

Special Features This Issue
"Boat Fest 2002" - "A November Cruise"
"Fast Food" - "Forty Hour Dinghy"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 12

November 1, 2002

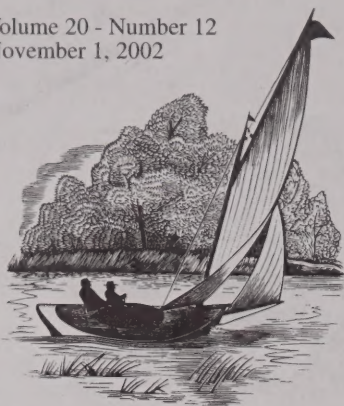


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messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



During the last week in September, my friend Charlie and I took a break from our weekly tandem bicycle riding to go kayaking in my Seda Tango double sea kayak. We were joined by Amanda, captain of the schooner *Ernestina*, who was taking a busman's holiday from her skippering duties. Our outing was along the western shore of our Massachusetts north shore's Cape Ann, the backside of historic Gloucester. It is a rocky shoreline with several coves and a mix of shorefront housing that goes back over 100 years, and extended open spaces belonging to those with no economic imperative to break up their ancestral estates.

Charlie is a quadraplegic who has sufficient use of his arms and upper body muscles to be able to paddle. However, as he cannot grip the paddle shaft with his hands, he has fabricated a set of brackets which he mounted on the paddle shaft so located that he can wedge his hands between the brackets and the shaft and thus be able to paddle.

The Tango cockpits are far enough apart on its 21' length that it is not necessary to synchronize paddling. During the years when Jane and I paddled this worked out nicely, as I could maintain my paddling pace regardless of Jane's need to rest from time to time or slow down when she began to tire. This was especially helpful on several outings heading into strong headwinds requiring me to dig in hard and steady in order to make any headway.

This same independence of paddling pace and power works for the mismatch of my normal upper body strength and Charlie's more limited capability. He takes frequent short breaks to recoup while I continue on paddling maintaining our momentum. We get along nicely and on this day with a light northeast wind blowing down the coast and the attendant small waves, it was an easy outing.

This was only my second kayaking outing this summer, last spring Charlie and I paddled with friends on Cape Cod's Waquoit Bay. The long hiatus in between was due mostly to our choosing to ride the tandem bi-

cycle on our weekly day out, and also to my involvement this summer on rehabbing my deceased parents' house next door readying it for rent.

While my sisters and I hired family carpentry and painting contractors for the major work, I am doing all the small stuff you cannot get a contractor to even call back about; replumbing and rewiring the new bathroom layout, installing a new hot water heater and new kitchen counter stove setup, and all the detail stuff like outside lights, gutter and downspout replacements, new window sash, new storm doors and combination windows, patching the flagstone/brick front porch floor, on and on ad infinitum.

So going paddling was again a day of rediscovery, of being reminded again how pleasant kayaking can be with friends. With all the great protected water within a few miles of me, both inland fresh water lakes, ponds and streams, and Massachusetts' largest salt marsh estuarine area behind the Plum Island National Wildlife Refuge, and the convoluted craggy granite coastline and its numerous harbors and coves you'd think I'd be out there every chance I could get.

But, I'm not. This happens with other pleasant avocations, including winter time spent in my shop, when all I have to do is walk across my backyard to the barn, fire up the woodstove and go to work on the favored project of the moment. Every day things seem to come up demanding attention and the thought of taking another day away to play is just not to be entertained. The days, weeks and months pass when suddenly a moment arrives to renew old acquaintance.

Complicating all this is the multiplicity of avocations I have chosen to pursue. Too many while maintaining this ongoing publication venture. I should choose one and concentrate upon it. But there they are, all lined up like a banquet buffet and how deos one choose to fill the limited space on one's plate? Why too many? Times running out and so much yet to be savored in so little time.

Looking Ahead...

Tony Davis brings us his annual report on the "Arey's Pond Cat Gathering"; and Chuck Durgin presents a short report on the "National Class C Sailing Canoe Championship Drifting Match".

Robb White has another double header with "Natural Dangers of the Coastal Regions of the Southeastern U.S." and "Two-Part Paint"; George Story recalls a father and son adventure in "Haul Out Day"; Nick Scheuer offers another look at cruising Lake Superior in "True North's Golden Thoroughfare"; and Bob and Julie Nelsen continue their "Pinch Penny Cruising in a Peep Hen" series with a "Savannah Adventure".

Sharon Brown is back with another insight into John Gardner and his work in "John Gardner's Green Machine...Cadillac for the Proletariat"; Walter Staples enlarges upon a review of his book about Newfoundland with supplementary correspondence in "The North Bay Narrative"; Bill Marsano has a look at movie makers' inadequacies in attempting to present maritime subjects in "Sins at Sea"; and Sam Overman describes an innovative elevator for getting stuff up there on your boatbuilding projects in "Lifter Lightens Ladder Loads".

Phil Bolger & Friends have yet to weigh in with their regular design feature, but there will be one.

On the Cover...

On a recent rowing trip, Gunnar Seigh took shelter from the wind in a protected cove and found himself right there in "The Wind in the Willows".

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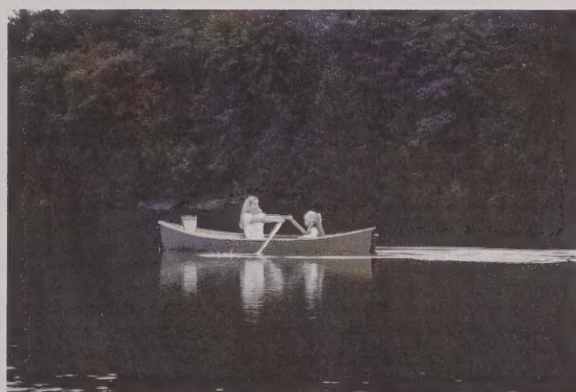
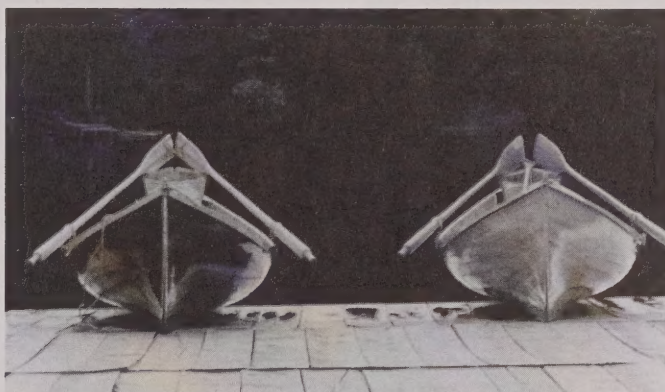
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"It is 5:15 a.m. I am rowing
my Steve Kaulback
Adirondack Guide Boat off
the coast of Cape Cod. The
waters are glassy. My prow
slices the surface. I disturb
several diving cormorants. I
am transfixed. I am in touch.
I am human. Great stuff. Trust
me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



"By all rights, this boat shouldn't be as fast,
or as fun, as it is. After all, it's just a rowboat.
But one pull on the long flexible oars will tell
you that this is no ordinary rowboat ... This
sprightly wooden craft that is so right for our
time is actually a relic of the past. It's a piece
of boating history whose time has come and
gone - and come again. Get behind the oars
of one and you'll know what we mean. Truly,
these are boats you can hug."

Popular Mechanics

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Simmons Sea-Skiff Expo 2002

Simmons Sea-Skiff owners Tommy Robbins and Alex Slaunwhite put together a great Simmons Sea-Skiff Expo 2002 at Oak Island, NC, in mid-September. There were 27 original and 7 reproduction boats there. There were examples of 18', 20', and 22' models among the boats built from the plans I made for Cape Fear Museum. Most of the boats were in the water. Kemp and Jenn brought my boat perhaps the longest distance by water, though there were two other boats from Pages Creek there.

Tommy and Alex are already planning for next year.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Adventures & Experiences...

Robb Saw Them

I saw that little Peep Hen that Julie and Bob Nelsen sailed over to our island in their story in the October 1 issue when I went up there to the harbor to get my mail. I thought it was a wonderful thing and imagined what all those folks would discover and might have made some suggestions but they were not at the boat (must have been up there inspecting the VW vans and the Yacht Club). Too bad because it looks like they didn't discover anything but those things and Julia Mae's. They didn't realize that one of the two rivers (the New River) that come together to form the Carrabelle River is completely uninhabited for its whole length and the other one (the Crooked River) only has one or two houses and them right at the junction. Oh well, I guess they were in a hurry.

About that computer gibberish from reader Chris Gray, I think I have a pretty good example, if I can get this thing to print it for you. A combination of Japanese and gibberese is an awful thing.

"Setup the Printing Grace as (right end), it will be printed in the highest resolution of the printer. It may not operate correctly by the availability of a physical memory and spool file creation space. Although it changes with the power of PC, that it takes processing time other than the case of the other printing grace. OK?"

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

The Cruise

"Charlie, the ship is sinking!"

"Madeline, it is a big ship."

"Charlie, the steward is going up and down the hallways, calling people to come to the deck for manning and womanning of the lifeboats."

"Madeline, if all the fat people on this boat go to the top decks we will list precariously to one side or another. Some of us need to stay down below to balance the boat."

"Charlie, I'm not going to drowned down here in this cramped stateroom."

"Madeline, do you want to drowned outside in all that water?"

"Charlie, how can you sit here while the ship is sinking and all our new cruise friends

are getting in the lifeboats?"

"Madeline, it takes a long time for a big ship like this to fill up with water. Remember when I tried to sink that rowboat by bailing water into it?"

"Charlie, you are ruining our perfect cruise with your insistence on staying down here with the ship sinking."

"Madeline, because I decline to go day boating in small boats?"

"No, Charlie, because you are obstinate."

"Madeline, take your life jacket with you when you go on deck."

"Charlie, are you going to wait until there is water in the hallway?"

"Maybe untill there is some under the bed."

"Obstinate, like all the members of your family."

"Now Madeline, you have always enjoyed most of my family."

"Yes, but I haven't been drowned with any of them before."

"Now Madeline, we are still in the 40' deep harbor channel in a cruise ship that draws 30', so how far can we sink?"

"Oh Charlie, you're wonderful. We aren't going to die here in the briny deep. I won't have to look a grouper in the eye with my last breath of air and settle down at the edge of the reef with the crabbies enfolded in my cellulite. Cruises are wonderful."

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL

Information of Interest...

Another Sloop Rigged Pram

In the interests of education, I thought I might correct a little error in Richard Ellison's article about his Cygnet. He mentions he doesn't know of another sloop rigged pram, and I have to point out that the International Mirror, designed in 1963 with some 70,000 sold since, is sloop rigged, and with a tiny spinaker as well. There is an active class group in the midwest, and dare I say that the US Class and International Class can be found on the internet.

Dana G. Munkelt, San Diego, CA

Editor Comments: We failed to include Richard Ellison's address in his article, and since he invited inquiries for study and building plans, here it is: Richard Ellison, 2418 Denton Hays Rd., Maryville, TN 37803.

About the "Lark"

I read the article about Lark in the April 1 issue with interest. Evidently this was a very active class in the early 20th century. I did find one error however in the article. The Lark design first appeared in the September, October and November issues of *Rudder* in 1898. It may have been put out in "how to" book form in 1905.

In 1899 there were boats being built in Connecticut, California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Minnesota, New York and Mexico. In 1899 boats could be built of under \$40 including sails. It looked like it was a home built project type boat.

Bob Schultz

2003 Calendar Of Wooden Boats Now Available

The 2003 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats, published annually since 1983 by Benjamin Mendlowitz, America's preeminent photographer of wooden boats, is now available.

A graceful pair of Buzzards Bay 25s are featured on this year's cover. There are several schooners, including the 60' *Rebecca* designed by Nat Benjamin, General Patton's *When and If, Yankee*, and the 72' *Lynx*, newly built and with a topsail rig. Power boats include an express cruiser, a picnic boat and a well-kept Western-rigged dragger. Smaller boats are well represented by a Cape Cod catboat, a 16' Herreshoff sailing and rowing boat, a sailing peapod, and the picturesque jolly boat for *Lynx*. There are some lovely sloops to round out the mix, the classic English cutters *Hardy* and *Pesa* racing on the Solent, and the beautiful *Dyon*, designed and built by Luders.

Each month's image, a master study in light, contrast, mood and attention to detail, is accompanied by an insightful and entertaining caption by marine historian Maynard Bray.

The Calendar of Wooden Boats is available at bookstores and chandleries, or directly from NOAH Publications, P.O. Box 14, Brooklin, ME 04616 for \$14.95 + \$4.50s&h. For more information about the calendar and other products featuring the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz, call (800) 848-9663 or access our web site at www.noahpublications.com

Opinions...

Bravo, Bob!

Of course, I'm referring to your "Commentary..." in the August 15th issue. Oh, how I wish I had said it first. In fact, if you have no objections I would like to quote portions in my President's column in our newsletter.

There is a battle going on in my club between the email folks who want our newsletter to be of the electronic kind and those, like yours truly, who still enjoy the smell of ink as I turn the pages. And, like you I "prefer to read my mail in a conventional letter, free from all that online garbage, at a time convenient to me."

I don't feel that magazines and newspapers are in danger of disappearing for the same reason we never got the promised paperless office. People just do not trust the computer. We have a hard time having faith in something we cannot see and feel.

Now that I have finally sat down at the ole PC to write this, I may as well write on another subject. The Raritan River estuary has a long and interesting history. I have always thought that there should be a maritime museum in the area, or a least a group of people interested in preserving and sharing it with others.

I'm sure there must be others who feel the same way and would like to join together to bring it about. Maybe you could print this letter inviting people to contact me. I'll keep you posted.

Thank you again for a great little publication and smell of ink!

Jack Sarhage, 24 Canterbury Ct., Piscataway, NJ 08854

Critical of the Wrongs Afloat

Being a sailor all my life and a CG Auxiliariist makes me critical of the wrongs I see afloat. Here in southwestern Florida we have our share of dopes driving boats of all sizes. Every now and then I have to give way to another sailboat even though I'm on the starboard tack being overtaken by a boat motor sailing.

Ed Mooney, St. James City, FL.

Projects...

300 8th Graders

This past school year Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory gave 300 boys and girls from The School District of Philadelphia the opportunity to understand and explore mistakes, work through frustration and confusion and discover the path of their ideas. The opportunity to learn not memorize. And the gift of knowing you are right through reason.

Once a week their classroom was our South Philadelphia boat shop. Classes of 15 to 40 left the world of abstract answers "in the back of the book" to work through a world of empirical data that would be proven in the end through buoyancy. Two dimensions would need to be transformed into three. Reading comprehension would reveal the next step. Fractions would leap from a slice of pizza to a unit on tape measure. Sixty degrees would need to be cut on a section from a tree.

The first reaction that the boys and girls we work with have to the material put before them is predictable, whether the student is African-American or Caucasian or Asian. Whether they have seven earrings or two, are A students or C students. They see if they can get our instructors to go away by telling us the answer to the question of how many eighths are in an inch is that they already studied fractions. Or maybe we'll leave them alone if they claim not to understand anything.

How long does it take an eighth grade student to build a boat? They always ask that too. And by always we mean every week. Every week until they realize that if they think and try and work together the boat will get built and the project will come to completion.

Success was seen in many different forms as the year progressed. Frustration turned into a sign that maybe there was more to know or another question to ask. Confusion changed from a signal to quit to acceptance of responsibility and accomplishment. Making mistakes stopped meaning failure, and learning was accepted as a process.

Not all 300 boys and girls overcame their frustration and confusion as the project progressed. Some of them continued to feel threatened by our questions and our belief that there is not one boy or girl who comes to build a boat who's not smart enough to succeed in doing so. Building boats was not always fun for them but we know that before they start. The project is challenging. Building a boat does not become easier because you are thirteen rather than fifty.

We will therefore continue to look towards expanding the projects and services this program offers. We look forward as professionals and as an organization to do our part in positively influencing the lives of children. We have learned from children's interest in learning, regardless of the woes of the educational system, that their hunger simply needs

feeding. Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory will continue to offer projects that captivate the interest of boys and girls for as long as we can. Along the way I'm sure they will continue to tell us what they desire to learn about what they are doing.

This school year, thanks to the support from foundations, corporations and generous individuals, the shop will again be full of boys and girls who we will be pushing to realize the amazing things they are capable of and we'll let them see how much they can learn when the adults around them expect more from them. We will continue to provide big challenges and big rewards.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 West Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, www.woodenboatfactory.org, info@woodenboatfactory.org

Trailer Loading Rack

I built this wide flat bottom skiff this past spring. It has three runners on the bottom, a 2"x6" in the middle and 2" outside. The boat is too wide for the trailer I have so I made a raised bed out of 4"x4"s. I cut notches in the 4"x4"s and lined them with UHMW plastic.

The notches accommodate the runners on the boat bottom. This setup works really well. The boat slides on and off very easily. When the wind blows crossways at the ramp that center notch catches the middle runner and keeps the boat aligned until I can tug it onto the trailer.

Paul Mulligan, E. Hampton, NY



Norm's Notes



Leveraging a Capsize

Been fussing over a Jim Michalak design, a la Bolger, of a nice looking little plywood box Jim previously photographed manual righting the Normsboat (a coincidence) standing in a few inches of water. He makes a particular note of the moment arm/leverage offered by the masthead.

Sketched a few ideas as safety is my career field. All manner and means of ropes, underwater drogues, and KISS-style arrived at the idea of a rubber liferaft progressively prying the boat upright. Like this:

As I see it, the onboard inflatable liferaft with operator armed with such as an oar but

This Magazine...

A Letter Every Two Weeks

I was impressed by your own handwritten signature on your renewal notice letter. The personal nature of *MAIB* comes through with every issue, quite unlike anything I have seen, boat oriented or otherwise.

The arrival of each issue is enjoyed more than anything else in the letterbox and read more thoroughly. I still read *Sail* and *WoodenBoat*, sometimes *Sailing* or *Classic Boat* and the odd copy of *Soundings* as it is published in Essex, Connecticut, where lives a dear friend.

But you, my friend, send me a letter every two weeks and it is much appreciated.

Buddy Sharpton, Atlanta, GA

Poets' Corner...

The Mars

Some people went out in a launch and didn't come back, though the shipwright had made a stout boat, it was a calm day, and the bronze nails still held the planks tight on the ribs. The ripples stayed under the boot top. There were plenty of sandwiches, probably with mustard and those ornamented toothpicks in them. The engine, an old make-or-break chuffed reasonably to itself.

It was July. Why did they wait for two hundred feet of water?

I found the Mars in the woods where it washed up in a rainy summer season when the water piled up over the docks and into the cedars. A poplar grew in the engine bed. The dark green paint was peeling; the grey heads of two galvanized nails looked bright against it where a plank had been repaired.

They fished and put a couple of trout in a bucket, the big ones that are just coming back now, that you need steel line and a big piece of lead to get. Someone mentioned the war to end wars as a joke, hard to take it seriously when the view was of Camel's Hump or Giant and the air smelled nothing like trenches.

Lincoln Ross

with a yoke end to position on the mast. Leverage to pull the inflatable in might come from the halyard or added line. If waves roughed up the liferaft, no problem other than wetting. I see no loss of raft positioning. A wave from the right position would be of gigantic help in leveraging the boat.



I read this book because I didn't believe its premise: A man rowing a boat from Brooklyn up the Hudson, around Lake Erie, portaging, connecting with the Ohio, sculling down the Mississippi to New Orleans, across the Gulf of Mexico, up the Atlantic Coast, often in the ocean, finishing the circumnavigation in Brooklyn. And if that wasn't enough, Nat Stone kept on rowing, under the Brooklyn Bridge and on to our nation's most eastern point, Eastport, Maine.

Now I'm a believer. Nat Stone rows day after day, averaging 30-40 miles. Sometimes rowing at night, sometimes resting and visiting with newfound friends. From Brooklyn to New Orleans he carries a tent in his 17' forty pound rowing scull. Each night he has to find a place to stake his tent. By day he lives on Saltines, peanut butter, sardines.

Like William Least Heat Moon's *Blue Highways*, this is a book about the characters Stone meets along the waterways, the challenges of sharing the water with barges, locks, and storms and the uncertainties of locating a safe place to sleep at night. Along the way Stone offers a critique of pollution, SUVs, Florida's million dollar condos, jet skis, two outboard engines, big wake producing, recreational boats that threaten to swamp his rowing skiff. Somehow he keeps his anger in check and keeps rowing, counting out his breathing when frustration or monotony get him down.

