



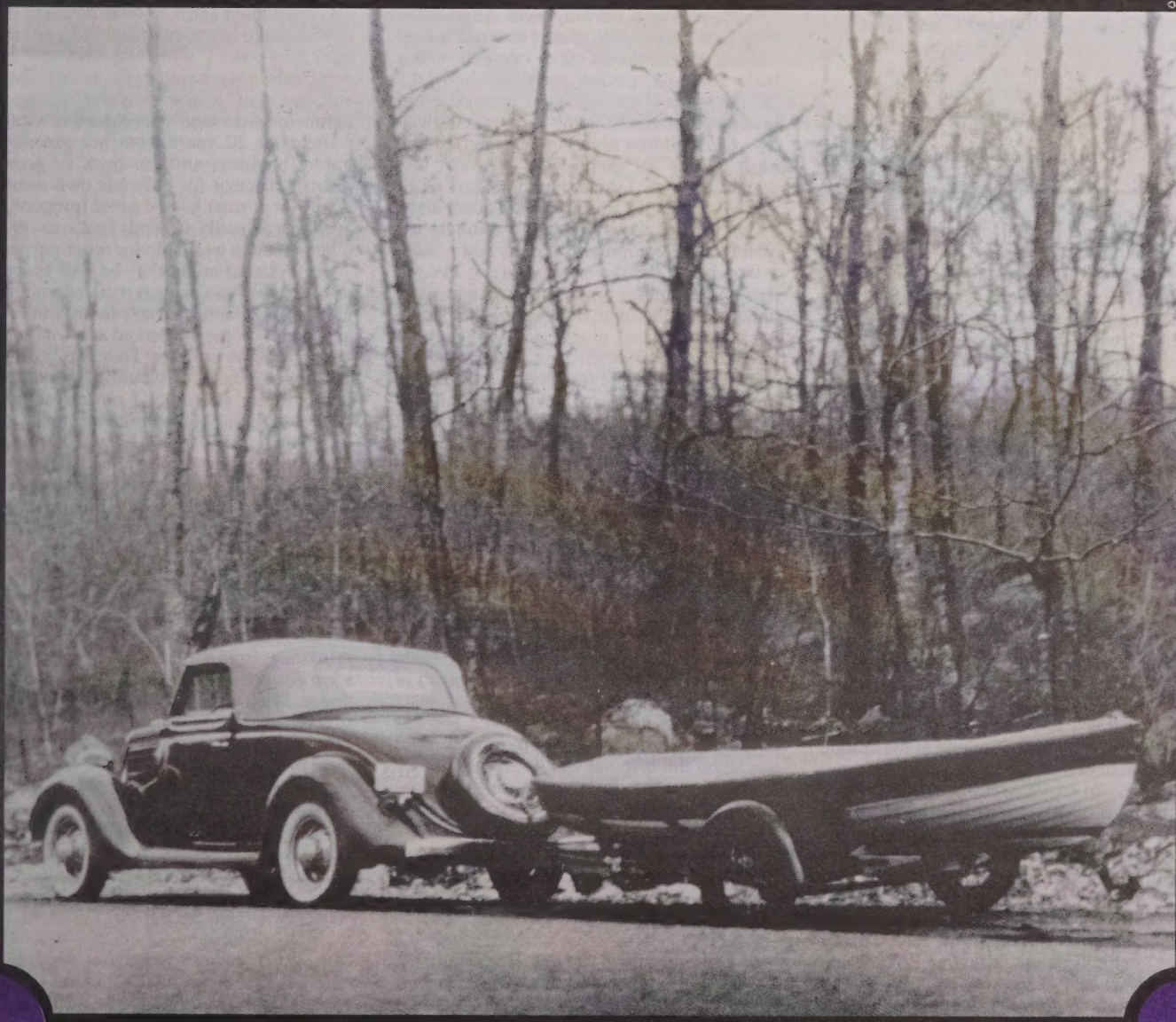
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messing about in **BOATS**

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Special Features This Issue
"Herreshoff's Little Known Designs"
"Capsize Testing Some of My Boats" - "Gold Leaf"

Volume 20 - Number 21

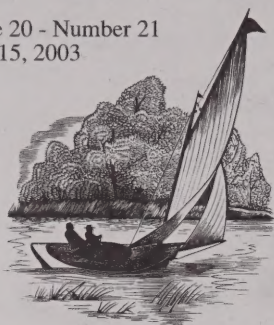
March 15, 2003



messing about in BOATS

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Looking Ahead...

Greg Grundtisch and the lovely and talented Naomi traveled west last summer for "The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society Regatta"; while the Rockport Apprenticeship recently held a winter launching "On a Chilly Morning";

Malcolm Wells discovers the simplicity of sailing in "One Good Day of Sailing"; Mary Kranz reports on her canoe sailing experiences in "Sailing at Sugar Island"; Bob Halsey reminisces in "Memories of a Working Tugboat"; Chris Kaiser continues her observations through her "Window on the Water"; Hugh Ware continues his look at the world of big ships in "Beyond the Horizon"; and Ken Preston continues his series on "The Seagull's First Trip to Baja";

Derek Van Loan realizes a long held dream in "Building My Vesper Sailing Canoe"; and Joe Ditler details the resurrection of a San Diego 1902 gaff rigged workboat in "Butcher Boy".

Robb White describes one of his unique shop practices in "Naked Machining", and reveal's his "Chickenfeed Trailer Conundrum"; Mississippi Bob takes a look at "Fishermen & Sailors", and discusses his views on "Enough OPBs"; and I enjoy a brief November outing in a Heritage Featherlite kayak in "A Small Craft for Small Places".

John Welsford is "Off to the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Show, 12,000 Miles Away" in his "From the Drawing Board"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will be with us with another from their inexhaustible file of designs.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Last issue I was well along (but nowhere's near the end yet) in my inventorying of all the "space" I have constructed through a half century of living where we do to accommodate all my projects, and Jane's also. I left off with the "temporary" 10' x 20' plastic covered frame shed which I had built to house a Town Class sloop restoration I was doing, and noted how after that project had been completed, the shed became an annex to Jane's growing greenhouse activities. I left off remarking that, "It lived on for a dozen years, slowly sagging, as a storehouse after Jane had moved on to bigger things."

Bigger things included a 28' x 50' plastic covered hoop style greenhouse kit we set up on a site our son graded for us with a backhoe "borrowed" from his employer. Adjacent to this I put up a 12' x 40' plastic covered framed "selling shed" closed off at one end with a little 8' x 12' prefab wooden shed (the "pottery shed") we bought second hand locally and trailered home on a boat trailer.

Our children grew up and married and built homes for themselves on back lots bought from my Dad and in the course of all this we acquired a JD 350 bucket dozer and a lot of yard (3 acres of "yard" amongst us) maintenance equipment, and my son needed a woodshed for the wood to feed his big Russian fireplace in his new house, so I undertook to build an equipment shed down back of the barn, modular in concept, to measure 16' x 40' when done, in four modular bays. Well, two were finished, and the dozer, mowers, all the yard furniture and the woodpile now live there. The poles set in the ground for the other two sections remain like sentinels aligned with one end, so we refer to all of this as "the building-to-be".

I had intended to use the other two bays for storing my ongoing boat projects in waiting, but that phase of my messing about in boats ran out of gas before the space got built, so right now incentive to finish this permanent (not plastic covered, a real building) construction is low.

Things seemed to have reached some sort of stability in dealing with the onrush of stuff, when Jane decided a couple of years ago that she needed more space for her increasing spring plant inventory so I upgraded the original leanto greenhouse on the barn's south side and put up an additional 12' x 24' hoop house down back of the barn. Yes, there's a lot of room "down back of the barn". These served her well that season.

In the intervening years the Winslow had been long gone and its temporary winter storage shed became home to my growing fleet of sea kayaks and, more recently, my collection of bicycles, now around 20 or so, recumbents, mountain bikes, friend Charlie's handcycles, and my growing collection of old "English" 3-speeders. The original boatshed, too cold still for winter work, has become the place where I open the door and toss things into without looking too carefully. Relics of my boat project days still lay hidden within, including the frame of a Skipjack project, once begun but never finished, hanging from the ceiling like one of those whale skeletons in museum.

If you are still with me you may recall that this all began with my explaining how I was renovating space in that "carriage shed" in which to convert my tandem kayak into a mini trimaran. While I am pressing on to conclude this relatively simple space enhancement, a new prospect has opened before me with Jane's decision this winter to retire after 20 years from her greenhouse hobby business and cut back to growing plants sufficient for only her own needs. A whole lot of solar heated space (propane heat available if really needed) looks to now be redundant and available for other purposes!

And what might they be? All space not reserved for Jane's much reduced volume of growing is solar heated any sunny winter day, and already some has served as a winter paint shop for home projects. That big 28' x 48' x 16' high greenhouse would be a marvelous boatbuilding shop, but I no longer harbor desires to build boats, large or small. Right now this windfall of space remains underutilized, but I am sure it will soon be put to use for purposes congenial to sunlight year round (it gets really hot in there in summertime, even with two 4' exhaust fans whirling away).

I do believe that my life experience here confirms that adage about things expanding to fill the space available. The momentary surfeit of space brought about by Jane's retirement from the greenhouse business will soon disappear, I am certain, how I do not yet foresee. What I do foresee is the formidable task that our two middle aged children will face disposing of all we have preserved when we have passed away, all the stuff we stored away in all these spaces until we could decide what to do with it.

On the Cover...

Did you know that the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. encouraged trailer boating way back in the '30s? Our cover shows one result, oh to have one of those lovely '35 Ford roadsters to haul a traditional boat to meet with. Greg Grundtisch brings us more little known facts about Herreshoff in this issue.

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MELONSEED SKIFF

Enjoy the picture. We have spared you a thousand words.

We couldn't resist adding a few from the owners and sailors of these wonderful boats:

"My Melonseed is the finest sailboat I have ever owned, and the best investment I have ever made in a boat. Whether you are young, old or in between, you'll have more fun in a Melonseed than you ever thought possible."

"I've always liked sailing, but this is something else. These little boats are simple and rugged and capable and pretty. If there's something we're missing out on by sailing them, I don't know what it is!"

"My Melonseed is great! A remarkable craft. More stable than I had expected, but more lively too! A couple of days ago I sailed around to Edgartown Harbor, zipping around shamelessly in 15 - 20 knots and gifting flawlessly in front of the town dock."

And, a few excerpts from magazine reviews of the Melonseed Skiff:

Robert Perry, technical editor of Sailing Magazine, said, "From its hollow entry to its almost heart shaped transom, this boat is a symphony of shapes." "A boat of exquisite proportions." "It is as shapely a little hooker as you will ever find."

"The Melonseed is proof that in the realms of line, proportion and function, there are such things as timeless truths." Sail

"While her performance dazzles you, this lovely daysailer's remarkable stability, comfortable motion and dry cockpit win your confidence and take most of the worry about being out in a blow." Dennis Caprio, Small Boat Journal

"Wow! This boat is really fun!!" (Everyone who has a Melonseed says that).

If you remember how enchanted you felt when you first discovered the joy of sailing, and you'd like to rekindle the flames of a nautical romance or start a new one, sail a Melonseed Skiff.

Now, take yourself on a nice little cruise at www.melonseed.com

(You can always find us the traditional way: CRAWFORD BOAT BUILDING, Box 486, Humarock, MA 02047 1-781-837-3666)

Boat Camping Haida Gwaii

A Small Vessel Guide

To the Queen Charlotte Islands

By L. Neil Frazer

Copyright 2001

www.harbourpublishing.com

Reviewed by Bruce Armstrong

As a Southern Californian, all my boating is done in preparation for the annual trip to British Columbia and the beautiful, protected waters behind 200 mile long Vancouver Island. While whirlpools, waterborne debris, and uncharted rocks make this a much more challenging marine environment than a quick trip out to Catalina, it's a picnic compared to the extreme conditions further north and offshore in Canada's Queen Charlotte Islands, or Haida Gwaii. Knowing that my skill level will likely keep me from venturing that far offshore, I was pleased to find Neil Frazer's newly published book, *Boat Camping Haida Gwaii in Victoria*, this past summer. For the armchair skipper, this is the ultimate in winter reading!

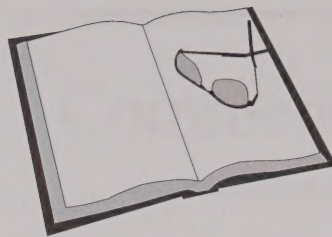
Frazer's book begins differently from any marine book I've ever come across. Before the Preface, before the Acknowledgements, before the Introduction, and right after the Table of Contents is the page heading: Extreme Caution. This page is best summed up by the following highlighted sentence:

"On the west coast of Haida Gwaii especially, you may not see another boat for weeks, and a radio call (in the unlikely event it is heard) will not bring help in time to do more than verify your demise."

The book, spiral bound for easy onboard use, is the result of numerous trips Neil Frazer has taken around the entire archipelago accompanied either by his wife Pauline or by one of their young children in a 15' plastic lake boat or later, a 17' open aluminum skiff. Additionally, Frazer, a BC native with vast kayak/small boat experience, doesn't ferry his tiny craft out to Haida Gwaii at the beginning of his trips. He prefers instead to approach the island group from the north, departing Alaska's Cape Chacon or Cape Muzon for the 35nm crossing of Dixon Entrance and finishing the trip with a further 160nm open ocean crossing of Queen Charlotte Sound to Vancouver Island.

Trawler captains give these passages careful consideration. There is, after all, a 365 day a year "Small Craft Warning" in effect for all waters around Haida Gwaii! Frazer's contention that predetermined schedules are the most dangerous single factor in small boating is born out by these carefully timed small craft journeys.

The book is broken down into eight geographic zones/chapters. Carefully drawn "Not For Navigation" maps highlight dangers, landing/camping spots ashore, logged areas, freshwater lake elevations, onshore buildings/roads, GPS readings, and other data of interest to the small boat pilot. Frazer sprinkles each chapter with blocks of text about the island's history, inhabitants, discovery, and ongoing exploitation. Haida Gwaii's First Nation natives were both master mariners and fierce warriors but were no match for waves of trappers, missionaries,



Book Review

traders, settlers, loggers and finally BC's own government officials.

The book closes with a detailed account of what to do when/if charged by one of the Haida Gwaii's many black bears while ashore. Also included are detailed contact information, tide and current warnings, and an extensive reading list should you wish more details and were not put off by the previous chapter about bears. I know if I ever get up there (and Frazer's book increases the likelihood), I'm sleeping on my boat!

Cockleshell Commando

By Bill Sparks

146 pp.; photos; Amazon.Co.UK

Reviewed by By Bill Marsano

Small boat messabouts don't commonly involve explosives, but they did in December of 1942, when the British attacked German ships in occupied France. Because an air raid would have meant civilian casualties, they launched Operation Frankton. Ten commandos in five "canoes" left a submarine off the French coast and began paddling some 75 miles up the river Gironde. Their object was to reach Bordeaux, mine ships, and escape with their lives.

It was the kind of needling, small scale operation the Brits have always delighted in, deadly serious but almost prankish in conception. The "canoes" were flat bottomed British collapsible kayaks (I'm sure they'd have used Kleppers had they been available). After several days of cat and mouse, two crews succeeded in mining ships, but of the ten commandos, two drowned, six were captured and executed, and only two got home. Marine Bill Sparks, the last survivor, died November 30, 2002, shortly after this book was published.

This is no work of literary art, but Sparks was a natural writer of some skill and he did a good job of telling his story from training to attack to the escape he and boatmate Major Herbert Hasler eventually managed. They walked 100 miles inland, helped by French civilians who often regarded them with undisguised suspicion. (They later realized that Hasler spoke French with a German accent.) Eventually the Resistance got them across the border to Spain.

Sparks' later small boat adventures were in the eastern Mediterranean, where he captured an "Italian General" (who turned out to be, to his disappointment, only an overdressed sergeant) and skulked ashore at one end of a German held island only to find

that the British had already liberated it at the other end. Postwar, he was involved in making and publicizing the movie *Cockleshell Heroes*, starring Trevor Howard and Jose Ferrer (made in the 1950s, it was a success and is still seen occasionally on late night TV). All in all, this is an absorbing narrative of small boats vs. big odds and well worth reading.

Sea Room: An Island Life In the Hebrides

Adam Nicolson

North Point Press

\$27 Hardcover

(notably cheaper through Amazon)

\$14 paperback (available in June)

Reviewed by Bill Marsano

Surely island life is relevant to *MAIB* readers? Those who think so will find this a splendid book. Adam Nicolson is a British journalist whose father, in 1937, bought the Shiant (pronounced "shantz"), a small cluster of three Scottish islands, on his 21st birthday Adam received them as a gift from his father. With his own son verging on 21, at which point the isles will be passed to him, Adam sat down to do some serious thinking and writing about the Shiant, their past, present and future, in fact and in legend.

Now most people, on inheriting islands such as these, would, I imagine, buy a big boat for access, embark upon building a vast and comfortable summer hideaway, and use it for relaxation and house parties. Adam Nicolson did none of these things. Instead he set out to understand both the islands and what it means to have possession of them.

First he found a local craftsman to build him a small wooden sailboat and teach him to sail it. This portion of the book is a splendid evocation of craftsmanship and discipline, as well as the sense of obligation owed by the amateur, Nicolson, to his master mentor. Having achieved competency with the boat, he sailed the tricky passage to the Shiant and explored the local sea legends.

Ashore, he was largely content with the two room cottage already there, although it was essentially a primitive ruin. He explored the islands' past economy (early lambs and such) and dug up information about past residents, clan wars and, with the help of archeologists, historical artifacts going back thousands of years. He discovered that these islands, which to us today would be reflexively described as remote, were not remote at all as recently as a couple of centuries ago. Back then, islanders and mainlanders traded goods and wares in the old barter economy; if it required a boat to trade for lambs, then a boat was got and that was that. Only when money, the cash economy, came into common use did the islands slip away into "remoteness," the islands provided trade items, not money, and the old way of life died out.

This is a thoughtful book and very well written. It's an excellent companion for winter night reading by the fireplace, but it's so absorbing that when I took it on a trip, it completely blocked out the tedium and discomfort of coach class air travel.

Where to begin, where to begin? I am writing in response to Bob Awtrey's treatise on the joys, benefits and value of sliding seat rowing in the December 1 issue and his apparent assumption that if the seat slides, it becomes "sine qua non". In his article, Mr. Awtrey disagrees with the praise bestowed upon the Adirondack guide boat by various reviewers, a disagreement somewhat undermined by his admission that he had never rowed the boat he was discussing.

I come to this discussion as a lifetime rower. At age thirteen I had my first oar placed in my hand by the legendary Ox Kingsbury, captain of the Olympic gold medal winning Yale heavyweight eight whose lessons I impart nearly verbatim to this day to each and every child and adult who I teach to row fixed seat boats. I spent nine years rowing sliding seats, first as a high school rower, including an undefeated senior year in a coxed four, as a journeyman rower throughout college, and as an amateur rower at Penn AC, rowing heavy and lightweight eights, fours and straight fours.

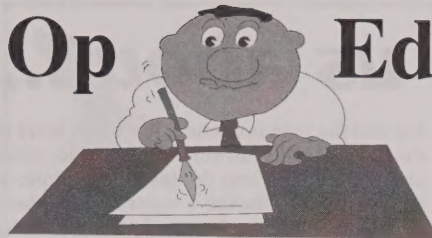
The ultimate moment of my rowing career was finishing 6' behind the Potomac Boat Club in the summer of 1970 as we vied for the right to represent the U.S. at the first lightweight event at the World Championships in St Catherine, Ontario. Potomac went on to win the event handily, allowing we also rans to bask in the reflected glory.

I quote my rowing credentials to underscore my qualifications for weighing in on this discussion. Insofar as the question of dedication garnered by "miles up and down rivers", I will put my two 3,000 mile years and a half a lifetime of 1,000 mile years rowing on open water on a fixed seat on the table if quantity implies validity. I have had the pleasure of trying the entire range of rowing craft available in the modern rowing world and, aside from enjoying each for its own merit, have tried to understand the etymology and provenance of each.

