

Special Features This Issue
"Winter Cruise 2004"
"My First Full Size Boat" - "Tying One On"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 2

June 1, 2004



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On the Cover...

Walt Donaldson's 28' Chapelle designed traditional open sharpie carried him on a three-week winter cruise down the lower west coast of Florida, and Walt tells us all about it starting in this issue.

Commentary . . .

Bob Hicks, Editor

"Poetic Justice!"



Sad news arrived here this month, two readers/contributors who added much to our pages over the years have passed on.

Norm Benedict had been expecting his own demise, he was, at 83, in the final stages of terminal illness but still sent along regular notes with his latest ideas about improving the small boat experience, along with reassurance that he was keeping comfortable on his way out, please, no sympathy.

Gordon South was expecting no such thing as his own demise, according to a somewhat distraught call from his woman companion. He had started off on another day in his life and was suddenly gone, victim of an aneurysm. Gordon was 78 and still full of vigor.

The volume of correspondence that I received from Norm over the years was overwhelming, it seems that every time his busy inquiring mind fastened upon another idea relating to small boating he dashed off a typed note to me. I could not possibly publish all of his visionary (sometimes viewed by others as "crackpot") letters on the "You write us about..." pages, but did sort of formalize his contributions in recent years with a more or less occasional column entitled "Notes from Norm."

Norm's first contribution appeared in the June 15, 1984 issue, entitled "Take a Look at the Junk Rig." It had first been published in a 1974 issue of *Practical Boat Owner* and concerned the merits of fitting out his Thunderbird sloop with this uniquely effective (if unappreciated in our western world) sailing rig. Right off you learned a lot about Norm Benedict when he stated, "An outstanding aspect of our homemade Chinese junk sail trials in southern California waters was the total lack of other experimenters." Norm marched (sailed?) to the beat of a different drummer.

Next you learned that his experiments began concurrently with recovery from a heart attack. This was 30 years ago, so he surely beat that early threat to a long life. Thirdly, when he referred to his professional systems safety engineering viewpoint, you discovered that he was a lifetime student and designer of making things work safely.

He shared with me a common enthusiasm for motorcycling and the classic days of auto racing. But to me, his most outstanding

credential was his World War II task developing a downed pilot rescue rig. No helicopters then, so Norm designed a system in which a slow flying rescue plane would drop to the downed pilot a simple rig of poles and line with a harness that the pilot could quickly set up and hook himself up to. The rescue plane then would swoop low in a low pass with a hook on a line that would yank the pilot off the ground to be reeled in by a plane crewman. What I particularly admired about Norm was his volunteering to serve as the first "guinea pig" for his idea. It worked, and Norm went on to a long career in aircraft safety engineering work.

Gordon South's talent was artistic, his illustrations and cartoons appeared in various boating publications over the years. We were fortunate to have him as an enthusiastic reader, he found us to be his sort of people. My favorite Gordon South contribution was the cover story for the March 1, 1999 issue, in which he supplemented his wonderful drawing of an "ugly outboarder" with a tale of marvelous poetic justice after being harassed by such a person.

The ugly outboarder and his friends had chosen to use the becalmed sailboat of Gordon and friend as a sort of pylon around which to roar in circles, doing so without acknowledging the presence in the small boat of fellow boaters. Later sailing home with a fresh breeze they happened across the now silent outboard, cover off the motor, innards hanging out, skipper bent to his task of solving the problem. Gordon's friend announced, "Gordon, look sharp now, poetic justice happens just once in a lifetime." They then proceeded to sail a 360 around the stalled outboard, during which the outboarder and his friends avoided looking at them, focussing on the failed motor as if it was a "bouquet of the loveliest flowers God ever grew." As the now gleeful sailors then headed for home, Gordon quoted Browning, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

Norm and Gordon were the sort of guys who did much more than join with us in enjoying small boats, they added to the mystique while enjoying it. There are others amongst us who also contribute thusly to this simple pleasure, and you get to enjoy their contributions on our pages just as you did those of Norm Benedict and Gordon South.

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

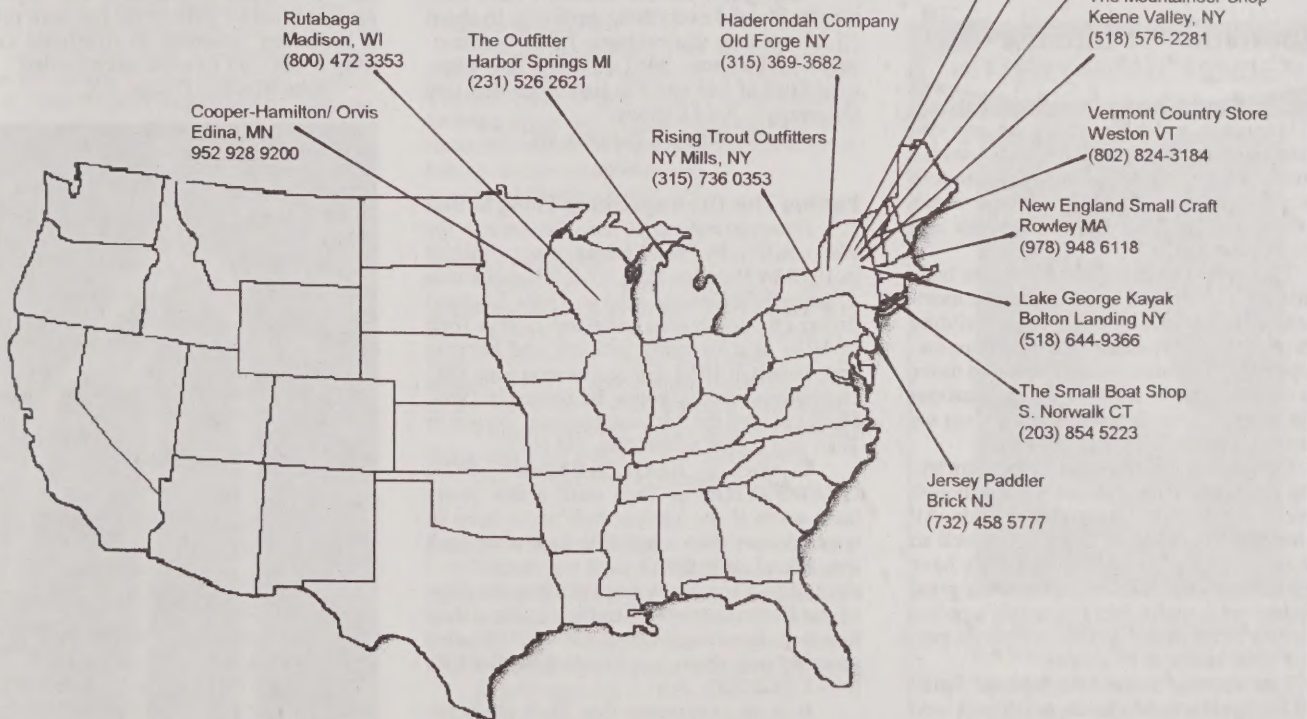
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the surface. I disturb several diving
cormorants. I am transfixed. I am in
touch. I am human. Great stuff.
Trust me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

1st Annual Westport River Run Canoe/Kayak Race

On June 19th, the Westport (MA) River Watershed Alliance will be hosting its 1st Annual River Run Canoe/Kayak Race on the East Branch of the Westport River to benefit the conservation of the Westport River and its watershed. The race will be open to single kayaks, double kayaks, and canoes. Participants will have the option of competing in one of two courses, a 3.5-mile Family/Fun Course or a 6.5-mile Challenge Course.

Entry Forms and more information at (508) 636-3016, or at website www.wrrwa.com/river_run

Shellback Dinghy Workshop

Boatwright Reuben Smith will lead a ten-week course building a plywood sailing Shellback Dinghy at the Windmill Point Boat-house of the Hull Lifesaving Museum in Hull, Massachusetts, June 21 through August 26, Mondays and Wednesdays, 7-9:30 P.M. This class will be well-suited for amateurs and backyard tinkerers as well as skilled boatbuilders.

To enroll, or for more information, please contact Corinne Leung at the museum, (781) 925-5433 or Reuben Smith at (617) 462-7215.

Information of Interest...

John Welsford Checks In

I enclose a design study on my 6M Whaler (see in this issue), a double-ended open boat originally designed for an Outdoor Education program for late teens and which has proven to be a very good daysailer and family boat.

Things are pretty good here, we have decided to sell up and build anew, the mortgage is biting us and by buying and building we hope to get all re-established without owing the bank. The area we are hoping to move to is on the coast of a large shallow harbour about three or four degrees warmer than we are here up on the volcanic plateau.

Design work continues to grow, I am trying to stay away from custom work although I have four boats that I have agreed to do. All but one fits my range of stock plans well so they are boats that I would conceivably have designed anyway, and the other has a good price tag and is really interesting (it's a power 40' trimaran for twin 4-stroke outboards, projected 1500 miles at 16 knots).

I am coming to the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St. Michaels, Maryland, next October. Chuck Leinweber of *Duckworks Magazine* and I will be attending in company with David Romasco from Kent Island Boat Works. I look forward to meeting American small craft people and viewing their favored sorts of small boats.

John Welsford, Ngongotaha, NZ

More on Drownproofing

I recently wrote about my experience in the military with Coach Fred Lanoue's drownproofing (April 15 issue). Here is further on the subject from a Georgia Tech Alumni publication.

Ruddy Ellis, Atlanta, GA

"I have a drownproofing story and a tribute to swim coach Fred Lanoue. I took drownproofing in the fall of 1956. In the summer of 1958 I was swimming with a buddy of mine and two young ladies in Canyon Lake near Phoenix.

The three of them started talking about swimming across the lake. I felt it was a lot farther across than it looked, but not wanting to appear "chicken," I agreed and we all set out.

About halfway across one of the girls became fatigued, which led to panic. I got up in her face and told her if she would relax I would drownproof her right there. She calmed down and I sent the other two back.

I supported her, explaining what we would do. "I want you to take a few deep breaths, then take a last big one, hold it and let your body relax. Your arms and legs will hang down and your face will drop underwater. In about 20 or 30 seconds I'll tap you on the back. Lift your hands almost out of the water, then force them sharply down and give one scissors kick. This will cause your head to pop out of the water. Exhale, take another deep breath and let your body relax again."

That girl was best student I have ever taught. She did everything perfectly. In about 15 minutes we started back. I don't remember her name now, but I do know that whatever kind of life she has had since that day she owes to Fred Lanoue."

John D. Wiley, Charlotte, NC

Putting This Drownproofing Thing to Bed

Drownproofing: A New Technique for Water Safety, by Fred Lanoue, was published in 1978 by Prentice Hall. Coach Lanoue was a Springfield College grad and New England diving champion who came to Georgia Tech in 1936 as a swimming coach and became head coach in 1938. His teams won four SEC championships in 9 years. He retired in 1964. He developed the "drownproofing" course at Tech and it was adopted by the Navy.

It was a REQUIREMENT FOR GRADUATION at Tech until a few years back, even if the student had never been in water deeper than a bathtub. I grew up on a tiny island so it didn't faze me much, but I can tell you some city boys cried at the edge of the Olympic pool when they learned they had to go two lengths UNDER WATER after jumping (not diving) in or NO ENGINEERING DEGREE!

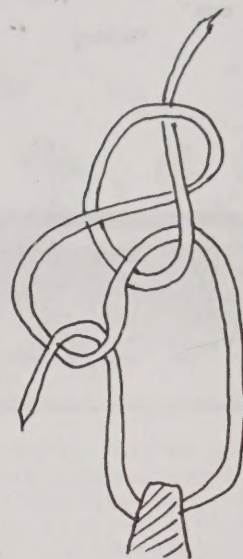
It is an experience that Tech grads remember as well as their first you know what. I'm proud to say that in about 1955, Coach Lanoue told me that I tied the pool record for the two lengths under water. At 5'6" OAL I was no athlete, but with all my heart just wanted to get out and take a breath.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL

Another Trucker's Hitch

Here is a sketch of a trucker's hitch which is better than this type illustrated a few issues ago in that there is no tight overhand knot in the line.

Dennis Davis, Northam, UK



Further Yet on Truckers Hitches

Recent issues of *MAIB* have included discussions and drawings of various forms of so-called trucker's hitches, but not my favorite, simply running the tail to be loaded through the loop of a slipknot. The loop in the slipknot is made with the tail, not the standing part of the line. Once loaded, the tail is made fast with a hitch or two, which may also be slipped if you like. The slipknot is easily untied by pulling the tail once the loop is unloaded, whereas an overhand knotted loop is difficult to untie once loaded.

John Mullen, Dallas, TX



Information Wanted...

True Rocket Plans Needed

Our 18' True Rocket sloop will be a real project boat, but I am in high hopes that it will be fun to sail when we get it finished. It is currently in sad shape. The building plans for the boat would be of great help since several attempts have been made through the years to restore or alter the boat. Perhaps some reader(s) have knowledge of the whereabouts of such plans?

My husband has attended Wooden Boat School in Brooklin, Maine, for years and now the Rocket has joined the family, which includes a 1978 Chrysler 22' daysailer (slow but easy), a Wooden Fair Curve Skiff (built at WBS), and a Wooden Shell Back with sail (built at WBS). We are very fortunate to own a cottage at Eggmoggin on Little Deer Isle, Maine, near the west end of Eggmoggin Reach. Once the Rocket is restored we will take it home to Maine. Here is part of the previous owner's story of the Rocket:

"The *Wander Wind* is known to the sailing world as an A.R. True Rocket. It was a very popular sailing craft made in New England during the '30s, '40s, and '50s. Its actual length is 19', however, the manufacturer classified the boat as an 18-footer. Its beam is nearly 7'. The hull design came to be known as the "Amesbury Skiff," and it was the same hull used by its manufacturer to sail across the Atlantic Ocean. So your Rocket is a very sea worthy craft to say the least.

In 1945, immediately following World War II, a young fuel oil entrepreneur from Washburn, Maine, by the name of Lewis Bearce set south and ventured from Northern Aroostook County down to Amesbury, Massachusetts, a small coastal area town located to the north of Boston and only three miles south of the New Hampshire border. He and his friend, Mr. Andrew Beck, went to the A.R. True Boat Manufacturing Company located along the north bank of the Merrimac River in Amesbury and each purchased for themselves 18' Rocket sailboats. Both boats were then shipped back to "The County" (as it is still called to this day) via the mighty Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. The *Wander Wind* was then towed to its first home on beautiful Portage Lake nestled in the great northern woods of Maine."

Our thanks to any who can help locate plans.

Dusty Eagen, 4933 Victor St., Dallas, TX 75214, (214) 824-4666, <mainegonza.lez@hotmail.com>

Opinions...

Coast Guard Has Changed a Lot

Today the new Coast Guard has changed a lot. They no longer haul in disabled boats, commercial tugs do that. Most rescues are done by air and then only when life is in danger. They can't, they don't have the funds for this work. They are too busy playing cops. Since 9/11 they are too busy keeping our ports safe for George's war on terrorists.

Politics play a large part in determining where your priorities are. In '59 I was in Galveston, Texas, doing harbor entrance work. We would keep a 40-footer on patrol

watching the water side of any vessel and three guards on the dock if that vessel had been in a Communist port in the previous six months. It seems silly now, but remember in the '50s there was a "Red under every bed."

I really liked the Coast Guard that I served in. We were called Hooligans. I was very proud of that title. Our service was the Hooligan Navy. There are a lot of things happening in today's Coast Guard that I would have trouble with, I'm not sure that I would like the service today.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

This Magazine...

Recycling MAIB

When it came time to clear out my ten-year collection of *MAIB* I couldn't bring myself to dump them in the recycling bin so I placed a classified ad looking for someone to adopt them. Several readers responded, but Jason K. of Everett, Washington, called first. Let me share with you the letter I received from him:

"Thanks very much. The box arrived today and I feel like I have won the lottery. Believe me, if you wanted those magazines to be appreciated you have wildly succeeded. I will read every one. And when the time comes for them to go, I also will seek a new home for them."

Any readers considering disposing of their collection of back issues should keep in mind that there are new additions to the *MAIB* family who will enjoy these old issues.

Kenneth Mitteldorf, Charleston, SC

Thanks to MAIB

Thanks to *MAIB* I was able to contact Charlie Matthews, author of "A Great Little Cruiser," and we left April 1 from Vermont to bring home our own new (to us) Peep Hen from Michigan. We are looking forward to lots of on the water camping.

Fred Moller, Wells, VT

Thanks to MAIB

Thank you for your assistance in my researching the history of the Chesapeake Bay Bird sailboat ("You write to us... March 1). I sent a note to Jim Speer with several of my photos. I also learned more from the owner of the Bay Bird at Port Tobacco, Maryland.

I enjoy messing about in boats (the activity and your publication) immensely.

Jim Niederlehner, Roanoke, VA

Stood the Test of Time

Thank you for your dedication towards producing *MAIB*. It gives me great pleasure and is the only boating periodical that has stood the test of time for me. I hope the experience continues to be as rewarding for you.

Rob Majewski, Lewes, DE

Feedback

A bit of feedback for you. I most enjoy Robb White and Phil Bolger (I had the pleasure of meeting Phil a few years ago, most enjoyable experience) and "Far Horizons." However, I read just about everything.

Comment: Article "Newport News Mariners Museum Revisited." I am sure you have discovered that the photos are mislabeled. But of more concern to me, the *Monitor* fought the *Virginia*, not the *Merrimack*! Also, the *Monitor* sank off Cape Hatteras, not in the Chesapeake Bay, and was located in the early '70s, not 1987 (I live close to the Mariners Museum, have a member's pass, and go there often).

About myself: I am 66 years old and have been messing about in boats all my life. I retired from Newport News Shipyard after 44 years of service in machinery installation (I put the reactors into the *USS Nimitz*!) and contract administration department. I build boats for a hobby, from 6'2" plywood to 56'10" fiberglass. I am currently building a 27' hard chine lobsterboat yacht to a Glen L design (modified with permission of Glen L Witt). I am a 37-year USPS member (Squadron commander twice) and a USCG Auxiliary member for 14 years (Division Captain 1999-2000).

Gaylord Lockett, Seaford, VA

Soothing Influence

I thought you might like to read about the latest PWC abomination. Many thanks for the soothing excellence of *MAIB* in a world otherwise determined to implode.

John Wamboldt, Douglaston, NY

Editor Comments: John sent a *New York Times* article about the Italian-built *Wally Power 18*, 118' long, sleeps 12, with three 5,600hp engines that burn 1,000 gallons of gasoline an hour driving the craft, which looks something like a stealth bomber afloat, at 75mph. Offered by the builder at \$25 million, it remains to date unsold.

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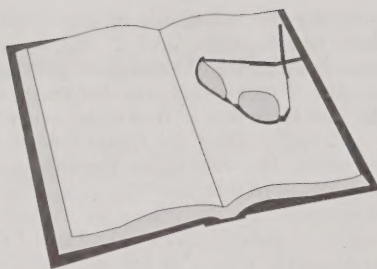
This is a softcover book that measures 5.25" x 8.25" and has 86 pages. The price is \$9.95 U.S. It won't fit in my pocket without rolling it up, but it would go aboard your cruiser to have a knot book for your wife, girl friend, children, or other guests to look at or settle arguments on a long watch or a cold night. It is the third edition with all the basic knots for sailing and boating. We are spared the load of mountaineering knots that clutter many larger books.

I would recommend it as maybe your third knot book and it could be your first if you only had ten dollars to spend. There is not enough discussion of the use of the knots to make it a first book. This is hardly a condemnation, because if the author had done that, gone would be the handy little book. If you don't have a knot book then Brian Toss is the first to buy. I don't think International Marine will be angry because they publish both of them. The second would be the Ashley Book of Knots. Ashley will cover so many knots your head will swim and the drawings and text are delightful.

Now back to the review. The pictures are clear and the drawings show well how the knots are constructed. When a knot has two lines, the pictures show them in different colors so it is easy to trace the line's path through the knot. There is a good section on splicing with eye splice, short, and long splice. There is an eye formed by whipping and a section on eye splicing braided line. A separate section shows a simple wire splice. A good section on the whipping of ends of lines has also a practical reference to other treatment of the end of a line. Rope to chain splicing is shown.

The "capstan hitch" is featured in a picture decorating the first page. I love it because it is a hitch not often taught. Occasionally it is very useful and easy if you are on a boat without self tailing winches. Jarman calls it a "Lighterman's Hitch." "Capstan Hitch" is the name Brian Toss uses. Jarman is English and it shows.

