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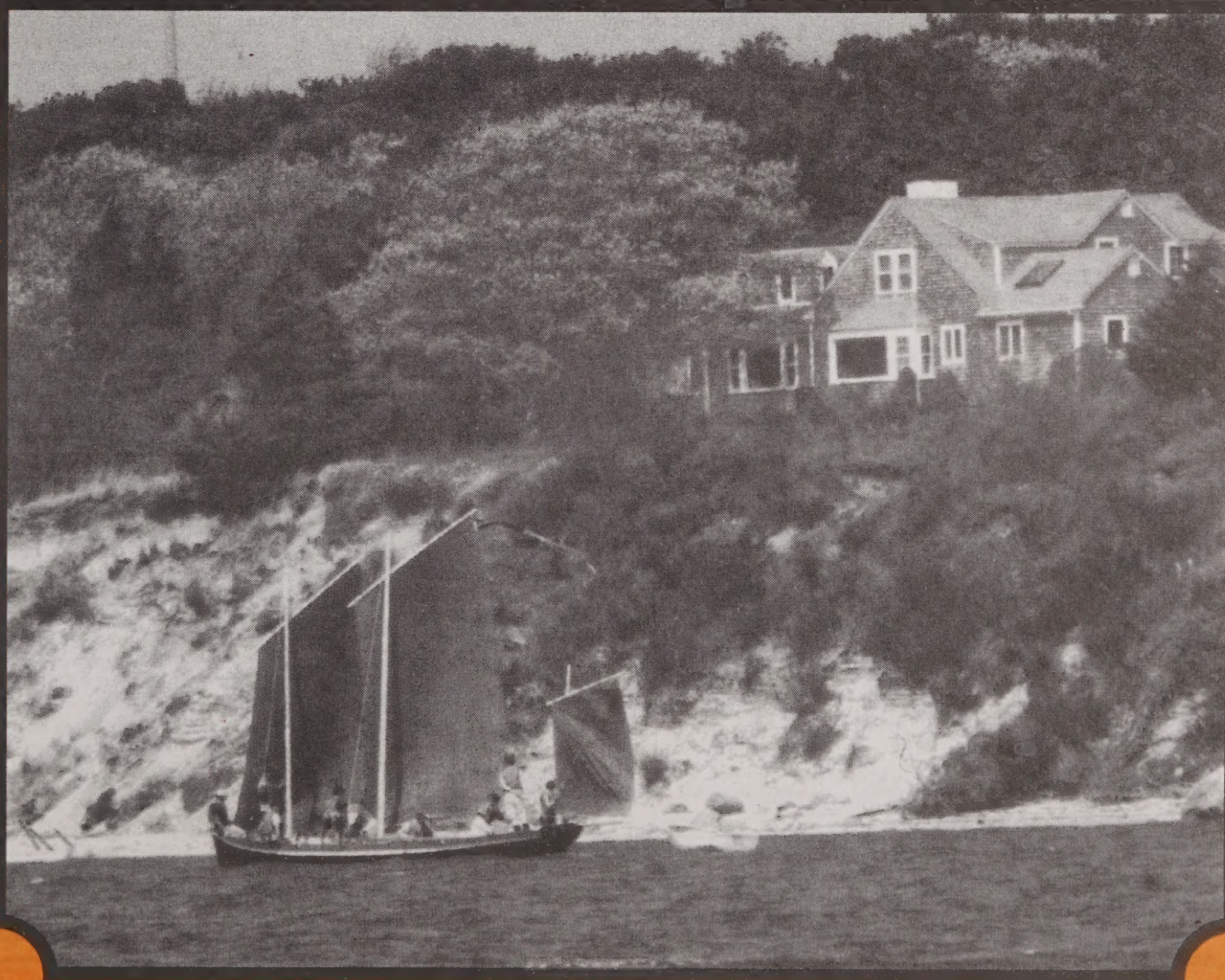
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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 11

October 15, 2004

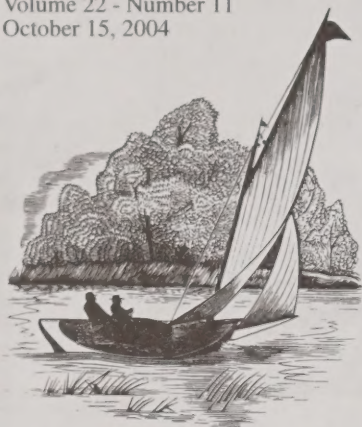


Special Features This Issue
"Which Came First...Chicken or Egg?"
"Two New Boats" - "Safe Boatbuilding"

messing about in BOATS

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October 15, 2004



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



For years I have subscribed to *Forbes*, the business magazine, not because it is talking to me at my level of business, but because I am fascinated with how the really big money people make it all happen at that level. I prefer *Forbes* because the writing is really well done in comparison to *Fortune*, and editorially *Forbes* calls the shots as it sees them, making for some lively reading.

As a bonus, subscribers receive two other quarterly magazines, one devoted to attempting to explain today's techy stuff to executives who may not get it yet, the other devotes itself to describing the lifestyles of the rich and famous in business. From time to time something about boats will appear amongst all the golf, wines, and clothing claptrap.

The latest issue had a full page article featuring the world's tallest sailboat mast, the 292' mainmast on the world's largest sloop, *Mirabella V*, owned by a man who used to be the chairman and CEO of Avis. On this spar, think about it, just short of the length of a football field, is flown a seven piece modular mainsail made by Marblehead, Massachusetts sailmaker Robbie Doyle. No mention is made of the jib but one is evident in the photo accompanying the article, and it is admitted that there is no spinnaker. It seems that the yacht is British flagged and to conform to that nation's Maritime & Coast Guard Agency safety standards, a spinnaker can only be flown in winds under 8kts. "Hardly worth it," the owner is quoted.

Amazingly the article then informs us that the yacht usually flies about 360 square feet of sail. Yes, 360 square feet is not a typo by me, perhaps it is one by the author (unidentified), and apparently nobody proof read the article who understood anything about sail area.

Careful reading failed to reveal the overall length of the sloop, but I did learn that it has a 150 ton swing keel that adjusts draft between 13' and 33'.

The owner has been driven by a desire to prove he could build (meaning have built, of course, that's how executives phrase things) "a distinguished-size sailboat that would give you the comforts of a power boat." He goes on to admit his five efforts to date, beginning in 1988 with three 130' yachts built in Thailand, did not achieve his aim of put-

ting a dent in the powerboat industry. Somewhat wistfully, he says that it is unbelievable out there. Paul Allen (a founding partner with Bill Gates of Microsoft) just took delivery of a 400' motor yacht and German shipyards are currently averaging...averaging...200' long yachts.

Fancy big yachts have always been bragging possessions for the very wealthy. My Dad used to go down to the waterfront in Newport, Rhode Island, during his prep school vacations he spent there with his grandfather right after World War I, to watch *Corsair*, J.P. Morgan's 360' steam yacht arrive for the weekend from New York, often with only J.P. onboard as passenger. During the Great Depression, with millions of Americans out of work and many on the dole, the very wealthy continued to have yachts built, justifying, according to an editorial in a *Yachting* magazine of that era, this conspicuous consumption, while others bordered on starvation, as being good for the boat building industry, after all, this gave work to some of those in need of it.

The scale of this affluence, as expressed in choice of yachts, by some of those whose income is on the order of hundreds of times greater than the average paycheck of those who work for them, is so far beyond what I tend to think of as conspicuous consumption on display at our local affluent marinas or even in yachty Marblehead harbor, that I have trouble grasping it.

On a recent kayaking outing on Cape Cod with some friends we passed by many, many outboard powered cruisers on moorings (it was midweek, the owners were locked up in their cubicles) with not one, but two, big 250hp outboards hung on the transoms. To me this was conspicuous consumption, but to the really big timers such craft would be merely launches carried along (maybe even "his and hers"?) for running errands.

Isn't this amazing, here we are indulging at our level in a game that ranges from a homemade plywood rowing skiff to a 400' motor yacht or the world's biggest sloop, all with the same objective, getting out on the water. Happily I feel no envy when I view the disparity, for to have aspired to a higher level of conspicuous consumerism to show others that I have made it would have meant devoting the life I have lived to working too hard chasing money. Awful thought!

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On the Cover...

Barry Donahue of the *Cape Cod Voice* spotted the gig *Loyaute* sailing on her home waters, Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay, in late summer, practicing for the upcoming Atlantic Challenge in Wales.

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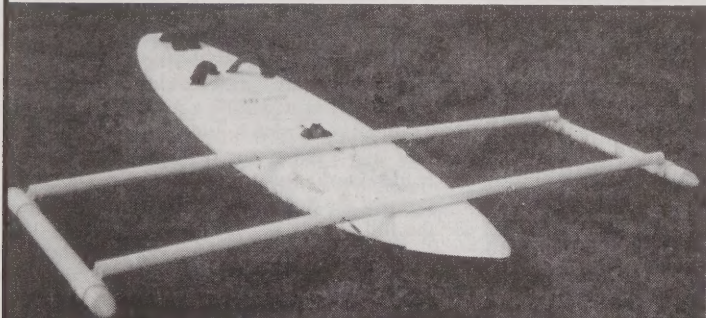
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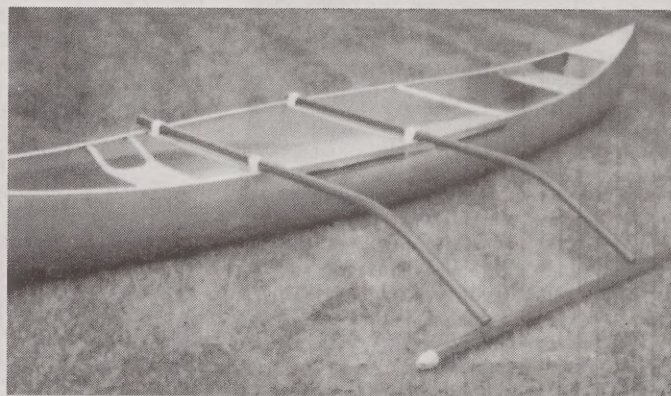
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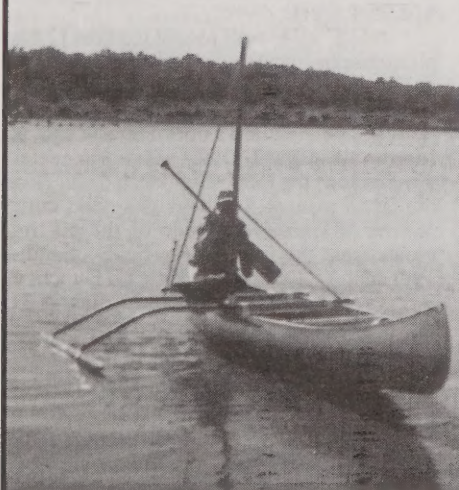
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Activities & Events...

15th Annual Georgetown Wooden Boat Show

Georgetown, South Carolina, has been a working seaport for more than 250 years and much of the area's history and culture has been linked to the sea. The Harbor Historical Association of Georgetown and the Goat Island Yacht Club present this year's Annual Wooden Boat Show to celebrate Georgetown's rich maritime history on October 16th, featuring one of the Southeast's finest wooden boat exhibits, a wooden boat-building competition, children's boatbuilding, a boat raffle, maritime arts and crafts, food, and music on the waterfront in historic downtown Georgetown. Money raised through sales and donations will go toward the Harbor Historical Association's plans for establishing a maritime museum in Georgetown. Admission is free to the public.

An estimated 70-80 classic wooden boats, ranging in size from kayaks to large yachts, will be displayed in the water, along the boardwalk, and on Front Street. Visitors will be able to meet and talk to wooden boat craftsmen, manufacturers, and owners. Maritime arts, crafts, models, and demonstrations will also be on display.

Two-man boatbuilding teams will compete in building the Georgetown Bateau, a 12' rowing skiff with a flat stern suitable for motor mounting. The teams will be judged on speed of construction, quality of work, and rowing ability. The teams will compete in their finished bateaus in a rowing relay race across the Sampit River. The competition is open to anyone who knows a thing or two about woodworking but will be limited to 20 two-man teams.

More information is available from Jan Lane, P.O. Box 2228, Georgetown, SC 29442.

Adventures & Experiences..

Hurricane Charley Damage Report

Hurricane Charley was scheduled to arrive in the Tampa Bay area a day before our West Coast Trailer Sailors' August outing at Lake Tarpon. Prudence and caution forced us to skip this event, even though the storm turned to the northeast about 70 miles south of here. But landfall anywhere in Florida now threatens our members somewhere in the state. As the storm roared ashore in Charlotte Harbor, scene of many a pleasant Squadron outing, our thoughts were with our members who call this area their home. As news and television reports of the devastation came to light after the storm had passed, all of our hearts went out to the newly homeless and dispossessed. Phone service was out and it was days before we could get in touch with some of our members.

Finally, a week after the storm, I heard from Billy Van Deusen of Pine Island. He and Joyce stayed at home and his house only suffered minor damage, although he lost 18 pine trees on his property. His SeaPearl 28 survived on a concrete pad by his house. They

had removed the masts and sails and stored them in the garage, then tied the boat to the trailer and tied the trailer to steel eyebolts that were sunk in the concrete pad. Billy reported that the steel eyebolts were bent over as the boat tried to take off in the high winds!

Billy had also visited with Paul Waggoner in Bokeelia on the north end of Pine Island. Paul and Dodie were summering in Wisconsin and came home early to inspect their damage. They didn't know if they would find anything, but luckily the storm spared their home for the most part. According to Billy, the front steps to the living space above the garage area were ripped away by the high winds. No homes in the area came through unscathed, but some suffered far worse than others. Their Montgomery 23 also survived the storm as the predicted storm surge did not occur in Bokeelia. I suspect that the counterclockwise winds pushed the water out of Bokeelia as the eye passed slightly to the northeast as the hurricane roared right up Charlotte Harbor to Punta Gorda.

Tom Brady, who lives in Northport on the north side of Charlotte Harbor, was narrowly missed by the storm but reported that severe damage to his area seemed random. Tom's boat, *Sandpiper*, a Peep Hen, survived unscathed.

After the storm hit the west coast, it cut a swath in a northeasterly direction across the state, hitting people from Tampa who had gone east to get away from its predicted course. It didn't stop in Orlando, either, and it went right over Steve Anderson's house in Ormond Beach on the northeast coast! Steve reported that three trees went down in his back yard, each one missing his Martha Jane sharpie by inches!

Today, as I write this, we are facing yet another powerful hurricane heading toward us from the east. Hurricane Frances could hit some of the same areas as Charley did last week. Keep your heads down. Hurricane season isn't over until the end of November!

Ron Hoddinott, Sarasota, FL

Once In A Blue Moon

July 31 was a full moon night. This was the second one in that month, and that makes it a Blue Moon. Late in the afternoon the weather boys sent out a severe storm watch for most of southern Minnesota. As the afternoon went to evening the sky looked very iffy and I went out with some friends for supper. During our meal we had a slight rain, then the sky began showing signs of clearing. As I drove home I decided to grab a canoe and head into Minneapolis to the lake and hope to see the full moon.

I arrived at the lake, launched my boat, and paddled out. Off to the south it was clearing, but over Lake Nokomis it was layers of clouds nearly covering the sky. It seemed unlikely that I'd be paddling around under a full moon that evening, but as the sun was setting and I looked up into the clouds I began to see a hole in the lower cloud layers that gave me a view of some towering cumulus clouds that were reflecting the setting sun. They were a brilliant red color.

The time was about 8:30 and the sun had not quite set but the lower layer of clouds made it appear dark. The sun was apparently shining over the top of the lower clouds and really lighting up the upper level. The bright red clouds began to fade and I thought the show was over when the lightning started. High up inside these towering cumulus clouds, 25,000-30,000' there was an electrical storm brewing. I watched this until the lower layer clouds closed up and, just like someone pulled the curtains, the show was over.

It was now well after 9:00 and I began to paddle back toward the landing when the setting sun made one last showing. The sun was now sneaking in under the lower clouds and lighting up the bottom of this layer. I stayed out a bit longer as the whole sky turned red.

My 10:00 curfew was rapidly approaching so I headed to the landing. As I was tying my canoe down on the truck I was somewhat disappointed that I had missed the moon that I came out hoping to see. I was thinking about all the folks who missed that glorious show that I alone had watched. Then I saw a lone kayak heading north near the middle of the lake. I was not the only witness after all.

On my way home I had to drive past the airport. I was watching a jet taking off when I saw a bright spot in the clouds. A mile further, as I was passing the Mall of America, I could see the lower edge of the moon showing. By the time I got home I was looking at the full moon.

I have seen many sunsets from the lake this summer. That's my time of the day to be out in one of my boats. That Blue Moon sunset had to be among the best.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

Information of Interest...

2005 Calendar of Wooden Boats® Now Available

The 2005 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats®, published annually since 1983 by Benjamin Mendlowitz, America's pre-eminent photographer of wooden boats, is now available at bookstores, marine stores, or directly from NOAH Publications at \$14.95 + S&H.

Its 12" x 24" wall format features 12 new photographs presented in a diverse and compelling mix. This year's cover boat, the Gannon & Benjamin built schooner *Rebecca*, is shown beating into a northeasterly gale off Martha's Vineyard. Other noteworthy selections include the Herreshoff ketch *Quiet Tune*; the Sparkman & Stephens designed cutter *Sonny*; *Moonbeam IV*, one of the all-time greats from the Fifes of Fairlie, Scotland; a 19th century Thames River steam launch; an S.S. Crocker yawl; two Concordias, a 31' ketch, serene at anchor, and a 39' yawl heading out into the sunset; and for December, *Hoi An*, a newly launched sloop from Brooklin Boat Yard, navigating the Maine coast under a blustery nor'wester.

For more information about the calendar and other products featuring the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz, call (800) 848 9663 or log on to www.noahpublications.com.

High Tea Available

This may be of interest. I came across Brian Platt's junk *High Tea* in Pyne Poynt Marine Service in Camden, New Jersey. The cabin has delaminated but the hull seems salvageable. It is owned by the yard and they would like to sell it. Call (856) 066-1352.

You can find an article by Brian Platt on the Cheap Pages, www.friend.ly.net/~dadata.
Craig O'Donnell, Easton, MD

Opinions...

Sliding Seat Rules (Once Again!)

In his article, "Slow Boat to Fitness" in the July 15 issue, Bruce Hector waxes ecstatic over his fixed seat rowboat. Obviously Bruce has never rowed with a sliding seat. He writes, "Sports doctors recognize fixed seat rowing, as opposed to Olympic sliding seat sculling, to be among the finest low impact exercises you can do."

First, let's discuss high impact as opposed to low impact. High impact is when you are running and occurs each time your foot bangs down on the ground. Over time the repeated impacts can damage your leg joints, particularly, I understand, the knees. Fixed seat rowing, with your legs inertly splayed there before you in the boat while your arms and torso do all the work, is, of course, as low impact as you can get. But having your legs repeatedly push and then retract your sliding seat adds no significant impact. Meanwhile, you are also exercising your legs and, incidentally, adding a great deal of very satisfying power to your much longer strokes.

Addressing another aspect of Bruce's statement, "Sports doctors recognize fixed seat rowing..." I have read a lot of articles on rowing by fitness gurus, which would include sports doctors, but fixed seat rowing has never been mentioned, only sliding seat rowing. Most fitness centers have rowing machines, but I have yet to see a machine with a fixed seat. That should tell us something about the effectiveness of sliding seat rowing vs. fixed seat rowing for exercise.

The only "experts" extolling the health benefits of fixed seat rowing are the vendors of rowboats, and in their exhortations they refer to it just as "rowing," as if all rowing were the same.

In the statement quoted above is the phrase, "as opposed to Olympic sliding seat sculling." This seems to imply that Bruce is under the impression that only the top competitive rowers use the sliding seat. On the contrary, I feel safe in saying that among those who regularly row for exercise and pleasure, by far the vast majority opt for the sliding seat. And once you've gone there, you'll never go back.

Of course, to take advantage of all the leg power the sliding seat will add to one's rowing, one will want, not the cumbersome, short-oared craft shown in Bruce's photos, but recreational shells. Longer oars will be needed to take advantage of the longer strokes in lieu of the short, choppy strokes of fixed seat rowing. And if Bruce wants to take his mother out for a spin, as shown in one of the rowboat photos, there are recreational shells in which a passenger can be carried.

Bruce writes that he took up rowing to lose pounds and inches, putting in an hour or

so almost daily. "The miles would slide by unnoticed, without conscious effort. The scenery constantly changed." Believe me, with a sliding seat Bruce will see far more scenery in his hour on the water, and in using his legs to help propel the boat he will be moving his boat with even less conscious effort, if that's the way he wants to row. For more training effect this writer prefers to press on a little harder and exult in sending back with each stroke good, powerfully swirling puddles. However, "chacun a' son gout."

