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"Build a Boat for Someone Else with Their Help"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 19

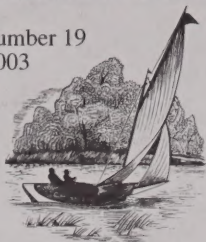
February 15, 2003



messing about in BOATS

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Looking Ahead...

John Clough presents a panoramic look at the Lake Ponchartrain Basin Maritime Museum and its "Madisonville Boat Festival".

D. Turner Matthews took his 24' Pete Culler fantail launch on a Florida river trip and tells us all about it in "The River Runs Wide"; Bob Halsey reminisces about his younger days in "Memories of a Working Tugboat"; Doc Shuter describes some really fast (iceboating) bygone sailing adventures in "A Sunbeam Tiger Tale"; Ken Preston begins a short series on "The *Seagull's* First Trip to Baja"; Chris Kaiser continues her observations through her "Window on the Water"; and Hugh Ware takes his latest look at the world of big ships in "Beyond the Horizon";

Vi Beaudreau reports on his experiences teaching inner city youth at risk in "Boat Builders in Hartford"; Fred Groenier describes his basic project, "A Boat to be Transported by Bicycle"; and Robb White's back in his shop building boats in "Back in the Saddle Again...a New Year's Eve Pirogue"; and describes one of his unique shop practices in "Naked Machining".

Greg Grundtisch and Naomi travel to Rhode Island to view "Herreshoff's Little Known Designs"; Richard Kolin brings us the latest of "My Favorite Things", in "The Cama Beach Wherry"; John Welsford discusses "Racing Does Improve the Breed" in his "From the Drawing Board"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will, as always, be with us with another from his inexhaustible file of designs.

Jack Hornung discusses the pros and cons of using a sliding seat in his Adirondack Guideboat in "I'm Glad He Talked Me Out of It"; and Mississippi Bob takes a look at "Fishermen & Sailors".

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



One of the current ongoing projects I am pursuing, amongst the multitude of ambitions which fragment my days, is upgrading a workspace in what we like to refer to as our "carriage shed". This is a 45' long by 14' deep shed which connects our house to our barn, as was done on the old New England farms. Its open side faces south, its back is to the winter northeast storms and frigid northwest "Canadian Express" cold fronts. I built it around 1975 when I was running out of workspace in my barn and needed to get stuff out the way. I soon after made up removable plastic covered window walls to enclose the open side for winter to keep the snow from eddying winds coming over its roof from backfilling it, while still letting in the sunlight, which heats it up impressively despite its drafty structure.

The end of this shed next to the house serves a dual purpose. In summer its north and west end walls (the end only partly joins the house) come out and we have a wonderful breezy (southeast seabreeze from the ocean three miles away) "patio". In winter the walls go back on and it stores all the outdoor summer yard stuff and garages the snowblower, emergency generator, bird feeder supply depot, etc. The rest of it, measuring 28'x14', became long term storage for 25 years worth of artifacts reflecting changing interests. At one time it had two nearly derelict woodie beach wagons ('48 Ford and '49 Mercury) parked in it, restoration projects I never got to.

Since about 1986 it has housed a Model A Ford rolling chassis that was going to become a Huckster wagon for Jane's greenhouse business. That never happened either. Finally we bit the bullet and I dug it out from under all the stuff that had been piled upon it and moved it down behind the barn to await sale to a local Model A aficionado. Now I could again indulge in the possibilities of a whole new work space for a long delayed boat project, converting our 21' Seda Tango double sea kayak into a small trimaran by fitting an existing ama/aka/sail rig setup I have on an old Seda Viking solo kayak to it. The purpose? To have company when sailing this still to be perfected notion.

The upgrading, once I got all the stuff out the way, distributed to other "dead

storage" nooks around the place, is putting down a plywood floor framed on PT two by fours to get up off the dirt. I'm nearly done, there are three of the twelve floor panels remaining to be fitted in. Then I plan to immediately move the Tango from its storage in what we now think of as the kayak/bicycle shed into place, its 21' length taking up enough space so I won't be tempted to move some of my bicycle projects (fragmentation!) there from my increasingly crowded 12'x30' main barn shop (where the wood stove and tools are).

I have not been unaware of how many of you who send in stories or notes about your boat building projects remark on not having adequate workspace, having to build outdoors, under carports, in apartments or basements or in garage space shared with the family cars. Every time I read another of these tales of boat building in cramped or inadequate spaces I look out over my sprawl and feel better about it. Despite having all the room I'll ever need on our land, I continue to fall victim to the adage that, "things expand to fill the space available" and so resolve this ongoing challenge by building more space.

I'm fending off the approaching inevitability of running out of workspace this year by this upgrade of the shed, and actually by throwing out some stuff (perish the thought). We've lived here since 1954 and things do collect, why toss it out, it may come in handy, and there's still a spot for it somewhere on the descending order of stops such things take here before they actually go off to the dump.

One illustration will suffice. The barn cellar, classic mud floor, fieldstone foundation, multitude of ever increasing wooden posts holding up the floors above, is the last stop before the dump. Leaning against a post deep down at the far end away from the cavelike door to the outdoors is a 1965 motorcycle that I wore out by 1973 and wheeled into the cellar to await its final disposition. It has taken firm root in the mud and will probably have to be pried out by my son when the time comes to sell the old folks' place after we have gone. Unless some old motorcycle collector hears about it and rushes over to save it for restoration!

On the Cover...

Last October was Kokopelli time again for Jim Thayer and he's back with lots of photos of that exotic desert sailing locale in this issue's feature tale.

A Bit Too Large To Swallow

Robb White's pronouncements in "Plywood Phooey" in the December 1 issue on the worthlessness of plywood are a bit too large for me to swallow. Before he gets to the limitations of plywood in boat construction, he takes a passing shot at the material when used in wooden buildings. My experience in building and living in a wooden house, sheathed and sided with plywood, for 45 years is at some odds with his criticisms. I am very glad that I used plywood as the building is much more resistant to storm wind pressure and drafts. We've evolved from the days of plank sheathing even on the diagonal and horizontal siding. I don't see the checking that he does; would that be a function of a warmer and more moist climate?

I do have to bemoan that fact that lumberyard softwood or Philippine plywood is not what it used to be; I found that out when I put on a small addition to our house and accepted southern pine plywood as a substitute to the Douglas fir T-111 that I had used in the original structure. That drop in quality seems to be systemic in all construction lumber and building plywoods. As Robb says, the face veneers and cores aren't what they used to be and neither are the glue joints.

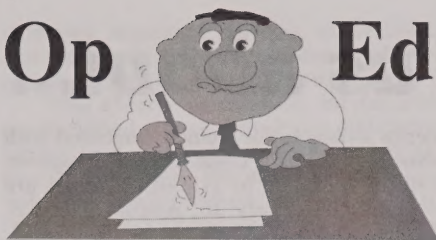
Let's get to the main thesis, though. It seems to me that, in building anything, one wants to fit the material selection to the design and specifications of the intended purpose. In the case of the readers and builders who subscribe to this magazine, the designs are mostly for relatively small and light wooden boats. The specifications are tailored to boats that can be handled, moved, stored, launched, sailed or rowed or motored in sheltered waters with a minimum of fuss and feathers. The owners and amateur builders, chances are, don't have a fleet of such boats, and they expect to store them out of direct weather when not in use.

Perhaps some can afford to buy or build a "classic" boat, one that is perfectly finished so it sparkles like the jewel on a lady's finger. I almost bought such a custom built, lapstrake, solid stock, round bottomed sailing dory, and then I came to my senses. How long would it look that way? How could I possibly betray the builder's standards of perfection? I'm not getting any younger or stronger and neither is my wife, how could we get such a beauty in and out of the water and home again on our own?

So I set out to build a series of wooden boats with plywood hulls and solid stock for rails and such parts. I was not about to work plywood as though it were solid stock, or vice versa: Nothing over 16'. The first group of Bolger dory, Amesbury skiff and old Yankee sailing skiff got the best I could build. And they, except for the dory, were really sturdy and heavy. Then, a decade later, I sold all three and built a lighter 12' outboard motorboat and a simple 14' sailing skiff, both being what I could get to and from the lakes and set up and use by myself. Oh, glorious freedom from excess stress and strain!

Now, I'm about to build my final sailer and rower. If it weighs more than 120lbs

Op Ed



"Plywood Phooey"

dripping wet, I'll have to eat the centerboard and rudder. Again, the hull is plywood bent to shape around a center set of ribs, a stem and a transom. I'll cover the bottom with epoxy cloth and resin and it will last me for the rest of my days, stored under the garage, covered by a tarp, until I go to haul her out and onto the boat trailer. I never had to repaint any of my previous boats, as the plywood was sealed with epoxy, and I don't expect to have to do that with this one.

About one last concern expressed by Robb, repairability. I'm not the craftsman he is but methinks he protests a bit too much here. A repair is a repair; it will never appear to be what it is not. A replacement, on the other hand, can be made to look like the original. Again, are we buying or building boats for the classic showroom or for our pleasure out on the water in whatever that has in store for us? I'm pretty sure that we both choose the latter.

Dan Dick, Worcester, MA

World of Real Boat Building

Robb White's condemnation of plywood as a boat building material brought back memories of my initiation into the world of real boat building. As I lacked both the money to commission the Nexus folks in Washington to build the desired traditional skiff and the skill to build it myself, I was on the verge of buying an aluminum skiff when I stumbled upon Renn Tolman's Skiff For All Seasons. Of plywood construction, Renn's design attracted me because of its roots in the Alaskan fishing industry and because I felt, with a little professional oversight, I could build it myself. Going "wood" also brought a subscription to *WoodenBoat* and my first glimpse of the condescension associated with any sort of post 19th century boat building techniques.

The completion of my Tolman whet my appetite for further projects, so I next plunged into a Martin clinker skiff, construction of which was highlighted in three consecutive issues of *WoodenBoat*. While \$750 for ten western cedar planks seemed steep, I wanted to see if I could gain acceptance from those who would say... "oh... plywood and epoxy." A year on, the Martin is a joy to look at, leathers, handmade oars, proper bumpers, the works. Lacking any natural lakes here in Southern California, I've rowed the craft

around the harbor a few times and it now hangs from my shop ceiling, my wife telling me it'll be a salad bar, full of ice and radishes, one day.

WoodenBoat did a wonderful spread about Mr. White and his dainty craft recently, the picture that sticks in my mind being Robb, replete in Brooks Brothers jacket, skimming serenely across a beautiful lake while standing! Wonderful stuff. In contrast, I chose a plywood Tolman because of a passage early in Renn's book:

"Two commercial salmon fisherman in Alaska loaded their 20" Tolman skiff with 2.5 tons, 5300 pounds to be exact, of salmon plus their nets."

Robb's real wood may indeed last longer than plywood, but I'm not building any more salad bars, nor am I building objects de art to pass on to my heirs in the hope of keeping my memory alive. I've had my share of dock side strokes in my first five years of Tolman ownership. I now look forward to years of hard use in the big Pacific

Bruce Armstrong, Santa Barbara, CA

Plywood Does Just Fine for Me

I enjoy reading Robb White's columns but his article "Plywood Phooey" got me all riled up. He gives plywood a real bashing. I still think that exterior or marine grade fir plywood provides the cheapest and fastest way for a messabout boater to get himself (or herself) out on the water. After all, that's what boats are all about, getting out on the water.

It's true that fir plywood checks and looks like heck after a few years. I built a plywood Six Hour canoe about eight years ago, painted it dark green, and left it out in the California sun for about six years and it checked like crazy. So, two years ago I sanded her down, patched a little place with epoxy, painted her light green, and kept her in the shade. She doesn't look so bad and is still serviceable. My current project is painted white and also kept in the shade.

Robb states that the best thing is to sheath the plywood in epoxy and glass, but by the time I did all that I had enough money in the boat to have used good wood with which to build her. His choice of "real" wood might be possible if you own property from which you can harvest long leaf yellow pine. I gather that Robb has such a source of boat building wood. Most of us would have to have the lumber shipped from far away and pay outrageous prices.

If I build a boat and decide I want it to last more than ten years I'll sheath it in epoxy and glass. I figure by the time I wear out the boat I'll be tired of it anyway. If I still like it enough I'll make another.

Okay, maybe plywood is a bit nasty to work with, especially if you desire a fine finish. Robb is known for his high quality construction and finish. If a messabout boater can afford that kind of a boat, more power to him. Most of us aren't that fussy about looks. For me it boils down to cost per hour of enjoyment and so a plywood boat does just fine for me.

Dan Fournier, Hemet, CA

You write to us about...

Activities & Adventures...

Sail on the *Pride of Baltimore II*

I enjoyed the pictures from the Gloucester Schooner Race (Vol. 20, No. 12); especially the one of the *Pride of Baltimore II* and the note that she was "first boat home". I have sailed on her many times, offshore and in the Chesapeake. It amazes me that with all of the sailors in the Chesapeake Bay area, how few know that you can sail with her as part of the crew. You pay a bit and are called "guest crew" but you are assigned a regular watch and for all practical purposes become a part of the crew, doing all that you feel comfortable doing; You do not need any experience, only the willingness to help.

Sailing a traditional boat like the *Pride* is both the same as sailing any boat and amazingly different. No winches, lots of sails and seemingly hundreds of lines. I urge anyone interested to contact the *Pride* Office at (410) 539-1151, www.Prode2.org to get the 2003 passage brochure.

Leonard J. Koenick, Fort Washington, MD

Information of Interest...

Apprenticeshop Alive & Well

It has been a long time since the Apprenticeshop has been in touch with *MAIB*. Your magazine is a good educational tool for our apprentices and it can help us keep in touch with what's going on in the small boat community, so enclosed you will find renewal of our subscription. Henceforth we will send along our newsletter, events calendar and from time to time our press releases.

The Apprenticeshop has a good reputation for building traditional small craft and it may be of interest to the readers of *Messing About In Boats* to know that most of our boats are commissioned and therefore we are a good source for wooden boats. We also have, from time to time, noncommissioned wooden boats as by-products of our programs. For example, we have built Pete Culler's 18' Good Little Skiff, and are now building a 14' Joel White peapod in our apprenticeship program, and from our internship program we have a 12' (15-1/2' LOA) Banks Dory and a 12' Susan Skiff. These we will advertise in your classified section.

Mike Newmeyer, Apprenticeshop Director, The Atlantic Challenge Foundation, 643 Main St., Rockland, ME 04841.

Cancer Survivors Sail Towards Hope

Women living with cancer will find a new source of support in Sail for Hope, a therapeutic sailing program in Maine's Penobscot Bay. This summer, Sail for Hope is expanding to offer overnight cruises from Rockland harbor aboard the historic windjammer *Wendameen*. There are still

berths available for women diagnosed with cancer, who may come with a caregiver, family member or friend. Cruises are scheduled for July 26, August 2 and 8, September 6 and 21.

Sail for Hope provides women living with cancer an adventure within the protected waters of the bay, exploring the coastline and islands of one of the world's finest cruising grounds. Women have the opportunity to work as a team with shipmates or just sit back and relax. The voyage offers those aboard the chance to form positive relationships and lasting bonds are often made during this unique experience.

The goal of Sail for Hope is to reinvigorate and inspire these women by providing them an environment for developing self esteem as they sail a 67' windjammer alongside the crew, giving them a forum for sharing their feelings, addressing mind and body issues, and helping them to take control of their own voyages.

Rina Johnson of Lewiston, Maine described her experience with Sail for Hope after months of treatment for multiple myeloma: "Life does happen after diagnosis and treatment. Life definitely has a different meaning and every day is a gift. The crew let us help and trusted us to help (and) made me feel like I was again in control. Having experienced that day, the serenity of the ocean in a safe and quiet setting, with so much freedom, being able to speak to other cancer patients in a quiet moment at sea, I know my grandchildren would call my experience awesome."

The voyages take place aboard the *Wendameen*, a 67' Alden schooner that meets all Coast Guard safety regulations. *Wendameen* anchors in a sheltered harbor before resuming the next day. Life aboard includes gourmet, organic meals, inspirational and educational speakers and companionship.

Sail for Hope is sponsored by the Maritime Challenge Foundation (MCF), which underwrites more than half of the program expenses. Cost to participants is \$100. The Maritime Challenge Foundation is a 501c3 non profit organization dedicated to offering adults and young people challenged with illness or other disabilities the opportunity to experience the healing qualities of the ocean. For more information, please call (207) 594-1800 or visit www.maritimechallenge.org.

Anne Marie Tetreault, Director, The Maritime Challenge Foundation

Properly Prepared

At the end of his article about two part paints (November 15, 2002), Robb White notes that regular old latex house paint will stick fine to epoxy as long as the surface is properly prepared. I have used latex paint many times on epoxy coated surfaces, and once I figured out what "properly prepared" meant I have had no trouble. There are, however, a few tricks that greatly improve the likelihood of success.

First, the epoxy needs to cure for a sufficient length of time. Sufficiency depends a lot on the temperature and humidity while the epoxy is curing, but it is a lot longer than it seems it ought to be. I usually figure at least two weeks during the summer, a month or more when it is cold and rainy. One way to tell that the epoxy is fully cured is that it doesn't gum up the sandpaper.

