now what? Meet half way? Kansas? Where? Then the owner suggested he would bring the boat east if I pay his expenses, about \$500. Bingo! Sold!

But my offer to buy the boat didn't result in a "Sold" on his end, but rather caused him to contemplate his navel, and he came to the realization that he couldn't sell his M-15, life without his M-15 was unthinkable. So he posted a notice on the Montgomery website saying his boat was no longer for sale. Wow! Another Montgomery owner who can't live without his boat.

A few days later, I got an email from him telling me about two ads for M-15s in the West Coast marine newspaper, *Latitude 38*, a publication similar to *Soundings* with details of the boats and phone numbers. One boat was located in Sausalito, California, which was as bad as Fresno from the distance standpoint. The second was in Panama City, Florida.

I called the owner of the Panama City boat and left a message on his answering machine asking for more details: Age, equipment, condition, etc. (the price was very good compared to other M-15 prices).

The next morning, as I was outside raking leaves out of the pachysandra, my wife came to the front door and handed me the telephone. It was my Panama City boat owner, calling from Sausalito, California. We discussed the boat, its condition, the sails, the equipment, the motor, and the trailer. During the conversation he told me that he had people

who were planning to visit the boat, coming from as far away as New Orleans and from Atlanta.

After we were through, and I brought the telephone back in the house, my wife asked, "Well?" I gave her the whole story. When I had concluded; boat in good condition, sails in good condition, motor in good condition, trailer bearings repacked with intent to haul boat to Sausalito, tires iffy, but there is a brand new spare wheel and tire; her reply was, "What are you hesitant about? You can do any sort of fiberglass work or mechanical work, you can repaint if need be, you've done it many times before, and it sounds like a great boat."

So, I picked up the phone and called the owner right back, telling him I'd take it. "But you haven't even seen it," he said. "I can send you photographs of the boat."

"I'll take it, sight-unseen," was my reply. So we arranged the details. I'd send him a bank check for the amount, and in return he'd send me the boat and trailer registrations and signed off ownership papers, as well as a Bill of Sale. Then it would be up to me to retrieve the boat which was at his mother's house in Panama City.

The check went out by FedEx, and by return FedEx I had the papers, including a detailed map of how to find my way to his mother's house in Panama City; useful information on local lodgings and restaurants; the name of the store where he had had the bearings repacked, and where I might get new tires for the trailer if I thought that they wouldn't get me back to Connecticut. A very complete and detailed package of instructions. Now the ball was in my court. My new acquisition was 1300 miles away from Connecticut. Go get it!

However, as a first step, I needed a trailer hitch installed on my VW VR6 GTI. My local welding shop did the job and installed a very elegant Reese hitch which doesn't have the square receiver but rather a flat plate type receiver. The benefit is that the receiver is hardly seen under the bumper when the hitch plate and ball are removed from the car.

Then I packed the car with my tool boxes and hydraulic jacks; with additional tie-down straps, bungee cords, and everything I could think of that might be needed to solve any trailer or boat problem that might crop up enroute. I had had experience with the Micro and the ComPac so could anticipate what might go wrong.

First stop was Washington, DC to pick up an old friend, Jack Moody, who is an electrical engineer, automotive expert, and very handy with tools. Then we made tracks for Panama City.

As an interesting aside, I had bought a Magellan GPS and so as we drove down I-95, I opened the sun roof on the GTI and after initializing the GPS, asked it "How fast are we going?" The GPS pondered a few seconds and then said 78mph and the speedometer read 78mph as we drove along. The GPS wavered a bit, reading 78, 80, 77, 79, but certainly so close to what the speedometer read that you can only marvel at the accuracy that the GPS provides.

We reached Panama City about 6pm, found the house of the ex-owner's mother and introduced ourselves as the new owners of the M-15 that was sitting in the driveway. We gave it a cursory once-over, and then went to find a place to spend the night and have dinner. It had been three long days of driving, to get to

Panama City, Florida from Glastonbury, Connecticut.

The next day a severe weather front came through the Panhandle of Florida. Winds in the 30 to 40 knot range; driving rain; and the poor palm tree tops were trailing off down wind like wet mops being shaken by a demented cleaning person. So no boat viewing today. Just stay dry and indoors.

The next day the storm moved off, the sun came out, and the water in the streets started to disappear. By late afternoon it had dried off enough so that we went to make a more detailed examination of the Montgomery 15.

First walk around impression: The hull, deck, and cabin looked fine. No major dents gauges or scratches: no gelcoat blistering, just the sort of usage signs that one sees on a boat that has had some experience. The mast was well wrapped and tied down for transport, and all the shrouds and halyards, as well as the rudder and tiller had been removed and stored inside the boat.

We climbed aboard and opened the companionway hatch boards and the companionway hatch. Inside, the boom was carefully wrapped and protected for road travel. The 2hp 4-cycle Honda outboard was also very carefully wrapped in hubble paper and cushioned on a boat cushion. The berth cushions looked like new. When we opened the sail bags and spread out the main and jib, they too, looked and felt like new. The remaining equipment; sheets, halyards, fenders, mooring lines, anchor rode, chain and anchor were all in excellent, if not totally new shape.

The trailer had a few very minor rust spots showing, but the frame was of such heavy material that the rust spots didn't count. The tires had cracks in the side walls, and the wheel rims were a bit on the rusty side from launching in salt water.

So, the boat looked great; sails were excellent; motor looks almost new and was well packed for travel, so we stowed everything again, and planned to leave the next morning after getting new tires.

The tire shop didn't have the right size tire for the trailer and sent us across the highway to a boat shop that had boat trailers. They, in turn looked at the tires and felt that they were fine, not to worry about the side wall cracks, all trailer tires had them, and besides, I had a brand new spare wheel and tire in case we had a tire problem on the drive back to Connecticut, and they didn't have the right size either. So, we decided to head home, and see what happened. After all there were two of us, and we did have a new spare wheel and tire, just in case.....

We drove very carefully for the first 30 miles to get a feel for the rig, stopping repeatedly to check on the boat and mast tie-downs; the tire temperatures; and the bearing temperatures. Everything was okay. Gradually, as our experience with the new trailer and its load increased, so did our driving speed. By the time we reached I-10, the Florida sun was shining brightly, and we were doing about 45 to 50mph.

On I-10, heading east to Jacksonville, as the miles rolled by our speed gradually built up to 50 and 60mph. Traffic was very light. The rig and the new owner were happy. A Mozart symphony playing on the CD completed the scene.

At Jacksonville we turned left, and

headed north on I-95. Every time we stopped, bearing temperatures, tire temperatures, tire pressures and all the tie-downs, were checked. Everything was fine. So, very imperceptibly our speed increased. First it was just that you were creeping up on a car in front of you and you didn't want to back off on the Cruise Control so you gave it a bit more gas and raised the speed just enough to comfortably pass the car. Then, after the next pit stop, you changed drivers and took off again, and the speed was now a tiny bit higher than it had been before.

At the end of our journey, our cruising speed was in the 65 to 70 MPH range. More checks, and ConEdence built up some more. The tires seemed happy, and there were no problems. I dropped Jack, the copilot, moral support and wrench twister, if need be, off in Washington, and then drove the final leg back to Glastonbury alone.

So, how is the "new" boat? Well, it's great. It has sail lockers in the cockpit where everything a boat needs for operation can be stored. It has a huge double berth in the forward part of the hull, without a compression post dividing things in two. It has large accessible storage lockers in the main cabin. It has a wine cellar. It has a PortaPotti. The cockpit is about 5'10" long, just long enough so that the Admirable (love that expression) can stretch out full length, and snooze. The 2hp Honda 4-cycle engine is an absolute joy, no more mixing 2-cycle fuel! It has more than enough power for the M-15; it is quiet, and very dependable. The M-15 sails extremely well. For a 15 footer, it is fast; responsive; and goes to weather without too much leeway, thanks to the keel/centerboard configuration.

What problems did I find when I got home, and could make a more leisurely and detailed inspection? Well, the bottom of the lower hatch board in the companionway was delaminated. I built new ones, and installed a louver for cabin air circulation. I stripped all the boat woodwork, which was teak, and refinished it using Cetol. The outboard bracket had had a plexiglas pad added that didn't quiet fit the Honda, so I built a new teak pad with grooves to match the "Vees" on the mounting bracket of the Honda so that when the motor is put on the bracket it automatically centers the motor (and prevents it from dropping off the bracket).

The high aspect ratio wooden rudder had hit something and needed a bit of repair. I cut out the damaged area and replaced it with a mahogany graving piece that was faired into the rudder when the epoxy had hardened. It's invisible now. The laminated tiller was coming apart at the laminations, glue joint failure, so, I reglued the laminations and refinished the tiller.

The trailer wheels and tires were items high on my "To Do" list, so, they were totally replaced with new rims and new Goodyear car tires (the Montgomery website members had a long discussion on this and their consensus answer was, go with the car tires, they give a softer ride, and are of better quality than trailer tires, and come with a guarantee).

