

Special Features This Issue
"Beach Cruising on the Sea of Cortez"
"Halcyon Days" - "Boat Trailers" - "Tige Sit"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 10

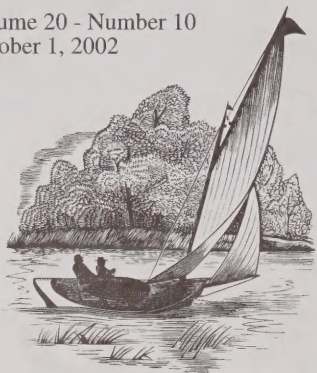
October 1, 2002



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



On Labor Day weekend as I write this I went for my second sail of the season with two long time small boat acquaintances to view the annual Gloucester Schooner Races. I'll have my impressions of that event in the next issue as this one goes to press tomorrow, the Tuesday following the holiday. We sailed in Paul Schwartz's Stone Horse, an early 1970s Edey & Duff model which he bought several years ago in need of much TLC, and has since extensively restored and modified.

This opened the gates of memory lane for me as the Stone Horse was the first sailboat we fell in love with way back when we first got interested in boats, around 1975 or 1976. Edey & Duff had one on display at the Newport Sailboat Show amongst all the standing headroom floating RVs, and it brushed all other boats on show aside as we ogled it from the dock and then went aboard to sit below in its sitting headroom only cosy interior. Peter Duff was persuasive about its merits, but we didn't need any persuasion, this was the boat we ought to own.

Money, or the lack thereof, got in the way of this dream. The Stone Horse was expensive, I don't recall the exact price but it was way beyond our means. I took home one of Peter's wonderful booklets on the Stone Horse and studied it much throughout the next winter. Understand, at this time in my life, that critical "mid-life" crisis period we hear about, I was in my mid-40s and had virtually no boating experience. I had taken about a half dozen sailing lessons in small O'Day daysailers locally and had an understanding of only the rudiments of sailing in protected waters.

I was just coming down from a prolonged motorcycling high that had begun in 1949, which had not only been my sport and recreation, but also became my work when I launched my first motorcycle sport magazine in 1959. Now in the late '70s I was coming to realize that phase of my life was drawing to a close, I had two magazines by then, but was looking at a severe reduction in the sporting activity in which I participated and chronicled as the first gas crisis arrived, severely depressing motorcycle sales for several years. I began casting around for something interesting to do and at Jane's urging took some sailing lessons, as we do live within a few miles of some attractive boating coastline just north-

east of Boston.

Well, we never did get that Stone Horse, but did buy a used wooden Ralph Winslow cutter that looked just like a Stone Horse above the waterline, but was not similar below it. It needed a lot of work and I lost myself in the restoration, discovering, even if at that time I didn't realize it, that I was happier working on a boat than sailing it. I added a boat shed onto my barn, got a flatbed trailer, brought the boat home and went to work.

Once she was afloat we ended up using her only a few times, in retrospect I attribute this to my lack of confidence in my sailing ability level at the time and also to what we found happened when we did go out, much time spent just sitting there in the boat as it trundled along in the light airs I was comfortable with at the time. I moved on to traditional small boats and more building/restoring and then into sea kayaking, an activity that more nearly resembled my motorcycling days of exploring interesting out of the way places.

I have sailed with Paul several times over the years in his previous Cape Dory 19, usually in late fall with 25 knot winds, heeled at 30 degrees and hanging on for dear life. And I had one previous outing in the Stone Horse early on when we sailed in the local Crocker Memorial Race. Yesterday we were sailing in a lumpy sea of 3-4 foot swells left over from the previous day's 25 knot northeast winds, but the wind had gone away, we had at best a 5-8 knot easterly. So we motored the 8 miles to Gloucester from Beverly wallowing in the swells, sailed with the schooners, which were hardly moving, and then motored back from Gloucester when the wind just about died away, still wallowing in the lumpy sea.

I was glad to get off the boat after seven hours of unrelenting tossing this way and that. The outing was of interest viewing the schooner race from right amongst the big boats, but the experience of trying to sail in the conditions was not enjoyable. I think that if boating had been a part of my life since childhood, I would have probably been an ardent sailor since long ago and accustomed to this sort of sailing experience. But now I conclude that I just started sailing too late in life to become addicted.

Looking Ahead...

I will bring you my report on "The Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival" in late August; my impressions sailing along in "The Gloucester Schooner Races" in a friend's Stone Horse sloop Labor Day Weekend; and a report on the keel laying ceremony of another historic replica vessel, "The Fame of Salem, Massachusetts", a War of 1812 privateer schooner.

Hugh Hagan returns with another look back to earlier days small boating in "The Low Country" of South Carolina; Moby Nick Scheuer goes "Steaming in a Streetcar Boat" and tells us how it was; Robb White describes a Florida Gulf Coast "Northeaster; a review of Walter Staples' book, *North Bay Narratives*, opens up a follow-on of some interest about his chronicle of "100 Years of a Newfoundland Outport Village"; and Bob & Julie Nelsen continue their "Pinch Penny Cruising in a Peep Hen...Visiting the BOC Challenge".

Tom Judd tells us about "Birth of a Quiet Beauty", a Bolger Lily electric launch; The *Scuzbum News* tells us what's going on "In the Scuzbum Workshops"; and we bring you from the 1950s Joe Appleton's story of an old man's hobby in "Three Little Ships".

For the builders amongst us Robb White offers a treatise on "Rails".

New Zealander John Welsford presents his design, "Tread Lightly...a Minimum Cruiser"; Mark van Abbema introduces "The Mark V 20"; and and Phil Bolger & Friends continue with "Fiji, Design #662 - Part 2".

On the Cover...

The solitary pleasures of beach cruising along Mexico's Sea of Cortez Baja peninsula shore are featured in this issue.

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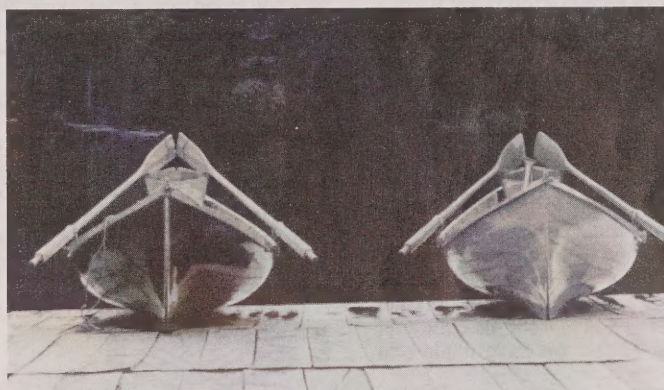
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waters are glassy. My prow
slices the surface. I disturb
several diving cormorants. I
am transfixed. I am in touch.
I am human. Great stuff. Trust
me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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or as fun, as it is. After all, it's just a rowboat.
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you that this is no ordinary rowboat ... This
sprightly wooden craft that is so right for our
time is actually a relic of the past. It's a piece
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gone - and come again. Get behind the oars of
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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival

This year marks the 20th anniversary of the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. MASCF, scheduled for October 4, 5, and 6, 2002, has changed in the twenty years since its inception, becoming one of the finest and largest events of its kind anywhere. That change has come carefully and incrementally, guided by the enthusiasm and insight of MASCF participants. Through the years, MASCF has held true to its beginnings. It remains a "messabout", it is not a boat show.

Our biggest challenge this year comes from a change in landscape. The Museum's new entrance road and parking lot is complete, reconfiguring the space historically used for MASCF camping. Because of ongoing construction on our neighbor's property to the north, we can no longer spill over onto their property, so there is a limited amount of camping space.

The two biggest highlights of the Festival remain unchanged, the great folks who attend the event and the boats that they bring. As added attractions, the schedule of activities includes food, music, lectures, workshops, and plenty of time to messabout. Past participants are encouraged to bring mementos from past Festivals, like photos and t-shirts. And apparently contrary to a preceding statement, we are having a "boat show" this year, hoping

to get a representative showing of the model boats the MASCF kids have made in years past. MASCF is turning 20, after all.

I look forward to seeing you in October and to celebrating MASCF's 20th anniversary with you.

John Ford, MASCF, Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St. Michaels, MD

Editor Comments: This letter arrived too late to be published before the registration deadline mid-September, but anyone interested in attending should try a call to John to see what options might still be open.

Georgetown Wooden Boat Show

October 19th is the date for the 13th Annual Georgetown Wooden Boat Show at the Historic Seaport in Georgetown, South Carolina. The Wooden Boat Exhibit is open 11am to 6pm, the Wooden Boat Challenge Boatbuilding Competition runs 12n to 4pm, and an Awards Banquet is scheduled for 7pm.

Georgetown has been a working seaport for more than 250 years and much of the area's history and culture has been linked to the sea. The Harbor Historical Association of Georgetown and the Goat Island Yacht Club present the Wooden Boat Show to celebrate this maritime history.

For more information call Jane Lane at (877) 285-3888 (toll free) or visit the website at www.woodenboatshow.com.

Information of Interest...

New Federal Requirements for Children's Life Jackets

When I began doing Coast Guard Auxiliary safety patrols a dozen years ago it was normal to come home with a plastic bag filled with trash and it was unusual to see youngsters wearing life jackets. Today, I rarely get my pick-up-net wet and most of the children I see are wearing PFDs. We have made real progress, but...

There is a new federal law requiring all youngsters under 13 to wear life jackets that are suited to their size and weight when the vessel in which they are is underway. The law is in effect now, but enforcement will not begin until January 1st to make sure that boaters are aware of it. Once enforcement begins, fines can be extremely severe (up to \$1,100).

The new federal law is in effect on all coastal and territorial waters and may also be enforced in waters under state jurisdiction. Indeed, some states already have laws that are stronger than the new federal regulation and these take precedence.

Here are some details:

A vessel is underway when it has left the dock, even when at anchor (eg fishing). Those PFDs must be worn even then.

PFDs must be worn unless the child is in an enclosed cabin, one with solid walls and doors, even if those doors to a cockpit are open. A flying bridge, an area fully enclosed by plastic curtains or the cockpit of a large vessel is not an enclosed cabin.

A state law enforcement officer may take action on this federal regulation.

Details of the new law will appear in a near-future revision of Maritime Law Enforcement Manual COMDTINST.M 16247.1

For safety's sake as well as to comply with the law, let's be sure our under 13 youngsters wear PFDs properly fitted to their weight and size.

Tom Shaw, USCG Auxiliary, Wilmington, NC

Maine's First Ship Progress

Maine's First Ship has selected a former Associate Professor of Naval Architecture at Maine Maritime Academy to prepare final construction plans for the reconstruction of the pinnacle, *Virginia*. David B. Wyman, P.E., was selected from among a number of qualified candidates to prepare drawings and calculations for construction of *Virginia* and for obtaining her approval and certification by the U. S. Coast Guard. He will also oversee construction of *Virginia*, coordinating between Maine's First Ship and the Coast Guard as required. Wyman's most recent project was in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where he served as naval architect for the rebuilding/restoration and Coast Guard certification of the replica ship *HMS Bounty*.

Wyman's working drawings for *Virginia* will build on the research and concept designs prepared by the English naval architect Fred M. Walker of Tenterden, Kent. Because no plans exist for the original vessel, Maine's First Ship retained Walker in January of 2000 to

conduct research on historic pinnacle design, early 17th century construction methods and to develop a conceptual design.

This step in the design process represents a major milestone in more than four years' work by Maine's First Ship and its committees to create and operate a reconstruction of *Virginia* to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the 1607 English settlement at Popham Beach.

Maine's First Ship, The Virginia Project, P.O. Box 358, Phippsburg, ME 04562, (207) 389-2990, <msf1@mainesfirstship.org>

The Wooden Boat Workshop Launched in South Norwalk, CT

Martin Mittag of Wilton, Connecticut, has launched a new business in the historic seaport district of South Norwalk. The Wooden Boat Workshop will offer boat enthusiasts throughout the tri-state area, especially those residing in Fairfield and Westchester Counties, the challenges and rewards of building wooden boats. The Workshop is geared to woodworkers and boatbuilders of all ages, eleven years and up, male and female, interested in participating in the classic nautical designs and techniques of wooden boat construction.

The shop is a 5,000sf fully air conditioned facility that combines classroom and work areas in an open environment. The space creates an ambiance of the traditional boat shop, equipped with state-of-the-art woodworking machinery and dust control systems.

Mr. Mittag, a lifelong sailing enthusiast, now has a business that combines his love of the sea with his belief in the value of teaching old-world craftsmanship.

Aime Fraser of Westport, CT, a professional boatbuilder, writer and educator, has been appointed Chief Instructor of The Wooden Boat Workshop. Her first experience in boatbuilding was some twenty-five years ago in New Zealand, when she studied the craft and built state-of-the-art wooden boats, designed by Bruce Farr, still in his early twenties and not yet a recognized famed designer. Later, in the U.S., she studied yacht design, apprenticed at the Daybreak Boatshop in Norwalk, then designed and built interiors of cruising yachts for private clients. In 1991, she started her own company, Traveling Boatworks, that specializes in doing in-water repairs and restorations of boats up to 67' in length, as well as building small boats.

In 1994, she was in charge of the boat shop at The Maritime Aquarium in Norwalk, supervising the building and restoration of several traditional small boats, including a replica of a Revolutionary War era whaleboat. She also developed pre-teen boatbuilding programs for The Maritime Aquarium. Most recently, she has served as Director of Education at The Woodworkers Club in Norwalk, setting up classes with internationally known teachers, plus teaching her own classes in boatbuilding and a popular series in woodworking for absolute beginners.

Ms. Fraser is a prolific writer, having published more than 100 articles in a variety of magazines, such as *Fine Woodworking*, *Cruising World*, *Sail*, *Professional Boatbuilder* and *WoodenBoat*. She has also served as technical editor for *Understanding Wood*, *The Bandsaw Book*. She is currently writing her own book, entitled *Getting Started at Wood-*

working: Skill Building Projects That Teach The Basics, to be published by Taunton Press in the spring, 2003.

She has served aboard a variety of vessels, including a brigantine, an oyster boat, pilot cutters and mid-size cruising boats from Long Island Sound and the Great Lakes to the Caribbean and the South Pacific.

This fall Ms. Fraser will be teaching a two-week intensive day class and a ten-week evening class on "Building an Ian Oughtred Pulling Boat", plus a ten-week afternoon program for high school students and a ten-week evening program for adults on "Building a Lightweight Dory Skiff". The Ian Oughtred Pulling Boat is a 15' traditional lapstrake rowing or sailing boat, built using modern materials and methods. The Dory Skiff is a 10' flatbottomed skiff, built with traditional wooden boatbuilding methods.

For further information about classes, dates, times, fees and how to register, call The Wooden Boat Workshop of Norwalk at (203) 831-0426 or go to the website at www.woodenboatshop.com.

Information Please...

Two Designs from Twenty Boats You Can Build

Two designs for boats from the book *Twenty Boats You Can Build* that I am interested in are: #8, Lightning Class Sloop by Sparkman & Stephens; and #10, Snipe Class Sloop by William Crosby.

With a lot of difficulty I found an address in England that has the plans for the International Fireball (not in the book) by Peter Milne. Anyone interested in this design can contact: The Secretary, Prospect House, Pickhill,

Thirsk, North Yorkshire YO7 4JG, United Kingdom.

Tom Hargett, P.O. Box 264, Towanda, KS 67144

Looking for Gardner Book

In the January 1 issue was an article by Matt Leupold about the Chamberlain dory skiff. He selected the plans from a book written by John Gardner, *Building Classic Small Craft Vol. I*. I would like to locate a copy of this book, or failing that, the dory skiff plans.

Gary Fetzer, (get full address from subscriber files)

Opinions...

River Usage Fees in Newbury Are Unfair

This spring I wrote a letter to our local newspaper as I felt that there was injustice right here on our Parker River in Newbury, Massachusetts. I wondered if I was the only one in town who thought what the harbor masters were doing was ridiculous, unjust and just plain wrong? I was once harbor master. I didn't ask for the job, nor did I want it. I was probably appointed because I was setting most of the moorings on the Parker, we have been doing so for a good 60 years. I now have a very small marina on the Parker.

This year the harbor master charged me in advance a \$100 river usage fee for each boat on my rental moorings. My customers have smaller boats and most are sailboats. They certainly don't speed, pollute the river or tear down the river bankings with large wakes. On the other hand, and this is what is entirely wrong, the more expensive powerboats (and some can be called yachts) whose owners can

afford to rent a marina slip are only charged \$50 to use the same river.

I have requested that all be treated equally, but it has fallen on deaf ears and I was denied the request. It we can't find justice in a small town like Newbury, where can we find it?

Bunny Fernald, Fernald's Marine, Newbury MA

Poet's Corner...

Canoe Capsize

The canoe is sixteen feet long and blue and polyester resin and glass. Bill

sits on the front buoyancy tank his weight high, and his buddy Greg does the same in the back.

They paddle past where the pitted limestone turns west and the wind has a clear fetch from the New York shore. The long waves refract and fade into the smooth basin behind them.

The bow cantilevers from one crest out towards another. Along the depression of the keel water runs forward and back. The passengers hold wet arms in front of their faces.

Carleton's Prize, a twenty foot face of rock sticks up and doesn't move. Lincoln Ross

About Sharpies

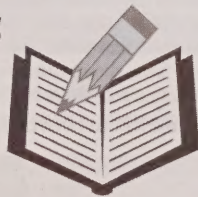
I enjoyed exhuming from *Wooden Boat* # 56, p.77-85, an article about one Bill Schwickers' slightly personalized Munroe Egret for use in his lower Florida Keys waters. Twenty-six sheets of 1/2" plywood and clear fir for framing. Size 28' x 7', drawing less than 12" with dual centerboards retracted. Marconi cat ketch with 24' and 26' spruce unstayed masts. Inside lead ballast, 500lbs from reclaimed sinkers off a major fishing bridge.

Schwickers seems a rigid outdoorsman, settling for 42" headroom for his 6' height. Obviously a truly honest man, Schwicker considers his Egret a "cruising alternative" but nevertheless thoroughly pleased his sculling/poling lifestyle.

I'm wondering if such sharpies haven't been assigned too readily to inshore sailing/cruising. William Atkin did a 40' sharpie called *Missie & Laurie*, I believe. For minimal top hamper, Atkin used an inboard gaff cutter rig which all NAs contacted felt was grossly under canvassed. However, for offshore work I wonder about possibilities opened up with this rig with an innovative "topsail/headboard" being a slim bag, waterproof, filled with expanded polystyrene. Questions are with with a knockdown from waves or wind, would such a rig keep the vessel flat and not inverted, and afloat. If so, seemingly a liveable condition in concert with modern cat/trimarans.

Schwickers notes an unusually shallow

Norm's Notes



By Norm Benedict

cockpit, self-draining. I remember some British observations that the rate of self-draining is never enough. Also, the higher CG favors overturning versus lying flat but afloat in the water. And maybe better to live with a water filled cockpit and lower CG.

Schwickers notes a 1" bottom of two layers of 1/2" ply covered with polypropylene providing a claimed 10x resistance to abrasion as compared to fiberglass. A thought here is a cheaper thick cross planking, poly covered, then filled inside with sea water with the idea of obtaining water-logged wood ballast.

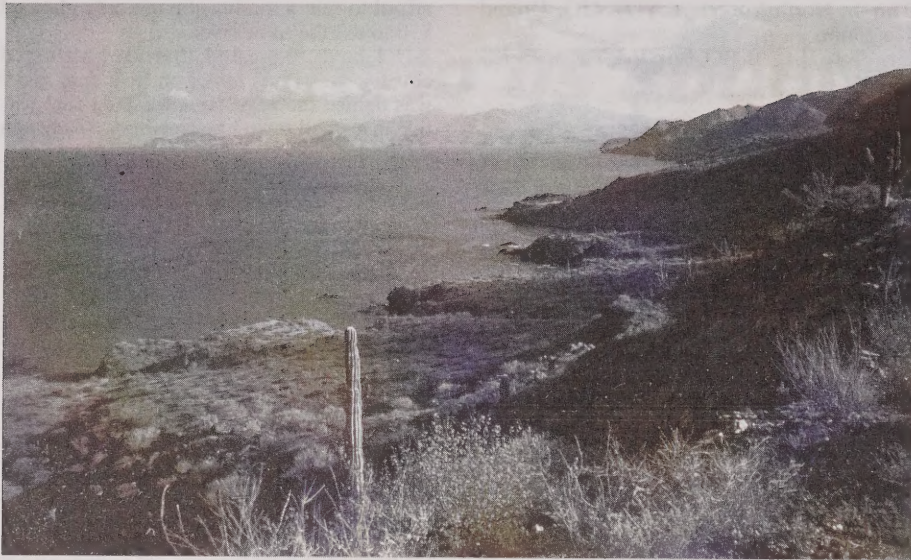
Envisioning a sharpie knocked flat in the water, righting might be aided by weighted centerboards (and exceptionally strong trunks) and outhauling some large inflatable like asurplus radiosonde balloon. Then, if afloat and filled, I'm writing the Rule bilge pump people about an integrated safety product. This would involve an encased motorcycle battery and typical Rule pumping about 58gpm. In-

cluded would be 1/2" plastic hose for overboard draining, and a handle to the case. Assuming some flooded sharpie was compartmented by bulkheads, the sailor could be bailing with canvas buckets at one location while the packaged Rule was doing its work elsewhere. For simplicity's sake, envision the motorcycle battery top encased in about 4" of plain poured wax to insulate the + and - poles from short circuiting. Motorcycle batteries require special small chargers or else knowledgeably regulated flow from ordinary large batteries.

The sharpie, like disabled cat/trimarans, offers knockdown advantages over full-keeled sailboats that are literally lead mines. If wanted, cubic areas of expanded bead foam could be included under decks or wherever space is available. Lee shore abandonment excels.

I believe this departure from conventional thinking may significantly enhance sharpie building and sailing for a whole bunch of cheap fun. Other sail rigs as simplified junk types might consider such as batten material selected for flotation. Ordinarily, I prefer unstayed masts, but singular shrouds may significantly reduce mast size, weight, and dismasting potentials.

In conclusion, I admit to passionate love affairs with various type designs, but the aforementioned combined with ancillary items should add significantly to the cruiser's choice and enjoyment.



The Cortez coast; mountains, desert scrub and cacti, coves and cliffs, and blue waters that are reasonably friendly to small boats in the spring, summer, and fall.



A lunch spot...

Loon at anchor along Baja's California Cortez coast; somewhere between Mulege and Loreto.



Beach Cruising On the Sea of Cortez

By John Sperry

I could have missed it, but in my years of *MAIB* devotion I've yet to read of any small boat sailing adventures at two very special destinations: the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and especially, Mexico's Sea of Cortez. These bodies of water share two important ingredients: supremely isolated waters and miles of roadless coast. In both cases, the isolation is from the lack of freshwater; "water everywhere but nary a drop to drink." The result is a fascinating contrast of harsh desert and vast waters where my wife Lynn and I have enjoyed many beach cruising trips.

This story is about our addiction to the Sea of Cortez. It happened almost immediately on our first visit to La Paz when we stayed about 10 days on a big sailboat owned by friends. La Paz is near the southern end of the Baja peninsula on the Cortez coast. We took a brief journey from the port to the nearby islands of Espiritu Santo, Partida, and San Francisco. We fell in love with the combination of desert and ocean, both full of life but with such a different cast of characters. The operational overhead of a 44' sailboat, however, made for inefficient and limited exploration. The coastline and islands cried out for intimate gunkholing and beach cruising that requires a smaller craft.

So we returned two years later with our own 15' sailboat. In two trips so far, we have traveled about 240 miles along mostly roadless coastline from Bahia Concepcion in the north to La Paz in the south, camping along the exotic coast. This shore is commonly traversed by sea kayakers in the winter months when conditions are generally too windy for comfortable small boat sailing. In the spring, summer, and fall, however, the winds are generally light and kind to small boats. Yet, the coast is deserted, leaving us with *Crusoe's* freedom along sweeps of beach and cove. The *pangueros* (Mexican commercial fisherman) whiz by occasionally in quest of fish, but are unobtrusive, being preoccupied with their own affairs.

The reason for the peace and quiet in this time of year is the heat. However, we found that with shade and frequent dips over the side, the heat was bearable. On our July trip we could not do much hiking away from the shore because once a few hundred feet from the sea the oven-like heat really clamped down. The heat was not as much of a factor during our other trip in late September. We suspect that October is the best month, combining light winds with relatively cool air temperatures and warm water temperature.

Our boat is a 15' Bay River Skiff designed by Graham Byrnes of B&B Yachts in Vandemere, North Carolina. It was skillfully built by Tom Lathrop of Oriental North Carolina, and christened *Loon* by his birdwatching wife, Liz. We bought it during a brief stay in North Carolina when we deluded ourselves that we could live east of the Rockies. It is a cat-ketch and can sail in 6" of water if necessary. There is no on-the-fly reefing capability, the only option is to take down one of the two

masts, and remount the other in an intermediate step. Pretty difficult while underway in a rising wind! Despite not being able to reef, we have always gotten by, even when caught in a 35mph gale. I've adjusted the sails to spill wind and managed to make a prolonged and ill advised crossing without mishap.

