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"Big Boats on the Bay"
"Vikings at Play" - "Po Boy Bahama Trip"

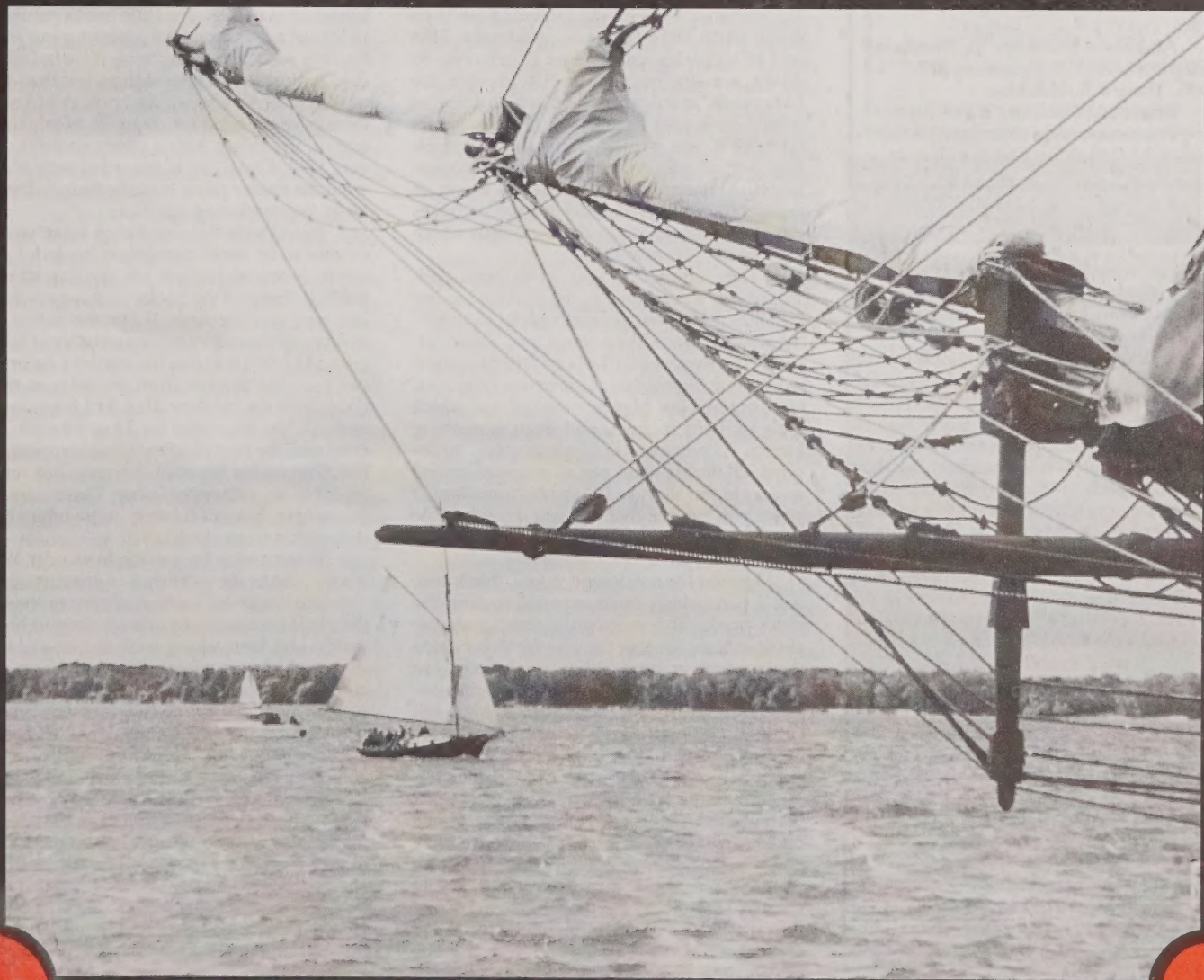
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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 16

January 1, 2001

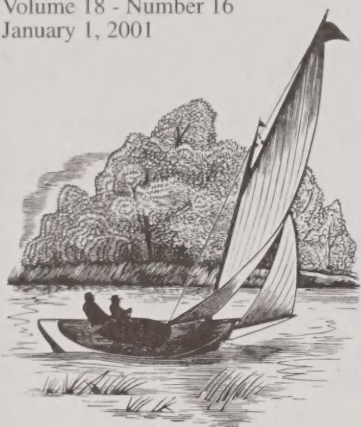


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messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



For the past three years I have launched a new serialization of an interesting old book in this January 1 issue and intended to continue this "tradition" now. But, I dilly-dallied too long and haven't lined up the book I want to bring you yet. Robb White stepped into this vacuum created by my procrastination with a short serial of a cruise to the Bahamas which should temporarily fill the serialization slot in the "template" for this issue.

"Template" is an interesting new buzzword I have learned which is used in desktop publishing, something I found I have been doing since 1959 here unsuspectingly. This sort of technological manner of referring to doing a magazine layout fits in with the buzzwords "word processing" which describe what I have also been doing all these years thinking it was writing, editing and typesetting. Sort of industrial terminology in connotation. Apparently a "template" is a sort of computer box representing a page or pages onto which one dumps all those words which have been "processed".

The "template" may have been "designed" by a magazine's "art director" to use graphics and layout devices which "package" the content, much like a cereal box. These "visuals" can overwhelm the poor little processed words with big bold multiple exotic typefaces, text reversed out of page sized photos which ends up hard to read, and even something known as "creative use of white space" to describe all the big blank places wrapped around an article too short to fill up its "template". I guess you can see that I would never be able to get a job in the magazine trade today. Good thing I don't have to.

I prefer the unadorned words, thank you, and I particularly have enjoyed reading the older books and magazines about messing about in boats because the way the writers used the language in those earlier generations is so pleasing to read. English, while apparently difficult and confusing for foreigners to learn, has so many different words to express nuances in telling a tale that the reading of a well written book can be an enjoyable mental exercise.

So, back to books and serializations thereof. I do expect to shortly (nice vague commitment eh?) begin this year's old timey book serialization in pursuit of what I commented upon above. In addition to enjoying the way the authors use the language, I found the contemporary viewpoints on the social and cultural circumstances surrounding their messing about in boats activities equally fascinat-

ing. The absence of the despised political correctness advocated by today's "rights" extremists is wonderful, we learn what people really thought, bigoted or not.

We do not serialize contemporary books as they are protected from such copying by copyrights so the authors and publishers can profit, as they should, from their creative efforts and investment. I have found that the average reader has no idea who really profits from the books they enjoy reading. It's not the author unless he or she is one of the big blockbuster sales names. The little books published in lots of a few thousand copies for our small boating niche (another "with it" word of today) typically earn their authors less than 10% of the wholesale price of the book. A \$15 retail book is wholesaled for about \$9, of which the author, if dealing with a generous publisher, gets \$.90. Creativity is rewarded with 6% of what the reader pays; manufacturing, distributing and marketing get 94%.

Faced with this imbalance some writers of sure to be small circulation books of narrowly focussed interest are electing to self-publish. Some of the books we have reviewed this past year are such. While the author has to pony up the cost of having an order of books printed (1,000 will do for starters), he or she can reap the income from the sales at retail directly to the readers. That \$15 book in paperback can be printed for \$3 or \$4 each, and even with the cost of advertising, shipping and handling added for mail delivery, can return \$6-\$9 to its author/publisher. There's no big bucks here, but still it can be more return than that trickle from a publisher.

How can this be, you might wonder. Well, it's the cost to the publisher of printing up the estimated order of books and getting them to the retail customers by wholesaling to bookstores, and later taking back the unsold leftovers which get remaindered at steep discounts. Necessary in mass volume books for general public consumption, but not for our special little interest groups. Here the author can avail himself of desktop publishing to computer-ready a book for a paperback book job printer to print up for him. He can advertise it in boating periodicals and on the internet for direct mail order sales and do his own "handling" part of that "postage and handling" charge thing.

Think about it as being a bit like building your own small boat, but building a book instead.

Looking Ahead...

Hugh Ware reports on the "Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival"; and Bob Simmons reports on Idaho's "Pend Oreil Rendezvous".

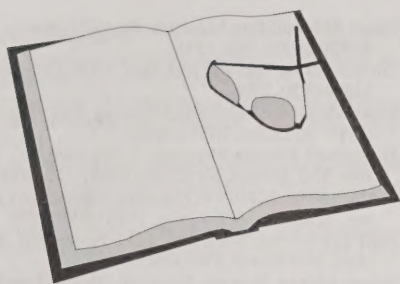
Marathon paddler Reinhold Zollitsch returns with his chronicle, "Around Prince Edward Island By Sea Canoe"; Laura DeMass chronicles the annual Shallow Water Sailors' two week "Magnum Opus" cruise in "Pil-Pel Again"; and Robb White continues his short serial cruising tale in "Po' Boy Bahama Trip".

Ron Johnson tells of his building and sailing adventures in "My Blivet Has Sailed"; Allen Bragdon has permitted us to reprint portions of his superb *NEBCA Yearbook 2000*, "The Beetle Cat Boat" and "Action at the Leo"; Jim Meeks praises several "Boats That Are Fun to Mess About In", and Mark Steele presents another model sailing ship, "The Goddess of Mercy".

Robb White tells us at length about "My Favorite Power Tool"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present their design for an "Open Water Utility".

On the Cover...

A "short ship" at play framed by the bowsprit of a tall ship, as seen at Erie Pennsylvania's "Big Boats on the Bay" gathering. Shamus Doneagin has more photos and the story in this issue.



Book Review

Lone Voyager, The Extraordinary Adventures Of Howard Blackburn Hero Fisherman of Gloucester

ISBN 0-684-87263-3 (Paperback)

By Joseph E. Garland

Originally Published 1963

First Touchstone Edition 2000, \$13

Simon & Shuster

Reviewed by James Broten

Lone Voyager caught my eye on the new acquisitions shelf at my local library, and I found it to be an interesting biography of Howard Blackburn (1859-1932) whose life seems to have been a series of adventures, any one of which could have deserved a book, especially since his first adventure left him with disabling handicaps.

The book opens with the following excerpt from the *Cape Ann Weekly Advertiser*, dated January 4, 1884:

"Seventeen vessels and 209 lives have been lost in the Gloucester fisheries during the year. Forty of the men are known to have left widows, and the number of fatherless children of which there is a record is 68. Seventy-one men capsized or gone astray in dories have reached the shore or been rescued from a watery grave, many of them after exposure and sufferings that defy description."

Howard Blackburn was one of the seventy-one. He and a dory mate were separated from their schooner during a snow storm in January of 1883. At the end of the fourth day, he came ashore on the bleak coast of Newfoundland; his dory mate had succumbed to exposure, thirst and hunger. Here Blackburn found snow for water and an abandoned hut for some shelter, and spent the night. It took another day before he found an inhabited settlement and rescue. And the family who took him in were barely subsisting, but they shared what they had.

Blackburn's hands and feet were frozen, and he lost all of his fingers and toes. Come spring, they were able to take him to a town, and it was June before he was back in Gloucester. Here his celebrity status enabled him to start a tobacco store and then a saloon, and he spent several years in business; the saloon business varied since Gloucester would annually have elections to vote the town dry or wet. In the dry years Blackburn had some

troubles with the law over illegal sales. During this time, Blackburn married, had a son who died in infancy, and his wife was not able to bear more children.

His next adventure came about as a result of the Klondike gold rush in 1897. Gold fever gripped the country, and Blackburn organized a mining company, bought a schooner, loaded it with supplies and a small steamboat to navigate the Yukon River, and his group took off, via the Straits of Magellan, bound for Alaska.

They arrived in San Francisco in February, too early in the year to proceed to Alaska, and the delay led to disagreements which resulted in Blackburn ceding his leadership of the company, and returning to the east coast by rail. The reorganized group did reach Alaska, struggled to get up the Yukon, but were not successful in their quest for gold.

The sea voyage lit a spark in Blackburn, and he wasn't going to be happy as a shorebound businessman. He determined to cross the Atlantic single handed, hence the name of the book. He made not one, but two single-handed crossings, the first in 1899 in the sloop *Great Western*, and again in 1901 in the sloop *Great Republic*. The *Great Western* was a 30' boat, and he sailed from Gloucester, Massachusetts to Gloucester, England in sixty-two days. The *Great Republic* was a 25' foot boat, and he sailed it to Lisbon, Portugal, in thirty-nine days. The book, of course, gives detailed accounts of each trip.

Author Garland describes Blackburn's next trip as more of a "lark" than an adventure; he planned a trip in the *Great Republic* up the Hudson River, through the Erie Canal, thence via the Great Lakes to Chicago, the Chicago River to the Mississippi, and then to the Gulf. He also had some plans relative to some cruising in the Caribbean and a coastal cruise along Brazil, but all of these plans did not work out.

The first major problem requiring a change in plans came as he started down the Mississippi; water depths and channels did not make for good cruising in a sea-going sloop. Nathaniel Bishop's sneak box as recorded in the recent serial in *MAIB* was better suited. Blackburn ended up sending the *Great Republic* by railroad flatcar from Columbus, Kentucky to Mobile, Alabama. After some strange adventures in the Gulf, the *Great Republic* was sold in Coconut Grove, Florida. He proceeded about 200 miles north along the Florida coast and coastal channels in a 12' rowboat; he rigged the oars so he could row with his stumps. Blackburn then abandoned the trip, and returned home by rail.

When friends and family thought that he was done with his adventuring, Blackburn was secretly planning another trip. He had a 16'9" long by 5' beam boat built that was based on the Swampscott sailing dory. His modifications included a fixed 4" deep, full length keel, no centerboard, and the boat was fully decked except for a small cockpit and a small hatch. His intended cruise was to be to Le Havre, then through inland waterways to the Mediterranean, a stop at Gibraltar, and then back to the USA via the South Atlantic. He named the boat *America*. He left Gloucester on June 7, 1903, but ran into extremely bad weather and didn't get further east than Cape Breton Island.

Lone Voyager follows the balance of Howard Blackburn's life in Gloucester, how

national prohibition affected his business, described how a niece's visits during several summers seemed to reinforce his marriage. The book also pointed out several times Blackburn's generosity, including gifts to the needy in the Newfoundland area where he came ashore in 1883.

The book is well illustrated with photographs, drawings and maps. Throughout the book, the author inserts narrative written in the first person, explaining in his "Sources and Acknowledgments" notes that these are from a manuscript by Blackburn written about 1913, used with minimal editing. *Lone Voyager* is captivating reading for anyone interested in small boats and the challenges and dangers of the sea.

PHILADELPHIA WOODEN BOAT FACTORY Upcoming Classes

Beginner Boat Building
Begins January 16, 2001

Advanced Boat Building
Begins January 18, 2001

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April 21 and 22, 2001

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ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <ahqs@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org> Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.

N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.

Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.

Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436, (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.

Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goeie.com/bcms>.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.

Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 684-9798.

CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 888-0162.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>

RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.

San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.

Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620, (410) 778-6461.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.

Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2001

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

In 2001, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, PO Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.

Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.

Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.

Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.

Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org>.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861, (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.

Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.

Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd., Stuart, FL 34995.

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (860) 572-5315.

New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.

Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

Osterville Hist Soc & Museum, 155 W Bay Rd, PO Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.

Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.

Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662.

James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.

United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.

USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.

Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING
Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-0097.

Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035.

(805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster@aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.
American Canoe Assoc. Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wells Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430. <wmpile@excite.com> <www.cape.cod.net/sqg/nebcba>.
San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>
Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.
West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Bill Beddow, 1333 Corby Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, PO Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202, (914) 634-9466.
New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.
Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <www.c4.net/viking>
Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
East River Crew, c/o Tori Gilbert, 22 E. 89th St., New York, NY 10128.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.
Saquish Rowing Club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986
Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

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

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
"Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>

West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

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

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barneget Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave.,

Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: <http://www.tsca.net/puget/>
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Robert T. Ratcliff, 2861 San Carlos Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598. (925) 939-4073.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: <http://www.tsca.net/>.
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

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

TUGBOATING

International Retired Tugboat Association, c/o N.A. Foraker, 250 N. 50th, Longview, WA 98632. (360) 423-4223, <tugsname@aol.com>
Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

WATER TRAILS

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

WOODEN BOATS

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

You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

Gap Joint Plywood Boatbuilding

J. Kim Apel did a nice job in summarizing the development of the small pleasure craft over the years (November 1 issue). I wish he had noted one additional development in making multi-chine boats easier to build than his one note of the stitch and glue method. This additional development was used by Mr. Jim Brown in his Searunner series of multihulls.

The idea was to leave a slight gap at the edge of the sheets of plywood and then glass it in using two strips of wood on the inside to create a form to hold the glass mat strip, a strip of glass mat on the inside and another on the outside (when you had turned the hull over). Fair the outside strip with the rest of the glass covering and paint. It was sort of neat and worked.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Messin' is Wandering...

From time to time in my reading I come upon references to the phrase which you have adopted as the title of your fine little magazine. I thought you might be interested in hearing about one.

The following is a quotation from a recent find of mine, the book, *When the Water Smokes*, by Bob Simpson, published by Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, NC in 1990:

"Messin' is wandering down a country road. Not too fast, as that comes under the category of hiking or even walking. Messin' is when one takes time to kick every tenth stone or so, watch a honey bee work over a flower, or practice answering a bobwhite. Boats are the very best for messin' provided one doesn't go anywhere in particular, for the cardinal rule for success in the field is, don't accomplish anything."

