

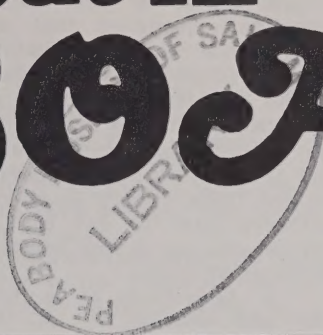


messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 5 ~ Number 13

November 15, 1987





messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Has several paddling reports,
a tour around Woods Hole, night
paddling in late fall, and images
from a paddle to Monhegan Island.
There'll be a story on the ultimate
portage of a 40' boat over a thou-
sand miles; some suggested winter
escapes; one man's story on why he
no longer enjoys sailing; rowing
on the Essex River; nostalgia ads
from 1936 for Johnson Outboards
and Old Town canoes. Further
Townie adventures with Tom and a
feature on the 1929 Elco 26 classic
motor cruiser will most likely
round out the issue.

On the Cover...

The realization of yet another
dream, SIREN SONG, the 30' Scilly
Isles gig built for the Sirens Row-
ing Team of Gloucester, MA, by
Larry Dahlmer, was launched in
October and taken on its first sea
trials. Feature story on pages
14-17 in this issue.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

Another launching is featured
in this issue. I go to launchings
several times a year and never
cease to experience that sense of
significance these ceremonies en-
gender. Of course, the significance
is the greatest for those directly
involved with the boat, builders
and owners and immediate families
and friends. But as a journalist, I
am not there purely as an objective
onlooker just to get the facts. I
get caught up in the emotional un-
dertones as well.

A launching is a beginning
and an ending all at the same
time. It's the beginning of a new
experience afloat and the ending of
the design/building process initi-
ated for this ultimate objective. The
construction is done, and now will
it float? Well, not really so stark
as that, but always, without fail,
the builder and those on hand with
some knowledge of boatbuilding,
watch the bootstripe to see if she
"floats on her lines". Like if she
doesn't, can this be a precursor of
troubles to follow? In my numerous
attendances at launchings, the
boats have usually always floated
on their lines, or close enough al-
lowing for trim and future addi-
tional baggage to go aboard. I've
never seen one sink.

What involves me as more than
a dispassionate observer is that I
usually know the "story" behind
the boat to be launched. I don't
have to adopt the tactics TV re-
porters seem to, of jamming myself
into the foreground and asking stu-
pid questions that reveal an abys-
mal lack of knowledge. By the time
I attend a launching, I have al-
ready learned the background, if I
did not know it from ongoing earli-
er relationship to the project. The

launching has thus now become
more significant to me as a result
of this. I know something of the
owner's dream, of the builder's ef-
fort.

The human involvement in the
launching of a boat that's the re-
alization of a dream, however mod-
est, has so much more appeal than
the impersonal act of buying a
stock boat from a dealer and put-
ting it into the water. Certainly,
people who buy that sort of boat do
sometimes engage in some sort of
launching ceremony, important to
them, but it cannot grab the feel-
ings of outsiders in the same way
that a boat emerging from where it
was built and entering the water
does.

A boat that's been built by the
ultimate owner as a labor of love
carries the heaviest emotional in-
volvement. Unless it's a very small
boat, indeed, it represents a major
investment of effort, and always
the greater one's commitment of
time and effort to something, the
greater its meaning. Those who
have their boat built professionally
still develop a strong involvement,
for they've usually made a choice
of boat and builder for good rea-
sons of their own, and followed pro-
gress closely. The creative aspect
is now vicarious, but still very
significant. It's a lot more than
just the money involved.

So I like to do reports on
launchings of readers' dreams.
They always make good stories.
The opportunity to share the dream
not only myself, but with all of
you who read about it on these pa-
ges, is a rewarding one. Remember
me when you're planning a launch-
ing, I'll try to make it.

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT MAIL DELIVERY OF "BOATS"

Just about every issue we mail out suffers from scattered non-delivery, and sub-
scribers call or write to us about the issue they haven't received yet. I thought it was
time to discuss the subject.

First, ALL copies leave here in one bulk mailing. I'm not holding back anyone's
copy for any reason whatever.

Second, this is our 5th year, we've mailed out 109 consecutive issues as of this one
without missing any, most of them on time within a day or two. We're not going out of
business.

Now, the reason you may not receive your copy as soon as someone else you know
does is due to the distribution in the bulk mail system. It's reasonable to expect delivery
within a week or so of the cover date. This issue should be in your hands by November
22nd latest. Areas with many subscribers get faster delivery because we can send a sack
of copies to an individual sectional center, such as New Haven, CT, or Woburn, MA.

Amongst the reasons you may not get a copy at all are routine loss in the mailing
system, misfiled mailing stencil here, or your moving without letting us know. Bulk mail
does not get forwarded. Until I know where you've gone, I mail to your former address.
The P.O. then sends me an address change BUT it might be a couple of months before
they do. They don't hurry.

We'd like to suggest the following procedure for anyone looking for a missing issue.
Since we come out twice a month, wait until an issue following the one not yet received
arrives. Then we know its missing and not just late. Drop us a card, we'll send you re-
placements for any issues missing. If a month goes by with no copy arriving, let us
know. Even if the fault is not ours, we'll replace missing copies. So, not to worry!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE RACE OF TRUTH

On October 10th, 15 small boats started out on the 8 nautical mile circuit of Inner Heron, Thrumcap and Rutherford Islands near South Bristol, ME, in the 2nd Annual Race of Truth. Three sliding seat shells and twelve sea kayaks made up the fleet facing 15-20 knot onshore winds and a 3-4 foot southerly swell (much like last year's conditions). Thirteen carried on to finish, two kayaks retired for honorable reasons.

Doug Bushnell from West Side Boat Shop over in Tonawanda, NY, came hundreds of miles to compete and set fastest time overall at 1:30:17 in his Wave Piercer racing sea kayak. Brooks Doell of Nobleboro, ME, was second overall and first rowing shell at 1:32:00 in a Vancouver 21. Both of these eclipsed the 1986 winning times set by Ken Fink at 1:35:44 in kayaks and Hargy Heap at 1:37:46 in shells, but were well off the course record of 1:27:24 set by Frank Mainville and Andy Parks in the Concord Yacht Pilot 21 sliding seat double wherry.

Lack of support for classes such as traditional oar-on-gunwale and others may result in the 1988 event being open only to rowing shells and kayaks. Awards this year were provided by Poseidon Kayak Imports of Walpole, ME (Ken and Joan Fink), and Joan served as starter, timer and regatta chief.

Report by James Chute.

SCHOONER RACE NEARLY BECALMED

Mystic Seaport Museum's annual schooner race took place on Long Island Sound on Saturday, October 3rd. A dying wind and ebbing tide resulted in only two of the eleven starters even crossing the finish line. The 17 mile triangular course began near Seaflower Reef off the western end of Fishers Island, led east to Noyes Shoal off Stonington harbor, thence west to Rapid Rock off New London, where most entrants had to call it a day. The early southeast wind of 6 to 8 knots died off and the ebbing tide set in, virtually stopping the fleet in its tracks.

FORTUNE, a previous winner often, again won, topping Class A. SEBIM topped Class B and was the only other finisher. SEBIM took home three awards, the Billy Atkin Memorial Trophy for first over the line; the Soundings Trophy for best corrected time for a gaff rigger; and the Brilliant Trophy for best corrected time overall. VOYAGER, though a non-finisher, received the Joseph Conrad Award for having the largest number of crew members under 18 years of age.

MAINE MARITIME WINTER COURSES

Maine Maritime Museum has scheduled a winter of indoor courses related to boatbuilding. Right at hand for November are these two:

MARINE SURVEYING with Ernest Brierly on Saturday, November 7th, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

HALF HULL MODELLING with Phil Shelton, November 18th and November 19th, evenings, 7 to 10 p.m.

A little more lead time is available for the following:

THE SHAPE OF BOATS & TAKING LINES with Dave Dillion, December 9th and 10th, evenings, 7 to 10 p.m.

MARINE CARVING with Greg Fisher, January 6th and 7th, evenings, 7 to 10 p.m.

RE-CANVASSING WOODEN CANOES with Rollin Thurlow, Saturday, February 6th, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

STRIP PLANKING with Dick Pulsifer, at his Brunswick shop, February 17th and 18th, evenings, 7 to 10 p.m.

CAULKING with John Maritato, Saturday, March 12th, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

PAINTING & FINISHING with Paul Bryant, March 30th and 31st, evenings, 7 to 10 p.m.

ULTRALIGHT BOATBUILDING with Platt Monfort, April 13th and 14th, evenings, 7 to 10 p.m.

Registration fee is \$35, class limit is 10. All are at Percy & Small Shipyard in Bath, ME, except for the Pulsifer workshop on strip planking. Further information at (207) 442-7401.

BOATBUILDING THEORY & PRACTICE course with Arno Day is of a different scale of opportunity, this long run will start Saturday, January 9th and run fifteen consecutive Saturdays through April 16th, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. with a one hour lunch break. In this way a three week course can be offered to those unable to take three consecutive weeks away from the real world. Tuition is \$600, including all necessary materials. A semi-dory skiff will be built to provide hands-on experience in all aspects of traditional building. For registration and information, (207) 442-7401, or write Maine Maritime Museum, Shipyard Office, Washington St., Bath, ME 04530.

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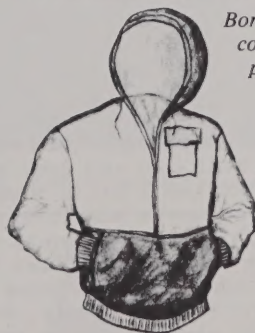
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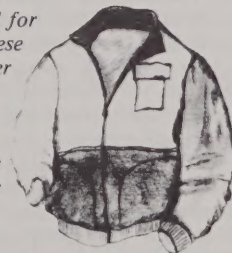
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“RED ZINGER... where’s the zing?”

Report by Bob Hicks
Photos by Richard Zapf & Bob Hicks

It's been a somewhat disappointing summer of sailing for my friend, the Amazing Dr. Z. His Bolger designed family cruising boat, RED ZINGER, which he built last winter (and which we chronicled the turning over of the hull project in our February 1, 1987 issue), has not provided the scintillating performance he had hoped for. RED ZINGER, at 26', and very roomy, is a move up from his previous Bolger catboat, GARFIELD, which at 15' just did not have the accommodation for a family of four to go cruising in, even for weekends. And, while GARFIELD had an impressive turn of speed for a short catboat, Dr. Z was after MORE SPEED. Well, RED ZINGER has the speed all right on a reach or a run, but it was pretty disappointing going to windward.

