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messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

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messing about in BOATS

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OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL REFUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED PORTION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENT.



Our Next Issue...

will feature the several times promised camper/cruiser BLUEBIRD by William Atkin as done by Dick Ryder, a look at a Muscongus Bay Sloop under construction by an amateur builder, details of a really well made wood/canvas kayak, details on some really inexpensive but comprehensive plans for building a wood/canvas canoe and kayak, an update on Concord Yachts "awesome" 21 foot race winning pulling boat, now with sliding seat rig installed, plus another installment of Rowing to Alaska, this one about the people along the way. That'll do it.

On the Cover...

Jim Thayer's NINA was at the Mystic Small Craft Workshop last June even though its that "other" material, and it got a lot of use by interested participants (including me). In this issue, some comments on Jim and his latest creation.

Commentary

BOB HICKS



*Enough to last
for years...*

Ben Fuller was standing in the North Boat Shed at Mystic Seaport Museum, talking about the boats on display for a special group of onlookers from the American Canoe Association national annual meeting being held in town in mid-November. He spent, of course, a lot of time on the various forms of canoe on display at Mystic, but through the two hour trip through the public, and storage sheds not usually open to the public, Ben got to talk a lot about a whole lot of different kinds of boats. The canoeists trooping along with Ben hung right in there even though no asymmetrical kevlar C-1's or such were to be seen. Perhaps racing the current hi-tech plastic boats called canoes is their main interest, but they were caught up in the atmosphere of literally hundreds of old boats of all types in all conditions that Mystic has tucked away.

Ben is the sort of guy after my own boating heart. He's not locked into a narrowly focussed interest in boats. While professionally he is curator of small craft at Mystic, and thus has to have a broad perspective based mostly on historical significance, Ben the boat nut has his own interests outside of work. He and his wife Leslie paddle the latest Nordkapp sea kayaks. Ben owns a wooden Delaware Ducker that he sails, rows and poles in the marshes. He also took part last August in the International 10 square Meter Canoe World Championships in Sweden, not only competing (he placed around 20th overall) but also managing the U.S. team. Whenever he's around any boats, Ben Fuller is involved with interest. As he mentioned to this particular group, he can talk about boats for hours. Yes, and in fascinatingly exhaustive detail.

I'm no Ben Fuller in knowledge or experience, but I share his enthusiasm for all sorts of boats. The common thread is, "interesting." A subjective criterion, but there's just so many different sorts of ways to enjoy boating there'll never be enough time to do them all. I intend to at least try, at the dabbling level, however, rather than jump into just one way

to play to the exclusion of all others.

This magazine will continue to reflect this "buffet" approach to messing about in boats. It's much too late for me to try to learn to sail one of those International 10's such as Ben does, but it was fascinating to meet the people who build them and race them, and report upon them on these pages. In a year and a half, the readers attracted to this little publication share this broadguage interest, or they wouldn't still be with us. Some have dropped out, disappointed in that I haven't focussed just on one sort of boating. But, it is encouraging to hear with one belated renewal, that, despite what he viewed as my excessive interest in sea kayaks, they were, after all, "messing about in boats" too.

Mystic Seaport Museum is the shrine for those who love traditional boats, and yet it is much more than that. The boats they have illustrate clearly the predecessors to even our most modern craft, and the collection of early motorboats, and steam too, clearly show from where came our present day play boats. Mystic's one constraint on what it collects is that it be indigenous to the northeastern part of the U.S.A., roughly a boat once in use north of Delaware River and east of the Adirondacks. The types change quite radically beyond those geographical boundaries.

I like the remark one reader made last year about what sort of boats he preferred. "I need about 8 different boats," he said, "one for each of the different ways I want to play." Well, many readers share this and some even have fulfilled it, spreading their available funds over several types of affordable craft instead of pouring them all into a single-purpose fiberglass or wood lined hole in the water.

Heading into 1985 and its third year, MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS will pursue and promote this sort of broadguage interest in boats. Probably the only constraint I'll apply will be that the boats that catch my eye be affordable in cost and manageable in size. There's enough of them to last for years.

PLANS: The Mystic Collection

CANOES

Rushton "Vaux Junior" canoe (11')	MISC. 26	3.50
Rob Roy (12')	58.1286	3.50
Sailing canoe (14') Wiser	MISC. 20	10.50
Three-plank (14')	59.1426	3.50
Sailing canoe (15')	47.1508	3.50
Sailing canoe (16')	69.207	3.50
(Rushton Vesper model)		
Decked Double Paddle canoe (16')	61.262	3.50
Canoe, Chesapeake Bay log (22')	51.4205	3.50

DORY/FLAT BOTTOM BOATS

Flat iron skiff (10')	78.121	10.50
Asa Thompson skiff (11')	76.148	3.50
Noank Sharpie skiff (12')	MISC. 8	7.00
Chamberlain skiff (13')	71.238	7.00
Marblehead skiff (14')	MISC. 18	7.00
Amesbury skiff (14')	57.290	3.50
Decked dory skiff (14')	MISC. 27	3.50
Piscataqua River wherry (16')	73.236	7.00
New Haven Sharpie (16')	51.4206	3.50
Swampscott dory (17')	74.1025	7.00
Mass. Humane Society (17')	63.1517	3.50
Banks (18') from BLACK HAWK	55.320	3.50
Banks, Lunenburg (20')	70.686	3.50
Chaisson Dory (21')	MISC. 28	7.00
New Haven sharpie (35')	47.597	3.50

KAYAKS & DUGOUTS

Eskimo kayak (15')	65.903	3.50
Dugout, Oyster (27')	46.643	3.50
Dugout, Oyster (31')	46.644	3.50

HUNTING AND ANGLING BOATS

Duck boat (10')	57.917	3.50
Conn. River duckboat (12')	59.208	3.50
Barnegat Bay sneakbox (12')	61.915	3.50
Adirondack guideboat (Blanchard) (13')	MISC. 17	10.50
Seaford skiff (13')	62.674	3.50
Seaford skiff (13')	76.149	7.00
Seaford skiff (Ketchum-built) (14')	72.264	10.50
Melonsed skiff (14')	MISC. 5	10.50
Delaware ducker (15') (rowing model)	69.98	7.00
Duckboat, scull float (15')	61.559	3.50
Rangeley Lake boat (15')	74.1007	7.00

CATBOATS

Newport catboat (12')	49.145	10.50
Cape Cod catboat (14')	70.646	3.50
Cape Cod catboat (15')	60.499	7.00
Cat-rig, Cutter hull (15')	52.498	3.50
Catboat (17')	MISC. 10	17.50
Newport catboat (18')	MISC. 15	10.50
Cape Cod catboat (21')	59.1221	10.50
Great South Bay catboat (21')	60.4	7.00

YACHTS

Double-ended lapstrake boat (14')	75.22	10.50
Tuckup (15')	MISC. 24	14.00
Tuckup (15')	MISC. 25	7.00
Herreshoff 12-1/2 class (15')	63.595	7.00
Canoe "yaw" (18')	59.1209	10.50
Cutter (19')	57.537	7.00
Herreshoff, Buzzards Bay 15 (25')	59.1286	7.00
Herreshoff Hull #718 (26')	64.631	10.50

ROUND-BOTTOM WORK BOATS

Newport shore boat (11')	54.1482	10.50
Woods Hole, Spritsail boat (13')	60.196	10.50
Peapod, Seaport built (14')	71.237	3.50
Maine wherry (14')	MISC. 16	10.50
Peapod, Deer Isle, Sailing (15')	70.638	7.00
Peapod, Cape Split (16')	67.302	3.50
Peapod, Maine (16')	59.1472	7.00
Hoop or Hook boat (16')	67.201	3.50
Conn. River shad boat (16')	59.808	10.50
Kingston lobster boat, strip-built (16')	63.818	3.50
Danish lifeboat	80.149	3.50
Hampton boat, square stern (17')	61.916	14.00
Hudson River shad boat (18')	MISC. 9	10.50
Kingston lobster boat, strip-built (19')	56.1544	10.50
Kingston lobster boat by Ransome (20')	MISC. 19	3.50
Seabright skiff (20')	63.248	3.50
Noman's Land boat (20')	63.592	10.50
Noman's Land boat (20')	52.1115	10.50
Bindal's boat (Norwegian) (17')	50.1103	7.00
Hampton boat (double-ended) (23')	55.318	3.50
Noank lobster sloop (24')	79.15	7.00
Oyster sloop (32')	64.1551	3.50
Friendship sloop (34')	57.498	10.50
Carry away boat (45')	40.338	14.00
Noank well smack (45')	69.231	10.50
Block Island Cowhorn reproduction (23')	70.763	7.00

SURFBOATS

Cuttyhunk surfboat (25')	41.65	3.50
Race Point surfboat (25')	47.1982	3.50

WHALEBOATS

MORGAN whaleboat (28') sloop-rig	68.60	10.50
Beetle whaleboat (28') sloop-rig	MISC. 21	10.50

POWER

Autoboat launch (15')	63.879	3.50
Naphtha launch (21')	53.3071	7.00
Lozier launch (22')	61.1167	3.50
Yawl boat from schooner	56.1137	7.00
Racing launch (31')	53.3072	7.00
Steam launch (31')	56.1085	10.50
Steamboat (57')	73.187	10.50

MISCELLANEOUS

Eight ft. R.D. Culler spruce oar	MISC. 11	3.50
Seven ft. 9 in. spruce oar	MISC. 12	3.50
Seven ft. 10 in. spoon oar	MISC. 13	3.50
Possible sail rigs for Whitehall boats	MISC. 22	3.50

Plans in progress; let us know if you are interested:

