

Special Features This Issue
"Boston Tug Muster"
"Starvation" - "Ravenstrike"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 9

September 15, 2003



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On the Cover...

On the Cover...

Jim Thayer gets underway at the Starvation Meet he reports on in this issue in a Hampton One Design he once thought he'd restore, ever so long ago, but never got around to. Now it sports the name *Thayer & Co.* in gilt lettering on its mahogany transom, once again in like new condition through last winter's efforts of his friends, The Salt Lake City Gang.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Periodically in the daily mail come newspaper clippings from some of you who wish to share with the rest of us some interesting messing about in boats that happened in your neighborhood. I find that most such clippings do offer an interesting perspective on our obsession, but I seldom reprint any because this isn't something I can just do if I like an article. They are copyrighted material and I would have to obtain permission from the newspapers, and often the writers and photographers to reprint any. Sometimes payment is required. Additionally the clippings seldom include any information on how to reach the newspaper, so an additional inquiry back to the reader who sent a clipping along is required to ascertain the address of the paper.

Occasionally I will excerpt from a particularly germane article, but usually I a bit reluctantly toss the articles after reading them. I could fill several pages in every issue if I chose to pursue this source of news. There's not room enough, I don't wish to set aside the fascinating material you send to me to make room.

So what sort of news are you not getting to see on our pages because of this? It is essentially news of small boating for the general public, usually by reporters who just barely get it about what they are writing. Like the TV programs that occasionally visit a boat builder or look into kayaking, the superficiality of the coverage is glaring. Knowing what I do from this about what the reporters do not understand, when I happen to read or view their reports on subjects I know little about I can only conclude that there's a lot more to them than I get to read or see.

Here's a sampling of some headlines from some recent clippings that we have received:

"Boaters celebrate the ultimate fly-fishing craft." A deceased Oregon builder's rare vessels gathered for Rogue River trip.

"After first hour you feel no pain." Pacific northwest paddlers undertaking historic trip in fiberglass replicas of 32' aboriginal canoes.

"The triumph of Jose Lopez." A Brockton, Massachusetts amateur builder launches a 76' yacht that took him 24 years to build.

"Canoe voyage recalls old Wampanoag trek." Another voyage re-creation, this one on Cape Cod and the Islands in

Massachusetts in a replica dugout canoe burned out of a log at Plimoth Plantation.

"Historic schooner brings river's past to life." The restored oysterman *A.J. Meerwald* offers scenic cruises on the Delaware.

"Melonseed: the Romance." Roger Crawford's Melonseed skiff gets prime space in a regional summer publication on the Massachusetts south shore.

"Next-door neighbor: Row, row, row that boat." A woman files town meeting article to amend zoning bylaw to force neighbor to remove his boat from his backyard in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

"Every vessel tells a story." A Gig Harbor, Washington, man logs vintage fishing boats' comings, goings.

"Presidential yacht to be reborn." A New York businessman to rehab Kennedy's *Honey Fitz* in Mobile, Alabama shipyard.

"Stumpjumper builder keeps tradition afloat." A Tennessee boat builder builds the small sporting boats unique to northwest Tennessee that his family has built for four generations.

"Boats of wood." A St. Lawrence River collector in western New York saves old wooden boats such as the *Dispro*.

"Angler's drowning is ruled accidental." A bass fisherman falls from his high perch and drowns in the Nanticoke River in Delaware. He was not wearing a pfd.

"Crusty Survivor." Old salt in Darwin, Australia has seen much of sea and almost died on it.

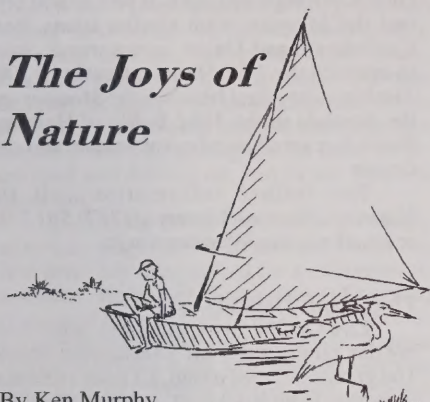
"Bay shipwreck a mystery." Archeology group works against time to solve maritime riddle, large wooden wreck that emerged from beach on island in Delaware.

"One hull of a predicament." Backyard builder in Raritan, New Jersey must move 53' sailboat under construction for 15 years before highway relocation blocks access.

"Access to river cannot be denied." Riverside residents in Plympton, Massachusetts attempting to block canoeing on river past their properties for liability reasons run up against legal public access to head of navigation.

Well, you get the idea from these samplings. Much fascinating stuff, if often superficial. Someone could probably turn out an interesting monthly containing only reprints of such articles clipped from thousands of newspapers from all over the country if they wished to set up the procedures and funding to do so. It's not me, though.

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Katydid

Last April's column was on the Spring Peeper, the sentinel of Spring. So I thought, what about the creature that signals Fall? To me, it just has to be the katydid. Of course, all of the cricket-like creatures vie for that particular distinction. As summer moves along and early fall approaches, the night songs of these creatures grow in intensity. They are all aware that the hammer of winter will soon come crashing down and their lives will end at the first hard frost.

It's all about sex, you know, as so much in the world seems to be. In their case it's sex and survival, for only their eggs will live through the winter. So it seems that their intense fall song has mostly to do with both an ending and a beginning.

Unlike the drone of the cricket's song which makes up the background sound of the night, the raspy sound of the katydid is in the foreground. It's the male that sings by rubbing together specialized structures on its front wings. The rhythm of its song is a repeated "Katy did, Katy didn't." In the northeast it seems that, at nightfall, the songs of the locust peak, but as they die away and the world becomes only shadows, then the katydids begin and sing for four or five hours. Then, in the deep of the night, their song, too,

peters out, leaving only the crickets to keep us company 'til dawn.

There are hundreds of species of katydid. They are large winged insects of the long horned grasshopper type. Katydids are green or pink and range from 1-1/4" to 5" in length. They are nocturnal and arboreal. Here is some basic information about the Common True Katydid that you will find east of the Rocky Mountains:

Scientific name: Pterophylla camellifolia (Fabricius)

Vernacular name: Common true katydid

Higher classification: Orthoptera, Ensifera, Tettigoniidae, Pseudophyllinae

Habitat: Crowns of hardwoods, nearly always out of reach

Seasonality: Adults - June to October; one generation per year; overwinters as egg.

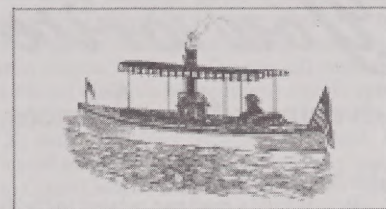
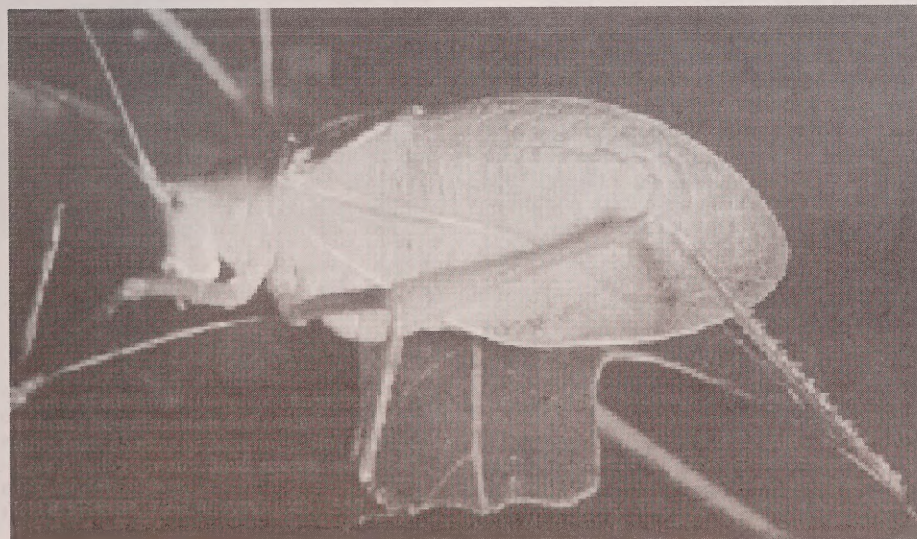
Identification: Loud, raucous, nocturnal song from high in trees; 4-7 pulse chirps rhythmically produced; neighboring individuals alternate their chirps

Other information: Seldom seen, always heard at night during calling season

The katydid feeds mostly at night after resting motionless during the day to avoid being seen by predators. They are mostly vegetarians, feeding on the leaves of trees and shrubs or on weeds. Some varieties vary the vegetarian diet by preying on other insects. They breed in late summer and fall. The females lay up to 50 eggs. Each female is equipped with a swordlike egg laying organ called an ovipositor. The eggs hatch in 4-6 months.

The katydid is equipped with hearing organs called tympana. The tympana are located on the front legs. They are sensitive to rhythm rather than pitch and so recognize its species song by its distinct beat. On the Northeast coast and in the Great Lakes region the loud buzzing song of the robust conehead katydid can be heard more than a mile away on a still night.

When we messabout boaters anchor for the night near hardwood, we will hear the katydid's song and be reminded that life is fleeting and that there are other anchorages to be sought before the trek is over.



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Robb Hit a Nerve

Rob White's road trip related in the July 1 issue hit a nerve. I understand just how he feels about overwhelming traffic. Reading his article on the way home, I was continuously assaulted by oncoming headlights; 2 cars in 22 miles! As soon as one faded behind there was the next one over the horizon making it hard to read and dial my cell phone to deal with my email.

Robb should not worry about the Norman Rockwell inspired backwards cap kids. They were raised on computer games and have lightning reflexes. Modern power steering and non-Mercedes ergonomics make knee steering easy, perhaps preferable.

Two grim sights could be seen in the fading light as I raced northwards (at 2200rpm the Cummins with overdrive was running 78mph). First was all the water roaring down the Chama River. That's our lake going by! After no significant rain since 1999 the environmentalists are draining the lake to help Rio Grande silvery minnows survive. As they are native to the Rio Grande, I would have thought that they would have developed drought tolerant mechanisms which a constant flow will only help them forget.

The second grim sight was a van with six rubber rafts piled high on its trailer. That meant that the professional river runners and their clients are moving into our area to derive pleasure and adventure from our misfortune. Maybe I should quit whining and tie a rope to the bridge and water ski the standing waves.

For a moisture break Maria and I flew to Providence and whipped through the Beep-Beep States (one mistake, hit the horn, miss an exit and you are in the next state) to the *Wooden Boat Show* in Maynard Bray's home town, Rockland, Maine. I now have a new perspective on traffic. I-95 has a life of its own, but on Hwy 1 in Maine there is a surprising politeness and uniformity of speed. Thousands of cars go up and down about 2mph under the speed limit. Nobody goes too slowly, nobody goes too fast, there is no crazy passing on hills or curves, in fact there is no passing at all, and within 3 cars somebody lets you in to the traffic when coming up into the congestion on a side road. I don't think the boaters behave better.

The Show was great! Shook hands with Jim Betts, Harry Bryan, Benjamin Mendlowitz (rhymes with Neal Rabinowitz) and retiring architect Bob Jones (who should begin a new career as a standup comic) on his lobster boat. Tried to talk to Jay Hotchkiss of John Jay Marine but he had been grabbed by one of those guys talking about his own boat and who was still there an hour later! Same thing happened at Cannell, Payne & Page where I wanted to inquire about the 27' William Gardner Diesel cruiser.

The first thing we had seen upon our arrival was Giffy Full's pickup. Hoping to attend his Sunday lecture on maintenance tips, I instead got caught up in helping carry a family built three day skiff the long way down to

the water for launching. I hope Channel 2 News spelled my name right.

Quentin Wilson, La Medera, NM

Help Needed...

A Worthy Endeavor Needs Your Help

Farmsteads of New England, a farm home for young adults 20 years or older who have autism and develop mental disabilities is in need of adding additional housing. A fund raising auction is being planned for October 26 at Foster's Downeast Clambake in York Harbor, Maine following a sumptuous clambake.

We need desirable items to be auctioned and welcome donations including small boat related items (or boats themselves). If any of you can help this very worthy cause it would be another salute to the small boat community. Please contact us if you wish to participate, Fred at (978) 768-7563 or Deborah Gray at the farm at (603) 464-2590.

Fred DeScenza, Essex, MA

Information of Interest...

Ironclads Research

The Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia, is pleased to announce the acquisition of the construction drawing of the famed ironclad *CSS Virginia* (formerly the *USS Merrimack*) from a private collector who made it available for purchase by The Mariners' Museum. The Museum has now added three ironclad vessel drawings by Confederate naval constructor John L. Porter to its collections over the past year. The first two Porter drawings acquired by The Mariners' Museum illustrated his idea for an armored casemate with guns mounted in its broadside and the *CSS Virginia's* gun deck. Both documents were acquired in 2002 from direct descendants of Porter.

The details of this plan reveal that it was the working document of Porter as he and the *CSS Virginia* design team struggled to convert the wooden frigate *Merrimack* into an ironclad. In 1861, Porter and naval constructor John Mercer Brooke shared project management responsibilities as they finalized details of the conversion of the *USS Merrimack* to the *CSS Virginia* ironclad. This resulted in numerous disagreements, several of which are apparent on the recently purchased construction drawing. Erasure marks reveal evidence of how the stern pilothouse was removed at the insistence of Brooke.

The drawing also shows the *Virginia's* ram, which was added as advocated by Brooke. Other noted changes include the added bow and stern pivot gun ports, a redesign of the port shutters, hatches, armor added for steering chains, and a bulkhead for a submerged bow. The construction drawing includes Porter's signature, notes, and three views of the *CSS Virginia*.

The addition of this document is the latest accomplishment in the ongoing effort by the Museum to extensively expand its col-

lection of Civil War naval artifacts and archives. We hope and ask that people will contact the Museum with similar items, both Confederate and Union, as we move closer to opening the *USS Monitor* Center in 2007. The legendary duel between the *Monitor* and the *Virginia* in the 1862 Battle of Hampton Roads forever changed naval warfare and ship design.

For further information call the Mariner's Museum Library at (757) 591 7782 or email <library@mariner.org>.

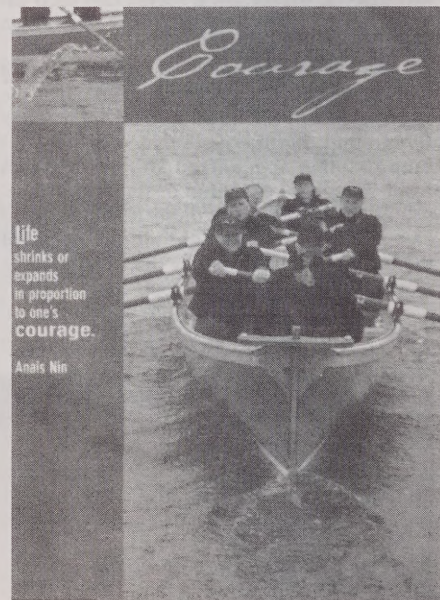
The Granite Island Girls

Last October we spent a wet, bone chilling day on the water off Vinalhaven, Maine. The granite covered island, a 1 hour 15 minute ferry ride from Rockland, is home to a dedicated crew of women gig rowers. The trip was to photograph this crew for a new Nors Graphica poster which was published this summer.

Originally named the Granite Island Girls, the team has evolved into the Vinalhaven Rowing Club. The impetus for the club began over three years ago when a high school class on the island, built their first gig, aptly named *Vixen*. Shop teacher, Mark Jackson, was eager to get everyone involved so he began taking out crews of school teachers and staff. From that core group of rowers made up of mostly women, today's competitive crew has evolved.

Like many clubs, the Vinalhaven Rowing Club struggles to raise money for equipment and travel expenses. If you'd like to make a donation to this club, email Kris Osgood at <islandhome04863@yahoo.com>

NORS, Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579



Opinions...

How To Build A Tin Canoe

This was a hard book to finish. Not because it was boring or poorly edited or too long. Difficult because Robb White's stories turned my chuckles into laughter and my partner, next to me, trying to sleep, would turn over, murmur, "Go to sleep," and switch off my reading light.

White's stories border on the unbelievable. When I read his prose, I imagined him sitting next to me on his screened porch, watching fireflies, conversing about boats. Each story has multiple tangents, for some this may be a grave weakness because White might not return to the original narrative. But for me it was like getting lost on some country road and driving on, just to see where it came out.

Back in the 1950's, when I was ten, my next door neighbor Jon Rivers and I built our first boat. My dad worked for a refrigeration company. He brought home stacks of wooden crates and Jon and I set to work. Older brothers stopped by and teased us, "Look at those cracks, that knot hole, you boys expect that thing to float?" When we finished, we left it in the garage.

As I look back on that time, what Jon and I did was build our imaginations. Jon went on to teach carpentry design in high school and college and right now is building a replica of a 1950's Chris Craft inboard. In 1980 I moved to Beaufort, North Carolina for the summer and built a lapstrake sailing dinghy with the North Carolina Mariner Museum. It floated, didn't leak a drop and boy did she sail!

I have read and enjoyed White's occasional essays in *WoodenBoat* and regular contributions to *Messing About In Boats*, but having an opportunity to read this entire collection was best. Even the subtitles, "The Old J 80 Johnson... in which I help a man recover his long lost self esteem", or "Terrible Torque and the Floorboard Man ...in which there is a terrible tragedy," and "The Reynolds... in which I learn the true meaning of life... when I am young enough to make some good use of the knowledge," are worth a chuckle or a familiar recognition.

I grew up exploring the streams and lakes of Michigan. My dad remarried when I was five. His new wife brought her dowry from Lake Heron: a heavy 17' Dunphy lapstrake outboard (no engine) and a WWII Grumman aluminum canoe. My dad added a 19' Century Resorter, a 12' duckboat with a 3hp Johnson which he traded in for a 5-1/2 with a separate red five gallon gas tank. The riveting on the duckboat had so deteriorated that I had to bail every ten minutes. When his new wife moved in, my dad bought me a wooden sailfish which within a few years had to be fiberglassed, it leaked so badly.

Now I own a 24' sharpie sailboat with a 9.9 Honda 4-stroke which I have no idea of how to fix. I doubt my dad, in all his tinkering skills, could figure it out either. Somedays I walk down Front Street to the Mariner's Museum in Beaufort and gaze at the display case with all those outboards with which I grew up. I am filled with longing.

Reading White's accounts of a boy growing up to be a man in southern waters could be a dangerous act. Reading chapters ranging from tugs on the Mississippi, skiffs on shallow water in Florida and Georgia, to tinkering with old Johnson outboards, is to be transported to another culture and time. Maybe, maybe Robb White is still puttering around in his workshop with ancient outboard engines. Maybe the reader will think, "Why I've always wanted to do that, what's wrong with right now?"

One of the great blessings of this book is the implicit invitation to reflect on our own

lives. Clearly Robb White has created a vocation from his childhood passions. Whether your childhood interests veered toward boats, art, or the curiosity of a plant or bird, Robb White will set you to reflecting.

McCabe Coolidge, Beaufort, NC

About Apalachicola

I enjoyed Robb White's article on the Apalachicola Show in your July 15 issue, I thought he captured the whole thing quite well except that he says that there weren't as many boats as usual. As he said, Rescue Minor did get a lot of attention. As with any boat that he might bring, it was an unusual design with interesting characteristics. Further on in his story he suggested that the "messers" ought to come back in following years and bring their boats.

Since the day of the first show, I have been one of those messers until this year, at which time I did bring my own boat, which was the little Moth named *Tennis Bracelet*, about which I wrote in an issue many moons ago. In fact, Robb was quite taken with it, getting down on his hands and knees to look at the bottom, a place where he says only the tourists look. After eyeing it all over, he commented, "I'm gonna build that boat." I offered him the plans, but he suggested that he had captured it in his mind's eye and that's all he needed.

What really surprised me, however, was that he remembered the homemade boat which the owner described as having the "tumblehome of a Chris Craft and the bow of a Garwood". It was made out of 1" planks with seams clearly visible and I must say that it caught my attention, but it sure wasn't anything I would have written home about.

Robb is right that more people attend the plastic boat show in Tallahassee to look at the big ugly jelly beans, but then, there's not much you, he or I can do about that. I only wish that we had a Chris Craft dealer in Tallahassee so that these people might have a decent plastic boat upon which to feast their eyes.

Wilson Wright, Tallahassee, FL

Poor Judgement by USCG

I like your cute little table of contents in the July 1 issue; it helps us go to our favorite parts of *MAIB* quickly and then peruse later.

In the same issue I read Donna Petluck's letter regarding the Coast Guard doing a random safety check in stormy conditions, then not standing by, and in other ways making a precarious situation worse.

