



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 7 ~ Number 6

August 1, 1989





messing about in BOATS

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

ADDRESS: 29 BURLEY ST.
WENHAM, MA 01984
TEL. (508) 774-0906
PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

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

Our Next Issue...

Will focus on the boats and
builders we find at the "Small Craft
Builders' Exposition" at the Lake
Champlain Maritime Museum on July
8th; and what we learn and who we
see at L.L. Bean's "Advanced" Sea
Kayak Symposium in Biddeford,
Maine, July 15th. Peter Duff re-
turns with more on his schooner
project; there's more reader de-
sign/project reports; a retrospec-
tive look at 1988's "Atlantic Chal-
lenge"; maybe more.

On the Cover...

Rain and fog at Mystic Seaport
early Sunday morning as one oars-
man prepares to head downriver on
the annual Small Craft Workshop's
breakfast cruise. Lots of boat pic-
tures taken at this event in this
issue

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

When I undertook to write up
my report on the Mystic Small Craft
Workshop for this issue, memory of
my early Sunday morning conversa-
tion with friend Peter Schmidt,
comfortably esconced under the big
top tent watching the hardy types
head off downriver in pouring rain
and fog, caused me to lead into
that story on something of a philo-
sophical bent. Like, why wasn't I
so interested anymore in "braving
the elements"? I've done a hell of
a lot of that over some 40 years of
adult life, almost always in the
name of "sport" or "recreation".
And further, why was I no longer
so keen to get to Mystic and try
out all those lovely small boats
people bring there?

Peter summed up the first is-
sue neatly when he remarked that,
"there go those in need of adven-
ture". He and I, and a number of
others it appeared, no longer felt
this need. And we then concluded
on the second issue, that we'd both
settled upon the sort of boats we
really preferred, so the exploration
of new small boat experiencing was
no longer felt to be necessary to
our enjoyment of being here.

At first glance these could be
construed as early symptoms of dis-
enchantment with messing about in
boats. Here were two unusual ways
for us to mess about, and we chose
not to do so. Becoming armchair
boaters? Becoming jaded? Ready to
move on to something else? No,
none of these. What seems to have
happened is that at last some focus
as to personal preferences had de-
veloped in our boating. Peter has
his little Rob Roy double paddle
canoe, I have my various kayaks.
Handy, easy to use small boats.

My real interest in boating
becomes more apparent to me all the
time. It is the regular publication
of this magazine and all of the in-
teraction this develops between me
and people who enjoy all sorts of
boats. I've never been a narrowly
focussed boater, just sea kayaks,
or just daysailers, or just fixing
up or building small boats. I've al-
ways been attracted by all these,
and more, so never really got very
involved in, or good at, any one
way to play. The one clear focus is
this magazine. Twenty-four issues
a year hold my attention.

Now after about 15 years of
messing about in boats, and six of
them publishing this magazine, it
appears my own personal boats have
simplified themselves down to solo
and double kayaks, and a Townie
sloop. The former are in use, the
latter's still a project. My appetite

for new experiences in different
sorts of boats can be assuaged in
the pursuit of my work, getting
the stories. I get to go out in all
sorts of boats in my journalist
role, with people happy to take me
along. I don't need to own any cer-
tain sort of boat in order to find
out if I enjoy it.

My present personal fleet
seems to be the result of many
such experiences. There are other
boats I'd like to own and use, but
the reality of the time they'd de-
mand from me renders them imprac-
tical. So my lack of interest in
rowing or paddling or sailing in
any of the small boats at Mystic
was not due to lack of interest in
them as boats, I immensely enjoy
being in their midst with their
owners. I just knew I'd not be
doing anything new, most of the
types I've been out in at one time
or another, one place or another.

I don't row anymore, Jane and
I rowed a couple of Rangely Guide-
boats we'd restored for several
years. We enjoyed the rowing but
not the going backwards thing and
the cricks in the necks from con-
stant over-the-shoulder looks. We
tried canoe paddling but found it a
much more uncomfortable and awk-
ward way than the double paddle,
armchair seat kayak. We had a 24'
keel sloop once, but it was such a
hassle to get to on its mooring,
launch, haul, store, etc. that we
sold it. Sailing lingers still, the
Townie is just the right size now,
and the Folbot Super has a Balogh
sail rig going on it soon. Motor-
boats don't attract us, other than
as representations of bygone golden
times. I spent 40 years involved
with motors in motorcycles and cars
and don't need any more of that in
a boat.

Despite this crystallizing of
my preferences, I still love all
these boats people have and enjoy.
I enjoy sharing their experiences
when it happens, and bringing
such news to you. The people
always interest me the most, the
boats are reflections of their
selves, and their reasons for the
boats they have almost always add
a depth of meaning to the boat. It's
more than a handy appliance for
doing whatever it does, it's an in-
tegral part of someone's life or
lives. It is this human dimension
that lifts the boats we love out of
that mass of craft used solely for
getting about on the water in the
"latest", "fastest", "most luxuri-
ous", or most godawful of all rea-
sons, "most prestigious" water-
craft.



Your Commentary

IS MY PROBLEM UNIQUE?

Is my problem unique, or are these different kinds of boats we like so much nearly impossible to sell? About nine years ago I bought the hull, that's all that was left of it, of a Canadian guideboat. I believe it's a Peterborough, 16', cedar on oak, copper fastened. A nice start. I put it back together with short decks fore and aft, new seats, sheer clamps, rudder and centerboard case in oak and Philippine mahogany. With a Sitkaspruce mast and cotton spritsail and jib and a layer of fiberglass on the bottom, the boat has been perfect for messing about in, and still is. Oars serve well for auxiliary power and it's easy to trailer and get into and out of the water. I once launched the boat and sailed around a small lake and then loaded back onto the trailer in the time it took a group of four to rig a Hobie cat and get it into the water. There's nothing like an unstayed mast to speed up rigging.

Now I'm ready for something bigger and plan to start building Bolger's 23' "Martha Jane" sharpie this coming fall. To do this I need to sell "Puffin", both to make room in the garage for this next project and to raise some cash to purchase a stack of plywood, a bundle of fir and a few gallons of glue.

My classified ads in Small Boat Journal, "Wooden Boat", "Messing About in Boats" and the local papers produced only two inquiries. One said he might stop by but never did, the other asked for pictures. I sent them to him and have heard no more. Is this how selling boats not found in showrooms always goes? I've dropped the price down to \$1,400 but that doesn't seem to be the issue. I just can't find anyone anywhere even half interested in a small wooden sailboat.

An irony is that people always admire the boat at the launch ramp. "Nice lines," or "Pretty boat", they always say as they board their plastic tubs, 70 horse motors slung on the transoms. So I wonder, is there a secret to finding an interested buyer? Or is eastern Pennsylvania the wrong place to sell such a boat? I've noticed many boat ads promise "free delivery", do we all suspect we live in the wrong place?

If any reader is looking for a traditional sailing/rowing boat, he can give me a call. I've got a handful of pictures I thought I'd be needing when I ran all the magazine classified ads. I'm running my ad again with you in case it was missed the first time around. But what I really wonder is; does everyone have this kind of trouble finding interested buyers for older and different boats?

Dave Dawson, Northampton
PA, (315) 767-7851.

SATISFIES A NEED

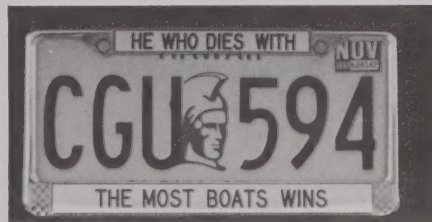
I like your down to earth...oops, down to WATER approach to boating. The twice a month schedule helps satisfy my need for a boating fix, particularly over the winter. I've found the "Happenings" listings helpful and always enjoy scanning the "Classified Marketplace". I'd like to see more articles on small boat destinations around New England, such as the "Guide to Cape Cod Paddling" in the April 1st issue.

Dave Hoitt, Northfield, MA.

WHO WINS?

We saw this license plate frame while on vacation in Hawaii and thought your readers might enjoy it.

Kris Hansen, Roslindale, MA.



WITH HIM IN MIND

"Messing About in Boats" sounds like a magazine put out with me in mind. Here is my subscription order. I am the enthusiastic owner of one of Mason Smith's "Adirondack Goodboats", beautifully modified to include sponsons and to accommodate the standing lug sloop rig (including bowsprit) that I designed for a boat of similar dimensions about 24 years ago. It was Mr. Smith who introduced me to your magazine.

Byron McCulloh, Pittsburgh, PA.

The MELONSEED SKIFF



It is with pleasure and pride that we introduce the MELONSEED SKIFF. The original drawings of this boat appeared in Chapelle's "American Small Sailing Craft", dated 1888.

Over the past several months we have been test sailing in a wide variety of conditions. Her speed is exhilarating on all points of sail and she will go very well to windward! The hull is seakindly, stable and impeccably well mannered. Put quite simply, she is fast and safe.

Like our SWAMPSCOTT DORIES, the MELONSEED SKIFF will reflect the high level of quality construction and finish for which we are known. We've been thoughtful in our reproduction of the design, faithful to the boat's tradition, and have produced a wonderful blend of performance and appearance.

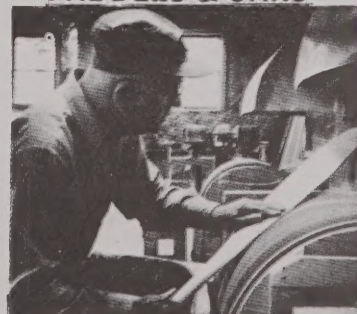
We all can't afford to own a big boat, but we can own a good boat! That's the point of all this.

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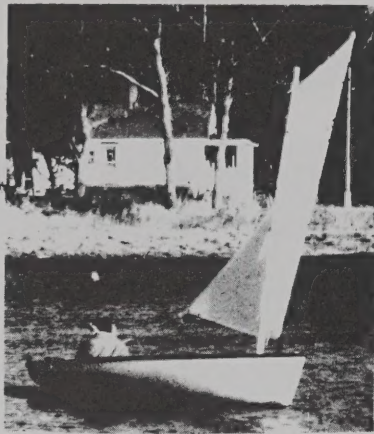
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HAPPENINGS



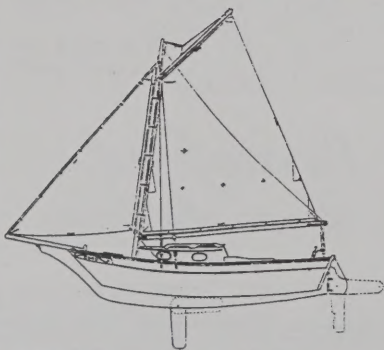
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THE PAPER BOATER IS BACK

The now and again effort at publishing an occasional newsletter for persons interested in paper boats has surfaced once more in its latest permutation, published by Ken Cupery, who has some credentials in paper making technology to bolster his affection for paper boats. Ken will send you a copy if you like and is asking no compensation at this time. "The Paper Boater". Ken Cupery, 139 Roosevelt Rd., Rochester, NY 14618.

MAINE MARITIME SUMMER WORKSHOPS

Two August workshops to be held at Maine Maritime Museum in Bath might be of interest.

August 12. Recanvassing Wooden Canoes with Rollin Thurlow.

August 21-24. Sailing an Old Gaffer with Roger Taylor.

Registration forms from Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

MYSTIC RIVER LANTERN VIGIL

A gathering of small craft in support and celebration of peace and freedom throughout the world will take place on August 6th, Hiroshima/World Peace Day, at 8 p.m. on the Mystic River in Mystic, Connecticut at the Rt. 1 drawbridge. Music, candles, flowers, etc. Info at (203) 536-7398.

CAPE ANN SMALL CRAFT

SAVE BIG on SMALL BOATS

(Even as a child,
I hated leftovers!)

66 MAIN ST. RT. 133 ESSEX, MA

L.L. BEAN PADDLING CLINICS

L.L. Bean has paddling clinics scheduled during August for solo and tandem canoeists and sea kayakers. All take place at the Yarmouth, Maine, Water District facility on 50 Elm St. in Yarmouth.

