

Special Features This Issue
"Birds A'walkin'" - "Building Vagabond"
"Thoughts on a 14' Cloutman Sloop"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 2

June 1, 2003



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Looking Ahead...

Jim Wilson recalls his first "Single Handed Coastal Cruising"; Jon Weems tells us about "Sailing Jaws"; Sam Chapin experiences when "An Old Man Steps Back into an Old Boat"; and Chris Kaiser continues observing through her "Window on the Water".

The Atlantic Challenge Foundation reports on "Jenny Norman Comes Alive Again";

Doug Martin has designed a new recreational rowing shell and I tell you about it in "The All New Echo Rowing Shell"; Germaine Connolly has a look at a "Pedal Powered Bike Boat"; Jeff Gilbert continues his new design series, "Dreamboats", asking "How Difficult Need It Be?"; and Phil Bolger & Friends bring us "Polynesia, a Cruising Trimaran".

Robb White has a brush with our Anti-Terrorist Militia in "Pipe Bomb" and starts a short series on old outboards in "Fixing Old Outboard Motors"; Jim Thayer has quite a lot to offer in "More Trailer Stuff"; and Duncan Wright espouses oil, tar and salt in his discussion of "Preserving Wooden Boats".

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This issue features four different approaches to building oneself a boat, only one of which would be considered traditional wooden boat building. These stories illustrate just how far we have come from the pursuit of the old ways in our desire to get onto the water in a craft of our own creation. In reading them over, the feeling I got is that the three contemporary boats will not become part of the archives of small boating as the boat built 80 years ago has. Maybe it's the plywood?

Robert Tabb decided rather belatedly that last year would be the year for him to drive the 1,500 miles from western New York state to Colorado to join in Jim Thayer's Kokopelli Rendezvous, and lacking what he felt would be a suitable boat, he undertook to design a trucktopper and build not one, but three, for himself, his girlfriend and his stepfather. The boats were, of course, unfinished when it came time to hit the road, so he took along all the materials and tools to complete the task enroute and upon arrival. He and his companions did indeed partake of the Kokopelli adventure, but the "Three Little Pigs" were incomplete and just barely functional when it came time to launch and sally forth or be left behind.

Bill Smith characterizes himself as "an ordinary guy in his sixties of modest means and skills who wanted to build his own boat." His boat of choice was a houseboat, and he determined right up front that "it would be fun and never be allowed to become work or a worry." Good thing, as he also undertook the building only during his eight week summer holidays in upstate New York at his sister's home, the rest of the year he was at his home in Dallas, far from his project.

At the end of the second summer with the boat nearly finished he was almost persuaded by friends and family to launch it anyway, but fortuitously a minor leg injury from an encounter with the trailer hitch convinced him to hold off until the third summer. His patient approach was finally rewarded in the summer of 2002 when he spent 60 nights

aboard and many days cruising the upper Hudson River and Lake Champlain area.

Charlie Schmitt was drawn into his boatbuilding project when his son-in-law bought plans for a 16' Hartley daysailer in 1988, but tragedy intruded shortly after they got underway when his son-in-law was killed in an automobile accident and the project was put away in storage. Four years later his son suggested resuming it, and they finished up the bare hull just about the time that Charlie found he had serious health problems and his son moved on to new job, house, and his own fleet. The project resumed again in 1998, now ten years on the ways, and took four more years to complete, what with the many alterations Charlie had thought up in the long intervals. Charlie reports that the boat sails very well, but says, "Don't ask me about instant boats."

Offsetting these tales of boatbuilding today, Sharon Brown tells us all about a traditional 14' sailing skiff built back in 1934 for his son Bobby by Albert Henry Cloutman in the cellar of the home he built for his family in 1928 in Marblehead, Massachusetts. The size of the skiff was somewhat determined by the cellar size and exit (sounds familiar still). The Cloutmans became one of Marblehead's established boatyards and Bobby kept the skiff until he donated it to Mystic Seaport in the early 1970s.

Sharon, who runs the Boathouse at Mystic and was a friend and companion to John Gardner in his last years, got onto this particular boat story because, despite it being in the Seaport collection, it failed to appear in the recently issued latest edition of Mystic Seaport's *Watercraft Catalog*. Her story in this issue is the definitive one for sure, she sent it to us last November, knowing that Bobby Cloutman did not have long to live. Unaware of this fact, I did not consider her story to be time sensitive and held it over the winter awaiting an opening. Sadly, now it is too late for Bobby passed away recently.

On the Cover...

Robert Tabb sort of threw together his "Three Little Pigs" while travelling cross country to join last year's Kokopelli gathering and tells us about it in this issue.

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

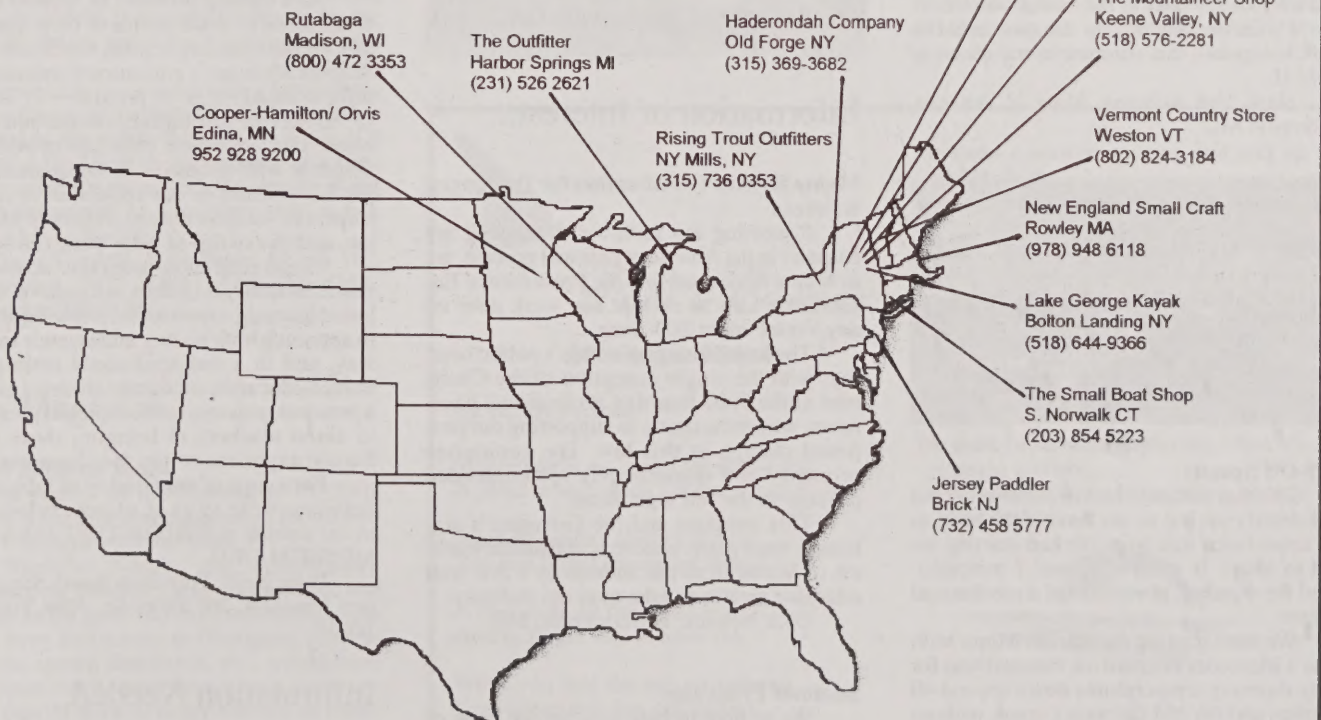
Yachting

the ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

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

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



Cedar Guideboats

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You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

Spanish Point Sharpie

Doing some touring this winter while vacationing near Sarasota, Florida, I came across this sharpie at Spanish Point, a 30-acre preserve on Little Sarasota Bay, originally settled in 1867 by a family from England under the Homestead Act. At that time their only contact with the outside world was via small boat. Imagine the strength they had to live such a life.

Fran Whittaker, Beverly, MA



Familiar With Dog Island

Messing About in Boats is still my favorite boating magazine, especially Robb White's articles about Dog Island, with which I am familiar. This photo is of my boat after trying to leave an unfamiliar harbor during a rapidly falling tide when it was still dark. Robb White should recognize the sandbar, that may be his boat in the background.

I plan on heading up the east coast to the Chesapeake this summer in my *Heart of Gold II*.

Mark Van Abbema, Mark V Designs, Boonville MO



Lift-Off Speed

This has certainly been a peculiarly cold and drizzly spring so we have only been to the coast twice this year. We had one trip we had to abort. It wasn't because I miscalculated the weather, it was sort of a mechanical failure.

We were hauling the Rescue Minor with Jane's Mercedes because the forecast was for early morning temperatures down around 40 degrees and my old car won't crank without having the block heater plugged in at any temperature below 45. I am going to run it this summer like that but then I think I'll put a ring job to it when it cools off enough to suppress these amazing mosquitoes. Ain't nothing wrong with the crankshaft or the rods or anything, but the old man who sold it to me

tried to start it with ether because it had sat up for so long that the fuel had boogered up and I think he might have hammered out the rings. Anyway it runs good but it uses a quart of oil every 400 miles and is slow to start...ain't got quite the horsepower of Jane's identical car.

It is a hundred miles to the coast the way we go and almost all of it is on roads where you hardly ever see another car, particularly early on Saturday morning. I decided to see exactly what the maximum top speed of the old Mercedes was pulling the Rescue Minor as a feasibility study in case I wanted to get on the Interstate (yeah, right). When I got up to 85 I looked in the rear view mirror to see if the boat was coming along just fine and I noticed a stick in the road behind me. "Jane, did you see a stick in the road?"

"Nope."

"Oh well, there is one there, now...we both must have missed it." When we got to the boat launching ramp we had already untied the tiedowns and hooked up the painter and were fixing to back her down when we both, simultaneously, finally noticed that the engine box was gone...and the tiller was broke off and that was that stick in the road about 70 miles back there in the woods. Jesus, we had to haul it on back and I have been rebuilding the engine box and the tiller ever since. It'll be fastened down this time, too. I never did find out exactly how fast old "West Palm" would run with the boat, but I did find out what the lift off speed for the engine box was.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

Information of Interest...

Maine Rejects Certification for Designers/Builders

Renewing my faith (or decreasing my despair) in the American political process, we in Maine have modified the Professional Engineering Law to exempt any work done on any vessel under 200' long.

The legislative committee's public hearing, with the single exception of the Chairman of the State Board of Professional Engineers, was enthusiastic in supporting our proposed change in this law. The committee promptly and unanimously recommended passage to the full legislature.

This passage, and the Governor's signature, freed many hundreds of nautical workers in Maine from the attempt by a few well educated pirates to take over our industry.

Dick Newick, Kittery Point, ME

Summer Programs

We're here to help you get the hang of it, whether it's sailing a schooner, cutting a kerf, or tapering a rattail for your cutter's new jib. Our students and staff come from around the world and share an interest in traditional maritime skills and culture.

Our 2003 summer program catalog is now available to anyone interested.

Northwest School of Wooden Boat-building & The Wooden Boat Foundation, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628, info@woodenboat.com, programs@woodenboat.com

More Summer Programs

Come to the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum and learn to build your own boat or expand your kayak handling skills; enjoy a guided canoe trip or discover how to take better photographs; try your hand at shaping metal or carving wood. It's all here for you. Interested readers should request our 2003 catalog of workshops and courses.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, 4472 Basin Harbor Rd., Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022, www.lcmm.org

The Captain's Workshop

Let a great field trip come to you, a full day of the science, the math, the history of it all: Mechanical advantage, navigation, knot tying demonstrations, sea chanties, sea lore, pirate stories, and more.

Captain George Story, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-4049, captstory@yahoo.com

South Street Seaport Museum's Educational Services

South Street Seaport Museum is dedicated to interpreting the contributions of the Port of New York to the city, the state, and the nation. Our Catalog of Educational Services introduces you to our programs for schools and youth and outlines additional educational opportunities available for adults, seniors and families.

As a leading provider of adjunct educational services to the people of New York City and the surrounding region, the South Street Seaport Museum's educational mission is to offer a broad range of programs in schools, social service institutions, online and on the water. Our education offerings provide participants with access to an unequalled "campus" comprised of our collection of historic ships, our historic district in Lower Manhattan, and the sweep of New York Harbor.

These education programs actively involve children and adults in hands-on object-based learning experiences, allowing students to approach both history and science in a new way, and in a non-traditional setting. Our trained educators encourage students to frame a personal response to the topics explored and to assist teachers in bringing these newly framed experiences into the classroom.

For a copy of our Catalog of Educational Services, write to us at address below or go to our website at SOUTHSTREETSEAPORTMUSEUM.ORG.

Peter Neill, President, South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038

Information Needed...

Duck Hunting Boat

I'm requesting information from your subscribers about a duck hunting boat used in the San Francisco Bay area in the 20s, 30s, 40s, 50s, (perhaps even today), known variously as an Alviso duck boat, San Francisco

Bay scull boat, etc. Any information regarding this craft would be greatly appreciated. This might include photographs, construction plans, hunting experiences, or anecdotal accounts. I am hoping to build one of these boats as soon as I have sufficient information. Whatever information I collect I will pass on to any interested party.

Bill Geoffroy, 5550 N. Camino Miraval, Tucson, AZ 85718, <bg85718@yahoo.com>

Opinions...

Foam Board Does Absorb Water

I am afraid Walter Head may be disappointed if he uses foam board with the idea that it does not absorb water ("You Write..." April 15 issue). This is like the conception that epoxy resin completely prevents water absorption by wood. It just slows it down, and not all that much.

The water absorption data for structural foams of all types show zero, but that is for only 24 hours. Sink a piece of foam in water for a month and you will find that it has absorbed a significant amount of water. This effect is commonly observed in old Sunfish whose fiberglass hulls have breaks that let water in and become very heavy, and in production fiberglass boats where the solid foam flotation has absorbed large amounts of water making the boats very heavy and reducing the flotation.

After my Simmons Sea Skiff swamped three times in hurricanes, I bought 6" thick isocyanurate foam board and built flotation chambers each side of the motor well and forward under the foredeck. The motor well chamber foam is 6" or more off the bottom planking, and the flotation chamber under the foredeck drains and cannot accumulate water.

Foamed in place foam adds a lot of structural stiffness in the bottom of a boat, but it also makes the stable flotation position of a swamped boat bottom up, in addition to being a great space for water to be absorbed and weight increased. In a wooden boat, it is a perfect haven for rot.

Dave Carnell, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC, 28411, (910) 686 4184, <davecarnell@att.net>

This Magazine...

Found Brilliant Items

On page 7 of the November 15, 2002 issue of your glorious magazine I found two items I thought were brilliant.

"Norm's Notes, An Alternative Boatbuilding Method", was very sensible and current. In the good old days any builder who could have had access to fiberglass, polyester resin, epoxy, aluminum, etc., would have welcomed them. And they would have become part of what is today viewed as traditional. Traditional boats of that time were built as inexpensively as possible for a working life, able to do the job, and looking good had little to do with it. What would you guess boats might be built of 150 years from now? Will fiberglass be a traditional building method?

Also Bunny Fernald's poems, especially "Dingle" are a great addition to the magazine, great exposure for all of us to some finer expressive aspects of our fascination with small boats.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Meet "Chinatown" Mike

I thought readers might enjoy seeing this photo of your talented cartoonist (Fame O' the Yard) "Chinatown" Mike Scagliotti taken at the Wooden Boat Show in Rockland, Maine, last summer.

My husband subscribes to *MAIB* and our extended family and friends all enjoy reading it (recycling can be fun). Many of the opinions and stories make us laugh, and are often refreshingly practical, if boats ever really are...

Andrea Ebinger, Ipswich MA.



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 e-mail those which interest you.

July 5-6: Lake Champlain Maritime Museum Small Boat Festival & Challenge Race, Vergennes, VT, (802) 475-2022, <info@lcmmm.org>

July 8: Memory Paddle Challenge Circumnavigation of Long Island, Danfords on the Sound, Port Jefferson, NY, LI Alzheimer's Foundation, (866) 789-LIAF, <LIAFpr@aol.com>

July 11-13: Richardson Boat Owners' Association Annual Rendezvous, Seneca Falls, NY, (315) 695-4950, <DebbbersNY@aol.com>

July 12-20: Family Boat Building Week, Seth Persson Boat Builders, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-2343, <perssonmfg@abac.com>, www.perssonmfg.com

July 18-20: The Wooden Boat Show, Rockland ME, (207) 359-4651, http://www.woodenboat.com

July 19: 6th Annual Festival of Oar, Paddle & Sail, Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-4104, <events@abm.org>

July 25: Skaneateles Antique & Classic Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY, Skaneateles Chamber of Commerce, (315) 685-0552, www.skaneateles.com



Poet's Corner...

Monhegan Island

By Bunny Fernald

Monhegan is an island far out to sea,
A place where often I'd much rather be.

From Boothbay Harbor's float,
You can board the island boat.

A chance to sit back and relax,
And to forget that income tax.

When you feel the salt air and sun,
Your ocean trip has just begun.

Ducks and porpoises you will see,
When you are on that rolling sea.

Now in the distance the island can be seen,
It's getting close and off our port beam.

We enter a narrow opening and pull up
to the dock,
It was a nice trip and not yet ten o'clock.

We are between the islands and in the lee,
Sheltered from the wind and from the sea.

A gangplank is lowered from the dock,
Time to disembark, we check the clock.

We must be through exploring when it's
time to embark,
Or we'd be left here 'til morning or way
after dark.



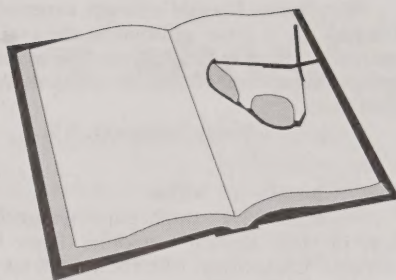
Bunny Fernald ©2001

Some friends and I paid a visit to Boothbay Harbor, Maine. From there we took the boat to Monhegan Island. We had an enjoyable day but wouldn't you think they'd know how to make lobster stew?

A young fellow stopped by the shop this winter. He was just passing through in an old raggedy Camaro, was very interested in rowboats, and knew that I had built a few, so he wanted to get my idea of a good seaboat big enough to sleep in. He said that he had done a good little bit of rowing and camping up and down the seacoast and rivers and lakes and that it was hard to find a good place to pull up and camp. We talked for a while, I showed him some of my artifacts, and then he left. About a week later, here came this book. You know, I am not very good with my person identification skills. I already knew who he was from writing to others, but I never made the connection and did not know that this young man...so unassuming and so curious...was Nathaniel Stone.