Why would a man want to do this? Alone, on waters he hasn't ever seen before? He was twenty years old when he slept in a tent, twenty two before he paddled a canoe. Stone never rowed until he purchased a rowing machine in preparation for this trip.

Stone is as austere as his diet in giving us some clues on how he came to this dramatic turning point in his life, letting go of a life lived teaching on a Zuni Indian reservation and publishing a newspaper written by his students.

"I'd been treading water, wondering what was next, and waking up in the morning had become more of a habit than an opportunity. Days were becoming forgettable...It was time to derail the train, jump off...In a culture of



Book Review

On The Water: Discovering America In A Rowboat

By Nathaniel Stone
Broadway Books, New York, NY 2002
Reviewed by McCabe Coolidge

acquisition and enlargement, I felt an impulse to stop, step back, observe, and live by my wits and material minimums."

No divorce nor death of a loved one, no downsizing, no twelve step program of recovery, just a simple need to live life according to the motion of the waters, the shape of the weather, the positioning of the blade into the water and pulling, one stroke after another. Stone purposely had no timetable, itinerary. His destination was thousands of miles away. A future he faced backward, slowly saying goodbye to a life of planning ahead.

Stone breaks his journey into two parts. Brooklyn to New Orleans, a few months rest and then around the Gulf of Mexico and northward. By the time he reaches New Orleans he is ready for a different sort of vessel. One that he can sleep in, reducing the anxiety of being tired and looking for a place to stay. He spends a few months scouting around, visiting family in Massachusetts and then suddenly finds the boat he wants in Ontario. He drives straight through without a break and takes possession of a 17' molded lapstrake fiberglass rowboat with more than enough space to sleep at night. This new vessel, named *Hello Boat*, weighs 130lbs; a needed heft in facing the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean.

I recently sold my rowing shell after a 15

year love affair of being on the water, skimming into dawn, creating circular spins of water, ripples of wake, moving, moving, moving. One day, as an experiment I rowed my wood and fiberglass vessel across a 13 mile lake and back. At the far shore, I went for a swim, drenching my sweaty body for a moment of pleasure, kneading my numbed butt as I swam underwater. After drinking a pint of water, I rowed back, slowly and painfully. Never again, I told myself, scuttling a plan to row in a marathon in Chicago. I returned, gratefully, to a two hour row, three times a week. In this account, Stone never once complains of a sore posterior or blisters or the scalding summer heat, nor loneliness, nor the sameness of a boring diet.

I have been considering a long distance sail from my home in North Carolina, up the Hudson, into Lake Erie and around, much like Stone's. But missing in my daydreaming is passion. For years I ran marathons, powered by a surging in my body around the 13 mile mark. Only once in all those long distance runs did I "hit the wall". Passion ruled. Now I am waiting for its return before I pull the anchor and set sail.

So I am left with some wonderings after reading *On The Water*. Missing in this story is a reflection of missing friendships, a partner, his "old life", even inklings about a new life. These interior meanderings mean much to me as I continue to sort out the vagaries of my life and the direction it is taking. So often I have rowed or run as a way of working my way through a personal crises. Afterward I would sit down and write.

But not Stone. He doesn't seem powered by passion nor the need for the sorting out of an interior life. His is a life about birds, boats and the intriguing people met along the way. His readers are not treated with a burst of insights nor subtle reflection at the dawn of a new day on the water. How come? I have to conclude that the simplicity of a life fully lived has draped his physicality and spirituality for the length of this journey. He was ready for a change and he wandered into the waters of North America, pulling, releasing, pulling, day by day. That seemed to be sufficient, enough.

But there is a hint that something was bubbling. Of this 321 page book, only 100 pages are devoted to the voyage from New Orleans to Eastport, Maine. Much to my disappointment, he skips across my home state of North Carolina from Southport to Elizabeth City not commenting on the splendid wilderness of the barrier islands, the accents of the outerbankers, the ease of catching fish, digging clams. His story hurries on while he rows up the east coast. Maybe he did come to a conclusion about his life? After pulling his boat ashore, he returns to landlocked Zuni.

Stone's journey is a remarkable accomplishment. This is not a book about rowing but a story of the waterways that most of us never see from water level. We drive cars across bridges he has rowed under. Scan maps, our fingers following the Mississippi to the Gulf but we have no clear picture what it's like sitting in a small boat going through a lock with a barge three football fields long. Nor the surprise of a great blue heron or kingfisher heralding the approach of a boat, its oars flanking sidewise, a man facing backwards, listening, balancing, occasionally turning, looking forward but only for a glimpse of the next bend in the river. A future full of possibility.



The Visual Approach

By John Hawkinson

Video Review

How to Fiberglass a Boat

120 Minute VHS - \$32.95 plus shipping
Glen-L Marine Designs
PO Box 1804WA, Bellflower, CA
90707-1804
<http://www.glen-l.com/>

Most of us have applied fiberglass to boats with resin. To cover an entire hull requires a level of preparation and skill approaching the professional. The materials are costly and handling them is somewhat risky. This video shows us proven methods of attaching and finishing fiberglass to a whole boat. Written accounts rarely succeed in getting us to this plane, while seeing the process can shorten our learning curve and help us

avoid disaster.

Glen L has been designing and supplying do-it-yourself kit boats for over 35 years. Many of their designs are enhanced and strengthened by fiberglass coating. This video was produced in 1991, but the techniques shown are still valid. It shows application of glass to several boats about 16' long using both wet (wet out cloth with resin before attachment) and dry (resin poured over dry cloth in place) techniques with both polyester resin and epoxy resin.

Included are selection and handling of cloth, differences between resins, analysis of the setup and conditions, inventory of supplies and accessories, clear directions for mixing and dealing with chemicals, practical amounts, tips on covering large areas and finishing techniques. A narrator describes each procedure used, with emphasis on safety, and the film focuses on what the demonstrator is doing. There is no slight of hand and little is left to the imagination.

We receive clear directions and individual options. There are ways of doing this job neatly and carefully while achieving a level of finish that one can be proud of.

Couer D' Alene Boat Show

By James Flint

There is a large hotel on the shores of the lake at the city of CD'A, Idaho, as it is known, and this boat show is held at the hotel marina. Most of the boats were powerboats with lots of mahogany and horse-power, but there were a few there that interested me enough.



A highly finished Gloucester Gull, *Junbo Jr.*, was owned or built by Sara Naight, (the information posted was not clear).

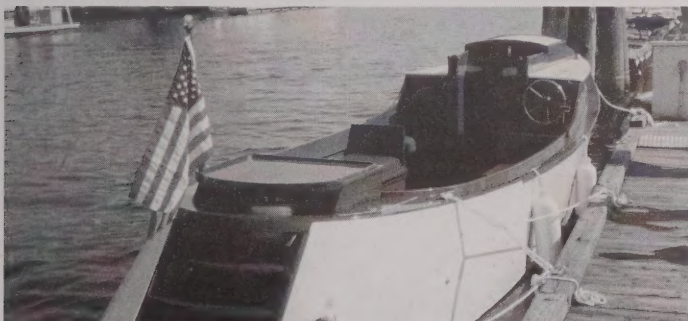


An Amesbury skiff, *Arcus*, was displayed by Rann Haight. We could all see the daggerboard, but no sail rig was fitted.

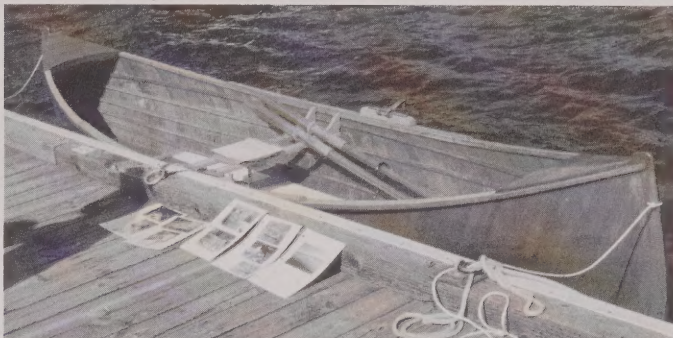


Elsie May, a Hammond power dory, also by Rann Haight, was a picnic skiff, a type well represented out west.

She is more traditional than the Lake Liner *Sandra J'* Note the truly cool steps up the stern over the outboard motor.



One of my favorites was the Dutch Trap Wherry by Ringel and Paulson.



A Rangeley boat was from 1979.



Fred Shell's Swifty 15 was represented by a version finished bright. I'd never seen one before and was struck by how wide it was. Too bad she wasn't rigged when we were there. She appears to be very comfortable.

Another picnic skiff, *Victoria*, by JPS & Son. Built in 2002, for oars only. Hard work for the rower with all that decking and the picnic hamper.



Festive is the right word to describe our 26th Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival in Seattle. Two visitors from South Africa, Roy and Heather Smith, got married here. That's some festival! Ted Spiegel came from New York to do a Festival Calendar, not to forget 150 boats of all sizes and types; prams, dinghies, skiffs, fishing vessels, a water taxi, an admiral's barge, runabouts, power and sail cruisers, a halibut schooner, a 1883 German pilot schooner, a Tlingit carved canoe, Aleut kayak, Greenland kayak, and Balinese outrigger. It was an encyclopedia of boats.

And it was a place where you could not just watch, but do.

There were boats to ride on, including CWB's sharpies *Betsy D.* and *Colleen Wagner*, CWB's steam launch *Puffin*, the 1922 steam excursion vessel *Virginia V* and the 1922 William Hand, schooner *Zodiac*. Some joined in Family Boat Building, others in Toy Boat Building and Pond Model Racing. There was a great display of boat models, and lots of hand tools, maritime books, folk music, demonstrations, and talks. High energy in every nook and cranny of the Festival.

The boat browsers had an opportunity to choose their favorites, and so they did:

Best Sailboat up to 25': *Pelican*, a 12' pram with standing lug and jib rig. Michelle McPeck.

Best Sailboat over 25': 1913, 101' schooner *Adventuress*. Sound Experience.

Best Powerboat over 25': *Torsk*, a northwest troller. Bill Ruthford.

Best Human Powered Boat: *Long Time No Sea, Eileen*, Tlingit canoe. Recently carved in Haines, Alaska by Wayne Price and Pike Powers.

Boat Fest 2002

From *Sawdust*,
Newsletter of the Center for Wooden Boats

Photos by Jim Flint

Best Quick and Daring: *White Trash the Sea Quill*. Rob Smith and Jeff Gettman, a contrast of high engineering and tacky cosmetics.

Best Overall: *Adventuress*, a beloved and well cared for youth training vessel in our waters for 40 years.

Quick and Daring Boat Building is an event that is part entertainment and part out-of-the box design. Six teams competed for fame and fortune (cash prizes for the top 3). The boats:

White Trash, the Sea Quill. Rob Smith and Jeff Gettman. This was a plywood flat-iron skiff with gaff cat rig. The human power was a made-on-site 2 blade propeller, hand turned by a pipe shaft. This was the second try by Team Trash.

Fan Pan. Don Hendrickson Sr. and Jr. An exquisite lapstrake sampan of stapled plywood strakes. It had an attractive bamboo battened lateen rig. Don Sr. & son-in-law Tim Henderson were winners in 1996.

Head over Keels. A pencil-proportioned decked canoe of plywood, featuring a generous marconi cat rig and a deep, canoe-shaped ballast keel of concrete. Jim Durland and Jeff Oakleif won the Q & D in 1999 and 2001.

The Great Norse West. Tim Hendrickson and Frank Parman. A well-proportioned plywood double ender with a Norse dragon fig-

urehead, square sail and daggerboard. Tim was a past co-winner.

The Barkay Junkies. Scott Bartlett and Dalena McKay. A bamboo framed canvas covered canoe with full batten lug rig and double paddles. The team members were Q & D rookies.

U Dub Commuter. Seaton and Tiare Gras. Seaton is a boat builder, navigation instructor, and CWB watchman. Tiare just graduated from high school and will enter the University of Washington this fall. Their boat was a truncated canoe with square sail and 2 pairs of oars.

The factors judged were speed of construction, material cost, tool weight, originality, aesthetics, showmanship, design worth keeping, and speed in sail and human power.

Fan Pan swamped before it reached the starting line with the two Hendersons calmly sitting in the vessel, water up to mid chest, traditional Asian sunhats still on. The other five boats all completed the three leg course, one for human power, one for sail and the last, anything goes. The order of the race finish: *The Great Norse West*, *The Barkay Junkies*, *U. Dub Commuter*, *Head over Keels*, and *White Trash*.

With all factors totaled, the overall winners were *The Great Norse West*, *U Dub Commuter*, *Head over Keels*. That contest, in many ways, epitomizes the Festival. It was a fun and spontaneous event with elements of practical knowledge. If you like wooden boats, a chance to try out a bunch of them, the stories from their owners, listening to great folk music, watching crazy contests, having an experience you will long remember, you better come next year.



A Haida Canoe, on the dock at the Center.

Umiaks, built and raced by youth groups



A boat from Thailand ?

A sailboat used to fish for tuna from the island of Bali. Our next boat!





Double ended folkboat, and the Center's building.



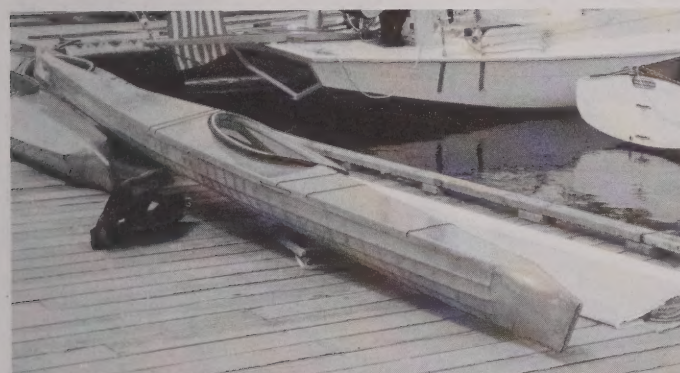
A quiet lagoon was a superb setting for traditional small boats.



Whitehalls and Salmon boats.



Catboats.



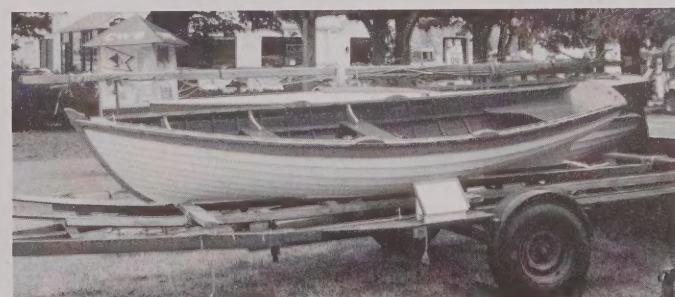
Three Baidarkas, probably stretched Dacron.



A sampans, SE Asia.

Another Whitehall, there were more Whitehalls than any other type of boat.

A Chamberlain gunning dory.





Pride of Baltimore pressing on in a light 5-8 knot easterly.



Ernestina with a deckload of passengers along for the ride.

Another deckload of spectators, this the schooner (I didn't note its name) that we discovered was using its diesel auxiliary power to stay with the leaders.



Schooner Racing Labor Day at Gloucester

I really did not expect to have a report on the Labor Day schooner races at Gloucester, Massachusetts because my attendance was onboard a friend's Stone Horse cutter which we motored and sailed to Gloucester from nearby Beverly (I mentioned the trip in my "Commentary" in the October 1 issue). By arriving by sea I would not have access to the land based information sources and also did not anticipate getting any good photos as my 200mm long lens camera has finally given up from old age.

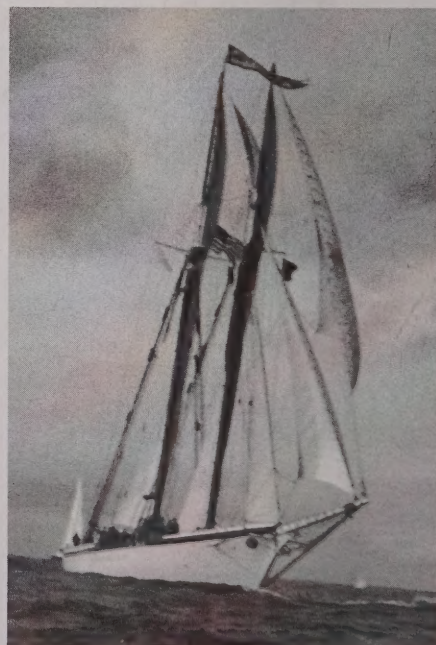
But friend Paul managed to get us right in amongst the fleet at times, the light airs that hardly moved the schooners moved our little boat a bit better. Without an entry list for the dozen or so schooners taking part we had to do some close up reading of nameboards.

Once we figured out the course after the start, we cut across to where the leading big boats were and rounded the far mark off Thatcher's Island with them. As we closed on the back of one of them, we heard the unmistakable rugga-rugga of a diesel at work. Sure enough this schooner was using auxiliary power to stay with the leaders. Cheating? We assumed not, figuring the boat was a dude schooner loaded with what were probably paying passengers eager to see the action close up.

The first boat home was the *Pride of Baltimore*, well ahead of the *Spirit of Massachusetts* and the *Ernestina*. As we came abreast again of Gloucester harbor on the way back we decided to not go in to see the finish line action, the boats were moving so slowly that it would lack drama and we would also be penalized all that extra distance under diesel added to our trip back to Beverly.

And so a bare bones report and a few photos are what we have for you.

Spirit of Massachusetts in a classic tall ship pose.





Two of the smaller schooners which happen to cross our course during the race, again no names.

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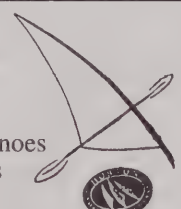

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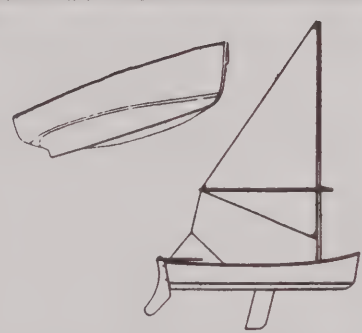
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I brought the little Mad River canoe down to Tony Noon's boathouse. The walkway to his floats has already been hauled out for the winter and *Shoebox* is still moored at the outermost float. So, unless I want to swim back and forth, I need a dinghy, one more quickly usable than the *Matchbox*. But *Matchbox* is leaking badly from being out of the water most of the summer. Besides, the canoe will allow me a few excursions up some of the shallower creeks before this season ends.

Didn't do much that first afternoon. The sun set about four-thirty. Put away the stores, had a sandwich, listen to the weather and turned in early. A bit of wind came up after midnight blowing straight down the river. It kept *Shoebox* bouncing around for awhile. It rained hard for a couple hours, then all quiet and some sound sleep.

In the morning, after taking the canoe alongside to port, we cast off and headed down river. It was an hour or so after low water slack and we were bucking a pretty good flood by the time we got down to Newburyport. Went alongside the fuel dock just east of Michael's Harborside restaurant and filled the small jerry can. Took a quick walk into town for the *New York Times* and a jug of orange juice.

Went on down to the Market Place boat landing. All the floats were hauled out a week ago and the boat basin was occupied by some commercial fishing boats. *Shoebox* and I poked slowly into the basin, two fishing boats moored either side. Aboard one boat I could see two men shucking what I first thought to be clams, but they were scallops, fairly large ones. I asked one guy where they got them. He was less than definitive; "Offshore", he said.

I said, "I didn't know there were many big scallops left around here." (mainly just to see what he'd say). He said nothing. So I ventured further afield by asking: "Can you make a living at it?" To which he quickly replied, "No, we just do it for the fun of it." Touche. To which I backed out (gracefully) but laughing all the way. Guess I deserved that.

About two hours before high water we went across the river east of Ram Island and into Town Creek. Went up a mile or so taking the western branch after the abandoned railroad bridge. Lots of side creeks and a bit confusing with all the turns and dead ends. Saw several blue herons, plenty of ducks and a pair

A November Cruise

By Tim O'Brien

of osprey. I was hoping to see some of the little pied billed grebes that pass through in the late fall, but none were sighted. Earlier, coming down river, I'd seen three immature night herons roosting in a tree west of Carr Island. I thought I might see more of them back in this isolated marsh creek, but no luck.

