

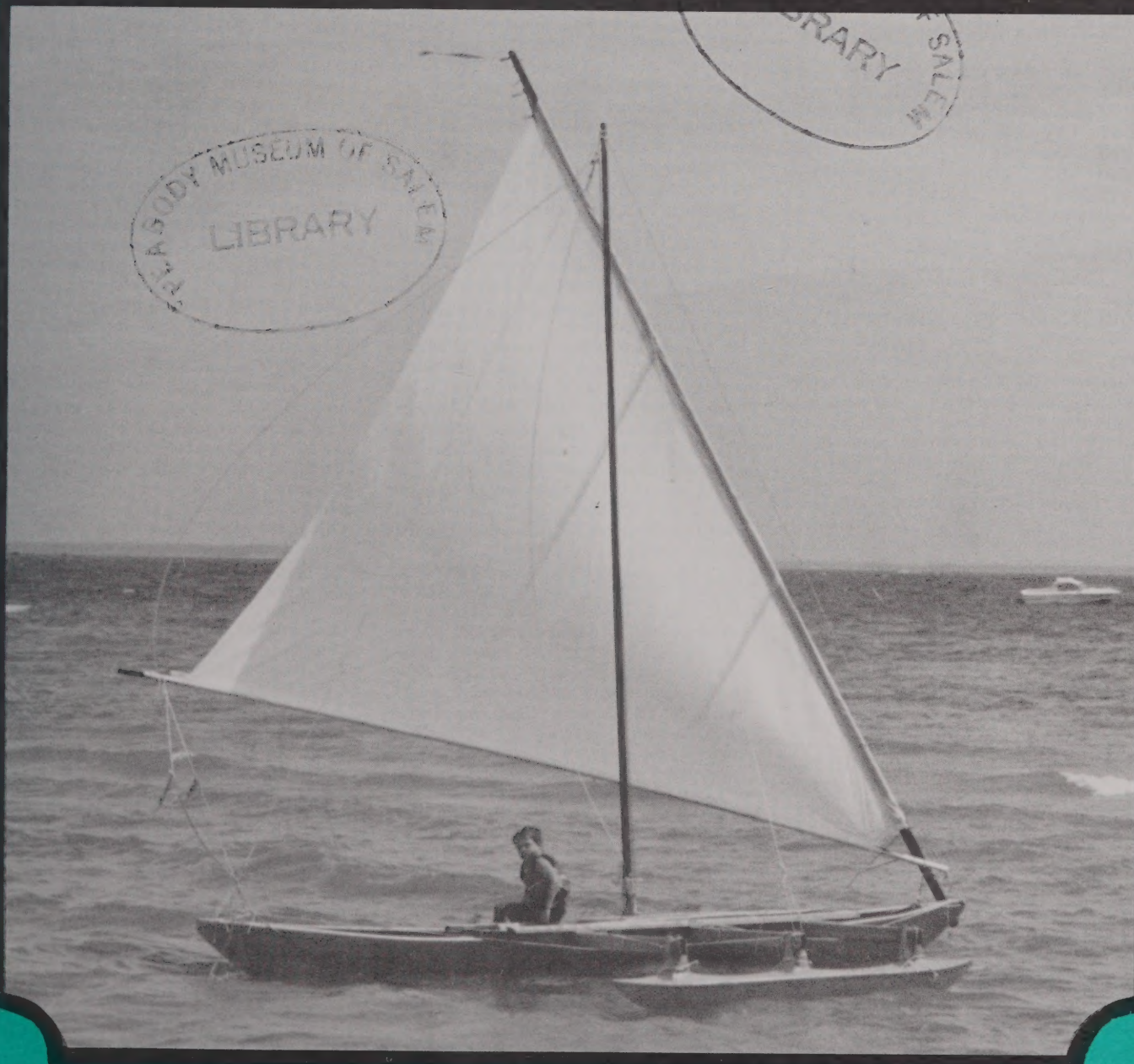
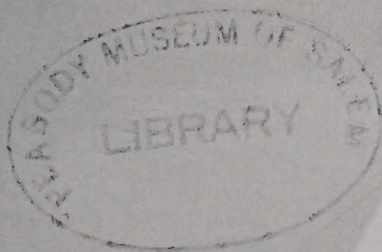
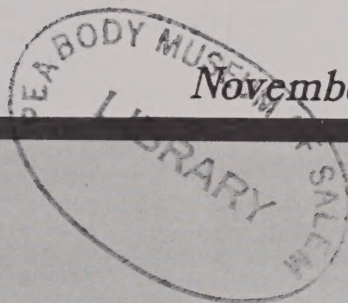


messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 7 ~ Number 13

November 15, 1989





messing about in BOATS

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH, 24
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PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

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TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
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Our Next Issue...