Nat Stone has always had a fascination with the intrepid adventurers of the past...Joshua Slocum, Nathaniel Bishop, and especially Howard Blackburn, the most intrepid oarsman of them all. That explains why he didn't get all fired up when I tried to tell him that if I had to go camping along the beach, I would want me a sailboat. He wants to row. And how.

Nathaniel Stone rowed all the way from the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge around the whole country east of the Mississippi and back and then all the way to the end of Maine. The title of the book is certainly appropriate, but another good one would have been *No Shortcuts*. I hate to use epithets for people but the man is a bonehead. I ought to know because "it takes one to know one." He dog-



Book Review

On the Water

By Nathaniel Stone
2002, Broadway Books
Random House, Inc.
1540 Broadway, New York, NY 10036,
www.broadwaybooks.com

Reviewed by Robb White

gedly did exactly what he intended to do no matter what.

For one thing, he didn't have any sponsors for this amazing voyage. He worked his way along. For another thing, he didn't have any real fancy, special built rig, just a stock, off the shelf, fiberglass boat. For another, he steadfastly (boneheadedly) refused any help at all with the actual propulsion. In order to get from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi drainage system

he had to portage across a distance and height of land that has separated watersheds of this continent ever since the Ice Age. So, did he slide the boat into the back of a pickup truck and ride...hell no.

Not only that, but he rowed all the way around Cape Cod instead of taking the shortcut. Not only that, but he rowed all the way around Florida...even the wretched southern part (I think that might have been where he wished he could sleep in the boat). Did he take a shortcut through the ICW when he got to the Keys...hell no, he rowed around Key West. I am not going to mention every detail of this amazing trip but, you know, I am just as vicarious as anybody else. I love to read of the adventures of others.

I know I'll never (couldn't) make a trip like that, but it certainly is fascinating to imagine the prospect. Even though I didn't see Nat when he rowed right in front of my house on Dog Island, I wonder what I would have thought? "Here comes a guy rowing a sliding seat rig. I wonder where the hell he thinks he is going?"

Despite the fact that I didn't see him, I think there is a connection. He had to work during Mardi Gras to get up a little saltine cracker and peanut butter money and during a lull in the furious activity in the restaurant where he was working, he stepped out the door to see what the parade was doing and caught the attention of a certain young woman riding by on a float. No real fruition came of that chance glance, but she did throw a string of amazingly large pearls at him.

He carried them with him on his trip, but sometime along he began to realize that his cargo was impure...that he had learned enough about what he was doing to realize that the absolute minimum was best. He didn't need two flashlights and he didn't any string of pearls. Guess what? My granddaughter found them on the beach of Dog Island and they are hanging on the cedar snag where we dry our slicker suits.

I'll just say it straight. This is a good adventure story. Nathaniel Stone can write.

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Saturday July 5 - Sunday July 6 10:00 AM - 5:00 PM daily
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4472 Basin Harbor Rd., Vergennes, Vt. 05491
802.475.2022
www.lcmm.org



This morning's view was a fine as any I've witnessed over the past four years. A dense gray toupee of clouds left over from last night's snowstorm perches above the open horizon. The corrugated ocean below is a deep Prussian blue with a leaden sheen to the tops of the choppy waves. As it has been over the past few days, the wind is a bully boy, pushing and shoving everything about, skittering the gulls across the open air below the now pinking polar fleece lid.

A hand's breadth of clear sky rims the horizon, but clouds creeping up from below look like far eastern mountain ranges. As I write the sun is redecorating the top clouds in ever brightening shades of pink that is reflecting off the water's surface in a Caribbean flavor. This is serious carnival cotton candy, long rolls of cloud I can all but taste melting on my tongue.

There's enough light to see the combers breaking on the inner sandbars, and pick out the details of the confusion immediately out front. The bitter temperature keeps me from testing the handheld anemometer. It's evident that the wind can't make up its mind this morning, as the waves are cross hatching the Sound and the maple branches are swinging in a mad frenzy.

At 7:42 there is a sharp edge of color nudging its way from behind Annisquam. It's like looking through the cracked open door into a Bessemer furnace. The sun's fierce disc burns its path into the clear margin below the stubborn clouds, which have started to dissipate.

Falling like deflated balloons, the gulls are landing on the exposed rim of sand on the beach. An old woman with a bag of old doughnuts is the draw. She's a brave woman, the wind is taunting her, tugging and pushing at her long coat, slapping her face with the ends of her scarf as she watches the sun change from blood orange red into a lemon yellow, sharp and tangy to the eye. The doughnut bag empty and stuffed into a deep pocket, the gulls' patron returns to her vehicle. Lifting a cup to chilled lips, she toasts the day with a double shot of espresso.

The huge tanker or containership silhouetted on the distant edge of my world could not be considered to be "messing about." From this distance the vessel looks like a cardboard cutout in relation to the headlands and my farthest reference of Halibut Point. As a child, I'd play the game of guessing what the big boats had stashed in their holds as we drove past them ranged alongside docks in East Boston.

Back in the early '50s we would drive into the city from our home in Boxford on Christmas morning, having celebrated with the paternal side of the family in the Swedish tradition on Christmas Eve. Christmas morning there was the bustle about stockings and a tasty breakfast of my grandmother's thin platanner, a Swedish crepe-like pancake, thin and slightly rubbery, speckled with bacon bits. My mouth waters to recall the delightful textures and flavors, the resilient crepe, the rich taste of the bacon when you found some. Lemon juice and powdered sugar added a piquant European flavor. For a five-year-old, the gritty crunch of granulated sugar spooned from the ironstone sugar bowl over a thick smear of melting butter was pure joy.

Back to the big boats of my youth. Driving to Wollaston from the North Shore was



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

not an easy task before the Tobin Bridge was built. You had to thread your way along Route 1, which was even more honky-tonk than it appears today. Driving through Saugus there were landmarks like Carl's Cabins, those way posts of the traveling salesman who conducted business not on cell phones and the internet, but with smudgy carbon paper and large leather sample cases. In Revere there was the fruit and truck garden stand advertising Buddy Boy cauliflower and Indian River oranges. Seeing the massive stone cathedral looming over the tiny crackerbox houses of returned GIs alerted us that we would soon see the Sugar Boat.

Today where there are gas refineries and oil bunkers along the left of Route C1 heading into Logan Airport across from Suffolk Downs, there used to be more ships than just oil tankers, many old Liberty Ships had survived to be used for non-military cargo haulers. The Domino Sugar Company always seemed to have at least one red, black, and white bulk carrier docked in off Dorchester Avenue in the Fort Point channel. For country children this was an amazing sight. We could identify the ships by the logos on the funnel. Chiquita bananas was obvious, one leather company had a large steer painted on

theirs, and the rest were up for grabs by imaginative and slightly restless children.

I'd make up outlandish contents and Dad would sometimes join in with a shaggy dog story about a boat that came from some exotic place. He more often joined in the game as we approached the Summer Tunnel, which none of us liked to go through. The thought of driving under the harbor, deep enough for the ships to steam over us, was more than my imagination could handle and I'd shut down and breath carefully, sometimes seeing how long I could hold my breath, testing if I could hold it until we were out the far side. When the fumes are particularly noxious and I find traffic slow in the tunnel, I still hold my breath!

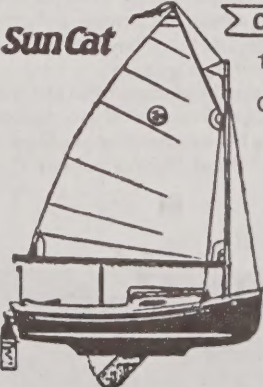
At some point in the trip we'd have to board a ferry. A memory of this portion of the trip usually has it after dark and my being sleepy. Dad had worked at the Fore River Shipyard building the *USS Massachusetts* before heading out to man a radio station in Korea. Knowing the back streets, perhaps he drove back by way of the Quincy Shipyards to avoid traffic and we had to take a local ferry across a channel. It wasn't a long trip. The expanding metal gate closed behind us and soon we were driving off on the other side. In my young mind I equated this ferry with *Scuffy The Tugboat*, a favorite Golden Book at the time.

Once the Tobin Bridge opened for traffic in 1950, another view of boats was opened to me. Foremost was sighting *Old Ironsides*, often accompanied by Dad's recitation of the Oliver Wendel Holmes poem. More exciting was the bird's eye view of the Charlestown Naval Shipyard and the visiting warships, ours and other nations'. The Boston and Nantucket Lightships thrilled me when they were in for repairs. Mom would explain the hard life of their tenders and how William Wincapaw and Edward Rowe Snow were Flying Santas, dropping packages to ships and lighthouses along the New England coast.

As we made our New Year's pilgrimage to the beach on the first mild day all those years ago, the owners of this window may have been watching me as I now watch the goings on outside my window on the water, and remember the boats of Christmas past.



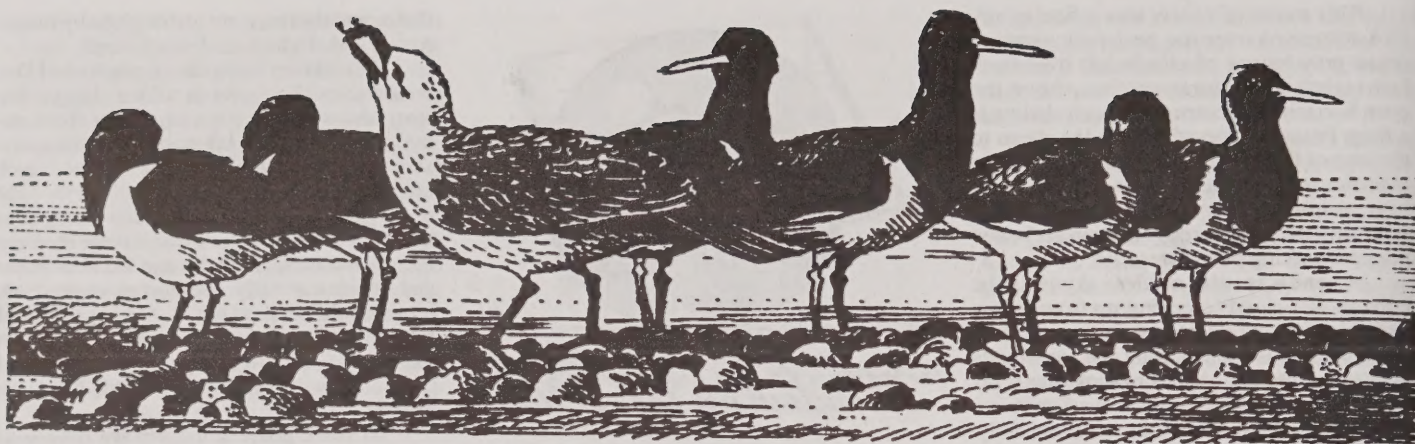
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Birds A'walkin'

By Hugh J. Hagan III

"Good judgment is based on experience, and experience based on bad judgment."
(Author Unknown)

"Look up there. It looks like birds a 'walkin' on the water." This is not a biblical passage but rather an observation that, like many others, preceded by only seconds the beginning of a period of intense activity resulting in an "experience".

September 21st was a nice day for college football. It was a little cloudy, warm and not too humid, all in all a pleasant early fall day in Charlottesville, Virginia. Our oldest son is now at UVA and is punting for the Cavaliers, so we go to, and enjoy, lots of football games in the autumn. Charlottesville is a lovely college town. Both my wife and I went to school there at various times, so the community is special to us. One particularly nice feature of Charlottesville is its location. It is exactly half way between our home in Roanoke and my friend Kit's place on the Rappahannock River near Deltaville. This location makes it possible to sometimes tack on a quick trip down to the Bay, post football.

Kit and I planned a two day sail on the 22nd and 23rd. One night out to enjoy a little fellowship and absorb some of the Chesapeake Bay's natural beauty. We would go where the wind blew us and in the event of no wind, where the quiet 3 cylinder Yanmar could push us.

Kit's boat, an Island Packet 31, is a fine bay boat. It draws about 3' with its wide, full keel. This enables it to get into some creeks and hidey holes not accessible to larger boats. The boat is also robust and strong, offering a sense of security in the Chesapeake where conditions can change quickly.

When Kit was boat shopping a few years back, he was being careful about potential prior damage to the boat he was considering. He asked the Island Packet broker if his

anticipated purchase had ever been run aground.

"Man," said the broker, suppressing a laugh, "everyone runs aground."

The Chesapeake is pretty forgiving, with its sand and mud bottom and the Island Packet's keel is broad and flat. I suggested to Kit once that he install a tank tread on it so he could drive across sandbars.

The morning of September 22nd dawned bright and beautiful. We motor sailed down the Rappahannock toward the Bay in 7-10 knots of southerly breeze. Once out in the Bay the engine was shut down and a course set for the Eastern Shore, taking advantage of an apparent building southerly breeze. This was simply beautiful sailing. Sit out on the bowsprit and look back at the boat, all sails pulling, with a bow wave curling back. Lovely!

After an hour or so, however, the breeze died and we were left bobbing in the center of the Bay. With the electronic weather lady calling for passage of a front overnight, the thought of beating our way back across the Bay into a 25 knot NW breeze in the morning carried little appeal. We therefore altered course to the south, intending to visit the area around the New Point Comfort lighthouse and then make it back up the Bay to anchor somewhere near the mouth of the Rappahannock for the night.

"We are on a mission, man!" said Kit, "On to New Point Comfort!"

The lighthouse at New Point Comfort has always held an appeal for us. When we were kids, we would run down the Bay in the old fiberglass inboard/outboard and anchor

off the island where the lighthouse was located. We would swim in and climb the tower. The whole thing was pretty rickety then and has deteriorated over time. The reward, however, was a great view and a feeling of accomplishment. We went there many times but it had been years since my last visit.

We figured to take the afternoon going down the Bay, spend an hour or so taking pictures at the lighthouse and looking around, and then head back north with the light of the full moon providing a perfect backdrop.

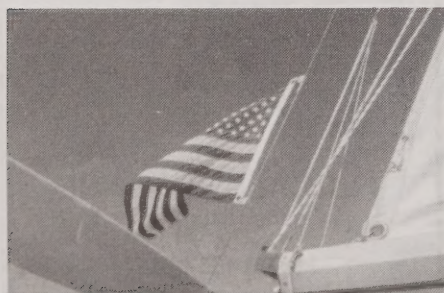
The trip down the Bay was relaxing. The sun was shining and the temperature perfect. The Island Packet 31 has a normal cruising speed of about 5.5 knots under power. I was watching my handheld GPS and noted a speed of 7.0 knots. "Must be some current."

It wasn't long before the old lighthouse at Wolftrap appeared. The "outhouse" was perched out over the rail. This was an effective though currently unacceptable system of waste disposal. "That would not have been a good place to tie up," speculated Kit.

Soon, the lighthouse at New Point Comfort appeared above the horizon. "You take the helm and I will con us in," said Kit. The current continued to sweep us southward. We furled the sails, continuing under power alone. The lighthouse continued growing. The chart shows shoal water all around the little lighthouse, 2'-5' maximum depth. The actual channel marker for New Point Comfort sits about a half mile east of the light, in deeper water.

I had the diesel ticking over at about 1,800rpm and was becoming more vigilant by the moment. Kit perched on the bowsprit, ready to trip the anchor. I was watching the depth sounder. "Do you think we should go ahead and anchor? The chart shows that it shoals up fast."

Beautiful autumn sailing.



Old Wolftrap Light.



The lighthouse to the south at New Point Comfort.



"No," says Kit, "we can get closer. We're on a mission, remember?"

I watched the depth sounder. 18', 15', 11'. "Oh, Kit."

"A little closer, man." 8'. Then the birds were seen ahead, a 'walkin'.

Both Kit and I are experienced sailors. We know the Bay well. What is it that makes experienced adults do stupid, harebrained things like we were preparing to do? We have run aground before. In fact I have almost always been at the helm when we did it. In the past, however, our groundings have been gentle affairs. We were getting ready for something different.

The current was pushing us rapidly toward the lighthouse. Without further reflection the anchor was released and took no time to find the sandy bottom. As the stern began to swing south and the bow north the bottom of the Bay rose to meet us. At that point we ran up, very convincingly, over the top of a sandy underwater hillock. The big Island Packet lurched over to port and then righted. There was a satisfying BABUMP and then the boat was floating again with an occasional soft bump on the bottom. Just astern was "bird land". They hadn't even flown away. They stood there, watching us, 15' away. Seen it before, probably.

So we were now afloat in a pool of water 3-1/2' deep with a ledge on one side to our stern and a bump of sand 2-1/2' deep ahead of us. 14,000 pounds of sailboat straining on the anchor chain against the current trying to push us back south to the real shallows. "That was a damn stupid maneuver," we both agreed.

"Tides going out," says I. The thought of banging the bottom for 8 hours while a norther blew in was unappealing.

Now, about dinghies. Kit had bought this little plastic boat. Looks like a bleach bottle. He hung a 12v trolling motor on it and put it on the davits on the stern of the Island Packet. I had no faith in the flimsy looking toy, but at the moment, it looked like we would have to hang our hopes on it or make the dreaded call for a tow, something neither of us had ever done.

The current swirled around the stern of the boat as we lowered the little dink into the

water. Kit climbed in and the toy boat skittered around. It was like standing on a buttered surfboard but he got his butt down and buzzed away into the current toward the bow of the boat. It was a pitiful sight.

The anchor we had dropped was holding well. While Kit stood by, I tried to motor out of our shallow hole, towards the anchor, but there was no going out the way we came in. It was just too shallow. Kit probed around with an oar to see if a passage could be found. To our west and south it was bird knee shallow. We came in from the north. This left only east, out toward the true New Point Comfort channel marker about a half mile away. Sure enough, Kit's persistent probing identified a channel about 4' deep that led out to deeper water. The problem was the current. If we released our anchor to swing east and motor out, we would surely be swept broadside onto the sandbar only a few yards south of us. Then we would be stuck like a tongue to a cold pump handle and at the mercy of the coming frontal passage.

The only way out seemed to be to lay out a second anchor with the dink and use the powerful jib sheet winches to pull the boat to deeper water while paying out the original anchor rode. Each of the boat's two plow anchors had 30' of chain on 200' of 3/4" Dacron. So here sits Kit like the Tidy bowl man in this miserable piece of plastic boat substitute with the current pushing him this way and that while I lower him the second anchor and all that heavy chain. It would have been comical if it hadn't been so pathetic.

"Cast off!" Away the little boat buzzes, the tiny trolling motor struggling, vectoring into the current and dragging a progressively longer piece of anchor rode. Kit verbally coaxed the dinghy while I paid out the line. At around 100' of rode a point of equilibrium was reached between the current, the waning thrust of the electric motor and the drag of all that line. "Dump it!"