Now, the cat-ketch rig cannot be expected to point really high, but it was slowing and stalling out well off the wind, like out around 60 degrees! Designer Bolger went for a sail and agreed it was behaving peculiarly, and subsequently

supplied a redesign for the large centerboard. Dr. Z hastily constructed this following his summer cruise from Ipswich on the Massachusetts north shore to Cape Cod and the Islands. On a rainy Thursday, August 27th, he installed it on the mooring in Plum Island Sound, and on his usual Friday day off, invited me along on a trial sail. It was still cool and gray and raining on and off, but a steady light northeast breeze was blowing.

Getting the big main up at the mooring near the mouth of Plum Island Sound, where the tide runs up to 3 knots, is not easily done without motor assist, for the boats don't point into the wind, except on the slack, they are governed by that tidal current. So we had to head RED ZINGER up with the 10hp Yamaha outboard, a nice, quiet electric start four-stroke unit without the two-stroke buzz and smoke. Then it was off down the channel under sail and out into Ipswich Bay. The northeast breeze was just right for us to reach across to Halibut Point at the tip

of Cape Ann, and back, a distance of about 18 miles round trip, with no tacking involved.

The little mizzen was set to balance the helm and RED ZINGER just about steered herself along in the steady breeze. With the tide coming in we had plenty of water over the sandbars at the entrance to the Sound for the shallow draft hull and no serious waves were breaking on the bars. The sky was overcast, the showers let up once we got away from shore and we moved comfortably along. Well, I thought the boat went rather nicely, a nice motion in the smallish one foot swells. But it was time for the going to windward tryouts.

So we headed up until RED ZINGER began to feel sluggish. The sail was still not showing any signs of luffing, but we were obviously pinching as the boat speed dropped off. We took a compass reading at what we felt was the highest angle at which the boat still moved well and then came about onto the opposite tack for another reading. Several successive

tacks with comparisons of our "seat of the pants" feelings about just when the boat began to stall out revealed we were pretty regularly swinging through 100 degrees, 50 degrees off the wind either way. Well, this was still no modern high performance degree of close windedness, but as Dr. Z said, "that's a lot better than 60 degrees!"

As we rounded Halibut Point for a look down towards Rockport, a very low and ominous black cloud loomed over the land and appeared to be heading our way, despite the wind direction. There was no indication of squalls in the morning's weather, nor did the NOAA reports warn of any. Still it looked threatening. So we swung about and began our trip back still reaching nicely along. We soon outdistanced the looming cloud, causing Dr. Z to remark, "When the boat's going 5 knots and the weather's going 4.5 knots, it's happiness, when the boat's going 4.5 knots and the weather's going 5 knots it's grief."

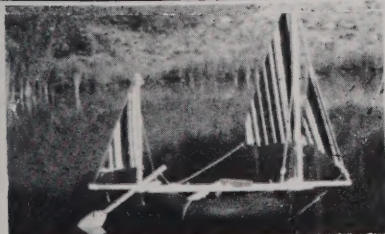
Dr. Z's interest in boat speed is not entirely over concern for outrunning bad weather. He likes to beat other boats, a common af-

fliction of sailors. The Ipswich Bay Yacht Club, to which he belongs, holds the usual yacht club races all summer, and last year GARFIELD, despite its old timey slow boat look, outran a number of more modern fiberglass boats. Dr. Z had hopes for RED ZINGER doing even moreso against the larger boats. But it was not to be, and instead he had to suffer remarks from fellow club members such as, "I didn't know houseboats had a pointy end." Galling indeed. RED ZINGER has very high sides and plumb ends, and a little sort of doghouse over the main hatch, much like a winter entryway. It looks as if it would be slow, but it isn't supposed to be. That's where the canker gnaws.

So testing will go on until winter haulout, when Dr. Z hopes to be able to make the necessary changes back in the boatshop for another try next year at sailing like the name RED ZINGER implies. When that electric green spinnaker with the red lightning bolt goes up on a downwind run, the boat comes into its own. It's going the other way that troubles.



Reaching towards Halibut Point under a threatening sky was ZINGER's best point of sail.



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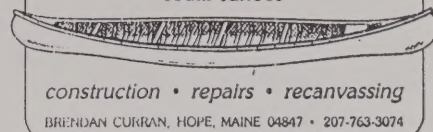


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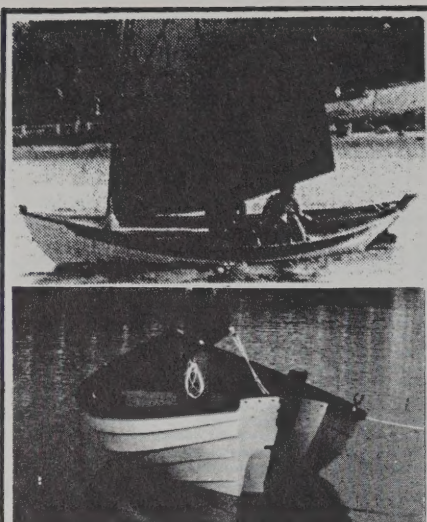
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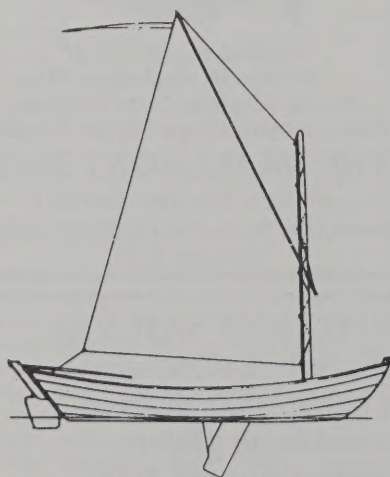


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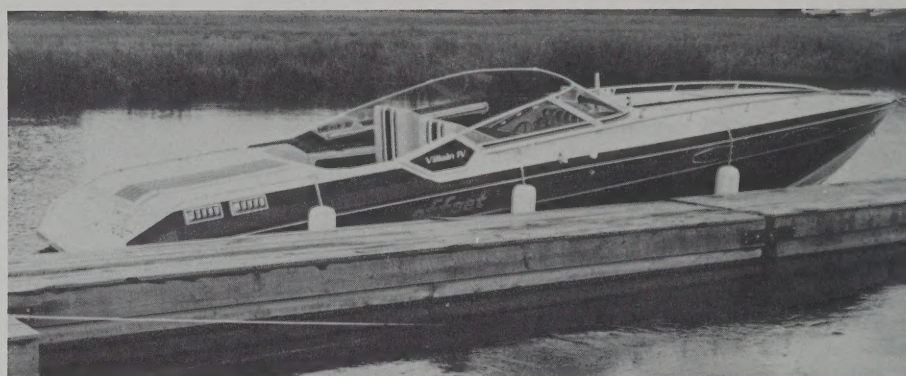


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The impression that finally established itself as the most significant about the cruise from Rowley over to Gloucester's Halibut Point was how easy it was. And quick. And undeniably very exciting. I'm no powerboat advocate, and never have been much interested in outboarding around, or even cruising much in more spacious and comfortable inboards, but the opportunity for a short late afternoon outing in a 680 horsepower, 34' "cigarette" type boat was not to be passed up.

Dave and John Kent of Rowley own the boat. They operate, with their father Don, Rowley Printing, Inc., the people who print our little magazine. Their boat, a Chaparral, is the latest upscaling in a lifetime of moving up the powerboat chain from outboard skiffs of a childhood spent on the Rowley River. This past winter they sold their respective Ferrari and Corvette sports cars and acquired this new muscle boat. With the town landing on the Rowley River a scant half-mile from the printing plant, they can maximize their brief moments away from business. My arrival on this Tuesday afternoon just about 5p.m. to look at proofs coincided with one of the moments the two brothers were able to get away from the shop.

Start up drill was typical for most inboards. Open the engine hatch, turn on the bilge blower and wait for it to exhaust any lingering gasoline fumes, then hit the starter button. Here, the engine hatch across the rear behind the rear seat opened with the subdued hum of a hydraulic pump extending the lifting cylinder. Therein lurked two shiny black Mercruiser V-8 engines of 340 horsepower each. Start up reminded me of airline travel. After all systems had been checked, first one engine is cranked over until it lights off. When it settles down into a comfortable idle, the other is then fired up. All's well, the hatch lowers silently, and into gear at an idle and we're off downriver at 10 knots idling.

Out past the railroad bridge and the last of the scattered camps perched on the marshy shores of the river, tides all the way in, we're right on top even with the marshgrass and can see far ahead despite the tight bends of the river. Nobody out there. Sudden very strong acceleration as John feeds on the throttle. The boat lifts, but not much, and the tight bends come up very quickly. A turn of the wheel and the big boat effortlessly heels over and follows the twists with a preciseness I found impressive, no skating sideways, no mushiness to the boat's grip on the water. We're doing about 30 mph and the engines are loafing at under 2000 rpm casting a deep mellow bellow behind us. This is great fun, swinging the bends so precisely and effortlessly.

Out onto the Sound, hardly anyone in sight. Off to starboard a small outboard skiff buzzing along, smacking and bouncing on even the very small wind chop from the northwest wind that's displaced the week-long southwesterlies we've been having. Even though the tide's nearly topped out and the Sound looks like a wide open bay, John follows the twisting channel, for much of that water is still very shallow, even at high tide. So more swinging the bends, now following the channel markers. Down past Eagle Hill and the Ipswich Bay Yacht Club moorings, packed with sailboats encroaching on the channel as good mooring ground is running out. Here we back off, although there's no sign of anyone around, ease through and on to the mouth of the Sound.