Came back out of the small creeks and anchored in the mouth of Town Creek for lunch. Heated a big pot of broccoli soup and boiled potatoes, thanks to my bride's prior efforts. Read the paper, wrote in my journal and took a short nap. (perfectly legal if you're not on watch!).

Middle of the afternoon with the tide ebbing, went back across the river by red nun #24 and over to moor to a largely empty set of floats at the North End Boat Club. At the tail end of the season they don't mind visitors and I generally stop each year to say hello and stay for the night if it's no problem for them. Went into their club house about sunset. Saw two fellows whose faces seemed familiar. Shot the breeze and bought a round, then asked Paul and Steve if it was OK to stay where I was 'til morning. No problem, they all knew *Shoebox* and remembered me from previous visits.

Friendly bunch of folks but I really had no desire to spend the whole evening, same "sea stories" and far too many beers. Anyway, I needed a walk and headed toward town a few blocks to the Park Lunch, funny name for a bar & restaurant that does such a big business in the evening. Folks were lined up out front to get a table. A friendly bartender found me a spot at the bar. Two pints of Murphy's stout and a big bowl of fish chowder with some rolls made a pretty good meal. I toddled home to *Shoebox* about 7pm, passing right by the North End Boat Club bar which I could see was just getting warmed up. Oh, it's a saint I am, truly. My mother'd be proud.

Bundled up in long johns and sweaters I hit the bunk early and was asleep before 8pm. About midnight a sizeable flock of ducks (mallards?) and sea gulls engaged in a loud turf battle over roosting rights on "my dock". A terrible ruckus went on for some time until I

disturbed them with my trusty slingshot and some buckshot pellets. Hate to do that, but no sleep otherwise.

Long about three I got up to put on more socks, a soft woolen watch cap and the black down coat. About 5am Sunday morning a small but noisy side trawler lit off its engine and made preparations for heading out to the fishing grounds. This all took time and by the time he was underway, I was pretty much awake for the day. Then a pair of boat club members showed up to go out fishing, but couldn't get their motor started. Much commotion and swearing at the engine (which always helps) and finally another battery was hauled down the pier.

I crawled out of the cabin about this time. The big guy carrying the battery had a fit when he saw me and started laughing so hard he had to set the battery down. I asked, "What the hell are you giggling about?"

Answer: "I'm looking at it, man." I guess seeing me with a watch cap pulled down around my ears, my big black down coat and long johns tucked into my sea boots he was humorously impressed, and said as much. "You didn't sleep on that thing last night, did you?"

"Of course I did. Where the hell else could I sleep, on the pier?"

Sometime later, after he installed the new battery, Big Bob came over to *Shoebox* as I was making home fries. He was waving a bottle of Old Rot Gut, (Old Turkey, I believe) and asking me whether I needed an eye opener.

"Yeah, put a squirt in this mug of tea, it might help at that." He did and went on to have a hefty snort himself, something I really don't need at 6:30 in the morning. On the other hand my tea was quite satisfying, (warmed the cockles of my heart, as they say).

It was 7:30 or so, after my finishing a good breakfast, that *Shoebox* and I started up river just past low water slack. I'd kill some time to allow a bit of flood tide to deepen the marsh inlets by going up around the western end of Carr Island and then back to a creek I'd never explored. The rocks by the end of Carr Island were still showing as I turned into Carr Island slough. On the way into the chosen creek I went aground on the entrance bar. I shut down and tipped up the engine and, dropping the light anchor astern, I poled into the inlet a few hundred feet. I let the wind blow the boat to a soft moor alongside a mud bank covered in salt hay and cat tail reeds. So I wouldn't block the inlet for others, I dropped the heavy anchor underfoot.

In the canoe I was able to go up this shallow, winding creek for almost a mile, chasing a cormorant and a pair of great blue herons most of the way. The cormorant's predictable diving and surfacing and the elegant flight and flared landing of the herons was a joy to watch. Also saw a red tailed hawk fly by and an osprey working from a high roost in a dead tree top. Went up stream on the flood and had to work a bit harder paddling back to *Shoebox*. It was a good hour and a half jaunt with lots to see, some needed exercise and a beautiful blue skied fall day to enjoy.

On my return to *Shoebox* I was visited by Larry O'Brien and a friend rowing a big yellow banks dory. I'd met Larry the previous year after a river race sponsored by the Ring's Island Rowing Club in Salisbury. We had a short gam and then they rowed up river disappearing into the next marsh inlet. I hauled up

both anchors and got underway up river for Amesbury. The NOAA weather broadcast predicted north winds 15 to 20 and temperatures in the low thirties so I asked whether I could moor to a vacant (and soon to be hauled out) float at Larry's Marina. The float assigned was close to a utility outlet on the seawall and with the aid of my extra long extension cord I was able to fire up my little electric heater. No sense freezing my buns off on the last night afloat this season.

An hour or so later a big forty foot Chris Craft, the *Antonia* from Gloucester, tied up just ahead of me and made *Shoobox* look pretty small by comparison. But, you know, I bet those folks didn't have any more fun or any more satisfying adventures this season than I did in the mighty *Shoobox*. I spent a snug night onboard. I heated up the last of my infamous stew, read for a while and then thought a bit about boating and why it had come to mean so much to me.

In my other life ashore things are sometimes pretty hectic... but on a boat it's different somehow. There's a calming ritual to it all. I work half the day at my own pace on a job of my choice, then, perhaps, read or write the other part of the day. As evening approaches I observe the day's quiet departure; the subtle changes in lighting, the diffusion of colors, and the nuances of shade and shadow. As the sun settles I pop a cold one, anticipate the sunset, and begin to think of dinner. Watch the sunset, light the lamp, fire up the stove and heat the stew.

In all this I have that precious commodity, TIME; time to observe, time to reflect on the day's events and time to think about tomorrow, (or yesterday). It's a much less fre-

netic ending to an ordinary day, a pleasant, peaceful ending. No need to rush to watch the TV news or answer a thought disrupting phone call, or to do all those other things that seem so necessary in your shore side world. The important things on a boat seem much more basic; the weather, the state of the tide, the time of moon rise, the security of the mooring.

With supper eaten in soft lamp light, it's time to dim the lamp and watch the first stars appear or, perhaps, a near perfect moon rise. In the calm evening as the twilight deepens a peace settles on the anchorage that is hard to fully describe but is gratefully accepted as the proper ending of a quiet day afloat.

Well, so be it. Check the mooring, close up the cabin, blow out the lamp and turn into my bunk for the night. Without further reflection, I followed my own advice and slept soundly until just after sunrise. Early that af-

ter noon *Shoobox* was hauled out and with some work now rests on the blocks for the winter.



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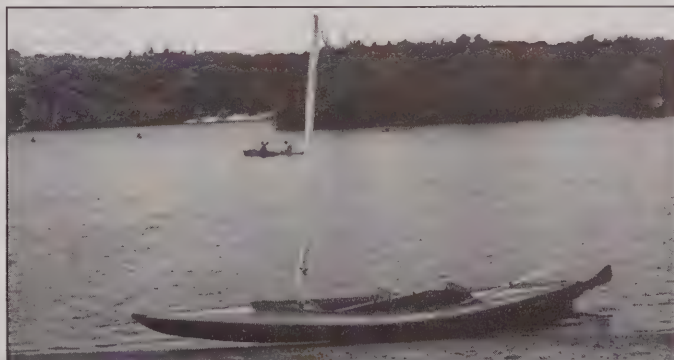
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You know, I have peculiar notions about food. For one thing, I despise being dependent on other people to get my groceries. I am no pitiful Howard Hughes hiding in my hide-out with a herd of attendees sterilizing and tasting every little piece of pap that I finally eat. As a matter of fact, I like a little nastiness in my diet (Limburger cheese when I can afford it). I just want to be in control. I don't trust the research of others to make decisions about what is healthy for me either. I believe that my own intuition and the growling of my own stomach are more accurate than all these medical and nutritional studies that are always contradicting each other on the TV news. I am not crazy and don't want to die quite yet, but I believe, like puberty, death is a normal, dreadful function of the body. I think I'll worry about that tomorrow, Miss Scarlett.

I catch and kill most all of our food... that that I don't steal out of my sister's garden. I am carnivorous by nature and always have been. This Labor Day weekend coincided with the opening of football season and, coincidentally, the arrival of a low pressure system in the north Gulf of Mexico, conditions just perfect to have the whole island to ourselves so we hauled the new-old skiff (*Satisfactory*) and the new-old Honda eight to the coast on Friday afternoon. Labor Day is a landmark event at the coast down here. For one thing, after that is about when the frolic population usually drops significantly. For another, that's when the mullet reach their peak of flavor and size. After Labor Day, the mature fish begin to deplete their body fat and, finally, their strength to make the enormous roe with which they will attempt to re-populate the herbivorous vertebrate segment of the food chain. Man, I tell you, as a gourmet carnivore, there ain't nothing like a labor day mullet.

This was the initial sea-trial of the new-old (2000 model sold at a discount in late 2002) Honda eight. I had had to modify a few little things like the shallow water drive and the throttle lock-out. The shallow water drive was set up for much more transom rake than I normally put on a boat (the Japanese must be

Fast Food

By Robb White

kin to the Spanish to think a boat needs such rake... me, I guess I am kin to the British, but not plumb perfectly). The throttle had a lock out doo-dad that made it so that you couldn't give the engine any gas while it was in neutral or reverse... had to start it at dead idle and, then it wouldn't start without multiple pulls on the rope.

I don't like that. I like for my machinery to do exactly what I want it to do every time I express my intentions. For that reason, I have never been able to get up much affection for a chain saw. Anyway, after I had defeated the safety mavens, she starts with just the least little pull on the rope (my wife can do it with one hand). While we were idling down the river, the situation reminded me of the sea-trials of the new-old Rescue Minor. It was blowing so hard that a piece of pine straw hit me in the head so hard that I was worried that another one might do like the classic picture of the two-by-four through the concrete wall so I put on my hat, the one my granddaughter brought from China with a picture of the Great Wall and some Chinese characters which I assumed meant, "I climbed the Great Wall of China," but which, according to the lady at the checkout of the grocery store (I was buying light bulbs, dammit) actually says, "Yo, Momma".

It was a rough trip and I won't explain all the ins and outs except to say that the light weight of the little Honda keeps the bow of the skiff down better than the old horribly heavy Evinrude so she didn't slap down off the tops of the waves as bad. We were loaded light and it is a dry little skiff (has a Bolger bow) so the only thing wrong with the trip was that it was slow.

Boy, she blew and stormed like merry H all night long. I had watched the radar on the

TV on Friday and it was a real predictable situation, wind and storms coming out of the ESE, right down the bay just like during Coast House Week. Because of the orientation of our little shanty, we were able to leave the big seaside and bayside doors open without all that much rain blowing in on the junkpile of fishing tackle in the southwest corner and the spare outboard engine junkpile in the northwest.

I like to wake up in the middle of a stormy night and stand in the doorway to watch the lightning over on the mainland or out to sea. It was the last quarter of the moon and very dark so it was spectacular. I would much rather watch something like that than some TV doctor talking about cholesterol (which, despite my carnivorous habits, my cholesterol is very low and the HDL... the good stuff... is the highest... so there, all you biscuit eating pontificators).

When we got up early in the morning, we could see the storms passing rapidly by. It was obvious that there was a great depth of moisture in the atmosphere all the way up and, unlike the convection storms of the summertime where the moisture is mostly low and only precipitates when it is carried aloft by the heat of, first the water and then the land, this mess was going to continue all day long everywhere and, we didn't have anything much to eat.

Another of my foodstuff notions is that I believe you have to earn the right to sit down with a plate or there is not as much value in the meal. I think a little experience of deprivation increases the joy of the feast. Oh, yeah, we had some few cans of Vienna sausages and some cut green beans in cans with faded labels in the cabinet (and a sack of shriveled cucumbers and five beautiful Ichiban eggplants stolen from my sister's garden, and a fine head of cabbage bought from the farmer's market and three pounds of green peanuts from the same source... I know the farmer) but I knew the wonderful mullet were out there in great, big, fat flocks and so I started looking for a lull.

I don't mind rain a bit and would have gladly taken my net and rampaged the whole place but there was a world of lighting in this. There is a hell of a difference between being reckless with TV medical advice and flaunting your arrogance in the face of lightning. We watched the storms from breakfast (homemade venison sausages and stolen eggs) until about 8:30 and decided that we would have maybe twenty minutes to make an excursion. I got the boat ready and loaded my net during one lull and then we trotted down the path and took off during the next. I know a little place right on the bayside of this island where they'll usually be at high tide. I sort of hold it in reserve for just such a situation as this. I ain't about to tell you where it is, but I'll give you a hint. It was a rough trip right dead upwind. The little Honda cavitated quite a bit and I may have to take another eighth inch off the little shim on top of the transom.

In order to catch mullet when it is rough, you have to be able to see them. I watched like an osprey all along the beach hoping to see one jump but never did. Finally I got to my little secret place and there was sort of a blasted out lee where I hoped to see a little swirl. I made up my net and waded stealthily along. My concentration was such that a horsefly could have filled up and gone home to his mother if he could have been able to catch a toehold as he blew by me. I sang my little song



(you know I am very superstitious), "Just give me a little sign, girl... yup my baby", and, just as the rain began to patter on the water, I thought I saw just the least little hint of a swirl. I let fly and, despite the fact that I was crotch deep in the water, none of the net tipped the surface and I threw a perfect 24" circle over the muddy water. Dang, they almost snatched my arm out of joint. I was afraid I had caught a big stingaree or a shark but there were six very big "feeder" mullet in the net. I scurried for where my wife was holding the boat and we ran home right ahead of the next storm. I think we surfed the same wave the whole way.

Just as soon as we got in the Faraday's cage of the house, the lightning started striking all around. I waited until the next lull to take the fish out of the net. I took y'all a picture of those fine girls on my fish cleaning bench (ought to have set up "redeye reduction" on the camera). No, I did not drink that can of beer at 9am, I just put it there for something to give the picture some scale. There was a can of name-brand store-bought water in the refrigerator left over by some Democrat (Southern Republicans don't drink water of any kind) from Coast House Week and I could have used that but I would rather folks think that I drink beer early in the morning than store-bought water with a French name.

I know you are going to be proud of me for putting this observation off until the story was (except for the postscript) finished but I have finally figured out what environmental influence determines whether a man (I haven't figured out women yet) will become a Democrat or a Republican. There are too many of both in my big family so I have had a unique opportunity to make a lifelong, intimate observation. Party determination has nothing to do with union affiliation or parental politics or anything that might seem logical. It is as simple as how the hatching temperature determines the sex of baby sea turtles.

What determines if a man will turn out to be a Democrat or a Republican is simply what kind of skivvies he wore when he was a boy, boxers or jockeys. Me? (if you must know) I was like my grandfather in my "swing-clears" and that's exactly what I do when election time comes.

I know this maritime adventure ought to stop right there, but while we ate "addressing health issues", perhaps I better explain a little more about my grandfather and his swing-clears. He raised cattle (both beef and dairy) and kept big, expensive bulls so as to improve his stock. Those old bulls (a Jersey bull is a dangerous thing) had to work hard to earn their keep. My grandfather was, despite a lifetime abhorrence of technology, very progressive and firmly believed in keeping the gonads of male animals cool. It was easy with bulls, all you had to do was keep them in the shade where there was a cool breeze. As for himself, he believed that unimpeded natural convection was the best he could do, considering the social mores of the time, so he wore loose fitting overalls with a minimum of other garments in the way of the rising air.

Feeder Mullet, How Good are They? I am not going to pontificate at you like I was on the TV but a big feeder mullet is a real delicacy. All that morning, we had been watching this big sport fisherman anchored close inshore off our house fishing in the grass flats for pinfish. That is a ritual with these offshore fishermen. They come down and stay in the condo

and get up real early to come catch bait so they can go offshore and let down a live pinfish where all that high-tech tells them there are some of the increasingly hard to find groupers or amberjacks. I know my opinion doesn't carry any weight with those sorts of people, but I would much rather eat a mullet than any offshore fish... especially an amberjack.

When we came back from our excursion (at least twenty minutes) we had to pass right by these men and I thought I heard them remarking about how little our boat was and how underpowered the motor for something way out here at this island in this weather. When we got home, I cleaned the fish (which is done differently from most fish... I'll tell you how one of these days) and we sat around and watched these men trying, first one spot and then another in their big, piled higher and deeper style, inboard boat. With the 20 x 100s I could see them catching little pinfish pretty good. I don't know what they expected to do with all that bait, considering the weather situation, but they were obviously intending to hang in there... probably this was their weekend with the time-share deal at the condo so they had given up their tickets for the Nole game.

About lunch time, I got the ready-to-fry fish out of the ice box (it is always better to pepper and salt and meal up fish well in advance so the cornmeal ... "Masa Harina" ... tortilla flour, will get good and wet and not come off in the grease. I'll tell you how to fry fish one of these days). As soon as they got to frying good, I noticed that the wind had shifted around to put those men absolutely downwind. Before long, they had pulled anchor and were heading for Julia Mae's restaurant. Through the 20 x 100s I could plainly see them frantically eating something out of little plastic bags. From the way they were holding their fingers, I think it might have been "trail mix"... probably a bunch of TV fans watching their cholesterol. Me, I would have set up and fried them pinfish right there on the boat. You know the preferred bait of most big fish occupies that status because it is suitable food for carnivores. I have eaten many a pinfish in my day and they are delicious... almost as good as mullet which, as any south Florida sportsman will tell you, are excellent bait.

By the way, through the 20 x 100s, as the boat pounded toward the mainland in the fierce chop, throwing water higher than the third layer of superstructure, I could plainly see that one exhaust hole was smoking worse than the

other. It might be a stuck injector and I hope they get it looked into before it cokes up a valve so badly that that cylinder won't run anymore. Of course, such a boat as that has plenty of more cylinders.



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

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"Here's the ramp but where's the town?" After driving our usual 4-1/2 hours to the South Carolina coast we took a chance and checked out a ramp at the sleepy town of Bluffton off the May River and across the Calibogue Sound from our destination, Hilton Head.

We provisioned and launched the boat at about 11am and after motoring about a mile we entered the Calibogue Sound and sailed down to the famous Harbortown or Hilton Head Island. In his description, Claiborne Young says, "The docks are grouped in a circular bay around a series of attractive shops and restaurants." There is a beautiful lighthouse at the entrance with a gorgeous view of the golf course, marina, condos, shops, etc. It has always been a dream of mine to be in there with our 14' Peep Hen, *Julie II*, amongst all the other sail and power boats which seemed to be in the 40'-80' range. And with a stiff breeze I said, "What the heck?" and we sailed right through the narrow jetties and dropped sail right in front of the harbormaster's office. Try that in your 70-footer! Ha!

We're not talking Hackensack here, it costs \$3 just to drive onto this end of the island! When a pram motored over I thought we were going to be thrown out (it wouldn't have been the first time) but we were escorted to a dock with a great view and told it would cost us \$5 to stay there until 10pm. As we wanted a meal we decided to pay, quite a concession for someone who will drive 10 miles to save 2¢ on a gallon of gas for his '60 Karman Ghia (paint on rust model).

After lunch at The Crazy Crab waterfront restaurant, we walked around, climbed the lighthouse and took VCR tapes of everything (none of them came out), then went through the shops. At John Stoltz's marine art gallery, signed prints were priced between \$400-\$900 each. I was tempted, not to buy one but to come back after closing and steal one! We sat in rockers listening to a guy playing

Pinch Penny Cruising In a Peep Hen

Part 4 - Sweeping Through Hilton Head-August 1994

By Julie and Bob Nelsen

and singing Jimmy Buffet style songs at an outdoor cafe.

The sheltered dock and boats, with nearby European shops, free entertainment offered such an inviting alternative to a night bouncing around in Calibogue Sound, possibly dragging anchor (all three pounds of it), sardines and cheap soda, and the threat of ICW barge traffic which might send us scrambling for the outboard motor (it's the "Now-It-Works Now-It-Doesn't" model) that we decided to squander and stay overnight. The guy ahead of me in the harbormaster's office was writing a check for \$250. I didn't hear what it was for, and the harbormaster glanced at me over his shoulder and pointed at the trash can.

I assured him I was not from the DPW but actually had a boat there and might stay the night, then I asked him the customary first question, "What's it going to cost?" During August it was only \$1.25/ft, any other month there would have been a 30' minimum. It would have killed me to have to pay for the extra 16'-0" of boat I didn't have. So I said that would be fine, trying to look as if I really belonged there with my cut-offs and Walmart boat shoes (the ones used at the ramp and for walking on oyster shells or jumping into knee-deep mud while trying to push the boat off a sand bar, in my case a mud bar).