Before sanding, the epoxified surface must be washed. Twice. Drying the surface with a clean towel after each washing will help to remove the amine blush. Wear rubber gloves while washing the surface as the amine blush will result in epoxy sensitization over time.

When it comes time to sand, don't bother using anything finer than 100 grit paper; 80 grit is better. The whole surface should be opaque with no glossy spots when the sanding is finished. The surface should be vacuumed, washed, and dried again after sanding, and then wiped down with a soft, dry cloth that picks up the last of the dust.

When it is finally time to paint, a thin coat of primer helps a lot. The primer sticks to epoxy better than the paint, and the paint sticks to the primer just fine. The downside to latex paint is that it is relatively soft, although lighter colors seem to cure harder than darker ones. Because the paint is relatively soft, it tends to scrape off the hard epoxy surface where it comes into contact with trailer bunks, rocks, and beaches. On the up side, latex paint doesn't chalk or chip or peel the way oil based paints do, and so lasts a long time as topside paint. And latex, properly applied to bare wood, sticks as well as anything. At this point, I use latex primer on all bare wood surfaces that I intend to paint, even if I plan to use an oil based finish coat.

Finally, the paint must cure for a long time to get hard. This is true for any paint, but it is especially true of latex. Latex skins over quickly, but that slows the curing of the paint below the surface. If you can let the paint cure for a couple of weeks before putting it in the water, it'll last a lot longer and prove much more abrasion resistant over time.

John Tuma, Fremont, CA

Opinions...

Nauticalia & Other Subjects

Christmas always brings out the crank in me, and for that reason I wish to address our community of readers on several subjects.

First, In a recent issue someone referred to a blacksmith, or smith, as a "smithy". Let all note that the smithy is the smith's workplace, his forge. The poet Longfellow laid this out clearly: "Under the spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands; The smith a mighty man is he..."

I mention this because I've also seen contributors referring to boats as "it" rather than "she" (Lloyds of London, clearly having too much time on its hands, recently announced that it would do likewise). And frequently I catch documentary programs referring to the "front" and "back" of ships. I've heard America's Cuppers plaintively cry out "tacking, tacking, tacking" and wondered what on earth happened to the brawny and traditional "Ready about! Hard alee!"

I protest these slights and incursions of modernity or perhaps political correctness. These fooleries threaten our language, nauticalia, which is a large and splendid branch of English. Some may think this and other trade talk is exclusive, that it pushes away the uninitiated and leads to snobbery, but not so. Nauticalia is a vigorous tongue born in a world of hard, dangerous work, and it is useful beyond its original sphere. Oft it is used by educated speakers, imaginative writers and great poets (William "Full Fathom Five" Shakespeare, for one) to add richness to their utterances. So, brother readers, I say, "Use It or Lose It!"

And so I resort to nauticalia to admonish all who pester His Editorship, the Frail White Haired Bob Hicks, to "make the jump" to e mail. Avast there! *MAIB* will not be improved by having its editor hassled and harangued by spam, which inevitably arrives by the long ton, and the destructive worms and viruses that accompany it. Moreover, e mail makes it too easy to simply "dash something off". When I edited the "Ask Norm" column for *This Old House* magazine I found almost all e mailed queries to be hasty, ill considered and incomplete, so I stopped using them and put the column on a real mail only footing. E mail is a tool and it should be used as such, with forethought and seriousness of purpose.

I agree with F.W.H. Editor Hicks regarding the request for illustrations to accompany how to articles. Having written and illustrated how to articles, I can tell you that providing photos is expensive and complicated, not easy and quick. However I am grateful for Carroll Huntington's request because he puts the question so well that I intend to use it the next time my wife catches me wool gathering. I imagine the scene will go something like this:

Wife: "Say, Husband Mine, aren't you just wool gathering?"

Me: "Not at all, Light of My Life. I am pondering a profundity. Specifically, I am trying to divine how a Dutch Rope Shackle connects a sheet to a headsail clew grommet."

Wife: "Isn't that what you were doing yesterday, Inert One?"

Me: "Not at all, Hearth Queen. Yesterday (here I lunge for my bag of all purpose Robbwhiteisms) I was unjacklegging the copper tubing wrapped exhaust manifold. Mentally, that is."

This leads me to propose an annual *MAIB* collection of profound questions.

Also, thanks to Bob Awtrey, whose discussion of sliding seat rowing was informative and so exciting it almost made me get out of bed.

Bill Marsano, New York, NY

Web is for Non-readers?

I find I must disagree with Ron Lavolette's letter in the January 1 issue, "Both Well Into Geezerhood" in which he states that the internet is for "non-readers", that he is not connected to the web, yet somehow found it to be "ancient history". He also states he has a Gateway computer which he uses only as a word processor. A little confusing!

The computer connected to the web can be a valuable tool to gain access to information, education and entertainment.

Archives, museums, colleges, universities and data banks can all be accessed. All the information accessed will have to be read.

The elderly (geezer?), infirm and handicapped, those who have difficulty getting around, all gain much from having access to the web. The web can teach you valuable information about breast enhancement, as Robb White has found out. Breast enhancement is not ancient history, and you can't know too much about it either!

Geezers, the choice is yours, but the web and electronic gadgets are not the future, they are the here and now, everyday tools. Like other inventions of the recent past, TV, radio, electric lights, telephones, all of which were resisted by those who did not understand their relationship to the future, the web expands our options for living. Ancient history will teach us to look to the future, to learn, to grow. I read that on the web!

Communicating these thoughts to *MAIB* by e-mail would have been done instantly, with proper spelling, format and been much easier to read than this handwriting!

Seamus Doneagain, Lancaster, NY

Editor Comments: I kinda enjoyed reading Seamus' handwritten scrawl, it added a human touch his views. When I originally presented my views on e-mail, it was to explain to the impatient why I was not online and would not be online. It was not to denigrate the medium's utility for others. I live in my own world of an easy pace, no hurrying, no deadlines, no stress. I learn all I need to from conversation with others face to face, leisurely correspondence (often handwritten notes), reading books, and periodicals much like this funky old magazine dedicated pretty much to puke old fashioned ways of enjoying messing about in boats.

Boat Speed

I am impelled to comment on Steve duPont's remarks on Robb White's "Boat Speed"

"Two waves in a boat length...": Two wave crests, one wave length. Point to Mr. White.

"... the stern wave sucks harder to the stern..." If sails "suck" a boat forward due to lower pressure on their lee side, a stern will have drag from trying to pull away from the water just passed. Once disturbed by the bow, the water wants to come along for the ride. Particularly in fatter hulls a boundary layer is created along the hull dragging (sucking) lots of little H₂O's along. The stern wave is never left behind, all the energy (from the boat) it took to make it is coming along. I don't see how the "force (energy) of the stern...wave" can be "transferred to the forepart of the boat pushing the boat slower."

"The illusion that a multihull is more efficient, therefore faster..." Yes, they are, and the reason is wave making. Long, skinny, light hulls don't have to push much water out of the way, and do so more smoothly than a fat bow. This makes less wave drag. At low speeds the greater part of drag is from friction/wetted area. At hull speed wave making is by far the greatest percentage of the total drag. That's why there is a hull speed limit.

Current thinking is that multihulls don't so much plane as cut through their own wave and keep going. If wave making resistance is

reduced by 50% with skinny hulls (more efficient), and the rig isn't heeled way over, thereby providing more power, the whole resistance/power curve shifts to the right and away we go. My Searunner 32 cat idles to windward at 8kts in 12kts of wind with the small jib. Bigger jib, more wind, reaching... I've seen 14+kts sustained, twice the hull speed, with no heel, little spray, no weather helm, a 10 foot square cockpit...finest kind.

Terminology notes: Just what is "Hydraulic gravity force"? Water pressure? Surface tension? Multis do not use leeboards, only dagger/centerboards. Leeboards would be as useless as the old "V" style hull shape. There is a reason designs haven't been "V'd" for 20 years.

Dana Munkelt, San Diego, CA

Seriously Jolted

This ancient mariner quietly enjoys your bi-weekly *MAIB*, but was seriously jolted to read in the January 1 issue that a nautical mile is now 1,000 meters, at least according to reader Steve DuPont.

Au contraire, I do believe Greenwich will continue to contest Paris and authenticate that a nautical mile is 1,852 meters. No wonder those catamaran sailors think they are so fast!

Dick Besse, Skaneateles, NY

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FERNALD'S MARINE

On the River Parker
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You know a jaded old man like me is sort of hard to surprise... particularly with a book about boats and fishing. I thought I pretty much had a corner on the obsessive/compulsive end of those categories but here came this book. Whew, was I ever snatched up short. This man built his first hydroplane when he was thirteen and fished every body of water within hurrying distance from where he had to be. He is not dismayed, in the least, by fishing and boating situations that most people would pass up: Say, wading between the Tomlinson Ave. railroad bridge and the I 95 bridge over the Quinnipiac River in downtown New Haven, Connecticut where he had, "the best blue fishing I have ever experienced", while he was doing post doctoral work at Yale Medical School.

"The blues charged the beaches nearly every day. I discovered that I could dash out from the Medical School at lunchtime, drive about a mile to a parking area along I 95, put on my waders, and go plugging for bluefish (that's twenty pound bluefish) in New Haven Harbor. The ambience left something to be desired as the beach abutted the sewerage treatment plant for New Haven, but the fish were there. The beach had a very shallow slope and I could wade out a hundred feet from shore. Big bluefish cruised the deep water in the ship channel and chased the menhaden into the shallows whenever the opportunity presented itself."

"Some days I found myself being observed by a substantial gallery of truckers and others pulled over for lunchtime breaks. I was missing lunch, but they were missing the fishing of a lifetime. The philosophy of any dedicated fisherman is based on the realization that any fishing opportunity lost is lost forever."



KAYAKS

Boréal Design

Wilderness Systems - Old Town

CANOE

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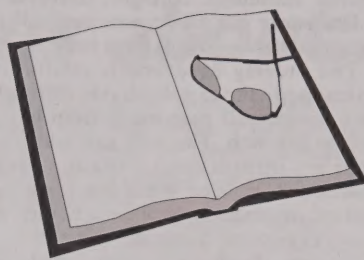
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Book Review

What Were You Thinking

By Kenneth Robert Spring
America House Book Publishers
Baltimore, MD
www.publisheramerica.com

Reviewed by Robb White

The last two sentences in the book are: "What has happened to my priorities? I could be fishing instead of writing this." Maybe that's why it is such a short little paperback book, but there is no lost slack at all. I know that there is a catch phrase about how, "I just couldn't put it down," that is used inappropriately a lot. Yeah, right... you try it for yourself with this one.

Though I don't want to quote the whole book, trying to review a book by talking about

a bunch of genres and using adjectives is like trying to tell about a picture with words. Ken Spring says, "There are many ways to experience the water as a boater, but I am convinced that the smaller the boat, the more you use and enjoy it. If you are close to the surface, you somehow become a partner with the water instead of a passenger. You reach into it... it's so cold, or warm. You look at it every day and every day it is somehow different. You get hot or wet or miserable. You ache and sweat and grumble. This is what you miss when you stay home and watch television."

"I remember stopping one windy, rainy day in May along the Herring Run in Cape Cod Canal. I was on my way to a conference in Woods Hole, but I had to stop and see how the fishing was. There were a dozen or so fishermen standing on the rocks or in the freezing water casting herring out into the current. They were not catching anything. They were miserable, and I would have given anything to be there with them. Who knows? The fish could start biting at any moment. You can't catch them if you are not there."

Now you know why I liked the book. One time I said, "I'm here to tell you that no matter what all these bigtime, big city women would have you believe, the best endeavor of mankind ain't the pursuit of comfort, it's joy."

technician, who maintains a clear focus on the subject at hand, does the narrative. He would like to help the builder complete the boat by anticipating and answering specific questions.

By the time both outer and inner surfaces have been pre coated, covered with cloth and saturated we are attuned to the characteristics of the resin. There are many "pearls" to be learned about cutting, wetting out, and placing the fiberglass cloth on and in the hull. It is obvious that many tedious strokes of brush, squeegee and roller are needed to achieve a fine finish.

We learn to mix resin thoroughly, to apply it gradually from the center outwards, and to proceed at a measured pace. Long curing time means that the transition from liquid to solid is gradual, not abrupt, which allows repeated applications of resin without sanding. They emphasize that the resin may harden prematurely in a container but remain fluid longer when spread out. Another aid is that strips of glass cut at a 45 degree bias conform to awkward contours and allow edges to blend. Close up views show exact details directly related to the narrative, leaving no mysteries. To avoid repetition, the film shifts to speedup mode when they have already shown a procedure.

Specific protective measures advised include use of a respirator to shield from both sanding dust and aromatic organic compounds, ventilation, and hand protection. The neat, workmanlike atmosphere of this shop is impressive. We can see the high quality of the finish produced by careful planning and steady workmanship.

There are brief interludes showing canoes in use and some fine background music. The message is that steady, pre planned epoxy/fiberglass technique will produce a strong and beautiful canoe.

The Visual Approach Video Reviews



Newfound Woodworks Fiberglassing Video

The Newfound Woodworks, Inc.
67 Danforth Brook Rd.
Bristol, New Hampshire 03222 9418
78 minute VHS \$35. Free Shipping

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

This video shows the up-to-date techniques needed to cover a completed wood strip canoe. The strips are joined with carpenter's glue, thus an epoxy/fiberglass coating provides needed strength and water resistance. This professionally produced film comes from a major supplier of wood strip kits by several designers. A skilled fiberglass

Norm's Notes



An Alternative Boatbuilding Method

I believe an accurate assessment of the ongoing discourse of problems in boatbuilding has concentrated solely on traditional methods. It is offered that strict continuance of traditional thinking and methods may well limit the future of our beloved boats.

For a few decades I've headbutted with gurus in Mystic and Camden who noted only toxicity hazards in fiberglass. Conversely, I believe it was William Atkin who noted use of metal in a launch design eliminated 2,500 separate pieces of wood. A term in Industrial Safety is a nip point operation involving a cutting edge for wood or man. My point is not to belabor wood boatshop unsafeness, but properly establish fiberglass as an aid, not a threat, to wooden boatbuilding.

Early on some smart ass description of fiberglass as "frozen snot" went a long way in impeding progress. In the commercial small boat field a sales comment is, "While wood gets the attention, fiberglass pays the freight." In turn I've made a pointed remark that the purist wood boat was really a composite construction improved by space age fabrics and elastomers. Consider a masterpiece of a pulling boat lap strake planked crunching on a rocky shore. Damage to the forefoot structural center will range from considerable to nonrepairable. Certainly all means should be explored to make a wooden boat at least reasonably resistant to normal operational environment.

As a latter day entrant in boatbuilding I would find most current methods defeating. I am relatively experienced in fiberglass and admit readily working with it is a messy business. However, the end product is lasting sans interim deterioration. Some resins have marked toxicity, but these can be easily countered by face masks, barrier creams, and clothing. Note, nothing is been said about toxicity of some wood preservatives.

When once in a university Flight Safety professorial role I was entitled to a trip through United Air Lines major maintenance/overhaul plant in Oakland, California. Airliners have many fiberglass components, yet not a single resin odor existed. All benches were topped with pegboard with vacuum pumps underside pulling odors down.

After some years in fiberglass, I lucked out to read Alan Vaites' book on revolutionary treatment of aged or damaged wood boats of all types. He stated right off extensive fiberglass repair was cost competitive to wood replacement. Amazingly, he used many layers of mat, roving, and cloth

Poet's Corner...



Dingle

There is a place in Ireland called Dingle.
If ever there and have time to mingle,
Walk down to the dock and see
The boats fishermen once took out to sea.

Now they are used just for rowing,
Or for tenders just for towing.

Occasionally you will see them in races
with oarsmen keeping up the paces.

They are only frames with skins stretched
over tight.

That way they can be built very light.

You may wonder why they do float?
That's because they have many a coat
of black tar over their entire length,
and wood gunwales to add to their strength.

They are pictured in many tourist guides,
The funny little boats made from hides.

The Dingle peninsula is a rockbound
coast,

One of the roughest seas they can boast.

A shipwreck can be seen below,
Hard on a ledge in the undertow.

Dingle is a beautiful place to see,
As close to nature as one could be.

The air is fresh, the wind is strong,
The surf keeps drumming its song.

You are alone between sky and sea,
High on the ledges in barren country.
You can feel a great high
Being so near the blue sky.

A place to remember when you are feeling
low.
Perhaps once again you'll be able to go.

Dingle is where I felt God so close to me.
He was there on land, in sky, and on the
sea.

Bunny Fernald

to construct a fiberglass hull around the wooden one. And any concern for fiberglass sticking to the wood hull was totally ignored.

The boats weren't necessarily dried out, and any old paint still sticking was left alone. Any kind of roofing nail, staple, or whatever was used in 2" areas apparently as some insurance against slipping problems. High stress areas in keels and prop shaft areas were heavily glassed by small pieces. The cloths were arranged in blanket form, tacked by resin to gunwales, and resined down by use of rollers, screeds, or whatever. Certainly as a major operation, anyone should be able to fiberglass against a hull.

I suggest extrapolating this to a more composite approach. I believe a *WB* publication showed incredibly good interiors; I was totally taken by a forecabin faced with cold molded cedar. My main assumption is that a lighter shell hull structure could be managed more easily as a form for heavily layered fiberglass. This would eliminate the need for extensive joinery of major components and ease planking trimming and spiring.