A golden bright sunny late afternoon, and now ahead across Ipswich Bay the tip of Cape Ann, Halibut Point, is clearly visible eight miles away. Between us and it there are no boats. Off to port a ways a solitary cruising sailboat heads north, away from us. Where are all the boat people on so golden an August summer day? Grinding out the jobs that pay for the boats I guess. The waters of the bay are flat, little swell, maybe a one foot

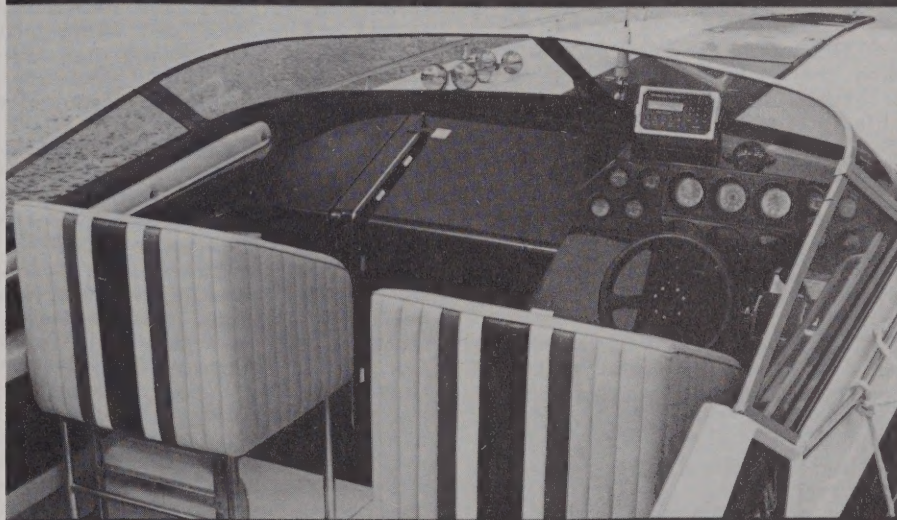
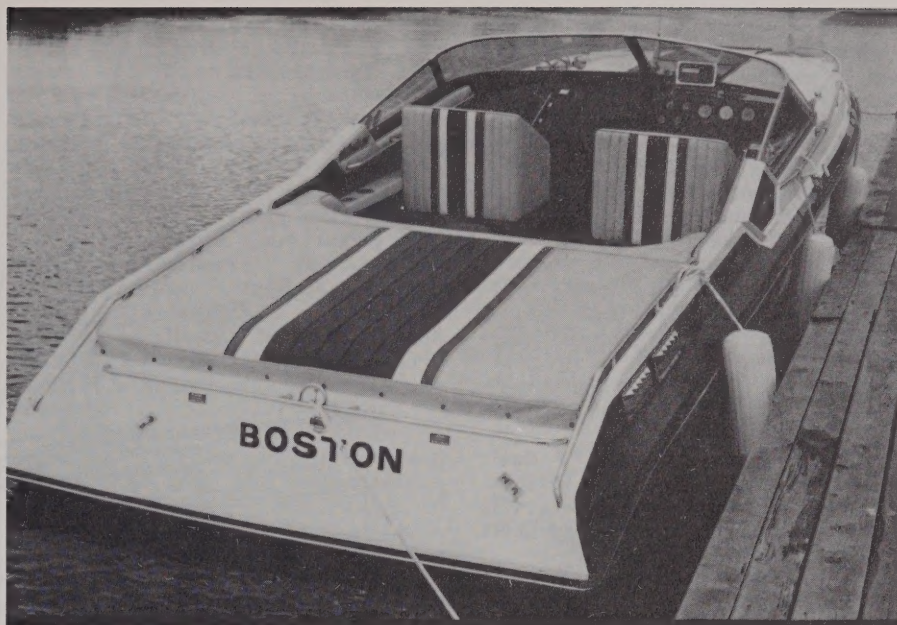
chop from that northeast wind. John opens her up.

Accommodations are interesting in this sort of boat. There's a full width well padded bench seat across the back of the cockpit that can comfortably seat four well down inside the gunwales. The long fore-deck covers a surprisingly spacious cabin with galley, icebox, etc luxuriously built in, a couple of roomy bunks, etc. Right behind the steeply raked windshield are two standing positions for the driver and a companion. These have heavily padded U-shaped backrests within which one stands supported on three sides for G- forces. The windshield directs most of the air blast just over the top of your head if you lay back into the backrests with feet forward and knees slightly flexed for shock absorbing.

The boat leaped ahead when John gave her the gas and rocketed off towards Halibut Point, we're now cruising at 50 mph, only the rearmost hull section riding the small waves as we go. Behind us a mile long line of white foam is being drawn out on the ocean. Occasionally a larger confluence of waves lofts us higher into the air, but there's little pounding, and we soar along a ways before touching down again on the next oncoming small waves.

It's the length and power that smooths out the ride. John and Dave both talk about making this trip in earlier 23' high powered runabouts they owned and of tiring of the pounding and leaping even in so short an outing. But the Chapparral isn't doing this, its more of a loping along in a long leaping stride rather than shorter, choppy motion. I didn't keep track of time, but we were at Halibut Point in about ten or twelve minutes, crossing what would otherwise be a rather monotonous stretch of open water fast enough to not get tired of it.

Since there was still work to be done back at the plant, this was our furthest out distance. We headed west back towards Plum Island into the sun. Out came the sunglasses, you move up on things so rapidly at these speeds that alert watchfulness is vital. It happened that nobody was out there, but one can never be certain, and floating logs or such could be dangerous. Back into the Sound, past the Yacht Club, this time just idling along past two or three sailboats now heading out. Then up to speed again for a straight run across the empty sound to the river's mouth, and a repeat of that slalom trip coming out. We were back to that first camp shortly, and idled on upriver from there. We'd been gone less than an hour, despite our periods of idling along, covered about 30 miles, and Dave and John had blown away the mundane con-



Like a high performance car, the Chapparral has all the hi-tech stuff. Under that upholstered rear deck are the two big motors. Those "seat" backs are actually stand-up U-shaped supports to cradle you from being tossed side to side at speed. John and David heading out for a brief escape from their business world.

cerns of keeping the printing plant running. Now back to work for a while, after hours, when something can be done without interruptions.

For myself, back to work to, playtime was over. It had been an exhilarating experience, we could go all out without bothering anyone else, and the thrill one gets from flashing across the water at these speeds is a genuine one, not to be

denied. I was impressed with real power applied in a good handling boat. Our little junket would have been impossible on a weekend, when the same area fills up with all those boats seen parked on moorings and marina floats. You need the river and sound all to yourself to really experience the excitement of a true muscle boat.

"Say! There's a fellow in Florida who builds boats just like this," hailed a voice from the walkway along lock #7.

I looked up from checking my fenders.

"Ya - and his name is 'Pelican Jack'. He builds them along some river on the west coast."

"The Manatee."

"Ya!"

"Did he build this one?"

"Nooo - I built this one. I read an article by a John Williamson..."

"Hey Hon!" the voice interrupted, "He knows John Williamson," calling to his wife.

"No," I interjected, "I don't know him. I just read his article. I was so impressed with what he said, I sent for the plans and built her."

"Well, I'll tell ya - when I saw you coming into the lock, I thought it was John. He has a boat just like this one!"

"I copied his color scheme - I liked the picture in the article - all except the hull - mine is black - his is blue."

"He's a friend of mine - lives close by."

"What's his address?"

Confusion - not sure of street number or zip.

"Tell ya what. I'll give you my address. Write to me and I'll pass it on."

And so I came to know the voice belonged to Jack Ferrari of Palmetto, Florida. I descended in the lock, waved back and began motoring - a mile or two further looking for shade and a suitable anchorage - the sun was hot. This was to be my last night afloat on this canal cruise that started nine days ago.

John Williamson's article on the S.F.G.P. appeared in the 1984 April-May issue of 'Small Boat Journal'. This little vessel immediately captured my fancy. I sent for the plans and began construction. In June of that year, I had occasion to be in San Francisco and visited with Capt. Short, the designer.

Capt. Short's SFGP sat in the garage, perched on a trailer. He had named her 'TOFU', for he liked the food. His Chinese friends he said, admonished him for naming her so. They said when something was soft or mushy, the word tofu was used - none the less the captain liked the name and kept her named so.

'TOFU' was being re-rigged to a full Chinese lug. A new longer hollow mast sat in the garage - a T-boom in the house - a trailer winch was mounted on the aft starboard corner of the cabin - it was demountable - and a device referred to as a horse sat near by. The mast was to lie in the horse, which was hinged to the tabernacle - this stood about two feet above deck - a



One man... One boat... and GO!

Report by Stan Dziemja

line was attached to the mast or the horse (not sure) - thence through a pulley at the stem head, to the winch. The mast was raised to a vertical position and then lowered to the keelson, the horse supplying lateral stability throughout the process.

We talked about other improvements. I left much elated. On arriving home it was with an increased and inflated rebirth of enthusiasm to complete the SFGP.

But - there were other tasks. My daughter's Beetle - a fiberglass hull model - made, using a leaky, strained hull as a male mold; a 19 foot sloop - being modified; a Mantinicus - being strip built; a rowing shell, a cold molded canoe.

Too many projects! First things first - but which of the projects was to be first. My daughter's Beetle completed, I was torn among all these different boats, and with the arrival of every magazine - interest waned - I began to spend less time abuilding or afloat - I was fast becoming moored in an armchair - enough! Subscriptions were allowed to expire - books, some 90, packed away - I was heading for ground zero. Ads were placed - all would be sold - and I was left with the 19 foot sloop and the SFGP.

The 19 foot sloop was trailered to my son's home. Out of sight, out of mind. Hah! Everytime I visited my son, I was inexorably drawn to the boat. My time was now being split - the SFGP at home and the sloop - a condition I began to refer to as the "yo-yo syndrome".

An ad was placed. One or the other. Which of the two made little difference. One man - one boat now became my theme. If I were to follow in the footsteps of the Pardys - "Go Small, But Go", or the Butlers "The Boat is less important than the Doing is."

A few calls - some came to look see - a sincere buyer for the SFGP - a great deal of buyer vacillation - at this same time my own emotions were in chaos! I had to

make a decision. The SAN FRANCISCO GREAT PELICAN. There, it was settled!

BUT - back came the interested buyer for the SFGP and along came Bob Hicks to view the 19 foot sloop. I told Bob of my predicament, and told Bob I would honor the sale of the SFGP until the next issue the ad did not appear. Needless to say, the interested SFGP buyer did not - nor did Bob.

I now began to work on the SFGP to a fever pitch pace - the weather not withstanding - considering there were only four good days in April. I busied myself with making lists of what was needed and needed doing - a good day chores and poor day tasks.

Suddenly it struck me - the rigging! I had no information or directions that I felt secure with - a hurried ad - two providential replies: E.G. Ragsdale of Florence, Oregon and Robert H. Martin of Malverne, N.Y. were to allay any misgivings I had to rig.

Yet, I wanted to get on the water. I would GO, as a launch cruiser on the Erie Canal - no sail required. A trailer was needed. I have a Shoreline V-17 from a previous boat with B-78-13 tires it was rated for 2000# cap. gross wt. 2470#. More than sufficient, however the 19 foot sloop occupied it.

Home it came, off with the 19 foot sloop, the pads, rollers, and what not removed. An evaluation made. I wanted the boat sitting in the trailer - that is, down between the fenders - the trailer was not wide enough (60"). Off came the axel - to the welder - a five inch piece inserted - back on the trailer - the fenders extended 2-1/2" each side of the frame - 2" pipe with 4" PVC sleeves bolted transversely. Repositioned axle and boat until a tongue weight of 150# (measured on a bathroom scale set on an eight inch concrete block) - a forward cradle with carpeting - a rear cradle ditto (the rear cradle must be removed for launching or retrieving). Two 2" webbing tie downs

over each cradle to eyes in the frame - a forward tie down from the boat's bow eye to an eye close to the trailer tongue, along with the winch, secures the boat onto the trailer. New trailer lights, removable as a unit - a trip to a truck scale - weigh in for trailer, boat and a concrete block for tare - 2020#. No rigging - nothing - just the boat and trailer - I have it registered for 2000#.