So, that's the story of how you buy a boat, sight unseen and what you find. Would I do it again? Probably not, because I now have the ultimate low cost/high pleasure ratio toy, and see no need to look at anything else. All "buts..." are gone, replace with grins of pleasure on each sail. I'm very happy with the quality of construction of the Montgomery 15;

with its all round excellence in sailing and as a well designed boat for the serious sailor.

The Cost-Benefit relationship for a trailerable sailboat is extremely favorable. There are no winter storage fees; it lives alongside my garage under a snug cover. Summer costs are a direct proportion to how often and where it is sailed, and if you are lucky, you might have access to a launch ramp where there are no charges. The best part is that I can go sailing where the "Big Powerboat Boys" can't go; where PWCs are rare or non-existent, and where the solitude of quiet sailing is all mine again. It's back to quiet and peaceful sailing where the loudest sound is the chuckle of the bow wave; the squawk of the startled duck or the splash of an osprey diving for a fish.

By the way, there is a woman in her 70s from Connecticut who sails her M-15 to Maine every year, by herself, and lives aboard all summer; and a man in San Diego modified his M-15 for ocean sailing, and then sailed from San Diego to Honolulu. It's a great boat! 'Nuf said.

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The Sailing, Commercial Fishing Felluca *Bullet*

By Robb White

I have been building a little sailboat for over a year now which is unusual for me since I am able to throw them out like McDonald's does french fries, well, three or four a year anyway. The reason this one took so long is that it was intended as a non-profit job (unlike all the others which are intended as get-rich-quick jobs) and had to be set aside while paying work was going on.

After I finished the hull, it had to hang in the ceiling of the shop as out-of-the-way as I could get it. It turned out not to be quite out-of-the-way enough. I have a bunch of creases in my skull where I clipped the bronze cutwater or the sternpost guard (it is a double-ender) while I was staggering around trying to work. I actually launched the boat on 9/9/99 just for the hell of it but it was Thanksgiving weekend before had time to rig and sail the little thing.

It is 12' long by 54" wide, another one of the little sailing double enders that I love so much. It is a funny thing how people react to a double ended boat. Some say, "Oh, what a nice little strip-planked canoe." "That thing sho is build flimsy for a pirogue," remark others. I have even heard, "I see you have a peapod theah," from one or two. Some of them get downright pedantic about it and want to say "stem and post."

Well, it ain't none of those, it is sort of a felucca, like in the photograph by J.P. Shaw in Chappelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*. It is mine and I can call it whatever I please. I am already very fond of it and the thing I like best is that it can't burn any gas. I hate to burn gasoline. You know how some people become crazily obsessed when they get old. I think that might be my thing. "If the Almighty had meant for us to burn gas," I'll say, "he would have put a Piezo sparker on our tailbone."

The boat is built by our standard method: Quarter sawn tulip poplar planking (only 1/8" thick on this one) with all the planks pre-formed and heat-sheathed on both sides with epoxy and fiberglass so that the sheathing extends between the laps making a six ply wood-glass laminated stringer at every plank edge, so it's a light, strong boat. Though the hull weight of this one is only 40lbs, a big, fat man (I ain't going to mention any names) can stumble all around on the thin planking even without the full, tight fitting floorboards. The construction method is about the only thing "standard" about this boat though.

For one thing, it is built as a commercial fishing boat. When I was in college (y'all didn't know that did you?) I worked my major field in the vague direction of "Fisheries Biology" so that I could use my scrambled genius to help feed the multitudes from the vast resources of the sea. Just about the time I was getting ready to top it, the knob on the higher and deeper part, I realized that advancements in fishing technology were already doing too good a job eliminating what little was left from all those centuries of overfishing by primitive means and that the fishermen sure didn't need any help from me.



I switched to oceanography to try to help the other side. Before long, I realized that the best way to do that would be to leave the poor critters alone. I have never gotten over the commercial fishing itch though. I think that, like hunting and subsistence farming, fishing for a living is a natural thing for people to do and all this abstract fooling around we do now just ain't satisfactory. That's why people act so silly. If there is no point to what you do, you might as well become a consumer.

Because my peculiar notions won't let me hook up a bottom trawl behind my old Navy Motor Whaleboat and pull all night long to catch ten pounds of shrimp and kill hundreds of pounds of "trash", I decided that a throw (cast) net was the only acceptable way to fish commercially. At least, you can turn loose anything you don't want without hurting it real bad. My mother taught me how to throw when I was a child and my fascination with the thing has stayed with me all my life. She used to raise free-range chickens. They could fly like quail and roosted way up in the top of tall pine trees. It might seem to some that it would be impossible to harvest such livestock until you saw her step out from behind a baited bush with her throw net.

I don't want to brag but I have become so good that all the fish in the sea are just my free-range chickens waiting for me to come throw that net over them. I have thought about going commercial for a long time. Certain feasibility studies have proven that it is a viable option for me too. This felucca is the end result of a lifetime of research.

What I figured to do was to catch enough fish to pay for the gas to maintain my forked life style, the one where I build boats half the time and research boat performance the other half. My old V8 burns about thirteen bucks each round-trip. That's only six- or seven \$2 fish, easy money for an ace like me.

The only thing wrong is that I have now decided that I don't think it is right to sell any kind of wild thing. I wouldn't want to impose my notions on anybody else, but I feel that if you want to eat a wild fish, you ought to get off your dead ass and go catch you one and you ought not to catch any more than you need either. I sure am not going to do it for you but I can build a capable boat and play like I would if I want to.

I have made three trips so far. The first time, I went by myself just to see how the boat worked. It is sort of outlaw rigged. For one thing, it is the first sliding-gunter rigged boat I have ever built. I make a fetish of a big sail area with spars short enough to stow in the boat and the best way I have found to do that is a sprit-rig with the sprit and mast the same length. Such a thing is hard to reef while you are in the boat though. The way I have been working it is to snatch down the sprit when it breezes up and limp ashore with the peak of the sail flopping on the lee side (scandalized) so that I can stagger all around the boat to put in a proper reef.

The places where I will go in this little boat aren't conducive to this kind of fooling around though. My collaboration with Stuart Hopkins (Dabbler Sails) convinced me that a full-battened, Rushton-style, batwing canoe sail is the trick and he was right. This sail is 85sf with a mast just barely able to stow from stem to post but with the yard and boom considerably shorter. Reefing is so quick that the time the boat is luffing is too short for it to

drift back on one of the close together oyster bars I have been working in. One cute trick is to snatch the halyard loose, drop the butt of the yard to the thwart, catch the top horizontal batten with my hand and using that grip as the sheet, ease close hauled almost dead upwind to the landing place without ever leaving the tiller.

That's another peculiarity, the tiller. For one thing, it has an extension that screws on with a take-down pool cue joint. This extension is used when there is only one person in the boat. There is a gaff hook that screws on the extension handle in case I catch a big cobia (ling, "cobio" around here). They like to hang around crab traps and things. They are picky eaters but don't know what to make of a cast net, ain't got no destructive teeth so they can't bite a hole in it and they are big enough to cut into steaks and cook on the grill.

The places I like to fish are places nobody in their right mind would go. Apalachee Bay is full of them too. The shoreline is so convoluted with little creeks and bays that it's actually hundreds of miles longer than it looks like it is. The only trouble is that most of the places are so shallow, rocky and full of oyster bars that it is dangerous to get out of the channel. Even a jet-ski don't like too many oyster shells in the impeller and such shallow water is certainly no place for an outboard motor. If you know where you are and have a very light boat, the shoreline between Apalachicola and Crystal River is a fascinating place.

A little, light sailboat works best for us but it has to have a good retractable rudder. This one works by a little cable to the tiller. Pushing down on the tiller pulls the rudder blade down, when it comes time to cross a bar, a lift of the tiller lets the rudder float up and decreases the draft of the boat instantly to 5" or so. The rudder is balanced with a good bit of blade ahead of the gudgeon holes when it is down. That lets it act like a keel so it pulls the CLR back and you can feel it eliminate the weather helm when you push it down. One hand on the tiller, the other on the daggerboard, the sheet in the teeth, look out chickens, here I come.

Another peculiarity is the auxiliary propulsion. It is essential in places like that for the boat to be as light as possible so it can be carried or dragged with all its gear. Oars are heavy so this boat is made to be paddled. It is a strange rig. When I am by myself and there is no wind, I pole or paddle with a long, light (6', 12oz) paddle while I am standing up straddling the spars and sail. When I am with my wife or one of these children, I slip the spars over the stern until the heel of the mast will go under the bow thwart (way up front over the mast step). That frees up the thwart so my wife can perch up there and paddle with a double paddle. I push the head of the mast and the sail off to port and sit on the starboard side of the stern thwart and steer (I tried to paddle, but my wife is so effective with that double paddle in the bow that I wasn't accomplishing anything but drag).

