

Special Features This Issue
"Learning to Love Thin Water"
"3rd Annual Water Tribe Everglades Challenge"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 4

July 1, 2003



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Something different on this page this issue, no wild promises of coming attractions. Reader Bill Marsano took me to task about the lack of a table of contents, wondering why I would take space to tell you all what is coming in future issues while not telling you what is in the issue you have in hand. I always heed communications from Bill, as he has an imposing array of editing and publishing credentials, so I explained to him that I thought it was more interesting when one received the magazine to leaf through it to see what was in it.

This, of course, is how I do it with the magazines I receive regularly, I never look at tables of contents, it's much more interesting to leaf through noting all the good stuff. I'm not a cover-to-cover reader, depending upon the publication I read each according to its degree of interest to me. I determine this each issue by my leaf through technique.

But taking heed of Bill's critique, I decided to try the table of contents approach this issue and so you'll just have to wait until you get the July 15 issue to learn what might be in it. Why not list both contents and coming attractions? Where to put it all? It would encroach seriously on this smallish space I use to express my views on sundry matters and this is much more fun to write than wild promises or tables of content.

Here it is the July 1 issue and somehow I let the May 1 issue slip by without commenting on its significance as the completion of 20 years of publication, 480 issues. A milestone perhaps, not a goal certainly. When I began doing this in May of 1983 I had no idea how long the venture would stay afloat and now look, I'm 20 years older and still at it. Some of the headshakers who expressed concern when I undertook this adventure about what I, at 53 years of age, would do if the magazine failed, are no longer with us, but I'm still here so it must have been a good move.

The number of issues I've labored over (!) was brought to my immediate attention when I had a call asking about buying all the

back issues from someone who saw something on the internet about us. He'd not seen the magazine itself. Well, I had no idea how many we still had in stock, they are all neatly lined up on shelves upstairs in the barn, ten of each issue when put there against future orders. So I went out and picked out the order and it came to 321 issues. Seeing that whole pile of magazines drove home the reality of how much about messing about in boats has passed through here over those years, and this was only 66% of the total.

That's a lot of reading to receive in one pile, over 60 pounds of periodicals, somewhere around 12,000 pages, as earlier issues were 24 and 32 pages before we finally blew up to our present 40 pages. It appears that quite a lot can be said about this messing about in boats without satiation. The basic themes are relatively few, but the variations upon them seem to be without end. Good thing, I dunno what I would do now if this all folded up.

When I do go out to pick out the odd back issue orders I am also reminded that this is just the current publication in my life, on nearby shelves are arrayed binders holding all my former motorcycling publications, 20 holding 240 issue of *Cycle Sport* and 14 holding 168 issues of *Trail Rider*. Fewer issues by far than *Messing About in Boats* as they were monthlies, but probably at least as many pages, as they got to be as big as 128 page issues.

Viewing all these binders lined up on shelves, 54 in all (20 of *Messing About in Boats* included now), I realize I am viewing my life's work all in one place. And it's still ongoing. I dunno what my children will do with Dad's old binders of aging magazines when I'm gone, they'll have to decide. If they choose to delve into them they'll discover much of the story of my life (and theirs, too, when they were young and doing all we did together). That's what happens to me when I get into any of them, there's so much I have forgotten.

On the Cover...

Reader Ian Walker's photo coverage of New Zealand South Island's 4th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show illustrates that while they have some lovely and unique antique and classic boats, they also display an easy sense of humor in determination of what constitutes "antique & classic."

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

Yachting

the ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

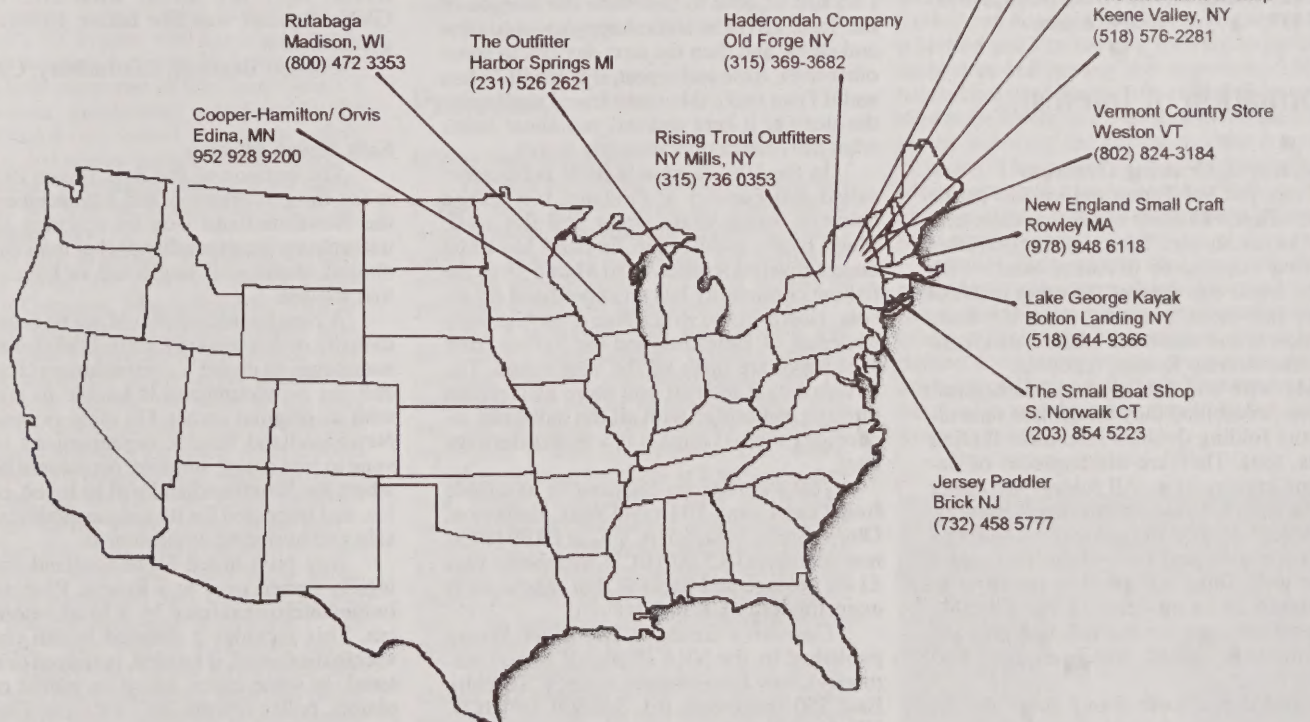
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"It is 5:15 a.m. I am rowing my
Steve Kaulback Adirondack Guide
Boat off the coast of Cape Cod. The
waters are glassy. My prow slices
the surface. I disturb several diving
cormorants. I am transfixed. I am in
touch. I am human. Great stuff.
Trust me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Lawley Homecoming 2003

This year, the Lawley Homecoming will return to the Eastern Yacht Club in Marblehead, Massachusetts, on Friday, July 18, and Saturday, July 19. The "Welcome Aboard" party will be held at the club on Friday evening, July 18, beginning at 5 PM. The Lawley Symposium will be held at the club on Saturday, July 19.

On Saturday, Louie Howland will dramatize the moment when the "old" Lawley was taken over by new management and Walter McInnis and Fred Eldredge left to form the Eldredge-McInnis design firm. Louie will play Walter McInnis (see his biography of Walter McInnis in *WoodenBoat*, May-October, 1983). The play will also dramatize Fred Lawley's departure from Neponset to establish his new yard in Quincy. Frank O'Brien will play Fred Lawley. Frank received rave reviews when he played Alex Cochran in Louie's 2000 production. Jonathan Rice will play Frank Paine.

Other Symposium topics include Quincy Adams, Work on *Aspenet*, Lawley in Scituate, The Halifax Race, Lawley Ships in WW II, Town River Yacht Yards, Bror Tamm, Progress on *Invader*.

Visiting Yachts and Tenders will include *Pot O' Gold*, *Chautauqua*, *Old Glory*, *Tamasese*, and *Dorothy*.

Non-member registration is \$45, contact the Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 282-7439, <Voyage@cove.com>

Information of Interest...

Canoe/Kayak Cruising Overseas

I enjoyed Val Thompson's essay on the Thames. Herewith a few words for others who would kayak abroad. Take two singles rather than one double, or divorce, boat. With singles, while one drowns the other is left to scream and shout, point to where the body went down, and settle the estate. Also, consider this, Eskimo Rolling a double.

My wife and I have twin Feathercraft Kahunas, combined they weigh less than almost any folding doubles (and most folding singles, too). They are masterpieces of design and construction. All folders are rather expensive, so consider the used market. Inflatables? Maybe in a pinch, but surprisingly expensive and heavy, and they don't handle well, folks tell me. I'm referring to the tublike sit-in models. At www.feathercraft.com you can see the full line plus the new inflatable sit-ons, which are light and handy.

Val makes clearer than I could the inconvenience of our favorite convenience, or millstone, the car. There's all this parking it and fueling it and worst of all the going back to get it so you can drive back to pick up the boats and then drive back to your bivouac. This is a convenience? Buses and trains are much simpler and an awful lot cheaper.

Web searching will reveal the British Canoeing Union and other kayak clubs, members will likely help point you toward detailed information on put-ins, take-outs, and nearby restaurants and rooms. Many English rivers, according to a reliable source, are closed April through September because the fishing lobby has real clout, but portions of the Wye and the Severn are open, as are the splendid canals. Another source says Welsh canals forbid kayaking for reasons mysterious and obscure.

For bus/subway info, start searching for a site for London Transport. Some of their lines along the Thames will connect with other local/regional bus lines and they may know about websites for them. Alternatively, search the web for tourist office sites attached to major towns along the Thames. The Brits invented the bus and will probably know something about it.

Not so the French, who didn't and can't. Or won't. They are decidedly mulish. I have been trying to plan a kayaking trip in southern France for some months now, and all goes swimmingly, or paddlingly, until I mention buses, which utterly confound national, regional, and even sub-regional tourism offices. They know municipal lines, charter lines, and long distance lines, but a simple bus that goes 30 miles or so from Town A to Village B gives them the dry fantods.

And yet I persist. In the Cevennes in south central France rise the Lot, the Tarn, the Ardeche, the Gard, and other fine streams, all so close that, buses and trains permitting, I should be able to penetrate the Gorges of the Tarn, arrive at some happy town to dine and sleep, and then the next day bus to some other river, rinse and repeat, if you will. When and if I can make this come true, I shall write the story of it here and tell you about buses what the French unreasonably won't.

In the UK there is a BCU publication called *100 Paddles in England*. It is mixed between lesser white water and flat stuff. Much of the paddling in England has to be done between October 1 and March 31 as the fishing community has an upper hand on access. However the River Wye from Glasbury upstream of Hereford, and the Severn from Welshpool are open all the year round. The Severn might interest you more as it passes through Ironbridge with all the industrial archeology there (I think it is a World Heritage site).

100 Paddles in England is available from Gary Evans, 10 Gravel Walk, Emberton, Olney, Bucks MK46 5JA, UK, at £9.99 (BCU non-members) £5.00 (BCU members) plus £1.00 postage and packing, but maybe he is expecting only UK orders!

Canoeist's Guide to The River Severn published by the NRA (National Rivers Authority), now Environment Agency, Sapphire East, 550 Streetbrook Rd., Solihull, B91 1QT, UK, has a list of accommodations and Youth Hostels (based on attitude not date of birth!).

Canoeist's Guide to the River Wye published by the Environment Agency, Rivers House, St. Mellons Business Park, St. Mellons, Cardiff CF3 0LT has accommodation lists.

Both have lists of Tourist Information Centres and maps in them. You may be able to access them through the EA website, www.environment-agency.gov.uk. If you were to join the BCU you will get a license to use most British Waterways canals (4,000 miles) and the River Thames free of further charge.

Bill Marsano, New York, NY

A Wonderful Book

I received a wonderful book as a child, *Out of Gloucester*, by James B. Connolly, originally printed by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, in 1902. The book is a set of six stories of Gloucester fishermen, and they are wonderful. I reread them every few years and enjoy them just as much as I did the first time.

These are wonderful yarns told around the potbellied stove, schooners racing each other to market, being captured by Canadian naval vessels for fishing inside of the Canadian territorial waters, and how they escaped. To whet your appetite to go on the search for this book, let me quote a few lines from the beginning of the first story:

"Chase overnight: The Gloucester seining fleet had been cruising off Georges Bank when one of those New England nor'easters came swooping down on them. Thereupon, as there was nothing to be gained by hanging on (you cannot set for mackerel in a gale), every vessel in the fleet made fast its dories in the waist, looked to the painter of the seine boat astern, and then 70 or 80 seiners took on a beautiful slant and made a roaring regatta of it to Provincetown, the nearest port of refuge."

The stories aren't too long and would make a wonderful addition to your other articles, they are about what life on a Gloucesterman was like before Hollywood glamorized it.

Conbert Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

Safe Haven Mission

The mission of the Safe Haven Project is for the preservation and advancement of the Newfoundland Dog by rescuing those unfortunate Newfoundlands that may end up abused, abandoned, neglected, or left in animal shelters.

A Newfoundland should not be acquired casually or disposed of lightly. Unfortunately, sometimes an owner's circumstances changes and the Newfoundland is unable to remain with its original owner. On these occasions, Newfoundland Rescue organizations intervene to find a new, suitable, permanent home where the Newfoundland will be loved, cared for, and respected for its unique qualities in a safe and nurturing environment.

Any pure breed Newfoundland that is legally turned over to a Rescue Program is immediately examined by a local veterinarian. This includes a detailed health check, vaccinations and, if needed, is spayed or neutered. In some cases, based on public complaints, police reports, etc., a Rescue League may take direct action in removing a Newfoundland from an environment which has been determined to be detrimental to the dog's well being.

A relocated Newf is, in turn, often placed in a foster home for an undetermined length of time (depending on the Newf's condition),

for a complete evaluation of the Newf's retraining, rehabilitation, and restoration of health. The Newf will be kept in foster care as long as necessary to prepare it for entry into its new and permanent home.

Before any adoption is made, the new owner is required to complete a detailed questionnaire and interview process in order to access the suitability. In addition, an on-site visit is made to the potential adoptee's home to determine if they and their home environment would be suitable for a Newfoundland dog.

In donating much needed funds to regional and national Newfoundland Rescue organizations, the Safe Haven Project is dedicated to helping create a safe, caring, and nurturing environment for every Newfoundland dog.

Safe Haven Project, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04530

Opinions...

Robb's Book a Delight

I just finished reading Robb White's *How to Build a Tin Canoe*. It is indeed a delight, and I hope the forerunner of a series of similar memoirs, even if he does include a disclaimer that "None of these stories is true, not a single word." Be it fiction or fact, it's good reading! We can only hope that his venture into the book world doesn't reduce his contributions to *MAIB*.

Paul Lefebvre, Gainesville, FL

Objects to Coast Guard Boarding

I am writing to comment on the "Random Boarding Safety Check Policy." As an owner of a 30' cruiser who has been knowledgeable boating for over 50 years, I have been an avid supporter of the Coast Guard. I am, however, questioning a decision by the Coast Guard to conduct a random safety check in precarious waters, under unfavorable weather conditions, and then not standing by to see that the vessel was able to get safely under way.

Last July, in the late afternoon, we were boarded about 100 yards off Minot Lighthouse in Cohasset, Massachusetts. With intermittent showers, patchy fog, choppy seas, and the threat of forecasted thundershowers, we were anxiously trying to get back to the safety of our marina. We were at sea only because we were returning from a weekend excursion at Martha's Vineyard, several hours away. Very few boats were at sea due to these conditions, but we knew we could seek refuge in any harbor nearer to our home port.

When the Coast Guard decided to board our vessel, I stated that under these harsh, precarious conditions and considering our plight "was this necessary at this time?" The reply was, "Yes, this is a random safety check." Surely this could have been performed at a more conducive time and place. It could have been conducted at our marina, in an inner harbor, and under more favorable weather conditions.

We were told not to shut off our engines, nor to drop anchor. As we were now adrift, I questioned the officer regarding our dangerous proximity to the treacherous ledges surrounding this lighthouse. His reply was that

we were "okay here." When we met the safety criteria of the examination, the guardsmen sped off leaving us adrift.

Unfortunately, our port engine had overheated during this idling stage and we could not get underway. We were forced to utilize our second engine to limp toward home. This slowed our journey even further. As we approached Point Allerton in Hull, it appeared that dense fog loomed ahead. Fortunately, this was not the case. We had to call a towing service to assist us into port.

The Coast Guard is traditionally regarded as being there to aid and assist. Intrusive policing under the guise of safety is intolerable.

Donna Petluck, Whitman, MA

Editor Comments: This is a news clipping from his local newspaper sent to us by a long-time subscriber. It raises the question, does the Coast Guard have quotas of "Random Boarding Safety Checks" for each outing, such as the traffic violation quotas local police routinely have to fulfill on their daily patrols around town?

Sooner See More Poetry

Lawrence Beck wants Robb White's wife to write stories. Put me down as inalterably opposed. People who write, want to write. People who don't, don't. A large and happy clan, the latter, and they should be left alone. Not badgered, bullied, or cajoled, especially when she has Robb to contend with. Also, this particular case is rife with the lowest temptations to situation comedy humor, along the lines of "You know him as the famous scribbling boatbuilder, but you should see the real Robb." Please, let this movement die a-borning. I'd sooner see more poetry. But not much more.

Bill Marsano, New York, NY

Projects...

O'Day Sailboat Free!

I have a 14' O'Day Javelin sailboat that I don't have time to work on. The kind of work it needs is beyond the ability of what's called a "duffer," but within the ability of someone good at using tools and willing to put some effort into a reconditioning job.

It's a fiberglass boat and the hull and deck need a good sanding, priming, and repainting. The teak seats need repairs and refinishing. The rudder is missing but a new one can be made from suitable Philippine mahogany boards or plywood. The centerboard is missing but there is a masonite pattern. There are no sails. A new set of sails, suitable primers and paints, and wood for the missing parts would run to something around \$1,000, all depending on one's scrounging ability. A winter of weekend work would result in an attractive and capable boat worth rather more than it is now.

The aluminum mast and boom are included. As donated to the Boy Scout camp several years ago, the hull bore the Pennsylvania registration number PA 1074 AB. It might be possible to trace the original owner and perhaps find out what became of the sails. I have names and addresses of marine firms in the Fall River, Massachusetts area that appear to be sources of parts, etc. for O'Day boats. I would supply a notarized statement

detailing the origin and history of this boat, with which a Massachusetts registration can be obtained.

Bob Whittier, P.O. Box T, Duxbury, MA 02331

Building The Skerry, Part II

In the May 15th issue I reported on my undertaking to build a CLC Skerry kit boat this past winter. I finished the building in mid-May. It took me about 160 hours to complete. I thought I was 80% done after 85 hours. Wrong! The result is a really lovely boat, a pleasure to look at. As launch day neared, I began to worry about whether she would row and sail to live up to her looks. Could I have spent a lot of time and money on a dog of a boat? Now she has been out for three sails and some rowing on our local lake. She lives up to her looks! Whew!

When I first unrolled that little sprit sail, I was afraid it was way too small to move the boat. I was wrong. She moves well, and the addition of my wife to the crew did not seem to slow her down at all. Mary had been skeptical about our need for another boat to go with the canoe and kayak and inflatable dinghy. It turns out that she is enjoying the sailing as much as I am.

I am still learning to use that offset tiller extension that steers with a push-pull action forward and aft instead of side to side. I don't like it, but maybe that is just due to having to relearn a lifetime skill that seems so right to me. The reasons for this kind of tiller on this kind of boat make sense. With time and practice it may come to feel right, too.

As for rowing, I think the Skerry will make an excellent fixed seat rowing boat. The oars I have from an earlier dinghy are 6' long and do not really give a fair sense of what the Skerry can do. This boat needs 8' oars to do it justice and I'm looking forward to getting those oars and having that experience. Also needed is a plug for the center board slot over which the rower sits. The motion of the boat forces water up the slot to wet the rower's tail bone. That might be okay in August, but it's not much fun on a mountain lake in Oregon in May. I already have a plan in mind for a workable plug.

It has been wisely said long ago that every boat is a compromise. This one does not include all the qualities we have loved in other sailboats we have owned, but it is a darned good compromise. As you can tell, I am happy with my new boat. We have named her *Frolic*, and the name should fit for many years to come.

Jim Martin, Ashland, OR



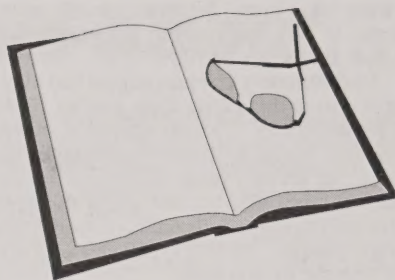
There is something about the prospect of overland travel by water that captures the imagination. Sandy Mackinnon's trip starts at Ellesmere College in Shropshire, UK, where he has taught drama and English literature for the past six years. He spies an old Mirror dinghy lying bottom up in the weeds, an abandoned member of the college sailing fleet. He is planning to leave at the end of the 1996-97 school year, and has the inspiration to sail away from there in the dinghy, possibly taking it as far as Gloucester on the Severn River. The Sailing Master obligingly fixes up the old boat, and even promises to drive to wherever Sandy ends up to retrieve it. The boat was named after a pet crow that the author had kept during his first year at the college; the name is also a pun on the name of the headmaster, David de Croz, who apparently also was fond of the bird.

