



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Melonseed Midwest Rendezvous"
"Solo Trip in Algonquin Park" - "End of an Era"

Volume 23 - Number 12

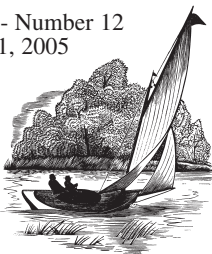
November 1, 2005



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On the Cover...

Transom sailing was just one indulgence that Midwestern Melonheads enjoyed at their Melonseed Regatta in Green Lake, Wisconsin, this summer. Much more is featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Another on the water season has come and gone and for me it was a slim one, just a few outings in kayaks locally, all of them accompanied by my friend Charlie, who is a quadraplegic. The extent of Charlie's disability is such that he does have quite a bit of use his arms and body muscles but much more limited use of his hands. He and I normally indulge in a weekly bicycling outing on a special tandem handcycle setup we designed and built, but Charlie had an ongoing interest in kayaking, so for the past several years we have enjoyed occasional jaunts in my 21' Seda Tango.

The Tango is a really nice boat for our purposes. While it is big at 21'x30", it handles and moves like a solo boat. And the spacing of its cockpits on that length results in our not having to synchronize our paddling strokes. Jane and I paddled it for a number of years in the 1990s, and on those occasions when it became necessary to really dig in against a strong headwind, I could paddle at my best without having to adjust to Jane's more limited strength and stamina. The same works for Charlie and I.

Charlie is at home on and in the water. He does scuba diving and has sailed some on Hobies with friends. In order to undertake paddling he had to be innovative as his hands have no gripping ability. He fit a set of padded metal straps to his paddle handle located so as to be able to slide his hands between the straps and the handle and wedge them by spreading his arms into a position just right for paddle blade orientation and arm spacing.

I occupy the rear cockpit with the rudder pedals. Charlie sets his wheelchair alongside the front cockpit, slides off the seat onto the deck behind the cockpit and thence forward into the cockpit, pushing his legs ahead of him. With a custom backrest that supports his upper body he's ready to go. Over the 30 years he has been disabled (he crushed his sixth cervical vertebrae in a trampoline accident in his 20s in the early 1970s) Charlie has kept himself fit and he is able to paddle with considerable strength and agility. As we do when bicycling on our tandem, we refer to ourselves as the "geezer and the gimp."

We enjoy several outings on the water in this way each summer in company with several other friends, typically on protected waters such as Cape Cod's Waquoit Bay or our North Shore's Plum Island Sound or Ipswich Bay. Rough water is hard on Charlie as the chop can knock his paddle loose in his hands and he misses strokes as a result. And,

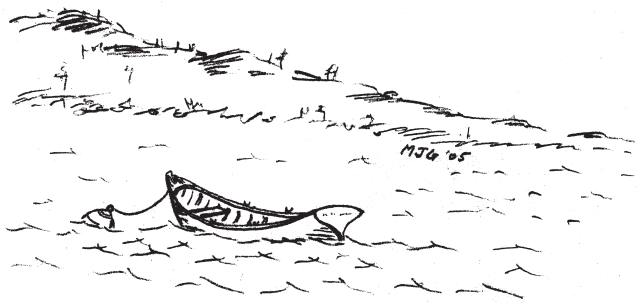
while he is fit for a disabled person, unlike the paraplegic you see racing wheelchairs, his upper body, due to its partial paralysis, just doesn't have heavy muscular development and his progress, with either paddle or pedals in hand is intermittent, periods of effort interspersed with shorter periods of resting his arms.

This past summer we did not get to join our Cape Cod friends due to weather conditions on the scheduled dates, but we did do a couple of nice outings nearby on Ipswich Bay and Plum Island Sound. The latter was, for me, a bit of a nostalgia trip harking back to an early kayak experience in 1984 in a borrowed kayak encircling the same sound. The sound is encircled on three sides by a National Wildlife Refuge, with an eight-mile barrier beach separating it from the open ocean. It is thus an experience in communing with nature, excepting only along the fourth side with its yacht club and hillside housing looking down.

This year Charlie acquired a short wide canoe and managed to set it up for solo paddling on ponds near his central Massachusetts home in Worcester. This enabled him to go solo, albeit with some difficulty if there was any wind as his sitting position, dictated by his need for upper body support (he sits on the bottom) tilted the trim strongly bow up and thus subjected him to windage taking control of his direction. As he was gaining much enthusiasm for going solo we decided to see if the 10' Heritage kayak I had would provide a better paddling platform. A short test at a local lake proved that it would, he was very comfortable in it and secure with its stability.

It appears that a new chapter is opening in our ongoing paddling. We next went to another scenic local lake for an outing. I borrowed my daughter's 12' Old Town and we enjoyed a few sunny hours exploring the wooded shorelines where Charlie, a knowledgeable naturalist, pointed out all sorts of things I would not have noticed like turtles sunning themselves on a log, turkey buzzards riding a thermal overhead, and the variety of water plants along the shoreline.

With Charlie apparently able to sustain progress on his own we are ready to undertake some flatwater river trips before the cold weather sets in. The plan for these is to start off upstream so it will be all downhill returning. We are looking forward to seeing just how far we can get on any chosen outing. A modest challenge, if you will, for the geezer and the gimp.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

We'd come up Delaware Bay to the mouth of the River and entered the C & D Canal without a hint of adventure. Our Cal 34 had brought us here from Cape Cod via New York City. We'd coasted New Jersey without tucking into the IWW at Barnegat Bay. Our chart told us that there was 10' of water through the inlet, but the swells were running from 6' to 8' and we drew just over 5'. We chose instead to run down to Atlantic City. It was raining as well and we spent the night on board. The following day there was no wind and we puttered down the coast. The seas were still and the haze kept visibility under a mile. We made a slow passage, only advancing as far as Cape May.

My memory of the harbor there is seeing ugly brown jellyfish large enough to fill a 10qt pail. This morning we'd motored up Delaware Bay through haze. Finally, we found a little breeze as we entered the canal. Just ahead the deck of the railroad bridge began to descend as we approached, its cumbrous span supported by two huge towers. I slacked the main until it luffed. The span stopped, midway down. We tried to call, our VHF was filled with bumble bees. We proceeded slowly. Once again the bridge began to drop. With a mast over 40' tall... sure, we can make it, Skipper. I hope.

I wound our little inboard until she screamed and we scooted under, necks crooked back as the sullen steel descended. We heard the machinery frantically clanking either side as we passed between the abutments, 6kts, Skipper. Steady as she... the gap between the dropping deck and our masthead quickly dwindled, 10', 5'. Then we were through and, moments later, heard the trestle crash into place about 30' off the water. I throttled her back to idle and shut her down. Two minutes later the express thundered through at 70mph. The rails rang in her wake.

Then, once again, we could hear the redwing blackbirds trill in the rushes. We made some modest progress through the canal before we became benighted. We discovered a long commercial pier which fronted one bank, jammed with pleasure craft. There was just one berth, about 4' longer than our boat's length overall. Parallel parking a boat requires some practice but we tucked her in, nearly without mishap. At the very last minute our bow pulpit nudged the flagstaff on the taffrail of the sailboat just ahead of us the flagstaff bent and bent... needless to say, it was never designed to withstand five tons of pressure.

A moment later the burgee of some distinguished club was trailing on the afterdeck in disgrace. We had just made fast when, out of the pierside restaurant, a florid faced man came running, waving his arms and screaming. "I'm going to sue, I'm going to sue!" he shrieked. You wouldn't think neurotic people belonged so near the water. We finally placated him with \$50 and he stalked back to his cocktails abristle with rectitude. The four of us voted to have our supper aboard.

The following morning we cast off our mooring lines at break of day. That forenoon we were cruising in Chesapeake Bay. We reached down the western shore, swam in the Bay, and made our next berth tucked up behind Solomon's Island. We were fast in our slip well before it was twilight and the Captain and I took a walk into town for provisions. As we waited to cross the busy main street, a car whizzed by containing a couple of fellows about my age. The driver waved from his open window and shouted, "Hey! Hey, Matthew!" And then they were gone.

"Who was that?" the Captain asked. He knew I was nearly 400 miles from home. I watched the car recede and shook my head.

"You got me, Skipper. I haven't the slightest idea..."

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Rye Harbor is an unpromising little nick in New Hampshire's short shoreline, rectilinear and superficially devoid of interest. I rarely row to Rye, though it's a convenient destination, because it offers little to see or explore. Even enthusiasts Tom and Rosemary Clarie admit that, before researching *Just Rye Harbor*, "We had a notion that the harbor had a very sparse history before the Army Corps of Engineer's (sic) dredging."

To their surprise the Claries learn otherwise. As long ago as 1757 the colonial government approved funding for a project that would "open a retreat for any small vessels where they might anchor with safety." But nothing happened and another fine sounding act was passed in 1763. Revolution intervened and it was not until 1792, when a local committee was appointed "to dig out what they think proper," that men and oxen were finally marshaled into action.

Though the authors describe Rye Harbor as a "busy port" in the 19th century, it paled in comparison to northward neighbor Portsmouth, draining the Piscataqua River, and southward neighbor Newburyport, draining the Merrimack. Instead Rye, a mere notch in a salt marsh, supported more tenuous livelihoods. Moss gatherers rowed out of the harbor to harvest Chondrus crispus for sale to local breweries who used it to filter beer. Small vessels fished out of Rye and, of course, the U.S. Life-Saving Service scooped up mariners whose ships wrecked on the rocky coast.

By the turn of the last century summer visitors had discovered the area. Large hotels were built and a road was constructed along the oceanfront. New attention turned to the harbor and in 1909 the Army Corps of Engineers prepared a report. "There are few people living in the immediate vicinity of the



Book Review

Just Rye Harbor *An Appreciation and History*

By Thomas C. Clarie
& Rosemary F. Clarie
Portsmouth Marine Society
P.O. Box 147, Portsmouth, NH 03802
280pgs, cloth 7"x10"
100+ B&W photographs, \$30

Review by Kinley Gregg

harbor and there is practically no commerce in the harbor and no facilities for handling any," wrote Col. D.W. Lockwood, recommending against the expenditure of federal funds for dredging and construction of breakwaters.

A few years later the Volstead Act created demand for uninhabited harbors with little commerce. Rumrunners landed their cargoes at Rye, apparently with the acquiescence of local authorities who inconvenienced federal agents with timely roadblocks.

Then came the Depression and, in that era of government largess, New Hampshire secured Public Works Administration funding to dredge Rye Harbor and build jetties to shelter the anchorage. The military envisioned Rye as a seaplane base, planning to construct runways on top of dredge spoil dumped in the adjacent salt marsh. The air-base was never constructed but World War II brought German submarines to the eastern

seaboard and civilians patrolled the waterfront, watching for enemy activity.

Post-war Rye settles into a familiar mix of recreational boaters and commercial fishermen. The harbor is dredged again and spoil used to fill marsh for the parking lot of a newly constructed marina. Whale watches become popular but fishing stocks decline. A maddeningly incomprehensible chapter attempts to explain the Magnuson-Stevens Fishery Conservation and Management Act and its effect on local fishermen (have a mallet ready to bang against your head).

Just Rye Harbor is a social history, focusing on the people and personalities of a particular place. But because the place is a body of water, boats and the accommodation of boats play vital parts in the account. The casual reader, skipping lightly over the begats, comes away struck by the ineluctable impact of government on the tiny harbor's history. From the first unrealized decision to dredge in 1757, to present day efforts to restore wildlife habitat destroyed by ill-conceived "reclamation" efforts of the 20th century, Rye Harbor, with few natural endowments, emerges as a pastiche of public projects. Let this book refute any notion that bureaucratic misdirection is a recent innovation.

According to the Claries, "Our main purpose in writing this work is to preserve yellowed newspaper articles, handwritten notes, mentions in old or forgotten books, and pictures from personal photo albums." While a pedant might wish the authors had relied less on yellowed articles from the *Portsmouth Herald* (a far cry from the *New York Times*) and secondary sources, their use of unpublished memoirs and oral histories gives *Just Rye Harbor* an unpretentious "you are there" authority. Maps and photographs, some quite old, amplify the text and document Rye Harbor's evolution from a high-tide haven for a paltry few fishing dories to the berth of excursion boats laden with sightseers.

One cannot help but feel slightly obtuse as she reads *Just Rye Harbor*. If so much has happened at such an unlikely little place, how much do we fail to observe or remember about more prosperous ports? Perhaps it's time to row to Rye again.

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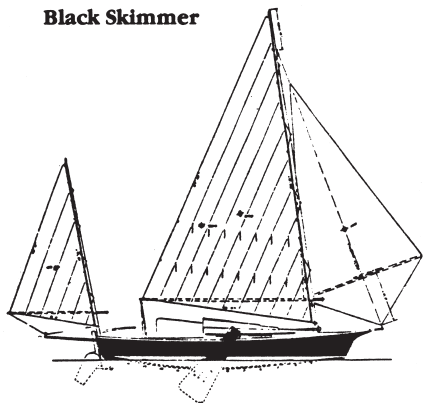
The article in the April 15 issue last spring, "Origin of a Bum Knee" by Preston Larus, triggered a memory. He mentioned that he had heard of an outfit in the Florida Keys that chartered shoal-draft boats to sail in Florida Bay. I dug into the back of the hall closet for my treasure box of all of my old issues of *Small Boat Journal*.

As usual, this meant another evening in the non-productive, but so enjoyable, activity of going through a pile of old boating magazines. In the December/January 1988 issue of *Small Boat Journal* was an article entitled "Shoal Draft Mecca, Charter Cruising in Florida Bay" by Steve Henkel. The article was about chartering a Black Skimmer sailboat, a Phil Bolger design, for a cruise in Florida Bay. I have read the article many times and several years ago when I was to spend some time in south Florida I tried to find the charter company mentioned but they were out of business. I still hope to sail there someday, but until then I will continue to sail in the Panhandle area of Florida.

Love your magazine. Here's hoping your health holds up for another 30 or so years so you can keep it up.

Bill Vines, Andalusia, AL

Black Skimmer



LOA 25'3"
Beam 7'
Draft (boards up) 10"
(boards down) 3'6"
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Designer Phil Bolger

Reminded of His Kayak

The article "My First" by David Simonds in the August 15 issue reminded me of the Meade kayak I had as a teenager in the '40s. I wonder if any other readers have heard of this, I think Chicago, firm which sold a host of kayaks. I believe they were also involved in aviation.

Their kayak was a most graceful, well-designed craft composed of aircraft type frame covered with doped and painted canvas. I could pick it up with one hand. It paddled well, was seaworthy, and I had fun using it on the Fox River in northern Illinois.

My moment of truth came while exploring a small creek when the hull touched a protruding rock. It punctured the hull like tissue paper. Oh, for a roll of duct tape! I sold it for \$25 hoping the new owner would use it on a sandy bottom lake. Yet I still remember it with warmth, such pleasing lines.

This past summer, while exploring the Flying Dragon antique shop in Essex, Massachusetts, what did I find but a complete frame of a Meade kayak. Looked to be in good condition, even to the brass maker's plate on a cross piece. Emotions surged and I began thinking of finding canvas to cover it when common sense regained control.

Dick Schneider, 18 Oakwood Ave., Rye, NY 10580

Information of Interest...

Fall and Winter Courses

Our North House Folk School Fall & Winter Course Catalog includes full details on over a dozen boatbuilding and related courses, as well as an advanced wooden boat building series at our location in Grand Marais, Minnesota. Interested readers are invited to request a copy.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762, www.northhouse.org

Information Wanted...

Boats I Fell in Love With

Does anyone know anything about two boats I fell in love with as a teenager back in the '30s and early '40s?

One was a Mullins runabout built along the lines of a Chris Craft but made of steel by, I think, Mullins Sheet & Tube in Indiana. It won every runabout race on the Fox River in northern Illinois when I was a boy. Very fast and flat, leaving only a small wake.

The other was a DeWitt runabout, again like a Chris Craft made of mahogany but powered by a big outboard motor in a discrete housing at the stern. To me it combined the best of both worlds, the luxury of a Chris Craft and the functionality of an outboard, without looking like one.

I'd be grateful to hear from anyone about either of these two boats.

Dick Schneider, 18 Oakwood Ave., Rye, NY 10580

Projects...

Cardboard Boats

Robert Musch's article on the Oxford Cardboard Boat Races brought back memories of when a group of us built a number of cardboard boats, trucked them to Tampa, Florida, and "raced" them on Tampa Bay. The basic rule for the boats was no wood allowed. We built them out of corrugated cardboard and Elmer's glue with latex paint to help seal the cardboard. And, of course, the liberal use of duct tape to seal the edges

of the cardboard. There is a picture of our Jon boat being paddled by four adults on Page 30 of the July/August 1996 issue of *Boatbuilder*. Accompanying the picture is an article on how the boats were built.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Completed Project

Here is a photo of my Nelson Zimmer 21' utility launch which I completed this past summer. The hull is cold molded. We recently returned from a trailer trip to Washington State's San Juan Islands with her. She will spend most of her time in the water in San Diego Bay. Her name is Dandy.

Ron Render, San Diego, CA



This Magazine...

Please Reinstate Me

Please reinstate me as a member in good standing in the Ancient and Benevolent Order of Messabouts. I did not intend to allow my subscription to lapse, but I've been real busy lately trapping wild crocodiles down in Northern Australia and have neglected my business and personal affairs.

Tyson McLeod Galveston, TX

Content is Consistently Fresh

I have been going back through the stacks of back issues I brought with me when we moved to the West Coast and noted how the content is consistently fresh in subject and presentation. None of the big slicks or regional magazines have ever come close to what you have achieved. Thank you for being there for us.

Colin King, Corvallis, OR

Loves the Classifieds

I sold my 1997 Peep Hen that was listed for the first time in the September 15 issue. I love your classifieds, they are a one stop shop for us cult boat lovers to buy and sell our unique wares. Now I will be poring over the ads for a small sailing dingy and will contact some of the advertisers/builders to determine my next step. You sure can't get that in *USA Today* or the *New York Times*.

Rob Majewski, Lewes, DE

**"Every man shall give as he is able,
according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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Scilly Isle Gig *Red Jacket* racing past the Breakwater.

A small armada of rowing craft descended on Rockland Harbor for the 2005 Short Ships Rowing Regatta at Atlantic Challenge on September 11th. More than 23 boats ranging from traditional peapods to six-oared Scilly Isle Pilot gigs raced around the three-mile course. Open to all manner of rowing craft, wood and fiberglass, kayaks, singles, doubles, fixed seat, sliding seat, and gigs, the Short Ships competitors raced for fun, prestige, and a variety of awards.



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Short Ships Regatta

By Trisha Badger

Tied for the fastest time was *Belle Fast*, a Scilly Isle gig from Come Boating! in Belfast and a 20' wherry rowed by Donald and Charlotte Quigley of Old Lyme, Connecticut. Both came across the finish line with a time of 35:50. But the longest and loudest cheers at the finish were for Shaun McFee of Massillon, Ohio, who'd just learned to row three days prior. Shaun finished in last place amidst wild hooting and applause from the rest of the racers. McFee, a first year apprentice at the Apprenticeshop, finished after nearly 86 hard minutes of rowing and earned the "Longest Three Miles Award" for his efforts.

There were five gigs and 18 smaller craft competing this year. Two gigs, *Selkie* and *Belle Fast*, came from Come Boating! in Belfast. Station Maine of Rockland rowed *Red Jacket*, North Haven rowed *Recovery*, and the Vineyard Vireos Women's Rowing Team of Martha's Vineyard competed in the Apprenticeshop-built *Lighthorseman*, an eight-oared gig with a mixed crew of mid-coast rowers. During the awards ceremony, the winning gig team *Belle Fast* pounded their team name with letter punches into the perpetual Short Ships Trophy, carved from a broken oar. The *Lighthorseman* crew, who broke an oar while racing, won the "Broken Oar Award." Awards were also given to the "Youngest Coxswain", 13-year-old Tristan Slaymaker of Station, Maine, and "Most Experienced Coxswain," Malcolm Gater, 60, of Come Boating!.

After the rowing race and awards ceremony, long-time Atlantic Challenge supporter and Short Ships founder Bill Gribbel of Rockport was honored. The Atlantic Challenge Bo'sun locker now carries his name on a hand-carved sign above the doors. Speeches were given by Ben Fuller of Cushing, Bill's nephew Terry Bregy of Camden, Sam Manning of Camden, AC Executive Director Warren Kaericher, and Bill Gribbel himself.

The Bo'sun Locker was made possible by the support of private donors and was built by volunteers, spearheaded by Reg Pelletier of Rockland. The locker, which sits prominently at the head of the Atlantic Challenge pier, is designed after an 1850s Coast Guard Life Saving Station and serves AC's waterfront programs.



Terry Bregy, nephew of Bill Gribbel, reading a poem at the Bo'sun Locker dedication.



