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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 13

November 15, 2000



messing about in BOATS

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Looking Ahead...

James Broten sends us a report from Wisconsin on "The Pepin Vintage & Wooden Boat Show"; and we may have Hugh Ware's coverage of "The Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival" also.

Jeff Douthwaite continues his Pacific coast saga in Part 4 of "29 Days Before the Mast"; and I will update the Row 2001 saga of Tom Mailhoit and John Ziegler with "The Launching of *American Star*".

I will also be bringing you some photos of "The Launching of Dan's Tri"; "Impressions of the Pakboat Puffin" folding kayak that Tamsin Venn of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* and I came up with on a recent lake tryout; and an overview of "Look What Alden Has for You".

Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" discusses "The Small Boat as the Vehicle for Making Your Dreams Come True"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will offer up a yet to be revealed (as of press time for this issue) design.

We may also have in hand Joel Herzel's description of 'How to Build Hollow Shaft Oars'.

On the Cover...

The Scots Cutter, *Beroe Of Glasgow*, was designed and built in 1887, four or more generations ago. In this issue Phil Bolger & friends write about her because she's both a time machine and a masterpiece, which they were lucky enough to experience under perfect conditions, seeing her at her best.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Brian Salzano brings us another lengthy article in this issue about his concerns over how our marine coastal environment is being degraded, if not outright destroyed. Brian is a maximum strength advocate of protecting this environment and has contributed other articles on the topic, such as the recent one about the destruction of the horseshoe crabs on his Long Island (New York) beaches.

As these topics, like the flood insurance discussion from *Underwater Naturalist*, the Bulletin of the American Littoral Society, which he sent to us this time, get perhaps a bit distant from our direct interests in messing about in boats, I had initially waffled about using them. I decided to go ahead because they really do have a major long term impact on our small boating activities, and so seem to me deserving of calling them to your attention. I realize that many of you are perhaps already much more involved in such environmental issues than am I, and thus way ahead of me on considering these issues.

The theme of the article Brian sent to us is that the federal government is promoting and maintaining the build up of private and commercial properties right on the shore where they are vulnerable to the ravages of major storms, by paying for those properties so ravaged to be rebuilt again and again right there through its "no-fault" flood insurance program. I call it "no-fault" because no matter how stupid you were to build and rebuild where you did, you get rebuilt again and again as needed by a government insurance program and suffer no increase at all in future premiums.

Thus the government is subsidizing the overbuilding and ongoing degradation of these shores. A direct effect of this is the shrinking of public access to the shore, and this is where those of us who play with small boats become directly impacted. The overall environmental degradation impacts everyone with an interest in the coastal environment, but direct access, like where can I launch my boat, is indeed becoming more restricted.

Around my area on the Massachusetts north shore, heavily built up suburbia and exurbia, with the shoreline lined with new "moonbase" megahomes recently built on the open land that existed amongst the old money Victorian estates of yesteryear, official public access for boats is pretty limited. Municipal launching ramps built with state money have to be accessible to out of towners, but nothing is said about not permitting out of towners to park near the ramp. The same thing closes off

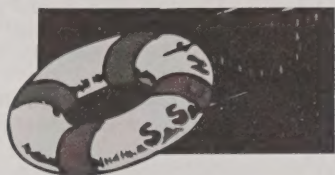
the best of the local beaches, no parking without a sticker, issued only to townies.

I've commented in the past on how the windsurfers were virtually chased off the shore by prohibiting their use of public beaches from which to launch. Not yet an acceptable small boating activity, so kick them out. The PWCs, much as we dislike the behavior of many, face local efforts to kick them out also. The larger powerboats and sailboats are parked in marinas or hang on moorings in overcrowded anchorages with long, long waiting lists for new wannabee boaters. If they are trailerboaters, they find the same difficulty in parking trailers and tow vehicles after launching unless they are townies.

This jamming up of public access is a direct result of the overwhelmingly privately owned shoreline, properties now priced at the astronomic values that the new rich will pay happily for their new ocean view homes. The inflation of these shoreline property values then bears down on the older shoreline property owners with huge increases in real estate tax assessments based on current market values. Even though they have no intention of selling, this forces those with modest incomes to give up their often shore related properties (boatbuilders, fishermen, farmers), thus further hastening the onrush of development and degradation.

None of this leans too hard on me personally, I know a number of places where I can launch my kayaks and park right there, and could do so with any small trailerable outboard or sailboat, were they my choice. Years of living here, assiduous study of the USGS topographical maps (local town and city maps are deliberately misleading and inaccurate about where the street ends and public paths are) and follow-up shoreside investigations, and personal acquaintance with various townies along the shore, have provided me this access.

I tend to think that those like Brian who try so hard to halt this onrushing degradation of our coastline (and all of our natural environment), are voices crying in the wilderness, for the evidence to me of what our collective society really wants is that it is not what Brian is articulating. We are way outside of today's mainstream direction in my view. No hope? I dunno, but it'll be up to my grown children and their children to deal with it, I'll just sneak in best I can while I can. And publish these concerns as they are voiced by those amongst you who are trying to do something.



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

Always Ready Never Needed

"Semper Peratus", always ready, is the motto for both the active duty Coast Guard and the Coast Guard Auxiliary and training and drills are a routine part of the lives of the members of both, organizations. There is one group, however, who train routinely but never expect to be used

Many of us, up and down the coasts, have small, low powered (generally 25 watt) radio stations in our homes. Each has limited range, but we make a chain by which messages can be transmitted over major distances in the event that Coast Guard "hi-sites" are destroyed by storms or hurricanes. In the ten plus years that "Auxiliary Radio Echo Farms" has been in operation it has participated in monthly drills but has never actually been needed, although we came close last year in Hurricane Fran when one of the hi-sites lost power. Thanks to a small group of wet and dedicated Auxiliarists it was kept in operation by a mobile generator.

This is what happens when a hurricane approaches, and I give my routine as typical. First I make sure the radio battery is fully charged and that there is a back-up battery available. When Condition Three is declared I clip my hand-held, "Ten Juliette", to my belt and begin constant monitoring. It has a very good receiving range though limited transmission capability. "Radio Echo Farms" is upstairs and the antenna is in my very pointed attic so it has good height above sea level and good protection from storms. If I hear of problems with the Coast Guard network I can go to that console, monitor and pass along messages as needed.

When the storm has passed my son's Auxiliary radio, "Ten Charlie Mobile", comes into play. This set is in his pick-up truck and, especially if phone lines are down, he travels to marinas and harbors and reports to the local Coast Guard Station if there are problems that demand immediate attention; a sunken boat spilling oil for example. The Station can also send him to check on a situation as they are generally swamped with work and can use all the help they can get. The station can also reach me via a hand-held set if their antenna is down and I can relay messages

Fortunately, in the decade that our three Auxiliary radios have been in operation they have never been needed. Hopefully, they never will be needed. Still each month we have a radio net drill. "Semper Peratus".

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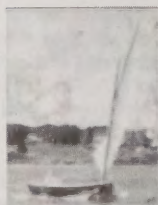
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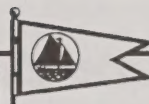
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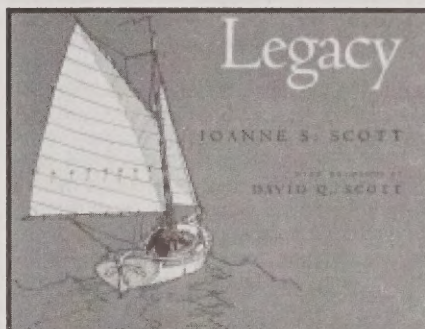
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By Joanne S. Scott

With Drawings by David Q. Scott

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Activities & Events...

WoodenBoat Show Heads West

The 2001 WoodenBoat Show will be held at the Michigan Maritime Museum in South Haven, Michigan on June 22-24. At the Michigan Maritime Museum, five separate buildings offer a variety of engaging opportunities for the visitor, including permanent and changing exhibits on Michigan maritime history, a center for the teaching of boatbuilding and related maritime skills, and a regionally renowned research library. The Museum's artifact and archival collections reflect the full range of maritime tradition in Michigan, from the Native American birch bark canoe to the 1,000' freighters that ply the lakes today. Subjects addressed by their collections include Native American watercraft, boatbuilding, shipbuilding, mapping and navigation, commercial shipping, maritime landscape, harbor development, commercial fishing, yachting, and recreational boating, the U.S. Lifesaving Service, the U.S. Lighthouse Service and much more.

South Haven is one of the most scenic harbors on Lake Michigan. Beautiful wide, powder-sand beaches line the shores of this sunset coast, long a resort area for Chicagoans. A famous lighthouse guards the entrance to the Black River, which is lined with marinas. A well-preserved downtown area sits high above the river, offering numerous shops, restaurants, and bed-and-breakfasts. The area industry is best known for its cultivated high-bush blueberries, as well as other fruit crops. Eight neighborhood parks, a 33-mile bike trail along an old railroad bed, and three golf courses complete the resort attractions of this pretty city of 6,000.

New Englanders, according to <www.freetrip.com>, Boston to South Haven is 960 miles and takes 15:32 hours, by way of Cleveland. Population of major cities (U.S. only) within 100 miles: 3,800,000. Within 200 miles: 4,700,000. Within 300 miles: 6,400,000. And I think we'll draw a much larger than usual audience from Canada, especially Ontario.

The show will be open to the public from 10a.m. to 6pm on Friday and Saturday, June 22nd and 23rd, and from 10am to 4pm on Sunday, June 24. For more information about the 2001 WoodenBoat Show, contact *WoodenBoat* at (800)273-7447, or see <www.woodenboat.com>.

Valerie Chiasson, WoodenBoat Show, Brooklin, ME

So. Cal. Potters In Action

We've been busy this summer in our Potters. At Newport Bay on August 12, a heavy marine layer prevailed throughout most of the day. This provided beautiful cool temperatures all day for the seven Potters that came out for this month's event. Unfortunately, the wind was also very mild, but even a windless day in a Potter is better than staying on land. Every one had a good time and enjoyed each

other's company. Two sailors brought their Potters out to an SCP event for the first time and fit right in with the gang.

Some of us headed to Santa Cruz Island on August 27 thru 30. After spending the night at the marina in Oxnard, three boats, with four sailors, headed for the Channel Islands, Monday morning. Although there was haze and cloud cover most of the time we spent at the Islands, the temperature remained comfortable throughout the trip. We visited a number of small coves and harbors, exploring by boat and ashore as we went. Our only complaint was the lack of time to explore this cruising paradise. Next summer I plan on spending a lot more time visiting this area.

For our September daysail, seven boats, six Potters and one Venture, gathered at Dana Point on the 9th. It was a warm sunny day with enough wind to sail nicely, but not enough to make the ocean too lumpy. Perfect for Pottering. Some tall ships were sailing near the point. There was a large yacht race just south and there was a swap meet on shore. A little something for everyone. Several sailors came without boats to see us off and stayed for the day. Roller blading, visiting, going to the swap meet. A good time was had by all on land and sea.

Our last daysail was at Cabrillo Beach on October 14. We will resume our schedule next spring.

West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Bill Beddow, 1333 Corby Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650, SCP website <http://ourworld-top.cs.com/skipperbill/index.htm>

Opinions...

About a Subscriber Directory

In the September 15 issue, John Parks asks about the possibility of a directory of subscribers. Compiling such a directory would be time-consuming, and the result would probably not be all that useful unless the majority of subscribers filled out the form and sent it in, a scenario that seems unlikely.

As an alternative, I suggest setting up an email distribution list, or "listserv", which would allow *MAIB* readers to communicate in a sort of ongoing open forum. Subscribing to such a list requires nothing but an email account, something that is now available free of charge to just about anyone in the developed world. Those who do not own computers can usually send and receive email at a local library. Using a listserv, subscribers can post messages to a central address, and they will automatically be broadcast to all other subscribers, like a high-speed version of this "You write to us about..." section of *MAIB*.

Anyone who is interested in subscribing to such a listserv can email me at <alanwdove@earthlink.net>, and if there is sufficient interest I will set up the listserv and explain how to subscribe.

Alan W. Dove, Philadelphia, PA

About These HPVs

I joined the Michigan HPV several years ago because I liked rowboats. Ain't they Human Powered Vehicles? Everybody else in the group was a cyclist.

The national HPV association has always done things with boats, most of them pedal powered with vanes and their target speed was 20mph. You couldn't fish from one of them or take your girlfriend for a ride.

HPVs include bikes, boats, airplanes, and submarines. You don't hear much about the submariners but they seem to have a meet on one coast or the other every summer. I always thought one of the toughest jobs in the world would be selling tickets to the submarine races. From what I read they have a lot of trouble with them.

I attended a recent pedal boat get-together at Hartland, Michigan and saw something that thrilled me, several boats with foldable or removable propeller struts. I've been aware of pedal power since it was talked about in the old *Small Boat Journal* but always had a problem with it. Deep draft! That strut sticking down there with the prop on it brought the draft to 15"-20". I'm a 2" draft person! The best one (should I say the least expensive one?), was the HydroBike which uses a long lever to fold up the prop leg. If this rig holds together it's great!

On another topic, that Campanoe is a new idea. We need more watercraft that go that speed. I guess I've already said I think of these overpowered planing fiberglass whizbangs as landlubber boats. All they seem good for is streaming your hairdo back. In that Campanoe you get lots of sprawling room, and a potty and a picnic hamper and a jug, for a long legged type! It doesn't get any better!

Ron Lavolette, St. Ignace, MI

Living Aboard a Ship

Reading Richard Carlsen's "Dreamboats" in the September 15 issue about living aboard a ship, I found myself in agreement with his views. Both the Grand Tartane and the Chinese Junk are handsome and burdensome vessels. I have three suggestions:

Build such a vessel with a flat bottom and vertical sides underwater so it will roll less, be easier to build and go dry without rolling onto its side.

Build it out of steel or aluminum so it won't leak like a sieve on the top and sides as wood would.

Have Jay Benford design it. Jay has the most experience of anyone I know of with designing vessels with extreme cubic volume. He has an eye for line and a flair for design. If Benford designs such a vessel it will look good and work well.

Mark White, Pelham, AL

Projects...

Historic Catboat Sails Again

Modeled and built in 1888 by the Monument Beach, Massachusetts boat builder Frederic J. Dunn, *Daisy* soon became known around the Beverly Yacht Club as the Buzzard's Bay Champion. This 20'6" catboat, with her raked transom, underhung rudder and

tumblehome stem cut a striking figure on the Buzzard's Bay racing circuit. She was campaigned hard by her first owner, Howard Stockton, and later by Henry Burgess who also changed her name to *Hester*. Having survived 110 years and a great deal of sailing under three owners, *Daisy* has now been granted a new lease on life. Full-time students at the International Yacht Restoration School have carefully restored her to her original sailing trim.

Using three historic photographs by noted maritime photographer Nathaniel Stebbins, together with original elements of her hull and deck, students and instructors returned *Daisy* to her original open cockpit layout and rigged her with her racing gaff mainsail. *Daisy* was relaunched on August 25 at IYRS, and now sails as a monument to the educational goals and achievements of the students involved in her restoration.

For more information about *Daisy* or the IYRS program, please contact Clark Poston, Program Director at (401) 848-5777.

International Yacht Restoration School, Newport, RI

This Magazine...

Coverage is Great

I thoroughly enjoy *MAIB*. The excellent contributors, such as Robb White, Richard Carsen, Jim Thayer and others always have interesting things to say. Coverage of small boat meets is excellent. Articles on specific areas of interest, houseboats, yulohs, etc., are great.

I am fiddling with the rig for my otherwise completed John Bull designed Peterboat (from Lost in the Woods Boatworks), a 15-1/2' sailing double kayak and have built forms, bulkheads and bottom for Jim Michalak's 13-1/2' pram IMB with its "Birdwatcher" type cabin.

Robert Williams III, Kerrville, TX

Mistake is Forgiven

You got my brother Tom and I mixed up in story credits in the September 1 issue. Tom wrote the piece on the Christmas Island Canoe and I wrote the one on Micro Maintenance.

We both like the magazine a lot because it addresses our interests in boats in a friendly, down-to-earth, practical, non-commercial way, so we forgive you this little mistake.

George Fulk, Tahlequah, OK

Seen on the Internet

I received an e-mail from a guy recently looking for my PVC pipe bilge pump design published several years ago in *MAIB*. When I looked on the internet, I found a site posting at least part of *MAIB* and there was the bilge pump article complete with photos.

I just shipped the 85th set of my \$200 Sailboat plans this year today to a guy in Argentina who is building it on a fourth floor balcony.

Dave Carnell, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405-7850

Editor Comments: *MAIB* appears in a couple of places on the internet with our okay,

at www.by-the-sea.com and www.mimsmall.com (I think). I understand we have a web site of our own also, www.messingaboutinboats.com (?) set up by Dave Watson of By-the-Sea, but I have not seen it. We have no direct internet connection so you cannot reach us by email.