When tropical storm Claudette came ashore in Texas July 15, upgraded to a hurricane, about 50 Alabama shrimp boats, many from Bayou La Batre (as you all remember as Forest Gump's home town) sought refuge by docking. Many tried to dock in Freeport, TX, but were told to leave the dock and chased out into the developing hurricane by the Coast Guard "for security reasons". (This is all reported in the July 16, 2003 issue of the *Mobile Register*.)

Mark Higgins, a Coast Guard petty officer, told them the dock in question was close to an ammonia fueling facility and there was danger of an explosion. Danger of an explosion under those conditions of 50 60kt winds is virtually nil; ammonia is not very combustible to start with and the strong wind would so quickly disperse it, that I would be willing to bet my house on poles, Simmons sea skiff, and old pickup (and will throw in my recently ordered copy of Robb White's *How To Build A Tin Canoe* that not a dang thing would or could happen. Seems to me the Coast Guard needs to be a bit more careful to not make bad situations worse.

Ward Knockemus, PhD (Chemistry), Loden, AL

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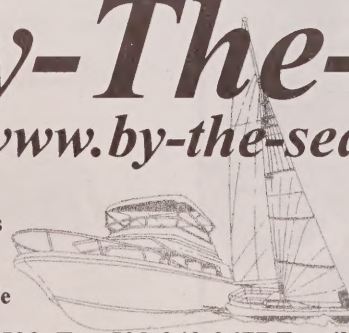
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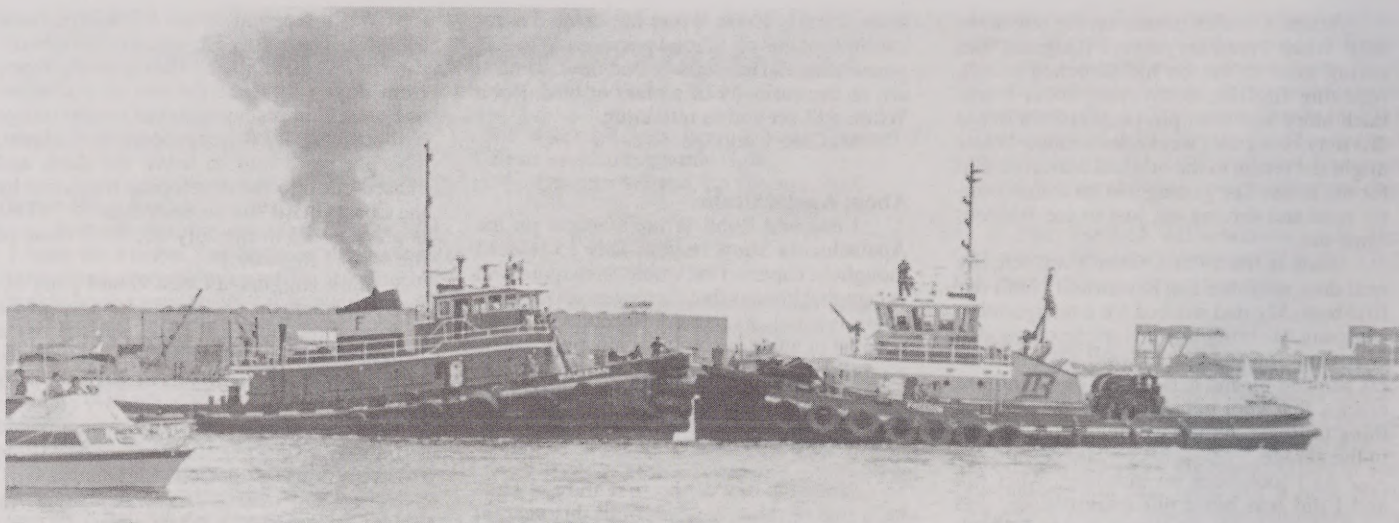
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Waukegan (left) and *Freedom* engaged in their pushing contest.

Tugs, tugs, tugs. There is some quality to these vessels which eludes explanation, something about their purpose, proportion, and power which attracts even the most refined tastes. Is it the distinction between the weekend gardener, garbed in togs from Orvis, and the landscaper, in clothing from Sears? Or is it the purpose built aspect, rough and tumble, "damn the torpedoes," "outta my way" attitude? There is something about them which we all love.

From 12" to over almost 100 times that length, there were tugboats on display. This event celebrates the vessels and their crews, and you could see both up close.

The chief attraction for those interested in the big tugs was the new Reinauer tug *Freedom* with her impressive bow fender looking like a mustache on *Miracle Gro*.

In a bow to bow pushing contest against the more traditional tug *Waukegan*, the latter put up a valiant fight, with great snorting of

Boston Tug Muster

Reprinted from *The Foghorn*
Newsletter of the Marine Modelers Club of
New England
Report & Photos by Bill Richards

engines, smoke from her stack, turbulence of wake, and bellowing of horns, but the new *Freedom* prevailed. "Might makes right" is the rule here.

And there were the smaller tugs, too. *Capt. Tom* represented the size of a typical harbor tug, medium in size and power, maneuverable, economical to operate, and versatile.

The Boston Police Boat is hardly a tug but was obviously present. It is powered by twin 300hp Mercury outboards. Top speed is unknown, but it's fair to say that you could

waterski behind this boat while the engines were just idling.

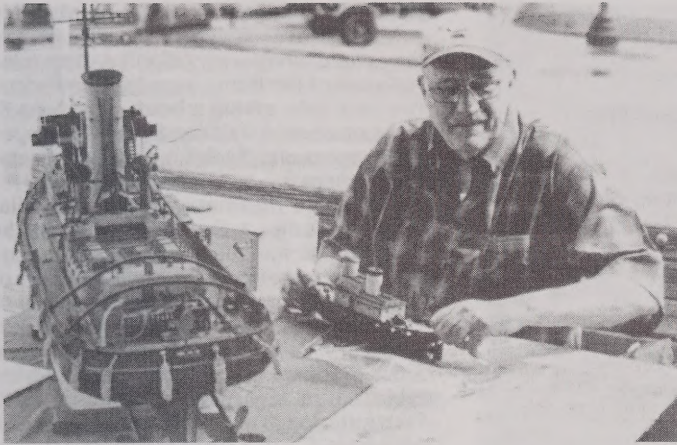
Another vessel which didn't seem to fit in was a celebrity of sorts. The longline trawler *Lady Grace* played the part of the *Andrea Gail* in the movie *The Perfect Storm*. If you saw this movie, the only unrealistic detail in the entire movie, in our opinion, was the completely outrageous size of the killer wave which capsized the fishing vessel. It was a wall of water whose height was maybe six times the length of the boat, which would make the wave maybe 450-500' high. The highest recorded ocean wave was estimated to be around 120'. In that movie, realism took a bathroom break when the wave appeared.

Amongst the model boats on display under the tent was the *Imara* by Lou Hills which always attracts attention from the cognoscenti because it represents extreme accuracy, a very high level of detail, and excellent finish, including rust, grime, and weathering.

The model tug *Imara*.



Freedom sported an impressive bow fender.



Lou Hills, seen changing batteries in the mini tug *Theodore*, kept the R/C fleet going for those who paid to become skippers for a few minutes.

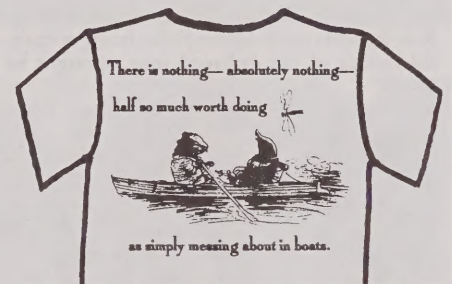


Capt. Tom returns to the pier.



Lady Grace made the scene, though not a tug either, but rather something of a celebrity workboat for her role as *Andria Gail* in the movie *The Perfect Storm*.

Hardly a tug, but part of the scene was this Boston Police boat.



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It's time for the biannual report on the annual Starvation Meet. It's not that it doesn't merit space every summer, although it is just a blip on the cosmic scene as well as an undeniably provincial affair, but as the season opener in these benighted parts, it tends to get lost amid corn planting and irrigation.

Nonetheless, it's a fairly big deal out here in the Dinosaur Domain, and never more so than in '02 when the still winter chill waters were riven by the keel of that noble vessel, *Flecha del Mar*, a Bolger folding schooner. Dewitt Smith has appraised us of her attributes in a previous piece (Feb. 15, '03). In '02 she was uninhibited by a load of stores and the attendant long cruise caution. Dewitt whipped her around in a spanking breeze with three or four aboard and great fun was had by all.

In haste I almost made the trite remark, "from the sublime to the ridiculous," but what appeared to be a random collection of beachcomber oddments turned out to be a well thought out and capable craft. What was it exactly?

Well, before May, when we do our thing, Ron Roberts up in Idaho Falls, being a faithful reader of our beloved mag, thought he

Starvation

By Jim Thayer

Photos By Janis and Steven Thayer

might be eligible to attend. I assured him that if he could drive, talk on the phone, and had anything even vaguely classifiable as a boat, he was certainly welcome.

Arriving Friday afternoon, I cast about to see who else might be on station. At a small distance I encountered a large canvas structure, open on two sides, comfortably furnished, and sporting a wood stove. It was the sort of outfit normally associated in my neck of the woods with two truckloads of Texas deer hunters. Ensnared therein was a fellow of mellow mien and an accent suggesting a childhood far to the southeast.

Preliminaries over, we set off to look at his boat, Ron guiding himself, as he did most of the weekend, by peering into screen of a newly acquired camcorder. The hull was a 15' Coleman canoe, a classic green Wichita Beer Cooler. Attached thereto was a wooden frame which supported some proto industrial

ironmongery which allowed forward facing rowing. Unlike anything I had seen before, they proved to be very effective. Appended outboard of the frame were foam cylinders, two each side, giving a beam of perhaps 8' and monumental stability. She was equipped with large cooler, backrest, and, as I remember, a compass.

A lateen rig from a Sunfish or similar made her a sailboat. So did she sail? Well, he got where he was going, filming all the way.

There was, of course, our usual cadre of sagebrush sailors. John Dennison, a sailor of vast repertoire, had one of those Gary Hoyt things in yellow plastic with the novel boom. Steve (l'artiste) Case sold the big boat after sabbatical in the NW and got himself a 19' Potter. It's tough to go cold turkey back to an open boat.

Dwight and Joan had the lovely blue Exploration 18, and they spent more time on the water than anybody. Tom and Heather Gale and kiddies had hacked more pieces off the Birdwatcher. Garrett Gilmore had the bright sheer strake Jole File finally sorted out. Jack Hicks, with his elegant oar cruiser, and Mike Blamis, with his Wee Lassie, rounded out the contingent.

'02, I think, was the opening bud of the real culinary flowering at Starvation. I mean, sailing isn't everything. The victuals set a very high standard. Really, I suppose, we should have a bowl of thin gruel with toasted boots in honor of the poor folks who named the place.

The kiddies had a great time, being enamored of sand and immune to cold water. Mothers seemed to be content to sit and watch the little buggers, but from time to time we loaded them aboard and went out to tow the duck decoys.

Tom took a slightly damaged New York Whitehall hull off my hands, which justified my attendance at the affair. Surely you don't think I could take time from my busy schedule just to play! Tom handed her over to Jack for completion, so we can expect a tour de force.

Foredeck figurehead on Potter.



Ron with Contraption.

John with Gary Hoyt wonder.



Comes '03, well, we must have had fun because we were all back in '03, all, that is, except John and Ron who ran up against daughter graduations, excuses grudgingly accepted.

I fully expected Dewitt to be back with the schooner, but no, he had something new. As we approached his camp I caught a glint of varnish through the brush, then an unmistakable transom. It could only be the Hampton.

Early in my formative boat nut years I bought a Hampton One Design in Richmond for \$100. The screws were sunk so far in the soft cedar planking that I had to probe deeply to be sure there were any fastenings at all. Some "craftsman" had routed V groves in the decking and filled them with white stuff. No rot for a wonder, probably because she wouldn't hold water.

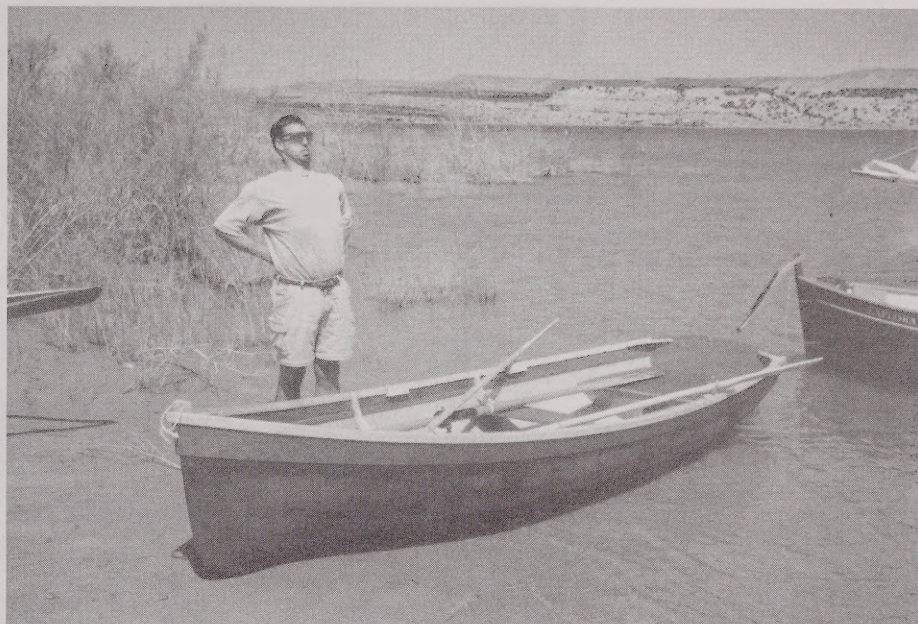
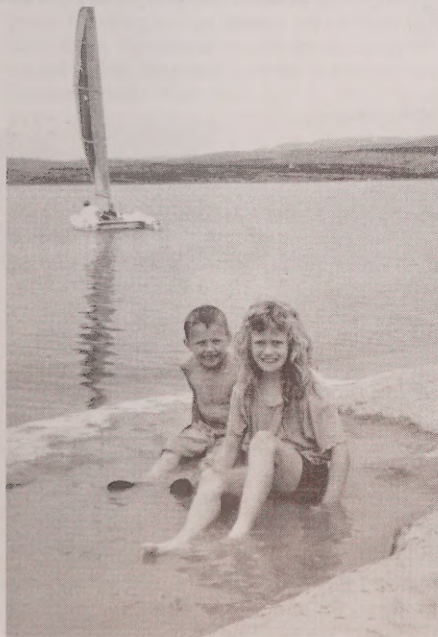
She was effectively a preassembled kit so I took her apart piece by piece, replacing the pieces as I went with copious slurps of West™ epoxy. I then overlaid the hull and topsides with thin plywood (forgive me, Robb) and a layer of Dynel or Vectra or whatever the miracle cloth du jour was. All painted up she looked pretty spiffy and we sailed her some on the Corrotomen with Steven on the wire.

I had too much time invested to leave her behind, so she made the trek to Colorado where she hunkered down by the pit silo and received a pretty decent plastic cover. To my shame she never got a shiny aluminum hay cover tarp like some of the other girls, and in time entropy reared its ugly head.

Thus she languished, when Dewitt made one of his periodic prospecting trips, ostensibly to return the old trailer which he has abused in a previous piece. He brought it back on a car trailer which would nicely accommodate the Hampton.

There was no talk of money. Dewitt would take care of her and have some fun. When he bred her we would split the gravy. With heavy heart, but knowing it was for the best, I watched her westing.

Jessie and Tanner enjoy warm pothole.



Proud Garrett with Joli Fille.



Where it's at!

Jack loads New York hull.





Capt. Smith gives speech. Garrett and Ruby listen.



Pulling off phoney transom.

Hybrid Hobie.



The Hampton Gang.



Now her deck was glassed bright and her polished bronze glowed in the setting sun. The name *Deception* across one corner of the transom seemed a bit odd, but Dewitt said that Joan had suggested it and offered a plausible explanation.

She was rigged and launched and it developed that the Utah gang had been involved in her restoration. She went afloat in light air but it soon came on to blow. Susan and I went out with Dewitt on the helm to get some video but it was a little wild and my O2 backpack kept getting tangled up in the boom and gear. When the tack shackle let go, the jib got all excited and we headed for the beach.

Being a serious racing boat, normally sailed off a float, she had a deep, non-folding rudder. Therefore, the shore crew had to catch her well off the beach, resulting in some soggy trousers and chilled appurtenances.

But the new queen wasn't the whole show. Steve had his decked canoe from Kokopelli past all tricked out with proper sails and fancy Alaskan native motif leeboards. Tom had one of his hybrid affairs, some unknown cat with a Hobie sail. It went like stink and Steven had a great time with it. He even got his sister out. Without a wetsuit the result was much the same as going swimming.

Garrett had his elegant bright sheer strake Joli Fille for rowing. It sported a special pad for the dog. Of course, Jack had his rowing super cruiser which often had his grandkids aboard.

Come Saturday evening Dewitt had the fly up and a table was set with exotic nibbles. Would you believe deviled eggs garnished with chive blossoms? Before the menacing crowd had a chance to do much damage, Dewitt called for a meeting at the beach. He asked me to come along to video the proceedings as he made a little speech and gave out some mementos to his helpers on the Hampton project.

The affair went as suggested until at some point everybody was pointing at me and it dawned the whole affair was for my benefit. To drive it home, the tacky transom with the name *Deception* was peeled away to reveal nice varnish with *Thayer & Co.* in gold leaf. It was like in the movies when the guy peels off the rubber mask to reveal his true

self. I was totally nonplused and am moved even now as I recount it.

There had been a Thursday night work party at Dewitt's super boat shop for much of the winter. The Salt Lake gang pitched in and Tom came down from Odgen. A search of the internet turned up Bob Harrell back in Norfolk who, caught up in the spirit of the thing, donated a nice set of sails. Poor Heather got sucked into moving all the slides from the old sail to the new luff groove set.

Back at the table we were ready for business. There were four pieces of "big iron" around the fire and loads of other stuff. Everyone sated to his own satisfaction, we gathered around and jacked the fire up to true white man status. We always bring our own firewood since picking at the sage and juniper is verboten. Dewitt's metier now is upscale remodeling and so he knows people in the wood business. Somewhere in his travels he chanced upon a cutoff saw dropping nice chunks of mostly hardwoods. So he had a couple of hundred pounds of what most people would class as turning squares. I'd have killed for such stuff back in my youth when I was turning out more candlesticks and lamps than my mother could find room for.

Jack hygraded the stash before I got wind of it, but still I got home with a bunch. A guy can only use so many cleats and fids and belaying pins. Maybe burning it is better than landfilling it, global warming seems like a shame, but I guess that's what makes this country great.

I must mention that there was subdued but palpable excitement Saturday at the prospect of meeting Dewitt's wife. She was due to stop by and pick up the dogs on her way to a campground where she and Dewitt are hosts. This would be unremarkable, but no one has ever seen Dewitt's wife. There was some amorphous talk about someone once having dinner with them but it seemed pretty nebulous. Sure enough, by day's end the dogs had disappeared without anyone having laid eyes on the phantom lady. This is in no ways a criticism of Dewitt. In fact, an aura of mystery only adds to the man's stature.

Sunday was more of the same. Garrett took Tiffany sailing in a capful of wind and through some misadventure broke the boom jaws. Electing to run ashore rather than risk their lives, the proper course for an inexperienced sailor, they had to walk home several hundred yards. Next time, it will probably be even harder to get Tiffany away from her Scrabble board.

After lunch, the sailing wound down, boats were pulled, goodbyes were said, and then a most remarkable thing. A large flock of white pelicans flew over, heading west. A perfect closing shot for the video and a subtle reminder that, even here in our desolate patch of sage, we are connected to that worldwide brotherhood of men (persons) who ride the wind in small boats.

Whoa there, Pardner. Time for the sales pitch. Yep, we got a video. About an hour of Starvation and then, to really make it worth your while, an hour of that incredible fleet sailing into DZ. More squareriggers and character boats and neat stuff than you ever thought existed. It also includes a few Brest DZ festival shots. Shoot your wad, \$18 cash, check, or money order to: Grand Mesa Boatworks, Starvation Video, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624.

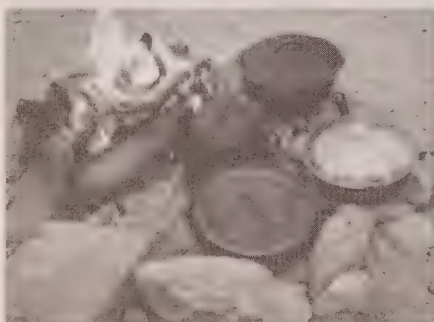


Jack and grandkids.