Although technically we can sleep on board under a tent, we haven't tried this, always opting for a spacious shore camp. The boat is simple to rig and sail, can carry 30+ gallons of water and two weeks of food and camping gear, and is reasonably fast and seaworthy. Its only drawback for beach cruising is that it is a bit heavy for a 15 footer. When we don't feel comfortable leaving it at anchor overnight (probably half the time), we rig a block and tackle to a rock or shrub and haul it up the beach on rollers made from boat fenders tied in pairs. We've gotten good enough at doing this that we can haul it up stern first out of a surf of good sized whitecaps. We carry very long lines so that we can always find a tie-off point regardless of how broad the beach.

On one hand, a lighter craft that is slightly longer, slightly drier (higher volume), and faster might be preferable (a Sea Pearl, perhaps). On the other hand, we love the low-to-the-water intimacy of the skiff, lounging at the tiller we can lay a hand over the gunwale and drag it in the water. In this way it is similar to John Thompson's 12' Moondance, a design that I built for our initial sails on the Great Salt Lake. All in all, we like *Loon* very much. We have a 3.5hp Mercury on the transom that we use as little as possible while cruising. However, once we reach camp, we take the masts out of the boat, and presto, we have a decent fishing skiff with motor. This is highly recommended, because the fishing is excellent in the Sea of Cortez.

Probably the best way to relate the joys of a Baja beach cruise is with an abridged log of one of our trips. What follows is a digest of our second trip, a two-week sail from La Paz north to Puerto Escondido near Loreto. We opted for a July timetable for two reasons; a) to see just how hot it can get in summer down there; and b) to catch dorado. The outcome will soon be apparent.

A little checking with chart-meister Jerry Cunningham confirmed what we suspected, that the best direction for a La Paz to Loreto sailing trip would be to travel north, out of La Paz, to catch the typically southern breezes in summer. We assumed we would find a shuttle at La Paz without too much trouble. The route was about 140 miles that we planned to cover in 14 days, a leisurely pace to allow plenty of time for snorkeling, fishing, and land exploration. We used a travel club (Vagabundos del Mar) to help getting all the boat, fishing, tourist permits and insurance. Maybe it's just lack of familiarity, but US red tape has a ways to go to achieve Mexico's level of bureaucratic nonsense.

A three and a half day driving marathon brought us from Salt Lake City to La Paz. With no air conditioning in our Bronco, the drive helped us to adapt to the heat. We used a spray bottle to cool off, and made sure we had beaded seat covers. For those unfamiliar with Mex 1, the single highway down the spine of the peninsula, one hour of driving on this road equals four hours of driving on an Interstate in terms of stress, the opposite in terms of mileage. So, we were more than ready to park the truck in La Paz at 4 pm on day 4. What a haul.

Within an hour of arriving at the La Paz marina we arranged a shuttle with a local man for \$150 to drive the Bronco back to Puerto Escondido on Mex 1, quite a bargain for this day-long round trip. Lynn's (my wife) excellent espanol helped considerably in this effort. We prepared the boat in the sweltering marina, downing a few Dos Equis for refreshment. Marina life went on around us, utterly indifferent to the humble doings of craft under 25'. Symptomatic of this, the marina office was completely uninterested in helping us find a shuttle, we had to ask the friendly gals in the dive shop.

Eager to get away, we decided to sail across the protected harbor of La Paz and camp for the night on the El Mogote peninsula that shields the harbor from Bahia de La Paz. We wafted across the harbor on a light evening breeze thru a seine of moored cruisers, far fewer than were anchored here when we first visited La Paz in the high season of winter. We were loaded with 30+ gallons of water, food and camp fuel for two weeks, 10 gallons of gas, and all our camping gear. Somehow we can sail with all this gear.

We found a sandy beach along the peninsula to roost for the evening. In such protected waters, we just anchored *Loon* (two anchors) for the night, and attached a separate safety rope to tie to a mangle dulce tree on shore. I remember a *MAIB* reader writing a letter about a clever anchoring system wherein the boat could be pulleyed in and out between shore and a mooring without the need to swim out and back. However, I never could find that issue again, and in trying to reconstruct this system from memory, I ended up with a confusing mass of ropes and pulleys and buoys that was woefully impractical and unsafe. The tides here appeared to be about 6' feet with one evening high and morning low.

We enjoyed a simple ramen dinner and watched a beautiful sunset that was soon opposed by a big orange moon rising over La Paz across the harbor. We toasted this 4th of July evening with Jimador Sours (El Jimador tequila, lime, lemonade mix, water). We were ready to sail for a while after the big drive. Our tent was 80% mosquito mesh, and was as airy as possible. We slept with just a sheet for covering, and nothing else. It's warm, in other words.

The next two and a half days we tried to make maximum miles to get by the 55 mile stretch of rather featureless shoreline along Bahia de La Paz. Once past this, the roadless coast begins with the Sierra Giganta coming right down to the water creating an interesting cove and point and cliff topography. The breezes were generally light and the best we could do was about 22 miles per day. To protect ourselves from the merciless and constant sun (no cloudy days down here to speak of) we use a modified umbrella that fits into oar-lock sockets located at strategic spots around the boat. We moved the umbrella from socket to socket as necessary to cast the best shade and while tacking. When the breeze was down, we also jumped overboard and rode behind the boat, hanging on a tow line while cooling off. We generally tried to stay within a mile of shore. As a rule, whenever we were tempted to get 4 or 5 miles offshore the wind came up and things got too exciting.

The fourth night found us well past Bahia de La Paz and camped at Arroyo Verde. This was a gorgeous pebble and sand cove

between high volcanic cliffs at Punta Mechudo. This point marks the entrance to the 4 mile wide Canal de San Jose between the mainland and the long Isla San Jose. Now we were into the interesting part of the trip and ready to slow back down to a leisurely 10 miles per day or less pace. The high cliffs provided much appreciated shade, and we relaxed before donning our snorkeling gear.

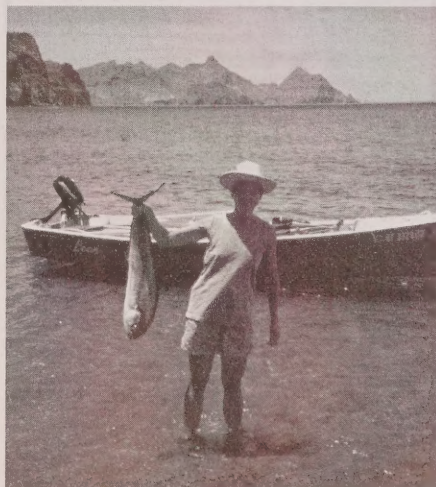
Normally, the snorkeling in these waters is (to our landlocked eyes) mesmerizing. However, this year it was more turbid than usual, owing to a later warming of the water and thus a later disintegration of the Sargassum weed and thus a later clearing of the water, or so we were told, and have no reason to doubt. Nevertheless we enjoyed the glimpses into the lively underwater world.

After an hour or so of snorkeling, we were ready to convert *Loon* to a fishing skiff, and troll the reefs. Here we follow the creed of Niel Kelly and Gene Kira, authors of the highly recommended *Baja Catch* fishing/camping guide for Baja. Our reward was 5 leopard groupers which were quickly converted to a fish taco dinner topped off with more Jimador Sours. The evening entertainment was a full moon rising complete with flickering heat lightning over the mainland, 50+ miles distant across the sea.

We arose with the dawn, something that is completely atypical for us, but comes naturally when dawn equals heat. We took a very pleasant hike up the arroyo behind camp and enjoyed the textbook display of convergent evolution wherein plants from every evolutionary background none-the-less look exactly the same because there's only one thing that works. In this case, what works is a fat stem for water storage, small leaves borne on short shoots, and a drought-deciduous habitat. We are both professional botanists (yes, you can make a living knowing about plants) and our job is to appreciate the marvelous adaptability of the plant world.

Cacti take the stem succulent strategy to the extreme, and Baja is host to an exceptional diversity of these water-misers. Several of the cacti were in flower. The general picture was a landscape worthy of Dr. Suess, but real. We could have spent the entire day there, but would have died of heat, so we headed back to the sea and its refreshing breeze beckoning us to set sail. The birds, however, seem remarkably indifferent to the heat, and we saw

Lynn with *Dorado*.



cardinals, woodpeckers, verdins, jays, sparrows, and hummingbirds in abundance.

Back aboard *Loon*, we opted to cross the channel to Isla San Jose in order to explore this island and the mangrove swamp on its south end. A light southerly breeze wafted us over the five mile crossing at a pleasant pace. Perfect conditions for dorado trolling. In fact, this fish is the chief reason we were braving the heat of midsummer down here, because it was at this time that they migrate up into the Sea of Cortez. Over goes the top-secret lure (see *Baja Catch* for details), and within ten

The route: from La Paz in the south to Puerto Escondido (name obscured on map), near Loreto. The X's denote campsites. The Sierra de la Giganta hugs most of the coast making for a rugged and cove-pocketed coastline.



minutes of adjusting the color properly...bang! I had a leaping, flashing, charging dorado on the line.

We heaved to (an easy maneuver in a cat-ketch) while I spent the next 30 minutes fighting a 3+ foot fish. They are leapers, and a very good fight. Eventually I tired it out and we scooped it aboard with a woefully inadequate net (they don't sell gaff hooks in Salt Lake City). We watched it change all colors of the rainbow, and stowed it under the transom as we resumed our crossing.

On our way we steered close to seal rocks, aptly named for the huge brown animals draped over the islets, sleeping, yelping and swimming. A mile further away is a slightly bigger islet that is home to a small fishing community, scarcely room among the rocks for their dwellings. A mile or so beyond there we reached the pebble spit off the south end of Isla San Jose, and anchored off to process our dorado. An extended lunch break ensued during which we deep fried half of the dorado filets and enjoyed another serving of fish tacos. This is a grand fish that cooks up superbly, firm, white, flavorful flesh. It was a grand lunch hour as a building breeze and a band of clouds kept it relatively cool.

We sat in our chairs on the pebble spit and gazed out on the turquoise waters of the San Jose Channel. After lunch, we whisked across the little bay of the spit in a 15mph breeze. We aimed for the opening to a mangrove lagoon. *Loon's* ultra-shoal draft took us across one foot shallows into the lagoon mouth, where we unloaded packs and masts and motored/rowed into the mysterious world of the mangroves. Another miracle of the plant world, de-salinating machines that use negative pressure to separate water from salt, quietly and efficiently. The snorkeling amongst the roots of these trees is simply fantastic. We could easily spend an entire day lurking under these trees and watching the exuberant life. Lynn spotted colonial eels emerging from their worm holes. We resisted the temptation to fish here, since we still have half a dorado to eat.

The day was waning, so we made our way back out of the lagoon, gathered our stuff, and sailed down the coast of the island on a nice southerly breeze. Again, shoal draft allowed us to glide swiftly and surely across the turquoise shallows. We found a reasonable stretch of beach, unloaded, and hauled *Loon* out with the block and tackle. The dorado was grilled over hot coals while the sun set over the ragged Sierra Giganta. Jimador Sours topped off a great day.

Next day we arose a bit later than usual owing to the merciful shade cast by the rugged spine of the island (the land is pretty much up-and-down in these parts). Once again, we began the day with a hike inland, firming up our acquaintance with the botanical denizens. They were awaiting the late summer monsoons, and were relatively dormant. We stumbled across a grave site, stone crosses, turn of the century deaths. Not wishing to join the dead, we escaped the building heat and headed for the boat. A morning of pleasant gunkholing along the island coast followed. My favorite type of sailing, brisk breeze, rippled water over shoals, and an interesting shore drifting by a couple hundred feet away. Effortless, quiet motion, endless visual interest both above and below the water.

At a point we crossed back over from the island to the peninsula and saw dorado chas-

ing their favorite fare, the flying fish. The wind, however, was too brisk to risk fishing, so we concentrated on the crossing to the little fishing village of San Evaristo. We sailed right by some porpoises and their babies. This channel between island and peninsula had a very fertile look to it and was supposed to be gold-medal fishing quality. A quick crossing soon had us ripping into the bay of the fishing village, where we heaved to right off the sandy beach. We lay at anchor and sought water, hot sauce, and beer at the tienda. Alas, no beer. Hot sauce was found, and water, we were told, was best had in quantity from a spring at a ranch up the coast. Again, Lynn's espanol greased the skids. The villagers continued about their fishy business and we beat out of the bay.

I should make brief comment about the local fishing craft. They are called pangas, and the design is from a gringo who, I believe, founded the La Paz marina once upon a time. The panga is perhaps 22' long, fiberglass, and apparently well-suited to the job of jetting about the Sea of Cortez in nearly all weather with hefty (65+) horsepower on the transom. It must be a successful design, because it quickly replaced the earlier dugout affairs and is now the only boat that the local fishermen use. It's probably worth the analysis of someone more savvy to powerboat performance than me.

As we zoomed northwards along the coast from the village on a brisk south wind we congratulated ourselves on choosing the right direction for the trip; tacking against the generally southerly breezes all the way from Loreto to La Paz would have been tiresome. The coast north of the village was essentially roadless all the way to Bahia Aqua Verde, the next village some 50 miles north of here. The coast was extremely rugged, with the Sierra Giganta plunging right down to the water's edge, with long stretches of high cliff.

Building clouds and winds forced us to stop behind a protected point and land on a cobble beach tight under a looming bluff. We hauled *Loon* in preparation for a storm, but the system skirted us just to the west. Lunch, followed by extensive snorkeling under the point, and a wonderful fresh seafood dinner (with hot sauce) rounded out the day's activities. We spotted a baby rattlesnake tucked up in a crevice behind camp. He stayed there without moving the entire time we were in camp. Last trip I was nearly bitten by a much bigger one that did not rattle, and just missed my legs as I walked past his ledge.

The morning dawned calm, and our bluff provided precious morning shade. As we ate, we heard the puffing and blowing of a porpoise pod on a feeding frenzy out in the channel. We were soon off on a rising south wind which pushed us quickly past Nopolo, a small set of beaches and fishing shacks cowering under soaring cliffs. These bluffs were with us for the next several miles with no beach whatsoever. We reached a prominent bay ringed by mountains and opted to camp on another cobble strand in front of an arroyo. The afternoon passed with naps and snorkeling, and an unproductive evening's fishing. The evening was marked by a dandy sunset, always a relief to see the orb drop below the mountains, and we enjoyed the lingering summer twilight with Jimador Sours in hand. Our view to sea encompassed the north tip of Isla San Jose, Islas San Diego and Santa Cruz.

We took a walk up our shaded arroyo in the morning and saw lots of bird life, including a canyon wren that reminded us of southern Utah. A big fig tree provided exceptional greenery; leafy trees are rare in these parts. Back on the water, the morning's destination was the isolated rancho where water was to be had. We zipped there on a nice 15mph breeze and anchored off the oasis of palm trees that marked the ranch site. The proprietor emerged from an open stucco and tile house with open windows and doors and directed us to la bomba (the pump) a half mile back.

Water was flowing across the hot and parched earth in narrow irrigation channels, sustaining, among other plants, some mango trees that were in full fruit. At the pump we found a cistern the size of a small swimming pool that was brimming with freshwater. Oasis indeed! We resisted the strong temptation to plunge into the drink, and instead filled our 6 gallon jug and rested in the shade. We bought an armload of mangos from a ranch hand and hauled our goods back to the boat. The mangos made for an excellent luncheon dessert.

Back on the water, we found the south wind was still strong, and healthy whitecaps were running; as we sailed we wondered what it is like living at the peaceful and remote ranch we just visited. We sailed another couple of miles and it became rougher than we preferred. We pulled up in the lee of a small point and lounged contentedly in our chairs under the shade of the bluff point, watching a pair of trawlers working a few miles offshore. Later we took a hot hike amongst the desert scrub.

As late afternoon approached, the wind moderated, allowing us to sail a bit further to a promising campsite. Here there was a sweeping sand beach backed by dunes, flanked at one end by tall bluffs, and at the other by a picturesque low rocky point complete with an arch. We joyfully landed at this paradise and converted *Loon* to fishing boat status. On the reef we landed barred pargo (big time fighters) and leopard groupers. What followed were a golden lingering sunset, fantastic fish tacos, Jimador Sours, the first stars of the night and the mellow coolness of evening. Wow.

On rising next morning we were greeted by a perfect sailing breeze, which for us is about 8-13mph. We employed this following wind to methodically gunkhole close along the coast, smoothly gliding just a few hundred yards from land, looking below for reefs and fish in the clear water, looking above at the procession of rugged bluffs and sandy coves backed by desert scrub and cacti. I must be truly lazy at heart because I can't get enough of this effortless and quiet motion bringing with it an endless panorama to be leisurely scrutinized. We experienced a counter-intuitive wind shadow effect upwind of the bluffs, forcing us offshore a bit more.

A long morning of this perfect sailing brought us to a cluster of rocky islets off a point. We skirted behind and landed in another perfect sandy cove, planted the umbrella in the sand, and enjoyed a nice lunch sitting in the shade with our feet in the water. The pelicans and boobies like the shallow sandy bottom for targeting fish, and we were entertained by their diving antics. The boobies, especially, are fearless in their high speed free-fall vertical dives. The snorkeling here was fantastic, and we liked this place so much we just stopped for the day. Fishing was great on the reef, yielding more leopard grouper than we grilled this

time for variety. We were treated to another spectacular sunset that called for double Jimador Sours. We amused ourselves watching sand crabs clean up the fish grill, they do a great job. The bumbling antics of the hermit crabs added to the entertainment.

Breakfast was the bird-show with more diving antics in front of camp. This day followed a pattern, light winds in the morning, building during the day to hit 20mph maximum. The whitecaps of the afternoon found us opposite a multicolored bay (Puerto Gato) with a gorgeous sand beach facing the stiff breeze. We sailed in on a rollicking sea, heaved to and anchored just beyond the surf line, playing out enough anchor line so that we could wade out to unload. This landing and unloading on a lee shore in a stiff breeze was a bit tricky. We always unloaded the masts as well, so that the boat rode easier at anchor and with less windage.

We explored our environs, and become a bit panicked as a party boat cruised by catching us a half mile from our "fig leaves" (very few clothes were worn on this trip). Fortunately, they continued on without stopping. There hadn't been many such boats, most being seen at quite a distance. It was too rough to fish this day; the evening's entertainment was non-stop lightening storms far across the Sea of Cortez on mainland Mexico, perhaps 50 miles distant.

The next day was dorado day for Lynn. Late morning trolling in a light breeze off a rocky coast and wham, she was fighting a 3' fish. Many jumps and runs followed, but eventually we managed to get it into the boat with our inadequate net. The golden body changed colors as we watched, and Lynn was ecstatic.

The breeze rose to a very stiff 25mph, bringing significant whitecaps. We sailed in behind a reef, dropped anchor, and swam ashore to reconnoiter a good landing and camp site. These we found on a cobble shingle beneath a sheer gray bluff (shade) complete with a cave. After unloading we enjoyed fresh dorado tacos for lunch. Snorkeling was excellent with clown hawkfish, eels, Mexican hog fish, sea chubs and parrot fish. Later we took a hike in a nearby arroyo and gathered mesquite wood for grilling the rest of the dorado. We enjoyed this gourmet fare while taking in our gorgeous view of rugged Punta Pasqual to the south, and the palm-studded mouths of arroyos along the coast. That evening our grill-cleaner was a cute little pocket mouse, gray with a long brushy tail. Williaws wooshing down the arroyos from the Sierra Giganta lulled us to sleep.

We got going early to beat the williwaws and were soon becalmed. A little motoring moved us around a few points, but we preferred sailing, however slow. Back to sailing we slowly washed within bays, all rimmed with cliffs, backed by cactus-studded arroyos leading up to the hills and mountains. We aimed for a particularly beautiful and deserted one, clean sand, turquoise water, and protected from the now very stiff breeze. Another day in paradise! That evening when we unloaded the food pack who should jump out but our friend from the previous night, the pocket mouse. Rather than stowaway for another day he scampered off to shelter.

The country and conditions the next day reminded us a lot of the Great Salt Lake: Light and variable breezes, dry mountains with scrub vegetation sloping down to cobble and sand

beaches, the coast a succession of sweeping beaches between low points. Not so many cliffs and bluffs along here. A lot of lollygagging in light to vanishing breezes was followed by the usual building afternoon breeze. The morning's lazy travel was replaced with an afternoon's dash in whitecaps and 15-20mph breezes along a more spectacular coast, we were back to the rugged bluff-lined coast. It had been windier on this trip than on our last, but manageable.

We aimed for a stretch of beach that was poorly protected from the building sea. Once again, circling behind a reef provides some protection from the surf. Although I don't like landing on a lee shore in these conditions, more protected coastline seemed too far off, so we anchored, and swam ashore to assess the landing situation. We found a spot of least surf and waded the gear ashore. We were rewarded with a spectacular camping spot, reminding us of pictures of Tahiti or some south sea island with crashing surf and deserted shoreline of rugged pinnacles of rock leading back to high mountains. We set up our chairs in shade, and relaxed, studying the scene, identifying plants, eating lunch. Later we took a great hike up an arroyo.

Next morning brought light winds as usual, but a large leftover swell from yesterday. Probably the most uncomfortable sailing conditions, rolling about in big swells with flaccid sails. Nevertheless, we couldn't bring ourselves to motor, and so we watched the coast rock by at a snail's pace. The wind eventually sprang up, fortunately not as strong as the previous day, and we enjoyed some near-perfect sailing on towards the island complex off of Puerto Escondido, our final destination. More boats were seen now that we were within a day trip of the ramp and marina located there. We were also in prime dorado grounds, and Lynn hooked one that got away.

We zoomed through the Las Candeleras (the candles), a family of rocky pinnacles thrusting out of the sea, and aimed for Isla Danzante, a real up-and-down island near to Puerto Escondido. The scenery never quit on this trip, absolutely stunning vistas the entire voyage. We landed in the protection of Danzante in a pleasant sesuvium-lined cove and enjoyed a shore lunch followed by a great snorkeling session. The waters were gradually clearing. We made an early camp on a beautiful white sand spit along the steep western flank of Danzante. More snorkeling and fishing took up the afternoon. The fishing was disappointing, probably too much pressure around there with the increased boat activity.

We had a gorgeous sunset for our last night on the water, punctuated, however, by some brats on jet skis whipping by from a big boat anchored at the tip of the island. Quite a contrast to the near total isolation we experienced in the rest of our camps, and we had to get used to wearing clothes again. The luminescence was spectacular that night, as we discovered when washing up from dinner. We could even track fish swimming by. A night swim was quite an experience, we could see our toes 5' down illuminated in the yellow glow. Leaving the water, our bodies sparkled until we dried off. Later we took a night hike back in the cacti to view the night-blooming pitaya dulce, or orgy cactus.

Loath to end the trip, the next morning we sailed back through the dorado grounds but were skunked except for several skipjack.

Mid-afternoon found us heading into Puerto Escondido's perfect (hidden) harbor. We sailed right up to the ramp, past a menagerie of seemingly permanently anchored cruisers. Observing and conversing with the gaggle coming and going while we loaded up did not incite any big boat envy in us. Very little voyaging or sailing was discussed, rather the talk was of maintenance, trips to town, and last night's video. Different goals for boat owning than ours. Alas, we were all too soon loaded up for the loathsome trip back up Mex 1.

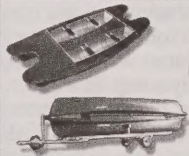
We will be back at the next opportunity, more exciting coast awaits our personal discovery, in particular a much longer roadless stretch to the north from Bahia de las Angelas to Santa Rosalia.

Builder Tom Lathrop and wife Liz with *Loon* in oriental, North Carolina.



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Sailing In The Shallows Of Revere

By Arthur MacDonald

It all began in Lynn, Massachusetts, because that's the closest boat launch ramp to Revere waters, isn't it odd that a beach city like Revere has no invitation to boating recreation. I would like to extend a big thanks to Lynn for letting everyone from neighboring cities park their cars and trailers and launch watercraft. I am not sure who owns that property but thanks extended.

Oh yes, let us not forget our neighbor to our south, Winthrop, we who enjoy our ocean boating appreciate your effort in keeping access available to all. Lastly the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, thanks for the Winthrop, park and launch site.

