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Special Features This Issue
"Madisonville Wooden Boat Festival"
"The River Runs Wide" - "Cama Beach Wherry"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 20

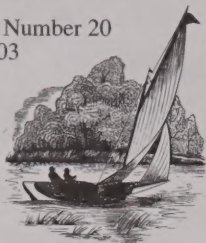
March 1, 2003



messing about in BOATS

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Looking Ahead...

Greg Grundtisch and Naomi travel west to Huron, Ohio for "The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society Regatta" and then head east to Rhode Island to view "Herreshoff's Little Known Designs"; and Mac McCarthy reports on last fall's "Annual Okefenokee Paddling Get Together".

Maine's Atlantic Challenge Foundation goes to sea "Recreating Captain George Waymouth's Voyage"; 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"; Chris Kaiser continues her observations through her "Window on the Water"; and Ken Preston begins a series on "The Seagull's First Trip to Baja".

Hugh Groth recalls his youthful attempt at "Building a Birchbark Canoe"; and Fred Groenier describes his basic project, "A Boat to be Transported by Bicycle".

Jim Michalak rejoins us with his overview of several of his designs in "Thoughts About Birdwatcher & Other Designs"; Ted Jones introduces his new Bannito design in "With Drumbeat & Whip"; John Welsford discusses the designer's role in "Interpreting Dreams & Needs" in his "From the Drawing Board"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will, as always, be with us with another from their inexhaustible file of designs.

Robb White tells us how he loves to see a good man at his art in "Gold Leaf", and describes one of his unique shop practices in "Naked Machining"; Tom & Heather Grimes tell us how it is "Sail Camping With Toddlers"; and Mississippi Bob takes a look at "Fishermen & Sailors".

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In the last issue I introduced the topic of the proliferation of space I have created over 49 years of living here to accommodate all the things that we have acquired or undertook to do. I realized when I did this that some of you might be distressed to think that here is this guy just sprawling further and further over his property with building after building while you are constrained by whatever your living accommodations are to building or working on your boat in very confined quarters or perhaps outdoors under a tarp.

I am fortunate in my parent's choice of a place to raise their family back in 1937 when we moved onto this 10 acre "farm" on a rural back road in this little town on the Massachusetts north shore. Dad paid \$3,000 for the spread which included a nondescript basic seven room two story house and a 24' x 30' barn that was bereft of siding other than flapping tarpaper and was propped up by posts leaning against its walls. In due time I married and Jane and I bought the old buildings on a one acre lot from my folks so they could build my mom's dreamhouse on adjacent frontage. That was in 1954 and we're still here.

Then began the inexorable growth of space as we expanded our activities and family. First I opened up the back of the "garage" part of the barn into what had become my Dad's chicken barn (the chickens paid off that early mortgage for him). This was to give me a 12' x 30' workshop for my increasing involvement in motorcycle racing as well as continue to be the "fixit" shop. Then I converted what had been the cow stable (3 cows I raised while a teenager in 4-H Club) in the other front half of the barn into a garden shop for Jane's early gardening efforts. The rear of the other half became the "back room", where stuff I might need got tossed.

Next came a redo of the barn loft when our attempt to publish our growing motorcycling magazines from a small room in the house (they are all small rooms) got too crowded. Most of that upstairs (which had been a haymow and another chicken coop) became our publishing office with one quarter

walled off for storage of our continuing accumulation of stuff. Eventually four people worked in that office.

Now, however we needed space for the stuff evicted from that barn attic, and so I built the 45' x 14' "carriage shed", the renovation of which for my next boat project I discussed in the last issue.

Enter boats. I became interested in sailing and the first boat I bought was a 24' full keel Ralph Winslow cutter in need of renovation. I worked on it the first summer at the local boatyard but brought it home for winter to continue working on it. But where? The solution was to build a 15' x 30' addition on the north side of the barn tall enough (to the barn roof eaves) for the boat on its flatbed to fit in. It is a pole building, the roof held up by telephone poles, the curtain walls hung between the poles. The framing lumber came from from a New Hampshire water powered sawmill on the flatbed boat trailer.

With the Winslow renovation completed in a year or so I undertook to use the boatshed for my now newfound interest in traditional small boats, restoring and building. So what to do with the cutter each winter? I decided to add a "temporary" addition onto the open end of the boat shed, 10' x 24' of flimsy plywood and 2x4 framed walls with plastic covered "windows" into which I could back the flatbed with the Winslow on it, leaving me the whole boatshed for my new projects.

Meanwhile Jane's gardening had blossomed into a desire to have a greenhouse, so we built a 15' x 30' leanto type greenhouse on the south side of the barn, and her hobby grew rapidly after that. I had found that the boathouse on the north side of the barn was very, very cold in winter and hard to heat with an old woodstove, what with its 12' height, so I built a prefab 10' x 20' plastic covered 2x4 framed shed out in the winter sun to house my then current 6'x17' project, a Town Class sloop. This little temporary structure evolved into a greenhouse annex once the Townie was out of it. It lived on for a dozen years, slowly sagging, as a storehouse after Jane had moved on to bigger things.

(To be continued, it's a long story!)

On the Cover...

A 24' Pete Culler fantail launch built by D.Turner Matthews, which carried its owner/builder on a unique adventure river cruising in Florida, is featured in this issue.

"It pretty much spoils you for any other rowing boat."

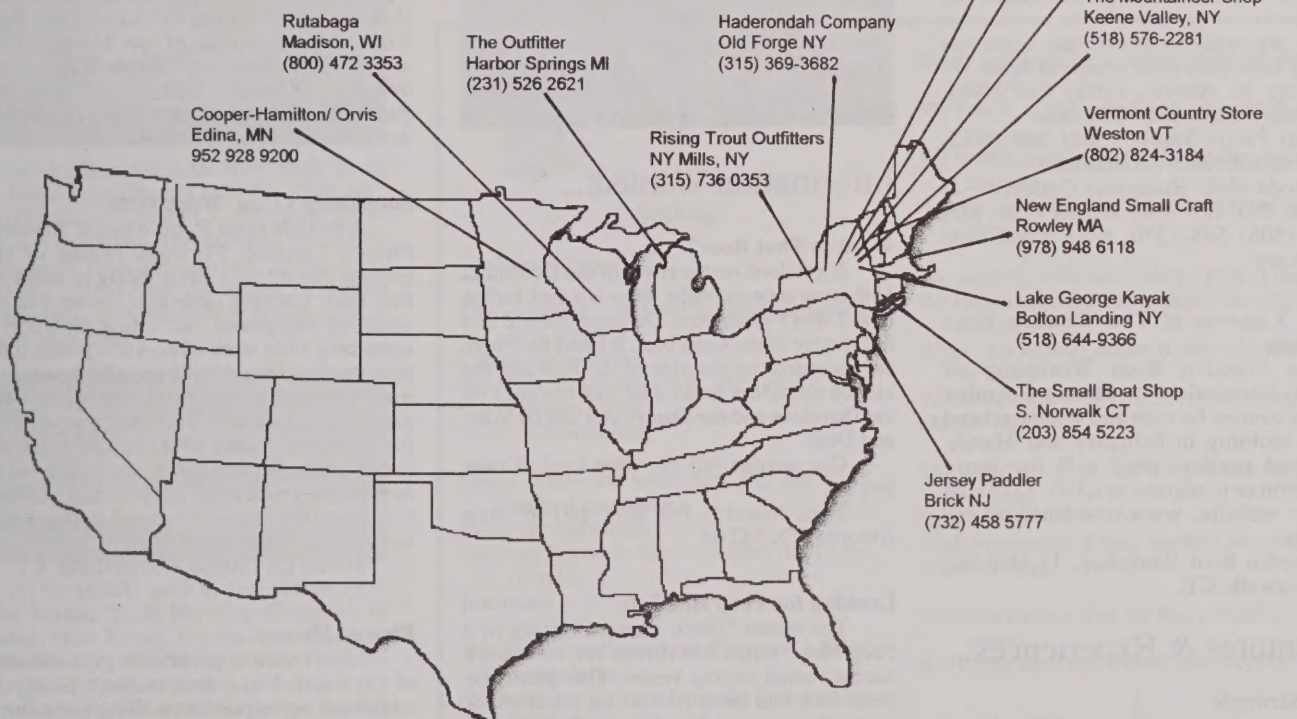
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Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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Activities & Events...

Fourth Biennial Woods Hole Model Boat Show

The fourth of our very successful Woods Hole Model Boat Shows will be on the weekend after Easter on the 26th and 27th of April, 2003. This show is intended as a fund raising, friend making event for the Woods Hole Historical Museum, the money raised will support all of our free ongoing museum programs; exhibits, outreach programs, guided historic walks, and the archival preservation of historic materials.

The show is held throughout the village of Woods Hole with models displayed in buildings up and down the main street (museum, library, community hall, old fire station, subs in Oceanographic tow tank and workshops in Biological Lab buildings) and sailed in the inner harbor of Eel Pond. We will have R/C sailboat races (prizes awarded) and R/C boat demonstrations. We plan an exhibit of Universal Class ("R", "Q", "P", "M", "J") models and "J" boat model races are scheduled.

There will be children's programs, appraisals, and commercial exhibitors. The Woods Hole U.S. Coast Guard Station will have open house and the Sea Education Association will display the beautiful models they have of their seagoing education sailing ships. Generous free parking is available in the village courtesy of the Oceanographic Institution and at the Steam Ship Authority parking lot in Falmouth (with free shuttle bus service).

We are ready to answer any questions you may have via e mail, phone or letter.

Barry N. Norris, (508) 540 7345, <barry.nn@verizon.net> Chairman.

Paul Ferris Smith, (508) 548 4442, <Skisails@aol.com> Co chairman.

Woods Hole Historical Collection & Museum, P.O. Box 185, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 548-7270, www.woodsholemuseum.org

Winter Courses at The Wooden Boat Workshop

The Wooden Boat Workshop of Norwalk, Connecticut is offering a number of winter courses for men and women related to boat building in February and March. Interested readers may call for more information or to register at (203) 831-0426 or go to website, www.woodenboatworkshop.com.

Wooden Boat Workshop, 11 Day St., South Norwalk, CT.

Adventures & Experiences...

A Real Struggle

On an attempt to cover the 150 miles of the wild and scenic Missouri in my guideboat last fall I ran into big problems. Almost all that could have gone wrong did. What should have been a peaceful "float" trip turned into a real struggle. High winds, bitter cold, turbulent waters, equipment failure, and just

plain bad luck. After three hard days I pulled out at one of the few places possible. I had seriously injured my back, injuries which have still not been resolved two months later.

Those wishing to float this unique river, first written up by Lewis and Clark in their journals, should use Virginia, Montana as point of departure. Don Sorenson, outfitter, historian, and all around good guy, is the source of help at (406) 378-3110, <canoemontana@usa.net>

Jack Hornung, Seattle, WA

Information of Interest...

And Now a Tennessee Cabin Cruiser

As a follow up to the picture of the "Tennessee Yacht" in the January 1 issue, I'm submitting a picture of a "Tennessee Cabin Cruiser". You can tell it is from Tennessee because it has a genuine plastic pickup truck box for a back seat/storage area. The fenders hanging out are just an extra clue

Henry Champagney, Greenback,



Information Wanted...

What Is That Boat?

If you look on the cover of the December 15th issue at center right, there is a dark hulled boat I don't recognize. On page 6 there is a full picture of the same boat. It looks like there are leeboards on the side of the hull and the kicked up rudder looks a lot like the ones on the Dovekies and the Shearwater 28s by Edey and Duff.

Can anyone tell me what kind of boat this is?

Tom Arnold, PO Box 10146, San Antonio, TX 78210

Looking for Peep Hen Info

The recent "Pinch Penny Cruising In a Peep Hen" series has driven me to acquire another small sailing vessel. This particular Peep Hen had been parked on a trailer for more than a couple of years behind my dentist's office. I promised him I'd bring it back to life so I am looking for specifications and other useful information regarding this unique craft.

Dan Swan, P.O. Box 346, Chester, MD 21619

Opinions...

Tall Ships Down

When preparing your Commentary remarks in the January 15 issue about the book *Tall Ships Down*, you should have tried to speak with Capt. Jan Miles, the primary captain of the *Pride of Baltimore*. His knowledge of both ships is great. I have heard him speak about what went wrong with *Pride I* and how and why the design for *Pride II* was changed. It involves both practical and political reasons. You might also contact Mr. Boudreau, the designer of the *Prides* and other schooners. *Pride I* had no bulkheads while *Pride II* has four that remain closed when offshore.

While it is true that "today's skippers do not have the lifetime experience of the original Cape Horner skippers," they also don't have the threat of the "cat". We always have to remember, though, that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of those lifetime experienced skippers who lost their boats and the lives of their crew. We just don't hear as much about them because there was no ability to communicate their distress; they simply vanished leaving those who survived to write the history books.

Personally I would rather trust my existence to a knowledgeable and cautious skipper with a weatherfax, radar, GPS and the like and survival suits and those huge soccer ball like life rafts.

I think there is also a book on the sinking of the *Fanotie* in, I believe, 2000.

Leonard J. Koenick, Fort Washington, MD

Editor Comments: My "Commentary" remarks were, as usual, my own slant on a topic I chose to discuss, in this case a book about what goes wrong with today's tall ships written by the skipper of one of them. I am aware of the views of the *Pride of Baltimore* designer, Thomas Gilmer (who is Mr. Boudreau?), about why the vessel was designed as it was.

Something I Can Work With

A thought about Robb White's "Plywood Phooey" article. Plywood is one of the reasons this 60 year old is trying to build his first boat. Lacking table saw, joiner, planer, steaming equipment, etc. I find plywood is something I can work with. A few power tools plus good old hand tools are all I have. I do own a bandsaw. No real shop except the garage in the summer and long construction pauses in the winter while my hull sits out under cover. Plywood is something a lot of new builders turn to for the adventure of boat building. Will it last 50 years? Perhaps not, but neither will I.

Martin De Filippo, Wethersfield, CT

Plywood Phooey...

I don't want to get into the pros and cons of plywood. I'm sure you have plenty of additional correspondence along those lines.

I did note Peter Hunt's observance that "These boats may not compare to a mahogany Riva..." The irony is that after 1960 or so (I don't know the exact date) Rivas were basically plywood, made up of cold molded built up panels. They held up well and this wasn't of great significance until you were

the unlucky worker who first sanded through the thin outer layer.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

A Similarity Between Robb White and...

I was wondering if anyone else had noticed a similarity between Robb White and Jim Blaine of Mark Twain's story, "The Story of the Old Ram"? The gist of that story was that if Jim was drunk and you got him started on the story, he went on about all sorts of things decidedly unrelated to the old ram. This is not to suggest, though, that I think that Robb White has to be drunk to tell his tales, but I do suspect his trigger words are probably, "old mullet".

Chadwick Cox, Norman, OK

Projects...

Our Shop is Busy

While dropping off some mailing at our library mailbox, there, lo and behold, I noticed the latest issue of *Messing...*, still publishing, still content rich, still approachable.

Our shop here at Museum is busy doing both new work and repairs, as well as holding classes. Of major note, we recently built a new rig for *Marilee*, our New York 40, and completed restoration of *Enticer* (not in our shop).

John Carter, Independence Seaport Museum, Philadelphia, PA



Marilee: Built in 1926 for New York Yacht Club Forty Foot Class. LOD 59', LWL 40', Breadth 14'4", Depth 8'9". Designer: Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff. Builder: Herreshoff Manufacturing Company. Restored 2001 by William Cannell Boatbuilding. New Spars/Rig: Independence Seaport Museum.



Enticer: Originally built as *Innisfail* in 1935 by the Mathis Yacht Building Company of Camden, New Jersey, *Enticer* was designed by John Trumpy, who went on to start his own yacht building yard and popularized the distinctive style shown in his design for this earlier creation. *Enticer* is owned by the Independence Seaport Museum of Philadelphia, PA.

(Copyrighted photos published courtesy of Benjamin Mendlowitz)

This Magazine...

That Was a Good One

Boy, that January 1 was a good one. In the letters section, I liked the furtherization of my old "Boat Speed" article by that knowledgeable man. Ain't nothing like a little provocation to stir up the facts. That's how I got to be such a walking encyclopedia by provoking people who know more than I do into explaining things correctly.

Robert Hatch, who met me in Beachton (12 miles south of the shop where my old home place is), was maybe the most enthusiastic potential messer I ever recommended your magazine to. He was literally jumping up and down. All the stories in the magazine were very good. It is delightful to read about the triumphs of Arnold Banner and Hugh Groth and sad to hear that Thomas R. Crawford, Jr. had to give up his Stump Jumper. I have already set up the Rescue Minor's trailer to Mississippi Bob's specifications (why didn't I think of that?). And, I love to read of the adventures of Reinhard Zollitsch.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

Thanks for Great Reading

I have been reading *Messing About in Boats* for 10 or 12 years now, and have enjoyed it very much! I must say though, that the Robb White articles that you have been running lately have got me back to being anxious for the next issue to arrive (like I was when I first discovered your neat little magazine, probably around the time of the demise of *Small Boat Journal*). Just thought you might like to know. Thanks for all the great reading over the years.

Mark Nash, Mesquite, TX

I Learned a Lot

I would like to say "thank you" for the very informative, debative and humorous articles you publish. I have acquired a lot of valuable knowledge and understanding from the magazine through the years.

I am in my fourth year in prison but getting out very soon, thank God! Your magazine has been with me off and on throughout my incarceration. What I mean by "off and on" is that when I didn't have any money to subscribe it's been "off", but when my dad kicked in a few extra dollars for me it would be "on".

MAIB has given me some direction, I give it a lot of credit for steering me along the right path during my four years here. Because of this, as well as countless books studied on marine architecture, sailmaking, rigging, boatbuilding, lofting, sailing, geometry, and algebra, I consider myself now to be a "book smart" person in the small boat field and will be putting all this to work when I get out and begin to build my own dreamboat, a 14' pulling boat in the Whitehall tradition.

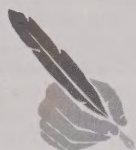
Again, "thank you" for being there when a fella is down.

Robert Daluz, Cranston, RI

Enjoyed "Pinch Penny Cruising"

As a Peep Hen owner I have especially enjoyed the "Pinch Penny Cruising" series by Bob Nelsen. I also enjoy the model boat articles.

Ed Kesgen, Cullowhee, NC



Poet's Corner...

Sailing

By Bunny Fernald

My neighbor and I often went clamming
in a small
Lapstrake sailboat.
It was a beautiful craft, all varnish and
fastened with
Many a bronze bolt.

Once, while we were digging, the wind
picked up strong
From the northeast,
The rain began to blow, weather not fit for
man or
For beast.

We stuck it out until our bags were filled
with clams
When we pushed out from the flats our fun
had began.

The waves on the sound were running
about two feet
We hoisted the sail and I hung onto the
mainsheet.

Every wave we hit brought spray aboard our
craft
My friend in the bow hung onto the mast.

We hadn't realized how strong the storm had
become
At least we were nearing our dock and almos
home.