Peterboro type canoe (15')	79.190
Moosabec Reach Boat (12')	74.978
Delaware Ducker (sailing model) (15')	69.821
Woods Hole spritsail boat by Swift (13')	68.2

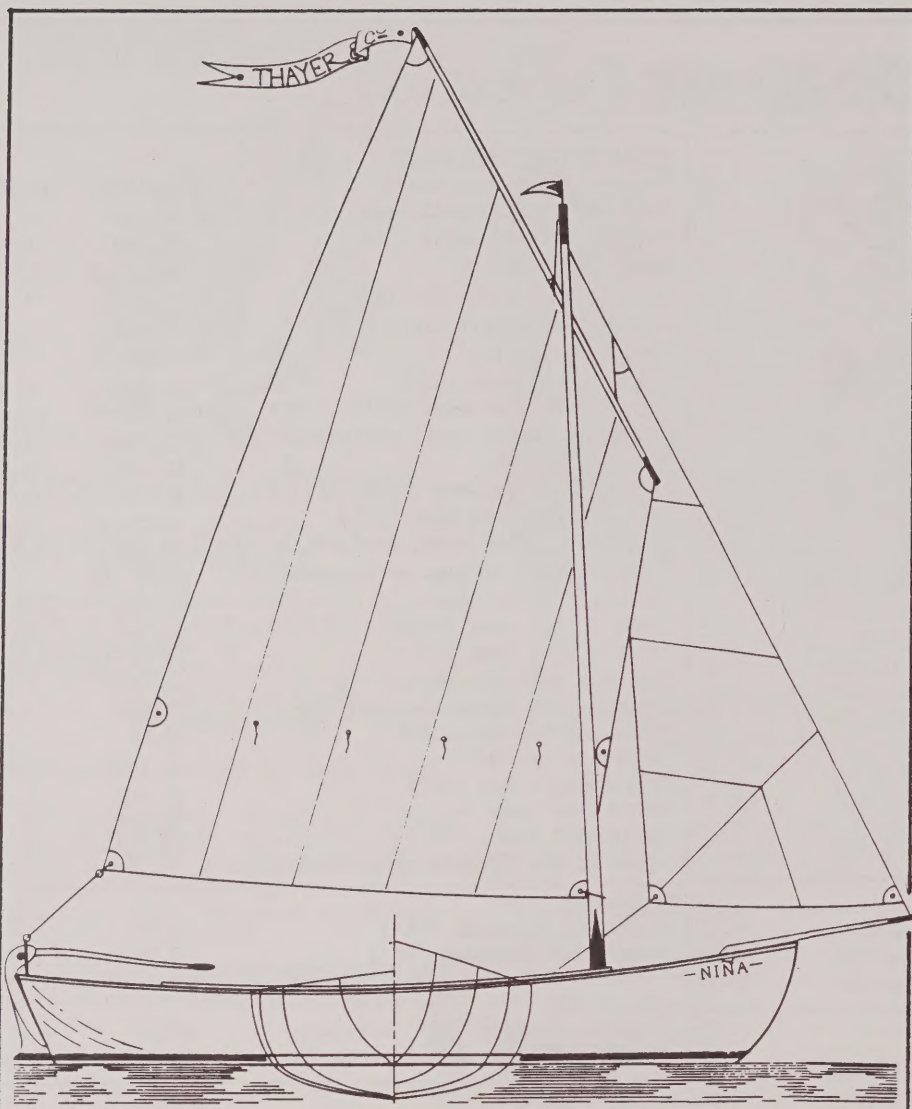
MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM WATERCRAFT CATALOG (1979) Bray

10" x 8-1/2", xx plus 282 pages, 434 illustrations, 58-plan appendix, index. The author describes 220 craft in the Mystic Seaport Museum collection, adding historic and modern photographs and references for further reading. An appendix contains sample plans of 25 craft in the collection.

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NINA... *an elegant beach cruiser*

When NINA can't be sailed she can be rowed, Jim at the sweeps.



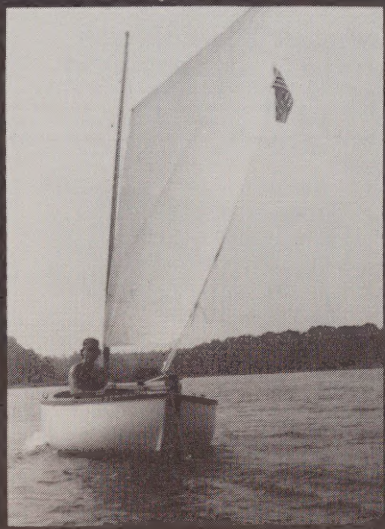
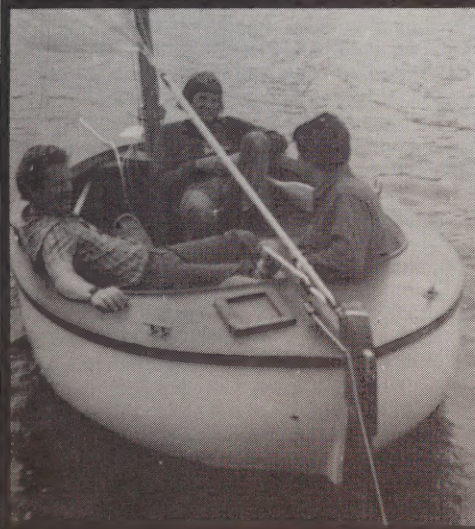
Several years ago after I had gotten into traditional small boats and joined the TSCA and begun to meet like minded people, someone told me about a little mimeographed publication that came out now and again called THE THOLEPIN. It was put out by a guy named Jim Thayer from Virginia, and Jim built traditional types of small boats, but in FIBERGLASS! Somehow, despite this aberration from purity, Jim had retained the interest and loyal enthusiasm of many who preferred their boats to be WOODEN! Jim would turn up now and again at traditional wooden boat gatherings with one of his fiberglass Whitehalls or "Lil Pickles" rowing boats and be welcomed.

The THOLEPIN was trying to do what I decided to do with this magazine, talk about the interesting things people were doing in small boats. It's biggest obstacle was that it came out now and again, mostly when Jim had the time in amongst building his boats to order. And it was a stapled together collection of typewritten pages, pasted up willy-nilly, with few photos or illustrations. But, I loved it as did others who got to see it, because of what Jim was saying. In his rambling tales of boat meets, trips to deliver boats all over the country to customers, visits all along the way, he was telling us how much pleasure it was to enjoy such boats. His own pilgrimages sounded often like trial and travail for he travelled extensively ALL OVER THE COUNTRY in ancient old pickups and station wagons hauling trailers loaded with finished boats for his customers.

Thayer & Co. is family business. Jim builds boats mainly, THOLEPIN also did serve each issue to bring readers the latest news of what he was offering. And the very latest has been NINA, a very salty looking, traditionally styled 18 foot beach cruiser.

Jim introduced NINA at the Small Boat Show last spring in Newport. He was nowhere to be seen on opening day, Friday, but at his float were several of his Whitehalls and a Lil Pickle (that NAME? It comes from the green color of the mold on which he builds it!) The people working the display were local owners of Jim's boats, his CUSTOMERS! They were filling in for the missing Jim. He was on the road between Virginia and Newport getting his ancient Volvo tow car repaired. He turned up Saturday morning rowing into the boat basin in NINA, almost completed.

"The boat I finished off for the Show is still out in Colorado," Jim explained, "so I had to rush this one to completion in a hurry in Virginia." Colorado? Yes, Jim has a seasonally migrating boatbuilding business, winters he builds in tidal Virginia near the Chesapeake. Comes on summer humidity and he goes to the mountains in Colorado where the climate is highly conducive to good epoxy curing. Back and forth across most of the country. Usually by rambling routes too, delivering boats both ways to customers. So Jim's schedule is influenced by many factors. And so he was late.



NINA also can sport a standing lug rig (top left). At rest, a pretty craft if plump. Across the bottom: Plenty of sprawling room, making tracks, on the beach.

But, NINA was worth waiting for. She is a plump craft, but pleasingly so. Jim's idea was a beach cruiser, a lot of room to ease back and mellow out while sailing the local shoreline comfortably in a boat that just has that oldtimey look to it. The sprit rig with jib works well enough at this performance level, the double ended hull, though plenty beamy, moves easily through the water, the mast-head banner adds a bit of flash, and under the spacious cockpit seating is lots and lots of room for food and drink. Especially iced beer in summer.

I enjoyed an hour on the water at Mystic in NINA in June, with friends

while Jim ran along the waterfront to photograph his creation in action. The breeze was mellow on Sunday but just right for the style of cruising this boat suggests.

NINA at 18 feet falls into this area of camper/cruiser I've been exploring as interesting craft turnup. Four people can sprawl in total comfort daysailing and two can comfortably camp aboard overnight with a boom tent set (if you choose to fit a boom, Jim had a loose footed sprit sail on at Mystic. Like his Livery Whitehalls and Lil Pickles, NINA can be order in any stage of finish, from bare hull on up, and as a do-it-yourself kit

complete with all the bits and instructions for finishing.

Jim Thayer builds pretty much to order, and he's a busy guy much of the time. The best way for you to find out more about his boats is to send him \$3 for a sample issue of THE THOLEPIN ("An honest value, I assure you") and some photos, philosophy, cruising stories and such information. Jim's address is 2106 Atlee Rd. Mechanicsville, VA 23111. Be warned, THE THOLEPIN can be addictive. Ex-schoolteacher Thayer knows how to write that down home, funky stuff that'll grab you right into his world of messing about in boats.

Last spring we reported on Al and Karin Butler's plans to circumnavigate New England in their 26 foot schooner VICTORY. A recent issue carried the first part of their progress report. Here with the next installment.