August 12, 19, 26. Sea Kayak Paddling, 9 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2 p.m.

August 13. Solo Canoe Classic Paddling Strokes, 10:30 a.m. and 12:30 p.m.

August 13. Tandem Canoe Classic Paddling Strokes, 1 p.m.

Full details & registration form from Public Clinics, L.L. Bean Retail Store, Freeport, ME 04033, (800) 341-4341, ext. 7800.

1ST MOOSEHEAD ROWING REGATTA

Despite terrible rainy 55 degree weather with some rough water on the course, the 1st Moosehead Rowing Regatta took place over a 4-1/2 mile course near Greenville, Maine, in mid-May. Kirk Jurgelevich set fastest time at 32:09 in a shell; David and John Simmons topped the Alden doubles in 34:58; Bob Bielschner and Didgie Vrana were fastest mixed Alden double in 38:15 and Patrick Manning topped the Alden singles in 38:44. Traditional boats were led home by Dan O'Reilly and Cliff Punched in 42:46, with Mike and Bonnie Kelso best mixed double in 46:44. Carcl Donnell was first traditional single in 75:40.

We were pleased with the initial event and plan to do it again next year.

Report from Betsy Rockwell.



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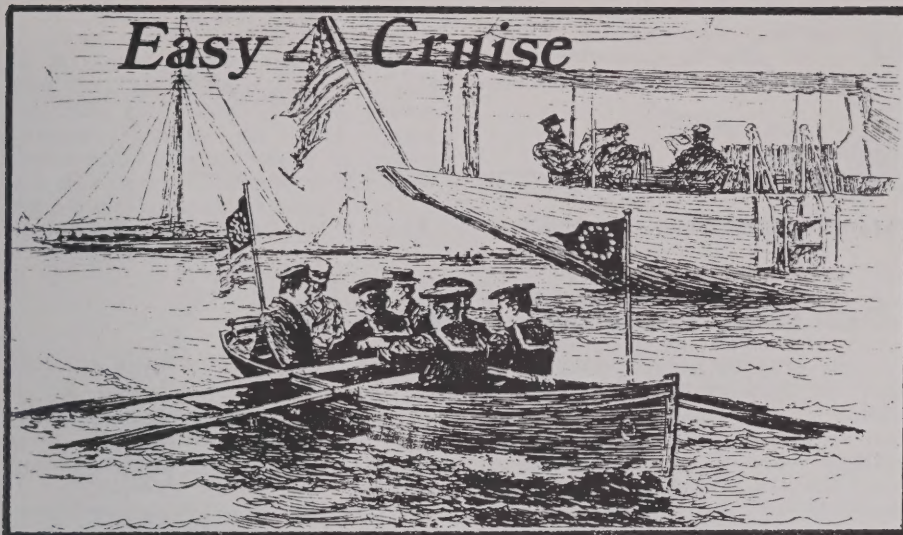
BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

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The Maine Tourism Council has announced an ambitious new program to attract cruising yachts to the coast of Maine. This program, "Easy Cruise" is intended to make Maine cruising enjoyable and worry-free for both novice and experienced sailors and powerboaters. The pilot program is expected to be implemented by the 1990 season.

After extensive interviews with both experienced and new yachtsmen and yachswomen, the Tourism Council identified a number of issues concerning cruising in Maine. A spokesman for the Council, Capt. Silas Waterman, a master mariner with fifty-one years of coastal and deep water experience, explained how the "Easy Cruise" program will address these issues and describes the service to be available.

The major area of concern is the lack of convenient overnight facilities. There are few marinas in Maine, and the cost of developing new ones is prohibitive. The Tourism Council found that many yachtspeople view anchoring as physically demanding, dirty and anxiety inducing. To eliminate virtually all need for anchoring, the Tourism Council has decided to develop an extensive network of guest moorings which will be located in the most popular cruising harbors. The Council's studies indicate that the number of moorings planned will provide greater than a 95% chance of getting a mooring even without advance reservations (except during July 4th week). Initially, these guest moorings will be established in Pulpit Harbor, Buck Harbor, Roque Island Harbor, Boothbay Harbor, Camden Harbor and among the islands of Merchant Row.

There will be two types of moorings available; basic and deluxe. The basic mooring will be just that and will cost \$15 per night. The deluxe mooring, for which reservations will be required, include shore power, telephone, and running water connections right on the mooring float.

Cable TV will be added if there is sufficient demand. Mooring reservations can be made through Camden Marine Radio. The price of the deluxe mooring is still under discussion, but will probably be in the range of \$50 to \$100 per night. The availability of these moorings will make Maine cruising much more attractive to powerboaters who are often dependent upon marina shore power for cooking, refrigeration, drink mixing, TV, VCR, air conditioning, etc.

To address the problem of the lack of restaurants and other entertainment, the Tourism Council has contracted with a number of Maine lobstermen. Every day between 1200 and 1800 these lobstermen will tour the mooring area selling lobsters (fresh and boiled), clams, mussels, fresh fish, cold imported beer, Perrier Water, French wines (including properly chilled champagnes), milk, the "Wall Street Journal", brie and other fine cheeses, gasoline, diesel fuel, etc. They will also rent video tapes and provide minor repair and boat cleaning services. After much heated internal discussion, the Tourism Council decided that, to promote family values and a kinder, gentler America, only G-rated video tapes will be available.

Should the first mate or guests desire a day ashore, there will be morning and evening bus and water taxi service available at each mooring area. The bus service will provide convenient access to major shopping (Camden, L.L. Bean, Dansk Design, etc.). It will be possible for the skipper to contact the bus service through Camden Marine Radio to let his first mate or guests know where the boat will be for the night.

Thus the skipper can spend the day cruising to a new harbor without worrying about meeting his first mate or guests. This service will also provide a convenient way to meet arriving guests and to speed departing guests on their ways without unnecessary worry or

delays.

To ensure that Maine cruising is as enjoyable and worry-free as possible, the Tourism Council is arranging for cruise insurance through Lloyd's of London. This insurance, available for a nominal fee, will pay any unexpected expenses incurred due to fog, rain, missed travel connections, hitting ledges, etc.

Future "Easy Cruise" plans include the changing of various place names to reduce confusion (for example, seven of the eight Ram Islands will be renamed, as will the Fox Island Thorofare separating North Haven and Vinalhaven Islands); aids to navigation useful to the cruising yachtsperson will be established (for example, a large navigational buoy with a radar reflector, a fog signal and a 12 mile light will be positioned outside Pulpit Harbor, which today is completely unmarked); and various navigational hazards will be removed to increase the safety of Maine cruising (for example, the nasty ledge just outside Camden Harbor will be dynamited). The Tourism Council would also like to provide cruising yachtspeople with a sense of the history of the Maine coast. Audiovisual interpretive displays will be established wherever appropriate (such as by the wreck of the schooner in the cove across from Castine).

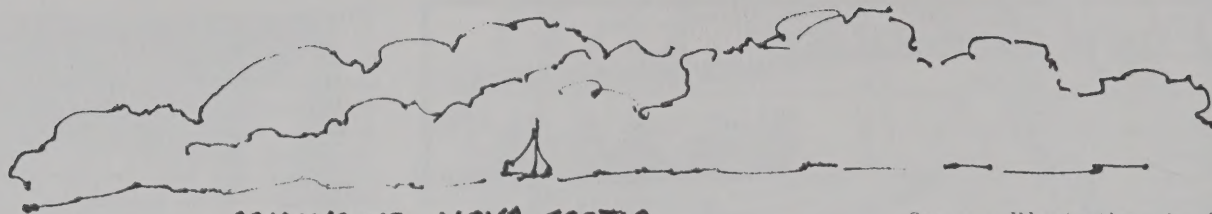
Participation in traditional and modern Maine coastal activities such as lobstering, herring seining, lighthouse keeping, and drug smuggling, will be available for the more adventurous cruising yachtsperson. For the nature lover, it has been proposed to import puffins from Greenland, build one hundred new osprey nests, and establish seal breeding colonies in some of the more popular anchorages (although there is some concern about the possible negative effects on small children of this last proposal).

The Maine Tourism Council welcomes comments and suggestions for improving "Easy Cruise". Write to "Easy Cruise", Maine Tourism Council, P.O. Box 4189, Augusta, ME, for additional information and details on the services to be available.

ED. NOTE: No, better NOT write! We did to find out what was behind this fascinating article that came to us through one of those computer "billboard" networks via a friend. Herewith the reply we received:

"Your inquiry has ended up in my office. The article in question, entitled "Easy Cruise", has no basis in fact whatsoever. It's merely someone's tongue-in-cheek humor, leg pulling at its best."

Peter Bachelder, Director of Information Services, Maine Publicity Bureau, Inc., Hallowell, ME.



SAILING TO NOVA SCOTIA

Story & Illustrations by Tom

Conversation with a Townie

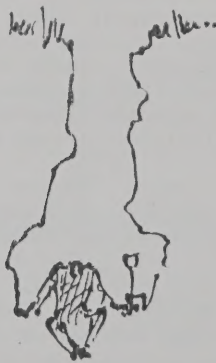
I uncovered the boat in late April. In past years it had always been filled with water, ice and leaves. Last fall I had drilled a hole in its bottom before I covered it up; now it was dry and clean. Perhaps some of the water that had collected between the layers of fiberglass had come out also. Now my problem was plugging the hole.



DRILLING

I climbed aboard to think about it. I sat on the broken thwarts and began my monologue of despair. "The human race is a disaster," I declared.

The boat replied, "I see you've come through the winter with your usual dismal depression."



WINTER

"We've been given enough time and intelligence to straighten out our problems and there is enough people insisting that something be done about them. And nothing is."

"Go ahead and get it all said," the boat replied.

"We can't even decide whether killing is right or wrong. If we're truly civilized we'd be vegetarians. We kill everything we can get our hands on, eat it, and turn it into excrement. The Midas Touch in reverse."

"Nature has been doing that for millions of years," the boat replied.

"That's no reason we should continue it."

"You try making sense out of the universe," the boat said.

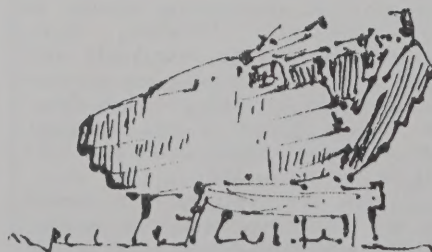


MAKING SENSE

"Well, if you think about it," I ranted on, "there's more non-life than life in the universe so it must be anti-life. There's more non-matter than matter so it must be anti-matter."

"And there's probably more non-time than time, so it's probably anti-time," the boat laughed. "That's about as far as you can go, you hit bottom," the boat continued. "Your only saving grace is that you can laugh. How do you think the universe feels when it's not taken seriously? Come on, laugh and crawl out of that hole you dug to hibernate in through the winter. Take a look at me, I'm a mess!"

I looked forward and saw daylight shining through the foredeck.



"That's where I was almost pounded to pieces last summer on Great Brewster. Remember?"

"I remember. I'll patch that up."

"No, you don't do your usual patch-up, you repair it right. Do a decent job and we'll go for a long cruise."

"Where?" I asked unenthusiastically. "We've sailed everywhere I can think of."

"We haven't sailed to Nova Scotia."

"That's too far."

"It's 200 miles from Cape Ann to Yarmouth. Make it in three days."

"When?" I asked the boat.

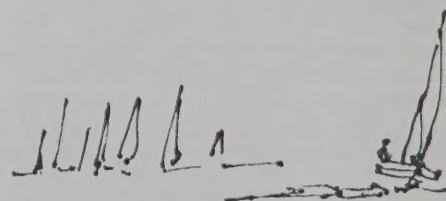
"The second week of July during the Halifax Race. We'd have plenty of company."

"Got it all figured out, huh."