The spars are all hollow, octagonal, tapered both in diameter and wall thickness and very light. The whole bundle, mast (11'8" long x 2-1/4" dia x 19oz) yard, boom, sail, rigging and cover only weighs 5-1/2lbs. The double paddle and the stand-up stern paddle are also hollow-octagonal and all. The stand-up paddle as an experiment has a wall thickness that tapers to only 1/16" at the shank down by the

blade and up by the knob, ain't broke it yet. The double paddle is a reject where I tried to brand the logo onto the wood after it was fiberglassed and made something that looks like the tattoo on the first naked woman I ever saw in my life (down on State Street in Chicago while I was in boot camp. I was country come to town).

Another weird thing is the daggerboard and there is more than one weird thing about it. For one, the case just sticks up in the middle of the boat through the floorboards without any visible means of support. It ain't but 8" wide so one of us can straddle it as we sit in the bottom of the boat (the usual sailing position). I found out a long time ago that it takes a lot less to break a daggerboard off (I have a spare) than it does to hurt the case if it is just glued to the bottom and the two sawn floor "timbers" fore and aft of it.

On the bottom of the boat there are our usual little Bernouli principle venturi bumps alongside the slot to pull the water out of the case. It works well. When you are running downwind with the daggerboard out you can see the water run out of the case when the boat begins to move. When a boat is towed at planing speed, air is sucked out of the slot and makes a white streak in the water like the exhaust wake of an outboard motor. I would put a drainplug in there to bail the boat but our daggerboards are so thin (5/16" quarter-sawn, epoxy-fiberglassed ash) that it would have to be too little to do any good.

The daggerboard also pivots fore and aft to adjust the center of lateral resistance. I don't like an out-of-balance boat with a hard weather helm. A rudder dragging hard-over in the water ruins upwind performance worse than most anything. Some little light boats don't like to come about into a head chop if they are balanced without weather helm though. Just a tweak on the pivoting daggerboard swings the tip forward to make this boat snap right around. As a matter of fact, I have never sailed a boat that will quick-tack like this. I guess an Optimist pram or a Nutshell might do it as quickly.

The fully battened sail seems never to stop working. There is no true backwinding of the luff at all, just a little ripple as the bow passes through the eye of the wind then the battens pop over then the boat is boogying along on the other tack. It almost seems as if, when the battens snap to the other side, they flip the fabric enough to give a little extra push but that's probably just my imagination. Whatever it is, the boat doesn't even quit sizzling when it whips over. It just instantly crosses the wind.

The first trip was to the old St. Marks river mouth. The tide is stiff up there in the bight (for Florida) and there is always a strong current. Everything worked so well that I was sailing up in the nooks of the bars to get as much as I could with each tack. That's the up current nooks now. I would tack just at the last minute before the daggerboard bit the rocks.

Once I saw a little Bahamian sloop (*Princess Diana*, maybe 18') in Man-O-War tack, hell for leather, through the moored fleet in that little hole just to show those people what a sailboat could do. He was a sailor. I also saw a young kid tack a real Herreshoff 12-1/2 that same way all through a damnit nest of fools waiting inside the bridge at Stuart, Florida. He was a sailor too, arrogant little squirt, had them standing up, chirping and squawking, in the

cockpit with their gin and tonic in one hand and the boat-pole in the other ready to fend him off. Of course those two show-offs had those old heavy boats that carry their way so good you can change your mind three or four times in the eye of the wind and still tack on around.

This little boat is so snappish that when I change my old slow mind, it looks like I know what I'm doing. Anyway, I beat up the river with the tide (ain't nothing like three or four knots of help to make windward work go quick). When I got to the straight stretch before the confluence of the St. Marks and Wakulla rivers, I latched her down to make my sardine sandwich. Just about the time I got my bread laid out on the thwart and was peeling my onion, a tug with two empty barges came out of the St. Marks river from the power plant pushing a wall of water against that tide (New Orleans boat, ain't no St. Marks boats running any more. They'd have waited and rode the tide out, then you have to haul ass to steer but it don't last long if you can keep from digging up too many oysters). I had to slip over behind a bar, out of the current, and heave to to get away from him in that narrow channel.

There I made another discovery and my sandwich too. The little boat hoves up so neatly. It never actually falls off the wind enough to move. I guess it is the way those battens hold the belly in the sail. When it luffs up, it only stays there a second or two before dropping off and it doesn't fall off but just the tiniest little bit. It is hard to see that it does anything but sit stationary. I was in a narrow little place and the boat just laid to for ten minutes while that tow passed. I couldn't tell that I moved at all, not even when the wake went under us. Pretty good little gusty breeze of wind too. It is really unusual in that respect particularly for a keel-less daggerboard rig.

After I ate my lunch, I dipped up a handful of water and rinsed the mustard out of my whiskers and eased the sheet and turned up into the tide behind the tug. I passed him too. I could hear those two puny little out-of-synch 16-V-71's bleating like the barges were aground as I wove back and forth in the shallows between the bars, manipulating my retracting rudder like a pro, to stay out of the current. I could see the redfish on the bottom as I tore past. I had debated about maybe tying that last line of reef points because it was breezy and I didn't know what the boat would act like going dead downwind and sure didn't want to have to do anything wild in that little maze of short water and sharp rocks and oysters out of the channel, but again there was nothing to worry about.

Though I had my lizard on the rail ready to vang the boom down, something, either those battens or my slightly aft of the mast gooseneck downhaul, kept the sail from lifting and yawing the boat. Stuart's cut of the panels might have had something to do with it, maybe, since there is no way to snatch much bias, they can't work up enough elasticity together to lift the boom in any kind of synchronous way. Anyway, not only did it boil along dead downwind without trying to yaw at all, the head of the sail didn't twist.

I pulled the daggerboard out and retracted the rudder and whipped all between those fishing boats and bars like a ricochet. Sometimes the water was so shallow I could hear the oyster shells rumble under me from the disturbance of my passing. When I

whipped by one big, anchored boat with ten thousand bucks worth of outboard motors on the stern, I heard one fisherman say to the other, "You know he just went by heading up the river, now here he comes back. How the hell he do that? Ain't got room for no motor. Look at him sitting right there in the damn bottom of the boat. Old man too, must be some kinda Yankee not to know you cain't go up in there where he at in no boat."

The next trip was the day before Thanksgiving. My wife was off and we went to St. Marks early. Since the wind was NE (one reef's worth) and the tide was rising we decided to beat up the river, catch a few fish just before the turn of the tide and fly back out with a fair wind and a fair tide. We messed around the bars of the river until we found a good looking one where we got out and ate our lunch. About half way through I heard a mullet jump so I got my net and made one throw. The net was full of fish as I pulled it in and in the clear water I could see a small shovel nosed (bonnet-head) shark just before he cut out. I also saw some mullet run out the hole after him and the flash of at least two redfish.

I was mortified until I realized that something was still snatching in there, five big sheepheads, one of my favorite fish, the fillets fit the pan just so and lie flat too. By the time we got loaded up to go, the tide had turned. We swept down the river like Beelzebub was on our tail. When we got to the mouth of the little dredged channel that leads to the Federal Wildlife Refuge boat ramp, some dogflies came in the boat with us.

I had intended to beat up the narrow channel to the ramp but before I had made the first short-tack, my wife had dropped the sail, snatched the mast out of the hole, planted her stern in its place and was violently attacking the water with the double paddle. She does not like to be eaten up by dogflies and it was all I could do to hang on back there in the stern. Though it was a no-wake zone, she was rolling the fiddler crabs off the mud up into the grass. In case you don't know, dogflies look just like house flies but instead of that little foot looking thing on their proboscis, they have something that works just like a power driven square mortising chisel. They are just as smart and hard to kill as a regular fly but they bite like something blowed off a cutting torch and they are relentless. I ain't real crazy about them myself.

The next trip was the day after Thanksgiving. The crowd had et up all my sheepheads but I had the hole in my net tied back up and was determined to catch enough fish to tide me over until my wife sent her schoolchildren home for Christmas break. I am apt to catch the gout (have to take that allopurinol) and can't eat much red meat, so fish is one of the staples of my diet. Usually I can catch a few fresh water fish right near the shop, but the drought is so bad (worst since 1957) that all my little honey holes are dried up and I have to go to the coast.

We took off early and when we put in, the tide was falling. I made a few fancy little short tacks in between the bars trying to get up the river to one of my low-tide holes but, though it was fun, we were swimming in the same place the whole time. Finally, my wife, without a word, dropped the sail, pulled the mast out of the hole, planted her stern where it had been and began to attack the water with that double paddle (don't ever let an indepen-

dent minded woman get hold of a double paddle if you really don't want to go somewhere is my advice). Pretty soon we were way back in the wonderful maze of oyster bars, shallow water and deep holes east of the main channel (called "East River" on the chart).

The lower St. Marks is formed by the confluence of two short, spring-fed rivers. One, the Wakulla, is the product of the highest volume single spring in the world. The whole business, except for a scattered, thin, overlay of mud, sand and oysters is solid limestone. I believe that when the glaciers melted at the end of the last ice age, the St. Marks was not big enough to handle all the water coming up out of the cave springs and it ran all out through the woods and scoured out the East River. Now it is a strongly tidal bay with holes and rocks that give evidence of a violent past.

