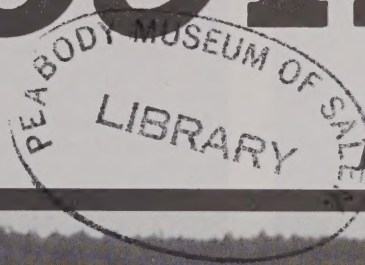




messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 6 ~ Number 18



February 1, 1989





messing about in BOATS

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH, 24
ISSUES A YEAR. SUBSCRIPTION
PRICE IS \$20 FOR 24 ISSUES.

ADDRESS: 29 BURLEY ST.
WENHAM, MA 01984
TEL. (508) 774-0906
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Our Next Issue...

Will at last carry Weston Farmer's article on his "Sundance" seagoing outboard cruiser and Ed Barlow's report on his "Pacific Pelican" daysailer. John Dowd's description of a 20' schooner built like a big boat will be a third design of some interest. E.G. Ragsdale tells a tale of a long ago, long distance downriver kayak outing in "First Stroke, the Paddle Broke". Al Butler has a story about the allure of the simple boat in "When and If". Walter Sargent describes his own device for pulling a mooring with your boat. We'll have Chuck Wright's detailed description of Cape Cod paddling opportunities and we hope to have details about the Maine Island Trail too. Perhaps there'll be a 1950's article on building your own 12' canvas covered kayak. Nothing new under the sun...

On the Cover...

Gard Callinan's story about his family's "Yellow Rowboat" is featured in this issue, it's an Old Town "Double Ended Boat".

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

When Gard Callanen's story about his family's "Yellow Rowboat" turned up here I was delighted. Not only was this a story that gets right to the essence of the hold that messing about in boats has over us, but it came to me "camera ready". Gard had typeset it on his word processor and all I had to do was cut and paste it in. Nice. How lucky can an editor get?

Gard's story about the Old Town Double Ended boat and its long involvement in his family's life, resulting in his finally doing a restoration himself and subsequently launching his own boat-building business, Indian Point Guideboats, has all the elements that set apart our affection and addiction to interesting boats from the consumer society and it's instant toys. A boat seems to be an artifact that assumes a larger role in one's life than most of our possessions. Unlike other family possessions, old furniture, pictures, the quilt that grandma made, all cherished to be sure, a boat is an active possession, it takes part in happenings in one's life, happenings that are recalled years later with affection. It's this mobility that sets a boat on its own level of importance in our lives. It shares adventures with us.

Gard was fortunate to have a father who saved the "Yellow Rowboat" once when Gard was a child, and who has lived to see his grown son save it all over again. The very same boat Gard once enjoyed as a child is his today to continue to enjoy, thanks to both his father and himself. How many consumer boats out there today will ever enjoy such affection and care?

From the letters you write, it's apparent to me that many of you have been messing about in boats much of your lives. I envy you for this, for I am a latecomer, I was 47 when I acquired my first boat. Boats were not a part of my growing up. My father had yearned after one of those plumb stemmed motorboats of the twenties while at college in the late twenties, he drew pictures of them on the fly-leaves of his textbooks. But his young family and budding career were overtaken by the Great Depression, and it wasn't until thirty years had passed that he finally got his first boat, at an age just a little older than I was. My own young family would join my folks for a summer day in their Century inboard cruiser on Squam Lake in the '60's but it was a family outing for us, not a boating experience. I

was still totally engrossed in other things.

When I finally got a boat in 1977 it was a sailboat, a 24' Ralph Winslow designed wooden flush decked cutter that resembled a Crocker Stone Horse. I found I enjoyed working on it more than trying to sail it. One of that sort of boat persons. With this late blooming interest in sailing, I rediscovered old family information about sailors in my past. Like great-great-grandfather Elijah who owned shares in coastal schooners before the Civil War. When that trade came upon hard times following that war, he sailed his last schooner with a load of firewood as cargo from Hyannis to Providence. There he sold the firewood and the schooner and moved ashore. This move permitted his son Elijah to develop his talents as an artist and escape his horrid fate of unceasing seasickness when aboard his father's schooners on many, many coastal trips.

Yet, an old news clipping shows that even he didn't shake off the sea. At one time (during one of his high-living periods) he owned a 42 foot yawl, "Amorita", and the clipping pictures this gaff rigged boat with the notation that it had just been sold to someone down in Norwalk, Connecticut. My first reaction to the discovery of this clipping in the trunk full of memorabilia of his that I have was wondering what ever became of "Amorita". Since this was over 70 years ago, the boat obviously was long gone. But, oh how I would have loved to have rediscovered her!

With no serious family background in boats, I seem to be susceptible to the stories that come with boats I often look at and sometimes acquire. I find a surrogate sense of continuity learning the history of an old boat I've just picked up. I once restored one of those Old Town Double Ended Boats, built in 1916. When I sold it, it went to a young woman who wanted it because she had grown up sailing and camping out in such a boat with her father. She'd had the childhood memories, not me, but my saving this particular old boat not only gave me some pleasure, but provided her with a familiar likeness of the boat from her childhood. So it was a rewarding experience for us both. But, Gard Callanen has the best of it in this sense. And he evokes how it feels so well.



Your Commentary



BROOKLYN ROWBOAT RACE

Here's a photo of a rowboat race we had last summer at Gern't-

son Beach in Brooklyn, NY, inspired by your magazine.

Ray Schafer, Brooklyn, NY.

A LOT OF ENJOYMENT

I thought I would let you know how much I am enjoying "Boats" these days. "The Voyage of the Paper Canoe" was an excellent choice, something I have always known about, but never had an opportunity to read. Also, Tom's ongoing Townie saga has provided a lot of enjoyment, and some inspiration to do more small budget and spur-of-the-moment cruising. I think that in spite of your best efforts, "Boats" is becoming a national magazine, maybe it is possible for a publication with a regional focus to have a much wider audience, after all, look at "Arizona Highways" and "Alaska" magazines.

Stephen Poe, Edgewater, MD

NOT ENOUGH EXCITEMENT

For readers who have concluded that I paddle only in winters in places that I know, I'm sending you a report on some 1988 paddling that ranged from Newfoundland to Connecticut (see elsewhere in this issue). A surprising reality that I've discovered is finding nobody who paddles by choice after dark. To me when it's dark out, everything is strange, even in familiar areas. On a Memorial Day Weekend island campout I asked a number of my "tough" paddling companions if they would like to go for a paddle in the nice moonlight on Penobscot Bay. Every one of them had some pathetic excuse or other. Really, I'm just going to have to take up knitting, there is not enough excitement in my life.

Gail Ferris, Stony Creek, CT

MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT LADY

I wanted to remark about your commentary in the December 1st issue on your Townie and Mrs. Anderson's gravestone. She must have been a great lady, and that sure made a great story about affection for a boat. Perhaps someday I'll run across something like that for a former old Chris Craft owner.

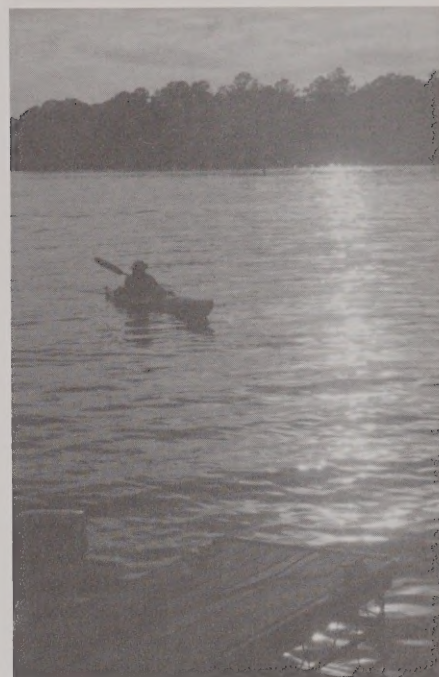
Wilson Wright, Chris Craft Antique Boat Club, Tallahassee, FL.

ALIVE AND WELL IN GREENWICH

Believe me, wooden boats are alive and well in the Greenwich/Stamford/Norwalk area of Connecticut, despite much recent yuppie-only imaging news intended to push the sale of real estate. A slowdown in the investment markets has caused several owners of petroleum based boats to seek deeper religious convictions and a new sense of appreciation for natural materials, and less of a focus on forever upgrading. Yes, wooden boats are alive and well here.

Keep up the good work providing a publication that furthers the opportunities for people of all ages to renew or generate new interests and shared enjoyment through affordable and restorable wooden boats.

Frank Posloszny, Cos Cob, CT.



NORTH CAROLINA ACTIVITY

This is Ben Epting paddling a Mariner XL sea kayak in Fairview Harbor on the Neuse River near New Bern, NC. I gave him a copy of "Boats", hope he subscribes.

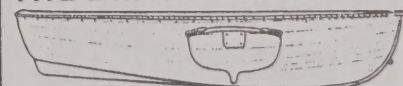
Fred Browning, Jamestown, NC

STARTED THIS YEAR

I started building boats early in 1988 and have been able to complete two, a 14' canoe by Platt Monfort and a "Tortoise" from Dynamite Payson's book. I've got the boatbuilding bug but too little time. But, who cares, I'm going to keep going on!

Joe Phillippe, Mahomet, IL.

THE BRAS D'OR TENDER



The BRAS D'OR TENDER has been molded from a 12 ft. wooden lapstraked rowing boat built nearly sixty years ago at the Alexander Graham Bell boat shop located at Beinn Breagh on the Bras d'Or Lakes in Baddeck, Nova Scotia.

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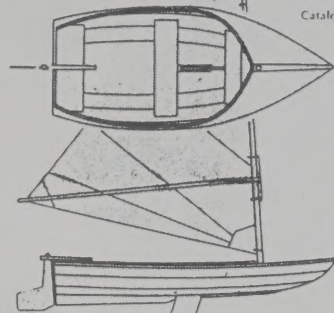
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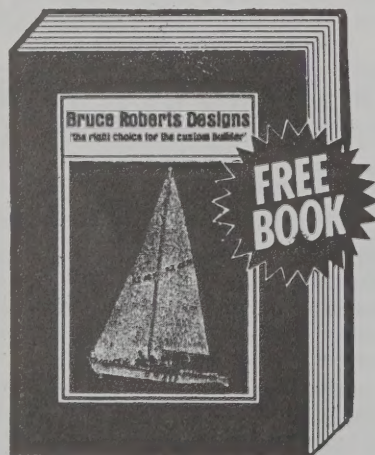
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HAPPENINGS

MAINE MARITIME WINTER LECTURES

The Maine Maritime Museum of Bath, ME, has scheduled a series of winter lectures at the Morse High School in Bath, evenings from 7:30 to 9 p.m. There's a \$2 admission fee for those not Museum members.

February 8: The Wonders & Mysteries of Transatlantic Lands with Roger Howell, professor of history at Bowdoin College.

February 22: Fish, Maine and Men with Warren Reiss of the Maine Archeological & Historical Research Institute.

March 8: The "Edwin Fox", Surviving Example of English Colonial Shipbuilding with Jay Lawry, an Australian apprentice at the Museum Apprenticeship.

March 22: Aboard the Merchant Sail Training Ship "Nantucket" with Ed Donohue, Museum volunteer.

April 5: Barbara Cooney's "Island Boy", with award winning Maine author, Barbara Cooney.

April 19: Building the Tireme with Paul Lipke, maritime researcher.

Information at (207) 443-1316.

TEMPTATIONS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE

A new special exhibit concerned with a sailor's life ashore far from home is now open at the Main Maritime Museum's Sewall House through May, 10-3 weekdays, 1-4 Sundays, at 963 Washington St. in Bath, Maine. This will be the last such exhibition at Sewall House before the move to the new building adjacent to the Percy & Small Shipyard is made in late spring. The life of a sailor ashore is illustrated in artifacts, illustrations and documents. "Sin, Sailors & Salvation: Seaport Seductions & Social Reform in the Age of Sail" is the official all-encompassing title. More information at (207) 443-1316

ROLLING WITH RICA

The Rhode Island Canoe Association has scheduled a 10 week series of kayak rolling sessions on Wednesday nights at the Jewish Community Center of Rhode Island pool (location not specified). They were to begin February 1st if sufficient interest was shown. Despite this tardy announcement (we received notice January 12th at press time for this issue) there might yet be opportunity to take part. Fee is \$15 per session for instruction, \$10 per session for practice only. Call Lou Whittier at (401) 683-3000, ext. 202, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. for current status and information.

SMALL CRAFT PROGRAMS

Mystic Seaport Museum will be offering a series of small craft education programs during the winter months. Both evening courses and weekend courses are offered.

The Aspects of Boatbuilding Series is comprised of two separate sets of four three-day weekends, beginning February 10th and 17th. Gary Weisenburger will instruct participants in building either a 16' New Haven Sharpie or an 18' fantail Sharpie, from pattern making to caulking.

Sailmaking courses are scheduled for February 18-19, March 4-5, and April 15-16.

Other courses are as follows:

February 12: Rigging.

February 13: Basic Boatbuilding Skills.

February 13: Lines Drawing from the Half Model.

February 14: Carving the Half Model.