Report from Al Butler

We left you at our entrance to the St. Lawrence River at Sorel, just east of Montreal. One used to changing tides was met by the SEaward flowing river currents of 2 up to 8 knots.....unrelenting in their eastward flow, at least until one reached Three Rivers on the north shore. VICTORY appears out of place here as yachting is very new to Canada and very few "classics and character boats" exist here. There is much building going on, however, in steel, ferro-cement and glass-fibre. Few of the boats seen were American-built. The American products are otherwise in great abundance here. Gas costs \$2.40 per imp. gal. (5 quarts) and the favourable exchange rate U.S./Can. gives you

\$1.31 for every U.S. dollar which seems great until you find out things COST more, too. Very few canned food items are under a dollar and you'd be wise to brush up on your French while boating through Quebec or at least make an effort to START a conversation with the locals in their language. This effort is appreciated and most Quebecers CAN speak English and are happy to if they aren't FORCED to right from the start.

Ever present in our minds was the Great Tall Ships Parade scheduled to take place in Quebec City on the 30th of June. Taking our time and NOT busting a gasket getting there found VICTORY on a mooring at Isle Orleans JUST east of the city on the day of the event. A

twenty-foot tide range created currents up to 4 and 5 knots right at the area of the parade. It was quite something to see 35' "Go Fast" sloops heeling well over with a good breeze GOING BACKWARDS!! In fact the current (ebbing) was so strong that the ships in the parade were UNABLE to remain in control at the pace set by the BLUENOSE II, a beautiful replica of BLUENOSE, a famous fishing/racing schooner in the '20s. The great space between the participants created a somewhat boring parade compared to Newport's, Boston's and New York's Tall Ship events but the wildness and beauty of the river and Quebec City more than made up for this. VICTORY actually got to enter the new marina basin right in the Old Port section of the city. After rafting up to a pretty 40' ketch and two sailing vessels belonging to the U.S. Naval Academy, VICTORY's crew saw something of Quebec's pretty city, sampled a bit of the local cuisine and in a couple of days was underway again for points east. Dale Johnson, editor of Cruising World interviewed us and took a few snap shots of the "raft-up" suggesting that we "might" be in the October issue.

Time now for our lesson in planning the day's run. We had a choice of the north or south channel after leaving Quebec City. The north took us to Ile Coudre after about 40 miles and the south - well, we'd be able to find a nook somewhere to stop that night, as no anchorages were APPARENT. That is the key! And after taking the southern channel for 44 miles and realizing that bucking 5 knots of foul current was not only unnerving but downright dangerous we elected to cower in the lee of a tiny island with a lighthouse thereon. The 40 knots of wind were what we were trying to get a little protection from. But the racing current prevented our getting a single moment's rest all that evening and through the night. And we were very tired to begin with! In short, VICTORY got her stem loosened up a bit by this "mistake" in planning a sure bet for the next port. We could not even have retraced our steps that afternoon as the chop was so dangerous that being in it was endangering our lives as well as the vessel. NO other boats were seen all through this ordeal. It was a very tired and discouraged crew that SOMEHOW managed to get underway the next morning at the "slack" tide (about 10 minutes) and head east through a race which sported currents up to EIGHT knots. The 20 knots of wind were useless for sailing as full power was needed just for steerage way! Plus, being tired had the navigator (me) misreading the distance of a nautical mile and promising that the trip was about 30 miles when it was more like 50! And the water was now REALLY beginning to get cold. We made it to Riviere du Loup, bid hello to some people we were cruising along the way with and hit the sack for awhile.

We now had a choice: Cross the St. Lawrence and cruise up the Saguenay River or keep going in an easterly direction heading for the Gaspé.

The confluence of the two rivers meeting head on was the subject in a late issue of National Geographic with Grosvenor's "White Mist" apparently making passage at a wrong time. Currents exceed 14 knots at times and whirlpools can without warning disable small vessels (under 60') and in general cause great alarm for those unfortunate to witness them. VICTORY entered at a quiet moment....current only at 4 knots with light air and good visibility. The reefs and eddies were apparent and never would I dare frequent this place in a fog.

As you may guess, the reward for entering the river was rich indeed. Some of the most beautiful scenery seen all summer was from Tadousac to Eternity Bay some 35 miles upriver. Even compared to the breathtaking rounding of the Gaspé peninsula this river (Saguenay) was stunning and a photographer's paradise. Very few pleasure (or commercial) vessels were seen in the 3 days we were in the river. It is very easy to pass this river up considering the difficult entrance (and exit) but in retrospect it is easy to admit that to have missed it would have been to lose the best (scenic) part of the trip.. Our exit from the Saguenay was so quiet that we shut down the engine and lay drifting with the current (calm winds) listening to the singing of hundreds of whales of various species....another thing that does not happen often to cruising folk because while the mouth of the Saguenay is a great feeding ground for whales, it is so seldom QUIET enough to hear the musical sounds produced by these large sea-going mammals

VICTORY stopped at many ports including Ramouski, Matane, St. Jochims de Tourell, Mont Louis, Chloridorme, Rivière au Renard, Cap Gaspé des Rosiers the town of Gaspé Grand Rivière in the Bay called Chaleur. Often stopping for a couple of days to savour the kindness of local people and the locale itself, we were grateful to NOT have to keep the "pedal to the metal".

But, we WERE self-employed working folk who were running out of MONEY as well as the season called Summer. Working our way down the New Brunswick coast touching ports like Caraquet, Shippegan, Escouminac, Richibucto, and Shediac brought us to that beautiful land, an island called Prince Edward. VICTORY's stop at Summerside lasted 3 or 4 days and the reception was simply wonderful. People gave us tours through the countryside, other ports, their homes, aboard their vessels and any assistance we could need. It was with a wrench that we finally sailed on to Victoria as much due to the similarity to our vessel's name as the local playhouse that we saw "The Subject Was Roses" in. On to Charlottetown, P.E.I., then to Wood Islands and finally to our winter hole....Pictou, Nova Scotia. All buttoned up at a local boatyard there, VICTORY, 750 miles from her home awaits our return in 1985 to point her 'sprit North and East to Newfoundland and the French Saint Pierre.

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THE PISCATAQUA WHERRY

by

BAY of MAINE BOATS

Report by Bob Hicks

Photos from Mike Severance

Mike Severance came across this old wooden boat upside down in a farmyard over around Berwick, ME, a couple of years ago and fell in love with its lines. But it was in tough shape. Still he decided it was what he wanted for a small pulling boat, this round bottomed carvel planked semi-derelict with its almost wineglass transom. So he bought it. Then he found the wooden boat shops he took it to for discussing its restoration were thinking in terms of \$2500-\$3500 range. Even for Mike, who runs a summer resort hotel right on the beach at Kennebunkport, this seemed unreal.

So now Mike is in the small boat business. Instead of spending \$2500 to have that lovely old wooden hull restored he's spent a bit more than that and set up as Bay of Maine Boats, producing fiberglass replicas of what he calls, The Piscataqua Wherry. The old boat was repaired enough to serve as the plug for the mold for the glass hull version, and China Lake Boat Co. of that town in Maine now turns out the glasswork for Mike.

The name. Anyone into rowing in traditional small boats already knows of a Piscataqua River Wherry the guys up around Portsmouth and Kittery, at the mouth of the Piscataqua row in races. These are narrow lapstrake boats that

look like trim round bottom dories, are very tender but fast under oars. The Naval Shipyard oarsmen favor them, as do other regulars on the rowing scene, notably Dan O'Reilly of Kittery. Mike's boat is nothing at all like these others. It's more like a Whitehall. Mike's boat more nearly conforms to the general design that is known as wherry, according to Chapelle, and Mike looked into the background of the original boat he had found and determined that it had been built there near the mouth of the Piscataqua before the turn of the century. So he called it the Piscataqua Wherry. It's not a problem from the viewpoint of selling the boat, as the other boat of similar name is not built commercially for sale by anyone, let alone under that name.

Mike wasn't after speed so much as comfort and grace, and to his delight the first boat off the mold, when fitted out rowed nicely, carried plenty of burden and handled the surf at the beach out front of the family hotel in fine shape. Mike, who is not an experienced oarsman, found it exciting and yet safe to row the boat in a variety of sea conditions, and soon got to go off to some of the rowing races, notably the nearby Gerrish Island Race at Kittery. Here, after that 7 mile outing against a strong southwest wind and short steep chop he

continued to be delighted with his choice of boat. Not a serious contender, he nevertheless enjoyed the way his boat carried against the conditions.