Down went the anchor and chain and Kit was swept back toward the Island Packet. I ran the rode through the bow roller and back to the port winch. I cranked away, sweating and cussing while Kit watched from the dinghy. Nothing seemed to happen. I took in 50' of line. Still the hull bumped and jostled

the bottom. I started to imagine this nice boat, beaten to splinters on the point by a Bay norther. Suddenly, the boat lurched to the east, and the pounding stopped. "Keep cranking!"

The boat azimuthed to the east at the apex of the two anchor lines. Looking astern at the birds, who incidentally were still observing all this misery, I noted that we really were off the bar. I started the engine and gently increased the rpms until the first anchor rode slacked. Kit manhandled the first anchor and rode into the dinghy and I pulled it in and secured it. We secured the dinghy with a towline off the bow and I dragged Kit aboard. While I motored up on the second anchor, Kit pulled it in and suddenly, glory be, we were away and clear. Duration of "experience", 50 minutes.

The sun was setting so it was to hell with visiting the old lighthouse and north we went into the night. The sail back up the Bay was truly spectacular. We saw a fabulous sunset, watched the moon come up over the Eastern Shore and were accompanied by porpoises trailing sheets of bioluminescence. We picked our way carefully into Fishing Bay in the dark, making note of a nonfunctional night beacon, and anchored 75 yards off the beach. A peaceful night followed.

In the morning, it was gray and blowing hard out of the north. Fishing Bay offers great protection from a northerly gale and so we were comfortable at anchor. A good, hot breakfast prepared us for a rough and windy beat toward the Bay into 4' seas. As we rounded Stingray Point and turned west into the Rappahannock River, I was struck by the thought of how unpleasant it would have been to still be stuck on that sandbar with 30 knots of wind and 4' seas beating the tar out of us.

Sailing is a great pastime. There are ample opportunities for adventure, fellowship, growth and stupid mistakes. These mistakes become learning experiences and, God willing, make a better sailor out of you if you survive them with body and equipment intact. They give you "good judgment". Just be sure to choose a stout boat.

We are looking forward to more judgment enhancing missions in the future and I'll be sure to keep you all posted!

Front moving in from thenorth towards Fishing Bay.



Isla Partida, El Embudo

The 26th of January started before daylight with pelicans all around the boat. A school of fish exploded close by and all the birds worked the edge, keeping the fish near the boat. The wind had eased overnight and a very light breeze from northwest was about. I stayed up in the predawn and got the boat ready for sea. Underway before 0700, ghosting along before a fair breeze, I tried the spinaker but the wind was too light to keep it filled, so I changed back to the working jib and main, with a preventer on the main and the pole in the jib. Breeze light and fitful. Yesterday I could have made the crossing to Isla Partida in three hours (if nothing broke nor bent).

Today the first four hours only showed four miles progress on the 17-mile crossing. I persisted though and in the afternoon a good breeze came up to carry us along toward the first cove on the north end of the island, El Embudo, the funnel! One has to wonder what sort of a captain would anchor in a bay with a name like The Funnel, but it was really pretty. Rock walls to left and right lead to a white sand beach at the head of the bay. I short tacked up the bay with nobody to applaud the good work, but nobody to help get her off the rocks if I fouled up either. Finally I cast loose the sheets and ran forward to throw the anchor overboard, more or less in the middle of the harbor, small as it was.

I was very uneasy going to bed. This cove offers protection from the north around through east to south, but is wide open to the west and there are many miles of fetch to cause trouble. The night at anchor there was restless in fact. Shortly after dark a small breeze came in from the west and swung us around facing the open. I sat with the anchor a while to see if it'd found a new set and couldn't even tell that it had noticed. In the morning, in fact, I looked through the clear water and could clearly see the marks of chain and anchor shank on the white sand. The anchor had buried the first time in about three times its own length and had only moved a foot or so after the wind changed. As it was the breeze never amounted to much, perhaps 5-10 knots at best, and the boat spent the night facing the mouth of the cove and chuckling to herself. I simply woke frequently to be sure it wasn't coming on to blow.

The sun was over the ridge in the morning by 9:00 and the rocks along both walls of the cove looked like they should be good snorkeling. I tunneled all the way back to the aft end of the quarter berths and found the snorkeling gear hidden up against the transom, loaded the works into the canoe and paddled to the sandy beach. Waded in knee deep. It seemed doable, if cool. Put on the fins and mask, deep breath, the first cold shock, then gee, not too bad, and fish everywhere. They seem a lot like the fish I saw snorkeling on Hawaii years ago. Some must be exactly the same.

For instance, the one they call humu-humunukunupuaa in Hawaii, they call perico here. They weren't common, but I saw two or three at a time off and on. By far the most common seem to be a sort of perch, yellow above, white below, five black vertical bars, swimming in schools with quite a range of sizes. Then there were angel fish with rather purplish colored bodies and orange tails and pectorals, some very small but very

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

Part 7

purple fish, lots of coral, tons of anemones and just one needlefish, maybe 2' long and the size of my thumb.

Back on board and defrosted, I decided to shift anchorage to the next cove south on Isla Partida, Ensenada Grande and do some sight-seeing along the way. Last night I had sailed right past the two tall islets (Los Islotes) just north of Partida, even though I could hear the sea lions roaring and see clouds of sea birds overhead. The islands are built of brilliant red stone, but are completely covered above by white bird paint. Even the lonely cardon cactus near the top of the larger islet was painted white all over. The birds seemed mostly to be frigates and pelicans with now and then a cormorant.

The breeze started out just easy sailing and fell light as I approached the islets. In fact, for a bit there was almost none and we were down to bare steerage way and it was clear that a current was setting us down on the reef at the far end of the larger islet. Just as I was ready to start the engine to escape the reef a bit more breeze came in from the south, not enough to ripple the water, but enough that we gradually stemmed the current and moved, close hauled, back south along the Partida shore. About level with the mouth of last night's cove, it finally died altogether for the day, so down went the motor and we powered into Ensenada Grande at 2:30 and anchored easily in the middle cove.

Two kayakers were headed in to camp in the first cove and two other boats were motoring about trying their choice of different anchorages in the third cove. One came very close to us and dropped his anchor but found a weed patch and couldn't get a set. The swim-suited woman running the anchor windlass on the bow cleaned off the anchor while the man in charge ran the engine and yelled instructions and they tried again, again finding a large weed patch even though he had been very clear about only dropping the hook in sand. While she discarded the second crop of seaweed he gathered speed and returned to the third cove after all. As he passed he shouted, "I guess you have to know where to anchor in here or you just drag, huh?" I waved back like an old timer.

The 28th of January began at midnight with a somewhat stiffer breeze from the west. All the anchorages on Partida and Espiritu Santo Islands are more or less open to the west and this middle cove in Ensenada Grande is

as bad as any of them. The breeze at times was up to 15 or so, enough to raise a good little chop, but again I had anchored far enough offshore on good enough sand that the anchor rode just followed the wind around and we simply turned to face the open mouth of the bay. It was definitely a loud and lively night from that point on, though, and I woke up to make fairly frequent trips on deck to check our bearings. The moon was nearly full and very bright and it was easy to see that nothing was moving that shouldn't.

Next morning the wind continued and seemed to be rising, and I could see whitecaps offshore with the binoculars, so I cleared for sea and got the anchor aboard. With the wind onshore as it was, I got the anchor on a short scope and set the main with one reef then brought the anchor aboard with the chain all in a mess on the foredeck, put her on the better offshore tack with just the main, lashed the tiller and jumped forward to get the working jib on her quickly. With both sails well filled she held her course with the helm lashed while I tidied up forward.

The mess was all put away and everything shipshape before we cleared the main point at the south entrance of the Ensenada and it became obvious the wind offshore was a good bit stronger than it had been at anchor. Early in the day I thought a lot about the second reef but never really needed it. After so much downwind sailing the past week, it felt good to have the boat hard on a good breeze. She sent occasional showers of spray over the foredeck and across the cabin to keep me cool and soldiered along at a great pace.

I lay on the offshore tack over an hour before tacking back over toward the islands again. We were making excellent time up the coast, showing over four knots on the GPS and tacking through 100 degrees on the compass, though closer to 110 on the GPS. We beat up the coast of Partida, past famous Partida Cove and Candelero on Espiritu Santo. There were four or five boats anchored in Partida and one, a handsome ketch, was making sail to come out as well.

Close in to Espiritu Santo, about level with Isla Ballena, I tacked offshore again for another hour. Then it quit. Farther offshore I could see the ketch that had sailed out of Partida Cove slatting about, then furling sails and motoring south on the course for La Paz. I lay there with one reef down and the working jib both sheeted in hard to try to stop the rolling. I couldn't believe such a fine wind died so quickly, but that was the truth of the matter. The chop quickly lay down and though there was a bit of roll to the sea, the surface was all but glassy.

At 12:35 I lowered all sail and started the motor, generally following the Espiritu Santo coast on south, still dithering about a destination. After two nights exposed to the west and getting westerly weather I was interested in better shelter for a night. None of the coves on the west side of Espiritu Santo can offer that, no matter how beautiful they are. The chart showed two or three possibilities closer to La Paz on the Baja shore, Estero Balandra, Caleta Lobos, and of course, Pichilinke. I held on across the San Lorenzo Channel ("Canal San Lorenzo") on a course for Caleta Lobos, running the engine at very low rpms, sails down, centerplate up, making 3.7 knots with no fuss whatever.

About mid channel a very slight breeze came up from the east, enough to feel on my cheek but barely rippling the sea. I hoisted the full main with the board still up and it filled and steadied. Speed jumped to 4.3 to 4.7 knots on an almost perfectly even keel. In the binoculars I could make out two separate large sand beaches ahead and finally identified them from the chart as Playa Tecolote and Estero Balandra. In the mirage of the bright day the RVs parked along Tecolote all looked 20' high and the restaurant with the tall thatched roof looked more like a Mexican pyramid. The dunes behind Estero Balandra seemed to climb well up into the hills. I abandoned Caleta Lobos and headed up for Estero Balandra.

Quite suddenly, about a mile offshore, the wind came up a good notch and I jumped for the centerplate tackle to lower away, secured the engine and entered the bay all set to anchor, under sail after all. There was one other boat in the harbor over towards the balancing rock, so with this new breeze I tacked in and tucked up tight under Punta Diablo, a long, though fairly low dark stone cliff. With that I had shelter through about 290 degrees and, in fact, the wind held as it was overnight and it was an excellent anchorage in 15' over very fine white sand.

The morning's beat had flooded the cabin floor (also the bilge on a Potter 19) about 1" deep over the top of the carpet with slopping from the centerplate trunk, so I had been drying carpet up in the cockpit all the way across in the calm. Anchor down, I spread the whole works to dry on the cabin top and went ashore to walk around. The dunes are beautiful behind the bay but very hard to walk in as the sand runs downhill 10" for every foot you climb up. The public can get to the beach by walking around from the road access at low tide and two young couples were sunning on the shore when I landed, no longer the uninhabited islands of the past few days, but nice to visit.

The rocks in the cliffs around Estero Balandra are particularly susceptible to sea water erosion but last very well in the desert dryness above. This makes for fantastic waterside overhangs as the sea nibbles the rock out from under the cliffs. The route from the road to this beach leaves no choice but to walk on the low tide layer of stone with thousands of tons of rock over your head. I did not linger. The famous balancing rock which used to mark this outcrop apparently fell over some years back but has been restored and remains (with its reinforced stem doing very well, thank you) as quite a remarkable landmark.

Walking back to the canoe I noticed small disturbances in the sand near the low tide line and stopped to see what was making them. Grabbing a handful of sand around the little pile on the beach and rinsing it off I found the secret of the perfect enameled sea shells. This is where they live and these were absolutely perfect and fresh, but still alive. I carried one in my hand a while, thinking about perhaps boiling it to remove the inhabitant and keep the shell, then decided he wouldn't make even a taste on the end of the tongue and would probably get more use out of his own shell than I would anyway, so I dug him a new hole and put him back on the beach. Just to be sure it wasn't a fluke I quickly uncovered four or five more and returned them as well.

Into La Paz

My time for the first leg of the trip was getting short, still several days until I had to be in Los Cabos to pick up my lady, but I didn't want to take a chance of getting weather bound and missing the appointment, so I was about ready to head for La Paz. In the evening I checked up on the tides and realized that the next usable slackwater in daylight would be late afternoon tomorrow. La Paz is reputed to have a very strong tidal current in the entrance channel, which is very narrow and bounded by steep sand banks. No kidding.

My night at Estero Balandra was very peaceful and I slept straight through with only one trip on deck to check the anchor for auld lang syne. In the morning, awaking to an unusual 70% cloud cover, I lazed around straightening up and finally got to the beach for a long uphill walk by 9:00. Hiked up out of the beach area to the ridge of Punta Diablo and found a pretty usable four-wheel drive road on top, leading pretty obviously toward Playa Tecolote, though definitely over hill and dale. I walked over the hills and down among the RVs and the several restaurants along the beach.

It was too early to eat again, so I walked the length of their beach, visited with folks from Alberta, British Columbia, Seattle, Chicago, and so forth, all intent on holding their beach chairs down firmly in the nonexistent wind and the passing piece of warm morning sun. The obvious popularity of solar panels was interesting, most units having pretty significant arrays, much larger than mine.

Finally back over the hills to Balandra and back aboard, I ate a leisurely lunch out of boat's stores and dressed her for sea, got up the anchor and drifted out of the anchorage on a very light breeze from west or northwest. Out in the open the wind picked up a little, but it was just ghosting until past Caleta Lobos. My choice of anchorage last night turned out to have been good, Lobos didn't look half as pretty as Balandra and there were nine shrimpers lying at anchor there. Their generators would have made the night pretty noisy I fear.

About 2:00 the wind came back with a shout from the north. I poled the working jib out on one side, put a preventer on the main on the other, and roared along the coast toward Pichilingue and La Paz. A beautiful ketch with clipper bows was sailing up behind me, slowly gaining as we ran down toward Punta Prieta, easily seen with its smoky power plant and enormous petroleum tanks.

I steered with one hand and reread the instructions for the entrance to La Paz with the other. About a mile from Punta Prieta, after over an hour running at from 5.7 to 6.2 on the GPS, I hove to and pulled down the first reef just as a courtesy. The following wind didn't demand it, but if maneuvering in close quarters were required I would be glad of less sail in this much wind. The ketch passed me while I was hove to, but took a deep roll in his jib at the same time. Perhaps I was on the right track.

It was obvious that to make the first turn into the entrance channel I would have to lie at least close reaching, maybe a little higher. The sailing instructions say to stay close inshore at that point, just outside the tanker mooring buoys. I left them perhaps 500' upwind, which was too much. Finally spotting

the first little round flat topped buoy ahead I realized I'd be pinching tight to squeeze through without tacking. Hard on the wind the boat really settled to her work and the gullies around Punta Prieta reshaped and sharpened the wind.

In the end we scraped within a few feet of the buoy and made the sharp right turn into the three-mile long channel the length of town to the marinas, which brought the wind again dead astern. I didn't have room or hands enough to rig the pole on the jib again but ran most of the way wing and wing anyway. The boat roared through the water at a tremendous rate, but at times it seemed we were barely gaining on the anchored buoys. I was at least two hours early on my tide and though the boat was running faster than earlier in the day, we were over two hours creeping along the shoreline the three miles in to the marina.

My little handheld VHF was fine for the short range hail and the marina came back in nearly unaccented English (I'd been practicing imaginary Spanish radio etiquette for days, just in case). By the time we came to the municipal pier and called the marina for instructions, a very good chop had made up and the boats in the anchorage from the pier to the marina were definitely doing the La Paz waltz, some facing up wind, others tide rode, but all the smaller boats rolling and pitching violently. I felt no urge to anchor with them at all and looked forward to a berth in the marina for the boat while I made the trip back for the truck and trailer.

Close by the marina entrance I hove to and checked my drift in the tide. Even with what was probably a one-knot drift through the water downwind to the south, the north running current swept me fairly briskly back toward the entrance. I had to fill and jibe around quickly to avoid fouling a red buoy I hadn't left enough room for, but then hove to again and got the sails muzzled and the motor going.

Steering in the current and wind with the little motor's tiller as well as the boat's (perched precariously over the transom with one hand on each tiller), I made an easy approach, though I nearly over ran the float until Mary on the end of the fuel pier shouted and waved me back to a side tie on the panga dock to wait for wind and tide to lie down. Several people came to take my lines and in no time we were secured alongside and I was accepting invitations "for a beer as soon as you get a minute."

It's a friendly place for sure and its reputation as the nicest marina in Mexico is certainly earned. Everything is clean and bright, there's lots of paper in the toilets and the showers are hot and hard. The clientele is almost entirely retired or cruising couples from all over the states and Canada and their "Club Cruceros de La Paz" makes life pleasant with Spanish classes, barbecues, and lots of visiting.

(To Be Continued)

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PRICE REDUCTION

Prestige (cont.)

Tsunami-like ripples and counter-ripples continue to spread from this disaster. Oil leakage to date is 17,000-20,000 tonnes, leaving about 60,000 tonnes still on board the sunken tanker. The cleanup of Spanish and French coasts could cost \$344 million plus another \$250 million or so for fishermen. Italy joined Spain in banning single-hull tankers. The European Union proposed an accelerated phase-out of single-hull tankers. It proposed that heavy grades of oil be carried only in double-hull tankers and asked for a broader application of the special inspection for tankers older than 15 years.

The EU also proposed criminal sanctions for all responsible for pollution, including the ship owner and the shipper. Fines would not be enough. The EU may take legal action against Greece, Britain, and the Netherlands, which fear a shortage of suitable tankers (and thus a shortage of heating oil) if those countries do not adopt EU's ban. Not helping at all was the discovery of cracks in the deck of the 1986 built tanker *Arendal* in Scotland; the ship is classed by ABS as was the *Prestige*. The ABS admitted that its last annual survey of the *Prestige* did not include internal examination of the two water ballast tanks that sustained the initial damage, but the ABS also denied that it did not carry out a proper inspection. Israel forbade single-hulled tankers more than 20 years old in the Gulf of Eilat and 25 years old in its Mediterranean waters.

But a Spanish judge asked the government to supply all technical reports on which the government made its decision to deny *Prestige* a port of refuge. The Bahamas Maritime Authority said that the *Prestige* could have "almost certainly" been saved if a port of refuge was offered. The French submarine *Nautilus* has stopped 99% of the *Prestige*'s leaks and leakage was down to less than a ton a day (but some of the patches could be short-lived). Removal of the oil was urged by environmental groups and Smit has offered a plan. However, since Smit was the salvor and strongly criticized the Spanish government after it refused Smit and *Prestige* a port of refuge, it seems unlikely that the Spanish government will hire that experienced firm.

