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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 14

December 1, 2000

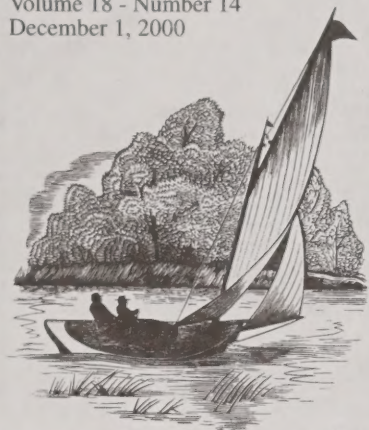


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messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 18 - Number 14
December 1, 2000



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



What happened to my October issues??? We were surprised during late October and early November to receive an unusually large number of calls and letters inquiring about the whereabouts of the October 1 and October 15 issues. The surprise was because the two issues had been routinely mailed on schedule by our printer/mailler (October 1 was mailed on September 18 and October 15 was mailed on September 28) and we had no idea why the callers had not received their issues well after the cover dates.

There are always calls about non-delivery, and most are due to subscribers moving without letting us know (over 500 every year on average). The magazine is not forwarded so they stop coming at the new address, we keep sending them to the old address, as we do not know about the move, where they are trashed by that post office.

Yes, we do also find occasional errors in our computer address files, sometimes we fail to enter a renewal or new subscription properly, we are responsible for a smattering of non-delivered issues. We do follow up and sort out each complaint to the subscriber's satisfaction.

So, once again I want to belabor this topic about magazine delivery. If you find your latest issue does not arrive more or less when you expect it to, wait a while, they are often in the mail as long as a month we find. When the succeeding issue does arrive, let us know that you missed one and we'll replace it. If a month goes by with no issues arriving, let us know, something is obviously wrong, more than just the random non-delivery we typically experience.

IF YOU ARE MOVING, PLEASE LET US KNOW WELL BEFOREHAND!!! This is all in bold caps as we cannot emphasize too much that the magazine will not be forwarded to your new address by your former post office. By the time we hear about it through the address correction service the postal service provides (6-8 weeks later at cost to us of \$.50 for each correction sent), we have already sent on several more issues to your old address (we get additional \$.50 notices for each of these also).

When we finally hook up again you want to get the missed issues, but we already have sent them to you. The cost of the replacement issues and the postage to mail them to you are not factored into the subscription price, so this presents an additional cost to us to service your subscription. This we bear whenever we or the mailing house or the postal service are at fault

, but if it is because you didn't let us know you moved we ask for additional payment to cover these costs.

In the overall picture of 5,000 subscription copies going into the mail every two weeks the actual scale of the non-delivery problem is not large, but it is there and we do try to satisfy all subscribers victimized by this scattered problem. While I sometimes rant about why some local postal clerk returns a label marked "No Such Number", or "No Forwarding Order", or "Unknown" or... only to find later that it is a perfectly valid address, the fact that most issues do get delivered is something of a marvel to me.

The sudden substantial increase in October of non-delivery complaints is what prompted me to once again discuss this administrative aspect of publishing our little magazine. A check of our mailing list for each October issue sent to the printer/mailler (by e-mail, scary!) showed that we agreed on the total number of names on each list. The mailer could not pinpoint whether or not his machinery that automatically sticks the labels on each issue might have malfunctioned weeks after it might have happened. The postal service doesn't know anything about it.

So, it will help us to minimize this problem if you will inform us of non-delivery (as most of you now do) but give it time to get to you first. About one month after it should have arrived is about right, that's long enough to wait. We can get right on it before too many additional issues may have gone astray, and set things right and replace the missed issues.

This problem is particularly aggravated by our every two weeks schedule, you forget when your once-every-two-months magazine is supposed to show up and if it is a week or two late you don't even realize it. With us, we find that many of you are there at that mailbox every couple of weeks looking for your latest issue. It is really missed we hear. Nice to know how much it means to you, but bear with us if it doesn't turn up on time. And no, it isn't because we didn't send your issue out when all the others were mailed, your friend got his a week before you because your's spent that week somewhere in the mailing system, they all go out the same day in the same 5,000 issue bulk mailing.

Each issue is mailed about two weeks before its cover date in hopes that it will arrive by that date. Maybe we will have to mail even earlier? Pony Express, where are you now that we need you?

Looking Ahead...

Two readers, Paul Lubarski and Ned Asplundh, sent on photo coverage of "The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival" for our enjoyment; I attended two "multihull" launchings, "A New Outrigger Canoe Contender" and "Dan's Hammerhead Jr. Tri"; and Jeff Douthwaite concludes his "29 Days Before the Mast" Pacific coast cruising chronicle.

Foster Nostrand relates his adventures "Single Handing a Schooner Out of Sand City"; and I will have an update on "Row 2001...Training Underway".

Robb White offers us "A Few Small Boat Opinions"; and Thad Danielson explains how "Some Boats Know What to Do".

Phil Thiel continues his discussions of pedal power with "12 Decades of Pedal Power in Boston"; Ted Cary explains "Two Ways to Break the Displacement Hull Speed Limit"; Richard Carsen goes aloft in his "Dreamboats" series with "The Flying Boats of the Andes", and Phil Bolger & Friends offer "An Update of Our Singapore Cutter".

On the Cover...

Tamsin Venn of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* magazine is all smiles on her first tryout paddling the Pakboat Puffin folding kayak, we both liked this little "boat in a bag" and tell you why in this issue.

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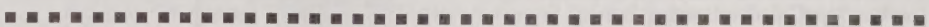
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*messing
about in*
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

When this book turned up in the mail, the subtitle caught my attention as it was undoubtedly intended to do. A quick read of the foreword and spot reading of a few random pages drew me right in, for here was a different sort of book indeed.

The scale of the project of rebuilding a really wrecked 32' catamaran was clearly indicated in that \$60,000 figure, I soon learned that the catamaran was insured for \$125,000. This was no small craft, and why author Harris would ultimately decide to rebuild it himself after it had suffered truly intimidating damage from Hurricane Georges was what lured me in to read on. I ended up doing the whole 191 pages in one evening, even going on past my typical 9pm nodding off time.

Harris writes very well with a peculiarly clear style while neglecting no details whatever. To be able to go on and on with all the details of the entire venture, from pre-hurricane preparations intended to save the boat from damage, to the long, often tedious and frustrating process of settling the insurance claim, and then the entire rebuilding detailed to the last wiring connection without losing me in the minutiae was some doing. The man does grab your attention.

Unmentioned in the book was how he was financially able to devote almost a year totally to the task at hand (over 1,000 man hours just on the actual rebuilding work). There is no mention of a job or career getting in the way, nor any explanation of how he came to own a waterfront home in the Florida Keys where he kept the cat docked. In short, I guessed that this 54 year old with a grown family had somehow achieved financial independence enough to not only own a \$125,000 sailboat, but also be able to devote the time to undertake the mind boggling task he set for himself. The little bio that accompanied the book, "About the Author" failed to reveal any of this.

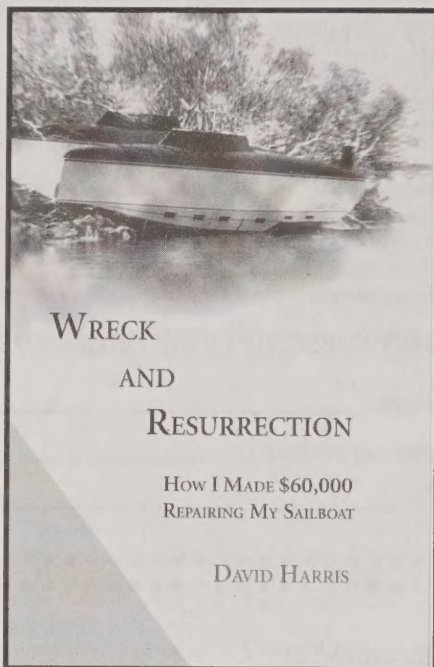
So, on to the book. In eleven chapters Harris tells us the story from losing *Top Cat* in the hurricane, despite extensive and unique efforts to let it safely ride out the storm; through searching for and finding the wreck miles from where he moored it; on to salvaging it; filing a claim for the insurance and waiting endlessly while he was stonewalled by the insurance people; finally getting the settlement and starting on the job, which took place first at a boatyard and then later at home; on to a detailed (lots of details) chapter on the electrical system (for some reason this seemed to be important enough for its own chapter); to the final completion, re-launching and sailing again.

Harris, once he decided to rebuild rather than take the money and run, due mostly to the fact the family did not want a replacement, but wanted *Top Cat* back, along with the reality that the \$113,000 settlement would not buy another *Top Cat*, displayed a tenacity of purpose and willingness to tackle major league jobs for which he had no experience that I found attractive. On a much smaller scale I have always preferred to "do it myself" rather than pay "the man". So I was predisposed to sympathize with Harris.

He is quite candid about his annoying habit of questioning and trying to advise hired experts, like the salvage guys, while they were at work; about his brazen exploitation of any and all experts he pestered for free advice; and about his frustrating inability to get at the in-



Book Review



Wreck & Resurrection How I Made \$60,000 Repairing My Sailboat

By David Harris
ISBN 1-893561-03-8
Paperback 8.5"x 5.5", 191 pps, \$14.95
Tortuga Books, P.O. Box 420564
Summerland Key, FL 33042

Review by Bob Hicks

insurance underwriters (someone in Europe who was "slow at paying because his office girl had left"). But he emerges from behind these various personality quirks and attitudes as a determined man indeed. For this he won me over.

This cat was so badly broken up that the whole business of settling the insurance revolved around it being not worth saving. When faced with the large numbers, totalling substantially more than the \$113,000 he had finally gotten, Harris just decided to do it himself. He did have to hire certain experts, like the salvagers to come take the boat off the mangrove islet where it ended up upside down and punctured and split open, and had to for a time operate in a boatyard faced constantly with all the ways such a place has to pry money out of those unfortunate enough to be trying to work on their own boat there. Before Har-

ris could take the boat home to work on it, he had to get it afloat to power it home, for overland transport of a 32' x 16' catamaran (which was not a "take apart" design) was beyond the financial pale.

After 64 pages of ongoing anguish and struggle over just trying to get things arranged so he could begin, Harris commences his detailed description of the rebuilding. The primary emphasis is on the truly major fiberglass repair (other than that one chapter on "The Electrical System"), not just holes here and there, but whole sections of hull gone completely, holes he could crawl through. With no prior fiberglassing experience, he embarked on a learn-as-he-went effort, and, because he was willing to settle for safe, if not cosmetically perfect, repairs, he was eventually successful. Hot summer sun in the Florida Keys, an advanced case of epoxy sensitivity, conflicting advice on materials (polyester at first until he found out the boat was built of vinylester, causing the move to epoxy), all were overcome. Harris doesn't admit to much despair at all during all this, rather he describes anger and frustration, the mark of a doer in over his head determined to prevail.

If you have undertaken, or are contemplating undertaking, any scale of do-it-yourself boat project, this book will provide a perspective against which to measure your ambitions. The overwhelming message comes through clearly, "persistence will prevail".

At the end of his story, Harris offers up several "lessons learned" worth repeating here: "On Storm Preparation: Anchors may not hold a boat in a hurricane.

On Insurance: The cheapest insurance may not be the best. Companies not licensed in the state (at least in Florida) are not under the same performance obligations as fully licensed companies and may be slow to settle and pay a claim.

On Wreck Repair: The advantage in repairing a boat you know is that you can change the things you don't like and restore those you do like. In the end you'll have a better boat.

The advantage of repairing a boat of fairly recent construction is that replacement parts are still available and you can contact people who know the boat well (designers and engineers) for help.

Working on a boat is comparable in complexity to working on a house, but there are no inspections that must be passed along the way. Do the best job you can. Nobody is there to protect you from shoddy work.

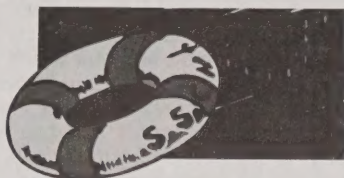
After the repair is finished, a marine survey must be done to get insurance. The survey should not be confused with an inspection. It is a survey for value and content, and does not require a sea trial. Seaworthiness is not explicitly assessed.

Labor is expensive when it comes to boat repair. Significant savings can be attained by doing the work yourself.

Save everything you can. Never assume that a part is worthless until you have a replacement in place. Almost anything can be fixed, and old parts may help you to fit or find replacements.

If you leave your wreck in an unsecured area like the typical boatyard, be sure to protect valuable parts if you can't remove them for safekeeping elsewhere.

Bringing a wrecked boat back to life is hard work. It is also great fun and enormously satisfying."



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

End of the Season

On the Saturday after Thanksgiving, the Town of Wrightsville Beach, NC, holds its "Holiday Flotilla", an event culminating in an after-dark boat parade of some 35 or more brilliantly lighted and decorated power and sail boats followed by an impressive professional fireworks display. Several thousand spectators line the shore and several hundred spectator boats fill the channels. The Coast Guard, the Sheriff's Department, the NC Wildlife Commission and the Auxiliary all have boats on duty.

Our Auxiliary task is to mark the parade route and to keep the spectator boats from areas of danger when the fireworks are set off. I have been on duty for this event for the past eight years, sometimes as a very comfortable crew member having a heated dinner in a

warm cabin aboard a 35 footer, but more often munching a sandwich on my own 18' center console and wishing the wind would die down. Even when wearing a Mustang suit, some nights have been downright chilly. We have never actually been rained out but there have been years when this event was truly the end of the season.

After the boat parade I put my boat up for three months even though there will be

some days all through our North Carolina winters when boating is pleasant indeed. The putting up process provides a real opportunity for maintenance. All gear goes ashore to be washed, dried and hung in a ventilated storeroom. All lines are washed in fresh water, soaked in fabric softener and coiled away. The hull is checked for nicks and scratches and there are at least two that will need attention this fall. Then she is washed, waxed and buffed and waxed again but not buffed. Someone told me that the second unbuffed waxing provided the best protection and it seems to work well.

Since my mechanical skills are limited in the extreme, I get help in putting up the motor. The lower unit oil put in this December will be drained unused in March. Once again, this is a procedure recommended by a good mechanic. It's a small investment and I give it some credit for eight years of trouble-free engine operation.

Putting up the boat up for the winter is time consuming and both satisfactory and sad-denning. She deserves all the care she can get and messing about with boats is always a pleasure but I hate to see her turned into an inanimate object even for three months. Still spring and a new season is not that far away.

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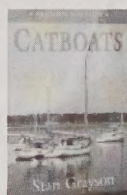
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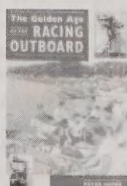
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You write to us about...

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That Was Us!

I was recently given a dozen or more back issues of *Messing About in Boats* and have genuinely enjoyed reading them. My wife and I live and cruise aboard our small cutter, and have cruised in her from Venezuela to the lower Chesapeake through the Windward and Leeward Islands of the Caribbean.

While reading the May 1, 1998 issue, we came across an article by Rick Klepfer, "Musings from Mustique" in which he mentioned watching a small cutter sailing upwind to the island. He was hoping to talk to those onboard to find out more about the cutter, which he admired.

He was correct in his guess that she was a Lyle Hess cutter. Rick was correct in thinking that her name was *Pelorus Jack*, but I unfortunately named her *Polaris Jack* and cannot spare the money now to correct this. She is 26' LOD and 34' LOA, draws 4'9", displaces 6 tons and carries 500sf of sail in a jib, staysail and mainsail. These tanbark colored sails were made in Hong Kong and really look "YAR"! *Polaris Jack* was built and launched in Morehead City, North Carolina in 1983 and 1984. She is of the same design and heavy displacement (although of fiberglass) as her more famous sister, the Pardy's *Serraffyn*.

Rick had guessed her to be 28', a larger version built at the time in California which is surprisingly more roomy than our 26 footer, the difference between living aboard and camping aboard. We have learned to make do and are content.

Although she is heavy, she has quite enough sail area in her three working sails to move her along nicely in light airs, and is also quite maneuverable. She is powered by a 16hp diesel turning a two bladed wheel that gives her a top speed of 6.2 knots on a 24' waterline. On one fantastic beam reach we experienced between St. Vincent and Bequia in the West Indies, she held 8.2 knots under her full sail plan.

Lyle Hess is a true artist who designed a beautiful and salty looking cutter. What you see is more than what you get with her though. We are very happy with *Polaris Jack* but feel she could be that other two feet longer. Sound familiar? I have come to realize that this want for more space can never be satisfied, like the want for more money!

If Rick is reading this we would like very much to hear from him (Rick is no longer on our subscriber list. Perhaps someone may know how to reach him Editor).

Alfred Halsey, 943 Kincaid Dr., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464

Opinions (even Rants)...

Close Encounter of the Worst Kind

It was another crummy ending to a nice day on the beautiful Great South Bay, a day which had started out nicely enough. My wife and I (yes, I have a spouse, and yes, she does in fact tolerate me) had gotten an early start

and had made it over to the beach before the motorized rabble had emerged. But it was a sunny weekend in September. I knew we'd be in for it on the way home.

You see, it is my unfortunate fate to have my comings and goings upon the Swan River perfectly timed with those of the PWC crowd. If there is only one of these things to be found on the entire 30 square miles of the bay, it's pretty much a fait-accompli that it will be meeting me, coming or going, directly smack dab in the middle of the very narrow mouth of the creek upon which I am berthed. Why this is I can only guess. But it happens with such predictable regularity that I have begun to wonder whether it is some sort of divine punishment for past sins. I shamefully admit that I am not without such baggage. This sentiment does not prevent me from bristling at every new encounter however.

Today was no different. Homeward bound, barely 50 yards south of the mouth of the creek, I found myself staring at some guy on a PWC an equal distance up-river, slowly making his way out into the bay. The fact that he was, amazingly, observing the speed limit meant that we would be meeting at the very narrowest portion of the waterway.

Now, as it happens, we were so poised that we would be passing port to port. At that point my adversary's starboard side would be bounded by a gravelly shallows which even a PWC would have difficulty traversing, the tide being particularly low. I had the opportunity to box him in. A gradual turn to port, a subtle and ever so gradual lateral movement might have the chance of escaping conscious notice of the jet jockey. There was a slim possibility that rather than instantly recognizing my plan of forcing him off into the shallows, thereby making it impossible for him to throttle up until I was well past, the PWC pilot would reflexively move to starboard rather than hammering the throttle and cutting across my bow into clean water.

The plan had a chance of success. PWCer's usual behavior seems to indicate that they are unaware of their immediate environment. After all, how could anyone remotely aware of their surroundings purposefully despoil them with a jet ski? Yes, I knew that if I implemented this fine plan the result could be only success. The rare opportunity of actually forcing a PWC operator to behave courteously was presenting itself to me.