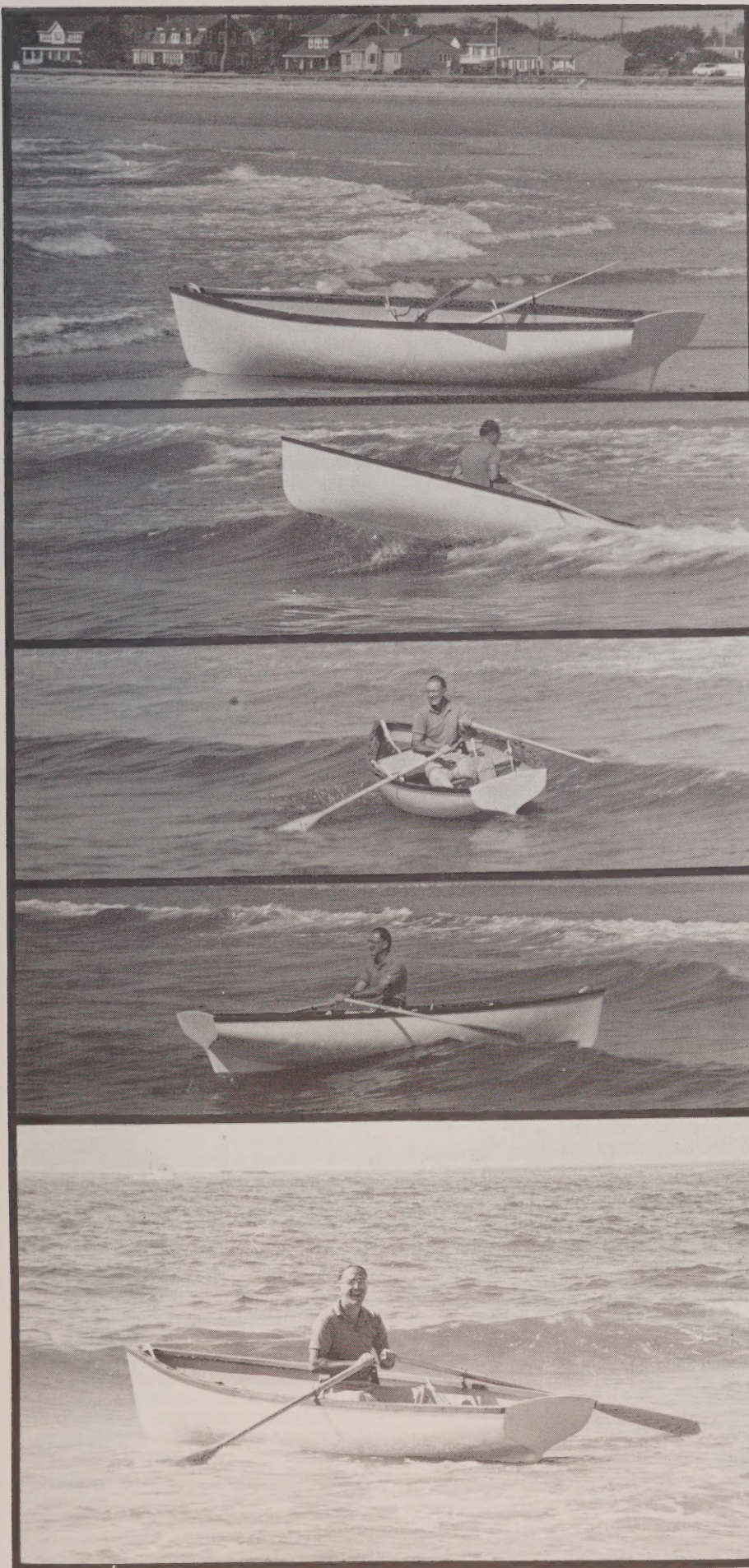
The Wherry is 14 feet overall and is double ended at the water line due to that well tucked in transom that joins the keel in a point just above the waterline. The 4 foot beam provides good bearing for 7 foot oars, mounted in bronze oarlocks, and also, with the deep interior provides a whole lot of room for other people or gear for an outing. Of the four thwarts, two are setup for rowing. All the wood is varnished mahogany nicely finished. The standard outside color is called Whalebone, an off-white. The boat can be ordered in Snosquall White or 60 Fathom Green gelcoat colors. The interior is a tan color.

The economies of fiberglass vs. wood construction for this traditional type boat become apparent when you learn that this 14 footer, with one set of oars and oarlocks, ready to go, sells at just about \$1500. It's a pretty nice boat for the money, and Mike Severance is very enthused about his product and would enjoy telling you about it if you're interested. He can be reached at Bay of Maine Boats, P.O. Box 631, Kennebunkport, ME 04046, Phone (207) 967-4282.

Mike displays his boats for sale right out front of the family hotel.



Opposite page: Surfing around, and was it a good time?

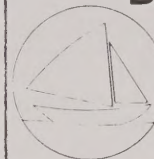


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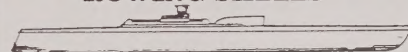


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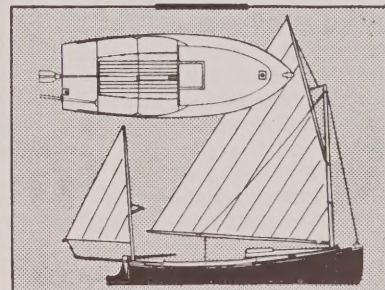
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Tall Ships, The St. Lawrence River, Quebec City by kayak. Good combination I thought as I cinched my boat down on its truck-top rack. Tall Ship festivals have popped up like yard sales in the past few years, but this one in honor of Jacques Cartier's discovery of the St. Lawrence 450 years ago promised to be different. It was billed as the largest Parade of Sail in this century and that seemed worth tracking down. If nothing else it would provide an excuse to climb into my kayak, not that I needed one.

I headed out from Palermo, Maine on a nearly perfect summer afternoon, flawed later on only by the presence of some lingering black flies in the north country. I'd recommend the northwest corner of the state for anyone wishing to extend the blackfly season later into June. My attempt at a roadside picnic on Rte. 201 just south of Jackman was negated by swarms of the critters thick enough to slam the door of my truck after they chased me back into it. I worked on a sandwich in the front seat, taking in the view of island-dotted Attean Pond.

The road winds north from Jackman (the "Switzerland of the North") through a remote expanse of woods, lakes, and streams - classic moose country. I did not want to be responsible for totaling a moose, my truck, or myself so I started to scan the sides of the road as dusk came on. At one point I passed a "Moose Crossing, Next Three Miles" sign, the placement of which seemed extremely arbitrary. What was sounddesirable about the last twenty miles in the opinion of a basic moose? Something significant because ten feet beyond the sign a large antlerless model was happily grazing on the bank.

By 8:30 P.M. I was at the border where I expected to be waved through in a sweeping gesture of Gallic hospitality. Forty minutes later I was on my way again, trying to rearrange the contents of the cab into a more manageable mess as I drove. Apparently I don't have an honest face or maybe the Canadian Customs woman thought I took too long to remember where I lived. In any case she waved me over to the inspection bay where a young, uniformed official appeared. Before rolling up his sleeves he asked me if I had any narcotics. That struck me as a direct, no-nonsense approach designed to save time and energy.

"Why, yes as a matter of fact that kayak is stuffed with twenty pounds of marijuana and if you'd care to saw my paddle shaft in half you'll find an entertaining amount of cocaine."

He proceeded to partially dissect the contents of the truck before sending me off with a smile - great P.R. for Quebec's big summer tourism campaign.

I discovered as I drove along that English is not the only thing that ends at the border: the hills ended, so did the trees. Maine paper companies have the habit of leaving corridors of trees along roads and highways to shield their clearcuts and hack jobs from the public's wandering eyes. Canadian cutters don't even bother with this pretense.

The appearance of French every-

where - on people's tongues - signs - beer bottles, cereal boxes - is one of the delights of crossing into Quebec whether one speaks the language fluently, not at all or trips along with it as I do. Makes things possible that just don't cut it in English, it occurred to me as I whizzed past the neon sign of La Truite Motel. Even though I like to eat them, I'm not sure I'd pull into a place called the Trout Motel at home.

A few miles north of St George I stopped for the night at the Roche D'Or campground - "The Gold Rock". It was full of motor homes of the type that tend to either tow their cars or drag them down from the rear. My little tent was hardly visible in an open patch of grass in the midst of a fleet of giant aluminum breadboxes on wheels.. I was out within minutes of zipping up my sleeping bag.

By 9:00 the next morning I was on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence in Levis gazing over and up at the old city of Quebec with its prominent cliff-top Citadel adjacent to the Plains of Abraham and most distinctively, the turreted Chateau Frontenac. Strung out in a line at docks sixty feet below were four massive square riggers, including the U.S. Coast Guard bark "Eagle" complete with its tasteful orange slash down the side of the hull. A view through binoculars was fine for awhile but I became anxious for some closeups from the cockpit. After paying the owner of the marina \$5.00 "pour descente" I shoved off into the river in my thirteen foot whitewater boat - being alone, it made more sense than my folding double. The tide was still ebbing which made possible a brisk ferry across the quarter mile of brown chop; I wondered if a mouthful of spray might lead to an instant case of typhoid.

As I bobbed and surged across the current a speedboat came bearing down on me and I had my first indication of the day that a blue deck and a green life jacket might not be the ideal combination for local conditions. The camouflage approach works when sneaking up on wildlife, but that morning it appeared to be an invitation to have my boat shattered by a planing hull at full throttle. I was reminded of John Dowd's startling advice in SEA KAYAKING to prevent impalement in such situations. He suggests that if courses are not altered successfully, then it's time to point one's bow directly at the oncoming vessel in order to increase the chances of getting punched to one side or the other upon impact. If nothing else it would certainly rearrange one's psyche for a time. This particular pounding hull finally eased down

Tall Ships at Q

off its plane and denied me the opportunity to test out the theory. Two nautical gendarmes circled me shouting in French I responded in French that I really didn't know much French. They strongly recommended in English that I review the ships and depart before the water-born traffic increased and made kayak travel an unrelaxing proposition. I was inclined to ask them if it would be more strenuous than I was finding it to brace in the whirlpool wash of a revolving police boat, but didn't. I also wasn't quite sure how much of this might be a mild anti-kayak bias. ("Don't those things tip over all the time?") and how much was sound advice. In any case the strong current decided for me; it was necessary to maintain a strong upstream stroke just to stay even. So I smiled, said au revoir and drifted down alongside the tallest of Tall Ships; waving at the few crew members on deck in the early morning sun. I figured most of them were probably sleeping off a big night in Quebec.