I have owned, rowed and sailed dories that trace their roots to the intrepid "pescadores" fishing the Grand Banks before the Pilgrims set foot on this hemisphere, and have come to understand the displacement design that allowed them to gain increasing stability as copious amounts of cod landed in the bilges. I've surfed those same dories on 6' waves off Nantasket Beach until my endorphins raged.

I've built Irish currachs with kids from juvenile prisons and raced them among expatriate Hibernians, discovering that these Bronze Age designs remain the fastest and most maneuverable craft on the water. Eddy Hutch, currach builder and racer of Dingle, Eire, once loaned his own currach to my wife and I to venture forth from Brendan's Cove, the departure point of the voyaging saint where we saw salmon leap mere feet from our gunwale.

I've had the privilege of building, rowing, racing, sailing and capsizing the quintessential open water boat, the Cornish Pilot Gig and its Breton cousins, the D'Abeville and French Naval Captain's gigs, on both sides of the Atlantic and felt the hull track like it was on a rail, replicating its reason for being, to speed through Channel chop to reach incoming transatlantic vessels as their tops pierced the western horizon.



Rowing is Much, Much More Than Just Exercise

By Ed McCabe

Director of the Hull (MA) Lifesaving Museum Inc. Maritime Program

I've tried out rowing craft designed and built by Herreshoff, Gardner, Martin (the son and father both) and Culler, and felt the sublime unity with the elements for which each genius intended his creations. I've played in wherries and whitehalls, punts and peapods, Seabrights and skiffs. What has been clear from this long and delightful quest is that all rowing craft go through a natural selection process. Designs that are inappropriate for their purpose or local waters perish, often along with their unfortunate crews. Designs that meet the needs survive and thrive.

The Adirondack guide boat is a prime example of a workboat designed for very specific needs and waters. The layout of a guide boat allows a local expert to row while a client either fishes or hunts in the stern. The narrow entry assures that the boat will track easily up and down the long, narrow, windswept lakes of the Adirondacks and the wider canoelike midships gives it the stability that assures a fisherman can stand and cast, or a hunter could retrieve a quarry without endangering the guide.

Their ultra light design allowed the guide to carry the boat on his shoulders with a yoke while also wearing a pack and carrying oars and a firearm. Today's marathon races in guide boats include grueling running portages between lakes as well as perhaps the fastest over the water speeds of any fixed seat vessels. Most of the medals currently won in fixed seat/open water events are also held by guide boats.

Fixed seat boats are designed for conditions in which they operate and for uses intended. I therefore disagree with the assumption that historically the most recent innovation in rowing, the sliding seat, somehow represents a "sine qua non." Sliding seat designs evolved from a search for raw speed when rowing had become the purview of gambling syndicates, but in doing so, they most assuredly did not render obsolete the millions of miles accrued in the search for fish, contraband, ambergris and oil, business, pleasure, enlightenment, and mental health.

In response to Mr. Awtrey's assumptions about Concept IIs giving us a hint about the efficacy of sliding seat rowing, I challenge him to come to our Hull Lifesaving Museum's indoor rowing event, the CRASH BOBS and try rowing 5,000 meters on a fixed seat erg. The challenge of rowing an erg on a fixed seat is quite comparable to sliding seat erging and might put to rest the notion that a machine designed to give northern crew teams an

opportunity to work out when their rivers were frozen would somehow be confirmation of his sine qua non argument.

In response to his statement that "the principal reason for rowing is exercise", I contend that exercise is only one byproduct of rowing, fixed or sliding, and that rowing's total existential *raison d'être* is much more than so limited an experience.

The sheer visceral thrill of driving a well founded gig through 6' standing waves where wind driven fetch builds up against an ebbing tide might be a reason for being out there.

Or envision the exquisite feeling of achieving total harmony among a crew of otherwise disparate people whom one might not glance at on the street, but with whom one ventures out onto the sea in good weather and bad, during the daylight and dark, seeking perfection in another element. Then again, there is the inner satisfaction that comes with passage making, navigating one's boat from point to point, taking into account wind and tide, exercising the fortitude to venture out when one is so small and the sea is so great.

Or perhaps it manifests itself when one lays the rail into the curl of a wave and surfs an antediluvian design at mind shattering speed in towards shore in a northeast storm or a Jersey swell, and kicks out and rows out for another, heart pounding and soul at peace.

The reason could just as well be simply to have the opportunity to row out to an island for a picnic or to explore or to stand alone where no one else but a rower can go.

I suggest that comparisons of the fixed/sliding sort are seldom heard between downhill and cross country skiers, between motorcyclists and bicyclists, between Formula 1 and stockcar drivers, because all these athletes understand the continuity among the disciplines and that they are each others roots.

Perhaps when undertaking to present to us his opinions on rowing, Mr. Awtrey should have considered that, while his placid home waters of Fernandina Beach, Florida may welcome the complex and interdependent mechanisms of a fine sliding seat ocean shell, should he venture out very far into the open water, and should the weather turn a bit squirrely, or should a single nut on a crucial bolt on an outrigger work loose, he might suddenly find himself not a rower, but a statistic.

When we explain to the youth we have taught open ocean rowing to at Hull for a quarter century that they are as valid rowers as any collegians on a river, we do so by talking about the very narrow envelope in which a sliding seat boat can operate. We explain that sliding seat boats are appropriate for 2% of the navigable waterways while fixed seat boats are at home in the other 98% as well.

Our contention is that a rower is a rower is a rower. Those of us who sit on our butts and move backwards share a transcendent awareness. We are not "old timey", we are appropriate!

Editor Comments: I have watched Ed McCabe's efforts using open water rowing to help shape the lives of inner city youth from metropolitan Boston since I started this magazine and have the greatest respect for his achievements in pursuit of this goal, bringing into play ALL aspects of what is actually a multifaceted sport, rowing a boat.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Canoe Cornelius in April

I have decided to come out of my hole and make a public appearance at an event. It ain't that I have changed my hermit ways, it is just that the event sounds so significant that I would like to try to help out. What it is is that these people in North Carolina are trying to promote canoeing and the use of other small craft not propelled by machinery on Lake Norman, which is the biggest lake in that state, 32,000 acres and 520 miles of shoreline. They are having a festival on April 5th and hope to establish a Lake Norman chapter of TSCA during the event and I will try to help them. Jane and I will load up the felucca on top of the most satisfactory of the twin Mercedes and hit the road.

That's Canoe Cornelius, P.O. Box 399, Cornelius, NC 28031, (800) 305 2508, www.canoeconelius.org.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

The Bird Island Challenge

The Bird Island Challenge will be a major fundraising event for the new Wareham, Massachusetts YMCA on August 3. The paddling/rowing race will start from the Nantucket Lightship in Wareham, head out to famous Bird Island off Marion and then back at the lightship.

All entrants will be expected to be sponsored for a minimum of \$100. In return you will get to paddle/row on a spectacular course, win abundant prizes, collect a t shirt and mementoes at a gala luncheon/award ceremony. This is an event planned to accommodate both the go fast people and the rest of the world.

For more info and registration, contact this writer.

Dick Wheeler, Box 3176, Wareham, MA 02571, (508) 291 1319, <wheelerauk@attbi.com>

Information of Interest...

How a Lift Lock Works

I want to comment on Mississippi Bob's article mentioning the Trent Severn Canal (January 15). We spend summers in northern New York on Lake Ontario, across from Kingston, Ontario. It is the terminus of the sister canal, The Rideau (r r ee doo). After the War of 1812, when we blockaded the border rivers, Canada said "no more" and built these canals so they could bypass any blockades and supply Upper Canada. They are operated in the summers by college kids and maintained by the original carpenter and blacksmith shops. The flight of three locks at Jones Falls on the Rideau is fun to watch. A great recreation area!

Perhaps readers might like to know how the lift locks work? They use almost no external power. When the tub arrives at the

top and the gate is opened, the water level in the tub is about 1" lower than the upper canal and water flows into the tub. Meanwhile, at the lower level, the tub's water level is about 1" higher than the lower canal, and water drains out of the tub. So when the gates are closed, all the operator has to do is open a valve between the two hydraulic systems and the heavy upper tub shoves the lighter, lower tub up! The inch or so of extra water is all it takes to make the upper tub heavier enough to do the job. After arriving at the top/bottom, the water levels are reset.

But wait, one might ask, how can it work if the bottom tub is full of boats and there are none in the top tub? A boat's weight is its displacement! That means it displaces an amount of water equal to its weight and that amount (weight) of water is shoved out of the tub before the gates are closed. The weight difference is always the same!

In the picture of the Big Chute marine railway you can see a set of rails on the ground and another set up on a wall. The front of the cart rides on the lower rails and the back of the cart rides on the rails on the wall to keep the cart level. After going over the top (which can be seen in the picture), where the rails are on equal level, the front rails go up on a wall and the back rails are on the ground! I found it interesting to watch the change over on the cabling to go from pulling the cart up the hill to easing it down the hill on the other side.

Dick Malone, Chester (Kent Island), MD

Information Wanted...

I'd Like to Know More

John Hadden's article in the December 15 issue on his "Hoss" (Hadden Outrigger Stabilization System) outrigger sailing rig for his kayak raised more questions for me than it answered. I feel the most important sentence in the entire article was, "I found that when sailing close to the wind, even on a windy day, the leeward float did not submerge enough to cause any significant drag."

Perhaps the problem of determining the required amount of minimum buoyancy for his rig may have been answered, but I'd like to know more.

I'd like to know the sail area? I'd like more information on the lobster pot buoys he used for his amas, weight, diameter, etc.?

I'd like details on the wood bracket, how much of the 32" closet pole is jammed into the 9' aluminum pole?

J.S. Marks, Windsor, ON

Split Paddle Repairing

Here is a request for reader response/advice on how to repair long fine splits in the blades of traditional (non-laminated) wooden canoe paddles and rowing oars, especially those splits too fine to fill with epoxy.

Dennis Murray, 265 Cochichuate Rd., Wayland, MA 01778

Opinions...

Still More on "Plywood Phooey?" Yep!

The recent Robb White boatbuilding article I read put me in a panic. With the exception of epoxy resin and a healthy dose of cynicism, the boatbuilding materials' techniques, and attitudes I have used over the years were apparently all wrong. I was immediately in a lather to check on what advanced state of deterioration my former projects were in.

Two bateaus built 18 years ago of plywood/epoxy (stitch and tape) live fairly close by, so I rushed over to give them a survey. Both were as sound as new. A 30' trimaran built of plywood/epoxy 20 years ago is in fine shape. Whew. Must be flukes...

For some reason, all the plywood boats condemned by Robb were built without using epoxy for adhesive and sealer, which is a key element in his own *modus operandi*. Without epoxy, mushrooms would certainly be sprouting from the tulip poplar planks on his boats as well. As for repairs, any technique used to repair his composite plywood planking would probably be suitable for a conventional plywood boat. His indictment of plywood house siding in the article isn't even relevant to boatbuilding.

In glued lapstrake construction with epoxy encapsulation, painted hardwood marine plywood would most likely be indistinguishable from Robb's composite plywood. Contrary to his claim, honors have been won at mainstream boatshows by boats constructed of plywood.

For those boatbuilders with access to a sawmill and appropriate timber resources, Robb White's methods deserve serious study. The rest of us ignoranti will try to squeak by using good quality hardwood marine plywood.

Sandy Mitchell, NC

Long Lived Plywood Owens

I enjoy Robb White's articles, particularly the "how to" ones, but side with Msrs. Hunt and Wright in defense of plywood as an acceptable boatbuilding material. True, there's some awful junk sold as plywood today and true, it can't be bent to conform to ideal lines, but some decent looking and performing boats have been built with the stuff, some lasting far longer than their builders probably expected.

Chris Craft was mentioned; let me add our 1955 Owens *Gift Horse* (so named because of its means of acquisition: A friend lost his storage space and we got to it before he started the chain saw). It is all mahogany ply (all layers), mostly 5/16", decks thinner. In 1989 my son, now principal operator, glassed a few inches above the waterline, using the Alan Vaitses bonding method with lots of monel staples. This was done, not because of any problems, but for protection when our little harbor freezes over. It's afloat nine months or more and used in his part time diving work.

The only rot seen so far was in the solid mahogany around the cabin, which was easily replaced. *Gift Horse* is the most used of our nine boat fleet. Two much newer glass whaler types are out for repairs but the 48 year old plywood Owens plugs along.

The photo shows *Gift Horse* at about 22kts, with a 65hp Johnson. Compare the wake with the typical big boat show mini cruisers. You can actually see where you're going! This little design (21') also provides two bunks, a small galley with sink and an enclosed head! Plus a very practical cockpit. A modern designer builder could do worse than expanding this design to about 24' for a stock glass trailer/cruiser.

Before leaving the plywood discussion, let's not overlook the massive contributions of the Luders Design & Construction Co. of Stamford, Connecticut, including the moulded ply Airborne lifeboats built to be dropped from several hundred feet to damaged ships or aircraft. Or their gorgeous L16 (26'LOA). We had an early L16, later an Airborne (18') cutter rigged, actually much bigger than the L16 with its long but impractical overhangs. U.S. Plywood made some great all-mahogany molded hulls right after WWII. Right around the start of the fiberglass industry! Talk about timing!

Charles Schmitt, Glen Cove, NY



“...The Essence and the Art”

I could be in agreement with Chuck Sutherland's review of Todd Bradshaw's book *Canoe Rig, the Essence and the Art* if only it were entitled *Let's Go Sailing the Current Nostalgic Way as Defined by the...* Mr. Bradshaw's book title does not infer anything else but simply an artistic display of the basic sailing components as developed by the author's research and interpretations, published with entertaining graphics and descriptions.

Anyone who might have expected a book of precise measurements, lofting, rules of the road, nautical regulations, design buoyancy, safety on the water, the ACA, boat plans and so on... well, they should reread the book's title. The reviewer's critical remarks about a “rigging deck” in Chapter 8 should be addressed to the deck's designer. The review's sweet, then sour, writing adds credence to who is a “relaxed sailor”. His faulting the people at the publisher, *WoodenBoat Books*, is unfortunate.

When Mr. Sutherland mentions how parts of the book are obnoxious and contain snobbery, then consider his type of canoe sailing event: “July 28 August 3: Historical Canoe Sail Race for 1935 or earlier canoes and rigs or replicas using 1935 rules!” as shown on the calendar of the ACA web site. Certainly no one would describe Mr. Bradshaw's book as “for the elite”.

Reading Mr. Bradshaw's encompassing view and graphic presentations, abetted with thanks by Craig O'Donnel's and Dan Miller's web site, the CSSA site and commercial sites, will provide you with a greater understanding of canoe sailing's heritage. Now your favorite paddling canoe can help you become a small boat sailor.

Chris Swol, Pensacola, FL “who sails often with his rigging deck”.



Poet's Corner...

My First Sailboat

By Bunny Fernald

My sailboat was made from a sign that had fallen down.
It was a large sheet of tin - the largest that we had found.

We bent two sides up and nailed them to a stem.
Our work on our new boat would finally begin.

The rear was bent up around a piece of oak.
We now had a craft that might even float.

Gunwales were formed from two strips of ash,

An old bamboo pole now became our mast.

Thole pins were inserted at either side,
Oars were a pair that drifted in with the tide.

An oar did quite well for a rudder.
My sail was a sheet I stole from my mother

A rich friend once asked to trade boats for the day
So he could sail my boat out on Boca Ciega Bay.

I then got to sail a new class boat from his yacht club,
But was glad to get back sailing in my homemade tub.

I still have a picture of me sailing that boat.
To me it was better than any craft afloat.



Small Boat Safety...

But I Never Go Out At Night

One of the common deficiencies encountered in doing Vessel Safety Checks (a free service of the Coast Guard Auxiliary) is non operating navigation lights and a great many boat owners are quite unconcerned. “I never go out at night,” they say. At this point I ask if they have ever been caught in a thunderstorm or heavy rain squall... or even been on the waters on a very cloudy day?

These thoughts were triggered by a patrol last week. There was quite a lot of traffic, both a steady flow of large boats heading for a winter in Florida on the ICW and a very considerable number of small boats, many of them khaki colored jon boats trolling close to or anchored at the edge of the channel. It was a cloudy day and some of them were very hard to see, especially when they were not creating a strong bow wake. In contrast, almost every one of the migrant boats had nav lights burning and were clearly identified a good distance ahead.

In doing Vessel Safety Checks I always carry a can of WD40. Very frequently that's all it takes to get a plug in 360 white light burning, a little trick few boaters seem to know. Of more difficulty is the bow light that has been blocked, either to port or starboard, by the installation of a bow trolling motor. The owner is unaware that bow lights must show through an arc of 130 degrees from dead ahead.

Navigation lights, even in daylight hours, are a significant help to boating safety. If your vessel does not have permanently installed nav lights stop by your local marine supply store and get the flashlight battery

operated clip on port/starboard and 360 white. If you keep them in a plastic zip lock bag when they are not needed and change the batteries every spring you will have good navigatmn lights at minimal cost.

So you never go out at night. The chances are that you will find yourself on the water in times when navigation lights are necessary. It's a small investment for what might be a most significant saving of your boat or your life.

Tom Shaw, USCG Auxiliary, Wilmington, NC

Calendar...Just the Basics

To help inform you of what's happening on the water this season I'm going to try this abbreviated listing from issue to issue of events which I receive publicity about. Listings will appear in the month preceding the events. There is no room for any details, call or email those which interest you.

March 22: RI Whitewater Championships, Oakland, RI, (508) 761-7562, (401) 725-3344.

April 5: Canoe Cornelius, Cornelius, NC, (800) 305-2508, www.canoecornelius.org

April 24-26: Bay Bridge Boat Show, Kent Island, MD, (410) 268-8828, info@usboat.com, www.usboat.com

April 25-27: Richardson Boatowners' Association Spring Meeting, Port Carling, ON, (702) 292-6752, searo@auracom.com

April 26-27: Depoe Bay Wooden Boat Show, Depoe Bay, OR, (541) 765-2889, dbchamber@newportnet.com, www.stateoforegon.com/depoe_bay/cham

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Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Elephantine Grasses

This month's view over the water starts with a disclaimer. It's a fine line between being a coastal observer and falling into the trap of becoming a coastal complainer. There is so much about our coastal environment that hangs in delicate balance it would be very easy to just nag on and on about one crisis or another. So with this in mind, I won't flog the dead horse issue regarding Purple Loosestrife, it's been in the journal of Audubon and even headlined in local papers over the past few years. What hasn't been addressed quite so vocally is the now ubiquitous Elephant Grasses.

True Elephant or Napier grass, "Pennisetum," was brought into the United States as cuttings 25 years ago, and because of its tolerance to higher salinity, it's the focus of a study at the University of California, Fresno. It's being studied as a forage plant using the highly salty irrigation water in the Central Valley. It's not hardy enough to survive here and would need to be planted as a cutting, so it's not the real villain.

You see it everywhere, it has become so prevalent along certain marshy verges that people in their 20s and 30s acknowledge them as being part of the normal scene. Not to pick on my generation or those of you a few years older, but we can recall open vistas in areas today choked with these tall highly invasive plants, as being open and dedicated to the shorter salt marsh grasses and sedges. This is a story about how to keep any further spread from happening on your watch.

First of all, where did this stuff come from? If it's not native to the area, can such a huge amount have been inoculated with random seeds falling from migrating birds? No, to have had such a dramatic success in colonizing an area, human intervention is needed. Indeed the tall fluffy seed heads are dramatic and exotic in appearance and everyone at some time or other (including yours truly) has fallen under the spell. Stopping the car, grabbing the ever present clippers out of the glove compartment, and harvesting a bunch to do a fall/winter arrangement with. Once done, you soon get tired of dusting up after the falling bits and pieces and toss the arrangement out.

But where is "out?" Some people have a large back or side yard and casual compost heap for dead floral arrangements over the back fence at the edge of the woods or overgrown field. In more urban situations, the location is the trash barrel or bag waiting for the weekly pickup. Wherever you live, it's likely a ways from where you found the material growing. Now you have become a link in a chain of expanding a territory.

Unlike other exotic imports like that crazy Florida walking catfish, this rooted invader needs our feet or cars to colonize new areas. Being highly adaptive, the rugged pampas grass, *Cortadenia Selloana*, was imported into Southern California in the 1800s by an enterprising man named Joseph Sexton who established a 2000-acre farm in Goleta, near Santa Barbara. The records show he had 5,000 hills of this ornamental grass and shipped between 400,000 and 750,000 (!) heads of plumes a year around the United States and throughout Europe.

