



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

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TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
PAYMENT.

Our Next Issue...

Should feature several small sailing designs in detail: Ed Barlow's 15' Pacific Pelican sailing dory pram; Todd Blakeley's 20' schooner version of a Kingston Lobsterboat; Denis Ganley's 24' Caique budget cruiser; John Thomson's 12' Moondancer minimum cruiser. There'll be several more reader projects including a Don Betts/Bart Hawthaway do-it-yourself ultralight kayak; Bruce Desrosier's Tarp Boat and PVC Kayak; Mark Chapman's Rob Roy; and Steve Mueller's Cockleshell. Jim Lacey tells us about rafting on the James River; Walter Sargent explains how he hauled his own mooring; and Carl Erickson details how you can build your own copper boat weathervane.

On the Cover...

A summer shot from long ago of a youth in his sailboat, a bit of inspiration here in mid-February as winter bottoms out, we hope.

Commentary

BOB
HICKS

In the latest issue of "Wooden Boat" magazine, Phil Bolger has a series of vignettes which illustrate some of the features and concepts behind his designs for home builders and quirky boat users. "Quirky?" Well, like the guy who just kept his mini-liveaboard moored in a marsh channel that dried out every low tide, because it was inexpensive. He only moved the boat seasonally, to a winter setup at a dock vacated by a bigger boat that went south. I thought that a quirky reason to own a boat.

Boats as "waterfront property" are not one of the ways one can mess about in boats that I find of much interest. Again, I'm just not out there in the mainstream, for this concept is obviously one that rules many boating arrangements. Perhaps those who own such boats do not think of it in that way, but it is what it amounts to, a large, comfortable waterfront abode that happens to be mobile, and can actually be disconnected from the land and go off to sea.

A brief mention in one of those Bolger vignettes about a publication, "Pretentious Boating" strikes the chord that I seem to see in this waterfront property form of boating. Surely many of you have seen these magazines on the newsstands, three story craft underway on the covers, looking much like the front end of the Concorde jet plane, the owner up there on the tippy top at the controls looking down on the broad vee of his huge bow wave, while female companions lie about on the rear patio getting some rays.

Now, this whole business is not clear cut, for amongst all the glitz of these "pretentious boating" folk are scattered everyday people living aboard their boats, particularly in southern climes. Because they seem to be living on very limited incomes, to judge from their comments in a publication that serves their interest, "Living Aboard" (see page 20 in this issue) they do not usually occupy the same waterfront facilities. While these people truly are living on "waterfront property", they often are removed from that waterfront by being anchored or moored off a way where the cost is far less.

This seems to be unwelcome to the communities involved, for these liveaboards are not paying their way. While rows upon rows of gleaming yachts line marina slips and are welcomed with greedy open arms by the community which will then tax them for all they can get, the liveaboards, with their nebulous connection to the waterfront

and the likelihood of their moving on if local heat gets too much, are viewed as the once upon a time "gypsy" was viewed, with fear and loathing. Here again, the mainstream is not concerned with basic real use of a boat as an abode. The acceptable version is the conspicuous consumption, superficial way of using a boat as a summer place so located as to be preyed upon by the owners of the waterfront and the local community.

Perhaps my view is jaundiced, but the evidence of this approach to boating seems very clear to me in my area. Salem Sound is a protected bay about 5 miles wide by a mile or so deep with five communities lining its shores: Marblehead, Salem, Danvers, Beverly and Manchester. There are about two dozen sizeable marinas in these communities. And all available mooring space in the corners of the Sound each town claims as its own are full. There are about 10,000 boats in all in this very small locale, with sailing yachts predominant in Marblehead and Manchester, and powerboats tucked away up the Danvers River in very protected waters.

You'd think this number of boats would make Salem Sound an impossible place on which to mess around in boats. Well, it is on a fine summer weekend to a degree, I certainly wouldn't want to go out there for fun on such a day. But I've been out there on a fine August Thursday at the height of vacation season and seen no more than a couple of dozen boats. Driving by the marinas, though, I could see their parking lots were full. So what were the folks doing? Enjoying a nice summer day on the waterfront.

Well, to me this is using a boat as waterfront property. A \$100,000 power cruiser paying \$2,500 a season to tie up at a marina is a lot less costly than a typical \$250,000 "modest" home on a \$500,000 piece of waterfront land. If you think my prices seem inflated, ponder this. Marblehead paid over \$800,000 for a tiny half-acre boatyard on its inner harbor to keep it out of the hands of future development. The boatyard facilities weren't worth anything to the town, it was the waterfront.

So, when I read in the nautical press about the popularity of boating I personally adjust the quoted figures far, far downward, because I don't believe a boat is a boat anymore if it spends all its time tied up to land someplace. Like I said, I'm not in the mainstream, not even close.



When and If...

Once upon a time a fine fellow had a little boat. In the afternoon of the day, he'd often be seen paddling out to his little vessel in a tiny homebuilt kayak, and after little more time than it took to read thus far, he'd be off on a lazy reach to nowhere. It was difficult to actually sort out the several well-rehearsed movements he made to get underway, as he and his little boat were a pair perfectly matched in style and purpose. What was the best, the most wonderful facet of this fellow's oneness with his boat, was simply the way he LOOKED when he in his craft glided by the waterfront on out into the harbor.

Passing close by the dock one day, you could see that there appeared to be nothing much but the man in the boat. Well, there were a few strange items such as a canvas bucket, an old sponge (one of those REAL ones), and a tiny sack of something only he knew the contents of. Oh, and a small anchor and its rode were neatly stowed on the small foredeck. As he sailed away, you could see a beautiful pair of oars cleverly stowed under the gunwales. It was, in a way, startling and a little odd at first. Here was a man who preferred simplicity. Hadn't HE received the same catalogs we did? Where was HIS Loran? And inflatable and outboard and the array of information gathering devices to tell him where he was, how much further it was, and how fast he was getting there? What if he fell overboard or needed help? There was NO sign of ANY electronics on his little boat. In fact there wasn't any indication at all that he'd EVER been to a boat

show in the last 50 years. Yes, it was the way he looked.

Across the bay another gent had gotten underway in his boat for a sail. He had had a lot of trouble getting started as one of the new sail slides had decided NOT to go beyond a certain point on his amazing carbon fiber mast. He was fairly well ready to forget the day when it finally cleared, and amid a great clatter, he put his outboard into reverse and managed to clear the slip in time to smack his head as the flogging sail suddenly filled, swinging the boom amidships. Soon able to cut the motor and hoist the huge genoa jib, this fellow went on a beat to windward feeling a bit better about things after the unpleasant start.

It was a very pretty day with a steady summer breeze and sunlight dancing off the tiny white-caps. Depth was ok, trim could be a bit better, up and take a crank or two on the winch...oops! She has to have a steady hand on that helm! He thought that the Loran was not reading out the correct waypoints last time he came up the bay...had better check that out...wished he had brought someone along to steer...that autopilot was back for repair...ought to get a new one...oh, well, if he brought his chart out on deck and took hand bearings he ought to be able to check his Loran waypoints.

Well out in the bay by now, both of our sailors, one in his little "old fashioned" boat the other in what we might call a "Disposable 28" were, to a keen observer, on a collision course. The D-28, on a port tack heeled well over with her genny obscuring the skipper's view

off the starboard bow and our friend in his funky old boat on a starboard tack taking in the scene with his usual habit of keeping a 360 degree vigil when underway. When he was just a few boat lengths from collision, he eased the sheet, bore away and passed under the stern of the D-28, whose skipper was unconcerned about the other's existence and right of way, so busy was he with sorting out his Loran waypoints.

When he glanced up at the sudden appearance of the old sloop just aft with this fellow tipping his cap in about the most contented manner he'd ever seen, he let out a shout, "Look how happy THAT man is!" An impulsive fellow, Mr. D-28, with all his carbon fiber, chrome and glass, suddenly tacked though the wind and fell off on the same course as the little sloop, easily narrowing the distance, then passing to windward, suddenly stealing the other's wind. "Hey, you want to sell that boat?" he screamed. He had had to let his genny luff to match the old boat's slower progress and the mylar snapping and cracking in the now fresh breeze was creating a din unmatched by New York City's rush hour traffic.

The other fellow looked up at the shiny boat with its high freeboard, ultra modern devices and materials, and felt a strange feeling. "Sure." He thought perhaps he might be happier sailing with all that glitter, buttons, bells and whistles. They ended up with each other's boats eventually and here our little story ends. When and if we ever find happiness, will we be fortunate enough to realize it?

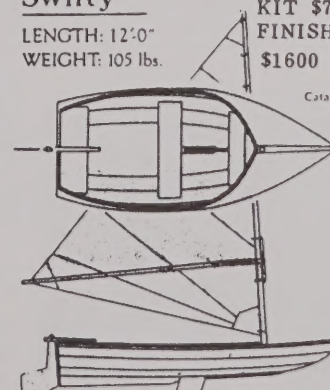
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Your Commentary

WISH HE'D CHECKED THE FACTS

As an organizer of the kayak and rowing shell trip to Block Island about which Don Gorski wrote in the January 1st issue, I take exception to his implication that risks were taken, and frankly I am puzzled how he could have been so far off the mark.

Perhaps the single most important precaution we had arranged for, and which Don neglected to mention, was a 22' power boat that remained in visible contact with us for the duration of the three hour, 13 mile voyage. In deciding to line up this chase boat we had agreed to sacrifice the esthetic purity and adventure of the voyage in favor of providing more security for us paddlers, a not inconsiderable sacrifice, I might add, for those of us more accustomed to roughing it. The power boat carried navigation equipment and a portable marine radio, as did the most stable vessel in our man-powered flotilla, an ocean rowing shell.

One of the two men aboard the power boat was a doctor, as were two of the paddlers. They brought with them medical supplies far more sophisticated than those in Don's kit, which he erroneously claimed to be the excursion's solitary source of first aid.

That one paddler was so recklessly irresponsible, as Don suggested, as to fail to don his spray skirt (he kept it within easy reach in the cockpit) was testimony to the exceptionally calm conditions. Speaking of conditions, there was general agreement that we would not set out if there was any hint of rough seas, and I had given the final clearance after obtaining a favorable marine forecast shortly before our departure.

Yes, it's true that Don was the only one to wear a wet suit, but he also was the only one sweltering in the 80 degree heat. In addition, Don's claim that the trip was planned as a one-way paddle (the power boat took us back) because of the inexperience of some of the participants is flat out ridiculous. We had planned it that way so we could spend a pleasant day on the island and come back that same evening, as several of us had commitments which necessitated our return.

How Don deduced he was the only experienced paddler along escapes me. While I can't speak for the other participants, my own experience, which covers more than two decades of kayaking, canoeing, sailing and otherwise messing about in boats, includes a 400 mile paddle the length of the Connecticut River from Canada to Long Island Sound; a 110 mile wilderness paddle on the St. John's River in northern Maine; and a 150 mile solo paddle from New York to Rhode Island.

Since Don had called to be invited along on our Block Island paddle only hours before we left, he was not privy to the weeks of studious planning and careful precautions which we had arranged. Thus it was disappointing to see the excursion we had so meticulously laid out characterized as a willy-nilly expedition undertaken by a group of madcap novices.

By correcting these misconceptions, I do not intend to minimize the point Don was trying to make, that safety is of paramount concern for those who embark on open water voyages in small boats. But I wish he'd checked his facts before using our excursion as an "example" of what not to do!

Steve Fagin, Ledyard, CT.

HOW THINGS WORK OUT

Funny how things work out. I've been reading the "Commodore's Story" by Munroe mornings while munching on my breakfast. He includes a chapter about the proas and I had been wishing the plans were shown, or a picture. No such luck. Then, lo and behold, here comes your January 1st issue with an article and the plans from a by-gone time! Perhaps some day I'll send you a picture of my sailing proa. Ho, ho, ho! My wife would divorce me. But you made my day anyway.

Still going rowing, three or four times a week. A bunch of us are getting together every Sunday morning, trying each other's boats, helping out beginners, etc. It's been a lot of fun. Trying to build some real interest in rowing around here. The weather has been fantastic so far this winter, I'm lucky to be able to go rowing in shorts in January!

Mac McCarthy, Sarasota, FL.

PHIL BOLGER COMMENTS

I appreciate the "Commentary" in the January 15th issue very much. Just the way I'd like to be seen.

A point that could be emphasized is that when somebody does some redesigning, they take over the credit for success as well as the embarrassment of failure. What results is their design. My home-builder designs owe a lot to Howard Chapelle, Ray Hunt and Albert Hickman, among others, but they're mine just the same.

I'm also a trifle uneasy about references to Harold Payson as a builder of my designs. True enough, but he initiated these designs and perfected them. I'd much doubt I'd be a "guru" without him.

Just got some photos of Jim Michalak's "Birdwatcher" with hull completed. He uses the word "unprecedented" for this concept. I think so too and am correspondingly proud of it. It will need a lot of persistent pushing to catch on because the principle behind it is alien, but it's apparently viable. The prototype was exquisitely built by Ron Mueller of Arvada, Colorado.

Phil Bolger, Gloucester, MA.

PHYSICALLY CHALLENGED PADDLERS

I have been delighted to receive over 25 responses to my appeal for information on adaptations for physically challenged paddlers. I have been delayed in responding to these as I have been hospitalized since early October because of a sudden and tremendous increase in my own disability. I have been so encouraged by the "Can Do" responses from paddlers. Their letters have kept me "afloat" in this recent new difficulty.

I intend to pursue further the gathering of information and will contact each of you who have responded to my earlier request as best I can, sandwiching this in between my rehab program demands. I am more determined than ever to gather and share your ideas for adaptations, because from what I have already received, I know that no one needs to be left on the shore due to a physical handicap.

Janet Zeller, RFD 2, Box 246, Dunbarton, NH 03301.

CHESAPEAKE KAYAK INTEREST

We went out to Smith Island in the Chesapeake the weekend before Christmas. Don Betts was kind and generous enough to come down from Brooklyn and run a two-day kayak building class. On Saturday evening we sang carols with the townsfolk. The people of the Chesapeake Bay Foundation have a high level of interest in sea kayaks. We may even get a couple of the resident fishermen interested.

Chuck Sutherland, Green Lane, PA.