Has more than enough lined
up, as usual. We've a choice of
outings: E.G. Ragsdale's "Into That
Old Spring Trap Again" kayak
trip; Jim Casey's "Irish Interlude"
(another one so soon?); Joe Zamma-
relli's "Big Decision", a liveaboard
couple's move down the ICW. For
interesting boats we've got Capt.
Jim Short's San Francisco Bay Peli-
can (the original); Jack Hurt's
one-lunger powered old plywood
daysailer (with jib); and Carolin-
ian canoes in the south Pacific.
For quirkyness, Pete Cartier has a
quiz for you on "Nautical Noises".
We take a look at third generation
boatbuilder David Montgomery's new
shop; and review Zu Freeman's
book on "Building the Jawbone
Kayak", Sam McKinney's "True Ac-
count of the Bounty Mutiny"; and
"Moby Nick" reviews some "Second-
hand Sea Stories". Gail Ferris be-
gins a serialized chronicle of her
summer kayaking in the Arctic
Ocean. And then there are pages
and pages of Designs & Projects, to
fill any remaining space (!), 11
different ones in all. Maybe a cou-
ple will make this issue, the rest
will have their turns.

On the Cover...

Don Betts' budget cartop proa
underway, it didn't cost much, nor
take long to build, and it works
pretty well for a first try. Photos
and report in this issue.

Commentary

BOB
HICKS

Well, Nathaniel Bishop finally
reaches his destination on the Gulf
coast of Florida in this issue, it's
been a long but fascinating adven-
ture in that paper canoe over 110
years ago. The serial began in our
August 15, 1988 issue, so it's been
a bit over a year of journeying for
us. Of the three adventures of by-
gone days that we've serialized to
date, this was by far the most
challenging, and yet Bishop kept
making me think it was not all that
tough the way he described what
happened. One reader not long ago
remarked on this, though, by com-
menting on "what guts" it must
have taken.

Our first serial, "Adventures
Down the Bay" was more my speed,
and many of yours also, judging
from subsequent sales we made of a
reprint of the book we did. Two
youths spend a summer at the end
of the last century sailing all over
Narragansett Bay in a small open
sailing skiff. It was not only good
"small adventuring" but was a re-
capturing of a time of innocence,
not only in the youths' ages, but
in the nation's.

In between we had that amus-
ing ramble in 1858 from Province-
town to Bar Harbor chronicled in
"Carter's Coast of New England".
No innocence here, nor much need
for "guts" either. These three so-
phisticated men in a chartered
schooner fish and drink their lei-
surely way up the New England
coast, visiting just about every fa-
miliar port we know today. But oh,
how different the towns were 130
years ago. I'll never forget the de-
scription of what a "rough town"
Marblehead was with its aggressive
street urchins.

Well, now, in the next issue
we switch for a while back to to-
day. Gail Ferris, who frequently
contributes articles on her kayak-
ing in winter ice and sundry other
not commonly enjoyed venues (like
the north coast of Newfoundland),
went to the arctic last summer to
kayak near Baffin Island. She's
come back totally enthralled with
what this experience meant to her,
a quantum leap outward for a re-
creational kayaker. Gail's not your
macho paddler either, she took up
kayaking after hip operations ren-
dered her jogging impossible, and
early on would trundle her kayak
to water at home in Stony Creek,
Connecticut, on her wheelchair.
She's long over the wheelchair in-
terlude and routinely paddles
year-round today. Her stories from
Baffin Island should be a nice
counterpoint to the preceding Bish-
op adventure.

After Gail concludes her se-
ries, we have an interesting short-
er piece from an 1881 issue of "The
Century" magazine about a trip on
a pilot schooner working the port
of New York. This comes to us
from reader R.W. Odlin of Sed-
ro-Wooley, Washington. It's great
stuff about that rat race existence
competing in all sorts of weather
far offshore for the pilot trade.

I feel these older stories re-
late today to the way many of us
still prefer to mess about in boats.
Maybe we don't undertake such dar-
ing adventures, but many of us do
like to do what we do in basic
boats, devoid of today's trappings
of communication and auxiliary
power. People like Bishop or the
trio in "Carter's Coast", and those
young men in "Down the Bay", did
what they did then for recreation,
they weren't putting up with hard-
ship and potential danger as part
of a necessary employment for eco-
nomic survival. Relatively ordinary
people were freed by the industrial
revolution of the early 1800's
enough to partake of the recreation
opportunities heretofore reserved
only to the wealthy and royalty.