It wasn't long before I was approached by another outboard, this time belonging to the Canadian Coast Guard. The message was more direct this time: an official but apparently unenforceable recommendation to beat it. I bounced through the wake they left and past a white Norwegian ship that loomed high overhead, while I considered my next move. When a cut appeared in the tall concrete quay I dug my paddle in and slipped through into calmer water where I hoped the harassment would lighten up. I found myself in the Bassin Louise, one of the major recent renovation efforts of Quebec's Old Port. It was jammed bowsprit to davits with an extraordinary collection of sailing vessels ranging from a pair of funky, rust streaked, gear-choked schooners over from France to a gaff rigged tugboat out of Norfolk, Virginia. Oversized ocean racers smothered with lines and winches competed for dock space with citrus-colored multi hulls longer than buses which all together provided an updated perspective from which to view magnificently kept old schooners like the Black Jack down from Ottawa and the Lindo from Delaware. The majority of these were tied up in the elevated interior part of the basin, reachable by water only by doing time in a lock. I paddled around the perimeter of the lower section looking at the boats, the dockside crowds and occasionally up at the copper clad spires of the Frontenac reflecting a higher and hotter sun. There was also a relentless procession of pleasure boats to contend with; they were filled with beer drinking sunbathers

Quebec by Kayak

Reported by Joe Crary.

wearing what passes for bathing suits these days. It's lucky for the world's leopard population that some of its human counterparts are willing to settle for nylon facsimiles of spotted skin.

I was approached several more times by floating uniformed-types who all recommended politely but firmly that I join the bipeds. They all made vague references to a kayaker who had allegedly been relieved of his boat the day before by a reversing tug. I assured them that I was aware of the risks, was paying attention and was reasonably certain that I could react and maneuver at least as quickly as all of the overloaded rubber sausage dinghys that were churning around the basin. I respectfully declined the suggestion to go ashore and they dropped the matter and pushed along.

It was midday hunger and thirst that finally chased me onto a dock and up the gangway. At street level I joined the throngs in their wandering inspections of the sprawl of ships, sustenance stations and an array of festival style entertainment. The people of Quebec and its visitors were intent upon absorbing all of the color and splash of a sensational maritime tableau; I had no regrets about paddling into this big, sea-going picnic for Jacques Cartier.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon wandering around the docks under a hot sun, peering through the ratlines and down companionways that led to unseen accommodations. Even the worst of them would be preferable to sleeping in or next to my truck that night. But no invitations came my way - maybe a wood and canvas kayak would have provoked more of a response - and I reluctantly began to look in the directions of my headquarters on the other side of the river. Not having an adequate light or horn, I decided not to take on inter-continental freighters after dark. In that league the direction my boat was pointing if overtaken would be sadly academic. Suspecting that I might be missing a party of city-wide proportions and international flavor did not make the choice too exciting. An hour later after a zippy sundown crossing interrupted only by the requisite float-a-cop shakedown, I was back in my truck with the seat in full reclining position where I remained until early the next morning.

Saturday morning came off the drawing boards of the planners of this Tall Ships extravaganza; it had to be the one they had in mind way back in the hatching stages: sunny skies with a scattering of clouds nudged along by a light but steady breeze - from the right direction no less.

The activity level picked up quickly in the little marina where I emerged from my truck. Cartons and coolers and duffles were being lugged down the two docks to a collection of new-looking fiberglass boats, most of which were squat, compressed, outboard jobs that looked overpowered enough to blow themselves apart or launch a water skier into orbit. The onboard personnel appeared to be divided equally between family groups and young fun-seekers who thought they were probably tailoring their crafts to their personalities. Thankfully there were no deep-veed leopard-skin motifs. There were no Budweiser label boats either, although I did see a small yellow catamaran imprinted with a full sized ad for the Yellow Pages phone book. Maybe a new age is dawning and all of us in the private sector will soon have the chance to turn our boats into floating billboards to help defray operating expenses. Big block letters and pictures of hamburgers and computers filling all space above the waterline. Think of the increased warmth and charm in little coves and harbors everywhere.

I chewed on some assembly-line croissant and drank some truck-brewed coffee between binocular scans of the river front. The banks and high cliffs on the other side were already beginning to fill up with spectators. By the 11:00 kick-off time all of the choice open space was taken.

A Coast Guard flagship slid by from upriver, leading the way for the eighty-odd Tall Ships to follow. As it passed the Chateau Frontenac cannons pounded out a salute and small smoke rings expanded into swimming pool sized ones. Coast Guard, Police and Army helicopters angled and sliced through the air space above the river and the city - at times it seemed more like the Tet Offensive than a placid evocation of the Age of Sail.

Because of the current and the hundreds of spectator boats that were carving it up I hesitated for a while before jumping into the kayak, but the spectacle of the sailing giants, most of which were dressed in full or partial suits of sails, soon proved too attractive to view from land. I climbed into my boat and paddled out into the thick of it. The term "confused chop" does not adequately convey the conditions that were working on my little sliver of fiberglass - deranged chop might be closer. Waves from boat wakes were shooting out in every degree of direction possible; into each other, away from each other, against the current, with the current and at me from all sides at once. Lean right, brace left, surf

east, dive south. While the waves were yanking and batting my boat around I was simultaneously trying to dodge the wakes and rooster tails of bronzed, bikini-clad, beerswigging outboard jockeys carving ego turns at high speeds. My modest whitewater experience began to assume a new value.

Occasionally when there was a lull in the action and it was possible to relax for more than a second or two I jerked my binoculars out of my life jacket and took in a ship under sail: each one filled up to the frame with canvas. The Simon Bolivar passed by with twenty-two staysails set and sixty-seven uninformed crew members aloft. It was being escorted by a zooming, gold sparkled plastic wedge with revelers in sunglasses occupying every bucket seat.

I lowered the glasses and saw a red sea kayak coming up on me. Up until then I had seen no other kayaks and only one canoe, which surprised me. The paddler's name was Chris Duff and he had just come from around the block having taken a little jaunt up the Mississippi and across the Great Lakes. We paddled side by side - safety in numbers - keeping apace with another ship in the parade. By that point conditions seemed even more chaotic: random charging of swells, wakes and waves against each other and the swift current - all continuously bisected by motorboats on a tear, with little regard for second class citizens. From now on a plastic, blaze-orange hunting vest is going to be a standard item in my gear bag. Before I knew it the giant back eddy that had prevented me from drifting down with the tide was upstream of me and our two boats bore down on the quay on the Levis side of the river. We tucked into the backwater downstream of it and pulled out for a rest and a bit to eat. The kayak fleet was soon reduced to one again when Chris went off to wander on land for awhile.

The last of the square riggers moved grandly by in the middle of the afternoon, but I stayed bobbing in the backwash for another hour or so until the tide slackened enough for me to claw my way back up the mile of river that I'd descended so rapidly. It wasn't where I would have chosen to ride out as much of the day as I did; it was some kind of a lesson into the merits of thorough research into local conditions. I found out later that the St. Lawrence tide can take up to two hours longer to run out than to come in.

Nevertheless, I couldn't get too upset about that miscalculation or any other aspect of being waterbound witness to a lyrical and unusual event for any time and place. After a shower at the marina I sat next to my boat with a cold beer and watched the reddening evening sun put the finishing touches on a memorable day for Quebec and anyone who happened by. I would have been pleased to have been there in any capacity, but having paddled and floated through it all settled the whole event into a rare frame of reference reserved for water travel only - in this case by kayak. Never leave home without one.



Both boats on the beach.

ALLY PAKBOAT... *Canoe in a bag!*

Linda packing one in.



Some interesting information on a collapsible CANOE arrived here late this fall. Linda Jones of Ally Pakboats in Enfield, NH invited me to have a try in one of the canoes she and partner Alv Elvestad make under license from the Norwegian designer. It was too late in the season and I'm but the greenest of canoeists, so the tryout has been put off until 1985, but the boat is so well thought out, it seemed of sufficient interest to publish technical details for now at least.

Collapsible kayaks are old stuff, and work well. But they do not provide the utility for carrying gear or freight or game, or firewood that a canoe does. Hence the Ally Pakboats. Both models, the 15 footer and the 18 footer are real canoes when setup, beamy at 36", stable and yet maneuverable with considerable keel rocker. Weighing in at about 40 and 50 pounds complete, they can be backpacked considerable distances, as opposed to portaging setup. That can also be done handily with the backpack rig provided. But when the portage is cross country by air, that bag of boat, about the size of a trash barrel, sure ships easy.

Like the folding kayaks, this canoe is a framework that snaps together inside a rugged PVC hull. The frame members are aluminum. Setup can be accomplished in less than a half hour after a few tries, knockdown is much quicker.

The bottom inside has a foam pad liner, snap in seats molded or inflatable provide seating, but kneeling on that foam floor is comfortable, one can feel the water through the skin. A waterbed for the knees?

The builders say the boat can handle rocks and white water. While it's not as tough as aluminum or ABS plastic canoes, it has so much resilience that it takes the blows like a pillow and the slippery bottom slips over stuff without hanging up. For white water use a tougher bottom skin is offered.

Again like the collapsible kayak, the Ally Pakboats store in the closet at home, the packed sack with rack for backpacking measures 42" x 17" x 13".

And now the cost. The November 1984 prices are \$695 for the 15 footer and \$769 for the 18 footer. The tougher white water skins add about \$100 to the cost of each boat. The sack is \$59, the backpack rack is \$89. A spray cover can be had with two drawstring openings for \$180-\$195 per model. Let's see, the 15' tough skin model with everything would come to about \$1024, the 18' expedition model would price out with it all at about \$1198. Substantially less than a Klepper or Nautiraid. If you prefer a canoe.

Want to know more? Contact Linda Jones at Ally Pakboats, RD 2, Box 165, Enfield, NH 03748. Phone is (603) 632-7654. Come next spring, I'll go have a closer look myself.