Question dear reader - What are the boat trailer laws in your state for a rig having a gross weight of 2470#? In January I am Florida bound - states I need info on - MA, N.Y., N.J., Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, N.C., S.C., Georgia and Florida.

The outboard - I have an Ev-inrude - 1975 long shaft with a three blade - 8" diameter 5" pitch prop - not used for two years. A-part came lower housing - water pump checked - plugs (a little rust - sand - switch the plugs) bought two new ones but did not use them. A little lacquer thinner in the carb - pull the cord - does not rewind - off with the hood - a little assist to the rewind (this continued off and on throughout the trip). The lacquer thinner goes through the carb, let her sit 1/2 hour or so - fuel attach (I had to clean out the

hose - heavy on oil). Pull the cord - choke - pull - WHAM! - she starts up! Water circulating? Yes! (I had the motor in a barrel of clean water. The water intake plate removed to ensure a good volume intake). There may be those who may chastise me for using lacquer thinner. I am relating only what I did - "you pays your money and takes your chances!"

All ready - trailer - boat - motor - OK - pick a date to go. Done! Committed! Earlier, I had sent off for information on the Erie Canal - a single page pamphlet was received.

Where to launch? Where to leave my rig? My daughter agreed to go with me, and return home with the trailer - and return to pick me up.

Day of departure - 5:00 AM - side lights for the trailer - drill - mount - splice - test - OK (My neighbors love me - honest.)

Gear all into the van (a Dodge 150 - 6 cylinder - 3 speed & o.d.) By 11:00 AM all set - a beautiful day - the willy millies set in - doubt - I could think of a myriad of excuses, but not one good reason, I rationalized. I had a good boat, a good motor (even new ones break down - mine did not) - bedding - food - water - fuel - cloth-

ing - and I was not going out into the wilds.

Albany - the Hudson. The current - how strong? Let's try further inland - where? Hah! A gas station - inquire "I sell gas - know nothin' about the canal."

To the Port Authority - a knowledgeable person - directions to where N.Y. Route 9 crosses the Mohawk - a launch site - private - \$4 - into the water - she floats.

"Any leaks," I inquire.

My daughter looks at me "You kidding?" That's confidence! It's 4:45 PM - my daughter still had to return home before dark - a hug - a peck and off she goes.

I finish loading - it's HOT! I gas up - two 6 gallon containers. I pull the cord - choke - pull - cloud of smoke - we're off

"Which way/" I toss back.

"Left!"

Exhilaration - freedom - I made it! I'm here - WOW - amidst the noise, smoke and vibration - with my ear muffs on - a round Chinese straw field hat - with many waves to fellow boaters, I was on my way!

My spirit - my being - was uplifted beyond that of the Jonathan Livingston Seagull soaring above me, and 'twas "FUN, TOO!"

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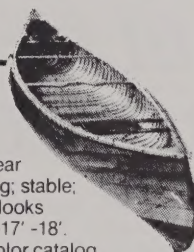
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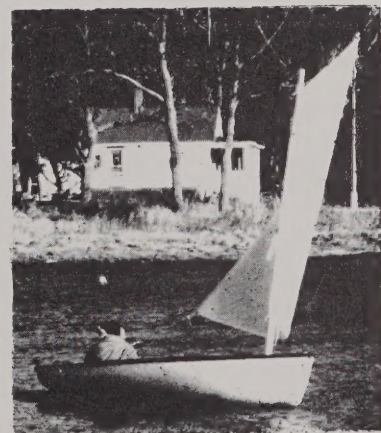
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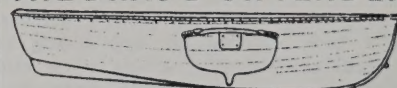


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Wallace P. Stanley, Author
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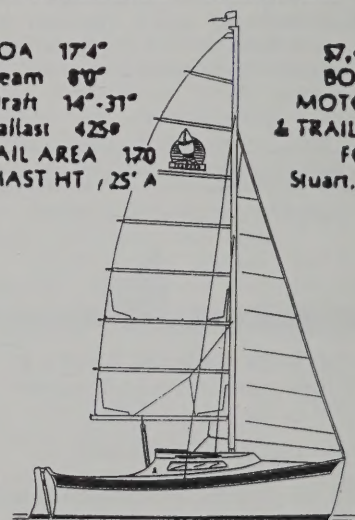
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DOVEKIE



Report & Photos
by Bob Hicks



Surely you've read the Edey & Duff ads in *SMALL BOAT JOURNAL* promoting the pleasures of owning a Dovekie? They've been the best written boat ads I've seen, the work of Peter Duff, the builder of the boats. Until recently, anyway. Peter and Margaret Duff have now sold the business and retired from the day to day boatbuilding trade.

They turned out in early October over in Chatham on Cape Cod to join a fall cruise of Dovekies on Pleasant Bay, bringing with them their own personal Shearwater, the larger scale version of the Dovekie concept. Peter had been working on his boat assiduously for some time, but now it was sea trials time. The boat had been launched a week earlier, but this Columbus Day weekend outing was to be its first under sail. Edey & Duff had already built four or five of the Shearwaters before Peter put his own name on one.

But this is also a report on the Dovekie mystique, for that is what it is. About 150 of these boxy little Phil Bolger designed minimal cruising sailboats have been built and the owners seem to have acquired, along with their boats, a sort of membership in an informal Dovekie Owners Group. While there's no formal "organization", they now have a newsletter, *SHALLOW WATER SAILING*, put out by avid Dovekie owner John Zohlen (he's at 3 Wilelinor Dr., Edgewater, MD 21037).

The "fall cruise" on Pleasant Bay out on the Cape is an ideal Dovekie sort of outing. Here's this big sheltered area of saltwater with lots of beaches, marshes and islands, easily accessible only to shallow draft craft. Dovekie owner Christina Ryke of Marblehead, MA, told us about it at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St. Mi-

chaels, MD (covered in the November 1st issue). Four Dovekies had gathered at that affair, but the rains and winds kept them at dockside over the weekend.

So here on a sunny October 9th we found three Dovekies gathered at the public ramp on Ryder Cove in Chathamport. Lee Wight of Branford, CT, and his son, Steve, had *CHOCOLATE CHIP*, now 8 years old and still going strong. Yes, it's chocolate brown in color. Mr. & Mrs. Sydney Rowe of Auburn, ME, were launching *TONY LYNN*, bought only last April. And Bob Trzcinski of Fishkill, NY, had his brand new bright red (as yet unnamed) craft to try first time out single-handed. Bob's wife had come down with a bad cold and stayed home. "I've nobody to yell at," Bob allowed, he was a bit nervous about solo sailing a boat just acquired in August, on tidal waters (his local sailing is on the Hudson River) with a brisk breeze. More Dovekies were expected to join the cruise on Saturday, the fleet would return to the ramp the next day after their first overnight on the Bay.

Why do these people fall so completely for this sort of homely little boat? It's a boxy looking craft, slab sided, and with a cavernous interior open to the cockpit. No "shippy" curves anywhere, just straight lines. And those big leeboards. And the boom gallows forming the rear top of the "cabin". And the ports on the sides for the auxiliary oar power. I concluded it's the same thing that made the old VW bug popular. Totally unassuming and very functional. The sprit boomed sail (just one, no jib) is easy to handle and the mast in a tabernacle goes up and down single handed if necessary. The 4" draft (yes, 4 inches) means no place is

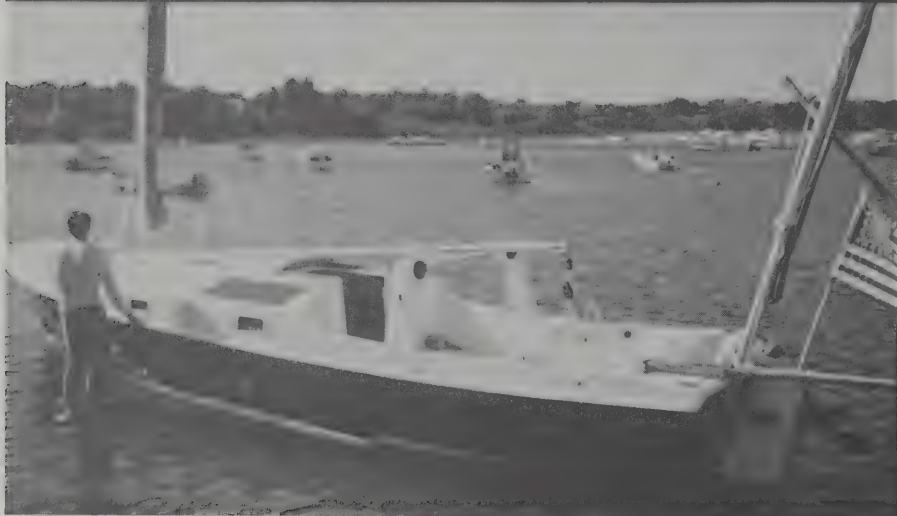
too shallow to go into, you can easily get out and walk if you ground this one out. It's all fiberglass and stainless, first class quality, minimum maintenance. Today they sell for around \$8,000 or so as I recall. Camper cruising for busy people.

We talked about their Dovekies with five owners, three here on the Cape, two on the Chesapeake. All are true believers. All save one came back down in size from larger cruising yachts. Much larger. Like 36' keelboats. The one who didn't, Bob Trzcinski, has a Dovekie as his very first boat, just bought in August. Prior to this he sailed in rented boats, mostly on the Hudson River near his home. Since he wanted to go sailing on the sea, a trailerable sailboat was necessary, and he read, and believed, the Dovekie ads. Bob's still familiarizing himself with the Dovekie's unique character.

Those who owned bigger boats say the same thing about early experiences sailing the Dovekie. It's different. A new learning experience is first encountered. Once the boat's behavior becomes familiar, they all then rave about its handiness and simplicity of operation.

Lee Wight has sailed many, many years in all sorts of larger boats. He came down to Dovekie 8 years ago and still says it's the best move he ever made. His son, Steve, who joins his dad once or twice a year on such outings, confirmed that the Dovekie is the best sailboat experience they've had. Steve raced in small open sailboats in his youth. After he married and left home, Lee sold the family yacht and bought the Dovekie.