ALL FIGURED OUT

"I had all winter to think about it. I didn't luxuriate in depression. We could sail to Gloucester on Friday or Saturday, then see what the weather was going to be for the next few days. If it was going to be bad, we'd stay in harbor. If it was going to be good, we'd sail. We'd be a day ahead of the Halifax racers. They leave on Sunday. We could even make a race of it."



HALIFAX RACERS

"Don't talk to me about racing. I hate racing."



NO RACING

The boat ignored me and went on about the race. "Any boat would be eligible. There'd be no admission fee, no registration, and sail any time you want. If you get to Yarmouth you've won your class. The overall winner would be pulled out of a hat at the end of the summer. Everybody could buy himself a winning cup."



PICKING THE
WINNER

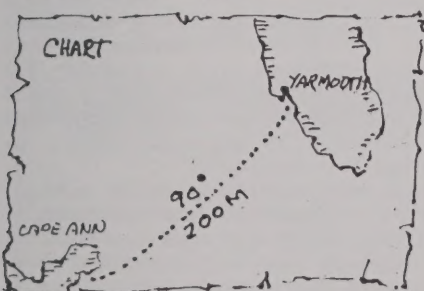
"I don't want any part of a race. Nothing about them makes sense. I get too angry, you know that."



TOO ANGRY

"All right, we'll forget the race," the boat said, "but won't that trip be great?"

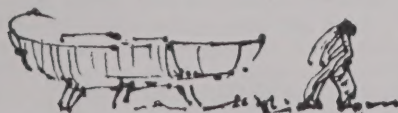
"At four knots it should take us 50 hours and at three knots it should take us 66 hours," I said. "I'll go get a chart. Be right back." I returned with the chart and climbed back into the boat. "There's a 14 foot tide in Yarmouth with a four knot current off shore. And there's these large wave patterns on the chart."



"Get a hold of yourself there, mate, you're undermining your courage with details."

"Why should I do this crazy thing?" I screamed in rising panic.

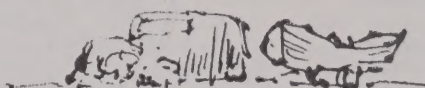
"For the hell of it," the boat screamed back.



FOR THE HELL OF IT

"How do we get back from Yarmouth?" I asked.

"It's 150 miles to Rockland, Maine. Should take us two days with the wind on the beam. You can trailer me home from there."



TRAILER ME BACK

"It looks good, but what happens if I chicken out?"

There was a long pause, then the boat gave me its calmly stated ultimatum. "Listen to me carefully. I've been patient through all your griping. I'm giving you a chance to stop complaining and start enjoying yourself. If you chicken out, I'll start griping about you, and you can see what it's like listening to that."

"I'll go, I'll go!"

"Then be ready in July!"



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Modest Adventures

THE PINE BARRENS REVISITED

Last October Dave and Carol Curtis of Curtis Enterprises ran their annual South Jersey Pine Barrens trip. The choice of rivers we paddled was determined by the existing fall water levels. The Batsto, Wading and Oswego qualified. Heavy rain on Friday night helped with the water but took away much of the fall foliage.

The Pine Barren rivers are particularly peaceful, pretty and pleasant to paddle in the fall. No bugs, no summer rental canoeists, and even if fall winds blow, the banks provide shelter. It's a cranberry growing area with much natural scenery and wildlife to enjoy.

The trips provide an opportunity to paddle with canoeists from other areas. Our group included people from North Carolina, Pennsylvania and upstate New York. I knew we were with the right sorts when dinner conversation turned to the need today to lock up a \$1,000 car because it contains \$3,000 worth of camping and canoeing equipment.

The trip ended in the lake area of Oswego, where we indulged in an all-out game of "dead fish polo". We substituted a sponge for a dead fish, a sponge lasts longer and isn't so smelly to get tagged with. This is a great game in which to test one's paddling skills. Nobody could pass up a chance to swap canoes and gear tryouts, and I found very interesting a \$250 custom-made perfectly balanced signed paddle.

And we all did enjoy the special appearance of a motorized inflatable pink flamingo!

Dave and Carol run other trips during the year also. If you wish to get on their mailing list for announcements, write to Curtis Enterprises, P.O. Box 38, Hemlock, NY 14466, or phone them at (716) 367-3165.

Lynn Tscheiller, from "Blazing Paddles", newsletter of the Nissequoque River Canoe Club, P.O. Box 124, Kings Park, NY 11754.

"SHOHIN" ON THE JORDAN

"Shohin" is a Japanese word which translates as "miniature". My "Shohin" is one of Platt Monfort's Nimrod 12 hi-tech skin canoes, weighing in around 15 pounds. Having spent most of May building "Shohin" (actually a total of 30 hours) I decided Memorial Day would be a memorable day for a maiden voyage.

The Jordan River is 50 miles of mostly flat to Class 1 stream connecting Utah Lake to Great Salt Lake, flowing through the heart of Salt Lake City. The Jordan-Provo River Parkway Authority is gradually turning the Jordan and Provo Rivers, and Utah Lake, into a 130 mile riverine corridor with a variety of parks and water recreation, from Class IV to flatwater, within a few minutes of a million people. The scenery along the Jordan is more like that of some mid-western rivers; this isn't a "typical" crystal clear western white-water river, or an urban sewer.

The part of the Jordan I prefer to daytrip on is a section espe-

cially developed for smallboaters. There is a canoe basin and specially designed canoe docks that make launching a relatively fragile craft like a skin or paper canoe a breeze. As usual, loading up all the miscellaneous stuff (sun block, munchies, cooler, etc. took longer than buckling the canoe on the cartop carrier, but soon enough I was off. It was a warm sunny day in the mid-60's, but a cold front was moving in, blasting everything with 15-25 knot gusts. Carrying "Shohin" from the parking lot to the canoe dock was almost like being under a hang glider.

I launched downstream, as it's easier to get away from the dock, then turned the bow upstream. With the wind at my back, facing into the current, I was able to sit there for over five minutes without moving up or down stream, balanced between the forces of the wind and the current.

My strategy for this kind of solo paddling is to paddle upstream until I'm tired, then let the current carry me back to my waiting car while I use minimal strokes for steerage. Upstream work like this fun in a lightweight double-paddle canoe of the Wee Lassie class. Late May being the height of runoff, the river was high and fast as it carried last winter's snowmelt towards the Great Salt Lake. I paddled past a commercial water park, under a railroad bridge and around a bend. Here the urban industrial nature of the river gave way to overhanging trees and tall green grass. Ducks chased each other in spring abandon. I raced a muskrat and won handily.

"Shohin" tracked straight and true, her dacron skin leaked not a drop, so I must have done something right. The 34" beam on this 11' boat makes her much more stable than a more traditionally narrow Wee Lassie type, something I'll appreciate later this year when I paddle the eight miles of windswept salt water to Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake.

After paddling past several miles of treelined banks and regularly spaced bridges, my arms started to tire and my palms were turning raw from the not quite adequately sanded shaft of my home-made narrow bladed double paddle, so I reluctantly turned "Shohin" around with a couple of strokes and headed back to the landing. All in all, a beautiful day and a fine maiden voyage in what promises to be a great boat.

If you're in the Salt Lake City area this summer on vacation and want to enjoy a nice quiet paddle, give me a call, and "Shohin" and I will gladly introduce you to one of the classic rivers of the Great Basin, the Jordan.

Ken Hulme, Salt Lake City, UT, (801) 581-7862.



Right: "Shohin" on Lake Lilly in the Uinta Mountains in early June, about 90 minutes from Salt Lake City and 9,600' above sea level.

"DAMN THING", THE BEST BOAT I EVER OWNED

It was the winter of '74 and I was stationed at Fort Ritchie, Maryland. The local Sears and Roebuck had a sale and I bought a styrofoam Sea Snark for \$79. It was white, 12' long and had a red and white lateen sail. Strapping it to the top of my 1963 Lark, I rushed it back to the barracks as the first winter snow began to fall. Dragging it up the three flights of stairs to the corridor outside my room, I quickly assembled it, stepping the mast, hoisting the sail and hanging the rudder. It was beautiful!

I removed the rudder, mast and sail, and moved the hull into my room. That's when I discovered that the ceiling was three feet lower than I had thought; no way this boat would stand in the corner until spring. Undaunted, I hung it from the ceiling by passing a line through the suspended ceiling supports, forming a cradle, and snug-ging it all up tight with the sail creating a colorful canopy over my bunk.

This arrangement was fine un-

til the following month when all the NCO rooms were included in the monthly company inspection. The First Sergeant went ballistic and the Company Commander almost choked trying not to laugh when they found me standing tall with the red and white sail flared overhead. "What the hell is that DAMN THING over your rack, Edmonds?"

"That's my boat, First Sergeant".

"And what is it doing over your rack?"

"Waiting for Spring, First Sergeant."

"Out! Damn it! Get that DAMN THING out of my barracks! Out! Out!"

Spring. No ice on the lake (large pond) and time to launch. A beautiful day with sunshine and a good breeze. I set sail in "Damn Thing" with a six-pack of beer. I soon found out I could lie on my back in the bottom of "Damn Thing" with my feet forward, and glide across the water, lifting my head occasionally to see where I was. I had been sailing back and forth across the pond for a couple of hours when I heard voices on the

far side of the pond.

"Well, they were right!" It was two MP's standing on the shore. "There is a boat. Wonder how it got here?"

I came about and started in their direction.

"Hell, there's somebody in it! Yo, troop! What do you think you're doing? Didn't you read the sign?"

"Sure did," I replied. "It says, 'No Fishing'. I'm not fishing, I'm sailing.!" I came about and moved away from them. There was a hurried conference and one of the MP's went to the radio in the jeep.

"Don't go anywhere," he called to me over his shoulder.

"Right," I called back, gliding to the opposite shore. Five minutes later the MP came back. "Well, no regs against sailing. You got a life preserver?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, that's it troop! No preserver, no sailing! Outa da pond! And sign this right here."

The Company Commander always enjoyed talking to me about my boat.

W.T. Edmonds, Fairfax, VA.

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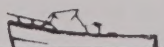
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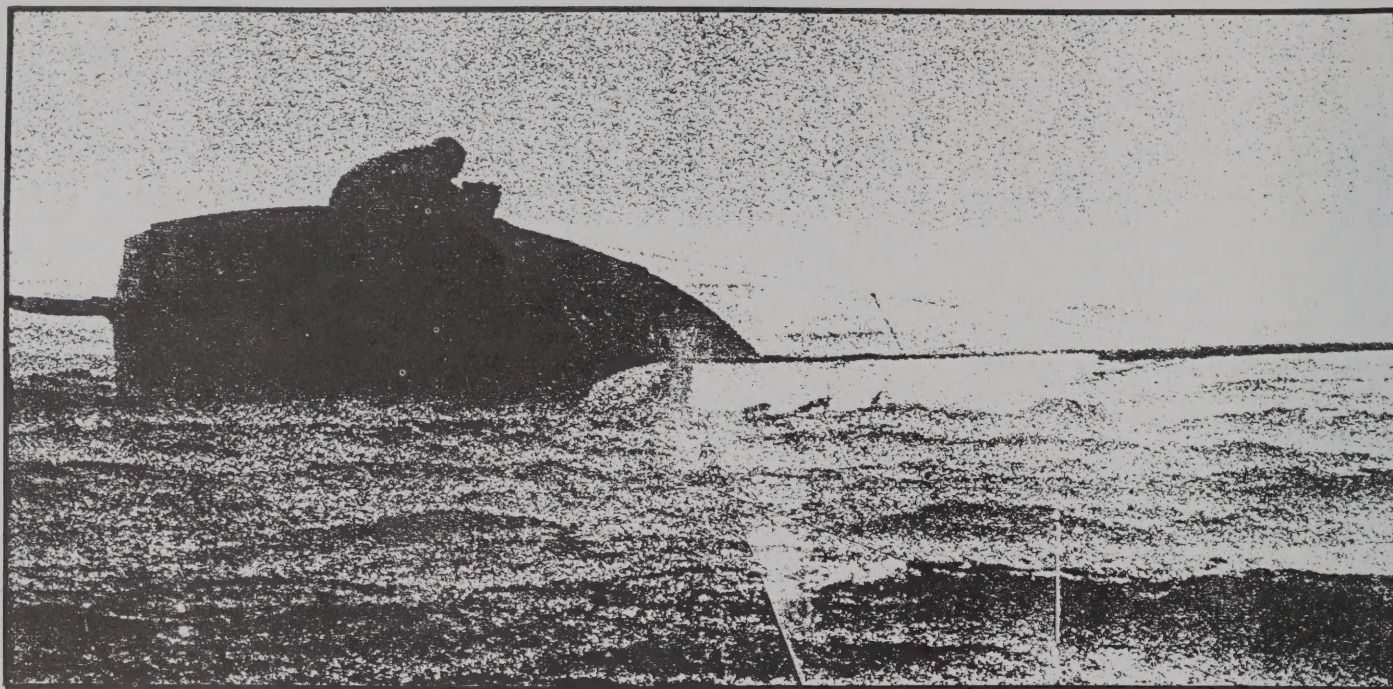
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Neptune's Jumpsuit

I. UNDERWAY.

The marina was empty as the O'Day Mariner slid off the trailer into the small, sheltered basin in Carabella. Even in the lee of the remodelled restaurant and usually busy bait shop, the blustery norther was evident, driving little cats-paws out into the river and holding a squadron of laughing gulls suspended over the river. The boat rode obediently away from the splintered pilings as we loaded cooler, grocery bags and paraphernalia for a midwinter week at the beach. Buffy, a standard poodle who sailed and fished, not yet convinced we were serious, was the last to board.