It was a steamer of a day 8/9/02, Friday 10am. Sailing back to my home town of Revere was my game plan. I drove to Lynn with boat and trailer to sail back to Revere. Launching went smoothly and I was soon underway. Inshore sailing is challenging, you must have the correct boat to handle shallows of twelve inches minimum, I have built two 15.6' sail/row/electrically powered sailboats that do it all, rudders and external single leeboards are automatic kick up designs, and the flat bottoms have bows and sterns upswept drastically. The sails are constructed of poly tarp, I like silver color, less ultraviolet breakdown. All boat building materials were obtained from a large inexpensive concern. The hulls are of wood and stainless steel sheet metal screws with two-part epoxy hold them together. After two years of hard use the first boat I ever built still doesn't leak a drop. I am very very satisfied with all aspects of her. If you want more information on my Renegade do-it-all boat, email me at <harbormaster57@hotmail.com> or call me at (781) 284 7414.

Let me get back on course here, I seemed to have let go of the tiller. East/Southeast was the wind as we passed from the Lynn channel to the flats of Lynn and back to deep water in the General Edwards channel. I can see periwinkles and razor clam shells on the ocean floor. The Point of Pines private beach is lo-

cated at the most northern end of Revere and I am fast approaching, all faces are looking east as the little sailboat with the silver and blue sails bobs along, so satisfying it is to be here traveling on the water so successfully in my own handiwork.

Wait a minute, oh no! Salt water motorcycles (jet skis), loud, smelly, obnoxious, disruptive, frighteningly dangerous, and very close to shore and swimmers. They also launch from ramps, that's truly a downside to ramps, but alas and alack, jet skis are here to stay. How do you like yours? I would like to see those out of line wild men controlled so it would be impossible for their fun to be another person's misery. Please understand, I commend those of you who do use your water transportation responsibly. However, you are few and far between.

I lost the wind in my sails for a spell. The air is very moist and sticky as it is when it blows up here from Cape Cod, the beaches are packed with colorful people, umbrellas and water toys, the young children call to me, come in, come in! Sometimes I stop for a time and let them see and touch the pretty wooden sailboat. Most of them will never sail or even go on a boat.

Approaching Crescent Beach, I see the pavilions, the bandstand, (why doesn't the bandstand get used more often? It seems like it could be a great open meeting location). I'm losing my heading again, better fall off and grab more wind. Now I'm at the site of the old (but not forgotten) piers Holts/Simpsons, that's where I got my start as a water traveler. Ahoy sailors! I see the Roughan's Point sailing fleet getting underway on a gorgeous day. One of each, 14' catboat, 16' O'Day, 16' Hobie Cat and my little Renegade.

It was exhilarating to see these ecologically sound vessels together all at the same time in the same place. These sailors all have talent and resourcefulness, no doubt about it! I'm proud to sail with them. They keep alive the alternative to engine, gasoline, sight and sound pollution. I salute you.

The breakwaters are always there protecting Crescent Beach from erosion. Rocky Beach is almost 100% back with sand and cobble filling all the rip rap, but small boat access is denied. Short Beach is still fabulous despite boat ramp deterioration (emergency access only). When work associates ask me where are you going on your vacation? I say, I'm already here, sailing in Revere!

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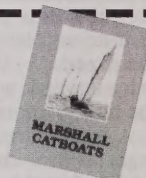
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I know this place is not unique, that there are other places with traps set up to entangle those inexpert at the art of inshore navigation, but there are certainly a bunch of places around here that regularly see what seems like more than their share of tragedy. One such is now called (by us) Blue Goose Bar. The whole bay side of this island is sort of treacherous, but, if you hold off a reasonable distance, you can safely coast the complete length without mishap if you know enough to dodge Blue Goose Bar.

We used to call it Rubber Bushing Bar because, though we knew enough to dodge it, I cut it a little too short one time in the old 23' crab boat that we hauled this whole house over here with and stripped the rubber bushing out of the prop. I guess those things were an improvement over shear pins for the makers and re-conditioners of propellers. Another shear pin replacement was the scored downshaft between the head and the foot that OMC used for a while. That way the shaft wrung off when you hit and the engine acted just exactly like it had a sheared pin, only it couldn't be fixed until next week back on the mainland. I won't go on and on about advancements in maritime technology because this is a treatise on local navigational hazards.

The Carrabelle River, where the only boat ramp giving access to this part of Apalachee Bay for twenty miles, lies is a real trap in itself. It is mind boggling how many people put in there and boogie out the river with all the passengers and crew staring straight ahead without a thought that it might be a good idea to look back so they could see what where they have to go back to looks like. Then they come over to the island and cook themselves and eat out of plastic bags and drink out of aluminum cans all day long until the afternoon thunderstorms build up and come marching down the bay. All of a sudden, the wind is whipping the chips from their lips and blowing the foam off the cans and sand onto the towels and it is time to go. Too late.

The Daddy of the crew will announce, "Well, actually, it is a good thing I went ahead and put five hundred horses on this thing instead of the 350 that Bayliner certified as the maximum aint it?" Of course, by then, it is so rough that 25hp would have done just as much good as the behemoth deep V wallows in the troughs while all those people stare in confusion at the shoreline as if they had never seen it before.

I'll give them this. The mouth of the river is so hard to see that our neighbors down the beach haven't been able to head straight to it in the twenty five years we have been watching. They always head too far to the east and, when they finally see someplace that looks like the river, cut about 45 degrees and head for that and, then when they get close enough to see that it still ain't right, cut back about 25 degrees and finally wander into the channel leading through the spoil bank into the river... if they are lucky.

Sometimes, the place they see that they want to go to is on the other side of a spoil bank and, through our binoculars from three miles away it is possible to see the boat come to an abrupt halt and, after the sporty rooster tail from astern finally diminishes, it is possible to see the boat lying on one or the other facets of its deep V at whatever deadrise the manufacturer had decided was the best compromise between stability and soft ride in

Blue Goose Bar And Other Stories

By Robb White

a moderate chop. It is too far away to hear the ensuing discussion, but it ain't long before Harry shows up with his big towboat and lines are waded out and the boat is hauled off. There is one seldom noted advantage to the V hull form, they drag a lot better than a flat bottomed boat... leave a trail just like somebody had been out there with a mule and a middlebuster.

The trap to the situation is that the mouth of river is almost invisible in the daytime. At night you can see the ranges and the little blinking of the nuns and cans but, during the day, it is just another wooded shore with no apparent structure or opening. But to the east, old Highway 98 comes close enough to the water so that you can see houses and the highway department outfit and two motels and to the west, there are the houses of Carrabelle beach, and the bridge across the river is visible through a notch in the trees where a marsh is. That marsh and all the structures to the west lie behind about a mile and a half width of flats so shallow that, when the tide is out, it is easy to see what looks like fifty or sixty mules have been out there with middlebusters.

To the east, the motels and the highway department structures lie behind Lanark Bar which is mostly out of water but, in some channel looking places, has an oyster bottom about 18" deep at high tide. That's pretty bad, but the real trap is what we call Marian's Spoil Bank, which lies directly off the mouth of the river for about two miles parallel to the shore and is only marked by two day beacons which are illogically marked as if they were green and on the wrong side of the channel for someone looking up the river. You see, this is where the intracoastal is backwards from the river... a trap if ever there was one.

Marian ain't the only one to pile up on that bank but I believe she has done it the most. She has one of those kinds of sailboats with the bedroom in the back and the cockpit in the middle. I guess such a configuration is a good thing, but it makes the boat look large by the ass and down by the bow and I don't care if the bed is king-sized, I couldn't sleep knowing I was in the middle of such ugliness. Anyway, though Marian lives right there in town, she apparently has never gotten those two green markers straight in her head, and she is a common sight sitting out there, high and dry, waiting on the next high tide at something like three in the morning and, sometimes, is so enraptured by the comforts of the aft cabin, even though it has quite a list, that she will miss the tide and spend the whole next day out there.

That spoil bank is a real trap because it is, even at most low tides, deep enough for most small motorboats to clear by several inches. Sometimes one can hear the bleat of an engine that has had all the blades gnawed off the hub of the propeller by the rocks (limestone and flint blasted from the old stone ridge that blocked deep water access to the river until WPA days) but, most times, the boats tear right across with their captains and crews standing

behind the windshields staring straight ahead, completely oblivious to the possibility of calamity. The captain will explain to the children, "Red, right returning, remember. We are returning into the river now so what side do we keep the greens?"

"Left!" the children will chirp in unison. "Right!" the captain will congratulate them and they'll go on with no clue that the green was associated with the intracoastal system and that they were "Wrong!", and that the foot of the engine passed between two blocks of stone with only three eighths of an inch to spare all the way around. Then one day, they'll come in on a spring low tide. "Now, crew, see that green day beacon up there? Which side do we pass on?" "Blamety- blam-blam, yow-yow-yow", the engine will answer as they cross treacherous Marian's bar leaving five thousand dollars worth of scrap aluminum behind.

One dark and stormy night, we were hived up in our dark little house on the island with the seaside doors closed and the bayside open looking at the spectacular lightning over the mainland some five miles away. As is often the case at night in summer, as the land cools from the rain, the convection of the heat of the water draws thunderstorms off the land into the bay and that was what was happening. The thunder from the almost continuous lightning was getting worse and worse as the storms gathered themselves and walked out to us.

We were just about to get ready to get ready to batten down when, in the ghastly glare of the lightning, we saw a little sail coming down the bay with the wind from the west. "I hope he knows what he is doing," we said as we dove for our binoculars (two pair, wouldn't you know). There was, indeed, a little dark-hulled sailboat tearing along in the strong wind with nothing but the working jib up. The seas were so big that the little boat (maybe 26') seemed about to broach as it piled onto the backs of the breaking waves. She was headed straight for Rubber Bushing-Bar.

Though I don't normally interfere in non life-threatening foul ups, I got my flashlight and fumbled for my little hand-held VHF (Standard, six watt, a good one) and attempted to call him. I guess he was tied up with something else because he didn't answer... surfed up on the bar until the boat was lying with the mast perfectly horizontal. Even as shallow as that, the waves were still breaking completely over the hull. In the flashes of lightning, we could see the man scrambling around trying to set an anchor. Despite the fact that he was hard aground, I think he was a seaman.

Which, ain't no shame in running aground. It is only shameful if you act like you don't have a brain in your head and require taxpayer funded assistance. When someone reflects properly on the possibilities and still messes up, that's seamanship. When a person just drives straight into oblivion, that's stupidity. It's like the old Thespian symbols of grins and grimaces. Tragedy vs. comedy and this was tragedy.

That bar juts most unexpectedly out into the bay for about a mile and a half. There is a prominent point to the west of it that would be where an observant person would expect a bar to be. It is normal, knowing the Gulf, to think you were in the clear after rounding that point.

After he got his anchor walked out (into

breaking seas, now) as far as he could, he made up to his sheet winch through the bow fairlead and tried to pull her off forwards, but it was too far and against too much weather. Finally, we heard him on the VHF. I explained to him that there was nothing we could do until the thunderstorms passed and then not much with our little 14' skiff but that I did have a good pair of 12H Danforths and 600' of line and I would be down there at the high tide of the morning and help him get off.

With that, I heard another boat call him. Unbeknownst to us, one cove up to the west, there was a small spud-barge and its little tug anchored up waiting for a fair chance to go into the river. The little pushboat (you know the kind, tiny little thing with about a 6-71 semi truck engine swinging about 3' of wheel) unhooked from the barge and valiantly made her way around the point yawing every which-away in the following sea. Talk about seamanship! He backed the boat in with the surf and drifted a line in to the stranded seaman. During that operation, the tug captain drifted sideways so, after he got made up, he didn't know where the deep water was in the dark and we stood out there on the porch in the now driving rain with the lightning flashing all around and talked to him on the VHF while he hauled the Blue Goose off the bar.

Epilog: Maritime Rescue by Golf Cart

This is not a real epilog and is quite long so it might be best to knock the dottle out of your pipe.

After I had written the preceding part, we ate our supper (fried mullet with Tartar sauce and cole slaw) and listened to the Prairie Home Companion on the old Radio Direction Finder (it was a quiet week in Lake Wobegon) and went to bed. What had prompted me to write this other part of this was a regular rip snorter of a thunderstorm that lasted maybe three hours. One of these thunderstorms wrung the impeller off my little wind machine so I don't know how hard it blew, but it was a regular house wiggler... say seventy or so out of the due west which is a little obliquely onshore to the bayside.

I tried to step outside for a second to take y'all a picture of our little skiff in the raging surf of the bayside shallows but the damned wind was flapping my lips so bad that I couldn't concentrate on my little despicable camera enough to see which hole to look into. Anyway, it brought back some memories. Thunderstorms like that aren't uncommon at all and there are a bunch of people who have memories like mine. We discovered one that very night.

About three thirty in the morning, we were rudely awakened by a jet airplane (Harrier!) flying slowly and loudly along the sea-side of the island shining a light so bright that the reflection from the beach illuminated the whole place (including the airplane) like bright daylight. You know something like that will get a person right out of bed, particularly since our house is so high that I could see the top of the wing of the plane and the starboard strobe passing not more than a hundred feet from our seaside porch on the second pass. I had to step back behind the door jamb so the two pilots couldn't see how naked I was.

As I stepped back out on the porch to try to look down the seaside beach to see what had made them turn around, I was almost spotted by a helicopter following close behind.

About half a mile down the beach, the helicopter dropped a very bright phosphorous flare. I'll cut the details to the nub. While I was snatching on my clothes (bathing suit and awful tee shirt... a gift from the sea) and hunting for my binoculars and flashlight in the dark house, a golf cart bounced down the wretched road going in the direction of the flare.

I slipped out of the house and sneaked down through the sea-oats towards the eerie glare of the burning phosphorous. The flare was in the surf of the sea side and went completely underwater as each wave broke over it... makes a surrealistic look to the seascapes. I kept sort of hid as I made my way down alongside the road peering with my binoculars. I saw the lights of the returning golf cart and squatted down behind a dune (I don't believe in declaring myself until I know a good bit about any situation in which I am fixing to participate) and watched the golf cart pass within 10' of me.

There were two men, one woman and a girl child, all talking loudly in the golf cart. After it passed, there was just me, a few ghost crabs and the flare and the surf beating on the seashore. Then I heard the unmistakable sound of wire halyards dingalinging against an aluminum mast. I trotted in the direction of the sound and sure enough, there was about a 33' sailboat stranded on the seaside bar, bow in but still a little broadside to the waves coming from the west. Spray was beating all the way across the boat as it wallowed in the breakers.

I put my binoculars into a little clump of sea oats and waded out to the boat. Though the water was only about waist deep, there was a deep hole washed out around the hull and the boat was standing almost upright. I slipped into the hole and wet my flashlight. I hollered, "Anybody home?" and beat on the hull but nobody answered. After I waded carefully ashore sliding my feet for stingrays, I saw a few tracks on the hard sand where it looked like about three people (one child sized) had stood around for a little while and then gotten into a golf cart. On my way back to the house along the seaside beach, I spotted the flotsam from the wreck... three life jackets (one child sized) one little tiny oar and some polyurethane foam.

When daylight arrived, here came the Towboat U.S. and a man of about my age jumped off into the surf with a line and swam and waded to the boat and, through a feat of remarkable agility and strength, managed to catch hold of one of the wildly gyrating stanchions about 6' above the water and haul and scramble himself aboard. He made up his line and the towboat commenced to pull. I went down there and waded out to see if I could be of any help. I talked to the man on the sailboat who turned out to be the captain.

Here is what happened. This man had been hired by another man to bring this sailboat around to a repair outfit in Carrabelle from a little fenced-in community about twenty five miles to the east. He brought his wife and granddaughter along for the ride. They got a late start because the boat drew 6' and they had to wait for the high tide of the late afternoon. By the time they had weathered the storm, it was dark.

It was the new of the moon so it was very dark. The man intended to coast all the way along the island and go in at the pass but got fooled by the looks of the beach and ran aground.

He is not the first one to do that. There is a very abrupt drop off to the sea-side and the oncoming waves don't break until they are almost on the beach. The dunes are a variable distance from the beach so it is hard to tell how close you actually are. If you ride along looking at a bottom machine, it reads better than 12' until you hit. Many people have made a Gulf crossing only to come to grief on the seashore of this island.

After three hours of wiggling and hauling, the towboat managed to pull this boat off and take him into Carrabelle. While I was wading around out there chatting with the captain, I was able to do a survey on the yacht and determined that it wasn't worth the trouble. It was one of those late-model, well-hyped sailboats famous for its accommodations.

One thing wrong with most of them is that the fiberglass of the deck is very thin and covers something other than ideal stuff. The stanchions are usually just screwed through this thin fiberglass into something like a plywood scab encapsulated between the thin outer deck fiberglass and the even thinner interior liner. There may or may not be a little dook of 5200 bedding the base of the stanchion but, water gets in there anyway and, pretty soon, the stanchion begins to pull screws and wiggle. The deck gets so soft that you can depress it with your thumb and, when you do, water squeezes up around the head of the closest screw.

On this boat, the rudder had hit and delaminated and I could see how it was built. There was only about an 1/8" of fiberglass skin and the rest of the thing was big-bubble-style polyurethane foam. The armature was nothing but regular half inch black steel pipe welded to the 2" stainless shank. There was no connection between the steel and the fiberglass except this foam and most of that was strewed up and down the beach. The shell of the rudder was wiggling on there like a grown person's shoe on the foot of a toddler.

It is funny how, when you go to build a house, the government whips out a code that says you have to have an electrical outlet every 3' along every wall in the house and such and such for joists and rafters and all and sends a building inspector down to make sure you do, but will allow the fiberglass boat industry to build crap like that and foist it off on people who don't know a damn thing about crap.

You know, I have never, knowingly, seen a Hinckley but I have surveyed a bunch of fiberglass boats and, back before they knew what they were doing they were pretty good... back in the woven roving days before 1970. Now, most all of them are just the thinnest veneer covering something like big-bubble foam just like that rudder. I wouldn't buy any fiberglass boat without crawling all through the factory first.

I have seen, and participated in, a good many towing operations and heard about and seen some awful things. I'll tell you what I think real quick. One thing is never to use a nylon towline. It'll stretch like a super rubber band and when it pulls the forward bit out of the rotten plywood block under the wafer thin deck of a boat like that, the bit will skip on the water once before it comes onboard the towboat like an armor piercing projectile. Polypropylene or polydacron is alright and wire is better, but the best is chain. Each link of a broken chain absorbs the inertia of the link next to it and it doesn't go anywhere. Besides, it

does not chafe off and it is almost impossible to get a chain in the wheel of the towing vessel. About the only problem with chain towline is that it is hard to swim very far with very much of it, have to use a messenger.

Because of suspicious practices in manufacturing, it is best not to make up to any fitting attached to the deck of the boat. I like to lead a bridle clear around the hull to pull against the rudder post if I have to pull in the surf. Such a rig won't chafe like a line lead through a fairlead and you won't feel quite so squeamish about pouring the coal to it. If you can't get the man in the water to do that, get him to make up to the base of the mast and then secure the line though the fairlead with

chafing gear. Never make up to the headstay fitting. Even in a good boat, they aren't made to handle forward pull and might pull off and let the whole rig fall aft.

A dinghy full of water hanging from the masthead by a halyard will haul the boat down and get the keel out of the sand and she'll come much better. On the towboat, make up well ahead of the rudder even if you have to bridle to something way forward or you won't be able to steer and keep upwind and might blow back down and wind up with two boats on the hill. What'll happen will be that, no matter how hard you cut the rudder, the boat will gradually work downwind sideways as she pulls and, when you back down to get

enough slack to head back upwind, the towline will get in the wheel and don't forget about stingarees while you are wading around trying to get unwrapped and pushed off.

Those folks were lucky they had a wind blowing sort of off the beach. One of the best ways to see the shoddy practices of modern fiberglass boatbuilders is to examine the scraps scattered up and down the shore after one of these seventy or eighty knot thunderstorms. Later, I heard that the Harrier and the helicopter weren't even looking for those folks at all but for another boat which was in an even worse fix from the thunderstorm. The situation we witnessed was strictly a private operation conducted by cell phone.

Ah, the quandary was prompted by the boat not swelling up as expected. Yes, below the waterline she was fine, the boatyards battery-float pump was seldom pumping. The port side cedar plank seams tightened up as expected, but the starboard side two or three seams down from the rail were still showing daylight and sea water rushed in when I gave the prospective buyer a sail and heeled over in the gusts! Those seams were caulked two seasons ago by the boatyard and were just fine then. Even though she was not launched last season, she was stored in a damp dirt floor shed last year. "She'll swell, give 'er time," was the reply I got, but the buyer wanted to sail her now if he bought her and he wanted his yardman to inspect her.

Thus the quandary, how to get the boat down the bay to his yard Sunday when the forecasts were rain and gusty winds 15 to 20 with late day thunderstorms. The fair tide was due around 7am. Well, the answer seemed to be to bunk aboard Saturday night, up with the sun and motor down the 12 miles with the outgoing tide. *Osprey* has a small Lunenburg side motor mount that just fits the 2hp 4 stroke long shaft Honda. This outboard has no gear shift, but the centrifugal clutch combined with the throttle set button can provide a set speed that at half speed moves the 28' Rozinante quite well. As the sun splashed over the island

Delivery... Taking the Rozinante *Osprey* to Her New Captain

By Merv Taylor

tree tops at 5:30am, I munched my oatmeal cookie and orange breakfast, put the motor over the side, slipped the mooring at 6:30 and put-putted out onto a very calm bay past the other five or six sleeping boats. As I rounded the buoy by the lighthouse, a curious seal kept leisurely pace with *Osprey* and I.

What a beautiful morning! No one else on the bay as far as I could see in the haze, so I bungeed the tiller and got out the radio for NOAA and finished munching my cookie (hey! it's oatmeal and raisins!). NOAA was forecasting severe winds and thunderstorms late, but all I needed was a few hours, so down the bay! The Honda purred on even towing the dinghy. This was a good test of fuel use and time made good as prior experience was only on and off the mooring when the wind

was slack. The 1/4 gallon tank would run about an hour before a fill so about four miles on a calm sea and fair tide. Refueling gave me a chance to clear the prop of weed and grass, and off we go again.

As promised, I cell phoned home to my crew at 8am as I passed tourist town. She was surprised to hear things going so well, as I had promised not to take chances with the weather sailing down by myself. Whoops... what is that over there cutting across my bow? Glasses out. Aha! A porpoise family, two large fins and two little fins also cruising down the bay. All is well. About 9:30 some boats appear out of the haze, a landing barge hauling dump trucks loaded with fill for the island construction going on all over the bay. A few large sail and motor yachts motoring toward weekend destinations with no crews visible, probably still sleeping or eating as the Captain takes the boat home.

Traffic increased as I approached the stone jetty and lighthouse entrance to the harbor. The ferry boat wake only slightly slowed me down as I followed a coastal schooner pushed by her yawlboat toward the moorings. I found the designated mooring ball for an easy pickup at 10:30. Twelve miles in four hours mooring to mooring with just two horses... and no weather! Gosh, that Rozinante is slippery, and that calls for another orange to celebrate!



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My first boat, the *Resurrection*, in 1938. That's my father, E. Weston Farmer NA, relaxing in the cockpit, he was 35.

Early experiences in small motorboats and sailboats were my halcyon days of youth, gunkholing around our precious, treasured island in Lake Superior, Isle Royale, Michigan, now Isle Royale National Park. Home at the time, during summers, was Rock Harbor Lodge, founded by my great-grandfather, and run with great efficiency by my grandmother Bee, who was called, behind her back, of course, the "Iron Hand" by the staff.

The time frame was the late thirties, and I was given a job at the Lodge, room and board and \$30 per month, at the age of 13, no minimum age law at the time that would apply way up there in the woods. Job responsibilities included being a gopher, going with the crew to collect pulpwood from the beaches for firewood, sawing and splitting these logs into firewood for the cabins, hauling Lodge guests' luggage from the boat dock to their cabins, and being radio operator in subsequent years after I got my amateur operator license. Also, I helped one of the older hired hands taking guests out on sojourns, picnics, etc. in the lovely old launch *Valkyrie*.

My earliest memories are from about age six; the 24-hour ride up to the Island from Duluth in the old steamship *Winyah* (which took over the trade after the *America* sank in Washington Harbor), with my three younger brothers and my mother. She had each of us securely on a leash to keep us from falling overboard, which would have been easy through the gap between the deck and the lowest rung of the iron pipe railing!

And running barefoot full-speed over those hard rocks on our beach, towing toy boats on sticks and strings, up and down, up and down, most of the day. We would pretend to get shipwrecked, and holler "Help! Help!". When the day came that somebody was REALLY calling for help, the grown-ups thought it was us until they realized that it was a bonafide call for help from two boys who had been knocked down in their little sailboat out in the harbor, too far from shore to swim in that cold water, and hanging on for dear life. Neighbor

Halcyon Days

It Wasn't Me Ignorance Wot
Done Me Up, It Was All Them
Things I Knewed That Wasn't So

By Matthew "Wes" Farmer

Mr. Ralph roared out to them in his Chris Craft in the nick of time to save them.

There was the little 4' x 6' cabin I built for "my own space" up on the ridge behind our cabins, in which I slept until the night I heard the wolf close by bay at the moon. I think I hit the ground only 3 or 4 times getting to our main cabin and Mom.