The Rowes are retired people from Maine, veterans of years of sailing in a 30 plus foot keelboat on the Maine coast. The big boat was becoming too demanding for them, not just afloat, but all the annual hauling, launching, yard bills, etc. So they bought their Dovekie last April. Right away they trailered it out to Lake Huron for a Dovekie cruise amongst the islands on the northern shores of that big lake. "Why those people were sailing right in amongst all those rocky islands where the chart is blank," commented Mrs. Rowe. Obviously a mind-boggling experience for keelboat folks used to keeping track of every rock and ledge near them on the Maine coast.



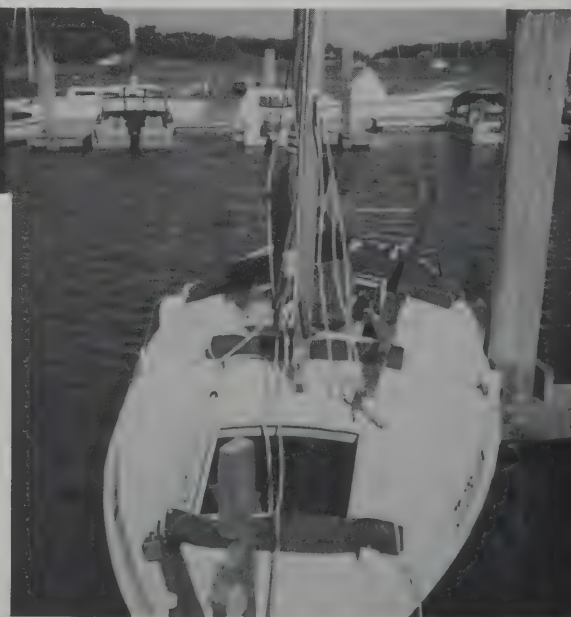
Down in Maryland, Christina Ryke told us how they had gone to look at another "bigger" cruising yacht to replace the one they had at the time, and the broker happened to be out. "We were near Mattapoisett and had seen a Dovekie at a boat ramp, so we went over for a closer look," Christina said. This led to purchase of their Dovekie, the "bigger" boat forgotten. Rigged out like a floating campsite at the dock in St. Michaels, the Dovekie offered all the comforts of a well-appointed campsite with a hardtop tent.

John Zohlen is a career naval officer and gets transferred around periodically. He's gone to Dovekie for its near instant availability for sailing almost anywhere he wishes to trailer it. And his move into publishing a newsletter was stimulated by the camaraderie enjoyed amongst Dovekie owners. Certainly no "yachty" pretensions get in the way of easy sociability with this boat. "Really a nice group of people," is John's characterization of the Dovekie folks he's already enjoyed group cruises with.

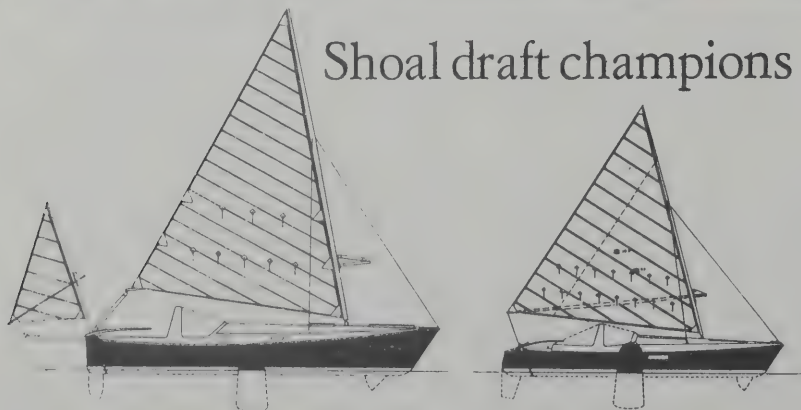
I'm not going to try to detail all the Dovekie technical features here, Edey & Duff will send you a 20 page detailed booklet on the subject if you'll send them \$5, at 56 Aucoot Rd., Mattapoisett, MA 02739. Apparently, once you get past the initial impression of "ugly duckling" it grows on you. Jane and I had seen them at the Small Boat Show, and occasionally on the water. Leaving Chatham for home after the fleet had departed, we agreed that already the boat was looking better to us and we'd not even been out in one yet.

Shearwater is a much bigger

Left from top: Peter Duff readies to launch his Shearwater. Ankle deep water floats this 30 footer. Below: Lee Wight sets up the mast on CHOCOLATE CHIP in one easy lift.



Shoal draft champions

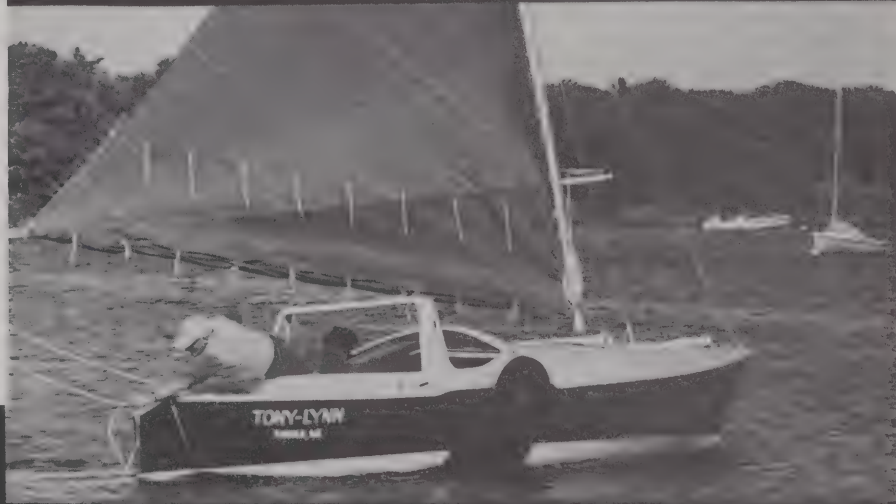


campsite. It is big enough to live aboard for longer periods without the roughing it aspect of the Dovekie. It has more graceful lines, but still that same style of hard chine sharpie sort of hull. Peter and Margaret trailered in from Mat-tapoisett behind a small Japanese type pickup truck, but I'd not want to haul the boat really afar with a small vehicle. Too much of a struggle, I'd guess.

It was more of a struggle setting up the rig too. Shearwater is yawl rigged with a little mizzen set right on the transom on the port side opposite the outboard well. The mainmast goes up in a tabernacle but requires use of a gin pole setup that comes with the boat, and much pulling, hauling and securing of lines by a minimum of two people. It launched easily enough off its big tandem wheel trailer, rolling right off on rollers into very shallow water. It's flat bottom also permits serious gunk-holing.

The three Dovekies had all sailed out of Ryder Cove before the Duffs had the Shearwater ready to go, what with all the first time fiddling to get sails up properly and set, the main deeply reefed in the brisk northwest wind for this first outing. At last underway, the boat moved right out down the cove, and would soon catch up with its flock. As the Dovekies departed past the Shearwater, the analogy to a family of ducks (dovekies?) was irresistible. The three frisky smaller boats hustling past the more sedate larger craft, but, like mother duck, a sedate craft that could easily overtake the small fry when necessary.

Right from top: Beach cruisers. Two Dovekies and one Shearwater heading out. Below: Bob Trzcinski getting used to single handing.



SIREN SONG Launched

SIREN SONG was launched on Saturday morning, October 17th, in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Too late for the 1987 rowing race season, the graceful version of a Scilly Isles gig, built for the Sirens by boatbuilder Larry Dahlmer, is an elegant 30' pulling boat that promises exciting performance under oars in 1988. The realization of the dream of this group of women from Cape Ann who joined together two years ago to undertake rowing together as a sport, SIREN SONG is bound to be an inspiration for further outreach for the team.

The Sirens have gotten a lot of attention from us, for not only are they unique in being an all-women rowing team, but they also consistently demonstrated a desire and determination to really live this experience of rowing together in large multi-oared pulling boats. Lacking a boat of their own, they were able to use the French gigs of the Hull Lifesaving Museum and the Monomoy lifeboat of the U.S. Coast Guard. Training was done three times a week, usually meaning a 40 mile ride in a maxi-van into Boston from Gloucester after work in order to row in Boston harbor, where the boats were, for a couple of hours. The payoff came in their participation in the Atlantic Challenge rowing events in July, 1986, at the Statue of Liberty Centennial celebration, and this past summer in flying to San Francisco to race in a borrowed Monomoy in the major rowing race on that blustery bay against the best of the west.

Now they have their own boat, and it's going to be a force to be reckoned with in 1988 rowing races. With a team of a dozen women all now well experienced in rowing together to draw from, the 6 oared gig will provide a very light, very fast hull for them to pull oars aboard. Larry Dahlmer's design, drawn from a WOODEN BOAT magazine article of several years ago, and other British publications concerning the Scilly Isles gigs that Siren Pat De La Chappelle obtained,

Ceremonial floral wreaths adorn the crew, with designer/builder Dahlmer at the helm.



Ed McCabe christened SIREN SONG, an appropriate honor.

provided an inexpensively built, double chined hull of marine plywood, glued and fastened with epoxy resin. The 30 foot craft has six rowing stations, each with a single 14' oar, and a coxswain in the stern to handle the tiller and call the stroke rates. After the heavy French gigs and Monomoys, this is going to seem like a sports car after a truck.

Typical of Siren events, the launching attracted a nice turnout of interested onlookers at Beacon Marine, where the ancient boatyard crane picked up the graceful craft and sat it into Gloucester harbor after Ed McCabe had christened her SIREN SONG. McCabe was invited to do the honors, in a reversal of customary ceremony wherein a woman does the christening, not only because the boat is a group of women's dream, but because Ed provided the impetus and encouragement for them to persevere in the dream. Ed's brief remarks focussed on this determination and spirit and on how the Sirens are again

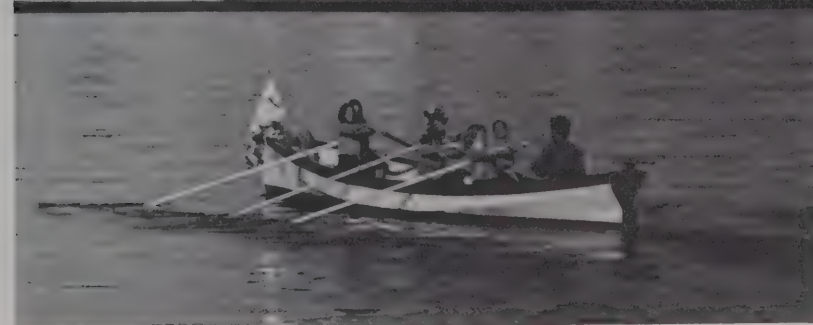
out at the leading edge of the growth of rowing such multi-oared boats. True to his role out front himself, his current "Excelsior" cry is focussed on France in the summer of '88 for the big maritime festival in Brittany. The Sirens expect to go.