The pintles on the mahogany rudder dropped snugly into the gudgeons and the new laminated tiller, a hand-carried prize from a salty Sausalito marine store, swung into position. I pushed the rudder blade into full-down position and snubbed up the bungee cord to keep it there, a necessary, but not fool-proof, trade-off for the kick-up rudder.

Sailors take secret pride in doing everything possible under sail, including getting into and out of tight slips, canal and basins. So we raised the main, lowered the centerboard partway and bore away into the center of the basin where the main bellied out as we swapped ends and headed for the river.

A motley assortment of shrimp boats and home-made crab boats, mostly unattended, and the not-so-regal Carabella Queen, guarded the docks as we swept past the waterfront towards the junction where the river emptied into St. George's Sound. From there it would be a quick 15 mile reach ov-

er to St. Teresa, the curving wooded coastline where Tallahassee's elite retreated for the summer. It wasn't Martha's Vineyard, but it was all there was, and its scrub oak groves and tall pines had overseen many a family outing through the years. But it was a linear ghost town on this chilly winter day.

The little Mariner under main alone was making quick work of the three-quarter mile run down the river. The centerboard, down about a third to help out the rudder, was humming contentedly, a sound it only made near hull speed.

Our course after turning the mark would put the wind about 60 degrees apparent, an easy close reach even in the honest 18 knots of breeze we found outside the protected river channel. A reefed main and working jib would give us a comfortable ride. No point pushing it; we had all day.

The main on the '68 Mariner had a roller reefing system which wasn't state-of-the-art, but it was at least a way to shorten sail. You just dropped the midboom mainsheet block off its small track, leaving the mainsheet to run directly from the end of the boom to the cleat on the centerboard trunk, and rolled the main up around the rotating boom. A few pleats always appeared in the main, but when you needed to reef, you usually weren't too picky about sail shape anyhow.

The seas didn't have much chance to build up in the short fetch from shore, so we settled into a fast undulating rhythm over the three foot rollers massaging our port beam. Buffy came out in the cockpit to sniff the salty spray while we sat back with hot potato

soup and stone wheat crackers. Soon the dots along the blue-gray shoreline became houses and our quick ride, with the blasts of cold air turned up still another notch, was getting quicker.

By deliberately staying below the wide grass flats off Turkey Point, we had left ourselves a couple of miles of beating to clear the little channel up by Camp Weed, the only entrance into Alligator Harbor since the last hurricane had filled in the freshly dredged pass. So we sheeted in and started to work our way to weather in the now 20 knot breeze, the waves now on our nose.

We weren't overpowered most of the time, although Buffy retreated to a sheltered cushion below, but the gusts were something else, and the main had to be tended constantly. I also discovered, again, that the mainsheet actually had to be tightened to create enough slack for the extra-long tiller to swing behind it and let us head up into the angrier gusts. A quarter-second maneuver now took a full second and required going from bad to worse to better. And by then the gust was gone.

II. OCPS.

When the tiller itself began to respond sluggishly, I looked back between the waves and saw the rudder blade trailing in the boat's wake rather than cutting deeply below the transom. The cord holding it down had given up. But as I threaded my torso through the triangular traveller system the get enough leverage to push the rudder back down, the end came. The gust hit, the boat heeled and the tiller slammed into the mainsheet with no

place else to go. Quick efforts to solve each of these little problems were not quick enough. We were suddenly sprawled across a soggy mainsail alongside dog, cushions and picnic basket. Church, as they say, was more or less out.

In the minutes that followed, a series of efforts were made to right the boat, even as it filled with water, to wave for help, to assess valuables and decide on our next move. The shock of cold water, earlier masked by adrenalin and potato soup, was returning. Talk about soup...we were in it!

Abandoning a 19' sailboat capsize in a wintry sea is not like parking your car by the road expecting it and all its contents to be there when you return. Even in my surprised state, I was already beginning to think about what I could do to tie all the pieces together so they would still be there later. Mahogany floorboards, cushions, a bottle of Scotch, were being slowly dispersed from the small cabin; even the newly installed, hand-carried-from-Sausalito tiller, held to the rudder which had betrayed us by a single wing nut, was looking for ways to slide out of the gudgeons and be on its way. If I did this every day, I might have figured out quicker and easier ways to secure things in the long run. But I wasn't sure there was going to be any long run, and the extra effort to replace a floorboard seemed a small cross to bear if I ever made it to shore from this potential nautical gravesite.

It began to dawn on me that I should start getting my ass out of here and take a little less consolation in the fact that I had not already sunk. Fifteen or eighteen feet of sea water, depending on where we were in the wave pattern, still had to be looked upon as an inhospitable environment in which to spend the rest of the afternoon. "I'm outa here," I persuaded myself, hoping that might do some good.

The quarter mile to shore was about five miles in REAL distance, REAL meaning there's a north wind, I'm cold and scared, my only boat and prized possession lies bottom-up behind me; and there is no one else in sight or sound. Under all these circumstances, bumping bottom on the sand a half-hour later seemed like a pretty quick self-rescue. I could do the backstroke wearing my life vest pretty much all day and my 240 pounds never once seemed in danger of sinking. So if that was the ordeal, I thought, stumbling to my feet, I guess we fared OK.

III. LANDSIDE.

The dog and my girlfriend turned up a few hundred yards up the beach and we joined forces for our next move, which was to get inside someplace and out of these

wet clothes. The still blustery north wind had singled us out for special wind tunnel treatment. I didn't notice its effect until my bouncing, shaking jaw refused to help in forming the words I had picked out. I was shaking uncontrollably.

Beach houses of every design and shape were spaced loosely, with lots of pine trees and underbrush between, along the ridge where the beach and the piney forest met. But the middle of February, and a cold one at that, was not the time when prominent Tallahassee families assembled in the shade of these trees.

"What if we knock on all these doors and no one's home?" we asked. But a little Japanese truck tucked up close behind one of the weatherbeaten cottages gave away the presence of its serendipitous occupants; in this case an aging couple down from Georgia to retrieve the extra TV set and check on the pipes beneath the house.

The door opened tentatively to our brisk knock and it took the large woman a moment to satisfy herself that this motley, water-soaked trio, two humanoid shapes and what appeared to be a standard poodle, did not represent a threat, but in fact were in rather urgent need of warmth. Once she was satisfied on that score, St. Bernard himself could not have offered better help; a slug of Scotch before the water could boil for tea and a big towel to dry off with.

"How about a hot shower while I throw those things of yours into the dryer; I've just been doing some laundry myself. Now, how about telling us how you've ended up in this fix?"

It had taken the hot shower several minutes to have any noticeable effect, but it finally did the trick. By the time I stepped out, I was merely cold, no longer in the clutches of death via hypothermia.

"We were in a sailboat that capsized not too far offshore and swam in when the boat started to sink," we explained. "Good thing you were here; now we'd better figure out how we're going to get the boat in."

IV. A DATE WITH CHARITY.

A land line call to the Coast Guard, announcing a 19' sailboat turned turtle in the frothy February sea, did not produce a fleet of Coast Guard cutters or rescue helicopters outside the door. We would have to be quite a bit closer to dying than we actually were, or at least as they believed us to be, based on this telephone conversation, to budge anybody out onto the water in this kind of weather.

"How about checking with your local boaters to see if they can lend a hand?" they suggested.

The Alligator Point Channel in by Camp Weed was not exactly Mi-

ami's Government Cut in terms of boat traffic. In fact there was no boating activity in evidence, nor was any anticipated. A call to the nearby marina on Mr. Sensebaugh's hand-held VHF radio went unanswered by them, but was picked up apparently by a nearby shrimp boat hanging out behind the point to avoid the high seas.

"This is the 'Charity Three', 'Charity Three'," they came back, "calling party in distress, party in distress, do you read?"

"We read you 'Charity Three', where are you? Over."

"We're right over here, where are you?"

The comic potential of here-I-am-where-are-you didn't escape my attention, but there were more important things going on than a game of hide and seek on Channel 16.

"Tell him we're three houses west of Camp Weed Dock," Mr. Sensebaugh said. "Ask him if they aren't over there inside Alligator Harbor. I think I see 'em out the window."

"We know where that is," said a voice from 'Charity Three', "and we're headed by there in a few minutes. Meet us out on the dock if we can give you a hand."

"Thanks, 'Charity Three'. We appreciate that very much. I'd really like a ride out to the boat which is upside down about a half-mile offshore. I'll look for you in a minute."

The next crisis, not one I had anticipated any time that week, and certainly not after what had already happened today, was what to wear? A quick check in the clothes dryer revealed that the soggy jeans and flannel shirts were still soggy and wouldn't be of any use for a good half-hour.

"Is there anything around here I might throw on for a few minutes just to check on the boat?"

I looked at Mr. Sensebaugh and knew that nothing he could wear, or had ever worn for that matter, would even come close. His wife, however, like Jack Spratt's, a big woman with broad shoulders and hips more linebacker-like than ballerina-like, held more promise. The size was not identical by any means, but we were at least in the ballpark.

"Now let's just see if she's got any clothes here at the beach house. Look, there in the closet, Ma, see if you don't have something that he can at least use 'til those blue jeans dry out."

Knowing instinctively that the sundress was out and that the bathrobe was no good outside the back door, Mrs. Sensebaugh evaluated each of the meager options offered up by the off-season hall closet. I was afraid I'd miss this chance to retrieve the boat if I didn't find something besides the emperor's new clothes which I now

had on.

"This is about the best thing I can find," she said as she handed me a hanger with a black and white outfit on it. I have never been quite certain what to call the various elements of female attire outside the usual skirt, blouse, etc. This particular outfit was in the nature of a large pair of pedal pushers, wide legs down to about the knee, but with a bodice attached to it and a pair of matching straps for good measure. I was later told it was a sort of jumpsuit, but I couldn't figure what kind of jumping they had in mind. It looked like the kind of thing that you might have worn a turtle-neck or some kind of contrasting blouse underneath, maybe even something with ruffled sleeves, but nothing of that sort was in evidence in the closet. But it did have a little matching jacket with padded shoulders that you would normally wear out of doors. It was a short jacket, not even waist level, with a couple of buttons down one side that looked like they had never been in contact with the distant buttonholes on the far shore. Their chances of direct contact faded further when I slipped it on to have a look.