Then came the dreaded question, "How big's your boat?" When I casually said, "Fourteen feet," he replied, "Then we're going to owe you money!"

When he asked if we needed shore power or water and I told him we didn't as we had water and a battery on board, the \$250 check-writer thought it was hilarious. The harbormaster credited me with the \$5 I had already paid so I had only to pay an additional \$12.50 for the night.

I gleefully returned to Julie and we went for a quick sail across Calibogue Sound to Daufuskie Island. Recently it has been partially developed, but in the past most of it was occupied by slaves and the present-day inhabitants still have the Gullah accent heard in many of the coastal regions of Georgia and North and South Carolina. It's almost impossible for me, with my Jersey accent, to have an under-

standing conversation with them.

With a nice stiff breeze we had a good sail back, tacking in the dark with a cheap Walmart clamp-on oil lamp hanging from the boom gallows. Apart from a few well-lit shrimp boats dragging back and forth, we had the whole area to ourselves. Experiencing the romance of this S.C. coastline with the lighthouse and the lights of Harbortown was so enjoyable that we vowed to do more night sailing in future. We heeled sharply in the 15-knot wind and sped through the Harbortown entrance just ahead of the tourist ferry, brightly lit with bulbs all round it, and dropped sail in moonlight.

Back on shore afterwards, we saw a kid entertaining parents and children with songs and stories. He was fabulous! To a little boy in the crowd who couldn't answer one of his questions he said, "Too bad 'cos the prize was that," pointing to a 70' motor yacht!

There was not much activity in the harbor, most people were staying in nearby condos, not many on their boats. After listening to the radio we slept in the cockpit and with all those huge boats and masts around us and the view of the lighthouse, I thought it must be one of the most beautiful man-made places in the world. We were awakened about midnight when a man came in with a huge sailboat, and what a big deal it was with him jockeying back and forth to get to his dock. Eventually, after he got it tied up, I was so taken with the beauty of the place I couldn't get back to sleep.

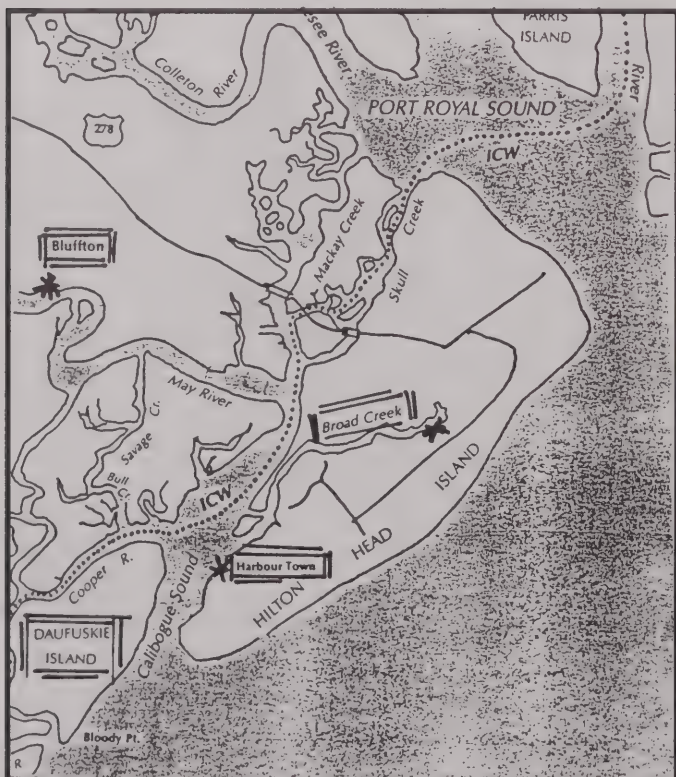
After a pricey breakfast in the lighthouse restaurant we sailed over to Daufuskie Island and Haig Point Lighthouse. With the constant breeze we managed to sail against the tide up the winding Broad Creek to the Shorter Cove Marina right at the end. The dockmaster was a lady (dockmistress?), she said we couldn't tie up at the gas dock but graciously let us stay at a slip for a few hours while we went ashore and ate at an Italian restaurant. We watched the fishing boats return from the 2-day king mackerel tournament which was being covered by TV and radio and drew a large crowd. The largest fish weighed over 30lbs.

By the time we returned the six miles from Broad creek to Calibogue Sound the wind had risen to about 20 knots, but it was in our favor. We lowered the top of the gaff to form a fisherman's reef triangle and sailed back to the launching ramp in May River in threatening weather, and took the boat out.

We stayed that night in a motel, and at the highly-recommended Hudson's Restaurant next day, a waiter added to our Hilton Head trivia by telling us that Wayne Gretsky, Mark Messier and Michael Jordan have places there (I'm sure lots of celebrities do, I had a boss who did, I don't remember him doing anything celebrated though, unless keeping me spooled up tight with nervous apprehension counts!)

Later, we read that the Broad Creek had once been the southern shore of Hilton Head before drifting sand added to the southern part of the island. According to Todd Ballantine's book, *Tideland Treasure*, the southern part of the island widened 400' with 12' of vertical height between 1968-1980, and one night in 1979, Hurricane David added a sand berm 5' high, 50' wide and 600yds long. He also says that in 1,000 years Hilton Head will be under water, so if you're planning on going, you'd better hurry!

(To Be Continued)



Way back in a preceding century my parents were urbanites who dwelt in Manhattan, and I don't mean Manhattan, Kansas. Then suddenly in the early 1950s they succumbed to a lust for their own quarter-acre and became sub-urbanites, buying a split-level in Port Washington, Long Island, and thinking to commune thereafter with nature 'mongst her bosky dells.

Well, already I am on a digression of robbwhite-esque dimensions here, and I apologize: It won't be too long, I promise.

Anyway, they wanted a lawn, that vilest of all suburban fixtures; that, on Long Island, most futile of all desires. For Long Island is what geologists call a "glacial moraine", or large heap of sand, rocks and gravel. The soil necessary for lawns in our neck of the woods ran about as deep as a coat of paint; nevertheless, every family in our hideous subdivision devoted itself to Lawns, their Annual Planting and Inevitable Death. Only 10 at the time, I was drafted for labor, which I hated. Loathed. Despised.

Came high school and, somehow, escape from agricultural servitude. My parents gave up on replicating the swards of Olde England and settled for crab grass which, if close-cropped, really didn't look so bad. I met a classmate named Kathy Kelm, a buddy's girl friend. Kathy, who now runs her own art school on Nantucket, was and is an original and creative spirit, and a generous one, too. She had her friends over every weekend; remarkably, her parents, George and June, put up with us.

George had just bought a sailboat and I was as smitten as he. The ketch *Penguin* was an elderly and ill-kept wooden ruin much in need of work, and I was glad to help. The whole family pitched in, but me more than most. Every weekend morning, all through high school, I'd airily tell my parents, "OK, gotta go help George with the boat." They'd accept that because it kept me from dreaming up my own schemes. Once, for example, I built a small cannon and blew a hole in our neighbor's garage.

George taught me enough about tools and such to be useful while not maiming myself. I sanded, helped braze odd bits of metal, lifted and carried. I raked out the deck seams and then filled them up again. I helped lay down a new deck of polyvinyl-putrate, fancied up the brightwork and sprayed *Penguin's* innards with, horrifyingly noxious chemicals to discourage dry rot. I took lead-pig ballast out and re-installed it, and helped ship her new rudder, a barn-door-sized slab of 3/8" or 1/2" steel that enabled *Penguin* to turn, actually rotate, within her own 28' length. I scraped, painted, sanded and lubricated.

We put a hatch in the cockpit floor for reasons I was never sure of, installed a rudder-position indicator that never quite worked, refastened the hull planks with either one or two million bronze screws, repaired sails, tampered with the rigging, installed a spiffy new platform bowsprit cut from a huge teak plank. New electrics, cooking gear, running lights and cabin accessories followed.

George was a patient and practical teacher. He set me to non-critical jobs, so I was able to learn a lot of stuff that required more elbow grease than skill. On important jobs he'd give me a quiet warning: "This has to be done genau," he'd say, using the German word for exact. Thus warned, I'd man-

A Short, Harrowing Jaunt on Lake Champlain

By Bill Marsano
Copyright 2002 Bill Marsano

age not to drop or jiggle whatever were working on.

I didn't learn much about sailing because we generally did so much TO the *Penguin* that we rarely did much WITH her. We usually got her into the water in late July. Thereafter we'd mostly putter around Manhasset Bays. Annually George would manage gunkholing expeditions, sometimes as far as coastal New England, but I could never get free. By the time I did make a voyage aboard the *Penguin*, it wasn't under sail.

In 1968 I was out of college and living in blessed Manhattan again when George called for help with his new mast, a length of aluminum lamp post salvaged from an automotive mishap. George said it was just a stub meant to hold up the running lights for a sail-free jaunt to Montreal. He'd pull the real masts so as to avoid any foolery with bridges and proceed north through Lake Champlain and the Richelieu Canal to the St. Lawrence River and thence to the marina at Montreal's splendid world's fair, Expo '67, which was still running. All this under power, the little Atomic 4 that had challenged him for a decade or more was now ticking like a \$400 watch.

So we got the stub mast stepped and all the electrics hooked up and tested when George said why not meet him and June in Montreal, see the fair, and stay aboard with them to save money.

Swell idea; I went up by train (remember trains?) a month later. Expo '67 was a marvel, probably the last of the truly gorgeous and thrilling world's fairs. Then, with a day or two of my vacation left, I enlisted to help take *Penguin* back down the canal. We let go the lines and shoved off.

Whatever possessed George to let me take tricks at the wheel on the narrow, winding Richelieu? Anyway, it worked out well enough. I kept *Penguin* off the banks and even safely passed a slew of large oncoming power boats. I was white-faced with terror, although I hit none of them (nor even got close enough to draw curses), but was damned glad when we opened the broad expanse of Lake Champlain. Not for long, though.

We cleared customs early in the afternoon and George gave me a mark on the distant shore to lay for. "Just aim for that," he said. I did that for a couple of uneventful hours and was still doing it when I hit the first rock. Look, I'm willing to admit to slack helmsmanship but George blamed the chart (a sketchy thing from the New York State tourism board), so let's let it go at that. I shut down the engine and we bobbed about wondering what to do next.

George posted me on the bowsprit to wave directions whenever we appeared to risk hitting another rock. Well, it appeared to me we were about to hit one every six feet. Water magnifies, and everything I saw under the surface looked like a keel-buster to me. After a couple of hours, it seemed, of getting nowhere, all we knew was that we were lost in the

middle of a huge, shallow boulder field with no visible exit. And we were losing the light.

God was in a charitable mood that day, and He sent us a fisherman in a tin dinghy. We waved him over, whimpered piteously, and he led us out of there to deep water in about ten minutes. Just in time: The sun fell out of the sky like a cast-iron safe.

We were in deep water but still unsure of our position when it commenced to rain. Rained cats and dogs. Then it fogged, and thickly. The wind blew like hell. Thunder deafened us. We were totally blind except when lightning hit somewhere, and then we didn't much like what we saw, which was total emptiness. The rain pelted me like a continuous slap on the back.

Meanwhile, June and daughter Kathy (who had joined in Montreal) were relaxing below, all unknowing. Hadn't a clue while we, wet, freezing and scared, remained topside, trying to be seamanlike.

George was hoping to find a marker that would fix our position; he was sure it was around us somewhere. He said to steer a straight course while he went forward to search it out. I asked, "How can I steer straight, I can't see anything?"

He said, "Put her over and steer by the rain in your face." Then he turned and went forward, and in six feet was completely invisible.

Now, "steer by the rain in your face," sounded mighty seamanlike to me, so I put the helm over and got the shock of my life. WHACK! I was hit so hard and so suddenly in the face that I reflexively reached up to see whether I was bleeding, that's how hard the wind was blowing that rain. I was just catching my breath when George came aft to announce non-success. Meanwhile there is lightning all over the place and we were feeling rather conspicuous with our aluminum mast.

George looked at me and asked, "Do you remember whether we grounded the mast to the chain plates?" Before I had time to give an answer (which would have been "no") there was a colossal crack of thunder followed by a lightning bolt that lit up the entire southern half of the sky in a way that amply illustrated the phrase "awesome power." When it faded he said, "Not that it matters much."

Just then the cabin door opened and out came Kathy with a tray. "I thought you guys might want some coffee," she said. Turning to go below she looked off to starboard and said, "Oh, there's a buoy over there, have you been looking for it?" Then she disappeared without noticing that we were almost weeping with relief.

It was our marker, all right, and we were soon on course and proceeding with cautious confidence, weather be damned. We knew where we were. An hour or so later we'd found our hidey-hole for the night. We slipped between the piers of an old railroad bridge, rounded up and dropped the hook. No sooner had it hit the water than the rain stopped as if a tap had been turned off; the wind died to nothing; the fog dissipated; the storm ended.

We slunk below and fell damply to sleep, waking stiffly some hours later to a morning as fine as the night had been foul. We strung our wet clothes out topside and, looking like a laundry barge, motored happily south toward Burlington. I think now that we had a narrow escape: I'd have missed all that if I'd learned to love a lawn.

The Cayat saw lots of use in the marsh gathering seafood. I could run it right up on to the dredge spoil and low tide oyster beds without fear, something I would not usually do in our more seaworthy but tender skinned used Klepper. It seemed that my strange little wooden boat was alien to most folks. There were people in Charleston who were familiar with Folbots, though, and they usually made it a point to say something positive about the craft. It was very distinctive looking.

My Mom's college roommate was an honest to goodness Charlestonian, as was her husband and they were a main window onto the Low Country scene. One of the interesting things about true Charlestonians is their versatility. They are comfortable moving through the halls of high society "South of Broad". Broad Street crosses the city peninsula east to west and south of this line lies the lovely, older section of the city. At the same time true Charlestonians are happy to stand barefoot in the mud at night by a bonfire on the island, covered with mosquitoes and sucking up Bull's Bay Oysters from the shell. It is all the same to them. It's a Low Country thing.

We, of course, were not Low Country natives but did not care. We anticipated our four year stay in the Low Country during my residency to be an educational interlude in more ways than one. My Mom's wonderful friends became our friends, too. They looked after us and made sure we experienced many of the true Low Country experiences.

We attended holiday meals and other events in their home on Tradd Street, down near the old Charleston battery. The old homes were carefully cared for and many had been in families for generations. Our friends' home was two-story, brick and seemed to be about fifteen feet wide and two hundred yards long (maybe less). This is typical of the older Charleston residential areas, built when property was taxed based on street frontage. Our friends sometimes introduced us to other Charlestonians, and this would get us invited to other get-togethers.

One evening we were invited out to "dinner" at the home of an older lady Charlestonian whose family had been in the "Holy City" since the earth cooled. Not acquainted at the time with the custom, we sat in the parlor and were served delicious hors d'ouvres. We began to turn down the treats after the third or fourth pass because we wanted to "save room for dinner". Of course, as it turned out, the snacks were dinner and we were politely turned out after an inadequate meal and some pleasant banter. Dinner was at Arby's and we laughed and laughed about our naivete.

Old Photo of the Charleston Battery.



Low Country

Part 2

By Hugh J. Hagan III

Our Charleston friends were of course "water people", having been brought up in the Low Country. As water people it was important for them to have boats. They had two boats, a Sunfish that sat under their summer house on Sullivan's Island and an old outboard cuddy cruiser of about 22' built of wood. The only sailing the Sunfish did to my knowledge was when it sailed out from under their house and nearly into oblivion during Hurricane Hugo. The virtues of the cruiser I experienced first hand.

"Let's go for a boat ride," says our friend, "in our power boat." We accepted with some apprehension. I had seen the boat. I figured as long as we stayed in the Intracoastal or up some marsh creek, we wouldn't have too far to swim if the inevitable occurred.

The fateful day arrived accompanied by nice weather and warm temperatures. We motored out of the old marina on the causeway out to Sullivan's Island. An expensive condo complex has since replaced this charming marina. After passing the little marina jetty we entered the Intracoastal near the old Ben Sawyer Bridge. The nice thing about the Intracoastal at this location is that it is so protected from the fetch of the sea. The bad thing is that you must share the waterway with numerous large commercial craft. Now, as expected, we were not far down the waterway when the old 2-stroke gave up the ghost. Except at slack tide, there can be lots of current running along this part of the waterway and this day was no exception.

We got an anchor down and bobbed in the wake of passing boats, taking the occasional dollop of sea over the transom while I struggled with the engine. We were of course passed close by a tug and barge rig and suffered through that near swamping. The fates smiled though and we managed to get underway after a thirty-minute break. We arrived back at the marina not long after. I was happy that we made it back without a tow (or worse) but our Charlestonian hosts were delighted with the perfect day of boating we had enjoyed. Motor or not, an afternoon on the water was hard to beat!

Low Country weather is a thing of legend. So beautiful in the spring and fall, and surprisingly mild in the winter, it was hotter and more humid in the summer than you can imagine. It makes you wonder how anyone ever settled the place. There were no screens. Everyone wore wool. What were they thinking? It is fact that many of the wealthier whites retreated to the mountains of North Carolina in the summer, leaving the misery of the malarious swamps to the black slaves and their white overseers. People died like flies from a variety of tropical illnesses. The diseases have come under control through public health awareness, clean drinking water and control of mosquitoes. Universal air-conditioning now softens the oppressive summer environment. Stick your nose out at noon on July 11th, though, and you will know. The weather still rules.

With the heat and moisture came an unimaginable assortment of varmints and bugs that lived in a symbiosis with the human population. The most celebrated of these vermin were almost affectionately referred to by Low Country natives as "Palmetto Bugs". For those of you who have not seen a Palmetto Bug, think "Big Damn Roach" and you will hit it close. Anne and I were walking down Church Street one summer evening after a nice dinner out. Imagine the soft early evening light, a breeze in the palms overhead and quiet conversation. Charleston really is a very beautiful and romantic place. As we walked along I heard something moving behind us. Glancing over my shoulder I saw nothing, but the footfalls drew my eyes downward to the sidewalk. There, following us, was a two inch long Palmetto Bug. You could hear its footfalls on the sidewalk. I am not making this up.

Sometimes at night it was necessary to go into the kitchen to get a bottle for our young son. Flip on the light and there would be Palmetto Bugs scattering faster than Baptists from a liquor store. They would simply vanish. Like smoke, they would pass through walls. They were hard to catch. We just learned to live with them.

All of this heat and moisture proved a powerful engine for interesting foul weather. Low Country residents always observed the hurricane season with interest. These storms would usually occur in late summer or early fall and were accompanied by much hype and excitement in the media. Nothing got the weather people worked up like the specter of impending destruction from "The Storm of the Century". Evacuation routes were published and public safety officials and police were all on alert.

During the time we lived on Sullivan's Island, we experienced a couple of category 1 storms. One of these hurricanes, Bob, hit the South Carolina coast on July 25th, 1985 and was sufficient to cause a voluntary evacuation of Sullivan's Island, the Isle of Palms and Folly Beach. The hurricane stirred up some real wind and rain but no high water and little destruction of property. In general, the area to the north of the storm's eye usually sees the highest winds, though not necessarily the greatest storm surge.

I was at work at the Medical University the day Hurricane Bob made landfall over the South Carolina coast at Fripp Island, forty or so miles south of Charleston. By the time I made it out to Sullivan's Island, many of our neighbors had already packed up and left to spend the night on the mainland. I found my wife finishing up some quick packing. We had a metal box that we called "The Hurricane Box", in which was kept the family's important papers and documents. I went out in the back yard and securely lashed down our Sunfish and the Cayat.

Our first son was one and a half years old at the time and I thought it would be interesting for the two of us to go down to Station 10 and check out the mouth of the harbor before we left the island for the night. Being nearly deserted, Sullivan's Island took on an eerie appearance in the lowering light of the early evening. There was definitely a strange feel in the air. As I walked down Middle Street with my son's hand in mine, the wind would gust and bits of palmetto and loose debris would shoot across the street. The air was so humid that it felt like a weight on our backs.

As we stepped down onto the beach, we were met with an unexpected sight. The ships from the Navy base were all heading out to sea where they would be able to ride out the storm in the relative safety of deep water. One after another, the ships, gray and businesslike, passed the jetties and steamed into the angry sea heading for the horizon. Subtenders, a destroyer and various support craft passed by. I guess the subs were already gone.