Greek authorities and unions vigorously protested Spain's handling of the matter, and especially its treatment of the master. He was finally bailed out of a Spanish jail by the London P&I Club, which posted \$3.2 million as bail. An association representing the world's bunkering firms said that EU's banning of single-hull tankers would outlaw much of the current EU bunkering fleet because many bunkering barges exceed the EU limit of 600dwt. The Club called him a hero who had risked his life in an effort to save his ship. Islands from the Shetlands to Greece could find themselves short of oil if the proposed ban on single-hull tankers is enacted. Greek shipowners are starting to have tankers built in large numbers.

Perhaps coincidentally with all this, the International Maritime Organization released details on new and amended traffic separation channels. Amended were the schemes for the Bay of Fundy, Straits of Bab el Mandeb, and Gulf of Finland. New are schemes for Off Cape La Nao and Off Cape Palos (both Spanish headlands). And the head of Germany's new central command for maritime emergencies said it can pull rank on both

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

state and federal governments in time of crisis.

Tricolor

In spite of fluorescent buoys, a radar beacon, and radio warnings every half hour, adventures still happen to this ship. The *Tricolor* was hit and sunk by one ship, nearly hit by another, then hit and actually boarded by two others. Next, Smit Salvage admitted that one of its tugs was picked up by a swell and deposited right atop one of *Tricolor*'s oil tanks and some oil was spilt. It left a trail about seven kilometres long. But oil removal continued. No news yet on when this threat to shipping will be removed. By the way, one observer monitored 257 vessels (400-500 vessels use the English Channel each day) and observed 60 "near misses," so *Tricolor*'s record is not improbable.

Ferries

Heavy ice caused ferry delays and cancellations along the US northeastern coast as extreme weather beset the region for two weeks. Ice also caused mechanical problems. Donjon Marine's big tug, *Atlantic Salvor*, was hired to break ice for convoys of fuel barges on the Hudson. Ferry service between Lewes, Delaware and Cape May, New Jersey dropped to one ferry when ice caused a clutch failure on the second wintertime ferry as the ferry left the dock. And in New York, newer catamaran type ferries of the New York Waterways system became useless on the Hudson River when their cooling water intakes froze up. Older monohull ferries with closed cooling systems took up the load. And a small aquarium had to put its fish into a cage lowered into the Hudson when intake pipes froze up. One consolation in all this, ice conditions were worse in 1994.

B.C. Ferries is searching for a major pizza firm for a one year trial on its large ferry *Queen of Coquitlam*. The cafeteria presently serves hamburgers but a wider choice is desired.

The Prime Minister of Senegal announced that the September sinking of the ferry *Joola* killed more than 1,800 people. Initial and succeeding reports had slowly crept up from much lower figures. Only 67 survived the capsizing of the overloaded ferry after people rushed to one side to escape gale winds.

In Bangladesh's second serious ferry accident in a year, at least 12 died and 25 were missing after a collision in thick fog between a ferry and a smaller boat at the confluence of the Shitalakhyia and Dhaleswari Rivers sank the ferry.

Last May, a ferry sinking in bad weather on the River Meghna killed at least 350 people. Such accidents will continue to happen in Third World countries as long as ferries cost less than roads and bridges.

Various Legalities and the Environment

A U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals wiped out more than 20,000 claims by over 14,000 seamen for alleged exposure to asbestos due

to their counsel's repeated failures to supply support documentation.

The Justice Department is after ship-builder Newport News for charging the Navy for research and development work it did on double-hulled tankers when it was already building double-hulled tankers for commercial customers. If found guilty, the company could be liable for triple damages plus civil penalties.

Oil tankers illegally cleaning their tanks in the Mediterranean release 75 times the oil spilled by the tanker *Erika*, which sank off Brittany in 1999 and caused an environmental disaster. An environmental group stated that the tankers release something like 1.5 million tons of oil into the Mediterranean and the worldwide tank cleaning release may total 4 million tons.

The State of Washington reported that the Unix Line Private Ltd. of Singapore will pay \$34,000 for negligently releasing only 50 gallons of oily waste into Tacoma Commencement Bay from the tanker *Kaeda* last October. The company will also pay investigation and cleanup costs of \$5,194.

The EPA reported that the Norwegian owner of the tanker *Evviva* pled guilty to spilling 23,096 gallons of bunker oil into the Atlantic off South Carolina. He will pay a fine of \$200,000 and must contribute \$300,000 to a conservation fund. The EPA also indicted two former supervisors of an environment management company for improperly handling hazardous material removed from a barge at Port Arthur, Texas. One faces up to 14 years in jail and a fine of up to \$1 million.

A U.S. ship operator pled guilty to dumping waste into the Mississippi. He will pay a \$200,000 fine, serve three years on probation, and must develop an environmental compliance program.

And the owner and operator of a foreign ship and its chief engineer all pled guilty to violating the Clean Water Act and making false statements. The companies were fined \$750,000, must develop a comprehensive environmental management plan, and serve four years probation. The chief faces up to five years in jail and a fine of \$250,000.

NOAA and the Florida Department of Environmental Protection have applied to the Federal Oil Spill Liability Trust Funds for \$2.2 million to restore beaches and marine habitat damaged by an oil spill near Fort Lauderdale in August 2000. Who dunnit was never learned.

The Federal Maritime Commission has fined Sea-Land Service \$4,082,500 for violating the Shipping Act of 1984. It used inappropriate rates on cargo in 20' containers when it moved the cargo in 40' containers in 149 shipments.

Later this year, Halifax will study emissions from cruise ships and container ships since Vancouver learned that one cruise ship in port for one day emitted pollution equivalent to 2,000 cars. Cruise ships need to generate large amounts of electrical power for hotel purposes whenever passengers are aboard.

The master of the *Prestige* may have been sprung from jail but the master, second officer, and a seaman of the tanker *Virgo* that ran down and sank the Maine fishing boat *Starbound* about 18 months ago were still detained (but free on bail) in Canada as of early February. They recently asked a judge

to let them go home until the trial. The Russian Government stated it would guarantee their return. And the North Koreans held a Singaporean master in jail for seven and half months until \$400,000 was paid for his release.

Great Lakes and the Seaway

The Lakes have gotten little precipitation this winter and water levels are below last year's levels, which were up somewhat from the 35-year record low levels of 2001. Lakes Huron and Michigan are 7" lower than the same time last year. Water levels at Montreal are 24cm below the level considered optimum for port operation and each 30cm equates to 130 fewer containers per ship. But ice is heavier than usual almost everywhere.

There will be another ferry across Lake Michigan as early as April if the Grand Rapids based LBF Corporation has its way. The FAST-KAT service will be passengers only at first but should expand in 2004. Hovercrafts may eventually be used.

There will be a new ferry across Lake Ontario if Toronto-based International Fast Ferry Corp. has its way. Three catamarans may start operating later this year between Porter, New York and Toronto. And CATS (Canadian American Transportation Systems), behind schedule because of a delay in New York State's funding of a projected fast ferry across Lake Erie, is allowing Australia's Austal Ltd., the builder of CATS' \$42.5 million ferry, to offer the vessel to another customer. If it is sold, Austal will build another ferry in time for delivery in spring 2004.

Navies

Her Majesty's Government finally decided that the British firm BAE Systems will build its next two aircraft carriers and the French firm of Thales will provide project design. HMG even specified the three Scottish yards that will build and assemble the big ships, which will be delivered in 2012 and 2015. The \$15 billion contract means 12,000 shipbuilding jobs and an estimated \$10 billion in after-care work until 2060. The 60,000-ton carriers will be among the world's larger examples but are not as large as the latest American carriers, which top 100,000 tons.

The Australian Navy will increase Antarctic patrols some 2,400 miles south of that country to catch illegal fishing for the Patagonian toothfish, a species being threatened by overfishing.

The Indonesian Navy has been getting tough on poachers, firing at one fishing vessel and arresting its 25 man crew and sinking four others and detaining their crews.

And NATO warships will escort allied commercial and civilian naval vessels through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Shipping Safety and Disease Control

The head of ABS rebutted the idea that the safety record of the international shipping industry requires more regulation. "All trends indicate the maritime industry continues to show dramatic improvements in its safety and environmental performance," he firmly stated, adding that the ship loss performance per 1,000 units has been consistently lower than the commercial aviation rate. "Has the

United Nations or the European Union or Congress rushed into emergency session to mandate a double set of wings on all aircraft?" he asked. "The media communicates to the wider general public an image of a ruthless, reckless, and irresponsible industry which has every reason to be very proud of its safety achievements."

Cruise ships continued to be plagued by virus attacks on passengers and crew. Such ships as *Sundream*, *Olympia Voyager*, *Carnival Spirit*, and *Sun Princess* were particularly hard-hit in January and early February (but so were nursing homes and hospitals onshore). And *Queen Elizabeth 2* received a score of 92 (passing grade is 86) after failing an earlier inspection by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

Classification societies are adding strange bedfellows in attempts to service their clients. Bureau Veritas bought Paris-based Aquarism, a company specializing in the control of Legionaire's and other viruses in water systems. Aquarism will work with BV's experts in air conditioning systems.

Odd Bits

By any chance, are you curious about how deep a pipeline can be laid nowadays? TotalFinaElf laid one in a water depth of 7,209' as part of the Canyon Express pipeline system in the Gulf of Mexico.

The Coast Guard has warned that certain makes and models of active marine TV antennas can cause degradation or loss of GPS signals and may even affect others GPS receivers within 2,000'. Simple test: If your GPS doesn't seem to be working right, turn off the power to the TV antenna and see if the GPS gets better.

A barrier was broken when the China Shipping Group and Seaspans Container Lines of Vancouver jointly ordered an 8,000-TEU container carrier.

Russia is encountering a logical but unexpected problem in Siberia's shortage of people to do work such as develop oil fields. Seems much of the Siberian population has moved to better climes since the end of the Soviet regime. Today, there are only about 7.25 million Russians in the country's entire far east while, perhaps ominously, 70 million Chinese live just across the border.

Pacific dockworkers overwhelmingly okayed a six-year pact with the operators of 29 West Coast ports, clearing the way for modernization of the ports. The contract calls for 12% higher pay (to about \$90,000 for the average longshoreperson), a no-cost health insurance plan, and a 60% increase in pensions. In return, members agreed to accept computer cargo tracking technology. All current members will keep their jobs but about 400 positions will be lost as members retire.

If ice in the Arctic continues to melt at its present rapid rate, super tankers may find it shorter to travel via the Northwest Passage than around Cape Horn.

Shipowners are extremely unhappy about a decision by P&I clubs to charge both members and clients for the creation of a \$400 million fund to cover war and terrorism risks.

Thanks to efforts by Sen. Daniel Inouye (D, HI), a legal exemption now allows Norwegian Cruise Lines to operate cruise ships built outside the US between US ports.

Svitser/Wisjmulder, the Danish tug and salvage operator, ordered 29 new tugs.

The Russian port of Sheskhari has installed Laser Mooring Systems on its piers. On one pier a large screen shows the master and pilot of a ship being docked, the direction and angle of the vessel's approach, its speed of approach, and the actual weather conditions alongside the pier.

A government survey of about 10% of the 104,000 U.S. citizens qualified to work on large ocean-going vessels found that 15% couldn't be reached, 68% of those reached were serving on a ship, and 66% would be willing to take an afloat position in the event of a National Defense Emergency.

The crewless Indonesian fishing vessel *High Aim 6* was found drifting 90 miles off Australia without its lifeboat but with food and drink on the table and laundered clothing ready to be stowed away. The engine had run out of fuel. What happened? Pirates? Giant octopi?

The VLCC *Limburg*, rammed by an explosives-laden boat off Yemen last October, has been put up for sale.

Since January 11 was Children's Day in Thailand, operations at the port of Sattahip ceased for 30 hours.

There is a replica of the Pilgrim's ship *Mayflower* at Plymouth, Massachusetts, but now Plymouth, England and a British TV company want to build another *Mayflower* replica in the UK.

Headshakers...

Bureaucracy Runs Wild

NOAA required the Coast Guard to file an application for an Incidental Harassment Authorization if it is to build a new dock in Monterey, California, since the necessary pile driving might disturb nearby seals and sea lions even though it was admitted that they would probably just pop up for a look and might even approach the site out of curiosity.

According to the *Daily Mail*, the local Royal National Lifeboat Institute establishment in Southport, UK applied to the Community Fund lottery for financial help but were told, in essence, that it hadn't rescued enough poor people to qualify. However, the *Daily Mail* reported that the Lottery has financed, among other things, the breeding of fatter guinea pigs for Peruvians to eat. Elsewhere, the RNLI is finding that rising real-estate prices are forcing its volunteer lifesavers to live beyond the desired three-minute distance from the lifeboat.

The European Commission stated that Britain, Spain, and Italy face legal action for making bilateral deals with the U.S. about implementation of anti-terrorism measures in their ports, and the European Union has already started legal proceedings against member states Germany, France, the Netherlands, and Belgium. It's not that the EU is pro-terrorism, it's just that the EU feels such measures give certain ports an advantage and the EU, not member states, has the legal right to negotiate trade and custom deals with non-EU nations.

The Office of Management and Budget drafted a report to Congress detailing the costs of federal regulations. Among the examples given were Coast Guard rulemakings concerning double-hulled vessel standards, vessel and facility response plans, and financial responsibility for water pollution by vessels. Annual benefits: \$68 million. Annual costs: \$1.282 million.

I titled this contribution to the Kokopelli Annals "Lite" because our group did not stay for the full length of the trip. Since Jim, DeWitt, and Tom have covered the trip on the water, this will be a prequel. One caveat, "kids, don't try this at home!"

After threatening to do the Kokopelli for years, I finally committed to showing up this past year, and bringing along my girl friend, Miriam, and my stepfather, Ernie. I decided not to trailer my Redwing dinghy because of its relatively low boom, more complex rig, and lack of provision for rowing. In retrospect, the Redwing's shortcomings would have been more than compensated by its weatherliness and ability to slide along in light air, not too mention its ability to handle a stiff breeze.

Having decided that the Redwing was not an option, I proceeded to work on a replacement. After a busy week at work featuring too little sleep or too much coffee, I was inspired to build three small dinghies, one for each of us. I dubbed this project "The Three Little Pigs."

The naming of the project was the easy part. Then I had to decide on the boat itself. What is difficult is picking a single design out of the many available. Usually, plugging in design constraints helps, and this was no

Kokopelli Lite

By Robert Tabb

exception. The boats (all three of them) were to be transported in the back of a full size pickup truck. That meant that the hulls should not be much over 8' long. I had some plans for a 7' tender laying around, but clearly that would not be a big enough boat in which to spend a week (by choice). I expanded the design to an overall length of about 9-1/2' and drew a simple lug rig for the boat. I wrestled with using a centerboard, daggerboard, or leeboards. I decided on leeboards (more on this later).

Production boat building proved to be an interesting and time consuming process, carried out on evenings and weekends. After setting up the building jig and building the first hull, it was a matter of repeating the recipe. The boats featured 1/4" plywood sides and bottoms put together stitch-and-glue fashion. Additionally, I added 6-oz. cloth to the bottom of the boats. In retrospect, I should have built the boats with chine logs and simple framing. This isn't the first time that I

have come to this conclusion, but I plan on honoring the commitment on future projects.

The bare hulls were done and logistics re-raised its ugly head. There was no way to fit out the boats' interiors and still get them into the truck without the stack being unreasonably tall for the trip west. This meant that the boats would not be complete when I arrived at my parents' house (or Lake Powell, as it turned out). I didn't appreciate it at the time, but this is an old Kokopelli tradition. Nonetheless, I was a bit frustrated by the spirits' actions on my behalf.

I returned to the problem of fitting leeboards. The dinghies' hulls have quite a bit of flare, and I was wrestling with fitting guards to allow the leeboards to stand off. I was also working to figure out a good pivoting mechanism. There are plenty of good examples on the internet, but I just couldn't seem to cut what was by now becoming a true Gordian knot. And time was running out. This problem led to the hatching of a new scheme involving bilge keels. With scheme, tools, and lumber all packed into the truck, I left upstate New York and headed to Colorado. Also packed into the truck were the polytarp sails sewn by a friend and the spars that I had fabricated in the hulls between building the skiffs and sitting in the moaning chair.

After a bit less than a day and a half of driving, I arrived at Denver airport to pick up my girlfriend on the way to my parents' house to complete fitting out the boats.

The fitting out process required the better part of my couple of days of rest at my parents' house. The three skiffs were set out on the lawn, where all had mast partners and thwarts installed and the spars, mast, boom, and yard rigged. I also fabricated the rudders, tillers, and tiller hardware. To make this work more interesting, I was periodically chased off of the lawn by roving bands of thunderstorms. Little did I know that this was, in some ways, a precursor for weather on the lake. Arguably, the boats were now ready, less the bilge keels and the running rigging. While all this was going on, Ernie and Mir were pitching in on the boats, putting together provisions, parts running, and packing gear.

Then it was time to head to Lake Powell. The pickup was loaded with the boats, tools, and lumber (sounds familiar), as well as the three of us, our gear, and some of the provisions. We supplemented the latter with a stop in Grand Junction. The trip to the lake made the three of us feel like kids again, "Are we there yet?" It was a bit further away than we (read as "I") realized and was characterized by traveling through the night in a driving rainstorm (Mir's turn, fortunately) to get to the launch site.

We got in a bit early and caught a brief nap at the ramp. As the rest of the gang arrived, boats were unloaded and rigged/ worked on. We were not alone in our ramp construction and rigging activities. The weather once again intervened in our efforts at preparation, and when it came time to launch the skiffs were not ready, still no bilge boards. I was a bit wary of my plan to back the boards with plywood and was considering going without. After a little positive K.I.T.A. from Jim, each boat was equipped with what amounted to a long, two part skeg in lieu of the bilge boards. Ultimately, the boats wouldn't go to weather to save their lives, but they are great rowboats!



Three Little Pigs.

Three Little Pigs.



Ultimately we got underway and spent four nights rowing, camping, and sailing (in that order) with the gang. The camaraderie on the trip was great and the skiffs proved their mettle, as well as ours. In retrospect I would use a single, bigger, sailboat with a provision for rowing rather than three rowing skiffs inadequately rigged for sailing. The most amazing part of the trip is that I still They rowed well with transoms clear.

have the same girlfriend and the same step-father! As for the skiffs, I am keeping one as is but will probably add a centerboard. The other two are destined to be spliced together to make a drift boat. Now where'd I put that epoxy?

Addendum: We ended up receiving a tow across Waukegan Bay. There was a bit too much wind and the long fetch across the bay

had kicked up some exceptional waves. The boats might have been up to the task if they were a bit less burdened by gear, but discretion was the better part of valor and carried the day. The boats were daisy chained and towed quite nicely. After cleaning up, we headed out for dinner, which included an assassination attempt on yours truly in the form of a burrito. That, however, is another story.