The canal river network of North America is surpassed by that of Great Britain and mainland Europe where many of the waterways are still heavily used by commercial traffic and, therefore, are actively maintained. In principle, the only major obstacle to the voyage promised in the title might be the crossing of the English Channel, but Mirror dinghies have made many long coastal cruises in British waters, so this does not seem to be an unreasonable obstacle. Although Mackinnon starts out alone on his voyage, he soon has to seek help along the way from a remarkable assortment of friends, family, government officials, and total strangers who all somehow appear at times of need to provide everything from food and lodging to major repairs to his boat.

In Britain, many of the old canals have reverted to recreational use and quite a few are closed or undergoing restoration, a simple fact that Mackinnon happily ignores. He begins his voyage logically enough on the Llangollen Canal which passes near Ellesmere, but to my amazement he heads up the canal to Frankton and then down Frankton Locks into the Montgomery Canal, which was at that time open for only a few miles. The proper route to Gloucester, well-documented in the many fine canal guidebooks readily available in Britain, lies down the Llangollen to the Shropshire Union Canal and from there to Stourport on the Severn River and on to Gloucester. But Mackinnon consults a military ordinance survey map which is vague on details of the waterways.

After he drags his boat down around the unfilled Aston Locks and into Madog Creek, which even he admits is not exactly a major water route, I was beginning to have doubts about his sanity and competence. He battles low branches, mud, and shoals, finally coming up against a barbed wire fence across the creek. By now it is almost midnight and, hungry and exhausted, he leaves the dinghy on the creek bank and sets out across the fields to beg a meal and sleep at his friend Keith's house, visible in the distance.

One problem, the house is on the far side of another sizable river, a fact that should have been obvious from brief study of the Ordinance map. He has to tramp back across the fields and, in a desperate last effort, drag the dinghy over the fence, further damaging it and himself in the process. I was beginning to think that this was going to be another of those books in which the adventures arise mostly because of the stupidity of the author.



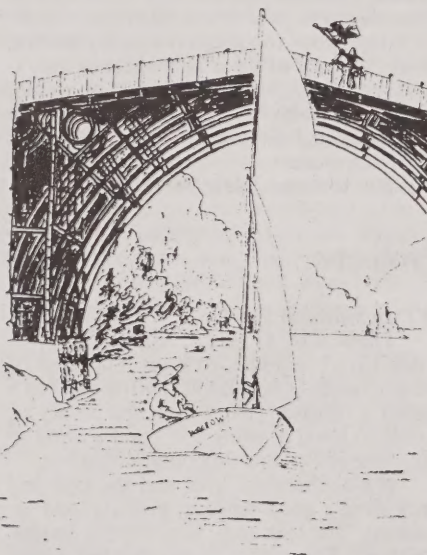
Book Reviews

The Unlikely Voyage of Jack de Crow

A Mirror Odyssey from North
Wales to the Black Sea

By A.J. Mackinnon
Sheridan House, Inc.
145 Palisade St.
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522
ISBN 1574091522
355 pp. paperback, \$19.95

Reviewed by Wilfred Bryan



Leaving Ironbridge Gorge, Severn River.

But wait, haven't we already been warned? At the start of the first chapter Mackinnon tells us that since his childhood he has always wanted to emulate Dr. Doolittle, who sailed away and eventually bumped into Africa. So much for navigation. To be sure, by the time the author reached Keith's house he had perhaps already bumped into more than he had bargained for. Dr. Doolittle, he notes, survived by virtue of his "cheerful optimism and a beloved hat, both of which I happened to have. There was clearly nothing stopping me doing the same." The hat he refers to is a pith helmet, not the usual choice for yachting and which attracts much attention along the way. It does prove

practical as protection from low hanging branches, a swinging boom, and as bailer and/or water bucket for washing up. The trip, I should note, is funded by periodic stops at ATM machines, a very unDoolittleish modern touch.

Refreshed by a good night's sleep, he resumes the voyage the next morning (after having to retrieve the untethered dinghy from bushes in the middle of the river). He finally reaches the River Severn, finds help to repair his dinghy along the way (he admits to having no carpentry skills), and in a few days arrives in Gloucester. Here he has second thoughts about stopping so soon, and when he learns that a canal bypasses the hazards of the Severn River estuary, he presses on, braving the immense tides of the Bristol channel and continuing on by canal from Bath to Oxford and London, aided here and there by tows from sympathetic boaters.

He arrives in London at night, on an ebb tide, and is swept down the Thames in his unlighted boat, narrowly escaping collisions with ferries and bridge abutments. He finally fetches up at a dock, which turns out to be the headquarters of the water police who dock a few minutes later. They have been out looking for a lunatic in an unlighted dinghy who is a hazard to navigation. Partly out of sympathy, and partly to ensure his safety and that of everyone else on the river, they arrange for bargain accommodation at a local hotel and, somewhat to his surprise, provide some encouragement for his tentative plan to cross the Channel from Dover to Calais. Wilf, one of the police officers, even offers to provide an escort while he does it.

By this time, we have reason to suspect that this trip is not quite the unplanned, spur-of-the-moment undertaking that it is made out to be. Indeed, we are told that Mackinnon's mother had suggested to him that it was possible to go all the way across Europe by canal and river, and this possibility was clearly in the back of his mind. If there was uncertainty at the outset, it does appear to have been about the feasibility of the Channel crossing. In the end he does it on his own, having found himself in Dover with fine weather and much encouragement from local yachtsmen and the Coast Guard, whose principal warning is of the bad mussels at the white restaurant on the right, just inside the harbor at Calais. The crossing is completed with just enough navigation glitches and ferry encounters to keep it interesting.

In this way, the story evolves across Europe as Mackinnon and his dinghy continue to "bump" into one obstacle after another, which are surmounted by the author's optimism and considerable language skills, along with the surprising kindness of the strangers he meets. When all else fails, he resorts to pantomime to communicate (remember, he is a drama teacher) and also does magic tricks and performs on his tin whistle to entertain people he meets along the way. They, in turn, reward him with generous hospitality and with whatever help is needed.

By the time he reaches the Danube, NATO forces are threatening to invade Yugoslavia, potentially a huge bump to overcome. Apparently oblivious to these political developments, Mackinnon plans all his stops for the Croatian and Serbian shores along the river, even managing to obtain a visa (probably aided by his Australian nationality). The

main obstacle here, it turns out, is that his bank card no longer works as Yugoslavia has been cut off from all economic interaction with the rest of Europe. In spite of this, he is welcomed wherever he stops and makes many friends who are concerned only for his safety when they hear NATO planes are about to bomb Belgrade.

As we might expect, his language training gives Mackinnon considerable literary skills, and this shows in the quality of the writing. His portrayal of himself as a somewhat bumbling comic character, I suspect, is in part an effective device to hold the reader's interest. Referring to the manuscript (which was written from notes made during the trip), he comments on lessons learned from a lecturer who made a great impression on him. At one point this man stopped and commented, "Of course, I exaggerate for effect."

"And that is what I do," Mackinnon says of his own writing, though he assures us that

the incidents are real and the dialogue is accurate in essence, if not in detail. The charming pencil drawings throughout the book also are by the author and, to the extent that they portray places and things I am familiar with, they, too, are technically accurate. He knows better than to turn the book into a blow-by-blow account of every detail of his trip, choosing instead to focus on the most entertaining incidents and sites of special historic interest. Along the more tranquil stretches he entertains himself by memorizing Keats poems or in trying to work out some classic unsolved problems in pure mathematics (nothing so practical as working out his position from a star sight).

After he had completed the trip and returned to England, Mackinnon was surprised to receive a phone call from his friend Wilf, the London water policeman, who had just learned of a Mirror dinghy found capsized in the Channel and wants to make sure it was

not Sandy trying to return by water. Wilf is relieved to learn it must be someone else. They speculate that one of the fast ferries caused the capsizing. Mackinnon departs from his narrative long enough to emphasize the real hazards of this crossing and urges readers not to attempt it "in the same cavalier and foolhardy manner that I did. I do urge readers not to take my stupidity as a model for some spurious Quixotic adventure of their own."

This book will hold the interest of any small boat fan who has dreamed of embarking on an extended voyage (isn't that most of us). A good read all the way, it is also a kaleidoscopic view of European geography and history, presented with skill and scholarship. Above all, it is a reaffirmation of the basic goodness of human nature and the bonds that can form across barriers of language, nationality, and even government bureaucracy.

When Post It Notes first came out a couple of decades ago, I was working outdoors most of the time and thought they were just another attempt by some company's overpaid marketing people to turn a useless gimmick into a viable product. Now that I spend a great deal of time in a modern paperless office, where my computer is nearly buried by mounds of paper, I know just how wrong I was. These things are indispensable. And one of their best uses is as bookmarks.

For books, I like the little 1-1/2" x 2" ones. They stick firmly on the page where you stop reading, but when you pick up the book later and move along, they gently peel off to be reused at your new place. I've gotten into the habit of using them to mark passages I like, even making little notes to myself. No more guilty dog-earing, no more deluding myself that I'll remember the location of this or that lovely sentence or startling fact. Now I can tell how much I like a book by how many Post Its are sticking up when I'm done. It's become my new tell-at-a-glance book rating system.

So far, *The Unlikely Voyage of Jack de Crow* is my Post It champ, with dozens of little yellow flags scattered throughout its more than 300 pages. I can just pick any Post It and read again what had given me such pleasure the first time around. Like this paragraph, where we are reminded that people have been messing about in boats for a very long time:

"With dusk, the wind died to nothing and a consultation of the map showed that I had two choices. I could either row back upstream the mile or so to Pangbourne or row the six miles down to Reading. Heaven knows why, but I chose the latter option. In fact, I found on my whole trip a deep, irrational reluctance ever to retrace my route, even by so much as half a mile and even when the benefits of doing so were manifestly clear.

It stemmed, I think, from the feeling that this trip was in some ways a peripatetic, the medieval practice whereby a monk or pilgrim would climb into a small coracle without oars or sail, push out to sea, and go where the winds and waves took him. In this way, so the theory went, the holy traveler could be sure that he was going where God intended, undirected by fallible human agency. It was a way of putting oneself fairly and squarely

The Unlikely Voyage of Jack de Crow A Second Opinion

Reviewed by Spencer Rowe

into Divine hands and relinquishing that all consuming desire to control one's destiny.

The medieval tales are full of marvelous accounts of the results of such peripatetics; glassy isles, benign whales, dead nuns in gilded barges with silken sails, lands of fire and ice, and the whole bright world of the Celtic West. St. Brendan on one such trip even discovered America, Divine Providence working on a particularly grand scale on that occasion, though the canny Saint has actually equipped himself with oars on that long trip, contrary to the rules."

With such graceful prose, we accompany a professor of English and Drama by the name of A.J. "Sandy" Mackinnon as he rows and sails (and drags) an old wooden Mirror dinghy on a voyage through the heart of England, across the Channel, and on through France and ten other countries all the way to the Black Sea, a journey of some 3,000 miles.

What starts out as a little two-week excursion down the merest trickle of a creek becomes a grand adventure chock full of interesting characters, sprinkled with derring do, and told, as the book jacket so rightly says, with flair and humor. By the time Mackinnon reaches the end of his year long odyssey, he was ready for it to be over. For me, curled up in my easy chair, it could have gone on forever.

I don't think people read aloud much anymore. The last time there was much reading aloud in our house was when the kids were little and Dr. Seuss was king. But my daughter was home from college for the winter holidays when I read this book, and I couldn't help turning back to one of the little Post Its to read a sentence or two as we sat by the fire. When Mackinnon tells of Dr. Doolittle "bumping into Africa," I just had to read her this passage:

"Bumped into Africa! Here was the way to travel! No timetables, no travel agents, no dreary termini clanging away with loud-

speaker announcements. No grubby platforms, no passports, no promises of postcards to be sent on arrival, just the little ship slipping down the river to the sea. Indeed, the chief attributes of all the good Doctor's voyages seemed to be simple enough; a cheerful optimism and a beloved hat, both of which I happened to have. There was clearly nothing stopping me doing the same."

Mackinnon's tale renewed my own cheerful optimism, and the first thing I did when I turned the last page was to go on Amazon and order two more copies to give to friends. The second thing I did was to begin shopping for a new hat.

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Looking out this morning at 8:15, I see a tableau of slow moving sludge and be-draggled ice floes slipping past on the outgoing currents, which themselves are none too lively. There is a grizzle of fine snow sifting out of a muffled sky. We have been seeing programs on the blizzard of '78 on the television, and whole radio talk shows have been devoted to those remembrances. This fine snow reminds me of the innocent start of that storm and the one in '68 that also shut down the Boston area for a week. The weathermen are saying we'll only get a couple of inches today.

My view is restricted to the area between the house and the headlands on Plum Island and Steep Hill Beach, all else is wrapped in an impenetrable cloak of grey. Between the two points of land the mouth of the sound is pricked by clots of sandbars emerging from the falling water. Snow topped floes of old ice bump against, and sometimes ground out on, the bars, making them look like sugar frosted ginger cookies.

As the tide moves out, the gulls move in. They congregate on the mussel beds and argue over who got there first. They spend more time posturing and fussing than working for their breakfasts. I am reminded of certain politicians in the news, who jostle for the best angles as they flap their wings and squawk their lines at the cameras.

A sound breaks through the quiet, like a chain dropping through a haweshole. The rattle and bang belongs to a lone clammer setting up his metal boat on the rocks. The empty trailer complains loudly as he hauls it quickly over the beach rocks heading back to the parking lot. I can't believe someone would



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Lonely as a Clam

go clamming with any sort of winter weather threatening. It is scheduled to be a new moon low tide, perhaps some particularly enriched stretch of mud flats will lie exposed this morning and make it worth the bother. About the only place I'd want to dig for clams today would be in a bowl of chowder, still, for them to arrive in my bowl someone has to go retrieve them.

Now I've returned from work, several hours after penning the earlier observations. I was correct in thinking that the gentle start might be a precursor to more of a storm then predicted. While it's not of the same intensity or volume as either notable storms mentioned above, it was a surprise to everyone. I went off in athletic shoes, not grabbing the

boots in the hall, only to rue the decision later when walking through over 12" of fluffy cold stuff to reach my front door. The clammer's truck was gone, so I can be sure that someone has a bowl of chowder to warm his innards after a morning on the flats. Driving around the bend in the road by Eagle Hill, I saw a few other hardy souls bent to the work of gathering clams into plastic milk crates.

There are five clam guns hanging in our cellar, each from a different era. I've moved them from place to place as I claim new locations for my own storage needs. Not once have I felt moved to go try the craft. Lobstering from an open dory as a child companion to an old man out of Lanesville on Cape Ann was rewarding, as I truly love the succulence of lobster in whatever guise the cook presents it. The clam has always meant more work and bother to me than I am willing to invest. The digging is back breaking work and mucky to boot. Hitting a sulfurous pocket of decomposed humus is less then enjoyable. The multi-legged worms encountered as a child were things a Hollywood horror film maker might have thought up.

Once the sharp edged bivalves are gathered and hauled into the kitchen, there is the question of what they have been eating and their stomachs' contents. Why would anyone, excepting a very young child with a vitamin deficiency, willingly EAT MUD? The long process of making the clams acceptable for consumption begins with feeding them in a tub of salt water sprinkled with fine corn meal. Being the youngest, it often fell to me to be in charge of feeding and changing the dirty water over the two day process and disposing of any that died. Only after my grandmother determined that they were suitably cleaned and well fed did things get interesting.

Steaming or boiling in an inch of water cooked them. Then the process of eating them dipped in melted butter, or further preparing them for a more elaborate presentation began. I was taught (enslaved) by my grandmother and her sisters how to pluck out the clam, separate the mantle and neck covering, and even scrape off the small abductor muscle "scallop" in preparation for chowders and pan fried clams. It took me years to order them when eating out, I could vividly imagine a row of eight-year-old girls back in the kitchen, plucking and skinning those clam strips.

Having had a house cow, and all the culinary opportunities it presented for using fresh milk and cream, I was persuaded to go along on a clamming expedition when the children were young. We came within a half mile of the window from which I now write. It was a fine late summer day. We gathered a bucket of clams and took them home to feed and clean. I steamed some and made a wonderful chowder with the rest, drowning their clean and carefully skinned bodies (by my own seven-year-old kitchen slave) in the rich Jersey cream, Vermont Common Crackers toasted with homemade butter floated on the top. I don't know which of those guns or rakes in our cellar provided the clams, but the memory is as succulent as the finished product turned out to be. Maybe I should dust off the one that feels the most balanced in my hand, apply for a "mess permit," and get to know those hardy souls that go out in all sorts of weather and give "messing about" a different meaning.



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The Provincetown Schooner Race

Heading Out on the *Hindu*

Photos by Barry Donahue
The Cape Cod Voice

Thirty-seven boats started off last September 15 in the Provincetown Schooner Race. Aboard the homeport favorite, *Hindu*, formerly skippered by the late John Bennett, expectations were nothing less than "Let'm follow our stern!"

With a great start, the *Hindu* followed the course plan laid out at the early morning captain's meeting, but the other schooners went to port while *Hindu* went to starboard for the first mark and passed it with no trouble.

At the point of making the turn, all aboard *Hindu* noticed that they were the only boat going around that mark. Without a radio on, the *Hindu* had missed the course change ordered by the committee boat and was disqualified. Follow their stern, indeed.

That didn't dampen anyone's spirit aboard, however. The crew was busy anyway, passing up 5-gallon buckets of water from the bilge since the pump was blocked by a summer's worth of junk.



They're off, with *Bay Lady* astern, *Hindu* gets a strong start as Navigator John Yingling (far right) and Captain Darrin Ratch confer.

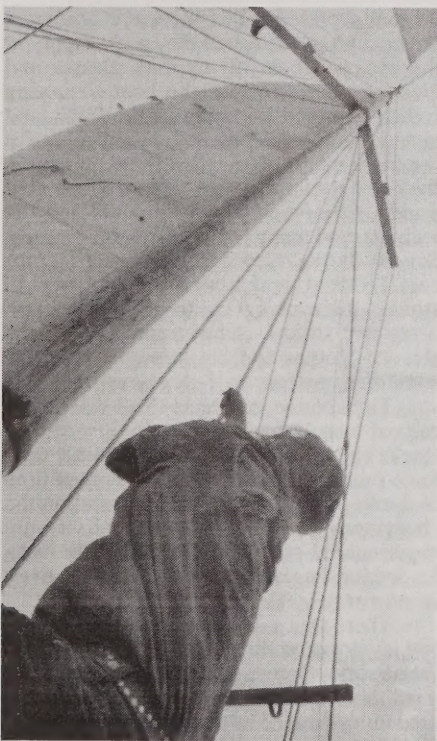


One rail under, *Hindu* throws some spray.



Captain Darren Ratch at the wheel on *Hindu*.

Outward bound aboard the *Hindu*.



Tighten up, Bill Evaul pulls on a halyard to peak the main.



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It's an overcast morning with an east to east northeast wind at around ten knots. Assembled in the dawn light on the beach at Mullet Key in Fort Desoto Park on the north side of Tampa Bay are 50-odd sailors and paddlers and their small craft. There is a lot of socializing and picture taking and saying good-bye to families and friends. At 7 AM we will all launch for the Third Annual Water Tribe Everglades Challenge.

Billed as the toughest small boat race on earth, the Everglades Challenge sprang like Minerva from the mind of Steve Isaac, called Chief by members of the Water Tribe. The idea is to approximate the challenges one would encounter on an expedition adventure, carrying your food and water and all the necessary safety gear for the trip. You are allowed to carry money and to buy things, like a meal or a jug of water, from the "natives," but no support crews are allowed. The first two races were plagued with bad weather and only 30 percent of the paddlers and sailors finished. The whole thing is run through a website, www.watertribe.com, and the site was getting over 58,000 hits a day during the race. Publicity has just begun to catch up with the race, including articles in *National Geographic's Adventure*, *Paddler*, and a long article in *Sea Kayaker* magazine.

The March, 2003 race drew competitors from Hungary and England and as far away as Michigan and Colorado. Assembled on the beach on Saturday morning, March 8, were expedition sea kayaks, several Kruger single and double expedition canoes, a proa, an outrigger canoe, Kevlar racing open canoes, a homemade outrigger sailing canoe made from the hull of a Hobie catamaran, a 9' pram, a rather radical homemade 14' sharpie sailboat with a Chinese yuloh sweep oar, two expedition Laser sailboats, a homemade wooden lapstrake canoe, a 1960s Olympic racing catamaran, and my boat, a 1983 Sea Pearl 21 leeboard cat ketch based on a Francis Herreshoff whale boat.