We were the only fools on the Parker that day
We hadn't seen another craft on the entire bay

When we neared home it was close to five
o'clock
We saw people everywhere, on the bridge and
On our dock.

They had all been watching those fool kids
sailing
Up the bay
And wondering if they would live to sail
Another day.

We didn't know that we had caused so much
worry.
It was fun then and it made another true story



Driving home from work my eyes were captured by the rising full moon over the Ipswich River. When the moon is visible this far from home and above the closed-in horizon of hemlock and wind-struck maples, it means that it's hanging well above the water of the sound. A quick call on the cell to alert the Captain of our Craft to look out the front window to enjoy the spectacle is met with a nonplused, "It's NOT there."

"Of course it's there. It's ALWAYS right out front!"

To steal a line from the daily soap, "As the World Turns," it had been several months since I last watched the full moon rise out of the ocean on our front lawn. And as the seasons march along, the declination and attitudinal changes of the Moon Goddess have indeed changed. She's hanging out further to the north end of the sound. Captain located her orange orb and reported that I wasn't "losing it or hallucinating."

Once I arrived on the approach to the Neck, the evidence was plain and simple. The trip up the azimuth had progressed such that the moon's size wasn't as wondrous as when it first breaks out of its watery prison, something the Captain has explained to me a million times having to do with the angles of refraction close to the horizon. All I know is it's BIGGER closer to the horizon and therefore MORE enjoyable on a clear evening. Still, the full moon on a late fall evening is a thing of beauty and it sets any sensitive soul just a bit akilter. The big buck



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

that ambled out in front of the car certainly was counting on my being distracted enough not to be going the speed limit around the corner. I could have had venison for the main course if I'd been trying to reach the homeport as normal.

Cresting the top of Plover Hill and stopping to take in the immensity of the Atlantic Ocean as it stretches from Plum Island uninterrupted, I had a flashback. Two years ago Kurt and I went out kayaking for the first time. It was the evening of the Autumnal Equinox. We rented gear and craft from Ozzie and his Essex River Basin Kayaking Adventures. This unique service is located near the Burnham shipbuilding yards at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. If you go to one you'll find the others.

It was rather late in the season to try sea kayaking for the first time, but our sailing schedule with the Melonseed had been chock-a-block full all spring and summer. It was go now or hold our peace until the next season. So we joined six other beginners and launched from Conomo Point and got the feel of these "tippee canoes." I'm a self admitted "macho mama," having spent a lifetime muscling recalcitrant horses into performance when finessing failed. I pride myself on upper body strength. Years at the working end of the manure fork also enforced this notion. So here I am out on the water with, as I see it, a double-ended human powered engine in my grasp.

There were several more in the group with less experience being on the surface of

saltwater then myself, so Ozzie and helper tended to those more in need at the start. This left me with the unobstructed, uninstructed path from point A to point B that had been laid out as the "safe zone" to become accustomed to our craft. I dug that paddle blade in and hauled myself forward several feet, then applied the other end on the opposite side to continue the forward progress. Grinning like a fool, I propelled myself about for several minutes, proving that even being totally ignorant of the elegant dynamics of how to handle these craft, you can still have fun and get places.

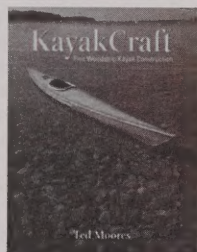
As I hadn't turned turtle and was in no danger of fainting, the leaders rounded us up and set out for the back side of Hog (Choate) Island. By the time we'd gotten there, I was feeling the pain and inefficiency of my self-imposed paddling style. Luckily the others, having had the sense to learn how to do it, were well on the way to being self-sufficient. Ozzie now had the time to sidle over to me and chat amiably, dropping subtle and not so subtle hints and information into the discussion. It was a revelation, his instruction on how to hold the paddle, the angle of entry, and the depth of bite into the water with the blade, transformed what had become arduous into sheer magic. After a half-hour of terrifically hard work, his instruction (to a set of now willing ears) opened up a new experience for me. Paddling off and letting me revel in my new found skills, he'd circle back and add a few more suggestions.

Kurt was smart enough to have listened to the general instructions at the beginning, so he was having a fully enjoyable experience a little ways ahead of me. After 32 years he's learned not to interrupt my mastering of a physical skill until I've decided to ask for help. Once Ozzie got me settled with the correct techniques, Kurt and I were soon gliding along together. Then, as the sun set, we paddled up a river of light, coming back in the crepuscular mists to paddle, in turn, up a sterling silver path laid down on the water by the rising full moon. I haven't had a chance since to return to Essex River Basin Adventures to perfect those simple lessons.

I know whenever I see the buttery path of moonlight on the sound, crawling over the headlands of Sandpoint reservation or smearing its glow over my home water across the street, I want to jump into a kayak. I imagine paddling up the stream of light to pat the "Rabbit" in the moon.*

There's no finer place in the world to mess about in a boat than your own back or front yard if you are so fortunate to live near the water. Even land-bound boaters have their favorite home water. More than your location, it might be the conditions or seasons. For me it's moonlight and the turning of the seasons. Fall is poignantly my favorite, with the rudely rushing spring a close second. Both times are filled with heightened emotions and migrating wildlife. Summer is so full of daily outings it's difficult to consider what's outstanding within its sweep of days. Winter boxes me into the role of observer from the window. But not even winter's gales or bitter temperature can hold back the memories of other (warmer) seasons. I invite you to share those moments with me.

*(Japanese folklore has the figure on the face of the moon as the rabbit that shared his bowl of rice with Buddha.)



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13th Annual Wooden Boat Festival

Madisonville, Louisiana

By John Clough

The 2002 Wooden Boat Festival scheduled for September 28-29 was postponed for two weeks while two hurricanes passed over the banks of the Techfunct River in Madisonville, Louisiana. The delay appeared to have little or no negative impact, the boats were there and the crowd was large and cheerful.

Located on the north shore of Lake Ponchartrain, Madisonville's history is intimately tied to marine activities. The Techfunct lighthouse, built in 1835, guided vessels to the mouth of the Techfunct River and hence to Madisonville. When Union troops captured New Orleans in 1862, citizens who would not take an oath of allegiance to the Union were exiled to Madisonville. Madisonville had little food but raw materials in the form of tar, pitch, and other wood products and a major smuggling trade with the enemy in New Orleans developed.



Madisonville Lighthouse
(Ponchatoula Times Photo)

In the early 1900s, the town became the center of the largest shipbuilding industry in the state. The Jahncke shipyard employed more than 200 men and built many wooden ships for use in WWI. The brand new Lake Ponchartrain Basin Maritime Museum now sits on the site of the shipyard. The Festival takes place in the center of town, just north of the museum. Entries were tied along the banks of the river which include a shady park.

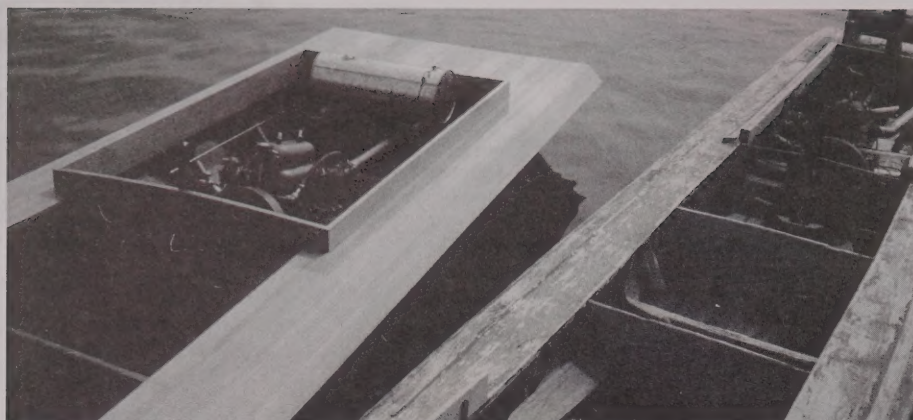


Boats are lined up on both sides of the highway bridge that runs through the center of town.

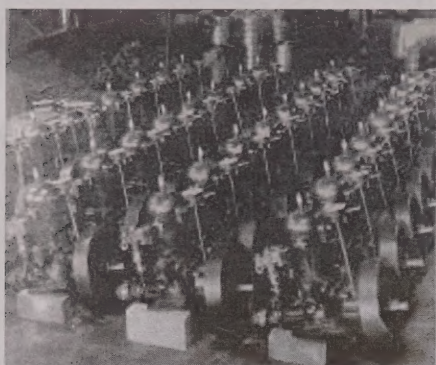


The 40' Steamboat *Mascot* attracted a good deal of attention. *Mascot* was built in 1997. The engine, a 1918, two-cylinder, 50hp compound steam engine from a USN yard tug which operated in Baltimore, pushes *Mascot* at 7 knots, running on steam pressure of 160 200psi turning a 38" propeller at 180rpm.

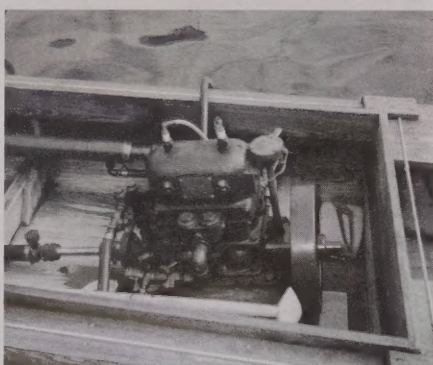




Several bateaus were grouped near the swing highway bridge that runs through the town. The bateaus are 20' to 24' long. Lockwood Ash two-cylinder engines power the two shown here. Lockwood Ash Motor Co. in Jackson, Michigan, manufactured one and two-cylinder engines in the early 1900s. They eventually got into outboards and became part of OMC. The rights to the old LA engines were acquired by Nadler Foundry and Machine Co. in Plaquemine, LA. Nadler produced the engine for nearly 20 years



Man in a "Joe Boat" with a Lockwood Ash motor during the 1927 flood in Plaquemine, Louisiana.



A Model 33 Lockwood Ash fitted to another "Joe Boat" today.



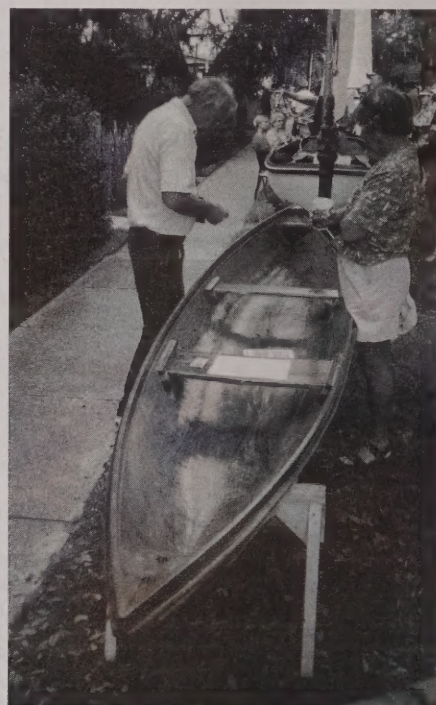
Lockwood Ash Motors (Photograph Courtesy of Nadler's Foundry, Plaquemine, Louisiana).



Here's a classic. It's the 40' yawl *Airborne*, designed by Ted Hood. *Airborne* has a "Thor" hull built in Japan in 1965 and shipped back to the U.S. for finishing. The owners, Russell & Earlita Harris and their son, found the boat across the river in Madisonville in very poor condition.



A larger sailing yacht alongside the bulkhead.

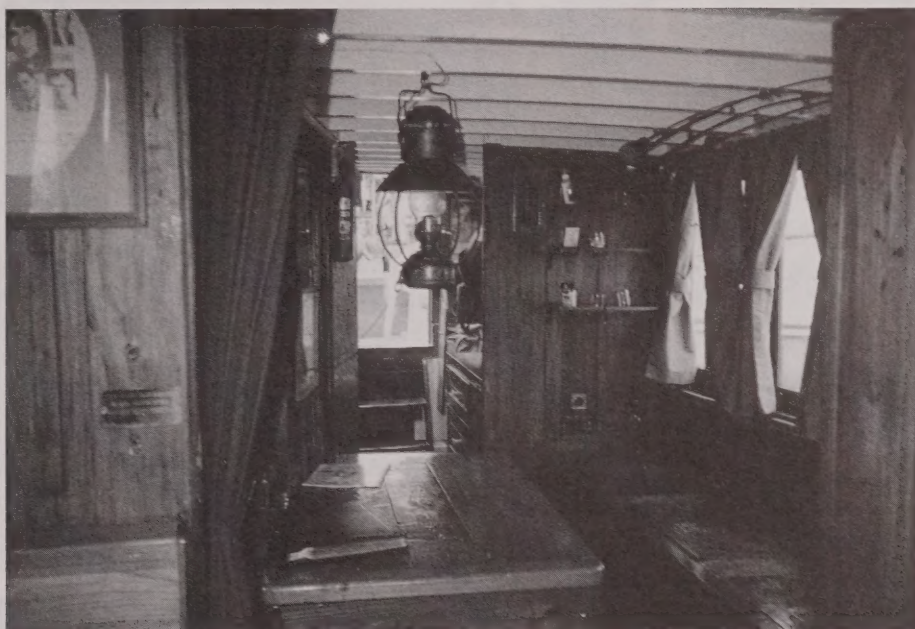


Another interesting traditional small craft for this region is the pirogue, carved from a single cypress log. Paul Le Bouef from Belle Chasse, Louisiana, brought a nicely restored 1938 example. On the bottom of the hull, a large number of regularly spaced plugs can be noticed. During construction, holes are drilled through the boat in order to gauge the thickness while carving out the interior of the hull. The original plugs have been in the hull for over 50 years.

When I first saw the motor vessel *King Louis*, it reminded me of the *Bethel Boat* on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, that years ago brought sailors to Vineyard Haven for reading, writing (home), entertainment, and, of course, religion. The 37' *King Louis*, owned by Cap'n Jim Williams, has quite a different history. Captain Williams cordially invited me aboard, showed me around his beautiful boat, and told me about its colorful history, which I hope to present to you in detail at a future date.

The vessel was built in 1914 by a judge in Mobile, Alabama, who needed a trysting place for his young mistress. After she murdered the judge, the boat changed hands a few time until it was donated to a Catholic school. Mr. Williams has owned the boat for 16 years. The term "lugger" originally referred to a small vessel with one or two masts rigged with lug (four sided) sails. As gasoline engines replaced sails, the motorized oyster boats retained the name "lugger." This is still the term used in English to describe a motorized fishing boat with a hull design similar to the French canots.

When asked by curious visitors if the *King Louis* had been converted from a work boat, Cap'n Williams response is, "No Ma'am, I'm sure that this boat has always been a pleasure craft."



Interior view aft from the pilot house of the *King Louis*.

An oyster boat (ca. 1905) with pilothouse forward. The hull shape and superstructure layout is similar to the *King Louis*. (C. Milo Williams Collection).



Lugger at times described a vessel with cargo space forward, and the pilot house aft is seen in this modern photo of a lugger on Galveston Bay.





18' center console skiff built during the first boat building class at the Lake Pontchartrain Basin Maritime Museum.



20' Skiff *Marlies* owned by Richard Graham.



A bright finished rowing skiff with lots of rocker and what appears to be a stand-up rowing setup, note the height of the oarlocks.

Two 18-footers, the *Summerwind* and a 1963 Thompson.



21' Chris Craft *Joe's Country Girl*.

A lot of attention is paid to children, making the festival a great family event. The Woodworking Guild makes toy boats to order for children who specify the design. A large test tank was located near the Guild tent for young boat designers to test their models. Caroline, age 3-1/2, proudly shows off her new boat. Notice the unique outrigger sails. Seems I read about this design in *MAIB* a year or two ago.





A tradition at Madisonville is the Quick and Dirty Boat Race. Boats are built on Saturday and raced on Sunday. I wasn't around for the race Sunday but shot a few snaps of the boats under construction on Saturday.

Lake Pontchartrain Basin Maritime Museum



No visit to Madisonville, Louisiana, would be complete without a visit to the LPBMM along the banks of the Techfunct River on the south edge of town. Although recently installed in new large facilities, the museum has advanced beyond "newly established." A few examples of museum exhibits are shown. The museum has an excellent video on the maritime history of the region. A boat building school is conducted on the open ground level. Most of the exhibits are on the upper level.



Port Century, an early 20th century dock setting, features a large scale replica of a stern wheel packet. Board the steamboat to visit the video theater.



The wooden skiff *Dead Bait* was operated by Harry E. Klein, outdoor columnist for the *Times Picayune* from 1967-1987. Wooden Boat Festival posters line the wall behind *Dead Bait*.



Nancy Jeanne is a 24' R.D. "Pete" Culler fantail launch which I built with a friend in 1986. We launched her for the first time at the old Wooden Boat Show in Newport, Rhode Island, and that is where I became acquainted with this wonderful publication and its publisher/editor Bob Hicks.

The launch's uses long ago exceeded her probable design limitations. I have surfed waves with her at up to 10 knots and have had much green water on the foredeck, having used her in a wide variety of waters, including the Gulf of Mexico on coastal cruises. It isn't

The River Runs Wide

By D. Turner Matthews

that I seek such weather, but sometimes at 6 knots you get caught or you have to get from point A to point B, and it's nice to know you can.

Her best adventure, however, involved traveling in river waters, the type she was designed for. The idea was to trailer her from

my home in Bradenton, Florida, up to Sanford, and then take her by water up the St. Johns River through Lake George and then by way of the Buchman Lock into Lake Oklawaha. From there we would find our way into the Oklawaha River and follow it back up through the chain of lakes, ending at Mt. Dora for the annual antique and classic boat show.

I had conceived the idea after talking to an acquaintance who had taken a 34' Chris Craft Commuter to the show the same way. When I spoke to him, I had become so intrigued with the concept that I didn't pay much attention to the facts of his journey; something about trees down, an outboard powered Zodiac with several guys with chainsaws, and the fact that the U.S. Corps of Engineers no longer maintains the river or the buoys in Lake Oklawaha.

I have a good friend, Paul, who never hesitates to take on a challenge, and he immediately agreed that it should be worth doing. I had transited the St. John's once before from Sanford to Jacksonville on a friend's 42' boat, a friend who, incidentally once rowed the river from Jacksonville to Sanford, so I knew something of what to expect on that part. We had spent one night anchored in the lower Oklawaha River, after having run atree (i.e., as in getting stuck on a



submerged tree) at one of the entrances where the river enters Little Lake George.

After some scouting in the durgas, we went out through another channel. I also had a chart of the St. John's, but the only available aids for Lake Oklawaha, the Oklawaha River, and the chain of lakes were various fishing guide charts which I obtained from the publisher of Kingfisher Charts in South Carolina, and a Florida atlas with topography markings, etc. I also knew we could stay on shore in Astor, as I had been there before, and we could sleep on the boat the other two nights if nothing turned up. *Nancy Jeanne* can be rigged with a full canvas cover with roll down screens/windows, so as to be fairly bug free. She has a vee-berth up front and a full berth can be rigged between the aft cockpit seats.