Now to show that International Marine does not hire me, I will make some complaints or suggestions for the fourth edition.



Book Review

The Essential Knot Book For Boats

Knots – Bends – Hitches

Whippings - Splices

By Colin Jarman

Third Edition \$9.95 Paperback
International Marine/Mcgraw Hill
www.internationalmarine.com

Review by Sam Chapin

Put in the overhand knot, we use that for a stopper occasionally in new slippery line when a figure eight might flip out. In nylon and dacron, when we want a stopper that won't come out and we don't care if we need to cut it out in a few years, we use an overhand.

They didn't put in the "granny knot." The knot not to knot. When we are teaching basic knots, the "granny" is always there.

There is no cleat hitch. As I walk down our docks I see lots of need for instruction in the cleat hitch, but any old wrap around a cleat seems to hold and I only know one story that would have come out a lot better with a proper hitch.

In the discussion of the "Bowline," they state that it can be tied with the end finishing

inside or on the outside of the loop. The method of construction that is shown brings the end inside. The cover art shows a bowline in bright red line tied with the end on the outside of the loop. Ashley calls this the lefthanded bowline and states that it is inferior, but doesn't tell us in which way it is inferior. Brian Toss shows the inside loop end in his several methods of tying and doesn't mention the lefthanded bowline. Toss does mention a "lefthanded sheet bend" (sheet bends are cousins of the bowline) and stated that it is an inferior knot, more liable to slip. More about that later.

A little search on the Internet under realknots.com finds the lefthanded bowline, also called a "Cowboy Bowline" or "Dutch Bowline." They say that the Dutch say it is a superior knot and less likely to come undone. The 42 Brighton, Scout Group, East Sussery, U.K. website has a short discussion of the lefthanded bowline, which they say is inferior and less secure, as is the lefthanded sheet bend. As I look at the end inside bowline, the ascending limb of the loop binds first on the end inside and the small loop. That should give it superior holding power and I vote with the Scout group.

One of the fun things about reading a basic text is stumbling on some things that you are not sure of and then feel you have to find out. That happened to me in the coiling section. They state that laid line is to be coiled "with the sun" (clockwise) with a half twist added to each coil so they will lay flat and pretty. Ever since, I found out that you couldn't get away with that with braided line, I have been coiling them both clockwise and with an open hand, just letting the coils fall naturally. It will be figure eight with braided line and occasional eight with laid line. You can ignore all that if your line is 20' or less, but 50' or more will get twists and cockles so the line will resist running through blocks.

A few years ago we had a Tancook Whaler with a gaff rig in the harbor. It had yards and yards of throat and peak halyards that were disabled by kinking. I was pretty sure that was laid line but the boat is gone now so I can't go out and check on it.

So Bob Hicks has me out in the back yard with 50' of laid line trying to get it to kink. Damn, it will twist up but doesn't get the cockles in it like the braided line does. I twist equal lengths of braided and laid line with the line slack. The laid line takes the twist three to two over the braided line before it curls and when you pull it under tension then, the laid line seems to absorb the twists better. I can coil the braided line fine counter clockwise, just put the half twist into it the other way.

Now I asked some people where all those twists go and I don't get any good answers. Where did this coil clockwise come from? Was the old natural fiber rope in need of being twisted that way? It does tighten the twist. Maybe if Mr. Hicks leaves all of this stuff in the review someone will write in and tell us all what is happening with coiling. In the meantime, I know how to manage this. If you are the Captain, do what works on your boat. If you get cockles, stop those pretty coils and give us the ones that work. If you are crew or a guest, then do what the Captain says.

Buy the book, do some tests, and write to us.



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Like most New Englanders, I am of two minds about the ending of winter. First, I am relieved to have survived another one and am that much closer to getting out on the water. Second, that relief is tempered by dread and loathing as we have to face the difficulty of thawing soils before we ever set a boat on the river or ocean.

I think a hyperactive relative must have been setting Mother Nature's clocks for the past decade. Within the past 10 or 12 years we've had TWO hundred-year storms, storms that break the record rainfall for a century. Even using fuzzy math, that's one too many in a short timespan.

This past week we suffered an unusual storm system that started in the Gulf of Mexico and curled in a giant embrace to hug the southern Atlantic states and come in from the east, across Provincetown on Cape Cod to include the northeastern states as well. Within a two-day period we received over 8" of rain. Perhaps in late August we'd call the precipitation liquid sunshine, right now it spells MUD.

National newscasts carried pictures of Peabody, Massachusetts during our 8" deluge, its town square totally submerged. Also reported was a building in Revere, water was coming in the second story at the back, running down the stairs, and rushing out the front door. Locally the Ipswich River was on the rise and fallow fields along the hilltops of old Route 1 in Topsfield were spewing water over the walls in mini Niagaras, the fairgrounds river gate parking area was awash, and the end of South Main Street was flooded. River Road and the bridge over the river were lost beneath the rising water.

Everyone with a canoe or kayak seemed to have taken to the water sitting in unusual places. I saw boats out in hayfields, parking lots, railroad tracks, and skimming over the top railings of bridges spanning the rising river. Messers unite, the river is up and new playgrounds are everywhere. Of course, once the water recedes there'll be just that much MORE mud, somehow we'll Muddle Along, 'til drier days arrive.

Vermonters are resigned to their many remaining dirt roadways becoming impassable for a month. The tourist board even has a program to attract tourists in Mud Season. Discounts at ski resorts are as deep as the liquefied soil in the parking lots. Black Diamond trails could be renamed Brown Betty to indicate the condition of anyone foolish enough to try to hike the sodden pathways.

Here in coastal Massachusetts the soil is mostly granite ledge or sandy glacial deposits along the water's edge. There is one other soil type that makes our river valleys so flat and fertile, glacial till. This is the foundation of legendary giant pumpkins and corn so sweet and succulent you remember it years later. A better mix of nutritive materials Martha Stewart couldn't design. Common loam, which is spread in varying thickness over most lawns and yards, is made up by this glacial till and a good amount of humus from rotting vegetation. In combination, the super-fine particles of the clay-like till and the humus are capable of absorbing several times their own weight of moisture and holding onto it like a sponge.

Where the problems arise are places like the hilly areas, as in Vermont and local villages here that were completely cleared for



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Muddling Along

farming and timber. The tall spars were sent back to England for King George (there were a few marked "King's trees" left in swamps in my village as late as the 1950s). Rains wash the loosened topsoil away and expose the underlying till, which then runs into the valley or into the wheel ruts of pathways. The smooth shape and fine particle size of this clay makes a very slick slurry when super saturated with water. While not so round as a quicksand, the till will not support any weight across its structure. Cars disappear up to their axles and cows appear likely to give chocolate milk, judging from their muddy udders.

Boats left in cradles in the fall often list to port or starboard if the owners didn't set them on a firm gravel base. My own craft is sitting on three 4" x 4" rails. There is a slight slope to the lawn at this point and our most recent deluge has washed soil and mulch out of a flowerbed some distance away and piled it up along the front support. From my window my dory appears to be rushing up the lawn, pushing a messy bow wave before her.

As I drive to work I see various solutions the local messers have devised to cope

with this messy month of mud. There is the elaborate (I want one) construction of stud wall and pitched roof, walls set between telephone pole corner posts, the roof sheathed and shingled, the walls covered with heavy translucent film, that in the summer can be rolled up out of the way. Then there is the hoop greenhouse made taller to accommodate the boat within. Less complex and costly solutions include one enterprising person I saw duct taping four large trash bags together around his kayak or canoe before setting it on sawhorses alongside the garage.

Having protected the boats in our care, how are we to reach them across a sea of mud to start the spring tune-ups before the really good weather arrives and we need to launch? There are the old tried and true planks stretched across the softer spots like rescue ladders on rotting ice. Without knowledge of the local bog's depth, these planks soon sink and become useless in keeping feet dry or clean, so another one is placed on top of the first, and second, and third. Eventually you do hit bottom and the top plank stays above the mess. Sometimes it's better to sacrifice some cord wood as caissons to support the planks. The main drawback of either of these methods is the mucky recovery of materials once they are no longer needed.

It only takes a moment of inattention to have the whole mass set up like concrete, locking the lumber into the soil to pose serious threat to shins and lawn mowers once the grass or tall weeds have reclaimed the site. Take a late spring tour of any casual boatyard area and you'll discover the remains of past wet spring "solutions" sticking through the layers of soil and vegetation like so many dinosaur skeletons. A few years back one of my firewood supports was left behind, covered by a thin layer of dried mud. I reseeded the area and it was mowed all through the summer. In late August our lawn mowing boy announced that the mower had excavated an oak log, chewed it up, and spewed it out, to the detriment of a nearby patch of chrysanthemums. Mud season can have far reaching repercussions.

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My initial meeting with Walt Donaldson and his elegant sharpie was quite similar to Robb White's encounter with him, which he mentioned in his article "Nor Easter" in the October 15, 2002 issue of *MAIB*.

I first saw the boat out near Sea Horse Key on a Sunday morning just as we were getting our stuff together to leave Cedar Key after the 2001 Messabout. It was difficult to tell what type of boat it was from a distance, but it was easy to see that it was fast and being well sailed. As I continued watching from the beach across from the Faraway Inn where we were staying, it became clear that the boat was making towards us, and before long he had anchored off the beach and waded ashore. Walt was met on the beach by several people from the event (including one older boatbuilder originally from Wisconsin with whom I had been talking who, as a child, had become an expert in repairing wooden transoms which were damaged or destroyed by beavers each year) and was soon answering questions about the boat and his sail down to Cedar Key from Shell Point, about 80 miles up the coast.

The boat is the 28' sharpie, Chapelle Design #123, and is also in the Reuel Parker *Sharpie Book*. It was built by Walt in 2001 of glassed plywood in an obviously meticulous manner as befits its owner/builder. It is full of clever systems such as the one for solo raising and lowering of the mast, using the sprit, and various other custom fitting as a gin pole. His trailer was also built by him specifically for the boat (it launches bow first) and is a beautiful piece of design and work even without the boat. Innovations and tinkering with the rig continue, and for me at least, it is refreshing to see someone stay with a project long enough to refine and perfect it.

As a result of that chance meeting on the beach, I became friends with Walt, so it was my pleasure to be able to assist him in his recent sharpie adventure on the lower west coast of Florida which is here presented. I can say from firsthand experience, having sailed on the boat in some wind, that one would not

Winter Cruise 2004

By Walt Donaldson

Introduction By Turner Matthews

casually set off alone on such a trip in this open boat.

It is one of the joys of this publication, however, that we can vicariously enjoy the adventures of others while simultaneously wishing we were there, while enjoying the fact that we are not.

Winter's Cruise 2004

February 1 - February 9, Placida, Florida (Gasparilla Sound) to Long Key (Florida Keys). February 10-24, cruising in Keys and Florida Bay, and then return to Bradenton.

Arrived in Bradenton from Tallahassee January 31 towing a 28' New Haven Sharpie with plans to launch in Charlotte Harbor, about an hour south of there, to cruise farther down the coast an indeterminate distance, but with the general objective being an exploration of the Everglades. My friend Turner Matthews lives in Bradenton and had agreed to drive the leg to Charlotte Harbor so that my vehicle and trailer could repose safely at his home. He suggested Placida on Gasparilla Sound as a launching place, in the northern reaches of Charlotte Harbor and near good outlets to the Gulf and to the excellent state park on Cayo Costa Island.

February 1, Sunday: First morning in South Florida and launch day. Beautiful weather and was soon involved with preparations. Visits from friends and local sailors, some met the year before on a different project. Made a round of last minute purchases and ballasted the low spaces with backyard citrus and jugs of water. Lawrence Page arrived on his bicycle and we three set off for Placida, arriving at the excellent public ramp mid-afternoon. Launched among the exotic (to me) casuarina pines and in clear waters and rowed out of the canal.

Turner and Larry drove around to a nearby intervening bascule drawbridge and warned the tender that an unpowered sailboat was coming through, possibly rowing. A small breeze piped up from just the right direction, making passage through the bridge easy, as easy as they ever are under oar and sail anyway. Waved farewell to T & L standing there on the bulkhead and broad reached south parallel but well clear of the Intercoastal Waterway channel, taking in the new sights and sensations and glad to be underway at last.

At sunset sailed into a shallow area protected by a small island, Devilfish Key, and set out two new and untested alloy anchors in a Bahamian Moor, much impressed by the efficacy of this arrangement. Formerly I had always used a single heavy Danforth, but it became evident in the course of this journey that I had been getting away with murder. To my surprise (it had been very calm and clear), almost immediately a cool fog blew in and the wind picked up substantially from the northwest. Quick dinner and to bed early, enjoying the feeling of having begun.

February 2, Monday: Enveloped in fog and grounded on the grass flats at dawn and somewhat overstimulated from the range of possibilities. Though gray all around, the sky overhead gradually turned blue, and with the wind being fair and light, hatched a plan to sail over toward the ICW and attempt to proceed marker to marker until visibility improved.

As the boat tacked around on her (now single) anchor as she always does after raising sail, it began to drag freely, apparently. Cursing the new lightweight anchors, I pulled in the rode...and empty chain! The heavy stainless Italian carabiner used to attach the chain to the anchor (I thought it would have been useful to have a rapid disconnect) had unclipped. Jibed back for several anxious minutes of casting back and forth but found it without undue difficulty. After all, it was lying in only a foot of clear water. Soon became disoriented in the fog and, shackled

firmly now, re-anchored next to the ICW to wait it out.

Finally got going late morning in near calm conditions. It picked up to 5 knots or so at midday, but the powerboat wakes made for a lot of chafing, particularly between mast and sprit as these banged around in the slop. Noticed that the leathers on the oars had chafed through also and so end-for-ended those and restitched them. At Boca Grande the fog socked in again but I was able to move forward at 2.5 knots or so by rowing at a low stroke count assisted by very light airs, following the markers on the GPS screen...poor man's radar.

At Useppa Island heard European voices in the fog and an idling sailboat appeared, then vanished. Passed a sign on the waterway for the inn on Cabbage Key, checked the chart to see what that was all about, and looked at the time. It was 5:40, the day had slipped away. An increasing breeze helped to proceed well out of the channel onto a broad grass flat. Just after sunset the fog suddenly departed, revealing the glories of nature. A cool, dry wind and starry skies put my mind at peace. Set up a tarp against the dew and listened to quiet music for awhile.

February 3, Tuesday: Once again woke up aground and so got going on organizing the gear, still in a high state of entropy. Light downwind sailing and rowing, eating grapefruits, put astern LaCosta Island mid-morning and North Captiva Island by early afternoon. Weary of the incessant traffic on the Interstate (er, Intercoastal Waterway), went out Redfish Pass, tricky in the strong flood tide. Cleared that and squared away for a run down the beach along Captiva Island in better breezes, scanning the beach through binoculars for bikinis and calling out, "Miss it!" as in the movie *Caddyshack* at the golfers. I am kidding. I didn't call out but thought about it. Saw more fat guys in thongs than young women in bikinis and so abandoned that enterprise.

As I rounded Knapps Point, the "Cape" of Sanibel Island, the wind increased and set fair for passaging south. Put in a course for Big Carlos Pass at the far end of Fort Myers Beach, but the wind and sea condition tended to round the boat up toward offshore and accelerate, seeming to indicate giving the entire congested area a miss. Though it was late afternoon the moon was near full and the fog was not in evidence, so I put in a second course for Capri Pass at Marco Island, 31 miles farther south. Boomed along for many hours in 10-15 knot winds over the quarter, all sail, hungry but happy. Listened to Bob Dylan awhile as if I had never heard the words before.

Around 11:00 had somewhat of a trial, erupting into a moderate tantrum when the wind died and the slatting and banging started up, lurching in the leftover chop. Resolved to row the five remaining miles to Marco if I had to and started pulling. A welcome reaching breeze soon sprang up though, so the challenge evolved into staying awake. Made it to the light around midnight and had an amusing/terrifying/amusing bumble in the darkness looking for the cut into the Cannon Channel, a lagoon inside a peninsula of mangroves. Somehow threaded the Teeth of Death (snags at the entrance, bumped once) and then the Shoals of Befuddlement, flung out anchors, and passed out.

February 4, Wednesday: Rested awhile waiting for the boat to float free, enjoying the beautiful weather, feeling "arrived" after the long hop. Indeed, one might say that Marco Island is the northern gateway to the Ten Thousand Islands. Had ice and groceries on my mind and so got going into the circus that is Marco at this time of year. The winds being strong from the north, and not inclined to head back offshore just yet, decided to try circumnavigating the island via Big Marco River and the small town of Goodland, perhaps picking up groceries there. This well-traveled route bypasses Cape Romano and its extensive beard of shoals.

Began tacking up the river assisted by a strong tide, the boat sailing her best...the ballast of cruising stores has made all the difference (had never carried such significant weight). Skipped past a manatee in the approaches to the Bear Point Bridge. Had to ply the oars most vigorously to get beyond as the wind was still contrary and the tide was slackening. Once past, noticed a small sail and soon converged with a deftly handled Sunfish. We made a few tacks together and it turns out that this man, Jack Bohrenger (and I apologize if your name is misspelled, Jack), was a boatbuilder himself and is a very kind person, as we shall see. We parted ways and I continued upriver, but slowly as the wind and tide were both contrary now.

Decided to pull into a side creek for refreshment and perhaps a sunshower. A Boston Whaler approached directly...it was Jack! He had brought ice and offered to go for groceries. I gave him a list and, much inspired by this kindness (and glasses of icewater), continued rowing and sailing. Quite soon he returned.

I never got a chance to shake his hand. I tried but we drifted apart in the current after the transfer. He may have thought I was reaching for the change, 22¢, which he supplied, with receipt. We exchanged addresses and, thus provisioned, made a few more miles until the bridge to Goodland appeared. The tide still against and unsure of getting past another bridge that day with depleted reserves, decided to go back a hundred yards or so to a creek in the mangroves, where I learned something about mangrove creeks and mosquitoes.

February, 5 Thursday: Awoke before dawn and got going under oars immediately. Mosquitoes can fly faster than 2.5 knots, or else they were drafting. After sketching through the Goodland bridge, the wind simultaneously blew away my escorts and nearly wrecked me. I was able to raise sail and tack through town, assisted by the very welcome tide.

There was not an obvious place to beach the boat and walk to a store, making Jack's grocery run doubly significant. It was too early besides. Proceeded to Coon Key at the outlet to the Gulf, anchored behind a sand spit, brewed a cup of coffee, and committed to the deep hundreds of mosquito carcasses.

The wind being brisk southeast (my course), set up the boat for a day of going to weather, including a new spray cover over the boat's middle section fitted for just this kind of day. Made good only eight miles or so, but this was great sailing, reading as the boat self-steered, merged in a dynamic green seascape with puffy white clouds overhead, magnificent! I was reading Ghandi's autobiography



and his philosophies made such sense in this setting.

Sailed past the "Welcome to Everglades National Park" sign at sunset. Beached the boat and walked about Camp Lulu Key in the twilight, first time on land since the boat ramp. Someone had set up a table made of driftwood on a sandy beach underneath the sea grape, mangrove, and gumbo-limbo trees. Strange rubbery blobs, living creatures of some sort, covered the tidal area, some with leopard spots.

February 6, Friday: Calm sunny morning with wind light SE, the proposed direction of travel. Got underway midmorning and slowly tacked southward into the heart of the islands. Looked into Indian Key Pass which leads inland to Everglades City and waved to a large coastal trader anchored there with a small sharpie as her tender. The sharpie raised her lugsail and so I cut inland of Indian Key just to have a look. There were quite a few people about, namely Park tour boats and commercial fishing vessels. A strong tide was pouring into the passage inland. Slowly stemmed this and then made a long tack offshore, the boat self steering, intending a single tack to the next attractive place on the chart, Rabbit Key.

Stopped en route for my first dive, a Park sign in 15' or so of water. I had brought a pole spear in hopes of supplementing my diet. Dove down to check the anchor first and the cool water felt positively alive, a most invigorating medium. Swam to the steel piling which, and as I thought there might have been, held two dinner-sized sheepsheads, often seen about underwater structures. But not being in the mood to clean fish, I let the opportunity pass. Dove deeper to investigate the tripod arrangement below where a big grouper of about 25 pounds and I scared the wits out of each other. You have nothing to fear from me, brother. There is no way I would stick a pole spear into such a tank. Zoomed down-tide back to the boat, looking up through shafts of sunlight at the wriggling plankton. Checked the hull and centerboard, no damage from bumping the snag at Marco. A large manta ray jumped very close, its tail wiggling most amusingly.