There were several grandfathers (including me), Russian and Polish immigrants, fish biologists and resource managers from the Everglades National Park, medical doctors, entrepreneurs, software authors, a megayacht designer, graduate students, boat builders, sea kayak instructors, and school teachers. Thirty-four were in the 300-mile Challenge, the rest in the 60-mile Marathon to Checkpoint 2 at Placida. We all had tribal names, much like CB "handles." Mine was Ridgerunner, my handle when I drove trucks for Blue Hole Canoes to supplement my school teacher's income. A few were flat out racers, but most just wanted to complete the Challenge, a noble goal in light of the high attrition rate of previous years.

We had assembled the afternoon before the Challenge in the picnic shelter on the beach to have our required equipment inspected and to load our boats. Besides cell phones and marine radios, we were required to have emergency locator beacons (EPIRBs), hypothermia kits, stove and cook kits, cold weather camping equipment, and several other items designed to keep us safe. There was also a "24-hour rule," which required us to check in every 24 hours if we had not stopped by one of the four checkpoints during the previous day.

Now it was Saturday morning. We had finished the prerequisite photos and were

Third Annual Water Tribe Everglades Challenge

By Doug Cameron



ready to go. There was a sea haze in the air. The tide would be going out for another hour, then we would be going "upstream" to get out of Tampa Bay while it filled back up. A large freighter was in the shipping channel a mile offshore.

At exactly 7:00 Chief said "Go" and everyone started for the water. Some were in a big hurry, considering it would take the winner three or four days to reach the end, and we all were allowed eight-and-a-half days to finish. Matt Layden's ungainly looking Paradox and my Sea Pearl were among the last to leave the beach, but we were all underway by 8 AM. One commentator on the [watertribe.com](http://www.watertribe.com) discussion forum said of my launch, "Ridgerunner muscled his Sea Pearl off the beach (he didn't notice that the boat was on a plastic slip-e-slide). It wasn't pretty, but he succeeded inch by inch."

It looked like a sailing race with the following winds. Many of the canoes and kayaks sported sails. Some headed for the inside route on the Intracoastal Waterway to the east of Anna Maria Island, and some pointed toward the outside route on the open Gulf of Mexico. I chose the outside route, planning to go well offshore to avoid the northbound alongshore current along Anna Maria. I maintained my southwesterly heading for quite a while to avoid the tidal waves and disturbed water in the shallows behind Passage Key, important information I had gained during a scouting trip last year. We don't have tides and waves on the inland TVA lakes where I do most of my sailing. Even so, I took one significant wave over the bow, from now on I'll keep the cockpit cover closed! One kayak capsized behind Passage Key, but Matt rescued him and towed him to Anna Maria Island, an action that added considerably to his positive karma.

Winds slowly shifted to the south, but we had a fast sail all the way to Sarasota. I was very impressed at how dry and stable the Sea Pearl was. I had been a bit frightened about how she would perform, even though Sea Pearls had made significant voyages in the past. All of my offshore sailing had been in large cruising sailboats longer than 33'. This boat seemed very small and the sea seemed very large. I had gone outside, anyway, for the adventure and the wind and the freedom from tides and power boat wakes.

Around 3:00 in the afternoon, off Sarasota, I caught up with Matt in his box-like Paradox with its lug sail and no keel or centerboard. I was clearly faster on a reach, but I eased the sheets and talked with him for a few minutes. As the winds began to die, he set up his yuloh and I got out my oars. That was the last I saw of Matt (who eventually won the race). He would be nine hours ahead of me by the first checkpoint.

After an hour of rowing, my butt hurt from the board I used as a rowing seat. An old shoulder injury was resurrecting itself and I was covered with sweat. There was less than an hour to sundown, so I decided it was time to heave to to fix supper, prepare for darkness, and wait for the wind to return. It wasn't worth injury to keep rowing, and I was only going 2-1/2 knots.

As much as possible, I made it a point to go through a changeover ritual at dusk and dawn. At night I took a baby wipes "bath" to clean the sunscreen and sweat from my body, cooked supper, refilled the water bottles in the cockpit, replenished the snack supply in the cockpit, took off my dark glasses and cleaned them, got out the boat's running lights, changed batteries in the GPS, and changed into capalene and windbreaker for the night sail. I also called home to satisfy the 24-hour rule. Ann (my wife) would e-mail Sandy, Chief's wife, who maintained the website and kept track of us all (thanks, Sandy). In the mornings I reversed the process. I cooked breakfast (coffee and oatmeal), stowed the running lights, refilled cockpit water and snacks, changed into light, long-sleeved clothes and big straw hat, applied sunscreen, and put on dark glasses.

This routine made sure that I was taking care of myself, and it gave me time to take stock. The time spent sailing gave little time to do things, though there was plenty of time to think. I once heard someone mention the "hegemony of the tiller," and that was my experience. I couldn't leave the helm unattended for long or the boat would begin to go its own way.

There was still no wind after sundown, so I lay down on the boat cushions and slept, wondering whether there would be enough wind this week to finish the race. Three hundred miles divided by eight days meant about 40 miles a day, and I was watching that goal slip from me. I dozed off on the flat seas with a gentle swell from the west.

About 2:00 in the morning a southwest wind began to fill in. It was on the nose so I would have to tack, but I had to use every breath of wind if I was to finish. Sailing at night also made me a little nervous, but the charts showed no dangers. I couldn't watch the sails for proper shape, and the waves were difficult to see and anticipate in the misty darkness after moonset. Everything was wet from condensation, including the compass

lens. I could see two shrimp boats working about two miles farther out, and they would be off my bow the rest of the night.

I got into Checkpoint 1, on Snake Island in Venice Inlet, at 8 AM. I was the last boat to come in (there was one behind me, but he dropped out). I signed in, got a cup of coffee and sausage and biscuit at the fisherman's stand at the inlet, and was on my way in a half hour.

The weather called for southeast winds at 15 knots. This would be on the nose again, but the Intracoastal Waterway became a trench in this section and I needed room to tack. As I went outside, I passed two sailors in smaller boats coming back in. They both told me it was too rough for them. More anxiety.

The second day was the day to regain confidence in my ability and the boat's seaworthiness. The winds increased slowly to periods of over 20 knots. Waves were 3'-4' and the seas were occasionally streaky as wind lifted foam from whitecaps.

The boat performed well. When the lee rail began to dip below the surface, I would heave to and reef. The Sea Pearl is particularly strong in this department. If you sheet in the mizzen and let go of the tiller and the main sheet, she will round up, bow into the wind, and gently move backward. This allows the crew to reef the sails and do other vital tasks. The sails reef by rolling them around the masts, so reefing is easy and allows for many options. I would take advantage of these features several times during the day.

After five or six long tacks and a couple of stops for reefing, the shore began to fall away to the east and I was able to stay on a starboard tack for five or six hours. Around 5:30 I turned away from the wind and surfed into Gasparilla Pass on 2' breaking waves. As soon as I cleared the white water, I hove to, threw out an anchor and lowered the masts for the passage under the low bridge (it was 12' according to the charts, and the tops of my masts were 20' off the water).

Clearing the bridge, I raised the main and ran like a catboat to the low trestle at Placida. Then I lowered the main mast again and paddled like a Venetian gondolier into the checkpoint at Grand Tours. I had been sailing since 2:00 in the morning, and I needed rest. Race Manager Sand Dollar and Marathon Sailor Draco greeted me, as did Chief, who was preparing to leave for a night's paddling. I was no longer last and I now believed that I could finish, but the wind was dying and I needed rest. The GPS said that it had taken 93 statute miles to get the 60 miles to Placida because of all the tacking.

After a refreshing shower and changing into clean clothes, I joined Draco for dinner at a local seafood restaurant where Zig Zag Wanderer joined us. The conversation was informative and assuring. Draco and her husband, Vanman (who won the first Challenge and would finish this race second in his expedition Laser), had experienced many small boat sailing adventures from Patagonia to Labrador. Zig Zag, a fisheries biologist for Everglades National Park, was sailing a Kruger canoe with a Balogh sail rig. He had interesting information about Cape Romano Shoals, an area I was planning on avoiding.

After dinner, we returned to find Andrew's Canoes and Wanderer had arrived. We all settled down in the air conditioned

bunkhouse as thunderstorms pelted the tin roof. It had been a very full two days!

We all rose in the dark around 5:30 AM, and soon the picnic tables at Grand Tours sported camp stoves cooking breakfast and Andrew's Canoes fixing his broken mast. Wayfarer was wrestling with whether to go on, his sleek racing outrigger canoe was bogged down with all of the gear and wasn't going too fast. In spite of our encouragement, he decided to pack it in. The rest of us prepared to go on, discussing whether to go inside through Pine Island Sound or outside to the Gulf. The inside was a bit shorter, but the outside promised better breezes and the favorable north wind was filling in.

By 7:30 AM I was on my way, with Zig Zag Wanderer not far ahead. We raised masts after the low trestle and were on our way in light northerly breezes. I was only doing 2-3 mph, and Zig Zag stayed about a mile in front. Boat traffic was heavy and, even though my little boat was outside of the channel, I was constantly rocked violently by powerboat wakes.

As we got to Boca Grande Pass, Zig Zag headed outside. The forecast called for light winds, so I stayed inside on the Intracoastal Waterway through Pine Island Sound. The inside route here is a little shorter, and I had read about Pine Island Sound in sailing magazines. The wind filled in to 10-15 knots off the stern quarter, and I broad reached all day at 5-7 knots. With this increased pressure on the sails, the almost constant traffic of large motorboats did not rock me violently as it did in Gasparilla Sound, but I missed the light boat traffic on the outside. By 6 PM I passed under the bridge between Sanibel Island and Fort Myers. I pulled up behind an island on the causeway to fix supper, prepare for night, and call in my position report.

The night before I had used incandescent bow and stern lights powered by AA batteries. These died after seven hours. Though I mounted them for the night, I decided to go in the dark so that my eyes would be more sensitive to seas and sails. I wore a waterproof red LED mini mag light around my neck, the compass has a red LED, and I had a bright waterproof flashlight to shine on the sails if a boat came near. At night on a sailboat you can hear a motorboat a long way off. The regulations allow a sailboat under seven meters in length and going less than seven knots to use a flashlight on the sails instead of running lights, and lighted sails are much more visible than running lights.

I sailed into the sunset on northwest sea breezes and following seas, dodging the large sunset cruise boat out of Fort Myers. There were many small fishing boats about four miles offshore and I gave them wide berth. My planned route avoided the buoy to buoy route taken from the GPS points provided by the chart because many power boats use these ready made routes. I would pass by offshore buoys from time to time, using outer buoys at passes as alternate waypoints. This gave me occasional confirmation of my location.

Around 9 PM the sea breeze died. I turned on the bright stern light and fell asleep on the cushions on deck. Within an hour, the weather pattern easterlies filled in at about 15 knots and I was off again. After the moon set, the night was very dark and the seas built to around 4'. I was now committed to the offshore route since entering an unknown pass

at night would be unwise. It was still a bit frightening for a lake-based day sailor, but the miles were passing easily under my keel.

There was a haze along the shore, making the high rise resorts of Naples seem unreal, but the sky above was clear. Orion was high overhead and constellation Columbus stayed ahead of me until I turned the corner at Cape Sable. Shooting stars reminded me of the Columbia astronauts and I said a little prayer for them and their families. South of Naples the shore lights diminished significantly and boat traffic stopped completely.

I crossed the entrance of Big Marco Pass at 4 AM and continued on toward Cape Romano Shoals. My original plans had been to go inside at Big Marco because of Greybeard's tales of big waves on the shoals last year. Zig Zag Wanderer, who does fish research all over the area, assured me that such waves were typical of a strong northwest wind but that there is usually no worry. I was now sailing on a 10 knot northeasterly, so the shoals were protected by Marco Island. I turned toward Indian Key when it was due east and crossed the shoals. My anxieties were allayed as I encountered no waves above 2' and the sudden warmth of a rising sun over the Ten Thousand Islands. Though the high-rises of Marco loomed on the northern horizon all the way to Indian Key, I was now in the familiar Everglades and away from development for several days. I also had new confidence that I could complete the Challenge.

My confidence would be short lived. The wind continued to shift to the east, making it impossible to fetch Indian Key on one tack. By 10:00 the wind had died completely and the bay turned glassy. Indian Key and the entrance to Checkpoint 3 at Chokoloskee was a tantalizing six miles to the east. The sun was oppressively hot. I realized that my sandal-shod feet were burned to a crisp and put on a pair of the heavy wool socks I had saved for cold weather. Then I discovered a rash on the back of my hands, seemingly caused from wearing wet sailing gloves for over 24 hours. From there my mood spiraled downward.

In the final analysis, the success of a boat like mine, which errs on the side of sailing efficiency and sacrifices paddling efficiency, depends more on the vagaries of the wind than on the skill and fitness of the skipper. Calm or light winds could still frustrate the possibility of a finish. What about my seventh and eighth graders who put up with substitutes so that I could be here. What about the deans who had enabled me to compete in this challenge? What of my fellow faculty members who have helped so unselfishly? I was hot, stinky, miserable, and frustrated almost to tears, and I could do nothing to improve my situation. Patience is the lesson of sailing.

Sometime in the early afternoon I began to see cats paws of extremely light wind on the water. I broke out the oars and rowed from one wrinkled area to another, sailing for a few minutes on each hint of a breeze. After an hour or so these westerly onshore breezes filled in to about 15 knots and I surfed past Indian Key on an incoming tide. The wind stayed behind me for the whole twisty passage of Indian Key Pass.

As Chokoloskee Bay opened before me, I turned right out of the channel and began a screaming beam reach across the Bay. I was kicking up a small rooster tail and the GPS

showed 9.5 knots. Just before the beach at Chokoloskee I hove to, pulled up the leeboard and rudder, threw out the anchor, and eased out the rode until just shy of the checkpoint beach. The tide was coming in, so I had no fear of grounding.

I signed in at 3:30 PM. I had been on the boat for almost 36 hours. I rocked as I walked like a drunken sailor. I had covered 70 miles in the 24-hour period from Boca Grande to being becalmed off Indian Key. The GPS odometer read 180 miles. I got a Diet Coke and ice cream sandwich at the Outdoor Resorts store and returned to clean up and straighten up the boat.

I was no longer in last place. Now I was in the middle of the pack. On the beach were Greybeard and Chef Ramen (a father/son team who were second last year in their schooner rigged Kruger canoe) and kayakers Porky (a very fit Sarasota firefighter who was beached by the storm last year), Dr. Kayak (Porky's paddling partner), and Snore Brings Gator (Bronx raised and very Everglades savvy). Race Manager Sand Dollar and all the competitors were very encouraging and my spirits soared.

We all had dinner together at J.T.'s, the legendary island restaurant, and returned to the beach to catch the 6:30 outgoing tide. WaterRose (soon to be the first solo woman to complete the Challenge), Zig Zag Wanderer, and Manitou Cruiser and Techmon (Manitou manufactures the Kruger canoes and has entered and finished four Challenges, Techmon is his fiance and a finisher in the Okefenokee Challenge) had all arrived while we were at supper. I also met Mark, a part-time Chokoloskee resident who sails his Sea Pearl in the Everglades. But no time to talk now, have to use the last of the light to take the complex Chokoloskee Pass out to the Gulf.

Chokoloskee Beach was now a lee shore, so I had to tack off it to gain the yardage to get around the tip of the island. I had to heave to once to shake out my reefs so that the Sea Pearl would point high enough to make the route. Luckily it was high tide and shoals were covered. I was fortunate to have scouted this pass last Thanksgiving, so I had the turns saved in the GPS (and on a hard copy in case it failed). After a little tight tacking, I was out! Then it was just a close reach out to the Gulf.

I was conflicted about what to do now. I was tired but I did not want to leave any wind unused. I sailed off toward my first waypoint at Pavilion Key Light. Near the light the wind died, and I gratefully fell asleep on the deck. I was graced with a full eight hours of sleep. The wind came with the dawn at about 5:30. After breakfast and preparation I was sailing by 6 AM. The wind was southwest at about 10 knots. I sailed with only two tacks through a beautiful, crisp Everglades day. I saw one sail behind me near Highland Beach, and I slowed to check on Snore Brings Gator near the mouth of Shark River. The wind died around 6:30 PM, and I anchored in the little bay between Northwest Cape and Middle Cape Sable.

Dolphins fed and blew all around me as I prepared supper and watched the sunset. The mosquitoes quickly swarmed, and I raised the cockpit camper cover for the first time before eating supper. I lay down sweaty on top of my bag around 7:30, and I could hear the

dolphins clicking to each other through the hull. Just before falling off to sleep I thought, "Wouldn't it be fun to do this trip again when I'm not in such a hurry?"

At 3:40 AM I was awakened by the hint of a breeze. I quickly stowed the gear and got underway with a granola bar for a snack. In a light 5-10 knot southeast breeze, I began to tack toward Flamingo. It took me six hours to cover the 6-7 miles into the final checkpoint at the Flamingo marina. I arrived at 10:00. I was cheered by Waterbuoy (WaterRose's boyfriend) and There and Back Again (a wonderful wheelchair-bound man who was the first kayak and second overall in the 2001 Challenge).

I didn't have much time to talk. During scouting at Thanksgiving I found that an outgoing tide through Tin Can channel made the route impassable by my boat, so I spent only 19 minutes ashore (getting extra water, coffee, and Fig Newtons at the store, signing in, and visiting a real bathroom). I left with great confidence, I could travel only 10 miles a day across Florida Bay and still finish before the deadline.

Winds were light going out of Flamingo and the sun was hot. I wondered if I would have to anchor at the entrance of Tin Can channel and wait for the tide to change again. What a difference between this and my scouting trip at Thanksgiving. Then I was zooming along at a reach on northerly winds with five dolphins escorting me across the bay, today I was barely moving, trying to pinch up on a 5 knot southeasterly breeze.

Florida Bay is a large, shallow expanse, often only a foot deep, its aqua waters punctuated by mangrove islands. Ospreys are everywhere and each seems to have a fish in its talons. Large tarpon ply the shallows. It looks just like the pictures in the flats fishing ads. The finish is about 30 miles due east of Flamingo. The trick is to find the entrances to narrow passages between deeper bays. Everything else is too narrow to negotiate in most of the Everglades Challenge boats. Tides through these channels, especially with the wind pushing the tide, make passage almost impossible. Good vertical light makes finding one's way easier, and there are no lighted markers to aid a nighttime passage.

As I entered Tin Can channel on a close reach, I noticed the GPS speedometer move up to 7 knots, I had caught the tide! The first leg was over quickly. Each marker post was topped by an Osprey, and they each peeled off as I sped by. Halfway through, Tin Can took a 90 degree turn, bearing southeast, right into the teeth of the wind. As I made the turn, progress stopped.

For a frustrating two hours I alternately tried to row against the current and to tack in the narrow, shallow channel. My only bad words during the whole trip were said here. Two hours for one mile sure screws the velocity made good! But I finally made the turn and close reached for the open water in the bay before Dump Keys.

The Dump Keys and the bays on either side went fast. As I made the turn for the Twisted Mile channel around the end of End Key, I realized that Twisted Mile would be straight into the wind. Remembering the effort in Tin Can, I decided to abandon my plan and take the channel on the map that led south toward the bay to the east of the Buttonwood Keys.

Soon I saw a row of sticks in the water and heeled over, close hauled for the channel. Soon after I reached hull speed the leeboard and rudder dug in and I ground to a halt. The sticks I saw were planted mangroves. I got out the binoculars, but I could not find the channel. I decided to get out and drag the boat across the shallows.

For about a half mile, I alternately sank into the marl and walked on bottom vegetation, dragging the boat with rudder and leeboards up. Twice I had to stop and dig out my sandals from the gooey, gray, calcareous marl. Several other times I had to grab onto the bow of the boat to keep from sinking above my knees. Then, thankfully, the bottom dropped away and I hopped aboard and began to sail again.

The channel just north of Calusa Key was easy to find, and I sped due east across the bay toward Jimmie Channel. The wind was now about 15 knots from the southeast and I could easily sail east or south. The sun was racing toward the horizon to my stern. In the light of a spectacular sunset, with a hot pink sky with orange clouds, I turned into the mouth of the Jimmie Channel heeled hard over. The water was the beautiful aqua color you see on the Patagonia flats fly fishing ads.

The wind and tidal current were against me. The opening markers for the Jimmie Channel stood still as the water rushed past. I was going nowhere! The GPS said that the finish was just over 10 statute miles east. I could taste the end. This channel and the one more by the Manatee Keys and I was home free!

I jumped out of the boat and sprinted across the flats with the Sea Pearl in tow. Darkness fell swiftly as I jumped back aboard and searched for the opening of the Manatee Key Channel. I was getting a little frantic now, I needed to eat and put on warm clothes. With the sun below the horizon, darkness came swiftly, as did the evening chill. I threw out the anchor and made myself go through my night preparation, including having something to eat and stocking the cockpit with water and snacks for the night. The wind held strong from the southeast and the Manatee Channel still could not be found.