Day one of the adventure found us easily arriving in Sanford after a 2-1/2 hour drive. We made arrangements to leave our trailer at the Holiday Inn on Lake Monroe and soon were launched and ready to go. Lake Monroe is pretty much the lower limit of the St. John's for boats of any draft, (*Nancy Jeanne* draws 2'). We headed north to the St. John's into a brisk breeze, but otherwise ideal weather. Astor was about 40 miles downriver so we anticipated arrival in time for dinner. For those who may not know, downriver is to the north on the St. John's.

Other than carrying out some electrical repairs to get the knotmeter log working again, it was an uneventful trip. We began a chart to keep track of animals/reptiles/unusual birds and were kept particularly busy logging in the alligators with their approximate lengths. The average was 6' to 8', but we saw one monster we estimated at 12' to 14'.

On this part of the trip we did rather unexpectedly see a couple of wild turkeys on the banks, but the majority of the river banks at this particular time of the year were flooded or non-existent; i.e., water to the treeline. I believe I forgot to mention that this adventure occurred during the El Nino winter of 1998 with its copious rainfall. While not exactly at flood stage, there was plenty of water to float us. This was to become a bigger issue later on.

We reached our first night's objective, Hall's Lodge at Astor, around 5:30 that afternoon. This is a fish camp in a small but growing community on the edge of the Ocala National Forest. We secured the boat at the dock, and relaxed before having a really good catfish dinner at their restaurant. The major excitement at Halls, besides the Saturday night Karaoke at the bar, is watching the Belcher Oil barge, which takes fuel daily to the power plant in Sanford, negotiate the tight bend in the river which occurs there, all without hitting the restaurant or the bridge it must fit through.

I'm told of many near misses, but everything so far is still standing. I was told by one of the waitresses of one particular incident, when the barge was heading right towards the restaurant, which sits on pilings partially over the water. As the audience watched with rapt attention the barge came closer and closer to the point that everyone suddenly realized that they were in a very precarious situation, and the restaurant emptied in a rush. As I mentioned, everything is still standing, but one must take their entertainment where they can find it.

The next day started early with breakfast ashore at the restaurant and then once again northward. Astor is about four or five miles south of Lake George, which is a sizeable body of water, some twelve miles across. There is a bombing range to be avoided on the east, and in stormy weather, it can be very nasty. There was a 100' paddle steamer, the *Isis*, which was sunk by a north/northeast storm in November of 1882 with some loss of life (see sidebar).

Lake George is entered from the south by passing through a gateway like assemblage of fenders upon which are frequently perched a large multinational multispecies assemblage of birds, from cormorants to gulls and herons.

Once into the lake, we found the conditions ideal for our passage. I quickly surrendered the wheel to Paul and proceeded to go back to sleep, one of my favorite things to do when making any kind of a passage. At six knots or so speed, it would take about 1-3/4 hours to cross. About half way across, Paul became bored and decided to set up the Coleman stove to make some coffee. He had already started the pot when I fully awoke, so I looked forward to a pleasant cup or two. What I didn't know was that he had unwittingly completely filled the percolator basket and achieved 100% caffeine penetration of all the liquid. We always say now how much we enjoy a "manly" cup of coffee. I did not sleep any more that day.

We reached the north side of the lake right on schedule. The lower part of the Oklawaha River joins the St. John's here, but the Rodman dam now contains it so that to get past the dam you must go through the lock, which is in the middle of a canal dug out to the St. John's about a mile or two north.

North of the lake, the river becomes wider and more estuary like, with frequent bays and indentations in the shoreline. It was in this area, that we met the St. John's River cruise of the Antique and Classic Boats which goes from Jacksonville to Sanford before the show and then returns after the show is over. The Mt. Dora show is always complete with beautiful boats, but to have twenty or so of them pass you at speed is a beautiful visual and auditory experience.

Shortly after they passed by, we made our entrance into the canal. The Buckman lock is about two miles in. We arrived, tied up, and walked about to see when the next opening was to be. When we found the lock keeper, he indicated that he would be down around 12:30. These locks were built for seagoing barges as part of the proposed Florida cross state barge canal. It was finally cancelled during the Nixon administration due to massive environmental concerns. I have been told that Florida has appropriated money to take out the dam and restore the river, but that the bill to authorize its expenditure has been blocked in part by the former President of the Senate who has a double-wide on this lake and likes his bass fishing. I'm not exactly sure of the whole story, but at least the project itself was stopped. When you enter the lock as the only vessel in it, it is a bit creepy. Nevertheless, we were committed to our plan, and the lock proved no obstacle. The next phase of the trip was to be a somewhat different story.

To begin with, Lake Oklawaha is, like many other man-made lakes, a former forest with very tall trees. How tall? Well that's the

beginning of the problem, because the lake is full of buoys which were once maintained, but which now move around on their own accord. We could get a sense of where the early channel lay, but we only had a best guess as to how to find the rest of the Oklawaha. Although many dead trees were visible, we had no idea of what lay beneath the surface outside the channel, wherever that was.

To compound the problem even more, there were a few boats (I assume with local knowledge) zooming all over the place. We did our best to dead reckon with the fishing charts. I began to believe I could see the exit from the lake and was heading in that direction when we spotted a series of buoys about 120' to the east of where we were heading. We therefore changed course to head in that general direction. About the time we were feeling confident that this was the way out, we hit our first submerged object with a very loud impact. *Nancy Jeanne* has a bronze strip (per Culler's plans) running down her entire stem and back along the keel for several feet. We had also epoxied Kevlar onto the keel. We could see no damage, nor did I see any later when we hauled her, so we proceeded towards the buoys at an even slower speed.

Oklawaha is an Indian word meaning crooked river. That is a very apt name for it, but it is much easier to conceptualize if the banks are visible, and not some ten or twenty feet below you. Accordingly, the first mile or so of following what appeared to be correct buoys on station was extremely stressful, as they were more like a gymkhana race course than a channel, and we also had no certainty as to their correct positioning. There was literally no turning back, however, so we continued on until we reached the long awaited and incredibly beautiful Oklawaha proper. Now the buoys in the lake leading into the river made sense as the river twisted and turned its way through a thick forest and overhead canopy. We breathed a collective sigh of relief and began to enjoy the river.

The Oklawaha is the western boundary of the Ocala National Forest, and is undeveloped on the western shore. As a result, it is pristine in that there is nothing but the forest on either side. There is only one small settlement at Eureka, where State Road 316 bridges it, and where another lock was partially built. The benefit of this isolation is that the river is mostly devoid of human life form, which is a major relief in the eyes of a native Floridian who has seen the population swell from 3,000,000 in the fifties to over 13,000,000 now.

As we were entering the river proper, I had begun to have thoughts about the possibility of downed trees or other obstacles, which might occur in our path. Our sole planning for this was to decide not to bring a chain saw (Paul is not at his best with power tools), but instead to bring a bow saw and a hatchet. For flotation support we borrowed a friend's 10' flat bottom skiff, which we towed.

One of the first things to become apparent was the fact that the river was definitely out of its banks and into the forest, and was moving from its source at a considerable speed, my guess being 2+ knots. This was a factor which required serious attention to each river bend, as to fail to turn at the right time could result in a visit to the



Typical view on the Oklawaha River.

Hall's Lodge at Astor, *Nancy Jeanne* at right set up for overnight, her skiff to the left.



trees on the side of the river which was rarely more than 20 or 30 yards across. I began to have a healthy respect for the Belcher Oil push boat operator, and the river pilots of old.

Fortunately, we continued on with no mishaps or obstructions up the continually beautiful river. Our only mistake was to accidentally take a fork in the river near Eureka, which turned out to be the old canal to the unfinished lock. When we reached the dead end, I put Paul ashore to scout out the area, and he discovered the river just to the west of where we were. We backtracked and proceeded back the correct way towards Eureka.

It was during this part of the trip that I really noticed the current. Right before the settlement, the river gets quite narrow and somewhat shallow. The water is really moving. Not quite a rapids, but much faster than I would have wished. *Nancy Jeanne* was originally powered by an 18hp Easthope twin. For a variety of reasons I replaced that engine with a 2 cylinder 20hp Ruggerini diesel. According to the book on Culler's boats that I read, he reckoned that 5hp would get her to hull speed. I was more than happy with the extra 15, because at full throttle, which with a clean bottom will give 7 knots, we slowly made our way up through the 100 yards or so of fast moving water.

Once through the semi-rapids things again quieted down. By now, however, we were looking for a place to stop for the night. Some other year there might be a beautiful sandy bottom cove to anchor in, but this year it was simply a question of which tree to tie the bow off on with enough room behind to let the current keep us parallel to the invisible bank and out of the other trees. We finally picked an overhanging live oak, which looked like it would stay the night, and at around 6pm we shut down after a very full day.

We set up the cockpit enclosure, relaxed and, believe it or not, made some more coffee to calm us down. Dinner soon followed, and we sat back to relax and enjoy our isolation, surrounded, we thought, by the forest and the creatures making the beautiful night sounds. Some time after lights out, we were jolted into an altered reality as the quiet of the night was torn apart by the sound of low flying jets, coupled immediately thereafter with the sound of explosions. Paul, a sergeant in the Florida National Guard, immediately recognized the explosive sounds as a type of practice dummy bomb. The bombardment kept up for about 15 minutes, after which the quiet returned and we fell asleep in our solitude.

The next morning was incredibly beautiful, with mists coming off of the water, and with no jets about, the beautiful solitude of the river and forest. The last people we had seen had been at the lower end of the lake, so there was truly a feeling of isolation. We were soon to learn why no humans were about.

We began our trek again into a river, which, even though it would have seemed impossible yesterday, became even more tightly coiled and narrow. We began encountering some downed trees, which basically had simply lost all root support due to the flooding and just fallen down. We proceeded for thirty or so minutes, feeling somewhat smug about our ability to get around the obstacles when we finally reached

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our first impasse. It was a water oak whose upper branches just reached the other shore.

Our plan was then to slowly work up to the tree, tie off with a line, climb onto solid branches if any, and then saw and hack our way through, using the skiff if necessary. This plan worked pretty well, and in about thirty minutes we had cleared enough branches away to pass through. To be honest, however, it wasn't a lot of fun. Still, there is that feeling of accomplishment, which engenders a little false pride, and we set off up the river now completely confident in our bow saw and our ability to conquer whatever the river had in store.

Perhaps a mile upstream, the river was waiting, this time with a cypress tree, which once again had conveniently fallen with the possibility of cutting through the crown, which was just to the bank. This tree however had taken something unseen underwater with it when it fell, and the crew of the *Nancy Jeanne* was unaware of its presence.

We used the same strategy again, tying off to a branch and cautiously cutting our way through the branches to make an opening. This having been accomplished, we proceeded to slowly move through, somewhat concerned about the skiff following, as this opening was smaller than the last one we had passed. Just as I was about to increase the engine speed, there was a really sickening "clunk" as the unseen object lodged in the propeller aperture. First thought, shut down all systems and hope to God the prop isn't wrecked. That was the easy part, as was the next part of finding a place to tie off. That became unnecessary, as the current quickly pivoted the bow and we were soon quite snugly lying up against the trunk of the tree, held there by the current.

The isolation and solitude began to have new meaning. They were bigger than we had originally imagined. Taking stock of our situation we decided that we would attempt to row the skiff with a line out to a tree and then try to pull the bow back into the current. Have you ever considered the possibility of rowing a flat bottomed skiff with no skeg or rudder into a three knot current? Well we hadn't, and the experience of seeing Paul being spun in circles was much more amusing to me than it was to him. We began to realize that we had a problem. With Paul back on board, we decided to take a break and explore the cypress tree, which was perhaps to be our home for some time. I started the festivities by almost falling into the river. Paul said he had never seen anyone recover from a tilt of more than 45 degrees, but somehow I did a reverse and landed in the boat.

Paul's turn in the comedy of errors occurred when he was bitten on the foot by some unseen creature. Within seconds of his comment I looked down and saw one of those little brightly banded snakes, one type of which kills rather quickly. Not wanting to alarm Paul, I casually asked him about how the rhyme on identifying them went. It is: "Red on Black, friend of Jack, red on yellow, kill a fellow." Fortunately, we were a friend of Jack, and it became one more desperate bit of humor rather than tragedy.

I know this sounds like a *deus ex machina*, but just about the time we were really thinking about rowing the five or so miles back to Eureka, a wonderful young German couple appeared in a canoe. They



Secure for the night prior to the bombing practice.



The second tree blocking our way which we surmounted. We gave up at the third.

spoke English and told us they had put in several miles upstream, and were going to Eureka. With their consent, Paul (who is as good at canoeing as he was bad at rowing) and the young man paddled a line out to a tree and secured it. With all of us pulling, we gradually swung the bow back into the stream. When we asked if they could see anything near our propeller, the young woman said in her best English: "You have a large tree lodged in your propeller." That was not what we hoped to hear, but through some heroic efforts of Paul, we did extract a very large branch from the aperture.

Next came the crucial test; would it still run, or would the prop and shaft shake the boat apart? Luck was still with us, however, and with many heartfelt thanks to our friends, we each continued in our separate directions. We ran a good twenty minutes more before obstacle number three. This was the final tree. Each one was getting progressively bigger, and it was decided that the only prudent thing to do was retreat back to Eureka, hire someone to drive me back to Sanford, and return with the trailer.

There is a certain satisfaction in making a final decision, so somewhat relieved, we set out downstream toward Eureka. We met our cypress tree again from a different perspective. I was reluctant to have the prop turning at any speed, not knowing what still lurked in the water, so we attempted to coast through with the current. We didn't quite make it and once again found ourselves broadside to the trunk. This time, however, the current was with us, and with help from the engine, we were able to pivot ourselves back through the opening we had cut. Once the skiff was through, we were back in business. We passed through the water oak with no difficulty and continued on.

By this time, I had experienced more in this day than I had planned for the whole trip. I was now steering downstream in a fast current which requires intense concentration, and frequently involves full rudder and power sometimes to kick the stern around, rather than letting the current push the bow in the direction you choose, as you can do going upstream. The trees were looking all alike, and the forest resembled the flood plain of

the Amazon, at least fifty yards or more into the trees on both sides of the river.

It was as if you could not see the river for the forest and suddenly we realized why. I had somehow missed a turn and we were, in fact, in the forest. I quickly shut the engine down, and we were able to grab onto a tree to take stock of the matter. We knew the general direction we had come from, and could actually see the Eureka Bridge (a very high structure) from where we were. We slowly worked the launch back through the forest towards the direction from which we had come, and in about ten minutes had once again found the river.

We had planned to stop at a launch ramp we had seen the day before. It was situated up a little inlet of sorts with a rocky entrance.

It was apparent as we approached it that the launch could never turn that radius going downstream with the current we were in. In addition, this was at the beginning of the area where the river narrows and speeds up, so the only solution was to go through the semi-rapids, get the launch turned around downstream and come back into it. This was accomplished without a lot of grace, but we made it into the inlet, secured the boat, and got out to see what help might be available.

The boat ramp where we stopped was at the end of a rather crude road, which led up to a travel trailer park owned by Larry, a retired Coast Guardsman. He was able to locate one of the residents, who agreed, for a price, to drive me back to Sanford some seventy miles away. We made the journey and

retrieved my car and trailer, returning by the late afternoon. Paul had stayed to keep an eye on the boat, and once we had it on the trailer and up to the park, we became the main evening attraction. In front of a crowd of ten or so residents, each with an adult beverage in one hand or the other, Larry proceeded, without our invitation, to instruct us in what knots to use and how, in general to secure the launch to the trailer. I still cannot tie the knot he thought he taught us, but I do know it was a really good knot. Amidst some small fanfare, we said our goodbyes and went south by car to the fish camp where I had previously made reservations to arrive by boat.

The next morning was spent cleaning up the boat, including the removal of branches, leaves, and other river debris. Considering what she had been through, there were remarkably few battle scars. We arrived at Mt. Dora for the boat show, being something of a curiosity among the gleaming, varnished, mahogany speedboats. Nevertheless, we managed to draw a small crowd when Paul once again decided to make coffee on board. The concept of using a boat (even though the majority of the boats at the show are well used for sure) rather than leaving it as a static exhibit seemed to be a novelty for the visitors.

For us, it was business as usual, enjoying our boat to the fullest in the manner it was built to be used.

The Steamboat *Isis*

By Edward A. Mueller

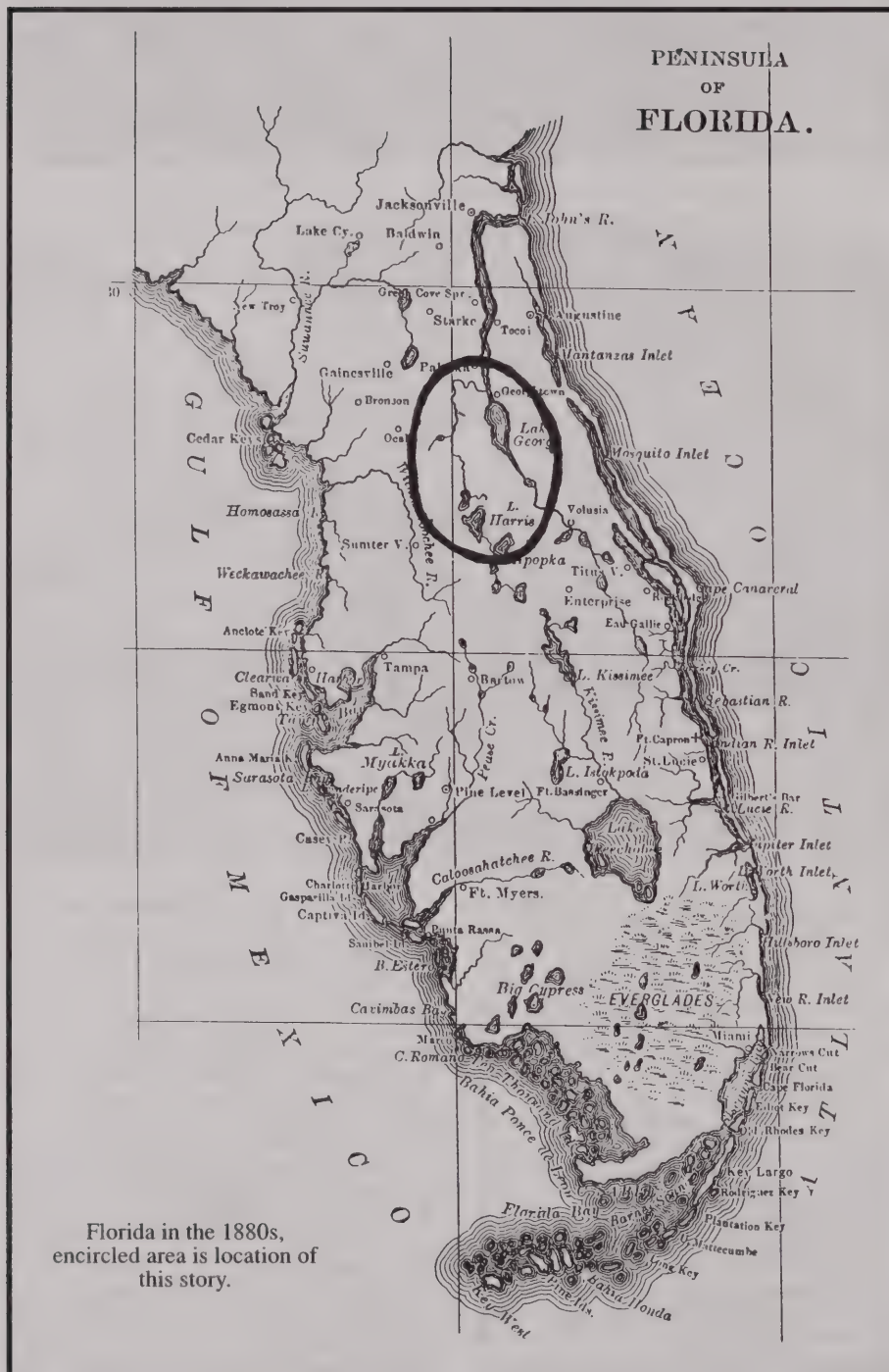
The early 1880s saw a plethora of steamboats operating on the St. John's, all endeavoring to gain a goodly share of the booming winter passenger and freight business. Such a one was the moderately sized *Isis*.