Intrepid sailors.



"Big Iron".



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according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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Under full sail.

Mention that you are going to the Texas coast and you will get one of two responses, either, "Man, I wish I could go!" or, "Oh. Well. Have fun." The Texas coast is not a "beautiful" place where beautiful people stroll on white sand beaches, sun themselves in front of their private cabanas, sip fruity drinks with tiny umbrellas, and swim in a turquoise ocean with water so clear you can see the exotic shells on the bottom. There are no huge chunks of broken off coastal mountains in the water for waves to crash against, and the only trees that grow anywhere close to the water are live oaks have been sculpted into back-swept dwarves.

Instead, Texas beach sand is a dirty tan, often peppered with chunks of tar that float in from the offshore drilling platforms. The tar gets soft in the hot summer sun and sticks to the bottom of your feet. The surf is usually small (unless there is a hurricane) and signs warn of undertows and rip tides that can suck the unsuspecting swimmer down, out, and away. You will see the jellyfish that have been washed up on the beach, but the first you will know of the ones in the water will be when you come into contact with a stinging tentacle. A blue crab might grab your toe as you stroll in the surf. You should shuffle your feet as you walk through the water to give the stin-

Pearl at anchor, Sandra on deck.



The Continuing Voyages of Pearl

Spring 2003

By Sandra Leinweber

grays a chance to swim away before you step on one. The wind can blow so hard and so insistently that you duck into the sauna of your car or the inside of your boat just to escape for a few quiet moments. And when the wind stops blowing, clouds of mosquitoes can drive you back under shelter or have you reaching for the repellent.

If you love the Texas coast the way we do, all of the above is just part of the mystique. We see and bask in the long stretches of pure isolation, the hours without seeing another human except one another, the birds and the other wildlife, and the amazing things they get up to. Like the time the alligator swam by right next to the boat. I still don't just jump in the water willy nilly. Sea turtles feeding off the rocks of the jetty at the Port Mansfield cut. A fox, first seen as two pointed ears moving through the water of a wide channel, and only identified when he climbed ashore, shook himself, and trotted off into the brush. White pelicans, a dozen or more cooperatively herding fish, a synchronized water dance. Brown pelican bomber patrols, flying past with the indifference of gods. The birds rule on the coast, they have their own private spaces, sanctuaries, and islands that have been set aside for nesting and mating and just doing the things that birds do.

We are especially fortunate in having a boat, *Pearl*, a 25' sailboat designed by Jim Michalak, that can take us to the parts of the coast that cannot be driven to. We like to cruise in the Laguna Madre, the long stretch of water between the mainland and a series of barrier islands that run almost continuously along the nearly 400 miles of Texas coast. The Intracoastal Waterway runs through the middle of the Laguna Madre, and for the time being it is dredged often enough to maintain

a depth of around 15'. This trip began in Lavaca Bay in the small community of Magnolia Bay, home of Charlie Jones and Laura Griffith, who generously allowed us to park our truck and trailer at their place. Laura and Charlie have a yard full of boats. They are part of a business called Harmony Boatworks. Charlie is a boatbuilder extraordinaire and Laura is a professional artist who paints beautiful images of birds and fish on gourds which sell locally as fast as she can finish them.

Charlie helped us launch *Pearl* at the local ramp. He had recommended several of his favorite spots for us to consider for our first night's mooring and we chose to head for Pass Cavallo, the old opening into the Gulf across from Port O'Connor. The wind was right on our nose and, rather than spend the day tacking back and forth across the bay, we fired up the Honda 5 and motored out. Now I know the waves were not all that big, maybe 2' or 3', but I have to get used to the motion of the boat every time we go out. Since we were motoring, we had not filled the ballast tanks and we floated like a cork, up and down, and side to side. After 30 minutes or so I start to feel as if we are going to stay upright and relax enough to enjoy the ride. Soon I am actively navigating, checking the shoreline for familiar landmarks. A huge tanker was coming towards us from the Gulf and we moved outside the channel, the better to watch it go by.

The Honda 5 is not fast, we average 4mph, and we had about 15 miles to travel. It took a minute or two to pass the tanker and we saw not a soul on deck. We figured she was heading for either the Alcoa Aluminum or Formosa Plastic facility, both of which are located on the eastern side of Lavaca Bay. We beat on. After a while the bulb of the Port O'Connor water tower appeared on the horizon, making me think of the curvature of the earth and early man believing he would sail off the edge. What a logical thing to think, looking into the distance and seeing only a line of water. Easy enough to imagine sea monsters waiting just over the edge to devour anyone who came close. That, of course, led to thoughts of the depths beneath us, not all that deep but 25' to 30' in the channel. The depth finder showed plenty of fish and so I thought of sharks cruising below, mouths open, teeth bared, eyes pointed up at the shadow passing overhead, wondering what they might find to eat. I rarely share these thoughts with Chuck, he is thinking of other more practical matters like ETA's, compass headings, speed, and GPS readings. It's a good thing that somebody is.

After a couple of hours the GPS, the channel markers, and our eyes told us we were getting close. Shallow water on the chart kept us from cutting diagonally across to the Pass. We kept going until we were close to the land, then turned sharp right and motored down to the west end. Just as Charlie had said, there was a small cove with 3' of waterline almost to shore. I did not have to jump in until the last minute, and then onto firm sand, something I always appreciate as I have gone in up to my knees in muck a time or two. It is hard to tell what the bottom will be like until you get there. We set our anchors and immediately walked around to the Gulf side to see what we could see.

I love the contrast between the bay and the Gulf. We could hear the roar of the surf

get louder as we walked. Then the cell phone rang. We didn't know it then, but this call was the beginning of the premature end of our cruise. Not bad news exactly, just a problem that we thought at the time would be easily solved.

There is nothing like a deserted beach. It's not that they are all that hard to find, but getting to them can be a problem when there is no road. Walking on one is a treat every time, just you and the birds and the wind and the waves, and all the interesting junk that has washed up. Sometimes a storm will deposit stuff and sometimes a storm will wash everything away. On this day there was lots of good trash to survey, but nothing we felt compelled to haul back. There is not a great deal of available space on *Pearl*. On our last cruise I found a desiccated flipper from a sea turtle and extracted the bones to bring home. They are still sitting in a bowl, waiting for me to get creative. Much of the debris on the Texas coast is from the oil platforms offshore. It is a good place to find a hard hat.

We walked maybe two miles down and then, feeling hungry, headed back. To our surprise, *Pearl* was about a third out of the water. The tide was going out. Too late we realized that this close to the pass it was going to be more than the 6" or 8" we were used to. Seems like we learn some new lesson every time we go out. Or two or three. Try as we might, we could not push the boat farther out. We were going to be grounded until the tide came back in about 10 hours. The evening was perfect. We watched the birds fish and socialize on the beach while we ate. I thought I was watching two types of seagulls but later, when I consulted the bird book I had forgotten to bring along, I found that I'd been watching gulls and a group of terns.

We could hear the tide coming in early the next morning, and by 9 AM, with a little pushing and rocking, we were off. Our destination was the Matagorda Island State Park, a spot that can only be reached by boat. And rather than take the safe route, that looking back would have been a nice sail, we chose to take the back door way, through the maze of small islands and spoils between the ICW and Matagorda Island. The shallow way, the less than perfectly marked way. We had all day and were feeling adventurous. Once again we opted for the motor. Who knew that our chances to sail were shrinking?

We followed the tiny arrows on the chart. Not really a chart, but a detailed map for fishermen, and one of a series that we have used for all our Texas Coast cruises. The brand name is Topspot, and even though the disclaimer reads that they should not be used for navigational purposes, we have found them more than adequate. All the numbered buoys are there, as are latitude and longitude, known obstructions, and other dangers, as well as fishing recommendations for every time of year and all the major sport fish. Marinas and other facilities are pinpointed and a list of the services provided by each is included. The tiny arrows had us zigging and zagging through the shallows and we were doing well until we went on the wrong side of some PVC pipes that were sticking out of the water in a line, and the propeller began to churn up mud. It was time for the push poles, and after slow progress with those, for Chuck to climb out and pull. In the shallow water we could clearly see the lines left by other

outboards that had come through here. Off to our left a fisherman zoomed past and then we knew where we should be, so we poled and pulled over there and were soon underway.

We had never been to Matagorda State Park and had no idea what to expect, so when a fair sized complex of buildings came into view, we were surprised. We knew there was an old lighthouse and we'd had it in view for some time, but it was on the Gulf side of the island while the other buildings were right on the bay front. Coming closer, it looked as though the only mooring would be along a long bulkhead facing the front of the island. At the last minute, off to the right, we saw the entrance to a tiny protected harbor with slips for about eight boats. It looked tricky with two sharp right turns and then an immediate left, but Chuck took us in like he had done it 100 times before, and in a flash we were tied up and off the boat to explore.

We ran into a ranger, whom I suspect was somewhat bored. He was used to having more people around, but the boat that ferried

tourists out from Port O'Connor had been damaged in a fire and was waiting for funds to be appropriated for repairs. We asked questions and he filled us in on the history and current situation of the park. The condensed version was that the Karankawa Indians were the first known inhabitants, but were routed by exploring Europeans. The current buildings belonged to the Air Force who had a base here during WWII. Our ranger told us that after the war military bigwigs used the island facilities as a fishing and drinking retreat for themselves and their lady friends. When scandal loomed, the feds gave the land to the state to divert attention. The state currently has money for new restrooms and showers, but not much else.

Our ranger mentioned that he was available for a tour of the island. For \$2 apiece he would drive us everywhere the roads went. What a bargain! It was a hot day and we did want to see the lighthouse and the beach, a round trip of about five or six miles. The lighthouse is currently a restoration project over



Sandra explores island.

At the dock.



seen by the Matagorda Lighthouse Foundation. Not only is the lighthouse being restored, but a replica of the keeper's house is planned, as are various trails and bike paths. A boardwalk through an adjacent marsh is in place, and we spent a quiet half hour watching birds and listening to the ranger's cruising stories. Driving to the beach, we took a roundabout route designed to avoid the nesting sites of the least tern. They are an endangered species and the park is doing its best to avoid disturbing them. They nest smack in the center of the road and we saw one later, sitting on eggs right on the pavement.

The beach is where most people who come over on the ferry like to go. There are picnic tables with shade shelters. Campers need to bring everything, including water. Bicycles would be a good thing here. One building on the bay side has a small museum with marine skulls and shells as well as aging bathrooms and showers. There are campsites on the bay side as well as picnic tables and shade shelters. The price is low, \$4 per night as I recall. Amazingly, the boat slip was free, having been constructed by the federal government.

The rangers leave at 3 PM to return to headquarters in Port O'Connor. They only stay if there is a large crowd. One other boat was staying overnight and they stayed on their boat, so it was as if we had the island to ourselves. We had a quiet dinner and, as the day cooled down, went for a walk. The redwing blackbirds were out harassing the buzzards. The blackbirds are about one-sixth the size of a buzzard, but they fearlessly dive at them

and land on their backs squawking and pecking. Another huge group of small birds that we could not identify was having its nightly random maneuvers. They swooped and dived in endless acrobatics. I want to say they were swallows, but I can't figure out where they would have nested.

We walked across the old airfield towards a fence and saw a whitetail deer walking towards us. We stopped, and Chuck said, "Look, there's a coyote right behind that deer." I never did see the coyote until it walked out through the fence onto the tarmac. It stopped, slowly turned, spotted us, and loped off in the opposite direction. We sat on some big chunks of granite by the bay and watched the sunset, one eye on the sky and the other on the 10' alligator swimming by just offshore. He seemed to have his own agenda and disappeared into the distance.

Back at the boat the cell phone was beeping. We had a message. It was from the lady who was taking care of our internet business for us. We had been gone about a week (and only two days of it cruising) and she had been unable to establish a connection with our ISP the entire time we were gone. That meant a week's worth of orders had gone unintended. We called our son to ask him to try and get things working, but he had the same experience she did. I knew it would work perfectly as soon as we returned, but as no other option presented itself, we decided to head back to Port Lavaca the next morning.

During the night a cool front blew in. Yes, it can happen in Texas, even in May. We actually had to close the screened ports during the night. Even inside the sheltered harbor the waves built up and we rocked and rolled while we slept. The worst part was that this meant our trip back was going to be a motor trip. The wind was back on our nose as we beat up to Port O'Connor and from there to Port Lavaca. A south wind would have had us reaching under sail all the way back. Sigh. About the time we reached Port Lavaca the north wind was beginning to fade. By late afternoon it would be back out of the south. That is Texas weather in a nutshell.

Charlie and Laura were surprised to see us back so soon. We had promised to take them out to dinner, so we got a motel room for the night and did just that. Seafood, of course. The next morning, we visited Charlie's shop where he is building a B&B Princess Sharpie 26 for a fellow in Port Lavaca. Home beckoned and we arrived late afternoon where, yes, the internet worked just like it should.

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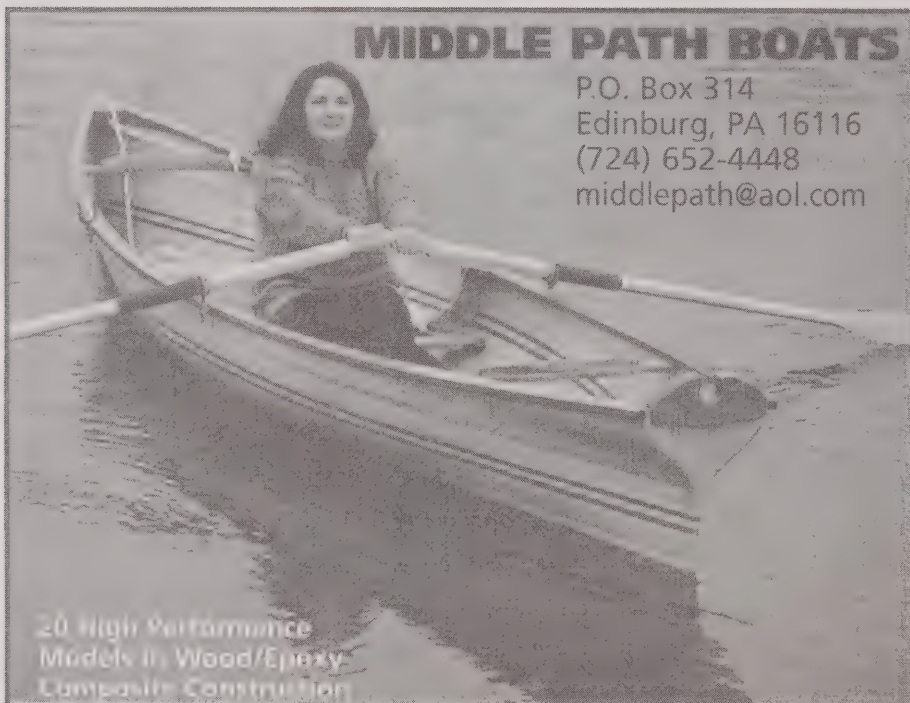
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Recent photos in this magazine of boat models made me yearn to be 2" tall and board the boat being gently set into the water. The photos took me back to a battleship and submarine that my father built for me as a child. But these were crude and misproportioned compared to the exquisite models in the magazine. Daddy was building toys, not scale models. He built most of his toys when he was a boy, then built an army and navy for me and my buddies during World War II. Jeeps, half tracks (using the rubber treads from Japanese wind up tanks from Kress Five & Dime pre war), military 18 wheelers, a "sea mule" tugboat, a string of barges, and a Sherman tank using metal timing chains with their sprockets for treads. That was a magnificent failure, not heavy enough to revolve the treads when towed with a string.

I'll describe the battleship first even though it came after the submarine. It was the *Missouri*, built in homage to the surrender treaty with Japan. My father built toy boat hulls by stacking and gluing 3/4" pine planks with the middles cut out, each segment conforming roughly to the shape of the hull. He used a rasp and sandpaper to smooth out the stairstep effect of the outer hull. His *Missouri* was about 3-1/2' long. Its propulsion was to be provided by a windup Victrola motor. One inserted the crank through a small hole in the bow. It had two brass propellers, brass shafts, and packing glands. The shafts inside the hull were attached to two small diameter coil springs, like door closer springs only smaller. Their flexibility substituted for universal joints. How the springs were to be connected to the Victrola motor I do not remember.

It carried the full complement of big guns in the three turrets. The guns were steel, tooled on one of the two big metal lathes in my father's shop, the Mobile Cylinder Grinding Company of Mobile, Alabama. Each had a nut on the base with a hole drilled in it. This allowed one to load a firecracker, pulling the fuse through the hole. Close to the nut was an adjustable pointed brass rod connected to a wire running down into the hull to a Model T Ford spark coil. A switch between dry cells and spark coil was to be actuated by a small windup timer. In theory the timer could be set, the ship launched, and a broadside expected minutes later.

These little timers were used by model airplane people for cute tricks like releasing a mouse in a parachute after the rubber band powered model was at a respectable altitude. My father said there were also rubber band timers, but I never saw one and don't know how they worked. The *Missouri's* main deck and superstructure were lightly attached to the hull with wood screws to allow access to the motor, timer, batteries and spark coil.

Our *Missouri* never moved on its own power or fired a shot, in anger or otherwise, ignited by a spark, though I fired a bunch with matches when she was in drydock, that is, on the grass in our back yard. I think it was the linkage of the props to the motor that stumped my father. Anyhow, he gave up on it and the *Missouri* went up into "The Loft."

When my mother and father built a garage and woodworking shop they added a second story. Up there they stored marvels of junk: 1920s and '30s *National Geographics*, my great uncle Ruffin's Victrola (not robbed of its motor so I could play the many foxtrot 78s he'd left), my

The Attack of the Submarine Walter on the Joanne English

August, 1944

By Francis Walter

grandmother's wedding dress, and a jumble of obsolete black painted mahogany forms for making sand castings of metal objects. When something went in the loft it was mothballed but preserved for active duty, if needed. But no President Reagan came along to reactivate our *Missouri*. Now 57 years later I have no idea what happened to it.

The submarine, however, was a success. It was a piece of solid mahogany about 2' from stem to stem. It had brass diving planes, lead sheathing on the bottom for ballast, and neat grooved aluminum decking, scraps from the fuselage of some forgotten airplane. Daddy flew Jennies and hung out in Mobile's first landing field before he married my mother.

The submarine's propulsion was based on model airplane technology. Daddy drilled a hole through the length of the hull and inserted a 1" brass pipe. He milled two aluminum plugs for each end. The bow plug had a brass hook on the inside. The stern plug had a brass shaft through the center, a 4-bladed propeller on the outside, and a hook on the inside. Inside, model airplane rubber bands were attached to the two hooks. The propeller had a hook, too. We'd attach a hand-cranked drill to the propeller hook and pace out about 10' of slack rubber bands from the tube. We cranked, and cranked, until a full row of knots or bumps appeared on the rubber band, considerably shortening it. Then the second row of bumps built on top of the first, and a third row on top of that. By then, most of the rubber was coiled inside the tube.

The winder had to be careful as all git out when unhooking the drill and grabbing the prop until launching the thing. It could have taken off some fingers if it got loose. The tube was lubricated with castor oil to preserve the rubber from oxidation. Back earlier when Daddy still flew model airplanes at meets, I can remember seeing those rubber guts hanging 10'-15' out of those beautiful delicate balsa and paper models. Taking off from the ground, not being hand launched, was the mark of a pro. Some of those creations carried name, address, and telephone number in case of capture by a thermal. Legend had it planes had been returned from across Mobile Bay.

The submarine could also be lost. If the diving planes were set too steep it could catch on bottom trash or mud. Finally it did, permanently, in the tannic acid stained water of Fowl River. It was gone.

The attack on the *Joanne English* occurred in the old Spring Hill swimming pool. I've played you along. Joanne English was a girl not a boat. She was my classmate and at one time I thought she was pretty nice until she spurted up about a foot taller than me.

The pool was moderately filled with kids. Daddy was cranking the submarine to

about one quarter capacity and handing it down to me. Our swimming pool was not a chemical bath of recycled, filtered water. Excess brown water from the Spring Hill Pumping Station lake ran into the pool from a gate in a dam. Water exited the other end of the pool into a creek. The bottom of the pool was sand, the sides cypress planks. Point is, the sub was not visible during a dive.

The attack occurred while Joanne and the sub were submerged. It probably struck her broadside. Joanne had the longest hair of any girl at Spring Hill Grammar School, down below her waist, never coiled, plaited, barretted, or pony tailed, just straight, gloriously brushed, adorning her back. The sub didn't ram flesh, the prop seized on those flowing locks and flat embedded itself in them.