Today millions of us can go
play in boats, and most, it ap-
pears, feel impelled to surround
themselves with all the latest gad-
gets technology can provide to in-
sulate themselves from struggle,
discomfort or possible danger. They
use motors, even when sailing if
the wind direction isn't "right".
They use radios when something
goes wrong, calling for help from
others. Not just when in danger
either, but routinely when some-
thing or other goes wrong and they
cannot deal with it themselves. Or
don't want to. A few issues back
we ran the tongue-in-cheek piece
on "Easy Cruise", describing how
comfortable and secure moorings on
the Maine coast could be. It wasn't
far from reality.

I guess I'm drawn to these
tales of bygone times because they
remind me of the basic reality in
small boating and why it can be
rewarding even today to eschew all
that "gear" and get back to basics
in one's relationship with a boat
and the waters on which it takes
one. People paddle and row for
such reasons, I believe, as well as
the currently fashionable "fitness"
mystique. And small boat sailors
can and often do so too. It is pos-
sible to be comfortable and safe on
the water in a small boat without
being surrounded with support
gear. It does require some self re-
liance, though. Good stuff to have.

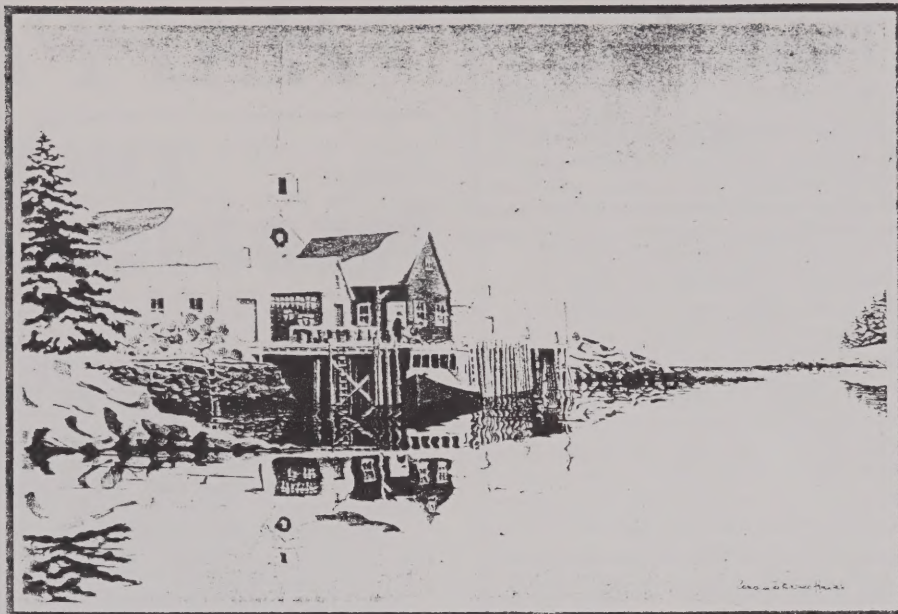
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HAPPENINGS

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER PROGRAMS

The Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, ME, offers the following winter lectures:

November 15. "A Little Oil on the Waters", Adm. Jack Hayes, Alaskan oil spill consultant.

November 28. "How Did the Kennebec River Get to be Where and What It Is?", Dr. Joseph Kelley.

December 13. "A Star in the East", circumnavigation of the earth by stars and sun, Dr. Edgar Gibson.

December 28. "Navigation of the Kennebec, Then and Now", Capt. William Rich.

January 10. "A Low and a High, All About Maine Weather".

January 16. "The People Who Came to Settle the Kennebec".

February 12. "The Economic Impact of the Kennebec, Then and Now".

February 21. "A Sky Bristling with Electrons".

March 7. "A Trip to Remember".

March 13. "The Future of the Kennebec".

April 18. "A View of the Maine Coast as Seen by Her Artists".

May 9. "A Trip Through the Archives".

Continuing daily exhibits include the following: A Maritime History of Maine; Family Fleets; The Building of a Wooden Ship; Lobstering and the Maine Coast.

The Museum is open daily 9:30-5 except on major holidays. Details on the winter programs are available on request from the Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

COLUMBIA CANOE CLUB REBORN

Impossible dream, perhaps, but my impossible dream and that of many others has now become a reality. Columbia Canoe Club, Connecticut's former powerhouse in Olympic paddling, long dormant, almost dead, has now experienced a rebirth. Mrs. Murphy, the matron of the club, has now retired, and has turned the fleet over to some members with hopes of starting anew.

On request, the Army Corps. of Engineers relinquished a building to the state at the Mansfield Hollow Dam reservoir. Over the Labor Day Weekend, we were given a key to this, our new boathouse. With an all out effort by volunteers, the new clubhouse was wired ready for a generator (as soon as we can afford one), cleaned, painted, and secured by a professional locksmith crew, and racks were erected.