APPLAUDS REPRINTS

Your commentary in the January 1st issue concerning your reliance on reprints upset me. Anyone who thinks publishing and editing, as well as contributing to the text, of a twice-monthly publication is easy should try it themselves. I, for one, applaud your conscientious selection of these informative articles. I am looking forward to another year of "Boats".

Fletcher Ryan, Hampton, NH.

MAKING WINTER PASS

It's a pleasure to renew my subscription and have another 24 issues of "Boats" to look forward to. Thank you for helping make the winter off-season pass more quickly and pleasantly.

Doug Heller, New York, NY.

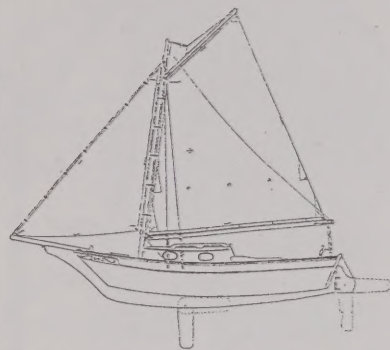
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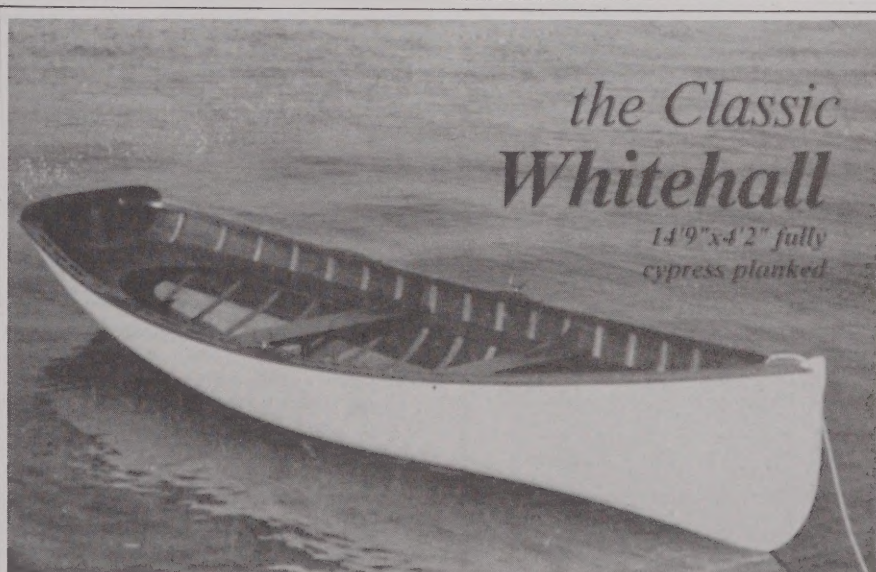
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HAPPENINGS

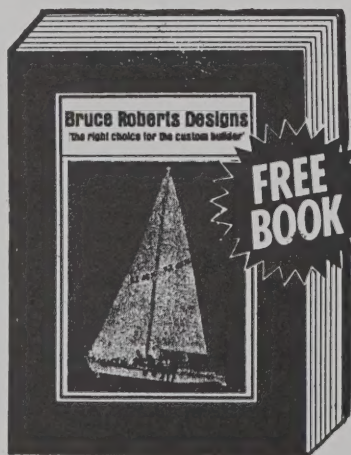
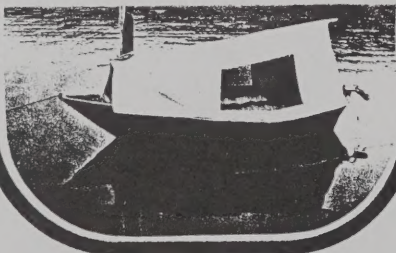
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NOANK WOODEN BOAT ASSOCIATION

A series of boating seminars is being offered by the Noank Wooden Boat Association, on the second Friday evening of each month at the Noank Firehouse in Noank, Connecticut. These are free to members, \$6 each for non-members.

March 10. Aids to Navigation with Lt. Linda Johansen.

April 14. Ocean Passages and Cruising with Fred Holth.

May 12. Performance and Shape of Sails with Kevin Farrar.

June 9. Restoration of the Sloop "Neith" with Van Brown.

More information on the NWBA from P.O. Box 506, Noank, CT 06340.

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.

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 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 Apprenticeshop.

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 Trireme with Paul Lipke, maritime researcher.

Information at (207) 443-1316.

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.

PADDLESPOUT '89

Paddlesport '89 is scheduled for Sunday, February 26th, at the Ramada Inn on Rt. 1 in Princeton, NJ., running from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. This is a one day paddling show and symposium with displays of boats and gear, seminars, exhibitions and pool sessions. Call Al Musial at (212) 313-2064 weekdays at 4:30 p.m. for information.

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.

MOST NORTHERLY ROWING EVENT

The Moosehead Recreation Committee of Greenville Junction, Maine, is running a rowing race on June 10th on Moosehead Lake, Maine. This early notice is intended to alert interested rowers so they can plan for this longish trip in advance. The Moosehead Rowing Regatta will start from the Greenville Junction Town Wharf at 11 a.m. on June 10th and will feature a four mile triangular course. It is an open race for all types of rowing craft. Contact Betsy Rockwell, P.O. Box 262, Greenville Junction, ME 04442, (207) 695-2680.

METROPOLITAN CANOE & KAYAK CLUB

The Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club of Brooklyn, New York, offers a host of ongoing weekly activities for paddlers, ranging from comprehensive instruction programs to all sorts of outings. Non-members are invited to all club events.

If you are interested in any of the instruction programs, request the MCKC Instruction Schedule for 1989. They offer whitewater, downriver and sea kayaking courses, and fundamental and advanced courses for canoeists. These get underway this month and continue throughout the year at nominal fees. Contact MCKC Instruction, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040.

Their 1989 calendar of outings (paddling only) is as follows for February and March:

February 18. Cedar Creek, Jersey Pine Barrens. Dave Prugh, (201) 560-8423.

February 25-26. Shenandoah River, VA. Chris Nielsen, (201) 584-6022.

March 11-12. Women's Pine Barrens Canoe Weekend. Jane Ahlquist, (718) 871-5387.

March 12. Schuylkill River. Chris Nielsen, (201) 584-6022.

March 18. Beaverkill. Ron Augustine, (201) 869-7280.

March 23. Flat Brook. Al Bartl, (201) 762-6263.

DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL

May 13th is the date for the Annual Dragon Boat Race, part of the Asian/Pacific American Heritage Week Celebration in Boston. The race committee is looking for volunteers with multi oared pulling boats to take part. Each boat is decorated by volunteers with dragon's heads and tails. In 1987 ten boats took part, fielded by schools, business firms and clubs. Some experienced advisors on running such races are also needed. Setting up and implementing the rules and regulations and the program, and obtaining boats, oars, markers, etc. are present needs. Contact Joseph Su at (617) 396-9723, or write to Dragon Boat, 24 Orchard St. Medford, MA 02155.

GOING FOR YOUR CAPTAIN'S LICENSE?

The Armchair Sailor Bookstore in Newport, RI, has a new pamphlet available at no cost which lists all the pertinent known study guides and publications for recently revised U.S. Coast Guard License examinations. If you're contemplating going for any one of the 40 different license categories offered, request the License Package, Armchair Sailor Bookstore, Lee's Wharf, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 847-4252.

HIGH TECH SAILING & OTHER ATTRACTIONS

The Boston Harbor Associates will sponsor a program on high tech sailing on March 28th at 8 p.m. in Boston, MA. A 440' computerized four masted cruiseship, an 85' pushbutton yacht and a 20' Freedom Class day sailer will be discussed by their designers and operators using slides and videos. Information from the BHA at (617) 330-1134.

Other programs coming up focussed on Boston Harbor include a "Sewer Tour" on a heated boat on February 17th, reservations at \$10 from Save the Harbor at (617) 742-7283; a trip to George's Island for kids on February 21st, reservations from the MDC at (617) 727-5290; and two Peddocks Island Excursions on March 18th and 19th, reservations from the MDC at (617) 727-5215.

WORLD FEDERATION OF TRADITIONAL BOAT CENTERS

A new level of organization focussed on traditional boats is being proposed by Seattle naval architect Philip Thiel. He envisions a joining together of institutions throughout the world that include in their interests the preservation, documentation, use and enjoyment of some sort of small wooden and traditional watercraft. Phil has acquired a comprehensive listing of potential member organizations but welcomes further suggestions of the more obscure local small boat centers. If you can contribute such a suggestion or two, contact Phil Thiel at 4720 7th Ave. N.E., Seattle, WA 98105.

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC REPLICA BOAT SHOW

Here's another advance notice, for those who are interested in replicas of early launches and tugboats, steam, electric, etc. The Seventh Annual Antique & Classic Replica Boat Show & Meet will take place June 16-18 on Walloon Lake, Michigan, near Traverse City. Inquiries to David Beier, Walloon Lake Inn, P.O. Box 85, Walloon Lake, MI 49796, (616) 535-2999.

SHIP MODEL COLLECTING

If you are interested in collecting expensive ship models, you might want to request a copy of "Ship Model Collecting", a newsletter published by the proprietors of the San Francisco Ship Model Gallery, Inc. The current issue features latest acquisitions ranging in price from \$6,000 to \$30,000. It's that level of ship model collecting. San Francisco Ship Model Gallery, 1089 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10028, (212) 570-6767.



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HUDSON CANOE

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In early 1962 I read an ad in one of the popular monthly mechanics magazines for do-it-yourself types for a 15' kayak kit from Dedham Kayaks, from the town of the same name in Massachusetts. The total cost of everything, as I recall, including all materials except the final paint, was \$58. Sounds great? Well it wasn't all that cheap in those days fellows.

I had a friend in those days who owned a 15' German built Hammer kayak. This boat was considered to be the top of the line as a slalom kayak and could be rolled very nicely and still carry lots of gear for downriver cruising. Sorry to say, they aren't being built any longer. Fiberglass and plastic kayaks were not yet on the scene, at least not with any great visibility, and most kayaks were either home-built or put together in three or four factories in the world. Fiberglass boat were just a glow on the nearby horizon. What strides have been taking place in these last 25-30 years! Building your own kayak was the best and most economical way to get afloat.

My aforementioned buddy, Milton Duggan, was rich enough to buy the Hammer outright. I was not yet able to come up with the cash to do the same. I'm not sure I will ever be able to do that. Oh, well, pay later, huh?

The Dedham went together very easily over two or three days, but I looked at it for several days before I threw caution to the wind and read the building instructions. Sounded like a "five thumbed" hacker could really have a chance if he paid attention to what the instructions said. And the instructions were simple enough to any knothead willing to pay attention. O.K. Go for it. Dedham must have been right because in 25 plus years that original cover is still alive and well. Only an occasional paint job and dry storage were the special care it had. Boysen Plasolux used to make a paint that was the best hard-surfaced enamel I've ever used, 'til they changed the formula. Pity.

Ultimately, building that Dedham kayak was so much fun that I began building kayaks and boats as a hobby, then after I retired from a career as a fire fighter, I continued to build kayaks as a home business to keep myself busy and supplement my reduced income. After building 14 kayaks in one year I "burned out" and I never even got to paddle one of them. I helped design two kayaks and that will be another story. But I digress badly here.

In the course of finishing the Dedham, I realized I needed a paddle, and being resourceful, I built one using 1/4" plywood and a closet pole, which would reveal its true worth later on.



First Stroke, the Paddle Broke

Milton suggested we christen the new kayak with a trip on the Sacramento River from the city of Redding to Red Bluff, a distance of 50-75 miles, depending on which "old timer" you happened to be talking to about it at the time. One "old timer" even claimed it was 100 miles. I doubted that could be possible but a rule of thumb in California was to double the road miles between cities or launch sites to estimate the on-the-water distance. It generally worked pretty well for us on our trips, anyway. This formula would give us a distance of 64 miles for our proposed trip.

Actually the trip we had planned was to be much longer as we had three days and no experience. We really had planned the trip to be approximately 220 miles and would take the whole three days. By paddling early and late we figured we could do it. Boy, it doesn't pay to assume!!

The agreed upon meeting place was to be Knights Landing, a tiny village on the Sacramento River just a few miles above the city of Sacramento. There we would transfer my kayak to his cartop and leave my old Chevy Suburban there for the shuttle. A friend of Milton's was to come along and drive Milt's car back to San Jose, where we were based. This would save us a long trip back to Redding to pick up his car afterwards.

In theory this sounded fine, but the agreed upon meeting time came and went. 9 a.m. became noon, then melted into afternoon; slowly waned to 4:20 p.m. when Milton finally appeared. I was seething in frustration by then and the trip on up to Redding was a

quiet one, to say the least. I already knew we were never going to make it all the way, as we had already lost so much of our available time. Milton was just to darned "laid back" and I was in no mood to forgive. We still had about two hours before we could launch and by then it would be coming on dark. Maybe we could paddle after dark. Milton was positive there would be a moon. Sure there was! A new moon, and it was barely bright enough to see at sundown, which was when we arrived in Redding.

The waters of the Sacramento are very cold the year around as the great Shasta Dam is just upstream of Redding and the river comes from the bottom of the dam. Cold! And I mean COLD! In the approximately 82 miles that we finally did paddle, that water never warmed more than a degree or two.

The sun had set over the western pines in the hills of Redding when we entered our boats. What a feeling to enter your own boat for the first time! It seemed to be as light as a feather, even with all the camping gear aboard. The new paddle was sorta springy feeling, but not knowing what a paddle was supposed to feel like, I made a few bold strokes...and promptly broke one end off the paddle. One-quarter inch plywood was not the best choice for paddle material. The water was moving pretty fast and darkness was filling us with apprehension as we neared the first set of rapids. They sounded serious! I say, "sounded", as we couldn't really see them in the dark. I was paddling and switching hands with my one-ended paddle as

we went into these, the first of several, loud and scary rapids. As it later turned out, these rapids were probably class 1/2-1 and weren't dangerous, but they sure sounded bad. Then I took an extra hard stroke and broke the other blade off the paddle!

The memory of that baptism into paddling is still strong and I can still smell the cottonwoods and aquatic plants and the wet clean smell of the river. Even in my fear, it was delicious.