February 22; Lofting.

Detailed course descriptions and fee information are available from Mystic Seaport Curatorial Dept., Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (203) 572-0711, ext. 328.

YOUTH SAIL TRAINING AT MYSTIC SEAPORT

Sail training for youth 12 to 19 is again being offered this coming summer at Mystic Seaport Museum, with courses for beginners 12 to 17 in 9' dinghies and advanced training for older and experienced youth 15 to 19 on the schooner "Brilliant". This is an ongoing program that goes back over 40 years now. The courses begin in June, right now you should contact Alicia Crossman, Sail Education Programs, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT 06355-0990 for details, schedule, rates, etc. if you have youngsters you might want to enroll in this program.

AMERICAN YACHTING HISTORY SYMPOSIUM

Mystic Seaport Museum will host its Second Annual American Yachting History Symposium on February 24th, 25th and 26th. The topic this year is "Going Fast in the Twenties & Thirties". Both sail and power yachts of that era designed for speed will be featured subjects. A brochure with all the details is available on request. An additional brochure describing the "Archives of American Yachting & Boating" that are accessible at the Museum to interested persons is also available. Inquire of Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (203) 572-0711.

SHIP MODEL CLASSES

The Custom House Maritime Museum in Newburyport, Massachusetts, will commence its 1989 series of eight classes on ship model building every Monday evening with an open house on February 6th from 7 to 9 p.m. at the Museum at 25 Water St. in Newburyport. All former participants in the model classes and newly interested persons are invited.

All the model building is by plank-on-frame construction. The basic course is building a Grand Banks Dory from scratch. An advanced class will measure up a lobsterboat at a local marina, draw plans and then scratch build the boat. And, all participants will attend a meeting of the U.S.S. Constitution Ship Modeler's Guild in Charlestown, Massachusetts. Each class is limited to 15 students.

On Wednesday evenings beginning February 9th, those interested in building a ship in a bottle can attend an eight week series taught by Alex Bellinger, a professional modeler and editor of the "Bottle Shipwright Club of America". The full rigged fishing schooner "Ingo-mar" will be built. Each class will be limited to 10 students.

For details and fees and registration, call the Newburyport Maritime Museum at (508) 462-8681. The Museum is closed during daytimes until April 1st in preparation for new exhibits concerned with the U.S. Coast Guard's 200th anniversary.

MAINE BOATBUILDERS SHOW

Portland Yacht Services will hold its second Maine Boatbuilders' Show March 17-19 at 58 Fore St. near the waterfront in Portland, ME. Last year the first show, despite minimal publicity, featured an interesting array of Maine builders in the restored old brick factory building at 58 Fore St. Wooden and fiberglass boats, from kayaks to lobsterboats, will be on display along with related service trades. The show is a sort of alternative to the glossy consumer show held in downtown Portland, and is well worth a visit. Hours are 10 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. on Friday and Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Sunday, with only a \$3 ticket and kids under 12 in free. More info on exhibiting from Jan Wellehan at (207) 774-1067.

SNOW ROW

The annual Snow Row at Hull, MA, is on for February 25th. Organizer Ed McCabe says there'll be match racing sprints in various categories during the morning for several special trophies to be won, and the main event, the 3.5 mile Snow Row itself, will go off early afternoon. By the time you read this, details should be finalized. Hull Lifesaving Museum, Box 221, Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.

SOUTHEASTERN COASTAL KAYAKING SYMPOSIUM

Here's a deep south alternative to Castine for sea kayakers, a kayak symposium in Savannah, Georgia, in early spring, March 31 through April 2 at the Skidaway Island Marine Extension Center. The usual list of top names in the sport are scheduled to speak or demonstrate or instruct. A couple of unusual aspects are the certification of beginner paddlers who pass a basic skills course by attending a curriculum of the scheduled programs; and the now legendary Oyster Roast/Low Country Shrimp Boil (raved about by Bob Walker of Boston's Aqua*Ventures in a recent issue). Skidaway Island is a barrier island on the Intra Coastal Waterway with lots of interesting paddling nearby. For a detailed brochure, Southeastern Coastal Kayaking Symposium, 58 W. Fairmont Ave., Savannah, GA 321406, (912) 925-8925, Bob Lawhon.

SHIPYARD AUCTION

It's a long way off yet, but Clayton, New York's Shipyard Museum will again host an auction of antique wooden boats in conjunction with its annual Antique Boat Show. This year's the 25th anniversary of the Show and special effort will be made in observance. The auction is on August 5th at noon. If you are interested in further details about placing a boat in the auction, or in bidding on some boats offered, write to the Shipyard Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 3624

CAPE ANN YOUTH ROWING

The Cape Ann Rowing Club and the Gloucester (MA) Recreation Department are planning a spring rowing program for interested youth from Cape Ann. Both fixed and sliding seat instruction will be offered to boys and girls 12 to 16. The location is still to be determined at this time. A professional instructor will be assisted by volunteers from the CARC. Further details from CARC, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930.

GLUCESTER PUBLIC LANDINGS

The Gloucester (MA) Citizen's Committee on Public Landings is currently working on an informational brochure about the available public landings in Gloucester. Funded by a grant from the Essex County Ecology Center, this brochure will give a thorough description of each landing. If you are interested in this subject and could perhaps compile information on a landing or adopt one for ongoing monitoring of its use or abuse, call Fred Bodin at (508) 281-3771 or George Davis at (508) 281-2533. When brochures are available (for the coming season) announcement will be made.

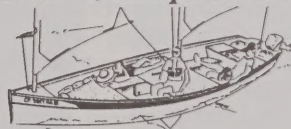
DISCOVERY OF THE CHESAPEAKE

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum has published a new book on Captain John Smith's voyages of discovery in Chesapeake Bay in 1608. Written by Francis d'A. Col- lings and illustrated by Leonard Vosburgh, the book offers an entertaining and informative account of the voyages of the "small, bristly, energetic, impatient, vain, perennial achiever who is thrust early into positions of power and responsibility but somehow just misses greatness". Maps are included illustrating both Smith's voyages in the Bay and up its feeder rivers. The 70 page book is available for \$10.95 (plus \$2.50 shipping) from the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, Navy Point, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (301) 745-2916.

NORTH CAROLINA MARITIME MUSEUM

Should you be driving south during the winter, you might want to swing by Beaufort, NC, to visit the North Carolina Maritime Museum. They're open weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Saturdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sundays 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Various exhibits and demonstrations are ongoing through the winter. The first major event of 1989 will be the Traditional Wooden Boat Show on May 6th and 7th. For an informative brochure, write to the North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

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The Yellow Rowboat

The smooth strips of ash were woven carefully, forming the shape of a traditional pack basket. Suspended by leather straps on his shoulders, it swayed rhythmically with my father's step. Because I was unable to maintain the pace of an adult walking through the woods, the pack's womb became my transportation along the shore line trails of Twitchel Lake. My earliest recollections of the Adirondacks were there. The world for me was guided by my parent's careful prodding, protection was as near as a pair of arms, swooping me to safety.

Our camp was at the far end of the lake, accessible only by boat or narrow trails. Built by Earl W. Covey and rented to my parents by Fred and Jonnie Elmers, the log building was our vacation home.

The times were good, my friends were invited, and the days went by smoothly, carefully orchestrated by my mother. This particular vacation was rainy, creating circumstances where parents try to keep their children occupied, and themselves happy at the same time. This was where my earliest memories of the Adirondacks were formed, in the boats and woods. The campfires were the setting for many stories, and an old player piano came alive with the aid of paper rolls and hard peddling.

Fred offered my father a unique proposition. Stored in the rafters of a boat house was an old boat. If Dad were able to repair and use it, the boat would become his. Unknown then, this profound act of friendship would directly affect me many years later. Called a "rowing canoe", the boat's many miles of transporting goods and passengers had taken their toll. Used up and put aside, the hull only offered an inkling of the beauty it once had.

Dad is an attorney. Raised in a large family by very practical parents, his liberal education started at an early age. Gifted with an ability to perform almost any task, his skills and practical knowledge had adequately prepared him for this job. After visiting a sawmill near the lake, Dad chose the longest and best pieces of wood he could find. These would later become the gunwales. Taking this wood and the boat home, he then started the laborious task of repairing all the damage.

Without the power tools found in a carpenter's shop, he hand cut all the tapers and bevels, the long pieces of wood needed. On the upstairs floor of our barn, he laid out patterns, where he soaked and bent the gunwales to fit the boat. He sistered ribs, stretched canvas, patiently filled and smoothed the fabric, and performed the many other tasks necessary to complete the work.

Many difficult hours later, he finished his part of the deal. Glistening in its new covering and fresh paint, the boat was impressive to a youngster. Like new by any standard, the boat was set aside for the following summer.



Soon, we had our own camp on the shore of a large bay which lay before the front porch. We would spend summers there, instead of a few weeks. Mom and I stayed through the school vacation, with Dad commuting on weekends.

The summers were idyllic. Mom would row, while Dad, smoking his pipe, would fish from the stern. Her rowing strokes were long and smooth; very rarely could a splash be seen or heard when the oars entered the water. She would enjoy her exercise, and he enjoyed the break from the city and his clients. They would always go out in the evenings, when the water was mirror smooth and the fish were jumping at the flies stuck to the water's surface. They

trolled until twilight, when just after sunset, the colors turn a gray-brown monotone. Talking and enjoying their time alone, without interference from the children, they frequently traveled the whole shore line of the bay. Guided back by a campfire, the boat could be seen, slowly returning to camp. A bedtime snack was made, and the day would end.

The boat became our transportation, our toy and our friend. With three children, it suffered many indignities. Somehow it managed to survive swampings, hard landings and the clumsy handling children can give. Once, when my strength grew faster than common sense, I attempted to pull the boat up on the dock by myself. Dad

yelled for me to wait for his help, but I had it under control. Only when the boat was rolled bottom side up, did I see the torn canvas, caused by pulling the boat over a dock cleat. There were no reprisals, and, as in many other instances, the next day the boat had a fresh patch and was servicable once again.

As children, we were allowed to row the boat anywhere in sight of the camp. To assure that it would be easily spotted, my Mom had specified that it be painted a bright yellow. Continuing in service for the next thirty years, and suffering the damage of storms and much misuse, the gunwales Dad had made were now a mosaic of pieces. The carefully finished canvas was dull and patched. The broken ribs, caused by the jumping of many feet, allowed the floor to flex over the waves of power boats. The seats now moved freely, the attaching screws long ago stripped of any fiber to grasp. But still she could be rowed, magestically and easily. Her lines were uncompromised, her heritage was solid.

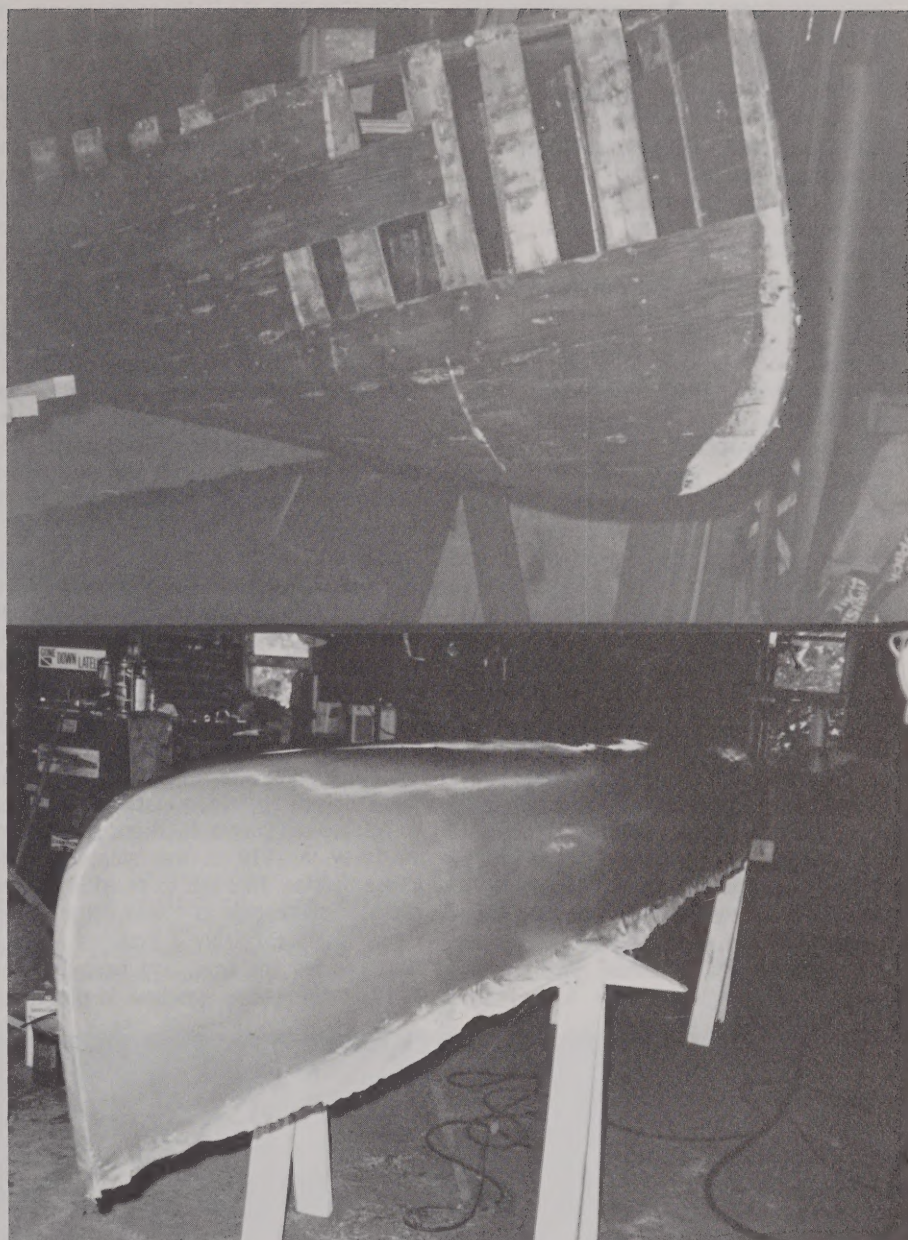
Mom died. Still early in his life, Dad later remarried. His interest in the camp and the equipment lessened with a new wife and summer home on Cape Cod. It offered all the amenities and little work. No longer was he able to haul propane cylinders or move a two story building with a borrowed jack, a winch and a lot of ingenuity. His life was changing, the many hours of work he spent in his youth, now afforded him longer vacations and less responsibilities to his law firm. With my step mother sharing duties, his time was made much easier. The camp became my obligation, I would have to follow large footsteps.