But then my vacillating nature took hold. Certainly, I thought, this man seems to be behaving in a civil manner. He could after all, be speeding past already, running over the herons and otherwise heedless of marine etiquette and regulation. Perhaps I should afford him the benefit of the doubt. I hesitated...

As our bows crossed I saw him twist the throttle nearly out of its socket. The PWC, a blast of toxic hydrocarbons flowing out its exhaust, roared to life, lifting before it a sheet of water which arced quite gracefully over the rails and drenched both my spouse and I. It passed by close enough for me to have snatched the man off his seat had I the presence of mind, which I didn't. In his wake we loosed a stream of epithets and voodoo curses, of which, beyond the whine of his environmental terminator, he remained entirely un-

aware.

I remain unmoved to the proposition that PWC users are just like other men. It is inconceivable in light of the behavior which was to follow. To wit; after drenching us he headed a few hundred yards offshore, spends 5 minutes making high speed circles, and then has the audacity to come cruising blithely back up the river where he throttles down to a speed and course that would put him just a few feet off my beam as we neared a bend up-river.

When we arrived at this point, separated by no more than five feet, I let loose a blue streak of oaths replete with rude gestures, the ferocity of which I am happy to relate nearly caused him to fall off his PWC. I had no idea that people's eyes could really open that wide. But the really pathetic result was that I could tell from his reaction he had absolutely no clue whatsoever as to why I was screaming at him.

This opportunity to mercilessly abuse one of these people was really the high point of my day, maybe the week. So perhaps you can imagine the rapture I then experienced as I watched this guy, now about a hundred yards ahead of me, turn into the very same marina I was headed for. After absorbing my main course of yammering crudities, this fellow's dessert was going to be the sight of me jumping up and down on the dock chattering at him like a rutting gibbon. Which I did. And I demanded an apology, right there on the dock in front of the whole marina's clientele. Which I got, although I suspected his sincerity. He didn't punch me out, either, which was another nice surprise, as he was kinda big.

He had a foreign accent. I'm no xenophobe, but I shudder at the idea that maybe they are now coming even from beyond our borders specifically to ruin my day.

Winter is coming. We will soon be free of them for a few blessed months.

Brian Salzano, East Patchogue, NY

This Magazine...

Appreciated Nathaniel Bishop

We really appreciate your serializing of *Four Months in a Sneakbox*. Nathaniel Bishop was a most unusual man, no doubt about it. His reports on America and Americans in the post Civil War years is so valuable. What a combination of intellect and outdoorsman.

I believe we photocopied *The Voyage of the Paper Canoe* by Bishop from a volume in the Morristown, New Jersey library and sent it to you years ago, which you serialized at that time.

Bob & Ruth Harris, Sunset, ME

Editor Comments: *The Voyage of the Paper Canoe* was serialized in our August 15, 1988 through November 15, 1989 issues.

Commendation for Robb White's Writing

I'd like to commend you for publishing Robb White's excellent writings, and hope you continue to bring us everything he submits. In correspondence with him I have been encouraging him to write his memoirs in book form. One of these days I hope to drive up to Thomasville to meet him.

Paul Lefebvre, Gainesville, FL.

Editor Comments: We too are enchanted with Robb's work, and space is always open for whatever he sends.

Immaculate Conversion

I know this little blue subscription order form will get me *Messing About*, but I thought you might like to hear about my immaculate conversion.

I just finished doing the Kokapelli with Jim Thayer. I was invited along on the trip a day before by a neighbor. I rigged a windsurfer sail on my homemade lapstrake canoe, rapidly packed, and naively headed south.

Wow! Everyone on the trip handed me waterwrinkled past editions of *Messing About in Boats* to read, so before the dried, sunburnt skin has peeled from my face, my order form is on its way.

Steve Case, Salt Lake City, UT

So Much Material

When I recently renewed I asked if you could also send me an April issue which I had lost. I really wondered if you would still have it. You did, thank you. You should publicize the fact that back issues are available and set whatever price is required to make supplying them on request feasible. True boat nuts will pay dearly to fill out their set. My *Small Boat Journal* set is misisng one issue, which still pains me. *MAIB* has replaced *SBJ*, which I gave up on when it became a sort of *Yachting Jr.*

In my younger days I built some 100-125 boats, mostly small, but a dozen over 24' and one 35'. I got married, we had three kids and I went on to building houses, barns, sheds, etc. Kids grown now, I'm retired, working only one or two days a week running a wood molding machine and making fancy millwork and such wooden stuff, so it's now back to boats. If you like building boats, you never get it out of your system, and I surely like it.

I made three boats last year, all about 15' (two sheets plywood). I'm lofting a boat from the Adirondack Museum currently, which I intend to make as you would a cedar strip canoe (which I have done). I'm not fond of fiberglassing but I do like the finished product.

As I am "hands on" I really like the "how to build and make" articles, the sailmaking also. The techniques articles like tacking the lateen and lug rigs also interest me. I am presently engrossed in Philip Thiel's wooden prop design.

SBJ got me hooked on Bolger and I have all of his books. The cruising and adventuring

articles are read last, but they are read and enjoyed.

There is so much material in *MAIB* that I have begun cataloging (3x5 card file) information I may wish to access. It is frustrating to recall an article about some particular item and not know in which issue it is.

MAIB is a great magazine, my wife hates to see it arrive because all else stops until it is read.

Phil Hackman, Huddleston, VA.

Editor Comments: We have many back issues back to about 1988, with some since out of stock. About 200 of the over 400 issues we have published are still available. Those prior to 1988 are about gone, we recently offered some rare partial sets for 1983 and 1984 in the classifieds (November 15 issue). We are happy to sell you back issues at \$1 each in any quantity. We cannot do a content search (too time consuming), it's up to you to specify which issues you wish to order. Payment received for any out of stock issues is refunded with the shipment.

There is an index of back issue contents through early 2000 on an internet website, www.bythesea.com, look up *Messing About in Boats* and you might find it. There is also a website, www.messingaboutinboats.com, that may include it. I am not on the internet and these sites, while they provide info about *Messing About in Boats* to those on line, are not websites we personally set up, nor have we seen them.

Information Please...

Dauntless 21

Has any reader heard of a Dauntless 21 built at the Dauntless Shipyard in Essex, Connecticut in about 1929? Only a few were built. They were lapstrake construction finished bright, beautiful sailing boats. I believe the design was very weight conscious. I do not know who designed the 21.

Although I was young at that time, I still remember one of them ghosting up our creek in very light air. At that time my Dad was running the shipyard.

Bill Smyth, 28 Moore Ave., Winsted, CT 06098-2080

Information of Interest...

Nina in Corpus Christi

A comment about the *Nina*, our replica of Columbus' ship we have right here in Corpus Christi, Texas. She has a really large mainsail, with the red cross on it. (Maltese?), and a maintop's'l. With all her sails rigged, she moves very well. The photo of her is one of our local publicity postcards touting her as a tourist attraction.

About your interest in recumbent bikes, I've seen some recumbent bikes here, the Schwinn store has a few. Beyond my present means though, for the same money, I could build a Bolger Teal and go rowing, and sailing too, with a Michalak polytarp sail (I have the Teal plans). Thing is, with a bike, one can grab it and go, at any time, no fuss. Decisions, decisions...

John Benton, Corpus Christi, TX



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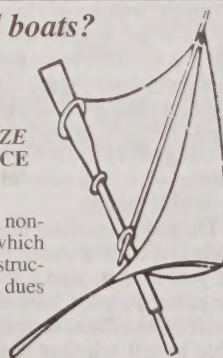
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Newsletter Notes from All Over

A compendium of selections from newsletters and magazines we receive which, we believe, illustrates what is going on out there in the world small boats.

Canoe Sailor

Journal of the National Sailing
Committee, American Canoe
Association, Inc.

As excerpted from:

The Gossip

Journal of England's
Open Canoe Sailing Group

Cruising & Racing

By Robert Blegier

At the winter meet, there was a discussion about the split between cruisers and racers. After the main discussion, I asked for some background information. I was told part of the problem was that some cruisers felt there was pressure on them to go racing on the grounds that this would make them better sailors. If that is part of what is happening, it raises the question whether one "needs" to race in order to learn sailing (at least at a high level of proficiency). From my experience of racing a Hobie 14 catamaran for seven years, the answer to that is, "No, definitely not."

While it is true that racing is likely to teach you some sailing skills faster than just pottering about, I think that it is possible to learn all these skills without racing, and in some cases conventional racing is not even the best method for learning quickly.

Before I try to back up that claim with argument, why should a dyed in the wool cruiser or potterer, who hasn't been bitten by the competitive bug, care about racing skills in the first place? Because some of these skills can come in useful when cruising or pottering. If a current is about to carry you into a dangerous area, boat speed is a good thing, as is the ability to tack quickly and reliably or to gybe in strong winds without capsizing. This is especially true if your escape route leads you across a traffic lane. Setting my sail so that it draws well and arranging hardware so that it is all in the right place and works the first time, increases my enjoyment of sailing, no matter whether I am racing or not.

A minor part of the reason why racing can help develop such skills or the perfect layout is motivation. If you do get bitten by the competitive bug then you may care more about getting things just right and you have that skill and equipment at your disposal when you want to use it. Then again, you may derive pleasure from doing things just right when cruising or pottering, in which case motivation will not make a difference.

The most important thing that racing does provide is a control condition for any experiment you care to make. Most changes you make either to your boat or to the way you sail will have effects so small that you won't be able to tell whether there is a difference and whether it is for better or worse if you just go out sailing on your own or even if you used the best electronic instruments. You gain by

many small improvements, but first you need to find out what is an improvement.

The most sensitive way of measuring the effects of any change you make is to compare yourself against another boat and sailor closely matched in performance. If Joe Bloggs used to be exactly as fast as you, but now you consistently gain 10m on the reaching leg, you lose 5m on the upwind leg if there is little tacking, but you gain half a meter in each tack, then you have a fairly good idea what difference your changes made. In order to have that comparison you need to have another boat nearby.

The reason why a conventional race is not always the best way for learning is that there may not be another boat nearby for a good portion of the time. On the other hand, you can arrange to have a comparison boat available on a cruise, or when pottering around, or when match racing, one against one. If you want to improve your boat handling and sail trimming skills and your boat's layout, such direct comparison should let you learn fastest.

If you want to improve your abilities to read wind and current, then you need comparison against many boats going many different ways to the same destination. If you normally keep up with Jane Doe, but she gets 100 m ahead by sailing to the other side of the course, then she probably made a better tactical choice. You may also be able to make such comparisons on a cruise. The only advantage of racing I can see for the purpose of comparison is that you can be fairly confident that the others are doing their best to go fast.

If you are the first to reach the destination of a cruise by going your own way, that may not be because you chose the best course, but because the others found something interesting to see which you missed, together with their (hopefully) pleasant company. That would be a bad tactical choice, possibly caused by too much exposure to racing.

In the end, it's up to you what you choose to do. The OCSG is exceptional in that it offers a choice. Most classes of sailboats offer races, but no meetings for cruisers. At our meetings people can cruise, race or both, as takes their fancy. I think that is a good thing.

As for myself, perhaps I should declare my interests, so that you can decide whether there is a conflict. I learned a lot from my racing that I wouldn't have learned on my own. I only met most people I compared myself against and who I learned from at races, because there were no meetings for cruisers and potterers. I quit when I got bored with racing and when the Hobie became too slow to be interesting for pottering around. My current boat is slower still, but then, I want to try cruising. That is a different thing and enjoyment is less dependent on speed, so I guess that's all right. In the meantime I potter around, get the design of my boat sorted out and perhaps I'll test it in a little informal racing.

Canoe Sailor, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054

The Wee Lassie

Newsletter of Feather Canoes

No More WoodenBoat School

By Mac McCarthy

This was my last year teaching a summer class at *WoodenBoat* school. I will, however, continue to teach an off campus class for *WoodenBoat* at my shop in Sarasota for as long as they want me to. There were several factors involved in this decision with my wife Alice's health being number one. Leaving her alone for over a month each summer isn't really fair at our age.

Another factor is the almost five thousand miles of driving which I used to enjoy. I have been driving to Maine each summer for the last ten years, and have noticed the traffic becoming nastier each year. I drive way out of the way to avoid Washington, Baltimore, the Jersey Turnpike, and New York City, but still it is a scary drive. My eyesight is fine, my reflexes are normal, and I drive slightly over the speed limit, in a relatively new and safe vehicle with good tires. Cars pass me like I am standing still. Their drivers reading a magazine, or talking on their cell phone, and eating and drinking like they are in a restaurant, and not behind the wheel of a vehicle going over eighty miles an hour.

What used to be an enjoyable experience, has become harrowing to me. I can't understand why everyone is in such a hurry. The journey is important, not the destination. I usually see at least one horrible accident on the trip, but no one seems to connect this scene to the way they drive. People slow down to eyeball the accident but five miles up the road, they go right back to going like a bat out of hell again.

The third reason is I wanted to quit while I was ahead. Ten years is a long time. I have been very lucky never to have gotten sick during a scheduled class time, or had an accident on the trip, or while camping out on the way. I just felt that this was a good time to make an end.

There is no way that I can fully express my gratitude to all the neat people at *WoodenBoat*, and *WoodenBoat* School who have allowed me to expand my world in such a pleasant way. Teaching my class at *WoodenBoat* each summer has been at the center of my calendar year for a long time. I know I will miss the good feeling I get each year when I turn off Naskeag Road onto the dirt driveway up to the magazine offices and the shop. My mind is full of fond memories of times spent with the staff, other teachers, and students at *WoodenBoat*.

I will definitely continue to teach year-round at my shop in Sarasota on a one to one basis as I have for the last ten or so years. I find this more enjoyable than a regular class, with a limited time schedule. It also allows a

guest to build the boat of their choice with more flexible scheduling. Cost depends on time spent, and type and size of boat built. If you have a specific time frame when you will be in Florida, and want to build a boat at my shop, the sooner you make arrangements the better for both of us. In the winter, space can be a premium, and I limit the number of guests at any one time.

Mac McCarthy, Feather Canoes, 1705 Andrea Pl., Sarasota, FL 34235, www.feathercanoes.com, <hmccar2360@aol.com>

The Newsletter Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia

Sailing Upwind

By Jim Creighton

I have always had a weakness for unusual rigs but when I was invited recently to "sail" on a propeller driven Hobie Cat, I hesitated. It just looked too gimmicky, too mechanical. Besides, it was cold and I had a hangover. "Just for 15 minutes," the owner said."

"Well, okay then." Now I want one, damn it. Infected with another passion. And at my age! I should be enjoying the fruits of my labours. Instead I have romantic fantasies of "sailing" upwind past the gold platers who have to tack, poor buggers. A 40' catamaran would do.

The "rig" was designed by Brad Blackford, a retired Dalhousie physics professor. He started the project back in the '80s but only now has he the time to really concentrate on the details. The secret is in the science. He developed a compromise propeller blade that optimizes power from wind coming from all directions. It differs from blades designed for stationary wind generators.

It really works. It travels equally fast in all directions relative to the wind. The output from the blades is not equal in all directions but the combination of counteracting forces produce that result. The blades are fiberglass with polyester resin over a foam core. The two water blades are high aspect made from cast bronze, mounted in a pod incorporated into a large rudder. The wind blades are mounted on an aluminum mast directly over the rudder at the rear of the boat. The mast can be rotated to face in any direction and the blades are variable pitch. A hull to hull foil in the water aft prevents the boat from squatting when going to windward.

On our test run in 10-15 knots of wind on the Amm, we were travelling on average at 5 knots. At times we were going 7 knots, directly upwind! I am not partial to racing but I would love to take this thing in a serious race out of the Squadron just to piss off the big guys.

Windmill driven boats are not new. An article in *Cruising World*, April 1981, describes a 30' cruising monohull which was very successful. The owner had done 1500 miles at sea up to that time. He later went on to install it on a catamaran. I doubt that this rig would ever catch on in any big way. It looks so, well, mechanical.

The main problem is danger to crew and other boats. You have to be very careful to keep the blades from hitting passengers, other boats'

rigging and wharves. It might best be suited to a cruising cat or tri where the rig is within the footprint of the boat and one is away from other boats most of the time. However, with a power take-off there would be ample supply of electricity for powering in and out of port with the rig fixed fore and aft out of harm's way. I hope we can invite Brad to come over to Eastern Passage next year for a demonstration.

Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada, (902) 461-2416, <http://fox.nstn.ca/~swbans>, <swbans@fox.nstn.ca>

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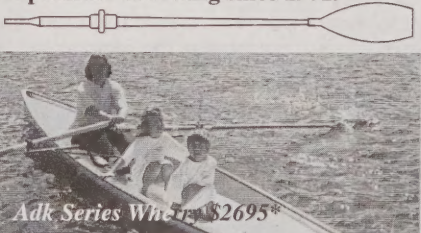
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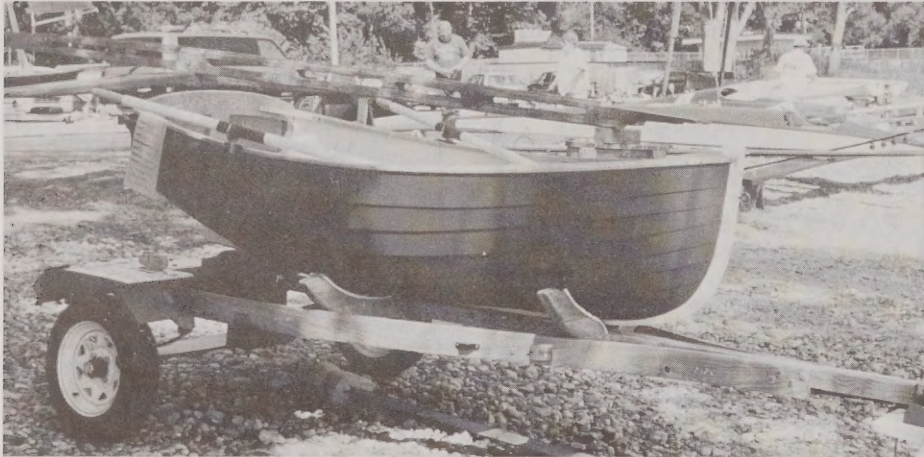
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Thirteen year old Frank Newcomb of Menomonie, Wisconsin, built and displayed his Mini Max. The Starcraft behind Frank was not in the show.



Briny Jewel was an award winner built by Thurman Rasmussen of Winona, Minnesota. Note the wood construction trailer.