The boats were then moved in, all in one day! Although the building is too short for the K-4's and the C-4's, it now holds a fleet of training kayaks, K-1's, K-2's, C-1's, C-2's, a recreational canoe, a war canoe, an open racing canoe and paddles and gear.

We've got big plans. Instruction in all forms of canoe sport will be available. We plan to purchase that generator first. We need to find a cheap tractor-trailer box over 36' long in which to store the K-4's and C-4's.

New members are joining up, including many bantam (ages 12-14) paddlers. Memberships are good through March of 1991 at \$15 for juniors, \$25 for seniors and \$50 for a family of two adults and any number of junior paddlers. Membership entitles one to instruction and use of club boats for practice and instruction. For membership information, call Sue Audette at (203) 456-4906 or Chuck Herrick at (203) 228-9114 eves.

Report by Sue Audette.

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SMALL BOATBUILDERS SHOW FOR ALBANY

North River Boat Works of Albany, New York, is organizing a small boatbuilders' get-together for next June on the waterfront in Albany, New York, patterned after the very successful event last July at Strawberry Banke in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. While this is real early yet, interested builders, professional or amateur, who wish to be informed of arrangements as they are made should contact North River Boat Works, 6 Elm St. Albany, NY 12202, (518) 434-4414.



Your Commentary

ROOTS BACK HERE

I have been foreman of a group of volunteer boat builders that has built an historically accurate reproduction of Captain Robert Gray's "Jolly Boat" that we like to think led the Columbia Rediviva across the "Great River of the West" bar on May 9, 1792. The original was, we believe, built in the Boston area and therefore our reproduction has roots back there.

Our vessel was launched on July 16th and has proven to be a fine craft. She was researched and designed by a truly fine craftsman and master boat builder, Greg Foster of Galiano Island, British Columbia.

Now we are building another of his designs, a circa 1790 Spanish launch, similar to those carried aboard Spanish vessels when they explored our Pacific northwest waters. This boat will have a windlass installed for pulling anchors.

I find I eagerly await each copy of "Messing About in Boats" and then, months later, just as eagerly pick up an old copy for re-reading. The "Paper Canoe" serial is both a history and a geography lesson.

Bob Young, Lake Oswego, OR.

MORE ENJOYMENT OUT OF BUILDING

When I read Dave Dawson's letter in the August 1st issue about his difficulty in trying to sell his Peterborough guideboat (Am I Unique?), and later Hans Waecker's response in the September 1st issue (No You Ain't), I was tempted to call Mr. Dawson to find out more about his boat. One reason I didn't was that I didn't have the money sitting around with which to buy it. Secondly, I think I've decided I want to discover for myself what these two gentlemen have apparently found, and that is the joy of building my own boat. Then after I've built a few I will probably put an ad in "Boats" to sell off part of this fleet and then be able to state, as Mr. Waecker did, "I seem to get more enjoyment out of building..."

Perhaps lots of folks are like me and want to find this experience for themselves and have nothing against boats such as Mr. Dawson's at all.

Jack Sarhage, Piscataway, NJ.

DON'T GET TO GO BOATING OFTEN

Since I moved to Greensboro, North Carolina, from New York, I don't get to go boating so often (I'm five hours inland from the sea). Sometimes I paddle my sea kayak in a local lake or river, and about twice a year I go to the shore and surf kayak. When I lived in New York I belonged to the Irvington Boat Club and sailed and kayaked frequently on the Hudson River. After moving here I thought about relocating to the coast, but after "Iluho" I'm not so sure.

I look forward to my copy of "Messing About in Boats" every two weeks, its boating news remains interesting despite my present location's drawbacks for messing about in boats.

David Boldue, Greensboro, NC.

HOW TO BUILD A SHARPIE

I agree with Tim Dale about your having more design and do-it-yourself project articles, especially those on what the home builders are doing. I built a sharpie in 1963 from an article in a December, 1930, "Yachting" magazine. Because I did not have the January, 1931, issue, I didn't have the complete information and had to guess at the centerboard placement. The resulting boat had a terrific weather helm, but was fast.

If any reader knows where I can get a January, 1931, issue of "Yachting" magazine, I will send him the complete do-it-yourself article, "How to Build a Sharpie", by 1930 methods

E.G. Ragsdale, Westlake, OR.

DORIES ON GLACIER BAY

I am enjoying your publication. I have a Grand Banks Dory which we use for play, work and transportation, and am now developing an educational program which will have students out in six dories on Glacier Bay.

Bob Woolf, Ketchikan, AK.

WHAT A MISTAKE!