Underway and eating lunch (at 4:00 P.M.), I noticed a strong contrary current pulling on the crab trap buoys, and indeed the GPS indicated a progress of only 2 knots or so over the bottom. At sunset took careful bearings and double-checked the coordinates for getting amongst a sheltered group of keys that I could see about three miles away, just beyond Rabbit. A norther was forecast for the next day. Winged it on in there, sounding with the paddle, senses alive in the darkness. The full moon rose to help and we glided into the sanctuary.

February 7, Saturday: A cool and foggy, even misty, morning in this beautiful spot. A charming flock of five pink birds, presumably flamingos, flew over at dawn. The front had not begun to blow hard, though the wind had already come around, so I eased out of the shallows (less than a foot) and began running with the board full up. The sun emerged. Passed an intriguing small barren (of vegetation) island called Little Pavilion Key and the all-around-excellent Pavilion Key group, the farthest offshore of all of the Ten Thousands. Resolved to spend some time there if possible on the way back. Passed the seaward point of Pavilion in a near calm, but the front chose this moment to awaken and it was off to the races, the wind strong and west.

After getting used to the speed and noise, the situation seemed not overwhelming and so began to enjoy the rapid progress. Thought to try to make Shark River, which a friend had suggested as a safe haven from cold fronts. In the steadily rising wind, an inner voice was suggesting a closer alternate, Lostman's River, about 10 miles away. Mother Nature quickly clapped a lid on this nonsensical internal debate, however. The next of the many backward glances to weather delivered the verdict, Lostman's it is! Punched in a wild guess on the GPS while steering with a foot, trying to keep the flimsy paper chart kit dry, and listening for "broachers" among the rising steep chop.

The entrance was not visible from my position. Picked out the aerial for the ranger's station at about two miles out and by blind, stupid luck, levitated over a reef and shot into the cut, instantly becalmed and marveling at the contrast. I had missed the channel, but high tide saved me, hoo, man. The bay inside was straightforward enough and so spent the rest of the day on chores and thanking Providence.

February 8, Sunday: Back on an even keel mentally and resolved to keep the adrenaline supply under wraps all day, woke before dawn and hustled out of there at first light, wanting to catch the tail of the falling tide. The wind was still brisk at 15-20 NE, so I intended to sail in the lee of the land. The lowering tide revealed the horror show I had sailed across yesterday to get in. A bit of apprehension prompted me to put on water boots in case of the need to hop out and push. Clearing the inlet and approaching the bar to the Gulf, I cleated the main near centerline to depower it. I was running straight downwind, very fast in the boiling tide. Should have been sounding with the paddle instead of drinking coffee.

Without warning the centerboard (which should have been full up anyway) struck hard and she rounded up, the cleated main putting her chine down hard on the bar. Sprang for the weather rail and sheet which, by Murphy's Law had become fouled in the self-steering lines. The boat was making crunching, crabwise hops. But in an instant she was free and running fast, the mainsheet full out and board safely retracted.

A different danger then presented itself, a slow motion convergence of detrimental phenomena. Though I was racing offshore, the channel was drying out! Sounding with the paddle revealed only a foot at best, the sternwave roaring over the shelly bottom. A line of stakes led seaward, but which side was deeper?

Despite this debacle of mistakes and preconceived notions, the depths gradually increased but it became obvious that staying in the lee of the land was not realistic. In the hard norther all waters had fled offshore. The little that was left was roiled into chocolate, obscuring the usual visual cues (except wave size). There I was, two miles offshore in a blow, again. So much for keeping things calm today. Set a course for the Shark River and surfed on down there, in mostly 2' to 4' depths so the waves really weren't dangerous. There was one more anxious moment crossing deeper water near the entrance and I had come in a bit low to the marker and needed to round up, but I was soon inside and put down two anchors in the mysterious, peat-like bottom. Spent the entire afternoon reading and napping under the spray cover, the wind howling outside. Little Shark River really is an amazing refuge from northers, situated exactly right.

February 9, Monday: The thing I like best about this day is that it was all just sailing. No morning rituals, no undue headscratching at the chart, no boat chores, hardly even any eating, just cruising. Woke up about 4:00 A.M. and with the waning moon still high and bright, decided to take off. Sailed right down the beach in the moonlight, sleepy and peaceful. Made Cape Sable at dawn and went for a walk on the beautiful beach, a real Florida classic, that one.

At last picked up a weather report (none available at Lostman's or Shark) and it dawned upon me that though the forecast strong easterly was poor for Flamingo, dead to windward, it was auspicious for making the Florida Keys, reaching. Heart skipping, pushed off around 8:00 and what a sail it was. Powered up under main and jib, the boat just flew along, for the chop was held to nil by the extensive "banks" characteristic of Florida Bay. Finally had to tack about 3:00 P.M. else I would have collided with Long Key. Beat upwind along the shore for half an hour, not sure what to do. Jibed back toward a promising access, a boat rental place, and hailed a fellow standing on the dock of a motel next door. He replied affirmatively that a grocery store was not too far, so I eased into the rocky cove and tied the boat to a coconut palm.

Michael, this friendly person, came over and offered a beer and to watch the boat. Accepting only the latter for now, checked with the kind gentleman in the rental establishment (Lime Tree Watersports of Layton, Florida, mile marker 68.5, his sign read) who said it would be fine. The "grocery" store didn't have much in the way of food, but I picked up a few essentials and hustled back. Returned to the Lime Tree place and thanked the man again. This was actually a noteworthy place and person. The shop inside was full of tools and books and looked old and kind of funky but with underlying order. The man was of a Northern European type, tall and deep chested, with hair the platinum color that blonde changes to. He sold me three bags of ice, giving a discount of one third, and wished me well.

Michael and I talked for a while, he was very curious about the boat. He offered a shower, which I gratefully accepted. This shower was practically a religious experience, made somewhat surreal by that sensation of still being in motion after a passage. Though he never dropped a hint, Michael seemed

open to an invitation for sailing, and he was. I put him at the helm and we had a beer together. Dropped him off next to the motel dock, he grinning under the scrutiny of the patrons gathered around the pool. Time had come to find an anchorage as it was well past 5:00. Back the way I had come in was a small island group called the Arsnickers and so, liking that name, stacked another great sail on top of the others, wind still 15 knots or so. Fumbled around in the darkness trying to figure out how to anchor in the treacherous "soft over hard" (marl over rock) bottom and finally shut down hard, exhausted.

February 10, Tuesday: Beautiful settled weather with a forecast for light southeasterlies for the next few days. The local winds were northeast, due probably to a few light rain showers about. Pored over the charts and hatched an ambitious plan to sail down to the Moser Channel/Bahia Honda area, but once underway simply didn't have the motivation to sail that far, still hollow from yesterday's long passage. But the Channel Five/Long Key bridge appeared to be a simple beat and so, carefully easing over the Arsenic Bank (straightforward etymology there, Arsenic via Arsnicker?), a sharpie shortcut, spent a few hours going to weather, writing postcards.



It was not as simple as I had presumed, and the time was past noon before I cleared the US 1 bridge. Thrilled by the prospect of the open ocean, raised the jib and stood southwest with the notion of going out to the Tennessee Reef for snorkeling. Spent a couple more hours close-reaching down to the latitude of the reef but arrived a half mile downwind of the light. Did not tack up there as it was not an ideal day for snorkeling. A 3' or 4' sea was running and the boat was taking a beating. I heaved to and ate some apples, gazing out over the Straits of Florida where I could see a big ship near the Sombrero Key light, presumably in the Gulf Stream. A group of offshore sportfishing boats lay upwind on the reef itself and I contemplated the different viewpoints on enjoying the ocean.

Wanting a body memory of such a novel (for me) tableau, put on mask and flippers and dived in, after first trailing a "last chance" piece of line lest I should lose my grip on the toerail. Trolled along like that in the cool water, holding deep breaths to swim under the hull and cling (knees, too) remora-like to the centerboard, which by the way was abraded but still sound from the Lostman's incident. Beginning to feel a bit like bait, scrambled back aboard but lost a fin in the process. Cursing, I thought they always sank, I tacked back and rescued it, still floating. Stomped my sunglasses in the process, however. Taking this as an omen, put her about and steered for the bridge. I am not quite ready for the Gulf Stream.

It took the rest of the day to get back to the bridge. The wind had gone light and the tide was still streaming out a full hour after

the forecasted low at Key West. By appearances, I should not have been moving at all, the channel was glassy though the wind was still palpable on my face. It seemed highly unlikely, even magical, to be moving so steadily, both sails drawing well, straight at the center span. Helped her through with a few strokes of the oars at sunset. Set a course for the Buchanan Keys in Florida Bay four miles away, which I would obviously not make before dark. Reached out there as night softly gathered around and put down the hooks about a quarter mile from the near Buchanan, good holding ground on a 2' shoal.

February 11, Wednesday: Puttered about most satisfactorily until late morning. Repaired sunglasses, dealt with chafe, shifted things about, and so on, letting the fair breeze go by unmolested. Decided to leave the Keys and head back to the Everglades. Another

front was approaching and I would have run out of groceries before the northerlies cleared out. Got underway but soon became curious about the featured bottom scrolling by in clear water. Rounded up and put down a single anchor, letting the main luff. After donning the snorkeling gear, naturally checked the anchor first thing, which was hanging by a fluke-tip on the rocky bottom. Next to the anchor was an instantly recognizable pair of long antennae.

Soon back underway, reset the jib and put a pot of seawater on the stove. Boiled him or her with a potato, delicious. Spent a long sunny day broad reaching northwest, approaching the pair Sandy Key/Carl Ross Key late afternoon. This being the best stopover en route to Cape Sable, made a big dinner and turned in early.

(To Be Continued)

It was a cold, dreary March day at a training anchorage near Sardinia in the Mediterranean. The swells made the ship rock and roll. In fact, we rocked and rolled all the time. But the worst thing was that we had run out of potatoes. No fresh potatoes, no dehydrated sliced potatoes, no frozen french fries, no instant mashed potatoes, no potatoes of any kind, and no opportunity to get resupplied for at least three weeks. This was pre-Atkins Diet, on a Navy ship potatoes were one of the major food groups right beside coffee and cigarettes. It was bad enough being the supply officer on this destroyer when you had potatoes. But now?

First, perhaps it's meaningful to describe what a "supply officer" is. Or isn't. He's not involved with navigation, weapons, operations, the propulsion plant, anchoring, steering the ship, or even talking on the radio. The line officers who do these things usually look down on the supply officers because of this. Also, the line officers dislike the idea that they are standing four hour watches round the clock while the supply officer gets a full night's sleep. Unless, of course, the line officers can think of some reason to awaken the supply officer at 3:30 in the morning.

Knock, knock. "Ah, ensign, the officer of the deck says there's no coffee on the mess decks." And as the captain once told me, "you are in charge of all the things I get complaints about." Certainly nothing glamorous or exciting about being in charge of spare parts, the laundry, the ship's store (where sailors buy candy and cigarettes, this was back in the early '70s when everyone onboard smoked), pay, and the constant thorn in my side, food. And now, no potatoes.

With my tail between my legs I told the captain. He gave me his usual look of disdain, then suggested I get my rear end (yes, he used a different word) to some of the other ships in the training anchorage and beg. Oh, by the way, the EMO (electronics material officer) needs an RFPA (M). With hat in hand, I asked the boatswain mates to take me to the other ships in the motor whale boat (MWB). They didn't especially like supply officers either (probably the food or the pay) and weren't keen about going out in the cold and rough conditions. And of course, I didn't tell them we were going for potatoes.

At the first ship we came to they had rigged a ladder down the port side with a small platform at the bottom. But our motor

Messing Up In Boats ...er Ships

By George Jacobs

whale boat was rising and falling so quickly that when we were on top of a swell the platform was maybe 5' below the gunwhale of the MWB, and at the bottom of the swell the platform was about 2' above. I tried to time my leap to the platform. But after all, I am a supply officer and know nothing about the ways of the sea, so I ended up dropping all 5' down to the platform and had to be caught. But they did spare us some potatoes, two cases of dehydrated slices, 12 #10 cans, enough for maybe two meals, and two boxes of frozen fries. I was starting to feel pretty good, even though my legs hurt from the leap (fall). On to the next ship where we got a case of instant mashed and another box of fries and the RFPA. Two more ships and more potatoes. Probably enough to get us by for three weeks. But by this time we were all pretty wet from the spray and were cold.

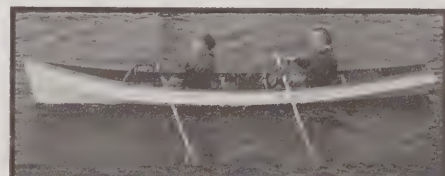
Heading back to our ship we noticed it was getting underway. What???? Wait for us!!! We motored alongside and were told they would recover us while moving. Oh crap (or words to that effect). Out with the fenders. Down with the lines. Have to raise the bow first, I thought. Well, maybe not. We were hanging bow down, bow up, bow down. I later learned that the captain wanted to practice this maneuver, that this was the first time it had been tried in a long while (no kidding!!!) I suspect he thought with the supply officer on board if things didn't work out...ah, well.

Once back on board (after a quick prayer) I went to see the chief corpsman, the "doc." I had heard that he sometimes would "prescribe" some brandy after one had spent time out in the elements. I had heard right. He gave me five little bottles with instructions that I was to oversee each man drink it. I summoned the MWB crew to the mess decks where we enjoyed our brandy. It was good.

Now we're back underway and the rocking and rolling continues. But we have potatoes, the captain is happy to have successfully (?) recovered the MWB underway, and the EMO is happy to get the RFPA. Perhaps the best part, however, is now the supply of-

ficer is held in higher esteem, at least by the motor whale boat crew. "Hey ensign, if you ever want us to take you in the motor whale boat again..." I was feeling pretty smug until the ship's store operator came running up to me announcing that we were out of cigarettes except for a few cartons of Kools. Great, just great.

(This was onboard the *USS Brownson* (DD 868) in 1974.)



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View from stairs along the main hall. On the right can be seen interactive panels to bring up info on the craft to be seen.



Seen from Mezzanine I foreground is 1936 One Design.



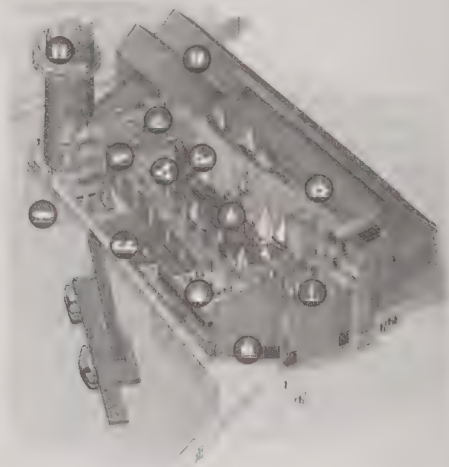
Seen from the mezzanine, Uffa Fox International 14 dinghy *Thunder & Lightning* and McGregor's Rob Roy canoe.

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Exeter Museum Follow Through

By Dennis Davis



Your "Illustrated Boat Guide to Exeter Museum" is a few years out of date. I think the museum site is now apartments, I have not looked at it specifically recently. The Museum closed some time ago.

There is, though, a new purpose built maritime museum at Falmouth, Cornwall, which is well worth a visit. There are fewer boats on show than at the old Exeter Museum but it is more interactive and possibly more fun for kids. Later this year they will have a specific showing of canoes/kayaks to do with the Olympics. The curator asked us last year for info on the Kleppers used in the 1936 games.

The photos will give you some idea of the layout and types of exhibits. The building itself is interesting since it is possible to go down to the harbor floor and peer through thick glass at the passing fish. Big sheets of glass, not just portholes.

Uffa Fox sailing canoe.



The Marblehead (Massachusetts) Dory & Schooner Museum was founded on December 30, 1996, we are currently enjoying our seventh year of operation. The museum was organized to fulfill the longstanding need for a maritime museum in historic Marblehead, Massachusetts. Our logo is the Banks dory and the fishing schooner, both symbolizing the fishing industry on which Marblehead and Gloucester were built. I first started collecting the literature, the authentic gear and artifacts, and images of the Banks fishermen about the time I began sailing aboard the fishing schooner *Adventure* in 1983.

We now have five historically important dories in our collection. Our first is a restored Banks dory that belonged to the Gloucester fishing schooner *Adventure*. It was built in the early 1970s by Malcolm Brewer, who was considered the last of the oldtime Maine boat builders. The dory was one of two built for a remake of the movie, *Captains Courageous*. It's the type of one man handling dory that is represented on the Marblehead Town Seal.

Our second dory is an old two man Lunenburg trawl dory made by the famous Allen Dory Shop in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in the 1960s. It was donated to us by the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum.

Our third dory is a Swampscott dory. It's a 16' double ended surf dory built by the George L. Chaisson dory shop in the neighboring community of Swampscott. It served as the lifesaving boat at Devereux Beach in Marblehead in the 1940s. Our fourth dory is a 50-year-old Banks dory that was used by a Danvers shore fisherman. Late in its fishing career it was converted to a motor dory when an outboard motor well and rudder were added.

Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum

The Home of the Literature Of the Banks Fishermen

By Gary Kissal, Curator

In June of this year, we were fortunate enough to acquire our fifth dory. It is an extremely rare, 100-year-old Swampscott sailing dory. We believe the dory was built by master Marblehead dory builder William Henry Chamberlain. The dory is remarkably complete with the original mast, boom, centerboard, floorboards, and rudder. It is awaiting a detailed documentation and careful restoration.

Our major contribution to maritime history, however, is in the field of literature. We are becoming recognized as the Home of the Literature of the Banks Fishermen. It is a large body of literature that faded into obscurity with the passing of the fishing schooners. The literature chronicles the legendary fishermen of the Banks, arguably the greatest sailormen who ever lived. To that end we are working to organize the First International Conference on the Literature of the Banks Fishermen that is planned for the summer of 2005. We haven't made our final decision as yet but both Essex County, Massachusetts, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, are being considered for the venue.

The conference will highlight the Canadian and American writers who chronicled the Banks fishermen in the days of dories and fishing schooners in both fiction and nonfiction. We also preparing for publication a bibliography of the finest writing about the fish-

ermen by Boston writer James B. Connolly. We hope to have it published in time for the conference. One of the long term goals of the conference will be to begin the research for the future publication of an all encompassing bibliography of the literature of the Banks fishermen.

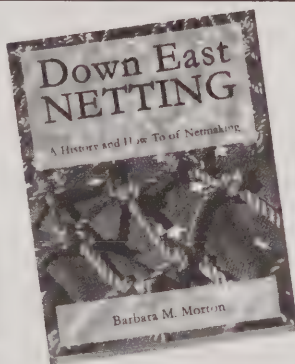
In 1998 we set up a dory exhibit at Gloucester's 375th Anniversary celebration. During 2001 we collaborated with the Marblehead Historical Society on an exhibit entitled "Dory Fishing in Old Marblehead." The popular exhibit ran from April through October at the Society's new headquarters building. In 2002 we put our Chaisson Surf Dory on display at Tufts University to compliment their exhibit of the Lynn Beach Painters. In July of 2003 we again exhibited at the Gloucester Seaport Festival.

Also in 2003 we were visited by a film crew from Ireland. They were filming a documentary on Boston writer James B. Connolly and came here to film an interview with this writer, who many consider the leading authority on the author.

Looking ahead to 2004, we are redoubling our efforts to get our website up and running and to file for non profit, tax exempt status. We are also continuing our quest for a suitable public building to house the museum. Another of our projects for this year is to establish a Massachusetts Dory Registry. Our mission is to compile information on the historic dories still in existence and the old time dory shops and dory builders that built them.

For more information or to visit the museum and enjoy our collection, call evenings and weekends at (781) 631-2567.

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Del found one biography of Captain William Kidd, written in 1932, in the Middletown Public Library. "Gentleman or buccaneer?" asked the author. "Gentleman," the author concluded. Del wasn't so sure. He made a few telephone calls and found an academic expert on piracy who taught on the West Coast. What he discovered made the more convincing answer "buccaneer." Kidd was believed to have been born in Scotland in 1645. How he ended up in the West Indies, nobody knows. In any event, after a short but successful career as a pirate and privateer, he "retired" to New York City. He married a rich widow, Sarah Dort, and had two daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth. They lived in a fine Dutch-style house at 119-121 Pearl Street. Kidd maintained one ship, the *Antigua*, and may have continued some of his extralegal activities in the New York area.