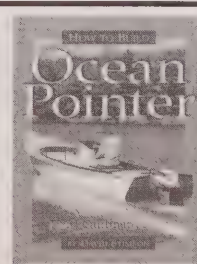
First we knew of it Joanne shot out of the water screaming. It was only about 4' deep where she was. The sub was hanging down her back, bow down. The poor girl had no idea what was back there, only that a terrible weight was pulling her hair. I was close to her. I and others supported the sub and comforted the victim, getting her to the steps on the shallow side. We laid her out on the ground, the sub alongside her.

My father kept his cool. That was because he saw it as simply a technical problem, not an issue of personal relationships or of a young girl's crowning glory, just get the girl loose from the propeller. He was clueless as to how highly she valued her hair. Others tended to the sobbing girl and did quiet her down. The way she was stretched out she still couldn't see her hair's assaulter. So when people said, "Joanne, the Walter's submarine is stuck in your hair," it helped her.

Daddy was unwinding the hair and doing pretty good until the last tight knots and spirals defeated him. But he was not perturbed as he got out his pocket knife. About that time Mrs. English appeared, all upset, especially upset when she saw Daddy's knife. Joanne's mane may have meant more to her mother than it did even to her. She started yelling at my father not to use a knife on her daughter.

The incident ended with Daddy and Mrs. English arranging and rearranging the mangled ball of hair until at last the mother agreed some hair had to be cut. It was, and Joanne rose free of the grounded sub, sort of like surgery separating Siamese twins.

Need I tell you we never held maneuvers in those waters again?



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You know, I read all the Hornblower books when I was a boy. C.S. Forrester was a good writer and gave me a strong feeling for the delights of the land breeze that took my hero away from the impotence of being landbound on half pay and put him where he was in control. You don't have to be a 74 gun ship of the line and be on the way to "The Far Side of the World" (oops, that was Patrick O'Brien) to appreciate a land breeze, and you don't even have to have a sailboat, but that's how it is best. There are few joys better than to have that delicious smelling, startlingly cool, wonderfully fair wind come to fill the sails and take you out of a miserable, helpless fix. Sailing away is one part of it, but coasting along is just fine, too. It is hard to go to bed when your watch is up when the land breeze is blowing.

Reading Hornblower books and some of my other doings are responsible for how I turned out to be not able to properly appreciate modern society as we know it. I'll spare you all but one example. Air conditioning is, I believe, the most insidious of human accomplishments. I'll try to explain why I think that as briefly as I can.

It is hotter than hell in south Georgia in the summertime. During a cold winter like this last one and during a wet and stormy spring, it is hard to imagine that the summer is really all that bad. But it is. It is hot during the middle of the day and the nights are hot, too. The old farmer's saying is that the first time you have to throw off the covers is when you plant peanuts. It is too wet to plant peanuts this year, but it certainly is time. We used to raise peanuts back when I was young. It is a tricky business...and, like tobacco, well regulated by the government. Peanuts are a low growing, running style vine and after one or two (usually just one) pass with the cultivators, they close up the rows and are best left alone.

Peanuts are legumes and make their own nitrogen. They like sandy, impoverished soil like old wore out cotton land and, because of that, there aren't that many weeds that can outgrow peanuts except for other legumes like beggar lice, coffee weed, and cursed *Crotalaria* (a taxpayer funded government introduction like Kudzu and Johnson grass). There used to be a breed of solemn stoics who would wade all around in their peanuts and pull coffee weeds all summer long, but my family never subscribed to that horrendous masochism. We went to the coast after the peanuts were laid by and let the damned beggar lice do their worst while the peanuts did what they could.

It is cooler at the coast than it is up inland. The sun is just as hot down there, but the water doesn't heat the air like the land does. I don't guess the wild people of long ago had it so bad back when there were all those trees to shade the dirt, but now that we have pushed up the trees to make all these peanut fields and interstates and shopping malls, the sun has a lot more baldness to cook. When a place such as a hundred acre parking lot with all those egg frying hot cars gets to cooking good, there is a paper airplane flying thermal coming off it that is spectacular. I wonder how long a paper airplane can last up on the roof of a hospital before it rots away. At that, I must explain another silly human endeavor, but I'll be brief. You won't hear me say "bio degrade." What a silly language

Land Breeze

By Robb White

we have concocted in the interest of "special interests." I think lawyers started it, "jurisprudence." Jesus. I guess they want to fix it so regular people can't understand what's going on, then they'll have to hire a lawyer to get anything done with the government. It is the same with the medical profession. Engineers...child, please. Biologists are, I believe the silliest of the flock, and I am a degraded biologist so I ought to know. There is a sea urchin that makes a home for itself by wiggling around in a little nook in the coral with its spines as it grows. As it grinds the lime away, it creates a little cave to live in. Finally, there is only a little opening through which the water brings in the plankton upon which it feeds. These kinds of sea urchins have evolved (yes, Virginia) to have short, very stout spines with a specially hard little black tip... "penciliform." Jeez.

Some scientists, lawyers, physicians, and possibly engineers are supposed to be intelligent people or they wouldn't be attracted to such a business in which an expensive, extensive, and rigidly regulated formal education is required in order to get certified. It is possible that during this process the specific silliness of that particular language is inserted into some of the less intelligent recesses of their brains and that explains things, but what the hell are all these businessmen and computer dingalings doing copying this ridiculousness? Do they stand in awe of the certifiably smart just because they are sillier? Ain't you lucky I went back and "downsized" this tirade?

Anyway, it isn't so uncomfortably hot at the coast but, as I said before, the best pursuit of mankind is not comfort but joy and there is nothing like the joy of a land breeze after a hot summer day. What usually happens on the hottest days, when the sun shines down from a perfectly clear sky from about 6:00 in the morning to 8:30 at night, is that the land gets so hot that the plants droop deeper into the sand and ants go in the hole. Snakes and lizards hunt the shade. The hot air rushing up into the sky is a buzzard's delight.

Once I saw an osprey carrying a big mullet by the head. The fish was so big that the bird could hardly keep him out of the water. Times were tough, though, because it had been a windy day, and when it is rough ospreys have a hard time seeing fish, so the bird didn't want to let go. She flapped as hard as she (I guess...ain't much difference except size) could toward the land with the tail of the fish tipping the waves. She was headed straight for the parking lot of the St. Teresa boat ramp and when she got there her troubles were over. She soared up into the sky like that mullet was a pinfish and effortlessly gained enough altitude to easily make it to her ancient nest where her two already fledged out babies were jumping up and down in anticipation. "That's how you do it, y'all," I bet she told them.

We don't have any air conditioner at our coast house. The house is built such that we can open it up 12' on both the bayside and seaside. The wind can blow right through the

place and it is not uncommon to find all the paper plates and napkins from supper stuck to the seaside screen. My mother used to sleep right in the middle of the place on a mattress on the floor to get the goody out of the land breeze, and it was not uncommon to find her sheet stuck to the screen wire in the morning. One night an offshore thunderstorm came up and drew such a land breeze through the place that I thought I better close the windward side just to keep the old raggedy furniture in the house. Momma was lying there clutching her wildly flapping sheet. The flying tails were popping her flanks like little whips. "You ain't going to close up are you?" she demanded when I began to batten down.

We have a bunch of old rusty fans at the coast house for the rare times when there is no breeze. The Chinese have been making some pretty good looking retro style fans and we bought some of them for an amazingly cheap price at Big Lots (you ought to have felt the heat from the parking lot) but they ain't in it with the real thing. A regular old box fan is pretty good. They blew harder back when they had metal blades, but the new plastic ones don't blow flakes of rust in the bed with you. I talked to a shrimp who had trawled up a box fan and he said that when he got home, he rinsed it off, let it dry, and plugged it in and it ran fine but only on high... sort of out of balance from the barnacles.

My favorite fan of all time was a rusty old tall style Vornado we had at the old coast house. It had the most wonderful sound to it. One time I was trudging down the hall in the biology building at FSU when I was overcome by an amazing feeling of nostalgia. It turned out that they had set up a Vornado fan exactly like the old coast house fan to blow the ether fumes out of the fruit fly lab. If the fumes had been gin, it would have been perfect.

What finally happened to the old coast house Vornado was interesting. First the sheet metal Kort nozzle rusted off it, that and the screen that was supposed to keep little children from sticking their fingers in there. The blades were made out of some primitive, very good plastic and held up fine. The stand was made out of thick enough pipe so it continued to support the motor. Of course the switch defected first and we just hot wired it. It ran for years in its naked stage and would take a towel away from a small child in a second and leave him (or her) standing there in naked confusion. Nakedness gets nakedness, ain't that appropriate?

Anyway, what killed it was when the armature core swole up so that it starting hitting the field coils. It started knocking and then it threw sparks and locked up and went to stinking. My favorite fan now is the old Hunter Zephair. If them Chinese ever copy that exactly they'll have something a hell of a lot better than these nickel plated cuties with no visible pitch to the blades. They can leave off all that excessive wire to the guard, too. How the hell is a child going to learn about machinery if she (or he) can't stick her finger in the fan. How in hell is a child going to learn about combustion if they can't play with matches and only have access to "childproof" butane lighters.

My son says that impotent warnings... verbal instructions which carry no consequences because of excesses of safeguards... are responsible for the way children routinely

ignore what people tell them. "Do Allow Body Parts to Contact Moving Fan Blades" doesn't teach anybody anything. When I was four years old my mother taught me how to open a box of matches and extract one, close the box and strike the match, first try...with my toes. Jesus, y'all, no wonder all these kids want to do is play video games and abuse substances.

My nearest neighbors at the coast aren't quite as rich as those multi millionaires down there in Asshole City on the west end of the island, but they are rich enough to maintain an air conditioner in this destructive environment. Of course, they have to change it out at least once a year (only an extravagant fool puts central heat and air in a coast house). Despite the way their air conditioner sounds as it approaches changeout time, the neighbor's window unit ain't but about 15,000 BTUs and maintaining that level of comfort is not as bad a strain on the family budget as, say, keeping an SUV fed.

The logistics of the changeout are sort of aggravating...transportation of the new unit and disposal of the old being the main thing. Because of experience (and the desire for instant gratification of the comfort zone) it doesn't take them long to get the thing in the window and plugged in, but one time, back when they were less experienced, they brought one over that had the wrong kind of 220 volt plug on it. I thought they were fixing to have a heat stroke over there cussing and fuming.

Because of my childhood experiences, I would have hot wired it but they had to go all the way back to the mainland and contract with a certified electrician who told them that they had to "upgrade" the service to handle the draw of the heat strip in the new machine. Because of certain problems of inaccessibility with this island, it took all summer and they never did discover the land breeze because they went home and stayed until the "upgrade" was complete and then, when they came back on Memorial Day, a shrimp boat anchored on the electric cable to the island and uprooted the whole shebang and they never did get any comfort.

The pitiful thing is that they (and a bunch of other like minded people) love to come to the coast. They sit out on their deck and watch

one of the prettiest sunsets you ever saw. It has usually just rained on the mainland and there are cumulous clouds reaching all the way to the stratosphere. Many times there is spectacular lightning in the tops of the clouds as the sun goes down and the convection collapses. Because the woods are wet from the rain, there are usually layers of haze close to the horizon which magnify the setting sun and sometimes make two or three sunsets to watch as it passes through the layers.

Despite the sunset, it usually hasn't cooled off all that much and, usually because of the instant collapse of convection as the land cools from evaporation of the fresh rain, the sea breeze that makes the daytime tolerable dies immediately. As soon as the rim of the sun disappears below the jagged line of trees on the mainland, our neighbors quit the deck and scurry inside to watch the TV, rattle ice, and unwrap supper. The air conditioner is running wide open and they have no idea when the land breeze makes up. You can see it coming across the bay in the twilight. The reflections of the light from the clouds begin to sparkle as the ripples come toward us. Then there is that deliciously cold goose bump breeze and the smell of fresh rained on piney woods. The spectacle of the lightning in the dark makes it hard to go to bed. What joy... damn near as good as sailing.



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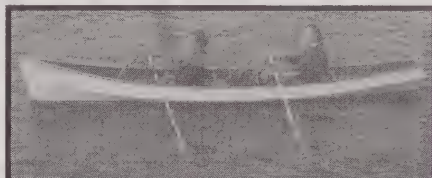
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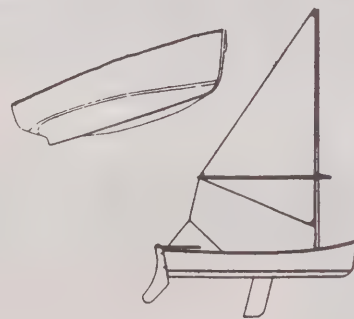
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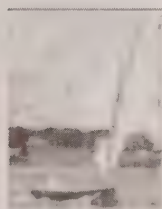
LOA 18' 0"

Beam - 5'6"

SA - 145sf

LWL - 16'

Draft 0'8"



LOA - 12'4"
Beam - 6'2"
SA - 100sf
Displ. 440lbs



I've written this article about my skiff *Ravenstrike* in response to the request of a reader a few issues ago for more articles/information on inboard powered small boats and, in particular, boats powered with air cooled engines. First to the details: *Ravenstrike* is a William Atkin design, the XLNC skiff which was one of his monthly designs for *Motorboat* (or was it the *Rudder*?) in which he wrote articles telling how to build the various featured designs. The article was sent to me along with the plans. It was instructive as well as being full of the pleasure William Atkin felt towards all boats, large or small. The dimensions of *Ravenstrike* are 19'2" in length by about 4'4" at maximum beam. With the skeg and rudder, draft is about 18".

At work in the Fogarty Boat Shop, that is Bob Pitt at work while I am puzzled, as usual.



Ravenstrike

By D. Turner Matthews

I had initially started looking for a simple open boat to build for the 18hp Easthope I had replaced with a diesel in another boat, but soon realized that I didn't want to take on building a boat large enough to have the necessary displacement to carry the Easthope. There are other design limitations/problems in building a boat for this engine as it has no oil pressure system and depends upon splash lubrication for the lower end and a felt pad soaked with oil laid over the rocker arms for the top end. As a result, it shouldn't

be declined in the installation more than about two degrees.

I ran across the XLNC design in the design comments feature in *WoodenBoat* and, after having a very pleasant conversation with John Atkin about the design, and in particular about its unsuitability for the Easthope due to the weight of the engine, I decided to build it anyway (which those of you similarly infected with the small boat disease will realize was a perfectly valid decision as I would still have the Easthope as a reason to build another boat, and I would have a new boat in the XLNC skiff that I hadn't really planned on). I am, however, in a fit of reality presently attempting to give the Easthope away to a friend so he can build yet another boat instead of me, but that may be a story still in the making.

I was once going to attempt to put in writing why it sometimes seems absolutely necessary to build a boat, and then another, and so on, especially when you have a compulsion to keep all of them. I know hardly any friends who own only one boat. The best explanation I have ever read is in the wonderful book on the Gannon and Benjamin yard, *Wooden Boats*, which explains it as being "boat struck." I seem to have the same problem. I see a boat design, and the next I know I have to have it and my energies are all going towards its construction. I really do believe it is endemic in many of us, and I would enjoy reading about it as a topic of discussion in this publication.

Back to *Ravenstrike*. I was fortunate in having been involved with the family of a local boatbuilder (from the first half of the last century) which donated the shop and all its tools to our local historical park. The shop was a virtual time capsule, having been closed in 1947 upon the death of Capt. "Bat" Fogarty, the builder. It was complete with a skiff in progress as well as a belt driven power shop, complete with a single cylinder Fairbanks engine to run the belts for the power take off.

As a result of the setting up of the Fogarty Boatshop at the Manatee Historical Park, it seemed only logical to build the boat there. I obtained permission to use the space as a kind of working exhibit, and as a result had a wonderful space, steeped in and surrounded by history to build the boat. The price I paid for the space was working in the incredible heat generated by a tin roof in August and September Florida weather, the occasional strong hints from the staff to clean up the shavings, which I thought gave the place a certain ambience; and talking to the many visitors who came through, almost all of whom were extremely interested and worth talking with.

Ravenstrike is planked with cypress, clinker built with copper rivets and mahogany frames, stem, and transom. The bottom is cross planked fastened with silicon bronze screws. The sheer strakes were one plank each, taken from two 20' 5/4 cypress planks which had been saved from the mid '80s when they were given to my friend Bob Pitt at the time we bought the live oak framing for another project from a local mill. Much of the bottom planking was also cut from another cypress gift given from the mill in Appalachicola where I purchased the juniper planking for that same project.

The building of the skiff was pretty straightforward, except that I wanted side

decks and also a fore and aft deck. It was accomplished, as usual, with much help from friends and some additional paid assistance from Bob Pitt in building and Russ Stock in painting and finishing. Our intent was to have the boat complete for the WoodenBoat Show at St. Michaels, Maryland. As seems to be usual with projects and deadlines, we launched this boat for the first time at the WoodenBoat Show, which is the second time I have done that. It was absent its engine box, seat risers, and coaming, but it attracted a lot of attention because of its propulsion unit which is a 20hp V-twin, air cooled, 4-cycle Honda. It also got attention from the Maryland Marine patrol which ticketed me for having no registration while we were out watching the log canoe races.

Growing up in Bradenton, Florida, in the '40s and '50s, I noted that many small boats used Briggs & Stratton air cooled engines which, of course, also did yeoman service as lawn mower engines. It seemed logical to me to do it in *Ravenstrike*. First, the engines are inexpensive relative to the horsepower available. Second, they are light and compact and Honda, in particular, has a reputation for ruggedness. Third, I had a used Hurth transmission from the used up Vetus diesel in my sailboat, which made it possible to have a reverse and neutral. We fabricated a bracket to mount the transmission on the engine and connected the two with a Lovejoy coupling.

As for the details of the engine installation, we used a water cooled exhaust, having a water pump which injected into the exhaust manifold. We had a fabricator put a stainless sleeve into the exhaust outlet and injected into that. The first one lasted about three years. I am now planning to wrap copper tubing around the exhaust manifold, as Robb White did on Rescue Minor's engine system, and inject from the tube into the exhaust hose. That should provide additional cooling which, as discussed later, is something of a problem. The water cooling allows us to have a transom exhaust which is a typical rubber exhaust hose. As well as helping the engine (I am told) run cooler, it was always interesting at the St. Michael's show to run the engine which, being in full view, was obviously air cooled, and have people puzzle over the water coming out the exhaust.

Fuel is contained in a standard 6-gal. outboard tank under the aft deck which is removed for refueling. I am presently modifying that arrangement by replacing the mechanical diaphragm pump on the engine with a low pressure automotive electric fuel pump to provide a more consistent supply of fuel.

Opinions (mine) about the boat and air cooled engines in general:

The concept is sound. I have had no problems at all from the use of the air cooled engine and water exhaust, except as otherwise noted, which were not caused by my own stupidity.

The engine really puts out some heat in the summer down here, particularly when we are going with the wind (like sailing downwind with a spinnaker in 5 knots of wind at temperatures in the 90s). This could be eased by fitting a fan in the engine box or just having a simple boat without the box which I started out to build. As well as the copper water tubing on the exhaust, I do plan to add the 12v fan in the box. Of course the heat can be a welcome addition in cold weather.

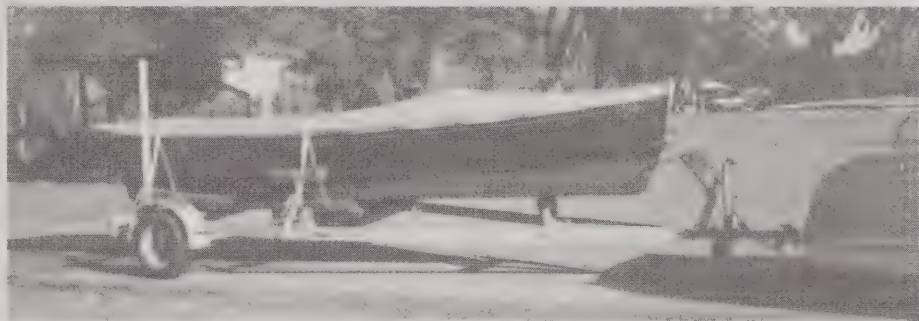
The engine, as installed, turns up to its rated rpm. My biggest problem at the moment is trying to determine why I cannot reach the boat speed of 13mph which was suggested by the designer. I know that I need to fair out the skeg because we are getting a lot of slippage from the prop. I have contemplated a larger prop, but I don't have the space. I am certain, however, that a solution is out there. In the meantime, I make do with a steady 6 knots.

Despite my disappointment in her speed, I have enjoyed *Ravenstrike* in a variety of locations. She is easily trailered and I now keep her on the trailer when not in use. Her most recent trip was to Appalachicola for the boat show. The day after the show, we spent about five hours on and about the river. Other trips were to Lake Fausse Pointe State Park

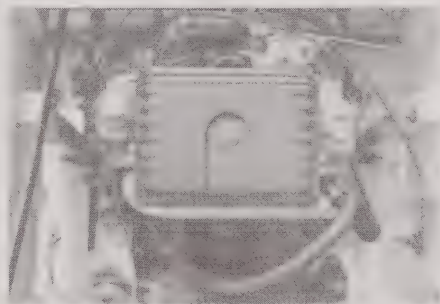
in Louisiana, with a visit to the Atchafalaya Swamp basin and Bayou Teche, as well as Cedar Key twice for the annual messabout, and the St. John's River near Astor and Lake George.