I allowed my subscription to expire around July 1st as I bought a 30' sloop and went to play in the big leagues. What a mistake! The big boat is now for sale and here's my renewal, please renew my subscription from where it left off.

Daniel Schock, Pensacola, FL.

PADDLING WITH TAMMY

I first met Tamsen Venn when she paddled Casco Bay with me last summer. Come to find out, she's writing a book for the Appalachian Mountain Club of suggested coastal kayaking tours along the northeast coast. She joined me again for a couple of Cape Cod paddles at Waquoit Bay and Monomoy Island.

In early October we were to go over to Stony Creek in Connecticut to paddle with Gail Ferris, another tour for the book. But Tammy's eight year old Honda, which she had characterized as "indestructible", came to a halt at the Rhode Island state line in a cloud of steam from the radiator, later it was determined to have been from a blown head gasket.

On October 7th we tried again to join Gail, this time closer, on Narragansett Bay. I guess she thought we'd be able to get that far. This time we took my car, and suffered a flat tire! I haven't had a flat tire in years. Now I'm gun shy about trips to go paddling off-Cape, can they be chanced without inviting car trouble?

We did have a good trip to Hadley Harbor the day after the ill-fated Connecticut effort. I guess it's only when we try to go off-Cape that we have this trouble. Perhaps this is a reason why Cape natives hesitate to cross the bridges.

On another topic, I have built a "Cockleshell", it's not quite finished yet, like a lot of things around here, but I am looking forward to trying it out soon. I used System Three epoxy for my first experience in stitch and glue boat-building and it was easy to use. I liked the simple 2:1 mix ratio.

Chuck Wright, N. Falmouth, MA.

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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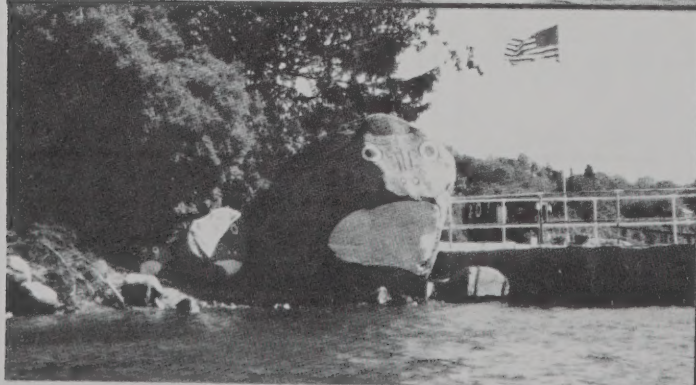
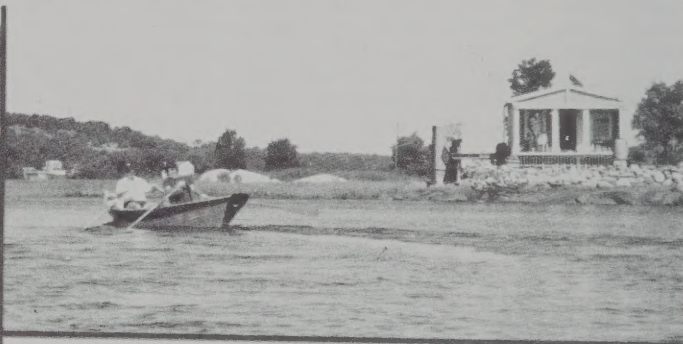
Annisquam Outing

The Cape Ann Rowing Club hosted a recreational rowing and paddling outing for any interested members and friends on October 1st, starting and finishing at the Montgomery Boat Yard right next to the Rt. 128 high bridge over the river. A golden autumn day brought over 30 boats to take part in the 7

mile outing, which meandered through the tidal marsh channels to the west of the river before rejoining the main channel opposite the village of Annisquam. There the route went to the head of Lobster Cove, before returning directly back along the main channel to the finish. A huge pot of steaming sea-

food chowder and hot coffee were awaiting the 50 or so participants, with the usual post-outing socializing going on for another couple of hours. It was a great day on the water purely for the pleasure of it without any competitive aspects. A few photos capture the essence of the occasion.

Left from the top: Father and youngster crew in an old Folbot. Father and youngster crew in an Alden shell. Anton Fritz (stern) and friend in his "Indian" canoe. Riverbank "decor", a family of "frogs". Right from the top: Banks dory passes islet homestead. Phil Bolger in his own design kayak. Another Banks dory crew, (they really like these boats in Gloucester). Terry Rubin in her Alden shell.



Some Recent Events

RACE OF TRUTH 1989

Five kayakers and five oarsmen turned out for the fourth Race of Truth at South Bristol, Maine, on October 7th. The long-suffering but still gracious Jon Fink served as starter, timer, hostess, key grip and best boy. And we are indebted to Dick Vogel and members of the Wawenock Power Squadron for patrolling our course aboard "Snow Goose".