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I am an ordinary guy in his sixties, of modest means and skills, who wanted to build his own boat. A boat that would be easy and cheap to build, and that would be safe and comfortable for cruising on the Hudson River.

A few years ago I was living in Dallas for a while, and it was there in the winter of 2000, that I decided that what I wanted was a small houseboat that would accommodate a small group of relatives and friends for day cruises, and for more extended overnight cruises up to four people. In addition, I wanted to build a boat that wouldn't leak, was unsinkable, easy to build in a relatively short time, and cheap. And so I designed my houseboat.

It would be 24' long and 8' wide, and have an open, half roofed foredeck about 8' long by 8' wide, a cabin of about 13' long and 8' wide, and an afterdeck about 3' long and 8' wide. It was to be a twin hulled affair, and the hulls and deck were to be built of 3/4" ordinary plywood. The forward and aft ends of the cabin were also to be built of 3/4" plywood, while the sides and roof of the cabin were to be built of plywood that is now specified, I believe, as 32mm.

I wanted as small a boat as possible, and yet one large enough to meet my original hoped for use of the boat, and with comfortable accommodations. And, although to attempt to build a 24' x 8' boat with a 13' cabin was intimidating to me, I made an early and earnest promise to myself that its size was one thing upon which I would not compromise.

Building Vagabond

By Bill Smith

In this boat building undertaking, I was determined that it would fun, and never be allowed to become work or a worry. That I would proceed as I was inclined in terms of time, effort, and money. That I would own the process, and not be owned by it. And that is how the building went. It was all fun. Also, I had no care how long my boat might last. One season, two seasons, three, were not to be of concern. Nor, of her humble appearance, so long as she were simple, solid, and worthy of her intended mission.

With considerable trepidation, I bought a new double axle, four wheeled, car hauler type trailer, with a carrying capacity of 7,000lbs and a bed of eighteen feet, at a cost of \$960, including a spare tire. It was a beauty. To build the boat, the die had been cast.

After receiving the trailer, I ordered four Styrofoam blocks from an outfit in Ft. Worth. Each block was to be 2' x 2 1/2' x 12', and I picked them up the next day with my new trailer and drove them back to Dallas, learning how to handle that long, wide trailer along the way.

Not long after, toward the end of June, I left Dallas with about eight, 4'x8' sheets of 3/4" plywood, and the Styrofoam blocks stacked on the trailer, and headed for my sister Gert's in Hudson Falls, in upstate New York, to spend the summer.

In addition to beginning the building of the boat, the summer was spent vacationing at my sister's rented cabin on Lake Champlain, visiting a daughter for a while in the Boston area, helping out with my nephew and nieces Hudson River Shakespeare Company's two summer production, etc. I started working on the boat alone, but soon was given an ever increasing amount of help from my friend, Drake Hewitt. According to a calendar I keep, I spent about one hundred and five hours on the boat this first summer. Much more time than it really should have taken, but the pace was unhurried. What had been accomplished was the completion of the twin hulls joined together by 2"x8", 8' cross beams, at both their outer and inner walls, and deeper plywood skirts that were fastened to the crossbeams and the inner walls of the hulls.

All had been painted before assembly, and the lower 16" of the plywood sides of the hulls that would be in, or exposed to, water were coated with two coats of epoxy. The Styrofoam surface exposed on the bottoms of the hulls was left exposed, and not sheathed, as I could not think of a compelling reason to do so. The six sheets of 3/4" plywood that were to form the deck and to be laid in crossways atop the foam and crossmembers were painted and stacked against the side of the hull, and covered with a plastic tarp, awaiting their installation the next summer. The height of the deck from the bottom of the hulls was 30", leaving an 18" wall of plywood all around the deck. Later, the studding for the cabin's sides, as well as the stanchions for the railings of the open decks, would be bolted to these walls. Picture 1 is how the boat looked at the summer's end, 2000.

Returning from Texas in the spring of 2001, I had only eight weeks to spend up north this time as I was on leave from a very pleasant part time job in Dallas and hadn't dared ask for more time than that. So work on the boat began again. Soon the deck was installed, and the cabin framed in and roof and sides completed. Because the work became a bit more detailed, things progressed a bit more slowly. Of course, each aspect of the building required much discussion on what exactly to do, and how exactly to do it. This, of course, was all part of the fun. Although in this second summer I was less conscientious in keeping track of the time spent on the boat, with the aid of my calendar I figure that it was about 80 hours, not including the numerous trips to the lumber and hardware stores.

By the time that I was due to return to Texas, the boat was pretty much done, and relatives and friends had even talked me into launching it, if even for just a few days. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, one night when my older son and his children were visiting from Minneapolis and sleeping on the boat as it sat on its trailer in the back yard, I ran into a tongue extension that I had made for the trailer and put a pretty good gash in my left shin, requiring a trip to the emergency room for stitches. This convinced me to put off launching the boat until the next spring. Picture 2 is how the boat looked as I left for Dallas once again.

In May of 2002 I completed the finishing touches on the boat, including the improvement of my own cable rigging for the



steering and the motor controls of my 1994 8hp Johnson outboard that was to power the boat. Other touches included various enhancements to the boat, especially in the cabin.

On May 28th, we launched the boat on the upper Hudson River in Ft. Edward. Picture 3 is a picture of the completed boat in front of my sister Gert's house on launch day, and Picture 4 is a picture of the *Vagabond* just launched. Picture 5 is the *Vagabond* on the launch day as she is at the Ft. Edward dock, with Drake (hatless) and me.

Vagabond's draft turned out to be 10", and the 8hp pushes her along at about 4mph. She tracks very well, and turns around in not much more than her own length. She rides smoothly and handles the wakes of the passing cruisers solidly and gracefully.

During the summer she was berthed in a slip at the friendly Schuylerville Yacht Basin just 30 minute's drive from Hudson Falls where I built her, and where I have been spending my summers at my sister's. We took many day cruises on her throughout the summer that included my local relatives and friends, as well as other family members who came to visit at various times throughout the summer. The two longest overnight cruises were of five days duration down the upper Hudson, through six locks to Waterford (the junction of the Champlain Canal, the Erie Canal, and the Hudson River), down the Hudson and through the Federal Lock at Troy into the tidal Hudson, and down to below Albany to visit a friend who lives on the river. In all, last summer I spent some sixty nights sleeping aboard. Picture 6 is the *Vagabond* in the twilight at Waterford.



Altogether, I figure working five hours a day, five days a week, the *Vagabond* could be built in about 8 weeks, with a little help from a friend. Aside from a trailer and motor, the cost would be less than \$3,000. The boat was built outside, on its trailer, and the only power tools used were a 3/8" variable speed hand drill, a one speed hand held jig saw, and a hand held circular saw.

My purpose in writing this article was to give encouragement to others who, like me, may be of modest means and skills, and yet yearn to have the safe and comfortable adventure of cruising on a boat they built themselves.





Don't ask me about "instant" boats", or the savings available by "doing it yourself". Our latest, #9 of scratch builds, had its start in early 1988 when a son in law bought stock plans for a Hartley 16' daysailer/cruiser, so I could teach him the joys of small boatbuilding. I assembled the basic hull materials, and we got to roughing out the stem when he died in a holiday auto accident. The materials were stored in three locations for four years when my son suggested we attach a boat to that stem. We set up under a 12' x

A Long Time Coming

By Charlie Schmitt

20' fabric garage, and finished the bare hull in October 1992, just when all the aches and pains I was getting were finally diagnosed. With the treatments, etc. I could only think about the project, and my son was busy with new job, house, and his own growing fleet.

Work finally resumed in '98 (now ten years from plan purchase!). During the long

delay I had wondered what kind of boat would be most useful to kids and grandkids of all age and skill levels, and sketched different rigs and deck layouts. Bolger's *100 Small Boat Rigs*, and his design books were most helpful. The final decision was a cat ketch mounting the stayless 22' aluminum mast at the stem, 17' aluminum mizzenmast through a bridge deck tying into the trunk end, and supporting mainsheet traveler, cleat and mizzen halyards. Both sails are gaff.

Other departures from the Hartley design were a small bowsprit to allow for a jib set flying, a shortened, rounded cuddy, to provide a longer (over 8') cockpit. The rig looks appropriate on the beamy Hartley hull and the gaffs keep the generous sail area low. The sails were the only part not made by us, though we did start with Sailrite materials, until we couldn't locate a strong enough sewing machine and found that neither of us could sew. So we went to Moorhouse Sails in Jersey; Skip Moorhouse made very satisfactory sails for us before and knew just what we needed. Hoops were laminated from the ply tubing advertised in *MAIB* some time ago. We're currently making a mainmast to mizzen boom mooring and camping cover since the sails are always on the spars, saving much wear and tear.

So does it sail you might ask? Very well indeed, though less than ten short sails before the ice. Planes nicely on a reach, helped by that big beam. Better be good, it took "only" 14 years, start to finish (yes it was far from a full time effort). Was it an "instant" boat? I don't think so. But I suspect the growing family will get some years of enjoyment and that's worth something.

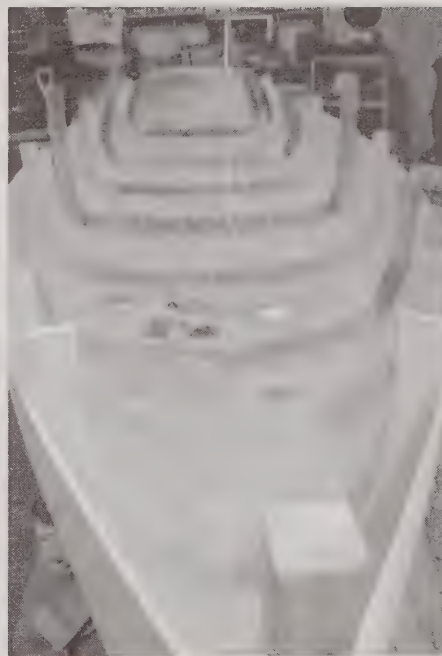
Pictures of first trials of *Legacy* in Hempstead Harbor and Long Island Sound Oct/Dec. 2002. Harbor shot at son's float, Glen Cove, near low tide. Note unique access to his pier. The accumulated snow was removed with a wet/dry vacuum! 72' tug in rear is used as a yacht!



Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project Update

By Robb White

Sam is moving sort of slow on the sport boat job. It ain't just the baby who is turning out to be a regular handful but he has some kind of internet project going that I didn't pay enough attention to the explanation of to remember what it was. He has the boat all planked up and is scraping the inside in preparation for epoxifying it enough to take the molds out to finish the gluing up so he can turn it over and plane and scrape the outside. The boat is very fair and I believe we could have gotten away with thinner strips, but that cedar is so light that it won't make a bit of difference. Anyway, scraping is hard work and it'll get you in the hands mighty quick. About the best thing to do when that happens is to do a little typing and I think that's what he is doing. And.....



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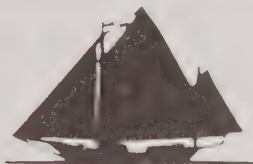
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How to Build A Nice Boat Ramp

By Bill Zeitler

Once upon a time there was a good sized tidal creek that flowed through the heart of the small colonial town of Wilmington, Delaware and into the nearby Delaware River. Wilmington (about 25 miles south of Philadelphia) was settled in the mid-1600s by the Swedes who named the creek after their queen, Christina of Sweden.

When it was decided in our more or less modern times to build a seaport (river port) at Wilmington at the mouth of the Christina Creek on the Delaware River, it was requested that the Army Corps of Engineers dredge the creek in the area of the proposed port for ocean going ships. The city fathers were told that unfortunately the Corps could only dredge rivers, not creeks. So the creative city fathers changed the name of Christina Creek to Christina River, the dredging took place, and there now is the small but busy port of Wilmington. (Note do not be confused, most locals erroneously call the Christina River the Chris- tea-anna River).

A few years ago it was decided to build a new public boat ramp about five miles up the Christina River near the small town of Newport, Delaware. The photos show the construction technique and progress over about a year of time to build for us this nice new \$1.3 million ramp complex, which is to be fully operational in the spring of 2003.



Mark off where the ramp is to be.

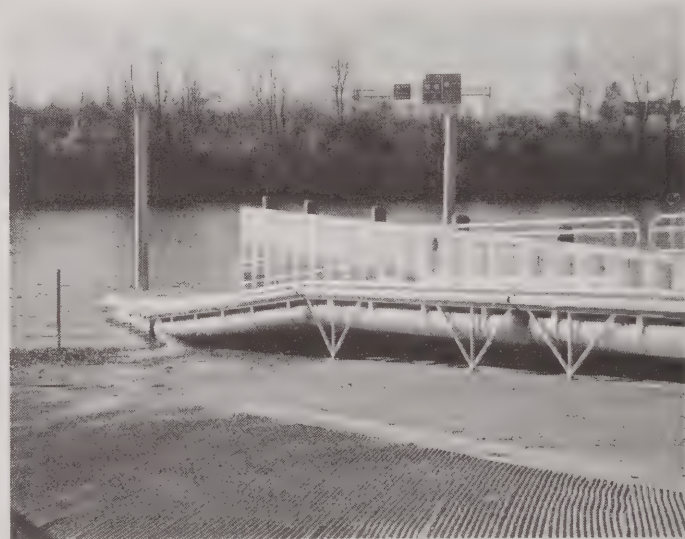


Build a steel wall around the area and pump it dry.



Lay gravel footings and reinforcing rods.

Pour concrete with traction grooves.



Install floating pier (low tide).

Floating pier at high tide (spring tide is about 6').

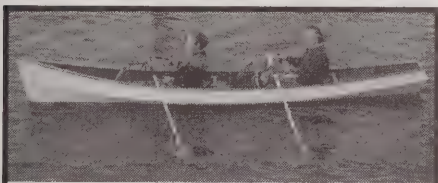




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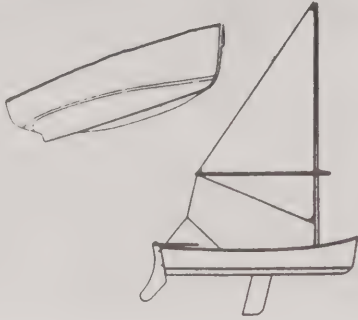


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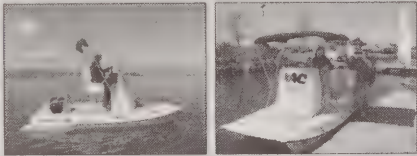


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St. George Alt Ed Group Canoe Project

From Atlantic Challenge Foundation

Eight students from the MSAD #50 middle level alternative education program in Rockland, Maine, removed their first canoe from its mold and flipped it over on March 19 at the Atlantic Challenge Foundation. This was an important step in their boatbuilding, for now these students could actually see and appreciate the boat that they have been working on for the last six months. Jim Masterson, teacher of the Alt Ed program, stated, "They've been working on this for so long, making molds, steaming and bending frames, that they have had no concept of what the finished boat would look like. As the canoe cleared the mold today, the group went silent with appreciation for their months of hard work."

The students and instructors have been working with Trapper Haskins, Journeyman of the Apprenticeship. "Trapper is an excellent craftsman and a wonderful, positive mentor for these kids. Without his patience and hard work, this would project would not culminate in success. And we want to thank the

Atlantic Challenge Foundation. Without them we would not be here," said Jim. This project was made possible by a generous grant from MBNA Excellence in Education.

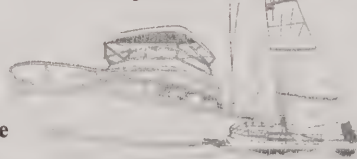
Jim added, "We would like to thank MBNA for their many contributions to this life changing endeavor that we are offering these young men. This is one project that I am sure all these boys will remember for the rest of their lives and look back on with fond memories. This is a great opportunity for the kids to practice and enhance their math skills and teamwork. Cooperation was a must to even get this far with the project. All of these young men come with a positive attitude every day, even though the work is challenging. I believe it is a very positive experience."

The group is hoping to complete two more canoes before the end of the school year if time allows. To see these students working on the canoe, stop by and visit the Apprenticeship at 643 Main St. in Rockland on Wednesdays from 9-2 PM through the end of the school year. Atlantic Challenge Foundation is a not-for-profit educational organization whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and traditions of the sea. For more information about ACF and their programs, visit their website at www.atlanticchallenge.com or call (207) 594 1800.

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Thoughts on a 14' Cloutman Sloop

Prompted by its omission from Mystic Seaport's new Watercraft Catalog

By Sharon Brown

"When I was about 12, my father built me a 14' sailboat of his own design, in which I learned to sail, as did my three children. Through contacting John I donated my boat to Mystic in the early 70s. I have no idea what happened to it."

(Robert H. Cloutman, February 16, 2002)

In the spring of 2002 I was informed by the donor that Mystic Seaport's Watercraft Collection included a small, lapstrake sloop built by John Gardner's friend and co-worker, Albert Henry Cloutman. Attempts to locate this boat in the Rossie Mill were initially thwarted by discovering its omission from the new catalog, *Mystic Seaport Watercraft*, written by Maynard Bray, Benjamin A.G. Fuller, and Peter T. Vermilya and published by Mystic Seaport in 2001. This 396-page volume was shepherded through the long, arduous writing, editing, and designing process by Publications Director Joseph Gribbins, a veteran of the marine publishing industry. In June of 2001 Joe lost his quiet, brave struggle against pancreatic cancer and died before the book's completion. Andy German finished the project, which debuted less than six months later in time for Christmas sales. The catalog, reviewed by John Stratton in the Spring 2002 issue of *Ash Breeze* (Vol. 23 No. 1), by William H. Bunting in the April 2002 (No. 165) issue of *WoodenBoat*, and by Tim Weaver in an upcoming issue of *Messing About In Boats* includes photographs, lines, and for each boat, a brief description or "bio" of varying length and content. Given that the museum's collection of "nearly 500" watercraft is continuously changing, waxing with donations, and waning with de-accessioning, it is forgivable that an omission occurred.

The Cloutman boat was included without any photograph or information in the Revised Edition (1986) of the first catalog, *Mystic Seaport Museum Watercraft*, written by Maynard Bray and published in 1979. In the back section of the 1986 volume, under "Changes In The Collection 1978-1985," the boat is listed on page 276: "Sloop by Cloutman, ca. 1945, Robert H. Cloutman donor, Accession No. 79.26."

Assuming it is not de-accessioned in the interim, the information presented here might be a place to start for the inclusion of 1979.26 in any future revised edition of *Mystic Seaport Watercraft* (2001).