Submarine Stories

I would like to add to Jim Casey's letter in the Sept. 15, issue about good reading on submarines. The books by Commander Edward Ellsberg (later Rear Admiral) should be required reading by all naval officers. I have read *On the Bottom* at least seven times. Although his books are mostly about large ships, I think the small boat operator can enjoy and benefit from reading them. I learned a great deal about buoyancy, stability, the use of pumps and compressed air from reading *On the Bottom*, *Under the Red Sea Sun*, *Men Against The Sea*, *No Banners-No Bugles*, and his fictional stories for boys.

Rutherford Ellis, Atlanta, GA

Continue to Be the Best of the Best

I just finished reading the October 1 issue, cover to cover. When I get to the back of *MAIB*, I want to respond to your writers. I want to buy from your advertisers. I want to get involved with my favorite publication. I want to make sure that *MAIB* continues to be the best of the best! Don't change.

Clay Teppendaw, New Port Richey, FL

Off to Brazil

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoy *MAIB*. Twice a month is great, I am always checking the mailbox for the latest issue. Interesting articles are balanced just right with ads.

When I finish with my issues I send them to a friend in Brazil who runs a boat club called "Catboat Club do Brasil". They build Payson/Bolger Bobcats and enjoy receiving my packets of issues every other month or so.

Bob Donogh, Schwenksville, PA

Fascinating Reading & Other Subjects

One of the fascinating things about reading *MAIB* is that I was born in your area, in Rhode Island. My forebears were Italian fishermen who went to the Grand Banks from New Bedford, Massachusetts. I am amazed that so much that I read about boats and nautical history is centered in that area.

I just finished reading *Spartina* by John Casey. I haven't been back there since I was six weeks old. My dad kept going west till he got to Alaska and the Bering Strait. I always thought it was provincial and ingrown to keep rattling off the Indian names of all the bays, towns and features of the area in so many novels I read, especially since they are all familiar names that my dad would tell us about. He spent a lot of his childhood on Buzzards bay and near Martha's Vineyard, where his brother, who had his own island, lived and where Uncle Ellie was a "hooligan" Coast Guardsman who shot rumrunners in the ass with his Thompson submachine gun.

Florida sailors should write more in *MAIB*, though, lately with Robb White contributing, and the *Sneak Box* author going clear down the west coast and consorting with manatees, it has not been under represented. I do get tired of Cape Cod and vicinity as the setting for so damn many yarns in literature.

My "Tree House Class" woodie that I wrote about is doing very well, thank you. Every time I take it down the canal and out in the bay for a day sail or a night sail, I get compliments, especially from children and women. The people who own the expensive homes on the bayfront tell me they enjoy seeing a "pretty" sailboat.

On a recent evening, I sculled up the canal with my yuloh and it was almost effortless. I rigged the ball so it is bolted onto the shaft and the socket is in the deck. I added a metal hasp which allows the ball to move but not pop out, unlike the Chinese problem of balancing the shaft atop a pin. I tethered it in the orthodox way. I just stand there and stroke it about twelve inches each way. It turns itself when it gets to the end of the stroke. No skill necessary, and it moves the boat straight ahead in a calm.

Jason Spinnett, Gulf Breeze, FL

The \$50, 5 Hour Canoe Sail Rig:

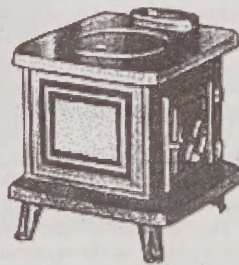
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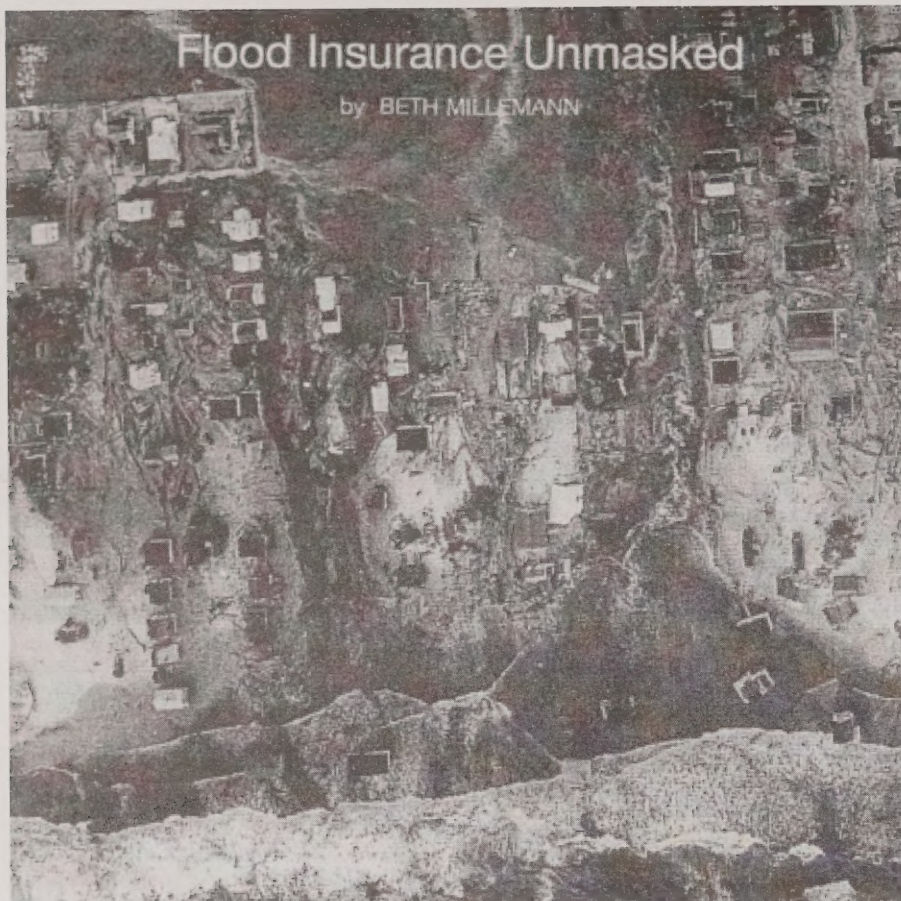
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Flood Insurance Unmasked

by BETH MILLEMANN

An aerial view of Harvey Cedars, New Jersey. During the Nor-easter of March 1962, Barnegat Bay and the Atlantic Ocean met in the middle of town as nature tried to create a new inlet.

Flood Insurance Unmasked

By Beth Millemann

Reprinted with permission from *Underwater Naturalist*,
Bulletin of the American Littoral Society

Cape May, New Jersey, got us into this mess with an ad that appeared 200 years ago. In 1802, an "extensive house room" was listed for rent in the Jersey town. With one adman's copy, the age of the beachfront getaway was born.

The description of the lodgings wasn't entirely accurate, which makes it the first example of the resort hyperbole that's common still today. The "extensive" accommodations consisted of a single multi-occupancy room with a curtain down the middle that divided the men from the women. Luxury aside, the lodgings were still very desirable since they were a place for the public to stay at the beach. Perhaps President Thomas Jefferson applauded this step forward for the common beach-going man, but by the time his successor came along, William Jefferson Clinton was making haste for private, gated compounds with full security and multi-million dollar price tags.

In the two centuries between the two presidents, the coast has gone from beaches interrupted by the occasional resort to resorts interrupted by the occasional beach. Fishing shacks have been replaced by cottages, which have given way to second homes and condo-

miniums that only the wealthy can afford. Some of the blame for what's happened rests on that nineteenth century adman's shoulders. Most of it, however, rests with the twenty-first century taxpayer whose unwitting beneficence has contributed to the construction and destruction of the American shore.

Like a Bridge, and Road, Over Troubled Waters

The rush to the beach didn't get going in earnest until post-WWII prosperity gave Americans more money and more leisure time to spend it. Major public works projects began, including a road-building and bridge-raising frenzy along the shore. Formerly inaccessible islands and beaches were suddenly within the reach of the automobile. Before the War, less than ten percent of the country's coastal areas were developed, but by 1980, half of the 280 coastal barriers along the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico were at least partially built up. During the post-WWII to 1980 period, a million new residents moved to the coast every year, causing an unprecedented development boom.

The nature of the development changed over the decades. Building lots sold in Nags

Head, North Carolina, used to be narrow and long so homeowners could retreat from the rising seas. One family moved its house three times in 100 years, retreating 200' from the waterline. Today, lawsuits challenge the state's requirement that houses be constructed out of the area that's likely to erode before the 30-year mortgage is paid off. The kind of strategic retreat practiced in the early twentieth century, and applauded by Orrin Pilkey and Katharine Dixon in their excellent book *The Corps and the Shore*, is now treated by homeowners and developers as lunacy, not a prudent response to the inexorable forces of wind, tides, and waves.

The reality of the shore, condensed to its bumper-sticker essence, is that storms happen. Erosion happens. Flooding, overwashing, dune-flattening, beach-gobbling acts of nature occur where the sand meets the sea. Sometimes a good slap by Mother Nature will drive the lesson home, as was the case in 1962 when a storm coincided with a high tide and flushed 50 houses and a 10-mile paved road off Assateague Island and into a Maryland bay. Realtors had already sold 5,000 lots on the island, but the loss of the first 50 pioneers ended the great eastward expansion, that and Congressional action that placed the island permanently off-limits to developers.

In fact, the pattern of coastal development bears the imprimatur of Congress. Rather like the Lord and the blessings He bestows, Congress giveth and Congress taketh away. Mostly it gives and gives. The massive outpouring of transportation grants led millions of people to the shore, for now federal disaster aid helps pay the damages to their homes when storms hit. In the '90s alone, \$9 billion in federal disaster aid poured into coastal areas, along with billions more in taxpayer-subsidized loans flood payments, and other assistance according to a scathing expose in the March 5, 2000, *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Congress rushes to help pay the bills just as it rushed to help people build in harm's way.

Congress acts not only as the nation's chief paver and post-storm cleaner-upper, but also as the nation's insurance underwriter, a job first offered to the private insurance sector which looked a bad idea in the face and said, "no thanks." The government got into the insurance game when flood damages began mounting in the '60s. Construction had skyrocketed in floodplains, areas that host a great water view and the water itself when storms hit. And hit they did, causing massive federal disaster relief payments followed by rebuilding in the same flood-prone location. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that the giveth to waterfront communities was far outpacing the financial taketh away. But it did take Congress to recognize a palpably bad situation and act decisively to make it worse.

Enter the National Flood Insurance Program

The idea behind the National Flood Insurance Program was simple. Floodprone communities would get flood insurance, which the private insurance industry refused to provide since it was such a huge risk, if they guided new development out of the floodplain. Old buildings would sooner or later fall apart or be torn down, and the new buildings would be constructed at a safe distance from the hazardous water's edge. In this way, tax dollars would be saved in the future as the need for

disaster relief payments diminished because fewer and fewer buildings would be in harm's way. Fewer people would be in harm's way, too, helping to protect human lives from deadly acts of nature. Additionally, the coastal and riverine floodplains, which support a huge variety of wildlife, would be shielded from ecologically devastating development.

In today's parlance, it was a win-win-win idea. In today's reality, it's a loser-loser-loser.

The National Flood Insurance Program is hemorrhaging money, more people are in harm's way now than ever before, and the coastal environment is disappearing or degrading at a rate that's threatening wildlife and fisheries around the nation. If the Program were a driver, its license would be revoked.

What makes the Program's failures even more troubling is that three factors are converging that spell disaster: The coastal population is growing by a whopping 3,600 people per day, sea levels are rising, and super-hurricanes are poised on the horizon. The result will be more water for the big winds to blow further inland, colliding with the development built for millions of people.

So far, federal agencies have largely responded to the collision of people and nature by trying to engineer solutions, like building seawalls to "stop" erosion and dumping billions of dollars worth of sand on the beach to

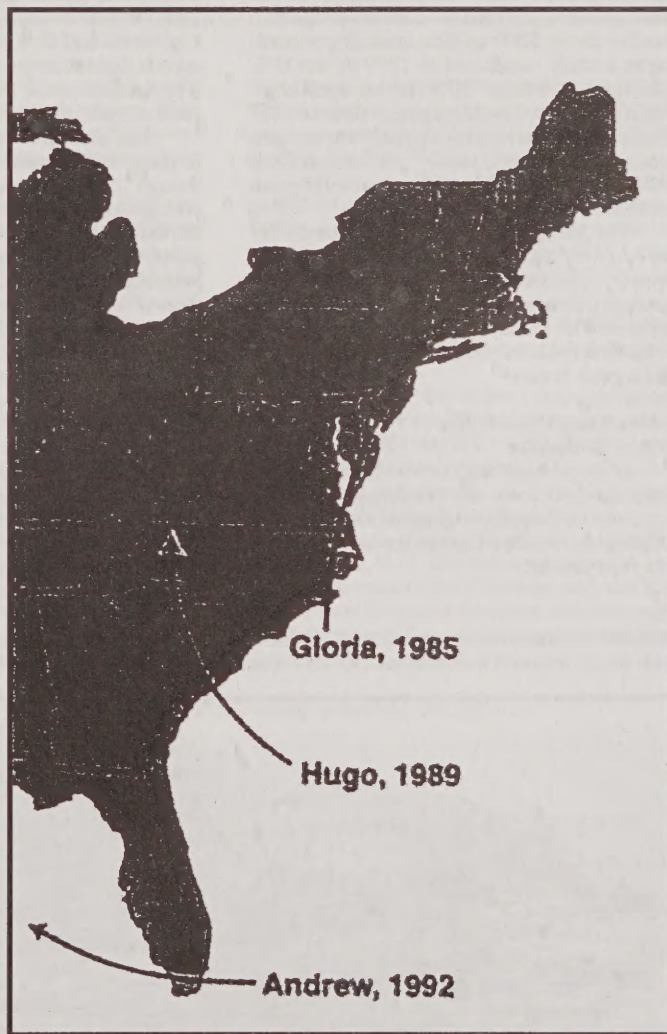
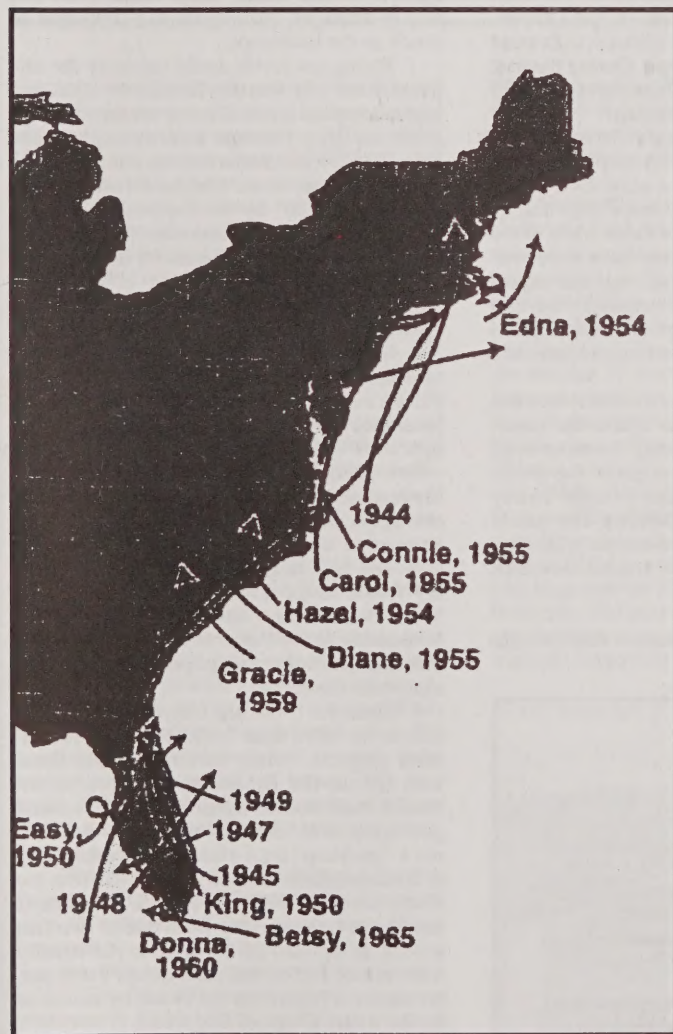
"keep it in place." Throwing concrete and sand grains at rising seas and monster storms will be financially futile, ecologically disastrous, and a threat to public safety. The real win-win solution is to address the massive problems that plague the Flood Insurance Program. The environment, human safety, and the Federal Treasury require nothing less.