Whatever it is, if you can get back in there at low tide, whoooo. I caught six mullet, two big redfish (red drum) and three speckled trout (spotted weakfish) before I caught me another sheephead, all that in two throws of the net. I turned all but one of the redfish and two red-ro (gravid female) mullet loose. I kept them and my sheephead. If you don't believe fried red-ro is good to eat, give a banana sized piece to a baby, then send him (or her) home to her (or his) Momma.

The sail sets beautifully in all conditions. It is an heirloom. There is never a wrinkle anywhere. The peak does not wash out to leeward at all, either close hauled or off the wind, reefed or all-up. The airfoil (draft?) stays perfect under all conditions. It has the same shape as a pelican's wing, a wonderful thing to fly through the sky. Stuart Hopkins and I decided to make the sail out of the lightest possible dacron, 2.5oz, the same as for an Optimist pram. I know it was hard to keep that light fabric straight under the needle for every one of those battens, but it was worth it. I think that's why it flies in the air so well. When the sail is reefed, the battens keep it straight and because of that and the lightweight cloth, the bundle at the bottom is very small and I know that helps the windward performance of such a small boat.

There are two epoxified and fiberglassed octagonal wood cylinders (they look like wooden coffee cups) which slide on the mast and carry the yard. I call it a Stuart Hopkins rig. The top cup has a hook that engages rigidly to the yard. This cylinder is the attachment point for the halyard. The other coffee cup pivots at the heel of the yard, holding it straight with the mast. The yard slides up and down the mast like it was greased and stays right at both reef points without having to fool around with double halyards.

Because the two cylinders are attached rigidly to the yard, it stays lined up with the mast, just so, even in gusts, follows the sail around exactly. I fudged the mast a little bit to anticipate the back-bend so it has an easy to see curve toward the bow when it is sitting still. I even had sense enough to mark the front and back by using one of the sides of the octagon with a little sapwood to show the front. Too bad I didn't put it at the bottom where I could see it without my glasses.

To wrap it up (finally), the little boat is better than I ever hoped. It is fast, stable and weatherly, easy to sail, quickest to rig, reef and tack that I ever saw. It is even dry. I hoped it would be because I have built that kind of bow

on skiffs before. It doesn't seem logical to some, but a wide bow does better if it only has a little hollow just at the forefoot, not all the way up the side in a "flare" to peel the water up high so that it blows back in the boat. That might work for boats that are big enough to hide behind, but with little boats, it is best to hit the waves with something convex so that the bow sort of foams through instead of cutting up a hell of a sheet.

This is the bluffest bowed sailboat I have built though, and a side effect that I hadn't anticipated is the sound of it. It sort of makes a rushing, roaring noise, not the lapping, slap-

ping sound of a sharp lap inside bow. When it is going good and the sea is pushing the bow down and I ride back to keep the sheet from lifting the stern, everything goes very steady and the roaring up there sounds mighty good. Rousing or on the wind, she just lays one of those fat cheeks down on the water and smoozes. It isn't hard for somebody as easy to fool as me to look at that bluff bow forging ahead and see myself in a sixteenth century ship's bow in the middle of the endless wilderness. Dang, I wish I didn't have all this work to do, but I do need another one of them sheepheads.

Sheep. Sheephead are fish that hang around pilings and oyster bars. They eat barnacles (which are actually shrimp who live in little self-made houses, stuck to their heads, and kick food into their mouths with their feet) and kelp. Sheephead fish "sheephead" eat good and rest comfortably. They are shaped like trout without being too much bigger and with that sheephead face. Their black and silver vertical bars are easy to see but they are hard to catch. They have sheep-like teeth and are the champion boat-stealers of all time. They are all my chickens and are delicious.

Crackers and Cheese, a Poem.

Squatting on an oyster bar
Eating crackers and cheese.
Thick crust of mud
On both my knees.

Thought I heard a mullet.
He went ker-ploop.
"Hold it Jane. Let's wait
On that soup."

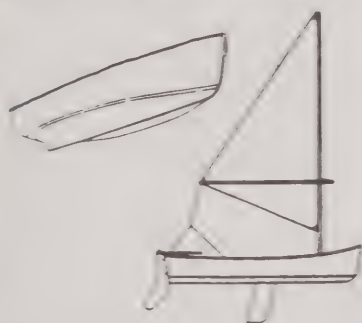
Scrambled for my net
Skipping over the bar.
Saw a little flash.
Not too far.

Net spun out
With nary a fold.
Shovel nosed shark
Bit such a hole.

The mullet got out.
So did some reds.
Caught five though.
All sheepheads.



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LOA - 18'0"
Beam - 5'8"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'6"



Many Maine Island Trail members choose sea kayaks for cruising the islands, which are speedy and relatively inexpensive. They can hold a good deal, as long as packing is kept to backpacking standards, and can be carried above the high tide line for convenience.

But kayaks have disadvantages: They are wet, and require cruising in company for real safety. Training for coastal kayaking means learning how to handle the boat in rough conditions or to deal with a capsize. Paddling in our chilly water requires clothing that can protect from hypothermia, wet suits or dry suits, which can be a bit uncomfortable on a warm day and somewhat fragrant after a week. You can't sleep aboard a kayak should you want to, and it needs paddling even when the wind is free.

These disadvantages were felt a century ago, during the first wave of canoe cruising, when paddlers in America and Europe pioneered cruising in small self propelled boat cruising. In Britain, canoeists whose local waters were chiefly the rough, cold waters of the North Sea, found that it made sense to opt for larger canoes. They developed a boat type called the canoe yawl which became the first small single-handed cruising boat that was not an adaptation of the traditional working boats. They were designed to sail well in conditions ranging from a drifter to a Force 6 blow, could be rowed for some distance and could take the ground. There was ample space for one to sleep aboard, and the larger ones could even carry two narrowly. They were the prototype of what we today call the camp cruiser.

Over the last few years, there has been considerable interest in camp cruisers, and numerous designs are on the market. They range from sailing pulling boats to adaptations of sailing dinghies set up for cruising, the Wayfarer dinghy for example, or such craft as the Sea Pearl, the various Drascombes, and the Dovekie, designed as sailing camp cruisers for two. Performance under oars of both dinghy adaptations and small camp cruisers is limited, so most owners use small outboards for auxiliaries. Many are light enough for a trailer but not light enough to easily handle on a beach.

Interestingly, not many of these commercially available beach cruisers have found their way onto the Trail. Why not? Without surveying members, it is hard to tell. Cost is a major factor with kayaks less expensive and more portable than larger craft. Looking at representative boats may provide some additional ideas.

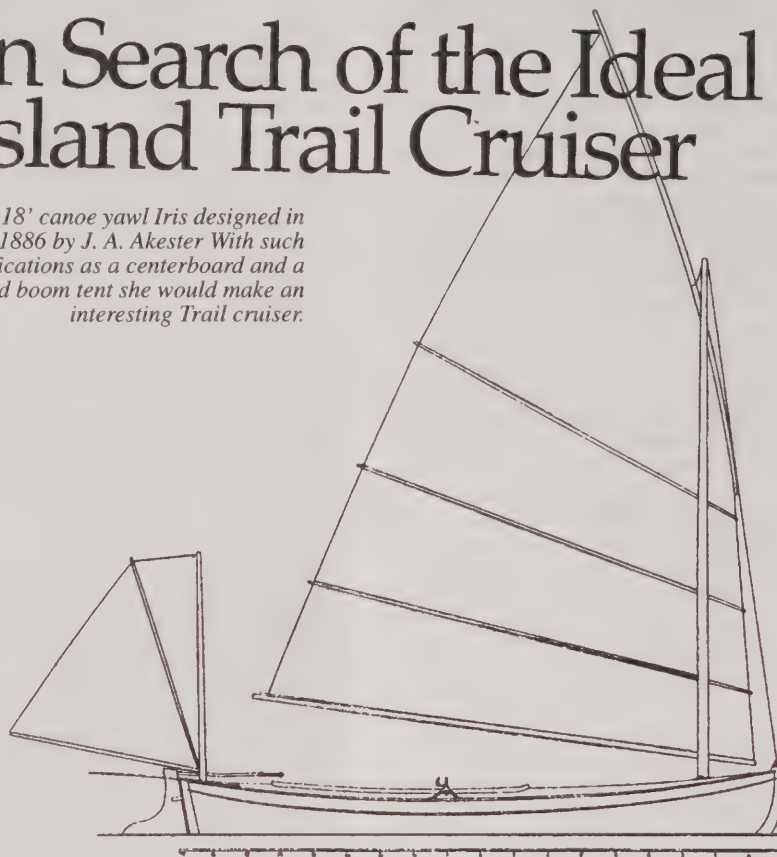
Dovekie, designed by Phil Bolger and built by Edey and Duff, is a light, long boat, measuring 21'4", 600lbs., with 143sf of sail. Owners find them easily trailerable, commodious, but not good sailers when the wind is light. They have too much wetted surface and too much windage to row well, hence outboards have crept aboard. Sleeping space on a Dovekie is spacious and her flat bottom allows her to ground out well.