I get the impression that everyone in Bruce's Sun Coast Recreational Rowing Club slogs along, like Bruce, in fixed seat rowboats. I'll tell you what's going to happen. Some day some member, maybe it will be Bruce, is going to get a recreational shell with a sliding seat and long, spoon-bladed hatchet oars, and soon after that every member will want one. Indeed, for sheer "joie de rowing" the sliding seat is the way to go!

Bob Awtrey, Fernandina Beach, FL



Projects...

Moving Right Along

Just finished the hull of a 12'9" sailing/double paddle canoe somewhat similar to the "Piccolo" W.R. cedar strip. Putting completion items into an 18-1/2' White "Guide Model" cruising canoe, same construction, and have started on the molds for a 22' beach cruiser roughly based on the Herreshoff (L.F.) "Carpenter."

Bob Cheney, Jackson, NH

This Magazine...

Missed at Mystic

Sorry I missed you at the Gardner week-end at Mystic. I brought the 13'6" Gardner Swampscott dory skiff that I finished the day before, but it was not on your listing. It has several changes, side benches rather than thwarts, a kick-up rudder, coamings tilted for back rests, and no spiling necessary. I hope that John would approve of my modifications.

Dave McCulloch, Old Lyme, CT.

Editor Comments: Our listing of boats was from copies of the entry forms supplied to us by the Seaport. Dave was a last-minute entry.



In Memoriam...

Gene Jensen (1928 2004)

Gene was an acquaintance of mine. A few years back, when I raced regularly, we would see Gene around the races. Gene moved to Inverness Florida about 20 years ago and lived there for six months and a day each year. He would spend the rest of the year paddling in Minnesota waters and coaching young champions.

I visited Gene at his home in Florida about five years ago. He told me that he had to quit paddling when rheumatoid arthritis began bothering him a lot. The last time I saw him he was a spectator at a portage on a pro canoe race, in a wheelchair at that time. I felt that this was a sad way for such a strong contender to go.

Gene was a canoe designer and the inventor of the bent shaft paddle. His boats were meant to go fast. Most of his creations

were racing canoes but he did a few cruisers also. His designs were sought after by several manufacturers, as his name on a boat really helped its sales. The Jensen 18 has become a classic. This boat was, to my mind, the best work that he ever did. It hit the market about the time I first got into canoeing and I fell in love with it on my first outing. It will be an ongoing monument to a friend who is no longer with us.

Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN



Doctor Dogbody's Leg

By James Norman Hall

Reviewed by Jonathan Davol

It seems like all the book reviews you read are about newly released books, when oftentimes the book that will catch your fancy the most may come from the dusty shelves of some used book store. That's exactly the way it is with this book via the discovery of it by Dean King, editor of the Heart Of Oak Sea Classics, and then a republishing by Henry Holt and Company in 1998.

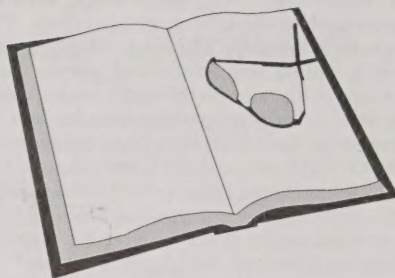
The original book was written in 1940 by James Norman Hall, probably best known for co-authoring the *Mutiny on the Bounty* trilogy. King found an old copy of the book in an "old and rare book" store. I can only imagine his exhilaration with the find of such a well-written and fun book.

This new edition is just one of an impressive list of books edited by King, many are companion books to the O'Brian series, and all of which make good companions to the lover of seafaring tales. King writes a short biography of Hall's life in the introduction to this edition that gives you a good idea of the type of adventurer Hall was, and I must say that just reading about the man would make you want to read one of his books.

I want to write that *Doctor Dogbody's Leg* is written in the style of the Hornblower series or the Aubrey Maturin series (the book is set in the same period), but as you read through the book you begin to have the feeling that C.S. Forrester and Patrick O'Brian may have caught some of their sense of adventure from James Hall. If you lament having finished those stories and are looking for something cut of the same cloth, you're sure to be delighted with this book.

The title character is F. Dogbody, ship's surgeon, set ashore during the peace time following the Napoleonic Wars. While the various tales, all relating the circumstances of the loss of his larboard (left) leg, take place in exotic settings all over the world, the stage is set at Will Tunn's Portsmouth Inn called the Cheerful Tortoise. Hall flavors the Tortoise with descriptions of food, drink, atmosphere, and characters that make you feel as though you are sitting at the table hearing the stories rather than reading them.

So much so that it takes scant imagination to smell the roast on spit, taste the pint



Book Reviews

in your hand, and watch the flames lick at the back log in the tavern fireplace, all the while listening to Dr. Dogbody lay the flawless base to a story that inevitably flows through epic adventure and culminates with the loss of a larboard leg. By now you've probably guessed that the good doctor has lost his leg in more than one adventure and the telling of the adventures is what passes for a fine evening of entertainment for the so called "props," the regulars, the old seamen who warm themselves together at the choice table by the fireside.

I could give you a hint of what some of the tales are like at this point (there are ten of them broken into neat chapters that make for easy bed time reading), and it would be easy to brighten this review with some little tastes, but somehow, I see that as spoiling the fun of discovery should you decide to pick up this book. So I'm going to let it suffice to say that if you've been a reader of the Patrick O'Brian or C.S. Forrester series, or you have a love for that romantic era of big ships and high seas, heated battles, and spirited women during the late 18th and early 19th centuries, you owe it to yourself to look up this book. My guess is you'll love this book for its mix of historical details and truly timeless fun and for James Norman Hall's mastery at weaving it all together. This is one you'll read more than once.

Skiff Song

By Annie Holmes

Published by 1stBooks

ISBN 1-4107-5196-1 (e-book)

ISBN 1-4107-5195-3 (Paperback)

Reviewed by James Broten

Annie Holmes will be known by some MAIB readers as the publisher of the *ScuzBumsNews*, the newsletter of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, a loosely knit group of boat builders and small boat admirers. It was in that context that Ms. Holmes was contacted by Elmer Lowry, an Oregon resident who had restored an unusual boat that he felt should be in use in the water rather than being stored in his shed. In the course of their telephone conversation Elmer offered the boat to Annie, all she had to do was to come and get it. Annie's lively

enthusiasm becomes apparent throughout the book and it is easy to see how this enthusiasm could also have been transmitted via the phone wires, and also to see how Elmer decided that Annie was the one to take on this boat.

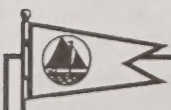
The boat was *Fury*, a 16' Australian skiff that was built in 1939 for all-out sailing racing. Included in the book are some photographs of *Fury* and description, the boat was round bottom, vertical stem, no deck, and sloop rigged, with a near vertical gaff, a big jib on a bowsprit, and lots of sail area. Boats of its type were sailed with crews of four, or even more, not just to handle sails but to be human ballast to keep the boat upright. The book, *Skiff Song*, is the story of Annie Holmes' adventures with *Fury* and her search for those who designed and built the boat and sailed it in Australia. But more than just a boat story, the book is almost an autobiography in that it contains many interesting flashbacks and vignettes giving insights into the person of Ms. Holmes, but not really important to the story of *Fury*.

This review will not recap the whole history of *Fury*, except to report that an Australian journalist, in California for the America's Cup races in 1992, made contact with Ms. Holmes and was amazed to recognize a boat which had been built in Australia, but all of her sister boats "down under" had disappeared as the sailing class had evolved into lighter, faster, and self-rescuing boats. Annie took the journalist sailing and his write-up of the experience was published in an Australian boating magazine, and suddenly Annie had contacts for finding the origin of her boat.

After much correspondence with her new Australian friends, Annie felt led to travel to Australia to meet the builder of the boat and also the other "skiffies" who sailed these boats years ago. This visit led to the offer of *Fury* to the Queensland Maritime Museum, and then to the venture of actually shipping the boat back to its home. The boat had originally been shipped to the States by two GIs who had purchased it and evidently finagled free shipping on a Liberty ship hauling troops back to the U.S. in the immediate post-war months. Annie had the joy of sailing *Fury* in her home waters before returning to California.

In *Skiff Song*, Annie writes in considerable detail of a romantic affair that developed with one of the "skiffies," despite the fact that she had a husband back home in the U.S. This reviewer, who feels strongly about the sanctity of marriage vows, found these details troubling, or almost embarrassing. The book's epilogue points out, though, that she did not seek publication of the book until after her husband's death. To me, it would have been a better book if she had omitted the details of her affair.

However, this is a book that I think many readers of MAIB will enjoy if they pursue and find a copy. No price is indicated on the paperback copy Bob Hicks furnished to me, but inquiry at a national chain bookstore in my local mall resulted in an offer to special order for \$17.50. Amazon.com offered it at the same price, in stock as of this writing, and also some used copies at a reduced price. This writer is not familiar with the e-book option offered, see above, but knowledgeable and equipped readers may be able to get a copy to read on screen.



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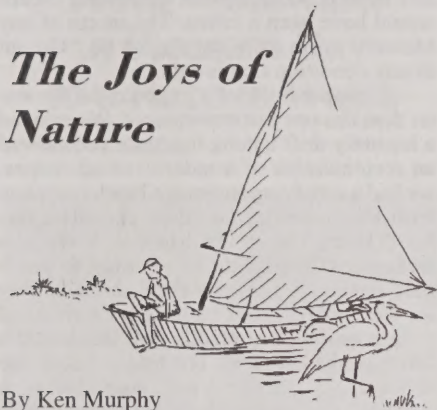
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The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Bald Eagle Comeback



In the December 15, 2002 issue of *MAIB*, the Joy of Nature column discussed the bald eagle. My limited observations since then indicate a real change in the eagle's presence. In the past half dozen cruises of mine, eagles have been spotted. Not only are their white heads spotted in the tops of trees, but they have been observed fishing. I've never heard such excitement in my cruising buddies' voices when they see an eagle dive, jab its legs into the water, and beat hard to regain altitude with a fish in its grasp.

Sandy Lommen has written a great story about this year's Magnum Opus cruise of the Shallow Water Sailors. The very first paragraph of her story follows:

"It has been a great year for eagles! On the Spring Cruise on the Sassafras River, we watched as a pair of eagles fished successfully 30 yards away. I have hardly ever seen eagles, let alone swooping for food. But that was just a hint of the summer's sail. For 12 days in late July we sailed in the eagle-guarded waters of Bras d'Or Lake in Nova Scotia."

One of the sailors on my last cruise, on Moosehead Lake, had never seen a bald eagle in the wild. Her delight when spotting eagles in flight really got to me. The bald eagle is truly coming back and we all should be thankful. I restate what was written in the first eagle

column...thanks, dear Rachel Carson, for winning the battle against DDT, an insecticide that was withdrawn from general use in 1972. Without your determined fight, our skies would be empty of eagles as well as many other bird species.

Other actions have helped the comeback of these birds. Their large wind spans were a cause of electrocution from poorly spaced high tension wires. These poorly spaced wires have been largely replaced with widely spaced ones, eliminating this hazard. Also, the hunting of eagles has essentially stopped. All these actions have caused a tenfold increase in the populations of the bald eagle over a 30-year period.

I'd like to hear from other boaters concerning their eagle sightings. Are you seeing more eagles and what have you observed them doing?

An adult bald eagle is easy to identify by its white head and tail and dark brown body. They are especially evident when perched in the tops of trees, one of their favorite observation posts. Their white heads contrast sharply with the green of the trees. You can do a naked eye scan of the tree line along your route and pick out the white heads, a practice we all should be doing these days.

When in flight an adult bald eagle is still quite easy to identify, that again with its white head and tail and its black looking body. It's when they are at a distance that trouble in identification begins. I have mixed up a bald eagle

with an osprey or a turkey vulture. One can only see the body, wings, and flight pattern at a great distance and it gets tricky.

The turkey vulture's wonderful flight pattern should be the first discriminator. Its rocking motion as it glides with wings held at an upward angle (dihedral) should be enough to say "vulture."

The osprey's lighter color body and lighter underwings will help in identification, but I get so excited I can't concentrate and keep having trouble. This is especially true when the eagle is an immature 1- to 3-year-old. No white head or tail and a lighter body makes it real tough for me. But I keep trying. I hope you're able to get out there, too, and identify an eagle or two. Please keep me informed at kgmurphy@comcast.net.

In the first column I included a poem about the eagle by Tennyson. Since then, I've come across a number of other eagle poems, but none come close to the strength and majesty of Tennyson's, so here it is again:

The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

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Summer arrived, a bit late, but with a vengeance. August started off with temperatures in the 90s. With water temps at 65°, the relief one found in sticking an arm overboard to cool off was numbing more than refreshing.

The *Marshmelon* and crew set off yesterday planning on a long, slow drift north with the incoming tide. The five knot breeze predicted had not made an appreciable dent in the sultry atmosphere. Because the breeze moved with the tide, the apparent wind was negligible. In order to get out into the open water, the first mate was instructed to use her paddle with varying degrees of enthusiasm. "Paddle harder for a few strokes, OK, now paddle on the starboard side, put your back into it, Matey, we're almost clear of the last boat."

The Captain maneuvered us through the clot of vessels which increased in size the further to the north we went through the mooring field. I was paddling blind as the sail always slips over to the side I'm paddling from. Some year I'll buy a two-piece kayak paddle to keep on the boat since the canoe paddle is too short to use from a centered position, and each time I sit to one side to use it the sail flops over to the lowered rail. Being a sprit rigged boat, the foot of the sail rides lower than that of a Marconi rigged sloop, and any head sticking above its position is subjected to light thracks as the sail moves across the cockpit. Fortunately the lightweight boom is held at a higher angle running from the clew to the tack, so it is only taut sail material that whaps the paddler. On a hot and humid day it is beyond a minor annoyance and temper has been known to flare up after several passes with little forward movement, save for that provided by the paddler's sweaty efforts. It is a wise Captain who keeps his own council as to how to ply the paddle at times like that.

Once out of danger of collision with moored vessels, we let the current and fickle breeze drift us along toward the northern end of the Sound. Because it was Monday there were few boats out and about. The kids from the IBYC Educational Foundation's sailing program were towed down to the Sandy Point Reservation to sail back up and practice light air techniques. We saw their toy-like silhouettes as we went in opposite directions.

A few lingering greenheads thought to stop in for a snack of slow moving sailors and met a grisly end. Our local pharmacist mixes a strong repellent, if that didn't dissuade them from landing on exposed flesh, the slap of hand to leg mashed them and their mangled bodies were sent overboard to feed the fish. I espoused my theories on



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

The Heat Of the Moment

greenheads in a separate article, but I'll mention the fact that it's been a short season this year.

We were happily drifting along with the tide at about five knots, seeing several herons and egrets in the marshes getting their meals as the tide rose and carried the bait fish in among the grasses. Flocks of plovers, perhaps this year's fledglings, were out practicing their bombing runs, strafing the water's surface as they wheeled and cavorted as one entity, not a dozen separate bodies glued into a squadron of ancestral memories. I had the fleeting thought that these practice runs may be a precursor of an early fall season, hard to fathom while roasting in the sun, but it had a fall migration feel to it. I suppose it is only seven weeks to the Autumnal Equinox, so if I were a bird I'd be practicing my skills as well.

As we came to the mouth of the Parker River we decided to head back before the current reached its maximum strength and take advantage of a sudden sea breeze that provided us with 10-15 knots of power. After a long and somewhat desultory meander upstream we were thrilled to have some wind to play with, and we proved that the plovers weren't the only ones who knew how to use the wind to best advantage. When we'd first started out I was of two minds, I wanted to go but the sultry day was enervating to such extent that I'd almost begged off. I knew it would be pleasant to be on the water even if becalmed, but the work involved to get out and back might fall on the crew's shoulders

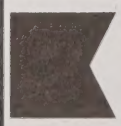
so I almost didn't go. To have stayed ashore and missed the afternoon freshening breeze would have been a crime. The motto of any Messers worth their salt should be, "Go out in any condition that is safe."

I can not think of a finer day on the water than this one just experienced. We enjoyed a leisurely drift among the birds and viewed an accumulation of wonderful cloud shapes, we had a satisfying summer's lunch complete with fresh cherries and dark chocolate bits for dessert. The return trip was lively and technically interesting as we tried to pinch past a grassy point with the Captain calling for different positions for the centerboard and crew position (we failed to best the current's force and had to tack). The longer ride home was a steady trip down harbor so I had time to read before we went to investigate the kid's lesson group now nestled into the cove at the mouth of Pine Creek.

After checking on the progress of the budding sailors, we went back into the creek area that ends at the Inland Sea, or Stage Island Pond over on Plum Island proper. Here the Melonseed proved her unique worth as the ultimate messing about craft. We pulled her up on the sharp stone verge and unclipped the main sheet, letting the sail pivot in the shifting wind. We walked along the shore to a point where there was no poison ivy in the grassy swath between the shore and dirt roadway. Seen from the top of Plover Hill the pond resembles an inland sea. At eye level it expands out to entice thoughts of grabbing a kayak and going exploring. It freezes each winter so it is likely one of the fresh water impoundment ponds made by the Army Corps of Engineers. We walked up the road to an observation deck and heard the strong wings of several greater egrets and herons coming in to roost on dead trees. The background noise of crashing surf across the island and sighing wind made the flapping that much more impressive, what strength there is in those pinions!

Returning to the boat we shoved off and were met by enormous splashes to port and starboard as huge striped bass breached the surface to nab the bait fish we'd disturbed. It was one of those moments that seem common enough, yet so special that time stopped and we both looked about to take in the unique surroundings that we were gliding through. Anyone who can't understand WHY we need to preserve a bit of the wilderness or natural treasures from our urge to develop and build has an invitation to come out with me for an attitude adjusting trip through the marshes.

The trip home across the main channel was a challenge, the tide was at its peak force, and the wind was being contrary. Several of the little Optimus prams had to be towed over to the club because their skippers hadn't planned the angle of attack well enough and they were being carried south quickly. We managed to get across with only a few dips of the paddle to clear a few moorings when the wind let us down. Back on shore the heat descended again with all the intensity of its earlier efforts, making the stowing of tackle a sweaty business. The sun baked our backs and the water froze toes as we stood in the shallows arranging the boat for the row back to the mooring. All in all, a wonderful day's outing. I'm glad that I made the decision, in the "heat of the moment," to go on out and mess about a bit.



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From Windward in Pleasant Bay to a Race in Wales

By Barry Donahue



Breezy, *Loyaute* beats to windward.

I was there at the beginning. I photographed as the 38' long 6'9" wide gig took shape in an airplane hanger near the location of the old Orleans airfield.

She was launched into a Chatham chop at Pease Boat Works with the name *Loyaute* painted port and starboard in 1999.

Since that winter morning I've seen the boat at various times in different bodies of water on the Cape. *Loyaute* has always looked shipshape and her young crew (mostly high school age) always seemed to know what they were doing, under sail or pulling at their long sweeps.

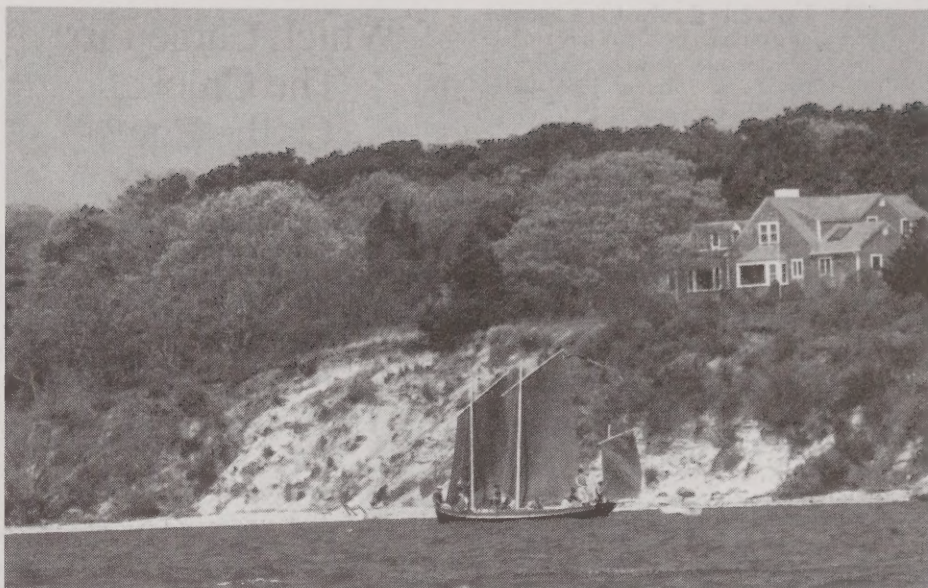
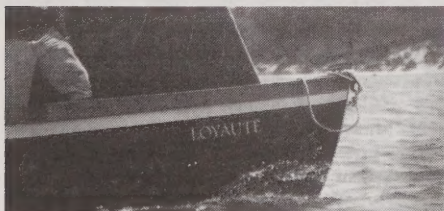
When I photographed *Loyaute* on Pleasant Bay for my "Photos Fortnightly" feature for the *Cape Cod Voice* in mid-June, the boat and her crew were preparing to go overseas to compete in the Atlantic Challenge International Contest of Seamanship at Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, Wales, in July.