The Financial Failings of the National Flood Insurance Program

The National Flood Insurance Program has metastasized into one of the biggest domestic liabilities, second only to the Social Security program. More than four million policies insure development nationwide, with the vast majority insuring houses along the Atlantic, Pacific, Great Lakes, and Gulf of Mexico. Underwriting the building, and inevitable rebuilding, of homes and businesses has turned what was supposed to be a cost-saving program into a giant rathole for taxpayer dollars. The National Flood Insurance Program required a \$1.1 billion bailout in 1981, after it had been in business for little more than a decade. It continued to fall in and out of debt during much of the '80s, and then racked-up another \$1.6 billion in losses from 1993 through 1998. As of last summer, the Program owed the U.S. Treasury, which is the U.S. taxpayer, a cool half-billion dollars.

What happened to make the program stray so far from its mandate? The failure of two key players to keep their ends of the bargain has contributed enormously to the program's financial weakness. The Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), which runs the program, has refused to make the communities that participate in it do what they are supposed to; guide new development out of the floodplain. FEMA has confused building up with building out. Instead of getting communities to site new development away from the water's edge, FEMA has encouraged communities to plan new development above the water's edge.

Consequently, houses are still on the shore, but they're now up on stilts. That may allow mild flooding to pass under the structure instead of through it, but it ignores the fact that erosion is often a Siamese twin to floods. Hurricane winds up to 100mph, and storm surges of eight or more feet, do not miraculously leave a sandy beach untouched. Yet FEMA refuses to calculate the risk from erosion into what it charges for a flood insurance policy, which is equivalent to a car insurance company ignoring the make of a car in deciding the risk a driver poses. The result is that houses on stilts that were built too close to the water's edge on a sunny day, become houses on stilts in the surf zone on a post-storm day.



Hurricane patterns in the U.S. East Coast may be related to dry or wet weather in West Africa, the nursery of hurricanes. 1944-1960 was wet; 1960-1002 was dry.

The National Flood Insurance Program's Failure To Meet Its Mandate: What The Experts Say.

"What is indisputable is that the National Flood Insurance Program has not restricted coastal development to any measurable degree." The Federal Emergency Management Agency's Federal Insurance Administration, 1981.

"The Federal Flood Insurance Program provides coastal developers with a financial safety net and therefore, an incentive to develop in high-risk areas." The U.S. General Accounting Office, 1982.

"Increased affluence and Federal subsidies (including Federal Flood Insurance) are among the primary causes for the extensive development of our beaches in the past four decades." The Department of Interior, 1988.

"Generous federal subsidies are a disincentive to safe coastal development, in effect rewarding governments that build on barrier islands and other storm-prone sites." Office of Technology Assessment, 1993.

"The National Flood Insurance Program, by design, is not actuarially sound. Because the program does not collect sufficient premium income to build reserves to meet the long-term future expected flood losses, including catastrophic losses, it is inevitable that losses from claims and the program's expenses will exceed the funds available to the program." U.S. General Accounting Office, 1999.

Further complicating the situation is FEMA's unwillingness to do what every other insurance company does, which is increase premium rates when a client makes repeated claims on his policy. Unlike auto insurance, which is guaranteed to go up after a crash or two, flood insurance policy holders can make unlimited claims and their policies never go up in price. Not surprisingly, these "multiple-loss properties" cost the program a bundle; about \$200 million annually, according to a study conducted in 1999 by the U.S. General Accounting Office. In one small community in North Carolina alone, owners of 217 properties that have been flooded two or more times have collected nearly \$11 million from FEMA in National Flood Insurance Program payments.

The future looks increasingly bleak for the taxpayer if Congress doesn't act to fix the Flood Insurance Program soon. Superhurricanes and sea level rise are on the horizon. The taxpayer could be facing losses in the new millennium that eclipse everything that's gone before.

A New Hurricane Cycle Bigger & Badder

In the waning days of 1999, Dr. William Gray, described by the *Washington Post* as "one of the country's prominent hurricane forecasters," made a Cassandra-like prophecy in a *Post* article:

"A new era of intense hurricane activity is about to unfold. Likely to be hit more than ever will be the Caribbean Islands, the east coast of the United States, and the Florida peninsula. The last intense era of hurricane activity ended in the 1960s, when Florida and the east coast were not so extensively developed. As evidence that the new era could be underway, (Gray noted that) from 1990-94, there were only five major storms in the Atlantic, Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico with wind speeds that exceeded 110mph. During the past five seasons since then, there have been 20 such storms, a fourfold increase."

The area most vulnerable to hurricanes is the nation's most heavily populated. Although the coasts occupy a mere 17% of the contiguous U.S. land area, more than half of the nation's population lives there. Most of the people living along the shore have never experienced a major hurricane, and the explosion of development has occurred, by and large, during a time of relative hurricane quiet. Now, nearly \$2 trillion worth of property sits directly in harm's way.

The expanse of expensive storm-bait has not gone unnoticed. In the 1980s, the insurance industry started counting the number of houses along the volatile edge of the continent and realized that enormously costly storms were a growing possibility. The industry calculated that \$7 billion storms were possible, given the density of coastal develop-

ment. In 1992, Hurricane Andrew quadrupled the single-storm cost calculus, leaving \$30 billion in damage behind. Andrew was the most costly natural disaster in U.S. history.

None of the hurricanes in the past 30 years have been Category 5, the supernovas of the storm world. Dr. William Gray and others warn that the nation is overdue for a Category 5 storm, which could cause \$100 billion in damages, soaking the U.S. taxpayer as much as the landscape.

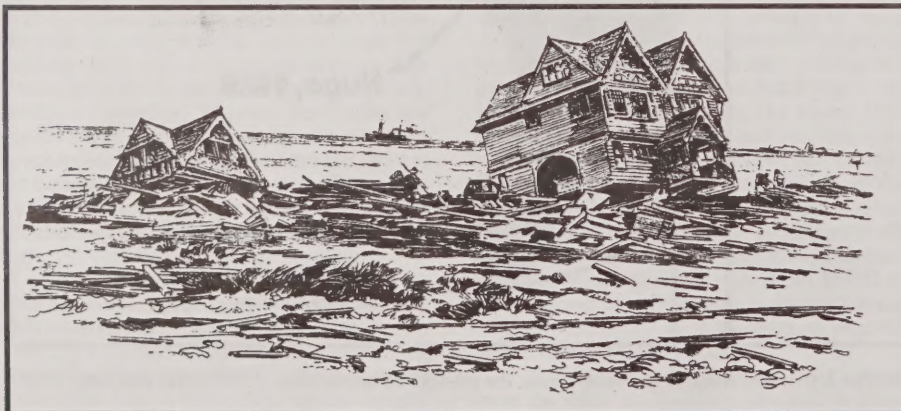
Rising sea levels could intensify the impacts from big storms. Scientists note that higher temperatures will cause the seas to swell from melting icecaps and through sheer heat-induced molecular expansion. Sea level along the Jersey shore and the Atlantic Ocean could rise by 20" by the end of this century, which would greatly increase the area that could be inundated or affected by flood surges.

Throwing Sand at the Problem While the Environment Suffers

The response to colossal acts of nature should not be colossal acts of futility, but FEMA's insistence on issuing federally backed insurance for waterside development is just that, but FEMA is not the only federal agency with a penchant for costly and ultimately futile responses to the ocean. More than 50 federal agencies provide funding for coastal development and re-development. Coastal resorts and U.S. territories siphoned two of every five disaster dollars in the 1990s alone. These communities have also become adept at securing Army Corps of Engineer projects that spend billions of taxpayer dollars to pump sand onto the shore.

Since the 1960s, the Corps has spent \$3.5 billion on more than 1,300 beach replenishment projects, vainly seeking to help those who ignore the Bible's exhortation to not "build their houses upon sand." As coastal geologists note, erosion of a sandy beach is not a "problem" until a house is threatened by it. Unfortunately, erosion is a fact of life at the shore, since 80-90% of the U.S. coastline is eroding at rates varying from one to two feet a year, to upward of 14' a year. An equally unfortunate fact is that sand doesn't stay put, no matter if placed on the beach by nature or by the Army Corps of Engineers.

The cost of coastal development is immense, not only to the taxpayer but to the coastal ecosystem, as well. According to the



A Year To Remember: 1999 Hurricanes

Name	Dates	Category
Bret	Aug. 18-23	4
Cindy	Aug. 19-31	4
Dennis	Aug. 24-Sep 5	2
Floyd*	Sep 7-17	4
Gert	Sep 11-21	4
Irene	Oct 13- 19	2
Jose	Oct 17-25	2
Lenny	Nov 13-25	4

*Floyd clocked in at 155mph, exceeding the 150 mph winds of the 1992 Hurricane Andrew. Hurricane Floyd caused \$2 billion in damages in North Carolina alone. It also spawned the largest peace-time mass evacuation in U.S. history as it raked its way up the East Coast.

Hurricanes are Ranked 1 to 5:

Category 1: Winds of 74-95mph, storm surge 4-5'

Category 2: Winds from 96-110mph, storm surge 6-8'

Category 3: Winds from 111-130mph, storm surge 9-12'

Category 4: Winds from 131-155mph, storm surge 13-18'

Category 5: Winds greater than 155mph, storm surge higher than 18'

Sources: The *Washington Post*, September 28, 1998, and November 28, 1999.

Sand Dollars - A Sample of Beach Renourishment Projects

Ocean City, MD: Sand has been pumped onto the beach every few years since 1988, totaling 9.5 million cubic yards on eight miles of beachfront. Cost to state and federal taxpayers: \$80 million. The federal government plans to keep pumping sand onto Ocean City's 10 miles of shoreline over the next 50 years at an estimated cost of \$500 million, or \$1 million a mile per year.

Rehoboth, DE: 245,000 cubic yards of sand were put on the beach in 1998 at the cost of \$1.2 million in state funds alone, to cover a one-mile stretch of beach.

Folly Beach, SC: A \$12 million replenishment project was done in 1993, most of which disappeared within two years, even in the absence of a significant storm.

New Jersey: The Corps' largest beach replenishment project is along the Jersey shore. It's designed to maintain a 100' wide beach for 50 years on a 33-mile stretch between Sandy Hook and Barnegat Inlet. The Corps estimates that the total cost of the first 21 miles will be \$1.1 billion.

Sources: The *Washington Post*, September 9, 1999; The *CQ Researcher*, "Coastal Development: Does It Put Precious Lands at Risk?", August 21, 1998. Congressional Quarterly, Inc., Washington DC.

Congressional Quarterly, coastal development annually discharges about 2.3 trillion gallons of partially treated sewage into nearby waters. Nutrients and pathogens in the effluent foul ecosystems closing down shellfish beds and swimming areas. Polluted runoff pours into coastal waters from streets, parking lots, and sprawl. Construction also paves over habitat, transforming once productive wetland, estuary, beach and dune, and nearshore habitats into biological wastelands. The victims are finny, feathered, and furry and voiceless. Yet the toll that is taken seems to be heard.

A First Step Forward: The "Two Floods and You are Out of the Taxpayers' Pocket Act"

In 1991, the U.S. House of Representatives passed legislation that would have made sweeping reforms to the National Flood Insurance Program, only to have the bill die an ugly death in the Senate at the hands of key senators and lobbyists for the National Association of Homebuilders and National Association of Realtors. Consequently, the Program's essential problems remain unaddressed. It still provides insurance for development right on the hurricane-prone, flood-prone, and eroding water's edge. Its policies grossly underestimate the risk from erosion and colossal acts of nature. The program still lets policyholders make limitless claims without the cost of the policy increasing in response.

That, however, could change. An Oregon Democrat, Rep. Earl Blumenauer has teamed up with a Nebraska Republican Rep. Doug Bereuter, to introduce the "Two Floods and You are Out of the Taxpayer's Pocket Act," H.R. 2728. The bill's sponsors note that approximately \$140 billion in federal revenue has been spent preparing for, and recovering from, natural disasters during the past 25 years, with floods accounting for the majority of

those expenditures. Repetitive claims under the Flood Insurance Program, claims filed again and again by the same property owners without their rates increasing, are a major drain on the program.

Under the legislation, if more than one claim was paid, and the owner of the property refused to make his structure less vulnerable to flooding, including by relocating it, the policy would be charged to reflect actuarial rates: that is, the true risk of the policy would be reflected in its cost. The goal is to increase the amount of money coming into the Flood Insurance Program by charging sounder rates, and by encouraging vulnerable properties to become less so by retrofitting or relocating out of harm's way.

While the legislation, which has yet to be passed by either the House or Senate, is a step in the right direction, it's a small step. As long as FEMA provides waterside insurance, buildings will be perched as close as possible to the sea. The primarily wealthy investors and second-home owners will continue to profit from all taxpaying Americans, including the

vast majority of taxpayers who can no longer afford a house by the sea since property values have been jacked-up artificially high by federal, taxpayer-backed programs.

As long as development clusters on the shore, millions of people will form a human bull's eye for the new 25-year cycle of super-hurricanes that experts warn the nation has entered. And as long as houses spread over beaches, dunes, and wetlands, and along back bays and estuaries, fish, shellfish, and other wildlife will face disappearing habitat and polluted waters.

It's time for the federal taxpayer to get out of the business of destroying the coast. Otherwise, there will be no ads for the coast appearing in the newspapers of the next century, just an obituary for the ecosystem, human lives, and taxpayer dollars that were lost.

(The author is a coastal expert living in Washington, D.C. She has written books and reports on coastal development and the National Flood Insurance Program, and she spearheaded a national campaign to reform the Program.)

Storm surge has destroyed the lowest floor of this house in Buxton, NC.





Part 3 The Longest Day, Limping into Depoe Bay

Monday, 9/15/97, my young friend Robert had to return to work so he was off to make his way back to Ilwaco, Washington from Garibaldi, Oregon. I planned to continue south to Depoe Bay or, if it was rough, to Newport Oregon.

Robert's parting comment was, "Well, I'm going to try my luck hitchhiking north, and you're cruising south in this weather. I wonder who will have the tougher day?" I don't know how his day went, but I'm sure I won the prize for the worst one.

To start with, it was blowing again from the SW, right into *Flamingo's* face, and the small craft warning red flag was flying at the Garibaldi Coast Guard base. In spite of the SW wind, surprisingly, the big 10' swells were still rolling in from the NW, apparently from a storm in the Gulf of Alaska. This made for rough, wet, slow going. There was a time or two when I contemplated returning to Garibaldi because of the rugged sea conditions, but I thought, "If we just hang in here for another hour or two, maybe the wind will change to the NW as it seems it usually does." That did in fact happen, but it took all day for the change to occur.

To reduce *Flamingo's* slamming motion while plowing into the chop, we throttled down to about five knots. This helped, but it was still quite uncomfortable; the swells coming from behind caused lots of rolling, this in addition to continual pitching from the chop, required one to hang on firmly at all times. It was tiring and hazardous to life and limb. Finally about lunchtime, I decided to launch the floppers to steady the ride some. Now she rode like a bigger ship, but cruised slower yet, about 4.5 knots. I began to wonder how we'd ever get to Newport before darkness at this rate. My wondering was abruptly ended by a startling heavy "thunk", and I wondered what in the world was that?

Stepping out on deck showed me the answer; the starboard stabilizer pole was hanging almost straight down, wrenching against its bolted fastener to the gunnel! It looked and sounded as if it were about to shear off the gunnel. The 5/16" nylon line, which held the top of the pole up to the mast, apparently had broken, and we had a rigging mess on our

29 Days Before the Mast The Cruise of the *Flamingo* Seattle to Santa Barbara In 55 Days

By Jeff Douthwaite

"It's not in the final destination, it's in every day, the joy in life is found along the way."

hands. There was only one thing to do; first shut 'er down, then unbolt the pole if possible to remove that awful bending stress from the gunnel, and the sooner the better. We were well off the northern Oregon shore, about two miles, so we had lots of time in which to work safely. *Flamingo* would roll and slop as she lay ahull in that confused sea, but I knew she was safe enough. I would just have to remember the slogan, "One hand for the ship, and one hand for yourself."

After shutting down the engine, I got out the necessary large pipe and crescent wrenches, then sprawled down on the deck. Fortunately, I was able to release the nut which held the 6"x 3/4" bolt holding the pole to the gunnel. Doing this while the ship was slopping an occasional wave across the deck through the scuppers wasn't easy or comfortable, but with the energy of desperation, I prevailed. I was unsure what would happen next, after I knocked the bolt out of its slot in the gunnel fastener and released the heavy pole. I knew it could be a dangerous battering ram; the pole weighs about 50lbs, the flopper fish on the end of it another 35lbs, all of which on a rolling and pitching boat made for a heavy hazard. So, I fastened two lines to the butt end of the pole and cleated them fast to provide some control after the pole was released. Then, I proceeded to knock the bolt free using a smaller bolt as a punch. Without too much difficulty, the bolt slipped out and the pole lurched towards me, but was restrained by the two lines on it. "So far so good, whew," I said, and had a breather.