Kidd's last voyage of plunder was made on behalf of some political notables, including the Earl of Bellomont, who was the Governor of New York; Robert Livingston, the New York merchant; and, through surrogates, William III, the King of England. The original purpose of the trip was to suppress piracy off the east coast of Africa and the Indian subcontinent and to intercept the merchant ships of England's enemies. Kidd and his political friends would share the prize money. While he may not have fallen in with the pirates, Kidd, by all accounts, didn't confront them either. Practically speaking, he probably had no choice. Madagascar was virtually owned by pirates, among others, Henry Avery, Thomas Tew, and Robert Cullifer, who ended up stealing most of Kidd's crew and some of his treasure. To challenge them would have been suicidal.

Instead Kidd "captured" some smaller ships, plus the *Quedah Merchant*, much of whose cargo was owned by the secretary of state at the Mugal's court in India. Laden with bales of calicos, silks, and muslin, plus sugar, iron, opium, and saltpeter, the *Quedah Merchant* was a great prize. Too great, it would seem. The politically connected East India Company, which was trying to do business with the "Great Mugal," persuaded the British authorities that Kidd had turned to piracy. Kidd returned to Boston and there he was captured and sent to England. Tried for piracy and murder, he was found guilty and hung.

If the hundreds of stories could be believed, Kidd buried treasure everywhere: on Treasure Island (Robert Louis Stevenson); in a Manhattan garden (Washington Irving); on Sullivan's Island in South Carolina (Edgar Allan Poe); the list was endless; on an island near Portsmouth, New Hampshire; on the Massachusetts coast near Lynn; on an island off the east coast of Nova Scotia; in the Hudson River; and near the Penobscot River in Maine. But nobody ever found any booty, except once.

After selling much of the *Quedah Merchant* cargo for pieces of eight, gold, silver, and possibly precious stones, Kidd left the ship in the West Indies where shortly thereafter it burned. Obtaining another boat, the *Antonio Saint*, Kidd carried his "portable" wealth home with him. However, there is no record of him stopping at Sandy Hook on his way north. He did leave a valuable stash on Gardiner's Island off the eastern end of Long Island, but it was recovered by the Earl of

Kidd's Treasure - II

By Marc J. Epstein

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Bellomont soon after Kidd was taken prisoner.

Del lived with his wife on eight acres off of Chapel Hill Road in Middletown. It was part of an old poultry farm, now wildly overgrown, with a creek running through it. A city boy turned country gentleman, he bought the property for a song from a man who wanted out at any price. A bad real estate market had turned this land developer's dreams into a financial nightmare.

After paying for the land out of his NYPD retirement settlement, Del didn't have much money left. He and his wife built a small cottage, one large room, a bath, and two bedrooms. His wife was a school teacher who now commuted to Staten Island. Both of their boys were in college. Del's office was in a trailer parked next door. Between her income and what he earned as a consultant, they were comfortable. Plus, they had a large organic vegetable garden in the summer. While not a great money maker, it earned them an agricultural exemption which kept their real estate taxes low.

"Delano Ross, Investigations, Inc." sounded like something it wasn't. His accountant made him incorporate. He never took cases from the public. In fact, he wasn't in the phone book. His specialty remained crimes on the water. Defense attorneys, police departments, and prosecutors, it didn't make much difference who needed him as long as they paid on time. Most of the work came from the larger cities, especially New York. They sent him copies of case files. He made suggestions. Sometimes he helped out, interviews of potential witnesses, interrogation of suspects, a little undercover work in the harbor. Sometimes he traveled into the city and studied the physical evidence.

Del wasn't happy about leaving the police department. All things being equal, he would have stayed except one case blew up in his face. He pinpointed a U.N. diplomat from a friendly Third World nation as the brains behind a dope smuggling scheme. The State Department told NYPD to forget it (or was it the CIA...that made more sense). The Commissioner told Del's boss to forget it. His boss told Del to forget it. He couldn't. When the diplomat wasn't deported, Del leaked the story to the *New York Times*. The diplomat departed in a huff and the friendly Third World country got angry. The Commissioner and Del's boss were happy (relatively speaking). The State Department wasn't. To smooth things over, he was instructed to retire and they'd take care of him. He did and they did.

One of the realities of police work is that a given case only deserves so much commitment of resources. Leonard Boxwood was killed in New Jersey. But all the leads, insofar as they related to Angelo Martin, were in New York. NYPD couldn't be expected to commit investigative time to Martin, not on the fanciful story about buried treasure. Del

couldn't leave all his other work to go undercover at the Fish Market, which wasn't realistic anyway. It might have taken him months to get close to Martin. Who'd pay for it? Certainly not the Atlantic Highlands Police Department. Del needed a different slant on the case. He called an old friend, Nelson Smith, who ran NYPD's Organized Crime Intelligence Unit (OCIU). Nels invited him to visit.

OCIU is housed on the top floor of a modern building in the Financial District. A special elevator takes you from the 37th to the 38th floor. A plainclothed policeman sat at a desk on the 37th floor and controlled who used the elevator. Del was expected. He and Nels had a long history. They'd met in Germany when Del was assigned to Nels's top secret NATO Intelligence unit. Nels was an Army colonel and appeared slated for higher things. They'd had a lot of contact later, after Del got his gold shield and Nels was brought into the NYPD to develop organized crime intelligence gathering. Why Nels left the Army he wouldn't say, not to Del anyway. After catching up on old times, Del laid out the story.

"One Leonard Boxwood, a Highlands clammer, dreams of riches and glory. He has some items that he says prove that a distant relative was a member of Kidd's crew. He wants to interest someone with money into searching for Captain Kidd's treasure on Sandy Hook. He tells one Billy Rosen, who works for South Streets Clams, owned by one Angelo Martin. Boxwood is murdered mob style and dumped in Sandy Hook Bay. No connection between Boxwood's death and Martin."

Nels didn't say anything so Del continued, "I decided to see which mobsters like to go boating on Raritan and Sandy Hook Bay. You were kind enough to send me a list of boat registrations. Martin's name comes up. It turns out that he's a soldier in the Torteleone crime family. He keeps a boat at Great Kills Cove Marina on Staten Island. Then I read in the paper that a company owned by Martin has a deal with the National Park Service to share in the booty if Treasures Unlimited can find valuable property on Sandy Hook. That's what they call it, valuable property."

Still no positive connection between Boxwood's death and Martin. This isn't a paying job. I don't have any other leads. The case is dead. I mean, there are no witnesses, motive, or physical evidence. But I can't leave it alone. So I decide to try and confirm that Martin takes a special interest in Sandy Hook. I mean, what else do I have? I ask NYPD to put a watch on Martin's boat. When it goes out, I go out. It does and I do. Where does Martin show up but Horseshoe Cove on Sandy Hook. No connection between Boxwood's death and Martin, yet intriguing."

"Have you told this story to anyone?" Nels asked.

Del didn't answer.

"You haven't, have you?"

"No," replied Del.

"Too embarrassing?" Nels asked.

"I guess so."

"But you don't mind telling me?"

"You've got more imagination than many I've met."

"Thanks," said Nels, smiling. "Let me ask you some questions."

"Shoot."

"When did Kidd steal all this treasure?"

"During the late 1690s," replied Del. "Actually, he didn't steal much treasure. Mostly bales of Indian fabric."

"Fabric?" questioned Nels. "How romantic."

"Yeah, but it was worth a lot of money. Kidd sold it and ended up with a large quantity of gold and coins, maybe some precious stones and jewelry."

"Is any of this stuff readily identifiable?" asked Nels.

"In age and country of origin, possibly. Otherwise, no."

"New subject. The only way you can get the killer is if someone rolls over?" asked Nels.

"I would think so," answered Del. "No public spirited citizen on the scene."

"We could look for a match on the bullets," said Nels. "The gun may have been used before."

"We could give it a try," said Del. "Maybe it wasn't discarded."

"Maybe," Nels paused.

"New subject. Let's talk about stolen goods."

"Sure."

"We've had a number of heists over the years," said Nels. "I don't remember any details, but we hear about things disappearing from museums and private collections. Some of the items date from the 16th and 17th century. Odd, because it is so identifiable, you know, age-wise or the kind of items lost, that it could never be sold on the open market. Melted down or sold underground, they'd only get ten cents on the dollar."

The two men sat silently. The connection was still tenuous.

"So if someone stole a collection or bought it from the thieves," Del said, "it would be impossible to sell for top dollar unless you came up with a scheme that changed the provenance of the items."

"Right."

"Say, maybe, the lost items become part of Kidd's treasure," said Del.

"Maybe."

"So Angelo Martin has a stash of valuable items but can't get rid of it," Del says. "He hears this tale about Kidd's treasure from Leonard Boxwood by way of Billy Rosen. The idea is to bury the goods on Sandy Hook and then discover them. Boxwood has some items that belonged to a member of Kidd's crew. They provide the provenance for the treasure but Boxwood is a loose end. They kill him."

Del paused. "What about the wife?" he asked. "She knew about the items, too."

"We know that," answered Nels. "Maybe Martin didn't."

"I guess."

"Anyway, Martin isn't a major player and he ain't brilliant," said Nels. "He'd be working this for someone else."

"Like Danny Torteleone?" asked Del.

"Possibly," replied Nels. "Stolen goods might flow upward to the boss."

"Did Martin bury the stuff while I sat on my fanny?" asked Del.

"I don't think so," Nels replied. "Maybe, he didn't have a contract with the Park Service yet. He couldn't be sure it would go through. That's a lot of valuable stuff to leave unattended. He'd have to scout around first."

"So he has to return to bury the stuff," said Del.

"I'd think so."

"And we could catch him in the act. He'd have the stuff and no good explanation for how he got it. We'd have him. Maybe one of his boys would roll over on him for the Boxwood killing."

"Maybe," said Nels.

"It'd be hard to intercept him on the boat. He'd hear us coming from miles away and throw the goods overboard. We'd never find them."

"You can't grab him on land," said Nels. "Too big an area. Too dark. Too much vegetation. Too much noise. They'd drop the stuff and run for it. Again, we couldn't prove conclusively that they brought it with them."

The two men sat quietly for a few moments.

"So I have to come up with something else," said Del.

"I think so," said Nels.

"So maybe we let Martin take his treasure ashore and then scare him off. Something unexpected, yet unexceptional. We'd take his boat while he was out of sight in the woods. When he returns with the goods, we grab him."

"Sounds reasonable," said Nels.

"Do you want in on this?" asked Del.

"Out of my jurisdiction. You take it from here."

"Can you put a watch on his boat?"

"I don't have the manpower but Frank McTiernan might do it for you. He has his disability and not much to do. He likes to fish. Let him try Great Kills Cove for a few weeks."

"That sounds good to me," said Del.

An outline of a plan isn't a plan. When Del got home he began putting meat on the bones. How could he set a perimeter so Martin and his friends wouldn't get away? On the water, two New Jersey State Marine boats and a Coast Guard cutter. On land, Park Police with local backup. How to scare Martin off? A fake brush fire, some trash in a barrel, and lots of fire engines. How to get on the boat? Not a problem. They'd send in divers. He'd have to think about the weaponry. Nels faxed him a list of items stolen in a variety of robberies and miscellaneous "losses" plus Angelo Martin's rap sheet. Nels also sent Del a schematic showing Martin's place in the Torteleone family, basically muscle. Once all of his planning was complete, there was nothing

to do but wait for Frank to report in. He stayed near the telephone and anxious.

Nothing happened. Then Del was dispirited by a story in the press. Treasures Unlimited was planning to excavate a site on Sandy Hook. Del spent a day spinning out the possibilities then he called Nels. Nels had read the article.

"Where did we go wrong?" Del asked.

"Martin found another way to plant the goods," replied Nels.

"I guess so, or we're off base on this whole thing."

"Maybe so," said Nels.

"I've given this a lot of thought," said Del. "Why don't we pull the plug on Treasures Unlimited and see what happens. OCIU has the juice. Call the Park Service and see if there's a morals clause in the contract with Treasures Unlimited. If so, tell them about Martin. With his record, they'll cancel the contract and Martin will have to figure out how to get his stuff back."

"I like it," replied Nels. "Do you have a plan?"

"I think so," said Del.

"Good luck."

"Thanks."

Piracy, or better yet, privateering. Del thought it had a nice aura to it. Plus, it resonated, historically speaking. The obvious solution was to steal Martin's treasure which would open up intriguing possibilities. How to do it? Bay history suggested a solution. Legalized pirates, Del knew, were called privateers. They were authorized by the government to raid enemy merchant shipping and keep the booty. Now most people think of privateers as large, square sailed vessels armed with cannons. But during the American Revolution many privateers used long rowing skiffs or whale boats. They glided silently out of small creeks and coves and cozied up to lightly armed merchant ships, either anchored or becalmed by lack of wind. Once alongside, the patriots clambered aboard and took over the ship. Sometimes there was a fight, most of the time, not. The merchant ships were then sailed or towed by row boat to a friendly port where the ship and cargo were sold as confiscated enemy goods. Martin's treasure sounded to Del like enemy goods, subject, he thought, to confiscation.

(To Be Continued)

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International Scene

The International Maritime Organization is still trying to keep the European Commission from driving new maritime legislation. Among other acts, the IMO will initiate a diplomatic conference on foreign organisms in ballast water and will resist the EC's push for rapid adoption of new rules on places of refuge. The new IMO president made a strong speech advocating primacy of the UN organization but acknowledged the frustration of states damaged by spills and other acts. The head of the Chamber of Shipping also attacked the EU for creating problems for the shipping industry.

The European Commission plans to extend its temporary state aid to the shipbuilding sector until the end of March 2005 to counter perceived unfair competition from South Korean yards.

European lawmakers called for the rapid establishment of a European Coast Guard to enforce sweeping new laws that would make marine pollution a criminal offense with penalties that include jail.

Spain said it would have been infinitely worse to have let the *Prestige* run aground on the Galician coast.

The advantages of short seas shipping for relieving road and rail congestion are becoming widely recognized, even as Europe's railways and unions recently celebrated a key concordat for promoting rail traffic.

Smit Salvage has started removing the two halves of the tanker *Tasman Spirit* from Karachi Harbor and hopes to be finished before the start of the monsoon season. Meanwhile, the Tsalviris salvage master from the oil removal phase and seven *Tasman Spirit* crew members remain in a plush jail (a five star hotel) without charges being pressed against them, pawns in a struggle between the Pakistanis and the American P&I Club, which is responsible for paying for clean-up of the oil spill. The Club has already paid out over \$35 million but won't pay any more until the men are released.

Hard Knocks

Seafarers continued to die, little noticed by a busy world. Here are a few instances.

Two Russian seamen were found dead in the hold of the *Bjorn* at Kotka and a third man escaped. The ship was unloading wood chips, a cargo known to deplete oxygen in a hold.

The Panamanian registered *Duri*, with a load of steel for South Korea, sank, killing two and leaving 16 or more Vietnamese seamen missing.

Nearly a dozen Philippine fishermen were missing after their boats were smashed by a sudden storm 250 miles north of Manila while 170 others swam to shore or were rescued while clinging to wreckage.

The Greek-owned cargo ship *Kephi* sank in gale force winds 120 miles west of Crete. Only two of the crew of 17 were saved.

Off France, the French trawler *Bugaed Breizh* was run down by a large object believed to be a container ship and all five fishermen died. Multinational naval exercises were being held in the area and initial attention was focused on a Dutch submarine.

Three members of the Chinese tanker *Kedazhou* died from exposure and 12 other were rescued from a lifeboat when their tanker caught fire in the North China Sea.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

A more prominent accident occurred in Norway near Bergen when the 28,000dwt aggregate carrier *Rocknes* hit a rock that tore open a 12-meter gash in its ballast tanks. It heeled, its load shifted, and then the ship capsized. Instruments at four sites of Norway's Geophysical Institute recorded an impact consistent with a vessel scraping along the bottom, followed by two larger impacts and then a powerful impact. Two minutes later the ship sent its emergency message. Three minutes and 40 seconds after the first impact the ship was upside down.

The ship carried extra crew, mostly Filipinos, for maintenance en route to Germany and only 12 of 30 survived. Three of the survivors were trapped in the engine room and signaled their presence by tapping on the hull. Some seven hours after the capsize holes were carefully cut around the perimeter of a 60cm square and then a crane quickly lifted the plating away and the men were almost blown out as trapped air escaped.

A rock charted only on the latest charts may have played a role in the accident. The pilot thought his chart, which did not show the rock, was the newest issue and he testified that one electronic chart had shown the ship well inland. Three hundred tons of oil escaped in the accident.

But not all accidents cause death and emergencies can be almost routine. Here's a sampling.

Twelve miles off Land's End (in a storm, of course), the small container ship *Sea Fox* had an engine room fire and lost power. The new Emergency Towing Vessel *Anglian Princess* arrived and towed the helpless ship to Falmouth.

Maersk's container ship *Sealand Express*, recently salvaged from being aground at Cape Town, hit a container crane at Newport News and moved it ahead until it hit the stoppers. Damages may total \$6 million.

In New Zealand, part of a gantry crane on the Marshall Islands flagged *Tasman Independence* broke and crashed onto the wharf, narrowly missing four people.

Off Holland, three ships were anchored in a row, head to tail. The *Stellar Andes* dragged her anchor back into the *Stenheim* and then started her engine. But her anchor chain was snarled with the *Stenheim's* chain and *Stenheim* obediently followed *Stellar Andes* until the *Stenheim's* master decided to slip her anchor. By then the *Stellar Andes* had hit the *Urai* but didn't damage that vessel. The other two ships then went into port for repairs. Just another day at sea.

Cruise Shipping

Rio de Janeiro wanted a visit by the new superliner *Queen Mary 2* but learned its harbor was too shallow. A quick dredging job paid for by the federal government, not the fundless harbor authority, means she was able to enter on February 21.

Royal Olympic's *World Renaissance* was arrested in Pireus and reports stated that the company's *Triton*, *Olympia Countess*, and *Odyssey* had also been arrested. A company spokesman said there was "very little cause for optimism" that the Greek company can

get out of its financial troubles and, soon after, it sought protection from creditors in the Greek courts.

Festival Cruises claimed its debts were much lower than the 176 million euros (\$217.3 million) quoted by creditors Alstom and Credit Agricole, more like 13 million euros, and that was easily coverable, but Festival's cruise ships *Mistral*, *European Vision*, and *European Stars* were arrested anyway on the behalf of various creditors. Alstom was severely criticized and got into serious trouble a few months back concerning other financing arrangements.

The families of those killed or injured in last May's boiler explosion on Norwegian Cruise Line's *Norway* cannot sue for donations, estimated to be \$350,000, raised after the accident. Only the directors of the Norway Relief and Memorial Fund can decide how to use the funds.

At Lloyd Werft's yard in Hamburg, Norwegian Cruise Line's uncompleted supersized *Pride of America* was hit by a squall, listed, toppled a shore based crane, and sank, leaning against the pier. The bottom three decks of the 72,000gt ship, including engines and generators, were submerged. Investigations of the cause or causes were mysteriously delayed for some time.

The partly finished ship, one of two bought by NCL from the U.S. Maritime Administration after American Classic Voyages went bankrupt, had been lengthened by 80' and was to have been handed over to the owners in April for intra-island Hawaiian sailings in July under the U.S. flag and with a U.S. crew. NCL's *Norwegian Sky* will be reflagged American as the *Pride of Aloha* and will take over those cruises.

Ferries

Ferries were killers last month. The ferries *Sattar Khan* and *Asha Jawa* hit head on in southern Bangladesh in dense fog and more of the more than 800 people onboard jumped overboard. Perhaps 150 died.

On the Congo River in the Democratic Republic of Congo, a barge carrying perhaps 500 people caught fire and sank. About 200 were unaccounted for afterwards.

On Lake Albert in Uganda, an overloaded makeshift ferry capsized and more than 40 died.

Off Albania, an inflatable bringing Albanians immigrants into Italy sank in rough seas, killing at least 21.

But not all ferry news was bad, some was just weird. An Italian tug company accused a ferry company of rejecting its help, once when a ferry ran aground and again when another ferry scraped a ship while mooring.