This year's race recorded three "firsts"; the sun shone, a rowing boat was first overall, and all boats completed the course. The kayak race was closer than the times imply; four of them were right together at the turn from John's Bay into the Gut because Fred Ludwig took a scenic route early in the race thereby blowing a substantial lead; and my superior surfing technique enabled me to regain ground I'd lost to the Bangor twins going to windward. The racers had little help from the tide, so despite relatively mild 15-20 knot westerlies with occasional chilly gusts, and a two foot southerly swell, the course records were in no danger of revision.

The Damariscotta Oar & Paddle Exercise Society (DOPES) was formed solely to present the 1989 Race of Truth, and accordingly disbanded and ceased to exist as of midnight, October 7th. The future of the Race of Truth is in doubt due to small participation, promoter fatigue, and the difficulty in presenting a dangerous event in a way that will satisfy the concerns of lawyers, underwriters, nervous but competent potential competitors and government agencies while still keeping the event simple, inexpensive and low key.

Winners were the following: Sliding Seat Rowing Singles: W. Brooks Doell, Maas Vancouver, 1:35. Racing Kayaks: Ken Fink, Wave Piercer, 1:38. Touring Kayaks: J. Hilary Billings, Sea Runner, 1:47. Traditional Rowing Doubles: Cliff Punchard and Dennis Glidden, Piscataqua Wherry, 2:11. Traditional Rowing Singles, Dan O'Reilly, Piscataqua Wherry, 2:14.

Report by Jim Chute.

BRILLIANT WINS SCHOONER RACES
Mystic Seaport's 22nd Annual Invitational Schooner Race was held September 30th with 14 schooners participating, and the overall winner was the Seaport's own "Brilliant", a 62' schooner designed by Sparkman & Stephens and built by Henry B. Nevins in City Island, New York. "Brilliant", which made record Atlantic crossing in 1933, is now operated as a sail training vessel by Mystic Seaport.

The gaff rigger with the best corrected time received the Soundings Award, going to "Voyager" of New York. The oldest schooner was "Talisman", built in 1924, it received the Director's Award and also the Joseph Conrad Award for having the largest group of under-18 year olds as working crew.

"Brilliant's" skipper George Moffett and a crew of 11 took advantage of local knowledge of currents in the light airs to beat the perennial winner "Fortune" of Newport, RI, by over a half hour.

Report from Mystic Seaport Museum

CAPE ANN ROWING CLUB NEWS

The Cape Ann Rowing Club, in cooperation with the Gloucester, Massachusetts, Parks & Recreation Department, held youth rowing classes during the past summer. Through the efforts of club member Bill Graham of nearby Ipswich, a Martin dealer, two fiberglass Appledore Pods were donated to the program by Arthur Martin. The youths, aged 11 to 15, were taught the fundamentals of sliding seat rowing by member George Fielding-Estey. John Steiger allowed the use of his floats on Smith Cove for practice sessions. Paul Landry of the Parks & Recreation Dept. hopes to add a third boat for next summer, and introduce adult classes as well.

Club rowers Laurie King and Gina Lampasi travelled to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in September for the International Dory Races, where they defeated the Nova Scotian women's crew in rough seas, stirred up by the passage of hurricane Hugo, by over a minute, rowing Banks dories. The U.S. senior and junior men and Coast Guard crews all lost to the Canadians.

Report & Photo from Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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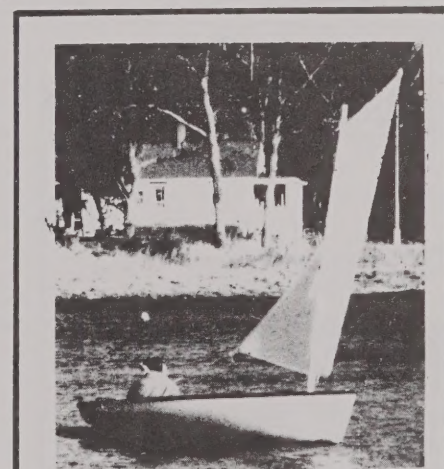
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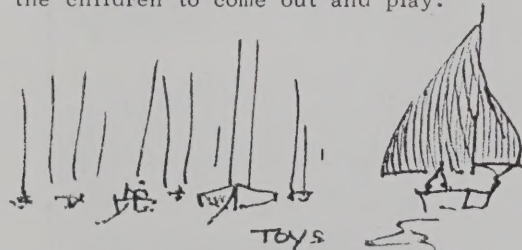
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Manchester was ahead. I had never been into that harbor because its long winding channel made it difficult to sail into and out of. The wind had swung around to the east coming over the star-board beam. An ideal wind to reach into and out of the channel. We sailed by the entrance buoy and the wind lightened, interrupted by the land. We slowly glided past the moored boats into the inner harbor.