The Gribbel Bo'sun Locker.

For more information about Atlantic Challenge programs, please call (207) 594-1800 or visit our website: www.atlanticchallenge.com, <http://www.atlanticchallenge.com/>. Atlantic Challenge is an educational non-profit whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and the traditions of the sea.

Class Winners

Sliding Seat Single: Gene Nelson, Deer Isle, ME, 17' wooden wherry, 36:57
Sliding Seat Double: Donald & Charlotte Quigley, Old Lyme, CT, 20' wooden wherry, 35:50
Fixed Seat Single: Dan O'Reilly, Kittery ME, 16' wooden Piscatqua Wherry, 42:20
Fixed Seat Double: Trisha Badger & Kevin Carney, Jefferson, ME, 17' wooden wherry, 42:25
Kayak: William Zierden, Tenants Harbor, ME, single composite kayak, 36:20
Scilly Isle Pilot Gig: *Belle Fast* of Come Boating!, Belfast, ME, 35:50

Melonseed Midwest Rendezvous 2005

By Roger Rodibaugh

Wow! Butt, back, leg, and laugh muscles ache from three days of great sailing, nonstop hilarity and hi-jinks, and the longish sit-down for the drive home. What a marvelous time we had at beautiful Green Lake, Wisconsin, where we escaped the terrible heat and humidity that has plagued much of the midwest this past week. In our five-year history of Rendezvous there, Green Lake has always come through for us with a refreshing escape from the summer heat.

She also comes through with at least one day of marvelous breezes, and this year it was on Friday when we spent hours sailing in 12-15 (gusting 18?) southwesterlies that had the whole seven-mile fetch of the lake to build up some amazing chop. Throw in the confusion of some powerboat chop and it was choppy, wet, and FUN. What a joy it is to work a little Melonseed to windward over heaping mounds of water, tossing warm spray into the sail. The broad reach back is payback for the long beat with the sizzling sensation of surfing and planing over the backs of waves. The decks got a much-needed rinsing, and after Friday's sail *Nancy Lee* was cleaner than when she arrived. I'm always happy to see some teak oil rubbed off of the coaming and floorboards as that means she was out for a day in some spectacular sailing. Six hours of sailing in those conditions resulted in three rounds of bailing and prune wrinkles in places hitherto unwrinkled, at least recently.

I had the pleasure of spending a few hours teaching an up-and-coming Melonhead to sail, trying to accomplish in a short time what it took my dad and me three years to figure out on our own by trial-and-error,

mostly error. Susan Christopher is a quick learner and plans to order a Melonseed for next season. It was fun to watch her grasp the basic principles pretty quickly. All she needs now is her own boat and some time on the water to put it together. Susan and husband Bob graciously towed their pontoon boat up from Indiana, which served as a photo platform, lake cruiser, and hospitality boat dock-side.

Held simultaneously with our Rendezvous was a regional championship A-Scow regatta. Twenty or so of these racing machines (38' with acres of sail and crews of six) mixed it up. It was pretty impressive to watch the leeward mark from about 50 yards away. It takes more nerve than I have to fly these monsters just feet from each other at such speeds. One of these behemoths anchored off our dock for the weekend.

Socializing is, of course, a huge part of the Rendezvous. Various clusters of Melonheads walked to the Little Corporal for breakfast each morning and there was something for everyone each night. Wednesday evening the early birds dined at the Goose Blind, a rendezvous favorite. The larger assembly (party of 14, I think) gathered at Norton's for dinner on Thursday evening with a marvelous front row seat lakeside panorama of the gray sky and drizzle.

Friday, Bob and Crystal Carew hosted us on the patio of their lovely lakeside home and served up marvelous BBQ pork sandwiches and brats with all the fixin's. Coincidentally, Friday was Don Traut's 40th birthday. The fleet had been warned and came through with some merciless ribbing and gag gifts. Thanks for being such a good sport, Don. You only turn 40 once and you did it gracefully.

Saturday night was pizza night at the Bayview. With Melonseeds lining the dock, *Nancy Lee* in her customary lily pad anchorage and dressed for the festivities, and an A Scow anchored off the end of the dock, we

were treated to a nice foreground for a fabulous Green Lake sunset (if you squint, the powerboats fade away). Saturday evening we were blessed by a visit from Bob Fehrenbach, aka as "Milwaukee Bob," who has been with this group since '99. Due to exigencies he was unable to attend for the weekend but was able to make it to the pizza party. I must say that when he arrived it suddenly felt right again. Beloved by all for his humor, wit, twinkling eyes, and hearty laugh, he was sorely missed this weekend and we were all thrilled he could make an appearance, even for such a short time.

Other perspectives will have other details to fill in, but suffice it for me to say it was yet another fabulous time at Green Lake. Each year we seem to just pick up where we left off and resume the agenda, which is sail hard, eat well, and laugh constantly. As we checked out, we signed on for the second weekend of August at the Bay View next year.

2005 Melon Seed Midwest Rendezvous Roster

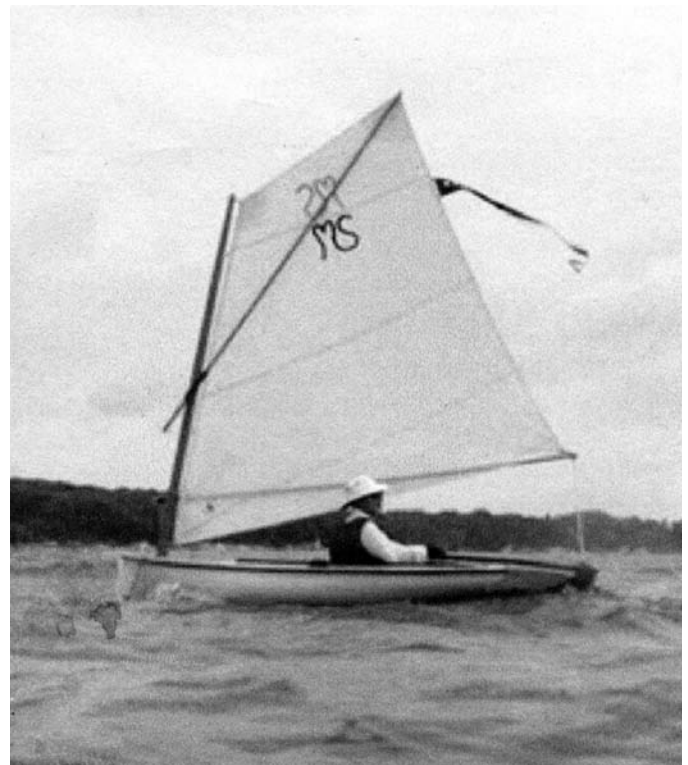
Crystal & Bob, Green Lake, WI, *Caroozin'*
Don & Sheila, Cincinnati, OH, *Catspaw*
Doc & Teri, Oshkosh, WI, *Indigo*
Karen & friend Malcolm, MO, the lovely *Folderol*
Roger & Nancy, Lafayette, IN, *Nancy Lee*
Rex & Kathie, Nashville, IN, *Jazz*
John & Frannie, Atlanta, IL, *Spinolit*
Jim, Toledo, OH, *Surprise*
Rick & Dave, Madison, WI, *Loonasea*
Sarah, MN, *Upstart Crow*
Bob, Milwaukee, WI, *Salt Shaker*
Susan & Bob, Indianapolis, *Turtle Too* (hospitality boat)

Thanks to all of you for making this Rendezvous the success it was! We're already looking forward to next year!

Ode to an Old Traut or Do Not Despair

Do not despair if your snotter's stretched and your planks are sprung,
And your bottom's foul and your sheets are wrung,
And your ballast has shifted and your fairleads have drifted,
Your keel's hogged and your eyestraps have lifted,
With fittings corroded and brightwork eroded,
You're spittin' caulking and your seams have exploded,
And your sail's bagged and your bowsprit sags,
And your baggywrinkle's more wrinkle than bag,
And your daggerboard's scarred by oyster shell,
And tarnish has covered the old ship's bell,
And your binnacle's rusted, your compass is busted,
Your varnish has bubbled and your rudder's encrusted,
And you're missing a reef point and a lacing or two,
And you only like sailing when skies are blue,
And your grip quickly tires of tiller and sheet,
And swelling develops in your ankles and feet,
And the tush needs more cushion and the knees need a stretch,
And you're hoping the dock on this tack to fetch,
For the call of Nature's more frequent these days,
And iced tea while sailing now never pays,
So if you have found rot in your plank, and people say you're becoming a crank,
Here's some advice that is perfectly frank:
Do not despair that 40 sounds old,
For the truth will make you feel youthful and bold,
You may think at 40 that you're an old cuss,
But take heart! Don't despair, you're still younger than us!

By Nancy & Roger Rodibaugh for Don Traut's 40th birthday





Doc and Roger transom sailing.



Sailing class in session.



Melonseeds at dockside.



Rex and Kathie at ease.

Launch committee at work.



Nancy Lee dressed for the festivities.





Jazz at rest.



Three under tow, no breeze.



Doc sailing Rex & Kathie's Jazz.



Saturday morning calm.

At the Carew's dock.

The assembled multitude.



The Lower Laguna Madre in Texas is a shallow bay system enclosed by a barrier island, Padre Island, with few outlets to the Gulf of Mexico. Not a "secret" perhaps, but one of the best Texas sailing areas that offers fantastic wildlife observation, fishing, and the near-exotic experience of sailing in a semi-tropical area. It takes a special kind of sailor, though, not special in the sense of "better" or "superior," but special in the sense of learning how to sail such thin waters and develop an appreciation for the area. Many sailors who sail the Laguna Madre adapt their boats to these waters as do sailors everywhere to their waters, part of life.

It requires a boat able to work to windward in shallow water averaging 1-1/2' to 3' or so. Sure, there's deeper water to be found, but we're talking averages here and the thin water far exceeds deeper waters, and we're also talking about sailing, not putting around in a sailboat with an outboard motor! Many of us relearned the age-old arts of poling and sculling so that we could take advantage of these special waters, moving over clear water watching redfish tailing in the "flats," stingarees shooting out from under the boat, schools of speckled sea trout ("specks") under birds, popping shrimp, thrumming drumfish, gulls, pelicans, herons, hawks, and coyotes making a living in the barren sand dunes of Padre Island. The list seems endless.

I appreciate the guidance and friendship of good small boat sailors who I have known, Fred Petsch, Dr. Bill Kitchell, Bud Prothero, Dave Hetrick, Gerry Mittelstaedt, Mike Owens (of the Owens Yachts family), and many others who taught me and contributed so much to my knowledge and appreciation of sailing, building sailboats, and especially the knowledge of this unique area that would greatly pay off years later in a long career in these very same waters.

In the late '60s Dave Hetrick caught wind of a young married man building a sailboat in McAllen, Texas, in a small detached one car clapboard garage. You know how that works, anyone building a sailboat will be found out by other sailors that like to knock together their own boats, the news travels fast. He befriended me. I had become disen-

Sailing the Thin Waters of the Laguna Madre... Texas, That Is

By Ron Bennett

chanted with a Pelican I was building. I had her framed up but it just didn't seem to fit the bill for what I was looking for. I had several *MoTorBoatinG Ideal Series* books which I pored over constantly. I can't explain this bug but you who are reading this know the disease very well, it needs no explaining, it can't be explained and I have never heard it explained to my satisfaction.

In one volume there are two wonderful William Atkin designs, Jasper, a 14-footer, and Auntie Helen, a 16-1/2-footer, both flat-bottom (apologies to Robb White), cat-ketch rigged, simple laced on and loose footed sails, wooden boom jaws, everything built from simple, easily found materials, very little hardware. I had invested in some marine plywood for the Pelican and Hetrick talked me into building the Auntie Helen because of more efficient use of my expensive marine ply and the bigger boat being better for my young family with two kids at the time.

It was a wise choice. Building proceeded well and steadily with the help of Dave. He would help me handle large sections of ply sheets and reduce them to sides, bottom, and transom and with other niggling problems but generally left me to my own devices unless I got in a bind or he had a brainstorm on a detail or two. One of the neatest things he developed and that we built was the centerboard windlass or lifting system. It was fashioned out of a length of galvanized water pipe for a shaft passing through cheek pieces on the forward end of the centerboard trunk beneath the forward thwart.

On the outside of the cheek pieces, or shaft bearings, we needed a larger diameter sheave, or spool actually, as a line take-up spool. We laminated several layers of marine ply, cut it into a hexagon, bored the hole through the center of that block the same

diameter as my old table saw motor shaft, mounted it on the shaft and, using the corner of a flat file as a lathe chisel, turned the most beautiful spool that I've seen in a long time. Note to the impetuous, don't try this. It is dangerous and only true boat nuts can usually get by with such foolishness.

The spool was mounted and pinned on the shaft with a piece of steel rod. As the board, which was 1/4" steel boiler plate, what you might call a ballasted board, was released, the line would be taken up on the spool as the board lowered. To retract the centerboard up into its trunk, the line was pulled which, in turn, wound the centerboard pennant around the shaft, pivoting up the centerboard. The ratio was significant (I don't recall the actual ratio, it's not important) and I never experienced it binding or jamming once. Using ferrous metals, did they rust? Well, sure! The Laguna is salt water, you know, but that's why they invented some great primers, oils, wire brushes, and elbow grease. It's called maintenance.

The masts were of fir, fashioned much like Bolger designs, hand planed and then sanded round, it works, try it, also read John Tuma's "The Proper Shop" (*MAIB* Vol. 23, No. 5), where he explains the excellent reasons for using hand tools like jack planes. No, I didn't even look for spruce. I used the finest grain fir 2"x4"s I could find, worked great, cheap, too. Finished bright they looked fine, ditto rubrails and cockpit coamings, which I stained mahogany, a small yacht on a beer budget.

I splurged and ordered a suit of sails from Choy Lee in Hong Kong and never regretted it, they set perfectly for the conditions we have on the Laguna Madre. Of course, during those days we had to skip a lot of meals for our family budget, but I have a wonderful wife, willing to let the kids go hungry so we could have some sails, priorities are important, you know. There was some beautiful hand work on those sails, leather wear patches, bolt ropes, hand sewn grommets, reef points, and other pleasing to look at sailmaker's art. The whole project was enjoyable, whether to sail or to look at.

Prevailing winds are from the SE on the Laguna, so one beautiful afternoon in the fall a friend of mine, Mark, who had built a canvas and wood frame canoe, another boat nut, and I loaded some snacks our wives had fixed, an iced beer or two, cast net, fishing tackle, and sailed on a broad reach out of Port Isabel heading north towards Green Island, a bird sanctuary under the auspices of the Audubon Society. It was glorious, bowling along with a fresh breeze we talked about having to work our way windward getting back but who cares, we were really making some time going nowhere or anywhere and besides we didn't have to be back until about dark, plenty of time. This is before cell phones and computers required a room, not a perch on your lap. We wondered how all the "poor folks" were doing, we were doing just fine.

Three hours later, after chasing redfish and trout on the flats and casting all sorts of hardware at them, we then tried pursuing them with the board mostly up, lee chine dug in for better tracking, didn't work. Looking up we noticed the sky had turned a different color, clouds were looking something like they do before a frontal system, a norther, not good in Texas when on the water. We decided that if the norther hit we would be assist-

Dave Hetrick in the stern sheets, owner/skipper forward digging for snacks while Auntie Helen sails herself on a reach, Laguna Madre, north of Port Isabel, Texas. ca. '67.



ed by another favorable wind, or gale, and could sail or fly into Port Isabel in record time. The wind died, no wonderful northerly winds, just flat calm, time to dig out the paddles (we were purists then, had to learn the hard way, besides, couldn't afford a small kicker) and dig in. Between paddling and working little puffs of breeze and skittering cat's paws we were slowly making our way back as the sun was setting.

There was a very light breeze that came up about dusk but still out of the SE and we were having to tack long legs out into the flats, ghosting along. We were pretty well prepared, had rigged our running lights and we had a couple of heavy duty lights, the old kind that used the large 6V square batteries with the spring contacts. We weren't complete idiots as we had some foul weather gear and a light tarp, too.

Now we were getting into trotline country in the flats. Anyone that has boated on the lower Texas coast knows that saltwater trotlines are above water, the mainline is any way. They average 600' in length stretched between slender poles spaced about 50' apart worked into the shallow bottom. At each end the poles are flagged with cloth so that you can see where the ends are. They form gates which can be safely passed through between two lines. The mainlines, made up of hard-lay nylon, are marked with strips of cloth so that it can be seen about 2' above the water's surface, not bad, except at night which is not good. The lines are set out basically east and west, we were moving south so you can see the challenge, maneuvering and negotiating the many lines in our way and there were many lines in those days, the commercial redfish, trout, and drum market was strong.

The staging, or drops, are tied to the mainline at about 6' intervals and each stag-

ing has a hook which is suspended about 6"-12" under water, usually baited with perch. A sailboat, even a small one, has pretty good power if it's got some weight to her and we discovered that night that the Auntie Helen had enough power, given enough breeze, to break the nylon mainline but the hooks would be whistling and flailing all around us.

We only hit two lines out of many that night, which was not intentional, believe me, but we were ready, each with a knife so that we could cut the mainline in an emergency if we misjudged it. We each got whipped with a mainline once but not hooked, for that we were mighty thankful. Mark got whipped so hard it tore through his sweater at his forearm, lots of power, like being popped with a bullwhip.

Miles away we admired the lights of Port Isabel. "I imagine our wives are pretty concerned about now, Mark." Silence. You know when a friend is worried when he won't answer. Small boat sailors, those who are permanently sick with this disease, tend to be a philosophical lot. I'm thankful Mark is also. "Well, it sure is a beautiful night anyway," he eventually murmured.

"Yeah," he said, "can't go wrong in the Laguna, either you're heading... WATCH OUT! TROTLINE!" and I turned and missed the line, glanced off the end post, and made it through the gate. North or south, not much reason to go any other direction.

"Well, ya know, it could be a blue norther complete with gale force winds, hail, lightning, and thunder so I'll take this even though it's slower." Mark then remarked about the phosphorescent wake we left on the black water. Good ol' Mark, still philosophical and not yet homicidal, things were looking up.

"Look, I see the little cove we launched from!" he said. There was excitement in his voice as he realized that we were going to live. We tacked into the little private harbor and nudged up against the little dock pretty as you please. We would have been pleased with that if our stomachs weren't so twisted into knots from anxiety and worry. We quickly loaded the boat and found a pay phone in Port Isabel.

Our dear wives weren't happy but were relieved. They said that they would call the Coast Guard, the station was no more than a mile from where we launched, and call off the search. After much head hanging and mumbled apologies on our part they admitted that they hadn't called the Coast Guard but were just fixin' to. In Texan, as in all Southern speech, that means in a coupla seconds.

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On Saturday, August 13, I left Groveland, Massachusetts, before 6am for my annual canoe expedition in Ontario's Algonquin Provincial Park. The drive is long, but pleasant through New Hampshire and Vermont on Route 89 with a shortcut to New York via the ferry boat from Grand Isle to Plattsburg. This is a 12-minute sea voyage across a narrow point on Lake Champlain. I have taken this ferry many times, always on the lookout for Champ, the local lake monster. On this trip the monster stayed well below the surface as he always does and once again I didn't get to see him.

The border crossing at Cornwall, Ontario, was the most pleasant crossing I have ever had. The young lady customs person couldn't get the required questions over with quick enough before she started asking about the canoe on the roof rack. "Where did you get that beautiful canoe?" "How old is it?" "You made that yourself?" "You are going tripping in Algonquin?" "Have a nice trip!" I was starting to think that she wanted to come along. Anyway, welcome to Ontario!

Cornwall is a very convenient place to cross the border, just after clearing customs there is a welcome center with maps and tourist information run by the Province of Ontario with a money exchange office inside. By converting to Canadian cash here you are guaranteed the best exchange rate, and by carrying Canadian money you look less like a foreigner even though your accent will give you away pretty quickly. The current exchange rate is about 20%. You will get about \$120CN for \$100US but don't get excited, things cost more in Canada. Gasoline was running \$.98.9 per liter at the pumps, which comes out to \$3.02US per gallon. I find that if you charge your expenses on the Visa or MasterCard the card companies give the exact exchange rate at the time of the purchase.

From Cornwall it is a quick jump to the Trans-Canada Highway through Ottawa and on to the junction with Provincial Route 60 for the final leg to Algonquin Park. I reached the East Gate of the Park shortly before 4pm for a total time of ten hours. I stayed at the East Gate Motel and enjoyed a gourmet meal at the Algonquin Lunch Bar and Shell Gas Station. Don't laugh, you could travel half the world and not find better home cooked food than this place serves! I had the open steak sandwich with fries, covered with gravy, fresh peas, and coleslaw on the side. My only regret was that I was too full to take advantage of the homemade pies for dessert. The day's choices were apple, raisin, raspberry, and cherry. The apple was tempting, but I just couldn't do it.