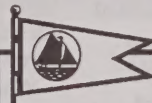
Vaites noted fairing of the heavy fiberglass layer could be a problem if care were not taken in butting the blankets. Too much overlay can be tolerated but necessitates much sanding labor. If the opposite occurs the polyester fillers are inexpensive and easily sanded and faired.

The newfound composite hull shell will require sufficient ribs and longitudinals for accuracy and reasonable rigidity. The end composite will have numerous advantages such as resistance to holing and lessened maintenance. Resale possibilities should be excellent due to freedom from opinions and stickings of a Marine Surveyor. One outstanding benefit of fiberglass materials is freedom from aging, wetting, and warping.

Ever the Yankee Trader, Vaites details reselling of overages of cloth and resin packaged in smaller amounts. If successful, I believe marine retailers will settle for smaller quantities and better prices.

It is emphasized Vaites doesn't cop out with a thin layer of fiberglass, and states problem boats have sheets of fiberglass loose from the top few thousands of inch of wood surface, and everything replete with such as dissimilar rates of expansion. He constructs an entire hull of fiberglass around and under the shell hull to eliminate the screwups Phil Bolger tells us about.

In the past, overage hulls like Colin Archers have received quasi ferrocement coatings of very thin rods, galvanized screen and staple fastening. These may provide a band aid treatment resulting in eventual rusting of the metal components. I talked to a medicine show type of applicator who allowed any added weight was compensated by the increase in hull displacement. There is no question about fiberglass being worthy, it just requires trial with careful record keeping.



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Looking out over the southern end of Plum Island, Massachusetts, I have a gull's eye view of what goes on in Plum Island Sound and the Ipswich River delta. No matter what the weather, my picture window affords me a front row seat. Sitting thirty feet above the water and two-hundred feet back, this window on the water is a lens on coastal life. The local wildlife view the cottage as a fixture in their world and carry on as though I and the neighboring homes were no more than stumps in a forest.

Yesterday the second Nor'easter in as many weeks roared into town. Having used the previous fine Indian summer days to finish stacking firewood, and set out the bird's suet bells, I was snuggled down with a mug of tea, and relating local events via the Internet to my sister, halfway around the world in Australia.

Down on the beach, men and boys were loading lobster traps, working as hard as they ever did in the summer. Hauling a trap up from the depths is a chore for the strong of back and forearm. Lifting an awkward wire box up from the ground when the wind is getting gusty and swinging it over your head to secure it on the third tier on the truck bed will have those fellas reaching for the liniment.

While they were being prudent and hauling out for the season, there were others who were just out there for the thrill of wild, windy water. Several tin boats were zipping about with the usual young bloods hooting and hollering as the approaching storm boosted their testosterone levels. A new sequel to TV's "Survivor" came to mind: "Boys in Boats".

I recalled the many times I've stood on the seawall at Lane's Cove in Gloucester, or the granite arm of Rockport's inner harbor, thrilled with the ozone laden power of an approaching storm. A falling glass raises my spirits as much as a sail filled with wind. Living here on the coast the past four years has opened my eyes to so much elemental power, I give thanks that the reckless youth weren't injured trying to "get closer to nature".

Grab a mug, sit next to me and look out my window across the water. Yesterday after the humans abandoned the beach and open water, the wind picked up its pace to 21.3kts, which is a solid 23.70mph. That registered



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

on our protected front lawn. I suspect that out on the Sound where there is a longer fetch inside from Plumbush and the marshes at the mouth of the Rowley River, it could have been hitting 30mph. Out on the Bigelow Bight across the island, whitecaps corrugated the Atlantic's surface.

Like the boys in boats earlier, the resident gulls were looking for action. The older birds were hanging in one place as the wind swept under their ragged pinions. This summers fledglings were wheeling and flapping trying to emulate their parents and older siblings. A tricky business riding the wind.

Anyone who sails understands that progress is made or lost, races won or not, by one's understanding of how to "step into the wind". These birds are consummate sailors, along with their set of skills is an appetite to fuel the wing muscles. Being opportunistic feeders there's always something to eat along the coast. It's hard not to anthropomorphize the gulls; like bottlenose dolphins, they have such human expressions and mannerisms detectable by close observation. The bright and shrewd eye, a nimble neck that lets the eyes track something of interest. And the

personalities exhibited when there's a flock gathered arguing over food.

Yesterday's approaching storm was preceded by one earlier in the month that pushed bait fish into the shallows. As the stripers feed the lower levels the fleeing fry jump out of the water in panic. I was enjoying the gull's aerobatics when an enormous flock of terns came screaming into view. The terns, about two hundred of them, put the gulls to shame. No awkward wing beats here. Every bird was the master of its elements, even juveniles. Hovering with rapid, controlled beats, the birds located the small fish below them, plunged into the melee and sprang out of the waves with a beakful.

It's a hard way to make a living being a sea bird. Last year I found a tern's torn carcass on the beach and imagined a blue fish feeding the same school of fry enjoying a poultry course. The terns, graceful kites hanging on the air, banked sharply and rotated in attitude so they twisted straight down. Fixing their wings in an "elbows first" position, they entered the water like Ninja "throwing stars". This "plunge feeding" is aptly named. Up and down the lower end of the sound they went, banking and plunging and intermittently just hovering to see where the fish would surface next.

My tea grew cold as I paged through the bird book trying to identify the particular species of tern whose antics I was watching. The book wasn't helpful, but it doesn't matter, the thrill was in the show not the identity of the specific performers.

Rain changed from mist to gusty downpour. The gulls returned, having gone off in a huff when the terns first showed up. Now they were back to claim the spoils. Some gulls were content to scavenge the damaged and dropped fish; others were the bad boys, and tried to bully the terns into jettisoning their lunch.

The dynamics were fascinating. And it was tempting to explain what the birds did in human terms. Interpreting animal actions by human motivation is not scientific, but Thornton W. Burgess, writing about the Great Meadow and its waistcoat-wearing animals, may have inspired more naturalists and conservationists then any serious scientific works.

Last on the stage came the laggardly cormorants. Only half a dozen crashed the party, and crash they did. Like B52s in a squadron of Spitfires, they lumbered into the center of the mixed flock and dove a few times then settled on the surface content to pick and choose from the flayed and filleted fish bodies. The terns were not going to stop feeding and it seemed they narrowly missed the floating feeders time and again. Obviously the cormorants weren't worried about being hit, apparently trusting the terns' rigid control over their trajectories and points of entry.

Suddenly, the terns formed up and flew out over Plum Island as one unit. The gulls joined the cormorants on the surface, gleaning in a haphazard way. They didn't seem to enjoy the freely available food as much as they had the stolen snacks. Gulls and cormorants have their turf wars during the summer, but now the group blended together and seemed to share their experiences.

It's always a changing scene here on the coast, I'm glad you could share my window on the water with me.

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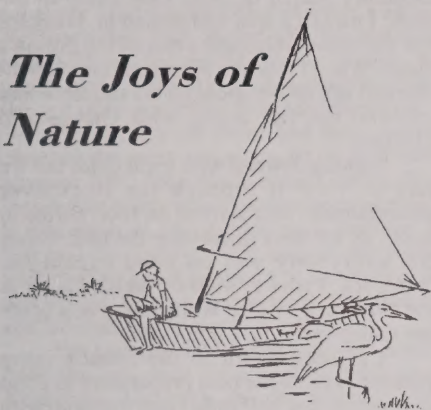
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The Joys of Nature



A Bridge Between

N. Alison Haskell, April 12, 2002

The song of the barred owl reaches me in a deep and magical place, a place I call my soul. The first time I watched barred owls was in a swamp off the campus of the University of New Hampshire. I was working as a research assistant on a cavity nesting bird project, and on this particular early dawn morning, I was following the hoot of the barred owl the "who, who, who cooks for you?" I was captivated and completely mesmerized by the sound. I felt joy hearing the call, and sadness that I could not completely connect with their journey... only observe and participate from a distant place.

As I trudged through the swamp to reach my destination, I was reminded of how much I dislike mosquitoes. When I found my spot to sit quietly, my mind was consumed by the buzz of mosquitoes searching my warm body parts for blood. I wondered whether other biologists experience rage around mosquitoes? What would the Dali Llama do in this situatio... breathe... accept... experience? I try, but I cannot do it. I dislike mosquitoes as they stir the anger of my soul. Mosquitoes make me uncomfortable and I cannot control them. I want peace, serenity, quiet, beauty... the barred owls without the mosquitoes.

My experience of barred owls in relation to mosquitoes is like my desire for my life on this planet earth. I want joy, passionate love, deep intimate conversation, warmth, respect, and nurturance. I don't want anger, conflict, pain, hate, distance, disrespect or disconnect. Both emotional extremes reach my vulnerabilities, but in different ways. I am a sensitive woman. I was a sensitive child. I understand now that my sensitivities and intuitiveness are gifts that provide me with exquisite observation skills for wildlife and wild places, but for many years I found it painfully exhausting to maneuver in the world of humans.

I did not know how to be in this world with its fast pace, noise, busyness, disquiet, disconnect from land and animals, and endless pursuit of material possessions. In the human world, I was an observer who felt sorrow and disconnect. I felt more at home in the world of forests, oceans, fields, and

deeply connected to the ability of animals to be... to just be in the moment. This world, the wild world, was spiritual to me. This was my home... my place to just be me.

I sit in my quiet spot next to a white pine on the outskirts of the swamp. I wait for the barred owls to let their presence be known to me. I am not disappointed. An adult swoops by me to the surface of the swamp and captures a vole. I am inspired by the owl's power and skill in pursuing its prey. It took just a few moments, but I know it took many attempts for the owl to perfect its hunting skills. The adult carried its prey up to a white pine branch where its one offspring hungrily awaits. Within a minute the other adult comes to join them, and now there are three barred owls on the white pine bough.

A family of three, two mature and one dressed in fledgling feathers in the process of maturing. I find it hard to sit quietly and observe the family of three, as my heart is pounding with excitement and joy. I have forgotten about the mosquitoes during this period of observation. I am in the present moment with the barred owls, captivated by their beauty. I am reminded of a passage in Henry Beston's book *The Outermost House*. This passage became my mantra many years ago... my life's mission, and many other peoples' mission as well.

He writes: "For the animal shall not be measured by man. In a world older and more complete than ours they move finished and complete, gifted with extensions of senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear. They are not brethren, they are not underlings, they are other nations, caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendour and travail of the earth."

Barred owls, like all other animals to me, possess a wherewithal that I desperately seek to find in my human world. A way to live simply but consciously while respecting and revering the wild world. I do not have the answers, so I continue my journey between the two extremes searching for answers... hoping for serenity and perhaps a bridge between the human and the wild world.

(Alison Haskell's dad, Alfred Haskell, a Dovekie sailor, sent the above essay to me. Alison is a wildlife biologist and artist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. She spent her childhood in Cohasset, MA; at that time, a small laid back New England village that existed because of a perfect harbor. On one side of the harbor stood the Yacht Club, while on the other, the Sailing Club. Power boating (except for the small, but active lobstering fleet in the middle) was tacitly discouraged. It was a perfect environment for nurturing a love for all nature. Thank you, Al, for sharing your daughter's thoughts on nature and on the barred owl who, who, who speaks so often to the Messabout boater).

Please keep on sending those e mails about nature to me at <kgmurphy@erols.com>

They make wonderful additions to this column. I just got another one concerning the barred owl. This one was from Jake Millar, another Dovekie sailor. It states, "*Shorebird's* log, 10/04/02 somewhere on the Wye river. Awoke to a foggy haze clinging to the water's surface, light breeze from the east. Took my time getting going, coffee and a hot breakfast

first, then some cleaning and stowing. Had a pair of Barred Owls in the trees nearby last night, very unique call, whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo wul! Unseen through the night but easily recognizable by their call. Alone on my boat this call brought a smile to my face each time they sang out."



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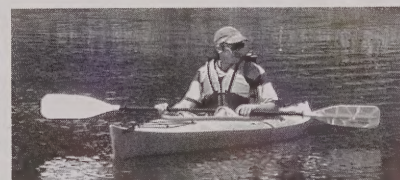
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Lake Powell was down 70' or so, suggesting that the lower end with its big bays might be the best place for the Kokopelli. Several regulars offered excuses of varying validity, but we had some charming newcomers.

Tom Gale brought the family, Heather and little Wille and Ruby, both at a developmental stage which makes camping something of a challenge, if you get my drift. Tom had hacked the Birdwatcher down to the gunnels and built in all kinds of storage. He also rigged it with two large windsurfer sails, creating a cat ketch in place of last year's big sloop.

For the last couple of years Robert Tabb (aka Wolfman) has been talking up participation and this year he nailed it down. I've known him since way back... some affair on the Jersey shore as I recall. He defined that Wood Regatta in Newport as a gear buster by breaking off the rudder of his Redwing. That same affair landed the Wee Punkin on the cover of *MAIB*. Some may remember Robert's Wolf Boats ads for boat plans. By good fortune, Wolf's folks live just up the road in Silt.

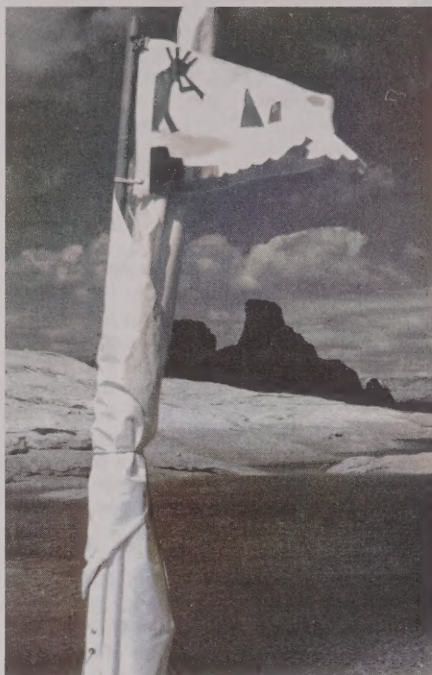


The Wolfpack; Mir, Wolf, Ernie.

There's no telling what kind of pitch he used, but he conned his girlfriend Miriam and his stepfather Ernie into coming along. Even more audacious was his scheme to build three

Blow / No Blow Kokopelli

By Jim Thayer



Kokopelli flies over the Gunsight.

little boats and truck them out from Buffalo, nested together. Well, let's wait and see.

Saturday I got away mid-morning in bright sunlight but over the Swell the clouds closed in and there were generalized showers over the region. South of Panguitch we had a good thunder boomer with a heavy shower.

A stop at Lone Rock camp, a vast expanse of sand with beach launching, turned

up no sail and nearly got me stuck. After a desultory search of State Line camp in the dark, I picked a spot and settled in, breaking out the comestibles and a box of California's finest. When I was into the second cup, Dewitt showed up, so we sponged off the table and chewed the fat, along with cheese and crackers.

Sunday dawned with great color but we had to view it through the trees over motorhomes. Tom arrived on foot, coffee in hand, as we were discussing the next move. So, everybody was on hand except the Wolfpack. I tend to refer to Tabb's bunch as the Wolfpack or Der Wolfgang. Their boats are collectively the Little Guys.

I headed down to the launch ramp parking to ditch the boat preparatory to a trip to town. In that half mile I met a pickup with a canvas covered pile of stuff on the back. It could only be the Wolfmobile. Altogether at the parking lot, I learned that they had spent so much time working on the boats at Ernie's place that they had only arrived by dint of driving all night. Dewitt and I helped unload their boats and then went off to town.

After McDonald's (it's best to ease into these expedition things) we hit the Safeway and, among other things, scooped up a bottle of champagne to christen Wolf's fleet. Nope. Can't buy alky till 10am. Wally had no thermoses except fancy stainless ones. True Value wasn't open. We gassed up and found it was near 10. Back to Safeway. On entering I noted an unhappy looking lady near the checkout with a cart load of Fosters. I remarked that it was almost ten. "No," she said with a long face. We were in AZ and it was only 9. Time to punt.

Back at the launch we found the Little Guys rigged, with sails up, a striking sight. The gents seemed a bit lethargic and Miriam was sacked out in a pile of duffel. I should note that around Powell the parking lots run around four acres and even in October are half full of big pickups and two and three axle trailers. Heather had set up a table and was into family paperwork while Tom organized

Small boat, big land.



the boat. Dewitt couldn't do a lot with his schooner 'til it was unfolded at water's edge. Heather's dad, Jack Hicks, who we met last year with his incredible rowing cruiser, is totally organized and is ready to launch while the rest of us are trying to get the masts up.

Since early on there had been some cloud in the west and since 10 or so it had attained BBC (big black cloud) status. We now began to eye it with some apprehension. It was upon us like a duck on a junebug. I had laid the safety chain around the front trailer wheel but it jumped that instantly and was off for Jack's van. I managed to head it and it wound up against his bumper.

You have, no doubt, read countless times how the sea will find and exploit any weakness. Although the sea usually gets credit, the wind is the real culprit. My mainsail now had about 4' loose and in the best *Cruising World* tradition was snapping in the wind with reports like pistol shots. I furled it by rolling it up on the mast and if there is any breeze it rolls up nice and tight like a window shade. After the Labor Day Regatta at Delta I rolled it up in a dead calm and it didn't want to cooperate. I settled for "good enough" and it had made four hundred miles of road travel without problem, but that old devil Wind had gotten it loose in a flash.