Along these lines, have you seen Oliver Allin's book, *Dreams of a Landlocked Boatman*, about his experiences designing and building two small boats and sailing them down the Connecticut River from Hartford to Saybrook? Excerpting from it may be of some interest, although the book does not hold a candle to *Blueberry*, which you have reviewed and excerpted.

Joe Tamsky, Harwich, MA

Editor Comments: *Dreams of a Landlocked Boatman* was reviewed in our September 15, 1998 issue.

Information Please...

Three Boats I Have Dreamed About

Does anyone have information on three boats I have long dreamed about?

In the early '50s Sears offered an inboard runabout in their catalog, made of Weldwood (waterproof plywood) with an inboard Crosly engine at the stern with a V-drive. I think it sold for around \$1,000. Sears cannot give me any information on it.

A DeWitt runabout of mahogany was

built along Chris Craft lines but used an outboard motor enclosed at her stern under a hatch. A beautiful boat.

Mullins built a steel runabout, again along Chris Craft lines but all steel. As a youngster I watched this boat beat all comers in her category in races.

Richard Schneider, 18 Oakwood Ave., Rye, NY 10580

Bobcat Info Wanted

I am planning to build Phil Bolger's Bobcat. If any reader has built one or owns one I would appreciate any opinions or advice, or dire warnings.

Stanley T. Markocki, 97 Bar Beach Rd., Port Washington, NY 11050.

Electric Powered Pontoon Boat

I am planning to build a 16'-20' pontoon boat and power it with an electric motor, possibly with solar assistance. Any suggestions for plans and equipment would be most appreciated.

Jeff Hillier, 3 Glendale Rd., North Hampton, NH 03862, (603) 964-5074, <jfhillier@aol.com>

Opinions...

Perils Of Diaphragm Fuel Pumps

Jeff Douthwaite's "29 Days Before the Mast" (Nov 15, p.10) diaphragm fuel problems can stand evaluation. As noted, the failure mode of the diaphragm type pump is perforation of the diaphragm reducing the gas supply. Think about it, some gas is going through the perforation to the underside of the diaphragm to be neatly pumped into the engine crankcase! Preventative efforts, such as providing a second or redundant diaphragm may work if, in fact, the extra diaphragm lessens strain and doesn't wear out the same time as the primary diaphragm.

However, the overall safety record seems very good providing the investigations of "fuel in the bilge" accidents are thorough. It does seem a good idea to sniff the oil dip stick occasionally and remove and replace extant diaphragm parts before they give notice by failing while underway. Douthwaite's curative electric fuel pump raises some doubt as in automobiles these pumps are located near fuel sources to provide great compression pumping service.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

A National Treasure

Messing About In Boats continues to provide marvelous information, enlightenment and entertainment, and I don't hesitate to say it's the best value of the many magazines to which I subscribe. I appreciate the fact I can count on a good read twice a month.

I have enjoyed Robb White's articles

immensely. I'm beginning to think he should be designated a National Treasure. His work never fails to elicit a big belly laugh and I always manage to learn something along the way, too.

Roger Rodibaugh, Lafayette, IN

Alaskan Realities

I am especially enjoying the tribulations of the chap who bought the old double ended troller ("29 Days Before the Mast"). He could have been me. I bought a converted Bristol Bay sailing gillnetter in '73, same Chrysler gas engine, heavy gillnet reel. But I got cold feet and built a St. Pierre dory instead. This living relic, however, with its haul-up prop, nearly did me in (I exaggerate slightly) and I sold it and joined the 20th century.

Had I the time, I'd respond to Bolger's latest, sending a man into Alaskan waters with a craft of that windage with that power, inadequate in amount and ineffectually installed, is tantamount to sentencing him to death by grounding.

Renn Tolman, Homer, AK

Mechanical Critters... A Rebuttal

So Robb White believes that outboards have personalities? (See Sept 1 issue). I do too although, as a class, I find outboards to be impersonally obnoxious and obtrusive. But not all outboards conform to this peer rule. Some may be malignant, as was Mr White's old Scott Atwater "Afradawater14", but some are quite different. Let me tell you the story of an especially nice outboard.

Years ago, when our boys were young and always on the water exploring Manchester harbor and surrounding portions of Massachusetts's North Shore, they found a 1-1/2hp outboard just off shore in about three feet of water (one can but wonder how it got there). They fetched the little thing home and I helped them do the usual freshwater flush, dry out, new oil, new plug routine.

We took it down to their current boat, the shell of an old Grady-White into which they had inserted some board thwarts and the government-required equipment. The outboard, as I remember it, was so small that it wouldn't reach the water if clamped on the transom next to the prime power unit, a battered old 10hp Johnson, so we clamped the little thing on the side of the boat near the stern. We pulled the "hope it'll start" string a few times and, son of a gun, the little beauty started. But it would run only a few seconds, moving the boat maybe 10-15 yards, before it quit. It would restart easily enough but soon after would quit again.

I didn't have time to trouble-shoot further that morning because we had to pick up some dear friends at Tuck's Point, halfway out Manchester harbor. The 10hp outboard took us there, our friends had arrived, they boarded (looking somewhat askance at this basic yacht in which I was asking them to go outside the harbor) and we all left for a picnic on Misery Island, about a mile, or maybe a touch more, away. Four adults and a kid or two. A most-pleasant picnic eaten and the island explored, we all got on board the Grady-White, one of my sons pushed us off, and I tried to start the ten. No go! Nothing!

After enough sweat had been produced to propitiate any god, it was time to trouble-shoot. I asked son #2 for the tool box and collectively (Alex is the mechanical one of my boys) we started looking into the problem. About one layer beneath the removed fly-wheel, there it was, a broken part. It had gotten us to the island but was not about to get us home. And there was no way I could improvise this time, not like an earlier time when I had gotten an MG-TD home by fixing a broken fuel pump with a wooden match and a rubber band. (Oh how I hated those Stupid Union fuel pumps the British seemed to like so well!)

What next? I looked around the inside of the boat. Pretty sparse territory, kinda lacking in resources. Oh yes, the "required auxiliary propulsion equipment". There it was, a paddle. Well, this should be interesting! Paddling a high-side boat with four adults and a kid or two back to shore with just one paddle. And our friends were on a tight time schedule and had to be somewhere else later that afternoon! Why not give the little outboard a try? If it ran, maybe it would move us, albeit in short increments, but that would be better than paddling.

I pulled the starter cord, the little beauty started and (lo and behold a veritable miracle) it ran nicely. In fact, it stopped only once between Misery and Tuck's Point and then it re-started on the first pull. At Tuck's Point, our friends departed, no doubt wondering once again about us. You should understand that they had learned not to expect a normal relationship with my wife and I. For example, once upon a mischievous time, we invited them out for dinner. We arrived at their house in our motorhome with food cooking in the oven, and served them dinner while parked in their driveway.

Now to get the boat a half mile or less to the boat's mooring at the head of the harbor. I pulled the string, the 1-1/2 started up again and ran for fifteen seconds! And it continued that pattern, run-stop-restart. We must have restarted it a dozen or twenty times on the short trip. No matter, our friends had left and we had plenty of time.

Maybe Robb's motor was malicious and perhaps that was a result of the harsh Florida environment. But our motor did us a big favor when we really needed it and, unlike Robb's quiet ultimatum to his motor, I didn't even have to ask for it.

Hugh Ware, Manchester, MA

Projects...

For Family Fun, Fishing & Sailing

Here is a picture of my boat taken at the recent Lake Monroe Messabout here in Indiana. I'm still working on the mast and sail, in the meantime we are using a 12v trolling motor for propulsion.

I designed and built it for family fun, fishing and sailing. It is 17' LOA by 6' Beam and is flat bottomed.

Scott Salah, P.O. Box 1458, Bloomington, IN 47402

Adventures & Experiences...

The End Of An Affair

I waited for her most of my life. As a youngster growing up in the midwest I yearned for a boat, but we never lived where one could really be used. In later years my work brought me to the east coast.

I fell in love with *Bonnie Bleu*, a 22' Catalina, as she rode at anchor when the salesman brought me out to her. However, another suitor bid on her first. I suffered bitter disappointment, then surrendered it, my heart wishing the new owner many years of happy sailing. Then a call from the salesman. The other party had withdrawn his offer. "It's yours," he said.

I learned to be grateful for her previous owners' loving care of hull and brightwork. Their solicitude taught me stewardship, taking care of the things God lets us use for a while so others in the future can enjoy them.

I have experienced the joy of giving others pleasure, of exhilarating companionship before a brisk wind, of quiet talks while watching a golden moon rise, and happy sighs as we slipped past the buoys into harbor.

Most of all, I learned to relax, a virtue that I have long had difficulty attaining. For, like many, I tended to feel guilty doing "nothing". But as I sailed on Long Island Sound, felt a fresh breeze in my face and listened to the little song *Bonnie Bleu's* keel sang as she heeled, I relaxed.

After 19 years the time came to say goodbye. Conflicting emotions panged me. No more sailing? No more snap of sail filling with a fresh breeze? No more song of her bow wave?

But one spring evening the new buyers and I sat in the cabin of *Bonnie Bleu* as they handed me the check. They had one condition. Would I be willing to help them sail it? What else could I say?

Richard H. Schneider, Rye, NY

Climb the Wind

The little skiff dips her rail to the heft
of the breeze in her hard-curved
canvas,

Bow wave frothing a foaming wake—
a boiling, bubbling, swashing
wash.

From hollow bow to graceful quarter,
man-built curves cleave timeless
waters,

In a delicate dance through water and air,
a concert of forces below and
above.

Balanced by the steady hand who contrives
to shape a course through wind
and wave,

And by ancient knowledge and practiced art
urges his craft to climb the wind.

Roger Rodibaugh, Melonseed
Skiff #178, Nancy Lee, Lafayette, IN



I have been reading Brian Salzano's tirades in *MAIB*, and though I agree with him wholeheartedly about what he is trying to do, and applaud the eloquence of his writing, I don't think he is ever going to accomplish a damned thing. I know because I tried it for years and years with no success whatsoever. The reason is simple.

There are too many thoughtless people and they are held together in cahoots by some natural force sort of like molecular attraction. The great mass of them produces a gravity so powerful that it has homogenized every aspect of the world into a hodge-podge of social activity that combines TV, education, and government into a cohesive mindless mix that ensures the continued increase in the population of those kinds of people and the power they wield over the rest of us.

All those he has been haranguing up there in city hall have huge SUVs parked in the parking lot of the courthouse and a big-deal junkpile plastic boat with five hundred horses worth of smoking demons hanging on the stern, and you are paying for the gas, and the stripper who rides on the flying bridge with both hips sticking out there either side of a hidden string when they go joyriding on vacation to South Florida.

There ain't but two things to do about rudeness in pretty places: One is to move to someplace with extremely shallow water and lots of oyster shells and rocks. Of course (down here) there is still an occasional airboat but you can hear them four miles away and get ready for the other thing....

Which is corporal punishment, not quite as simple as abdication. Each case is slightly different. One time I was sitting on the beach watching the sunset and drinking a carefully hoarded can of cheap beer when a party boat came hauling ass into the little cove I was in and anchored just about the time the land breeze made up as the sun went down. In a minute, the breeze brought me some loud Rolling Stones and three styrofoam cups, three little potato chip bags and three identical

Try Corporeal Punishment

By Robb White

styrofoam boxes with little oil slicks around them.

Many years of parenthood, schoolteaching and grandparenthood have taught me how to control my temper but nevertheless, I calculated that it was time to take action. I swam out to that boat and swarmed over the transom like a fury. Though I was able to break the plastic fitting that held a 6' long fiberglass VHF antenna, I was unable to snatch but about 8' of slack in the tough wire that conveyed the transmissions. It was a 16' boat. I did manage to clip two of them pretty good around the hips and thighs before they could crowd into the safe zone but one of them got off scot free.

Remember the article Brian wrote about the damned fools who tied up in the beautiful place then fired up a generator and went below to watch the TV? It is not good to kick a running generator into the water but it is perfectly safe to throw it into the boat through the door. It is usually sort of dry in there and even though some gasoline may be spilled and become ignited by the escaping electricity, there is little chance that you will become electrocuted by water spashing up at you. It is possible to outrun fire but not electricity.

Jet ski artists are vulnerable to being shot by things like BB guns. Of course, a standard El-Cheapo child's toy is too inaccurate and weak to do much good unless you are real close but a good air rifle will get them quite a distance away. Neither thing is marine grade equipment though.

Fortunately I am an expert with an ordinary slingshot because of many years of childhood deviltry. Not only is a slingshot marine grade equipment but it is easy to hide after the shot. One of the reasons for my early success with that implement is an abundance of iron ore rocks which are found in the clay soil of this region (the Florida panhandle). In the thousands of years that these little pellets have lain imbedded in the basic clay the pH has partially reduced the ore back to its element and these little round rocks are quite dense and even magnetic. I never go to the coast without a pocketful and my slingshot.

Why just the other day, I scored a double. I was sailing slowly out of the river, well out of the channel with the tide and the dying land breeze of the morning when an enormous sport fisherman pulling a huge wake and stifling pall of black, oily smoke from a pair of diesel engines severely overloaded with wheel tried to wash me up on the spoil bank. Following close behind this monster playing skip-dee-doo with the stern wave was a jet-ski. He elevated his ass just as he jumped across in front of me. I was so quick that I was able to shoot at the sport on the flying bridge too and hide my slingshot without discovery. Unfortunately, though I got the jet-ski artist right in the middle, I missed the far shot in the smoke and hit the woman with the naked ass instead. Damn...but she was guilty by association.

Getting caught is rare. People who do things that are mindless like that do it because they are mindless people. Once I shot the same man five times in the back, side of the head

and neck with mud snails (ran out of iron ore rocks...it was a bad trip) as he sat on the rock jetty fishing in the famous shrimp-boat cut through a famous barrier island drinking beer and eating potato chips and throwing the cans and trash into the water. He thought that horseflies were biting him (as indeed they were but he was too stupid to notice that). Mud snails are not as dense as iron ore rocks and this man was too dense to suit me so I shot him in the love handle with a large lead sinker that I found on the ground in the other litter.

He was quite overweight and out-of-shape and it took him fifteen minutes of clawing and squirming around before he was able to scramble back up onto the slick granite rocks of the jetty. I heard him proclaim to his wife, who had been sitting in the truck drinking beer and eating potato chips and throwing the cans and trash out the window, "I ain't never gonna come back to this son-of-a-bitch place...something bit the plu-perfect shit out of me down there...bit me right through my shirt. Just look-ahere at this here son-of-a-bitch whelp right here on my side right here."

"I bet your shirt wasn't pulled down," she replied through a mouth full of potato chips. I was even called over to witness the injury. "Damn," I said "A horsefly did that?" You have to be careful shooting actual metal in a slingshot, you might put a 911 on one of those jerks.

See what I am trying to tell you? If I had gone to the courthouse and demanded that the man-in-charge send somebody out there to arrest this fool for littering, it would have come to nothing good. I know the man-in-charge... he has a Bayliner and a Harley Davidson, two four wheelers, a riding lawn mower, a weedeater, a chainsaw and a big Ford "Exhibition". He also has a Winnebago and two jet-skis in Panama City that his wife don't know about. Though the man I shot will never change his ways, he might not sit quite so complacently, surrounded by his trash, on the rocks at the pass again... might stay home to watch wrestling and info-mercials on the TV with the AC going where nothing will bite him except them potato chips and all that beer.

Perhaps if Brian raises enough hell up there, he might do some good. There might be some other thoughtful people who will join him and cause the fools to realize that everybody is not just exactly like them and make them want to come join up too, but it ain't likely. They wouldn't want to join any kind of a minority.

I think it is going to take a good stiff ice age to re-institute a little selective stress on us humans so we won't have enough environmental slack to coddle up such an overload of stupid people with their ridiculous excesses. Maybe we'll finally burn up all this petroleum and coal that is sustaining such a hell of a horde so far beyond the carrying capacity of the surface of the earth. Maybe we'll poison ourselves down to a peculiar few who have some random, lucky resistance to toxins... maybe AIDS... maybe gang warfare. Maybe when we have introduced every out-of-place species in the world to every possible ecosystem, a monster will emerge to take up some of the slack. Maybe the TV will popularize thoughtfulness. I ain't got time to wait. I know a place, where it is too shallow and too inconvenient for any fool to go except me.

I give you joy of any little nook you know about.

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How To Make A Jet-Ski Slingshot

Contrary to popular hype (as usual) the best slingshot rubbers are not surgical rubber tubing but ordinary big flat rubber bands (the translucent latex kind like they tie up bunches of turnips with). I like three to the side but I like to shoot hard... two will work fine. Tie the ends to the crotch and the bucket with short sections of good, polyester, jogging shoelace with a lark's head lubricated with glycerine through the rubber bands. For deliberate, very accurate long range work, it is best if the shoe laces are sort of long so as to allow full extension of the arms (some 6' according to Leonardo) when the rubbers run out of elasticity.

All that length is just to improve the muscle memory for accurate alignment of the arms with the flight of the projectile. There is no need to stretch the rubber anywhere near that far... 2' or 3' is plenty to accelerate a little rock to hull speed. For quick, out-of-pocket, rapid-fire work, it is best if everything is kept as compact as possible to avoid the possibility of you standing there in the face of the shot fool with your best Charlie Chaplin look on your face and 18" of rubber and a slingshot bucket (Yankees, Coastal Westerners and South Floridians call it a "pouch." I am told) hanging out of your pocket. The crotch should be small too. I like dogwood best but it is not universal in distribution and I once had a crab-apple crotch that I liked almost as well. Use it until it is polished all over from the tough skin of your hands.