New, large showy toys on strings, sadly idle, patiently waiting for the children to come out and play.

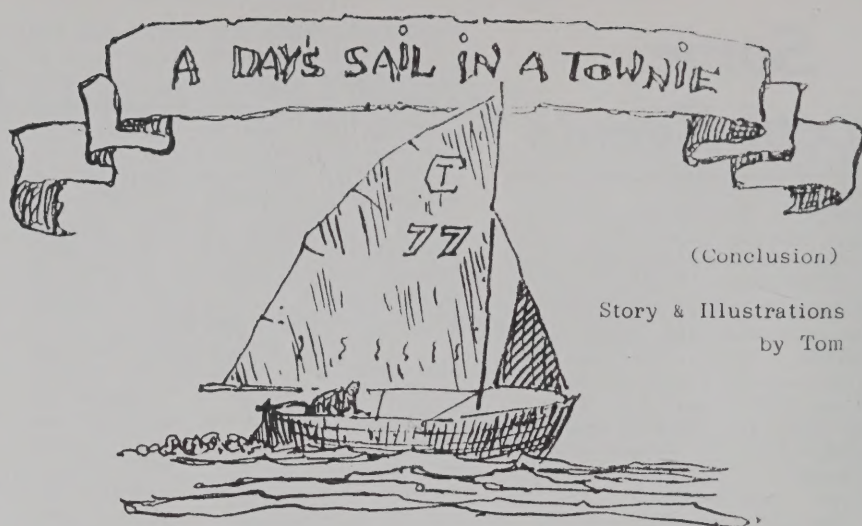
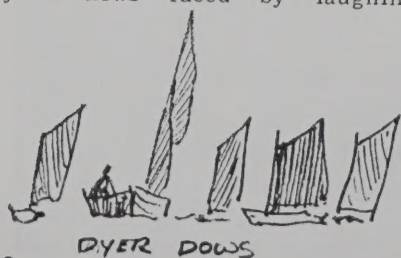


We found the public docks at the very end of the channel and tied up. There were no other boats there. I lowered the sails and walked through the park into town.



I walked the streets with my senses turned off, my nervous system short circuited.

I recovered when I returned to the boat, raised the sails and cast off. On the way back out to the open sea we sailed through a fleet of Dyer Dhows raced by laughing



Story & Illustrations
by Tom

children. Outside we stayed close in to shore and played among the rocks. A small boat is great for



The wind was still building and the sky was now changing rapidly when I returned to the boat, so I put a reef in the mainsail before raising it. I cast off and



sailed for the far shore, Marblehead's West Shore. The wind was too strong and the sail was a mess, with large folds coming off the boom. When I reached the lee of the shore I grabbed a lobster buoy, pulled down the main and then bent on and raised the "chicken sail."

getting into trouble. The rocks adroitly dodged us as the wind freshened. We sailed on over into Salem Harbor and across the flats, avoiding the channel. I kept looking over the side expecting the bottom to suddenly rise up and grab us. But it must have been the right time of tide. We sailed uninterruptedly to Derby Wharf. I tied up on an old pier and walked ashore to read the sign that faced into the town. "Do not use this Pier," it read.

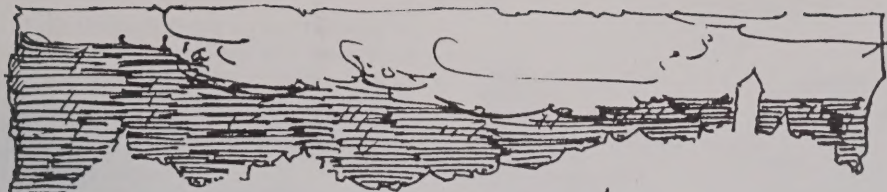


"I've already used it. It's a sailing boat. That should be considered when I'm brought to trial."

I sat in the sun and thought of the bygone witch trials, here, the East Indies shipping, the cursed judge in the House of Seven Gables, and of Hawthorne watching Salem Harbor from the window of the Custom House.