V. COMING OUT.

Being a size or two too small to start with, the calico jumpsuit clung snugly, to say the least, to the strange male form, while I looked for shoes. Maybe the wet ones will just have to do, I thought, patent leather pumps were out. Finished off with a wool stocking cap, I was as ready for the 'Charity Three' as I was going to get.

Even the acknowledged absurdity of an outfit like this wears off if you know there's work to be done and no other way to do it. But that does not mean that others who have not studied the shapely contours of this particular jumpsuit in the mirror are so readily anesthetized. I saw that the 'Charity Three' had already pulled into the Camp Weed dock as I squished my way across the dunes towards the dock.

I identified myself as the party in distress on the VHF radio and thanked them for offering to help. My words were lost, however, first in the stares of provincial fishermen who had never seen a 240 pound, 35 year old white male in a black and white jumpsuit two sizes too small; and secondly, in their efforts, once the attire had been explained, to avoid the appearance of staring. Shrimpers see some strange sights.

The ride out to where the boat was lying, its transom bobbing at the water's surface like a watermelon, took only a few minutes. The captain, after checking the depth-sounder a few times, was satisfied

we had plenty of water in which to get at the little upturned sailboat. He approached it carefully, however, not wishing to snag a loose line or halyard on either of the big props beneath the shrimp boat.

The next thing was to get a line on her bow and see if she could be towed. The boat lay bow down by now, with only a portion of her transom rising above the water. Attaching a line to the bow cleat, therefore, would require a dive. Since no one sprang forward to volunteer, it became apparent that if that line was going to get tied to that bow cleat, I was the one who was going to put it there. Sensing this, I stepped toward the stern of the shrimp boat and grasped one end of a spare line that the skipper used for odd projects like this and began to coil up enough to reach the bottom. Despite now being more task-oriented, the crew did not fail to notice that the large black and white jumpsuited figure was different from anything else that had been seen there on the stern of 'Charity Three' for some time now. The angle of the afternoon sun cast a sharp shadow, giving me a surreal silhouette on the calm water in the lee of the boat, padded shoulders and all.

Attaching the tow line to the bow cleat, some 15' beneath the surface, in a black and white jumpsuit, without opening my eyes, was more work than I had anticipated. Some other line had already gotten wrapped around the cleat, which made my held-breath efforts in braille less than routine. Not until I decided to open my eyes for an instant, just long enough for one of my contact lenses to float off into oblivion, was I able to figure out what was happening and throw a couple of wraps around the cleat, at least on a trial basis.

VI. NEPTUNE RISES.

A rudderless, ballasted centerboard sailboat filled with water is not exactly a hydrodynamic marvel. Affixing the tow line to the bow suggested that one end might move forward first, but by no means dictated other aspects of trim, ballast or longitudinal stability as the once nautical shape moved through the water. There was some hope, at least with a little speed, that the planing shape of the bottom would encourage the boat to ride bow up as the shrimp boat began to pull it back up from Casey Jones' Locker. Speed, however essential for maintaining a charge on the 'Charity Three's' batteries, was also an ingredient for disaster in the towing operation. First content to hold on to the transom or gunwale of the boat as it appeared at or near the surface, I would see that more balancing would be necessary to keep the mast, still affixed to the hull, from slapping wildly from side to

side as the boat rolled about its own horizontal axis without benefit of directional control. So I paddled my way over the coaming into the cockpit, now some three feet under water, and braced myself on both sides of the companionway hatch. From this position I was able to shift my weight in one direction or another to counteract the boat's otherwise unpredictable responses to the towing motion and the randomness of the waves. The crew of the shrimp boat, therefore, would tell their captain what to do next based on gestures and signals which they received from the half-submerged jumpsuited figure trailing some ten meters behind.

Ever so slowly, and with frequent adjustments to correct the rolling and yawing of the vessel in tow, and its neptune-like skipper, the 'Charity Three' made her way back to the Camp Weed dock. Only with some more hard work and good luck were we able to beach the sailboat upright in a shallower spot than the surrounding waters, where it might be above the surface on an outgoing tide.

After a wave to the still incredulous crew of 'Charity Three', I slipped into my now warm flannel shirt and blue jeans for a quick trip into town with the outboard motor, and then laced up the rather busy day with a stiff belt of Scotch on the rocks.

The next day, as we had hoped, the tide went out far enough to leave the gunwales exposed by a few inches. These few became several after buckets of water were bailed from the cockpit. Finally when the tide returned we had something beginning to resemble again a vessel that would float. Affixing the now serviced outboard, which had been flushed out with oil and WD-40 before being re-assembled, our short motorboat ride back to the launching ramp was accomplished without benefit of sails or rudder. I had just gotten the knack of steering with the little outboard by the time the trip was over.

Now it was time to drop by the 'Charity Three' and thank these guys for their help. I identified myself and offered to pay them for their efforts, which I have since learned is not why these seamen respond to sailors in distress. They appreciated our visit, however, and wished us well, saying we would probably give them a hand some day. No way would they take money from, or ever forget, the big guy in the black and white jumpsuit whose sailboat they had towed to shore one winter day.

Gary Stephens, Tampa, Florida.

AGROUND



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Small Craft Weekend at Mystic

Peter Schmidt and I stood under the big striped tent on Light-house Point at Mystic Seaport as the rain drummed down through the thick fog and thunder rumbled increasingly in the near distance downriver, where the hardy were already heading in a variety of small boats. It was 7 a.m. on Sunday morning at the annual Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport.

"Well, all those in search of adventure are on their way," Peter offered as we watched the huddled figures in their tiny boats disappear into the fog towards the drawbridge. We'd not be doing the Mason's Island trip this year it seemed. Along with a few other old hands here, we no longer seemed to be in need of the adventure in such conditions.



We talked about how this annual gathering of traditional small boat folks had changed over the years that we'd been coming here. It all began twenty years ago in response to early Coast Guard attempts at mandating what were safe small boat types. It seems these original requirements would have outlawed building boats like Swampscott dories as they were too "tippy" in the proposed test procedures. From that early urgency of self-preservation for builders of traditional craft, the event had evolved into an annual "gathering of the clan" with programs focussing on all aspects of small traditional boats.

We'd started attending ten years ago, and the changes since then which Peter and I were discussing were in ourselves more than in the event. Not feeling compelled to venture downriver in the driving rain and fog for breakfast on Mason's Island was a change in us, the trip had always been a highlight of the event. Not feeling impelled to jump into the many small craft people had brought for others to try out was another change. How come? We concluded we'd settled on the sort of small craft we preferred and no longer had any curiosity about rowing or paddling or sailing someone else's preferences. The people who were enjoying this opportunity were the way we were in bygone years. Great fun.

Maybe this sounds a bit jaded, but it's really just the evolution of one's involvement in small boating. Once I very strongly desired to build a Swampscott dory. I never

did, and now I don't have that particular desire anymore. What the Mystic event did, year after year, was help me develop a focus for my interest, I still go because I love the boats and now have many friends who make it an annual affair. The "clan" thing.

This year the focus of the programs was on wood itself as a boatbuilding medium, rather than on any particular type of boat construction. Gary Weisenburger had assembled an experienced "staff" of speakers who covered subjects ranging from sawmill operations to paint stripping and refinishing. Wood preservation, fastening and gluing were typical workshops.

Ben Fuller's dear-to-his-heart "great versatility race" was an interesting Saturday afternoon event, requiring those who took part to row or paddle, and sail, various legs of a course set out on the river. Ben does everything, so he figures others should exercise similar skills. The race this year was enlivened by the effect of the "bar" over which boats could go if they dared. Seeing people "walking" in mid-stream in ankle deep water tugging along a sailing skiff was an interesting sight. And this circumstance gave Jean Pieretti in her Bart Hauthaway double paddle canoe (fiberglass yet) the apparent win, she paddled right on by the early leaders in faster, larger craft as they struggled with the mud. But, Jean had forgotten to do two 360 degree turns around a specified mark, and upon realizing this at the finish when she learned she would be the winner, she disqualified herself.

Saturday was a bright, breezy day with the onshore wind from Long Island Sound creating challenges for small sailing craft trying to get off the south facing docks on the "lee shore" at Lighthouse Point. Once on the river, the sailors had great fun reaching back and forth. It was a perfect golden early summer day for messing about in boats.

A better perspective on the event for readers newer to traditional small boats than I am is provided by reader John Kennedy of Lunenburg, Massachusetts, who wrote to us afterwards as follows:

"Well, Mystic was a success again. I don't get to do as much boating as I would like (who does?) but for this one weekend each year I get to talk about, try out, look at, think about, eat, sleep and drink nothing but boats. And it's great!

The Sunday morning trip was a little damp but I still had a great



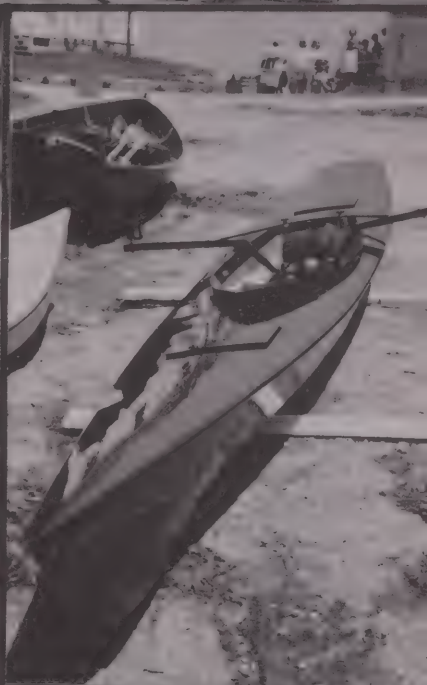
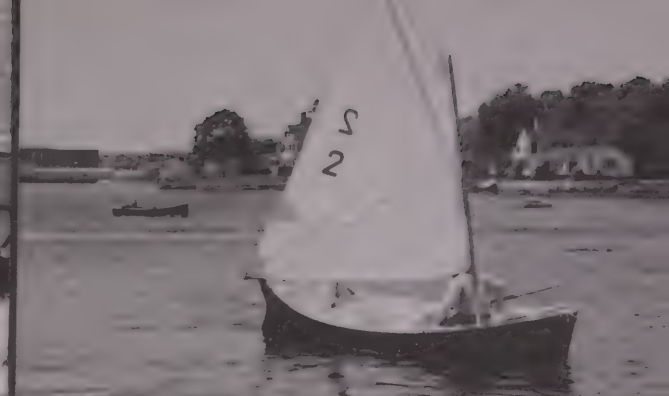
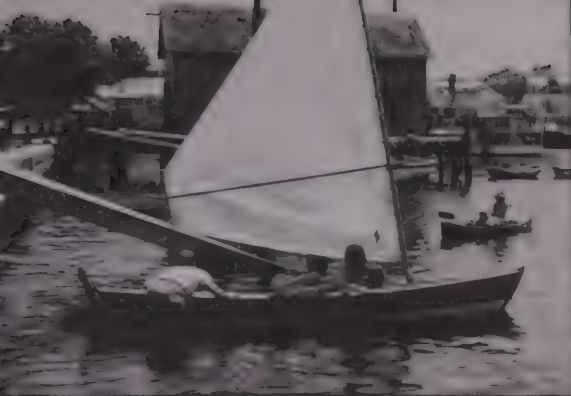
time. There is something about seeing that flotilla of small craft going down the Mystic River that gives me a real thrill.

This year was different for me in that my son and I got to sleep

aboard the "Conrad". Even though the quarters were more cramped than those I had when I served aboard a submarine, the feel of being right there in the middle of the Seaport can't be beat!"



Top: The longboat heads downriver in the early Sunday morning rain and fog. Bottom: The smallest boat at the meet, "Ratty's Boat" from "Wind in the Willows", carefully researched and painstakingly built.