It was so highly prized for arrangements, Johnny Appleseed doesn't even register on this scale of propagation! Whatever small amount of seed escapes us will be insignificant globally, but could have large consequences locally, so please dispose of the seed heads by burning or trapping in a sealed plastic bag before disposing of the arrangement.

The real troublemaker is an early import from England; the *Mayflower* or her later followers could well have been the origin of this tall intrusive guest. *Phragmites Australis*, or Norfolk Reed, was an important plant to the colonists. Back home in England they used it to roof their homes, bind loads with rough cordage, feed the tender stalks to cattle, and strew their floors with fresh leafy tops. It makes sense that they would want it here as well.

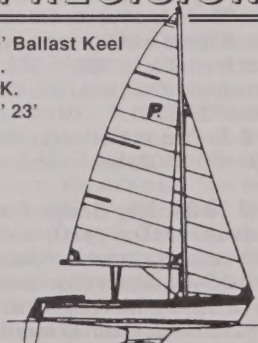
It's a real aggressive plant and spreads with a dense matting root system that chokes out all competition. Tolerant of a mildly saline environment, it gets a toe hold on the back sides of marshes and in any salt marsh cut off from tidal influences, it changes the composition of the area, and keeps on going.

There was a wonderful restoration done a couple of springs ago on the left (Castle) side of Argilla Road heading to the gate at Crane Beach. The town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, opened/reconstructed the culvert leading to the seaward side and with the fresh twice daily influx of tidal water the Norfolk Reed has died back remarkably, allowing the native spartina cord grasses to return. There's a trickle down effect at work here, consider the life of a trophy sized striped bass. What if the invading grasses/reeds had choked out the native grasses where the fish egg rested safe from predators? What if the shrimp and other microscopic food sources had no nursery in which to breed and feed, our newly hatched striper would starve. What if? Well you get the picture.

The lesson to learn from all this is be careful not to contribute to the degradation of a fragile environment, by unconsidered actions (now you know) and become proactive by supporting your local conservation commission's efforts to repair or restrict potential problems. But more importantly, to raise your consciousness to look around, to be come a Coastal Observer and, when appropriate, a Coastal Complainer.

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In June of 1605, the renowned English explorer Captain George Waymouth anchored his storm battered ship *Archangel* off the mouth of Penobscot Bay and explored the area in a sturdy longboat he named his *Light Horseman*. There Waymouth and his men assembled their boat, one of the first vessels built in the New World by Europeans. They rowed around Penobscot Bay for a month, and their most significant discovery was a large river, one they called "the most beautiful river in the world."

It is documented that Waymouth's crew left Allen Island at 10:00 AM and returned 24 hours later excited with their discovery. In notes and logs, the exact location of the river was not disclosed, as Waymouth thought he'd found the entrance to the fabled Northwest Passage and did not want other explorers, particularly the French or the Spanish, to know where it was.

This has caused a great many people to speculate as to which river Waymouth "discovered," the Penobscot or the St. George. For 253 years after Waymouth's voyage, many people believed he had found his way up to the Penobscot River that empties into the Gulf of Maine at the head of Penobscot Bay near Bucksport. In 1858 Captain George Prince, master mariner, maintained that it could not possibly have been the Penobscot because a small boat could not make the 80 plus mile trip from Waymouth's anchorage up to the mouth and back in 24 hours.

It has long been disputed just which river Captain George Waymouth explored back in 1605. He kept a ship's log, made a map, and wrote an account of his Maine travels, but these documents have been lost. Except for a handful of clues and a primary account by shipmate James Rosier, the identity of

Atlantic Challenge Foundation Re Creates Captain's Voyage

From the Atlantic Challenge Foundation

Captain Waymouth's river has long remained a mystery.

On Friday, September 13, 12 apprentices, staff, and volunteers set out on an expedition to recreate the voyage of Captain George Waymouth and his men. The historically accurate replica *Light Horseman*, is a 32' English longboat, circa 1605, researched, built, and launched by the Apprenticeshop in September of 2001. The project was spearheaded by Sherwood Cook of Martinsville. Sam Manning of Camden and Ben Fuller of Cushing were instrumental in researching the design of the boat.

The *Light Horseman* crew left from Tenants Harbor at 8:00 AM, rowed out to the lee of an island beyond the mouth of the harbor, and set sail in a south south westerly breeze. The crew was able to sail almost the entire way up to the Penobscot River, running at an impressive clip and rowing just the last two hours across Belfast Bay. After stopping in sight of the mouth of the river at Fort Point nine hours into the trip, they set back toward Allen Island at 6:15 PM as the tide turned and began falling.

With the wind against them, the *Light Horseman* crew rowed the entire way back to Allen Island, using traditional navigation skills and charts to maneuver along the coast from Searsport to White Head in the dark.

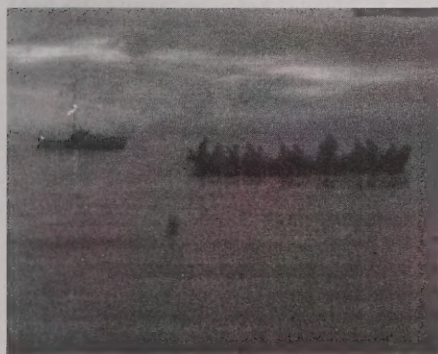
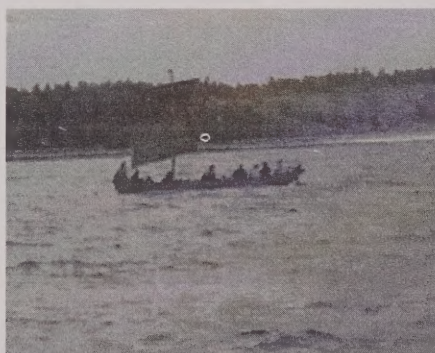
The sun came up as the Waymouth boat was approaching Mosquito Head. The row back took a total of 15 hours, and during this time the crew stopped only to change out rowers (two hours on an oar, one hour break). They arrived exhausted but exhilarated in sight of Allen Island at 8:00 AM. The round trip expedition was 93-1/3 miles, and the *Light Horseman* crew averaged 3.8 knots with speeds taken under sail and under oars.

This expedition proves that the river Waymouth wrote about, "the most beautiful in the world," quite possibly could have been the Penobscot as the *Light Horseman* made the round trip up and back in 24 hours.

Last fall, in an attempt to answer questions surrounding the explorations, apprentices, staff, and volunteers rowed and sailed the *Light Horseman* up the St. George in search of the Captain's river; that expedition was 36 miles round trip and took 12 hours.

The Waymouth Project, funded by MBNA, is being documented in a film, *Captain Waymouth's River*, by D'Arcy Marsh, which tells the Captain's story, covers the re creation of the *Light Horseman* longboat built in the Rockland Apprenticeshop, and examines the possible routes of Waymouth's Maine explorations. This "forensic" approach to history engaged the crew as maritime detectives to sleuth through nautical clues and submit various scenarios to practical tests.

The Atlantic Challenge Foundation is a not-for-profit educational organization with a wide range of programs designed to assist individuals developing positive life skills through apprenticeship, wooden boat building, seamanship, and community experience. For further information, please call (207) 594-1800 or e-mail at <info@atlanticchallenge.com>



Once again we had delightful weather at Stephen Foster State Park for our yearly get together last fall. We definitely needed jackets in the early morning. But I feel I just haven't lived until I have paddled Billy's Lake just before sunrise on a crisp fall day. I paddle through a thin mist, over a black mirror surface, the only sounds the drip of my paddle and early morning bird calls. Good friends enjoying the silence. It just doesn't get any better than that. After watching the sun come up, I paddle leisurely back to the park, wake up the sleepy heads, and prepare for the day's paddle trip.

The federal government Fish and Wildlife Department controls the Okefenokee Wildlife Refuge and allows the State of Georgia to lease the area for Stephen Foster State Park. They are trying to restore the area southwest of Billy's Lake to its original configuration by breaching the sill that was built back in the 1950s to retain water in that area of the swamp. The five mile long earthen levee was intended to help control fires in that area of the swamp.

Annual Okefenokee Paddling Get Together

By MacMcCarthy (From the *Wee Lassie*)

Photos by Terry Chesnutt

One of the prettiest areas of the swamp available for day trips from the park is what is called River Narrows, a canoe trail from the south end of Billy's Lake to the sill. We were concerned when we first heard about these plans several years ago that we would no longer be able to paddle through River Narrows. As it turns out, breaching the sill radically lowered the water level just before arriving at the earthen levee, but had hardly any effect on the prettiest area back near Billy's Lake.



Our trip through the Narrows was great, and below the Narrows just before we got to the sill we found a wooden bridge that we could paddle under that had always been submerged and invisible in the peat stained water in the past. We also found an area of stumps and logs that was very difficult to get through going downstream, as the longer canoes would hang up and turn across the current, while going back upstream was not that difficult.

The Fish and Wildlife Department put out a half-inch thick booklet on what they were attempting to do with a lot of interesting information about the swamp as a whole. I couldn't understand why in a very short distance the water level dropped almost 4', from looking at the watermarks on the trees, without creating a waterfall. It seems that there are natural berms that run northwest to southeast creating pockets of water retention through the swamp area. One of the main berms that actually forms the south bank of the Suwannee River is the Pocket, a six-mile ridge. Stephen Foster State Park is located at the east end of the pocket.

The biggest surprise that I got reading the booklet was the fact that the Suwannee River and Billy's Lake have both run dry on two occasions. Once in 1860 and again in 1943, when the annual rainfall fell from a norm of about 60" to a low of 26".

Several years ago when I talked to a lady at the Fish and Wildlife Department about their plans for restoring the swamp, she mentioned that if they didn't get some rain pretty quick we would be walking down Billy's Lake rather than paddling. I thought she was pulling my leg, but she wasn't. I feel that eliminating the sill will probably turn out to be a good thing for the swamp and everyone involved. We seem to spend a lot of time tearing down our so called improvements.

Speaking of improvements, the cabins at the park keep getting fancier. Not quite as rustic, but for those who come to relax it is nice to be spoiled a little. We just turn the TV set around backwards in a corner and ignore its presence. It is great to sit in the rocking chairs on the screened porch and just plain relax while watching fox, deer, and one year a small bear do their thing, safe from the hunters that swarm the area around the park. The rangers enticed the bear into one of the dumpsters with half full beer cans and open tuna fish cans, then slammed the lid on him. He was getting too good at opening campers coolers, so the next day he was taken way out in the swamp and turned loose.

While our get together is officially a meeting of the Southeast Chapter of Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, anyone who loves paddling is welcome to come. We hold a 30-second business meeting at the Friday night potluck supper, which is rapidly becoming a cooking contest. We announce that there are no dues, no fees, no rules, and no regulations, I tried to resign for reason of old age and general incompetence, but was overruled. Terry said grace and we proceeded to devour some really good food.

The three days we spend at Stephen Foster have come to mean a lot to many of us. Good friends and quiet paddling are medicine for the soul. We all need a chance to escape from what we call civilization for a few days a year.



The lead photo shows a steady wind on a gorgeous September afternoon, inside the Breakers at Crescent Beach, an extension of Revere Beach. This is the site of the famous dance hall, Holt's Pier, extending out on top of Cherry Island Bar. Knobby piles are all that's left of the landmark Big Band era hot spot. All the swingers frequented this huge artistic hall, it was the age of swing, jitterbug, and Charleston dancing.

My ancestors loved that place along with the Old Revere Beach, but I'm more of a today and tomorrow person, having only been there for some of the past tail end pieces and not the captain's cut. I am presently reading *The Islands of Boston Harbor* by Edward Rowe Snow (updated version), now when I go out to the many Islands in my Bolger/Carnell sailboat, I'll know what the heck I'm looking at!

Once upon a time three years ago, I attended a teenage anti-substance abuse coalition meeting and I suggested that Phil and Dave's sailboat was the best design suggested by me to suit the over all needs of the endeavor, a safe, dry, stable, simple, nicely priced, potentially feasible do all sailboat. The materials used in the construction process were frowned upon by some of the members who were unable to fathom the concept of this boat (scary). One member asked what if it pops a seam! Another asked whom will you sail with, in that this Renegade boat has no class definition!

I replied, we can sail with each other to various destinations, with actual headings (accomplishing adventures) in and around the Boston Islands. He was quiet. I think sailing around aimlessly is less exciting after a short time, but some folks are satisfied with that. I want to beach and disembark after a while of sailing and scout around a little.

The Bolger/Carnell sailboat was shot down by the coalition, so I built two of them to prove my suggestion was a valid one. Now two years later, after hard use and trailering, the boats are fine.

Now the coalition is showing some interest in using my boats and my building experience to interest the kids and parents in sailing and building this design as a kicker to the already active Sea Kayak Program which is in its third year.

Kiss the Wind Sea, & Sky

By Arthur MacDonald

I love changing around the sail for a little discovery here and there, but so far the lateen style always proves the most desirable and the snottier will get that forward point almost parallel with the mast, allowing you to install a forward traveler and a self adjusting jib or a Genoa. However, the boat is plenty powerful with just a main. Sometimes it's over-powered so this chicken is going to install reefs.

I got caught up in a September squall last year which had me damn near dismasted, had to beach on Gallops Island and the ride home after two hours on the island was hair-raising under full sail; damn if I didn't need every ounce of seagoing experience. The wind and waves would have liked to give me a damn heart attack!

The 14' mast was bowed like a Ziti! Reefs please. Ground kissing thanks was appropriate if we live through this one. When I finally reached the Winthrop public launch ramp the sail was on the wrong side to execute my approach and at the last second I jibed and skidded up the ramp hollering, "look

out!" A fellow on the ramp was watching in awe at my maneuvering and the boom was about to take him out. "Now that's sailing," he said. Little did he know that I was sailing to avoid death! But then again I do love the thrill, heck I'm only 51 and it's just another log on the fire.

Cruising Boston Harbor in this renegade type sailboat was an especially entertaining venture last season because the Winthrop State Ramp is very close to Logan International Airport and the sailboat sure looks international, especially to the United States Coast Guard!

As I approached the radar pier and runway the big orange Zodiac full of C.G. boys had a bead on me and were on their way towards me, now I fully knew what this sailboat looked like to them. Stopping 100 yards short of this lateen sail Nile River oriented terror craft, they stalked me for about a half hour, only then realizing my innocent tactics, as I headed the other way in an effort to escape Logan Airport and the vortex of landing jet craft.

Our little plywood boat sure does attract a lot of attention in Boston Harbor, including a lot of curious picture takers and yellers. "Is that a Bolger hull," I hear from the larger sailboats and yachts. I can only answer yes, so they can relate. The big party boats go nuts picture taking, am I a show off or what!

Congrats to Phil and Dave for their expertise in design and simplification. I will be spearheading the effort in 2003 if all goes well.

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Part 2 - Dealing with the Port Captain in Loreto

There is a considerable difference of opinion among Gringo trailer sailors about checking in and checking out with the Port Captains. The system dates back to the days of sailing ships, involves forms that seem ludicrous for a trailer sailer (vessel of how many tons burden, how many tons net, with a crew of [many blanks available to fill in], bound from this port to what port with stops in what other ports, on and on). However, it is the law. I check in with the local Port Captain, check out with him as I leave his jurisdiction, then check in at the next Port Captain down the coast. It costs about \$20 at each stop all told and it's hard to see the value in it for the cruiser. Many people manage to simply slip through the cracks and recommend the procedure to others.

On the other hand, the potential hassles and fines worried me. On my first trip at least I elected to play the game per the rules. The form filled out, I was sent off to find at least four copies of it and to proceed with my passport to the immigration office across town. I went to the immigration office first, without the copies. Wrong. The immigration officer needed to stamp all five copies for me. I also forgot my passport (though I had my Tourist Card) so I really presented a competent picture to the gentleman behind the counter. He asked me why I bothered to come to the immigration office without my passport or copies. I just grinned and said, "stupid I guess." He shook his head, stamped the papers, signed with a flourish (marvelous signatures are required of officials here), and sent me on my way without ever seeing the passport.

The copy shop, incidentally, had a computer with internet access for 30 pesos per hour or 15 for half, long enough to send off messages to various people letting them know I'd at least gotten to the start point alive. Back to the Port Captain's office with the immigration stamps and signatures and there the final documents were drawn up allowing me in fact to sail to La Paz, though I didn't specify any intermediate ports. I left the trailer

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

By Ken Preston

and boat parked outside the Port Captain's office (they offered to keep an eye on her) and went shopping for provisions.

I found a small supermarket, bought the necessities, beer, rum, water, and food. I hauled the whole load back to the boat and began straightening up and loading it all. With the boat pretty well stuffed everywhere I still had five more gallons of water sitting in a large jug in the back of the truck (that would have brought the total to 14 gallons, about twice what I figured I'd really need). Eventually it sat in the back of the truck and leaked slowly away while I was gone. Oh well.

In the early evening I walked around Loreto, the original capital of California, over 300 years old, with a beautiful old church and civic offices and a small but pleasant square with a statue of Benito Juarez. The place was clearly oriented toward gringo tourists these days, at least near the downtown, and though busy, it was clearly a bit down at the heels and could have used a little more traffic. I found delicious tacos, the meat sizzling over mesquite coals out by the sidewalk almost dragged me into the restaurant by the nose.

The panga harbor was full of blue and white pangas, some rigged for hauling tourists and divers, some for fishing, all with big motors. They mostly all come from the same factory, two different lengths, 23' and 26', high bows, high speed stems except for a very few examples of the older boats which had pretty rising lines aft, rather like a Whitehall

or maybe a whaleboat with a bit of a transom. The harbor was made of stone marking out a square basin with the opening to the south. The boats all were tied stern offshore, bow to the rocks with a line fore and aft (to an anchor offshore).

Unfortunately, while admiring the boats I stumbled on the signboard for the Parque Nacional de la Bahia de Loreto and learned (in English as well as Spanish) that I had to have daily use permits to visit all the islands on my route and that the office for the Parque (visible in the building next to the boat launch ramp) wouldn't open until 0900 in the morning. Oh well.

Restless, I walked through the evening around the neighborhoods nearby. It seemed every third or fourth house was a "dulceria" (sweet shop) of some sort, people sipping sodas in front of a TV on the porch, nibbling sweets and chatting. On one corner a fruit stand (fruteria) offered beautiful cheap fruits. With the boat already loaded I had to restrain myself, but still carried off a goodly bag of more fresh stuff and one packet of dried fruits that had peaches, pears, dates, prunes (hard and with the pit still in), and figs that clearly were grown and dried in heaven. Such figs I'd never tasted before. Hmm. A bright-eyed 8-year-old chased me down the street demanding to know my name. I told him "Ken" and he insisted I was Santa Claus, the bushy grey beard at work again.

Finally I got to bed in the boat. No one disturbed my sleep until the cocks began crowing in the early morning. I started the day at the panga harbor to be sure the Parque staff hadn't accidentally turned up early, then walked into town and had a really nice breakfast of scrambled eggs with tomatoes, onions, cilantro, and salsa with beans and a huge stack of tortillas for about \$2.50, in a plywood shack sort of restaurant-cum-house called Restaurant Adelita. The family was fun, grandma, I suppose is about my age, her daughter in her early 30s with her husband and four kids, three daughters, maybe 9, 7, and 5, and the spoiled baby brother, a husky 2-year-old.

I sat down at the table the 9-year-old had just vacated, still littered with homework scraps, sunflower seed hulls, and breakfast crumbs. Gramma was mortified and hurried to scrub the old table top until it sparkled. Homework packed in backpack, braids done up, uniform skirt ironed (on the table in the kitchen), and friends waiting on the sidewalk (on new 10-speed bikes), the oldest got away to school. Baby brother dominated the conversation for the rest of the morning and kept the two remaining sisters busy dragging him back from the brink of whatever he could find to get into.