The UBI yawl boats, with a Tom Hill canoe and an unidentified kayak in the foreground, and a restored inboard runabout in the background.



Skippers' Choice Award went to the 12' lapstrake sailboat *Sunshine*, built by Sid Shore of Madison, South Dakota.

Pepin Vintage & Wooden Boat Show

By James Broten

"If I haul my boat down to your show," I asked organizer Don Claxton, "what'll I do with it while I'm there; leave it on the trailer, or launch it to prove that it floats, or push off and sail it around now and then?"

"Or all of the above!" Don replied.

And so it was that I found myself towing my recently re-built Rhodes Bantam (new wood hull and old rig), accompanied by my old friend Phil (we met at the University of Minnesota in 1945), on the way to the First Annual Pepin Vintage and Wooden Boat Show on August 26. Pepin is a small "touristy" town on the Wisconsin side of Lake Pepin. The lake is a widening of the Mississippi River which forms a lake averaging two miles wide and twenty-odd miles long.

The show area was on the lake shore between the public boat ramp and the marina. There were thirty-three boats entered and displayed at the show, including canoes, kayaks, a hydroplane, a sloop-rigged red-sailed sharpie, a lapstrake tender and small lapstrake sailboat, a wooden workboat, several iceboats, and two 27' yawl boats built by classes at Urban Boatbuilders, Inc. One was rigged for sailing. UBI is a non-profit group targeting young people in the Twin Cities.

Vintage boats included a 1932 cedar strip boat equipped with an antique Johnson Sea Horse Motor, also a restored inboard runabout. Mississippi Bob Brown had at least two boats, one the "Recycled Chris Craft" seen in the October 1, issue, and one the kayak he described in the April 15 issue.

Jerry Sicard set up a demonstration of stitch and tape construction, using a kit for a small pram dinghy he brought back from the big Wooden Boat Show. If Jerry hadn't taken off for a sail mid-afternoon, he might have finished it.

There were an estimated two hundred spectator-visitors at the show; one couple flew in from Bethel, Minnesota in their Cessna seaplane. Proceeds from the show will be used to help establish a community boat-building and boating program in Pepin.

For information on the 2001 Show, contact Don Claxton, (651) 282-7229, <claxtond@wwdb.org>.

Team U.S.A.

Atlantic Rowing Race 2001

The Ultimate Test Of Strength and Endurance

Launch Day

By Bob Hicks

Photos courtesy of
Open Water Rowing magazine.

October 14 was a major milestone along the way for Tom Mailhot and John Zeigler on their adventure participating as the only U.S. team in the Atlantic Rowing Race 2001. It was time to launch the boat they had been at work on in their spare time since last January (see November 1 issue). Somehow, as seems to happen with most launchings, the imminence of a deadline wonderfully improved efficiency (and extended already lengthy work hours), and they got it all together enough for the occasion, which was also the date for the Essex River Basin Festival at the Essex Ship Building Museum shipyard, where they had finished off *American Star*.

I have attended a number of boat launchings over the years at this historic shipyard (only ten miles from home!), but this one had certain differences. When the time arrived, a team of carriers hoisted on straps passed under the hull in the shed and carried *American Star* forth into the sunshine and across the yard through the assembled multitude to the ramp where they set her down for the ceremonies. Following some brief acknowledgements of those who had significantly contributed to the effort, and a christening by the builders/rowers two moms, the carriers again lifted the boat and walked into the Essex River with her until she floated off the straps.

It was not too far nor too deep for the boat floated high, devoid of the hundreds of pounds of gear she would be carrying on the trans-Atlantic race. The two builders/rowers climbed aboard, overcoming the high free-board while standing in waist deep water by just rolling her over on her side enough to climb in, and gingerly headed off around the bend in the river past the still crowded marina slips. *American Star* was afloat, and underway at last after a year of intense effort and an even longer period of preparation, the boat that will carry these two on their ultimate adventure.

Next up? On the water training, winter or not. We'll be keeping track.



Out into the sun and through the crowd, *American Star* heads for the water.



Two moms christen the boat, pouring the champagne over the sternhead rather than attempting to break the bottle.



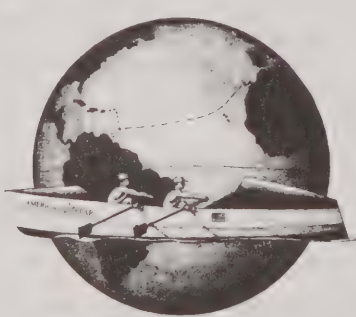
Into the Essex River she goes.

First row, *American Star* sits really high empty, kinda tender too, but Tom and John were not to be kept from that initial experience under oars.



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FOR THE ATLANTIC ROWING RACE 2001





Diabliesse Sails Home To Maine

By Rudy Haase

When the main trysail ketch *Diabliesse* sailed away from Nova Scotia to Maine recently, my 51-year ownership of this delightful yacht ended. Designed, and originally owned by, Frederic A. Fenger (1882-1970) who conceived the unorthodox rig, *Diabliesse* was launched by Roger Sawyer in Milbridge, Maine in 1937. I bought her in 1949, the year my wife, Mickie, and I were married by the Captain of the schooner *Alamar*. (We celebrated our 50th anniversary last year aboard the *Alamar*, which is still sailing the Maine coast). We cruised to the Bahamas the first winter and explored the Exuma Cays, where we never saw another yacht in over a month. Later we continued to live aboard in the Chesapeake and Maine until 1952.

From then until 1967 *Diabliesse's* home port was Brooksville (Bucks Harbor) Maine. When we emigrated to Canada in 1967,

Chester, Nova Scotia became her new home port. While *Diabliesse* has voyaged twice to the Bahamas and once to Newfoundland, her extensive cruising areas have been New England and the Maritimes. In recent years my favorite cruising area has been the magnificent stretch of islands and inside passages along Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore from Ship Harbour to Liscomb. I have enjoyed many single-handed cruises.

When *Diabliesse* was fifty years old, and I wrote about her in *WoodenBoat* magazine (Mar/Apr 1988), all her original equipment was still in service (except sails and rigging) including anchors, kerosene lights, wood stove, excellent Edson steering gear, Merriman blocks, and her hand-starting 2-cylinder Lathrop gasoline engine. In 1975 when I ordered a Norwegian-SABB diesel, just to have it available for a replacement, Lathrop refused to start, and continued the strike for the entire summer season, despite every effort to get him going.

Eventually, when the masts were unstepped in Chester, and the engine was necessary to bring the boat the seven miles for storage in my Bluenose Boatyard in East Chester, I was at my wit's end. It was then that I told Lathrop that if he would start I would not install the new diesel as long as he wanted to continue to serve. Lathrop started on the next pull over compression and ran faithfully for another 22 years, including another voyage in the Intercoastal Waterway in 1979-80.

Finally, in 1996, after Lathrop had put in 60 years of service, the hand-starting SABB was installed. In 1998 it was retrofitted with an electric starter, but other than that, *Diabliesse* continued to be nonelectric except for flashlight batteries.

Frits Fenger had so perfectly designed the

main trysail rig, which consists of four working sails, that I never considered changing her rig in any basic way. I always sailed to and from my mooring and anchorages, as *Diabliesse* handles so well under her large mizzen and wishbone-spritted forestaysail when getting underway. The main trysail is an amazingly effective sail in light wind, but as the wind freshens to the extent that this high sail must be handed, it comes down easily when sailing closehaunched by casting off hal-yard and single part sheet. A trip line automatically positions the wishbone sprit vertically abaft the mast, and the sail is furled within the sprit. The operation can be carried out by one person while *Diabliesse* sails herself, now as an under-rigged staysail schooner. The next reduction is to the end sails, and finally, if a gale is blowing, to the small and handy mizzen staysail. Under this sail, *Diabliesse* will run, reach or heave-to, but not go to windward.

Another unique feature of *Diabliesse* is her dhow hull, which draws six inches more forward than aft. This is suited to the rig, which also has its center of effort farther forward than a conventional rig. An incidental advantage of deeper draft forward is that if one runs aground the stern can still be maneuvered to free the boat, while one with a drag by the stern will wedge on solidly.

As well as many trips with our three boys and family members, we have cruised or day sailed with over twelve hundred people. Paging through *Diabliesse's* guest log book, I am reminded of many wonderful times and shared enjoyment of so many people (of all ages) who appreciated the "little ship". *Diabliesse's* lines and sail plan are printed in Roger Taylor's excellent book, *Good Boats* (International Marine, 1977), and in the late John Atkin's *Book Of Boats*. The latter includes a chapter by Frits Fenger about *Diabliesse*, written in 1947, including his appraisal which time, and my experience, have proved very correct:

"Of her much disputed rig, at which many have gawked but few have comprehended, let me say that under its conservative area she is decidedly smart for a cruising vessel of honest pretensions, while there is the added comfort in ease of handling the small sail units. When sailing alone, or short-handed with well-meaning but inexperienced duffers who best are battened below in a hard chance, one has not that ever-lurking apprehension of being caught with a mainsail to reef or hand. Sail reduction has become a matter of subtraction while she tends herself, closehaunched, and a furl that calls for no great haste. Most important, she has that windward ability, weatherliness in its true sense, which is as necessary in a cruising vessel as it is desirable in her racing sister.

"For an ex-schooner man of gaff-headed days, who thought he would never be content in any craft under fifty feet on deck, the much smaller and far more modern 38' *Diabliesse* has proven the worth of the "little ship". Well salted and ventilated, she was designed and built to last."

And she certainly has! At the age of sixty-three, *Diabliesse* remains in fine condition, and I'm sure that her new owners, Bill and Kalla Buchholz, of Camden, Maine, will cherish her and keep her sailing for many more years.

Martin Rudy Haase, Bluenose Boatyard, Chester, Nova Scotia

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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."

Part 4

Waiting for Fall Storms to Blow Over

We were held up for three weeks, one in Newport, Oregon, and again in Coos Bay, by the USCG, as southwest wind and rainstorms raged outside. Later another week was spent at Crescent City. At the time I sometimes grumbled with others about the delays, but after they did let us out of Coos Bay and I experienced the size of the residual waves out there, it is clear the USCG did the right thing. Three fall storms hit the coast about a month early this year and it is just as well we did not plunge ahead into them. It would have been very uncomfortable cold and wet at best. The delays also allowed me to meet some fine interesting people on other boats, and some local fishermen who told stories of their difficult life and times at sea. The local storms were from the southwest as usual, but the huge swells were steadily rolling in from the northwest, apparently from even greater blows in the Gulf of Alaska.

Meeting and chatting with other boaters in these ports, I also learned that my troubles on *Flamingo* were minor compared to those of some of the others. One skipper of a 30' trimaran from Victoria, BC, had spent three days on a sea anchor off the Columbia River. Two weeks later, when his forestay ripped loose from the deck, he was towed 65 miles into Coos Bay by the USCG. Needless to say, he was exhausted when he finally arrived. Another 45' sloop had been towed into Garibaldi after their electrical power completely failed and it was too stormy to sail across the bar. Later, a 55' powerboat which was in Newport with us, had foundered and sunk at the entrance to San Francisco Bay! Hearing all of this made it seem we were a very ragged, accident-prone lot of seamen. And I wondered if the Coast Guard should not be granted even greater powers to apply to

pleasure craft, which, with their owners, may or may not be seaworthy. A sacrilegious thought among yachters, I know.

Newport to Coos Bay

Sunday 9/28/97, out of Newport at 07:00 arrived Charleston marina, Coos Bay, 19:00, a very good day with a northwest (tail) wind. Beautiful, clear, and splendid weather. *Flamingo* behaved very well in the 4' chop and 10' swell.

Stopped well off of Reedsport Bar, as I wanted to have a look at the town of Winchester Bay, but the bar was awash with breakers. Out of curiosity, I called the USCG on channel 16. Newport station answered and said the Reedsport Bar was restricted (closed) to pleasure craft. This was quite easy to believe. I then asked about the bar at Coos Bay, 20 miles farther south, the USCG checked and called back. Said that bar also is closed to pleasure craft less than 20' in length. "OK, thanks very much." No problem for us. We are 34' long. I sure was glad that bar, too, wasn't closed, or I'd have to spend the night out there. Or, run on in anyway after dark, hoping no one was looking? That would be risky in two ways.

I had installed a new bearing in a suspicious steering pulley while resting in Newport, and today was glad of it. This would be no time to have a steering failure. So the broken flopper stopper experience had taught me something about preventative maintenance.

Peter and Marlene on the *Ka'sala* planned to make the 80-mile trip from Newport to Coos Bay an overnighter, sailing out into the ocean on a long starboard reach, then into Coos Bay on a port reach. This dogleg path would make the trip about 115 miles. I called them as agreed at 14:00 and received no answer. But this was not surprising; we were too far apart at that time, probably about 45 miles. Comparing my direct path down the coast versus their path out to sea and back I was glad to be on a powerboat. I was a bit worried about them,

but thinking of their new heavy-duty ship and its well-experienced masters, I worried less. "It would be nice to have a long range ssb radio at a time like this, though," I thought.

They arrived in Charleston Marina, Coos Bay, next to us, about 08:00 the next morning, tired but happy. "Did you get any sleep?" I asked Peter the silly question.

"No, but she did," he said. The implication was he didn't entirely trust her to sail *Ka'sala* alone. Once again they had had a good deal more wind than they wanted, and sailed most of the time under storm jib alone.

That Monday afternoon, I took a good two-mile hike through the woods and over the hill from Charleston to the ocean beach to view the Coos Bar from land, and to see Guano Rock Point. It was a nice way to get warm and enjoy some good exercise on a cool wet windy day.

Charleston Marina is very hospitable to all comers. The moorage floats were enjoyed by many people netting crabs and fishing, as well as us boaters. These people yielded to the boaters that arrived, and the friendly cooperation was good to see.

Exiting Coos Bay and Escaping To Port Orford

The Coast Guard finally removed their ban on pleasure boats crossing the bar at Coos Bay about 12:30 pm on Sunday 10/5/97, and soon we were on our way, along with several sailboats. I took some snaps of the *Ka'sala* as she pitched and rolled under power, over the huge swells leaving the bar. Marlene in turn took some pictures of the *Flamingo*.

The cruise from Coos Bay down the coast to Port Orford is not very far, about 45 miles, but today it seemed farther. The swells were running very high, probably 15' anyway with a 3'-4' chop and a strong northwest wind on top. I almost wished the USCG had kept their ban on longer. But the sun was occasionally out, and it was a beautiful exhilarating, windy, cool day. *Flamingo* was surfing and slithering down the huge wave embankments. Her speed would go from 5.5 knots to 11.5 as she accelerated down the hills. The whitecaps on top of the rollers threatened to come right over her stern, but didn't.

The little ship never seemed to be so small, but valiantly she dove into the troughs, rose and surfed as the wave rolled by under her, then settled stern first down and down, awaiting the next roller. She dove so steeply into the wave ahead, I sometimes wondered if the bow would dig in, but this was no problem. Also, if she was diving too steeply, I noted we could reduce the dive angle by steering off the seas more, the way the surfers do. She usually tracked a pretty good straight line, but today she seemed to want to veer off to the right usually, sometimes to the left. I steered carefully, quickly turning the wheel to keep her on a reasonably straight track, to avoid a broach. A time or two, I had to go below for some food or errand and she did wallow in the trough but no harm done. The waves would spill over her decks amidships and wash off, she rolled plenty, but her rolling was never dangerous. She could take it and be safe. Today was more proof.

Having been in the town of Bandon several times by car, I knew it to be a picturesque spot, so we cut in towards it and had a look at the entrance to the bar. It was awash with ominous breakers. And lots of rocks were

present in the area in front of the bar. For a short time, I thought of chancing it, my confidence in *Flamingo* was high, but better sense soon prevailed and we turned around, heading out again for Port Orford. Also, there was no Coast Guard to provide any assistance at Bandon. At Charleston, when I asked, a fisherman had said, "Bandon? Don't even think of going into Bandon."

Finally, about 18:00 we made it abreast of the dangerous rocks off Cape Blanco. It was now growing dark, but the seas were undiminished in their fury. I was worried about turning left and running across the rollers, as we had to do to round the point and gain the protection of Port Orford to the east. Above all I had to carefully provide plenty of room to stay out far enough from the rocks and the surf breaking over them. My best tool at this time in the dark was Rudy, the beautiful radar. He showed clearly where the land faded off to the left, i.e., to the east and south. Radar also provided the vital information of how far we were from the beach. The chart indicated about three-fourths of a mile would be safe.

Ah yes, to move to the east behind the bluff was to escape the massive swells, but to get there we had to run across them. So we bore east and south, steering by radar and by the feel of the waves, and somewhat surprisingly to me, came around the wild corner of Cape Blanco with no trouble. Soon we were behind the Port Orford headland and it became wonderfully calmer. "Yay Ha, we are in the calm again!" I shouted. "Atta girl *Flamingo*, atta boy Brutus. You too, Rudy! You all did great. Boy, what a relief to be in here, out of that sea. Zowie!"

And we motored in heading north, in as close to the beach as feasible, I put Brutus in neutral, ran to the stern, threw the anchor in, let out slack, and cleated her down. Then, as the anchor took hold and the wind caught the hull, I felt we were too close to the rocks on the west, so I reversed the engine, pulled the anchor off the ground, moved to a better spot, lowered anchor again, let out sufficient slack, cleated, waited to see if she was holding. She was. I breathed a sigh of relief, noticed how tired I was, went below, took off shoes and hit the sack.

Whew! What a lovely rest I had. Port Orford had no easy way of landing. There was no float, and there was considerable surf, so I did not bother launching the skiff. Besides, I was too tired. Steering and hanging on for about seven hours was like a fair wrestling match. I was bushed. Sleep a while, get up, make supper, and sleep some more was what I wanted and did. Hooray for Port Orford's protection!

To Brookings and Crescent City

After a night in windy Port Orford, it was a relatively easy ride to Brookings that Monday morning. Waves, not as big as yesterday, but still impressive. The rocks near Cape Sebastian were grand to see, but not as mean looking or as intrusive as those off Cape Blanco. The easterly direction into Brookings was welcome; it meant some relief from the big northwest swells. The entrance to Brookings is shallow, about 14', but it was calmish. The sun came even came out! It seemed we were approaching California at last. Crescent City, California was only nineteen miles away. Nice to be back in a harbor. I called Marcia and was glad she was not wor-

ried. She is a peach.

En route to Crescent City next morning had a scare off Saint Georges' reef. The chart had marked that breakers were present, but for some reason I paid this too little attention. Once I looked up and saw breakers about 200 yards ahead! We were about five miles off shore, in 240' of water, and I was shocked, but yes that's what the chart said. I put the helm hard right, steered clear of the reef, and later did it again on a second reef. That these reefs did not show up on my radar was scary; at least not on the longer range I was using. To be safe among reefs, one should switch to short range. Otherwise, it was beautiful and calmish with only about 6' rollers.