And then at age 13, Dad buying me the old 16' launch that had been up ashore near the Lodge, covered with a tarpaper hut since about 1920. I understood it was brought up there to the island by a fellow who wanted to "spark" his girlfriend in proper fashion, but she apparently "gave him the gate", he put the boat up as mentioned and never returned. Dad looked him up and bought it for the munificent sum of \$25.

She had a 5hp two-cycle Lockwood-Ash engine under the forward hatch. I started it with a crank, setting on the hatch cover after pushing it forward on the rails, bending over until I could hardly breath. The magneto had no impulse start mechanism so I REALLY had to crank it fast to start it, revving the magneto fast enough to generate a mild spark, and only after I had primed it sufficiently and judiciously through the petcock on the top of the cylinder.

What a jawbuster! You've heard of the knuckle-buster outboards of that era, of course, the Elto, early Evinrude, etc. Anyway this cranky old s.o.b. was ten times worse, your jaw hurts more than your knuckles when abused in this fashion.

But then, when I got her going (AFTER pointing the boat in the right direction for egress from the dock and harbor, no reverse gear) the POP-POP-POP was soul-satisfying, and with that large two-bladed prop with the high pitch, I could feel her leap forward on each stroke of the piston. Oh, what luxury! Oh, what adventure!

I soon put up a sign at Rock Harbor Lodge that brashly announced "Sunset Excursions In Luxury Launch *Resurrection* -50 Cents per Nose" Did a thriving business, almost paid for the gas I used. I usually took my passengers (usually elderly gents and rather prim ladies) a couple of miles down Rock Harbor to a delightful little passage between two islands called Lorelei Lane, and return. We young studs around them parts called it Lovers' Lane. Oh, yea, we TALKED big.

This thriving venture went on for a couple of months, until I decided I could no longer sustain the monetary loss, it never occurred to me to raise the price! The ride was worth 50 cents, and that was it. Secondly, about the time I was contemplating quitting this great business, the engine conked out on me one evening with two prim schoolmarms aboard, and they had to come after me in the dark. THAT did it.

One day my friend Jimmy Orsborne and I went down to the old copper mine, four miles down the harbor, to dig up ancient Indian artifacts (Indian artifacts have since been found by the National Park Service and others that have been carbon dated about 10,000 years old. Indians had apparently discovered the island a couple thousand years after the last ice age, which scoured out the Lake Superior basin). We found some bone fragments, which we took breathlessly to the Park Service for assay. Their response: "Fellows, we appreciate your archeological efforts, but we think they are short ribs from the Boy Scout camp that was there last summer."

Another day, when I was puttzing down the windward shore of Rock Harbor toward the end of Isle Royale to see that pretty 15 year old girl visiting in Tobin's harbor, the engine conked out. Instead of immediately paddling in 100' and tying up to a tree while still in the lee (the west wind was a really fresh 20 knots, at least), in my cockiness I figured what the hell, I'll get it going again in no time, that cranky s.o.b.

Well, by the time I gave up and looked around me, I had drifted past the last island forming Rock Harbor, and was headed right for the Soo, about 300 miles away. The sun was going down and it was getting cold, and I had no jacket on. I tried to paddle, but it was useless, the wind was too strong. All of a sudden I broke out in a cold sweat, realizing that due to my stupidity, I was now in a life-threatening situation, because if I got caught out on that lake at night I'd probably die of hypothermia even if the boat continued to float.

I started to pray, between sobs, something like "Dear God, if you get me out of this, I promise I'll always be on time to meet the boats, I'll REALLY cut and split that firewood for the Lodge guests and will never again steal from my brother's pile to make it look like I did it myself. I'll never again sniff out loud when I get tipped a nickel for carrying a guest's trunk on my back 500 yards from the dock to his/her cabin, and I swear I'll never again "show sights" with that pretty little girl in Tobin's Harbor, and I'll never again peep

through the hole I made in the waitress' shower wall, etc. etc."

Well, the Good God of Dumb Little Boys apparently heard me, because shortly after running out of things to promise, I heard the God-sent putt-putt of Art Mattson's old Knox as he was coming in off his nets, he was the last fisherman out that day. He saw me bobbing in the whitecaps and towed me in to his place, where his nice wife Inace gave the shivering young lad a cup of hot cocoa and one of her famous caramel rolls, in their toasty warm cabin.

I walked the two miles back to the Lodge in the dark with a small flashlight, wary of moose, muttering to myself how lucky I was, and arrived well after supertime, very contrite.

The next day I had to, of course, brag to my co-workers at the Lodge that it was all planned that way, I had stopped in Tobin's Harbor to Make a Conquest, and just lost track of the time, and had run out of gas. Hoooooey!

Then there was the day I cranked up the old Lockwood-Ash (early ads for this engine called it "The Motor That Motes!"), took a bag lunch along, and went for a solo picnic 6 miles down the harbor to Daisy Farm. Daisy Farm was an unusually flat piece of land nestled in along the normally rocky shoreline where, of course, a lot of daisies grew. There was archeological evidence that it was at one time in the past the site of an Indian village, and was named Daisy Farm by my great grandfather, who attempted to grow potatoes there (the attempt failed, the daisies persisted).

I nosed into the shore and tied the bow up to a staunch birch tree that grew at the water's edge. I sat on the grass, looking across the harbor at the Old Light (which was built in 1849 during the days when sailing ships brought men, women, children and supplies to the island to mine copper, not copper ore, metallic copper found in veins in the rock, and known as "float copper". The mining was abandoned in 1879 when the venture proved to be unprofitable), and thinking various thoughts. To wit:

Gosh, how did Angelique Mott, Indian wife of Charlie Mott, survive that winter all alone on this island in 1355 when she and Charlie were abandoned here in the fall by the mining company that was supposed to take them off the island at the last minute in November? Charlie died of starvation, but Angelique survived by making rabbit snares of her hair, fishing through the ice, and by luck or something had a lot of excess fat to burn up, whereas Charlie was a skinny little guy.

When the mining company finally showed up in the spring, they contritely said that they had just forgotten them (Oh, yeah?) and took Angelique back to the Catholic mission on Madeline Island in the Apostles, where she came from. Angelique opined that the worst thing for her during this ordeal, and the thing that caused her the most torture, was not the terrible hunger she felt all winter, but the thought that she might have to eat Charlie in order to survive (it was too cold to bury him, the ground was too frozen when he died in February, so she left him in the cabin and built herself a little teepee-like hut nearby). Compared to those old pioneers, we've grown kind of soft, haven't we?

I wondered how many people knew that the agonic line (line of zero magnetic variation) goes right through the lighthouse on the

north end of Isle Royale? Since I was sitting here some miles west of the lighthouse, I would guess the variation here is about 1/4 degrees east.

I could tell there were a lot of moose around, the balsam trees were all eaten off up to moose neck height. I wondered if there were any wolves around, looking for old, lame moose and calves. That's what they go after. I hear wolves at night, but have never seen one. I have both heard and seen coyotes. There used to be caribou here, and lynx, but they've died out. I wondered why?

I wondered if that pretty girl in Tobin's Harbor is thinking of me today. Probably not. That rat Jimmy Orsborne took her for a boat ride in his launch *Lucy Lee* (I call the craft *Leaky Lou*) and since then she's shown lesser interest in coming with me in the *Resurrection*. I'll bet it's because he has a 4-cycle engine with a reverse gear and can control the dang thing better when coming into the dock and therefore look like a better Captain! He's a bit bigger and stronger than I am, but no more handsome and dashing!

Jeez, it was fortuitous that Gampie, my sweet old great-grandfather, when he got caught in a storm in his little sailboat and just before he was going to abandon it and try to jump to the rocky shore to save his life, blew into Snug Harbor and shelter at the last minute! That's when he decided to use some of the money he had made as the founder of an insurance company in Red Wing to buy property and start a camp for hay-fever sufferers (of which he was one), which grew into Rock Harbor Lodge. While there's a lot of flora and fauna here, the clean lake air seems to wash the pollen out of the air, giving relief to the sufferers.

By the way, I knew why he asks me to steal sugar and canned fruit from the stores in the dining room and bring to his cabin, surreptitiously. He's making home brew in a chamber pot which he hides under his bed. I tried it once and it sure had a kick! My cousin Earl, who is the radio operator at the Lodge, calls it Kickapoo Joy Juice, from Li'l Abner.

Thinking of Earl, he's an awfully bright guy. He's 7 years older than I am, about 20 now. He's a ham radio operator, his call is W9JYT, Nine Jumping Yellow Tomcats. He's teaching me the rules and regs and technical stuff necessary to get my own license, and is going to give me my Class C test next month, when he says I'll be ready to take it. And he says he won't go easy on me just because I'm his cousin.

Once I get my ticket, I'll be able to operate on 80 meters CW. I know the Morse code now, and can send and receive about 10 words per minute. I built a code practice oscillator, and will be able to pass the required 14 words per minute next month. I've also built a two-tube regenerative receiver and a crystal controlled 80 meter oscillator for a transmitter, powered by a little genemotor that puts out 180 volts DC and can supply about 200 mils. Let's see, I can run about 3.6 watts input and feed my Zepp antenna I put up above my cabin the other day. I can run the genemotor off a 6 volt Hot Shot battery and see who I can work (I subsequently passed the test, honestly, received my license W9DSA, and my first contact was with VE3AZZ, a Canadian in Fort William, about 35 miles away).

Earl is a nice guy, but he can sure be a pain sometimes. He's a five meter nut and likes

to build equipment (Earl went on to become VP of Westinghouse and later #2 man at NASA. He died of a heart attack). He built a five meter transmitter and a portable receiver. One day last month he said, "Wes, get in one of those rowboats, take this receiver, put on the earphones, and I'm going to blindfold you. You pretend you're in a fog and can't see anything. I'm going to direct you from the shore." He did so, but told me a big ore boat was bearing down on me in the fog, and I'd better row faster and faster to get out of its way. I did so, but he purposely led me into the rocks, and I crashed loudly, falling into the bilges of the rowboat, legs and arms akimbo. A roar of laughter went up from a number of my co-workers at the Lodge, who he had invited to watch the fun!

That a jerk!

Why am I always getting embarrassed? Dang, the other day I saw smoke rising from behind the ridge which hides the next harbor from view, and with the memory of our terrible fire of 1936 when about a third of Isle Royale was burned over still fresh in my memory (the flames came to within about 10 miles of our cabins and the Lodge before the fire was put out by rain and the CCC), I scurried down to the Park Service Headquarters in my boat at 10 knots to breathlessly tell them I had discovered a dangerous forest fire. They thanked me for being so observant and concerned, and loaded a boat full of men and equipment to go around the point to the next harbor and put out the fire pronto. They soon returned with the information that it turned out to be a commercial steamboat that had put in to cut some birch firewood! Oh, well, it could have been a forest fire.

Speaking of embarrassment, Louie Baranowski, the radio operator down at Mott Island, the Park Service headquarters, got sick last month and they had to take him over to the hospital in Houghton. Since the Park Service transmitter had gone on the fritz, and since the BRAIN, my cousin Earl was off the island, the Park superintendent Mr. Bagley, asked me...me! to come down and look at it, and see if I could fix it, or tune it up, or put it on the right frequency, or whatever it took to re-establish contact with Houghton. Very important to them.

Well, I jumped into the *Resurrection* and scurried down again to Mott Island at 10 knots and about 1/4 mile away from their dock I ran out of gas. They came out and towed me in, and I officiously went to work on their transmitter. The thing to do, of course, was first-off to see if the meters on the transmitter were telling the truth, and it was really putting out RF (radio frequency) energy. All great hams do this by taking a wooden lead pencil, touching the plate terminal of the output tube, and seeing if it would draw an RF arc. I did this and got an arc so big and hot that it made my hair stand on end and my eyes bug out.

By gosh! This thing is running a lot of power, so it must be off frequency for some reason! After judiciously turning some tuning knobs I got the transmitter way out of tune, couldn't get it back in tune, failed miserably, and had to tell them so. Then the great 13 year old expert slunk away, got in his boat with a beet-red face, and had a heck of a time starting the engine. Dang! One more crack on the jaw by the hand crank, which had a habit of coming off the shaft wildly when she "kicked". Someday, I'm going to replace this cranky

s.o.b. with a four-cycle jobbie that starts easier!

I remember the day I was puttzing down Tobin's Harbor when I saw a moose swimming across from one shore to the other. Dad had regaled me with the story of his youth, when he motored up to a swimming moose in his little launch, the *Haywire*, and got out onto the back of the moose for a joyride. This story might be apocryphal, I don't know, but anyway, since I know that discretion is the better part of valor, I decided not to try such a great feat of derring-do. The moose swam on, undisturbed by me.

Well, it was time to go, so putting all these various thoughts behind me, I thought I'd motor down the harbor and around Scovilles' point into Tobin's Harbor and see if that pretty girl wanted to go for a ride, it's such a nice day with that nice southwest wind gently blowing. Southwest is the prevailing wind here, you know. I now had some really comfortable seat cushions, and Jimmy Orsborne doesn't, so I bet she'll rather go for boat rides with me. I wondered if she "shows sights" with Jimmy too. That rat. If she does, by George, she's guilty of adultery.

If I find out she's guilty, I'll take back

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that copper ring I hammered out and gave her in a tender moment. Well, I'll probably get it back anyway, she told me it turned her finger green. Maybe a good coat of spar varnish or shellac would prevent this.

I was going, to stop at Cemetery Island on my way back to look at the graves there that were a result of tough times during the mining days of the last century. Each grave is a mound of rocks, long since overgrown with moss, etc., with a wooden carved headstone (I guess you should call it a headboard) and a little picket fence around it. Over 100 years old, and you can still read the carving in the wood. I remember specifically, "Here lies (so-and-so, an Irish name) and his infant daughter...etc.). I always get a queer feeling when I visit the site, and secretly hope to rest there in that lovely forest when I'm gone. Of course, the Park Service would never allow it. For one thing, there's not enough soil to dig a proper hole, and secondly the Park Service undoubtedly wants to preserve it like it is.

Boy, we sure had some excitement earlier in the summer. I remember being asked to fire up the *Resurrection* to help search for a lady guest at the Lodge who was missing. She was apparently depressed for some reason, because she seldom came out of her cabin, and ate alone in the dining room, and didn't really hob-nob with anybody. One day she paid her bill early (they usually pay just before getting on the boat to leave the Island), rented a rowboat, and rowed away by herself. She didn't return for supper, so we went out to search for her. We found the boat washed up on Nebraska Beach about two miles away, but no trace of the woman, and we figured it might have been a suicide.

We searched for days but found no trace of her. After about a month, she bloated enough to rise to the surface and we found her body by the shore about 1/4 mile from the Lodge. No suicide note ever turned up so of course, it could have been an accident. We built a pine box, put her in it, and put the box up into the woods until the Park Service or the Coast Guard, I forget which, came and took her away. I had to go down the path past the pine box at night a couple of times before they took it away. Boy, was that spooky-looking in the moonlight! Whistling loudly helped me get by it in one piece.

You talk about excitement! Last week I had two nice-looking young ladies on a trip down to Lorelei Lane, and when we returned I introduced them to my great-grandfather, who we called the Commodore. I'd guess they were about 25 and he was in his early nineties. We were standing in a crowd of guests in front of the dining room just after dinner, I'd say maybe 50 or 60 people, all well fed on lake trout (or was it whitefish? We told them

was lake trout).

Anyway, the Commodore had tamed a couple of those little red Canadian squirrels enough so that they would run up his johdpurs into a pocket and filch peanuts from him. This was a great crowd-pleaser, and he could briefly be the center of attraction. All of a sudden one of the ladies began screaming loudly and jumping up and down in her terror. WHAT THE HECK WAS GOING ON WITH THIS WOMAN, we all wondered? Finally, after a minute or so of stunned disbelief, someone had the presence of mind to realize that maybe one of the squirrels had somehow got into HER johdpurs through a hole in the pocket, perhaps (as it turned out, hers had no pockets, just buttoned up slits).

With what we later thought was a great deal of bravery, someone violently yanked her johdpurs down, and let out the squirrel, which was trapped and no doubt as terrified as she was. Her legs were quite well scratched, but worse than this, she had no underpants on! You should have seen that squirrel shoot for the woods! He probably recovered shortly, but the poor embarrassed lady never did during her stay at the Lodge, we had to take her meals to her for two days while she hid in her cabin. Maybe this is why johdpurs are now kind of sexy to me, a 13 year old stud.

Jeez, I was embarrassed the other day. Mac Frimodig and I were taking a bunch of guests down to Lake Ritchie in the big launch *Valkyrie*. We take them down to the head of Rock Harbor (Moskey Basin) about 12 miles away from the Lodge, anchor the launch, there's no dock there, and transfer them four at a time to the shore in the rowboat we towed behind us, and then they have about a two-mile hike into the lake.

On the way down the harbor, we always played our favorite tricks on the guests, with a great deal of mirth. One of us would point abeam to the south, "Oh look! There's the Old Light!" The other would take a tin cup on the north side of the boat and collect a cup of the engine cooling water coming through the hull, but pretending to scoop up out of the lake. We would then pass the cup around and tell them that there were warm springs here and there in Lake Superior, and that with our experience, we could tell where they were by sight. Each guest would dip a finger in the warm water, and ooooh and aaah over this great revelation. I'll bet some of them went to their graves believing it.

The second trick we would pull was to have everyone around in the boat (the seats were arranged around the periphery) hold hands. Mac would hold the hand on one end of the line, and I would hold the hand on the other end. With a great deal of mirth and merriment we would announce that this was the *Titanic* and we were all going to sing *Nearer My God To Thee*. Everyone always got into the spirit of the thing and started singing. Then Mac would touch the engine block and I would grab a spark plug. Pandemonium! What a jolt! What fun!

Well, when we pulled into the spot where we were going to anchor, I grandly got up on the top deck, making sure I looked official and knew what I was doing, picked up the 75lb anchor and threw it overboard. Problem was, the anchor was not attached to the rode, and quickly disappeared from sight in perhaps 100' of water. I'm sure the anchor is still down there, and my ears are still burning.

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I was in elementary school, at age eight or nine, when I fell in love with anything that sailed. *Half Moon* was the first ship to command my attention. In my view, her captain, Henry Hudson, who was hired in 1607 by the English Muscovy Company to find the Northwest Passage to the Orient, was not much of a navigator. Nevertheless, *Half Moon* was a magnificent ship.

The study of what generally passes as American history can conjure many feelings in me, not least of which is sadness mixed with a special kind of anger, as I search and find only bits and pieces of information about African-Americans. In light of the significant part we have played in American history, the dearth of information available is shameful. Unfortunately, although more than fifty years have passed since I learned about *Half Moon*, my grandchildren have as much difficulty finding African-American history in America's mainstream history books as I did.

For quite some time now I have been writing a fictional adaptation on the factual experience of a slave, Wilson Brown, who escaped from a cotton plantation in Natchez, Mississippi in the early 1860s. After escaping, he joined the Union Navy and served aboard the *U.S.S. Hartford*.

It is for the edification of my grandchildren that I am continuing to search for information about this onetime slave around whose story my novel is spun. He died one hundred years after the poet quoted at the beginning of this essay, William Cowper.

As I researched more of Wilson's history, I had to put aside my work on the manuscript, which is about one third of the way done, to share my musings. I am emotionally overwhelmed by the depth of the information cited below:

Medal of Honor Recipient #167

Name: Brown, Wilson

Rank: Landsman

Service: U.S. Navy

Birthday: 1841

Place of Birth: Natchez, Adams County, Mississippi

Date of Death: 24 January 1900

Cemetery: National Cemetery (G-3 152)

(MH) - Natchez, Mississippi

Entered Service at: Mississippi River, Mississippi

Unit: *U.S.S. Hartford*

Battle or Place of Action: Fort Morgan, Mobile Bay, Alabama

Date of Action: 5 August 1864

G.O. Number, Date: 45, 31 December 1864

Citation: On board the flagship *U.S.S. Hartford* during successful attacks against Fort Morgan, rebel gunboats, and the ram *Tennessee* in Mobile Bay, on 5 August 1864. Knocked unconscious into the hold of the ship when an enemy shell burst fatally wounded a man on the ladder above him, Brown, upon regaining consciousness, promptly returned to the shell elevator on the berth deck and zealously continued to perform his duties, although four of the six men at this station had been either killed or wounded by the enemy's terrific fire."

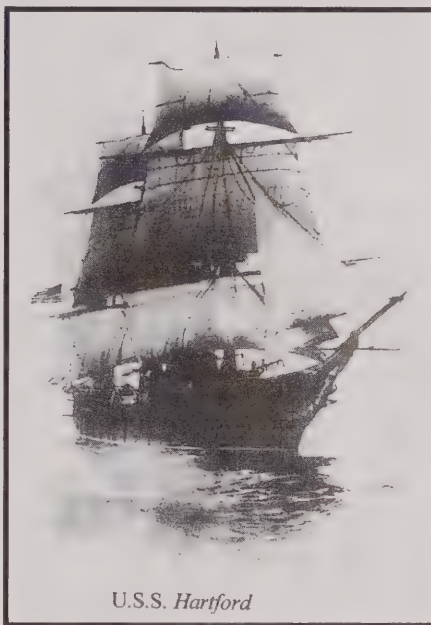
There is little doubt that Wilson Brown deserved the Medal of Honor. I take great pride in his courage and resolve while under fire and, equally, I feel great sadness in knowing that the story of his heroism, and that of many others like him, is rarely found in American his-

Wilson Brown

By Brandon Astor Jones

Toll for the brave -
The brave! That are no more;
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

(William Cowper, 1731-1800)



U.S.S. Hartford

tory books. Eight and nine year old Americans studying history today know all about the Henry Hudsons of the world and yet most have never heard of the many African-Americans who, like Wilson Brown, fought so well in America's Civil War.

The sloop of war *U.S.S. Hartford* has taken the place in my attention that was once held by Hudson's *Half Moon*. For it was the flagship *Hartford* that was the blade of "the first thrust of the mighty pincer movement which ultimately cut the South in two dooming it to defeat..."

Hartford was launched 22 November 1857 by the Boston Navy Yard; sponsored by Miss Carrie Downes, Miss Lizzie Stringham, and Lt. G. H. Preble; and commissioned 27 May 1858, Captain Charles Lowndes in command.

"After shakedown out of Boston, the new screw sloop of war, carrying Flag Officer Cornelius K. Stribling, the newly appointed commander of the East India Squadron, sailed for Cape Hope and the Far East. Upon reaching the Orient, *Hartford* relieved Mississippi as flagship."

"In November she embarked the American Minister to China, John

Elliot Ward, at Hong Kong and carried him to Canton, Manila, Swatow, Shanghai, and other Far Eastern ports to settle American claims and to arrange for favorable consideration of the Nation's interest. Her presence, as a symbol of American sea power, materially contributed to the success of Ward's diplomatic efforts.

"With the outbreak of the Civil War, *Hartford* was ordered home to help preserve the Union. She departed the Strait of Sunda with *Dacotah* 30 August 1861 and arrived Philadelphia 2 December to be fitted out for wartime service. She departed the Delaware Capes 28 January as flagship of Flag Officer David G. Farragut, the commander of the newly created West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

"An even larger purpose than the important blockade of the South's Gulf Coast lay behind Farragut's assignment. Late in 1861, the Union high command decided to capture New Orleans, the South's richest and most populous city, to begin a drive of sea-based power up the Father of Waters to meet the Union Army which was to drive down the Mississippi Valley behind a spearhead of armored gunboats. "Other operations," Secretary of the Navy Welles warned Farragut, "must not be allowed to interfere with the great object in view, the certain capture of the city of New Orleans."

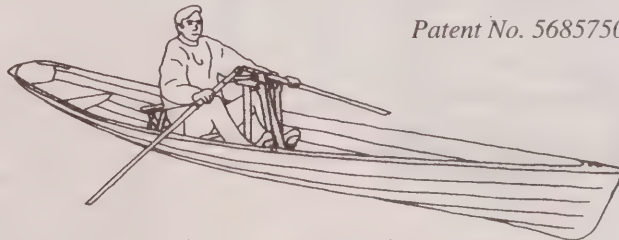
After New Orleans was taken, *Hartford* went on for years besting the enemy in all but one action. She was a very special vessel indeed.

As I ponder the \$6.5 million that today's United States Navy is spending (and it is money well spent) to recover the 150 ton iron gun turret of the *U.S.S. Monitor*, the ungainly ironclad warship that went down twenty miles off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, on New Year's Eve 1862, I am sad for history's treatment of the *Hartford*. You see, on November 20, 1956, just two years shy of her one hundred years of service, she was allowed to sink at her berth at the Norfolk, Virginia Navy Yard. I consider that unnecessary and shameful sinking to be a great historic loss.