Small craft heaven at Mystic. Across the top from left: A glued lapstrake Steve Redmond designed "Whisp"; looks like one of Tyler Proctor's prams; father and daughter we'd guess; double ender, spritsail, real tradition. Across the middle: A rowing sharpie and a gorgeous lapstrake bright finished tender; the Monfort "Blivet" at the dock; looks like Kevin Rathbone's Cullen wherry; two sailing canoes, the one the left is Bob La-Vertue's big 20 footer built by William Clements, right hand one came from Ohio; Ken Bassett's superbly finished rowing shell, plate glass deck varnish job. Across the bottom: Rob Barker (left), TSCA prez, talks traditional boats; double paddle, double ender, looks geodesic to me; classic tender heading out; kayak collection, one at right is the Bart Hawthaway/Don Betts collaboration.



DESIGNS & PROJECTS

PADDLE EXPERIMENT RESULTS

Some experiments in paddle building I recently did taught me several things.

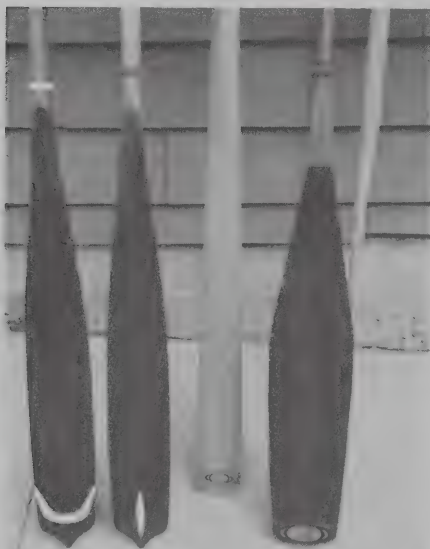
The quill type (second from right) was a failure. It looks great but was not functional. I now know how to make one of these that will work, but for the effort involved in building, the others perform much better.

The wide blade on the right came out a bit heavy at 3 pounds, but I don't think the kids could break it.

The two on the left weigh 2-1/2 pounds and are excellent performers. I did another with a wide blade using a lighter handle and got it down to 2 pounds.

I'm done building for the season, I'm out using them at this time of the year.

Gene Galipeau, Seattle, WA.



WHAT DO I CALL HER?

I have just finished up, what do I call her? I started with Doug Alvord's Maine Sharpie plans, but she's been changed a lot. How

about "Opus"? Her first cruise will be in Rehobeth Bay and then by trailer down to Chicoteague for a two-week shakedown cruise.

Stan Dziejma, S. Walpole, MA.

QUICK & EASY ESKIMO PADDLE

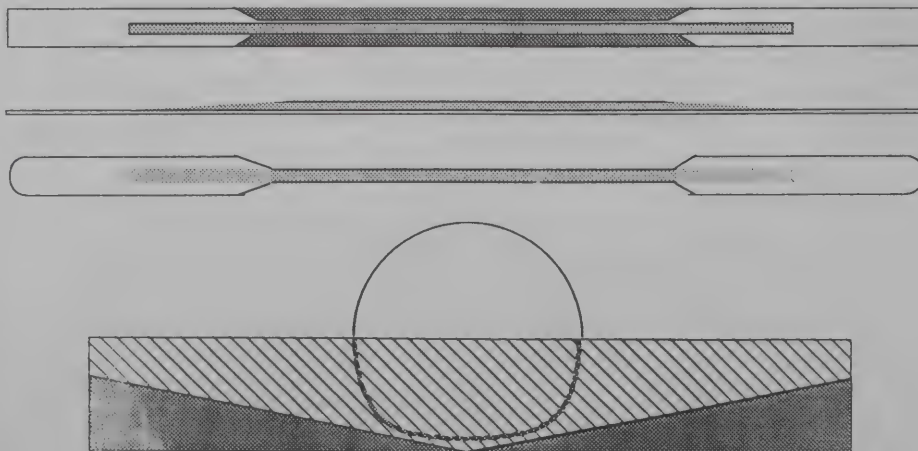
While building my Platt Monfort Nimrod 12 geodesic canoe, "Shohin", I realized I also would need a double bladed paddle. The local shops carried only the short, whitewater style kayak paddles with their variable dihedral and table-top sized blades. What I wanted was an eskimo style flat paddle with no dihedral and narrow blades, without spending \$150 or more for a custom paddle.

Platt (and others) have shown how to make kayak paddles using a closet pole and thin plywood, but I don't care for the "tacked on" look of the blades. My solution was to start with an 8' hemlock 1x5 and a 6' piece of 1-1/4" half-round molding.

I set my table saw to a 10 degree angle and cut long shallow

bevels from both edges of one face (see sketch). Then on the flat face I drew the blade shapes 24" long and shaft width 1-1/8" and cut out this shape with a sabre saw. The next step was to epoxy glue the half-round molding to the flat face. After the glue set I used a Surform rasp and belt sander to round the hemlock portion of the shaft, thin the blades, bevel down the half-round where it lies on the paddle blades, and smooth everything up. A coat or two of urethane to seal the wood and my paddle was ready to use. Total cost was \$6 for the hemlock, \$1.69 for the half-round and a few cents worth of epoxy glue and urethane. Time to make was about two hours.

Ken Hulme, 7195 S 32930 E., SLC, UT 84121.





BIRDWATCHER LAUNCHED

I've launched my Bolger Bird-watcher at last. The interior photos show the unusual full-length walkway this boat has. Every inch of the interior is instantly accessible. The whole project, including a home-made trailer, came to about \$1,700. In a few months I'll give your readers a run-down on sailing this unusual boat.

Jim Michalak, Lebanon, IL



ELY TRAIL CRAFTS

Ron Ely of Burgaw, North Carolina, sent along a pamphlet about his line of cruising sea kayak kits to be made of plywood and fabric. The two present models, a 17 footer for tandem or solo, and a 14 foot solo are Ron's own designs, and feature wide flat bottoms with some fore and aft rocker, big cockpits, and broad beams. Ron's aim is at stability, tracking and a secure feeling for beginners. The hulls are 1/4" ply fiberglass covered with polyethylene or vinyl decks.

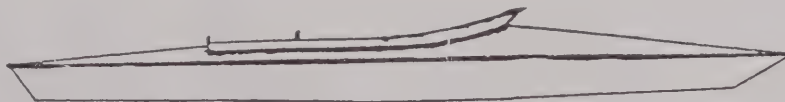
Two kit formats are offered. The regular kit has everything including precut panels, all hardware, fittings, glue, deck fabric, etc. It's all there. The mail order kit does not include the hull panels, battens and cockpit cowling, so it may be shipped UPS. It does include full size patterns for the large pieces for you to lay out on your own plywood.

Plans are also available that include full size patterns, instructions, strongback building diagram, bill of materials. Ron will be offering double paddles in standard or breakdown formats, and a simple

downwind sail rig that can be stored onboard.

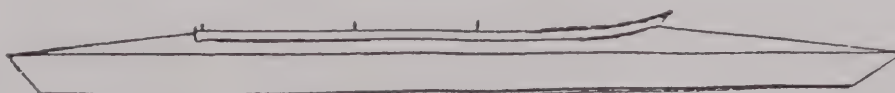
This is a small shop effort and Ron's prices reflect this, with kits running from \$205 to \$245,

plans \$45, paddles \$35-\$45. Ron will send you his detailed brochure on request, Ely Trail Crafts, Rt. 1 Box 1456, Burgaw, NC 28425, (919) 259-4120.



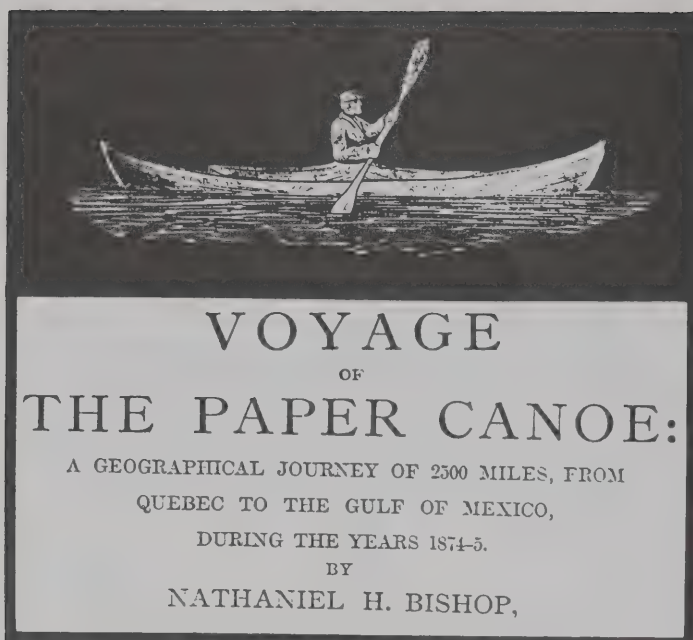
"HAPPY WANDERER 1"

Dimensions: 13' 11" long, 31" overall beam (27" at waterline), 5' cockpit, and 350# load capacity.



"HAPPY WANDERER 2-1"

Dimensions: 17' 1" long, 36" overall beam (31" at water line), 8½' cockpit, and 600# load capacity.



CHAPTER XII.

FROM CHARLESTON TO SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE INTERIOR WATER ROUTE TO JEHOSEE ISLAND.—GOVERNOR AIKEN'S MODEL RICE PLANTATION.—LOST IN THE HORNS.—

CAPTAIN N. L. COSTE, and several other Charleston pilots, drew and presented to me charts of the route to be followed by the paper canoe through the Sea Island passages, from the Ashley to the Savannah River, as some of the smaller watercourses near the upland were not, in 1875, upon any engraved chart of the Coast Survey.

Ex-Governor William Aiken, whose rice plantation on Jehossee Island was considered, before the late war, the model one of the south, invited me to pass the following Sunday with him upon his estate, which was about sixty-five miles from Charleston, and along one of the interior water routes to Savannah. He proposed to leave his city residence and travel by land, while I paddled my canoe southward to meet him. The genial editor of the "News and Courier" promised to notify the people of my departure, and have the citizens assembled to give me a South Carolina adieu. To avoid this publicity,—so kindly meant,—I quietly left the city from the south side on Friday, February 12th, and ascended the Ashley to Wappoo Creek, on the opposite bank of the river.

A steamboat sent me a screaming salute as the mouth of the Wappoo was reached, which made me feel that, though in strange waters, friends

were all around me. I was now following one of the salt-water, steamboat passages through the great marshes of South Carolina. From Wappoo Creek I took the "Elliot Cut" into the broad Stono River, from behind the marshes of which forests rose upon the low bluffs of the upland, and rowed steadily on to Church Flats, where Wide Awake, with its landing and store, nestled on the bank.

A little further on the tides divided, one ebbing through the Stono to the sea, the other towards the North Edisto. "New Cut" connects Church Flats with Wadmelow Sound, a sheet of water not over two miles in width and the same distance in length. From the sound the Wadmelow River runs to the mouth of the Dahoo. Vessels drawing eight and a half feet of water can pass on full tides from Charleston over the course I was following to the North Edisto River.

Leaving Wadmelow Sound, a deep bend of the river was entered, when the bluffs of Enterprise Landing, with its store and the ruins of a burnt saw-mill, came into view on the left. Having rowed more than thirty miles from the Ashley, and finding that the proprietor of Enterprise, a Connecticut gentleman, had made preparations to entertain me, this day of pleasant journeying ended.

The Cardinal-bird was carolling his matin song when the members of this little New England colony watched my departure down the Wadmelow the next morning. The course was for the most part over the submerged phosphate beds of South Carolina, where the remains of extinct species were now excavated, furnishing food for the worn-out soils of America and Europe, and interesting studies and speculations for men of science. The Dahoo River was reached soon after leaving Enterprise. Here the North Edisto, a broad river, passes the mouth of the Dahoo, in its descent to the sea, which is about ten miles distant.

For two miles along the Dahoo the porpoises gave me strong proof of their knowledge of the presence of the paper canoe by their rough gambols, but being now in quiet inland waters, I could laugh at these strange creatures as they broke from the water around the boat. At four o'clock P. M. the extensive marshes of Jehossee Island were reached, and I approached the vil-

lage of the plantation through a short canal.