Getting there by air,

SPECIFICATIONS

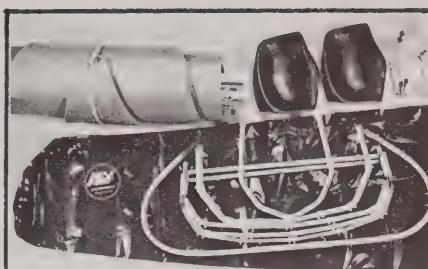
Colors: Standard skin color is dark green. Orange sides and red bottom is available on request. The aluminum frame is natural color and the closed cell foam mat is dark grey.

The **PAK•CANOE** has a symmetrical hull shape. Keel line is slight rocker, and the mid-section has shallow vee-bottom and tumblehome.

DR (Down River) has a 75% thicker bottom for additional strength.

*Carrying capacity as certified by Boating Industry Associations.

MODEL	Beam				Weight		
	Max	Gunwale	4 Waterline	Depth	Inflatable Saddles	Molded Seats	Capacity*
15 PAK•CANOE	37"	36"	33"	14"	33 lb	38 lb	695 lb
15 PAK•CANOE DR	37"	36"	33"	14"	37 lb	42 lb	695 lb
18 PAK•CANOE	38"	37"	34"	14"	41 lb	46 lb	830 lb
18 PAK•CANOE DR	38"	37"	34"	14"	47 lb	52 lb	830 lb



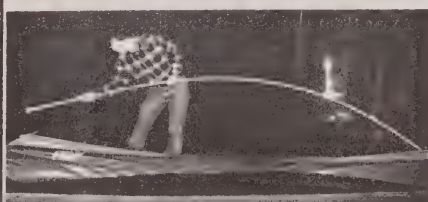
Remove parts from bag.



Position foam mat in center of canoe skin.



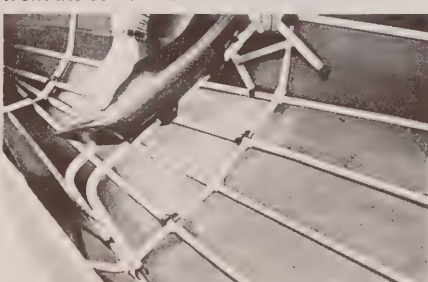
Slide gunwales into top channels. Then insert keel to fit bow and stern.



Arch the paired rods and secure in the keel hooks at bow and stern.



Insert the cross ribs in sequence, working from the center toward the ends.



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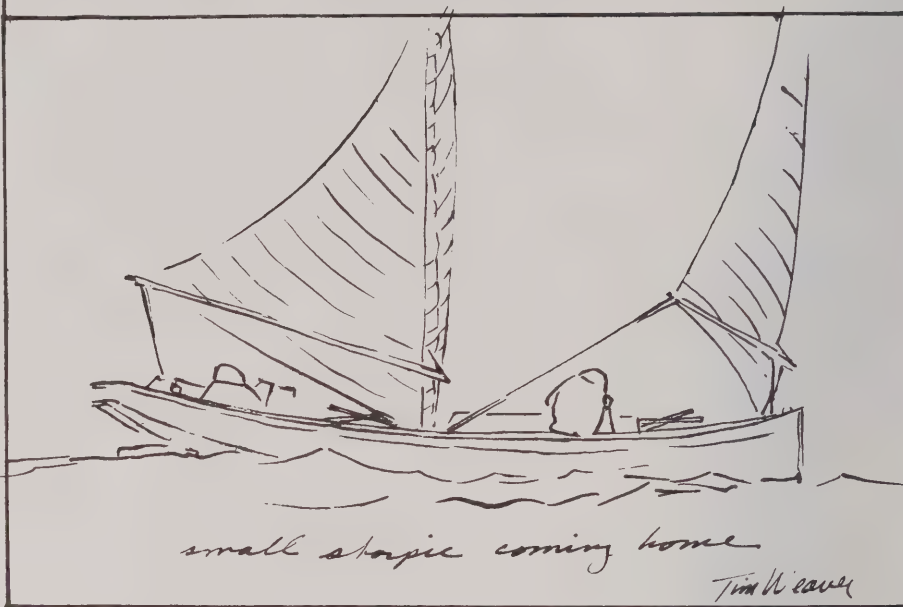
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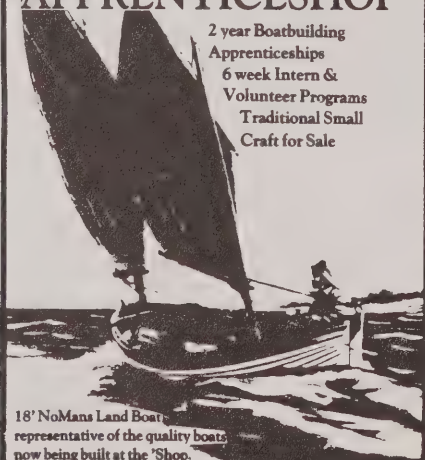
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A chance to visit the Peabody Museum of Salem came my way recently, and only after, and one deserves high marks for this, finding the museum, for downtown Salem is somewhat of a maze of squares and alleys and one way streets. It was, though, just the right place to be on a rainy Saturday. As with any museum visit, unless directly focused upon a highly cultivated interest, it was a series of impressions, a bit more understanding of things in general.

One was coastal trade under sail, its sheer size. A notation beneath a model of the schooner Wyoming read: "During the year 1876, for example, the lighthouse keeper at Owl's Head, Maine, counted 16,000 passing schooners, not including other rigs and steamers." What visions of a world of sail that called forth.

Or the half models of Bank's schooners, all sorts. Instructive that was. Hulls with rigs that told of tales of times when life was not so dear, and not so very long ago.

And cheek by jowl, the banks dory with tubbed long line, oars, and hurdy gurdy. This last a hand winch to haul three miles of trawl line. A boat of work, of work of back, of hand, and of an eye for vicious cresting waves, of great loads of fish, a boat to strain the best of men.

And the tool chest used by Henry M. Howe around 1850 - rules, saws, hammers, chisels, drills, dividers, spokes-hones and a battered mallet. There sat another tale, a life of handiwork, ship carpentry.

Then a bookman's delight, a bit of

history to bring satisfaction to any rainy day: Three pieces of original art by Henry M. Eliot that were used in Goode's THE FISHERIES AND FISHERY INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES 1884-1887. A decent find that was.

Or the beauty of the tea clipper in the shape of a model of the CUTTY SARK that was "built in workshops of the Science Museum, Kensington, London." There was a model to be looked over. Delicacy and careful work and faultless execution. Art.

And providing an inward glance, a touch of psyche's nature mirrored with embellishments, a metaphor for fear of nameless things, was the half-carved banyan root, described by the museum as in the 1837 East Indian Marine Society's catalogue as an object of idolatry by the Chinese." In my mind's eye I could see this fantastic work in a tin shed along the coast of Borneo somewhere, an overseas Chinese trader's private shrine, a piece of Conrad.

And there was much more - Chinese porcelain, oceanic navigation instruments, the East India hall and an art collection, The Russel W. Knight Collection of New England Fishing Scenes, And in that was a painting called "The Sculler" by Marshall W. Joyce. I like water well drawn, and there it was and in that special way: the colors more than what they were. The water lay in the foreground as fine as it ever will. The Knight collection was, I found, something special and is worth a Log by itself.

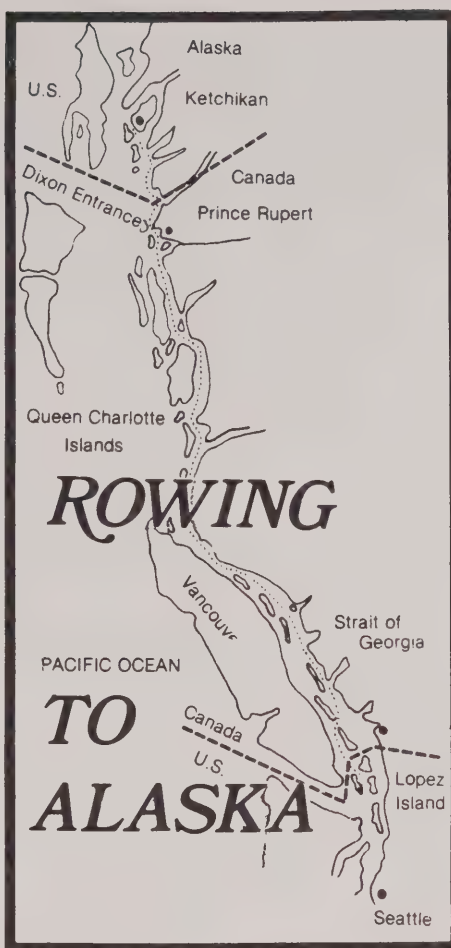
As for the museum, the hours are: Monday - Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Sundays, 1:00 p.m. until 5:00 p.m.

None too soon, for the rain started and held most of the night, a surprisingly nice sound from where we lay.

By daybreak the rain had stopped and most of the fishing boats had left. We devoured our breakfast and headed out for Rivers Inlet. Though the wind had slackened somewhat, the fishing boats were all returning. Maybe because it was Sunday, for the water wasn't too bad for downwind rowing. The rain, though, soon proved to have no respect for the Sabbath. All day the rain was hard. We had hoped to find a beach just inside the inlet mouth, but by four in the afternoon, after nine hours of rowing, we had found nothing but pounding surfs. We did, however, see some sport-fishermen in small aluminum boats. One came alongside and through the sheeting rain invited us to spend the night at their fishing camp. "Pass through those rocks two miles ahead, then up to the head of the bay." Five miles meant two-and-a-half-hours more of rowing, but with the promise of a hot meal, a warm cabin and a hot shower, we could have rowed straight up a waterfall. As a matter of fact, we had never been in such heavy rain as in Goose Bay. It was like rowing up a waterfall, incessant, and pounding heavy. Twice during the night I got up, climbed into my yellows, and waded down to the boat to bail. Had I not by morning the boat easily would have been resting on the muddy bay bottom, just off the old cannery. Despite those interruptions, never in our lives has warm hospitality been more welcome or more appreciated. Nice people.