Alas, not unlike good men, good ships are often poorly treated by history. That truth notwithstanding, it is my hope that history will allow this writing to be one of many future tributes to the courageous black man who worked the shell elevator despite "...the enemy's terrific fire," on 5 August 1864 aboard the *U.S.S. Hartford*, Landsman Wilson Brown.

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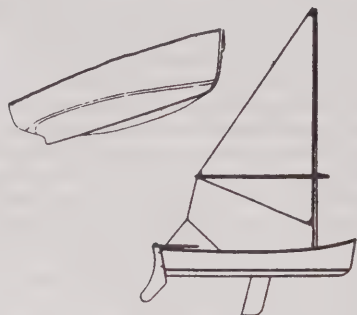


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says the Lord"
 (Milachi 3:6)

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Pinch Penny Cruising in a Peep Hen

Part 2- Trash Hamburgers

By Julie and Bob Nelsen



"Actually, when Sherman burned down Atlanta and Savannah, he let this town remain because his mistress was from here," a little bit of unknown history from our waitress in a Madison, Georgia, Victorian restaurant. We were on our Big Vacation, from the western mountains of North Carolina to Carrabelle, Florida, for some coastal cruising in our 14' Peep Hen, *Julie II*.

We arrived about 2 pm and launched at The Moorings Marina ramp for \$5 (in and out, well protected, car and trailer can be left overnight). After seafood at Julie Mae's restaurant we motored out of the river and sailed easily in a 10-knot wind 1-1/2 miles across St. George Sound to Dog Island. Without a chart, we used Claybourne Young's invaluable *Cruising Guide for the Northern Gulf Coast*.

Further on at Tyson's Harbor, we sailed right up to the sheltered beach by the three-times-a-day-ferry slip. (Dog Island Yacht Club, a small house!) A guy staying at the island's single motel said the daily rates were \$150/night on weekends but only \$700/month! Sounded a little crazy to me but he seemed to be enjoying himself even though he had to bring his own food across to the island on the ferry. The island had a grass landing strip with about 30 rusted VW busses around it, I guess people fly in and drive to their cabins. Fifteen families are there year-round. We anchored in the protected harbor with three other 30'-40' sailboats. It was beautiful sleeping in the cockpit under the stars.

After returning to the ramp at Carrabelle, I was having serious problems getting the boat back on the trailer when Lon Sweat pulled up to help. He's from Tallahassee and was going

for a Mothers' Day sail in his Precision 23 with his wife and kids. Circumstances were not the best, I imagined our vacation going down the drain because of our trailer problems. The centerboard bolt was catching the right bunk but after I moved the right bunk over a few inches we had no more trouble. Lon had written to tell me where to go in the area, it helped us a lot.

Apalachicola is another of those "Florida as it used to be" towns. Before the Civil War blockades, it was the third largest port on the Gulf of Mexico when cotton was brought down the river and exported world-wide. We ate lunch at the restored 1800s Gibson's House, then launched at the fabulous free municipal ramp and, as it was blowing hard, we motored up the Apalachicola River a few miles and anchored. It reminded us of our Everglades trip last year, lots of birds, fish jumping, and night sounds.

I picked up some ship-to-shore Mothers' Day conversations on my cheap weather-band radio. One kid on a shrimp boat, who had not been home for five months, told his mom he'd got blamed for screwing up the freon on his last boat and was fired. So he hooked up with another boat and instead of heading home in Alabama, they were now going towards the Keys, but as they were low on diesel fuel and cigarettes they might have to put in at Carrabelle. When he told her to buy herself some slippers, I could tell she wasn't impressed. For me, it sure took a little of the romance out of life on a shrimp-boat!

Back in the town we visited the reconditioned 1877 Gulf Oyster Schooner and the John Corrie Museum. In the mid-1800s he invented the prototype of the modern ice machine to cool the rooms of the victims of yellow fever.

We launched at a neat little marina at St Joseph's State Park, snorkeled in Eagle Harbor, and after a nice sail stayed the night in the marina (showers and facilities in the park \$5). The owner of a restaurant said it was hard to get help, I was surprised having seen a 19 year old with food stamps in the local store, he looked strong enough to bench-press my boat if he wanted to. Only in America!

We had a restful night in the marina until about 3am when the breeze died down and noseums attacked us. Even Skin-So-Soft didn't help much, but after an hour the breeze picked up again and they were gone.

Our main destination was Panama City. After investigating St. Andrew's State Park where there was no marina, but we could have taken the boat out and left it on the trailer (\$5 for the 1st night, \$2.50/day thereafter) if we wanted to drive to town, we launched at Panama City Municipal Marina. It has a ship's store, showers (50¢) and cost us \$7/night. With lots of large sailboats and liveaboard activity, Young's book calls it one of the best on the Gulf. We agreed.

We found a little place, Eat at Joe's, on Massalina Bayou and loved the fabulous view of sailboats in different marinas. We had "Trash Hamburgers" (everything leftover added, and they were excellent!). A guy at the next table told us where to sail and another told me, if we were going to Shell Island to buy some cigar minnows (\$5/box) and to hit the side of the boat with the flat of my hand when we got there, the dolphins would come alongside. Apparently an unsuccessful attempt was made to pass a law forbidding feeding the

dolphins because tourists on commercial boats were throwing chicken parts, etc. at them.

We had a nice sail across St. Andrew's Bay (chart graciously provided by Bob Hodgson, he found it in a public library dumpster and said, "I'm not into garbage-picking, nit-picking, yes!") and between St. Andrew's State Park and Shell Island, and anchored behind the Shell Island side jetty where the aqua-colored water was the clearest my boat had ever been in. Maybe we were in the wrong part of the Keys last year, this water and the contrasting pure white sand were the most beautiful.

We saw four or five dolphins going from boat to boat, Julie stood on our bow and threw cigar minnows to them as they came right up to her hand reaching up three feet out of the water. Later, when I showed friends the photos I took, they thought we'd been to Marineland.

There were a few rented pontoon boats nearby (\$30/hr or \$120/day). We were only 200' from the beach anchored in 20', people were swimming among the dolphins. The passengers of a tour boat all came to the side to see them and it heeled over quite a bit, they went crazy and I was glad we weren't too close. It's a place that can only be reached by boat, thank goodness!

Out of minnows and film, we sailed back to the Municipal Marina for the night, showered and, taking Mr. Young's advice, walked downtown past a beautiful refurbished art deco movie theater and ate at The Pasta Peddler, an Italian restaurant serving excellent food with candle-lit tables and a guitar player.

There were no noseums to disturb our sleep in the cockpit and after a "Trash Breakfast" at Joe's, armed with minnows, film and recharged camcorder batteries, we wasted no time motoring out to the dolphin area at Shell Island. I wanted to get there before the other boats and, sure enough, when we arrived about 9.30 the dolphins were attracted by our boat. Again I filmed as Julie fed them minnows, it was great. Other boats came a couple of hours later and having used up our supplies, we anchored and snorkeled in a protected lagoon on

the other side of Shell Island. There were many fish of all kinds and a gal with a hand-held suction device said, "I'm getting fish for my saltwater aquarium at home." It worked! She told us that when the water gets warmer the more colorful fish arrive. I found the water refreshing but not cold, I imagine it gets very warm in mid-summer.

Barney Cobb, a Bay Hen owner, suggested Captain Anderson's Restaurant for a meal. We had a fantastic waitress who treated us as if we were on *The Price Is Right*, singing as she served us! We still laugh and imitate her if we're in a hamburger joint. Afterwards, following the advice of John Burnett, we sailed out of Grand Lagoon into St. Andrew's Bay to a protected bayou to swim

and relax. Although we saw no noseums we (by now spoiled-rotten marina people) decided to go back to the marina for the night. It was dark and I wanted to sail but with lightning nearby and not being too familiar with Gulf storms, we motored instead.

There was no rain so we slept in the cockpit and after another "Trash Breakfast" we said our goodbyes, put the boat on the trailer and left for home in North Carolina. It was another fabulous trip, the weather, boat ramps, Florida marinas and State Parks were wonderful. We had lots of favorable comments on our little 14' Peep Hen which again made us feel good. Next time we may start somewhere further east, like Choctowatchee Bay, and work our way west along the ICW to Panama City.



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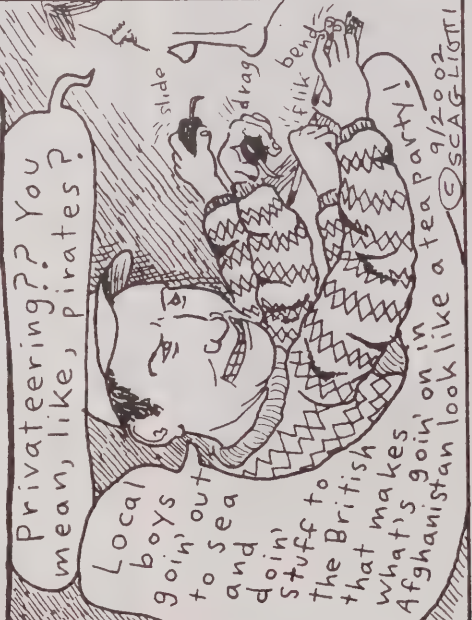


FRAME OF THE YARD

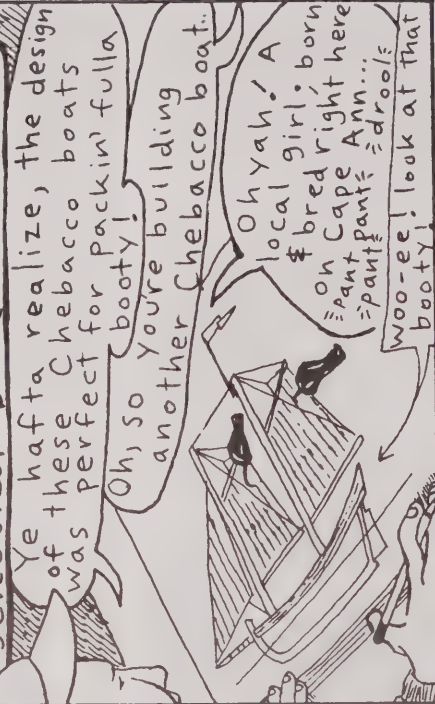
Harold had been up since 2am working at his drafting table.



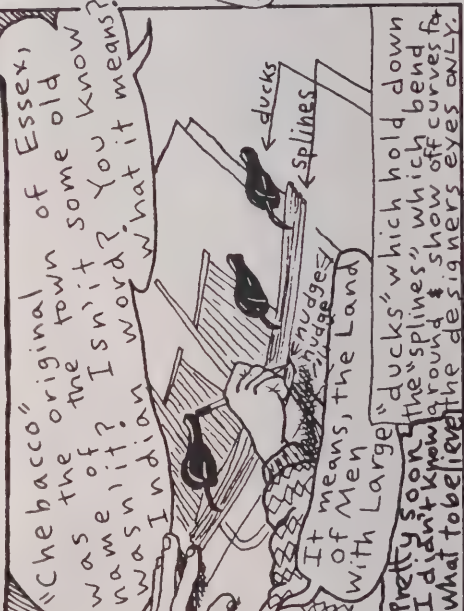
By the time I got to him, he was running off the fumes of one of his heads-full-of-steam.



He was just finishing up a full set of plans for a replica of the frame, a 31 ton Chebacco-style schooner built in 1811.



I was able to witness the final carresses, the last great fondle, which a designer gives to his designs.



Yankee pirates!



First I learned about the difference between privateers & pirates. Privateers will plunder anyone's booty. Privateers will only plunder the booty that their government tells them to. (So privateering was legit — and ultra lucrative.)



More importantly, privateers were merchant vessels, themselves. Old Fame was a 60-ft. fishing jigger from Gloucester, and her crew was 25 unemployed mariners from Salem. 1

yesah!

guina
give
them
times
for
what-

The U.S. fought the War of 1812 against Britain with 23 navy ships & 517 privateering ships. (Phooey to you, Old Ironsides!) Technically, England could have hanged any captured American privateers as pirates, because the U.S. was not yet recognized by anyone as an official nation.

So the line between piracy and privatizing is a thin one.

He publishes programs that get sold at Red Sox games.

Whoa! Red Sox programs?? That guy must be loaded!

Uhh... they're not the programs that, aah, get sold inside the park...

...Ohhh

So yer buildin' a pirate ship, eh?

Who ya makin' the boat for?

What's he doin' for work?

Guy named Mike Rutstein

Well, this frame's gonna be a work boat! A member of the passenger fleet, in Salem harbor. So when we launch er, Mike will be a charter captain!

Yeah, but what's his real job?

I don't know if you've ever kept score at a baseball game. But I started publishing *Boston Baseball* 13 years ago, because the scorecards in the official programs are useless. Huge Budweiser ads take up half the space, and they're printed on glossy paper. (You can't write on glossy paper!) Now, take a look at our scorecards: there's something you want to write on!

NATURAL BIRKENHEAD

GATES EDE

Cap'n Mike

PROGRA RAY GET PROG

BOARDSHIP

PEPPER

Schuchman

NEWS FLASH At the time of writing, Mike Rutstein is taking the Red Sox corp. to court, because they want to ban all independent vendors from Yankee Way. "It's pretty ugly," says Mike. "They want to

As Harold put it,
that morning at his
drafting table:

blabla—overpaid
athletes—blabla—
buncha crybabies—
blabla—advertising
dollars—blabla—big-
business night mare
blabla, and so Mike
asked me to build
him this boat so
he could do something
REAL with his life



gaspe
har har har har

1-For more of this history stuff, go to www.schoonerfame.com & buy Mike's book on Fame.
2-Before it was fazed out, Privateering was as commonly understood as hotdog carts are today. Both entities carried official permits—but whether it's Fenway Franks™ or Navel Worship—big bizniss tends to squash the little guy. Now, as for the small boatshop.....

I hate to keep setting myself up as some kind of universal expert but the facts are the facts and I put more miles on a boat trailer than anybody I know. I actually use one enough to wear the tires out before they rot. It don't take but a little fooling around with a damned boat trailer before you begin to learn. It is pitiful to have to associate with the wretched things but cartopping a salt water boat will rust out your car unless you take heroic measures when you pull out and the same thing goes with sliding the boat into the back of the truck. A cursed boat trailer is the best thing I can come up with.

The reason they are so awful is because people don't use them much and they don't enhance the social status, so they don't want to put any money into the horrible thing and the manufacturers get the message. I mean, here the rig sits all the time waiting for the solemn, sad-sack (where did all the joy go?) owner to, finally, get loose from the job and the TV sportscast long enough to hitch up and haul. Just sitting there in the driveway is probably enough for most people. The fool boat ain't worth a flip except just for display anyway. Nobody looks at the trailer under a boat and that's why they are such a pieces of crap.

Take at the tires for one thing. There this massive chunk of junk sits looming like some kind of futuristic rocket ship on this trailer with the cheapest made little tires possible. I had a customer bring his brand new trailer to haul off his boat and, when he left, I hadn't even stopped crying before he was back wanting to know where he could buy a new tire. It seems that, even though the boat only weighed 125lbs, one of the little 8" tires (hell, my sister's lawnmower has 10" tires... I don't own a lawnmower) was so out-of-round that it was shaking his boat so bad that it scared him. We jacked it up and, sure enough, the little, rock-hard tire had about 13/16" runout.

He had to shop around half the day trying to find a replacement. The one he got cost more than \$40 (plus "disposal fee" and sales tax) at a place where you could buy a real, steel belted radial automobile tire for less money. He eventually bought a tire and wheel cheaper. I would have done that, too. Have you ever mounted a boat trailer tire? It's about like a fork lift.

How do I know that? Plain old desperado experience is how. A long time ago I became disgruntled with the pitiful wretchedness of boat trailer tires. I wouldn't pay ten bucks for one. They make 12" automobile tires. They go on those little bitty cars like Ford Festivas, Suzuki Sprites and Yugos. You know, that's how the tire places do the old bait-and-switch scam. "New Tires \$13.95" the ad will plainly say but when you get down there, there is an additional mounting and balancing charge and an obligatory "road hazard" fee and a disposal fee for the old tire and sales tax so the damned tire winds up costing you fifty five bucks including the new valve stem which they insist upon installing and charging five bucks for even though it only takes one second and a new tire valve only costs forty five cents in the same store, and that \$13.95 base price is just for one of the little 12" tires. A tire to fit your car is \$116.42 by the time it is ready to roll out the door.

So, you take the trailer up there to Wal-Mart and go in to get in line for the 12" special only to find that their insurance doesn't allow them to mount tires on trailers. "Well

Boat Trailers

By Robb White

then, sell me two of the tires and I'll mount them," you say.

"We can't do that because our policy requires us to mount them in order to be able to offer you the road hazard," they'll reply as a termination to the transaction.

"I don't need no road hazard," I'll reply (notice that I have switched places with you.... you need some help here) to the retreating back of the sales person. "Sir," she'll reply, turning around and placing both hands on both hips and glaring dead in my eyes, "Our policy doesn't allow us to sell tires without road hazard so, we just can't sell you the tire."

"You have no choice," I'll reply in standard English (never use any kind of vernacular in a confrontational situation). "An advertisement like this," I'll emphasize, pointing to the prominent sign, "constitutes an offer to perform... a binding contract."

"I mo have to call the manager," the woman will snap, spinning on her heel. He comes right down... a giant black man who must have been a hell of a star on the NFL. She pulls him aside so I can't hear and, with much head wiggling and hand waving and pointing, first out the door at the trailer and then at me and then back at the door where the tires are supposed to be, explains the situation. The man comes over and looks me up and down. "You are going to push this, aren't you?" he asks, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yes, sir, I believe there is an obligation to..." I'll start.

"Get that man his tires," he'll tell the woman.

I bet y'all thought that episode was over with didn't you.... that I was fixing to change tunes and wear you out with a lament about how ridiculous it is to have so many different sizes of trailer balls when the bolt on the bottom is the limiting factor, didn't you? But I ain't. The Wal-Mart tire drama continues. The woman, glaring at me with hatred as pure as the breath of a TV angel, goes back to the tire room and stays for a long, long time. Finally she comes out, giving me a look kind of like getting hit by a golf ball, and whips her fine self out the door to the back where the cars are. There is some discussion that I can't follow and, finally, a greasy looking man comes in with her and they both go into the tire room. I know there will be no hanky-panky because she don't look like she is in the mood.

Finally they come out and she says, "Sir, we don't have any of those 12" tires in stock."

"The advertisement just came out in this morning's paper," I declare. "It is unethical to offer goods or services when you know you cannot perform," I state, matter of factly, pointing at the big sign. "Didn't you check your stock before you authorized..." I'll attempt to continue.

"We need a manager in automotive," she'll announce, very loudly and stridently into a phone connected to the powerful PA system of the whole Super Center, startling thousands of would-be shoppers. In only seconds the same big man is back, still grinning from ear to ear. This time the mumbling only takes a

second and the woman strides to the tire room and is back with two tires before the door quits swinging. I hate to tell you this, but I even balked at paying the five buck (each) disposal fee that she tried to add on with the sales tax. "You don't have to dispose of any old tires." I explained.

"Our policy, sir, requires..." she'll start but, before she can finish, she notices me looking at the phone and throws up her hands in disgust. As I said, mounting boat trailer tires is a real wrassle. It ain't getting the new ones on that is so hard, it is taking the old ones off. I had to cut the bead with a cold chisel. You know them little Michelins sure are cute on that trailer.

If you have an enormous behemoth that weighs more than a car, I hope you do continue to haul it on cheap-made, expensive, miniature tires... that way, there is more of a possibility that you'll spend the day alongside the road than cluttering up the waterways with your attitude, and I am delighted to see you back it all the way down in the salt water so that the bumper of your enormous, shiny SUV is immersed. That brings up another ridiculous feature of boat trailers... the wheel bearings and tons of boat, running on bearings that ain't as big as what's on the dasher of a washing machine.

It is even worse than that. The bearings in the hubs of boat trailer wheels are all the same size on the outside. The "heavier duty" the trailer is rated, the bigger the spindle of the axle and, since the outer race of the bearing is the same size as what's on a light duty trailer, the inner race has to have a bigger hole in it to go onto the bigger spindle so the bearing on a heavy duty trailer is actually even less able to handle the load. It's ridiculous.

While I am on the subject of spindles (I'll get back to bearings in a minute), most people don't realize that most axle manufacturers can't put the spindles on a built-up axle so that the two opposite sides are parallel to each other. Then when you pull the load, the two tires are heading in different directions and you say, "Dang, this boat certainly seems heavy." Some of them are so bad that it doesn't take but a week to see evidence of this misalignment in the wear on the tires. You say, "Dang, an 8" tire certainly does wear out quick."

I say, "I reckon it does. Anything trying to plow asphalt does." The only good way to check spindle alignment is to take the damned axle off the trailer and rotate the axle and watch the tires. Usually they'll wobble like hell. What happens is that the spindles are welded onto the axle in a sloppy jig by a sloppy man. Even if the jig was true, unless the welding process is done very carefully and uniformly by touching a little touch here and turning the axle and hitting a little bead there and letting it all cool between rotations and welds, the differential shrinking of the welding and heat distortion of the axle and spindle will pull the spindles out of line. Such careflessness is no longer the pride of our typical American craftsman at the trailer factory so some of these damned things are so out of line that you can hear the tires squalling under some of these Bayliners when you pass them and that's what you have to do because the big V-8 can't get up no speed and winds up holding up the old Mercedes.

Which, my spindles are lined up. The way I do it is to bend them in my jackleg press and check them with my dial indicator until they are as true as if the axle was turned on a lathe.

At that, solid, square, steel axles are turned on a lathe and, though the spindles are usually true, it is best to pull the hubs off and re-work the little shoulder where the seal rides because the same kind of doofus who welds spindles on hollow axles was running the lathe and he let the dull, chipped tool chatter so the sealing surface is rough and wants to eat the seal.

With that, I'll get into seals and bearings. Boy, it is seals and bearings that separate the men from the boys in the trailer coping business. Well, tail lights will test the maturity and mental health of a trailer sailor, too, but, at least, they don't have to stand the test while standing beside the road. And, I have to let you in on a little secret. Though I like to project the image of a regular hard-ass, I am actually a very compassionate person and it just breaks my heart to pass by some poor fella standing by the unhitched Bayliner sitting catty whompus on the trailer because one spindle is embedded in the dirt.

Talk about bent... when the hub and wheel runs off and the spindle drops to the pavement at 60mph with 6,000lbs of expensive trash to help it hit hard, ain't no new bearings gonna get that rig back on the road even if the poor joker who is riding around in the truck can find them on the Fourth of July. All he'll have with him will be the tire, wheel and hub, so when he finally finds a place that has trailer bearings, because the rollers and the bearing cages are scattered all the way from Panacea to Sopchoppy and the inner races are still on the spindle, he won't know what size the spindle is and will have to drive all the way back to the catastrophe where his hot, increasingly disgruntled, friend is sitting there beside the road guarding the accessories.

You can imagine the ramifications of all this pitifulness and I have seen most of them. Thunderstorms come along and make the poor waiting man have to huddle under the boat where the fire ants get on him and eat him up. When the owner finally gets back with the bearings and new seal already put in there by the boat dealer ("that'll be \$250 and with tax, that comes to \$275") they can't get the nut off because all the corners have been rounded off by the hardened outer races of the bearings as they rattled around until they finally et enough clearance so the hub could come completely off the spindle (miraculously, usually, neither the spindle or the bore of the hub is damaged beyond usefulness by this).

And, when the spindle bit the asphalt, it bradded the turret on the castellated nut so that it would take a 24" Stilson wrench (one of my favorite mechanic tools) or a cutting torch (another of my favorite mechanic tools) to get the thing off... after they finally figure out what tool from the tackle box to tackle the gnawed off cotter pin with. I am going to quit with all this description of this particular misery. But, even competent people are in a fix when the wheel runs off the boat trailer.

There is another wheel-off calamity that sometimes happens. The air inside hollow boat trailer axles that sit out there in the hot sun waiting for you to back down into the salt water instantly contracts when you do. Even if the thing is welded up "air tight", don't believe that salt water doesn't get sucked inside there. The best refrigerant in the world is water but it has to work in a pretty stiff vacuum so it will vaporize in the evaporator at a temperature cold enough to do some good. It is hard to make something that can do that so

that's why you don't see too many automobile air conditioners running on water vapor refrigerant.

It don't take long before the place where the spindle is half-ass welded onto the axle tube rusts out from the inside and lets the spindle and wheel fall off. One time, I was hauling all my grandchildren to the coast and my little grandson, who is very shy about pulling his britches down in public, got caught short of the destination. When we got out there in the bushes far enough for him to feel comfortable (very far), I found a complete galvanized wheel, pretty good tire, hub with good bearings and rusted off spindle and a good Bearing Buddy. Which brings up Bearing Buddies.