In October, 1881, Captain Eugene Bigelow purchased the Norfolk, Virginia built iron hulled steamboat *Isis* from Carl Berlin of Charleston, South Carolina for \$4,500. Captain Bigelow immediately brought this 1870 built steamboat to Jacksonville with the intention of running her on the St. John's. *Isis* was a flat bottomed sternwheel steamboat with two boilers, two engines and a single smoke stack located abaft of the pilot house.

The vessel was of 73.3 tons and was 100' long, 18.6' wide and had wide guards, thus adding to her width. *Isis* had been initially enrolled in November, 1870 at Wilmington, North Carolina. Until her purchase by Bigelow, she had served on rivers of North and South Carolina.

When she first came to the St. John's, she was primarily a freight boat and had a high lower deck height as she had carried bulky cargoes such as bales of cotton, rice and the like. Little attention had been given to the carrying of passengers and her few cabins were small.

Captain Bigelow lowered her cargo deck ceiling about a foot and a half and tore out the upper deck passenger accommodations. He then built passenger staterooms, and a salon area which was used for a dining room and a galley. The vessel was then in condition to engage in business as a combined freight



Florida in the 1880s,
encircled area is location of
this story.

and passenger steamboat on the St. John's River.

Starting around the first of December, 1881 after the improvements had been finished, *Isis* was placed on a route between Jacksonville and Lake Jessup on the St. John's River. Captain Bigelow continued as master of the vessel, J. L. Bonnell was her Purser. The chief pilot was William "Billy" Biggs, a white man and the relief pilot was a tall black man, Henry Curry.

Lake Jessup is a large "lake" in the St. John's River, quite shallow and sort of a backwater to the main, shallow channel. Geographically it cut off a large area in today's Seminole county from access to the north.

In order to remedy this situation and provide access to steamboats, in the early 1870s, Antonio Solary built "Solary's Wharf" on the south shore of Lake Jessup to serve the Lake Jessup community. Captain Thomas Walker Lund had made weekly trips by running his shallow draft steamboat, *Volusia*, from Jacksonville to Salt Lake, stopping at Solary's Wharf in doing so.

On April 4, 1882, the Lake Jessup Steamboat Company was incorporated, local residents headed by Antonio Solary formed the company. On April 11, 1882, the company purchased 11/15ths of the steamboat *Isis* from Captain E. L. Bigelow, who had often used Solary's Wharf in calling at the Lake Jessup community.

Isis was not a handsome boat, she had a blunt bow and a square stern, being a sternwheeler. Her steering wheel was large. All in all she was quite businesslike, comfortable, reliable and could carry considerable freight. She ran before a railroad parallel to the river (The Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West) was completed, but there were numerous connections made to other railroads at places such as Palatka, Deland, Sanford, and Enterprise. This transfer necessity made for a considerable steamboat business on the river.

The stewards and cooks set a good table for the passengers who ate on the upper deck in the salon. The captain, engineer and perhaps the mate and chief pilot ate there also. The working crew was mostly colored and ate on the lower deck, these being segregated times. They never came on the upper deck unless summoned there (this is still the case on excursion vessels today, the working crew never eats with the passengers).

Southbound freight on the river consisted of merchandise of all kinds and descriptions. Northbound freight consisted of fruits and vegetables along with occasional hides. During the fruit shipping season, steamboats would be tied up abreast at a landing loading the crates of citrus produce, occasionally having to track across one another to load the further steamboat. Sometimes when going north as far as Palatka, fruit would have to be left waiting on the docks for later boats to come and get it.

Most of the steamboats in those days burned wood and this gave rise to a considerable industry up and down the river that provided the vessels with fuel. At various points along the river, crib like structures were built out into the river. Steamboats would tie up at these places and load wood from the cribs onto the lower decks of the steamboats.

These cribs were made of logs piled on top of each other in square or rectangular shapes, log cabin style, until the weight forced the crib down solid on the bottom. Then pilings were driven at the corners and chained together at the top and split logs laid across the top for a floor.

During daylight hours, there was usually someone on the dock or crib to check the wood over to the steamboats that stopped. The steamboats handed out wood tickets or chits for the amount of wood obtained. At night, a locked box or keg was on the crib and wood tickets were left there if no one was around to check. Wood tickets were signed by the captain or purser of the steamboat obtaining wood and stated how many cords had been taken, the date and price per cord (the cord price was usually posted on the cribs). These wood tickets were similar to currency and circulated along the river and perhaps mailed to Jacksonville for merchandise or banked. No reputable boat ever dared to not pay its wood tickets promptly, failure to do so meant that fuel could only be purchased for spot cash as word got quickly around to the wood sellers.

After operating *Isis* for several months, Captain Bigelow, it has been noted, sold her to the Lake Jessup Steamboat Company on April 11, 1882, after the winter season was over. The new owners overhauled and refitted her to some extent, adding an additional smoke stack and moved the pilot house abaft the stacks. Captain William M. Somerville was the successor vessel master. The vessel continued on her Jacksonville Lake Jessup route, hauling fruit and vegetables northerly and merchandise to the south.

In early November, 1882, the *Isis* foundered in Lake George with the loss of three lives. She had left Lake Jessup on Sunday morning, November 5 and had safely crossed Lake Monroe by 10:30am despite thick and nasty weather, the wind being a stiff gale from the north and east. She called at Beresford and Lamb's Bluff for freight, before laying up at *Volusia*, located on the river just south of Lake George, for a few hours to await better weather.

At 12:30am, the next day, Monday, November 6, the pilot, James Garrett, judged that the weather had moderated sufficiently to cross Lake George. *Isis* accordingly left *Volusia*, and crossed the shallow bar at the south end of Lake George and proceeded north toward Georgetown. The strong wind came in gusts and caused the steamboat to careen over sideways until her guards were under water. Captain Somerville came on deck and ordered the *Isis* to head in under the weather with the intention of anchoring her under the lee of the land. Trimming her wood fuel, he endeavored to keep the vessel upright.

The engineer reported plenty of steam and the water was not increasing in the hold. However, at 4am a sudden gust of wind threw the *Isis* on her beam and she then filled and went down. She quietly settled on the bottom on an even keel in about 11' of water. As she keeled over, the pilot, Henry Curry, Edward Jackson, a deck hand, and B. Brown, a fireman, jumped or fell overboard and were lost. The mate William B. Lee saved a deck passenger, one Gibbons, who had been washed overboard. Planks and life preservers were used to try and save those who had left the vessel, but to no avail.

Captain Somerville rowed to the nearby settlement of Georgetown and spoke to Captain John Amazeen of the nearby *Rosa*, asking him to take off the remaining passengers and crew still aboard the *Isis*. Captain Somerville then engaged a small tug and lighter to try and take off cabin furniture as the upper works were fast breaking off. The survivors were taken to Astor by the *Rosa* and later, Captain Steven Bravo in the *Anita* carried them and Captain Somerville to Jacksonville.

The vessel had very little freight upon her. Only 24 boxes of oranges had been aboard, all of these, except one box which was consumed by the hungry passengers and crew, were lost.

A few days later on Thursday, November 11, 1882, the steamboat *Welaka*, while cruising through Lake George, discovered the bodies of the three unfortunate men. They were in an advanced state of decomposition and accordingly were buried at nearby Georgetown instead of being taken to Jacksonville.

It was initially thought that the chances for raising the sunken steamboat were good and Captain Somerville negotiated with William Watson, manager of the DeBary Line for use of that company's barge *Oscar Wilde*. It was thought that the vessel could be readily raised and put back into service, and efforts went forth in that direction. After the storm it was noted that her cabin area had been badly wrecked so it was cut off and not salvaged. Piling was driven around the vessel in an effort to raise the hull. Chains were to be placed under her at several locations and then used to raise the vessel.

However, in the process of raising *Isis*, the chains either were improperly placed or slipped, and this caused the hull to drop back and strike the river bottom, thus damaging it so that further attempts at salvage were useless. All further attempts at salvage were accordingly abandoned. However, on November 26, 1989, Jack Dee, then living in Pierson, Florida located the remains of the wreck after reviewing old manuscripts and news accounts and by talking to local rivermen.

Dee is an underwater bridge inspector, salvor and historian. He indicated that the wreck is in muddy, shallow water (9' to 12') about 1200 yards offshore. Initial dives indicated that some of the vessel's framework, fittings and dishes still lay on the lake bottom. Ship stores and personal effects might also be in the wreck. Dee believes the engine was salvaged soon after the disaster by the owner of the vessel. The wreck is covered by sand and the exposed tops of the sides are about 1" to 2" above the sand. A considerable amount of sand would have to be removed in order to expose the hull.

No more recent excavations or salvage are known to have occurred. Permitting by the state is required for excavation in Lake George.

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The *Seagull*, actually her name is *Gaviota*, which is Seagull in Spanish, is a West Wight Potter 19' sloop. Not exactly a beautiful boat, she is sort of high sided, but that gives her a comfortable cruising cabin for at least two good friends and she rides behind an ordinary half-ton pickup and launches down an ordinary sort of boat launch ramp quite easily. More importantly, she is quite a passable little sailboat, goes to weather fairly well, stands up to quite surprisingly heavy weather and is comfortable and dry to sail, even in pretty heavy going.

I bought her on the 6th of October in Grants Pass, Oregon, brought her home to Seattle, spent the next couple of months of weekends and evenings fiddling with details and adding things to make her more comfortable or safer or both, or just to make her fit my notions of how small boats should be rigged. On the 11th of January I said good bye to the office and on the 13th farewell to home and family and began the long haul south.

The Drive South

The ride down is easily summarized, at least as far as the border. Interstate 5 is long and wide, has a stretch of a couple of hundred miles through southern Oregon and northern California with a lot of steep climbs that put the truck into second gear and held her to 45 miles an hour for a bit, but mostly it's 60-65mph driving. I made the return to Grants Pass (sort of a fun symmetry there) the first night (451 miles), Buttonwillow, California the second night (another 610 miles, longish day). I spent both these nights in motels, it was too cold to want to sleep in the boat. It even snowed a little in Grants Pass, though it seemed just to be for visual effect, nothing stuck to the road.

From Buttonwillow it was up the Grapevine (in 2nd), and down, thence toward the border through the morning LA freeway traffic. Unfortunately, I damaged a trailer tire near San Diego. Fortunately, it didn't blow clear out! I'd stopped in Chula Vista for gas and spotted the bulge (the size of my foot) on the side of the very oddly shaped right trailer tire. Spent a couple of hours finding a tire shop and getting it replaced, but still managed to get to the border in the early afternoon.

The Seagull's First Trip To Baja

A true story of a long drive & some fun sailing from Seattle to Seattle by way of Puerto Escondido and La Paz, Baja California Sur, January 13 - February 15, 2002

I'd been expecting to have to do boat import paperwork at the border, but after buying my Tourist Card for \$22, I showed the Customs people my registrations for truck, trailer and boat, they waved me through and said I was good for six months without further paperwork. Dandy! The whole operation was handled very nicely by a patient gentleman of the Mexican Immigration Service, the bank clerk next door and a pair of Mexican Customs agents who were willing to work around my Spanish but were perfectly fluent in English when I ran out of vocabulary.

The entrance to Mexico Highway 1-D, the high speed toll road south toward Ensenada, is very close to the border crossing southbound, a couple of easy turns, up an entrance ramp and off we go. There are three toll booths ("Caseta de cubra") along the way, each of which costs 33 pesos for the truck and trailer, which is about \$3.66 so figure it as \$10 each way to use the toll road. Seemed to me it was worth it. There is a free road alongside much of the way, but it looked like a lot slower way to go and I had a long ways to travel so I paid and smiled. The lanes feel narrow after I-5 and generally there's no shoulder but I didn't let that spoil me.

After Ensenada the toll road ("Autopista") ends and I'm on two lane, but still pretty wide road for a good long ways south. Later the "real" Hwy 1 begins and I would remember these earlier roads with great affection.

I was concerned to make sure I had pesos on hand when I crossed the border rather than trying to make the Mexicans deal with my US currency. I should not have let it worry me, getting a few hundred pesos early on in small denominations (\$50 or \$100 at the most) makes eating at taco stands easier, but gasoline, tolls, motels and the like are all easily handled with US currency. Not to worry. All the exchange rates in the States seemed to be quite a bit worse than what I would get in Mexico anyway, so I think I'd be pretty happy waiting to change money until I was comfortably inside Mexico next time.

I admit I was pretty anxious about driving in Mexico with the boat on behind. My first trip to Mexico, my first trip pulling the P-19 a long ways, only my second time where Spanish was the spoken language, and I'd heard an awful lot of bad things about Mexican roads and drivers. I wonder where all that comes from. The road surfaces are by and large very well kept up, with some interesting exceptions, but on average the surfaces are at least as smooth as I-5 had been (I broke the tire on the US side of the border!). The drivers were uniformly cautious and polite, if not downright patient with my dithering at intersections.

The road width, now that is another matter. There are parts of Hwy 1 that are plumb narrow. No shoulders, steep grades, no pullouts for miles and miles, and lots of curves. However, if I thought my P-19 on her trailer was a wide load, I had to also think of all the RVs that make it down to Cabo every year. I did learn to be very alert and the short version (of a very long haul) is that I made it all the way just fine.

Ensenada is the other big city on this route and I got there pretty quickly on the toll road. There is no convenient bypass. I remember in the '50s most US highways simply ran to the edge of town and turned into the surface streets, and that's what happens here. The toll road ends, turns into 4 lane, then 2 lane, streets. The turns are marked, but required being really alert. Some of the signs aren't really obvious over on the right hand side, maybe behind a truck or a tree, but really, better than a lot of Seattle's signage at that. It must have been good enough, I drove right through the middle of the city and out the far side without a misstep. It would be easy to spend some time in Ensenada and look around, but not with a trailer on behind and the launch ramp still 600 miles ahead, so on I went to the town of San Vicente by dusk, for a day's run of 396 miles, even with the tire repair and the border crossing.

San Vicente gave me my first taste of a Baja rural town. The highway ("Carretera") is two lanes of good asphalt running through town on an embankment quite a ways above the surrounding level. Alongside the carretera on both sides are dirt shoulders and roadways with the businesses and some homes fronting onto these dirt "frontage roads". Cross streets generally only enter onto the dirt frontage roads, though the main cross street has a stop light ("semaforo") where it crosses the carretera. Local traffic generally doesn't use the highway, it passes in either direction up and down the dirt frontage roads. As I said, people are careful and polite, but what with exiting the highway on a long slope down the shoulder, driving along the frontage road and

entering or leaving the cross streets, I found the traffic a little startling at first.

There's a Pemex station in San Vicente, generally with two and sometimes three grades of fuel available, diesel, magna sin (regular unleaded) and occasionally high test as well. I didn't see anywhere convenient to park for the night without blocking somebody's access to something, and had already noted that there aren't many pullouts available out in the countryside, so asked at the Pemex station if there was anywhere to spend the night. The owner of the local motel was visiting with his friend the station attendant, so that quickly resolved itself and I spent my first night in Mexico in a sparkling clean if tiny and Spartan little motel room close by.

There are signs to be aware of all through the countryside, but especially in town: "Cruce de Peatonales?" (pedestrian crossing) and "Cruce de Escolares" (school kid crossing) and maybe most important, "Topes a 300m" (topes in 300 meters, or 150 meters, or worse yet, right there!). A tope is a speed bump. Some of them are pretty reasonable. Others even the semis and busses stop for. Missing one of the worst sort would probably be the end of the trip, so I paid attention. Often the roadway is painted with white stripes across the lane approaching one of these areas, but I couldn't count on it.

Other signs of interest: "Disminuye su Velocidad" (slow down), "Vado a 300m" (Ford 300 meters ahead, in this dry country these water courses are almost always dry, but may be rough in the bottom, though many are very smooth and pose no problem), "Peligro" (danger), "Curva Peligrosa" (dangerous curve), "Cuesta Peligrosa" (dangerous slope, no kidding!).

Before I got to San Vicente I found my first military checkpoint. They say they're only looking for drugs and guns (even a 22 shell can get you in jail, so be darned sure to leave guns and ammo at home. I don't know how they regard flare guns, but don't think I'd like to make the experiment, hand-held flares suit me fine for Mexico). The officer in charge generally speaks a little English, or maybe a lot, but they are happy to go along with my dreadful Spanish. I found that they are always polite, usually downright friendly, and if I got the inside of the boat inspected a lot I suspect it was just because they wanted to see what she was like inside.

It gets to be tiresome after a bit (there must be a post every 80 or 100 miles along the way), but on the southbound leg of the trip I found they generally just waved me through or at most, asked if I were on vacation. "No, actually, I'm dragging this trailer with the boat on it around Mexico as a penance for some unspeakable sin." As I said, polite and friendly seemed to do the trick just fine. Their boots are black soled, but actually none made marks on deck.

The fourth day from home finally got me into Baja for real, I passed through the agricultural area around San Quintin with large fields and greenhouses sending fresh vegetables north (to Seattle no less) all through our winter. The agriculture is all based on irrigation from groundwater, so there is desert on one side of the road and a rich field lush and green on the other. From that point on the road narrows, the fields disappear and I entered the high central desert

of Baja California, probably the area with the narrowest roadways and the worst curves and canyons, as well as some of the most wonderful desert scenery.

There are very large cactus ("cardon") and an odd tree with usually only a single tall trunk and very short leafy branches (I never found the name) as well as the tangled "cholla" cactus and a variety of scrubby bushes, some with remarkably sharp and hooked thorns. About midday I passed through the Catavina boulder field. This is something the like of which I'd never seen, miles and miles of countryside littered with white granite boulders, from small stones to monstrous round rocks and huge mounds and hills of them all overgrown with cactus and spiny trees. I will return to hike and camp in this place, but not with the trailer thank you! There were almost no places to pull over so I took no pictures southbound. On the way home I found a turnout and spent a happy hour exploring.