Learning To Shoot: That's the trick. Ain't no point to it if you can't hit. The best target is the target at hand. I am afraid that in my formative years, I did some terrible things. Our mailbox looked like beaten silver and the cats around here developed an uncanny alertness which, contrary to conventional wisdom appeared to be passed on to their offspring.

I got to where I could hit a running squirrel either on the ground or in the tree some one out of ten shots which don't seem too good until you remember that I could shoot all ten of those shots at the same squirrel before he could squirrel around to the other side of the trunk of the tree. My sisters and I used to boil them up in a can in the fetal position... head, tail and all (no foots)... a little pepper and salt, maybe an onion to season the broth.

Once when I was about ten, I hit a flying crow with a bunkie marble hard enough to knock him out. I kept him as a pet until I realized that his personality was so objectionable that he was not actually a pleasant companion so I took him to school and sold him to a classmate who kept him for almost thirty years. Now he is major Republican and has a wife who acts just like that crow.

Stance: A slingshot is best shot sideways. That way the tendons and thews are arranged more naturally than with the vertical hold. If you practice as you should (put the thing back in your pocket with each shot...extra rocks may be held in the mouth...helps with the Charlie Chaplin look) you will soon develop special muscles and calluses to accommodate the peculiarities of the exercise.



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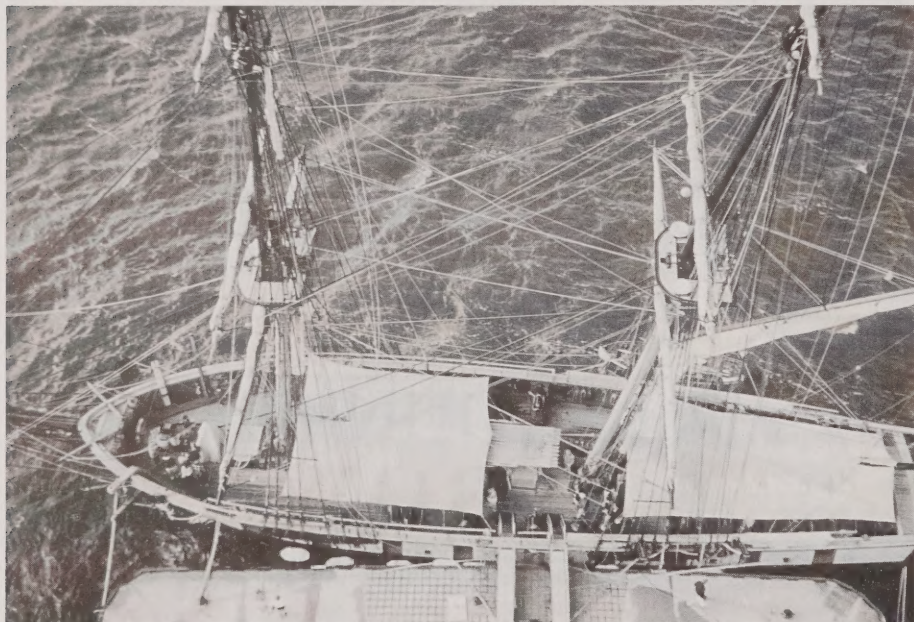
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Lineup under the tower: From left, *Kajama*, *Highlander* and *Red Witch*.



Niagara

Picton Castle



Big Boats on the Bay

Erie, PA

By Shamus Donagain

Dobbins Landing in Erie, Pennsylvania, was the location for this gathering of Tall Ships. In all there were four schooners, a barque, and a brig. Also in attendance were two beautiful Friendship sloops. Erie is the homeport of the brig *Niagara* which was host ship for this event.

Erie has redeveloped its waterfront at Dobbins Landing and transformed it into a beautiful area that its residents can utilize, enjoy, and be quite proud of. The location lent itself well for viewing such large vessels, especially from the 187' viewing tower with two decks that gave a birds' eye view of not only the ships, but also Presque Isle, and miles and miles of the waterfront.

The ships in attendance were *Red Witch*, a 77' gaff schooner, homeport Port Clinton, Ohio; *True North*, a 118' topsail schooner, homeport Toronto, Ontario; *Highlander*, a 154' schooner built in the famous schooner building area of Chebacco Parish, now Essex, Massachusetts, homeport Halifax, Nova Scotia; *Picton Castle*, a 176' three masted barque, homeport Rarotonga, Cook Islands, in the South Pacific; *Kajama*, a 165' three masted gaff schooner, homeport Toronto, Ontario; and, the 198' U.S. brig *Niagara*.

As we approached these ships, we noticed the two Friendship sloops, *Valhalla* and *Momentum*; their mainsails reefed in a steady 25knot breeze, racing each other just offshore. Friendship sloops (for those unfamiliar with them) are traditionally built gaff-rigged working boats, with oversize mainsails, two staysails and long bowsprits. This type was used and developed in the area of Friendship, Maine for the lobster fishery before engines eventually displaced them.

As we boarded each tall ship, friendly crew members welcomed us. The tours were mainly self directed, but always nearby was an informative crew member to answer questions and point out things of interest.

This event, like many other tall ship gatherings, is designed to be of interest to everyone, not just sailors. It is not only educational and informative, but it's lots of fun. Even the staunchest landlubber would find it difficult to not enjoy these beautiful ships, marvel at the skill and craftsmanship in building and maintaining them, and see how these sailors lived and worked, the hard life, skill, strength and bravery to go aloft 100' in a strong breeze of wind and take in sail. They sailed without radar, GPS, loran, radio, or cell phone. Nothing but a compass, a sextant, and a chart. Sailing by their wits and experience.

If you ever get the chance to tour a tall ship, a windjammer, take the time to do it. The



True North



Red Witch



Highlander

feeling you get, you'll never forget. It's like taking a walk into the past on a living-breathing thing of beauty.

For those of you who want to sail on a tall ship, either as crew or as guests on a charter cruise, a computer can link you up using the www.fillintheshipname.com. Or use the ship name and hit search. It's only a couple clicks away. Or, you can contact the Chamber of Commerce, or Tourist Bureau in the homeport of the vessel.

There are also apprenticeships and internships with no experience needed on some vessels, as well as courses for college credit on others, such as the *H.M.S. Rose*.

For "just fun" cruising on coastal windjammers, with good grub and grog, try windjammer.com, or look for their ads in the back of various magazines.

Be sure to read Richard Ellers story in the October 1st, issue if you still need convincing. Or you can contact me at grundy@fantasiadesign.com, and I will recommend a book or article to read. I will show you what you're missing.

Meanwhile out on the bay, two Friendships at play.



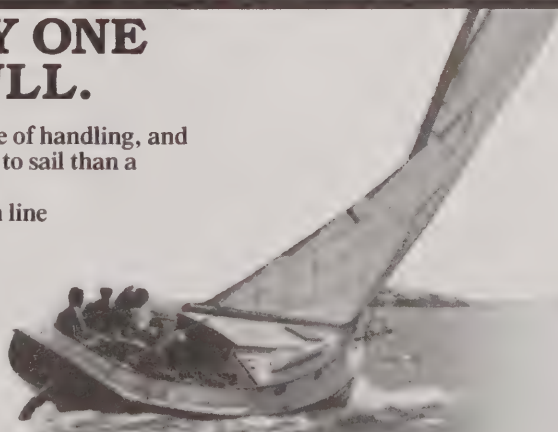
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A race becalmed.



Lined up on the beach after the races for a photo op.



The Eh! Team came all the way from Toronto, Scott Charlesworth and Don Walton.

Jim Brown with his baby, the Windrider, and "the only monohull I ever designed," his stripbuilt kayak.



2nd Annual Windrider National Championships & Windrider Owners' Reunion

The ad in *Multihulls* promised steady breezes, fun and competitive racing, in both Windriders and Raves. It would be a great chance to meet other owners and learn more about my boat. It was to take place at the Fort Walton Yacht Club in Florida. What Windrider owner could resist? I couldn't.

A phone call brought me an application, which noted that a few Windriders could be chartered. It would take me four days to drive to and from Florida from my home in Michigan, along with taking in three days of events, adding up to a full week of my time. If I chartered and flew down I'd be gone only 3-1/2 days. So I chose to charter and fly.

The charter boats were provided by Pleasure Island Watersports of Fort Walton Beach, and the owner, Barry Denman, couldn't have been more accommodating. My Windrider was rigged and ready on the yacht club beach.

On Friday morning it was a quick registration and then out to meet the other sailors. One of the first persons I ran into was Darrell Hatton, who is credited with instigating these races and reunions through his online owners' club, www.windrider.net. There's also a Rave Owners' Club at www.raverider.com, hosted by Aaron Tinling. Darrell was the Windrider Championship winner in 1998 and 1999.

A station Wagon with two kayaks on top and a Windrider trailered behind arrived and out stepped Jim Brown and his wife Jo Anna. If you are unfamiliar with Jim and his accomplishments in multihull design, look in a copy of *Multihulls 25th Anniversary Edition*. Jim is also the designer of the Windrider.

More importantly to me, Jim is a great person with an almost constant smile and an "engage me" attitude. In many conversations, direct and overheard, Jim referred to the Windrider as "my baby!" It was a design that turned out better than anticipated. Also of note was Jim's personal kayak which he strip planked, he referred to it as "my one and only monohull design." It resembles an ama of the Windrider, it has the exact same profile top and bottom. Jim had a small sail mounted on an old fishing pole that moved the kayak along quite nicely.

A man wearing a Greek fisherman's cap and carrying a serious looking camera was identified to me as Charles K. Chiodi, founder and editor of *Multihulls* magazine. I credit him

with being the soul of the multihull scene, with his magazine he has championed multihulls worldwide for a quarter century now. *Multihulls* and Windrider co-sponsored this event.

I met many people on the scene, like Mike McGarry and Keith Zwart of Windrider, and multihull sailors from all over the USA and Canada, people who were great to meet and compete with. The venue at the Fort Walton Yacht Club was great, as were the club members who hosted us.

Now, about those steady breezes. The wind that initially took us out to the starting line died right at the line in five of the six scheduled races, two days in a row. It returned later on both days only when we were heading back in, but then blew much of the rest of the day. The Raves never got the 10-12 knots of wind they needed to fly on their hydrofoils. Anyone interested can learn about all the race results at www.windrider.net.

Well, will I go back again next year? You bet. Get yourself a Windrider or a Rave and join us. Charles Chiodi summed it up at the awards ceremony, reading the announcement he had published in *Multihulls* an asking point by point if we thought the event had lived up to its billing. Well, yes it had, except maybe for those "steady breezes"...

Multihulls editor Charles K. Chiodi flanked by Windrider's Mike McGarry (right) and Stuart Florida dealer Eric Arens.



An early bird perched on a Rave in the early morning light.

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I bought an ex-USN twenty six foot motor whaleboat (came off the port side, stern of *USS Saratoga*, CV 60 down in Mayport, Florida) back when I thought we would need something other than a little skiff to get back and forth to the island where we live. I have since realized that maintaining the mooring and feeding the barnacles and all ain't worth the few trips we made when it was too rough for the skiff. What it amounts to is that if it is too rough for the skiff, it is just too rough no matter what kind of boat is throwing water on me.

I still have the whaleboat... just as good as new, sitting flat on the ground out in the yard of the shop. I go out there every now and then and fire it up just to listen to the old 1957 Mercedes marine engine (636.. same thing as used to be in a ThermoKing semi-truck refrigerating unit). I did it just the other day and when I scrambled aboard, I noticed a very big imported fire ant nest built all up around the wheel, so when I had her warmed up good (an oversized keel cooler works pretty good in air when the engine isn't actually working too hard) I pulled her in gear and scattered those ants out a little bit. When I shut down and went back in the shop, they were all swarming out and around gathering up their little pale, naked babies. I had to pussyfoot quite spry. Though I hate them like sin for being so indiscriminate with their biting, I felt kind of bad.

After I hauled the old boat back from Mayport behind my log truck, when I won the sealed bid (I think it cost me \$750 in about '84) I tried to fix the old Perkins-Westerbeke (4-107) that was in there but it had run so hot that, after pricing the parts, I decided it wasn't worth fooling with and I had this old Mercedes that had come out of a tour boat at Six Flags Over Georgia when that early-model theme park converted to electric boats about '80, so I adapted it to the old Paragon transmission (two-to-one reduction turning an 18/14 three blade wheel) of the whaleboat.

Which, I believe I will digress a little bit on the subject of small marine engines. What had killed the old Westerbeke was the defecation of the rubber-impeller raw water pump (Sherwood, miniature... 1/4" pipe) that was supposed to feed the heat exchanger. I already knew what it was from when I crawled all over the old boat in Mayport before I bid. I would have bet pretty good, if I had been a betting man, that that would be the trouble even if I had not seen the boat at all. Rubber impeller pumps are the Devil's tool and I am afraid that the Devil is a world-wide conspiracy of some kind which parasitizes us all for profit.

I mean, the same conspiracy that manipulates the price of gas down to seventy nine, nine so we run out and buy these big SUVs and as soon as the roads are crowded to the max with the damned things, whoop... \$2.50. That's the same conspiracy that runs the Government of this country so that all the candidates for public office are just stooges from the same pocket and the only issues are meaningless little things of no economic impact... things like abortion, gun control, and gays in the military just to get us all worked up and decoy us away from the fact that the people who are running the country ain't the Democrats and Republicans.

Actual economic decisions like health care variations, changes in public education and the doings of drug czars that are up for

Po Boy Bahama Trip

By Robb White

grabs are only important to those of us who pay taxes, not to the people who paid for all the TV ads around election time. Important functions of the government, like public safety, environmental sense, military responsibility and.... anti trust law enforcement just tag along behind all these Liberian and Panamanian super tankers... which, I guarantee you, have not a single rubber impeller water pump anywhere on them.

Nobody with any sense, not even the Devil, would trust any working engine to such a treacherous thing. All marine engines which have to run to make money have an automotive style water pump circulating antifreeze through a keel cooler... no heat-exchanger, no salt water moving through any tubes, hoses or pipes. Rubber pumps are just an international conspiracy to sell more engines and heat exchangers are just hype to run the price up, kind of like chrome on a coffin. Really, now, they wouldn't sell many marine engines if they could stand up to run the equivalent of a hundred thousand miles worth of weekend joy-riding.

Modern outboard motor design is the result of an ancient conspiratorial scam too. Why ain't the whole foot full of antifreeze circulated by a little centrifugal pump on the shaft? Now that I got all that off my chest, I am going to calm myself down and get back to the first whaleboat trip to the Bahamas before I get started on freon.

We had the old whaleboat working pretty good by that summer and our son Wes had a little Cape Dory 25 and had left Dog Island and was on his way across the Gulf before I finally got finished up with the obligations of the shop. Finally we loaded up all the junk that we had been accumulating, loaded the whaleboat onto its trailer and hooked it up behind the log truck and headed for Stuart. The trip down there was uneventful... good tires had a lot to do with that. We launched the boat at a little fresh water public boat ramp just above the first lock on the east end of the Okeechobee WPA ditch, put the truck and trailer in a mini warehouse in Stuart, caught a taxi back, cranked up and locked through into the St. Lucie river and found Wes anchored just below the lock right between the bridges of 195 and the Florida Turnpike.

He had eaten up a bunch of groceries on the eight days he had been gone, so we moved down the creek to downtown Stuart and anchored along with a bunch of other boats near a little park upstream of the first drawbridge and walked to the grocery store. When we got back, there was a little derelict looking fiberglass sailboat alongside the whaleboat but nobody was there. We found out by gossiping with some people who lived on boats there that that little boat was swinging on about five hundred feet of black polypropylene line and was apt to come alongside any boat within a thousand foot circle and had been doing it for years.

"Well, why don't one of y'all shorten up on it a little bit?" asked me.

"We like it like that... kind of like having a big front yard with an automatic lawn mower," they explained. "Adios," said me.

"Vaya con dio," they replied.

The highway bridge and railway bridge are very close together right there in downtown Stuart and the bridge operators liked to play with people by opening one and not the other, or closing both of them to catch some little underpowered vessel (like Wes) between them so they can see how good he is at keeping a tight circle in strong current. We managed to evade their pranks though and got out into the bay.

I do not know east coast inlets and since we were going to have to leave in the dark (moonrise too late) so we would come on the Banks in sure daylight, we decided to go all the way south to Lake Worth which they say is the most predictable. A departure from there would give a good shot to hit West End, Grand Bahama with a little help from the Gulf Stream. The old whaleboat didn't care with its steady 7 knots, no matter what, but Wes had a pretty puny little outboard and didn't want to burn much gas so he needed to sail.

We took our sweet time going down behind the barrier islands with all the condominiums on them and looking at all the people barbecuing and riding around on their lawn mowers and blowing leaves back and forth into each other's yards with those cursed yowling leaf blowers. We found and finally caught a few mangrove snappers (grey snappers) which are smart and hard to catch, but my wife is smart too and an expert with long experience so we ate well.

Our first anchorage was at Hobe Sound so close to the railroad track that the trains woke us up. The second day we made it to the upper section of Lake Worth behind Munyon Island where we dug some pretty good quahogs and made us a chowder. Wes took the skiff to someplace in Riviera Beach and bought a little ice and a six-pack of beer so we could whoop it up a little bit before the iceless, beerless places we were fixing to get to soon.

