

Special Features This Issue
"20th Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival"
"Low Country" - "Steaming in a Streetcar Boat"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 11

October 15, 2002



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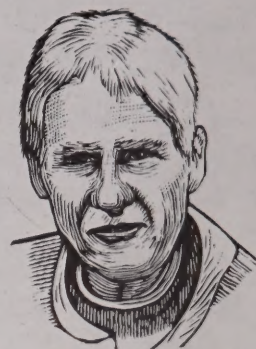
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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In my Commentary in the September 1 issue I discussed my peek into the world of large scale commercial boating (shipping) on the pages of *Professional Mariner*, and especially learning about the high incidence of accidents and fatalities on the high seas. Now I have had a peek into another world of messing about in boats, that of the very wealthy and their megayachts.

Amongst the non-boating periodicals which I read is the business publication, *Forbes*. I happen to be interested in how big business works and *Forbes* is far and away the best written and most informative and entertaining of business magazines. It is unabashedly enthused about being rich and focusses mostly on the people who have made it big time in the world of big business.

Four times a year *Forbes* sends out a supplementary publication, *FYI*, "The Good Life". It suggests ways in which wealthy readers can indulge in having a bit of fun with some of the money they have piled up. The latest issue featured a 19 page spread on "The Spirit of Yachting...Sailing the Seas in Style". Several of the 19 pages were full page ads for luxury yachts, the rest extolled the pleasures to be found afloat in your very own private resort, one which is not only secure (since 9/11 a major selling point it appears) but also mobile and without the clutter of other people not invited along.

The introductory paragraphs held some fascinating revelations. "In a world where tales of massive layoffs, corporate gluttony, global terrorism and shaky economies dominate the headlines, one industry is weathering these wildly tossed seas quite well. Luxury yachting is not only surviving today's wavering times, but thriving on them." Yup. According to the magazine *Showboats International*, orders for luxury yachts were up 18.4%, and orders for motor yachts over 150' were up 17.7% in 2001. The 9/11 catastrophe hardly

caused a pause. In fact it has since enhanced sales, yachts provide secure resorts.

The world's third richest man, according to *Forbes* annual scorecard of who has the most, Larry Ellison of Oracle, bought his first yacht, a 192' beauty, and found "that there is no pleasure greater than owning a yacht you have designed with your own tastes in mind." He soon moved up to a 244 footer which he "refurnished in a tasteful art deco style."

It seems that buying a megayacht is also a good investment because they tend to appreciate in value, in part due to the tight sellers' market with up to four years waiting for a custom designed yacht of your very own. Chartering one's toy also makes business sense. With more wannabee megayachtsmen than megayachts available for purchase, people are lined up to charter at rates ranging from \$95,000 to \$300,000 a week. Ten weeks of chartering pay for the rest of the year of playtime.

The article states that there are about 5,000 megayachts afloat now (80' or larger). A new 200' model will cost you about \$40 million, operating expenses will run about 10% of that annually. Fuel will run about \$96,000 a year for the pair of 4,000hp diesels. Every so often a paint job (?) will run another \$500,000. Dock space can range from \$400 a day for a 100 footer to \$1,500 a day for a 400 footer. Yes a 400 footer, there's a 500 footer currently under construction in Europe.

Many more aspects of this lifestyle were detailed on the 19 pages. A sidebar entitled "Getting Started: Yachting Basics" focussed almost exclusively on what things cost, even to answering the question "Are gratuities included in a charter fee?" (No). Ah, but here at the end of this sidebar the final question rang a bit more familiar to the rest of us: Is there anything I should know before boarding a yacht? The answer: "Shoes are a no-no."

Looking Ahead...

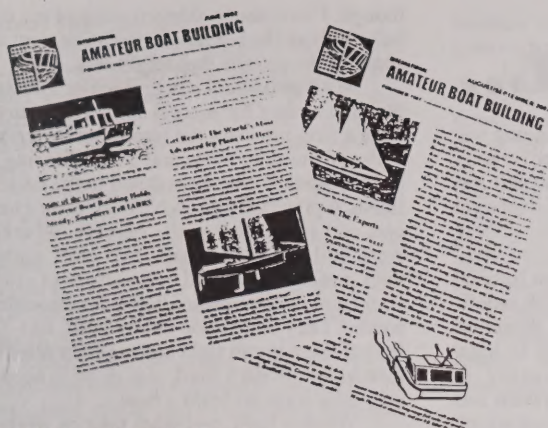
James Flint brings us a look at the "Couer D'Alene Boat Show" and provides photo coverage for the Center for Wooden Boats' report on their "Boat Fest 2002"; and we look in on "Fame's Keel Laying Ceremony" and view the annual "Gloucester Schooner Races Up Close".

Bill Marsano regales us with a tale of "A Short, Harrowing Jaunt on Lake Champlain"; Tim O'Brien is back with a tale of last season's final "November Cruise in *Shoobox*"; Hugh Hagan brings us Part 2 of "Low Country"; and Julie & Bob Nelsen continue their "Pinch Penny Cruising" as they "Sweep Through Hilton Head" in their Peep Hen.

Robb White tells us about his version of "Fast Food" and wraps up his two part dissertation on "Rails"; Hugh Ware gives us a peek into the world of professional mariners with one of his columns "Beyond the Horizon"; Val Thompson shows us how to build a "Forty Hour Clapboard Dinghy"; and Phil Bolger & Friends complete their 3 part design series on "Fiji";

On the Cover...

The 58' Lawley motor yacht *Old Glory* was not eligible for judging at the 20th Annual Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival as her co-owner was a judge, but she certainly added a majestic presence leading the parade past historic 300 year old Derby Wharf on the Salem, Massachusetts waterfront.



You have already missed the first two issues of the magazine that will help you build the boat of your dreams...

...but you may catch up and receive these and then decide if you want to continue your membership.

IABBS (International Amateur Boat Building Society) was founded in 1967 by Jim Betts who is back with International Amateur Boat Building magazine - new plans, new methods and new materials, all designed to bring you the most up-to-date information you need to get started.

ARTICLES SO FAR:

The "state of the union" for amateur boatbuilding. Yes, it's strong.
The frp modern racer you can build.
USCG guides for the amateur.
Understanding designers' terms.
Coldmolding - get the perfect shape.
The ergonomics of boat design.
15 tips to save you time and money.
Trials and tribulations of a builder.
What improvements lie ahead.
A new look at lapstrake building.
Table of useful materials weights.
Hot tips from the epoxy experts.
The tortured-plywood method.
How to design and build your boat.
10 safety features you must know.
The Airolite building method.
...and much, much more.

Stories yet to come:

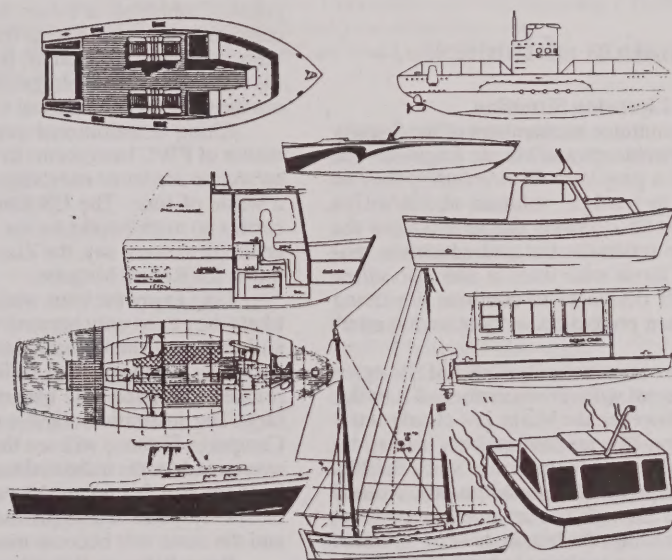
The real truth about plywood.
The 25 most-asked questions - with answers, to be sure!
Characteristics of wood.
Stick it with the right glue.
Hands-on building tips and much, much more.

Are you ready for an 8-footer that sleeps two, has galley/nav station, two helm locations, does 30 mph and is stitch-and-glue in plywood or aluminum? Just one of our new designs. See it in the second issue.

How about a workboat with a business plan so you can make your boat pay? Or a 21-ft. schooner with a giant master cabin, large head and "big-ship" decks? All to come!

PLUS: Local chapters with building centers, news from the IABBS R&D lab, instant answers to your questions, our Find-A-Plan service. But **NO** long-winded cruising yarns and now "How they build log canoes in Antarctica." Just stuff you can use now!

DESIGNS: Many in each issue and new ones on the way. In sail, power, manual, large, small, wood, frp, metal. How about a 41-ft. submarine you can build? We've got 'em all!



TO: IABBS, PO Box 1309, Pleasant Beach NJ 8742

- () Send the two issues I have missed for \$5. You may later join for the rest of the year for \$27.
- () Sign me up for a year (6 issues) for \$30 in US, \$36 elsewhere by air and send the two issues I have missed now.

Send cash (Canadian cash ok), postal money order or check payable to Jim Betts-IABBS. Checks must be in US funds and drawn on a US bank.

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Please allow two weeks for delivery. If you do not want to cut up your copy of this magazine, just send us a note with the information. **THANKS.**

You write to us about...

Activities & Adventures...

Boat Crazy This Summer

Hallie and I were at the WoodenBoat Show in the Watercraft Challenge with a guideboat from the Adirondack Museum. We were lent a cottage, with dock and mooring and dinghy, on Little Deer Isle on the Reach for the week prior, and took the Drascombe there for some fine sailing. Then got to sail Ben Fuller's *Harrier* with Peter Vermilya in the challenge race at the show. That sail is remarkably efficient. And sailed in one of the sandbaggers all afternoon the next day, in another race. Boat crazy this summer.

I'm building a modification of Reuel Parker's Cape Cod Oystering Skiff for an Adirondack lady and her dogs, and she gave me a Rush-ton Vaux, Jr (11' 6" open all-wood canoe, 100 years old) in partial payment towards the rowboat, and threw in a Bic windsurfer. So I have been playing as hard as I'm working.

Mason Smith, Adirondack Goodboats, Long Lake, NY

Information of Interest...

SNAME Licensing Situation

A committee of members of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers has drawn up a proposed PE licensure policy in an effort to reach a solution of SNAME's position on PE licensing that would allow the Society to retain the test and education program for those who want it and also allow small craft designers to continue practicing their chosen profession without undue interference.

If the committee can get SNAME to agree to its proposal without reservation, I'll be delighted. However, the Maine law clearly states that we non-PEs are lawbreakers if boat design is defined as engineering. Since the PEs write, interpret and enforce the law, we feel vulnerable enough to continue our political efforts to exempt the hundreds of us in Maine who are subject to their tender mercies.

Dick Newick, Kittery Point, ME

Opinions...

Banning PWCs Unconstitutional?

In the September 1 issue Mr. Craig Wilson posits that PWC bans are unconstitutional, that is not compatible with a system of government as defined in the founding document of the United States. I am not usually one to combine politics and recreational boating but seeing as he went first I will not hesitate to impart a little bombast into the matter.

I would agree with Mr. Wilson that in another time, perhaps, the recent PWC bans might pose certain legal issues for political academia. Not now. As far as the constitution goes today, Mr. Wilson might pause to consider that at the time of this writing the President of the United States holds office in an unelected capacity, having instead been appointed by a shamelessly politicized Judiciary.

The nation's armed forces are waging war across the globe without a formal declaration by Congress (the same Congress which has enthusiastically abdicated its role of oversight of the executive branch currently waging these illegal wars); Americans are subject to invasive government surveillance without Judicial oversight; American citizens languish indefinitely behind bars under arbitrary detention without charges and without access to legal representation or the courts; torture in law-enforcement and the penal system has become widespread (this in a nation which locks up more citizens on an aggregate and per capita basis than any other country on the globe; and any Americans with the temerity to peacefully dissent to these constitutional outrages in the presence of power may find themselves subject to any of the above treatments, as non-violent civil protest has been criminalized. The brilliant men who devised the Constitution would be back-flipping out of their graves were they to be informed of the situation.

In short, the United States Constitution lies in smoldering tatters on the slag heap of political ambition, a tissue, serving only the convenience of those with the money which buys access to the system. It does not serve the interests of the average citizen, certainly not those of the recreational small-boater.

Citing constitutional concerns over the matter of PWC bans seems to me to be at best an arcane academic exercise, and rather more a waste of time. The US Constitution today carries no more import for the American leadership than does, say, the Zimbabwean constitution for Robert Mugabe.

I say enjoy the bans while they last. It is likely they exist only because the rule-makers and the small-boat enthusiast share certain aesthetics when it comes to the marine environment. Probably, the bans are only temporary. The institutionalized corruption called Campaign Finance will see that they are soon overturned for the industrial interests impacted by them. But this no great worry either, in ten or twenty years the fossil fuels will run out and the issue will become moot.

Brian Salzano, E.Patchogue, NY

More Thoughts on Amateur Boatbuilding

These are a few of my ideas in response to the thoughtful letter by Mr. Harris in the July 1 issue, "Amateur Boat Building is Neither Easy, Inexpensive nor Quick". Like Mr. Harris, I too have built a number of small boats and, with the help of others, even several large cruising houseboats that turned out quite well. I too think that I've learned a few things and I too have been dismayed by claims that good boats can be built "instantly" or "in your living room".

My experience is only with plywood and epoxy construction, which I believe is the best way to go if the object is to get onto the water in a strong, light boat. Recently, a friend has been considering taking on a 40' cruising powerboat as his first boatbuilding project. He is an experienced homebuilder and a good craftsman so I'm not much worried about how he'll do. In the course of many conversations,

though, I've come to sharpen some of my own beliefs about the realities of such a project and some of the pitfalls that might lurk.

My friend likes George Buehler's designs and that makes for a good start. He seems to have a firm grasp on the important difference between building boats and going cruising on boats. I think it all comes down to the issue of finish. A plywood and epoxy boat, even a large one, can go together pretty quickly. When we were building houseboats, two guys starting with a pile of plywood and a drum of epoxy could turn over a finished hull in less than three weeks! They were good strong hulls, too. The first of them is still tight and together after fifteen years. It isn't hard, nor does it need to take very long, to build a boat.

What is hard, and what takes a while to learn the tricks of, is getting the darn thing smooth and pretty. Almost any old assemblage of plywood and epoxy will float and last, and maybe even look pretty good from a dozen yards away. The trick is in making something that will bear a little scrutiny and that will make you proud. If these things are important, then you had better be wary of claims that you can buy this or that kit and have an instant heirloom. If you are going for a super high finish, I even wonder if the plywood and epoxy route is that much quicker, it just happens to be my way.

Once many years ago, as a "let's see just how quick we can do this" experiment, a friend and I timed it from leaving for the lumberyard to being afloat. We launched two Bolger prams on the third day... painted. We even made the oars. I towed and rowed that little pram for 8 or 9 years before I just got tired of it. It was ugly, and rough, and it was all checked, and it made a terrible racket as it slapped along behind. But, by golly, it worked. I think I had twenty bucks into it.

At the other extreme, I recently built a kayak for my wife. This time, I wanted to really stretch and do my best work ever. I fussed over the fit of those panels like never before. When it was together, I sanded and dusted and wiped and filled and sanded some more before laying on the glass. Then I filled and sanded some more, lots more. The four-color paint job took at least two weeks, itself. There is no comparison between those two boats. Of the first one, about the best I could ever say was that it had only taken a couple of days. Of the second, I hear myself say, "I built that." There's a world of difference.

I have no quarrel with Dynamite Payson. He stresses quick. I do have a strong quarrel with both the major kayak kit sellers, Chesapeake and Pigmy. They show illustrations of well done boats and all their literature stresses how easy it is. My wife's boat is a Pigmy They implied that I didn't really need a building table. Well, maybe, if you have the knees of a ten year old. Chesapeake says you can build in your living room. Yeah, right. I think I saw a living room boat a few weeks ago. It was on a car in a parking lot and I went for a close look. It was a mess of slopped on epoxy needing hours of sanding to look presentable. I can't believe that builder was satisfied; he just needed to get it out of his living room!

So, yes Mr. Harris, your warning is sound and there are those who should heed it. I do not agree with you, though, that amateur boat building is necessarily slow, difficult and expensive.

Brooke Elgie, Tenakee Springs, AK

Instant They are Not

On the subject of "Instant Boats", I have next to no skills, my boatbuilding experience began with building a Nymph. It was easy. Since then I have built two Rubens Nymphs and a Surf, the Crab Skiff. They were easy to build.

But instant they are not, eight hour boats they are not. Maybe with his skills, experience and facilities Dynamite can do it, but I find that although the actual work might be done in eight hours, there is a lot of time when you are at dead stop, waiting for resins or paints or glues to set up.

Readers who are online might take a look at boat-links.com for a couple of squibs of mine about cheap and imaginative oars and Tyvek Sails.

Bill Wallace, Shoreacres, TX

This Magazine...

Worried About Survival

Your Commentary in the July 1 issue got me thinking and worrying regarding survival of your publication. From reading *MAIB*, I am guessing there a lot of subscribers are like myself, retired from our regular jobs or close to it and doing jobs we enjoy to help with Social Security payments.

So when I suggest raising subscription rates and ad rates I know some people aren't going to be happy. At one of the Boat Builder Shows in Portland, I suggested raising the rates so this great magazine will not fade away. I've met quite a few nice people through my ads in *MAIB* and enjoyed the interesting stories people like myself write.

I've been interested in small boating since building my first square box with slanted ends which ended up as a great mortar tub. Every time I read *MAIB* I feel like either building another boat or getting out on the water.

Mudd Sharrigan, Wiscasset, ME

Editor Comments: When I suggested in that Commentary that I'd like to increase our subscriber list by about 500 over the next year, I was not implying that we were in danger of having to cease publication. The 10% increase would just give me a bit more of a cushion over the living on the edge lifestyle small publications offer. I increased the subscription price in January, 2001, after 7 years at the previous rate and am not contemplating another in the foreseeable future. The ad rates have stayed the same for more years than I can recall now, cheap I am told, but affordable for those who wish to reach you. Increasing paid circulation is a way to gain a bit for me at no pain to you. I thank the many of you who have suggested potential subscribers to whom we can send sample copies.

Portrait Attacked by Epoxy Fumes?

Great humor editorial in this issue about not having a website, and not taking credit cards. You're a hoot! Love all that nostalgic stuff about "What's the hurry?" Fantastic!

Gosh Bob, have you checked your flashmedia player? I think you are using version 381a.4, when the whole *MAIB* upload would go more smoothly with version 381b.2. The b.2 upgrade would also help with side-transfers to the new Palm Pilot back-grade (as long as the new patch passes muster with your firewall), and they're doing a global

bounce this September so you can even convert to a voice file for your new iPod.

I tried you on your cell today, but it shunted over to sysnet@gunk.com, so I compressed the digi file, and zipped it over to the *MAIB* outer network. You should be able to drag it over to an internal .fpg. Hey, can you boot the new pop-ups? I think they're corrupting the data files which wrap the graphic of your portrait, and make it look like you've been attacked by epoxy fumes drifting up from Thomasville. GTG, grt tlknng 2u!

Christopher Gray, New York, NY

Editor Comments: Robb White's epoxy fumes would NEVER drift up into Yankee land! It's just the ravages of the years.

Time He Subscribed

I discovered your fine magazine in a marine consignment/salvage store in Osprey,

Florida where I bought a few back issues for 25 cents each. Later, I bought 2 years' worth from 1996 on eBay for 20 bucks. I guess it's about time I subscribed! Keep up the great work.

Preston Larus, Sarasota, FL

Thanks to Bill

Many thanks to Bill Gamblin for the article on "The Castle of LFH" in the August 15th issue. Many times as a high schooler, while swimming at Crocker Park in Marblehead, Massachusetts, I would gaze at the castle and wonder what it was like inside. Bill's vivid description brought back many wonderful memories of good times sixty years ago. Thanks again, Bill

Neil Folsom, Standish, ME.

Poet's Corner...

Thirty Seconds in Hull Gut

This poem was written after a 12 hour sailing circumnavigation of Boston Harbor necessitated by the closing of the McCoatle Bridge at the mouth of Chelsea Creek. I can just sneak under the bridge at low tide, therefore the 12 hour sails (oh, damn, I have to stay out 12 hours!).

The boat is a 24' V-bottomed gaff rigged sloop built by Bud McIntosh in 1965-66. It is sort of a giant skiff with a cuddy and a centerboard. I normally row-sail, but hung a Honda on the boat after some harrowing (for me) adventures last year without power.

