

GOOD OLD BOAT

The sailing magazine for the rest of us!



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About the cover...

The Dana 24, *Jackito*, rounds Sand Bay Lighthouse in the Apostle Islands National Lakeshore of Lake Superior on her way to Duluth. Photo by Karen Larson, whose own boat, *Mystic*, is a dock neighbor of *Jackito's*. This Dana was purchased in California and proudly (and appropriately) proclaims the hailing port as Dana Point.

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Whereabouts of good old sailors in this issue



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The view from here

Monday, Monday . . .

I missed that piece of American popular culture. I was out of town. Still, I bought a record in a Navy exchange somewhere that had Marianne Faithfull wailing that well-known Mamas and Papas tune about Monday in a voice that could break a sailor's heart and make him wish he was home.

I'm sitting in the marina right now on a Monday morning in early September. The editor said, "Leave me alone with this issue, and come back with an editorial." When she wants to work 14 hours a day, I get in the way. I don't argue with the editor; somebody has to be in charge. And ... the boat needs some work.

There is no one else in the marina right now. It's Monday. The boats wait patiently for their crews at least until Friday night.

Some people think the "real sailors" are doubling the Horn in a gale at this moment or perhaps taking the sun in a hammock strung between the foremast and the inner jibstay just off a gleaming tropical beach. Certainly some are doing that, but the owners of the boats in this marina are at work. It's Monday.

I don't think the current times will be remembered as a high point in American culture. We've seen better times, and I like to think we will again. But these may be remembered as times when the average person had many options ... could make many choices. As the population of the earth increases, we will lose options. Look at crowded places elsewhere and see our future ... more people, more laws, more regulations. This may be the best of times for choices, perhaps as much freedom as we will ever have.

by Jerry Powlas

The thing about choices is that they are stuck together in sets. Rarely can you pick individual elements out of their sets. You pick this, you get those, too. It has nothing to do with freedom, it is just the way the world works. Complex.

The common choices of love and family and career do not necessarily even include a boat in the set. It is only an add-on option. So it's Monday, and the marina is empty.

The sailors are at their posts in offices and factories and clinics and schools and suchlike. Perhaps there is a picture of their boat on a wall for them to steal a quick glance at, but the rest of the time they are mentally and physically at work. Marianne did not mention this problem specifically in her lament, and at the time I was listening to her sing I personally had all the on-the-water time a young fellow could want, but I see the meaning of her lyrics clearly now.

A lot of the "real sailors" are not getting as much sailing time as they want. They are not sailing around the world or even around *in* the world. They are not going to Tahiti. They are going to work today. In my opinion, they are not diminished for this in any way. They had options; they made choices. The lives they have chosen require skill, determination, and courage. They have duties to serve and obligations to meet. Not so different from the sailor rounding the Horn.

I like these "real sailors," most of them anyway. I've learned that each has a story that will claim my respect. Each has a life ... probably centered on things more important than boats and sailing. This hobby seems to collect good people.

They will be back on Friday night. I will too. 

Corrosion by any name . . .

Mark Smaalders' articles about metal corrosion (July and September 2001) struck a chord. I recently took out the Edson steering pedestal on *Windfall*, my 1965 Morgan 34, to remove the remainder of the badly deteriorated 3/16-inch thick teak from the cockpit sole. All four stainless-steel bolts were corroded more than half through (as you can see in the photo). What a shock!

Edson told me the problem was not galvanic corrosion, as I had assumed, but crevice corrosion of the stainless-steel bolts. I don't know that it makes a difference, but it still seems to me to be galvanic because there is a cast-bronze backing plate under the sole. Anyhow, because of this problem, they changed to aluminum pedestal bolts about 20 years ago.

On a different note, Mark recommends replacing standing rigging on a boat used in salt water in northern waters about every 10 years. Every year I carefully check the entire length of each shroud for fish hooks and examine the entries to the swages, especially at the lower end, for deterioration. I have only replaced one fish-hooked shroud in 26 years. Am I living dangerously? I hope not.

Fortunately, my boat is so old that the turnbuckles are all open-style and bronze, which is not subject to the insidious hidden crevice corrosion of most stainless steels.

John Stoffel
Bronxville, N.Y.

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Concerning the issue of corrosion, our cobalt metallurgy for marine knives has solved one of the oldest and most frustrating dilemmas caused by the ocean environment: corrosion of cutting edges. You may notice that knives that hold a good edge rust with prolonged saltwater contact. This is true of all hardenable stainless as well as carbon steel. Since the thinnest, most vulnerable part of the knife is the edge, this is what goes first.

Knife manufacturers have tried to increase corrosion resistance by lowering carbon content or making other alloy compromises, which reduce hardness and edge holding. Thus most knives in contact with the saltwater environment

are either rusty or won't hold an edge. Either way, they are dull.

Our boat knives made with Boye

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David Boye
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Electric auxiliaries

We found your September 2001 articles on electric auxiliary power systems to be most interesting. This is an option we considered in the past for our Triton, but the technology was not quite there yet, and the old Atomic 4 never failed us. Now we have a 22,000-pound ketch with a 50-hp Perkins that may be nearing the end of its reliably useful life. We will be world cruising, so the fuel cell option is disfavored due to fear of the lack of hydrogen availability. We are closely watching the development of electric auxiliary/generator power. We are happy with our windcharger now, and we used solar cells when in the tropics. We currently have a large Rolls battery bank. Jerry is correct: in going electric, you are giving up the reliance upon the engine to keep you out of trouble in a blow.

You must be willing to trust your sailing skills. You also must not be in a hurry. We motorsail only when pressed for time or trying to outrun a storm.

Thank you for the articles and the contacts. Any additional information in future issues would be appreciated, including Web sites.

Mike Smith and
Rana Segal
Chicago, Ill.



John's stainless bolt

Emigrance found!

In the article about Chris Bauer and his boats (September 2001), Chris lamented that he and Laurie didn't know what happened to their boat, *Emigrance*, which they built together in Germany, sailed to the United States, and sold when they settled down in St. Augustine, Fla., in 1983.

On August 28, a few days after that issue of *Good Old Boat* was mailed to subscribers, the Bauers received a call from Larry Dijong, the present owner of *Emigrance*. The boat is in Fort Myers Beach, Fla., where it is about to undergo extensive modifications and reconstruction prior to a planned cruise through the Caribbean. One of the modifications will be to raise the cabintop height over a foot, providing greater headroom belowdecks.

Since Chris and Laurie sold *Emigrance*, it has had several owners and has seen neglect. Larry doesn't want Chris to see the boat until it's back in tip-top condition. Chris, too, has mixed feelings about visiting the boat that he and Laurie lovingly and painstakingly built — the boat that was their home for two years while sailing the Mediterranean and that carried them safely across the Atlantic Ocean. With a tinge of regret in his voice, Chris says, "You know, you can't go home again."

Don Launer
Forked River, N.J.

Continued on Page 72

Mail
Buoy



Dana 24: Fit for sea

by John Vigor

THE DANA 24 IS THE SECOND-smallest boat in the series of production boats manufactured by the Pacific Seacraft Corporation (PS) in California. PS has earned a nationwide reputation for quality boatbuilding, and the Dana 24 is a tough, rugged ocean cruiser built to very high specifications. There's nothing you have to do to a Dana to make her fit for sea. She comes that way.

She's an out-and-out cruiser, designed for safety and comfort without any concern for racing rules, though that doesn't necessarily make her slow, as her designer, William Crealock, will tell you.

Bill Crealock is thorough and cautious, a conservative member of the old school who was trained the proper way. He began his career in Scotland, where one of his first jobs was to design a single ship's bulkhead. It took him a week.

The Dana is the synthesis of his knowledge of, and respect for, the sea and PS's commitment to the best materials and building methods. And she has proved to be a winner. She has also proved to be expensive. A brand-new one, hot off the press, will cost you \$99,400 before tax. (*Pacific Seacraft has*

dropped the price of the Dana since this book was written. A new Dana is currently selling for \$69,000. -Ed.) No small amount for a 24-footer. But for quite a lot of people the price just doesn't matter. After all, if you're madly in love with a boat, what option do you have?

Basic design

The Dana is 24 feet on deck, 27 feet overall, and 21 feet on the waterline. Her nose is snub and nearly plumb, and her topsides are high for her length. Her stern is a stubby, no-nonsense transom, and under water she carries a full keel vigorously cut away up forward for almost half the length of the boat. And sitting on top of everything there is that lofty box of a cabin.

Her squared-off rudder pivots from the end of the keel, which ends a little way forward of the transom, and the after end of the rudder projects past the transom under water. The cutout for the propeller is taken entirely from the deadwood of the keel, so she is assured of efficient steering.

A glance at her decks is all that's needed to tell you what this boat is designed for. She has a true bluewater cruiser's bulwarks edging her decks all

around, a full 5 inches deep in places.

Her bowsprit is short, less than 3 feet long in fact, but it helps make a cutter of her and gives her a salty air of jauntiness. It has a bronze eyeband. In fact, everywhere you look on deck you'll find fittings of solid bronze, including winches, cleats, and chocks.

To the untrained eye, the cockpit looks small, but the seats are long enough to lie down on — 6 feet 3 inches long, to be precise. The seatbacks are contoured for comfort, and high coamings provide a welcome feeling of security as well as protection from bad weather. With a solid bridge deck and two 1½-inch drains for fast self-bailing, this is a proper seagoing cockpit.

A 10-pound propane tank lives in a cockpit storage locker with its own hatch, and a manual bilge pump is mounted through the cockpit seat riser so you can reach it from the helm.

As a final touch, PS has built a watertight access hatch into the cockpit sole so you can easily get to those parts of the engine that need regular attention (*See photo on Page 6*).

The engine itself is the twin-cylinder Yanmar 2GM20F, which develops 18 horsepower — enough to keep the Dana

charging along at her full hull speed of a little over 6 knots in most conditions.

Accommodations

When you step down below on a Dana 24, you step into another world. She's palatial for a boat only 21 feet on the waterline. Her open-plan design melds the forepeak and the main saloon into one cabin whose length, breadth, and depth make you wonder if you've lost all sense of proportion.

The vinyl cabin headliner is 6 feet above the teak-and-holly sole for a start — now you know why the coachroof sticks up so much — and the forward V-berth is 6 feet 8 inches long and 6 feet 9 inches wide. That headliner, incidentally, is fastened in place by zippers, so you can easily remove it to get at electrical wiring and the inside end of fastenings for deck fittings.

Most of the interior is a fiberglass molding firmly bonded to the hull, but it's smothered in bright, hand-rubbed, oiled teak so well crafted that it wouldn't be out of place in a Victorian gentlemen's club if it were darker and more tobacco-stained.

Everywhere you look you get the feeling that opulence is being held in check only by practical seamanship. The gleaming portlight surrounds, the meticulously finished cabinetwork, the cleverly contrived sliding/hiding table — everything gives the impression that it is not only highly pedigreed, but also on its best behavior.

There is no bulkhead between the large V-berth up forward and the main cabin, which boasts two 6-foot 6-inch settee berths. Aft of the settees there is a full-sized enclosed head to starboard and a surprisingly large galley to port, complete with a 4.5 cubic-foot icebox, a stainless-steel sink, and a four-burner propane stove with oven. Overhead, two teak grabrails run the length of the cabin. You'll bless them in heavy weather at sea. The standard water tank holds 40 gallons, a lot for this size of boat, but you can also have another 30-gallon tank built in at additional cost. The fuel tank holds 18 gallons of diesel, and the head holding tank has a capacity of 15 gallons.

The rig

Pacific Seacraft offers all of its sailboats as cutters or sloops, and although you might regard the Dana 24 as being a little small for a cutter rig, it does divide the sail area into small units for easier handling. The sail area of the

sloop is nominally 358 square feet, while the cutter's area is 448 square feet. The mainsail on this efficient, high-aspect-ratio rig has an area of just over 140 square feet.

The sloop rig will be the better performer to windward, with its single headsail and only one stay and one set of running rigging to create windage, but the cutter might be more convenient if you're short-handed. It also has the advantage that you can mount the jib on a roller furler and simply make it disappear when the wind pipes up, without ever being forced to reef it. That leaves the sturdy little staysail to do the heavy work and means you'll never be shamed in public by a baggy, badly setting, inefficient, 150-percent genoa reefed down to the size of a storm jib. Both rigs run to the masthead, and the inner forestay of the cutter, running almost parallel to the jibstay, terminates at the stemhead. Incidentally, the standard hank-on jib supplied with the boat has a built-in row of reef points — something you won't find on your namby-pamby garden-variety coastal cruiser.

The aluminum mast is stepped on deck in a stainless steel tabernacle and, because

Jackito, at left, a cutter-rigged Dana 24, rounds Sand Island Light on Lake Superior. At right, anchored in Raspberry Bay on a crisp fall day, the salty-looking Jackito is a home away from home in Wisconsin's Apostle Islands for owners Daryl and Judy Clark.

there is no bulkhead in the cabin below it, a sturdy stainless steel compression post delivers the downward thrust to the keel. The mast and boom are painted with a linear polyurethane finish.

It's a bit of a stretch aft from the end of the boom to the mainsheet track on the afterdeck, which results in some slight inefficiency of angle and extra torture for the boom on the beat, but it's a worthwhile compromise to keep the sheet clear of the cockpit.

All in all, it's a simple, sturdy rig eminently fit for sea work.

Performance

William Crealock is a designer who knows how to coax good performance out of cruising boats, and by cruising boats we mean small boats with a lot of accommodations and the ability to carry a heavy load of water and stores.

His designs might not be the nippiest around the buoys in a Saturday afternoon club race, because they do not have the swift acceleration of a lightweight racer, but he has learned to refine the





At left, settees are long enough for sleeping, drawing additional length for feet by tucking them in hollows under the V-berth. The dining table slips away like a drawer when not in use. Below, the galley gains counter space with the use of a folding shelf. At right, the cockpit floor can be removed to offer exceptional access to the engine from above.



underwater lines so his boats are able to reach their maximum hull speeds with the minimum of fuss and power. This means they are easily driven and quickly reach and maintain respectable cruising speeds. It's what all cruising boat designers strive for, of course, but not all find the magic formula.

The Dana 24 is a heavy displacement boat, but heavy displacement in itself is no barrier to good performance if the rig that drives it is powerful and efficient enough. On the Dana it is both.

Her long keel gives her excellent directional stability, and that cutaway forefoot might have been deliberately designed with those rolling trade wind swells in mind. She'll romp down their faces as if she were on tracks. But her moderate draft also enables her to gunkhole and explore the thin waters of the world — the fascinating reefs and shallows — that are so often the best reward for crossing an ocean.

Known weaknesses

She is a shameless seductress. Beware. You could find yourself falling in love with this boat without warning and running away to foreign places with her.

Owner's opinion

Bill and Lola Hotard sail their Dana 24, *Lola*, out of Mariner's Cove, on Whidbey Island, Washington. One summer they



headed north to Alaska, cruising 1,700 miles in 11 weeks to Wrangel and back with their dog, Magruder, a cocker spaniel/poodle cross.

Bill has a deep knowledge of sailboat cruising and believes in conservative sailing.

At the time of this writing, *Lola* was rigged as a sloop, with a 130-percent genoa on a roller furler. But Bill wanted to change that.

"When we're going to windward I start reefing the genoa first, at about 10 or 12 knots. But the reefed genoa doesn't perform well in heavy winds. The shape is wrong, and she won't point."

So Bill is planning to install a staysail and change *Lola* to a cutter.

"She starts to get weather helm as the wind comes up," he says, "but it's curable by reefing. With the cutter rig, I'll take the first reef in the mainsail at about 12 knots. Then, if the wind is still rising, I'll furl the genoa completely, leaving just the staysail forward of the mast. At about 18 to 20 knots I'll take in the second reef in the mainsail."

Bill has had a third set of reef points built into the main to reduce its area to about 60 square feet. The staysail,

with an area of 90 square feet, also can be reefed down to 60 square feet.

Under motor, *Lola* gets 5½ knots from her Yanmar 2GM20 18-hp diesel engine at about 75 percent power. "She runs for about 3 hours on a gallon of fuel at that speed," Bill says, "but if you reduce speed to 5 knots or a bit less she'll give you 21 miles to the gallon in calm water."

The Hotards found the Dana 24's accommodation comfortable for two and a dog. "I'm 6 feet 5 inches tall, so I

have to bend my head a bit unless I'm under the hatch," Bill said, "but to tell the truth I don't find myself standing up much when I'm down below anyway." *Lola*, a gourmet cook, has plenty of headroom in the galley.

Bill feels the size of the cockpit might, with benefit, be reduced for an ocean crossing, in case it got filled with water. "I'd keep the rolled-up inflatable dinghy in the cockpit to reduce its capacity," he says.

He'd augment the boat's 40-gallon freshwater supply with a 12-volt watermaker that could also be operated manually if necessary, and he'd probably tuck away a couple of 5-gallon collapsible plastic jugs of drinking water as insurance.

He is a staunch advocate of jacklines, safety harnesses, and tethers. He runs flat nylon straps from padeyes up forward back to the cockpit and hooks his tether to them when he's moving about on deck. He has two tethers on his harness, one of 6 feet and one of 3 feet, for close-up work. Inside the cockpit he has run lines fore and aft on either side. He clips his short tether to these in bad weather.




Even at the dock a Dana has a quiet confidence about her. Untie the lines, and she'll take you anywhere.

"Another item you'd need for offshore work would be a windvane self-steering gear," he says. "I'd probably choose a Monitor because it doesn't have dissimilar metals to cause electrolytic corrosion problems."

Finally, he recommends that light-weather sails be given serious consideration for an ocean crossing. "She's slow in light weather under her working sails. I'd definitely want an asymmetrical spinnaker and maybe a nylon ghoster for close reaching."

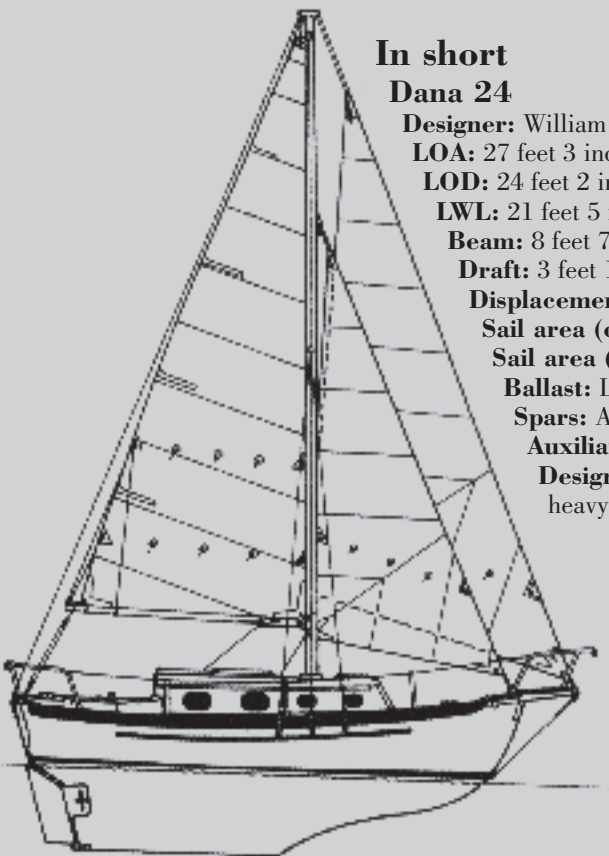
Conclusion

Let's face it, there are cheaper ways to cross an ocean. The Dana 24 represents a considerable financial outlay. On the other hand, she comes complete with an extraordinary amount of equipment of the highest quality. You could compare her, perhaps, to the smaller models of the Mercedes-Benz automobile, the Mercedes being the Dana 24 of cars. After all, what other 24-footers deliver such standard features as a ballbearing mainsheet traveler, two bow anchor rollers, a swim ladder with teak treads, and a stern chain locker (with roller and deck pipe) to match the one in the bow? 



John has sailed for more than 40 years and logged some 15,000 miles of ocean voyaging. In 1987 he and his wife, June, and their 17-year-old-son sailed their

31-foot sloop from South Africa to the U.S. This series of boat reviews is based on articles from John's book: Twenty Small Sailboats to Take You Anywhere, which is available from The Good Old Bookshelf (see Page 64 for more information).



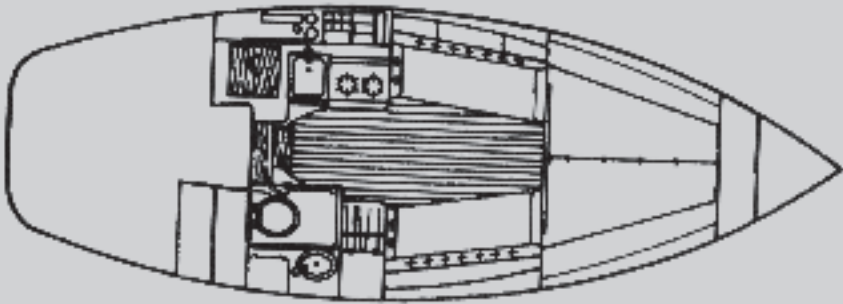
In short

Dana 24

Designer: William Crealock
LOA: 27 feet 3 inches
LOD: 24 feet 2 inches
LWL: 21 feet 5 inches
Beam: 8 feet 7 inches
Draft: 3 feet 10 inches
Displacement: 8,000 pounds
Sail area (cutter): 448 square feet
Sail area (sloop): 358 square feet
Ballast: Lead, 3,200 pounds
Spars: Aluminum
Auxiliary: Yanmar diesel 18 hp
Designed as: A salty, roomy heavy-displacement cruiser

In comparison

- **Safety-at-sea factor:** 7 (Rated out of 10, with 10 being the safest.)
- **Speed rating:** She's not fast, especially when loaded for cruising, but she's capable of making good time on long passages off the wind.
- **Ocean comfort level:** One or two adults in comfort.





by Cory Carpenter

Long-shaft conversion

I bought *Brushfire*, my 1975 San Juan 24, from the Sea Scouts. Before I agreed to the deal, the Sea Scouts offered to throw in an outboard as a sweetener. The motor they dug up for me was a 7-hp Eska of 1973 vintage, a two-cycle with an integral three-quart fuel tank.

It ran well enough once I did some research and discovered that it wanted a 24:1 fuel-to-oil ratio, but I found that even with my 180 pounds as far aft as possible and *Brushfire*'s scissors-style motor mount at its lowest setting, the Eska's cavitation plate was barely below the surface. The whole prop came out of the water with any kind of wave action and the motor would race madly with a "www-AH, www-AH, www-AH," like a hydroplane running through chop.

My original intention was to use the Eska just long enough to get *Brushfire* about 3½ miles down the Columbia River from the Sea Scouts' base. I figured I would return it to the Scouts and treat myself to a new long-shaft Honda four-stroke. Then I started checking prices ... and concluded that it wouldn't be such a bad thing to have an outboard from the same era as the boat!

In the course of researching long-shaft outboards on the Web, I happened upon Bay Manufacturing of Milan, Ohio, which makes shaft-length conversion kits for Mariner, Mercury, OMC, and Yamaha outboard motors, but not for 27-year-old Eskas. Looking at the pictures on their Web page caused me to wonder what it would take to do my own long-shaft conversion.

The motor

My Eska is a model 1747-C. It uses a Power Products/Tecumseh recoil-start, two-cycle, air-cooled power head, much like a lawnmower engine's except that the exhaust port is on the bottom of the cylinder, rather than the side. I've seen discussions on the Web that indicate this motor was also sold under the Sears Gamefisher and Ted Williams trademarks. It has a spring clutch to engage the driveshaft, providing neutral and drive gears. (Mine was frozen with rust, and the motor

had to be started in drive. Soaking the clutch in kerosene for a week or so helped free it up.) For reverse, you swing the motor all the way around and, while hanging precariously over the transom, you try to remember which direction to twist the throttle. In drive, a small pump provides cooling water to the exhaust manifold/adaptor plate that mounts the engine to the lower unit of the motor.

I obtained a service manual from Certified Parts Corporation, which purchased the outboard and trolling motor divisions of Eska in 1988 and still provides most parts for these units. Some study of the exploded diagrams in the manual showed that, given the proper tools, it would be fairly straightforward to construct a shaft extension. Conveniently, the housing containing the propeller shaft, gears, and water pump



A 27-year-old outboard starts a newer, deeper life

separates from the main section of the column just above the cavitation plate.

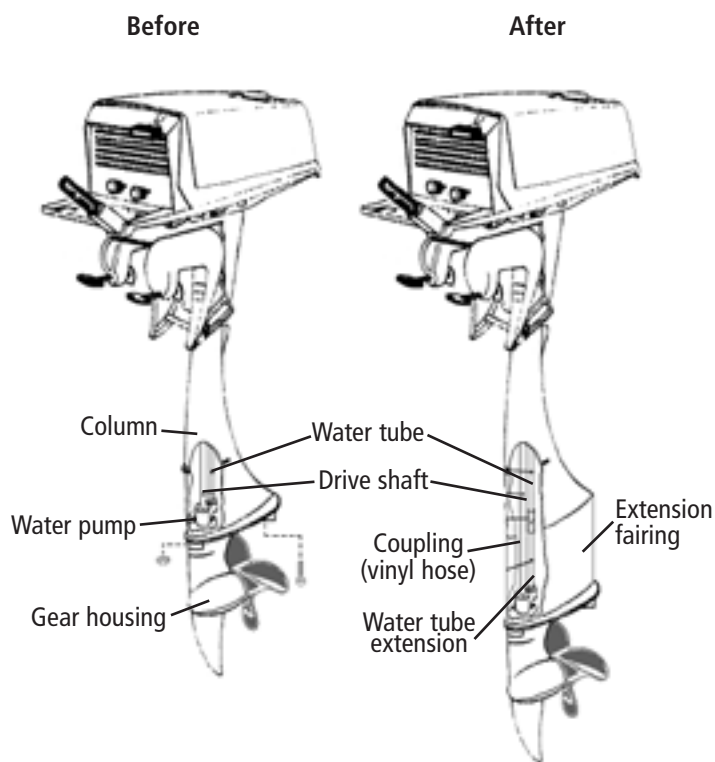
The cooling-water tube merely connects to the pump with a friction fit into an O-ring, while the top end of the driveshaft fits into the clutch on the engine's output shaft in much the same way, torque being transmitted by splines. Because of this simple design, all I needed to do was add length to the cooling-water tube, fabricate a new driveshaft, and build an extension fairing, a shell that would conform to the cross-section of the column where it joined the gear housing. I decided that an additional six inches would be about right.

For the best corrosion resistance and electrolytic compatibility with the rest of the motor, the new parts should have been fabricated from aluminum and stainless steel. Because I wasn't willing to go to the trouble and expense of obtaining the ideal materials, because my MIG welder won't handle aluminum wire reliably, and since this project was experimental anyway, I used mild-steel stock that was lying around my garage for the major components of the extension.

The long driveshaft

To avoid doing unnecessary work in case the project proved infeasible, I started with the driveshaft, the most critical piece of the extension in terms of tolerances. The original driveshaft is a $\frac{7}{16}$ -inch steel rod approximately 24 inches long, splined at each end and keyed at the lower end to drive the water pump. (I note that the original shaft will deflect the compass aboard *Brushfire*, so it may not be stainless steel.) What I had on hand was $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rod, but since the center of the shaft runs free inside the column, the diameter is only critical at each end. After cutting it to length, I turned the ends of the $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stock down to $\frac{7}{16}$ -inch. Then after fabricating a flycutter and index latch for my lathe, I cut the splines in each end of the shaft. Since I'd removed the pinion gear to disassemble the old driveshaft from the gear housing, I had it available to test the fit of my new splines.

Once the splines were finished I matched the bottom end



of the new driveshaft with the original, marked the locations for the snaprings that retain the pinion gear, and used the lathe to cut seats for them. The keyway for the water pump impeller is just a flat spot on the driveshaft. It was simple to rough it out with a hacksaw and an angle grinder and then to clean it up with a file.

Extending the column

Reassured that this whole exercise might actually work, I tackled the extension fairing for the column. What I had

available was 14-gauge sheet steel (approximately .075 inch thick). I quickly determined that the curve at the leading edge of the column fairs back into a straight line, so I could match it with just five sections of material as shown at right: two curved for each side of the leading edge, two straight for the trailing edges, and one flat piece for the back edge.

I first obtained the outline of the required section by clamping a sheet of heavy paper between the column and gear housing and tracing around the joint. This also punched holes in the paper, providing locations for the fasteners that connect the gear housing to the column. I translated the tracing of the fairing cross section inward by the thickness of my sheet stock, then cut templates from ½-inch plywood. Laying the template on a flat surface, as shown in the top photo on the opposite page, showed me where the trailing edge would begin. I marked this location, then wrapped a strip of paper around the curve to the tip of the profile, marking it to establish the length of sheet metal that I would need to bend in order to form each side of the leading edge. Later on, I used the templates to align the pieces of the extension fairing while welding.

“...the motor would race madly with a ‘www-AH, www-AH, www-AH,’ like a hydroplane running through chop.”

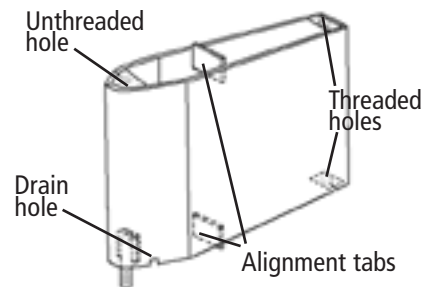
Creating the curved sections for the leading edge of the fairing involved lots of hammering with the sheet metal supported against cylindrical objects of various diameters, such as an empty propane-torch tank and a length of 2-inch iron pipe. I checked my progress frequently against the plywood templates. I found that it worked best to create a curve that was tighter than what I needed, then flatten it out progressively by hammering against the anvil surface of a machinist’s vise. (It took a while to form acceptable curves, but I got there eventually.)

Once I had all the pieces of the fairing worked to their proper lengths, I ground a chamfer of about 45 degrees on the outside of each edge to be joined. This was to ensure good weld penetration of the entire thickness of the sheet metal. This was important because I wanted to build up a bead that I could later grind down flush with the outside surface of the extension fairing.

Assembling the pieces around my plywood templates, I tack-welded them together with a MIG welder, then removed the forms. I completed the welds a bit at a time, allowing them to cool between passes in order to minimize distortion of the sheet metal. I built each seam up into a nice, heavy bead as shown on the opposite page in the center photo.

Once the shell of the extension was welded together, I used an angle grinder to clean up the top and bottom edges, checking often with a framing square to make sure the surfaces were parallel with reference to the back edge of the fairing. I ground the edges until the height was uniform and slightly more

than six inches, then did the final finish with a large mill file across the entire top and bottom edges of the shell to get the mating surfaces as straight and square as possible. The holes that allow



water to drain from the column after the motor is hauled out were cut with a hacksaw and shaped with a file.

When I was satisfied with the fit of the shell against the gear housing and the column, I fabricated alignment tabs from ⅝-inch by 1-inch steel strap and welded them into the top and bottom of the fairing. These provide lateral rigidity as well as ensuring that the extension stays centered against the inside surfaces of the column and gear housing.

I fabricated mounting flanges from ⅝-inch by 1-inch strap to provide the connection points at the top and bottom of the fairing. I first drilled the holes in them and then lined them up with the holes in my templates and traced the outline that would become the edges to be welded to the inside of the fairing shell. As the drawing above shows, the flanges at the rear of the fairing are threaded for the mounting bolts. Here I cheated: instead of spending a lot of time messing around with taps to thread holes in the flanges themselves (in which case they would have needed to be made of thicker material), I installed a nut and bolt on each flange, with the nut on the inside face, then I tack-welded the nuts to the flanges and removed the bolts. This provided for a strong connection in a situation in which it’s impossible to get a wrench on the nut.

The bottom flange at the leading edge is constructed in much the same way, but it uses a section of threaded rod to mirror the stud on the leading edge of the column. The upper flange merely has a plain hole that the column stud passes through. It’s secured by a nut and lockwasher from inside the extension fairing. (The original trailing-edge mounting bolt

was frozen; I was forced to drill it out. I elected to install its replacement from the outside of the column, otherwise both top flanges would have had plain holes.)