It's a long haul through narrow winding roads and wide open spaces to Guerrero Negro where we passed from Baja California into Baja California Sur, and for the last time I showed my passport and Tourist Card to an agent of the Migracion (both times I passed through this checkpoint the agent was a strikingly pretty young woman, wish you luck). Two men from the de-insectivization service of the state sprayed the tires for bugs (???) and collected a ten peso fee and I passed through yet another military checkpoint. At the intersection (the road into town separates from the road south) was a large army station where a grand Mexican flag sometimes flies. The town lies off the freeway a few hundred yards, but is clean, modern and provides all services, southbound I passed it by and continued into the desert beyond.

Along the way I'd picked up a number of Mexican hitchhikers, but mostly they'd just jump in the back of the rig, smile and then bang on the roof of the cab when they wanted down. Somewhere in the middle of nowhere I picked up my first non-Mexican hitch-hiker, a chef-cum-bum from New Zealand who has made the civilized world his home one way or another for the past 20 odd years without working over much. He threw his pack in the back, stepped brightly into the cab and introduced himself with a flair as, "Hello, I'm Skully." He was a pretty good conversationalist and kept me awake through many long miles of pretty barren country. Hills and mountain ranges in the distance threaten to interrupt the relatively rapid progress but the road seemed to sidestep them most of the afternoon.

Toward evening we arrived at San Ygnacio, a veritable oasis in the desert, the road dips down into a grove of palms and the quiet lights of a small town try to tempt us from the road. However, with at least a half hour of sun left in the sky and only what seemed like 60 or 70 minutes of running to the coast at Santa Rosalia, I locked my eyes on the road and drove on. For perhaps a half hour as the sun sank lower in the sky the road ran straight and level and the speedometer crept up, 'til suddenly I entered a zone of hills and curves and had to slow down. Gradually the curves grew tighter and suddenly the truck pitched headlong down a steep grade, "cuesta peligrosa" said the sign and that was an understatement.

The curves became tight hairpins and the road was steeper than anything I'd ever seen before. At 35 or 40 miles an hour on the straighter parts and much less in the hairpins we threw away thousands of feet of elevation in just a few miles and came at last to the sea! The last of the sun had hidden behind the magnificent mountain slopes as soon as we started down the grade, lingering on the peaks whenever I chanced to see them around the curves, but it was quite dark as we drove into the town of Santa Rosalia, through the port district and past the old copper works. In the back of my mind loomed the question, could the little truck ever pull the boat over such a hill on the way north? The thought would haunt me for the next month. To fail in the attempt would be spectacular, there was not a single turnout in the entire descent and all the traffic of the peninsula must pass that way. I can't even imagine trying to back down. Goodness.

Into town, slowing for the "topes" and thence to the Pemex station for a much needed tank of gas and hopefully a clue as to the lay of the land. Other problems waited in the bouncy ramp into the station though, the ancient tailpipe finally declared independence from the long rotten muffler (I'd replaced belts, plugs, distributor parts, thermostat and so forth but ignored the sound system before leaving), and having cast itself free from the old alignment, wrapped itself firmly round the rear axle with a grand rasping crash. I arrived in Santa Rosalia in style.

The Pemex station staff, singularly industrious young men in fine uniforms sprang into action. A large hammer ("martillo") was produced and a strapping youngster climbed under the rig with me to survey the damage. The muffler (with holes clearly visible) still clung to the underside of the truck but the tailpipe, aside from its stranglehold on the axle had completely severed ties. The hammer produced sparks but no motion. Finally, I grasped the poor bent pipe in both hands and strained fiercely. It came free and a considerable cheer arose from the crowd (they were lined up behind me trying to get to the gas pumps).

Sixty dollars worth of gasoline later (amazing she can hold such an amount) I extracted a very firm recommendation for a muffler ("mofle") shop, with the assurance he could fix the whole exhaust ("escape" say it es-KAW-pay) system for me. The name, "Taller Cisneros", and address and a note to the effect it was just in front of the school were neatly written in the back of my journal and I finally slipped away into the night. Some time after it became apparent I'd be hung up for a bit my New Zealander had disappeared in search of a burger or sandwich ("hamburgesa" or "torta"), usually the cheapest substantial meal at the roadside stands. The truck seemed a good bit quieter without him, notwithstanding the slightly throatier sound of the engine.

I drove slowly down the waterfront of town looking for somewhere to park for the night and maybe to camp. A long open parking spot on the northbound side of the street, right on the sea wall beckoned. I pulled into a wide intersection just beyond, looked all around and hung a U turn right there. The whole rig fit tidily into the available space. I shut off the engine and waited a bit. No one commented. A young couple walked by

obviously much in love. Nothing else. I got out of the truck, climbed up, slid back the hatch of the boat, stepped in and looked around. The sky was full of stars. The air was soft and warm. Only a little breeze stirred. Offshore somebody was fishing from a panga on the edge of the light from town. Cars and taxis passed now and again and more people walked by with soft "Buena noches".

Finally a police van drove by and didn't have a thing to say. I was home for the night. A short walk turned up a good torta stand, had a good supper, found the public toilets (3 pesos and worth it, but not always open), and finally to bed and sleep. There was traffic all night (this is the main highway after all) and dogs barking and cocks crowing before dawn, as well as a gusty northerly wind after midnight. Still I slept pretty well and was up hunting for the muffler shop by 0730. After asking several different places I finally closed in on the shop, back out of town to the north a ways and up the hill to the left, a small but businesslike sort of shop with the house visible behind. A well armed policeman stood guard over the school crossing in front of the shop and confirmed that it was the best muffler shop in town and worth waiting for.

By 0800 I'd met Gaspar, the owner, cut the trailer loose in front of the school (where kids hung Christmas tinsel on the boarding ladder) and parked over the open pit that was his operating theater. He examined the muffler (it was shot, no question about that), the upstream piping and manifolds (still sound) and the bent tailpipe in the back of the truck. For 700 pesos he'd replace both

muffler and tailpipe, just less than \$80 US. I didn't even hesitate though I figured he'd be half the day. Forty minutes later the job was done and I'd barely had time to walk down to the corner and have a fine breakfast of birria de cabrito and walk back.

My policeman friend had watched me with my insulin injection and advised me that Gaspar also was diabetic but never shot himself through his T-shirt. The things you find out in a small town. In any event, with the police to stop traffic so I could back off the operating pit into the street and thence directing traffic so I could re-hitch to the trailer, life was looking fine until I realized we were now headed uphill into the busy neighborhoods of narrow streets above the waterfront. I had walked that way before and knew I didn't want to drive through it with the trailer on behind.

Counsel with the policeman. Not a problem, he instructed, pull into that driveway (pointing across the street beyond the school) and then back out into the street. He didn't know I have a hard time getting down a straight launch ramp. Oh well, while he held traffic from both sides I nosed in, cramped over the wheel the right way first time, backed out into the street and drove off into the sunrise with a flourish on the horn. If you need a muffler in Santa Rosalia, by all means go to "Taller Cisneros". Say hi to Gaspar for me.

As I started to gather speed on the road out of town a familiar thin figure stood up from the roadside, shouldered his pack and waved me down, Skully was waiting. Oh

well. As I said, his conversation kept me awake the night before, so I guess I owed him the ride the rest of the way to Loreto.

Running down the Gulf coast now, with the sea on the left instead of the right, passing numerous beaches ("playas") mostly with wall to wall RVs and some yachts anchored off if the beach was protected. Stopped to pick up a young German lady and her six year old daughter. They climbed straight into the back though Skully gallantly offered them the front seat. I dug out a cockpit cushion for them and we drove off down the road. The two of them had a high old time in the back, taking turns taking pictures of each other, making faces at the countryside and generally carrying on. The sun was warm enough they didn't even seem cold (though they'd put on several layers of sweaters as they climbed aboard).

It's a beautiful ride south from Santa Rosalia through Mulege (another palm tree oasis, though again I didn't stop) along the coast then overland toward and around and over several ranges of hills and mountains to Loreto. Not knowing there was an easy entrance at the south end of town, I turned off into the side streets of Loreto at the first opportunity and wound my way through the outskirts headed for the bay, figured I'd never yet been unable to find a boat harbor if there was one available and knew the Port Captain ("Capitania de Puerto") had his office close by the panga harbor. It wasn't pretty as a maneuver but it did work. On the waterfront avenue I discharged all three passengers and went alone to meet the Port Captain.

(To Be Continued)

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Sinkings, Strandings, and Other Nautical Problems

One moment the Pioneer Shipping's 38,335gt container ship *Alva Star* was moving at 22 knots, the next moment its bulbous bow was embedded in a 300' cliff on Zakynthos Island in Greece. While the salvor was making preparations to remove some containers to lighten ship, a spell of bad weather with high waves offered a chance for the Greek salvage tug *Matsas Star* to pull the ship off the cliff and refloat. With waves washing across her deck, the tug succeeded. Human error in the form of sleep may have caused the accident.

The two kilometer long San Juanico Bridge that links the islands of Leyte and Samar in the Philippines was left listing to one side after the tug *LCT Challenge* broke free from its mooring and struck the bridge, longest in the Philippines. No casualties but bridge damage was estimated at half a million dollars.

The east coast of Scotland was briefly threatened with an oil spill when the Gibraltar registered tanker *Eastgate*, loaded with 3,000 tonnes of gas oil, stranded on a sandbar between the main breakwaters while entering Aberdeen. It was pulled free 25 minutes later by the North Sea supply vessel *Stirling Iona*, although other reports credit the *Balder Viking*.

Some 50 miles off Rio de Janeiro the FPSO (floating production, storage, offloading) *Petrobras P-34*, a large tanker-like vessel anchored in 2,800' of water, listed 32 degrees due to a failure of its electronically controlled ballasting system. The *Petrobras P-34* has been collecting and storing oil from the Barracuda Field since 1997.

In the Falkland Islands, the product tanker *Centauro* under control of a pilot crashed into the research ship *RRV James Ross Clark*, cutting a 5' gash into its rail and seriously damaging the vessel to the point that it is now questionable whether British research stations in the Antarctic will be replenished adequately this year. "There is only a very short summer window for this type of work," explained one expert.

Deliberate Scuttlings

The decommissioned *HMS Scylla* will be sunk in Cornwall's Whitsand Bay as the basis of Europe's first artificial reef. The last steam powered warship in the Royal Navy, the frigate was perhaps most famous for ramming the Icelandic gunboat *Aegir* during the second (1973) "Cod War." Readers of the *Guinness Book of Records* may also remember her for a record establishing high speed tow of a sister ship. She will lie near the hulk of the American Liberty Ship *James Eagan Layne*, sunk by a German torpedo on her maiden voyage from the U.S.

The former Australian destroyer *Hobart* was scuttled 30 miles south of Adelaide. Since the new diving site is expected to bring in millions of (Australian) tourism dollars, ten mooring buoys were quickly laid to accommodate the boats of divers.

A sport diver died while diving on the scuttled New Zealand warship *Tui* off the Tutukaka coast when he rose too quickly to the surface in spite of attempts by other divers to slow his rise.

Tourists in Mombasa enjoyed the sight of the 40-year-old motor vessel *Dania* being

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

(Hugh regularly writes for professional mariner publications, the sort of news that is of interest to those earning livings messing about in big boats.)

sunk to help replenish a depleted coral reef in the Bamburi Marine Park. Marine growth is expected to thrive on the steel hull.

Drydocks in Trouble

In San Francisco, a 700' floating drydock broke free and threatened the San Francisco Bay Bridge until three tugs pushed the drydock safely aground.

In Dubai, a drydock arm collapsed, killing three workers but not endangering the *VLCC Falcon Era* in the drydock. Several months ago, a Dubai drydock at the same yard was accidentally flooded when part of the gate wall collapsed, killing 29 workers.

A floating drydock sank in the Andaman Islands, temporarily at least depriving the Indian Navy of a vital asset. The tips of its cranes are still visible. And a fire damaged a government owned Indian shipyard, destroying the design area and one production line.

Winds, Weather, Ferries, and Warships

In the Caspian Sea, about 80 miles off Baku, the Azerbaijan-flagged RO/RO passenger ferry *Mercury 2* capsized and sank during a storm, leaving people and tank trucks floating in an oil slick estimated to be more than five miles long and nine miles wide. A minimum of 40 people died, but at least 10 were rescued.

The Indonesian ferry *Massohi Star* capsized and sank about 15 minutes after leaving Ambon. Five died, 773 were missing, and 127 were treated in three local hospitals. Cause of the accident was believed to be overloading. The Indonesian archipelago has a huge number of ferries.

The recent capsizing and sinking of the Senegalese ferry *Joola* caused the prime minister to be sacked and the entire government was dissolved after it became apparent that over 1,200 may have lost their lives. The official death toll is 1,034 with 64 saved, but it is feared that many passengers had not bought tickets. The official capacity of the ferry was 550 persons.

When Scotland was hit by hurricane-force winds, 80 passengers on the ferry *Hrossey*, en route from Lerwick to Aberdeen, had to spend two unhappy nights at sea and ended up back in Lerwick some 42 hours after their departure while the Norwegian RO/RO ferry *Clare* had to be towed into port after breaking down 150 miles east of Wick. And two seamen died in separate accidents as they tried to secure their ships in the high winds.

Way up the Yangtze, a passenger ferry traveling between Chongquing and Yichang was struck by a tug. Two of the ferry's 199 passengers were not rescued.

In Novorossiisk, several Russian Navy warships and a wharf were damaged when high winds pushed the freighter *Marmara Princess* into them.

At Plymouth, the Royal Navy's newest warship, the Type 23 frigate *HMS St. Albans*, suffered "significant damage to the superstructure." A strong gust pushed the cross-Channel ferry *Pride of Portsmouth* into the warship despite tug assistance. Although *St Albans* was a week or so from achieving operational capability, it will not be joining the fleet soon.

The Royal Navy destroyer *HMS Nottingham* was floated onto the Dutch heavy-lift ship *Swan* in Sydney harbor, revealing a badly mashed forefoot, a 162' gash, and other damage. The *Swan* and its cargo are headed to the UK via the Panama Canal as that route is expected to provide better weather at this time of year. Arrival is scheduled for mid-December. Costs to date have been estimated at \$17 million and repairs may cost another \$20 million if the ship is not scrapped. In July, the warship hit a well-charted Wolf Rock at night while landing its helicopter off Lord Howe Island, a tiny dot in the middle of the Tasman Sea.

Only four months after the destroyer *HMS Nottingham* ran onto a well-charted rock, the nuclear submarine *HMS Trafalgar* ran aground at 15 knots and a depth of 150' off the Isle of Skye during a joint training exercise. One crewman broke his nose. A navigational error may have caused the accident, or perhaps it was a trainee commander.

The Canadian navy knew of faults in four mothballed diesel-electric attack submarines that it is leasing from the Royal Navy and may eventually buy for one pound. Apparently the subs weren't in service long enough to iron out all faults before they were put in storage. To date there have been a failure of a signal-launcher tube, two floodings, numerous cracked hull valves, and a hull dent the size of a pizza pan.

A RO/RO being built for the Royal Navy ran aground in the Baltic during sea trials. Damage, while not detailed, was probably light.

Some 700 miles off Guadaloupe, the British frigate *HMS Grafton* spotted a man who said he had been adrift in the Caribbean in his small speedboat for 26 days. He had collected rain to drink but apparently had eaten no food.

A Taiwanese frigate and several Coast Guard patrol boats drove off the Chinese spy ship *Xiangyngzhong No. 14*. It was the vessel's third incursion of Taiwan territorial waters this year.

Public and Personal Safety

The Dutch lifeboat organization has installed radars on several all-terrain trucks fitted out to serve as mobile command posts for rescue attempts. The radars allow command crews to see what is happening offshore through nighttime, foggy, or stormy conditions.

An Alaskan firm has developed three laser-based flares and lights whose brilliant red illumination can be seen 20 miles away at night or three miles at day and can pick up reflective material ("lifejackets, buoys, sneakers, bear eyeballs" as the firm's literature puts it) at a mile or more. The

smallest device can fit on a keychain. The devices use a common camera battery, two AA batteries, or two N batteries. Not a cheap safety appliance but, unlike a pyrotechnic flare, one that can be checked for operability or used to read a map or for signalling. Sounds like a good item to have in a lifejacket pocket.

The Canadian Coast Guard and a Canadian firm have developed buoy and beacon lights using LEDs instead of incandescent bulbs. Very low power drain and cost coupled with light weight mean that the Newfoundland coast will be the first stretch of shore anywhere that is entirely stocked with lighted aids to navigation. The US Coast Guard has also approved use of the lights.

The Environment And Punishments

The world shipping community is beginning to pay serious attention to increasing safety and reducing environmental threats in new ships. Shipowner organizations will meet with Asian shipbuilders to discuss "Green Passports" for vessels. Each document would accompany a vessel from builder to breaker and record hazardous materials in the vessel, thus making for a safer and more environmental-friendly scrapping some years later.

There is a trend towards ship designs that are environmentally sensitive. For example, Stena Bulk's two latest tankers have double bottoms, extremely high maneuverability due to swiveling stern drives and bow thrusters, and integrated steering and navigation instrumentation. Concordia Maritime took delivery of two similar very large tankers last year, while new US tankers go even further in incorporating redundancy in power and steering, plus double hulls, of course. And a Japanese company has ordered the world's first double hulled Capesize bulk carrier. The motto seems to be to adapt the ship to the environment, not the other way around.

The first assistant engineer of the carrier *Cygnus* pleaded guilty to charges of making a false statement to the U.S. Coast Guard. He was sentenced to two years of probation and immediately was deported to Korea.

The span of Detroit River's Grosse Ile Toll Bridge didn't open in time and the laker *H. Lee White* hit the bridge. But the master was found partly at fault because he could have dropped an anchor in time to prevent the collision. So decided a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Like everything else, government fines are affected by inflation, so the St Lawrence Seaway Development Corporation raised the civil penalty for a regulation violation from \$27,500 to \$31,625.

Road Congestion

A Maritime Administration report based on a survey of 70% of U.S. ports and roadway, rail, and waterside access pointed out that intermodal connections are currently adequate but are not keeping pace with increasing demand.

A New Zealand towage company will operate three barge trips a week between a log terminal at the small Bay of Plenty settlement of Te Kaha and the Port of Tauranga if its plans are approved. The barges would replace 6,300 one-way truck trips each year. Approval is expected under the government's "alternative to road funding" scheme. The timber harvest from forests east of the Motu River is expected to grow to 400,000 cubic metres per year within 14 years.

Odd Bits

Scrappers are paying more for U.S. built ships (around \$190 per light displacement ton vs. about \$160 for foreign built ships) because of the superior quality of U.S. steel.