In Auckland, one ferry company blocked a ramp to keep another ferry company from using it. This came after an earlier nasty episode involving three ferries, one of which hit a wharf and leaked oil. Neither company owns the ferry landing.

In Texas, a man had drunk so much alcohol that he let a woman drive his Mercedes. When they came to the Lynchburg ferry across the Houston Ship Channel she drove onto it at about 60mph, broke a chain barrier, and plunged into the Channel, still going 30mph. Both escaped, but she was charged with driving while intoxicated.

In Finland, suspicions about a ferry master who drove his ferry into a passenger liner

were confirmed when a blood test showed he had two to three times the legal limit of alcohol.

Near Seattle, a sinkhole limited the size of trucks that could board the ferry there. Nearby, and at a different time, a man fell overboard from his inflatable and instantly regretted he hadn't hooked the outboard's kill switch to his wrist as he usually did. He floated around for a while, wondering who would feed his dog, and then a Washington State ferry saw his circling boat and came over to investigate. It picked him up and was only 10 minutes late at its next stop.

In 1962, white-controlled Wilcox County in Alabama decided to stop ferry service to the remote community of Gees Bend to keep civil rights activists out of Camden. Federal money was obtained in 1995 to build a new ferry and it has finally arrived. Now all that remains is to hire a crew and train it, pass some Coast Guard tests, set prices, and schedule service. The 116' ferry can carry four school buses but the school superintendent said, "nobody has contacted me about it," and so the school committee has made no plans to use the ferry.

In Italy at the port of Olbia, the ferry *Sicilia* ran aground and stayed aground for some time while three tugs tried to free it. A news report made a careful differentiation when it noted the ferry was carrying 70 trucks, 29 people, 12 truck drivers, and 17 crew members.

The new ferry *Colsac II* that crosses the Wisconsin River is proving to be far more trouble prone than its 40-year-old predecessor. Since it started work last May 16 the ferry has broken down 69 times, been out of service for 48 days, and has cost \$350,000 for repairs to its hydraulics and the replacement of a driveshaft and the system that uses cables to guide it across the river. Although the ferry is free, one user said, "it is useless."

The New York City ferry system is still reeling from the accident at Staten Island that killed 11. The master of that ferry wanted the City to pay his legal bills (some \$250,000) even though he refused to cooperate with investigators at first.

He later told Federal investigators that the City gave him neither training nor rulebooks during his 15-year career. The City is taking a fine grain look at the whole system and has hired the Global Maritime and Transportation School, the training arm of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, for \$700,000 a year to assess its maritime operations.

More immediately, it has put 45 inspectors, some taken from their usual jobs of checking out potholes, to monitor and record the positions of each crew member on the ferries. The City has also been interrogating ferry crew members to learn how much they knew about operations and whether each had observed illegal activities or rules violations. Lawsuits resulting from the accident now total over \$3 billion, but awards will probably be limited to the value of the ferry (\$14.4 million) under a maritime law resulting from the sinking of *RMS Titanic* unless the state legislature manages to enact something differing from the federal maritime law.

Ferry quickies: The only ferry between North Korea and Japan carried fewer passengers last year, partly due to a seven month shutdown due to the SARS epidemic. The

vessel is an important conduit for hard currency and is also rumored to bring missile parts, etc., into North Korea and to carry on spy operations.

Lake Ontario's new high speed ferry *Spirit of Ontario* ran 47.2kts (55mph) during sea tests in Australia and the 284' vessel should begin service between Toronto and Rochester on May 1, carrying 220 cars and about 750 people. However, the ferry may have a new name as a contest to pick a catchy name brought in about 25,000 entries.

And Hawaii may have a ferry system using two 340' high speed catamarans.

Navies

The British Government is preparing to reform procedures next year that would place the Royal Navy, Army, and RAF under one personnel regime. More importantly, reductions in force are in place and may get worse as "restructuring" takes place although a MoD spokesman said such reports were "speculative and premature."

The service has appointed its first female to be commander of a ship. She is Lt. Charlotte Atkinson and her command is the minesweeper *HMS Brecon*.

And a group hopes to purchase the World War II subkiller *HMS Whimbrell*, a *Black Swan* class sloop, from the Egyptian Government for 2 million, about the price of a restored Spitfire fighter.

The U.S. Navy is vacating its Roosevelt Roads Naval Station and air base because it has no more use for them now that enviro and Puerto Rico independence activists have forced the Navy to abandon its nearby bombing range on Vieques Island.

The Navy also ordered another two combat supply ships from NASSCO for \$578.2 million. The company will probably build all 12 ships planned for this class.

The Indian Navy purchased the Russian aircraft carrier *Admiral Gorshkov* in a \$1.5 billion deal that includes a squadron of carrier capable MIG 29 multi-role fighters. The Indian Navy's other carrier *INS Viraat* has limited range and capabilities.

It will take five years to refit the *Gorshkov*, laid up since the late '90s, and then the Indian Navy will build its own carriers. India is the only country in the region with a carrier. And, during major exercises in the Arabian Sea, the anti submarine warship *INS Agray* launched a rocket. It misfired, hit the water near the ship, and blew an entry into the engine room. The warship was towed to port.

The Royal Australian Navy's *HMAS Warramunga* arrested the Uruguayan longliner *Maya V* for illegal fishing of Patagonian toothfish off sub Antarctic Heard Island 2100nm from Perth. This makes the eighth vessel arrested, including the *Viarsa I*, recently caught after a 21-day chase. The *Maya* was newly equipped with a high powered radar and other electronics that might enhance poaching.

The Indonesian Navy rejected an offer by Libya of nine warships (corvettes, speedboats, and minesweepers) because they are old and would need too much maintenance.

Chile has started negotiations for acquiring four secondhand Dutch frigates if the cost can be kept below \$350 million, half of what Chile was prepared to spend on three new frigates. "We are not involved in an arm's

race, Chile is simply modernizing its armed forces," explained the Defense Minister.

The Royal Navy wanted to sell two frigates to Romania, but part of the 216 million pounds sterling deal was that Romania would pay 80% of the price in armaments from its prolific arms industries.

The Royal Navy can't find enough arms that it can use. However, Bangladesh received two ex-Royal Navy *Island* class fisheries protection vessels.

Work was due to start on raising the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee* from the mud of the River Plate. It was deliberately scuttled there when trapped by British forces after a battle between it and three British cruisers in December, 1939, the first important naval engagement of World War II.

Shipbuilding and Scrapping

Many people demanded that Spanish shipyard giant Izar and the union start talking after ugly violence broke out between police and workers. Rubber bullets were used by the police while the workers threw stones and rivets.

Compagnie Marseilles de Reparation won a 30-year concession to manage Tunisia's state owned Merzel Bourguiba ship repair yard. It will have Tunisian partners already active in shipbuilding.

Vietnam's ever growing shipbuilding industry received an order for 15 bulkers. The 53,000dwt ships, the largest vessels to be built in that country, will cost \$322.5 million.

China, already #3, wants to become #1 in shipbuilding and is constructing a complex of yards almost five miles long on Shanghai's Changxin Island. It is claimed the complex will be capable of building LNG carriers and superliners. China has developed a "seasickness free" ship, the *New Century 1* (apparently it is a SWATH type vessel).

In 2003, Japanese shipbuilders signed contracts for a record 564 non-Japanese ships totaling 26.76 million tons.

In the U.K., Barrows may be the Royal Navy's submarine builder but it needs work in between sub orders in order to retain core skills.

A&P may be interested in taking over troubled French ship repairer SORENI (Societe de Reparation Navale et Industrielle) That firm has a 170,000dwt floating drydock and four smaller ones. A&P may also use the former Cammell Laird yard for shipbuilding in addition to the repair work it does there now.

DML, which runs Plymouth's Devonport Dockyard, intends to buy Appledore Shipbuilders. That firm went broke when the order book was empty last year, and the yard has attracted various possible buyers ever since. Glasgow's Ferguson wants to hire 50 Appledore workers to build a ferry whose contract it gained over Appledore's bid.

Norway's Aker Kvaerner, facing repayment of a very large debt, may split the shipbuilding division into three groups.

The shipbuilding part of French engineering group Alstom lacks work now that it has delivered the *Queen Mary 2*.

Interest is renewing in high speed container ships. British designer Nigel Gee has created plans for a 42kt pentamaran that has a long, narrow hull balanced by four outriggers or outspoons (hence "penta").

The pentamaran concept was also used in an experimental warship for the Royal Navy. Competitive but differing designs have been offered by FastShip Atlantic and Kvaerner.

Prices are so high because few ships are being scrapped, that Pakistan's shipbreakers cannot afford to buy anything bigger than 5,000dwt. "Pakistanis are buying tonnage that the Chinese and Indian buyers reject," explained one cash buyer. Meanwhile, a Chinese scrapper bought the year's first VLCC for \$358 per ldt.

VT Halter Marine and the Maritime Administration are partnering on a study of dual use vessels, that is, ones based on a suitable fast Ro/Ro ferry design that will have both commercial and military applications.

Legal Matters

ExxonMobil was ordered to pay about \$6.75 billion to 32,000 Alaskans affected by the *Exxon Valdez* oil spill. The award (about \$211,000 per person or small business) is the latest of several ordered by the courts and will be appealed since a three judge panel had ruled an earlier \$5 billion award was excessive.

A U.S. court ruled that the owner of a fishing vessel was not responsible for the murder of a family member committed by a crewman 13 months after his head injury on the vessel. The owner was "only liable for harm that might have been anticipated by a reasonably thoughtful person as a probable result of negligence."

Another U.S. court ruled that owners of pipelines under the Houston Ship Channel are responsible for relocation of the lines when the Channel is deepened. Relocation may cost \$100 million.

The U.K. Environment Agency ordered a company to pay 4,400 pounds sterling in fines and costs for shipping contaminated waste cable received from Poland to Germany without being a registered broker. Twelve bundles of cable were seized by Dutch authorities and shipped back to the U.K.

A U.S. court found three senior executives of Sabine Transportation, a marine superintendent and two licensed ships officers, guilty of dumping 442 tons of oil contaminated humanitarian aid grain into the South China Sea from the *SS Juneau* in February 1999 and of impeding investigations by the U.S. Coast Guard and other authorities. Jail terms and/or large fines can be expected.

A U.S. court found OMI Corp. guilty of dumping thousands of gallons of waste oil and sludge into the sea and the firm will pay a \$4.2 million fine. The master and chief engineer of OMI's *Guadelupe* have already pled guilty.

Piracy

In one week, pirates attempted to board an anchored bulk carrier in Bangladesh and an LPG tanker in Ghana but were repelled.

But during the month other pirates killed four Indonesians when their employer, a palm oil company, refused to pay a ransom of about \$50,000.

In Indonesia, four pirates boarded a bulk carrier but were chased off by the crew.

Spare parts were stolen from the engine room of a bulk carrier at the Tarahan coal terminal and, in Peru, three pirates climbed up the anchor chain of a container ship and stole stores.

In Nigeria, a supply ship underway was attacked by pirates, who boarded from a motorboat, threatened the master, and took the ship's stores and provisions.

Singapore's Home Affairs Minister stated that pirates should be regarded and treated as terrorists.

Odd Bits

About a year ago, pilots serving the ports of England's Hull River Estuary were fired by the port corporation and replaced by a batch of "experienced mariners." Then followed a month-long comedy of multiple errors (many quite expensive) as the new pilots learned the business.

Months went by without a mishap report until the 2,900 ton supply boat/tug *Torm Heron* went aground with 14 people on board "including a pilot." Three tugs pulled her free on the next tide.

Tasmanian authorities are keeping a wary eye out for any stray mynah bird that might sneak a ride on a ferry from the Australian "mainland." The Indian bird tends to drive out native species and Tasmania, as one ornithologist put it, "would probably look just like a floating supermarket."

Two Chinese fishing boats en route to the disputed Diayu or Senkaku Islands were attacked by 10 Japanese ships and a plane, or so claimed Chinese activists.

The Baltic may be the next happy hunting ground for ship archeologists and treasure seekers. One Estonian expert says the Baltic is shallow and the low salt content discourages shipworms that eat wooden ships. He has located the *Russalka*, Russia's first armored ship, which rammed itself into the bottom nose first like a giant sword. And a Swedish submarine came upon an 18th century ship intact and upright with a carved seahorse at its stem.

Russian maritime and oil industries claim that reports of shipping delays on the Black Sea and tanker jams at the Bosphorus Strait have been wildly exaggerated by Turkish officials and oil shipments are sharply up. But the official Turkish reports about conditions in the Strait show considerable delays for tankers.

The Maritime Administration approved a new deepwater port about 116 miles south of New Orleans. The port, to be built by El Paso Energy Bridge of Mexico, will receive LNG from tankers and transfer it to a pipeline to shore. This is the second port approved under the Deepwater Port Act of 1974 and three others are under consideration, including one about 38 miles south of Cameron, Louisiana.

A fireworks chemist and general all round "character" living aboard a small sailboat on the Potomac River tried to sail to warmer waters but was trapped by ice. The Coast Guard had to send an icebreaker to free him because his boat was in the shipping channel and had almost been hit by a tug and barge. He was out of drinking water, running low on food, and had no heat on the boat except his pipe.

Pitcairn Island, the final refuge of the *HMS Bounty* mutineers, may soon cease to have a viable population. A British journalist calculated that if the average male islander slept with every female of his generation, he would have had five partners before he died. Worse, 13 male Pitcairners (about one third

of the island population) have been accused of rape, gross indecency, and indecent assault against women and children and are on trial in New Zealand.

The four-year investigation started when a Kent policewoman was seconded to the island. The island has 47 residents left and they live a rudimentary life; for example, dentistry work is handled by the resident mechanic.

In the U.K., cockle pickers, all Orientals and possibly illegal immigrants, were caught about two miles offshore by a rising tide and 18 lost their lives. Sixteen others, none speaking English, survived.

Germany will soon lack enough qualified technical ship management personnel and such functions will be done elsewhere, warned a maritime headhunter.

Ice in parts of the Great Lakes has been so bad this winter that the Canadian icebreaker *Risley* got stuck off Conneaut Harbor, Ohio, and the big U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker *USCGC Mackinaw* went to its rescue. But the Mighty Mac herself had been stuck for some hours a few days earlier.

And welders finished repair work on the laker *Algonorth* at Thunder Bay, Ontario, and came back next morning after a cold night (wind chill -52°F or 61°C) to find a new crack more than 6m (19.6') long.

Erect an offshore oil platform and eventually you have to remove it. Decommissioning costs for the North Sea's oil and gas platforms alone may exceed \$25 billion.

At New Zealand's beautiful Milford Sound at night, someone put a freshwater hose into the pipe leading to a diesel oil tank on the tour boat *Milford Monarch* and 13,000 litres (about 3,400 gallons) of oil spilled onto the scenic waters. About 2000 tourists were given rebates while the oil dissipated or was cleaned up. Sabotage was suspected.

Headshakers

The following news summary is printed here in its entirety: "THREE HURT IN A38 ACCIDENT. A Royal Navy spokesman said, 'No one was injured and the submarine put its engines into idle as a precaution in case the cable got wrapped around the propeller.' (Our U.K. correspondent in Devon said he was sorry but he had just recycled the issue of the *Western Morning News* in which the article had appeared.)

U.S. authorities went out on the ice off Hansen Island, Michigan, and picked up a bag that had been sitting there for almost three weeks. It contained 40 lbs. of marijuana.

A poll of 369,000 Tucson residents found that 43 said they take the ferryboat to work, which is odd because Tucson is in the middle of Arizona's Sonoran Desert. And another 90 said they used the streetcar or trolley, which Tucson doesn't have either.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency provided exact coordinates at which the derelict fish packing vessel *Victoria M* was to be sunk in the Juan de Fuca Canyon, and it was sunk there. Trouble is, the coordinates were wrong and the vessel lies in Canadian territory in 1,500' of water and Canadian authorities want the vessel removed "as soon as possible" because Canadian trawlers fish those waters. No official response from the EPA yet.

The Coast Guard Cutter *Storis* is the oldest ship in the Coast Guard. I served a year tour of duty on her in 1959-60. Her home port at that time was Kodiak, Alaska. The *Storis* is 230' long and shaped just like the 180' buoy tenders that were so common a few years back. The ship had a working deck forward with a 50-ton boom that could haul some pretty heavy things aboard.

The ship's working area covered everything from Cape St. Elias to Attu and all of the Bering Sea. This area is about 2000 miles from east to west and 1000 miles from north to south.

One of the *Storis*' many duties was to service lighthouses and unmanned lights in that area. One day it was our job to get supplies ashore at Scotch Cap Light. Scotch Cap is a navigation marker that aided boats in navigating one of the major passes between the Aleutian Islands that separate the North Pacific and the Bering Sea.

After steaming all night we dropped anchor about a quarter mile offshore near the light. We then lowered our 26' motor lifeboat and loaded about a ton of supplies over the side into the boat. Our first class bosun was the helmsman and a couple of lower ranking officers went ashore with the load. The deck crew headed to the galley for breakfast. By the time we finished breakfast we were called out on deck. The boat was returning. They were pulling a hose out from shore.

We pulled this hose up over the port rail and secured it there. This was a good pull as it was a 3" hose. Some of the engineers were connecting the end to some plumbing that they had rigged overnight. We were setting up to pump a bunch of fuel oil ashore. Shortly after they began pumping there was a big concern on the bridge because the tide was strengthening and there was a fear that the current could break the hose.

The chief bosun said, "Jones, we are going to lower the LCVP. You and Brownie are going to have to rig a bridle near the middle of the hose and hold it up against the tide. The engineering section is sending an engineer for your crew. Dress warm, you will be out there all day."

An LCVP is a landing craft built during WWII. The boat was basically a wooden boat except for the boarding ramp which was made from steel plate about 1/2" thick. An LCVP had a well deck large enough to carry a small truck or jeep and a squad of men.

The boat went over the side and we scrambled down a rope ladder into it and unhooked the slings. Smitty, a third class engineer, climbed aboard and one of the cooks showed up with a big box of sandwiches and a large thermos of coffee. We were now hanging onto the ship with just a sea painter. The current was holding us alongside very nicely. Jones got the diesel fired up and we swung out away from the ships side. He added a little more power and the painter went slack. I let go when he said and off we went.

It seemed that the whole North Pacific was trying to dump into the Bering Sea that morning. We held a pretty fair angle against this tide just to get to our station near the middle of the hose. Word came from the ship that they liked our position so Jones eased off on the power and let the boat back up to the hose. Smitty and I were laying prone on the after deck. He had a boat hook and I a section of 1" manila line. Smitty managed to

One Day On the *Storis* Hypothermia

By Mississippi Bob

get a good hold on the hose and pulled it part-way up the transom where I got the rope around it. I had one end fastened to the port stern cleat. I got a couple more turns around the hose, then brought the other end up to the same cleat.

While Jones was doing his best to hold the boat steady we got a second line on the starboard side. Then Jones added some power to check out the rig. It seemed to be holding. We adjusted our lines some by letting out some line until we felt that both lines had an equal load and the boat pulled straight. A little more power and we were pulling the hose upstream until the bridge was happy that we were back on a line between the ship and the shore. We now settled down to a long slow day of just keeping enough power to hold that position.

Around midday the tide slacked off, then stopped. We devoured our sandwiches and coffee during this lull, good thing because the tide was about to change. Our radio started squawking. The ship let us know that they were going to quit pumping while they brought the hose around the stern and reattached it on the starboard side. About 15 minutes later we got the word that the pumping was starting again.

They had no more started pumping when it became obvious that we had to get on the other side of the hose and start pulling again. Jones didn't want to chance getting the hose caught in the prop, so he suggested that we haul it over the boat and drop it over the bow ramp and then turn the boat around. Sounded okay by me. The ramp stuck up a couple feet higher than the sides of the boat. When we tried to lift the hose over this ramp the hose split a seam and oil began to pour all over the three of us and into the boat.

Jones ran back for the radio to try to get them to shut down the pump. It seemed forever that the oil flowed. The oil began to fill the well deck. The oil quit flowing just before we were swimming in it. We had a small bit of deck that we could stand on forward of this oily flood. Smitty had a patch kit along and we made the repairs needed and got set up to tow again. The bilge pump took care of the oil (we did things differently in those days).