It was comforting to see the *Ka'sala* was already in the marina. Peter said he was going to add a reefing point in their storm jib, having encountered 35-knot winds enroute from Coos Bay. Later that night, John, from Victoria on the trimaran *Halobates*, arrived, towed in by the USCG with his genoa all torn to shreds making a loud flapping racket in the wind. His rudder was broken off at the waterline, also. What a wretched trip he'd had from Coos Bay.

One of the unique things at Crescent City was the sign, "No automatic bilge pumping allowed in harbor". "What are you supposed to do, let her sink?" I wondered. No one paid the sign any attention, I noticed. The weather turned foul again, lots of rain and southwest wind. That night, we had a beer in The Grotto and returned to our vessels in a driving rainstorm. I doubled up the spring lines, just in case. Next morning, Peter and I visited John on the *Halobates* and, with my 18' long pike pole and a sharp knife tied to its end, we managed to cut the noisily flapping jib from its mast.

Next day, we took a vacation from cruising, and, with Peter and Marlene, I walked downtown and checked out the local bookstores, the marine museum, and had a delicious lunch. The weather was socked in again, so I decided to return to Seattle by bus, for a long weekend. That too was a long trip. But it was worth it to see Marcia and many other friends again. I returned to Crescent City Tuesday, 10/14/97, once again in the rain, but the wind was mild.

John, on his trimaran *Halobates*, caught me as I returned to the *Flamingo* and strongly hinted he needed some help. I knew he certainly did. But I ignored the hint, and rather obtusely said, "Well I've got to pay my mooring bill." So I cast off, motored across the harbor, paid up, then blithely cruised on out and headed for Eureka by way of Trinidad Cove. Sorry John, but your many comments about ignorant and boorish American engineers didn't help (although they did help me at this moment as I played the role of the obtuse engineer).

John and his trimaran had had so much trouble of a very serious kind, I painfully concluded the best thing we might do for him was to encourage him to abort his trip. I judged his all-too-flimsy trimaran, with its tiny outboard engine, just not up to the challenge of the north Pacific seas. I suspect the USCG would have heartily concurred in this opinion, having towed him in twice in the past three weeks. To cap this, another of John's overbearing opinions was all about the utter incompetence of the USCG!

John's Emergency Outboard Engine

On the stern of his trimaran, he had a clean new-looking 9.9hp Honda outboard. This was obviously for emergency power. After the ghastly night off Coos Bay, Oregon, when he found it necessary to call for help and to be towed in some sixty-five miles by the USCG, I wondered. The following night at the bar, I finally asked, "Why didn't you just start your Honda and motor on in, instead of calling the Coast Guard for that tow?"

John looked down his nose at me, like the stern ex-school master he is, and said, "As you should know, in that sea that motor was no use."

I wanted to snap back, "No, you should have known that, not me, it is, after all, your boat." I presumed the seas might have come right over the motor, or the spray was too much, or the propeller was too often out of the water, or maybe it just didn't have sufficient power to hold her across the waves and wind. I still don't really know what was the problem with the outboard at that time. But, asking for more info from John was like sticking your nose into a buzz saw. At any rate, whatever happened, you can be sure it wasn't his fault. As usual, he was critical of the Coast Guard for the way they towed him in. That's gratitude for you.

Trinidad

After some difficulty in the mist, sorting out the shoreline rocks from the entrance, we found Trinidad. The calmer water was very welcome, too. This was another anchorage, like Port Orford, offering some, but not complete, respite from the incessant northwest rollers; we still rolled around a lot. Rockier than Orford, it was eerie and seemed rather desolate in the foggy mist. But I was pleased to be there. *Charlie's Chart Book* said there were groceries at the end of the dock, so I rowed in, climbed up to the dock, found a rather posh café, and enjoyed a modest dinner.

History says of Trinidad, which was a whaling port, "You could smell it before you saw it." I'm glad to report this is no longer the case. It is a picturesque spot for sure. After very carefully dialing in GPS waypoints, we left it in a deep fog the next morning for Eureka, only about 17 miles southeast.

Entering Eureka

We came all the way in between the jet-ties without seeing either one of them! Let's hear it for radar. After the radar indicated we were solidly in I knew it was true because the waves were gone and it was nicely calm, but I had to check, so we eased our way over to the left. It seemed a long way until finally, yes, there it was, the rocks of the north jetty! After that, I had even more trust in the radar and proceeded to head for the next buoy in the channel, and the next, and etc. There were a lot of buoys, many of which I found, but there were also some nasty obstacles to navigation, which were not on my chart. Such as an old dock or two poking out into the channel! These presented a scare as we approached them, and I would veer off and away, which was disorienting and disconcerting. Fortunately, there was no traffic.

A mile or so later, we had cruised into a very shallow area and I was lost in the dense fog. About then the engine died, so it was time to anchor in about 5' of water. I had some con-

cern that it would be embarrassing to be here if the tide went out, we'd be stuck in the mud. So I promptly set to work blowing out the gas filters again, which did the trick.

About then, the fog lifted a bit, a little sun came through, which was very welcome, and I saw some workmen on the bank by the road. I used *Flamingo's* loud hailer to ask them which way to the marina? They seemed confused and didn't know. But a substantial highway bridge was now emerging out of the fog to the south of us, which gave me a clue as to where I was. On the VHF, I called the *Ka'sala*. Peter answered immediately. Sure enough, they were there in Woodley Island Marina. We switched to channel 9 and talked a bit, which helped, and pretty soon, oriented again, we set off for the marina, and in about 5 minutes were there alongside the *Ka'sala*.

The fog continued to lift, and soon it was a lovely, sunny, warm afternoon. I rowed across the small bay and had a nice walk around the old mansion part of Eureka. Some were magnificent old Victorian mansions. The timber barons weren't all bad.

Eureka to Shelter Cove

We exited Eureka as we had entered, in pea soup fog, visibility about 100'. Thank goodness for radar! All I saw while exiting Eureka at 07:30 were a number of channel marking buoys. Saw the same ones on the way in and had marked their location and number on my chart with GPS, which helped me find my way out. After that, I made it a practice to take a GPS fix on strategic buoys and note it on the chart in case it was foggy on the way out. The distance from Eureka to Shelter Cove is about 60 miles, so we got an early start.

Sailors en route had spoken of Cape Mendocino as a rough, windy area, so I was somewhat apprehensive, but the sea offshore presented nothing unusual today. Around noon, Brutus stopped abruptly in the fog and I had to blow out the gas filters to get him going again. I've got to drain and clean out those tanks, but that is a big job and must wait.

Finally, about 16:30, the fog veil lifted and with it, my spirits. It was so lovely to see the sparkling shoreline again and the coastal mountains in the sunshine. The golden brown hills of California were a colorful contrast with the unending green of Oregon and Washington.

After rounding Point Gorda, we were able to make the gradual left turn into Shelter Cove, and I was grateful to find mooring buoys available. There was a continual roll in there, but it certainly was better than no protection. About 19:00, the *Ka'sala* called on VHF and I turned

Fort Bragg Harbor and the Noyo River.



on *Flamingo's* masthead light to help them find their way in. I spotted *Flamingo's* searchlight on a mooring buoy for them not far from us. Peter came up to the buoy rapidly in the dark and Marlene caught it with a line, first try. Then, I rowed across to say hello and just happened to have a couple cans of stew with me for supper. Marlene, though tired, took the hint and said, "Oh, yes, good idea; let's have stew, bread, and coffee, and you can join us." So we had a cozy dinner in their foc's'l, complete with cloth serviettes as always. First class!

Shelter Cove to Fort Bragg, & the Mysterious Stalker

That morning in Shelter Cove (which should be called "very little shelter cove"), we were fogged in; visibility was only about 200'. But there was nothing much to do here and it was a straight shot down the coast to Ft. Bragg, California. Peter and Marlene had left on the *Ka'sala* about an hour earlier. I very carefully dialed in waypoints. As long as the radar and the engine worked, fog should present no particular problem, we should arrive at the buoy off Ft. Bragg in about five hours and from there, on and in across the bar and to the moorage, then for a good rest and a shower. So we hoisted anchor and were off around 0700.

About an hour later, a vessel appeared on my radar screen, apparently a trolling fisherman. He was cruising on a parallel course, but slower and about a mile to the west. Then a second, larger vessel appeared on the radar behind me. He was quickly closing the gap between us. I looked to my stern, but never saw anything. He seemed to slow down and stay about one quarter mile behind me. Strange. I became worried about being run over by a larger ship, so I turned hard left and ran in towards the shore. Oddly enough, he turned also and stayed right behind me.

Apparently he was playing some sort of a game with the *Flamingo*, so I turned back on course. He followed suit, all the time staying just out of the range of visibility, about a mile away. And he stayed there for the next twenty minutes. Thinking to defuse the situation, I marked my present position from the

GPS, and called the mysterious ship behind me on the VHF, channel 16. No answer, still none after several tries. Strange. I began to suspect a robbery on the high seas in the dense fog. Who would know?

So, I decided to call my friends on the *Ka'sala*, who answered promptly and we chatted briefly about the strange ship on my tail. I thought this conversation might be monitored by the USCG and that might help. Apparently it did, because about that time the mysterious stranger gave up the game; he circled away to the right, and left my radar screen. I never did find out why I was stalked that day, or who it was. Charlie, my lawyer son, suggested it was the USCG waiting to see if I was a drug runner meeting another vessel in the dense fog. Who would know? Quien sabe?

After that, it was about three more hours of rather tedious cruising in the dense fog to the buoy off Noyo-Fort Bragg. At least in the fog, the sea was reasonably calm, which was a nice change. The ships *Ka'sala* and *Flamingo* converged on the buoy off Fort Bragg at just about the same time. It was eerie seeing *Ka'sala* emerge out of the fog at the buoy. I had been tracking them on radar of course.

Then I led the way into what I thought was the channel between the jetties. Next thing I knew, we were cruising through kelp and then I saw breakers! A hard right turn kept us off the beach. Somehow I had missed the entrance. Peter, behind me, bore off to the left, and there was the south jetty leading to Fort Bragg. The entrance was only about 70' wide, very picturesque. As we came inland, the fog lifted a bit, thanks be! Moral of this story is to more carefully study the large-scale harbor charts prior to entering. I was not prepared for the small size of the opening, after the large, expansive entree at Eureka.

The mooring floats in Noyo River Harbor were languishing with large brown sea lions that liked to bark. They didn't appear to enjoy human proximity, but preferred their own company. (This may be a sign of their superior intelligence.) But they didn't bother me as I rowed about 20 feet from them, across the channel in my skiff. But, they did present an implicit threat to the 9-foot skiff. Especially later, when Peter, Marlene, and I were all in it together. Once again, it was delicious to tie up to a mooring in calm water and get a good night's sleep, the barking sea lions were soon forgotten.

Next day, we three took the day off from cruising and hiked around the picturesque place of Fort Bragg. The historic Museum of Marine & Industry was interesting with many pictures and models of the old ships, which used to visit the area. This was before there was any inside port facility, so the ships had to be anchored and cabled to the land on both sides of the small exposed harbor. Cargo was unloaded, and lumber loaded, from cable cars hanging from the ship-to-shore cables, winched tight. Huge pelican hooks made of steel about as big as your arm and weighing 200lbs were in the museum. The massive hooks provided a quick-release system so the ships could beat a hasty retreat out to sea in the event of a sudden storm. The pelican hooks, still in good shape, added a cold-steel realism to the scene, tying the present to the past. Sailing and steaming on this coast must have been a very tough and dangerous business one hundred years ago.

(To Be Concluded)



At Dog Island, Florida.

One of the things that I have done in my life that I regret is to build boats for us that were not as good as the ones I build for our customers. The fact of the matter is that we can't afford our own boats. Even if I do build a good one for us, the cost of the time and materials lies heavy on the budget and just about the time we get used to the boat, someone comes along and makes me an offer that I can't refuse. I wish that I had just toughed it out sometimes until the equilibrium of hand to mouth had re-established itself.

Fortunately, those days are over, not because I have become rich but because I have smartened up a little bit. Our new skiff, though as good as any we ever built cannot be sold because it has a questionable experiment that I would not trust to any customer. The planking is from a tree that lay on the ground for my whole life.

Coincidentally, the old skiff, the one that it replaces, although it is a good boat, has a peculiarity that has prevented it from being sold for all these years. It takes apart in the middle. Although the old boat has served us well, this feature makes people look at it with some scepticism. It is a resurrection of a plywood design that I abandoned many years ago when I stopped building with plywood entirely.

The old boats were pretty good small outboard skiffs as plywood boats go, but plywood is hard to preserve in continuous use around here (about five years for a crab or oyster skiff). Even at that, I couldn't think of any other way to build a take-apart boat so I dug out some sheets of old good stuff that I had been storing since the early sixties and rooted around in the junkpiles until I found enough to extrapolate the old design and built this boat.

Although my intentions were to carry it, two sections nested together, on top of our sailboat just as a dinghy to run around in the Bahamas and try to keep it out of the weather the rest of the time, it was so useful as a plain old boat, that we have just about worn it out in everyday service. Even now that the new skiff has been running for almost three years, our family is such that the old take-apart skiff is still on the job too. As soon as I get a lull, I am going to have to do some radical maintenance on the old boat though because, despite the fact that all the plywood was sheathed with epoxy and fiberglass on both sides, there are some places...

If it was somebody else's boat, I would

The Old Take-Apart Skiff

By Robb White

just advise them to run it until it swells up and comes apart but I have a way of becoming real fond of my old boats. I know I will have to take this old skiff off of life-support eventually and when that happens, my heart will be broke. Which brings to mind this advice: If you plan to build a boat, build it right so you'll have an heirloom like some of the dearly beloved good old boats you read about in this magazine.

Although I can see the end of this old boat, it has lasted in continuous service since the spring of 1985. It has never been out of the weather and seldom out of the water. The old boat has been towed back and forth across the Gulf Stream and up and down the length of the Florida peninsula every summer except '98, '99 and '00. Under its own steam, it has run all over the southern Bahamas, the Everglades and Keys and provided daily ferry service back and forth to our house and no telling where all else.

It has outlasted an OMC nine point nine and most of a Japanese eight. It has even survived being hit by a car, such a lick that the axle and the wheels of the trailer were knocked out from under it. Of course, I had to replace one frame and fix some plywood but was able to put it back as good as new though the trailer was junk. It is a pretty good old boat for one with a suspicious peculiarity.

It behaves pretty well too. Though it is sort of wet, in the tradition of all sheet plywood and aluminum semi-V planing skiffs, it does not root, yaw and try to broach, when run into the back of a following sea, as bad as most of the others, because the plywood in the forefoot is forced into a slight hollow by a short horizontal floorboard under the foredeck to which the plywood was pulled, against its will, by big screws and big washers (later removed when the epoxy set, holes stuffed with epoxy saturated strands of woven roving, a good fastening).

I believe that rooting is caused, not by inadequate forward bouyancy but by failure of the bow to penetrate the back of the wave as it rises. The hollow-forefoot lap-strake skiffs we build now are the best non-rooters I have been able to come up with so far. This old boat has external chines to protect from the sharp

rocks of the Bahamas. That was an interesting experiment as we have built this same design both ways. There seems to be no difference in wetness or ability to plane efficiently but external chines do make a boat harder to row. I do not happen to like boats in which I have to depend on an engine to get me back home.

The distance from the mast of the sailboat to the rear of the cabin of our sailboat dictated the short length. I have just about convinced myself that a planing skiff needed to be sixteen feet long on the water to be ideal. That way, the boat begins to plane a good bit before it reaches hull speed so there is no awkward stage where the boat squats by the stern and raises its bow in an unseaworthy manner. I put a good sized fiberglass wedge (called a "throwdown" around here) on the bottom of the transom to help counteract the squat and it helps a lot. Despite not being ideal, the old boat planes off fairly level at a nice low speed with very little horsepower, an eight is plenty. A nine point nine (actually a "fifteen") is a little heavy by the stern in bad weather.

Although I would call it a two person boat, we have hauled four adults across the bay, but it is a wet trip when it is rough. As a tender coming in from our mooring (in four feet of water), we have taken as many as six adults and all the little children we could cram in the gaps between but it was a short trip before we ran out of water and most of them had to get out and wade. We have hauled lumber, refrigerators, stoves, hot water heaters, furniture, well pumps, firewood, umpteen jillion abandoned car batteries and once, a four cylinder Mercedes marine engine (636) with a heavy old three-to-one Paragon transmission (planed with it too) in that little boat.

The boat is 14'3"x 57" and is built of quarter inch, old-time, five-ply fir marine plywood. As you can see in the picture, it has a lot of rake to the bow. That's the only way to get any flare at all in a sheet-plywood or aluminum boat. The transom is tumblehome style which puts some convexity into the topsides and makes the rails strong. There are four frames (not counting the extra sister take-apart frame in the middle) and a foredeck bulkhead.

There are two longitudinal stringers on the bottom inside and two good sized runners on the outside aft. The rub rails and sheer clamps are built extra heavy-duty with big spacer blocks to handle the rough service of locks and docks. When the boat was hit by the car, the laurel oak rubrail busted out the headlight and popped up a big crimp in the hood, but was only slightly scuffed. It was the bumper that busted the side and got the trailer.

This boat, because of the take-apart feature and the fact that it was routinely towed with the engine on it in rough weather behind our sailboat and motor whaleboat (and swamped many times, once run completely over by my wife in the sailboat when a lee shore made for tricky business getting the anchor) has a complete compartmented double bottom filled with expanding polyurethane foam. Even the inside plywood faces of these foamed compartments are sheathed with epoxy and fiberglass. If it were a normal skiff, I would leave out this double bottom feature and the foam as it adds a lot of weight and suspicion.

The old boat weighs about 235lbs (as against 155lbs for the wider, stronger, lapstake sixteen foot new skiff). A fiberglass sheathed, watertight (yeah right, make sure you put an

access port in any closed box in a boat so you can reach in and dry the water out) box under the stern seat is what we build for flotation in non-take-apart towing dingbys.

Although the double bottom aids in self bailing through the inch and a quarter drainplug hole in the transom, we have found that any light, wood, planing boat will tow in the open sea just fine with the drainplug out as long as it is empty and the engine is on the taffrail of the sailboat. I guess the forward speed, even at the drifting we do so much in the summertime, is just enough to keep the water out. When it gets rough, you sure better have the drainplug out if you plan to go to windward at all.