Once the construction was complete, I ground the welds down flush with the surface of the fairing, then polished the whole outside surface with a 3M Scotch-Brite surface conditioning disc installed on an angle grinder. This is the best way I’ve found so far to remove rust and mill scale from steel components. It also left a very smooth, shiny surface, which was important for the next step. Had I been thinking ahead, I would have polished the inside surfaces of the fairing before welding it together. Since I hadn’t polished the inside, I did as much cleanup as I could afterward with wire brushes and a sand blaster. Live and learn.

Powder coating

Because my materials were very susceptible to rust, it was important to protect them. Epoxy-based or even

Resources

Bay Manufacturing

P.O. Box 1250
Milan, OH 44846
419-499-4602
<<http://www.baymfg.com>>

Certified Parts Corporation

1111 W. Racine Street
P.O. Box 8468
Janesville, WI 53547-8468
608-752-9441
orders 800-356-0777
<<http://www.certifiedpartscorp.com>>

The Eastwood Company

263 Shoemaker Road
Pottstown, PA 19464
800-345-1178
<<http://www.eastwoodco.com>>

Sea Scouts Ship 601

<<http://www.sss601.org/>>

enamel spray paint would probably have been adequate, although getting good coverage on the inside of the fairing would have been tricky. Luckily, I had a better alternative available.

Powder coating is a process that leaves metal parts with a smooth protective layer that is harder and more durable than most paints, covers irregular surfaces more readily and uniformly, and is non-toxic to boot. The process involves applying an electrostatic charge to a finely powdered plastic that is then sprayed at low pressure over a grounded metal part. The powder sticks to the metal surfaces just like dust to a TV screen.

Once it's been coated, the part is baked in an electric oven until the plastic melts, flows, and cures to a durable covering that is resistant to abrasion and to most solvents. (The only thing I've found to date that will attack powder coating is methylene chloride, found in products such as spray-on gasket remover. Acetone dulls the surface slightly; gasoline and oil run right off.) This was an industrial process that required expensive equipment until a couple of years ago when The Eastwood Company started selling a hobbyist's powder-coating package. Their basic HotCoat system sells for about \$150.

The nicest part of using the powder-coating process for this project was that the charged powder was attracted to and covered every surface of the fairing, inside and out, even the irregular surfaces of exposed welds. To avoid fouling the threads, I installed bolts in the threaded holes and masked off the trailing-edge stud with high-temperature fiberglass tape (also from Eastwood) before coating everything with the shade of powder I had on hand that came closest to matching the Eska's paint. Photos on Page 12 show the fairing after coating and the finished powder-coated fairing after it was baked for 15 minutes at 400°F.

I also powdercoated my new driveshaft after taping off the splines and the surfaces that would bear on the bushings and seals. (Any color would have done for the driveshaft; I happened to have black in the HotCoat gun at the time.)

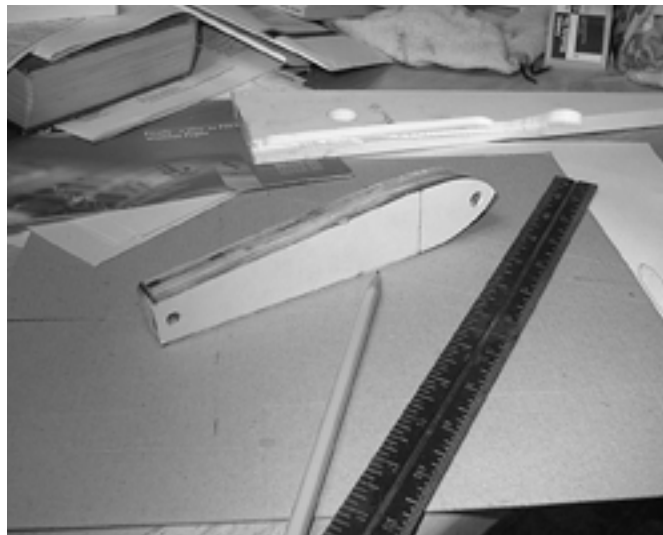
The final piece of the project was the extension for the cooling-water tube. In this case I actually had to break down and go to the hardware store to buy aluminum tubing that matched the $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch outside diameter of the water tube, as well as vinyl hose with a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch inside diameter to join the extension to the original tube. (Since I was there anyway, I also purchased stainless-steel cap screws, nuts, and lockwashers.) I cut the ends of the new 6-inch extension to the same angle as the end of the original water tube so they would fit together flush, then smeared the outsides of the two aluminum pieces with RTV silicone and joined them with a length of vinyl tubing as shown on Page 13. (Epoxy might have been a better choice for this, but so far the RTV seems to be working fine.)

Assembly is the reverse of removal

To reassemble the motor, I first coated all the bare metal surfaces on the bottom end of the new driveshaft with a generous layer of waterproof grease (meant for the wheel bearings of boat trailers) to protect them from rust, then reassembled the gear housing and driveshaft as shown on Page 13.

With the motor supported upside down on an empty 5-

*"I figured I would
return it to the Scouts and treat myself
to a new long-shaft Honda four-stroke.
Then I started checking prices..."*



***From top: identifying the trailing edge, welding,
and the HotCoat system.***

Potential problems

Rust: While I hadn't noticed any signs of rust on the exterior of the extension assembly, it still concerned me that the whole thing is potentially susceptible to corrosion. I'm relieved to report that, after four months and about four-and-a-half hours of accumulated running time (including two extended motor-only runs of an hour each), there was no sign of a problem when I disassembled the extension to take photos for this article. *Brushfire* sails in fresh water. I would definitely go to the expense of using inherently corrosion-resistant materials for saltwater operation, or if the motor were semi-permanently installed in an outboard well.

Sealing: The through-the-prop exhaust system depends on a good seal between the mating surfaces of the column, the extension fairing, and the gear housing. The walls of the column casting are about $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick, and the sealing surface of the gear housing is a nice milled area that varies from $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch to about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide. The walls of the extension fairing are roughly $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch thick, providing only minimal sealing area. Almost immediately after I put the converted motor into service I noticed bubbles of exhaust gases forcing their way between these junctions. The RTV silicone obviously wasn't enough. I later made gaskets from $\frac{1}{32}$ -inch automotive-gasket material and bedded them in hardening-type gasket sealer. These worked for a while, but they eventually started leaking also.

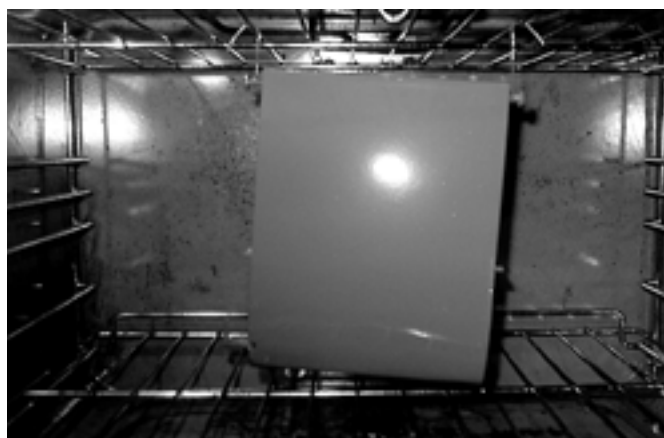
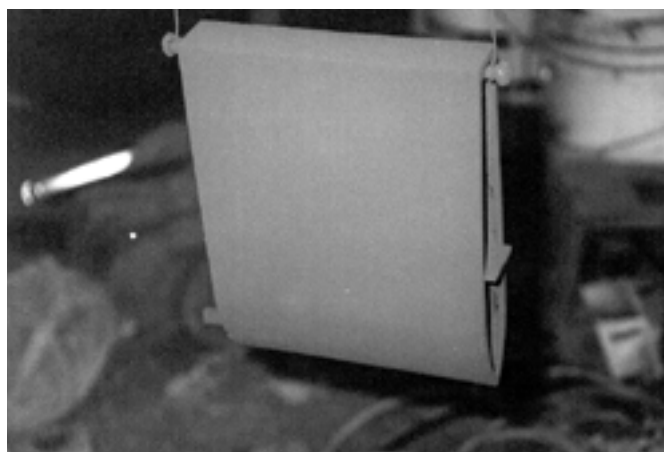
I've since welded lengths of $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch steel rod along the inside of the extension fairing at the top and bottom, making a generous bead that I ground down flat to provide a wider sealing surface. I also filed the powder coat off the mating surfaces. I suspect that the coating is so slick that the sealants I've tried have not been able to adhere to it very well. I have yet to put enough run-time on the motor to tell whether this change will be effective.

Drain holes: When I originally designed and built the extension, I neglected to do anything about the original drain slots at the bottom of the column's leading edge. These slots are right at the waterline, and when I first tried the converted motor aboard *Brushfire* I noticed quite a bit of exhaust escaping from them. My remedy wasn't pretty, but it does work: I threaded stainless-steel sheet metal screws into two scraps of wood about $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick and, with the extension fairing removed, filled the drain slots with thickened epoxy, using the wood on the inside of the column as backing. I tightened the screws down to hold the wooden backing blocks in place while the epoxy cured, then filed everything down flush with the mating surface of the column. With the extension reassembled, the epoxy seals the original drain holes. (The screw heads are visible in the bottom photo on the opposite page, just above the top of the extension fairing at the leading edge of the column.)

Shaft alignment and vibration: I have no way to evaluate this, since there's so much incidental vibration when the motor's running. I'm reasonably confident that the drive shaft itself is true, since I could check that while I was machining it; I don't know how accurately it is aligned between the motor and gear housing but there's not a lot that I can think of to correct such a problem. (I try to ignore the possibility, apart from making sure I have fresh batteries in my hand-held VHF transceiver in case the gear housing should fall off in mid-river and I need to call for a tow.)

gallon bucket, I applied RTV silicone along the entire upper surface of the extension fairing, then fitted the extension in place and bolted it on. The trickiest part of this operation was getting the nut started on the threads of the stud inside the leading edge of the fairing. I found that a telescoping parts-retriever, a tool like a walkie-talkie antenna with a magnet at the tip, was invaluable for this. Once the nut was finally engaged with the threads of the stud, I tightened it with a socket on the end of a long extension.

With the motor still upside down, I coated the bottom of the extension fairing with RTV, applied grease to the exposed metal at the top of the driveshaft, and carefully lowered the gear housing assembly onto the column until the driveshaft splines meshed with those in the clutch. Working through the exhaust port and the small gap that remained between the gear housing and the extension fairing, I used a long screwdriver to jockey the end of the water tube into location in the water pump. Once the driveshaft and water tube were started, I simply pushed the gear housing down until it was seated on the extension fairing and bolted it loosely into place. Before tightening the fasteners down for good, I put the clutch selector in the "drive" position and gave several pulls on the starting cord to make sure the driveshaft wasn't binding and in the hope that it would tend to align itself by shifting the gear housing around slightly. The assembled result is shown on the opposite page in bottom photo.



Don't try this at home, kids, without your mom's permission: fairing after coating and the finished result of the baking (done in a home oven).


After the RTV had cured, I refilled the gear housing with SAE 90 lubricant as specified in the Eska service manual and, using the time-honored outboard-motor test stand, a sawhorse and a 55-gallon trash can full of water, fired up my motor. With the gear selector in “neutral” I was gratified to see that the clutch was now working properly. The propeller remained motionless while exhaust racketed from the relief port at the top of the column, sounding like a leafblower on steroids. Once the motor warmed up and the idle settled down, I cautiously moved the selector to “drive,” and ... it worked!

Conclusions

I’ve been very pleased with this conversion’s performance aboard *Brushfire*. With the motor mount in its lowest position, the entire extension is underwater, giving the propeller plenty of bite, and I can move forward in the boat without it becoming a menace to low-flying birds. The tip of the gear housing’s fin is just barely in the water with the motor mount in the topmost position. With the motor rocked forward in its tilt bracket, everything is high and dry. One odd side effect of the extension is that with the motor idling and the gear selector in “neutral,” the exhaust resonates inside the comparatively thin-walled extension fairing with a funny “bloop-bloop-bloop-bloop” note that puts me in mind of *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*.

If you don’t have a well-equipped metalworking facility in your garage, you should be able to find a machine shop willing to fabricate all or part of a similar shaft extension “kit.” Some research in my area turned up two shops that were capable of the job, one specializing in high-volume CNC production and not interested in one-off jobs; the other a gear-making business that estimated \$225 just to make the driveshaft. Though I haven’t had to take work to a machine shop for nearly two decades, I find it hard to believe that there’s nothing left but specialists.

Fabricating the driveshaft obviously requires some moderately specialized equipment, but the operations involved are straightforward and shouldn’t be too costly in terms of labor. (It took me about six hours all told, but 80 percent of that was in building a flycutter.) If you don’t have a welding outfit, any decent machine shop should be able to construct the extension fairing as well. If you don’t know of a shop already, talking to a few old-timers around your marina should turn up someone who can do the job. Anyone who can cope with simple hand tools can handle the fabrication of the cooling-water tube extension and the final assembly.

I’ve noticed that even a reconditioned long-shaft outboard starts at \$900; new ones are going for \$1,500 or more. If you have an older motor available, this project could be cost-effective even if you have to farm out the actual fabrication work. (Not too long ago, I noticed a 7-hp Eska identical to mine offered for \$350 at my local marine exchange. Now if I were to buy that and modify it I might be able to clear about \$500. Hmmm ...) 

Cory’s uncle taught him to sail when he was in high school. After 20 years, he’s relearning those skills with the help of Brushfire, his 1975 San Juan 24. Most of his sailing is done as a singlehander on the Columbia River in Portland, Ore., but the right 30-something crewwoman could change all that.



From top: joining the cooling water tube, reassembling the gear housing and driveshaft, and the finished project.

The Remarkable

His nametag for the 15th annual Chesapeake Sailing and Yacht Symposium held in Annapolis gave his affiliation simply as “retired.” But for famed yacht designer Olin Stephens, that word’s not in his vocabulary. At the age of 93, after one of the most illustrious careers imaginable, he is still actively pursuing his lifelong passion — designing fast, safe sailboats, whether for racing or cruising.

“I was really lucky with racers,” he says modestly. “I had no real difference in my approach with cruisers. There’s nothing radical or different in my designs. I had grown up seeing boats built at City Island, where they used bent frames instead of cut ones. The boats were lighter and just as strong. They also had the ballast on the outside of the boat, where it would do the most good, and not on the inside.”

Given his long record of racing success, it was hardly just luck. Olin Stephens designed five boats that won seven America’s Cup races, and collaborated with Starling Burgess on the J-Boat, *Ranger*, that won the Cup in 1937. That makes six boats and eight Cup victories, surely a record no one else will ever approach. For the icing on the cake, he skippered *Columbia* to victory in the 1958 Cup race. His boats also have won just about every famous bluewater race there is: Whitbread, Fastnet, Newport-to-Bermuda, and the Transatlantic, to name a few. Everyone knows about the tragic 1979 Fastnet Race in which 15 sailors died and five boats sank in a violent storm. Which boat won that year? *Tenacious*, skippered by Ted Turner and designed by Olin Stephens, of course. In short, Olin Stephens has done it all.

Boats fascinated him

In his autobiography, *All This and Sailing, Too*, Olin writes: “As far back as I can remember, I wanted to design fast boats.” From the age of six, boats fascinated him, especially after he took his first sail. As a youth, he spent time at boatyards, sketching hull designs that appealed to his eye and soaking in all he could about boat construction and design. Of those early days Olin says, “I found that the Scottish designers built

A designer with a lifelong passion for fast, seaworthy sailboats

good boats that also were good to look at.” So early on, he had an appreciation for the beauty of a well-designed boat, an appreciation he would carry forward throughout his career in his own designs.

A case of jaundice forced Olin to leave MIT after a year, and he chose not to go back because he wanted to pursue his boat-designing dream. In 1927, at the age of 19, he started his career drawing small-scale accommodation plans for brokerage boats for Henry J. Gielow in New York. A small beginning, it was at least in the chosen field of a young man who had sketched boats his whole life. Within a short time he found an opening with Philip Rhodes and became a draftsman for the famous designer. He had little formal training in drafting, but he learned quickly. A few months later, he resigned from Rhodes’ firm and struck up a partnership that was to last.

Through his father, he met Drake Sparkman, an established yacht broker who was well connected in the sailing community. Olin became the head of design for the company. He writes in his autobiography, “The arrangements were informal and experimental, to be extended or not, depending on how things worked out.” As we know, things worked out just fine for the company they simply called Sparkman & Stephens.

The famous *Dorade*

Success came quickly. In 1929, Olin designed for his father a racing boat named *Dorade*. He and his brother, Rod, sailed her to a surprise victory in the 1931 Transatlantic race, and then added top honors in the Fastnet race shortly thereafter. *Dorade*’s success gave the new firm of S&S instant credibility, not to mention a ticker-tape parade for the Stephens brothers when they returned to New York.

From there it was a short step for Olin to work on America’s Cup designs. In 1936 he worked on *Ranger*

in collaboration with Starling Burgess. As with *Dorade*, his early success with *Ranger* led to more than 40 years of unparalleled success in America’s Cup designs.

In addition to producing outstanding boats, Olin Stephens also turned out a fair crop of designers who worked for him at Sparkman & Stephens. Says Bill Shaw, an 11-year S&S veteran and later long-time head of Pearson Yachts, “We, the people who went to that wonderful school I call S&S, had one of the finest educations in yacht design one could ask for. Olin’s main impact was, year after year, coming up with well-found

boats that could go fast. In particular I can remember

working with him on

a preliminary design for a customer, and Olin could meld the traits of one boat with the traits of another in his mind. He could tell a customer how long a boat was going to be after just listening to the accommodations the owner wanted. He would sketch out the boat in his head. He’s an absolute genius. S&S had a bent toward cruising boats like *Finisterre*. She was designed as a world-class cruising boat that also could go fast.”

Speed is another contribution to safety that Bill learned at S&S. “A slow cruising boat really is dangerous if you think about it,” he says. “The crew is out there that much longer, so more things can go wrong. Olin knew how to design a fast boat.”

Cruising and racing

Dual-purpose boats were much more common in the early days of S&S than today. According to Bill, S&S designed many dual-purpose boats the owners could “cruise or race, depending upon the crew and gear they had aboard. The boat was fast either way.” Modern race rules have changed that dual-purpose approach, he notes. “Boats today are

Stormy Weather in the Miami - Nassau Race, 1938.

by Steve Mitchell



Olin Stephens

designed to a particular rule, like the IMS, for a single purpose. If that boat doesn't turn out to be as fast as expected, the boat loses its appeal. They're almost throwaway designs today.

"Olin has always served on about every rules committee possible, emphasizing safety. He's still very influential in all aspects of the sport."

Bill has many memories of the tank testing that S&S helped popularize for boat design as early as the 1930s. "Once, while working on the *Columbia* design, Olin and I drove to New Jersey to test six or seven models in the tank. Olin was also interested in automobiles, and back then he drove a convertible that only sat two people. After testing, we had to bring the chosen model back to the office. The only way we could get it in the car was for me to get in first, then turn the model upside down in the car with my head inside the hull. I had one hand on the stem to keep it from poking a hole in the roof. That's how we drove back to New York."

He adds, "There is one thing people should know. Olin employed people like me to work on designs. But the boats were Olin's ideas and his designs. We just pushed the pencil on paper where he told us to. He was the driving force. He was the one responsible for all those successful boats."

David Pedrick is another "graduate" of what Bill calls the S&S school. "I started working there in 1970 as a fresh graduate of the Webb Institute," David says. "I began as an intern. It was a wonderful opportunity for me personally." Early on, David worked on the *Courageous* America's Cup program with the tank testing. That led to his becoming full project manager for the boat's construction. "Olin gave me a lot of scope to do what I could under his watchful eye. It was a good tutelage for me," he says. *Courageous* went on to win the America's Cup in 1974 and 1977.

David says, "The intuitive sense of shapes the water will treat kindly is something Olin has cultivated since he was a young man. He's been able to apply that intuitive approach with the technology of the day in a number of successful projects. He was an early advocate of tank testing in his work with Ken Davidson in the 1930s. He also was one of the first to study sail forces to propel the yacht, examining the power needed to drive the hull versus the resistance of the water on the hull. He's never satisfied with the status quo. He always wants to move forward."

Always open-minded

David notes another key personal quality of Olin's. "He has always been open-minded," he says. "In 1974, just before the start of the Bermuda race, he and I were standing on the dock in Newport looking at all the boats entered in the race. Olin told me you could look at the rigs and tell the S&S designs, with their stout masts and single-spreader rigs. Most of the other boats had multiple spreaders and cleaner-looking rigs in general. Olin knew he was missing the boat, so to speak, on rig design."

David points out that Olin had an eye for beautiful and graceful shapes. "He felt that Mother Nature prefers beautiful shapes, so he stressed beauty in his designs and not just brutal performance."

Olin's love of beauty also extended to automobiles, as previously mentioned. While a student at Webb Institute, David remembers when Olin came to speak at



Dyke Williams

Olin Stephens at the Sparkman & Stephens Designer's Recognition Rendezvous in June 2001.

the school. David was impressed by the white Mercedes Olin was driving. "Years later, when I was working for him," he says, "Olin drove me someplace in his white Porsche. He had a bandage on his hand, and I asked him what had happened. He told me he had cut his hand changing the oil in the Porsche. It struck me as funny that a man of Olin's success and stature would be changing the oil in his car. But it's typical of how down-to-earth he is. Other 'graduates' of S&S are Bill Tripp, German Frers, Gary Mull, Bill Langan, and Al Mason. That's not a bad group to be in."

Made famous by his racers, Olin also turned out a number of noted cruising designs. His emphasis has always been on cruisers for the open sea, not necessarily on coastal cruisers. When listening to him, you get the feeling that he thinks the high sea is where all boats belong, or that they at least ought to be designed to take bluewater conditions.

"Cruising boats need to be strong," he says. He didn't have to add that they also need to be fast. Talk to him about cruisers, and the conversation invariably winds its way back to speed, safety, and rating rules for racers.

It's clear Olin doesn't care how an owner intends to use the boat, as long as it's fast, safe, and comfortable." *Brilliant* was designed as a seagoing cruising boat, he says. "She was not designed as a racer even though she won her share." Today, *Brilliant*, built in 1931 at the Nevins Yard in New York where a young Olin sketched so many boats, is a training vessel for Mystic Seaport. Despite her cruising roots, she continues to win races to this day.

Another fast cruiser

Finisterre is another cruising design with race credentials. Olin designed her as a centerboard cruising boat, but she still won the Newport-to-Bermuda Race three times. The boat popularized centerboard designs despite Olin's reservations about them. "Centerboarders have their place," he says, "but in a rough sea those boats will not necessarily right themselves, and that's not safe. Winged keels are a good design alternative today. The wings can be made heavier to supply ballast down low where it does the most good."

As both Bill Shaw and David Pedrick point out, most boats built until fairly recently were dual-purpose, meant to race and cruise. "In those days not so long ago," says David, "boats were true racer/cruisers. There were many more overnight races a few years ago, and many people actually went offshore in their boats. The boats had to have cruising amenities. For example, when *Tenacious* used to race, the crew included a full-time cook. Not so today. Now racing boats are stripped out with no compromises for cruising."

Today, Olin is critical of current designers of cruising boats who borrow too much from the racing side. "Too many cruising-boat designers today copy racing designs even though the racer may have been built to meet a particular rule," he says. The result usually is something else he can't tolerate: a boat that may be fast but is uncomfortable at sea and probably unsafe to boot. In Olin's design scheme, comfort is an aspect of safety, and safety is always at the forefront of his mind.

"The Cruising Club of America (CCA) sponsored the Bermuda race for years, but their designs were mainly cruising boats," he states. "It's still a good rule. It



From left: Dorade in the Bermuda Race, 1932; Kalmia in the Gibson Island Race, 1929; Ranger in 1937.



didn't give every boat a chance, but it did result in a good boat. *Running Tide* is one of my best designs. It was fairly light for the time, too. The CCA gives the best all-round boats I think. Today there's so much emphasis on the space factor. There's almost too much room below for people to bounce around in at sea. The new materials are light and make for a fast boat, which the new rules encourage. But ultimately the designer has to do what the owners and sponsors want. The safety factor isn't there today, in my opinion. For example, my rigs were heavier than they needed to be. You don't find that much anymore."

Beginning in fiberglass

S&S collaborated with many production builders down through the years and was involved in the very beginning of the fiberglass boat era. In 1957 S&S designed the New Horizon sloop, one of the first commercially successful fiberglass boats. When asked about Ray Greene, the man often thought of as the father of fiberglass boats, Olin says, "Yes, I remember Ray Greene and that boat. It was an unfortunate-looking boat, but it did pave the way for the new material."

It was the Tartan 27, another S&S design in 1960, that overshadowed the New Horizon (at least in Ray Greene's eyes). But it led to a long association between S&S and the company that was to become Tartan Marine. "We had a long, very happy relationship with Charlie Britton at Tartan," says Olin. "We shared many mutual ideas about good boats. He also built solid boats, and that was important to us. Swan is

another outfit we had a long association with, starting in the late 1960s."

Many production builders came to S&S for at least some of their designs. In addition to Tartan and Swan, the list includes Grampian, O'Day, Seafarer, Hinckley, Columbia, Dufour, and Siltala (Nauticat). S&S also designed the Rainbow 24 for the Annapolis Sailing School.

"My brother Rod was terrific at inspection, at keeping the builders in line," says Olin. "That was important to us — to maintain quality if our name was going to be associated with a boat."

Olin often has lamented his lack of formal design training despite his long list of successful boats. When asked how formal training could have improved his work, he says, "My designs probably wouldn't have been much different if I had continued with my formal education. Starling Burgess had a few formulas he used, but his approach wasn't that different from mine even though he had more formal training than I did. But today I have trouble keeping up with all the math people use. I can't always follow their formulas to conclusion. Today it's hydrodynamics, and fluid, and sail

dynamics that matter, and not so much naval architecture. That's where it's at today, and you need to understand math to get the most out of it."

Today's designers

Asked about designers he likes today, Olin gives a qualified response. "There are lots of good designers today. Bruce Farr comes to mind, even though I don't much like his designs. Bruce King is one. German Frers is another one; he worked at S&S. I got to know his father in Argentina, and that led to the connection with us."

One is tempted to over-analyze, and certainly to overstate, Olin Stephens' contributions to sailing when the plain fact is that his record speaks for itself. From a pure aesthetic view, one can make a case that perhaps his most noteworthy contribution is his intuitive combination of beauty and performance in boat design unmatched by anyone else.

David Pedrick points out a key aspect of Olin's contribution to the science of boat design, an aspect that continues to this day long after Olin stopped putting pencil to paper. "Olin is very generous with his knowledge. He shares what he knows with others because he knows it will push thinking to the next level. That's what he's always reaching for, the next level. He's an amazing man."



When not working at his job for the government or singlehanded his 1989 Pearson 27 in the Annapolis, Md., area, Steve writes for marine publications.

Speaking of hull form

The basic hull forms for sailboats are the flat-bottom, the vee-bottom or deadrise hull, and the round-bilged hull. Each of these types has a place and a purpose, even in today's plastic-filled waters.

Flat-bottom hulls

Small flat-bottom skiffs and punts have been used for many years. In the 19th century, large flat-bottom scows were built as working sailboats, some carrying cordwood and farm produce from Maine to Boston. In the west they lugged great, towering cargoes of hay from inland meadows down the rivers to San Francisco. Other sailing scows were used for commercial fishing. Larger examples were often two-masted, rigged as cat ketches or schooners.

The New Jersey garvey and the Casco Bay sloops of Maine are typical examples of flat-bottom fishing craft. They were built in sizes up to 45 feet or more, and several were set up as sailing houseboats for gunning clubs or individual owners. A sailing houseboat is still a practical vessel but today, with rare exceptions, the few flat-bottom cruising yachts in our waters will be bateaus of the sharpie or dory types.

The sharpie: The sharpie was developed in the 1830s and 40s for the Long Island Sound oyster fishery and, because of its low cost, ease of construction, and a reputation for speed and ability, the type spread to the Chesapeake, the Carolinas, Florida, the Great Lakes, and even the Pacific Northwest. The boats were noted for speed, and Howard Chapelle writes of a 40-footer that made 14 knots for several hours in ideal conditions. Indeed, the owner of one of my 32-foot Mystic sharpies reported clocking 10 knots over a measured mile while reaching in a spanking breeze. The larger Carolina sharpies, from 40 to 52 feet, were quite seaworthy, and Chapelle mentions that they often made coasting voyages between New York

Mystic sharpies are double-ended cruisers featuring the typically flat rocker and drop rudder of flat-bottom sharpies.

Whether flat-bottom or round-bilged, each hull has a purpose and a place on the water

by Ted Brewer

and the West Indies. In fact, sharpies were used in Florida as mailboats, and several larger sharpies were built by the French for use as gunboats on the coast of Africa.

Sharpies have been built with transom sterns, with round sterns, and as double enders, depending on the whims of the owner or builder, I imagine. The typical sharpie was of light displacement and had a relatively narrow beam of about 20 to 25 percent its length. The flare amidship was about 3.5 to 4 inches per foot of depth, and the freeboard was low. Sharpie cruisers are often designed with higher freeboard to obtain good sitting headroom. Bruce Kirby's delightful Norwalk Islands designs are a fine example of a handy and handsome cruising sharpie.

Obviously, excessively high freeboard and high cabins can be unsafe on a narrow hull as the weight and windage adversely affect stability. As a result, it's difficult to obtain standing headroom in a sharpie yacht under 42 feet or so, and this is one of the drawbacks of the type.

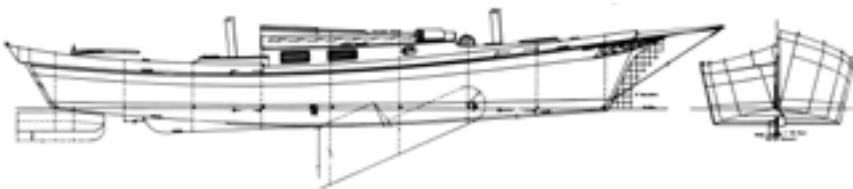
Other problems of the sharpie are the long centerboard trunk that splits the cabin in two. This obstacle can be eliminated by the use of two centerboards, of course, and designs with bilge boards or leeboards are quite practical as well. Also objectionable is the fact that the sharpie, like most flat-bottom boats, can pound severely in certain conditions. Still, the sharpie makes a fine inexpensive cruiser for those waters where the bottom is close to the top, and there are

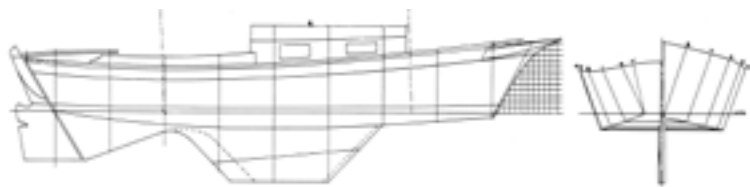
thousands of miles of wonderful cruising grounds open to any boat that can sail in less than 12 to 15 inches of water!

The dory: The dory hull is another flat-bottom type that can be made into a cruising auxiliary. The dory hull is proportionally deeper and beamier than a sharpie but has great flare to the topsides and an extremely

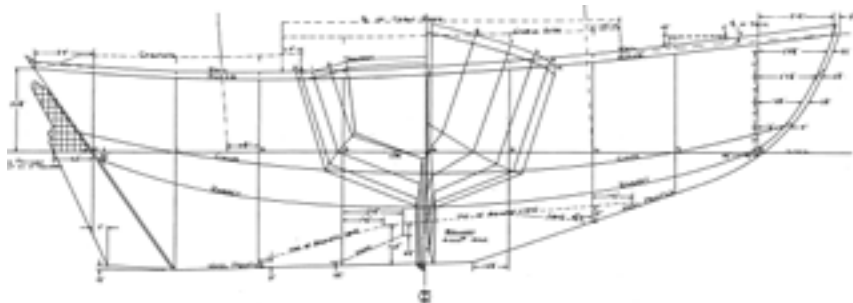
narrow bottom ending in a very narrow or even pointed stern with a tombstone-shaped transom. The narrow bottom and pointed stern make the dory initially quite tender, so small rowing dories will heel alarmingly, almost rail down, with the slightest shift in weight. However, the heavily flared topsides give the boat great reserve stability, and Grand Banks fishing dories have a well-deserved reputation for seaworthiness.