The morning had been fun. How many folks get paid to sit out on a boat and look at beautiful scenery? The afternoon changed a bit. All three of us were soaked to the skin with #2 fuel oil. Our warm clothing wasn't doing us much good. There was a very slight wind all day. We hadn't even noticed it in the morning, but now we were facing the other way and the exhaust pipe kept blowing bubbles like they often do. With every dip of the stern we would get sprayed. The fun was over.

We pumped for about another hour until the lighthouse had two years' worth of fuel. When we shut down we hauled the hose back to shore where the crew from the light hauled it up unto the beach. We waved good-bye to

this crew who had a long lonely winter to look forward to and headed back to the comfort of our ship. When we reached the ship someone threw the painter over and I caught it. I dropped the eye over a cleat on the starboard rail and Jones throttled back and let the painter do its thing. We really looked like we knew what we were doing.

The ladder got dropped over the side and I started to climb it. For some reason, I couldn't make my body work. I stood there and really felt stupid. The chief bosun wasn't stupid, he sent a couple of his biggest deck hands down to help me climb aboard. Those guys picked me up and threw me over the rail. Jones and Smitty needed their help, too, so I didn't feel quite so bad.

"Hypothermia," the chief said, "you guys head back to sick bay." In sick bay the corpsman had us strip and he gave us some sick bay gowns, then unlocked a cabinet and brought out a fifth of rum. He poured a good double hooker for each of us and I think one for himself. They treated hypothermia differently back then. The ship's laundry was next to the sick bay and our clothes went into the next load. I took a sea shower, then a second one, and began to feel human again.

Two hours later, after supper, I was back on the bridge standing a wheel watch on our way to our next job.

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Reading *MAIB* has made me reflect on how I became involved with small boats. Two influences have occurred to me. One was the summer home that our family had on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River in the Thousand Island area. We called this property "Greyrock," since its main cottage was built on a granite boulder. We always had small boats there, St. Lawrence skiffs, canoes, punts, sailboats, and eventually outboards. A number of the people who visited us built and repaired boats as a hobby. I was always around these people and their tools and became involved in boat repairing.

The second influence came from a peculiarity of living in the Hyde Park neighborhood on the south side of Chicago that included Jackson Park. I was brought up there in the earliest years of the Great Depression. Jackson Park was on Lake Michigan and had a yacht basin, but there weren't many people then who had the money to own and maintain yachts. Therefore, the city built a model boat basin nearby. The basin was a round concrete pool about 200' in diameter and about 2' deep. Particularly on weekends, people would come from all over the city to try out model boats in the basin. There were many beautiful model yachts that sailed gracefully and a number of model steam launches that displayed exquisite craftsmanship. My parents often took me to the model yacht basin to sail my own boats and look at the others.

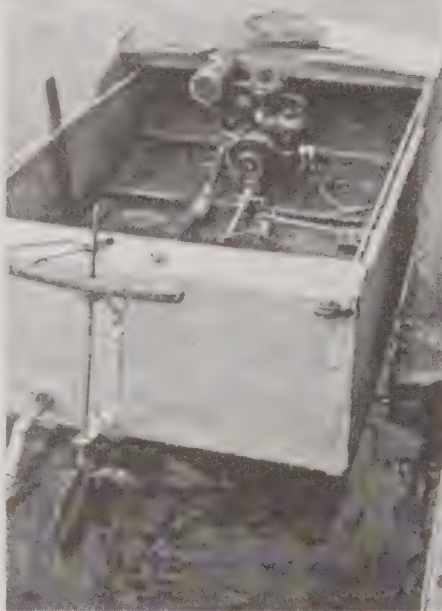
Also about that time an odd toy was popular. These were "Pop Pop" boats. Pop Pop boats were made of tin and usually were no longer than 8". The boats were driven by a primitive steam engine that consisted of a boiler with a thin, flat, metal top and two tubes that went from the bottom of the boiler out the end of the boat. As I recall, you filled the boiler by holding the tubes under a faucet. Then you put the boat in the water and a candle under the boiler. The candle heated the water in the boiler until it turned into steam. The steam expanded, pushing up the flat metal top of the boiler, and then "popped" out the tubes in back, propelling the boat forward. As I recall, it was never necessary to refill the boiler. After each "pop" fresh water was drawn into the tubes. I often played with Pop Pop boats in our bathtub.

As I grew older other kinds of model boats came to interest me. One kind were powered by rubber bands. These usually were submarines, were made of wood, and powered by tin propellers turned by twisted rubber bands. As I recall, the boats also had planes on their front and stern that could be adjusted to force the boats under water. When the rubber bands were fully wound up, some of these submarines could travel under water horizontally 15' or 20' before their power was exhausted.

A more sophisticated submarine, that I think I first saw in *Popular Mechanics Magazine*, was powered by calcium carbide, the chemical that, when mixed with water, produces acetylene. The submarines were made of tin, their hulls were tin cans, and other pieces of tin were soldered on. In their conning tower they had a container for a few pieces of calcium carbide. They also had a valve in their bottom and a stem facing water ejection nozzle. When the submarine was put into the water, the valve opened and the boat tended to sink. As water rose inside the hull, it eventually overflowed into the container

My First Full Sized Boat

By Bradford Lyttle



containing the calcium carbide. When this happened, acetylene was released, the gas drove the water out of the ejection nozzle, and the submarine moved forward and rose. This cycle might repeat itself several times before the calcium carbide charge was exhausted.

These boats were particularly challenging because their means of submerging and rising was rather sophisticated and required careful adjustment to work properly. Also, if their acetylene charge was improperly adjusted, they might not recover from their last submerging and just sink. Because acetylene was highly explosive, it was best to use the submarines outdoors, but I recall testing them a number of times in our bathtub. That probably was unwise. Sometimes the entire house would smell of acetylene.

I was probably about 13 before I tried to design and build my own full-sized boat. A friend had sold me a small, two-cycle, air-cooled, gasoline engine. I do not know what the engine originally was designed for. It was well-made, having a cylinder with a cast iron sleeve and ball bearing crankshaft journals. I do not think that it had a magneto. It did not have a cooling fan. Cooling was achieved by the fins on the cylinder. The motor was a kind of large version of a model airplane engine. My guess is that it had the power of about a 1.5 hp outboard.

About the time I obtained the motor, my brother was building a scow type sailboat. This made me want to design and build a boat for the motor. My approach to boat design was about as poor as it could be. Since the motor was air cooled, it required operation at high speed and was best suited for a long, sleek, boat like a kayak or a canoe, prefer-

ably a boat where the motor could be mounted with the cooling fins projecting well above the boat's deck. However, as a child in Canada, I had often ridden in "whirligigs", double-ended scows about 6' long and powered by paddles.

What I wanted to build was a powered whirligig. This was a bad idea because whirligigs were capable of only very low speeds, certainly not enough speed to generate the breeze necessary to cool the motor. Building the powered whirligig posed a number of technical challenges. One problem was to cool the motor. Cooling had to be independent of wind generated by the boat's speed. I could not practically install a cooling fan. However, I could make the motor water cooled. This involved fashioning a copper jacket that went around the fins of the cylinder. Then I had to design and build a pump that could be operated off the propeller shaft. I made a brass reciprocating pump that included ball bearing valves. The pump was driven from the shaft by a small V belt. While the pump worked, a weak spot was the belt. As I recall, it was sewn together at its ends with brass wire.

A second problem was to reverse the motor's rotation so that the motor would drive the little two-bladed propeller that I had. I did this by gearing the motor to the propeller shaft.

Other problems were to make a log so that the 1/2" steel propeller shaft could pass through the boat's bottom, devise a steering mechanism for the boat, and install an exhaust pipe. I made the log using poured babbitt metal.

A final construction error was to paint the boat with creosote in the mistaken belief that this was the only way to prevent its hull from rotting. Rot may have been prevented, but paint painted over the creosote would not dry. The result of all of this engineering and mis-engineering was the strange looking craft in the picture. The boat worked, but it was slow and frequently suffered mechanical breakdowns.

Greyrock was about nine miles east of an island/promontory named "Grass Creek" that was owned by relatives. Making this nine mile round trip by water was a kind of annual pilgrimage for our family. Once the powered whirligig was working, it occurred to me that it might be able to make the trip.

This was yet another bad idea. A good deal of the water between the two properties was open and a strong southwest wind could kick up sizable waves on it. Nevertheless, somehow I convinced my parents that the boat was equal to the trip and one bright morning I set off for Grass Creek. As I recall, I was not wearing a life preserver.

Bateau Channel, the body of water leading to Grass Creek, had a peculiarity. About five miles west of Greyrock it divided into a continuation of the channel to the right and Johnson's Bay to the left. Approaching from the east, the mouth of the bay was wider than the mouth of the channel. I made the mistake of turning into Johnson's Bay rather than continuing up the channel.

It had taken me nearly two hours to make the dividing point between the two bodies of water. By then the southwest wind had picked up considerably and the waves in Johnson's Bay grew bigger and bigger. I was crawling up the Bay, becoming more and more con-

vinced that somehow I had taken the wrong turn when, suddenly, the belt on the cooling motor broke. I stopped the motor and repaired the belt.

Then, when I tried to start the motor again with a starting cord that wrapped around a pulley on the motor's flywheel, I cut one of my fingers to the bone on a piece of tin associated with the motor's exhaust system. I then was in a serious fix. The boat was bouncing so much in the waves that it was shipping water, the motor would not start, and I was bleeding profusely. I stopped the bleeding by tying a handkerchief around the cut finger but otherwise did not know what to do. I was at least a third of a mile from land. The situation could have ended in a serious tragedy.

While my boat was slowly filling with water, suddenly a large, double-ended motor launch appeared from the direction of Howe Island that lay to the south. The launch was

skipped by a local fisherman who had seen my plight and had come out to offer aid. He took me aboard the launch and towed my boat back to his dock. There he simply hoisted my boat athwart the launch and set off with me and the boat to Grass Creek. I will always remember that launch. It was black and greasy, covered in places by fish scales and powered by a large, one lung engine equipped with a compression relief valve for starting. Every time the engine fired, the sides of the launch would give inward. The fisherman delivered me and the boat to Grass Creek and asked no remuneration for his assistance. I will always remember his kindness. Very possibly he saved my life.

At Grass Creek I made yet another mistake by putting iodine on the cut. The iodine not only stung fiercely when applied, but seemed to produce swelling. I spent much of that night sucking the iodine out of the cut.

To this day I bear a scar on the finger that reminds me of the entire adventure.

In thinking afterwards about the aborted trip, I realized that I had made a number of dangerous mistakes and was lucky that I was alive. I do not recall using the powered whirling much after that. I do think that I learned a good deal from solving the engineering challenges associated with building the boat.

Whirligigs.



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Originally designed as a sail and oar trainer for an outdoor education organization, the 6 Metre Whaler was intended to replace the old traditional clinker built 27' Naval Whalers that had been the standard boat for as long as anyone could remember. The big, heavy, old boats were past their use by dates, requiring much work to keep them in government survey and costing far too much to replace with new ones of the same type.

My version was styled in the tradition of the Whaler, shorter though to avoid the need to stay inside the maximum non survey limit, and is cheap and simple enough to build the boats with volunteer labour. It can carry up to eight adults but is easy to handle solo if needed, is stable, fast, roomy, and relatively cheap to build and rig.

While sculling this easily driven shape around the boat ramp is not an issue, a boat this size is a bit big to move far under oars unless there are half a dozen trainees being driven by an instructor with an attitude and a

6 Metre Whaler A Double Ended Dayboat With Room for Family & Friends

By John Welsford

loud voice, so there is an outboard tucked in an inboard well under the after deck where it is both easy to operate and out of sight.

Her rig is very simple and uses standard industrial aluminum tubes that are a fraction of the price of the yacht rigger ones. It is low stress and requires only minimal staying so that it can be rigged and unrigged in double quick time. I used a yawl rig, not only to remind people of the original Naval Whaler, but with the mizzen sheeted in hard the boat will heave to head to wind when needed. That little "air rudder" can be used to balance the boat on most points of sail, and with the main down she is balanced enough on jib and mizzen to sail even in really seriously bad weather.

The Royal Australian Naval Reserve use a 6 Metre Whaler to take trainees on camping trips along the West Australian coast, not a gentle environment with the Indian Ocean tradewinds piling onto the shore, and a Scots group uses two in the much colder and even more rough North Sea. But most of these boats are built and used by recreational users, people who value the huge amount of space, the ease of handling, and the beautiful shape of the Scandinavian styled double ended.

"The little yawl ghosted quietly into the town basin after a week camp cruising among the islands along the coast. They'd been comfortably independent of outside support with the ample stores and equipment stowed in the boat's lockers. After the weeks sailing the two slightly sunburned teenagers had sailed the shapely craft the last leg of their voyage home while the parents lounged on the long seats up forward, ostensibly relaxing and reading, but keeping a wary eye on the junior crew who had only on this trip graduated to being in command.

Long white wake over the ocean swells on the way up the coast, quiet evenings slipping into the still dark waters of a sheltered cove, huge excitement as the first fish was hauled in over the gunwale, and the mouth watering smell as it was cooked later that evening.

Watching the wildlife on the shoreline, and the bird and sealife while at sea, had connected them to the reality of nature in a way that could not happen at home in the suburbs. It had been a memorable cruise in so many ways.

Mother (she and her husband wore the Captain's hat on alternate days) directed the helm's attention to the jetty by the boat ramp and promised them a free run at their favourite fast food outlet when the boat was unrigged and up on its trailer, and after a week's dishes and cleaning following dad's cooking on the picnic stove, that was a real incentive. It wasn't long before the kids were tucked up in the back of the car and drifting off to sleep while the parents mentally ticked off the landmarks on the freeway as they drove toward their inland home town, reflecting upon adventures large and small, the positive changes in two early teenagers who had grown up hugely during the week's exploring and mulling over options for the next trip in the autumn only a couple of months away.

6 Metre Whaler

Length on deck 19' 8" (5.99m)
Beam 7' (2.14m)
Weight including ballast 660 lbs.
(300kg)
Sail area 175sf (16.25sm)
Draft, board up 10" (250 mm)
Draft board down 4'6" (1.35m)

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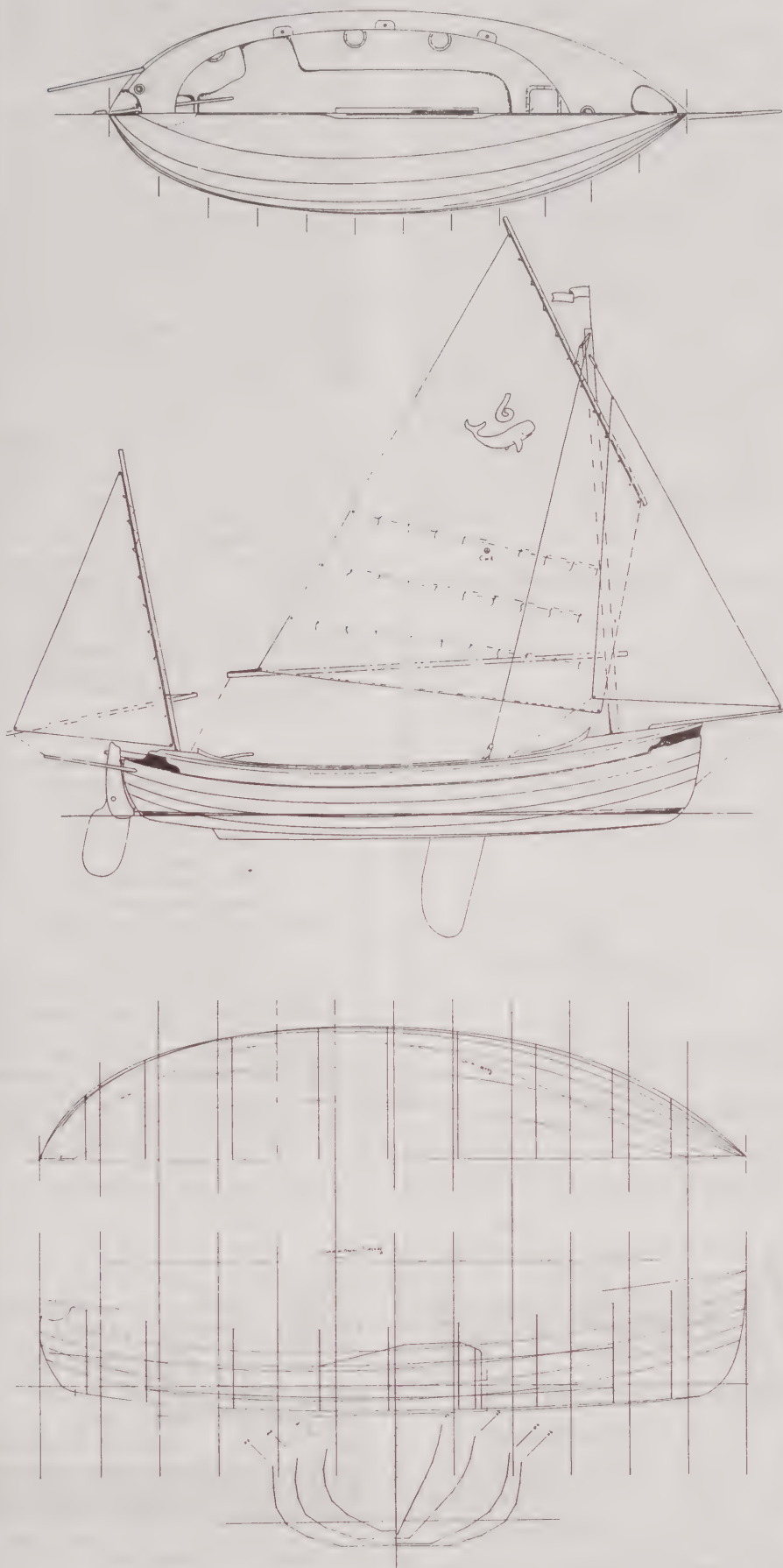
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The word "gentry" broadly refers to a high status or better than the rest. The Glen L Gentry is what is commonly classed as a gentleman's runabout, a term popularized back in the '30s. The Gentry is the type of boat that envisions the gent with a straw hat accompanied by the typical blond flapper of the day, this was upper crust boating. The sleek mahogany runabouts were naturally finished with deep leather seats and lots of chrome plated deck hardware. The aft seating provided an excellent ride and the long foredeck was impressive. These were not race boats, although friendly (?) match races were common. Due to available motors, most had a top speed of 40mph or less.

The Glen L Gentry is a modern day adaptation of these classic boats. The mahogany hull and general appearance emulate its predecessors. A gleaming mahogany deck with outer finishing board made from laminations of solid wood attracts attention at the dock and underway. However, there are subtle changes made to improve the structure. The epoxy cold molded hull is stronger and more durable than those of yesteryear.

The old batten seam planking leaked like a sieve until the seams swelled up, and even

Gentry New Classic 17' Gentleman's Runabout

then a dry bilge was rare and pumping was required to keep them afloat. Thus, the boats were not practically trailerable as you didn't want the planks to dry out. Gentry uses modern methods and materials featuring cold molded hull planking with laminates of diagonal plywood or solid wood covered with mahogany veneers bonded with epoxy. This system has eliminated the leaking problem and makes for a lightweight superior hull.