The U.S. government asked Croatia to intercept the freighter *Boka Star* at sea because it was carrying 14 containers of chemical pellets, believed to be rocket fuel, from a Yugoslav military port to Iraq. Yugoslavia admitted that its military has been repairing aircraft engines for Iraqi MIGs and providing other services. For example, Yugoslavia may have sold Libya, and ultimately Iraq, technology that could be used to convert jet trainer aircraft into cruise missiles.

A Dutch tug towed four large diameter polyethylene pipes from Norway to Brazil. Each pipe was over 1,300' long and will be used in a sewer outfall. The tug may tow similar pipes to West Africa and the Mediterranean this fall.

Detroit River's mailboat *J.W. Westcott* has delivered everything from mail to hot pizzas and girlie magazines. Now it has delivered an Express Mail package to a young lady on a speedboat driven by her boyfriend. Inside was an engagement ring. The couple were hugging and kissing when last seen.

An Islamic terrorist group hoped to attack an American warship but instead aimed an explosive loaded dinghy at the French super tanker *Limburg* off Yemen. "They are all infidels," claimed a spokesman. One seaman and one dinghy are missing.

A recent study predicts that the tonnage of new ships built in the next five years will increase by 4%, but the number of ships built will decrease by 10%. The total propulsive power will increase.

And cruiseship owners face some bleak near-term years, according to a study. There is apt to be a surplus of 50,000 berths (about 15% of the existing fleet) until 2005, then an 11,000 berth deficit by 2010, a bigger deficit of 57,000 berths by 2010, and finally a shortage of 175,000 berths by 2020. These predictions are based on no new cruise ships being built.

The Coast Guard's oldest vessel, the buoy tender *Cowslip*, will be decommissioned in December after 60 years of quiet service on both coasts. She was briefly decommissioned and sold in 1981 but quickly brought back into Coast Guard service. She will start a new career in Nigeria as a training ship.

In 2001, Dutch towage and salvage giant Wisjmulder Group was unexpectedly bought by Em. Z. Svitzer, part of the Danish A.P. Moller Group. Now Michael Wisjmulder has bought two of the Svitzer Wisjmulder operating companies and will operate them under the World Wise Marine name. At present, the company employs nine people, but one may expect that number to grow.

Singapore's Semco is having two dedicated oceangoing salvage tugs built in Singapore. Newbuild tugs of this type are a rarity. The 13,500hp workhorses will carry enough fuel to operate at full power from Singapore to Cape Town without bunkering. They will also be equipped to lay the anchors of any oil rigs they tow.

Indonesia is holding several sand dredgers, claiming they are illegally removing Indonesian sand for use in Singapore.

In New Zealand, the Canterbury port of Lyttleton named its new tug *Blackadder* after Canterbury footballer Todd Blackadder. Now the Otago Regional Chairman has suggested that a new Port of Otago tug should be named *Taine* after Otago footballer Taine Randell. One wag promptly suggested that all NZ tugs should be renamed after footballers. There are enough tugs for at least one team plus some reserves on the bench.

Scottish shipyard workers have been assured by both bidders for building the UK's two new aircraft carriers that Rosyth is the preferred site for most of the work. The French consortium Thales and the UK's BAE Systems are the bidders.

Head-Shakers

Kvaerner's Masa Philadelphia shipyard was obligated to build at least one ship to satisfy agreements with the yard's sponsors, so it felt it had to take an order to build two Matson container vessels for \$220 million. So far, the first ship has cost \$150 million.

Since Great Britain's firemen may go on a threatened strike, the Royal Navy cannot send seven of its destroyers and frigates to sea. Their crews and the crews of 13 other warships and submarines have been undergoing firefighting training. The Army and RAF are similarly affected.

Within the last few years, agreements have been reached that would compensate salvors for efforts that prevented or minimized environmental impacts but did not directly contribute to the salvor's traditional roles of salvaging a ship and/or its cargo. But a recent UK High Court decision denied Greek salvor Tsavlis anything above a cut-price salvage fee for its efforts in preventing a breakup of the loaded tanker *Castor* after it was denied safe harbor by many Mediterranean nations. One can but wonder what will go through a salvor's mind the next time that environmental damage could be prevented if he were to exert extra effort and expenditure that might not bring him suitable compensation.

A California couple launched their new boat down a ramp and got in for the first ride. But performance was far below their expectations so they called in the services of a boat mechanic. The engine ran fine, the outdrive seemed okay, and the propeller was the right size and pitch. So the mechanic dove into the lake for an underwater check. He came up laughing, the boat was still strapped to the trailer.

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

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As a New Zealander with a passionate interest in sailing, I drive through Auckland with one eye on the road and one on the sea, and of late I even make detours and sit on the cliff-tops of North Shore City where the parks and beaches overlook the Hauraki Gulf where the America's Cup contenders will be racing in a few weeks time.

Yesterday there were five pairs of the distinctive sails with their attendant fizzleboat wakes out there, and when later in the day I pulled into Halsey St. where the challengers' bases are, the activity was like an anthill that had been well stirred with a stick. The pressure is on, Team New Zealand has launched the first of their two boats, and will be sailing her very soon. The rumours are flying as to a new breakthrough in design, possibly a new type of rig, odd shapes underwater, strange keels and odd winglets and fins. All top secret, all big bucks, and so far beyond the aspirations of the likes of us that it hardly seems related to reality at all.

But while sitting chatting to one of the senior members in a challenger compound that has to remain nameless (I'm on good enough terms with the troops to get into some of these places, but the boss had better not know I'm there) I noted that the shapes of most of the boats are actually very simple. The odd bumps and hollows of years past seem to have disappeared in this generation of boats, while the keels, ballast bulbs and rudders are sprouting odd little fins and wings, the hulls actually have a very strong resemblance to some of our simple plywood hulls. Mr Bolger would laugh his socks off and drag out the plans for the old Black Skimmer.

Many point to the excesses of The America's Cup and witter on about the waste of money (we have a name for this sort of thing here, we call them a "Woftam", meaning a "Waste of f... (you know the word) time and money). But there are some interesting things to be gained from the research and development. Even our simple plywood sharpie shapes are able to be improved, and tank testing is not something most of us have access to so a few minutes spent carefully eyeballing a shape that has cost millions to develop, and half an hour with binoculars watching a boat sailing can give a designer like me a year's worth of experiments to do.

Now I don't have a test tank, but do have one of the best tow testing sites I know of. Lake Rotorua about 10 minutes walk from home discharges through a weir about 12 meters wide and a meter deep. The water speed through there is around five knots and the lake bottom for several hundred yards out into the lake shelves very slowly into deeper water and the bottom is almost perfectly smooth giving a waterflow with very little turbulence. I trial hull models in there with a video camera, a big surfcasters fishing rod, a very delicate spring balance and a long rod marked off in tenths of a meter in the same scale as the hull model.

How I go about this is I build a model, some would call it crude, I call it appropriately simple. All it has to do is give me an accurate scale representation of the underwater shape, and it has to have a consistent surface finish so that a series of models will not have their results skewed by one having a surface finish with more drag than another. The model is then fitted with

From the Drawing Board

John Welsford
Small Craft Design



Occasional Ramblings From a Small Craft Designer

Racing Does Improve The Breed

the scale marked rod along the centreline and ballasted to its design waterline.

Next, I get out my fisherman's waders and head off down to the lake exit very early in the morning or last thing on a calm night, wander around in thigh deep water with my hand held boat speedo until I find the speed range I want, then go about 20 paces upstream and drive a spike with a fishing rod holder into the lake floor.

The rod is perfectly ordinary, it has 201b monofilament nylon line on the reel, but I have a very delicate spring balance in between the reel and the first guide. The idea being that by taping the line to the balance I can measure the pull. By undoing the tape and letting out more line I can let the model back into faster water closer to the weir and take another reading.

I puzzled over speed reading for a while, messing about with means of measuring speeds and movement, but came to the conclusion that it was Speed/Length Ratios (S/L) that I wanted, and by putting the marked rod along the centreline of the boat and noting the spacing of the peaks of the wave train in the wake, I could determine the S/L ratio and compare them with the balance readings. An hour or so in the soft light of a summer dawn can give me twenty or more readings over S/L ratios from 0.5 to 1.5 and I can go home to breakfast with enough data to keep me puzzling for a day or two while I run the videos and compare the results with graphs made on other days with other models.

I am also a bit of a petrol head, having raced motorcycles and cars in the past. There is a very true saying that "you can take the boy out of the racer, but not the racer out of the boy". Throughout the seven or eight months of the season I sit up every second Sunday night watching the Formula One racing cars shriek around circuits on the other side of the world. Now what on earth is this turkey on about I hear the voices say! This mag is about us amateurs building little boats not mega million dollar racecars and even more expensive boats.

I am old enough to remember driving cars with cable brakes, cars that would slide off the road and fall or roll over at the slightest provocation. The car I drive today has four wheel hydraulic disc brakes with an antilock system, fully independent suspension, amazingly grippy radial ply tyres, it uses half the fuel at much faster cruising speeds than I could have achieved with my first car, and is hugely safer in an accident than the old one. Many of these improvements were pioneered in racing cars, cars that at the time seemed to have no relevance to our day to day reality, and so with the boats.

The IACC (International America's Cup Class) boats are magnificent, their speed upwind and their ability to manoeuvre, to maintain speed through a tack or gybe, their resistance to pitching, and their use of high tech materials is a testing arena similar in relevance to our pottering about on lakes and bays as the Formula One racing car is to our commuting in to work each day.

As a designer, I have to believe that I can produce something a little better today than yesterday. If not, then I may as well just tell people to go buy a copy of John Gardner's *Dory Book*. So I actively pursue improvements both to the boats and to my knowledge of how they work, and for me one of the many challenges I face is to adapt and to make relevant to "our world" some of the information being generated by the many millions of dollars being spent on those incredible boats now sailing Auckland's outer harbour.

Coming Next Issue: "Interpreting Dreams & Needs"

(To learn more about John Welsford's designs, contact Chuck Leinweber at
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Due to circumstances more or less beyond my control, my little shop has been without a boat under construction for the first time that I can remember...ever since July when the Rescue Minor went out...and here it is the last of December, New Years Eve, but guess what? My old son (I have two and they are both old, but this one is the oldest) and I built a boat this very day. Well, it isn't quite finished, but it is a sure enough boat. I still have to put the thwarts and rails into it, but I call it a boat when it looks like a boat and will float. I also have to caulk it. Are you beginning to get suspicious?

Nope, it is not one of my usual epoxified, fiberglassed, lapstrake, extra lightweight, high tech, no holds barred for hotshot boats, but a little heart longleaf pine pirogue built straight up conventional...cut nail fastened and caulked with cotton and, if I do say so myself, as cute as all get out.

Back in '01 when I was sawing the longleaf pine for the old Gloucester *Adventure* out of old lightning struck virgin pines, I came across a tree that had what they call the red heart, which is a fungus disease that infects the heart of the tree before it can become infiltrated with the resin which makes the heartwood perfectly rot proof like is the usual case. Such trees used to have a woodpecker hole in them where the little, pitifully endangered red cockaded woodpeckers had knocked all the way through some of the hardest wood in this country to get to the red heart to make a nest to raise their babies. Red heart trees don't die, nor do the woodpecker holes hurt the tree all that much, and many generations of the little birds are raised in the same tree.

At least, the tree doesn't die unless it is struck by lightning, as this one was. Red cockaded woodpeckers do not use old trees after they are dead because one of their tricks is that they continuously maintain a dripping of fresh tar all around the hole to keep animals from climbing up and getting their babies. Longleaf pine tar is about the stickiest stuff I know of, and you have to remember that I am an epoxy man. No sneaky white oak snake or impetuous squirrel will mess with a red cockaded woodpecker nest, but I have seen frustrated, young, ignorant coons so tarred up that they had to walk three-legged.

Anyway, I got off the subject there for a while, but I better explain why the little woodpeckers are so endangered. The explanation is easy. The longleaf ecosystem is the most decimated of the ancient forests of the Americas. Everything associated with it, thousands and thousands of plants and animals, are looking at almost certain extinction. There are less than a thousand acres of virgin woods left and only pitiful second growth remnants of the vast longleaf forests that covered the whole coastal plain from the Chesapeake to Texas (including the whole state of Florida above the Everglades) can be called longleaf dominated anymore. The ecosystem appears to be so fragmented and so interdependent that it seems impossible that there will be any recovery at all.

Ted Turner owns some 10,000 acres of land that used to be longleaf, and he has been doing his considerable best to restore the land with, so far, no success whatsoever. The few little red cockaded woodpecker colonies (they live in family groups and all cooperate in the

Back in the Saddle Again....

A New Year's Eve Pirogue

By Robb White

work of raising the new babies) in the pitiful longleaf remnants are so far from each other that, despite all sorts of government programs, they can't get any new blood into the family and appear to be doomed. You can say what you want to about environmentalists and tree huggers, but such a thing as that is just plain pitiful, and the Devil himself might very well be raking a bunch of self-indulgent souls over the coals.

So, while I was cutting the old everlasting hearts of all the old longleaf pines that had been lightning struck since 1997 on our old place, I came across an old woodpecker tree that had been hit so hard that it was splintered all the way from the hole to the top. Which, at that, I have to say a thing about the ecology of longleaf pine forests. Most of the trees in any old stand are about the same age. I am not sure what happened to cause that but I suspect that, though one of the characteristics of those woods is that they need to be burned in a fierce forest fire pretty regularly, sometimes the fire is caused by a lightning strike in the dry summertime and is too fierce in some places.

I plunged the saw into the stump to see if the red heart was all the way down or not and the stump was sound, so I cut the old tree to see what kind of log the butt was. Boy, I tell you what, when she hit, a swarm of wasps came out of the woodpecker hole so that I had to abandon the project, run for my skidder and wait until the next day. Of course, I was doing this project in July so I wasn't all that heartbroken by the prospect of knocking off early and going back into my nice, cool shop to hit a piddle or two on the Rescue Minor.

When I finally got the log nibbled down to the good part, it was only 10-1/2' long...too short for planing for the *Adventure*. Though the sapwood was pretty rotten, I counted about 220 years of rings and wondered how many woodpeckers had been raised in that tree back when they could fly for hundreds of miles through woods just like what I was standing in. I hooked the short log to my skidder and dragged it to the sawmill. I started to saw it all into enormously profitable quarter sawn flooring like what the woman who decided the last presidential election has in her house, but some kind of haze crept over my brain and I cut me some pirogues.

I slabbed off the old rotten sapwood, sawed the log into three thick cants, busted the center cant down the middle, and sawed a bunch of perfectly vertical grained, half of five quarter (5/8" plus 1/32", whatever the hell that is) boards for the bottom planking. Then I cut the two outer cants into wide flitches that same thickness. The heartwood of the log had a good little curve to it so these flitches all had a crook of about 3" in the 10-1/2'...just about right for the sides of a flat bottomed boat.

When I stacked them on the sticks, I carefully paired the flitches from the two cants so that the annual rings on both sides of the boat would do right. You know a plain

sawn board cups toward the outside of the tree and that needs to face inside the boat. Of course heart longleaf doesn't cup at all, but I just can't bring myself to do something wrong even if I can get away with it.

So the stack of wood stayed down there in the woods while I fooled around with the *Adventure* project and this other project, the nature of which will be revealed at a later date. As soon as the other project got to the point that I could concentrate, my son and I went down there and unstacked the whole thing into one pretty good pickup truck load...enough to make the old rock sprung Dodge ride pretty good. When we got back to the shop we planed one pirogue worth and stacked the rest under the shed for posterity.

That was yesterday, December 30. Now there is a fine smelling little pirogue sitting on the bench in the shop poised so prettily that it kind of makes me feel faint to look at it. On second thought, it might be them fumes from all the shavings. You know longleaf pine is some strong stuff. Pine oil is a better disinfectant than phenol. The sawdust will kill a buried beetle or roach in two minutes. I believe it'll do an old man good, though. The old man who taught me how to ride a headsaw carriage lived to be over 100 and, when he finally died, the undertaker said, "Ain't no need to put the needle to old Bill...he is already embalmed."

How To Build Pirogue: It is easy. I can do it in one day and would be completely finished with this one if my son hadn't been here trying to tell me all these jokes he got off the internet (I'll spare you). What you do is get the sides out first. The way to do it is to measure the boards you have and then design the boat to fit. Any flat bottomed boat has to have a considerable hollow to the bottom of the sides or it will have too much rocker, and the more flare it has, the more concave the bottoms of the side planks have to be.

The best way to figure the sides is to build a cardboard model. One inch to the foot is my preferred scale because I don't like to figure all that much. One son can add and subtract fractions in his head and the other one uses the metric system but, me, I like how 1/4" on the model is 3" on the boat.

So the hollow of the bottom planking of this model turned out to be about three-quarters of the way between 5/16" and 3/8". What the hell? I just had to eyeball it and cut the concavity about 4". You know, that's why you see so few really flared flat bottomed boats built out of just one board to the side. If you take 4" out of the middle of an 11-1/2" board, that only gives you 7-1/2" worth of side. I like 9" on a pirogue, and it is a good thing that my two flitches had that natural crook and were wider than ordinary lumber ain't it?

The top sheer of a pirogue is traditionally the straight top of the side boards. If you cut the bow and stern rake just right, the flare, which is mostly determined by those angles, will make the sheer turn out just fine. You can prop the topsides out into a little more flare by twisting the planking but, with a solid lumber boat, particularly this hard pine, you ain't going to get much beyond the natural lie of the sides dictated by the angle of the bow and stern. Simple as it might seem, there is an art to it and there are pirogues so perfectly spraddled that they couldn't be more pleasant looking if a certified engineer had

calculated the flare and sheer on a CAD program. But then again, there are pirogues so ugly that you have to shut one eye to walk past them.

One traditional way to build a pirogue is to make the sides out of a 5/4 board some 1-1/4" thick. In a case like that there is no chine log. The planking just nails into the edge of the sides. Such a thing is more rot resistant than a separate chine log and is the favored building method in this fecund South, or that's what they say, but I think it is just an excuse to keep from having to fit chines. You know, that's how to separate the men from the boys among chine style boatbuilders. What you do is to look at a double ended boat to see how the chines fit to the stems on both ends. That's some tricky business.

Oh, yeah, ain't no boys around here. With sides thick enough to nail into the edge of, there is nothing but the stem rake to set the flare. You certainly won't get much twist in those sides. As a matter of fact, you better eat something besides manufactured pap for your breakfast before you try to pull the beam into the boat. My son and I had to wait for my wife to get back from exchanging a ridiculous Christmas gee gaw for some socks before we could spraddle the sides of this one, and they aren't but 1/2" thick.

There are plenty of ways to pull out the sides of a pirogue. I know there are all kinds of regional tricks, but the old man who taught me used to sew the ends of the planks together with baling wire and then jack the sides out with a wagon jack put into the bottom of the boat at the chines so it wouldn't slip off. This always twisted to the opposite of what he wanted for the flare, and he had to over spraddle and put in a prop stick between the topsides and let off on the jack to let the flare twitch back right. Y'all following all this?