The boat sat unused, its canvas tired, lifeless and cracked. The scars it once carried proudly, almost defiantly, now ran deep. The broken ribs, split planking, loose seats and many leaks attested to the negligence that three children and the many years had brought. With deep remorse for its condition and wanting to relive parts of my childhood, I decided to offer it another chance.

A total restoration was necessary. Unfortunately, at that time I knew nothing of canoe construction, and the rebuilding seemed hopelessly complex. It seemed that the necessary wood-working skills and tools belonged to only a few, and I hadn't inherited my father's ingenuity.

After allocating generous funds, I left my tarnished treasure with a so called, professional boat builder. The following winter was to be the Phoenix, part of my youth reincarnated. By having the boat restored to a new condition, I would be able to again, relive and experience some of the feelings and emotions, now long past.

Impatiently waiting that long year, I imagined the pristine hull, the flawless brightwork, the resurrected boat. The next summer, expecting a gem, I was devastated.



The wet paint didn't hide the broken ribs, split and rotted planking or missing pieces. The same problems I had left were still present.

A year had been wasted, a lot of money was thrown aside, my dreams were shattered. Determined to salvage some of my vacation, the boat's use was important. But with the first launch many leaks were apparent, and when attempting to row it, a rowlock plate quite literally fell off. Instead of any elation, I felt broken.

With little experience, but with some of the drive Dad shared, I brought the boat home to rebuild. The "professional" had stated that it was impossible for the average person to steam ribs, or install an inner gunwale. Fortunately, there are many articles written on canoe building and restoration. I purchased all that applied. I now had the knowledge to perform the various tasks.

The first step in a canoe restoration is to strip the boat of its covering. Looking naked and vulnerable, its structural problems were readily apparent. The enormity of the task was suddenly clear. The books had left me unprepared for the hulk, sagging lifelessly on the sawhorses. Knowledge was not a good substitute for skill. It was then that I was prepared to admit defeat. Only the memories of how the boat had served our family made me continue. I owed it. I owed it the respect it had earned, through every rock, every blow to the bottom, every irreverance it had suffered. It was part of my roots. This boat could not be abandoned any more than could be my heritage.

This boat was built in Maine, of materials native to that area. Western Pennsylvania has none of those species of wood. Red cedar was substituted for white, long leaf yellow pine for the spruce, and because

of my aircraft background, a synthetic fabric was chosen to replace the canvas. All the broken parts had to be fabricated, using the remains of the broken pieces as templates.

Hours spent with paint stripper cut through the many layers of evolution. Unfortunately, the bare wood also revealed many more broken areas, adding considerable time to the original repair estimate.

My first attempts at steam bending were maddening. The ease shown in the books certainly didn't match my futile attempts. Not mentioned in any of the text was the knowledge that red cedar is very brittle compared to the original white. It was some time before a rib lay in its proper place, and the corner of the garage was littered with the increasingly many failures.

After the first success others followed, until all the broken ribs were finally replaced. With the efforts of a friend's surface planer, new planking was thinned sufficiently to match the original's thickness. Hundreds of brass tacks soon held the new wood planking securely to the finished ribs. New seats, seat cleats, decks and gunwales were made up to replace the damaged parts. Things were under way now, my confidence greatly improved as each task was finished, and the boat was brought closer to completion.

I parted from traditional materials in the covering of the hull. Small aircraft use a synthetic fabric called "Ceconite." Strong and very light, it is shrunk in place, as opposed to being stretched on, as the

original canvas had been. By using a "Piper" aircraft yellow, the finish color was similar to the one originally specified by my mother.

With many coats of varnish, the woodwork began to glisten, the various colors and hues contrasting sharply with each other. The bright yellow color with the smooth and shining woods brought a vibrance not seen in many years. My labors were quickly forgotten, as the boat once again showed the beauty inherent in its design. Its restoration was now complete.

Delivering the boat to my Dad's house, I was apprehensive, and badly wanting his approval for the work I had completed. His favorable response was welcomed and became a way of saying that my dues were paid. I had now returned a useless collection of woods to a functional tool, not unlike Dad's efforts so many years earlier. I had at last walked some of the miles in his shoes.

By chance, my wife had found a reprint of an 1910 "Old Town" canoe catalog. There, in the back pages was a picture of the boat! Our "rowing canoe" was in fact, a "Double Ended Boat". Identifying the manufacturer laid to rest the many speculations of origin. The paint stripping had revealed a serial number on each inside stem, easily seen through the varnish. A hurried call to "Old Town" quickly revealed a history unknown to us before Fred Elmers. Built and sold to Earl W. Covey in 1912, it was shipped to Big Moose Station. This had to be an error, the operator suggested, as I was calling from Pennsylvania. Excitedly, I explained where I had obtained the boat, and how the last piece of the puzzle was now in place. For

almost thirty five years we hadn't known of its heritage, only that Fred had acquired it when he bought his camp.

Later, while relating some of Fred's exploits, Dad told me of an episode in the boat's history. Fred had owned two of these boats, and at the landing at the other end of Twitchel Lake, was a car he wanted transported to his camp. The usual way to move a bulky object like a car was to wait for winter, then drive it over the ice. Having the right amount of "I can make due" attitude prevalent in the self-reliant people then, he decided he had all the materials necessary to do the job. By placing heavy planks across the gunwales of both boats, and carefully backing the car off the landing onto the boats, he probably had the first ferry known to Twitchel Lake.

A second effort was short lived. In attempting to duplicate Fred's efforts, another resident of the lake failed to recognize the significance of backing the car onto the planks. By driving his car on front first, he managed to push the boats away from the landing, resulting in a very wet and disturbing experience.

The boat's history and rebuilding is now complete. The satisfaction of finishing that task was tremendously rewarding. A great deal was taken from the boat, but now the debt has been repaid. It can now be handed to another generation, with the hope that they will experience the pleasures it has given me and understand the appreciation I have for my father's efforts. The yellow rowboat has endured, its legacy continuing with pride and grace.

Gardner Callanen



In Praise of No. 38

"38" is a number applied to the bow of my 15' Grumman canoe by some folks who run a boathouse on the Concord River west of Boston. They buy seconds every year to rent by the hour and then sell off at the end of the season to anyone happening by at the right time. A number on the bow is about as sentimental a name as can be given such a craft. I made my purchase 15 years ago using an insurance settlement for my beautiful and flawless Old Town fiberglass canoe stolen from the marshland bordering my property in North Scituate, MA.

Our house looks at the North Shore across Massachusetts Bay. The view is framed by the entrance to Cohasset Harbor on the left and the Glades Club on the right. Being retired, I do lots of messing about in the marshes and harbor. I have owned and used several types of boats over the years, but NEVER have I had one which is so versatile and pleasureable as No. 38, dents and all.

I do lots of rowing year-round and occasionally undertake some really heavy work like collecting mounds of heavy wet seaweed for the garden. Following the 1978 storm, we salvaged tons of timbers and junk of all kinds on the marsh from houses destroyed along Minot Beach to the east. Just lift one end of the timber and slide the canoe under to carry the load balanced athwartship. I will range over the marshes several times a year on high tides just to collect the trash left by casual boaters and campers.

Behind the no-insurance, no-maintenance, low-theft advantages of the aluminum canoe lies a really beautiful, fast and straight-tracking hull. Just look at one while it is turned upside down and see if you agree. It has the highest type of beauty; so practical, so perfectly put together in its airframe smoothness and strength; no unnecessary weight; and very comfortable.

And, I must mention the intangibles. No matter what the location or circumstances, a fellow in

an aluminum canoe is seen as a kindred spirit by virtually all sorts of waterfront types. He is not in competition with anyone and he is appreciated as a man with perfect values by all who know anything at all about boats. I rub shoulders out there with Boston Brahmins, the lobstermen, yacht club steward (I am not a member), and the harbor seals in winter, all sympatico, and yet I know that if I were to change the name from "38" to "Sundancer", all would be lost!

I got my understanding of the canoe form and useage at summer camp in New Hampshire as a boy. In order to pass the canoe test we had to demonstrate many useful arts and skills: Control in heavy winds and waves; moving straight ahead without switching sides (J-stroking); turning around a point to starboard while paddling on that same side; moving 50 yards without paddling, using hands only, and bobbing; upsetting, then partially emptying the canoe by shoving it hard ahead; re-entering from the water over the bow or stern and bailing.

These skills, as well as strength in swimming, are really necessary to have before venturing out very far from shore, especially in the ocean environment. In addition, it is well to carry alternate survival gear, especially at my age when strength is less. I carry an inflated innertube with a web seat under my rowing platform and I tie the bailer to the boat. You know how things float away or sink during the confusion of an upset. If you own a wetsuit, wear it in the winter.

My home-made plywood rowing platform sits on the gunwales, which raises the center of gravity slightly above where it usually is in canoeing, but there is plenty of stability remaining, provided one understands his limits. It also pays to experiment in a safe situation. I like to maneuver around the ledges just offshore where the swells are surging. "38" doesn't mind another dent or two!

Jack Chesley, Scituate, MA.

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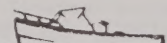
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What is the Proper Paddle?

I'm a lady with long hair, two feet long, and I like to brush my hair in the morning. How can I feel organized if my hair's not organized? The rest of my day will suffer from lack of the methodical touch that I, a New England lady, am so dependent on. So here I was in a dilemma, when each succeeding morning of our kayaking expedition on Notre Dame Bay on Newfoundland's north coast, I was experiencing increasing difficulty in grasping the handle of my hairbrush. I was committed to this trip of a lifetime in this marvelous place so far from home but it would involve several hundred miles of paddling. Were I to ask my companion Jon to brush my hair for me because I couldn't close my hand around the brush handle, would this inspire confidence?

Early into our Newfoundland trip we both realized that neither of us wished to solo paddle our fully loaded Aeriis II with two aboard. This was a unique opportu-

nity for both of us to be here, Jon had made numerous inquiries for companions and advertised as well, but I had been the only one who could arrange to accompany him. To fully enjoy it we had to be careful about keeping within our respective physical capabilities. We had to be a functioning team all the way.

It had seemed unlikely that we'd find anyone beforehand who had been on Notre Dame Bay in a small boat, but I had the most extraordinary luck of finding that a neighbor, Frederic Richard of Guilford, Connecticut, had sailed there. Mr. Richard was ecstatic when he described how he found Notre Dame Bay to be one of the most beautiful places on earth. Innumerable islands, cliffs of beautiful rock covered with lush spruce and fir. We had come to experience this rugged beauty, the crystal clear water, the icebergs and, most of all, the whales. I was very excited about seeing what grew and survived in this environment not found in other more accessible places.

We were paddling the Aeriis II with two 70 degree feathered San Juan 8.5' paddles, the type I had always used. Jon had decided to bring along an 80 degree 8.5' Little Dipper as a spare in case either of us had an injury that would hamper our paddling. I casually admitted that I had an occasional problem with fingers on either hand becoming numb when paddling into a 15-20 knot wind. So, finally on this morning of being unable to brush my hair, I realized the nerves in my palms were becoming increasingly inflamed, causing the

growing stiffness and discomfort. So I concluded I had better give the Little Dipper paddle a try. My hands felt much better soon and, to my delight, my paddling with the Little Dipper and Jon with the San Juan did not adversely affect our synchronization or speed. But, our real challenge was yet to come.

On a typically stifling July day we rounded Northern Head on our return trip, making for Fortune Harbor. The oily calm felt so oppressive that I thought it might be nice to try to land by a tiny waterfall that I had noticed on the way out. In 125 miles of paddling along the shores of the bay, this was the only waterfall we had seen. The cliffs rise over 200', and are of rugged highly fractured basalt, which quickly absorbs the frequent rains and fogs. The steep, reddish brown cliffs were covered with spruce, fir, lichens and mosses, all of which absorb plenty of water and grow wherever they can anchor themselves.