The poem is about 30 seconds in Hull Gut, an area I have been familiar with for almost 20 years, but remains, as ever, a big surprise.

Daunting task this
life here
and playing around
with it and not getting
started quite so much as I should
or would
and remember
the lessons.

Remember the lessons
maintain way
manage your heading
make clear your intentions

Not so hard I think
except in the Hull Gut
with no wind and way lost
and a confused sea
all thrown up by a foul bottom

Little things in a small place
easily solved with the application of
the eight horse Japanese oar

While people walk on hard sand
and enormous plastic boats power by
and you think
no, no motors here
just wind and waves
and a subtly applied oar stroke
or two

Or imagine a great wind ship
bluff of bow and slab sided
huge sails meant for the Irish sea
buffeted here clear up onto the beach
400 tons
20 horses six cows three children twenty
women
and 65 men wet and floundering ashore
a woman walks in loose skirts and dogs race
boys throw rocks to sea

And I loose the jib sheets flying free
pay attention lesson four
all in thirty seconds
in bright sunshine lost to sea
John Powell

Norm's Notes



Handy Rowing Seat/Storage Box

In laying up a special fiberglass 14' Whitehall, I eliminated thwarts entirely by virtue of strengthening up elsewhere in the hull. Instead, I made up a simple plywood box about 5' long x 2' wide x approximately 20" high. It rested on a plywood plate to distribute its weight without scarring the fiberglass sole. It proved eminently successful on many points.

With hinges and lock hasp, valuables as watches and wallets could be locked up safely. This might include oarlocks in some areas.

Mostly, however, it provided many positions fore and aft for rowing. As I preferred to sleep aboard on rowing cruises, it could be slid forward leaving good sleep positioning in the aft sections and wineglass stern of the Whitehall. I only overturned the boat once, and the box just floated away upright protecting its contents. Some research revealed the idea was original with exception of Norseman's habits! I note the time was in 1980, and I still think it is a good idea to be recommended highly.

The Brown Pelican is moving north from its roosts in North Carolina. An article in the *Washington Post* ("Offshore, the Pelican Reef," July 2, 2002) caught my interest. Chesapeake naturalists have been observing growing colonies of brown pelicans on Fisher, Smith, Barren, and Spring Islands on the lower Bay. They estimate a population of 7500 birds in these colonies.

The brown pelican populations were decimated through the seventies because of pesticide use. As with the come back of so many other birds such as the bald eagle, we can credit the single handed fight of a marine biologist for the come back of the pelican. Rachel Carson and her book *Silent Spring* finally won the battle and DDT was withdrawn from use in 1972. We owe so much to this lady who is an example of strength and tenacity fighting against big industry.

Why I am so excited about the pelican moving north? It means, now, we northerners can start watching this marvelous bird fly and fish. On a recent beach vacation on the Outer Banks, I lounged on the beach for hours watching flocks of these birds. You seldom see a lone pelican. They like to fish and fly together. It's the flight behavior of the pelican that is so surprising and engrossing.

When distance flying, these birds fly high and form an offset line, each bird flying behind and beside the bird in front, sometimes in a V formation, much like Canada geese. When flying between fishing spots, or when fishing, they use a low altitude flight pattern where the lead pelican flaps its wings and drops, gliding close to the water surface. The next bird raises up and flaps its wings, drops, and begins gliding near the water surface keeping close to the water and behind and beside the bird ahead. Each bird down the line raising, flapping, dropping, and then gliding.

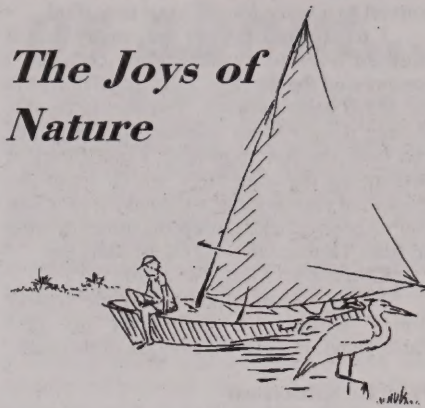
The pelican is a big, heavy bird; it needs all the help it can get to cut down its energy consumption while in flight. The bird is an expert aerodynamicist that uses two major effects to help fly efficiently. It uses the *slipstream effect* produced by the birds ahead of him to reduce drag, as well as the *ground effect* produced when flying close to the ground. The *slipstream effect* allows the pelican to burn less energy when in the wake of the bird ahead.

A recent study by French researchers (Henri Weimerskirch of the French National Center for Scientific Research and his colleagues) featured white pelicans fitted with heart monitors and trained to fly behind an aircraft. The birds' heart rates were compared between flying solo and when in squadron formation. It emerged that being able to glide behind a neighbor was the key to saving energy. Dr. Weimerskirch has calculated that pelicans flying in formation reduce their energy consumption by 14 percent as compared to solo flight.

The *ground effect* is also used by the pelican. The phenomenon was discovered in the early days of aviation (of course the brown pelican had known about it eons before). It was noticed during takeoffs and landings, when planes are flying very close to the ground. The plane's drag seemed to be much less than when flying away from the ground. Wind tunnel experiments found that the ground actually alters the complex three-dimensional airflow pattern around the airplane.

When close to the ground, a reduction in wingtip vortices and a decrease in the circulating upwash and downwash flows around the plane occur. The ground effect restricts the downward deflection of the airstream; this reduces the plane's drag. When the wing is at a height equal to its span, the decline in drag is about 1.4 percent; when the wing is at a height equal to one-fourth its span, the loss of induced drag is about 24 percent.

The Joys of Nature



The Brown Pelican

Ken Murphy

A brown pelican has an average wingspan of 7 feet and he glides very close to the water surface. I'd say a foot or less. Imagine the energy savings.

As an aside, there is a distinct disadvantage concerning the ground effect. An acquaintance of mine from Albuquerque, New Mexico who is a small plane pilot told me of some frightening small plane accidents. Pilots from the east who routinely overloaded their planes and got away with it because they always took off at sea level airfields, would fly out to Albuquerque. When they tried to take off with their planes overloaded, they would get off the ground ok due to the ground effect, but could not gain altitude because of the low air density of the western fields on high ground (the elevation of the Albuquerque International Sunport Airport is 5355 feet). They could not turn, but had to fly straight, finally crashing into the brush and trees at the end of the runway.

Well, back to the brown pelican. These are true marine pelicans that are rarely seen inland or far out to sea. They prefer shallow estuarine waters for fishing and will seldom venture more than 20 miles out to sea, except to take advantage of particularly good fishing conditions. They use beaches, sand bars, and sand spits for roosting at night and also for loafing about during the day. Harbors are also favorite daytime haunts.

Brown pelicans are social birds; breeding, feeding and flying together. Their flight consists of heavy flaps, followed by a long glide often low to the surface of the water. They gain height by soaring on outstretched wings in thermals. They are often ungainly when landing or taking off, requiring a run across the surface to become airborne.

Brown pelicans dive to catch fish. The bird flies some 20 or 30 feet above the water. On sighting a fish, it plunges down steeply, piercing the water with head outstretched and wings extended back. The bill pouch takes tremendous forces as the pouch distends, taking in water and fish. Menhaden account for most of their food. They also prey on pigfish, pinfish, herring, sheepshead, silversides, mullet, minnows, and they will sometimes eat crustaceans like prawns.

Brown pelicans usually fish together in small flocks, driving fish into shallows near beaches or reefs and then scooping them up with their large pouches. Their pouches are used as a net to catch fish. Fish are never carried in the pouch, but in the gullet or esophagus, so the Dixon Lanier Merritt's limerick about the pelican is a little inaccurate:

*"Oh, a wondrous bird is the pelican!
His bill holds more than his belican.
He can take in his beak
Enough food for a week.
But I'm darned if I know how the helican."*

So as you messabout in your boat, you may be lucky enough to see a passing flock of brown pelicans; take out those binoculars and give them a close look. Enjoy.

The Brown Pelican
Pelecanus occidentalis

Photograph by D. Chalfant, U. of Michigan Web Site



This is the true story behind Melville's classic, *Moby Dick*, of a ship in 1819, the *Essex* of Nantucket, that was attacked and sunk by a huge crazed whale, and the fate of her crew who took to their whaleboats and sailed about 4,400 miles in 93 days to save themselves. It's a widely acclaimed book according to its book jacket but I am not sold.

'Tis a strange story and a strange piece of research. Melville's *Moby Dick* is enormously long, 724 pages; has anyone actually read all that interminable commentary about every possible aspect of whales? I have tried, but after the first 350 pages I admit to skimming to finally struggle my way to page 724, the end. Likewise with *In the Heart of the Sea*, while only 278 pages, it is still too long. And the 85 pages devoted to the awful details of their incessant suffering in the 25' whaleboats is truly painful.

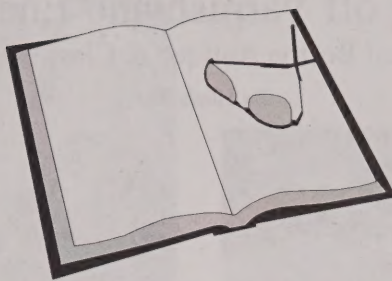
It starts out well enough about the Quaker people of Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, and some local lads who loved the sea, and how they fared on the whale ship *Essex*. She was a three masted square rigger, 87' long and 238 tons displacement, and 20 years old (which he says is old. What?) But after 15 months at sea, in mid-Pacific, they are rammed by a whale, twice. The *Essex* is stove in catastrophically and they must abandon her and take to the whaleboats (how a whale could break the 4" thick oak planks is unclear). Then starts the ghastly survival story of the 20 men in 3 whaleboats, beating futilely against the wind, suffering, starving, some dying, the rest resorting to cannibalism.

This puts the reader through hell too. Does anyone really want to read such morbid stuff? After a few weeks of such punishment I skimmed it out of self pity. If one wants to survive for 93 days in an open boat and finally eat the remains of one's mates, this tells you how. In gory detail. E.g., we learn the best parts of a human are the bones where the marrow is. Yum. We also learn that slow death by starvation and thirst is said to be painless. And if you are anticipating a similar voyage, we learn it is best to take a mate who is thinner than you, for then you'll probably eat him, rather than vice versa! A woman is a bad choice too, since they survive longer... Yes the book is educational.

Ironically after the whale attack they insisted on sailing east, mostly up wind, to South America, because they believed rumors of cannibals (cannibals, butchers and huge homosexuals) who lived on the South Sea Islands to their west. The Marquesas Islands were much closer and were downwind! This stubborn choice of destination forced them to become cannibals themselves. So the whole story seems like a very sick joke, worried about cannibals, they become that very thing! If they'd only gone downwind they would have been much better off, the islands being populated by people well fed on local fish and fruit.

Author Nathaniel Philbrick has apparently done a Melville-like huge research job. He includes 22 pages of notes and about 200 references! I ask myself why? Does somebody want to check all this? Are there scholars of the practice of variations of cannibalism? Thanks anyway but I don't need such proof.

In spite of the author's enormous research, (he says it took seven years), some obvious errors remain. Early on in the voyage, in the North Atlantic, the *Essex* is surprised by a squall and is "knocked down",



Book Review

In the Heart of the Sea

By Nathaniel Philbrick

Viking Penguin Press, 2000
\$24.95

(flattened out by the wind, masts onto the sea) wrecking some of her equipment and scaring the green hands on board. It does recover thanks to plenty of ballast below. Philbrick suggests when caught by the winds this way, with all sails bent on, they had two options, to luff up into the wind, or to fall off and run with it. Yes to run with the wind is fine, but what follows when a square rigger turns into the wind? She is back winded, her sails are pinned against the masts, impossible to reef, she is helpless and begins to move backwards and out of control. A dangerous broach is impending. For a schooner or a fore and aft rig, yes you can luff up, but for a square rigger this is not an option.

Another question arises, after their first wretched month in the whaleboats, they landed on the small deserted Henderson Island. Finding nothing much there, after a week's search, First Mate Owen Chase prepares to move on and he "loaded a flat stone and an armful of firewood into each boat..." to make fires and cook their meat. It's tortoise and fish he's referring to now. Thirty starving days later, "After lighting a fire on the flat stone in the bottom of the boat, they roasted the organs and meat of poor seaman Lawson Thomas and began to eat."

But the wretched open boats are continually sprayed and wetted by the waves, steadily leaking, requiring constant bailing, and I ask myself how would one light a fire on a flat stone and cook some meat in such a fix? And

how'd they keep their wood dry? Two days later Charles Shorter, another black seaman, died and they ate him too. It's unstated whether he was cooked or raw. Maybe their wood was wet. More likely they were much too desperate to care, and would eat any meat, raw, medium rare, or burned. I suspect that the image of eating cooked human flesh doesn't sound quite as ghastly as eating it raw and bloody, and that's why they said they cooked it... Anyway, after 90 days in an open boat under the equatorial sun who can you believe?

Another ghoulish joke is the dilemma that cannibalism posed for the Quaker men. They didn't hold with gambling of any kind, so running a lottery to see who drew the short straw was a Sin. So how to decide whom to kill, once it was decided somehow that they could eat him, the church apparently having no position on cannibalism!

Another troubling question which, to his credit, is discussed somewhat by Philbrick is, "why so many black seamen died of starvation before the whites?" That the majority of black seamen died while only a few of the white Nantucketers did, makes you wonder. Philbrick concludes it is probably their poverty-ridden backgrounds that made the blacks less strong. No comment or suggestion about racism on board where the low man on the pole gets the crumbs, which seems more likely. Smells of an early day version of a "politically correct spin", that horrible euphemism for the big lie.

The three castaway whaleboats heroically tried to stay together in sight of each other, but after several near losses in night time storms, one is lost irretrievably. This one alas, has no compass and sails off to the north to perish with all three hands.

The bottom line (no pun intended) is that 9 of the 20 men survived, 5 were eaten, 3 died somewhere on the lost boat, and 3 who insisted staying on Henderson Island lived.

As you can see, I am not altogether convinced of the value of this book. Perhaps the title should be changed from *In the Heart of the Sea* to read, *Nourishment from the Heart at Sea*. Bon appetite!

Reviewed by Jeff Douthwaite, skipper of *Luard*, author of *The Flights of the Flamingo*.

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Sunlight Reflecting off Varnish and Enamel Hurts the Eyes

The 20th Annual Boston Antique & Classical Boat Festival:

By Hugh Ware



Happiness is owning for years and years an elegant '20s Consolidated commuter yacht with no end in sight of the infatuation for Karen Stimpson.

Antiques? How about a replica of a 1750-ish New England Chebacco Boat, a replica of a 1815-ish New England pinky schooner, a replica of Slocum's world-girdling *Spray*, and a real 101 year-old sponge fishing vessel from Florida?

Classics? How about three big Lawley-built powerboats, a Wheeler Playmate (sister to Ernest Hemingway's sportsfisherman), a bright-hulled New York 32, some varnished Chris-Craft speedboats, a couple of white catboats, and a gorgeously restored scarlet-red 1957 Chevrolet pick-up truck towing a little Penn Yan runabout?

Those are some of the nearly fifty boats that you would have seen at the 20th Annual Boston Antique & Classical Boat Festival. Held at the Hawthorne Cove Marina in Salem (Massachusetts) late in August, the event, organized and run as usual by the redoubtable and capable Pat Wells (on crutches this year) assisted by Ann Campbell and the usual cast of a thousand bustling volunteers, was again co-sponsored by the Marina and Lowell's Boat Shop of the Newburyport Maritime Society.

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story* is one replica built just like the originals were over 200 years ago.



Or maybe happiness is owning the only pirate ship on the New Hampshire coast, Bob Casian is all smiles along with his parrot and he'd like you to smile too for he also has a hook!

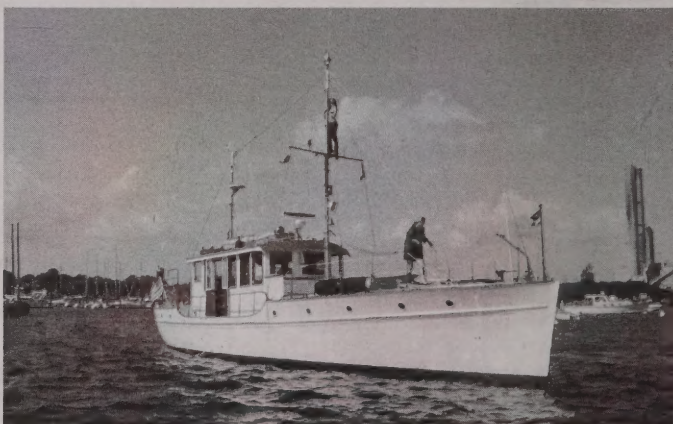
The Festival's spectators knew a good boat when they saw one. The 1936 Nevins-built, Sparkman & Stephens-designed New York 32 *Gauche* (owned by Sergio and Sandra Fernandes) and the 1927 New York Consolidated 35' commuter *Juniata* (owned by Karen Stimpson) won the Spectators' Choice awards for best sail and power. (On Saturday, *Juniata*'s stylishly dressed "flappers" also won her the Best Dressed award while *Gauche* won an Honorable Mention for Finest Interior.) Vendors exhibited their products under tents shoreside along with two small boats from Lowell's Boat Shop. In the nearby parking lot sat the faultless Chevrolet pickup hauled a faultless trailer bearing the faultless 1955 Penn Yan runabout *Miss Dorothy*. (I was told that its outboard, bought in the box from a dealer closing his business, had never been run.) Biff Michaud, the proud but watchful owner of this land-based exhibit, used a cloth in the best concourse d'elegance style to erase anyone's incredulous fingerprint.

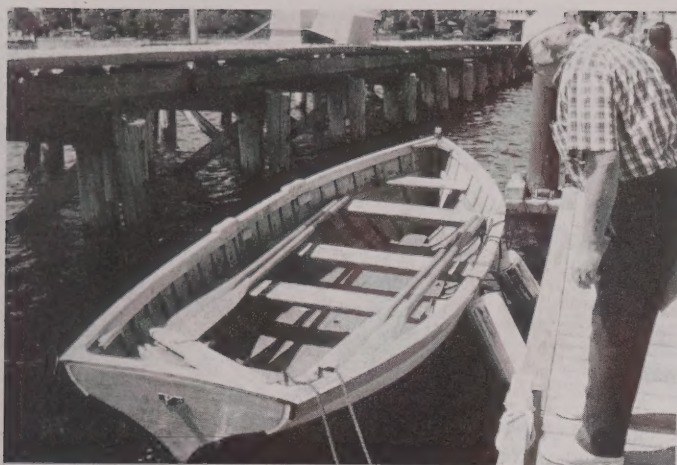
Misc. Notes: A Captain's gig was built by a group of retired sea lovers for *Friend-*

ship, the National Park Service's re-creation of a 300-ton Salem trading brig (yet to be completed after several years of work), while the Chebacco boat was the *Lewis H. Story*, built at and belonging to, the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. Harold Burnham, the *Story*'s builder, has started construction of the pinky *Fame*, a replica of an 1812 privateer, in his yard next door to the Museum. A long row of stylized blossoms defined the waterline of *Malvina*, the 101 year-old Tarpon Springs sponge boat; somebody knows how to stencil.

At Sunday's close, *Old Glory*, the magnificent 58' Lawley cruiser (ineligible for an award this year because co-owner Bill Skinner was one of the judges), led many of the Festival's vessels on parade through Salem harbor. In a beautifully spaced procession, the vessels looped in and out between Derby and Pickering Wharves while their virtues were described to an appreciative crowd. *Friendship* looked on as the parade passed before its bow and, no doubt, wished to be a part of the procession. Perhaps it will some day in the future.

Viking Gustafson's and Bill Skinner's magnificent 58' Lawley, *Old Glory*, led the parade concluding the show on Sunday afternoon.





