

Mr. and Mrs. Crenshaw find "Pious Puffin's" broad poop deck a fine place to enjoy the sun

A GREAT DEAL has been said about the Spartan simplicity, the downright hardships, of a life on the bounding wave, whether in a Cape Horn clipper, a Friendship sloop, a modern ocean racer or an outboard cruiser. Well . . .

Russell Crenshaw, of New York, an international public relations man, had heard all this but decided that this was the life for him in any event. All his experienced yachting friends, of course, told him to try a small boat first and see how he liked it. So after a search that covered various parts of the U.S.A., West Indies, South America and Europe he located just the boat he wanted, though perhaps not just what the advisers had advised.

Pious Puffin is an international craft. She was designed in Holland by G. deVries Lentsch and built by the Amsterdam Shipyard for an English owner, has American diesels and electronic gear, British cabin fittings, Irish sails; her home port when Mr. Crenshaw found her was on the French Riviera and she now flies the Panamanian flag.

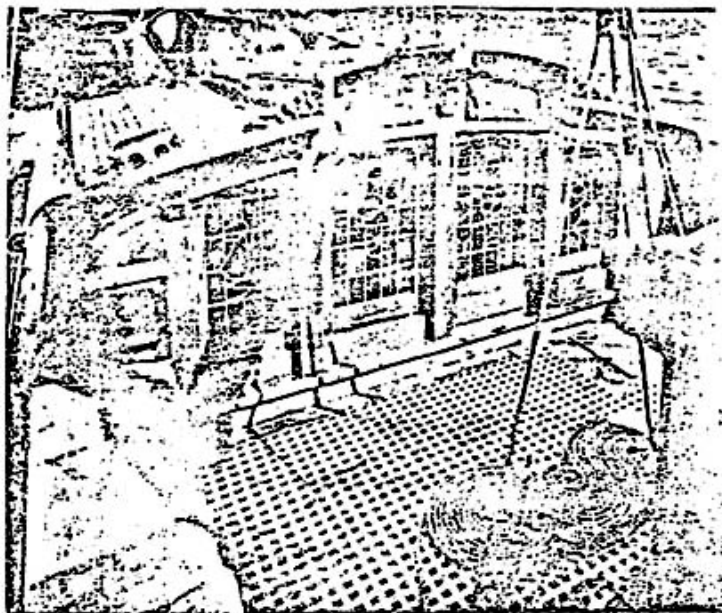
She is of the Dutch type called a *bover*, except that in place of the traditional Dutch leeboards and shoal draft she has an iron keel and draws seven feet. She's 70'6" long o.a., and with 18' beam for most of the distance between her round bow and stern, probably encloses more living space than any other 70-foot yacht around. She's built of steel, riveted and welded, with teak decks; has twin 110-hp. GM diesel engines and is ketch rigged with the characteristically curved Dutch gaff on her mainsail. She wasn't designed for ocean racing, though you might call her a gold-plater, but Mr. Crenshaw reports he's had her making 12 knots under sail, reaching in a gale of wind.

The accommodations wrapped up in this 70-foot hull would do credit to a normal sailing yacht twice as long. Six staterooms sleep eleven persons of the owner's party in what we can only call Sybaritic luxury. Comfortable quarters for the captain and crew of three occupy about as much of the ship's length as the chain locker would in a sharp-bow-overhang yacht. The main saloon is some 18 feet by 10. The cockpit is nearly as big, and alongside it a full-headroom passage under the deck to starboard connects the owner's suite aft (a double and a single staterooms and a bathroom) with the saloon.

The interior is panelled in lined oak, profusely illustrated, as they say in the book business, with hand-carved fish, dolphins, seals, and other nautical subjects, not to mention windmills, churches and, to match her name, a number of those solemn, pudgy, clownish-looking sea ducks, the puffins.

All this is impressive, but it's the little refinements that

"PIOUS PUFFIN"



Stained glass windows open on a cockpit big enough to set up a banquet table in

keep you from thinking of a whaleship's forecabin when you're aboard *Pious Puffin*. Stained glass windows, for instance. There are three of them in the bulkhead between saloon and cockpit, and another, adjustable to admit varying shades of light according to taste, over the double bed in the owner's stateroom—all fitted with metal shutters, of course, in case you go to sea. Air ducts carry hot or chilled air throughout the ship to overcome any uncomfortable excesses of temperature. Hot dry air also blows through the linen locker so your sheets and towels never come out with that clammy, salt-airish feeling. It also blows through a special diaper-drying compartment, installed for the benefit of a previous occupant. Naturally, the towel racks are pipes with warm water running through them.

The owner's suite, which is aft under the poop, includes a huge bedroom with a double bed, another stained glass window, recessed vanity table, and other nice touches; a single-berth stateroom, and a big bathroom.

A telephone intercom system connects all compartments, and music is piped through the whole ship from the radio-gramophone in the saloon. (There's a piano there too, of course.) Hot and cold running fresh water is nice (two tubs and a shower) but nobody knows quite why the original owner wanted hot-or-cold salt water too. There's a wash basin in each stateroom, and a couple of dressing tables for the girls let into the stateroom bulkheads and lighted from all angles. There are several kinds of direct and indirect lighting, and electric receptacles wherever you might happen to look for one. She's an electrician's and plumber's delight, behind the bulkheads, floors and ceilings.