Finally returning to the harbor, I found the Parque Staff not where I thought they should be, so I went over to the Port Captain's office and asked to use the hose to rinse off the poor filthy boat. I ended up with the Port Captain's general assistant fetching a bucket of sudsy water, some rags, and the hose and helping wash it all down! With the boat clean it was back to the harbor and the Parque office and finally I made connection. I'd been looking in the wrong office. Sigh. What looked like the office was really the interpretive center, but no one was manning it that early in the morning, the business office was off to one side and I'd missed it entirely.

I bought five days' worth of tickets, little squares of cardboard properly imprinted, but NOT DATED. I don't know for sure but I supposed I was required to hand one over to a warden each time he asked for one. I never saw a warden. Anyway, they cost 25 pesos each, good for one person for one day. I still have all five.

I'd briefly considered launching in Loreto (and may well do it some day) but here are my objections. One, the ramp was fairly rough and didn't extend very far, it was concrete but the fill under it had settled some and there were a couple of gaps big enough to lose a trailer tire in. This could have been overcome. Two, there was no good place to tie up in the harbor while rigging, parking the truck, and so forth with the possible exception of the Port Captain's float, which he'd probably let me use. Three, the parking was very well lit but not fenced or otherwise secured. I'd worry at least a little leaving the truck and trailer there for two weeks. People would have to notice that it was not being watched.

On the other hand, I certainly felt comfortable and secure in Loreto. Perhaps it would have been all right. Other arrangements could probably be made near by that would be very secure. Launching in Loreto would put Puerto Balandra on Isla Carmen (about 10 miles east) readily accessible as the first port of call and would give me a choice of two good interesting routes south, either north around the top of Carmen and down its east side or directly down the west side, which was certainly beautiful from a distance, to Isla Danzante. That was a very appealing prospect. However, this trip I launched at Puerto Escondido.

The Scheme for the Voyage

My plan for the voyage was based on an assumption that the weather would follow the normal pattern for the area and season, which is to say, frequent or daily morning calms, followed by a northwest breeze by about 10 AM building to about 20 knots in the afternoon, dying away in the evening. Since the coast of the peninsula trends pretty much to the south of southeast, that's a really fine way to go from Loreto in the north to La Paz 130 miles to the south-southeast. The caveat is that now and again a true north wind settles in and blows from hard to darned hard for several days, making the long channels and open stretches mighty rough by the second day and probably dangerous for small boats thereafter.

Hence my plan was to sail a one-way trip from north to south and return by bus to pick up the trailer and truck after parking the boat in La Paz. In general, that seemed to be well advised. The concerns all center around proper anchorages to avoid the probable and likely winds and swells. Since the Gulf is almost 1000 miles long, the potential for really good sized chop and moderate swell is pretty good, although the islands do a lot to break up the really long fetches.

For many miles the coast drops sheer from mountain tops to deep water, offering no anchorages at all. Some potential anchorages offer shelter from northwest weather but would leave me exposed to true northerly weather, much the more dangerous of the two. Finally, any anchorage on the west side of one of the islands would probably

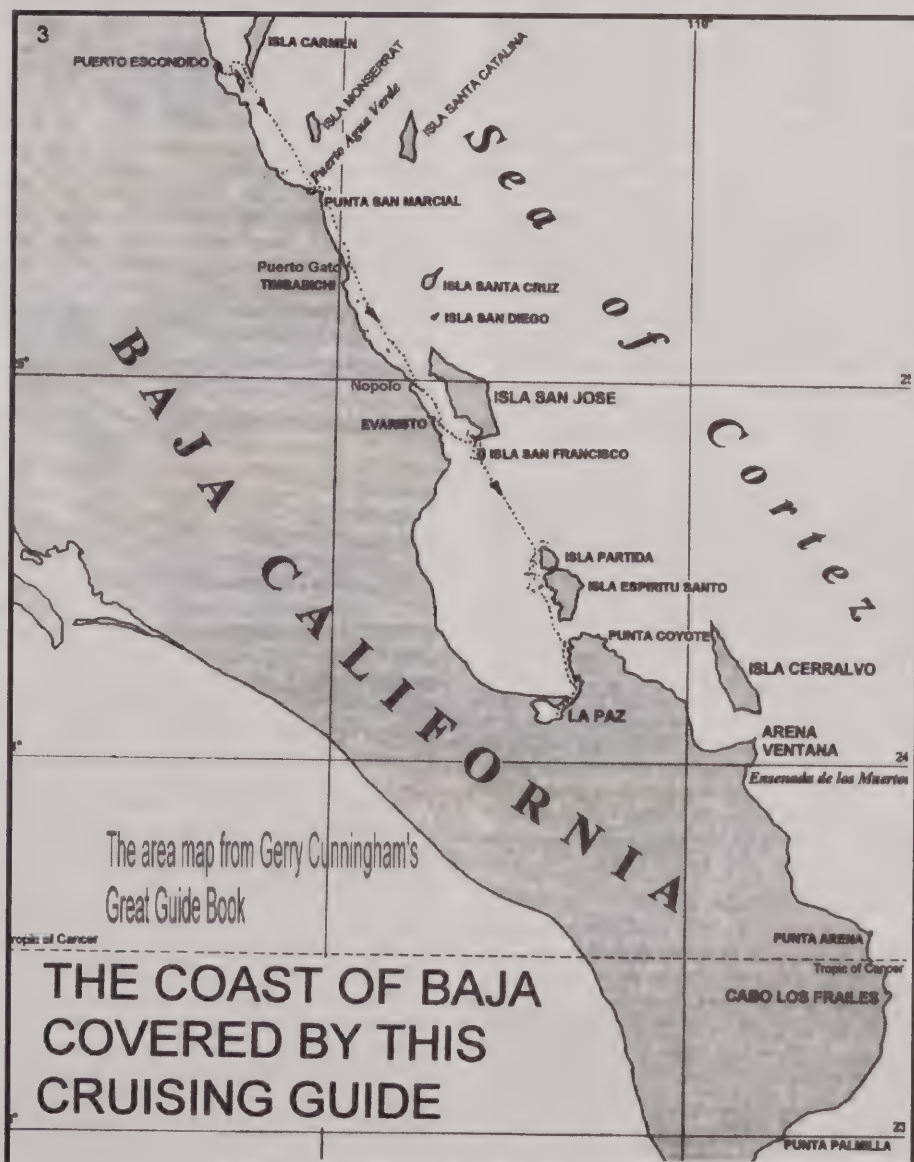
leave me exposed to a westerly blow, and I did encounter two of those, though neither was severe enough to cause me serious problems where I lay. The suitable anchorages were actually fairly limited.

Loreto, inside the boat harbor, is quite secure, but it would have been very imprudent to try anchoring even if they'd let me. The bottom must have been completely carpeted with the stern anchors from the pangas and their lines. Puerto Balandra on Isla Carmen appeared to be an excellent harbor, Escondido was superb for any wind or swell (the best hurricane hole on the coast I was told), Agua Verde was another excellent harbor, Puerto Gato was good for a northwest or north wind if I tucked right up in the corner where there would be room for maybe two or three boats, and Timbabichi, just a ways farther south, was similarly protected. Nopolo offered shelter from northwest but was pretty open to the north (the locals all haul their boats up on the sand), San Evaristo, another few miles south, was an excellent harbor with protection from almost any wind.

Then comes the large Bay of La Paz. There was not much showing on the chart that

looked like good shelter along the Baja coast, but the offshore islands offered some good shelter. Isla San Francisco had three good anchorages, one, the "Hook," was a magnificent, almost fully enclosed bay, with a good sand bottom. From there is a 17-mile open water crossing to Isla Partida, which had at least three good anchorages, one the very popular cove formed where Partida almost joins Isla Espiritu Santo, Partida Cove. There were a number of nice bays along Espiritu Santo's western shore, most of which would give good protection from north or northwest winds, but were all wide open to west or south. I got a fairly good westerly breeze the one night I slept there. Oh well. There was one good harbor for north or northwest winds approaching the Baja coast across from Espiritu Santo, Estero Balandra and another quite close to La Paz itself at Pichilinke (where there was also a boat launch ramp). Finally, La Paz, which was really quite open to a lot of wind, although the sand banks and shallows kept the big dangerous swells away. The marinas were fairly to very well protected behind their breakwaters.

(To Be Continued)



To those who would consider taking toddlers out on extended sailing adventures, have no fear! We took our two kids (Ruby 2 and Wil 3-1/2), experienced some of the worst conditions possible, and survived undaunted. We're even anxious to do it again! We spent some time getting the kids used to being in the boat earlier in the summer. Ruby enjoyed being in the boat right away. However, we decided to put her on a short leash while under sail because she likes to lean out and watch the water. Wil tolerated the boat after being rewarded with treats.

The last weekend of September we met at Lake Powell with Jim Thayer and friends for the 9th Annual Kokopelli. Our adventure began with a microburst of wind and rain and a devastating scrape to Wil's knee in the parking lot before we even hit the water. He pouted for over an hour inside the van, which made packing the boat easier and faster.

The group didn't travel far that first night. We reached the campsite first and the kids went crazy on the beach. A pail and shovel are musts for each kid, hope that you find a sandy rather than rocky beach. The best thing about taking toddlers camping at the lake is they sleep really well after playing hard in the water. When unloading began on the first night, we discovered all the unnecessary stuff piled on top of what we really needed.

Our savior on the trip was a plastic folding table with built in seats. This proved an invaluable tool for keeping the kids comfortable long enough for meals and cleanup. We discovered on a previous trip that a little kid cannot balance a paper plate on his or her lap sitting in a lawn chair! It was well worth the extra weight and space in the boat. Cooking for, and feeding, the kids went easier than anticipated. Prepackaged granola bars, yogurts, mac and cheese, and of course bologna were easy to pack and serve. Finding a way to clean up and keep sand down to a minimum in the bedding proved much harder.

Sail Camping With Toddlers

By Tom Grimes



Morning pack downs and reloading the boat for the day were our least favorite tasks. After the sixth night of loading and unloading, setting up and taking down, Heather and I both agreed that the next trip would be ideal if taken in a self-contained, sleep aboard boat. Being able to sleep aboard would eliminate much of the time spent working; we would prefer to be relaxing and playing with our kids. That is what we're supposed to do on vacations, isn't it?

Rough weather, wind and cold rain hit the second and third memorable nights. We had expected much warmer conditions, the previous year had been in the 90s. We even rigged up a sunshade over the cockpit of the boat to keep the kids from being sun fried. Instead, we were treated to a flattened tent and sleeping under a tarp by the third night.

Our larger than necessary tent fell victim to the first real windstorm. Heather had the foresight to pack rubberized rainsuits for the kids, which kept them warm and dry. Lots of ziplock bags and good humor went a long way.

By the fourth day, things were looking up, the sun and good sailing returned. Our sailboat, a severely modified Bolger Birdwatcher sharpie design (see "Blow, No Blow Kokopelli," *MAIB* February 15), performed well in the varied conditions at Lake Powell. I fitted her with two lightweight windsurfer sails on carbon fiber masts. These unstayed rigs flex in gusty winds and dump air instead of healing the boat. This feature gave me peace of mind with the kids aboard. The full cut of the old windsurfer sails makes the most out of light wind. I had built in a couple of watertight compartments for food and bedding. I also modified the transom with a kickup rudder, outboard box, and trash bin. The boat, heavy with gear and provisions, could be rowed or motored with our 4hp outboard.

The shallow draft was a must with the extreme low water conditions. We had a few equipment failures, beginning with a broken rudder and prop blade while putting in at the ramp. Fortunately, I had packed a well equipped fix-it box for just such occasions. A bit of ingenuity and a few spare parts and we were off and running.

All in all, we had a great time. The kids loved the water and playing on the beach. My recommendations for inspired young families would be to pack a sturdy, low profile tent and folding table, rain gear for everyone, extra tarps and ziplock baggies, extra long tent stakes for sandy beaches, and lots of treats and goodies. Try to find sandy beaches with shallow water, and don't forget the pails and shovels! Most important, go with a good group of friends and the whole trip will be more enjoyable... and hope they like kids!

Let's see, how can I sneak a Sunbeam Tiger tale, like Robb White does, into this boating mag? What kind of boat has that kind of acceleration and speed? Iceboats! How about a tale of the as-yet-unnamed iceboat I bought last year through my friend Vito? I asked Vito (in his 70s) what happened to his old stern steerer that was given to him by his father. It seems the last time it was sailed was 20 odd years ago.

I believe US ice sailing originated, or was at least popularized, on the Hudson River. Unfortunately every year the damn government decides to spend our tax dollars trying to break Mother Nature, so Hudson River ice ain't what it used to be, especially in the channel. But it's still occasionally good for some hard water sailing.

Vito makes his own vino, and he would always bring a couple of bottles along in case there wasn't any wind. One day there wasn't any wind until the vino was gone. Then the wind arose and Vito and his buddy set sail on the frozen Hudson looking for that ever elusive black ice. Wouldn't ya know it, right then a vino generated fog descended over the river, causing them to lose their bearings, mistake the channel for black ice, and nearly

A Sunbeam Tiger Tale?

disappear from view. The boat and crew were rescued, but Vito's wife, Sweetpea, threatened to burn the boat.

In order to rescue the boat again, Vito was forced to sell it to another buddy, Burnsey, but with the stipulation that he could buy it back at any time. It seems the only part of iceboating that Burnsey liked was the vino, so the boat remained in his garage for those 20 odd years. When we went to pick it up, Burnsey finally got his \$200 back, he said he'd been hoping that Vito would drop dead so he could get rid of the damn thing.

I'm leaning towards the name *Floater* and hoping to try it out this year. Anybody with web access can check out the unofficial site of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club at www.ulster.net/~mriceboat/welcome.html An excellent read can be had at the link to the 1881 article "Ice Yachting on the Hudson."

Oh yeah, this was supposed to be a Sunbeam Tiger tale. I was on my way home late one night many moons ago, in the ratty '65 Tiger (basically a Sunbeam Alpine with a Ford small block V8) which was resplendent in multi-colored shades of red and grey primer for an upcoming paint job. I stopped at a light and alongside pulls up a brand new Porsche, sticker still on the window, a suit driving with his no doubt impressed, gussied up girlfriend. Now, I don't know if he noticed or recognized the Tiger emblem that was still attached, but the suit starts revvin' up his engine. Being from a modest and genteel upbringing, I looked over, smiled, and waved.

The light turned green, the suit breaks rubber in first and second gears. I politely just stayed even until he chirped into third. Now maybe the shiny paint was irritating me, or perhaps my baser instincts took over, but still remembering my upbringing, I again looked over smiling and nodding and shifted the Tiger into second. Whereupon the shiny new Porsch with sticker, suit, and fancy woman disappeared to become like a certain ice boat that suddenly encountered a vino fog and disappeared from view.

Doc Shuter, Glasco, NY

It is now some years since I had the experiences hereinafter detailed, but all the circumstances are as vividly impressed upon my mind as though they had occurred yesterday. My wife and I had agreed to spend our honeymoon on a canoe cruise up the Rideau Canal to Kingston (Ontario), that is I had agreed to for I was not the moving power. The day came, and a very hot August day it was. We had to get a tremendous number of things into that small, open, Peterboro canoe, a difficulty enhanced by my wife's size and my smallness, and our mutual ignorance of anything appertaining to cruising.

It seems ridiculous that any trouble should be experienced in packing a canoe, but we had the things in and out again and again. As time has softened the disappointment, I can now confess that if Mrs. A. had not insisted upon my leaving behind nearly all my personal baggage (including certain liquid refreshments) we should be packing still. At last we got off, I, with my wife's fat spaniel Bob jammed between my legs, and my wife, as a crash of glass announced, with a foot through the candle lantern.

We camped late that evening at Hog's Back. Our tent was a small, rounded abomination, a sort of modified A tent. As I then understood the business, it was easily put up by any intelligent man. Drive the poles firmly into the ground, put the ridge pole on, lift the tent over, and peg it down. Such was my theory. The practice was a very different matter. This was the difficulty, I was short and my poles were tall; I could not get at them to drive them into the ground. I nearly combined murder and suicide in my first attempt. My wife held one of the poles while I, standing on a pile of baggage, tried to knock it down with the axe. After several ineffectual taps I aimed a terrific blow, hit the pole on the edge, splitting out the iron pin, while the axe and I flew off at a tangent.

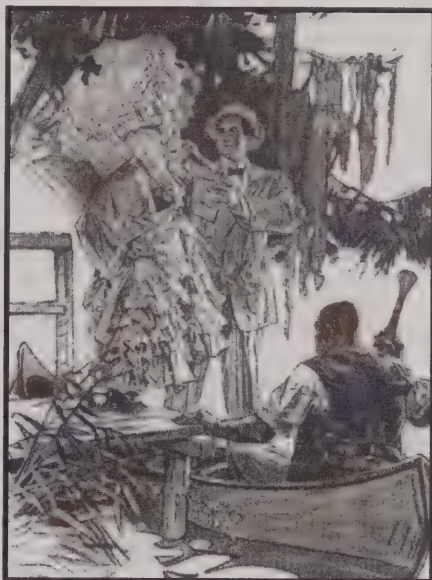
Dear me, what trouble I had in tying up that wretched split so that the pin would hold the ridgepole! At last I got my poles up by making holes in the ground a foot or so deep with the ax and then ramming stones in the holes to steady the poles. This done, my wife took one end of the tent and I the other and we proceeded to lift it over, using our baggage for stepladders. At the critical moment the infernal peg lines caught, we lost our balance, poles, and tent and human beings melted into a convulsive mass. I regret to say that my wife lost her temper and expressed her opinion of me in terms more forcible than polite.

It was getting dark, so we had no time to lose. Two little boys were easily bribed to hold the poles and, after much engineering, the tent was up and secure, although the thing was rather shapeless and hung in loose, irregular folds. The rascally tentmen, I thought, must have given me the wrong set of poles.

We got a very comfortable tea at a nice farmhouse close by and then turned in for the night, rolled up in our blankets with bundles of clothes wrapped up in towels for pillows. I never knew before how hard the ground is. In a short time my body was reduced to a bruised pulp. And then the noises, the stealthy, rustling noises in the surrounding bushes and grass. I could feel the exact places all around my head where the scalp would be torn from the skull by the fierce red man. I lay bathed in perspiration.

My Honeymoon In And Out of a Canoe

A cruising story from the American Canoe Association's *Paddle and Sail*, April 1889
(A third prize story, by A. Asticon).



My apprehensions were getting insupportable when my thoughts were mercifully diverted by the falling of heavy drops of rain, seemingly right through the tent, and with them came violent puffs of wind. My fears took another direction. I thought the tent would blow inside out. I seized one of the swaying poles to steady it. Hardly had I done so when a blinding flash of lightning lit up the tent, followed instantly by a terrific crash of thunder. The thunderbolt struck me between the shoulders and hurled me through the back of the tent into space as black as pitch.

The next thing I remember was a sensation of choking. I found myself lying on my face in a pool of water with my wife's strong arms around my neck, covered and surrounded with drenching canvas, tent poles, tin cans, and I know not what beside. We lay quaking at every peal of thunder, fearing to stir lest some premature movement might again attract the fatal fluid. After a time my wife ventured to disentangle herself, and we made a dash for the farmhouse. They told us there that "they kinda guessed we'd be up when they seed the storm a'comin'." I do not see why they said so, for I have only heard of one other case of a tent struck by lightning.

Next day we were up betimes and, as there was a gentle and favorable breeze, we thought we would try our sail. This triumph of millinery art had given us much trouble. It did not hang as flat as I could have wished, but then I flattered myself that when the wind bulged it out the breeze would get a better grip than on a flat surface. We had put the seams of the different widths of cotton horizontal, for my wife said the cotton cut to better advantage in that way. After several unsuccessful efforts we got the sail up and were repaid for all our trouble as the canoe skimmed along beautifully.

As the wind increased a good deal after a bit, we began to go uncomfortably fast, the canoe began to roll in a most unpleasant manner, the end of the boom would fly up as if it was going to wind around the mast. I got nervous, frightened, terrified, for the canal is a quarter of a mile wide here. The sail would not come down. The lock began to loom up in the distance. I was divided between the fear of upsetting and the fear that I would not be able to stop. The canoe began to roll worse than ever. My wife, with her back to me, seemed oblivious of the danger. Another lunge and some water slopped over the dog. He started up, and in so doing literally hoisted me overboard. I gave a despairing yell as the boiling waters rolled over my head with a roar.