The sky was sinister and frightening in appearance. Gray clouds streaked low. The normally smooth waters of the harbor were wave torn and white capped. Large breakers rolled against the outer jetties, tossing water high into the air. I imagined what it would be like to be out there in my Cayat or Klepper. It was not an appealing thought. The entire picture of the storm and the specter of the lonely island stimulated a sudden desire to get the hell off of Sullivan's Island. The Navy was leaving, for heaven's sake. What was I doing there?

The storm had actually begun to build while we were on the beach. I held onto my son's hand tightly. He seemed to be having a ball. The wind would gust hard enough to lift him off of his feet. I would hold him like a kite. The force of the wind, even with this relatively mild hurricane, was remarkable. As we made our way back to the house, more trash was flying down the street, adding to the general sense of impending mayhem. We quickly loaded up the cars and drove across the Ben Sawyer bridge to Mount Pleasant where we overnighted at the home of a fellow resident. That storm did little more than take off the odd shingle and establish a sense of complacency among the population regarding hurricanes, an attitude that was dispelled by Hurricane Hugo in 1989. Hugo was "a whole 'nother thing" as we were prone to say, and the storms we saw bore little resemblance to this whopper of a monster hurricane.

We visited Sullivan's in 1991 and the signs of Hurricane Hugo's devastation were still everywhere. Our old house was still in place, though it was evident that some serious upgrading and repair work had been done to it. Our next door neighbor's house was gone. There were just some bits of wood and wire sticking out of the sand. Much of the myrtle and live oak trees were just gone. Some new construction on the beach had been completed and where once stood a funky, old beach house, now stood a million dollar plus palace. Mother Nature must be licking her lips. The rationale behind this type of beach development still escapes me. I guess as long as the government guarantees the insurance the big homes will be there for the storms to knock down.

While on the subject of the weather, one phenomenon I noticed in our years living on the Island was the development of a connection with the maritime environment. By this I mean a subliminal awareness of what the ocean, harbor and marsh were up to. You simply knew the point of the tidal cycle without looking. You could feel weather coming. The direction of the breeze, the predictor of certain weather patterns, became programmed into your subconscious, and anticipation of storm or sun became automatic. I suppose this ability exists no matter where a person might live, but it seemed to be more sharply developed at the beach.

The American Civil War ("War of North-

ern Aggression") is very alive in the Low Country, and no where more so than the Holy City of Charleston itself. This hotbed of secession saw the first shots of the war fired on Fort Sumter. Talk to people around town and you would think this all happened last week. Some folks are still mad at the Yankees.

One very real reminder of the conflict has recently been in the news. The salvage of the Confederate submarine *Hunley* recently was a lead article in the *National Geographic Magazine*. This is recommended reading. This human-powered vessel performed the first successful submarine torpedo attack, sinking a Union ship in Charleston Harbor. The sub sank following the attack, taking her crew with her. The circumstances of the sub's loss are poorly understood, but the *Hunley* had drowned two previous crews while being tested. Nearly as dangerous as a jet ski, though quieter.

Other mementos of the war would occasionally pop into the public consciousness. Unexploded Civil War artillery shells (Union) would be encountered during construction excavation on the peninsula. This usually made the front page. The Navy bomb disposal squad would be called out from the base in North Charleston. The area would be evacuated. The Navy specialists would gently transfer the shell into a special armored vehicle and transport it to a safe location where it would be detonated. The things almost always went off, even after being buried for a hundred and twenty years.

Charleston is a city of bridges. Several new and beautiful bridges have been built since we lived there, greatly easing traffic congestion. My favorite bridge remains the old Cooper River Bridge, soaring between Mount Pleasant and downtown Charleston. These 75 year-old steel structures provide a spectacular view of the Cooper River and the peninsula. Sitting in your stopped vehicle, waiting for traffic to clear, you could watch huge ships, both naval and commercial, pass beneath you. You could look right down the stacks. The tugs would scurry along, guiding and preventing a collision with the bridge supports. These near collisions actually happened from time to time when a ship would inexplicably lose its ability to steer. The tugs and their experienced crews prevented catastrophe by pushing the ship aground in the soft mud at channel's edge. What a disaster it would be to knock down one of these bridges, especially when loaded with morning traffic!

Numerous tour boats transport visitors to some of the major historical sites in the area such as Fort Sumter. There is actually no admission fee to Fort Sumter, but you did have to pay to ride the tour boat. These rides are not cheap. One of the advantages of living on the water as we did at the mouth of the harbor was the ease of accessibility to Fort Sumter by kayak or Sunfish. I would take off from the beach at Station 10, and sail like mad across the mouth of the harbor, landing on the beach south of the Fort and just walk on in. What an interesting place to visit. It is actually a pretty long cannon shot from the Battery in Charleston. The artillery must have been quite accurate.

Sailing off the beach was a favorite weekend pastime. There were a group of regulars who would meet with Hobie Cats and Sunfish to sail the harbor and out into the ocean between the harbor jetties. Families would set up umbrellas and coolers on the sand. Kids

played in the surf. One of our friends, Robin, would show up on Saturdays from his home on James Island with his 19' Boston Whaler Super Cat. He would wear a cold beer on a lanyard around his neck. What a sailing machine that Super Cat was. I would crew for him and ride the trapeze. We would blow off the beach and head out into the Atlantic, generally sticking within four or five miles of the shore. That boat would just cut the waves. It was fast, too, reaching speeds in the mid teens with 20 knots of wind.

One particularly interesting event occurred as we were returning to the harbor one late afternoon. Broad reaching toward the jetties we heard a WHOOSH behind us. Turning to look, we were greeted by the sight of a black nuclear sub surfacing about two hundred yards back. What a spectacle! As the sub gained on us, figures appeared atop the conning tower. Who knows how long those guys had been submerged! They certainly waved enthusiastically. The sub passed to our port side. It was huge and we felt small. The sub produced an impressive wake and we used it to our advantage, surfing it for a mile all the way to the harbor mouth before cutting off to the beach. What a ride!

As with all good things, our time in the Low Country eventually wound to an end. Completing my training at the Medical University, we departed Charleston for a year in Indianapolis to receive further specialty training. Indianapolis is not exactly a hotbed of boating, though there is a reservoir there with an active group of sailors. It was tough leaving our South Carolina home and the friends we had made.

We now live back in the mountains of Virginia and we love our home. Being a mountain boy originally, I am comfortable living and raising our kids in the "High Country". A piece of my heart remains in Charleston, though, with the heat, the tides, the boats and the bugs. We try to go back every couple of years and stay out on the island. I will take a kayak or two and my bike and get back into the Low Country swing of things because, as one of our good Charleston friends said, once you get that marsh mud between your toes, you can never really leave for good.

Cayat in High Country Lake.



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Casualties and Salvage

The Norwegian-flagged chemical tanker *Bow Eagle* and the French trawler *Cistude* were on converging courses in the English Channel early one morning, with the tanker having the right of way. They collided but the Filipino mate of the tanker thought it was glancing blow, sounding like the slap of a wave. There was radio chatter in French after the collision so he judged there was little damage done. The master was not notified. Next morning, the Filipino helmsman denied and then admitted what had happened. The trawler sank with loss of four of the seven on board. The tanker's owners quickly made apologies and the two watchstanders face charges of accidental homicide, non-assistance to persons in the water, and flight from the scene of an accident.

Those new Humber River pilots are still having trouble getting ships safely in and out of that estuary. Latest to suffer is the German-registered cargo vessel *Urte*, which went aground at the mouth of the River Trent. When the ship took a list and started taking water over the port quarter, the crew of eight plus the pilot were removed from the 2,551 ton vessel, then taken back onboard, then removed again when fast-rising water was discovered in the engine room.

In a battle of equals, two vessels traveling in the same direction somehow collided in the English Channel off Dover early one morning. The German-owned 16,000gt *Catherine Oldendorf* (perhaps a fleetmate of the *Magdalena Oldendorf* recently trapped in the Antarctic ice while carrying many Russian scientists and needing icebreaker rescue) and the 16,000gt Dutch-registered *Slotergracht* suffered only dents and scrapes to their sides.

A Triton XL Remotely Operated Vehicle from the motor vessel *Merlin* rescued a diver trapped in a small sub in 1,800' of water in the Gulf of Mexico. The sub and its operator were immobilized when a tool seized in place while working on a subsea well. The *Merlin* was immediately deployed to the site and the ROV took only five minutes to release the tool and the trapped sub. Duration of the entrapment? Technically, only ten hours but perhaps it seemed longer to the diver.

A British Lynx helicopter belonging to the Ministry of Defense was located and recovered some 200 miles off Virginia by Oceaneering International from 12,000' of water in spite of high currents.

Smit Salvage has been busy. After pulling the 15,063gt palm oil tanker *Irina 2* off a New Guinea reef, some additional efforts were required to find a channel out of the very shallow and rock-strewn lagoon. Winds reached Force 7 at times. In the Bahamas, Smit tugs freed the small bulk carrier *Balsa 56* from its grounding and, off Taiwan, *De Yue*, one of the world's most powerful salvage tugs, and the supply boat *De Peng*, towed the VLCC *Orpheus Asia* after it reported engine problems in Force 7-8 winds. The tanker with 225,000 tonnes of crude oil was towed to Hong Kong for offloading and then to Singapore for repairs.

Smit Salvage accepted Lloyds Open Form plus SCOPIC to salvage the burning *Jolly Rubino*. Some 25 miles off the South African coast, the Italian-registered ro/ro container ship had an engine room fire that spread to the accommodations. A helicopter took off

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

(Hugh regularly writes for professional mariner publications, this is one example of the sort of news that is of interest to those earning livings messing about in big boats. This column covers some of the world's nautical news happening in the mid-August to mid-September period.)

the crew of 22 in several flights while South Africa once again summoned its ship-in-distress facilities. These include a oil-spill abatement vessel and a surveillance aircraft, the anchor-handling tug *Smit Pentow*, and the salvage tug *Wolraad Woltemade*, one of the most powerful tugs in the world and especially built for rescue and salvage off the South African coast. At last reports, the fire on the 31,266dwt *Jolly Rubino* had spread to containers, some of which were exploding, salvage workers were unable to board due to high winds and bad weather, and the vessel had run aground..

The Dutch salvage firm of Wisjuller was selected over Australian firms to refloat the 207,000dwt bulk carrier *Hanjin Dampier* after it went aground near Dampier when its steering failed. The vessel had a full cargo of iron ore.

The South Korean-owned log carrier *Bintang Narapan* drifted for five days off Russia's Pacific coast because rescuers were unable to put out a fire or tow the vessel to port. The fire was so hot that water streams evaporated before they could reach the deck of the burning ship. The crew of 19 had been rescued before the fire broke out.

Every marine chart comes at some expense. The operator of a small NOAA survey launch died when rough seas in Prince William Sound, Alaska, swung the boat sideways and then capsized it. Two others made it to shore and were taken by a Coast Guard helicopter to a hospital for treatment of hypothermia.

A tank holding 30,000 gallons of fuel oil exploded near the Houston Ship Channel and sent clouds of black smoke skyward and across the Channel. The Coast Guard closed the Channel for several hours.

On the Danube River, the river tanker *Eiltank 3* got caught on a lock's machinery and dumped 13,000 gallons of gasoline into the river. The area near the town of Strauburg was sealed off while the remaining cargo was pumped out.

Holland-America's *Statendam* left Vancouver late one afternoon and lost power when a generator misbehaved a few hours later. The resulting switchboard fire disabled the vessel so a call was made for the nearest tug registered and transponder tracked under the International Tugs of Opportunity System. The 50' *Harken No. 10* was towing a log raft but passed it over to another tug and hurried to the rescue. Next was the *Seaspan Guardian*. Their combined 2,600 horsepower got the big ship moving at 4 knots but Holland-America wanted the ship back in Vancouver before daylight so four big tractor tugs soon

arrived. The added 10,900 horses boosted progress to 7 knots and Vancouver was reached before early morning commuters could see a disabled ship being towed into the harbor

Pollution, Piracy, Drug-Smuggling and Punishment

The US Government is getting tougher on sinners. An aviation company was fined \$500,000 and put on probation for three years for failing to train its workers how to handle hazardous materials properly, and observers note that this thrust may carry over into the marine transportation sector. And the EPA has pointed out two recent trends: criminal sanctions are increasingly being used to enforce environmental laws and regulations, and corporate directors and senior officers are facing prosecution. One example was the recent indictment of a corporate director and two corporate officials for their roles in a conspiracy concerning discharges of oil from cargo ships making calls at US ports. The Korean company must pay a \$5 million fine plus spend an additional half-million dollars as initial funding for a compliance program. A master and two chief engineers have already been convicted and sentenced.

The Coast Guard's recent Oil Spill Risk Assessment reveals that spill volumes from tank vessels are substantially down and spills from freighters have also decreased but less so while spills from passenger and fishing vessels appear to have risen (this may be due to better reporting). Operational discharges from commercial vessels may become significant while such spills from recreational outboard motors may exceed accidental spills from commercial vessels.

Barge traffic on the Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal was delayed for several days by a fuel oil leak along a 10-12 mile stretch. Source of the leak was not immediately traced.

The State of Alaska reported that the cruise industry has made significant progress in complying with state air emission standards but there is mixed progress as regards wastewater treatment. One sinner may be Holland-America's *Ryndam*, which seems to have dumped 40,000 gallons of wastewater into Alaskan waters when a holding tank overflowed. But other cruise boats seem to be dumping their wastewaters outside state limits. The *Ryndam* seems to be having a string of bad luck: earlier this year, over one hundred passengers and crew become quite ill with a virus on one cruise and recently she drifted for 20 minutes after losing power while in the Lynn Canal.

Near-miss department, possible pollution news, continued: An unnamed cruise ship in Alaska (not the *Ryndam*) reported a three-minute outage of propulsion and steering just as it was about to enter the Gastineau Channel.

Four longshoremen at Miami were found guilty of importing and distributing cocaine. It arrived in a container mixed with other cargo and the men took the drug out of the container facility in their personal vehicles. They face possible life sentences.

Piracy on the high seas is still on the rise, with the waters off Somalia and Indonesian being the hot spots. In the first six-month of this year, there were 171 incidents as compared with 165 incidents, same period last year.

Official Stuff

New York authorities became concerned when inspection teams found traces of radioactivity and heard noises in the holds of the Liberian-flagged German-owned container ship *Palermo Senator* when it was inspected at Port Elizabeth on the anniversary of the 9-11 terrorists attacks. No stowaways were found but the ship was ordered to anchor offshore while Navy SEAL divers searched for a source of the radiation. The radiation probably came from clay tiles. The ship's voyage started in Korea and stops were made at several South East Asian and European ports. Peculiarly enough, the container ship is listed as a cruise liner in some records because it can carry four passengers.

According to testimony before a Congressional subcommittee, the value of international shipments through the US may rise from 1999's \$1 trillion to \$4 trillion in 2020 and 30% of the US economy will be tied to international trade in goods and services. This growth must be accommodated efficiently or the nation will suffer economic consequences but demands are growing faster than supply. And custom duties on imported goods transported by the maritime industry average \$15 billion each year.

The St Lawrence Seaway Development Corp and its Canadian equivalent, the St. Lawrence Seaway Management Corp, are testing an Automatic Identification System. The AIS will become compulsory next year for all commercial vessels operating between Montreal and mid-Lake Erie and will eventually cover all lakes and inland waterways. The AIS uses transponders to automatically exchange data on ship positions, weather, winds, currents, ice conditions, and other information among ships and shore stations.

A fast-ferry service to be named the Canadian-American Transportation System will operate between Rochester and Toronto if funding can be obtained from all participants. New York State has approved \$14 million of state support but the Canadian government has yet to provide some \$10 million and US federal money may be sought. Austral Ships, of Australia, has agreed to build a 280' high-speed ferry if funding is secured. The vessel would carry 774 people and 238 cars on the 2-1/2-hour trip at about 40 knots.

Odd Bitts

The QE2 has passed the 5 million-mile mark, the equivalent of sailing to the moon and back nine times. Another measure: 230 times around our planet. And the vessel has visited Southampton 598 times and New York City 680 times.

The first rotary diesel marine engine using marine fuel has been demonstrated in the US. The two-rotor, 250hp engine is being tested for the US Coast Guard in a prototype boat and a 1,000hp engine is being developed.

Off Alabama, a woman was swimming near the family boat some 65 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico when she was bitten by a shark on her right leg, both arms, and back. Her folks pulled her out of the water and rushed to a nearby offshore platform where a paramedic gave her first aid and probably saved her life.

Dame Judi Dench tried three times to break a champagne bottle as she christened the new super-sized *Carnival Legend*. The first

time the bottle boomed like a gong but failed to break. The second time the bottle fell into the harbor. Third time was successful but she got really soaked, leading to many headlines drawing attention to the similarity between "drench" and "Dench". By all reports, Dame Judi was a lady throughout all the fuss.

Employment of Filipino seamen on foreign ships rose by 4 percent to 123,000 in the first seven months of this year. They bring \$2 billion to their country's economy.

UK shipbroking companies are trying to pay their brokers with a lower base salary plus a bonus but are finding resistance. Most brokers are looking for the security of a higher base salary. Recruitment specialists are urging a mix of the two systems to satisfy the needs of both competitive brokerage firms and those serving principals.

You have a World War II LST that you want to get sailing again. What is the first thing you may have to acquire? That's right, an approved marine sanitation unit. EVAC Environmental has donated such a system to the veterans owning *LST USS 325*, which they bravely sailed back from Greece in 2000 without any ship's papers. The old Landing Ship, Tank is now on display in Mobile, Alabama and the new unit will allow the ship to sail again under its own power without harassment from the Coast Guard.

The Panama Canal Authority is installing a state-of-the-art simulator center for training Canal maritime personnel.

France will build a second aircraft carrier.

Head Shakers

Just because a mariner intentionally concealed and misrepresented a pre-existing condition and failed to follow his physician's instructions and treatment programs does not bar him from filing a claim under the Jones Act. So ruled a US Court of Appeals. And a fish cutter working in a barge-mounted processing plant can come under provision of the Jones Act since the barge is towed from Seattle to Alaska and back each year and thus is a "vessel in navigation".

Having successfully sailed and drifted across much of the Pacific (from South America to Easter Island) in a reed boat, an adventurer is now seeking to circumnavigate the world in a similar boat. Reed boats absorb water but he hopes that dipping the end of each reed in tar will solve that problem and he already has boatbuilders and a crew of volunteers. The first leg should take him from Chile to Australia with stops at Tahiti and Fiji. He plans to set off in February. Building the boat will require more than 1.5 million reeds.

Two yachtsmen came ashore for dinner in a quaint Massachusetts town and tied their dog to a post outside the restaurant where they could keep an eye on the pooch. But the police received several complaints and so a Sergeant soon arrived. What to do? Learning that the dog liked to ride in cars, the Sergeant told the dog to hop in. Sergeant and dog patrolled the town while the diners ate.

Two crewmembers are missing and several of those rescued were severely burned after a small tanker ran onto rocks off China. When one of the crew had lighted a distress flare, the ship exploded.

A fisherman whose boat sank off New Jersey survived overnight without a life jacket

by clinging to a cooler filled with beer. He had been told not to let the beer out of his sight since it was on sale.

Off California, a sport fisherman named Tibbs was killed when a whale breached out of the water and landed on his 22' fishing boat. It is not known who will continue running the family barbeque business named Mr. Tibb's Ribbs.

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Don't pay much heed to the title, I just wanted to convey the thought that this project is not instant, as in "instant boats", but rather a week's worth of rewarding fun, which is what we're after isn't it?

I want to pass on a concept, that of using lumberyard available, clear pine or cedar clapboards to build a good looking, lap-strake, flat bottomed rowboat, or dinghy. This material is available in boat lengths, and costs sixty to seventy cents a lineal foot. Clapboard cost will come to about \$70 for a 10' dingy.

What follows is not a step by step how-to article but an outline of the somewhat unusual construction technique for this boat of non conventional boat building material.

Here is the quick construction overview: In assembling, the untapered strakes (clapboards) are held to a temporary transom and bent around several completed frames fastened to a 2"x4" strongback. The flare of the boat's sides, alone, determines the amount of sheer and the curvature fore and aft of the plywood bottom (as all the strakes are untapered). More flare, more sheer. The bow is formed to one's liking by forcing, somewhat, the strakes to form a plumb stem, or (more advisedly), allowing them to go more naturally into a typical raked bow overhang.