Balancing my excitement and fatigue, I took out my flashlight, the chart, and the GPS. After figuring out exactly where I was, I plotted tacks to the south and east to skirt a couple of shoals and get to the Intracoastal Waterway. I would sail on each tack until I reached a predetermined latitude or longitude, then tack. I set up the running lights because I would encounter other boats on the Intracoastal, and I turned on the VHF for the same reason. I was off again with a new plan, well fed, warm, and confident.

About 10 PM I reached the Intracoastal with all its lights and took off north and east for the finish beach. I sailed onto the finish beach just after midnight Thursday night. As I threw out the anchor and stepped off the boat, Crazy Russian handed me a beer and I was cheered by Greybeard, Chef Ramen, and Matt.

I was elated. Five days, 17 hours, and 30 minutes, 11th overall, and 6th in Class 4 (4th solo Class 4 boat). I had been on the boat almost every moment since Placida almost four days ago. I couldn't walk too well, even before the beer, but I was elated. All my wonderful friends and competitors put up with my

tales for over an hour while I unwound. Then a hot shower and blessed sleep.

I had come a long way from last place at Checkpoint 1. There were times when I wondered if the wind would allow me to finish before the Sunday noon deadline. I was happy. The next two days were spent on the beach at the campground, making new friends as each competitor came in. Listening to all the wonderful stories as, one after another, all the boats still on the course finished and went through the same decompression process. We all admired Matt's winning rig and asked him a thousand questions.

All sorts of people in all sorts of boats. All sorts of solutions to the challenges of an ideal expedition craft. We reflected on what

we had learned and speculated on what our solution would be next year with all this newfound knowledge. What wonderful people! What wonderful fun! Thanks to Chief, Sandy, Denise, Russell, and the other volunteers who made this event happen!

Reflections: All boat design is a compromise. Boats that turn well will not track as well in a straight line. The fastest boats will not carry a heavy load or be as stable. The best rowing boat will not be the best sailing boat. All Everglades Challenge boats are solutions to the problem: How do I safely and swiftly complete the Everglades Challenge in all sorts of different weather conditions? This year was good for sailing boats and there were no strong fronts to drive anybody ashore. My

boat was a very good sailor, but to do better, I will have to be able to move the boat in still air. The first try will be a yuloh like Matt's.

This is the finest collection of people I have encountered. I guess that the race is quite a filter itself. It takes a special kind of person to spend all the hours in planning and training and to have the tenacity to see the project through to a finish. These folks are problem solvers, they focus on the solution instead of the problem.

We are blessed to have Chief, his wife, Sandy, race manager Sand Dollar, and volunteers There and Back Again, Kon Tiki, Harold Waller (CP 1), Skip Peerless, all the other folks who made this happen. They are all volunteers. Only in America!

Just as we raised our cups in a toast to our good fortune, the storm struck in all its fury. The four of us scurried below, descending in a hasty single file to a warm, dry cabin as the hail bounced off our heads and pelted the deck and cabin top. Another couple had tied up with us at the Coast Guard buoy and come aboard with me and my beautiful German mate, Marie Luise.

"Wow!" we all echoed in unison as we brushed ourselves off and sat around the table. "This seems more like December than July," exclaimed Marie as she picked the coffeepot off the cabin sole and began the coffee making ritual. The hail didn't last long but the winds, from all directions, were asserting themselves. We would occasionally bob our heads out of the cabin just to experience the horizontal rain biting into our faces, necessitating the use of a towel to dry off.

Fortunately, we had followed the advice of the friendly fishermen: "Ye best sail futha out 'n pick up the Coast God moorin' buoy!" Good advice, which we heeded.

The fishermen had shown us a great deal of hospitality the few days we had been here in Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod. Their friendliness was for a couple of reasons, we rationalized, the main one being that our vintage wooden 23' gaff rigged cutter was not unlike their own rugged fishing boats. Also, the fact that we had sailed up from New York City with my two teenage sons under all sorts of weather and sea conditions in this small, salty craft portrayed us quite favorably in their eyes. Besides that, Marie was very appealing and had been awarded a string of delicious mackerel the day before.

Years later, when I asked my son Jim if he ever thought about our boat trip, he responded, "Yeah, that's when Micky and I were your slaves for a couple of weeks," a typical teenage reflection. Leaky wooden gaff riggers can give one that feeling sometimes. However, I'm quite certain they enjoyed the entire experience and they were capable and enthusiastic crew members. The day before the storm I had put them on a bus to head back to the Midwest.

Patina, as we called our boat, was my first of seven oceangoing sailboats. Obviously I became a real addict over the years. Her quadrangle mainsail of Egyptian cotton extended from amidship 15' astern and 3' past

Once Upon a Tub or Landlubbers at the Mercy of the Sea

By Lloyd J. Gallegos

the boom gallows. A jib and staysail flew from her stubby bowsprit, accenting her silhouette under sail. The cabin was comfortable, though Spartan, with two bunks, a galley, and the all important head. My sons slept in the spacious cockpit under a tentlike canopy on foam cushions.

Marie kept everything tidy, citing genetic influences from her Swiss grandmother, but I knew she had plenty of her own. Tidiness has never been one of my virtues. She was also no slouch at the helm or even the anchor. Like the boat, she was exceptional in many ways. Getting back to the boat, her engine, or "iron jib," was rather large for the boat but did a good job, especially when functioning. Our sails were more dependable.

I had brought her back from the grave the summer before and we were familiar with every inch of her wooden hull. Every seam and fastening had been hand done with love, tempered by back bending work. In short, a classic Herreshoff cutter restored, she had weathered many storms and seas.

Erratic waves broke over the cabin as we drank our coffee, ate popcorn, and played poker below. We joked and talked about how lucky we were. Then our laughter was interrupted by a loud crack, bringing me up on deck in a flash despite the pelting rain. On one of the boat's upward plunges the bowsprit had jumped over the mooring line and the buoy had uprighted after being lifted almost horizontal following an unusually strong gust of wind and the pull of our boat. The bowsprit had parted and was being bounced around, dangling after the boat's downward plunge.

Finally the winds and waves subsided, after about two hours relative calm replaced chaos, and we began planning the next phase of our recovery. We separated from our fellow sailors and waved goodbye again as we

rowed past them on our way ashore, bailing out the dinghy en route.

Replacing the bowsprit was essential, we couldn't leave port without it. Just a short distance away we found a lumberyard and purchased a rough piece of oak, 3" thick by 5' long. I fashioned it by hand to a shape similar to the damaged one. After all the fittings were transferred it was as good as the old one, if not better. About five hours and much sweat later, the bowsprit was reattached and ready for the next leg of our journey.

We learned later that the *Hindu*, a 65' charter sailboat, had also lost her bowsprit in a joust with the dock and was laid up for three weeks at the cost of \$5,000. Our cost was \$5. The same storm sank a 65' Coast Guard rescue vessel, and numerous other sea craft were broached, beached, damaged, and destroyed.

After getting *Patina* shipshape again, bidding our fishermen friends goodbye and thanks, and silently thanking the gods for sparing us any real hardships or disasters, we set off with a brisk tail wind, hope, and a nonfunctioning engine for New York. This and other experiences had a toning effect on us for greater things about to transpire down the road.

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First thing, I better tell you that the boat went to Lake Norman and got wet but not in the lake itself. Lake Norman is another one of those pitiful situations that happen all over this country to any body of water unfortunate enough to be close to a big city. The real estate and taxes go up and pretty soon there is nobody around who isn't too craven to have any logic left. The houses on the edges of the lake just get bigger and bigger and so do the boats until the poor place is just plain ruined for anybody but a damned fool.

Lake Norman is advertised as being only 20 minutes (at 2:00 on Sunday morning in a Porsche equipped with a gear driven supercharger and police cooperation) from Charlotte, North Carolina, which is such a metropolis that it has what looks like a duplicate of the Empire State Building looming in the distance. Some of the people who live in the little town of Cornelius right on the lake have seen the handwriting on the wall and decided to try to influence the populace into some small boat sanity by promoting a little festival they call "Canoe Cornelius." I am afraid they are too late.

Though we never actually saw any of the ordinary boats of the place, I imagine it is sort of like Lake Lanier up by Atlanta, where the whole lake is so crazily rough from big boat wakes that it is not small craft country. I read in the cursed *Boat and Motor Dealer* magazine I get free because I am a "manufacturer" that the local boat dealers don't recommend anything less than 28' for such lakes as that. Bad gets worse, don't it?

Which, I'll spare you all I can, but I have to tell you a little. Jane and I drove all that way. You know, such as that is not in my nature but I wanted to help out with the down sizing project, and besides, they wanted to try to start a chapter of the TSCA (Traditional Small Craft Association) which would have been a hell of a coup in that place, and I love to get to participate in a hell of a coup, so we loaded the felucca on top of the one of the twin junk Mercedes with the best tires and hit the road.

My oldest son loves to camp in the mountains up there but I did not ask his advice about the best way to go because I know exactly what he would say: "Put that old wayout sombitch on the Interstate and see if it can remember its youth." He has a fairly (early '90s) late model big Ford sedan like the State Patrol drives, and he is able to withdraw from reality for long enough to drive like a bat out of hell for all day and half the night just to get where he wants to go. I can't do that. I hate to dodge trucks and suicidal automotive terrorists. He'll drive right through Atlanta without a second thought. I wouldn't go to Atlanta if Ted Turner wanted to give me half interest in the Braves.

The last time I was on the Interstate, I was passed by a fartface with his cap on backwards driving a primer style Camaro at least 150 mph, eating a hamburger as big as boat trailer wheel, talking on the phone, and beating on the steering wheel with both hands in time to the jam. Phooey on that. I hit the first off ramp and ain't been back since.

We went on little roads all the way. It was pleasant at first. We noticed that farming is certainly on the decline around the South. There were a few fields already planted, but most of them hadn't even been harrowed from last year or the year before that. Old farm-

The Felucca At Lake Norman

By Robb White

steads were vacant all over the place. There were tractors for sale everywhere and cheap, too. I wish I could have seen what I saw back when I was trying to farm a little. It is pitiful how cheap you can buy somebody's old pride and joy.

Just for an instance, I saw a brand new looking 1050 John Deere and had to stop. It had the original muffler and seat covers, both brand new looking. I believe the tires were original, 85% or better. \$4,500. I guess a man can't make a living with any 50hp tractor anymore. We didn't see any corn coming up. There were some fields of small grains but they were always in connection with some cows. I guess all the small farmers have gotten rich and gone up there to Lake Norman and built a million dollar house with a dock for their damned 500hp cheapjunk Bayliner.

It was interesting to watch the retreat of spring as we drove north. Old reliable indicators said that it was about a month for every 500 miles. Lake Norman is not at too high an altitude or it would have been earlier up there. As it was, they were just about to corn planting time (that's when oak leaves are as big as a squirrel's ear) while we are past the pollen stage of both pines and oaks and the corn would be almost knee high if such a thing was a profitable crop anymore. Tobacco plants are already set out down here. Funny how some government programs supercede others, ain't it?

All the way through South Carolina was about like east Georgia, rural abandonment and very few cars on the road. I don't know where all that trash comes from. On the morning of the second day we crossed into North Carolina and skirted way around the outside of Charlotte, but the traffic picked up pretty bad anyway. Trucks were all over the place. What the hell happened to railroad transportation of heavy, cheap raw materials like limerock and pulpwood? I don't see how they can afford to haul cheap freight like that on \$1.75 diesel fuel. Must be some kind of scam like a tax dodge. I am looking forward to \$6.00 gas. That might drive them into another kind of scam and get them off the road. Which, I tell you what, there are some tore up roads in both the Carolinas.

The closer we got to Lake Norman, the worse the traffic got and I thought it had peaked on the road between Charlotte and the lake, but I was wrong. In and between the little towns of the lake, the roads and parking places are absolutely full all the time. The only way a new car can come in is when somebody else leaves to go back to Charlotte. The Interstate runs right along beside the run of the towns and even across a good-sized arm of the lake, and it is just as full as the towns. Both oncoming and off going ramps at every intersection are backed up as far as the eye can see.

The growth rate of the place so far exceeds the capacity of the roads that a lot of stop lights do not have a left turn signal and we quickly learned not to get trapped (possibly forever) while we searched for the vari-

ous places where we had to go. We did notice a few good things though. Most of the drivers were very polite and would let you in if they could, but usually they couldn't. Another good thing was that most of the cars were actually cars. There were a lot of BMWs and Mercedes and Jaguars, Porsches and Acuras and Infinitis, but very few huge SUVs lumbering around on the little roads.

We noticed that the ones we did see had some pretty good notches in their enormous aluminum rims from running over the curbs of those little narrow streets. I guess the people who drive them to the lake just have to drive around until their turn to leave because you certainly couldn't find a place to park such a behemoth. We only saw one of those ridiculous, double wide, military looking things that are supposed to look like one of the spraddle legged, new style Army Jeeps like they have over there running around all over the desert looking for Osama and Saddam, and it was parked halfway into a flower bed in front of a three story Victoria's Secret store in this big, brand new, Charles Dickens city looking shopping center. I guess the woman who was driving the damned thing was up in there shopping for a little something in camouflage. I wanted to stop and see how the project turned out, but the traffic wouldn't let me.

I am afraid I might have jinxed those worthy people at the canoe festival. As soon as we got the felucca unloaded at this real nice little park in the yard of the Cornelius YMCA right on the lake, it began to look bad. They had a fishing tournament going to show that a person did not need three 300hp and 5,000 pounds of metal flakes to catch a fish, and folks were paddling away from the starting place with their fishing poles when it began a cold spring drizzle. It was early and most of the participants in the event were still setting up. It looked like a regular cold front was coming through and it looked like it was coming on like traffic problems do not exist up in the atmosphere. By the time the fishermen were out of the cove, it began to rain like hell.

Jane and I ran for the little covered grandstand where I was supposed to stammer my little speech. I felt some pretty hard raindrops hit me on the head and I think I heard hail on the roof of the place. As soon as we got under there, the wind picked up to about a whippy gust 45 and the lawmen tore out of the little cove in a big motor boat to save the canoe fishermen. Of course, the little cove was so sheltered that the only waves in there were those generated by the police boat.

The police were not successful in rounding up the fishermen. Some of them came back all by themselves as the cold rain set in to stay, but most didn't. You know that's sort of how it is with fishermen. A lot of them don't mind a little hardship. They'll go out when it is so bad that most sportsmen will sit home and watch nature on the Discovery Channel.

Anyway, to make a long story short, that fishing tournament was the only success the poor "Canoe Cornelius" festival had. Despite attempts at interference by the police, they caught a lot of very nice fish. You know fish don't give a damn about turmoil in the atmosphere or foolishness on the bank.

The event was very well organized and much careful preparation went for naught. We

left as soon as my speech time was up and, despite the fact that they had shuttle busses running (absolutely empty) continuously all morning long, we only saw two non fishermen, non exhibitors in attendance. Guess what? They came to hear my little speech.

I had it all prepared, too. I was going to lay it on so thick that every canoe store within 200 miles would be sold out in 24 hours. Jane and I and that man and his wife stood under the little pavilion and talked for about an hour. I did not make my speech about the wonders of little boats because the man was an old professional boatbuilder from way back, hydroplane builder among other things. He was also a machinist and we talked about that a little bit, but mostly we talked about the wretched state of mankind.

We decided that things had progressed in an entirely different direction from the overpopulation fears of the '60s, '70s, and '80s when people first began to realize there was such a thing as overpopulation. Back then we thought that the alarming birth rate among the indigent was the dangerous thing. Now, we agreed, it is not the poor folks who are overrunning the country, but quite the opposite. It is the yuppies that are breeding out of control. It is as if an empty place in a minivan or a daycare center is not acceptable.

We decided it was like the baseball movie *Field of Dreams* where they said, "If you build it, they will come." That's that brand new shopping center with the three story Victoria's Secret store. They need a three story Trojan store.

We loaded up in the driving rain. It was raining so hard that we could barely see the stern of the life sized inflated *Titanic* looming vacantly in the parking lot. The only thing louder than the rain was the truck traffic on the Interstate.

Did I get in line at the on ramp and put the pedal to the metal? Hell no. We made our condolences and wiggled our way through the traffic and out the back way around Charlotte and down to old US 1 and headed south like the Yankees used to do before there was any need for such as I95. The traffic thinned down to zero pretty quick. Down in South Carolina we hit old US 319 and eased on down without making another turn. You know my shop is on 319.

Traveling tips: From one who does not like to travel? Oh well, there are a few little things that wouldn't fit in the body of this thing. First, only eat at Greek restaurants. All those other people want to feed you junk food. Make sure that there is a bona fide Greek in charge of the place and don't get fooled by any Italians or Pakistanis.

Pakistani motels are alright but don't get a left-handed (well, actually right-handed) room. You know when you walk in the door, the bed is supposed to be on the left and the bathroom is, too. In the middle of the night (who in hell decides how to hide the light switch on all bedside table lamps in the whole world) it is easy to get confused and walk out the wrong door without your little get back in card and might make a spectacle of yourself trying to beat and holler loud enough so

your wife can hear you over the roar of the air conditioner.

I have to get back to the food situation one more time and then I'll let you escape this misery. You know people are sort of like otters and like to use the bathroom in the same place over and over again. It is unnatural to be separated from that old home spot, so you need to take extra precautions in your nutrition. You can't count on a Greek place at every stop. I recommend a grocery store. Spring for some of them European style seedless cucumbers that come wrapped in plastic. Gnaw the plastic off and wash the cucumbers in the motel room and eat them in the car. If you see some particularly offensive driver, you can wave your cucumber out the window at him (or her), but watch that you don't want to get obligated for something you can't handle.

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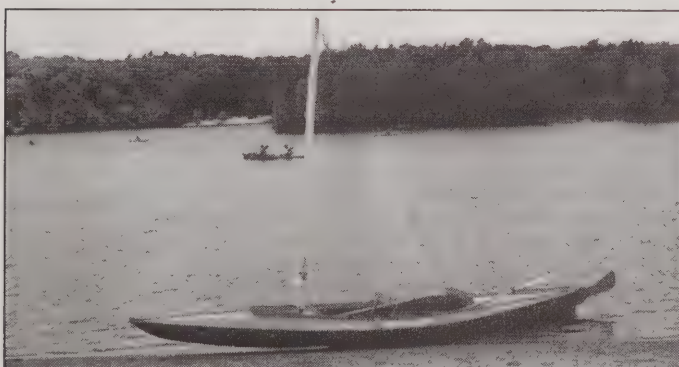
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For decades I had fancied myself as a salty big boat man. Happily I braved long wet passages to Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Brazil. Too often, even on summer vacation charters with daylight fading along with my wife Flo's dreams of an early dinner at anchor, she would ask, "Where is 'there', anyway?" Now, early in the 1990s, I stood poised at the town landing in Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York, to test the unaccustomed virtues of small scale cruising in thin water aboard the first sailboat I have ever owned, an engineless, bunkless, bilgeless, flat-bottomed "aquatic backpacker" of a 19.5 footer called a Dovekie and newly christened *Mudhen*.

The initial task facing me was to get this quirky vessel from trailer to water. My nephew Matthew, a seasoned ocean sailor but almost as new as I to boat ramp launch techniques, gave hand signals as I drove in reverse, trying sometimes vainly to keep both car and boat headed in the general direction of the Hudson. You don't even have to get the trailer's tires wet, the instructions had purred. But soon, with the car's wheels hub deep in water and the trailer all but fully immersed, three of us were still struggling to dislodge the Hen from her roost. Finally, grudgingly, she slid into the river, at last ready to set forth into Cornwall Bay behind the stiff northwester puffing down from the surrounding highlands.

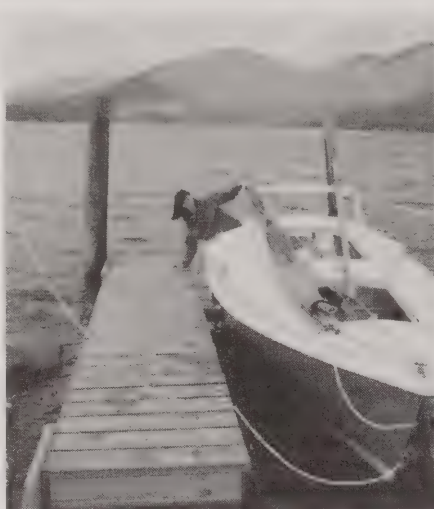
Now came stepping the mast, a task that the chatty manual provided by Edey & Duff of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, the funky company that builds these little boats, concedes is the hardest Dovekie challenge of all. Following instructions, we freed all surrounding impediments, moved the wooden mast and the already attached single tanbark sail to the on deck stepping position, and began to tighten the forestay which, with help from two shrouds, holds the rig in place when it is fully up. The problem is getting it from the near horizontal to the vertical, with everything loose and wind and waves working against a smooth ascent. From the recommended position at the forward end of the cockpit I tried inching the lurching spar upward in increments with one hand hauling on the forestay line and the rest of my body trying to control the mast. "Dad, don't put it on your head," yelled daughter Leslie, then 26, an eager sailor but also a Dovekie novice.