I rose well nigh choked and, to my relief, found that the dog had gone overboard with me. I grasped his collar with one hand and struck out with the other. We were soon ashore. I then had time to think of Mrs. A. (who cannot swim). There she was in the center of the river, the canoe, with one end in the air, was sometimes sailing like mad, sometimes spinning round, stopping, going sideways, backwards, several ways at once. My first thought was of a suitable obituary, the second, to run over to a boat lying partially afloat and to yell to her to pull down the sail, to throw some of the heavy things out, to paddle to shore with her hat, and to keep cool. I tried to make the dog swim out to her assistance, he would not go, stupid brute, he did not understand the extremity of danger his dear mistress was in.

Ah! Sophronia was throwing some of the baggage into the water, my boots (I was in my stocking feet), my bag with all my clothes. (Why did she not throw out her own bag? It was much the heavier.) With my heart in my mouth I saw the tent go over, when my footing was jerked from under me and I fell for the second time into the water, this time to be bruised, not choked. It was the lockmaster pushing off the boat to Sophronia's assistance. Why did he not warn me? I was far more anxious to save my darling's life than he could have been. He had brutally left me lying amid stones and slime to take all the credit to himself of saving her life. He rowed so fast that he was able to save my bag, but the boots and tent were gone forever. (I have never regretted the latter). Then, instead of coming to pick me up, he took the canoe in tow and left me to mangle my poor feet in a dreadful walk to the lockhouse along that awful shore.

When I got dry, the lockmaster advised me to do the balance of the trip on the *S.S. Ida*, and, though I hated the man, I took his advice.



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Birdwatcher

Phil Bolger designed the Birdwatcher cabin about 20 years ago. I think the first Birdwatcher was built by Ron Mueller, who tested the boat to the point of knowing for sure that its main self righting feature would work. Knowing that, I went and built the second one in 1989. I still use mine. I haven't changed anything on it over the years except to add a motor, something that was forbidden in its early days.

I think the main feature of a Birdwatcher cabin is its ability to be reliably self righting without ballast. Here is how that is done. The sides are built quite high almost full length to form the cabin. In the case of the original Birdwatcher that was 42" deep such that you could sit inside on a low chair. The cabin sides must have full windows because everyone, including the skipper, must ride inside sitting, rather like sitting in an automobile.

The combination of the high sides and low down crew weight means that when pushed over on its side all the forces will be in place to rotate the hull back upright. The original Birdwatcher also had a 1" thick bottom to add to the ballast effect and make it bulletproof. Access to the cabin is through a 2' wide slot on centerline that runs the length of the boat so in a knockdown no water will flood inside. The end result is a totally self righting 24' sailboat that weighs about 700 lbs., say 1,100 pounds complete with trailer and the usual daysailing junk.

I've never experienced a knockdown with my own Birdwatcher. When pushed over by a big gust it would roll about 45 degrees and stop there until I could release the sheet and then it would roll back up. I've never had the windows in the water, although Ron said

Capsize Testing Some of My Boats

By Jim Michalak

he used to get his over on its side just to look through the windows underwater!

I can't say that the Birdwatcher idea seems too popular as far as the number of boats of this type being built. Not sure why. Sometimes I think that folks want an "inside" and an "outside" to their boats and Birdwatcher has neither in a way. You can't lay about sipping beer topside because there is no topside. And you can't go below to change clothes because there is no below. It's all open and visible to passersby. And it has to be that way for it to work. I get letters, and I'm sure that Phil does to, saying they want a Birdwatcher with a conventional cockpit. But that won't work well because now you would have a flooding cockpit or crew weight up high.

Jewelbox

Shortly after building my Birdwatcher I started drawing my own boats. One of my first was Jewelbox. Short on looks perhaps but long on function, Jewelbox had a Birdwatcher cabin and was supposed to deal with some of the things that I thought might be different from the original Birdwatcher. I used a square ended scow hull to shorten the boat from 24' (actually Birdwatcher sitting on its trailer with rudder hoisted up is 30' long from trailer tip to rudder) to 18'. I simplified construction of the house a bit. I used a balanced lug sail that was about 25% greater

sail area than the original and hoisted it onto an 18' mast instead of the 25' mast of the original. A single pivoting leeboard replaced the Birdwatcher off-centerboard. The square stern allowed a notch for a small motor and the square bow allowed a step through with a free flooding anchor well.

Karl James down in Texas built one and brought it to our Rend Lake Messabout one year. We had almost no wind that year so sailing abilities were not put to the test. But it was clear that he could rig the boat solo in a few minutes and that putting up the mast was a simple one-handed operation, much easier than walking up the 25' Birdwatcher mast. The leeboard worked fine. With its interior cleared of the centerboard and with the ends of the rooms wider, the shorter boat had as much useful interior as the original.

The motor is an added reality that boats of this size face even though the idea behind the original was that it would never have a motor. The reality is that a larger boat needs a reliable motor, with reverse even, to operate from crowded docks, especially if there is much wind. I was able to sail and row my Birdwatcher off the ramps for 10 years, but when the state upgraded the ramps with docks it wasn't really possible to do anymore if there was any boat traffic about. So my Birdwatcher got a motor and actually has turned out to be a grand motor sailer.

The step-through bow is a real breakthrough although it has not been popular. Jewelbox can be sailed full tilt up to the beach, and then you can walk straight out the house and over the bow without climbing over anything. That may not sound like a big deal but I'm positive that it makes for a superior family boat. The kids must have it, the women love it, and even you will find normal boats a pain to beach after you try one of these. I suppose the step into the bow is 18" or so, a far cry better than a normal sailboat this size. All this is made possible by the scow hull which doesn't like rough water in any case. So if you worry about taking green water over that low bow, you are looking at the wrong boat for you anyway.

In the years Karl had Jewelbox, he took it all over the US and into Canada and Mexico. It once made the cover of *Messing*



About In Boats! He did bury the bow while crossing Florida by river and canal. In Tampa Bay, I think, he drove it under full sail hard into a huge wake left by a motor yacht. The wave came all the way back to splash against the cabin top. The Jewelbox stopped and staggered and shed the water and went on its way. Karl also told me his Jewelbox was knocked down to windows in the water and it righted quickly.

IMB

About the same time I entered a design contest sponsored by the International Marine Publishing Co. with a design I called the International Marine Beacher (IMB). In most ways it was an enlargement of my multichine Piccup Pram design which was working out quite well. Piccup is 11'x4' and the IMB is 13'x5'. And it has a Birdwatcher cabin 3.5' deep. No motor provisions. No, I didn't win anything. It was a while before an IMB was completed and I'll get back to it shortly.

Back To IMB

I'm lucky there are Texans around to build prototypes of odd boats. Two IMBs were completed within a short (to a Texan) drive of Houston, one by Jerry Scott and another by 77 years young Bob Williams. I was also very lucky to be able to attend the Conroe Messabout. Both IMBs were there. They were successful in the ways I had hoped for. The cabin was not too small, Bob at one point had five adults in his! The boats rigged in an instant. Jerry towed his behind a 1500cc mini SUV.

Almost no wind so not much sail testing going on, but perfect conditions for a capsizing test! Jerry's boat was volunteered by someone other than Jerry. (Jerry said he had sailed the boat on some windy days such that the windows were touching the water.) We removed all the loose gear in preparation for the test, and if there is one thing you will learn in a test like this it is that you should always have all of your gear well stowed. The lug sail was bundled to minimize confusion.

The first knockdown test was with no one inside. The bow and stern were held in place while I pulled the boat over using the halyard to the masthead. A scientific test would have a scale on the halyard and tilt meters, etc., but we were subjective here. As felt by tension on the halyard, I thought the max righting ability was about 30 degrees, which is common. After that the tension in the halyard required to heel the boat more and more became less and less until at about 80 degrees it was zero and the boat flopped on its side and became stable. We pushed it back upright with a simple flip of the masthead.

Then Jerry got volunteered to be inside for a live ballast test. Warning! If you do a test like this have the skipper well secured because the boat will be tilted over sideways and when released it may right very quickly, almost violently. I've heard of boats righting so quickly that they go past vertical enough to capsize on the other side! Jerry suggested a seatbelt but settled for a firm grasp on the mast. It was harder to pull over of course. But now, with Jerry's weight inside it was self righting from 90 degrees! A success! Don't ask me why the larger Scram didn't do the same thing.

Scram Pram

Wil Gordon, also down in Texas, saw the IMB plans and wanted something a bit different. In particular, a bit bigger and with water ballast, a motor notch, and an awful lot of sail. We worked it up into a design he called Scram Pram and he built it. A second prototype was built by UT Roberts in Savannah and here is a photo of UT's Scram. UT did not build in the ballast tanks and I talked him into a smaller sail. I was getting better at calculating things about this time and was starting to suspect that not all Birdwatchers would be self righteous, especially since my IMB and Scram were not designed with thick heavy bottoms. So on its first time out, on a gusty day, UT hoisted sail with his Scram tied to the dock, it was knocked down and it stayed stable on its side! His son went in after it and they say the boat popped upright as soon as he grabbed the skeg.



Well, there is a data point you can't argue with. Scram was supposed to have ballast so I wasn't too worried about it. UT retrofitted the ballast. Meanwhile, down in Texas they did a capsizing test at the Lake Conroe Messabout with Wil Gordon's Scram. With no ballast it lay on its side just like UT's. And with a large man inside hugging the floor of the knocked over Scram, it still did not right! With the ballast tanks full it proved very hard to capsize by pulling on the halyard to the masthead. And once knocked over that way to 90 degrees, it rolled upright very quickly. So the Scram as designed with the water tanks was OK. But I was getting really worried now about IMB and another called Jewelbox Junior (15' version of the 18' Jewelbox.)

Petesboat

I designed a larger 24' version for Karl's brother Pete. We called it Petesboat. Same thing only bigger and wider and with 60hp mounted on the centerline and it planes to 20mph, although he said he, the boat, crew, and the motor were a lot happier at 15mph.



Jewelbox Jr

I reported the above on my website at www.apci.net/~michalak and soon got a letter from Rick Bedard in California who had just finished a Jewelbox Jr. JB Jr is very much along the lines of the original Jewelbox, but is 15' to the original's 18' and I've included some photos of the prototype boat built by Erwin Roux in Pennsylvania. Volumewise it is maybe half a Jewelbox and the work and cost involved with building it will go about the same ratio. When he took it out for its first sail there wasn't any wind. So he did the controlled capsizing test.

First he put the boat in knee deep water with bow and stern tied to the shore to prevent the boat from moving sideways. The sail and boom were stowed but the mast was installed with the halyard arranged to pull the boat over from the masthead. He wrote:

"Here's what happened. When pulling the empty boat over, the pull on the halyard to heel her was at first light, then it took more and more force to heel further until the gunwale was immersed and the windows began to touch water. Then the load on the halyard quickly diminished until it was gone. At this point the outer corner of the center of the cabin top was less than 2" from the water. Then the weight of the mast alone caused the boat to heel by herself that 2" and she plopped over until the windows hit the water, then maybe 1" (of the cabin top) immersed as the buoyancy of the cabin top stopped any further heeling. The boat came to rest at that point, (that's what I meant by stable). However the slightest push up on the mast and she popped upright. Thinking back, I bet (but didn't think to try) that a lowered leeboard would have been more than enough to keep her from "falling" that last couple of inches."

"I then tried to heel the boat further. Pulling down on the halyard from that heeled position took significant effort. One time while holding the masthead in the water while waiting for my kid to snap a photo, my hand slipped, releasing the mast, and the boat popped upright. My feeling is it was the buoyancy of the cabin top that built enough momentum to get the hull past the "stable" zone as I called it."

"Then with the boat floating in that heeled mode, I waded to the hull and pressed down on the mast next to the cabin top. I had to put most of my weight there to get the mast to touch, and all of my weight only put the top 2' of the masthead under an inch or so."

"Climbing inside, I could only keep the boat heeled down by keeping my weight (feet) in the chine or on the hull side and leaning on the cabin top rail. Any shift of my weight towards the sole and she rolled under me upright. When I tried to sit centered in the chine she rolled herself upright."

"I did this three times while trying to put the cabin top under. Again, getting the hull to right was nearly effortless, it was a balancing act to keep it tipped over."

"When inside the hull, starting upright, my 100-lb. assistant could not pull the boat over using the halyard until I leaned hard out the cabin top while he was pulling. I did this fearing a snapped mast, he was aggressively tugging away. The boat would stop heeling just before the cabin top corner would get to the water and go no more. By leaning out, and carefully staying to the heeled side of the

chine I could keep her heeled. Any shift back and upright she went."

"Apparently I put little thought into what it took to right the boat, as empty it only took a small tug, and with me inside it was all a balancing act to keep her from righting."

So...

I'm convinced that the Birdwatcher style boat has some real benefits. From a full knockdown, these self righted with no water shipped into the boat. No one got wet or had to go for a swim to right the boat. Clearly in these tests the boats fared a lot better than any open boat and clearly they are a lot simpler and lighter than a ballasted boat.

A few things to keep in mind. One is that these were static tests. The situation in large waves could be quite different.

Second is that in these tests the sails were stowed inside the boats. When hoisted, a sail and yard would raise the center of gravity and make the boat less stable. If the boat rolls to the point where the rig is in the water, then the buoyancy of the wooden yard can be significant because it will be way out on the masthead maybe preventing the boat from turning turtle.

Plans for IMB are \$30. Jewelbox, JB Jr and Scram plans are \$35 each, and Petesboat plans are \$50.

Jim Michalak, 118 E Randle St., Lebanon, IL 62254, www.apci.net/~michalak



When I wrote about Dorita in *MAIB* last fall, mention was made of building another boat from these plans for my grandson Banning. It was really for Banning's father, Bill, as Banning is only two. While precocious and all that, he is still too young to row, especially on the relatively open Sakonnet River adjacent to their home. Rowing will be Bill's job, for now anyway, with Banning riding shotgun in the sternsheets. As one can see in the launching day photos, Banning wanted none of this sternsheets business, insisting upon sitting on the thwart close to Dad and helping with the oars. I am told that on subsequent outings he rather liked sitting aft, once he got used to it.

In building *Bannito*, as Banning's new dory has been named, I was concerned that the original design had insufficient flotation for use on open water. Dorita was intended to stay in the dead flat backwaters surrounding Beaufort, North Carolina, where the most serious threat to her seaworthiness was wakes from powerboats ignoring the no wake zones. Nevertheless, I had intentionally swamped Dorita soon after she was built and was disappointed that, while she would support my weight, I couldn't stay inside the swamped hull. She'd turn turtle and dump me out. All of the additional buoyancy was under the thwart so she became unstable in the swamped condition. That would never do if Bill and Banning should flip *Bannito* in the Sakonnet River. We needed a safer boat for this precious cargo.

Back in the last century (1990), Dorita was transformed into a sailboat by installing 6" wide sponsons on either side. How this was done is really a separate story, but as the conversion was successful beyond what I had hoped to achieve, I reasoned that a similar treatment ought to do the trick for *Bannito*. However, Bill didn't want a sailboat, so wide sponsons were not called for. I devised a simpler solution and made wales by gluing 2" x 6" foam insulation on the outside below each rail. The additional weight is negligible but adds approximately 100 lbs. of additional flotation up high where it belongs. In the unlikely event that they might flip *Bannito*, this should allow Bill and Banning to get back

With Drumbeat And Whip...

Bannito, a New And Improved Dorita

By Ted Jones



aboard, bail her out, and make it safely to shore.

The *Bannito* version is not only safer but I think she's better looking. Somehow she has that "meant to be like this" appearance. The additional weight and cost are negligible, she is no more difficult to build, and it takes only a few hours more to build her than it would without them. Now I can't imagine building this dory any other way, and the modification has been added to the latest plans offering.

The foam wales were cut on a bandsaw, beveled on the bottom at 30 degrees to be roughly parallel to the water, then glued to the bare okoume plywood with epoxy. A laminated rail, consisting of five 1/2" x 1/2" strips of pine, were bent around the sheer lying on top of the foam to protect it from bumps and scrapes and to provide a strong mounting point for the oarlocks. Beginning about 3' aft from the bow, both rail and foam are tapered to a point at the stern, then wales, topsides, and bottom were covered with a single layer of Dynel set in Gougeon Brothers' epoxy.

The foam wale is not a necessary part of the structure, so I didn't bother with a plywood skin. Should the sides or underbelly run into something harder than they are, any resulting damage could be easily repaired. But the Dynel/epoxy/foam laminate is surprisingly tough. I expect a bump hard enough to take a chunk out of the foam would do a significant number on the plywood hull as well.

The only other modification from the plans was the installation of two 1" square sacrificial rubbing strips on the bottom in anticipation of routine launchings off a rocky beach.

The inside of *Bannito*'s hull is varnished while the Dynel exterior was faired with several applications of epoxy and microballoons, carefully sanded between coats so as not to sand into the weave of the fabric. For the exterior, I used System Three's waterborne urethane finish sprayed on using a Campbell Hausfield HVLP (high volume, low pressure) system: I'm still on the learning curve both with the waterborne paint and the HVLP spraying, but the result was good and it was environmentally friendly with negligible overspray. My lungs are very happy and I don't believe I'll ever go back to spraying volatile solvents. Hey, I could drink the paint thinner, it's only water.

I expect to have *Bannito* back in the shop this spring for several more coats of varnish and a semigloss clear coat over the red and the white exterior. Then she'll be ready once again for those family outings on the Sakonnet, Mommy in her kayak followed by *Bannito* with Bill rowing and Banning in the sternsheets with drumbeat and whip. "Faster Daddy, faster!"

Plans are available from Ted Jones' Gundalow Boat Shop, 603 Brown's Ridge Rd., Ossipee, NH 03864, (603) 539-3625, <taj@worldpath.net>



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Herreshoff's Little Known Designs

By Greg Grundtisch

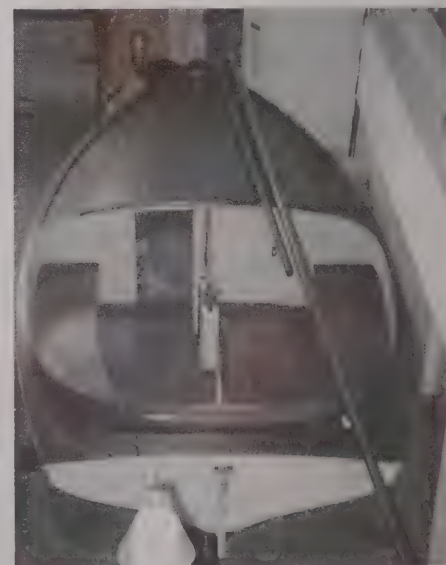
Most everyone involved in wooden boats is familiar with the famous Capt. Nat Herreshoff, and the Herreshoff Bros. yard in Bristol, RI. You are probably aware of the many catboats and yachts that slid down the ways. The championship races, the records set, and victories his designs have won. The list of innovations in design, building techniques, hardware, engines, seem endless. Nate Herreshoff did the designing; his brother John B. was a brilliant mathematician and businessman. He was able to do complex cost calculations for building in his head. He was also totally blind from the age of 15. By age 18 he was a professional boatbuilder.

But, did you know the Herreshoffs designed a kayak? Yep, A. Sidney DeW. Herreshoff designed Attu, for Nathanael G. Herreshoff III, his eldest son, to paddle around Bristol Harbor and off the family yacht. The Herreshoff yard also designed and built hulls and pontoons for flying watercraft, such as the NC 4, the first to cross the Atlantic in May, 1919.

They also designed and improved anchors, hardware, and improved the triple expansion steam engine. They revolutionized building techniques, such as diagonal stress straps for framing, built a machine for installing cringles in sails, improved sails by using crosscutting to improve airflow, hollow rudders to add or remove water or air. They built gunboats for the Spanish military, trailers, and trailerable boats such as the Amphi Craft trailer in 1935.