Next, it was necessary to hoist the heavy pole back up on deck and then pull up the alu-

minum flopper fish. With energy and adrenalin, I was able to accomplish this. Then, all that remained was to cleat down the mess of pole, fish, and lines so they would not slop or bang around and damage anything else when we again got underway. Having lots of extra lines and cleats handy, cleating things down was easy. "Whew, what a mess. But at least we can be off again. Zowie. That's what you get for trusting old lines, Douthy, you damn Scotsman. Never again," I said. Remembering this in port, I later threw away about 100' of old, suspicious-looking anchor line.

I wanted to leave the portside flopper stopper in the water to reduce the rolling, but fearing it might also break, I hoisted the fish and the pole up, and cleated them fast. "Okay, so we shall just let her roll again, to hell with the floppers. Let's be off," I said. And we were off again, one pole cleated up, the other lashed across the gunnels amidships, looking somewhat like a disaster area, or at least a distasted area.

I wondered if we could find some protection from the seas near "Haystack Rock", which was nearby and about a half mile off the shore. We went in near the rock on the lee side, but I soon judged from the heavy surf the answer was no. "No way, Jose, it's too damn bumpy today," I concluded, and turned back west-southwest to continue on to Depoe Bay. It was growing late in the afternoon and we still had about twenty miles to go, so I shoved up the throttle. "To hell with the knocks Brutus, let 'er rip; I want to get in there before dark, that's for sure. Depoe is a tricky entrance at best. Sorry old boy," I said to the engine. So we were cruising at about 7.5 knots and 1800rpm. The entrance to Depoe Bay is truly a hole in the wall. About 60' wide is all. With rock cliffs on both sides, it is not a port to enter on a stormy day, or worse, at night. That much I knew, for sure.

When we were about 20 miles north of the Bay, the weather was getting better but Brutus, sounded strange, coughed a few times, slowed, coughed some more and died. "Oh no, what's this? Dammit anyway," I said ungratefully. "Probably all this damn rocking has stirred up dirt in the tanks and plugged the filters. I tried the starter several times, to no avail. Squirting some starter fluid into the carburetor enabled her to start and run momentarily, which proved she was indeed starved for gas.

I could hear gas sloshing around in the tanks so I knew we had plenty. So there was nothing for it but to clean out the filters. Blowing gasoline out of two filters inside a heavily rolling boat is not pleasant. Clamping filters to the pipes again, and wiping up the mess, was next. Then, after rinsing out my mouth with water, I tried Brutus again. Yes, he started and sounded strong as ever. "Hooray by God, that was it." I shouted confidently.

But alas, it was too soon to celebrate. After about 20 minutes, Brutus did his miserable coughing and dying act again. I again swore some mighty oaths and remembered there was a third gas filter down near the carburetor, which might also be plugged. Dutifully, I proceeded to crawl in there next to the hot engine, undo, blow, wipe up, reassemble, screw tight, and crawl back out. Tried the starter again and yes, we were off again. "Hallelujah." But, again, in about another 20 minutes he stopped and refused to start. I was pooped, so I went below for a snack. Giving Brutus also a rest might help I thought.

It did, and soon we were off yet again, but after a few minutes cruising, he threatened to stop yet again. I throttled back to an idle in neutral, wondering what the hell was wrong, and lo, the engine continued to run. Shifting her again into forward gear, she continued along at about 3 knots. "Better than nothing, by God." I grumbled.

Then I remembered an experience from long years ago with an old '34 Ford and her fuel pump. She would die going up hills, but if I idled along she would continue to run. "Ah ha, it's a tired fuel pump, I bet." I shouted. "We do have a spare, I wonder if it's any good?" Idling along proved to be feasible. She continued to run for about 40 minutes before dying again. This at least was progress, and a confidence builder. At least I had a clue what was wrong. Idling along for forty minutes was better than cruising for twenty and seemed to provide a temporary fix for the day.

Later, I found the spare fuel pump but after looking at its location on the engine, observed that removing the old one and installing the new in the rolling and now in the dark was not going to be easy. In fact it would be damn difficult, and I was already tired. "To hell with it; we'll idle in. Enough is enough, at least for one day. In fact, enough is too much already," I grunted.

By now it was growing dark, so to be on the safe side, I decided to call the Depoe Bay Coast Guard Station to ask for an assist when entering the narrow bay. They answered promptly; it was a young woman on duty. She said, "*Flamingo*, how many people are on board? Is anyone injured? And, give us your present location." I answered all this and began to wonder if I had opened a bee's nest of questions. Then she said, "Yes, we'll stand by and provide a vessel to meet you. What is your present depth? Do you have a child?" That's what I thought she said, and I answered, "A child? No for goodness sake, my kids are all grown up. What?" Later it dawned on me, she said "chart", not child (which still, was a silly question; of course I had a chart). She did not immediately answer, but in about a minute called again, "*Flamingo*, please call us at every half hour and give us your location. We'll check your progress as you come in." I thanked her and rogered.

Later, when we were about ten miles out, she called again when I was below contem-

plating replacing the fuel pump. Among other things, she then said, "Do you have on your life jacket?" I felt like saying something like, "For Christ sake, it's hard enough to work on an engine in a rolling boat at night without a life jacket on. Get a grip! But I said, "Yes I do now."

"It's one of our rules," she explained.

About an hour later, I saw a bouncing white light, then a red light, then the red and green running lights of a small boat approaching. It was motor launch No. 406 from Depoe Bay, said their radio. In return, I thanked them and explained my fuel pump's problem, and added that we could travel at only about three knots, otherwise my engine would die. Even at three knots, she would die every hour or so, so I had to stop and give her a rest every so often. Launch 406 was very understanding and said, "That's ok, no problem. We will follow you." So we rocked along southwards in tandem in the dark approaching the entrance to the bay. By VHF, they counseled there would be another boat available in case I needed a tow in. I suggested this would not be necessary, that my engine would work okay, long as we continue to go slowly. They agreed to give this a try.

Later, I asked for more detail about how exactly to enter the channel. After some more back and forth conversation, it was apparent I was still unclear about the shape of the channel and its marker lights, so the lead boat said, "There appears to be too much confusion here. I will go ahead of you slowly and you can follow me in."

"Great, that should work. Thank you very much." And it did work just fine. We cruised through the gap in the rocks and into the bottlenecked harbor about midnight. Finally!

I was much relieved to be in a sheltered harbor, tied up to a mooring float. The USCG officer proceeded to obtain all the necessary data from me, writing it down by flashlight, and finally said, "Well goodnight sir." "Goodnight captain, and thank you again. Sorry to have been so much trouble", I muttered.

I borrowed a telephone at the Coast Guard headquarters, called Marcia, told her all was well enough and sorry to be so late, etc. She sounded tired and sleepy but understood and thanked me for calling. No complaints, a very good sport as always. Back on *Flamingo* I took shoes off, had some bread and jam, and hit the sack. It had been a very, very long day.

In Depoe Bay

Next morning, after a good sleep, I felt much better. Sleep is the best medicine, psychologically as well as physically. I felt stronger and confident again. It was raining and blowing, so I donned my raingear and rubber boots and hiked around Depoe Bay's north harbor up the steep hill to the "Sea Hag" restaurant. Enjoyed a good breakfast, read the *Oregonian*, viewed the SW stormy ocean from the bridge, thought it a very good thing that we had not anchored out there last night, and returned to the ship.

The harbormaster was soon there, and said, "Well it's a good thing you made it in, you wouldn't want to be out there now." He was correct, it was really blowing now and the rain was horizontal.

He added, "You came in here in distress, right?" I was not quite sure and said, "Well I

had a Coast Guard escort, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, that's good enough. That means we'll not be charging you moorage during your stay in here."

"Well, thanks a lot; that's the best news I've had in a long time," I replied.

That morning, I got to work, removed the tired fuel pump, installed the spare and tried it. No go, it seemed more tired than the previous one. Both were diaphragm pumps and diaphragms do become porous over time and lose their suction powers.

I conveyed to the harbormaster my fuel pump problem and he offered good news. "There's a guy who runs the fuel station over there has a Chrysler engine, maybe held sell you a fuel pump."

"Great, I'll find out, thanks." Later, I hiked over there, found the fuel dealer who said yes he had a Chrysler Crown engine but no, he didn't want to sell it piecemeal. Said my best bet was to get parts for it from one of the engine dealers in Newport, about 20 miles south.

There followed three long, slow, rainy, discouraging days in which I took the bus to Newport asked the NAPA dealers and others to find me a Chrysler marine fuel pump. They looked, I waited, bussed back, checked the following day, and found they could not find any such thing in the whole of Oregon. Nor could they legally sell me an auto engine fuel pump, so it seemed I was stymied.

But then, someone suggested an electric substitute for the diaphragm pump. Then other sources were found, and Curry Marine supply said yes they might have a marine electric fuel pump that could do the job. So the following day, Wednesday, I again hiked out in the rain, caught the bus, hiked to Curry's place and for \$85, bought a new electric pump.

While waiting around in Newport for the bus to return to Depoe Bay, I observed many tourists on the waterfront. Once, a man went by with a worried and harried look and a sign on his cap, "Retirement is a full-time job." This gave me a good laugh and reminded me that I too was taking it all too seriously. I vowed to relax, have a beer, and remember I am retired; hence, no hurry, no hassle, no job, no pressure, maybe even to forget the all-important trip for a while, return home to Marcia and Seattle for a vacation from this vacation.

Thursday morning 9/18/97, I managed to bolt the new electric fuel pump onto the engine, wired it to the ignition power supply, and, after several tries, got it primed and it worked! What a pleasure to hear Brutus chugging away again. Then, with firmly attached spring lines, I ran the engine at full power there at the Depoe Bay float for about half-an-hour to give it a good test. She ran well enough, but still sounded rough, as if she were missing.

I also was concerned and becoming discouraged about obtaining other spare parts for my engine, if it were so difficult to find a fuel pump, what about all the other parts? I did have on board a spare starter, alternator, points, distributor cap, rotor, spark plugs, water pump impeller. But there were still questions nagging about other possible breakdowns, and if all my spares were in fact workable (like the spare fuel pump, which didn't work).

Also, I noted Brutus was running roughly and when checking further, discovered he was not firing on two cylinders. No wonder! The spark was okay, and spark plugs were checked



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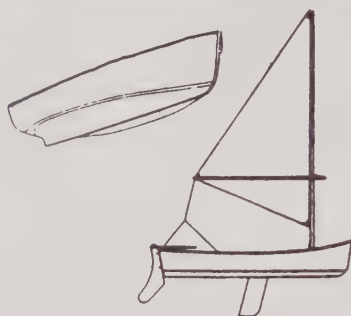
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too, but still no go on the last two cylinders. It was suggested by the fuel dealer that she needed a valve-grind job. Steve Fry, of the Depoe Bay Coast Guard, recommended I call Monte's garage in Newport. "Monte's a great mechanic who fixed my Toyota. It runs better than ever now," he said.

On to Newport

Not perfect, but all was well enough now to continue on to Newport. So out and away from Depoe Bay that afternoon was easy, then we enjoyed some surfing in the 10' NW swell, to the Newport Marina, which is only about 12 miles south. A call to Monte's Automotive and Machine garage, brought the welcome reply that Monte was indeed available and would come check the engine the following Tuesday evening.

I wanted to attach new lines to the flopper stopper systems, so this I did the following day in Newport. To get to town, I had the choice of a mile's hike across the beautiful, high, eight-arch steel bridge there, or by rowing across the bay in my skiff. I chose to row, tied up and enjoyed some walks around the colorful waterfront with all the sea lions barking, and bought some new 5/16" nylon line for the floppers. Later in the continuing drizzle, I lashed the lines and fastened them to the poles and to the aluminum flopper vanes.

At the Newport Marina, there were a number of other pleasure boats waiting for a break in the weather to resume their trips southward. One of these was a beautiful 34', deep-draft sloop called *Ka'sala* from Vancouver, British Columbia. Her owners were Peter and Marlene MacFarlan, a handsome couple who had retired early, sold their home, and were embarked on a trip around the USA and Mexico, through the Panama Canal, the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic coast and eventually up the St. Lawrence to their home town of Ottawa. At the local "Rouge" brewery pub that night, we traded stories and enjoyed each others' company. It turned out, we cruised and sailed from many subsequent ports to meet again in the next, as we progressed down the rugged coast.

Another sailboat couple we met at Newport were Darrell and Marcia from Portland.

They had had a rough time getting to Newport, overshooting it the first try by several miles, then tacking back into the big seas to get here. In the process Marcia was very sick, hatches leaked and all things below were wet. When asked, "How did you manage to overshoot the entrance?" Darrell said, "I didn't trust the GPS." That was a surprise, but Darrell had not yet learned about the GPS and admitted jokingly, "I am sailing at the limits of my incompetence." Later he added, "We are sailing all the way to the poorhouse!"

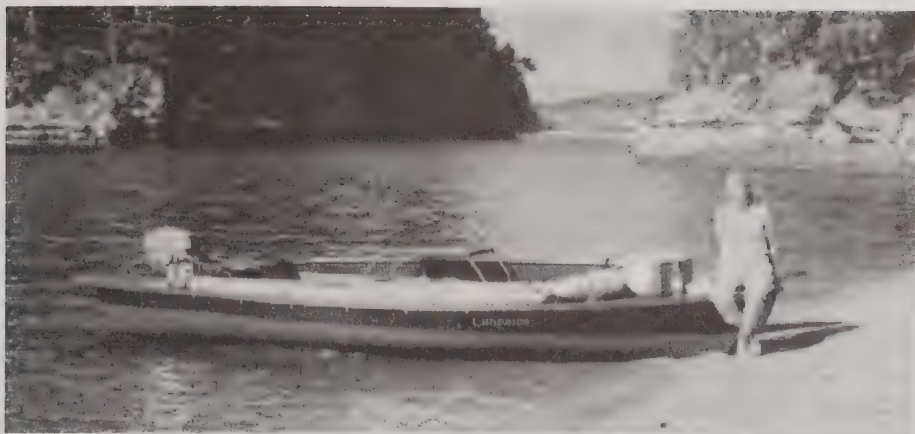
The weather forecast was for a continued storm from the Southwest. It was to be a no go for several days. I called the Greyhound bus company, and proceeded to go home to Seattle for a long weekend, a welcome respite from the struggle on the Oregon coast. My only hope was that fall had not really arrived so soon, else getting the *Flamingo* to Santa Barbara would be just too tough.

I returned to the Newport marina the following Tuesday. The mechanic, Monte Heller, arrived after work and we checked the engine properly. He used a compression gage, which showed the valves were okay. Thank goodness, because that would have been a big tough job, with the engine down in the hull where it was. Other checks he made were all okay, and when he was all but stumped, he finally tried reversing the wires on the last two spark plugs. Lo and behold she began firing on all six! That was the whole problem, and for how long she had been missing I don't know.

This foolish error was embarrassing to me, but Monte generously said, "We all make mistakes. I've made my share too." I was extremely pleased, because this saved me lots of time and money. With Monte's charming wife Carol, we went out to their favorite diner the following night to celebrate the good news of Brutus' good health. This was a morale booster for sure. So were my new friends at Newport. So, we continued to wait for the storm to blow over. The US Coast Guard vessel was present at the bar, blocking the exit of all pleasure boats.

(To Be Continued)





Fall Color On The Upper Wisconsin Dells

By Scott Stokes

It seems like just a couple of weeks ago that I was gushing about bare feet, warm water and lazy picnic lunches on the beach. Well it's time to move on.

The colder water now echoes the honking of the Canada Geese and other migratory waterfowl as they assemble for the yearly fall exodus. I often wish that I could follow them in my Campanoe as they slowly make their long journey down the Mississippi River.

The magical call of the sandhill crane can be heard from great distances and if you look carefully you can see them circling high in the warm afternoon sky as they get a free ride on the uplifting thermals. They climb on locked wings until they are almost out of sight and then they are gone.

Long cool nights have been whispering to the trees to prepare for change. White birch is one of the first to heed the call and their leaves are already starting to yellow and spin to the water in the dry breeze. Some of the maples are challengers in the beauty contest with a show stealing crimson display. Oak trees are more stubborn and will resist until a frost prods them on.

There is no better place to witness this transformation than the Wisconsin Dells. Kim and I always eagerly look forward to spending some early fall days on the water here. The mobs of tourists who flock here in summer for all the amusement rides and activities have vanished and we have the whole place to ourselves except for an occasional tour boat or fisherman.

All the annoying buzzing distractions of mosquitoes, jet skis and water skiing boats have also gone and the only sounds that intrude on our solitude are from our own giggles as we take in the sights from our quiet Campanoe.

Most of the time the wind cooperates and I can sail up or down the narrow scenic canyons. It's also fun to paddle up some of the small side channels where most boats don't dare go because of shallow sandbars and underwater debris.