I'll have to stop and tell about the skiff now I guess. That was back when I was thinking that the best tender for the Bahamas was something sacrificial. I had bought this rough looking 14' fiberglass boat (Larsen, actually a pretty good boat, still running over on Dog Island) and cobbled together a very bad looking, mixed up old 9.9/15 Evinrude/Johnson. We were planning to use the cargo boom to turn this skiff upside down on the bow of the whaleboat for the trip across. If I had known what I know now, I would have towed it like I have for all the other trips and I would have taken something much lighter and easier on gas and better rowing for when the gas gave out. It worked OK though, but was a lot of extra work and cramped us all up in the tiny little shelter house in the stern for supper while we were anchored up behind Peanut Island the next day getting ready to go when it got good and dark.

When the time came, we eased on out by the Coast Guard station. We could feel a pretty good little sea breeze blowing into the inlet and the tide was rushing out too and I had a feeling. We went first in the whaleboat with Wes, close hauled, about a hundred yards behind. As I expected, we encountered the first of a series of very big, almost stationary waves. The old whaleboat would have been able to bully its way through but I knew that Wes would never get out with the wrong wind and little help from his engine so I wheeled around and headed back in.

I remember Wes' face as we passed him without explanation. It didn't take him long to figure it out though and he did a neat jibe right in the narrow channel and we went back to Peanut Island to wait for the tide to slack off a little and the land breeze to pick up. I almost decided to stay another day because it looked borderline for getting to the check-in place before the price goes up (never check into the Bahamas after closing time... normally it is just a driver's license and a little money but if they have to make a special trip, it is a pain in the ass and big money) but the weather was right and we were getting tired of south Florida so as soon as we could, we moseyed on out.

We could still see the lights of the condominiums when it began to get day though we were in the middle of the Gulf Stream. After the sun rose, the water was so blue that it looked like it would stain a white shirt. I have tried to take a picture of that, but never was able to come close. I believe there is only one way to find out what it really looks like. After morning came, the wind slackened off completely and we took Wes in tow and eased on across the smooth, incredible looking blue sea. I didn't have any navigation instrument except for my compass but I have had a good bit of experience and the speed of a motor whaleboat and the Gulf Stream is predictable and pretty soon we saw the radio mast of the old Jack Tar Marina on West End, Grand Bahama.

We checked in in the nick of time too. There was a woman in a ridiculous bathing suit trying to check in ahead of Wes and me and if that hadn't gripped the ass of the official so that he sent her back to her boat for "the Captain", we would have run into overtime. Never gripe the ass of a Bahamian official. They have a good bit of autonomy and can run up your bill pretty stiff.

There is an anchorage looking place right there at West End right off the Jack Tar golf course and I dove in with the anchor (never anchor anyplace in the Keys or Bahamas without making sure you are onto something). I was hoping to find some squirrel fish holes so I could rig up the reliable Bahama moor with two anchors set on tight lines either side of the bow so that when the wind or current shifts the anchors won't become unwiggled and turn you loose, but there was nothing on the bottom at all but a thin layer of white sand over solid/smooth limestone. I finally found a little rock sticking up about a foot and by chopping with the fluke of my Herreshoff/Luke, I managed to cut a recess deep enough to hold a shackled bight of chain.

By the time I finally got hooked up good enough to suit me, it was dark and my wife had caught a triggerfish (a feat). We pulled Wes in on the towline and cooked up some supper. Sure enough, during the night, a thunderstorm came up from the SW and we were pitching pretty good all night. Not only that, but I was still a little worried about my rig to the rock so I had to leave the engine running so I could maybe keep us off the rocks of the golf course if something were to come a loose down there.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I jumped in and took a look. The chain had deepened the groove pretty good and probably would have cut that rock loose if it had been snatched on for two or three more hours. It was calm as glass again and Wes and I swam all around the rim of the golf course marvel-

ing at all the big slabs of fiberglass among the rocks of the beach.

One piece was the whole deck of about a 35' fiberglass sailboat, complete with big shiny winches. The trouble was that it was upside down and we couldn't get to the fastenings. A little tugging with the whaleboat fixed that though and we salvaged them and a bunch of more good hardware. We also salvaged about 10' of 1 3/8" bronze shaft with a lump on the end of it which might have once been a propeller.

In a little pocket in the rocks, I found the contents of what must have been a cardboard box of all kinds of jib hanks, little bronze shackles, bronze rings and clevis pins... some poor person's little treasures. There were about ten marine engines and enough lead ballast keels to have been a lifetime supply for a pretty good yard... big, busted marine batteries were scattered all over the place. It was a sad business how all those people's cruising dreams came to grief on that lee shore when the anchor dragged in that treacherous trap.

We have begun to be able to recognize places like that and salvaging in the Bahamas has become a ritual with us. One true treasure trove is South Riding Rocks right on the edge of the Great Bahama Bank south of Bimini. I guess people come across the stream on their way to Andros and beyond and anchor up for a little rest before heading on across all that way on the bank. Either that, or big deal sports fishermen down from Bimini working the Gulf Stream anchor up there for a little snort and a nap. What happens is the bottom is just like I described and though it is possible to swim around for a while and find a couple of squirrel fish holes right for the Bahama moor, it ain't easy.

Right there on the edge of the abyss like that is a dangerous place when it breezes up. There are so many engines and batteries among those rocks (a nightmare of a place to be shipwrecked too) that it is pitiful. When we went there, it was dead calm and we were in our old sailboat which does not have the room for salvaged junk that the whaleboat did but we dove up such a rick of 5/8" stainless steel, solid-back, half-oval straps that I still have a lifetime supply. I also have a wonderful monel ladder that I rigged to fold up on the transom of my sailboat to swim from.

In holes in the face of the wall of rock that rises from the depths of the Florida Straits to form the Grand Bank (and such as these Riding Rocks) there were spiny lobsters so big that if we succeeded in tickling them out of the holes, we couldn't handle them in the net. There were parrot fish that weighed 10lbs and while we were swimming out over the drop-off with our snorkels just to see what it felt like to look down and down and down in the perfectly clear water, I looked over at my wife and swimming alongside of her, just like a good dog at heel, was a barracuda at least as long as she was. We just sort of eased back to the rocks and he eased on back with us.

We stayed anchored up there as long as it was calm and never did get to see all we wanted to. That same great barracuda took up residence right alongside the rudder and ate scraps. I know my credibility ain't all it should be, but I have a movie of him eating a big plopp of dehydrated mashed potatoes. I was surprised that he didn't spit them back out like I had done.

Another interesting thing was that there

were quite a few barn owls living in the cavities of the exposed rocks (there are about four or five house-sized and house-high, solid, soil-less, pitted limestone rocks that comprise South Riding Rocks and you ride the rode there at your peril). There is a legend of the Chickcharnie on Andros... supposed to be a great, big, mythical barn owl style spirit and indeed, in rock caves on Andros, there are the remains of extra big barn owls left from when the Bahamas were much bigger when so much of the sea was tied up in the ice caps of the poles and glaciers of North America and Europe during the last ice age.

On the biggest of the Riding Rocks, there is a little poured concrete lighthouse that, according to the cruising guide is supposed to be working but when we took Wes's little dog there to go to the bathroom (he does not like to go to the bathroom on the boat... a true hardship for him on the long run) there was a rusted out acetylene cylinder that looked like it had last been serviced when the British still ran the place. Long shots of the white excrement of some big bird streaked the cylinder and the inside walls of the little den and... there were owl pellets of an extraordinary size littering the floor. Bird feathers and bones and lightfoot Sally crab scraps were the main ingredients.

I kind of went off on a tangent there on another boat and left the old whaleboat at the anchorage at the golf course. We didn't stay long after we had dived up all we absolutely needed. We found out that there is a big pipe which empties into that place from Jack Tar and it might be best to keep that in mind if you decide to go there and do a little diving.

Next, we went to the north a little bit to Wood Key which we had found by messing around in the skiff. It was a shallow anchorage just barely deep enough for Wes and us (both 2-1/2') but well sheltered and plenty of squirrel fish holes for the anchors (I used the big Luke and a small, antique Northhill... Wes had two Bruces) good fishing too. Every afternoon, the snappers would drive the shiners into the shallows along the beach and all you had to do was be prepared.

It was still dead calm and we needed a little wind for Wes to save gas (an outboard motor burns a lot of gas pushing a sailboat) on our planned trip to the back side of Abaco. We caught fish and cooked them on the beach on a little fire to save propane on the only stove we had which was just a rusty steel camping rig running on disposable propane cylinders. It was actually pretty idyllic. The town of West End was temptingly close and I am afraid we ran over there quite a bit in the skiff for a little taste of expensive beer (beer is very expensive in the Bahamas... don't think about smuggling any... Bahamian justice is astonishingly swift and sure).

(To Be Continued)

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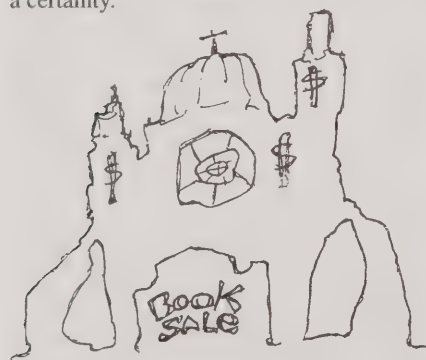
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When a small boat ties up at a marina's fuel dock, the skipper invariably asks, "How much is the fuel?" After he is told he gives a long whistle and then asks to use the toilet. He's a "Whistle Pisser".



Albin trawler owners are notorious whistle pissers. I was asked to crew on one by the editor of *Albin News*, that's how I found myself aboard an Albin 25 motoring through fog and rain on my way to a gam at Jamestown, Rhode Island.

There were two boats at Norwich, skippered by Bill and Gordon, to be crewed by Lou and myself. Gordon lived in a moo-town on a farm. On weekends he sold used books out of the cellar of an abandoned church. The denomination of the church was one of those illegitimate orphans of Christianity that can be found in every village in New England doing penance for its poverty. Eventually it lost its congregation when the community prospered and was no longer groveling in guilt. The congregation then built a miniature cathedral to reflect its new wealth and success. Hell was less threatening and heaven more of a certainty.



Gordon was dominated by his dog Hazel, who constantly ordered him to stay, sit, fetch, take me here, take me there. He spoke only to Hazel, who had absolute command over him.

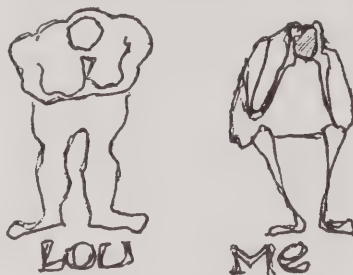


Lou was a giant who greeted everyone with an oriental bow and prayerfully clasped hands. Still one got the distinct impression he was having a hard time controlling all that

A Gam Of Whistle Pissers

By Tom McGrath

power that could tear everything in sight apart. He crewed for Gordon.



I, being an ancient self-opinionated grouch, was told to crew for Bill, who was a retired tugboat capatin. Having experience with sea disasters qualified him to tolerate me.

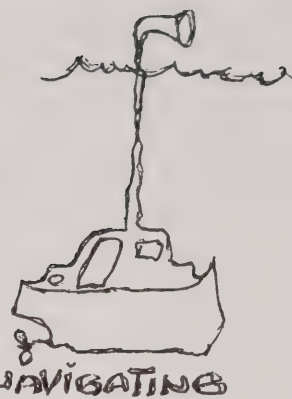
The 25' Albins are not made anymore. They're something of an exotic now. In their time they were thought to be the poor man's boat, designed to lure the surplus Norwegian population out to sea. The boat sleeps four extreme compatibles or three quarrelsomes, or two marriageables or a single misanthrope. It is propelled by a Volvo engine of varying horsepower.

A further description of this boat should follow here, but I can't bring myself to particularize about it further. Chances are you'll never encounter one in your lifetime, and if perchance you did, you'd quickly dismiss it as being too low on the evolutionary scale of boatbuilding, being a failed experiment that devotees would not let go of.



"I love my boat," an Albin owner will excitedly exclaim. There is no reasoning with this attitude. It is uttered by smokers, gamblers, alcoholics, and people married to the wrong person. But when it is declared by a boat owner it is considered praiseworthy, for some strange reason.

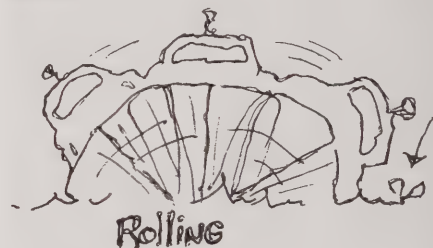
Our two boats made their way down the Thames River and out onto Fisher Island Sound. The fog withdrew and the rain stopped, giving us good visibility, although, with all the navigational aids onboard we could have been in a submarine a half-mile under the surface. We followed these intruments like a blind man tapping a white cane. Perhaps you can sense that I don't like being told where I am all the time and resent satellite moles constantly reporting on my whereabouts.



However, Bill told me stories about his boat, which was outfitted with an accumulation of salvage. Every item had a history, the telling of which was hilarious. Bill kept me distracted from the spy system and denied me the comfort of my usual state of gloom and despair.



With Fisher's Island to starboard and Mystic to port, we motored through the gut with a favorable tide. We passed Watch Hill and the native American Misquamicut, Weekapaug and Ononochontaug, to Point Judith. The water had not a single ripple in it, yet the boat rolled and rolled like a drunken sailor.



"Why does this boat roll so much?" I asked.

"It was designed to roll," I was told.

"Why, for heaven's sake?"

"No one knows the reason."

"It feels like it wants to roll over."

"It won't, though, it just rolls so far and then rolls back."

"Nonsense, all boats roll over."

"The Albin won't, it will just scare the hell out of you, but it wont roll over, believe me."

"In other words, no one has ever survived a rollover to record it?"

"Right."

Roll on Albins, roll on.

We anchored at Point Judith inside the breakwater. The water was as flat as a desert, yet the boat would not stop rolling. An insect could land on the water and start violent roll-

ing that had the consistent insistence of a perpetual pendulum.

"It gives the feel of being on the water," Bill said. "Other boats are so stiff you feel like you're still standing on the dock."

"But, I feel like I'm in storm conditions!"

"All the better," he replied.

I realized then that sailors are hopelessly masochistic and are probably eagerly awaiting the re-introduction of flogging.



FLOGGING DAY

In the morning I watched Lou go forward on Gordon's boat to pull up their anchor. He pulled until the boat was directly over the hook, then he pulled with determination as the bow began to sink. The anchor broke free just before the bow went under. We rolled in the mini-seismological waves which ensued. When the anchor cleared the water it looked like a 500lb mushroom of mud. After Lou washed it and stowed it away, he put his hands together in prayer and humbly bowed, thanking the ocean bottom for backing off.



THANKS

We motored across Rhode Island Sound up into Narragansett Bay and tied up to the dock at Jamestown Marina, where space was reserved for six small trawlers (crawlers). We were dwarfed by two oversized yachts from the Cayman Islands, an English round-the-world racer and a pleasure sloop from Hawaii. We were asked immediately by their crews, "Are you staying long?"

"For the weekend."

"Ooh," implying, "There goes the neighborhood!"

Other Albins soon appeared and tied up. The skippers greeted each other like gleeful aborgines, inviting one another to come aboard their vessels. This resulted in squeals of delight and groans of disapproval at modifications soon discovered. For example, what was deemed the Mother Goose Boat had delicate curtains, flowers, and other feminine niceties that quickly emigrated out onto the dock, tables, chairs, umbrellas, food and drink, music.



DOCK

Five children, and a dog crazed from over attention, the children, of all ages and sizes, were constantly jumping into the water, alternately sinking and swimming, desperately paddling to a place they could climb out on, from which to jump back in again. The dog ran up and down the dock barking at their determined attempts to drown themselves.



BARK

Ignored by their prematurely aged parents, in a very short time the children had swum, played ball, chased gulls, fished and fought, and then, having done everything there was to do, stood staring blank-faced at the "grownups", who chattered on endlessly about their boats, there being nothing so enjoyable as talking about their boats. So the children soon made up poems about the boats:

Jack and Jill went to sea
In a tiny pea green boat.
They took a little money
But not enough honey
To stop a mutiny vote.

Where are we now,"
Jill asked from the bow.
Jack answered at last,
"We're before the mast,
If you must ask,
And the mutiny's aft,"
He said as they laughed.



Fiddle dee, fiddle dee,
I took a boat
That was offered for free.
Now I worked like a goat
To keep it afloat,
Slowly going broke,
'Til I had a stroke.
Now I'm buried at sea.
Fiddle dee, fiddle dee.

An Albin had been towed to Jamestown on a trailer and sat amid the cars in the parking lot. It never went into the water. "Ahoy the boat," we shouted, and an accommodation ladder dropped over the side.



AHOY

"Come aboard." The skipper explained that he had a phobia about the water and his mate suffered from seasickness, but they both loved this object of their affections. So they navigated coastal roads, anchoring in parking lots, circumtrailing the continent.

All the resident boats in the marina were empty, and nobody was ever near them. It was like a ghost marina. The *Mary Celeste* would not have been out of place there.



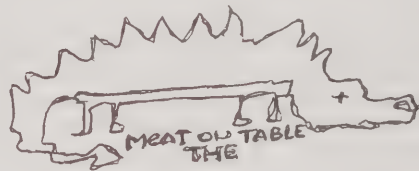
MARY CELESTE

We gathered at the "Polish Club", a veteran's organization that commemorated some ancient war, perhaps when the colonists tried to seize Poland. No one remembers the outcome, it was never reported. All that was recalled was that everyone had such a good time that it was worth remembering with a gathering place for eating, drinking and having good times.