Dinghies and small daysailers like the Wayfarer, adapted for cruising, have far better sailing performance, can be slept in, but are miserable rowing boats. If progress in a calm is wanted, an outboard is a necessity.

Traditional pulling boats in the 15' to 16' range with sailing rigs such as the big peapod dories must be rowed in light breezes. They are usually too cluttered with thwarts to eas-

In Search of the Ideal Island Trail Cruiser

The 18' canoe yawl Iris designed in 1886 by J. A. Akester With such modifications as a centerboard and a fitted boom tent she would make an interesting Trail cruiser.



By Benjamin A.G. Fuller

ily to sleep in, and really need two for best rowing performance. Yet with two they are crowded for a week's cruise.

For a single-handed boat, the adaptation of Arthur Martin's 16' Appledore Pod, created by Bruce Brown, is interesting. Rigged with a sliding seat, with the slide used to maximize power and endurance rather than to row at a racing pace, the boat rows easily. Brown set the boat up for downwind sailing but found that he was using the sail so little that he usually left it ashore.

Small sharpies in the 19' range sail well and are spacious but require a motor in a calm, as their design means lots of wetted surface.

The proper compromise amongst space, speed and seaworthiness under both sail and oar is elusive. Most designs favor one or two areas, and sacrifice others. Generally it is the rowing/sailing ability that creates the most problems, and most recent successful designs end up sacrificing one or the other.

True canoe yawls were highly refined craft. They date to a time where manual propulsion in a calm was a necessity not a nicety, and to a time where navigational aids were minimal. Help at the end of a radio was nonexistent. They had minimum wetted surface and large rigs for light air, and ballast, half decks and a ready reefing ability to be able to stand being caught out in a blow.

Half Moon built in 1932, in the Mystic Seaport Collection is one of them. It is a boat that has fascinated me ever since I first saw her some 14 years ago. I've always wondered why amongst the many building plans sold by Mystic Seaport Museum those for *Half Moon* were not popular. As far as I know a reproduction has never been built.

Half Moon is a copy of a canoe yawl called *Iris* designed in 1886 by J. A. Akester of Hornsea, England. Her plans were published by W.P. Stephens in his *Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs*, after she had been bought by George Holmes, a British author and artist, who produced delightful illustrated logs of his trips for many yachting publications.

Iris measures 18' x 5' x 1'4", has a shallow full length ballast keel and 193sf of sail. Both W.P. Stephens and Roger Taylor in his book *Good Boats*, suggest that she could be improved with a centerboard. Taylor suggested leaving the inside ballast ashore when rowing, which may also make sense if the boat was crewed by two or had a good load for cruising. A very nice fitted boom tent could be designed for her. Her decking adds to her seaworthiness and contributes strength to her structure. *Half Moon* was fitted with a light wooden cockpit cover, for sleeping, and there appears to be plenty of room under the deck for two to stretch out at ease.

Akester's best known design was a 13' canoe yawl named *Ethel* which he also built for George Holmes in 1889. Bill Clements of North Billerica, Mass. has built several boats to this design using glued-lap construction. Light, his boat displaces 340lbs., yet has a 400lb. capacity. She is an elegant boat, and only suffers from being 13' long, which limits her speed.

As the North Sea climate is generally damp and often stormy (and that pioneering small boat cruising enthusiasts were growing older), canoe yawls speedily grew to have small cabins 20' or more. These boats were still small enough to ship by sea to distant cruising grounds and were handy, but they

sacrificed manual propulsion ease. George Holmes's 20' *Eel* and Albert Strange's 20' *Cherub II* are famous examples of these.

I would like to encourage the development of a small rowing/sailing boat for the Maine Island Trail, and to that end offer the following thoughts:

The ideal boat should fit in with the ecologically sensitive ethic of the Trail; it should move with the silence of the self-propelled kayak and be built with a minimal energy and non-renewable resource budget.

It should fit in with the self-reliant ethic espoused by the early cruisers. The boat should be able to be operated safely without needing help of others, or of engines, or of electronics.

It should be outfitted minimally enough to safely cruise the islands and no more.

It should provide good performance under oars, as Maine in summer is often beset

with calms or light weather. When the boat is fully loaded, one or two people should be able to maintain a speed of at least three knots under oars for hours at a time.

It should be capable of five knots under sail in any reasonable breeze. This means a good-sized rig that can set well with controllable twist. It should be easy to reef, which will allow more sail to be carried.

Seaworthiness coupled with low freeboard suggests half decking the boat, and equipping the boat with side decks, thus minimizing the need for thwarts. A substantial dagger board or centerboard would be wanted, or leeboards if they don't get in the way of rowing. If ballast is needed, it could be movable for efficiency.

It should be beachable.

And most importantly, it should be seaworthy. A new generation of light lean beach

cruisers by designers like the late Joel White (his last boat), Ian Oughtred, and Tony Dias are starting to appear, which meet many of these needs. About 18', they weigh around 300lbs., some less, allowing them to be rowed well in calms, have ample rigs for light air, yet have good heavy wind performance.

If any of our readers have thoughts on the ideal Maine Island Cruiser, we would like to hear from them. We will be following up with the results of our search in a later edition of *Maine Boats and Harbors*, where this note first appeared.

(Ben Fuller, formerly the Chief Curator at Mystic Seaport Museum, has been a Monitor Skipper for MITA since 1993. This article is reprinted from *The Island Trail*, newsletter of the Maine Island Trail Association).

Small

By Antonio Dias

Small is a glued-lapstrake dayboat I designed for Jenny Bennett, currently editor of *Maritime Life and Traditions*, former editor of *Classic Boat*, *The Boatman* and *WoodenBoat* magazines. Small was designed for Jenny as part of my book, *Designer & Client*, published by *WoodenBoat*.

This update of the classic British dayboat is a family daysailer, as happy on a trailer as crossing a lake, or exploring a coastal harbor. The rig and gear all stow inside the boat in purpose-built racks and holders, easing set-up and protecting them from the hazards of the road. Small is built in glued-lap ply and is therefore lighter and less prone to damage from the drying effects and shocks of trailering. Of course, glued-lap is much more easily accomplished by an amateur builder. An alternate building method is strip/composite. We will soon be offering Small in fiberglass, from bare hull to sail-away.

Named for Jenny's favorite character in *Winnie-the-Pooh*, Small, or Very Small Beetle, she is really a large boat for her size! She'll carry four adults or a load of kids comfortably, and will camp cruise a couple. The Solent gunter rig is easy to set up, and in combination with her high aspect centerboard and drop leaf rudder, she'll sail to weather with just a finger on the tiller. The boat is very stable and can be rowed as well as sailed.

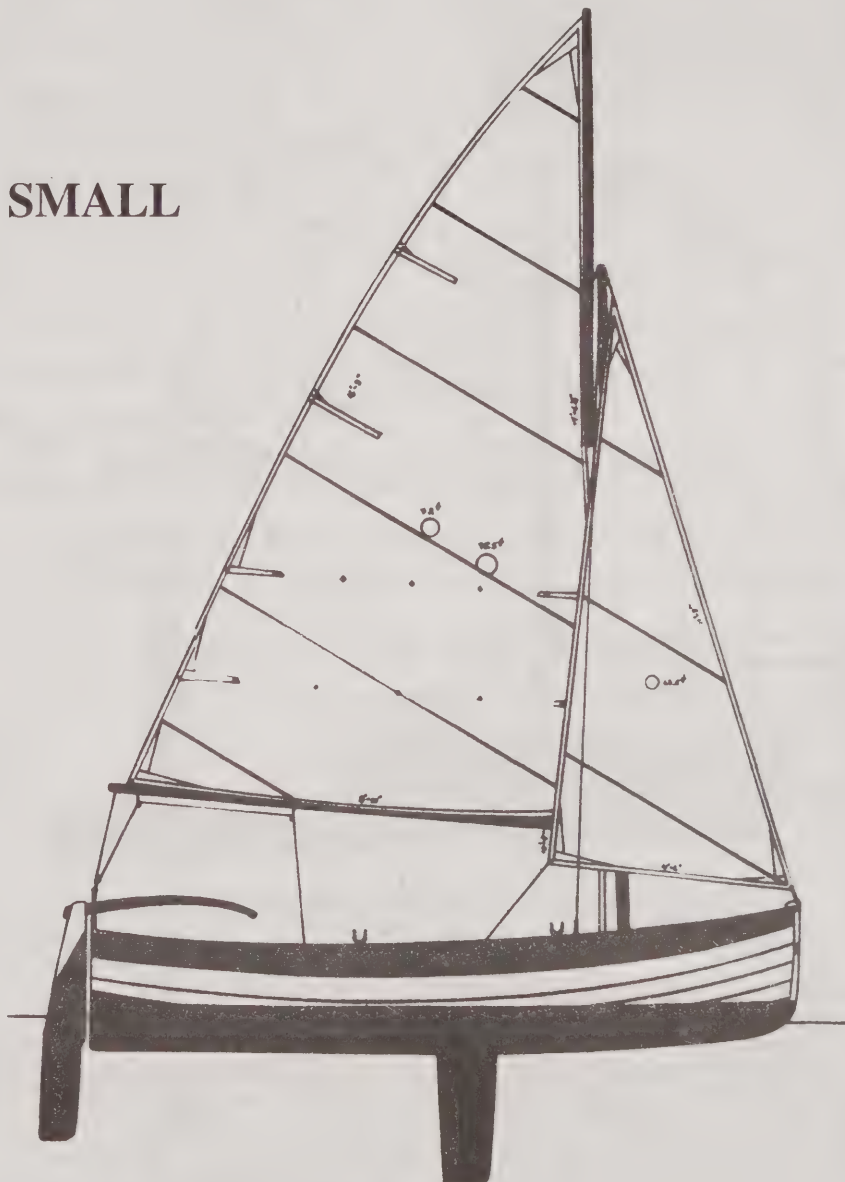
LOA 13'0", Beam 5'10-3/4", Draft 0'7-7/3", Sail Area 97sf.