In preparation, vessel and crew headed from Arey's Pond into Little Pleasant Bay along the Chatham cut for an overnight planned in one of the beach houses that line North Beach.

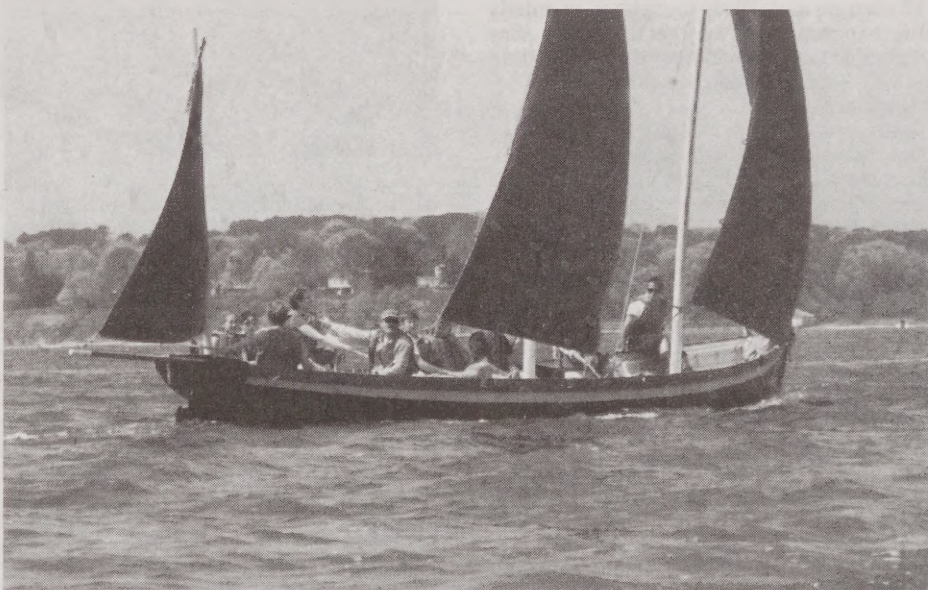
As Lee Scarborough, prime mover of a project that has brought dozens of Cape kids to the water, put it, "The kids have to be taught they can be anyplace, anywhere, and survive." The Cape Challenge has done just that and more.

All those interested in supporting the Cape Challenge organization are welcome to call Lee Scarborough at (508) 432-8023.

Leeward as she can, *Loyaute* and crew tweak the rig off Old Fieled Point at the start of their weekend voyage in Pleasant Bay.



Along Namequoit submerged stones just below the waterline keep the crew alert.



"Go to weather," is Lee Scarborough's call as the gig heads across the bay.

In the bow, crewman Gordon Steacy keeps an eye on the depth.



I'll tell you how I solved that age old puzzle here in a minute, but first I have to tell you about how coast house week played out this year. It was real different. First, there weren't nearly as many adults, many more children, and no Republicans at all. I think I can explain that. You know Republicans don't actually like mayhem all that much. They are very orderly people as a rule. Not only do they like to be orderly themselves, they like to impose their orderly notions on other people and tend to avoid situations where they know they can't do that. Of course, they are apt to let their mouths overload their asses and might get involved in some project that they can't handle, but none of them are fool enough to think they are the match for seven children (all under the age of ten) down at the coast house, so all the Republicans managed to think up important projects that made it impossible for them to attend.

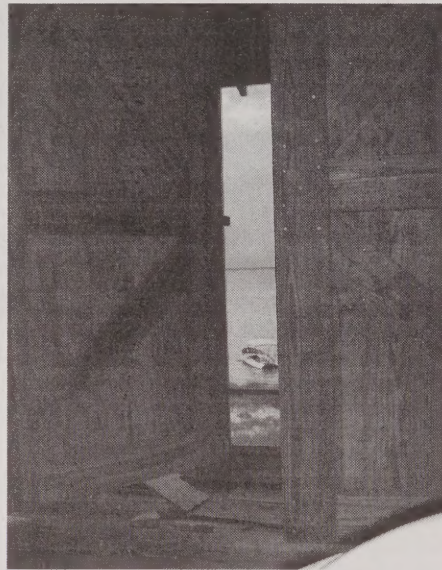
I know political metaphors have no place in maritime writing, but I can't help but make a few observations. One is that all these ex-coast house Republicans are women. I don't think there is anything unnatural about that. Women are more likely to aspire to an orderly life than men and, if they get the chance, they are liable to try to impose order in situations in which it is an alien concept. You know it is the nature of some young single men to allow disorder to prevail in their houses. Since the sexual revolution there is very little incentive for these happy-go-lucky young blokes to form a permanent bond until they get to be happy-go-lucky old blokes. Their dishes are not washed, their clothes are not put up, and David Letterman is their best friend...until some woman comes along and straightens them up. It isn't that the young woman actually needs the man, the sexual revolution swings both ways, it is just that she sees such a disorderly situation as a challenge to her organizational skills and so the conflict is joined.

Jane and I started early so as to haul all the stuff that modern people think they can't do without. Do you know how many juice boxes it takes for seven children for a whole week? My sister, the grandmother of two of the little tykes, a member of the Reynolds crew, and no stranger to austerity, left at least three whole boatloads of stuff for us to haul down here. She is a tax-and-spend Democrat. I mean there were cooking gadgets, whole boxes of those cursed vinyl "floaties," and a battery powered air pump with which to inflate and deflate them (but no batteries). I bet there were 200 pounds of special drinking waters of various kinds. There were games and games and games, two complete sets of Barbie dolls, about seven or eight Shreks, and 15 Harry Potters. I won't go on and on but the old Mercedes was bottomed out...had to put 50 pounds of air in the tires. Jane had to prop her feet on ten cases of juice boxes all the way down.

Fortunately we got to the boat ramp early, the land breeze died off as we loaded, and it was dead calm so we kept piling higher and deeper until we had all that crap in the Rescue Minor. Despite the fact that the boat likes everything trimmed out just so when running light, when it is loaded it'll haul a world of stuff. There was hardly room for our feet in the boat, but after we got out of the river I eased up on the little Kubota and she came up on plane just like she was running

Which Came First, The Chicken Or the Egg?

By Robb White



empty. I set the throttle to my usual rpm and the boat took the whole load over to the island in 20 minutes.

Then it took about two hours to carry it all up to the house. Boy, was it ever hot work. I believe I lost the five pounds I have gained sitting around sulking and fuming about being a big deal book author instead of being a happy-go-lucky pretty good boatbuilder and half-assed writer of nonsense. What I was doing while I was sitting on my butt gaining weight was writing another book, *Sleeping With the Amazon*, how an old man got a book published and ruined his life. You can read the first chapter on my webpage www.robbwhite.com.

We got it all piled in an orderly (?) jumble and went fishing. The water was very clear and the tide nipping (neap tides of a waxing half moon...not much difference... poor fishing conditions) so it was hard to do anything with the cast net. Besides, it has been stormy for the last two weeks and the whole beach was piled up with seaweed. I don't know exactly what causes that. Most of the weed is free floating algae (lots of Sargasso weed) and I guess the waves bring it in, but it was all over the bayside, too. A cast net full of grass is a pain so I don't usually throw unless I am absolutely sure I can catch them, which is hard to do in clear water because they see the net coming and run out from under it. I finally managed to catch five medium sized mullet...enough for supper and lunch for the South Georgia crew of children and their daddy who were coming the next day.

It was the last peaceful evening for a long time. We sat in the doorway and watched the thunderstorms over the mainland and waited for the delicious land breeze which came with such fervor that we had to close one set of doors to keep all the Barbie doll clothes and Shrek implements from blowing

out of the house. You know, I have read the original Shrek book (about 3,000 times) and it was pretty good. It has a nasty streak that appeals to little children. As I remember it, Shrek did his doings completely without accoutrements of any kind. He was no King Tut about possessions and went about his adventures with no other accessories than his natural nastiness. Then they made a movie about it which I have not seen but I know they boogered it completely up. The real Shrek (please stand up) would not own a damned hairbrush or a toothbrush even if it did have a handle like a snake.

To hell with the modern children's movie industry and its associated accessory scams. I think they are in the business of ordering children's lives so that they will all become so homogenized that no cream will ever rise to the top to displace the mediocrity that runs the world.

The next morning, when the lull between the land breeze and sea breeze came, we went to pick up Wes and his five. They had all their stuff in two small boxes (no tax-and-spend here) and that's all they needed. Old Rescue Minor ran light all the way over. I don't know what it is about the boat, but children love to hang on the stemhead and look down at the water. At first I thought it was that they were looking for fish, but every now and then it becomes apparent that one or more of them have fallen asleep. There is something about the boat that does that. I guess looking down at the water rushing under the boat is hypnotic, but children sitting on the seat will go to sleep, too, if the trip lasts more than about 15 minutes. I mean there are children in this crew who have never taken a nap in five years and who argued all the way down in the car who will drop off into a deep drooling snooze in five minutes in the Rescue Minor. I guess it is the steady drone of the engine at my rpm. (I don't have a tachometer but I can hit it so exactly that I'll bet anything the GPS will read exactly 10.5 knots anytime I turn it on). Hell, it even puts Jane to sleep. Me, I am perfectly alert all the time.

Anyway, they woke up when I throttled down to come up into the shallows by the house and put on their goggles and piled out over the side and swam off. And that includes the little three-year-old Chinese girl. You know that arbitrary ruling of the Coast Guard that children should be judged only by age in order to be eligible to shuck the stifling hot, cursed PFD should be amended. I think a child who can swim like an otter ought to be exempt. I am a great fan of the life preserver in its place and would never cross the Gulf in a 12' sailboat without mine, but it is stupid to require a child to wear one while they are rowing a little boat in 10" of water... particularly when the child can and will swim all the way under the Marine Patrol boat and come up on the other side. I don't believe the average marine patrolman can do that even in his shiny shoes. I guess they'll fool around and require the wearing of PFDs when a child is swimming in an inner tube...and require numerals on that vessel, too. Whew, was that Democrat or Republican? Me, I am an agnostic.

Believe it or not, I do keep abreast of current trends in boating and the Coast Guard in Carrabelle has what is (to my notion) a proper outboard motor boat. You know I am not a fan of deep V boats. I think they are top

heavy and have their best stability when they are upside down with the weight of those two enormous outboards 3' below the water. On Memorial Day weekend some yahoos turned one over like that in the pass between the islands and it washed up on the west end of Dog Island. I didn't get the paper to find out the outcome of it, but it probably turned out OK. That's a very popular place on Memorial Day and I bet there were plenty of other yahoos eager to race to the rescue. Might have been a jet ski that saved the day for all I know.

Anyway, a modern deep V is a miraculous thing when running in the choppy conditions for which it was designed. They'll run 50 knots upwind in a chop that will make me throttle back off of plane in any of my little skiffs. Of course, through the big binoculars, in the rare instances when it is possible to see the boat between the immense sheets of spray, those people don't look like they are really enjoying themselves all that much. The Coast Guard boat is one of those hard bottomed inflatable boats with a little deep V hull under two big tubes along the gunwales. I think it is probably lighter than a regular all fiberglass boat and certainly would be very hard to turn over. The engines are lower for one thing. It is a good looking boat to my notion.

The Coast Guard finally put some proper propellers on the Seahawk. It's an about 80' planing boat with some kind of sure enough horsepower, I tell you. For a long time they had it so overloaded with wheel that it made a contrail of black smoke that looked like some terrorist had landed a plane full of fuel on there and the thing was on fire. I guess they read my advice in this magazine and got it propped right, because now the boys don't have to spend all day washing the smut off the whole stern of the boat every time they come in.

Being encouraged by that, I must offer them another little bit of advice. I think they need to come up on the throttles sort of gradually when they get out of the river and hook all them horses up...give the turbochargers time to catch up with all that fuel and stop making that cloud of smoke that looks like a thunderhead out in the bay. It ain't dignified. I have to give them credit, though. They are very wake responsible and idle way out in the bay before they show everybody what that thing can do, and it is a good thing.

There are some serious wake draggers in that little river, but I don't think any bureaucrat can afford to run something like the Sea Hawk no matter how many frequent flier miles he has chalked up. You know, I hope a person must have to atone for his sins eventually and, if I was in charge, environmental destruction would certainly be top priority in the hierarchy. I believe one clear cutting project in the National Forest is worth a Monica under a thousand desks. It isn't just deliberate destruction for bribe money that will get chalked up on my scoreboard, either. Destruction due to self-imposed ignorance is another thing. The no-wake zone of the river ends about half a mile from the mouth. Both sides of the river are oyster bars and marsh grass. Oysters and a lot of other animals make a living by filtering out plankton from the water and, when the water is real muddy from when a herd of yahoos punch it as soon as they pass the sign, these filter feeders have to shut down. I think they must starve during



Heading out of the river.



Bayside.

Seaside.



daylight hours on weekends (except for early Sunday morning...hangover time).

These fools have no idea (and wouldn't care) that when they roll that wake out through the marsh grass they wash all the little periwinkles (*Litorina litorea*) off the stalks of marsh grass and down into the mud. The reason those little snails crawl up there like that is because they have sort of thin shells and are easy prey for crabs and conchs (dead meat around crown conchs). When the tide is out they climb down and crawl around on the mud and lick single-celled algae (diatoms) up with their tongues. When the tide comes in they climb up on the grass and seal up their hole so they won't dry out and wait in safety...until some yahoo blasts by in his cheap junk Bayliner. Then the little snails have no choice but to start climbing again but it is no use. As soon as they get out of the water, here comes Bubba with the big beer belly.

I know it is a small thing but you know, in the immortal advice of Father Guido Sarducci concerning masturbation, "Those little sins canna mount up." He was talking about his theory that you were born with a certain Heavenly bank account with which you could buy forgiveness when the time came if you had any money left. A nickel here and a nickel there all your life might not seem like much but...when it is gone...ain't no cold beer in Hell there, Bubba.

It was wild business around here all week. Mostly they swam and us Democrats and agnostics did, too. The weather conditions were such that there was a steady trend from the west and regular summer conditions which are thunderstorms in the bay and offshore in the morning and then a calming off as the land breeze dies and then breezing up around 10:30 and continuing to blow about 12 knots down the bay out of the SW all the rest of the day...then another calm about sunset and then the blessed land breeze from the thunderstorms over the mainland.

It was surfing weather on the seaside. We had some little foam surfboards and they tried to wear them out. One of my granddaughters is very small for her age. She had a definite advantage and could surf all the way across the bar and all the way to the beach in moderate surf. The longshore current was so strong that the children (and attending adults) washed about a mile down to the east with each bout and had to walk back. It is a wonder none of us got stingareed out there. The turbulence from the surf made it so you couldn't slide your feet right and there were plenty of stingarees around. We tried to make sure we swam most of the time to keep all those little feet off the bottom. That accounts for how far they had to walk.

In the few places where the bar was interrupted there were outgoing currents but there were enough children (and adults) with experience with that "undertow" situation that nobody had any problems. It would have been more of a situation if the tides hadn't been so nippish but nobody but a fool lets a rip current get the best of him (or her...only two of the children were hims)...particularly on a surfboard. The only problem they had was that the styrofoam galled the bellies of the boys pretty bad. The girls all had one piece bathing suits that protected them. Nobody got sunburned and nobody got stung. One little four-year-old girl got bit on the foot by a big blue crab but she was a man about it.

Which, this is going to be one of these years. The big female crabs are here early. I predict that by August they'll be thick all along the seaside, and that is a blessing. My nephew caught half a bucket full and we boiled them up and ate them in the time honored tradition...standing in the shallows of the bayside. My eight-year-old Chinese grandson was intensely interested in those crabs. He said that they ate them all the time in China and he loved them. He only has one hand and I wondered how in hell he could pick out crab meat until I saw how. He does just like me...uses the coon method. You know one of these old hard bitten island coons (the ones who haven't been cuffed by these damned fools feeding them dog food) will catch the biggest blue crab that ever bit the pluperfect hell out of somebody and just eat him right there on the sand. Of course, me and the kid didn't do that...on the sand. We held the crab with one hand and gobbled him (her) up and spat out some of the shell. Little minnows gleamed the pile around our feet.

In the tradition of the coast house we made Donax stew. The children dug and sifted at least two gallons of the little clams (called "coquinas" by ignorant south Floridians and Yankees) and we put them in a steamer basket floating in a cursed vinyl tube and anchored out in the bay all night long to let them evacuate the sand in their guts. Then I steamed them open and caught the juice and then used my top secret "hydraulic extraction" method to get all those tiny meats out of all those tiny shells.

What I do is put them into a white plastic bucket and squirt and stir with a hose nozzle while I strain the upper layers of the water in the bucket with a kitchen strainer. The meats wash around better than the shells and I can get about 98.6% of them in about 15 minutes. The juice that came out in the steamer is way too salty so the little fresh water washed meats get back exactly right. We cut up onions and celery and bell peppers and fry them up with a little butter (that's "butter") in a frying pan until they are soft. Then add that to the juice and meats and a little pepper. I don't want to sound like I am bragging but that's pretty good. The best part of it is that everybody had a hand in it. I always put one Donax shell in there for a prize. The winner gets to chew it up and smack her or his lips with glee and gloating. I am afraid I won the prize this time. I hope I didn't loosen another crown.

Early this morning the exodus began. It took two haulings to get them all off of here with all that excess of clothing and junk, and it would have taken more than that except we timed it exactly right with the land breeze and sea breeze. There were some sad faces and brave goodbyes but we were men about it. Besides, we know we'll be back next year.

Damn, that closed out the story so succinctly that I almost forgot about the chicken and the egg conundrum. What it is is that my sister must have suffered from starvation back in the olden days of the first coast house when we children were on our own so much of the time and she tends to overreact...kind of like how folks who had it hard during the Depression tend to hoard up stuff. Most of that stuff we hauled over here was food of every description. She is an intuitive good cook just like me and we always look forward to her leaving because she leaves all the leftover

food she brought. What with the Donax and the crabs and some bluefish that Wes and some of the children caught, we didn't need all her food.

Of course, she did cook some pork tenderloins on this little electric grill she brought (and left) and they were mighty good. What she did was cut up garlies and poke it into the meat and then marinate the loins in a plastic bag with Mojo Criollo (why doesn't Mike Rosoff know that word...ignorant ethnocentric bastard) Hispanic barbecue sauce for three or four days. Whew, y'all. While she was cooking, the sea breeze took the scent out across the bay and made at least half a dozen joy riders veer toward the river and Julia Mae's restaurant. You know eating out of boxes and bags and sucking on aluminum cans and Mexican beer bottles is only partially satisfactory, even to a yahoo.

Anyway, we always completely empty the freezer before coast house week and fill it up with water in these little square boxes that I got a lifetime supply of when the kitty litter plant in Thomasville went bust. That's a lot of ice and it keeps my sister's food supply in good shape. Then, when she is gone we freeze all these leftover chickens and steaks and containers of exquisite soups (cauliflower and cheese soup for one...Stilton cheese, y'all) and onion gaspacho. Hell, man, all of it top notch gourmet fare. You know the long term 40° marinade trick will even make a chicken edible.

I am not all that fond of chickens and it isn't because of ignorance. I spent my formative years in close association with chicken operations, both broilers and laying hens. I was in love with the woman who ran the egg operation for over a million chickens. Though it wasn't my job, I used to volunteer my every off minute grading eggs on the other end of the machine which sanded the shells with little limber belts so that they looked like they had not come from any orifice of a living animal but were machine made and shiny as plastic.

The reason I did this was so I could glance up at her on the other end of the machine where she watched closely to see that the thing that separated the large, medium, and small eggs from the extra large was not messing up again. I don't see how she could do it...watch all those eggs roll down and line up and drop in the boxes, little end down, every single time (well, almost), but she did. Her husband, who was a great big black man who ran the whole night shift of the biggest meat packing plant south of Chicago, knew of my affliction but he was, indeed, a big man and understood completely.

I kind of got off the subject of which came first, the chicken or the egg, but I'll clear it up immediately. There is something about domestic poultry. I have never found another animal whose guts stink as bad as a chicken. Turkeys are pretty rough but not as bad as a chickens. Quail and doves and ducks have a certain little reek to them, too. Maybe it is some prejudice left over from my childhood messing with the nasty things...I don't know. But I do know that eating chicken will make the contents of your guts stink, too. My sister left us some mighty good marinated chicken...already cooked. We ate some for supper the night they left.