The two bottom strakes go on first, then the second pair, lapping them over the first pair, the second pair having had a longitudinal notch cut into their bottom edges to accept top edges of the first pair (see sketch). I think the figure says it all. Succeeding pairs of strakes seem to almost "snap" together. A transom is constructed beveled to fit the strakes and is installed just forward of the temporary one. Four strakes make up each side and the plywood bottom is glued and nailed to the frames and to the bottom strakes whose nailing/gluing surfaces have been widened by additional strips.

Now some discussion: Perhaps first I should say this method is not for everyone since it requires a fair degree of visualization, an eye as to what is a "good" flare, what is a nice sheer, and what are pleasing stem and transom angles. But these are appearance qualities. The construction itself requires only basic, common sense skills.

Forty Hour Dinghy

By Val Thompson

Second, this method lies somewhere between classic boat building and the latest plywood, glue dependent technique. Although glue is used it is used sparingly and could be dispensed with entirely, although I strongly urge you not to do so. Using this method you will have built a truly light, serviceable boat you can be proud of. Except for the clapboards, the material for a small dinghy can perhaps be found right around your own shop.

Have a look at the sketch and then come back for some specific advice and explanations. Later, I'll give some basic dimensions for the pictured dinghy you can use as a guide for your own project.

Now, specifics:

(1) Trim the thin edges of the 6" wide clapboards so that when lapped 5/8" they will give you the vertical depth you want amidship. Double check your calculations. Its easy to make a mistake. Minimum vertical depth I feel is about 14-1/2", so each strake should be cut about 4-1/4" or so. If four strakes make for insufficient depth for your boat, add another strake. Minimum thickness of the sides (i.e. just below the lap) should be just over 1/4". Set the angle of your table saw blade to the same angle that the inner and outer side of the clapboard make with each other. Saw out the notch to a depth of about 1/2" to 5/8". With a little luck the lapped strakes will form a smooth surface inside the boat. Practice a little on a scrap piece of clapboard.

(2) Since the bottom is rockered, let the temporary transom "float" several inches above the strongback.

(3) Pull the strakes against the temporary transom by having the strakes extend beyond it, and lash together through holes drilled in their outer ends. Don't nail. Don't let them split.

(4) Now bend the bottom strakes around the rearmost frame so that the bottom edges are even with the bottom of the frame. Tack these down.

(5) Now for the fun part: Bend the strakes

around the forward frames and bring together at the stem. Now you will suddenly "see" your boat. The forward frame will want to pop out backward so brace it in firmly. By experimenting you can now decide how much flare toward the bow you want. It is easier to let the stem angle rake forward. At this point you may want to move the forward frame forward or back a little. It is my view that most home-made dinghies are too pointy, give yours as much width up forward as you think the bent strakes can take remembering that the first strakes bend the easiest.

(6) Make a stem to fit the angle the strakes make and trim and fasten the strakes to it.

(7) Brush epoxy lightly on the lap of the second pair of strakes and put them on like the first, lapping the second pair over the first. They should fit perfectly, but might want to slip upward so clamp, weigh down or tack with removable nails or screws the second pair to the first. Wipe off excess glue at this time and again later. Let dry thoroughly. (7) Add the third and fourth pair of strakes, gluing them to the stem if you are sure of the rightness of everything, otherwise use screws. Trim back the ragged front edge of the stem and fit a false stem piece in place.

The hard and tricky work is done. Now build a real transom thick enough to take screws and take the bevel off the boat itself. The flare of the transom can be somewhat less than amidship. Put an arc in the top of the transom for appearance. The more the stem is raked forward the more you want to rake the transom aft for appearance sake. Glue in a pair of strips along the inside bottom edge of the bottom strakes to form a wider surface for the bottom to mate with.

Now is the time to paint the inside, three coats minimum. Then you can turn the boat over, and, making sure it is not twisted, go ahead and glue and nail on the plywood bottom that has been roughed out to the approximate shape. Use epoxy glue liberally here and make sure it down tight all around. Glue on a skeg or keel, either sprung to the rockered bottom or cut to fit. Gluing eliminates screw holes and leaks.

The rest the construction details can be found in how-to-build dinghy books, or by looking at other dinghies, or using common sense. I'll add just a few more thoughts. Make the rear seat small so a passenger must sit on the centerline. Make the rower's seat lengthwise to give two rowing positions, for solo rowing and with a passenger, and have two oarlock positions. There's no fun in rowing with a passenger with the transom dragging and the bow in the air because you are forced to sit in the solo position.

The gunnels can be a pair of 3/8" x 1" and 3/8" strips glued and screwed to the top strakes on the outside. Spring in similar pieces on the inside notching into the frames and knees, through bolting with 1/4" bolts. Screw and glue in wooden spacers every 6"-8". This makes for a strong light gunnel and forms a nice landing place for a 3/4" diameter rope rub rail, wired on every 6". Make good strong knees for the transom. These aren't just for looks.

A word about the three frames. If made in advance you will have to guess what the bevel will be and allow thickness for adjustment. You will also have to be pretty sure of their width being right, although they can be moved fore and aft. An alternative approach

to construction is the use of one (or more) temporary frames for bending the strakes, and putting the frames in later. I use only glue (epoxy) on the gussets and they are plenty strong. I also like the athwartship piece that strengthens the middle frame and provides support for the rower's seat. Floorboards, which distribute point loads, can be most anything, but make them removable. There are plastic (nylon) oarlocks out there that are lightweight and indestructible; they are worth finding. Notch the transom for sculling. It looks nautical. And lastly, bend a coathanger wire into some letterlike shapes and burn in your name or codename somewhere inside the boat.

Here are the basic dimensions for the pictured dinghy. It will carry two people and gear (say 350lbs max.) in flat water. For general (family) use I'd make the boat just a little bigger in all dimensions. Let me add here that I wanted a fairly plumb stem, but I found this created a slight cow horn sheer. I think it is better to let the strakes curve up more naturally (i.e. higher) in the bow and let the bow have some overhang. Last summer this boat served admirably as a dinghy to our mother ship, a John Hanna Tahiti. It towed well and solo it rows very nicely.

Length over all: 9'4"
Length on bottom: 8'8"
Max. beam: 49"
Max. bottom width: 37"
Flare of sides: 20 degrees from vert. at midship
Depth, inside: about 13-1/2"
Frame spacing from top of transom: approx. 27", 50", and 78"
Oar length: 7'
Weight: Forgot to weigh it, but it is easily tipped up onto an auto roof rack



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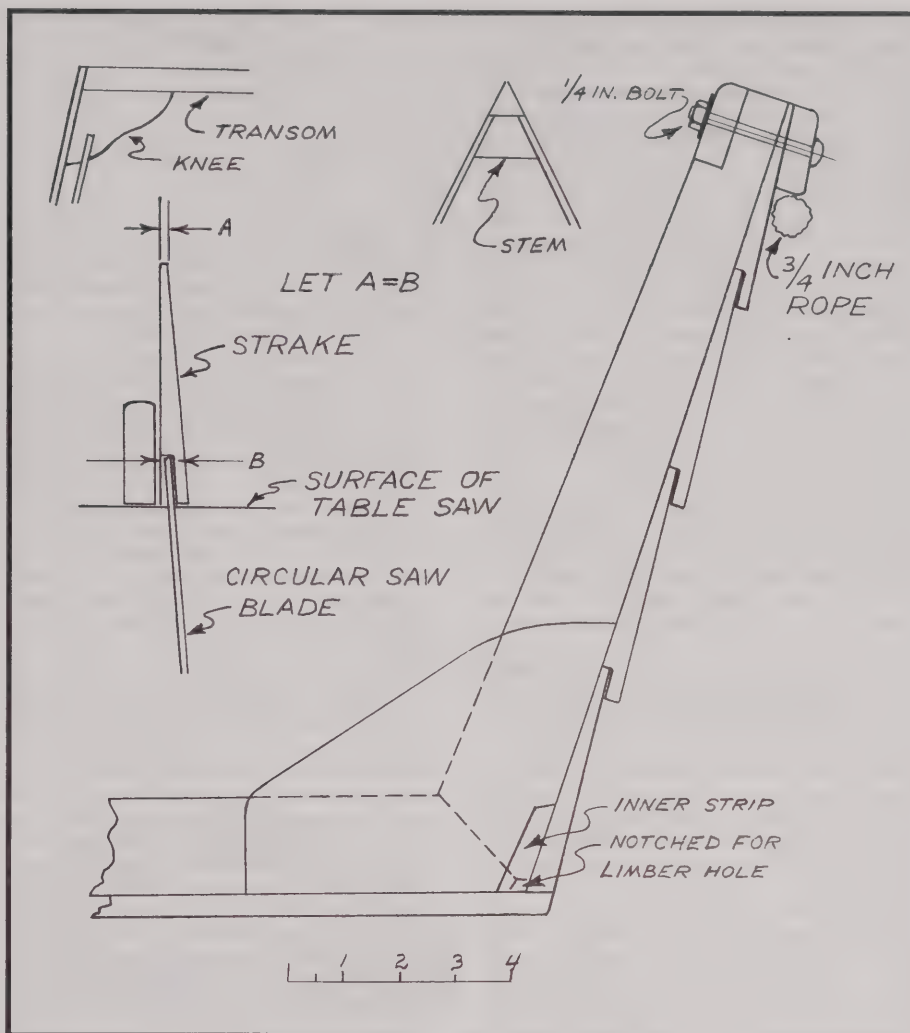
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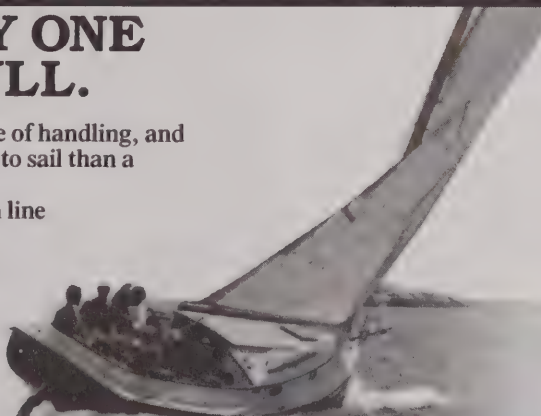
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Rails Part 2

By Robb White

About those screws: I use little #4 square-drive, brass-plated steel screws. They are big enough to hold, yet leave such a little hole that, when you inject epoxy in there, it doesn't run out. Never just putty a screw hole in a boat. It never gets to the bottom, and will certainly show itself immediately and the fact that the hole is not sealed might cause some real grief one of these days. Those little sharp-nosed polyethylene syringes are easy to clean and re-use so get a new one when the one you are using gets sticky. Leave the plunger in there and make sure that the little plastic "needle" is completely full of epoxy with no bubbles when you get through using it (but not the cylinder... squirt all that out) leave it standing vertically pointing up until it cures completely (green epoxy adheres to polyethylene pretty good but cured glue doesn't). Then, all you have to do is bend the little needle to pop the glue loose, hit the barrel of it just a little tap with a rubber hammer and pull the plunger with its little cast of epoxy out and peel it off the rubber piston.

The same complete-cure trick works with screws. If you try to take them out too soon, they'll strip epoxy off in their threads but if the glue is completely hard (I like 48 hours) they'll usually pop right loose. If they don't, I have a dedicated square-drive bit that I heat with the propane torch... that'll get any of them. The reason I use brass plated screws is that the plating sort of helps the epoxy turn loose and I have to heat fewer screws. I tack all the planking together with those screws... thousands of them... so little things like that matter.

After the outer rail is glued up and cured and the screws are out, heat each hole with a hot bronze rod shaped just exactly like the end of a screw, inject all the hot holes with epoxy and drive in a bamboo skewer sharpened to look just exactly like the end of a screw. I do that with the edge sander too... sharpen about fifty of them at the time... gives me time to polish my repertoire. So there you are with the whole rail on the boat and about fifty bamboo skewers sticking toward the inside with a drip of glue running down the inside of the plank. I wipe those off first thing. I use those old brown, roll-style paper towels like they used to have in the restroom of the filling station until the first roll gave out and never got replaced. The reason I like them is because they don't make much lint and are not absorbent enough to let that glue soak through and get on my hands.

After I have wiped the nose of all those skewers, I saw them off flush with a 32 tpi hacksaw blade sanded down to a bare sliver (on the edge sander... keep it wet). You know an English or Japanese gent ain't ever had a finer saw than that. I make a maestro project out of it and taper the blade in cross section so that it is narrower at the back than down by the teeth... a neat thing since the result ain't much thicker than a piece of paper. Whew... all these details. I got to go back in there to the edge sander for a little while before I can continue with this.

After the skewers are cut off, wash your little blade in acetone and give each little bamboo treenail (Uncle Pete?) a light tap with a nail set. You'll see a gratifying little gleam of epoxy emerge from the end grain. You know, I need to explain something: There is no just plain glue joint nearly as strong as a glued and mechanically fastened joint. You don't have

to take my word for it, do the experiments yourself. Anyway, an epoxy saturated bamboo skewer is a hell of a through fastener... beats hell out of a screw or even a copper rivet in thin stuff (like a little boat rail).

If this was the lap fastening, after the nail set I would immediately come back with some epoxy putty and make the little dimple disappear but we have to put on the inner rail and the sanding dust and epoxy will take good care of those little places. I have to clamp the inner rail on there and boy, that was a regular mess until I discovered that I could cut up some of my little coved strips and super glue a concavity onto the opposing surfaces of the clamps to keep them from jumping off quite so bad. I clamp the inner rail on there where I have to to keep it straight and pull the twist into it and then I screw it from the inside at each frame head where I know a block will hide the skewered hole and sometimes other places too where I hope an intermediate block will hide the skewered hole. I do what I have to do to keep the inner rails from crawling out of place and I keep an eagle eye on them until the epoxy is completely cured. I use a little palette knife like artists use to clean every little bit of epoxy off. I learned a long time ago that epoxy is a lot easier to get off when it soft than it is when it is hard.

Next day, I carefully scrape any imperfections (yes, Virginia) off with tiny burr-edged cabinet scrapers made from old Japanese disposable sawblades (excellent stuff). Then comes the gratifying part. The reason that it is so gratifying is that I have a vivid memory of what a royal pain in the ass the spacer blocks and inner sheer clamp used to be back when I had to individually bevel each block to fit the inside of the planking. I bet I walked a hundred miles back and forth to the edge sander for each boat before I got all those blocks finally glued and clamped on there to suit me and then, when I took the clamps off, there would always be one or two that weren't lined up right that I couldn't see because of all the clamps and I had to rip them with a Ryobi saw and piece them back straight.

Now, that I have the half-round inner rail and the coved blocks, it is a piece of cake. First, I have to mortise the blocks that sit on each frame head. Nothing to that. I just cut the mortises with a Japanese saw and chisel so that the block fits on the frame head with the cove resting right with the rail. I cut the frame heads off so that the top is level across the boat and that makes for an easy mortise. When I get each block fitted to suit me (which, I'll throw one away that don't) I put just the least little drop of super glue in the crack where the cove fits the rail and walk to the next one. By the time I get through, the super glue has set up. Then, by golly, I just bend the sheer clamps into the coves of the frame head blocks and tack them with one tiny drop (I use the thin kind and it don't take much) of super glue. I bevel and fit the end of the sheer-clamp rod to the transom but leave it short of the stem and, later, fit the breast hook to bridge the gap.

Because my frame spacing is variable to suit the needs of the boat, the intermediate sheer clamp blocks between the frame heads can not be all exactly the same distance apart so I have to do a little puzzling to get the spacing right, but I can spring out the sheer clamp and just pop them in there and slide them into position. I clamp them, one at the time, with my hand and give the tiny drop and a hint of a squirt of "exhilarator" (as my grandson says). I know my credibility ain't all that good, but I can put the sheer clamp and all the blocks in a twenty foot boat in less than an hour. I have a video to prove it too, so there.

Next, I heat up the shop and while the old big wood heater (we are blessed with a gracious plenty of the most excellent firewood down here) is putting out enough BTUs to heat the whole train station like it used to do back in the forties and fifties, I write down all the facts that I have made up while I was sanding and fooling around. After about two or three hours of that, the shop is about 130F and so are the rails of the boat and the epoxy in my metering pumps (I got the real thing... no treacherous "mini-pumps" for this old pro). I trot in there and turn on the 15,000 BTU, old junk air conditioner (running on propane for Freon) and cool the air in there back down to bearable and reduce the humidity down to zero.

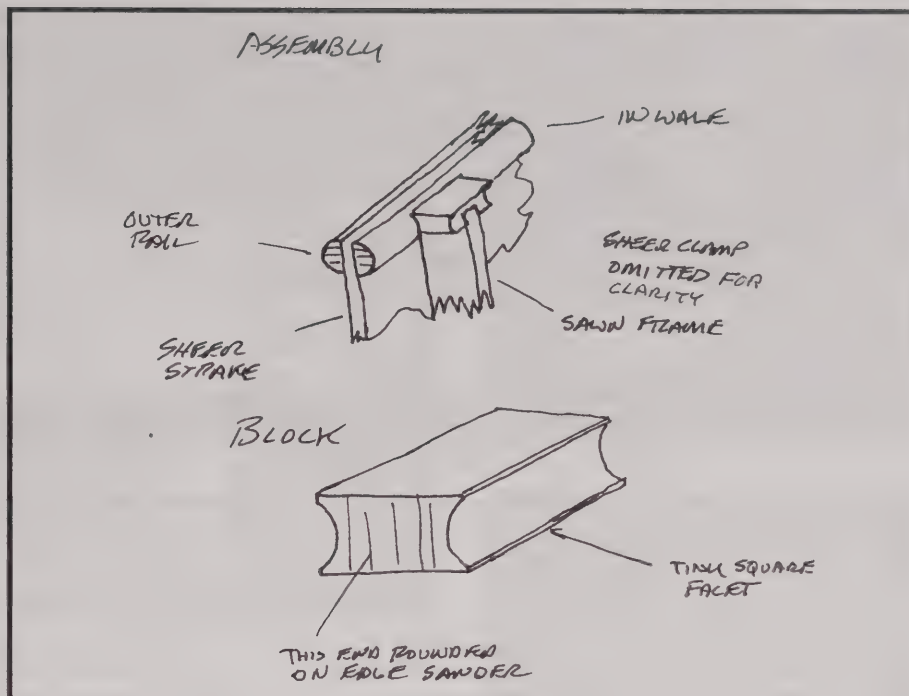
Then, I mix (and I mean that) and fill a syringe of epoxy and carefully "weld" each crack between the sheer clamp and the inner rail and those blocks. I run a little bead just exactly as close to the ends of the seam as I can get without the epoxy running out down the ends of the blocks. If I look underneath with my magnifying mirror, I can see the epoxy appear as a tiny meniscus in the bottom of the seam as the cooling of the hot wood draws the heat-thinned epoxy down in there. You remember how I left a tiny square corner on the blocks when I ran the cove on the shaper? That made exactly the right sized reservoir to hold enough epoxy to feed the capillary action. Wow.

The next to last step is to carefully brush with a brush prepared like I explained in "Fiberglassing" enough epoxy onto the whole business to completely coat it without letting any run down. Again, the heated wood will facilitate that business. I can even paint the end grain of the blocks over and over as the wood soaks up the glue until the ends of all the blocks are shiny. I guess, one coat would be enough if I were going to paint the rails with regular paint but I always wind up varnishing them and varnish, particularly two-part polyurethane, holds up much better on a real good epoxy coating, so I scrape after the first coat, then hit it with a heavy duty abrasive pad (I use Klingspooor "Extra Cut", but a Scotch Brite maroon will work fine) and put two more coats on there as soon as possible so I can do it within the window of no-sand opportunity. An epoxy job on the rails done like that looks just like varnish. I don't fool with the bottom at this stage, but wait until I can turn the boat upside down so I can sit on my little stool under there with my light.

In which there is a story: One time I was under the boat doing that and listening to the radio for the tranquillizing effect of the Mills Brothers when I heard one of those cartoon character sounding women that they hire to do commercials. She chirped, "What is the matter with this phone?" I don't guess y'all

would have any way of knowing this, but I am apt to talk to myself and sing along with the Inkspots (Honeychile) and such. I mean, here I am all by myself all day long and have never been all that inhibited anyway so, what the hell. One good thing hi-tech has done for me is that now, while I am driving in my car talking to myself, people think I am talking on the cellular phone... one of those, supposedly safe, hands-off kind.