Working together, all three of us managed at last to complete the hoist, lower the twin daggerboards that give *Mudhen* most of her stability, row her out into the river by means of 10' sweeps that extend like those of a Roman galley through openings in the topsides, tie a reef into the loose footed lateen sail, and commence our maiden voyage. Once underway the boat seemed surprisingly sure footed and stable, not heeling alarmingly even in strong gusts in spite of her unusual under-water shape. A bit sluggish to windward, she flew on reaches and runs and, after a couple of pleasant hours, yielded gracefully to our clumsy efforts to depower her and haul her back onto the trailer.

Rudder and leeboards up and small bow centerboard down, *Mudhen* can actually make good progress to windward in 6" of water. It was this eccentric cruising capability that most attracted me to the Dovekie, a Phil Bolger design now to be found throughout the United States and in a number of foreign countries as well. I live near shoal water, not

Learning to Love Thin Water

By Roger D. Stone



only the Hudson estuary's many crannies but also the very shallow Chesapeake, a tantalizingly short drive from my home in Washington, D.C. I was also studying environmental change in three towns on Long Island's North Shore, Stony Brook, Setauket, and Old Field. As part of my research I badly wanted to get a long closeup look at this region's abundance of small creeks and harbors, salt marshes, and low tide mudflats.

After several further shakedown outings on the Hudson during which I discovered the delights of "oar sailing," the Dovekie equivalent of motor sailing in light breezes, I hitched up the *Mudhen* and hauled her to Long Island to embark on a week long solo cruise. In Port Jefferson I loaded a big red Igloo with ice, beverages, and food, primed the porta potti with water and chemicals, and packed aboard an assortment of other mini cruising paraphernalia, a self-inflating Thermarest air mattress and light warm weather sleeping bag, cushions, a battery powered radio, extra butane canisters for two different single burner camping stoves, a twin mantle Coleman lantern and several flashlights, a range of clothing from foul weather gear and boots to the t-shirts and bathing suit I expected to need most in the often muggy Long Island summer weather, a portable cellular telephone, a generous supply of Ziploc bags and other means of keeping things dry in tight quarters.

"You'll find that you won't rely on charts much," Edey & Duff's Bill Haberer had advised. But I could not break myself of an old habit and loaded aboard a generous supply.

"Is that homemade?" asked a bystander (there are always kibitzers at boat ramps, I had learned) as I executed a fairly snappy singlehanded launch.

"No, just different," I replied through clenched teeth, already becoming a defender of the plucky little craft. Then, in clear coolish weather I sailed out through a substantial fleet of moored cruising yachts to the popular anchorage inside the sandspit of Old Field Beach and dropped my small Bruce hook in 3' of water near a marshy shore. A mute swan swam up and grunted as I made the boat ready

for evening. Up came two canopies, including the ingenious "back porch" that forms a bimini over the after end of the cockpit. From this you can suspend zip-on side curtains that open up to circulate air through fine mesh netting that keeps mosquitoes and even gnats at bay.

Snug within this cocoon, I first experienced the constraints of living aboard a Dovekie, whose cockpit sole doubles as the cabin floor. Matthew's four-year-old son Caleb had taken one look and asked, "Where's the below?" Now I stationed myself in the forward section of the cockpit, which offers full headroom for a normal sized adult when kneeling, and in this position cooked burgers and canned spaghetti on my twin stoves and fixed a salad to put on the side (the thwart on which you sit to row doubles as a cutting board). Common and roseate terns screamed and dove. At sunset it already seemed like a real cruise, although my day's run had been barely two miles.

A day and a half later, after pausing to do chores ashore, I reboarded the Hen under graying weather for the eight mile "passage" from Port Jefferson around Old Field Point and Crane Neck and up to the head of Stony Brook Harbor. Forward progress came to a standstill at the tight harbor entrance where the tidal current can run as fast as five knots. For an hour I patiently tacked back and forth against a light southwesterly as well as the last of the ebb. Glad that I could haul up the boards and use the shoals as well as the narrow channel to make headway, I still got a longer look than planned at the wide low tide bar adjoining West Meadow Beach. The flood at last began, and WHOOSH, suddenly I was in and making rapid headway along Porpoise Channel.

In the landlocked bowl of Stony Brook Harbor, so shallow that water skiing is banned for reasons of safety and boardsailors and oarspeople predominate, wildlife has withstood the general spread of pollution in the region. The black crowned night heron still thrives, the snowy egret population is fast growing, and despite the partial closure of traditional shellfish grounds, the locals still catch and eat untainted oysters. I detoured to the harbor's north end where I had lived as a teenager. Young people were grouped on a dock that I had used. Passing me as he headed toward this landing, a boardsailor gave me a yachty wave, as if we had been far out at sea.

Against a rising breeze and under gray skies I tacked southward to the harbor's head and tucked in for the night, again close to the marsh's edge. The following day, after a morning of steady hard rain, I took advantage of a midday lull and a favoring tide to oar sail back out of the harbor. Gnats were biting and so were small "cocktail" bluefish that sent their prey leaping skyward as they marauded in glassy calm water. Dark clouds loomed and distant thunder rumbled as I rounded out of the harbor with only a couple of miles between me and my next destination, the ecologically pristine micro estuary called Flax Pond lying just around Crane Neck. It would be nip and tuck as to whether I could outrun the squall, I calculated, now rowing with some urgency to get seaward of the rock strewn point. But with less than half a mile between me and open water the sky blackened fast. I furled the sail, closed the

oarports, and braced for a bare pole run that I hoped would carry me past the danger.

But the fierce squall hit from directly abeam with 35 knots of wind and plenty of rain. It sent the *Mudhen* scudding sideways, heeled hard over, and headed right for the boulders. No way to reset the sail without risking a dismasting or a fall overboard, all I could do was sit by the tiller, now wet and cold, sculling furiously with a single oar to generate forward as well as sideways motion. I cleared the first set of rocks by a few hundred yards but was crabbing directly toward the outermost group when good fortune intervened.

A sudden wind shift toward the south jarred the sail partially free from its shock cord furl. Streaming forward, it made a little bell between the mast and the starboard shroud, and this provided just enough of a lift to propel the boat quickly out into open water. Moments later the storm gave way to sunlight and a gentle breeze. Soon, having dismounted to drag the *Hen* through heavy current at the tight entryway to Flax, I was inside, home and dry and at peace with myriad shorebirds of a dozen species. Black bellied plovers and ruddy turnstones, already on their southbound migration at midsummer, fed on the exposed mudflats.

This close call was not the end of my bad luck. On another blustery afternoon, footing well against the afternoon southwester with a flood tide kicking up 5' waves, I was feeling euphoric about the *Hen's* stalwart progress. Then the half hitches on the line attaching the windward shroud to the deck mounted chainplate worked fully loose and suddenly I found myself dismasted with the entire rig, mast, spirit (or boom), and sail streaming to leeward in the water. I dragged the soggy mass back aboard, reattached the wayward shroud, then attempted to raise the mast and its wet, heavy sail. In the puffy wind and choppy water I failed repeatedly. Weary and black and blue after some 20 tries, I at last succumbed to the indignity of a tow into calmer water where I succeeded on the first try and sailed off.

"Don't be embarrassed," said my rescuer, Ray Dugan of Selden, New York, "everybody needs help sometime." The week passed in kaleidoscopic successions of rainstorms, clear and crisp, hot and muggy, windy and calm. In the Nissequogue River I anchored among herons in 6' of water. "That's quite a contraption," said an admiring kid who paddled by in a red plastic kayak. As I rowed out of the river I watched a fisherman toss his lure into a seething mass of bluefish and heave out a five pounder on his first cast.

I paid a second visit to Flax Pond, this time making it into the snug anchorage and snapping shut the last canopy fastenings just moments before a second vicious squall hit. This bad weather lasted all night, producing power outages along the Connecticut shore and hailstones in Bridgeport. All was secure aboard *Mudhen*, though, and overnight the bad weather gave way to sparkling clarity. During my cruise I mastered the art of crawling about the boat's interior, occasionally craving kneepads but feeling very Japanese, and learned much more about adjusting to life aboard a floating tent.

Later in the season, Flo and I ventured further east on Long Island to undertake a three day circumnavigation of Shelter Island. Once again, this outing offered a bit of everything, including even a variation on the classic sailor's quip about the power boater abruptly materializing out of a thick fog and asking the way to Block Island. In my case, I was enjoying the luxury of a lee bow tide that late one afternoon was carrying me with satisfying speed toward my anchorage. A twin outboard roared up, throttled back to a sudden stop and, no kidding, the driver asked, "Which way to Sag Harbor?" I hastily checked the chart and, I later realized with chagrin, sent him gunning off in the wrong direction.

On my final day I oar sailed *Mudhen* through thick fog up the narrow channel between Shelter Island and Greenport on Long Island's North Fork. The ferry passed close aboard and one of its passengers peered across at me and slowly shook his head. I felt a surge of resentment. As I reached the haulout ramp and began to pack the *Hen* in for a stretch, I found myself contemplating new shallow water adventures, beckoning rivers from the Damariscotta on the Maine coast to the Chesapeake's Chester and Rappahannock, mini archipelagos (Merchant's Row in Maine,

the little frequented barrier islands of Virginia's eastern shore), the Florida Keys, maybe the Bahamas one day.

Never, maybe, would I fully kick the deepwater habit. But I had come to appreciate a new and sporty dimension of the sailing experience, one that offers the variety and challenge of big boat sailing without all that gear to maintain and with the splendid alternatives of being able to navigate to windward by road at 55 miles per hour or under sail by sea in thin water.

So hooked had I become that, even though circumstances later compelled me to relinquish the *Hen*, the principle stuck. I am now the proud skipper of a Carl Alberg designed 19'6" Bristol Corinthian built in 1967 and solid as a rock. With most welcome help from *Messing About in Boats*, which had run my ad, Randy and Carol Wright donated the *Late for Supper* to my nonprofit Sustainable Development Institute. Currently she rides to a mooring in Sotterley Creek, off the Patuxent River in southern Maryland. She's a platform for research I'm currently doing on a book about the rich natural resources in this wonderful tidewater region and the hazards of random development. Soon I'll set forth on a solo cruise around Point Lookout and up into the lower Potomac and its many tributaries. My only regret, the *Late for Supper* draws an excessive 2'9".



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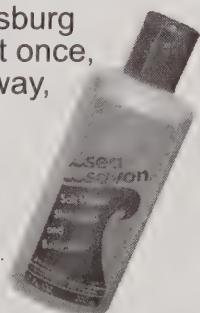
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I am looking for help identifying the builder of my restored late 1800s rowboat. Years of on and off labor have finally been completed and the last task is to complete her history and documentation. Much is known about *Sunbeam's* history, but identifying her builder has yet to be achieved. We have scoured her from bow to stern and found no obvious markings that tell who fathered her. One key to this builder may well be in what is known as her signature board.

In 1977 I purchased this antique rowboat in very poor condition. It apparently sat out in the weather for years. The oarlocks were missing, as was the front thwart. After much work over several years it began to look really good. The workmanship of the builder was great and I became obsessed with finding who he was. The boat was built in approximately 1900. I am pretty well convinced it was not made by a boat building company, but rather a one-man shop or custom builder.

Over the years I have located three probable areas the builder may have lived in, based on the original owner, who was Russell Hillard Loines (RHL). RHL was born in 1874 in Brooklyn, New York. His father, a wealthy marine insurance executive, belonged to the NYC Yacht Club and maintained a 56' sloop, *Swannanoa*. The family was very interested in boating. In 1898 Stephen Loines purchased a large parcel of land in Bolton Landing, New York, on Lake George. That became the family summer residence.

RHL was accepted at Harvard in 1894 and in 1895 enrolled in Harvard Law School. During the four years he attended law school, he was a member of the Weld Rowing Club. I am not sure if he participated in crew racing activities or was just a recreational rower. The

My Rowboat *Sunbeam*

By George Reger



Charles River borders Harvard and was a very popular place for rowing at the time RHL was a student. It is very possible that RHL purchased *Sunbeam* at that time. There were many small boat builders in the area, some did not label their crafts but used a small unique feature on all of their boats (see signature board below).

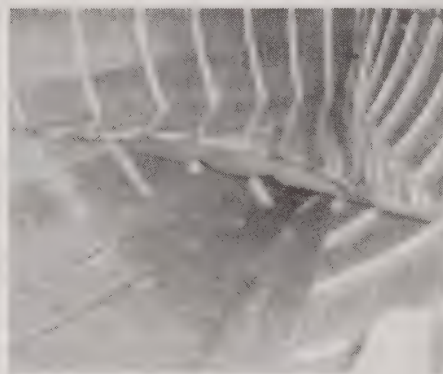
Sunbeam has several characteristics that would be similar to other boats from that the area, i.e., the oarlock and profile that are similar to a Charles River type.

The second area that could have produced the boat is New York City. There were many small builders in the area in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Obviously the boat could have been purchased in New York and shipped to Boston. That same signature board may provide possible identification. The third area that could have produced *Sunbeam* is the area south of the St. Lawrence River from Plattsburg, New York, to Montreal, Quebec. It is my understanding there were Native American craftsmen who made high quality small boats in that area. The area is about 150 miles north of the

family summer estate located on Lake George. The former caretaker advised me several years ago that RHL's aunt told him that the *Sunbeam* came from Canada. I've written or visited several Native American museums, but have not found any clues.

During a visit I made to a Nova Scotia marine museum, a staff member who lived in the area before moving to Nova Scotia felt the pictures I showed her indicated that the boat showed Native American craftsmanship and artistic use of wood. I have not been able to contact any small boat historians in that area.

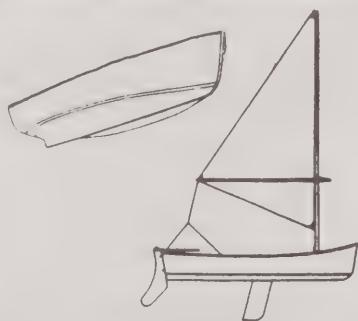
The Signature Board: In years past many craftsmen apparently chose to be anonymous rather than attach a label or burn their name into the boat. This was common with furniture makers as well as other craftsmen. They did, however, use a subtle mark or have a feature that was used on every boat or product that they built.



I think that *Sunbeam* does have a signature of that type. The horizontal piece of red cedar that supports the bow and stern seats is shaped in a way that does not conform with the rest of the boat's construction. A picture of the support shows that its location almost conceals it from view, so why make it so fancy? If you have ever seen a seat support like this one in *Sunbeam*, even if on another type of boat, Please let me know. *Sunbeam* was purchased from the estate by the person from whom I purchased the boat.

George Reger, P.O.Box 36, Kattskill Bay, NY 12844, (518) 656-9919, <g.reger@worldnet.att.net>

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Sunbeam

A double ended wooden rowboat circa 1900

Hull: 16'7"

Overall length: 16'4" stem top to stern top due to reverse rake

Beam: 43" at midsection, including rub rails

Depth: 13" at midsection (inside)

Planks: Full length 1/4" yellow cedar planks 3" to 3-1/2" wide at midsection, carvel method used

Ribs: 3/8" white with 2 copper rivets each on 5-3/8" centers

Keel: 1-1/4" white oak

Deck: 3/4" red eastern cedar and locust

Floor: 1/4" yellow cedar except center piece is 3/4"

Thwarts: Bow and stern 7/16" red eastern cedar, locust, and white cedar; rowing 1" natural crook red eastern cedar

with red eastern cedar and locust inlays

Inwale: 3/16" x 3/4" walnut or chestnut

Coamings: 1/4" x 1-3/8" walnut or chestnut

Weight 90-95 lbs.

This event has now established itself as a premier gathering of both the earlier craft typical of vintage boating in New Zealand, as well as the more recent designs from the boards of Iain Oughtred, Phil Bolger, John Wellsford, John Gardner, and others, including early examples of two of New Zealand's well-known designers, Pelin and Hartley. These craft were predominantly home built prior to the days of factory production. High quality restoration examples were also featured in the vintage display arena.

This show was held on Lake Roto-iti at an altitude of 2000' at the northern end of the South Island's mountain divide; Nelson is the nearest large centre approximately an hour's drive from the coast. The lake provides easy launching with a good accessible public beach and the benefits and attraction of clear fresh water. It is proving to be a popular venue, with a large grassed area capable of displaying in excess of 100 boats on trailers for public inspection prior to the launching for water activities in the afternoon.

Water activities are intended to supply the public with informative action and include a Drive By of all classes (very difficult to organise), combining both power and sail, close to bedlam but great fun was had by all. This was followed by races; Slow Rowing Boats, Fast Rowing Boats, Poppers (single cylinder, then a two and three cylinder class), followed by Seagull Outboards (Le Mans start), Rowing Two Up, Sailing, Women Only Rowing, Sculling, Canoeing, Kids, Small Fast Racing Boats, Large Fast Racing Boats.

Day two (Sunday) included Saloms, Tug of War, Relays (pass the passenger) from the clinker popper boats. The public was then invited onto the water to ride in and experience these delightful craft in their element. Substantial prizes were donated by sponsors of the Boat Show with the overall winner, *Gothic*, taking away the Jens Hansen Cup and NZ \$1000. The Seresin Estate Vinyard, the major sponsor, made sure its products featured in the prize pool, too. A fabulous

The 4th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show

South Island New Zealand
March 1st 2003

By Ian Walker



barbeque, entry by ticket only, was held in the evening of Day one.

The Antique & Classic Boat Show is also an opportunity to showcase a special group of craft that were the backbone of the early small craft needs of early New Zealand. These are what we call "clinkers" (lapstrake in the U.S.), uniquely constructed boats displayed by a specialist group named the Picton Clinker Association, whose members restore early examples and build new replicas. The powered versions are usually propelled by small air cooled industrial engines such as Briggs & Stratton or vintage marine engines often manufactured in nearby Australia following the second World War.

This very successful show illustrates that the worldwide following and enthusiasm for vintage wooden watercraft is very alive and well in our maritime country. We hope this commentary and photos will provide *MAIB* readers with an idea of how the classic boating enthusiasts' craft in New Zealand compare with their contemporaries in the U.S.



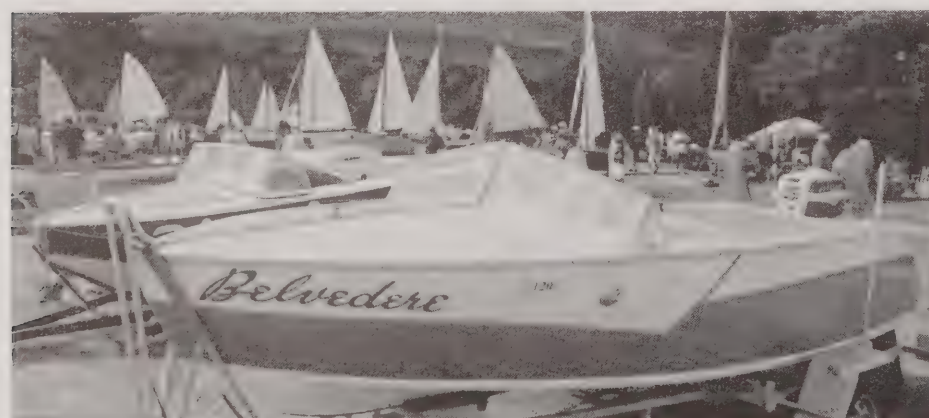
I used my Brick, *Pointless*, as a photo boat, printed up a laminated sign stapled to the boat hook to give me status as *MAIB*'s official rep, also included some words about *MAIB*. Lots of fun!