Breakfast Sunday at the lunch bar was at 6:30am, the place was packed but service was fast and I was off to the access center to pick up my trip permit. I had made reservations three weeks before on their 1-800 number and they were waiting for me. The permit fees came out to about \$12 per day for one person. I think that additional trippers are at a lower rate. The way it works, they know how many campsites there are on each lake and in choosing your route one needs to elect which lake to spend each night on and then they reserve a site on that lake. This way, when one gets to the lake one plans to camp on there will be an available site. The sites are bare-bones, nicely maintained with level spots for several tents, (parties are limited to nine persons so the sites are not large,) a fire

Solo Trip in Algonquin Park

By Steve Lapey

pit for campfire and cooking, and out in the woods a "thunder box" latrine.

My chosen route was to start out from Cache Lake and paddle up the Madawaska River to Tanamakoon Lake for the first portage to Sheriff Pond. This warm-up portage was a quick 120m and was done in just a few moments. On all of the portages I had to carry the canoe over first and then return for my gear. The canoe weighs 65lbs and the gear in two packs came to 60lbs. I would need to have a 40lb canoe and limit my gear to about 30lbs to get over the trails on one trip. The 40lb canoes are out there but I don't know about getting by with only 30lbs of gear. I think I have pretty light equipment, a 5lb tent, a 2lb down sleeping bag, and a minimum of stuff like first aid, rain gear, and dry clothes. The food is all freeze dried but the food bag still starts out at about 10lbs. The short report is I will still plan on double carries; I'll never get the weight down enough.

The second portage to Little Island Lake was better, about 320m long and then, with a paddle all the way around the lake, I found an open campsite with a nice landing area and a small sandy beach. With the 30 degree centigrade (that's about 90 in fahrenheit) temperatures and bright sun the number one requirement for the afternoon was some swim time in the lake. At this time of the summer the Algonquin lakes have reached their maximum temperature for the season and one can stay in all day. There were other parties on the lake but the campsites are spaced out so that once I was settled in I never saw anyone else the rest of my stay.

After lunch and swim time I went to work to set up the tent and prepare for the overnight stay. I brought the canoe up to a level spot and turned it upside down to create a nice table to use as a cooking area for dinner and tomorrow's breakfast. Dinner, out of the bag, was turkey tetrazzini in a single serving from Mountain House. I prepared the freeze dried meal in the Bake-packer over the Peak stove. Cleanup was easy, the plastic bag that the entree was cooked in went into the trash bag for carryout and the bowl and spoon were washed out at the lakeside, tossing the soapy water into the bushes away from the lake, leaving no trace. For the rest of the trip I did all of the cooking with the stove and never had the need to light a fire.

By not starting a fire I didn't have to go looking for firewood nor worry about putting the fire out when I was done with it. The only down side is carrying the necessary fuel. I started out with a full tank in the stove and two full fuel bottles. I came home with one full fuel bottle and the other was about half full so I really didn't use much gas. The Peak stove will run on unleaded auto fuel or on the camp fuel (naphtha) sold at the outfitters. I like to use the naphtha, it seems to burn just as hot as the auto fuel and it doesn't have all of the additives that add to the unpleasant odor that seems to linger if something gets spilled. The naphtha dries up quickly and doesn't leave any odor. For the amount that I use the difference in cost isn't enough to worry about.

Bedtime at 8:30pm coincided with sundown so I settled into the tent and waited for sunrise just before 6am to get up, that way I had no need to waste battery life in the flashlight except for that short trip to the woods in the middle of the night.

Day two was another beautiful northern day, bright sun in a crystal clear blue sky. It was going to be another hot one so I broke camp and started moving at 7:30am to get some traveling in before the heat of the day settled in. The first portage of the day was a short 235m to Kootchie Lake, really just a small pond, and then a real 835m carry to Smoke Lake. Smoke is one of the lakes that the government opened to cottage site leases back in the early 1900s. When the Park was first set up in 1893 the only access to the 3000 square miles was by canoe or by the Ottawa, Arnprior, and Parry Sound Railway which had been put in to transport logs out of the area and to transport midwest grain from Lake Huron to Montreal for export.

Because of its remoteness the Park received very few visitors in the early years so the decision was made to open up some areas to cottage site leases. By the 1950s, with the completion of Highway 60, suddenly lots of people wanted to have cottage sites in Algonquin Park and the government was forced to say "No more." The existing leases can be kept in a family and they have been renewing them but it has created a monster that has been a problem for the government. If a lease is not renewed, the government sends a crew in to raze the cottage and return the site to its natural condition.

In addition to the cottage sites there have been leases granted to eight youth camps and several lodges and two outfitters. There was even a large hotel, the Highland Inn, built by the railroad in 1910 on Cache Lake in the style of the large hotels at Banff and Lake Louise in western Canada. The trains stopped running in 1958. The next year the tracks were pulled and the Highland Inn was torn down. Today, 50 years later, you have to look hard to find any remnants of what was once one of the busiest railways in Canada as nature has retaken what little remains.

Smoke Lake was about an hour of paddling to the east end with almost no wind where Tea Creek enters Smoke from Ragged Lake some 220m away. It was here in 1896 that a wooden log chute was built to transport logs from Ragged to Smoke for their trip to the sawmill which had been built near the railway. Again, nature has been working and only a few rotting timbers remain from the log chute. The 220m portage is mostly uphill as the elevation of Ragged is 15m higher than Smoke.

Ragged Lake is more remote, with lots of bays, points, and islands to make navigation difficult at best. With map and compass I was able find my way to the landing for the next portage, 590m to Big Porcupine Lake. I had forgotten about this portage in the 50 years since I last traveled this route and I hope to forget about it again soon! The change in elevation from Ragged to Big Porky is 44m (that is 136' feet in American) and doing that in 590m means a STEEP uphill all the way. This is like climbing the stairs of a 13-story building with a 65lb canoe. I managed to do it in three 200m sections, setting the canoe down for a rest each section and going back for the packs. It was lunch time when I was done with it, and I took a well-earned rest at the end of the trail.

The second evening I was staying on Big Porky, so I chose a campsite at the eastern end of the lake near where the portage to Bonnechere Lake would be waiting on the morrow. There were other parties on the lake, but once again there was plenty of privacy for everyone.

Dinner was chicken with rice, another Mountain House entree prepared in the Bake-packer. After the camp chores were done and the sun was gone for the day it was time for the tent. The loons were singing much of the night, it sounded like they were having a real loon party on the other side of the lake. Nothing says "northern lakes" like the call of the loons at night.

Another early start on another clear day with a bunch of short portages on the morning agenda: 200m to Bonnechere, 175m to Phipps, 60m to Kirkwood, 715m to Lawrence, followed by a 10m carryover to Pardee. Then there was a quick 145m carry to Harness Lake which was a good lunch stop. At the 1035m portage to Head Lake I ran into the first people I had seen all day, a group of trippers from Camp Kirk which is located about two hours to the south of the Park. Their leader told me that they send two or three trips through the Park each summer for their older kids. They were tripping in what looked like pretty heavy ABS canoes that were well beaten up. I guess that means they are using them and that is a good thing.

The 1035m portage, mostly downhill, was a real piece of cake compared to the previous day's hill climb. The end of the trail led to a launch area on a small creek leading into Head Lake. With the low water levels and the beaver dams in the creek, I ended up taking my shoes and socks off and wading until the water became deep enough for paddling. I didn't want to break my record of keeping my shoes dry for the whole trip! Head Lake was an easy paddle into a head wind that came up to cool things off a little.

The next, and last, portage was ahead, from Head Lake back to Cache Lake where I had started out. This was the longest carry of the trip, 1640m, which is just over a mile. This trail, although long, was wide and level. A Buick could be driven over this portage it is so nice. I carried the canoe for a timed 12 minutes which came out to almost exactly the halfway point, and then I went back for the packs and took them all the way to the end. On the last leg with the canoe I was almost dancing, knowing that all the carries were over.

After taking out at the Cache Lake landing I loaded up the Blazer and drove down the road to the campground at the Lake of Two Rivers. Here I took a tent site for the night, enjoyed the use of their hot showers, and settled in for the night.

The next morning I spent visiting at Camp Pathfinder on Source Lake, watching

some of the campers taking their final canoe tests for their annual awards. It is great to see these kids putting the wood canvas canoes through their paces, carrying on traditions going back for generations. Some things never change. These youngsters were learning the same strokes and procedures that I learned in the 1950s when I spent my summers here. They have a fleet of 100 canoes and about 60 of them are wood and canvas. Some of them are old Chestnut Cruisers, others are newer, made by a local builder. They keep the fleet current by purchasing three to six new ones each year and repairing others as needed. With the hard use of camp life they get to a point where they can't be repaired any more after about 20 years.

I was on the road before noon for an easy drive back to Cornwall for a stay over at the Comfort Inn and a last Canadian dinner with an ice cold Molson's to go along with it. The next morning I cleared customs on the U.S. side in about two minutes. I think the customs inspectors can tell pretty quickly if you are trying anything out of the ordinary and they will send you through fast enough. Maybe the wooden canoe helped again.

This was a pleasant solo expedition, made even better by perfect weather. In planning for future trips in this region I am thinking of doing it in early August. The water is as warm as it is ever going to get and the bugs are non-existent. The few people I ran into were all nice and the Park facilities are as good as can be found anywhere for this type of camping. All of the portages were well marked and maintained and the campsites are exactly where they are shown on the map. The only thing missing was high water levels due to a dry summer, but on the bright side the trails were all dry. There were some spots where it appeared that in more normal times it would have been a little on the muddy side. I wouldn't want to get my shoes wet on a muddy trail!

Algonquin Park covers 3,000 square miles. I only touched on a small section of the Park and that area was fairly well traveled. There are many other sections of the Park that are much more remote that would provide even more solitude if that is what one is looking for. It's always fun, in the off season, to plan next year's expedition with the excellent canoe routes map of Algonquin Park. The options are almost endless for circular routes that would take from two to fourteen days to complete. In addition, there are several downriver trips that could be done on rivers such as the Petawawa, the Oxtongue, the Madawaska, the Opeongo, or the Nipissing. For the less ambitious canoeist there is always the option of staying at one of the car-camping campgrounds and doing day trips or using one of the paddle-to sites adjacent to a few of the campgrounds.

Warren Island Expedition 2005

By Merv Taylor

This year's family campout was to be a special event on Warren Island, the only Maine State Park on an island that can only be reached by boat. It is located three miles offshore on Penobscot Bay next to Islesboro Island. Islesboro is served by the ferry but you need a boat to get to Warren. The attraction, besides the location, history, hiking trails, pier, moorings, clean privies, firewood, and fresh water is the Ranger "Sunshine." She has done a great job in this special place and makes you feel like you are a guest.

Son-in-law Rich drove over from Vermont Saturday with Laurie and grandsons Jon (11) and Nate (4). This was to be Nate's first overnight in the tent and in the woods campout. Their SUV was loaded with camping gear, kayaks on top and bikes on back, but the food supply was scheduled for Sunday off island while "Grampy Merv" got the old 18' Lund powerboat over to Islesboro to shuttle all the gear to the reserved shore side campsite.

But when I got to the shore side town landing for the three mile crossing the tide was right but as the locals say it was "thick-a-fog." Now three miles is not a long way to cross, but that is a busy channel for fishing boats, cruisers, and commercial boats going to the tank farm in Searsport or upriver to Bangor. So I just put the truck, trailer, and boat on the ferry. Didn't want to disappoint the grandkids. We spent the afternoon doing a gear shuttle and setting up camp. I came off island on the ferry 'cause I had another boat to get over to the island.

The other boat is another story. It seems that Rich's dad had an O'Day daysailer that provided a lot of happy memories for both of them. But when his father passed away the daysailer just sat in the yard collecting rain and leaves until I brought it over to Maine. My project was to have it ready for the Warren Island Expedition so Rich and Laurie could continue the family tradition of sailing with the kids. This was one of the early models with mahogany coaming and floorboards. A classic beauty.

So on Monday Laurie and Jon came over to the landing to sail *Lazy Daze* over to Warren. But there was a lot of fishing and camping things to do and we didn't catch a fair wind for a couple of days. Thursday dawned a clear beautiful Maine day with a nice southerly breeze. As Nana and I motored out as spectator boat (or rescue boat if needed) we shot a full roll of film of the family sailing. Memories are made of times like this.

The week went by so quick. Jon wanted to have me ship home the raft he had made from driftwood, but his dad nixed the idea. And Nate had built a stump house for Chippydoda, his new chipmunk friend, but we decided to leave it for the next family. Family, fishing, food, campfires all add up to family fun. Sunday was a shuttle with the Lund back to Islesboro so we all could catch the ferry. Later in the week I caught a ride over to Warren and as I sailed *Lazy Daze* back home I'm sure someone was watching from above with a big smile.



International Scene

Mexico released the Panamanian registered cement silo ship *Mary Nour* after nearly a year under arrest. Many think Mexico's cement giant Cemex was behind the arrest when the ship arrived with 26,219 tonnes of Russian cement.

The application of the European Union for membership in the International Maritime Organization was withdrawn at the request of several EU member states.

Spain is still fretfully chewing on the *Prestige* bone. It launched a blistering attack on the report by the Bahamian Maritime Authority (the *Prestige* was Bahamian flagged when it broke in half and oiled Spanish and French beaches), then the criminal court investigating the casualty ruled that the ship's management company could bear civil liability for the spill's damage.

China plans to set up a second national fund for oil spill clean-up because spills are now averaging one spill every 46 days.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

All was fine as the cargo ship *Manyi* headed up the Hooghly River until the vessel reached Calcutta's famed Howrah Bridge. There the top of the mast got stuck under the bridge and traffic was stopped while the top of the mast was cut off.

In Vietnam an hour-long whirlwind with rain sank 109 fishing vessels, three of them large, and devastated three island communities.

A Chinese tanker collided with the Malaysian-flagged container ship *Bunga Mas Tujah* off Dalian in northeast China. No casualties but an oil spill brought in dozens of oil spill vessels, according to Chinese news reports.

Two Maersk ships sideswiped each other in the Santos Roads in Fortaleza, Brazil. The owner-operated *Lica Maersk* hit the chartered *Maersk Volos*. Some containers were damaged but the *Lica Maersk* continued her outbound voyage while the *Maersk Volos* was berthed and then inspected by Harbor Master officials.

Eleven fishermen, including nine Chinese, died in a fire on the Ukrainian flagged fishing vessel *Simeiz* at Montevideo, capital of Uruguay.

The Bahamian flagged containership *CEC Copenhagen* hit the Bangladesh Navy's jetty pontoons and two warships at Chittagong due to problems with steering and a strong wind. In 2003 another container ship hit the naval jetty and 50 warships, causing damage estimated at \$16.7 million.

An Antwerp-bound inland tanker carrying fuel oil hit a groin (breakwater or water diverter) on the Waal in Holland and leaked 30-35 tonnes of oil.

The Italian tanker *Rosalia d'Amato* ran aground twice in the Spanish port of La Coruna.

The small cargo ship *Nikolla*, loaded with bricks, was wrecked in Italy, apparently due to a freak wave.

The Indian flagged *Uttarkashi* rammed and holed the Myanmar flagged *Chin Shaw Haw* in eastern India.

The log-carrying bulkier *Kiperousa* continued to be aground in South Africa after repeated pulls by two of the world's most powerful tugs, the 24,480bhp (40,000 indicated horsepower) *Nikolay Chiker* and the 19,200bhp *Smit Amandia*, failed to free the 25,375-dwt bulkier. These efforts stopped

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

when the ship's owners would, or could, not post a \$3 million bond to cover possible pollution from the ship capsizing, sinking, or causing environmental damage. Efforts then switched to removing more logs. The ship went aground ("hit a submerged object, believed to be a reef" in the language of one report) because it was operating close to shore to take advantage of the inshore counter-current as it headed for Durban for bunkering before heading off across the Indian Ocean to Asia.

Grey Fleets

The International Fleet Naval Review off Portsmouth in celebration of the 200th anniversary of Britain's (and Admiral Nelson's) victory at Trafalgar was this month's big navy news. Although total numbers of ships (184) was down from previous reviews, in large part due to today's smaller Royal Navy, the number of nations represented (40) was a new high. The British supplied 67 warships, 43 others came from foreign nations, and there were 29 tall ships and training ships, 15 foreign government yachts, and 30 merchant or private vessels.

Aircraft carriers came from the United States, Spain, Italy, and the largest ship present was the French nuclear-powered aircraft carrier *Charles de Gaulle*, about half of whose crew was reported as wondering why they were helping to celebrate a French defeat. The largest U.S. warship present was the helicopter-carrying amphibious assault ship *USS Saipan* (LHA-2), at 40,000 tons nearly as large as the nuclear-powered 40,500-ton, nuclear-powered *de Gaulle*. Interestingly, British newspapers seemed to largely ignore all American contributions to the Review. And, by intent or otherwise, it was the tug *Trafalgar* that handled the *de Gaulle* in and out of the Solent!

In the days of yore (say, in Nelson's time) it was not unusual for a ship to disappear for years, but that sort of thing is rare nowadays. Thus, the return of the Royal Navy survey ship *HMS Echo* after 530 days away made the daily news. But the crew let a cat out of the bag when they revealed that they were on board for about ten weeks and then were flown home for four weeks. One man explained he would ask his wife, "What are you doing next January, next July, and next November?"

And the crew on the minehunter *HMS Middleton* gets a pleasing change of pace every year when that sophisticated warship spends a few weeks on fishery patrol looking for fisherman illegally trawling British waters. During this time their boss is not the Ministry of Defense but the Department for Environment, Food, and Rural Affairs.

Chile purchased three Royal Navy Type 23 frigates as it beefs up its navy and replaces older warships. They will join four ex-Dutch navy frigates to be delivered in 2006 and 2007 and two new built Scorpone-class submarines currently be tested in France and Spain.

"Shipco" (apparently meaning "shipyard consolidation") is the latest buzzword in the UK Ministry of Defense. For example, MoD asked owners of British shipyards to find ways to cut costs of maintaining the

Royal Navy's submarines and said consolidating three bases (Devonport, Faslane, and Rosyth) could save more than £40 million a year. A trigger for this shipco could have been a bid for the company that operates the Devonport naval yard. It is owned by the American firm Kellogg, Brown & Root, a subsidiary of Halliburton, and Halliburton has been exploring the sale or spin-off of KBR and an American private equity group may be the purchaser. Although many are calling for a larger shipco that would amalgamate all yards building surface and submarine vessels, uncertainty over which yards will build Britain's two new aircraft carriers is holding up talks.

The Royal Navy will soon have only one carrier. *HMS Invincible* is being decommissioned six months early while *HMS Ark Royal* is in for a lengthy overhaul, leaving *HMS Illustrious* as the service's only operational carrier until two new ones are built. The 22,000-ton *Invincible* had a £64 million refit in 2001, was the Royal Navy's flagship at the International Fleet Review, and will be mothballed until 2010 and then put up for disposal.

White Fleets

A woman disappeared from Carnival's cruise ship *Elation* after it left Belize for Galveston and officials said she was not the victim of foul play or an accidental fall. The ship reversed course and made a lengthy search before resuming its voyage. The Mexican Navy also searched. She was one of at least 12 cruise ship passengers who have disappeared since 2000 in 11 incidents involving cruise ships that frequent U.S. waters. Two people were rescued, two were confirmed dead, and the rest are still missing. Look for such numbers to increase as cruising become even more popular.

Alaska is determined to milk the golden goose (my apologies for the mixed metaphor) of cruise ships sailing to that state. The latest tax proposal is for cruise ships at Sitka. City officials think a \$4 wharf fee per passenger would be about right, but a private citizen wants to put a proposal on the ballot for a \$5 tax. Since 230,000 passengers saw Sitka last year, the tax would yield about \$1 million.

The Maritime Administration will auction off two small cruise ships that have been in layup for three years following the collapse of American Classic Voyages. The 5,000-ton *Cape May Light* and *Cape Cod Light* indirectly cost taxpayers nearly \$90 million but may go for about \$40 million.

They That Go Back and Forth

At least eight people, including a two-year-old infant, drowned and another ten were missing when a ferry capsized on Lake Kivu in Rwanda. Twenty-three survived.

In Australia, four were hurt when a ferry rammed a wharf in Sydney Harbour.

In British Columbia, nobody was hurt but 27 small boats were crushed when the 7,000-ton ferry *Queen of Oak Bay* lost power as it approached its slip at Horseshoe Bay near Vancouver. The master decided to steer into a marina and ground the ferry there rather than make a hard landing in the slip and possibly hit people waiting to board for the return trip. About 550 people and dozens of vehicles were able to get off the *Queen* after tugs moved her from the marina nine hours later. Cause of the incident?