At this point I was reduced to paddling with just the remaining closet pole with remnants of the plywood blades on the ends and, as I look back, it wasn't all that bad, but there in the middle of a dark river with the sound of the next set of rapids growing louder, panic took over! "Milt, Milt, I haven't any paddle, I'm outta control! Where are you?" I was sure I was in mortal danger. Milton materialized out of the darkness and handed me half of his paddle. They come apart in the middle, you know. Good Ole Milton, forgiveness flowed through me, man, he could be late anytime he wanted. I was really glad he was there. I loved him!

We realized there was no percentage in trying to travel at night so after drifting another mile or so, we pulled out on the west shore. Camp was warm and comfortable in the firelight which lit up the cottonwood grove in which we camped. Three or four years later a housing project swallowed up our campsite, turning it into a mass of foundations and streets. Sad.

The next morning we discovered our cottonwood grove was a really neat place and we enjoyed breakfast of a quart of orange juice apiece. An hour or so later we had diarrhea explosions on the river bank in full view of a herd of dairy cattle. There was no alternative, it was then and there or we would be paddling the smelliest kayaks in California. Orange juice in such quantities can cause a "class 5 case of the squirts"!

The drift downstream developed into a series of long drifts in glassy smooth water punctuated by short stretches of white water, most of which I now know never exceeded class 2. As novices, we were having a blast in all that "rough water".

Around 10 a.m. on what was now Saturday morning, we arrived at Balls Ferry, a resort campground run by two of the most generous, loving people, Don and June. They laughed at our chagrin as they told us of hundreds of Boy Scout troops that had built fleets of their own kayaks and paddled down the stretch of river we were on. We felt we were real novices by now. We described how we had run the rapids in the dark and how the paddles had lost their blades. Don

and June both told us we were right in feeling fear because running rapids in the dark is NOT smart. To show how very special these two people were, June, on learning that we were in need of a paddle, recalled an old paddle her son had made and had stashed under one of the cabins. She crawled under the cabin, with its attendant spiders and who knows what other woolie-boogers, to get this paddle and present it to me as a gift, free. She became indignant when I begged her to accept payment for it.

On our very next trip we were to discover, to our great sadness, that this lovely, generous lady had been killed in an auto accident at Christmas that year and that her husband Don had sold out in his grief and despair. We mourned his loss as our own.

The need to hurry on was ever in our minds and we departed after a few beers and giving our solemn promise to stop by when as we came downriver again. Don and June followed us to the dock to wave us on our way.

In the early afternoon we paddled through "Chinese Rapids" where the entire Sacramento River narrows to no more than 100 feet and sometimes is nearer to 40 feet wide. Great upwellings called "boils" suddenly turn into whirlpools that begin to spin in huge counterclockwise vortices that have frighteningly large funnels in their centers. This phenomenon can be a fearful thing to look into at closer range. On a later trip I had this very thing happen to me, and besides being very cold and into shock, I was drawn down very deep and felt great pressure in my ears. I think "fearful panic" would somewhat describe the feeling I had when I was spat back to the surface after what had seemed an eternity under those freezing waters. Maybe that deserves to be another story.

Again I have digressed, so back to the present story. After the "Chinese Rapids" came a long stretch of smooth, quiet water and a time to discuss our situation and whether we were crazy or just plain stupid. We passed under "Jelly's Ferry" bridge and on around a long curve eastward and then came to a stretch we had been warned about, "Iron Canyon". This turned out to be a beautiful run and not very dangerous, just a fun ride on an express chute. The water pours over and around some very big, house sized boulders that could be dangerous to the paddler who panicked and didn't stay ahead of his boat's progress a bit in planning his route. As this was our first time through, we were on the verge of panic most of the way. Later on when we were more experienced we would look forward to this ride and regret that it ended too soon. The deep pools and eddies were great

places in which to rest and reflect on the "Canyon" and the alive feeling the river gives as a bonus to those who love it and want to be on it at almost any cost.

I have not mentioned the wildlife that was in abundance then along the Sacramento. At one place I was able to drift to within a paddle's length of a BIG four-pointer mule deer drinking his fill. He never knew I was in the vicinity until I spoke and warned him that he could become somebody's winter supply of meat if he didn't watch out. Even then he wasn't all that afraid of me.

At the end of "Iron Canyon", the river turned sharply left and at this turn was a long low ledge that had some scrub pines and manzanita growing against the bluff. The extraordinary thing here was a congregation of turkey vultures, gathered as though planning their next cleanup job on whatever floated by that would make a meal. We both said we were grateful it wouldn't be us. At least not on this trip. It was amazing to get so close to vultures, which are so very shy when man is around and make themselves scarce. A drifting kayaker who is quiet will always get closer to wildlife than a land-bound hunter. Eskimos knew the way to get close to whales, seals, walruses and caribou, using these quiet, unobtrusive boats. Sometimes I feel today's "clorox bottle" paddlers who are only interested in competition are missing the best part of what kayaking has to offer.

Red Bluff hove into view and we were happy to leave the kayaks and trot uptown for some 50/50's. These are beer and tomato juice mixed 50/50. Good stuff! We debated on the wisdom of continuing on and decided to go on as far as we could before either being forced to leave from lack of time or from exhaustion. I was already exhausted, but I couldn't admit it. How foolish we are in our pride! Our trip was already approximately 60 miles in length and we were going on despite having numb backsides and burning shoulders from endless paddle stroking.

After some more 50/50's, and despite all those hours already spent in the cockpits, we left on the questionable pleasure of enduring more torture. Are any of you fellow paddlers identifying with this? More than will admit, I'll bet.

The next six miles we drifted along and dozed with our boats tied together with the bowlines. Then I awoke with a start, we were stopped! The bowlines had caught on a snag sticking up in the river and we had swung together. So we untied and began paddling. The prospect of ever reaching my old Chevy Suburban was now beyond all possibility, but for some reason we kept

on in a spirit of competing, or maybe because the task was not going to be finished, or maybe because we had just plain lost our good sense.

Sundown, evening came, night birds and bats came out for the insects that also came with the approaching darkness. A bullbat, which is a night bird of the nightingale family, came down in a power dive and flew straight at me at head level, forcing me to dodge his strafing attack. I was amazed at his speed. Bullbats are found in most rural farm areas and on the high deserts in California, Nevada and Arizona. They look like bats in flight, thus their name.

Now we were again running rapids by sound in the now almost total darkness. One final rapid which was very loud and was a bit more than I liked, and I yelled to Milton, "I'm through, finished, beat, and we are going to get hurt if we keep on like this." His answer was lost in the noise of the rapids. I yelled again and this time he agreed we had done enough. I struggled to an eddy and as my bow struck the sand of the bank, a large trout leaped from the water and landed on my sloping deck. My frantic grab only helped him back into the water. At least it gave me a shot of adrenalin that got me out of my kayak without turning over or falling into the water. Exhaustion can turn even a strong man into a bumbling, fumble-fingered being who cannot even untie his

shoes, much less act rationally.

I dragged the boat up on the beach above the waterline several feet and felt around for my sleeping bag. Milton came ashore a few yards downstream. We were both too tired to say much and much too tired to eat anything. Without comment we both knew the trip was over. We worked our way to a small clearing in the rabbit brush and scrub willows and threw our sleeping bags down. I was asleep almost before I had worked my way inside. Milton also was asleep almost instantly.

Morning sun beating on my eyelids forced me awake and I became aware of the sounds of the rapids we had come through before giving up last night. The smell of the river was a delicious and inviting thing. The day began to run through my mind. How far would we have to paddle on before we could take out? How far could we paddle if it came to that? Today was it, we had to get home before work on Monday and the Chevy was close to 100 miles away. I tried to roll over. "Oh, my God! I'm paralyzed!" I couldn't move. I tried again, No way! I really couldn't move!

I thought of a thousand reasons why I was unable to move. Had I injured a nerve, had I caused something to happen by overexerting my body? Did I sit too long and do something to my spine? A neck injury, perhaps? I am built like a fireplug and have lived with a tendency to have muscles knot up and expect those well known "Charlie Horses" to catch me in my own trap when I have overdone some activity. But this was different. I could NOT move!

"Milton!! Wake up!!" I yelled. "Milton, hey man, wake up, I can't move, something's wrong!!!" Milton groaned and began to slowly come awake. "Milton," I yelled again, "something's really wrong, I can't move!"

Milton began moaning, "I can't move either, I think I hurt myself!" The thought hit me, we had drunk water from the river yesterday, was it full of poison or bacteria? Polio? Oh, my God! Could it be that? Panic was beginning to rear its ugly head. "It feels like I can move my hand," Milton, mumbled. "Unh, yeah, I think I'm moving my hand." I tried again to move and my arm did move a little. Oh, boy! Relief began to flood through me, but I still had a long way to go before I was able to roll over onto my hands and knees. I looked at Milt, he was on his knees and staring at his sleeping bag. The truth, when it dawned, was as welcome as the morning sun. In our exhaustion last night we had not paid any attention to where we had dropped our sleeping bags. Instead of being on smooth sand, they had been placed on a field of river

boulders that ran 4" to 10" in size, and these stones had felt like a featherbed in our condition. They had been as soft as down as we had collapsed into the sleep of the dead. Dead tired, that is.

Sound unlikely? Ask some of those "muscle burned" kayakers who have paddled too long how you can do things that are unlikely when you are worn out. I can say, in retrospect, that we were foolish to continue on as long as we did and in so doing lost a lot of the fun of this first adventure. I have to say also that we didn't use good judgement and pushed ourselves beyond reasonable limits. The river boulders gave us some sort of acupuncture treatment that apparently helped our brains more than our bodies.

After some stretching and exercising we were able to launch, not at 100% but at least on our way to a take out. After only a mile of paddling we were again burning in our muscles and luckily, we came then to the town docks of the little farming community of Los Molinas. We pulled the kayaks out here and walked uptown and had breakfast. We agreed we had run ourselves to ground and that I must hitchhike the 130 miles to get the old Chevy and then retrieve our boats. Sunday is not a good day to hitchhike through the upper Sacramento valley farm country, especially if you are a scruffy looking, bewhiskered kayaker. But, the second car to come along provided my chariot. The first, Old 99E, went by pretty fast as its driver had a lead foot.

My ride was with two ladies, one of whom was old enough to be the mother of the other. The older one was driving, the younger one was drinking her breakfast, a can of Regal Pale Beer. I turned down her generous offer of a second breakfast for myself. After many miles, and a second lift, I arrived at the Chevy and several hours later was back in Los Molinas, now late in the afternoon. I found Milton just arriving back from a walking tour of the surrounding area.

When we got home we figured out the mileage I had covered that day. Including the hitchhiking, I had travelled by land 530 miles and I was pooped. But, I gotta tell you, I was ready to do it again as soon as possible. We later made many more trips on the Sacramento and on most of the other major rivers in California.

Our kayaking days together ended sadly with Milton's death from pneumonia in 1973. Since then I've paddled with many kayaking companions on rivers, bays and oceans. I may ask to be buried in a kayak, who knows? Trying to paddle 75 miles a day is a good way to end up dead in a kayak, take it from me!

E.G. Ragsdale, West Lake, OR.

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Gullible People and Stripper Canoes

Some people are gullible. Some are more so than others. Boaters fit into this latter category. As a category, women are gullible. Now, a woman who is also a boater has no hope. Take my wife - PLEASE! (Could not resist the Henny Youngman humor). Come to think of it, I've put up with her gullible trait for over 32 years. Let me give you a few examples.

We were on a vacation doing some birding in Florida. Doing birding is to stand in the woods or in the fields and allow the birds to observe you in their habitat. After about four days we were exhausted from being on display for all those birds. So we decided to take a day and go canoeing.

We awoke to a cloudy sky, flipped on the TV to get the weather report. Only a 40% chance of rain. Jean (my wife) didn't want to go, something about her hair being unmanageable. I couldn't relate as my seventeen hairs have never given me any problems. Pointing out the degree of accuracy that weather forecasters have, plus the 60% chance of no rain, I persuaded her to think better of it and she consented to go.

While on the way to the put-in, a few water drops hit our windshield, no doubt from the car ahead of us washing his windshield. Once we were on the river, past the point of no return, the heavens opened up with a typical Florida downpour. We were completely soaked when we got back to our motel. I then advised Jean that she should check out the accuracy of the local forecasters before making a wrong decision like that again!

Another time I was to run a Class 3 white-water river. I asked Jean if she would like to paddle tandem with me. She said that she didn't want to get wet again. Really! No chance of that happening. Trust me. Just to be sure, I secured large flotation bags in the center of the canoe. This, of course, would displace any water from staying in the canoe. She could really trust me on this one.

So we started down the river, Jean in the stern and I in the bow. We never got a drop in the canoe. Of course, this was true only until we hit this one set of deep water rapids, where the river squeezes narrow. All standing waves, three feet high and counting. These continued for about 150 yards. On hitting the first one, I was hit with about 49 gallons of water, right in the face. Normally this water would travel towards the stern, but the flotation bags dammed its progress, thus sinking the bow a little under its weight. And then the next one hit as I was trying to back paddle to raise the bow over it. This time I was hit by 71 gallons. The bow sank even lower while the stern rose higher. I'm in water up to my belt and Jean is riding very high and dry. Please visualize how I am sacrificing myself here in order to keep her dry. What a guy!

I am going down like a submarine and Jean is laughing hysterically. I told you women are wierd, they see humor in the most serious of things. By the time we reached the far end of this set of rapids, I was up to my chest in water and she was still dry, as we had managed to keep the canoe upright. That was until we nudged that rock and did a slow roll. Come to think of it, she's always getting me wet. She has given notice that from now on she will only do those rivers that she wants to and will not bend to any outside pressures.

The last example I'll give you has to do with a cedar strip canoe I built for her. It's 13'6" long and built expressly to run these small winding twisting rivers. Due to this selective anticipated useage, only one layer of 6 ounce glass cloth was used inside and outside. No extra cloth re-inforcing was used, in order to keep the weight down. I named the canoe "Chicodee" as it flitters like its namesake.

On my schedule was a certification workshop for ten canoeing instructors. Jean was not going to be involved in this program. Upon discovering that she would be using this time as a couch potato or for a weekend shopping spree, the gentleman in me invited her to join us, pointing out that she would have a chance to put her "Chicodee" through its paces on Saturday. Sunday would be the day we'd be on the Lambertville Rapids on the Delaware River and she could then catch up on her reading.