Obviously, heavy ballast carried on a deep keel is essential for a sailing dory cruiser to offset her initial tenderness, and many such craft will also show a widened transom to further increase initial stability. Still, the dory will sail at a greater heel angle than the sharpie. This can be an advantage since she'll present her chine, rather than her flat bottom, to the seas thus reducing the tendency to pound in a chop. With her heavier displacement and outside ballast, the dory will be slower than a sharpie but can also be self-righting from a severe knockdown. As a result, she is somewhat more suitable for offshore hops. One of my 22-foot Grand Banks dory ketches has sailed from the Pacific Northwest to Alaska and back several times.



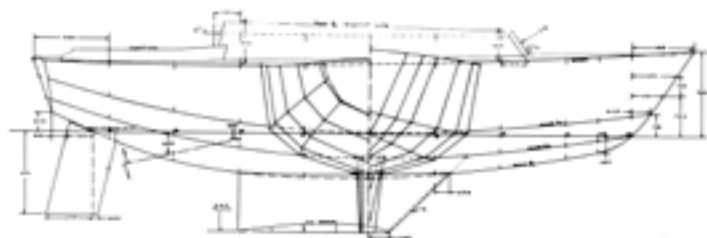


The modified Grand Banks 22 dory cruiser has considerably more flare in the topsides and proportionally greater beam than the sharpie type.



The Murray 33 is a multichine-hull which closely resembles a round-bilge hull in general characteristics.

Tern is a vee-bottom oceangoing cruiser which shows substantial deadrise angle.



One interesting design that merged the dory and sharpie hull forms was the *Egret*, designed by Commodore Ralph Munroe in the 1880s. He combined the lines of a sharpie with the flaring topsides of the dory, increased the beam (7 feet 6-inches on 27 feet 10 inches overall length) and rigged her as a gaff cat-ketch. She was inside-ballasted and reputed to be fast and able. Indeed, she carried the mail in all kinds of weather from Miami to Palm Beach, no small feat in Gulf Stream waters.

The essentials in the design of flat-bottom sailing yachts are a fine entrance, moderation in freeboard and upperworks to reduce weight and windage aloft, moderation in beam, and moderation in fore-and-aft rocker. Excesses in beam or rocker are very detrimental to speed.

Vee-bottom or deadrise hulls

The vee bottom was little used in North America in the early 19th century, although some of the Revolutionary War gunboats built on Lake Champlain for Benedict Arnold's flotilla had a shallow vee form. Then, in the late 1870s and early 1880s, several sharpie builders began to introduce a vee to the sections abaft midships in an attempt to improve

performance and make the sharpie more yachtlike. Thomas Clapham, a noted builder on Long Island, N.Y., is usually credited with this innovation in sharpies. But the vee bottom was also being developed about the same time on Long Island Sound on beamier skipjacks, a type that was taken up by Chesapeake boatbuilders in the late 1880s and developed for the commercial fisheries in the bay. Within a

the form full length in a shallow vee, as well as experimenting with increased beam and outside ballast. The full-length vee allows the vessel to carry heavier displacement and ballast for improved seaworthiness and self-righting ability. Then it is only a short step from this to the deeper vee hulls that we see on some cruisers intended for offshore use today, particularly those craft of sheet plywood or metal construction.

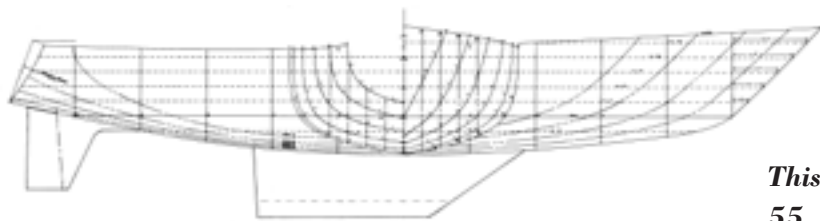
Thomas Day, publisher of *The Rudder* magazine, sailed the yawl, *Sea Bird*, a 25-footer with a moderate vee bottom, across the

"...there are thousands of miles of wonderful cruising grounds open to any boat that can sail in less than 12 to 15 inches of water!"

few years the vee bottom began to be fitted to many workboat types in order to increase speed, seaworthiness, or carrying capacity. Even scows were fitted with vee bottoms and, schooner rigged, were used on the Gulf Coast for hauling produce to market and for commercial fishing.

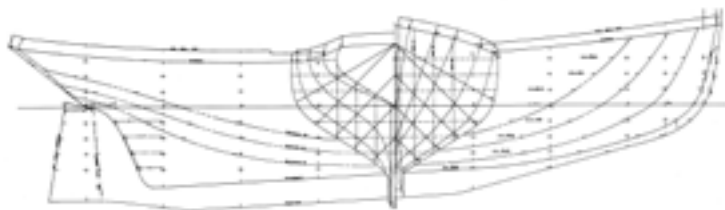
Clapham first used the vee shape aft on his *Nonpareil* sharpies to reduce wetted surface when the yacht was upright, but it also added reserve stability as the yacht heeled. Later Clapham used a vee in the bow sections also, still retaining the flat bottom amidships but, eventually, he extended

Atlantic to the Mediterranean in 1911. This did much to promote the vee hull as a suitable yacht form for offshore voyaging. Interestingly, *Sea Bird* was built by L. Huntington, another Long Island builder of sharpie yachts. In 1913, off the coast of Japan, Captain John Voss and two companions survived a typhoon and a 360-degree rollover in another *Sea Bird* that also enhanced the offshore reputation of small vee-bottom yachts. Later Harry Pigeon circumnavigated aboard *Islander*, a slightly larger version of *Sea Bird*. This further increased the luster of the vee hull's fame.



This U-section fin-keel cruiser, the Whitby 55, proved to be a fast sailer.

Commodore Munroe's Presto, with her deep U section and great flare, was reputed to be seaworthy and fast.



The Sophia is an example of a hull with a steep deadrise in a heavy displacement Y-section.

The shallow vee bottom is still seen today in many of our sailing dinghies and small racing classes. Indeed, one feature that Huntington developed for his sharpie yachts, the arc bottom, is still used on one of the world's most popular racing classes, the ubiquitous Star-class sloop. This bottom is simply a shallow arc of a circle running athwartship and, like the vee bottom, is used to increase displacement and allow wider beam. L. Francis Herreshoff also used the arc bottom on his unique *Meadowlark* sharpie, and many of these fine shoalwater yachts are still cruising our waters.

As the yachts became larger, the deadrise angle of the vee-bottom hull continued to increase, giving the vessel greater displacement and allowing it to carry added stores, have heavy outside ballast, and be self-righting in the most severe conditions. This deeper hull also provided improved accommodations with full headroom. Many such craft have made extended voyages, of course, and are every bit as able as their round-bilged sisters.

The deeper vee hull is rarely as fast as its round-bilge sister though. If performance is a major requirement, then the chine hull should be of light-to-moderate displacement,

and the rocker of the chine and keel kept as flat as possible, not unlike the flat-bottom hull. She should also have moderate beam and, in effect, resemble a modified vee-bottom sharpie of the *Nonpareil* type. For offshore use, the deeper vee sailing hull is to be preferred for its qualities of motion comfort, a larger range of positive stability, and increased accommodations.

Multichine hulls

A number of deep-vee sailing yachts have been designed with two or more chines per side in order to more closely approach a round-bilge hull form in

shape and performance. The extra chine(s) add to labor and, slightly, to material costs, but they reduce wetted surface and turbulence. So they do pay off in potential speed as well as resale value and aesthetics.

Radius-chine hulls

I was, perhaps, the first to use the radius chine on deep-vee metal hulls to more faithfully reproduce the true round-bilged hull form. The shape is simply a single chine, vee-bottom hull with a large radius at the "corner" where the topsides and bottom meet, rather than a sharp chine. The first of this type, the

Goderich 35, had a radius of 2 feet at the transom increasing gradually to 4 feet at the stem and was sufficiently able to round Cape Horn in adverse conditions, continuing on to circumnavigate the globe. The radius chine does add to labor costs, but this is usually returned in slightly added performance and often returned several times over in increased resale value and general appearance.

Round-bilge hulls

The round-bilge hull is the most common form seen in cruising sailing yachts and will be one of two different

For further reading

American Small Sailing Craft, Howard I. Chapelle (Norton & Co., 1951)

American Sailing Craft, H.I. Chapelle (Bonanza Books, 1975, reprint)

The Migrations of An American Boat Type, H.I. Chapelle (Smithsonian, Bulletin 228, Paper 25)

The Sharpie Book, Reuel B. Parker (International Marine, 1994)

Small Yachts, C.P. Kunhardt (WoodenBoat Publications, 1891, reprinted 1985)

The Good Little Ship, Vincent Gilpin (Sutter House, 1952)

Understanding Boat Design, Ted Brewer (International Marine, 1994)

For other favorites on Ted's bookshelf, see Pages 64-65.

types: the U-section hull with its round bilges fairing into a flattish bottom with relatively little deadrise; and the Y-section with round bilges fairing into a vee'd hull, often with substantial deadrise.

The U-section was used for many years on dinghies and daysailers but today is also seen on the largest of fin-keel cruisers and ocean racers. The older U-hull may have a fair amount of fore-and-aft rocker, but the trend with today's light-displacement hulls is to widen the stern and flatten the rocker in order to straighten the buttock lines aft, increase the prismatic coefficient, and produce a yacht with higher potential performance in a stiff breeze.

One form of U-shaped hull that has never received the recognition it deserves is the *Presto*, another of Commodore Munroe's developments. The first of the type was derived from the *Egret*, in all likelihood, but was of much heavier displacement, with wider beam, extreme flare, and much greater rocker to her keel. The *Presto*-type was noted for speed and seaworthiness, and Vincent Gilpin's book, *The Good Little Ship*, long out of print, has a great deal of praise for and much information on the boats. It is well worth reading if you can find a copy. The large Indian dugout canoe, *Tilikum*, which Captain Voss sailed over four oceans, had a similar


section shape but was narrower and with less rocker.

The fact that it is used on craft ranging from dinghies to ocean racers shows that the U-section is usefully employed on fast sailing yachts of all sizes. However, many yachtsmen still swear by the Y-section hull for its motion comfort; its ability to carry heavy loads of stores, gear, and liquids; and, when heavily ballasted, its ultimate safety in extreme conditions.

There are Y-sections and there are Y-sections, though, including the incredibly narrow "six-beam" British cutters of the 1880s as described in C.P. Kunhardt's *Small Yachts*. Imagine, if you can, the *Surf*, a handsome cutter of 42 feet 10 inches overall, 35 feet 3 inches on the waterline, and only 7 feet 4 inches wide! She'd be legally trailerable if you could find a rig to tow her 34,000 pounds around. She carried 19,000 pounds of ballast, and she needed every ounce, as her skinny hull certainly had no form stability. It is reported that the *Surf* sailed at 35 to 40 degrees of heel in strong breezes, and I can believe it. But she certainly would be hard to capsize.

The wineglass hull is an offspring of the Y-section. When outside ballast first began to be used, most of the yachts were of Y-section but, as the keels were made deeper and the ballast heavier,

the wineglass section developed. In it, the bottom lines are faired into the lines of the ballast keel by means of a softly rounded tuck. This reduces wetted area and turbulence at the tuck but may also reduce the effectiveness of the lateral plane if the rounding is carried to extremes. The wineglass section was used on many of the old six-beam cutters of the Gay '90s and was *de rigueur* on the majority of keel yachts until the fin keel reappeared on the scene in the 1960s. Indeed, some of the early fin-keel yachts still showed considerable fairing in the tuck. Now, most yachts will have only a small radius fillet to fair the fin to the hull, and the wineglass section is rarely seen in new construction.

Today most new Y-section hulls are heavy displacement. For offshore cruisers, motor sailers, and the average production fin-keel cruiser, the U-section seems to be the rule. 

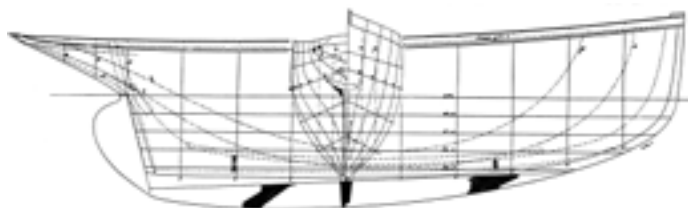
Ted is one of North America's best-known yacht designers, having worked on the America's Cup boats American Eagle and Weatherly, as well as boats that won the Olympics, the Gold Cup, and dozens of celebrated ocean races. He also is the man who designed scores of good old boats... the ones still sailing after all these years.



The Oceanic 43 is a full-keel auxiliary with a wineglass midship section and a "Brewer bite."



Black Velvet II is a 1970s-era fin-keel auxiliary which shows a fairly tight tuck.



A six-beam cutter with a Y-section hull and almost zero form stability.

A lucky boy, indeed

I was a very lucky boy in 1946. Dad stayed in the reserve navy after his discharge from active service.

His position as Chief Petty Officer at HMCS Star in Hamilton, Ontario, enabled me, at age 13, to get sailing lessons aboard the Canadian Navy base whaleboats from grizzled veteran petty officers and chiefs. By the time I was 15, I was proficient at rigging, rowing, and sailing these, so I was allowed free run of the navy's 14-foot dinghies as well as the 26-foot whaleboats. In effect, I could take a boat out whenever I wanted. On a pleasant Saturday or Sunday I would often gather my crew, rig a whaler, and head out for a sail on Hamilton Bay.

The crew usually consisted of friends, Bruce and Norm, and my buddy, Ken Byrne, along with our girlfriends of the moment. The latter were allowed to bring large picnic lunches as payment for the day's sail, but those were simpler times, and I don't think that little ploy would work today. The girls also had the privilege of rowing the boat home, using 8-foot sweeps, when the breeze failed... which it did with regularity. We told them the exercise was good for their figures, but we were always prepared for a mutiny on a hot, muggy, windless day.

The whalers were unriggered at the end of each sail, so there was a lot of work to get one ready to head out. The masts had to be hauled out of the spar shop, stepped, and rigged. Sails had to be bent on, the sweeps gathered from wherever they had been hidden, the rudder fitted, life jackets found, and so on. It took quite a while but we enjoyed the work, and it was well worth the effort if there was a good breeze and the girls were pretty; and the girls were always pretty!

Still, Ken and I had the dream of

The first in a series of occasional stories told by Ted Brewer about his life and times. Curl up in a chair and enjoy

by Ted Brewer

owning our own boat someday, and we finally found one we could afford... barely. I was 15 that spring and Ken a year older when we discovered our bargain boat and coughed up \$55 for it. *Quest*, as we called her (her name is still tattooed below an anchor on my left arm), was a 16-foot ship's gig that someone had put a long wood fin on and an overly heavy gaff rig. The boat needed a lot of work (what \$55-boat wouldn't?), so we sailed the whalers that

"...it was well worth the effort if there was a good breeze and the girls were pretty; and the girls were always pretty!"

summer and worked on *Quest*, scraping her down and painting her, replacing one rotted plank, varnishing the mast and spars, and generally giving her lots of TLC.

Quest was ready for launching the next spring, and she sparkled like a debutante. Unfortunately, we found that she was a very tender debutante indeed due to the weight of that heavy gaff rig. There was no way we could raise sail until we ballasted her. Well, sandbags were cheap, and sand was free. We put about 400 pounds of sand in her bilges, and off we went for a trial sail. After our experience with the heavy whaleboats, the little sloop seemed lively indeed and, even if she didn't move out like a 6-Meter, we were two very happy young sailors.

We had a lot of fun and our share of excitement with *Quest* that summer. One day, with Bruce aboard, her drain

plug popped out like a cork (actually, it *was* a cork). So Bruce sailed around Hamilton Bay with his finger in the dike, so to speak, while Ken and I treated the incident as if it was perfectly normal and laughed at poor Bruce's fears.

Another incident resulted in Ken and I getting our photos in the paper. But it was not the kind of publicity we particularly wanted. We'd gone out for a sail one evening late in the season and were hit by a brief squall and knocked down. As the water came over the lee rail, I realized that our sand ballast would take her to the bottom and that the shore was a long way off. I still don't know how we did it, but we got those sandbags up and over the side before she went down. The bags were heavy with rain and bilge water and must have weighed close to 100 pounds each, but we flung them out as if they were filled with feathers. Adrenaline certainly works wonders!

Quest floated quietly on her side while we clung to the rail with plenty of time to decide what to do next. We did manage to lower the sails and turn her upright again. As we were contemplating how to bail her out, a boat came out to tow us in since our capsized had been seen from shore. Once we were on the beach, a news photographer got a shot of us morosely contemplating our poor little "yacht." That photo appeared in the paper the next day, much to our embarrassment, and is probably the reason why my high school yearbook predicted my future as one with "a watery grave." (*Not yet, kiddos!*)

Continued on Page 80

by Armand
Stephens




Building your own (leakproof!) classic hatch

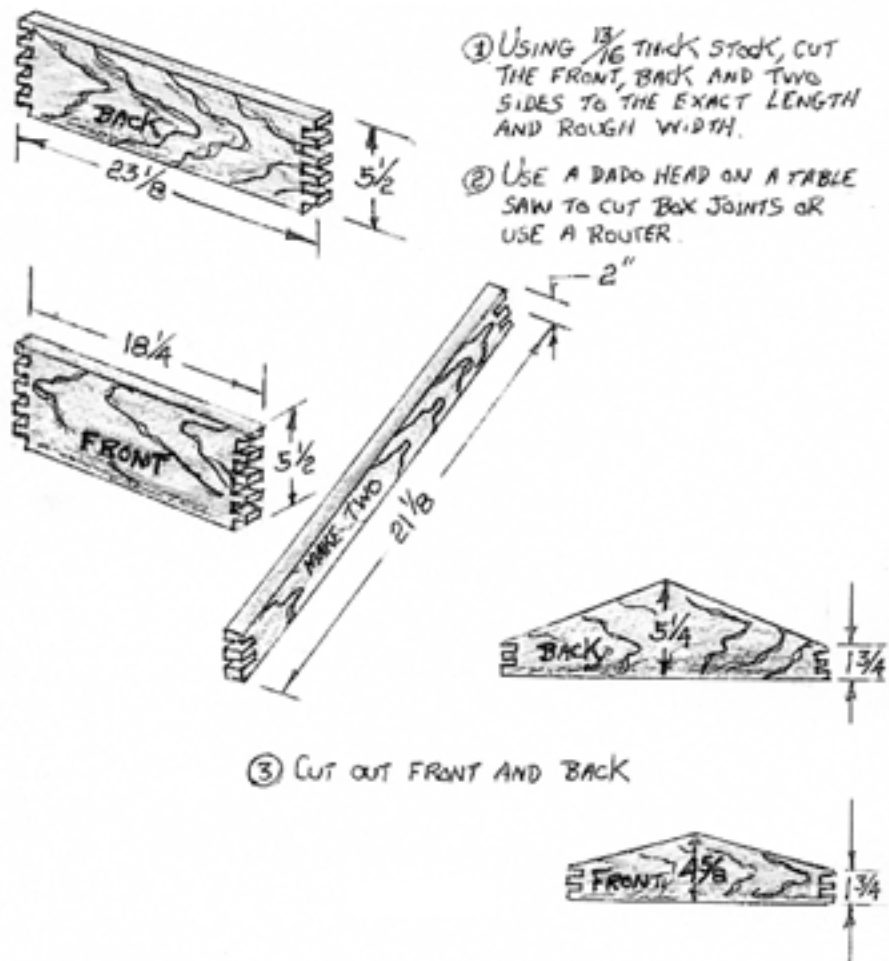
When Mary and I bought our 1965 Alberg 30 we knew that replacing the forward hatch was going to be one of many projects. Down below there was no indication that the old hatch was leaking, but it was certainly an eyesore when viewed from on deck.

One day at the Oakland Yacht Club we saw a very beautiful all-wood sailboat that had an extraordinarily beautiful butterfly hatch made of teak and glass. We know that the classic butterfly hatch has a nasty reputation of leaking like a sieve, so we decided to design and build a hatch that captured the beauty of the old butterfly hatch but had the integrity of a one-piece unit.

Regrettably, the Alberg 30 hatch opening was neither a square nor a rectangle, but a trapezoid shape. This required a lot of hand-filing on the box joints. Any boatowner who has a square or rectangular hatch opening will find the job much easier, but building a “sacrificial goat” experimental hatch out of pine is still a good idea. Who needs to ruin eight board feet of teak at \$15 per board foot?

This project cost about \$200 to build and took us 24 hours to construct. It was worth every dime and every hour. 

Armand is a retired schoolteacher (high school woodworking). Immediately after they retired, he and Mary bought Quest, their Alberg 30, and spent 10 months bringing her to a better-than-new state. They've sailed on San Francisco Bay for more than 30 years. That's Armand in the photo above.



The (leakproof!) classic hatch



④

FILE $\frac{1}{16}$ " SLANT TO INSIDE OF BACK AND DO THE SAME TO FRONT OF FRONT. NO MORE THAN $\frac{1}{16}$!

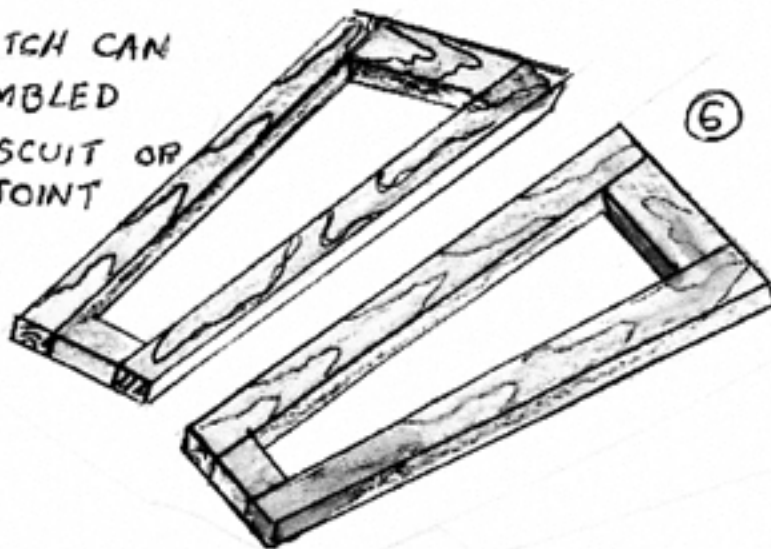


⑤

CUT SIDES TO 20° SLANT

FILE OPPOSITE (DIAGONAL) BOX JOINTS AT A SLANT. NO MORE THAN $\frac{1}{16}$ " SLANT.

TOP OF HATCH CAN
BE ASSEMBLED
WITH BISCUIT OR
DOWEL JOINT



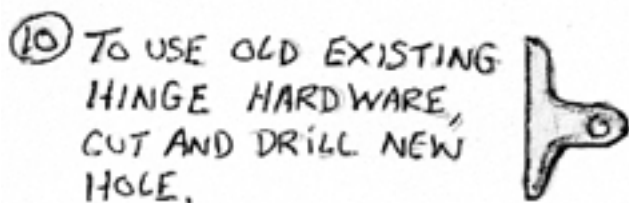
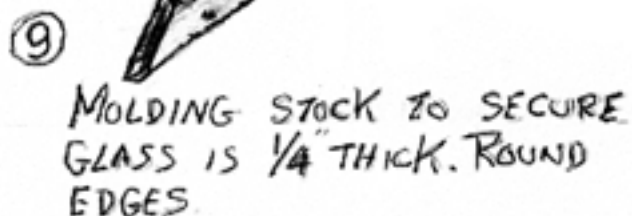
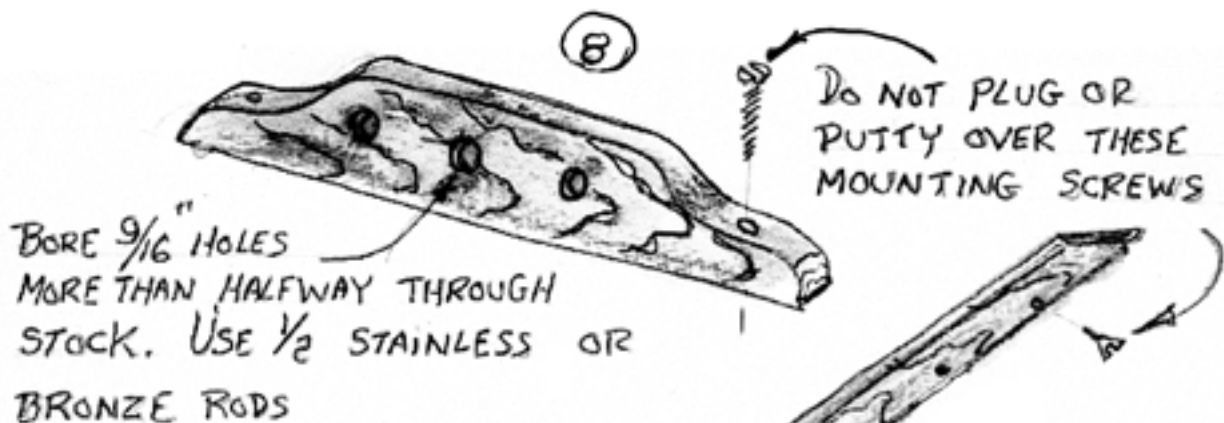
⑥

AFTER GLUE HAS DRIED, CUT NOTCH
(RABBET JOINT) FOR GLASS

OUTSIDE OF TOP
EDGES ROUNDED OVER



⑦



⑪ SPECIAL NOTES :

① USE SCRAP PINE TO MAKE A PRATICE HAICH BEFORE BUYING EXPENSIVE TEAK

② USE EPOXY GLUE

③ USE 1/4" THICK SAFETY GLASS



Making celestial navigation fun

Nobody will argue that celestial navigation is simple. But Ken Gebhart is prepared to argue that the basics can be mastered with relative ease, and he's converting others every day to his point of view. Ever since he first studied the concept, in fact, Ken has believed celestial navigation is fun.

Founder and owner of Celestaire, Ken has spent much of his life in and around aircraft, often in the pilot's seat, but given the chance he'd rather be the navigator. "It's much more fun to navigate than to sit there with an autopilot," he says. His enthusiasm for navigation done "on the fly" has led to the business of selling sextants and of training others in how to use them. These days, the business is primarily directed toward sailors, but the concepts have not changed. In fact, Ken points out, it's easier these days. Current textbooks can throw out the chapter on time zones, and the accuracy of today's quartz watches eliminates the need for a chapter on the care and use of chronometers.

But those who "paid their dues" at military academies studying navigation and others who've earned the right to call themselves *Navigators* with a capital N, would prefer that the club remain small. Ken believes many have a need to make navigation training, particularly celestial navigation training, into a "rite of passage."

Ken is out to destroy this "small band of knowledgeable wizards theory" by presenting an understandable overview of the concept to as many as 1,000 grateful sailors each year, primarily at boat shows. "I'm trying to sell sextants," he tells them, "I *want* this to be *easy*." His position is that anyone can begin to play the game of golf in a day. It may take years to master all the nuances, but beginners can be golfing with a score of 160 right away. This applies to celestial navigation as well. Without any under-

standing of the heavenly bodies and triangles, any beginner can "score a 160" in the field of celestial navigation. Unlike the more ponderous courses, Ken doesn't start with the complicated details. He begins at the beginning.

Buggy whips?

Is this good old vendor losing out to GPS as surely as the buggy whip manufacturers of yesteryear lost out to automotive suppliers? Not a chance. Celestaire also offers GPS products, and Ken drives around with a GPS in his car. Sextants surely aren't going the way of dinosaurs as long as people are attending his seminars and showing up at his boat show booths for books, sextants, and advice.

Ken was graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1958. His interest was in flying airplanes, and he flew Neptune P2V patrol planes based in

Hawaii. At the time, since there was no Loran, navigation was done using a periscope sextant and traditional methods. As a junior pilot, Ken did the navigation, and he learned to love it. When he became patrol plane commander, he often switched seats so he could do the fun stuff while someone else flew the plane. He even earned his Flight Navigator License, something awarded by the Federal Aviation Administration, now part of the Department of Transportation. Since there is no marine counterpart to this, this makes Ken one of very few federally licensed navigators around.

Eventually, as a civilian, he earned a master's degree in physics, but Ken says, "I missed flying." When he learned that Boeing was looking for a junior test pilot in Wichita, Kansas, he got the job and has been in Wichita ever since, strategi-

*It's wise to keep a sextant aboard
and to know how to use it*



cally located (as he puts it) closer to more oceans than anyone.

He left the naval reserves and joined the Air National Guard in order to fly F100s. About that time the *USS Pueblo* was captured in 1967. Overnight, Ken's Air National Guard unit was made active, and he became a captain in the Air Force. "There I was," he remembers, "with a uniform and a handful of insignia. I didn't even know where to pin them." This obligation to his country lasted a year and a half and involved more flying and navigation, of course.

Quirks of fate

In one of those quirks of fate, Ken, who does sail now but did not sail at the time, picked up a copy of *Rudder* magazine on a whim and learned that sailors were looking for used aircraft sextants, the sort with a horizon prism. He began running ads in the *Trade-a-Plane* publication to buy used sextants from surplus dealers while simultaneously running ads in yachting magazines and selling them to sailors. It was an interesting sideline while he continued to hold down a "real job" with Boeing.

"In 1972 I told my wife, Mary Lee, 'Some day I'm going to be the biggest sextant seller in the world and give lectures at yacht clubs around the country,'" Ken recalls. Today, Celestaire is indeed the largest seller of sextants, and Ken lectures around the country at boat shows, rather than as a guest of yacht clubs. However, if your yacht club is willing to extend an invitation, it's a bet that Ken will be there making celestial navigation fun and understandable.

To help his fledgling business grow, Ken visited

A contrast indeed: Ken Gebhart, Celestaire founder and owner, got his start taking sights while moving at a couple hundred knots. These days he teaches sailors how to take sights while moving at a somewhat less breath-taking speed.


sextant manufacturers around the world, made deals, bought booths at boat shows, and ran ads. He even flew both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans in single-engined Cessnas, with little but a sextant to guide him, proving the efficacy of this method. In 1986, a serendipitous letter to the editor of *Ocean Navigator*, written by a reader, claimed that the Astra III sextant was great and that everyone should have one. This lucky stroke more or less moved Celestaire, as the exclusive importer of these sextants

1,600 sextants worldwide per year, he says, and the trend is not diminishing. But sextants comprise only 20 to 30 percent of the total business. This is a businessman who was not caught off guard by a competing technology.

Ken's interest in sailing started innocently. He bought a small sailboard-type boat from Kool cigarettes for \$50 and a boxtop in the early 1970s. It arrived at his home in the U.S. mail, mast and all. He still believes that more sailors would be cultivated if only deals like this continued to be offered.

Eventually he bought a Clipper Marine 26 in partnership with another sailor. With busy careers, neither man had enough time to sail much, and the

boat was sold. But Ken involved his wife and all six of their children in sailing on that boat. They remembered those days favorably, and a couple of years ago one of Ken's sons said, "Dad, how about buying another sailboat? I'll take care of it for you." That encouraged Ken, and he now sails a water-ballasted Hunter 260 in the lakes near home.

"It's been a fun life," Ken says reflectively. "I've flown every kind of airplane ever built, had duty aboard Navy ships, and done a fair amount of sailing. Now I am enjoying worldwide travel to exhibit our products. How did I get so lucky?" 

Karen is editor of Good Old Boat.

"Ken, who does sail now but did not sail at the time, picked up a copy of Rudder magazine on a whim and learned that sailors were looking for used aircraft sextants"

at the time, to the next level. When Ken took an early retirement from Boeing in 1990, his business was growing steadily, and sailors continued to believe that it was wise to have a sextant aboard and to know how to use it no matter how sophisticated the rest of the boat's electronic instruments were.

Big growth

That year, Celestaire outgrew its space in the Gebharts' home, and Ken found 2,000 square feet of office and storage space to accommodate computers, three part-time workers, and inventory (books, sextants, barometers, other weather supplies, charting programs, GPS units, and much more). The company is selling



by Karen Larson



Simple solutions

Breakproof tillers

Tillers in some boats are known to break with regularity. If you've ever taken part in a drill of this nature, I don't need to explain that it's exciting. It's a situation that leads one to look for an effective and permanent repair. I've had two boats with a history of tiller failures. But now I've got a fix that lasts.