Best Hand-Powered Boat: Gig of *Friendship*. Owner, National Park Service, Salem, MA

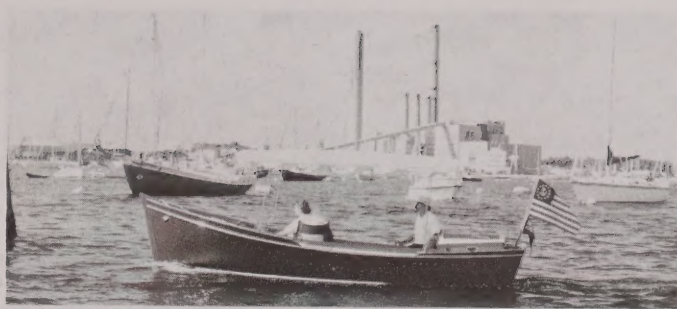


Best Powerboat: M/V *Temma*, 1928 42' Rand Power Cruiser. Owner, Audrey Rubenstein of Portsmouth, NH



Best Reproduction: S/V *Buccaneer*, 1965 58' Essex Pinky Schooner built in Winthrop, Massachusetts. Owner, Bob Casian of Hampton Falls, NH

Best Sailboat: S/V *Surprise*, 1995 Crocker Reproduction 34' Ketch Built by owner, William Cass of Salem, MA



Citation for Best Launch: M/V *Louise*, 2001 Reproduction Chapelle 19' Launch built by owner, Stephen Bussiere of New Bedford, MA



Citation for Most Versatile Design: S/V *Namaste*, 1986 Lowell's 22' Sailing Surf Dory built by Lowell's Boat Shop in Amesbury, Massachusetts. Owners, Rick and Kate St. Onge of Logan, UT

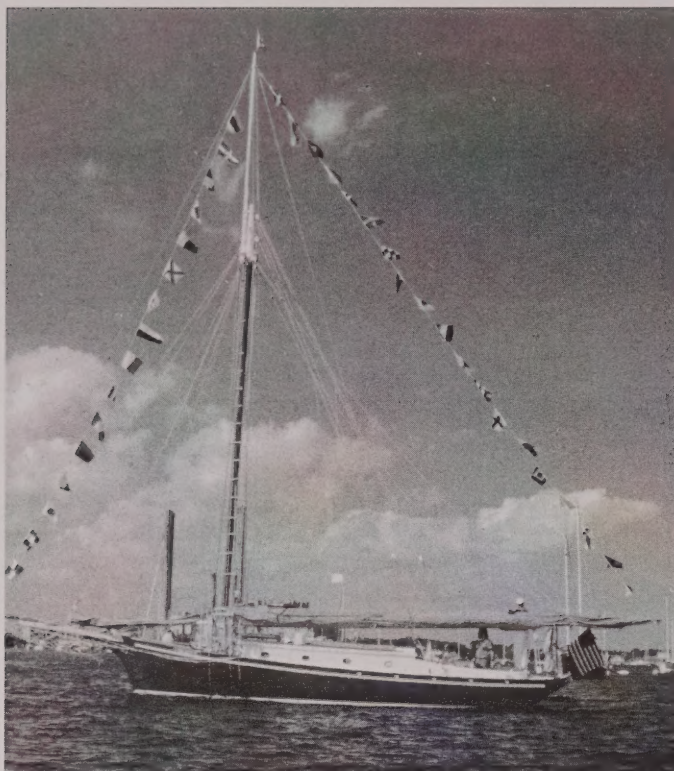


Citation for Ongoing Restoration: M/V *Let's Go*, 1955 MacKenzie 28' Cuttyhunk Bass Boat built by Ernest J. MacKenzie in Kingston, Massachusetts. Owner, Christopher Ward of Marshfield, MA

Best Restoration by Owner: M/V *Sea Mate II*, 1961 28' Power Cruiser. Owner, Andrew Angelico of Beverly, MA

Finest Interior: M/V *The Lady*, 1964 47' Stephens Cruiser built by Stephens in California. Owner, Edward O'Donnell of Marshfield, MA

Best in Original Condition: S/V *Skye*, 1956 Concordia 39' Yawl built by Abeking & Rasmussen in Lemwerder, Germany. Owners, Wayne and Kim George of Marblehead, MA



Citation for Outstanding Family Friendship: S/V *Tannis*, 1937 38' Friendship Sloop built by W.S. Carter in Friendship, Maine. Owner, John Cronin of Sturbridge, MA



Citation for Outstanding Production Boat: M/V *Quesera*, 1957 18' Chris Craft Holiday Runabout Built by Chris Craft in Algonac, Michigan. Owner, Al Blackadar of South Hampton, NH

Citation for Best Dressed Ship: M/V *Juniata*, 1927 New York Consolidated 35' Commuter built by Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp in Morris Heights, New York City. Owner, Karen Stimpson of Portland, ME

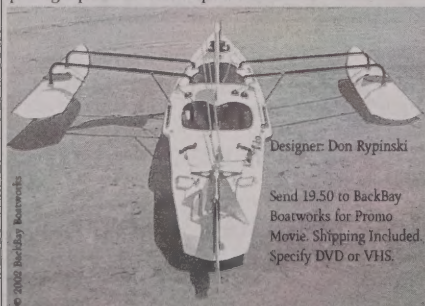


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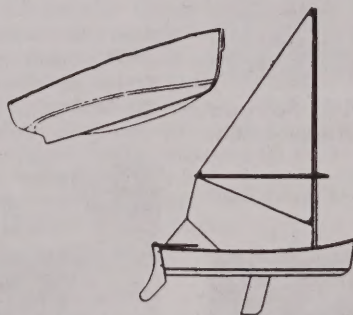
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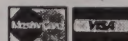
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We went to the coast for the traditional first weekend after my wife's school starts back. She has been a teacher of very little kids for thirty years or so. Now she teaches three and four year old boogers in what they call "pre-school" which is a good program. Georgia was one of the first states to start that and the first class of those kids is now in the ninth grade and there is a marked difference in the average performance between them and the ninth graders that did not start school until kindergarten. I guess it is better for little children to be in real school learning how to read and act like students than in day-care watching TV and learning to be brats. Of course, I believe the whole shooting match would be better off roaming the woods or rampaging down at the coast but, here we are in this pitiful situation where everybody has to grow up to be sort of normal in order to comply with conventional wisdom. Anyway, we don't miss the first weekend at the coast after school starts back.

It was a strange thing. This is the beginning of August (they certainly do start school early these days) and we had a cold front blow through on Friday afternoon. It didn't get down in the thirties or anything but it was in the low sixties both Friday and Saturday nights and the wind was just like a winter front, northeast (actually NNE) and strong. I guess Down East they would call it a "nor' easter" but down (up?) here we call it a norther.

I think Americans are directionally challenged. The city of Thomasville was laid out by a nincompoop. West Jackson Street heads south and North Broad Street heads east. Because of that, nobody in this town has any idea of the direction of anything. I, fortunately, was born and raised in Beachton down on the Meridian Road which has nothing at all to do with any imaginary line around the circumference of the world and makes no sense at all. Of course, I had sense enough to just ignore that kind of thing when I was a little boy and just look at the sun.

A norther blows right straight down the bay and is hard to ignore. The island has some little convolutions on the bayside but there is no real lee from a norther except at the pass on the west end and in the little harbor. At our house, it is rough. Of course, a norther blows a lot of water out of the bay and it is so shallow on the flats where we anchor that the boat sits on the sand most of the time but, if we have to go somewhere, it is rough. Another tradition is that we eat the wily mullet every chance we get in late summer and fall. That's when they are at their best (you just think you know what a good fish is if you have never had a mullet so fresh that he flips his fin when you shake the salt on the fillet).

So we had to head out, first thing in the morning. We went west with it and, boy, it was a surfing situation the whole four miles to West End. Our little skiff is at its best doing that, though, so it was exhilarating. The only design flaw with it is that I put a 5/8" stainless steel strap all the way from the stemhead to the stern of the keel and I knew better when I did it. The maximum diameter of the stem band of a plumb stemmed boat is 5/16", anything wider than that will peel up the most annoying little spit of water to blow back on you... particularly when the boat surfs into the back of a wave going downwind. I am going to file that strap down to 5/16" on the stem when I paint the boat this fall.

When we rounded the end of the island

Northeaster

By Robb White

into the blasted calm lee and I could quit watching the waves. I noticed a sailboat about halfway between the island and the mainland and he was sailing. Both those things are unusual when it is blowing more than about fifteen. Actually, a sailing sailboat in any weather is pretty rare down here with these fools. Most of them that we see are running with the engine and two or three fenders overside and a barbecue thing on the stern rail. So I took note.

At first I thought that he just had his jib up because of the rake of the luff of the sail but most sailboats won't go to windward like that so I looked again, then I realized that his mast was raked about like a forestay. It was a triangular rig and looked like an old Egyptian cotton sail... had that color but I wasn't close enough to see if it had the narrow cloths of such a thing. All I could see of the hull was that it was sort of dark and low to the water and kind of small. Though he was having to luff a little wind out of the sail every now and then (it was blowing about twenty and gusting better than that) he was steadily beating up the bay.

I didn't have time to watch any sailboat though because the conditions were ideal for catching fish with a casting net. When it is rough, the water gets cloudy so the fish can't see you throw and, if the tide is sort of low, the fish make a swirl on the surface to throw at. In short order, I caught five small "spring mullet" so fat that when I threw the heads and guts in the bay, they made a slick downwind as far as I could see. Good thing the Marine Patrol don't like northers or they might have thought it came from the skiff.

I also caught a very big sheephead and accidentally mistook a black drum for another sheephead and caught him, too. I don't eat no non-gourmet fish so I turned him loose... after I finally got him out of the net. Black drum do not fight the net but bristle up with everything they have (which is considerable) and you just have to fondle them out. The young ones have vertical black and white stripes like a sheephead (the old ones are black all over and might weigh 90lbs... I do not throw on such a thing as that) and they hang out in schools and one time, when I was young and ignorant, I caught eleven of them in one throw.

Man, it was a mess. They had the net all twisted around and tied every whichaway with all them spines and, the whole time I was trying to get them out of there, they were grunting so loud and in such a cadence that I got tickled and couldn't control myself. Black drum are not good tasting to me but some folks think they are the best kind of thing. Down around the mouth of the Suwannee is the big black drum capital of the country and those peculiar epicureans haul them out of there all the time (exactly like trying to land a truck tire, wheel and all) but I don't think they are fit to eat.

A norther in August is such a peculiar thing that I thought it would lie down pretty quick but it didn't. When we got ready to come back to clean the fish and hide from the sun, it was still rough and gusting up even worse than before. I had to hunt every little lee I could find all the way back and it was a slow trip. I forgot to look for the sailboat for looking at

everything else. When we got home and had the fish ready to fry (we saved the sheephead for my grandson who loves them above all things), I got my big binoculars.

Which, as an aside, my father was a ground-glass fiend. He had a pair of 20 x 100 genuine Zeiss knobblers which he would let me hold for only a brief time. Despite all warnings about how hard it is to hold such a monster still enough to see anything, I could do it (still can). It is sort of like shooting a rifle. You have to look or shoot when the target is in the middle of the wobble. Unfortunately, he took them to California when he took off but I have a pair of 20 x 80 Steiner binoculars that were good enough to see that sailboat anchored in the best lee he could find short of the harbor... a place way too shallow for a sailboat.

I had to go down there to check on my old sailboat on its mooring and try to burn a cormorant in the ass with a pellet rifle that I scavenged out of the dumpster (nothing wrong with it except it had spat out the breech "O" ring and the barrel was full of pellets) and, when my wife and I got close enough, lo and behold, there was a round-stern New Haven style sharpie anchored in the little lee that we call Powerline Bay because that's where the power line that brings electricity, intermittently, to the island comes ashore.

The norther had slacked off like it usually does in the late afternoon and the man was getting ready to go. We eased up close enough to talk to him and I said, "You look like somebody I ought to know."

He replied, "You look like someone I ought to know... are you Robb?" We didn't have time to talk much, but I believe he must have read something I wrote because he kind of looked me over with a hint of skepticism. Anyway, the sharpie was from *The Sharpie Book* by Reuel Parker and was the twenty eighth footer, very narrow and pretty. The man said his name was Walt and he had built it in '01. He had sail on and was gone in a minute. As he slipped away, I couldn't help but notice the fine set of his sail. "Egyptian Dacron". Stuart Hopkins, Dabbler Sails, made it." were his parting words.

I was glad of the whole episode. It is good to see a sailboat actually making way under sail (he had no engine) and it is good to have proof that a narrow sharpie can make good way dead to windward in heavy weather. Of course, I don't think just anybody could make one do that but Walt could.

Oh, yeah, did I burn the cormorant in the ass? Hell yes... first shot. We have two cormorants that abuse our sailboat. We call them "Port" and "Starboard". Port is sort of fickle and will rest on two other sailboats down there. I cuss him every chance I get if I see him on my port spreader and he'll fly off and go somewhere else but that damned Starboard is very faithful. He (or she... I don't know how to tell) will only fly when I start to climb on the stern of the boat and you know how the son-of-a-bitches do... they have to unload before they feel like they can fly. I do not like that particular bird. I ain't all that fond of any cormorant but I had that pellet rifle sighted in just exactly right. It was one of those breakbarrel style .177 rifles and they are weak and have a high trajectory so sighting in is very important. As a matter of fact, I had put a target up on the roof of the porch of the house so I could stand down on the sand at just the right distance and

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angle. I pulled up behind the sailboat with the skiff and got ready. I could see him looking first one way and then the other as I eased up closer and closer and then he raised his tail. You guessed it. You are so smart. Did you start school when you were three years old?

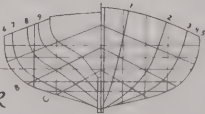


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Driving across the two-mile causeway between Mount Pleasant and Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, I watched as the colors of the approaching evening created swirling pastel images in the marsh. It is mid-November and as I crossed the drawbridge over the Intracoastal Waterway and onto the island I drove past the Sullivan's Island Volunteer Fire Department turkey shoot. This event was staged yearly to raise money for the Department and was heartily supported by the populace. Low Country folks leaned against their trucks, shotguns at the ready, as shooters took their shots at a paper target. The marsh is only feet away from the action. In fact, the marsh, harbor, rivers and ocean are always only minutes and a thought away from pretty much anything down here. This is a land of water. This is the Low Country.

Few cities are more wed to the sea than Charleston, South Carolina. Back in the summer of 1982 my wife Anne and I moved from upstate New York to Sullivan's Island, a community outside of Charleston, where we would live while I completed my residency in orthopedic surgery at the Medical University of South Carolina.

The South Carolina Low Country extends from south of Myrtle Beach to the Georgia border and is made up of the sea islands, connecting bays and estuaries of the great rivers draining the state. This region abounds in social and cultural diversity. Charleston and its surrounding communities lie in the middle of this area. When viewed from the air, the observer is impressed by the relative lack of land. The area is mostly water with some dabs of land interspersed. A region of water is by necessity a region of boats.

While living on Sullivan's Island I became interested in the local maritime traffic. It was difficult not to, being surrounded by water on four sides. The kitchen door of our small rented home looked out over the mouth of Charleston Harbor. From there we could see over to Fort Sumter and beyond to Folly Beach. This allowed an unobstructed view clear across the mouth of the harbor. We had a great view of the vessels that would come and go to and from Charleston and Mount Pleasant. There were many types of craft.

The big diesel shrimpers heading out the channel in the early morning past our back door were a good example of boats built for a particular purpose. Stately, a little rusty and populated by rough Low Country working guys, these boats dragged past our little beach at Station Ten surrounded by their cloud of seagulls and followed by a train of porpoises. When in town, I would walk around the shrimp piers on Shem Creek in Mount Pleasant to see how these craft were put together and to get a feeling of what the purpose of the various pieces of deck gear were. Most of the boats seemed to be built of steel, though I seem to recall some wooden hulls. The booms, winches and deck power were a fantastic collection of custom made devices, cables and salvaged automobile parts. The parts created an effective whole, though, as the shrimp stands and various restaurants in Mount Pleasant attested.

The shrimpers were a tough and independent lot. I had many shrimpers as patients. One in particular that I recall had broken his thigh bone. In those days we treated many of these injuries in traction and a body cast (which wrapped around both thighs and across the crotch with a porthole to do your business)

Low Country

By Hugh J. Hagan III

until the fracture healed in about 8 or 10 weeks. This particular patient showed up for his 10 week appointment at which time he was to have his cast removed in the clinic. Well, his cast was already off and he came walking in to the clinic with a slight limp. I cussed him a little and told him he shouldn't have removed his own cast. He said it was no big deal, that his brother had removed the cast without any trouble at all. He had used his chainsaw to do it. Not a scratch anywhere.

I recall the news footage of a TV reporter

from Charleston picking his way out to the coastal fishing community of McClellenville the morning after Hurricane Hugo. He came across a shrimp boat, surrounded by post-storm devastation, and washed up into a field some distance from navigable water. As the reporter moved closer, out popped the boat's skipper who had ridden out the storm aboard his vessel.

"How was it?" asks the TV guy.

"Kinda rough," says the grinning skipper in a typical understated way. These guys are just tough. Not so smart, perhaps, when it comes to big hurricanes, but tough. I really liked them.

The pilot boat from Charleston Harbor was another businesslike craft we saw frequently. No matter what the weather, this low gray cutter would head out into the Atlantic



Above: Old Charleston Skyline.

Right: Shrimp Trawler. (Photo: Clyde H. Smith).



Below: McClellenville, South Carolina. (Photo: Clyde H. Smith).



through the harbor jetties to deliver or retrieve pilots engaged in bringing the big ocean going ships through the busy harbor. We could hear this craft long before it could be seen. It had a low rumble audible for miles. I was always concerned about the safety of the pilots as they transferred to and from the ships. It seemed like a potentially dangerous job. My fears were justified. The father of one of my fellow surgery colleagues was a long time harbor pilot for Winyah Bay and the Port of

Georgetown north of Charleston. He was killed when he fell between ship and pilot boat in bad weather. He was a veteran harbor pilot. His body was never recovered.

Some boats were not built for commercial work. One of these Low Country boat types came to my attention through an interesting series of events. My wife's uncle, a delightful man who lives with his wife in Richmond, Virginia, called me one day and said that he had a boat he wanted to give to us. He

knew we were living at the beach and had easy access to the water. He had purchased the boat years before from a friend. It came with a sail and could be carried on top of a car. I told him the next time we came up to Virginia we would come by and get the boat.

When we went to get the boat, it was pretty forlorn looking. It had been stored outside in the weather. It was a cross between a kayak and a skiff. Constructed of plywood, there was some rot here and there around the deck and daggerboard trunk. The little mast was stepped through a hole in the deck and into a block of wood glued to the hull forward of where the front passenger would sit. The sail was a lateen rig, like a Sunfish, with about the same sail area.

Not wanting to appear ungrateful to my wife's uncle, we loaded the boat on to the top of our Datsun B210, lashed everything down, and away we went. Upon our return to Sullivan's Island, a more thorough survey demonstrated the extent of the boat's deterioration. I paddled it a bit in the marsh behind the island, but a leak around the daggerboard trunk was brisk enough that a return to shore seemed prudent.

The boat went onto sawhorses in the yard and I did some thinking. My wife's uncle had given me some literature that came with the boat. It was called a "Cayat". A "Car Yacht", get it? The boat was sold in kit or complete form by the Folbot Company of, "what's this?", North Charleston, South Carolina! Why, that was just up the road about 15 miles away! A quick check of the phone book confirmed the current existence of the Folbot Company, and I went on a mission one afternoon shortly thereafter to check it out.

When I arrived at the Folbot Company, I was charmed to find a facility that had been frozen in time. The buildings were old and somewhat run down outside, but inside was a friendly, dusty showroom with displays of several of the softskinned frame kayaks upon which Folbot had built its reputation. The receptionist was helpful and interested in my boat. Yes, indeed, the Cayat had been a popular product for them, though few were now being sold. What few boats they had in the plant were unassembled in kit form and they were not moving.

The company had been started and run for years by an old German businessman named Mr. J. Kissner. He had promoted his products with a religious zeal. His enthusiasm was documented in several of the older publications (c. 1966) available in the showroom. These small books showed pictures of '60s vintage families enjoying carefree adventures on the water in any of a number of Folbot craft, from the rugged hypalon skinned two seat kayaks for which Folbot was apparently well known, to my plywood Cayat and others.

The pictures showed men fishing and whitewater kayaking in rocky Alpine rivers, couples sailing rail down in sparking waters and group river excursions involving "Father Knows Best" appearing families. Mr. Kissner had sold the company recently. Would I like to meet the new owner? Why of course.

The new owner was a young man named Phil Cotton. Phil, as it turned out, had a family connection with my family in Virginia, so we hit it off right away. He was very gracious and showed me around the factory and introduced me to some of the employees. He indicated his intention to narrow his focus to the



Top left: Photo of Cayat from Folbot Holiday.

Top right: Loading Up the Cayat.



Above: My Klepper and a Folbot on Truck Top at Folbot Plant.

Left: Cayat with all standing.

Below: Cayat Comes to Life in our Yard.



manufacture of folding, portable kayaks, so it seemed that there was no future at the Folbot Company for plywood boats like mine.