Sea trials with builder Dahlmer at the helm brought smiles to all on board. Despite the need to tailor the individual rowing stations to the crew, they found the boat moved so well, so easily, so smoothly, it was all they had hoped. Fine tuning it and learning to row it properly will go on until hard winter sets in, and then SIREN SONG will debut in 1988 in February at Hull at the annual Snow Row.

Refreshments and tryouts at rowing in SIREN SONG for anyone interested took place at the On The Waterfront restaurant deck and dock in downtown Gloucester. We had a turn at an oar and can confirm that this boat is a pleasure to row. With six of us mostly inexperienced with 14' oars and rowing as a team, the boat still moved along nicely anyway. A smoothly working experienced team is really going to get a rush from this boat.

Larry Dahlmer has the plans and patterns from the job in hand, and he says the hope is that some of the area high school rowing groups getting organized under McCabe's direction might undertake to build their own Scilly Isles gigs. While it's more complex than the simple bateau built by Cambridge Rindge & Latin, it's also ultimately a more rewarding craft in its elegance and performance. The Sirens are naturally hopeful other boats will be built to provide competition in the coming season. It can be done, just ask them!





Above from top: The Sirens, left to right: Helen McCabe, Terry Rubin, Bev Graham, Connie Delano, Jane Poirier, Kandy Roberts, Kate Wiggin, Laurie King, Pat De La Chappelle. Builder Dahmer grinning over. Off on the first sea trial. Right: Long and slender and promising to be FAST!

CENTERFOLD OVERLEAF

This is where it's at for the Sirens, this photo of a Scilly Isles gig going for it crewed by a British women's crew sets the example of all out rowing effort the boat strongly encourages. From a book of photos of Scilly Isles gig racing acquired by Siren Pat De La Chappelle.





I spent the best part of the morning finishing a house I was painting. One of those old houses on Nahant that had been neglected for half a century. The little old woman told me she only wanted the trim done. "Don't bother with the porch and the windows, just the trim," she said. I gave it a cur-



JUST THE TRIM

sory look and (what I thought then was) a reasonable estimate. Then when I started, I found out that that trim went on forever and the dormers would give an alpine climber horrors! Everything had to be scraped and primed and then painted. It took me weeks to go around and around that house. This was the final day. I finished it at noon, was timidly paid and rushed to the Dory Club. I was late for the Club outing on Lovells Island. Everything was supposed to be underway by 10:00 A.M., but fog and no wind left everybody standing around when I arrived at 12:00



STANDING AROUND

noon. Then it was decided that we should go to the beach instead of the island. I wanted to sail. Truthfully, I wanted to sail to the island.

"I think I'll go for a little sail," I told the Club members.

"But the fog..." they said.

"It may clear," I said.

"There's no wind," they said.

"I can row," I replied.

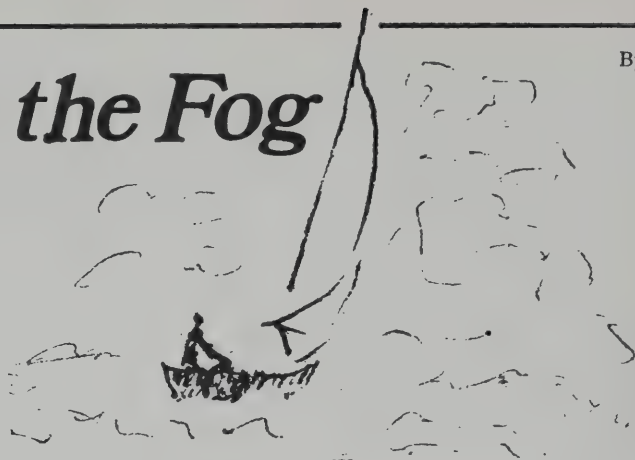
They followed me to the dock while I dragged the pram from the rack, tossed in the sailbag and my lunch -- a sandwich, quart of water, candy bar and three crackers. They watched as I rowed out into the fog.

"Can't blame them," I muttered. "I'm being unreasonable again. The frustration of painting that damn house has left me unreasonable."

I reached the Townie, tossed everything in, climbed aboard stepping on the seat -- it broke and pitched me in.

Into the Fog

By Tom



PITCHED IN

"I'll have to be more careful," I cautioned myself, "the poor thing's falling apart."

I bailed out inches of water that had come in overnight. A light wind began and I rushed to get the sails up.

"Caution be damned!" the boat reminded me.

I raised old 77, the sail with the reef points.



OLD 77

You forgot to put the battens in," the boat declared.

"There's no time," I stammered.

"Be damned again," the boat mumbled.

The wind freshened from the south.

"I wish it was from another direction," I complained. From the south meant a beat with several tacks to reach the island. I had no chart and could not see the islands with the fog, so I guessed at the direction.

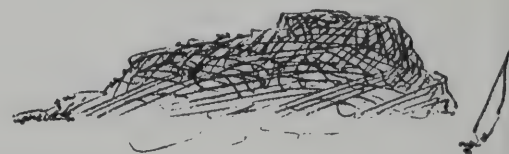
"Southwest. If the wind holds we'll visit the rabbit," I told the boat. I had marooned him on the island a week earlier.

"Cast off and see what happens," the boat suggested. We sailed slowly into the heavy gray mist. I ate the crackers and bailed, watching the lobster bouys slide by, contented just to be moving at



WINTHROP SPINDLE

all. The Winthrop Spindle came out of the fog telling me I was sailing too far west. Head more southerly it said. The shadows of two land masses appeared ahead.



SHADOWS

"I can't make them out. What do you think they are?" I asked the boat.

"Don't know. Sail between them and hope that one of them isn't the Greater Brewster with its long unmarked shoal."

We sailed on and shortly found ourselves in the Narrows. "Just where we want to be."

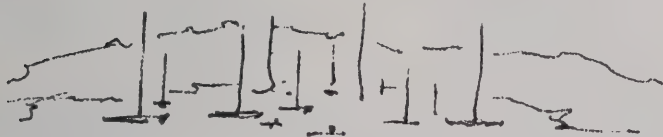
"Amazing!" the boat commented.

The fog lifted briefly showing a number of masts above the island. The tide was strong and a-



MASTS

gainst us, but there was enough wind to make slow progress. We rounded the point and sailed for the harbor where there must have been 25 boats anchored off the beach. Kayaks were busily paddling among them while throngs of people wandered over the island.



CROWDED HARBOR

"It's too crowded," I complained again, "the rabbit would never show himself."

"So don't go ashore."

"I won't." Two cabin boats, rafted together, were from the Dory Club. They had arrived the night before.

"Are you the only one who sailed out today?" they asked.

"Yep."

"Want to come aboard?"

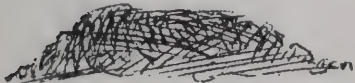
"Nope."

"Sailing back now?"

"Yep."

"Good wind for it if it holds."

I bailed and sailed through the anchorage, looking at the names on the transoms, then turned and let the tide and wind carry us through again, out to the Narrows, around the point and into the fog again.



"Now what direction?" I asked.

"Simple. The opposite of southwest," the boat offered. The horns moaned all about us as the fog thickened.

"I don't have a horn."

"I'd be very much surprised if you had anything that was required."

The wind lightened and we passed the commercial channel markers.



OUT OF THE FOG

"We're out of the traffic lanes. Two sports-fishing boats came out of the fog off to starboard. A man on the transom of the first boat raises a hand held horn and blasts me several times with it. Horn talk. I can't reply -- no horn. I run out the oars and row into the fog. He continues blasting me profanely. A bell rings softly off the port bow.

"It must be Flip. We're half way, I tell the boat. I row and bail and that bell never gets closer.

"It must be Shags. We must be closer to the Dory Club than I thought."

"Soon you'll swear that it's the doorbell to the Club," the boat says laughingly.

Confused, I wander off course and try to get back on. I have to turn too much and the compass doesn't seem to respond. "Is it right? It can't be right. I actually don't want to put the boat back on course. It doesn't feel right. What do I do?"

"Ignore your senses and slowly bring the boat back on course," the boat commands. I obey the order. "You're a mechanical sailor now. The only thing that is right is the compass."

I bail and row, holding back my doubts. A drifting sailboat appears off the bow. The sails are down and no one is topside. As I approach, a man appears in the cockpit. "Where are we?" he demands.



WHERE ARE WE ?

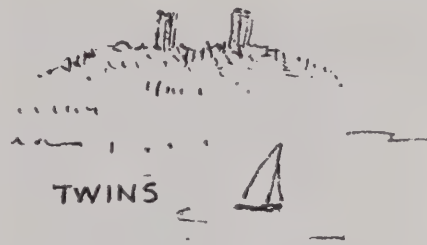
"Off Nahant."

"I know that!" he throws his hands up wildly. "Where off Nahant?"

"Don't know. I'm lost, too." I say embarrassed. He stares at me incredulously as I bail and row away. He disappears in disgust.

"Rather than be humiliated again, if we meet another boat, I'll row into the fog and preserve our isolation," I tell the boat and it concurs.

The tendons in my hands begin to hurt from pulling on the oars. The sky darkens in the south with a rumble of thunder. That decides me to take the sails down. I row on and soon the fog lifts momentarily off the bow revealing the twin towers of Eastern Point. The



TWINS

course is wrong. Too easterly. I'm rowing out to sea.. I take a bearing, change course and row strongly till I get tired and take a rest. A motor boat races toward me from the direction of harbor, passes close by and circles. A line is heaved and a reprimand. "I should leave you here for doing a damn fool thing like that! Teach you a lesson, but I figure no one can teach you anything!! -- so sit in the back of the boat and I'll tow you in!!"



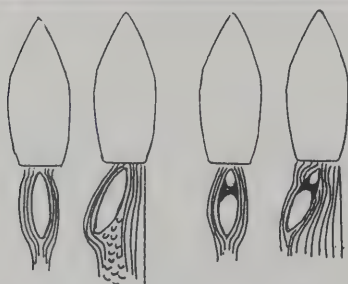
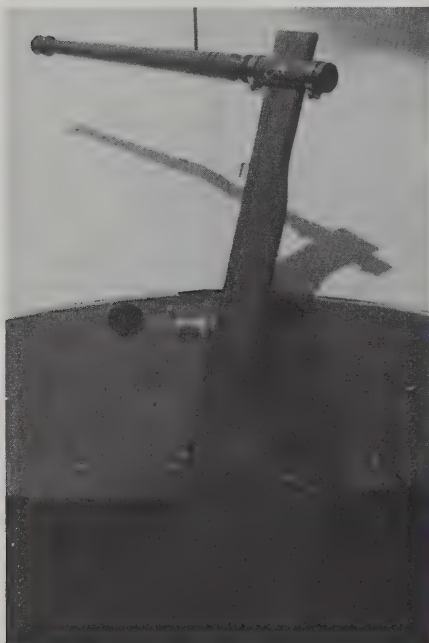
TOWED

I wished I was still in the fog - bailing and rowing.