The typical failure is at the forward end of the tiller straps. In most boats this is an H-shaped affair that has a bolt to hold it to the rudder head and two or three more to secure the tiller in it. The strap-to-tiller connection is perpetually loosening, no matter what effort is made to keep it tight. The cross-mounted fasteners (bolts, screws) must maintain some load in order to stay tight. The load will actually cause some stretch in the

fastener. That stretch will not be very much (a few thousandths of an inch), but without that stretch the joint will not stay solid. When a non-solid connection is worked, the outer ends of the strap start to bite into the tiller. This begins to break up the wood structure. It does not help at all that this action will punch through the finish and let water into the wood.

Salvaging a damaged tiller is a two-step process. You do not need to start with a new tiller. First you will need to create a structure that can maintain the load of the cross-mounted fasteners. Wood won't do it. Epoxy loaded with a high-density, high-strength filler will do quite well, however. Drill the fastener hole out to about double the original size. Yes, you are going to drill a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch

hole out to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch. Tape one side, and fill the huge holes you just made with epoxy that you have mixed with a high-strength filler — more is better. Be careful not to trap air bubbles. A syringe with a piece of small tubing helps. Wet the bare wood surfaces with unfilled mix before you start. It is good if you end up with the fill slightly above the surface. When the epoxy cures, drill new holes.

Short columns

What you have just done is manufacture short columns that are very much a part of the tiller's structure and quite capable of accepting the compression load required to keep the fasteners from loosening (losing the stretch required to keep the joint solid). These columns will also now be the part that transfers the tiller load to the tiller straps. You can stop at this point or go on to the

by Matt Colie

Epoxy, fiberglass, and a little cunning fix an old problem


second step. You've already made a big improvement in your tiller.

Second step

The second step is to create a load spreader to mitigate the effect of the tiller strap on the sides of the tiller. You do this by glassing the sides of the tiller. You can take this step at any time even if you have already drilled the holes through the epoxy plugs and used the tiller for a season. Plane about $\frac{1}{16}$ inch off both sides ($\frac{1}{8}$ inch total) in the area where the straps fasten. That is about right for four layers of 9-ounce glass (most tape is 9-ounce). Taper this to about two tiller widths from the end of the tiller plates. If you use a nice clear epoxy to lay up the glass and as a finish coat, it won't show much. How you do this lay-up is not important. I've used a bottom-cut taper (shortest piece on

the bottom) so I can make the surface relatively smooth.

What you did in this step was to alleviate the problem that engineers refer to as a "stress riser." This condition exists anywhere you have a structure that has a vast change of properties in a small area. This glass spreads out the load on the wood of the tiller in the area of the tiller straps in three ways. It distributes the high load caused by the end of the tiller strap so it will not break the wood fiber and finish coating. It increases the stiffness that the glass beyond the tiller plates brings to the tiller. And it transfers the tiller load more directly to the strap and bolts without causing any high local load on the wood of the tiller.

So far I've done this to four tillers. The oldest will be going out for its tenth season this spring. It doesn't even creak. It is on a severely raced Tartan 30 that used to get three seasons at best from a tiller. The owner still carries a spare on long races, but he does not feel he has to carry the spare all season any more. 

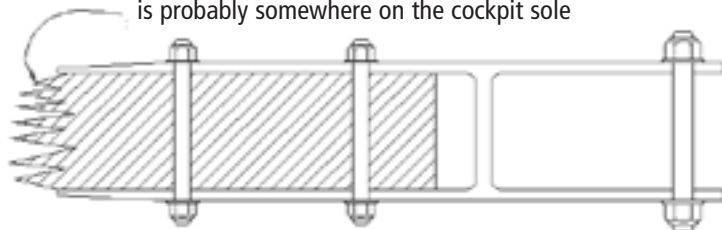
Matt introduces himself as a lifelong waterman, licensed mariner, and

perpetual sailor who grew up in the boatyards of the East Coast. He and his wife, Mary, sail on "sweet water" these days. They're the owners of S2-7.9 #1, Bonne Idée.



Call it what you will, a "moment of truth" or a "crisis:" once the tiller you're holding in your hand is no longer connected to the boat, you'll be wishing you'd taken the time to strengthen it. Having been there, Matt calls this "a moment you will recall." He has learned from several experiences with tiller stubs what causes the problem and how to prevent it. It's one of those "black box concepts" . . . an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

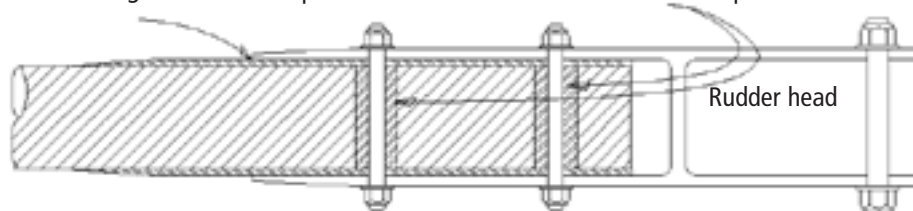
The rest of your otherwise pretty laminated tiller is probably somewhere on the cockpit sole



The sight at a moment you will recall

The fiberglass sides prevent damage

High-strength columns allow the bolts to be tightened and provide a solid connection to the tiller straps



What you end up making

Voyage of exploration

by Katie Hall
illustration by Gretchen Hall

The silent magic of the marshes attracts and entrances a boating family

THE OARS CUT CLEANLY THROUGH THE calm water. I pull the rough handles toward me and then push them aft, lifting the oars out of the water. Gretchen and I row in perfect cadence with a clear one-two, one-two rhythm.

"Pull left," Mom says from the bow of the peapod. I tug harder with the left oar on the next stroke and watch as we narrowly miss a faded pink mooring ball encrusted with a season's slime. The mooring slips from view as we pull away from it.

"A little to the right," Dad says, guiding us toward the low bridge at the head of the harbor. Without breaking our rhythm, I glance over my shoulder to see our destination. The bridge is closer than when I last looked. The tide is still flooding, but just; it will turn soon.

"Ship your oars, Katie," my sister instructs me. "I'll take us through." With a fluid motion, I slip the oars through the oarlocks and rest the blades and looms on opposite gunwales.

"Duck!" Dad yells, crouching over our little black dog. Gretchen yanks in her oars, and we all hunker down scarcely daring to breathe. We disappear into the shadow of the bridge. I gingerly reach up and let my hand drag across the smooth cement surface. We hear just the lapping of the tiny waves against the dinghy's sides, and then a car rushes overhead, breaking the silence. We burst forth into the sunlight, having passed safely beneath the bridge.

At low tide only a trickle of water runs here. We sit up, gingerly massaging cramped shoulders. I flex my callused hands, and Gretchen and I dip our oars back into the water.

"Blue heron," Mom whispers, and we look to the reeds where she points. The graceful bird stands alert on a granite rock rising out of the marshy backwater. As it hears the gentle slice of our oars, it lifts its long wings and slender legs and elegantly takes to the sky. The channel narrows; ahead of us lies the eel rut that we plan to navigate. "Do you see bottom?" I ask.

"No," Mom replies. "Pull left." I glance at the narrow opening in the

bank. "Do you want to row, Gretch?" I ask. "If not, I will."

"Go ahead and ship your oars," she says merrily. I pull them one at a time out of the oarlocks and into the boat.

Reeds wrap around the left oar, and Dad picks them off the dripping blade which rests at his feet. He teases the dog with the thin wet grasses.

I use the other long oar to test the depth of the water; it's still a full three feet deep but already a thin brown line of mud appears where the reeds meet the water. The tide has turned. I turn to face forward while Gretchen rows, and I wonder as the marsh spreads out before us. How far, I ask myself, will this eel rut go?

"Pull left," Mom says, "left again, Gretchen, hard left." But the corner is too sharp, and the peapod gently drifts into the reed bank. I shove off, noticing the eel rut has narrowed more on this side of the bend.

"Pass me an oar, Katie," Mom says, reaching toward me. "We can pole now." I hand her the long oar while Gretchen ships her own oars and then uses one to push us along. Dad and I fend off the banks with our hands, and the peapod slips along the eel rut, which meanders through the marsh. The opening is invisible now, and we are lost among the reeds.

The water thins and grows shallower. The reedy banks press closer. We savor

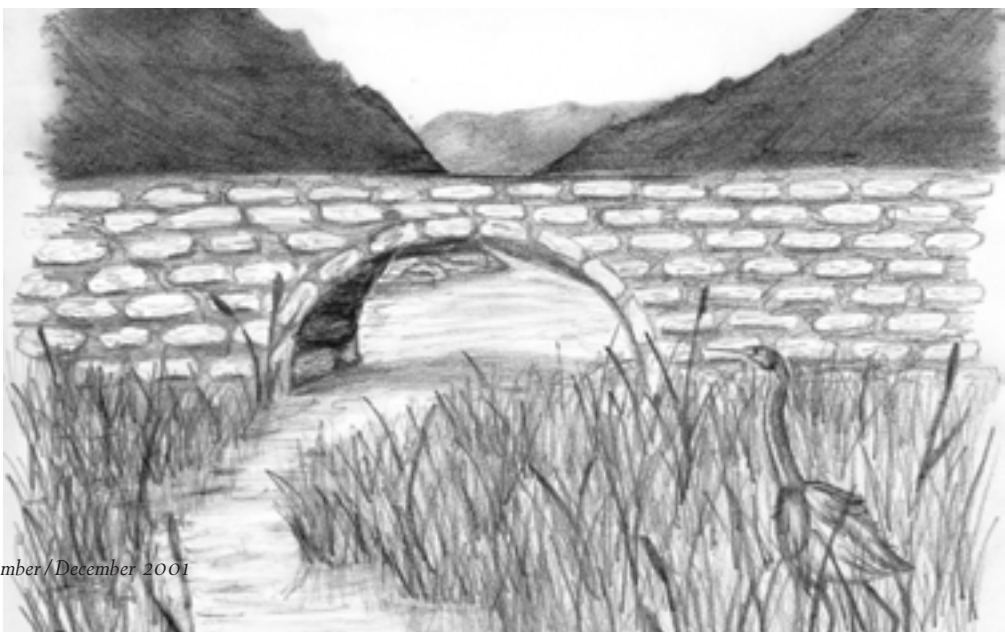
the stillness of the marsh and the magic of the eel rut. We are explorers, following the footsteps of Columbus and Magellan. We are awed and humbled by the unknown terrain and move slowly, softly, to further relish its beauty.

The reeds whistle as we push over them. Then at last the two banks join to form one, and we have reached the end. Now we have only to race the tide and beat it back to the low bridge at the harbor's head. Our tentative movement into the marsh is offset by our hasty retreat. We burst forth from the eel rut and wildly cast our oars into the shallow water, warily glancing at the frothing white rush surrounding the low bridge. Gretchen and I row with a swift cadence. The current catches us, and we haul in the oars, frantically ducking as we sweep under the bridge. Spectators on the bridge applaud upon seeing us safely through.

We have returned victorious. 

Katie, in front below, is a freshman at Hobart and William Smith College in Geneva, N.Y., majoring in English and creative writing. Her sister, 16-year-old Gretchen, is a junior in high school.

Gretchen's first love is classical ballet. She's a core dancer with the Maine State Ballet. Both sisters enjoy cruising with their friends and family on the coast of Maine.



Sailing schools: Confidence builders

This sailing school combines gourmet dining with solid sailing skills

“I MAGINE JOSHUA SLOCUM AS A PATIENT tutor and Martha Stewart preparing delicious meals on deck, and you have the beginnings of an appreciation for shipping out on the *Samana*.” That’s what one of the email testimonials said when I checked out the Web site for The School of Ocean Sailing as I searched for the “right” sailing school to meet my needs.

I was introduced to sailing by my husband a few months before we married 10 years ago. Each of us survived divorces and was eager to develop a new and better life. Fortunately, Ken had sailed for years, so a better life included the purchase of a 25-foot Columbia. After a few years, we bought a 30-foot Baba and made serious plans to move aboard. As we sold our house and spent a summer preparing for living aboard, it occurred to us that, while Ken had obtained his bareboat certificate via a sailing course on the Great Lakes, I had never attended any formal sailing school. We decided it would be prudent for me to develop my navigation skills. Ken encouraged me to take a course simply to bolster my confidence.

Since the purpose of this instruction was to prepare me for coastal cruising along the Atlantic seaboard, it seemed appropriate to consider courses set on the coast. On the Internet I found a long list of sailing schools offering a bewildering array of course schedules and levels of instruction. Some were

ASA-certified courses, meaning their content was approved by the American Sailing Association. Most of the sailing schools offered day instruction only, with three- to seven-day courses available. Only a few offered live-aboard courses, and they were relatively expensive. I whittled the list down to a handful of schools offering live-aboard classes focused on coastal cruising.

A stand-out

One sailing school stood out from the rest: The School of Ocean Sailing in Portland, Maine. Their Web site <<http://www.sailingschool.com>> was well organized and provided information on the course offerings, instructors, and daily schedule. I learned that the school has been in operation since 1975. Students live aboard the *Samana*, a 52-foot steel ketch. Larry Wheeler is the captain and a Coast Guard-licensed merchant marine officer holding a 100-ton sail auxiliary and unlimited radar endorsements. He retired not long ago after more than 20 years as a mathematician and professional teacher. His wife, Letty, is a Dutch citizen and experienced sailor who came to the U.S. in 1976. Together, they offer classes in ocean sailing, advanced coastal navigation, and celestial navigation. They also offer an introduction to offshore pas-sagemaking. Larry and Letty are both

Author Cathy McIntire learns to use the sextant.

certified by the National Association of Sail Instructors and Sailing Schools (NASISS).

I read about the skills taught in each course and the landfalls for each passage. Some of the skills included in the coastal navigation class were coastal piloting, dead reckoning, sail handling, reaching, running, tacking, and docking techniques, along with using radar, GPS, electronic chart plotting, weatherfax, and single-sideband equipment. The class size appealed to me: six students with two instructors. Two things really cinched the decision. First, the course focuses on preparing students for navigating through fog (with fog likely during the training). I reasoned that real-life instruction navigating along the rocky coast of Maine in fog with 15-foot tides would be far more useful to me than a sunny Florida setting.

Gourmet cuisine

The second clincher was Letty’s cooking. The menu for the week is posted on the Web site: ginger chicken over basmati rice, vegetable lasagna, chicken à l’orange. Sailing instruction and gourmet cuisine as well? I was hooked. Accommodations aboard were included in the price, which was under \$1,000, so I sent my check to reserve



a spot on *Samana* for the first week of August. Then I waited anxiously for the months to pass.

I arrived in Portland at the end of July and explored the charming waterfront area while waiting for the start of my sailing school adventure. The next day I was welcomed aboard. Students ranged in age from a high school senior to 40- or 50-something, and our skill ranged from complete novice to experienced sailor. Right away we gathered on deck for our first lesson in coastal navigation. Larry guided us as we developed a compass rose and chart, writing directly on the cabintop! (Larry removes the marks after every class.)

We learned about charts by making one, focusing on the most critical parts of the chart without the confusion of numerous markings. We learned how to measure for the appropriate placement of latitude and longitude lines. We

charted several practice routes. On our first sail we kept track of our location using a taffrail log and charted our progress on our cabintop chart, as well as on a real chart. Larry's experience

"We decided it would be prudent for me to develop my navigation skills. Ken encouraged me to take a course simply to bolster my confidence."

as a math teacher helped us to quickly grasp the concept of dead reckoning.

Following our "classroom" instruction and a delicious lunch served in the cockpit, Larry directed Kate, the high school senior, to steer as we set off on our first sail. He calmly gave her instructions as she motored the 52-footer away from the dock and out of the harbor. I doubt I would have been that calm turning over the wheel of our boat to a novice. We could hear the

tension in Kate's voice when she said, "I don't even know how to drive a car," but Larry calmly gave her step-by-step directions, assuring her she could do it. Larry taught sailing terms and points of sail, while assigning each person tasks to raise sails and navigate our course. Letty quietly assisted students, reinforcing Larry's instruction.

Peaceful landfall

After a short afternoon sail we made landfall at Diamond

Cove on Diamond Island, a peaceful and picturesque little harbor. It was good that this was a short sail. Three of five students were seasick due to the substantial ocean swell. Letty passed the designated bucket around to those in need, and Larry emptied it overboard without missing a beat in his instruction. There was no swell on subsequent days, and no one was seasick again, though some of us used our scopolamine patches just in case.

A few of the many sailing schools available

Adams School of Sailing

13329 NW Glenridge Dr.
Portland, OR 97229

Annapolis Sailing School

Annapolis, Maryland
800-638-9192
<<http://www.annapolissailing.com>>

Banana Bay Sailing School

Marathon, Florida
800-484-8535

Blue Water Sailing School

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
800-255-1840
954-763-8464
info@bwss.com
<<http://www.bwss.com>>

Emerald Coast Sailing

Navarre, Florida
888-204-0241
850-939-9422
gosing@ecsailing.com
<<http://www.ecsailing.com>>

Learn to Sail - San Diego

San Diego, California
800-792-9726
619-925-4778
leepearce@msn.com
<<http://www.learn-to-sail-san-diego.com>>

Modern Sailing Academy of Sausalito

Sausalito, California
800-995-1668
<<http://www.modernsailing.com>>

Offshore Sailing School

Ft. Myers, Florida
800-221-4326
941-454-1191
sail@offshore-sailing.com
<<http://www.offshore-sailing.com>>

Sailboats Inc. Superior

Superior, Wisconsin
800-826-7010
715-392-7131
sailinc@uslink.com
<<http://www.sailboats-inc.com>>

Sailing Center of Santa Barbara

Santa Barbara, California
800-350-9090
<<http://www.sbsailctr.com>>

San Juan Sailing, Inc.

Bellingham, Washington
800-677-7245
sailsys@aol.com
<http://www.yachtworld.com/sanjuan_sailing>

School of Ocean Sailing

Portland, Maine
800-732-6281
340-690-0104
svsamana@sailingschool.com
<<http://www.sailingschool.com>>

Sea Dog Sailing

Buford, Georgia
877-473-2364
info@seadogsailing.com
<<http://www.seadogsailing.com>>

Sea Sense, Inc.

St. Petersburg, Florida
800-332-1404
814-865-1404
<<http://www.seasenseboating.com>>

Sequin Navigation Co.

Arrowsic Island, Maine
207-443-1677

Silver Waters Sailing

Wolcott, New York
315-594-1906
susan@silverwaters.com
<<http://www.silverwaters.com>>

Water Ways Sailing School

Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina
800-562-7245

Women in the Wind

Long Lake, Minnesota
888-476-6821
952-476-6821

Letty Wheeler demonstrates line handling, at left. A student navigates on the cabintop, below.



After making the boat shipshape, we explored Diamond Island, which was the site of an old military outpost and prison used in World War II. Many of the buildings had been renovated to become an art gallery and a few condos. The setting was picturesque. We returned to a delicious dinner. The Wheelers pampered us, making it clear there was no galley duty allowed for students.

Letty's gourmet cooking was something we looked forward to each day, and it transformed an excellent sailing school experience into a real vacation. Even our simple noon meals, eaten while underway, were delicious: homemade soups with interesting spices and fresh bread made the previous night kept the crew quite content. Wonderful Dutch-East Indian spices, which flavored our dinners, were a real treat.

After dinner, we wandered ashore again or remained onboard reading or visiting. There is a strict no-alcohol and no-tobacco rule on *Samana*. We all were a bit surprised when Larry and Letty turned in at 8 p.m. that first night, but none of us stayed up too much after sunset.

Each day, after a shower ashore, we walked back to *Samana* to find muffins, cereal, juice, and yogurt in the cockpit for breakfast. After breakfast, Larry taught us additional navigation skills, tailoring instruction to meet the needs of the students aboard. His flexibility in addressing the experience level and needs of the students was appreciated. For example, I asked about heaving to in a storm, and Larry readily included heaving to in the day's sail plan. Another student was having some difficulty getting a line to lie right for coiling, which led to a brief

lesson on handling rope. Whatever the skill or level of difficulty, Larry and Letty were ready with instruction.

Movie site

Over the course of five days, we sailed to Diamond Island, East Boothbay Harbor, Boothbay Harbor, and Mackerel Cove at Bailey Island. We also sailed to Monhegan Island and jibed around the rock just off the coast. The Wheelers informed us that East Boothbay Harbor was the site of the filming of the movie *Message in a Bottle*. We also got to see a whale, several dolphins, and harbor seals. I particularly enjoyed the seals, which look like puppies when they pop their heads out of the water and look at you with big eyes.

As our instruction continued, Larry taught us a variety of navigation methods so we would never be dependent on a single method, which might fail. As if to emphasize Larry's point, the taffrail log we were using broke on the second day, presenting a real-life opportunity to use a back-up method requiring time and speed checks to track our position. We also used radar and, later, Nobeltec, a computerized

navigation program. Letty's experience as a computer consultant was evident as she guided us through the program. Thus, by the end of the course we felt comfortable using everything from very low- to high-tech instruments.

Unfortunately, we had beautiful weather with clear blue skies and lovely winds, which was most unusual for Maine in the month of August, so we weren't able to navigate through fog. However, Larry insisted we navigate as if we were in fog so we would know how to do it. He taught collision-avoidance techniques, and we learned how to make a collision-avoidance plot chart. We put this knowledge to use when we encountered three tankers in a row.

We later practiced simulated calls to the Coast Guard, giving our position as if in an emergency situation. It is quite one thing to read about navigating on the ocean, but it is another to experience the necessity of frequently checking your position and scanning for ships, which can approach with surprising swiftness. We learned that dead reckoning is not difficult, but it is a demanding job. Good navigators are always navigating, always checking their position.

Changed course

When under sail, Larry gave brief, individual instruction to each of us on a variety of skills. One day I sat at the bow talking with Larry as we served as lookouts. Tim and Jim were our navigators for the day. Larry called back to them and asked for the recommended compass heading. They responded, “285 degrees.” Larry said, “Check that again, just to be sure. There are some shoals we need to be careful of.” Larry turned to me and said, “Should be 305 degrees.” I laughed and commented on how he knew the proper course for each destination by heart. Larry then told me the compass headings for many islands in Maine, for Bermuda, and so on. The navigators called forward that they were correcting the course to 300 degrees. Larry nodded approval. “That’ll do for now,” he told me.

In addition to navigation instruction, Larry and Letty gave us each an opportunity to take a sight with a sextant to get an idea of how celestial navigation works. Their readiness to address all questions seriously, giving thorough answers, was extremely helpful. I’ve heard tales of frustration from a friend whose sailing instructor at another school gave each of the men an opportunity to practice skills but brushed her off when it was her turn. I noted no such bias at this school. In addition, while Larry sometimes assigned us to work in pairs while we were learning, he then made us do the task individually to be sure each person had fully grasped the concept. While Larry did the bulk of the teaching, Letty was available to provide assistance to individuals. Letty was also ready with a variety of suggestions on everything from computers to waterproof socks!

Conquer fear

Throughout the course I was surprised at how calmly Larry and Letty handed over the wheel of *Samana*, which is not only a floating classroom but also their home. In teaching us docking techniques and methods of slipping a line to leave a dock, Larry told us we needed to get over our fear of hitting the dock. He revealed that he had hit the dock and put “dings” in his hull when he was learning. He said

Larry Wheeler, at right, and a student discuss navigation.

it’s important to be able to “gun it” in forward or reverse when docking in order to quickly get the boat moving in the desired direction. You can’t do that if you’re timid about it. It was a joy to watch Larry demonstrate how to dock *Samana* in close quarters. He drove her in perpendicular to the dock, and we tossed a bow line to a person on the dock. Then Larry used the prop walk

“Unfortunately, we had beautiful weather with clear blue skies and lovely winds, which was most unusual for Maine in the month of August, so we weren’t able to navigate through fog.”

in reverse to swing the stern around to the dock, neatly fitting *Samana* in a tight spot just ahead of a beautiful boat tied up to the dock. When I got home, Ken commented on my new, more assertive style of docking our boat.


Interestingly, Larry and Letty weren’t overly concerned with having us memorize a variety of knots. I had practiced my knots for weeks before the course, worrying that I might not pass if I couldn’t tie them fast enough. While he showed us how to tie several useful knots, Larry indicated that he relied on a few basic ones for most situations. And the Wheelers have certainly experienced some challenging situations! In addition to a circumnavi-

gation and many years of sailing, Larry and Letty also had the unexpected experience of going through the eye of Hurricane Mitch when it altered course as they cruised to Bermuda. They have tremendous respect for the power of the ocean and storms at sea, but both have solid skills and experience, which enabled them to survive 50-foot seas. Their willingness to talk about

their experiences is part of what makes their school so helpful.

Choosing a sailing school is a personal decision, based on individual strengths and weaknesses, the type of sailor we wish to be, the time and money we have to spend, and the manner in which we learn best. Clearly, there are many reputable sailing schools to choose from. No course can bring every student to mastery of every aspect of sailing in a week.

There are skills we learned which will require additional practice.

I earned my bareboat certificate while enjoying a wonderful vacation at a reasonable price. In the winter of 2000 the Wheelers began offering winter courses in the British Virgin Islands. I just may have to take another course! 

Cathy was featured in the March 1999 issue of Good Old Boat, along with her husband, Ken, and their Baba 30, Kahlua. For the past two years the McIntires have been following their dream: living aboard Kahlua while transiting the inland waters between Minnesota and the Gulf of Mexico and along the Atlantic seaboard.





Scallywag

A tale of

Scallywag, a 1973 MacGregor Venture Newport, before and after her refit.

Restoration relived

WE WERE STORMBOUND IN EUREKA, CALIF., ON OUR voyage south from Vancouver, British Columbia.

One thing leading to another, we had wintered over in this delightful, friendly town. I was walking the dock one cloudy winter day when I noticed a boat tugging at her mooring lines. Even from the embarcadero, I could see she was something special. Her clean graceful line was uncluttered. No clunky pulpit or lifelines to distract the eye from the exuberant swoop of her sheer. Her dark green hull and immaculate brightwork were eye-catching, and her proportions were simply wonderful. There was a feeling of rightness about

this boat. It said this was what sailing was supposed to be about:

by Brian Pickton

grace and beauty under sail, unassailed by modern pressures about speed or conformity to the latest Euro-styling fad.

This was *Scallywag*, a 1973 MacGregor Venture Newport, arguably the most handsome boat built by the firm renowned for its water-ballasted trailersailers. The Venture Newport predates the firm's water ballast development and is equipped with a swing keel, displacing 2,300 pounds. Other vital statistics are length: 26 feet overall, 23 feet on deck, with a beam of just under 8 feet. She draws 18 inches with the board up, 5 feet with it down...perfect for gunkholing around Humboldt Bay. *Scallywag* is cutter-rigged with a cloud of tanbark sails, but as beautiful as the boat is, the story behind how she came to be restored is even more interesting.

Drifting apart

Owners Mike Fuller and his son, Jake, told me the story behind the restoration. Mike had been worried. With a young family to support, he was working all hours of the day. As a result, he and his 12-year-old son, Jake, had started drifting apart. Jake was listening to punk rock. There were heavy metal band posters on the wall of his room, and he was hanging out with people Mike thought were hoodlums. There were long sullen silences as Jake withdrew into himself. Mike knew he could not offer guidance to a son who would not listen. They had a common interest in surfing, but it wasn't





Bronze portlights are yet to come. Those pictured at left are painted wooden reproductions. A teak hatch and trim has transformed the cockpit, at right.

enough. Mike decided that the situation was his to solve if he chose to. He could either continue working as hard as he was or cut back and spend more time with his family. For Mike, family had to come first.

But even when he committed the time, what could he do to connect with Jake? A few years before, the two had gone on a three-day trip to Catalina Island with Mike's sister. From that time on, both he and Jake had been interested in sailing. Mike found an old 1911 Estrallita, so tired that not even the Boy Scouts wanted it anymore, and he bought it. He fixed it up with minimal help from Jake and took his son sailing to see what would happen.

Jake enjoyed the sailing immediately. They spent every spare hour sailing and would often spend the weekend nights on Humboldt Bay. "Anchored out in a little boat with no place to go, and being only three feet apart, you have to learn to communicate," Mike says. The father and son team liked sailing in heavy weather, and every time the weather was rough they learned something new about sailing and each other. "Jake would soak it up like a sponge," Mike said, "and even months later, when we ran into heavy weather again he would remind me, 'Hey Dad, we have to do this or that thing.' I would have entirely forgotten what we had done the last time, but Jake remembered everything." It is clear that the father and son team came to depend on and trust each other while learning how to sail in rough weather.

*"Anchored out in a little boat
with no place to go
and being only three feet apart,
you have to learn to communicate"*

Unfounded concerns

Did sailing change anything? As Jake puts it, while other kids were out partying he was busy sailing. Although he thinks his father's concerns about where he might have been headed were unfounded, he quickly adds that when he has children one of the things he will do with them is teach them how to sail, as his father did with him. According to Mike, buying the Estrallita, working on it, and sailing together straightened everything out between them.

That first sail was 10 years and three boats ago. It was a foggy November day when I met Mike and Jake Fuller aboard their latest effort, *Sallywag*. Much had been changed from the original. According to Mike, the hull, deck, mast, boom, and stern light came with the boat, but little else remains of the boat they bought. Even the chrome has been stripped off the stern light to reveal the underlying metal. Mike and Jake prefer the patina of unpolished bronze. The original anchor platform has been replaced with a proper bowsprit complete with whisker stays. The fiberglass forehatch and companionway hatch have been replaced by teak finished bright. The detail work even extends to the boat's Honda 7.5-hp outboard, now painted in the same dark green acrylic as the hull. The interior cushions and instruments were acquired in trade: Mike traded signs he painted for them.

The paint is flawless. Mike is a paint foreman and graphic artist. The mast, which even under close inspection looks wooden, is an aluminum section painted with acrylic enamel.



From stem to stern, Sallywag has become a source of pride and the epitome of accomplishment for owners Mike and Jake Fuller.



The mast was already completely painted when Mike decided to experiment with his airbrush. "Five minutes later," he said, "I had added a woodgrain effect. If I had known it was going to go that fast I would have added some whorls and knots to it!"

Faux teak

He was thinking of adding a teak rubrail. Realizing he had to draw the line somewhere, however, he decided to paint the original hard rubber rail to look like teak instead. The paint job looks so realistic, right down to the teak plugs, that I refused to believe it was painted. The "bronze" portlight frames are painted wood. One night Mike and Jake cut out and routed the wood, and the next night they painted the frames with a mixture of copper and bronze powder in a clear latex. Then before it had completely dried, they sprayed this with a patina paint to give it the green hue. Finally the ports were covered with a clear enamel. This is but a temporary measure while they wait for genuine bronze ports to be cast.

"There are many remarkable restorations whereby a boat is brought back to showroom condition, but there are exceedingly few restorations that transcend even the builder's original product"

Talking it out

Both agree that decision-making has been easy. "The experience has been good for me," Mike says. "I had to learn to listen to Jake's suggestions, because we are partners. I couldn't just go out and do something, like I had on the earlier boats. I had to consult with Jake first, and he has had a lot of good ideas." Both father and son emphasize the partnership aspect of what they are doing. "There's nothing like sanding fiberglass together to strengthen a

relationship," Mike says, and they both laugh. When asked what part of the restoration process he liked the most, Jake replied emphatically, "The sailing part!"

There are many remarkable restorations whereby a boat is brought back to showroom condition, but there are exceedingly few restorations that transcend even the builder's original product. Unrestrained by the need to merely conform to the builder's original intent of producing




Salty, pristine, and "traditional," Scallywag has surpassed the builder's original product.

The detail work continues into the interior which the father-and-son team gutted to the bare hull, sanded, filled, and painted to a glasslike finish. They completely rebuilt the interior in mahogany. The accommodation features a V-berth forward, a dinette to starboard, and a galley to port with a small settee opposite the table. The area under the cockpit is used for storage. The stove is a simple one-burner Origo alcohol unit and, together with the removable Porta Potti concealed under the V-berth, is completely in keeping with the boat's daysailing and occasional overnight purpose.

Unlike earlier boats which Mike owned and Jake helped with, *Scallywag* is a jointly owned and funded father-and-son project. The equality of ownership helped Mike recognize the coming of age of his son. It turns out that Jake is the more practical of the two, while his dad is the procrastinating perfectionist. It is Jake who says how much is enough and who sets deadlines for when the work should be done. "If it weren't for Jake," Mike admits, "we wouldn't have gotten the boat into the water for another three years. It was Jake who set the launch date and made sure we met it."

a boat built on a budget, this yacht is an expression of the Fullers' vision of what a proper little cruiser should be.