Boy, she liked this idea and decided to come along. That was great. In fact, to show my humanity and to keep her from being bored, I put her in charge of the food committee and allowed her to prepare Saturday night dinner for the group. Boy, I really look out for her interests. Saturday was a great day and the meal was excellent. In fact, the group, on discovering that she would not be

joining us the next day, insisted that she do so. I reminded her of her vow to not succumb under external pressures and that she had the wrong boat, but she said something about trusting her.

Sunday morning was great and our total group split into three smaller groups. Jean and I parted until lunch. At the lunch break, an invitation was extended to all to try out the "Chicodee". Thus this canoe found another purpose as it turned out to be a great canoe for doing eddy turns in and around the rocks. Has a great feel.

After lunch, we decided to ferry across the river to the other side. That's when it happened. Jean was doing an upstream ferry and came to a place that she didn't want to be. While facing upstream, she allowed the canoe to drift downstream between two rocks forming a downstream vee. In the middle of the shoot was a submerged rock that turned her broadside and into a broach. Jean leaned hard downstream in order to keep the upstream gunwale out of the water, but to no avail. The river started to pour into the canoe. She jumped out upstream in order to keep from being crunched downstream between the canoe and the rock.

I saw the problem and paddled frantically over to help her out. She was OK, not hurt and standing in knee-deep water. The canoe looked like it would fold in half around the rock. I was waiting for this to happen wondering what would be left of my handiwork. One of the other paddlers noticed the canoe was pinned slightly off-center and gave the short end a lift, and it became unpinned as it let out a creaking noise.

After taking it to shore, we found upon inspection that it had no major structural damage. Back home a closer inspection was made and we found a short hairline crack on the inside. No water had penetrated so a 3" cloth strip was bonded on and then blended in by sanding. Like brand new now, just waiting for another chance around the rocks.

I also then asked Jean about trusting her and about always being wet while canoeing with her. Can you imagine? She told me to go jump into the lake! Now, how can I do that when I have the bed to make, dishes to do, wash to hang out, and dinner to fix?

Joe Spahalski, "Call of the Canoe", N. Babylon, NY

ED. NOTE: Joe and Jean Spahalski conduct canoeing instruction programs for all levels of ability, including ACA instructor certification. Joe also builds a line of cedar strip canoes 13'6" to 18' in length. They'll send you a nice little brochure on request, Call of the Canoe, 12 Hughes Lane, N. Babylon, NY 11703, (516) 587-5468.

DESIGNS & PROJECTS

A CHEAP CANOE ROWING RIG

In the February 1st issue I mentioned while extolling the virtues of my aluminum canoe, "#38", the cheap rowing rig I had made for it. This rig could be so cheap as to be FREE if you are a scrap saver as I am. And the tools required to build it are simple, although my prototype construction was enhanced by my having a table saw, saber saw and disc sander.

I have always favored rowing over single handed paddling. For some years I considered buying one of the accessory rigs available for easy insertion into canoes, but being essentially a cheapskate, I decided to try to make my own. What I ended up with is not equal to the finer products in terms of offering aerobic exercise for arms and legs, but it turned out to be very satis-

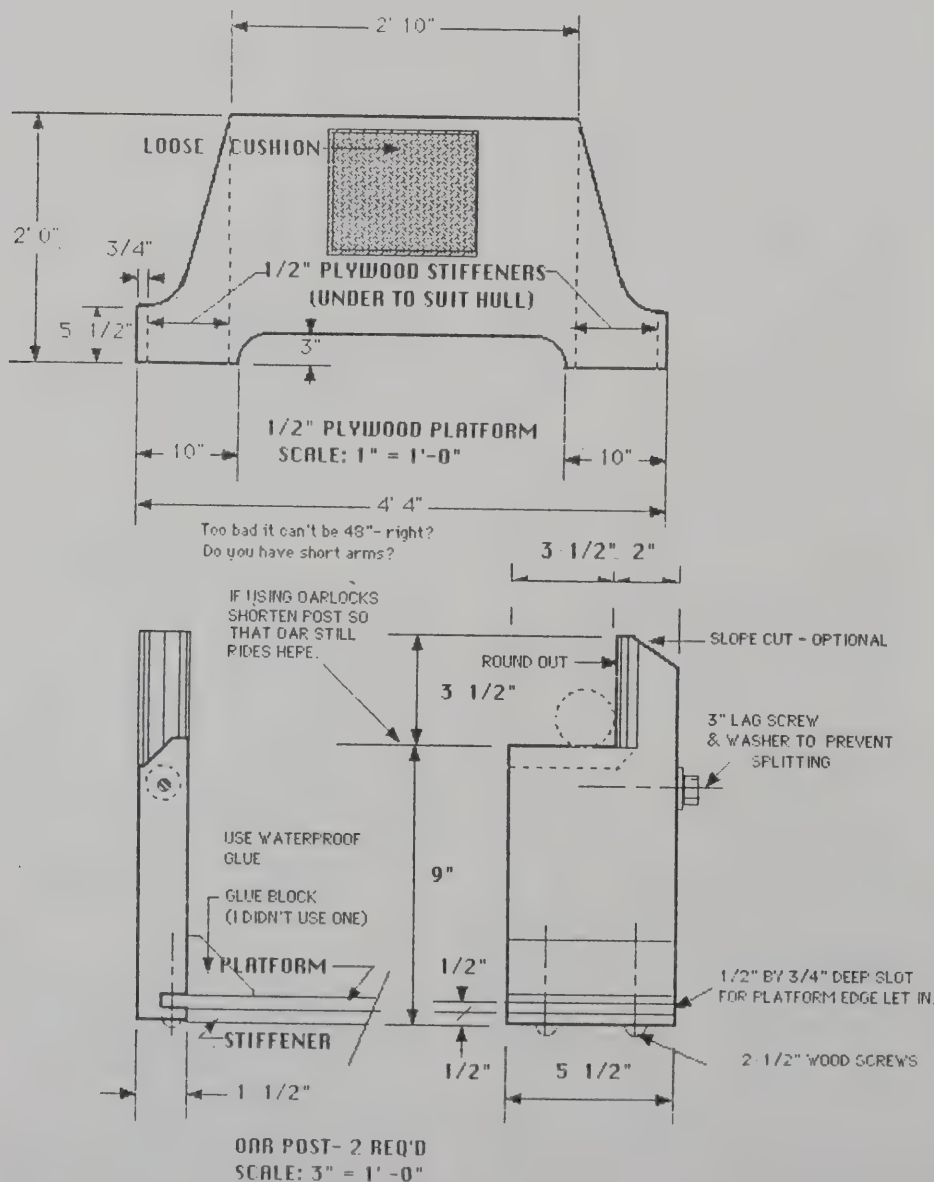
factory for comfortable cruising, and it embodies a great deal more flexibility of use than I had originally envisioned.

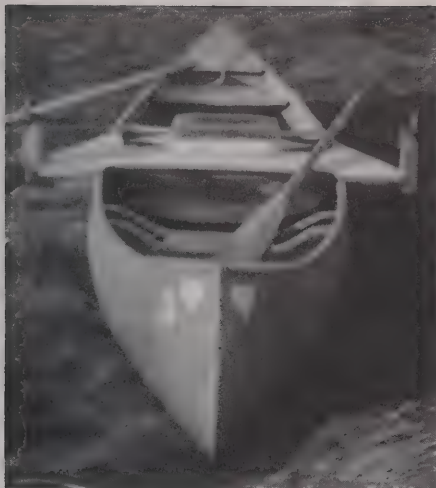
The design of the oar posts was all that was changed after trials, owing to unforeseen needs. At first I mounted oarlocks on the posts. The oars kept jumping out. You may try decent oarlocks, I simply didn't own any. So I bored two 3/4" holes down through the blocks and fitted cut lengths of broom handle to make thole pins. These allowed either too little swing, or rattled. Finally the laws of physics caused the after pins to break and I was left with single pins, a blessing in disguise. Having two 12" lengths of shock cord with end hooks on hand, I took a double turn around each oar and pin with these with fine results,

except for some squeeking. That was solved with a little vaseline. One of my requirements is that the oars be free to move in all directions, since I often run too close to the creek banks in this business, and if the oars are too secure, I do a horizontal pole vault. Incidentally, the shock cord wrap allows reasonable performance when I choose to row facing forward, provided a double turn is used. The sketch shows the latest and best version having posts made from scraps of 2"x6" fir.

The platform design was arrived at empirically, considering personal ergonomic needs. I happen to be six feet tall and weigh 170 pounds, with long legs and a short trunk, and own 7' oars. My wife has very different proportions and is able to use the rig comfortably. This leads me to believe that the design is universal enough, but others could adjust dimensions to suit themselves and their vessels. I try to imagine the difference if I were to use 9' oars. It might still be OK, with better performance. At first I thought wrongly that it would be necessary to fit the plywood under-stiffeners to the exact contour of the gunwales amidships. Adjusting performance requires changing the location of the platform fore and aft, but the stiffeners do reduce the amount of twist when pulling, and so they should be used. The platform rarely shifts on my narrow aluminum gunwales even when not wedged in. I sit on a standard boat cushion placed loosely on the platform.

Performance using 7' oars is about the same as that of two paddlers. Handling in windy conditions is easier than when solo paddling, but I find it necessary to slide the platform aft when moving across the wind. This eliminates much of the pulling on the windward oar only, which is tiring. Somehow the higher bow offsets the rower's body windage. Sideslip is eliminated by "crabbing" into the wind, but there is less wetted surface and poorer performance. Why not move the platform forward for balanced windage? You figure it out, it doesn't work for me. Were I to be accompanied by a friend who wished to paddle in standard canoe fashion, I can position the platform forward and sit facing my friend, who is in the stern, very good for conversation. In this mode, the rower determines headings and undoubtedly might get plenty of verbal course directions from aft. And, when that very narrow channel is reached, and the oar posts threaten to dig into the grass, I simply store the platform lengthwise in





the middle of the canoe and paddle in normal fashion using one oar from the bow seat.

I sit higher in my canoe using this rig, but I have never felt destabilized. My only upset came when a very small breaking wave caught me from the side under the overhang of the platform. Fortunately I was able to stand up in the knee-deep water and walk ashore to re-organize. The platform also works very well on my Sunfish hull when supported on two standard boating cushions to accommodate to the deck crown. Goodness knows what else is possible.

Jack Chesley, Scituate, MA.

INEXPENSIVE MAST HOOPS

With suitable apologies to Pert Lowell, here's a quick and easy way to find out if mast hoops are just the thing for your small boat. I am a compulsive tinkerer, and with a 12' spruce skiff to mess around with, I have few constraints. For several months I had been thinking I would like to try a set of mast hoops, in place of the lace line originally installed, but I hadn't come up with a cheap and quick, especially quick, way to do it.

One morning I spotted a length of four-inch diameter off-white PVC sewer pipe, left over from building the house, leaning in a corner of the basement. In twenty minutes I had nine mast hoops sawn out, chamfered, sanded and ready to install. Some waxed sail twine attached them to grommets in the mainsail, and that afternoon I was out on my semi-wilderness lake cruising ground trying them out.

I'm happy to report they've become a permanent fixture. No more scalloped luff, as with the lace line, and a generally a better set to the mainsail, particularly at the throat, most especially when reefed. While I would be as outraged as anyone if I saw plastic mast hoops on a gold plater Whitehall, they look quite appropriate on my bargain basement skiff (the



off-white color looks remarkably like new ash). And I have no doubt that if PVC pipe had been invented before the internal combustion engine, damn near every working peapod on the eastern seaboard would have had plastic mast hoops.

If you do have a gold plater Whitehall, this is a cheap way to find out if you want mast hoops on your boat. But if you do, please get in touch then with Pert.

Ernie Cassidy, Concession, NS.





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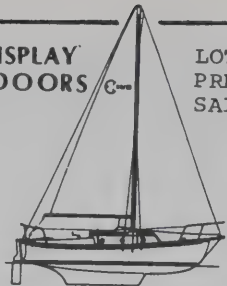


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★ MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS ★



AND HOW ABOUT...

The month I found "stuff" every time I went kayaking. What do a wrist watch, a construction helmet, an antique basket and a baseball cap have in common? Nothing, except I found all of these items on four separate outings on the water.

First the watch. I had put in on the Saugatuck River just north of the Parkway in Westport, Connecticut. I paddled down to the dam, recalling how I was once "dive bombed" by wild swans nearby, and then headed back to the riffles. After this short but enjoyable hour, I returned, set the kayak on the roof rack, and turned to retrieve my paddle. That's when I found the quartz wristwatch on a flat rock at the water's edge.

Second the helmet. While paddling near the mouth of the Saugatuck another time, I saw a construction crew working on the rails on the New Haven Railroad bridge. Further on downstream my eye caught a glint of orange bobbing in

the water. It was a plastic construction helmet, no doubt dropped from that railroad bridge, I hope without the wearer beneath it.

Next the basket. Again on the Saugatuck, bound upriver. With the low tide, I beached the kayak to look for shells or any other interesting flotsam. The basket was right there in the reeds. Surely my wife would like this. I secured it to the front of the cockpit and returned to my put in back under Rt. 95.

Finally the New York baseball cap. It was floating off Folly Cove on Cape Ann. A New Hampshire fishing license was neatly pinned inside, so this item I was able to return to its owner.

Oh, but then there was another item, I almost forgot. I found and retrieved a half submerged aluminum jon boat on a Connecticut lake, lugged it to shore, and now it's serving as a tender in Annisquam. But, that's another story about messing about in boats.

Carl Erickson, Verona, NJ.

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36" x 15" cockpit. 11" depth.