Plywood or no plywood, I spent a number of pleasant hours out at the Folbot factory. The Low Country black ladies who worked there, sewing decks and seat backs, were charming and helpful with the various little projects I was working on, including the repairs on my old Cayat. They would greet me, tell stories of the "old company" in Geechee, the local patois that is so distinctive to the Low Country of South Carolina.

To diverge for a bit, I loved listening to the Island people talk and sing. Theirs was a culture unaffected at that time by modernity. There was not a hint of a "TV accent" in their dialect. It was pure and purely regional. I was down to Charleston last year and would go into the Piggly Wiggly Market and stand near the check out line while my wife was running around the store. I would just listen to the check out ladies chatting back and forth and soak up that local color.

The dialects of the Low Country are as varied as the islands dotting the coast, but two main "languages" dominate. Geechee, which is so musical and fun to listen to, is more an accent than a language and any Southerner should be able to understand this singsong dialect.

The other dialect, Gullah, is something else entirely. A Caribbean Creole language, it was brought to the colonies by slaves in the mid-seventeenth century. According to linguist Virginia Mixson Geraty of Edisto, South Carolina, it is a true distinct language with its own grammar and construction. At one point, blacks spoke Gullah all along the southeastern U.S. coast, from southern North Carolina to North Florida. The language is a rolling, melodious blend of Pidgin English with West African and Caribbean dialects. It is hard to understand but words and phrases do show themselves. You'll be listening to this unintelligible mix of conversation and all of a sudden, like the sun appearing during a thunderstorm, out pops a word you understand. An example: To run away, or leave quickly in Gullah is "Tekte foot een 'e hen", literally "pick up your feet". (*The Gullah Creole Language*, Virginia Mixson Geraty, <http://www.ccpl.org/ccl/gullahcreole.html>).

Whites rarely speak Gullah, but my old chief professor, Dr. John A. Siegling, could lay down the Low Country dialects with the best of the islanders. Dr. Siegling was a Charleston native and respected orthopedic surgeon. Being "old Charleston", he traveled easily in the rarified atmosphere of "South of Broad" society. Dr. Siegling was also a kind physician who always did what he could to set his patients at ease. Making rounds with "the old man" at the University Hospital was always an education in bedside manner. In the first room was a matron of old, white Charleston. Dr. Siegling sits on the bed and in his soft Charleston baritone explains, in the king's English, the details of her problem and its treatment. In the next room is old Auntie Louella, an old black woman who came from Johns Island and used to cook for the matron. Dr. Siegling sits on her bed, and once again explains in detail the problem and treatment. This time, though, you had no idea what in the world anyone was saying, except Siegling and Auntie Louella are laughing and whispering in Gullah and having a great time.

So, now back to the plywood boat. Slowly, the Cayat came back to life. My front yard was the workshop so I was limited to working on nice days. There are lots of nice days on Sullivan's Island though (no see ems excepted). As is always the case, things were worse with the Cayat than they initially looked, and one job begat another in succession. The hull around the daggerboard trunk was rotten so out came the saber saw and a major ablation of punky plywood followed. The forward part of the deck was soft as well so more surgery followed. When all the bad wood was gone, the boat was well ventilated but the basic structure was intact. I got some good marine grade plywood in Mount Pleasant and went to work with saber saw, router and rasp. Lessons in epoxy followed with some ruined pieces of wood and formation of a small pile of kindling. I eventually got the hang of it, though, and things started to come together.

My next door neighbor, Zach, a semi-retired math professor from the Citadel, would come over and watch me work in the yard. He always had some aphorism or other. The one that stuck was about "the demon in the wood" referring to the way a joinery project is so addicting that people who work wood will become detached from normal life and focus only on their woodwork. This was a simple project, no doubt, but it did take on a life of its own. Folks would stop their cars on Middle Street and come over to look at the boat.

"What kind of boat is that?" they would ask.

"It's a Cayat," I would reply. "A yacht for the top of your car." I was enthusiastic about the project.

Eventually, the boat was made seaworthy. I built a pretty new trunk for the daggerboard. The board itself was made of a slab of plywood and was held down by a pin inserted through the trunk. No kick-up provision there. A couple of coats of white poly paint on the hull and the topside finished bright and it was a sight to see.

The first voyages were under paddle. I bought two double-ended kayak paddles from Folbot and my wife and I would go paddle around in the marsh. The boat was so stable you could stand up in it and throw a cast net (which Zach had taught me to do). I would come home at night with some shrimp or crabs caught in the marsh and we would boil them on the Coleman stove in the back yard. We would watch the ships go by in the Harbor.

Eventually, I worked up enough courage to sail the boat. It looked like it would be tender (it was), but I was hell bent to try her out. One quiet afternoon, I dragged the boat on its little dolly over to the beach at Station 10. Each street was called a "Station" because the old trolley from Mount Pleasant used to run out over a causeway to the island. The side streets on Sullivan's each had a trolley stop or Station. The trolleys and everything associated with them were gone when I tested the Folbot's sailing abilities, though.

The rudder of the Cayat was controlled with an angled tiller that led forward along the starboard side of the cockpit. This was necessary because of the extended rear deck and central seating arrangement for the skipper. You really couldn't hike out on the rail. The main sheet was rigged like a Sunfish. Only one line to mind.

I stepped the little mast and raised the sail. The breeze was gentle, under ten knots, and there was little surf so launching was not a problem. Once I started sailing though, the boat showed a tendency toward broaching and it was tough to tack. It was probably just lack of experience sailing canoe-like craft, but I felt hampered because I could not hang my butt out on the rail like I could on my Sunfish. After a half-hour in the harbor during which I had to deal with a stuck daggerboard (will I die out here and never see land again?) I decided that the Folbot henceforth would be a paddle craft. And so it was.

(To Be Continued)

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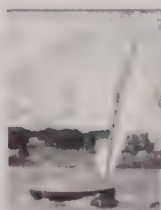
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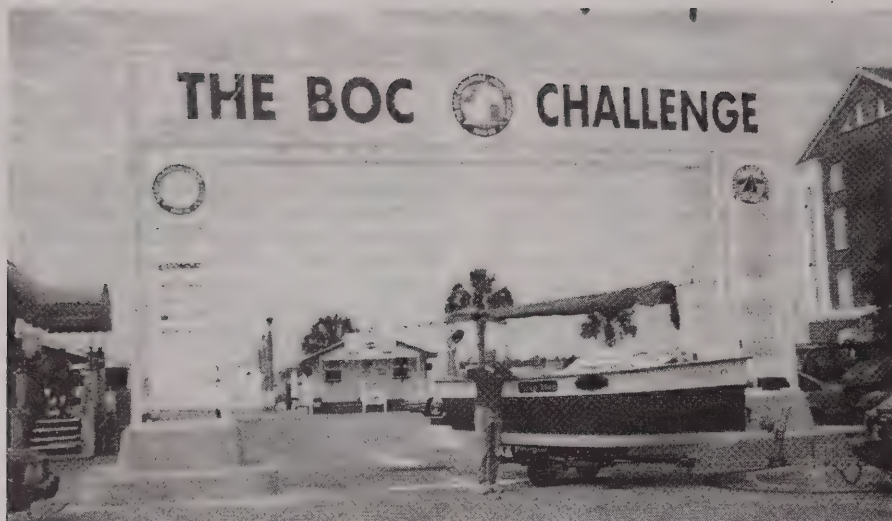
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"Where do we sign up?"

Leaving our mountain home at 4.30am towing our 14' Peep Hen, *Julie II*, we reached Charleston at 9.30am and made straight for the municipal marina to check out the BOC boats due to leave on Saturday to compete in the around the world sailboat race. BOC doesn't stand for British Offshore Cruise or anything romantic like that, it was originally the initials of the sponsor, British Oxygen Corporation, but it doesn't mean anything now though it's still called the BOC race.

As it was Thursday, we thought we would have a better chance to sail to our favorite Small Folly Beach Marina. We love it, it's not pretty but relaxed, informal and popular with the shrimp-boat crews in the evening.

On our return trip up the Stono River we had a fantastic breeze and were able to sail all the way. Then, after motoring through Elliott cut and Wappoo Creek, busy with all kinds of boating traffic, I was amazed to see a 22' sailboat towing a small pram that was surfing from side to side with a 7 year old boy standing on the bow. It was the most dangerous thing I have seen on the water. Where are the Coast Guard when they are needed?

We anchored off the Charleston Yacht Club to watch the fireworks display. Adding to the atmosphere, some of the yachts were festooned in lights and there were lights used by the shrimpers in rowboats reflecting off the water. The fireworks started about 11pm and the crowds on shore were cheering and festive. In a fresh wind we had an uncomfortable night in our unprotected anchorage and there was a drizzle next morning as the racing boats were getting ready to be towed out to the start.

Large powerboats raised BOC flags, there were bands playing, speeches made, with much activities of TV news people, ESPN and local news coverage. We saw some of the pre-race activity before the festivities officially started on Friday and carried on through Sunday. My plan was to arrive at the docks, probably get thrown out, and put the boat in the water and sail around the boats then leave and do some of our usual Charleston sailing before returning to watch the Saturday activities as the boats left the starting line off Fort Sumter. We found the municipal marina empty but a local working on his boat said, "Oh yeah, they have those guys downtown at the old slave market area."

Pinch Penny Cruising in a Peep Hen

Part 3 - On the Scene At the '94 BOC

By Julie and Bob Nelsen

We walked past the nineteenth century Victorian houses with their beautiful gingerbread styled balconies, and past the yacht club (we'd already been thrown out of there years ago, "Sorry son, no Sunfish allowed. This is private property and take your younguns with you...") and down to the waterfront.

The flags of the BOC and all nations were all along the promenade leading to a display building. Beyond it were two old schooners and alongside some hastily-constructed docks (they weren't there two months earlier) were the 20-25 BOC boats amid a flurry of activity. The sun shone and the flags flew proudly, and after waiting 20 minutes in a short line we were allowed to go down onto the docks to see the sailboats. They all appeared to be loaded with with about as much hi-tech equipment as could be crammed into them. Sailbags, gear, food, rope, etc. was piled on the 5' wide docks, and we could hear the different languages and accents being spoken on the boats: Japanese, French, Norwegian, German, Australian, Italian, English, American. It was cosmopolitan and exciting.

We saw the late Mike Plant's *Coyote*, now rebuilt and prepared for David Skully to race. Most of the European sailors had completed their mandatory 2,000 mile qualifying passages bringing their boats across the Atlantic to the start. All week long the skippers were required to take navigation tests before being accepted to take part in the race.

Julie got right into a buying mood, paying \$15 for a tee-shirt from one of the French boats, it wasn't Isabelle Autissier's. Sales people on the docks were explaining to some of the skippers how to operate small hi-tech computers. I guess some of the sponsors had rushed the latest equipment down to them. On one boat five guys were refastening its huge

forestay. Pontoon boats were alongside with men applying the large racing numbers to the boats' topsides.

We have visited the boat shows in New York and Atlanta, but this was something special. We photographed the scene. Julie was buying another tee-shirt from #11, Arnet Taylor's *Thursday's Child*, the boat that once held the record from New York to San Francisco. The record is currently held by Isabelle Autissier. Arnet's sister told Julie the whole family of seven came down from New Hampshire for the start and Arnet had met a girl who was helping him finance his attempt. But as he still a little short of funds he was selling the tee-shirts. The way things were going, no matter who came home first my wife would be able to say she helped sponsor the winner!

Looking over Steve Pettengill's *Hunter's Child*, we couldn't help being amazed at all the zig-zag rigging supporting the upper mast. We assumed that if one wire broke the whole lot would fall down. All the boats had 6-8 winches in the cockpit area, solar panels and sophisticated self-steering systems. I got the impression that the French entries with their hi-tech lightweight hulls held a win-or-nothing approach and had full support from their country and industry, while the others had to hustle for sponsors and put their logos all over the boats. We heard from more than one person that the hardest part of the race was finding financing and completing the preparations needed just to reach the starting line.

A smaller red-hulled American boat called *Cardiac 88* was entered by Floyd Romack, a jovial restaurant owner from New Jersey. He'd left his sister running the business while he embarked on this adventure, and sure enough he'd had a heart attack in 1988 and considered it part of his rehabilitation. Across the dock was another unsponsored boat, K10647, *Henry Hornblower*, named for the cheerful owner Henry (Harry) Mitchell. He had run aground in the Indian Ocean in the last race and he was telling a pressman he regarded this more as a rally than a race. I later heard that his goal was to complete the circumnavigation so that he could put a gold earring in his ear like old-time sailors did. He was from Portsmouth in England and looked around 50. His wife was aboard and after wishing them good luck we stopped by #2000, a lovely black-hulled 40-footer from Cornwall, England, with its name, the *Cornish Challenge*, in gold lettering. For \$2 I bought a decal from it and for another \$5 wrote my home address on a postcard, the owner, Robin Davie, would add a message to the card and mail it to me from Punta Del Este, Uruguay, at the end of the third leg of the race if he got that far! He looked a salty Errol Flynn type.

Later when we made our way back there was a line of people waiting to be allowed onto the docks. We passed the souvenir vendors and a booth where IBM were showing some videos of other races with spectacular knockdowns and chilling scenes, and we regretted not knowing more about the boats beforehand. It was like buying bleacher tickets for the World Series and finding yourself sitting on a bench thinking, "Who are those guys? Why am I here?" People with Peep Hens sometimes overlook ocean racers.

There was still a lot of drilling and re-rigging on the boats, I got the impression that they weren't ready to go at all! It made me realize what the dockside activity must

have been like in the 1800s preparing whalers or clipper ships for voyages lasting perhaps two years or more.

We had lunch at our favorite Irish pub/restaurant, Tommy Condon's on Church Street, then put the boat in Wappoo Creek and motored through Elliott Cut (a narrow area with a 5 knot current, I call it Hell Gate of the south!). As the tide and wind were against us we dropped anchor off Buzzard's Roost Marina and swam and read for a couple of hours. Then at dusk we motored up to Cappy's Restaurant for a nice candlelight anniversary dinner at a table looking out on real sailboats tied up at the docks. We anchored out that mid-summer night and slept in the cockpit under the stars, the mast was swinging lazily back and forth as we lay by a small local bridge that was all lit up and the boats in the marina nearby.

Next day we went with the gentle tide down the Stono River, drifting, motoring and sailing for about 10 miles to Kiawah Island, then on for lunch at a favorite, called Sunset Caye, at Folly Beach Island. After again sleeping onboard overnight, on awakening next morning we heard on our radio and that *Thursday's Child* was towed out from the Cooper River into the Ashley River at about 5mph, heading out to Ft. Sumter and the Atlantic. The activity was really picking up, all the boats were making for the starting area. We had been at OP SAIL in New York Harbor in 1976 and this reminded us of it. We heard on the news afterwards that about 1,000 boats were in the spectator fleet.

We were one of the few boats completely under sail and positioned ourselves not quite as far out as Ft. Sumter, but where we could be within a hundred yards of the BOC racers as they streamed past. Some were closer, like *Cornish Challenge* whose skipper was leaning against the mast smoking in the light drizzle. I yelled across, "Be sure to send that postcard." He really got a laugh out of that and his crew cracked up! Some of the boats had five or six people on board steering and doing the final tune-up stuff, there was the background sound of horns from the beflagged spectator fleet. Several were taking videos of us as we tried to get close to take videos of them! It was a great feeling, those guys had 27,000 miles ahead of them and we were one of their last sights, at least until Capetown. Yachts had gathered from all around the east coast to see the start.

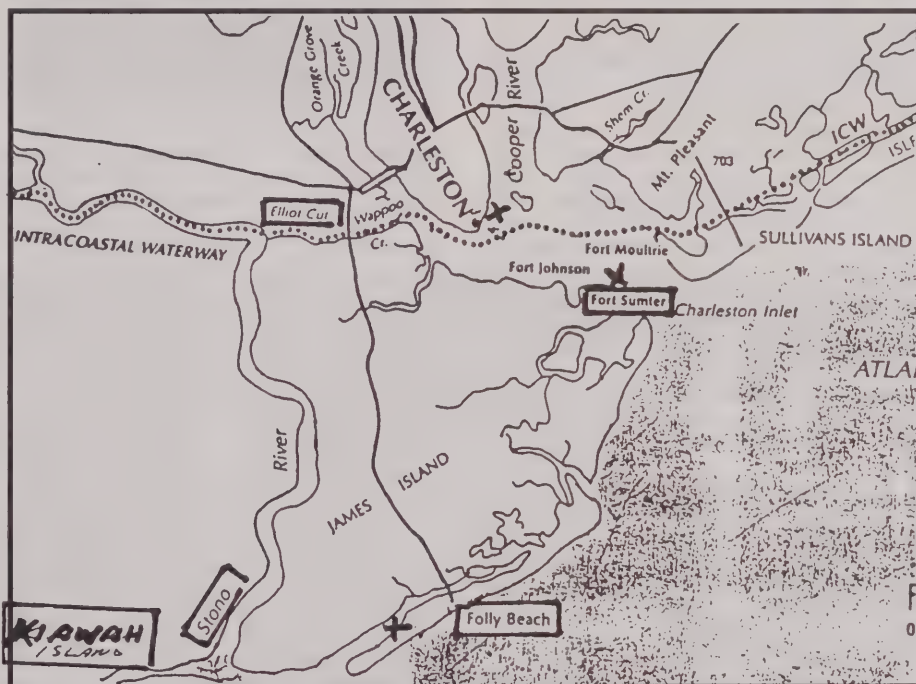
When large yachts passed close by and shouted over at our little boat, "What the hell is that?" and "What are you doing out here?" we replied asking, "Are we too late to enter?" It was much better than I had imagined it would be, we felt truly involved with this send-off, whereas in the 1976 OP SAIL we had to anchor and couldn't get close to the action.

Afterwards, we motored back to Charleston and walked down the docks again. *Cardiac 88* had not started, Floyd Romack was waiting for a week so as to be able to attend his daughter's wedding. And there were two more boats still tied up. One of them had rammed a trawler in Nova Scotia and was getting some legal stuff straightened out. He left later on.

So the start of the 1994 BOC Around the World Race passed without a hitch and soon the great racing boats were slicing their way across the Atlantic towards South Africa.



Dockside the day before the start.



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I like open rails on small boats. Somehow, all the useful boats I have admired have been set up like that whereas all the play-toys have had side decks and coamings and I like to delude myself that I am building every one of these boats for me and that I have a real use for it (never mind that the "real use" for all my boats is play). Anyhow, I like open rails.

And I like them nice too. I like to watch people who come to the shop to look around... especially knowledgeable people. They put their hands on the rails first and I always try to get them on there as soon as possible so that a visitor will have something to fondle. I can do it quick too. I can put a pretty good looking, strong and neat set of rails on a boat in less than a day's worth of time. I am talking about open rails that are tenoned onto each sawn frame head and with spacer blocks about every three inches... all pre-sanded and ready for the epoxy and fitted so that no joint is more than a capillary wide.

I have fooled around through the years until I have figured out how to do it the easy way. Boy, if I had any sense at all, I wouldn't let this trade secret out but I am trying to downsize this business and ain't no point to hoarding up on all these secrets and continuing to add junk to all these junkpiles (which, I am negotiating on a three-to-one reduction to fit an old Velvet Drive marine transmission in case I ever need it... and in case I find an old Velvet Drive to put it on, one never knows).

Anyway, the way I do these rails has resulted in me being the only man in the world with enough clamps... as a matter of fact, I am certainly the only boatbuilder with too many damned clamps. They are cluttering and clattering all over the shop. I came up under a string of bar clamps that hang from a board over my old metal lathe with my head and punched three rectangular dents in the top of my skull... and launched the clamps off the board where they flipped end over end like a team of precision divers and punched three rectangular holes in the top of a five gallon can of acetone that I have been hoarding back behind the lathe.

I couldn't think of what the hell to do about that so I decided to go fishing until I could get my wits back enough to figure out a container good enough to hold five gallons of acetone into perpetuity. Well, alright, I know I can't leave that hanging to get back to how I do the rails, so I'll just tell you. I poured all the acetone into the old sink I have outside on my fish cleaning bench and rinsed out the can with the hose, dried it with my heat gun, soldered three patches over the holes and had the acetone back in there before I lost more than about a quart to evaporation.

The only trouble I had was that I had to siphon the acetone out of the sink into the can. Whew. I had a friend who siphoned his way across the country on one of those cheap made, welded pipe, miniature scooters, you know, the kind with a 3hp Briggs and Stratton driving the back wheel with a chain and centrifugal clutch and with the brake shoe mashing right onto the back tire. The whole experience added his brain... he said. He said it was the siphoning, but I knew him before all that and he already had that tendency. He was on his way to Alaska but wound up in some place called Haight Ashbury.