Albert Cloutman (1898-1951) designed this 14'8"x4'6" lapstrake sloop for his son Bob and built the hull ca. 1934 in his Norman Street cellar in Marblehead, Massachusetts, in the home that he built for his family in 1927-1928. According to Bob, her hull size was somewhat governed by the basement space and the maximum dimensions of op-



Albert Henry Cloutman's 14'8" sloop under sail on a small lake outside of Limerick, Maine. (Cloutman Family Collection)

portunity for egress. In the Cloutman family album there are no photographs of its leaving the basement or its launch, and although Bob watched its construction intently, he was a young boy of 11 and no longer recalls details of either event though it was of utmost importance to him at the time.

The lines and dimensions from which Albert built the boat have long since been lost, but in April of 1969 Bob donated the three station molds (Acc. No. 1969.58.1, 2, and 3) used in her construction. This is a solidly built, round bottom, decked, lapstrake hull with a 5'2"x3' open cockpit. A shallow coaming, finished with quarter round on the cedar planked deck, rims the cockpit. There is little sheer to the hull and very little deck camber, and there is a long, fair run aft from her white oak stem to a wide mahogany transom stern. She is full and slack bilged in the stern. The centerboard extends into the cockpit and is moved up or down by means of a long steel rod which is pinned on deck in two locations when in the up position. An oak skeg runs from a maximum depth of 4" at the transom forward to the centerboard trunk opening. The rudder, with pintles, is supported on the transom gudgeons and steered by means of a 4' long tiller slotted over the rudder head. The garboard plank is wide and the sheer plank at 3" is the narrowest. There are 10 strakes of 7/16" cedar planking, copper rivet fastened to steam bent white oak frames, 7/8"x 3/8" on 7-1/2" centers. The frames are continuous, running from side to side with a floor between each frame bay extending forward in the cockpit to about one third the length of the centerboard trunk. The floor gratings are nailed to the floors. The deck beams abut the frame heads. There is one thwart adjacent to the aft edge of the centerboard trunk with a large mainsheet cleat on the aft head ledge. Oarlock sockets on the side decks provide for alternate propulsion from a sitting position on the thwart.

Inside, all but the underside of the decks and deck beams is painted gray. The deck and inside the coaming and tiller are painted a

light turquoise. The hull above the waterline is painted white, and below a dark green enamel. There is no bottom paint. The bottom has been fiberglassed over.

Also included with the equipment is a second rudder, a so-called "sculling rudder" as described on the Registrar's main card of record. It looks like a kickup rudder used for shallow conditions. As with the regular rudder, the pintled shaft hangs from the transom gudgeons. The blade of this rudder is a 29" blade of an oar which can be pivoted more than 90 degrees on a bracket to a maximum extended length of 33" in an "L" shape. The blade can kick up in shallows and can be stored compactly in the upright position.

The boat is sloop rigged, with jib and sliding gunter mainsail on a 10' long mast. The gunter gaff or yard is 7'8" long and the boom which is 9'11" long does not extend much past the transom. She carried about 85 square feet of sail, 60 square feet on the mainsail. The mast fits into an enclosed step which is tapered, widening into a 2-3/4" square at the deck. A rope traveller for the mainsheet block extends the width of the transom at the aft edge of the deck and the jib, which is clipped in at the tack to an eyebolt on the foredeck, is tended by jib sheets which lead aft through fairleads on either side of the deck.

Bob recalls using the boat as a boy. "My dad was at Graves at that time as manager. The boat was moored just off of Graves' Beacon Street Yard float along with a little skiff he built for me, I think about 10' long. I have no recollection as to what happened to it. I do remember my dad teaching me to sail in the cove at Graves. I was thrilled. I was not allowed to leave the cove alone and so I spent many hours in that confined area. I suppose when he was satisfied I could sail well enough, he let me go out in the big ocean. The boat was rigged with oars and oarlocks and I recall one day I had to row from Halfway Rock to get home when there was no wind, a distance of about five miles. It seemed like it took forever. Another episode was a



When Bob Cloutman sailed his sloop to Bakers Island, here depicted in tranquil conditions in 1924, he was forced to spend the night because of brisk winds and to seek use of the only telephone at the Bakers Island Lighthouse. (P. Littlefield Family Collection)

sail to Bakers' Island. While I was there the wind picked up pretty good and I had to stay there overnight. There was one telephone on the island and I had quite a time letting my folks know where I was." There is still no power on the island.

The boat provided years of enjoyment for Bob until he went into the service and she went into storage. At the end of World War II Bob returned to Marblehead. He went back to work at Graves, helped his father build a boat shop (1946-47), went summer lobstering, and married in 1948. He and his wife Betty rejoiced at the birth of their first child, Sharon, in 1950. However, tragedy struck in November of 1951 and Albert died at age 53. He would not be afforded the simple pleasure of teaching his grandchildren to sail. Caught up in the daily routine of earning a living through boatbuilding and lobstering, and raising his family, which included two more children, Jean (b. 1952) and Tom (b. 1957), many years passed before Bob considered the little sloop again. When he pulled the boat out from under the shop where she had rested on the dirt subfloor, he was surprised. It was a moist, protected environment and the boat was in relatively good condition. The running rigging was gone and the sails were rotten so he asked Ralph Hulsman to make him another set, otherwise after cleaning her up and applying a new coat of paint she was ready for launching. She was not tight, but dry enough to enjoy, sitting on the cockpit floor grating. Bob and Betty trucked her to the camp they purchased in 1956 on a small lake in Limerick, Maine, a half hour north of Sanford. As Betty says, "The car goes on its own. Every summer for 46 years." There the little sloop, which was never named, was well used by family and friends and Bob taught his children to sail, as Albert had taught him.

At some point Bob was driven to fiberglass her bottom when he became frustrated by a persistent leak, but she was in working order when they brought her back down to Marblehead and phoned John Gardner about donating her to Mystic Seaport.

"It was after our son Tommy graduated in 1975 that we sent it down," explained Betty. In late winter of 1978, Mystic Seaport sent two men with a pickup truck to Cloutman's Boat Yard, Inc. As the truck pulled out of the Cliff Street yard, and Bob turned back to work, it was the last time he saw her. Bob signed the certificate of gift for "Rob's Little Sailboat," as she is affectionately referred to in the family album, on February 16, 1979. Twenty-three years later he is pleased to know that she is not forgotten.

In 1969, John Gardner's first year of employment in Mystic at the Marine Historical Association, he leaned heavily on his boatbuilding knowledge of Massachusetts' North Shore yards and colleagues whom he had met over his commercial boatbuilding career, spanning 28 years from 1941 to 1969. Given free reign under Waldo Johnston to develop the presence of traditional small craft at the museum, John was an avid tool and boat collector, roaming New England states in an old station wagon on his weekly commute to his Massachusetts home in Saugus. He took advantage of the many contacts he had in the boatyards, museums, libraries, and the publications field.

Ten years later, as he wrote in the Foreword to the 1979 catalog, *Mystic Seaport Museum Watercraft*, "Primary authority resides nowhere else but in the actual boats themselves. ... New hands-on, in depth programs undertaken by maritime museums to interest and involve the public in activity directed to the preservation and utilization of our heritage watercraft and their adaptation to present needs and future use offer much more, and these must start with the collection and preservation of surviving examples of traditional watercraft. ... The boats that have survived are more than repositories of unique technical information, however. They are irreplaceable historic documents, and in addition, objects of folk art as implicitly recognized by this catalog."

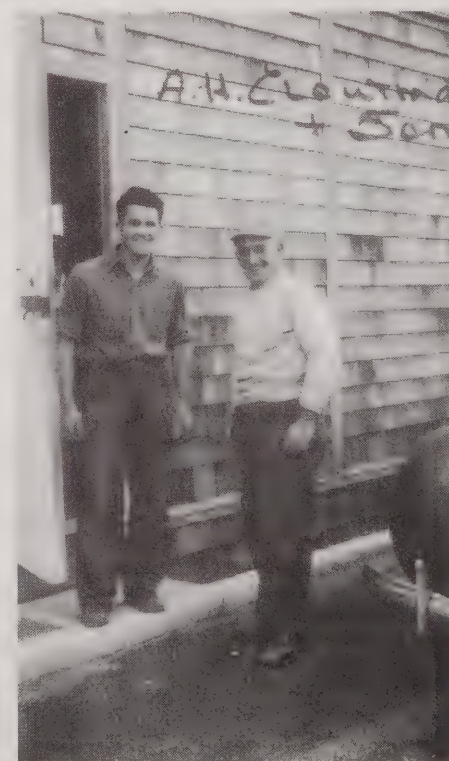
This is a simple boat. Nonetheless there is more depth to her history than is alluded to here. When Albert Cloutman built his sloop

in the cellar he was 36 years old and an experienced boat carpenter of superior skills. Four years earlier in March 1930, he had been promoted from Carpenter Foreman to assume the duties of the General Manager of the Lower or Beacon Street Yard of the James E. Graves Inc., Yacht Yard. The terms of the promotion were signed by then General Manager, E. Selman "Jim" Graves, son of the founder. Jim's father, James Elbridge "Al" Graves, died soon after in August of 1930 at the age of 69 after a long bout with ill health. Albert's father, Henry Cloutman, had gone into business with James E. Graves when they established the yacht yard in 1895, a year before Al's father, Eleazer T. Graves died. Despite this family connection to Graves, Albert first honed his woodworking skills and sense of design in other jobs. He worked at W. Starling Burgess' Marblehead factory at Little Harbor building WWI airplanes until the factory was destroyed by fire shortly before the Armistice of November 1918. And he worked in William H. Chamberlain's Orne Street boat shop until they had a falling out and he went to work for Graves, first as a summer employee and then in 1922 as a full time employee. Eventually Albert became superintendent of the Beacon Street yard, earning \$60 per week and a small percentage of the profits.

The last chapter of Albert's life began in 1946 when, after 24 years at Graves and struggling with the after effects of a work related accident, he left to build the shop with his son Bob, and lobster in *Bob*, the round bottom lobster boat he built for himself in 1944.

Albert Cloutman's work as a boatbuilder is representative of a family craft tradition that

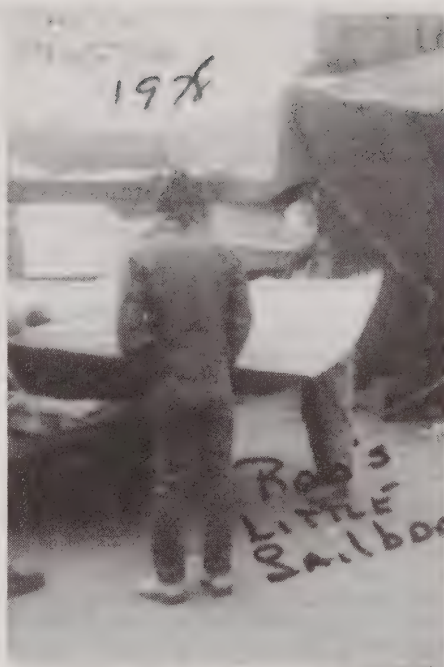
Robert and his father, Albert Cloutman, at the door of their Calthrope Road Boat Shop where they built boats together from 1947 until Albert's death in November 1951. (Cloutman Family Collection)



was once the backbone of New England yacht and small craft production and is rapidly becoming extinct. John Gardner held Albert and Robert in high regard. He wrote respectfully of their work and featured their boats in many of his articles, including a six part series in 1957 in the *Maine Coast Fisherman* on the V-bottom lobster boat, a large part of which he ultimately fashioned into a chapter in his last book, *Wooden Boats To Build And Use* (Mystic Seaport, 1996).

The importance of collecting the original boats, an invaluable record now available for small craft research, was recognized by those with foresight who accessioned the first boat in the collection in 1931, the sandbagger *Annie* built in D.O. Richmond's Mystic River shop in 1880 (Acc. No. 1931.4) and now under extensive restoration in the Henry B. DuPont Preservation Shipyard. The act of accessioning a boat is a formal agreement by the museum to commit to its well being, it is held in trust, like the reference stacks in a library. The current, up to date catalog, *Mystic Seaport Watercraft* (2001), is of utmost importance to anyone wishing entry to the collection and to the sheer delight of the individual stories they tell. Lacking provenance, many wooden boats have been condemned to the chain saw and dumpster before their stories could be told, the knowledge bound up in their contents no longer part of our cultural heritage.

(Submitted: November 12, 2002)



In April 1978, Mystic Seaport staff, including Barry Thomas, pick up "Bob's Little Sailboat" from the Cloutman Boat Yard on Cliff Street which Bob operated with his son Tom and wife Betty from 1959 until 1983. (Cloutman Family Collection)

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And, quite importantly, certainly in conjunction with her shallow draft, hurricane holes well beyond a bridge or amongst estuary trees are now routinely accessible options in contingency considerations. The inherent advantages of a cruising sailboat's ability to readily reduce her masts' tophammer requires little arguing, be it in anticipation of a storm threatening her anchorage, a quieter winter aboard without the sticks up, or just shooting of bridges in her exploration of estuaries, rivers, and canals.

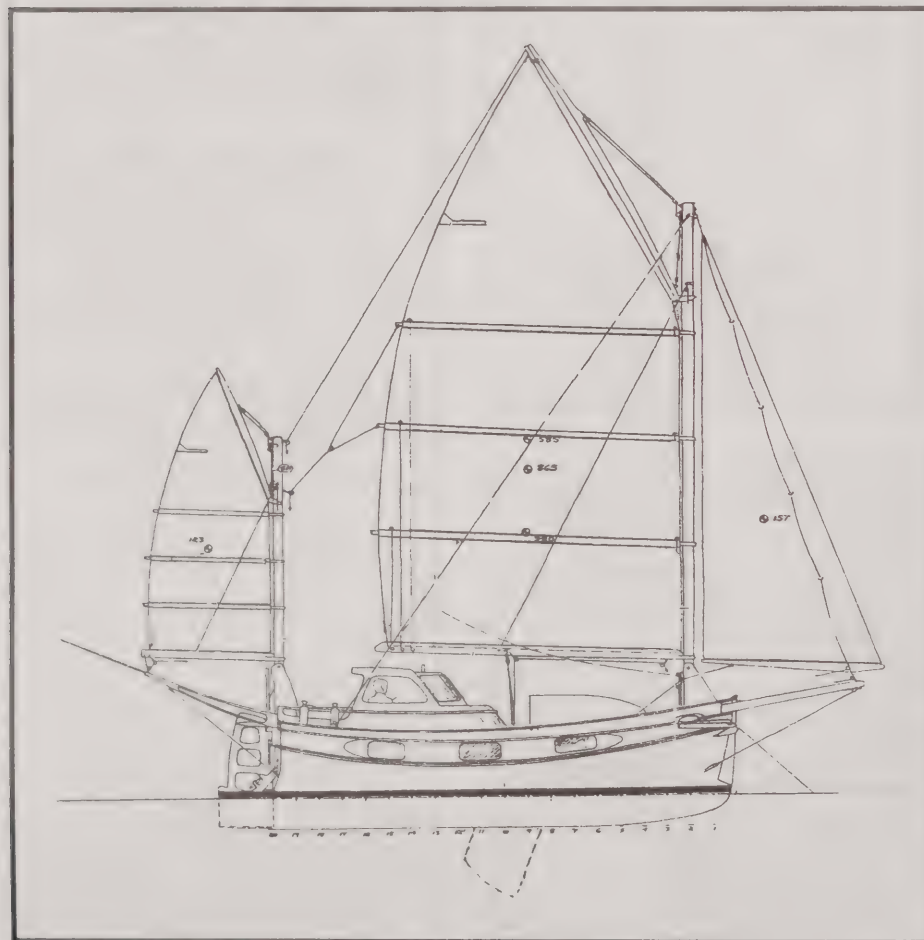
Neither does the concept of on deck masthead work for repairs/maintenance of blocks, lights, or aials. Not relying on several hands and armsful of high stress compo-

nents for the vital integrity of a high tension rig is a further vital decision to make early on the drawing board, keeping the probability as low as the number of vital components in the serious cruiser's rig. If the fewer remaining items are commonly available, unspecialized, lower cost marine components or just regular industrial hardware which can easily be oversized, then reliability and repairability afloat are dramatically enhanced.

The Chinese Gaff Rig: The rig shown here is a Chinese gaff yawl. We've developed this Chinese gaff over the recent years for several designs. The eastern junk rig's low stress sheeting and mechanically uncomplicated reefing procedures are combined with the western gaff rig's better aerodynamics stemming from symmetric sail placement and more controllable batten flexibility. This avoids the junk rig's bad shape from necessarily stiff battens due to the asymmetry of the sail/mast relationship, additional chafe, and sail shape sag, while avoiding the gaff rig's inherent problems of sagging gaffs, inefficient and largely uncontrollable twist, which is also hard on the fabric.

Unlike its eastern cousin, the Chinese gaff's boom, its battens, and the gaff all ride on the mast with jaws and parrels, preventing both the crude flat shape produced by some of the eastern battens' stiffness so necessary to allow them to extend well beyond the mast, and the risks of S-shaped battens too flexible to produce the best shape irrespective of best efforts. Taking advantage of a shortish mast combined with a higher peaked gaff, the ability to reef a Chinese gaff sail quickly without much muscle or serious investment in hardware offers the opportunity to oversize Yonder's main significantly! This produces decent light air performance without adding another set of fittings, spars, cloth, and foredeck antics by crew usually necessary to handle such gear. The typical normal weather configuration would feature the mainsail with the first reef in as a matter of course.

The Chinese gaff's battens are controlled by spans to three/four sheets. On Yonder the bottom sheet attached to the boom is traveling on and controlled via a traveller and curved track to act a sheet and boom vang. This sheet is thus the convenient one for close quarter quick maneuvering. The two upper ones only begin to matter when longer tacks and greater efficiency are of concern. Then, at leisure, these sheets are adjusted one by one to produce the most desirable shape. Since these span/sheet combinations generate more pull aft than down, there is less strain on them and thus less mechanical advantage necessary to handle them, with just three rope clutches routing the sheets to one winch at a time. Experience might suggest just tending the boom and peak sheet/vang as sufficient, whether eliminating the middle sheet alto-



gether is a viable option won't be clear until an extended shakedown cruise across a broad diversity of conditions.

With that sheet geometry there is little chance of the gaff sagging to leeward or twisting ahead of the mast on a downwind run. This thus eliminates the gaff rig's typical twist, which in turn reduces much of the sail's efficiency and puts severe and uncontrollable strain on the cloth and thus on the sail's designed in shape. With Yonder running off before the wind, this geometry should allow full control of the sail without the risk of rhythmic rolling, and the option of pulling in or shaking out reefs by tending halyards and individual reef downhulls under these conditions should usually be possible without changing course.

This combination of attributes should yield the most docile, mechanically simple and thus affordable, low stress rig of decent aerodynamics without high tech, high cost, high stress exercises.

Handling Yonder's Yawl Rig: Yonder's yawl rig offers the aerodynamic efficiency of the large uninterrupted foil of the main, assisted in its flow by a balanced club jib, and using the mizzen, in addition to providing drive or, many points, to balance the various geometric centers and vectors of actual forces under sail, be it of the oversized light air area or snug storm trim.