All of the shoreline here is private property and posted with no trespassing signs to preserve the natural beauty, but remember that the water belongs to everyone. So if you want to spend the night, bring an anchor, a portapotti, the cots and a good warm sleeping

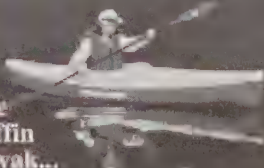
bag.

During this year's Dells outing Kim and I remembered how difficult it was for us to make this trip before we had our Campanoe. We had three little kids and a 20' x 8' flat bottom houseboat that we towed with a pickup. The boat wasn't that heavy but it still was awful to tow and launch. By the time it was in the water, we were drained. Our first time there the outboard quit and we were stranded in the narrows. The wakes of the big tour boats pushed us against the rocks and the kids were scared and crying until I got it running. Then at the landing we burned out our pickup's clutch trying to pull it up the steep, slippery landing. It took a length of chain and a 4WD truck to get us out. Not exactly relaxing.

Now it's a very different experience. We can tow our Campanoe easily with our little Honda and fold it to 4' wide for long trips. If our outboard quits at a critical moment we grab our paddles or tip the bimini forward to sail. If the landing is difficult we can carry it to the car. Everything we have learned is designed into Campanoe.

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Italy Stories

Wooden Shipbuilding

By Peter Moore

On a trip to Italy we came across wooden shipbuilding going on in the Italian east coast (on the Adriatic Sea) port of Manfredonia, about halfway down the Italian "boot." We had seen many fishing boats at work afloat, but none as large as the one pictured under construction. Manfredi was a German emperor who controlled most of souther Italy in the 13th century, hence the non-Italian name for the port.



Japan Stories

River Barge

By Jason Spinnett

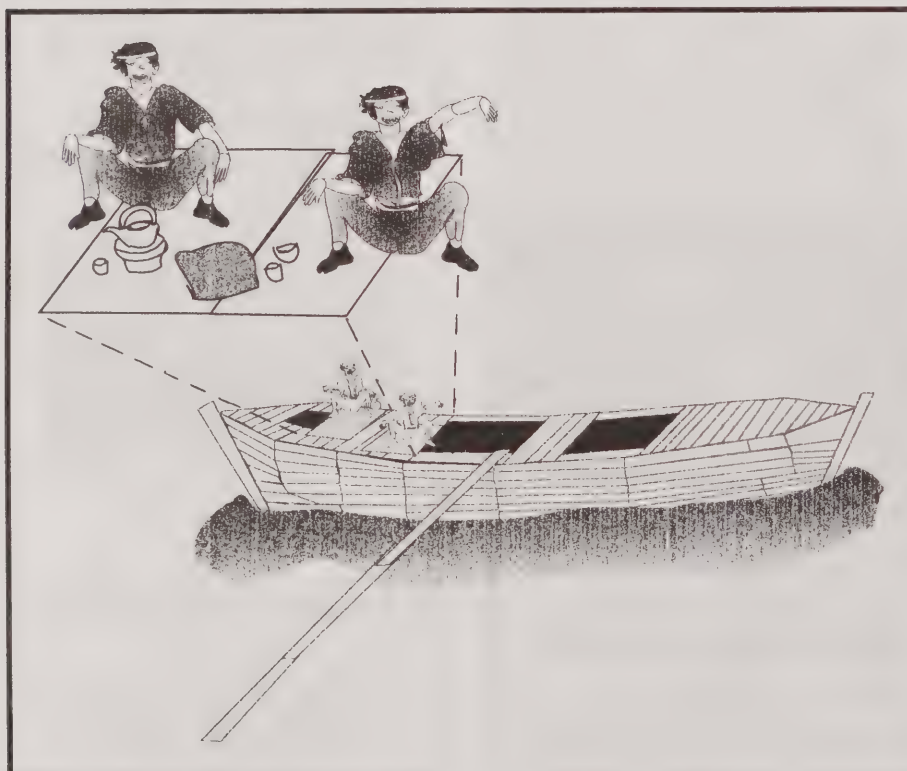
The Sumida river flows slowly through the old part of Tokyo into Tokyo Bay. Barge traffic has plied it for a millennium. The first time I saw the barges they were still using low

wooden hulls with a covered deck and crew's hatch at the end. I used to stand on bridges above the river to watch them pass under looking at the cargoes through the open hatches.

When they stopped to unload freight for businesses built along the riverbanks, they used very long narrow gangplank boards from the deck of the barge to the shore. To unload, the crew trotted down the gangplank with bales or boxes on their backs.

One day while I watched, the crew stopped for a break. They spread a small straw mat on the deck, put out a hibachi, a tea pot, some cups and small cushions. I had been standing on shore. I approached the end of the plank. The temptation was irresistible so I walked up the plank a little way. The two crewmen watched me a minute then motioned to me with that peculiar hand gesture that looks like waving bye-bye to a small child. Fortunately they raised a teacup toward me too so I figured they really meant "come here".

I moved gingerly forward but the planks were so incredibly long that my hosts looked far away. On I crept up the narrow plank, trying to appear nonchalant until I reached their tea party. They smiled, bowed and handed me a full teacup. I sat on a cushion they gave up for their guest. They were as amused by the curious foreigner as I was by the Jodhpur clad crew and their historic vessel. We proceeded to chat, though I couldn't speak well enough to make fascinating conversation. I did manage a few pleasantries like "interesting boat", "nice day", and "yes, I like tea". They talked freely while I got a clue only now and then. Their break and our international tea party was over in about ten minutes so we bowed, smiled, shook hands and parted with "sayonara" and "mata".



I never have been more reverent for people after they are dead than I was when they were alive. I mean, it just don't make any sense to me to overlook the facts of the matter. Might as well not hold back on a good story just because the person it is about ain't around to enjoy it.

I built a boat for an old, old friend of mine. We had been friends for a long, long time and he was just about on his last legs when he ordered this boat. He already had three of my boats and though he was so decrepit that he wasn't able to use any of them when he ordered this one, he didn't think he was quite through yet. What he wanted this time was a tiny pirogue. He said that he was going to get his granddaughters to take him down to his pond and lay him out in the bottom of it (he specified that it have no thwarts) cover him with his wool afgan and push him out away from the bank to drift in the sun every now and then when the weather was fine for what he was sure was his last winter in Georgia. I dropped everything and went to work but in spite of that, I was too late.

I had invented this way to make these little extra-light model-bow pirogues a long time ago and they were hot sellers among high-card duck hunters who owned swamp land down in south Louisiana. The way they were built was that the whole bottom of the boat was made out of two wide poplar (tulip poplar, *Liriodendron tulipifera*) boards which were carved so that they were kind of thick along the edges in the wide part of the boat to form sort of a chine to fasten the sides to but were tapered thin at the ends so that they could be pulled up to the stems to form a hollow entry and fine place at the stern to ease loose of the water. The bottom boards of the sides fastened along the bottom planking chine-style in the middle and then rolled around so that the forward and aft of the boat became lap-strake with rebates where the planks joined the stem and sternpost.

Though there were only two topside planks to the side, the flexibility of the poplar allowed me to get a good flare and made a pretty good looking little pirogue if I do say so myself... light too... didn't have to have but two or three frames. A twelve foot one some thirty four inches wide only weighed thirty pounds or so but then the sides weren't but about nine inches high in the middle. You can say that such a thing is too little to be useful if you want to, but down where the pirogue is (or used to be) the true tool, it ain't uncommon for two big men to stand up in one littler than that and each shoot a twelve guage shotgun out the same side (at baited ducks on the water before legal daylight most likely). Of course, the water is so shallow most places that if they had to step out for a minute to catch their balance, they would hardly get their shoes wet.

So my old friend had always wanted to figure out why he needed one of those little boats and it is too bad that he was dead before he finally got his chance. When I heard that he had had what was certainly his final stroke, I went to the family and told them that they needed to feel no obligation to me for the almost finished little boat but they assured me that there was nothing that the old man would want better than for them to take it.

They said that when he finished dying, they would dress up the littlest of the great granddaughters and let her take his ashes out

Dead Man's Boat

By Robb White

into the pond in it and let him fly. I went out on the side porch where they had him lying in a hospital bed to see if I couldn't get one last rise out of him but even my little statuette of the Virgin of Willendorf failed to move him and I knew I needed to hurry back to the shop and get to work.

Everything would have turned out alright except for his youngest son. He has three sons who I knew well because they were in my cabin at camp three summers in a row. All three of them were wild for adventures in the woods, creeks and swamps around the camp and my cabin of boys always came back more muddy and scratched up than all the others and were sometimes late for supper. Two of those boys have slowed down enough to function fine in the regular world but the youngest turned out to be one of those people who is just too enthusiastic to adapt well. He has been wrapped up to the eyeballs in more wild schemes and reckless jobs than anybody I know, most of them somehow involving paint.

One time he had a job painting the inside of the pipes leading water to the turbines under Boulder Dam in Colorado. He told me all about it. He had to crawl about a mile through this eighteen inch pipe dragging his paint, a big electric hotplate, a long extension cord and an air hose. Once he got to the place where he left off last time, he cooked his paint on the hot plate until it was blistering hot and lay on his back while he daubed all around the inside of the pipe. As he worked, he had to re-arrange his air hose to blow enough air on him so that he could continue to live and he had to back-track to drag the hose and extension cord out of his way.

He said that the whole business was a pain in the ass but that he made enough money in some four or five months to buy a good used Corvette and make a trip way down into Mexico almost to Nicaragua where it was stolen along with all his belongings... he had to hitch-hike back to Panacea. But, like the old song, "It was worth it for the time that I had," he said. After that job, he painted television and water towers and even had a job spraying blimps. He was a regular paint man and when his father died, he was in the newly discovered polyurethane varnish business (now, he buys surplus Navy paint and sells it to boat yards all up and down the East Coast out of his sailboat).

His family always had plenty of confidence in him and supported every one of his adventurous notions so they insisted that I varnish the little pirogue with his product. I had been epoxyfying my boats for quite a while by then but was still using automotive clear-coat acrylic lacquer to protect the epoxy from the sun (which works pretty good). The son had told me of the wonders of this polyurethane and though talk is cheap, I was anxious to try it out and since these people were perfectly willing to take the burden of proof on themselves, I sprayed the little boat.

It wet out and flowed into itself so well that I was astonished. The spray gun worked better too, the recommended viscosity would have made a mess of a lacquer job but though it stayed liquid so long that it absorbed the

overspray most miraculously there were no curtains, runs or orange-peel. If it could stand the weather like it was supposed to, it would certainly be the trick for protecting solvent-less epoxy.

After the solvent flashed out, I sprayed on another coat. There was no sign of any tendency to curtain, so I turned up the heat and let her rip again. After the solvent of the third coat had evaporated, I measured a wet-film thickness of between five or six mils all over the whole boat and, considering the circumstances, decided to stop right there. Wow, it shone like a diamond in a goat's ass.

The next morning it was still gleaming in there. We had just had a good rain to cut down the pollen (chased the old man's barbe-cuing wake inside) and my dust machine had worked good. Except for one or two bug turds, I had a perfect varnish job. The paint was still sticky enough for me to pick out the turds and swipe the place with my wet finger. I called the family and told them that I probably wouldn't be able to deliver the boat until the next morning and they said that that would be fine because they were having such a good time remembering the old man that they were in no hurry.

"Might as well come eat some of these Apalachicola oysters with us while you are waiting." I went too and stayed mighty late because I met another old man who had served on board of a patrol boat as engineer for the old man ("captain", old man) during WWI and we got to talking. He was an amateur machinist and was just about to finish up a little Stuart Turner 5A that he had been working on for over a year. I told him that I had just the boat for it waiting for the varnish to get dry.

I can see that this story is fixing to get out of hand so I'll cut it short. Three days later, the damned pirogue was still sticky and the wake was about ready to disperse so I gingerly took it to the pond and spread out a piece of plastic on the bottom for the little girl (about four years old) in her pinafore. She set the urn in front of her on the sticky bottom of the boat and took up the double paddle.

Though she had only had a little pirogue experience, it had sprung up a good breeze of fair wind and she set off for the middle of the pond to the cheers of all the old man's relatives and friends. We could see her busily strewing ashes on all sides. The whole operation looked a little like dervish work but she got it done. We all ran around to the lee side of the pond for her triumphant arrival. From the looks of the boat and her, I don't think but about half of the old man made it to the water. It took me five gallons of acetone to get him and that varnish off the boat.

There are two morals to this story... one is never to trust the compatibility of two wonder substances until you do the experiments and the other is don't wait until you are dead to do your messing.

Burt's Canoes

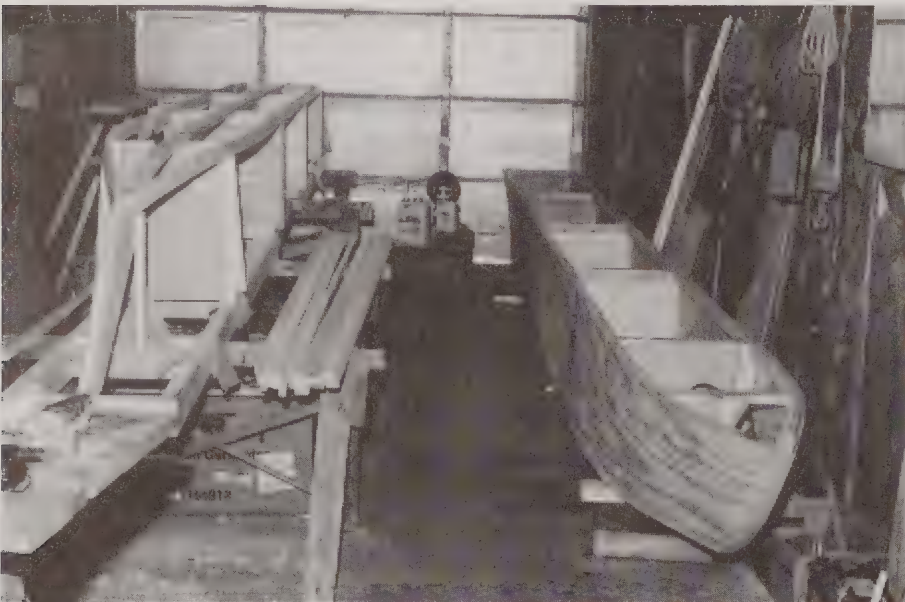
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In the late fall of 1998, I took to my shop with saw and plane...

...by early June of 2000, *Walden* was ready for her cabin.



The Building of a Shantyboat

By Robert Ensign

After a year and a half of construction time, and many hours of mental cruising in the shop, I had the pleasure of seeing my personal little shantyboat take to the water like a swan. That's how Joshua Slocum referred to his sloop *Spray* when he first saw her in her element. But my swan is named *Walden Pondtoon*. The play on words recalls, of course, the mystic/naturalist Henry David Thoreau and his penchant for solitude, who in the mid-nineteenth century lived for two years in a self-constructed shanty on the shores of Walden Pond near Concord, Massachusetts. A shantyboat was to be for me, likewise, a place in which to hang out, and "conduct some private business", as HDT was won't to explain his quest for the center.

But, the mixture of literary influences on my thinking and dreaming includes a modern writer, too; frequent contributor to *MAIB*, Tim O'Brien, skipper of the houseboat, *Shoe Box*. Retired submarine commander, afterguard member in tall ships, explorer par-excellence of the Merrimack River and Plum Island Sound and its marshes, Tim's salty and whimsical writing has had a large influence on my odyssey.

The ring is completed with the wonderful adventures of Harlan Hubbard and Anna, in their shantyboat, drifting on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and the bayous of Louisiana. So, little *Walden Pondtoon* holds a lot of ambience for me, and friendly presences aboard mingle with her crew!

In the beginning of my project, the first decision was whether to build a scow-type hull or a pontoon boat. A scow gives the greater displacement and, therefore, load carrying ability. William Atkin's "Retreat" was so appealing, as were the Aqua Casa designs of Berkeley Eastman. But ultimately I chose the Huck Finn pontoon plans by Glen L. Witt since I felt I could complete that design.

By going this route I would not have to turn over an 8' wide hull in my small shop. I've not been sorry over my choice. I built the 20' long by 8' beam version, and was able to completely finish each hull, including the paint job, before assembling the craft in the upright position. The house design was my own brainstorm, giving me full headroom and a bright, airy feeling. Basically, the craft is a pilot house on a pontoon.

The twin hulls were built of 3/8" construction grade (AC) plywood, covered completely with West System(tm) fiberglass. All bulkheads, frames and joints were epoxy glued and fastened with bronze ring nails. The interiors of the pontoons were coated with thinned epoxy and filled with a total of 3000lbs of foam flotation material in the three center sections on each side. All sections between bulkheads are inter-connected with large limber holes and each has an access hatch for servicing. The bow and stern compartments are available for stowage.