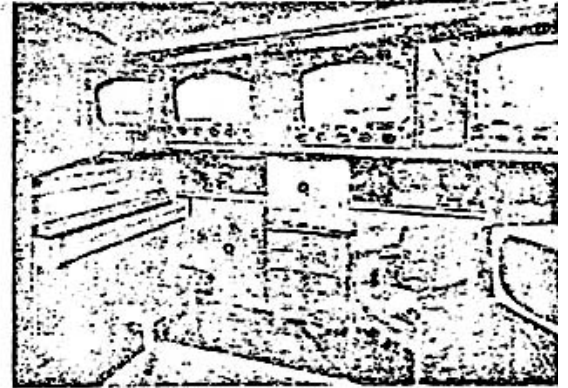
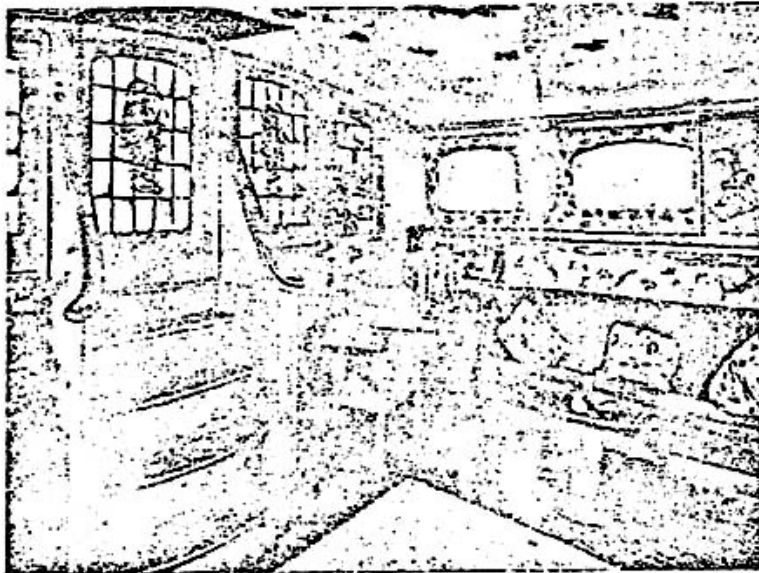
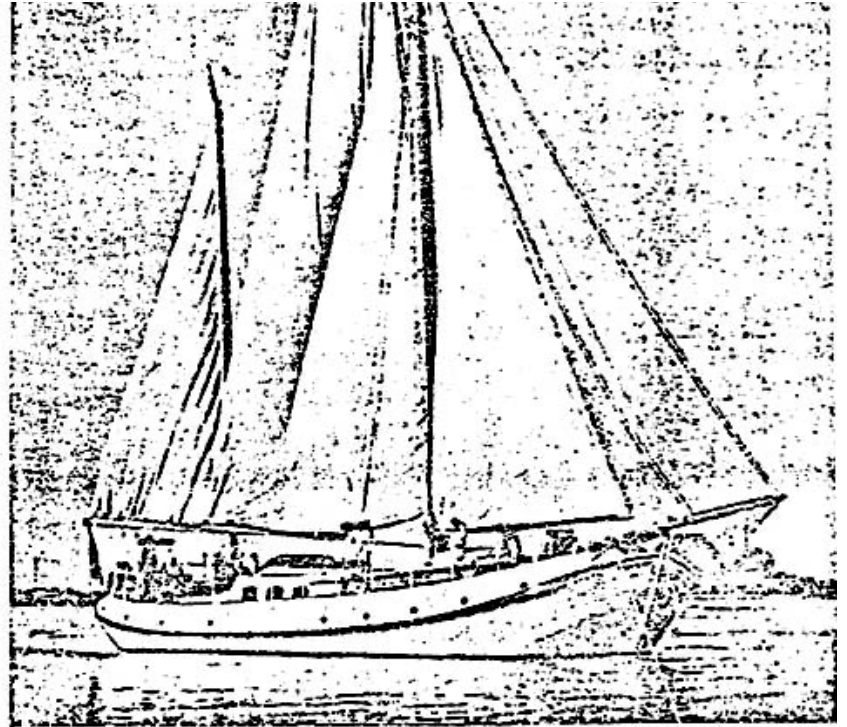
Did we mention that in the side of each bunk is a hinged shelf where the steward sets your breakfast tray when you ring for him?

Well, there are a lot of other niceties, but this gives the general idea. Indeed, the art of living afloat has come a long way since Drake's hardy sea dogs slung their hammocks in the *Golden Hind*. (Or did they even have hammocks?)



Looking forward from the poop, one gets the impression of gazing across half an acre of decks

Rosenfeld photos



Starboard side of the saloon, looking forward



After and port sides of the main saloon. Air conditioning ducts emerge from the Zodiac that decorates the overhead. There's a huge deep-freeze under the sole



One of several baths that provide, among other things, hot and cold