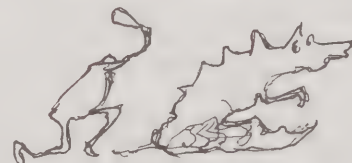


TO POLAND

We were seated at banquet tables as great quantities of food started coming in. The meat looked like barbecued brontosaurus. The gathering of elderly carnivores devoured everything and sat licking their fingers awaiting dessert. I am now convinced that the age of reptiles ended because we ate them, then sat licking our fingers waiting for dessert.



MEAT ON TABLE

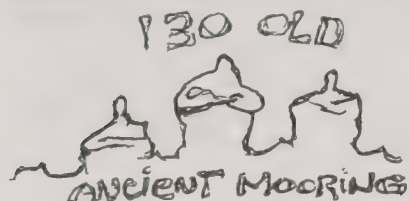


"They say that one day we'll all live to be a hundred and thirty," someone declared.

"What the hell will we be able to do, considering that we can barely do anything at all now?" was the response. "We mumble, can hardly see or hear, barely walk, are shrinking in size. We can't remember a damn thing, our savings are giving out, and we're an embar

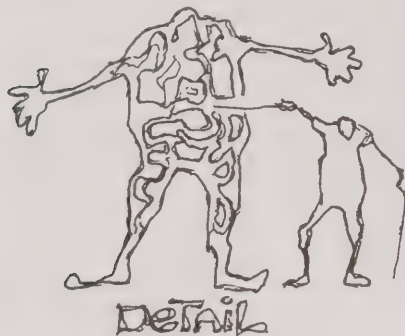
rassment to our children."

"We'll be ancient moorings. It'll look good on the medical records, the doctors will be proud."



"My son's a doctor," a tiny woman said.

Then each was asked to stand up and tell all about their operations. They described in great detail arterial bypasses, organ transplants, implants, extractions, intrusions, extrusions, amputations, replacements. This was followed by a period of show and tell with medications and pills; their size, color, dosage and frequency taken, with a litany of latin to describe the alchemy of modern witchcraft with its synthetic mummy dust and monkey bones.



I, being disgustingly healthy, could not contribute a single syllable to this dialogue, so I stood there apologetically staring at my toes until nature demanded that I pump out my bilge, after which I escaped to the street and made my way back to the boat.

On my way back I happened upon a museum, and not having the willpower to resist going in, I went in, stepping back in time looking at old artifacts and photographs. The caretaker asked where I was from. I told him I came from Norwich on an Albin trawler. He brightened up and said that he had an Albin a long time ago. I looked at him closely, he was as old as Adam, to give you an idea of how old these boats are. The design, I think, was discarded by Noah, who thought the roll would make all the animals sick, and who wants to be cooped up with sick animals for the duration of a deluge.



The next day word was passed that it was time to leave. A horn sounded, we cast off and circled until every boat joined the flock. Another horn, and the little convoy crossed the

Sound to Newport harbor, where we paraded around the moored mega-boats owned by the mega-people, and these mega-onlookers searched in vain for an explanation for the sudden appearance of these unidentifiable ancient seacraft.

Each of our boats had its own individual horn, so we honked and buzzed and quacked and beeped and clanged and whistled our way through the harbor, waving undecipherable flags to add to the confusion. I'm sure we left Newport in shock. Outside on the Sound we honked, buzzed, quacked, beeped, clanged and whistled our goodbys and went of on our separate ways.

6 CRAWLERS



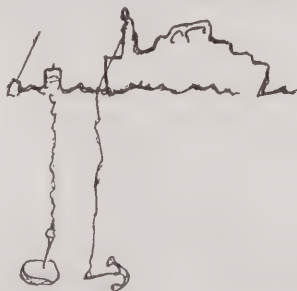
We reached Watch Hill, motoring into the harbor where there were many unused moorings. Gordon took one, we rafted alongside. "The season's over, the mooring's probably free for one night," Bill said. We went ashore. In a short time we were surfeited with food, drink and sightseeing and returned to the boat, where a young man in a launch awaited us.

He told us it cost \$20 for the mooring for the night. Being whistle-pissers, we held a meeting, concluding that \$10 a boat was not too extravagant. "No," the young man said, "It's \$20 a boat."

"But, we're rafted together using one mooring!"

"Doesn't matter, I'm told to charge \$20 a boat. I have nothing to say about it."

Hazel barked an order. "Lou, go forward," Gordon translated. "Drop the hook and cast off." Lou went forward and did both simultaneously. The anchor lay beside the mooring. "And I don't suppose you'll let us use your toilet?"



"Nope, but you whistle-pissers are the greatest." Hazel barked an expletive that sent him on his way.



Next morning we waited until the fog and rain lifted before starting south. At the entrance to New London I left Bill, who would continue down to New York. I climbed aboard Gordon's boat and we motored back up the Thames River. At Norwich we avoided the marina like the plague and motored to the public ramp, where we pulled the boat out onto its trailer. We continued on over winding, hilly country roads to let the boat roll some more. Arriving at Gordon's farm, we parked the tired boat behind the abm, where all the farm animals came over to welcome it back.



"Where have you been?" they asked.

"They put me in the ocean," the boat answered.

"Whatever for?"



The boat then launched into great detail about its ordeal. They all knew there was no good reason to cut down trees to make boxes in which fools could float on the water.

I bowed to Lou with prayerfully folded hands, who bowed back with prayerfully folded hands. Gordon pumped my arm like a well pump handle and Hazel barked her permission for me to leave, whereupon I concluded my adventuring with a gam of whistle pissers.



Twelve Decades Of Pedal-Power In The Heart Of Boston

By Philip Thiel

For Bostonians, spring officially arrives only when the beloved Swan Boats appear on the lagoon in the Public Garden. The early April assembly of the parts of this fleet of six pedal-powered craft, resurrected from winter storage in the various houses and garages of the fourth generation of the originating Paget family, presages another season of delight for children and nostalgia for their parents that dates from 1877.

The boats are formed of two pontoons, each 30' long and 3' wide, flat-topped with semi-circular cross-sections immersed. They have wood frames and are sheathed in copper. Spaced about 3' apart, they are fitted out with a row of six wooden benches, arranged athwartships, from bow to stern. At the stern a large fiberglass swan conceals within its up-raised wings a seat straddling a single direct-connected paddle-wheel, about 50" in diameter with wooden floats about 7' wide, and entirely enclosed. Steering is arranged with a single broad rudder directly behind the paddle-wheel, and controlled with ropes terminating in toggles in the pedaler's hands.

At a leisurely pedaling rate of about 40rpm the boats glide on a steady figure-of-eight course around one pond, under the low classic suspension foot-bridge, around the other pond, and back under the bridge again at about two miles an hour; slow enough for the newly-hatched extended families of ducklings to keep company. By the end of September, after four days of disassembly the Swan Boat components are once again distributed into storage, to await another season of low-key, ecologically benign pleasure for young and old.



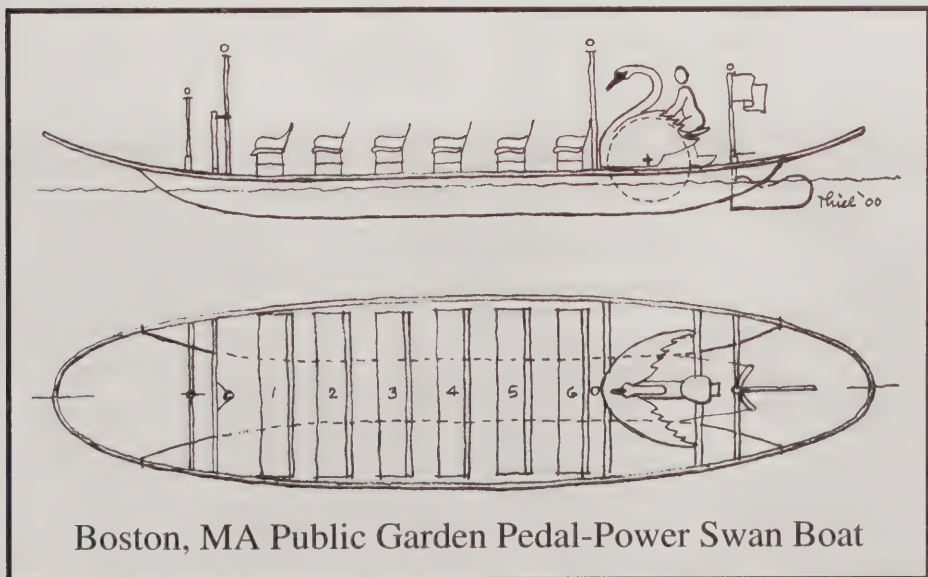
Since 1877 a familiar and beloved scene in the Boston Public Gardens.



Your Editor's earliest experience with pedal-powered boating, front row seat in August 1939.

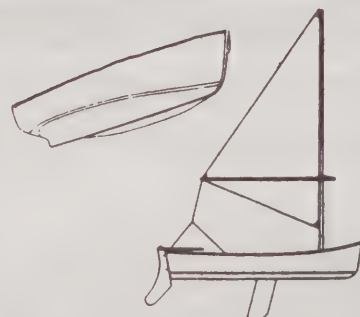


A look at the pedal power propulsion position aft.



Boston, MA Public Garden Pedal-Power Swan Boat

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Summer Vikings at Play

By Barry Donahue



Outward bound, some of the Cape Cod Vikings Rowing Club head down a choppy Town Cove for an outing in Nauset Marsh.



Jeff McLaughlin negotiates the short cut near Fort Hill in Eastham on the outing.

Pete Corbett gams with Judy and Bob Yorke while awaiting a change of tide.





Under threatening skies, Judy and Bob head back, hoping to beat the rain. They almost made it.



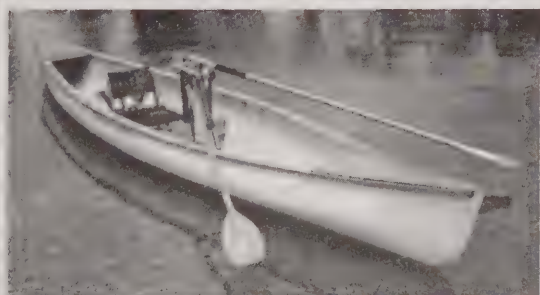
Bob Wilkerson rows his wife Judie up the river in Orleans.



Hog Heaven. Derek Taylor and Brendan Donahue of Brewster, Massachusetts, ready their gear for a day of messing about on Hog Island in Little Pleasant Bay in Orleans, Massachusetts in August. The boys camped out on the island for several days.



Jeff McLaughlin, "Stroke Oar" for the Cape Cod Vikings Rowing Club, pulls through Hyannis harbor. "Stroke Oar" in the Vikings is equivalent to president in any other organization, but being extremely low key and purposely disorganized, the Vikings use this title. Check our website at www.c4.net/viking.



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Robote

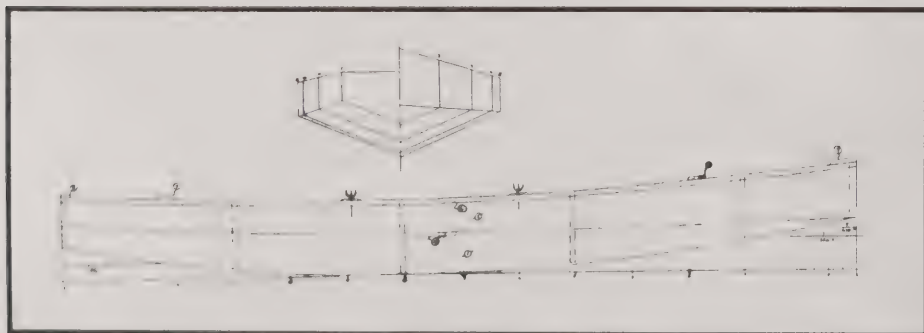
Frank Kahr lives in Rhode Island and does a lot of salt water rowing. A few years ago he built my WeeVee dink. WeeVee is 7-1/2' long and 3-1/2' wide, with taped seams which kept the weight down to 45lbs. WeeVee was an experiment in V bottoms for me and to get enough capacity for two medium sized adults in the tiny boat the V'd belly had to be deep and round. I've included a photo of my WeeVee with me at the oars.



The boat was tippy to get into but once inside you floated like a duck. Beaching was tricky because the deep V bottom grounded out long before the rest of the boat, leaving me a ways from shore and balanced on one point. But I can tip the boat to one side while approaching a shore making it like a listing flat bottomed boat for long enough to beach the thing. What was really interesting about WeeVee was that it would row steadily at 4mph, blinding speed for a short dink. Frank said his was just as fast and speculated that the deep V bottom, with no twist to any of the panels, was the trick that gave the speed.

Frank asked for something longer, faster with more capacity, but no tampering with the deep V belly cross section. So I took WeeVee and stretched it out to 14' long with a sharp snout replacing the pram bow. If you look at the end view in the drawing you will see all the section lines are parallel which indicates at a glance that there is no twisting in the panels. Frank built the new design which he called Robote. He said the long easy bends made the boat a breeze to build.

Robote is got out of three sheets of 1/4" plywood with no jigs or lofting required. There are no internal stiffeners, the arch formed by the deep V belly is stiff enough without them, as we had found with WeeVee. Empty weight is about 60lbs and I should say that a boat of this shape and size and weight is a very easy thing to cartop (inverted, of course).



More New Boats

By Jim Michalak

Here are two new designs that have made it through the prototype process recently. These two use taped seam construction where plywood panels are cut to predefined shapes which are temporarily stitched together with wire, and then finally secured with fiberglass strips set in epoxy. The process was invented about 40 years ago in England, I think, and has been called several titles, taped seam, stitched seam, and tack and tape coming to mind. (Calling it stitched seam was a bad thing since it gave some of us the idea the panels were sewn together somehow. In truth the stitches are just twisted wire loops spaced about a foot apart.)

Taped seams can make for a superior boat. Complicated shapes are done with fair ease because the wooden logs or battens that would join the panels in conventional construction are completely eliminated. The often tricky beveling is totally eliminated too, as is the weight and rot potential that goes with those parts. And the edges of the panels that might otherwise splinter with impact become well armored by the glass set in epoxy. Robote and IMB are now in my \$1 brochure which currently includes 26 designs.

Frank said Robote pulls steadily at about 4-1/2mph, and that seems to be the best pulling speed of most good plywood all around rowboats. My Sportdory, Roar2 and RB42 designs all seem to go that fast. Often the difference between a "fast" design and a "slow" one isn't the raw speed but the response and handling that make that speed easier on the rower, and the ability to face rough water and maintain good speed. Frank said Robote will go dry and safe in any conditions he has the strength to pull through.

Blueprints for Robote are \$20.



IMB



I drew this one up for a design contest that International Marine Publishing sponsored a few years back. I called it the "International Marine Beacher", or IMB. IMB features a Birdwatcher cabin. Birdwatcher cabins are full length with panoramic windows and a center walkway slot in the roof. Everyone rides inside including the skipper, as in an automobile.

Birdwatcher cabins were invented by Phil Bolger in the early '80s and were introduced on his Birdwatcher boat. At that time Phil showed me a cartoon of the proposed boat and I didn't know what to think of it. He presented it in a 1986 issue of the old *Small Boat Journal*. Ron Mueller built the prototype and convinced me that this cabin really works. I built the second Birdwatcher and here is what I found.

These boats can be self righting without much ballast because the crew weight works as ballast. The crew sits down low on the floor looking out through the windows (although I found that standing in normal winds was quite acceptable). In addition the cabin sides provide a lot of buoyancy up high to ensure a good range of stability. Usually a small amount of ballast is needed to provide recovery from a full knockdown, on the original Birdwatcher the weight of a 1" thick plywood bottom is enough.

IMB, which was kept small and light in hopes of easy towing behind a compact car, has no ballast or thick bottom, should right from 60 or 70 degrees of heel. I've had three other Birdwatcher types get built, Jewelbox, Petesboat, and Scram Pram. Those three are larger and have the extra bottom weight and have righted from full "windows in the water" knockdowns. Even then there is no swamping of the cabin since the walkway is on centerline.

These boats can be operated totally from within the cabin. No one need ever go on deck. For boating with children I can see no equal. These are cool boats. The tinted Plexiglass windows cut the sun's power. The crew can always sit in the shade of the deck. Downdraft from the sail cascades through the walkway slot.

IMB is just 13-1/2' long and a wide 5-1/2' in beam and should weigh about 350lbs empty. It has an 8' long cabin on a multichine hull. IMB takes two sheets of 1/2" plywood, 8 sheets of 1/4" plywood, and one sheet of 3/16" Plexiglass. Sail rig is 104sf balanced lug rig with a pivoting leeboard. The prototype shown in the photo was built to perfection by Gerry Scott of Cleveland, Texas.

IMB plans are \$30.

Jim Michalak 118 E. Randall Lebanon, IL 62254, www.apci.net/~michalak

This is going to be difficult, it always is when one delves in and out between reality and the memory bank upstairs in the grey matter of the mind, and in and out of secret corridors where liveth the sheer magic of both imagination and belief, you'd better believe it !

It all started one Thursday morning in the Auckland, New Zealand car park at an Ancient Mariners' model sailboating day, when Warren Hastings placed a maroon-hulled boat in my arms and said "Hold that for me!"