As for the cabin, built of 1/4" AC and 2"x2" fir, I wanted to give it a bit of a workboat look rather than having it resemble a house trailer. Hence, the painted plywood with arched windows, all of which hinge inward

and upward, hooking to the roof beams. Screens were fitted to doors and windows fore and aft, and maybe someday the side windows will have them, too. But for now, it seems better to be able to reach a dock piling with a boat hook out a side window if necessity ever requires such an approach.

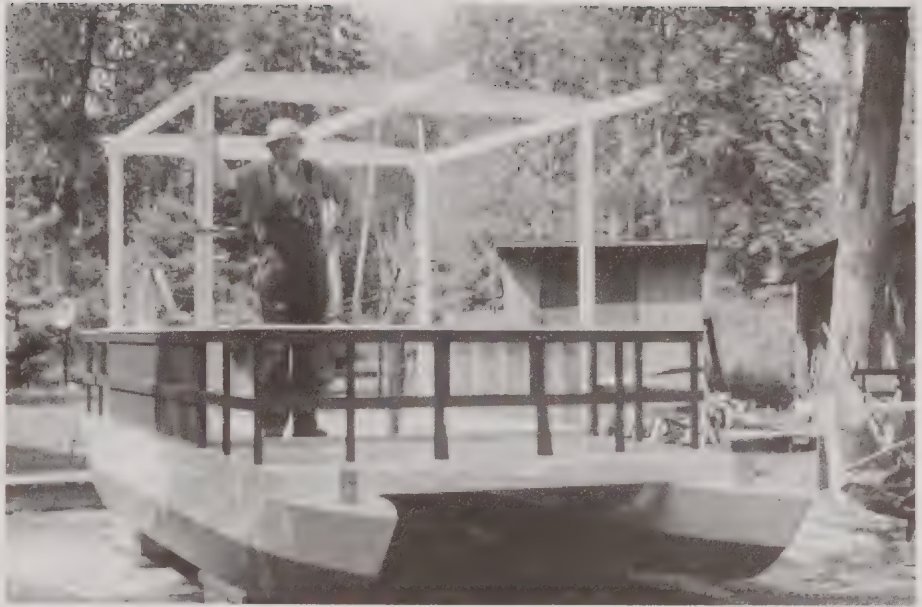
The cabin is fastened down to a 3/4" plywood deck, 17' long, supported by three treated 4"x4"s and six 2"x4"s. Every beam, edge, plywood panel, trim strip, house side and roof were pre-painted with acrylic house paint before installation, and the fiberglassed deck surface and rooftop coated with porch and floor enamel. More applications of paint will follow in the fall and spring. During the winter the boat will partially be under cover, so hopefully the economy finish will hold up.

The inside cabin dimensions are 7'8"x8'6", giving room for a large cot, deck chairs, storage tub, porta-potti, dropleaf table and the steering station in the center behind the large front window. Power for *Walden* is supplied at the present time by a Johnson 7-1/2hp outboard. An appropriate Yamaha or Honda 4 cycle is envisioned for the future. Indispensable is the 52lb thrust Motorguide electric-steer trolling motor, mounted on the foredeck. It functions as a bow thruster and makes single handed dropping or picking up of the mooring much easier than with the outboard. The electric motor alone will drive the boat about four miles an hour at full speed.

So, what can I do with this little shantyboat? For starters, it will carry up to five people on outings without feeling overloaded. This drill is usually done in light wind conditions. *Walden Pondtoon* has taken my first mate and me on several moonlight cruises around our Prentiss Bay on those calm, calm summer evenings we enjoy here in Northern Lake Huron at Les Cheneaux Islands in the UP of Michigan. The joy of quietly cruising at idling speed, with moonlight on the water and our five mile distant lighthouse flashing its signal, all the while sitting comfortably in our deck chairs, behind screens, with a carpeted floor aiding the quiet, makes for magical moments indeed!

If people had told me, a life-long sailor, that someday I would be enthused about a shantyboat, I would have had trouble with their credibility. As it is, my family and I really enjoy our pilot house on a pontoon, and my grandchildren simply love it. During the mid-summer days we fished for herring, picnicking all the while. Later, we mounted a downrigger on the starboard quarter and successfully trolled for fall salmon. And, of course, the overnights alone for the skipper in our secluded north bay, fulfilled his need for the transacting of some private business, and allowed *Walden Pondtoon* to live up to her name.

Welcome aboard!



First progress on the shape of things.



Starting to look like a shanty.

Launch day, July 4, 2000...hide those bumpers!



SCUZBUMS NEWS

SCUZBUMS: S.C.S.B.M.S.: Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society

For boat builders, admirers, enthusiasts, and all who love to mess about in small boats * Issue No. 66 Sept./Oct. 2000

Baywood Navy Expeditionary Report On The Giant Messabout

By Bos'n Jack Moore

The Baywood Navy's famed Expeditionary Force again attended the Giant Five Day Monster Millennium Messabout, sponsored by the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society (Scuzbums). Our fleet included a S.F. Pelican, a day sailer, a Beetle catboat and an El Toro. All five days were spent sailing, rowing, paddling, eating, and enjoying the company of the Scuzbum folk. Annie, the ScuzMum and her husband Dudley again rolled out the red carpet for the Northern Contingent of "Boat Ramp Rats".

George Hinds, vintner, provided a fine wine. The label read as follows: "Hinds Special Cerro San Luis Paisano, Stomped (With Clean Feet) at Rafael Way Slo. Especially For Consumption at the San Diego Messabout, August 2000. G. Hinds, Vintner. Govt. Warning: According to the Surgeon General This Stuff May Do You In, But What the Hell, Have Some". (I noted this important government warning was ignored and the bottle was drained.)

Highlights: Baywood Navy sweeps tack and gybe race. George H. and Jack M. sailing the Beetle cat with Jack Hamilton (an Aussie friend of our ScuzMum) handling the mainsheet. Sharing Steve Rutschow's father-in-law's 84th birthday with Anastasia, Alexandra, Julie, and Steve. This fine gentleman Ed Stefanek served our country for 24 years in the armed services. Great sailing adventures of George H. and Jack M. aboard ScuzMum's craft *Ladyhawke* and *Precious*.

Any time that you can spend more time on the water than on the land for five days is a great experience. The fellowship of our friends to the south has us planning our return next August!

Millennium Messabout 2000

From *Scuzbum News* Sept./Oct. 2000

By Annie Kolls

Another big messabout (the one and only Monster Millennium Messabout) is behind us. We all enjoyed the perfect weather, the wonderful wind, the starry nights, Tim's Gourmet Food and Coffee Shop on the Beach, George's homemade wine, wonderful trophies, and the company of our Australian member, Jack Hamilton. Great boats, good kids, good conversations and good food.

The fleet this year included a brand new Nutshell pram, a steam launch, three El Toros, a Beetle Cat, a Luders, a sharpie, two or three Pelicans, a Picaroon, a Whitehall, a sailing canoe, a Sairy Gamp, a tricked-out Lido 14, a lapstrake sailing dinghy, a sailing catamaran-kayak, a 10' sailing trimaran, two miniature tugboats, the schooner *Damsel*, the 17' daysailer *LadyHawke*, two kayaks, and a brand new pocket cruiser, *John E. Guy*, built by John Roumbanis.

As usual, we had games and racing and a scavenger hunt, thought up and coordinated by Kim Apel, whose contribution each year is so greatly appreciated by all of us.

Each year the messabout is a little different, and each year new faces and familiar faces and great small boats make it unique. And, each year after it's over, I start looking forward to the next one.

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A Characteristic Incident

By Jim Mayberry

Trimaran Dave and I were going to set off for the *Star of India*. I shoved off from the beach and did my usual figure eights and circles while getting the halyard up tight, the tack line down tight, the main sheet out from under myself and coiled in my lap, my sun lotion on, etc, etc, etc. Finally in good trim, I see the trimaran hauled up on the beach, Dave can't get out. Seems his rudder wouldn't work.

The engineering committee was convened (myself, Joe Millard and Joe Tribulato). I had my car tool kit which contained two vintage Volkswagen copper oil drain plug washers which the other members applied to the situation, while I issued disclaimers.

Finally we're underway, but if you didn't know it, the wind and the current get really goofy under the Coronado Bridge. Sail up, no wind. Sail down, wind and boat wakes, you can't win. But, in my boat paddling is usually the best response to uncertainty. Got the main down, the mizzen down, the sheet out from under me, etc, etc etc and started to paddle. A jet ski approached on a collision course. When about 25' away, he made a sudden turn, which had the effect of throwing about half his wake into my cockpit, i.e. into my lap. As he sped away I invited him to return for further consultation but apparently he didn't hear.

Meanwhile, Dave is not to be seen. I went as far as Seaport Village and turned back. Just before I did, a thirty-something-foot sailboat passed me. The helmsman called out: "Don't worry, we'll get that (so-and-so) on that (such-and-such) jet ski 'cause we got his (such-and-such) number and we'll catch him."

"Do you think he just didn't see me?" I asked in the spirit of fair-mindedness for which I am known, especially in matters involving jet skis.

The reply: "Heck, yeah, he did it on purpose, the so-and-so. You should have seen what he did to this guy in a little wood trimaran!"

By then they were out of range, so no more details were to be had. I never saw Dave until I got back to Fiddler's Cove, but for a while there I tried not to think about not seeing him again at all. I wonder whatever happened to the jet ski.

Subscription: \$25 per year. Dues and correspondence to
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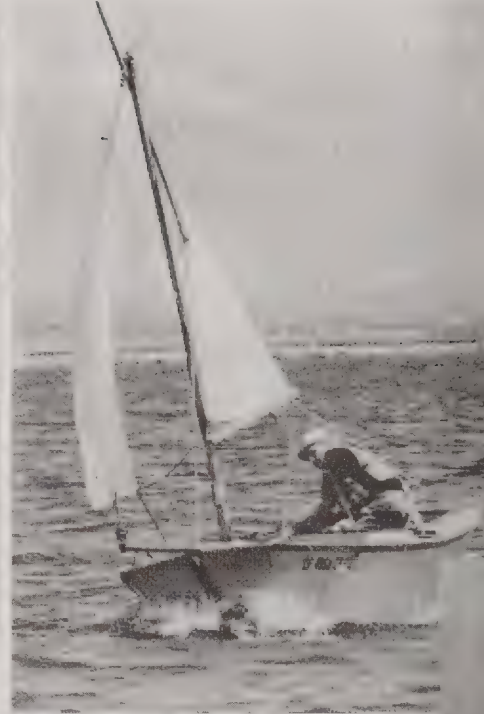
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Clockwise from top left: The beach scene, here with the sharpie *Hawk* in the foreground; Roger Gaefke in his electric yellow, totally portable kayak, backrest/flagpole flying the ScuzBums burgee; Randy Ames in John Neiswanger's spiffy *El Toro*; Rod Latimer with the beautiful little schooner *Damself*; Randy Ames' Luders, *Jalapeno*, ready for action.







Across the top from left: The steam launch *Amity*. Baywood Navy's *Priscilla*. John Borge's *Puff* with Jack Hamilton as sheet hand. The Baywood Navy campsite on the beach. A Beetle Cat and sailing canoe out on the bay. Across the middle from left: Jim Harmening's sharpie *Hawk*; the Beetle Cat *White Wing* at anchor, the sharpie *Sparrow* underway; the Repair & Ding Committee meets. Across the bottom from left: *Jalapeno*, *White Wing* and *Priscilla* moving right along; John Roumbanis' new creation, the *John E. Guy*, a beautiful and practical pocket cruiser; Jim Mayberry's sailing canoe and John Neiswanger's all bright El Toro on the beach.



The challenge raised in my little piece on island cruisers (*The Island Trail*, Winter 1999, abridged for *Maine Boats and Harbors* from a longer article I did back in 1991 for *The Apprentice*) drew more than a few letters, emails, and alternative design suggestions. *Messing About in Boats*, where you see many people using boats suitable for the islands, also reprinted it.

Designs for More Crew

Bill Boyd, whose response appeared in the Spring 2000 issue of *The Island Trail*, presented the chief challenge. "First and foremost is the matter of determining your own particular needs in a boat, then eliminating those that don't fit the bill." Bill wanted to take more than two or three people with him. So he opted to sacrifice rowing in choosing a big, yet still

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Island Cruisers The Search Goes On

By Benjamin A.G. Fuller

Having started a vibrant discussion of island cruisers with his article in the Winter 1999 issue of *The Island Trail*, Ben Fuller returns this issue to summarize the reader feedback he's received.

light, open boat design, Ian Oughtred's Caledonia Yawl. She is at the upper end in size: 350-400lbs, and may require an outboard for calms. Oughtred has slimmer designs that are better for rowing. His 18' Ness Yole is a particular favorite of mine and he has a new 16' faering design. One problem Oughtred's boats face is beaching; their veed bottoms need help to stay level.

And Sailing Canoes

For single-handing, Hugh Horton reminded me about the virtues of the old 50/50 paddling/sailing canoes. The ones he builds are based on a carefully chosen 15' canoe hull to which decking has been added, creating an open cockpit like the original cruising canoes of the 1880s. These sail far better than a kayak, as the hulls have more stability and you can sit on the rail if needed. There is enough room to snooze inside. Larger versions of these double-paddle canoes are the various folding boats by Klepper and others. This is an area that manufacturers are now pursuing, unfortunately without looking to the exquisite designs for "Wanderkayaks" produced in Germany and Sweden from 1900 into the 1930s.

Rowing Sailboats

But we wanted a larger boat. And that usually means rowing. *My Ocean*, Ben Emory's beloved 22-year-old rowing and sailing boat, is the original for Joel White's Catspaw Dinghy. Joel built her well, and dozens have followed. She is smaller than most, but Ben notes, easier to beach and launch, and beamy enough for two to bunk in the bottom. "For us, *My Ocean* has been a wonderful exploration vessel, yacht tender, day-sailer, and rowing boat, and ... an absolute delight to the eyes. For others she might be a good craft for very simple camping-type cruising."

My Ocean is an enlarged version of a traditionally built Nat Herreshoff dinghy design. Others proven by MITA members are Swampscott dory types, whose flat rugged bottoms make beaching easy, Whitehall types, and larger peapods. They do get heavier as they gain in size. My 15' Delaware Ducker, well suited as a single-harder, has a 160lb hull. Building in glued lap takes 50lbs out of it, cold-molded another 20lbs. Several builders are doing glass Swampscotts, Whitehalls and peapods. Whitehall types seem especially popular in Alaska.

Joel White's last design was an expansion of his popular rowing and sailing 16' Shearwater. Commissioned by Gary Fogg and

built by Eric Dow, the result is an 18' double-ender with a single standing lug sail, and a beaching weight of 200lbs. A small plank keel makes rolling her up easy, while removable thwart and a dagger board give plenty of room for sleeping.

"A very able rowing, sailing vessel for short excursions, and for protected and semi-protected waters. The spars and sail stow in the bow when rowing, or the mast can be left standing and the sail rolled up while rowing in a calm.

Hoisting and lowering sail with the standing lug on open ocean with swells and even moderate winds (15 knots or so) is dangerous. We prefer to hoist and lower the sail in protected sides of the islands before sailing out. The vessel is better for a crew of two than four because of space limitations, especially with camping equipment. Under a knockdown, the vessel rolls over on her sides comfortably and then comes back up again without terrifying movements, since her hull is essentially round in correction and her center of effort is low. Still, I don't recommend getting into a knockdown in big waves or open ocean."

Gary recommends a little mizzen to help hold an open boat into the wind when sail handling in rough seas. She is wetter than their Whitehall and provides a bouncier ride while being faster and easier to row. Needing a little larger boat for the family, Gary is selling her.

Glued Lap Designs, Too

Three new glued lap designs for lean cruising are covered in the July issue of *Maine Boats and Harbors* by Art Paine. One is Arch Davis's Penobscot 17, a transom-sterned 260-pounder. His unstayed ketch rig would be best for cruising. Tony Dias has put his double-ended Marsh Hawk on a slimming program to create the 17' 6" Harrier wherry, which can be rowed by two, and has a plank keel for beaching. Design weight is 200lbs and the prototype has a standing lug main with a tiny balancing mizzen. A bit more freeboard and wide outwales should make her drier than Joel White's design at the expense of rowing performance. And from John Brooks comes the ketch-rigged 21' Beach Cruiser 2, a partially decked true sailboat, where you row only when you must. A smaller 15' proposal would be a bit easier to handle ashore and under oars.

Our Idaho-based MITA member, Bob Simmons, has the last word. He reminded me about the work of Phil Bolger, notably his handsome 16' Prince William Sound Yawl, designed as a maximum cartopper with a transom stern and leeboards. Firm bilges and a flat bottom provide ample space.