Getting a line around the thing was like trying to muzzle a windmill, but I finally managed. Meanwhile the guys had jerked out the jigger and wrestled it to the ground. The whole affair was reminiscent of that meteorological boiler explosion at the Virginia Beach Lifesaving Station years ago. The violent anger soon dissipated and was replaced by a modest little rain, while Mr. Wind went around to the north to blow steadily, until we were ready to launch.

Before noon we had bright sun again. Wolf went to town looking for hardware but without luck. Tom launched mid afternoon and managed to break off his rudder blade and take a small chunk out of the propellor. I have broken a couple of plywood rudders myself and can't recommend them. After all, half of the wood is going the wrong way.

Meanwhile, Der Wolfgang was sort of puttering along, having decided to forget the bilge boards and make it on chine alone. With the wind still about 15 out of the north I feared that they would wind up miles to leeward so we quickly screwed one bilge keel through each keelson and put them in the water. The schooner had been unfolded and was taking on tons of cargo; Dewitt's stuff (and he don't travel light) along with whatever the rest of us could push off on him.

Tom, after a rash of rushed ramp repairs, was off with a good breeze. Jack had disappeared long ago. The rest of us got away approaching 6 with maybe 5mph of breeze on the beam. Soon, our Friend, having had a hard day, packed it in and went home, leaving us reduced to rowing.

We hit the beach at dusk and supper was a pickup, whatever came out of the bilge first, affair, Jack, Dewitt, and I, being whiteleather tough, hard bitten, Old Timers, slept out while the Wimpys tented.

Monday morn saw a slow start with everybody still sorting gear, except Jack of course, who is totally organized. I hauled out the Coleman, fairly salivating at the thought of a hot cup. I had filled it at home and even fired it up for an operational check. I even



Little Guys with plastic sails.



Jack packing rowing boat.

brought along a new generator. I wasn't a Boy Scout for nothing, by golly. I noticed some liquid in the bottom of the storage box; smelled like gasoline. I cursed myself for an idiot, obviously having left the cap loose, or the pump, or both.

I refilled the tank and pumped up. Oh, oh! A thread fine stream was shooting out of the tank and soaking into my shorts. I was confounded and could have easily been enflamed as well. My life flashed before my eyes. A week without my morning delight! Oh, I could mooch a cup from my friends, but there would be no midday soup, no double buttered fried toast while lounging in my cozy cockpit. Woe is me!

My first rational thought was to backtrack to the Wal Mart in Page, but 70

The clouds opened.





Miriam moving on.



Nina entering Hidden Harbor.

Birdwatcher cut down.



years as a ner-do-well has taught me a trick or two. Time to calm down and think. How does the pioneer woman mend her leaky bucket, and the impecunious homeowner his drippy hot water tank? The life saving Mr. Wolf produced a bag of half inch self tapping screws sealed with duct tape and unlimbered his Leatherman. A hand from the clouds wouldn't have offered a better kit! It was the work of a moment to drive in the screw through a gasket of duct tape. It hasn't leaked a drop since.

I got away first but was soon passed by the Little Guys who were rowing, Miriam in the lead. There was wind beyond the headland and once in a while it blew into our bay. I actually got my bow into it once but it drew away at the touch. By the time I got into the clear it was just a breath and the Little Guys were out of sight ahead, so I got to pushing on the oars.

As we approached the pass south of the Castle, which at this level is about 40 yards wide, Dewitt offered a tow, but ever the purist, I declined. To my chagrin the wind switched around to the east and came almost dead on the nose just enough to give me a long and a short board. It built to a nice sailing breeze and I got through on about four hitches. Made my day. It then fell light and made for a rather tedious afternoon. Well, tedious unless onen is easily amused. There were many highly figured orange and black moths floating in the water, some still flapping. I saw a larger caffish, his whiskers giving him somewhat the aspect of a hammerhead shark, nail one.

Around fivish I blew onto the beach where the rest were setup. There was the usual stuff and Jack did a chili with large meatballs and crunchy celery that was very tasty. Raisins in the meatballs indicated a culinary sophistication I hadn't been aware of. A pile of tamarisk, along with some nice chunks left by a beneficent power boater, allowed an almost white man fire.

Tuesday dawned bright and before long we had a delicious morning breeze offering a free ride up Warm Creek Bay. Der Wolfgang hoped to take advantage of it, but, what with breakfast, packing tents, and cutting wedges for the mast steps, it was nearly gone when they hooked on. Still, with rowing they had a good start when the rest of us drifted off.

It had come to light that Tom had chucked his mast step, a piece of aluminum pipe, over the side when he was rigging up at the end of the pier, so he was reduced to a simple cat rig. He explained that he usually rigs on the beach and is not equipped to retrieve stuff from 40' down.

To be charitable, the wind was fitful. Perhaps annoying, or even ornery, would be more like it. Rouse yourself and set up the oars and along would come a little whiffle. It was gone before you got yourself settled down again. I mostly rowed when I found myself headed back toward the schooner which was, itself, lazily boxing the compass. I found out later that Dewitt was absorbed in his watercolors, and him an old racing man!

Noonish I was torn between hunting up some lunch and taking a nap, when I perceived the faintest hint of breath on my neck. The water ruffled and we began to move. I smiled and, Boom, my hat blew away. The really nice one with the ostrich feather, and the pretty badge from the Russian rowing barge at Dz and, most notably, a cord and clip

to keep it from blowing away, a feature, I hardly need point out, which doesn't work if not used ahead of time. I hopped up to initiate the recovery and immediately realized that the hat was the least of my worries.

It was another one of them *Cruising World* affairs, but out of a clear blue sky. In a minute it was blowing well over twenty, closer to thirty I would guess. According to the book I should have rounded up and rolled in a reef, but a bird in the hand trumps two in the bush, or something of the sort. By sitting out and playing the main nearly clear out, we reached smartly along toward what appeared to be a lee on the far west shore.

It wasn't a great shelter, but I hardened up the mizzen and rolled up about half the area without problem. The main concern was Dewitt, who I could picture awash in his great mass of plywood wondering where he would fetch up. Most of the shore would have been very hard on the boat.

I began to beat back, keeping a weather eye out for any signs of life. The wind was warm and the spray not too cool so it was good sport and we seemed to be gaining ground but, after getting back across on port, the project looked like more exercise than accomplishment. Just then Tom motored by and reported Dewitt safe in a cove. With that welcome news I slipped up a side canyon and beached for lunch.

After a modest lunch and a visit with Jack, who covers an incredible amount of ground with that rowing rig, and remember, it carries all his worldly goods, I set off for camp. I had seen the Little Guys on the beach and Tom had disappeared right nearby so there must be a hole. I bore in toward the beach and found an entrance about a boat's length wide, with perfect protection inside.

BBC's building in the west suggested that even grizzled old toughies might do well to set up a tent. All the view lots being taken, I staked out in the bottom of a gully while a little farther down Wolf threw himself into preparations for supper. I know! Never camp in a gully, but the very limited watershed and the half inch cracks all around assuaged any worries.

Wolf was featuring spaghetti with artichoke hearts on the side and, check this, three different grades of al dense, all with fancy Italian names. Sounded good anyway and what do us yokels know? Digestion barely complete there was that unmistakable stirring of air which we had come to dread. Yep, *deja vu* one more time.

It turned out to be nearly the equal of the parking lot onslaught. We had definitely antagonized ole Aeolus. Ernie, who had carefully buttressed the corners of his frail abode with large rocks and boulders, seemed to get the worst of it. Deciding it was futile he crawled inside his bedraggled heap and was seen no more 'til morning. A work party finally got Tom's fabric bungalow under control and things quieted down.

Dewitt was the only other living soul still abroad so we, with some effort, got a fire going and fed it twig by twig as we worked on the box and pondered the Great Mysteries, while lightning flashed and unseen monsters clomped about just beyond our poor circle of luminosity.

Wednesday morn came overcast, but not discouragingly so. The wind was light enough to encourage an occasional stroke, and as we



Jack at speed.



Rain in the Mug; Ernie, Jim, Dewitt.

Couple of Little Guys.





Padre Bay.



Rock girt beach under the Gunsight.

Ruby and Willie.



worked south toward the Castle, the overcast lowered and leaked an occasional sprinkle. The last quarter mile brought us a well earned breeze and Dewitt and I had a good sail to the beach, 70-80 yards from the foot of the Castle.

We found the Little Guys ashore and Tom with a tarp rigged against the drizzle. Everybody was into oilies, and with the cold wind, things looked fairly bleak. Suddenly, a large rent appeared in the cloud and an heavenly spotlight shown on the beach, lighting Nina like a photographer's model. With a rainbow arching over, she was an inspiring sight but my photo isn't too great. Energized by the bright sun, the boys set about gathering firewood.

Wolf whipped up a great stew, which was just what the doctor ordered for such an evening. After supper, I was hauling some gear from the boat to my tent, intending to carry on to the social center. At the tent there was a lull in the rain and as I assayed the slog to the tarp, I suffered a minor fit of shivering, indicating, in my opinion, of incipient hypothermia. I quickly molted my oilies into

the sand and with great care insinuated myself into my very small tent.

Once zipped in, I was warm and cozy; a classic return to the womb. It was still light and a good thing too, as preparing my bed my creaking bod was agonizingly slow, hindered as I was by limited space and a pronounced shortness of breath.

Camping generally, and even more so when complicated by small sailboats, can be viewed as a terribly inefficient business. Cooking is set back decades by the lack of a microwave, although we had several meals prepared ahead and simply heated on the Coleman. One must of course keep the sand out of the food.

Building one's shelter every day is another chore. A tent isn't often necessary because of inclement weather, but, no doubt, many people feel rather exposed without a roof over their heads (I love that Holmes Watson story). Indeed, to sleep peacefully where scorpions crawl into one's shoes and rattlers glide to and fro, requires a certain sangfroid.

Personal hygiene is another problem, especially iculated as we are with various taboos and privacy concerns. You may be amazed to learn that the human body can exist and even function well for a week or more without a hot shower. A dab here, a dab there, and you are good to go.

With time one develops shortcuts and little tricks that speed up everything, well, many things. More importantly, many little niceties are simply dispensed with as not worth the trouble. Why putter around washing your socks when you can lay back, watch the sunset, and then go barefoot. Or heck, just wade around in them and hang them on a bush.

A case can be made for doing things the hard way, if for no other reason than it encourages a critical look at our modern "life style" and its many "conveniences". A good many items we take for granted and almost consider necessities, won't stand a rigorous analysis involving first-cost, carrying cost, maintainance, and aggravation. Apropos of this, I just got an e mail from Axon wherein he complains that the compressor has broken down again and they will have to clean out the reefer.

The dawn was a dismal effort, one of the sorriest I can recall. There was still a bit of drip, spattered by a cold north wind. Dewitt, ever the cheerful fellow, he spent years running youth camps, set up for pancakes and drew an appreciative crowd.

Sad to relate, Der Wolfgang felt they had to adjourn, faced as they were with long return trips. They set off rowing bravely downwind, their mast steps having been splintered by the hurricane induced beach capsize. How they fared on opening Waweap Bay we have yet to learn.

Tom indicated that Heather was up for still more fun and suggested we look in at Padre Bay. Fine by me. I was first away, overcanvased enough to keep me a bit on edge. There were ragged blue holes in the west and by the time I hit the main channel most of the gray mess had been rolled away to the east, leaving only tattered remnants which were being whipped into fluffy white fair weather friends.

The run down the main channel to Padre Bay was reminiscent, though much less ardent, of the same run two years before. In

jig time we were turning the corner with the Gunsight looming ahead. The point, which had been a gravel bar guarding a shallow bay, was now high to the west and we were presented with a strata of slickrock whose rounded forms sheltered a small beach.

The beach was guarded by a swarm of off-lying rocks easily visible in the clear water. It was a challenge, but we gained the beach with a few short legs and only dragged the board once. Not that remarkable an accomplishment but still it puts a little fizz in one's day.

Not long after, Dewitt nosed up to an accessible rock where I could hold his bow while he raised his monster steel daggerboard. In due course Tom cruised in and Dewitt started supper.

Tom and Jack had a pair of these new short range talkies but words didn't suffice so Tom went out to round him up. Jack finally dragged in, with a tale of chasing some sailboat clear up to Gunsight. First time I have seen him tired.

I made a deal with Dewitt to trade dessert duty because I was afraid that my ice cream was melting. I planned a peach shortcake based on the notion that I could bake some biscuits on the stove top. I had a heavy frying pan with a tight fitting lid but my muffin mix never got done on top.

Although the bucket of peaches was still frozen in the middle, the Hagan Daz was pecan soup. Dewitt had a great stew and the peaches and cream weren't too shabby. The muffin mix got finished off for breakfast and I had heavy cream and floating pecans on my coffee the next two days.

Friday morning was sunny and warm with a little air from the NW. I made some progress early on and maybe a mile by the time Tom came along. I took a line and gladly. We hauled straight down the channel and across to a bight on Antelope Island where we had camped two years before. The beach shelves very gently so it hadn't changed much except that it was a lot farther to the bushes.

It being still quite early, Tom promoted an excursion up Navajo Canyon, which has some neat rocks at the end. Jack and Dewitt elected to take a bath and lay back, so the bird boat departed with only one guest.

Navajo Canyon, in its lower reaches, is narrow and high walled with no camping spots and very few places where one could climb out. About half way up there is a wide place with an enormous sand dune. The nice beach was infested with six or eight houseboats, all the toys that go with them, and a mob of people.

We went ashore for a little to let the kids check out the sand. The kids were good as gold on the boat but, it's best not to push your luck. Drop 'em in the sand every chance you get.

There was no hope for getting to the end in time to do anything so we headed back to the beach, where I got into the prep of my invariable offering, himmel und erde. It wasn't quite up to snuff since my onions were patiently waiting back in the truck.

Dewitt's dessert laid away, we had a modest fire and, lacking a wood box, burned the wine box as the blood tingling Kokopelli cheer echoed through the hills. We also toasted our survival and good fortune with a wee dram of Baileys that I had lugged all the way from Bermuda.

Saturday, our last day on the water, was a light air, bright sun classic. I got off the beach with a modest breeze that faded after a half mile. The rest of the day was barely moving interspersed with rowing. I wonder that the Greeks didn't assign a woman to take care of the winds, a fickle temptress given to laying about in a housecoat between fits of rage.

About noon the motor guys came up and I suggested we hit the beach up ahead. Dewitt, the lucky bugger, got there first and by the time I hove up he had collected a pile of valuable flotsam and jetsam topped by a slightly rusty Cruise 'n Carry.

The big wassermellon was dragged from his hiding place in the hold of the schooner and solemnly offered up. A canoe coasting the area with father and son paddlers accepted an invite to share.

The afternoon was a bit of a drag, with encouraging zephyrs that never amounted to anything. My emphysema (alpha 1) has progressed to the point that my blood O is down in the eighties with even modest exertion. This precludes any serious rowing, but I can move Nina along facing forward and pushing on the oars, making one stroke per breath. I think perhaps pushing on the oars helps with chest expansion.

I don't leave much wake but, given time, I cover quite a lot of ground. I crawled up to the beach while the other guys were still unloading. We were soon hauled out, folded up, and packed for the road.

The Gales were meeting friends and going the hot shower route. I passed up Dewitt's invitation to explore the flesh pots of Kanab and headed straight for home. Wait till Dennis sees the shortcut I have discovered!



A gem in the cockpit.

Gales en famille.



We still don't know how the Wolfpack managed to get the Little Guys home against a stiff breeze. Maybe they could hold a course across to the southern ramp. Maybe they got across and worked up the shore. One can usually make it along shore by rowing the little bays and going all out around the points. If you can't make it rowing and the point is brush covered or cliff and the water too deep to wade, you got problems.

While sailors might sneer, little rowboats can give a good account and get further and faster than you might think. Wolf, Miriam, and Ernie, none of whom had ever done much rowing, had the Little Guys ashore ahead of the real sailors each day. A shame they couldn't stay for the run

Afterward

to Padre. A little beach work could have gotten them in shape.

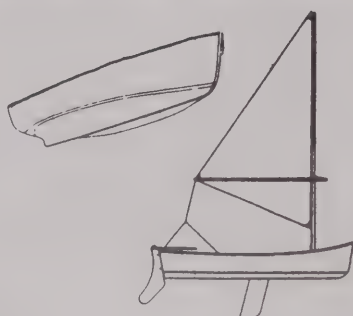
Having helped (if I had a smaller "h" I would use it) shepherd four little kids through some long summers on the road and on the water, I could appreciate that the Gales were experienced campers. Toddlers will get wet, fall down, drop their gooey goodie in the sand, and do other things that perhaps you could anticipate if you were given to worrying. They are wearing a pfd aloft and ashore, of course. Don't camp next to high cliffs. Unless there is streaming blood there is no need to get excited. The little buggers will seldom waste

time crying if they know nothing is going to happen. I believe that they will grow up happier, healthier, and better adjusted (whatever that is) than a kid raised safely in front of the tube.