As we drew abreast of the waterfall, we were diverted by watching a family of humpback whales cavorting about having great fun. Returning our attention to the waterfall cascading down the cliff, we also could not help but notice something increasingly ominous about the oily smoothness of the water. We decided to not try to land at the waterfall as the rocks along the shore there offered no protection should there be a sudden change in the weather conditions. Indeed, we could become quickly helplessly trapped and our boat dashed to pieces.

Looking back offshore over the

Top, the Little Dipper. Bottom, the San Juan.



open water to the north we noted something odd, the trawlers which had been out there about five miles off had disappeared into a yellow fog. Neither Jon nor I had seen such a color of fog and had no idea what it portended. In a few moments we were engulfed by the fog, carried in on a cold wind, and the temperature immediately plummeted. I now realized this was a convection fog created by cold air replacing warm air over warm water, and we quickly prepared ourselves for some cold, rough paddling.

I took a last compass reading and checked our heading moments before the fog obscured all landmarks. The wind increased to about 30 knots and now we knew we were in a situation where our survival would depend on my not navigating us into a dead end cove filled with jagged rocks which would smash our boat. We ducked into the lee of some rocks to complete our storm paddling preparations and to assess our choices. We knew from John Dowd's sage advice that if we couldn't make it to a safe haven, the best thing to do, especially in our Klepper, would be to paddle offshore and ride out the storm away from dangerous shorelines.

I fortunately have good recall of places I have been, although we were slightly confused as to which passage led to Fortune Harbor. The harbor is "T" shaped and protected by rocky escarpments on both sides. I recalled that the east side where we were entering had numerous small islands and rocky promontories which made finding the actual entrance ambiguous in the dense fog driven by the threatening wind. I knew that the opposite side of the entrance would be quite different and thus recognizable to me. Western Head had a navigation beacon high up on its rocks, probably not visible to us, but the rocks lower to the water led into the harbor in a well rounded contiguous horizon.

So we turned south through the narrowing lead into the harbor and encountered steepening waves as the water being driven by the wind became increasingly confined. These are the conditions in which, Dieter Stiller claims, the Klepper really shows its colors, coming into its own, showing just what it was designed to contend with, rough, gruelling water conditions. Although I felt it necessary to accelerate my paddling rate beyond Jon's with my Little Dipper, and I almost chopped off his ears and did clang blades a few times, the narrow blade did handle the situation very well.

In retrospect I regret that we did not use a barometer in addition to our marine weather radio, as we might have been better able to anticipate the intensity of this storm. We were not able to read the clouds in this situation as can often be

done. A storm of this sudden intensity can make a man or a mouse of you, and you are best able to cope with it if you've absorbed advice from others who have experienced such conditions.

Jon and I came to realize from our encounter with this yellow fog why the Newfoundlanders' traditional drink is "Screech" and we could have easily consumed a bottle of that highly alcoholic drink after we reached safe haven. We did celebrate our safe arrival in Fortune Harbor with a couple of "Marathons", Jon's invention using vodka and gatorade. It sounds awful but wasn't all that bad at that time, but I've not had occasion to want any since.

Back home in Connecticut I continued to use the Little Dipper and found it was remarkably less demanding to use paddling into a 25 knot wind, and that my hands no longer were developing symptoms of numbness. I could easily control my Arluk III and execute an eskimo roll almost as well as with the San Juan. I could paddle more miles with less effort

My next test of the Little Dipper and the Arluk was different. I chose to experiment in winds of 30 knots with higher gusts which NOAA classifies as gale winds. I launched in a sheltered area and proceeded to work my way out into a more exposed area where the waves became steeper and more erratic as the wind driven water became more turbulent. My progress became slower and slower and controlling the direction and the bow of the Arluk became more difficult. I could feel my kayak being blown out of control and realized I had exceeded the designed capability of my equipment. The Arluk has a low bow making it necessary to depend on its long narrow foot controlled rudder for steering, unless a skeg has been added. Now the Little Dipper paddle had insufficient blade width and area to control the kayak. I had learned that if you cannot control the bow of your sea kayak, conditions are more than

you can handle, and I decided to turn downwind and head for home.

Now I found out how inadequate my rudder and paddle really were as I had very little directional control. I was unable to turn the kayak beyond being broadside to the waves when I vainly used full rudder and innumerable sweep strokes with the Little Dipper. I began to wonder what swimming in this frigid October water would be like. Eventually I saw that I had enough time and distance between some sets of waves to do a reverse sweep without imminent risk of tripping over my paddle and being pitched into the water. In such chaotic conditions, the reverse sweep forces you to lean the wrong way and to have no support from the paddle as it is on the downhill side of the wave, a very dangerous move to make. Sea kayakers must lean into the wave and use the sweep turn for turning on the face of a wave.

Now I knew I'd need a San Juan with an 80 degree feathering for handling winds of 30 knots or more, and also for paddling in ice, where I have to avoid submerging the paddle blade beneath the ice. If the blade gets under the ice, on the stroke recovery, pulling the blade up will only roll the kayak over as the blade gets caught by the ice.

Soon I had a chance to test the San Juan in 30 knot winds with higher gusts. For me this much wind could blow the paddle out of my hands so I lashed it to the kayak. I hunkered down into the cockpit of my Arluk into the horizontally driven rain of salt spray and made a tooth and claw crossing. The larger surface area of the San Juan blades gave me control of the direction of the kayak without trouble.

So each type had its advantages for me, with the San Juan reserved for the really strenuous occasions. But, perhaps on such days, I should take up knitting!

Report & Photo from Gail Ferris.



A copy of a brochure for Necky Kayaks that came into our possession included this report on Ed Gillett's saga of paddling to Hawaii from California in one of Necky's "Tofino" sea kayaks. It's some story and we received permission from Mike Neckar of Necky Kayaks and Ed Gillett to reprint it here.

Necky Kayaks are at #22 31550 S. Fraser Way, Clearbrook, BC, Canada V2T 4C6, (604) 859-1206, if you'd like more information about their boats.

When I said that I was planning to paddle across 2200 miles of open ocean in a twenty foot kayak, people looked at me as though I had told them I was going to commit suicide. My listeners projected their deepest fears on my trip. Wasn't I afraid of losing my way on the trackless ocean, starvation, thirst, going mad from lack of human contact, or being eaten by sharks. They were seldom reassured when I told them of my thirty thousand miles of sailing experience and ten thousand miles of ocean kayaking along the most formidable coastlines in the world.

But I was confident that my kayak and I would arrive safely in Hawaii. Most people think large vessels are the most seaworthy ones. But this is not always true. Consider the yachtsman who buys a two hundred thousand dollar boat, and then spends another fifty thousand or so equipping his vessel for a sea voyage. What is his ultimate safety insurance, two thousand dollar rubber life raft package, with little room for food and water, a floating bobble at the mercy of the winds and currents?

Survival at sea depends on preparation, experience, and prudence - not on boat size. I turned my kayak into one of the most seaworthy little boats in the world. I did not need to carry a life raft I paddled a life raft.

Inside my kayak, I crammed 60 days' food and twenty-five gallons of fresh water. With my reverse osmosis pumps, I could make unlimited amounts of additional drinking water from sea water. I carried fishing gear, tools, and spare parts. In a waterproof bag I had a compact VHF radio to contact passing ships, and an emergency radio beacon to alert aircraft flying overhead in case I needed to be rescued. Flares, signal mirrors, a strobe light, and a radar reflector ensured that I would be seen.

My kayak was as stoutly built as any fiberglass sailboat. I wanted to paddle a true kayak across the ocean - not a specialized sailboat masquerading as a kayak. I used a stock tofino double kayak with no mast, sail, centerboard, or keel. My boat had a foot-operated rudder and a wooden floor inside so that I could sleep a few inches above the water sloshing back and forth in the bottom of the boat. To stabilize my kayak while I slept, I inflated pontoons which I lashed to both sides of the boat. When the pontoons were deployed, I could move around in my kayak without fear of capsize. A sailor's safety harness fastened me securely to my boat.

To find my way at sea I used a sextant and a small calculator programmed to work out navigation sights. I could figure my position to within a few miles - when I could see the sun. I chose the crossing to Hawaii because the summer weather patterns are stable and the winds and currents are almost always favorable. The trip seemed to me to be the kayaking equivalent of climbing Mt. Everest. It was the most difficult trip I could conceive of surviving.

On a cold, foggy morning three kayaks glided out of the harbor at Monterey. My wife Katie paddled one of the boats. At the one mile bouy off Lover's point, we said goodbye, embracing from the kayaks. Pointing my kayak west and heading out to sea was the hardest thing I have ever done. Tears rolled down my face and I could hear Katie crying. I looked back from fifty yards away and I knew that we were thinking the same thought: that we might never see each other again.

I felt foolish attempting to paddle to Hawaii. Who did I think I was to attempt such an improbable feat?

Despite extensive preparation, my confidence was soon shattered by the relentless pounding swell of the Pacific ocean. I had underestimated the abuse my body - especially my hands - would take on the 63 day crossing. After only a few days at sea, my butt was covered with salt water sores and I could find no comfortable

ED GILLET'S PACIFIC JOURNEY



positions for sitting or sleeping. Within a week, the skin on the backs of my hands was so cracked and chapped, that I took painkillers to make paddling bearable.

Running downwind off California, I wore several layers of synthetic pile and polypropylene clothing - the type of clothing which is supposed to be warm when it is wet. I stayed warm as long as I wore everything I had, but I was certainly wet.

I was miserable but I spurred myself on with the thought that when I reached the southern trade wind latitudes, I would find warm, sunny weather.

Sailors can have two distinct waking nightmares: too much wind and too little wind. Heading south from Monterey, California, I lived through the first bad dream. The howling grey northwesterlies nearly devoured me. For two weeks I headed southwest before thirty knot winds, surfing down fifteen feet high breaking swells. The 15 foot high seas snapped my half inch thick rudder blade as easily as you might break a saltine cracker. I needed every bit of the skill and strength I had acquired from years of kayaking to stay upright.

The nights were unspeakably grim. I set out two sea anchors and stretched out on the floor of my kayak. Tortured by salt water sores, I snatched a few moments of sleep while green waves crashed over my kayak, forcing themselves into the cockpit. As the ocean slowly filled my boat, I tried to ignore the cold water soaking through my wet sleeping bag until the rising tide forced me to sit up and pump out the kayak. When the kayak was dry, I settled into the bilge and the miserable cycle repeated.

The cold wind was relentless. When I poked my head out in the mornings I screamed into the wind, "I don't want to die". I felt as exposed and as stressed as I had on long rock climbs. I relied on my skill and equipment for survival - even a small mistake could prove fatal.

A thousand miles southwest of my starting point I found the flip side of the nightmare - calm weather. In the calm conditions, I dried my sleeping bag and clothing and my skin lesions healed, but my progress slowed dramatically.

"This can't be!", I shouted at the empty blue sky. For about the fiftieth time, I looked at my pilot chart. Sitting motionless in my kayak in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, a thousand miles from land, I cursed the winds that had abandoned me. There was no swell, no wind - no sound. Without the boistrous trade winds and the westward current they spawn, it would take me two more months to reach the Hawaiian Islands. I did not think that I could survive that long. I had been at sea in my twenty foot kayak for thirty days. I was thinner and weaker than when I began my trip.

As night overtook me, I snapped a lightstick and placed it over my compass. However slowly, I had to keep my kayak moving towards Hawaii. Where were the trade winds? The night was so still that the bowl of bright stars over my head shimmered and danced in the calm sea. I felt as though I was paddling off the edge of the earth and into space.

For two weeks I pushed my kayak slowly westward, until I reached longitude 140 west. Nine hundred miles from my goal, the trade winds blew strongly enough to launch my parafoil kite. This colorful flying sail did not replace paddling, but the kite's pull doubled my speed, and I averaged fifty miles a day.

A school of blue and gold mahi-mahi fish played about my boat, frolicking and jumping in my bow wave. Catching them was easy since they always seemed to be voraciously hungry, - fighting each other to be first to bite the lures which I trailed on a handline behind my boat. I even trained them to gather close to my boat when I knocked on my hull by feeding them cut up pieces of bait. Once a day I slipped a fish hook into a piece of bait and another mahi-mahi became sashimi.

Those days were the best of the trip. The strong trade winds were ideal for paddling. The royal blue surging swells were no more than six feet high and my yellow bow skipped over the waves as if my kayak knew the way to the Islands.

Three hundred miles from the islands, I was caught up in a northerly current. The wind shifted from northeast to southeast, and the strong current set me north at the rate of thirty miles a day. If that current had not changed, I would have landed in Japan, missing the islands by hundreds of miles.

I thought that if I was soon to become a life raft, I ought to prepare my life raft equipment. I rummaged through my storage compartments, collecting my emergency radio beacon, flares, and signal mirrors. If I were going to miss the islands, my best chance for rescue would come when I crossed the shipping lanes fifty miles north of me.