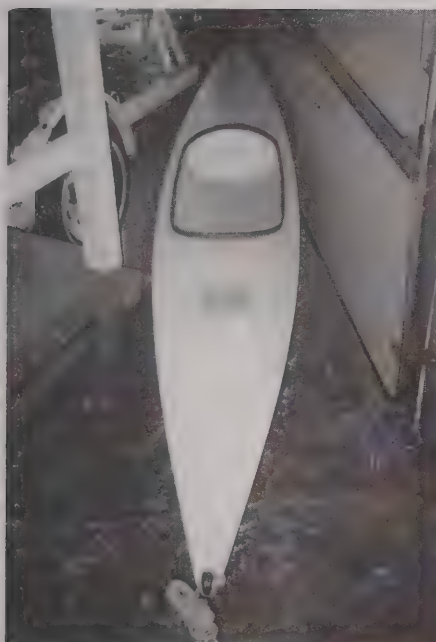
The lovely and talented Naomi and I discovered this lesser known information while visiting the Herreshoff Museum in Bristol, RI this past summer. They also have the more known designs as well as a huge collection of half models. Across the street is the harbor with some in-water boats from the collection. The America's Cup museum is also located on the grounds.

A Herreshoff catboat.

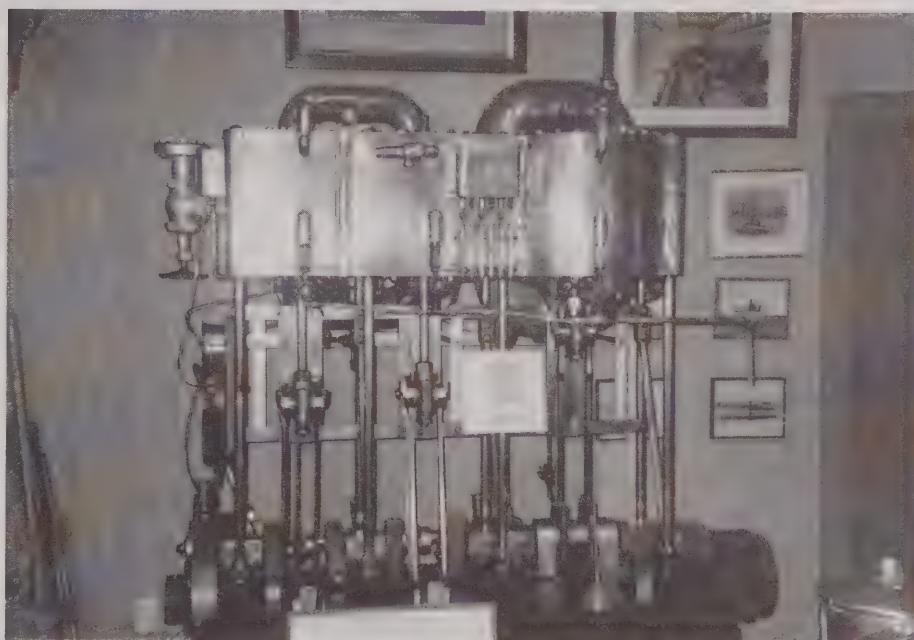




On the water displays.



Herreshoff's kayak, *Attu*.



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As a reluctant Boy Scout of 12 years old, I got talked into a week at summer camp. I had not liked the way Cub Scouting had ended and I was not eager for more of the same. But this was different. Here I was, away from my parents and living in a tent. It began to look good. Then, on the morning of the second day our troop trudged down to the Grand River to try our hand at canoeing. It was a beautiful morning, the water was smooth, and the current leisurely. Wow! Why hadn't someone told me? Though I had not known it, this was what I had come for. In fact, I began to think that canoeing was what I was living for. Too soon the week was over and I was home again, without a canoe.

I had once received a Christmas gift book called *The Boy Mechanic*. Always interested in making things, I worked that book pretty hard, building many of the gadgets and toys it described. Time after time I had wistfully bypassed its plan for a 16' wood and canvas canoe, knowing that this was not really a boy's project. Now my attention was riveted. I could do that. I read and planned and plotted how I would go about it. I had to have a canoe, but I knew I was still a bit young for such a project.

Then three years later my parents bought me a table saw and I began to build. I did not have enough material for the full 16' called for in the plan, and since this canoe was only for me, I decided I did not need such a long boat. Besides, smaller would be easier to carry. So, I eliminated the center 4' of the plan. I did not recognize that this wide, relatively flat center section is where initial stability comes from. It all looked good to me.



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Birchbark

By Hugh Groth

I constructed a strongback and laboriously cut the forms. The table saw produced ribs from a number of reasonably clear 2'x4's I had saved. Using a technique that was marginal at best, I soaked the ribs in the tub in boiling water, then bent them to shape on the frame. Amazingly, most of them did not break during the bending and they seemed to hold their new shape.

About then that same Boy Scout troop planned a fishing trip to the wilds of Canada, and I eagerly went along. We used canoes and cedar strippers with two boys and a dad in each. It was a glorious time, lots of fish, great boating, and camping. The scenery was beautiful, and loons calling made it complete. I realized that this, eventually, was where my little canoe and I belonged.

We were camped on an island covered with fairly mature paper birch. Aha! This could be a great substitute for canvas, since I had no money for it anyway. Besides, how great it would look. I did not want to kill the trees, so I carefully peeled all but the last few layers of bark from several trees, enough to cover my canoe. Rolled in a bundle, it made it home on top of Dad's car.

Once home, I finished the ribs and began the problem of attaching the birchbark. I tacked it in place with copper tacks and sewed the seams with twine, using linoleum cement to seal it. This made it a bit lumpy and a little sticky here and there, but it looked good. My mother was so proud. Being big on publicity, she called the local newspaper and my picture (with birchbark canoe) appeared. A few more touch-ups and I was ready for launch.

Fortunately, I was not so big on publicity. About a mile from home, through a patch of woods, was a lonely pond behind a dam on the Chagrin River. Late in the day I headed there with my little canoe over my head. The big moment came and I gently placed the craft on the water. It sank like a sieve. I had not gone deep enough in peeling the birchbark, so it was filled with tiny pinholes. That is the way it grows. If you do not take the cambium

layer with it, the bark is porous. To compound the problem, the linoleum cement began to dissolve. At least I was the only one to witness this humiliation.

I took my little boat home, took all the birchbark off, and began to save my paper route money for canvas. I replaced the birchbark with wood strips cut from 2'x4's as planking, fastened in place with copper tacks, and stretched the canvas in place. A coating of some special goop recommended at the boat store tightened and sealed the canvas, and after a finish paint job I was back in business. This time it floated beautifully. Those who read that newspaper never learned the whole story (assuming they cared).

Time for a major test. With a bright yellow canoe, no license, no permission, and no built-in flotation or life preservers, my best friend and I decided to paddle around Punderson Lake. With both of us in the canoe, we had about 4" of freeboard, maximum. Fortunately, the two of us provided enough displacement that the instability of the severe round bottom was less of a factor, and off we went. Naturally, we launched from the opposite side of the lake from the state park, but it did not take long for a ranger to notice us and he began to holler. We were soon back off the lake.

With new state registration numbers, a couple of flotation tanks for the ends, and a PFD, what followed was several years of enjoyment for me. The canoe was terribly unstable and the several unclenched copper tacks sticking through the ribs made kneeling to paddle a bit of a challenge. But if I could keep it upright, the little thing was fast and tracked well and I could carry it anywhere. It was my boat and I loved it.

About a year after the Punderson incident another friend and I thought up the adventure of paddling down swollen Tinker's Creek on the spring flow. The volume of water was nearly too much for the narrow creek bed, and the current was fast, but we were certain we could handle it. For a while things went well. Then, rounding a bend, I saw a large tree that effectively turned the stream 90 degrees, and we were headed right for it. I was in the front, so my solution was to lean forward, plant the end of the paddle against the tree trunk and swing the front of the boat downstream. But my paddle missed the trunk and the front of the boat did not. I was catapulted right over the front of the canoe into the water. I lost my moccasins and thoroughly doused my new, non-water-resistant graduation watch. We did not lose the canoe but now were at the back of a farmer's field, soaked and with me barefoot, not knowing where we were or how to get home.

Needless to say I was not especially gentle with my canoe. It worked hard for me, and with the somewhat inadequate quality of materials and construction, it was not destined for a long life. But then I was due to go away to school, and so the canoe was passed along to my younger brother. He used it for a while, but then it was put up in storage and simply rotted away.

The little yellow canoe, my first boat and one I built myself, taught me a lot about hull shapes, construction, and how to paddle. It also provided many good lessons for life in addition to confidence and pride in accomplishment and enjoyment.

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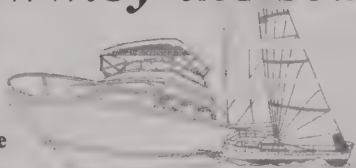
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As I write this, an old, old friend of mine is writing something, too. He is sitting on a little stool in a sunny spot in his yard writing "Rescue Minor" on the stern of my boat...in 14 karat gold leaf. You know, a man who is apt to pontificate about his opinions sometimes has to put his money where his mouth is, and I have strong opinions about the naming of boats. For one thing, I do not usually name them at all but the old Rescue Minor has named herself (or was it some departed soul). There is an old rule among us yachtsmen of the old school and that is that the proper way to put the name on a varnished transom is in gold leaf.

You know a man who lives in abject poverty has to have a little something to boost his ego. It is sort of like the big shiny SUV parked in front of the trailer with all the trash and scratching dogs lying around in the yard. It is just a matter of priorities. At least I don't have a gold stud in the side of my nose.

Another reason I decided to do this was that I love to see a good man at his art. If I could afford it, I would own a bunch of beautiful things that artists made. I have some wonderful little paintings that friends of mine have given me, and every time I see them I am delighted. You know, as an aside, I believe that it is best not to hang such a thing right smack in the middle of the living room because you get too used to it to get the full goody out of seeing it again. I know this is an exaggerated comparison, but it is a little bit like sex. You don't want to be like a craven, self indulgent convict with nothing to do and a lifetime to do it in...ain't no joy in that. It is best to space it out into special occasions.

This sign writer friend of mine is a sure enough artist. He has maintained a pure monopoly in the sign painting business in this town ever since I was a little boy. He can stand on the top rung of a 40' ladder and free hand a sign in letters 6' high on the side of a brick building so perfectly that you can't tell it wasn't projected from a slide. He painted a sign advertising the wonders of Florida with a woman in a bathing suit so well done that it caused a bunch of car wrecks.

I won't go all into it, but he is so good and quick that nobody has ever been able to compete. He has had apprentices who were so eager to learn that they worked the ladder for him for years, and though he took them by the hand to show them how, they had to move away to make a living. He is just plain an artist at what he does and I'll be delighted to own a little piece of his work.

I'll haul it down to the little Apalachicola Antique and Classic Boat Show on Saturday, April 26, too. There will probably be some precious jewel inboard boats down there with varnish jobs so perfect that the owners keep the two ply (canvas and flannel) cotton covers on them except during the judging. I have seen boats so pampered that you could run a white handkerchief 8" up the tailpipe and not bring out any smut. They'll certainly beat me with my paintbrush varnish job and that little hint of smut on my transom.

At that, I must deviate a little bit. I have finally fooled around enough to get the propeller exactly (?) right, and that's a hard thing to do. Anybody can put a wheel on a boat that will propel it pretty good, but a proper job takes a lot of fooling around. The diameter is the main thing. Half an inch taken off will free up the engine most amazingly. If

Gold Leaf

By Robb White

it is over pitched, it'll lug, too. Old hands at it always have a mind boggling collection of propellers and those little nylon reducing sleeves so they can fit them to most any shaft to do their experiments.

I have quite a few myself, but they are mostly sailboat propellers. Rescue Minor is the first planing inboard boat I ever built. I had to hit the e-Bay. Though there have been a bunch of books and charts and graphs written about propeller selection, they only just get you into the ball park. The only way to get it right is to fool around with both the diameter and pitch until the boat will run the fastest with the engine running up to the specified rpm. It is okay to overload a gas engine with wheel and, if you don't intend to use the maximum horsepower of the engine, they'll run more economically like that, but it is destructive to lug a diesel engine.

Right now, there is a pitiful thing down in Carrabelle. The Coast Guard has a most beautiful new cutter (says *Seahawk* across the transom, but not in gold leaf, but it ain't a varnished transom) that is so overloaded with wheel that she smokes out the two side exhausts so bad that the boys have to wash the whole stern of the boat every time they come in. I don't know what kind of wonderful engines they got down in there, but they are fixing to kill them if they don't loosen up.

I know a man in Panama City who could do it for them, too. He is kind of an artist at it. Sometimes he'll just watch a boat for a second or two and say, "eighteen/fourteen...that'll be fifty bucks." I guess it would take an act of Congress to get the job done on the *Seahawk* and they are too busy dealing with solving the problems generated by how the whole country is terrorized into apoplexy to have time to get the *Seahawk* up on plane. I think...dang it, seems like I would have learned my lesson by now, don't it? Anyway, I think the way to solve the Iraq and North Korea problem is to buy those damned weapons of mass destruction. We could put an entry fee on Liberian and Panamanian tankers to get up the money.

Whoo, y'all. There is an old comedy routine us schoolboys around here used to do

when one of us got insulted or challenged in some way or other. The offended kid would say, "I'm mo kill him, y'all." At that, he would stick his elbow out to the nearest of his buddies and plead, "Hold me buddy. Don't let me do it. Please don't let me do it. Hold me." That's me down at the Apalachicola boat show. Some fool is certain to make some half assed remark about my gold leaf. "Hold me Jane...else I mo kill this big head son of a bitch."

I already know Rescue Minor will win her class at the boat show. I ain't got to worry about any polished up hothouse

flower or pampered artifact. I won't even need that gold artwork. I am too smart for them. She'll be the only "motor launch" entered. My little sailing "felucca" won her class last year. Well, I took a little poetic license there. Those that run that show classified her as a "paddle boat" and there were some inlaid canoes with rubbed out varnish jobs. Jane had to hold me back.

So, what'll happen after the show? Will I put the two ply cover on her and haul her back to her humidity controlled shed with the pollen sucker humming like the winner of the "Best Restored Runabout Class" does? Hell no, I'll slide her off into the perennial diesel fuel slick of the Carrabelle River and let her take us across the rough salt water to Dog's Island to swing to her anchors at our little plywood (yes, Virginia, damn your eyes...and I got to do something about it pretty quick) shanty until we are ready to go fishing in the morning. Maybe I'll get up in the middle of the night to see if I can catch a hint of a flash of moonlight off that gold.

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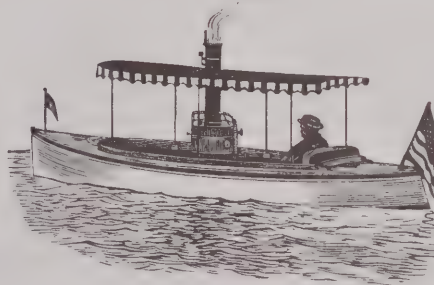
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Boating can be expensive and ecologically harmful. I wanted boating that was neither and that fit in with a lifestyle that relied on bicycles, not only for making a living, but also for transport. This required some sort of boat that could be towed or carried by bike. I live in NW Tasmania, Australia, near the sea and a number of rivers and lakes.

One of the designs considered was a catamaran, the idea being that the hull would be suspended on either side of the bike with the cross pieces sitting on the bike, one ahead, one behind the cyclist.

Another idea was a light small dory that could fit like a cap over the rear part of the bike.

I also have a tandem which I used for a mobile door-to-door book exchange. This tandem can carry an enormous amount and has carried small canoes angled like an aircraft carrier's deck. However, these did not seem to be solutions for cruising extensively in traffic.

The solution came, of all things, during a tall ships get-together in Hobart for the 1988 bicentenary of Australia, a glorious week, with hardly any sleep, of activities with large and small boats square and otherwise rigged from all over the world. The last was a grand parade of all the tall ships down the Derwent

A Boat For Bike Hauling

By Fred Groenier

Estuary, surely one of the most beautiful of the world, and now full of boats of every size and sort imaginable.

For my purpose, a square rigger was a bit out of the question, but I could clearly see how smaller boats fared. Power boats and dinghies were out, small Hartley trailer sailers were held back by the Derwent chop, catamarans kept digging into the chop, and so on. But right up front near the leading tall ships were a couple of Kleppers. That was the solution!

At home, one of my old books, *Canoes & Canoeing* by Percy Blandford (1963), did have instructions and specifications for making a folding canoe (kayak). It was a book disposed of by the library, too old, etc., nobody was intersted in canoes built of wood and canvas anymore.

Of the five designs, four canvas plus one plywood, the folding one, Puffin, has the rather off-putting intro that it "entails much more work than a rigid fabric covered

canoe...metal work and fabric work as well as wood work to be done".

But I will always venerate Percy Blandford, the 19 pages of instructions, although compact, were/are meticulous, detailed, and complete.

Although mostly made in sections, only one room in my cottage was suitable and large enough to test the sections together, that of course being the bedroom! Each night, when in bed, I could look at the growing frame and figure out the next stages, what bliss.

The end result was a miracle, 130 or so parts which all had to, and did, fit together. No wonder Kleppers cost several thousand dollars. As the photos show, a Puffin is halfway between a canoe and a kayak, 11'x28", the cockpit about 70"x18" (all the internal sections have to be assembled through this opening).

Assembly, which took about 35 minutes, consisted of putting in the fore and aft sections with stringers, then the middle parts which, with its two ladder-like floor sections straightened out, locked the frame parts tight against the envelope skin, and a few other pieces which completed the boat.

Even though it was a small boat, it proved adept for longish journeys and fairly big waves, its small size fit in with the waves, sailed not too bad and paddled easily, although not the fastest, could carry overnight gear and even an extra person on short, calm hops, was neutral in crosswinds, all together it was a viceless friend.

Packed up, it formed a rather large but not heavy bundle, including paddle, mast, spars, sails, leeboards, rudder, which could be carried as an oversize backpack or on the rear carrier of a bicycle.

The satisfaction of cycling to some water spot, calmly parking the bike, opening the pack, and making the contents metamorphosize into a canoe yacht, ignoring the bystanders and treating it all as a daily occurrence, carrying such a contraption to the water and paddling and sailing it, was great, the same when landing, dismantling, and cycling off.

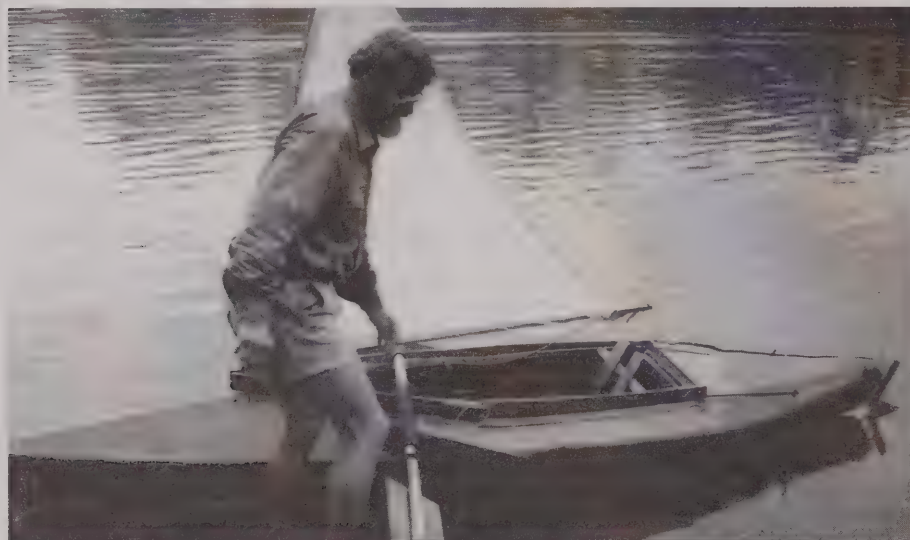
For years I cruised on rivers, lakes, and sea. It ended only when I got lost at sea one dark night and was wrecked on cliffs.

However, many more boats got built out of that Blandford book. I built another Puffin, but not a folding one, with a friend. This is such a reliable little boat that it got seven other people into boating, two of whom built two bigger boats out of the same book, two Kittywakes with which they did an 1800 km journey down the Cooper River, a river like many in Australia only sometimes filled with water.

Not bad for "old fashioned" canvas covered canoes, especially considering the trees they frequently had to go over, under, through, and around, much while going through desert nowhere near any other humans.