In summation, *Ravenstrike* has given many joyous hours on the water in a variety of places we couldn't/wouldn't go in a larger boat. I will be the first to admit that I made her more complicated than necessary, but I have been guilty of trading off utility for aesthetics on more than one occasion. To the degree possible boats are, or should be, an extension of ourselves as well as being a useful and creative form of self indulgence.

What should be most important, however, is the joy that is created by the use and sharing of these graceful symbols, regardless of their shape, size, or propulsion.



Ravenstrike lives ashore on her trailer, a tidy rig.

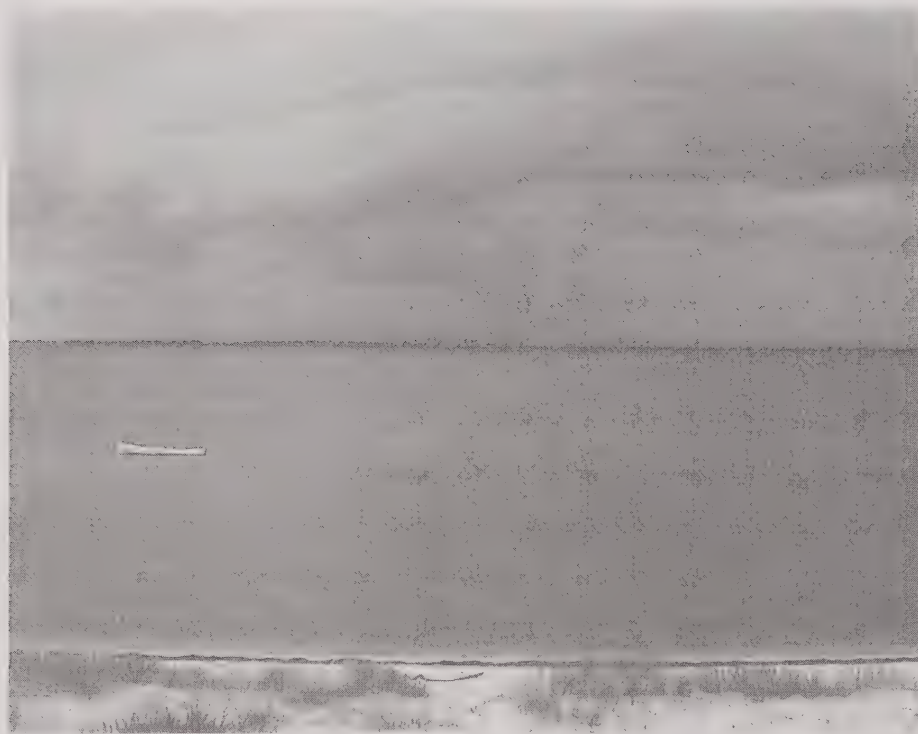


Above: The OHV Honda air cooled power plant. The hose runs from a water pump to a fitting on the exhaust for water cooling the exhaust pipe.

Left: The engine box does dominate the interior.

Below: Docked at a public dock on a tip to Bayou Teche in Breaux Bridge, Louisiana, "Crawfish Capital of the World".





That's Rescue Minor to the left. The twister is right off the mouth of the Carrabelle River.

I believe the Rescue Minor is haunted. It isn't an evil thing but it is pretty darn malicious. You know the Atkins had certain opinions and were likely to write them down and publish them into general exposure. One of their opinions (and I am no researcher so I'll just give the impression that penetrated my heart long ago) was that it was ridiculous to introduce curves and other forms of voluptitude into a boat that would do just fine with the corners and flat panels that the designer's had intended for it to have.

You know, I have always admired the work of the Atkins. I especially like the father son aspects of their work. I have two sons who have been intermittently building boats with me ever since they were children and that relationship is very productive and admirable. I wrote to John Atkin as soon as I got out of the Navy to ask him what he thought would be about right for a small cabin sailboat for a man of my ability and inclinations. He wrote me a very nice letter and recommended a sailboat that he thought a man of my capability could build. It was a hard chined boat about 25' long and I bet it would have been just fine.

I carved a half model and built a 19', round bilged boat that, to me, was very beautiful. I hauled my boys and my young wife all over the Gulf of Mexico in it and it was very satisfactory. It lies at the bottom of the 90' hole in the Aucilla River at Nutall Rise where the ancient river rises from underground for the last time on its way to the Gulf.

That was the biggest boat I ever built up 'til the Rescue Minor. I don't have any enthusiasm for anything over about 16' unless it is a canoe. Big boats of mine just sit there and become responsibilities while I tool by in my skiff. My wife and I spent about half a day bailing out the old Morgan 30 where the damned cormorant dook had stopped up the cockpit drain and the water had infiltrated through the companionway drop boards into

The Rescue Minor Is Haunted

By Robb White

the boat. My feelings on that occasion were about like how I feel when I find some dog doo doo on the bottom of my shoe.

Rescue Minor is 20' long and that is too big to suit my notions but I can accept that. After all it is just a skiff. What bothers me are a bunch of little diabolical fiendish irritations that I don't think are my fault. The first one I noticed as soon as the boat launched was this eerie little creep of about a three molecule thick wetness of water up the side of the boat all the way to the rubrail where it turned and became airborne and blew exactly into my eyes. I consulted Phil Bolger about that and he must have exerted great self-control because he did not say that I ought to have followed Atkin's plans and a hard chine would have stopped that.

I had to put some spray rails on there and I did it right where Atkin had drawn the chines. Before I figured this haunting business out, I thought the good souls of the Atkins might have some minor Deity in their pocket that was deviling me to teach a lesson about presumptuousness. I don't think it is some horrendously evil Satanic monster doing all these things to me, it is just some kind of Aegean style prankster of a god who is playing these little tricks.

I am not about to run down the complete, long, long, long list of these diabolical pranks, but I will give you a typical example. Despite feelings of foreboding, we have been running the Rescue Minor all spring and early summer. As long as I have my oars and oarlocks (I keep the oarlocks tied in the boat in

case some diabolical prankster were to get some bright idea), I am pretty defiant in the face of all this. After all, I did build the damned boat and installed all the machinery myself and I have been boogering up such as that long enough so that I do know a thing or two about a thing or two.

Anyway, the other day, we launched in the river in a miserable drizzle and (for once) made a calm trip over to the island with all our junk (including a new hot water heater). After we unloaded, we started up the bay to the east to check on the bilgewater situation in the cursed old sailboat at its mooring in the cormorant zone up at Tyson Harbor. The Rescue Minor did it's marvelous thing in the calm, shallow water. The exhaust note at its most economical speed (10.5 knots) reminds me a little of a crop duster easing on back after poisoning some small ecosystem.

No prankster had stuck a shrimp into the raw water intake for the exhaust cooling water and all was well. I was just beginning to feel complacent when the engine cut completely off. I mean, it didn't skip or lose power, it just stopped upon one compression stroke like it was locked up. My wife and I are very skilful at pulling the engine box off and our choreography is so precise that she barely gets the tiller out of the way before I pull the box. Then she feints to the port and I sashay to the starboard to put the box down crossways on the side seats up forward enough to be out of the way of my toolbox which is always under the starboard side seat.

The engine was not locked up but turned freely by the flywheel. The trouble was immediately apparent in the clear plastic final fuel filter between the lift pump and the injector pump. It was bone dry. The lift pump is a regular diaphragm fuel pump running directly off the camshaft and is brand new. Nevertheless, I decided to take it off and work its lever manually to see if that was the trouble or not and it was. It would not pump fuel. I took it apart to see what was what and there was nothing wrong with either the diaphragm or valves so I put it back together and put it back on the engine. I knew there must be some problem of fuel supply.

I took the hose off the input side of the lift pump and sucked with my lips (a very reliable diagnostic tool)... no fuel. I checked the primary filter... no fuel. I checked the fuel hose... no leaks. I checked (finally) the fuel tank... full. But I knew it was because I had just filled it and Rescue Minor will run more than 25 miles on a gallon and that's a two and a half gallon tank and we hadn't been but about five miles.

Guess what the devil had done? The fuel pick up hose was picked up. The tank was made by OMC and has a hard plastic fuel pickup from the top of the tank to the bottom. Somehow as a prank some little bastard had bent the damn thing in a perfect "U" so that the end was within an inch of the top of the tank. I took the top off and straightened it out. Fortunately, the little Kubota is self bleeding so it wasn't any real trouble to start and we moseyed on to the harbor. Guess what additions I made to the fuel system to thwart the little demon? The pickup tube is hard stainless steel now and there is a manual lift pump in the line between the tank and the first filter. I hope I have the little bastard by the tail at least where the fuel system is concerned.

But, I am still a little worried about that ceramic graphite well pump seal on the shaft. One of my buddies is in the business of putting down pilings for maritime construction. He runs big, powerful pumps all the time. He says those seals will work perfectly until all of a sudden they'll completely destroy themselves and start slinging water all over the place. Guess what? The engine of the Rescue Minor is now hanging from the chain hoist

out in the yard and the whole shaft and all is out and I am waiting on the UPS truck to bring me a good old bronze and flax and tallow stuffing box from Searsport.

The conflict is joined, y'all and the devil doesn't have anything to do with the Atkins. I even know your name, now, Mr. Murphy. Bite that bronze you little devil, you. "Murphy's law" (in case some of you gentle readers managed to escape military service

during your formative years), simply says, "If something can mess up, it will mess up." Of course Murphy was an enlisted man (an old chief in the Navy but something else in the army or the air force. There are plenty of people named Murphy in all walks of life... some of them are jarheads) and was not constrained by "conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman" so you'll have to extrapolate to get the exact language of the law.

Short of using a laser theodolite or dipping your boat in a swimming pool filled with bottom paint, I know of other ways to cut in a water line, none easy.

1. The method I use first is to attach the end of a roll of masking tape to the bow and walk to the stern, laying the tape on the boat where I think it ought to go until I get to the stern. After I've done this, painted in the waterline, put the boat in the water, and seen what it looks like, taken the boat out of the water, and removed and sanded off the old waterline, I'll usually try one of the following.

Make sure the boat is level athwartships. The bow can be higher or lower than the stern. Take two stiff battens four beams long and secure the midpoint of one at the point on the bow where you want to start the waterline. Do the same with the other at the stern. Both battens should kept be exactly horizontal through the whole process. Now take a piece of string with a weight on it and hang it over one batten. Pull it tight over the second batten. Where it touches the boat is where an accomplice should mark the waterline.

Moving the string at one end in toward the boat and at the other end out away from the boat will allow the string to touch the boat at every point along the desired waterline. Mark the waterline. Be careful to keep the string straight. If it touches the boat with too much force, it will ride up and you will have a waterline that looks like method one. If there's a hollow section on the waterline the string won't touch the boat, and you'll have to make a mark on the boat in the horizontal plane of the string. This is the way a water-

Cutting in a Waterline

By Stephen Bobo

line is marked on most original boats by boatbuilders. Which is only one of the reasons why boats are so expensive.

A third way requires the boat to be symmetrical on a level slab. That is, both sides of either the transom or the midship section must be equal distances from the level floor. Mark where you want the waterline at the stem and at the stern. Block up the transom so that the waterline mark at the stern is the same distance from the floor as the mark at the stem. Now, using a block of wood with square ends or a box with a side equal to the distance from the floor to the waterline, place a rigid spline on the box and use it to mark points along the waterline. This method gets rather complex for boats with double ends or with deep keels and one can use a level to measure the desired distance from the floor, but doing so frequently requires between four and seven hands.

There is also the water tube method. The boat has to be level with no list and the waterline at the stem has to be at the same elevation as at the bow. Easy if the boat's on a level slab, but not otherwise. This method requires two people and a clear tube filled with water. One end of the tube is held at the waterline with someone watching it. The other end is brought up to the boat where a waterline mark is desired. The individual holding the tube at the waterline keeps his water level at the waterline mark while the

other person moves along the hull, marking it where the water level indicates. Personally, my favorite method is to paint the boat without any waterline, launch it with about the right amount of gear aboard, then, keeping the bilge dry, wait three days. In most climates you will get enough scum to identify a perfect waterline. Place masking tape 1-1/2" above this scum line, clean, and paint the bottom up to the tape.

The stern droop one sees in waterlines of counter stern boats comes from trying to paint a bootop the same width as the rest of the hull when reaching the after quarters. The inclination is to make the bootop too narrow, which drags its upper edge down.

Also, there are some methods I haven't tried. The most interesting is to cover the entire bottom with a continuous piece of polyethylene. This is done painfully (and slowly with larger boats) at the point during launching when the boat is being transferred from the poppits, the travelift, the Brownell boat mover, or whatever. When the entire boat is sitting on its launcher or slings, or on the trailer with its membrane of polyethylene between it and the hull supports, you (not me) pour a gallon of bottom paint into the polyethylene bag covering the bottom. Then launch the boat. According to engineering principles, after the boat is launched the water pressure will cover every inch of the bottom of that sucker with paint right up to the waterline. After that, you can cut in a very wide bootop.

Sometimes one wonders why people like to build boats, but it's probably not because they like painting waterlines.

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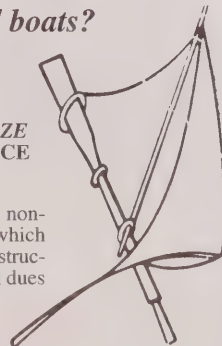
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In 1991 I purchased my first sail boat, a Montgomery 15. This little boat served me well, as a lot of readers know from my articles "From the Log of *Therapy*" which ran in this magazine in 1999. From 1991 until early 1994 I did a lot of lake sailing and two Mug Races, 40 miles each, on the St. Johns River. Sometimes I stayed on the boat for a

A Great Little Cruiser

By Charlie Matthews

couple of nights. From May of 1994 through April of 2001 I did 18 cruises on the St. Johns

River. The shortest cruise was for four nights, the longest for 14 nights. The M15 was a seaworthy little boat that did everything that could be expected of a 15' boat. It sailed good on all points of sail.

In late August 2001 I had a violent, almost fatal, reaction from a prescribed antibiotic for a minor infection. Recovery was slow and almost two years later I still have some of the bad effects. Anyway, I thought my days with a little sailboat were over and reluctantly sold the much loved Montgomery to a friend. By the middle of 2002 my physical condition was almost back to normal and I began to miss having a boat, so the search was on.

This is where the Great Little Cruiser comes in. I had never considered a Peep Hen, thinking that they looked a little dumpy. After studying the literature, I began to realize that this little boat offered a lot for my type of cruising, camping on the water.

In 14'3" length it has sitting head room, a galley with one burner alcohol stove, dishpan sink, and room for lots of food. It has two comfortable 1/4 births, space under the cockpit floor for a porta potty and 25-qt. igloo cooler. There is an anchor well up front, a place for storing gas in the cockpit, a bimini with dodger, and complete cockpit enclosure. It has an unstayed mast mounted in a tabernacle, a gallows, one gaff rigged sail with two reef points, and an offset centerboard so it does not intrude in the foot well. There is a cutout molded in the transom. for mounting a motor.

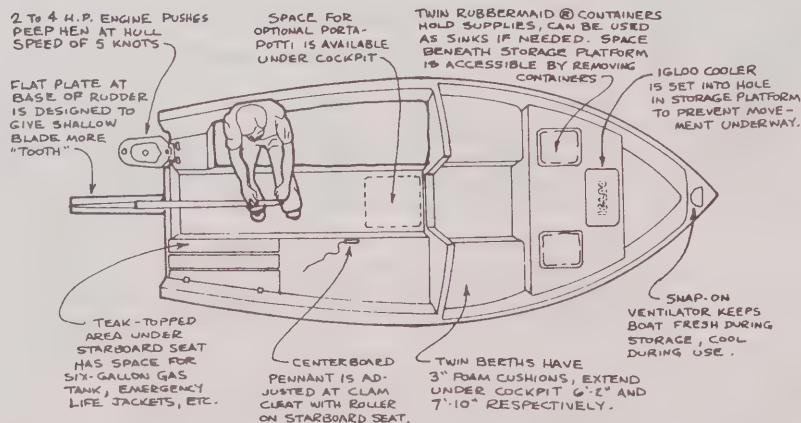
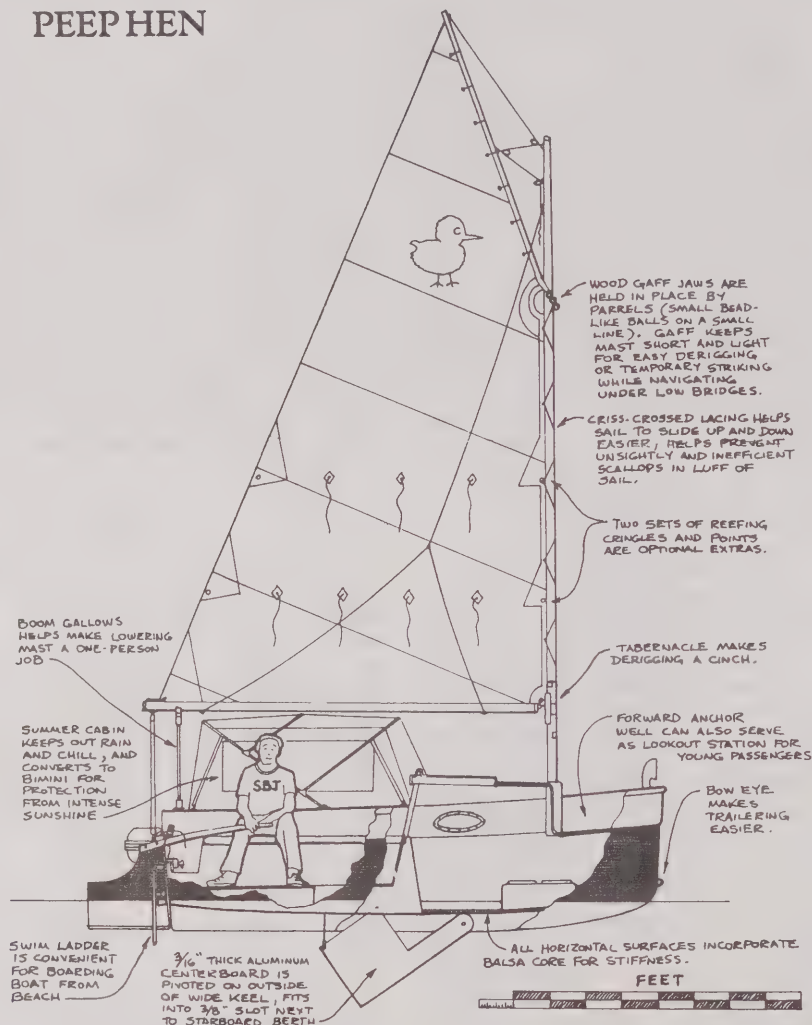
This is a flat bottomed boat that draws 9" of water and weighs 650 lbs. It has a large shallow rudder that is protected by a skeg. Note that some of the items that I list are accessories. This boat was designed and built by Reubin Trane and was introduced in February 1985. Ruebin sold the business to Mirage in December 1988. Mirage made some changes and their boats weighed 1,200 lbs. plus. I think Sovereign was the next company to build this boat and they went back to Reubin's design, 650 lbs. At the present time the Hens are being built by Nimble boats to Reubin's designs.

With all that this little boat offers there should be thousands of used Peep Hens on the market. That is not the case. I think that there are a lot of small boat cruisers out there who are like me. They were not turned on by the looks of the Peep Hen. Believe me, we all missed the boat on this one.

In July of 2002, being convinced that the Peep Hen was the boat for me, I started my search. Someone told me that the Hensnest on Yahoo was a good source of information. I found a Peep listed on the Hensnest in August and bought it sight unseen in September. The boat was in Connecticut and the owner agreed to meet me halfway, so I met him in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, and took ownership. Staying off the interstate, I pulled it home with my 1982 VW Camper.

To this day, June 2003, this is still the only Peep Hen that I have seen. I have taken four one week cruises on the St. Johns River. The little boat exceeded what I had expected of it. Going from a sloop to a cat rig was different, it does not go to windward very well, but on all other points of sail it is good. It handles well, tacks almost in its own length, and is surprisingly easy on the tiller. The sail looks sloppy but she will go hull speed in a 10mph wind. I have jiffy reefing on the first

PEEP HEN



reef point, so it is quick and easy to reef, which should be done in winds over 10mph.