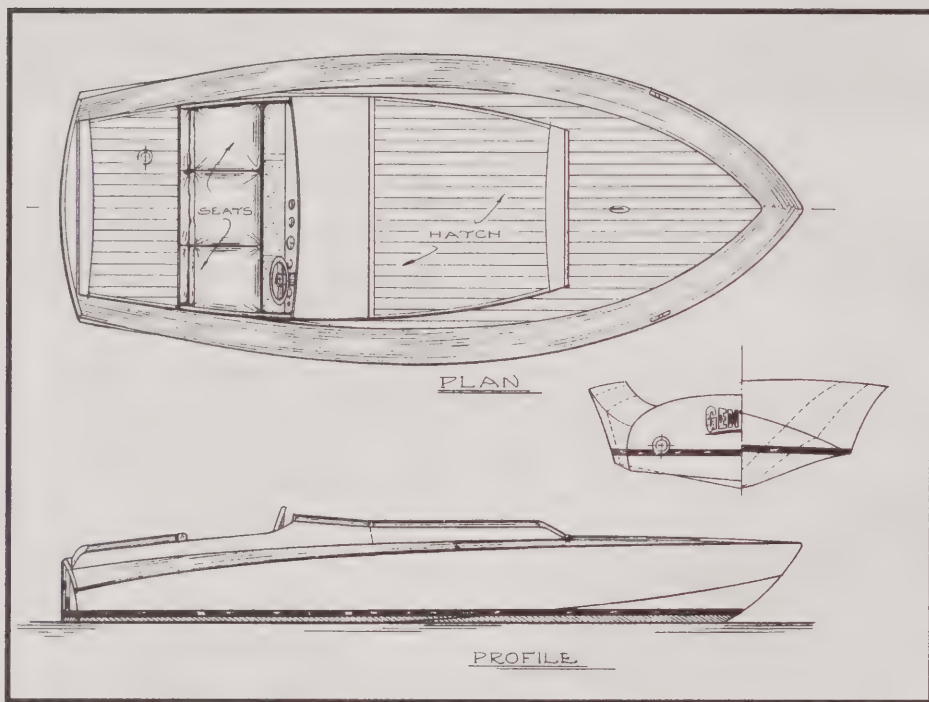
Glen L has also tweaked the hull design to suit modern conditions of use and lighter, more powerful motors. The forward entry features a convex area along the keel, flattening out to a reverse curve at the chine, thus providing a softer, drier ride. The forefoot has been lifted to prevent the bow hooking when crossing a wake or wavelet obliquely, a common characteristic of the older boats at the top end of their speed range. In short, it may

look like the old gentleman's runabout, but it ain't.

The construction method features mounting the frames on longitudinals that are used as motor stringers. The plans even detail the simple stand or building form that holds these stringers in place, complete with a bill of materials for the form.

The hull structure has been simplified with the diagonal planking relatively easy to apply, although more time consuming than sheet plywood. However, it's worth it. The outer mahogany planking along with the finishing board around the deck perimeter, again, isn't quickly done but is well within the range of the typical builder. Check the price on one of these boats, they are usually custom built if even available. But don't fret and have sticker shock, with some time and effort this beautiful mahogany craft can be built at a fraction of the retail price. And building is FUN!

The plans and patterns for the Gentry are \$118 and Glen L also provides a frame kit and fastening kit to make building quicker and simpler. For more information on this and over 200 other do-it-yourself boats, visit Glen L's extensive website, www.GlenL.com. You can view thousands of customer photos, read the monthly newsletter and various articles with lots of how-to information and tips, talk with other builders on the Boatbuilder Connection, and see which Glen L designs are being built on the Project Registry. You can also call or write, Glen L Marine Designs, 9152 Rosecrans Ave., Bellflower, CA 90706, (562) 630-6258.



CHARACTERISTICS

Length overall 17'4"

Beam 7'2"

Hull depth midship 26"

Depth under hatch 35"

Hull weight (approximate) 900 lbs.

Cockpit size 31" x 60"

Passengers 2 or 3

Power: Centrally located inboard inline marine or auto conversion to about 5.6 liters or 350 cu. in.

Hull Type: Cold molded plywood with longitudinal veneers. Convex vee bottom with concavity along the chine and generous flaring sides forward blending into a barrel back styled transom tumble home aft.

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While writing this series of articles on Sleeper, some questions were asked about some possible problems with the wheel assembly that is used to transport the craft. Here are the questions:

1. Would the axle at the ends be strong enough to carry a heavy load?

2. If small wheels were used, wouldn't they get stuck in rocks or ruts?

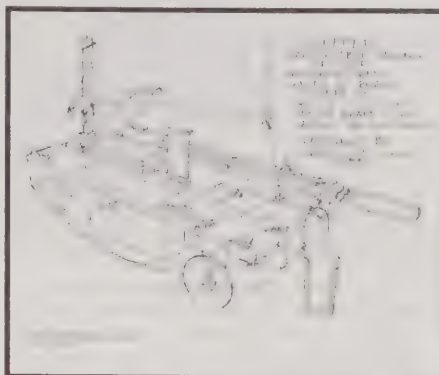
As you can see, both of these questions are good questions and also very important ones if one does not want problems with the equipment.

I like very much what Einstein once said. When asked how it is that he is able to solve complicated problems where others have failed, he replied that there wasn't anything magical about it, he just spent more time thinking about it than others had. Meaning if you have a particular building or design problem you must spend some time dwelling on that problem, seems to always work.

Building Sleeper

Part 13

By Don Elliott



The Sleeper's axle pins are installed in the cross bar using epoxy around the bolt. Sleeper's plans describe the building process. This would be strong enough for most, but there are other things to consider, as our questioners have noted.

Rocks or ruts could be a problem for small wheels. What happens is if they are too small they get caught in the crevices where a large wheel might easily pass over, see sketch below.

Larger wheels have the advantage of rolling over rutted ground and rocks, however, in order to be larger they must also be made stronger. This is easily done and is shown in the above sketch. Now you have a heavier wheel and it will put additional stress on the axle assembly (we will fix that soon).

The wheels (large or otherwise) need not be carried aboard Sleeper (unless you are going someplace where the craft will need to be taken ashore again) as they are generally returned to the land vehicle. If one's wish is to take them onboard, make certain they can pass through Sleeper's hatch opening and also turn to clear the bottom of hull as they move down or simply lash them to the deck.

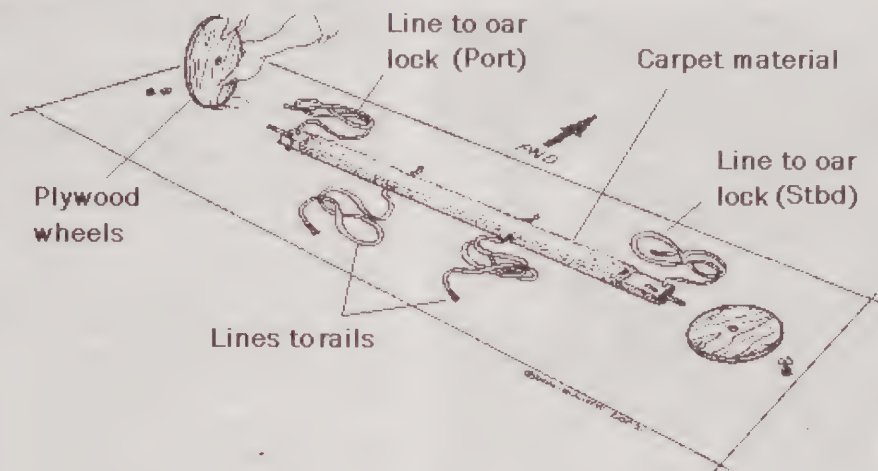
The three views on the right in the above sketch show how a builder can make a strong axle joint. At the top of the page is Sleeper's axle, per the plans. The second view down shows that in addition to the epoxy bedded axle, the joint has been wrapped in layers of fiberglass cloth and epoxy, about four wraps should be plenty, more if you are the cautious type. Notice that the ends of the wrap are allowed to run out gradually at the inside end, this is done to prevent a hard spot which, if ended sharp, would create a weak point.

If the loads anticipated will be very heavy and the wheels are large, then do all the above (except the cloth), plus add a piece of hardwood to the bottom of the axle beam and through bolt it to the standard axle beam. Of course, all items are glued together using epoxy glue. This is shown in the lower view.

Anytime you have a condition where there might be a heavy load, this would mean there should also be plenty of material where that load is. Heavy loads mean stronger materials and more structure.

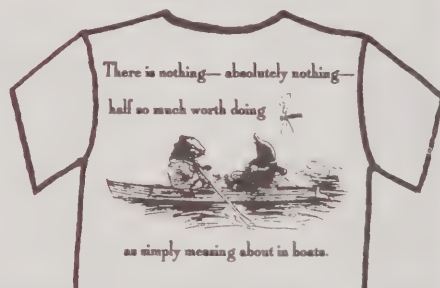
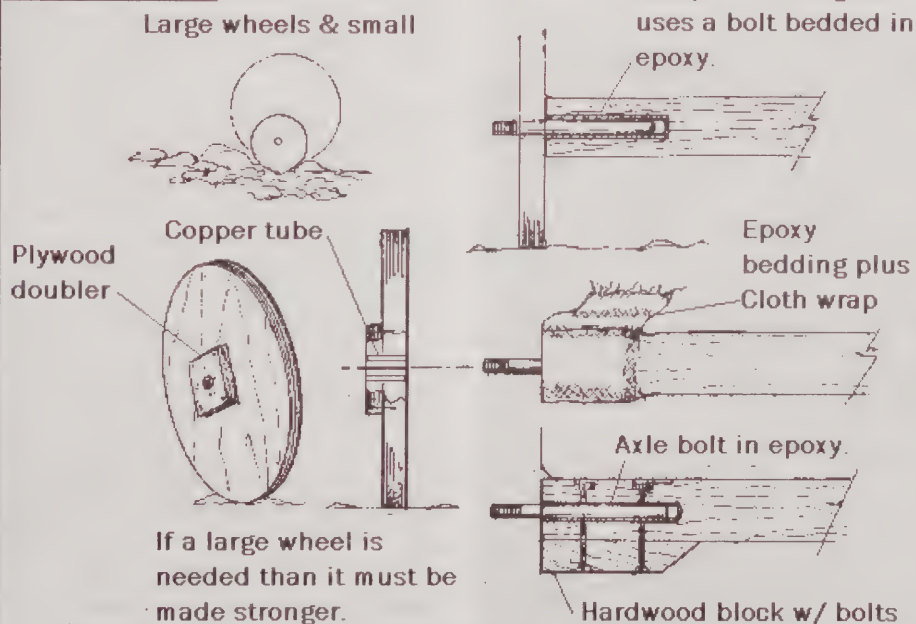
(To Be Continued)

Sleepers land transportation



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Sleeper's wheels



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You will probably start looking at tying down canoes seriously after you have lost your first one. After that lost canoe went through the windshield of the following car, causing a wreck, you had better take it seriously.

When I first got serious about canoeing we used to joke that any real canoeist had to have eye bolts fastened to front and rear bumpers of his vehicle. Bumpers, remember what they were? Cars and trucks used to have a metal thing in front of the body and another one behind. These metal things were called bumpers. They were strong enough to withstand a 15mph to 20mph impact, preventing serious damage to the car. They were also very useful for tying things onto the vehicle, like ladders and even canoes.

Cars of the past also had rain gutters. They would hold canoe racks very well. I still have a set of Quick and Easy racks in my loft, but no vehicle that they fit. It seems that most modern cars have a plastic trim piece that has replaced the bumpers of the past. I haven't

Tying One On

By Mississippi Bob

seen a set of rain gutters on any new cars either. This presents a real problem when you want to tie on a canoe, ladder, or boat mast.

The Yakima and Thule Companies have come up with some very expensive equipment that makes it possible to tie things on your car. There are so many round cars (jelly beans) on the road that these folks have gotten rich making all the assorted pieces needed to mount racks on all the assorted cars.

I got into solo canoeing back in the rain gutter/bumper days. I remember one Good Friday that I went canoeing with some friends and I ended up making the return shuttle with four solos on the top of my Mercury Comet. We had a crosswind that day that was gusting about 40mph. We all got home safely.



The way I travel, short 14.5' canoe.

Short 14.5' canoe front tiedown arrangement.



In the January 1 issue Hugh Groth came up with one idea of a rig to help out in canoe transport. His idea seems sound; it, in effect, made a longer spread between the racks. I would like to further discuss this problem of tying on canoes and add a few of my ideas.

One of the simplest things you can add to any vehicle is some nylon straps that come out between the hood and fenders. These straps can be used to attach bow lines to the car. They are made out of 1" nylon strap about 5" to 6" long.

Open your hood and look around near the edge of the opening. You will find some fasteners that hold the body work together. Remove one of these bolts from each front corner. Fold your strap in half and melt a hole through both layers near the ends. A heated nail or small screw driver point will do this nicely. By melting this hole you also weld both ends together.

Add a flat washer to the bolt that you removed and put it through the hole in the strap and reinstall the bolt. Before you tighten the screw, line the strap up so it can come out between the hood and fender. This strap can be closed under the hood when you are not using it.

I am a strong believer that the shorter the line is that holds your canoe, the better it will work. I often see folks running a bow line or lines around the front of the car and fastening it somewhere underneath the car. This works but it makes an awful long lead. The shorter lead from the boat to the strap works much better and you don't need to crawl under the car.

Keeping the bow lines as short as possible also means the boat doesn't stick out in front of the car, even if it is a short car. Run the lines leading straight up or even back slightly, they will hold better.

If you own a canoe like a Winona there is no good place to tie on a bow line. These boats have a carrying handle about 2' back in the canoe. This is altogether too far back in the boat to fasten the bow line. If it is your boat, drill a hole through the bow just below the gunnels. The manufacturer forgot to do this before it got shipped. You can cement in a short piece of PVC pipe to prevent chafing of the line. A better way is to fill the end with thickened epoxy where you plan to drill, before drilling. After you drill, chamfer the edges of the hole.

You are now set up so the bow is above the front attachment points; you have two lines down to either corner of your hood. The stern may hang out way back behind the car, so be it. You might hang a big red flag on the stern so some fool doesn't put it through his windshield. Don't, I say don't, fasten a stern line onto this long overhanging end, it will only guarantee that the canoe will follow you down the road while it self destructs.

I don't usually use a stern line. I usually have a doubled line with an eye in it over the canoe at the front and rear bars of the rack and the two lines from the bow to the hood. I also look for a way that one of the thwarts will end up near the rack, and I will sometimes wrap the same line that went over the top around both the thwart and the rack. This turn will prevent the boat from going end-ways.

I am not a big fan of the trucker's knot. I prefer to double the line and run both ends over the boat. I usually have an eye spliced

into one end and I bring the bitter end up around the bar then through the eye. I slide this line around the bar until I have the eye about 4"-5" above the gunnel, then I pull it down to tighten it then secure it with two half hitches.

I don't like straps. I have seen the hardware fail too often. I don't think that 1/4" braided nylon rope is heavy enough, even for my small canoes. I prefer to use twisted rope. It can be spliced easily. I like to use a rope that is 5/16" or 3/8" twisted.

A very important concern when you plan to tie things on the roof is how far apart the racks are. Many of the manufactured canoe racks are altogether too close together when mounted on a modern car. You will pay dearly for the hardware to hold racks on a sporty two door with a sun roof. I say the same for many of the luggage racks installed on minivans and SUVs. The forward bar is usually too far back on the roof. The forward bar should be as near the windshield as you can easily get it

If you are a serious canoeist, think about the vehicle before you buy. Years ago a friend of mine, Cliff Jacobson, the writer, went to the International dealer in his town to look at the Scout. He was leaving when a salesman stopped him trying to deal. "Not interested," said Cliff, "it don't have rain gutters." He went about 30 miles to the far side of the city and bought a Jeep wagon. I think that he had his priorities right.

My bride has had a Ford E150 full sized van. Then a minivan. They both had rain gutters so the Quick and Easys worked. Now she drives a GMC Safari. The Safari came with a roof rack, a very flimsy one. I had to build wooden cross bars to hold a canoe. I lashed the wood to the GMC rack and made a couple trips that way.

The back seats came out of her vans so she could fill the vans full of dog cages. She travels a lot to dog shows and these vans have served her well. I won't say that she has her priorities in order because her game keeps me broke. I have traveled with my bride to some of the far away shows, so I always bring a boat. Not so easy as on the Ranger. I'm short and I need a ladder with the taller vans.

It has been about 20 years since I last owned a car. My car is a Ranger pickup. I am on my third one. They were all the regular cab models because it is easier to tie down boats with the short cab. My newest Ranger, a two wheel drive one, is slightly taller than the older ones and it has a 7' box. I mounted a fiberglass topper on it and sprung for the Yakima racks. I'm not terribly happy with them.

At first I bought the top mounting brackets and drilled and mounted them on my brand new \$800 topper. I made one trip that way and decided that the rig was too tall. I then bought some wide mounting brackets and drilled eight more holes in my topper and lowered the bars a good 2", much better. A bit of clear sealer seems to keep the rain out of the holes in the roof.

The rig now makes it a breeze to load and unload the boats, but I found it was nearly impossible to tie the canoes well enough to prevent them from sliding around on the slippery Yakima bars. I finally broke down and bought a set of gunnel clips, another 60 bucks. I am now set up to carry one canoe on the driver's side that doesn't slide all over. Maybe



A forward strap installation (for longer canoe).

I'll break down in the summer and get clips for the passenger side.

I really like the 7' box on my new truck. The bars are 6-1/2' apart. This makes a real stable platform to load things on. When I loaded a 14' solo boat I had about 3' behind the truck and the bow end just visible from inside through the windshield. I liked the way it sat there, so I had to find a new place to run the bow lines. I opened the hood and found that the hood hinges have a hole through them that allows me to run a line through. I found some 1/4" line, real tough stuff. I'm not sure what it is, but I'm sure it's not nylon. I made a loop of line on either side and tied it through

All the straps out.



Tiedown extended around canoe thwart.

the hole. These loops extend about 2" above the cowl hood joint. Perfect.

On the rare occasion that I carry anything longer, I open the hood and choose which of the four straps I will use. I have straps in either corner and one on either side of the hood latch. This works for me.

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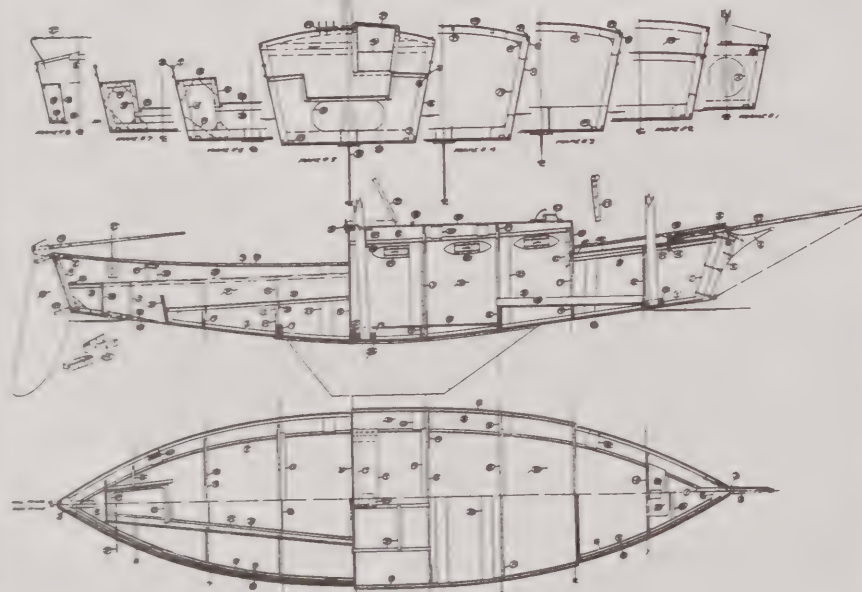
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Fin Keel Sharpie Schooner

Design #165

Length on Deck 30'0"
 Length Bottom 28'5"
 Breadth Maximum 7'11"
 Breadth Bottom 6'0"
 Draft 3'6"
 Displacement 5,600 lbs.
 Sail Area 470sf



This design was drawn in 1962. It was a commissioned design for use in the San Francisco Bay area, but we don't think it was built. We wouldn't design a sharpie now with no beaching capability or anything close to this much fixed draft, or with a 36' mast in a fixed step, but taken on its own terms it's not a bad effort. The ends of the bottom are carried high and the breadth of the bottom is spread out fore and aft for good power to carry sail, in spite of the sharp stern which much improves the looks of the pure sharpie hull. The high, flaring, raised deck gives her good reserve buoyancy and stability.

The construction is based on my own Pointer which I'd owned for three years when this design was made. She proved very long lived and never had any structural problems. The cabin layout is also like Pointer's and I cruised in her for up to a month at a time with no complaints. It's a camping proposition, but reliably dry and no way cramped. Headroom under the deck beams is an even 4'. The mattress of the double berth is 6'6" long, 5'8" wide at the after end, 30" at the forward end, with 38" of headroom over it. Pointer's big open cockpit is replaced by the watertight, self-draining afterdeck and footwell for an easier mind in heavy weather (though Pointer never shipped any water in the 11 years I owned her). This boat was not supposed to be confined to protected waters.

I usually dislike outboard motor wells, but this one doesn't take up much useful space and cannot flood any spaces that aren't self-draining. It's located for access to the propeller and power head without getting into a precarious position (the bulwark is a foot high at the after end of the well), the prop can be retracted, and the opening covered for no drag under sail, and the prop is far enough inboard to give a serious boost to the sails in a hard chance to windward.