And, bless her soul, she left us at least a dozen deviled eggs. I don't know what the

geographic distribution of that phenomenon is, but what a deviled egg amounts to is the yolks of a bunch of boiled eggs mixed with onions, chives, garlic, capers, green peppers, and stuff like that. You mix it in a bowl and then put it back into the white halves of the eggs and sprinkle a little paprika (or cayenne) on one and eat it. Dainty people take little neat bites and make exclamations about how good it is between those nibbles, but people like me (and the Chinese) put the whole thing

Land breeze coming.

in at once and no conversation is possible for a while.

So, in celebration, I ate half a marinated chicken and half a dozen deviled eggs. You know, chicken eggs are world renowned for their effect on the innards. There was a Mexican who shared a cubical with some of us in the barracks at the old Naval Station at Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico (shut down this year...too disorderly, I guess). He used to love to go to the little bar just outside the gate and

drink beer and eat pickled eggs. We had to lock him out.

The results of the metabolic processes for those two poultry products, though similar and of the same ethnic origin, come out entirely different from one another. Jane has set me up in the middle of the land breeze for the night, but I hope to be able to come up with some conclusive data nevertheless. I'll let you know which came first, the chicken or the egg.



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When the *Storis* left the job at Hinchbrook we steamed overnight and by morning we were at Cape St. Elias. This was the eastern end of our work area. We rendezvoused with another cutter that was based in Cordova. We had a job that kept both crews busy for one long day. We had a beach to clean up.

I had been to the Cape before, during the winter, but had never been ashore there. I went ashore in the first boat. Boat? When we left Kodiak we loaded a tank on our working deck. This was a WW2 amphibious tank. I don't know what one of those things weigh but it was a good grunt for our 50-ton main boom.

I thought that I would ride in any kind of watercraft but I wasn't ready for that one. When we had a small crew aboard someone hooked up the bridle to the hook on the main boom. Up and over the side we all went. The tank was lowered into the water. I expect a boat to float. When they hit the water the slings come slack and you turn them loose. Tanks don't behave quite the same way.

For a short time I felt like I was getting a ride on an iron coffin. This watercraft sank deeper and deeper in the water until I was sure that the water would soon begin to come in over the sides. Much to my surprise and joy it finally floated. I'm still not real happy with my ride. One of the ship's lieutenants fired this monster up and off toward shore we went. This machine is propelled by its tracks both on shore and in the water. The engine was racing and the tracks were spinning about 50mph, but the tank was barely moving. The noise was unbearable.

The water at the beach was dead calm. Good thing, too, because when the tracks touched the beach the skipper had to shift

Clearing the Beach

Continuing Adventures of the USCG Cutter *Storis*

By Mississippi Bob Brown

gears so that this monster could crawl up the beach. We had no more that hit the beach when our LCVP landed next to our landing spot and a couple of small boats were coming ashore from the other cutter.

The lighthouse at the beach was built sometime early in the 20th century and over the years things had been brought ashore, equipment had been changed out, and nothing had ever left. There was tons of stuff on the beach that we had to dispose of somehow. Much of the stuff was small chunks that could be loaded into the small boats; it was taken offshore and deep sixed. Some of the bigger stuff required a bit more thinking.

There was a pair of old engines that had at one time powered the generators to run the light. These were the old one lungers like the ones that you see sometimes at threshing bees. Each was several tons; they were 15' long and had flywheels about 6' in diameter. They were heavy, you don't just throw them over the side.

While the crews were gathering up all of the small stuff we were having a meeting deciding on the best way to get this heavy stuff off the beach. This is where the tank came into play. The tank hooked a cable onto one of the engines and dragged it on its skids down to the water's edge, then went back for the second one.

The tank lowered its ramp and backed up to the engine. We rigged a couple of comealongs and proceeded to pull this gigantic machine into the belly of the tank. The skipper of the LCVP moved his boat over and dropped the ramp right in line with the other engine. We used the same equipment to pull the engine into the well deck of the LCVP.

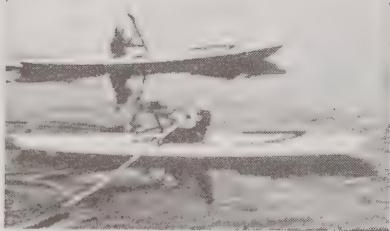
The rest of the beach was now clean and we headed back to our ship. This time I was in the LCVP. I really had my doubts that the tank would even float with the extra weight of this large engine. The tank did float, not much freeboard but the water was calm and it made its way back to the ship also.

I didn't know the plan for how we were going to get rid of these large machines, but the chief had that under control. He had us rig up a bridle made of several turns of manila line. When he was satisfied that the bridle would handle the load, we hooked it onto the main boom and lifted it.

We moved the boat out from under the load and the crew on deck started to saw through the ropes with a handsaw lashed onto a long boathook. There was a big splash when the line parted and the ship rocked a back and forth a few times when relieved of the load.

The same procedure worked just as well with the second engine and we were ready to head home, almost. We had deep sixed tons of junk but we had one thing that refused to sink. There was an old ice cream freezer floating as nice as could be near the ship. The cooler had cork in it for insulation. The captain considered it a menace to navigation and it got hauled aboard for a trip to the dump at Kodiak. As we steamed home the other cutter said good-bye and headed back to Cordova. Another mission accomplished.

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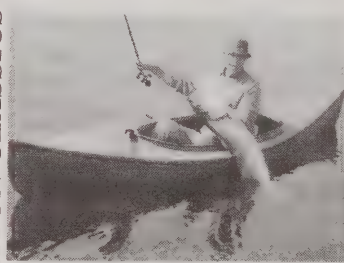
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The summer of 1959 I spent in Galveston, Texas. I was in the Coast Guard at that time and my duty was on one of the eight 40-footers that were assigned to the base. We were in the midst of the Cold War and a large part of our duties consisted of harbor entrance patrol. We would keep a boat hung on a buoy near the east jetty where we could see everything coming and going. We would get underway on each patrol with a list of ships that had been cleared to enter port. Should a ship show up that was not on the list, we were to follow it while the decision was made over the radio whether we should let it pass, stop it, or follow it up the channel toward Houston.

Any ship that had been in a Communist port in the previous six months was called a hot ship, and a dockside and waterside watch would be established. Sometimes this job seemed rather silly, but I guess guard duty always does to the guy who is doing it. I had to keep reminding myself that there was a Red under every bed. Things are not too different today, just a different enemy.

Once in a while we got pulled off this duty to make a rescue. This made more sense to my young mind. Some of our rescues seemed almost comical looking back at them. One day, late in the summer, we went out on a normal six-hour patrol that turned out to be anything but normal. There was talk of a hurricane just offshore at Galveston when we went out. I had no problem with that as we would be in the bay.

Our biggest problem was a crew change. We normally worked with the same three man crew. I was the lowest man on that crew. On this patrol our regular skipper was on leave so we got a new man, a first class bosun who had spent the last year on an isolated light-house. He seemed a bit strange but he was the boss.

We had hardly reached our station when we got new orders to leave our station and head up into the bay to rescue a shrimp boat that was aground. An hour later we had this craft in view. Our rescue was a very small trawler that was stuck in the mud 100' off shore. He was sitting in 1' of water, while our 40-footer drew 3'. We got within hailing distance and learned that the house on the near beach was his home. He had missed his driveway.

Galveston Bay mud is very fluid and we had a pair of 6-71 Jimmys turning a pair of 20 x 19 props. We could move a lot of mud. An hour later we had him safely tied to his home dock and headed back toward the ship channel. We called the base to tell them the good news. The word came back that we should not return to base but should proceed farther up the bay to the town of Kemah, park at the marina there, and wait out the storm that was coming.

Kemah and Seabrook were yachting ports even then. We knew the places well as most of our rescues ended in one of their marinas. I was on the wheel as we headed back towards the ship channel. The weather was turning bad fast. The rain had begun, the wind was picking up, and there was no doubt that a storm was close by. The visibility was dropping due to the heavy rain and I found us in a small circle of visibility in which there were no visible references. We had no compass, no GPS, and no radar. We were flying, like they say "by the seat of our pants."

The Hurricane

By Mississippi Bob Brown

I had set the course while I could still see and I was able to maintain this course by hitting all the waves at the same angle. I knew that my course would cross the Houston Ship Channel. The skipper came up and offered to take the wheel so I went below for a smoke. While I was enjoying my smoke it became obvious to me that the skipper was running us in a circle. I don't think that he had the slightest idea where we were or which way was out.

Time for diplomacy. I went back topside and offered to take the wheel again. He didn't argue. I didn't see him again until we were ready to tie up. I knew the course to the channel but I was not sure that I would know when I got there. We were returning much more slowly than we had run up into this bay. The waves were approaching 4' in this shallow water and we were really just creeping along. I didn't want the props bouncing off the bottom in the troughs. The engineer came up to help. That was good as a second pair of eyes would not hurt.

Just before I was ready to say "we are lost" we spotted a buoy in the haze. When we got closer we realized that it was the same buoy that we had left a couple hours back when we left the channel. Skill had nothing to do with it. Someone was looking out for us. I turned the boat on a new course that ought to be up the channel. At this point I could see no other markers. The Houston Ship Channel at that time had a pair of lighted towers every mile and a pair of large unlit buoys at the half-mile marks. This part of the channel was straight for miles.

Again, just before panic set in a set of towers appeared out of the gloom. We were on course. The waves were coming off the starboard quarter. All I had to do is maintain this heading for about five more miles. The towers disappeared aft and for a few minutes we were running blind until a pair of buoys appeared ahead in the mist. Some higher power was guiding us.

At the proper mile mark, no charts, all from memory, we found the turning buoy to the Kemah Seabrook channel. I turned again to port and hoped for the best. We had to travel about three miles to reach the inlet. There were a lot of shoals in this area, I knew because I had helped haul a few boats off of them. My only compass was the waves hitting the port side nearly squarely. Somehow we found the creek that ran out between the two towns. We went under the lift bridge and turned into Kemah Marina. The skipper showed up and took over. He landed at the transient dock and went ashore to negotiate a mooring.

The owner of the marina gave us a slip between a couple metal sheds and we secured the boat. He came down and double checked our work and suggested that we move to his boat for comfort reasons. His boat was a Chris Craft a few slips away from ours. This Chris was 50' long and much more comfortable than our leaky work boat. We had nothing to move other than our cold wet bodies so it was a go. By this time the storm was really raging above our heads. The tin sheds that surrounded us sheltered us a lot.

We set a duty watch among the three of us. It was decided that every half hour one of us would hike over to our boat and check the lines. That proved to be a good decision because the water began rising and about midnight, when the lights died, the water was over the dock. All night when we checked our boat we would walk the dock using a boat hook as a sounding rod to make sure we didn't step off the dock in the dark. The water got up to waist deep on the dock and our mooring lines disappeared into the water.

By morning the worst was over. The wind was easing and the water began dropping. Time to get out of there. We talked with the owner and learned that the bridge we had come under the night before was blocked with driftwood and we couldn't get back out. The skipper had tried to contact the base after we landed, but from our sheltered spot between the metal sheds our AM radio was worthless. The owner of the marina came to our rescue and got his antenna back up well enough to transmit and was able to reach our base.

Sometimes we have a lack of communication, even as we talk. The skipper returned to the Chris and told us that someone at the base got all huffy when he mentioned that he was talking on a borrowed radio. He was told that if his radio didn't work he should call on a land line. There wasn't a telephone working on the Texas coast that day.

Two days passed before the bridge got cleared. There was nothing around the area to eat. The storm had wiped out the local store and food was nonexistent in the area. We drank up a couple bottles of gin and ate all the crackers on our host's boat and that was all there was till we got back to base.

The bridge finally got cleared and we got underway and headed out into the bay. We had a beautiful sunny day and our radio worked just fine. The radio worked so well that we learned that we had been AWOL with a government boat. We were to report to the Lt. Commander as soon as we returned to base. We had gotten a bit lax on the second day and someone from the base drove up and found the boat but not us. He never asked about us and just reported back to base.

This was the first time in four years of my military career that I had been called on the carpet. I was tired and very hungry and not happy at all about being there. I told the Lt. Commander that and got excused from the room. I never saw our substitute skipper again after that. Our engineer got cleared of any charges and our regular skipper got back from leave and things got back to our normal humdrum. I had had it with guard duty and wanted off that base. I requested a transfer anywhere. Within a month I got a chance to go to Alaska and jumped at the offer. That proved to be a good move.

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Reading your August 15 Commentary brought to mind a trip I did with a local Portland, Oregon, college outdoor program back in March of 1972. In those days the outdoor program leaders consisted of anybody who had gone on a trip before and was willing to lead. That is, there were no qualifications. Our boats were double Kleppers and a locally built double hole glass boat that had too low a volume to be used as a double on long trips. On this particular trip we had three glass boats and four Kleppers. Our leader was a guy who had done one-week-long trip before this one.

March in the San Juans can be cold and blustery, or warm and sunny. The plan was to go by ferry to Sidney on Vancouver Island and then make our way through the islands to Orcas where we would take the ferry back to our van in Anacortes, Washington, on the mainland. The first part of the trip went well, if not sunny. At least we were prepared for cold weather and did okay.

I had done some day kayaking around Portland previous to this trip, but no ocean work. At least half of our group fell into this category. On the last day we had to get from Roche Harbor on San Juan Island to Orcas in order to meet the ferry. We all had to start our classes the next day. So the leader was under a lot of pressure to get us all back. The problem was that the weather had taken a turn for the worst with rain and wind. We had to travel about eight miles to Orcas that day. We had charts, but in those days had little else in the way of safety gear. No radio, flares, wet suits, or any of what is considered essential today. We all had wool clothing, heavy rain gear, rubber boots, and life jackets. What the leader missed when looking at the chart was tide rips at the eastern end of Spieden Channel.

Everything went well until we hit those tide rips. The most inexperienced couple went

San Juan Islands Adventure

By Richard Stover

over in their Klepper. Amazingly, they were both rescued by other boats in our group. One was able to get into a Klepper that had only one person. The other got in between the crew of another Klepper. Obviously they were both wet and cold. So the decision was made to make for the closest land, which was San Juan Island. So all the Kleppers headed for shore with the victims.

Two other men and I were in the glass boats. We continued in the opposite direction toward Orcas Island. I was scared and afraid to turn around and I think one of the other guys was as well. But Tom, our most experienced person, decided to try and tow the capsized Klepper. The wind was at our backs and blowing us toward Orcas Island. I was watching Tom trying to tow the Klepper, which was upside down and acting like a log, pulling his stern down into every passing wave. At one point his boat disappeared completely. I could only see Tom from the waist up. No boat beneath him. He soon thought better of it and cut loose the Klepper.

We continued on our way, not knowing what happened to the others, just trying to stay upright. We hit a narrow beach on the western shore of Orcas Island. We saw a house and headed up to try to get help. An elderly lady answered the door, gave us cookies and milk, but was unable to help us fur-

ther. We realized we would have to get back into our boats and make our way to the Orcas ferry landing. I was not excited about this prospect of more open water kayaking in conditions that amounted to small craft warnings. With a substantial amount of prodding from my associates I managed to force myself back into the kayak. On this leg of the journey, not a terrible long way, we encountered snow, sleet, and considerable wind.

Upon our arrival at the landing we found the rest of our group waiting for us. We were all very relieved at that point. The rest of the group had indeed landed on a beach on San Juan Island without further incident. The couple who capsized were hypothermic by the time they reached shore. They were met by islanders who had seen the capsized and had prepared warm baths, clothes, and food. Amazing! But it gets better. How did they get all those Kleppers to the ferry landing on San Juan Island? An islander turned up with a flatbed truck. Amazing! They all, including the wet folks, were able to get on the ferry on San Juan Island and were waiting at Orcas Landing when we arrived.

You might be wondering what happened to that expensive Klepper left floating in San Juan Channel. Well, we got a ride from another generous islander on Orcas to the only beach on that side of the island. We searched the beach and eventually found the Klepper sitting like a beached whale, undamaged. We loaded it on the car and drove back to the ferry landing. Everyone got on the ferry and made it back to class on Monday.

The two who capsized, as far as I know, never went kayaking again. Many of the others on that trip went on to make other trips, having learned a healthy lesson in how not to do it. I still mess around in boats, still rather cowardly, but alive. And a tear still comes to my eye when I think of all the help we got from those wonderful islanders.



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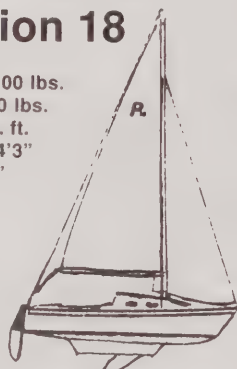
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The Coney Island Treasure

By Bob Brett, Ex-Pirate

Several years ago I was out gunkholing in my Penobscot 14 when I came upon a bottle with a note inside. The paper reminded me of the type brown supermarket bags are made of. It had the appearance of having been through quite an ordeal. The edges were burnt and paper was very crumpled as if it had been in someone's pocket. As I recall there was even some wax on it, as if someone were studying it at night by candle. Although there was no water in the bottle, the paper had clear indications of water damage.

As I looked more closely at the note I could see what looked like a map. It seemed to show a small egg-shaped island. On one side it indicated an area of tall rocks and seagulls. On the other side of the island was a beach. Crisscrossing the island were a series of distances and compass headings. It occurred to me that this must be a treasure map! I immediately made arrangements to consult two experts in the field.

When I arrived at the prescribed meeting place in Amesbury my two nephews confirmed what I had suspected, it was indeed a treasure map. They both agreed that it was very old because of the water spots and fire damage. But where in the world was the island, and who left the note? We could read a faint label that said Coney Island. I could tell from the paced-off area that this island was much too small to be the one in New York. I had the experts search the only chart I had, one of Salem-Beverly Harbor in Massachusetts. And, sure enough, they were able to find an island called Coney, the shape even resembled the one on our newly discovered map. The experts were convinced that this was the place.

We immediately made plans to investigate Coney Island the next weekend. Before the big day arrived I checked with their mothers to make sure all was ready for the important boat trip and that the experts were still in agreement as to the authenticity of the map. They were.

Saturday was overcast and not the best day for a small boat trip a couple miles off the beach, but there was no lack of enthusiasm to go whatever conditions existed. So off we went for the half-hour trip from Amesbury to the beach at Tuck Point on the outskirts of Beverly Harbor. My father and I have often launched there, but this launch was different than any other. This one had such an air of expectancy, it was clear that something timeless was about to happen. The seas were beginning to pick up as the afternoon winds began to strengthen, but the Penobscot 14 was up for the challenge. With four oars in the water we made good time out to the island. The experts were counting their money before we even got off the boat. They were convinced of a large haul and who was I to dispute such eminent scholars. So we made the boat secure and began to learn the lay of the land.

From the map we understood that we were on the wrong side of the island. The experts corrected that problem post haste. The

next objective was to find the starting point for a series of headings leading to a large X on the map. There were several opinions but finally we all agreed that a large isolated rock was the right place to start. We got the compass out and began the first leg of the journey. We were able to adjust our stride to that of the "pirate" by pacing this first leg. The experts found that they had to take slightly longer steps than what was, for them, a normal stride. Apparently the pirate was a tall one.

The excitement on the deserted island was reaching a crescendo. I was a little disappointed in the discipline of the experts, I was for a slow, systematic approach to locating the X and they wanted to begin digging up the whole beach haphazardly. In the end reason prevailed and we were able to pace off the four or five headings that led us to the treasure. All agreed that this was the place and the digging commenced in earnest. Sand was flying everywhere. I have never seen two boys so excited, and when they finally saw a wooden box at the bottom of the hole, boy oh boy, they were sure we had struck it rich.

The box had two bones attached to the top. It was unclear what type of bones they were, they looked like cooked chicken bones to me. But no matter, the experts were more interested on what the box contained. They unceremoniously dismantled the lock and opened the box. Inside was a collection of odds and ends, gold coins, beads, Japanese occupation money (I don't know where that came from), old nails, some miscellaneous items, and a set of false teeth. It was the false teeth that would pose problems later on.

The wind and waves were becoming contrary so I made the decision to return to Tuck Point as soon as all the loot could be secured in the Penobscot 14. There were joyous songs of life on easy street and a chorus of, "If I were a rich man" as we rowed back to shore. When we arrived at the beach Oliver Brett, an old salt from Beverly, greeted us. He was impressed with the take and told us there had long been an oral tradition of a pirate who had buried treasure on Coney Island. There was no doubt now, the legend was true!

We got the boat back onto the trailer and started home. I dropped the two experts off in Amesbury to divide the loot between them while I continued on to put the Penobscot 14 away. That evening I enjoyed a fine dinner with my wife sharing the events of the day. Not too long after, about the time little boys go to bed, we received a phone call from one of the parents of the experts. It seems the experts had determined that the teeth were from "the" pirate, and that he would not be happy that his secret treasure had been desecrated. We had an emergency on our hands, the boys could not sleep with such guilt. So I had to come clean. I explained that I had planted the treasure the week before with the old salt from Beverly. That seemed to satisfy them enough to get some rest.