Some six or seven minutes later, and with aching arms, I asked "Warren, where do you want me to put it?" (which is always a dangerous question) to which he replied, "It's yours! A gift from the old Aussie codger!" So, just like that I acquired my sixth model sailing vessel, another boat I needed like a hole in the head, this one attired with some eight cannons and flying the skull and crossbones from her mast !

Though some very distant relative of mine might just have been a pirate in the Caribbean, I am a peaceful sort of fellow, and over the next few weeks, the sloop *Magnitique*, as she was called, would take on the look of one of the old trading vessels that used to ply the West Indian waters of the Grenadines. Most of the cannons, cleverly made by Warren out of Monsieur Bic's spent ballpoint pens, would gradually be shoved overboard by the new crew (sorry Warren!), the skull and crossbones would be blown off on the workbench by an imaginary gale from the south, and the name... (sorry Warren), would be replaced by *Blossom of Bequia*.

Though many readers will know their geography, (and some may well have cruised this eastern Caribbean area), others may well ask, "Where the hell are the Grenadines, and where or what is Bequia?" The Grenadines are a sprinkling of islands that stretch some sixty miles between the larger islands of St Vincent and Grenada, and Beck-way as Bequia is pronounced, is the northernmost and largest of them.

With a community of seafaring people, fishermen and skilled boatbuilders, as well as

A Sort of Bequia, Sort of "Blossomy" Kind of Boat!

Remembering With a Model Trading Vessel.

By Mark Steele



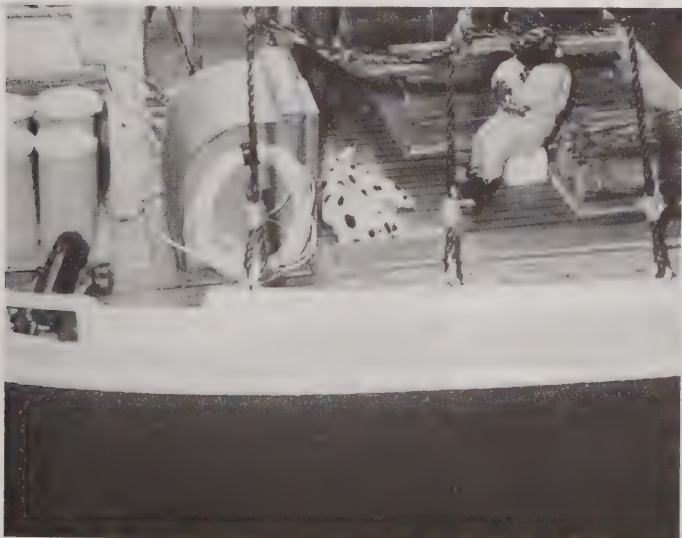
talented model boatbuilders who make and sell quite exquisite handcrafted replicas from their workshops in the main town of Port Elizabeth, Bequia is a colourful, somewhat sleepy by other larger islands standards, but delightful island. When living in Barbados for several years I owned one of these Bequia built model schooners, reluctantly parting with it when we were preparing to emigrate to New Zealand. Gaff-rigged and grey hulled, and about three feet in length, it was a lovely model of a trading schooner.

Back to the present, and to the trading sloop *Blossom*, (which is a model of sailing pleasure after a shaky trial sail at my local waters, when she sprung a leak and kept getting lower and lower before being hastily removed when the water was at bulwark level) which has been fitted out with a steering servo to control the rudder, and a variety of deck cargo, including treated and logged timber, firewood, barrels of oil, wooden cases of machinery, bananas, nutmeg and citrus. A helmsman, two additional crew and a sleeping dog, a fending pole, and lots of coiled rope were also added and gave the model that busy look of a working Caribbean trading vessel.

Sailed in the New Zealand winter, *Blossom* has been a good performer, and has drawn both good comment and considerable pondside attention, and while sailing her, the memory cells have often worked overtime fueling the imagination buds whilst I spent moments recalling some of the delightful times of my Caribbean past. A good windler (those who sail model sailboats for fun and relaxation as opposed to the overly competitive) must have a good imagination, and here it is also helpful to have a good memory.

There is something about a sail powered trading vessel that evokes thoughts of those now long disappeared years where speed was not the key priority. They went as fast as they were able to go with safety in the conditions that existed, but getting there was part of the enjoyment, and the tasty Caribbean cooking smells coming out of the galley helped pass the time. "Dis wind blowin' real sweet right now man! More sail boss!"

Cargo for the islands crowding one surviving cannon.



Blossom astern of another Hastings built boat.



What is it about building boats? Why do so many of us have a need, or maybe even an obsession to build boats? They look really good for one thing. A nice dory or sailboat with a beautiful sheer line... poetry. Plus if you like to be on the water, or just like to messabout, a boat that you have built yourself adds much to the pleasure. Building a boat can give a great feeling of accomplishment, and not just for a completed boat.

For me, laying out fair lines on plywood, building nicely shaped forms that the boat will be built around, or cutting, shaping and joining interesting pieces of wood cause good feelings themselves. When I shape a piece that doesn't happen to have any edges that are square, and maybe one side is even curved, and it fits right where it's supposed to... not ecstasy but close.

I started building boats about four years ago (at the age of 60). My first one was a plywood lapstrake rowing dory. I did an OK job of it. Even though all of my non-builder friends thought it was wonderful, I saw all of the imperfections, of course. But the most interesting thing about building that boat is how much I became obsessed with working on it. I had worked with wood before, made a garage into a bedroom and bath, remodeled a bathroom, etc., but no building project made me feel as good as working on that boat.

As it started to come together, when the lines of the finished boat started to emerge, wow, what a feeling! I would wake up in the middle of the night, go out to the garage to see my boat and run my hands over it. My wife teased me about it, but I noticed that she liked how it was turning out as well, and she understood how I felt about building it. It was August in Texas, hot, humid, steamy, but did

Go Build a Boat

By Monte Rhodes

it bother me? Not a bit. A little sweat mixed with the epoxy didn't seem to make any difference. When the dory was finished it was nice to row and would draw a crowd on the launch ramp, but the best part was over so I sold it.

A Bolger/Payson Bobcat was my next boat. What a sweet boat! Mr. Payson's book, *Build the Instant Catboat*, was my constant companion. It took awhile to build, even with my boat building obsession. I got to learn how to make a mast round and how to fiberglass plywood, and it was my introduction to tack and tape (stitch and glue) type of boat construction. The end result was well worth the effort.

My wife came up with a great name, *Jaguarundi*, which is a rare Texas cat (feline type). Catboat, rare in Texas, get it? *Jaguarundi* looked great, beautiful sheer, unstayed mast, gaff rigged, and what a joy to sail. I have owned six or seven other sailboats in the past, including a Hobie 16 and a couple of small cruising boats, and *Jaguarundi* was up there with the best for handling and downright enjoyment. It sailed well with three adults and up to four or five kids. The kids loved to crawl around on the big deck and washboards while we were under way (wearing PFDs of course). But I got interested in paddling and sold *Jaguarundi*.

I've built a canoe and five kayaks since then. Some I've kept, some I've sold and some

I've just given to friends. How many boats can a person use anyway? Paddling is fun, but building them...I don't think I have to say much more about that.

Four of the five kayaks were built with the stitch and glue method, a good way to get a decent boat on the water in a relatively short time, fun and easy to do as well. Cut out the pieces, stitch them together, add a little epoxy and fiberglass tape and you have a boat.

My best boat building effort so far is my pride and joy, a strip built Guillemot sea kayak designed by Nick Schade. It was an absolute joy to build, cutting all those strips of cedar to fit into the grand design. And it handles so much better than any of my stitch and glue kayaks. There may be some stitch and glue designs that track and turn as well as my Guillemot, but I haven't paddled one yet. And talk about drawing a crowd... I hear, "Drop dead beautiful," and they sure aren't talking about that big metalflake trihull.

As soon as I finish my latest home improvement project I'm going to start on my next boat, a slightly modified \$200 Sailboat by Dave Carnell. I'm going to use 4mm okoume instead of 1/4" ply, probably add a curved deck fore and aft for some rigidity, and make a big cockpit. I've been building it in my head for awhile now and am anxious to start shaping those pieces of wood and joining them together.

I hope that as you read these words you get some sense of how I feel about building boats, and how it could be for you. I'm sure that many readers of *MAIB* have the same obsession as I. There is a lot of good advice around about what kind of boat to build and pitfalls to avoid so I won't get into that. Go build a boat, you'll love it.



Introducing Hurricane

By Compass Classic Yachts

We have purchased the molds for the Cape Dory Typhoon and have built a new boat called Hurricane based on her lines. The draft has been reduced to 20" and a centerboard added, making her easier to trailer. The topsides have been lowered by 4" giving her a less boxy profile. I have designed a traditional gaff rig, which lowers the center of effort and keeps her looks in line with our other classic yachts. Her cockpit is 11' long with full seating for six adults and plenty of storage space. The Hurricane carries 850lbs of internal ballast. She feels and sails like a 25 footer.

We will show the Hurricane for the first time at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show in March 2001 at Portland, Maine.

Merv Hammatt, Compass Classic Yachts Inc., Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662. (508) 255-5187..



Furniture From Paddles

According to a publicity release we recently received, Secret Mountain Wooden Boats, in Missouri, has come up with a novel way to make furniture from canoe paddles. Terry Trespasso, co-owner of SMWB, has designed an entire collection of home and patio furniture using canoe paddles as the basic building material. Comfortable, attractive, and very sturdy furniture that is finished with the same high-quality UV protection clear coat that his finely crafted canoes and kayaks are finished with, in order to withstand the rigors of the rugged Missouri Ozarks streams and lakes. Terry is quoted as saying, "These pieces of furniture set off any room, whether indoors or out. So unique, they will dominate the conversation from the start of any gathering."

Terry is no newcomer to the boating or furniture building world. He started building and restoring boats professionally in the mid-'60s in his home state of Delaware. Terry grew up around the vessels used on the ocean and bays of this state. And at this time and period, most boats were still made of wood, which is still his favorite building material.

His furniture building skills first started to develop in the early '70s when people began bringing their antique pieces to him to restore. He was about the only one in the area that had studied the methods of furniture construction of the old masters and was an accomplished wood carver. When a piece was beyond restoration, he would create a replica or reproduction of the piece for the client using the old tools and same methods of the original makers, developing a piece so close to the original few could tell the difference.

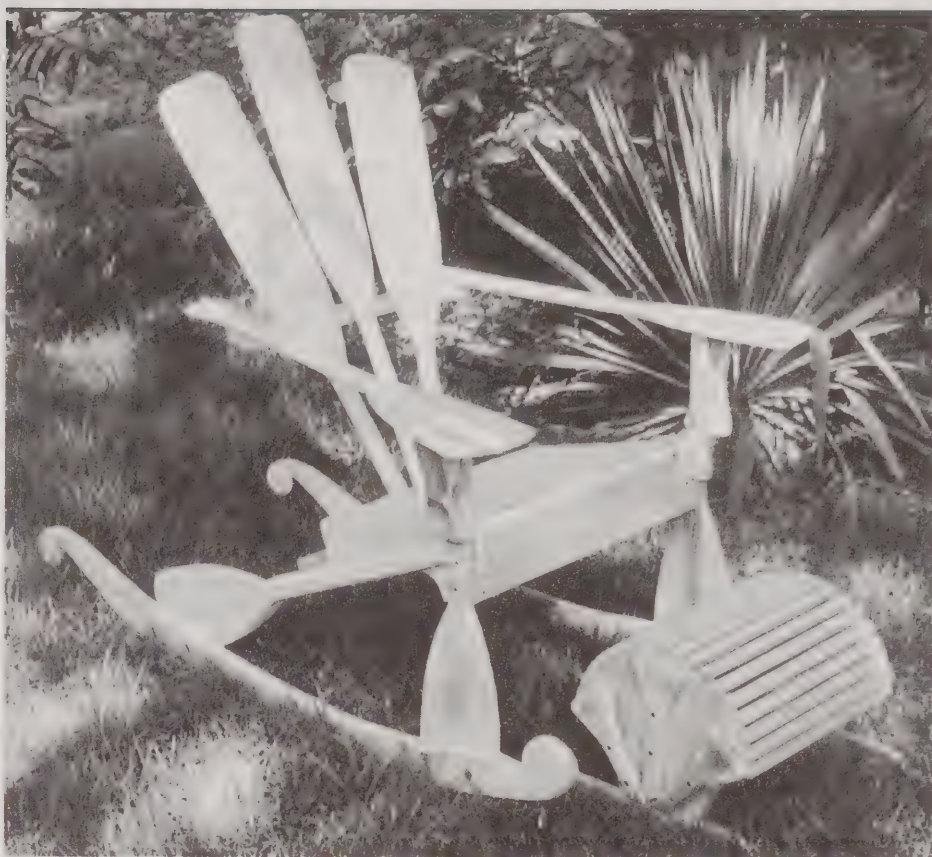
The press release supplied us a handy interview sort of discussion of what Terry is doing and here it is:

Why would a boat shop want to design and produce furniture?

Secret Mountain Wooden Boats is a custom boat shop, which means we build boats upon request. They can be of my design or that of another. Requests for boats can be, and often are, sporadic. To somehow provide a more steady income, I used my knowledge of furniture making to devise furniture, which would appeal to those people who do enjoy paddling canoes and kayaks. My thinking was that a line of furniture, wholesaled out to dealers, would not only provide a steadier source of income but also promote the boat business as well.

How did you come up with the unique idea of using paddles as the main building component for your furniture?

In studying all of the basic styles of furniture, which might be suitable and appealing to paddlers to be used on their patios and in their homes, I settled on twig furniture. But I was having trouble designing a chair of twigs. The back and seat would be too uncomfortable. The flatness of the canoe paddles hanging on my shop wall seemed far more comfortable to me to lean my back against. Hence, I began designing a chair using canoe paddles for as many components of the chair as possible; i.e., the back, legs and arm rests. The first chair turned out looking much like an Adirondack chair, which pleased me.



Was it difficult designing other pieces of furniture using the canoe paddle?

Not really. After the first piece was designed, the Adirondack style chair, other pieces began forming in my mind. At present, I have designed and built 14 pieces, all using the canoe paddle as the main building component.

Do you sell this furniture on a retail basis as well as to dealers wholesale?

Yes, people can order this furniture directly from us here at Secret Mountain Wooden Boats either by logging on to our website at www.secretmtnboats.com or by obtaining one of our free color catalogs.

Just how sturdy is this furniture, it looks pretty light?

It is light in weight, but I have designed the furniture around the idea that it will be used by active and energetic children and adults, and abused by the elements. The chairs have been tested by people weighing in excess of 300lbs. The paddles are real canoe paddles made to withstand all the hard use in paddling, such as pushing off and fending off rocks in a downriver run. Then the assembled furniture

is sealed again with the same high-quality Marine UV protection used on bass boats and other fiberglass boats.

Do you see a future for furniture that is made of canoe paddles?

Yes, first of all the pieces are unique looking, people love to be the only one on the block (or cabin in the woods) to have something they can proudly show off something unique and so different from the ordinary. It makes us feel good. It allows us to feel like an individual, set apart from the masses. In this day and age when you cannot tell one car from another by its looks, when everything we buy is stamped out of plastic and everyone has the same item, something like these pieces of furniture created of canoe paddles and built by a boat builder here in the U.S. will appeal to those who wish to stand out from the crowd.

To order a free color catalog, contact Terry or Sandi Trespasso at Secret Mountain Wooden Boats, 310 NE 2nd St., Ava, MO 65608, (417) 683-3238 <http://www.secretmtnboats.com>. Dealers welcome.

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The name is Polynesian for a small, double-hulled, all-purpose vessel. Having written about going coastwise to Japan and China, or vice versa, it would be natural that I have given a great deal of thought to the kind of vessel that could make such a voyage. Te Tahifa is the result of those ruminations.

Such a vessel should be easy to beach, preferably staying upright while unsupported; it should be able to land through some surf. Ah, here I do miss a lot of firsthand experience! Because of the distance involved, and the presence of sometimes strong tidal currents, she should be capable of some speed. Finally, because coastal waters are often very disturbed, she should have sufficient bearing forward to forestall plunging, a definitive minus in a coastal craft which I have observed and experienced in some otherwise very well designed craft, even trimarans, in a short and steep sea.

To start with the last remark first, I note that traditional Dutch craft, working along the coast in some often very disturbed waters, all favor the blunt balloon-shaped bows. I remember, when anchored in the harbor of Lisbon, Portugal, seeing the Tagus frigates, which are not frigates but harbor barges, with fore & aft rigs on strongly aft slanting masts, slide their ball-shaped bows upstream, hardly disturbing the water, and at a greater over-the-water speed than one would give these heavy, clumsy craft credit for.

Before the Dutch Zuiderzee got closed off from the Nordzee, there was a small fishing-boat called a blazer (the "a" as in "army") which went after the especially good tasting herring there. They would lay behind their nets until such time these could be hauled, and on the often very disturbed waters of that bay, with very steep short waves, these bladder-heads needed all the buoyancy they could have to stop plunging and getting green water over the bows. These were open boats.