Bearing Buddies work if you do them right. I got to stop right here with an opinion. The man (Buddy?) who invented them was a genius and ought to get the credit and the revenue from his good work. I think it is a sin to buy a Chinese bearing buddy unless Buddy or his family authorized the knock-off. My hollow stainless steel fid is a genuine "Fid-O-McGee", ordered through the mail from McGee himself long time ago. Of course I think he is dead and his people might have authorized these excellent copies... but mine is the real thing and feels extra good in my hand. I only wish he had kept on inventing and figured out an easy way to splice wire (which is how you tell the men from the boys among deck-hands).

What happens to trailer bearings is the same thing that happens to hollow axles. The hubs heat up in the hot sun and, when you back down into the water (which I don't do... it is an extravagance intolerable to my nature to unnecessarily immerse good money in salt water, just for convenience) salt water is sucked in past the seal. Bearing Buddies keep a little spring pressure on the hub which is completely full of grease so that any contraction inside there is corrected. But if the grease is not being pushed by the spring, enough water is sucked in to rust the seal race and pretty soon Buddy can't hold any pressure and you are right back where you started.

Before I backed my trailer down into the water, I would check the piston (Buddy gives excellent instructions for how to do that) to see if the spring was doing anything and, if not, I would give a little shot with my grease gun. Of course, my seal is running on polished steel and I have greased the outside of it and the exposed part of the spindle and seal with a little brush so that it still is actually sealing and my Bearing Buddies always hold a little pressure just in case.

Now, before I get to tail lights, I must touch briefly on boat ramp etiquette. It is rude to back down into the middle of the boat ramp (most of them are wide enough for two rigs... if the driver knows how to back a trailer) and sit there while other people wait and you make all kinds of arrangements that you should have done before you backed down. I wish you could see the choreography of my wife and me as we put in or pull out. Man, we are the champions... ought to be a competition and prize for such a thing. The worst of them are these dingaling couples with two jet skis on the same trailer. They can't just back down and manhandle the little things and winch them up, they have to do the backing, which takes a long time because the trailer is too little to see and too short in the wheelbase to back good,

then both get on the damned jet skis and try to get lined up to drive the fool things into their bunks. Not only is the steering of a jet ski deficient at trailer loading speeds, but a woman's butt and thighs are not shown at their best when astraddle of one of the silly little things. I wouldn't give fifty cents for one of them and the woman, too, unless it had a twelve pack under its little hood which it don't at pull-out time.

I know you are glad I am fixing to finally get to tail lights. The main thing wrong with them is that they are all cheap made. On even the most highly hyped rigs from special marine (that, right there, is a danger sign) places, the bulb contacts are junk. A Scotch Lock is no way to connect two wires that are apt to encounter salt water and, even if you have sense enough not to back your trailer down into the sea, salt water is liable to dribble onto your wiring from the boat. I hate to admit defeat but I must. I just have to jackleg the damned things. I despise the little connectors. Why in the hell can't they fit each other? It'll give you the arthritis of the thumbs trying to force one brand to copulate with another brand.

I read that they are fixing to have optical fiber tail lights available in the near future. Maybe that'll work. All I can tell you is that, if the silly side marker lights are blinking with the turn signals, it might be the ground wire. The best thing is to have a boat so narrow that the car tail lights can be seen. It is common knowledge that nobody can keep boat trailer tail lights working reliably, so, unless you fit some drug sniffing profile, the law will usually leave you alone.

That mention of the law brings me to attempt to finally conclude this misery. Here we are in a country where there are laws to make a person wear a hard hat to ride a motorcycle and a "wear safety glasses" warning stuck onto the handle of every hammer and all sorts of other laws to protect ourselves from ourselves but any doofus can pull any kind of behemoth rig behind any kind of behemoth rig on the public roads without the ability to stop it. The dynamics of trailer towing have been well proven by the semi truck industry. What happens when the towing vehicle slows down faster than the trailer is called a "jackknife". That's when the trailer pushes the stern of the truck sideways and the whole thing slides down into the ditch or... into your lane.

In the old days, before the regulatory experts intervened, semi-trucks did not have brakes on the front wheels and expert drivers could, with the trailer brakes and the tractor brakes locked up, still steer the tractor and maybe straighten the rig up. I used to drive a semi truck (in order to stay in the boat building business) and, on ice, it was an interesting adventure. In those days, there was a hand valve to control the trailer brakes and, by hitting that a little lick now and then, I could stay sort of straight. Ain't no brakes at all on most of these fool boat trailers. What the hell is the government doing? If I was an insurance company, I'd have a codicil on the clause.

Addendum... and most important thing:

A good trailer with the boat properly positioned pulls very well. My little rig gets the same gas mileage pulling or running without the boat, and the only way I can tell the boat is coming along with me is to look in the mirror. I have the springs ground so that they actually act like springs and don't hit you that extra

hard third lick with every bump. The hitch weight is just right so my old car runs level (of course old Mercedes station wagons have a hydraulic system to handle that). I don't have any brakes on the boat trailer because the rig is so light that I can't tell the difference in stopping distance (no I did not drag my tires and measure the skid marks) and, even if I were to lock up the brakes, the trailer isn't heavy enough to jackknife the stern of the car.

I don't think I'll be any more of a danger to the public with the trailer than without. I have a big old truck and a big old trailer that I haul a little bulldozer and logs and lumber on and, though I have the best brakes I could get (electric on both axles... surge brakes are not much), I know that the rig is dangerous. No heavy vehicle can stop like a little car... for that matter, no big car can stop like a little car. That's why it is important to see who is com-

ing along behind you before you stop in the middle of a left turn. It is also important to watch carefully any of these big boats being pulled by ordinary sized pickup trucks and SUVs as they approach you to make sure that some twitch or bump hasn't started them oscillating.

When a trailer begins to hunt for an equilibrium and twitches the stern of the towing vehicle, the oscillation becomes a self-feeding thing and the whole mess is soon out of control. I watched a pickup pulling a race car on a trailer cross three lanes of traffic before he hit the ditch and killed himself. Fortunately, all the other people on the road were far enough apart that none of them were hit or had to hit the ditch, too. That kind of thing happens all the time.

What causes it is when there is too much weight overhanging astern of the trailer axles.

The rig will run just fine until something happens to cause the swing of the stern of the trailer to force the rear of the truck in the opposite direction a little bit. The elasticity of the tires will overcorrect the swing and the next one will be even worse. That's why semi trucks have the trailer wheels so far aft. The ideal situation is to have the weight evenly distributed between the rear axle of the towing vehicle and the trailer (like a semi) but, if you can't do that because the truck can't handle it, you damn sure better not have too much overhanging weight (like two two hundred and fifty horse outboard motors on them ugly overboard brackets like are so common now).

I wouldn't pull a lot of these things without one of those fifth wheel style trailers but, then, I wouldn't be caught dead with a rig like that anyway. Have I covered this subject sufficiently?

Reading comments in *MAIB* on this subject from time to time, I thought that perhaps part of the difficulties discussed may be that my fellow sailors never had to learn how to reef while sailing solo. I didn't because my lovely mate, Robin (in two senses), was there to take the tiller and keep the boat driving while I did the reefing.

But then one day Robin (who is my younger second wife) unexpectedly broached the subject, "What if...? Well, even though I have three grown children, what can a man say? So I traded my dreams of sailing in my retirement years for lovely Sarah, now eight, and got the bargain of my long life. In the course of this process I also lost my sailing mate who became Sarah's mother. Now as a forced single hander I had to figure out how to reef solo. There may be better ways but this is what worked for me.

Tiller or Wheel? For either one you must have a way of temporarily "fixing" the steering. The tiller can be lashed between something on each gunwale. Where I refer to the tiller position, if you have a wheel, you can substitute that for tiller in my remarks.

Reefing the Main: Arrange to be on a starboard tack (wind coming from starboard). To reef the main let loose the mainsheet and the main will flutter and luff. You are now sailing on the headsail. If you tried to fiddle with this loose main without "fixing" the steering, the bow would tend to be pushed to port because the wind's pressure on the foresail is no longer balanced by pressure on the main aft.

To counteract the tendency of the bow to fall off to port, push the tiller to port a bit, thereby forcing the bow a little to starboard. At the same time ease the jib sheet a bit, reducing speed. Now fix the tiller in this position, making sure the boat is stable and "parked" by the counteracting forces of jib and rudder (hoving to it's called).

Now you can unhurriedly perform your reefing, which I am going to presume you know how to do. Once you're reefed, loosen

the tiller, sheet in the main and jib and sail away. To shake out the reef, follow the same procedure. Don't hesitate to add reefing points to your main, a single reef is not enough in my opinion.

Reefing or Changing the Jib: Arrange to be close hauled or on a close reach on that starboard tack. Drop the jib, and if you don't routinely use a downhaul, I urge you to do so. Note that with the main sheeted in with the absence of a headsail, and with the tiller free, the tendency is for the boat to head up to starboard. To counteract this force, fix the tiller somewhat to starboard and adjustment will force the bow back to port. Ease the mainsheet a bit to reduce the drive and again "park" the boat.

When going forward to reef or change the jib in this situation, I take certain safety precautions in addition to wearing my lifejacket. I tie a strong line along the foredeck from the mast to the foredeck cleat and then clip my safety harness onto this before leaving the cockpit. I do not unclip the harness until I am back in the cockpit.

My next concern was suppose I did go over the side while so attached, how would I climb back onboard? My solution is dangling two large loops of line, one from each side of the foredeck. While hanging onto a stanchion or my harness line, and with a foot in one of these loops, even an old geezer like me can get back aboard.

How to Jiffy Reef: When the boat is "parked" and you are sailing at much reduced speed with the main released, free and fluttering, ease the main halyard further and drop the luff to the reefing cringle in the luff of the sail. Fasten the cringle to the gooseneck or tacking fitting by reefing hook, rope tie or clip, then haul in on the halyard until the luff is tight.

Ease the tension on the outer end of the boom by hauling it up with the topping lift, which every sailboat should have. Cleat off the topping lift and then pull the leech of the sail down to the boom by pulling on the reefing line alongside the boom and cleating it off.

Uncleat the topping lift so the boom is again suspended by the sail. Tie in the folds of the reefed portion of the sail with reefing lines. Sheet in the sails, release the tiller, and away you go.

Head Sail Reefing: Most sailboats today are designed to be fast driven in light and moderate winds with a tall, small main overlapped by a large genoa jib. This capitulation to the racing crowd is a deplorable departure from time honored designs of working and cruising vessels on which the main and headsails were more in balance. I have this modern sail design on my otherwise great Ranger 20. So here is what I do for headsail reefing.

I use the genoa in light to moderate winds, say 10-12kts, sometimes tucking a reef into the main. I had to have windows put in that damned huge genoa so I could see what was going on up ahead. In winds higher than 12kts I park the boat and change to what I call my working jib, which I had especially made. It fills most, but not all, of the fore triangle and is made of heavier sailcloth with a single reef.

I can reef this jib later if needed without going all the way out on my little foredeck which, by the time I feel reefing is needed, is rising and falling on the building waves. I run a light reefing line from the reefing cringle down behind the jib tack and then back to a stanchion base near the cockpit. If I ease the halyard, I can pull down the luff reefing cringle with this line and then tighten the luff with the halyard.

But, what about the clew? I do not tie the sheets directly to the clew, instead I use a clip or carabiner with which it is easy to fasten both the original and reefing clews together. I don't bother with the reefing ties, but sheet in my reduced jib and sail away.

To further ease changing headsails I had two "sausage bags" made of Sunbrella which are fixed on opposite sides of the foredeck to the bow pulpit lifelines. Then when I have to "bag" my big bear of a genoa I can conveniently wrestle it right into one of these bags and pull the working jib out of the other. Storing the sails this way also eliminates two bulky bags from my small quarters below.

On larger sailboats split rigs make shortening sail much simpler. My Grampian 31' cutter was a super example. I suspect that the ketch rig would be great. High speed is not so important for a cruiser, ease of sail handling and operational simplicity are paramount.

Reefing While Solo Sailing

By Jack Hornung

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The Launching of Sidekick

By Lois Bannan

Reprinted from the *Mainsheet*,
Newsletter of the Delaware RiverTSCA



Sidekick rigged and ready to go.

At Union Lake on Saturday, August 3, Tom Etherington's Bolger Micro had her first launching and sea trial. Neptune got his traditional offering of champagne and the boat received her name, *Sidekick*. Well-wishers took care of the rest of the champagne. Then Tom backed her down the ramp, she floated free and, after rigging, sailed gracefully away! In attendance for this historic event were Tom and Florence Etherington, Gerri Seufert, Allen Capron and Lois Bannan, Deb Slating (who works with Tom at the Bayshore Discovery Project, formerly the Delaware Bay Schooner Project) and her husband Robert, Tom Shephard, president of the Traditional Small

Craft Association of Delaware River, Charlie Hollinger in his Bolger Peapod and John Guidera in his Melonseed.

That's the "official" version. Now here's what really happened: First of all it was broiling hot in the parking lot of the public ramp in Millville. It's August, after all. And have you noticed how it always takes an extraordinary length of time and a committee to put letters on the sides of a boat? Tom had already spent the previous day getting the boat registered and having a hull number assigned, and the previous three years building the boat, about two years past the end of Florence Etherington's patience ("Launch it or burn it, I don't care which, just do it this summer!").

Finally everything was ready, lines were cleated on, cameras were readied with Tom Shephard doing the honors with the Etherington's video camera. The trailer reached the water, lines were lead out onto the dock, the bottom of the boat touched lake water for the first time, photographs were snapped and suddenly, behind us came a huge, ominous splash! Everyone's attention snapped around to the end of the dock and the sight of the video camera held valiantly aloft at the end of Tom Shephard's arm extending from the surface of the lake! The video camera safe and dry!

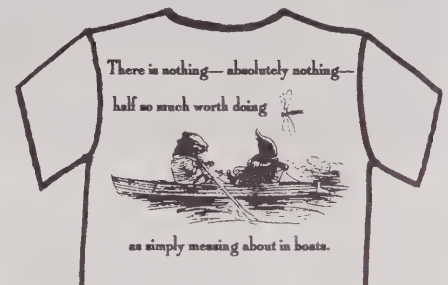
Once this classic moment was over and the club president retrieved, uninjured but chagrined, we looked back to find *Sidekick* floating peacefully against the dock. What we didn't realize until later was that the video camera was still turned on and had continued to record events: Water splashing, feet going by, voices murmuring and laughing and finally, framed by the planks of the dock and the sky, the top 4" of *Sidekick* floating by! *Sidekick's* launching a la America's Funniest Home Videos!

After all this it was just a matter of installing the fore and aft masts (let's just say a rasp and sailors' vocabulary were involved) and rigging the red sails, custom-made by Brad Linthicum, Sailmaker. Meanwhile Tom Shephard had gone home for a change of clothes and his outboard motor and some oars in case of becalming, a serious possibility given the example of the boats across the lake "racing" in front of the clubhouse that was to be our destination.

However, by the time all the preparations were completed, quite a nice breeze had come up, offering some relief from the stifling heat and reviving the hope of actually sailing. And so at last we untied *Sidekick* and shoved off... and then backed up to release the aft halyard from a piling, and sailed... about 100 yards

when the line holding the boomspit and the mainsail together parted. Then while trying to start the motor while being blown by the freshening wind onto an island, well, that's when we starting hearing the thunder!

It all ended well. The storm went around us, the boom and the sail were reunited, we avoided the island, the wind continued so the motor was never needed and we sailed uneventfully and quite handily across the lake and anchored fifteen minutes later. It was a successful launch and a reassuring first sail and a very happy occasion.



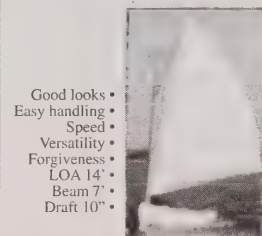
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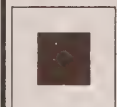
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We moved to Beaufort, North Carolina in October, 1987 at the same time Tom Norton was building his wonderful 30' daysailer, *Nimble* (about which I wrote in *WoodenBoat* the following year). Tom's X21, *Excellent*, was soon to be superfluous and was taking up valuable space in *Nimble's* workshop, so Tom kindly loaned us *Excellent* and I trailed her from Chester, Connecticut to Beaufort.

I suppose we could have rented a slip on Beaufort's waterfront, but *Excellent* has no engine, making it inconvenient to get her in and out of a slip. The other thing was the expense. Dropping a mooring in Taylor's Creek didn't cost anything, and it would be a no-brainer to slip the mooring pennant and sail away. However, we didn't have a way to get from shore to boat and back again.

I suppose I could have bought a dinghy of some sort, but our new home came with a dedicated 24' x 30' workshop, so I decided to test it out by building a dinghy. However, the dinghy needed to be finished "yesterday", and it needed to be as inexpensive as possible.

Years before, I had helped two sons each build Bolger 16' Gloucester Gull plywood dories, and I reasoned that a dory would be the simplest, cheapest, easiest, and quickest route to a dinghy for *Excellent*. I sketched a rough dory section on a piece of scrap wood, picked up two sheets of 1/4" plywood at Safrir's Building Supply a mile toward town, and raided the scrap bin for bulkhead and stem bits. The only "serious" wood I had to purchase was a 4"x6"x14" piece of southern pine from Gillikin's Boat Yard on Radio Island. They were happy to part with it for a reasonable price as it had an inconveniently pronounced warp, which didn't matter to me as I was going to bend it anyway. The two inwales were resawn from this timber on my bandsaw.

As this was to be a quick and dirty workboat, my intention was to slap a couple of rough coats of gray paint over everything then put the little dory to work. However, when she sat on the grass in our back yard so I could try out the best position for oarlocks and footrests, she looked so cute I changed my mind and opted for a yacht finish. The inwales, frames, and seat were varnished. The inside was painted light blue because I had some, and I bought a quart of bright red one-part polyurethane paint for the exterior.

It took only two days to build the essential parts of the boat and the rest of the week to paint her. A pretty red boat needs a name,

Tige, Sit!

A Couple of Sheets of Plywood, a Dog, and Dorita

By Ted Jones

and as we had recently spent several months in Spain, I looked for a Spanish boat name. My boat didn't resemble a Majorcan Llaud; it was definitely a dory, and a little one at that, so I manufactured an English/Spanish noun and called her Dorita, "little dory".

Tige was our large brown dog with gangling legs, a mutt from the pound but an obvious descendent from Admiral Byrd's lead sled-dog, Chinook. Tige had hated the water from puppyhood, a great disappointment, but when Dorita was finished, sitting on the grass behind the shop, Tige seemed to perceive that she could keep him safe from the accursed water and hopped right aboard. He gazed around possessively. "My boat", his look plainly said.

Later, when we built a deck on back of the house, Tige freaked the first time he had to walk on it. With legs wide spread, he braced himself against the expected motion, and I swear I could read his mind: Ohmygosh, they've build a dock on the back of the house!) But I digress...

To build Dorita, I first made two identical frames, deciding that a flare angle of 67-1/2 degrees from horizontal seemed about right. I've subsequently vacillated toward 69 degrees, but a degree-and-a-half is splitting hairs. Each frame has a 6" wide plywood bottom bulkhead reinforced on its edges with 1"x2" fir. A thwart/seat is screwed and glued to the upper 1"x2"s. This becomes the box around which the plywood sides are bent.

I could have built the sides from a single sheet of 4'x12' plywood. However, by making each side in three pieces, it was possible to get all of the plywood parts out of two 4'x8' panels.

I clamped the frame assemblies to a table and temporarily fastened the butted side pieces to the frames with drywall screws.

The stems were the hardest pieces to cut. The bevel turned out to be 25 degrees from the centerline, 50 degrees total, cut on the bandsaw. I dry fitted these to one side at each end and pulled the bows together by hand, making sure the sheers and the chines met and

that the center of the stems fell on the centerline of the just formed hull. Sheetrock screws driven with a power driver held it all together while I checked that everything was square and plumb. Additional frames are not necessary as the natural bend of the plywood sides determines the shape of the hull.

When I was happy with the alignment, I backed off the sheetrock screws, one part at a time, coated the mating surfaces with epoxy, and screwed everything back together again. The structure was surprisingly stable at this point.

The bottom was made from two pieces of 1/4" plywood cut roughly to shape, then temporarily fastened at the stem and at the thwart. A 1"x4" piece of pine or plywood was permanently glued to the inside of one bottom piece. It became the bottom butt. I marked where the sides touched the bottom pieces, removed them, cut to the lines, and attached the bottoms permanently with epoxy at the stem, bottom butt, and frame box, holding them temporary with sheetrock screws.

When the epoxy cured, Dorita was flipped upright (almost as easy as it sounds). A fillet of epoxy and microballoons reinforced the inside of the chines. To establish the radius of the fillet, I used a soup can dragged along the fillet touching both topsides and bottom. When the fillet cured, she was turned bottom up again. The chine seams and stems were given a slight radius to allow the fiberglass to mold smoothly around the corners. The seams were taped with fiberglass and epoxy, then the exterior was covered with fiberglass cloth set in epoxy. I chose to remove all of the sheetrock screws, but as they all are eventually covered, it may not matter if they are left in. They are superfluous at this point as the epoxy does all of the work of holding things together.

With the hull once again right-side up, the inwales were sprung into place, then glued and epoxied making sure the original orientation of the wood from which they were cut was maintained to assure that they would bend the same, and the structure was finished.

I fitted breasthooks, mostly for looks, forward and aft, and attached four 1"x2" floors to reinforce the bottom, then decided which end was which. Dorita is theoretically symmetrical, but one end came out slightly fuller than the other. I called the full end the stern and made it official by attaching the skeg on that end and the painter on the other end through a hole drilled in the middle of the stem.

Launching days are always auspicious events, even for an insignificant little dinghy. Dorita's took place on the small beach in front of the Beaufort Post Office between Front Street and Taylor's Creek.

I remembered from rowing the Bolger 16-footer that light dories are tippy. After about 15 seconds of twitching and hanging onto the gunwales with white knuckles, I remembered to relax and let the flare of the hull do its thing. Dorita and I stopped twitching, and off we went, rowing out into Taylor's Creek. Piece of cake!

We rowed out to *Excellent* with a cooler stowed between my feet aft. Louisa would sit on the bottom, forward, leaning against my back. I wouldn't have wanted to row very far that way, but for her intended use, Dorita didn't have far to go, just 50 yards across the creek and "two blocks" west.

Dorita found a berth, upside down on the

sand, near her initial launching site, chained to a pipe someone had thoughtfully buried there. We had our dinghy.

We also used Dorita to row across to the beach on Carrot Island for picnics. We'd take Tige along. He didn't seem to mind the water as long as he could jump in and out of Dorita without getting his feet wet. For these trips, Louisa would sit forward as before but with the picnic basket on her lap. Tige would sit aft between my legs. It was convenient that Dorita's stern was pointed as this forced Tige to keep his 80lb displacement on the centerline. If he'd try to stand up, I'd say, "Tige, SIT!" and his rear would be wedged back on center once again ("Good dog!").

There is no doubt that Tige understood Dorita's function. On one of our picnic outings we had wandered down the beach a hundred yards or so from where we had tied Dorita. Louisa decided to swim back to avoid walking on the oyster shells. Tige took great exception to his mistress being out of reach. He raced back and forth on the beach, barking for "the mommy" to come back where she would be safe. He even went into the water up to his knees, in an effort to persuade her, but no matter how much he warned her, she continued to swim parallel to the beach back toward Dorita.

Suddenly, Tige stopped. I could almost see the lightbulb go on over his head, as in the comics. He ran down the beach toward Dorita and jumped aboard. Then he looked around trying to figure out how to use the oars so he could rescue "the mommy". But, dogs can't row.

Dorita was proclaimed a success, and I thought others might like to build their own. I advertised in appropriate publications and sold somewhere between 50 and 100 sets of plans and instructions until my job as editor of *Coastal Cruising* magazine left me with too little spare time and energy for moonlighting.

Now *Coastal Cruising* is gone, but Dorita is back, reborn not far from the waters of the Piscataqua River in New Hampshire. I have updated the plans and instructions, and converted the ink drawings, which took longer to draw than it did to build the boat, into computer files. I've also added a simple laser cut 1" to 1" scale model kit so first-time builders can see how easily she goes together. Then they can have a miniature of their new boat to admire on cold winter evenings.

The scale model may save some from the larger commitment of building a full-size boat if by building the model first, they discover, heaven forbid, that they'd rather stick with golf or tennis.

After putting together half a dozen Dorita scale models, I think the model is somewhat more difficult to build than the full-size boat. With the model one doesn't have the luxury of dry fitting the parts using sheetrock screws, backing them out when things aren't quite right, then screwing them in again. Don't worry, the resulting holes are ultimately plugged with epoxy. Using spring clothespins to hold the model parts together works after a fashion, then the parts can be bonded before removing the clothespins using thickened super-glue (cyanoacrylate).

My two year old grandson, Banning, thinks his little red model boat makes a great bathtub toy. He may even discover how well Dorita tows when he goes sailing on the "big boat" with his dad. The big boat, coinciden-

tally is the very same X21, *Excellent*, which Banning's father purchased a couple of years ago from Tom Norton long after we had returned her to his care.