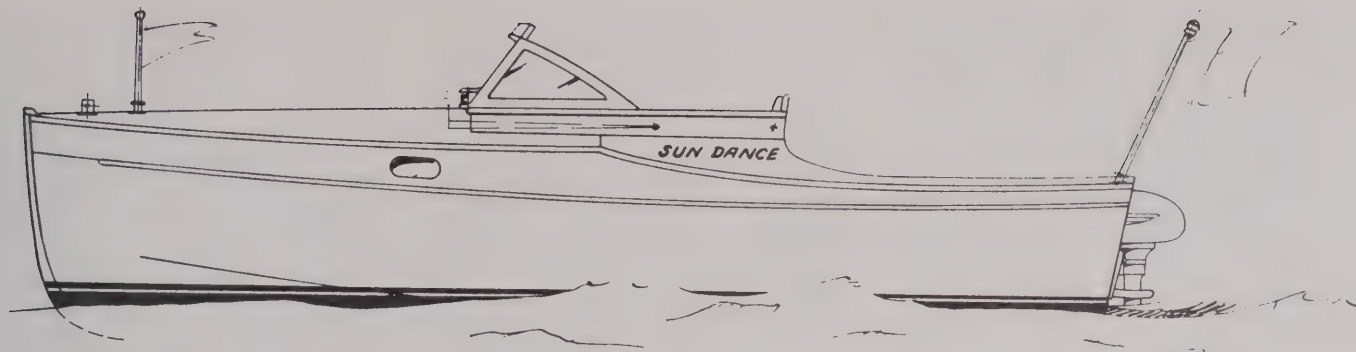
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By WESTON FARMER

SUN DANCE — an Outboard Cruiser

The basic function of any cruiser is to go places, and this technically excellent little cruisemite is designed to do just that — she'll build from materials obtainable everywhere, and you can count on her to handle big water.

IF YOU are one of the many who are dreaming of an outboard cruiser, you will do well to read of Sun Dance here.

She is distilled out of an experience with outboard "cruisers" which stretches over the last 26 years. It was in April of 1928 that the plans for the first planing V-bottom outboard cruiser appeared in print. This boat was named Quadster. She was designed for the then new 18 hp four-cylinder Elto. A great many of these hulls were built. I had the good fortune to have designed her, and have designed a number of others since then.

Now, as I get into the business of planning the latest of this line of successful boats, I have again been involved in dopping out a hull shape which will best fit the *real* usage to

which such a craft is put. Again I come to the same basic conclusions about outboard cruisers. Out of this has evolved Sun Dance—an excellent bottom, a hull made a little better by a knowing arrangement plan, but basically embodying the same integrity toward wind, wave, rain and motor that has characterized the earlier hulls. They were all dandy boats.

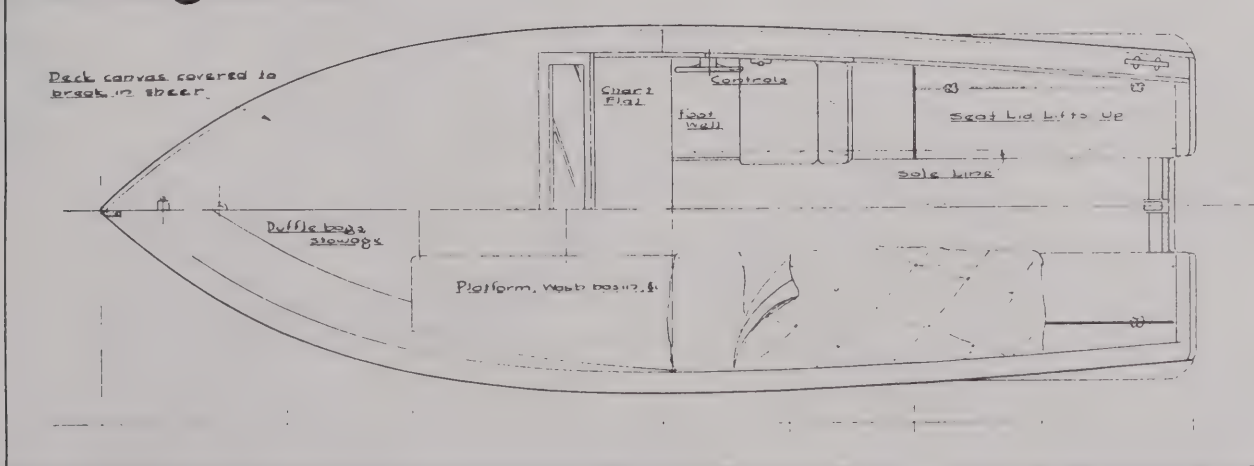
Is an outboard "cruiser" a cruiser? No. Not if one attempts to crowd into a hull approximately 18 feet long the same creature comforts the 30- to 40-footers carry. A toilet takes room, real berths take room, a stove takes room, a fuel tank of decent cruising radius takes room. Sure—you can pack these things in. If you do, two things happen: one, the extensively extendable extensions of

the trick arrangement always require that you unpack the toilet to get at the fuel tank so you can break out the anchor; second, weight piles up and the "go" in your boat evaporates.

If, as some designers do, you go out in beam to support all this weight, and go up in freeboard, you get a hull which wallows about at reduced speed in head seas, or at best acts like an inflated paper bag in any breeze.

Keep the boat and gear simple. As with the experienced traveler who moves with little more than a toothbrush, razor and change of socks, see to it that your outboard cruiser and her gear is simple. Then she will have some "git thar" in her. The basic fundamental of cruising is to go.

Arrangement



Mobility on land—trailerwise—is another factor you must consider. Given a crew of two or three, a stove for occasional hot eats, a gurry bucket for plumbing, two or three good berths to sleep on, and you can design a hull shape the cubic contents of which will be slim enough to cradle on the average trailer. Your bluff-bowed bathtub-ended hull with overhanging stem is a curse to transport.

The more you get to adding it up, the more you return to essentials. The first outboard cruiser designed by the writer was frankly stated to be functional as a canoe is functional: to carry a reasonable load on runs of short duration, to be able to take a beating if need be, but also to be able to scuttle for haven in time for bath and supper ashore, securely beached for the night. Sun Dance has these attributes.

Next come some considerations of cost, and the building factors. I have kept Sun Dance a raised decker. The current trend is toward the trunk cabin, or, as it turns out in some designs, a glass cabin with top. O.K. by me if you like 'em that way. Build some other boat than Sun Dance. She is raised deck for a number of reasons.

The first reason is that when I leap gracefully from the dock to the

deck of my trusty ship I want to stay topside. I do not hanker to flap on through into the bilge with a load of glass and shattered shingles in my crotch.

The second reason is cost. The time-tried canvas-covered deck on Sun Dance builds easily and cheaply, whereas any honest builder will tell you that the glass-windowed trunk cabin will cost from a third to a half as much to build as the hull itself if done adequately. And add as much proportional time to building.

The third reason is dryness. No living man has yet made a cabin trunk that won't eventually leak, come spray and rain. Does one make the "cabin" of a boat this size a grand salon for social affairs? One does not. The best of cabins call for a shoehorn to help one enter; the function of the cabin is shelter, generally while asleep. Therefore since it is empty of humans 80 per cent of the time, and then is filled with humans generally prone in slumber, headroom is a delusion dearly paid for in performance. Comfortable ducking room is all we have in Sun Dance. We sleep in the cockpit under canvas shelter. But we do have a drum-tight dry place to stow gear where said gear will stay dry. If we want to anchor and sit out a rain,

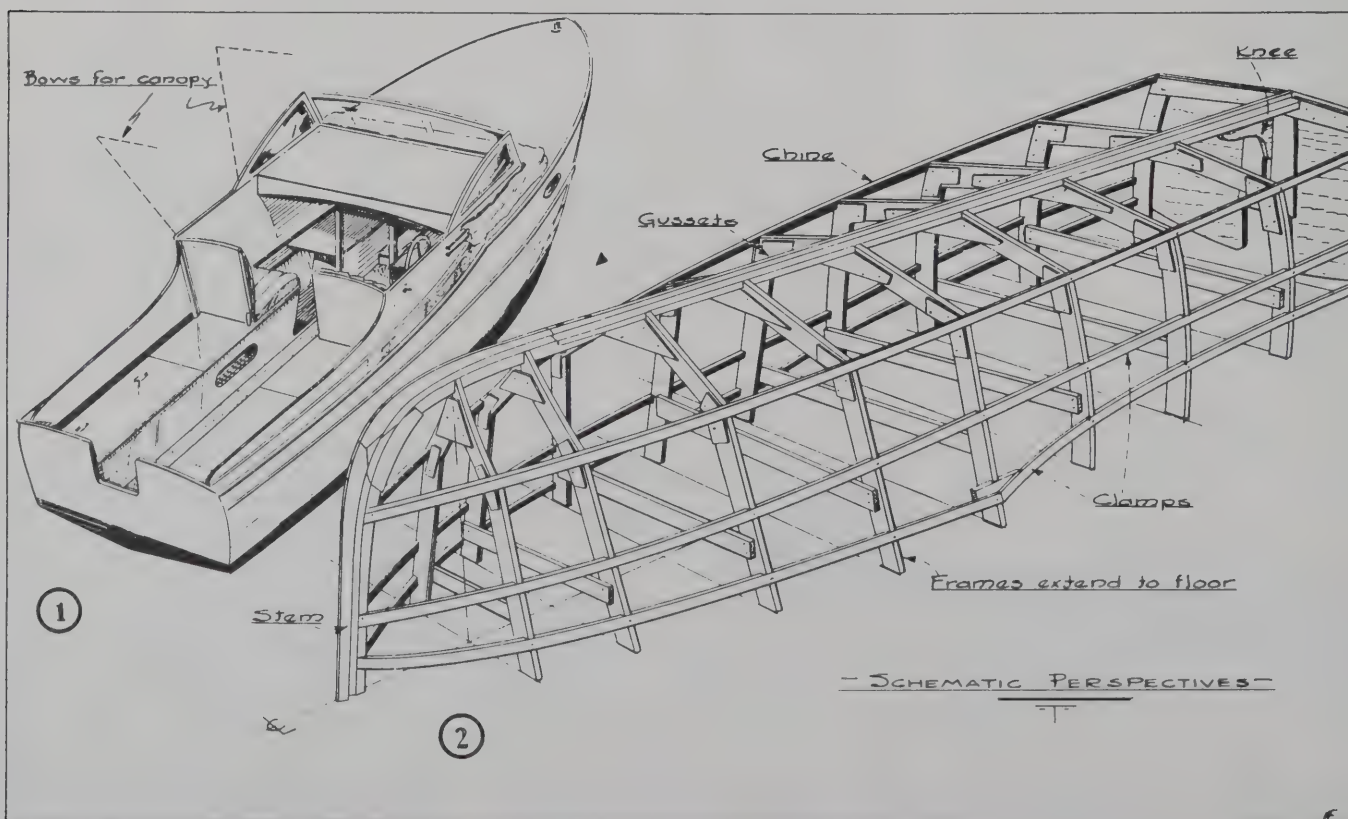
or if we have to run out a squall, up comes the spray hood and presto!—we have cover, sitting in the cockpit uprightly as the righteous should.

The seating arrangement or flying bridge or squatting department, what-you-may-call-it, has been swiped by me from an Ohio builder who built a Quadster. His boat had a 50 hp Cross four-cycle five-cylinder radial outboard. She fairly flew. This builder incorporated in his boat a semi-demi flying bridge with the protected seats forward. Riding up there was great fun. Dry, good vision, all the good qualities.

All this explains why Sun Dance looks as she does—that is, like a baby express cruiser. She has a stem that will be stiff. More, Sun Dance has forefoot; slow her down in a head chop, and her "legs" go down into the water, she slides through and is comfortable.

This estimable journal gets into a lot of the world's remote places. I have specified materials which can be obtained or substituted in Australia, Durban in South Africa, in Chile, or on the shores of Lake Superior. All these are places in which hulls of this type have been built and from the owners of which I have had letters.

Contradictorily, though the bottom of this boat cannot be planked



with plywood in one hunk, her topsides can. It'll take two sheets of $\frac{3}{8}$ " exterior type plywood 2'-8" x 19' long, which means two special panels with 1'-4" x 19' wasted. Roughly 33 per cent waste. Hardly practical.

No, I think that for the good mechanic, which is the average Mr. American, the smaller the pieces of wood the easier your boat will build.

Now we have gone into Sun Dance's design at some length because I find that boat enthusiasts read to learn, and are not so much interested in being told how to hold a hammer or how actually to build a boat as they are interested in *why* a boat is as she is. It is this initial noodling stage that really decides a person to build a boat. The methods of building nearly always furnish themselves; so, later, we will give specifications of materials and fastening sizes, but first a word about the pure naval architecture of the hull.

In 30 years I have found nothing that is superior to a moderate beam-to-waterline-length ratio. We used to do boats that had a beam of .25 of length. Early, I began to use the higher beams, and in utilities and runabouts designed for production boatshops, I have gone as high as .33—such boats wallow at lower speeds. So the optimum seems to be a compromise, and Sun Dance has a B/L ratio of .28. The breast of a small hull which meets big water must be rather high and fine. On the planing surface it is best to keep the chine and keel and running lines parallel in elevation. This is now called "monohedron" bottom but is certainly nothing new. Five degrees of deadrise from keel to chine, or 3

inches in Sun Dance, is optimum. More deadrise results in a mushy beamwise feel to the craft when at rest. These facts are elucidated because current yelps of the semi-demi-cruiseola dopers are all for beam, beam, beam. It is a factor easily overdone.

To build Sun Dance you will have to have a covered shop or else a shop outdoors where it does not rain—ever. Rain on partially finished boat-building work ruins eventual tightness and warps the whole deal. You will also have to have a couple of hundred bucks aching to be spent. It will take between \$200 and \$300 to build her. This is less by about half than comparable kit boats, but of course you are supplying the labor the whole way through.

This boat may be built in a number of ways, all of them good and all of them will produce an active, sharp little hooker that will become one of those treasured material things that comes along but rarely. You can build her seam-and-batten construction, for which specifications are given. Or you can plank the topsides with $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood if you think you are man enough, and finish the bottom seam-and-batten.

You can also build the little jobbie by the strip-construction method shown in section on the lines drawing. Instead of using mahogany or white cedar planking in not over 6-inch widths as with seam-batten construction, you may get yourself a cutting head for making hollow-and-round strips, and plank up the whole hull out of red cedar, rift-sawn. In the latter case steam-bent frames $\frac{3}{8}$ " x $\frac{3}{4}$ " will have to be bent in from sheer to keel on 5"

centers. This is no job to be afraid of; in fact, steaming is one of the best tools in any boatshop, and it would be well to visit a local yard to see how steaming is done. There is nothing to it except to get the wood hot. Even boiling it will do.