I can sail with the bimini up, which is handy in the hot Florida sun or rain. At 142 lbs. I am no Atlas, but I can put up the mast with one hand and shove the pin in with the other. At 68 it is nice not to have to go forward to handle the jib. Since the sail is down when I anchor for the night, going forward to handle the anchor is not a problem. In all my nights on the water I have only stayed at a dock for three nights total. A small boat rides much better on the anchor.

I have a Suzuki 5hp motor with a 3-gal. external tank, a lot of overkill for this boat. The motor weighs 47 lbs. I would prefer a Nissan 3.5hp, which weighs 28 lbs. with neutral and forward and would still have more power than I could use on the Peep.

Being a guy who has retained a certain amount of modesty, all of my cruises have been alone, so sanitation has never been a problem. As most older guys know, getting up two or three times at night is standard practice. With the Peep, I sleep very comfortably in the port berth and can get up at night without bumping my head. When I get up in the morning I can put my pants on standing up just by bending over a little. I usually have the dodger zipped on so I push the hatch back out of the way. I light the burner, put the kettle on, and by the time I am done shaving the pot is whistling. Time for my drip coffee and to watch daybreak while standing securely in

the hatchway. Then a nice breakfast of my choosing, usually a full breakfast with meat, eggs, and home fries about every third day. This is quickly done at the galley.

I use the second berth, without the cushion, as a storage area. The end of this bunk, which acts as one of the seats, is a good place to set the potty when it is to be used. I tidy everything up and am usually on the move by 9 AM and sail for about six or seven hours to my next anchorage for the night. After I am snugly anchored in a nice quiet place for the night, a cold beer is nice while I write up my log for the day. Thanks to my wife, supper is usually a pre-fixed meal, almost as I would have at home.

On a long cruise towards the end I am eating MREs, "meals ready to eat," or canned goods, rice meals, etc. When the bugs come out, "yes, we do have a few of these in Florida," I move inside with the screen in, and with the nice comfortable sitting headroom, do a little reading before going to bed. The only money that I spend after leaving home is for gas, a ramp fee, and ice. I am not antisocial, but I love my time alone with no radio, TV, newspapers, etc. I practice the fine art of doing nothing and it is cleansing to the soul.

I hope this gives you a better understanding of why I think the Peep Hen is such a great little cruiser. It gives a lot of the conveniences of a much larger boat without all the problems of a larger boat.

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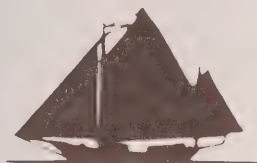
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50' STAYSAIL SCHOONER - JOSHUA PROPOSAL (MURKY CLIMES)
DESIGN M121 ©JEFF GILBERT 2000



Dimensions

Performance

On Deck 49.9 x 10
At WLL 45.0 x 8.4 x 5.0
Min freeboard @ datum +20 is 4.33 + rail
0.50
Displacement @ design WL 25,600 lbs.
(11.50 tons)
Canoe body displacement 338.5cf (9.67t)
Total below canoe keel weight 1.53 +3.8
5.53 tons (47.5pct)
Shell area sans rub rail and deck 700sf
Wet Area 485sf (plain SA ratio 2.5)
Canoe body draught 2.30
Design ideal cruising crew: Couple + 3
other adults
5-9 berths: Port double V; seaway double
& single berth, 2 sea berths, seating can
provide 2 full size transom berths
2 heads, 2 showers.
Single hard chine with bulkheads @ 1,
7.5, 12, 15, 21, 25, 30(full), 37, 44
(crash)
Rear overhang datum to 2.2, front 45 to
47.7, total 49.9'
Bowsprit 7.3, LOA 57.2

All standard indicators in high favourable
range
Hull speed 9.0kts
Brewer Motion Comfort 38
Full cruising load SA/D 22, D/WLL 125

Sails

Spread 55
Masts 54 & 49 ASL
Light air: jib 364, main 488 & Genoa
staysail 488 @ 133%, 1340
Plain sail: jib 364, main 488, staysail jib
furled to 368 @ 100%, 1220
Very light air: jib 364, main 488, fisherman
staysail of 832, 1684
Heavy weather (rudder balanced option):
main 244, fore 240, 484
Total WR main, furling Genoa, forejib on
boom/bowsprit, fisherman, storm 80sf,
heavy blade jib 240sf, interchangeable
jib 364.
Main slab reefs to 366, 244
Plain Sail C(effort) @ (x,y,z) (24.3, 21.6, 0)
Centre lateral resistance @ (x,y,z) (20.0, 2.3,
0.0)
Steering lead 9.6%

Lightning Ridge

50' Auxiliary Staysail Schooner

Concept Design for plywood, cedar
composite, or aluminium. Single hard
chine, long shoal "Scheel" keel. For Course
(Interior Layouts) YW Design Competition.

Design Philosophy

This design takes advantage of the
premise that if you make sacrifices in one
design element, in this case beam/accommo-
dation space, you may win more back in other
areas. Simple in theory, this hasn't happened
lately in practice, requiring as it does a veer-
ing away from conventions which are not so
well established as people think. The theory
that a 3:1 L:B ratio is fastest only holds un-
der the racing rules that fostered it, rules, I
might add, designed to limit yacht speed. Lat-
est America's Cup racers are fining down to
much higher ratios.

The fact remains that potential builders
balk at any hint of losing accommodation
space, despite the tendency of modern yachts
to be crammed with the sorts of furniture de-
signed for a comfortable marina life. Stripped
to the items useful on passage, this schooner
retains ample space and comfort. This design
does not ask the 38' x 13' cruiser to lose any
space, merely to rearrange the same area in a
50' x 10' format which is, let's face it, more
the shape of objects designed to travel fast
against resistance. An aircraft or bullet train
pushing against air is merely a high speed
permutation of the canoe body of a boat push-
ing more slowly against the denser medium of
water.

Unlike the old plank-on-edge boats, this
one has a low overall weight and an almost
planing hull with 18deg V sections flowing
back to a slightly hollow rear run. It's prob-
ably one of the few long keelers that could
hold its own against the fin and bulb cruising
designs in one of the modern popular Off-
shore Passage Races like the Hobart, Fastnet,
or TransPac. With its high ballast ratio and
quite extreme WLL:beam ratio of 5:4, this is
a semi displacement/semi cutwater hull with
elements more in common with early fast
cruising motorboats than its more ample bod-
ied sailing sisters. It could be expected to
neither skim the waves like a modern racer,
nor plunge extravagantly through them like
20+ tons of traditional long keeler.

Lightning Ridge is designed to take a
middle line, capable of racing down a follow-
ing sea without burying its bows at the bot-
tom and cutting through the tops of steeper
waves. The bow has massive foam filled flo-
tation areas forward of the crash bulkhead and
below the V berth, totaling over 80cf or 25%
of the vessel's displacement. The pronounced
flare of 77deg combined with mid freeboard
and coaming heights slightly greater than
classics of its type keep the nose up and decks
dry. Maximum beam (such as it is) is carried
slightly aft, 20' from the rear WL datum. The
hull is centered with C(displ) 2.4' forward of
this; i.e., almost the WL midpoint. Overhangs
are a mere 2.7' (rear) and 2.2' (bow).

Construction

The vessel's narrowness allows light construction without sacrificing strength. Accommodations lack nothing, but are weight minimized; e.g., by use of storage bags rather than built-in lockers, cupboards, and drawers. This contributes to the ship's unusually high power to weight based performance figures. The necessary weight and longevity could easily be achieved using 20mm cedar speed strip planking on sacrificial bulkheads/strongbacks (if using this technique instead of marine ply, the hard chine would be replaced by a 1" radius chine). Suggested lay-up is 400gram biaxial glass along keel and front entry panels, followed by two layers of 600g triaxial finishing with a rail to rail layer of 200g unidirectional. Interior of two layers of 600g triaxial gives an under two ton shell.

Low placed tankage (beneath floors and at outer chine under seats/benches) gives nearly a ton of effectively positioned water ballast (220 gals.) In addition to the base lightship ballast of 47.5% of 10 tons. Thus, an 11 ton cruising trim boat has up to 52% ballast and C(Displ) almost 3' below its WLL. In addition, the boat has a shoal draught of 5' and a long 45' WL, giving an easily reached hull speed of 9.0kts and 200nm/day capability. The idea of it planing with that long keel is pretty fanciful, a centreboard racing version would do so running, or reaching if one could keep it upright.

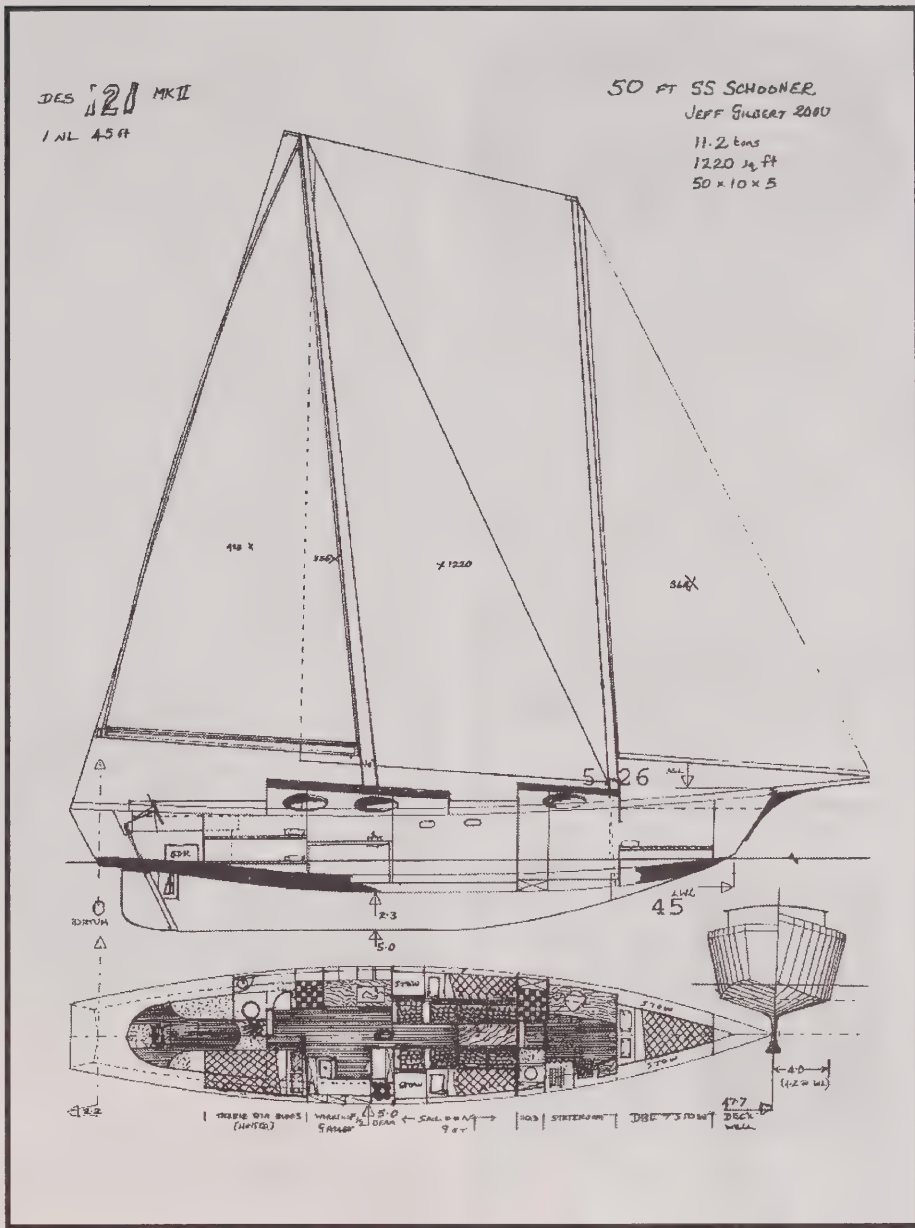
Decks

The cockpit is simply a hole in the deck surrounded by a 1' minimum coaming/backrest. It's sealed with a large drain. The seats start at deck level behind the coachhouse but are 6" below at the stem. Seat backs are integrated with the coaming so that there is sufficient backrest, but the entire below deck level (fillable) volume is very low. Access to the 50hp sail drive is from the lower bunk or head and there is sufficient space for cockpit access not to be required. The forward section of the cockpit floor is a 5' x 2' panel of 20mm marine ply bolted to the subframe on rubber seals. This can be raised for engine removal. A sealing hatch provides access to the huge lazarette which, in turn, accesses the steering gear and holds the self steering and spare transom mountable rudder and tiller.

Side decks are 18" wide and an 8' x 4' RIB sits between the deckhouses where it can be easily launched at the point of lowest freeboard without any sailors being bowled by a boom. Stanchions/rails are a matter of choice not necessity. There are two Dorade vents per cabin. There is a manual winch at each rear corner of the two deckhouses (four in all) and all sheets/halyards are led to these. Loads are low for a boat this length.

Accommodations

There is a minimum of 75" HR under the 13' x 7' main and 7' x 6' forward 12mm marine ply deckhouses. The boat is divided by a solid marine ply bulkhead at Datum 30'. This creates two watertight ventilated living spaces, the "Great Cruising Room" and the smaller "Port Office," the owner's private stateroom and home of ship's log and owner's business affairs or whatever computerized skulduggery used to maintain the modest flow of shekels needed to stay afloat.



Both cabins are organized in the same way rear to front: Cockpit, through sealing hatch down ladder to wet area to get rid of clothes, shower, forward to work area (galley, charts, desks), forward to dry warm resting area with no headroom needed.

Doghouse

Lightning Ridge's low trunk profile and open cockpit look great and minimize windage, but on passage would be apt to alternately freeze and grill the crew. Cruising this boat at optimal speeds would soon show the limiting factor to be crew endurance, and this would be vastly improved by trading some of that elegant low profile for a spray dodger, or better, a full solid shelter. The one drawn offers minimal impact on the base deck design, the only change being the widening (to 3') of the deck level seat aft of the main cabin where a companionway is usually sited. This gives a step up to a sitting headroom doghouse with a panoramic view of ordered decks and the confusion beyond! The house is only 5' deck length by 7' wide and could be re-

movable for day sails/twilight races in warm climates.

Stepping in from the cockpit, the house has a seat to port and the cabin hatch, now hinged, forward. Offset to starboard is the helm seat with the cabin top available to spread out maps. Lines are led under the screen to cleats/winch in the usual positions at deckhouse corners.

The helmsman can throw a loop over the wheel and use a narrow door to the starboard side deck. It would be worth hanging a lockable rear door and hinging the chart table/trunk roof to make it a step into the MQB (maxi quarter berth) below. Furniture is minimized; e.g., the rear wall is correctly angled to form the helm seat back.

Other Deck Structures

Low houses can be mahogany veneered before epoxying for a very low cost. With a 6" turtle curve matching the decks, they are strong enough to stand on and their height is disguised by the toerail of 6" right round the boat.



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"Great Cruising Room"

Access is by hatch/ladder (no companionway) with a huge wet clothes rack behind. The open plan theme also makes the boat seem much larger, a snug double upper 3'8" wide and single lower form a berth box in the starboard quarter which imitates the immigrant bed cabins of old, where whole families piled into curtained dive-in cabin boxes about 5' wide by 3' high with the (presumably 6') long dimension athwartships. In tiers of two these lined a great cabin either side, between was a long fore and aft table with transom bench seating either side being used as a ladder to the upper sleeping tier. This whole arrangement would account for the full beam of the ship, 20' or so, and the air would be better on deck!

All four sea bunks in Lightning Ridge, including the upper MQB, are hinged at the ship's side for level sleeping while traveling heeled. The huge workroom can be screened from the saloon by a sliding flexible concertina door, these are also used to good effect in the forward stateroom. The galley is functional with the cook able to wedge in firmly. It's large enough to stow food for a passage.

Charts space in the work area is a 5' table with mounting shelves/lockers behind. For electronics, a porthole 12v fan provides plenty of light and air. The 18 degree deadrise enables a 4' sole throughout living areas with just 8" of bilge largely filled by the keel floor timbers. A comfortable dining table, with four upright transom dining seats, take up the centre of the non HR area under the mid cockpit. Aft of these are two comfortable armchairs each side with 7' snug quarter berths curtained off at the sides and behind seating. It would take something extraordinary to fall out of one of these sea bunks, and they are, along with the whole saloon, in a dry area of minimal motion.

The Port Office

The front stateroom is completely sealed off by a full bulkhead and only accessible by the usual deck hatch/ladder. This is the most criticized aspect of the design. Reasons for doing it:

This is a safety element, the boat is already in two sealable sections.

The solid bulkhead provides the extra strength needed to design this lightweight hull. For this aspect it's worth its weight in gold.

Why not a sealing door? No one would ever shut it.

A person living on, or owning, a boat like this is likely to have business interests. The 5' computer desk and swivel chair provide a private, quiet spot in a lockable cabin to take care of business without it impinging on the enjoyment of guests or visa versa

Both cabins have a head (with 2' x 2' shower run by a hand pump/bucket).

Wet and Dry

The problem of clambering into a small cabin wet through is solved by the ladder landing you in the "wet hall" between head and shower. You can divest wet clothes and hang them up before going through the concertina screen to the dry cabin proper. These heavy duty gray plastic concertina

screens run on tracks and are often seen in houses to screen dining rooms. They are used as doors throughout this boat as they need no space to open, compressing to about 4" x 4" up one side of the door jamb where they can be tied back.

The fore cabin is a perfect place to use them, on returning to the cabin there would be two in place between yourself and the head.

General

This boat has no more material in it, or volume, than a 37' cruiser of conventional beam. It simply stretches the envelope into a faster yacht by maximizing waterline length at the expensive of beam. An offshoot of this is that it measures under 9' from garboard to rail making it incredibly less awkward to build. This fact alone translates to huge gains in both building time and strength.

Downside: An interior that is small for the boat's length but still extremely comfortable. The biggest loss is outside the boat. Marina fees are often assessed by on-deck length. Buy a good anchor, the boat can be moored in 6' happily. If the area is tidal a steel triangular frame just forward of the rudder welded by hinges to each side of the keel can be deployed as a hard stand in a receding tide or as a stand for a bottom clean. Water pressure once under way will fold the stand back to its flush stowed position.

A Theory on Costs

This boat can be built reasonably but is neither a cheap or quick build. It's a serious boat presented as a concept design open to research and finalization to owners' requirements and desires. Going as far as a ketch rig is too much, the boat design would lose its schooner character which, I admit, has strong elements of an attempt to preserve the beauty of an historic type craft which is very much a part of coastal lore. We should not stand idly by and allow the schooner to become extinct.

Building yourself or paying a welder mate I think you could get this done for \$100k including a durable sail set up. In the rig a compromise may lose you a knot, but she's a fast boat and that last knot is a very expensive one. I would be tempted to look at Freedom style free standing masts perhaps stayed front and rear only. The great thing is this one can enjoy this build without constantly seeing very similar boats for sale cheap and ready to go. There are very, very few like it. A Cheribuni 48, a lovely shoal staysail schooner, is the closest and it sold for \$238,000 U.S. in 1981.

Conclusion

This boat looks sleek and will be swift, especially if care is taken in planning trips to take advantage of prevailing winds, maximizing the running and reaching conditions this type of yacht revels in. A family can cross oceans safely and comfortably, but in the hands of experienced sailors other cruising 10-tonners would not see which way it went.

Designer

Jeff Gilbert, 9 Birbai Place, Waramanga, ACT 2611, Australia, Ph (02)6288.9450, jgilbert@dynamite.com.au. Plans are available from U.S. agent Duckworks, 608 Gammenthaler, Harper, TX 78631, www.duckworksmagazine.com.

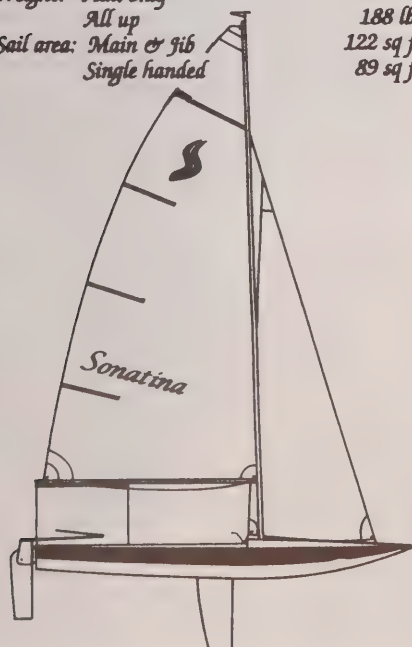
Sonatina

The Sonatina is based on the 500 strong Sonnet Class my father designed 30 years ago in South Africa, but is optimized for more sail power and a more easily driven shape. This enhances light wind performance while maintaining sparkling performance in a breeze. I gave the Sonatina a taller rig to achieve better light and medium air performance. I also reduced her beam and induced a compound curve in the bottom panels, holding the plywood in the right shape with epoxy glass. Light weight and scow form ensure wonderful reaching, while stability is impressive. A taller rig and deeper foils promote upwind speed. Sailing at 10 to 15 degrees of heel reduces wetted surface, also promoting performance. She is surprisingly dry as spray is deflected downwards.