Anyway, I, from under the boat, perfectly mocked the voice of the cartoon character woman on the radio. "What is the matter with this phone?" I chirped in a hideously accurate Valley-Girl squawk (you ought to hear me sing like Jimmy Durante). Finally I saw some feet and the hem of a dress with enough cloth in it to make draperies for a whole funeral home. There was a real woman in my shop glaring at a little cell phone that refused to work in there under the tin roof. As soon as I emerged from under the boat, she was able to transfer her animosity from the phone to something more animate. Drove out the driveway hitting the bumps so hard that I saw plain daylight under all four wheels of an SUV as big as a UPS truck. Like in the old song about Marie LeVeaux... "another potential customer done gone."



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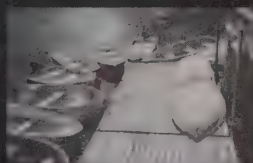


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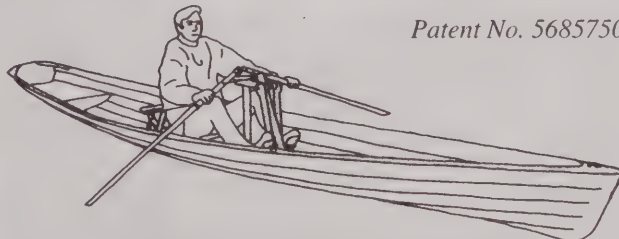


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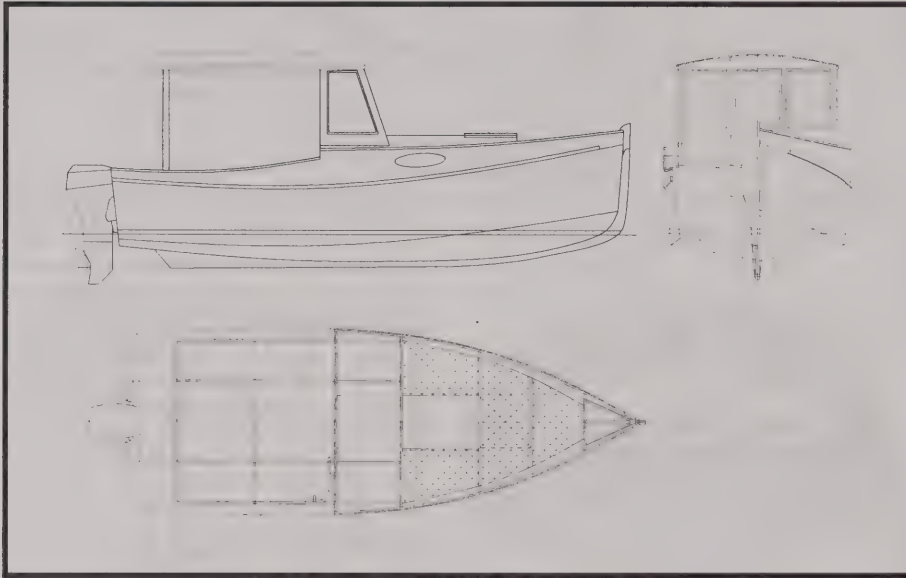
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The Mark V 20

By Mark Van Abbema



Plans are \$75, and study plans are \$5. The plans consist of 1/2" to the foot drawings, showing all details needed for construction. There are also many color photos of the boat being built, building hints, and a list of sources. Metric plans are also available. There is a lot more information with pictures on my web site. Plans can also be ordered directly from the web site with a credit card.

Mark V Designs, 1019 Riviera Dr., Boonville MO 65233, <<http://markvdesigns.com>>



The Mark V 20 is the newest design from Mark V Designs. My Dad built the prototype, Pilgrim IV, in a year of part time work. The 20' length and 7' beam was chosen to keep it compact for easy trailering. It weighs less than 2,000lbs empty. The Mark V 20 is ideal for weekend and short cruises, or trailering across country to exotic locations. It was not designed for speed, if you want to go fast, put it on a trailer. Recommended power is an outboard motor from 10hp to 50hp. Pilgrim IV has a 25hp Mercury four stroke Bigfoot, and it cruises at 7 knots at 4,000rpm. A 9.9hp Yamaha High-Thrust Four Stroke should give a 6 knot cruising speed, and a 50hp outboard should push it at 10 to 11 knots.

The original plan called for a motor well, but we decided that it would interfere with the cockpit too much, so we decided to mount it on the transom with a self bailing slop well forward. The bulkhead forward of the motor well is full height, so no water will get into the cockpit, except for rain. The cockpit is not self-bailing, since a self-bailing cockpit would need its sole at least 6" above the waterline for safety. The cockpit is 6' x 6' with 6'6" headroom under the hard top. Since the cockpit can be easily enclosed with canvas, not much water should get in. It has a sump and bilge pump under the sole. A boat this size with a dedicated pilot house and separate cockpit would be very cramped, especially for taller people.

There are storage compartments on each side of the motor. One of the compartments holds the porti-potti, which can be moved to wherever is convenient for use. A cooler is stored on the other side. There is a drop leaf table at the after end of the cockpit, and folding lawn chairs are used where needed.

The flush deck is stronger and provides more room below than a trunk cabin. There is a sunken foredeck forward for anchors and stuff. Anchors are handled while standing in the forehatch to save going out on deck. The cabin has a 7' long V-berth with a removable panel, so the aft part of the berth can be used as settees with a nice view through the ports. The boat was designed for a 6'5" person, so if you aren't much taller than that, you should be comfortable. Aft of the berth are 2-1/2' counters on each side with shelves, and 18gal fuel tanks under them.

The boat is relatively easy to build for an amateur, but you should have some boat building experience before taking on a project this large. Construction is simple plywood over permanent bulkheads. No lofting is necessary, although a simple strong-back or jig is needed. The dimensions of all frames and bulkheads are given in the plans. This construction method was chosen over stitch and glue construction because on a larger boat, stitch and glue construction is not as easy as it looks. 20' long panels are not very easy to deal with, especially if you are short handed. The hull sides are 1/2" plywood and one layer of 1/4" plywood, making the bottom 3/4" thick.

My Dad spent approximately \$8,000 on materials for Pilgrim IV, including engine and all gear.



Fame O' the Yard

By Bob Hicks

On a drizzly Labor Day we dropped by Harold Burnham's boatyard in nearby Essex, Massachusetts for what was billed as a Keel Laying Ceremony for Harold's next project, a privateer schooner replica *Fame*, being built for entrepreneur Michael Ruttstein, who plans on taking tourists visiting nearby historic Salem out for historic harbor cruises on a traditionally built War of 1812 privateer replica. A substantial crowd had gathered to hear brief remarks from Mike and Harold and to sign the lead ballast keel set on what would be the building ways.

Lead ballast keel? Yep, Harold explained that it would not be a historical clanger being

buried underneath a lot of wood and thus much tidier than stone ballast. Since the specs for the keel shape were rather flexible within overall dimensions and weight of about 14,000 pounds, Harold was able to get a rather attractive price for the job, having decided to not go through the labor and danger inherent in trying to cast so large a keel in the yard.

Yes, this is the project you have already been introduced to via Chinatown Mike Scagliotti's cartoons which have appeared twice to date and will continue to appear from time to time chronicling the project through until the scheduled launching next spring.

Harold's speaker's platform was one of the native New England white oak timbers cut in western Connecticut for the job.



Onlookers were invited to sign the keel and enthusiastically did so.



Builder Burnham (left) and owner Ruttstein viewing the first step.

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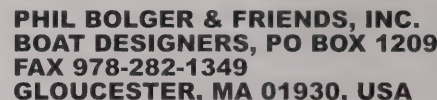


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The rig shown here is a Chinese gaff yawl. A yawl rig offers the aerodynamic efficiency of the large uninterrupted area of foil of the main, assisted in its flow by a small balanced club jib, using the mizzen in addition to provide drive on many points to balance the various geometric centers and vectors of actual forces of the mainsail, be it of the oversized light air area or snug in storm trim. For certain purposes the mizzen will stand alone or together with the jib, while leaving the main furled. With the mainmast bare for the night, the overly heavy canvas of the mizzen will frequently be left standing assisted by the flat centerline anchor staysail for most directional stability on anchor, always with the option of folding the mainmast altogether for less noise and superior stability in any windspeed on the hook.

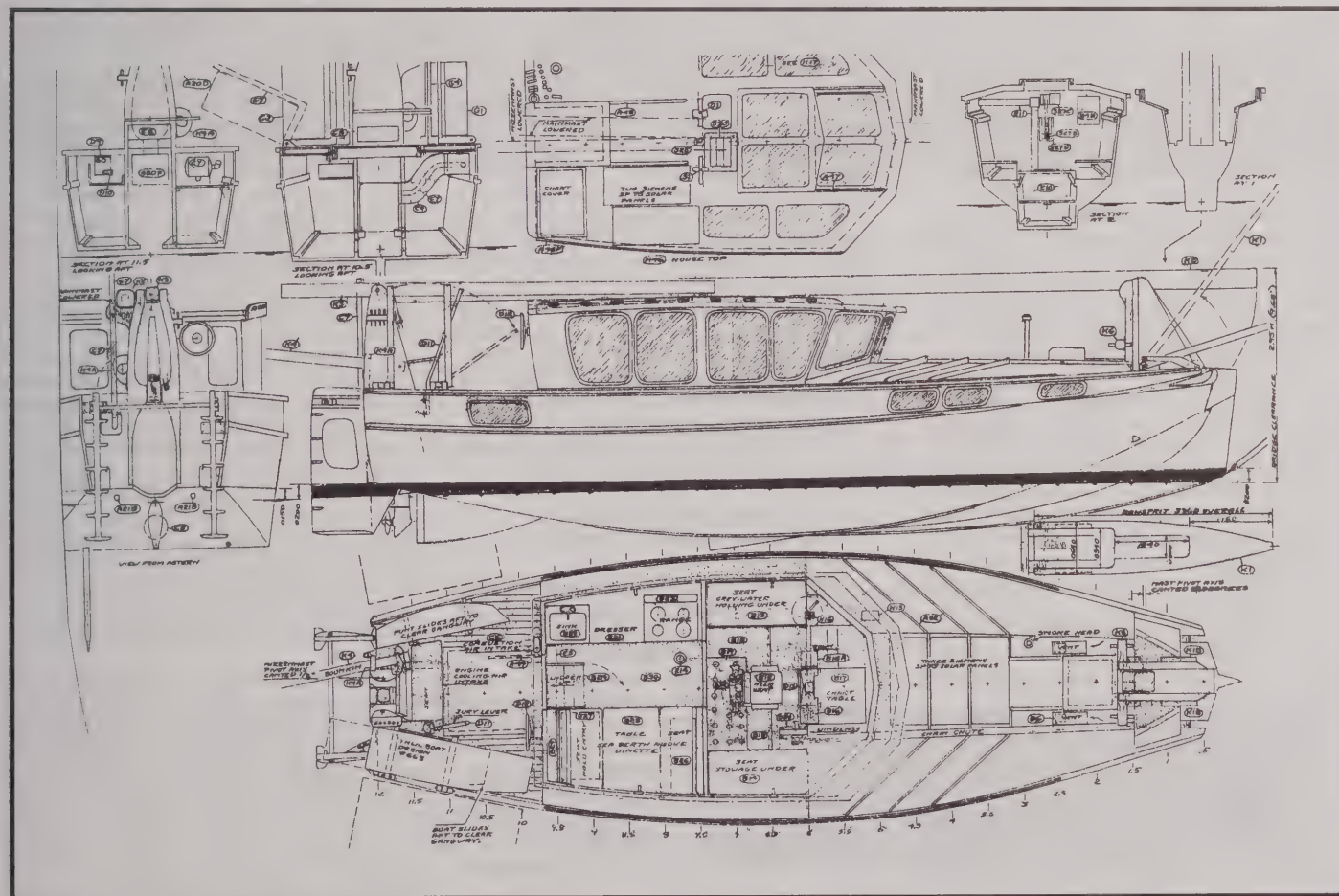
Notice, that the typical arguments against placing the weight of a mainmast into the boat's bow is weakened substantially in this geometry through the placement of the weights of main-anchors and chain/rode stowage in the wheelhouse. She features none of the typical lack of bearing due to rakishly cutaway wa-

We added a simple single halyard/single outhaul/single sheet club jib on a folding bowsprit to add to her upwind performance, her capability of heaving to under various sail area geometries, sailing in heavy weather under jib and mizzen alone, and controlling her even better under sail in tight quarters or just light adverse airs where the backed jib will add to her reliably coming about. The smallish jib should stand on that big mast without them but the running backstays set for serious conditions will keep it responsive. It is to be set standing in the forehatch, extracting it from its foredeck mounted bag, clipped into outhaul, halyard, and sheet to be set with moderate exertion. While we think it will be useful under a range of circumstances, there will be times when not setting it will not result in much harm.

In this design, as a matter of safety, the hoisting, reefing, and sheeting of the mainsail are intended to be routinely controlled from within the deckhouse, with all winches, rope clutches, cleats immediately at hand, right from the wheel or within a few steps of it, depending. Mainsail and mizzen sheet, and jib sheet control will not necessitate going on deck in any weather or time of day. Each mainsail

The afterdeck is surrounded for serious safety at sea. Forward it should never be necessary to go on deck to do most routine sail handling procedures. Serious detailed attention has been paid to bring all necessary lines onto the winch stanchion assembly behind the helm in the house. For handling docking lines forward, the forward hatch allows standing waist deep in the boat with access from below deck. Finally two stout single wires between main tabernacle and the house's forward edge would allow either harness to clip in to secure crew on a heaving foredeck for the rare bit of work up there at sea, or coming alongside with one hand on the wire and another with lines in hand ready to jump ashore in a canal or just onto the typical float, hence no integration of a foredeck railing system.

Both masts are foldable, as are the bowsprit and the mizzen's boomkin. The point of lowering the masts or raising the bowsprit and boomkin is to adjust her overall length and height to conditions where she might be too long or too tall to fit in or through or under on her itinerary. From marina berths over lock chambers and canal tunnels to plain road bridges across attractive waterways, this kind of onboard controlled variable geometry is



imperative for the serious cruiser's independent itinerary. There will be times when lowering both masts may also be of advantage during severe weather, be it a cold front racing through an open anchorage or surviving a hurricane tucked away in a hideaway up some tidal creek deep in the marsh. Also consider motorsailing in a heavy weather system with mainmast lowered well in advance, but mizzen up and pushing in conjunction with outdrive cranking away. Your experience will imply which configuration to choose depending on circumstances. But there are a variety of options to bear in mind.

The mainmast needs to be hoisted and lowered using the winch located on the collision bulkhead in the washroom; used to control the ascent and descent of the mainmast, this wire is routed to the winch via standing sheave. The mizzen mast can be safely lowered and raised by hand via light tackle or a simple worm gear winch. The mizzen's boomkin folds up to port of the mizzen mast in tight quarters using a single part dedicated lanyard. For convenience in tight quarters as well, the bowsprit can be raised by a similar lanyard from the top of the mast.

Load-Carrying for Long-Distance Cruising Under Sail and Power

Cruising long distances necessitates carrying adequate water and food supplies, tools, spares and the usual assortment of cruising boat related hardware, plus personal belongings, clothes etc. Beyond her significant water and fuel load, Fiji 38 can accommodate a sufficient amount of such gear mostly in the hold area under her bridge deck. At 25" draft she would displace 27,600lbs or 12.5 metric tonnes.

400 Gallons of Diesel: She carries around 400 gallons of diesel in four narrow tall tanks amidships. Under power at least, she should be able to maintain a 150 mile per day schedule. Range under power in general will obviously depend somewhat on conditions, but should be up to around 2400 optimal nautical miles. One advantage of this liberal range under power is that you can keep track of weather and can go out of your direct routes more or less independent of prevailing winds to take advantage of favorable conditions; for instance, to keep your distance from gale tracks and place yourself in the most favorable quadrants of highs and lows.

Episodes of motorsailing can be sensible, safer, and will extend diesel range beyond that under power only, apart from likely easing her motion. And, for a change in sailing itinerary planning, the doldrums can be used to advantage by Fiji allowing smooth predictable progress under power across larger distances and likely allow more liberal course planning overall, as these regions of limited wind will not be a deterrent to her.

If necessary for a particular purpose, this decidedly consumable weight could be added to for more diesel range, since relative overload is temporary by definition.

3900+ah @ 12v of Batteries: She is ballasted in part with her battery banks (2 x 12V/1958ah), which are of enough capacity (almost 4000ah, i.e. up to 1900ah useable for up to 1,500 total cycles!) to go, eating 1-1.5kw/day for up to two weeks between charging cycles, i.e. at a pessimistic 50 cycles per year offering up to 15-20 years viability of these

industrial batteries; plus boost from 5 x 75w solar panels, and windmill. The tall and narrow batteries weigh well over one and one half tons, and together with the thick bottom complements the dedicated ballast.

150gals of Fresh Water Matched by 200gals. of Holding Tanks: Her water tank of around 150gals, is supported by a waste tankage of 200gals. The first assumption here is, that you will have enough potable water capacity to be underway for many weeks without needing replenishment from rain, reverse osmosis, or land based sources. The second is that you should be able to hold your waste water for quite some time in a beautiful clear water anchorage before heading out into open waters or to the pumpout station to dump the load. Her hold is large enough to significantly enhance her water and waste tankage if found necessary. And no head chemicals are necessary for this plumbing system to be a viable long term.

Ample Ground Tackle: Fiji 38 carries her anchors on massive catheads on her bow but chains and rode in a compartments under the bridge to lighten the bow of that significant load, and to reduce the physical hazards of trying to forcefully handle the gear on a moving narrow foredeck. Anchors and drogues are handled from the bridge inside or standing hip high in the forward hatch. Her silhouette windage characteristics are good for steady riding to anchor or drogue, better yet with the mainmast folded. In fact, we think that her anchors dropped into deep still water levels, with perhaps some added weight yet, may well be superior to many drogues.

She should carry 45 & 60 pounders for her regular bower anchors with a 75 pound hurricane anchor stowed below. The catheads should allow any type of anchor to be used, including yachtsman stocked anchors which may still be best on certain types of bottom. Only a lighter lunch hook assembly (25lb Bruce etc.) could be stowed below right to starboard of the foredeck hatch for quick and easy deployment in mild and predictable conditions. Stern anchor rode placement would have to be done with the rudder geometry in mind. But with the very strong mizzen tabernacle structure, stern anchor rode could readily be belayed anywhere on it in order to clear the rudders when under tension. Riverine power cruising would suggest a fast acting, stout, and high-stretch stern brake for heading downstream under power would seem advisable for control should power fail or sudden hazards impossible to evade by rudder action alone.

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The proposed engine is a 42hp Deutz F3L 101 IF oil air cooled industrial unit built in several 100s of thousands for a broad variety of typically industrial applications. Without any internal or external water to cool the unit, only one big internal oil pump is needed to pump oil for lubrication and cooling throughout the various passages in the engine, with the collected heat dumped through a smallish oil radiator blown by an integrated belt driven fan and controlled by a thermostat. The heat stored in the oil can also be dumped into the boat to heat it such as defrosting the windshield etc..

Typically though the baffled cooling air intake at the forward base of the mizzen tabernacle will allow the engine fan to draw in cool air on centerline, and into the engine room keeping it cooler as well, to then force it through that radiator to cool the engine oil. Heated up to 250°F it is then channeled upwards, then over to port and aft through a dedicated duct cooling the dry-exhaust pipe (up to 1000°F right at engine!) inside it and then the muffler in its half open recess in the portside of the transom. Hot cooling air ducting and muffler are arranged to not allow water to enter the engine room proper in a knockdown to port, with water to drain out again of respective volumes during righting. Thus Fiji 38's power plant would have no water pumps, keel coolers, sea cocks, strainers, hoses, external heat exchanger circuits etc. to pay for, install, maintain, worry about, fail on you in really inconvenient moments.

Air/oil-cooled engines have been around for a good while and this particular type since the late eighties, with all the serious bugs worked out by now. For its output this industrial engine seems cheaper than marinized truck-diesels of whatever origin. This engine is not modified in any way, simple, straightforward, with no third party mystery parts, fully warranted and supported in over 150 countries. Winterizing would consist of keeping intake and exhaust ducting snow free!

We have ourselves converted a conventionally plumbed two circuit saltwater based system to a no through hull single circuit radiator cooling assembly of the liquid-cooled 90hp engine in our own older boat. Whenever possible, it seems simpler and more reliable yet to go by design with these Deutzes.