If I had it to do again (which, I assure you, this was my last plywood boat and I mean it this time). I would still sheath the plywood on both sides with epoxy and four or six ounce cloth after the panels were cut out and before the boat was put together. I think that stitch and glue would work fine though I would bevel the edges of the plywood to save on cook and "just because". If you kept it under shelter when not in use, it would be a long time before such a boat would break your heart.

As far as the take-apart foolishness goes, despite the planned storage on top of the cabin top, I wanted a big opening over the companionway. When the skiff was nested on top, with the bow and transom against the mast, the sheer of the forward section mates to the cabin top with a foam pipe insulation gasket. I did not put in the standard pair of bulkheads where the boat goes together but just a pair of frames which bolt together with a cork gasket.

The place where the rails are interrupted is the most vulnerable spot (experience has taught me that the gunwales of a small open boat are the most highly stressed structural members) so at the take-apart seam, the sheer clamps, the hull of the boat and the outer rails are heavily reinforced with a thick fiberglass gusset (about 3/8" thick) let in flush on the top of the gunwale of both halves.

The two halves of the boat are also held together by thick bronze plates that are fastened by big oval head machine screws at each end which thread into bronze bushings fitted into the rail and this thick fiberglass gusset. There are two more of these bronze connecting straps which span the gap between the two halves in the bottom of the boat joining the two stringers. I suspect that these four bronze straps have kept the boat from working the smaller bolts which hold the two frames together. The single, removable thwart is fastened by the same machine-screw, bushing arrangement. The suspicious take-apart feature has never leaked or tried to work loose.

The original skiff of which old Take-Apart is a copy (except for a slight change in sheer to fit the cabin top) was designed on board of a tugboat by cutting out small patterns from a Froot Loop box and taping them together. I sort of had in mind the good plywood skiffs you see around Abaco when I was cutting up the cereal box, hit it pretty good too.

A man in Lowe Sound, Andros said "I see you have an Abaco boat for a dinghy." When I showed him the take-apart feature, he said, "Be sure you reveal that when you go to Nassau. That way, you won't have to worry somebody steal the boat." We have never been to Nassau and the places where we do go, people don't steal boats. Oh well.



Locals enjoying the skiff at Lowe Sound, Andros.



Taking the dog to the bathroom at Cape Sable, Florida.

A man has to have his hat on when he is in the boat.



In the summer of 1983, my friend Mark and I decided to take *The Drascombe*, my dad's 21' Drascombe Longboat, for a cruise. This was our third year in college and the weight of final exams had just been lifted from our shoulders. We were ready for some adventure. Our itinerary was to sail from New Orleans to Gulfport, Mississippi, with a few stops in between (a total of about 80 miles).

After pulling an all-nighter getting the boat ready for the trip, we launched at dawn from the boat ramp near the Ponchartrain Causeway (a 24 mile bridge across the lake). At the last minute, we picked up another crew member whose name I have forgotten. There was no wind that day, so we motored the entire way to a friend's house in the marshes east of New Orleans. Our third man turned out to be pretty poor company, but I was happy to discover he was also prone to seasickness. We dropped him off at the house and, after a short afternoon visit, headed out to cover some miles in the darkness.

We motored and sailed for the rest of the evening and reached the Chef Menteur bridge (US Hwy 90) around midnight. The bridge towered above us in the darkness, lit by a couple of small navigation lights. I gave a toot on the horn and in an instant, huge floodlights turned our night into day. We thought it was very cool and waved emphatically at the bridge keeper as we passed into The Rigolets (pronounced "Rig-o-les" in Louisiana).

We were tired, so we decided to anchor and get some rest. While motoring into a small bay just before the entrance to Lake Borgne, the boat was stopped cold with a loud "ping" and a jerk of the tiller. After a moment, we gained headway again, but this time the tiller was stuck. I steered with the motor until we were able to anchor. We speculated that we had hit a submerged pipeline and decided to wait until morning to attempt any repairs.

The Rigolets is the pass that connects Lake Ponchartrain and Lake Borgne with the Gulf of Mexico. The surrounding shores are typical southern marshland. Some people find this type of landscape monotonous and ugly, but I think it is full of natural beauty and diversity. It is also full of mosquitoes. We tried to zip into sleeping bags to avoid the bugs, but it was pretty useless. After fifteen minutes or so, we decided to try to setup the tent. We were attacked savagely as we pulled up the floorboards and laid them across the rowing thwarts. It made a flat platform on which to setup my Eureka 4-man triangle tent. The setup worked like a charm and we actually slept very well, while the bugs hummed lullabies out-

Post Exams Escape In The Drascombe

By Frank San Miguel

side (I have since used this technique many times, though it doesn't work when there is much wind).

In the morning we dove under the boat to check out the damage. Our rudder was a one-part galvanized weldment type that draws about 2-1/2' in its unbent form (I have recently gotten a kickup rudder for the boat which is much better for this type of sailing). The 1" diameter steel rudder shaft was bent 20 degrees from vertical and jammed into its sleeve. I unfastened the tiller from the shaft while Mark held the rudder underwater and dropped it down through the sleeve. We motored to a small shipyard that was conveniently just across the channel on the north side of the pass. A ship welder cheerfully helped us out by placing the rudder into a huge vise and whacking on it with a big sledgehammer. After 10 to 20 blows, it was good as new.

That day we had a gorgeous sail, reaching with a steady 15 knot breeze at our quarter the entire day. Some porpoises joined us for about 30 minutes, staring at us with those big eyes and swimming back and forth under the boat. We sailed about 30 miles and passed into Bay St. Louis at dusk. We had arranged to stay at the Bay Waveland Yacht club at a guest slip, so once the check-in was done, we swam and played around the beach and turned in early, this time sleeping in the boat under the stars.

Dawn came with strong winds and heavier weather forecast for later in the day. We sailed straight for Cat Island, a barrier island about 15 miles south of the mainland. By the time we reached the island, we had one reef tied in were making hull speed, with a southwest wind on our beam. As we sailed around the southern tip of the island (500 miles of Gulf of Mexico on our starboard) I showed Mark how to "ooch", a trick I learned from

dinghy racing.

After a few tries we perfected the technique, scaled up for the Drascombe. While I manned the tiller, he ran from the stern and lunged at the mast, just as I headed up a touch. We had to time it to coincide with the following waves, but the jerk from his sudden stop, the weight shift forward and the nudge to windward was almost always enough to get us up on a plane. Once up, we could usually surf a wave for a minute or more. We amused ourselves in this way for an hour or so until we almost buried the nose in the wave ahead of us.

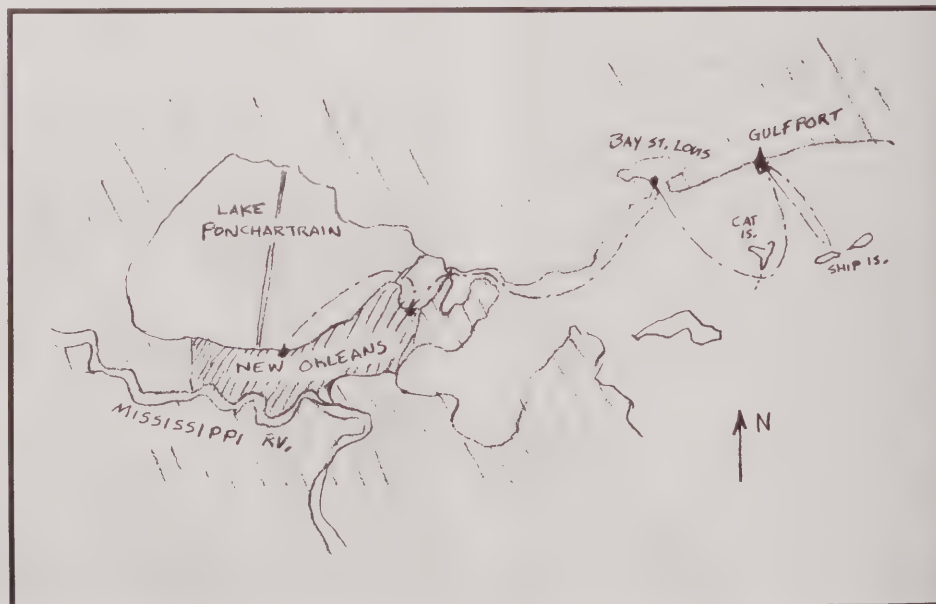
By that time we had 6'-8' seas, a double reefed main and the jib rolled in quite a bit. We were still pretty comfortable, but I soon realized that my navigation was pretty bad. On the crest of one wave, I looked down into the water and noticed sand bottom just below the keel. I scrambled to the chart and discovered that we were sailing right over a clearly marked sand bar that stretched about a mile into the Gulf. Though The Drascombe only draws 9", another episode with the rudder out there in the open sea would have been disastrous.

There followed a few tense minutes where we heeled her as much as possible and then we were over it. Our enthusiasm was somewhat dampened as we rounded the eastern tip of the island and headed back to the mainland, but not enough to keep us from enjoying an exhilarating 15 mile reach. A small craft warning flag was flying as we glided into Gulfport.

This was long before the advent of Mississippi Gulf Coast casino gambling and Gulfport was still a small town whose chief industry was serving as a port of entry for banana boats arriving from Central America. We tied the boat at the municipal marina, met my family at our local vacation rental and slept very soundly.

We spent the remainder of the trip sailing on the Mississippi Sound and visiting Ship Island, which houses Fort Massachusetts, a Civil War era fort that has the distinction of having served as a prison to Geronimo.

It was a great trip, my first cruise on *The Drascombe*, and a precursor of many adventures to come.



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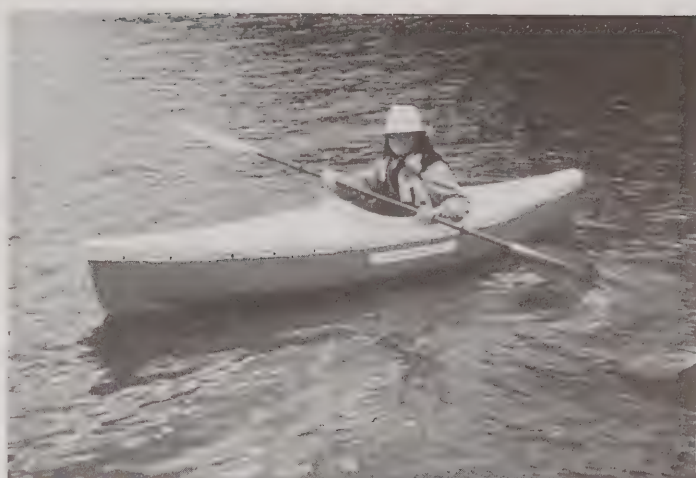
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After couple of hours messing about in one of Alv Elvestad's new Pakboat Puffin folding kayaks, Tammy Venn and I agreed that this was indeed a very nice little boat for its intended use. You noticed the caveat, "intended use"? I hope so. As a boat-in-a-bag the little kayak has obvious limitations to its capabilities on the water. Since the concept is to provide an easily carried portable small boat for use on protected waters, we focussed on how well the boat meets these criteria. It meets them very well.

Tammy is editor/publisher of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* and a friend of many years' standing. When Alv offered us a test Puffin I suggested that she and I join in the tryout to subsequently bring our reports to readers of both her magazine and this one. She is much more a "sea kayaker" than I with a great deal more experience on bigger waters. Our co-op tryout worked out really well.

So, what persuaded us that the Puffin was a very nice little boat?

At about 25lbs in its single 29" dufflebag, it is an easy carry into any remote pond or lake, as well as being within airline baggage limits, and is easily tossed into a car trunk or van rear deck. ALL the boat is in the one bag. The bag our test boat came in had only a hand carry strap, but an optional shoulder strap is offered. I suggested it would lend itself to a backpack configuration bag for longer hike ins, but Alv felt that would be quite a bit more costly for limited demand. I would prefer to carry it on my back were I to choose to own one.

The bag is a tightly stuffed one but emptying it out for the first time was easy enough. Putting it all back in later looked to be a more daunting experience for we had not paid much attention to the order in which the contents had been originally packed into the bag. We carried it home assembled on the car roof after the tryout, putting off bagging it until later. It is too tight a fit to just stuff the boat into its bag randomly. Mastering this would be, like the assembly procedure, a learning experience for the first few outings.

Ah, the assembly procedure, the major obstacle facing anyone who contemplates owning a folding boat. Memories of putting together the kids' toys late on Christmas Eve return as all the pieces are spread out before one for the first time. Assembly instructions, almost an absolute requirement initially, can be confusing (but not as bad as the computer instructions that seem to be written up by people who do not understand how to use the language). And so, after we emptied out the

The Pakboat Puffin Experience

By Bob Hicks

bag and laid out all the pieces of the Puffin, Tammy and I then began to follow the instructions.

Alv had told me that the instructions might be a bit confusing, the new fully illustrated version was not yet in hand, so we were braced for puzzling. It was not to be a problem, the Puffin is so simple a setup I realized we could have put it together without any instructions by observing how things seemed to relate. Perhaps one or two "take that out and try this instead" episodes might have taken place. The photos illustrate the essentials of the process.

The one glaring absence was that the instructions concluded when the hull was completely assembled prior to installing the deck. No deck assembly instructions. This confirmed to me an opinion I had formed that the Puffin was really a little double paddle open canoe that had been decked over (more on this to follow). Again, not to worry, it was plainly obvious how the deck was to go on.

And so, on to the water. Tammy (5'2", 109lbs) easily picked up the finished kayak and lugged it to the water. Soon she was off across the lake, returning in a while with a smile. She liked it. She had seemed to me to be comfortably relaxed, and headed this way and that easily enough with a 10-12mph breeze blowing across the way out onto the lake from our little beach. A tiny bit of wig-wag was noticeable, short length and no skeg, but not at all a troublesome amount needing any corrective actions.

Two complaints, however. The cockpit rim was so high she found she had to raise her arms above her normal comfort level in order to clear the rim with the paddle shaft. And the inflated seat had apparently lost air as she was feeling the ribs underneath her by the time she returned. Perhaps we had just not pumped it up enough.

Well, at 6' and 160lbs I would be a substantially different paddler, so off I went. I found the directional stability was very good, disregarding that slight wig-wagging, and the boat turned easily. The windage, on what now

was becoming apparent to us were very high sides, was not noticeable in the light airs, but I wondered about it facing stronger wind on more open water. I had figured my longer torso would have raised my arms above the cockpit rim far enough to not share Tammy's experience but I was wrong. I too found it a minor irritation (that might become a major one on a longer outing) holding my arms just a bit higher than I do on my sea kayaks.

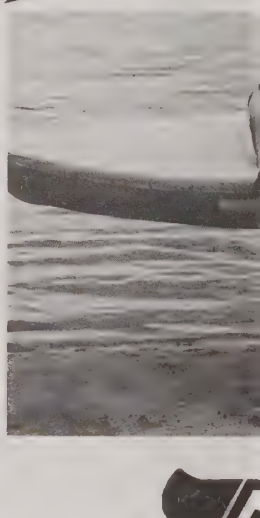
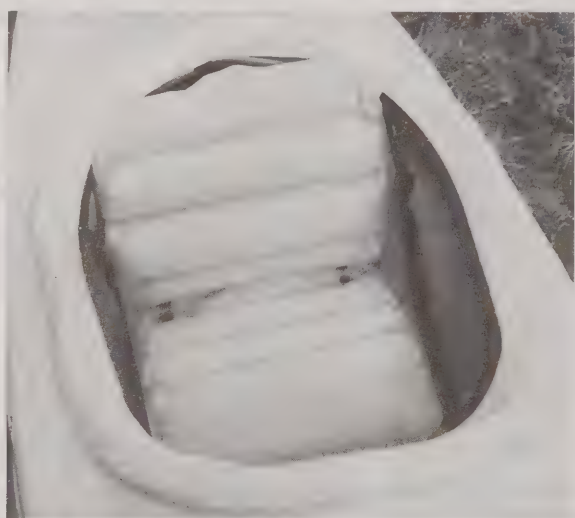
In later communication with Alv, he agreed that perhaps the gunwale height should have been lowered, and again it was clear that what we had here was a small canoe with a deck on it.

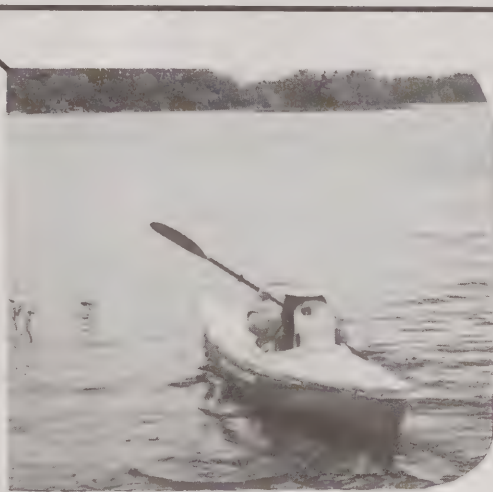
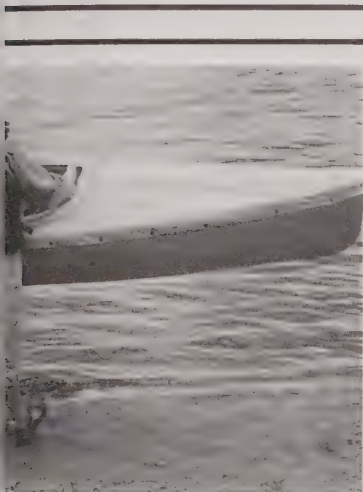
But my major fault, coming from a personal preference no doubt, was that I had no place to brace my feet. Tammy found her feet fell right on one of the ribs, but mine were just laying out there on the fabric hull. Pulling them back to the rib brought my knees up more than I cared for, and I found that even then I could not brace my knees against the deck. It was still too high and also too flexible, the coaming is a flexible plastic ring sewn into the deck fabric. This fabric is itself very flexible indeed, it keeps out the water but offers no solid structure for knee bracing even were it within reach.

Well, so is it necessary to brace my feet in this small protected water boat? What do people who paddle open double paddle canoes do about this? I dunno, but I sure felt somewhat unstable as the boat moved about, despite the shallow vee bottom's inherent initial stability. I felt I was sort of afloat in the boat, only my butt in the inflated seat connecting me to the hull. And, the seat was sagging again, apparently it had a small leak.

So we come back to the Puffin's raison d'être, a small light portable boat that can be carried anywhere easily and provide a good experience afloat. Alv Elvestrom, with years and years of providing his bulletproof folding canoes to widely travelled small boat adventurers, has taken what really is a small 10'6" open double paddle canoe and decked it over to achieve a sort of kayak effect. It is easy to use, simple to assemble and is a really light carry-along-in-a-bag boat. So in my view it is a very nice little boat, for anyone who travels a lot and wishes to have a boat along, or who has severe space limitations for small boat storage.