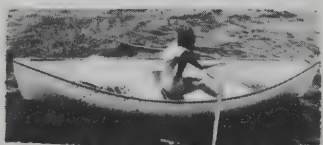


SLOTTED RUDDER

Ralph King of Tallahassee, FL, offers detailed information on slotting your rudder to greatly reduce its hydrodynamic drag without impairing its turning efficiency. The concept is to equalize the water pressure on both sides of the rudder while it is offset for turning, to reduce the drag caused by the turbulence set up by the normally unequal pressures. The location and size of the slots varies according to rudder size and are quite critical dimensions if the desired smooth hydrodynamic flow is to be achieved. Ralph's detailed specifics and diagrams cover 4 printed pages and you can obtain them for \$10 from him at P.O. Box 38036, Tallahassee, FL 32315.



Standard rudder (left) creates turbulence, slotted rudder does not.



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DESIGNS

With winter at hand, I will be running, from issue to issue, brief notes on interesting boat designs that turn up here in the mail, either unsolicited or because I sent the money for the advertised "study packet". Even if you're not going to build or buy any of these, you'll perhaps find the concepts interesting.

GEODESICS GALORE

Platt Monfort of Wiscasset, ME, has steadily enlarged his fleet of ultra-light "Geodesic Airolite" boats as word about his unique approach to boatbuilding continues to spread. A number of non-boating periodicals have picked up on the kevlar/wood strip/dacron designs, and the resultant widespread publicity seems to be attracting many new people to the idea of an ultra-light small boat.

Platt's latest is his "Classic

12", a sailing/rowing Whitehall. Platt comments in part on it as follows:

"The boat is a particularly dry sailer. Going to windward in a chop, one keeps waiting for that inevitable face full of spray, but it never seems to happen. On the other hand, when rowed, the boat scoops up water which runs onto the dacron seat bottom. About the time you discover the problem, you have a wet seat."

Platt sells plans with full size patterns and detailed instructions, including sources for exotica like the heat shrink dacron used for covering the hull and the kevlar strand used to "tie" it together strongly. He also offers "partial kits", everything but the locally available wood. For \$1 he'll send you the 8 page illustrated DESIGN PORTFOLIO detailing all nine present designs offered. For \$28.95 he'll send you his 90 minute "homespun" videotape illustrating construction of one of his designs. We saw the shorter "advertising" version of this tape, and it is indeed "homespun", but very informative. Platt's at Monfort Associates, RFD 2, Box 1490, Wiscasset, ME 04578, (207) 882-5504.



NEWEST DK

Dennis Davis, the Scottish designer of the DK series of stitch-and-glue kayaks that have been mentioned on our pages in several past issues, has just completed his newest design, a 15'2"x33" canoe

made from two 4'x8'x4mm sheets of plywood. That's Dennis in the picture, looks like maybe a double chine hull. Plans and instructions are \$17 postpaid by 2nd class air from Dennis Davis, Isle of Coll, Argyll PA78 6TB, Scotland.

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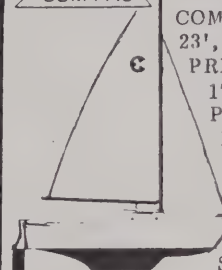
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A SKIPPER LOST*

Sunday morning in the picturesque harbor of Marblehead was as lovely as sunshine and sea and scenery could make it. As the day advanced, the heat became oppressive. On shore, we afterward learned, it was the hottest day of the year — the mercury rising in some instances above 100°.

Toward noon we got into the dory and, with the Pilot for oarsman, rowed across the harbor to the narrow peninsula which separates it from the ocean. Leaving him in charge of the boat, we walked across the field half a mile or so, till we found ourselves on the ocean shore. It is a bold, rocky coast, indented with many little coves, with tiny sandy or gravelly beaches. Selecting the prettiest and shadiest of these recesses, we cooled off with a long, luxurious bath. Strolling then to a headland, crowned by a group of stately elms, we sat down in their shade on the grass, lighted our cigars, and refreshed our eyes with the contemplation of a scene of blended land and water, promontory and inlet, hill and meadow, cultivation and wildness, that southward has no rival nearer than the bay of Rio Janeiro, and northward is not surpassed in natural beauty till you reach Mount Desert.

Certain interior sensations, symptoms of the approach of the dinner hour, at length caused us to turn our steps toward the Helen. Crossing the Neck, we found the dory where we had left it on the beach, but the Pilot had disappeared. We hunted for him up and down the shore, in caves, behind rocks, under bushes — everywhere. He was not to be found. He had obviously vanished. We had no resource but to await his reappearance. To sit or stand in the fierce sunshine, which poured down upon the boat, was out of the question. Descrying a barn at some distance we went to it for shelter, and discovered our missing Pilot stretched upon a heap of hay fast asleep. He, too, had prudently retreated from the fervor of the sun, and yielded himself to his usual tendency to sleep when there was nothing else to do. Rousing him, we rowed back to our vessel, and after dinner, the heat having grown still more oppressive, we turned in and went to sleep ourselves.

Our slumbers were not of long duration. They were cut short by a tremendous peal of thunder. We arose and went on deck.



CARTER'S COAST OF NEW ENGLAND

Being an account of a cruise from Provincetown to Bar Harbor in the summer of 1858,

Permission to bring you this interesting serial has been given by the publisher, New Hampshire Publishing Company, Somersworth, NH.

When we went below not a cloud marred the serene blueness overhead, not a breath of wind disturbed the fervid, glowing atmosphere, or mitigated the fierce heat; but now the heavens were shrouded with a pall broken only by flashes of lightning, while furious gusts swept madly over the harbor, lashing the waters into short, sharp waves, crested with foam. It was the most formidable thunderstorm ever known in the annals of New England. It raged, I believe, over the whole of Massachusetts. In Cambridge alone the lightning struck in more than forty places, through that city, its peculiar position, is usually remarkably exempt from the influence of thunderstorms.

The temperature lowered very rapidly. There was a gust of rain, and then suddenly we were engulfed in a dense fog, which, however, did not rise high above the surface of the water; for I was struck by the strange appearance in the air of the topmasts of the surrounding vessels, while their hulls were entirely hidden. Gradually the fog turned into rain, and by nightfall the weather was so cold that we went to bed at dark to keep ourselves warm. The wind was northeast, and blowing pretty hard, and

I noticed, before turning in, that the Skipper and the Pilot were busy rigging a large anchor which we had on deck, but which we had not yet had occasion to use. They predicted that the wind would increase in the night, and, as it was blowing directly into the harbor, we should be likely to need an additional anchor. The old Pilot said that he remembered a northeast storm, many years ago, in which every vessel in the harbor was driven ashore.

The prediction of the seamen was verified. About midnight we were roused by an outcry on deck, and, turning out, found that the wind was blowing almost a gale, and that the sloop, in spite of her additional anchor, was drifting under the impulse of wind and waves directly upon the great black rock which rose from the water a hundred yards southwest of us. She drifted slowly, and we watched her progress with some anxiety. Fortunately, when we were about fifty yards from the frowning rock, our anchors caught in the moorings of another vessel and arrested our dangerous progress.



MARBLEHEAD

The next morning, Monday, was so cold and damp that the seamen dragged forth a small stove from the forepeak, and made a fire in the cabin. We went ashore to take a look at the town, which has always been reputed one of the queerest places in New England. It was settled before 1645, and is built on a high, rocky, irregular peninsula about four miles in length and two in breadth. The streets are narrow, and are laid out on the pattern of the paths in a modern landscape garden; with a careful avoidance of straight lines. We saw few of the inhabitants, and most of those we saw were small boys, who had a weather-beaten look and sported pea-jackets and top-boots. The people were formerly the most uncivilized in New England, and the boys so rude and turbulent as to be a terror to strangers, whom they were accustomed to stone, or, as they themselves expressed it, to "rock," for amusement. But of late years the place has much improved.

After dinner we made sail for Gloucester. The wind having abated, our progress was very slow,

and about the middle of the afternoon we lay to and fished. Half a dozen rock-cod were hauled up in a few minutes, and the Pilot, having nothing else to do, began to prepare them for the frying pan. As he cleaned them, he threw overboard the entrails, which floated for a while on the surface.

Almost instantly a flock of stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens as the sailors call them, gathered round the garbage. A moment before but one of these birds was visible. They were very bold, coming close alongside of the vessel, and seizing pieces of the floating prey larger than themselves, with which they would strive to fly away. Sometimes two of them would take hold at the same time of the same piece, and tug in opposite directions. The Professor seized his dip-net, and stationing himself at the side of the vessel, directed the Pilot to throw over a handful of garbage so close that it would float within reach. The birds gathered round, and the Professor, with his usual adroitness, captured in succession half a dozen of them. They were so greedy and bold that he might, if he had pleased, have taken the whole flock.

In taking them from the dip-net and throwing them on deck near the companion-way, they showed remarkable stupidity, or inability to walk on anything but water. They dashed about under the bench which surrounded the small standing-place for the helmsman, in front of the cabin, knocking their heads against the under surface of the bench as blindly as a bird or insect will knock against the glass of a half-opened window, instead of flying out of the aperture. In no case did one of them succeed in getting clear of the deck without our assistance. When liberated, I noticed that they all flew away in the same direction until they were out of sight.

The last one that we caught the artist took into the cabin to make a drawing of it. It was very tame, and remained for a quarter of an hour without struggling, loosely held in the hand until its portrait was secured, when it was permitted to rejoin its companions. Like all those we captured, it had a singularly gentle and innocent expression, and its resemblance in this respect to a young chicken was so great that we were satisfied of the appropriateness of the term chicken commonly applied to the birds by sailors — though why it should be called Mother Carey's is an unsolved mystery.

A flock of these birds will sometimes follow a vessel for months together. They sleep on the water at night, and catch up with the ship in the morning, guided in their search for it perhaps by instinct, perhaps by the small floating substances, such as scraps

of food, which their keen eyes can detect in its wake. The Professor told us that he had frequently caught them in the Pacific Ocean, and let them go again



“GLOUCESTER HARBOR

with a colored thread tied to their legs. One individual, thus marked, followed the ship for six weeks, and was seen every day. It has been a question much discussed among naturalists where and how this bird breeds. But at Grand Manan the Professor found their nests in immense numbers. They burrow, like the cliff swallow, in cliffs of sand. There are cliffs at Grand Manan so perforated by them as to resemble gigantic honeycombs, around which they swarm in multitudes so prodigious as almost to blacken the air.