Apparently, a 4cm cotter pin dropped out of a bolt, which then dropped out, causing the ferry's engines to overspeed and then cut out.

A ferry capsized on the Tanzanian side of Lake Victoria and dozens were killed or missing.

The Indonesian ferry *Digoel* sank in rough seas off Papua, New Guinea, and perhaps 200 are missing.

An independent in-country study blamed the Bangladesh government for not enforcing existing rules as a major cause of that country's frequent ferry accidents. About 20,000 cargo and passenger vessels operate in the country and perhaps half fail to meet basic safety standards or take on too many passengers. Bangladesh ferry accidents claimed more than 4,000 lives in the last 34 years, 300 lives in the first half of this year alone, and another 200 are still missing from five ferry accidents.

Alaska will get a new ferry with the U.S. Navy paying \$25 million for its construction. It will be the prototype of a vessel class called the E-Craft (E for Expedition) that the Navy thinks has potential, a catamaran-type vessel with a cross deck that can be raised above bad seas or lowered until it is a barge. Farther south, the Rochester-Toronto fast ferry, now called *The Cat* instead of *The Breeze*, resumed service across Lake Erie but this year under the ownership of the City of Rochester and loads are reported as pleasing. The new operator is Bay Ferries, Ltd., an experienced Canadian ferry operator.

Ferry service between Boston and Shelburne, Nova Scotia, may start this summer if Boston investors can finalize plans. The *Scotia Prince* used to supply service between Portland, Maine, and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, until problems (mold) in the Portland terminal building brought operations to a halt.

Canadian crab fishermen blockaded two ferries in protest recent changes in crab quotas. Both the 22,000-ton *Caribou* and *Joseph and Clara Smallwood* were held up at Sydney, Nova Scotia, for several hours.

The venerable Scottish ferry firm of Caledonian MacBrayne (CalMac), now owned by the state, serves the Scottish islands. Its heavily funded service is antiquated and there is too much of a cozy relationship between company officials and the Scottish Executive (the state). So said an expert who has just finished surveying the situation and his report reinforced similar statements made recently. He also stated that the firm trailed international peers in value, service, and innovation. Said he, "The data suggests that CalMac's modus operandi is well short of optimum." His summary? CalMac operates as an old-fashioned shipping company, not as part of a road system. An irony: The company recently announced it would register its crew offshore to save \$1.5 million in social security payments. The company said this is standard industry practice and in compliance with a "moral duty" to increase efficiencies.

But all Scottish ferry operators are not old fuddy-duddies. An operator wants to institute a high speed ferry service the full length of Loch Ness, the first such service since the paddlewheel steamer *Gondolier* (built in 1866) stopped running in 1939.

Nasties

A Japanese Coast Guard vessel arrived in Indonesia to help promote international

cooperation in the fight against piracy.

Lloyd's and the London insurance market declared the Malacca Strait a war zone, listed 21 areas worldwide as being in jeopardy of war, strikes, terrorism, and related perils, but removed Iran from a list of countries requiring special attention.

Piracy demonstrated a new twist when Somali gunmen hijacked the cargo ship *Semlov*, chartered by the United Nations to carry 850 tons of rice for Somalia relief, and ten crewmen were held for a \$500,000 ransom. "We are not pirates and we are not after any financial gain," claimed the group's leader! Tribal elders and a government minister said the "militia" was simply guarding Somali seas against illegal fishing and dumping of toxic waste and claimed that neither the ship nor its cargo carried any identification. The UN showed the media photostats of the ship's documents and said each bag of rice was clearly stamped with its logo.

Pirates don't always win. Pirates wielding guns and a parang boarded the tug *Samudera Sindo 8* which was towing the barge *Aganda 7* carrying palm oil. An intercept course was steered to the anchored Indonesian-owned tanker *Palm Chem* chartered by a Singapore-based company and 3,000 tonnes of oil were transferred. But following a tip from the Indonesian Navy, a Malaysian task force tracked down the tanker and arrested 21 Indonesians while the Indonesian Navy detained the tug and barge.

The mastermind behind the hijacking of the tanker *Nepline Delima* in the Strait of Malacca seven years ago was arrested at his terrace house in Setapak, Malaysia.

The G8 summit meeting at Gleneagles in Scotland attracted unwelcomed attention. Some 55 miles from the closely guarded meeting place, anti-war protesters blockaded the Royal Navy Base at Faslane, home of the UK's four Trident submarines.

People and Ports

The world's first transportable semi-submersible oil drilling rig, *Mr. Charlie*, is now a museum at Morgan City, Louisiana, and the museum offers it for training programs on drilling and oil production. In 1953 *Mr. Charlie* was a daring creation and it worked until 1986 in waters up to 40' deep. Now bigger versions are drilling 30,000' deep holes in 10,000' of water.

Obtaining trained maritime personnel is becoming an increasing worldwide problem. Norway has set up training programs in the Philippines and China and is now establishing a program with Russia's top cadet school, the Admiral Makarov State Maritime Academy. The Norwegian shipping industry will absorb about 50 students a year from its graduates. Particularly desired are ice-trained officers and ratings for the increasing oil trade in the Baltic. Norway already employs about 2,000 Russians; the Philippines supplies Norway with about 18,000 seafarers; while China provided Norway with 1,200 seafarers last year. Norway has about 13,000 of its citizens in its merchant fleet.

Elsewhere, AP Moller's Maersk and India's Academy of Maritime Education and Training will jointly train 300 cadets a year. The first year selected candidates will undergo shoreside training and then spend the second year at sea on Maersk ships. All candidates will be trained for both deck and engine room duties. Graduates will be hired by Maersk.

Long Beach and Los Angeles may finally have weathered the port congestion frenzy. No container ships were waiting for berths over the five-day Independence Day holiday! Getting containers out of the yards is now the big problem and a decision by one of the two railroads serving the two ports to wait until a train was 7,500' long before sending it out did not please everyone at the two ports. Ditto for a decision at Long Beach to cut the time from five to four days that a container can stay on the docks without incurring a charge. But truck gates will soon be open 24 hours a day there, thus doubling the number of hours in which truckers can pick up containers.

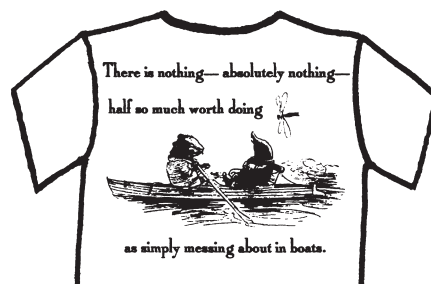
Nature

Shipping giant CMA CGM has protected the environment by buying 400 containers with ecofriendly floors of bamboo, thus cutting down on possible rainforest deforestation.

The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration chartered the 145' U.S. flagged ex-supply ship *Casitas* to clean up drift nets and other maritime junk that might trap monk seals or damage coral reefs, but the vessel went aground in a marine reserve at Pearl and Hermes Islands in the Northern Hawaiian Islands, some 1,000 miles from Honolulu. Seven crew members and 16 NOAA personnel aboard were unharmed but the ship suffered severe damage and some oil leaked until the crew shifted fuel to a different tank. Environmentalists still feared the worse since the islands are breeding spots for endangered monk seals.

Odd Bits

What has been called the world's first passenger steamship, Isambard Kingdom Brunel's masterpiece, the magnificent *Great Britain*, launched in 1843 and recovered from a beach in the Falkland Islands in 1970, is nearing full restoration at Bristol in the UK. But perspiration from wandering visitors (including this writer) has combined with salt in the iron plates and the resulting rust has left plates perilously thin in places, enough so that eventually the ship would collapse of its own weight. The latest preservative action is to dehumidify the entire interior of the vessel and that should almost completely stop further rusting.



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The cement boat is SOLD (see back cover February 15, 2005). Hardly newsworthy you may think, which is true of this and most other events as well. However, if you are the sort who reads horoscopes, gossip columns, or watches TV, you may as well follow along.

You may better appreciate the effect of this momentous occasion on the writer if offered a little background. From an early age I was enamored of boats (even motorboats) and just out of high school built a 16' plywood skiff to impress a neighbor girl. Evidently it worked as the girl next door took charge of my life. We kept the skiff but time and financial constraints altered markedly.

A stint as a biology teacher in Colorado revealed what was causing the rapid proliferation of kids. Four kids in a 40'x8' trailer necessarily circumscribes one's activities! Offers of fabulous money plus subtle hints from the missus resulted in a move east to Annapolis where I suffered big boat bites on a daily basis.

After a year of boat infection in Annapolis I was lured to Mechanicsville, Virginia, to take over my father-in-law's old country store. This flyer into the retail world was an eye opener as well as a zero sum game financially. I therefore took on another teaching job as well as an after school job at Sears, which paid more in employee discounts for the old house I was rebuilding, than in salary.

As a result of all this activity I jumped to the conclusion that I was financially secure and decided to embrace the current enthusiasm for cement boats. Sampson up in B.C. had written the book and was franchising dealerships.

I flew to Vancouver, all excited, and spent a week during which Sampson plastered his own new boat. In the interim the price of a franchise had doubled. This meant many thousands of dollars for a pile of plans I could tuck under my arm. I enplaned for home, somewhat crestfallen but still convinced that cement boats, if not the wave of the future, still were viable.

Plans for Peter Ibold's *Endurance*, winner of the International Boatbuilding Society's design contest, were purchased for a very reasonable price and lofting commenced. A framework was erected and the armature begun. As a break from the heavy work, a Great Pelican was begun concurrently.

It soon became apparent that with four kids and a house renovation the kitty would soon be starving. Next thing I know I am back in Annapolis (Severna Park) at a two shift school. My spare time is spent in the landlady's backyard building a Folding Schooner.

On my weekly commute back to M'ville I crossed an abandoned railroad. The rails had been taken up but the rest of the hardware still lay there. Thus the old Volvo (P544?) dragged into the yard loaded with a couple of hundred pounds of spikes, bearing plates, and those J-shaped thingies. Of course, a running total of weight was kept.

Three years at Severna Park supported a lush lifestyle and left us summers to work on the place in Colorado. The cement boat gained a deck, cabin house, and an old rock crusher Petter diesel. At this stage it was laboriously jacked about 30 yards into the orchard to make room for a boat shop extension. I was now heavily into building the

End Of An Era, Saga, Dream

By Jim Thayer



Livery Whitehall pulling boat. By the simple expedient of working 14-7 I crossed enough to buy gasoline for hauling them all over the country.

Old photos show four small kids perched on the cement boat. Then boom, they are gone off on their own. Tempus fuit! It fugits faster for boatbuilders than anybody else. When the last one heads for Colorado, Janis, her folks long gone, finally hears the call of the West (Ma Sold the Farm, *MAIB* June 1, 1993).

The boat was trucked down to Yankee Point Marina on the Corrotomen River off the Rappanock River just above the bridge. The boat was open aft so the rain went into to bilge and out a drain in the bottom. On the next trip east I came by myself and built a cockpit. Old sailing buddy Bob Burn came to visit and on the spur of the moment bought a Sailmaster 26 sitting nearby.

The Sailmaster, a keel/cb boat, had been built with poor ply and the interior was all delaminated. So, using the scraps for patterns, we rebuilt the whole thing in two days. We went easy on the Old World Craftsmanship.

She had a 9.9 outboard which we borrowed for the tin skiff and used it to push her around to Bell's Creek where we laid her up with three anchors and a warp ashore. There she has rested for lo these many years.

I fitted her out with a bilge pump, a battery, and a small solar panel just to be safe. The bilge pump was a peculiar outfit that turned itself on every minute or two, and if it didn't taste water, turned itself off. I generally got back east every year and would go down to check her out. I would stride around the deck, marveling at what I had wrought and listening for the silly pump. It ran at least four years without wetting its whistle so I finally stopped worrying about it.

The river place was a spectacular piece of ground with deep water, but lacked a good spot for a septic system. With passage of the Bay Act its value dropped dramatically. We put it on the market once but ran into the 2000 market bust. Every year when the taxes came due we resolved to get rid of it.

One day, out of the blue, a phone call from people wanting to buy it. No agents were involved and they would handle all the details. Common sense prevailed. Their contract called for my moving the boat in six months. I held out for 18. I'm nothing if not

deliberate. When the time ran out I began to get emails wondering what the holdup was.

That back cover ad in *MAIB* brought three responses. One fellow would buy the boat and sail it to England just as soon as he got back from abroad. The second would come and look at it, and the third lived in New England but had a lot nearby and wanted my views on local real estate.

Here was an opportunity! Maybe I could just push the boat over to his place. He at first seemed agreeable but after some ruminating and counseling from his wife thought better of it. Just as well, for I have never been one to put things off.

Summer of '04, when we were in the area I stopped by Yankee Point to discuss hauling the boat. When I first discovered Yankee Point it was on the market for \$74,000. I figured that was more money than I would ever make in my whole life. Three guys from Richmond bought it and turned it into a sailboat only marina and it began to grow.

John McConico, a real sailor, owned it when I first took the cement girl down there. Everything was first rate but with a certain charm. The heads building had "Relief" painted in large letters on the side and there was a miniature Amsterdam type lift bridge giving access through one of the piers.

John sold out a couple of years back and the new fellow had a rather lofty view of his domain. He knew of my boat and quickly discounted the likelihood of my ever being rich or famous. He was sorry but feared that my humble vessel would lower the tone of his establishment. He assured me that the Irvington Marina would welcome her.

Had I pulled it at Yankee Point I would have whipped it into shape and motored down the Waterway to Florida and easily sold it to some liveaboard. Dennis thought it was a great idea and maybe we could have sucked in Axon and Burn. Girls? Movie material? Who knows?

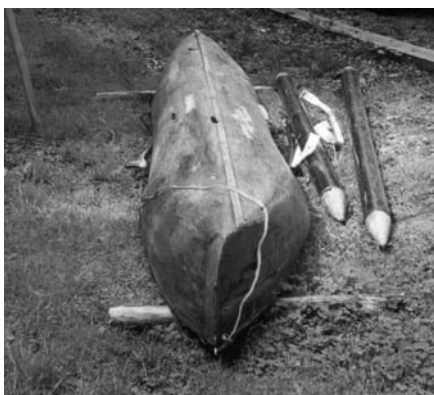
May just past I got a rather testy email wanting to know what I proposed to do. I replied that I would be along in early June. Janis was less than enthusiastic and evidently began putting bugs in ears. Steven volunteered to go along. Apparently there had been concern about letting the old guy go off by himself. An email to Vera England casually mentioning that I might be in the area elicited a warm invitation.

I must say that careful preparation is one of my strong points, which brings up the matter of the Mercury outboard. Checking before the '03 Kokopelli revealed that it was frozen up. Sometime in the interim it was disassembled and son-in-law Steve M. managed to free up the big end and the ring. Knowing that I would need it to push the big boat I set about putting it together. Although the ring was still on the piston, somehow during the process the ring managed to find itself in two parts.

I rushed down to the local dealer expecting to be handed one, but was disappointed to learn that it would be a week or ten days. This turn of events ravaged the mind for about 24 hours before Friday Marine popped to the top. Phil Friday, an old Urbanna Meet regular, is a Suzuki dealer but would have access to all kinds of parts. After some consultation, his lovely wife Louise thought they would have it by Monday, this being Thursday. The Dakota hit the road Friday hauling a box of black parts.

170 is the only way over the hill, but once a ways past Denver, one can hop up to U.S. 36 which is straight as a string all the way to Hannibal. We dropped down through Illinois to Louisville where we caught I64 right into Richmond. I always wonder whether the capitol of Kentucky is pronounced "Louis" ville or "Looy" ville. Some smart guy usually says it's Frankfort.

We hit a great Mexican joint in Lexington and then paused only long enough to kidnap a couple of box turtles and spend an hour with Bro John, living in his teepee as a camp host. I think he was mildly surprised to see us. We pulled into the England's yard at a reasonable hour Sunday evening.



Bro John's homebuilt dugout canoe.

We dropped in at Irvington Marina at an early hour, but finding no one about went on around to Bell's Creek. Plopping the aluminum skiff into the water we discovered that time and salt had gotten to some of its rivets. She didn't leak too badly as we pulled out to the ship. Biggest boat in Bell's Creek by golly!

I had anticipated a real job getting the three big generic Danforths up, thinking we might need help from the tide. However, we discovered that by hauling on one to get the boat moving we could snub it when up and down and break them out.

I remember once we had the whole family in the Great Pelican anchored up near the head of Urbanna Creek for lunch. There being no room for the Chinese lug and its gear on the dock, I left it up while we ate. There was some fluky wind so she would charge around and snub up. Lunch finished, I went to haul the anchor and it wouldn't budge. It was just a little 4lb Danforth but it felt like it was tied to a ringbolt. I concluded that it must be hooked on a log. When I went down to check (8' or so) I found that the rode went straight into the mud. Reaching down as far as I could I could just feel the shackle.

The Pelican had a sturdy welded iron motor mount on the transom. The rode was snubbed on the mount and the crew sent forward to jump on the bow. We worked it out an inch at a time. This experience had been much on my mind all these years, which included a couple of good hurricanes.

The anchors dealt with, we returned to the marina where, immediately upon alighting, we were accosted by a gent wanting to know what he could do for us. And then, what part of Colorado were we from? Upon hearing Grand Junction he went bananas. "Remember the lady who drove her car off a cliff at the Monument some years ago? That was my wife."



Typical view, Irvington Marina.

He used to live in the Junction! He had painted many of the murals that enliven the walls of Delta and Hotchkiss. He couldn't believe it! He danced around and gave me a hug. And he just might buy the cement boat himself. In fact, he probably would.

Well, before we get too excited, let's take a look at this guy. He's wearing just shorts and sandals, has long blonde hair, and sports a number of tattoos. Definitely looks like a sailor. He has a 26' sailboat which he sleeps aboard and an old Owens cruiser.

"Let's go for a ride in the Owens." It's got twin Corvette engines. One starts but the other gives a thunk and goes mute. Some work under the hatch fails to produce any fire. Well, come back this evening and he'll have it fixed and his girl friend will be there and we'll all ride up and look at the boat.

There follows some chit chat and lengthy exposition about his youth and how he is an ace tee shirt artist who used to make tons of money working fairs and carnivals. In fact, this very evening he will embellish my truck cap with a nice sign, all for a mere case of beer.

To check on a fall back position, we stopped at the big marina next door. Something over \$1,000 to put her on the hill for the winter, and in advance. Time to look in on Friday. We found him under a beach umbrella working on a big outboard hanging on a transom. His neat hat and shorts suggested more an Aussie bush guide than a grease monkey.

He took the guts out of the Merc, gave it a few squirts in the washer, a shot of oil, and spun the bearings contemplatively. "It might run for a while." He suggested how the piston might be carefully worked in without any special tools. I'm from the old school where pistons went in from the top with a ring compressor.

The ring was somewhere in the pipeline. We would wait for the word that the ring was at Pop's, down near Hampton, and then go get it. In the meantime we might as well repair to the England's and avoid the afternoon heat.

On Vera's porch we were soon joined by John Coe, a cultured and learned schooner-man. John read us the Declaration of Independence at the Reedville Fisherman's Museum one Fourth of July some years ago. Vera supplied good bottles and Steven earned his keep by fixing the fan.

Back at the marina for the promised Owens ride, we were informed that the

starter was shot and, being left-handed, would require two weeks for replacement. Avoid twin screw boats would be my advice.

He hauled out his air brush and sent me off with his girl friend to get the required beer. I was expecting some floozy but she seemed a nice girl and I liked her right off. And, wonder of wonders, she lived just up the creek and had canoed past my boat many times.

Returning with fuel for the artist I found one side of the cap covered with the company name. Nice job but a little grander than I had anticipated. He soon did the other side and then, grabbing the red gun, outlined everything in red producing a circus wagon effect. Well, they'll see me coming and I'll put Collbran on the map.



Road warriors with the Circus Wagon. Pickle on top.

The Owens hors de combat, we set off on wheels for Bell's Creek with the girl, a very deliberate driver, at the controls of the big Ford. The sailorman was evidently out of a license more often than not.

Steven and I arrived at the pier, talked to the neighbor, ate supper, doctored the rivets on the skiff, and finally concluded that they had been overtaken by reason or cold feet. Just as we were about to leave, here they came. Soldier, the dog, had jumped out of the back of the truck and run off.

They went out and spent quite some time on the boat and when they returned we discussed the problem of moving it. The simplest solution would have been to just tow it up the creek to her father's pier. We could have done it under oars! However, Steven decided that her father was less than enthusiastic about the sailorman. Were I a disinterested observer I would doubtless concur.

Finally, as darkness fell, they went off to prepare their offer. \$1,000 for the boat and

\$100 for the skiff. I opined that the skiff wasn't worth much of anything. I have never been known as a lightning thinker and I certainly demonstrated it this time doing myself out of an easy hundred bucks.