The rails are very precisely fitted with capillary sized cracks in all the joints because all the components are manufactured on ma-

Rails

By Robb White)



chinery just like in a furniture factory. My objective is to build a boat just to suit me and I'll do whatever I can to facilitate the progress of that notion, including standing up behind a shaper all day long once every five years. There are only two components; rods and blocks. I run them as perfectly as I can. You know, machinery set-up is a tricky business and I (if I do say so myself) am an expert with many years experience, not only with my own perfectly functional junk but with the rattle-trap crap of these furniture factories around here.

Which, at that, I must digress again. Thomasville is a famous name in fine furniture... but, that's Thomasville, North Carolina. The furniture factories here are small-time outfits compared to those, and have now degenerated down to mostly CNC (I don't know what that stands for, but it means a computer run router and two people stacking and unstacking sheets of overlaid flakeboard on the bed over which it runs... six more people in the office). In my day, there were a bunch of them and they built real wood furniture and I worked for all of them from time to time. I could quit when I wanted to and go back when I had to.

One time I was foreman of a night crew of young high-school boys who were trying to make car payments. We built a bona-fide collector's item, a Sears & Roebuck super deluxe tap-and-die box made out of solid walnut. Had a bunch of little holes and grooves. You know, for a man who can set that up, a perfect rod and coved stick of blocks is duck soup.

Dammit, I was going to get back to the rods and blocks but I got to thinking about those boys and I must... One time, we decided to go to the county fair after we knocked off work about 2:30am. They were fixing to close by the time we got there, but when they saw all 15 of us, they decided to keep a few rides

open. We went to the hootchie cootchie show. Jesus, y'all. I saw the scales fall from a bunch of young eyes. I don't think such a thing is all that bad. I still know all those boys. They appreciate their wives.

One of them owns the only pool room in town and raises registered bulls (of various breeds) on the side. I was in there eating a chili dog one time and he asked me, "You got one of them die boxes?"

"Hell no, I can't afford one, but I do still know how to set up a machine." I run two kinds of rods. The inner rail ("sheer clamp") is a perfectly round (trust me) 3/4" rod run 21' long. Then there are two half-round stalks that sandwich the top of the sheer strake between themselves. I run them full-round too but with a little flat top and bottom, perpendicular to the radius of the annual rings, just exactly (trust me) the width of the narrow kerf of one of Dave Carnell's Matsushita 7-1/2" circular saw blades (it is best if the teeth of a circular saw are not any further from the arbor than necessary).

When the rails are all finished. I carefully touch up the edge of the coving cutter so that it exactly matches the actual radius of that particular run of rails. You know, when you sharpen a concave cutter (like what shapes rods) you have no choice but to enlarge the radius that it cuts (that's why mill-run tongue and groove flooring always seems tight... sloppy sharpening) and if you are trying to match for a fit, you have to dress the convex cutter back so that you have enough steel to grind its radius slightly bigger than it used to be (got that Click and Klack?). I run the sticks that will become the spacer blocks on leftover planking scraps which are dressed down to 1/2".

All my planking is quarter-sawn, and the resulting stick winds up with the grain vertical and, in most of the little blocks, displays the sheen of the radial, medullary rays in the wood like quarter-sawn oak, a cute touch. Notice that I do not make the blocks the same thickness as the rails. Economy of wood is not the only reason for this. I used to do the blocks 3/4" but I found that the cove was too feather-edged and was apt to split off during the assembly process. The little blocks look better recessed down between the rails anyway. I do run a few 3/4" thick blocks to put in the way of the breasthook, quarter knees and oarlocks so all that will be flush.

I run the blocks that will hold the oarlock sockets out of dark, ball peen hammer handle hickory (*H. aquatica*). Another thing I do is to run the coves on all the blocks with a tiny flat on all the edges that would normally be sharp. This keeps them from trying to split off, makes a little channel for the nose of the syringe when I apply the epoxy, and keeps them from cutting my hands and arms as I struggle with the bending of the rods into the coves. I'll get to that later.

But first, a word about routers, router tables and power feeds: It is almost impossible to do much truly accurate, production work (like a lifetime supply of rails) with a router. I won't go into all the problems. You know, I don't watch much Norm, but I did notice that when he says, "Now it is time for my router," the thing is already set up. A regular shaper is a much better tool. For one thing, it runs quiet. You can run rails all day long without what my grandson calls "ear grubs".

It is possible to buy a mainland Chinese

shaper for about the same money as a big deal, half-inch Mexican router. They ain't pre-'64 Winchester quality but you can get them to do just fine. On any shaper (or router for that matter) it is important to true the blades before you run or else it will do most of the work with only one cutting edge. You know, high speed steel will hone up to a much sharper edge than carbide, and it will stand up to being ground much more acute too... cuts better. The way to true up the cutter is to first true up the spindle. Set up a dial indicator (cheap from the mainland) and pop the spindle with a wood mallet as you tighten and check. True the blades of the head (or the router bit) that same way. It is possible to run sticks just fine with feather boards but I like a power feed and feather boards.

I super glue feather boards directly onto the acetone cleaned (see) cast iron table with super glue. It is seldom that a feather board needs to be where a clamp can get to it. Run the first edge of all the sticks with the fence set up either side of the head like a jointer but run the other edge with the fence set up opposite the head (back-fence) so that it spaces the stick exactly the right distance from the cutter. That'll help with the perfection. You know all this is a big deal so you might as well run a plenty (I am afraid I have a lifetime supply) while you are set up.

So here you are with a hell of a pile of precious sticks. I go ahead and rip the half-rounds right away because they are as straight as they are ever going to be right off the shaper but I cross-cut each boat's spacer blocks when the time comes. I cut them off on the bandsaw

(a DeWalt is too loud, dangerous and rough) against a little block super glued to the table, then I sit on my stool and meticulously sand the ends round on an edge sander. I could use my el-cheapo mainland disc sander to save electricity, but end grain is bad to burn and the long belt of an edge sander cools off before it can get around and the little blocks don't try to scorch quite as bad. Besides, I like the dust machine that is hooked to it. I despise wearing a dust mask. I don't like the way I feel like I am breathing the same breath over and over again and I hate the way it tickles the bristles sticking out of my nostrils.

Sanding blocks is sort of a tranquil occupation the way I do it... gives me time to reflect and think up bullshit. At furniture factories, they have people who sit (or stand, depending on the size of the parts being sanded) at edge sanders all day long, and I tell you for a fact, they are all full of it. I never run any belt finer than 80 grit on there except for metal work. Fine belts cut slow, burn bad, load up and extra smooth wood doesn't grab epoxy like 80 grit. If I have to polish wood, I use a burr edged scraper (see the next *Wooden Boat* for my article about them).

The next step is to put on the outer rails. The planking of my boats is sheathed with fiberglass and epoxy so I have to sand a little line where the rail is going with a piece of rough, stiff, carbide grit cloth folded and pinched between my forefinger and thumb so that I sand both sides of the plank at the same time. I hold the paper with one hand and the nostril of the vacuum cleaner with the other. I don't sand much fiberglass and I don't play

around when I have to. The inner and outer rails (I call the inner-most rod, the one spaced off by the blocks, the "sheer clamp"... Uncle Pete, are you attending?) are just about the only parts of the boat that I glue up conventionally.

I tack everything else together with drops of super glue or little screws until I can put the epoxy to them by capillary action but the top edge of the planking has slight little wiggles of the fiberglass sheathing which try to hold off the rails enough to defeat the capillary effect, so I paint all the surfaces with naked epoxy, let that soak in, add a little sanding dust (sieved down to the finest kind) and re-coat, then put the outer rails on with little screws into pre-drilled holes where I had put them on there dry to fit them to the stem.

I always leave about 18" sticking out past the transom because, if I don't put a little Hispanic windlass on there, I wind up with a slight straightness to the top of the sheer strake as it approaches the transom that I don't like the looks of. Once the glue is hard, you can cut the ends off neat and take out the screws.

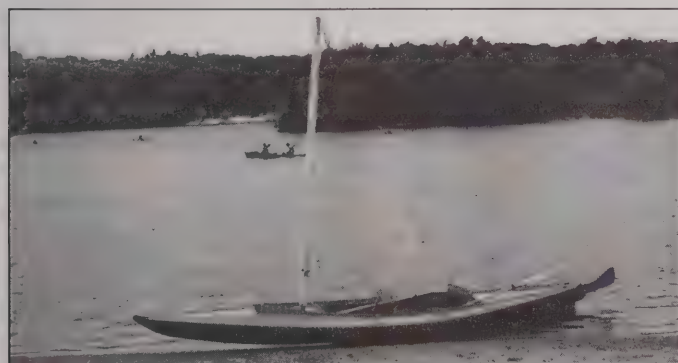
(To Be Continued)

**Give to me and I will give to you,
says the Lord"**
(Milachi 3:6)

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Century old elegance resurrected.

They called them the "Streetcar Boats" because they were styled like streetcars and even painted the same colors, orange and red. The Twin City Rapid Transit Company owned them. From docks located near the train stations in Wayzata and Excelsior, Minnesota, they ran daily schedules to various communities surrounding Lake Minnetonka. Only winter ice would stop them.

The steamboat service began with six boats in 1906. A seventh was added in 1915. However, by 1926 they had become obsolete due to better roads and more automobiles and busses, and so they were dismantled and scuttled out east of Big Island in Lake Minnetonka. Progress had proven more lethal than ice.

In 1980 the *Minnehaha* was raised from the bottom and for a decade rested on the shore at the outskirts of Excelsior. The Minnesota Transportation Museum acquired the boat in 1990 and finished restoration in 1996. I remember seeing the grey wooden hulk, noth-

The Captain's view from the helm.



Steaming In A Streetcar Boat

By Moby Nick Scheuer

ing left above her gunwales, resting in tall grass beside the road into Excelsior through the late 1980s.

Our family moved to Duluth about the time restoration began, otherwise I might well have become involved. My Grandfather, Nicholas, was a Steam Operating Engineer for sawmills and threshing machines.

Today the *Minnehaha* again steams out of her home port, Excelsior, carrying loads of attentive passengers on cruises out around Big Island, over the very ground where her sister ships still rest. The *Minnehaha's* regular schedule includes trips across Lake Minnetonka for an extended stop (shopping, anyone? Oh, yes! Of course!) in Wayzata.

The *Minnehaha* moves at what seems like 10 knots. "She's the quietest boat on the Lake,"

says her Captain, "until she sounds her whistle." Double ended, her fine bow lines are matched by an equally fine stern. The open chassis engine makes no sound, save for a faint squeak seeming to come from the reciprocating, rocking, and revolving valve gear. Even when the screw is reversed in order to shed seaweed (the dreaded Eurasian Water Millfoil) the *Minnehaha* only slows.

That was the truly amazing thing for me, a 44" screw turning in reverse, while the boat continued moving forward at reduced speed; no shudder, no noise, no churning wake, just one of the Engineers quietly turning valves.

The Engineers for our cruise were Clarence and Chuck Rud, father and son, both licensed steam operating engineers. They were a vast store of technical information, nicely augmenting for me the Captain's continuous narration over a public address system concerning the boat as well as history of the Lake and its people.

The engine is a triple-expansion (three cylinders, small, medium, and large) double-acting, condensing steam engine built by O'Connor in 1943 for the U.S. Navy. It had never been used by the Navy, and was acquired by an individual in Sacramento, California, sometime after the war as surplus.

Years later, when the engine's owner heard of the restoration project in Minnesota, she phoned the museum to say that she understood that the engine they planned to install was not quite large enough for the boat. The museum folks replied that they were aware of that, but it was all they had, so that is what they would use. The owner of the O'Connor then informed them that she had just the right engine for them, but that they would have to come to Sacramento and get it. Within a week the virtually new O'Connor engine was loaded on a truck bound for Minnesota.

It is a truly magnificent engine, connecting rods and valve gear all open to view, lots of flashing red paint and shimmering oiled surfaces as the components move to and fro, up and down, 'round and 'round, dripping a bit of oil into the sump now and then. Mesmerizing; I could have watched it for hours.

In a triple-expansion engine the steam is exhausted from one cylinder to the next, from smallest to largest, in succession. "Double-acting" means that steam pushes the cylinders both ways, up and down in this case. A triple-expansion, double-acting engine like this O'Connor incorporates some complex valve machinery; lots of sliding, rocking, or rotating components that require lubrication. Atop everything on the engine, a cam-operated oil metering system continually pumps a small quantity of oil to many locations, through steel lines no larger than spaghetti. Hence, the slight drip-drip-drip into the sump.

The *Minnehaha* does not make any noise nor emit clouds of steam. The condenser eliminates the "chuff, chuff, chuff..." associated with railroad and agricultural engines, which simply exhaust their steam into the atmosphere, using most of it for drafting the boiler. Steam exhausted from the O'Connor's last cylinder is cooled in the condensing coils so that it can be recycled into the boiler as water.

I wondered about the *MINNEHAHA's* whistle, though. I've heard much better on many locomotives and agricultural steam traction engines. It sounded sort of flat and foggy; maybe due to droppings from the gulls, eh? The boiler is new, and fired with No.2 oil in-

stead of coal. Reasonably clean-burning, the *Minnehaha's* boiler doesn't emit much smoke, either

The single screw has a 44" diameter and a 78" pitch. While the engine and screw were being reversed, a process involving little more than the appropriate bell signal, followed by a verbal confirmation between Captain and Engineer over an intercom, and finally with the Engineer twisting several valves, the Captain told about the engines in the *Titanic*. Apparently they were single-acting engines, which required the *Titanic's* engineers to wait until the engines were fully stopped, before they could be reversed. This process consumed a possibly critical period of time. Had the *Titanic* been fitted with double-acting engines like the *Minnehaha*, the steam valves could have been reversed "on-the-go", so to speak, with a much more immediate reversal of screw thrust.

The *Minnehaha's* helm is forward on the first deck. The Captain steers. Two Engineers are stationed on a mid-ship catwalk, slightly below the first deck between the engine and boiler, and communicate with the Captain by means of bells (for tradition) and an intercom (for real).

A Conductor, uniformed much like the Captain, moves about the two decks serving the needs of the passengers. On our cruise this mainly entailed opening windows following a light rain. The windows apparently operate like those in an old wooden streetcar, opening downward instead of upward. The Conductor prefers to operate them for the passengers, himself. He is "plugged into" the Captain with a wireless intercom.

A Ticket Agent on the dock assists with docking and informs the Conductor about any special needs the passengers might have. Our cruise included a young mother in a wheelchair. She was brought on board efficiently and her chair secured in an open area aft on the first deck.

All of the crew are volunteers for the Minnesota Transportation Museum.

At one point out in open water the Captain announced that "steering was hard work" and that he would appreciate any help "youngsters" among the passengers might provide. More than a dozen polite volunteers (this is Minnesota, "where all of the children are above average") quickly queued at the wheel. My wife, Gayle, whispered that the Captain hadn't specified any age of "youngster". But the upper deck had just been opened after allowing some time for it to dry off, and I wanted to go up the ladder for a look around.

In addition to Gayle and myself, our party included my son, Dave, who is spending the summer away from school with a friend in Wayzata, and five old friends of Gayle's who have been celebrating potluck dinners together for over thirty years. Two of this group, Marge and Boyd, eventually moved to Bloomington, Minnesota, and it was their turn for a dinner which had brought us all to Lake Minnetonka. I am new to the potluck group, but a former resident of Mound, another lakeside community, and so when Dave suggested a cruise in the *MINNEHAHA*, I knew it would be the perfect outing for us. The Lake Minnetonka lifestyle is special. Despite an absence of ten years, it all seemed like yesterday, when we sailed this wonderful lake in our Dovekie, the *Pilgrim Pelican*.

The *Minnehaha* had slowed considerably

from her ten-knot cruising speed as we glided toward the pier. I couldn't feel anything on the upper deck, but I guessed that the engineers had reversed the engine again because our forward speed decreased steadily. The Conductor looped one end of an inch-and-a-half line around a cleat on the rail and stood poised. Just before reaching a piling on the pier, he tossed a loose loop over the top and belayed the line on the cleat, deftly taking up the slack as the boat moved by. As the boat drew the loop tight, the Conductor let some of the line slip back out under tension. The boat shifted gently abeam and nudged the pier. The Captain tossed an equally large bow line over to the Ticket Agent on the pier, and we were secure. One hundred and thirty-five eager faces greeted us from the pier.

The *Minnehaha's* first career cruising Lake Minnetonka as one of the seven Streetcar Boats lasted only twenty years. She might easily do that and more in her second lifetime. She was missed, those fifty-four years she lay on the bottom. Perhaps one day she'll be rejoined by another of her sister Streetcar Boats. Dave has heard from a scuba diving friend that the *Minnehaha* was not the best of the hulls that might have been raised.



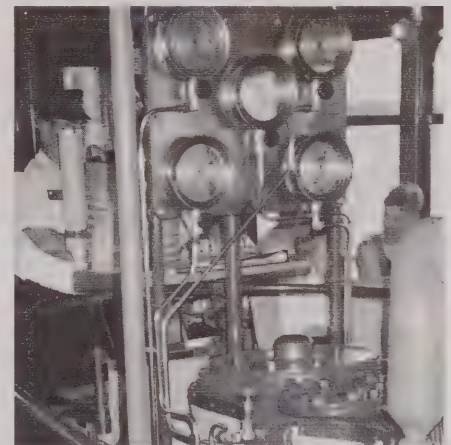
Passenger conversation is louder than the engine.

Passengers head topside after a brief shower.

The Conductor stands aft of the engine.

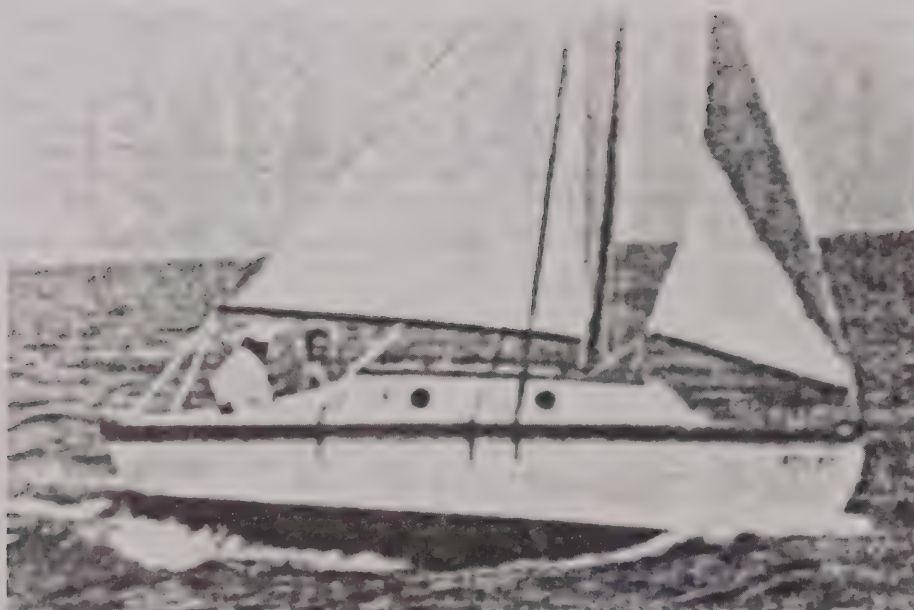


Engineers Clarence and Chuck Rud.



Plenty of elbow room in the head.





Sea Imp was the first of my three tiny ships.

In 1948 on my 70th birthday, with 100,000 hours on the drawing board, I decided if I was ever going to quit work it was about time to do so. Upon telling my boss this he replied, "What do you want to retire for? You are already sailing four days per week."

To explain this mixed-up statement I should say that three years earlier I was feeling anything but well and my employer suggested that I cut down on my working hours. The idea appealed to me and it was decided I would work Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and lay off Thursday, Friday and Saturday. For the benefit of others who are interested, I would say the idea was satisfactory. I enjoyed working only three days and my work was better for it. Of course I had an advantage over most people as my work was personal, being a designer of special production machines. I was pretty much my own boss.

I had already given much thought to what I would like to do when I retired and had decided to try to design and build and then sail very small seagoing boats as a hobby only.

As I considered anything over 20' on the

Three Tiny Ships

(The story of an old man's hobby and the three little ships he designed, built and sailed between his 70th and 75th birthdays 50 years ago.)