On my sixtieth day at sea, I ran out of food. My school of mahi-mahi had left me a week before. I had eaten my toothpaste two days ago. There was nothing edible left in the boat, and no fish were biting my lures. Looking up, I watched a line of jet airplanes heading for Hawaii. I thought about the passengers eating from their plastic trays. My food fantasies were so real and so complete that I could recreate

every detail of every restaurant I have ever visited. I could remember what the taste, texture and smell of meals I had eaten several years ago. I thought about how I should have gone to a grocery store in Monterey and bought fifty cans of Spam, or chili, and stuffed the cans into my boat.

I had nearly completed the world's longest open ocean crossing, but I did not feel closer to land. I had been scribbling different latitude and longitude numbers on the side of my boat, but I had no sense of progress. My kayak trip seemed as though it would last forever. On my 63rd day at sea, I was taking my usual noon latitude sight. When I swung my sextant to look at the southern horizon, I was annoyed by the mountain filling my sextant viewfinder and fouling up my view of the horizon line. "That damned mountain...", I thought. Seconds later, I realized that I was looking at land. That dark mountain had to be Mauna Kea, 80 miles away on the "big island" of Hawaii. The island of Maui 40 miles ahead was hidden under a blanket of squally clouds piling up on its windward shore. As the clouds cleared, Haleakala reared its head and I knew I was almost home.

I whooped for joy when I saw land. I had only been pretending to be a sea creature. I was a land creature traveling through a hostile environment. My survival depended on the life support system I carried in my kayak, and my support system was exhausted. Nearing land, I felt as though a weight was being lifted from my shoulders.

After paddling and kite sailing all night, I brought my kayak into the calm lee of Maui outside Kahului harbor. The scents of rain-washed soils and lush tropical plants washed over me like waves of perfume. No one greeted me when my bow dug a furrow into the sandy beach at Kahului harbor. Stepping on to the beach for the first time in more than two months, I could not make my legs obey me. My legs crumpled underneath me and I sat down heavily in the shallow water. A local character staggering down the beach asked me where I had come from. When I told him that I had paddled my kayak from California, he whistled.

"That's a long way," he said, "must've taken you two or three days, huh?"

"Yeah," I said.

I talked him into helping me drag my kayak up the beach, then he wandered off. Reeling like a drunken Popeye, I lurched off in search of a junk food breakfast.

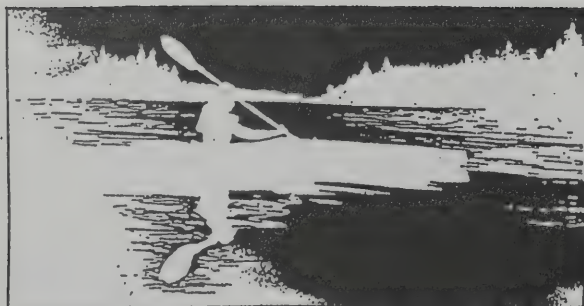


How About this "Tofino"?



Our objective in building the Tofino tandem kayak was to produce a high volume, seaworthy boat. Our primary concern was safety. A relatively bad safety record for double kayaks prompted us to work on a new design. We concentrated on two areas; built-in safety and performance in adverse conditions. Tofino's high proportion of enclosed bulkhead space limits its water intake. A third bulkhead stops water from sloshing the full length of the boat and allows separate rescue from either paddling position. In our own tests, we did numerous uninterrupted eskimo rolls without spraycovers. This boat was also surprisingly stable and easily paddled when we swamped it. Paddle float rescue is standard for both front and back positions. Sunken cockpits allow for easy re-entry. Fish form is superior for handling in rough conditions, so we made the first double kayak in fish form.

Design objectives are easier to put on paper than they are to realize. The testing grounds of our design were in San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate Narrows, possibly the toughest kayaking anywhere. Even in high winds, fast tide races, and overfalls handling of the Tofino was superb. The boat was comfortable during the long trip and provided adequate baggage room. After crossing the Sea of Cortes in December of 1986 a group of Californian paddlers commented, "...high winds and the highest tides in two decades made our trip plenty exciting. We would like to see the islands again, but next time we'll all be paddling Tofino's." (Creig Hoyt, John Hale, Wayne Hack, Bruce Morris, Dennis Corrol, Bill Mertz). The most recent test of the Tofino was the solo voyage of Ed Gillet from Monterey, California to Maui, Hawaii. We were pleased that Ed chose our boat.



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Gotta Have a Boat with a Jib

It was too good to pass up. There were lots of places that weren't even rotten much. Also, it had a jib, which clinched it after my failed experiences fitting a jib to my Sunfish ("Boats" December 15, 1988). So now I'm the owner of a 1950's vintage plywood sailboat. The boat is 16' long with a fairly large deck up front, side decks and a small rear deck, all canvas covered. Somebody built it from a kit years ago and did a good job. Unfortunately, it was left outside, right-side up, uncovered. This made for rotten spots around the centerboard trunk that beer cans could break through when rolling around in the bilge. Also, three of the four ribs were rotten.

The plywood "planking" was solid, and the boat had a spruce mast and boom, and actual brass sail track, cleats and other fittings, as well as a neat little cuddy cabin that someone had added on.

The ribs were pretty easy to replace by making cardboard templates to shape and bedding in the new ribs in latex caulk. I built a new centerboard trunk around the lower part of the rotten one with steel plates on each side to support the pivot pin for the large steel plate centerboard. A couple of coats of white house paint on the decks and sides and green inside and for the bootstripe made it look rather nice. Using a roller to paint the decks maintained the canvas weave for looks and some non-slip grip. The mast, boom, tiller and sides of the cuddy cabin were varnished and this completed its good looks. Not as traditional as I'd like in a sailboat, but the price was right. And, it had a jib! Cotton, no less.

The maiden voyage was lots of fun, considering that I didn't know if it would go straight to the bottom. The wind was fairly brisk with whitecaps forming. The main had a single line of reef points, but I didn't think they would be necessary. I paddled out a ways because the slip is in a small bay

with the wind coming in straight onshore. I pulled up the main and she heeled pretty badly. Of course, I didn't know how far over she could go without capsizing and also I didn't know if the "watertight" compartments fore and aft were indeed watertight. Is paint strong enough to re-inforce rot?

Anyway, off we went on a beat to get out of the little bay, and we had to tack right away. It wouldn't do it, the jib was not yet up. No way would it come around. I made a thorough study of methods for getting out of irons. Paddling worked. I brought her up into the wind as far as she'd go and scrambled forward to the bow to paddle it through. Very humiliating.

Finally I got the jib up and beat my way across the lake, having a great time, the wind growing stronger all the time. Then the old cotton string tying the old cotton main to the boom cars decided it had hung in there long enough and let go. First the clew, then about four cars let go, leaving half the main flapping around. Things got fairly frantic then, as it was also time to come about.

After a lot of commotion, I managed to flap my way to a sheltered cove, thanks to my precious jib, where I dropped anchor. After re-tying the boomcars and tucking in the only reef, I went back out and had a fantastic afternoon of sailing. When I had the opportunity to run downwind wing-on-wing, I couldn't help letting out a whoop and yelling, "Hah, do THAT with your lateen rig!" The jibe that occurred about four seconds later almost took my head off.

Driving home from the lake, I began daydreaming. "Let's see, I've got this old St. Lawrence engine, the boat's not worth much anyway so I don't mind cutting holes in the bottom, and I've always wanted a sailboat with a small auxiliary engine. Especially an antique engine with lots of things to tinker with. We'll see.

Jack Hurt, Dalton, MA

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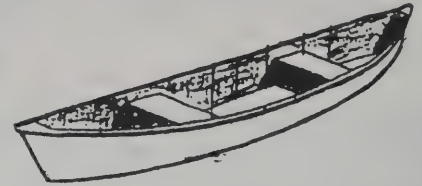
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Ed Corkren's



Cajun Pirogue

The chocolate brown plywood boat resting on the grass in Ed Corkren's backyard in East Weymouth, Massachusetts was certainly an unprepossessing craft. It looked like a backyard boat project built by a couple of kids, and that's what it was. Ed's nephews had put it together with some guidance, using Ed's patterns and instructions for his Cajun Pirogue.

What was a Louisiana fisherman's boat doing here in eastern Massachusetts? Well Ed's work in human services had brought him home to the old family place on Whitman's Pond in East Weymouth, after a stay in Louisiana. During that deep south stint, Ed had become attracted to the local pirogue for a fishing boat, he'd grown up on Whitman's Pond fishing from simple skiffs and here was a variant on that theme that appealed to him.

But, Ed had more ambitious plans than just going fishing. He became acquainted with a local fiberglass shop that produced fiberglass panels, and Ed seized on this material as an improvement over plywood for building the pirogue. He decided he'd go into business selling pirogue kits by mail order. The fiberglass panels were much thinner than plywood and easy to ship rolled up into tubes, something not possible to do with plywood. So Fiberglass Kit Co. was born. Another backyard, part time small boat operation.

The Cajun Pirogue is simplicity itself, a long and fairly narrow stable fishing platform that could be paddled or poled through the bayou country, where water depths usually were but a few feet and often just inches. The pirogue's flat bottom permitted standing for poling or casting for fish, the length and double ended design made for a boat that moved easily and swiftly under paddle power. It was a workboat in concept, plain and simple to build. The fiberglass panels are cut out and taped together along the seams with duct tape, then the interior seams are glued together with resin and fiberglass matt. The stems are reinforced with extra matt rolled up into "rope" and resined into place. The choice of seats is wide open, and boxlike construction incorporating storage for fishing gear is a popular one.



The chocolate colored boat was built of plywood. Now that Ed's thousands of miles from his fiberglass panel supplier, he's been emphasizing the sale of the full size patterns and instructions for building in locally available plywood. The boys did a serviceable job of it, and the boat would obviously be just what they wanted to go fishing from. Fishing was the purpose, not boating. No fuss about appearance or maintenance, just go fishing and leave the boat in the yard when not being used. After all, there's little money invested in it, and not much time either.

Ed has a unique detail option on his design, and this is the incorporation of short lengths of tubing glassed vertically into the hull, permitting one to "moor" the boat by pushing the pole down through the tube on into the muddy bottom below. Sort of staking the boat to the bottom in the chosen fishing spot. No anchor and line to fuss with, just jam the pole in and fish. To move on, yank it out and pole away. This does not work, of course, in waters on most of our ponds, although in marshes it should be workable.

The pirogue is available in three lengths, 12', 13' and 14'. The 12 footer is a solo boat, the two larger ones can carry two comfortably. It's just a box with tapered sides and pointy ends, three panels glued up on two lengthwise seams and two end seams, stiffened with an internal keel strip along the bottom and poly pipe gunwales along the sheer, and braced side to side by the thwarts. Patterns and instructions cost \$14, \$16 and \$19 respectively. Complete fiberglass kits with all necessary materials and building instructions are priced at \$144, \$149 and \$159.

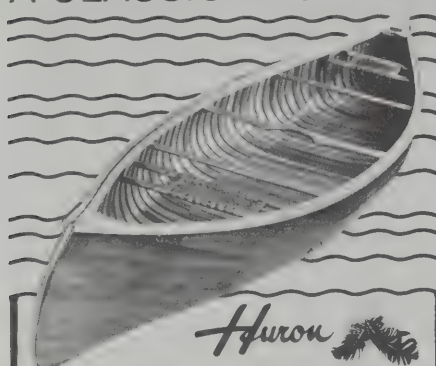
The Cajun Pirogue is indeed unprepossessing, but it works. Ed Corkren is a believer in low cost simple boating and his concept with its detailed illustrated instructions and full size patterns for all the parts brings the simplicity right into the initial building process. To order or for further details, contact Ed at Fibercraft Kit Co., 385 Plymouth St., Halifax, MA 02338, (617) 335-3643.



Opposite page, the Cajun Pirogue in its natural element, the Louisiana bayou country.

This page, Ed Corkren with his nephew's pirogue. Layout on plywood is simple. Glassing on the PVC gunwale guards.

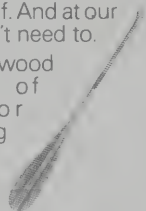
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PROJECTS



GLUED LAPSTRAKE WHITEHALLS

Here's a photo of an 11.5' glued lapstrake sailing Whitehall I have built four of. The planking and deck are of 5 ply okume plywood; transom, thwart and rudder are of cherry; spars and oars of

spruce. One is for me, two others I have sold for \$2,500 each, complete with spars, sail and oars. I have one left available at the same price to anyone interested.