Not to worry, we have a video of most of this stuff. Maybe it's a little short this year so we will add the Starvation meet with the flying schooner, and nifty steamboat stuff from the Lee's Mills meet. Two hours of good solid boat stuff. And the scorpion chase! Get your \$18 bucks, cash, check, or money order in the mail today. To Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC, Giant Video Offer, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624. You Video Club members know what you have to add.

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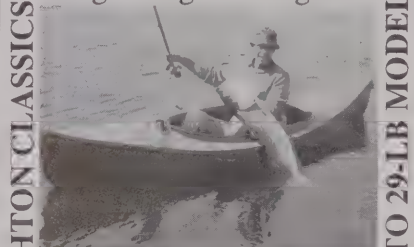
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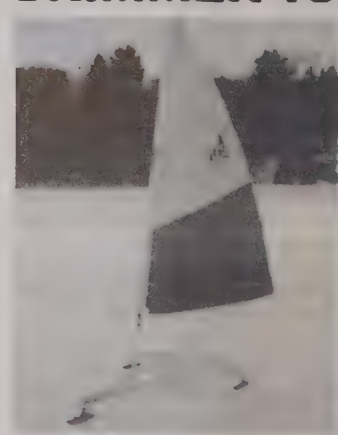
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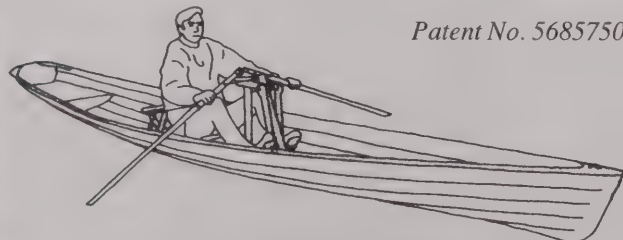
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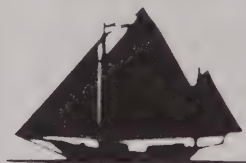
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A Tale Of A Bolger Schooner And Some Really Heavy Weather

By DewittSmith

If you've been around sailboats for any length of time, you'll know that fate, coincidence and chance play a big part in your engagement with the sport. Heck, plain old dumb luck is often to blame for the circuitous route your life can take when you sail. Do you really think your being to windward of the rest of the fleet when a sudden gust planes you past them, improving your finish from 20th to 4th, was totally due to your cerebral acumen? How about your sudden decision to just "drive by" the marina back lot where they keep our class (low) of affordable (low cost) boats, only to see the sweetest set of lines you never thought possible in wood, was there just waiting for your rescue? So it has been for me in 43 years of messing about. All the planning in the world couldn't have gotten me where I am today in the realms of sailing.

It was in the mid-1980s that I first came across an intriguing craft designed by Phil Bolger. He wanted to enter an offshore schooner race for craft over 30'. Having no place to store it once built, he did what most of us would do, he designed his thirty footer to fold in half! Hundreds of the 31' Folding Schooners (Design #268) have now been built; the one I first saw was in Toledo, Ohio and was incredibly built of stainless and mahogany, all glassed and bright finished. Design #268 was also featured in *MAIB*, Vol. 17 No. 7 (Aug. 15, 1999) pages 26-28. Harold Payson built the first one in 1973, while the Toledo boat I saw was also professionally built, but many years later.

About 1975, fellow Intermountain Messabout Society sailor, Jim Thayer (Grand Mesa Boatworks, Collbran, Colorado) also built one and stored it under a plastic cover in Virginia, where he lived at the time. Faithful to the plans, she was built of 1/4" ply and glassed waterline to keel. A coat of yellowish paint covered the interior, while the sides were bright finished and the boottop down was red. Fir spars were gotten out of lumber yard material and some angle iron steel made the hinges. Jim probably had too many other projects (just like today!), so she was stored away, never having been launched.

It was in 1999, while sitting on a sand bar on Lake Powell at the annual Kokopelli Kruiise of the Intermountain Messabout Society, that I was musing over the suitability of my Toledo, Ohio friend's folding schooner for making a very respectable beach cruiser. She was long with plenty of storage space for a week's adventure. She was narrow and light for a good turn of speed, even in the fall when winds are notoriously light on Lake Powell, and she would ride right up on a beach as her keel's rocker came right out of the water for several feet before reaching the stem. Her flat



View from the helm.



The awesome steel centerboard up.



Ready to head out into a chop.

At rest in the awesome Lake Powell scenery.



bottom with external keel(s) allows her to take the shore without damage to the thin bottom. "Besides; a two masted, gaff schooner just looks great on the water!", says I to the assemblage around the campfire.

"I have one," says the venerable Mr. Thayer.

"You have a Bolger folding schooner?" I repeated.

"Yup," was the response.

I sat still for a moment. I couldn't believe my ears. This man I'd been sailing with for several years never mentioned this! How could he have this terrific craft in his possession and chosen to sail the lovely, but only 15' Nina? Delicately, but knowing the answer, I asked, "Is she available, ah, for sale, I mean?"

"Well, let's see..." equally delicately replies he, conjuring up just how bad this friend wanted his now most prized possession. "She'll need some work, but I think we can figure out something," came the response. "Oh, and did I mention that she's in the jungle in Virginia?" My heart sank. I'm sitting on the sand of Lake Powell on the Arizona/Utah border and this boat is a thousand miles away!

Where there's a will, there's a way. It turned out that the next summer, Jim planned to return to Virginia to deliver some new hulls, and could bring the schooner back with him. We made a deal. Yes, once again, I bought a 25 year old boat, sight unseen. But how bad could it be; after all she was new construction, never seen the water, stored and was "in good shape".

Jim's a wonderful man. I've sailed and camped with his family for some years now. I think, however, that his description of the folding schooner was, shall we say, a bit optimistic. I guess he hadn't seen it in 25 years, either... I won't attempt to tell you here what a thousand mile road trip on a trailer, a spare tire and spars carried inside a plywood boat, can do to a boat with dry rot. Think some damage. Now double it. Remember I said the sides were bright finished? I only knew this because the grey color of the plywood wasn't paint. Think of it as weathered teak. My excitement at picking up the boat in Colorado, driving it back to Salt Lake City, and now having the perfect beach cruiser for Lake Powell overshadowed a more realistic appreciation for the effort it was going to take to get her ready for the 2001 Kokopelli Kruiise. To start with, the trailer she was sitting on was illegal in at least 49 of the 50 states. You're not supposed to carry a load a thousand miles on bald tires and rotten bunks. I returned this contraption to Jim the following season on top of another trailer.

At least the fiberglass job in the '70s held the bottom intact. Sorta. Turns out that it hid more than it protected. Well, to shorten the story, let's just say that with lots of help from the Salt Lake City area contingent of the Intermountain Messabout Society, she was seaworthy enough for her first ever time in the water: The 2001 Kruiise... sorta.

It turns out that careening was not just something done in the centuries past to remove barnacles. It also has its practical uses today when your newly launched 25 year old boat leaks like a sieve. 3M 5200 by caulking gun was used to fill the gap between the two hull halves and duct tape it shut to stem the tide. Phil Bolger in his infinite wisdom, I'm

sure, designed the schooner to be careened, fully rigged, on a beach for just such an occasion! See *MAIB* Vol. 19, No. 23, page 13, for a photograph of this feat!

Fast forward to the Fall 2002 Kokopelli Kruiise on Lake Powell, and a newly epoxied and painted schooner hardly gets damp inside. She's a delight and fast. An early season sail on Starvation Reservoir also proved she can plane! Her newest addition, a real 20" six spoke wheel to replace the tiller. The greatest advantage here is that there's enough friction in the cables/drum/wheel bearings so you can let go the helm and she'll stay on course in all but the strongest breezes. I designed a bridge deck to hold the wheel, and this makes moving fore and aft a bit more challenging, but it does stiffen the hull and provides a nice place to mount a compass and a cold one.

Three days into the trip, we spent a quiet evening on a very exposed beach and left the next morning without incident and without wind, again. It seems that Lake Powell in early October is trying to make up her mind between windless, warm summer days and the wetter, stormy days of the fall. The 2002 trip weather alternated between the two extremes, and herein is the tale of the schooner's heavy weather encounter.

I was water coloring while at the helm. Yes, it was that calm for hours on end, and only catspaws showing for many lake miles upwind. It so happened that I was attempting the capture of the incredible oranges and reds of the butte to the northwest, when I felt a slight breath of air on the back of my neck. Not having a crew, I knew it wasn't someone trying to break my concentration. I continued flooding the page and mixing in some yellow ochre when another, stronger breath actually filled the main and turned our course a few degrees starboard. This got my attention! Turning over my right shoulder, I watched the grandest dust cloud rising up from the land to the southwest, rise hundreds of feet into a steel blue cloudless sky.

"Oh my heck!" (a Utah expression, used in polite company, to denote extreme surprise...). "I'm in deep shit!" (A Utah expression, used in other company, to denote extreme agitation...).

Okay, now calm down, you've got a couple of minutes before all hell breaks loose. Let's get the cockpit cleaned up, ready for some fast moves. Paints, brushes, water rinse jar, paper towels, sketch pad, cold drink can, and part of an apple go here, in the bilge in random order, with considerable velocity. Grab the life vest and get it on ASAP. OK, now the rig. We're under full sail, ghosting along at 2kts maybe with a real gale/front bearing down on us, 1/4 mile off a very rocky lee shore. Cut the halyards! Never mind, no time to find a knife and I don't want the gaffs loose to beat the tar out of me later. Get the peak and throat halyard of the foresail first and tie off the gaff to the boom. Dive forward to the jib halyard cleat, get her free and down. Tie off the club.

Why not the main first, you ask? Well, the schooner suffers from lots of canvas forward and her balance is such that she wants to head off to lee, given any wind in the fore and jib sails. I figured that getting rid of sail forward would help maintain balance should the wind hit before I got all sail down, even perhaps keep us from being blown ashore. In fact, the main might just cause us to come

about and get off this lee shore...however, this didn't happen.

While I was forward, at least 20' from the helm, the first of the gusts hit. Remember, this is a 31' boat with a 4' beam at waterline, capable of planing. I remember hearing the mainsheet sing as it exited the blocks. I've never before sprinted the length of this craft, but I think the combination of my determination to reach the helm aft, and the sudden acceleration forward of the hull underneath me, set a new bow to stern record I've been unable to duplicate since. The mainsheet's figure 8 had reached the first block with incredible speed and the full force of the wind filled main now tried to shove the aft hull half right up the stern of the fore hull half (remember, this is essentially two 15-1/2' plywood dories held together with hinges). Mercifully, the helm yielded to the sudden hydrodynamic forces and she rounded up. Almost.

With no drive now left in the luffing main, she stalled, picked up leeway and headed straight for the rocky shore. Decision time. Try to start the engine? Pull in on the main to get some drive and steerage? Try to jibe away from the shore? Nope, none of the above. The engine is a very reliable Merc, but often took 10 or more pulls to get her going. Bringing in the main would add steerage, but I wouldn't be certain of enough to make her come about. Jibing; well I considered it. I once wrote a letter to the old *Rudder* magazine chastising a previous article calling jibing "dangerous". Done in a controlled manner, it's quite safe and effective. But I'm in an unstayed, gaff rigged 25 year old wooden sparred craft in 30 knot winds...

I centered the helm, dropped and secured the main, then dashed forward to "catch rocks". Since I'm here today writing this article, you know the outcome. The schooner gained enough leeway under bare poles to gently hit the only 5' of sandy beach existing between the sandstone rocks of the Powell shoreline for a least a half mile. The crashing waves and howling wind wouldn't keep her there long, so I set about pulling 100' of anchor line out and securing her to windward by turning her 180 degrees into the wind and burying the transom in the soft sand.

The bow slammed down on the wavetops for the next half hour, but she held her position well enough to allow a quick trip up the sandstone cliff to see if any other craft had been hit by the storm. Seeing no sails up didn't satisfy my concern, as they could have been demasted or capsized, but fate would have them all safely behind a headland or on the windward side of the bay's arm when the winds blew up.

Within an hour, Lake Powell had changed her mind and decided to return to a warm, sunny afternoon. Gathering myself together with all the strength I could muster, I broke free the now embedded stern from the sand and shoved off into the dying breeze. The Merc started in only a few pulls and we motored off to join the others in a very sheltered channel to enjoy spaghetti and a nice red. It wouldn't last, though, for that night came another furious windstorm and a grand lightning show to the north.

Would I have done things differently? Probably not, except maybe a little less yellow ochre.

Family Boat Building Regatta

By Nancy Ries

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



The Eickelberg family sailing the boat they built together.



On October 6, 2002, CWB held its first in what we hope is a long series of Family Boat Building Regattas. Started last April with the building of 11 Union Bay Skiffs, Family Boat Building has become one of our most sought after programs. To date 26 families have participated in the program, which runs four days, typically two consecutive weekends. At the end of the session the boats go home ready for some sanding and finishing.

The 10' rowing and sailing dinghy, the Union Bay Skiff, designed by boatwright Brad Rice, can hold two adults comfortably. At the regatta we had a family of four in one boat! It is made from marine grade plywood and mahogany and is stitch-and-glue construction.

Ten families participated in the first regatta. The wind was light before lunch but picked up for an exciting race in the afternoon. Father/daughter team Chris and Gretchen Soelling came in first, with Alastair and Anita Stone a close second, and Eric Sorenson, a close third. Our second regatta will be a Frostbite in late January/early February.

One of the high points was seeing the many ways in which the boats had been finished. Many were oiled for a natural look, while several were expertly painted and varnished. Regardless of the finish, everyone had a great time rowing, sailing with their families.



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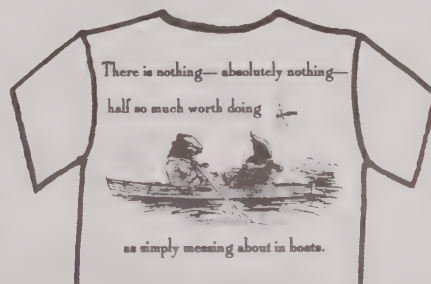
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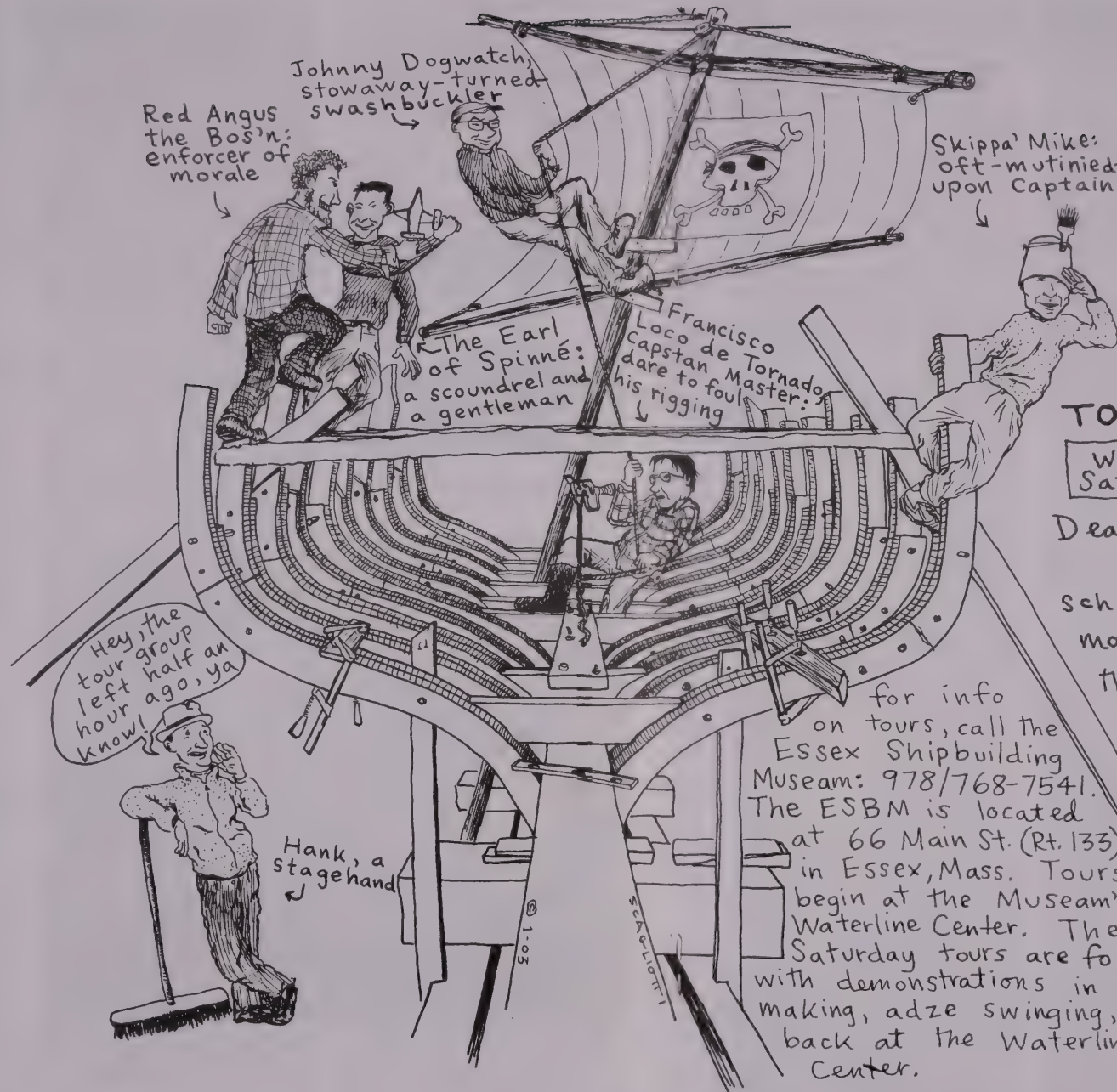
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Dear Reader ~

Progress on the schooner *Offame* is moving a lot quicker than this comic strip series. I will continue to provide the inside scoop, but really — yegotta come see this thing in full size.

for info on tours, call the Essex Shipbuilding Museum: 978/768-7541. The ESBM is located at 66 Main St. (Rt. 133) in Essex, Mass. Tours begin at the Museum's Waterline Center. The Saturday tours are followed with demonstrations in trunnel making, adze swinging, etc. back at the Waterline Center.