One of *Scallywag's* hidden charms is the pleasure of knowing there is not another like her. This boat is unique. How many of us can afford the luxury of a custom-built yacht these days? Mike and Jake have achieved this enviable status on a budget whose principal currency is composed of equal parts of mutual love and respect with a good portion of sweat added to the mix. Just as with boats, there are many human relationships worthy of salvage and restoration. Maybe what they need is vehicles to help bring people together in pursuit of a common goal, sharing adversity and triumph together. For Mike and Jake Fuller, *Scallywag* and her predecessors have been those vehicles. 

Brian and his wife, Alexis, grew up in Nova Scotia and practiced law in Alberta until they bought a boat, sold the house, quit the profession, and left Canada. They have lived aboard in the Caribbean for five years and are looking for a larger boat with which to begin a charter business.

Master Mariners

by Michael Beattie

ABOUT THREE DOZEN BOATS WERE on display at the Eighth Annual Master Mariners Boat Show in June at the Corinthian Yacht Club on San Francisco Bay. The Master Mariners Benevolent Association was founded in 1867 as a friendly race between crews of working ships and a way to raise money for the orphans and widows of men lost at sea. The association languished from the 1920s to the 1960s until Bill Vaughan revived the association to preserve traditional sailing craft. Craig Swayne conceived the idea of having an annual fundraiser in addition to the regatta that Bill had revived.

According to Craig, specific boats, not their caretakers, must achieve membership in the association: "To qualify to be a master mariner, the boat

must be carvel-planked. No plywood hulls need apply." The other exclusion involves racing: no boats with actively raced classes can join. "We do make some exceptions to that rule," Craig adds, "We allow Bears, Golden Gates, and Birds because, after all, they are indigenous to San Francisco Bay." Craig is the caretaker (as owners are known) of *Black Witch*, a Ralph Winslow design built in Newport Beach in 1949 of cedar, oak, and Honduras mahogany.

These days, the fundraising is aimed at educating youngsters about traditional boats and boatbuilding skills. Part of the education takes

place at the show itself where youngsters build wooden models, a very popular activity during the show. Profits from the show fund trips for youngsters on the official state sailing ship, the *Californian*, a replica revenue cutter, and scholarships to the Arques School of Traditional Boat Building in Sausalito.

Among the boats on display were classic workboats, including the hay scow, *Alma*, a boat once used to haul supplies to and from San Francisco in the late 19th century. The National Maritime Park, which owns the scow,



Ariane Paul



Stephen Jacobson

Above center, Nightwatcher, owned by Ken Godshalk and based on a Howard Chapelle design, was built in 1978 by G.K. Comstock. At left, Petrel photographed from the deck of the Makani Kai, owned by Ken and Kristine Inouye.



Michael Beattie

show their stuff

*Raising money to educate youngsters
about traditional boats and skills*

also displayed a replica of an Italian fishing boat, a brightly colored seagoing butterfly called a felucca. Italian fishermen spent several days at sea on diminutive craft of this type in pursuit of fish. The boat is deceptively simple to the eye, but is reportedly complicated to sail, as the base of the mast is moved fore and aft each time the boat tacks (see photos on Page 73).

To walk the docks at the Master Mariners boat show is to be overwhelmed by the lore and history of sailing. For someone brought up in a marina of fiberglass and plastic, the business of sailing and maintaining a wooden classic is a whole different world. The boats at the Master Mariners carry with them a three-dimensional picture of a world previously glimpsed only through the eyes of an author, perhaps Erskine Calder, working out the riddle of his North Sea sands; or Frank Mulville, crossing the Atlantic

alone in his ancient gaff cutter, *Iskra*; or Sterling Hayden, sneaking off to the South Pacific aboard *Wanderer* with his children.

Michael and his wife, Layne, recently completed a trip from Santa Cruz,



Calif., to Key West, Fla., in their Gemini catamaran, Miki G. Michael lived and cruised aboard a Flicka for 10 years.



Below center, future master mariners are underway. Model makers test their newly completed craft. At right, Barbara, owned by Robert Klemmedson, was designed by John Alden and built by Ed Fish. Construction was begun in 1928. She was launched in 1932.

Stephen Jacobson



R.L. Larson

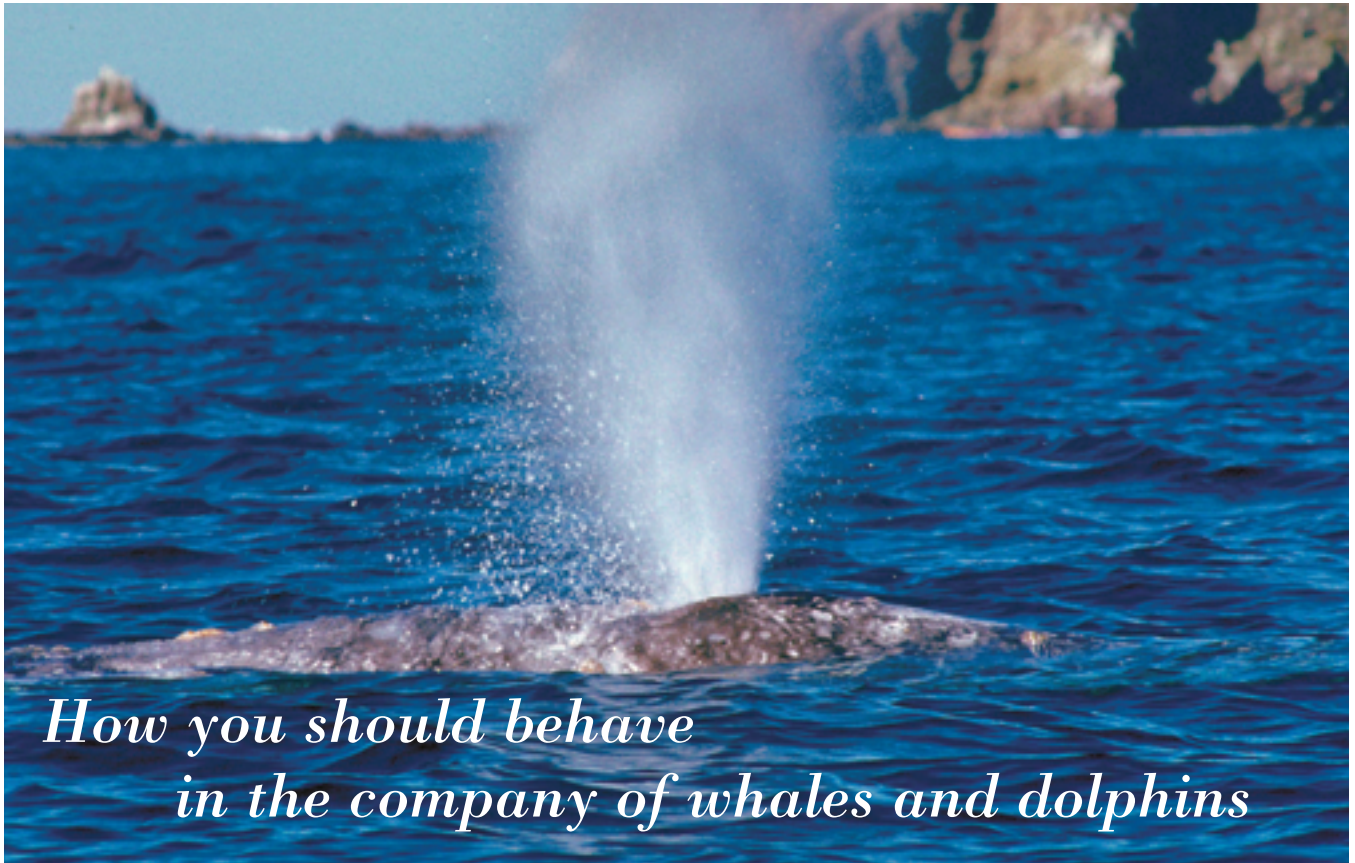


Robert Larson, editor Karen Larson's father, was one of those exceptional individuals who, throughout life, discovered new interests and worked to perfect his skills in each. Photography was one of his many talents. He left a legacy of top-notch images reflecting a passion for travel and an eye for beauty. Although he died five years ago at Thanksgiving time, his images live on.

n's legacy



Close encounters



R.L. Larson

How you should behave in the company of whales and dolphins

IT'S A TREAT TO HAVE DOLPHINS RIDE our bow wave as we sail along. Seeing whales from our boat makes our day. I always want to reach out, to make a connection with these amazing creatures. But my sense of self-preservation (they really are quite big ...and wild!) and my desire for these beautiful creatures to remain wild returns. How can we safely sail through their territory without causing disruption to their lives, keep our own boats safe, and have a chance to view these amazing creatures?

As sailors, we have a responsibility to keep ourselves safe while we're on the water. This responsibility should extend to include whales and other marine animals that come within viewing distance of our boats. The United States Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 (MMPA) prohibits the harassment, feeding, touching, capture, or killing of any marine mammals, with a penalty of up to \$20,000 and one year in

jail. Harassment is defined in the act as "any act of pursuit, torment, or annoyance which has the potential to injure a marine mammal or marine mammal stock in the wild by causing disruption of behavioral patterns, including, but not limited to, migration, breathing, nursing, breeding, feeding, or sheltering." Some exceptions are made for authorized scientific research.

The Endangered Species Act (ESA) provides further protection to species of marine mammals that have been listed as endangered or threatened (*see list of endangered mammals on Page 78*). This act prohibits the "take" of species listed as endangered or threatened.

"Take" is defined as "to harass, harm, pursue, shoot, trap, collect, hunt, capture, or kill, or attempt to harass, hunt, capture, or kill any marine mammal." It is further defined by regulation to include "feeding or attempting to feed a marine mammal in the wild." The maximum fine for

violating the ESA is \$50,000 and one year in jail.

Whale-watching guidelines

Interactions with whales and dolphins are on the rise. Are we hurting them with our interest in getting close? Recent research suggests that we could be. There have been increased incidences of harm coming to cetaceans because of human and whale interactions.

Whales and dolphins need to remain wild so they can cope in their environment. Most countries have developed whale-watching guidelines for the safety of boaters and marine mammals. Cetaceans may feel threatened by boats that approach too closely. The National Marine Fisheries Service has specific whale-watching guidelines for each of our country's main regions. The following is just an overview. For specific guidelines for your area of the country, contact your regional National Marine Fisheries Office (*see list of phone numbers on Page 78*).

Except in the case of Northern Right

by Theresa Fort

of a marine kind



whales, remain at least 100 yards (the length of a football field) away from cetaceans or other marine mammals while underway. Activities within 100 yards require caution, and approaching closer than 50 yards involves a high risk of harassing the cetacean. By federal law, no Northern Right whale can be approached closer than 500 yards. Once whales or dolphins are spotted, post a dedicated lookout. It's not hard to get a volunteer for that! The lookout should be watching out for where the whale or dolphin resurfaces so the helmsman can avoid collision, and so the helmsman can proceed according to approach guidelines (see illustration on Page 78).

Your vessel may not be alone when encountering a whale or a pod of whales. The impact of many viewers is cumulative to whales and other marine mammals. Whales are more likely to be disturbed when there is more than one boat in the area. If other boats are nearby, communicate with those boats via radio to establish a plan to take turns approaching.

Sound travels faster and farther in water than in air and plays a major part in a marine mammal's life. Sometimes we don't realize how important sound is to underwater dwellers. Cetaceans use sound for communication, foraging for food, and navigation. They have a very good sense of hearing. The potential for disturbing whales with the noise of a vessel approaching is very real. Whenever you are near whales or other marine mammals, maneuver slowly and quietly. Try not to make harsh noises.

The following are guidelines the National Marine Fisheries Service has developed for whale watching:

- Never separate a group of whales.
- When you need to move your vessel, do so from behind the whale. When leaving the area, maneuver away slowly.
- Actively look for surfacing animals. Slow down and steer away from their direction of travel.
- Limit your observations to less than half an hour.
- Whales should never be encircled or trapped between boats or between boats and the shore.
- Never pursue a whale. Let the whale

“Activities within 100 yards require caution, and approaching closer than 50 yards involves a high risk of harassing the cetacean.”

approach you instead. Do not attempt to touch them. These are wild animals that must be allowed to remain wild.

- Never feed or attempt to feed a marine mammal. It affects their ability to cope and live in their natural habitat.
- Do not discard fish or fish waste in the area of marine mammals.
- Avoid being directly in front of a whale.
- It is less disturbing to marine wildlife if you travel in a predictable manner. Avoid sudden changes in speed or direction.
- Boats should not be operated at a speed faster than a whale or group of


whales is traveling while paralleling them within 100 yards.

- Do nothing with your boat to cause a whale to change direction.
- When in the area of a whale sighting and while sailing (without your engine running), periodically tap the side of your boat with a hard object to avoid whale and boat collisions.
- When a whale shows signs of being disturbed, leave the area.

These are the signs marine mammals exhibit when they're disturbed:

- Increased breathing rate.
- Rapid changes in direction of movement.
- Loud blowing underwater.
- Threatening rushes at boat.
- Tail slapping or tail swishing from side to side.

Whenever we take to the water, we think of ourselves as entering a wilderness area.

We wouldn't attempt to feed a grizzly bear or a wolf while hiking in the backcountry. And we would never attempt to get very close. We try to view wildlife from afar, watching them interact naturally in their environment. If we are prudent in our observation of marine mammals, we can help keep these amazing creatures healthy, safe, and wild. When we get a chance to see their beauty and grace as they live their lives naturally, we're glad we helped. 

Theresa is a Good Old Boat contributing editor. Her formal bio appears on Page 45.

Additional information on Page 78

ALASKA:

Bigger than life itself

A very special experience in a land of visual treats

SAILS FULL OF WIND, AND the sun warming us, we tacked around the group of humpbacks, trying not to bother their feeding. There were four in their family and four in ours. We watched as they swam in a circle at the surface then slowly disappeared into the deep blue. Only a moment to look to the wind and trim our sails before the water boiled 100 yards or so away, and the family burst into the air with mouths gaping. Tiny fish leaped from the huge mouths, only to be caught by the air patrol of glaucous-winged gulls hovering above the whales. The noise of the whales splashing back into the water as the gulls screamed excitedly rang through our ears.

Chuck called for a tack. The kids and I unglued our eyes to do our jobs. We made a large triangular path around the family of whales, watching them catch their dinner. Our senses were full; we didn't hear the whale sightseeing boat that appeared before us suddenly. Our curiosity sated, we retreated. Our turn was over. We sailed past the boat, full of tourists with their mouths agape.

Alaskan cruisers Roy and Barb, aboard *Gadfly II*, had told us to look for a red bluff that would mark the entrance to Red Bluff Bay.



Our plan was to anchor there for the night. We were surprised when one of the children spotted the burnt red outcropping. It was too close, too easy to find, too red against the cerulean sky. After a short, but spirited, sail we reluctantly took down the sails and approached the bay entrance. The blazing red rock formation stood out against the backdrop of the emerald greens of the trees, the deep blues of the sky and water, and the glaring white of the mountain snows. The scenery was larger than life, surreal. We all were filled with awe of our world.

Breathtaking

A waterfall came into sight, taking our breath away. We had seen many waterfalls on this trip, but this one was special. It was a personal waterfall, one we could get to know. I can still hear the kids' call to motor closer to it. At our request, Alex checked the depth along the waterfall edge on the chart, and finding it was tens of fathoms deep, we approached closely, several times. But each time we drew near, the current pushed us away. All four of us were children then, giggling as the spray touched our

by Theresa Fort

faces, trying to get close enough to feel the water with our hands but always being pushed away, no matter what angle we chose for the approach. Finally tired of our play, we explored our bay further.

Around each corner, there were sights large enough to take our breath away. I felt as though my eyes had been dulled all my life, and I was seeing everything finally without blinders or filters. We anchored beneath a beautiful mountain peak tipped with snow. It was hard to concentrate on the anchoring. My eyes, starved for the scenery, wanted to feast forever. As usual, the call to go ashore to explore was issued. But this time I was the one who called it. The kids had been lax, preoccupied with looking around at our home for the night.

Ashore, touching the land and feeling the silence all around us, it was almost unbearable. Our voices seemed diminutive in a larger-than-life land; we could never hope to fill it up with our sounds. Though the kids gave a first-rate try, the silence was too loud to overcome.

Before long, the silence proved too loud for our small family. We rowed back toward our home and climbed aboard, weary from our exploration and the discoveries of the day. Climbing aboard, I felt the real sense

*“Around each corner,
there were sights large enough
to take our breath away.*

*I felt as though my eyes
had been dulled all my life,
and I was seeing everything finally
without blinders or filters.”*

of being home. *Lindsay Christine* was our home now; we were no longer “getting used to living aboard.” Amie and I began to fix our dinner in view of our waterfall. What better way to end a day?

Lifetime experience

In bed that night I wondered if maybe we had been transported to another world, one clearer and bolder of colors, a world larger than our own, one that we humans could never scar because of its grandeur. Had everything really happened in one day or was that day one lifetime? It was enough experience for one lifetime — enough pure joy, enough pure love shared, enough pure enlightenment experienced. I had been a mayfly, experiencing my whole life in one day, and it had been a perfect life. Would I wake up in the morning? It didn't matter.

As I look back on that experience, I realize that it was a time when nothing

could touch me inside but the beauty of the land around me and the fullness of sharing it with my family. I use that day for meditation or relaxation when the troubles of our world are getting me down. It is a gift of our visit, a forever souvenir.

There have been many times when I have been thankful that we travel aboard a boat, that our path is never indelibly set, that no one can definitively say, “Yes, they have passed this way.” Red Bluff Bay is one of those places I am glad no one will know we have touched. It is a place that should never be scarred with the rough hands of our kind. It is too delicate, and yet too bold, a place. It is a place where we are the tiny, where nature is busy doing “its thing,” and we humans play a bit part. It is an Alaska of Alaska.

Theresa and Chuck Fort and children, Amie and Alex, moved aboard Lindsay Christine, a Mercator Offshore 30, in 1995. They were landbound in Florida for a period of time to accommodate their children's orthodontic appointments, but they are underway again.



As Lindsay Christine, the Forts' Mercator Offshore 30, enters Alaska's Red Bluff Bay, Amie stands lookout on the bow and Alex takes it all in from the cockpit.





*Tried
and trusted
old fittings
give character
to modern
yachts*

by Donald Launer

IF YOU REMEMBER WHEN ALL sailboats had wooden spars, manila lines, galvanized fittings, and cotton sails, chances are you have problems with your waistline, your hairline, and the number of teeth you can call your own. Those of us who fit this category have a special feeling for those sailboats of our youth, but those fond memories don't include the maintenance involved in boats of that period.

When people see our schooner sail by, they see a boat from the turn of the century: a schooner rig with bowsprit, figurehead, bumpkin, belaying pins, wooden blocks, bronze portholes, lazy-jacks, and a graceful sheer. Yet she's only 21 years old, with fiberglass hull, aluminum spars, and modern conveniences throughout — a modern version of a small Down East schooner of the last century. She's one of the breed sailors call "character boats," befitting her skipper. Boats such as this are the "rediscovery" in fiberglass of traditional cruising boats, such as schooners, catboats, Friendship sloops, and other designs from the past.

While the conscious mind is thinking, "She looks dated . . . slow," sneaking into the subconscious are thoughts of coastal trading, Tahiti, and the whole mystique of other times, faraway places, and nostalgia. But traditional beauty doesn't necessarily mean being impractical.

Bowsprits

Take the bowsprit, for example. On our schooner it provides a sailplan longer than the boat's hull. With a lower center of effort there is less heeling,



and more sail can be carried. This translates into drive power.

When tied up at a mooring buoy in an area with wind, current, and tide changes, a "bull rope" from the tip of the bowsprit can prevent the hull from striking the mooring buoy. This bull rope consists of an extra line from the ring of the buoy to the tip of the bowsprit, with just enough tension to keep the mooring buoy away from the bow.

Bowsprits traditionally found homes on cruising boats, but then for several decades they were abandoned. In the last few years, a resurgence in the use of bowsprits has occurred in reproductions of old designs as well as in the racing classes that allow them. With a bowsprit, more of the headsail is free from interference by the main, and in

fresh winds the center of effort, which is farther forward, reduces weather helm and pressure on the rudder.

In many racing boats, the bowsprit is made retractable, either into the hull or along the deck, and unguyed carbon-fiber bowsprits are now emerging on the scene.

Our solid teak bowsprit provides a perfect platform on which to sit and watch the bow wave or the dolphins. Besides, without a bowsprit where would we put the figurehead?

Figureheads

A millennium before Christ, the Egyptians carved the heads of deities on the bows of their ships, and the Romans, Greeks, and Phoenicians carried on this tradition, dedicating

their ships to their gods and goddesses in the hope of ensuring safe voyages. The “dragon ships” of the Vikings were adorned with menacing snarling dragon heads carved from oak which were intended to terrify the raiders’ victims and to guard against evil spirits at sea. The power of figureheads was thought to be so great that at one time Iceland insisted that foreign ships remove them before entering her waters.

Captain Bligh reported that the Tahitians were fascinated with the figurehead on the *HMS Bounty* (see photo on Page 48). He described it as “a pretty figure of a woman in a riding habit,” who was lifting her skirts over the seas with her right hand as she looked ahead of the ship. This painted likeness was the first representation of an Englishwoman the Tahitians had ever seen. Bligh wrote: “... and they kept gazing at it for hours.”

Although a century or two ago figureheads became merely ornamental, many American commercial, and even Naval, ships were still sent to sea with elaborate carvings at their bows. The frigate *Constitution* was launched in 1797 adorned with a bust of Hercules. But Hercules was not up to the foray with the Barbary Coast pirates at Tripoli, where the figurehead was destroyed.

Our schooner, *Delphinus*, is named for the constellation of the dolphin and, therefore, sports a carved teak figurehead of a leaping dolphin beneath her bowsprit (pictured at left above). It

serves not only as a decorative appendage, but also as a bowsprit brace. It’s a great hit both on the water and at dockside. It seems to have a special attraction for children.

As enlightened sailors, we know our figurehead is purely decorative, yet sometimes there’s the feeling of a “presence” at our bow, guiding us through foggy and unfamiliar waters.

Belaying pins

Another rare item on sailing vessels nowadays is the belaying pin. The closest most sailors come to them is during visits to the tall ships or when watching a deck fight in an old pirate movie. Who would think of using them on today’s craft? They’re out of fashion, impractical and archaic ... and I love them.

In the olden days, belaying pins were made of hardwood, usually locust, and sometimes bronze, iron, or brass. They were used to secure and store lines, particularly the running rigging. Securing a line to a belaying pin is the same as to a cleat. The added advantage is the speed and ease with which a line that is belayed, or made fast, can be released. When the pin is

pulled, the line falls to the deck in an untangled flaked-out pattern, ready to run freely.

Belaying pins are used to provide increased friction to control a line by taking a single round-turn and one or more “S” turns around the pin. This is to “belay” the line. When a single hitch or slip-hitch is added to the belayed turns, the line is “made fast” (see diagrams on Page 48).

*“In the last few years,
a resurgence in the use
of bowsprits has occurred
in reproductions
of old designs
as well as in
the racing classes
that allow them.”*

The large sailing ships of yesteryear frequently set their belaying pins in holes in the “pin-rail,” which was fixed inside the bulwarks or incorporated as part of the bulwark or main rail as in the photo below. Short pin-rails, fastened to the standing rigging

are called “pin-racks,” and around the mast on deck, rectangular or U-shaped racks, called “fife-rails,” are used to make fast and store halyards. A variation of the fife-rail is used on modern sailboats, where the mast pulpit is combined with a small pin-rack. A “spider band” was sometimes fitted around the mast a little above deck level, with holes for the belaying pins. This was sometimes called a “spider hoop” or “spider iron.” Stanchion-mounted pin-racks are used for storing coils of line and are both decorative and utilitarian.

For the do-it-yourselfer, belaying pins can be turned out on the most basic of lathes from brass, bronze, or scrap hardwood. But remember, those metal ones don’t float! With today’s teak prices, it’s nice to know that those teak scraps can be turned into beautiful belaying pins for onboard use or home decoration.

Our schooner is rigged in the old Grand Banks manner with no sheet winches. To attain mechanical advantage, multiple-part block and tackle is used for each of the sheets.



belaying pins



Photo courtesy of Arnie Janaro.

At left, the replica of the HMS Bounty figurehead stands as a proud lookout on a reproduction of Captain Bligh's Bounty, built in 1960 in Nova Scotia.

At right, while admiring the figurehead on Delphinus, the author's granddaughter, Jenny, becomes a figurehead in her own right.



This presents the problem of long coils of line ending up in the cockpit due to the 4:1 block ratio. This would be a colossal spaghetti pot if it weren't for the pin-racks we've installed, not for belaying as such, but rather as an attractive and practical way of keeping our sheets out from underfoot.


When I built our schooner, I added belaying pins because they "belonged" on a schooner with traditional lines, not because I had ever used them before. Now, I couldn't imagine sailing without them. As well as being useful, they add that needed touch of character. And they're good for dispatching that fish you caught on the lure trailing astern or for fighting off pirates.

The bumpkin

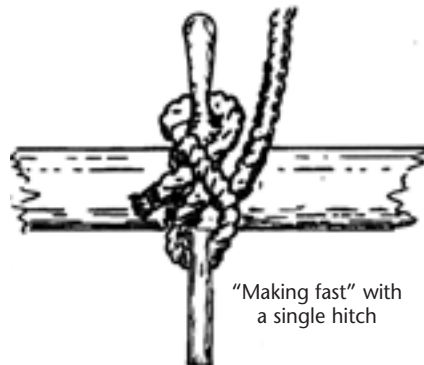
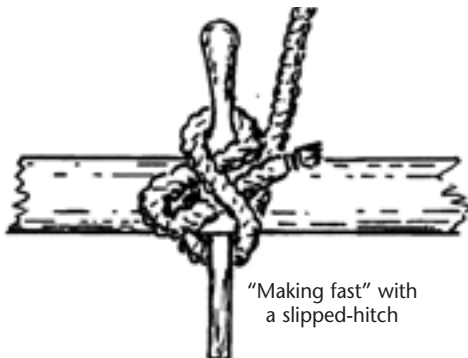
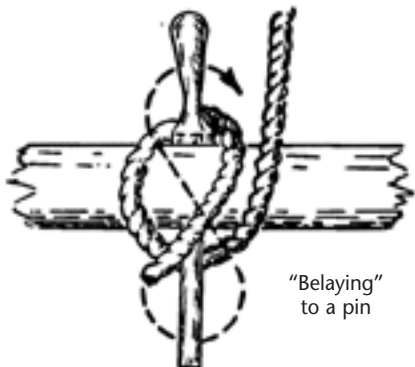
And, oh yes, the bumpkin (sometimes called boomkin or bumkin). This is a short boom, frequently V-shaped, extending from the stern, to which the backstay or mizzen sheet block is attached. When used for the backstay, along with an associated bumpkin

"As enlightened sailors, we know our figurehead is purely decorative, yet sometimes there's the feeling of a 'presence' at our bow, guiding us through foggy and unfamiliar waters."

stay, it allows for a longer mainsail boom and frequently eliminates the need for running backstays. It provides a more practical lead angle for the mizzen sheet for a ketch or yawl. On our schooner, the mainsail extends all the way to the stern of the boat, with the bumpkin keeping the permanent backstay well out of the way (see photo on Page 46).

For years we looked for a retirement boat that would fill our specs until we happened to stumble across our little schooner design from the board of Ted Brewer. It meets our needs completely, and seems appropriate for our vintage years. When we sail by with everything up, people turn to watch or take pictures. With that gray-haired and bearded character at the wheel, they probably think it's an apparition from the past. After all, how often do you see a small schooner with bowsprit, wood blocks, figurehead, belaying pins, and bumpkin? 

Don is a Good Old Boat contributing editor. He holds a USCG captain's license and is a frequent contributor to boating magazines. He built his traditionally rigged schooner from a bare hull and keeps it next to his home on a waterway off Barnegat Bay on the New Jersey coast.



Wedging the mast

An acquaintance raised the question concerning those little wedges that hold the mast in column on many boats. On a recent sail in blustery conditions, the wedges on his boat worked loose and fell into the cabin. He wanted to know how to prevent this from happening again.

An area of boat maintenance that is often overlooked is where a keel-stepped mast passes through the deck. Perhaps the boatyard takes care of this when the mast is stepped. But don't count on it. In my case, the yard stuck the mast in the boat, attached the shrouds, tightened them sufficiently so the mast would stay in place, and left the rest for me to do when the boat was in the slip.

I was left with tuning the rigging and the more pressing job of wedging the mast. If the mast is not wedged snugly it will "work" or flex under the varying loads on the sails. This flexing can weaken the mast. The common solution is to drive rubber wedges between the mast and the flange (a turned-up edge around the hole where the mast passes through the deck). On my boat this flange is 3 inches high.

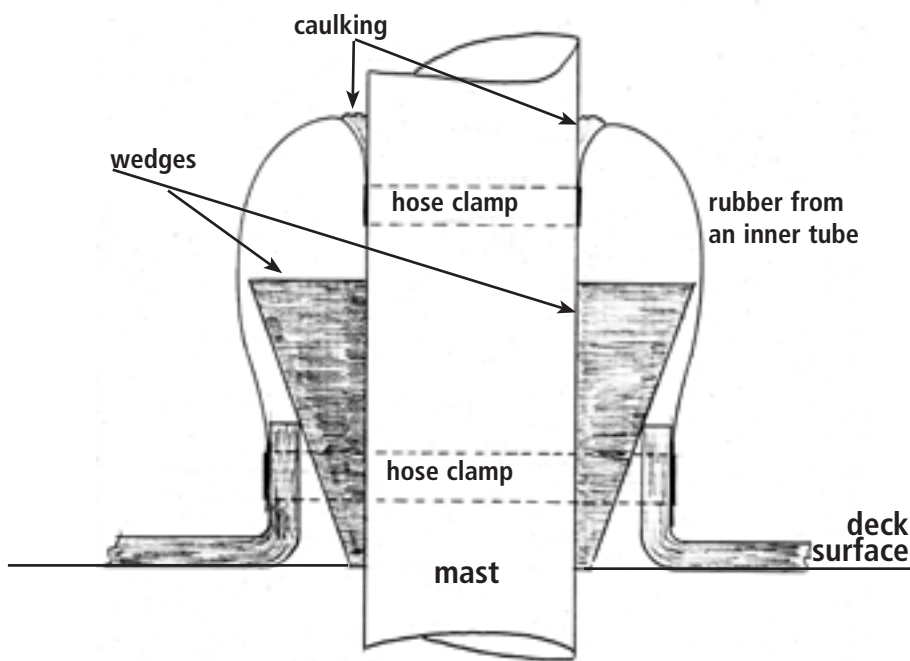
A newer technique is to use Spartite. After placing a temporary bottom or floor below deck around the mast in the overhead, Spartite liquid is poured around the mast from above. After this liquid hardens, the temporary bottom is removed, the mast is held in place, and leaks are prevented. The precaution to observe in using Spartite is to be sure that the area between the mast and the deck flange

has a slight taper outward toward the top

of the mast. If it does not or is tapered the opposite way, it will be difficult or impossible to remove the mast without chiseling the Spartite out, as it adheres tenaciously to the mast. With the proper taper, the Spartite will come out with the mast and can be reused when the mast is re-stepped.

by **Norman Ralph**

A small project that brings satisfaction and pride



Time-honored

I use the time-honored rubber wedges on our boat. Since I bought our boat as a project boat, it didn't come with wedges. So I went to a store that carried rubber products of all types and purchased a piece of rubber mat from their scrap supply. (Shore hardness 40 to 50 is good.) This material was a foot square and 2 inches thick. With

the mast centered in the hole in the cabintop, I had approximately 1¼ to 1½ inches between the mast and the flange around the hole. I marked and cut the rubber, using a band saw, into wedges approximately 2½ inches at one end tapering to ¼ inch at the other end (see sketch on Page 50). The wedges were

approximately 6 inches long. The piece of rubber yielded 16 wedges, far more than needed for the boat.