Interested readers can contact Alv at Scan Sport, Inc., P.O. Box 700, Enfield, NH 03748-0700, (603) 632-9500, www.pakboats.com, <scansport@connriver.net>





Getting onto the water

Follow the arrow around...lugging in - opening the bag - parts layout - hull layout - fitting end pieces - lining up the gunwale tube - keel tube in place - bending in a chine tube - ready for ribs - in they go - framed up - pumping up sponsons - fitting on the deck, inflatable seat - so light to lug, afloat and away!

K/BOAT / AFLOAT...





Shoebox on the dock with *Matchbox* tied alongside.

The mighty ship *Shoebox* is five years old. How is she doing? Is she an unqualified success? Is her builder happy? Did *Shoebox* teach her intrepid skipper anything? Perhaps it's time to review these questions, see if the jury's in on them yet.

Many years ago I had the idea it would be fun to explore the Erie Barge Canal. I'd been all over the world in Navy ships and submarines and done some sailing offshore. But I wanted to do something different, a slow cruise back into history along an old commercial waterway. *Shoebox* was designed for that purpose even though she hasn't gotten there yet. She will in time. Instead we've had five years on the Merrimack River and along Plum Island Sound on the Massachusetts north shore, a chance to cruise the creeks and marshes and do some bird watching. We've done fun things, had a few unexpected adventures and, in all, gave the old girl a pretty good test run.

A quick glance at *Shoebox* would suggest that she just grew, like Topsy. Nothing could be further from the truth. A great deal of time and thought was given to her rather simple looking design. All boats are a compromise, a tradeoff between design objectives and constraints. I wanted a sturdy small ship that was both roomy and shallow, one I could use for short day trips but also one in which I could live in relative comfort for more extended cruises. Hence the boxy shape. Its overall length was determined by the length of the garage where she would be built. Her width was established by my (urgent) need for a full size bunk across the bow compartment. These design factors, constraints if you will, dictated *Shoebox's* 17'x 7' hull dimensions.

Believe it or not, a 50 page graph paper spiral notebook was filled with sketches and calculations, profiles, plan views and cross sections, plus draft and displacement figures. Scale drawings of each panel were made and bottom and cabin framing laid out including scale views of side, bow and transom planking and the details of the sliding hatch, cabin windows and bulkheads. In such a simple rectangular structure you wouldn't think this much effort was needed. But this planning paid off in much less wasted motion and material and

Shoebox Critique

By Tim O'Brien

resulted, I believe, in a better more livable design. Was it perfect? Of course not, but *Shoebox* has proven herself a reasonably successful, utilitarian little backwater cruiser and given her owner lots of contented hours onboard.

However, were I to build her again there are several things I would do differently. *Shoebox* is quite heavy. Fully loaded at a 10' draft she displaces almost three tons. She could very well have been built 30% lighter and thus had 3" less draft, been more easily hauled and more economically propelled by her somewhat undersize 25hp Honda engine. But since I used mainly standard dimension lumber, more work on the power saw would have been required to reduce her scantlings. The hull is all 3/4" exterior plywood. It could have been selectively lighter, i.e., 3/4" bottom, 5/8" sides and decks, or maybe even 1/2", and all 3/8" for the cabin. Also for added stability I poured almost half a ton of concrete in the centerline bilge bays. Half that amount may well have been sufficient. *Shoebox* is, in any case, a very stable, hefty little ship, but I believe I overdid it.

Only one thing I would have built heavier, the five bottom runners or shoe keels on which she rests when bottomed or hauled out. The bottom is longitudinally framed and outside the 3/4" ply planking, running parallel to these five frames, are these shoe keels. The outboard ones at each chine are 2"x 4" on the flat. The three inboard ones are split 2"x4", i.e., about 1 1/2" x 1 5/8" stock. I misguidedly used some redwood I had left over from another project. Nice stuff really, but not tough enough for this service. Redwood is too soft and not much good in compression or in resisting abrasion. Good hard pine or fir 2"x4", all left full size, would have been much better for resting on the bottom (which we do frequently) or being

skidded up onto a flatbed wrecker for transport.

Shoebox's original profile showed a shallow upward rake in forward her bottom for the forward one third of her length. But I was greedy and wanted that lost storage space, and perhaps a bit lazy too, as a bow with the same squared profile as her stern would be much less work to build. Well, the square bow profile does provide excellent storage plus plenty of room for the bunk box when pushed forward in its stowed position. But on a choppy day when heading into the wind it does throw up plenty of heavy spray unless we slow right down to bare steerage way.

For the first two years the *Shoebox* dinghy was a 14' Mad River, Winoski canoe and a good tender she was. Being about 4" wider than most canoes, it was very stable, you could stand up and pole it through the shallows. Towed alongside it was always ready for a quick inspection tour of some narrow creek or other inlet too shallow for *Shoebox*.

But later I decided I needed a dinghy I could stow onboard across the bow. I built two upright 2" x 6" pine "push knees", bolting them to the flat bow about 18" in from each side. They extended up 32" above the bow decking. With a top piece and a flanged length of 1/2" galvanized pipe, this arrangement would be stiff enough to hoist the dinghy from a floating status to its new vertical stowage position. With angle irons and steel gussets at each end I bolted a 2" x 10" spruce plank across the lower edge of the bow inclined upwards at a 30 degree angle to the waterline. Then, in its stowed position, the sides of my newly designed dinghy would continue out and up at this same 30 degree angle creating a false rake like the bow of a commercial barge.

I then drew the plans for a boxy, 7'2" pram ended dinghy. It was, I thought, one of my better bits of design work. It was carefully built following my detailed specifications. When this beauty was launched, and named, naturally, the *Matchbox*, I pulled it alongside *Shoebox* by its painter. I stepped lightly aboard and quite promptly went swimming, to the considerable amusement of several onlookers. Well, nobody's perfect and remember what I said, "All boats are compromises."

It seems, on more careful analysis, that the sharply flared flat sides and the rather narrow middle width of the well rockered bottom contrived to provide almost no initial lateral stability, which I demonstrated so gracefully. Well, never mind, the *Matchbox* now wears what my wife refers to as "rosary beads", a string of large fishermen's net floats lashed below the gunwales on each side. These sponsons have cured the stability problem. Now some say it looks a bit weird, but what do they know?

There are several aspects of the *Shoebox* design that I would not change, as they have worked quite well. Many folks point out that I have enough anchors and lines onboard for a much larger boat. Well, the anchor system may be a bit overdone but it works and I'm happy with it. *Shoebox* is a heavy boat, rather underpowered for her tonnage, and operating in strong tidal currents. She needs several good anchors and adequate anchor handling gear.

While anchoring by the stern is not recommended in rough coastal areas, in protected rivers and shallow tidal marshes it is quite a useful capability, particularly for one cruising alone. I don't need to go forward and can an-

chor quickly from the steering station. The two stout 4"x 4" pine posts, one on each quarter, each rigged with a snatch block at the top, a heavy steel cleat in the middle and a large fairlead shackle at the bottom, when combined with a husky hand deck winch makes anchoring a relatively quick and efficient exercise. I do have an anchor forward and if conditions warrant will anchor *Shoebox* from the bow, but it is a lot more work for this old sailor.

Sometimes when we are anchored by the stern for the night the weather changes drastically and spray coming over the stern becomes a problem. Last year I had a good awning shop sew me a 4' x 8', well grommeted hatch dodger made of what's called 9 oz "aqualon". It lashes to the cabin top pipe hand rails that run parallel to the hatch and then drapes down over the cabin sliding doors almost down to the after deck and hooked in place by two bungee cords. It works like a champ, deflects all blown rain or spray and yet allows plenty of fresh air into the cabin. Don't know why I didn't think of it sooner.

Pure volume versus usable living space is an important design consideration. For such a small boat *Shoebox* boasts a commodious cabin. Its arrangement is simple and has proven quite utilitarian. The cabin's outside dimensions are 7' wide and a bit over 8-1/2' long, the inside somewhat smaller when you deduct the 1-1/2" x 2-1/4" cabin framing. It is divided roughly in half; the forward half set apart by two vertical side panels and full length curtains is the bunk room. The after subdivision is the galley cum sitting room, with cook stove and food storage to port and the cooler and water tank to starboard. At the after end of the cabin under a big 38"x 48" sliding hatch is a large wooden tool chest which forms the step up to the after deck.

Flip a throwable type IV PFD cushion on this tool chest and it becomes the cook's seat or the captain's log writing station with the galley counter as his desk. The cabin door-sill is my armrest and from this vantage point I have a wide view of the passing scene. The large 20" x 20" lexan windows add to this feeling of openness. Yet everything is within reach for either cooking or writing, or for less serious things such as reading the paper or contemplating one's next nap.

In the forward cabin the 48"x 75" bunk box slides on two fore and aft storage lockers 12-1/2" high x 21" wide that run from the cabin divider panels to the flat bow transom, almost 7'. When the bunk is slid all the way forward under the bow deck only a 16" settee sticks out into the cabin. The tops of these side lockers can be lifted out to access the porta-potti to starboard and the bedding and seaboot lockers to port.

The *Shoebox* storage plan I believe is unique and based on the use of plastic milk carton boxes. The bilge bays are formed by longitudinal bottom frames of two by fours laid on edge on 21" centers. The two long side lockers and the bunk box centerline support panel divides the forward cabin and bow into four storage bays each one of which can accommodate up to four milk carton boxes. These boxes are 13" square and 10-1/2" deep and you can see into them from the side. Even if you're only mildly organized and number the boxes with a magic marker, you can see the possibilities for a very workable storage system divided up into useful categories such as engine spares, bos'n stores, paint supplies,

canned goods, etc.

I know many of these milk carton boxes display dire warnings, e.g., "Misuse Subject to Prosecution", and "Theft Of These Crates A Crime", but you can buy them, (legal and unmarked) from several manufacturers or find them in the town dump (as I do) and ask not their origin. Anyway, they are quite useful aboard any cruising houseboat.

In her initial concept and for the first few years of operation, *Shoebox* was essentially a non-electric ship with oil lamps and candles for all lighting and a pot bellied stove for heat. The little Lunenburg Foundry cast iron stove was a beauty and a joy on a cold wet fall night, but I found it was nearly a full time job keeping it fired up. So, being a lazy fellow, the second year I opted for more long winter underwear and, on rare occasion, a cabin warm up by catalytic alcohol fueled bucket heater, (always turned off prior to sleeping, in any case), and I've done just fine.

The space the Lunenburg stove took is now fully occupied by a big green Coleman cooler, a plastic water service tank with spigot and a small tool box. I did retain the stove's chimney with its galvanized water deck iron and its trawler style "Charlie Noble". It looks "neat" and also provides additional cabin ventilation. Proper and continuous cabin ventilation is always a concern in wooden boats. So even with a good dorade type cowl ventilator on the forward cabin top, I leave the cabin sliding doors cracked open under the hatch dodger or awning during most of the year. Incidentally, both chimney and dorade ventilator are screened.

The oil lamps remain and are used most every night at anchor. You simply cannot beat them for creating a cozy looking cabin but *Shoebox's* cabin is now electrified for several reasons. In the beginning I had only the all-around white running light powered directly from the 12v engine starting battery that resides in a box on the after deck. I used an old "Tweekleur" brass combination port & starboard oil lamp for my side lights. It came to me from one of my father's boats. I'm rather fond of this old lamp as it brings back many good memories of our shared boating adventures of years gone by.

But I did find that the electric side lights could be seen farther, and at night in a busy harbor like Newburyport, Massachusetts, this is quite important.

Anyway, last year I piped the 12v juice into a small fuse/switch panel I built between cabin frames. I now have, in addition to the running light switches, a utility outlet, (a car cigarette lighter fixture) and thus can listen to classical music and weather on a fine little portable radio my wife bought for me. More importantly I now have a power source for an older Motorola phone pack which has a transmitter output power of 3w, a good bit more than the smaller cell phones put out. When you cruise alone most of the time you should have some way to call for help in an emergency. So much for my concessions to modernity, and no, I do not have any plan to bring a computer or a TV onboard.

When *Shoebox* was in her drifting mode sans motor she sported a 12' steering sweep, two 12' offset oars and a long punt pole. The oars, having their 3' blades at 30 degree angles to the looms, are difficult to stow so have been left behind since I've become spoiled by a reliable engine. The 14' spruce pole is a sprit left over from a sailing dory of a previous life. It's 2-1/4" at the middle tapering to less than an inch at either end. It's light and strong and damn handy for poling along in the shallows particularly when the outboard has to be tilted



Matchbox in place on the bow davits.

With all her canvas up, *Shoebox* is protected from sun and spray at the dock or on the anchor.



up. Also it is pretty useful for fending off the odd log or tree branch that come floating our way while at anchor. So don't go cruising your houseboat without a good long pole.

The forward deck of *Shoebox* has a bit over 2' of freeboard while the after deck is only 1' above the waterline. I've been asked about this, i.e., is this low freeboard sufficient for safety? While it was intended the boat have 14" of freeboard aft, the weight of engine, anchors, battery, and fluid tankage tend to aggregate aft and in this case were somewhat underestimated. The low freeboard aft is convenient when boarding a canoe or recovering things from the water, and has caused no serious difficulty thus far. I have, on occasion, taken a large wake aboard from astern but it ran off quickly and never entered the cabin, the cabin door sill being 11" above the after deck.

The after deck is 5'8" long by 7' wide. The structure under this deck from the after

cabin watertight bulkhead to the stern transom forms a watertight cofferdam 21" deep. This void space has only two penetrations, that is, two 1-1/2" capped pipe fittings through which I can pass the 1-1/4" suction hose from a portable Guzzler diaphragm bilge pump. This space has never leaked a drop and is additionally completely filled with forty some 2-1/2 and 5 gallon sealed plastic jugs. A little arithmetic shows that at this draft (or with this much freeboard) there is at least one ton of reserve buoyancy from this wooden "tank" alone. So I don't anticipate any problems although I may get my feet wet once in a while.

Well, there are many other things about *Shoebox* I could mention, but, perhaps, at the risk of putting my readers asleep. Let's just address one other question: Did *Shoebox* teach me anything? Yes, of course she did.

The contentment of gunkholing, especially in the shallows where few others go, has to be experienced to be understood and ap-

preciated. *Shoebox* and I can be but a short distance from what we laughingly call civilization, yet completely divorced from its frenetic push and pull activity, (read distraction). At anchor in a quiet, marshy inlet at sunset I am free to be absorbed by the myriad of little but fascinating details that Mother Nature so freely offers. I more than enjoy the chance to read and reflect on a still, misty morning in an isolated spot of my choosing. *Shoebox* by character and design provides her skipper a slow paced sense of self contained independence, a built-in opportunity to really relax, to get my bearings and regroup for another lap of life's contest.

Yes, I do believe my association with the good ship *Shoebox* has benefited me in many subtle ways, and as a result I'm better equipped to appreciate my blessings and look forward to what remains of my watch on deck.

Tim O'Brien, 97 Chestnut Hill Rd., Amherst, NH 03031

During the production period for this issue in which we feature Tim's discussion of his modest houseboat, my copy of *Forbes* magazine* arrived, and lo, there in the lifestyle section in the back was another feature about houseboats. I can't reprint it verbatim but did want to give you a look at how this subject is viewed from the world of big business.

The article is entitled, "Floating Island". Its introductory come-on reads, "Different Drummers: Today's houseboats have slipped all moorings to bohemia. Quaint they're not, but they easily accommodate all three generations of a family at once, plus jet skis, water slides and dumbwaiters."

The chosen example of today's

How the Other Half...

By Bob Hicks

houseboater is a computer executive who heads for the shores of Kentucky's Lake Cumberland with wife and kids for a week-end away from business pressures. His houseboat awaits, he describes it as "a very big item". It measures 108'x 20', with 2,100sf of deck up top and 1,600sf of finished space inside (how's that compare, Tim?).

His boat is named *Stickers* and is powered by twin 5.7 liter engines to 12mph top

speed. If this pokey speed palls, there are two jet skis onboard that are deployed and retrieved with their own winch. For just lazing along, comforts include hot tub, water slide, ice maker, multiple sound system, satellite dish, wet bar, GPS fish finder, and a dumbwaiter to lift food from kitchen belowdeck to topside, even an old fashioned porch swing.

Cost? Don't ask. Actually it is quite reasonable at only \$500,000, in comparison to contemporary execs who opt for ocean going yachts that run into \$millions. Less costly houseboats can be had for \$150,000 to \$250,000. Monthly marina fees come to \$2,000 to \$5,000. All very affordable. This owner's company collects bar code data, important stuff in today's "instant" world it seems.

The house boating industry (at this level) is a \$200 million one centered in Somerset, Kentucky. The largest firm produces about 200 a year, the industry total comes to about 1,500 yearly. Ownership is touted as being similar to that of an Airstream trailer or Harley Davidson motorcycle, a kinship apparently develops amongst fellow owners (have you been invited in yet Tim?).

The family focus rules, one owner is quoted, "It's the combined appeal of socializing and solitude (you can always motor off from the madding crowd) that attracts many houseboaters, regardless of age."

And now for a typical houseboating weekend adventure: A woman employed by a wholesale travel agency rented a houseboat with a dozen friends for Labor Day weekend. They were joined by three other bands of buddies in three more rented houseboats, at about \$200 per person. During the day they water-skied in a speedboat, also rented. At night they rafted up anchored in a cove and did the beach bonfire routine. A later hike ended up in a swim back to the boats after dark, capping the adventuring.

*Yes I read *Forbes* magazine, great writing and fascinating insight into the world of big business, not just numbers but the people and how they operate. I was turned onto it back in the early '70s when I met Malcolm Forbes through our mutual motorcycling activities (he bought a Honda agency when he bought a Honda motorcycle, just to have it, and I chronicled motorcycling sport at that time in my *Cycle Sport* magazine).



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We have been told that the original inhabitants of the western hemisphere came here by the landbridge from Asia via Alaska. Here were these horsey people living in the endless steppes of Asia hankering for greater and greener expanses. So when one day the signs went up, "Land Bridge Open, Move Now, Limited Offer", they immediately loaded their families and tents on their little siberenskies, and ran off to the northeast. Their news media was all full of it: "The Land Bridge is Open - Act NOW!"