About sunset we cast anchor in Gloucester harbor. The weather was thick, and the wind very light. As we slowly made our way in, the Skipper noticed a small schooner, a fishing jigger from his own town of Swampscott, which was also creeping along with the tide. It was owned, he told us, by a neighbor of his, and was manned by two men, one of whom was known in Swampscott by the nickname of “Cousin,” who, he said was a very merry fellow, and would amuse us by his droll remarks. We accordingly stood toward the jigger, and when near enough for conversation, hailed it.

Cousin was at the helm, and in anything but a jolly mood. In answer to our inquiry for news, he replied that he had “lost his skipper.”

“Lost his skipper!” exclaimed the Assyrian; “what does the man mean? I never heard before of losing a skipper: the fellow must be joking.”

But I observed that the faces of our Swampscott fishermen grew grave on hearing Cousin’s unexpected reply. They were too familiar with the dangers of their vocation to be much perplexed by the strange catastrophe that had befallen their neighbor. The old Pilot silently relinquished the helm to the Professor, and he and the Skipper took the dory and went aboard the jigger. They returned in a few minutes, and confirmed Cousin’s statement. He had really “lost his skipper.”

The two men had been sent to some distant fishing-bank, and on their return, while yet out of sight of land, had been overtaken by night. They kept watch, one at a time. The first half of the night was Cousin’s watch. At midnight he roused his companion, who took the helm, while Cousin turned in to sleep. In the morning when he awoke the skipper was missing — gone — vanished. Not a trace of him was visible. The little schooner was easily searched — he was not on board. The dory stilled towed at the stern — he had not gone off in that. The inevitable conclusion was, that he had somehow fallen overboard, and been drowned. But how, when, or why, were questions that would have baffled forever all the coroners of the Commonwealth. After looking in all manner of impossible places for his missing comrade, Cousin, with a heavy heart, steered for Cape Ann, the nearest land, to report his loss and take counsel with the friends and neighbors whom he knew he should meet in Gloucester harbor, which is the great rendezvous of the Massachusetts fishermen.

Our Pilot and Skipper, who knew both the men intimately, expressed the most entire confidence in the accuracy of Cousin’s statement. His companion had probably fallen overboard in a fit or by a careless misstep in the dark, and, like many of the fishermen, being unable to swim, had gone down unseen and unheard. They showed evident concern for their neighbor, but still could not repress a certain degree of amusement as they thought of Cousin’s astounding bewilderment on getting up in the morning and finding that he had lost his skipper. They had been so much in the habit of laughing at, or laughing with him, that a touch of the ludicrous could not but mix itself with even so grave and shocking an event.

On our way up to the harbor we had dressed ourselves in shore-clothes, and immediately on casting anchor we went ashore and made our way to the Gloucester House, where we ordered supper. While that was getting ready, we strolled out into the narrow, winding streets, which were thronged by sailors and fishermen, of whom there are sometimes three or four thousand in port at once. Supper being ready at 9 p.m., we sat down and made a night of it, with appetites rendered keen by ten days’ abstinence from the forms, food, and appurtenances of civilized life. It was pleasant to see a tablecloth once more, to sit in a chair, and to eat something beside fish and salt meat. We lodged that night at the hotel, and it was really delightful to turn in without trousers to a bed broad enough to roll about on.

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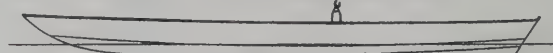


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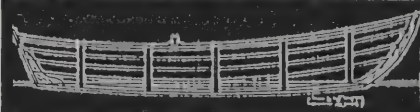
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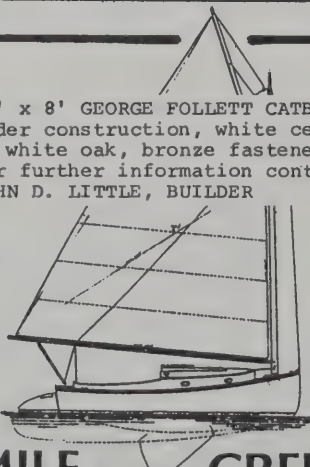
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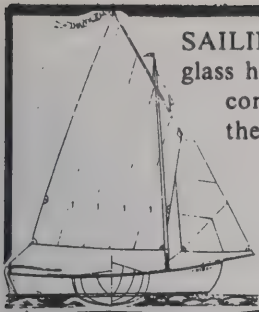
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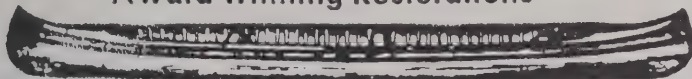


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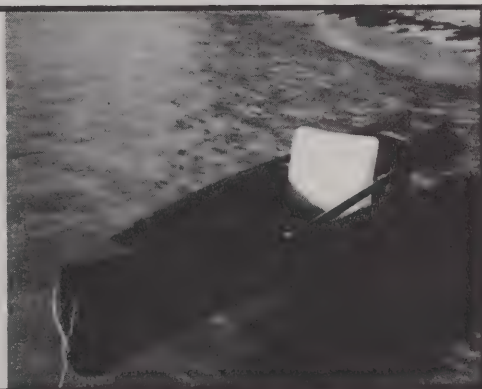
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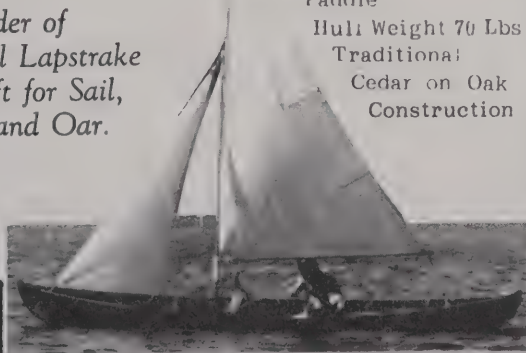
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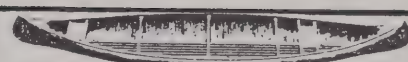
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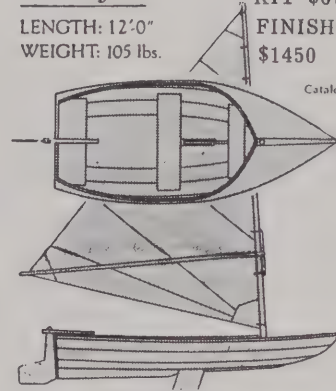
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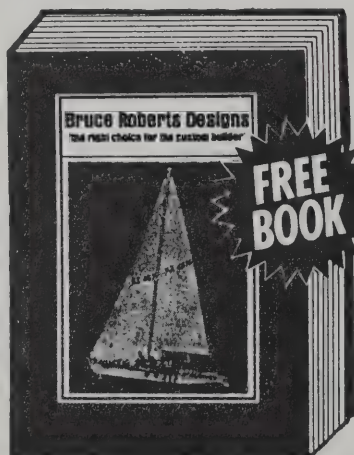
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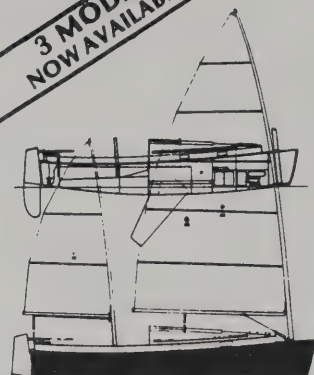


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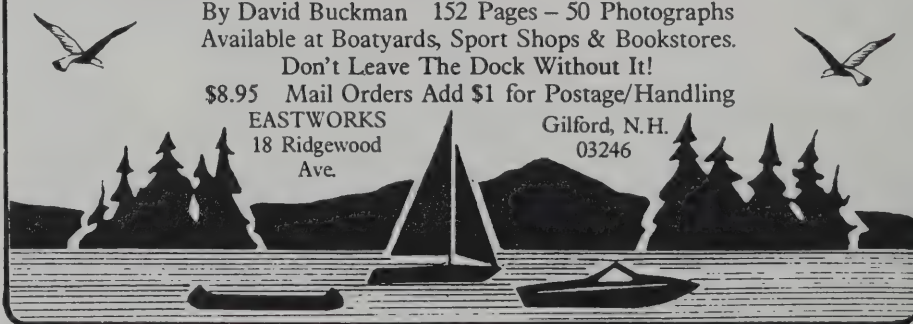
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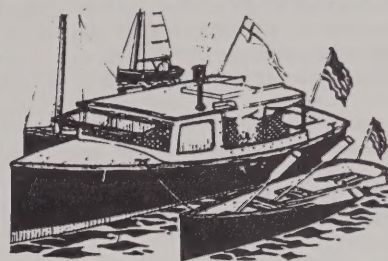
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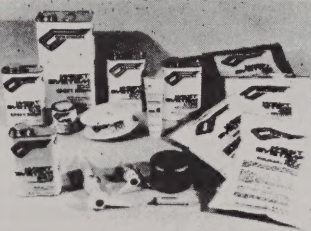
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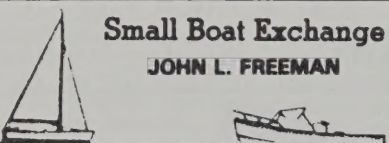
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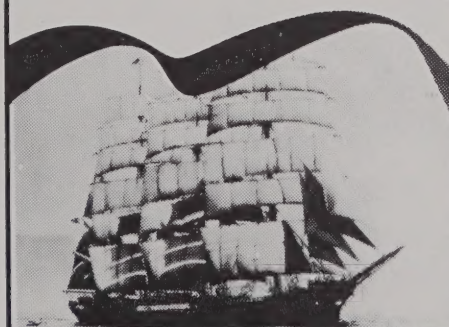
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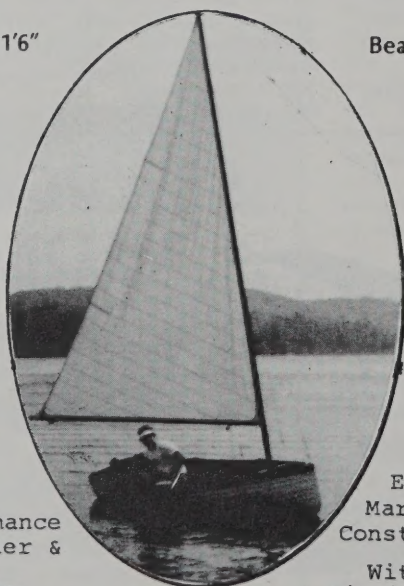
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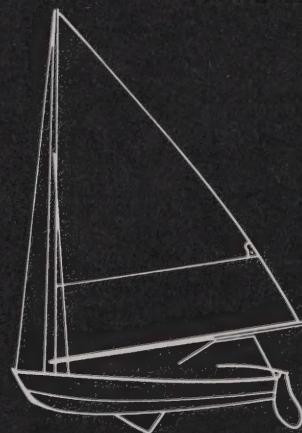


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