I tuned the rig first and then loosely placed four wedges, one on each side of the mast. Then I used a rubber mallet (you could use a piece of wood and a hammer) to drive the wedges in tight. Be sure to drive them evenly, each a little bit at a time, alternating sides. This will ensure that the mast stays straight. After the mast is securely wedged, drive in an additional wedge on each side adjacent to the first ones. More can be installed if desired, although it might be overkill.

To prevent water from leaking below, I went to a tire store and purchased a truck-sized inner tube. A used one will work as well as a new one. In this day

About that rig . . .

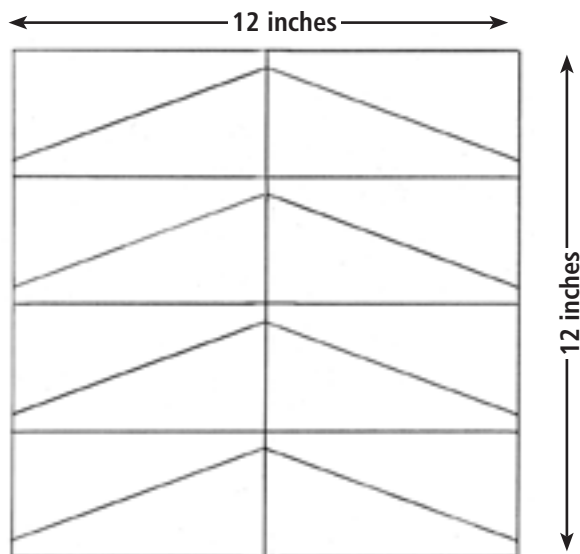
- Record rig “tune” before you pull the mast.
- Record location of any shims between the mast and the step.
- Tune the rig fore and aft and side to side before wedging the mast.
- Some kinds of rigs may benefit from wedges fore and aft as well.

Refer to *Illustrated Sail and Rig Tuning* by Ivar Dedekam for details on rig tuning.

of tubeless tires, inner tubes are harder to find. I cut the inner tube into a piece approximately 12 inches wide and a length equal to the perimeter of the flange on the deck around the mast plus several inches. Using a large stainless-steel hose clamp, I wrapped the rubber from the inner tube around the mast with the bottom of the rubber approximately 8 inches above the deck. I fastened the bottom of the rubber securely with the hose clamp. Then I folded the rubber down over the hose clamp and over the deck flange. I attached a second

hose clamp, securing the rubber to the deck flange. If you can't get long enough hose clamps, hook two or more clamps together to get the proper length. Using a tube of silicone caulking and a caulking gun, I liberally caulked the top of the rubber where it folds back over the top hose clamp next to the mast. This will keep water from seeping down the mast past the rubber and hose clamp.

To cover up the unsightly black rubber boot, I took a rectangular piece of Sunbrella to match the canvas on the boat and hemmed it on all four sides (*see sketch below*). After hemming, the piece was approximately 12 inches by 1½ times the perimeter of the bottom of the rubber boot. I stitched a 3-foot piece of ⅛-inch Dacron line on the outside of each long side of the canvas close to one end. The



Cutting the wedges. Yield: 16 wedges.

canvas was then wrapped around the rubber boot, the end without the Dacron line placed first and overlapping itself to ensure complete coverage. Then I wrapped the Dacron line around the cover and tied it with a square knot.

This completely covers the rubber boot and leaves a waterproof, yet attractive, finished look. The silicone sealant is also protected from deterioration from the sun.

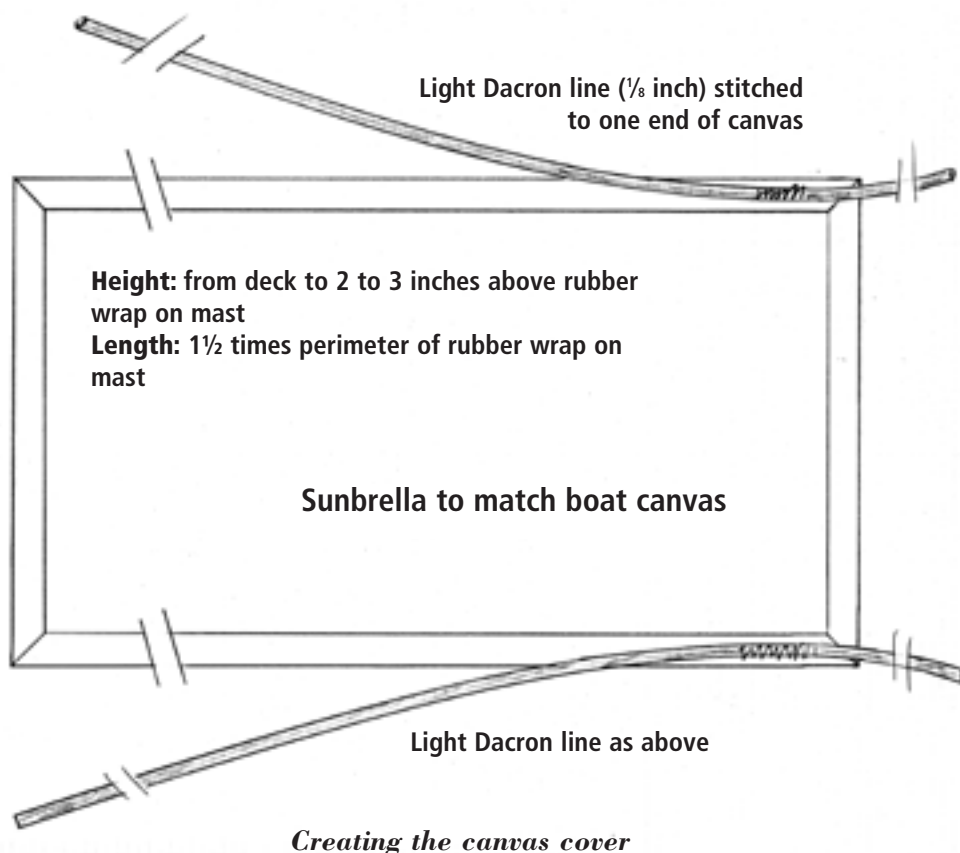
When pulling the mast, all that is needed is to remove the canvas cover and the bottom hose clamp. When the mast is pulled, the wedges will come loose and can be collected for reuse.

This is not a high-tech project, but it is one that will give much satisfaction and pride. And that is part of the enjoyment of owning a boat.



A 1988 trip to the Gulf Coast exposed Norman and his wife, Jeanette, to year-round sailing and sowed the

seeds that initiated early retirement and a move to Lake Pontchartrain in Louisiana. Norman is able to rest in peace knowing his boat won't leak (at the mast anyway).



Harvesting the bounty of the seas



A cruising chef shares sound advice and delicious recipes for sailors

Sailor Michael Greenwald has created a marvelous cookbook featuring the sea's rich and varied bounty and offering menus using ingredients that will remain fresh on long passages. Over the next year we'll share bits and pieces from his Cruising Chef Cookbook (Paradise Cay Publications, 1996). Our focus will be on recognizing, obtaining, cleaning, and cooking these treasures.

Michael's book is spiced with delightful illustrations by Rebecca Thomson and Michael's own poetic prose about the sailing lifestyle. We don't have room to share all the recipes, let alone his marvelous musings. Pick up a copy for yourself and see what we mean. These excerpts are offered as a how-to for those who would enjoy the gifts of the oceans they sail.

The first thing to note is that recipes for mussels, oysters, and clams are somewhat interchangeable, as are recipes for scallops, surf clams, and pen shell mussels. In addition, excellent variety can be achieved by mixing one or more different species together. Almost invariably, each complements the other, and everyone compliments the cook.

Clams

Steamers, longneck, or soft-shelled clams

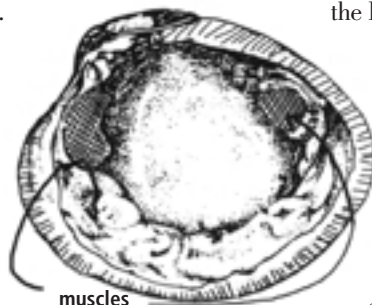
Longneck clams are found in Atlantic waters as far south as Cape Hatteras. The leathery "neck" contains both of the clam's siphons. Longnecks live just below the sand surface in the intertidal zone. They are gathered commercially by the millions, while many more are collected by

amateurs for home consumption. The demand is greater than the natural supply; for this reason commercial farms raise them by the ton.

Longnecks are hunted at low tide by watching for the telltale squirt as the clam, detecting your advance, hastily withdraws his siphon. When a relatively larger number of squirts indicate a concentration of clams, turn the sand back and collect the mollusks. When plentiful, they may be collected by the quart or the bushel basket.

The largest, four to five inches long, is just as sweet and delicious as the smallest.

Longnecks are sandy clams and should be washed several times in a bucket. Change the water a few times and agitate the clams to loosen clinging sand. Then soak them for a day in a mixture of sea water and corn meal. Finally, serve a small cup of clam juice with each portion of long necks. The diner may then swirl each clam in the juice to free it of the last bits of sand.



Opening a clam

Longnecks may be eaten raw by slitting the rubbery "skin" along the edge of the shell, shucking off the tough neck, and dipping it in cocktail sauce. We have always preferred them steamed, allowing about one quart or more of clams per person. Serve them with a cup of clam nectar, some

melted butter, a few seafood fritters on the side, and cold beer or a big jug of lemonade. After longnecks have been degrittled, they may be used in all of the recipes calling for sweet, tender clams. Longnecks are great for clambakes.

Little clams

Little clams are tender and just need a little steaming. Big clams may need to be ground or eviscerated and pounded. Use the little clams, or tenderized big

ones, in soups and chowders; tougher ones in

Mrs. Kelly's Clam

Pancakes, or grind, add hot peppers and onion, batter, and fry. You can also just cut them into thin strips, dip in egg and milk, double bread, and fry.

Opening clams: To open fresh clams, use a clam or butter knife, place it on the shell lips and tap with a hammer until the knife blade forces a slight opening. Slip in with a thin, sharp knife and cut the incredibly tough abductor muscles. Clam abductor muscles are located on either side of the shell toward the rear, so don't go hewing around inside the shell with your knife. Never try to break away the lips of a clam or cockle as the shell usually fractures, leaving shell fragments in the meat. Open over a bowl to catch the juice. Chill before opening.

Steamed clams

Any clam can be served steamed, but the guide to good eating is to use only the smallest ones, such as cherrystones, or the most tender species, such as razor clams, and grind the rest. If your

steamed clams do turn out to be made of old golf balls, don't throw them out. Grind and use them for fritters.

Place ½ inch of water or wine in the bottom of the pot and dump in the clams. Close the lid and steam for about 15 minutes, or until all of the clams are open. Do not overcook; this toughens the meat. Serve with hot melted butter.

Mrs. Kelly's Clam Pancakes

Mrs. Kelly called these clam fritters, but they resemble potato pancakes.

Combine:

3 medium potatoes, grated and squeezed
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1 large onion, grated and squeezed
1 cup breading mix or cracker meal
1 teaspoon salt and pepper
2 tablespoons baking powder
2 cups clams, ground or well chopped

To prepare: Make into patties about two inches in diameter and no more than ½ inch thick. Fry in vegetable oil until potatoes are quite brown. Drain or blot excess oil and serve immediately.

Clambake

Some of the best seafood we have eaten was cooked at a clambake. All you really need for a clambake are lots of clams and potatoes, but all sorts of delicious things *can* be added. Traditionally, a pit about 18 inches deep is dug in the sand and lined with flat rocks or bricks. The pit requires 8 to 10 pounds of rocks per square foot. A big fire is built and allowed to burn for at least an hour, adding fuel steadily to make a good bed of coals. When the coals are ready, sweep them toward the edges of the pit to expose the hot rocks. Add a 6-inch layer of seaweed or chopped lettuce.

Add food to the pit in a single layer. Brush small or medium potatoes with oil or butter, wrap in foil, pierce many times with a fork and place on the stones, close to the coals. Corn on the husk also goes here. Fish is usually cut into individual portions and wrapped in foil. Chopped vegetables, such as summer squash and tomatoes, are often enclosed with the fish. If live crabs are on the menu, they should be contained in a mesh sack. Place whole fish that have been gutted and scaled directly on the clams or crabs. Traditionally, the fish are wrapped in banana leaves to make handling easier. You can use foil, but leaves are much better.

After you have added the food, cover it with a 4-inch layer of seaweed. The briny steam from seaweed enhances the flavor of the food. Clean, wet burlap sacks are placed on top of the seaweed to close the

pit and contain the steam and heat. Allow at least three hours for steaming. Resist the temptation to peek. As soon as the pit is opened and the food removed, turn the seaweed back, sweep the coals over all and throw on more wood. You will need heat to toast those marshmallows and to burn the used plates. Be sure to have a big pot of melted butter, coleslaw, and lots of cold drinks on hand.

Oysters

Grill oysters, open, and squirt in chili sauce, salsa, or a few drops of lemon, butter, and hot sauce. Use grilled oysters in other recipes such as Oysters Rockefeller.

Opening oysters:

Scrub the shell briskly with a brush. Position the oyster with the rounded side down on a chopping block so as much juice (called liquor) as possible will be retained. Use a cloth or oven mitt to protect your hand. Use an oyster knife that has a little diamond-shaped blade. The point does the initial opening job. You can also use a small, good-quality screwdriver. Insert the point into the hinge of the shell and twist until the hinge separates. Slip a thin knife into the shell, and cut the single abductor muscle, toward the front of the shell.

If it's not possible to open the oyster in this fashion, break off a piece of the oyster's shell at the lips big enough for the entry of a thin knife. Wash away the broken shell fragments. Slip in the knife, pressing toward the top of the flat shell and cut the single muscle that holds the oyster together. Remove the flat shell and cut the muscle where it is attached to the lower shell. Be careful not to lose too much of the liquor. Examine the meat for debris caused by your forced entry.

Fried Oysters

Pat oysters dry, double dip them in egg and bread crumbs, and fry a minute or two in hot oil. Pat dry.

Oysters Rockefeller

Oysters Rockefeller are traditionally made by first grilling (or steaming) the oysters open. The meat is then lifted, and

a bed of hot spinach is slipped beneath. The oyster is then breaded and grilled. You can also make this dish by using jarred fresh oysters and making the dish in an oven casserole.

12 oysters

1 package frozen spinach or 2 pounds fresh spinach, thoroughly washed

¼ cup butter

½ cup bread crumbs

½ cup slivered almonds

½ lemon juice

1 cup sour cream

3 tablespoons

horseradish

salt and pepper

To prepare:

Steam oysters open and reserve. Boil a large pot of water and parboil fresh spinach for one minute. Drain, chop, squeeze, and reserve. If using frozen spinach, defrost, drain, and warm. Sauté almonds in butter until golden, add almonds to spinach; add a sprinkle of lemon, salt, and pepper. Make a bed of spinach and slip on oysters.

Brush oysters with butter. Grill until oysters are just sizzling, but do not let edges curl. Sprinkle on bread crumbs and brown. The object is to slightly dry and toughen the oyster, but not much.

The sauce: Mix horseradish, lemon juice, sour cream, salt, pepper, and warm. Just warm. Pour sauce over all and serve.

Mussels

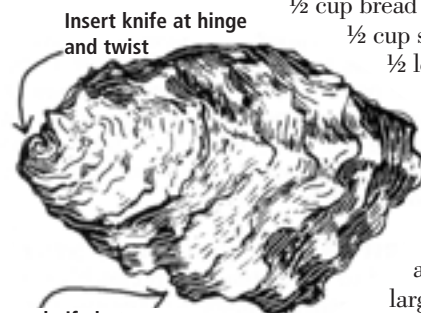
Some mussel bodies are white, some are orange. Both are perfectly edible.

Mussels are very tender and full of flavor. They are excellent just steamed open and dipped in butter or sauce. Mussel soup and stews are also a delight, and the fine meat is a good addition to seafood Newburg.

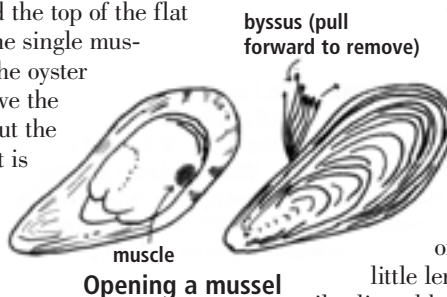
Mussels can be eaten on the half shell with a little lemon juice. A knife is easily slipped between the lips and drawn toward the muscle, which is approximately opposite the beard.

Cleaning mussels

Mussels should be bearded by pulling the beard toward the front of the shell. The beard is a web of fine golden-brown threads called byssus, which they secrete to anchor themselves to the surrounding rocks and other mussels. This golden thread is remarkably tough. The shell should be scrubbed with a brush.



Opening an oyster



Opening a mussel

Sea snails

Conch

There are a number of different varieties of conch (pronounced “konk”). This is a huge, snail-like mollusk, most of which are found in the warm Atlantic and Pacific waters and in the Indian Ocean. All are edible *except the huge horse conch, really a giant whelk*, which may exceed 18 inches in length (*refer to illustration on Page 54*). Conch are slow-moving bottom feeders that live in shallow water on sand or grass. Their huge shells are easily spotted when snorkeling, and there is no trick to finding them. Where there is one, there are a million. Where there are none, you may not see them for days.

Most conch are timid and retreat into their shells when handled. But there are several small (three- to four-inch) varieties called fighting conch that don't know this and will attack you aggressively when you pick them up. You may well wonder how an overgrown snail can move to the attack. It's best we tell you before you find out the hard way.

All conch have a horny covering on their foot, called an operculum. It is pointed at one end, rather sharp, and covered with mucus. The conch will take one look at your hand and spear you with its operculum so severely (though fortunately not with lightning speed) that you will immediately forget all about conch fritters and begin thinking about first aid. The best defense is to hold the creature in its shell by placing your thumb over the flat part of the operculum.

Your next problem is getting the darned thing out of its shell — no easy task for the uninitiated. There is no way to pull the conch from its shell. It is a far better puller than you are and always wins this game. Breaking the shell with a rock is also a loser's game unless you don't mind dropping a boulder on your dinner and picking the pieces of shell from the mess.

There is, in fact, only one reasonable way to separate the conch from his home: grab the operculum and attach a pair of Vise-Grips to it. This will prevent the conch from pulling far back into its shell and make removal from the shell much easier. Hold the shell in the left hand, with the opening downward and the spiral toward you. It is better to work somewhere other than on the boat, as the shell and slime tends to fly everywhere. Using the claw of a hammer, make a slit in the shell between the third and fourth spiral. Rinse the slit. Using a small knife with a narrow blade, cut the tendon which holds the conch in its shell. The tendon is beneath

About shellfish

Selection

Shellfish sold in developed countries are usually cultured (grown commercially) and are therefore safe to eat. Wild shellfish are traditionally eaten raw during the cold months, although there is no particular time of year when a mollusk becomes poisonous. Shellfish poisoning (caused by warm-water shellfish ingesting organisms during warm months that are harmless to the shellfish but toxic to humans) is a rare phenomenon.

Since shellfish obtain their food by filtering debris from water, they should only be taken from areas where the water is clean. When shellfish are taken close to populated areas, there is some risk of infection from cholera during the summer and from hepatitis. Cholera is killed by cooking. Hepatitis infection from shellfish is exceedingly rare but the virus is killed only by pressure cooking. Some people eviscerate mollusks and wash away their dark intestinal material, which is the location of harmful bacteria if any are present.

Bivalves that “clam up” should be purchased closed, or they should close quickly when handled. Those that do not close are dead. Do not let the fishmonger tell you they are “breathing.” I assure you they have breathed their last. Fresh shellfish should be bursting with juice. Tap one against the other and reject any that sound hollow. Avoid any that have big cracks or broken shells.

Cleaning

All bivalves should be scrubbed and made as clean as possible with a stiff brush prior to cooking.

Degritting

All bivalves taste better if they're allowed to sit six hours (or preferably overnight) in a generous amount of sea water onto which has been sprinkled a half a cup of corn meal. The mollusks will consume the cornmeal and eject their intestinal grit. This is important when preparing surf clams, quahogs, and steamers because their intestines are particularly gritty. If you don't have the time to feed them corn meal, the soft stomach portion of larger mollusks can be cut open and the grit washed away.

Storage

Live bivalves will last a long time if placed in a bucket and hung in the sea. Do not put them in a cloth or mesh sack and hang the sack over the side, since shellfish-eating rays and sharks will make short work of them.

Shellfish can be kept refrigerated at about 50°F. Do not store mollusks in a closed plastic bag; they will smother. Storage on ice kills them. They do best stored, lips-up, in an open tray covered by a towel soaked in salt water.

Refrigerated mollusk meat

Fresh, shelled mollusks (such as oysters) also come in refrigerator cans or jars. These may be stored directly on the ice or in a refrigerator at 35° to 40°F for about four days. No more. The important thing to remember is that you store the meat in its own liquor or, in any event, never rinse them until you are ready to use them. Regarding the danger of spoilage, let your nose be the guide. If they smell rank, don't eat them.

Regardless of how the mollusk is prepared, whether it is tough or delicate, the liquor inside its shell is tasty and should not be discarded. It can be used to make fish sauces.

Canned shellfish

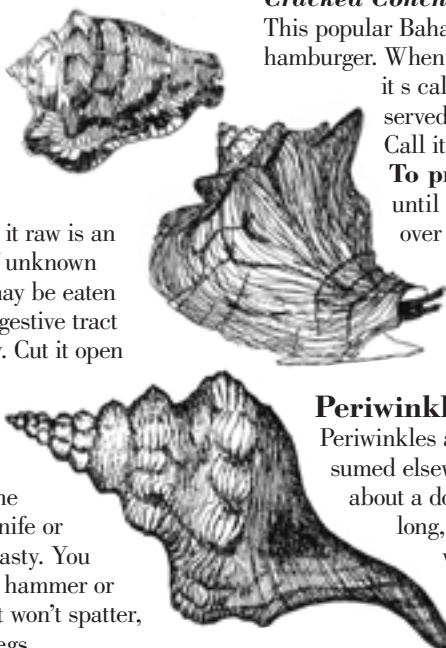
Smoked shellfish such as oysters and mussels packed in oil are the pinnacle of canned cuisine, if there is such a thing. They are loaded with flavor and have a quite acceptable consistency. They do wonderfully as hors d'oeuvres and can also be scrambled into eggs, or tossed on a pizza. Get some.

Shellfish packed in natural juice suffer from the cooking necessary to sterilize them. They are already wounded in flavor, so treat them gently. Never wash canned shellfish since this reduces the flavor. They are used most successfully in recipes where they do not have to be cooked at all or where they can be introduced once the food has been cooked. A little lemon juice often will improve their flavor. Canned or bottled clam juice holds up well and can be added without hesitation wherever clam juice is called for.

the meat. It is a broad flat sheet that lies against the pink center column, extending several inches into the shell. Slip a knife into the slit beneath the meat and cut the tendon completely. The conch can be removed from the shell with a slight pull. If it will not come out, the tendon is not completely cut. Resist the temptation to force the conch free by pulling with the Vise-Grips. The operculum is brittle and easily broken.

Kill the conch with a scooping cut which removes the eye stalks and snout. Do not delay as the conch is now thoroughly irritated and can secrete an amazing amount of slime. Cut away the guts and the colorful orange-yellow mantle. Feel the mantle for conch pearls before discarding it. Some people save the mantle for fritters but eating it raw is an acquired taste. The clear rubbery "style," of unknown function, looking like a piece of spaghetti, may be eaten raw but doesn't have much flavor. A short digestive tract runs from the snout to the center of the body. Cut it open and wash the meat.

The dark, tough skin must now be removed, a slimy and difficult job. Absorb the slime with corn meal. Make a series of slits through the skin radiating away from the operculum. Pull the skin off with a butter knife or pliers. Conch meat is extremely tough, but tasty. You will have to either beat it with a tenderizing hammer or grind it. Put the meat into a plastic bag so it won't spatter, and pound it with a meat hammer until it begs for mercy. Wash the meat and your tools in vinegar. The conch is now ready for use.



Hawkwing conch, queen conch and the inedible horse conch

Storing live conch: Live conch will last a day out of water if kept cool and wet. Islanders collect bunches of conch, tapping a hole in the lip of each shell, tying them together, and throwing them over the side at night. The conch all try to go in different directions (like some sailors we know) and, therefore, go nowhere.

Cracked Conch

This popular Bahamian recipe is the West Indies' answer to the hamburger. When one fried conch is served on a hamburger bun, it's called a conchburger. When two fried conchs are served on a plate they are called "cracked conch." Call it what you like, the taste is great.

To prepare: Thoroughly pound a cleaned conch until tender. Rinse in salt water and sprinkle all over with lemon juice. Dust thoroughly with flour. Pan fry in a half-inch of vegetable oil until golden. Serve as hamburger with some garnishes or on a plate with a side dish of potato salad.

Periwinkles and turban shells

Periwinkles are not popular in the U.S., but are eagerly consumed elsewhere (see illustration on Page 56). There are about a dozen varieties of winkles, the largest two inches long, about twice the bulk of a land snail. These are very tasty but tough little devils and need some cooking to arrive at the chewy but pleasant consistency needed for eating. Since they are usually free for the taking along any rocky shore, the price is certainly right.

To prepare: Rinse and simmer winkles

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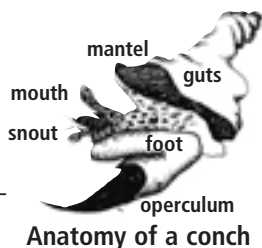
in their shells for 20 minutes in salted water (about two tablespoons per quart with a generous pinch of bouquet garni). The salt helps shrivel the meat to improve texture and facilitate its removal from the shell. Remove and trim away the gut end.

Pressure-cook the winks in a little ($\frac{2}{3}$ -cup) simmering broth for 20 minutes. Sprinkle in a little finely chopped green onion, carrot shavings, and a shot of sherry. Strain the solids and reserve. Thicken the broth. Serve over rice with the winks.

Land snails

French vineyard snails pay for their gluttony when they become the dinner rather than the diner in the fall during the grape harvest. In France, wild snails are seasonal. Traditionally, wild snails are first starved for a few days to rid them of plant material that is harmless to them but toxic to people. The snails operculate or "clam up" by withdrawing into their shells and sealing themselves in with a mucus that dries into a translucent membrane. This sealed state indicates that they are safe to eat. The snails are ready to eat just about the time the Beaujolais Nouveau is ready to drink. Snail eating is therefore associated with the harvest.

No one, certainly not those gastropod lovers, the French, would be satisfied to eat snails just once a year. Farm-raised snails are available year-round. Farm snails are fed lettuce and vegetables, then fresh herbs. Next they are whisked off to market. They're sold in mesh sacks that allow them to breathe and be hosed down. These are lively little devils. Do not give a bag of them a chance to get away. You will find all of them, but you'll find the last few by smell. Be sure the lively snails you buy really are farm fed and not "just out of the woods." Ask.



Sea snails do not operculate but should be withdrawn into their shells and withdraw even further when handled. Snails that hang out of their shells and do not withdraw vigorously when handled should be avoided.

To prepare: Wash in lukewarm water and soak them for several hours in salty water with vinegar and a pinch of flour. Then blanch them for five minutes in heavily salted water. Allow them to cool and remove them from their shells. Simmer in a saucepan containing enough white wine and stock to cover them. Add a big bouquet garni, several cloves of garlic, some carrots, and onions. Add one teaspoon salt. Simmer three hours or pressure-cook 18 minutes. Slow cooking is better. Allow to cool. Remove the black end of the guts.

In the classic recipe, the shells are cleaned and herb butter is pushed in, followed by the snails. This is a huge pain in the transom. They can also be served very elegantly on toast.

Snails on toast

- 4 slices bread
- 3 tablespoons oil
- 3 tablespoons anchovies mashed in 3 tablespoons olive oil, plus a clove of garlic
- 4 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound grated cheese
- a garnish — any combination: roasted peppers, asparagus, sliced olives, artichoke caps, etc.
- 3 cups cooked snails
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 1 egg
- 1 cup cream garlic to taste

To prepare: Lightly fry the toast in a little oil and butter.

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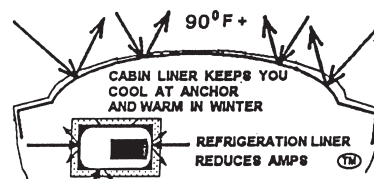
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Scrape on a light layer of anchovy paste. Add a light layer of grated cheese, like Parmesan, and melt. Add toppings. Sauté in snail pot (without snails) 10 minutes with butter, finely chopped onion, oregano, pepper, and as much garlic as you dare. Add snails. Turn down heat and add one egg mixed in ½ cup of cream and a little lemon juice. Stir furiously, until thick. Serve over toast. Sprinkle sherry over all.

Octopus

The octopus found at fish shops inhabits shallow water and never exceeds a few feet from tentacle to tentacle. Sailors' fables tell about huge monsters of the deep that attack whole ships, grappling them with their vicious tentacles, and pulling them down to Davy Jones' locker. The famous giant-octopus episode in Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* makes even the most sensible of us wonder if the sea harbors these fantastic creatures.

Late one night, alone on deck, I heard a commotion in the sea nearby. I switched on our powerful cockpit light to see what was about. Suddenly the water just astern seemed to boil, a huge octopus rose from the sea and seemed to float just above the waves; its arms splayed wildly. It glared balefully into the beam of light. Then, with a splash, it was gone. My hair stood right up on my head as I reached down the companionway for a pistol, but by then there was only the moonlight, the gentle swell, and the sparkle of the sea. In the morning I realized that the monster I had seen was certainly a deepwater octopus, surely not more than four to six feet from tentacle to tentacle, not big enough to suck even a dinghy under.

Incidentally, a small, blue-speckled Pacific octopus usually found around the coasts of Australia is venomous and very deadly but not poisonous to eat.

Killing, cleaning: Most fisherman pick these beasts up by their tentacles. Be careful not to get close to the beak (which is sharp and often venomous but usually not deadly). Beat it a few times on the gunwale or hit it with a hammer between the eyes. Do not let an octopus linger on the spear or in the dinghy; it may escape and, in any event, get very tough if allowed to live wounded.

To prepare: When the octopus is dead, slit the hood, remove the viscera, and pop off the beak. Chill, cut the tentacles into very thin rounds, and beat each one

lightly. If not beaten, the octopus provides the toughest meat you have ever tasted. The meat can be further tenderized by marinating for a few hours in an acid marinade.

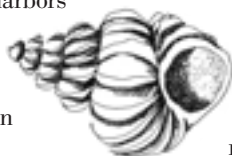
After tenderizing, but before cooking, trim away the tough skin and tentacles. Poach the octopus for 2 or 3 minutes in ½ cup of vinegar and enough water to cover it. The octopus is now ready for use. You can also boil the whole tentacle for 20 minutes, cool, chill, and slice paper thin. These wafers may be served with a horseradish sauce.

Uses of octopus

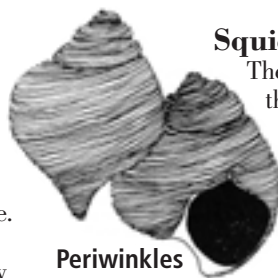
Octopus is mollusk-like in flavor and when ground (raw) may be substituted for tender mollusks in any recipe, including chowder, fritters, Newburgs, or casseroles.

Octoburgers

Cut oblique one-inch slices of the tentacle near its base. Beat with a meat hammer until the thickness is reduced by half. Soak in wine and vinegar and garlic for an hour. Pat dry. Flour or batter and fry. You can also fry them in butter and oil over low heat.



Turban shell



Periwinkles

Squid

The mysterious squid is a mollusk that carries its vestigial shell in the shape of a small spear-shaped plate inside its body. One species, called a "cuttlefish," has a thick, pronounced plate but is otherwise just as tasty as other varieties.

Squid are usually not encountered by the individual in sufficient numbers to make their capture worthwhile; they are usually netted by trawlers. Once, however, in the mid-Atlantic, we heard a huge rain squall approaching, yet the sky was clear. Suddenly, with a dull roar, the water churned all around us and hundreds of tiny shapes shot into the air. Some even hit the sail. We found, to our astonishment, that they were little squid, so intensely engrossed in mating that they did not resist even when picked up and slipped into a bucket of water.