We had to wait most of a day for the fog to lift so we could cross Seaforth Channel. Until the last couple of miles, the water was not easy, but less than hard—a nice turn of events. Our biggest surprise found us in mid-channel with a white, sleek, fast cruise ship bearing down on us at 18 to 20 knots, out of Lama Passage. We knew he couldn't pick us up on his radar, and likely couldn't see us, even if he were looking. At each instant that we thought we'd crossed his bow, he seemed to turn toward us, as though in pursuit. Each time we'd judge his position, we rowed even faster. We finally crossed his T, but he had us outgunned. I think he became bored and decided we weren't worth his time. Our speed soon cleared his track, and he went on apparently to bigger challenges. He passed us about a mile distant, leaving us his bountiful wake.

Portland Inlet is the catcher's glove that receives the fast, direct weather pitches from the Gulf of Alaska across



7~A Trip of Surprises

(Continued from Last Issue)

Report & Photo from Pete Ashenfelter

Dixon Entrance. By all forewarnings, this would be the worst stretch of water we would have to cross. Coastguardsmen, fishermen, and workboatmen were all consistent in this counsel. "Wait, and pick your time. Winds have been known to reach 100 knots from the inland glaciers as well as from the Gulf." Gulf."

We rowed rather uneventfully from Prince Rupert to the northwest tip of Tsimpsean Peninsula, our jump-off place for the crossing. High tide next morning was at 0415 and we wanted to ride the ebb across the six-mile throat, we hoped, in fair weather. I was up at 3:00 a.m. in the dark, the early morning cloudless and windless, and the water in our cove glassy. I tried to pull the boat in from its anchored buoy, but it wouldn't respond. It was caught on something. Together, Nancy working the stern line and I the bow line, we tried to free the

boat. By now, we were racing the clock, for in a few minutes the tide would turn and shortly thereafter, the boat would be high and dry. And, the day looked most promising for the crossing. In slightly better light, I could see that the lines were fouled up on the topped 35 feet of a logged tree that had drifted in with the night's very high tide. Now, urgently, I stripped off my clothes and waded out. Cold. At chest depth and barefoot on the barnacled rocks, I reached the tip of the tree and managed to pull myself along and onto it. While the upper branches cut and scraped, the underbranches kept the tree from submerging, so I worked my way out to the butt where I was able to reach under and free our lines. We were then able to pull the boat in. Later than we'd planned, we ate cold food, loaded fast and barely beat the ebbing tide out of the cove. The crossing was uneventful.

Our final day into Ketchikan typified our journey. The afternoon before, we had been driven off the water by a quick, turbulent storm that lasted through the night. Heavy winds and incessant rain, by now nothing unusual. The morning brought some let-up in the wind but not in the rain. As we moved up into the lee of Bold Island in Revillagegado Channel, the weather broke pleasant; little wind and intermittent sun. Best of all, we could see Ketchikan, our destination.

Shortly after we passed Mountain Point, across from the tip (and lee) of Race Point, we were hit by a sudden squall out of the Dixon Entrance, up Nichols Channel. The whipped water fast became impenetrable. We ran back to the lee of a very small near-shore islet that, with the ebbing tide, soon would be part of the mainland. We could watch people in their houses, not 100 feet away, going about their daily routines, the smoke from their chimneys indicating warmth. Not two miles away, we could see Ketchikan with its bustling water traffic. And there we sat as though under some giant thumb that wanted to keep us from our goal. We had to keep changing our position to avoid grounding. Finally, we sensed that the squall had spent its main force and we made a break for it, ready to take the risk of running in to shore if we had to. An hour later, we were behind a breakwater in Ketchikan, soaked but tremendously relieved.

The greeting band was the rhythm of the rain on our hoods. The final surprise was that all of the motels in Ketchikan were full. But that's another story.

What's happening...

A MATTER OF SCALE

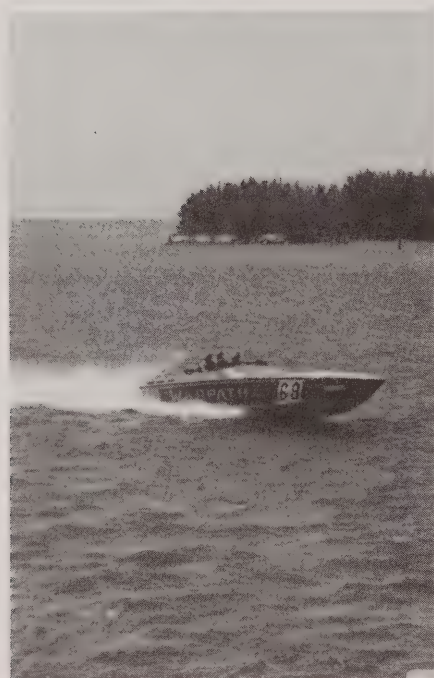
Many of us mess about in boats under budgetary constraints, the cost of our pleasure dictates the degree of our involvement. Reader Mike Severance recently holidayed in Florida and had a first hand look at a less constrained way of messing about in boats. He reports as follows:

"I have found added depth and dimension to the meaning of, 'Messing About in Boats.' It happened that our recent vacation in Key West was at a hotel headquartering the World Offshore Powerboat Championships. We had 'front row seats!'

I have tried to determine how to convey: (1) The power, noise and vibrations generated by these boats as they race by the start, through the turns and across the finish; (2) The ability of the crews between race days to change one to four of the \$20,000 - \$30,000, 700 plus horsepower engines, replace complete drive trains and alter hull shapes, and; (3) The respect I have for these owners who can write checks ranging from \$30,000 to \$500,000 as they campaign these boats all over the U.S.A. from April to November (this doesn't include the coast of the BOAT)!

I spend a couple of hundred dollars travelling about New England with my Piscataqua Wherry taking in rowing events. And my equipe doesn't include or need the color co-ordinated 18 wheel tractor trailer rigs and helicopters and crews of a dozen specialists. Not the same!

Report by Mike Severance



MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER PROGRAMS

The Maine Maritime Museum at Bath, ME has a winter program of indoor lectures and workshops scheduled as follows:

JANUARY 10: Islands In Time, a lecture by Philip W. Conkling on Maine's islands and their ecologies. At Sewall House, 963 Washington St., Bath, from 7:30 - 9 p.m. Non-members \$2.

JANUARY 15 & 17: Surveying Wooden Boats, a workshop by Jan Bijhouwer, marine surveyor. At the Apprenticeshop, 279 Washington St., Bath, from 7 - 10 p.m. Members \$25, non-members \$35.*

JANUARY 24: Rebirth of the Bowdoin, a lecture by John Nugent on the restoration of the famous Arctic exploration schooner. At Sewall House, 963 Washington St., Bath from 7:30 - 9 p.m. Non-members \$2.

FEBRUARY 7: Lonely Hearts & Whalers' Arts, a lecture by Irma Alvord and Ken Martin on maritime crafts and arts of a romantic nature. At Sewall House, 963 Washington St., Bath from 7:30 - 9 p.m. Non-members \$2.

FEBRUARY 8: Sailor's Valentine Ball, dancing to the big band music in historic York Hall in Bath, from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Call Museum for details, (207) 443-6311.

FEBRUARY 12 & 14: Steam Bending workshop by Will Ansel and Greg Rossel on bending frames and small planks with use of steam. At the Apprenticeshop, 279 Washington St., Bath from 7 - 10 p.m. Members \$25, non-members \$35.*

February 21: Ships in Bottles, Renewing a Lost Art, lecture by Gilbert Charbonneau, a leading ship models in a bottle builder. At Sewall House, 963 Washington St., Bath from 7:30 - 9 p.m. Non-members \$2.

*The winter boatbuilding workshop series of five course can be paid for as a unit at \$125 for all five (members) or \$175 for non-members. March and April courses are in caulking and in painting and will be listed in later issues.

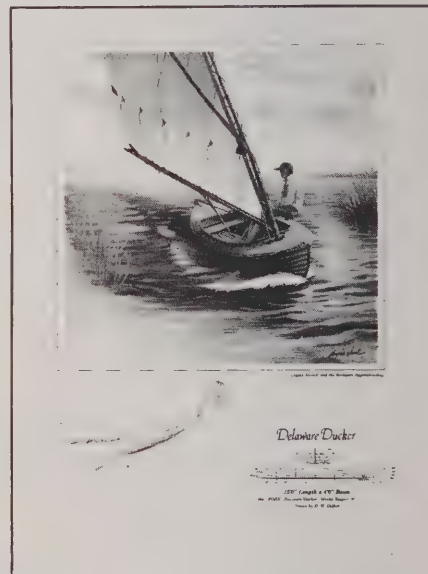
Information on all Maine Maritime Museum activities can be obtained by phoning (207) 443-6311 weekdays during business hours.

SNOW ROW COMING IN FEBRUARY

Ed McCabe of the Hull Lifesaving Museum called to announce that this annual winter outing for oarsmen will again take place from the Museum boathouse at Pt. Allerton in Hull, on the 24th as tentatively planned. More details in the next issue.