The first problem when they got to the Land Bridge was the horses. There were big ruskys guards, armed with bazookas, and signs, "No Horses". The bridge engineers had decided, because of the frailty of the bridge, that horses could not cross it. The bridge might sink. But the real estaters urged them on. "So what, leave your horses behind! Walk! let you wife and children walk! Carry your tent!" The real estaters had a wonderful time selling them all that land at the other end of the bridge; they even threw in a few farm utensils, telling them to become farmers. They became wealthy real quick. Especially as there was this other sign, saying, "Hurry, Bridge Closing Soon! Limited Opportunity!"

This is more or less how science figures it must have been, and if it wasn't this way, what made those free and unfettered nomads suddenly move northeast?

Some of my stuff, after several moves, is still packed somewhere in some case or box. Even if I unpacked it, I wouldn't know where to put it. But I do recall that one-linguistic researcher traced the Athabascan languages, like Navajo, to an area north of the Himalayas, the very dialects even to the very villages where they had sprung from. These people fled before Ghenghis Khan in the 13th century, our time. Of course they had run off north-east, but when they got there they found a sign, "Temporarily Closed". So what to do, indeed?

As they obviously had come by boat, I wrote the researcher and asked her with what kind of boat, and how. She was unable to provide the answer to both questions, but thought that in some of the creation myths there could be a possible indication that they came by the Aleutian chain of islands. I myself think that in the creation myth of the Hopi, who are not Athabascan, but Uto-Aztec speaking, the Hollow Reed which grows from one world into another, is a reference to decked-over reed boats, as mentioned in in *The Book Of Mormon* (et al, when the fugitives from Israel are told to build themselves a reedboat or boats), or the decked-over reedboats Thor Heyerdahl was shown copies of when he and his party of researchers were on Easter Island.

The totora-reed, from which such craft are built, grows in Lake Titicaca, and was obviously, for the purpose of building boats, imported into Easter Island and planted at a small lake there. It also grows in some places in the Mid-East. Had the israeli refugees come to the estuary of the Euphrates and Tigris, near present Kuwait? The totora-reed spreads by rootstock only, like the prairie grass. Where did such plants come from, and who planted them here? Did the people of Sitchin's 12th planet bring them and plant them here? Unless they return and tell us, I guess we'll never know.

DreamBoats The Small Boat as the Vehicle for Making Your Dreams Come True

By Richard Carsen

I think that the reedboat is the only candidate for those migrations. Because they were what they were, they couldn't or wouldn't take the horses of those people that fled Ghenghis Khan. When looked at from an artist's standpoint, the entire area from Egypt, eastward, including China, seems at one time have had one and the same culture. Hieroglyphics, rubbing stones, inks, brushes, paper from plants, Egypt, Sumer, India (the Gulf of Bengal), all had reedboats at one time. According to Thor Heyerdahl, some of these were quite big. If those lands had them, and the culture was the same as in China, I would say, China had them too (the reedboats).

Then we find them again at the opposite end, Lake Titicaca. I think that reedboats are a good candidate for those migrations. But of course, they weren't banging across on the Kurillen stream, they went coastwise, the "wise" for the wise.

There is something in the story of the ancestors crawling thru a hollow reed into another world, that does suggest the covered reedboats of the book of Mormon. It was so dark inside that the leader was sent into the mountain to make a special arrangement with God to provide lightgiving stones, two to each boat, one in the front, and one in the end. It would be interesting to know from where, and how, they drifted to the new land which, it seems to me, must have been Peru. What supplies did they take? How did they handle their wastes? I think that there is a lot left out here.

The point is that people could travel large distances in primitive craft. One such example par excellence are the travels of the Melanesians. These people have now found to be same as the Australian aborigines. In *The Ancient Atlantic*, the author, Lucille Taylor Hansen, describes how their skulls can be found along all the coasts in the world. Not inland, though, mark you. These people came to Peru when Lake Titicaca was still level with the ocean. Now it's at 4,000 ft or something.

There is a canal, visible today, that once connected it with the Pacific. A river ran into an inland sea, where now the floodplain is of the Amazon, which had an opening at the Atlantic side. There land continued across to Gibraltar, the Mediterranean then a valley with cities, etc. These seafarers circumnavigated Africa, and this is later, Queen Hatshepsut knew it could be done when she sent off the Phoenicians to do it.

Those Melanesian seafarers continued eastward till they reached Indonesia, where they struck out with the prevailing winds and reached northwestern Australia. Most songlines, the path of the ancestors who sang the land into being, start on a narrow strip in the northwest of Australia, across from Timor. There are a few in the northeast. These must have come from migrants who came directly from the homeland.

Now these Melanesians in and around the area of the Santa Cruz Basin, have some of the most primitive seagoing craft. In Haddon's and Hornell's *Canoes Of Oceania*, they show photos of craft in that area which are of very simple construction indeed. The main navigational teacher, Tevake, who instructed Lewis (*We The Navigators*) into the Oceanic lore of indigenous navigation, was from the Santa Cruz Islands.

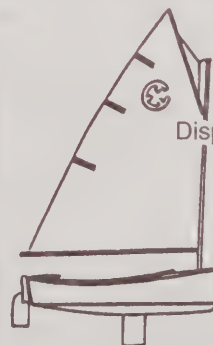
I have, however, two photos of these craft, which do not show the nicely sculpted bodies in the drawing and photos of H&H. Each photo shows a craft, shaped from a raw tree trunk, the bark is still on; the root system has been cut off and forced into the middle of the trunk, supporting the crossbridge, one side holding the ama and a primitive shelter, the other side the usual balancing platform. The one craft is sitting the beach at low tide; the other is underway in an infinite expanse of water; the skipper is sitting on his lee-platform and cuddly children are climbing all over the craft. Mama must be taking her beauty-nap in the shelter.

The sail, rather than being the beautifully formed crabclaw, sitting at the end of the tree, is a fairly small and formless piece of mat, set up at the forward edge of the platform. If this is what our world travelers used, the tablets say they used "canoes", what could go wrong? Land anywhere. No worries about being holed on a rough coast. If gets too waterlogged, and the supplies run out, you can set it ashore to dry out and gather some food. Their "ships" would not even raise the murderous envy of some local population, and when rot or toredo finishes one off, another tree can be cut and and its branches provide a new craft

Large seagoing ships? Why? No need for safe harbors, with all the logistics that go with such ships and installations. If you have ever been a backpacker, carrying your few belongings on your back, you know what I mean. I saw a great deal of Europe, the Mid-East, and other places in that manner, at the daily expense of \$.20 a day. True, things were cheaper then, especially in the country, but that was even frugal for those days, the thirties.

The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts

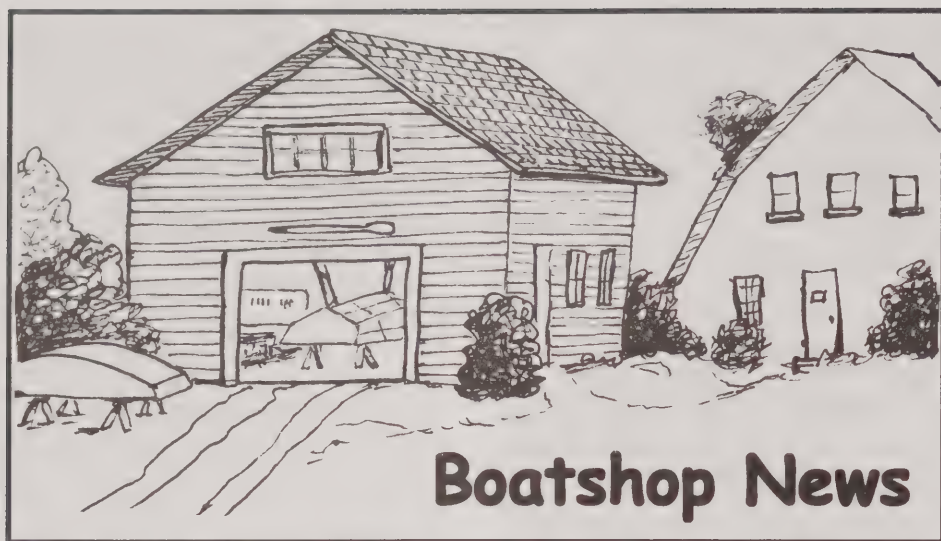


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Arey's Pond Boat Yard

By Tony Davis

I gave a 12' Lawley like tender that I built from some plans that Arno Day lent me 20 years ago to my daughter Skye as a gift. I also gave my older daughter Brooke an Arno Day 9' skiff that Arno built in 1983 as the prototype for his course at the WoodenBoat School. I had used this boat as a tender for our Lyle Hess cutter *Syrinx*.

Living on Arey's Pond here on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, with access to Pleasant Bay by rowing down the Namaquoit River, provides a great setting for Brooke and Skye to enjoy their boats.

Arey's Pond Boat Yard, 43 Arey's Ln S. Orleans, MA 02662



Old Wharf Dory Company

By Barry Donahue

Here is a photo I took of boatbuilder Walter Baron putting the finishing touches on a Simmons Sea Skiff he recently built Old Wharf Dory Company, Wellfleet, MA



Harold Burnham Boat Builder

By Bob Hicks

Harold Burnham of Essex, Massachusetts has gotten a lot of press from me about his boatbuilding, most recent being the building of the Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story* for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum and the schooner *Thomas B. Lannon* for Tom Ellis to sail out of Gloucester as a dude schooner.

Harold doesn't focus entirely on traditional sailing craft, despite his earlier years of Beetle Cat rebuilding and Friendship sloop resurrections. We once featured the launching of an inboard skiff, *Chief*, that Harold had rebuilt for a family launch, as a cover story in June, 1988.

This past summer we dropped by to witness the relauching of a nice classic lapstrake inboard runabout that Harold had restored, and while there had occasion to note the *Chief* propped up on the hard. Curious about plywood fastened across the transom at the waterline, my inquiry revealed that this was not temporary leak repair but rather sunshades to keep the underwater seams from drying out too much before the *Chief* got back afloat.

Harold Burnham Boatbuilder, 141 Main St., Essex, MA 01929

You're Invited...

Space on these occasionally published (whenever appropriate news is in hand) "Boatshop News" pages is open for news from any professional boatbuilders who wish to tell our readers what they are building or have recently built.



Skiff America

By Kilburn Adams

Here are a couple of preview photos of two of our Skiff America 20s. I built one, a first time builder built the second. Both were built outdoors here in Missouri. I will send on an article about this boat soon which readers may find interesting.

Kilburn Adams, Skiff America, 9223 Lemona Dr., Affton, MO 63123, <http://home.postnet.com/~kilburn>





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Bolger on Design

Salvage I (Design #626)

As these specs imply, although only about five years old, this plan was designed with a rather conventional agenda in mind. To be built by a retired welder, in love with tugboats, she was intended for full-time live-aboard coastal

and inland exploration for an older couple on limited fixed income. But they eventually did not get started and have not been heard from since.

They insisted on "simple" hull-plans and the plans are plain, no frills, but also full of conservative dogma we've been trying to get away from as fast as possible. While her 1/2" flat-across bottom of 9150lbs and 1/4" hull sides and all-steel superstructure are very comforting (and in keeping with our current thinking) her thermals are "conventional"/poor (hence gensets to power air cond.), and the plumbing, tankage, battery-capacities should be upgraded dramatically, etc., as she should be able to carry substantial loads on her 46,500lbs displacement hull. We'd like to re-work certain aspects of her to upgrade her to current thinking, as she offers quite a bit for the typical coastal cruiser interested in a low-drama type of progress when the weather and the mood suits

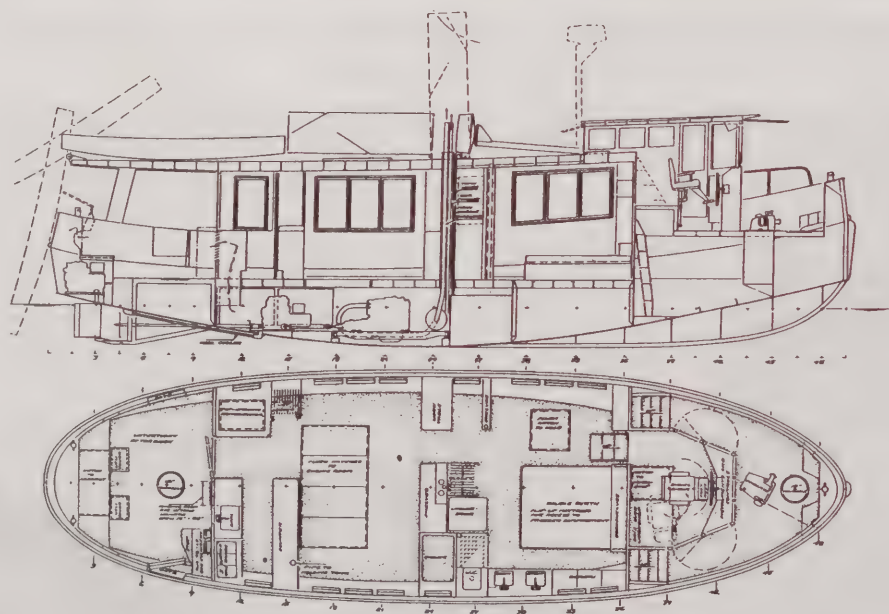
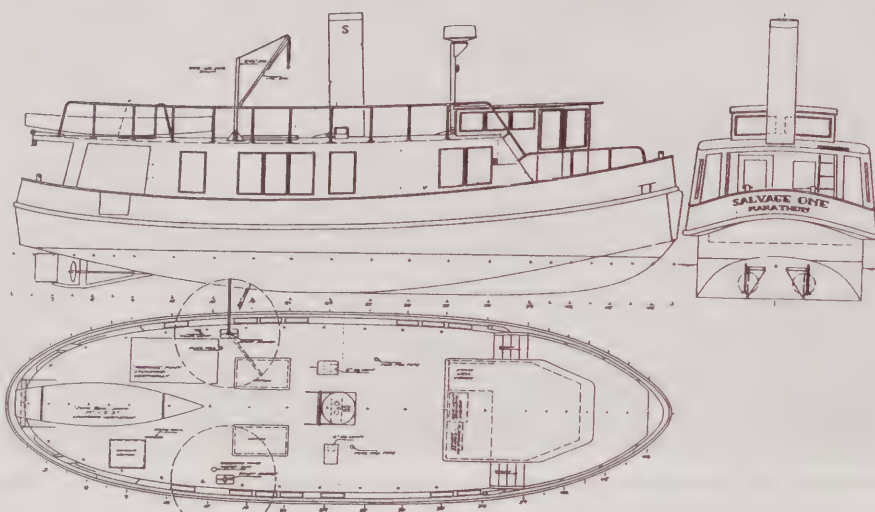
She would be strong, with a simple but very reliable and efficient hull-shape, should not be a "roller" at all, sensibly enough driven with keel-cooled dry-exhausted low-power diesels (very affordable rebuilt Jimmy 4-53s, now perhaps 60hp/75hp Deutz F4L1011s), offering conventional twin screw maneuverability at least expense.

Range, likely fuel-consumption with twin 2-cycle diesels, and water/battery capacities reflect less interest in efficiency, range and thus autonomy, but more an assumption of regular reliance upon marina support during conservative coastal cruising (reasonable but perhaps more expensive), and more interested in pulling in the local TV stations than steaming through remote sectors of the Atlantic.

Rather than butting into headseas, they planned on staying put when the weather was less than comfortable, frequently anchored in the cheaper parts of town where massive doors, all-steel superstructure and thick Lexan (with steel shutters if need be) were to protect against burglary, robbery, and "plinking" with 38s from industrial wastelands by nasty big boys. They seemed to have had some experiences that way.

She is mostly a single-level layout for aging joints, there was to be space open enough for extended quilting sessions, washer-dryer combo, loose furniture, galley-in-saloon elbow-room, in addition to 'normal' top-down ice-box and a big fridge/freezer compartment under queen-sized berth. Few privacy provisions are made in favor of open floorspace as reflected by his & her sinks next to berth with just shower and head enclosed. A protected cockpit aft is fully screenable and also holds 84lbs of propane and offers a sizable hold below.

A boat-deck with limited clutter apart from the "have-to-have-it" stack also housing exhausts, shows a stern-launchable Junebug, but would likely carry a 12' OB garvey hoisted



by removable crane; with essentially a 1+1 sized pilothouse for distinct separation of piloting from socializing, reflecting emphasis on living at anchor rather than routine socializing while steaming. A short but full-width workshop fits under the wheelhouse for noisy, greasy, grimy playing with tools on pieces of propulsion, gen-sets, sewing-machine etc. on a forward-mounted full-width workbench accessed sitting via rolling office chair, with standing headroom just at the stairs coming down from the pilothouse.

A short anchor-deck behind tuggish bulwarks, uses a power winch to get anchors up to an overhanging deck-edge/cat-head and hawsehole from where moderate-grade steps lead up to the boat-deck from where, before coming alongside, fenders are deployed and otherwise typically stowed underway, while being locked up in forepeak ahead of collision-bulkhead when shoreside where loose items might "walk away".

All in all, a comparatively heavyweight, conservative design for inconspicuous conservative minded crew interested in physical protection, easy coastal cruising, superior flexibility of exploration/anchoring with low overall silhouette from low bridge-clearance and limited eminently groundable draft. With respective upgrades she could grow much more endurance allowing a much enhanced cruising radius.

Plans for Design #626, Salvage 1, on five 22" x 34" sheets are available from us for \$950. Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

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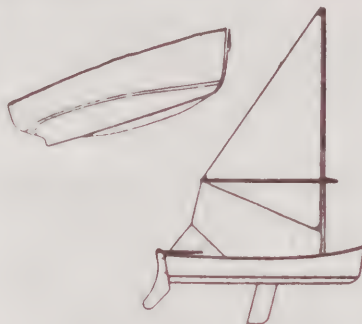
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By Philip Thiel

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Calm water, no current, windless weather preferably.

Watch with second hand.

Note pad, hand calculator, graph paper, clipboard.

Preparation:

Set (or note) range marks on shore, for ends of measured course. Measure distance accurately. Suitable locations may be found along a pier or wharf, or across the end thereof. Use a tape measure to determine length accurately.

Record:

Location, date, weather condition, wind strength & direction.

Condition of boat, list of equipment aboard, weight of each person aboard, drafts fore and aft (freeboard at bow and stern may be measured in lieu of draft marks. This information is necessary to find boat displacement/weight, and load waterline length).

Propeller(s), number, diameter, pitch, number of blades, pedal-propeller gear ratio.

Procedure:

Make at least three runs at different constant pedal rpms (about 20, 40, and 60 rpm) each repeated in opposite direction, six passes over course, minimum. Note that the range lines should be parallel, and the course line perpendicular to them.

In each pass, record start and end of timed run when range marks line up at each end. Difference is elapsed time over course.