Out of the rice-fields of rich, black alluvium rose an area of higher land, upon which were situated the mansion and village of Governor Aiken, where he, in 1830, commenced his duties as rice-planter. A hedge of bright green casino surrounded the well-kept garden, within which magnolias and live-oaks enveloped the solid old house, screening it with their heavy foliage from the strong winds of the ocean, while flowering shrubs of all descriptions added their bright and vivid coloring to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

The governor had arrived at Jehossee before me, and Saturday being pay-day, the faces of the negroes were wreathed in smiles. Here, in his quiet island home, I remained until Monday with this most excellent man and patriot, whose soul had been tried as by fire during the disturbances caused by the war.

As we sat together in that room where, in years gone by, Governor Aiken had entertained his northern guests, with Englishmen of noble blood, — a room full of reminiscences both pleasant and painful, — my kind host freely told me the story of his busy life, which sounded like a tale of romance. He had tried to stay the wild storm of secession when the war-cloud hung gloomily over his state. It broke, and his unheeded warnings were drowned in the thunders of the political tempest that swept over the fair south. Before the war he owned one thousand slaves. He organized schools to teach his negroes to read and write. The improvement of their moral condition was his great study.

The life he had entered upon, though at first distasteful, had been forced upon him, and he met his peculiar responsibilities with a true Christian desire to benefit all within his reach. When a young man, having returned from the tour of Europe, his father presented him with Jehossee Island, an estate of five thousand acres, around which it required four stout negro oarsmen to row him in a day. "Here," said the father to the future governor of South Carolina, as he presented the domain to his son, — "here are the means; now go to work and develop them."

William Aiken applied himself industriously to the task of improving the talents given him. His well-directed efforts bore good fruit, as year

after year Jehossee Island, from a half submerged, sedgy, boggy waste, grew into one of the finest rice-plantations in the south. The new lord of the manor ditched the marshes, and walled in his new rice-fields with dikes, to keep out the freshets from the upland and the tides from the ocean, perfecting a complete system of drainage and irrigation. He built comfortable quarters for his slaves, and erected a church and schoolhouse for their use. From the original two hundred and eighty acres of cultivated rice land, the new proprietor developed the wild morass into sixteen hundred acres of rice-fields, and six hundred acres of vegetable, corn, and provender producing land.

For several seasons prior to the war, Jehossee yielded a rice crop which sold for seventy thousand dollars, and netted annually fifty thousand dollars income to the owner. At that time Governor Aiken had eight hundred and seventy-three slaves on the island, and about one hundred working as mechanics, &c., in Charleston. The eight hundred and seventy-three Jehossee slaves, men, women, and children, furnished a working force of three hundred for the rice-fields.

Mr. Aiken would not tolerate the loose matrimonial ways of negro life, but compelled his slaves to accept the marriage ceremony; and herein lay one of his chief difficulties, for, to whatever cause we attribute it, the fact remains the same, namely, that the ordinary negro has no sense of morality. After all the attempts made on this plantation to improve the moral nature of these men and women, Governor Aiken, during a yellow-fever season in Savannah after the war, while visiting the poor sufferers, intent upon charitable works, found in the lowest quarter of the city, sunk in the most abject depths of vice, men and women who had once been good servants on his plantations.

In old times Jehossee was a happy place for master and for slave. The governor rarely locked the door of his mansion. The family plate, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, was stored in a chest in a room on the ground-floor of the house, which had for its occupants, during four months of the year, two or three negro servants. Though all the negroes at the quarters, which were only a quarter of a mile from the mansion, knew the valuable contents of the chest, it was never disturbed. They stole small

things, but seemed incapable of committing a burglary.

When the Union army marched through another part of South Carolina, where Governor Aiken had buried these old family heirlooms and had added to the original plate thirty thousand dollars' worth of his own purchasing, the soldiers dug up this treasure-trove, and forty-five thousand dollars' worth of fine silver went to enrich the spoils of the Union army. Soon after, three thousand eight hundred bottles of fine old wines, worth from eight to nine dollars a bottle, were dug up and destroyed by a Confederate officer's order, to prevent the Union army from capturing them. Thus was plundered an old and revered governor of South Carolina—one who was a kind neighbor, a true patriot, and a Christian gentleman.

The persecutions of the owner of Jehossee did not, however, terminate with the war; for when the struggle was virtually ended, and the fair mansion of the rice-plantation retained its heirlooms and its furniture, Beaufort, of South Carolina, was still under the influence of the Freedman's Bureau; and when it was whispered that Aiken's house was full of nice old furniture, and that a few faithful servants of the good old master were its only guards, covetous thoughts at once stirred the evil minds of those who were the representatives of law and order. This house was left almost without protection. The war was over. South Carolina had bent her proud head in agony over her burned plantations and desolate homes. The victorious army was now proclaiming peace, and generous treatment to a fallen foe. Then to what an almost unimaginable state of demoralization must some of the freedmen's protectors have fallen, when they sent a gunboat to Jehossee Island, and rifled the old house of all its treasures!

To-day, the governor's favorite sideboard stands in the house of a citizen of Boston, as a relic of the war. O, people of the north, hold no longer to your relics of the war, stolen from the firesides of the south! Restore them to their owners, or else bury them out of the sight of your children, that they may not be led to believe that the war for the preservation of the Great Republic was a war for *plunder*;—else did brave men fight, and good women pray in vain. Away with stolen pianos, "captured"

sideboards, and purloined silver! What but this petty plundering could be expected of men who robbed by wholesale the poor negro, to protect whose rights they were sent south?

The great political party of the north became the pledged conservator of the black man's rights, and established a Freedman's Bureau, and Freedman's banks to guard his humble earnings. All know something of the workings of those banks; and to everlasting infamy must be consigned the names of many of those conducting them,—men who robbed every one of these depositories of negro savings, and left the poor, child-like freedman in a physical state of destitution, and in a perfect bewilderment of mind as to who his true friend really was.

A faithful negro of Jehossee Island was but one among thousands of such cases. While the tumult of war vexed the land, the faithful negro overseer remained at his post to guard his late master's property, supporting himself by the manufacture of salt, and living in the most frugal manner to be able to "lay by" a sum for his old-age. Having saved five hundred dollars, he deposited them in the nearest Freedman's bank, which, though *fathered* by the United States government, failed; and the now destitute negro found himself stripped in the same moment of his hard-earned savings, and his confidence in his new protectors.

As the war of the rebellion was slowly drawing to its close, Mr. Lincoln's kind heart was drawn towards his erring countrymen, and he made a list of the names of the wisest and best men of the south, who, not having taken an active part in the strife, might be intrusted with the task of bringing back the unruly states to their constitutional relations with the national government. Governor Aiken was informed that his name was upon that list; and he would gladly have accepted the onerous position, and labored in the true interests of the whole people, but the pistol of an assassin closed the life of the President, whose generous plans of reconstruction were never realized.

In the birth of our new Centennial let us eschew the political charlatan, and bring forward our statesmen to serve and govern a people, who, to become a unit of strength, must ever bear in mind the words of the great southern statesman, who said he knew "no north, no

south, no east, no west; but one undivided country."

On Monday, at ten A. M., two negroes assisted me to launch my craft from the river's bank at the mouth of the canal, for the tide was very low. As I settled myself for a long pull at the oars, the face of one of the blacks was seemingly rent in twain, as a huge mouth opened, and a pair of strong lungs sent forth these parting words: "*Bully for Massachusetts!*"

"How did you know I came from Massachusetts?" I called out from the river.

"I knows de cuts ob dem. I suffered at Fort Wagner. Dis chile knows Massachusetts."

Two miles further on, Bull Creek served me as a "cut-off," and half an hour after entering it the tide was flooding against me. When Goat Island Creek was passed on the left hand, knots of pine forests rose picturesquely in places out of the bottom-lands, and an hour later, at Bennett's Point, on the right, I found the watercourse a quarter of a mile in width.

The surroundings were of a lovely nature during this day's journey. Here marshes, diversified by occasional hammocks of timber dotting their uninteresting wastes; there humble habitations of whites and blacks appearing at intervals in the forest growth. As I was destitute of a finished chart of the Coast Survey, after rowing along one side of Hutchinson's Island I became bewildered in the maze of creeks which penetrate the marshes that lie between Bennett's Point and the coast.

Making a rough topographical sketch of the country as I descended Hutchinson's Creek, or Big River,—the latter appellation being the most appropriate, as it is a very wide watercourse,—I came upon a group of low islands, and found upon one of them a plantation which had been abandoned to the negroes, and the little bluff upon which two or three rickety buildings were situated was the last land which remained unsubmerged during a high tide between the plantation and the sea.

I was now in a quandary. I had left the hospitable residence of Governor Aiken at ten o'clock A. M., when I should have departed at sunrise in order to have had time to enter and pass through St. Helena Sound before night came on. The prospect of obtaining shelter was indeed dismal. Just at this time a loud shout from the negroes

on shore attracted my attention, and I rested upon my oars, while a boat-load of women and children paddled out to me.

"Is *dat de little boat?*" they asked, viewing my craft with curious eyes. "And is dat boat made of paper?" they continued, showing that negro runners had posted the people, even in these solitary regions, of the approach of the paper canoe. I questioned these negro women about the route, but each gave a different answer as to the passage through the Horns to St. Helena Sound. Hurrying on through tortuous creeks, the deserted tract called "the Horns" was entered, and until sunset I followed one short stream after another, to its source in the reedy plain, constantly retracing the route, with the tide not yet ebbing strong enough to show me a course to the sound. Presently it ebbed more rapidly, and I followed the tide from one intricacy to another, but never found the principal thoroughfare.

While I was enveloped in reeds, and at a loss which way to go, the soft ripple of breaking waves struck my ear like sweet music. The sea was telling me of its proximity. Carefully balancing myself, I stood up in the cranky canoe, and peering over the grassy thickets, saw before me the broad waters of Helena Sound. The fresh salt breeze from the ocean struck upon my forehead, and nerved me to a renewal of my efforts to get within a region of higher land, and to a place of shelter.

BOOKS about BOATS

Out of Print & Used Nautical Books
Old Boating Magazines

Original Boat & Marine Literature
COLUMBIA TRADING CO
2 ROCKLYN DR., SUFFERN, NY 10901

SCHORPIOEN

a sailing yarn, a novel, from one of the
world's great small boat designers

PHILIP C. BOLGER

that is nautically impeccable, clench-nails you
to your chair, and may even be of socially
redeeming value.

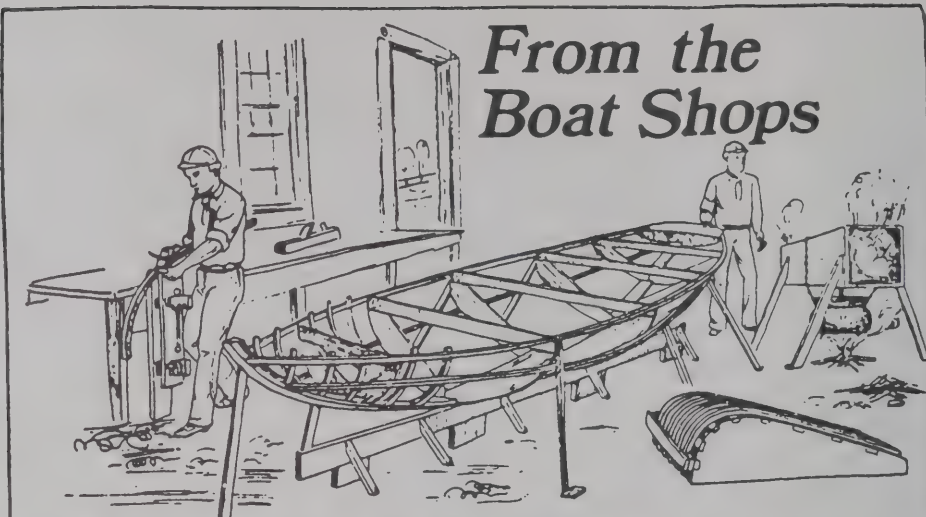
Soft cover, 208 pages, \$12.95, At your nautical
bookseller, or by mail, postpaid from its publisher,
Duff & Duff, 28 Harbor Road, Mattapoisett, MA 02739



AFTER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

The Rockport Apprenticeshop recently completed a pair of 12' Westport Skiffs for Richard Hawes of Westport, Massachusetts. Hawes received one of these skiffs, originally designed and built by Fred Tripp of Westport in the early '20's, on his eighth birthday in 1924, one of ten built at the time. He and other local youth sailed and raced these boats in Cockeest Pond behind Horseneck Beach.