— yers trooly,
 Chinatown Mike

I don't know if I told you or not, but I have had a lifelong infatuation with Martin outboard motors even though I never have owned one. My relationship with outboard motors just about defines that foolish saying about a "love/hate relationship." When I was a little boy, my grandfather gave me an old Neptune, a little outboard motor that didn't weigh much more than about 15 pounds... at first glance, a very attractive thing. The catch was that I had to get the damn little thing running, and it had been lying out in the barn under a pile of feed sacks for maybe 20 years. Nevertheless, I did it. My tools were my verbal skills.

What got it running was Melvin Castleberry, who was the tractor man on the place and could make anything run if he could find a little gas and a little fire. That little Neptune was a horrible little thing. I hope Mr. (or Ms.) Tillotson is not paying attention to this. Short of a needle valve style, no float bowl, model airplane venturi, a single jet Tillotson carburetor like on that Neptune is the simplest possible way to get the gas to the fire but it (in my humble opinion) ain't worth a damn. I had to tread a fine line between starving and flooding all the time. Once I finally found the straight and narrow, after much spark plug removing, hard blowing of the lips, and a hell of a lot of cranking to clear the cylinder and crankcase of excess gas from where I had held down the float a millisecond too long and flooded the engine, the little Neptune would run loudly with much smoke and vibration until I fooled around with the needle valve and leaned it out too much. Then the damned thing would give an infuriating spit of gas out the bottom of the carburetor and cut off.

Next I would flood it and the ritual of the sparkplug had to be repeated all over again. Not only all that but, when the damned little thing was actually running, it was impossible to tell that it was doing anything but making noise, smoke, and vibration because it certainly wasn't moving the old, heavy, cypress skiff I had it clamped to the transom of. It finally vibrated around on its single clamp enough to gnaw itself a loose and plummeted to the bottom of the pond, where it still is.

I would have swum down there and got it but I hated the little son of a bitch. It was the cause of one of the few truly humiliating incidents of my life. When WW II got over, somehow all the men came immediately home except for my father who was in some kind of Navy project that caused him to have a lot of paperwork to straighten up. I was kind of lonesome, what with all my cousins fishing and fooling around with their fathers and nobody for me to play with but my sisters. I had a young, unmarried uncle who had just got back from Italy and he had a case of the trenchfoot and wasn't supposed to walk much. He sat on the dock and supervised me out there on the pond with the cursed Neptune.

One time, when I came in after about three bouts of the spark plug ritual, he said, "Anybody who can't handle a single jet Tillotson carburetor ain't got no business in a boat." I would have killed him if I could have but I was only about five years old and he had (according to whispers) killed about five jillion Nazi soldiers and blowed up about seven or eight tanks.

The Martin Marathon A Christmas Story

By Robb White

As soon as this uncle got to where he could stand up on his feet long enough, he got married. His bride's brother started hanging around the place. He was a fisherman (had the first spinning reel I ever saw) and had his own outboard motor. Back in those days, most freshwater boats were flat bottomed skiffs made out of about 1" thick waterlogged cypress. They were so heavy that four men couldn't put one into the back of a truck, so they stayed in the pond all the time and raised skeeter wigglers. Anybody who wanted to motorvate left the boat at the pond and just hauled the motor back and forth. Nobody ever got up enough of a crew to steal one of the old boats, even at public lakes.

These old heavy skiffs were very hard to make go anywhere with a paddle, and the preferred method of propulsion for the motorless was to pole. The biggest pond on the place was too deep for that, though. It was built by my great-great-grandfather by damming up a pretty good sized creek. He did this about 1886 and his tools were ex-slaves. The family story was, that to get these poor people to work very hard for their dime a day or whatever he paid (he was a legendarily mean person, one of the tycoons of the sweat shop era of the industrial revolution, a northern carpetbagger come down here from Philadelphia) he divided them into two teams and started them hauling dirt from both sides. He drove a stake in the middle of the creek and told them that he would give a bottle of whiskey to whichever team covered up the stake first.

You can still see evidence down there of where they got the dirt, how far they had to haul it and how much... what a hell of a job it must have been. I, as a descendant of the generous giver of the bottle of whiskey, am the titular owner of that dam, but I don't feel like it really belongs to me when I am standing down there on all that dirt and clay.

Enough of that. I was fixing to tell you about Martin outboards when I started. So this progressive fisherman-in-law carried that little black outboard motor down to the pond and clamped it onto the transom of the very same skiff the old Neptune had hopped off of. He opened the vent and the gas shut off, wiggled a little knob, pulled the rope gently, and the engine started right to running. It never skipped a single beat, never spat like a damned cat, didn't make any loud noise or smoke and... most marvelously... pushed that old cypress boat faster than it had moved since it fell off the stump after being cut down as a tree. I believe it might have been planing.

I saw a lot of that motor for a while but was never allowed to lay a hand on it. I was covetous and determined to own just such a motor as that as soon as I could. My mother had taught me how to read. "Martin 60" was all I needed to remember and I have been remembering it for 57 years.

I was 35 years old before I saw another one of those marvelous little black motors. I had been looking and asking around and, most of the people I talked to said something like,

"Yeah, them little black Mercurys sure were some good motors but Mercurys ain't worth a damn no mo."

"I wasn't talking about no Mercury. I said 'Martin.'"

"Yeah, well Mercury made them just like they make these Mariners now. All them motors that start with 'M' is made by Mercury."

"I always thought that Mariners were made by Yamaha and just sold by Mercury."

"Yeah, and you have always been full of it, too." With that, I stopped arguing. You know, some people are so infatuated with their own ignorance that no amount of reason or proof will change them. I hate to say it, but a lot of farmers are like that. No matter how cruelly the facts are revealed, they still believe that the new farm bill is going to do them some good. You can just imagine what kind of response I would get from a bonehead like that if I told him that Martin outboard motors were built by National Pressure Cooker Company.

About 1976, a man came by the shop and wanted me to take a look at his outboard motor and see if there was some way to stop the gas tank from leaking. It was in the wintertime and the boat in the shop was a long way from turning into a payday, so I agreed to try to fix the motor and walked out to the truck to take a look. Damned if lying right there in the bed in a pool of gasoline wasn't a Martin outboard motor. It was a Martin 40 instead of the coveted 60 of my boyhood dreams, but it sure was a Martin. I snatched it up and told the man to come back in about a week.

Anyway, I fixed the gas leak and cleaned the carburetor (Tillotson, but an improved model... two jets for one thing) put the little thing on my sawhorse garbage can rig and twitched the combination primer/choke knob, gave a gentle pull on the little charming, round pull handle, and she started right up and ran perfectly smooth. I took it for a little road test on my old Grumman Sport Boat, and even though the little engine was no bigger or heavier than my old Evinrude weedless three, it would easily plane the old aluminum boat and it never skipped a single lick or refused to start with just the gentlest short pull on the rope.

I got so that I could start it, hot or cold, at such a low idle speed that the boat wouldn't even move. I have never seen a two-stroke engine that would start and idle like that. I am afraid that my customer got his motor back with quite a few additional hours on it and that several investigations had required quite extensive disassembly, but he got his money's worth. I didn't charge him for lubricating the water pump, which is a rectangular rubber block running on an eccentric on the propeller shaft right ahead of the prop. The slow motion oscillation of the block in its chamber makes for a most reliable, positive displacement pump.

I was impressed with that, but the most impressive thing was when I discovered why the little engine ran so smooth and started so easy. When I took the carburetor off to clean it, I peeked in at the crankcase to see what it looked like in there and damned if I didn't see what looked like a set of valves for a four-cycle engine. Most two-stroke engines have either simple reed valves or rotary valves to allow the descending piston (or pistons) to

pressurize the fuel/air mixture in the crankcase so that when the piston opens up the intake port in the side of the liner at the bottom of the stroke, there will be enough pressure to blast the new mix into the cylinder and the exhaust out the other side.

This engine had two regular intake valves mechanically operated by eccentrics on the crankshaft (no need for a half-speed camshaft on a two-stroke engine). I think the reason a Martin will idle so slowly and accelerate so smoothly is that the incoming charge of fuel doesn't have to force a reed valve open to get into the crankcase. That's why it starts with such a slight pull of the rope and doesn't smoke even at idle. When one of the pistons begins its compression stroke, one of the valves opens, and if you were a little man standing in the crankcase dodging the sweep of the crankshaft, you would be able to see plain daylight out the throat of the carburetor with nothing in the way to impede the flow of the mixture at all.

I found out that the whole engine had been designed by an engineer and professional outboard racer named George Martin, and he had sold the rights to National Pressure Cooker under the condition that he get a royalty for every "Martin Valve" engine sold. National Pressure Cooker built Martins from 1946 until the early 1950s as a sideline. Apparently NPC (which is an enormous corporation building worlds of restaurant supply stuff) always keeps a little something on the side. Now, instead of outboard motors, that sideline is the "Presto Salad Shooter."

After they quit building Martin outboards, the Martin valve patent went to Oliver/Chris Craft/Perkins outboard motors. I guess Olivers ran just as good as Martins, but even a better running motor couldn't compete against OMC and Mercury. I think the reason goes back to that part with all the quotation marks that preceded the inflammatory remark about boneheaded farmers. A lot of people love irrational loyalties of all kinds. I won't go any further with that.

So, I tried to talk this man out of the little Martin 40 with not even a hint of success. By cleaning the carburetor for him for almost nothing at the beginning of each new season...which, with that, I must digress. Why is it that almost nobody will run the gas out of the carburetor of an outboard motor or any other kind of engine like a chainsaw or lawn mower when they know damn well that it will be months before they will want to start it again, and by then the gasoline will have turned into varnish and stopped up the jet and maybe stuck the float needle in the seat?

I hate to take issue with my friend Norm Benedict on this point, but the overnight soak and the spin with the 3/8" drill is no substitute for taking the carburetor apart. His way might get the thing running, but it also might run just long enough to get you way out there and then a chunk of old varnish might stop up the jet again, and when you finally have to do the right thing you do the wrong thing and drop the jet overside and wind up rowing. Anyway, I kept the man's motor fixed for years just for the privilege of keeping in touch.

Too much is too much, but the reason I have been going on and on with all this minutia is because I have been trying to put off telling you something because I am embarrassed. My progressive daughter-in-law

(hell, what am I saying, both of my daughters-in-law are progressive...everybody is...even other old men) firmly convinced me to get on the internet. She told me how easy it was to do my Christmas shopping on eBay.

"All you have to do, Pop Pop, is sit down here in my living room and type the name of the presents you want to buy in this little window right here and hit Search and the computer will find exactly what you want...no matter how obscure or far fetched...how old or obsolete. Then you type in the maximum you will pay for the thing and the eBay will bid in increments against all the other people in the world who think they want that same thing until someone wins it and it might be you. If so, eBay will notify you on the computer and you type in my secret word and the thing will be charged to my credit card and the UPS man will bring it in a day or two. You won't have to participate in any road rage nor wander the malls with all those people with contagious diseases. You can do all your Christmas shopping on line."

"Is that a fact?" chirped me.

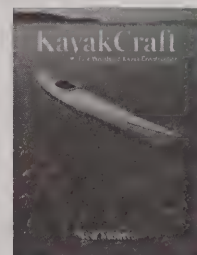
"That's a fact," she said and left me sitting there staring at the little place with the cursor blinking in it. As soon as I heard her car drive off and I was certain I was alone, I quickly typed "Martin Outboard." Instantly, "Found, 35 items matching Martin Outboard" appeared on the screen and there they were, honestly described because of the rigid discipline enforced by the eBay. Dang, I bought two old 60s and a 40...maxxed out that girl's VISA or I would have bought a bunch of spare parts.

One of the 60s (1946...might be the same one) was in such good shape that I had it running an hour after the UPS man had left, cussing because he had ignored the "This Side Up" notation on the box and the old engine had dribbled a little of the stinking, ancient essence in his truck and on his shoe. Guess what? After I had cleaned the carburetor (Norm, are you attending?) it started on the first pull and ain't missed a lick since and, boy, is it ever perfect for the old Grumman Sport Boat. The only thing wrong is that old the Chickenfeed Grumman is imperfect in itself...could be a little lighter sliding into the truck for one thing.

I guess I'll have to build a boat exactly to suit a Martin 60. Of course, I have the 40 running now, too, and the other 60 just needs a part or two and it will be running. I wonder if my daughter-in-law's card has built up any equity yet? I may have to build a whole fleet of new boats. I think I'll modify the old Weston Farmer, strip planked Dolly Varden to take advantage of epoxy and fiberglass and draw up a set of plans and write up some building instructions and put it up for sale on the internet.

Jesus, what has become of me in my old age? Is it megalomania? Hell, I'll worry about that while I am fishing. I already have Old Chickenfeed in the truck and the old Martin hanging on its little board on the sidebody and the speckled perch are biting at Lake Talquin. I wonder how many people will tell me, "I used to have a little Mercury exactly like that."

Epilog: What did I do for Christmas presents? I built them in my shop just like I always do. All my grandchildren got stilts for Christmas this year. The yard looks like it has a jillion crawfish holes.



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Build a Boat For Someone Else With Their Help

By Marshall Katz

Photos by Howard Kaye

How would you like to make the world a little bit better for your being here and gain a little immortality at the same time? Well, it can be done, and here is how I think one might go about it. Build a boat for someone else. Now, hear me out and I'll try to explain how this could be worked out. I invited my 12 year old nephew to come over to my shop one night a week and I would help him build his own kayak.

Now the enthusiasm of a young person getting this offer is exciting to behold and my offer was eagerly accepted. I caught some of this enthusiasm myself and would be looking forward to our building sessions. As a result I found myself carefully re reading the building plans and doing some needed building research. I really wanted to be a good instructor for this kid and as a result I was a bit suprised that as the nephew was soaking up all the woodworking skills I was teaching him, I was learning and getting better at it myself. Kind of interesting the way that this works. I guess it's one thing to have done this stuff oneself and quite another thing to have to teach it to someone who has not done it before.

The plans chosen for this project were ordered from an advertisement for the "Little Dubber Kayak" in this magazine. The resulting boat is 7'6" long and 26lbs weight and all of this built from two sheets of 1/8" plywood. The designer and seller of these plans is Peter Hunt. I will add here that Mr. Hunt has provided the best and most easy to follow plans that I have ever used. Every building detail is clearly explained and illustrated, including some pitfalls to look out for. These are really exceptional plans. The resulting kayak is a fine little caaft; safe, good looking and easy to use. The construction is the stitch and glue method. The seams are sealed with epoxy and the bottom is covered with fiberglass cloth.

I supervised as the young man did all the measuring and the cutting of the plywood. We then used small pieces of copper wire to stitch the plywood sections together.—We had the boat shape wired together in front of us after only a few shop sessions. It was a bit exciting to see this pretty little kayak being born in front of us, built by our own hands.

Next came the epoxy on all the seams and the fiberglass cloth on the bottom. In a rather short time we had this beautiful little boat completed and ready for launching. In a short two months the kayak was completed and launched on its maiden voyage with one happy kid as its owner captain.

Now was this boat building project as easy or as quick or as inexpensive as the plans lead one to believe? No, but I have found this to be true with all of my boat building projects, but because of the good plans, it all went rather smoothly right to the finish. To

be fair, epoxy is a bit of a mess to work with and fiberglass taping of the seams is worse.

I would like to think that many years from now when this kid has children of his own and I've gone on to that whatever eternity (I hope they mess about in boats there) that he will tell his kids of the neat kayak he built with his Uncle Marshall's help, and of the many places he went with it and the adventures he had. You see, by helping him build his own boat I've also given him some

of my spirit for boating, and the boat we built together will always have some of my soul. I've gained a little bit of immortality by helping someone else build his boat. Some people build buildings with their names on them, and others even have their likeness carved on mountain sides, but as far as I'm concerned, they can move over and make room for Uncle Marshall.

So go ahead, get some plans and invite someone into your shop to build their own

boat with your help. A boat they will own when it comes from the shop and into the world. You both will gain from the experience. The boat will be someone else's, but you will be remembered for doing good in the world long after your time here is done.

Good building and happy boating to you, I'll see you on the water.

Plans I used: Little Dubber Kayak, Peter Hunt, The Shed for Sail Studio, PO Box 385, Norton, MA 02766, (508) 285 4984.

A Short Poem

Come to the Shop and Let's Build You a
boat.