Me, I would have abandoned this story long before this and gone on to Reinhard Zollitsch in the Baltic. Which, as an aside, that man, to my notion, is a messer in the truest sense of the word. He doesn't sit around mooning about the perfect voyaging boat and reading Maurice Griffith and all them "how to" books, all he needs is a canoe and some trail mix and he'll rent the canoe if he has to. Kind of makes me jealous. Oh well, back to work.

What I do is to tie the ends of the planking together with about five or six of those nylon cable ties. They'll give enough to allow the sides to pull out without breaking or cutting into the wood like baling wire, and they will also stretch enough so that you can exactly line up the corners of the ends of the planks so the stems will stick up vertical. My son, my wife, and I pulled the sides out and propped them several different places with sticks so as to make sure that the sides curved in a symmetrical fashion without any bulges or flat spots. It is very important to put two prop sticks near the ends of the topsides of the boat to eliminate that little straight place near the stems which is so hard to avoid. I always over prop the boat at the ends a little bit so that, when it springs back that inevitable little bit, after the inner stems are fitted and fastened, she'll spring back fair.

The inner stems are the next thing, and boy, fitting those is a perplexing thing. I don't know what the hell it is, but no amount of wiggle work with the bevel gauge or cutting of little triangles of cardboard or anything you

can do will allow you to bevel the damned things first shot on a table saw. If you have spraddled the topsides out into a slight twist, the bevel at the bottom will be more acute than at the top anyway so you'll still have to plane the durn things to make them fit. I tell you how I do it, but I encourage you to try to figure out a better way so you can tell me how you did it.

I set the table saw to 33-1/2", rip the durn stems, and fit them with a plane and a rasp. It is a funny thing, but most all the flat bottomed boats I ever built were about 33-1/2". I don't understand it...must be something to a boat like pi is to a circle. You need to leave enough of a flat on the apex of the stems so that they will clear the nylon ties. In an old time southern built boat, built with the old everlasting stuff, there is no need to pay (lute) the stems into the boat. Just fit them and nail them. Old red heart cypress or longleaf pine (I have seen and used live oak stems) will stay with you.

I cut my stems out of 1" thick stuff but most pirogues have inner stems made out of two by stock. Of course, I pick my wood and drill for my nails and try not to split anything. Clamping the inner stem in there is the most important part of building the boat. What you want to do is to use the clamps upon the ends of the planks and against the face of the stem to push the corners of the planks exactly in line and force them to come out exactly level at the top and bottom so that the stems will stick straight up. It is pitiful to build a boat with the stern twisted off one way and the bow the other. Don't fasten anything until you have eyeballed it every which a way. If you don't trust your own eye, call your wife like I do. She has a low tolerance for irregularities of any sort.

The way to force an errant stem to lean back straight is to clamp from the bottom of one side plank to the top of the other (a smart person can figure out which way to do it). The nylon ties will let you do that just fine. Clamp the stem in there, even up the ends, and then adjust the top to bottom clamp until everything looks exactly straight. I like to put a temporary screw on both sides to hold it so I can take the bar clamp off so it won't interfere with my eyeballing. Hell, man, use your own ingenuity. Just don't fasten them stems in there crooked.

After the inner stems are fastened, cut the nylon ties and hope the thing is actually fastened good enough. Then cut the protruding ends of the planking (including the holes where the ties were) off flush with a handsaw. If you cut from first one side and then the other and sort of rock the saw so the output side is already cut, it won't splinter and frazzle. I like to file the ends down exactly with a rasp (have you seen one of those Japanese rasps that looks like a bunch of hacksaw blades riveted together in a zig zag? Man, they cut wonderfully...have a coarse side and a smooth side). Then fit the outer stem which is easy money compared to that inner stem. As a matter of fact, the whole boat is easy money from here on. Hell, you don't need me anymore. Any licensed naval architect can explain all that.

I will throw in a few little additional, helpful hints that they might overlook: Be careful which way you plane when you bevel the chines. It don't take much going in the wrong direction on wood in such stress as the

sides of the boat to start a split that will give you a fit. Watch out when you are nailing the bottom planking on there not to get the heads of the nails too close to the corner. Unless your chines are about 1" thick, it is better to drill a little hole to sort of guide the nail. A galvanized cut nail will hold bottom planking against the stress of caulking better than a screw or a ring shank nail.

I always fit and bevel the bottom planking before it goes on so all I have to do is hit just a light lick with a block plane or a rasp to flush up the ends. That way, I know where the actual corner of the chine is so I can put my nails where they need to be. I knew a man who nailed the whole bottom on the boat with boards hanging way out beyond the chines and then sawed them off with a handsaw as flush as he could. It made the ugliest job with all those saw digs all along the whole side of the boat and all those jogs in the ends of the bottom planking where he had got wrong and tried to get back right, not to mention all those nails he hit. To hell with a man like that. As a matter of fact, his wife finally had to shoot him and I bet he is down there roasting with the rest of the anti environment crowd.

Think about the little bevels that you have to leave to drive the caulking into and don't overdo it. After I plane them, I like to hit them a little lick with a rat tail to rough up that slick wood a little bit and make a slight concavity to hold the cotton better. Don't mess up and put on the keel until you caulk under it. You know, quarter sawn longleaf pine in narrow boards (don't cross plank the bottom of a boat with wide, plain sawn boards unless you plan to leave it in the water all the time) doesn't actually need any caulking except at the chine.

I love to caulk an upside down boat. It is the most tranquil work in the world and, I believe, mankind was made to work but it ain't all supposed to be a pain in the ass.

My son is off tomorrow because it will be the first day of year 03 and he'll most likely stay up to see the New Year in. But I won't. Well, I just won't celebrate its arrival in America. Hell, I don't think it'll have arrived at the Prime Meridian before I hit the sack. Shoot, I might be the only man in the Eastern Standard Daylight Savings Time Zone knocking in the caulking on a pirogue before the local new year is four hours old.

Epilog: You know, this is a commissioned boat. I told a subscriber to this magazine that I was fixing to build it for him. My gourmet Chinese grandbaby ate his address but I remember his name...Steve Swann, I sort of hope you don't read this. I need me a little pirogue. Of course, I still have about four more of them in a stack in the shed. They'll all be mighty little boats though. This one is exactly 10' long and 3' wide (my son is very exact mathematically) and the sides are 9" high at the pouring in point. I weigh 180 lbs. and the water is very cold.

You know a sea cruise on the old *Adventure* ain't near as adventurous as a short pole down the bayou in a pirogue in January. Down in the delta, two 200 lb. men will stand up in such a tiny thing as this and shoot two twelve gauge shotguns over the same side (at baited ducks on the water before legal daylight, most likely) and never get their cowboy boots wet. Steve, you don't need to feel any obligation in the least.

Some years ago, the Washington State Parks Department acquired a unique property for use as a state park. The property, known as Cama Beach, was the site of a car resort built in 1934 on Camano Island on Puget Sound and was operated by the same family until the late 1980s. The site has a mile of beach front on beautiful Saratoga Passage and its wooded acres extend well inland to surround a small lake. A boathouse filled with wooden skiffs built for oar and power, many rustic cabins, storage buildings, and a store filled with things reminiscent of the '40s and '50s adorn the site. This is a historical treasure chest.

When the owners passed away, their two daughters, the heirs to the property, faced with selling the property to developers or trying to preserve the spirit of Cama Beach, offered to sell half of the land to the state and donate the rest to be the site of a new state park. Part of the proceeds from the sale were put into a family-run foundation to be used to build a new dining hall for the park. The dining hall will be joined by a 15-room retreat lodge built by Washington State Parks. The family foundation has also granted funds to the Center for Wooden Boats (CWB) to document

My Favorite Things The Cama Beach Wherry

By Richard Kolin

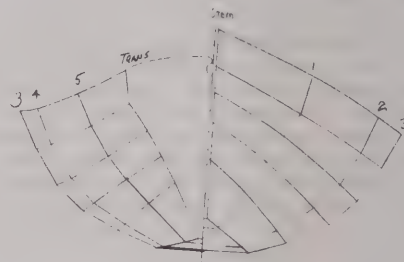
the historic boats in the boat house. There are eight different designs ranging from rowing and outboard skiffs to inboard boats with 2-cycle engines. To date I have documented a 12' and a 14' skiff, a 15' outboard, and a 15' inboard. The plans and the story of these boats will make an interesting article for next year.

Through the efforts of the heirs and the State Park Commissioners, the CWB was asked to participate in a partnership with State Parks and the heirs to design a new state park with a ground-breaking vision which would include the CWB and its programs as part of the regular activities at the site.

Inspired by this beautiful place and the need for boats that could be used in the CWB's Cama Beach rental fleet, I designed a series of skiffs based on the 12' Heidi skiff

and a wherry based on the Piscataqua River wherry. The idea was to have boats that could be launched off the beach until a suitable dock could be installed. These boats had to be fast, seaworthy, and of a weight that would make them easily handled by a small staff.

The Piscataqua River Wherry is an ideal model for a boat that combines the easy construction of the Swampscot dory while presenting an almost round bottom similar to more expensive pulling boats. The Piscataqua River wherry in the Mystic Seaport collection was built circa 1850 and is related to the Maine Salmon wherry. In fact, the Maine wherry predated the Swampscot dory and may have dated back to the 18th century.



Unfortunately, as in the case of more recent small wooden craft, few records remain of early craft. We are lucky that there are places such as Mystic Seaport Museum in Mystic, Connecticut, which have preserved several examples in their small craft collections. John Gardner, in his books, *The Dory Book*, International Marine Publishing Company, Camden, Maine, 1978, and *Building Classic Small Craft*, International Marine Publishing Company, Camden, Maine, 1977, are great sources for more information about these useful boats.

This is a boat that could be built by the fishermen themselves. A wide bottom board, narrower than the standard Grand Banks dory bottom but still substantial, holds sawn frames covered with lapstrake planking. Bent frames are added between the sawn frames. For the CWB boats, I wanted a lapstrake boat that could be built in our boatbuilding classes by beginners or second-time students in the nine days allotted. The five side planks of the Cama Beach wherry greatly reduce building costs as today prices for good planking stock are sky high. Four of the planks are less than 8" wide and the garboard is from 10" planking stock. I used western red cedar for the sides and Honduras mahogany for the transom and transom knee, bottom board, and stem.

The original Piscataqua River wherry is part of the Mystic Seaport Collection and plans are available from the Plans Department there. My wherry differs from the original in that the rake of the transom is reduced and the dorylike tombstone transom is modified to a fine wineglass shape reminiscent of many of the Maine salmon wherries. There is a slight reduction of the rocker in the stern and the sheer has been adjusted. The sawn frames of the original have been replaced by bent frames for ease of construction.

Three of these boats were built in CWB boat building classes. One 15-1/2-footer was sold unfinished and one 15-1/2-footer and an 18-footer were built in classes and finished by volunteers. The 18-footer is a simple stretch of the 15-1/2-footer. Both boats are



Cama Beach circa 1950s.

15' Cama Beach wherry sold unfinished.



set off with turned posts under the seats and their names carved on a backrest and a banner.

The resulting boats are everything we had hoped for. They row with ease and are striking to look at. As with many small craft, the 18-footer was found to be a better performer than the 15-1/2-footer, and there is a temptation to stretch it still further. These boats are rather narrow for sail with a beam of 4', but with the addition of wash boards (side decks) and a coaming, along with a centerboard, they should move well with a small sprit sail. The seams have been sealed with polyurethane bedding compound, which means that they don't need taking up before they can be used as long as they are not allowed to dry out excessively. This is critical at Cama Beach as the boats will be kept in a boat house much of the time and will be trailered to off-site events. All of the boats

have 3/4" nylon line fitted into a cove in the rail to prevent chafing.

Plans for the Cama Beach wherry are available from me. During 2003 we will be building lapstrake and carvel boats as well as some great skiffs. There are also classes on lofting, marine carving, oar making, half models, and tool making. For more information contact Richard Kolin, 4107 77th Pl. NW, Marysville, WA 98271, <kolinl@gte.net.>

Books by Richard Kolin:

Traditional Boat Boatbuilding Made Easy, Building Catherine (a 14' Whitehall type lapstrake boat for oar and sail), and *Traditional Boatbuilding Made Easy: Building Heidi* (a first class little 12' skiff).

Books About Historical Wooden Boats of All Kinds:

Mystic Seaport Watercraft by Maynard Bray, Benjamin A. G. Fuller, and Peter T. Vermilya, Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut, third edition, 2001. This is the catalogue of the Mystic Seaport Museum Small Craft collection and includes descriptions and photos of the museums extensive collection. Many of these boats have been measured and their lines and construction plans are available from the Mystic Seaport Plans Department, Mystic Seaport, 75 Greenmanville Ave, Mystic, CT 06355 0990, www.mysticseaport.org.

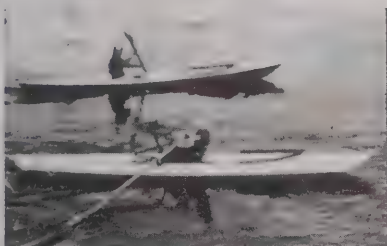
Muriel 15' Cama Beach wherry.



Laurie, 18' Cama Beach wherry.



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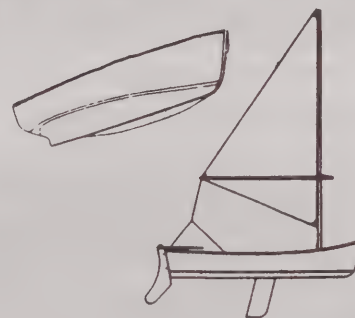
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Boat Builders In Hartford?

By Vi Beaudreau

Almost two years ago I retired from corporate life after 35 years. In the years leading up to my retirement I began to get interested in wooden boats. First I restored one, an early St. Lawrence River skiff. Then I built one, a "fin boat" designed by Harry Bryan of New Brunswick; it is a unique small vessel, pedal powered that drives a fish like tail fin that propels the boat (no reverse). Prior to starting these two projects I was fortunate to find some folks who were renting space in an old brick mill in Tarriffville, Connecticut, who were themselves engaged in a variety of boat building/restoration projects. I joined the group for a share of the rent. It was great to have not only access to a place like this but also to have the company of a small group of other boat geeks that enjoyed the pastime as much as I did.

By the time I retired from corporate life one of the guys who I had shared the space with at the old mill had established a successful program in inner city Hartford, Connecticut teaching "at risk" youth (ages 13 to 16) how to build wooden boats. Ray Jansen is a formally trained boat builder, a graduate of the Apprentice Shop in Rockport, Maine with several years of boat building experience. At my retirement party Ray asked what I would be doing "with all my free time" as a retiree. I had actually intended to do some consulting for corporate America and had several opportunities lined up. Ray asked if I would be interested in getting involved in the program he had started serving "at risk" inner city youth. I honestly don't remember if I gave him an answer that evening or not, but within a day or so I had made a decision to sign on as first mate with Captain Ray.

That was 20 months ago and I have never looked back or regretted my decision. Riverwrights Boat Builders, a not for profit youth incubator in Hartford, Connecticut has become a significant part of my life. It's all about teaching life skills to these young men and women and, oh yeah, building a few boats on the side. When I first signed on I thought (foolish me) that this was all about boat building. Turns out that its more about building young adults. Boats happen to be the medium used to get their attention. Guess what? It works. Many of the youth we serve come back after their first cycle (usually a ten week period, three times a week, after school).

Now you're thinking, "so what boats have you built or restored?". In 2002 Riverwrights Boat Builders built four Chesapeake Light Craft kayaks, a strip built Wee Lassie, a strip built "Trout Boat" designed by Captain Ray, a Joel White design Nutshell Pram (featured in the launchings section of *WoodenBoat*), a 14' plywood skiff for a local boat livery, and a replica of a Connecticut River Duck boat for Ducks Unlimited. We have restored a circa 1960s Poulso Skiff originally built in Poulso, Washington (also featured in launchings section of *WoodenBoat*), a Penn Yan wood

canvas runabout, ac. 1950s Grady White Runabout, and ac. 1950s Beetle Cat. We are currently building a Bolger work skiff.

We are currently restoring another Beetle Cat, an early wood canvas pulling boat (maker unknown), and a 26' Crosby Striper. As well, we have orders for another Nutshell Pram, a small skiff for a trout club in Vermont, and restoration work on the calendar includes a Jersey skiff, a lapstrake dory, a Comet sailboat and a wood canvas canoe. As you can see we take projects from private parties and the revenue that this brings into the shop gets plowed back into the programs for the inner city youth. Everybody wins; the customers, the kids and the overall program. Riverwrights also offers evening classes for adults in boatbuilding and half hull carving.

Yes, there is a Boat Builder in Hartford. If you need a boat or restoration please give a call, (860) 296 0165, Email vbeaudreau@hotmail.com or boatdude@attbi.com. The kids will appreciate your business.



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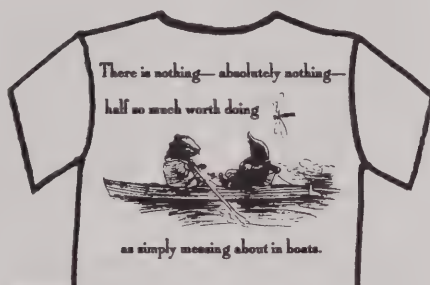
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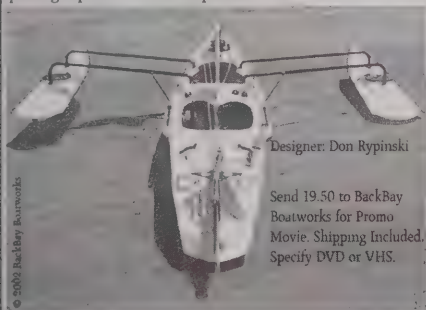
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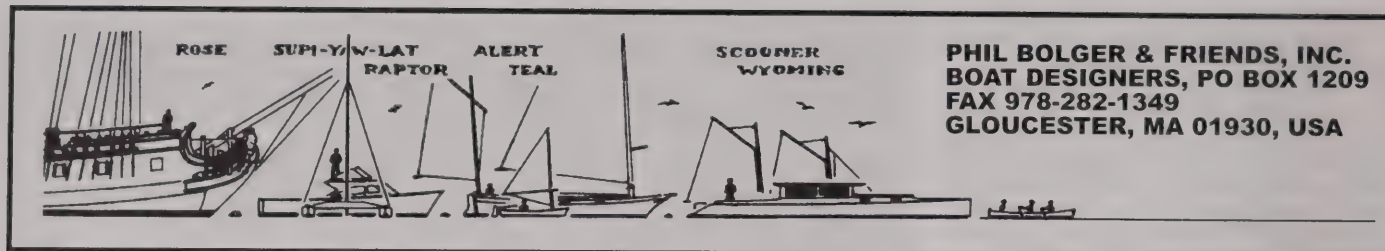
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Bolger on Design

Alaska Cargo Boat

Design #610

30'0" x 9'11" x 2'0"

Scott Leiser, an Anchorage, Alaska, contractor, commissioned this design in 1993. He's been working on her, most meticulously, off and on since. She's now about finished and he expects to launch her next summer. Her primary business was to deliver supplies, building materials, and fuel to camps along the coast which can't be reached by road. The hold was designed to accept fuel drums, sheet plywood, and other bulky loads. Its volume is 190cf, with weight of three long tons allowed for. Weight variation of 5,000lbs produces about 6" change of draft.