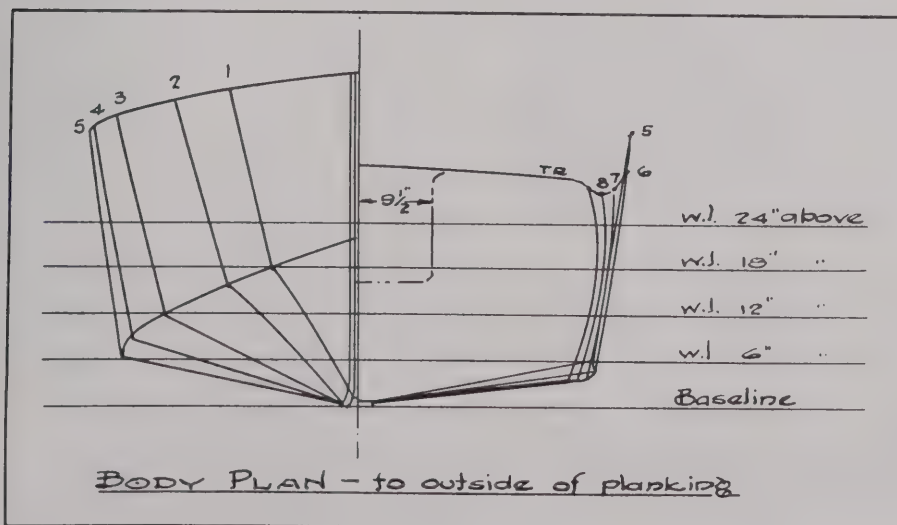
Exterior type plywood may also be sawed up to form planking in strakes, and these may be lap-straked with casein glue in the faying seams, clinched with $1\frac{1}{8}$ " copper clout nails on about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " centers. If mahogany or white cedar is used for planking, make it a full $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick. If red cedar is used, go to $\frac{1}{2}$ " thickness.

The main thing is to keep the weights about as shown in the specs, to use the framing and scantling sizes named, for they have been used and found adequate. Keep weights pared down to the bone. Don't go putting in a cast-iron range, electric refrigerator or any such gear. A boat is much like an airplane—you can't tamper with weights and be sure of getting the boat the designer was drawing when he made the plans.

An absolute must in building Sun Dance is to lay down the lines full sized and to fair them. This process means that the lines and body plan drawing are expanded to full size and that the heights of the chine and sheer and keel in elevation or profile match exactly those of the body plan. If you don't do this you'll get into serious and costly trouble. A fair boat goes together like cream cheese; an unfair one takes a master to pull out of the fat.

The lines must be faired. One does this to remove from the architect's drawings minor aberrations in scale which are unavoidable on small-scale drawings. Use a painted floor with a chalk line snapped for a base, or use building paper stretched to the floor with Scotch Tape for a laying down surface. A batten about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch square, and 20 feet long, a straight edge and a framing square will be needed. From the body plan subtract the planking thickness, and you can then make your frames. These frames plus the keel and stem are erected bottom up on a strongback.

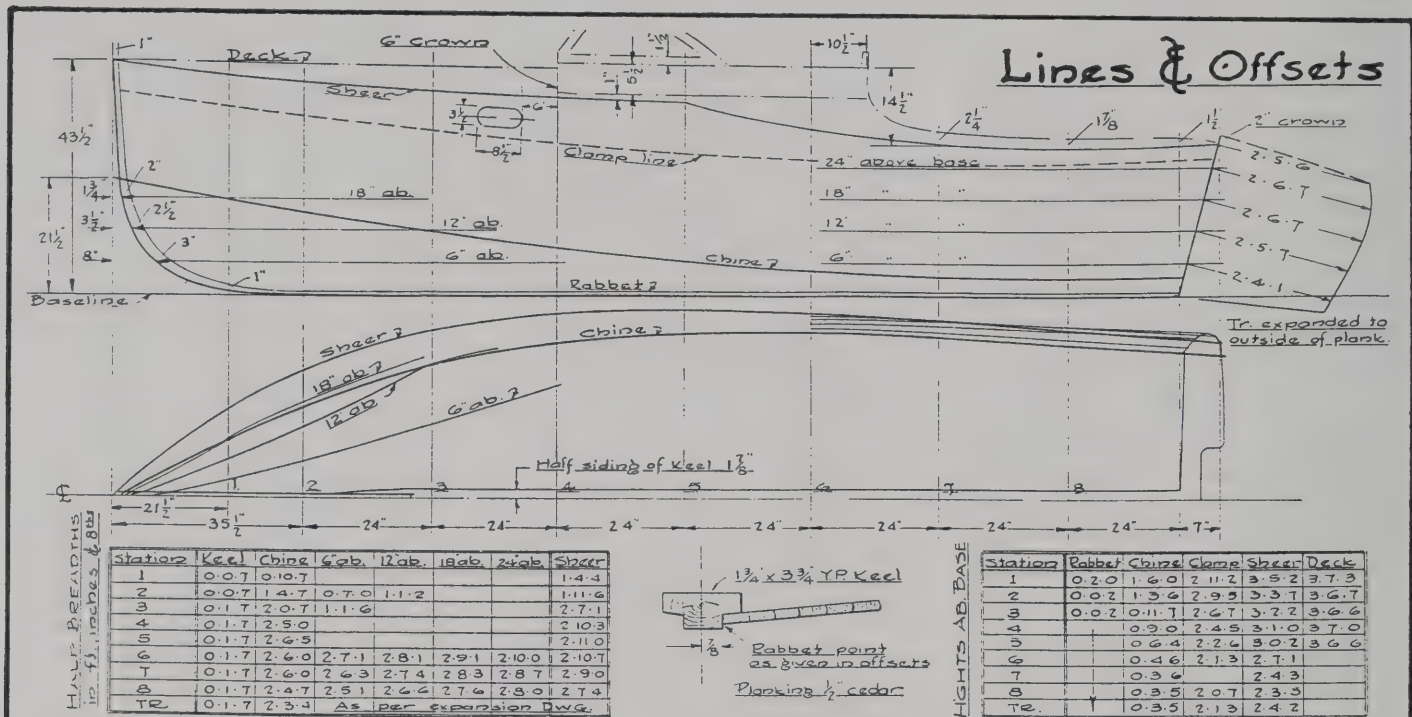
Most men building Sun Dance will have the necessary skill to do a creditable job once they know the scantling sizes. I have been especially careful to name fastening sizes either in the specs or on the plans,



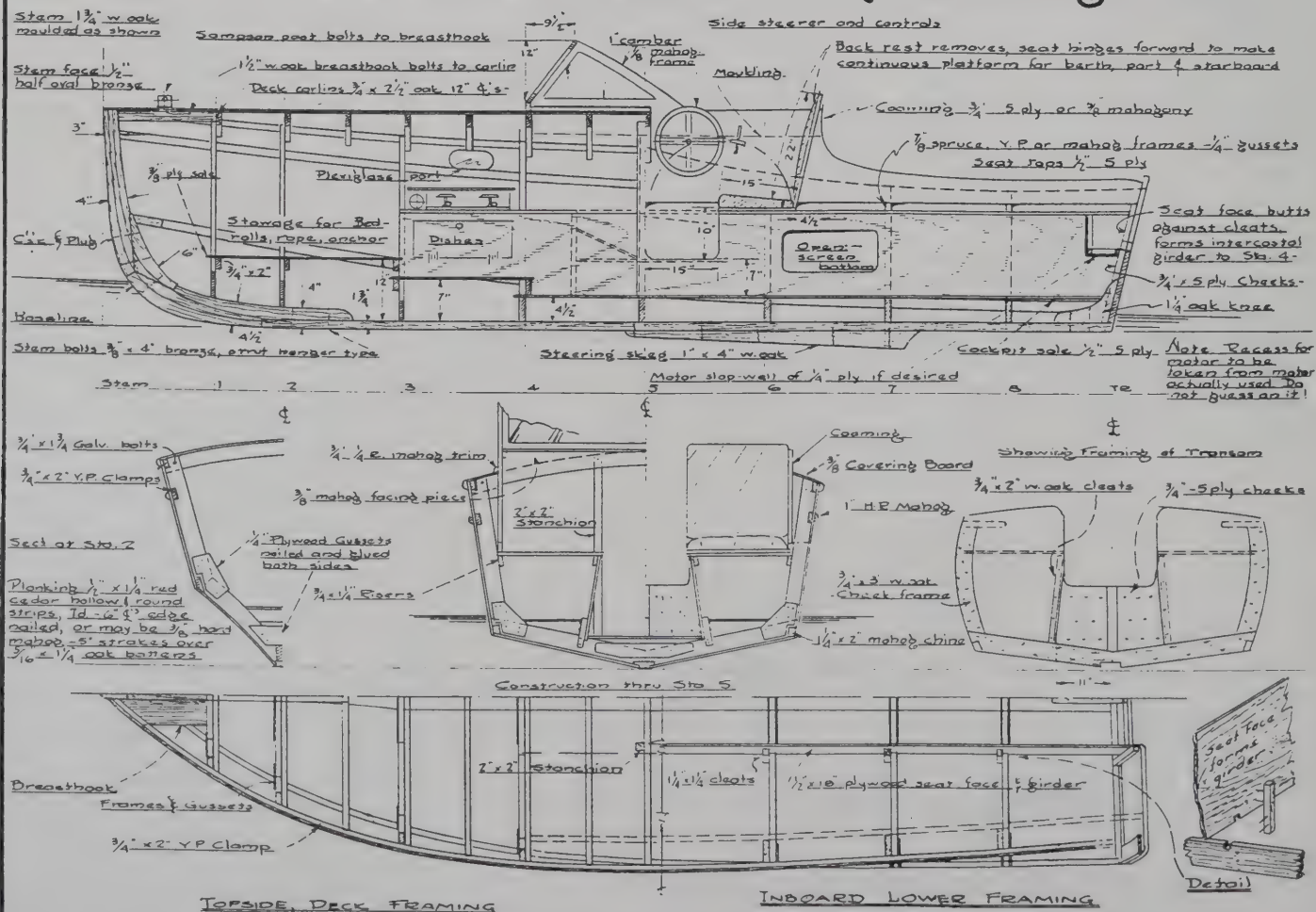
and good judgment will supply the size of bolts, screws or anything I may have missed. So let's have at the specs:

In General: SunDance to be 17 feet 3 inches long, 6 feet 0 inches beam, molded depth as shown on the lines plan. Power to be either

16 hp or 25 hp. Speed with 16 hp, 14-17 miles per hour. Speed with 25 hp, 20-25 miles per hour. Stand-ard shaft length motors to be used



Inboard Profile - Construction & Scantling Plans



for construction shown.

Finish: Hull to be sanded outboard, primed with thinned priming paint applied warm from double boiler. Good drying time to be allowed for each coat to set up hard and bone-dry. Exterior of hull to be marine white. Interior of hull to be either varnished bright, or to be painted two coats of Copper Verde. Boot top to be red. Deck to be primed with putty thinned to creamy consistency with varnish, allowed to dry, and painted. Paint to be colonial buff with burnt sienna added, or a dark eye-saving blue. Coaming and bridge casing to be varnished bright.

Keel: Keel to be of oak, $1\frac{3}{4}$ " x $3\frac{3}{4}$ ", or of fir same dimension. To be notched or gained into frames at proper faying levels for application of planking. To be fastened to plywood floor members on frames with glue and screws, or glue and nails.

Stem: Stem to be of $1\frac{3}{4}$ " oak, molded as shown. May be of hackmatack or apple knee if available, in which case one piece may be had. If stem is built up, glue the joints and fasten with $\frac{3}{8}$ " bronze hanger bolts such as are used for runabout struts. Counterbore bolt holes at stem face deeply and plug with same wood as stem. Rabbet stem to receive planking. For the amateur, this is usually best done as you go, first cutting in a light chisel line at the rabbet curve.

Frames: If of seam-batten construction, to be $\frac{5}{8}$ " x 3" oak, or 1" mahogany, spruce or equivalent. Glue and nail gussets (braces) in place. Subtract planking thickness from body plan. Notch frames after erection for seam battens.

Floors: May be of $\frac{1}{4}$ " fir plywood glued and nailed to frames, using three $\frac{1}{4}$ " galvanized bolts per half-side or six in all. Make proper allowance for keel height and notch in frames, also proper bevel for erection of these members in the gained notches.

Chine: Best construction calls for one piece white oak or mahogany chine in single length, rabbeted for planking. To be 1" x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " in section as per sectional construction view. Optional chine material is yellow pine of slightly larger section. Counterbore for fastening from chine to frame. Use one No. 12 $2\frac{1}{2}$ " brass or bronze screw at each frame. Gain frame to hold chine. If inside or

blind chine is desired, use much thicker soft wood such as cedar or soft mahogany which will swell, and use outboard spray knocker to finish off seam.

Transom: To be of $\frac{3}{4}$ " fir plywood, exterior type, if desired, but may also be of $1\frac{1}{4}$ " hard Honduras mahogany feathered at the seam. Seam to be glued with casein glue. Cheekpieces of $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 3" white oak to be glued to transom edges and fastened with $1\frac{1}{4}$ " No. 10 flat-headed brass screws on about 4" staggered centers. These cheekpieces take the main fastening strain. See construction section. Transom to be cut down for motor to be used, allowing only opening just sufficient to swing motor from side to side. Don't guess on this—measure your motor.

Keep side openings as small as possible to avoid stern wash coming aboard. A plywood slop well can be installed. See drawing.

Planking: Preferably of mahogany, to finish $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick, laid in strakes no wider than 5 inches at widest. Wider planks will buckle and will not fair. Planks to be spiled to fit run of seam battens. Planks to be fastened with $\frac{3}{4}$ " No. 8 flat-headed brass screws on 3" centers. Counterbore lightly and drive carefully to finish flush when sanded. Do not attempt to plug.

Alternate planking may be white cedar of clear stock, same dimensions and fastenings. Harden planking after sanding with shellac liberally thinned with alcohol before painting.

Alternate planking if of strip type construction: red cedar strips hollowed and rounded and edge nailed

every four inches with 7 penny galvanized nails. This puts fastening job blind and is easy to do. Planking strips to be $\frac{1}{2}$ " x $1\frac{1}{4}$ ". Must have steam-bent frames $\frac{3}{8}$ " x $\frac{3}{4}$ " on 5" centers bent from sheer to keel and run over band-sawed fillet blocks at chine. Fasten planking to these frames with $1\frac{1}{4}$ " copper clout nails on every other strake at each frame.

Use $1\frac{1}{4}$ " No. 8 flat-headed brass screws on alternate planks to main sawed frames.