Plans for Small come with full sized patterns, eliminating the need for lofting. Plans are \$200 plus \$20 shipping and handling. More info on Small and my other designs is on our website, <www.diasdesign.com>.

My Small Craft Designs Catalog is \$10 and my book, *Designer & Client - Eight Boat Design Commissions from Kayak to Cruiser* is \$22.95 plus \$3 s&h for a signed copy.

Antonio Dias Design, 171 Cedar Island Rd., Harbour Island, Narragansett, RI 02882, (401) 783-4959, <diasboats@aol.com>.

SMALL



ANTONIO DIAS DESIGN

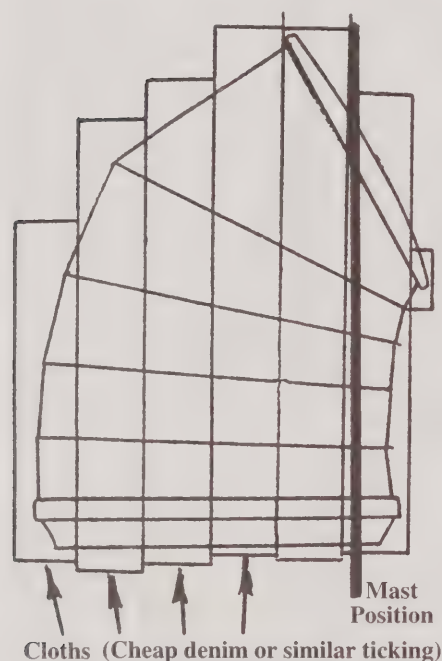
Creating the Sail

Lay out and cut cloths as shown. The sides of the cloth are selvedge (cloths are taken full width), so just stitch them together, no false seams in between.

Lay frame in position on cloths. Mark and cut inside the outer boltrope. Include the flap. Sew an inner boltrope all around the perimeter of the sail. Attach it to the outer boltrope by spaced seizings. The yard has holes drilled along its lower edge (not shown) to accommodate these seizings. The sail should be attached to the outside of the frame, that is the side away from the mast.

At the boom put a counter piece, the same size as the boom piece, over the sail and nail or screw the two together.

Now attach a counter-batten on the outside of the sail at each batten; these are not attached to the outer boltrope. They are attached by small wires which are stuck through the sail. Because of movement of the sail, these holes will enlarge, but the Chinese claim that this improves the effectiveness of the sail (as holes and slits in spinnakers).



Second Halyard

In an earlier article on this rig I suggested that the second halyard goes to the first batten. This is incorrect. The second halyard is the peak halyard. The top part of the sail blows off when the halyards are slackened in a gust because the halyard doesn't have a parrel. A good safety. The force of the gust may prevent the rest of the sail from coming down until it gets some help. I see no downhauls, I suppose they just pull down on the battens. That does work.

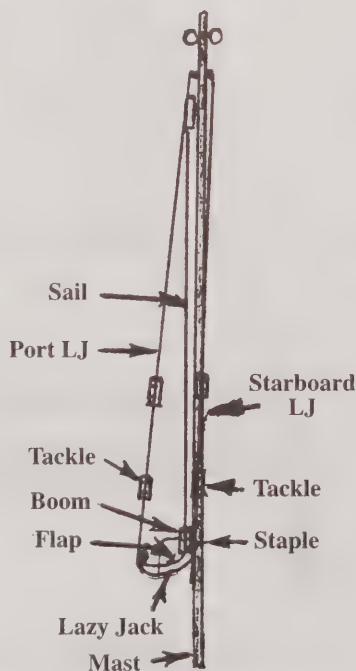
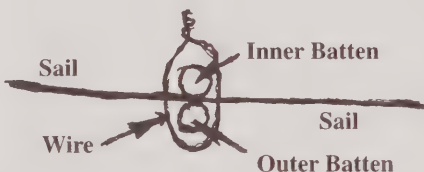
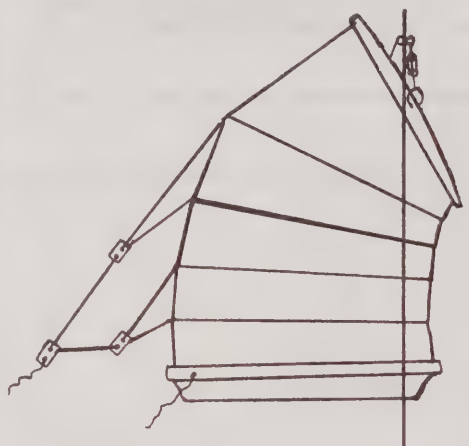
Dreamboats The Southern Chinese Sail

By Richard Carsen

Sheetlets Only on Battens

No sheetlet on yard. No sheetlet on flap. Boom has separate sheet.

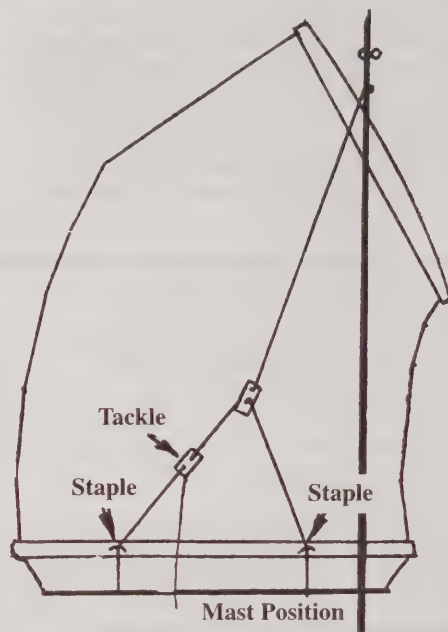
All details for this sail have been taken from the Singapore Junk, *Hi Tao*, which I once owned. On a large photo of a Hong Kong Junk, the details on the rig seem exactly the same as pictured here. The Northern Chinese Sail is entirely different.



The Lazy Jacks Flap & Sail Folding System

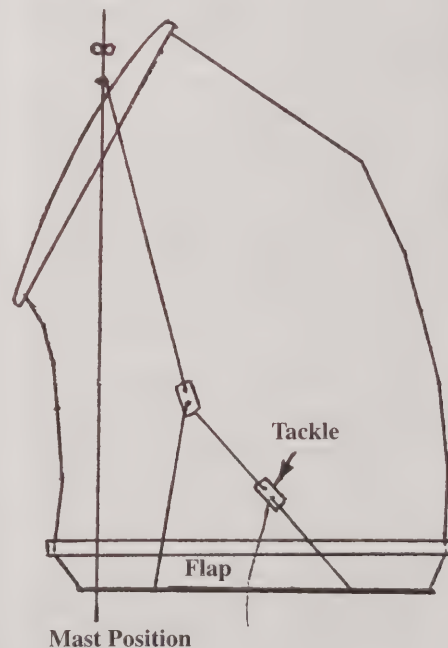
Starboard Part of Lazy Jack

When sail is lowered it folds inside the flap, stowing it neatly.