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My solar assisted electric pirogue was recently launched for its first journey, traveling from Sand Bay to Snail Shell Harbor on Big Bay de Noc just off the shore of the Garden Peninsula on Michigan's Upper Peninsula. I don't know if you East Coasters get out into the backwoods of the UP, but I can tell you that Snail Shell Harbor at Fayette is a largely undiscovered gem, a place rich in history and pleasant to the senses.

Weather conditions need to be very calm for using this pirogue, which limits its use on

My Electric Pirogue and Other Treasures

By Fred Winters

Lake Michigan waters. Its intended use would be inland lakes or slow moving rivers.

I also have a Jim Michalak design called Roar, an interesting stitch-and-glue rowboat

that should handle the waves, unlike the pirogue. It's a very fast rowboat, lightweight, but it may be susceptible to strong winds.

My third boat is a wherry by Pygmy Boats. It represents my most recent project but our recent move to the UP has created an entirely new set of "honey-do" responsibilities, thus placing the wherry on the back burner. In the near future my shop will be up and running and I will once again be occupied with making oars, cleats, and fairleads as well as small boats.



Greetings to all small boaters! Leaving Sand Bay headed for Snail Shell Harbor.



Arriving at Snail Shell Harbor, Big Bay de Noc, Lake Michigan, limestone cliffs in background. The raghaulers were complimentary about my mode of transportation.

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Ah, such is the innocence of an Iowa scholar whose seafaring experience included four years in the Navy which, unfortunately, was time split between the Army and the Air Force. The only time I was on a Navy base was for boot camp. I read O'Brian's books, *Moby Dick*, *Two Years Before the Mast*, and I had written a biography of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher. Therefore, I had all the knowledge I needed to purchase a boat. The Boatex 1200 dinghy arrived and I felt what more could I possibly need?

Well, there was the need to buy a trailer, but since I already had a little utility trailer for moving my daughter back and forth to college, I found a kit to make it into a small boat trailer. I figured the \$200 was a wonderful savings. The kit, of course, needed some adjusting to make it work on my trailer so a trip to Carver ACE hardware was needed for the requisite bolts, nuts, and drill bits (they always get lost).

This all worked really nicely except that my boat tended to smack the metal end of the trailer before it hit the skid pads. A quick trip to the local marine dealer found me a good roller. Another jaunt to Carver ACE hardware for more bolts and bits. But while I was there I added some line.

The trailer was just right except that the boat trailers have the tires at the rear because that is where all the weight is. My little hermaphrodite had the wheels in the middle and the center of the load made it rear heavy. I scooted to Carver ACE for a couple of sand bags to add up front and I was ready to go.

Dumb ol' me, I forgot that you have to have the boat secured on the trailer, so yet another quick drive to Carver ACE (they don't ask for an ID anymore) and I had straps and a whole mess of bungee cords for keeping stuff secured. Of course, I spotted some neat rope and had to purchase some.

I figured that if a guy was going to sail around in the vast lakes of Iowa (OK, a puddle in the middle of a corn field, then), I needed apparel. First was the required boat shoes and a pair of good sandals that just oozed "old salt." Several nice sport shirts with nautical emblems, a couple of pairs of shorts made of that stuff that dries quickly, and a splendid cap from *Latitudes and Attitudes* and one from *Good Old Boat*. I needed a red glasses tube so I wouldn't lose my expensive trifocals (I am old, you know). Cost equaled... well, who paid any attention, it ended up on the plastic.

Safety is a chronic and constant issue when sailing. Of course, I added a couple of life jackets, a pair of oars, an anchor, many, many feet of line, and a couple of bumpers so I won't scratch the paint work. Cheap, really cheap. All bought at WalMart (I can't give all my business to Carver ACE hardware).

I was now ready for the greatest voyage since Columbus. Hauling my lovely dinghy to the lake at Palo, I became a true sailor. I had a sailor's collar, I had a sailor's hat, I had a sailor's raincoat, and I had some sailor's shoes. What do you think about that (OK, sorry, Dicky Smothers)?

Lessons learned firsthand are lessons well learned. I decided that to keep everything handy, all materials deemed nautical must be placed in, how should I put this, a heap on the floor of the boat. Dinghies, I ascertained, inherently possess a propensity for inversion, therefore, sundry non floatable ob-

Sailing Costs Money?

By Stephen D. Regan

jects, as per the Archimedes Law of Displacement, sink like rocks. It takes no great stretch of the imagination to recognize that anchors, line, tie downs, bungee cords, and the like plunge rapidly downward when the boat pretends it's a turtle.

Another visit to the beloved Carver ACE hardware store (they suggested an ACE card for benefit points), the marine store, and WalMart brought me back to speed quickly.

Realizing that I am a nautical man by nature, I quickly became cognizant that navigation is important. A small GPS system similar to my yuppie brother's, who has ALL the toys and trinkets, augmented by a brilliant flash of ingenuity whereby information regarding depth, speed, water temperature, and whole lots of other stuff could be obtained by an electronic fish finder found its way to my dinghy. Further, a wind gauge was also important after I learned about the tenderness of dinghies. Thank God for Master Card.

When the boat was originally purchased I bought one of those *Sailing for Really Stupid People* books and a video tape showing that even ditzy blondes can sail. I memorized whole passages of the book and watched the tape until it wore out. I was not only an owner of a boat, I now was an expert on sailing.

But sometimes in the excitement of the launch certain "rules" are ignored, not intentionally, mind you, but overlooked nevertheless. The concepts of pointing the bow into the wind as you raise the sail, making certain that the mast is stepped correctly, or making sure that the centerboard is in place happened to be forgotten on this April morning. Now Iowa in April is just out of winter. Ice can be found on farm ponds and snow is still in the ditches. Lake water has a temperature slightly above 32°F. So the captain and master of his ship must be duly warmed with a heavy jacket covered by a wind breaker, tennis shoes made adequate by thick woolen socks, leather gloves, and a warm hat.

Of course, when the "rules" are forgotten the tender dinghy not only flips to its side,

it turns turtle immediately, reconfirming the Law of Displacement, yet again scattering anchors, lines, and loads of expensive stuff all over the muddy bottom of the lake. Even more interesting is that the Lord and Master discovered that a) spring water is pretty dam cold and can take your breath away, b) without breath you panic, and c) without air and weighed down with tons of clothes you sink like a brick. Thus ensued the bitter struggle between the weight of waterlogged wool and the mighty kick of a 57-year-old, out of shape ex-dean, professor, and sailor.

The laughter from the shore ensured that I made the surface, grabbed the boat which was immediately righted, bailed water like it was a Sunday walk in the park, and paddled my boat to the nearest shore where I jumped into my car, dripping wet, peeled off every stitch I had on, set the heater to super high, and put on my best face for the female Park Ranger who came by to see if I was all right. My only problem was minor, a little ticket for public nudity at a state park, but that didn't cost anything like having to hire a scuba diver to look for my mast which was in 50' of water.

Carver ACE hardware gave me a new coffee mug when I restocked. They are really nice people there, in spite of the giggles as I left the store. They even threw in a spindle on which I could wrap my new rope for my newest anchor. And they sold me a lot of fiberglass stuff for me to make a longer and heavier dagger board to replace the one that simply floated away. Furthermore, they fixed my torn screen door to the porch for free. All the clerks know me by name.

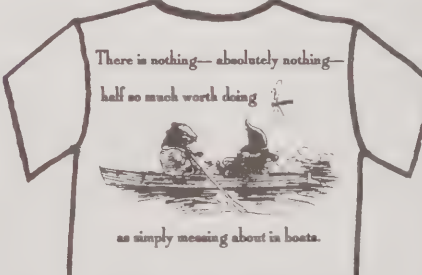
I guesstimate that I have about 10,000' of line lying on the mud not too far from my fish finder, GPS system, my third anchor (this one a bucket of cement with an eye bolt in it, purchased at Carver ACE hardware), my wind indicator, and my mast, boom, and 75 square feet of sail. Unfortunately, the lake is muddy and the visibility is about 6". One of these days I will get some of my stuff back when the Linn County Search and Recovery Team do some training drills. Until then you will find me at Carver ACE hardware or at my desk trying to make my checkbook balance.

And to think I gave up golf to take up sailing because I thought it was cheaper!



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Introduction

Like many *MAIB* readers, I look forward to design articles in every issue. The Editor's recent invitation for more of them moved me to act and share the details of my latest efforts, Toona, an outboard garvey 15'10" x 5'9", and Wishing Blossom, a lug rigged sailing dinghy 11' x 5'.

I'm not a professional designer but I've always been fascinated by boat design. As a child I "designed" hundreds of boats, often to the detriment of sleep and study. Unlike the small boats that fill my imagination today, the boats of my childhood all wanted to be 40' CCA cruisers or IOR racers. At one point I even professed to want to be a "naval architect," whatever I thought that was.

My other childhood dream was to build a boat. Thanks in part to some of the other designers who frequent these pages, that dream has been realized three times. First was Phil Bolger's wonderful Windsprint, the 16' sharpie with the big rig, then Jim Michalak's 15' Sportdory, and finally Jim's 18' AF 4 power sharpie.

The process of selecting designs, building them, and ultimately, using them taught me many lessons about how to both build and use a boat. Eventually the old designing bug came back. Only this time, instead of trying to be the next Olin Stephens or Ron Holland, I decided to apply some of the lessons learned from Bolger, Michalak, and others.

In the last few years I've been drawing dozens of boats. Three or four each year get to the point where I get down on paper enough detail for them to be built. I've released a few of them to the world by posting them on my website.

Two New Boats Toona & Wishing Blossom

By John Bell

But most just sit here in folders on my desk waiting for me to either build them or get the courage to release them to the world. So far there are six or eight boats out there in the world that people have built from my designs. I'm still not a "naval architect" by any stretch, but that there are real boats in the world from my drawing board is at least a partial realization of an old ambition.

The Boats

From the first glance it's apparent that these boats sprang from a common ancestor. I think of them as brother and sister. They each are multi chined and garvey bowed with similar profiles and sectional shapes. Despite the strong family resemblance, just about everything else about the boats is as different as can be. The outboard skiff, Toona, named for our home lake, is fast and tough, capable of 30mph while hauling upwards of 1000 lbs. of people and their stuff. For this purpose, her shape is solid and muscular. The sailboat, Wishing Blossom, on the other hand, is smaller, more curvaceous, more feminine. With her sweet curves and attractive rig, Wishing Blossom appears anything but tough. However, she's got a lot of capacity and capability for her diminutive 11' length.

The preferred construction for both boats is stitch and glue plywood, assembled by wiring together pre-calculated panels around

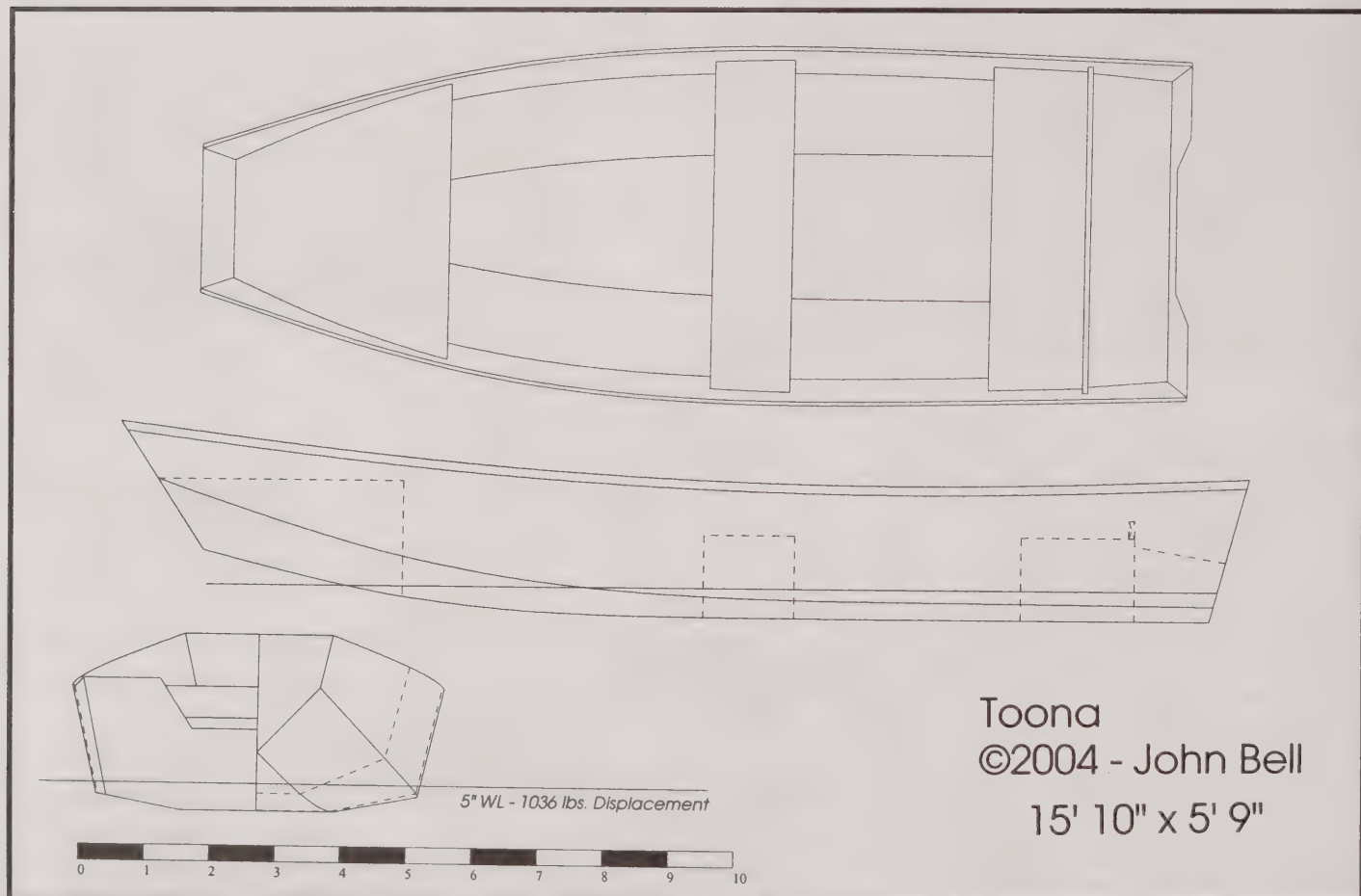
bulkheads and transoms fore and aft, then gluing and taping the seams with epoxy and fiberglass. Once the sheathing, sanding, fairing, and priming are complete, then the gunwales are attached, the interior installed, and the propulsion systems assembled and prepared. The process always takes longer than you think it will, but at the end of it all you've got a boat.

Toona

The 15'10" x 5' 9" outboard garvey Toona came out of my desire to have a simple, good looking, and able fishing/utility boat for my home lake. The multichine shape isn't as good in our ever present powerboat chop as a V bottom would be, but it's going to be a lot better than an equivalent flattie. The main reason for choosing this shape is to allow the boat to have decent performance with low power. The narrow flat in the middle of the bottom means she'll plane at lower speeds and power than a pure V bottom.

If I was feeling flush at the end of the project she'd almost certainly would end up with the maximum power. But odds are money will still be just as tight as it is now, and staying with the minimum recommended power will still give adequate performance. The minimum I'd suggest would be 10hp and the maximum would be 35hp. Depending on load and outfitting, a 10hp motor should push this hull around 15mph, with the 35hp capable of speeds around 30mph.

Unlike most department store jonboats, this boat has plenty of freeboard, making it much more suitable for hauling kids around our sometimes wake torn reservoir. One of those aluminum jobs will cost about the same



as the materials to build this one, but Toona is wider across the bottom and deeper. The waterline on the drawings show her at a little over 1000 lbs. displacement. I'd certainly feel safer in Toona than the discount store alternative.

The interior shown is probably the simplest possible layout. If I had one, I'd probably eliminate the center thwart and fit a low center console amidships. But, as shown, there is a large compartment forward which is intended to be part flotation and part storage. The large front deck also has room for a bow mounted electric trolling motor in case fishing is a priority. Aft is a self-draining motor well with flotation underneath. There is another compartment beneath the center seat for stowage and flotation foam.

The wood bill looks like 3 sheets of 1/2" plywood for the bottom and transoms and 6-7 sheets of 3/8" for the bilge, topsides, bulkheads, and decks, plus a hundred odd yards of biaxial tape, a few yards of fiberglass cloth, about five gallons more or less of epoxy, and a few lengths of solid lumber for gunwales and other bits.

Wishing Blossom

I have two children, ages 7 and 5, who love to sail with me on our Sunfish type boardboat. The problem is that we can't all

fit on that boat at the same time. The dimensions of Wishing Blossom were arrived at to allow sailing in reasonable comfort for either two adults, one adult and up to two children, and when they gain the requisite skills, or just the two kids by themselves. I purposely limited the boat to 11' overall, in part because it is a handy size and in part to avoid having to register the boat with the state. The wide beam is intended to help her stand up to her relatively large rig. However, with her breadth of 5' she is a bit too wide for good rowing. It's not that she couldn't be rowed, but stowing a set of 8.5' oars where they are out of the way when under sail is problematic. I don't think it matters too much anyway, as we successfully sail our Sunfish with nothing more than the daggerboard to paddle home if the wind fails.

One feature of her wide and deep pram form is a large capacity. The waterline shown is at 450 lbs. displacement. Her dimensions lend themselves to car topping provided you have racks 6-7' wide (watch your head when you get out of the car, though). The bare hull is going to weigh around 110 lbs. plus or minus, meaning that it will not be a solo loading job. Most users would be much more satisfied sailing Wishing Blossom off a trailer, myself included.

I toyed with the idea of a pivoting centerboard early on in the design process but ultimately decided that it took up too much space inside. Our home lake is quite deep anyway, so the simpler and more space efficient daggerboard makes more sense. Board down draft is a still shallow 2.5'. I don't show a pivoting rudder but it would not be too much effort to come up with one. Fore and aft are large watertight flotation/stowage compartments for a measure of safety in case of swamping or capsize. Hopefully she won't turtle if dumped, aided in part by the buoyancy of her wooden spars.

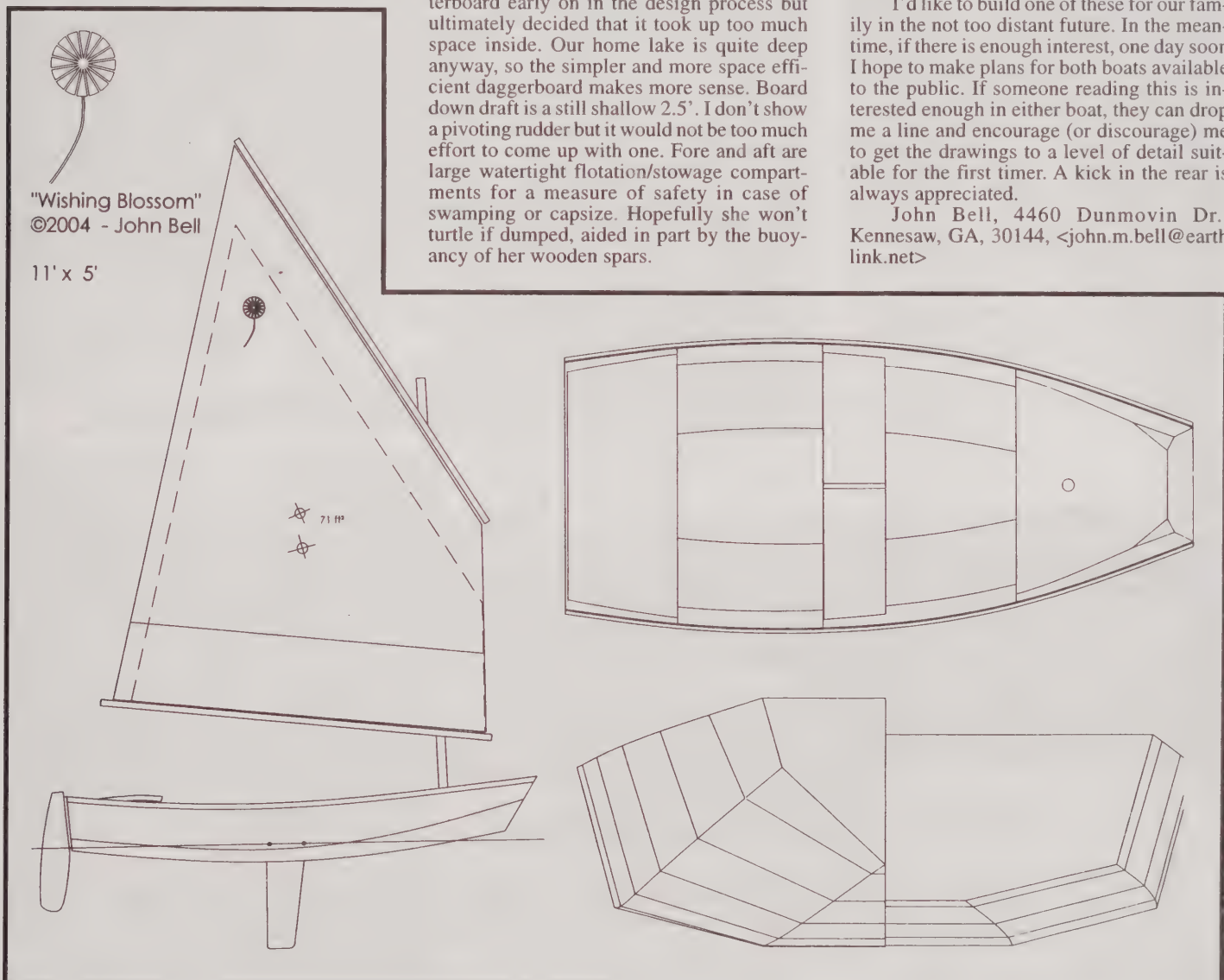
I've always been partial to balanced lug rigs for their simplicity, gentle manners, low cost, and good looks. Wishing Blossom carries a balanced lug measuring 71 square feet, which should make her a decent performer in the light airs of summer. It's also of a size to allow for a bit of excitement in bigger winds with a crew heavy enough to hold her up. I'll specify at least one reef to cut her down to 50 square feet for blustery spring days and as an extra safety margin on the day the kids take their first solo sails. I don't have any illusions that they won't prefer the faster Sunfish when they get older, but I think this is probably a more confidence inspiring boat for their first steps. The spars are all short enough to fit inside the boat, although people may have to artfully arrange themselves around them when the rig is struck. I think she'll be a pretty lively sailer. And if she isn't, she'll at least be pretty to look at.