I received these plans in the mail today
For a boat we could build that can take you
away

To adventures even beyond the bay.

You see, I wish to build this boat for you.
My shop is ready, other projects are

through

But there is a lot to measure and wood to
hew

And planks to saw and frames to glue.

It really shouldn't take long to do.

I would like your help, you come too.

Seth on his maiden voyage October 12th.



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I enjoyed the article by Rich Kolin about the Davis square stern boat *Flo*, which also incidentally mentioned the handliners of the west coast of North America. The handliner reference seemed to imply that the type was originated by the industrious Davis family. It is my understanding that the handliners as a type developed along the entire northwest coast, from Alaska through British Columbia to Washington, in response to market conditions created by the opening up of the next to last North American frontier (the far North remained) during the Gold Rush, and the development of technology for, and proliferation of canneries into an area which was relatively unexploited and still incredibly rich in resources such as timber and salmon.

Once the canneries were functioning, there was an opportunity and a need for supplying huge quantities of fish for processing. The highest quality fish of all for the specialty market were the Springs and

Handliners

By Larry Westlake

Coho caught by hand trolling and carefully and individually handled, to be delivered in absolutely prime condition, without the bruising, puncturing, and soaking typically inflicted by mass catch methods like gillnetting and trawling. This kind of fishing was fairly common for subsistence and local markets before the coming of the canneries, but the numbers of men working was necessarily lower without the huge processing, transportation, and global distribution capabilities of the canneries and the expanding steamship and rail lines.

Before a specific type developed, the job was probably accomplished in the ubiquitous cedar dugouts or any small craft which local

builders and fishermen deemed worthy. The double ender as a general form has been preferred by watermen the world over when seaworthiness and manageability under difficult conditions was required, so it is no surprise that this was the form the hand liners typically took.

Though similar to the Peapod of the east coast of North America, the Handliners should not be lumped in with them as a type. They are typically much more slender and sophisticated in form, showing complex curves in the forward sections, often markedly hollow waterlines, and extremely light construction for the day and situation. The shape is much more like the highly developed guideboat types or the thoroughbred recreational craft which were common in the more populated parts of the world before the universal adoption of mechanical power.

The same technology that required these boats eventually banished them. Within 40 years of their development they were virtually extinct as a working type, their function having been usurped by powered boats made possible by the increasingly affordable and reliable gasoline motors.

Rich Kolin has also described the Shoalwater Bay Oyster Dinghy in one of his earlier "My Favorite Things" columns (*MAIB*, Vol 20 No 3, June 2002). The boat shown in that article seems to have all the characteristics of a typical handliner or hand troller, which I think well illustrates the continuity of form over great geographical distances, and the versatility of a good design for different uses. The type names for the Shoalwater Bay Dinghy and the Georgia Strait Hand Troller are apparently local identifications of similar forms, based on principal use and particular details of construction.

The requirements of the type here were; extreme seaworthiness and good handling under the control of a single man, many of the handline fishermen worked alone in relatively isolated areas without much chance of even being noticed in time if they went missing, and almost no hope of rescue. Easy motion in a seaway, to reduce fatigue over long periods. Easily moved, so that a single man could maintain trolling speeds for long, continuous hours under oars. Anyone who has fished this way for salmon will know that this is harder than it sounds. The speed required is moderately brisk to make the lure and flasher work properly, and the line and lures create significant resistance in addition to the resistance of the hull.

Good speed capability, in order to cover quickly the sometimes long runs to and from the best fishing grounds. Only moderate carrying capacity was required, as the fish were not often caught in huge numbers this way, and needed to be delivered quickly to the processor while still in prime condition. Surf launching and landing was not a requirement, because much of the coast where they worked was composed of exposed rock cliffs and ledges, punctuated by a few protected coves. The steep open bedrock shores gave little chance of a safe landing in anything but a calm, but the indented coastline offered small havens to those who knew them, if they could survive severe conditions long enough to reach one. Though many communities had floats (indeed, some communities were themselves entirely



Handliners being towed from Lasqueti Island to Texada Island. Hubert Evan's boat is in the left foreground, sister boat on the right. The clinker boat on the tail end is not a handliner and contains no visible fishing or camping gear as the other three boats do.

Fisherman John Corlett in the foreground climbing out of the sister boat to Hubert Evan's boat which is in the left background in a cluster of four handliners. The slim boat at center is strip planked, the others are carvel. Salmon rods, landing nets, herring rakes and other gear necessary for the fishery can be seen. The rocky foreshore is typical of much of BC's coast.



floating on huge cedar log rafts) the boats were made light enough to be hauled on and off a beach by one man.

The abundant timber resources in the areas they worked meant these boats were also cheaply and easily constructed, sometimes right on the beach. Even today it is possible to walk down to the beach in many North Coast communities and lay your hands on logs of fir and red or yellow cedar two or more feet in diameter and over twenty feet long. That's why beachcombing is still a viable occupation here.

Not many examples of the handliners have survived to be documented. The double ender illustrated in the Davis Boats booklet is a good example. A better example for modern recreational builders with a penchant for speed, however, is the boat which is in the Sunshine Coast Museum and Archives in Gibsons, Canada, (home of "The Beachcombers" TV show), for which plans are readily available. This boat was built by fisherman/logger/author/artist Hubert Evans in the 1930s, and is preserved in perfect condition.

It was measured and blueprints drawn up by Dan Bouman in the early 1980s, and is a very fine boat, sweet and lovely to look at in spite of its rough workboat finish. It has some resemblance to the well known Rangeley boats, but differences in the form of the ends in particular would make the boat more docile and manageable in rough water. The shape is suitable for building by the traditional carvel of the original, by lapstrake, or by the strip plank, cold molding, and other methods which are now commonly preferred by many amateurs.

One or two original handliners are highly prized in private hands, and still in use. In one local marathon in 1991 I saw a battered and blackened, 60 year old, 14' long example of one of these boats rowed by a burly young mechanic overtake and pass several shiny 16' and 17' FRP kayaks (and me) in moderate sea conditions. Though they tried, the kayakers were unable to keep up with the handliner, which one kayaker indignantly and incredulously referred to as "some old rowboat" as it headed for the horizon.

Copies of the blueprints for the Hubert Evans handliner are available for \$25 from the Sunshine Coast Museum & Archives, Box 766, Gibsons, BC, Canada, V0N 1V0. Plans and plank offsets for a stitch and glue adaptation are available from me at Westlake Boats, 4676 Whitaker Road, Sechelt, BC, V0N 3A2, www.westlakeboats.com, <westlake@uni-serve.com

Recent Published Articles on Handliners:

The Last Of BC's Handliners, by Charles Moore. Newsletter of the Oarlock & Sail Wooden Boat Club, Spring 2002, Vol 7 Issue 2, Page 1. Website: www.woodenboatclub.ca

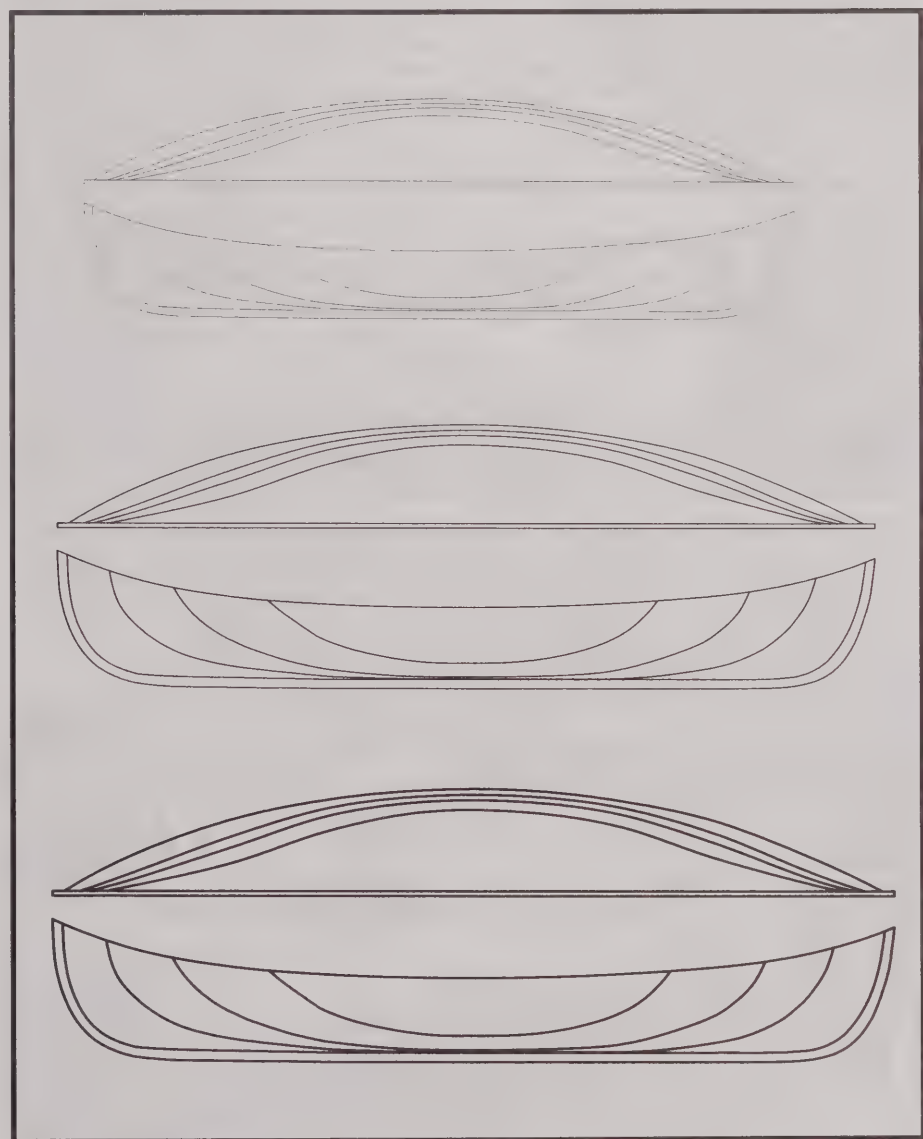
Hooked on Handliners, by Robin Brunet. Vancouver Courier Newspaper, Vol 93, No.66, Aug 18, 2002, front page.

All photographs are from the collection of the Sunshine Coast Museum & Archives, Box 766, Gibsons, BC V0N 1V0, Canada, used with their permission.



The Evans kids out rowing Hubert's boat, 1930s or 1940s. Why not today?

Partial lines of Hubert Evan's Georgia Strait Hand Troller redrawn by the author.



I am building a boat! Several actually, the Huffboat (my experimental gig) is gradually creeping toward her launching as I spend an hour on her here and there, my wife's plywood touring kayak awaits another session on the drawing board before I can build the next stage, and I've got to finish fixing up her old one for son Brendan, finish fixing up the Optimist sailing clink that will start him off with our local yacht club this season, and I have to build a new rudder for the old Hartley 16 cabin yacht that I will escape in for the occasional cruise in this summer.

There are a few odd jobs around the house and garden as well. Apart from all that, I'm building a boat!

People come to visit and look around, "Haven't you started yet?" Have I started yet? Of course I have! "Well then, let's have a look." No boat to look at? "Well then? You said you'd started!"

To explain. Building a "big" boat has been a dream for about 25 years. Small things like children, mortgages, and so on kept getting in the way, but the dream lived on. Progress toward the dream becoming reality was not always fast, in fact a lot of the time it was positively glacial, but it never stopped. A few minutes work with a hand plane was a practice for the big boat. A new screwdriver, one of the tools that I would need "for the big boat," a few dollars paid off the mortgage, "one day I'll be able to afford to build..." A prize piece of high grade wood, a bargain packet of silicon bronze screws. On such small things, a dream can stay alive.

A few years back, we found ourselves in a position to buy a property with a few acres, and I managed to have some slack in

From the Drawing Board

John Welsford
Small Craft Design



Occasional Ramblings From a Small Craft Designer

I Am Building a Boat!

the budget to build a workshop. We could afford 12 meters x 7.2 with a 3 meter stud height (40'x23'x10') if I built it myself. We bought the property and I built a small stable for my wife and daughter, who are very keen on horses, did a few other jobs, then pitched into building the workshop. Before it was properly finished I was building small boats in there and, as we'd bitten off a pretty big loan from the bank to buy the place, it was close to three years, two small boats, and several major repair jobs to other peoples' boats before I had the doors on and the electrical wiring installed. But it did get done. Another big step toward the dream.

I managed during subsequent years to obtain a big bandsaw, a table saw with rise, fall, and tilt, a surfacing planer (jointer), a spindle moulder (shaper), a wood lathe, a drill press, and... you get the picture. To give you an idea, to build one boat takes the same amount of machinery as it takes to run a boatyard, so I now have a boatyard. Not even in miniature, this boat is to be 44' long and 15 tons, so I have to have all of the basics that a professional would need.

I started a couple of weeks ago to build a dry store (sawmillspeak for a roofed space with walls that allow air circulation) for the 8 cubic meters of high grade boatbuilding timber that I've collected, from memory that converts to about 3,500 board feet, quite a pile. Some of it needs to air dry, some of it just needs to be kept dry, and some of it is making it hard to walk around my main

workshop. So I need more space, cement floor, pole frame, all causing more expense and taking up time. As of right now I have it framed up, all the roof structure precut and the guys who supplied the main workshop roof have my order and payment for the roof for the extension which is 10 meters by 5 (35'x16' about). They are coming in two weeks to put it on, so guess what I am doing on Saturday (and Sunday, and evenings).

I've overhauled most of my old power tools, some 30 years old. New bearings, new brushes, trued up the commutators, and so on, I had just about completed the task when some hateful troglodite forced the door of the workshop and took a wheelbarrow full of my tools away. I really miss my Makita palm sander, a veteran of about 15 boats and I don't know how many repair jobs. My wheelbarrow too! #^&%\$^A&!!!!!!

So I started collecting all over again, buying some new, some "specials," some bought through a customer reward program that I pursue, some second-hand. I'll write a bench test on some of them for you when I have done some mileage with them, but in the meantime it was another distraction.

Inside, after the work on and in the workshop, in between family, a full time job, a design business, writing columns for several magazines, and going to school evenings, I was studying the specific requirements for "our boat." Drawing sketches, layouts, lines, and installations, Talking over the interior layout with wife Denny (we have a queen sized bed and heads with separate shower), doing and redoing calculations. I've been drawing and redrawing the shape, and working out things like engine torque and fuel consumption characteristics, prop sizes, solar cell and wind generator charge rates, figuring out how big the inverter has to be, calculating the battery details and wiring diagrams as well as bunk sizes, measuring how far my wife could be expected to reach over the navigation table when the boat is rolling and how to fit all of the amenities of home into a much smaller space with odd-shaped walls.

There are shelves stacked with bargains, 4,000 2"x10g countersunk stainless steel square drive screws for less than 20% of the usual price, bolts, 20 litres of resorcinol glue, a big old Sestrel compass, deck fittings, two shots of 3/8 short link chain, rope, wire, plywood, and so on.

I found a motor languishing in the long grass at the back of a second-hand agricultural machinery place, drove for six hours to pick it up, (it took seven hours on the way home, it is close to a ton in weight) and have since single-handedly reloaded it onto a trailer (not a fun day) and driven another 300 km each way to "diesel hospital" where Mr Gardner will be marinised and overhauled.

So to date, the project has been running for quite a few years. There has been about a year-and-a-half's salary before tax spent, and that doesn't include the cost of moving to where we would have the sheer space required to build this thing. There are rolls of plans, a big poster on the wall, the lawn cannot be seen for stacks of wood covered in tarpaulins, the big new cream and green workshop building has a skeleton growing on one side and my collection of machinery and tools would set up a fair sized commercial cabinetmaker in business.

Started the new boat? You bet I have.



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Jillian... Auxiliary Catboat

Design #536

Length 21'10" - Breadth 7'9"
 Minimum Draft 1'9"
 Draft 5'0" with max. leeboards
 Displacement 6,650lbs
 Ballast 2,800lbs lead
 Sail Area 336sf
 Mast Height (from waterline) 29'6"

This design was originally made for a New Zealand boatbuilder who intended to build it for his own use. He wanted it kept to 20' to fit in his shop, but what he wanted in it eventually made the 2' stretch necessary. For those waters the boat had to be very able, and he wanted both handy single handing and a lot of accommodations for a boat that size.