Another library reject I picked up from a second hand shop is Dennis Davis' *The Book of Canoeing*, which includes the wherewithal for a making a nice kayak, of which five have been made by various people including Lionel Hill, through whom I got to know MAIB.

I think there ought to be a special place in Heaven for the authors of such books that are such a help for people to get into making and enjoying boats.



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I worked my admiration for traditional Northern European sailing craft into the design. An inshore boat from the Shetland Islands, for example, would be double-ended and built lapstrake fashion from six or eight wide pine boards. It could be rowed long distances when necessary, but in skilled hands would sail upwind and down in even the roughest conditions, maybe with a load of herring. The Skerry brings the great handling and good looks of these craft within reach of amateur boatbuilders.

The Skerry's 60sf sprit sail is a type that was common on small sailing craft prior to 1900. That rig's qualities, ease of set-up, spars that stow inside the boat, and powerful drive with minimal heeling force are as real now as they were then. Under sail, the Skerry accelerates quickly, thanks to a hull weight of less than 100 lbs. The Skerry's flared hull provides ever increasing stability as it heels, and the strong flare at the bow also handily knocks down spray.

The Chesapeake Light Craft Skerry

By John Harris

Specifications

Length: 15'0"

Beam: 4'6"

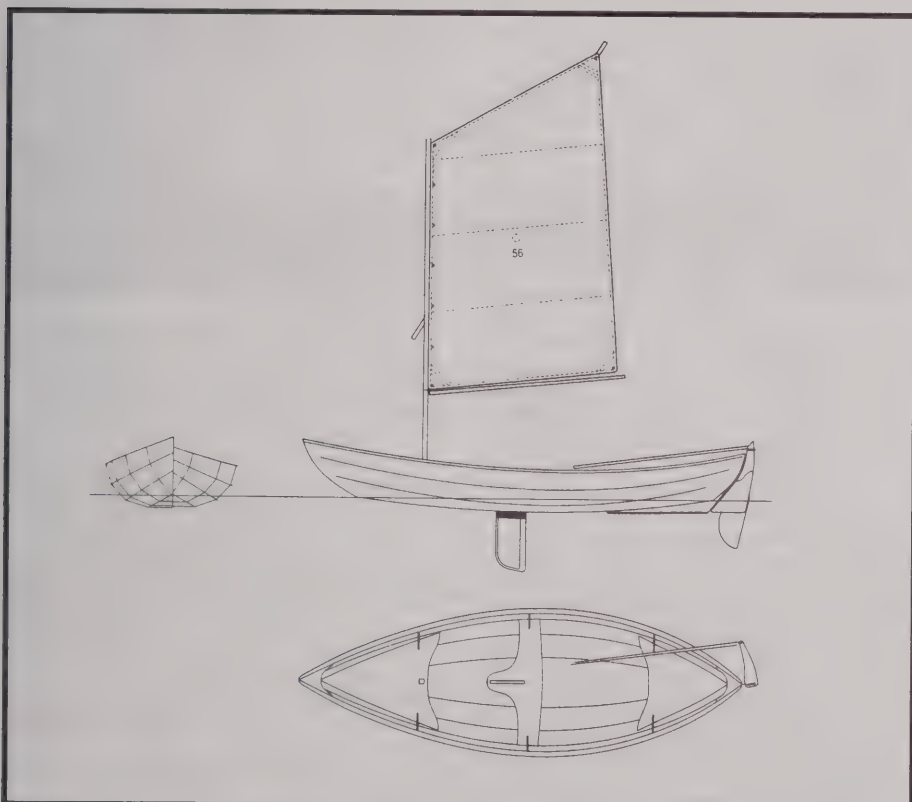
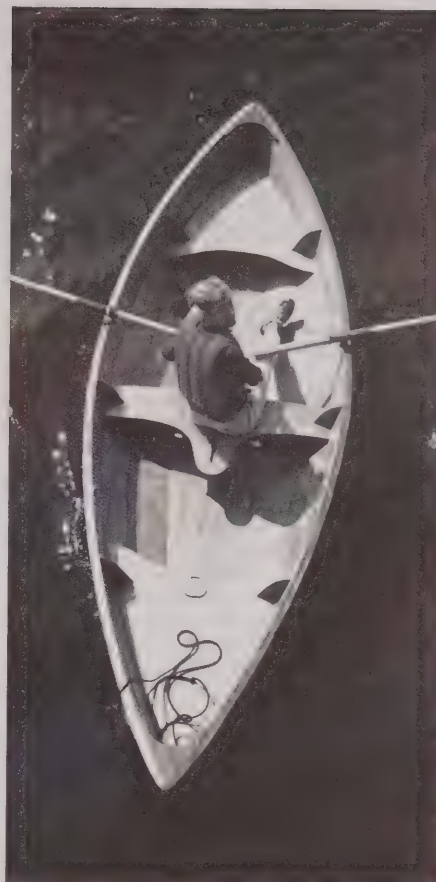
Weight (epoxy coated okoume plywood): 100 lbs.

If the wind doesn't suit, you can row the Skerry all day long. With a long, easy glide and excellent tracking, a cruise under oars alone can be contemplated, averaging 3.5 knots for hours at a time. Two rowing positions permit the Skerry to be rowed with one, two, or three adults on board.

The Skerry would make an ideal beachcruiser. A beachcruiser is a type of lightweight small boat that can carry its crew along a protected coastline, handling anything from a crossing under sail to a long row in a flat calm. At night, the crew finds a safe landing and camps ashore. The Skerry's 500-lb. payload permits cruising for a week or more.

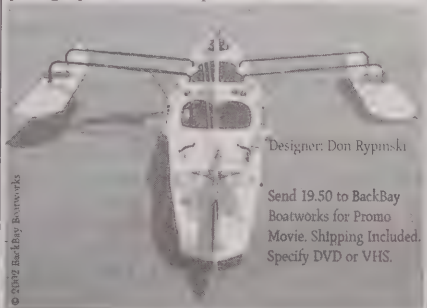
In the Shetland Islands, a skerry is a rock, smaller than an island and occasionally awash. The Oxford English Dictionary also notes that, at least as early as the 16th century, the word "skerry" referred to a small boat for two people.

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I've paid the airfare, close to a month's salary by the time I pay the various taxes plus a day or two's accommodation along the way. The trip will take 16 hours, plus three hours in the transit lounge in Hawaii, plus the return trip from Vancouver BC via LA. Sorry Angelinos, that airport is not a nice place to have to spend much time. I've often wondered what Hawaii is like, and it looks like I won't get to see much of this tropical paradise this trip. Three hours is not worth fighting my way through customs and immigration for, I'd be due to check back in before I escaped!

As I write I'm only a couple of days short of leaving for Port Townsend and the Wooden Boat Festival on September 6-8. It will be really great to meet up with some people who I have only ever met over the internet. We share an interest, nay, a passion for small boats, and to be able to talk over the subject without the delays and disadvantages of a read-only medium will be great.

Although it will be a while before you get to read this, and the show will be long over, the issue of communication between myself as the interpreter of dreams and needs and those who will be the users of my work will still be very real.

Communication is a large part of a designer's function. I listen to the needs of a client, often in the form of letters or e-mails. I write and send my replies back and hope that we are getting things clear between us. But the most effective communication uses all of the available mediums. The voice alone can convey both semantic and emotional content, the words themselves have meaning, but often modified by the tone and the manner of delivery. Add the facial expression and the gestures of the hands, as well as the body language, and the communication becomes much more complete, the meaning more clear, and the possibility of misunderstandings greatly reduced.

Communication is a necessary part of learning, and it is to learn that I am travelling so far. Close to a third of the way around the world and back, just to wander a boat show with some people I have yet to meet. I need to look at the work of other designers, seek the opinions of other people, get my head around other ways of doing things, and sit in other cabins. It is easy to lurk inside a sealed environment, designing my own boats and doing it my way, getting stale and grumpy, criticising others and pontificating to the dwindling numbers who will listen, so I'm off, on the big silver bird and am both keen to see what is out there and a bit scared of the changes that the new knowledge will bring.

On the design front, I have been working away at Pathfinder and am getting very keen. Very similar to Navigator, she has a lot easier lines due to the longer length, more stability due also to extra length, and so has a lot more sail carrying power.

This boat will be an effortless cruiser by open boat standards, her size has given me room to put two bed spaces on the floorboards and up under the foredeck, lots of stowage and buoyancy, an outboard inboard if you know what I mean (in a well just forward of the transom on the port side), and the rig looks really good. Navigator could in theory do with a bit more separation between the leach of the main and the luff of the mizzen but still works very well, this one has a lot more space in there to keep the airflow of the two sails

From the Drawing Board

John Welsford
Small Craft Design



Occasional Ramblings From a Small Craft Designer

What Kind of Capital is Available?

separated. A theoretical thing, but nice to have.

I am also playing with a concept I have dubbed "Bocks." I think I have mentioned it before, a designed for function rather than looks basic cruising yacht that will rival anything yet built for functional looks (that means most kindhearted people will think she looks a bit unusual, others would say she would only look good at five miles on a dark night). But the looks are totally a product of her function. No (well, almost no) concession for styling or looks, everything about her will be purely functional.

Even that, though, is a wide brief. Functional in this case includes building, probably at home in a confined space with some consideration for neighbours' sleeping habits, consideration for minimal building skills, a budget that should in reality be applied to buying the kids some new shoes, and a burning desire to wake up in the morning in some mirror calm inlet with the birds singing, the breeze just beginning to sigh in the tops of the pines, and no need to be back on the treadmill for a few days.

To fit all of those criteria into a single package is not so easy. Materials have to be of a type that do not intimidate the prospective builder, they should be available a bit at a time from local suppliers, should be of a type that can be worked and used with easily available tools and skills, and should be usable in an urban environment.

There is a very real cost to learning new skills such as welding aluminium or steel, working with large amounts of polyester resin and fiberglass cloth, or even learning to plaster a ferro cement yacht. Add to this the costs of buying all of the tools to handle some of these and the comparatively expensive epoxy glued plywood with a thin layer of glass cloth over, so back to "Bocks," one guess as to what she will be made of. In this case the materials will all be available at the Builders' Supply Merchant just down the road. You could carry everything you will need a bit at a time on your roof rack, and I

know I can carry all of the tools that I would need to build her in a single trip with one box (Bocks).

Back to communication. I hear, over and over again, a yearning to be free of the cares and pressures of life on the treadmill. I hear it and see it expressed in many forms, from the reading of cruising stories which are by far the most popular of the books in the boating section, to the endless stream of young couples pacing the walkways of the marinas discussing the merits of the boats that they will sadly never own, and the popularity of those tracks along the tops of coastal cliffs where dreams seem much closer than reality. All of these are telling me what the dream is.

It costs to own a boat, especially one that will really fulfill the dream. That cost can be met in many different ways, there are a few people who could be given their choice of old fashioned hand tools, a couple of rolls of wire rope, and some canvas to throw in the back of their rusty old pickup, aimed at a patch of scrubby looking forest, left for a couple of years, and they'd be phoning up to ask if you wanted to come sailing on the 60' schooner they had moored in the bay.

Those people have a huge amount of capital in a nonmonetary form, capital in the form of skills and drive. Others have to pay for everything, including even the simplest sliced rope eye. And their capital, with respect to this type of project, would be monetary only. Most are somewhere in between, and most have more capital than they think.

A designer needs to know what kind of capital is available for the project or, in the case of drawing a design for stock plan sales rather than custom designs, must assume that there are certain levels of skill, levels of drive and "let's get on with it-ness," levels of "I've got those tools, and I know how to do that," as well as dollar capital available.

How do we designers know what level of capital our client base has? We talk to the people, we watch the projects pages in *Duckworks* magazine, we monitor our incoming e-mails and phone calls to see what is causing our clients to gnash their teeth, and we (sometimes) build our own boats to see how they will go together. There's a huge number of people out there who would do almost anything to escape from the rut that the system forces us into, and some of them will actually do it. I'm hoping that I can, in the form of a capable cruiser that will not require an excessive amount of capital, help a few to do just that.

In the case of Bocks I'm up to the second towing test model, the very simple shapes are giving nice low towing resistances and good transverse stability, and the amount of space inside is staggering. I do need to work the concept over to eliminate as many of the awkward building jobs as possible and will be building a scale construction model soon to see how it goes together.

Before I started to draw, I wrote a short description of the people who would build this and the skills and tools that they would require. This is directing my designing and both categories of needs will be really basic. If you can read, measure, and cut to a line you can build this thing, but only if you have enough capital in the form of a real need to achieve that dream.

Look out for Bocks, boats like her could be catching.

Billy and John's Whales

By Stephen Bobo

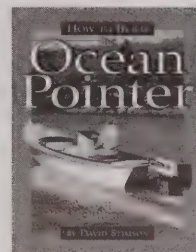
Atkins' wife Pat, who advertises Atkins' designs in *MAIB*, was offering them. Fortunately, I needed some whales, which was the term I came to know them by, and I bought six.

I was putting up a Haven 12-1/2 by Joel White, another designer with an eye for pretty lines, and needed lofting weights. When I bought the weights, Pat sent me a copy of a *MoTorBoatinG* article with pictures showing the whales in Anchor Down, the Atkin design office in Norwalk, Connecticut. From that office, completed in 1944, and others, Billy and his son John produced designs and supported the boating community for the next 56 years. For two decades, using the spline weights, John and his father provided *MoTorBoatinG* magazine with a new design every month.

The pictures show the whales in use in my boat shop. They are back at work, although operated by considerably less skillful hands and at a much reduced pace. After all, they're in retirement, in a boat shop helping draw fair loft lines, and where I hope Billy and John are looking down with indulgence and approval.

Whenever you look out to sea
For proof of God's immortal plan,
The only thing you're apt to see,
That part that's been ascribed to man,
Small, insignificant will be;
A vessel passing where it can.
A boat must bear a burden as it makes its
way out there.
If crafted by the hand of man, at least it
should be fair.

I don't know how many other readers appreciate the Atkins, father and son. Their designs were always pleasers and good looking. Moreover, they were easy to build. Some time ago, I saw an ad for spline weights in *MAIB* and bought six, since I was lofting some lines for a new boat. Turns out John



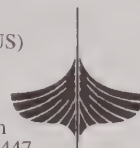
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A 19'6"

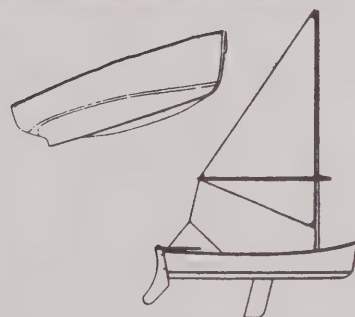
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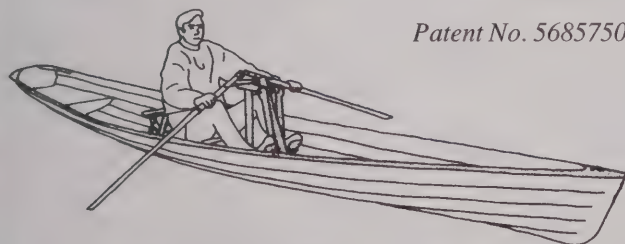
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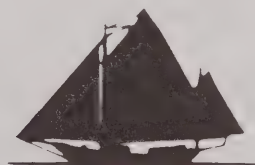
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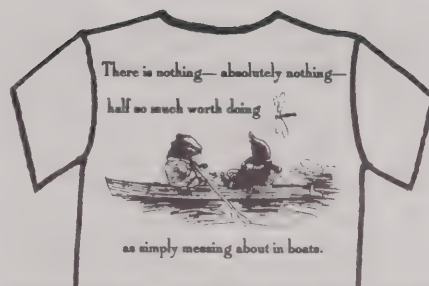
just the spars, so the cocked up boom did not cause a loss of area as measured. Even so, it was probably not the way to get the most power out of the sail, and would have been put down horizontal after some racing.

But I eventually became convinced that restricting sail area was a fundamentally pernicious idea, leading to distortions in all directions. Racing boats, and the cruisers that imitate them, will always find ways to set all the sail their crews can handle. If the area is restricted, you first get sails that are bigger than their normal measurement, like the overlapping jibs that proliferated under various measurement rules. Ironically, these are very low aspect ratio sails, every way inefficient for their area, and very hard to handle for their area. At the same time, mainsails grew very tall and narrow, powerful for their area but harder to handle than a bigger sail set lower, that would demonstrably drive the boat as well or better and have numerous other advantages such as more effective reduction of windage under reduced sail in heavy weather.

It's been a long time vision of mine to vandalize a classic Reimers 30 square meter by replacing her narrow slot of a mainsail and jib stretched back abaft the end of the main boom, with a gaff mainsail and clubbed jib out of a 1908 Sonder Boat, half again or more the area. Being set much lower, the boat could easily stand up to the extra area, and the bigger sails would have less stress in all directions to be handled without winches by the same or a weaker crew. It's a safe bet that the boat with the antique rig would humiliate one with the "advanced" rig. I once saw something like this imaginary trial actually

happen, in an informal menagerie race. The old fashioned rig did beat the "modern" one, hull down over a triangular course with plenty of windward work.

I don't really mean it about the 30 square meter. They were, and a few still are, hypnotically beautiful, freak rigs and all, and ought to be cherished as pure art objects and monuments to an era and to the memory of Knud Reimers, the Swedish designer who produced the best ones. Besides, the rigs are an object lesson in the unwisdom of restricting sail area by rule.



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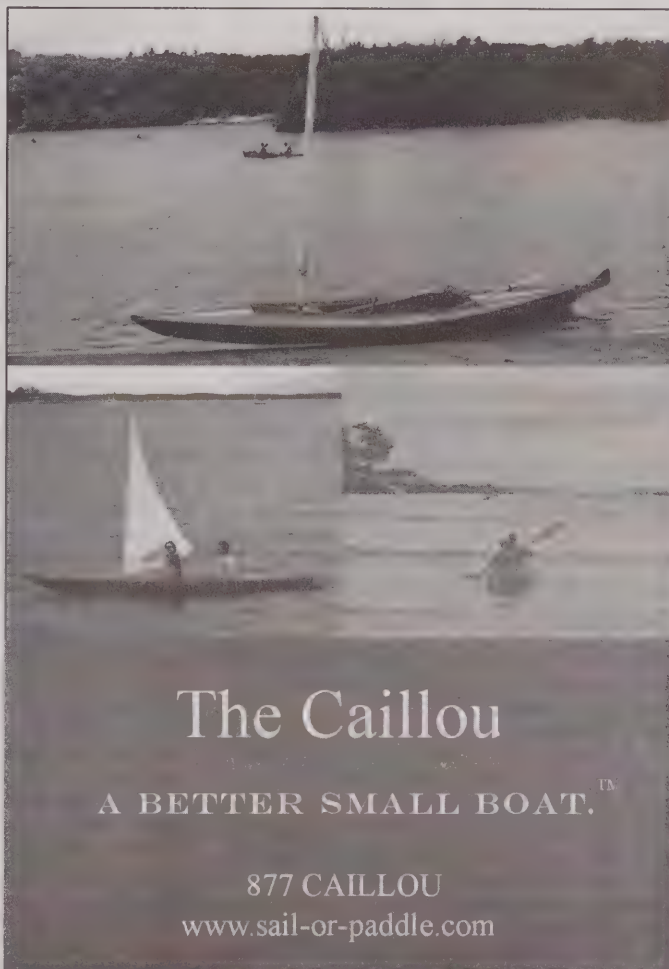
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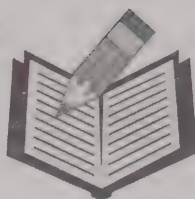
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Esconded for some years in a backwater marina in L. A. Harbor, I became interested in three persons who always sailed on jibs alone. Their boats were under 20' LOA, two typical fiberglass day sailers and an old woodie with a small cabin. I cadged rides in each and found no commonality of experience, one was a crack racing crewman, one a total recluse, and the third seeking respite from a tough night job in the harbor.

I could only assume their specialty sailing was a subconscious separatism from many of endemic sailing complexities and problems. They ran the course from catboats to single sailed marconi rigs. Both types suffer inefficiency to a degree from having the luff well masked behind a large diameter mast. Conversely, the marconi jibs had sharp luffs providing increased efficiency. So, does a boat with a single sail have to be a catboat? Perhaps there is merit in converting to what might be called a single jib, possibly an SJ (Single Jib) Class?