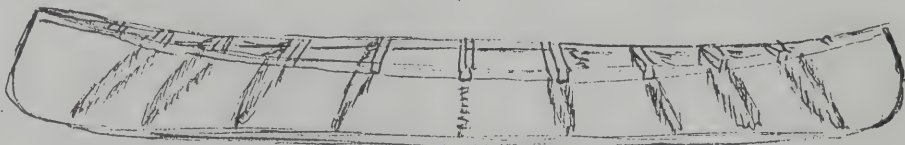
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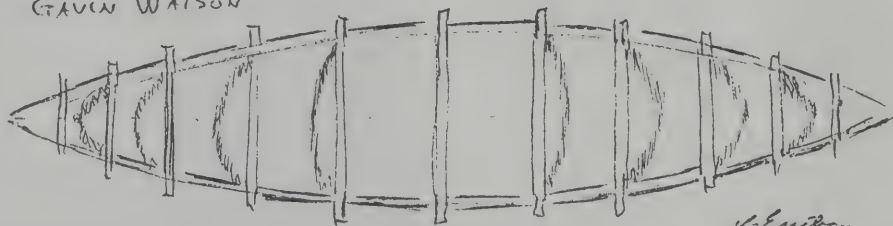
Gavin Watson recently built an Adirondack Guideboat in fiberglass, using his old wooden model as a plug. What unique ribs he installed! Gavin used rope epoxied into position to strengthen this lightweight craft. To determine the exact position for each rope rib, he used the shadows cast by an over-

head light on sticks laid across the gunwales. This gave him perfectly symmetrical installations fore and aft. After the resin cured, he removed the cross sticks and had a nice serviceable Guideboat which rowed well and will be great fun for him on the local lakes in Connecticut.

Carl Erickson, Verona, NJ



GAVIN WATSON



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TRADITIONAL DUGOUTS

On a recent visit to Plimoth Plantation in November, I photographed the ongoing construction of Indian dugout canoes being carried out as part of a "living exhibit" in the Indian village part of the Plantation. Several were in the "boat-yard" in various stages of completion. The use of fire to hollow out the logs was the most interesting part of the process to me. Should you happen to visit the Plimoth Plantation this year (it's closed until spring) be sure to look in on this aboriginal boatbuilding.

Report by Bob Hicks



An Easy Method

An Easy Method of Getting the Shape of the Shutter Plank

1. A batten is first tacked on lower edge of strake above and one on upper edge of strake below. Battens kept exactly flush with edges of planks.

2. Cleats are tacked across these battens at intervals of 12 or 15 inches taking care to place one cleat at the rabbet in stem to give this shape, and one at the butt for the same purpose.

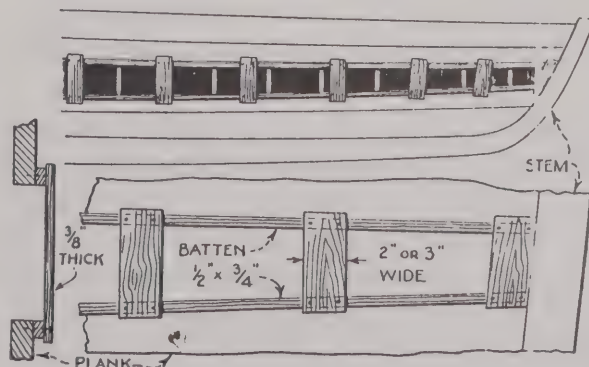
3. The two battens and cleats may now be taken off all together being careful not to loosen the cleats and used for a pattern to mark out the shutter. The bevels of edges of planks may be marked on the cleats.

4. After the shutter is cut out of plank, it may be tried in between the battens of jig to make sure you have a fit.

—J. W. HOPKINS.

Tony Davis of the Boston Boatshop sent us this interesting item from a 1930's era issue of

RUDDER magazine, on getting the shutter plank fit easily when planking up your dream boat.





VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE:

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNEY OF 2500 MILES, FROM
QUEBEC TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,
DURING THE YEARS 1874-5.

BY
NATHANIEL H. BISHOP,

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM CAPE HENLOPEN TO NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

ISLE OF WIGHT BAY.—WINCHESTER PLANTATION.—CHINCOTEAGUE.

The tall tower of Fenwick's Island Light, located on the boundary line of Delaware and Maryland, was now my landmark. It rises out of the low land that forms a barrier against which the sea breaks. The people on the coast pronounce Fenwick "Phœnix." Phœnix Island, they say, was once a part of the mainland, but a woman, wishing to keep her cattle from straying, gave a man a shirt for digging a narrow ditch between Little and Great Assawaman bays. The tide ebbed and flowed so strongly through this new channel-way that it was worn to more than a hundred feet in width, and has at high tide a depth in places of from ten to fifteen feet of water. The opening of this new thoroughfare so diminished the flow of water through the Little Assawaman Inlet to the sea, that it became closed. The water was almost fresh here, as the nearest inlet which admits salt water at high tide is at Chincoteague Island, some fifty miles distant.

Passing to the west of the light-house through this passage, I thought of what a woman could do, and almost expected to hear from the rippling waters the "Song of the Shirt," which would have been in this case a much more cheerful one than Hood's. I now entered Great Assawaman Bay, the waters of which lay like a mir-

ror before me; and nearly five miles away, to the southwestern end, the tall forests of the Isle of Wight loomed up against the setting sun. Ducks rose in flocks from the quiet waters as my canoe glided into their close vicinity. If I could have taken less cargo, I should have carried a light gun; but this being impossible, a pocket revolver was my only fire-arm: so the ducks and other wild-fowl along my route had reason to hold the paper canoe in grateful remembrance.

Upon reaching the shores of the Isle of Wight I entered the mouth of St. Martin's River, which is, at its confluence with Isle of Wight Bay, more than two miles wide. I did not then possess the fine Coast Chart No. 28, or the General Chart of the Coast, No. 4, with the topography of the land clearly delineated, and showing every man's farm-buildings, fields, landings, &c., so plainly located as to make it easy for even a novice to navigate these bays. Now, being chartless so far as these waters were concerned, I peered about in the deepening twilight for my friend's plantation buildings, which I knew were not far off; but the gloomy forests of pine upon the upland opened not the desired vista I so longed to find.

Crossing the wide river, I came upon a long point of salt-marsh, which I hoped might be Keyser's Point, for I knew that to the west of this point I should find Turval's Creek. While rowing along the marsh I came upon two duck-shooters in their punt, but so enveloped were they in the mist that it was impossible to do more than define their forms. I, however, ventured a question as to my locality, when, to my utter astonishment, there came back to me in clear accents my own name. Never before had it sounded so sweet to my ears. It was the voice of my friend, who with a companion was occupied in removing from the water the flock of decoys which they had been guarding since sunrise. Joyful was the unexpected meeting.

We rowed around Keyser's Point, and up Turval's Creek, a couple of miles to the plantation landing. Here, upon the old estate in the little family burial-ground, slept, "each in his narrow cell," the children of four generations. Our conversation before the blazing wood-fire that night related to the ground travelled over during the day, a course of about thirty-five miles. Mr. Taylor's

father mentioned that a friend, during one week in the previous September, had taken upon his hook, while fishing from the marshes of Rehoboth Bay, five hundred rock-fish, some of which weighed twenty pounds. The oysters in Rehoboth and Indian River bays had died out, probably from the decrease in the amount of salt water now entering them. A delightful week was spent with my friends at Winchester Plantation, when the falling of the mercury warned me to hurry southward.

On Wednesday, November 25, I descended the plantation creek and rowed out of St. Martin's River into the Bay. My course southward led me past "the Hommack," an Indian mound of oyster-shells, which rises about seven feet above the marsh on the west side of the entrance to Sinepuxent bay, and where the mainland approaches to within eight hundred feet of the beach. This point, which divides the Isle of Wight Bay from Sinepuxent, is the terminus of the Wicomico and Pocomoke Railroad, which has been extended from Berlin eastwardly seven miles. A short ferry conveys the passengers across the water to a narrow island-beach, which is considered by Bayard Taylor, the author, the finest beach he has ever visited. This new watering-place is called Ocean City; and my friend, B. Jones Taylor, was treasurer of the company which was engaged in making the much-desired improvements. The shallow bays in the vicinity of Ocean City offer safe and pleasant sailing-grounds. The summer fishing consists chiefly of white perch, striped bass, sheep's-head, weak-fish, and drum. In the fall, bluefish are caught. All of these, with oysters, soft crabs, and diamond-backed terrapin, offer tempting dishes to the epicure. This recently isolated shore is now within direct railroad communication with Philadelphia and New York, and can be reached in nine hours from the former, and in twelve hours from the latter city.

From the Hommack to South Point is included the length of Sinepuxent Bay, according to Coast Survey authority. From South Point to below the middle of Chincoteague Island the bay is put down as "Assateague," though the oystermen do not call it by that name. The celebrated oyster-beds of the people of Chincoteague commence about twenty miles south of the Hommack. There are two kinds of oysters shipped

from Chincoteague Inlet to New York and other markets. One is the long native plant; the other, that transplanted from Chesapeake Bay: this bivalve is rounded in form, and the most prized of the two. The average width of Sinepuxent was only a mile. When I turned westwardly around South Point, and entered Assateague Bay, the watery expanse widened, between the marshes on the west and the sandy-beach island on the east, to over four miles.

The debouchure of Newport Creek is to the west of South Point. The marshes here are very wide. I ascended it in the afternoon to visit Dr. F. J. Purnell, whose attempts to introduce the pinnated grouse and California partridges on his plantation had attracted the attention of Mr. Charles Hallock, editor of "Forest and Stream"; and I had promised him, if possible, to investigate the matter. This South Point of Sinepuxent Neck is a place of historical interest, it being now asserted that it is the burial-place of Edward Whalley, the regicide.

Early in 1875, Mr. Robert P. Robins found in a bundle of old family documents a paper containing interesting statements written by his great-great-grandfather, Thomas Robins, 3d, of South Point, Worcester County, Maryland, and dated July 8, 1769. We gather from this reliable source that Edward Whalley left Connecticut and arrived in Virginia in 16—, and was there met by a portion of his family. From Virginia he travelled to the "province of Maryland, and settled first at ye mouth of ye Pokemoke River; and finding yt too publick a place he came to Sinepuxent, a neck of land open to ye Atlantic Ocean, where Colonel Stephen was surveying and bought a tract of land from him and called it Genezar; it contained two thousand two hundred acres, south end of Sinepuxent; and made a settlement on ye southern extremity, and called it South Point; to ye which place he brought his family about 1687, in ye name of Edward Middleton. His own name he made not publick until after this date, after ye revolution in England, (in ye year of our Lord 1688,) when he let his name be seen in publick papers, and had ye lands patented in his own name."

The writer of the above quotation was the great-grandson of Edward Whalley (alias Edward Middleton), the celebrated regicide.

Four miles from South Point I struck the

marshes which skirted Dr. Purnell's large plantation, and pushing the canoe up a narrow branch of the creek, I waded through the partially submerged herbage to the firm ground, where the doctor was awaiting me. His house was close at hand, within the hospitable walls of which I passed the night. Dr. Purnell has an estate of one thousand five hundred acres, lying along the banks of Newport Creek. Since the civil war it has been worked by tenants. Much of it is woodland and salt-marshes. Five years before my visit, a Philadelphian sent the doctor a few pairs of prairie-chickens, and a covey of both the valley and the mountain partridge. I am now using popular terms. The grouse were from a western state; the partridges had been obtained from California. The partridges were kept caged for several weeks and were then set at liberty. They soon disappeared in the woods, with the exception of a single pair, which returned daily to the kitchen-door of a farm tenant to obtain food. These two birds nested in the garden close to the house, and reared a fine brood of young; but the whole covey wandered away, and were afterwards heard from but once. They had crossed to the opposite side of Newport Creek, and were probably shot by gunners.

The prairie-chickens adapted themselves to their new home in a satisfactory manner, and became very tame. Their nests, well filled with eggs, were found along the rail-fences of the fields in the close vicinity of the marshes, for which level tracts they seemed to have strong attachment. They multiplied rapidly, and visited the cattle-pens and barn-yards of the plantation.

The Maryland legislature passed a law to protect all grouse introduced into the state; but a new danger threatened these unfortunate birds. A crew of New Jersey terrapin-hunters entered Chincoteague Inlet, and searched the ditches and little creeks of the salt-marshes for the "diamond-backs." While thus engaged, the gentle grouse, feeding quietly in the vicinity, attracted their attention, and they at once bagged most of them. A tenant on the estate informed me that he had seen eighteen birds in a cornfield a few days before — the remnant of the stock.

The Ruffed Grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), so abundant in New Jersey, is not a resident of the peninsula. Dr. Purnell's first experiment with the Pinnated Grouse (*Cupidonia cupido*) has

encouraged others to bring the ruffled grouse to the eastern shore of Maryland. That unapproachable songster of the south, the American Mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*), is becoming scarce in this region, from the inroads made by bird-catchers who ship the young to northern cities. This delightful chorister is only an accidental visitor in the New England states. Indeed, as far south as Ocean County, New Jersey, I saw but one of these birds, in a residence of nine years on my cranberry plantations; though I have heard that their nests are occasionally found about Cape May, at the extreme southern end of New Jersey.