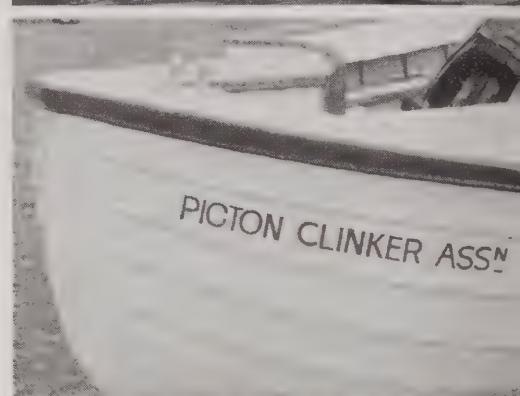
Trailer Sail



Fast Outboards



Picton Clinkers



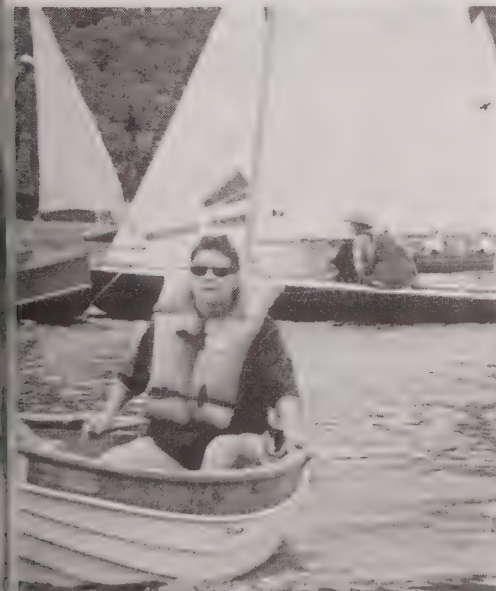
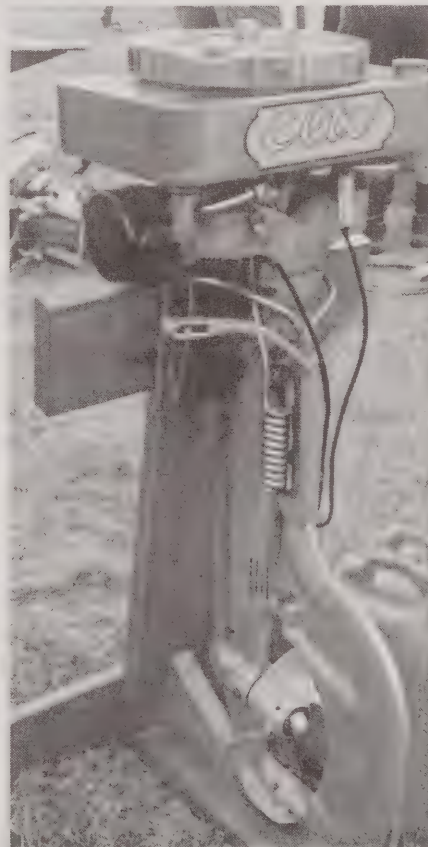
Elegant Steam



Small Sail



Slow Outboards



Even More Prestige

Not since the Exxon Valdez oil spill has so much attention been paid to single-hull tankers, and subjects that are associated even remotely are continuing to affect the shipping world in numerous ways. The actions to date from the sinking of the *Prestige* and the subsequent oil spill off the Spanish and French coasts are too numerous to list, but there has been somewhat more political sanity during the last month. Let's skim the reports:

The European Commission told European shipowners that the EC will play a principal role in challenging the fundamentals of international shipping law. But the EC will negotiate the status of small oil tankers (read bunker barges?) threatened by the accelerated phase-out of single-hull tankers in European Union waters.

ABS stated that it may never be determined why the *Prestige* sank since the physical evidence is at the bottom of the Atlantic, but advanced the possibility that internal damage caused by fenders used in lightering operations coupled with severe wave action might have caused the initial failure. ABS also stated it is "easily deduced that, had the vessel been afforded a safe refuge, protected from wave bending moments and dynamic forces experienced in the open ocean, it would have remained intact and afloat for a sustained period, certainly long enough to lighter off the cargo."

"Places of refuge" has become an accepted concept. EU officials were said to be keen that member governments define this year what constitutes places of refuge for ships in distress. And a Spanish judge summoned three senior officials who denied the *Prestige* a port of refuge.

Nations are trying to protect their shores. Norway may extend its territorial sea limit from four to twelve nautical miles because of increased tanker traffic from Russian oil fields east of the Barents Sea. Israel banned all oil tankers more than 20 years old from the Gulf of Eilat and of 25 years or more in the Mediterranean, and tankers carrying "persistent" oil will not be allowed in Israeli territorial waters. Italy banned single-hull tankers of over 5000dwt and 25 years of age carrying heavy fuels, waste oils, heavy crude oil, bitumen, and tar from entering Italian ports. Spain banned single-hull tankers by royal decree, but apparently such ships were still visiting Spanish ports through January; as one official stated, "The royal decree was a response to social and political pressure and has been shown to be ineffective and difficult to apply."

The Finnish minister of transport and communications demanded that container ships and those carrying oil (presumably including bunker?) be suitable for ice conditions. And a U.S. Congressman introduced a Stop Oil Spills (SOS) bill that would advance the phase-out of single-hulled tankers to 2007, reinstate the tax on imported crude oil, but only on oil carried by single-hulled tankers, and require that single-hulled tankers operating within 100 miles of the U.S. coast must be accompanied by a response vessel.

But double-hull construction is not a perfect answer. Besides increasing the exposure to "super rust," double-hulls have other potential problems. One was realized when a survey revealed that a seven-year-old double-hull tanker had extensive cracking and had it

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

for over a year, that could have allowed an explosive mixture of gas to accumulate in the void spaces between the hulls.

Collisions, Fires, and Pirates

The master of the Antigua-Barbuda-flagged 500' *Arkona Trader* told the U.S. Coast Guard by satellite phone that he knew he had been in close proximity with another vessel but was unaware that he had collided with it. He had. The 100' fishing vessel *Katrina Em* limped into Dutch Harbor, Alaska, with a shattered bow while the freighter continued to Yokohama where the U.S. Coast Guard will meet the master for a chat.

In the Istanbul Strait, the Maltese-flagged *Sea Patron* lost its steering while trying to avoid a collision with another vessel and ended up ramming the bank. Serious damage was done to a floating restaurant and a parked car.

The Panamanian-flagged LPG tanker *Gas Roman*, loaded with 43,300 tonnes of propane, sank its bow deep into the Singaporean-flagged, lumber-loaded *Springbok*, almost cutting the smaller vessel in half just before the bridge. A LOF contract was jointly awarded to the Dutch firm SMIT and Singapore-based Semco Salvage and Marine. They went to work on the two vessels, still afloat and firmly meshed together, while a gas expert kept a wary eye out for leaking gas problems. The plan was to remove the lumber from the *Springbok*, seal off the ruptured hold, and then pull the ships apart. The accident happened about 22 miles from where, less than two months ago, the container ship *ANL Indonesia* sliced the stern off the Singapore patrol boat *Courageous*, killing four of its crew.

In New York Harbor at a fuel storage depot on Staten Island, a 100,000bbl gasoline barge caught fire, possibly due to a just-repaired but still defective pump, and then exploded, sending immediate but short-lived quivers through the world's stock markets and the prices of gold and oil futures. Two barge hands died and another worker was critically burned. One of the dead men had just become a father for the first time some 11 hours before the explosion. The fuel in the barge and the pipeline was allowed to burn out.

A Chinese court sentenced ten Indonesian pirates to 10-15 years in jail for hijacking a Thai tanker in Malaysian waters in 1999. In two days, the vessel was taken into Chinese waters, repainted, and renamed, but the Chinese Coast Guard caught the hijackers as they were selling the cargo of 1,900 tons of Diesel oil. The hijackers were also fined by the court and the Chinese who bought the oil will stand trial later.

Abu Sayyaf rebels in the Philippines were holding seven hostages. They were described as three Indonesian tugboat crewmen and (reports don't agree on this point) four Filipino Christian preachers or four Filipino cosmetic sales ladies.

The Environment

NOAA Fisheries expects the oil industry to pick up any and all marine debris that goes overboard, safety considerations permitting. This decree includes cigarette butts.

Japan will increase fines for oil spills by 50%. And the European Union has proposed imposing criminal sanctions, including jail, for those responsible for an oil spill.

Legalities

The U.S. Customs Service issued 13 "No Load" directives for inadequate cargo description violations of the 24-hour advance notice regulation. This was out of more than 142,000 bills of lading reviewed in the first week of enforcement.

A New Zealand court essentially ruled that the master of the fishing vessel *Bounty* was guilty of operating a vessel in a dangerous way even though he had no appreciation of the danger. He was steering and felt sleepy. He thought about sending for a relief helmsman but fell asleep before he did so. The vessel went aground.

Florida's Canaveral Port Authority was found guilty of violating the Federal Shipping Act of 1984 by granting an exclusive tug franchise. It was fined \$214,500 (from 858 days at \$250 per day) rather than the \$2-5 million fine the Maritime Commission hoped for. The Commission is after 12 other exclusive tug franchises on the Lower Mississippi River.

Washington State assessed a civil penalty of \$67,000 against Evergreen Marine Corp for a 500-gallon spill of oily wastes from the ship *Ever Song* and added a claim for \$10,078 for resource damages, and the feds are pursuing a criminal investigation.

The U.K. convicted the second officer of the chemical tanker *Dutch Aquamarine* of manslaughter for allowing the ship to overtake and strike the freighter *Ash* and thus kill its master.

In an exercise of either cupidity or stupidity, a licensed customs broker in Texas tried to collect \$3,000 from a delinquent client by sending him a fake federal Note of Penalty in the amount of \$1 million. The broker was caught and pled guilty.

Two former executives of Sasebo Heavy Industries received suspended jail sentences for their part in falsely claiming that the company had retrained employees. The Japanese government had paid millions for the supposed work.

Great Lakes

The first extensive ice pack since 1977 should reduce evaporation of lake waters and also help some fish species by letting more eggs survive. Ice was unusually thick this winter on Lake Erie, Lake Huron, the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and the St. Clair River. Lake Erie had ice more than 2' thick and windrows 20' high. Lake Ontario is, in the words of a NOAA physical scientist, "packed" with something more than sheet ice plus chunks 5' thick. The remaining lakes (Michigan, Ontario, Superior, in case you've forgotten the mnemonic HOMES) are almost completely ice-covered, as is usual, but more so this winter.

But ice didn't put a damper on U.S.-flag carriage of goods. In January, Great Lakes trade was up 34% compared with last year and 7% compared to the five-year average.

Iron ore was the leader in January with tonnage nearly double last year while coal was down 31%. And the new shipping season has started. In early March, the cement carrier *Alpena* was the first freighter of the new season to sail from Cleveland upbound for Alpena, Michigan. With help from an ice-breaker, the *Alpena* made slow progress through ice 6'-8' thick in some areas.

Odd Bits

At 207' high, Carnival Cruise's big *Conquest* is too tall to safely get under power lines across the Mississippi, so its base has been moved from New Orleans to Gulfport. The Mississippi River is rising and currents make a passage under the power lines very tricky.

And the rich are privileged indeed. The 44,500 ton floating condominium, *The World*, stopped all ferry traffic in Sydney while it gave passengers on one side of the ship a good look at the Sydney Opera House and then pivoted to give those on the other side an equally good look.

An American company has suggested that a dynamically positioned tanker could store the crude oil from a production platform until a shuttle tanker can carry the oil to a shore refinery. It calls the technology the Separate Storage Shuttling System.

The 46 residents of remote Pitcairn Island, famed as the home of the "HMS Bounty" mutineers, will be even more isolated now that the Blue Star shipping line has been bought by P&O Nedlloyd. Blue Star ships went out of their way to stop at the island, if only to deliver some mail, but the P&O Nedlloyd container ships must keep to a rigorous schedule that will eliminate friendly visits to the Pacific island. Islanders are negotiating with fruit-carrier Seatrade to arrange some visits by its ships.

Smaller vessels down to boats and small yachts may be well-advised to invest in an Automatic Identification System for the peace of mind such systems provide. A Class B transponder connected to a GPS unit and an electronic chart screen provide the near-realtime position, course, speed, identity, and other information about all similarly equipped vessels within VHF range. Many small vessels already have most of the necessary equipment.

Poor Gisborne, New Zealand! The owners of the *Jody F. Millenium*, the log carrier that went aground there about a year ago, have filed a surprisingly modest claim for \$23 million against the Gisborne Port Company and the Gisborne Council, claiming failure to exercise the care and skill to be reasonably expected from a port company, and the New Zealand government's report on the incident was scathing in its assessment of the Port's operation. But a private group recently bought the assets of Port Gisborne and will make a fresh start as the only port in New Zealand that does not have local-authority ownership. The first move was to choose Eastland Port, Ltd. as the new name. What's left of the Gisborne Port Company will handle the *Jody F. Millenium* claim and other legal problems.

Ships transit the Panama Canal quicker and more safely and the Canal Authority makes more money doing so, according to a recent quarterly report. The average in-Canal-waters time was 22.4 hours, down from 24.6 hours last year, and 2,887 vessels went through the locks between October and De-

cember. And there were only four accidents, down from six a year ago. Tolls averaged about \$50,000 per Panamax vessel, but the super-big cruise ship *Coral Princess* paid a record-breaking \$217,513 for its passage.

The U.S. Navy is using two California sea lions to protect its ships in the Mideast. Alex and Zachary would locate any diver that posed a threat and attach a mouth-carried clamp on him so he can be hauled to the surface for questioning.

Icebreakers in the Russian end of the Baltic released the last of many vessels trapped in the ice for more than a month and a massive backlog of ferrous and non-ferrous metals at St. Petersburg slowly began to diminish.

The new azimuthing-pod drives continue to have teething troubles. Latest are the pods for the under construction *Queen Mary 2*. At the factory, something amiss was detected in Pod 4 so Pods 2 and 3 were returned to the factory for possible rework.

Because of a collision with *Kariba* and the subsequent sinking on its side, a near-collision with the *NSD Provider*, "mountings" by the *Nicola* and the *Vicky*, and a final "sat-upon" by a salvor's tug, the battered car carrier *Tricolor* will be cut up for scrap. She is too far gone to be worth salvaging. But one good thing may come out of her string of mishaps. A Dutch maritime institution proposed an international agreement for a platform in the North Sea that would regulate traffic between Antwerp/Amsterdam and the English Channel.

Because Cleveland is a "destination port," there are 11,000 workers with good jobs in northeast Ohio, \$882 million in business revenues, \$350 million in personal incomes, and \$200 in local, state, and federal taxes that support services. All this because about 14 million tons of waterborne cargo move through the port each year.

Surplus fresh water in northern California would be bagged and towed to water-short southern California if approvals can be obtained. The work would require about 14 tugs working steadily to tow some 13.2 million

gallons each day, but it seems this intra-state business may have international pact (think NAFTA, etc.) problems.

In the U.K., a deployment drill using a vertical-chute evacuation system went horribly wrong when a user got stuck and died. It is not a good idea to wear a lifejacket that can ride up during a descent through the chute.

French shipbuilder Chantiers de l'Atlantique is building the last cruise ship on its order books as cruise lines dry up orders for 2005 and 2006, and reports state that Italy's shipbuilding industry is dying unless the government steps in with help. Other European Union nations are expected to withdraw from commercial shipbuilding. On the other side of the world, South Korea has become the leading shipbuilding nation. For instance, Samsung Heavy Industries has a order backlog of 110 ships aggregating 8.2 million gross tons.

The land-locked nation of Mongolia has established an international ship registry.

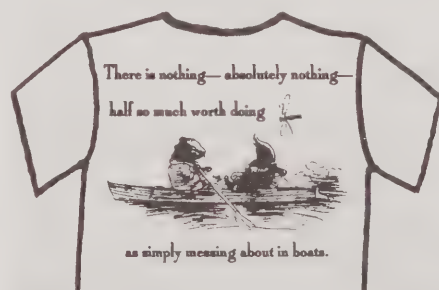
Headshakers

The U.S. Congress apparently forgot to renew the U.S. tonnage tax last October and thus it reverted to lower levels. Ships arriving from North America, Central America, and the Caribbean now pay 2 cents per ton instead of 9 cents.

According to a newspaper report, a British yachtsman hoping to break the circumnavigation record of 65 days set out from St. Malo but gave up after spending 130 days trying to get out of the English Channel.

The San Francisco tug *Polaris* was going about its business near the Bay Bridge at 3:45 AM when it nearly ran over a 10' inflatable without lights and carrying a wet-suited man. The tug's report set off a wide search for possible terrorists. Next day, a man called the Coast Guard, saying that it might have been him as he commutes across the Bay in an inflatable and the lights on his inflatable had stopped working.

In Nigeria, a local tribe hit Shell Oil with a compensation claim for \$1.5 billion.



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I read with interest (and appreciation) Lawrence Beck's letter in the May 1st issue. I thought he had a good idea about trying to elicit a note or two from my wife Jane but she said, "You have already told all the stories that it is possible to tell without unduly undignifying yourself. About the only ones left are the other kind, like the time you sawed off the valve that was holding back the water. What if they wanted to know about the stupidest thing you ever did on a boat? You know, I could write a book. Are you sure you want me to open that can of worms?"

So, with that in mind, I'll just tell you about what she is like. First, she is very fast. I have never been able to catch her even back when I was a big boy and she was a little girl. I missed my chance, too. Now I am an old man and she is a young woman. She doesn't show off all that speed, she is sort of like a cormorant flying ahead of a boat. She pours on just enough coal to stay ahead. She is strong, too. She can crank a flooded nine point nine with one hand.

After our sons got old enough to go to school, she got a job as a teacher's aide where she worked for four hours a day helping out with some first graders. One time I had to go get her from school and she was having to do a little finishing up so I had to wait out on the playground with some children. Two little boys were doing the age old argument about who's daddy was the strongest. One boy said, "My daddy is as strong as Mrs. White."

"Dang," replied the other boy with admiration, "Mrs. White's strong." As with most strong people, she is very good natured and certain of her capability and not apt to try to show off. She is tough.

Though she doesn't expose herself to hypothermia quite as brazenly as I do, she will stay out in a pretty miserable little drizzle long enough to catch a redfish in the surf. That's about the only bad thing about her. She is very patient and will hook and line fish longer than I can stand it. As for me bringing home the string of fish or the deer (which I kilt 11 this year and we have already et all the T-bone steaks), I don't just point to the raw material and declare, "Here's supper." I bring her the meat steaming on a China plate. She'll eat a venison steak. I think that might account for some of that speed and strength.

You know I do all my cooking out in the yard. My favorite implement is a giant black iron frying pan on a big, rusty iron, gas fired hot plate. I have a little shed roof attached to the side of the shop. The way I cook steaks is to fire up the fire until it is coming out all around the edges of the frying pan and up about 3" higher than the rim. I put a little butter in and when it gets to smoking and frying, I put the steaks in with a pair of long-handled grabbers so I won't singe too much of the hair off my arms. I fry the hell out of them on one side and then turn them over and fry hell out of them on the other side. Sometimes the frying is so violent that the spattering of the butter catches the pan on fire and I have to snuff it out with a garbage can lid.

After the steaks are brown on both sides, I pour in about half an inch of red wine (my favorite is Concha y Toro, Chilean Merlot). Immediately there is a flash and a fireball rises all the way to the rafters of the little shed roof and any new spiders that have moved in there since the last time I cooked steaks will plummet into the frying pan when their webs get

Jane Said "Out of Gas"

By Robb White

burned out from under them. I turn down the fire and simmer the steaks and spiders in the gravy until they are done exactly right.

While I am out there doing that, she has made the salad. She knows how to make such a salad that even the most Froot Loop stunted stomach will (as Charles Darwin put it) soar to the heavens. I'll see if she'll let y'all have the recipe.

There are plenty of deer everywhere. My sister shoots them out of the kitchen window. Jane is going to have to slack off with the redfish, though. They have become polluted with mercury from all these power plants trying to feed the insatiable extravagance of all the fool Floridians to whom a \$300-400 electric bill is a status symbol, and the EPA says not to eat too many. I guess that's how they protect us from the environment.

Last weekend we took the old new skiff and the new old 9.5 Johnson to the coast to try to fix up the old house from the ravages of the winter. We always drain the pipes, but this last year we put in one of those fancy single-handled sink faucets and I never thought that I would have to drain it first in one position and then the other and the hot water side froze and busted. I know many a plumber rejoiced at the invention of PVC, but that mess won't just swell up a little knot like copper, it'll split 5' all back in the wall and bust the valve and all the couplings and elbows, too.

You can't tell the extent of the damage with the naked eye either, and I had to do the same darn job at least five times. I was so stupefied by the damned glue fumes that the next to the last time I got confused and used some of the pipe that I had just gutted out of there and was right back where I started. PVC glue fumes are a good way to test a paint mask. If you can't smell that with the mask on, it'll probably only destroy 10% of your brains to paint the boat.

We went down Friday afternoon. It is a good occasion when the time change comes and makes it possible to get over there before dark on Friday. We have done it a bunch of times before that day comes, but that was when we were running the old motor whaleboat which will hit a floating piling end and keep on going, but not with one of these little skiffs.

You think that you can just go sort of slow and keep a good lookout in the moonlight and see anything dangerous in the water, but that is only true when it is calm. A searchlight is worse than nothing because it reflects back off the waves and whitecaps and makes it so you can't see anything but reflections. I have just barely missed some terrible looking things trying to run in the dark. The best example I can think of is that I almost hit an anchored petroleum barge. Though it was empty and sticking up about 10' high, it was absolutely invisible even though there was a pretty good moon. The only way you could tell it was there was that there weren't any stars in that place. It gave me a case of the willies that hasn't completely left yet.

We got home before dark but it was a near thing and we didn't have time to catch any fish for supper so we had some leftover soup. When the daylight came, even though it was rough and overcast and looked bad, we didn't hang around doing the plumbing job and the blowed-out screen job and I'll let you in on a little secret. I am the only person on this island who can keep screen wire on the house until it wears out.

The secret is to deviate from the normal practice of stapling the wire on the wood and tacking the molding over it. When it is liable to blow better than 30 knots about a quarter of the time and snort up to about 85 in thunderstorms, what you want to do is to wrap the wire around the molding and screw it to the wood. That way the wire can't pull out and when it does wear out (which don't take all that long down here) all you have to do is unscrew the molding and rewrap some new wire and screw it back up.