The single halyard/single outhaul club jib is to be set with moderate exertion by crew standing in the forehatch, extracting it from its foredeck mounted bag, clipping onto outhaul, halyard, and the two sheet tail. The jib adds to her upwind performance, her capability of heaving to under various sail area geometries, sailing in heavy weather under jib and mizzen alone, and controlling her even better under sail in tight quarters or just light adverse airs where the backed jib will add to her reliably coming about.

But, despite the usual practice of just one sheet on a balanced club jib, Yonder's jib has two sheets. We wanted to be able to sheet the jib well to windward for a whole range of good reasons. To that end we show a jib bar, mounted transversely high on the back of the tabernacle, measuring nearly the full beam of the hull at that station, at each end of which a block routes its sheet well off center and then aft to the cockpit. The jib's club can thus be pulled at least a foot to windward, whether for beautiful control approaching a mooring under sail in a well packed anchorage, or just getting her hung just so to calm her under least leeway, taking a break in neutral, or toughing out nasty weather.

Under moderate conditions the jib should stand on that big mast without the running backstay, but with it set for serious conditions will keep the jib more responsive. While we think it will be useful under a range of circumstances, there will be times when not setting it will not result in much harm.

Apart from being one of three sails typically hoisted for cruising, for certain purposes the mizzen will stand alone or just together with the jib. With the mainmast bare for the night, the heavier battened canvas of the mizzen will frequently be left standing, assisted by the option of a centerline anchor staysail for most directional stability on anchor, always with the option of folding the mainmast altogether for even less noise, superior stability in any windspeed, and signifi-

cantly reduced drag on the hook. Furthermore, there will be times when running just under the main, catboat fashion, may appeal. Balance will be an issue on certain points of sail. But there are always two more sails to remedy that.

Mainsail and mizzen sheet, and jib sheet control are all within reach from her cockpit. Each mainsail reef has a leech and luff downhaul for each panel's batten onto the Vee boom and back into the cockpit, (color code them) to prevent it from rising in a gale or going adrift in a knockdown, held by lazyjacks, topping lift, and Vee boom, gravity alone should suffice but may not. The mizzen is expected to stand in almost all conditions. And the jib is retrieved past one side of the mast by that side's sheet as the outhaul and halyard are slacked progressively while bundling the sail around its club for deck storage inside its bag.

Further Refinements to the Gaff Geometry: It is not a novel thought to ruminate over where the development of gaff sails would be by now, if its evolution had not be drastically retarded by mono dimensional definitions of efficiency that favored in a limited perspective the Bermudian/leg 'o mutton geometry and thus led, more or less unquestioned, to its near universal embrace. Now, tall, complex, elaborately rigged masthead rigs dominate every marina, most sailor's notions on sailing rigs, and their pocketbook, reflecting mostly unquestioning acceptance of that geometry's shortcomings, certainly for cruising. Yonder, just the current in a long line of designs rejecting the dictate, offers one example of enhancing the cruisability of a modern rig. "Modern" is defined here by both philosophical considerations as discussed in the two sections above, but also by a number of simple but effective structural detail solutions.

Mast: Already mentioned, Yonder's sail plan hangs her canvas off rather shortish masts, keeping masts' drag under sail and windage on anchor significantly lower. Being more or less round in all directions, its drag varies barely with sail on any angle to it, as there is no sail track to immediately degrade the airflow on every useful point of sail, in the way it near universally happens when combined with a nonswivelling conventional streamlined mast. And it stands tall without standing rigging of typically at least four wires, plus likely spreaders, multiplying the drag and noise under sail and at anchor over a bare pole.

In horizontal position Yonder's simple stick adds just a few feet to her forward length, keeping her masthead accessible from the cockpit. Its square large radius rounded corners section maximizes control of tension and compression by allowing local reinforcements, particularly in the transition between mast, tabernacle and boat. And it can be repaired or a replacement built more readily due to its comparatively simple materials, simple shape, and modest length.

Gaff: Gaffs, particularly high peaked ones, carry an overcanvassed sail plan, offer the promise of catching zephyrs without permanently burdening the boat with a tall stick. Aesthetic opportunities abound between gaff to mast angles and roach curves. In light of Yonder's mainsail Chinese gaff geometry, we use again the Diamond Gaff. Assembled out of ply the Diamond Gaff is lighter and stiffer

than a conventional gaff would be for its strength. We particularly need greater lateral stiffness derived from the depth, width, and internal webs, to address the Chinese gaff's stress of the sail on the gaff running before the wind when it is held square to by both mast and peak sheets off the mizzen mast. The volume enclosed would be very beneficial during an extended squall line or rogue wave induced severe knockdown.

Despite its cross section, stiffness, and volume, aerodynamically the diamond section is angled significantly away from the flow of the wind, effectively making the apparent section much more slender and minimizing that spar's drag significantly. And in addition to its reasonably sharp leading edge, its tapered trailing edge incorporates the gaff sail head's bolt rope for a smooth transition between spar ends cloth, making it superior in its aerodynamics over that of the traditional gaff spar's.

Battens: The simplicity of the through bolted jaws rotating around the unstayed near round mast freely and reliably so contrasts well with dictate of investing in a rigid always ill placed centerline track or groove. On Yonder the mainsail's leading edge is always in the exact lee of the mast to allow airflow to reattach as quickly as possible after encountering the obstacle of the mast itself. Hooped gaff sails have always done well on that score. Instead of hoops, quickly removable parrels work hand in hand with traditional jaws now mounted to battens for a simple, stout but well repairable assembly. Any material, near any cross section, and a range of variable stiffening geometries are readily pursuable during shakedown experimentation to find the right batten by removing just parrels and bolts to pull the battens.

At first glance of Yonder's rig, and even having read this far, conventionally minded observers might still dismiss the overall point of her geometries. But no matter how deeply steeped in the triangular mindset of currently fashionable rigs, at least for the cruising sailor the inherent economies, enhanced reliability, and plain daily utility offshore and behind the railroad bridge should gradually begin to undermine the near reflexive embrace of obvious convention with its costs to budget, reduced freedom to go places, enhanced danger from dependence on countless parts, compromised and compromising aerodynamics, sailing or at rest, and limited daily utility, such as when it comes to change the masthead light, check antenna output problems, or managing a parted halyard.

Her Layout From Bow To Stern: First thing to note on Yonder's bow is her hinged stem assembly, locked upright between the tabernacle cheeks, but releasable via lanyard to fold downward about 60 degrees in order to allow the mainmast heel to travel over it from plumb vertical to horizontal to rest on her dodger's roof brace.

The mainmast tabernacle's two cheeks are braced by structural formers below, the deck surrounding them, their integration into the collision bulkhead, tied into the planking by forming its bow rabbets for a very stout well integrated bow structure overall, to carry the strains of the mainmast and sail, plus her jib. The main tabernacle is also the pivot point for the bowsprit, lifted for tight quarters to near vertical by simple lanyard off the mainmast top. We prefer to almost celebrate

the visuals of these distinct structural functional attributes of Yonder attracting the eye to this vital feature of Yonder's overall capability; after all, folding both masts at moment's notice leaves her with an airdraft of just around 9'.

The main (and mizzen) mast is of conventional wooden construction, unstayed and untapered. Boom and gaff are of wood and plywood with various refinements discussed above.

Next aft is the bow hatch folding aft, standing in which hip high, and with little risk of going overboard, the occasional mast base work and the ground tackle can be handled. Location of this hatch over the dedicated mudroom confines any entering spray to an area where damp is innocuous, with stowage to port. Here we'd store spare lines and sailing gear parts ready to hand, addition ground tackle, etc. To starboard, accessible through a simple access panel, is her chain box, fed into by the power anchor winch bolted to 8"x4" cathead and through the deck right over it. We'd have a shower curtain between the mudroom and the saloon aft.

Behind the mudroom, the saloon offers just about 5' of headroom, two full length settees doubling as guest berths, with room for a 30"x42" drop leaf table. The 5' headroom here is actually very desirable if personal experience with a similarly cosy arrangement in our liveaboard's library is any indication. And the two larger port lights should keep the saloon from getting too dark and inward oriented. Adding to the feeling of comfort, located at the after end of the settees, are about 11' of bookshelf length to starboard and another 6' in a hinged bookcase assembly to port swinging out to open the secret compartment behind it. And a 6,000btu propane heater mounted on the centerboard case and facing the saloon will be most welcome even in summer after a day of watching ice walls collapse on Glacier Bay. There is stowage under the mattresses and the floor boards.

Behind the saloon, the centerboard case separates the head outboard to port from the passageway aft and the galley to starboard.

In this area the cabin trunk above her flush foredeck offers full headroom where it matters, along with a centerline ventilating skylight in the sloping forward face of it.

The centerboard case is open on top through the roof of the trunk and into the foredeck structure. The geometry of board and case allow the removal of the board upwards even while afloat via tackle off the main boom. On Yonder the sequence requires her to be afloat or in slings on a travel lift to rotate the board while it is hoisted out to minimize the intrusion of slot on hard dodger and its dashboard. The board's pivot pin is glandless for no drip centerboard function.

Shown is an assembly of minimal friction/wear/maintenance board and trunk combination which will make the removal of the board less frequent and still undramatic. While the board can be lifted out for maintenance and repair, access to much of the interior of the case itself is facilitated through an above waterline gasketed panel to starboard, with the bottom area accessible from below afloat or blocked up on land. Between the board, the rudder, box keel, the jib and mizzen, it should be possible to fine tune her balance for most power out of her mainsail with moderate effort on most courses.

To port of the case assembly there is the full headroom wet cell/head/bathroom with the plumbing details discussed earlier. Access from behind around the port side of the ladder is through full headroom door and over high shower sill. Whether crawling out of bed, coming down from the cockpit, or from galley and saloon, head access is both central and yet its door out of the way.

To starboard, propane range, icebox, stowage compartments, potable and greywater tanks, plus countertop, sink, and an optional flip up/down counter extension towards the companionway ladder are clustered in close proximity. Between dodger protected companionway hatch and centerline skylight forward, ventilation should be good and reliable, with the large galley deadlight to starboard offering additional countertop natural light. Again, there is additional stowage under the floor boards.

Aft of galley and head is the 6'4"x5' master berth oriented fore and aft to allow ready access and exit without waking the other crew. In this full hull width area a variety of stowage options left and right of the mattress footprint are available. Here in particular customizing to personal taste will be called for. Shown are lockers of various sizes, plus stowage under the outboard areas of the berth. On centerline forward the battery banks are located placing their weight here for trim and vertical volume in a very shallow hull geometry. But behind these there is a full depth, tapering volume for stowage up against the aft watertight bulkhead. 3 D examination in the assembled hull structure will reveal more or better utilized stowage volumes. Incidentally, the box skeg abaft the bulkhead is fully foamed as part of reserve buoyancy.

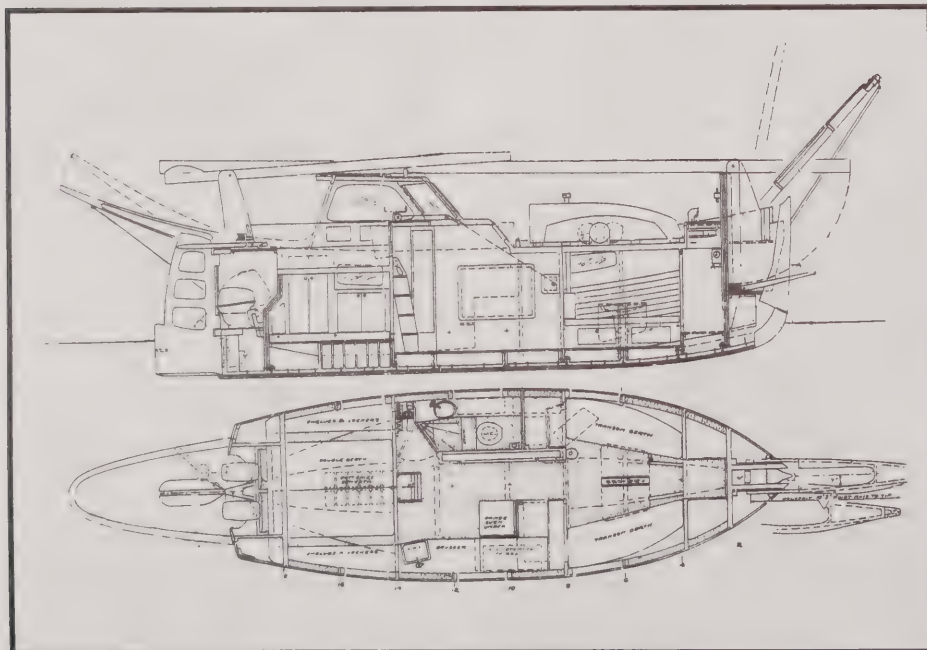
Headroom over the mattress on centerline under the cockpit sole well is a bit over 3' plus compression of mattress. Outboard on either side it is around 4', inviting either further storage in overhead airliner type bottom hinged bins or just open space. In either case the two larger deadlights offer good light and together with the open view towards her saloon and bow a reasonably airy feel against claustrophobia. Headroom clearance does include fully insulated cockpit and deck surfaces for zero condensation drip over this most important of all areas to keep dry.

Again, just for good measure with rain from abaft in a marina for instance, we'd consider a shortish section of clear shower curtain left and right of the companionway ladder, otherwise slid out of the way. Ventilation here should be good with the companionway opening overhead nearby. There is the option of adding small insulated (no drip) cockpit well hatches to be popped open at night for additional airflow, typically kept closed during cockpit use, or hard downpour. We'd still locate them well under the rain shadow of the dodger, making that addition of complexity in the insulation probably less promising after all. It can always be introduced after living with the proposed structure for a while. A quiet fan could help should gravity and other ventilation in the boat not quite suffice.

Access to the cockpit is through the companionway with an upward swinging transparent hatch of minimum 1/2" polycarbonate to allow abuse, use magnetic catch. The forward end of the cockpit is covered by a good sized solid dodger, featuring laminated glass three panel windshield offering reliably clear forward vision optional wipers, with the center panel opening for strong ventilation, and rigid polycarbonate single panel side transparencies. Overhead, left and right of the centerline headroom hatch, there is enough area for two 75w photovoltaic panels to each boost one of the two battery banks. The dodger's centerline roof hatch is a lift out panel, well lanyarded, that stows in a rack overhead on either side of the roof's underside.

Ahead of solar panels and hatch runs the mainmast and mizzen mast crutch beam supported by the quarter windows' framing. When folded, main and mizzen masts run past each other, with mizzen on centerline and main pivoted to port in its elongated pin hole.

Various solutions are possible using canvas to either close in the dodger against weather from behind such as in a marina or



during storage on land, or to just enlarge the shaded area between roof's rear edge and the mizzen tabernacle structure.

Main, jib, and mizzen sheets are controlled from the cockpit. Again, you'd set the jib standing hip high in the forward hatch, while the mizzen is fully controlled standing right at its tabernacle structure with cleats and clutches located to match your needs. Mainsail hoisting and lowering is controlled via the two winches and matching clutches. The handedness of the cockpit's winch location can be adjusted to that of the crew, assuming the shifting over to the other side starts at the main masthead.

The after end of the cockpit is one of the more unusual ones we've done ever. Indeed her transom/outboards mount/mizzen tabernacle/cockpit configuration is a bit confusing at first. Above deck it obviously is dominated by the mizzen tabernacle structure. Apart from being the mizzen mast support, it would incorporate the cleats/rope clutches of the main sheets and mizzen halyards and sheet, with locating opportunities inside and outside either leg. To port of it, right inside the winches, there is a top open box to keep winch handles in and accept at least a portion of the main halyards nicely coiled. We'd experiment with additional belaying hooks and pins in this area, including migrating some of the potential snakes nest onto hooks on the tabernacle's starboard outside face. Color coding of lines will simplify matters here. And nicely coiled lines hanging in close proximity to each other are an ancient tradition with lots of visual appeal.

At cockpit deck/sole levels hinged flip over panels are to keep feet and legs from stepping into the voids around the outboards making the usable cockpit surface that much longer, certainly allowing full length stretching of longer limbs past the tabernacle legs. With cockpit extension folding upwards and the sole extension flipping over and forward 180 degrees, cockpit access to the outboards should be reasonable. At times working from a dinghy will be more convenient yet, like doing oil changes.

Below that level, the two outboards are mounted to a shared motor mounting board just behind the kinked rear bulkhead, that will accept travel of their powerheads from full vertical to good enough tilt clear of the water, while allowing a full length mattress oriented fore and aft inside the cabin. Between the motors, the lower rudder mount extends past them aft, with the upper one bolted to the transom assembly just below the tillerhead. Both bearings and their counterparts on the rudder feature bronze bushings all connected by the bronze pivot rod.

Between the mizzen tabernacle's legs the tiller emerges into the cockpit. The tiller itself is well supported at its joint to allow tilting it up vertical to clear the cockpit and better outboard access.

While these outboards are meant to come with power tilt and full remote controls, minus any steering of course, the location of the throttle/shifter box was left undecided, as 3 D examination will likely imply a location most agreeable to crew and the dictates of throttle and shifter cables. They might like to live handy by left and right of the tiller right near its joint, allowing reach and control by feel without looking aft in the middle of tight maneuvering. Or they would fit well protected

away from inadvertent actuation opposite of the winch cluster on the other side of the cockpit, mounting them inside the open top bin volume behind the port backrest extension, with cables shooting straight aft and down to the motors. Options. We'd tell the dealer to send the engines and control boxes, but wait for your call to give you the properly measured length of cables.

The mizzen boomkin is pivoted via hinge off a block on the after edge of the cockpit and the upper edge of the transom, locked in the down position by stays to blocks on each corner of the transom and secured on deck by a cleat each. A lanyard will lift the boomkin to near vertical in tight marina berths.

The transom hung rudder is a simple and stout plywood lamination from tiller over above waterline pintles and gudgeons to its endplate. The rudder features permanent boarding steps for daily convenience along with proven emergency reboarding opportunity after man overboard situations, hopefully

vastly reduced in likelihood by design on this boat.

There are two dinghies of 6'6" and 8' length on her foredeck stowed upside down, rain dry, attached to their own davit mechanism, to be swung up and over to rest on the bulwark's edge under sail or at rest ready to be lowered via tackle to land right side up afloat ready for use or in water storage. With two hard boats, larger 8'x4' (planing) Brick covering the smaller 6'6"x3'3" rowing/sailing Tortoise, neither of the two crew would ever be marooned on the mother ship. With boats deployed outside her foredeck, there should be enough deck area to place a few folding deck chairs around the davit's mounts and the propane tank(s) and whatever else seems like a good thing to hide under dinghies in a bin or basket.