APPRENTICESHOP DOCUMENTARY PRINTS

The Rockport Apprenticeshop now offers four documentary prints of traditional small craft. These are 9 x 12 color reproductions of paintings by marine artist Doug Alvord of the very best small watercraft the Apprenticeshop has studied, built, sailed and dreamed of in their search for good boats.. The present four boats are the Delaware Ducker, the Prospect Marsh Pinky (the 1984 Wooden Boat Show poster boat), the Nomans Land Boat and the Washington County Peapod. Each print includes with it a lines drawing by Dave Dillion and also a perspective drawing. The prints are \$12 each, \$40 the set. Matted and shrink wrapped they are \$18 each, \$65 the set. Custom framed they are \$45 each, \$165 the set. It's too late for Christmas giving, but they are still a treat for the traditional small craft lover. Contact the Rockport Apprenticeshop, P.O. Box 539, Rockport, ME 04856.



THEM DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER



CANOEING FROM INN TO INN

It's never quiet in the mountains. Even the slightest zephyr as it moves through the trees creates a sound that echoes across the lake and combines with new sounds to create a continuous whooshing moan. Like a million violin strings, the trees are played by the wind.

This morning was different, however. As we paddled away from the dock, the trees mirrored perfectly on the lake's surface, it was stoney dead quiet. We stopped paddling and drifted for a bit. "Did you hear that?" ... "What?" ... "The quiet." ... Shhh!" Paddling quietly, or as quietly as we could considering we had never been in a canoe before, we followed the shoreline. Most of the summer cottages had been closed up. Canoes and Sunfish sat on porches and except for a sad looking little waterlogged sloop clinging to its mooring, we had the lake to ourselves. The morning sun cast shadows across the mountains and the foliage was spectacular.

We were supposed to be on a bicycling vacation but the lure of water and an available means of getting onto it were irresistible. It was Columbus Day weekend in Vermont and we were cycling from inn to inn. Water had been our constant companion so far as most of the roads follow the many rivers and streams, but we never thought we'd have the opportunity to use it. Weren't we surprised to find out that the inn had canoes and a small sailboat and their use was included in the price.

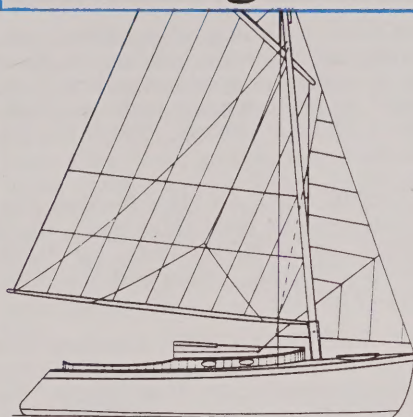
After breakfast we packed and loaded the bikes. Then we were issued our faded PFD's and orange plastic paddles with aluminum shafts. These went perfectly with our orange plastic canoe and its aluminum trim. Unlocking the canoe, we somehow managed to get into it and we were feeling pretty smug about that when, as we backed away from the dock, we promptly hung ourselves up on a submerged log. Naturally I spent the next hour looking over the side, just in case. The water was crystal clear, the bottom deceptively close, but when I probed with my paddle I couldn't touch bottom. Many years of sailing a keelboat have instilled a sense for too little water and we were in too little water!

There were a number of inlets and a couple of small islands to explore, and although it was not a big lake, we took about an hour and a half paddling steadily to make the full circuit. The only obvious lack was the presence of wildlife, other than a few birds we were alone. After an hour a breeze came up, light at first but building to hair ruffling intensity. "Maybe when we get back we can take out the sailboat?" But, no, we had a long trek ahead of us that day and now it was nearly 10 a.m.

Twenty miles down the road we stopped for lunch by yet another river and talked about getting a canoe. Maybe we could canoe from inn to inn ...

Report by Joe Zammarelli

What are YOU Building?



NORTH RIVER BOATWORKS

Owner Howard Mittleman reports that he has formed a partnership with Frank Houde, a friend and fellow woodworker who has been sharing shop space with Howard for several years. The change has been a good one and they now have more energy to put into their work and enough work to have required hiring on a full time helper.

This winter's main project will be constructing the 19' lapstrake canoe yawl MADRIGAL, designed by Dave Gerr of New York City.. Madrigal is a small weekend cruiser 18' 10" x 6' 10" x 2' displacing 1800 lbs. She is a light and shallow boat, beachable on the fin keel and two small bilge struts. Accommodations will be simple, as is the rig, a standing lug type set in a tabernacle on deck. No engine installation is planned, a small, demountable outboard may be fitted on a removeable bracket if needed. The aim is to provide a small beachable wooden cruiser with maximum seaworthiness and enjoyment at an affordable price.

Supplementing the construction of MADRIGAL, Howard and Frank will begin a small production run of 14' pulling boats designed by J.H. Rushton. This is a double ender 14' x 3' 4" weighing only 65 lbs. It will be constructed lapstrake, cedar over oak. The finish will be similar to their North River Skiff, oiled interior, white painted exterior, varnished sheer strake and trim. The lines are similar to the Adirondack Guideboat and it will be a beautiful craft suitable for exploring, rowing for exercise, or fishing.

By spring Howard and Frank will have completed the sail rig for the North River Skiff and as soon as it has been tested it will be offered as an option on the skiffs. Finally, planning is going on for an 18' recreational shell design to be built lapstrake of plywood with glued laps. North River Boatworks has a full winter ahead.

Good Winter Reading

OUT OF PRINT MARINE BOOKS CATALOG OFFERED

The Armchair Sailor Bookstore of Newport, RI has updated its catalog of used and out-of-print marine books to about 1,000 titles for the 9th edition, now available for \$2 to cover handling and postage costs. The firm has a computerized booksearch service now in operation so finding these books has become possible. Armchair Sailor will also take old books in trade, they call the program, "Recycle Your Loved Ones". If you have been looking for some old marine book no longer in print, you'd do well to order out this catalog for starters, send \$2 to Armchair Sailor, Lee's Wharf, Newport, RI 02840.

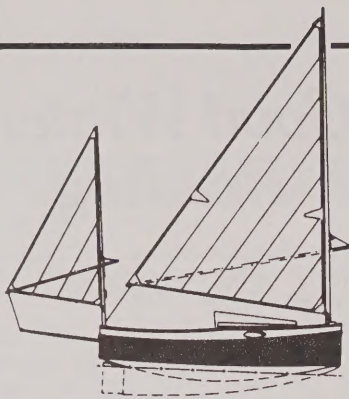
WORLDWIDE CRUISING GUIDES TOO

While we're telling you about the Armchair Sailor Bookstore, you should know they also have a couple of catalogs for the cruising sailor. One is the catalog of Worldwide Cruising Guides. It lists over 400 such guides from all over the world, like even places such as Tristan de Cunha! Each listing is described at length so you can determine if it will be useful to you on your impending cruise to get away from all this. The second catalog is a North Atlantic Planning Guide, developed for use by the OSTAR participants, but useful for anyone planning to cross the Atlantic either way. The North Atlantic Guide and similar ones for Bermuda and the Caribbean are free on request, the catalog of Worldwide Cruising Guides is only \$2, from the Armchair Sailor, Lee's Wharf, Newport, RI 02840.

ATKINS' BOOK OF BOATS REPUBLISHED

The late William Atkins and his son John are both noted boat designers and during the past 30 years two books by them, the FIRST BOOK OF BOATS and the SECOND BOOK OF BOATS were in much demand amongst those who love traditional designs. Eventually they went out of print, however.

Now Atkins & Co. can offer a new combined publication, THE BOOK OF BOATS, that includes all of the first two in 240 pages with illustrations, plus a current introduction by John Atkins. The book is all about traditional design and construction but also includes cruising stories and ideas on boat related subjects, as well as chapters by other boating writers on specific types of boats and how they fared.. Amongst the chapter titles, one caught some of the essence of the book, "In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash.". Other contributors to the book include John G. Hanna, William Garden, C.G. Davis, Charles D. Mower,



MICRO (15'4" X 6' X 1'9"), Says Designer **BOLGER**, "—is one of the best proposals I ever came up with." Easy, plywood, "instant-type" construction. Very complete information, \$1. Plan, \$45 (overseas, \$47). **LA ROWE BOAT PLANS**, 302 Crosswinds, Palm Harbor, Florida 33563.

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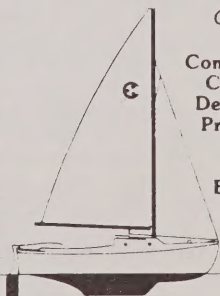
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DENNIS CAPRIO, Fairfield, CT. (203) 866-8598 or (203) 372-4335. (17)

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RICHARD SMITH, Poughkeepsie, NY (914) 454-3700. (17)

WANTED: Boat trailer strong enough to winter store a 17-1/2' Hermann catboat (8' beam) with inboard, about 3,000 pounds weight. Road inspection not required, yard storage use only.

NOB HOVDE, New York, NY. Call collect and leave your number: (212) 753-0462. (17)

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DAVE PEACH, Marblehead, MA (617) 631-5571. (15)



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KEVIN MARTIN, Epping, NH (603) 679-5153. (16)

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ALEX LAKE, 458 Greenfield Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458. (16)

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KARIN BUTLER, 17 Conochet Trail, E. Greenwich, RI 02818. (16)

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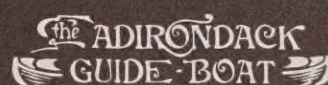
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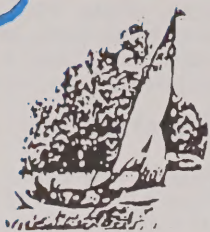
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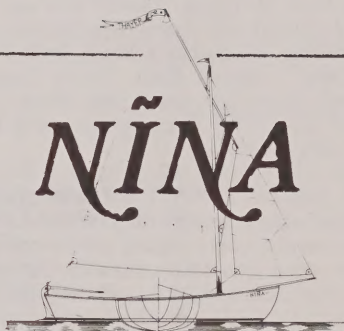


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