If we follow modern research, indicating Egyptian/Libyan/Iberian fleets getting up into the headwaters of the Mississippi, as well as via Indonesian waters to Japan, the north-west coast of the North American continent, and eventually no longer following the coast but the major currents and the migrating birds, fetching up at Hawaii and beyond, we must allow that the double-hulled boat must have

DreamBoats Te Tahifa

By Richard Carsen

been one of the most successful coastal, and even deep sea vessels ever developed. No wonder the Egyptians were moved to bury such a craft at the pyramid at Giza, the Great Pyramid, originally built by the Atlantean high-priest Osiris, later deified. As ships go, these must have been history's most effective invention for international transportation when roads were few and mostly ineffective, and the airlines had not yet been conceived.

Therefore, doffing my hat to the earliest known great seafarers, Te Tahifa is a double-hulled craft, not really a catamaran. It has the blunt bows one often sees on small Pacific native craft; the then available materials and techniques did not allow for the wider catamaran of today. I think, however, that there must have been other advantages to the closely spaced narrow-hulled double-boats, that can only be learned by using them.

Tahifa will fill the bill for all the above mentioned requirements. The hulls would also be easy to build by the Chesapeake Bay method, bending reshaped sides around a central mold. The bend in the sides is fairly slack and should give no problem in plank or ply. The bottom & front-end can be cross-planked on inner (or outer, ala Phil Bolger) chines and nailing pieces lining the front of the bow-curve. The idea of all those full-bowed shapes is that the bottom of the circular profile of the bows touches the water where the bottom profile line feathers into the water's surface at rest. The bows then slide up over the surface of the water.

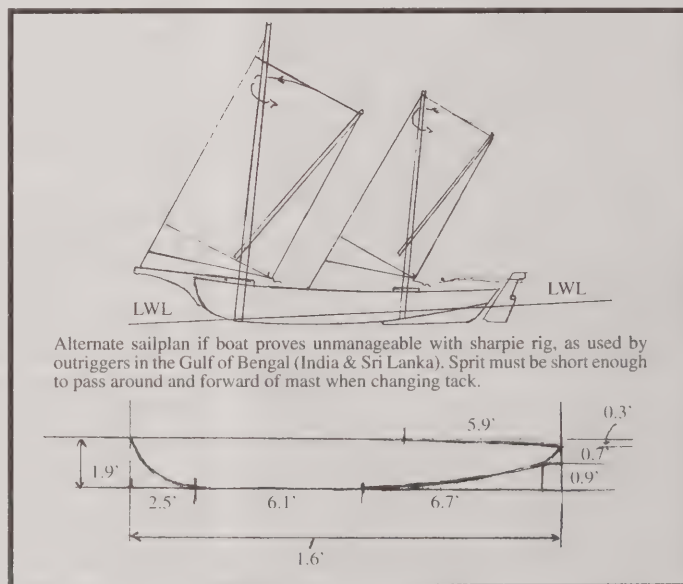
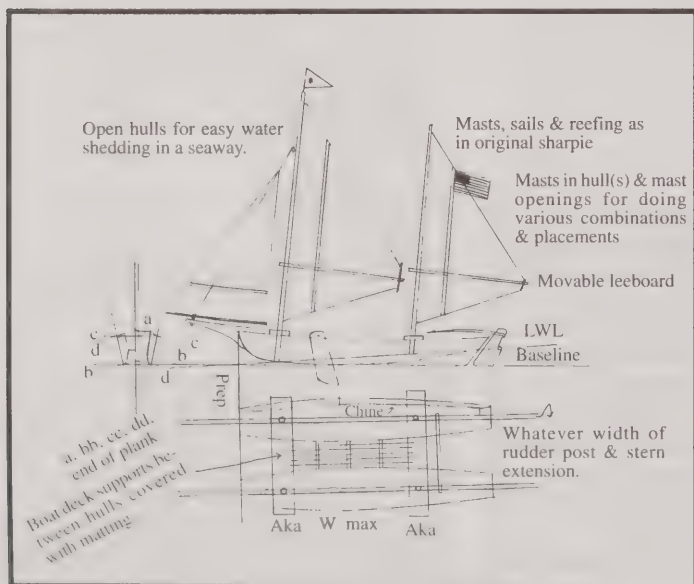
It will probably take a surfer to determine how well this craft will land through ideally moderate surf. Having seen Hobie-Cats somersault backwards when trying to meet a not too heavy surf head-on, I suspect that the narrowness of the craft might be a real plus when taking on a breaker at a slant. Better yet, wait for the right moment and take off at great acceleration like the Malibu outrigger is handled. Whether this craft will have the necessary acceleration can only be determined by practical experience.

The rig as drawn looks cute, but may turn out to be a hazard. The Hokeh'lea's original rig (the Hawaiian doubleboat built for the centennial to sail to Tahiti) was a western type rig. With this rig the boat proved unmanageable and outright dangerous. Eventually she was re-rigged with the original Hawaiian rig. In New Zealand, people who are experimenting with Pacific native type outriggers, found the modern rig less than satisfactory, necessitating double rudders, leeboards, etc. Those who returned to the traditional rig, found none of this necessary; no rudder is needed except when going downwind; steering is done by shifting one's weight.

It may be found, as indicated by various models I have seen, as well as from the New Zealand experience, that the sail will have to be placed very far forward on the off (lee) hull. Again, a rudder does not seem in evidence. In *We the Navigators* (Lewis), Hipour tacks his craft without the use of a rudder. As I like to land on a beach with an onshore wind, by pulling out my rudder, which makes the boat feather into wind and surf (on a 21 footer), I am not sure about the advantages of a fixed rudder; yet leaving shore and then trying to rehang the rudder on the usual gudgeon and pintle setup, is a giant sized hassle. There are other solutions.

One is the maduran set-up I have shown, basically using a side-rudder oar. Hung from a frame on a special thwart, it is held in place by elastic band cut from tires and held in place with thin line. The other method is used around the northern shore of the Indian Ocean. The rudder is hung from a loop from the top of a false stern-post. A line coming from the lower part of the stern-post, or the skeg, is rove at the right height through the rudder blade, and then up the transom. These are deep, narrow rudders. Letting go of this line and hauling on a rope attached to the rudder, brings it alongside or onboard. Reverse this maneuver and the rudder is pulled back again against the sternpost. V-shaped guides on the post, keep the rudder from wandering. If the rudder hits some underwater obstruction, the transom line breaks, not the rudder. Failsafe.

Tahifa is meant to be a trial boat in local waters until you get the hang of it all and are ready for the larger version to sail to Japan and beyond.



Interested in traditional small boats?

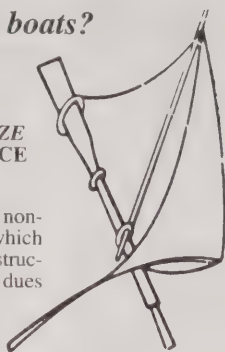
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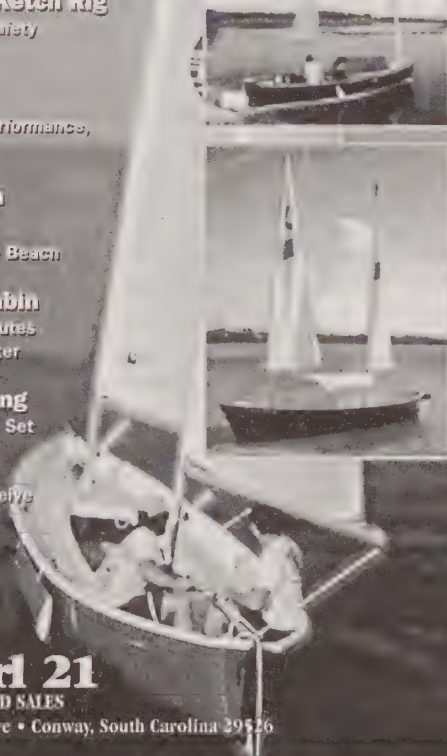
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CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT

Many of us who sail for enjoyment soon notice that although very little power is needed to move our boats slowly, most sailboats hit a speed plateau at a pretty low velocity. The amount of energy required to increase our speed soon grows beyond what can be delivered by the sail area that can be carried by the vessel. A discussion with the local "old salts" and sailboat racers about this will reveal that most sailboats and some types of powerboat are restricted by a phenomenon called hull speed. These vessels have underwater shapes designed to allow heavy loads to be moved with very limited power, but will only work efficiently at low speeds, in what is called displacement mode.

High performance dinghies, racing scows, and most of the power boats built these days escape this speed limiting effect by using a hull shaped to plane across the surface rather than displace the water they ride on. Most performance multihulls take advantage of another hull shape behavior to exceed hull

Two Ways To Break The Displacement Hull Speed Limit

By Ted Cary

speed. There seems to be a lot of confusion lately about planing versus the so-called high speed displacement mode achieved by the long, slender hulls of proas, catamarans and trimarans. Perhaps by looking at the conclusions of a long line of scientists and technicians we can come to a better understanding of the difference between these two approaches to speed on the water. Each has its own advantages in different circumstances. In practical terms, this is the information you need to choose a boat to suit your needs.

Before we figure out how to exceed hull speed, we need to define it. Mathematicians use numbers and formulas to describe real situations, and then to predict results of changes in the situation. Most of us don't have the time or focus to learn the skills that Archimedes, Bernoulli, Havelock, Castles and others have used to define the movement of fluids around solid shapes. I sort of resent people being that much smarter than I am, but in the end, I want the results. So let's take their conclusions and learn to recognize in a general way how different hull shapes will act.

The classical Greek philosopher Archimedes showed that objects that float do so because they have pushed aside, or displaced an amount of liquid having a weight equal to the weight of the floating object. As the fluid tries to level itself, it pushes up on the object, giving it buoyancy. A boat held up by this floating action, without help from the dynamic lift of planing, is termed a displacement vessel. Moving the vessel requires that we make a new hole in the water at the new location, and allow the old location to refill with water. As we move the vessel, water flows around the hull. That may seem insultingly basic, but it's where we have to start to describe the energy needed to move a displacement vessel.

In the mid-1700s Daniel Bernoulli described mathematically what happens when fluid flow is diverted or restricted. His work is still the basis of predicting events in carburetors for engines, on lifting foils like aircraft wings, and among other things, the production of a wave as a boat moves. In effect, as the hull pushes against the water that surrounds it, part of the inertial energy of the boat is transferred to the water. The water has to move, and because the surrounding water is nearly incompressible, it moves up, disrupting the surface. At the same time, as the boat leaves the area it occupied an instant before, it no longer displaces water there, at its stern. Fluid immediately fills the void. Just as the water doesn't compress easily, it doesn't expand either, so the fill material comes from the surface, leaving a depression.

The bow and stern of the boat are each producing a wave train. Adding power will make the boat go faster, but will also transfer more power, or energy to the wave train, so the wave becomes bigger. This energy is subtracted from the total energy driving the boat, and is called wave-making drag. Since the

waves are being generated by the hull, they must go as fast as the boat, and a critical property of all gravity waves is that the speed at which they travel is proportional to the square root of the wavelength. Wavelength is measured from a crest, across the trough to the next crest.

As the boat goes faster, its wave train must go faster with it, so the distance between peaks of the wave train becomes greater. When boat speed reaches the critical point where this wavelength exceeds the length of the boat's waterline, the bow stays up on the bow wave crest, while the stern drops into the trough. The boat is now trying to go uphill on the back of the wave, so the wave-making resistance increases sharply. This explains why longer waterline increases hull speed potential. The longer boat can span the crests of a longer, faster wave train.

Now let's put a hypothetical boat through some paces, watching where the energy goes, and introduce a few numbers to help define the relationship between boat speed and wavelength. At low speeds, most of the energy increase needed to increase speed is used to overcome the friction of water dragging along the hull, the skin friction. The hull is supported on several crests of the bow wave train, and is running pretty much horizontal. Increasing speed we arrive at a situation of having the vessel length matched to the wavelength of its wave train. It is sitting with the stern poised on the crest of the trailing wave, about to fall into the trough if it goes any faster. This is the situation when the speed of the boat in knots is about equal to the square root of the waterline length of the boat in feet.

If the boat goes any faster, the wavelength being generated becomes longer than the boat waterline, and the stern begins to slide down into the trough of the wave. The boat is now sailing uphill to maintain its speed. The faster it goes, the longer the wavelength, and the more the vessel weight is supported on the rising slope of the bow wave crest. When boat speed is 1.34 times the square root of the waterline length of the boat, the troughs of the bow and stern wave trains coincide at the stern of the boat, and add up to a hole twice as deep as either individual trough. This produces a huge rise in drag as the hull squats in the hole it has made. It takes a lot of power at this point to push the hull up to the top of the hill it's making on the water. According to W.G. Van Dorn's book *Oceanography and Seamanship*, from the speed at which this starts, with most displacement hull shapes, a 40% increase in speed will require nearly a tenfold increase in power.

So, a boat with a 16' waterline would hit the velocity wall at $1.34 \times 4 = 5.36$ knots. For a 25' foot waterline length its hull speed is $1.34 \times 5 = 6.7$ knots. There are sailboats that exceed their hull speeds, but their design compromises payload capacity and simplicity of rig in the tradeoff for speed.

One way to escape the hull speed limit is to build the underbody of the boat with a large, rather flat stern, which will encourage the boat to plane. If the water strikes the underbody at an angle of about 5 degrees from horizontal, it tries to push the hull up without applying too much braking force to the forward motion. When the forward motion supplies enough of this dynamic lift, the hull is pushed out of the water, with its center of gravity carried on the peak of its wave. It is no longer



Displacement hull well below hull speed. Multiple crests support the hull evenly.



At $1.34 \times$ the square root of the LWL the center of buoyancy is in the bow wave trough. To accelerate the boat must climb its bow wave.



A planing hull at low speed produces drag as water has to rush in to fill the vacuum behind the transom.



As it begins to plane the forefoot is lifted clear of the water surface. Increased speed decreases the amount of hull immersed in the water.



A long slender light hull at $1.5 \times$ the square root of the LWL makes a bow wave too small to substantially alter its angle to the water's surface. Therefore, no wake and no true hull speed.

restricted by climbing the hill. And since a lot of the hull isn't in the water any more, a lot of the skin friction is gone. The speed potential per unit power goes way up. Since the boat isn't displacing much water, it produces relatively small waves, and leaves little wake. You just need enough flat area aft, and enough power to push it up onto the crest of its bow wave.

In some conditions though there are down sides to this type of hull. At non-planing speeds the stern shape means that a big, squared off transom is dragging along forcing the water behind the hull to make a very abrupt change of direction to close the hole left behind the boat. Abrupt changes of direction are accelerations, and acceleration requires energy. This turbulence produced behind the hull is energy subtracted from forward motion, so this shape is very inefficient for low power situations, such as light to moderate breeze sailing, or powering at speeds too low to put the boat on plane. That makes it even harder for the boat to get going fast enough to get on plane.

There is a large "hump" in the graph of power requirement at the point where the boat transitions from displacement operation to planing. Many recent powerboat designs are being loaded up with so much added gear and accessories that there isn't enough planing surface to efficiently carry the weight. These vessels never get entirely out of the "power hump" on the graph, and burn lots of fuel pushing a large, annoying wake wherever they go.

A planing hull on a sailboat makes for a fun and challenging toy, but is pretty much useless as a load carrying vessel. As an engine driven hull where ample power is available, the main disadvantage shows up when planing in rough water. The boat sits on a small patch of surface, which in choppy conditions means that it leaps from wavetop to wavetop, applying a rapid series of hammer blows to the underbody to hold it up. It's hard on both the boat and those in it. Powerboat designer Ray Hunt worked out a compromise underbody, using a "V" shape to give some cushioning effect by splitting the wave crests. It has become a powerboat industry standard, making a moderate chop condition tolerable, at a loss of some planing efficiency.

There is another way to exceed the hull speed barrier. The sailors of the south Pacific have used it since long before the European explorers slogged and wallowed into that part of the world in their square rigged freighters. We assume that the islanders stumbled into the phenomenon accidentally. During the last century, some pretty good western minds have focused on why it works. I've spent quite a few hours staring at Dr. Joseph Norwood's 1979 book, *High Speed Sailing Design Factors*, trying to follow the equations derived by researchers Havelock and Castles, who expanded on Bernoulli, to describe hull/wave interaction. The experience has ensured me against any intellectual egotism. Bernoulli, Havelock and Castles conceived and validated trains of original thought that I can barely follow from equation to equation as they are laid out for me, but the graphs and tables present a couple of very clear trends.

Norwood has focused on applying the Havelock-Castles equation to increasingly slender hulls. The implications of the data are quite dramatic. The hull wave-making drag falls drastically as the hull is made narrower.

The principle that reduces wave making

resistance for the long, slender hulls of catamarans and trimarans is the reduction of how far the water has to be moved to get out of the way and refill as the hull moves. If a hull is 12' wide, water has to move 6' to either side to get out of the way. If it's 4' wide, the water moves 2'. Once it's out of the way, it doesn't have to be accelerated back into motion until it's time to refill the void the hull is leaving. Again, the distance is shorter for the narrow hull.

This is one of the principles of streamlining, whether the object is moving through water or air. The narrow hull, with its small frontal area is putting less energy into moving water aside, producing a lower wave height. A smaller hill to climb when the boat can't span the crests any more.

Of course, the narrow hull, at the same length and depth won't displace as much water. That translates to inability to carry the weight of a payload. We can partially compensate by making it longer. Increasing length increases both skin friction and depth, along with buoyancy. The depth increase is because the longer structure requires more material to make it stiff enough to hold its shape. The added structure adds weight, which displaces more water. At some point the need for more stiffening makes it structurally impossible to build and still have it float. This is what limits theoretical length. Designs are more often restricted by simple physical size considerations.