During pass count number of pedal-pushes with one foot, from start to finish of course. This number, divided by elapsed time over course (in minutes) is pedal rpm.

Calculate speed over course as follows: speed, mph = $3600/5280 \times$ course distance, ft./ elapsed time, sec.

Plot results on graph paper as follows:

Presentation:

Display all data, as follows:

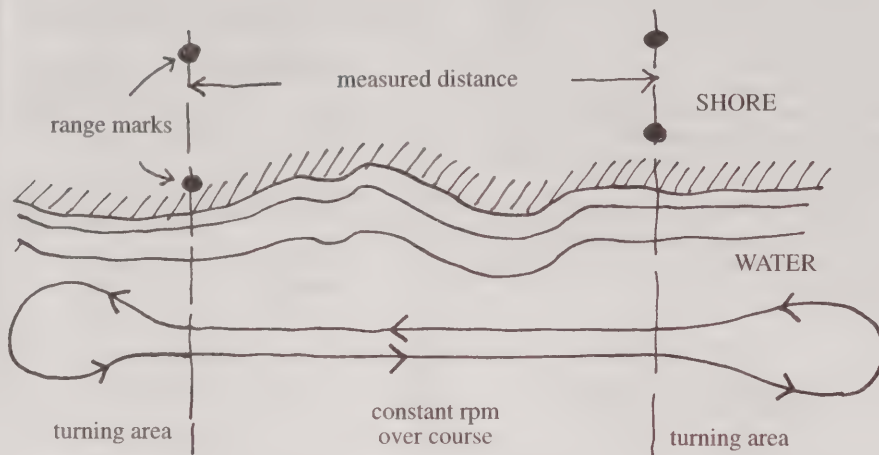
All recorded conditions.

Date and time of day.

Name(s) of participant(s).

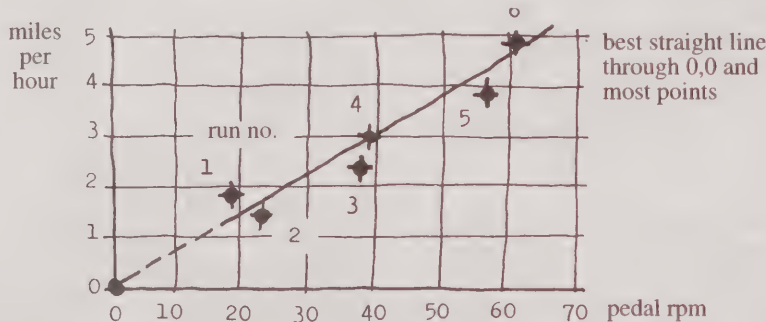
Graph of pedal rpm vs. mph, as above

Philip Thiel, Naval/Civil Architect, 4720 7th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105



$$\text{speed, mps} = \frac{3600}{5280} \times \frac{\text{course distance, ft.}}{\text{elapsed time, sec.}}$$

Plot results on graph paper as follows:



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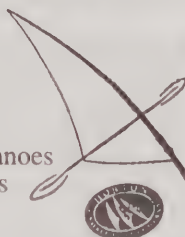
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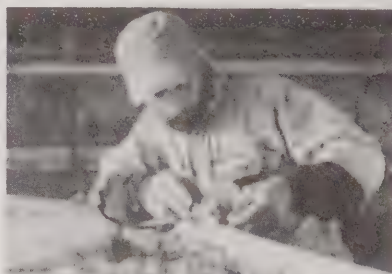
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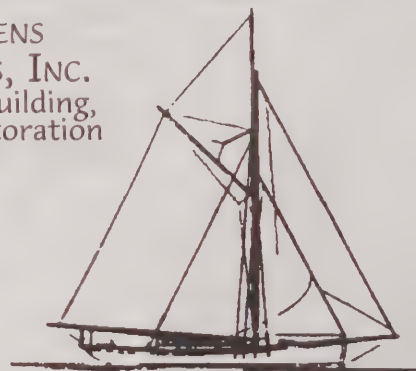
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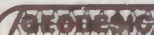
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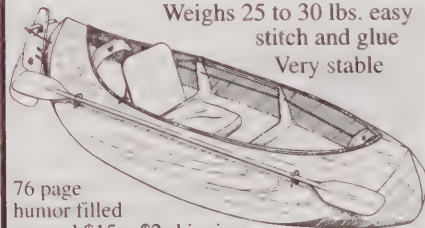
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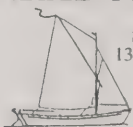
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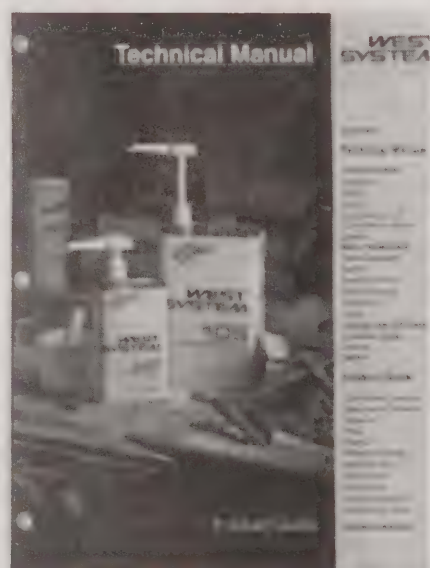
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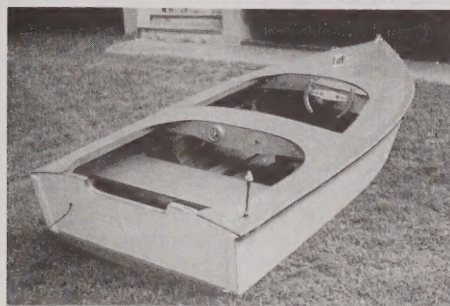
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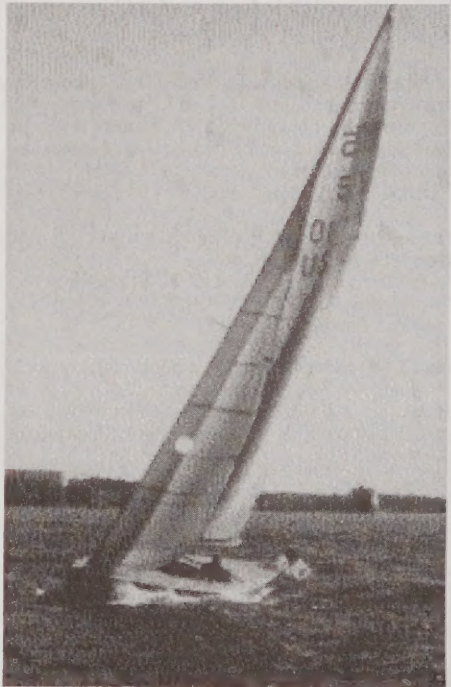
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Arey's Pond Kitten Hull & Deck Kit, FG Beetle Cat replica. Incl hull w/liner installed, deck w/ hrdwre, compl rig, sail, rudder & tiller. New boat costs \$10,000, sell kit for \$3,500. TIM MACORT, S. Orleans, MA, (508) 247-8208. (14)

Sunfish, hull newly painted w/Awlgrip. Boat & trlr in fine cond. \$600. DICK MUNSELL, Springfield, MA, (413) 782-5840, <munsell@webtv.net> (14)

Whirlwind, Snark w/foredeck, fun, lateen rig, white/orange hull, little used sail, easily cartopped, vy minor rudder repair req. \$175. **Islanda Proa**, grt fun, wishbone rig, white/purple, disassembles for transport, mast step req small repair. \$400. ROB STOBBER, Miami, FL, (305) 281-8095. (14)

Drascombe Lugger, FG, Honda 4-stroke 7.5, trlr. Nice boat. \$4,200 firm. DAVID A. SOLTESZ, 113 E. Franklin Ave., Edgewater Park, NJ 08010, (609) 877-6771, <invictus@recom.com> (15)

Half-Price Sale, to someone younger and more limber than my 74 yrs, an inflatable 2-place canoe/kayak. Used 1 summer 5-6 times. Compl w/2 dbl paddles, air pump & inflation monitor. More info at www.seacagle.com. NEIL FOLSOM, Standish, ME, (207) 642-3786, <moslof@watchic.net> (15)

16' Mistral Sailboat, w/galv trlr. Real clean. \$1,995. **17' OTCA Canoe**, to restore. \$500. **Kayaks**, lots of used ones. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (15)

Folboat Greenlander II, tandem w/Balogh sail & leeboard, Sawyer paddles, rudder, etc. All like new. Bought for South American trip that didn't happen. \$1,675 OBO. JEFF HENDERSON, Westport, MA, (508) 636-8981. (15)

Free Sailboat Hull, 23' cat sharpie. well made hull nds some remodeling. Original plans available. Sails, OB, oars & trlr also available. DAVE BREDEMEIER, Rehoboth, MA, (508) 252-4613, <bredemeier@aol.com> (15)

'57 Thompson, 12', Hull #73153 & '60 Mastercraft trlr. \$650. VI BEAUDREAU, E. Granby, CT, (860) 652-0869, <vbeaudreau@thehartford.com> (15)

BOATS WANTED

Klepper Tradewind, any cond, parts. TOM BANASZAK, Downer's Grove, IL, (630) 963-6207. (14)

Bangor Packet, Joel White design. D. CARTER, Portland, ME, (207) 774-4322. (15)

GEAR FOR SALE

White Poly tarp Sail Kits. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required. 5 PolySail Kits priced from \$55.95 (107sf Pram Kit) to \$119.95 (568sf Schooner Kit). Shipping included. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (15P)

8" Boat Spotlight, \$25. **Yacht/Directors Chair**, \$8. ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (14P)

Dickerson Diesel Stove, Adriatic model, blower, oven. You pick up in Stamford, CT. \$150 firm. FOSTER NOSTRAND, Stamford, CT, (203) 325-9036, <fgnostrand@erols.com> (15)

8hp Honda OB, 20" leg, like new, not used much. Has charger, manual start. \$1,300. JEFF HENDERSON, Westport, MA, (508) 636-8981. (15)

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Famous Quotation & Illustration, from *The Wind in the Willows*. Tee \$16.50, Tank \$16.50, Long Sleeve \$21, Sweatshirt \$26, Tote Bag \$16.50, Shipping \$4. VISA/MC/AMEX. Other designs available. DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (301) 589-9391, Toll Free 877-MESSING. <www.MessingAbout.com> (TFP)

Woodworking Tools: 6 wood chisels 1/8"-2", \$100. 8 gouges 1/16"-1-1/2", \$100. Draw knife, \$35. 2 wood spoke shaves, \$16. Other assorted tools. RICHARD DOWNES, 24 Sewall Dr., Mashpee, MA 02649. (14)

GEAR WANTED

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

OSCO Marine Ford Conversions, particulaly 124hp supercharged flathead V8 & OHV Ford conversion kits, '30s-'50s. BILL YEAGER, Milford, DE, (302) 335-1022 anytime, <CYTwinPines@cs.com> (14)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill valley, CA 94941 (TFP)



Plans for 18'-20' Skiffs, vee bottom stitch & glue plywood/epoxy. Seagoing capabilities. See website for ordering info, <http://www.xyz.net/~mgt>. TOLMAN SKIFFS, Box 1343, Homer, AK 99603. (17P)

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

Unbought & Unbossed, friendly candid publishing on modern folkways & cultural revival. Inside info for readers who've been there, done that. Emphasizing a DIY approach to bikes, boats, guns, movies, music, religion. \$5 for new issue plus catalog. OutYourBackdoor.com, 4686 Meridian, Williamston, MI 48895. (TF)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

Messing About in Boats, almost compl collection, in organizers, Vol 1 No 1 to present. There may be a few missing. \$100 OBO. **WoodenBoat**, Feb '81 to Aug '85 w/ a few extras. \$125 OBO. RICHARD ZAPF, Georgetown, MA, (978) 352-6135 eves. (14)

Free Catalog, online or off. Boating adventure book classics. DIXON-PRICE PUBLISHING, 618 Spaceraama #102, Murray, UT 84123, WWW.DIXONPRICE.COM (14P)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

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GLEN-L MARINE DESIGNS, Box 1804/MAO, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA/DISC/AMEX 562-630-6258. www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Messing About in Boats, rare real early issues. Starting to organize the back issue stockpile here, came up with these rare old timers. 1 packet of 11 1983 issues, missing 6/1, 7/1, 8/1, 12/15. \$25pp. 1 ea 9/15 & 10/1. \$3 ea pp. 1 packet of 20 1984 issues, missing 2/15, 3/15, 4/15, 8/15. \$45pp. 1 packet of 13 1984 issues, missing 1/15 - 3/15, 4/15, 6/1, 8/15, 9/15, 11/1, 12/15. \$30pp. 2 ea of 5/1. \$3 ea pp. 1 ea of 1/1, 5/15, 7/15. \$3 ea pp. 1 packet of 22 1985 issues, missing 1/1 & 1/15. \$47. 1 packet of 16 1985 issues, missing 1/1, 1/15, 2/15, 3/1, 5/1, 6/1, 8/1, 12/1. \$35pp. All clean copies (not all new). First come, first served, checks in mail only, no phone orders. Later 1980s issues to follow in subsequent ads.

MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. (TF)

Canoeing, by Am. Red Cross. '56 1st edition. In addition to canoeing techniques, has plans for sliding seat rowing rig & instructions for recanvassing w/c canoes, as well as chapter on birchbark canoes. Gd cond. \$9 +\$3 shipping.

PAUL LEFEBVRE, 1615 SW 58 Ave., Gainesville, FL 32608, (352) 376-4977, <lefebvre@bellsouth.net> (15)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

OSCO Ford Conversion Catalogs, V8 & 4 cyl, or literature of any kind, '30s-'50s. **BILL YEAGER**, Milford, DE, (302) 335-1022, <CYTwinPines@cs.com> (14)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free picture painting of your boat but \$50 for 9"x12" & \$100 for 18"x24" will get your painting done first. Send no money until you get a painting you like.

SAM CHAPIN, 753 Woodside Rd., Maitland, FL 32751, (407) 622-5730. (TF)

New from Compass Classic Yachts 14' CLASSIC CAT



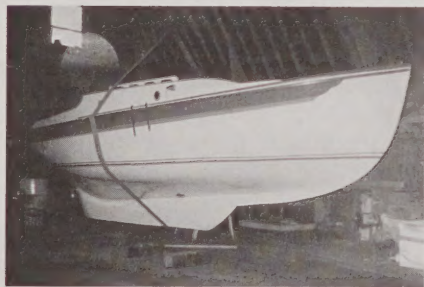
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More Than Your Usual Classified Ad



Looking for a truly classic wooden boat? Consider this John Atkin "Blue Bird" sloop. I bought this boat in 1990, from an ad in *Messing About In Boats*. It was a distress sale, her owner transferred across the continent, moving costs nearly the value of the boat.

Blue Bird had been excellently maintained (her bilges were cleaner than my clothes closet), and in almost constant use, over her lifetime. Near as I can tell, this boat is as sound as the day she was built. In short, a real jewel.

I have the complete history of Blue Bird, including photos of her when she was first built (in 1951, at the Brooklyn Vocational High School), photos after a thorough refit (by Joe Hill, in 1979) who also put a new cabin on, done to Atkin's original plans. I have documentation of the sale from her original owner to the person I bought her from. A scrapbook/photo album. I even have a letter from Pat (Mrs. John) Atkin, who has a file on this boat. All this will be included as part of the sale.

I bought her thinking that she was a small boat, being only 18' on the waterline. I discov-

ered that she's a pretty big boat, that just happens to be short. Can't haul her around with my Corolla sedan, without risking life & limb. Need a crane to step the 36' mast. She's out of scale with my financial resources and my physical resources. Also, because of the keel extension put on by an owner with urgent business to windward, she isn't a good fit with most of our local harbours here on the Bay of Fundy, which go dry twice a day.

So, much as I hate the idea, I'm putting her up for sale. Just want to get out of her what I put in, the \$1,500 purchase price, and \$3,500 to have her decks and cabin top sheeted with glass cloth and epoxy, and her hull taken to bare wood and epoxy coated. That's when I ran out of time and money, and into a divorce proceeding.

So, I guess you could say it's another distress sale. I need the money to bankroll the sharpie. She's presently located between Digby and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. You'll have to come and get her, or pay the moving costs. She's on a cradle, bolted to a rude, but serviceable, trailer.

She's hasn't been back in the water, since the epoxy treatment, and has been stored in a sound barn (no drips) ever since. She's not missing more than the odd fitting or turnbuckle-pin to be ready to sail. The magneto ignition Palmer engine still rolls over nicely by hand.

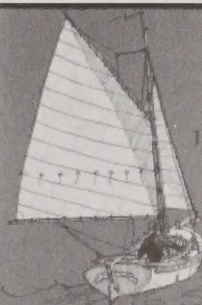
I reserve the right not to sell the boat to just anybody with US\$5,000. I want her to have the kind of caring owner, and user, that I intended to be (I was a caring enough owner; sadly, I never got to use her). and that she deserves.

For more information, call me, Ernie Cassidy at (902) 769-3894 evenings, or email me at <ecassidy@auracom.com>.

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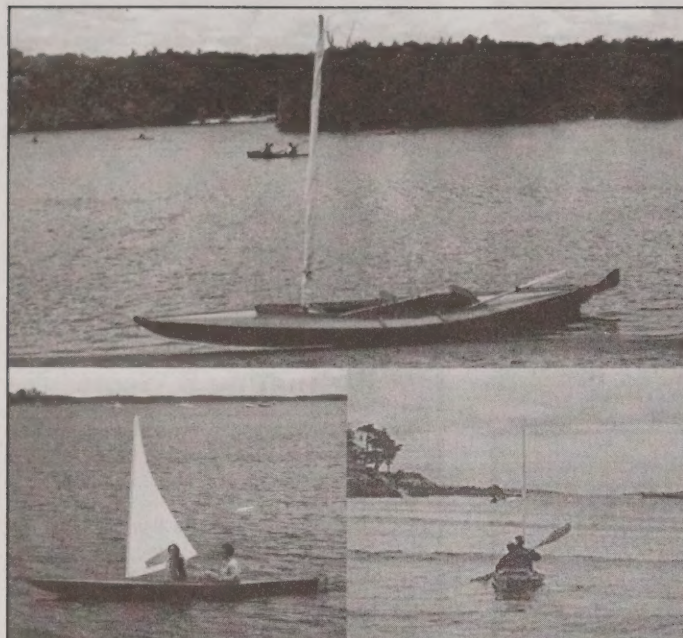
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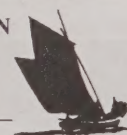
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