We tried to find out which kind of wire works best, too. Oddly enough, that extremely expensive bronze wire, like Jamestown Distributors has, is not the best. The continuous flexing in the wind fatigues the metal and after a little while, it falls completely out of the screen door in two pieces. Aluminum wire ain't worth a damn. Old style, extinct, galvanized steel wire used to hold up surprisingly well, but the best you can get now a days is fiberglass. There are degrees of quality, though. What you have to do is to strip the insulation off a strand or two in the store and see how much actual fiberglass there is. I wonder when they'll come up with cheap stainless steel or titanium screen wire?

Saturday morning we didn't fix any of that stuff but headed off upwind toward Bullet Island where I was pretty sure there would be enough of a lee to where I could see the fish so I would know where to throw my net. The old 9.5 ran perfectly. It did not attempt to cavitate at all, had a neat little mumble to the exhaust and the throttle response was excellent, much better than a 9.9. I was very pleased.

As we passed the west end of the island, we saw what appeared to be a big flock of pelicans and cormorants standing on the point, but which turned out to be some sort of organized gathering of young boys about 14 or 16 years old on a camp out. You know being a slave to fashion is a real handicap. They all had on those giant black shorts that are popular right now. You know the kind, made out of cloth so heavy that they won't stay pulled up above the skivvies. I bet some of them britches weigh 15 pounds and some of these might have weighed 30 because they were wet. There was one kid walking down the beach with his big, wet britches on who was having to walk so stratty legged that he wasn't actually making any progress against the wind at all. I bet he had a case of the butt rash that required his mother's attention when he got home.

Excessive dependence on garments of most any sort is a burden to anybody at the coast. One of the things I do to decide what real human nature is like is to observe the antics of children so young that they have not been trained to do unnatural things. A 15-lb. diaper does not stay on very well on the flats, and diaper rash don't last long down here either. Salt, sun, sand, and shallow water beat hell out of most modern childcare notions.

While I am on that subject, I think the invention of the diaper was one of the stupidest of the frivolities of civilization. Not only are they dangerously unhygienic, they retard "potty training." When children can't see what they are doing, they won't learn that they can choose a good place to do it.

My wife and I were talking about that invitation for her to comment a little bit in this magazine. She is not one of these women who talk steady all the time. She likes to think ahead and cut what she says down to a less wasteful form. I asked her what adjectives she would use to describe me if it were to come to that. "Lucky," was all she said.

I have my mother's skin. She never had any skin problems even though she stayed out in the sun most of her life. After she died from a terrible stroke, I pulled up her shirt to unhook the morphine tube that had eased her strong 90-year-old body from fighting the inevitable until the last pitiful gasp and the skin of her belly looked exactly like mine, kind of dark. I have heard hints that there might be some sort of uncertainty about the purity of her (and my) Anglo Saxon lineage. Whatever it is, I am lucky. One time a doctor who was thinking about marrying into the family asked Momma what she did about skin cancers. "I scratch 'em off." Jane is kind of fair and I have to try to keep a little shade over her all I can.

We weren't lucky at Bullet Island. It was so breezy and gusty that there wasn't any lee anywhere and it was so overcast that I couldn't see down in the water at all. I am going to get me some of those yellow polarized glasses like these hot shot flats boat anglers wear. I threw a bunch of blind casts in likely places but, though it sometimes pays off, I about threw my arm out of joint and didn't catch anything but pinfish (*Lagodon rhomboides*) which will hang up in the net most securely and stick hell out of you up under the fingernails when you try to take them out. Pinfish are good to eat if there is any size to them, but these were all too little so I turned them loose and we turned around to head back and damned if the wind didn't turn around, too.

By the time we got out into the channel, the wind had run around exactly 180 degrees and we were beating into it just like we had to do to get there. Not only that, but as soon as we got out off the flats where it was rough, damned if the 9.5 didn't cut completely off. It didn't sputter, skip, or anything. It just cut off in mid-stroke. I was sure that even though I had just gone completely through the magneto, something was wrong up under the flywheel and I started taking the hood off to check for spark.

"Out of gas," Jane said.

"It ain't out of gas, Jane," I wailed. "Hell, it was full when we left the river and it can't have burnt no 2-1/2 gallons just coming to the island and then over here. Hell, that ain't but about nine miles, that would mean that it don't even get five miles to the gallon."

"About 3-1/2," she said.

"Damn, Jane, the Honda eight will run 40 miles on 2-1/2 gallons. We can't be out of gas."

She didn't say anything else, just pointed down in the gas hole (the tank is tied under her seat).

"Damn Jane," I whined, "I got about three hundred bucks in this engine counting the propeller and I worked on it about two

solid days to get it as good as new and here it ain't worth a flip for practical purposes."

"Cult object," she said.

I ain't a complete fool about everything so we had five more gallons of gas with which to beat all the way back to the house, but by the time we passed Big Britches Point it was about lunchtime and it was looking like a Vienna sausage situation for real. Anyway, we did fix the pipes and the screen wire and the next day it calmed off enough so we rode around the whole island just to see if the engine did, indeed, burn all that gas and it did, indeed.

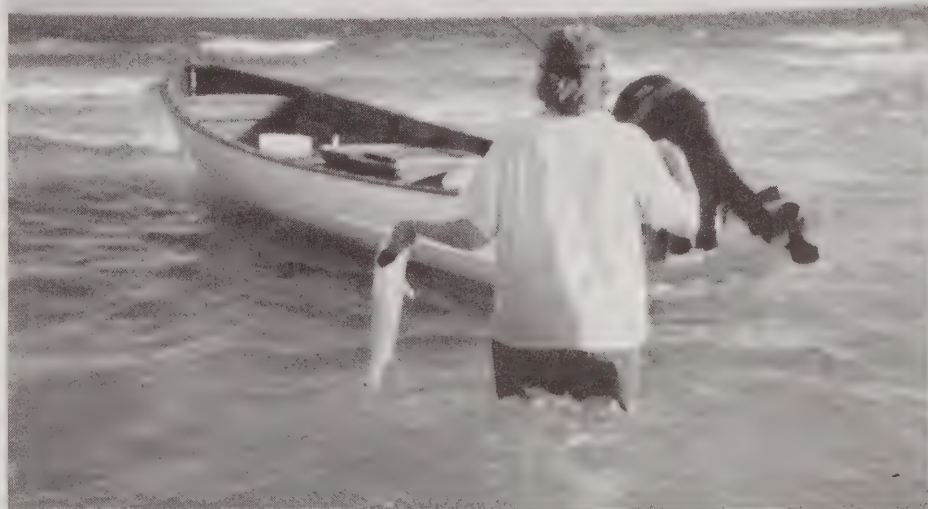
It sort of reminded me of those years when we ran a 9.9 for a dinghy motor in the Bahamas. We would have to go to town about every two days to buy gas, and the trip to buy it took so much gas that by the time we got back where the sailboat was anchored, we were just about out of gas. We discovered that about the only good a 9.9 did was to ballast the front of the boat so the transom would be out of the water and the boat would row better. I'll keep this old cult object just for a curiosity, but the little Honda is already clamped back on the transom of the boat. I can't afford all that nostalgia.

Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. Did we eat Vienna sausages all weekend? Hell no. Jane caught a redfish. I was already feeling one of the first symptoms of mercury poisoning which is "excess salivation" before we left the island. I am afraid I drooled a little bit during the nap I always take to fortify me for the rigors of the long drive back with all the aggressive driving Tallahassee yuppies on Sunday afternoon. That particular situation is soon going to be over, though. Jane hasn't got but three more weeks until the end of her school teaching career. We'll pick our driving time and our weather, too, from then on. Might sail the felucca for transportation and then Jane won't have to say, "Out of gas."

Okra and Tomatoes

Jane said that she wasn't quite ready yet to turn loose of the fabled salad recipe.

This is a picture of another time, another redfish and another engine on the boat, but that's the same old Jane and the same old skiff. I would make a special trip down with the 9.5 and the camera and wait for Jane to catch another redfish (wouldn't take long), but I can't afford the damned gas so y'all will just have to overlook the anachronism.



Though she is not normally competitive amongst her peers (?), sometimes she feels like she needs to show them a thing or two about a thing or two, so she makes that salad for most any ninny gathering she is required to attend as a matter of protocol, things like her retirement party at the school. We both doubt that there are too many ninnies who flip through the pages of this magazine looking for recipes, but you never know who reads what.

I recently read an article in another magazine where this man had patented this method of gluing lapstrake boats together after they were assembled by running a little bead of epoxy along the lap with a plastic syringe and letting capillary action draw in the glue. That man must be smart as all get out to think up that idea all by himself.

Okra and tomatoes are the southern equivalent to succotash (actually, we have both down here). It is an extremely easy thing to make and, like succotash, the ingredients complement each other so that the mix is better than either one separately. Actually, there are three ingredients besides salt and pepper. The okra and tomatoes don't need or want much cooking, but the onions do.

The way we work it is that I fry them in the frying pan after the steaks and gravy are on the china plate. I put a little olive oil in there to keep the onions from sticking to the hot iron. You know the smell of onions frying is one of the best appetizers I know of. Of course, I have the appetite of a dog so I don't need any help. By the time I have the onions ready to go in the okra and tomatoes, she has them all cut up and simmering in the pot. You don't want to boil them or cook them down. All you want to do is steam them a little bit while you are eating the steak. The timing couldn't work out any better, either. They are ready by the time you are to the stage of trying to get the marrow out of the steak bone. I don't guess it is acceptable in polite company to suck the marrow out, but that's the best way to do it. Jane reams it out with narrow blade knife, but that's wasteful.

Repairing a Penn Yan

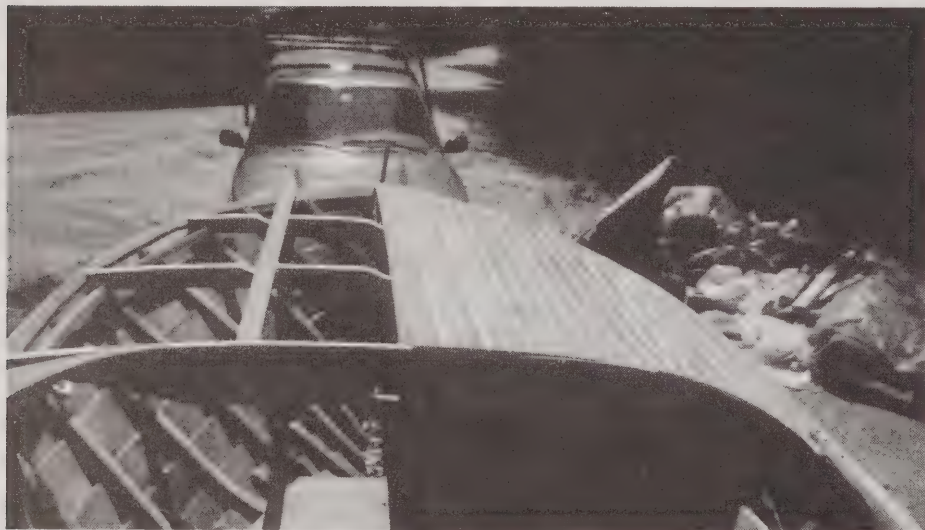
By Gary Grinnell

A customer of mine brought a 16' Penn Yan to my shop. Over the phone he said that it needed a new deck and a new windshield. The deck was plywood with the edges eaten away by the ravages of dry rot and time. In some places you could see that there had been grooves cut into the deck for caulking, but most of the deck was so badly worn that these were not visible. I tore the deck off with a large screwdriver. The air staples that had held it in place for so long gave way easily. The sheer clamp was rotted and let go of the staples without a struggle.

The sheer clamp was rotted out in some places so I just tore the whole thing out, it seemed easier to replace all of it than try to mess with patching it. One of the lodging knees that connected the cockpit carlin to the deck beam was rotted. Out it went. Two of the deck stringers were also rotted. They came out with one or two good pulls.



Half of the new deck going on.



New sheer clamp and deck stringers on port side.

New sheer clamp, knee, etc.



I started the actual repair work by cutting the grooves for the caulking in the new plywood deck. This can look pretty intimidating when you first look at it, but it's not too bad when you get going. You could use a table saw, a router, or a skilsaw to make the grooves. I chose the skilsaw, reasoning that it would be easier to keep running straight. If you are going to do this, first lay out and double check the spacing of the grooves, this is one job that you really want to get right the first time.

Use a straight edge to guide the saw. Make sure the straight edge is tight against the plywood, you don't want the shoe of the skilsaw to submarine under the straight edge and go astray. Support the thin plywood with something straight and strong enough to prevent sagging. Set the blade so that it cuts just deep enough to take the caulking, 1/8" is good. Make a couple of passes on some scrap wood to make sure everything is running okay. Take one pass with the saw, move the guide over and make the next cut. Always check and double check the setup before cutting. Make sure that there isn't any dirt on the shoe of the saw or the router, you don't want to soil the plywood. My saw has an aluminum shoe and I found that I had to cover it with masking tape to keep it from marking up the wood with aluminum tracks.

After cutting the grooves, sand the plywood, it will be easier to do this before the caulk goes in. Tape each seam before shooting the caulk in. If you don't, you'll have a big mess on your hands after you tool the seam with your finger. Tear the tape off as soon as you're done. If you leave it in too long it can become permanently bonded to the plywood. The best tape you can get is the professional painter's tape (usually green or blue) sold at car parts places or marine supply houses. It has just enough tack to get the job done and won't pull off any wood when you take the tape off.

Let the caulking dry and varnish the deck to protect it. It's really easy to get dirt on your plywood and you don't want to have to waste time trying to get it off.

I set the deck aside to let it dry and started in on the sheer clamp. This can be important structurally because it connects the hull to the deck. Because of the extreme curvature of this piece it was necessary to spile the shape. I made up a spiling batten out of three pieces of scrap wood connected with butt blocks. The spiling batten was clamped in place and measurements to the top of the sheer strake taken at 6" intervals. The spiling batten was carried up to the shop and clamped on top of a piece of masonite to make a pattern. The measurements were laid out on the pattern stock a tick mark made at each one. The tick marks were connected with a batten, and a smooth fair line was traced along the length of the batten.

A table saw, with the blade depressed until only 1/4" above the stock, will give you the fairest line. For safety's sake use a Brett guard if you are going to use your table saw this way. I checked the pattern against the boat before using it to mark any expensive wood. Because the curve was so severe I made the sheer clamp out of two layers of white oak. Glue and stainless screws held the whole thing together. To get the angle at the top of the sheer clamp right I followed the arc of the deck beams using a bevel gauge to check

the stretches of sheer clamp between the beams.

I painted the sheer clamp and the tops of the deck boards to seal them and slow down the destructive forces of time, water and dry rot.

The deck stringers were just pieces of 4/4 oak ripped to width on the table saw, with the forward ends beveled to mate up to the sheer clamp. To get the bevels right I clamped the stringers in place and used a combination square to pick up the apex of the angles. From there it was just a matter of connecting the points and cutting to the lines. I painted the mating surfaces and applied a heavy dose of bedding compound to them before shooting the screws in. It's a lot easier if you drill the screw holes before putting the bedding compound in. That'll prevent the stringer from swimming around while you are trying to assemble things.

With the deck frame back together it was time to look at putting the deck back on. I clamped the two halves of the deck in place, checking that the caulking grooves ran straight. I made a good dark pencil line on the underside of the plywood where the deck met the sheer strake. The table saw made fast and accurate work of cutting to the line. You wouldn't think that a table saw can do such a good job of cutting curves, but it does. I sealed the edges of the plywood with epoxy to protect them from water. Stainless steel screws held the deck to the sheer clamp and the center deck stringer. I didn't have to worry about concealing the heads of the screws because they would be hidden under the toe rail and the king plank.

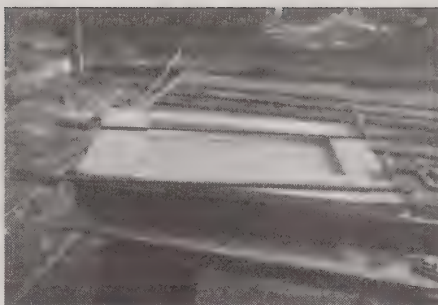
The toe rail was laminated on a bending form made from a pattern traced off the deck. Three layers of 3/8" thick mahogany strips were glued up on the form to make the rail. When the glue dried I ran it through the jointer to get one flat face. Once you get one good face you can put it through the planer with good results.

The rub rails were easy to make. I gently pried the old ones off and used them to set up the table saw for making the new rails. The curvature of the hull was gentle enough so that they could be bent in place cold without too much trouble. More stainless screws covered by bungs held the rails to the hull.

The windshield was the biggest part of the job and potentially the scariest. There are a lot of angles that have to be gotten right, the sides have to be symmetrical, and all the joints should be tight. Unlike some parts of a boat you can see both sides at the same time. It's a prominent part of the boat, the first thing somebody sees, so it has to be right.

The owner of the boat was kind enough to give me a copy of the factory catalog that had pictures of the boat with the windshield on it. I didn't have any drawings or plans and the original windshield was long gone, so I had to use the one small fuzzy photograph in the old catalog. I made some rough drawings, scaling the dimensions off of the drawing using a pair of dividers. From the drawings I made some templates out of some masonite that was around.

The pieces on the side of the windshield were pretty much free form sculpture, adhering to the size and general shape of the one in the photo. The two front pieces had to conform to the curvature of the deck and have angles on the sides that looked reasonably eye



Windshield frame clamped together for gluing.



Windshield side frame glued up.



New deck in place awaiting new side rails.

New side rails clamped into place.



sweet. The two front window frames met up in the middle and it's necessary to leave some extra wood for fitting. I ripped out some 6" wide boards for the sides and top and some 8" stock for the bottoms of the window frames where they would have to fit to the curvature of the deck. I made all the pieces for the sides at once, using the same set up of the chop saw to cut both sides. It's a lot more accurate that way and faster as well.

The curve on the aft part of the frame was cut on the table saw and planed smooth. I glued the pieces up on a flat workbench using clamps and wood screws to hold the pieces together. The screws were shot in diagonally from the bottom. The front panels went together the same way. When the glue was dry I planed and sanded the window frames before using a router and straight edge to cut the rabbet for the window glass. I adjusted the router to cut deep enough for the

3/16" plexiglass and the wooden strips that would hold the windows in place. This came out to about 3/8".

The bottoms of the side pieces were beveled so that the sides of the windshield would tilt inward. I have learned through hard experience that you have to make the angle much greater than you might think. For some reason the whole thing will look wrong, sort of like the sides are actually beveled outward if you don't put a lot of angle on the sides.

I traced the outline of the footprint of the side pieces on the deck so that I could drill pilot holes for screws. The last thing you want to do is to crawl under the deck and start blasting holes through the deck where you think the windshield might be. Make up an angle block, or use a bevel gauge to guide the drill when you do drill those holes. You don't want to come out through the sides of your mahogany deck furniture.

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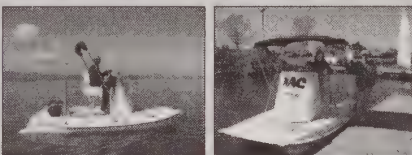
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Once one side piece was in place I could clamp the front part of the windshield in place and fasten the side and front together. Bungs covered the stainless steel screws.

A narrow piece of mahogany running down the center of the windshield between the two halves gives you a chance to cover up any gaps between the two windshields.

The windows on the sides are oddly shaped. I made patterns out of hardboard to fit into the openings for the glass. I took these to a glass place hoping that they would just cut the windows out for me. They looked horrified when they saw the oddly shaped patterns and flatly refused to cut the glass for me. They sold me a whole sheet of plexiglass for \$22 and I loaded it into the back of my truck.

Cutting the stuff was not as much of a nightmare as I had thought. I clamped my patterns that I had made for the side windows on top of the plexiglass and cut around the patterns with a sharp knife, making the cut deeper with each pass. The front widows, with their straight edges were much easier to cut. The table saw made a fast clean cut on all the edges.

I held the windows in place with thin strips of mahogany fastened with small diameter brass nails. The strips were sealed with varnish and predrilled before installation.

There were some seat support brackets that needed to be replaced due to, guess what, rot. They were curved and laminated on a form. I traced the original onto some scrap wood to make up a new bending form and planed some cedar down to about 1/16" thick. I painted epoxy on both surfaces and clamped the thin strips to the form. After the glue dried it was just a matter of planning one face off on the jointer and feeding the other side through the table saw. It's always nice to see the tight glue lines on a laminating job that came out well.