By Joe H. Appleton

large side, I decided on 18' to 20' overall length to see what I could do with it. I knew it was useless for me to think I could add anything of value to the large field of fine boats. Furthermore they were not the type of boat I was interested in. What I wanted was a small, easy-to-build, low-priced, seagoing boat and I believed I might be able to do something with that idea.

I built my first boat in 1896 when I was eighteen, and in 1948 I owned the 18th, which

was a John Hanna Gulf Weed. So with fifty-two years' boating experience and forty-five of engineering, I did not think it was too much to expect.

As I write this (in 1954) in the cabin of *Little Dipper*, I have added three more to my list of little boats, making in all twenty-one boats I have owned and sailed. During those years of buying, building and sailing boats, I have changed my nationality, learned a profession and raised a family of two boys and two girls. So I have a thorough understanding and great sympathy for the man with a small income and expensive family who loves boats but can't afford one and who thinks he can never have a good one.

If I can prove to him good boats do not necessarily mean large boats and that with an understanding wife it is possible to raise a family and still have a good time with his boat I will accomplish my purpose.

Before starting a description of the first of this series, I would like to say something of what I feel about a small boat. First, in my opinion and experience, the smaller the boat the more fun and sporting a proposition it is. No matter how much money I had, or how many large boats I acquired, I would always want a small boat as my special personal one. If you think it is more of a thrill to drive a fine ocean racer than a 20-footer then you have never had a first class 20-footer or driven it as hard as you drive the racer.

For years I had a client who had spent \$100,000 on boats but who ended up sailing a 25' cabin dory equipped with a 10hp engine and sloop rig; he said it was the most fun of any boat he ever had. With a small boat you have to rely on yourself for everything and you have to be able to take it, for no matter how well designed the small boat is, it will certainly be more uncomfortable and throw you around oftener and faster than the larger one.

The small boat is especially fine for the chap with limited time. A weekend trip for him can contain many more exciting episodes than is possible for the larger boat. A 50-mile trip is an extended cruise. A 30-mile summer blow is exciting gale, but don't think the seaworthiness of a boat has much to do with its size; it can take it if you can, and that is the most fascinating thing about it.

In deciding on the first boat, I wanted the smallest in which my wife and I could cruise around in reasonable comfort. We did not want to make long jumps, but would expect to be at anchor each night because our age and general health would not allow otherwise.

As we both were of medium height, I decided I could get everything I wanted in an 18' x 6-1/2' x 3-1/2' sloop. I wanted a galley with a two-burner butane stove, sink, water pump, warming closet over stove and three drawers under to hold everything I needed to cook a meal for two people. The lowest drawer would be used for butter, eggs, cheese, etc. No ice would be carried, cool drinks being kept under the cabin sole. We intended to use everything canned as far as practical and take vitamin tablets for any imagined deficiency.

In addition, I wanted an enclosed head with a simple 1' x 2' vanity table so my wife could sit down and wash her face and comb her hair in comfort. Then, two good bunks equipped with spring mattress and sleeping bags, 25 gallons of water, single cylinder in-board engine, and 20 gallons of gas, also a

Of the 21 boats I have built, I loved *SeaGal* the most.



watertight forward deck with storage under it for our clothes. Two dry lockers were needed under bunks for canned goods, etc., good sitting headroom and full headroom at the stove when standing up, with hatch open and sun shade on the boom, for use in hot weather.

The boat was built of mahogany and marine plywood, bronze fastened with mahogany trim inside and out, hull, enameled white with light blue decks. I used spruce spars, stainless rigging, bronze turnbuckles, 600lbs of lead on the keel and 300lbs inside. The engine developed 7hp at 2800rpm, a U. S. Motors equipped with Twin Disk clutch, no reverse, rope starter, and a 10" x 6" 2-bladed propeller. This engine drove her at hull speed in smooth water.

She carries 180sf of sai and sails well. The mainsail is rigged with worm-and-gear roller reefing and it works perfectly. I could put the tiller in its correct comb slot, climb on deck and drop the sail with one hand and roll up with the other, with the boat sailing along on a reach.

Two instances will show her general ability. One, in a strong breeze, with main reefed down so she sailed her best, she passed a 26' class boat, unreefed. When in the slip the class boat owner came over and wanted to know, "How come you passed me out there?" the answer was, "We were sailing, you were luffing." Another time a young couple in the boat was caught out in a Santana and blown offshore many miles. They stayed out there overnight and next day sailed home. Being met by the Coast Guard and asked if they needed help they replied, "No thank you, we are doing fine." We called the boat *Sea Imp* but as far as I know she had no bad faults.

Two months after the launching of *Sea Imp* my wife passed away. I kept the boat a few months after that but she was spoiled for me and I sold her. In time I got over my wife's death and commenced to plan another little boat. This I laid out to the same length but as I thought *Sea Imp's* stem did not look right, I lengthened the overhang at the bow one foot and made this boat 19' x 7'.

Because of the state of my health I did not think I could make long cruises, so I tried to build a boat that would give me the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of effort. I decided on a shallow draft boat so I could crawl into all the nooks and corners and if I wished could wade ashore. To go with this shallow draft I put on a tiny ketch rig partially because I liked its looks and also because I could shorten sail with little effort.

The net result was a 19' x 7' x 2' ketch with 150sf of sail, 400lbs of lead on the keel and the same kind of engine I had used in *Sea Imp*. The stern of this boat I made wide, with the chine coming up only to the waterline. I thought this would help under auxiliary power, if not under sail. The stern of *Sea Imp* was narrow and she was always badly down by the stern when any visitors were in the cockpit.

As this boat was to be a single-hander I thought I would try out a different cabin arrangement. I put the bunks in first, next to the cockpit, running 4' into the cabin and extending 2' under the bridge deck on each side of the engine. Ahead of the bunks on one side I put a dresser, on the other a gally just large enough to fit a Coleman two-burner kerosene stove placed as high as I could see into a pan when sitting down on the opposite bunk.

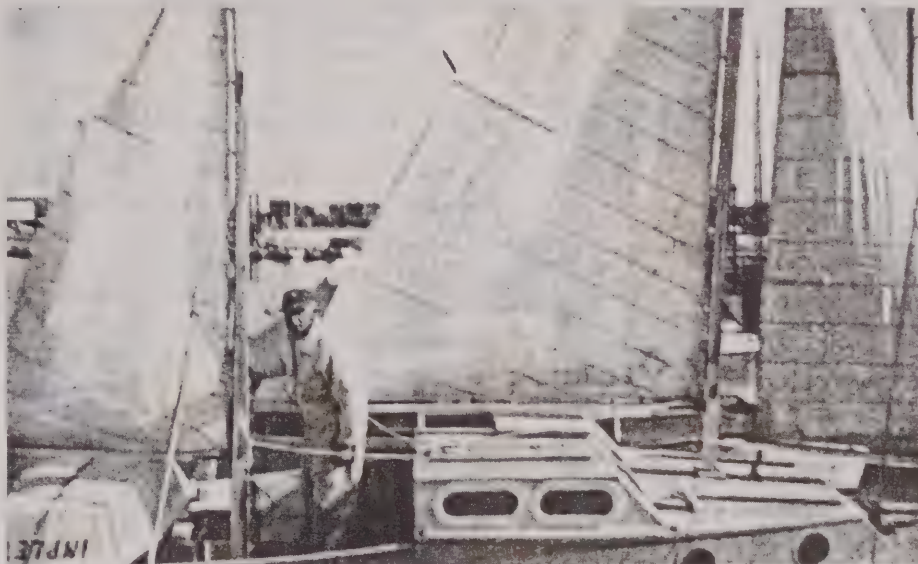
Ahead of these on the center line I put a toilet, boxed in. On top of the dresser I put a Coleman single-mantle gas lantern with the bail taken off and fitted with a base screwed down to the dresser. This arrangement worked out better than it sounds, but the big advantage was the friendly and cozy feeling one got sitting in either the cabin or cockpit, with guests aboard. Being so close together it seemed almost like one. In *Sea Imp* the cabin was definitely apart, one had to climb in and pass between the galley and head before he could sit down on the bunk and it was not so easy to converse or visit with anyone in the cockpit.

Not feeling well that next winter I made no changes. The following summer I again took the Power Squadron Santa Cruz Island cruise but this time with a companion. We competed for and won the piloting trophy given by the Squadron.

I had not been back from the cruise over



Sea Gal getting the finishing touches before launching. Note the hard chine.



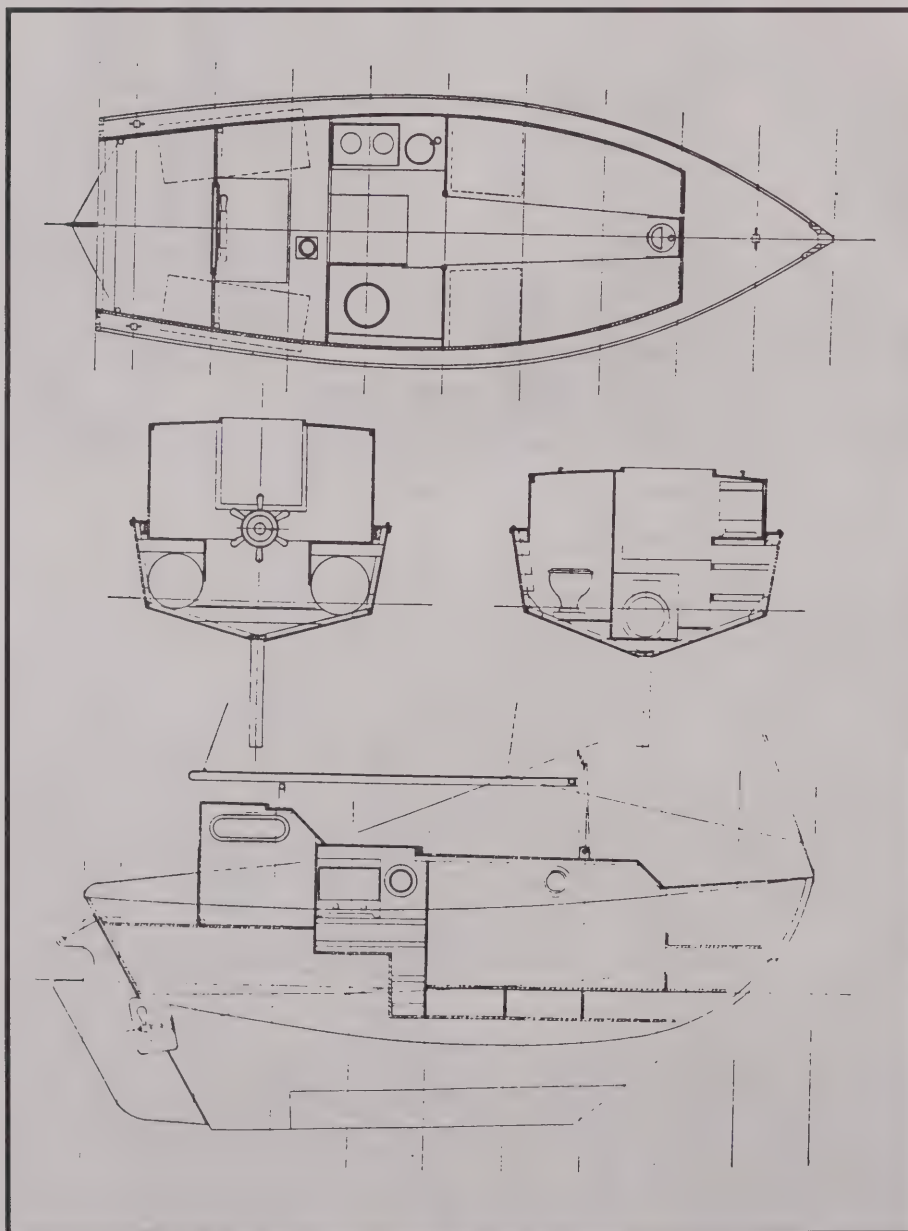
Little Dipper, last of my three boats, returning to Los Angeles from Santa Cruz.

Little Dipper without the doghouse.





Little Dipper's layout drawings.



sixty days and had only taken off the doghouse when a young couple persuaded me to sell the boat to them. For this I have been sorry ever since for, with another foot added to the keel and twice the weight of lead, she would have been a fine little boat. Of all the boats I have had I believe I loved her the most.

When I sold *Sea Gal* I thought I would build another one along the same lines but more powerful. However, before I started to draw one my hoys said, "Dad, you are too old to sail alone. Why don't you build a motorboat and get in out of the weather?" Well, it sounded so sensible that I designed a 20' twin-screw cruiser equipped with two Sea Scout engines. I was ready to commence building when one day I thought if I build this boat I will never sail a boat into the slip again. I couldn't take this, so I threw the drawings away and commenced on a motorsailer, a combination boat with which I could at least do a little sailing.

This boat is again 19' x 7' but draws approximately 4'. I drew up two rigs, one a ketch with doghouse, the other a sloop with windshield only. As the windshield looked the better of the two, I decided to build it and in seven months had her in the water.

I had not used the boat long before I wished I had put on the doghouse so at the end of the season I built an enclosed doghouse where I can now handle the boat in comfort, sail or motor. When I first put the house on I made it high enough so I could stand up or sit down while steering; the top was made without a hatch. I cruised with it that way all summer but found it was not quite satisfactory for single-handing, so I cut it down 9" and put a hatch in the top and now I can sit down on either side to steer by compass or stand up with head and shoulders through the hatch for fog and bad going. Now, for me, it is about as good as I can get.

However I thoroughly realize that this arrangement of cabin, etc., will not be very popular; you have to use a couple of extra muscles to get in and out of her. My boat is my method of keeping fit and that's another reason I like little boats. They are never still, you are constantly flexing and unflexing your muscles; balancing becomes automatic. Small boating is an art. You never grow old if you live on a small boat and, as poor as my health is, I can still climb in and out like a boy.

In planning this boat I decided I wanted one capable of relatively long cruises, with power enough to buck a reasonable head sea and to carry gasoline for 400 to 500 miles cruising with food and water for a month or two if desired. For sailing I wanted her to handle and point well but yet have a small easily handled rig, enough to get me home from anywhere and still be able to enjoy a little lazy day sailing.

In drawing up her lines I soon found out that to carry all the weight I was planning on, on a 16' waterline length, was a little problem and to give me all the inside accommodations and living facilities. I wished most of the weight was going to be aft of amidships. The galley, head, 25hp engine, 80 gallons of gas, both anchors and lines and dinghy were all aft of center. After thinking it over, I decided to give her a broad stern with straight chines like a motorboat, figuring that at the slow speeds she would run what I thought would be five knots (but hoped would be six) there could not be too much drag. Then to balance this

stern I gave her a powerful bow.

I had another reason for the broad stern. Everyone knows a little boat is more punishing in a seaway or in a rough anchorage than a larger one. Well, I wanted this boat to be comfortable. I figured that this stern combined with a large, relatively light, deep keel, would make a slow rolling boat without cutting down her seaworthiness. I was right. I think she is as comfortable as a boat of her size can be. She is certainly the most comfortable of any I have been on.

I wanted a long keel boat so she would hold a course with the least effort on my part. This she does very well; she practically sails herself under auxiliary power in smooth water.

I had thought of putting 600lbs of lead on her keel but when I came to buy it I could not get it at any price. As I had room on the keel, instead of using iron, I put in 700lbs of concrete.

The performance of this boat is as outstanding as I hoped it would be. At anchor I watch the boats around me and I fail to see any 25-to-30-footer with an easier motion. In a seaway she handles well and I have yet to see her put her nose under. Her roll is slow and short, a combination hard to get.

She is powered with a 25hp Gray Sea Scout with a 14 x 8 2-bladed propeller which pushes her 4 knots at 1,000rpm and 5-1/2 knots at 1,500rpm. In a head sea the slowest I have made was 3-1/2 knots for six hours. So far, in two years I have not been in any water rough enough to bother her the least bit. I certainly don't want to be out in any small boat when it is too rough for *Little Dipper*.

The speeds she makes with the Sea Scout seem rather slow for so much power and in smooth water she would probably drive more economically with a smaller motor but I definitely wanted power enough and a propeller large enough to push her along in rough water. Under sail she does all I expected her to do. She is not a first-class sailer and was not designed to be so; however, she is positive on all points and with her small rig stiff enough.

Her accommodations inside for a 19' boat are remarkable, so my visitors say. She has an enclosed head with shelves, etc., a galley equipped with a two-burner butane stove, with warming closet, sink, water pump and three drawers under, that hold everything I use except canned goods, which are under the bunks. There are two bunks equipped with spring cushions and sleeping bags. A Tiny Tot wood stove is mounted between bunks up forward. Butane lights, for reading offshore, also take the chill off at nights. I use brickettes in the stove, which is warm enough for any weather.

Under the forward deck I have shelves for my clothes, radio, books etc. There are no openings in the forward deck of any kind, also no leaks. The cabin runs aft to within six feet of the transom. Three feet of this is an enclosed doghouse with everything for handling the boat inside, even the main and jib sheets lead into it. Aft of the doghouse there is a three-foot self-bailing cockpit, with the dinghy lashed across it, upside down.

Just inside the cabin the Sea Scout is installed, enclosed in a box, which makes the engine accessible from all sides. This box makes a perfect seat for sitting at the galley with full headroom under the hatch. I can cook a meal for one or two quicker, better and with less effort in this boat, in either rough or

smooth water, than any boat I have been in. The engine box is also used to climb in and out of the cabin through the companionway from the top of the cabin. I also stand on this box to hoist or drop the sails, both halliards leading aft. The jib is equipped with a downhaul so I can go forward and tie it down at my leisure. The hatch is a few inches off center and the tied down boom makes a perfect hand rail to climb forward. This, with help from the shrouds, mast and stays, makes it possible for me to go forward in rough water even if I am seventy six.

The dinghy, so necessary for cruising, is a one man job, 5'3" long, designed to fit the stern. It extends over the stern a foot on a shelf made for it. This shelf keeps out engine gases and noise. Because the dinghy is so small it has a 6" deck all around with a 2" coaming. It is also fitted with a daggerboard for use when putting out an extra anchor in rough water. Even so the dinghy has been called a booby trap by some of my careless friends but it really is a good dinghy if treated with respect.

Anchor and lines are kept under the cockpit accessible from inside the doghouse. Being at the stern, I can get them out and drop them, without losing control of my boat. After the line is paid out I carry it forward outside of the shrouds and put it in the bow chock. When I pull anchor up I drop it off the bow chock and go back to the cockpit, where I can stand in comfort and safety and take my time getting it in. I pull the line into the cockpit and leave it there, until it is dry enough to stow.

When I added the doghouse I had to take off the tiller and use a wheel. First I cut the tiller off short and fastened the cables to it and led them around into the doghouse, to the wheel. I tried it a while but did not like it as it cluttered up the cockpit deck, so I took off the short tiller and reversed it, putting it outside the transom leading aft and led the cables through the transom at each side. This arrangement is very satisfactory. The cockpit is clear

and the load on the rudder pintles is much less. After all these years using a tiller, a wheel felt strange. I first fitted it with straight lines, then changed it to cross, then back to straight. I am now getting used to it and in time, perhaps, will never turn it the wrong way, but so far I have not been able to get the ease of steering that I had with the tiller fitted with my type of pin comb.

The equipment on the boat includes three anchors with plenty of chain and line, two compasses, deviation chart, lead line, binoculars, charts, tide and current tables and of course the standard equipment required.

To sum up, *Little Dipper* is a pretty good old man's boat. She is enough of a sporting proposition to keep up interest, yet one can keep from getting cold and too tired. Two can cruise in her in perfect comfort for almost any length of time and three of us have used her for weekend trips. One person can live aboard continuously and can read, write, draw or paint as well as cruise in peace and quiet. As a matter of fact this article was written aboard.

I really don't know of a thing to change in her that would be worth the effort. I would dearly like to take her to Acapulco this winter but I just can't do it. Perhaps if I installed an automatic pilot I could make it. If not, then I guess I will have to sell her and build another boat.



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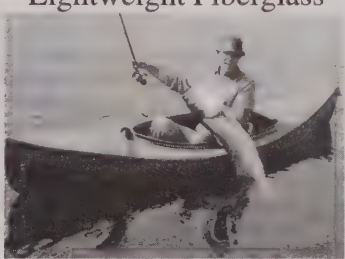
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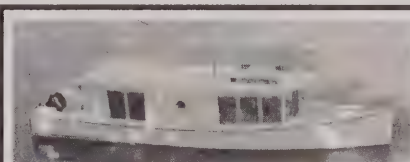
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Simple and Stout Hull Structure

This hull is designed to be assembled rapidly from prefabricated and prefinished panels. The plans include expansions for cutting out and assembling these panels, and a sequence for the assembly. The comparatively simple hull shape that allows this process is proportioned in such a way that there is very little penalty in running efficiency even over an optimum complex-shaped hull costing multiples in man-hours and upfront set-up losses, while offering just fractions of overall ruggedness and field-reparability.