Clamps: To be of any good clear close-grained wood sized as shown. Screw-fasten to frames with $1\frac{1}{2}$ " No. 12 flat-headed brass screws.

Berth Tops and Cockpit Flooring: Shown on sectional drawings. Boy Scout sleeping bag makes an excellent berth.

Deck Carlings: To be of white oak $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " sawn to proper crown. Decking to be t&g maple or fir to narrow widths, or cover with $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood and then with 10-ounce canvas laid in marine glue. Fill canvas with creamy mixture of putty and varnish, or with patented seam composition.

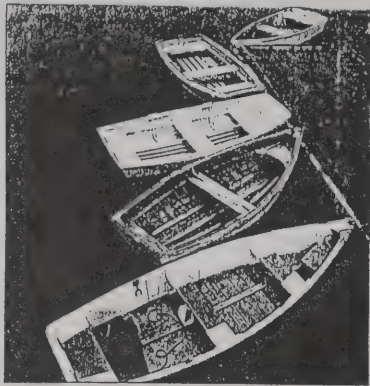
Caulking: Light string caulking where needed, with seams and water edges filled *only after hull is completely sanded* with 900 Seam Sealer run in fillets along keel, chine edges, transom edges, etc. on inboard side. This is a rubberlike sealer which cures into rubber and stays flexible forever. Great stuff.

And this just about covers it, mates. From this, in addition to the plans, you can get a little cruiser that will withal be a fine hooker. She sure withal will be!



LIVING ABOARD

ESTABLISHED 1973 - VOLUME XVI, NO. 4 - WINTER '88-89 ISSUE



Fantasy or Reality? Price of Safety? Livesboard Rights? Decision to Live Aboard
A Trip of Discovery? Scott's Book 'A Breakfast

WHY DO THEY LIVE ABOARD?

The Winter '88-'89 issue of "Living Aboard" has a lengthy feature written by its readers, people who live aboard boats. "Living Aboard: Fantasy or Reality" is the title. It's an illuminating compilation of attitudes, ideas and opinions about this lifestyle. Not all in praise. If you've ever entertained the idea of this sort of life, read this first. It would be a good issue to start a year's subscription with. The cost is \$16 for membership in the Homafloote Association, and you get "Living Aboard" quarterly. Address is 1148 Centre St. Suite 312, Newton Center, MA 02159. Maybe they'll sell you just this issue if you ask.

"SPEEDBOAT"

Here's THE BOOK for the speedboat enthusiast with \$125 to spend, published by Mystic Seaport Museum, and featuring 160 historic photos from the Rosenfeld Collection and other sources, 65 plans of boats and motors, and a complete narrative history of the development of speed on the water under power by D.W. Fostle. A signed and numbered Rosenfeld print, the "Harmsworth Trophy" is included with the leather bound, slipcased 12"x9" format volume. The edition is a limited one, just 2,000 will be available. If this is something you'd like to see more about before ordering one up, ask for the "Speedboat" brochure and order form from Mystic Seaport Museum Stores, Mystic, CT 06355. We didn't get to see a review copy of this one, just the brochure.

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WINTER READING

IN THE MAJOR MEDIA

A tip from a reader brought our attention to two items concerning messing about in boats that recently appeared in major league periodicals.

In the January 1989 issue of "National Geographic", Ned Gillette tells his story of rowing (and sailing a bit) the aluminum dory "Sea Tomato" across the Drake Passage the 400 miles from Cape Horn to Antarctica. Readers who have been with us several years will recall our chronicling the building of this unique craft and telling of Ned's plans. After a year's delay due to unfavorable weather, he and three companions made the trip last February. The photography is superb, the story something of a melodramaticization with much emphasis on derring do and macho efforts. "Rowing Antarctica's Most Mad Seas" is the title, and that sort of sets the tone of the tale. Good stuff, nevertheless, for anyone of us armchair adventurers, makes you understand why you'd rather read about this than try it.

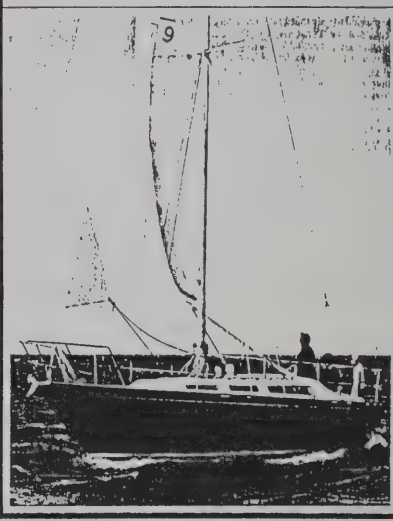
The January 1989 issue of "Yankee" magazine has a feature of a different sort, all about a long labor of love building a half-scale model of the schooner "Rose Dorothea" in Provincetown, where the completed effort sits fully rigged in an old church converted into a town museum. This "model" is 62' long and fully rigged INDOORS! The builder, Flyer Santos, is the real thing, he's already built a smaller scale model (about 40' long) for a parade back in 1935. It's been a while between models. The "Rose Dorothea" was the pride of the Provincetown Portugese fishing fleet after beating schooners from Gloucester and Boston in 1907 in the "Lipton Cup" race, bringing that cup to Provincetown where today it's on display in the museum along with Flyer's giant model. Why'd he do all this? One reason was that his grandfather was on the schooner in that race. But mostly, it was done to capture a bygone time of community pride. It's a nice tale, you'll like it. Maybe, like me, you'll just have to go to Provincetown this year and look in on it at the Provincetown Heritage Museum.

DESIGNS, DESIGNS, DESIGNS

People who design boats found some time ago that they could sell something called "study plans" for a few bucks to interested persons wondering whether or not to buy the full building plans for much larger sums. The "study plans" business is now a very real economic prop under the unstable business of boat designing. Now we are seeing compilations of such study plans into catalogs of boat plans, and these can cost you up to \$10. Get the prospect to first buy your advertising material, and if it's persuasive enough, maybe he'll then buy a plan or three. Several of these catalogs have arrived here this winter and I thought I'd comment on them.

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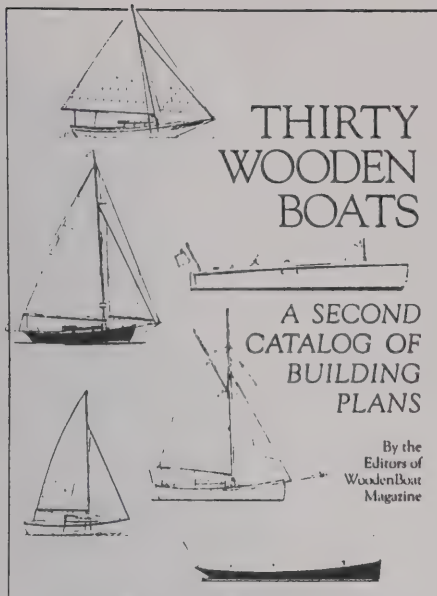
Bruce Roberts offers the most cost effective catalog, it's a 120 page full color magazine format publication on slick stock, chock-a-block full of an amazing number of boat designs, materials advice, building system information. The boats are all pretty large scale, many ultra-modern in concept and style, and the building plans, which come with full size patterns, run from \$199 to \$795. The "Trailer Sailer 18" is the smallest. But the catalog is FREE (or \$2 if you cannot wait for bulk mailing and want it delivered by 1st Class mail). Even with no plans for building, you'd find a lot of interesting reading here and the price is right. Bruce Roberts, P.O. Box 1086, Severna Park, MD 21146.

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"Wooden Boat" has now come out with its second collection of "Thirty Wooden Boats" plans, and this is a very professional 80 page 8-1/2"x11" paperback (softcover?) book. Here are designs that drop down more into my realm, canoes, a kayak, pulling boats, daysailers, powerboats, cruising boats. Well, some of the latter get well beyond me. All in wood! Even a 14' catamaran. Study plans and comments on thirty designs, and you're bound to find something in here

you'll like if you like traditional wooden boats. This one will set you back \$8.95 (no mention is made about the usual "plus shipping" but check on it) but it's a winter treat for dreaming. Prices for the plans seem to run from about \$50 to \$300, dependent on size and complexity. Wooden Boat Publications, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616.

Moving on up the price scale we come to Eric Sponberg's "Catalog of Boat Designs". This is very well put together in a more conservative manner, dark blue, heavy weave texture cover stock, navy blue-on-white type and study plans within, but only 26 pages, ten designs. The "Sponberg 38" is pretty exotic stuff up front but his 21' "Daysailing Clipper" towards the back looks interesting. And then there's the 25' "Voyaging Rowboat" which looks like the Ned Gillette "Sea Tomato" to me. Eric charges \$10 for his slimmer catalog, he doesn't tell you what the building plans cost. Sponberg Yacht Design, P.O. Box 661, Newport, RI 02840.

Moving on from plans to boats and gear, there's Walter Beckmann's tabloid catalog, another \$10 piece of design literature (it is refundable on any order of \$50 or more, however) on newsprint in a fold-out tabloid size, 11"x17", 32 pages. Beckmann is into tugboats, launches, steamboat stuff, some bigger commercial fishing types,

electric. But mostly tugs and lots of steam power. Hulls, engines, gear, complete boats too. This is something of a cut and paste effort, a variety of type faces, random placing of information from page to page. But, so what, there's a lot there if you are interested in these kind of boats. The writing is a bit on the old time funky side, not as slick and sophisticated as the other catalogs reviewed here, and fun to read, at least to me. When you get through the accolades of praise you do find lots of nuggets of useful detail information. Including prices, like "from \$36,750" for the "Kathy 22" steam tugboat. Beckmann Ltd., P.O. Box 97, Wakefield, RI 02880.



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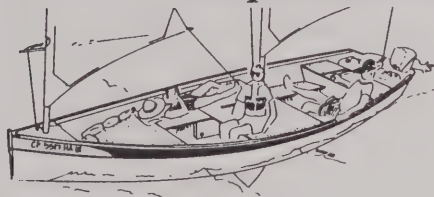
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VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE:

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.

WATCHAPREAGUE INLET. — COBB'S ISLAND. — CHERRYSTONE.
ARRIVAL AT NORFOLK. — THE "LANDMARK'S" ENTERPRISE.

It was three miles and three quarters to the southern end of the island, which has an inlet from the ocean upon each side of that end — the northern one being Assateague, the southern one Chincoteague Inlet. Fortunately, I crossed the latter in smooth water to Ballast Narrows in the marshes, and soon reached Four Mouths, where I found *five* mouths of thoroughfares, and became perplexed, for had not the pilots of Chincoteague called this interesting display of mouths "Four Mouths"? I clung to the authority of local knowledge, however, and was soon in a labyrinth of creeks which ended in the marshes near the beach.

Returning over the course, I once more faced the four, or *five* mouths rather, and taking a new departure by entering the next mouth to the one I had so unsatisfactorily explored, soon entered Rogue's Bay, across which could be seen the entrance to Cat Creek, where I was to experience the difficulties predicted by my Chincoteague friends. Cat Creek furnished at half tide sufficient water for my canoe, and not the slightest difficulty was experienced in getting through it. The oystermen had in their minds their own sloop-rigged oyster-boats when they discoursed to me about the hard passage of Cat Creek. They had not considered the fact that my craft drew only five inches of water.

Cat Creek took me quite down to the beach, where, through an inlet, the dark-blue ocean, sparkling in its white caps, came pleasantly into view. Another inlet was to be crossed, and again I was favored with smooth water. This was Assawaman Inlet, which divided the beach into two islands — Wallops on the north, and Assawaman on the south.

It seemed a singular fact that the two Assawaman bays are forty-five miles to the north of an inlet of the same name. In following the creeks through the marshes between Assawaman Island and the mainland, I crossed another shoal bay, and another inlet opened in the beach, through which the ocean was again seen. This last was Gargathy Inlet. Before reaching it, as night was coming on, I turned up a thoroughfare and rowed some distance to the mainland, where I found lodgings with a hospitable farmer, Mr. Martin R. Kelly. At daybreak I crossed Gargathy Inlet.

It was now Saturday, November 28; and being encouraged by the successful crossing of the inlets in my tiny craft, I pushed on to try the less inviting one at the end of Matomkin Island. Fine weather favored me, and I pushed across the strong tide that swept through this inlet without shipping a sea. Assawaman and Gargathy are constantly shifting their channels. At times there will be six feet of water, and again they will shoal to two feet. Matomkin, also, is not to be relied on. Every northeaster will shift a buoy placed in the channels of these three inlets, so they are not buoyed.

Watchapreague Inlet, to the south of the three last named, is less changeable in character, and is also a much more dangerous inlet to cross in rough weather. From Matomkin Inlet the interior thoroughfares were followed inside of Cedar Island, when darkness forced me to seek shelter with Captain William F. Burton, whose comfortable home was on the shore of the mainland, about five miles from Watchapreague Inlet. Here I was kindly invited to spend Sunday. Captain Burton told me much of interest, and among other things mentioned the fact that during one August, a few years before my visit, a large lobster was taken on a fish-hook in Watchapreague Inlet, and that a smaller one was captured in the same manner during the summer of 1874.

Monday was a gusty day. My canoe scraped its keel upon the shoals as I dodged the broken oyster reefs, called here "oyster rocks," while on the passage down to Watchapreague Inlet. The tide was very low, but the water deepened as the beach was approached. A northeaster was blowing freshly, and I was looking for a lee under the beach, when suddenly the canoe shot around a sandy point, and was tugging for life in the rough waters of the inlet. The tide was running in from the sea with the force of a rapid, and the short, quick puffs of wind tossed the waves wildly. It was useless to attempt to turn the canoe back to the beach in such rough water, but, intent on keeping the boat above the caps, I gave her all the momentum that muscular power could exert, as she was headed for the southern point of the beach, across the dangerous inlet.

Though it was only half a mile across, the passage of Watchapreague taxed me severely. Waves washed over my canoe, but the gallant little craft after each rebuff rose like a bird to the surface of the water, answering the slightest touch of my oar better than the best-trained steed. After entering the south-side swash, the wind struck me on the back, and seas came tumbling over and around the boat, fairly forcing me on-to the beach. As we flew along, the tumultuous waters made my head swim; so, to prevent mental confusion, I kept my eyes only upon the oars, which, strange to say, never betrayed me into a false stroke.