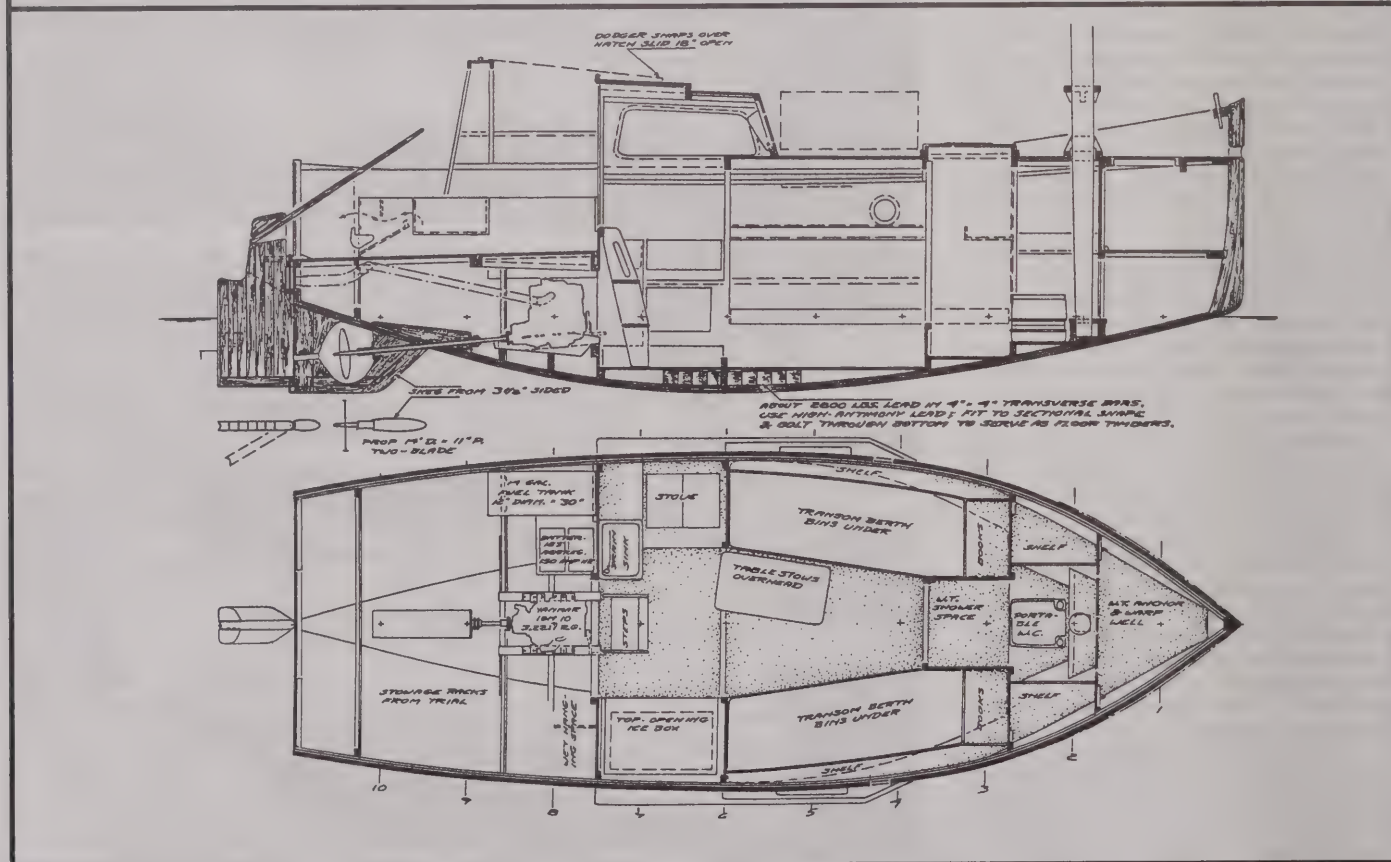
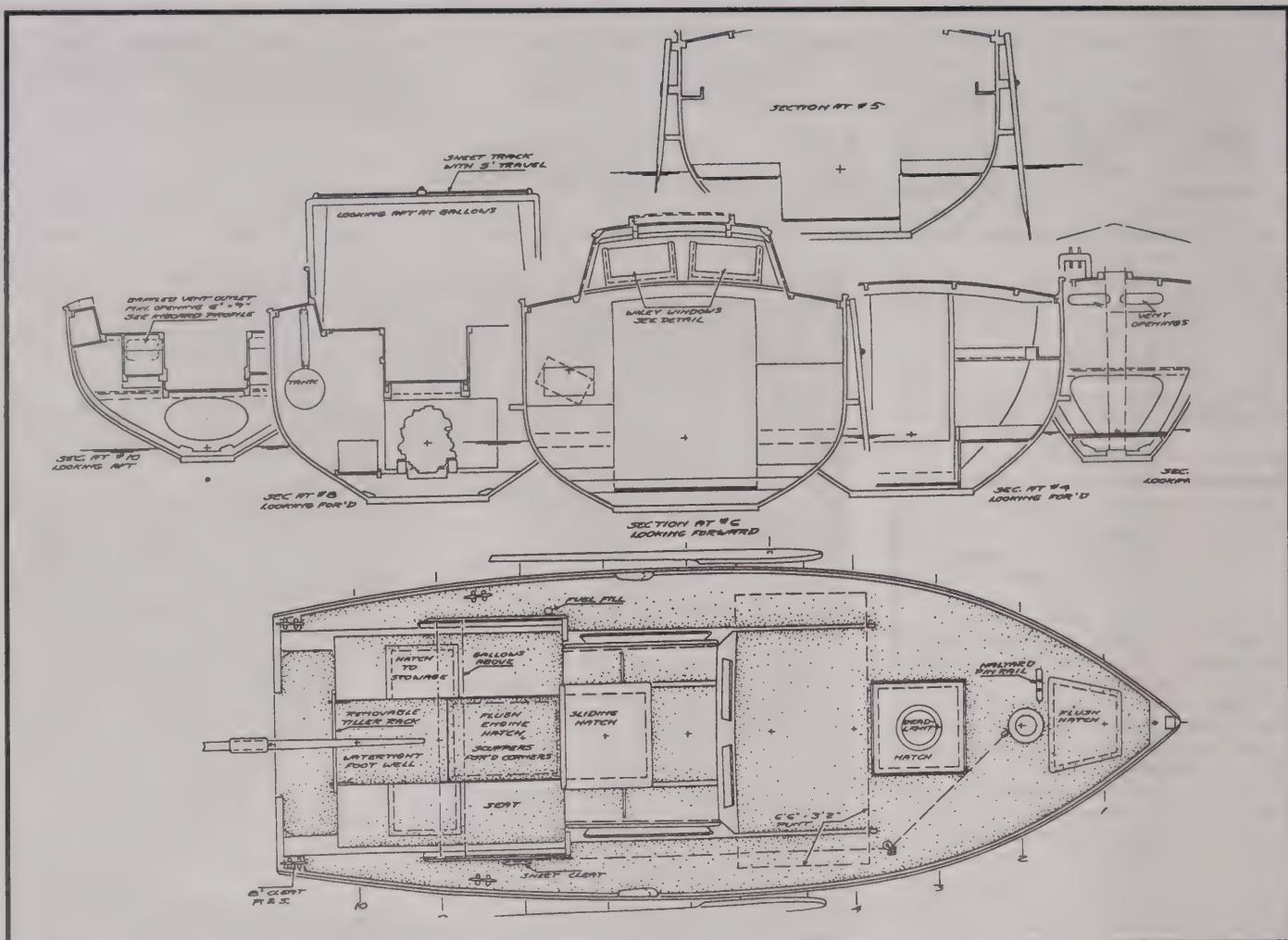
The result was what a Cape Cod catboat might be like if it wasn't so much influenced by being descended from 19th century fishing boats. No fisherman (or lobsterman) would have tolerated the high freeboard for obvious reasons, and he would have insisted on a lot more sail area because he had no diesel to keep going in a calm when he needed to get to the market. The bigger rig would, among other differences, have called for stepping the mast closer to the stem, and a wider hull to stand up to the bigger rig when it blew harder.

This design might be called an offshore catboat. Her high sides, heavy ballast, and moderate beam give her a seagoing range of stability and, not incidentally, sitting headroom under a flush deck and standing headroom under a modest house, plus a well sheltered watertight cockpit. She was actually intended for fishing, but of the rod and reel variety, through the open stern with the boom topped up (the sheet is out of the way on the gallows). The open transom is filled in with drop boards when not fishing.

Another difference from a traditional catboat is the sharply lifted quarters of her stern. This reduced her power to carry sail, but allows her to sail efficiently and well balanced at sharp angles of heel. This stern doesn't float up and drive the bow down as the boat heels. She can be driven through a squall under much better control than a conventional catboat.

The leeboards are unheard of in a cat, but there was no way to keep both the nice cabin and the 21" draft with a centerboard. The leeboards have several other advantages. They draw less water than a centerboard of





equal effectiveness. They draw more water heeled than upright, to sail off after touching bottom by letting the sheet run. They don't get foul since they're out of water whenever the boat isn't sailing. They're easily cleaned, repaired, or replaced, even with the boat afloat. And there's not the problem of maintaining the inside of a centerboard trunk.

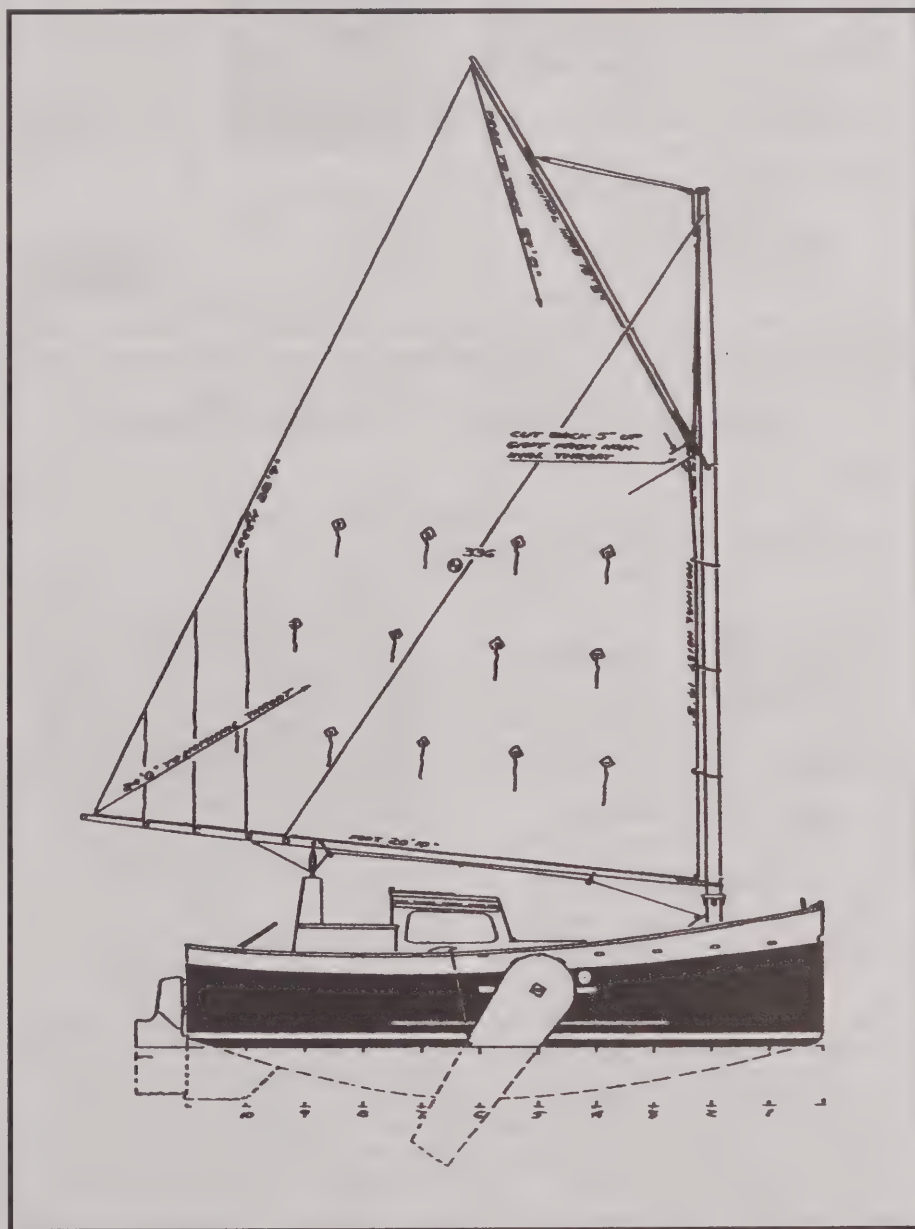
Long high aspect ratio boards like these have the drawback that they shift the center of lateral plane aft as they are brought up to a shallower draft. Reaching and running this can be an advantage, reducing the weather helm that catboats develop on those points of sailing. There may be a lee helm problem in sailing to windward in water too shallow for her 5' boards down draft. The effect is mitigated by the comparatively low position of the leeboard pivots, reducing the radius of the boards' swing. Changing to shorter and broader leeboards would be a comparatively easy option, if the situation came up often enough to make powering over shallow flats unsatisfactory (another advantage of leeboards; an early leeboarder I once owned was given four different sets of boards at one time and another, with very little expense and trouble).

The wide flat keel grounds out upright. I wrote a fictional essay for *WoodenBoat* magazine (reprinted in our book *Boats With An Open Mind*) describing how a singlehander could live on board year-round, using a cheap and available dry out berth, as I did myself for a decade. Eliminating the deepest part of a deep bodied boat in this way allows her to stand up to her sail with less ballast than is needed by a hull in which steep deadrise is carried down to meet at the centerline in the usual way. Today we might design her with steel plate ballast armor plating her wooden bottom for shrugging off wear potential of regular beaching and impact damage from collision with submerged topography or flotsam.

The boat shown in the photos was built by Tom Kulp of Mission Viejo, California, over seven years of "relaxed boabuilding". His previous experience was just one of our Windsprint sharpie skiffs. But the result of this catboat construction is of a level of finish of superior professional work, and being very true to the plans, the kind of outcome that makes a designer's day. He named her *Jillian* in reflection of the role his better half played in his life and certainly during the construction of this craft; we'll retain this name for the previously unnamed design in our archive.

Under sail, and at times on her trailer for fast change of cruising grounds, he plans to cruise her the length of the Pacific coast, taking advantage of her shoal draft to see places apt to be overlooked when west coast cruising is discussed: San Diego Bay, Morro Bay, the far ends of the San Francisco complex and the Sacramento Delta, Humbolt Bay, and odd parts of Puget Sound. Almost, if not quite, all the famously bold coasts of the world actually have numerous openings where a shallow and compact boat can find an uncrowded berth, if she is able and weatherly enough to go outside between them.

Plans for Design #536 *Jillian* are available from us for \$300 to build one boat. Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627.



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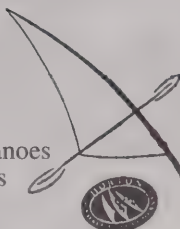
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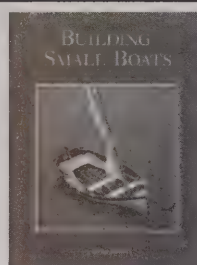
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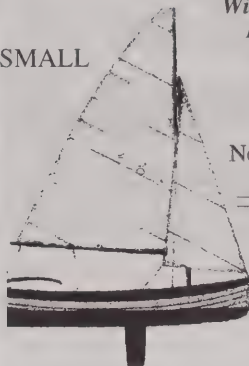
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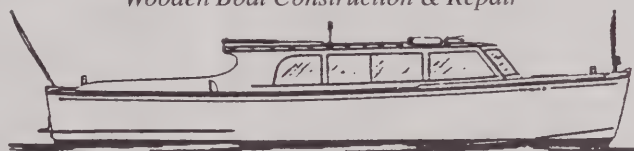
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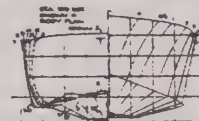
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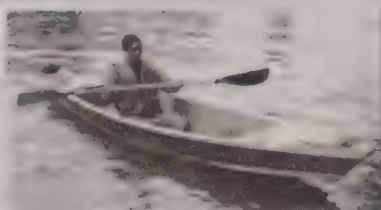
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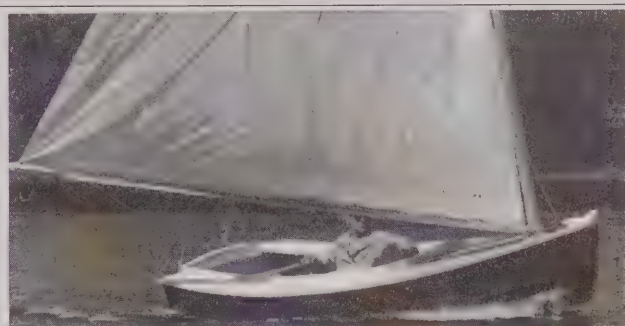
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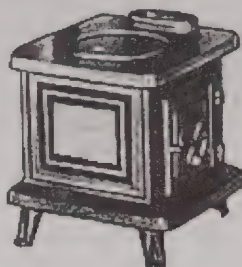
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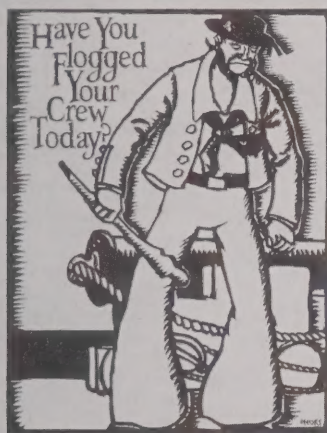


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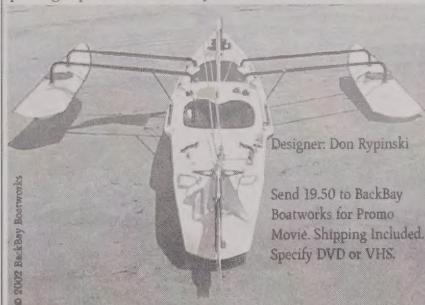
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