With nostalgia at full flood, Richard decided that the old skiff of his youth would be just the thing in which to teach his two granddaughters to sail, so he commissioned the Apprenticeshop to build two of them. When the first was completed in April, Hawes arrived at Rockport to sail it around the harbor in a blustery southerly and reported that, "It was great, I felt like I was sailing my old boat." Richard hopes to renew interest in the little skiffs again for sailing and racing on Cockeest Pond. The Rockport Apprenticeshop, P.O. Box 539, Rockport, ME 04856, (207) 236-6071.



From the Boat Shops



"CHEEMAUN" ON TV

One of Maine's largest banks recently produced a 30 second commercial that features about 18 seconds of the C.E.O. on a fishing trip paddling one of my new wood/canvas 15' "Cheemaun" canoes. The message implied is that the Key Bank is a quality institution that understands the needs of people in Maine. The producer is a friend of the Maine Guides, Garrett and Alexandra Conover, and he inquired of them where he might bor-

row an appropriate traditional canoe. They knew that I had one just completed for Steve Poe of Edgewater, Maryland, and Steve graciously gave us permission to use his new boat even before he got to in this commercial. The agency people took good care of Steve's canoe, the bank loved the image it presented, and Steve got his canoe right on schedule. Rollin Thurlow, Northwoods Canoe Shop, RFD #3, Box 118-2A, Dover-Foxcroft, ME 04426, (207) 564-3667.

MAC'S LATEST

Mac McCarthy of Feather Canoes in Sarasota, Florida, has been branching out more into rowing

craft built by the strip plank method. His latest two are a 10' Chappelle dinghy (round bottom) and an 8' skiff (flat bottom) just big

enough for two kids or one fisherman. Feather Canoes, 3080 N. Washington Blvd., Sarasota, FL 33580, (813) 953-7660.



A VISIT WITH JEFF HANNA

Jeff Hanna is a full time boat-builder/restorer living and working in Mt. Vernon, Maine, in the heart of the Belgrade Lakes district. His specialty has been wood/canvas canoes and he calls his business, "Oat Canoe". Jeff and his brother Jay fled from the modern world of Schenectady, New York, "electric city", about a dozen years ago seeking some sort of a back to the land lifestyle, and found Mt. Vernon affordable and appropriate. But soon Jay found even the limited amount of "visiting" that went on in this rural area was interfering with his desire to focus on his own thing, so he moved on to Machias over in Washington County, where he became a licensed Maine Guide and took up building canoes, operating as Iris Boat Works.

Jeff stayed on in Mt. Vernon, the portion of a rundown farm he'd bought, a few acres and two decrepit barns, becoming his shop and home. He found plenty of work repairing and restoring a seemingly endless supply of old wood/canvas canoes for people who summer on the Belgrade Lakes, and paid off his mortgage in just eight years. Today one of the barns serves as Jeff's workshop and living quarters, the other is storage for his collection of old boats he comes upon, and has a row of former box stalls for horses rented out as a sort of rural "mini-storage" facility for local people pressed for space.

We stopped in to see Jeff on our trip to The Forks for our whitewater rafting adventure reported on in the July 15th issue, as our route took us within a few miles of Mt. Vernon. Jeff had told us of the Greenland style eskimo kayak he was building and we wanted to see what he had. The kayak frame was about completed and it was a work of art. These craft have such graceful sweeping lines to begin with, and Jeff's workmanship was just right. At first I thought the various stringers and deck braces seemed to be rather large in section, overbuilt perhaps. But the wood was very lightweight, and the 17 footer will weigh in right down there with the fiberglass sea kayaks available today. Jeff designed the boat himself after reading up on everything he could find about such craft.

Jeff likes to read, and his un-



hurried lifestyle gives him the chance. He says he'll often break midday for a couple of hours for lunch and some reading. The kayak project got underway when a bigger break in his scheduled work unexpectedly came up last winter. A client with a major canoe restoration job in the shop suddenly needed to spend the money on a new heating system for his house, so Jeff was left with a void in his planned workload. Not the least dismayed, he decided to take advantage of this opportunity to get his dream kayak underway.

While Jeff loves and works on traditional small boats, nearly all wood/canvas construction, he isn't all the way back to the old ways. He has power equipment in the shop, has recently adopted using modern synthetic fabric and fillers in recovering, and spray paints the finished work in a "clean room" he's constructed in one bay of the barn. Heat from the living quarter's wood stove on one end of the building also warms the workshop and the paint room. Jeff feels any of his recovering jobs should last for years and adopting the new materials eliminates the possibilities of canvas decaying from poor owner maintenance or storage arrangements. And the gleaming spray painted finish he achieves emphasizes the quality of his work, for any imperfections in hull shape leap out at one much more from a glossy surface. I didn't spot any on the just completed canoe he had in the "clean room". It was gorgeous.



Jeff wondered after a number of years how long the supply of old canoes in need of repair would last, but he's done well over 100 now and there seems to be no end in sight. Canoes were so commonplace in this summer resort area, everyone had them, and they stayed on when places changed hands, tucked under the cottage porch or in a shed out back, or even upside down under a tree. And they keep on turning up at Jeff's place, he's the guy who fixes 'em in the area. Jeff says most of his new business is now word of mouth referrals, he does advertise in the local summer season giveaway paper and that has brought in some new trade. Enough for his unhurried lifestyle.

Jeff doesn't care much for the 8 hour day, 40 hour week notion, and has chosen instead to work at a pace that allows him not only that time for reading, and playing drums in a local music group, but for local community volunteer work. With no mortgage, and as a bachelor still living in a very low overhead community, Jeff says he gets along very nicely on about \$8,000 a year cash income. When the winter repair job fell through, instead of concern over what to find now for bringing in the money, he chose to seize the time for the kayak project.

Jeff figures he'll be building more of the kayaks once he's got this one on the water and is satisfied with its performance and his construction technique. It's a change from all those canoes. On a wall in his shop is a montage of photos of past canoe projects he's done, and the array doesn't represent nearly all those he's done, after the first 50 or 60 he tired of recording yet another canoe repair on film. When asked about perhaps growing weary of doing yet another canoe job, Jeff smiles and responds that it's a living and not an unpleasant one at that. And it gives him that luxury of time to work as he chooses. Jeff Hanna is at Oat Canoe Co. RFD #1, Box 4100, Mt. Vernon, ME 04352, (207) 293-2694.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



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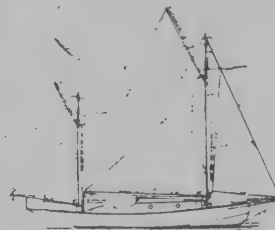
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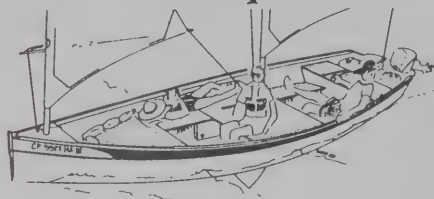
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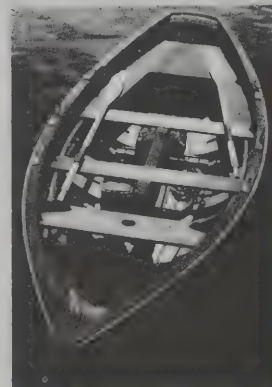
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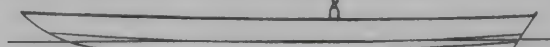


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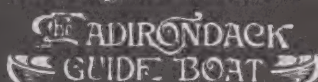
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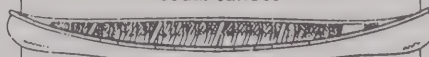
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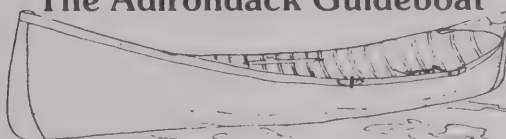
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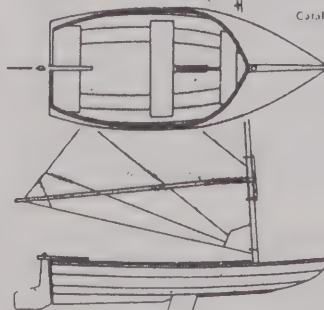
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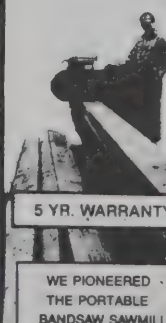
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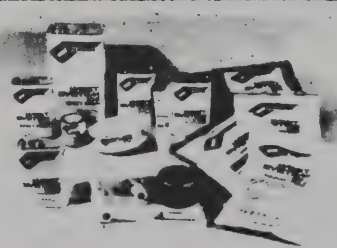
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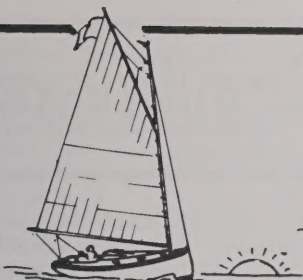


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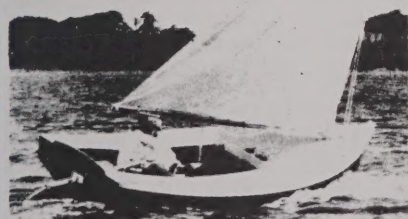
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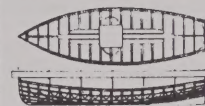
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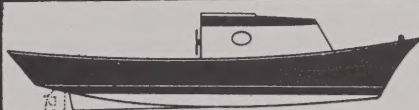


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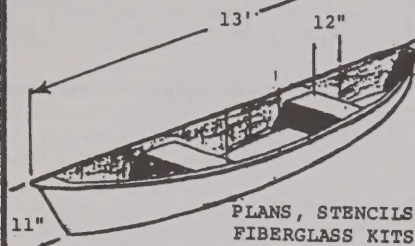
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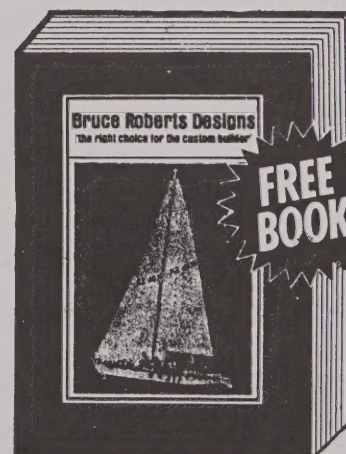
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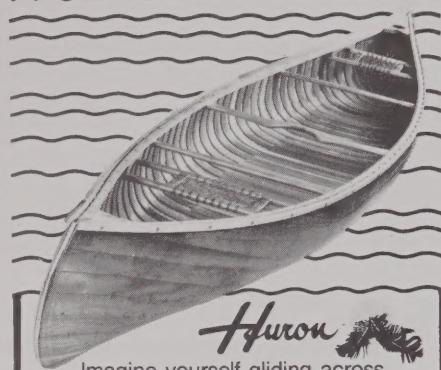
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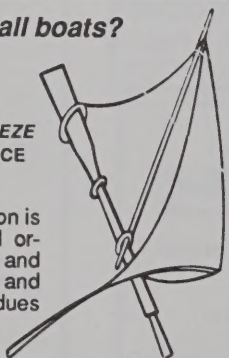
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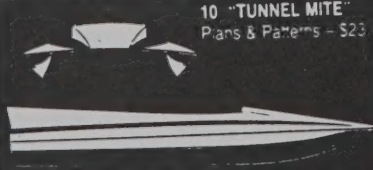
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