The panels are 2" thick on the hull bottom, 1" on the sides including the upper sides throughout. Her forefoot is shaped to eliminate slapping under the flat bottom, lengthens her waterline, opens up more very useful floorspace while allowing the flat main bottom to be carried high enough at the bow to avoid eddy-making that would lead to unsteady steering in a low-rocker flat-bottomed, sharp-bowed hull. There are no through-hull fittings whatever below the waterline! Her fresh water supply should be ample under cruising-typical efficient use of it. There is no need to flush her toilet. And we would avoid using saltwater inside the boat, as it is living matter that decays as it dries off leaving residue and smell. Rather, collect rainwater off her roof, enlarge water-capacity, and possibly use photovoltaics to continuously power small electrical reverse-osmosis units.

To some, her large transparency areas will suggest unacceptable vulnerability at sea. But the large windows are mostly thick Lexan, with laminated glass forward where wipers would dull the plastic. Partial plywood shutters could be fitted outside in brackets for "belts-and-suspenders" safety in extreme conditions. The passage between stateroom and bridge is constructed as a stout hinged-door companionway, to enhance survivability in extreme conditions, not to mention security peace of mind in general. The engine room is separated from the rest of the craft by a solid bulkhead. And the head access forward could be constructed to offer yet one more watertight volume. From the collision bulkhead at the mainmast to the transom there are thus four full bulkheads, either solid or lockable. A sensible standard policy would secure all doors during night passages and many higher-stress/risk daytime episodes such as crossing a busy shipping lane, inshore maneuvering in unfamiliar quarters, fog navigation, etc. And remember her positive buoyancy!

We have developed a straightforward assembly sequence as demonstrated on the respective diagram:

1) On an ergonomically correct workbench, taking advantage of top-down tool handling and horizontal application of epoxy and even primer and paints, smaller frames and bulkheads are cut and surfaced first to develop efficient working routines on easily replace-

Bolger on Design Fiji

Design #662 - Part 2

able items. These items are stored in reverse order to plausible assembly sequence. If necessary a work-surface is prepared to assemble the hull on. Also three wooden gantries on casters are to be assembled with stock hand-winches and track to match maximum lifting loads.

2) After assembling a jig curved to respective panels' curvature, these next larger panels, here the 40' long two raised deck and then two hull sides, are assembled full surfaced, and using the gantries lifted up and stored on edge in a rack alongside the jig.

3) Adjusted again for its curvature, the massive bottom panel is laminated with final rocker locked in.

4) Bow modifications are applied next, glassed, and final surfacing with priming and painting now.

5) Now the gantries will do the only heavy lifting turning over the bottom panel. From now on all assembly is "rightside up".

6 & 7) Now bulkheads, frames and other structural members are erected plumb and true.

8) And again using all three gantries the full length hull side panels are hung.

9) Deckhouse has been erected and heavier items such as engine, batteries, tankage, etc. is installed.

10) Finally, lifted into place by the gantries, both masts are located in their tabernacles. Top down view shows approximate minimum footprint of assembly area. Head-on view shows minimum vertical clearance.

With all major and many minor ply pieces pre-finished either curved over horses or flat on the floor or workbench, a smooth run-less finish is not only possible but within reach without nightmarish weeks spent in sanding purgatory and then life-long sessions with your allergist.

Hull Shape and Comfort at Sea

This is essentially a raised deck sharpie hull with a modified bow section we've developed over many designs, our first sharpie designed in 1954. Whether under sail only or under power whenever necessary, cruising aspirations require a hull that can be driven with low power. For her displacement and necessary habitat volume for her crew, Fiji 38 is a comparatively slender and shallow boat, i.e. has a narrower waterline beam of around 10'9" and minimal draft combined with superior reserve stability.

Her hull's gentle curves minimize drag, make for a reasonably graceful appearance, and are easy to construct stoutly. With the conventional sharpie geometry dramatically improved by the addition of the sharp bow cutwater, her forward motion should require low power input from sail or engine per given speed through a broad variety of wave conditions. And it offers superior thermal performance and reliable durable repairability away from shore support services.

We are basing this hull on a 5 ply sheet hull length (5 x 8' nominal) resulting in a structure just above 38' in length. Underwater her 10' wide bottom is flat right across for maximum load-carrying capability and stability per given beam, while above water her full-length raised deck, plus the physical volume of her house, result in maximum reserve-stability and interior habitable volume on 40 feet. Her sides flare to an even 12-foot wide hull with a waterline beam of around 10'9", on 25" hull draft.

With this WL of about 36' growing to near hull length at speed, her maximum speed under sail or power is around 8 knots. Under power she should be able to maintain 6 knots, producing 150 miles/24 hrs at peak efficiency of 6mpg for a maximum range of up to around 2400nm for a medium distance Atlantic crossing, particularly using light/no wind zones. Using nearly all of her 42hp (heavy duty/continuous rating) stemming tidal currents, exploring up rivers far inland, or avoiding weather hazards should push her to her top speed of about 7 knots at reduced range of somewhere between 1500-1800rpm, all to be confirmed or eventually laughed at afloat... For regular 'uphill' duty on fast rivers a higher-rated drivetrain is doable.

While she is comparatively slender, this hull-shape is not a heavy-rolling type due to its flat midsection over much of her length. On the other hand, any boat, running across the typically uneven surface of large hodies of water, will roll enough to wear out her crew. Under sails she is reasonably stabilized, albeit at the cost of having to accommodate life aboard around varying degrees of monohull-sailing inherent heel.

Level Helm and Seaberth

Therefore, under sail or power, we propose to have the crew spend most sea time in the gimballed helm seat and sea berth and let the vessel roll around them; with the helm seat on the hull's axis of heel a complex fully cardanic suspension would seem unnecessary. The idea, no doubt somewhat unexpected, should not be that alien though with automobile and airplane controls all arranged this way for obvious reasons of ergonomics and safety. We have not worked out all the details for this preliminary study, we will probably lower the seating position to allow for greater all-around view at least at moderate heel but the helm seat would feature foldup arm rests and a re-

clining back, plus at least a lapbelt to avoid injury under potentially catastrophic heeling/rollover conditions (no airbags though...).

The helm seat has a chart table ahead of it for instant reference, while more leisurely navigation exercises of itinerary segments could obviously be performed on the dinette table by both crew. GPS and other navigation black boxes with their displays/controls plus engine instruments are mounted overhead or on axis straight ahead. To allow instant standing up at the helm, the wheel tilts to port to clear unstrained standing room, when standing up would seem more comfortable. There is always the auxiliary helm on the afterdeck for a different "feel" in tighter quarters, foggy conditions, etc.

The two curved observer seats to port and starboard of helm would allow the second person to curl up while within direct reach of helm to assist. Or one would be at the helm while the other would rest in the gimbaled seaberth swinging over the dinette at sea, stored upside-down out of the way in port; the masterberth would be less suitable due to its bow location. With both on the bridge, both will be within immediate earshot of each other for instant assistance or just hanging out. All this, thoroughly worked out, will allow using the boat's motion to keep fit physically fit, working out from bracing body against the motion when not at the helm or in the seaberth, but would not allow it to wear you out with constant strains, less restful sleeping due to constant heel, etc.

Fiji 38's directional stability comes from a combination of a smooth-acting buoyant bow, long gently curved hard chines, the good sized off centerboard, her stout skeg and the solid twin rudders hung on her transom. The balanced rudders, while of large surface/lateral plane area, are in principle still reasonably light to handle. But due to the short afterdeck, direct tiller-steering seems less desirable without eating up all the room out there with a full-length tiller. Rather, hydraulic steering would allow two steering station controls, with a direct acting whip-staff on the afterdeck acting as emergency tiller after failure of the hydraulics. The rudders are 3" thick and stocked to shrug off groundings and occasional impact from flotsam. Under power, with rudders hard over and the drive unit at its maximum angle of 30 degrees, the boat can likely be turned in around 1.5 times her own length, depending on position of the centerboard.

The ballast and water, and consumable loads such as fuel and foodstuffs, are placed where they have minimum effect on her trim. In terms of permanent weight down low, apart from her 2" thick bottom and her dedicated ballast of 6700lbs/3040kg spread out under her belly in the form 1" steel plate, she carries well over 3500lbs of good sized battery banks for serious electrical endurance between charging from the engine. Combined both amount to just above 10,000lbs of dedicated permanent ballast or 36% permanent ballast ratio. She can take on potable water and then retain it as wastewater to add 1,250lbs of ballast should it matter in heavy weather conditions. Furthermore, at least heading out, she'll add around 2,850lbs of diesel ballast. All these consumables add up to a combined total temporary ballast ratio of 52%, plus whatever other supplies, gear, spares etc. you would carry in her hold.

Finally, she has a lifeboat type range of

stability, accomplished as it is in lifeboats by assuring reliable buoyancy high above the center of gravity. Though many of her weights are not carried extremely low, all the major items are well below the center of buoyancy at any angle up to bottom up.

Survival Issues

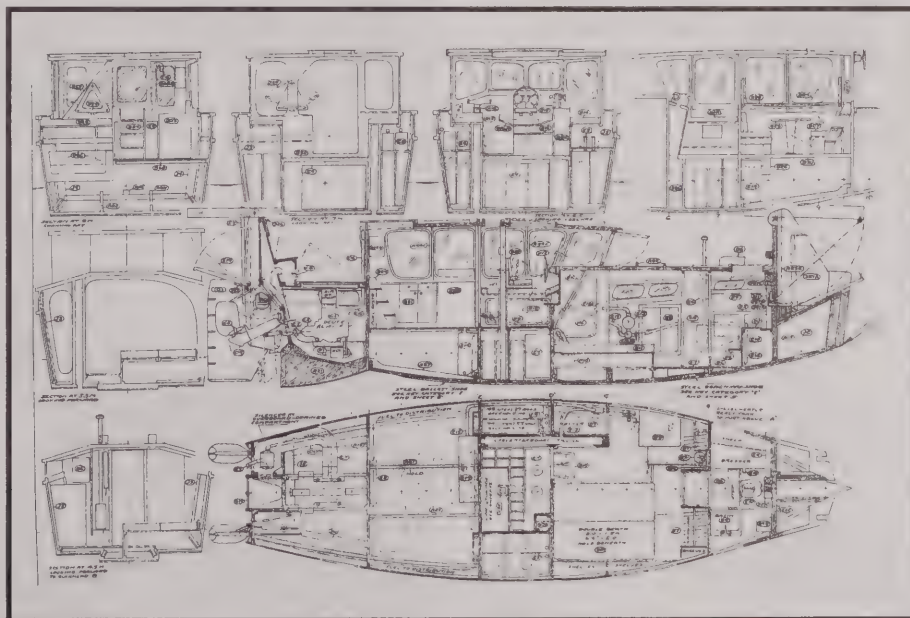
Roll Overs & Pitchpoling: She is not as liable to roll overs or pitchpoling as some cruisers, because she is lighter and shallow relative to her buoyancy even when fully loaded, that with the board up in most nasty

conditions offshore she will be able to frequently skitter away from a breaking sea, "moving with the punches" as there is nothing deep down there to trip her at surfing speeds or in broaching conditions. If she is rolled down, or over, she should recover instantly. Cabin ventilation, rig controls, and engine air intakes and exhausts, are designed on centerline with this worst case scenario in mind.

With the main furled and controlled just by jib and mizzen, her net tophammer that could contribute to her being rolled by sheer

Specifications

Length on deck: 39.4' (12.08m)
 Length over rudders: 41.8' (12.74m)
 Length over bowsprit and boomkin: 53.4' (16.27m)
 Length overall under sail: 58.9' (17.95m)
 Length WL at rest upright: 34.7' (10.60m)
 Beam overall: 12.1' (3.7m)
 Beam DWL: 10.8' (3.3m)
 Hull draft at DWL: 25" (.63m)
 Draft board down: 6.56' (2.0m)
 Mast height at DWL: 44.3' (13.50m)
 Rig height at DWL: 55.5' (16.9m)
 Min. bridge clearance at DWL: 9.7' (2.95m)
 Displ. at hull draft: 27,600lbs (12.5 metric tonnes)
 Dedicated ballast in steel & batteries: 10,200 lbs (37% permanent ballast ratio)
 Max. fuel weight of 400 US gals: 2,850 lbs (1290 kg)
 Max. potable water weight (most retainable in holding tank): 1,251lbs (567 kg)
 14,300lbs (6478 kg), (52% temporary ballast ratio)
 Provisions, spares, etc. in stowage hold amidships: 100+cf
 Fuel full-to-empty: Approx. 1" deep & light of DWL, i.e. 2" total
 Net positive buoyancy: 7,500lbs+ for sinking resistance
 Engine: Deutz F3L101 IF air/oil cooled diesel, 42hp @ 3000rpm
 Transmission: 1.5:1 reduction gear
 Sonic Cat-Drive w/ 31.5" (800mm) shaft drop, 14"x 10" x 15" x 9" pitch 3-blade propeller
 Diesel tankage: 400 gals (1,510 liters)
 Water tankage: 150 gals (567 liters)
 Holding tankage: 200 gals (756 liters)
 Battery capacity: 3914ah @ 12v in 2 6x12v banks, i.e. up to 1900ah useable for up to 1,500 total cycles: 1-1.5kw/day for 2 weeks plus 5x75w solar panels
 Estimated top speed under power at 3000 rpm: around 7.0 knots
 Estimated economical cruising speed: 6.0 knots@ 1,800/1,200 rpm (prop) @ 6mpg
 Estimated nominal range @ 6 knots: 2400nm+ in 16+ days.
 Plus 2 hard dinghies for sail, power & survival



momentum coming off a wave on a wrong angle is dramatically less than on conventionally rigged masts which always tower to full height and drag no matter how small the set storm sails.

In anticipation of inescapable hurricane conditions offshore, lowering the mainmast while the seas are still very moderate would reduce her drag and depth of roll even further, using just the mizzen, plus a flat storm staysail off it, in combination with diesel power should keep her controllable while maneuvering, and most likely while laying to a drogue.

Collisions/Hull-Breaches: For worst case scenarios such as collisions and hull breaches, she has five reliably lockable compartments. Should the wheelhouse transparencies be breached this compartmentation should secure survival, with the free water draining into the centerboard trunk rather than into the engine room or the cabin. Dropping her mainsail would be next to keep her from staggering while the water drains, keeping control with jib and mizzen, plus diesel power.

Sinkings versus Positive Buoyancy: She offers enough wooden structure, insulation foam, plus dedicated buoyancy foam to remain

afloat even if fully flooded throughout all of her compartments. The wood structure of Fiji would float about 3200lbs besides its own weight, reckoning fir plywood at 36lbs per cubic foot. Items with negative buoyancy including the ballast shoe, engine and drive train, batteries, anchors and chain, starter battery and tools, and miscellaneous weights, aggregate about 11,000lbs, requiring over 7,800 pounds plus a reasonable margin for error to make sure she will not sink even if completely flooded. This is to be in the form of 3lbs/cf foam (much of which also has an insulating function besides its buoyancy; if less dense foam is used for all or part of it, the margin of safety is greater).

Varying fuel or water-tank levels could, properly plumbed, be counted as additional buoyancy chambers, as tanks typically don't remain full for long, with buoyant air displacing near buoyancy neutral water or already lighter than saltwater diesel fuel for further help to float the craft's steel ballast, batteries, diesel propulsion weight and ground tackle. We'd put a turn off valve in the tank vent lines, readily accessible from the within the house to de facto (but only temporarily) seal the tanks

when not consuming contents and sailing in dicey conditions/waters where the last safety measure taken purposefully might calm the nerves and actually enhance her/your survival chances.

Fire: This would leave fire as the worst hazard for her structural survival and thus survival platform for her crew. She can be equipped and lived aboard without the necessity to use open-flame cooking, or relying upon heavier than air gas, such a propane. Well fused, gauged, and switched battery capacity should discourage regular use of candles and kerosene lamps aboard, carried aboard only for emergencies, or an evening of romance, and used with a wary eye. Cooking electrically works on land, the road, in the air and of course afloat.

Two Hard Dinghies: Both are intended to have positive buoyancy, sail, power, or oars for progress with the larger intended as the lifeboat with built-in survival attributes always on hand onboard.

In the third and last installment on Fiji in the next issue we'll discuss her rig, her load carrying capabilities, and her mechanical systems for drive plumbing etc.

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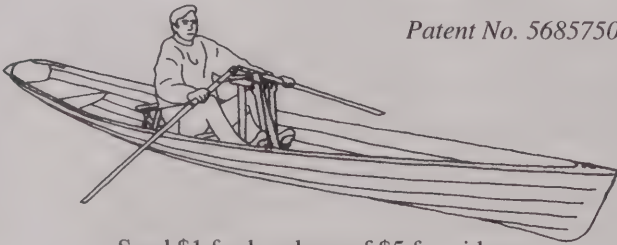
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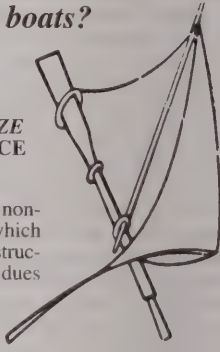
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In the Scuzbum Workshops

Reprinted from *Scuzbum News*, Newsletter of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society

Jeff recently completed his third substantial boatbuilding project (personal project, that is, not connected with his work at the San Diego Maritime Museum) in the past six years

Harrier Yawl - Jeff Saar



or so. This latest one is a 17' lug yawl design by Rhode Island designer Antonio Dias, called the Harrier. It is a double-ended, glued-lap-strake hull, with a fully-battened, high-aspect lug rig. Jeff had admired for some time the distinctive, modern lug-rigged yawls of English designer Nigel Irens, but if he was ever to own such a craft, he needed to find a smaller, more affordable version. Tony Dias provided it in a design commissioned by Ben Fuller, small boat curator of the Mystic Seaport Museum. Jeff bought the plans and built it in about ten months.

Sadly the ScuzBums will see her only in photographs, and she's only a memory even for Jeff. Shortly after completion, Jeff was participating in her first cruise with others on the Sacramento River delta, the annual Gunkholing Trip sponsored each June by the San Francisco Maritime Museum. While there he received word of an offer to buy the boat, which he soon accepted, and now she's gone. She was purchased by a movie production company, to appear in the upcoming film adaptation of *The Far Side of the World*, one of Patrick O'Brian's series of novels of the British Navy in the age of sail. Be assured that Jeff was sufficiently compensated to take away some of the sting of parting so soon with his lovely creation.

Kim Apel needs another boat, or another project, like he needs a hole in the head, but this hasn't stopped him yet. His latest boat (and last, he vows) is a real find, though.

First a little background. Bums who have been around awhile know how Annie Kolls acquired a rare Australian racing skiff of uncertain origins, dug into its history, connected with old skiff sailors in Australia, and ended up sending it back there. It's now in a mu-

Finn Dinghy - Kim Apel

seum collection in Melbourne, part of the sailing heritage of Australia, a gift from our very own ScuzMum. Annie originally received that boat as a gift, from Scuzbum Elmer Lowry of Bandon, Oregon, with the only condition that she care for it and sail it.

Unbelievably, Elmer has owned and now given away two rare sailboats, and Kim now has the second one, a Finn Class dinghy, built in Hillegersberg, Holland and thought to have been sailed by the Dutch team at the 1952 Helsinki Olympics. The Finn class is a 14'-9" cat rigged high-performance dinghy. The ubiquitous Laser could be said to be an updated, more economical version of the Finn (though still inferior, accord to Finnatics), though the prestigious Finn is still actively raced in the Olympics.

Kim made a 2,000 mile round trip to Oregon in May to retrieve the boat. Despite its 50 years, it was well cared for by Elmer, and it's in remarkably good shape. It was displayed, with its original cotton sail, at the San Diego Wooden Boat Festival in June. With a few minor repairs the Finn will be in sailable condition for its ScuzBum debut at the Giant Messabout. For this dinghy to look her best, however, a restoration effort will be undertaken later.