She ought to be comfortable, handy, reliable, compact to keep in a marina, and is conservatively distinctive. She won't be cheap but she should be worth it.



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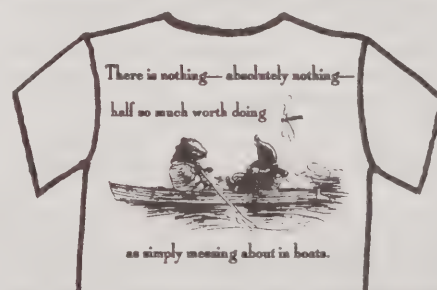
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Commonly held views and much quoted opinions often become laws by proxy. Never mind that a law should be universal, an idea that covers a "fair few" situations is fished out and purported to cover all.

A blatant example. I was scribbling away ineffectually at an unusually skinny cruising yacht hull the other day when a really nice chap I know looked at the drawing with the knowing eye of the truly inexperienced and said, "Surely that boat will be too slow." I was wondering what it would be "too slow" for, but luckily before I could get too confused he reminded me that "I knew" that a monohull sailcraft was fastest at a length to breadth ratio of 3:1.

We were looking at a deck plan and by the time I had worked out how to respond, he was already onto the lack of winches and freeboard or some other glaring faults. The last point had obviously left me too defeated to even think of an excuse for overlooking the well known truth that all yachts which are three times as long as their beam are faster than those that are not.

Rather than bother to explain that this is obviously ridiculous, even if talking about waterline measurements, let's look at where it may have come from, which is a bit tricky because it was a process, not an event. I'm not sure, but my guess is this. Three to one produces an okay looking cruising yacht which maximises the internal live aboard accommodation space in a given length (read "given marina cost") without unacceptable penalties in wet area and hence low speed friction losses. A plodder that plods along pretty well whilst loaded to the gunwales with onions and Hammond Inness books.

But every Clydesdale enjoys the odd gallop, and cruising chaps like to pile excess junk on the wharf and take the old girl out for a bash at the races, whether it be a short twilight race or an ocean race for which such yachts are not specifically designed, but are nevertheless well suited and, of course, most welcome in making up a safe, experienced fleet. Such boats have no chance of line honours, but to add to the fun various rules have been devised to enable them to compete at a level where, by omitting sleep whilst caning their tub mercilessly, they can "win" on handicap. As such Offshore Rules are honed by arguing long into the night, measuring and calculating, it naturally develops that the average sort of cruising yacht gets the best handicaps, and those whose draughthorse can best impersonate Phar Lap win most often. The 3 to 1's have their day!

Thus the handicap rule comes to favour the cruising style of sailboat, and whether or

Dreamboats

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Laws Rules & Other Bull

not it's true, the one idea the barely informed cling to is that such boats have beam one third their length. Expensive offshore racers that are too small to win outright often attempt to cut their handicap losses by cleaving to the rule hull design wise whilst retaining all other properties that make their craft fast, superior rigs, light construction, etc.

So, in fact, the rule slows them down, but if they are cunning it slows them down less. And so there we have it, if we must generalise, 3 to 1 merely approximates the shape of many a happy plodder that may go faster than expected. It is unlikely to match a boat's optimum ratio, which the designer only closes on after many tightening loops of a complex trial calculation spiral which involves simultaneous optimisation of length, beam, displacement, underwater form, windage, rig, sail materials, hull materials, expected seaway behaviour, and on and on. A cunning designer may extract speed despite racing rules, but not because of them. As in motor racing, rules equalize by slowing.

Above all, bear in mind that no rules have ever specified 3 to 1, it's just that a lot of boats roughly this shape have won on handicap, doing so because they've exceeded on their predicted speed. They are able to do this because there is room for it, they are generally slow! The three to one notion has gradually developed. In post war times I doubt Messrs. Illingworth & Primrose ever paused at the drawing board to consider widening the beautiful *Melusine II* to 16 feet four, thereby converting their 12 ton greyhound to a 19 ton tub.

I might add that, upon completion, this boat was cruised about Europe almost constantly, with no time allocated to concepts that have sadly become the de facto fathers of so called cruising design, viz marina living and chartering. Perhaps to view some true blue water cruising yachts roll off the drawing board we now have to look to the construct of the *Yachting World* magazine design contest, which had an open brief for a 50-footer to undertake a three year cruise through wildly differing oceans.

Another example of ideas to rules concerns so-called displacement and planing hulls, that strange setup where the noun displacement is used as an adjective to describe a type. We are happily told there are two types of hull, the displacement hull pushing its huge displacement wave out of the way and so limiting speed to a constant K times $\sqrt{\text{WLL}}$ where K varies between 1 and 1.75 or so depending on hull form (usually as defined by prismatic coefficient). Then we leap without pause to the planing boat, which climbs gaily out of its displacement hole by motoring powerfully up the slope of its planing hump and off into never never land where it planes along on tippy toe, using fractions of guzzoline.

"But it too has displacement," we protest. Okay, fine, let's pop it into the former formula and give it a coefficient of 3 or so.

What's that? The displacement coefficient of a displacement hull whose waterline is gone anyway. Too bad, it's a displacement boat, dammit, until it gets over the hump, then it's a planing boat.

But, there's a problem with all this, a third (and hopefully not the last) type of hull. It has a narrow waterline to length ratio, too much weight to plane, but is so skinny it cuts rather than climbs its displacement wave, and proceeds at a rate which defies the coefficient times $\sqrt{\text{WLL}}$ displacement boat speed model.

An example of this third type is the V hulled cruising catamaran, which sails very fast despite its non planing hull shape and weight. Another is the cruising power cat, which carries a full cruising load yet attains much higher speeds at lower fuel consumption than a conventional displacement monohull of identical displacement. In Australia, one of the more successful manufacturers has named this breed "displaning catamarans" and they are gaining an increasing share of the lucrative offshore cruising powerboat market. I prefer to call both power and sail versions "tracking cats" on account of their other great virtue, directional stability.

Once a sailing cat is loaded to the point where it won't plane, it matters not much whether its hull sections are Veed or flattened rearward. If it will carry its load with a low hull beam, it will defy the vices of displacement hulls and will not fit our displacement theory. For this reason, such designs are often criticised. As Bob Dylan said when making sense, "Don't criticise what you don't understand."

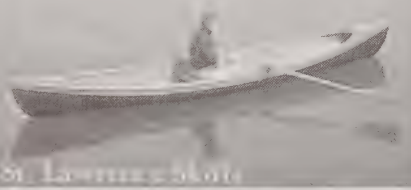
One of the best exponents of the type, the Wharram cruising cat, is probably the most criticised and misunderstood yacht on the planet. They are moderately heavy but slim hulled minimalist catamarans, skinny hulls that neither plane nor shove a huge displacement wave. They are great for cruising as they are both directionally stable and seakindly. Outside of the thousands of happy owners, you won't see much written about them because people haven't recognised their type, preferring to complain they are not quite right because they don't fit the inadequate displacement vs. planing category division. The usual complaints are they are slow and not good to windward.

This is quite ridiculous, if they don't go to windward as well it's because they are a beachable compromise. If you add a deep daggerboard like the cats the critics compare them with, they will point with the best. Any lack of speed is purely to do with the modest and inexpensive home buildable rigs. Again, shove a high aspect fully battened roachy main on one and see what happens. And if they won't support it, that's purely in the moderate beam, which makes them possible to put in a berth without a gaggle of motors, gearboxes and thrusters.

Whatever, there are many types of boats, it just seems that our attempts to categorise them often leave us blinded to their virtues and to the available possibilities.

Next Issue:
"How Difficult Need It Be?"

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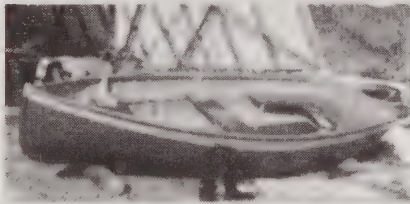
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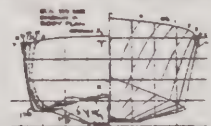
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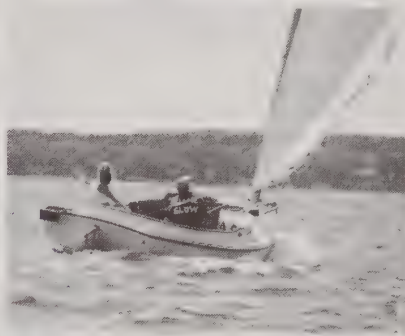


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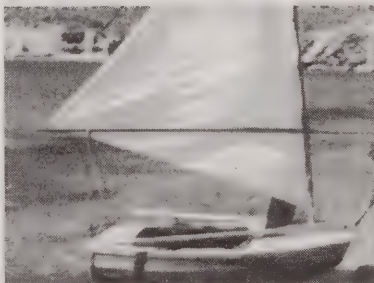
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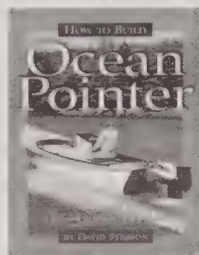
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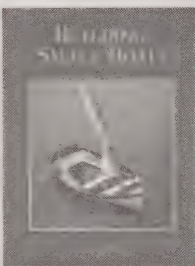


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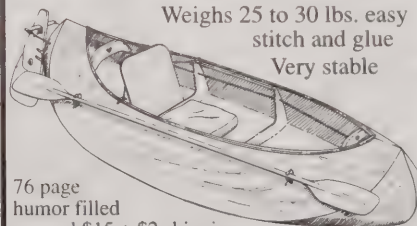
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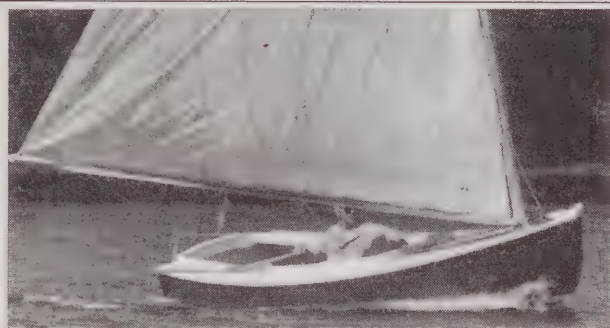
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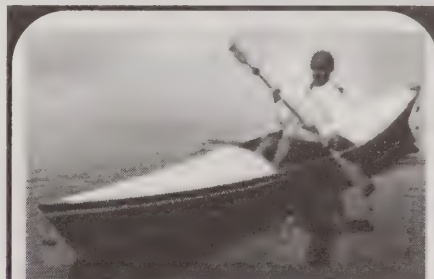


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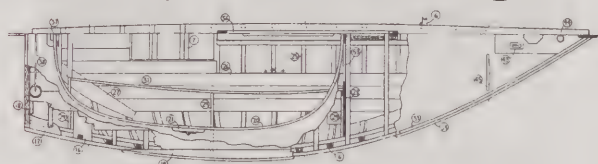
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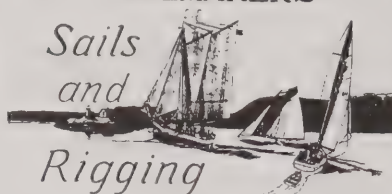
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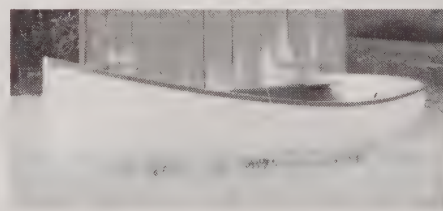
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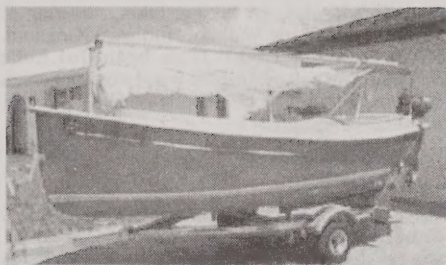
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14' Com Pac Picnic Cat, '00 gaff rigged catboat w/red FG hull, white sail, & green sail cover. VY stable boat w/6'6" beam. Roomy 9' cockpit w/ bench seats & loads of storage. Comes w/orig trlr, '00 4hp Yamaha 4-stroke OB, & adjustable motor mount. Has only been in the water about 10 times & has been stored in the garage. Mastender Quick Rig Sailing System makes it easy to rig, launch, & retrieve. Mast can be easily raised & lowered by 1 person. Easily towed behind most cars. Asking \$8,000.
MARK GRAFFICE, Monroe, OH, (513) 616-4547, <magraffice@nls.net> (2)

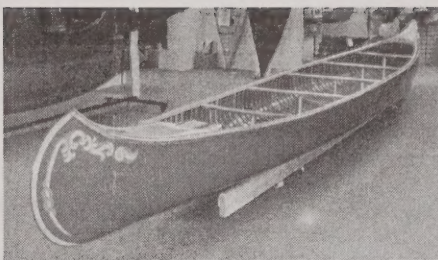
15' Bolger Diablo, Maine coast utility boat, blt late '90s. FG in & out, center console, removable fwd fishing deck, Bimini top, full flotation, full electric system, deep cycle battery. Fish Finder, 35hp Evinrude electric start, '00 galv trlr. Fast, strong, stable. \$4,800 invested plus 100s of hrs. Moving up to longer boat. \$2,500 OBO. Located nr Lake George, NY.
STEVE DECKER, Dade City, FL, (518) 793-4357. (2)

'86 Compac 16, w/partially rblt trailer, main & 2 jibs, 4hp OB, 75lb mushroom, chain, mooring & pickup buoys, PFDs, installed VHF, porta potti, storage frames & other gear. Slps 2. Shallow draft, but vY stable w/heavy keel. \$3,500.
ANDY UPDEGROVE, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-3142 before 9:30pm, <updegrove@lgu.com> (2)

12' Acorn Skiff & 7'7" Nutshell Pram, demos professionally blt @ Wooden Boat Workshop in Egg Harbor, WI. Acorn skiff is Iain Oughtred design w/Sitka spruce spoons & sail rig. Nutshell is Joel White design w/oars & sail rig. Acorn new \$4,200, now \$2,960. Nutshell new \$2,300, now \$1,400.
DAVID LASH, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor WI, 54209. (2P)



Cape Dory Typhoon, '73 w/'85 Triad trlr, '98 Yamaha 4hp OB, CDI jib furler. Decent sails, cushions. Professional survey says "fair to gd cond, fair mkt value \$4,300". Asking \$4,300. **Seaworthy Inflatable**, '00 Boat US, w/'00 Nissan 5hp 4-stroke OB. \$1,500. **Bolger Hawkeye**, (shown in photo) '98 modified, w/'98 25hp Honda 4-stroke OB, '97 Shorelander trlr. \$5,000.
ROBERT CHAMBERLAND, 1175 S. Peck Rd., Suttons Bay, MI 49682, (231) 271-4231, <cha62759@traverse.com> (2)



25' Old Town War Canoe, mint cond, fully restored '98, appears on cover of Old Town's history. Deep red color w/embellishments. Pictures available on request. \$6,000.
SUE AUDETTE, Mansfield Center, CT, (860) 456-4906, <wwcanoe@mindspring.com> (2)

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DON HURD, Annapolis, MD, (410) 263-5101. (2)

Harry Bryant's Willow, 1 person performance rowing boat. Lapstrake constr. 14' 2"L, 38"B, oars & oarlocks. Exc cond. In NC. \$2,750.
MARTI MAXIM, Wilmington, NC, (910) 620-9012. (5P)

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REED HUBBARD, Morgan, VT, (802) 895-4999. (3)

13-1/2' Chamberlain Dory Skiff, grt shape (see Gardner's *Dory Book*). Lapstrake w/seam battens. Marine ply on laminated spruce frames. CB, gaff rig. Beautiful, seaworthy, sails well, rows like a dream. W/trlr, nds lights, otherwise in gd cond, new bearings. \$3,000.
DAVID GILROY, 48 Hatchet Hill Ln., E. Granby, CT 06026, (860) 658-9972, <bakergilroy@earthlink.net> (3)

Adirondack Guideboat, J. Blanchard design '35, blt '99. 13' 1", 60lbs, cedar strip, shop demo slightly used. \$4,860.
GREG SOWERS, Canaan, NY, (518) 781-3372, <oldetymers@taconic.net>, www.oldetymers.com (3P)

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Crab Cake, a Phil Bolger designed Cartopper sailboat w/trlr, is for sale as I bought a bigger boat. This is a wooden epoxy encased 11-1/2' x 4' Cartopper as featured in Phil Bolger's book *Boats With An Open Mind*. White w/bright interior, level of finish gathers a crowd. BSD/Balogh Sail Designs Tri star 58sf sail w/16' BSD aluminum mast and spar. '99 Olddenkamp Magneta galvanized trlr w/4.80x12 tires rated to 1000lb load, bearing buddies, spare tire, cover, battens, &* oars. Trlr, sail & rig in exc cond. See pictures of boat at 2001 Cedar Key event at URL <http://www.ecoastlife.com/ck0103.html>. Picture also in October 2002 *MAIB* classifieds. Ready to effortlessly roll cross country behind any vehicle. Currently located in Atlanta, GA, can be in Lewes, DE. later this year. \$1200
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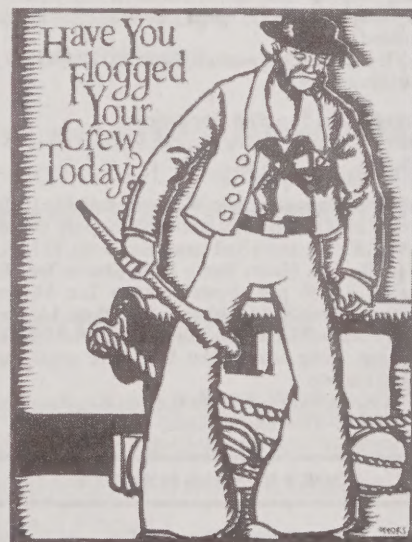
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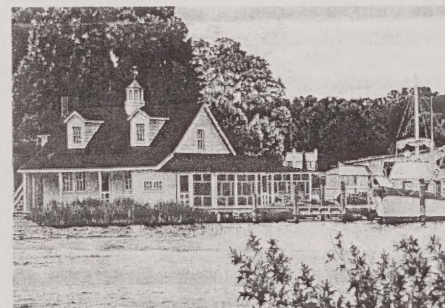
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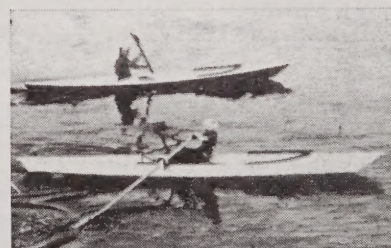
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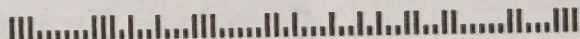
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