I put on my most aggrieved and down-trodden countenance. Pronouncing it akin to robbery but I was over a barrel and I did want the boat to have a good home with real sailors. They did swear to send another 500 clams when the mast went up. As yet I haven't worried about how to spend it.

Next morning we sauntered into the marina about nine and were berated for being so tardy. We were sent immediately for more beer as the 12-pack of the evening before had only been half a case. The beer was loaded, along with two drinks for Steven and one tomato.

We straightaway cast off and the 6 horse began stirring the waters of Carter's Creek.

The wind was light but whenever we got a slant up went the sails. They went up and down like a window shade all day. Steven became the de facto deckhand and was ordered about on various chores, but always with "please" and "thank you."

In due time we arrived alongside the cement gal and tied up fore and aft with a big square of plywood between. We soon had the anchors aboard and Soldier set about chewing off the barnacles. The little six horse had its work cut out but we were moving. I had to be rather adamant that I knew the waters and had brought the boat in there so he grudgingly followed my advice.

The trip redefined slow, while the June sun sucked suds from the pores. The 12-pack and a jug of water pulled us through. The sailorman came in dead slow, Steven jumped a line ashore, and we warped her into the slip stern first slick as a whistle. Home free!

The girlfriend was waiting on the Owens and after a few pleasantries announced her news. Her bank had been robbed just at opening time and had been closed by the authorities all day! What would have been your reaction? My sang froid is legendary. Sometimes my sang is so froid that people check to see if I am breathing. I evinced mild wonder at such an occurrence. As far as I was concerned, the boat was in the sailorman's marina and I was off the hook. If they aced us out of the money I would still sleep like a baby.

She then went on talking about how she had run all over town cashing small checks. I saw that she was holding one of those bank envelopes and my head leapt. I had run up some paper on Vera's computer using my best party of the first part in loco parentis legalese. There was much earnest discussion about who should sign but, it being her money, I was delighted when she became the owner of the boat.

Virginia being one of those civilized states where one may purchase essence of the vine in grocery stores, a couple of happy campers showed up at the England's with bottles of bubbly to go with Vera's shrimp and salad. Many old times were relived and John and Steven exchanged views on house construction.

Next morn we were away early for M'ville where we hauled a Pickle hull out of the jungle and revisited scenes of Steven's childhood. The fields around Grandma's house are all grown up in upscale houses and the woods around the little pond are full of mansions, their ostentatious facades trying to hide vinyl derrieres. With nary a backward glance we hit 64 and set the cruise.

Smelling the barn, we stuck with 64 into St. Louis and then discovered a nice route up through mid-Missouri to our peaceful 36. In western Kansas the radio was constant tornado reports, some within 15 miles and headed our way, but we managed to sneak through without having to dive into a culvert. We had a bit of snow over the divide and rain off and on till within sight of home. Powell is filling to near 50% so can't complain.

Next day at 220 I found the transom bracket in the kitchen. I had hauled it in there to read Friday the serial number. It certainly would have been a chore for Steven to hold the Merc over the transom half a day. Might have strained a great relationship.

A couple of days later here came a large box, empty from the feel of it it contained a big sheet of crumpled paper. Mystified, went through it again and there were the rings. Ten dollars for shipping! Guess what? The rings were made in Italy! Molto bene. Now will I ever get around to putting it together?

So, I guess that's the end of the cement boat story. No doubt I'll be back there one of these days and I suppose I could go and check on her. But I'm sort of afterered to. Will they really finish her? Will they split? Will she line up some other guy to finish her off. Will #4 boat become an oyster reef? If you hang around the Rappahannock you might keep your eye out for a bargain cement boat.

We promised to put a flower on his wife's grave. It will make for a nice afternoon some fine fall day. And we'll be pulling for old Hawk. He's a likable fellow in spite of some foibles and she's a nice girl.

Oh, I might look down from the hill, just to see what I can see.



Jan the new owner, and Hawk the sailorman.

The cement boat between the Owens and the sailorman's boat.





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Be it known unto the many who with commendable good taste pursue the monthly records of "Old Knick," that the writer of this yarn has an uncle in the United States Navy, one Captain Jack Bowline, who has spent nearly 50 years of his life upon the ocean, a warm-hearted, hard-faced, jolly old fellow whose head is as full of historical yarns of the past as his body is of shot marks and scars of battle. Often has he cheered my sad spirit with his lively tales, adventures which occurred during the last war with England in which he commanded the privateer schooner *Hope*, a beautiful clipper of about 150 tons and two 32-pounder guns. One of these yarns I here commit to paper, in as nearly as possible his own language:

"We were lying in New York harbor, just bewixt Governor's Island and the Battery, when the fleet that chased the old *Constitution* so hard was blockading the channel at both ends of Long Island, keeping such a sharp lookout along shore with their frigates and tenders that not a craft dare stir out of her anchorage. This made me as cross as an English man-o-war's man on short rations, for I was lying in port feeding a crew, keeping my craft on expenses, and all that, and it didn't duit my free-born nature to be cooped up like a stray pig in a strange pen when I knew what money was to be made on blue water if I could only reach it.

"So one day I mustered the crew aft and spun them a bit of a speech, told 'em that it was all humbug for us to lie there doing nothing and asked 'em if they would stand by me to the last if I would try and run the blockade, telling 'em at the same time that I intended to let the craft sink before she should be captured, that the Stars and Stripes should never come down from the schooner's truck while she floated above the water.

"The crew gave me three cheers and that was all the answer that I wanted, so I gave orders to restow the hold, clean up the arms, and get everything ready for sea. I intended to take the first nor'west wind and dark night and try the run. I didn't have long to wait before the night and nor'wester came. It was indeed a fine night for my work. The wind came fitfully off the land in squalls, the heavy black clouds that tumbled along between the stars and the earth made everything as dark as the middle of a tar bucket, and the rain came down as if the caulking of the sky had fell out.

"Soon after the darkness had fairly got settled, I called all hands and reefed our sails down snug, then roused up the anchor and got underway. I set the mainsail, close reefed the fore-top-sail and jib, and with the wind on my starboard quarter, stood down the bay, steering by compass and soundings. It was uncommonly dark and once in a while the squalls would sweep down the bay, bellying out our scant sails and bending the creaking spars over the bow while the craft quivered like a dry leaf in the autumnal blast.

"We showed no light and kept as quiet as a mouse when the cat is in its vicinity as we passed Sandy Hook, for we knew that the tenders of the fleet would lay close in under the land so as to make a lee, as also to keep a lookout for coasters or the like of us who might take advantage of the weather and try to give them the slip.

"We kept on very well until we were clear the point of the Hook and were stretching over the middle ground in a little under three fathom soundings when I, who was

Running a Blockade In the Last War (War of 1812)

By Ned Buntline

(From the July 19, 1848 *Polynesian*, the Hawai'ian Government Newspaper)

Submitted by Ed Cass

standing for'ard by the heel of the bowsprit with a nightglass in my hand trying to send my eye ahead into the darkness, suddenly caught a glimpse of a dark object close aboard and directly ahead of us. I had scarcely sung out "Hard a port your helm!" to the steersman when, luffing up into the wind a little, we passed close alongside of a large schooner which was lying to on the offshore tack with her close-reefed fore-sail set. As we swept past her I saw at once that she was a man o' war and at the same time her officer of the deck hailed us:

"Schooner ahoy! Who are you? Heave to or I'll fire into you!"

"I was so completely thrown aback by this sudden meeting that I forgot to answer him and on we swiftly swept in the darkness without even giving him a light to show where we were. But he was pretty good at guessing for within four or five minutes a shot came whizzing along, not more than 40 or 50 fathoms to leeward of us, and then we could see the lights glancing about her decks as all hands were called and we knew that he was making sail in chase.

"Lights, ho!" sung a man from aloft and then, in an instant, added, 'Lights ahead on both bows, sir!' Then, before the top-man's words were out of his mouth, my first lieutenant sung out from the quarter deck, 'Lights on the weather quarter and beam, Captain Bowline!'

"I clambered aloft and took a look with my glass and saw that we were completely hemmed in. A circle of lights surrounded us, all of which I knew were from the enemy's shipping, and to crown the whole and make a bad fix worse, the rascal whom I had passed but a moment before commenced throwing up signal rockets to show where our schooner was.

"As my glass swung around that circle of lights, I thought that I'd got myself into a bad scrape and wished, from the lowermost locker of my heart, that my little craft was back at her old anchorage, for the prospect of hard knocks and no prize money was not particularly brilliant just at that moment. But I determined to get clear if I could and, hurrying down to the deck, made the crew set the top-gallant sail and square sail. Then I had a light run up to each masthead as the schooner astern of me had already done so as to deceive the ships ahead of me which lay in such a position that I must pass close by them. The fellow astern now knew me by my bearings and he soon showed, by the change in his bearings and the motion of his lights as they swung to and fro from his bending spars, that he was following my wake under a press of sail. He kept continually sending up rockets and blue lights and I imitated, as nearly as possible, each signal that he made for I knew that if the heavy sloops outside of me once smelt the rat and found out who I was, a single broadside would be dose enough for my little schooner.

Apparently exasperated at our good imitations, the craft astern yawed from her course and fired a couple of shots at us, but as we paid no attention to her harmless shots and she only lost ground by firing, she stopped it and pressed on in chase. We too cracked on every thread of canvas which our craft would bear, knowing that every thing depended on passing the ships without receiving a fire from them.

"Once more I took my glass and went forward to pick the best way to pass their line. Just ahead of us were two lights pretty close together, which I thought, from the height at which they hung, might be suspended from the gaffs of frigates or corvettes, and I made up my mind to run by under the stern of the rearmost of them and try to pass myself off as one of their tenders, knowing that nothing but a stratagem could save me. So, still showing similar signals to those of the schooner astern, I held my course.

"In a few minutes we neared the sternmost ship and then I saw by her lighted ports that she was a three decker line-o-battle ship. I reckon I was a leetle skeered just then, but I didn't tell my men so and they seemed to be as cool as white bears on an iceberg. As we came within hail of the seventy-four, a gruff English voice shouted through a trumpet, 'Schooner ahoy! Is that the *Nereide*?' "

"Thank God for that hint!" thought I as I answered, 'Ay, ay, sir!'

"What's in the wind?" he again hailed. 'Your signal master must be drunk, we can't understand you. Explain yourself.'

"I'm in chase of a bloody villain of a Yankee that's trying to run the blockade!" shouted I.

"Oh, very well!" he answered. 'I hope you'll catch the sneaking scullion.'

"So do I, and keep him after he is caught, but 'hopes are slippery things' as the old woman said of the eels which she was skinning, when she lost them overboard.'

"Another moment and we were beyond his hail and outside the line of ships, bowling off at a rate of 10 or 12 knots. In a few minutes we doused every light, then altered our course four points to the southward and were in a few moments hidden from the enemy by darkness.

"I soon saw the pursuing schooner run under the stern of the seventy-four and then, by the new signals made, knew at once that my stratagem had been detected. The seventy-four fired guns and at once the lights of the whole line commenced changing their bearings and I was sure that a general chase had been ordered. I didn't care now, however, for I knew that my little craft had the heels of 'em now and with the darkness to aid me, felt assured of escape.

"Before daybreak I was away down off the Capes of the Delaware with everything astern of me hull down, and as I shaped my course for the West Indies I laughed to think of the Englishman's *Hope* proved so slippery."

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We were novices willing to plunk down cash to learn how to plank a boat. It was worth the effort.

Ed (Sonny) Davis of Seal Cove on the western shore of Maine's Mt. Desert Island builds wooden boats in the traditional manner, small ones, mostly dories, one at a time, and whatever type happens to interest him at the time. Usually before a boat is finished a buyer has turned up. When he isn't earning his way thus, Ed does other things, such as building a log house for a neighbor who saw the house Davis built for himself and his young family five years ago.

Early in 1978 Ed came up with another idea for earning his way, an idea for passing on his interest in wooden boatbuilding to enthusiastic novice builders, or would-be builders. Ed suggested to John Gardner that, if response warranted, he'd run a two-week summer workshop on building a simple lapstrake dory skiff. Limitations on space and his own ability to adequately supervise and guide the participants suggested six as a limit.

Within two weeks of mention of the workshop in Gardner's "Comments Here and There" column in *National Fisherman* Ed had six applicants signed up with their \$10 deposits paid. With a figure of \$250 for the course, which would include the completed skiff each would build, the \$10 deposit turned out to be a mistake.

On August 7 four would-be boat-builders arrived in Seal Cove. Two others failed to show and, because they failed to notify Ed early enough, he was unable to invite several replacements from a waiting list that had accumulated. Ed, a bit ruefully, admitted to being just a boatbuilder, not a businessman. If there was a next year, he'd have to work out a better way to confirm his participants because he'd bought stock for six skiffs.

Building a Two Week Skiff

By Bob Hicks

Editor Comments: This was my first venture in writing about boats. In the fall of 1978 I submitted it to *National Fisherman*, thinking of it as an adjunct to John Gardner's regular column, "Notes from Here and There." I heard no more. Then the next spring the Pilot Issue of *Small Boat Journal* turned up in the mail and there was my story. It would be four more years before I launched *Messing About in Boats*.

The four aspiring builders found themselves in a creaky old barn in Seal Cove fitted out with a few new electrical outlets, a bandsaw, table saw, a wall bench, and a pile of pine boards and oak slabs. The four included a doctor, an engineering consultant, an insurance salesman, and a magazine editor. Their ages ranged from early 30s to early 50s. None had built a wooden boat before. All had some experience with woodworking tools. All had read a good deal about dory building, including Gardner's latest book. Could these four men on their summer holidays actually build themselves their first boats in ten working days?

Ed's program was hardly a formalized one. He wasn't certain just how he'd accomplish his goal, or even if he would. Maybe it just wouldn't work out; it would depend a lot on the participants.

Since it was a workshop, Davis soon had the four at work. With only ten days, 80 hours, he did not plan on any instruction in design or lofting, but instead had at hand necessary patterns made up from masonite and a

small scale lines drawing for reference. It was to be hands-on right from the start and Monday found the four laying out pine boards for bottoms and cutting oak up into pieces for frames.

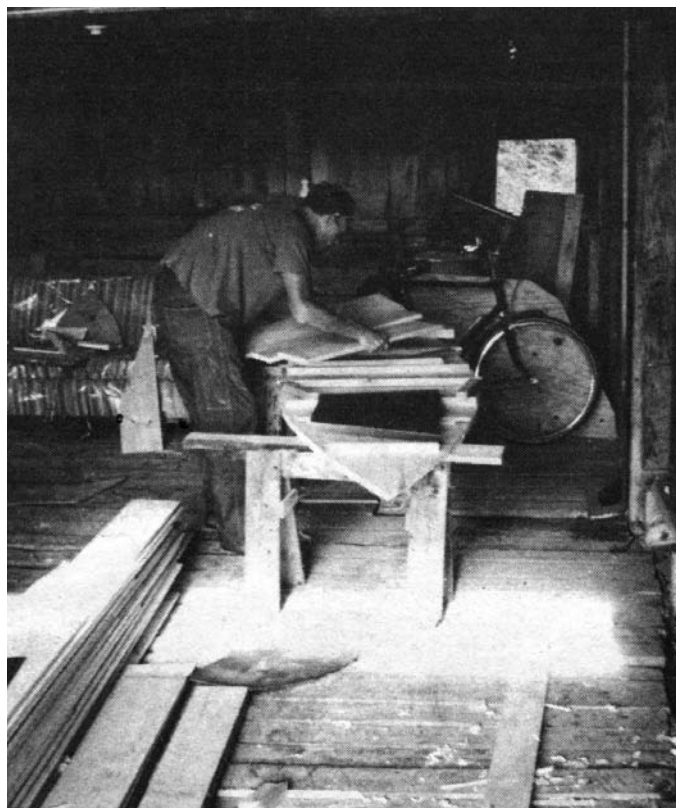
Davis circulated constantly, keeping each going as any question arose, but it soon became obvious that the members of this quartet had a pretty good idea of how to do each task as soon as Davis outlined it and got them underway.

It was an eight-to-five operation with an hour off for lunch, just like a working boat-shop. The only unusual aspect might be that this shop crew turned up for work early and hated to quit. As the first week progressed the bottoms were laid out and cleated, frames were cut and lapped and riveted. Transoms were laid out and cleated and nailed to knees and stems were cut and beveled, then fitted to the bottoms. Soon finished bottoms were upside down over sawhorses and braced from convenient ceiling beams to the rocker desired.

The first week concluded with the garboards going on. The four were not all moving along exactly together, but all had gotten garboards in place by week's end. It began to look as if the workshop was going to make it.

The second week opened with planking up the main job at hand. Now the fairly simple carpentry was behind and the more arcane art of lining out planking faced the novice builders. For some this was the key to the workshop, the reason for making their first boatbuilding attempt in this format with guidance from a knowledgeable builder. Boatbuilding books and articles often get a bit hazy when it comes to lining out planking, and actually getting to do this with direction, even on so simple a skiff as was being built, was going to help a lot in boosting confidence for further building efforts later. Week number two was to be the real payoff

Getting started is the big job in one's first boatbuilding project. Here the bottom serves as a workbench and its rocker is set by ceiling braces.



for the investment of \$250 and a summer vacation.

Now one of the charms of wooden boat-building made itself evident, for Davis encouraged each to determine just how he would plank up, establish sheer line, and plank widths. He explained how cutting a curve into the plank edge would affect the lines of the planking and how the proportional plank widths would appear in the finished boat.

The novices went to work and shavings began to pile up ankle deep on the creaky old barn floor. Differences would now appear in each boat, for one builder chose to build up with straight edges and cut a curve only on the top of the sheer. With quite a lot of rocker, it worked out. The others chose varying amounts of curve in the broad and sheer strake edges and achieved varying results in final sheer line and lap lines.

Late in the second week, all four skiffs were completely roughed out, planking completed, with only one or two errors in planking layout requiring some adjusting to fit. The four boats, all built from the same set of patterns, measured out at varying lengths, widths, and depths. The lengths varied from 10' to 10'3". The widths varied from 36" to 39". The depths midships ran from 11" to 13". Sheer lines, of course, varied, with the 12" generally agreed upon as most pleasing. The workshop had reached a point where it could be considered a success.

The final days saw sanding and then caulking seams on the bottoms and transoms, then the detail work topside, fitting breast-hooks, seat rails, and transom corner knees. Four wooden boats would be ready to travel home with their builders to be finished off and painted as each chose.

Ed Davis was all smiles, for his notion that such a workshop would work had proven out. Four pretty pleased novice builders were all smiles, for it had been a totally absorbing experience and many mysteries of the boat-building art had revealed themselves as being simply logical successions of specific tasks that achieved the desired final result. It had been a different sort of summer vacation and a very fulfilling one. There's something about working on your first boat that's irresistible.

Well, the boats built were only simple lapstrake dory skiffs but the difficult hurdle of just getting started on boatbuilding was now behind for four enthusiastic novices.

John Gardner often urges would-be novice builders to "just begin." That's tough to do for some and Ed Davis stepped into this with his workshop and it worked. Because of his initiative there are four men now a lot more confident of their abilities to go on to something perhaps a bit more complex in boatbuilding on their own. And because of their ability to respond to the guidance of an experienced builder, Davis now plans to hold another such workshop in the summer of '79 with minor changes learned from this first experience.



Two weeks can seem like a pretty short time when you're on your first boat project. But the bottom photo shows, from left, successful boatbuilders Sam King, Bob Hicks, Pete Quinn and Sam Chapin.



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Well, in the first place neither one of those methods is the best way to haul a little boat in my opinion. I like a boat that will slide right in the back of a pickup truck best. I have a little homemade doohickey that sticks in a sidebody hole to hold the outboard motor. You know an outboard motor stinks and that'll get to you even in the trunk of a car. When it gets hot in there and the vent screw starts oozing its little essence, the fumes will diffuse through the back seat and gradually get up into the car and a station wagon... pew.

I noticed on Wes's newer Dodge Dakota there are no sidebody holes. I guess those Germans who own Chrysler never heard of hauling livestock in the back of a pickup before... probably wouldn't be able to do it. I bet you don't see too many people hauling cattle in a pickup with stock body sides on the Autobahn. It is tricky. It is alright once the cow establishes an equilibrium with the motion of the moment, but when you have to change from a steady and linear progress to anything else and the old thousand pound heifer gets to wandering around back in there to try to catch her balance, it takes a little abstraction in the application of brakes and steering wheel to keep between the ditches and in front of the red light and, from what I can tell from years of working on Mercedes and other German cars, abstraction is not a component of the German psyche.

Look at what they like in women, for example. They can't abstract one of these skinny little Michael Jackson looking underdeveloped super models like are so popular over here into any flower of womanhood. They like a real woman over there in Germany and they don't haul them in no pickup truck neither. I don't know if Germans even make a pickup truck.