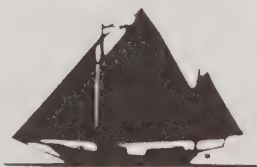
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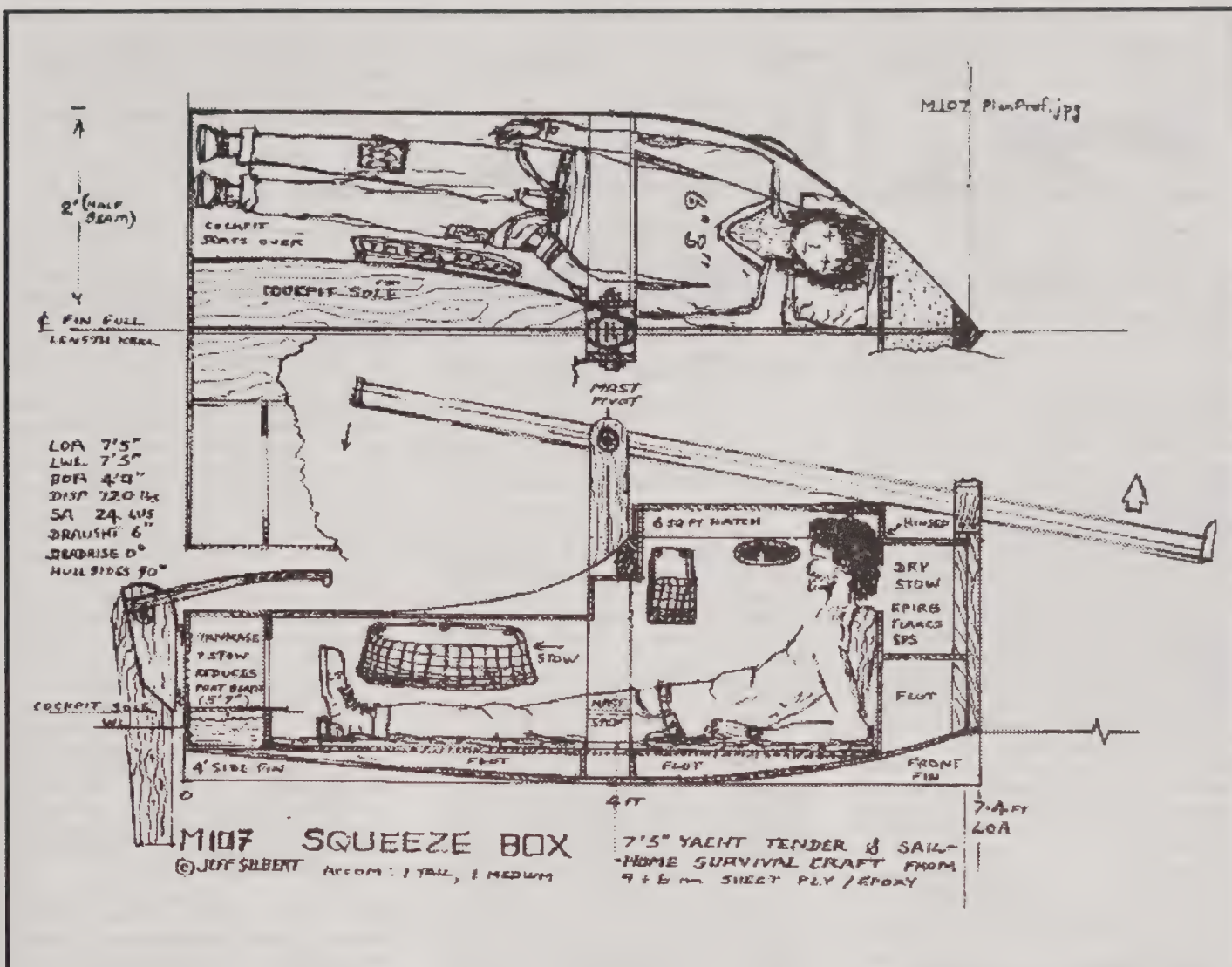
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Dreamboats The Squeeze Box

By Jeff Gilbert
(jgilbert@webone.com.au)

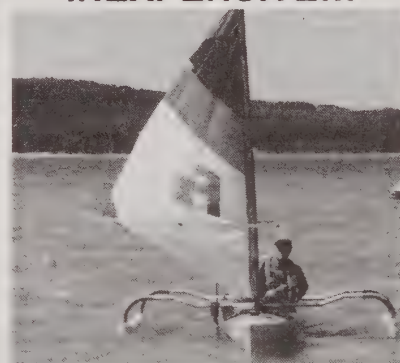
This is intended to do what life rafts don't do very well, keep you alive when you just sank the Mother Ship. With two people, rig, strong construction, 10 gallons of water, 50 pounds of dry food, 50 pounds of flares, EPIRBs, cooker, GPS, life jackets, library, pack of cards, and a couple of bottles of hooch, it's extremely comfortable in a Houdini-ish sort of way.

Its a bit hefty, at 720 lbs. displacement, with full complement of two frightened adults (berths are 6'5" and 5'10" if you are using the one sheet of ply length sides which give 7'3" sides and a 2" stem, i.e., 7'5" LOA). On-deck weight for your poor yacht is 420 lbs. if the Squeeze Box is provisioned for three weeks. There is enough locker stowage that you won't get clouted by anything solid, string bags for the rest, casks for water. I'm imagining you could get initially bounced around like blazes inside with the split hatches sealed, so I reckon that a car rally type harness is the go. A drogue from the bowsprit plus the highish weight will settle things a little initially.

This loading nevertheless gives it a draught of only 6" and it has enough sealed volume, 12 cu. ft., to make it "unsinkable," the cockpit sole has a buoyancy zone under, as does the floor and bow. The 4' (one sheet) beam gives terrific stability figures. When the weather improves you pop out the small hatch side (most of the foredeck is a 6sf hatch split on an offset to raise one side with the mast down), pull in the drogue, and swing up the mast, clamping it into the base of the tabernacle. You can then raise the 24sf lug or sprit sail, clip on the tiller, and explore the truly appalling performance available when a zero deadrise hull and a Sail Area to Displacement ratio of 5 is combined with a Displacement to WLL of 800.

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The design number here indicates the date, I didn't start consecutive numbering until the sequence was over 100. This one would be #70 given or take a few if she'd been numbered in sequence. She was launched in 1961 by Charles E. Shepherd of Houston, Texas, and must have been a good job of finishing and well cared for since as she was still in use a couple of years ago, at an age at which most light steel boats have reverted to separate molecules of iron oxide.

She was one of a dozen or so designs for steel boats that I drew in the 1950s, including the first two or three generations of Striker boats. They all had in common that a lot of their weight was carried by a thick box keel with the wide part of the hull floating comparatively lightly on the water. The idea was an extension of shapes as disparate as the Japanese Yamato boats and the Seabright Skiffs. John Hacker signed off on the first one I designed, done under his supervision but at my suggestion. As usual, it took me a long time to get it right, but this one was better than most of the early designs. She's a precursor of many of the boats we've been doing for the last few years, even having something like the fillets we use now to cover and soften the forward ends of flat bottom boats. Nowadays we draw them all expanded for prefabrication. I was already working on that idea at the time but had not brought the technique far enough to do it on a shape as complex as this one.

The design shows a bulky and heavy Detroit Diesel 6-71 set well down into the box keel. The bottom of its gearbox is 22"

Bolger on Design

Steel Sport Fisherman Design 7 57

32'8" LOA x 11'10" Breadth x 2'8" Draft
 12,000 lbs. Designed Displacement

below the designed waterline, very good for keeping the weight low and the decks clear. But since the box keel adds buoyancy low down in even greater proportion than the lowering of the weight, it actually reduces her stability at normal angles of roll. The difference has to be made up by reserve buoyancy and a stable shape of the hull proper. If it's carried to extremes, the box keel has to be ballasted to compensate for its buoyancy.

This boat was designed with a self draining fishing cockpit dangerously close to the waterline, as was then demanded by serious sport fishermen. The hazard is mitigated in this design by the extension of the bridge deck aft at the sides at a fairly respectable height above water. But it would have been better practice in all these boats to treat them as half decked boats with the bilges open and with seriously powerful bilge pumps to take care of water that made it over the gunwale. That way they could roll or meet wave crests all the way up to the sheer line without taking on water, instead of flooding through the

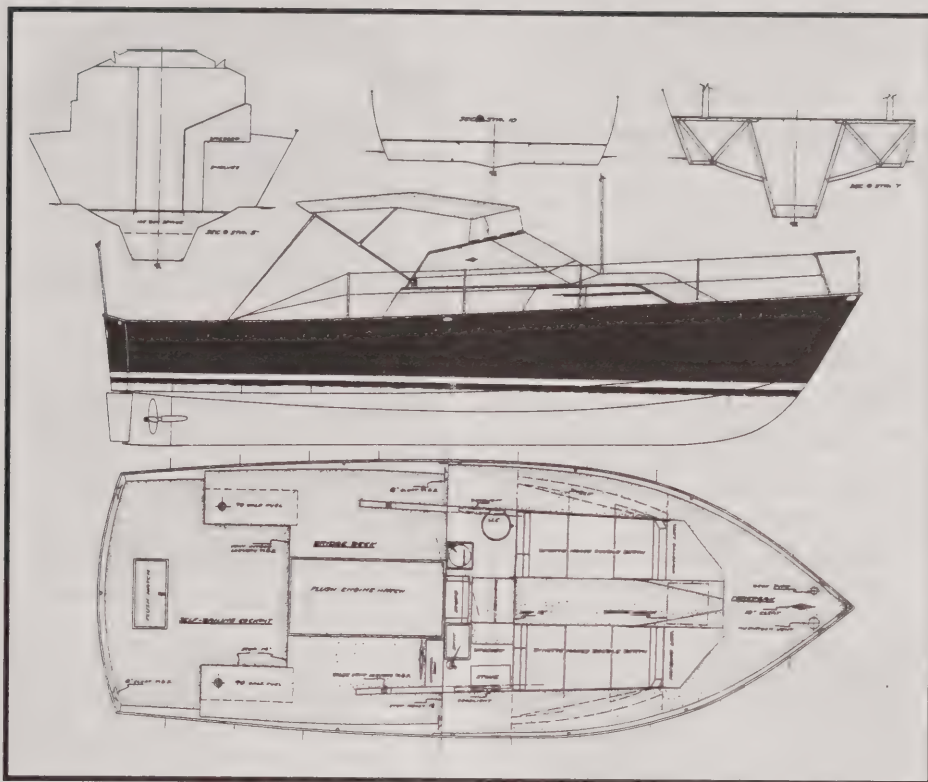
cockpit scuppers if the stern goes down 6". Better still to deck them watertight at a much higher level. But, as with quite a few common features that look, and are, dangerous, it's surprising how seldom the obviously likely accident happens.

Shapes like this, with bulky box keels carried the length of the boat, can't be driven beyond a certain speed related to their length. The box keel, which makes for easy driving at displacement speed (around 7 knots in this case), has sharply increasing drag as it's forced faster. The planing bottom allows her to be driven faster with enough power, up to 12 knots or possibly a little more. Before she got to 15 she would start to show instability as the box keel was forced up higher in the water, and in any case it would take inordinate power to go that fast.

There's a sharp distinction between these hulls in which the box keel is designed as a displacement shape to go through the water, and the type we've done more recently in which the box keel itself is a planing shape designed to rise in a stable attitude at high speeds and carry the hull proper almost clear of the water. A box keel of that kind has to be much shallower and, in many cases, is faired into a flat bottom as it runs aft.

There's a lot of detail, and lack of detail, on the plans of this old boat which we wouldn't tolerate now, though at the time it was as much and as good as most builders expected or wanted. She made a good looking boat with her low and flaring sides and raking stem, and all these boats were steady underfoot on account of their flat afterbodies.





Norm's Notes



Sailing Training For the Masses

Most inveterate sailing people try to interest others over the years and bat .0000. Like a broken record are elicited accounts of overturnings, cranial boom contacts, uncontrollable jibes, and running into other boats and things like piers. I've been pounding away at a solution including an appreciation that extant sailboats are indeed a handful for neophytes to readily appreciate. Thus, Sailing Training for the Masses, can it be accomplished? I'm confident it can with accessories amazingly available.

I guess about every neighborhood in the country has at least one unused 20'+ outboard pontoon boat in the driveway. Extremely lightweight and pontoon streamlined, they are easily driven by outboard motors. So why not throw convention to the winds and consider what a small sail area and bolt-on components such as lee daggerboards might accomplish affixed to a known immensely stable floating platform? Wives, kids, relatives, etc., in all probability already have time afloat in the subject pontoon boats. Oho! A number of passengers observing and learning the sailing process seated, even around tables!

No large sail area is needed, in fact a rather detuned conversion that will slow the onset of handling reactions. A lightweight aluminum mast can be stepped into a simple

cast pocket affixed to the deck. This mast can be stayed from the vital four directions offered by fore and aft port/starboard pontoons. In fact, elimination of the conventional shrouds replete with chainplates may allow jibes to occur with the mainsail ending up powerlessly over a bow quarter.

Like so much idea developing I do, I turn to Phil Bolger for a hand up from his describing numerous sprit booms or boomless rigs in his epic *100 Small Boat Rigs*. I would insert my preference for simple old barndoor rudder designs, after all we're going slowly sans need for various high aspect ratio developments. Like two pieces of laminated plywood.

A real life consideration might be to ascertain the availability of the ubiquitous pontoon boats. The evidence of their general unused status indicates most probable boredom and marina slip costs. The fact that a new mode of propulsion exists might light some fires. Seemingly, Scouts and other organizations would be most interested in sailboat contact and training. As the conversion parts are so few and inexpensive, some IRS thinkers may tend toward various operations allowing tax writeoffs. Of course, sailing schools could pick this up right off. Offer a combination sailboat ride with a sailing lesson at a rock bottom price. Just the fact that the mast and rigging are stowable aboard might generate a new field of market interest.

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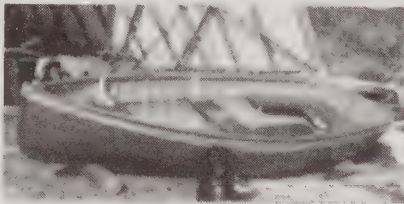
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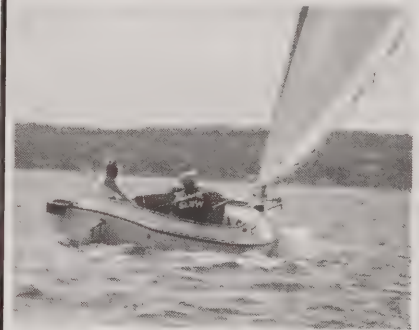
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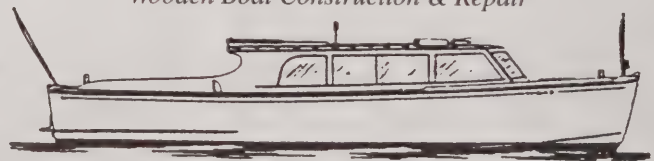
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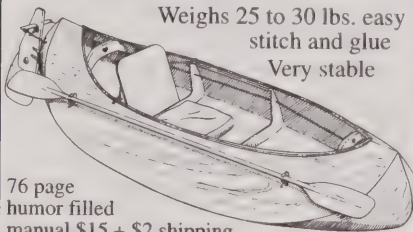
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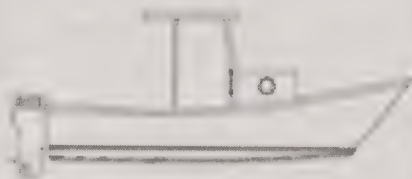


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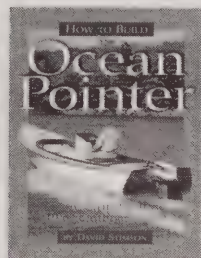
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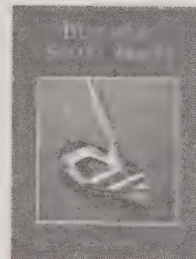
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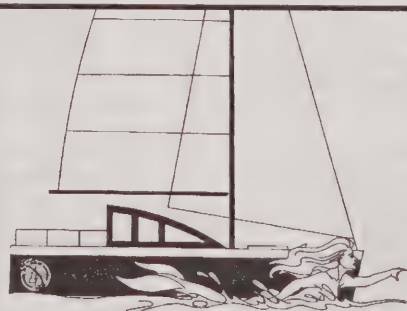


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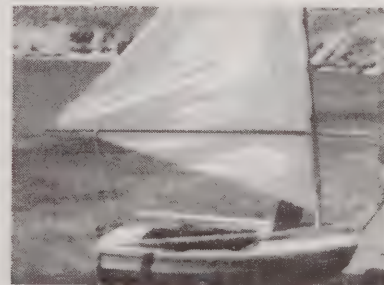
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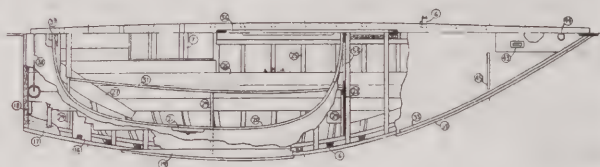
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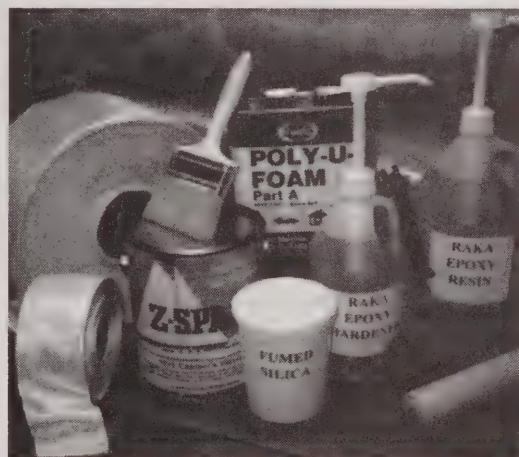
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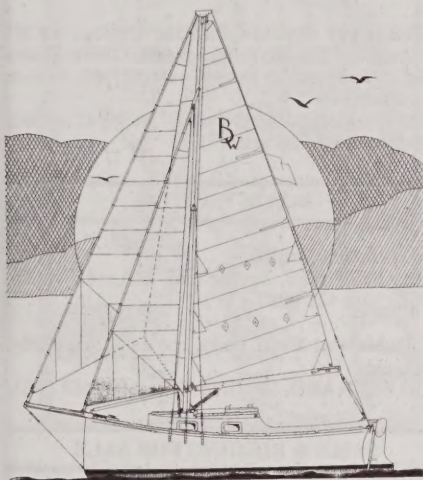
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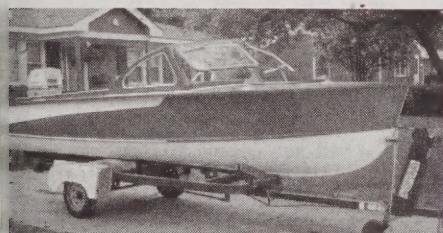
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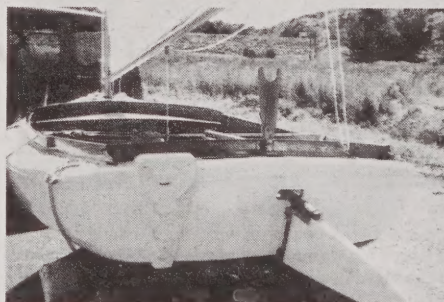
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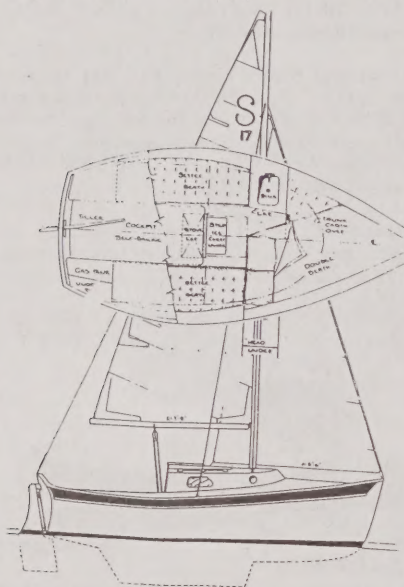
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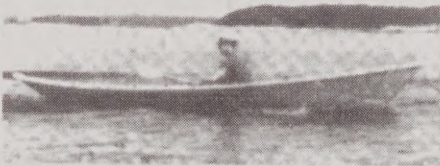
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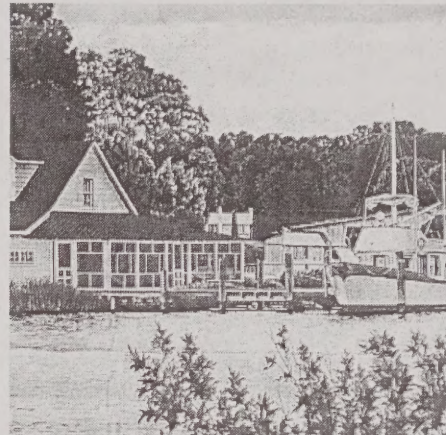
"Sleepers", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.
WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)

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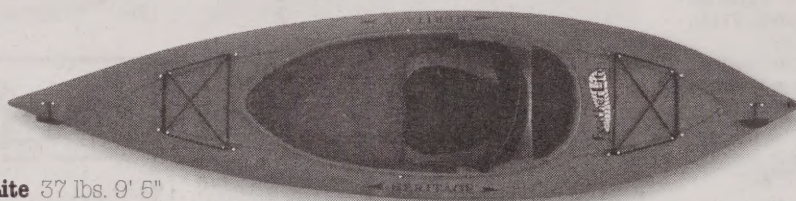
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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

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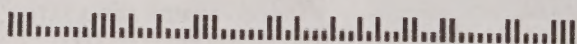
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