My time being limited, I could enjoy the doctor's hospitality for but one night. The next morning the whole family, with tenants both black and white, assisted me to embark. By dusk I had crossed the division line of two states, and had entered Virginia near the head of Chincoteague Island, a locality of peculiar interest to the student of American character. The ebb-tide had left but little water around the rough pier abreast of the town, and heaps of oyster-shells rose from the mud flats and threatened the safety of my canoe. I looked up through the darkness to the light pier-head above me, and called for assistance. Two men leaned over to inquire, "What's the row now, stranger?" To which I replied, "I wish to land a light boat on your pier; and as it is made of paper, it should be carefully handled." For a moment the oystermen observed a silence, and then, without one word of explanation, disappeared. I heard their heavy boots tramping up the quay towards the tavern. Soon a low murmur arose on the night air, then hoarse shouts, and there came thundering down the wharf an army of men and boys. "Pass her up, stranger!" they cried. "Here, give us your bow and stern painters, and jest step overboard yourself, and we'll hist her up." Some of the motley crew caught me by the shoulders, others "histed away," and the canoe and its captain were laid roughly upon the ground.

There was a rush to *feel* of the paper shell. Many were convinced that there was no humbug about it; so, with a great shout, some of the men tossed it upon their shoulders, while the rest seized upon the miscellaneous cargo, and a rush was made for the hotel, leaving me to follow at

discretion and alone. The procession burst open the doors of the tavern, and poured through the entrance to a court-yard, where they laid the boat upon a long table under a shed, and thought they had earned "drinks." This was the spontaneous way in which the Chincoteague people welcomed me. "If you don't drink, stranger, up your way, what on airth keeps your buddies and soulds together?" queried a tall oysterman. A lady had kindly presented me with a peck of fine apples that very morning; so, in lieu of "drinks," I distributed the fruit among them. They joked and questioned me, and all were merry save one bilious-looking individual, not dressed, like the others, in an oysterman's garb, but wearing, to use a term of the place, "store clothes."

After the crowd had settled in the bar-room, at cards, &c., this doubting Thomas remained beside the boat, carefully examining her. Soon he was scraping her hull below the gunwale, where the muddy water of the bay had left a thin coat of sediment which was now dry. The man's countenance lighted up as he pulled the bartender aside and said, "Look ahere; didn't I tell you that boat looked as if she was made to carry on a deck of a vessel, and to be a-shoved off into the water at night jest abreast of a town to make fools of folks, and git them to believe that that fellow had a-rowed *all* the way ahere? Now see, here is *dust*, *dry dust*, on her hull. She ahain't ben in the water mor'n ten minutes, I swear." It required but a moment's investigation of my Chincoteague audience to discover that the dust was mud from the tide, and the doubter brought down the ridicule of his more

discriminating neighbors upon him, and slunk away amid their jeers.

Of all this community of watermen but one could be found that night who had threaded the interior watercourses as far as Cape Charles, and he was the youngest of the lot. Taking out my note-book, I jotted down his amusing directions. "Look out for Cat Creek below Four Mouths," he said; "you'll catch it round there." "Yes," broke in several voices, "Cat Creek's an awful place unless you run through on a full ebb-tide. Oyster boats always has a time a-shoving through Cat Creek," &c.

After the council with my Chincoteague friends had ended, the route to be travelled the next day was in my mental vision "as clear as mud." The inhabitants of this island are not all oystermen, for many find occupation and profit in raising ponies upon the beach of Assateague, where the wild, coarse grass furnishes them a livelihood. These hardy little animals are called "Marsh Tackies," and are found at intervals along the beaches down to the sea-islands of the Carolinas. They hold at Chincoteague an annual fair, to which all the "pony-penners," as they are called, bring their surplus animals to sell. The average price is about ninety dollars for a good beast, though some have sold for two hundred and fifty dollars. All these horses are sold in a semi-wild and unbroken state.

The following morning Mr. J. L. Caulk, ex-collector of the oyster port, and about fifty persons, escorted me to the landing, and sent me away with a hearty "Good luck to ye."

(Chapter 8 to Continue)

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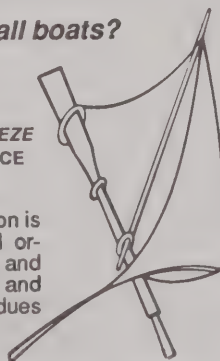
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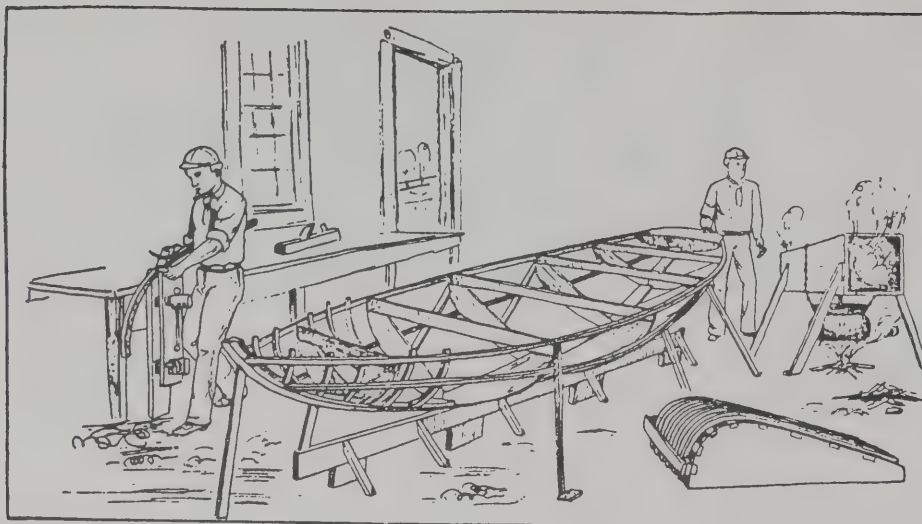
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Write to:

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From the Boat Shops

I've been hearing from boat builders and designers increasingly this fall, and thought it about time to publish some of their comments in their own sort of "trade" section, since people designing, building and restoring boats for a living have different imperatives governing how they mess about in boats. So, as the material warrants, I'll run this news periodically. Any and all in the trade are welcome to write for publication.

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Add my thanks as a small boat builder to other testimonials you have received. Your work parallels my interest in small rowing craft and your attention to the small boat shops and individual achievements is to be commended. Most of the boats we are interested in today are from small shops. Many are one-offs rather than the mass produced copies that much of the boating public uses today. The grass roots of boat builders are the heart of our business.

I have several projects ahead in addition to the boats I have to finish for next year's orders. Two different Adirondack Guideboats will be offered, one as a traditional reproduction. I hope to recreate a square transomed Guideboat of the 1850-60 era. The only original I've seen is on display at the Adirondack Museum. Illustrations in the book "Guideboat Days & Ways" by Durant offer conflicting versions and a letter from John Gardner mentions no other sources. If anyone reading this happens to have any information on this boat I would greatly appreciate hearing from them.

I am favorably biased towards the capabilities of the Adirondack Guideboats, but am unfamiliar with the races in New England alongshore that you report. I have wondered how competitive a boat designed for inland waterways would be against the traditional sea boats that usually are winners. My geographic location (near Pittsburgh) prevents my direct participation, but I would welcome any interest amongst readers in promoting participation of the Adirondack Guideboat in such events.

Gard Callanen, Indian Point Guideboat Co., 732 Midland Ave., Midland, PA 15059



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We submit that floating this dream shows a profit at every level.

The Rockport Apprenticeship, Sea St. Rockport, ME 04856.

ED NOTE: The above is summarized from a brochure on the subject available from the Rockport Apprenticeship to persons genuinely interested in furthering their unique programs.



THE SMALL BOAT SHOP: ENJOYING THE BUSINESS

We have enjoyed our boats, our customers and our visitors during 1988 at The Small Boat Shop and hope we have brought some happy moments to many of you in the past year. We have some new boating experiences to share with you.

Four hundred and fifty two (452) Alden Ocean Rowing Shells have been delivered through our shop since we began. We row ours all year round. We've crossed Long Island Sound, explored the Norwalk Islands, raced in the Head of the Charles in Boston, cartopped to row at Watch Hill in Rhode Island; on the Connecticut River; to Lake Waramaug; and rowed out to Honey-moon Island from Crystal Beach in Florida. What else in life is such fun, makes you feel so good, is good for your health, and does not lead to a divorce?

Our shop manager, Gaeton Andretta, spent two weeks camping on the Bra d'Or Lakes in Nova Scotia with his Martin Appledore Pod, and we have his pictures at the shop. You might like to talk with Gaeton about his adventure.

White water kayaking! Visions of people dropping headfirst over waterfalls onto rocks. Not for us. But, how about this? Not far from us is a beautiful stretch of river hardly two feet deep, with a few big rocks in it here and there. The "roaring current" runs at about 3 knots. There is a little white on the water if you look carefully. Now, in a nifty white water kayak, helmet and all, you paddle 20 yards against this current and ease up to an eddy. The boat remains motionless as the water zips by on either side. Hey...a new skill! You point the bow ten degrees off center and the boat magically ferries over to the other side of the river. For us, this was a new way to enjoy the beauty of the river and prac-

tice a whole new skill. In an hour we can leave the house, put the boat into the river, enjoy paddling, get some exercise, learn a few new things about moving water, the boat, and ourselves, and still be home for dinner.

We are getting more involved in canoes this year. Our Lotus canoes still have that magical quality, light and beautiful. We have two great videos showing what can be done with these boats. You can borrow the videos, or come view them in the shop. However, there are still a number of people who are interested in rugged aluminum canoes and, forgive us Mike Galt, we now have Osagian Aluminum Canoes in stock. They are the only welded aluminum canoes made and seem better constructed than any others we've seen.

Sea kayaking across the Arctic Ocean? Well, instead, how about paddling around the Norwalk Islands? We've done this a lot in the Chinook and the little 33 pound Keowee. A Keowee lives in our van so we can hit the water on a moment's notice. This little 9', 33 pound kayak (shorter than the oars of an Alden Ocean Shell) may not have the speed of the Chinook or Sea Lion, but at moderate paddling rates it seems to go well enough, is super stable and bounces over waves like a cork. We've been paddling it more than the larger boats.

We took a kayaking trip to North Carolina's outer banks last summer to meet the people who build the Balogh Batwing canoe and kayak sails. This design is based on hang glider and low speed aircraft aerodynamics. The sails are beautiful rainbow colored, exquisitely detailed, with telescoping masts constructed to amazingly close tolerances. Really high tech for such a close-to-nature sport.

We have rigged and used these sails on our kayaks, and, hold

your breath Arthur Martin, on the Alden Ocean Rowing Shells.

We met an Alakaskan-Eskimo with a mission this past summer. The founder of "Wolf Song's Horizon" has decided our American kayaks are lacking some of the major safety and handling characteristics of the Alaskan-Eskimo hunting kayaks. We tried one of his, we liked it, and bought some. Come see and try this one if kayaks interest you. It's another labor of love by a dreamer and it really works.

It's winter now but we're still enjoying the water. In many respects, it's more beautiful than in summer. The Norwalk Islands are deserted. The sound of motorboats has disappeared. There is silence on the water. We can hear the birds and waves and the quiet sounds of nature. But, we are careful this time of year. The weather, wind velocity and distance from shore become more significant. The new outdoor layered clothing and pogies keep us warmer than skiers. In a kayak, the non-moving part of your body is inside the boat and stays warm. In the rowing shells, the complete leg/arm/body movement keeps everything warm but the fingers. And, the perceived danger potential on the water in winter may actually be less than that we do not perceive in a warm car riding home over the highways.

In order to best enjoy small boating, we need to learn of the good put-ins and take-outs. We know these sometimes secret places in our area and keep a list at the shop. We will give you our list if you will share yours with us. If you visit us in winter, we've plenty to interest you to look over, maybe even buy if it's what you want. Or, just stop by to say hello.