The wood bill looks like five sheets of 1/4" plywood plus some sticks for the mast, yards, gunwales, and various nailers. Construction is taped seam, epoxy and glass sheathed.

(My daughter once told me the dandelions in our yard are not weeds, they are "wishing blossoms." Pick one and make a wish. If you can blow all the seeds off with a single puff, your wish will come true).

I'd like to build one of these for our family in the not too distant future. In the meantime, if there is enough interest, one day soon I hope to make plans for both boats available to the public. If someone reading this is interested enough in either boat, they can drop me a line and encourage (or discourage) me to get the drawings to a level of detail suitable for the first timer. A kick in the rear is always appreciated.

John Bell, 4460 Dunmavin Dr., Kennesaw, GA, 30144, <john.m.bell@earthlink.net>





The 2004 building season came to a close as the last of five boats built at The Apprenticeship in Rockland, Maine, was launched on Saturday, July 31. Apprentices Joe Taylor of Montana, Adam Stanisz of Arizona, Neil Joyce of Nova Scotia, and Nick Carlson of Wisconsin launched a 24' lobster boat with a dramatic splash from the Atlantic Challenge ways. The boat was designed by Apprenticeship lead instructor Kevin Carney, she is the third boat of this design built by the Shop. Her owner, Dallas Adams of Hampden, Maine, christened her *Mirabeau Lamar* and she will cruise the boat in the waters near Winterport, Maine.

Adams addressed the crowd at the launch with this to say, "*Mirabeau Lamar* was a Texas revolutionary soldier who eventually became an advocate for public education, Lamar University was named for him. My father spent his life teaching at Lamar, and he and my mother taught me that learning a

Apprenticeship Wraps 2004 Building Season with Launch of *Mirabeau Lamar*

By Trisha Badger

skill and having a craft were very important and to be valued in life. They also said that whether you are living or visiting somewhere you should always participate in the best that the place has to offer. There are few things more representative of Maine than a handmade wooden lobster boat and few enough places that teach these skills than the Apprenticeship. I think my parents would be pleased that I had a wooden lobster boat built by apprentices who are learning a skill and a craft."

Three other boats were launched in July. On July 16, apprentices Mark Peters of New Jersey and Travis Fuller of Arizona launched a 16' semi-dory. The boat is off for a life as ship's boat on *SSV Westward*, an Ocean Classroom vessel.

On July 17, apprentices Kurt Lynch of North Carolina and Andrew Nencheck of New Jersey launched a JO Brown rowboat. The builders took the lines off the original boat from North Haven which the owners had maintained with love for 100+ years. Unable to fix the boat after so much use, they commissioned the Shop to build a new one for them to enjoy for the next few generations. And also on July 17, apprentices Tito Parodi of Italy and Brady Gow of Maine launched an 18' gentleman's wherry. Second year apprentice Gow went to Mystic Connecticut to research the boat prior to her construction. The owner had seen another Shop-built wherry in California and wanted one built just like her.

These launches wrap up the spring/summer building season and complete the apprenticeship of six apprentices who have attended the program for two years: Travis Fuller, Brady Gow, Kurt Lynch, Mark Peters, Adam Stanisz, and Joe Taylor. Five first-year apprentices will return in September when Atlantic Challenge will welcome eight new apprentices to the Apprenticeship two-year program.

The Apprenticeship, one of the oldest and finest traditional wooden boatbuilding schools in the country, has been teaching boatbuilding, seamanship, and traditional skills to people of all ages since 1971. The Apprenticeship has moved around to various locations within Maine, beginning in Bath and settling in Rockland in 1991. Thousands of apprentices, interns, volunteers, and visitors have passed through the Shop doors since 1971, and hundreds of examples of the builders' excellent craftsmanship have left the shop floor for new lives on the water.

For further information, call (207) 594-1800 or visit the Atlantic Challenge website at www.atlanticchallenge.com.



By Bunny Fernald

Is That the Navy Out There?

This 1904 "Mail Card," mailed to my wife's aunt in 1907, is a nice period photo of "Harbor, Breakwater & Fleet, Rockport, Mass." I can't help but wonder about those three-stackers outside the breakwater, could it have been a visit from the U.S. Navy to this little North Shore harbor?

I also have a wonderful 12" x 24" photo I bought at a flea market that was identified as a "Maine" photo, but it is obviously Marblehead, Massachusetts, with all the old yachts flying their flags in some sort of celebration, along with a steam yacht. I can even see the name "Marblehead" on the service boat.

Sparmaking at the Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory

Photos by Ron Gryn



Setting up the jig to cut bevels in the raw spar lumber. From left, Al Moss, Jr., Dan Noble (back to camera), Geoff McKonly (director of the PWBF), Tom Shep, Pete Peters and Mike Wick.



Above: Tom, Pete and Mike cut the birdsmouth joint on each piece with a shaper.



Left: Pete dry fits an 8 section spar together.



Tom checks the alignment of the dry fit spar as pipe clamps are applied.



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Chemicals are commonly perceived as a small class of nasty, dangerous materials when, in fact, the universe is completely chemical and every event from creation's "big bang" to the thrill a beautiful boat evokes is the result of a chemical reaction.

Any human activity has risks and no material we work with is harmless. Building and maintaining boats safely requires knowing the risks and hazards and working with respect, not fear. This is not easy for the amateur or small professional boatbuilder. His shop is dusty and poorly ventilated. He does not have clean, reliable, proper protective equipment and may not use what he has. He uses a whole mix of potentially hazardous materials about which he has little practical, understandable safety information.

Understanding is the important part of reducing risks and hazards. We have to know why we do what we have to for a safe workplace. I have summarized it all in four basic principles of handling hazardous materials. They are:

1. PROTECT YOUR EYES!
2. DON'T BREATHE THEM!
3. DON'T GET THEM ON YOU!
4. DON'T EAT THEM!

1. PROTECT YOUR EYES: Wear at least safety glasses whenever you handle chemical materials and whenever you work with hand tools or machines. A chemical splash or a fragment thrown by a tool can blind an eye. Please protect your eyes. How would you work without them!

2. DON'T BREATHE THEM: Don't breathe the vapors (fumes) of materials you are using. Don't breathe dusts or smokes. If you smell anything you are working with, you need better ventilation or protective equipment. Pay attention when you first smell something, your nose quickly becomes insensitive to even strong odors and then you may no longer be aware of your exposure.

Ventilation is the best way to prevent exposure. Working outside in a breeze is natural ventilation. It can be excellent, but can also fool you if the breeze bounces off your work and carries fumes back to you.

You start thinking about mechanical ventilation and the first stated requirement is explosion proof motors. The price of that kind of equipment is higher than the costs of your tools, but there are a lot of inexpensive fans and blowers around whose motors do not spark. Box type window fans and the small centrifugal blowers all use shaded pole motors, which have the starting winding wired in permanently and no starting switch to make a spark. The "breeze box" window fans are especially good for small shop ventilation. They are inexpensive, lightweight, move large volumes of air, and can be easily positioned to ventilate most situations.

Try to arrange the fan so that it pulls fresh air past you, over the work, and away from your work area. While designed to run in the vertical position, they operate horizontally as well. Working inside a boat, you can lay the fan over a hatch pointed away from you and the work and pull out the vapors while pulling fresh air in.

There are dangers of fire and explosion with the many flammable solvents and products used in boatbuilding. Before vapor concentrations in your whole shop would reach the flammable limit you would be unconscious (maybe dead) from the toxic effect.

Safe Boatbuilding

By Dave Carnell

Flammable (explosive) concentrations exist only close to the flammable liquid or in special situations such as dense solvent vapors flowing along a floor to an ignition source like a pilot light or a motor. Good ventilation reduces the likelihood that flammable vapor concentrations can occur anywhere in your shop. Smoking is out of place in any boatbuilding shop. Before you use propane torches or other open flames, make sure all flammable liquids are sealed up out of the way. Consider also that your stationary power tools spark each time you turn them on and many portable power tools are continuous spark producers from the brushes of their motors.

If you must use protective equipment instead of ventilation to breathe clean air, a dust mask is the minimum protection, but a dust cartridge is better. Always wear a dust mask or respirator when sanding or grinding any material; wood, fiberglass, resin, metal. Wear dust protection when handling fine powders. Protection against vapors requires cartridges that chemically absorb the vapors. Be sure the cartridge is the right kind and be sure it is effective. Test effectiveness by putting the respirator on and breathing near a source of the vapors, you should not smell any. If you start the job with a good cartridge it may become loaded while you are working and your nose may not detect the gradual leakage of vapors. Good ventilation is the best control.

3. DON'T GET THEM ON YOU: Keep all solvents, paints, adhesives, sealers, etc. off of your skin. Your hands are most exposed, but you may expose other parts of your body and not realize it, especially by spills on your clothing (including shoes). For most boatbuilding situations impervious gloves would appear to be the perfect solution, but there are problems with gloves.

Different chemicals require gloves of different materials for best protection. The kind of glove required is hard to pick when so many safety data sheets say to use "appropriate" or "impervious" gloves. Many of you are going to be buying gloves in your drugstore, supermarket, or hardware store. The latex or rubber glove made in Malaysia or some other remote country is reasonable protection against epoxy resins and acetone, but not good with polyester resins, toluene, lacquer thinner, and most paint removers.

Vinyl gloves will protect against epoxy resins, but are poor with most solvents, especially acetone. Heavier gloves of rubber, neoprene, or nitrile rubber give better protection but are more difficult to work in and are much more expensive. The thin disposable gloves of polyethylene are resistant to most materials but are so clumsy and so easily punctured or torn that they are not of much use. Medical examining gloves come both in latex and vinyl. The latex variety offers protection and they are relatively easy to work in but, for me, the tight fit makes my hands sweat profusely, even in cool weather.

All protective equipment should be kept clean, as clean as your underwear. Putting on dirty protective clothing can give you a head

start on trouble. Wash the outsides of dirty gloves thoroughly with warm soap and water before taking them off. At least don't stick the dirty gloves in your pocket to contaminate your clothing and skin.

If your gloves or hands are dirty when you put the gloves on, or if material is absorbed through the glove, the gloves then aggravate the exposure by keeping the material in close contact with your skin and by increasing the temperature of your skin. All chemical reactions speed up as the temperature rises, including the reactions that cause burns, itching, rashes, or absorption through the skin. If you sweat, as I do, it aggravates the whole situation. Look for loose fitting gloves with a flock lining.

Any time you get a chemical on you, wash it off thoroughly with soap and water. The standard first aid procedure for chemical spills on the body, especially in the eyes, is to flush thoroughly with water for at least 15 minutes (a long time). If you spill something on your clothes, change them. Clean your protective equipment every day. You are probably not going to have a safety shower, but a sink faucet or a garden hose always ready to turn on is an essential piece of safety equipment. If you do not have fresh water, salt water is fine.

4. DON'T EAT THEM: Who would eat boatbuilding chemicals! You will, if you do not wash your hands and face thoroughly before that mid-morning snack, refreshing cold drink, lunch, or cigarette. The best practice is to not eat or store your food in the work area. Then wash up before you take a break to eat or drink. Chemical plant workers are more concerned about washing their hands before they go to the bathroom than afterwards.

Those are the general rules for keeping out of trouble with hazardous chemicals. Let's take a look at specific materials, their hazards, and procedures for using them safely.

Wood Dust: Wood dust is the most commonly encountered chemical hazard in boatbuilding and perhaps the most hazardous. Over 300 varieties of wood have been reported to cause dermatitis. Heartwoods are worse than sapwoods (probably because of the natural poisons they contain, which also make them more resistant to decay). The exposure limit is 5mg/m³ for all woods except western red cedar, which is 2.5mg/m³ (because one in 20 people is allergic to red cedar dust). These are exposures for eight-hour working days. The short time exposure limit is only 10mg/m³. The physiological reason OSHA based the wood dust limit on is avoidance of respiratory effects.

OSHA noted that the International Agency for Research on Cancer classifies furniture manufacture as a "confirmed human carcinogen" and carpentry as a "suspected human carcinogen," people, not mice, rats, or guinea pigs. Cancer is caused by long-term exposure to an agent. With wood dust, as with nearly all of the chemicals regulated, OSHA concluded that avoiding exposures that can cause immediate acute effects will also protect against cancer over the long term.

How much dust is that? In a 20' x 20' x 10' high shop, a half-teaspoon of fine wood dust distributed uniformly in the air would be a concentration of 5mg/m³; that is, not much and is the reason you should always wear dust protection when sanding.

Lauan mahogany dust may be a bad actor, too. "Dynamite" Payson wrote me of his allergy to it; "I just can't breathe any of the dust without half choking." A friend of mine broke out in a rash all over his body with an accompanying fever after sanding a mold plug made of lauan.

There is no limit set on fiberglass dust, not because it is harmless, but because quantitative information needed to set limits is not available. All dusts are probably harmful and should be kept out of your lungs. In addition to its own effects, tobacco smoking aggravates the effects of some dusts, including coal dust, asbestos, and radon decomposition particles.

Styrene: OSHA set the average eight-hour exposure limit for styrene at 50ppm (parts per million) to avoid narcotic effects. They set the short term exposure limit at 100ppm to prevent eye and upper respiratory irritation. Styrene's strong odor is detectable down to 0.1ppm if you have just come in from breathing fresh air. Though styrene is a possible human carcinogen, the limit set to avoid narcotic effects is more stringent than to avoid cancer based on currently available data. Polyester resins may contain 35% styrene.

Epoxy Resins: Most epoxy resins have no vapor problems. The hazard is possible sensitization by the hardeners from excessive skin contact. If you work cleanly with epoxy resins you should have no problems. If you become sensitized, which may cause rashes, dermatitis, or allergy reactions, by overexposure of your skin by careless and sloppy use, it is likely not to reverse and you may not be able to go back to using epoxies. Sensitization susceptibility varies greatly among people but is not common. In general, the less hardener required in a recipe, the more likely it is to cause sensitization; that is, 10/1 mixes are most potent, 1/1 the least.

I strongly prefer epoxy resins to styrene containing polyester resins because the hazards of working with them are less and are much more easily manageable. In addition, they are superior engineering materials with respect to adhesion, reliability of curing, and compatibility with other materials, such as foams, in boatbuilding.

Sodium Hydroxide: Also known as lye or caustic soda, this is one of the most hazardous industrial chemicals. You may find it in teak cleaners, bleaches, or some paint removers. While most chemicals can be easily washed off with copious amounts of water, sodium hydroxide reacts rapidly with organic materials such as skin, flesh, and eyes. It causes them to gel and is absorbed into them so that it is extremely difficult to wash out. All the while it continues to burn. I, and others I know, have been drenched with concentrated acids and washed them off in safety showers without injury. The victims I know of caustic spills are badly disfigured or dead. Handle with extreme caution and wear the best eye protection you have.

Toluene: Toluene is a solvent widely used in paints, thinners, paint removers, and other solvent-based materials boatbuilders use. The eight-hour average limit for exposure is set at 100ppm in air, with the short term limit only slightly higher at 150ppm. Avoidance of narcotic effects is the reason for the limit, with concern to avoid even brief exposure to high concentrations. Like most solvents, toluene defats the skin and makes it

sensitive to dermatitis. For gloves, only Buna N and nitrile rubber are reasonably impervious to toluene.

Acetone: Acetone is commonly used for cleaning up. Don't use it if you value your skin. It defats the skin and is absorbed through it. It is also probably the most flammable material commonly found in a boat shop. Waterless hand cleaners are better cleaners for your hands.

Diisocyanates: These compounds are components of linear polyurethane paints used for slick hull finishes. They appear to be the most potent sensitizers around. They are also cross sensitizers with other materials. The sensitization shows up as respiratory problems which may not go away after exposure stops. The OSHA eight-hour limit for toluene diisocyanate is 0.005ppm (five parts per billion) and the short term limit is only 0.02ppm. This means that you spray linear polyurethane paints only with a full suit of protective clothing and an external fresh air supply. No respirator cartridge will protect you. Isocyanates are not cyanides, which are another class of toxic chemicals not found in the boat shop.

Natural Materials: Some people have the idea that only synthetic compounds are harmful and that naturally occurring materials are harmless. Have you ever tumbled in a bed of poison ivy or tangled with a Portuguese man o' war? We have seen that wood dust may well be the worst hazard boatbuilders encounter because of its toxic nature and its presence in nearly all boatbuilding operations. Turpentine is as toxic as most solvents, and stuffing a rag wet with it in your pants pocket can give you a chemical burn in a hurry. Pine tar, like

all materials that have been overcooked, contains pyrenes, strong carcinogens. If your diet is heavy in charbroiled steaks and blackened redfish, you are being exposed to pyrenes.

Chemical Myths: There are various chemical myths that have been repeated many times. The wildest one I know is that mixing household ammonia and household bleach produces mustard gas. Mustard gas is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, chlorine, and sulfur. Ammonia is a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen. Bleach (sodium hypochlorite) is a compound of sodium, chlorine, and oxygen. Creation of the carbon and sulfur needed for mustard gas would be an accomplishment far exceeding any nuclear fission or fusion known to man. All our energy problems would be forever solved. The truth of the matter is that mixing bleach and ammonia (both are 5% solutions in water) generates a little heat and boils off mostly ammonia fumes.

What's a boatbuilder to do? The best all around advice is a combination of statements from boatbuilding product literature: "None of our products is safe. They cannot be made safe. Work cleanly." Get material safety data sheets (MSDS) when you buy boatbuilding materials. They are difficult for someone without chemical background to understand, but there is always useful information on how hazardous the materials are, how to handle them safely, what protective equipment is needed, first aid, and contacts for help in an emergency situation.

Always stop and think about how you are doing a job and how you may get into trouble.

PROTECT YOUR EYES!

How to Get Help From Material Safety Data Sheets

The information required in Material Safety Data Sheets is generally specified by OSHA. The specifics, the detail, and the manner of presentation are left up to the manufacturers and distributors; for the same chemical, different sources will publish MSDS that are quite different in format, though the essential data will be the same.

The sheets may be incomprehensible at first glance to persons without some knowledge of chemical and physical principles and the descriptive jargon of toxicology and chemical hazards. The information is presented in a standard order and the boatbuilder should look for:

1. Distributor: There will be at least an emergency telephone contact for medical help.

2. Material Identification: The chemical nature of the material. Numerical ratings of the hazards in terms of health, fire, and reactivity. These will be numbers from

0 to 3 (3 is the greatest hazard). Generally health and fire are your greatest concerns.

3. Components: The lesser materials and impurities present.

4. Physical Data: Information on color, odor, taste, and quantitative data which can tell you a lot about hazards of working with the material.