This is a lightweight boat at 63 kilos bare hull weight, 86 kilos fully rigged, with a 4.4 meter LOA. Sailing trials immediately demonstrated the success of the design concept! She skims along in the faintest breeze. Experience with winds up to 25 knots show that her heavy air performance and riding the waves is also outstanding. She can also be single handed with both sails, or with the main only, using a second forestay that attaches lower on the mast to induce more mast bend. These features mean that the Sonatina is easy to handle for beginners, yet she has the speed and excitement to keep experienced sailors very happy indeed. A unique arrangement for resetting the rig and centerboard for single handed sailing is under development.

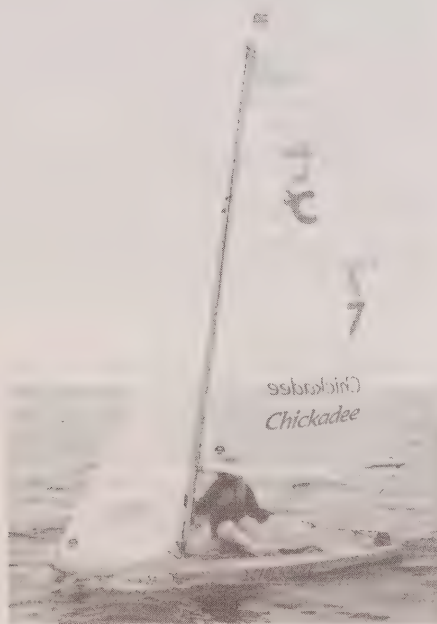
She can be built at home using okoume plywood and epoxyglass/wood saturation technique. Home building kits can be made available. Professional building in fibreglass is planned.

Length over all: 14 ft 6 in.
Beam: 4 ft 6 in.
Weight: Hull only 140 lbs
All up 188 lbs
Sail area: Main & Jib 122 sq ft
Single handed 89 sq ft



Two New Home Buildable Wooden Sailboats

By Chris Koper



Enquiries: Chris Koper, Designer, Sea K Designs, Toronto, Canada, (905) 608 8994, <chriskoper@hotmail.com>

Chickadee

The 3.66m x 1.2m Chickadee Junior Trainer is an ideal boat for young people after graduating from the Optimist. When they are still small the boat is sailed two up; they convert to single handed sailing at about age 13-14 (or 50-55 kg body weight), still using both sails. In this way the boat becomes a great choice, usable over more years of development than if only sailable two handed, or only single handed. (The Dabchick class of my father, Jack Koper, numbers over 3,500 built since 1956 and it is still very active all over South Africa). The Chickadee should be of real interest to junior sailing programs at yacht clubs or schools.

The ability to easily build her in okoume and epoxy opens up an opportunity for young people to learn about woodworking. Sailing a boat that is so exciting in a breeze will soon have them be sold on sailing. The juniors who have test sailed her have found her to be very cool and fun to sail.

Dimensions

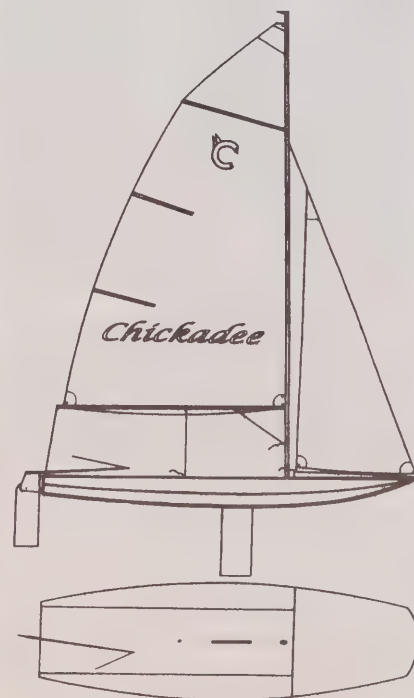
Length	12 ft.	3.65 m
Beam	3ft. 10 in.	1.2 m
Depth	15 in.	38 cm

Weight

Hull only	90 lbs.	41 kilos
All up	125 lbs.	57 kilos

Sail Area

Main	52 sq. ft.	4.93 sq. m
Jib	18 sq. ft.	1.6 sq. m
Total	70 sq. ft.	6.53 sq. m



Amish Oak

By Kenneth Robert Spring

I needed long lengths of white oak to replace the keel and keelson of my 1963 26' Mackenzie Cuttyhunk. The old keel was 5" wide amidships and the keelson was 6-1/2" wide. Both were only 1-1/4" thick. I decided to beef them up because when I took out the old pair, they snapped in half under their own weight at the shaft log. They were pretty wormy and rotten around the shaft through hole, but more strength seemed appropriate. I decided to move up to 1-1/2" thickness and increase the width of the keelson to 8". They were each about 23' long, so I needed two 25' lengths of 1-1/2" clear white oak as replacements. I also needed a couple of 3" x 6" x 8' pieces of white oak to replace the stem and stem apron.

I was working alone in a boatyard in Solomons, Maryland, but I had many visitors and "advisors." They usually showed up when the weather was nice, a fortunately infrequent occurrence during this last winter. They usually began by asking me whether I expected to finish the job. The absence of a stem, keel, several floors, frames and the bottom transom covering board enabled someone standing in front of the boat to actually see the boat behind mine by looking along the centerline. I finally developed an effective response; "Would you ask a surgeon who was operating on someone if he intended to finish the job or just leave the person wide open on the operating table?" A couple of my visitors were experienced shipwrights and usually just looked without saying anything.

I needed more oak than I had expected because one chine stringer was bad from the bulkhead forward to the stem, a length of about 14' and there were a couple of punky bottom planks. There were few sources of quality oak in the lengths that I needed anywhere on the east coast. New England Naval Timbers in Cornwall, Connecticut had stock on hand, but the shipping charges and board foot price were intimidating. When I asked one of the local shipwrights where he thought that I might get white oak, he said, "You have to go to the Amish mills in St. Mary's County."

Southern Maryland has a substantial Amish population, mostly clustered in St. Mary's and Charles Counties. St. Mary's is the southernmost county in Maryland and Charles abuts it on the north. I had never really dealt with Amish mills before, and I had not really entertained the possibility that they could meet my needs. On a mild Monday in late January, I set off on a journey of exploration. I traveled over 140 miles that day, much of it on bumpy dirt and gravel roads, too narrow for two vehicles.

I visited a number of sawmills that day. Many were empty because of the cold weather and time of year, others were filled with diligently working men dressed alike in traditional Amish jackets, hats, dark pants and blue shirts. They all gave me the same answer, "We do not cut such long lengths, try elsewhere." As I worked my way north, I stopped at a mill in Charles County, and they said "Go to the Stolz fuss mill on Route 236. They cut long lengths for the railroad."

When I finally found the Stolz fuss mill, there was no sign of life. The ground was soft from a recent thaw and the mud just sucked at my shoes. I decided not to drive into this yard, when I realized the extent of the muck. My car, a Mercury Sable station wagon, was

parked on some firm ground by the road, and I had trudged several hundred yards before I found anyone in the place. There were a couple of men working there, one of them, Melvin Stolz fuss, was the supervisor. "We usually cut the logs to 22' lengths before we mill them," he said. "I am not sure that we have anything in the yard that is long enough."

We wandered around measuring logs in various piles; all were too short. "We can cut a tree for you and have it by Friday," Melvin said. "If we cannot do it, I will call you." We went to the office and he carefully noted my telephone number and wood needs in a notebook. I puzzled about this a little because the Amish do not have telephones. Later, I learned that they used a nearby pay phone and telephone calling cards to deal with customers like me.

Friday was a bitterly cold day, but I was working in the boatyard anyway. When I came home for lunch and to warm up, there was a phone message from Melvin that they had not yet cut the wood because it was too cold and snowy. He said, "Monday would be the earliest." Well what do I do now? Do I go there on Monday or wait until Tuesday? I finally decided to go there Monday afternoon. I brought an extra set of boots and lots of straps, flags and padding for the wood. When I got there around 1:00 PM, it was snowing and there was one man in the yard working on the bandsaw. I asked him about the wood, but he knew nothing. "Where's Melvin?" I asked. "He's about a mile away at a house that they are rebuilding after a fire." "How do I get there?"

When I finally found the site, it was like a scene from Hollywood. There were about two dozen buggies tied up near a large barn and sheds, and the new house was well underway. There must have been ten men working on the exterior, putting on vinyl siding, metal soffits and trim. Melvin was on the second floor, hanging drywall.

"Did you cut my wood?"

"No, we have been busy with this house construction."

I looked out the window of the new home. It was a pastoral scene of rolling snow covered fields with cattle roaming about. "It is a beautiful view from up here, Melvin," I said.

"Yes," he agreed.

"Well, I did not come all this way for the view, I came for wood."

He looked at me very directly and said, "Let's go to the mill, maybe we can find something long enough."

I went back to my car, expecting a slow trip behind a horse drawn carriage, when a red Toyota pick up truck came out from behind the barn with Melvin at the wheel. In five minutes we were in the yard looking for long white oak logs. We found two at the bottom of an immense pile, one was 27' the other 28'. Melvin got the skidder and began to move the pile until he reached the candidates. They were straight and had only a few small branches. He loaded them up and drove over to the sawmill. By then three other men had mysteriously appeared at the mill. One

started the huge diesel engine that powered everything while the others took up strategic positions.

The sawmill operation was unexpectedly sophisticated and automated. The first log was transferred to rollers where a motorized grinder quickly removed the bark. The ground up bark went up a conveyor belt and was deposited into a huge mulch pile. Next the log rolled down to the saw. They rotated it hydraulically until the best surface faced the saw and adjusted everything for the first pass. Melvin was worried because the log was frozen solid. He and the sawyer decide that there was less likelihood of the blade wandering if they used a very high feed speed. The danger was that the saw blade could jam and break. Since the saw was about 8' high and the blade at least 8" or 9" wide, I assumed that a broken blade was a costly failure.

They made the first pass and a 2" thick layer of wood was sliced cleanly away. Everyone breathed a little easier. The cut piece was diverted onto another conveyor belt by one of the helpers and went into a chipper. The output of the chipper led to a belt feeding a truck marked "wood chips." As each piece was sawn, Melvin diverted it to a circular saw table that cut the desired width, the scrap went to the chipper. Each length traveled down a series of rollers to a huge cut off saw with an unguarded 3' diameter blade. Another helper cut off the split and cracked ends of each piece and they, in turn, went on another conveyor belt to a truck marked "firewood."

My pieces were rolled along about 30 yards to the planer where Melvin and I carried them to the planer table and they were quickly planed to the desired thickness. The entire operation had taken less than one hour, from log to finished hardwood! "Where's your truck?" Melvin asked.

"I don't have a truck. I will put these on the roof of my car."

Melvin looked at me strangely. "That's insane," he said. "We take no responsibility for you after you leave the yard."

"Don't worry, I have had considerable experience moving long pieces of wood on the roof of cars" I replied. I drove my car carefully into the yard, trying to avoid the humiliation of getting stuck in the mud and having to be towed out. He helped me load the long lengths on the roof. I got the shorter pieces inside. A Mercury Sable is 16' long. The law allows you to extend items 5' in front of or behind the car. I had pieces that were just 26' so I was legal, although clearly "insane". We went to the office and I paid him \$108, or about 1/6 what it would have cost me for the same material from a major marine hardwood supplier. Off I went into the gloom of early evening with a light snow falling.

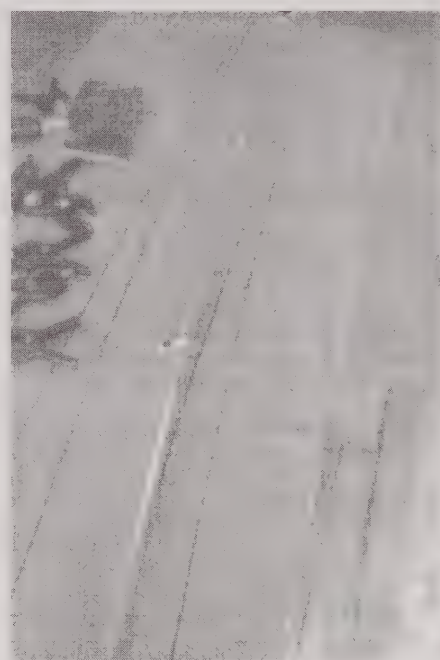
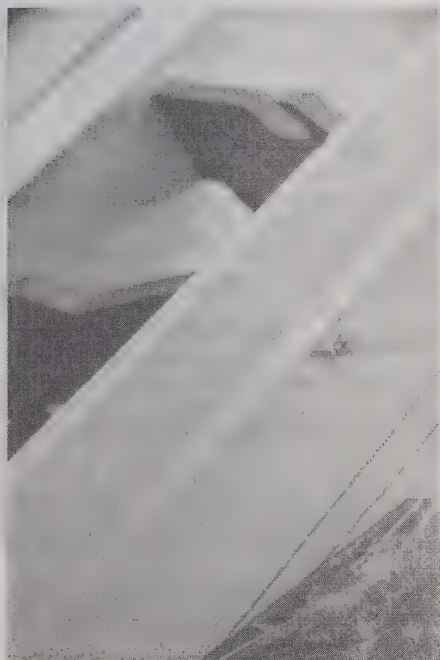
I had to drive 40 miles during rush hour on a major highway before I got to the boat yard. Other vehicles gave me ample room, warned away by the old red shirts that I had stapled to the ends of the long stock. Still I was uneasy, the road was filled with potholes because of the hard winter. Every time that I hit one, the wood overhanging the hood flexed so much that it almost touched the pavement. "Can you pitch pole a Sable?" I mused. By the time I got to the boatyard it was dark, snowing fairly hard and the wind had picked up. Somehow, I got everything onto sawhorses and went home. My car

needed to be power washed to remove the mud and my boots never fully recovered.

Over the next week or so, I milled the wood to size and fitted the parts to the boat. By the end of February, all of the major structural work was done and the planking went back on. The boat went back in the water on April 28th and has done very well since. I thought that my method of transporting the

wood, while not insane was unusual, but I have since learned otherwise. One of the shipwrights told me that a 42' mast from some builders in Skunk Hollow, Vermont arrived in Solomons, Maryland strapped onto the roof of a little Toyota pickup truck. They had brought it all the way down through New York, New Jersey, Delaware to Maryland. So much for the 5' overhang rule.

This maneuver still pales in comparison with the legendary story of two intrepid boaters transporting a long mast from Miami to the Florida Keys with two cars, the mast bridging the gap between them. Purportedly, they stepped the mast onto the waiting boat by lowering it from one of the bridges. Now that is insane.



I've been busy building boats for almost two years and during that time I have learned a few tricks, mostly the hard way. A few boats back I realized I could cut all the panels for a strip and glue boat in one pass by screwing together four sheets of ply, thereby assuring all panels would match. My problem was not being able to cut accurately along the markings.

On a recent trip to the hardware store I discovered rectangular bar aluminum in 96" lengths with 1/8" x 3/4" dimensions. The beautiful part was the flexibility of the bar. I proceeded to pick up some small angle iron

Making A Cutting Guide

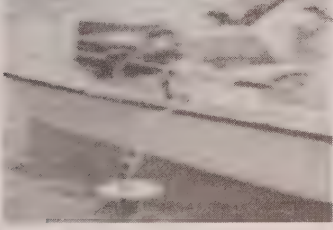
By Steve Fisher

and nuts and bolts. Holes were drilled every 12" (counter sunk to clear screw heads) and the angle irons were installed flush to the bottom.

Draw out your pattern as you usually would, but I strongly suggest you use the bar

as it makes a wonderful batten and you can screw it down to assure accuracy. My sabresaw has a 35mm offset so I made a guide for that dimension. The offset markings are made in a different color. There will be lots of marks on your work surface so double check all positioning before starting to cut.

It takes a bit of time to set everything up but the payoff is the speed and accuracy of your cuts. You'll also be pleasantly surprised with how neat your epoxy seams end up. If you intend to do other boats to the same pattern don't forget to cut an extra for a future pattern.



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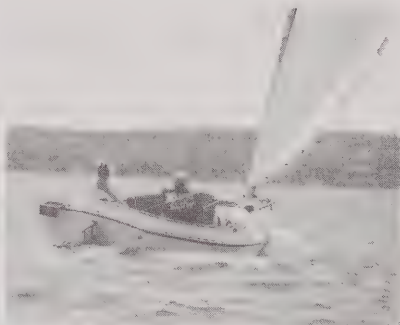


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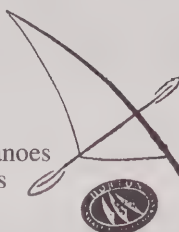
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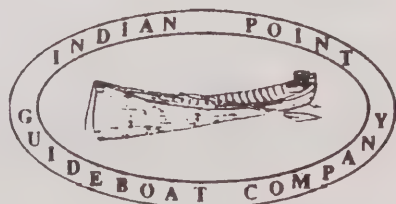
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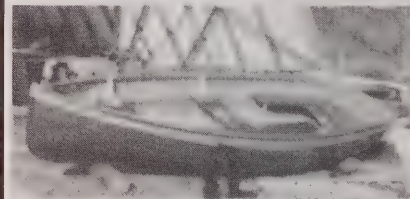
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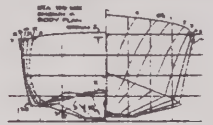
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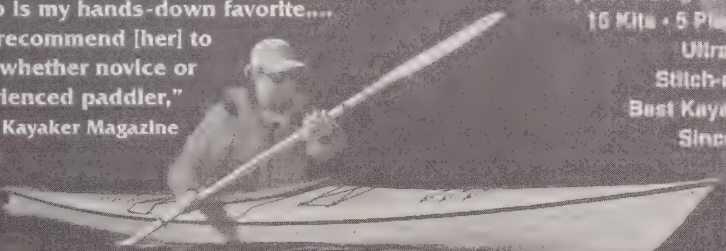
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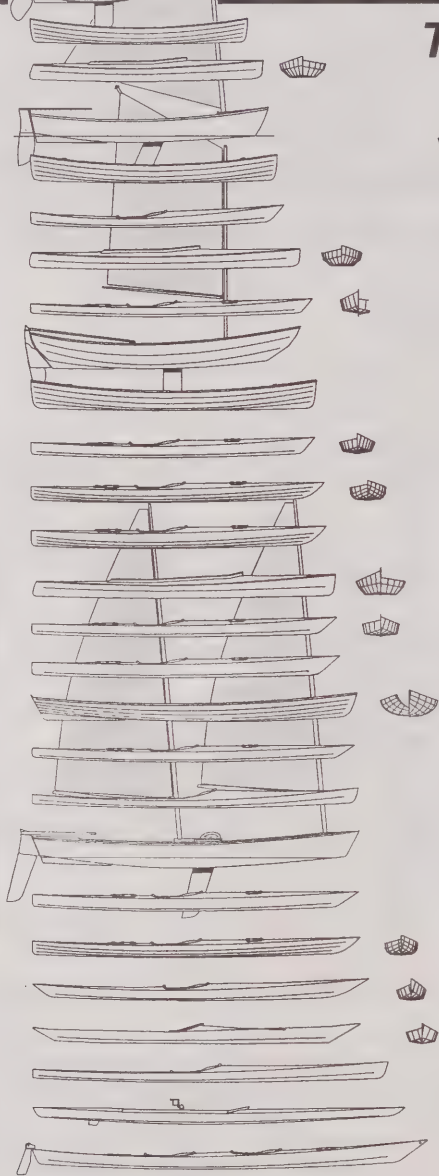
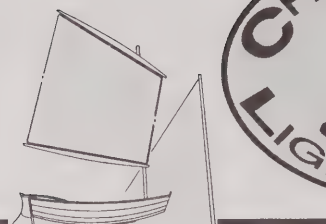