As an aside, a big hog is a much more roadworthy animal than a cow. They carry their weight closer to their feet, for one thing, but mainly it is that they quickly figure out what's going on. They'll even shift ballast to the proper side going around curves. A 600lb Poland China sow firmly bracing herself on the inboard side of the curve will make a pickup corner even better than normal. I always wondered how a hog would do as movable ballast on a sailboat. I bet the Germans never gave such a thing as that any thought.

And that, believe it or not, brings us in the direction of the point of trailers and cartops, but not quite. The advantage of the boat in the back of a pickup is that you can just slide it in there with the sandy, salty bilge water still in it, whereas if you are going to put it on top of the car you have to clean it out real good or it will rust out the car around the windshield and doors where that salt ran down. Another thing is that a boat in the back of a pickup is pretty aerodynamic. A boat on top of the car cuts the gas mileage significantly... even worse than the same boat on an appropriate trailer.

The car I used most to haul a boat on top of was my old dearly beloved Valiant. I had a Ford station wagon roof rack (made back when roof racks were built to haul stuff and not just for decoration with rocket ship fins for the vertical supports). I had some straps set up to slam in the doors and I could tie a homemade cold molded canoe on there so I didn't have to worry about it coming off. I can't remember if I already told you about the man I knew who bought an antique 20'

Trailers vs. Cartop Transportation of Boats

(In Which the Implications of "Made in USA" are Carefully Examined)

By Robb White

Old Town canoe and was hauling it back strapped down to a van when something came loose and it turned sideways across the New Jersey Turnpike or not but I don't have time to describe all the details so you'll just have to trust me. It was a mess.

So the old Valiant was a road worthy rig but, though it got a good 26mpg running naked it would barely get 19 with the canoe and wouldn't get that running 75 on the interstate. What am I saying... it wouldn't run 75 on the interstate or anywhere else but it was alright back when gas was 29.9. I hauled that cold molded canoe all over Florida.

With that, I need to say a word or two about "cold molding." There was a time when that method sounded like the cure-all, be-all of all boat building methods and I guess it was. I understand those two big Joel White "J" boat looking sloops ("W" class) are both cold molded and surely economy of construction was not the goal of people who want such a boat as that so they must be after the best.

It must be a fine way to build a boat but, for me back in the beginnings of finding my way with epoxy, it was sort of like that antique canoe crossways on the Jersey Turnpike... a mess. Even though I used the thinnest planking (exactly as thick as a Popsicle stick... two plies) I could get to run through the planer without being sucked up off the bed by the current of air pulled by the cutterhead, the boat was heavier than one of my lapstrake boats. It was alright and sort of eye catching but I would rather have a lapstrake boat or a strip planked canoe and would certainly rather build by one of those methods. Of course, I don't know anything about big boats but I believe that oh-so-hot concrete boat craze died out for a good reason, too... might be a mess... sure wouldn't want a concrete cartopper.

I think I need to tell you my ultimate cartop story. I had an uncle who was a serious fisherman. I mean, he was not a messer and did not care anything about the boat at all. All he wanted to do was figure out when the fish would be biting and where and be there and all ready when they started to do it. One of the most predictable of all fishing phenomena down here is when the water on the vast turtle grass beds of the flats east of St. Marks (surely one of the most productive ecosystems on earth) gets too cold for comfort late in the fall. All the fish swim up into the marsh and into creeks and seek out either deep holes where the water is insulated from the freezes of the night or shallow places along the edge of the marsh grass where the water warms up from the sun shining on it.

If a man knows what he is doing, he can load the boat with speckled trout and redbfish after the first cold snap and this uncle knew what he was doing... except that he didn't give a damn about the old boat and, when that occasion came, he backed up to the trail-

er, hitched up, and took off and, when he hit the first bump, he noticed something dragging along behind his boat. Turned out to be the gas tank which had fallen through the bottom where leaves and trash had rotted it out.

It was time to go, though, and the only alternative was an 18' cypress dugout canoe he had. It was only 27" wide and it was heavy but he was a man so he slid that thing on top of his Rambler (flathead engine and vacuum windshield wipers... in 1964) and bounced it up and down to make a crease in the roof for the canoe to ride in right-side-up and he went to the mouth of the Econfinia River (find it if you can) and caught about a freezer full of reds and trout. He said the only trouble he had was when it came time to pull out the fish all slid out the other end of the boat. Fortunately they were dead and he was able to wade around in the cold water and recatch them.

I once built a 16' rowboat for a man specially as a cartop project. He specified that the boat weigh less than 100lbs because he was going to haul it on top of a van. I built the boat, but when he came to get it the damned van was one of those with the elevated roof and neither he or I was able to get the boat up there... higher than we could reach. He had to go to town and buy him a trailer and pay some outfit to put a trailer hitch and taillight hookup on the van and it took all day long and his wife and dog were tapping their feet the whole time. That was one of the factors in my decision to pick my customers very carefully.

One time I was cartopping my old Grumman Sport Boat (at 135lbs, about my limit) down in the Everglades on top of an old International Travelall I had for a while when it got dark on some lonely road south of Naples so I stopped. I don't know if you have had much experience with the mosquitoes of that place but they are something. There I was in the back of that thing, my boat on top, with my screens in my windows, all snug and smug, and those skeeters whining with frustration, when some of them started to bite me. I couldn't figure it out because I had spent quite a bit of skill and ingenuity making a complete and very tight fitting set of screens for the whole car (including the tailgate window) and was all set up with a little muffin fan and all... mosquito proof. I even had sense enough to set my little Evinrude weedless three outside so its stinking wouldn't disturb my snoozing.

Anyway, I would turn on my 12 volts worth of electric light (Sears "Diehard"... made in USA) and meticulously kill every single mosquito in the car and get back in my bed and pretty soon... zing... get bit on the ear. Finally I figured out that they were coming in through the dashboard vent but by then it was getting to be day and, screens or not, too hot for snoozing. Unfortunately I forgot to load up my three and only remembered it when I got to Goodland to start on my expedition. Fortunately those were the good old days and when I got back to where I had spent the night, there was my motor lying right there beside the road... "Made in USA" in 1953. Yeah, right. OMC "outsourced" them Lighttwins even in those days. My engine was built in Belgium.

Another time Jane and I were boogying down a dirt road with the old Uncle Ben's wild rice Grumman canoe (17' "Standard") on top of my old Valiant when the car started

to slow down. I couldn't figure it out. I gave it enough gas for 30 and the engine was running like about 30 but the car was only going 15. I knew the clutch wasn't slipping because I had just put in a new disc but I did not redo the pressure plate, so when it slipped it chattered and all was smooth with the drive train. We kept on and the car kept slowing down until it finally stopped.

When I got out to try to figure out what was happening, the car listed to Jane's side. It turned out that the ruts of the dirt road we were running on were too deep for the old worn out leaf springs of the rear end and the squatted down torsion bars of the front end and the car was completely bottomed out on the ridge in the middle with all four wheels clear off the ground. It was a mess. We had to lie on our bellies and dig the ridge down with the canoe paddles until the car could get enough traction to get out of the ruts and run on the edge of the road.

Another time one of my sons (who will go unidentified in this case) and his cousin cartopped a wretched Mohawk fiberglass canoe to run the rapids of the Aucilla River south of Lamont (say "Lay Mont"). Believe it or not there are some pretty spiffy rapids on that usually lazy river when the water is sort of high. They had the old famous how-to-get-back-to-the-car conundrum that faces all downriver expeditions, but they were smart. They had a jackleg 2"x4" rack on the back of a Datsun pickup (made in Japan) for the canoe and a cheap junk "Indian" motorbike (made in Taiwan) in the bed of the truck.

What they were going to do was drive down to the take-out place and hide the motorbike in the bushes and then drive back to the put-in place and put in and make their downstream trip and then get on the motorcycle to go back and get the Datsun and then drive back to get the boat... something like the antics of cannibals and missionaries. The only problem was that when they had made their whitewater trip (and busted the Mohawk in about seven or eight places) and uncovered the motorbike (125cc... worst smoking two-stroke engine I ever saw) they discovered that they had forgotten the key and the handlebars were cocked and locked off about 45 degrees to the left.

It was miles back to the Datsun and, due to the complications of getting organized for this expedition, getting late but there was no way to paddle the leaking Mohawk all the way back up the swift river so they hid it, too, and went to trudging. Fortunately they got to the Datsun before it got dark enough for the mosquitoes but unfortunately while they had been searching frantically for the motorcycle key back at the downriver spot, one of them had put down the waterproof pouch he had his billfold in and... and it had the truck key in it and the steering wheel was locked about 20 degrees off to the left. It was a mess.

Now on to the trailers. An advantage of a trailer is that you don't have to unload everything out of the whole damned boat to haul it somewhere. A disadvantage is that you don't have to unload everything out of the whole damned boat to haul it somewhere so it accumulates weight. I finally decided to completely unload the old Rescue Minor so I could clean it out good enough so trash would quit stopping up the automatic bilge pump.

You ought to see what all I got out of there. There were enough sea shells to pave a driveway, for one thing. I had old plumbing fittings and other common hardware for no telling what kind of perceived emergency and all sorts of items of marine hardware from some salvage operation or other... three pairs of wading shoes and one pair was in a soggy, mildewed canvas bag and had 38 roaches living in them. Including sand, I bet I eliminated 200lbs from the boat. That ought to help the gas mileage both on the road and on the water.

Gas mileage pulling a trailer can be better than with a boat on top of the car. It depends on the boat and the car though. They made a roof rack for the old 36hp VW and not only would it slow the anemic little thing down far below its usual 58mph level road speed, it cut the gas mileage back from the 40mpg that it usually got down to the low 30s and that's without any boat. If you put the canoe on the bug you might as well get out and help push.

One oddity I encountered with a trailer, though, was with that old Travelall. I pulled

a big buttheaded, flat bottomed aluminum scow and a 25hp Evinrude with that thing a lot and it actually got better gas mileage with the boat and trailer than without it. I guess it was something like a waterline length factor or something, but it was a fact. Of course, I had already discovered the advantages of the steel belted radial tires all the way around including the trailer then. That Travellall was a pretty good car... too low to be an SUV and too ugly to be a station wagon... not a status symbol... but it got better than 25mpg. Too bad International never put any paint on any truck and it rusted out on me.

One time I had a Sunbeam Tiger. I tell you what, that was a bad little joker. It had a small Ford Falcon V8 engine in it and despite the fact that a lot of it was made in good old England with their peculiar notions of electricity and hydraulics, it was a good and economical car... got better than 30mpg and would damn near get that with a light boat and trailer. I hauled a 16' Lone Star "semi vee" and a Scott Attwater 17 on a trailer to the Keys all the time with that rig. It was fine as long as you didn't have to do much stop-and-go in all those little towns or it would want to try to run hot. As long as I was on the road, it got good gas mileage and cooled well.

One time I pulled the boat down there with a marine biology graduate student to go to a field seminar at the University of Miami's little Pigeon Key lab under the long part of the bridge. It was in the middle of "the season" and when we got there all the camping places were filled up with hippies. Finally we found a little state park on Marathon that had just exactly enough room for the Sunbeam and the trailer but no place to sleep except under the trailer. We were tired so we oooched under there in our sleeping bags and went right to sleep. I woke up to a real loud bang... sounded like somebody had dropped something like a car battery in that aluminum boat. What had happened was that this big dog had come ambling by looking for something kind of like a boat trailer tire and had missed and peed in that guy's ear and he had butted about a 2" high dent in the bottom of my boat.





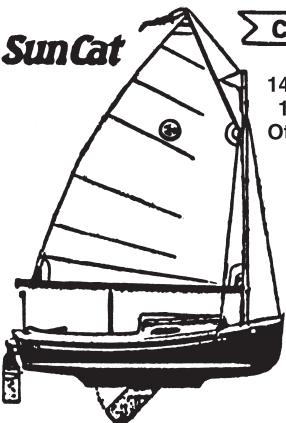
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In Part I of this series (reprinted in the October 15 issue) we introduced you to some of the smallest, most high-tech life jackets on the market, belt pack inflatables. We took these products home, repacked and rearmed them, and treated them like our own. Now in Part II, we've taken these lifesavers to the water and put them to the test.

Proving Ground: For our testing we used seven of the most current U.S. Coast Guard-approved belt pack inflatable models from a variety of manufacturers, including six manual inflation models and one automatic. First we asked five testers of various body types to wear each of the jackets uninflated for 30 minutes as they went about their daily tasks. Each jacket definitely met its claim of being compact and easy to forget. But while wearing a belt pack around a boat is one thing, wearing it in the water is quite another. Belt pack models, report for duty!

Field Exercises: In a static swimming pool, four "victims" tried on each of the inflated belt packs. Here we made measurements on the jackets' fits while in the water and asked the victims to perform a series of tests. We also asked them subjective questions about how they felt in the jackets.



All inflatables can be blown up orally, but the two 16 gram models we tested can also be orally inflated up to 22 grams during secondary donning.



On the Stearns 16 the flotation is located in a pillow shape over your belly. A strap then goes around your neck to hold your head up.

The life jacket bladder on a manual belt pack inflatable is stored in a small pouch around your waist. When needed, you pull a cord and the jacket inflates, like on the SoSpenders 16 above. After that, you must pull the unit over your head and make adjustments to the straps. On some boaters a little air might need to be released for the jacket to fit comfortably; in some cases, it may need to be added. This additional work is called "secondary donning."



Belt Pack Inflatables Take the Plunge

By Joni Sralla Turken
Reprinted from the *USCG Boating Safety Circular #84*, July 2004
Originally published by the BoatU.S. Foundation in *BoatUS Magazine*, January 2004
Submitted by Bob Whittier

Second, we visited a local wave pool to try out the personal flotation devices (PFDs) in choppy conditions of 2'-4' seas. Belt pack inflatables are intended for inland waters where help isn't too far away so we wanted to see how the jackets would feel and behave during a relatively short time in the water.

The victims' first task in the water was to yank the cord to inflate the jacket. The Stearns Auto 33 eliminates the first of these steps by automatically inflating when immersed. For this article we created a shorthand name for each unit that includes the manufacturer's name and cylinder size. Full names of products can be found in the chart. Then came "secondary donning," or pulling the jackets over their heads. After donning the jackets, the victims felt they had to make additional adjustments to make the unit fit comfortably in about a third of the cases. We found that snugging the belt very tight around the waist so it was comfortable out of the water made it fit too tightly once in the water. One test subject, a large male, had difficulty tying the under-chin straps on some jackets and preferred the buckle snaps on the Stearns 25. Another victim commented that he needed more instructions right on the jacket where he could see them while he was in the water.

All agreed on this point, an uninflated belt pack would be of little use to an unconscious victim, and even an injured boater could be in real trouble since this process does take some strength and coordination. Trying out the life jacket ahead of time, in a pool if possible, is the best way to build competence in donning the jacket in a pressure situation.

We also asked the victims to try to swim in the jackets. We found that because the jackets were specifically designed to flip a person onto his or her back, swimming on your stomach was very difficult, so kicking on your back was the best way to get around.

In the turn test we were thrilled to find that the inflated belt packs turned an "unconscious" victim up from a face-down position in almost every single test, much more often than a typical Type II or Type III foam life jacket. This was one of the most impressive lifesaving discoveries of our testing.

Feelings of Safety and Comfort: When we asked our victims how safe they felt in each jacket, there were three jackets that got perfect five-star ratings from all testers: the Stearns 25, Mustang 33, and SoSpenders 38. The Mustang 33 in particular had a unique square shape that kept victims' faces an average of 6.9" above the water, the highest free-board tested. All the other jackets had free-board ranging from 5" to 5.7".

But feeling safe in the water did not necessarily mean feeling comfortable. For example, the Mustang 33 strained the neck of one tester and made it hard for others to swim. The extra oral inflator on the SoSpenders 38 poked some victims in the chest. The Sea Pro 25 was most popular for the feeling of comfort in the water, mainly because of the intuitive position of a strap adjustment tab in the center of the jacket. The innovative design of the Stearns 16 made it the least popular choice for a long stretch in the water since the neck strap dug painfully into the necks of the victims.

The Debrief: While a belt pack is not going to be the only life jacket on our boat or in our closet, we feel strongly that it fills an important niche for boaters. Belt packs offer boaters a less expensive inflatable and a less bulky option for specific types of inland boating where you don't expect huge seas or dramatic weather and where you expect help to arrive fairly soon.

But remember, these inflatables are different from the average Type II or III foam life jackets that are most common to boating. They fit differently, they act differently, they need more maintenance, and their owners need to inflate them and get familiar with how they work well before an emergency.

So which jacket is best? Our answer, the one you will wear! Think about your boating lifestyle, check out the chart, and take the plunge!

For even more information on our two-part Foundation Findings on belt pack inflatables, please visit www.BoatUS.com/foundation.

The BoatU.S. Foundation is a national nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization. Our work is primarily supported by donations from individuals and grants.



Belt Pack Inflatable Test Results

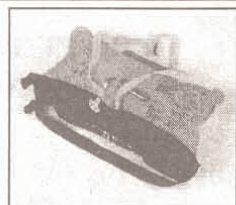


SoSpenders 16

SoSpenders 16 Gram Scout Belt Pack

16 Gram Cylinder Unit: \$59.99 Rearm Kit: \$9.99

Sense of Security	●	●	●	●	●
Wearability	●	●	●	●	●
In-Water Comfort	●	●	●	●	●

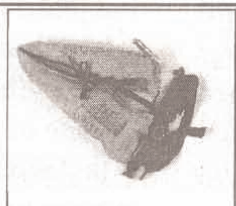


Stearns 16

Stearns Multipurpose Inflata-Belt Lite-Manual

16 Gram Cylinder Unit: \$59.99 Rearm Kit: \$9.99

Sense of Security	●	●	●	●	●
Wearability	●	●	●	●	●
In-Water Comfort	●	●	●	●	●



Sea Pro 25

Sea Pro Marine Swimmer Safety Belt

25 Gram Cylinder Unit: \$139.99 Rearm Kit: \$25.00 (3 pack)

Sense of Security	●	●	●	●	●
Wearability	●	●	●	●	●
In-Water Comfort	●	●	●	●	●



Stearns 25

Stearns Inflata-Belt Max Manual Belt Pack

25 Gram Cylinder Unit: \$69.99 Rearm Kit: \$13.99

Sense of Security	●	●	●	●	●
Wearability	●	●	●	●	●
In-Water Comfort	●	●	●	●	●

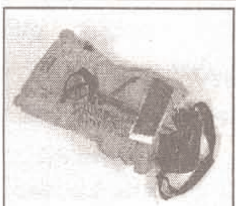


Mustang 33

Mustang Survival Airforce Inflatable Pouch PFD

33 Gram Cylinder Unit: \$80.00 Rearm Kit: \$15.00

Sense of Security	●	●	●	●	●
Wearability	●	●	●	●	●
In-Water Comfort	●	●	●	●	●

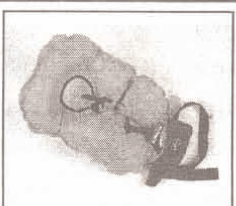


Stearns Auto 33

Stearns Inflata-Belt Max Auto/Manual Belt Pack

33 Gram Cylinder Unit: \$95.99 Rearm Kit: \$21.99

Sense of Security	●	●	●	●	●
Wearability	●	●	●	●	●
In-Water Comfort	●	●	●	●	●



SoSpenders 38

SoSpenders World Class Belt Pack

38 Gram Cylinder Unit: \$69.99 Rearm Kit: \$16.99

Sense of Security	●	●	●	●	●
Wearability	●	●	●	●	●
In-Water Comfort	●	●	●	●	●

To obtain these results, we asked our testers a series of subjective questions, including: How safe do you feel in this jacket while in the water? How comfortable is it to wear around the boat? and How comfortable do you feel in the water?



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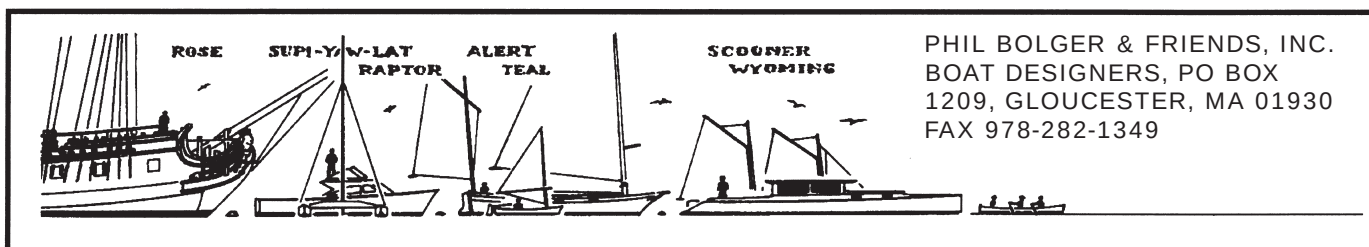
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We published the Camper design in *MAIB* of February 1, 1997. The design was commissioned by a Puget Sound area sailor who apparently did not get it built. There wasn't much interest in it elsewhere. We're so convinced that these "Birdwatcher principle" boats should and will eventually become a universal type that we have trouble keeping in mind how hard the idea is for most sailors to take. It took Mason Smith's inspired article about his experiences with the original Birdwatcher in *WoodenBoat*, August 2004, to get the attention of a substantial number of people. He told how this 700lb, 6" draft boat can be sailed in strong wind and rough water without strenuous effort, exposure to spray and rain, or sun, or even fierce concentration, and still be safe and fast.