Now, I'm building another dory, a big one, for Banning and his dad to use as a dinghy for *Excellent*, taking more time, this time, using okoume plywood (to be varnished on the inside) and working carefully. Dorita, it seems, is back where she began.

One of these days, I must write the unlikely tale of how Dorita became a sailboat. Normally dories make terrible sailboats, but it's true that necessity can be the mother of invention. Hasta la vista.

(Complete plans, instructions and parts for a 1 1/2' scale model of Dorita are available from Ted Jones' Gundalow Boat Shop, 603 Brown's Ridge Rd., Ossipee, NH 03864, (603) 539-3625, e-mail <taj@worldpathnet>. The cost is \$29.75 plus \$3.80 postage within the US and Canada.



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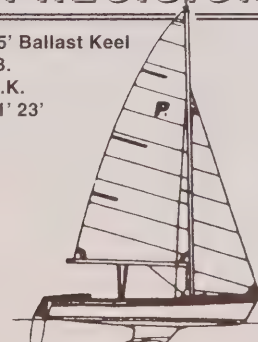
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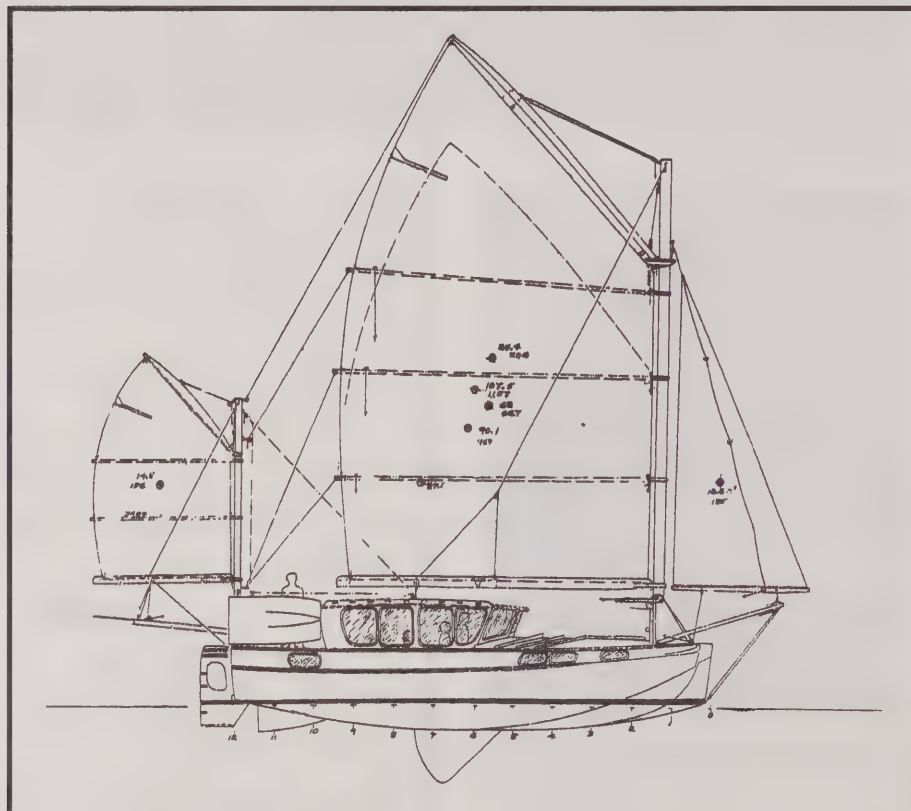


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Bolger on Design



The Youngs proposed to first move to a suitable lot, then erect a sizable boat-building shop, get going on the boat's construction, and finally to set off on an extended circumnavigation to a wide variety of countries and climates. They have moved (easy), wrestled with and overcome City-Hall to add the building shop to their property (harder), and have just recently received the plans. This will be a serious challenge. The cruise should be due reward for all the problems tackled and overcome, and opportunities scouted and maximized upon.

This project had a long gestation period on our part, with endless distractions, temporarily more pressing or tempting projects, and necessary R & R periods between design sessions. On the other hand the Young's schedule seemed somewhat protracted as well. All in all though, this lengthy period had a very positive effect on the design's quality. We learned a lot, came up with a few intriguing details, and produced one of the most capable 40-footer sailing cruisers ever, we think. There is a lot in her that you won't find in the market. And none of these attributes are frivolous, but seemed to us rather necessary to the task proposed by the Youngs. Comparisons with

Fiji

Design #662 for Stanley Young Part 1 of 3

other designs are interesting.

We approached this project under the premises of ergonomics, safety, simplification, and economics. Instead of trying to cater to the many prejudices of what presumably makes a "Sailing Passagemaker", we used the Young's wishlist, and a clean slate to focus on the essentials of cruising long distances under sail and low power in a 40' homebuildable monohull. Incidentally, while an earlier version of her was discussed in *Boat Design Quarterly* this series of articles on her here in *MAIB* are of her final and completed plans.

The Challenge: The goal was to ignore conventions that usually compromise utility and overall capability for the sake of a very narrow range of attributes currently defined as high-performance or appealing to so-called traditional sensitivities:

Derivatives from racing craft typically reflect some temporary and arbitrary rules/

prejudice not particularly useful for serious cruising purposes.

Derivatives from local working craft are of decidedly limited interest as well for the serious cruiser as there was no tradition of extensive cruising when those types evolved for usually particular working tasks.

The widespread embrace of such derivatives of both kinds is understandable on the one hand as comforting confines/dictates within which designers, builders, and owners can orient themselves much more readily, since the small patch of area between such confining walls is easier to grasp, more predictable in its limited opportunities, than the wide-open spaces of imagination pursuable to match endless iterations of personal cruising challenges and opportunities on wide open waters.

But the problem is obvious: Many cruising craft reflect the problematic assumption that one could possibly make that small patch between these walls fit all the conceivable contingencies of the wide open spaces offshore and the coastal and inland narrow waters. Thus one observes 40' racer-derived cruisers drawing 6'+ of rigid race-winning lead, followed by unprotected spade-rudders, trying to nervously cope with the ICW. And one marvels at the notion of low-slung inshore fisheries-derived boats with beautiful sheer-lines and exposed cockpits in an offshore gale. Both seem inadequate to the task.

The presumably free marketplace of ideas one would hope for in the ever growing number of sailing/cruising magazines does not actually offer any coherent perspective either, not even the independent advertising-free sources, who are apparently as wed to prevailing configuration of attributes as the most heavily industry financed glossies.

Sailing magazines discussing boats around 40' propose as sensible starter boats coastal cruising craft that would draw 6+', and as prudent, so-called bluewater types that impose 8' of hard draft. Both have high, rigid radio-masts scalable only in smooth waters and with well choreographed crew assistance, should light bulb, antenna, or mainsail sheave need attending. These are typically dependent on numerous \$1 items for them not to come crashing down, often peppered with complicated furling gadgets requiring thick and rapidly-aging parts-catalogues.

Hull structures are of inadequate repairability while cruising away from specialized yards, hull structures that are decidedly sinkable and typically so within a very few minutes upon hull breaching impact. They present liberal reliance on salt-water-based devices from powerplant to air-conditioning units, with designed-in and expensive arrays of permanently immersed dissimilar metals with multiples of clogging potential in convoluted plumbing. Hulls can be perforated with frequently two-digit numbers of underwater

through-hulls.

There are often very limited capacities of fuel, water, holding tanks and battery power to actually allow owner/crew to set out to cruise with a defensible degree of independence. Typically they offer not even safe/handy/usable dinghy storage. They burden the crew with thoroughly inadequate thermal performance for any living aboard for extended periods of time outside the balmy belt, dictating lengthy lists of chores related to winterizing, not just implying, but dictating, that the boats cannot be used in actual winter, cold fall, or even cool spring, between frozen mechanical rigging-devices that are not reliable anymore at lower temperatures, and water-based engine-cooling and exhaust systems that may go from being clogged with ice to about to burn the high-tech rubber and fiberglass componentry tucked away nearly inaccessibly, and thus risking the boat from both fire and sinking.

While lots of boats are being built, and more are affordable in the used boat market, which ones are actually desirable to be taken and cruised seriously? The average marina typically presents a clear indication of development gone thoroughly off the rails in the context of actual conditions out there. In places with seasons they are empty half the time, with the boats stacked at great expense on land, because the current fleet of cruising boats is deemed unsafe if just left floating for the winter.

One Solution: The inherently variable nature of conceivable cruising territories, and personal perspective and ambitions stand in stark contrast with derivatives dictating so-called desirable characteristics in cruising craft, at times even codified in print.

The cruising environment constantly reflects predictable changes such as tides and seasons, along with unpredictable events such as extremes in the meteorological parameter of cruising. And there is the inherent human characteristic to change one's mind away from bluewater mileage making obsessions towards relaxed coastal gunkholing and estuary exploration and should be catered to by the same craft. Derivative based designs can typically not cope satisfactorily with the full range of this reality in cruising.

They only exist in the market-place because the market-place is conditioned by limited offerings in vast quantities, mostly unchecked by independent assessments as to actual utility, and thus value, until this narrow spectrum has been internalized by both hack and bright individualists alike without much hesitation or even doubt; they would certainly not accept an SUV that can only do 30mph, nor would 2" of ground clearance be acceptable on the family car. Accomplished in profession and with a private life full of opportunities for self-expression and rich choices to match one's needs, some individuals seem perfectly willing to accept severe restrictions on the use of their craft. For what they cost, readily exceeding that of the average 4 season-capable house and the property it sits on, plus 4 season-capable car, they appear to be a rather poor bargain indeed.

In an attempt to match this range of challenges and opportunities, we pursue the philosophy of moderation and variable geometry, be it mechanical or intellectual, that appears to allow for a much higher degree of cruising freedom, and thus likelihood of actually en-

joying it. Physically and mentally it should allow for greater resilience to both roll with the punches or just gently alter the course of one's mind and thus one's cruising. For what a 40' cruising boat amounts to in financial and emotional investment, it should be able to both do global circumnavigation, then go around the eastern United States, to finally sample Europe in all its tastes criss-crossing it readily on its endless network of inland waterways.

Thus we defined the following attributes as desirable or better, yet necessary in a cruiser adequate to the task:

1) Range of stability for offshore purposes.

2) Wading draft here of 25" to go anywhere, including the best cruising grounds, hideaways, and storm refuges.

3) Routine grounding-capability with a flat bottom 2" thick, sheathed with an additional one-inch (25mm) of steel/copper/bronze, to take the ground with limited concern.

4) No underwater hull openings of any kind. Drive unit and propeller accessible from shelter, and not immersed when not in use.

5) Masts readily lowered flat without outside help, on short notice.

6) All urgent sail handling from secure positions.

7) Reefing of large basic sail plan rather than added light-weather sails.

8) Prefabricated plywood-epoxy construction for (comparatively) low-time construction by (comparatively) inexperienced builders.

9) Reliable compartmentation.

10) Built-in unsinkability.

11) Removable afloat, with onboard means, without destruction of carpentry, engines, all tanks, centerboard, batteries and even masts.

12) Range enough under power to frequent the light-weather zones, and to plain run out of the way of threatening storm systems.

13) Capacity enough, electrically speaking, to be quiet without combustion for a week or two of comfortably living aboard summer or winter in an otherwise undisturbed anchorage.

14) Two readily launchable hard dinghies, one small hard rowing/sailing tender and one fast power/lifeboat, both of which can be launched single-handed.

15) Gimballed helm seat and sea berth swinging to adapt automatically to extended/long-range heel.

Layout from Bow to Stern: Starting at the bow, the main-mast tabernacle is braced by the deck surrounding it, its integration into the 4" collision bulkhead, and its distinctive forward brace, for a very stout well-integrated bow-structure overall to carry the strains of the mainmast and sail. Rather than trying to somehow hide the tabernacle(s) we prefer to almost celebrate them with some structural-functional styling attracting the eye to this vital feature of her overall layout. The tabernacle is also the pivot point for the bowsprit, lifted for tight quarters to near vertical by simple lanyard off the mainmast top.

The mainmast is of conventional wooden construction. Boom and gaff are of wood and plywood.

We show no railing around the foredeck, as there should be no need to spend any time on it, except for rare harness-secured sessions clipped into a tight wire between tabernacle

and windshield base. This reduces some her top-hammer, drag, cost, construction labor, and eliminates any need for repair.

Next aft is the 2' x 1'8" bow-hatch sliding aft, standing in which hip-high, and with little risk of going overboard, the occasional mast-base work and the light ground tackle can be handled. Location of this hatch in the washroom confines any entering spray to an area where damp is innocuous, with space to hang wet lines if necessary on either side.

The head has its holding tank located near centerline to allow zero flushing water plumbing, don't look down type outhouse derivative toilet. We've put these crude and simple systems in a growing number of liveaboard designs. The well-gasketed lid is dogged below the toilet-seat to keep rising levels from splashing up and out under way. In worst sea-states the temporary use of a porta-potti right up on the bridge near all controls might be indicated, if prior pumping-out through centerboard case was impossible, or just a plain bucket to go out over the after-deck when you're done.

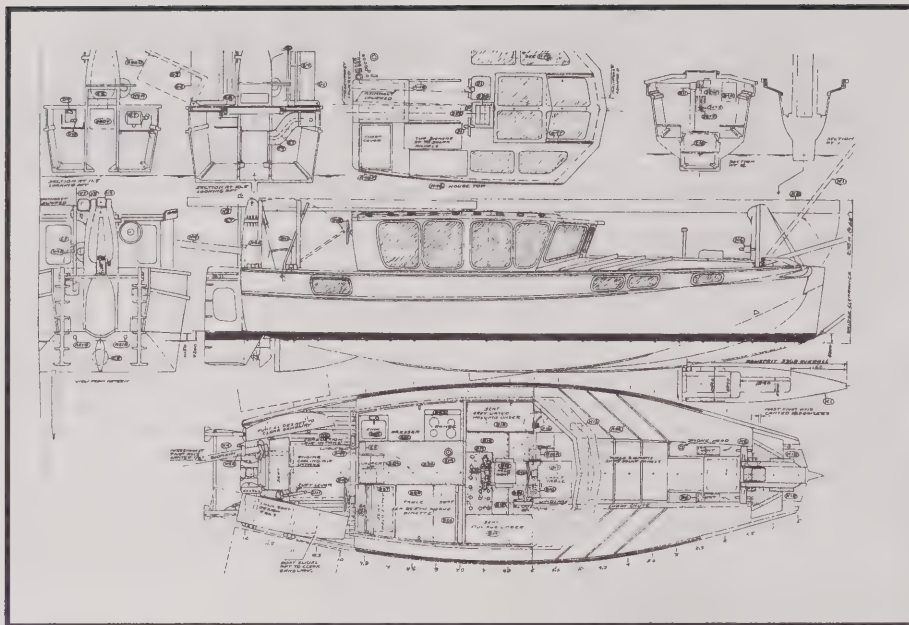
The don't look down toilet does not require any flushing-related plumbing, valves, pumps, hoses etc. except a permanently-installed large diameter (1-1/2"-2") 30 GPM Edson pump to draw from about one inch of the bottom of the tank to evacuate the mess straight into the centerboard-trunk when at sea. Pump-out facilities can insert their hoses through the hatch and into the top-opening of the tank. And this crude but extremely reliable system does not require the wastage of precious freshwater or the risky grief of plumbing living seawater into the boat with yet another seacock, pump, valve etc.

This is as simple and reliable as it gets, and a computer-fan turned on automatically when you open the lid will reliably extract the odor for zero boat internal smells, unlike any conventional toilet we know of. Between feces, urine and water from personal hygiene via head's sink, it all should remain liquid enough to make the large-diameter extraction pump function reliably without macerators etc.

In the otherwise bone-dry boat, the Edson pump could, of course, be plumbed via a Y-valve to act as an emergency manual bilge pump after hull-damage. We'd still place multiple big (dusty) electric bilge pumps anyway. As mentioned earlier, the principle of gravity-fed cold-water faucets and shower head will offer rapid initial assembly, easy maintenance, and hands-on consumption control. Much grief potential, so common on most boats and so often subject of discussion, is largely absent.

Going aft below, there are two hanging locker/closet volumes; customize to need. To port there is the diesel cabin-heater attached to the washroom's bulkhead. These heaters can be ordered with internal water-coils to heat water for personal hygiene or to supply a simple water baseboard heater to be placed anywhere in the cabin or house keeping that area comfortable; the necessary continuous duty warm water circulation pump will not draw enough to matter significantly in the context of Fiji's specified battery capacity. To supply fresh air to crew and diesel-heater combustion a simple fan forces outside air on to the surface of the heater preheating it for draft-free air exchange.

The portside cabinet could be replaced by a desk if preferred. There's more serious



stowage volume of around 50+ cubic feet for less frequently accessible items under the queen-size double-berth. To starboard of the berth there are mattress-deep bins for more small personal items such as medication, glasses, gun, important papers etc. We'd have a handy drawer under the port side as well.

There is ample space to get out of bed to port and forward without necessarily disturbing a second person's sleep, enough space to move about to get dressed, or just enter the head. There would be more, but shallower, stowage space under the flat floor in that area; with a 2" plywood bottom, condensation down there should not be a serious issue and might, after some testing, allow flat, uncumpled storage of out-of-season clothes including the good ones for upscale, shore duty otherwise taking up space in the regular lockers. We'd place a light ply sole over the protruding ballast bolt heads.

The centerboard case to port is accessible from above through a gasketed bench-flush case cap allowing removal of the board upwards even while afloat via tackle off the

main-boom through a dedicated centerboard-hatch in roof. The board's pivot-pin is glandless for no drip centerboard function. Shown is an assembly of minimal friction/wear/maintenance board & trunk combination which will make the removal of the board less frequent and still undramatic. While the board can be lifted out for maintenance and repair, access to much of the interior of the case itself is facilitated through above-waterline gasketed panels, with the bottom area accessible from below afloat or up on blocking on land. Between the board, those balanced twin-rudders, the skeg, and the mizzen's function, it should be possible to fine-tune her balance with moderate effort on most courses.

To port of the case assembly there is more deep stowage useable for a range of shaped items or just stacks of bins on runners, near impossible to spill. A good place for a vault or just those heirloom cross-country skis...

On the starboard side of the case is mounted the massive companionway door opening aft and upwards to reliably secure watertight integrity of either wheelhouse or

stateroom. Should the wheelhouse glass surface be compromised, flooding would increase pressure on the door's gaskets to keep water from flooding the stateroom. Serious amounts of water on the bridge could readily be drained into the centerboard case, with the limited volume in the snakepit and battery compartments pumpable by conventional bilge pump. The hold is supposed to be reasonably tight with hatch in dinette bench.

Up a few steps and you are on the bridge level with centerboard case half-high to port, and running rigging related gear and snake-pit line-storage, batteries, fuel, water, and waste under it in respective compartments.

A major detail on the bridge is a 4x4 square steel stanchion which runs from the underside of the house roof down to the hull's bottom panel. It supports both the gimbale helm seat and the inside winches and line-clutch cluster for most of her running rigging; more on latter later.

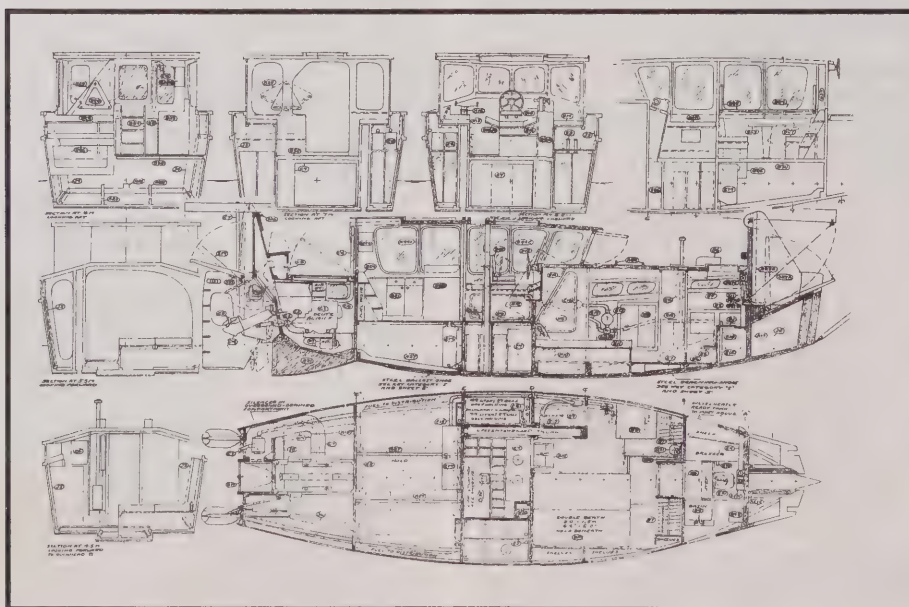
The helm seat is gimbale, offering a fold-up seat geometry for standing at the helm on demand. It is mounted on the front face of the stanchion and can, if necessary, be stabilized by a stock automotive shock-absorbers, mounted on the seat-frame weldment and the stanchion's side; we'd test the rig before going this far, as the UHMW bearing and roller-bearing caster assembly may have enough latency to go well with the boat's movements. Facing forward, sitting elevated it is clear why the corners of the foredeck were knocked off, as the heeling craft would have otherwise blocked a significant part of the forward 180 degree horizon on either side.

This allows seeing horizontally to windward to quite a high angle of heel, while the view to leeward would then be mostly through respective sky-lights in the roof panel. Provided the boat is tilted outwards when off-shore, there can readily be well over a 300 degree field of horizontal vision from the helm. Upwards view is facilitated by the clear panels in the overhead hatch and matching panels ahead and behind of it. We'd think seriously of inside and outside mirrors.

For ventilation and more outside experience from the helm in decent weather, the two forward centerline windshield panels open outwards, the helm hatch of approximately 4'x5' gross outside dimension slides forward with its clear panels matching the stationary panels of the roof, and the companionway aft, all combined should provide an adequate sense of airiness without violating her self-righting characteristics.

The remaining space on the roof should be used to install generous photovoltaic areas to get free electricity between dedicated charging sessions of those large batteries. We have yet to find a way to locate one or two windmills useable under sail. If folded down on the sloping foredeck sides with a deck-hinge when under sail, and then locked erect to the edge of the wheelhouse top, two units seem useful for extended generating capability on a mid-to-long-term anchorage.

The stanchion's other function is to carry the running-rigging inside controls with 2-speed winches, rope-clutches, etc. with winches oriented to allow two crew to raise peak and throat halyards simultaneously. Above, slightly to starboard, and aft of the upper stanchion mount, an organizer assembly routes that running rigging into the wheelhouse, which requires winch action and fre-



quent tending to. Jib and mizzen are to be set from forehatch and afterdeck, with, for instance, main boom downhaul to be adjusted only from the forehatch, all to reduce the total number of lines to be managed inside the wheelhouse. Hard and medium-stressed lines are run through clutches and past the winches to drop into respective chutes into the snake-pit below the cockpit level. Low-stress lines such as reef downhauls run right down the after face of the stanchion onto clutch clusters, out of the way of the more important lines at the stanchions, and then down also.

Main, jib, and mizzen-sheets are also controllable from the afterdeck in a reasonably unconvoluted geometry to port of companionway hatch. Mainsail and mizzen-sheets are routed along the port dinghy forward onto the roof top where a third two-speed winch will manage the sheeting duties. From there these lines run forward to the organizer above the stanchion to drop into the wheelhouse. In port the lines from her stern would be slackened with perhaps a lanyard via mizzen mast-head block to lift the bundle to above head-room level for easier passage off her afterdeck to a float or boat.

The rest of the house has good clearances and airy generosity throughout. Galley to port and dinette to starboard are located above a watertight bottom assembly to allow food-spills, dirty boots, or just wet slicker-drips to be mopped up easily surrounded by up to 3" of lip before draining for-

ward into the compartments under the stanchion below. The hold under the galley and dinette section of the house is accessible through the after dinette seat. Separated by two longitudinal reinforcements of the bottom plate, heavier weights such as spare engine parts, bags of rice, beans and potatoes, boxes of cans, hurricane-anchor etc. could be stored forward, with lighter items towards the engine-room bulkhead, all secured by various eyebolt and separator board locations locked into these longitudinal frames and optional hardpoints overhead in the sole's support.

Her fuel-distribution center is located under the foldaway companionway stair, allowing pumping for usage or trim of fuel from any to any other of the four diesel tanks, apart from fuel-polishing sessions.