Ed Rogers, Small Boat Shop,
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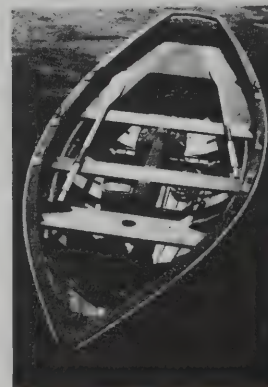
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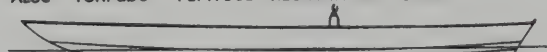


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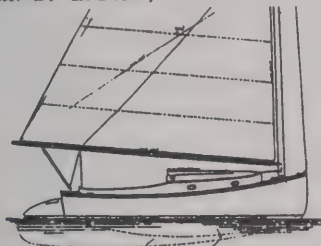


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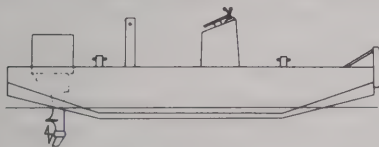
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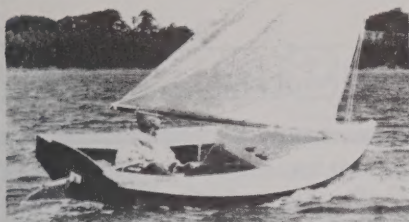
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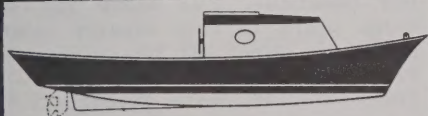
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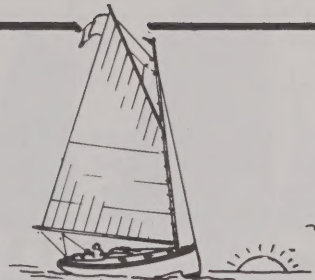


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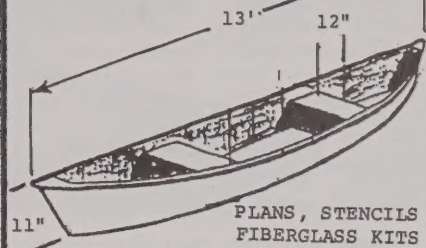
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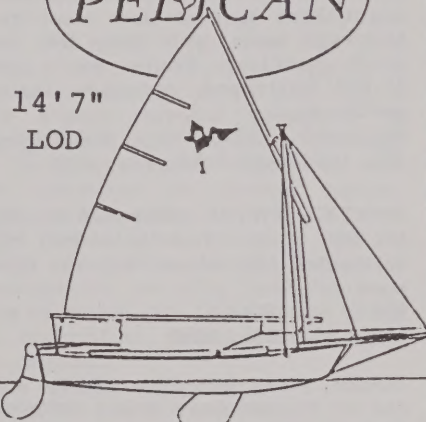
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Classified

20' KINGSTON LOBSTER BOAT, gaff rigged sloop. Fiberglass hull, centerboard. Wood spars and bronze deck hardware. Trailer and outboard included. Needs minor work. \$2,250 or trade for 14'-16' traditional wooden pulling boat, Swampscott, peapod, etc.
ERIC PETERSON, Niantic, CT, (203) 739-4632. (19)

21' MISERY ISLAND PEAPOD, 38" beam. Sliding seat and one set of oars included. Cedar strip planked, epoxy glued construction. Veteran of many open ocean miles. I am building the successor to its successor and cannot afford storage space. A really exceptional boat. \$2,400.
HENRY SZOSTEK, Prides Crossing, MA, (508) 927-1834. (18)

LOTUS EGRET CANOE by Mike Gault. Lightweight, responsive canoe for solo or tandem paddling. Light blue gelcoat with wood trim and cane seats; pair Grey Owl bent shaft paddles; Thule roof rack. \$1,050 delivered anywhere in the northeast.
RICHARD LEBOVITZ, Bennington, VT, (802) 442-2256 eves. (19)

WANTED. Bronze gooseneck suitable for 200 square foot main sail rig. Interested in other bronze hardware.
RICK GODDARD, Sherborn, MA, (508) 653-1386. (19)

ELVER, very complete. Prize winner at Wooden Boat Show. With E-Z Loader aluminum trailer, \$6,000. Without trailer, \$5,000. Delivery possible.
BOB BOOTH, Middleburg, VA, (703) 687-3911. (19)

WANTED. Baldwin Downriver kayak, must be located in state of Maine.
STEVE HANSON, Rockland, ME, (207) 544-2097. (19)

KAYAK. Sea Farer Sprint high performance kevlar sea kayak by West Side Boat Shop. \$995 firm.
JAMES ROGERS, 91 Water St., Stonington, CT 06378, (203) 535-4040. (19)

16.5' TOWN CLASS LAUNCH, 1982. Mahogany seats and bulkheads. English air cooled inboard engine, variable pitch propeller, automatic bilge pump, Cox trailer. \$5,000.
DAVE SIMLER, Weston, MA, (617) 891-1461. (19)

ATKIN CABIN BOY. 7'6" fiberglass dinghy. Oak gunwales, Philippine mahogany seats enclose styrofoam flotation. Also available in kit form, hull and wood parts. Reasonably priced. How-To-Build paper, \$3.

CLIFF BUEHRENS, 494 Annaquatucket Rd. N. Kingstown, RI 02852, (401) 295-0649. (TF)

WANTED. Rhodes 19 mast, also rigging information, proper rubrail material and rebuilding encouragement for my storm damaged hull.
WARD BELL, 372 Sea Cliff Ave., Sea Cliff, NY 11579, (516) 671-2634. (19)

7'6" MITCHELL KAYAK PADDLE, brand new, left hand control. \$100 or trade for Werner Furrer 8' or 8'6" paddle.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906. (18)

18' NO MANS LAND BOAT, 1969 double ender, 6' beam. Two spruce masts, sprit rigged, loose footed sails. New steel centerboard swing hinged. Built as a replica of an 1880's design, very stable, beautiful and easy to sail. Carvel planked, all open cockpit, small end decks. Can carry six adults easily. Looks like a sleek lifeboat. \$3,500.
FRANK POSLOSZNY, Cos Cob, CT, (203) 622-0149, leave message. (18)

ESCAPE NEW ENGLAND WINTER! Sail beautiful, warm Florida Bay in our 25' and 34' leeboard sharpies. Nicely equipped, bareboat charters. Fabulous waters, secluded cruising. Cottage also available.
KEY-LARGO SHOAL WATER CRUISES, P.O. Box 1180, Key Largo, FL 33037, (305) 451-0083. (TF)

KLEPPER AERIUS I folding solo kayak in mint condition, hardly used. Includes foot operated rudder installation, seat cushion and backrest, sponson inflator pump, hull repair kit, instruction book, double paddle, canvas storage bags. \$895 firm.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906, 6-9 p.m. best. (19)

16' WYE ISLANDER SEA KAYAK, fiberglass construction. Like-new condition, used one season. With factory installed rudder, pump, compass, cockpit skirt and paddle. Performance and stability. \$1,100.
BILL GREER, RFD 1 Box 162, Alfred, ME 04002, (207) 324-7070. (18)

14' PEEP HEN, trailerable cruising sailboat. Gaff rigged, sleeps two with room for portable john, ice chest, cooking things and other equipment. Very shallow draft, easy trailerability. Dark blue hull, white topsides, tanbark sail. Includes trailer, sails, some equipment. \$5,000.

ALBERT INGRAM, Pittsburgh, PA, (412) 441-3188 eves. & wknds; (412) 268-6097 days. (18)

16' ULTRALIGHT ROWING SHELL, 27 lb. plywood/epoxy construction, sectional hull that comes apart in two 8' sections for easy storage and transport. 18" beam round bottom. Will need a rigger/seat adapted to it, and oars. An easy winter project for only \$150.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906, 6-9 p.m. best. (18)

16' CAPE COD BULLSEYE by Herreshoff. Remarkably safe and able version of the H-12 with cuddy cabin. An excellent day sailer. Marconi rig. Aluminum mast and boom. Mainsail, self-tending jib, genoa and spinnaker. Active class. This 1957 FG boat has been completely updated with Interlux Interprotect epoxy hull refinishing. White topsides, blue anti-fouling, red boot topping, buff decks and cockpit. All woodwork has been removed, stained and varnished. Includes cradle. Beam 5'10", draft 2'5", displacement 1350 lbs. \$3,900 or B.O.

CLIFF BUEHRENS, 494 Annaquatucket Rd. N. Kingstown, RI 02852, (401) 295-0649. (TF)

30' HERRESHOFF CAT YAWL, 1884, bare and complete hull of "Gleam". 10'3" beam, no centerboard or trunk, has a running oak keel. Sistered ribs in place, decking, cockpit and cabin removed and in storage. Transom needs replacing. It's beautiful. I've saved her for three years to find capable interested new owner. \$2,500.
FRANK POSLOSZNY, Cos Cob, CT, (203) 622-0149, leave message. (18)

KEY LARGO COTTAGE, studio type, sunny, warm, enjoy waterfront, tropical foliage. Rent includes 16' daysailer and windsurfer. \$350 per week.
SHOAL WATER CRUISES, Key Largo, FL, (305) 451-0083. (TF)

14' THOMPSON LAP CHINE RUNABOUT, with 25hp Evinrude twin. Both need work. Boat needs new deck and starboard topside planking, refinishing. Motor needs overhaul, turns over, has compression and spark. \$100 as is.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906. (18)

16' SEDA VIKING SEA KAYAK, ultra-light kevlar construction, 32 pounds. Like new condition, with factory installed rudder, large flotation bags both ends, neoprene cockpit skirt. Roomy and stable. 25" beam. \$895 firm.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906. (18)

Marketplace

15'6" LYMAN, 1957 lapstrake wooden runabout, 5'2" beam. Fold down rear seat back, canvas top and storm curtains, white sides, varnished deck and interior. Very good condition, with steering and controls for Evinrude outboard. \$1,300.

FRANK POSLOSZNY, Cos Cob, CT, (203) 622-0149, leave message. (18)

15'6" THOMPSON, 1960's lapstrake runabout, 5'1" beam. Stripped boat, good hull with floorboards and rough deck. Throw on an outboard and go fishing. \$300.

FRANK POSLOSZNY, Cos Cob, CT, (203) 622-0149, leave message. (18)

16' LOWELL ROWBOAT, 1972. Two rowing positions, four seats, motor mount. Good shape, needs paint. \$750.

FRANK POSLOSZNY, Cos Cob, CT, (203) 622-0149, leave message. (18)

ALDEN OCEAN SHELL with complete Oarmaster but no oars. 1976 model in good condition, with new rub-rail. Donated to Cape Ann Rowing Club, which will receive proceeds of sale. \$450.

JOHN SPENCER, Rockport, MA, (508) 546-9022. (18)

PEINERT FASTART 21, classic sliding seat rowing wherry, tracks well with good glide. With custom removeable canvas deck, better for lakes and rivers. Sculling lessons included. \$700.

LYDIA GREW, W. Newbury, MA, (508) 363-2906. (19)



11.5' SAILING WHITEHALL, glued lapstrake with 5 ply okume hull and deck, cherry transom, thwart and rudder, spruce spars and oars. \$2,500 complete with spars, sail and oars.

BOB BOOTH, Middleburg, VA, (703) 687-3911. (18)



30' SAILING DORY, excellent coastal cruiser. Built by Crown Point Marine from plans drawn by John Gardner of Mystic Seaport Museum. \$23,000. SASE for more information. BILL WEBER, 6718 N.W. 54th Dr., Gainesville, FL 32606. (20)

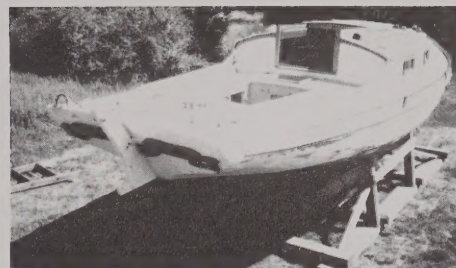
ATTIC SALE. Back issues of "Canoe" magazine, 1974-88, \$100. Back issues of "Country Journal", 1977-88, \$75. Back issues of "National Fisherman", 1978-85, \$100. Vintage L.L. Bean catalogs, fall/summer, twelve years, \$25. 78 rpm records from 1930's-'40's, call for list. 19th century books on American and English history, biographies, call for list. Classic shaving wall cabinet, elm with beveled mirrors, circa 1900, great for upgrading your yacht, \$150. 1840 Maine carpenter's tool chest with assorted tools, \$350, photos available. World War I newspapers, "New York Times", "The Journal-American", and Rand McNally map of the 1914-17 front, \$125. No reasonable offers refused.

RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (516) 757-3087. (18)

18' ALDEN "O" BOAT CLONE, looks just like one but can't be proven. Carvel planked cedar on steam bent oak ribs, round bottom, centerboard daysailer. A restoration project, has new transom in place, some refastening done. Needs refastening, complete refinishing, new deck canvas. Complete sail rig and sails in decent shape included. Rudder, centerboard, seats, all bronze hardware, all in good condition, also included. \$750. Photo sheet on request.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (617) 774-0906, 6-9 p.m. best.

WANTED. Oyster Tong.
RONALD FILMORE, 279 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-3974. (TF)



22' BAHAMA SLOOP coastal cruising project boat, 1" mahogany carvel planking bronze nailed on 2" thick heavy sawn mahogany frames in Man 'O War Cay manner. Beam is 8', draft is 3', lead ballast on added keel (original draft with inside ballast was 2'). Sitting headroom cabin with double bunks, settee space, galley space. Inboard engine removed, not available. This boat needs a lot of detail work, two new ribs, some refastening in spots, recaulking, complete paint stripping and refinishing inside and out. No spars (the ones that came with it are not correct), rigging or sails, needs 30' or so gaff rig or low aspect marconi setup to be right. Most deck hardware (bronze) is in place. Heavy cradle suitable for transport on flatbed trailer. Why bother with it? It's got beautiful lines and is very solidly built and roomy, should be a nice inexpensive cruising boat for anyone on a small budget who is handy at restoration. \$500. Photo sheet on request.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (617) 774-0906, 6-9 p.m. best.

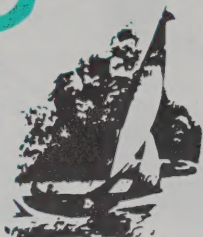
18' WHITE lapstrake outboard runabout built in 1956 in Oldtown, ME. In near perfect original condition with original 35hp Gale Buccaneer outboard, original full canvas, original Holsclaw trailer. Needs minor touchup of varnish and motor spring tuneup to get afloat. Reduced to \$2500. Details/photos on request.

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