Camper is a more compact version of Birdwatcher. The transom stern makes space for a small outboard motor, but she also has more rowing power since the man who commissioned the design intended to row her four-oars with a friend for exercise as well as to make speed against a stream or a headwind. But with a single oarsman she will be faster than Birdwatcher due to less wetted surface with her narrower and shorter bottom.

Peter Ramsey picked up the plans in March 1999. He was living in Sacramento at the time and envisaged using her to explore the delta of the Sacramento River with its almost infinite spread of creeks and lagoons. In a lot of it sailing has to be supplemented with rowing (or motoring) to get through narrow places against a breeze. Many corners can be cut over shallow banks. Rowing has the advantage over the motor where the water is only a few inches deep; the boat will float but a propeller doesn't have enough water. The Delta opens out through Carquinez Strait into Suisun and San Francisco Bays, notoriously rough and windy, where the self-righting capability of the Birdwatcher principle and its perfect shelter from spray comes into its own. In the upper reaches of the Delta the shelter protects from the sun and, with the standing room and after door screened, from mosquitoes.

Peter set to work on her meticulously. When he was in any doubt that he had understood some detail on the plans, he checked back with us. This process uncovered some detailed errors in the plans, as is common if not inevitable in the first boat built to a design. He also made some useful suggestions about features he found hard to execute, which will benefit future builders. There will be plenty of these eventually, when the capabilities of this type of boat are more widely noticed.

He got the basic hull assembled (first photo), a very clean job, fair and accurate. The simplicity of the basic sharpie hull (some would say it should be called a flat-iron skiff because it's less than 20' long) is clear. In the photo the 1" thick bottom is finished and he's starting to add the 1-1/2" shoe.

Bolger on Design Update On Camper

Design #640
18'x5'3"x6"

Two pairs of oars, 150sf Gaff Sail

The weight of all that wood is all the ballast she needs, given that the crew not only always have their weight on the bottom of the boat but that the flaring sides allow them to keep their weight right out at the sides of the hull with no exertion or exposure, in the ideal position to help the boat stand up to her sail.



At this point Peter had to move to Washington State. The hull went into storage in a boatyard there over a winter. Then he had to move back to Sacramento, but he no longer had a workshop there and it took a year to find one. In August 2002 the work on the boat resumed. This saga could stand for a lot of homebuilder projects; the most extreme one I've noticed was a 30-odd-foot Alden designed sloop that was under construction through three generations of a family, and two moves of the building site, over something on the order of 30 years. I lost track of her after the second move and I'm not sure she's finished yet.

The second photo shows some progress. The trunk of the centerboard has been installed. As the plans show, she's one of several designs of ours with small centerboards placed well forward to clear out a roomy midships area for sitting and sleeping. The rest of the needed lateral plane is supplied by the big rudder. The wooden gudgeons for the

rudder have been installed. The hole is for the drag link to the inboard tiller, allowing the helmsman to sit or stand where his weight does the most good and least harm to her trim.



The mast tabernacle has been installed. In this design the raised deck was arranged to keep the foot of the mast outside the accommodation space, eliminating one source of drip. Peter is starting to put up the framing of the raised deck.

The third photo shows the framing of the raised deck complete and the deck over it in place. The skylight effect of the centerline standing room shows well. Between that and the transparent sides there's never any claustrophobic tendency, though there is a decided feeling of shelter and security. On a cold and windy day this is a pleasant place for a social session at anchor or beached.



The oar ports have been framed out. They will have hinged, gasketed covers, closing which must be a certain routine whenever sail is to be set. A knockdown with these ports open would be very embarrassing!

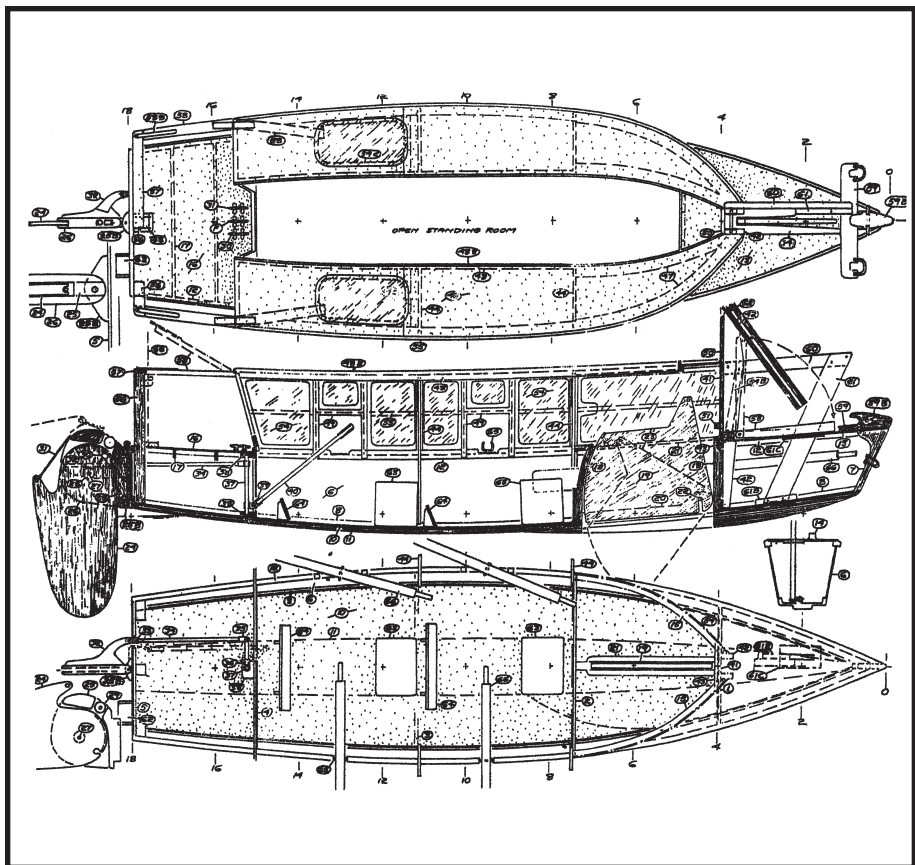
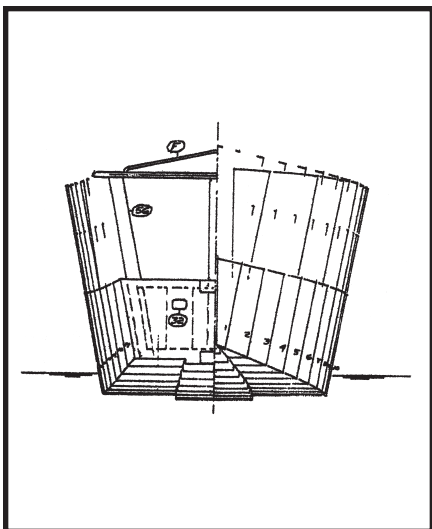
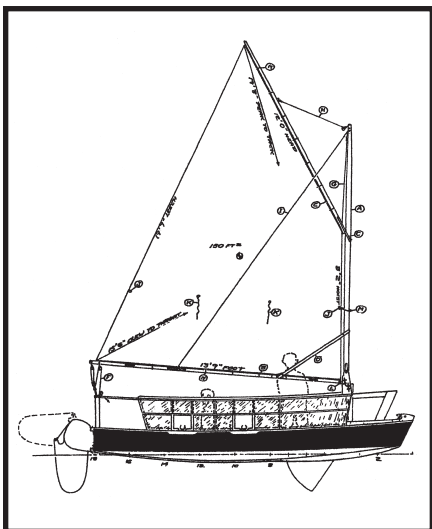
The fourth photo was taken at about the same time and shows the already clean finish of the main hull. Peter has his brother illustrate the security of the standing room. He can walk up to within easy reach of the mast, straddling the centerboard trunk. The standing room is closed in with fabric or, probably better, with a series of overlapping panels that stow alongside the centerboard when the standing room is open. The lowered mast will lie horizontally at the level of the top of the tabernacle, usually when under oars and

at anchor, always on the trailer. Raising and lowering it is a very fast procedure with no standing rigging to hook up. When the mast is erect the heel is secured with a vertical lever that cannot jam.

The fifth photo shows her nearly complete with oar port covers in place and the Lexan raised deck sides installed. Peter had a lot of good advice on this last, the value of his advice emphasized by the sleekness of the outcome. The boat looks exactly as we envisaged her. Peter has set a firm launching date of October 31, 2005, so we will expect to be showing her under sail in the near future. We expect Camper to be a fast sailing and handy boat as well as an able and comfortable one.

Finally, a note on the sail plan and profile shown. Readers of the first article on #640 will remember a different bow pulpit appearance. Another builder, close behind Ramsey we hope, required a less sleek but physically also somewhat less demanding access from the foredeck to the beach. In plan view you'll notice her cat-heads, another option proposed. Further aesthetics will no doubt emerge as seeing various mixes of attributes rendered on the shop floor will suggest further evolution.

Plans of Camper, our Design #640, are available for \$150 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from: Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



It might be about time for someone to build something or sail something somewhere and tell us about it so Robb White can have a break from filling *Messing About's* pages. If he keeps this up he might be stricken with carpal tunnel syndrome which, I can assure you, makes paddling a kayak or steadfastly grasping the tiller no fun at all.

In any event, I was glad to see a proa, and a mostly traditional one at that, given space on the recent cover. The Marshallese proa picture from the prior issue is especially yummy. Hard to find ones that good. I'm in Robb's camp when it comes to the armchair sailor's impulse to "improve" the proa with Western Ingenuity. If they ever get built, they typically don't work so great. A fellow named Rob Denney in Australia has equipped his proas with a rotating rig (costly, high tech) that apparently works well if you can stand the cost. And these, aside from his little test proa, are not trailer boats.

I don't expect often to have a chance to offer Robb a course correction, but Atlantic white cedar is no way a "juniper." The "red cedar" of the Chesapeake (and further south) is a juniper, not a cedar. That juniper has been used for planking on the Chesapeake for a long time. It's not white.

It's a favorite of mine, and speaking of thimbles rather than blocks, as we will shortly, you can find trunks or limbs that carpenter bees have been busy with. They make a remarkably precise hole of just the right diameter for small boats. Just slice off pieces like fat bologna and lash them to spars.

Atlantic white cedar is sometimes called "false cypress" and is in the same tree family as bald cypress. The southern third of Delaware and, I imagine, adjacent parts of Maryland were well-covered with cedar swamps which were burned wholesale by farmers a couple hundred or so years back so they could grow stuff like potatoes. Oh, well.

You don't actually want an ultralight proa because you don't want to have to steer by where you sit. It can get uncomfortable staying in one spot for a long time. Been there, for only a couple hours, sailing on Tim Anderson's Hasty Proa and didn't like it. It's much better to have a heavier boat where you can wander around a bit. You can lash the tiller if need be. Ralph Munroe and Robert B. Roosevelt each built successful proas back in the 1890s, and while they were both sharpie-derived, they were certainly not "light" boats as we think of a light boat today.

Any "ultralight" proa should have water ballast tanks that can be filled to trim the boat. It's hard to pack a 200lb cousin every time you want to sail, though given American dietary habits a large potential volunteer is not that difficult to see. Just look around. A couple hundred pounds of water is four cubic feet, more or less, and a bucket or a Whale pump would make short work of a fill-up. I guess a pump would be best to empty them.

Moreover, in sailing on John Harris' proa I became convinced that it's far more comfortable to have a few planks across the akas forming seating surface or foot bracing. The original *Mbuli* had only aluminum akas and a lashed-on tarp, it was very difficult to keep from sliding around. I rigged a rope to hold onto. The second *Mbuli* had these and John and everyone else admitted they were a great help to comfort.

The islanders would ship crews of five or six or seven in canoes in the 25' range.

More About American Proas

By Craig O'Donnell

Aside from live ballast, they also are the most important part of the shunting maneuver. Guys to manhandle the yard "aft" to the "bow-to-be" and a couple other guys to yank on the fore-aft stays, guys to fling steering paddles about, and so on. I enjoy the idea that Marshallese ladies, draped seductively around the rigging, are essential to steering a proper proa, but Robb is pulling our leg. Maybe it's in hopes of seeing some of those Thong Ladies he writes about, leaping off the fiberglass gas guzzlers and onto Wes' boat as it slips by. Traditionally the women, if they have to come along, are relegated to the little lean-to on the platform or they hang out in the main hull and bail. Women are most certainly not traditional proa operators, though who knows what goes nowadays.

Proa rigs always seem to get the boffins going on the internet Theoretical Proa Procrastination groups. You'd think they'd just be happy working on something else. The rig "problem" has been solved, not only by the islanders, but by others. Sometimes, it seems, by accident.

Commodore Munroe undoubtedly saw the incorrect drawing of the "Flying Proa" from Anson's 1740s expedition across the Pacific. It had been republished in Harper's magazine and possibly elsewhere in the late 1800s. It has the virtue of plausibility because the draught was done by a skilled lieutenant among Anson's officers. His name might have been Samaurez. I can't remember.

Unfortunately the drawing was done as an exercise in 18th-century CAD-CAM imagineering. Samaurez saw a disassembled proa and tried to draw it as "it must have been." He did good on the hull. He messed up the rig and the akas and amas. The mast

was not set up immovably in the center of the boat. Like Wes', it tilted back and forth... a foreign concept to an English man-o-war-sman in 1740. So it got drawn with a vertical mast centered in the boat.

Being something of a genius, Commodore Munroe took that sail shape with the stuck-in-the-middle mast and went ahead and made a proa or three that functioned, and from his description in *The Rudder*, planned too. All this from a 30' hull made from two side planks "instant boat" style and some crossplanking on the bottom. We know it sailed because we have pictures.

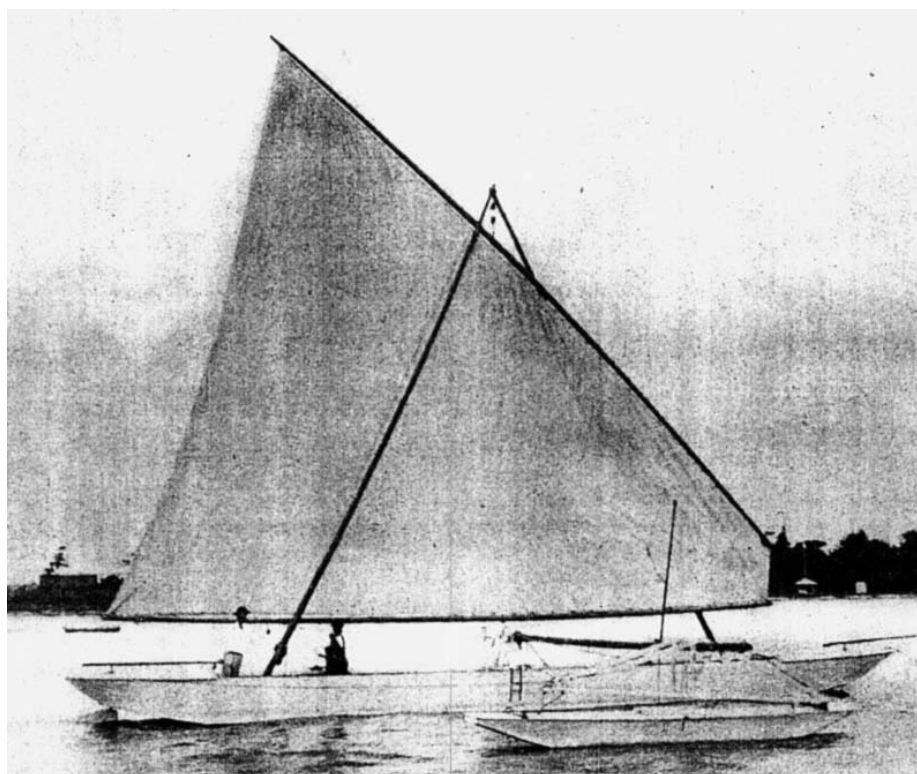
Judging from some anecdotal evidence, Munroe may have argued with Capt. Nat Herreshoff about how to go about this, because at the Herreshoff Museum there seems to be a small model of this very same "Ansonian proa," incorrect in its details, it would seem. I have not seen this model up close and in person.

Robb need not cavil about the masthead block, though. Pacific Islanders didn't have wheels, but the Spanish introduced pulleys and blocks as soon as they got there, a couple centuries before Anson did, and the Ansonian Proa did indeed have a halyard block.

Munroe tried to solve the problem of getting the sail's "nose" aft in two ways. In one, the tack was attached to sail track along the gunwale. The halyard seems to have had some drift to it, some slack between the masthead and yard, to allow the geometry to work out when sliding the tack "aft" to the "new bow."

In the other, he didn't attach the boom and yard together in what resembles a canoe lateen sail or a Sunfish sail. He left some space, forming a little luff, which as far as I can figure was to allow the same sort of tack aft sail shunting to work, keeping the yard short enough that slack in the halyard wasn't necessary.

If you're confused about this, make a little paper model with a more or less equilateral sail, and see.



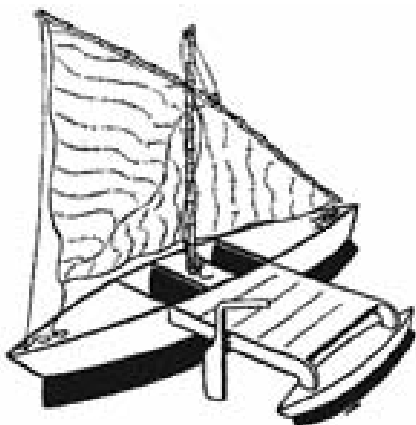
His second version dispensed with the "keel" on the bottom and had dual centerboards to allow adjusting the center of effort to keep it from getting too far aft. Made the boat easier to beach, too. He had at least two proas down there in Florida, maybe more, and they raced them.

Other rigs that have been shown to work, and might be easier to handle than Munroe's, include the sloop rig (two jibs) Russell Brown likes, and the cat schooner rig John Harris likes. Both let you get the center of effort forward to the "new bow" as you shunt.

No one has ever been able to get the "Bolger style" battened, cambered, isosceles triangular rig to work as far as I know. One fella named Joe Norwood in Florida built the 20' Bolger proa to spec and rigged up that sail; he claims he gets it to work, but aside from a letter and a few photos he sent Phil a few years back, little more has been heard. People who have sincerely tried say they just don't believe it's a workable rig. More info from Joe to *MAIB* would be welcome. I keep wondering if this is the Joe Norwood who has written theoretical proa books and articles.

Wes would probably be too modest to say he invented the rig on his boat. It's awfully close to a rig that Gary Dierking down New Zealand way worked out for single-handing. A normally rigged proa just isn't a singlehander. Gary came up with a tilting rig with lines to pull to move the mast and handle the tack as it afterates itself. I recommend his website. He's built several nice proas. He'll sell you plans for several nice proas. Why not?

Around the time Gary came up with his, which developed out of what we proa hunters seem to call the "Gibbons Rig," I drew up a very similar sail inspired by the sprit-boomed sails of the Chesapeake which I named the "Manta." It looks much like Gary's sail. Being easily distracted, I never made a working manta, but I do have a small Gibbons sail knocked together by Jay Hockenberry, late of CLC and now of Marble Falls, Texas.



Euell Gibbons, the same feller who said, "Did you know that magnetic audio tape can make a nutritious bedtime snack?" wrote books about living cheap and eating wild foods. Nothing wrong with that. His proa came about from salvaged odds and ends when he was living in Hawaii and needed a way to go fishing. His sail was a simple equilateral triangle, yard only, that pivoted at the masthead depending on which direction the shunt went. His description and drawing is

simple and apparently it worked, and no one has an answer to the center-of-effort problem he seemingly would have encountered if he had one. Maybe it was such a small proa that sitting well aft took care of it.

In his book, *The Beachcomber Afloat*, he said, "My sail was made of parachute cloth, all re-cut and re-sewn. It was triangular in shape, with a long, light bamboo spar permanently fastened along one edge of the sail. On a lateen rig this spar is called a yard, as it is on a square sail. A stout bamboo mast was stepped in the very center of the main hull, right on the sidewise axis of symmetry, and stayed in place with clothesline wire and turnbuckles.