My thinking is that the forestay may be moved aft giving a better balance. It may be affixed to any keel structure by penetrating the forecabin. Or the foredeck might be stiffened as the tension loads, while not great, have to be reckoned with. A deck mounted mast may well be re-stepped on the keelson.

Norm's Notes



By Norm Benedict

Tailor Your Sailing

This, with respect to increased mast stiffness should well allow dispensing with shrouds, about the only only obstruction to fast port and starboard sheeting. To ensure sharpening the SJ luff, the mast may be raked aft or rigged for an adjustable backstay.

Advantages? A very efficient sail that requires significantly less attention. Docking ease is predictable due to lack of mainsail area that can catch the wind on the unwary with startling results. All running rigging can be directed to the cockpit with, I suppose, a downhaul, albeit hanks allow sails to be almost self reefing. I'm cool on roller reefing as it somehow lacks total reliability when needed most. For certain this would not be a top end performance sailer, but this last more frequently makes sailing more of a trial than a pleasure. Above all it would favor young persons with inexperience and elders with physical disabilities. Or, perhaps, an expanded sailing population. For certain, due to decreased sail power, hulls would have to be kept clean of submerged marine forestry.

I question whether the need for a taut forestay must be a limiting factor. Instead of an extreme mast support approach, I suggest a solid luff inserted in the sail pocket. Right off, this new member may be in sections doweled together. Even having outside straps beats hiding the luff aft of a great mast diameter. We might get lucky with ordinary aluminum tube post formed to an oval. Or else an aluminum extrusion using all the past experiences in tooling (like with a rat tail file) and machinery. Another possibility would be laminated wood, certainly nothing defeating appears to exist with existence of space age fibers and elastomers.

The resultant could provide roller furling, but with the center of effort further aft than is provided with marconi rigged catboats. Also, it appears roller furling would be the only obtainable method of area reduction. Phil Bolger properly points out the resultant airfoil is sensitive to accurate shape, so provisions must be made for tufting and possible tricing lines. The force vectors direct to lift, and not bow burying so obvious in oversailed boats.

Most of the early experimenting with this rig concept utilized boats in excess of 30' LOA, and understandable crushing costs. Research did reveal a 1946 effort by famed Victor Tchetchet on a 20' racing canoe. Such a rig could prove highly advantageous to racing dinghy classes or, indeed, someone interested in designing a new Rigid Forestaysail class of boats. The furling resultant need not drive newcomers into the hands of equipment opportunists. In the past

some builders found bearings in commercial fishing equipment at better than yacht prices. The old problem with roller furling equipment was keeping the masthead bearing properly lubed. The absence of the conventional mainsail with its boom, gaffs, etc, will be both weight and drag decrease allowing less mast size for the Rigid Forestaysail.

Next thought is, could we get two unimpeded luff sails in the bargain? I see the mast located mid to aft but made of metal pipe bent to shape and fastened to the keel. For trailering, naturally it could be made to slip into sockets. I'd shoot for a very low aspect ratio sail plan hoping for less overall material costs including lighter keel assemblage. This could also result in less need to change to storm sails with weather.

I hope we can come up two things: (1) An improved advanced single sail, and (2) A proper name for this development. Research going back some 80 years, revealed that the idea of a single jib type sail has been tried with unanimous opinion the sail was particularly good in going to windward. But to get to this state, a special aft mast with immense rigging was deemed necessary to ensure the taut forestay.

In a final analysis it'd take some model testing. To date, no aft stay sail has been included, and I think we've been overlooking something of great importance in it alone. Erstwhile extending luffs longitudinally doesn't appear to be an oversimplification. Certainly material costs are significantly lower. As usual, I'd hope for a major improvement in small boat sail design. I note the gap under the apex of the mast. Conceivably it could be filled with sail area also, or a small cabin or open cockpit.

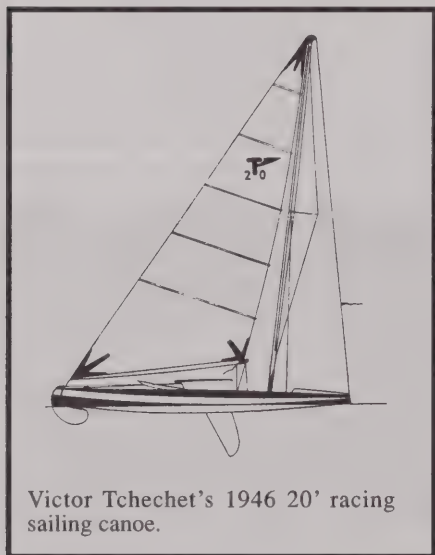
If the mast is utilized primarily as a forestay support, the resultant sharp luff of the jib may vastly succeed the conventional mainsail in efficiency. The designers properly design for medium/high winds and open ocean waters. I'm reminded, "While the wind is free, you pay a princely price to extract its power." I assume most pleasure sailing occurs in inshore surroundings. If so, the conventional rigs mast length/weight, shrouds, back stays, and overall material weight impede performance plus greatly increase aerodynamic drag.

When Juan Baader visited me he noted that immense spinnakers contribute only about 2% as they have to push away so much air in the process. These findings would be particularly pertinent to restoring older craft to sailing at the lowest possible price. I think there is a good chance the improved rig would be surprisingly successful in the aforementioned open water.

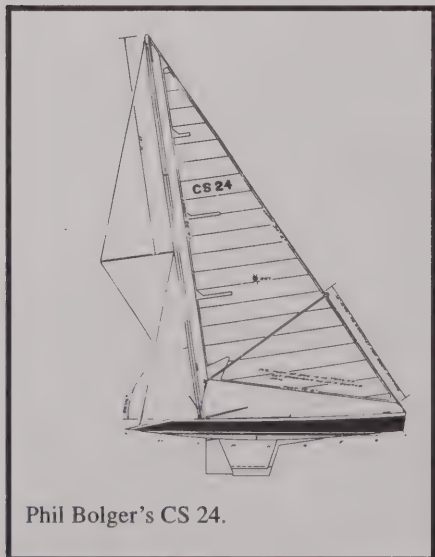
Comparative sail plans of Jim Betts/Ted Brewer SO DO IT and mine I feel would give practical results as a result of minimum top hamper and minimized keel weight. I'm sure on one set of conditions the Betts/Brewer design would excel, otherwise as force vectors are mostly downward you'd be doing a lot of wave making.

Imagine the \$\$\$/weight saving by having only one sail. I love old design turkeys like sailing scow schooners. Conceivably they could really be made to scoot with such design influence.

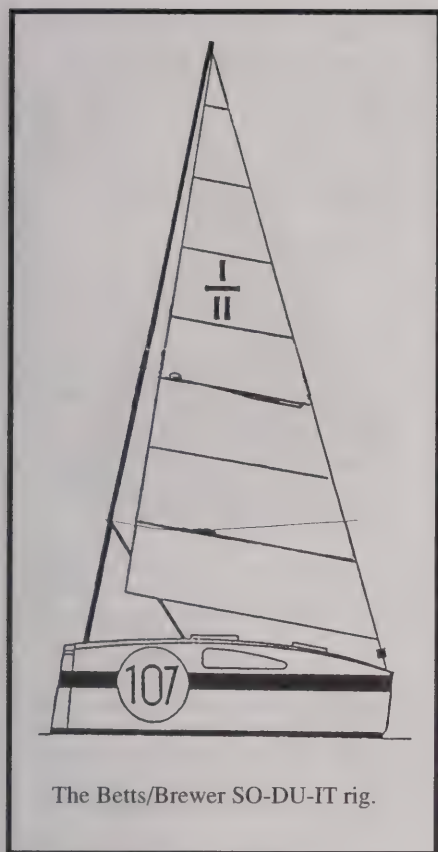
I'd welcome comments on this SJ Class by professionals and amateurs alike in our unending objective of improved boating.



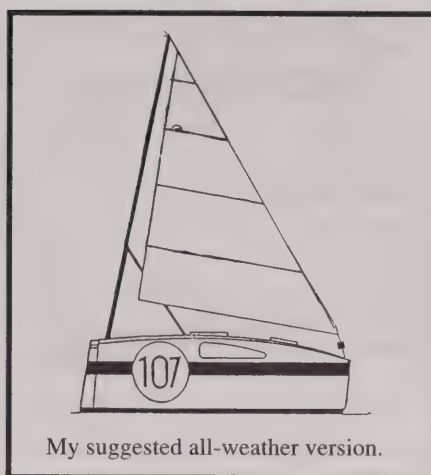
Victor Tchetchet's 1946 20' racing sailing canoe.



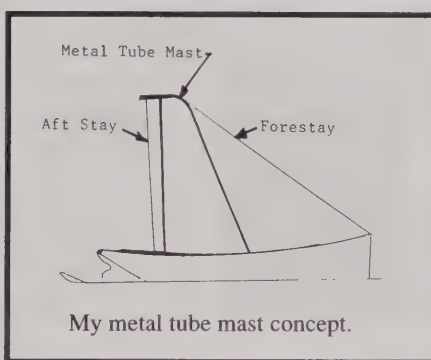
Phil Bolger's CS 24.



The Betts/Brewer SO-DU-IT rig.



My suggested all-weather version.



My metal tube mast concept.

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I thought readers might enjoy the following description of life with an outboard motor in a book by John Steinbeck:

"We come now to a piece of equipment which still brings anger to our hearts and, we hope, some venom to our pen. Perhaps in self defense against suit, we should say, 'The outboard motor mentioned in this book is purely fictitious and any resemblance to outboard motors living or dead is coincidental.'"

We shall call this contraption, for the sake of secrecy, a Hansen Sea Cow, a dazzling little piece of machinery, all aluminum paint and touched here and there with spots of red. The Sea Cow was built to sell, to dazzle the eyes, to splutter its way into the unwary heart. We took it along for the skiff. It was intended that it should push us ashore and back, should drive our boat into estuaries, and along the borders of little coves. But we had not reckoned with one thing. Recently, industrial civilization has reached its peak of reality and has lunged forward into something that approaches mysticism.

In the Sea Cow factory where steel fingers tighten screws, bend and mold, measure and divide, some curious mathematic has occurred. And that secret so long sought has accidentally been found. Life has been created. The machine is at last stirred. A soul and a malignant mind have been born. Our Hansen Sea Cow was not only a living thing but a mean, irritable, contemptible, vengeful, mischievous, hateful living thing. In the six weeks of our association we observed it, at first mechanically and then, as its living reactions became more and more apparent, psychologically.

The Outboard In Literature

And we determined one thing to our satisfaction. When and if these ghoulish little motors learn to reproduce themselves, the human species is doomed. For their hatred of us is so great that they will wait and plan and organize and one night, in a roar of little exhausts, they will wipe us out. We do not think that Mr. Hansen, inventor of the Sea Cow, father of the outboard motor, knew what he was doing. We think the monster he created was as accidental and arbitrary as the beginning of any other life.

Only one thing differentiates the Sea Cow from the life that we know. Whereas the forms that are familiar to us are the result of billions of years of mutation and complication, life and intelligence emerged simultaneously in the Sea Cow. It is more than a species. It is a whole new redefinition of life. We observed the following traits in it and we were able to check them again and again:

1. Incredibly lazy, the Sea Cow loved to ride on the back of a boat, trailing its propeller daintily in the water while we rowed.

2. It required the same amount of gasoline whether it ran or not, apparently being able to absorb this fluid through its body walls without recourse to explosion. It had always to be filled at the beginning of every trip.

3. It had apparently some clairvoyant powers and was able to read our minds, particularly when they were inflamed with emotion. Thus, on every occasion when we

were driven to the point of destroying it, it started and ran with great noise and excitement. This served the double purpose of saving its life and of resurrecting in our minds a false confidence in it.

4. It had many cleavage points and, when attacked with a screwdriver, fell apart in simulated death, a trait it had in common with opossums, armadillos, and several members of the sloth family, which also fall apart in simulated death when attacked with a screwdriver.

5. It hated Tex, sensing perhaps that his knowledge of mechanics was capable of diagnosing its shortcomings.

6. It completely refused to run: (a) when the waves were high; (b) when the wind blew; (c) at night, early morning, and evening; (d) in rain, dew, or fog; and (e) when the distance to be covered was more than 200 yards. But on warm, sunny days when the weather was calm and the white beach close by, in a word, on days when it would have been a pleasure to row, the Sea Cow started at a touch and would not stop.

7. It loved no one, trusted no one. It had no friends.

Perhaps toward the end, our observations were a little warped by emotion. Time and again as it sat on the stern with its pretty little propeller lying idly in the water, it was very close to death. And in the end, even we were infected with its malignancy and its dishonesty. We should have destroyed it, but we did not. Arriving home, we gave it a new coat of aluminum paint, spotted it at points with new red enamel, and sold it. And we might have rid the world of this mechanical cancer!"

Jack McKee, Bellingham, WA

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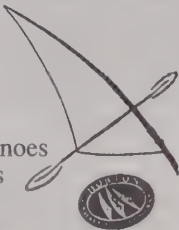
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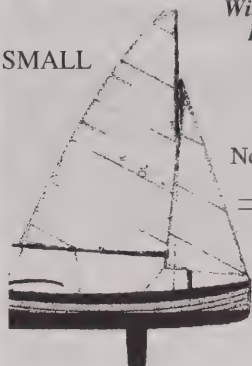
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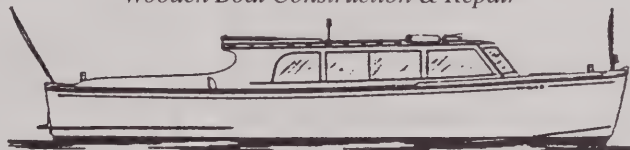
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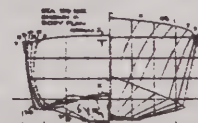
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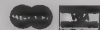


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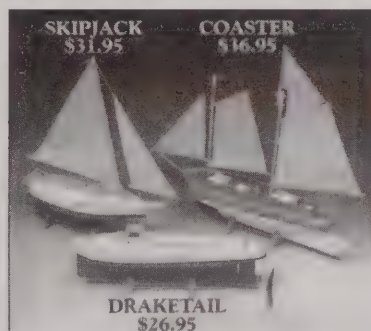
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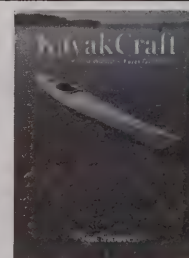
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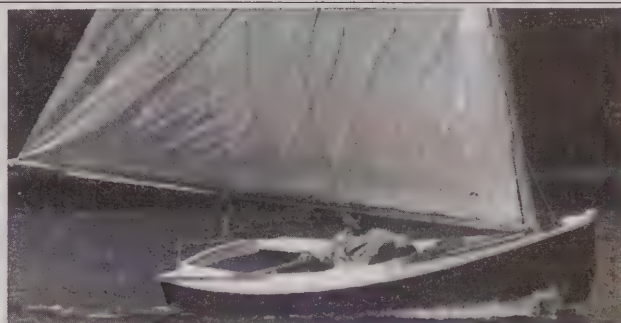
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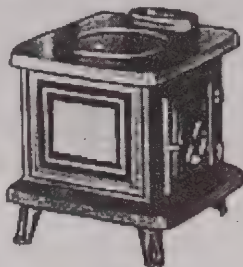
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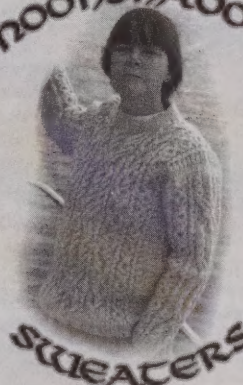
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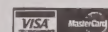
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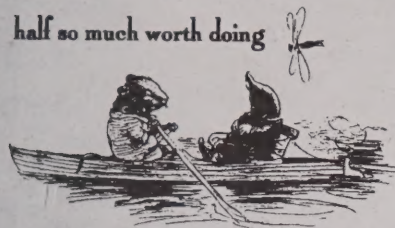
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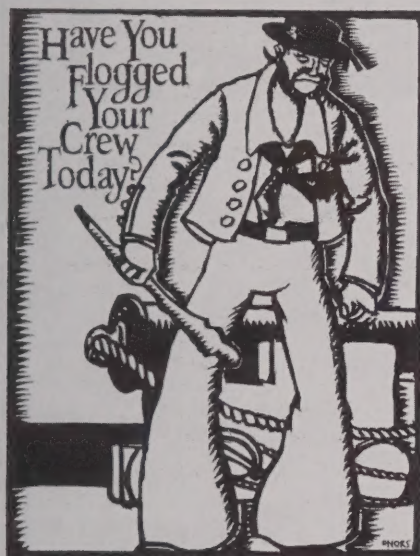
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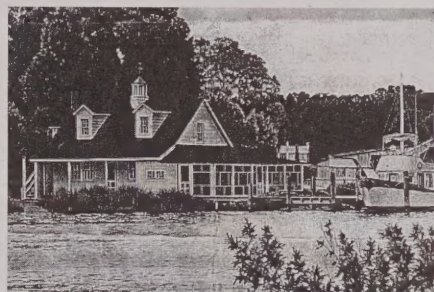


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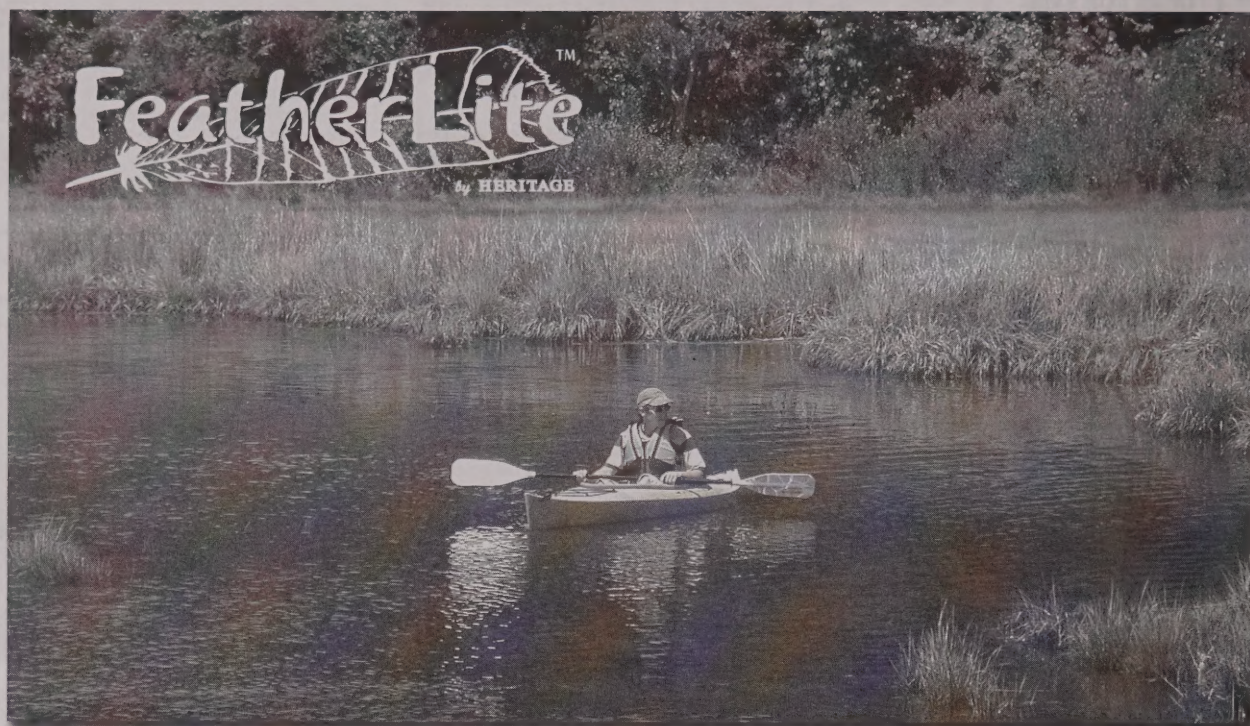
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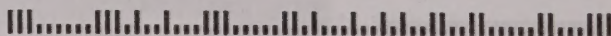
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