Becalmed one evening in the middle of a transatlantic passage, I sat in the cockpit watching the stars, occasionally disturbed by an elusive noise which I finally realized was the occasional click of my fishing reel. I had neglected to reel in the trolling line — the lure was hanging several hundred feet beneath the glowing stern light.

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The line had some sort of dead weight on it. It offered no struggle as I reeled it in, making me think I had hooked a big plastic bag. To my amazement, out of the water came an unusual squid, a brilliant, angry red in color, perhaps three feet long, thicker than a man's leg and weighing perhaps 30 pounds.

As I attempted to pull it over the transom by the leader, it took one look at me with enormous eyes and squirted me in the face and chest with a powerful acid, and quick as lightning wrapped a tentacle around my hand and pulled with amazing force, nearly taking me over the side. I screamed in pain from the acid, struggled free, and rushed to the sink to wash my face. By the time the pain was gone, my woolen sweater had burned away where the acid had hit it. I returned to the deck and cut the line. That squid was the winner, not the dinner!

Squid, in our opinion, ranks right up at the top of the list of fine seafoods, and it is usually the cheapest; it is easy to prepare, is pure protein, and is worthy of consideration by any cruising gourmet. The Europeans, who treat squid with much reverence, have a variety of fancy recipes, including cooking the squid in its own ink. In Thai cooking, squid is first scored with a sharp knife. Scoring makes the squid roll up when cooked. The scored meat is then cut into pieces an inch long, poached and served in a spicy sauce. The rolled pieces tend to hold the sauce. We love squid and clams poached in a pan with the squid thrown on top of the clams. The squid and the clams still in their shells are mixed with a white sauce made with their juice or spicy marinara and tossed onto pasta. Squid is also excellent dipped in milk, then cracker crumbs, and deep-fried.

Cleaning squid: Pull off the semi-transparent membrane that serves as the skin. Separate the head and legs from the body. Separate the legs from the head

by cutting just below the eyes. Pop off the beak at the center of the tentacles and save the tentacles. Squeeze out the intestines. Pull out the cuttle bone and rinse everything. If the squid is bigger than 12 inches, it should be beaten to make it tender.


Fried Squid (Calimari Frite)

To prepare:

Slice the hood-like body into rings. Pat dry and shake rings and tentacles in a bag with seasoned flour. Sauté in vegetable oil for about five minutes or until golden. Do not overcook as it toughens the meat.

Seafood fritters

Go heavy on seafood and light on the batter. The batter is simply used to bind the pieces of fish together and to cover them with a pleasing, crispy coat.

To prepare: Make two to three cups of prepared seafood into 16 little mounds. The mounds must cling together; a small amount of flour may be dusted over seafood to assist in this process. Immerse seafood in batter, coating thoroughly. Transfer coated seafood to small skillet containing one half-inch of very hot vegetable oil. Fry until golden brown, turning occasionally. 



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Catchy oarlocks

We bought a pair of gleaming gunmetal oarlocks for our dinghy and were immediately presented with a brain-teaser.

Our old oarlocks were rough galvanized affairs with plastic hose jammed over the jaws as anti-chafe material. They looked nasty, and we'd never had any qualms about throwing them in the bottom of the dinghy when we went ashore — anyone desperate enough to steal 'em deserved to have 'em!

The new oarlocks, however, were a different matter. We decided they must be easy to remove from their sockets, both in daylight or darkness, so we could carry them with us when we leave the dinghy. On the other hand, we need a way of retaining the oarlocks while rowing, as it's quite common for a rebellious oar to yank one out of its socket and attempt to dispose of it into the briny. Most importantly, our retainer must look tasteful, or why have bronze oarlocks in the first place?

After a few days of head-scratching, we came up with an answer. At the base of each oarlock is a small hole. We threaded a length of fine venetian-blind


cord through the hole then through a short piece of 1/8-inch copper tube and tied the two ends together. The length of the cord needs to be three or four times the length of the tube, which in turn needs to be about 1/2 inch longer than the socket/socket block.

To fit the oarlock, pull the copper tube and rowlock apart on the cord loop, so that they are in line. Thread

by Niki Perryman

the tube down through the socket — child's play, even on the darkest night — and guide the oarlock into place. Then slide the tube along the cord until it sits at 90 degrees to the shank, with an equal length of cord each side.

When you jerk the oarlock out of its socket, the two sides of the loop take up simultaneously, and the tube stays horizontal, stopping against the underside of the socket. To remove the oarlock, slide the tube in line with the

shank, hold the bottom of the tube and the top of the oarlock apart to keep the cord straight, and pull the whole assembly up through the socket. 

Niki and her partner, Jamie Morrison, left Australia in 1992 to cruise in their 35-foot Lion-class sloop, Siandra. Maine, where they hauled Siandra for repairs, was their port of call this summer. Then they chased the sun south.



Heresy? Perhaps, but Bill's

The big doghouse windows — two on each side — leaked, I thought.

Probably every sailboat has a leak here and there, but these seemed to be sneaky leaks. They never leaked into the cabin. They leaked in between the deck and the liner. The water ran into a bowl in the cabinet under the deck. Considerate of it to do this ...but still very annoying.

In due course I removed the windows and caulked them with marine multi-caulk. But water ran into the bowls, port and starboard.

Next I tried caulking the toerail on the theory that ...well, don't even ask.

Then I decided to remove the windows and re-caulk them. The never-harden always-flexible marine multi-caulk was as hard as a rock. I'd have to break them to remove them, and I don't even know who made them in the first place. Not a good idea on a 23-year-old boat.

So I went to Home Depot and bought a cartridge of "Guaranteed 35-year,

clean-up-with-water latex acrylic caulk." I caulked the perimeter of the windows with the latex caulk. Water still ran into the bowl.

I decided it must be the portlights forward of the windows. There

was nowhere left to leak, unless it was coming through the deck. I removed all four portlight trim rings and found that they were caulked, in places, but not completely around, with white silicone rubber. In the aft upper corner of each

by Bill Sandifer



by Niki Perryman


Safe oar sorry

At a friendly seaside town in Wales — the last place you'd expect to have problems — one of our oars disappeared from the dinghy while we were enjoying a walk ashore. It was a particularly annoying theft since, to the derision of many a fellow yachting, we've always been scrupulous about locking our dinghy ashore no matter how respectable the area. Not that *Siandra's* tender is especially smart or valuable (as one cruiser said to us: "Blimey, if I was going to nick a dinghy, I certainly wouldn't choose yours!") but it does the job, it fits the space between *Siandra's* mast and doghouse, and it happens to be uninsured.

If someone did pinch it, they would cause us a great deal of expense




and inconvenience, which seems a sufficiently good reason to throw a wire



strop around the thwart and padlock it to a nearby railing (or whatever we can find). Our oarlocks are easily removed, so we never leave them in the dinghy, and the oars ... well, we were working on an idea for those just as we sailed into a certain Welsh harbor.

Needless to say, we now have a device for securing them to the dinghy seat. It's a simple T-piece, made by welding two lengths of 12-mm stainless-steel rod together, with the arms of the T bent 90 degrees to form a pair of tight-fitting "manacles."

The tail of the T goes down between the oars through a 13-mm hole in the thwart, and a padlock fits through a hole drilled in the tail just under the thwart. The location of the padlock-hole determines how snug a fit the manacles will be: the tighter they hold the oars against the thwart, the less chance there is of someone wiggling them out; too tight, and you'll have difficulty getting the padlock shaft through the hole.

While these precautions won't stop a really determined thief, they'll certainly deter a casual opportunist or a prankster. And most importantly (since unnecessary stress breaks the first rule of cruising!) they mean we never have to worry about the dinghy when we're ashore, however questionable the area. 

dealing with it


portlight trim ring there was an open spot leading into the liner.

I'd found the leak.

But as long as I had almost a full tube of "Guaranteed 35-year, clean-up-with-water latex acrylic caulk" at \$1.66 per tube, I used it. It applied easily, cleaned up with water, and set up in about 20 minutes. Looks great, does not leak, and can be removed with a little effort.

I'm not recommending a wholesale switch from marine caulk to \$1.66 Home Depot latex acrylic caulk, but — except for 3M's 5200 — it will be a very cold

day in h--- until I use genuine marine caulk at \$10.99 per cartridge.

If the latex acrylic caulk lasts 35 years, as promised, it will outlast me. For \$1.66 a cartridge, that's not bad. In 35 years my descendants will have to worry about leaking portlights. 

Bill is a Good Old Boat contributing editor who enjoys messing about in boats. After pouring himself into reconditioning a Pearson Ariel, he's now investing heart and soul in upgrades to an Eastward Ho 31.

A “nautical” hood gasket?

Tired of tasting bilge water to see if it's fresh or salt? Puzzled by deck leaks when you've cornered the 3M 5200 market? You say your leak recurs every time your kids wash the dog in the cockpit? Say, does your boat happen to have an inboard engine?

If the answer to all of the above is yes, your leak is not in your chainplates. It's not under your hatches. It's not around the mast. It's in the cockpit engine hatch gasket.

Remove the companionway steps and look above the engine. Do you see light peeking through around the edges of the hatch? Your gasket is dead.

Oh, you replaced it last year? And what did you use? Home Depot's finest screen and storm door self-adhesive foam? That porous sponge stuff wasn't designed to keep out a gentle mist, much less standing water from clogged cockpit drains or, perish the thought, a wave in the cockpit. You can


see it squish down on your storm door. How often do you check the cockpit engine hatch gasket? Even if you installed new foam last year, it's flat as a pancake by now.

What *should* you use? Your boat manufacturer was history years ago. The OEM custom gasket is no longer available. Home Depot foam is the only thing available. Right?

Hold on. We're talking about a hatch over a motor, much like the hood on your car. Hood gasket material was designed to keep out water and wind at speed and remain flexible in temperatures that range from freezing to tropical. Cockpit engine hatches have the same requirements.

There are a number of shapes available.

They tend to be vehicle-specific. I used generic self-adhesive “Bulb Gasket.” It's a 1/8-inch tube on a 3/4-inch flange. Made of real rubber, it does not stick to

ice, remains flexible at all temperatures and will bend around 90-degree corners without bunching up. At \$29.95 for 10 feet, it costs more than Home Depot foam, but it's worth the difference. 

Peter has his head in one engine compartment or another much of the time. A Newport 27s Mk II is his engine on the water. On land his tastes run toward a 1987 Avanti coupe and a 1967 Land Rover 109. In the air he flies a Schempp Hirth Open Cirrus, a classic Open Class sailplane.


by Peter King



No more head knockers

Not all lids are made with a locking mechanism. The lids on our cockpit lazarettes come to mind. These lids are large, heavy, and awkward. Dick Thews must have grappled with them once too often. His clever modification holds the seat/lid safely open.

Dick was *Mystic's* previous owner. When we got her 10 years ago, his solution was there: a bungee cord attached to the inside of the lid slips over a winch and holds the lid open. Simple. Elegant.

Protected from the sun most of the time, the same bungee Dick installed is still there to this day. Thanks, Dick. 

Jerry is technical editor of Good Old Boat.



by Jerry Powlas

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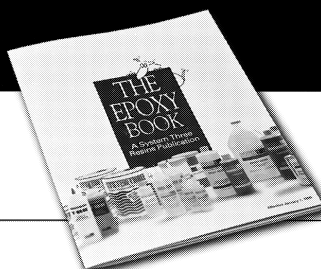
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Maintenance, make-your-own boats, madness

Latest crop of sailing books has a

The Essential Boat

Maintenance Manual, by Jeff Toghill (Lyons Press, 2001; 288 pages; \$29.95)

Review by Kevin Hughes, Key Largo, Fla.

Jeff Toghill has combined a lifetime of worldwide sailing (being an administrator and instructor at sailing and navigation schools) and vast experience as a maritime legal consultant to produce a comprehensive and valuable introduction to boat maintenance.

This book is especially attuned to someone very interested in working on boats but who may not have any previous experience in things mechanical or who may fall short of the description of craftsman, carpenter, or old salt. A key to this being an excellent book for this level of experience is the use of photographs. There is hardly a page without one, and many pages have two splendid photos illustrating a broad range of themes. Pictures of boats displaying typical or unusual features; detailed pictures of rigging, carpentry, fixtures, equipment, and procedures; pictures of boatowners, boatyard workers, sailors, and craftsmen fixing and using boats, hand tools, and power tools. Most photos show how to do something; some others (my favorites) show how *not* to do something. (Boatyard employees are not always safety conscious.)

The book starts out very basic: "Every boat is a box." It proceeds with a straightforward discussion of construction materials and how to work with them. Even specific tool use is discussed, in case the reader is not familiar with common or specialty tools. Sails and rigging have their own chapters along with engines, electronics, underwater stuff, safety gear (what good is maintaining the boat if you wreck it or yourself?), and maintenance trouble spots.

The author takes each of these subjects to a high level of understanding, with enough details to reduce the fear of trying a do-it-yourself vessel repair, improvement, or installation. He stops at a point at which more understanding or experience is required and refers the reader to professional assistance. You go in, you do what you can, and get out — nobody gets hurt. The book finishes off with a chapter detailing several common boat projects (accompanied by the same terrific photos and technical illustrations) and the obligatory glossary.

All in all, Jeff Toghill has used his vast nautical experience to produce another clear, concise, and correct book (he has published more than five dozen) that prepares a solid foundation for a new boatowner, young sailor, or perhaps sailing spouse interested in messing about in boats. Did I mention the great pictures?



New Plywood Boats, by Thomas Firth Jones (Sheridan House, 2001; 200 pages; \$19.95)

Review by Bob Chambers, La Mesa, Calif.

The perceived value of a thing changes as the technology to make it smoother and shinier changes. The author's comparison of a hand-thrown coffee mug with a new plastic one is an example of strength and integrity versus newness and endlessly repeatable perfection.

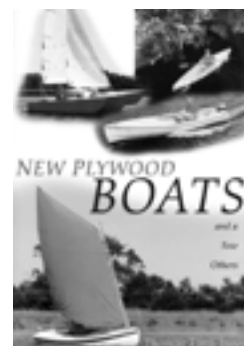
Homemade boats often appear to be well, homemade, so one must appreciate the level of heart and quality achieved in the handmade boat. Having said that, I take exception with the author's notion that boat designing and building is not an art. Separating oneself from "artist's status" does not exonerate one from the criticism that must follow the creation of something that is not artful or, worse yet in the case of a boat, ugly or unsafe. Ferenc Maté stated that he would rather see a poorly constructed ugly boat than a well-built one, for the poorly built boat would surely fall apart and disappear, sparing us from having to look at it for any longer than necessary. To all the design characteristics that make a thing artful, we must, in the case of a boat, add "purpose." The boats in this book are mostly purposeful and artful, as we can detect in the lovely *Melonseed* and *Puxe*.

Anyone considering any level of boatbuilding will want to have this book in his or her library. The author's experience in building and sailing his boats is an invaluable resource for all of us. Every discussion of a boat design includes handling characteristics, from a designer's and a practical perspective. The reader will learn much about what makes a boat strong and perform well.

There are discussions of technique included here that are just not found in most "popular" home building publications, and they are presented in a matter-of-fact style that most of us will find extremely resourceful and humorous.

Of particular interest are his discussions about different kinds of plywood, as well as other building materials. Everything imaginable in terms of building materials, including glues, epoxies, and fasteners is covered in an understandable fashion, serving to inform and to whet the appetite for further study and practice.

In addition, the author reminds us that we are building boats, not furniture. If you're interested in boatbuilding, buy this book. Thomas Firth Jones is a charming writer, and you'll likely laugh out loud at several of his observations. His point of view is about people and about the fun, sense of accomplishment, and skill that comes from building small boats. Some readers will index many of the technical descriptions and techniques outlined here, as they are interspersed throughout the book. However you decide to digest this resource, you will surely find it to be a most welcome help in your shop.



bit of everything

Success, Doom and Madness: A Voyage for Madmen, by Peter Nichols (Harper Collins, 2001; 289 pages; \$26)

Review by Ray Crew, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Between the summer of 1968 and the summer of 1969, while the first men orbited and landed on the moon, nine other men set out in nine ill-equipped little boats, determined to be the first to sail alone around the world without stopping. Only one finished.

The rest fell victim to weak vessels, illness, and insanity. But regardless of their fates, each man met himself on the voyage, and that's the thread that holds this book together. After all, the story of the first Golden Globe race has been told many times and in many ways: from the winner's perspective in *A World of My Own* by Robin Knox Johnston, from the philosopher's perspective in *The Long Way* by Bernard Moitessier, and from the ultimate loser's perspective in *The Strange Last Voyage of Donald Crowhurst* by Nicholas Tomalin and Ron Hall.

It's hard to imagine that there would be much new to say. Though Nichols borrows liberally from previous accounts, he also weaves the tales of lesser-known contenders Nigel Tetley, John Ridgeway, Chay Blyth, Loick Fougeron, Bill King, and Alex Carozzo into his narrative. He even includes some previously unpublished 1999 pictures of Donald Crowhurst's star-crossed trimaran, *Teignmouth Electron*, rotting in a Bahamian boatyard.

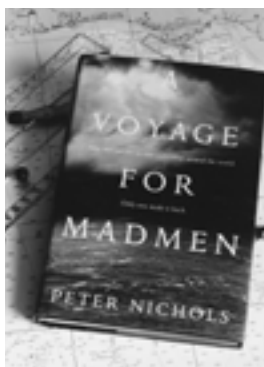
In his 1997 book, *Sea Change* (an account of his own singlehanded Atlantic crossing in a 27-foot English cutter), Nichols admits his captivation with the participants' stories. But what matters most to him is how isolation at sea strips a sailor of all pretense. And the sailors in that first Golden Globe race were more isolated than it is possible to be today. They had more in common with Drake and Cook than they had with modern circumnavigators. They sailed without GPS, EPIRB, weather faxes, or laptops. And Knox-Johnston's boat, *Suhaili* (the only finisher), was built from teak by Indian carpenters using axes, adzes, and hand drills.

The voyages of Knox-Johnston and Moitessier are the best known of the nine. Merchant marine officer Knox-Johnston simply couldn't abide the thought that anyone but an Englishman would be the first to go around alone non-stop. And though his boat was disintegrating around him, he plodded on, sustained by examples from British seafaring tradition.

Moitessier might well have won had he not decided to abandon both the race and the vulgarity of Western civilization in order to save his soul by taking his steel-hulled ketch, *Joshua*, on a second circuit of the Southern Ocean.

But the most compelling story to emerge from the race, and the one that clearly holds the most fascination for Peter Nichols is the tragic schizophrenic decline and death of Donald Crowhurst. Crowhurst's trimaran, *Teignmouth Electron*, was a failure — something Crowhurst didn't finally admit to himself until he was deep in the Atlantic. Unable to face quitting the race, he drifted for months in the Atlantic, fabricating a circumnavigation with false logbooks. The guilt and the pressure drove him slowly mad, and his logbooks chronicle his mounting insanity and eventual suicide.

Regardless of how well you know the story of the first Golden Globe, this book will grip you because Peter Nichols never forgets that the true voyages of these nine men were not outward upon the sea but inward upon their souls to a place of personal definition.



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Our favorite sailors' favorite books



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Lin and Larry's choices:



Two Years Before the Mast, by Richard Dana – An account of the author's passage around Cape Horn from Boston to California and back. Lin and Larry note, "These were our home waters. Almost like a pilot book for sailing the California coast." – \$6.95.

Price	Quantity	Extended price
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The Cruise of the Cachalot, by Frank Bullen – A voyage around the world in pursuit of sperm whales. Lin and Larry comment, "Though written in the 1890s, it is wonderful to read and shows whaling from a young sailor's point of view – What an adventure! A turn-of-the-century bestseller with 27 editions." – \$15.95 (2001 edition – Older and pricier versions are available on the used book market).

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Ship of Gold in the Deep Blue Sea, by Gary Kinder, – The search for, and salvage of, a ship lost off the California coast with 21 tons of gold. Lin and Larry say, "An impressive modern adventure. Thomas Thompson pulls off an amazing deep-sea treasure hunt. Wonderful sailing and seamanship." – \$14.00.

\$14.00	_____	_____
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The Hornblower series, by C.S. Forrester – Lin and Larry say, "Forrester's lessons in small boat seamanship made these more than adventure stories to us. – (These books generally run \$13. See <<http://www.goodoldboat.com/bookshelf.html>> for a list of books available in the series.)

The biggest impact on their earliest sailing adventures:



Cruising Under Sail (incorporating **Voyaging Under Sail**), by Eric Hiscock – A comprehensive and authoritative guide for all those committed to sailing. A complete book of reference for home cruising and ocean voyaging. – \$34.95).

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Sea Gypsy, by Peter Tangvold – A westward circumnavigation on the *Dorthea*, a 32-footer built in 1934. Don't miss this one by an able writer and adventurer. – Available used at market prices. (Ask BookMark).

BookMark says:



Out-of-print books are often available at used-market prices. A few of the older books, identified by Ted Brewer as favorites on the next page, are getting quite rare and, therefore, expensive (depending upon condition and edition). In fact, if you have any rare nautical books collecting dust on your bookshelf, be aware that they may be worth a small fortune to you.

Subtotal	_____
(carry over to Page 65)	

Good Old Bookshelf

Ted Brewer's all-time favorites:

After collecting the following list, Ted summarizes, "I guess that tells you where my heart lies as far as sailing yachts goes! The truly good old boats are the ones that attract me, and I have little but contempt for most contemporary designs and the mega-yachts with their awful Euro-styling and boudoir interior plans."



American Small Sailing Craft, by Howard I. Chapelle, 1951, Norton – Ted says, "Information includes history, lines, and construction drawings of many small vessels of the days of sail, from sharpies to Gulf scow schooners. A true delight for the small boat enthusiast!" – \$40.00.

Price	Quantity	Extended price
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Elements of Yacht Design, by Norman L. Skene, 2001, Sheridan House – Ted's comment, "A good overview of small-craft design with many useful formulae: propellers, shafts, rudder stocks, masts and rigs, etc." – \$19.95.

\$19.95	_____	_____
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Yacht Designing and Planning, by Howard I. Chapelle, 1995, Norton – Ted notes, "The best book I've yet seen on preliminary design and how a designer fairs a set of lines, plus a wealth of other information from aesthetics to rigs." – \$35.00.

\$35.00	_____	_____
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Others on Ted's list . . . hard (but not impossible) to find:

The Sailing Yacht, by Juan Baader, 1974, W.W. Norton & Co. – Ted mentions, "A good history of design with many examples; a basic theory of sailing, too." Available used at market prices. (Ask BookMark).

Small Yachts, by C.P. Kunhardt, 1891 (revised 1985), WoodenBoat Publications – Ted notes, "A wonderful source of information on American turn-of-the-century designs with lines, construction drawings and so on." Sometimes available used at market prices. (Ask BookMark).

Dixon Kemp's Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing, 1895, (revised by John Leather, 1988), Ashford Press – Ted's comment, "A British version of the above with even more detail on craft from sailing canoes to huge gold platers." Sometimes available used at market prices. (Ask BookMark).

The Common Sense of Yacht Design (2 vols.), by L. Francis Herreshoff, 1946, Rudder Publishing Co. – Ted says, "A true classic of common sense." Available used at market prices. (Ask BookMark).

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Richard Fenske

616-847-2441

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and booms, roller reefing. Volvo diesel, depth, compass, head & holding tank, CNG stove, dinghy w/OB. In Anacortes, Wash. \$28,000. Photos at: <<http://www.callahans.net/boat>>.

Evan Callahan

206-527-0248

evan@callahans.net

Bayfield 29

1983. Exc. cond. New electronics. 2-owner boat. Radar, GPS, VHF, CD, hot water, Zodiac, new steel cradle, new genoa, roller furling. Many extras. \$29,900. In Washburn, Wis.

Dennis Hanson

218-724-4142

dphanson7@msn.com

Sovereign 23

1986 sloop. LOA: 24' with teak anchor platform. Beam: 8'. Shoal draft: 2'7". Quality-built pocket cruiser, sleeps 4; large private V-berth and two 6'6" berths in main cabin. Beautiful teak interior, 5'7" headroom and 6 opening

ports with screens. Enclosed head with large Porta Potti and shelves. Folding table, sink, 2-burner non-pres. alcohol stove. VHF, compass, D/S, 3 sails, 2000 Honda 15-hp OB. No openings below the waterline. Lots of extras. Excellent cond. Sailaway: \$11,500.

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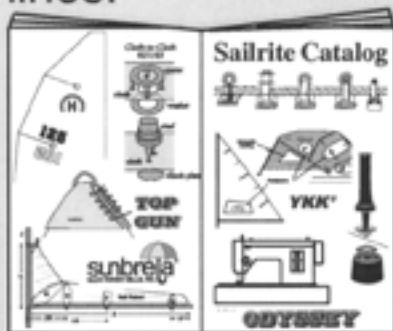
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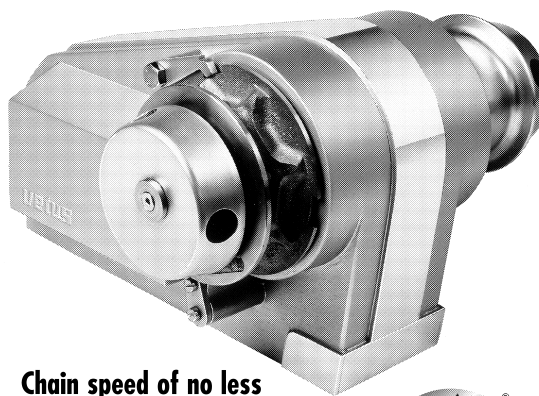
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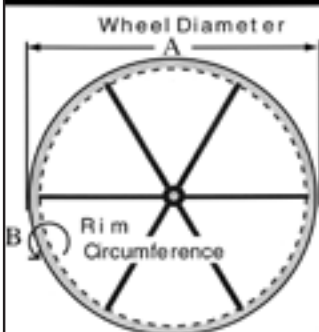
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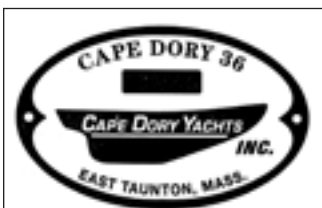
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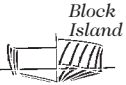

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Continued from Page 3

Like a first date

I have a couple of good old boats, a West Wight Potter 15 and a 1974 Bayfield 25. I enjoy skimming some of the other magazines, but how many of us can actually afford the multi-hundred-thousand-dollar yachts they profile? *Good Old Boat* I read cover to cover.

When I moved to eastern Kansas I bought my Potter and a book called *Invitation to Sailing* the same day. That 15-foot Potter looked *huge* attached to my Jeep, and I wondered what I'd gotten myself into. I spent a few days reading and finally got up the courage to take her out on a pretty calm day. I will always remember how I read about tacking and had no idea what it was, but when that bow turned through the wind the first time it was pure clarity. I may be the only guy who still remembers his first tack like his first date! By the end of summer I was sailing her rail down and loving it. Then I got the cruising bug, and now my wife and I have a few weeks of sailing schools and chartering under our belts and are saving a cruising kitty and hoping to take a couple of years off to cruise.

We bought our Bayfield as a practice boat, sort of, thinking it would help us get used to a bigger boat and give us a way to spend weekends on the water. That has turned out to be a great arrangement; we've learned a ton from owning this boat, and it's been a blast. The scenery here is amazing, and the sailing is easy. (And we pay \$10 a month for a slip at the local yacht club. My brother lives in Ft. Lauderdale, where you can't park a dingy for that.) For a guy who grew up in the desert, this is like living in paradise.

Butch and Gretchen Evans
Knoxville, Tenn.

You tell him, Frank!

Here's my answer to Mike Turdo who doesn't want to pay \$40 for a subscription (Mail Buoy, July 2001). Well, I was about to pay a lot for an exhaust system for my boat until I read an article in *Good Old Boat* that showed me how to fix it (September 1998)! I saved about \$800 by doing it myself. I can get a comp copy of the magazine from a West Marine store, but here's my \$40 for a subscription.

Frank Papy
Islamorada, Fla.

Editorial blunder

The September 2001 issue of *Good Old Boat* arrived yesterday, and I turned immediately to my favorite author's article about the Viking longboat. You were very restrained in the use of your blue pencil, except that one thing leaves me puzzled. I refer to the first sentence under the heading "Construction details." I wrote, "The keel has a cross section like a T." You changed it to read, "The keel has a cross section like a parenthesis mark." Why the change? The keel *is* like a T; and I defy even the most ingenious craftsman to make a keel like a (.

I do not usually mind editorial changes and confess that most of them are warranted and even improve the text a bit; but I do object, and strongly, when it turns my accuracy into absurdity.

Will Brigham
West Lafayette, Ind.

Will, the editor has to confess to this one. Usually I defer the technical questions to Jerry, but I think he was left out of the loop this time. In the final proof, when the text and the illustrations were together once again, I looked at the cross section at Rib #8 and thought "T? I can't see a T. It's more curved but not like a U, either." Anyway, I really screwed up, since I was thinking hull cross section, and you were talking about the keel. Sorry.

Salinity or senility?

When I read my article (Winter agitation, September 2001) I was shocked to read (in the 2nd paragraph on Page 13): "the freezing point of a saturated solution of salt water is about -6°F."

"What's Karen doing to me?" I thought. I checked my manuscript, and there it was: "21°C and -6°F." I goofed! I should have written: "-6°C and 21°F." I'm sure there will be some "gotchas" on this one — and I can't even blame the editor for the error. I guess the problem was not so much one of salinity as it was one of senility!

Don Launer
Forked River, N.J.

Not to worry, Don. Others can blame the editor. So it all works out. Jerry took a look at that, raised his eyebrows momentarily, and thought, "That's most likely right. Different salt concentrations freeze at different temperatures." We were watching out for you, but we let that one stand. Sorry.

Which one's the felucca?

I was pleased with the way you rearranged my article (Monterey boats, September 2001). Unfortunately an erroneous caption that I overlooked in proofreading led you to use the wrong sketch for the felucca 19 that started the series of boat designs. The sketch that you used is actually the Bristol Bay sprits'l boat which was derived from the hard-tacking felucca for fishing in the Sacramento River Delta channels and was eventually taken to Alaska by the Alaska packers to become the Bristol Bay 32-footer, a title still in use to define the length permitted today.

The felucca 19 caption was intended for use with another boat. The differences are in a triangular-sailed felucca as opposed to the quadrilateral sprits'l and the addition of a center-



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Michael Beattie

A felucca on display at the Master Mariners Boat Show in San Francisco in June.

board, which the felucca didn't have. It will be interesting to see how many corrective comments we receive.

**Charles Sweet
Port Hueneme, Calif.**

Well, at least this one was an honest mistake, since we don't know a felucca from a sprits'l boat (but we're learning). For your sake and ours, we make it up this time with a couple of felucca photos from June's Master Mariners event in California. For more about the Master Mariners, see Michael Beattie's article on the show on Pages 38-39 in this issue. Michael sent more great photos than we could squeeze into a two-page spread, so we include a couple of felucca shots here.

September cover photo

We didn't intend to play a "mystery boat game" with our cover (we choose instead to do that on our Web site's photo page). However the September 2001 cover mystery drew many participants. First the answer. Then we'll tell you the question and some of the comments. The consensus is that it's Nyala, a 12-Meter.

The big 12 on the sail wasn't enough evidence for us. We get into plenty of trouble without committing a guess which would live on in ink in thousands of copies. We asked if anyone recognized the boat. They did. Like us, many assumed that the second 12 was a result of sail show-through, when in fact it was not reversed and indicated 12-Meter #12. Photographer Gail Scott confirmed it after rooting through her files, and the case was closed. (But as we re-read the evidence, there is the nagging little matter of the reverse transom. Perhaps there's room for more discussion.)

Constellation?

First we heard from Ted Brewer by phone telling us it was a 12-Meter for sure, and most likely Constellation.



Columbia?

The cover photo is a 12-Meter. There is no sail number on the sail so I don't know which one it is. From the shape of the transom, I would guess it's *Columbia* or a boat of that era. If you knew where the photo was taken, it would be easier to figure out what boat it is. There are currently about 10 12-Meter yachts sailing around Narragansett Bay.

**Roger Marshall
Tech Editor, Soundings**

Dame Pattie?