Vapor pressure: This number can tell you a great deal about the ventilation requirements and fire hazards of working with the material. It is given in mmHg (millimeters of mercury) at 20 degrees C (68 degrees F). Values for typical materials are: water, 17; acetone, 181; styrene, 6; epoxy resin, <0.1; toluene, 22. These are saturated vapor pressures, what you have in the vapor space over the liquid in a sealed and part full can. The higher the vapor pressure, the greater the possible toxic exposure, fire hazard, and the better ventilation required.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
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GLOUCESTER, MA 01930, USA

In the March 1, 1997 issue (Vol. 14, No. 20) of *MAIB* we presented this trailerable Family Schooner as Design #639. In a piece of fiction, the family's building effort and subsequent cruise was intended to put meat on the bones of this array of concepts expressed in lines on paper. Subsequent inquiries generated some plans sales, with only three hulls known so far to exist.

The prototype was built by Judge Jochems in the Rockies of Colorado in a shed near his home some 7,200' above sea level. The second hull was completed after a real world shade tree outdoors construction ordeal in Oslo, Norway. And photos of a third hull were received a long while back from around Portland, Oregon, well into a neat construction with major hull assemblies completed.

We always liked the design in its combination of relative simplicity, trailability, schooner rig aesthetics, and, of course, safety. In the November/December 2000 issue of *WoodenBoat* (#157) we included the impressive stability curve of #639 in a discussion of the seaworthiness of shallow draft cruisers like Jochems and our St. Valerie (#625). Still, people continue to apparently prefer lower slung geometries with compromised safety over the (necessarily!) unprecedented appearance of this design.

These things take time, it seems. The recent *WoodenBoat* #179 article on our Birdwatcher reflected 19 years of gestation period before it was embraced by a traditionally minded sailor of small craft who knew how to maximize its virtues. Judging by plans sales since, there should be a thriving class association in due time.

William D. Jochems takes the same basic principles of shallow draft, self righting, home buildable, trailerable, coastal cruiser one significant step farther towards more volume and older bones correct ergonomics, more weight, four full berths, separate head area, conventional cockpit, and more load carrying capacity for folks aboard. She was, after all, designed for William D. Jochems, a man of 6'4" stature, who tired of boats that were too small for him and wanted a craft that was commodious, home buildable, safe for coastal cruising, and light enough to be trailered anywhere behind his Chevy 305cid pickup and a single axle trailer.

With prior experience building and trailer sailing our 23'x6' Martha Jane cuddly sharpie, he built this boat over two years of part-time effort. Finished by early 1998, she gleamed in dark blue, white, and varnished spars and was named *Sapphire*. But since Colorado's map shows few waters ready for her size and capability, it would take some 650 miles one way through and down the western slopes of the Rockies and then across various types of desert country to get her to her launching point on Lake Meade, east of Las Vegas, Nevada.

Bolger on Design William D. Jochems

An Update/Upgrade
 On Design # 639



Sapphire and Bill.

Finishing up and fine tuning various details while afloat he, being semi-retired, used her for many week-long cruises/outings on the lake, alone and with family and friends, learning both to efficiently set up to four sails solo and to trust her seaworthiness by, for instance, bringing her to 80+ degrees of heel under sail vs. a canyon downdraft to see her come right back up again. In regards to the latter exercise, he reported being uncomfortable about this attitude but after repeated attempts has yet to keep her from coming back up again, only casual observers on land were seriously alarmed.

He learned to maximize the virtues of the fully controllable one degree of freedom leeboards, already familiar from Martha Jane, while finding out that she will self steer long enough for him to solo tend to the foresail and the balanced jib, or just set and take in that staysail. And he's come to like the inside steering station, be it to get away from the desert sun or to allow sailing when it's getting a bit chilly as frost settles on the hills and snow on the distant mountains. The readily folding masts were of use on her way to the lake.

By July 1998 an opening in our schedule suggested a five-day visit to man and boat on the lake for the experience and to take photos and video. While that time of year and location would raise eyebrows, this window would be the last one for well over 18 months before we would have felt comfortable again to go. So Susanne went out to spend five days aboard *Sapphire* in various waters on that

lake, upon her arrival a persistent high pressure ridge settled in with record high temperatures under mostly cloudless skies.

Water was at 84°F and she and Bill sailed in 122°F weather (measured in the shade!). Still it was over 10° cooler inside in the shade of her house with just a hatch open fore and aft. The nearly two-hour video profile of man and boat shows these numbers and circumstances as well. Since this was fresh water, for a change, periodic immersions in the warmish water offered relief. But most important was a steady intake of liquids, one does not seem to sweat in this very dry desert heat and heat stroke would sneak up fast. Judge Jochems preferred to boil a mug of hot tea every hour. And half an hour without sunscreen on her bare feet broiled Susanne's skin for many days of quietly cursing her stupidity.

Perhaps not surprising in hot but light winds, not much was to be had in terms of sailing. But studies in efficient ghosting were intriguing. For what it is worth on a lake full of powerboaters, *Sapphire* seems to be the fastest ghoster around. Only one day offered enough of a blast furnace type breeze coming up from the Arizona desert in the south to allow good healing of the craft under reefed main and full foresail. Working the rig under these conditions, though, was stretching the definition of fun too far towards the masochistic. Bill obliged long enough for several tacks and passes at hull speed to be recorded on video.

As to be expected from a moderately ballasted sharpie, she heels well, but to a definite limit, see above. Her schooner rig of four sails allows enough variety for trimming to match wind, course, crew weight, and ambitions. And while schooners will never be praised as upwind machines between twin leeboards and chine sailing she hangs on adequately for pleasure sailing, when in a rush, motor sail! With that modest power she steamed convincingly into the breeze with masts standing and sails furled.

Nights were mostly under clear skies and open hatches with the most spectacular display of the Milky Way, an inconceivable sight in light and air polluted New England. Susanne slept aboard for five nights at anchor and beached and heard wavelets under *Sapphire's* stem, but enjoyed restful nights anyway. Bill never complained. With both in the two forward berths, she is down by the bow anyway. The bow configuration with full length shoe and the bow's cutwater extending forward and out into her billet head keeps pounding issues to a minimum under modest conditions. Mostly of 1/2" throughout, her 1" bottom is reinforced further by another 1-1/2" of 24" wide shoe down her belly for relaxed beaching, forgiveness of navigational errors, and for rugged resilience to the punishment of long distance trailering. With her

14" shallow draft quiet waters can be found more easily, including flats that will be dry over a low tide.

Those five days were a good test of comfort in a rather challenging environment. Clearances for two tallish crew, headroom sitting, galley function, rig and ground tackle related functionality, cockpit ergonomics, minor privacy issues, etc. were all unexceptionable. You get what you see on the plans.

We obviously like her looks on her own terms, since we know why she looks and has to appear that way. Like a well-developed tool, comparisons to conventional aesthetics are meaningless in the context of the hard realities of superior actual utility, safety, and value.

After time on the lake *Sapphire* traveled to the Sea of Cortez for an extended stay. More recently she has been home ported in the northern area of San Francisco Bay. Whether she'll log more miles on the water than on the road would require an intense study of Judge Jochems' logbook.

Bjorn Harbo wrestled with a growing family, growing business responsibilities, and a correspondingly growing assembly schedule for his *Esmeralda*. At last she was launched into Oslo Fjord, painted medium green and white with Norwegian wood for the spars, knots and all, kept varnished. A private video with three generations aboard shows the first family schooner realization once only imagined on paper.

We hope the Oregon hull will sail soon. Workmanship seemed good in the last photos we received.

Over these many years, and after input from Bill Jochems' personal experience, we upgraded the plans in a number of ways.

Shorter Masts: Shortening the masts saves vital pounds without any drawbacks, the initial geometry was too conservative. Designed to be hollow but initially built solid, the booms and gaffs were cut by Bill and routed out enough for significant weight savings here as well without structural issues. A large diameter router bit seems at least at first glance cheaper than elaborate hollow spar exercises and may be worth investigating as an overall approach. Gluing the halves together might even allow straightening the occasional wayward stick that would not budge initially.

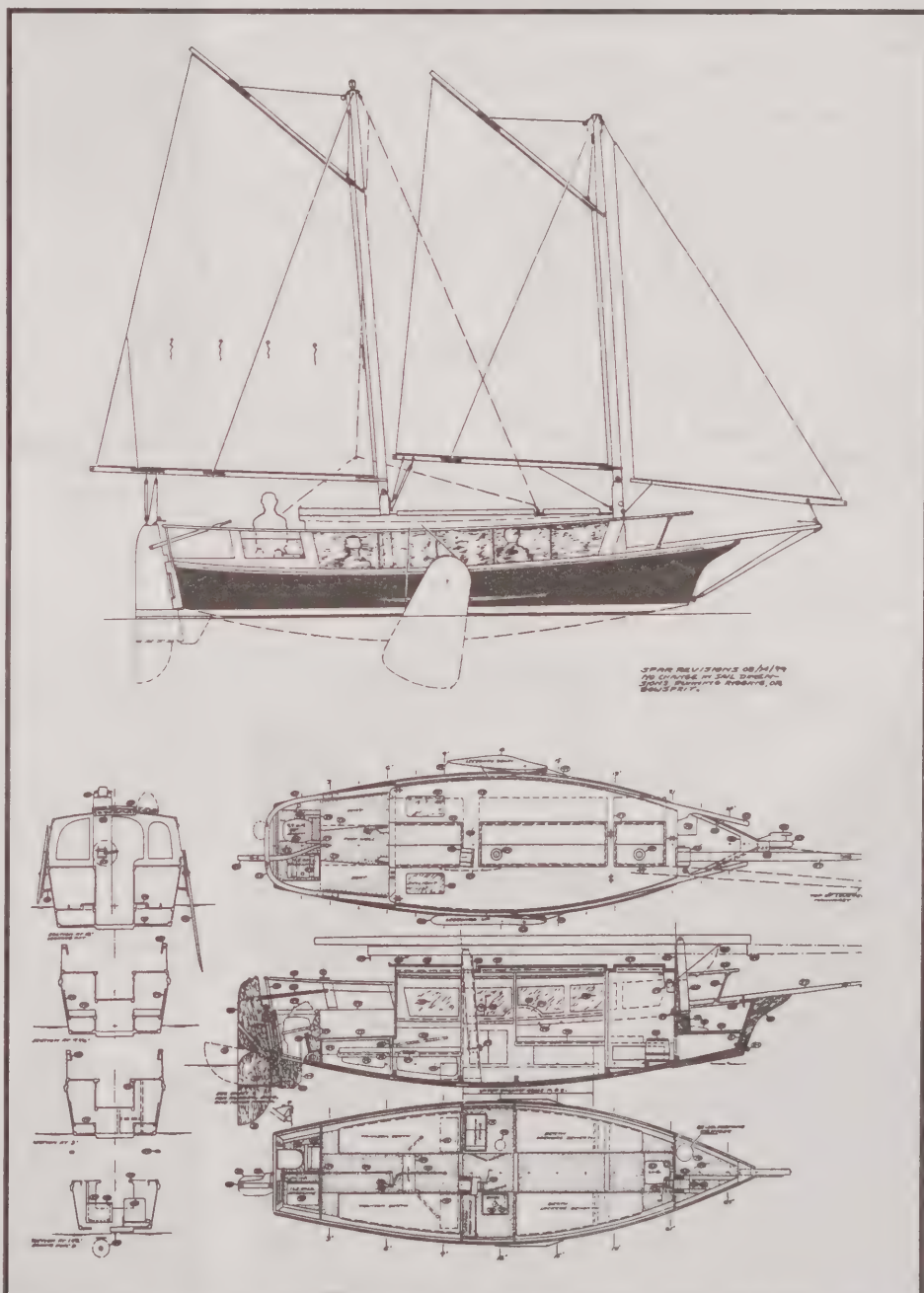
Reinforced Leeboard Mounts: Before any structural failures would occur, we followed a long overdue itch to improve the structural context of the leeboard pivot pins and mounts. Improvements are possible on extant hulls as well. Harbo had yet to install these upgrades when, during a vigorous trip along the south coast of Norway, his mounts showed signs of sudden distress ending a trip under power.

More Plausible Ballast Tank Plumbing: We had been too casual showing water ballast tanks, and while a good number of patient clients came up with their own solutions for our omissions, we added some thoughts in the matter to the plans.

Optional Steel Plate Ballast Belly Armor: Over the recent years we have finally grasped the obvious opportunity to armor the bellies of sharpies with steel/bronze/copper across much of their midsection, if not all the way to the bow, all for permanent ballast, massive impact resistance for occasional mishaps beaching right onto boulders and navigational errors in silt laden waters crashing into rocks, and in case of copper/bronze for near permanent antifouling properties. Upgraded plans for



Sapphire on the road in the American southwest.



#639 show a pattern of 3/8" steel plates to be through bolted and 5200-ed around bolts and perimeter, copper would weigh some more and would be slightly smaller in area.

No doubt further improvements will come to mind as more hulls hit the water and more nagging issues annoy. But one of the more radical attributes does not need changing and, oddly enough at second thought, seems to escape most folks' attention once on board and casually moving about her with ease. Bill Jochems reported early on that the fact that rudder, main and foremast, bowsprit, and all her four sails are all 7-1/2" off center to starboard seems to go unnoticed by the un-

initiated between the natural passage through her going forward and the fact that nobody expects them to be anywhere but on center. Sailing her cruiser fashion, and how else would you sail a water ballasted leeboard gaff schooner, did not reveal any obvious difference from tack to tack.

A 31' stretch version has been proposed to several could-be clients, without results though. But we do have a fine study of a two-some 1,000-mile trawler version based on this hull, first inspired by the decent action of her under all of 10hp. Anybody to subsidize that project would end up with a fine 6.5kt pocket power cruiser of conventional looks and un-

conventional efficiencies that still rides between trailer wheels.

Finally, to repeat the reference earlier in this piece, for anyone interested in #639 we have a 117-minute VHS video for sale for \$35, in both NTSC and PAL formats. This video should settle most questions you might have about her, never mind the lingering doubts about the state of mind of folks who sail at 45°C in a dark blue boat with varnished spars in the Nevada desert.

Upgraded plans on five 22" x 34" sheets plus extensive building key remain at \$300 to build one boat, available only from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

Design #639 Specifications:

Length overall (jib club to mainboom end) 36'3"
Length over billet head and rudder (boomkin folded) 29'4"
Length on deck 25'6"
Length at static design waterline 23'2".

Breadth over retracted leeboards (max. trailer width) 8'1"
Breadth of hull 7'1"
Breadth on bottom (between trailer wheels) 6'0"

Draft of hull with full load (DWL) 1'2"
Draft with maximum leeboards (upright) 3'4"

Displacement with full load (DWL) 4,900lbs
Weight of water ballast 1,136lbs saltwater/1,100lbs fresh water

Sail area with staysail 462sf, without staysail 392sf
Sail area full foresail/one reef main 240sf

Maximum mast height above WL 27'3"
Minimum bridge clearance above WL 6'6"
Maximum height above trailer bed 7'8"

Power 10hp large prop 4 stroke outboard
12 15mpg at cruise
11 gallons in fuel tank



A third Jochems under construction in Portland, Oregon.

Aboard *Sapphire* looking aft from the head compartment.



Light air sails, 462sf of them.





Bjorn Harbo's *Esmeralda* on Oslo Fjord.



Bjorn's family comes aboard.

The Bark *Mayflyer*

By Steve Tiebout



A good thing about the bark *Mayflyer*, according to her designer/builder (me) is that she performs like a fore and aft rigged vessel. We who have skippered square riggers know to our sorrow that they enjoy sailing backwards just as much as they do honestly forging ahead. Going backwards is a disgrace and invites ridicule from shoreside yahoos, and getting caught aback is especially likely in the shifty winds of tree-lined ponds.

To get around this I off-centered *Mayflyer's* yards. They swing inside rather than outside her shrouds. No sheets and braces, her sails automatically seek an optimum angle to the wind. When she gets headed she falls off, helped by her spritsail acting like a backed jib. Her sails refill and off she flies.

Another good thing, she has a draft of 6-1/2" (8'8" scale). No awkward anachronistic fin keel to offend my aesthetic sensibilities and snag floating watergrass (there's a lot of this stuff thriving in the pond this year). *Mayflyer* is a generalized representation of a rather small Elizabethan merchantman, 65"

lwl (80+ feet at 1:16 scale) but big for a model, which I like.

Ballast is all inside, 20 lbs. of lead fishing sinkers in four handy canvas bags. The boat weighs 21 lbs., so with ballast removed she is easy to launch and retrieve. Having no fin is a godsend, particularly at shallow launching sites.

Postscript: After all my happy, holier than thou, bragging concerning inside ballast for *Mayflyer*, on a recent Sunday morning in front of an enthusiastic audience, my Mother (Nature) took a deep breath and blew the good ship over on her beam ends. The 20 lbs. of inside ballast (horizontal) was suddenly vertical with zero righting leverage and plenty of downward, Davey Jonesward pressure. Dumb luck in the form of lots of wood flotation kept her awash. Seriously chastened, I paddled out and towed the mess ashore.

That was the end of my inside ballast dream for *Mayflyer* under full sail. With both topsails furled, yes, she seemed safe, even in 20mph gusts. But I knew in my heart there would come a time when a microburst would do her in, even with the short rig. I came to terms with reality, *Mayflyer* had to have a reliable outside ballast reserve to rescue her in extremity. But I scorned the idea of hanging a deep fin on her. She had to have shoal (scale) water capability to be the pond boat of my dreams.

A trip to the plumbing supply store solved the problem. I went in there with only a vague idea that somehow sheets of lead might be attached to *Mayflyer's* long shallow keel. Stores that cater to professionals, such as real plumbers, intimidate me. The store people sense this, they know I am nothing but a dilettante when I ask if

With her automatic sail trim, *Mayflyer* needs rudder control only. I'm a dinosaur, however, and enjoy seeing her free sail. It's gratifying to see how she beats and runs all over the pond with Mother Nature at the helm. Of the many free sailers I have built, this one impresses me as having the best "real ship" action. She's a good 'un.

they can sell me a bit of lead, say maybe 10 lbs.?

"We don't sell lead that way," they said with ill-concealed scorn.

But I am not one to be put off. "How do you sell it then?"

Another of the clerks, who seemed less unfriendly, though a little on the dim side, said they could sell me a package that was maybe 20 lbs., or was it 25 lbs?

"In a sheet?" I asked.

"Two by two," he said.

"How thick?" I asked. He couldn't say exactly.

I said boldly, "I'll take it."

He fetched it for my examination and a light dawned. It was 2' long and rolled around a 2" diameter heavy cardboard tube. It could be used "as is" with no surgery, certainly no melting and casting. Simply hang the tube on the ship's keel, not even bolted, just hooked. Easy on, easy off.

Does it work?

"No gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.

The man at the wheel
(cross staff in this case)

Was made to feel

Contempt for the wildest blo-o-o-ow.

Though it often appeared

When the gale had cleared

That he'd been in his bunk below.

Then blow ye winds, high-ho..."