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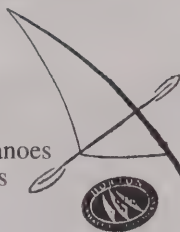
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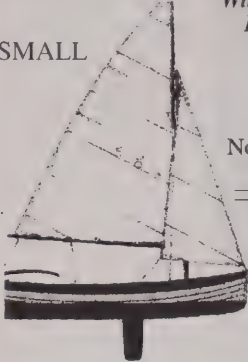
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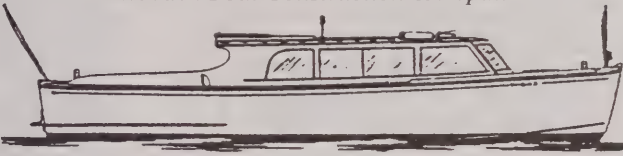



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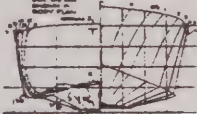
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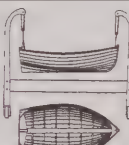
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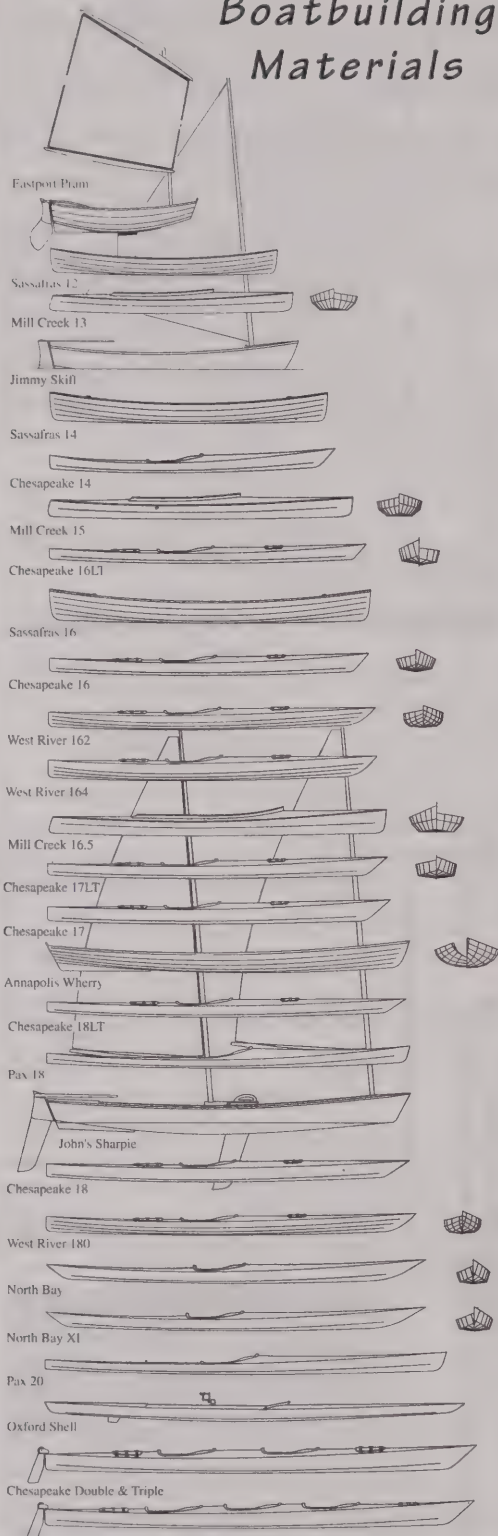
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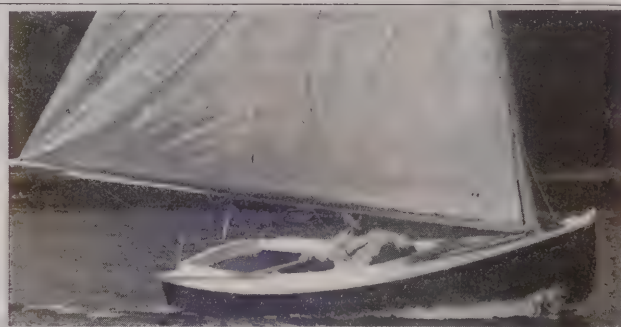


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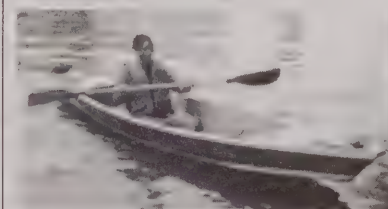


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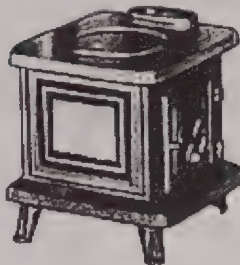
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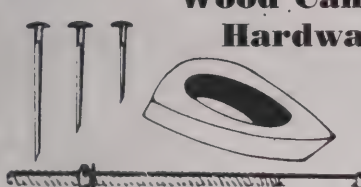


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12' Mixer Prototype, design by Jim Michalak, blt '96, fine sailing skiff. 70sf balanced lug rig, fore & aft hatches, custom fitted cover, oars. Vy gd cond. Compl \$750. W/custom fitted galv trlr new in '96 \$975. **10' Sea Shell Dinghy**, Fred Shell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

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



'30s Ventnor 14' Hydroplane, 2 seater gentlemen racer, extremely rare 3rd oldest known Ventnor, compl restored 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)



At First Light, beautifully blt Swiftly14, 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)

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)

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)

21' Dovekie, #135 Edey & Duff '86. Original green Awlgrip hull, never bottom painted, exc cond throughout. Spruce spars, '92 Tohatsu 3.5hp OB w/ Edey & Duff gunwale bracket, Mataflex grating, hard & soft hatches, all canvas incl back porch and spar covers, 9' Shaw & Tenney oars, Bruce anchor, custom cockpit cushions, misc extras. \$5,900. BRIAN FORSYTH, Solomons, MD, (443) 804-6439, <brforsyth@comcast.net> (12)

15'6" Swampscott Style Rowing Dory, FG w/ painted fir trim & pine seats. Flotation, bottom oak rub strakes. 2yrs old, 125lbs. \$800. TONY OWEN, Cape Elizabeth, ME, (207) 767-2345. (12)

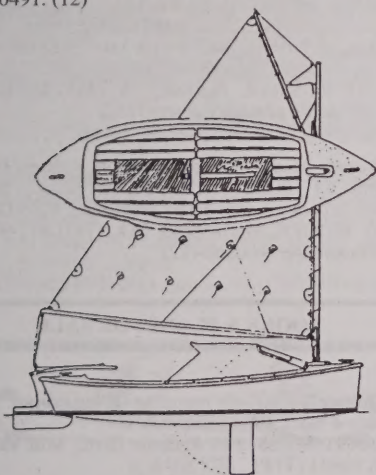


27' L.F.Herreshoff Sloop Prudence, FG. New main, 7.5hp Honda 4-stroke & 9.9 British Seagull, like new. New paint, dark blue hull, white cabin trunk, red bootstripe, gold cove stripe. New cushions. Teak & holly sole. Halyards handled from cockpit. FG dinghy. In water, ready to cruise. \$5,700. AL FITTIPALDI,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

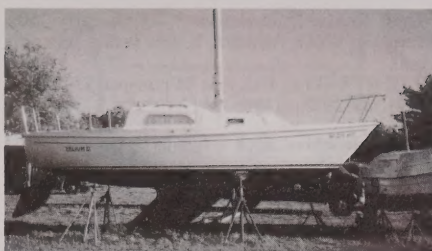
'42 Cape Cod Knockabout, LOA 18', dk green hull. Well kept, fast, rare & beautiful. EZ Load trlr. \$3,600. Located Charlestown, RI. Email for photos. CYNTHIA GUILD, Wilbraham, MA, (413) 596-5036, (413) 348-7535. <clcp799@aol.com> (11)

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)

Bolger 16' Storm Petrel, '02 w/spritsail & daggerboard. Epoxy over marine ply. \$300. BOB WILLIAMS, Wallingford, CT, (203) 265-0491. (12)



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)



Pearson 26, '81. Exc cond. Exc price. Sailed on fresh water, then stored out of the water for several years. A fast, stable, quality boat. Cruiser model w/ dinette. Sleeps 5 in perfect classic interior. Quick sale by 2 boat owner. \$4,900. DAVID QUIGG, Lexington, MA, (781) 862-6023. (12)



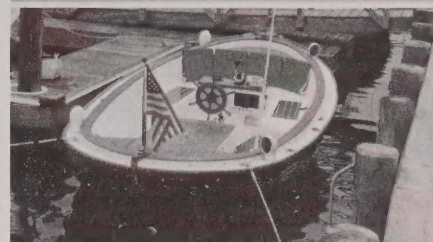
Sea Pearl 21 Trimaran, '95. Illness forces sale of my fully loaded 21' trimaran. More than \$21,000 invested, will sell for \$17,500. Can be seen in Tarp Springs, FL. TOM BROOKS, New Port Richey, FL, (727) 843-9361. (12)

16' Gloucester Gull Light Dory, grt cond, blt '74. Bright interior finish. \$500. STEVE KELLY, Wethersfield, CT, (860) 529-7517, lv message. (12)

Bolger Micro, partially complete hull, nds deck & paint. Masts made, sails professionally made, keel poured. Misc small parts also. Teak available for trim. New house, too many projects. \$750 OBO. GREG WATSON, Anacortes, WA, (360) 588-865, <watsongs@yahoo.com> (12)

Grumman Sportboat, old style 15' aluminum, perfect combination hunting/fishing boat. \$600. FRANK LIGGETT, Raleigh, NC, (919) 782-0094. (12)

16' Adirondack Guideboat, blt 1898. Premium builder (John Blanchard), exceptional provenance (2-3 owners, maintenance by the builder through WWII), all accessories. The boat is strong & ready to use, w/no history of damage or visible repair work. Even the original kick-plates are in good shape. Painted blue out, green in. \$9,500 firm for timely sale. **'79 Dracombe Lugger**, Jack Holt sails, Cox trailer, all in exc cond, incl teak rails, transom return, partner, & fir floorboards. I've put on Harken camcleats w/fairleads for main & mizzen sheets & CB pendant, & made a half-wishbone boom laminated to the curve of the boat's bulwarks for the main, a sprit-boom for the mizzen, & a bearing-out pole for the jib, which I believe improve the boat's safety & performance. I made a new tiller and fitted a Forespar extension on it which suits me well & installed a lock-box on either side of the cockpit to hold the tiller in any position, when necessary. I'd prefer to sell the boat without the Honda 7.5, which is too big for it anyway. \$5,500. MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624-6398. (12)



18' Sea Otter, '74 by Squadron Yachts. All systems incl fuel tank, lines and filter, electrical and steering, along with Mercruiser 160hp engine & outdrive new 1994. Standard Horizon VHF and Depth. Full mooring cover, dock lines, 2 anchors, cushions, lifejackets, etc. Lots of teak trim, considered prettiest boat in marina. I have owned the boat since 1995 & used it July and August each year. Has been stored inside each winter & professionally maintained. Growing family requires a larger boat. Located Avalon, NJ. Asking \$10,900. FRED BLUEFELD, King of Prussia, PA, (610) 337-3736 eves, <merryweather@erols.com> (12)

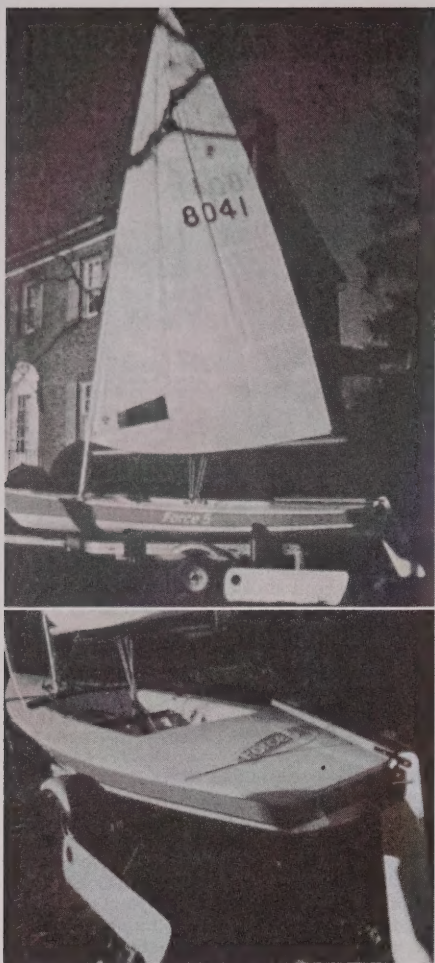
Klepper II, 2 seat folding kayak frame, '70s. No skin or storage bags. Compl assy w/seats, rudder & pedals. All aluminum fittings. I originally planned to build my own folding boat but abandoned the project. The wooden parts have some rot & warpage but may be used as templates. The rudder, seats & rudder pedals are a particularly good value to a builder. The aluminum assembly fittings are unique and would be good replacement parts for the Klepper owner. Visit www.westernfoldingkayak.com to get an idea of these parts first. I don't want to part out. \$200 takes all. GAYLE SMITH, 180 Gardner Ave., New London, CT 06320-3054, (860) 439-1799, <mailbox *3> or <gsmith29@snet.net> (12)

'77 Ensenada 20 Esprit, Lyle Hess design. Swing keel, 18" draft. Sound boat. Nds cosmetics. No OB. Wired trailer is sound w/new tail lights, has bearing buddies and 10' tongue extension (you don't get your feet wet launching!) See <http://www.dcw.com/~nybarra/Anungoday.html> for compl description of the boat type. \$750. GEORGE HILLIKER, Elkmont, AL, <hilliker@ardmore.net> (12)

28' Samurai Sloop, Eldredge-Mcinnis design. \$10,000. 4 bunks, head w/tank, OB mount. Lots of room below. 4 sails (main, jib, genoa, spinnaker). Blt. '59. Dble planked mahogany. Sailed out of Wiscasset, ME. Grt boat. Moving to smaller craft. Exchange for cash or smaller boat (20' plus or minus) on new or near-new trailer, something like a Cape Dory Typhoon would be suitable or? *Sea Eagle* is located near Skowhegan, ME off-season. DOC CASS, c/o 81 HCR, Wellington, ME 04942, (207) 683-2435, <edeshea@tdstelm.net> (12)



Bob's Special 15' Cedar-Strip Canoe, blt '96-'97. Newfound Woodworks kit. Northern white cedar w/ pine/red cedar accents. Ash gunwales, ash/cherry deck, ash stem w/bass stem band. \$1,500. BOB ROSS, Hillsboro, OH, (937) 393-4959, <bross@earthlink.net> (12)



14' Force5, blt by Weeks Yacht Yard. Hand laid FG constr, beautiful mahogany brightwork. 3 pc alum tapered mast, high perf boom, compl Harken traveler system & block package, Ronstan x-10 tiller ext, high perf FG foils w/kickup rudder, cam & cam cleat, sail adjustment points, top quality line package. Sails by North Sails New Jersey. Off white deck, custom color hull. Always stored indrs, kept polished, absolutely like new. Sells new today for \$4,300. 140lbs easily car topped. Snap to rig w/3-part mast & ltwt board & rudder. Wonderful day sailer or racer. Compl outfitted to Force5 class rules. \$2,800.
DAVID McLEAN, Frederick, MD, (301) 662-6754, <drmclean@webtv.net> (12)

23' Birdwatcher, '96 Phil Bolger design. Lauan mahogany ply w/1" marine fir bottom w/West System @ epoxy, SS fittings. Professionally blt. Galv trlr, 3.5hp Chrysler OB, porta-potti, oars, row box/seat, many extras. All in gd cond. A ltwt shallow draft cabin/cockpit sailboat, one of Bolger's favorite designs. Asking \$3,900.
STEPHEN ANDERSEN, Estes Park, CO, (970) 586-2787. (12)

Work or Fishing Boat; hvy guage welded former patrol boat, restored in primer. \$5,000. **8' Sailing Dinghy**, hand laid FG. \$695. **Sailboard**. \$200. **Escape Mambo**, in box. \$1148. **15' Mad River Canoe**, Royale sample. \$639. **20' Wooden Sailing Canoe**. \$1,600. **Kayaks**, many used.
FERNALD'S, Rte. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (12)

BOATS WANTED

AMF Alcott Minifish.
AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

Wood Boats, from the late '40s & early '50s. Morpheus, Willis, Ashburn, Yellow Jacket, most any cond.
ALBERT SNELL, P.O. Box 841, Jasper, TX 75951, (409) 384-2938. (11)

Small Houseboat, such as GP-16 by Betts, or Aqua Casa by Berkeley Engineering.
JIM MUNSON, Scottsdale, AZ, (480) 585-0051. (11)

Stonington Pulling Boat, will consider alternatives.
DOUG GRAY, Easton, MD, (410) 822-5474, <pupymutt1@aol.com> (12)

Used Alden Appledore 16, or similar craft for recreational rowing.
TOM HORTON, Northampton, MA, (413) 586-2245, <hortons@attbi.com> (12)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

White Poly tarp Sail Kits. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required.
DAVE GRAY, 22 Sunblest Ct., Fischers, IN 46038, (317) 915-1454. (17P)

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, <snzort@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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"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat" Bumper Sticker, \$2.00 ea, add \$1 postage for up to 20. Call for prices on T Shirts & Coffee Mugs too!
SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009, www.southportislandmarine.com. (TFP)

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

New Johnson Outboards, closing out stock. 25hp in box. \$2,000. 6hp in box. \$920. Others at closeout prices.
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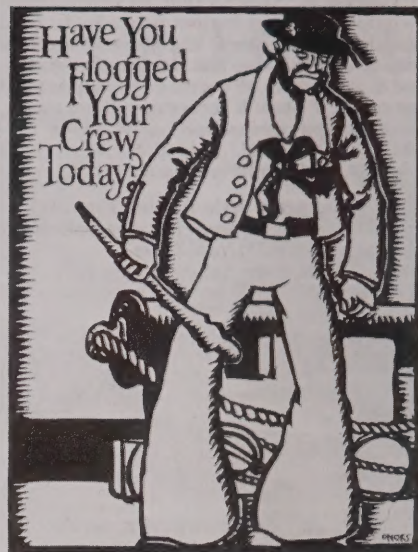
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NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <nors@loa.com>, www.norsgear.com (TFP)

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

Boatbuilding Lumber, Philippine mahogany rough sawn approx as dimensioned. 4pcs 1" x 7-7/8" x 8'4". Lot \$145. 4pcs 1" x 9-13/16" x 16'4". Lot \$325.
RALPH J. ELLIS, 384 Rt. 87, Columbia, CT 06237, (860) 228-3178. (12)

Nicro Day & Night, 4" solar battery vent P/N N20504S, brand new in box. \$80. **Silva 70UN Compass**, hand bearing/bulkhead/deck mount w/2 mounting brackets, exc cond, not weathered, clear dome, no bubbles. \$45. Davis Mk. 25 Sextant, w/ case, little use, exc cond. \$75.
MIKE RUSSELL, Norfolk, VA, (757) 423-0387, <mirusell@mindspring.com> (12)

Okoume Marine Grade Plywood, 8 sheets (4x8) 9mm (3/8") thick. For a boat I'm not going to build. Sold as package way below wholesale. \$295 OBO.
JAY MOORE, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-9454, <jkmoore@erols.com> (12)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

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

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar... Change address to: Nancy M. Ashenfelter, 2601 Creekside Ln., Anacortes, WA 98221

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)



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>
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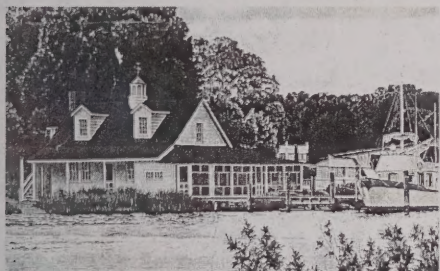
BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

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)

Small Boat Journal, #21 & #23 to compl set. Cash
or trade.
BRIAN FORSYTH, Solomons, MD, (443)
804-6439, <brforsyth@comcast.net> (12)

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SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040
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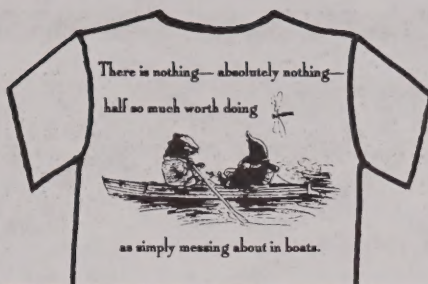


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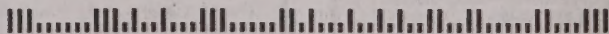
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