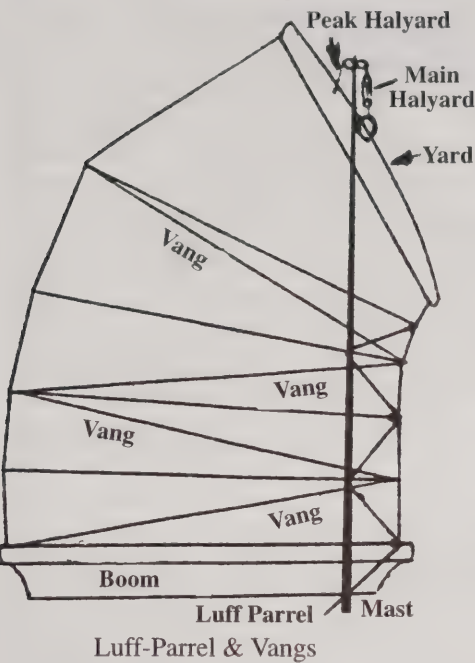


Port Part of Lazy Jack

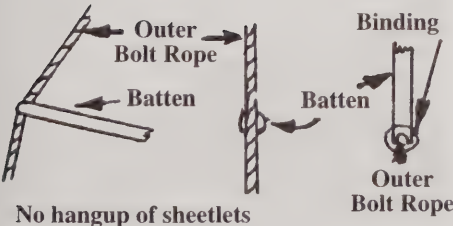
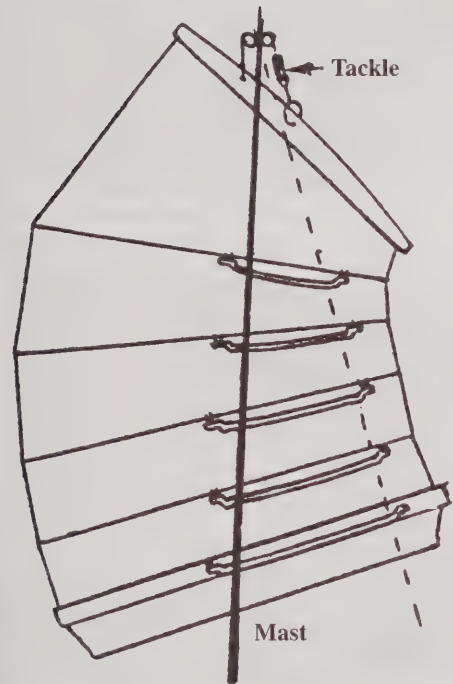
The lazy jacks are attached at top of mast, not rove through any block.



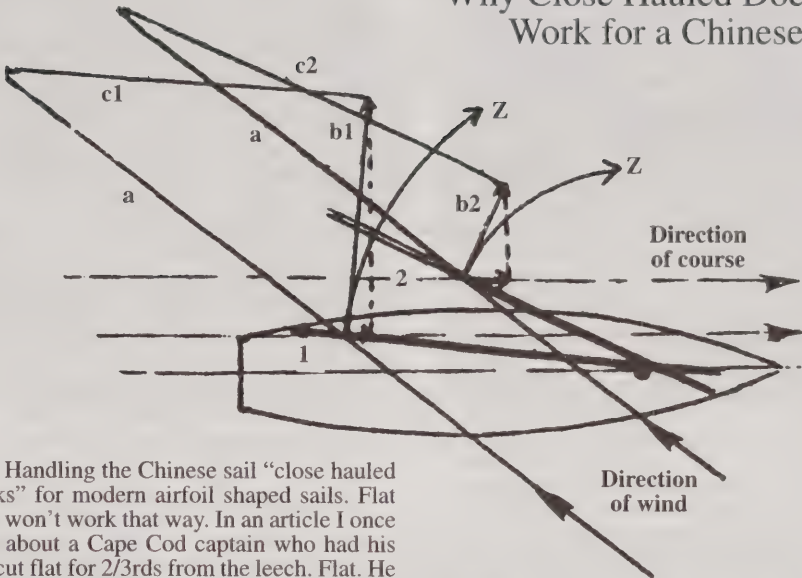
Reaching - Tacking



Downwind



Why Close Hauled Doesn't Work for a Chinese Sail



Handling the Chinese sail "close hauled works" for modern airfoil shaped sails. Flat sails won't work that way. In an article I once read about a Cape Cod captain who had his sail cut flat for 2/3rds from the leech. Flat. He won most races, especially on an upwind tack. There may be a lesson here. I saw two home built craft abandon their Chinese rigs because they were unaware of this.

Z: Direction of turn of sail around mast
a: Force of wind in both cases
b1 & b2: Resultant direct force on sail
c1 & c2: Wind force loss
Although **c2** is greater than **c1** and **b2** is less than **b1**, the resultant force is driving the boat in the direction of the course. Measures twice in position 2 to that of position 1.

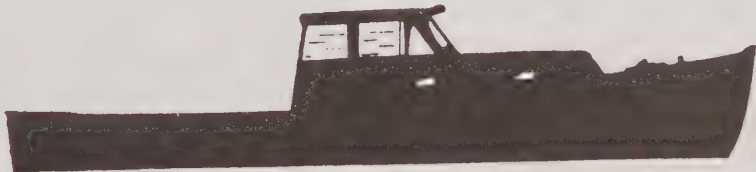


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Peter Spectre had this to say about the show in 1990 (WB#95):
"The word on the waterfront was that this show was different, and it sure was...the exhibits were real boats, and parts for real boats, and services for real people, and the folks in attendance were real boat enthusiasts."

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This one will be short! And it won't be "hot news" anyway. But it seems worthwhile mentioning. Depending on where you and your boat live, a good part of the year colder weather interferes with boating. But that trailer is likely still registered, in running order, and that boat of yours can sit for a while on jack stands. Even in the middle of boating season you may need to haul things other than nautical. Plywood for another project, drywall for the new shop, two-by of various lengths, bags of peat moss and mulch, the new fridge, or the old sofa, or just gutting debris for the town dump, just about any small-to-midsize boat trailer can be used. All it seems to take is a rugged box of suitable size, properly attached to the trailer, and, there may be no need for a dedicated truck to move around a load of this and that.

We first built our box four years ago to mount on a rather decrepit trailer frame. We had to move some rather messy debris that would have been too much of a chore to haul in buckets, and not having a wheelbarrow on hand it seemed like a good excuse to screw and bolt together a box that might serve well for longer than this particular job. As with buying good tools, "thinking long-term" has served well to justify the expense of better materials. We used pressure-treated lumber throughout, from 2"x 4"s to 3/4" ply, held together with galvanized screws, bolts, and hinges, plus a few eyebolts, nylon cleats, and lots of irregular lengths of lines unfit for boat use, but good enough to tie the tailgate shut and the cargo to both trailer frame and box.

As in boat-design, using standard dimensions for assembly immediately pays off, saving measuring and wasting material. We did the obvious and cut one ply sheet into two 8' sides, a 4' tailgate and 4' front panel for an overall box height of 16", leaving a second

The Box on Lily's trailer.



Bolger on Design

Non-Boating Uses For That Nice Boat-Trailer

uncut sheet for the box bottom. We got an 8'x 4' "flat-on-the-floor" hauling capability with an at times annoyingly tight fit, but it works well enough.

What you can do with your trailer certainly depends on its size and your needs and we won't give any specific geometries and dimensions here. Just look at your trailer and see what you can fit between the fenders and how your cargo bed can be supported, bunk beds or 2"x 4"s crosswise. The goal is to get away with the least amount of custom-cutting, most rapid assembly for the utility desired, and very limited concerns with looks and finish. Rugged should be the motto. Our box is just pressure-treated and features proper utilitarian patina of seasoned grayish-green. Together, box and galvanized trailer seem impervious to the elements.

We have used it for all sorts of modest and rough purposes, and the ply surfaces two-bys show deep gouges and some cracks. For moving all sorts of precious possessions or real junk, including a half ton of sharp-edged brick-debris dumped from the second floor into it, its smallish box has served well. For instance, bearing in mind our actual stamina, we rather loaded tens of modest loads during our move last summer than collapsing just fill-

ing a single big van in one effort, never mind emptying it at the other end.

Modular after a fashion, just about every piece of lumber on it can be replaced if damaged beyond repair. By now it has been bolted to the bunk-beds of three different trailers and on demand been modified with additional braces to carry particularly bulky but light loads. To cover the bolts heads and a by now ratty bed surface for A-sided ply or fresh drywall, we throw in a 3/8" sheet flake-board once covering a delivery of ply. Rather than spending much time making the box watertight below and covered well on top, we pick our weather for those cargoes that should stay dry.

Some pictures show it bolted to our 1350lbs Lily trailer with a 60" width between fenders which suits the external 2x 4s bracing the 8'x4' box just fine, others with heavier loads on the 96" wide 2350lbs trailer. Remember that the box itself will weigh as much as your quest for "ruggedness" will make it and you inevitably lose that weight off the trailer's rated payload! Our "box" has paid for itself many times over, and we see it as a vital part of our assortment of tools, getting all sorts of hauling done without needing a van or a truck.

The other day at the lumberyard, a guy in a new full-size 4x4 truck looked at that wimpy '88 Mazda 323 and the trailer-cum-box being loaded up and began to nod in deep contemplation; his 1/2-ton truck would not haul much more stuff on its back. And how much does one haul anyway. Its utility and low cost well make up for the nuisance of manhandling that box on and off the boat trailer.