As a heavy blast beat down the raging sea for a moment, I looked over my shoulder and beheld the low, sandy dunes of the southern shore of the inlet close at hand, and with a severe jolt the canoe grounded high on the strand. I leaped out and drew my precious craft away from the tide, breathing a prayer of thankfulness for my escape from danger, and mentally vowing that the canoe should cross all other treacherous inlets in a fisherman's sloop. I went into camp in a hollow of the beach, where the sand-hills protected me from the piercing wind. All that afternoon I watched from my burrow in the ground the raging of the elements, and towards evening was pleased to note a general subsidence of wind and sea.

The canoe was again put into the water and the thoroughfare followed southward for a mile or two, when the short day ended, leaving me

beside a marshy island, which was fringed with an oyster-bed of sharp-beaked bivalves. Stepping overboard in the mud and water, the oars and paddle were laid upon the shell reef to protect the canoe, which was dragged on to the marsh. It grew colder as the wind died out. The marsh was wet, and no fire-wood could be found. The canvas cover was removed, the cargo was piled up on a platform of oars and shells to secure it from the next tide, and then I slowly and laboriously packed myself away in the narrow shell for the night. The canvas deck-cover was buttoned in its place, a rubber blanket covered the cockpit, and I tried to sleep and dream that I was not a sardine, nor securely confined in some inhospitable vault. It was impossible to turn over without unbuttoning one side of the deck-cover and going through contortions that would have done credit to a first-class acrobat. For the first time in my life I found it necessary to get *out* of bed in order to turn over *in* it.

At midnight, mallards (*Anas boschas*) came close to the marsh. The soft *whagh* of the drake, which is not in this species blessed with the loud quack of the female bird, sufficiently established the identity of the duck. Then muskrats, and the oyster-eating coon, came round, no doubt scenting my provisions. Brisk raps from my knuckles on the inside shell of the canoe astonished these animals and aroused their curiosity, for they annoyed me until daybreak.

When I emerged from my narrow bed, the frosty air struck my cheeks, and the cold, wet marsh chilled my feet. It was the delay at Watchapreague Inlet that had lodged me on this inhospitable marsh; so, trying to exercise my poor stock of patience, I completed my toilet, shaking in my wet shoes. The icy water, into which I stepped ankle-deep in order to launch my canoe, reminded me that this wintry morning was in fact the first day of December, and that stormy Hatteras, south of which was to be found a milder climate, was still a long way off.

The brisk row along Paramore's Island (called Palmer's by the natives) to the wide, bay-like entrance of Little Machipongo Inlet, restored warmth to my benumbed limbs. This wide doorway of the ocean permitted me to cross its west portal in peace, for the day was calm. From Little to Great Machipongo Inlet the beach is called Hog Island. The inside thor-

oughfare is bounded on the west by Rogue's Island, out of the flats of which rose a solitary house. At the southern end of Hog Island there is a small store on a creek, and near the beach a light-house, while a little inland is located, within a forest of pines, a small settlement.

At noon, Great Machipongo Inlet was crossed without danger, and Cobb's Island was skirted several miles to Sand Shoal Inlet, near which the hotel of the three Cobb brothers rose cheerfully out of the dreary waste of sands and marshes. The father of the present proprietors came to this island more than thirty years ago, and took possession of this domain, which had been thrown up by the action of the ocean's waves. He refused an offer of one hundred thousand dollars for the island. The locality is one of the best on this coast for wild-fowl shooting. Sand Shoal Inlet, at the southern end of Cobb's Island, has a depth of twelve feet of water on its bar at low tide.

In company with the regular row-boat ferry I crossed, the next day, the broad bay to the mainland eight miles distant, where the canoe was put upon a cart and taken across the peninsula five miles to Cherrystone, the only point near Cape Charles at which a Norfolk steamer stopped for passengers. It was fully forty miles across Chesapeake Bay from Cherrystone Landing to Norfolk, and it was imperative to make the portage from this place instead of from Cape Charles, which, though more than fifteen miles further south, and nearer to my starting-point on the other side, did not possess facilities for transportation. The slow one-horse conveyance arrived at Cherrystone half an hour *after* the steamer N. P. Banks had left the landing, though I heard that the kind-hearted captain, being told I was coming, waited and whistled for me till his patience was exhausted.

The only house at the head of the pier was

owned by Mr. J. P. Powers, and fortunately offered hotel accommodations. Here I remained until the next trip of the boat, December 4. Arriving in Norfolk at dusk of the same day, I stored my canoe in the warehouse of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, and quietly retired to an hotel which promised an early meal in the morning, congratulating myself the while that I had avoided the usual show of curiosity tendered to canoeists at city piers, and above all had escaped the inevitable reporter. Alas! my thankfulness came too soon; for when about to retire, my name was called, and a veritable reporter from the Norfolk Landmark cut off my retreat.

"Only a few words," he pleadingly whispered. "I've been hunting for you all over the city since seven o'clock, and it is near midnight now."

He gently took my arm and politely furnished me with a chair. Then placing his own directly before me, he insinuatingly worked upon me until he derived a knowledge of the log of the Paper Canoe, when leaning back in his chair he leisurely surveyed me and exclaimed:

"Mr. Bishop, you are a man of *snap*. We like men of snap; we admire men of snap; in fact, I may say we *cotton* to men of snap, and I am proud to make your acquaintance. Now if you will stop over a day we will have the whole city out to see your boat."

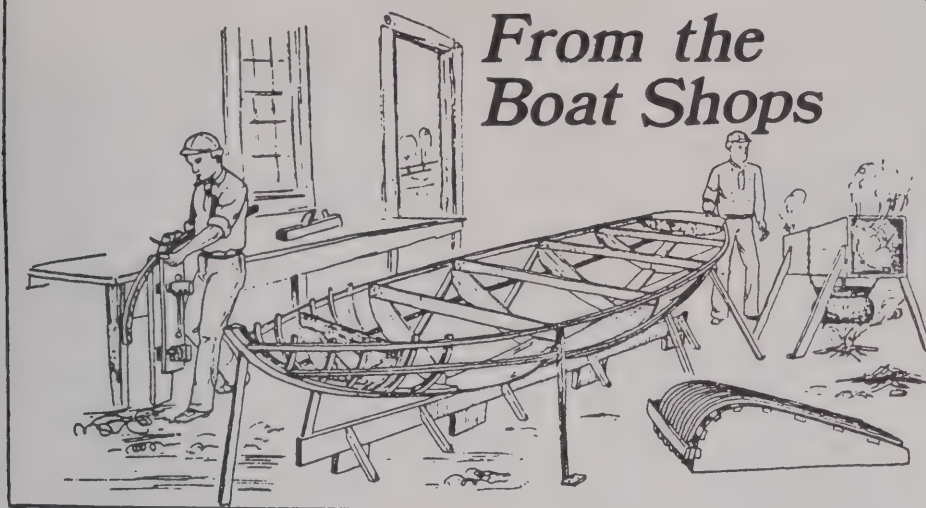
This *kind* offer I firmly refused, and we were about to part, when he said in a softly rebuking manner:

"You thought, Mr. Bishop, you would give us the slip—did you not? I assure you that would be quite impossible. Eternal Vigilance is our motto. No, you could not escape us. Good evening, sir, and the 'Landmark's' welcome to you."

Six hours later, as I entered the restaurant of the hotel with my eyes half open, a newsboy bawled out in the darkness: "'Ere's the 'Landmark.' Full account of the Paper Canoe," &c. And before the sun was up I had read a column and a half of "The Arrival of the Solitary Voyager in Norfolk." So much for the zeal of Mr. Perkins of the "Landmark," a worthy example of American newspaper enterprise. Dreading further attentions, I now prepared to beat a hasty retreat from the city.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From the Boat Shops



FEATHER CANOES: BUSIER THAN EVER

I'm busier than ever, three boats to start as soon as I can, plus about five under construction in different stages right now. Naturally, my outside carpentry work has also picked up now. It's always this way, dead stop or full speed ahead. I'm lucky to get rowing two mornings a week. Listen to me com-

plain! You guys are shut in until spring, we're just starting to get some COOL weather now. I'm still picking cukes and tomatoes from the garden.

Here's a photo of my new rowing shell, 20' long by 20" beam.

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When he learned in 1955 that his old boat was falling apart as a result of grievous neglect by a new owner, he asked his naval architect friend John Atkin to take off her lines, and he then presented the resulting plans to Mystic Seaport Museum.

Last summer, Snyder, now Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, commissioned us at the Rockport Apprenticeship to build a replica of his old dreamboat. Using techniques and materials similar to those Morse employed in 1908, a team of apprentices is currently planking the hull of the stout 37' vessel. Snyder occasionally drops in from Connecticut to lend a hand. The new Friendship is scheduled for launching on July 22nd. In August, she will lead the annual New York Yacht Club Down East Cruise from Southwest Harbor to Roque Island where "Rita II" will be christened in the center of a circle of modern yachts lying off one of Maine's most remote and beautiful islands.

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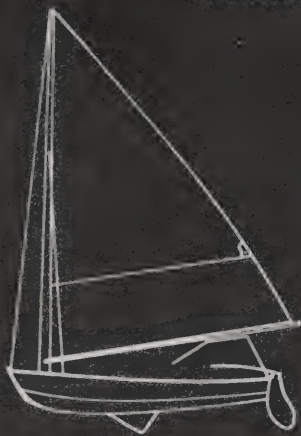
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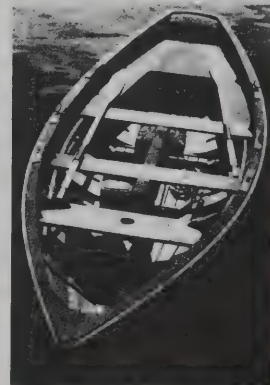
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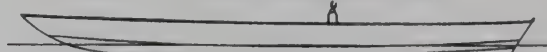


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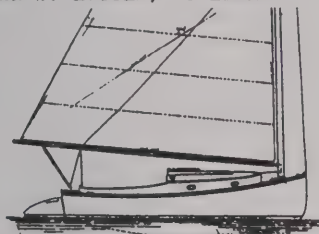
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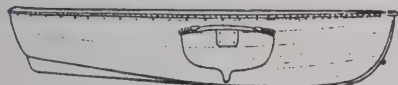
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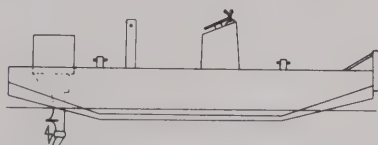
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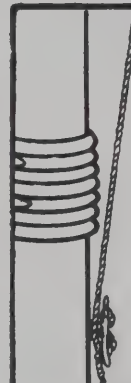
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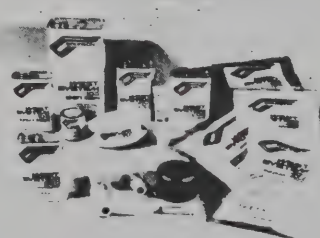
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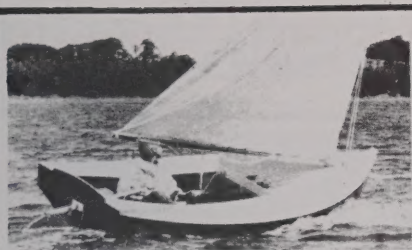
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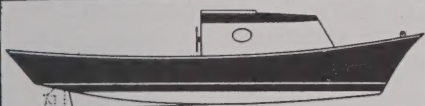
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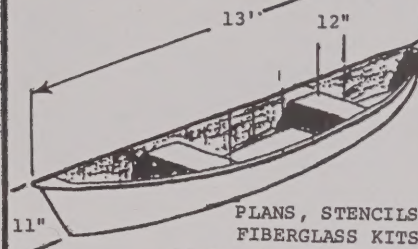
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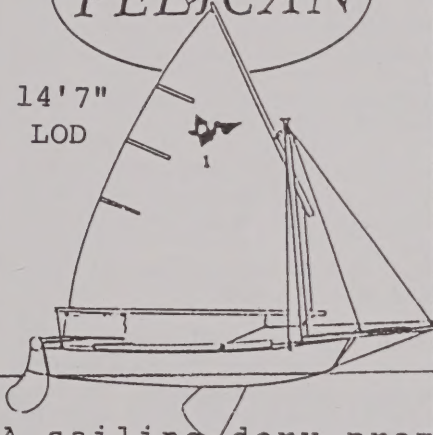
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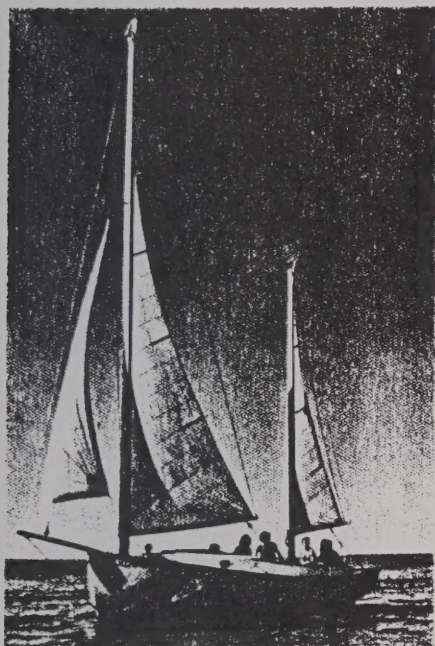
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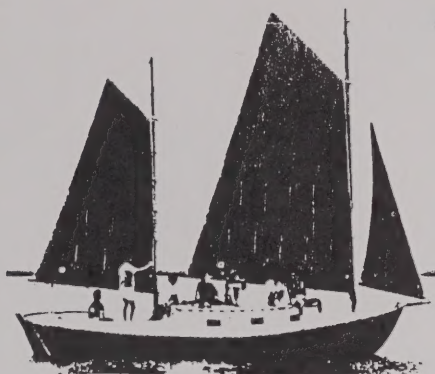
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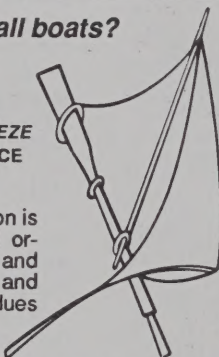
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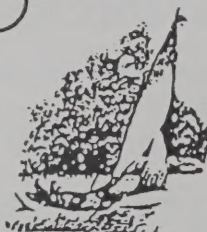
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