The hull shape was given huge reserve buoyancy to carry the weight without degrading her seaworthiness since she has to go outside in often very rough water. She will carry inside ballast for stability when there's a light, or no, cargo, the amount varying by experiment. Given her buoyancy characteristic it won't take much to make her safe, but the minimum needed for safety will leave her tender for comfort. The A2' draft noted would be obtainable very lightly ballasted, on 9,900lbs displacement.

The raised decks at each end are primarily to make her float very high if she gets knocked down to a sharp angle, with the

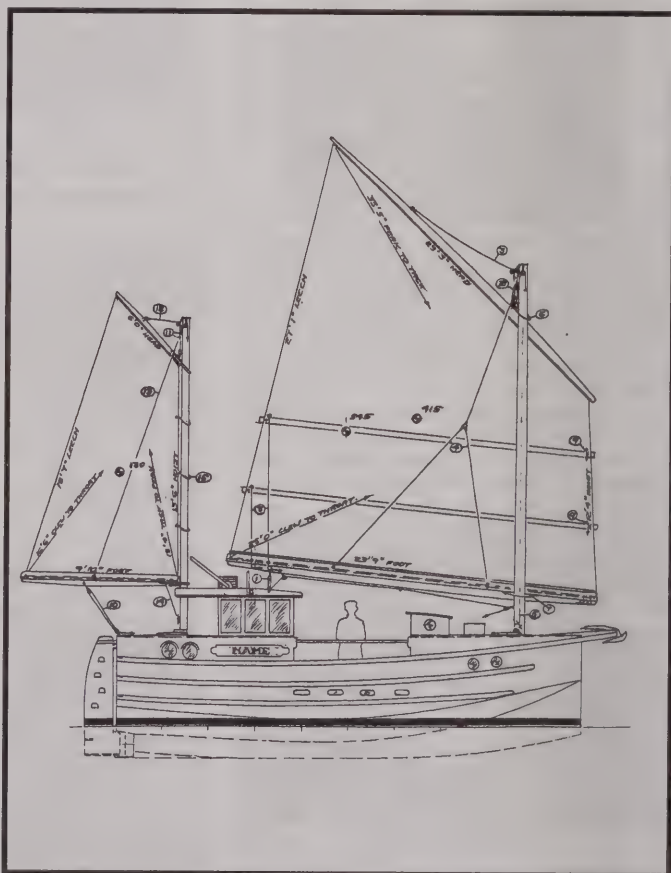
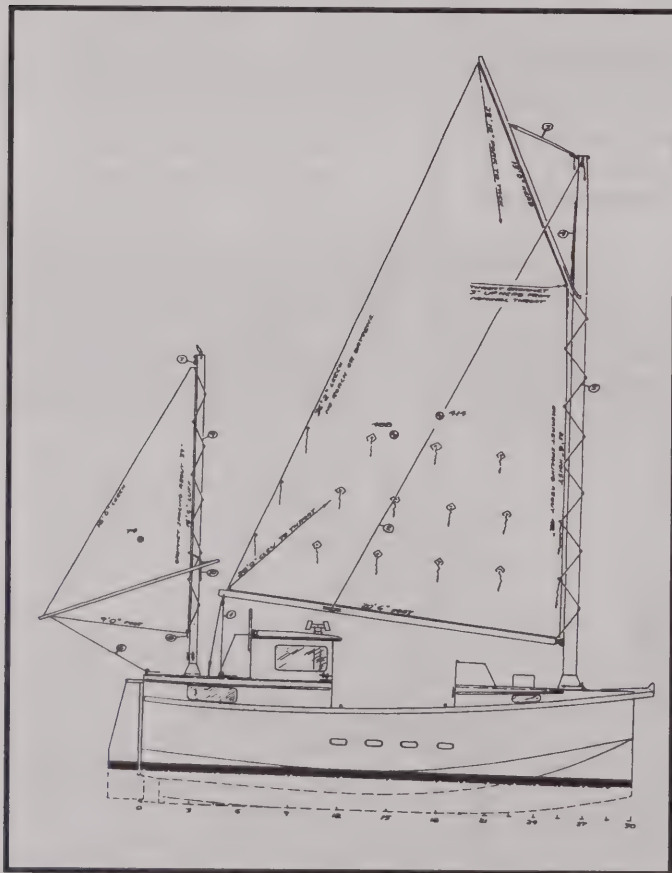
hold hatch, deckhouse door, and forecabin companionway carried well clear of the water even in a beam ends knockdown, and even if her cargo shifted. The full breadth raised volumes also make her accommodations very roomy despite the large volume preempted by the cargo hold. The main social area in the stern has only liberal sitting headroom, but since there is no passage through it, this is no inconvenience, and the low ceiling produces a snug effect. The owner is enthusiastic about her spacious cabins, and plans to use her for general cruising as well as for commercial work.

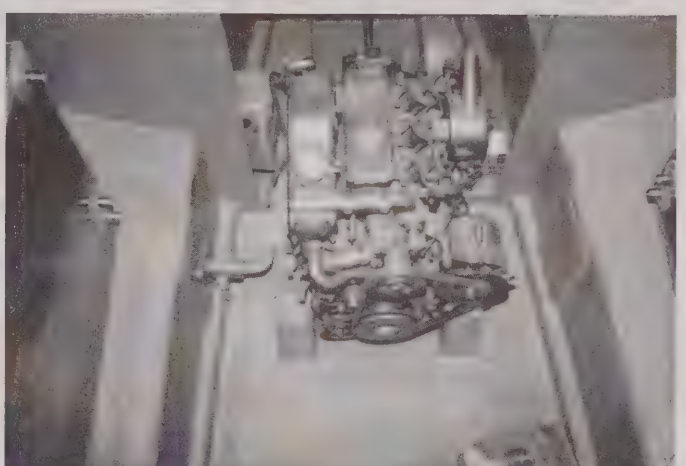
She was designed with a rather tall gaff mainsail and a jib headed mizzen set on a tubular mast up which her engine exhausted. The designed engine was a 2 cylinder Yanmar

diesel of only 18hp on the theory that she would always have some sail set and would be handled like a sailing boat but with the engine boost to make up for her limited lateral plane. Space was allowed for a bigger engine and she actually has the 3 cylinder, 27hp version of the same basic engine, but the principle is the same.

She is to use sail and power in conjunction, to supplement each other, instead of the more usual practice of designing the sailing rig as though there was no motor, and sizing the engine not only to be appropriate for a straight power boat, but with added power to overcome the wind resistance of the mast and rigging of the sailing rig. Of course, there will be times when conditions allow shutting her engine down, and other times when it's possible and convenient to run and maneuver under power alone.

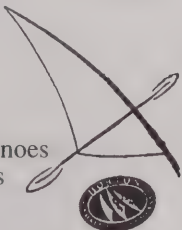
Thomas Wunderlin has been building a sister ship at Yellowknife on Great Slave Lake in Canada's Northwest Territory. His problem was similar except that it was one particular camp on the lake that had to be supplied. He decided to use an air oil cooled Deutz diesel of 29hp (continuous). We're very enthusiastic





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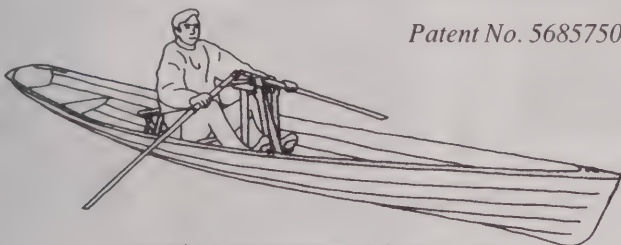
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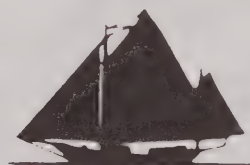
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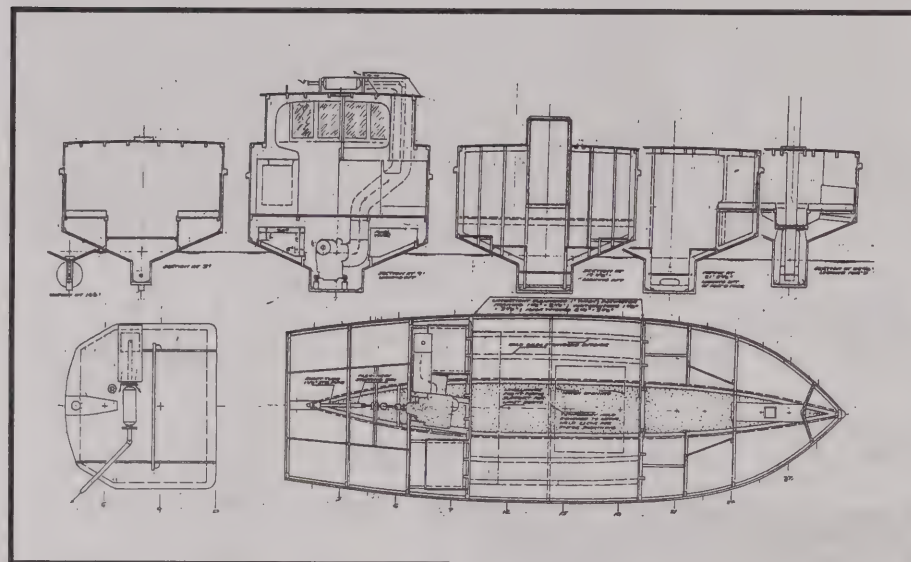
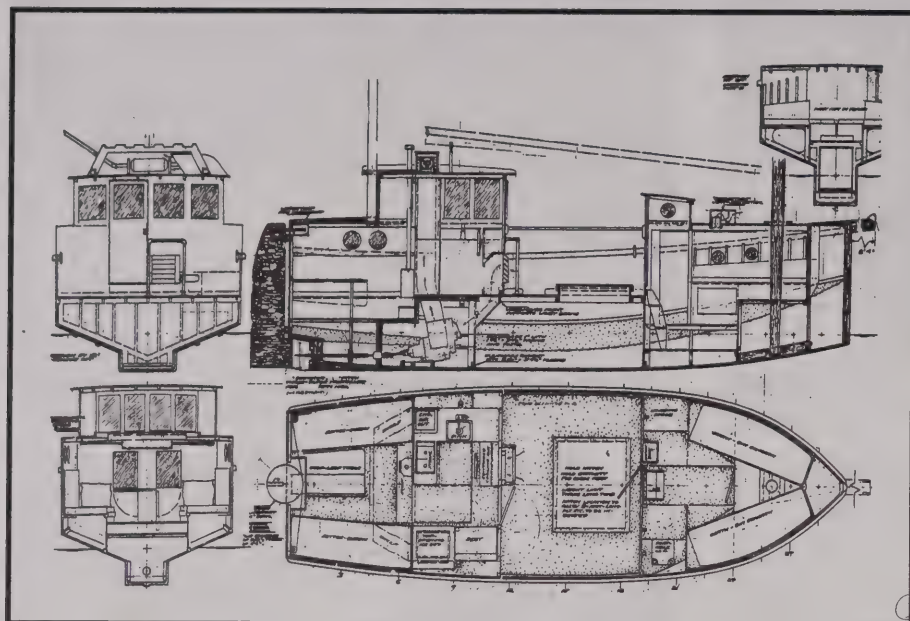
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about these engines, as *MAIB* readers will know, and turned to at some expense to other projects, to work out the exhaust and intake ducting that is critical to the performance of these very fine engines, which eliminate all the hazards of holes in the hull for cooling water, and any consideration of winterizing the engine.

It's a mystery to us how seawater cooling, even with keel coolers, and especially how wet exhausts, ever became usual practice in boats. Even with liquid cooled engines, radiator cooling is as practical in a boat as it is in a truck, or a Lexus. As now designed, cooling air comes in on the forward face of the wheelhouse, on centerline out of harm's way, and well baffled against rain and spray (not much spray, with this hull shape and proportions). The engine compartment will be close to the outside temperature, because the heated cooling air goes out through a tight duct which also contains the hot combustion exhaust.

The hot air is dumped in the middle of the top of the wheelhouse; the combustion exhaust mouse pipe goes into a dry silencer, a stock automotive type, and on out high up and away on the other side of the boat. With the combustion air intake up under the house top overhang and near the centerline, the engine would run with its compartment completely flooded. The one solitary underwater hull opening, the gland for the propeller shaft is isolated in a very small watertight compartment with a bulkhead between it and the engine. The propeller for the bigger, slower turning Deutz engine just used up the clearance available without increasing the draft.

While we were at it, we drew an alternate balanced lug rig with much shorter masts which can be made from grown sticks handy in the neighborhood without hurting stability much. The second rig has more area than the first one, but carries it lower and has more attention paid to quick and hazard free reefing. There were a few minor afterthoughts such as a lengthened anchor cathead, solid (removable) rails above the 28" bulwarks in the waist, and additional rub moldings for better protection lying alongside pilings.

Plans of the Alaska Cargo Boat, our Design #610, are available for \$300 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P. O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

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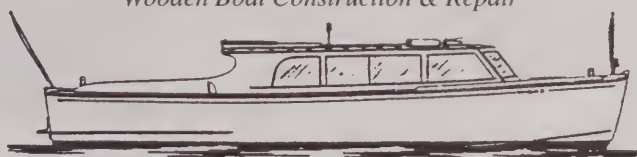


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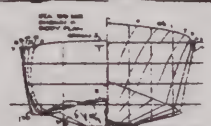
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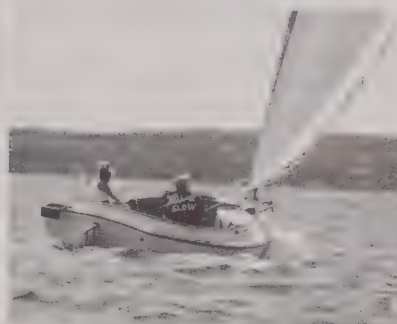


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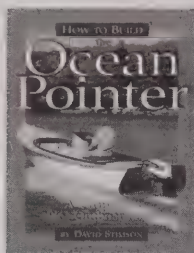
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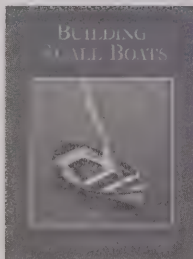
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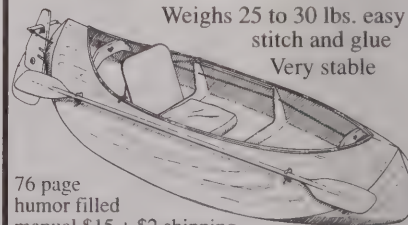
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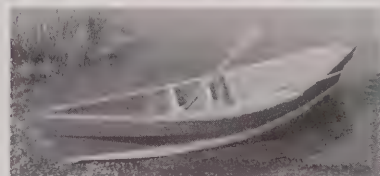
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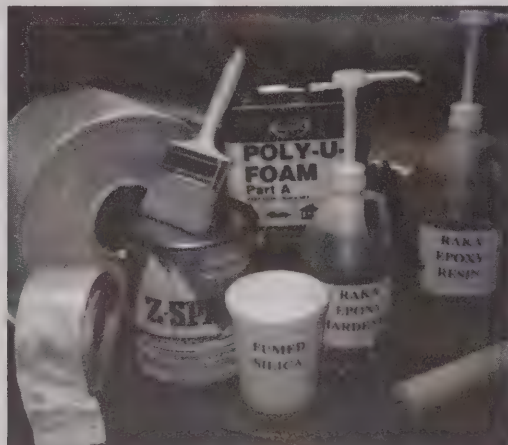
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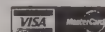


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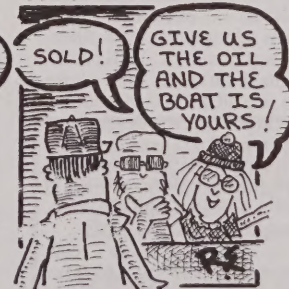
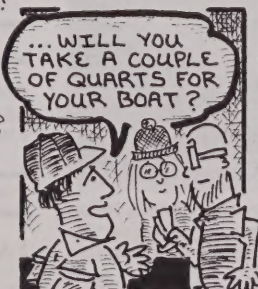
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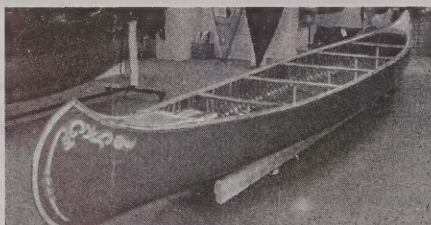
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SUE AUDETTE, Mansfield Center, CT, (860) 456-4906, <wwcanoe@mindspring.com> (21)



Chesapeake Deadrise, 32' x 10', built '89, Deltaville, VA. Hull in exc shape, cross planked bottom, strip planked from chine to rail, all about 1-1/2" thick, monel & stainless fastened. Volvo Penta (just rblt May, '02) w/280 outdrive. Small cuddy forward, pilot house aft, all open between. \$14,000 OBO.£

NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267-6847, <nedcoz@aol.com> (20)

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DAVE CARNELL, Wilmington, NC, (910) 686-4184, <davecarnell@att.net> (20)

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Hard to Find Small Boat Magazines: Before I toss these out, perhaps someone might find the following of interest: **Small Boat Journal**, Pilot Issue March '79. \$10. Vol 1 No. 3, October '79, Vol 2 No.1 August '80, Vol 2 No.2 September '80. All orig wide format. \$5 each. The following are offered at \$2 ea postpaid to introduce you to something different: **Watercraft**, superb glossy British bi-monthly. **Mains'l Haul**, "A Journal of Pacific Maritime History" **Maritime Life & Traditions**, English language glossy French publication offered by **WoodenBoat..** **Living Aboard**, journal for those who do **The Gazette Annual 2000**, Antique Boat Museums beautifully done old timey historical journal. **Maine Boats & Harbors**, Uncle Pete Spectre now editor. **Boat Design Quarterly**, Mike O'Briens' journal of classic designs. **Professional Mariner**. **American Ship Review 2001-2002** by **Professional Mariner**. **American Ship Review 2002-2003** by **Professional Mariner**. **American Tugboat Review 2002** by **Professional Mariner**. **Boats & Gear**, Glossy Spring 1990 Pilot (& only) issue from the Taunton Press, publishers of **Fine Woodworking** et al. **Sea History**, journal of the National Maritime Historical Society. **Waterways World**, British canal boating glossy, September 2001. **Open Water Rowing**, Issues No.34 & 36. All prices cover postage & handling. Call to make sure titles you want are still available.

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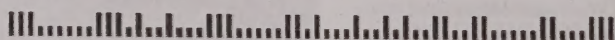
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