Another practical consideration with this long, slim hull is that it has very limited lateral stability. Try standing up on a floating log for a demonstration of this. The solution used in multihull design is to fasten two or more hulls together, with significant distance between them. Then, to roll over, the hull has to either lift the other hull out of the water or submerge it, working against a lever the length of the connecting beams. This gives the vessel the form stability to remain flat on the water against the side force of a sailing rig, or just the uneven distribution of weight as crew and cargo are moved around. This approach also means that we don't carry ballast weight just to keep the boat upright, so we gain back some of the payload capacity lost to the hull dimensions, relative to the latter monohull vessel.

Sailors of lightweight beach cats and racing multihulls with huge rigs can maximize their speed potential by balancing the sails' lateral force with the righting moment of the boat. With skill and care they can sail the boat with only one hull in the water. This reduces the skin friction by nearly half, and lets them make the most of their low wave making drag. Larger, wider, heavier cruising cats and tris with more moderate rigs develop such a powerful righting arm that it is practically impossible for the sail area to lift the weight onto the leeward hull. This safety factor against capsize makes the type viable as a cruiser or commercial vessel, though it limits speed potential some.

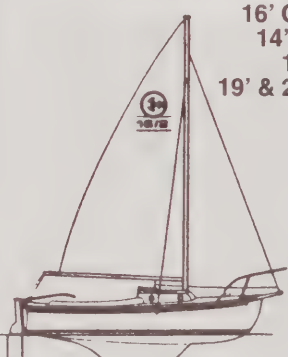
Now that we have the narrow hull capable of carrying a load and staying oriented deck up, let's apply some numbers to the dynamics of pushing it forward. It turns out that when the waterline length of the hull is more than nine times the waterline beam, and the depth is less than the beam, the bow wave produced is too small to significantly increase the angle of the boat as it approaches theoretical hull speed. The hull doesn't assume the characteristic squat, and resistance to going faster is no

longer so great. The hill is too small to keep it from accelerating when enough power is added to overcome the skin friction. In fact, increasing length to beam ratio continues to significantly reduce hull wave making resistance as the ratio passes 20 to 1. The practical considerations of payload capacity for a given size, and structural considerations have left most multihull designers turning out hulls with ratios between 9:1 and 14:1.

A number of multihull designers have published observations of the performance their vessels deliver. Most are using fundamentally similar underwater shapes for their sailing and displacement power boats. The underwater section shape is approximately semicircular, sharper forward, flatter aft. Some bring the transom above design waterline. Rockering the aft section up above waterline means there is no dynamic lift there to promote planing at high speed, but there is also little turbulence drag at low speed. Another way to reduce stern drag is to taper the end, as on a canoe hull. These hulls are power efficient for speeds up to four times the square root of waterline length and produce little wake in this operating range. Above this speed range, skin friction becomes the dominant energy sink.

A 25' sport cat could be expected to run close to 20 knots on about 30hp. The Gold Coast Yachts designed 54' foot, 49 passenger sailing cat *Spirit of Kauai* was fitted with a pair of larger than normal diesels to allow for unusual working conditions. Her 480hp gave her a top speed of about 26 knots. Her passengers add up to a payload of about five tons. Compare that to a local deep sea fishing boat at 65' feet, with 900hp, and a top speed under 12 knots. Nine hundred horses can't push the big, blunt hull over the hill. Its advantage is that it will carry a good bit more payload weight than a similar sized cat.

When the water is rough there is a large bonus in the slender hull approach to greater speeds. The hulls are supported on a series of wind generated wave tops when running in a chop, and are slicing through them rather than bouncing off them. The riders can still focus their eyes, and don't require kidney belts to survive a ride on a rough day. Increasingly, passenger carrying businesses such as water taxi services are buying power cats because



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they can reduce running costs (lower power requirements) and increase ridership (less seasickness and other discomfort).

Two factors may discourage some buyers from this type of vessel, though. First, the initial cost of these boats is higher than a conventional type, because of the increased engineering and labor required in their design and construction. Second, they necessarily are physically larger vessels for their displacement than a single hulled boat. In some circumstances these are important considerations.

Ultimately, in smooth conditions the planing hull becomes capable of higher speeds than any of the displacement types as the skin friction is eliminated. A recent development of the production boat business, the planing power catamaran, addresses both the need to improve rider comfort and the media promoted greed of some buyers to have a faster boat than the neighbors. The normal length to beam ratio on "V" hull planing boats had settled down between 2.5:1 and 3:1 for many years. With a pair of two stroke V-6 outboards howling on the transom these things would really put some water behind them, if you could afford to feed them. However, many a buyer found them intolerable in anything more than a moderate chop. They're pretty scarce in the trade wind zones, where the water is rarely smooth.

The planing power cats now flooding onto the market use a pair of hulls, length to beam ratio around 4 or 5 to one, with a tapering tunnel between them. They rely primarily on water lift to plane, but also are developing increasing air lift in the tunnel as speed rises. The air is compressible, so it dampens out some of the shock each time the underbody approaches the surface. The two hull bows are sharper than the single bow of the monohull designs, so they penetrate wave tops deeper before producing the lift to stay on top. The less abrupt response to an irregular surface adds up to a more tolerable ride. Of course the big power plants are still there sucking fuel. But if you want to run with the big dogs, get out your wallet and damn the greenhouse effect.

For the rest of us, maybe displacement catamaran hulls are worth a look, for power, sail, or motorsailer. Twenty knots feels pretty fast on the water.

Sequester... Adequate, Capable & Safe

By Ted Cary

In December Karen and I will be sailing south bound for Panama, the Galapagos, French Polynesia and New Zealand aboard our trimaran *Sequester*. My brother has set up a web page for us (we are computer illiterate, having been sailing and building boats in the Caribbean while the Internet took off). He'll be adding info as we send it back to him, so anyone curious can check out www.seegoodstuff.com/sequester.

We built *Sequester* to a set of plans by Brown and Marples, as a Searunner 34. I modified the aft section a bit to accommodate an outboard well, and built a vertical hoist system to retract or deploy the prop, all done from the center cockpit. All worked well.

Our maiden voyage was from Stuart Florida, where we built her, to Boston, where we intended to say goodbyes to family before shoving off on a long trip, possibly a circumnavigation. Karen was deathly seasick the whole way, even before we got hit with the infamous northeaster in the Gulf Stream off Hatteras. It was quite ugly. We spent six weeks between Padanarum and Hingham resupplying and visiting. Hurricane Bob had just trashed Padanarum, so there were more boats on the shore than in the water there.

We left for Bermuda on a perfect forecast, riding a big high pressure system. It stalled two days later, and then the weather deteriorated to a gale. We tried out the new Paratech sea anchor for about eight hours while we regrouped and got a weatherfax. We were sailing into Hurricane Grace. Got off the sea anchor and made a desperate dash, motorsailing hard to weather, arriving in Bermuda before the storm. Couldn't make the only accepted entry port at St. George, but we took advantage of the shallow draft and slipped in Hogfish Cut, on the SE corner of the islands. With some help from Bermuda Harbor Radio and the guys

at the rescue service we got some more fuel and made it into Hamilton. You will recall that Grace, plus another weather system, became "The Perfect Storm". Too much adventure there.

By the time we made it to the Caribbean we knew we hated the two cabin, center cockpit arrangement. We stopped in Culebra where we worked for ten months, while I redrew the boat, and called John Marples to confirm my plans. Then we sailed back to St. John, and after working our way into the local community a bit, pulled her out of the water in Coral Bay, using a couple of trucks, some comealongs, and plenty of help from the new friends. I cut off the transom, added 4', cut in a companionway, decked over the center cockpit, capped the centerboard trunk, and cut thru a passage.

I built in a compression post, and deck stepped the mast, with a tabernacle system that lets us raise and lower it using our deck winches. In the new aft cockpit I built an outboard well that closes with a tambor, like a rolltop desk. It's handy, and the boat handles beautifully with the propwash going right over the rudder. The downside is that when we're standing next to it under the awning, even the quietest outboard is loud. We actually don't motor much anyway, so it's not too much an issue.

So the short answer to "What design is she?" would be, "evolving halfbreed", I guess. Last year I took the spreaders off the mast and rigged to chainplates on the amasheers. If something else bothers us on the way to New Zealand, I guess I'll change it when we get there. My four years working at Gold Coast Yachts in St. Croix has inclined my taste toward a catamaran for this size cruising boat, but we're too broke and too old to build a new one, so we're going sailing. This boat's pretty adequate, capable and safe.





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Bolger on Design

This is one of the pair of dinghies to be carried saddlebag fashion, parbuckled up against the after sides of the Tahiti small ocean-going powerboat we wrote about in *MAIB* some time ago (the mother ship is well along in assembly). The other boat will be similar, but with a wide stern and straight bottom aft, to be efficient with a small outboard motor.

The boat's sheer is shaped to fit closely against the sides of the mothership, and the length and depth to keep them within her overall breadth. The foot well is 6'6" by 22", enough to lie down in with the rowing seat removed, and the side buoyancy spaces will be fitted with watertight access plates for emergency supplies, so the boats can serve as lifeboats if the mothership should, for instance, burn. The ends are foam-filled for full positive buoyancy. They can be very rapidly launched (and recovered) and are somewhat out of harm's way for the fire scenario.

They look vulnerable in a heavy weather situation, but the cruiser is buoyant and the boats carried 27" inches clear of the water, on their sides so they can't hold any weight of

Rowing/Sailing Tender

Design #655

water. At least they're less exposed than a boat carried on a stern platform, to say nothing of a towed boat, and they're much faster and safer to launch than a boat carried on deck or on a house top.

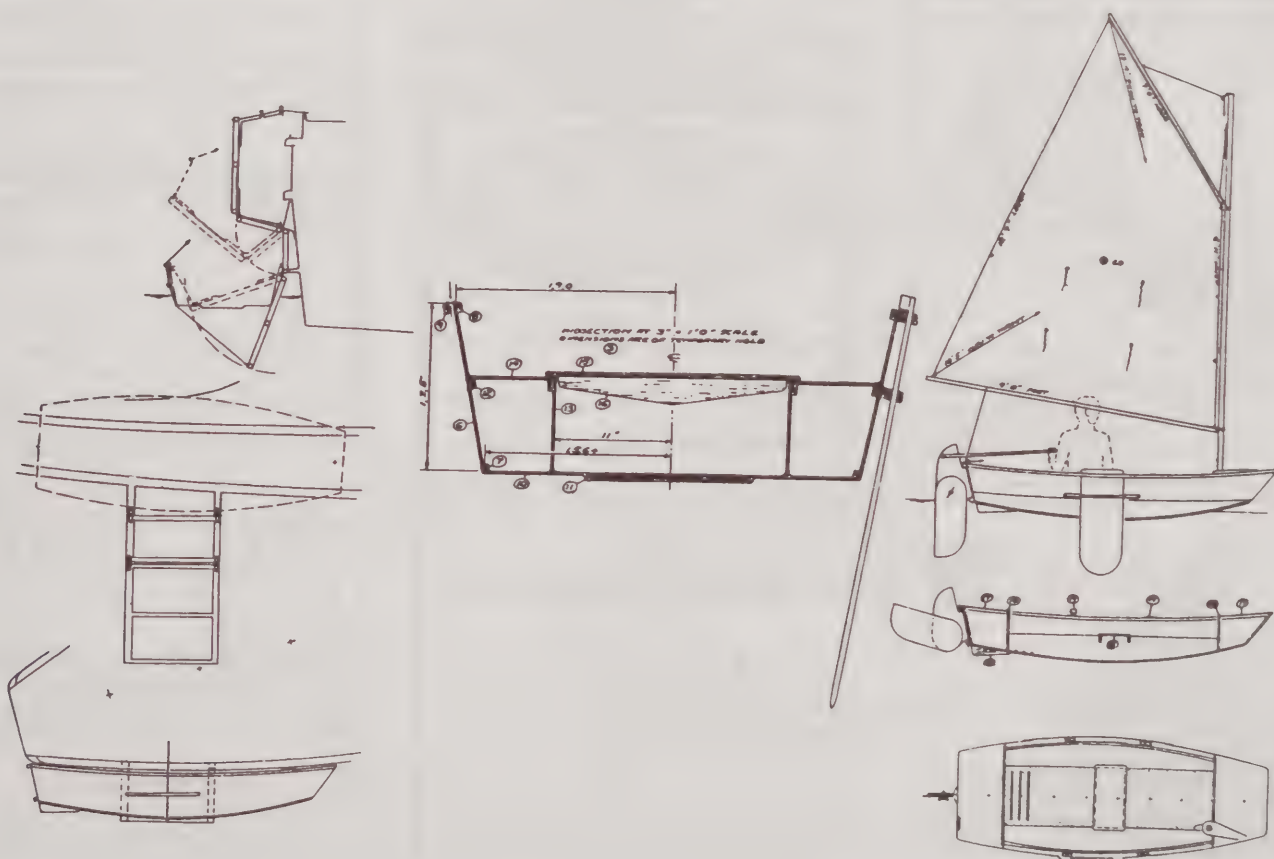
It's worth noting that the cruiser is expected to follow Captain Beebe's insight by making her ocean passages in the calm zones, and that while she is not fast by motorboat standards, she is very fast as compared with a comparable sailing cruiser, fast enough, with satellite weather reporting, to get out of the way of most storms; she has ample range to go considerably out of her way for the purpose.

The boats are of conventional plywood construction of the simplest type. The construc-

tions of the way they're carried had no bad effect on their shape. The extra length over the usual eight-foot-minus punt helps them carry a load well (displacement at the waterline marked on the sail plan is 367lbs) and to sail and row better than most small tenders. With 68sf of sail on 3' bottom breadth, and efficient lateral plane they should be good sport to sail.

The original idea was to have both boats to this design, so they could sail in company, and this is still a possibility depending on how important the outboard motor is finally judged to be. The gaff rig was selected primarily for the short spars for stowage, but with a well-cut sail it's as good as a jib-header and better with reefs down. The single leeboard is similar to those in designs of ours like *Teal* which have been built by the hundred (incidentally, we hear that the record time for building a *Teal* is now under two hours).

Plans of the punt sailing dinghy, our Design #655, are available for \$35ppd. from: Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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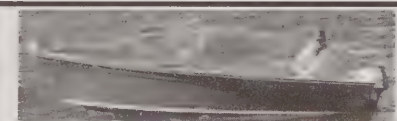
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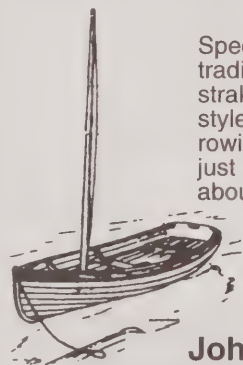
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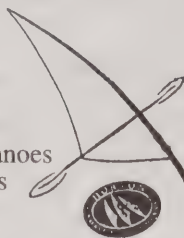
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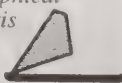
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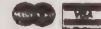
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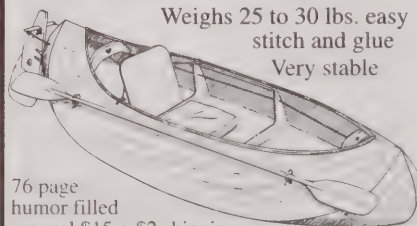
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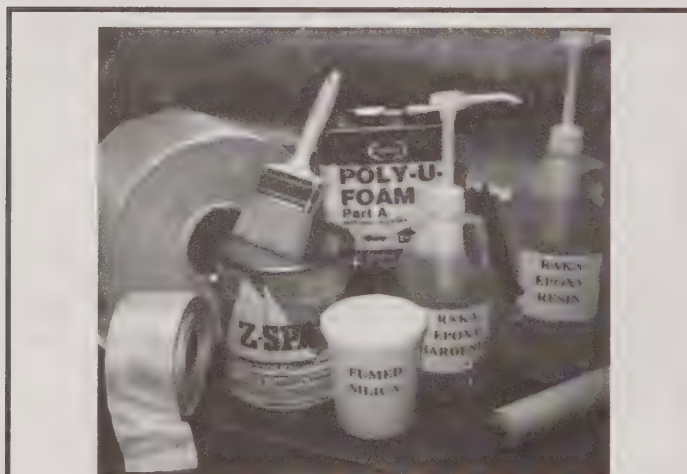
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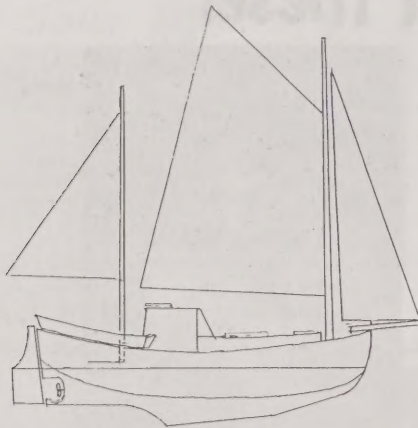
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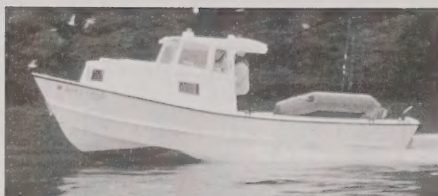
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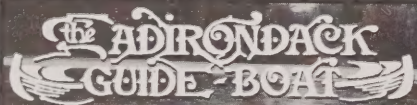


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