The Cat-drive avoids an underwater stuffing box, through which so many engine rooms have been flooded, avoids all fouling and dramatically reduces risk of electrolysis in port. It gives ready access to clear the solid prop or change a damaged one, not only without hauling the boat or going underwater, but from inside the engine room, safely lying on your belly with your head and shoulders sticking out through a hatch right above the outdrive well. And the drive allows 30 degrees swiveling of the propeller either way for a good 60 degrees arc of steering the boat, in addition, that is, to the swing of the twin rudders flanking the waterflow.

While the stout skeg serves as the first and most massive line of defense against impact from flotsam before the drive leg proper is hit, the rudders also help surround it. All three should channel solid water to the propeller, even in the most turbulent of waters, irrespective of the prop's shallow immersion in her stern. In fact, we would expect increased likelihood of air ingestion only while backing up in confused seas. But this is not a serious problem, as she will turn in little over her own length with the rudders and drive hard over, making backing up in such conditions usually unnecessary.

Controlling rudders and the outdrive together and only the drive at a time is accomplished by a straightforward hydraulic steering system and respective valves near the helm. We picked twin solid balanced rudders as they allow the outdrive and the mizzen tabernacle geometries, not to mention their superior performance over a single unit with a dropblade of whatever articulation with likely long term maintenance problems.

Her electrical system is based just on one large or two mid-size alternators to charge the two house banks in parallel, and permanently unconnected to each other for safety, redundancy, and no need for any heavy, costly, troublesome gen set aboard. The two parallel systems could readily be supplemented by two windmills and two separate arrays of photovoltaics on her large wheelhouse top. The two alternators are in addition to the stock 60amp unit, that feeds just the isolated starter battery. With three separate alternators and two separate battery banks plus the starter battery, there is enough simple redundancy built into her without much fancy wiring and black boxes to keep her electrical supply ample, safe, and sound.

Charged by these alternators off the engine, the batteries allow living with such niceties as using a toaster, the microwave oven, and the regular electric range. And there is always the sensible practice of using thermos containers to keep coffee/tea water ready or food hot for consumption through the day. Her galley layout shows an electric range just for cooking and baking with a separate diesel heater mounted aft in the house near the companionway. The electrical systems can of course power a radar, navigation equipment, electric hand tools etc. plus lots of reading lights, PC, and radio/CD.

With either heat off the engine and/or her diesel heater in the stateroom, Fiji 38 can be heated to adequate levels of comfort; during cooler seasons a sunny day alone might warm up an otherwise snuggled down wheelhouse through its large glass area. The reasonably good insulating properties of her hull construc-

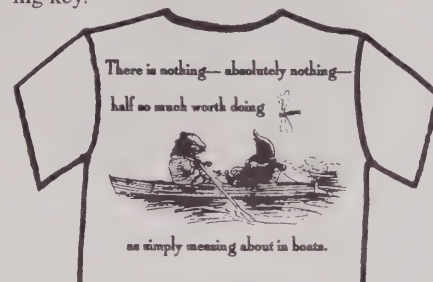
tion will obviate the need to flee south, if you find yourself in northern waters in the fall to eventually see winter come and go; we have lived on board here through twelve winters now without hardship. We have found these simple diesel heaters very reliable when they're properly installed as specified, as they require no electricity to function and will thus produce heat without any battery or AC power, a comfortable fact to bear in mind when exploring Greenland in the short summer or New Zealand's fjord lands.

Her water system is gravity-based with 6gal day tanks manually pumped up to keep track of consumption and a simple controlling valve over the two sinks and the shower, plus lowest plumbing effort for the reliable comfort yielded. Hot water could come from the heater, the engine via a heat exchanger within the oil circuit, a black shallow summer tank on the roof, or a even a small electric flow-through water heating unit assuming miserly short burst consumption typical onboard anyway.

There are two small boats aboard, hung in permanent dedicated single handed davits, allowing the boats to be flown horizontally when at sea or on an anchorage, or be stowed vertically for minimal overall footprint when in marinas or lock chambers. There is the 6'6" x 3'3" Tortoise rowing/sailing punt, good for one plus much food supplies/fuel cans or two plus little gear in more protected waters. And there is a 8' x 4' x 2' 6hp-10hp outboard cutwater garvey for faster runs and as a lifeboat for both crew. Both have built-in buoyancy to be at least as reliable as an inflatable for lifeboat purposes, with added thermal ad-

vantages lying on the floor for lowest silhouette and CG in nasty conditions after the loss of the mother ship. The advantages of having two for a crew of two, and in such a reliable and easily launched position, will be obvious.

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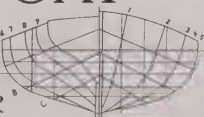
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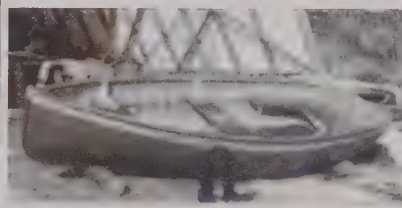
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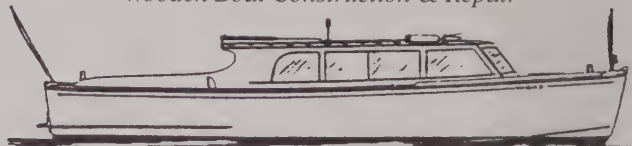
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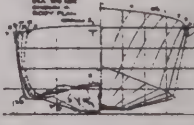
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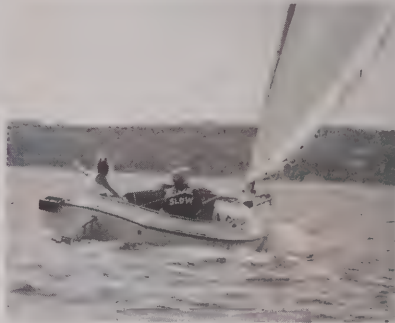


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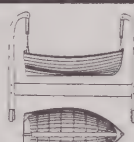
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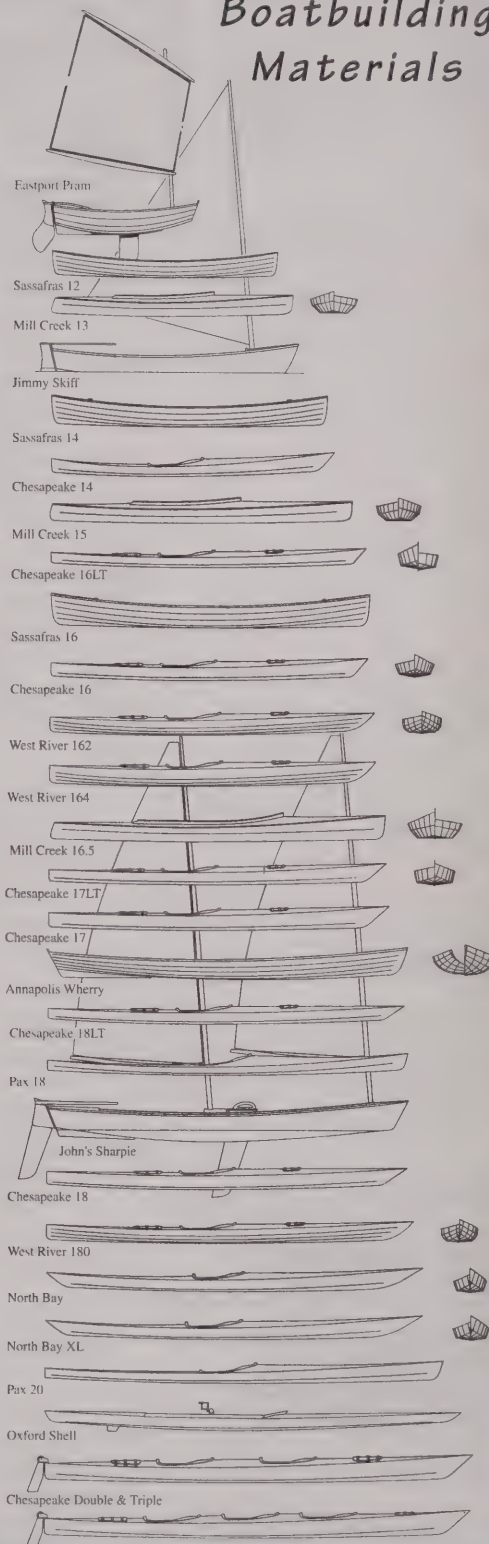
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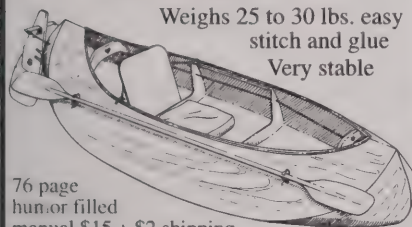
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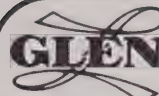
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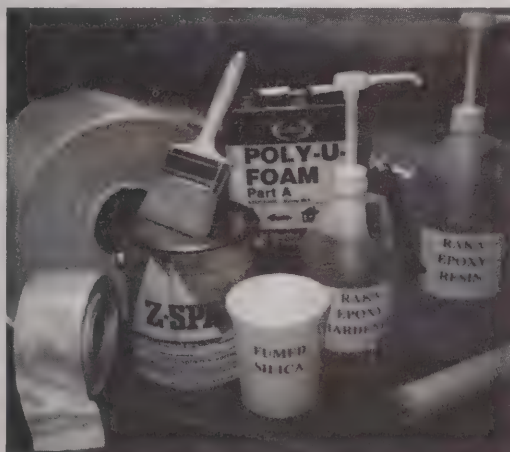
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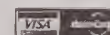
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Diablo Maine Coast Utility, Phil Bolger design, 15' x 5', FG inside & out over marine plywood. Center console, removeable forward deck, full electrical system. Fish/depth finder, bilge pump, theft alarm, compass, anchor, bimini top, custom cover, soft seats. Blt '98. 25hp Evinrude OB E/C, '00 Performance trlr w/spare tire. Never damaged, fresh water use only. Comfortable, stable fast or slow. \$4,800 plus many hrs invested. \$2,500 takes it all. STEVE DECKER, Queensbury, NY, (518) 793-4357. (13)

15' Trailerable Trimaran, plywood, compl except for mast & sail. Free. LEONARD SATZ, Blackwood, NJ, (856) 227-5886, <lenandanita@aol.com> (13)



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 Tarpon Springs, FL. TOM BROOKS, New Port Richey, FL, (727) 843-9361. (12)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.

'41 Old Town Otca 17' Sailing Canoe, w/new 75sf sail (orig size that was ordered) & new never used 45sf sail w/new Sitka spars. Orig flrbrds, fan back seatrests (2), & AACA horsehair cushions w/back. Leebrds w/bronze angle brackets & rudder. All cast brass filed & polished. An immaculate restoration. \$3,200. **'20s Kennebec Torpedo 16' Canoe**, cherry decks, new canvas, 2 part acrylic enamel spray finish. A fast canoe w/fine lines. \$1,500. **'52 Penn Yan 14' Trail Boat**, w/bronze hrdwre. Used 3 seasons. 49 yrs in an attic. Orig varnish. The owner made flrbrds, there is no scuffing or dents on the bottom, not even silt buildup between the strip planks. They punched a hole 2" square near the bow & put it away. I've repaired hole & canvas & removed loose paint. Nds refinishing. Orig '52 Johnson 10hp in same remarkable cond. \$2,500. GUNNAR SEIGH, Staatsburg, NY, (845) 889-4592. (13)

"Demo" Compass Classic Yachts, we are building a new showboat fleet for next season. Used 12' Rainbow Catboat, 14' Classic Cat, and 18' Hurricane sloop are being sold at bargain prices. Call for details & pricing. COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, Orleans, MA, (508) 240-1032, www.compassclassicyachts.com (13)

16' Heavy Duty Skiff, under constr. \$1,750 for bare hull. **14' Lite Skiff**, painted. \$1,000. Boats blt to order. Info at www.perssonmfg.com. SETH PERSSON BOAT BUILDERS, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-2343 leave message, <perssonmfg@abac.com> (13P)

Windsurfers, 2 Mistral intermediate skill boards, 5 sails, 3 masts, 3 booms, 2 harnesses. \$550 for all. I travel some and can help with delivery if necessary. HENRY CHAMPAGNEY, Greenback, TN, (865) 856-5853, <h2champs@aol.com> (13)

'71 20' High-Sided Simmons Sea-Skiff, free for the taking. No trlr. Looks whole from the outside, but there is a lot of rot inside. It may be good only for flower box duty, but I have seen worse restored. DAVE CARNELL, Wilmington, NC, (910) 686-4184, <davecarnell@att.net> (13)

16' Old Town Boat, dbl ended canvas covered, blt '59. Mint cond. Similar to Rangeley/Adirondack guideboats. \$1,250. **16' Compac Suncat Catboat**, w/motor, trlr, etc. Reasonably priced. RALPH A. NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (631) 757-3087. (13)



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)

'01 Bauer 10, gunter rig, tanbark sails, permanent copper bottom, motor mount, custom cover, sail & spar bag, bronze hrdwre, Sea Lion galv trlr. Replacement \$4,500, sale \$3,400. Also available '00 Honda 2hp 4 cyle OB, 6hrs use. \$700. JOHN SUTHERLAND, Paulsboro, NJ, (856) 234-7270. (13)

19' Wooden Lightning Class Sailboat, compl, sails, mast, rigging. '50s vintage, CB trunk leaks. Price, whatever it is worth to you. JOHN HINCKLEY, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-7786. (13)

11' Culler Sampan, sailing rig, ready to go. \$1,000. **17' Catboat**, FG Newman/Witholtz design. Spars, sails, etc. \$4,000. TONY DE LIMA, S. Dartmouth, MA, (508) 758-6265. (13)

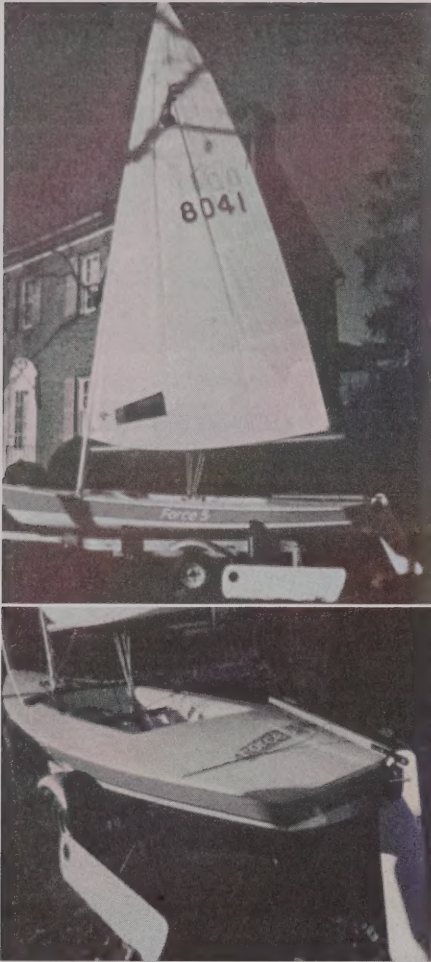
'60 Old Town Sportsman Canoe, transom/sponson model. Compl, nds restoration. No broken frames. \$500. **'53 Stadel 40' Ketch**, compl, worthy restoration project. Much work done. \$5,500. ALLEN CADY, Edgewater, MD, (410) 268-1808. (13)

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)

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)



22' Tripp Angler, '77 cabin model bass boat. '84 Evinrude 185hp VRO, low hrs, 72 gal above deck tankage. V-berth, head, cooler, w/cushion extra seats. In water Mattapoisset, MA. 2nd owner. Long brand galv 4 wheel HD trlr. \$16,000. DICK TATLOCK, Lincon, MA, (781) 259-0846. (13)



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)

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/brass stem band. \$1,500. BOB ROSS, Hillsboro, OH, (937) 393-4959, <brross@earthlink.net> (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)

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)

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

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, <watsons@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 Drascombe Lugger**, Jack Holt sails, Cox trailer, all in exc cond, incl teak rails, transom return, partner, & fir floorboards. I've put on Harken clemcleats 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)

16' Full Keel Wood Sloop, Marconi rigged, cuddy, OB & trlr. Fully restored, surveyed & insured. \$5,000.

HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (13)

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**, Royalex sample. \$639. **20' Wooden Sailing Canoe**. \$1,600. **Kayaks**, many used. FERNALD'S, Rte. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (12)

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AMF Alcott Minifish.

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

Stonington Pulling Boat, will consider alternatives. DOUG GRAY, Easton, MD, (410) 822-5474, <puppymutt1@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)

SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

16' Carbon Fiber Mast, used.

DAVID VIRTUE, Kittery Pt., ME, (207) 439-8005, <virtue@lme.net> (13)

GEAR FOR SALE

"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)

New Johnson Outboards, closing out stock. 25hp in box. \$2,000. 6hp in box. \$920. Others at closeout prices. FERNALD'S, Rte. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (12)

Canoe Molds, for 18' decked canoe, orig "Electra-Ghost Canoe" (electric powered). Hull & deck molds, compl decks & misc parts. \$2,500. ALLEN CADY, Edgewater, MD, (410) 268-1808. (13)

4hp Johnson LS OB, runs but nds water pump. Asking \$100. LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (13)

Factory New Deutz Diesel Engine, still in crate. Purchased as prime mover for campus fire pump, never installed. Stored indrs in factory plastic wrap since delivery fall of '99. Specifications: Deutz Model BF4M1012 4 cyl diesel, 79hp, 58kw @ 2,500rpm. Integrated liquid cooling system nds no external radiator. Incl: Deutz control panel, Deutz air filter unit & cap, Deutz shock mounts, Deutz shop manual & owner's manual, Funk speed increaser. Literature suggests engine is suitable for marine applications. \$7,000 OBO. TIM JENNINGS, Director, Facilities Operations & Maintenance, Cardigan Mountain School, RR2 Box 58, Canaan, NH 03741, (603) 523-3536 (voice), (603) 523-3550 (fax). (14P)

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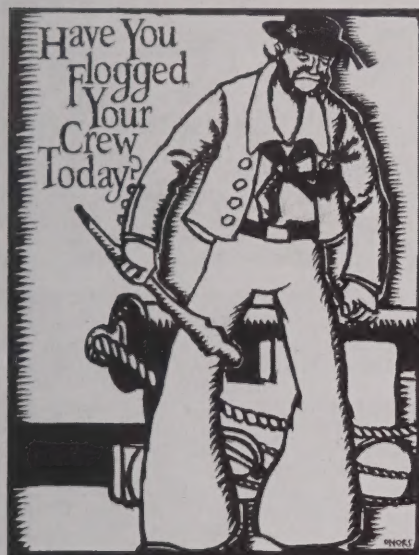
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Boatbuilding Lumber, Philippine mahogany rough sawn approx as dimensioned. 4pcs 1" x 7-7/8" x 8'4". Lot \$145. 4pcs 1" x 9-13/16" x 16'4". Lot \$325.
RALPH J. ELLIS, 384 Rt. 87, Columbia, CT 06237,
(860) 228-3178. (12)

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,
<mrussell@mindspring.com> (12)

Okoumé 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)

Piantadosi RowWing, sliding seat drop-in unit. Mint, never used, in orig box. \$500.
RALPH A. NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY,
(631) 757-3087. (13)

'24 Palmer YT1, rare early model w/original Serial # tag (#2022124). Fourstroke, exterior push rods & rockers. Restored & running. Buzz coil ignition. \$2,200.
GUNNAR SEIGH, Staatsburg, NY, (845) 889-4592. (13)

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)



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

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos. **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" Manual \$2.00.
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Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

WoodenBoat Magazines, Vol#1, compl. Compl sets from '78 to '92. Mint orig cond. \$250.
RALPH A. NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY,
(631) 757-3087. (13)

14' Little Moby Plans, by Chas. Wittholz, WB plans, never blt, nice OB runabout/launch. \$50 OBO.
DAVID VIRTUE, Kittery Pt., ME, (207) 439-8005,
<virtue@lme.net> (13)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

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

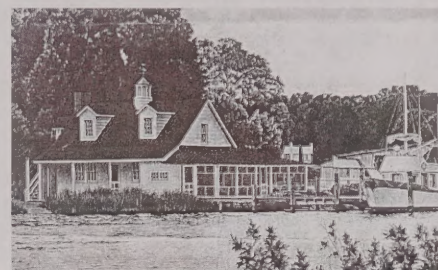
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