More importantly, he reminded me that I may have tossed in a red herring... the skipper of boats like these need the same seafaring skills required of a kayak paddler or anyone venturing out in a small boat in Maine waters. Albert Strange's note *To Single Handers* of 1901 is still true. "Almost more important than the possession of a first rate craft, is the knowledge of how to utilize the forces of nature to your own advantage... Always keep a bit in hand, a bit on the weather side... a bit of spare when cutting things fine across shoal patches... In fact always have a bit to spare of everything you know you will want the most."

(Reprinted from *The Island Trail*, the newsletter of the Maine Island Trail Association, Summer 2000)

The author Alan Villiers, who was a square-rigger captain, a professional who was still actively sailing square-riggers when he wrote his books, mentions in his book about the trip with the *Mayflower*, a trans-Atlantic voyage, that he was never able to get the speed out of the replica that the original was capable of. "We know her speed," he writes, "because we know the time she took to complete various short hops to European ports before setting out for America, from her logbooks."

For a long time have I pondered the implications of this remark. Sure the replica sailed without normal cargo, heavily ballasted, and this would indeed affect the way she handled. We also know that the *Santa Maria*, Columbus' flagship, did not at all have the admirable capabilities which her captain, who was after all an experienced seaman at a time when there were only sailing ships, would have wished for. He found her a poor sailor and complained about her lack of talent many a time. This was the reason for her eventually being shipwrecked.

Yet Magellan, a contemporary of Columbus, takes his ship through the straits subsequently named after him, about the worst place to be with a poorly sailing craft, a place strewn with navigational hazards and possessed of the worst tidal currents that everybody (except Joshua Slocum) has loved to avoid. And so did Drake years later.

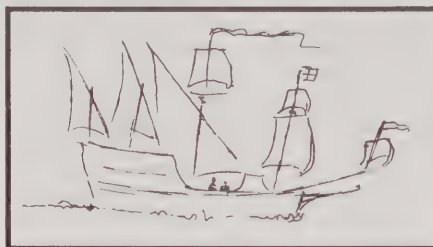
Not only did Drake successfully navigate the straits, after being driven back for quite some time, and so finding out where the continent ended, he managed to then sail north along the west coasts of the Americas as far as today's Vancouver (I think), seemingly without great difficulty, passing through an area of contrary currents, where even today's yachtsmen prefer to use their auxiliary power.

Where Magellan was a contemporary, Drake was of the next generation after Columbus; by that time ships' bottoms may have improved. But Magellan's ship carpenters were Brits, Andrews of Bristol. The ship's original name was *Victoria*, not the later Spanish spelling *Vittoria*, and Andrews may well have had a hand in choosing her, even in building her. The point which I am trying to make is that the *Victoria*, the *Golden Hind* (Drake's ship), and the *Mayflower* seem all to have been British-built ships, and contrary to popular beliefs, obviously perfectly maneuverable. Was there a difference in their bottom design from craft like the *Santa Maria*?

Here I have to bring in another of these far-out suggestions that may make the experts

Dreamboats Magellan, Drake & the *Mayflower*

By Richard Carsen



frown: They may have had bottoms, similar, if not identical, to the Arabian dhow, especially their general trader, the "boom".

In his book, *The Sons of Sinbad*, Villiers shows a number of photos of the bottoms of those dhows. Clifford Hawkins, in his book *The Dhow*, shows the remarkable resemblance of the structure of the very successful Hansa cogge-ship and the boom. It is generally thought that the dhow is copy of Elisabethan ships, and I do think that the superstructure aft, with its fake galleries, is indeed an imitation. As a hull, however, it is infinitely older, and I have seen faience models from the Persian Gulf area, models which are already the basic type of the present-day boom.

In *The Dhow*, the author shows how the bottom is shaped, starting upwards from the keel-baulk. Starting with a garboard which is

only veryslightly tilted, the planks following are given more and more tilt until after about three strakes the bottom shape becomes almost flat. The kind of peaked bottom shape that results, reminds one of the well-known section of a wine-glass hull.

Villiers is outspoken in his praise of the sailing and seakeeping qualities of the *Victory of Righteousness* on which he sailed a 3,600nm trading trip down the east coast of Africa and back from Kuwait. The *Victory of Righteousness* was a boom of about 120' length. Villiers never gives her dimensions outright, so I figured that from what he does give.

As the boom and her configuration are far older than our ships of that type, contact at least with Dutch people is proven by documentation thought to have taken place during the Crusades, the sudden appearance of the coggeship, and the boom-like form of some native fishing craft on the southwest coast of Holland, would argue for the "peaked" bottom having arrived from the mideast.

Finally, Dutch traditional flat bottom and round bottom craft are now only built as yachts. The fastest of these, proven over and over again, is the the sperwer (the falcon). She is neither round nor flat bottomed but has a "peaked" bottom.

It seems to me that these small ships of excellent performance, like the *Victoria*, the *Golden Hind*, and, as it seems, the original *Mayflower*, also had such "peaked" bottoms, developed over many thousands of years on the shores of the Arabian sea. Villiers said, after sailing through a bad squall on the *Victory of Righteousness*, "I hope that nobody comes and tries to tell these people how to build a better boat."

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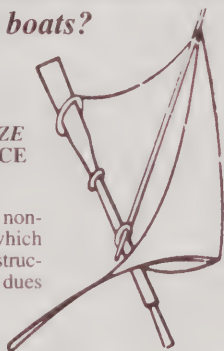
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Escargot

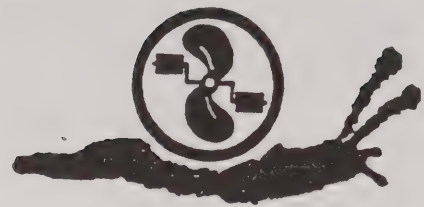
Pedal-Powered Canal Cruiser

Escargot is one of a series of small boat designs using pedal-powered screw propulsion. It was developed for cruising on the sheltered waters of inland canals, and to fill the gap between canoes or kayaks and motor-driven cabin cruisers. It provides simple live-aboard facilities for two plus one, in association with quiet, non-polluting aerobic human-power propulsion.

Based on a square-ended punt-like hull with dimensions of 18'-6"x 6'-0" it is built of exterior-grade plywood and soft wood framing. Accommodated under 4'-6" sitting head-

room are two berths forward, with an access hatch over, followed by toilet and hanging space and then a "salon" with table seating and food preparation counter (the table lowers to provide a third berth).

Aft of this is an open cockpit with the two side-by-side pedaling positions. An outboard swing-up rudder is controlled by a tiller from either position. Propulsion is provided by two swing-up Seacycle drive units in wells built into the hull and transom. At a sustainable pedaling rate of 50rpm the boat moves a leisurely 3-4 miles per hour.



Pedal Powered Screw Propulsion

By Philip Thiel

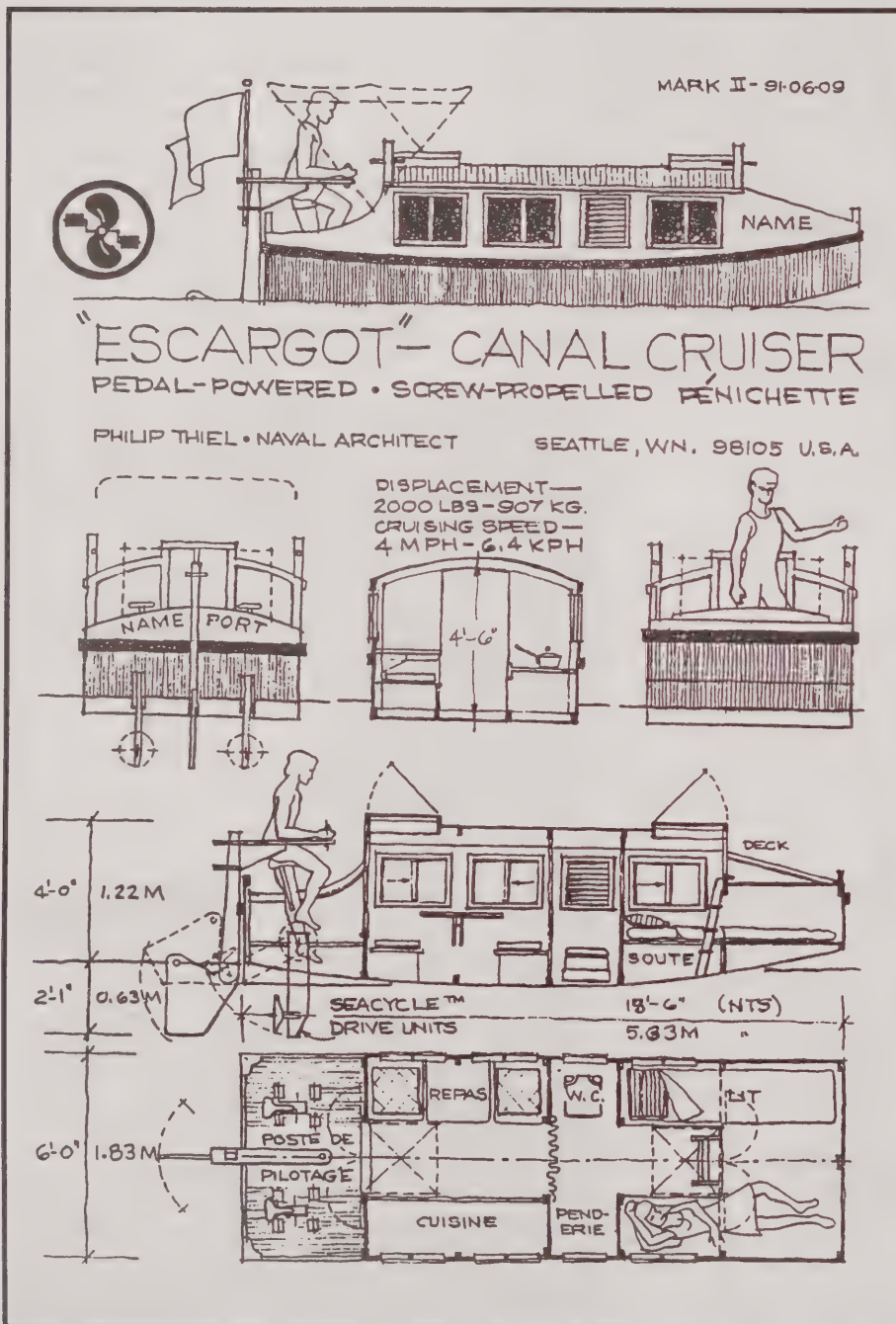
To live near the water and to not have a boat is probably against a law of Nature, as well as being obviously masochistic. But what does one do if one does not care to cope with the whims of the wind, nor suffer the noise and odors of a polluting fossil-power plant? "The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators," hints Edward Gibbon; neatly summarizing the art of navigation in terms of Francis Bacon's "mastery of Nature through obedience".

To update these 17th and 18th century aphorisms we might formulate another, appropriate to our own age of environmental concern: "Next to sail and solar power, human power is the most ecologically benign." But with sail-power so spasmodic, and solar panels so expensive, we are left with just our bodily resources. Paddles and oars of course have been used to move us on the face of the waters since the beginning of time, and have much to recommend them for simplicity and economy. But paddling is tiring, and rowing is backwards, so what are our options?

Pedal power, naturally! Why not sit comfortably facing forward, and, with one's hands free for more interesting things, use one's more powerful leg muscles as the means for maritime locomotion. Not for walking on water, of course, but just as the invention of the wheel made things go easier on land (at the cost of some slight complication) so also does the marine paddle-wheel or screw propeller provide an effective conversion of pedal torque into propulsive thrust on the water.

If shallow water is not the case, the weight and windage of paddle-wheels then leaves the propeller as the answer to our prayer. Now, if speed's your game then high-tech's the name, and the air propeller and hydrofoils are the way to go. But, if once afloat you are "there", then the submerged screw is the one for you.

(Detailed working drawings and construction procedures for the following designs aimed at advanced amateur builders are available from Philip Thiel, 4720 Seventh Avenue NE, Seattle WA 98105 USA).



“Escargot was designed as a DIY project, so can be built by amateurs from detailed

The operators sit on two saddles in the stern well of the boat, one person can also drive it, and their pedalling motion drives the propellor.

Inland boating attracts a sizeable number of people in this country; 44,000 hold licences from the Environment Agency for the 500-600 miles of navigable rivers which the agency manages, while nearly 30,000 hold licences from British Waterways for the 2,000 miles of canals under its control. Many more have licences from other navigation authorities.

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The Dorycycle

10 Miles on a Can of Beans

From *Messing About in Boats*, October 1986

To live in the Pacific Northwest and not have a boat is against a law of nature, if not immoral. But what does one do if one does not care to cope with the whims of the wind, nor suffer the noise and stink of a motor? Use one's human power, obviously, the original and most personal means of movement on the face of the waters.

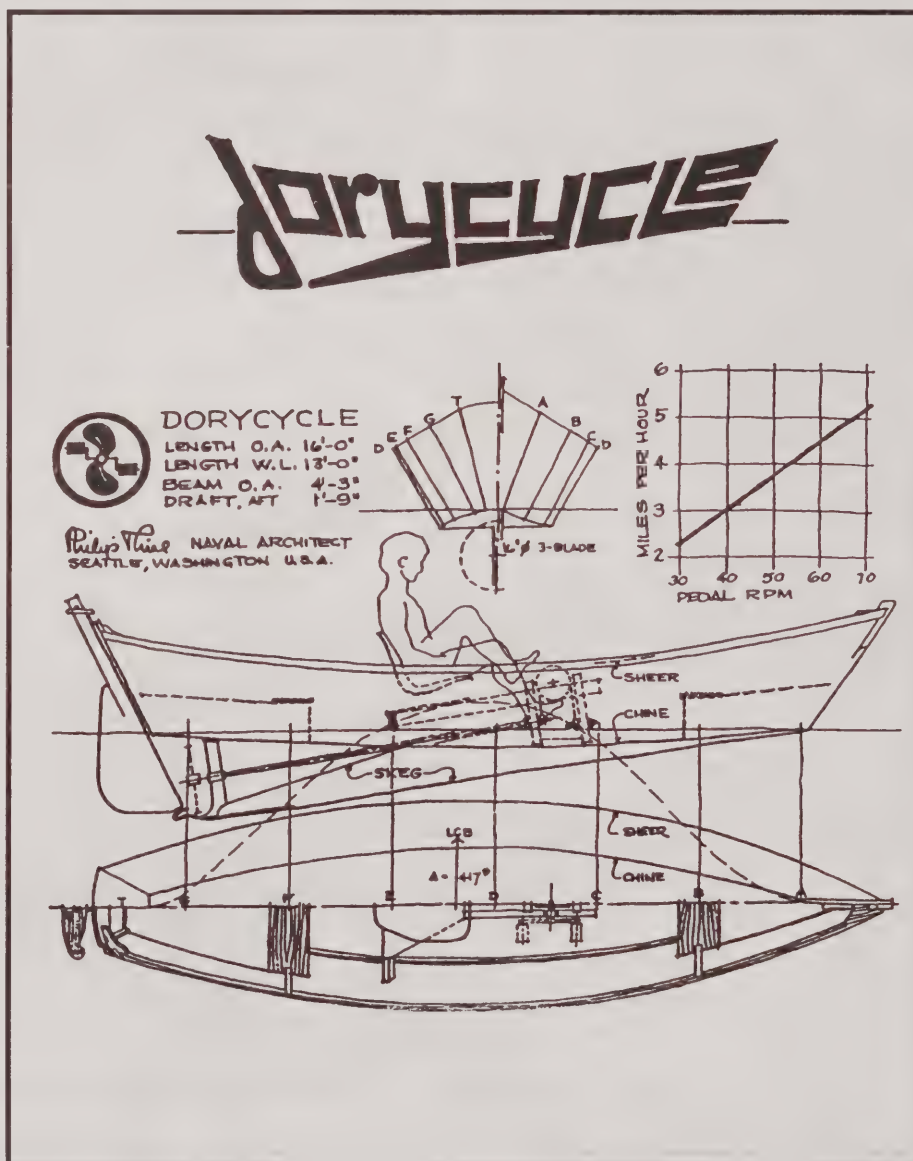
But, paddling is tiring, and rowing is backwards, so what is left? Pedal power, of course! Why not sit comfortably, face forward, use one's more powerful leg muscles, and have one's hands free for more interesting things? And, just as the invention of the wheel made things go more smoothly on land, at the cost of some slight complication, also does the marine propeller provide an efficient conversion of torque into thrust in the water.

So much for propulsion. What about flotation? There are many options here. Since speed is not the name of my game (once I am

out on the water, I am already "there"), a New England background suggested the advantages of the capable Banks dory; easy to build, and well-proven in deep-sea work-boat service.