Motor sailing is especially desirable in sharpies, for obvious reasons they like to be

heeled when they're driven against waves. In Pointer, I had a 3hp motor her first season, which needed a sail boost to make much good against a strong wind. I swapped it for a 5hp and never felt the need for more. These were 2-stroke motors. Our W.D. Jochems class uses 9.9 4-strokes and they drive powerfully against a strong wind and steep chop, even at a reduced throttle.

The fin keel is just a 1" thick steel plate welded to a 1" x 12" flange. The profile curve of the flange makes the connection very strong: The aggregate weight of flange and fin is 1,200 lbs. and there was supposed to be some lead ballast inside to be added by experiment. There was no bulb on the bottom of the fin to save expense in fabrication at

some cost in sail carrying ability. The fin allows the use of a deep rudder without any complications.

The schooner rig, like most of our schooner designs, is the ancestral type with the foremast stepped well forward and a relatively big foresail. Taking in the foresail reduces her sail substantially, with two deep reefs in the mainsail and the full jib, her sail area is reduced to only 170sf for heavy weather sailing. The foremast shrouds have a long drift aft to make the jib stand without much sagging even in strong winds. The foremast step extends from side to side and hooks over the chine logs to stand the resulting compression stress. The masts are grown sticks which were available in good quality when the design was

made. The tall mainmast is only 1-3/4" diameter at the top for lightness and good aerodynamics, it's similar to that of Pointer and other comparable boats and is quite flexible. This boat was not intended to carry a main staysail, which would put too much stress on such a slender cantilever.

The plans of this boat are the old fashioned kind that require lofting and the panel shapes worked out on the work. There are no prefabrication expansions. They're available for \$200 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube. The design did not receive a name; call for Design #165, Keel Sharpie Schooner, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, U.S.

In the year of 1912, during a cruise in the waters along the south shore of Bretagne, France, the British yachtsman Claud Worth observed some tenders of sailing fishing vessels. Impressed by their design, he made a drawing and published a passage on these "Auray Punts" in *Yacht Cruising*.

Naval architect Phil Bolger recognized the value of the article and the drawing. He faired some of the lines for plywood construction and published the result in his book, *Boats with an Open Mind*.

Over the years a number of articles have appeared in *MAIB* describing these little boats, their construction, and behavior on the water. A search for more information yielded the following.

At the turn of the 19th to the 20th century there were still some 20-odd different types of sailing vessels of various sizes, most of them lug rigged sloops, schooners, or yawls, in the fisheries along the southern coast of Bretagne, including those in the region of the Bay de Quiberon which were known as "Forbans du Bono." Bono is a hamlet at the mouth of the Auray River. Auray is a fishing village a short way inland.

Many of the fishermen of Le Bono and Auray used the harbor at La Trinite-sur Mer to beach their vessels at low tide, notably at the beginning and end of season, when they fished the Bay de Quiberon all summer long. That was where Claud Worth observed them in 1912. There were at least still 77 Forbans with their "Moj Plats" at La Trinite-sur Mer.

Historical Notes On the Auray Punt

By Hans Waecker

From all the available evidence concerning the background of the Auray Punt, it seems that it is an extrapolation of the "Moj Plat" (literally "Flat Snout"), an auxiliary vessel of the Forbans du Bono.

At that time these tenders were built by two local boat builders, Yves Querrien at Le Bono and Ezan at Saint-Philbert. They were about 3 meters long (10') with a beam of 1.30 meters (4'2"), the dimensions of Bolger's Auray Punt. The sides were planked with three or four pine boards, the bottom was cross planked and fastened to the sides in a

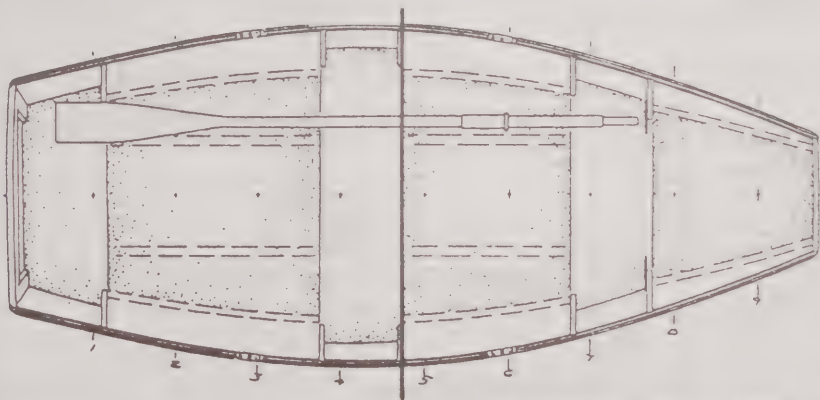
Le Bono in 1900.



constant angle rabbet, the seams were caulked. Two frames each supported the thwarts on each side and gave rigidity to the hull. Two sets of oarlocks and a sculling notch (trou de godille?) permitted two to five rowers.

Since the punt was primarily carried aboard rather than towed, in order to not encumber the fishing the great rocker enabled two or three men to hoist the punt aboard much more easily than any other design of similar weight. Considering that these punts were planked with pine boards (rather than 1/4" plywood), these fishermen had to be rugged characters.

Claud Worth in 1912 was of the opinion that it would be difficult to find a better design or to improve upon this little punt. Phil Bolger, and I, having built and used several of them, certainly agree.



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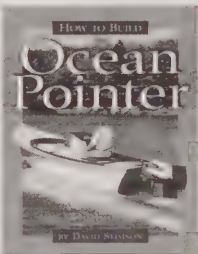
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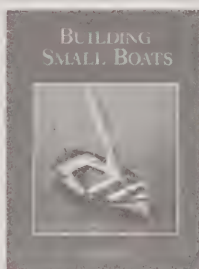
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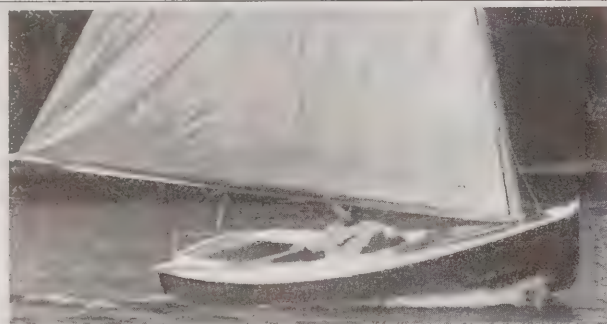
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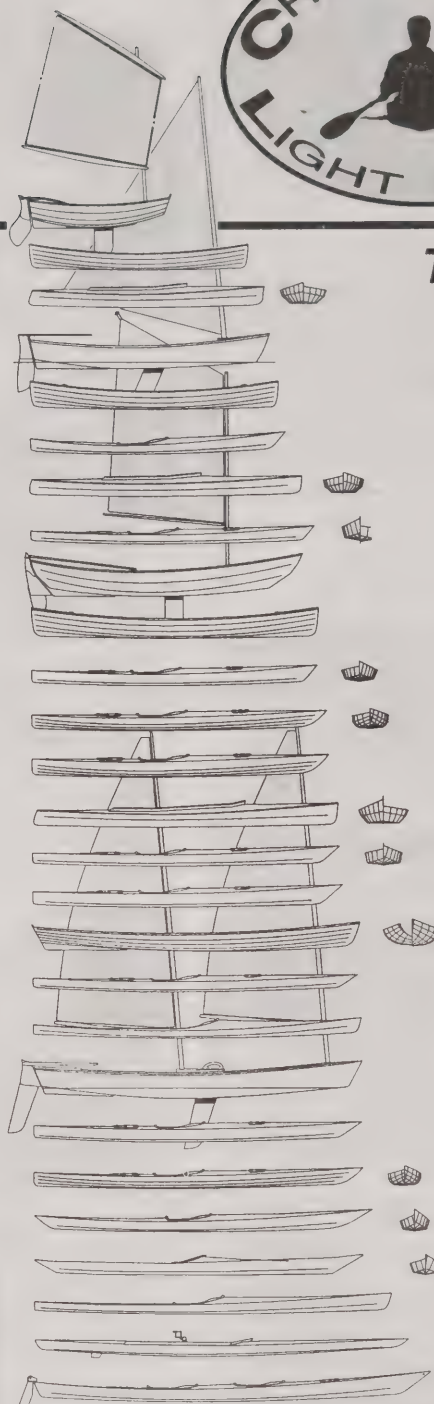
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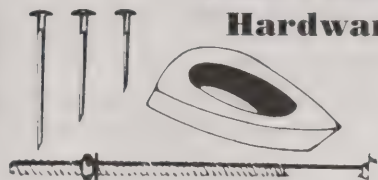
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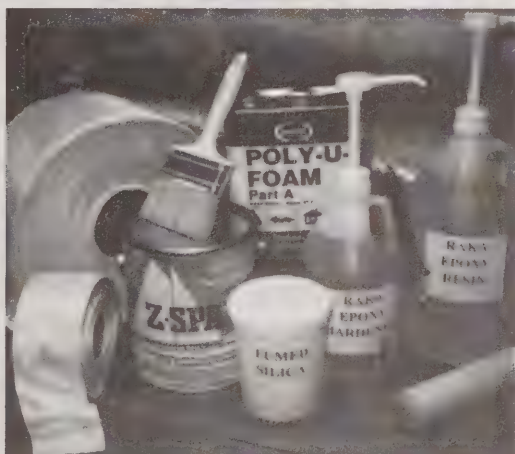
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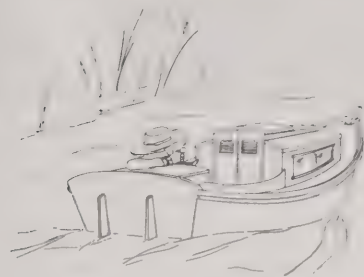


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16' Super Dink, performance prototype written up by John Gardner in *National Fisherman*. Participated in *Yachting's* "One of a Kind" regatta '77. Constr. fg over 3/8" pvc foam core. Teak trim. Wt. 160lbs. S.A. 100sf. Exc cond, trlr incl. Selling because too old now to be messing about in boats. Asking \$1,200, make offer. **Stonington Pulling Boat**, by Golden Era '79, 16' long, 31" beam, weight 125lb. approx. In exc cond. Oars & dolly incl. Asking \$1,000, make offer. GEORGE HART, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-3806. (2)

Snipe Sailboat, '40 compl reconditioned mahogany planked, sail #3920. I believe this to be 1 of only 2 or 3 boats of its kind still around. Spars appear to be spruce, sails Dacron, cb bronze. Boat weighs abt 900lbs, not a competitive racer but sails well and would win a competition based on beauty. W/professionally repainted HD trlr. Photos available on request. Asking \$4,000, will consider any reasonable offer.

MONTE RHODES, Austin, TX, <rhodesm1@swbell.net> (3)

WindGlider, inflatable by Mistral. Multi-purpose watercraft can be used as a sailboat, windsurfer, towable, kayak or swim platform. Fully equipped. Used only once. Paid \$400 as a Boat Show special. \$200 firm.

R. DRYER, Short Hills, NJ, (973) 467 2976. (3)



20' Eastporter Power Boat, fg '85. Designed & used as island ferry. 120hp Mercruiser I/O drive. Compl w/2 axle galv trlr & 8hp ob on bracket. \$9,730. Call, email or write for compl description & pictures. KARL WEBSTER, P.O. Box 261, Brooksville, ME 04617, (207) 326-9781, <ksw@midmaine.com> (2)



NY 17' Whitehall Rowing Boat, if you like to row you will love my boat. It is the premier rowing boat. Blt of cedar, oak, mahogany & teak. Sails of tanbark Dacron, jib & sprit main. Trlr galv, wet only once Oct 22 to launch for photo taking. Starting price for whole package orig \$6,000, now \$5,000.

WALT STEIN, Bayshore, NY, (631) 666-6274 anytime (no machine). (15)

CLC Millbank 15 Kayak, immac cond compl w/ rudder & foot steering. Set up for sailing w/fg mast, wishbone boom, Dacron sail, amas & akas. Easy setup & knockdown. Less sailing rig \$595. With sailing rig \$795. Delivery can be arranged. Photo available at <grademaster20002000@yahoo.com> GERARD E. VAN WYK, 3270 Town Crossing Dr., Grandville, MI 49418 (3)



'52 Lyman, boat, 18hp Evinrude, trlr. Nice spring project. \$1,500. BRIAN QUINN, Rowley, MA, (978) 758-1950. (3)



16' Comet, Oberg/Branning #3943, FG hull w/ flotation fwd & aft. Alum spars & CB. Fair cond, ready to sail. 2 sets sails include, Seidelman Dacron sails & Doyle hard sails, both in gd cond. \$900. Trlr available at additional \$400 or may be borrowed for delivery. Pictures available by email. RANDY BRUBAKER, Newfield, NY, (607) 564-7838, <rbrubaker@juno.com> (5)



Long Micro, 20' Phil Bolger cat yawl mini cruiser Zephyr is reluctantly for sale. Quality amateur constr '93/'94 w/many upgrades over the years. Marine fir ply & System 3 & WEST™ System epoxies throughout. Featured at www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr.htm & www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr_fa.htm. Reduced to \$3,900 w/gd running '70s 5.5hp Johnson. Zephyr has been yard kept since launch. Located Shelter Island, New York.

DANIEL GONNEAU, Astoria, NY, (718) 726 3549. (3)



20' Victorian Fantail Launch, '03 Elco fg hull, custom mahogany cockpit & trim, 9.9 Honda in well, bronze wheel & cleats, new EZ Loader trlr. \$18,500.

JOHN RUGGERIO, 9 Lakeside St., Salem, NH 03079-1962, (603) 898-5395 (3)

18' Folding Kayak, Russian manufacture, vy high volume, 2 folding paddles. \$450;—**13' FG Peapod**, daggerboard well, 8' oak oars. \$550, **13' Burro Camping Trailer**, fg. \$2000. Will consider fg canoe, lg cockpit kayak, small boat trlr or something interesting in trade. MARTIN KOKUS, Pippa Passes, KY, (606) 368 2340, <martinkokus@alc.edu> (2)



17' Whitehall Rowing Boat, if you like to row you will love my boat. It is the premier rowing boat. Blt of cedar, oak, mahogany & teak. Sails of tanbark Dacron, jib & sprit main. Galv trlr wet only once, Oct. 2002 to launch boat for picture taking. Starting price for the whole package \$6,000, reduced to \$4,500 for boat, trlr & sails. WALT STEIN, Bayshore, NY, (631) 666-6274, no machine, call any convenient time for you. (3)



Stonington Pulling Boat, 16' Kevlar ltwt hull (car toppable at only 75lbs) w/teak trim & bronze fittings & 2 compl Piantadosi Ro Wing sliding seat units. Converts from single to double w/just a hex wrench. Vy slippery & dry, narrow waterline has enough reserve buoyancy for confidence in a chop, w/room for a cooler & beach or camping gear when 2 up. Stern seat, bow eye, flotation compartments fwd & aft. Lightly used, in virtually showroom cond. PRICE FURTHER REDUCED to \$2,400; w/2 prs of carbon fiber shaft sculls \$2,750. Trlr shown also available.)

JOHN SPENCER, Topsfield, MA, (978) 561 1182, jks7@comcast.net (15)

Bolger Hawkeye Variant, launched '83. Finish removed from hull to barrier coat and repainted summer '03. Cockpit floor glassed & refinished. New motor box installed. Boat like new. '98 Honda 25hp 4 cycle power, New batteries just before '03 Kingston Messabout. 2 full length berths fwd. Equipment incl Sportpilot autopilot, speedometer, hourmeter, running lights, cabin lighting. Teleflex steering. Shorelander trlr new at launch. Photos on Duckworks Magazine website in article on Kingston Messabout. Digital images available. \$6,500, will consider offers.

BOB CHAMBERLAND, Suttons Bay, MI, (231) 271-4231, <cha62759@traverse.com> (3)

16' Classic Wood Sloop, compl rebt, marconi rigged, full keel, cuddy, ob, trlr. Insured, surveyed. \$5,000. Sailor trailaway. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (3)

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BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776, <RBRTBOBCAT@AOL.COM> (2)

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15-1/2' Knockabout Sloop, marine plywood hull. Taped seams, oak ribs, mahogany trim. Sitka spruce mast & boom. Thurston dacron sails. Racelite fittings. Incl trlr. \$750. AL MICHAUD, 11 Forest Rd., Foxboro, MA, (508) 543 9495. (2)

12' San Francisco Pelican, plywood day sailer in gd cond. Mainsail gd cond, jib almost new. On tilt frame galv trlr. In grt cond. Launch in 10' of water. \$725. **17' Folbot Greenland II Kayak**, 2 person, folds into 2 bags, w/rudder, down wind sail rig in 3rd bag. Vy gd cond. \$900. FRED MOLLER, P.O. Box 727, Wells, VT 05774, (802) 325-3411. (2)

16' Kittery Skiff, wooden ocean rowing shell assembled from Alden/Martin Marine kit). Oarmaster I unit, F. Collar oars. \$950. BOB KUGLER, Franklin, MA, (508) 636 2236, <enku451@charter.net> (2)

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'96 Melonseed Skiff, 13'8", light brown fg hull, by Crawford Boat Building Co. Load Rite trlr. Both in vy gd cond. \$5,500. **14' O'Day Puffin Sloop**, in fair cond w/trlr in less than fair cond but serviceable. \$550. ED GREENE, P.O. Box 1482, Duxbury, MA 02332, (781) 934-2909. (2)

Hydra Sea Twin, double touring sea kayak, 18'2" long, rotomold plastic, yellow, w/2 bulkheads & expedition package & rudder. Include 2 skirts & cockpit covers. Exc cond, garage kept. Asking \$750.

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13' Daisy, sail/row/motor boat: see WB #126 & MAIB, Oct, 15, '99, Okoume plywood & epoxy constr, bright finish. Dabbler tanbark sail. \$700. JOHN LONGBOTTOM, S18P1, 417 Birdwood Av., Haddonfield, NJ 08033, (856) 428 7032. (2)

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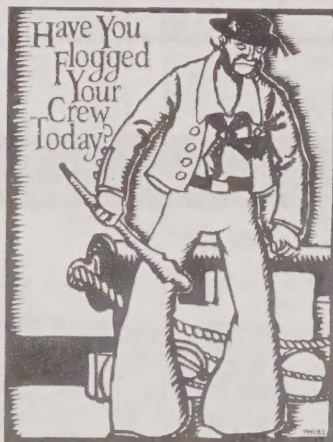
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BILL GRAHAM, Rowing Sport, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-3623, www.rowingsport.com (3)

British Seagull OB, motor #WSL888KK7. 4.5hp Silver Century model w/long shaft. Bought 9/28/78 new for \$465.55. Used less than 2 seasons on a sailboat, since then I switched to another sailboat w/its own motor. Stored since last use, prepared for storage as specified by mfg, on a stand in a canvas cover in my dry basement. Sell for \$200 obo over that.

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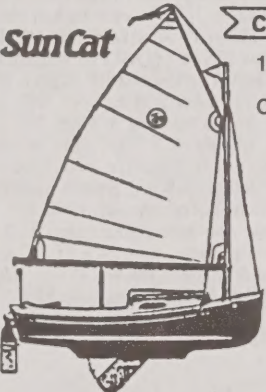


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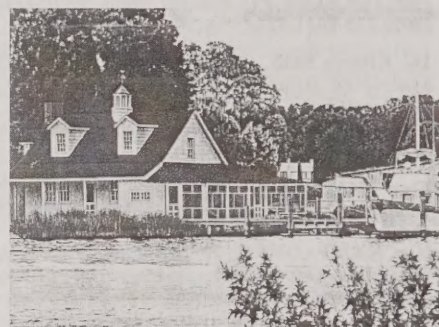
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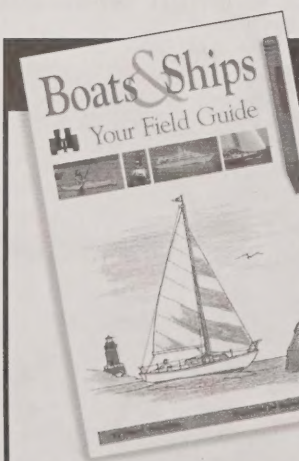


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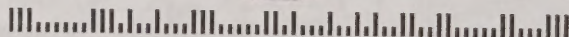
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