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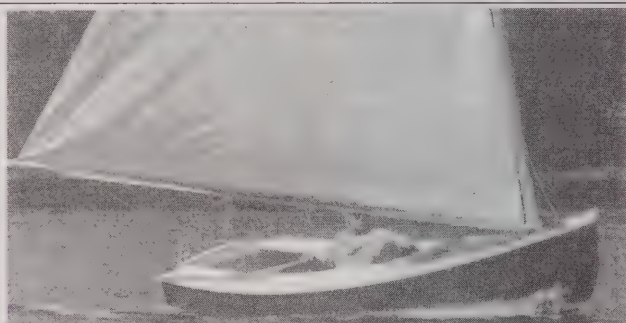
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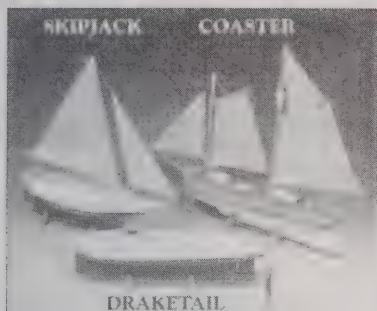
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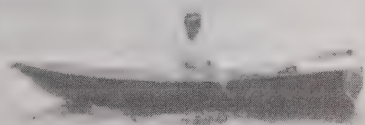
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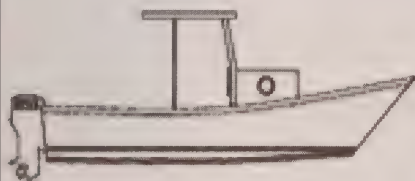
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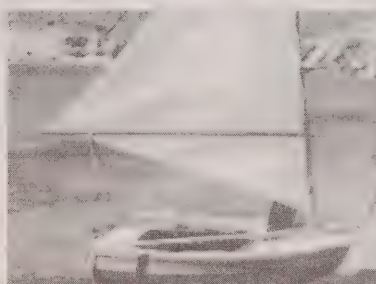
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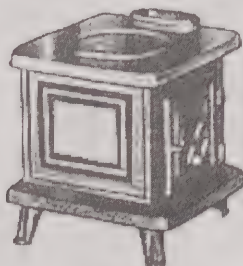
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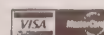


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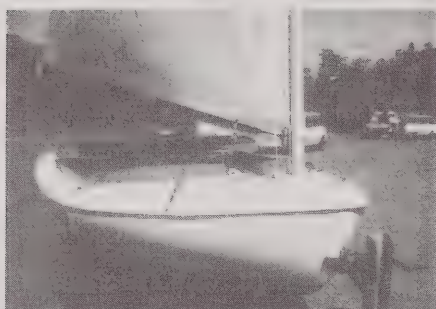
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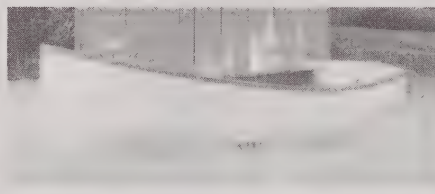
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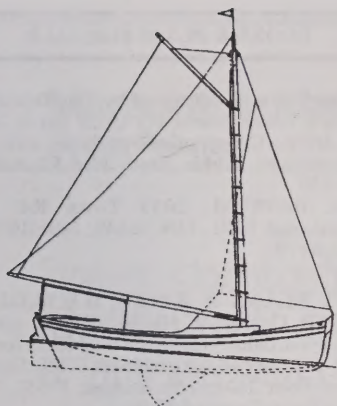
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12' Whitehall, FG hull, wineglass transom, blt by Golden Era Boats, Noank, CT. Exc cond, garage kept, teak floorboards/footrests/thwarts & trim. Shaw & Tenney spruce oars incl. \$1,300. KARL FISCHER, Marmora, NJ, (609) 390-0389 home, (609) 485-6159 work. (9)



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14' Thompson "Classic" Wooden Motorboat, pre '60. A fixer upper's dream: Structurally sound, in dependable use last 25 yrs on lg, windy, demanding Mooselookmeguntic Lake in NW Maine. Now nds major if straightforward refinishing of interior & front deck, some detail repairs. Available w/trlr, wo/motor. \$800 OBO. MIKE FRISCH, Oquossoc, ME (Rangeley Lakes summer 2003), (207) 864 2004, After September, Buffalo, NY, (716) 834 7957, mfrisch@buffalo.edu (9)

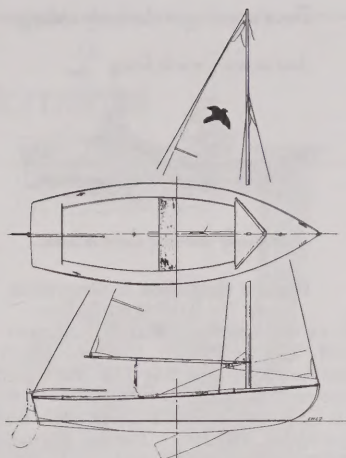
25' Cape Dory, Honda 4-stroke 9.9. New 12v wiring. Oversized rigging, 5 sails, GPS, VHF, new Autohelm 1000 Plus w/remote & windvane. New bottom paint, 2 anchors w/chains, new 1500 Rule pump w/auto switch, new elec freshwater tank w/hand pump 25 gal. \$7,500. ROBERT DALTON, 15 Hilton Haven Dr., Key West, FL 33040. (10)

Montgomery 17, main, jib, genoa & drifter all in gd cond. Tlr, 9.8 electr start OB. Boat in real gd cond for its age but does need a little work. \$3,500. JOHN SCHNEPEL, Delmar, MD, (410) 749-8057. (10)

11-1/2' Cartopper, Bolger design. Taking bids. KEN ARNOLD, Spring Hill, FL, (352) 686-9463. (9)



Super Dink, 16' performance dinghy prototype. Participated in *Yachting's* "One of a Kind" regatta. Constr FG over 3/8" pvc foam core, teak trim. Wt 160lbs, SA 100sf. Exc cond, 4hp Johnson, bimini top & trlr. Too old now to mess around in boats. Asking \$1,500, make offer. GEORGE HART, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-3806. (9)



Little Hustler, 13'6" x 4'10". Beautiful daysailer & trainer. Plywood/epoxy constr w/"Awl Grip" finish. \$6,500. Plans w/2 sail rigs \$65. APPLE CREEK DESIGNS, 9 Farley Ave., Ipswich, MA 01938. (14P)

14.2 Catalina Capri, FG w/teak trim. Self bailing, exc stable daysailer in vy gd cond. Furling jib, mainsail cover, retractable boards, many extras. Sailed fresh water w/little use. \$2,100. GEORGE CALDOW, Coventry, RI (401) 821 1298 (10)

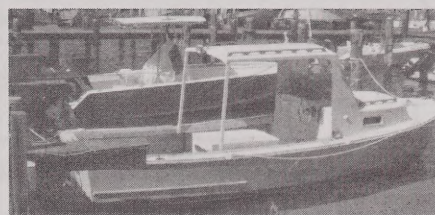
Too Many Boats, need to clean out garage. Currently ready for sale are an 8' plywood pram, 17' Whitehall, & 2 yacht tenders. Please call for more information. RICK SWAIN, W. Paris, ME (207) 674 2464, <Rswain@exploremaine.com (10)

'88 Quickstep 24, 4 berths, set up for single handing, jiffy reefing main & roller furling jib. '98 holding tank & Y valve. Dodger, awning w/zip-on side curtains. Stove, icebox sink, 20gal water tank. 2 anchors w/rodes, solar panel, depth sounder/speedometer, Garmin GPO-48 GPS, ICOM M1+ radio, Autohelm 2000 tiller-acting autopilot. '00 Walker Bay 8' dinghy. Dor-Mor 375# mooring anchor w/stainless chain/shackles/swivel. Located on Cape Cod. \$14,000. WARREN SHERBURNE, NH, (603) 863-6394 home, (603) 865-2480 office. (10)

'87 Sea Pearl 21, shoal draft camp cruiser. Blue hull, cat ketch rig, tanbark sails, water ballast tanks, trlr, 2/5hp OB, convertible cabin. From trlr to sailing in 10 minutes. \$6,000. DOUG THOMPSON, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 763-4491. (10)



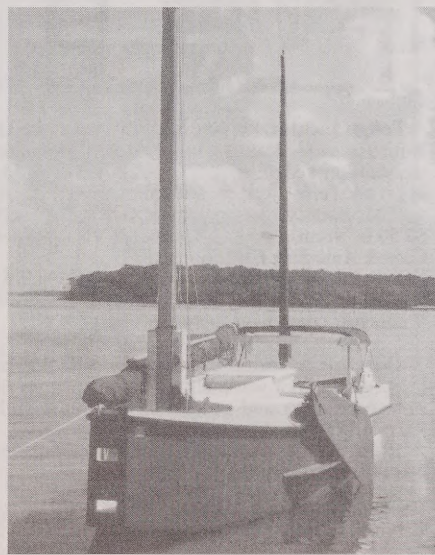
GP 14 Class Sloop, compl w/sails, spinnaker w/lines & pole, canvas cover, trlr w/recently replaced lights & tires. White FG hull, turquoise blue deck, varnished wood trim & seats. Stable, handsome, nimble day sailor or club racer for lakes & bays. '74 made in Ireland. Hull #11325. \$975. DENNIS BRUNN, Philadelphia, PA. (215) 242 2099, dbrunn@erols.com (10) **PHOTO**



'83 Sisu Lobster Boat, 22' x 7' 10", 3600lbs displ. Single screw Mercruiser, 230hp gasoline engine, new '99. New alum fuel tanks, exh systems, electronics. Wiring & hydraulic steering overhaul. New bottom. Auto sensing bilge pump. Compl w/4 wheel '95 registered trlr w/new rollers, new bed surfaces. Asking \$22,900. BILL HAMILTON, Edgewater, MD, (410) 798 5779. (10)

17' Adirondack Goodboat, w/sailing rig & cover. Mint cond. Blue ext, red cedar int. Builder's own boat, stored unused for years. Rarely available used. Asking \$4,800. **Birdwatcher**, Phil Bolger successor to Dovekie for home bldr. This one professionally bld w/cruising pack (galley, porta-potti). Fascinating design, pleasure to sail & camp aboard. Exc trlr, oars, OB bracket, perhaps motor. Asking \$3,200. MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624-6398, mason@telenet.net, www.adirondackgoodboat.com. (10)

21' MacGregor Venture Sloop, w/trlr. Swing keel, shallow draft. All sails in exc cond incl jib, genoa, main & spinnaker. Cabin & cockpit cushions. Slps 4 below deck. Teak trim, porta potti, cockpit seats 7' long, 3hp Merc OB. Stored inside most of its life, used only in fresh water. A fast, fun, easy sailing boat in grt cond. \$2,450. JOHN WEAVER, Longview, TX, (903) 736-0274, texttarman@hotmail.com (10)



Martha Jane, Landroval is for sale. 4 yrs old, bld to beyond professional standards. All marine grade materials, marine fir plywood, dimensional lumber all clear fir and mahogany, 30gal of West System™ epoxy. All exterior surfaces glassed. Bottom fwd 2/3s 3 layers of 7oz cloth; stern 1/3 2 layers. Graphite on bottom. Upgraded w/sponsons, 1,000lbs solid ballast & dual shallow draft rudders. 3-part purchase on leebeds. Spruce mast & spars, tanbark sails professionally sewn by Gamble and Hunter. Custom boom gallows & bimini. Sailcovers & cushions in Sunbrella. Barely used Honda 8hp & tandem axle alum trlr. Everything in perf cond. I have at least \$16,000 invested in *Landroval*. She's a solid well built Martha Jane sharpie. Reluctantly being sold for \$10,000. STEVE ANDERSON (builder & owner), Ormond Beach, FL, (386) 673 0852, hwal@aol.com (12)

19' Lightning Class Sailboat, gd servicable cond. Orig wood mast, gd sails. \$600. Or \$1,100 w/nice trlr.

VAL THOMPSON, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 882 7637. (10)

BOATS WANTED

AMF Alcott Minifish.

AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TFP)

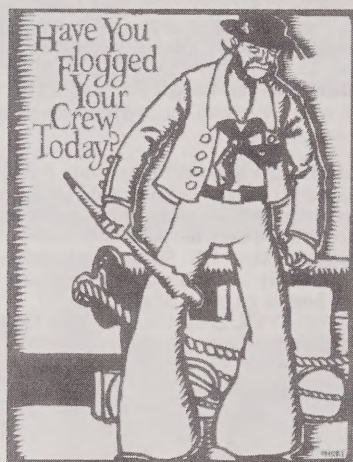
Blue Jay Sailboat, any cond considered.

VAL THOMPSON, Edgecomb, ME. (207) 882 7637. (10)

Aluminum Canoe, within 200 miles of Phoenix, AZ.

JAMES P. MUNSON, Scottsdale, AZ, (480) 585 0051. (10)

GEAR FOR SALE



A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express.

NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <crew@norsgear.com> www.norsgear.com (TFP)

X-Oarcizer, converts an Alden Oarmaster 1 drop-in unit for indoor workouts. Hydraulic pistons fit onto outriggers and accept 3" aluminum stub "oars". \$75 plus shipping.

BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236, enku451@rcn.com (9)

Inboard Engines, 1 ea Atomic 4 plus parts; Farymann 2 cyl; Perkins 4-107; Volvo '03. 2 Volvo 2 cyl.

J. ARMITAGE, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5191. (10)

New 9.9 Honda 4-Stroke OB, batt charger, tiller steering, perf cond. 4yr warranty. \$2,000.

ROBERT DALTON, 15 Hilton Haven Dr., Key West, FL 33040. (10)

Adirondack Guideboat Plug, 16'L x 40" W x 12" D, Bliss of Lake Placid, NY, livery boat. Hull/deck lines softened for molding. More than 400hrs invested. \$8,900. **Longnose Cruising Canoe Mold**, 17'L x 33"W x 12"D, high volume low draft, partial decked. Shallow-vee w/soft end rocker. Lines from Cree-Ojibwa rice harvester. End proportions similar to Robertson (Old Town co-founder). Stable, fast cruising camper. \$9,300.

DAN SHEEHAN, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-5666. (9)

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Masts or Proa Crossarms? Matched pr of heavy wall structural FG tubes, slightly tapered, about 21' long x about 7" diam. Ends capped, linpoly painted, new cond. Gd for big cantilevered loads. Asking \$950. Call to discuss.

JIM RICHARDSON, Essex, MA, (978) 768-6429 days, islanadroad@earthlink.net (9)

Wee Lassie Building Form, free, come pick it up. BOB KUGLER, Fairfield, CT, (203) 203-3049, <enku451@rcn.com> (9)

'59 Evinrude OB, 35hp shortshaft tiller steer. Less than 150hrs. Looks as new, bought new. \$1,500.

16hp Kohler, 1 cyl air cooled electr start. Low hrs. \$450. **Chris Craft Parts**, prop 23 x 12 RH, 64" x " SS shaft new, rudder, log & arm, thru-hull fittings, sinks, head, head repair kit, 1/2 rnd SS trim (about 110"). Make offers.

G. BEMENT, San Jose, CA, (408) 266-5796. (9)

'00 Honda 5hp OB, L/S. F/N/R. Vy low hrs. New cond. Incl remote fuel tank, extra spark plugs & shear pin, & tool kit. \$700. Located in central NH. ERIC & VAL HENRY, Hill, NH, (603) 934 6881 or (603) 533 1145. (10)

GEAR WANTED

Power Head, for 2.5hp, 2 cyl Johnson OB Mod. #J3RCUA. Will consider buying complete OB if reasonably priced.

DON McCUE, Chiefland, FL, (352) 493 0070. (9)

Alden Oarmaster 1 or 2.

PAUL LEFEBVRE, Gainesville, FL, (352) 376-4977, lefebvre@bellsouth.net (9)

SALES & RIGGING FOR SALE



Spinnaker, 260sf, red, white, blue nylon w/pole, shoot scoop launching/retrieving system. Exc cond. \$400 cash. **New Tanbark Gaff Rig Sail**, 125sf, w/alum spars. \$975 OBRO cash. **Marconi Rig Sail**, 17'6" x 8'6" approx 86sf, no spars, used. \$45 OBRO. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (9)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

26' Dory Cruiser, designed by Tom Beard. Incl offsets & constr details. For either gas or Diesel sail drive. Const planking over oak, ply superstructure. Trlrble. Study Plan \$3, building plans \$50.

DICK BJORUM, 2038 Town Rd. 492, International Falls, MN 56649, bjtroll@northwinds.net (9)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA33, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.

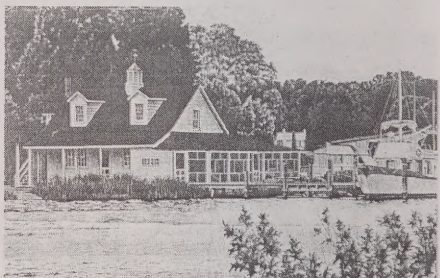
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.

EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)

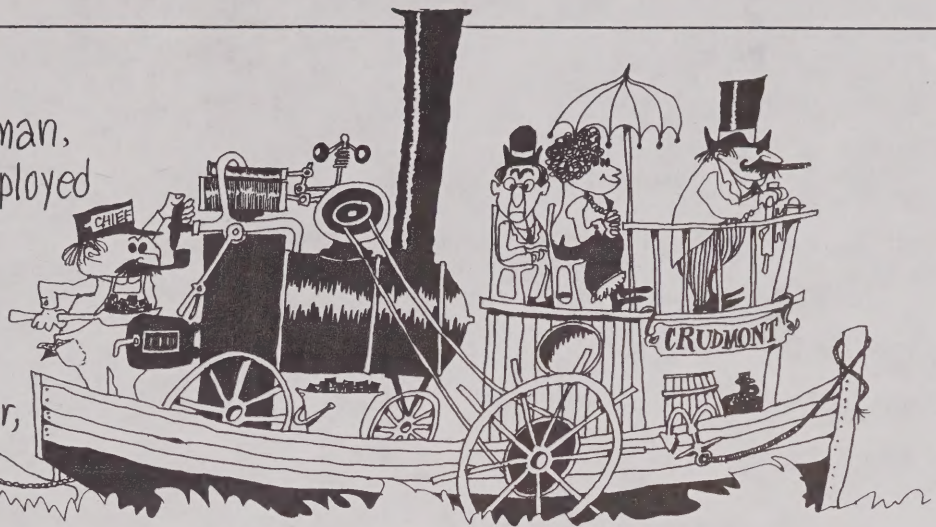


Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

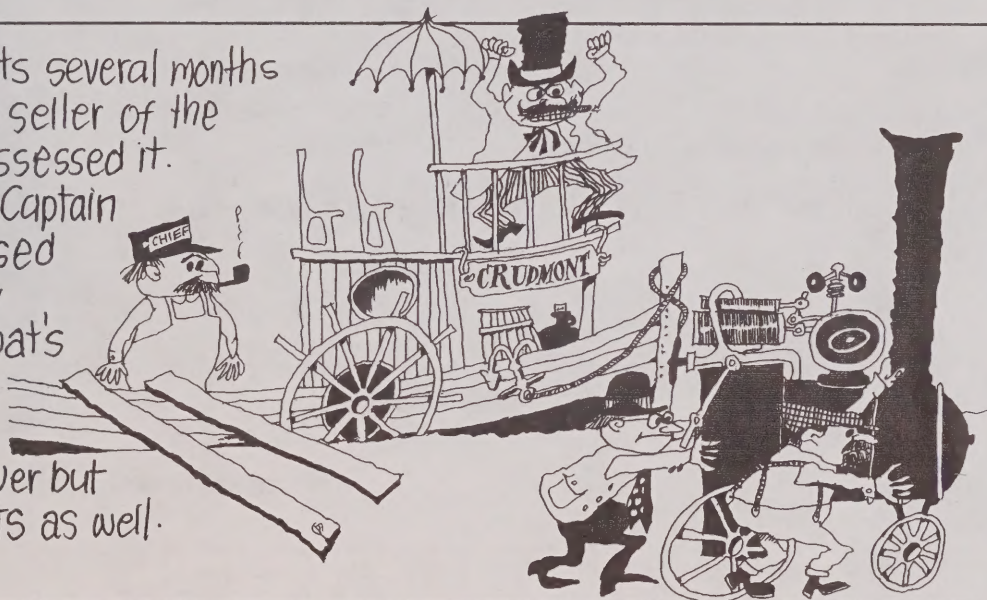
Memorable Maritime Moments

By Joe Reisner

Pioneer steamboatman, Thudley Gruntz, employed a farm threshing engine to power his Hudson River packet, *Crudmont*. Mid-season, however, business was interrupted.



With payments several months overdue, the seller of the engine repossessed it. Undaunted, Captain Gruntz devised a system by which the boat's passengers not only provided power but bought tickets as well.



The idea is widely believed to have given Mark Twain his inspiration for Tom Sawyer's charging his friends to paint his fence.



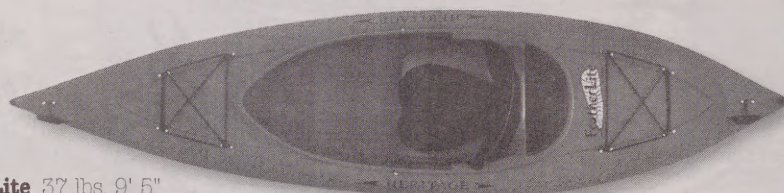
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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

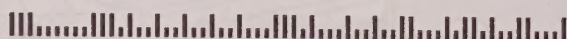
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