Access to the afterdeck is through the slightly off-center companionway with forward-sliding hatch. There are two dinghies of 6'6" and 8' length integrated into the afterdeck's layout along with enough area to place a few folding deckchairs for on-demand open air lounging around the seat on top of the engine cooling air intake. On a mooring, in marinas, or for utility inside lock chambers, the dinghies can be slid aft some to open a passage for stepping onto float, boats or just touch slimy cleats. To starboard of the companionway is the outside (second) steering station along with basic sail controls for tight-quarters maneuvering, "all ears" lookout duty in foggy conditions, or occasional out in

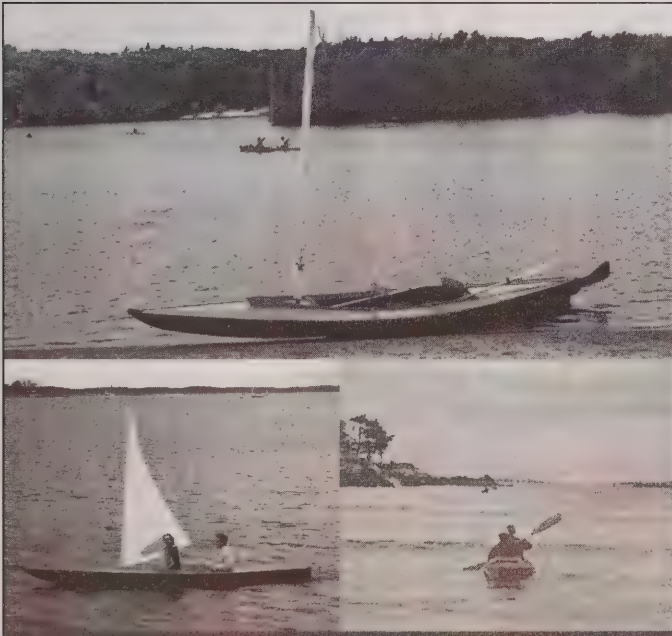
the open joy at the helm.

The afterdeck is dominated by the mizzen tabernacle structure. Apart from being the mizzen mast support, it incorporates on deck the centerline cooling air intake for the engine, main-mast head crutch, and the blocks redirecting the mizzen and main sheets towards the wheelhouse. Belowdecks both legs of the structure form the sides of the outdrive well, support the outdrive mounting board along with the access hatch through the transom to service the outdrive, and finally function as engine mounts before connecting to the engine room bulkhead forward. Note to starboard the access port to insert jury tiller/whip staff in case of hydraulic steering failure. To port of the tabernacle base the mizzen boomkin is pivoted and locked in the down position, to be lifted to near vertical in tight marina berths by simple lanyard off the mizzen mast.

Powered by the steering's hydraulic ram on the starboard unit, the twin rudders are connected to each other via draglink and hung off their transom bearings by rods. Both rudders feature permanent boarding steps for daily convenience along with proven emergency reboarding opportunity after man overboard situations, hopefully vastly reduced in likelihood by design on this boat.

In the next installment we'll go into detailed discussion on her hull construction, hull shape, comfort at sea, and survival issues.

(To Be Continued)



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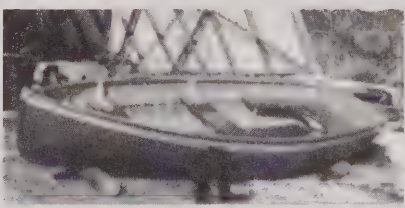
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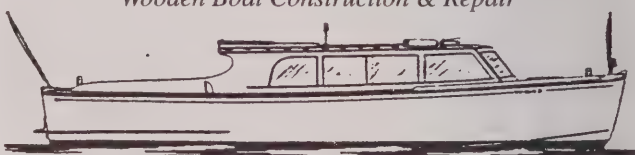


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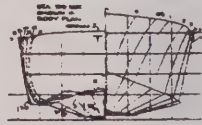
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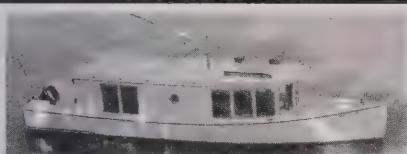
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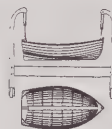
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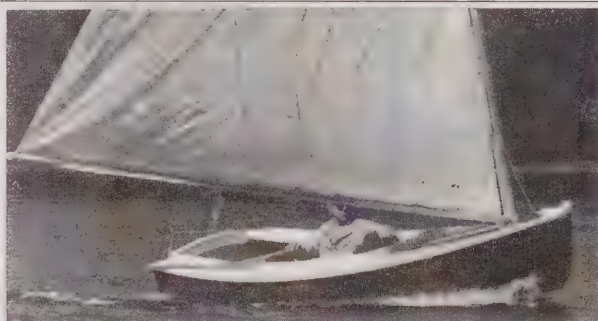
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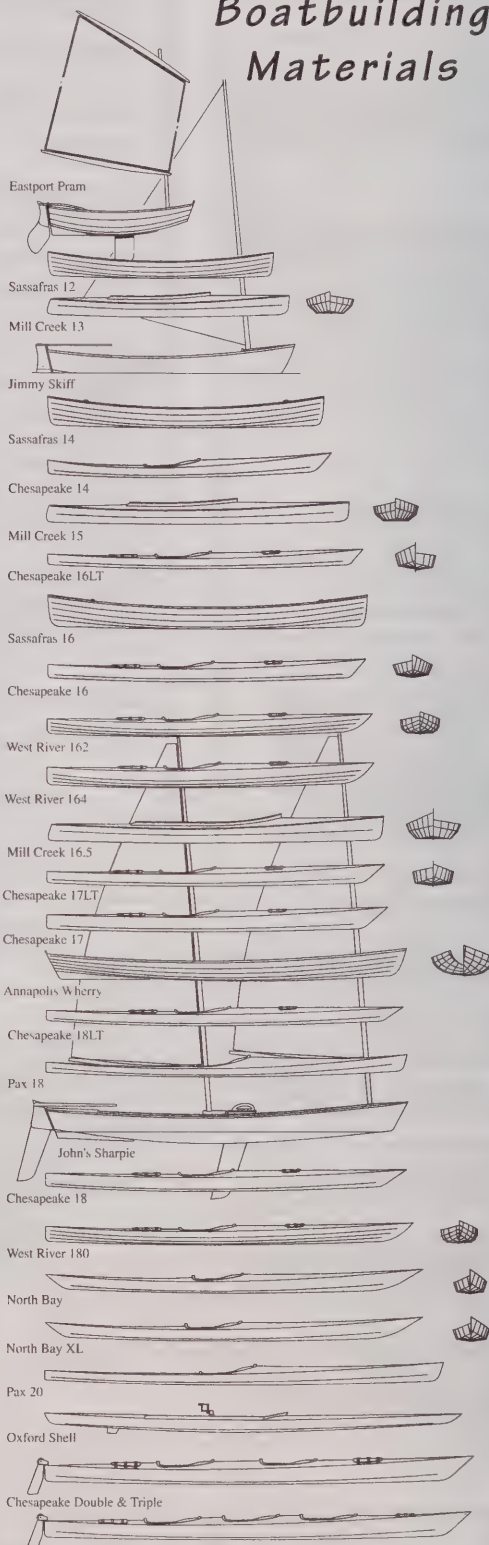
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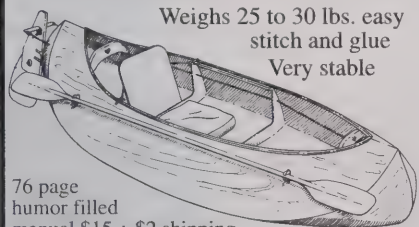
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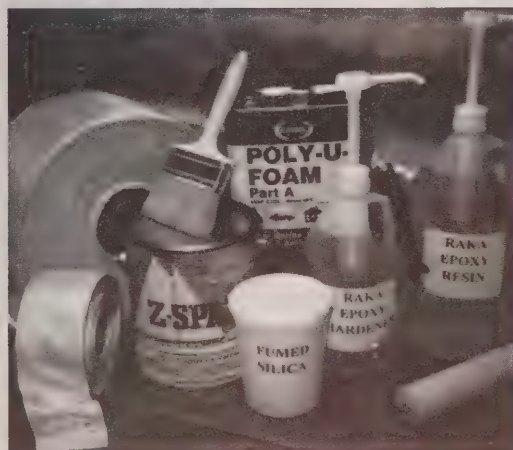
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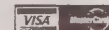


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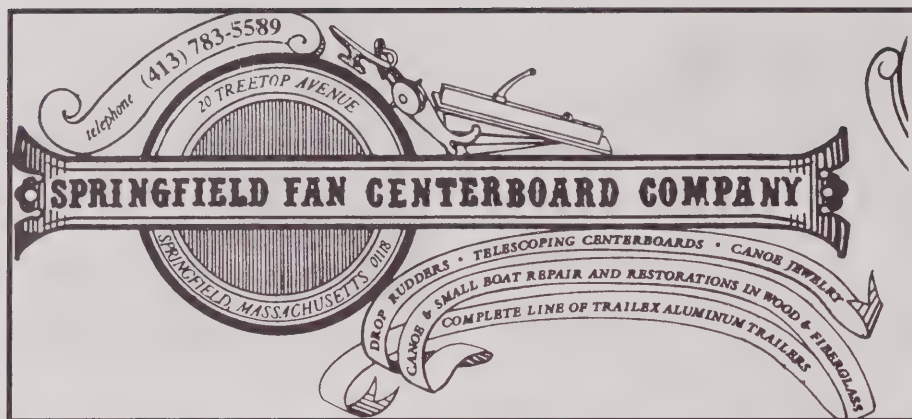
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'00 Porta-Bote Genesis III, 12' square transom folding skiff. Exc carry aboard for yacht or RV. \$1,000. 5hp Nissan 4-stroke OB, less than 10 hrs. \$800 if bought with Porta-Bote, will not sell motor alone. '70 Sunfish, w/painted trlr w/13" wheels. Decent shape for its age. White hull, red deck, red/white/blue sail which is thin but serviceable. Mahogany daggerboard & rudder. \$595. JIM BROWN, Newport, NC, (252) 393-6398, <whitedove@starfishnet.com> (10)

17' Aluminum Grumman Canoes, 2 in mint cond. \$375ea. or \$700pr. Health forces sale. ROBERT F. KIMBALL SR., 36 Edgewater Rd., Wakefield, RI, (401) 783-2318, rfbkbf@aol.com>(10)



The Real Thing, MAB, 21' gentleman's runabout blt by Bert Minett, Canada's greatest boatbuilder. Designed by John Hacker in '34. Beautifully graceful, mahogany on oak frames, speeds to 44mph. Afloat at Lake Joseph Muskoka. \$78,000. DAVE PARDOE, Huntington, MA, (413) 667-3118, (705) 765-5089. (11)

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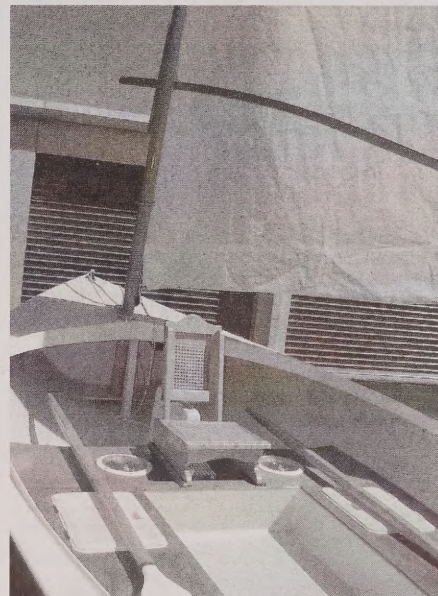
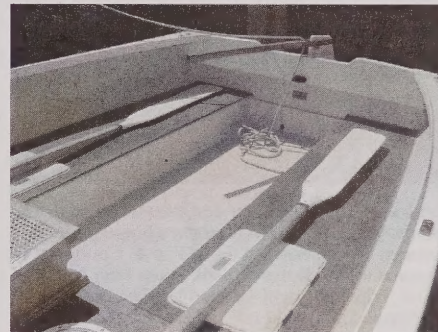
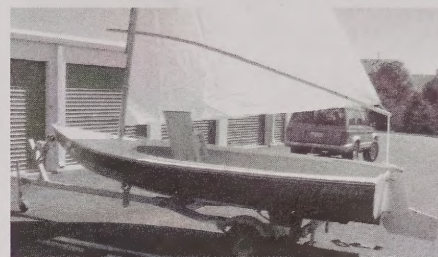
18' Rothbilt '02, center console, Suzuki 90hp 4-stroke, teak flooring, trim, custom T-top, 1/2" Lexan windshield, all bronze fittings, Fastload alum trlr, full Sunbrella covers. Exquisite, fast, safe family/fishing boat. Only 25hrs. Cost \$37,000+, sell for \$30,000 OBO. Located in RI. DON MAHARAM, RI, (805) 695-8509. (10)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store. FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

Inventory Reduction And Getting Old Sale: '68 Lucas 20' I/O Cabin Cruiser, new deck, cabin sides, windows. Minor work left. Tandem trlr. \$3,000 as is. '30s Comet, #252. Compl rebt in pressure treated wood, beautiful sails, portable cuddy cabin. \$1,000. 17' Whisp, w/2 swivel seats & bow facing oars (perfect for casting & fly fishing), trlr. \$800. Have 6 boats, reducing to 3. PHIN WILSTER, Piney Flats, TN, (423) 538-5292, <kaylynnwil@mindspring.com> (10)



18' White Outboard Runabout, Last chance! Deserving of being restored by capable person. '50s vintage, lapstrake wood, blt & used on Maine lakes. Was going to be our "press boat" but it never happened. Deep roomy hull grt for family w/small children (hard to fall out of). Nds garboard replaced, all new bent oak ribs & compl cosmetic restoration (sanding, painting, varnishing). Interior has been stripped out. A real fixer-upper for sure. Stored outside on trlr under poly tarp. 35hp electric start Gale Buccaneer OB w/remote controls at wheel on dashboard fwd behind windshield, was in running cond, will nd servicing. Original canvas in gd cond. On orig Holsclaw trlr prepped for hwy travel w/new wheels/tires, 2" hitch, lights, bring your trlr plate. It goes out here for \$500 or into winter bonfire when snow flies. BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (10)



At First Light, beautifully blt Swifty14, designed by international boat designer Frederick Shell, Shell Marine. 14' long, 6' beam, 165lbs, 85sf sail area, draft 6", CB. Vy fast on all points of sail w/up to 3 crew. Can be rowed &/or motored. Will plane on a reach in 10kt winds. Unique leg-o-mutton sail design w/18' 2-pc folding mast. All gear fits into boat incl 9.5' Shaw & Tenney oars. Easy set-up & take down. Design incorporates sealed flotation chambers in bow & under all seats. Relocation has forced sale. \$2,600 w/new galv trlr. JONATHAN SHOOK, St. Charles, IL, (630) 587-9290. (11)

Windsurfers, 2 Mistral intermediate skill boards, 5 sails, 3 masts, 3 booms, 2 harnesses. \$550 for all. I travel some and can help with delivery if necessary. HENRY CHAMPAGNEY, Greenback, TN, (865) 856-5753, <h2champs@aol.com>(10)

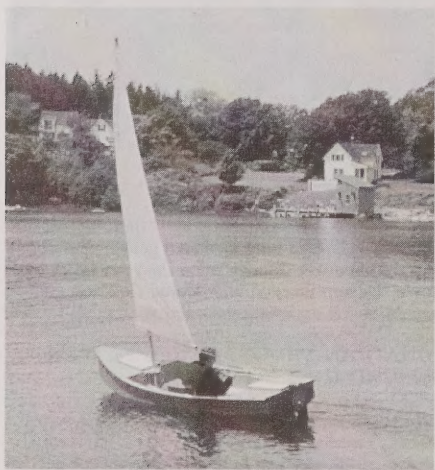
Alden Ocean Shell, 18' double (or single) nice shape, refinished oars, will deliver in MA or NH. \$1,200. DAVID NALLETT, Keene, NH, (603) 355-1194. (11)



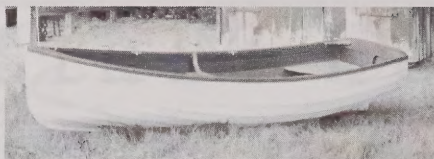
Crab Cake, a Phil Bolger designed Cartopper sailboat w/trlr, is for sale as I bought a bigger boat. The wooden epoxy encased 11-1/2' x 4' Cartopper is featured in Phil Bolger's book *Boats With An Open Mind*. White w/bright interior, level of finish gathers a crowd. BSD/Balogh Sail Designs Tri-star 58sf sail w/16' BSD alum mast & spar. Olddenkamp Magneta galv trlr w/4.80x12 tires rated to 1000lb load, bearing buddies, spare tire, cover, battens, & oars. Trlr, sail, & rig in exc cond. See pictures of boat at 2001 Cedar Key event at URL <http://www.ecoastlife.com/ck0103.html>. Ready to effortlessly roll cross country behind any vehicle. Currently located in Atlanta. \$1,200. ROB MAJEWSKI, Atlanta, GA, (404) 255-8333, <robert.majewski@equant.com> (11)

15'4" Bolger Micro, launched '02. Constructed of marine ply, epoxy/glass, bronze fastenings. Incl boat, sails, 4hp Evinrude, & new Loadrite trlr. Enjoy sailing anywhere you want to go! Asking \$5,500 OBO. DAVID N. JOST, Ashland, MA, (508) 881-7506, <djost.ma.ultranet@rcn.com> (11)

16' Old Town Double Ended Boat, canvas covered, mint.\$1,250. RALPH A. NOTARISTEFANO, 3 Jay Ct., Northport, NY 11768, (631) 757-3087.(11)



12' Mixer Prototype, design by Jim Michalak, blt '96, fine sailing skiff. 70sf balanced lug rig, fore & aft hatches, custom fitted cover, oars. Vy gd cond. Compl \$750. W/custom fitted galv trlr new in '96 \$975. **10' Sea Shell Dinghy**, Fred Shell design, w/custom oars, trlr. Vy gd cond. \$650. DAVID BOSTON, Factoryville, PA, (570) 945-3450. (11)



Acorn Dinghy, attractive 10'2" traditional design by Ian Oughtred. Blt last winter using 6mm marine plywood & WEST(tm) system epoxy. White painted hull w/teal interior & mahogany trim finished with Cetol. \$1750.

LARRY DOW, Eliot, Maine, (207) 439-8488, <sailse32@aol.com>(11)

12' Wood Pussy Catboat, FG, w/trlr. \$1,000. ALAN BOYES, Bridgeton, ME, (207) 925-1855.(11)



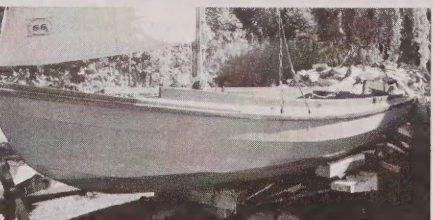
27' L.F.Herreshoff Sloop Prudence, FG. New main, 7.5hp Honda 4-stroke & 9.9 British Seagull, like new. New paint, dark blue hull, white cabin trunk, red bootstripe, gold cove stripe. New cushions. Teak & holly sole. Halyards handled from cockpit. FG dinghy. In water, ready to cruise. \$5,700 AL FITTIPALDI, Titusville, NJ, (609) 8818-0350. (11)

'42 Cape Cod Knockabout, LOA 18', dk green hull. Well kept, fast, rare & beautiful. EZ Load trlr. \$3,600. Located Charlestown, RI. Email for photos. CYNTHIA GUILD, Wilbraham, MA, (413) 596-5036, (413) 348-7535. <clcp799@aol.com> (11)

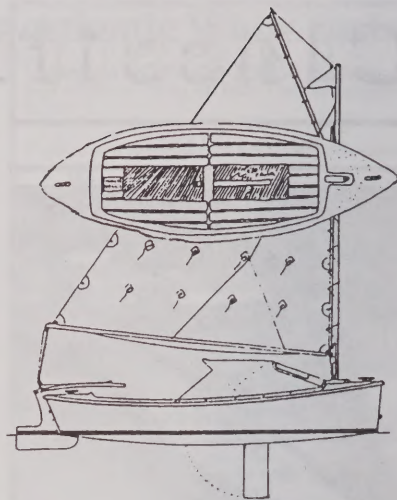
16' Bolger Windsprint, exc sailing & rowing skiff. \$1,300. BILL HOWARD, Rochester, NY, (800) 438-0043. (11)



'30s Ventnor 14' Hydroplane, 2 seater gentlemen racer, extremely rare 3rd oldest known Ventnor, compl restoried w/original engine (4/60 Elto) & trlr (wooden) plus modern trlr. \$19,900. ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (586) 727-7320, (313) 390-6444, <rroyal@ford.com> (11)



16' Town Class Sloop, '82 wooden sailboat, well maintained, classic lines, 2 sets sails, ready to sail, trlr incl. \$4,000. (207) 439-9344, (11)



Mud Hen, 17' x 6', '83 by Florida Bay. Shoal draft, beachable roomy (6 adults), camp cruiser (slps 2), gaff rigged catboat. Draft 6"board up, 3'6" board down, tabernacle mast, teak seating, anchor, docklines, 5 life vests, 6hp Suzuki long shaft OB in well w/5gal tank, 30hrs. '88 Arrow trlr w/bearing buddies. Sail exc cond, kept under cover since new. Change in health forces sale. \$5,500 for compl package.

DANIEL KLINE, Harrisburg, PA, (717) 545-5075. (11)

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14'-16' Flat Bottom Rowing Skiff, or jon boat similar to Alumacraft or Duranautic.

ROBERT F. KIMBALL SR., 36 Edgewater Rd., Wakefield, RI, (401) 783-2318, rfkbfd@aol.com-(10)

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White Poly tarp Sail Kits. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required.

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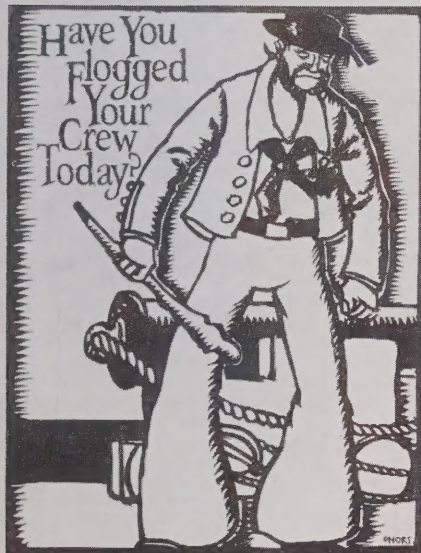
Sunfish/Sailfish Spars & Sail, ideal for converting a dory or skiff to sail. Helpful instructions incl.\$100.

ROBERT F. KIMBALL SR., 36 Edgewater Rd., Wakefield, RI, (401) 783-2318, rfkbfd@aol.com-(10)

Spinnaker, handmade asymmetric (single luffed) radial head cut, 16' luff, 15' leach, 10' foot. Red & blue. Free to gd home, but please pay shipping. STEVE LAYDEN, Germantown, MD, (301) 972-6529, <snizort@netzero.net>(11)

Montgomery 17 Main & Jib, new, never used. Made by Sailrite, NOT KITS. Main: Blue & white vertical stripes, luff 18'9", leech 20'2", foot 7'6". 1st reef points 3'0" up. Jib: Green & white vertical stripes, luff 20'0", leech 18'0", foot 8'6". Cost new \$980 (have invoices), sell \$735 OBO. RICK RAMSEY, Fort Wayne, IN, (260) 747-2437. (11)

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'94 Motorguide Great White Trolling Motor, 35lb thrust. Designed for salt water use. Less than 5 hrs use as I bought it for an electric boat I never built. Used briefly as auxiliary on my Sea Pearl. Cost well over \$400 new at discount. No battery. Like new. \$200.

JIM BROWN, Newport, NC, (252) 393-6398, <whitedove@starfishnet.com> (10)

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25hp Johnson Long Shaft OB, '99 manual start, used vy little, ex cond. \$1,200. (603) 355-1194. DAVID NALLET, Keene, NH, (603) 355-1194. (11)

10hp Volvo MD-1B Diesel, vy low hrs. Huge inventory of new & used spare parts. TOD SELBY, Morehead City, NC, (252) 726-1919. (11)

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Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TF)

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New Design! Tape seam skiff built w/lines taken from a Westport work skiff. 17'10" x 6'3" It wt, strong & easy on the eyes. Building Plans \$75, Visa/ MC JERRY MATHIEU, CUSTOM SKIFFS, Box 3023, Westport, MA, 02790, (508) 679-5050, (508) 636-8020 (10)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

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



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

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

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Proven Plans, for 16' stitch & glue plywood sailing multihull. Must have shallow draft & be highly maneuverable for river use. PHIL TINGLEY, 327 Trailorama Dr., N. Port, FL 34287, (941) 423-1358. (10)

Dinghies & Daysailers, by Butch & Rita Wilcox, publ '87 by Barca de Veza Publ. Co., Phoenix, AZ. JACK MOORE, Los Osos, CA, (805) 528-2586, <bosunjack@webtv.net> (11)

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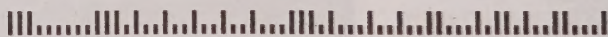
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