"The sail was hoisted up the mast by a halyard attached to the exact middle of the yard. The end of the yard that would be the forward end on the first tack was pulled down and fastened to what would be the forward deck on that tack, making the yard rise diagonally up and aft, the after end projecting behind and above the top of the comparatively short mast. The sheet, the line with which the sail is handled, was fastened to the corner of the triangle opposite the yard, and led through a block on the afterdeck. All fittings at one end of the boat were duplicated at the other end.

"On a boat to windward I planned to let the temporary bow of the boat fall off the wind in the direction opposite the outrigger until the sail filled. Then I planned to trim the sail with the sheet until it was pulling its best and the boat began moving through the water at that dazzling outrigger speed that always surprises sailors of conventional craft. It was a safe rig, for whenever the outrigger left the water and the boat threatened to capsize, all I had to do was to let the sheet run and spill some wind from the sail, let the outrigger drop back into the water, and re-trim the sail to make her go her best, which was exceedingly good."

In general, a proa is symmetrical fore to aft, but if you put a symmetrical keel or leeboard on the boat, you're asking for trouble.

Gibbons said, "It is hard for one who has been accustomed to traditional naval architecture to think straight about the outrigger canoe. We in the West have always thought of a boat as bilaterally symmetric along a fore-and-aft centerline; that is, one side is supposed to be the mirror image of the other.

"The outrigger canoe, with its strange appendage jutting out to one side, supported on its outer end with a smaller hull or a float, plainly violates this principle. I have heard people who should know better speak of the outrigger as an asymmetrical craft but it really is not. The sailing outrigger canoe is just as symmetrical as our boats, but the axis of symmetry has been rotated ninety degrees.

"Stand on the outrigger side of one of these canoes that has been correctly built and you will see what I mean. It is the two ends, rather than the two sides, which are exactly alike. These identical ends serve alternately as bow and stern, and the outrigger is always on the windward side when the boat is under sail. Not only are these boats symmetrical, but that symmetry has a certain relation to the direction of the wind, and what could be more logical in a sailing craft?"

Give yourself a way to vary the center of resistance by putting some boards out near the ends, daggerboards, leeboards, or centerboards. If you're likely to hit sandbars or

want to beach your proa, use leeboards or centerboards.

John Harris and I learned that lesson when we smacked the trunk rudders (daggerboards with rudders on the after edge, sliding up and down in cases) into some sandbars during the WaterTribe Challenge. Bent up the rudderposts. Jammed them in their cases. Maybe the little rudder Gibbons shows, which he moved from one side of the platform to the other as he needed to, was enough to help balance his boat.

A bizarre concept came from Robert B. Roosevelt, uncle of Teddy Roosevelt, who designed and built *Mary & Lamb* in the 1890s. This could hardly be called a "canoe," since it was about 50' long and carried hundreds of square feet of sail, my guess is about 600sf. As far as I've been able to determine from available photos it was completely symmetrical, just like Commodore Munroe's boat, but it was like a long, skinny scow. To wit:

"Mary and Her Little Lamb," by H.G., *The Rudder*, October 1898.

Proas, or flying proas as they are called, are justly famous for speed, and as Mr. Munroe remarks in his article on them in our June issue, it is a wonder more yachtsmen thirsting for speed and new sensations have not tried this style of craft. For speed, if that is all that is wanted, there is no known type of sailing craft that can compare with the proa... we quote what Mr. Roosevelt says about her:

"I have owned and sailed about every kind of a boat from a canoe up to a schooner yacht, but give me a proa for both comfort and sport. It is iceboat sailing on the water. Proas have their idiosyncrasies, however, and no sailorman can sail one until he has forgotten most of what he has learned regarding the ordinary type of boat. Although the *Mary & Lamb*, as I call my proa, has not a single speed line in her design, this being sacrificed to attain light draught and utility, under certain conditions she goes like a whirlwind. When the ordinary boat is staggering under two reefs my proa wakes up and shows such a desire to get there that it is truly exhilarating."

When I made up my mind to build a boat of this type I knew she would be fast and seaworthy but I was afraid she would be difficult to handle, so my principal efforts were in the direction of a sail plan and rig which one, certainly two men could easily work. I got out a working model and after trying a revolving split mast and several other gears finally hit upon the arrangement shown and this works, as in moderate weather I can handle the boat alone.

Of course, the boat is large and her sail and spars are heavy, so it is better to have two men, and if it blows you must have two. The masts of the main boat are stepped on the windward side, so as to get a shroud to leeward, and are loose in the upper step. The pressure on the sail is taken by the shrouds or guys leading to end of outrigger boom and little boat. I put two guys merely for safety, because a break there would mean total collapse.

In tacking the sail swings around the forward end, passing under the outrigger guys or shrouds, and is manipulated by a double endless sheet, so as to trim back towards either end, which for the time being constitutes the stern. There is a rudder at both ends; the forward rudder trails loosely under the boat until you want to use it on the other tack.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Mary, the larger hull:

Overall, 50', water line, 32'

Beam extreme, 4', beam at water line, 3'6"

Depth, 3' 3", draught, 6"

Lamb, the smaller hull:

Overall, 18'

Beam at deck, 3', beam at bottom, 2'

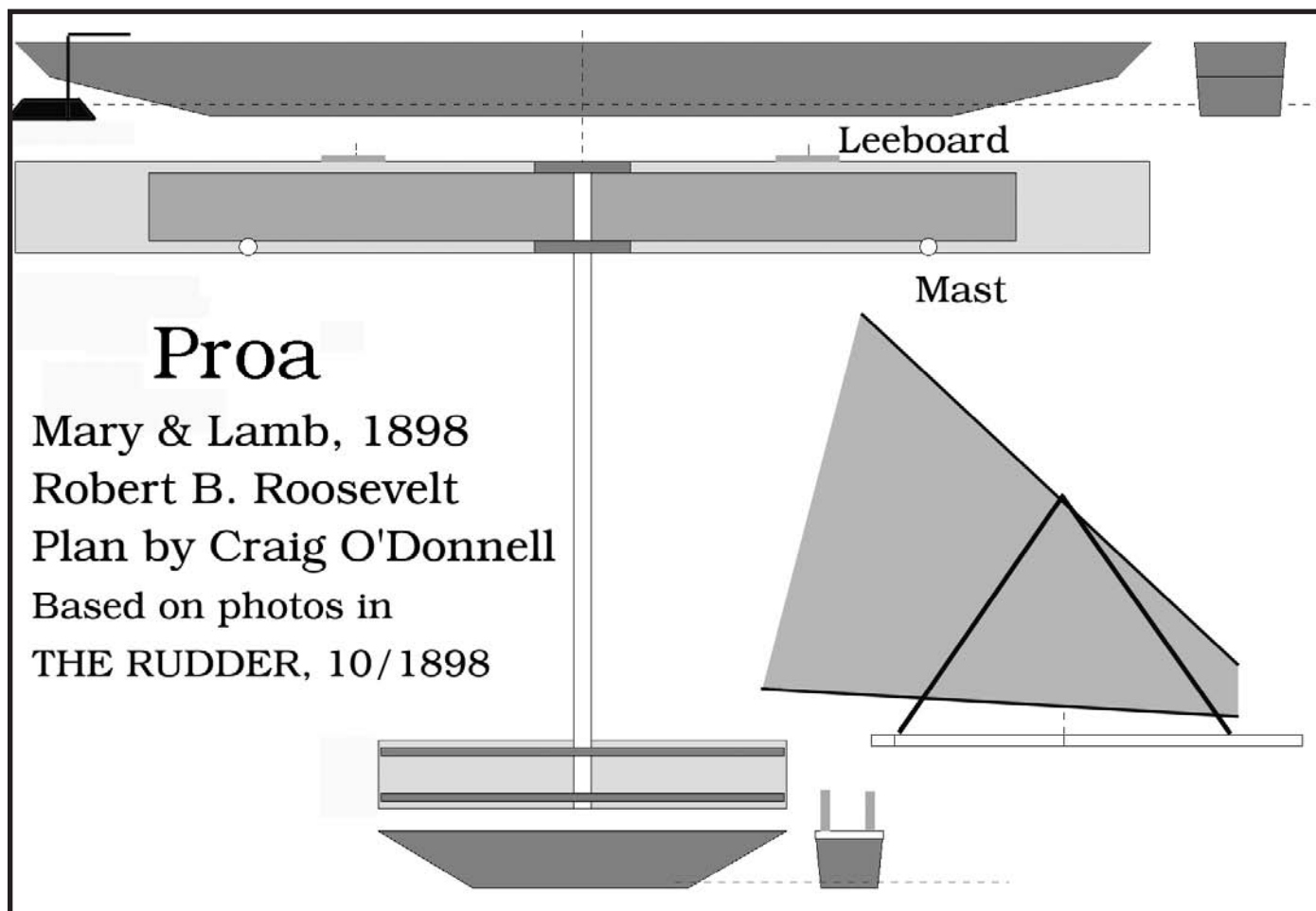
Depth, 2' 6"

Two leeboards are fitted to the larger hull, one at each end, 15' from the ends. The

larger hull is left open, and the outrigger built up high enough for a man to walk under it, and so pass safely from one end to the other. The smaller hull is decked over and fitted with a small hatchway. The space between the two hulls is 22', and a cradle and gearing (rigging, not literally gears as far as I can tell) is so arranged over and around the smaller hull, or lamb, as to give it plenty of room for play and still keep her parallel with the larger boat. The sail has a yard 45' long, boom, 42', and the hoist to the halyard blocks is 22'."

In conclusion, Mr. Roosevelt said his experience has been similar to Mr. Munroe, who wrote an article on proas in our June issue, and remarked that it was a mystery to him why more proas had not been built in the United States.

So there you have it. Gary and Wes have one good rig, and it would seem Roosevelt's bipod rig is another that you can say was tested in use. A small-scale version would surely be simple in use, since it shares some characteristics with the balanced lug.



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Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"

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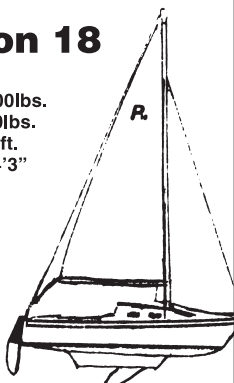
LWL 15'5"

Beam 7'5"

15° C.B.

16- B.K.

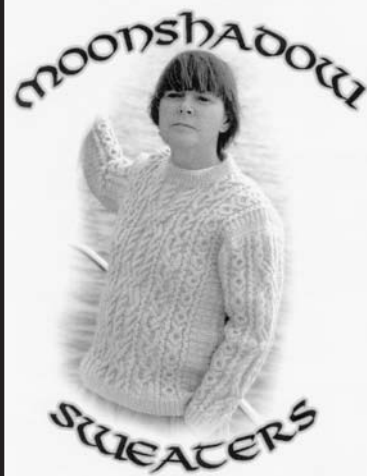
18' - 21' - 23'



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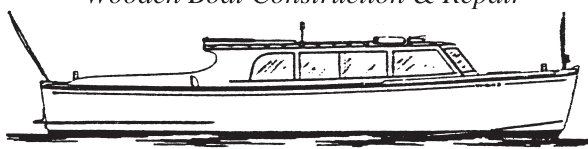


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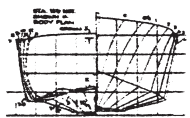
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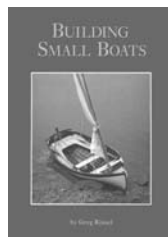
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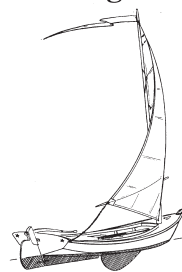


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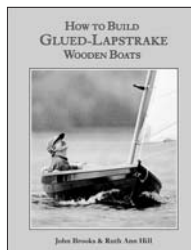
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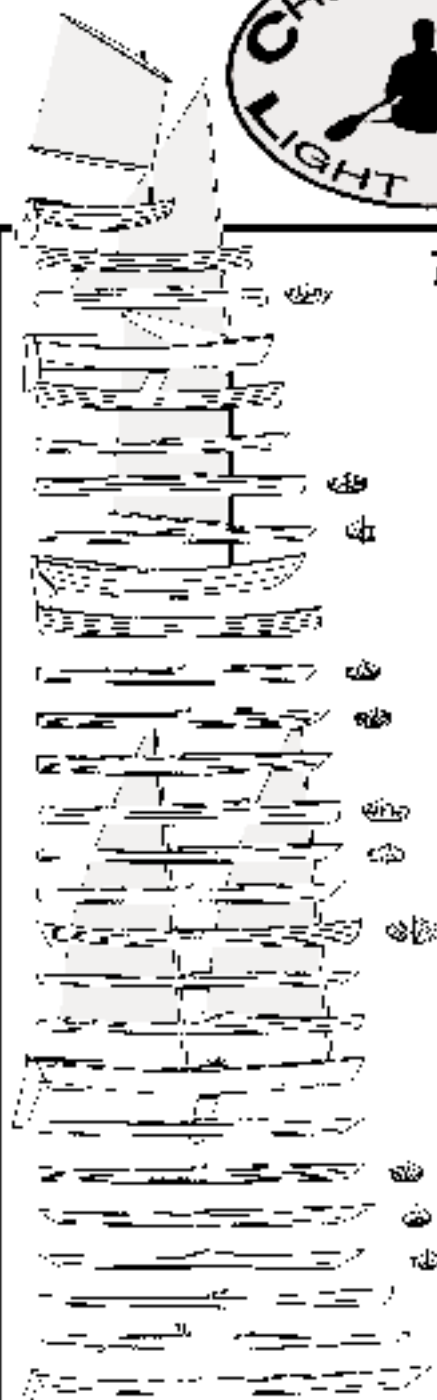
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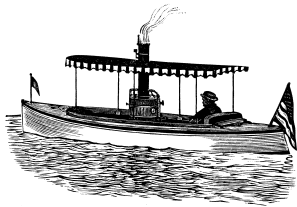
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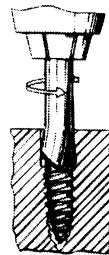
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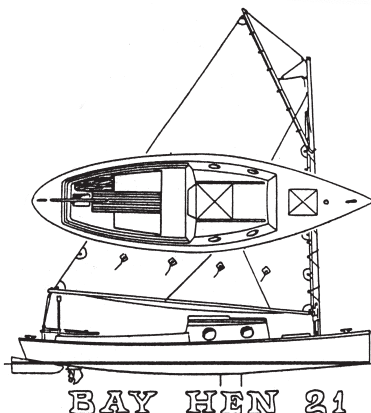
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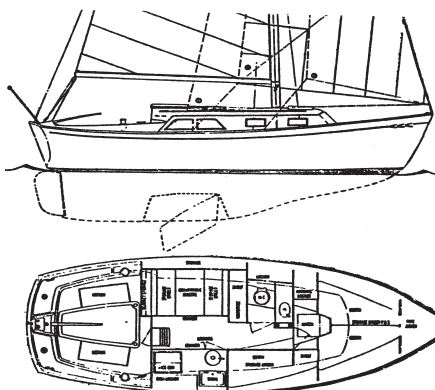
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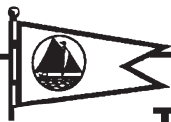
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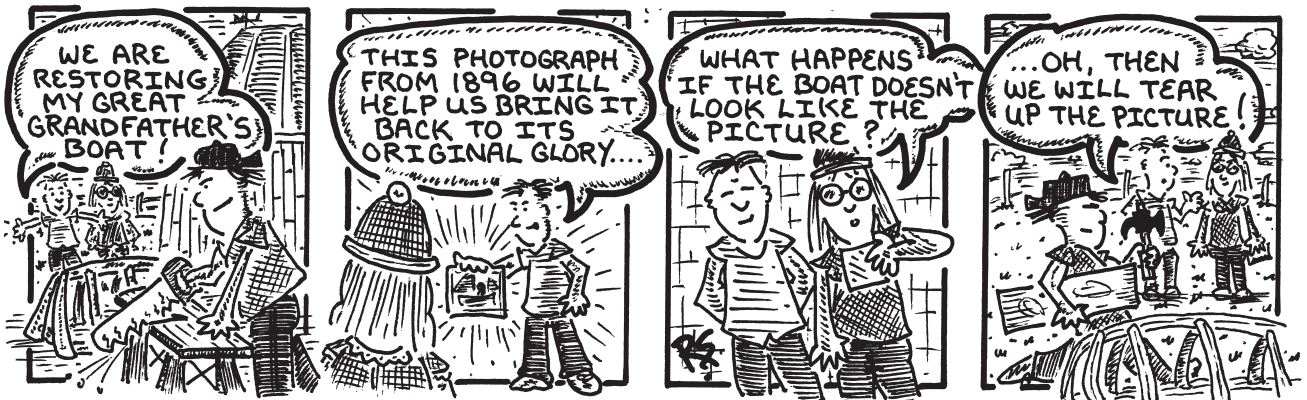
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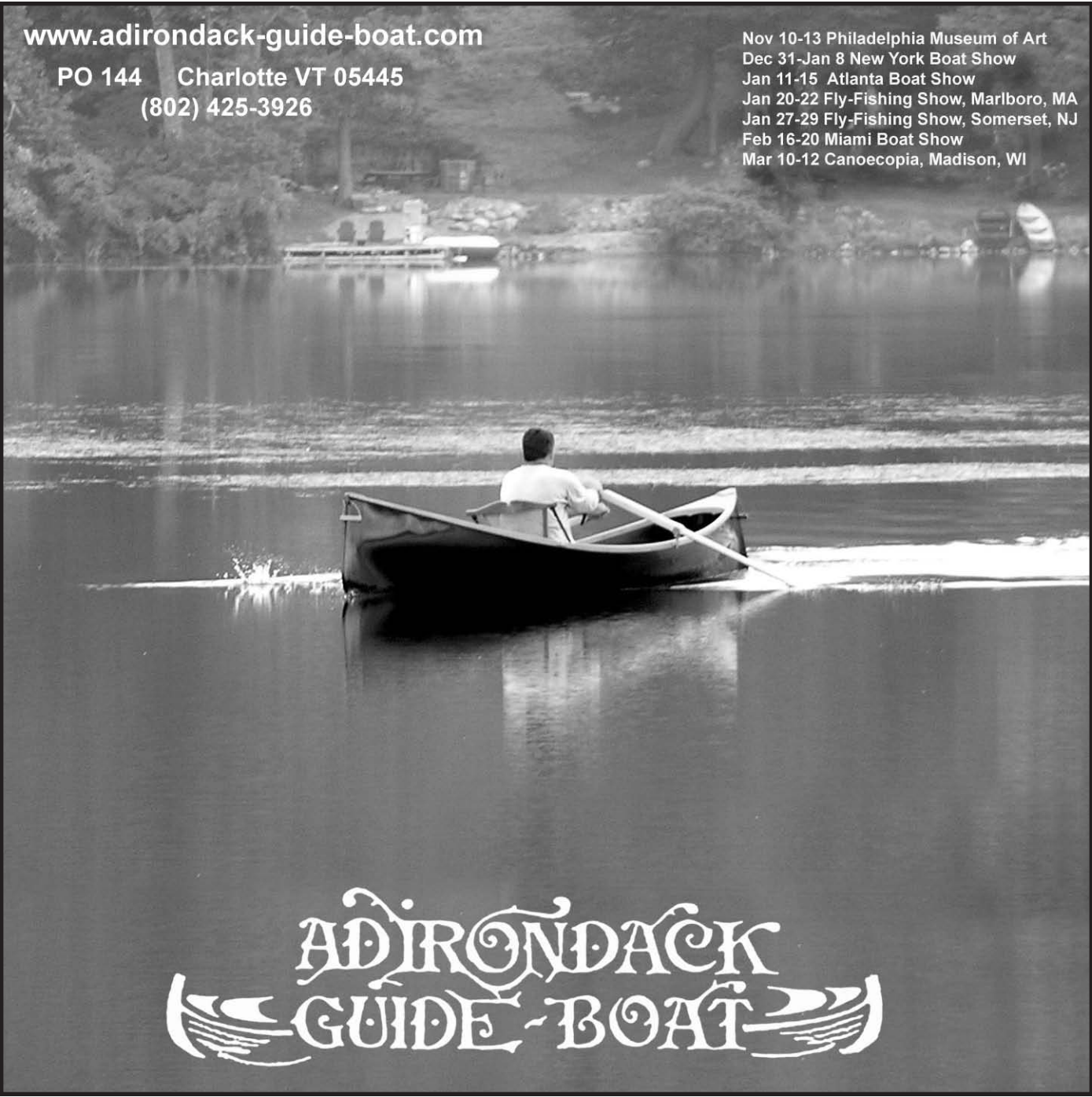
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