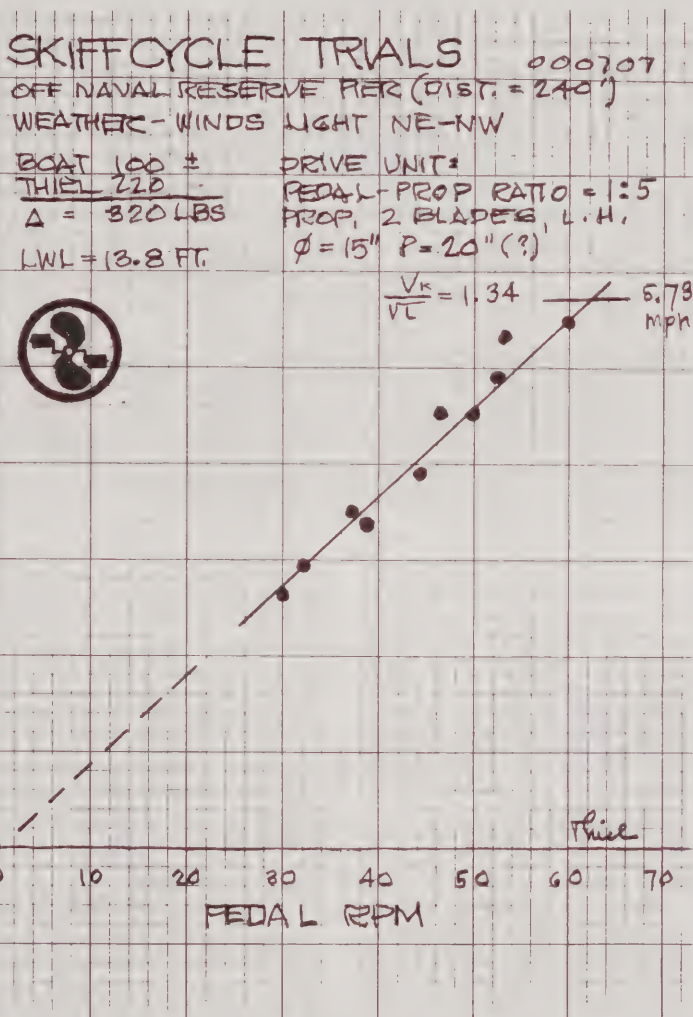
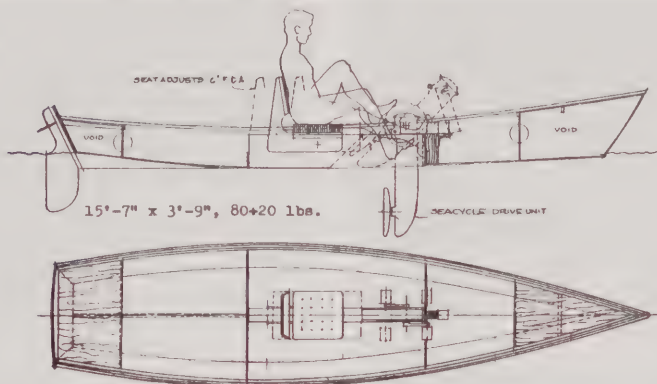
Thus the Dorycycle. Sixteen feet overall (thirteen feet on the waterline), built of fir plywood and oak, it weighs about 300lbs. The challenge was to see what could be done with the sustained power available to an ordinary untrained bicyclist, estimated to be 0.2hp at 50 pedal rpm. Using the simplest possible components (off-the-shelf V-belt and pulleys) and a home-made propeller fabricated of epoxied laminations of marine plywood (see *MAIB*, October 15, 2000), the Dorycycle will make 3.8 miles per hour all day long.

A cutaway skeg protects the propeller, provides both directional stability and lateral plane, and permits good maneuverability. The Dorycycle handles beautifully, is very responsive, and is a perfect delight to use.





The SkiffCycle



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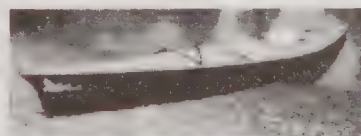
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Beroe is not our design. She was designed and built in 1887, four or more generations ago. We write about her because she's both a time machine and a masterpiece, which we were lucky enough to experience under perfect conditions, seeing her at her best.

Beroe was built on the Firth of Clyde, Scotland, in 1887. The year is significant aside from being a long time ago. It was the year after the British rating rule that produced the plank-on-edge racing boats was changed. That rating was derived by measuring the beam twice and ignoring the depth; the original reason being that it was easy to measure the beam but hard to measure the depth in a loaded cargo vessel. The length was measured from the stemhead to the rudder post; hence the plumb bow and long counter stern. The plank-on-edge boats had become ridiculous, as can be seen by their plans in books like W. P. Stephens' *Traditions And Memories Of American Yachting*, or C. P. Kunhardt's *Small Yachts*. Probably more to the point for getting the rule changed, the last two America's Cup challengers had been planks-on-edge and had been badly beaten by wider, shallower, American defenders.



Beroe came out in the same year as the America's Cup challenger *Thistle*, and from the same drawing board, that of George L. Watson, one of the all-time great masters of boat design. Her preservation is as much a contribution to the fine arts as is keeping a Sargent portrait. She is 60% original and looks much as she did at three years old when the original yawl rig was changed to cutter. The companionway doghouse was designed and built by Simon Jones, her present skipper, and certainly does not look out of place either in style or workmanship. He also rebuilt her interior, in convincing Victorian style including a fireplace with a pillared mantle. The dodger that gives a little shelter to the cockpit would have been frowned on when she was new, as out of keeping with a proper yacht-like finish.

Beroe was built as a day racer with very spartan accommodations. Watson took advantage of the new rule to make her a more "wholesome boat" than the planks-on-edge. He was conservative and held to the general idea that deep and heavily-ballasted boats were best. Her displacement is estimated as upwards of eight tons, upwards of half in her ballast keel.

It was to be another eighty years or so before the heritage of the planks-on-edge entirely died out. It was that long before British yachtsmen stopped referring to American ocean racers as "bloody saucers". Best or not, boats like *Beroe* are good sailers if they're as well designed as she is. While she was in Gloucester, in cruising trim, she entered an "old gaffers" race and humiliated a collection of Friendship sloop types and schooners including one of our design. It helped her that she has a club topsail, and does not have a propeller.

Whether she ought to be considered a good sea boat is arguable. Since Beverly Pilgrim bought her, she and Simon have sailed her around most of the coasts of Great Britain, along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, over to the West Indies (she is believed to be the oldest yacht ever to cross the Atlantic), and along the Antilles chain, north to Bermuda and thence to Gloucester. All this without an engine, though they do have an RIB tender with an old 4.5hp outboard motor which they use as a yawlboat in dead calm or to help the mother ship through some tight bottleneck. She is strong, tight, well-maintained and well found, and handled with skill and prudence. She is a wet boat and liable to bury herself if she's driven too hard. A couple of examples of her behavior are in *Yacht Cruising* by Claud Worth, in the chapters about Worth's *Tern*, a quite similar boat though not close to the same class of excellence:

(Off the east coast of Scotland) "It seemed too risky to run any longer, so we decided to lie-to till daylight.... With the trysail sheeted as for a turn to windward, and the clew of the staysail hauled aweater just to the mast, and the jib sheet eased a trifle, she rode quite

easily... She forged ahead perhaps a mile an hour but of course made very much leeway, so that her wake was broad on the weather quarter.... I stood by the main rigging and watched the seas rolling up on the weather bow. The water rose to within a few inches of the rail before the vessel began to lift. Then her bow rose over everything, and nothing more than light spray ever came on board. When she pitched into the next trough her plunge was gently checked without any shock. But she would have shipped heavy water if we had gotten way on her for a turn to windward in that sea: she was a trifle too lean forward."

(In the English Channel, in a very heavy gale) "She dished up several small seas with her long low counter, but soon after midnight the sea was so heavy and irregular that she was almost out of hand. While I was waiting for a chance to heave her to, a great sea came over the taffrail, completely burying the vessel. I was nearly taken overboard, and the cockpit was filled to the coamings. She broached-to, and I expected that the next sea would finish her. But luckily it only partly broke on board, and then there was a smooth during which I got in the slack of the mainsheet and all fast before she began to pay off again.... After she was once fairly astern of her drogue

she shipped no more heavy water.... I have never known the wind so strong or the seas so steep or so near breaking."

No question that boats of this type can go to sea, but we have long concluded that more buoyant boats are better. That smooth action in a head sea, and momentum for predictable maneuvering under sail, come at a high price in discomfort and hazard. As for the deep draft, it's not arguable that it denies her a huge proportion of the world's best cruising areas, and that it exposes her to dangers that shallower boats can avoid. We spent a good part of their stay here arguing that deep boats are obsolete, notwithstanding *Beroe's* excellence. They have sailed on the British east coast, including The Wash and the Thames estuary, so Nantucket Sound and Chesapeake Bay are not likely to daunt them, and they're in the majority party about the virtues of deep draft for deep-sea work.

As to the latter, it's easy to prove that the majority view is wrong (Commodore Munro had been sailing his 30" draft *Presto* for two years when *Beroe* was built). We fervently hope that they won't lose that masterpiece of art in a hurricane in the Chesapeake because the six-and-a-half-foot draft condemned them to an anchorage crowded with boats whose ground tackle is not as good as theirs.

Masts on the Cheap

By Chuck Wilson

A small boat mast is usually made of a light, expensive wood. They can be made hollow by several methods and streamlined and rotated to create a smooth flow of air over the luff. But, if all you want is to hold up a standing lug on a non racer you could try this:

1: Buy two 1"x 2"s (3/4"x 1-3/4") 10' long of rough fir (no knots).

2: Nail these two boards together with a few nails with heads left high for easy removal.

3: Saw or plane one third of the length of both boards from full width to approximately 1" at the head.

4: Taper the opposite end from full width at the partner area to approx. 1-1/2" at the butt.

5: Remove temporary nails.

6: Make a 1/2"x 3/4"x 1-3/4" spacer.

7: Clamp the 10' lengths at butt and head with the 1/2" spacer at the partner level.

8: Measure the gap at each 18" point above the partner spacer and make spacers to suit.

9: With thickened epoxy butter the inside of each plank 3" at butt, 12" at head and 1" at each spacer point.

10: Clamp the 10' lengths at head and butt and, with the spacers in place, at the spacers.

11: When the epoxy is set, plane the sides at the head to make a 1" square.

12: Round the four outside edges of the mast, sand and paint to suit.

For a taller mast you might start with 1"x 3" lumber and thicker spacers so the finished width is the same as the fore and aft dimension at any point.

The aerodynamics? Who cares, but it may be better than you think. I once asked an aerodynamisist what he would do at 12 knots. He said, "I would hang my jacket on the mast." Think about that the next time you look out the plane's window at the vortex generators along the top of the wing. Maybe the slot through the mast does something good. In any case mess around!



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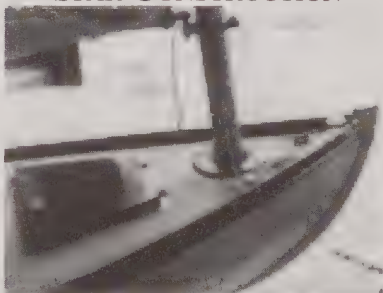
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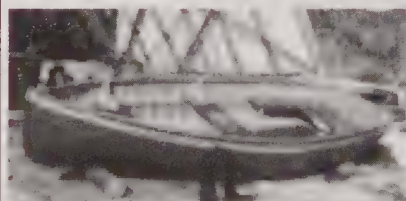
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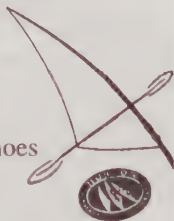
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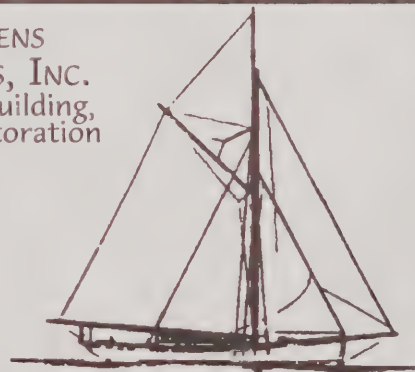
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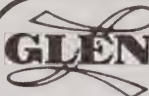
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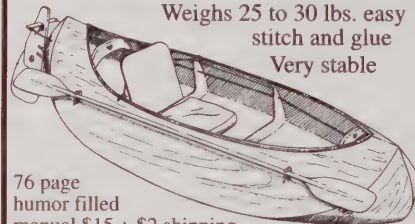
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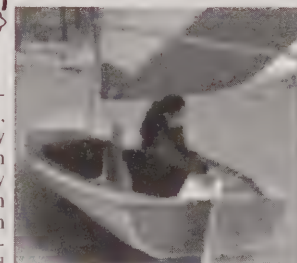
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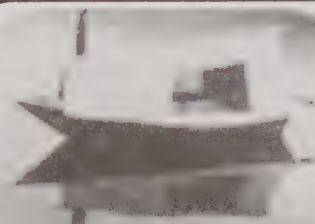
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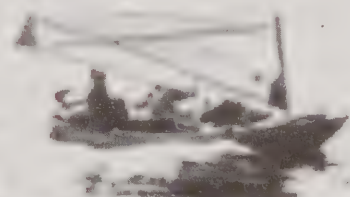
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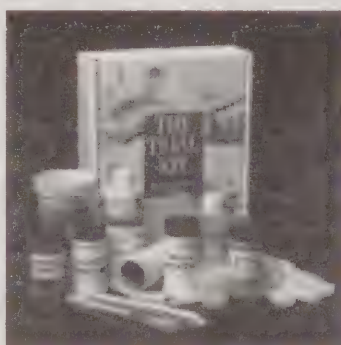
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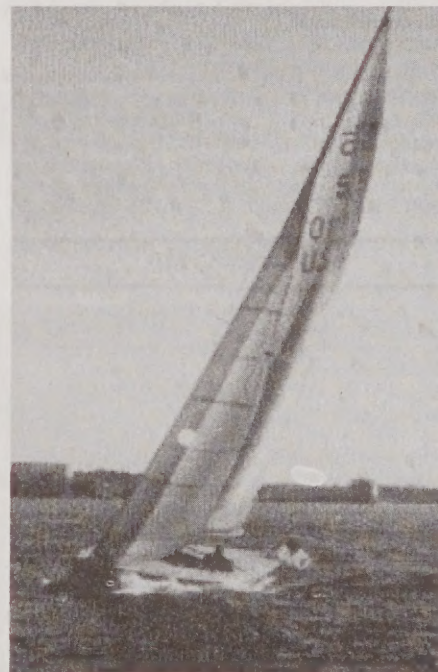
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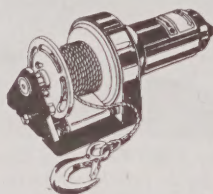
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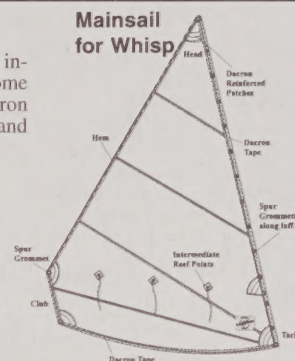
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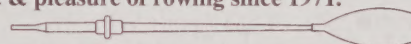
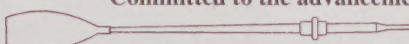
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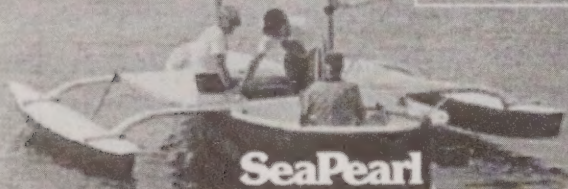
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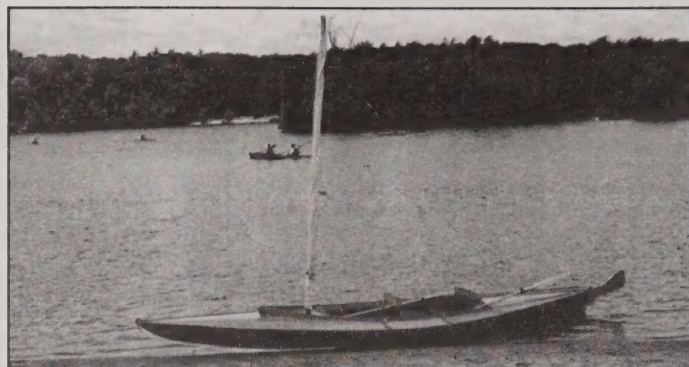
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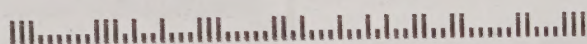
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