I was looking at *Columbia* a few minutes ago and it could be her, although Ted could be right, it might be *Connie*. As I remember, *Connie* was bought by Baron Bich in the late 1960s and hasn't been in U.S. waters for years. Then Elvstrom used it and sank it at his dock prior to the 1977 challenge. If the picture was taken in the last 10 years it isn't *Constellation*. *Connie* was refloated and is in Europe somewhere now. It may be one of the 35 Twelves at Cowes this week.

If the picture was taken on the Great Lakes, it could be *Endless Summer*, the old *Dame Pattie*, the 1967 Australian challenger. In fact, I have just compared some pictures and think the boat is *Endless Summer*. That could be why there is no sail number, too.

**Roger Marshall
Tech Editor, Soundings**

1950s-1960s?

I don't know the name of the vessel on the cover, but as you can see from the sail, she is an old 12-Meter. Looking at her long overhangs and small reverse transom, I'd estimate she is from the mid-1950s to early 1960s.

**Pat McCabe
Seattle, Wash.**

Nefertiti?

Regarding the mystery boat on the cover of your September issue, we believe the boat is *Nefertiti*, a 12-Meter America's Cup boat. Note the 12/12 on the sail which is definitely the 12-Meter class symbol. Only *Nefertiti* has that reverse transom. She sails here in Rhode Island and is kept in the same yard, along with other 12s, as our little fleet

**Constance Mussells
and Donald Gordon
East Greenwich, R.I.**

Yep, a 12-Meter

I shot it going home from a 12-Meter race in Boston a million years ago. I have the name somewhere in my file. It is a 12-Meter. I'll look it up tomorrow and let you know. It was when the 12-Meter group was just getting going and hoping to begin to charter to corporate groups. I covered a number of their events and was forever writing about them.

**Gail Scott, photographer
Gorham, N.H.**

Outta your mind?

Please tell me you're not serious about your request for info on this type of boat.

**Gene Cramer
Milwaukee, Wis.**

Why would I make that up? Of course I was serious. We weren't certain. And I'm the last who's going to guess in front of a forum of sailing peers. Actually we did think it might be a 12-Meter, and that has been confirmed. Now we're trying to figure out which one. Do you happen to know?

Dame Pattie?

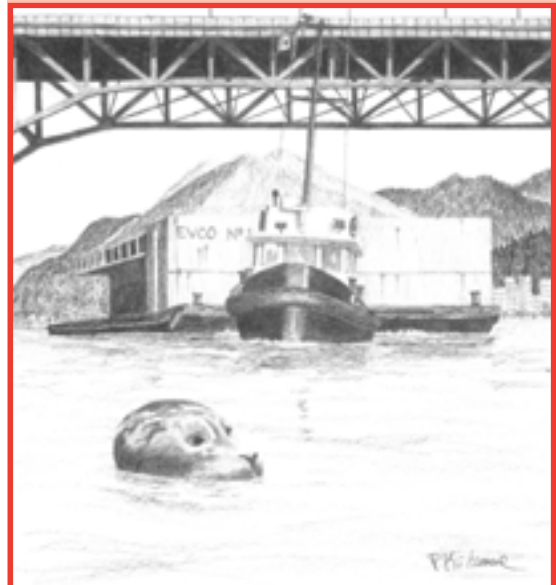
What a wonderful puzzle you and Gail Scott presented with the cover of issue #20. I saw this boat at Newport, R.I., in about 1989 and had the same question you pose. A call to the research director at the Museum of Yachting brought no answer.

The sloop pictured on your cover is a 12-Meter built to the International

Continued on Page 76

Holiday greetings from Good Old Boat

We put this issue of the magazine together before our boat was even out of the water! (That happens in mid- to late October in the Great White North) And yet we had to think about holiday messages. Unfair? Mightily. At least it's mighty hard to sing a rousing round of Christmas carols in mid-September! But enough of this editorial whining. Have a look around the Good Old Boat Web site, and check out our marine art in particular! These things make great gifts. If you're not online, but you'd like to know more, call us: 763-420-8923.

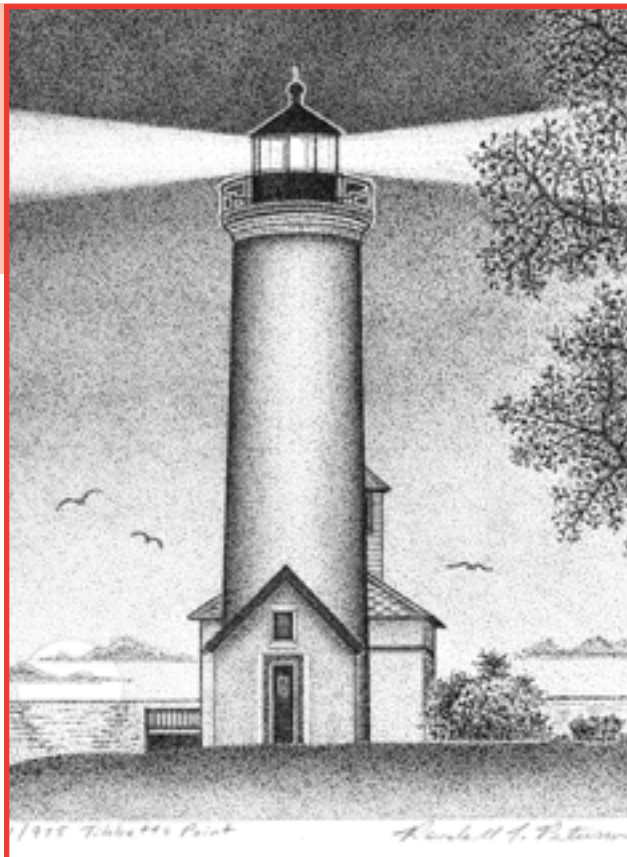
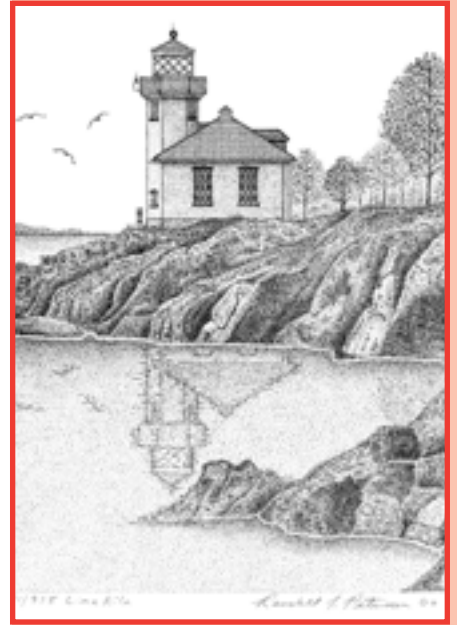
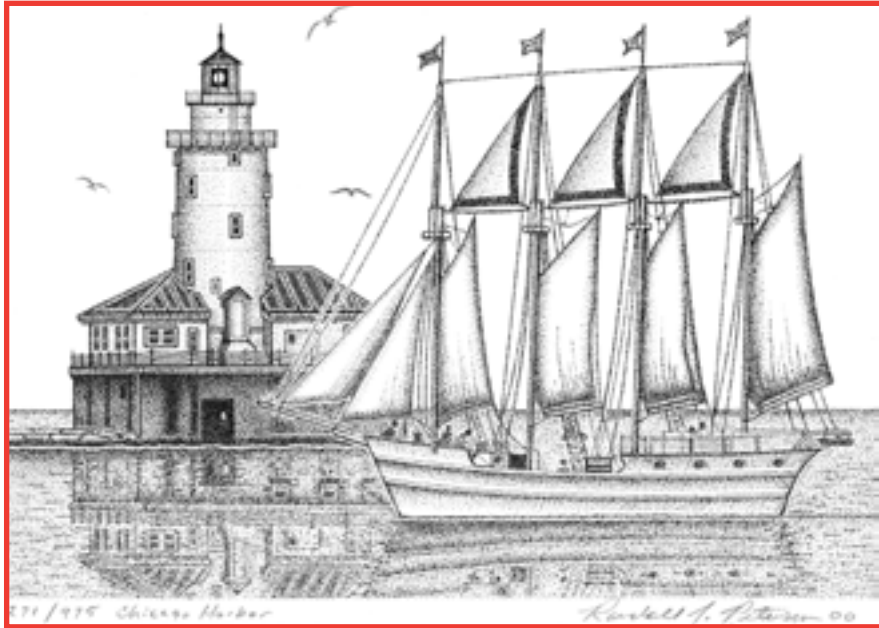


Peter Kiidumae sketches those furred and feathered neighbors which inhabit our marine environment. His signed and numbered prints are 11 x 14 and sell for \$30-35. Greeting cards with these scenes are 12 for \$15.

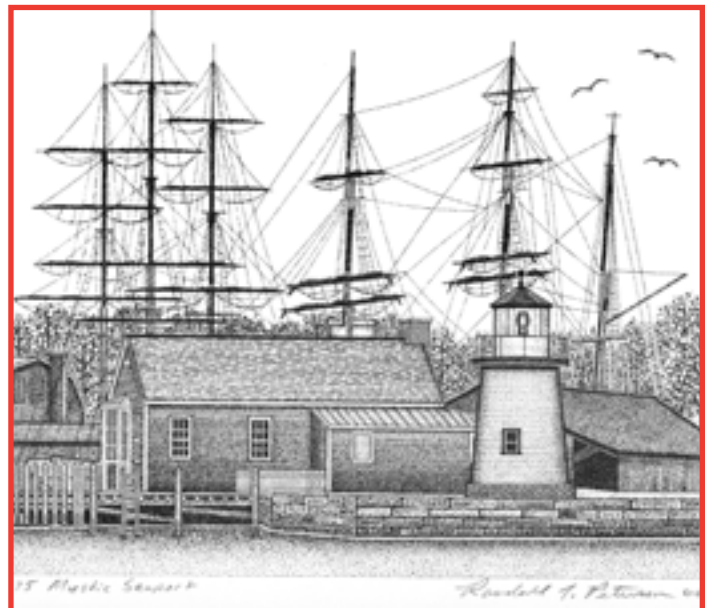


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Continued from Page 73

Rule sometime after 1958. The reverse transom shown here was not introduced on American 12-Meters until Olin Stephens designed *Columbia* for the defense of the America's Cup that year. The British first used the reverse transom on 12-Meters in 1964 and the Australians in 1967.

The rig, however, presents us with an anomaly. All 12s built after World War II had aluminum spars. The boat on the cover has a wooden spar with wooden jumper struts and perhaps a three-spreader rig. If she is a postwar design, she may have a borrowed spar in her, as the expense of a new aluminum spar is considerable.

The sail number, 12/12, indicates that she is a 12 Meter ... but the wrong one. The Olin Stephens-designed 12-Meter *Nyala* built by Nevins in 1938 wore the number 12/12 then and 12/U.S. 12 today. It is possible that the sail, too, is borrowed. *Nyala* has a traditional counter and transom, not a reverse or retrouse transom shown in the picture.

Since she is not one of the post-war American 12s, she is either one of David Boyd's 1964 English designs, *Sovereign* or *Kurruwa V*, or she is Warwick Hood's 1967 Australian design, *Dame Pattie*. Because of her sharp entry forward and the angle of her reverse transom, my best guess is that she is Warwick Hood's 1967 Australian 12-Meter, *Dame Pattie*, ...sporting an older rig.

Mark W. Kellogg
Severna Park, Md.

Maybe *White Wings*?

I couldn't help reflecting on the nature of the boat on the cover of issue #20 ... The boat has many features of the wooden designs of the '30s and '40s. Old boats of this nature and age are likely to have experienced significant modifications in their rigging and hull throughout their long existence, and this could make a book identification nearly impossible. This is made more difficult by the fact that, on the picture, the huge genoa covers most of the details of the deck and cabin roof. With these caveats in mind, I took some measurements and have reflected on potential candidates. ...In particular, John Alden designs and, given the sloop-rig, more precisely from the desk of Carl Alberg during his period with Alden Yachts (before WWII). In fact, the characteristics indicated above are close to those of several Alden Yacht designs ... Could the boat in the

picture be the famous *White Wings*, one of the most graceful creations to ever come from Alden Yachts?

Where and when was the picture taken? I thank you, Gail, and *Good Old Boat* for the opportunity of this evocative sail back in time!

José Campione
Ottawa, Ontario

Nyala

The cover photo of your September issue is probably a 12-Meter boat with the number USA 12. Its name is *Nyala*, designed by Sparkman & Stephens and built by Nevins in 1938. There is a 12-Meter association in the U.S.

Bill Sloger

Yes, *Nyala*

12/US 12 is *Nyala* (original name and current name), a 1938 S&S design, built by Nevins at City Island. This 12-Meter is currently owned in Italy by Patrizio Bertelli, the person behind the Prada America's Cup Challenge. She's beautifully restored and just participated at the America's Cup Jubilee at Cowes.

Dyer Jones, President
International Twelve-Meter Association

The photographer comes forth

12/12 is *Nyala*. For a while in the 1980s the S&S-designed 12-Meter (1938) was racing the classic circuit, owned by Nyala Yacht Charters. The boat disappears from the Classic Yacht Regatta lists after 1986. I dunno what happened.

Nyala is a sister ship to *Northern Light* which, legend has it, was designed as a law school commencement present for Lee Loomis. Both yachts were built in the Nevins yard at City Island and launched for the 1938 season. *Nyala* was built for Fred T. Bedford of Southport, Conn.

Clinton Crane recalls in his *Yachting Memories*: "Fred Bedford and Alfred Lee Loomis were so taken with the Twelves that they each commissioned Olin (Stephens) to design one, and the following summer we had some wonderful racing on the Sound among the four of us, *Nyala*, *Northern Light*, *Seven Seas*, and *Gleam* ... In the early racing of '38, Van Merle-Smith ... loaned (Mike Vanderbilt) the *Seven Seas*. I think those of us who were racing in the class felt that, although Mike might be a good

man in the J-Boats, the Twelves were a little small for him to show his prowess. But he promptly undeceived us and did better with the *Seven Seas* than Van had been doing with her himself. But it also gave him the virus, and as a result of these races he felt that the Twelves really were a wonderful class and commissioned Olin Stephens to build him one the following winter. His new boat, called *Vim*, was quite the fastest Twelve-Meter that had been built to date. Mike took her abroad in 1939 and cleaned up the British Twelves in their own waters."

Legend has it that because the 1938 class of Twelves and Vanderbilt's *Vim* provided such excellent racing, the NYYC selected the Twelve-Meter Rule when America's Cup racing resumed after WWII.

Gail Scott
Gorham, N.H.



Poster dog

When sending a fashion shot of his boat dog, Charlie, Peter King offered a bit of advice. Charlie, a Yorkshire terrier, was abused as a young dog but has found a good home with Peter. He seems to be enjoying himself. Peter's advice:

People forget that pets need life vests, too. Dogs float. But have you ever tried to pick up a wet dog from the side of a moving sailboat? Puppy vests have a handle on the back (perhaps people vests should, too). You can circle around, snag them with a boathook, and lift them aboard with ease.

Peter King
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Oh, so that's it!

Just letting you know that I have a good reason for not subscribing: my sailing partner does! Really. My "Will work for boat parts" shirt is also my favorite piece of clothing right now. If my partner in crime didn't subscribe, I would. You have the best magazine, in my opinion. I'm just

lucky that he shares. But then, he has to. I do 80 percent of the work on our boat!

**Lynn Kaak
Toronto, Ontario**

The September issue of Good Old Boat was a surprise to the editors. It felt thinner! We'd asked for a paper reduction a couple of issues earlier, then forgot about it. Once implemented, we were uncomfortable with the change and asked subscribers (who could be reached by email) about their reaction. What we received was an outpouring of positive responses about Good Old Boat magazine and some advice about the paper. Based on our own reaction and that of many current subscribers as well as on the first-impression impact an issue has on potential subscribers and advertisers, we have returned to the thicker paper with this issue. Our thanks to all who sent responses to our query. The following letters are but a few examples of the replies.

Family members

There is one central message I've heard from the three or four fellow subscribers I've talked with about the magazine. Many of your readers think of *Good Old Boat* as more than just another magazine that appears in the mailbox from time to time. To me, the magazine is sort of a family member, a cousin who is up to interesting things, with good tales to tell every time we meet.

Thank you Jerry and company, for creating something that is both wonderfully useful and makes for a good mail day every time.

**Nick Lore
Rockville, Md.**

Collectors' items

I want to build a collection of this extraordinary publication as if each were a collectors' item. I will let my other subscriptions lapse but never this one. Classic plastic and good old boats have finally been faithfully served by someone (pl) who really knows and cares. I purchased my PSC-25 based on the review and article in the March 2000 issue. Let the mag be as classic as the subject.

**John Schanafelt
Corpus Christi, Texas**

We're going cruising with Elizabeth!

Yours is not a magazine that gets tossed aside — I have every issue you ever sent me; no one is allowed to take them out of my office, and when I go cruising, they're going with me! Unlike the other magazines, which get torn apart for whatever decent articles they might have, I regard *Good Old Boat* as belonging to the book category, with all the respect that classification deserves!

**Elizabeth Whelan
Norfolk, Va.**

But what about sacred trust?

I have a certain regimen that I follow when my issue of *Good Old Boat* comes in the mail. First, I covertly fondle the plastic-wrapped issue knowing that I will tear it open on the first of the month, not when I receive it. I read the magazine cover to cover, taking the first month to do so, cherishing every word. The second month is spent rereading the entire issue over again. Now you send an email saying that you would like feedback on the newer, thinner pages. Willingly

I comply with your wishes. In the process of breaking down my strict regimen of how I enjoy *Good Old Boat*, I discover that the plastic cover has been delicately silt open at one end where my wife has extracted the magazine and read it before me. I was devastated to say the least. I had to have a couple of cold ones to calm me down. Oh, the pages by the way, are fine with me. It is what they contain that is important. One more thing: please go to www.orca-live.net and enjoy some West Coast experience.

**Mac Lindsay
Richmond, British Columbia**

Even if I won the lottery

I have had subscriptions to half of the boating rags that are out there and have been disappointed with them all. The reason for my disillusionment is what you all have picked up on. They forget about the rest of us who nurse and baby our aging bodies and boats along for as long as we're able.

You've identified the most underdeveloped niche in the boating market, and hats off to you for that. It's like an advertising slogan for an automobile junkyard I once read: "Everybody drives on used parts." Well, I guess everybody sails on used boats, some of us for longer. Our new-to-us boat (17 years) replaces a very nice 27-year-old Tartan. Neither boat cost as much as a decent used car.

As one who would not lay down several hundred grand on a new boat even if I won the lottery, I commend your effort.

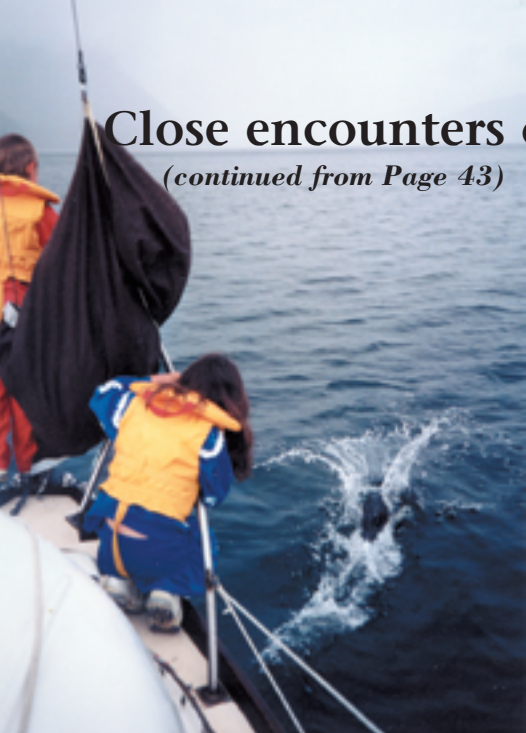
**Bill Crosby
Tolland, Conn.**

Send questions and comments to Good Old Boat, 7340 Niagara Lane North, Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655, or by email to jerry@goodoldboat.com. Please limit messages to 150 or fewer words. We reserve the right to edit.

You may have wondered about publications which publish something looking like what is printed below. Here's the story: each October/November any publication with periodical mailing privileges must file a statement with the U.S. Postal Service and print it in the publication. Here's ours.

Statement of ownership, management and circulation

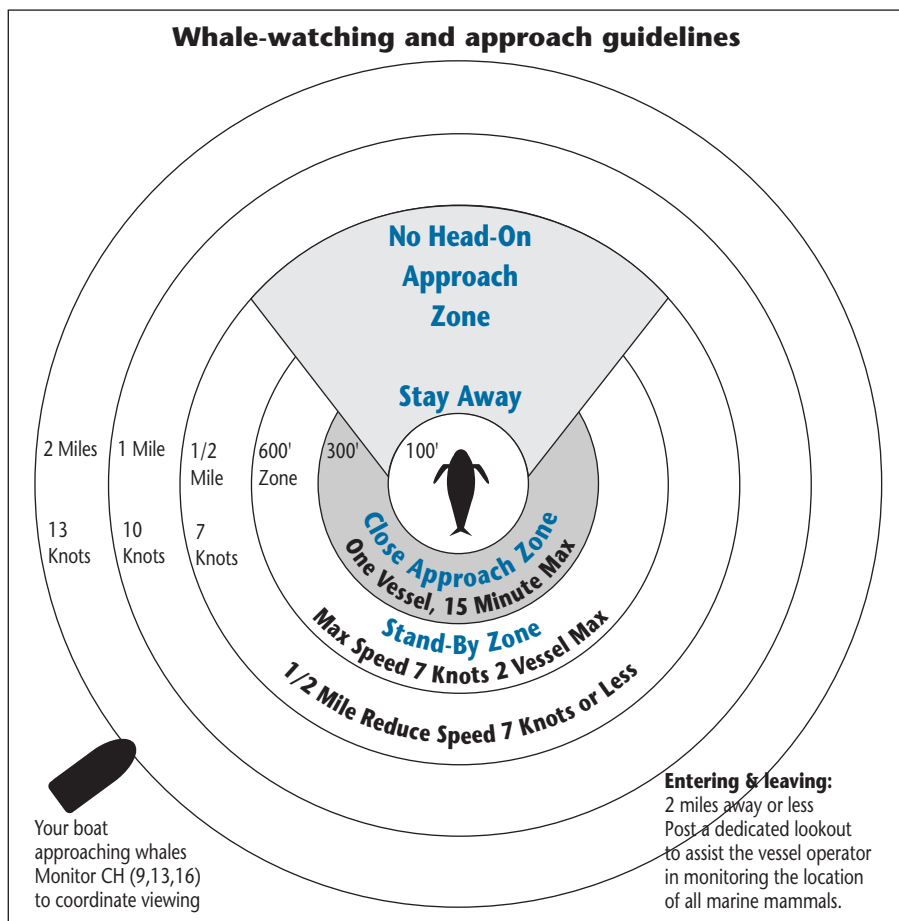
Publication title: Good Old Boat; **Publication number:** 019-327; **Filing date:** 9/30/01; **Issue frequency:** Bimonthly; **Number of issues published annually:** 6; **Annual subscription price:** \$39.95; **Location of office of publication and headquarters or general business offices of the publisher:** 7340 Niagara Lane North, Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655; **Publisher, editor, and managing editor:** Karen Larson; **Owner:** Partnership for Excellence, above address, jointly owned by Karen Larson and Jerry Powlas.; **Bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities:** None; **Tax status for nonprofit organizations:** N/A; **Number of copies printed/total press run:** 10,817 (12,500) 12-month average (Actual issue published nearest to filing date) • **Paid outside county** 4,117 (4,728) • **Paid in-county** 0 (0) • **Dealer, vendor, counter, and other sales** 1,930 (2,360) • **Other classes mailed through the USPS** 0 (0); **Total paid and/or requested circulation:** 6,047 (7,088); **Free distribution by mail (samples complimentary, other free)** • **Outside county** 520 (536) • **In-county** 0 (0) • **Other classes mailed through the USPS** 0 (0); **Free distribution outside the mail:** 3,236 (3,859); **Total free distribution:** 3,756 (4,395); **Total distribution:** 9,803 (11,483); **Copies not distributed:** 1,014 (1,017); **Total:** 10,817 (12,500); **Percent paid and/or requested circulation:** 62% (62%); **Publication of statement of ownership:** November/December 2001



Close encounters of the marine kind

(continued from Page 43)

Amie Fort, above, and Alex Fort, below right, enjoy watching marine mammals while cruising. Amie plans to become a marine biologist and has gone so far as to develop and host a Web site on the subject at <http://delphinus.fortworks.com>.



National Marine Fisheries Service

More information

The International Wildlife Coalition is working to educate boaters (especially those in the Massachusetts area near Stellwagen Bank National Marine Sanctuary) about the importance of operating their vessels safely around whales they may encounter. For more about this campaign or to request a boater education packet, visit their Internet site at <http://www.iwc.org> or contact the International Wildlife Coalition at 70 East Falmouth Highway, East Falmouth, MA 02536; 508-548-8328.


For more information about whale watching, visit the National Marine Fisheries Service Web site at http://www.nmfs.noaa.gov/prot_res/MMWatch/MMViewing.html. Also visit Delphinus, a cetacean conservation organization, at <http://delphinus.fortworks.com>.

If you happen to see a stranded or injured whale, contact your regional National Marine Fisheries Service and state law enforcement offices at the following numbers: **Alaska Region**, Juneau, 907-586-7265; **Hawaii Region**, Honolulu, 808-973-2937; **Northeast Region**, Gloucester, Mass., 978-281-

9254; **Northwest Region**, Seattle, Wash., 206-526-6150; **Southeast Region**, St. Petersburg, Fla., 727-570-5312 or 305-862-2850 (cetacean stranding hotline); **Southwest Region**, Long Beach, Calif., 562-980-4000.

If you happen to see a Northern Right Whale, please report it at the following number: 508-455-2264.

If you see a whale entangled in a net, call the Coast Guard on VHF channel 16.

The following **list of endangered whales and dolphins** was compiled by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service: Bowhead Whale, Northern Right Whale, Sei Whale, Blue Whale, Fin Whale, Humpback Whale. 





by Peter King

Cadillac jack

Have you ever wondered what makes a boat good instead of just new or old? *Canoe & Kayak* magazine posed a similar

question several years ago. They asked subscribers to tell their “best canoeing stories.” Imagine their surprise when, in this era of Kevlar, carbon fiber, Royalex and rotomolded polysomethingorother, 95 percent of those stories took place in aluminum canoes.

My story was in *that* stack. It was about a wrinkled Ouachita Lake canoe named *The Taxi*. It was yellow, made of aluminum, and full of dents. It had a permanent left turn built into it from a snaggle-toothed keel. You were being kind if you only called it ugly. I ran the Allagash River in it. I ran anything in it. It was indestructible.

The 18-foot Blue Hole MGB Tripper that replaced it doesn’t go to the same places. I don’t want to scratch the dark green Royalex hull or crack the silky oak gunwales. But it sure is pretty. There is a message in that.

Think back on the “best stories” you’ve told. The car stories are never about the new mini-van in the garage. Instead, they involve an old Chevy with one door that won’t open from the inside, no choke, and 50 pounds of tools in the trunk. A swimming trip to the lake becomes the stuff of legend. Somehow it always makes it home, even if there are a few unplanned stops along the way.

“Best boat stories” read the same way. They’re about cranky engines, threadbare sails, and water in the wrong places. We always had enough extra stuff on board to bring the wee beastie home. The boat, and we, were stronger for it. A new car/boat/canoe is faster, cleaner, easier to maintain, and has more curb appeal. Why doesn’t it feature in the “best stories?”


The tools are the first clue. It isn’t the vehicle that makes a

Old boats (and jacks) feature in all the “best stories”

“best story.” It’s us. The choke may not work, but a shampoo bottle filled with gas is a workable substitute. The tires may be bald, but the trunk

holds three spares and a Cadillac Eldorado bumper jack that can lift the whole car. We know how to get that old slug home in spite of its infirmities. It isn’t going to make it by itself. It and we are partners in an epic struggle. Even if it’s only a trip to the corner store for a quart of milk, it’s a great trip.

The blood and sweat that rescue a derelict boat put life into an inanimate object. It lives when it floats again after being rescued from a life sentence on the hard. But it’s not just the boat that comes alive when the first swell lifts it from the cradle. The part of us that is in the boat does, too. The journey from old to good is what “best stories” are made of.

Marinas are full of boats that people two-footed up to until they were too big, too hard to handle, and too new. Their owners stopped telling stories when they no longer needed three spare tires and an Eldorado bumper jack to sail home. They wonder why sailing isn’t fun anymore and blame career, changing priorities, and the empty nest when they can’t put a finger on the real problem. To paraphrase a recent political slogan, “It’s the boat, stupid!” If they want sailing to be fun again, they should sell the gold plater, buy an old boat, and start the journey at the beginning. A Cadillac jack might be a good idea, too. They have a way of showing up in “best stories.” 

Peter grew up on Peconic Bay on the end of Long Island, N.Y. He raced Lightnings during his formative years and spent a portion of the 1980s as a member of the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater Foundation. These days he spends more time in a sea kayak and a Newport 27s MkII. A sailplane pilot and car nut, he’s been published in a variety of aviation and automotive publications.

Continued from Page 22

We made only one more sail aboard *Quest*. With newly filled sandbags in her bilges, we sailed her up the bay to *HMCS Star*, where I had arranged to have her hauled out for the winter. There she was lifted out with the derrick and stored upside down while we made great plans for her, including a deck, a lighter rig, and other improvements. Then one day Dad came home from the base with sad news. The derrick had let go while they were hauling a whaler, and the boom had fallen across the poor old *Quest*, flattening her like a pancake. It broke our hearts, and I was mad enough to sue the navy until Dad talked me out of it. Ken still wonders if Dad didn't arrange the "accident" just to save our lives!

As for my tattoo: I'd gone to a carnival with my girlfriend, Pat, one evening that summer and, by gosh, there was a real live "tattoo artiste" there. "How much for an anchor with the name *Quest* under it?" I asked. "Two dollars," was the reply. I didn't have the money, but my girl did. I borrowed it from her

and winced while the man did his work. Then when it was time to head home, I found I didn't have even the two dimes needed for streetcar fare, and I'd used my girl's mad money on the tattoo. So we walked home, hand in hand, for five long miles. Isn't young love wonderful!

The next day my folks were somewhat upset about the tattoo, to put it mildly, and I was the recipient of a few harsh words about it. Things did ease up, however, when I pointed out that Dad also had a

tattoo on his left arm, a souvenir of his merchant navy days. The big difference was that Dad's tattoo, a basket of flowers, had a girl's name below it. And that name was not Mom's. At least I was intelligent enough, I told them, not to have my girl's name tattooed on my arm. That ended the discussion!



Ted is a Good Old Boat contributing editor with some great tales to tell. His formal bio is on Page 21.

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Northeast

Ode to Lake Nokomis

by Tom Jaax

It's twilight.

Your black
shores
slumber,
heaving quietly
protecting these dark shadows
below
tall cottonwoods and overhanging
cedars.

The morning star
watching the sun behind
its feet
still clings to a fading
universe,
and with the moon
attempts to penetrate
these resting boughs
that feel your pulse.

Nokomis gently lifts
an eyelash
creating a whisper of breath
running across the open
like a frightened mouse,
only there to be captured
by Venus and the moon's
light
and the eyes of a scant scouting party
of the sun
which hangs twelve degrees below
the horizon.

Nokomis briefly ripples
her soft wet skin,
and with her half
opened eye says
goodnight to the stars,
tells me it's a SE wind today,
and falls back to sleep
until dawn.

Reflections

Rule #1: Stay on your Good Old Boat! Matella Stanchions ... a major safety upgrade.



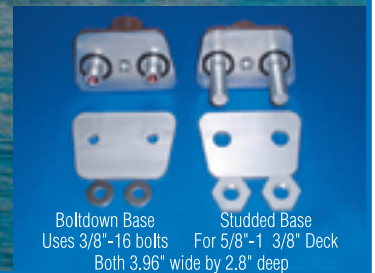
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Good Old Boat magazine is about:

Creating a community of sailors – Through our directory of sailing organizations and contacts, we're developing links between sailors.

Offering a resource – By pooling the knowledge of our readers, we're creating a directory of the suppliers of parts and services we all need.

Keeping our boats afloat – Our technical articles focus on maintenance and upgrade issues and give them the space they deserve.

Celebrating older-model sailboats – We emphasize pride of ownership.

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