P.S. We can't bring ourselves to cut that long tongue on Lily's trailer, as it might serve other longer craft down the line; while no wider than the car, both need two parking space lengths at the mall anyway.

The folding tongue option saves us 54" of parking length on the bigger trailer.





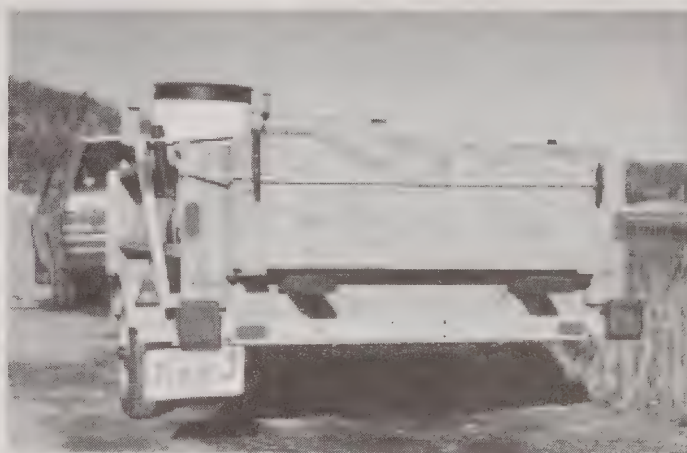
Set up perfectly to haul Lily. We just bolt the box to the trailer bunks, and use winch strap for belt and suspenders. We've used the winch to haul heavy objects onto the trailer.



The cargo bed's 8' x 4' x 15" dimensions.



Bulky light load well braced and strapped down on the bigger trailer.
A heavy load of firewood on the bigger trailer.



Crude but effective tailgate details.

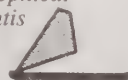


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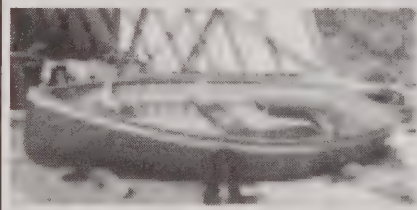
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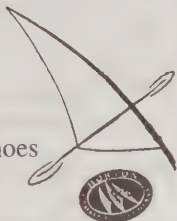


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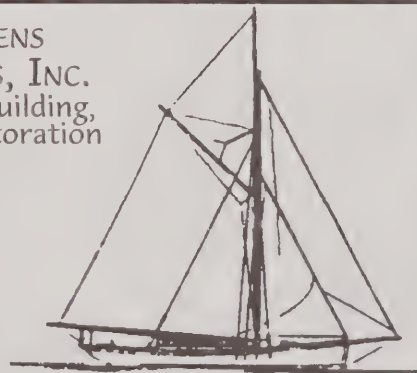
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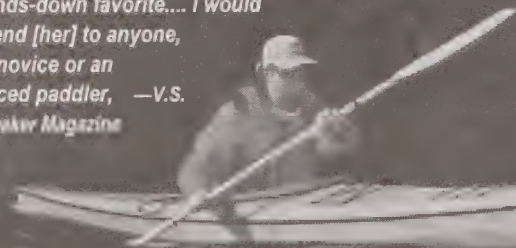
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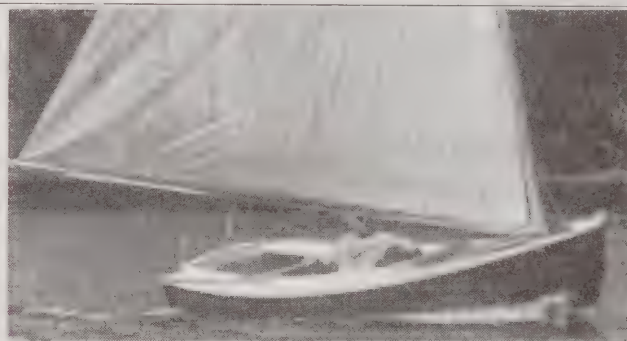
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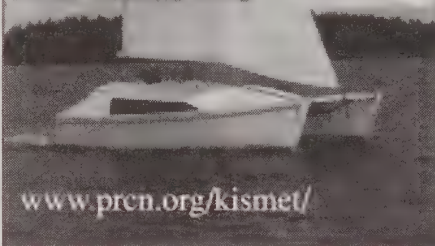
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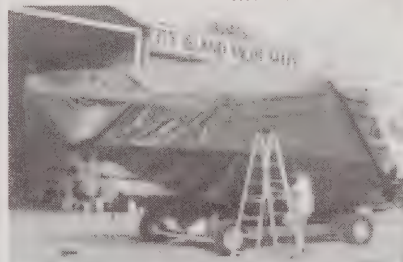
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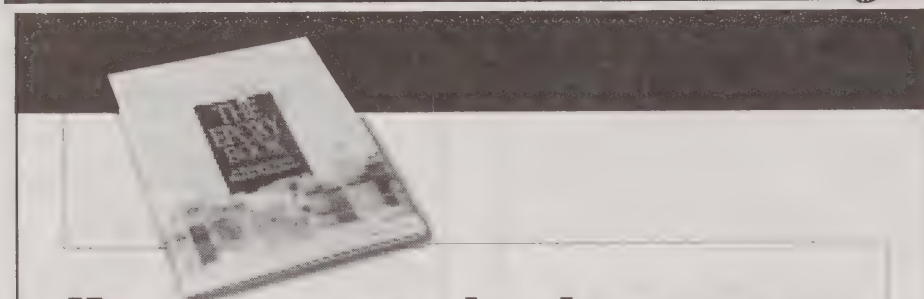
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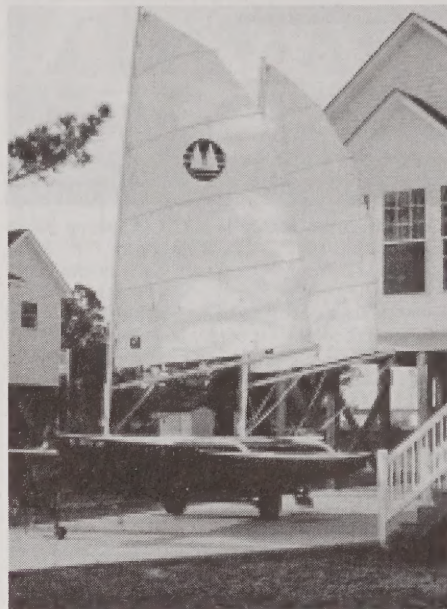
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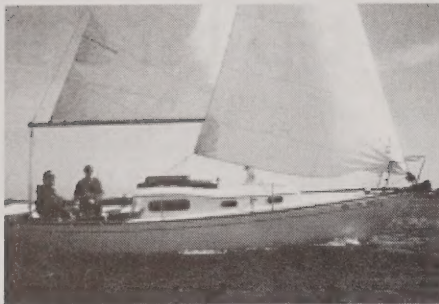
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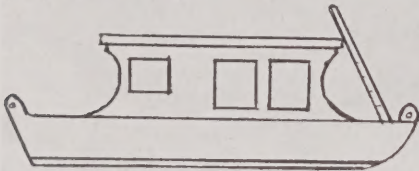
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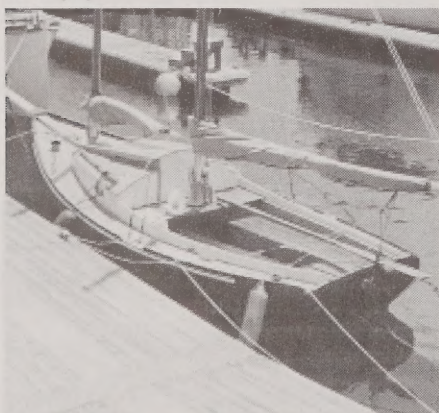


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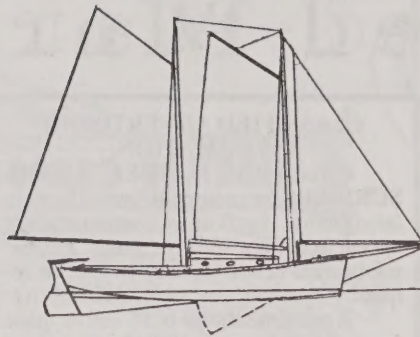
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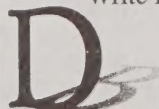
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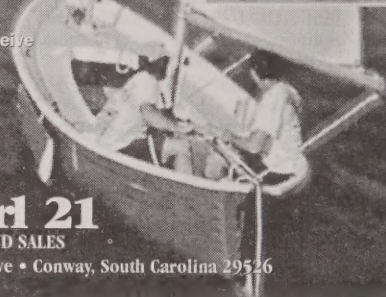
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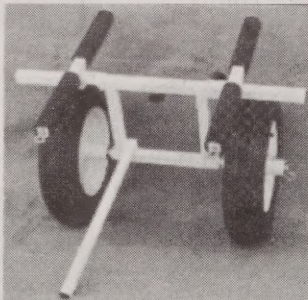
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