AREY'S POND
Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



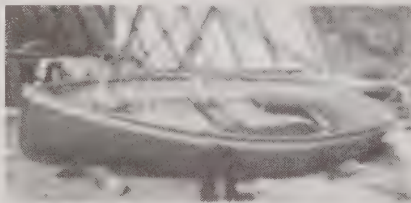
14' "CAT"
12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat
Traditional elegance with a fiberglass
hull, teak trim & floorboards,
all fittings solid bronze
sitka spruce spars

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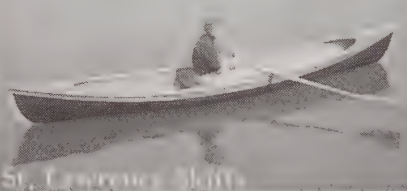


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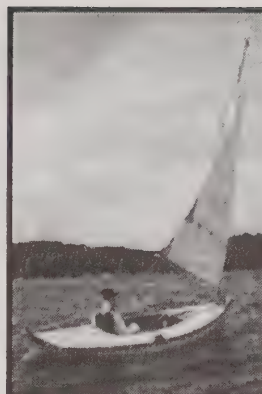


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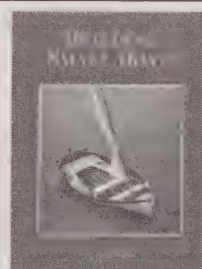


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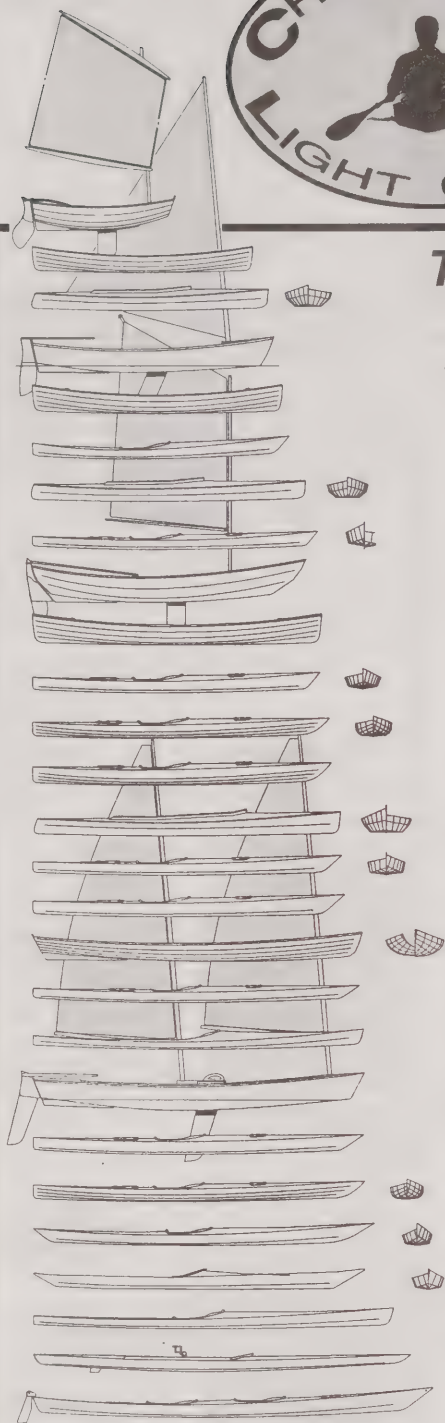
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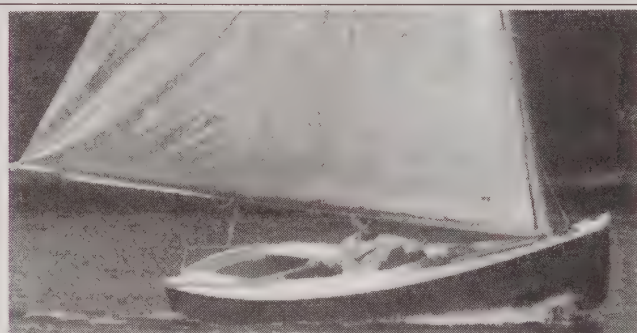
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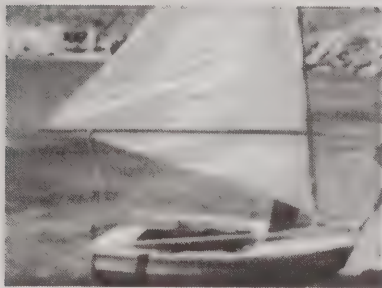
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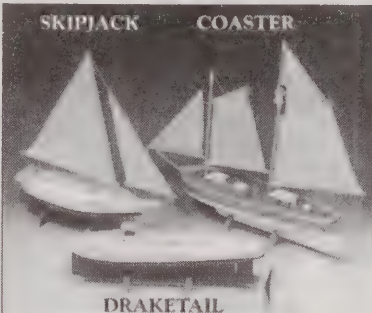
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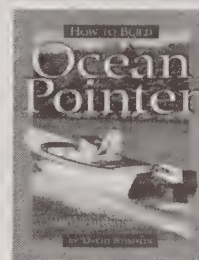
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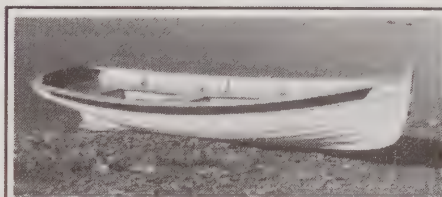
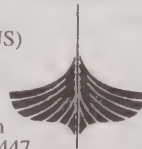
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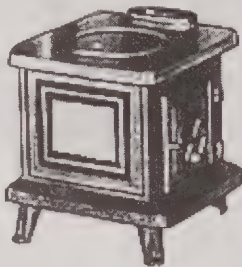
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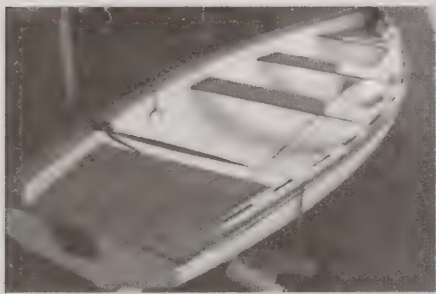
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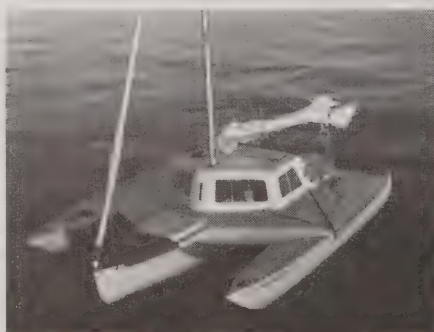


20' Victorian Fantail Launch, '02 Elco f/g hull #Elco0082C202, factory installed ob well, 9.9 electric start Honda, custom mahogany interior w/bronze wheel & cleats. New EZ Loader trlr. Construction material over \$16,000. Your cost \$9,900.
JOHN RUGGERIO, Salem NH, (603) 898-5395 (11)

Free Boat, 16' plywood/epoxy ob cruiser w/large cuddy cabin, '03. No motor, no trlr. Mast and sail available.
BOB WILLIAMS, Wallingford, CT, (203) 265-0491 (12)

Alden Appledore 19, ca '78. Glass hull sound, ply decking nds replacement. Lightly used family rowing craft w/Oarmaster drop-in dbl sliding seat rowing rig & 2pr 8' spoon oars. Asking \$1,500. Fitted Trailax alum trlr. \$275 firm. Selling on behalf of charitable org.

NED ASPLUNDH, Huntingdon Valley, PA, (215) 914-4855 wkdays, <nasplundh@yahoo.com> (11)



21' Piver Trimaran, folds on trlr, mast tabernacle, roller furling genoa, full batten main, self bailing cockpit, kick up rudder, depth finder, masthead light, fg on ply, low aspect keel draws 20". Lovingly customized & well maintained able sailer. \$1,900 obo.

RANDALL BRUBAKER, Somerville, MA, (617) 629-2114. (12)



Cat Boat, w/cb, 15'8" long, 6' wide, 4hp Johnson ob w/20" long shaft. Cuddy cabin. New tanbark gaff rig sail, aluminum spars, wheel steering. New built on '30s vintage hull, cedar on stem bent oak ribs. Vy nice. \$3,800 cash.
LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (12)

20' Joe Dobler Sailing/Camping Dory, built in '70s of fir marine ply. Rigged for single handed sailing. Has tent for sleeping 2. Can take small 3-4hp ob in dedicated well. On trlr, w/all sails. \$400 OBO.

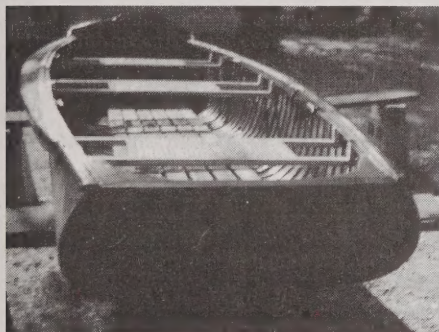
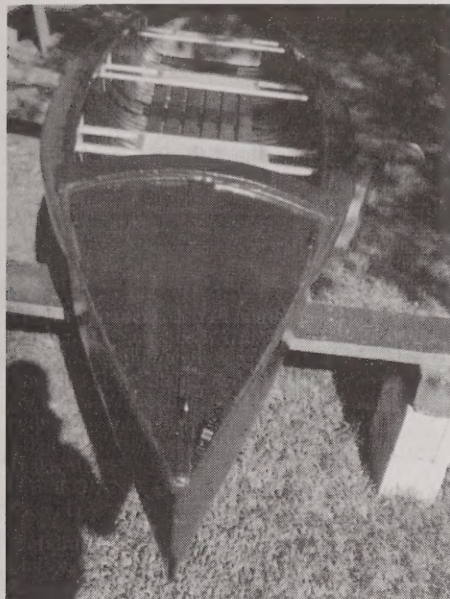
RICHARD STOVER, Portland, OR (503) 282-3856. (11)

Cape Dory Typhoon Weekender, moving day sale. Hull restored & freshly painted. Sails: White racing cut full cut main, lapper & 170% decksweeper; tanbark cruising cut main & 100% jib; multicolor spinnaker & gennaker. Spinnaker & whisker poles. Danforth anchor, 4 winches, 3 travelers. Merriman knotmeter, assorted fenders, 7 cockpit & cabin cushions, bow pulpit, orig owner's manual, ob mount. '71 Trailcar trlr w/ext tongue, 4,000lb cap. 1.5hp J.C. Penney ob inclusion negotiable. \$5,000.

ALAN FORREST, Minneapolis, MN, (612) 823-3200 (11)



'83 Finestkind 17' Skiff, downeast style, fg center console, 50hp Mercury ob, spray dodger, trlr & accessories. Exc cond. \$4,200.
FRED EBINGER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-7416 (11)



Canoe, vintage '20s - '30s, 16' long, wide beam w/sponsons, square stern. Canvas on cedar constr. Floorboards, forward deck, 3 cane seats, 2 rowing stations, 1 pr 7' oars. Exc cond. \$1,400 cash. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (12)

15' Classic Lyman Decked Runabout, w/walk through seating & rear steering. 35hp Gale Sovereign electric start, Karavan split trlr. Totally stripped in & out, no rot. Motor in exc running cond. Trlr hardly used w/spare tire. All decking & seats removed & numbered ready for new replacement or installation. No time to finish. \$1,000 OBO. PETER DE BONA, Branford, CT, (203) 483-0299, <fastpete@comcast.net> (11)



'75 Chubasco Snipe, 15'6" w/trlr & mooring cover, gd cond. 3 sets sails, 1 practice, 1 nearly new racing set. Gold hull w/teak trim. For sale due to owner age/health. \$650. STEVEN DINGMAN, Green Lake, WI, (920) 295-6743, <linsteve@dotnet.com> (11)



Bolger Light Scooner, 23-1/2', marine ply/epoxy/bronze. Green & cream. See MAIB 2/1/04, Bolger's *Thirty Odd Boats*, <http://www.ace.net.au/schooner/build.htm#start> (Tim Fatchen & the Flying Tadpole in Australia). Like new cond, used less than 100hrs (crew grew up, moved away). All equip. Trlr, bearing buddies. Motors avail. \$3,500 inv, come see & make offer. DAVID BOLGIANO, Have de Grace, MD, (410) 272-6858 (11)

1975 Catalina 22, swing keel, on galv trlr, w/'80s Johnson 6hp ob, \$3,500. Upgraded to newest spreader brackets & cockpit drain scuppers. Incl 2 sets sails (main and jib), most original equipment, such as sink/stove unit, and some additional, such as boom tent, life preservers and cockpit cushions. It's been sitting on trlr for 2 seasons, but ready to sail. Pick up in Collingswood, NJ (Philadelphia area).

ED WINCHESTER, Collingswood, NJ, (856) 296-4545 (11)

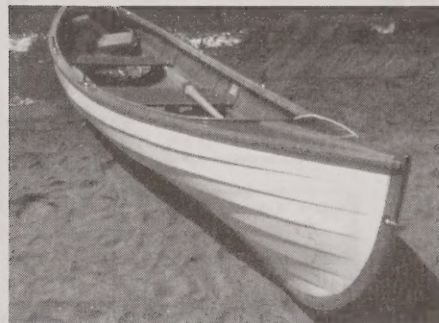


22' Drascombe Coaster, '72. Salty family daysailer. Gunter yawl rig, cuddy cabin, 6hp ob, trlr. Draws 1' w/board up. Located MD. Fully equipped. \$3,200. BILL BURRUSS, Hollywood, MD, (301) 373-8305 (11)

16' Classic Wood Sloop, compl rebuilt. Full keel, cuddy, Marconi rigged, ob, insured, surveyed. Sail or trail away. \$5,000. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376 (11)



15'9" Classic Whitehall Tender, white cedar planks on oak ribs, oak stem & keel w/cherry sheer strake, transom & seats; copper rivets, bronze screws. Spars & kickup rudder incl. Nds sail. Built by Howard S. Ford in '93 from plans from Mystic Seaport Museum. Stable, rows & tows well. Fresh varnish & paint. Asking \$4,900. HOWARD FORD, 391 Glenbrook Dr., Auburn, NY 13021, (315) 258-0803 (11)



18'3" St. Lawrence River Skiff, built by Ogdensburg Boat Works. Lapstrake fg hull, 42" beam, 192lbs, wood stems, keel, decks, gunwales. Brass hrdwre, mahogany seats & floorboards. 2 sets oars, Sunbrella cover, trlr. \$2,500. JOHN PAGE, S. Burlington, VT, (802) 658-1728 (11)



Redwing 18, new construction. Professionally built using stitch & glue & BS1088 plywood. Custom outfit for buyer. CHESAPEAKE MARINE DESIGN, Severna Park, MD, (410) 544-9553, <cmdboats.com> (13P)

16' Outrigger Canoe, J.W.D sail and paddle versions. Crab claw sail. Light, fast & fun to sail. Plans incl. \$1,200. TOM MILIANO, P.O. Box 35120, Sarasota, FL 34242, (941) 349-9488 (11)

12' Sturdee FG Skiff, '98 lapstrake, mahogany seats, oak rails, rated for 8hp. Used vy little 1 season, in like new cond w/oars & oarlocks, bumpers & hrdwre. Cost new is \$3,595, asking \$1,500 or trade for Grumman sport boat in gd cond. MICHAEL STEPHENS, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-6163. (12)

25' '42 Gulfweed Hanna Wooden Schooner, 2 masts, hull damage on port side. Incl: sails, masts, all brass, lead keel. Under sail prior to dry dock (now on cradle). Engine has been stored. \$1,000 obo. ANN SOUTH, Columbia Station, OH, (440) 236-5610 (11)



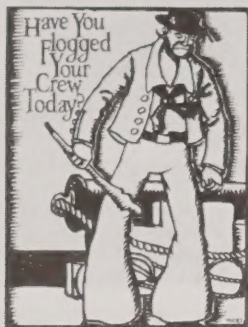
16' Bolger Seahawk, custom built, mahogany ply, epoxy, fg sheathed, ss fastenings & hrdwre, pvc gunwale guards & rub/spray rails. Virtually new cond. Price reduced to \$1,500 for end of season temptation. HANS WAECKER, Georgetown, ME, (207) 371-2282 (11)

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Small Boat Sails, contact for size & details. MERV TAYLOR, Rockport, ME, (207) 594-7069, <merv@midmaine.com> (12)

26' Wing Mast, blt to Gougeon Bros. Specs, CDI roller furler, sail storing boom, new full batten main. \$1,500.
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Chris Craft White Step Pads, 1 pr large w/ chromed frames. \$200. Windshield Brackets, small 3 pc w/internal runing lights, believed to be Canadian, nd rechrome. \$300. Closed Chocks, 1pr. \$200. Large Cleat. \$100. More, 6v generator, starter, pistons, guages, switches, gas cap, others. All prices plus shipping.
ROY ROYAL, Harrison Twp, MI, (313) 322-7967, <royal@ford.com> (11)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



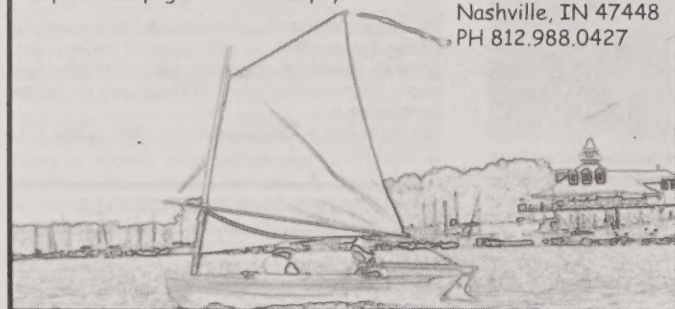
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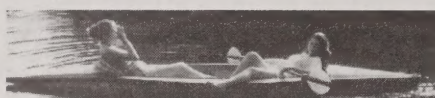
Honda 9.9 OB, long shaft 4 stroke #BF9.9A/15A, pull start w/charging capability. Fresh water, low hrs, like new. \$1,600.
BILL WHEELER, New Preston, CT, (860) 868-0828. (12)

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Cruise N Carry Outboard, Model 6600, dead or alive.
DON MCCUE, Chiefland, FL, (352) 493-0070, <donaldmccue@wmconnect.com> (11)

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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)

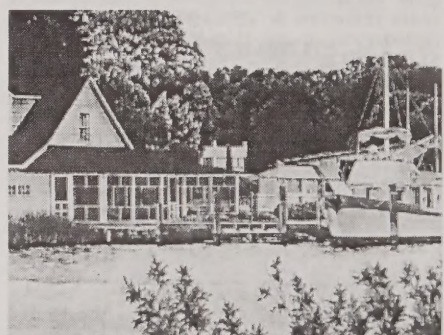
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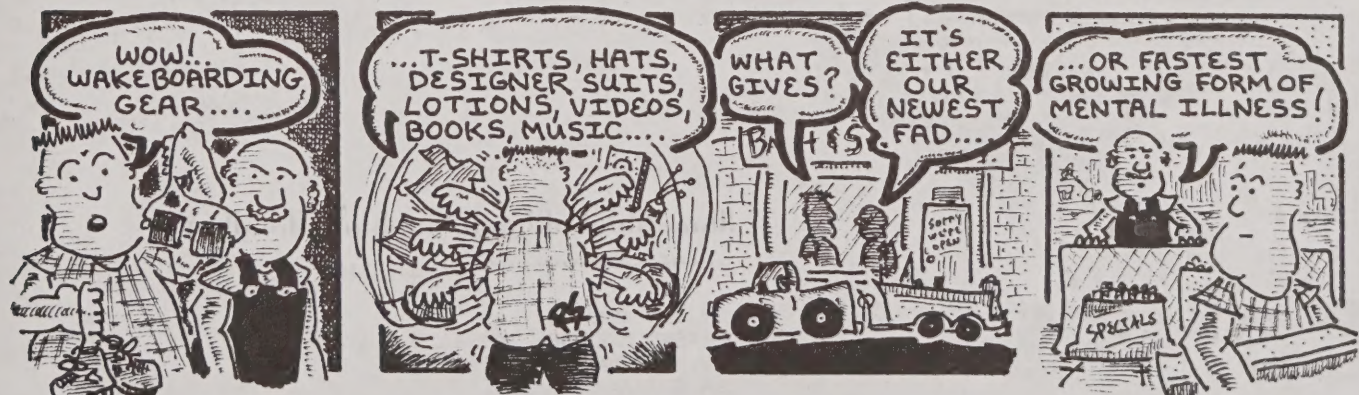
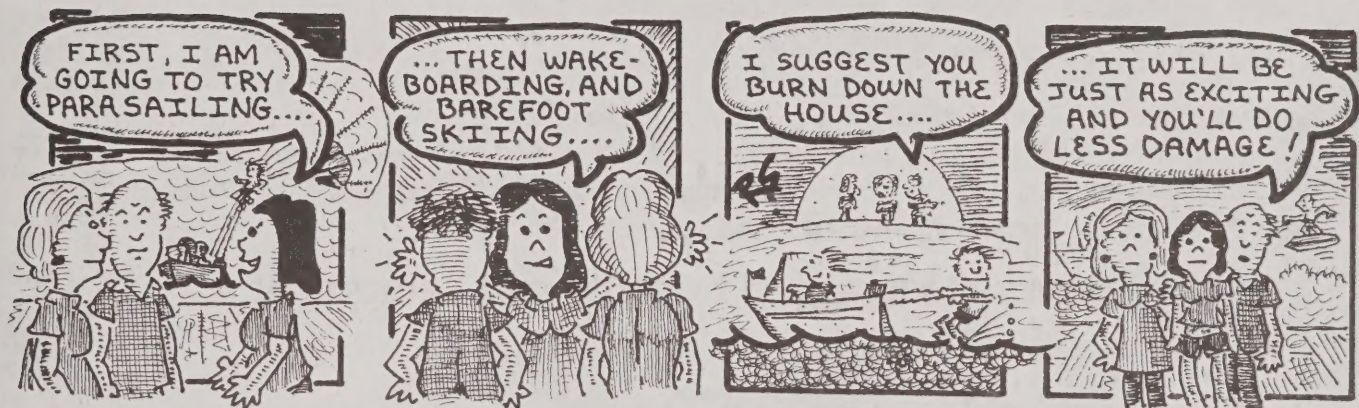
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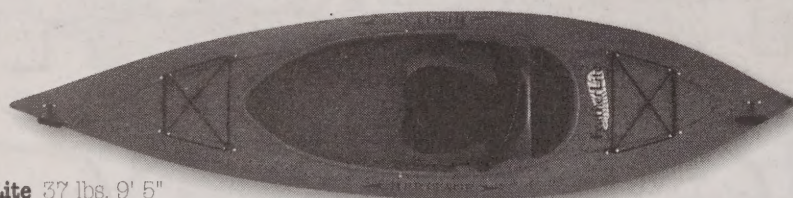
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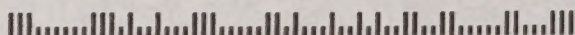
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