The sky darkened in the west and thunder rumbled periodically. We sailed along close in to shore



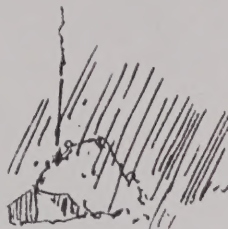
DARK SKY

hiding from the rising wind and chop. We passed close by Fort Sewall. We were doing hull speed now. A jogger ran past us high up on the wall. "Must be one of those super athletes," I explained to the boat. Then a woman casually walking a dog passed us. I offered no excuse for this to the boat as we thrashed and pounded through the water at top speed. Then an old man shuffled by us dragging a cane. I hiked out and sheeted in to try to stay with him, but he inched ahead of us. We passed him only after he collapsed on a bench and stared pensively at his toes, completely ignoring our victory.



OLD MAN

Now we were at the harbor entrance, exposed to the full fury of the wind. "Should take the jib off," the boat advised.



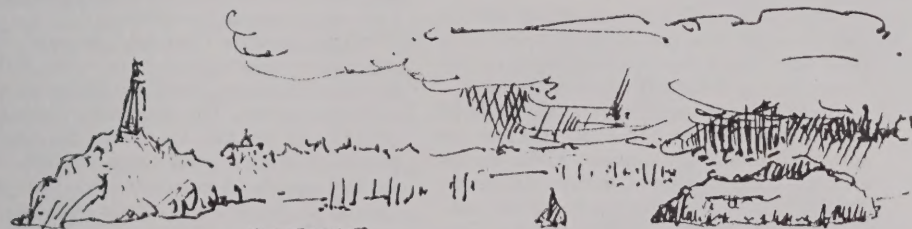
RAIN

When the rain let up I straightened up the boat and gave two blasts on the horn. Soon the little girl came out in the motor launch. "I watched you sail in before it rained. You should have called and I would have come out and got you," she scolded.



SHOULD HAVE CALLED

"I didn't want to inconvenience anyone," I explained, and got an angry stare. "I like the rain," I added, trying to wiggle out of the guilt of depriving her of running the world. Ashore, I sat back on



ENTRANCE

"If I do I won't be able to point," I explained, luffing the jib. I felt the first drops of rain. "When it rains, it'll rain hard and there won't be any visibility. We'll be in trouble," I reminded the boat.

"Sail well beyond the mooring and then tack to make sure we make it," the boat told me. The sky was black when we tacked and looked as though it should have been raining well before then. When we came into the wind, the boat came to a dead stop as its bow bumped the mooring. I tied up quickly and dropped the sails over us as the rain came down heavily. The boat and I laughed uncontrollably, realizing that it couldn't have been timed better.

the porch and watched the sun fall out of the sky in obedience to the cannon and the flag lowering. The world stood still once more. It couldn't have been a better day...in a Townie.

Story & Illustrations by Tom



ON THE PORCH AGAIN

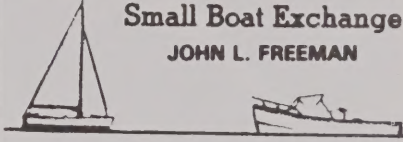


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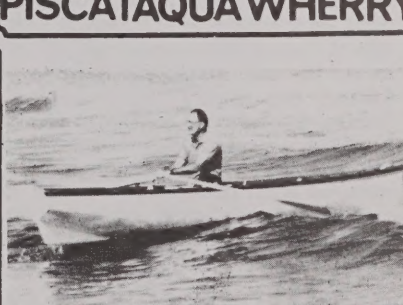


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The Boats of White Cottage, Killiney Strand

A high over the Atlantic last June held at bay the usual Irish "soft" weather of gentle rain and clammy cold. But despite the brilliant sun, a brisk breeze made it feel much colder than 65°F, which didn't keep the natives from complaining of a heat wave. "Terrible heat," commented a friendly woman to a chilled American who had left his trench coat home.

The American savored the greenhouse effect in the train as it clattered toward Dublin along the sinuous coastal railway between the hills of County Wicklow and the Irish Sea.

As the train rounded the curve above Killiney Bay some fifteen miles south of Dublin, the flat sea stretched limitless and cloudless to the pale horizon. Sunseekers the color of Elmer's Glue sprawled by ones and twos and small family groups on the coarse sand of the beach below, stripped to bathing suits despite the sunny chill. Why do the Irish seek the sea at the first sign of sun? Certainly not to escape the heat.

Some hardy ones even swam or waded in the 50 degree (F) water. Not that there were many -- the season wasn't open yet, these few days before the first day of summer.

Just before rounding the headland that would cut off the view of Killiney Bay and

replace it with one of Dalkey Island and its stone Martello tower, the traveller saw on the beach below half a dozen rowboats. The boats diverted attention from the mysterious tower, isolated and silent on its rocky island. The tower is one of hundreds of such monuments to military profligacy that once defended the British Empire from Napoleon's fleets, some twenty of them in Ireland. James Joyce made one famous in *Ulysses* as the residence of Stephen Daedalus and Buck Mulligan, as it was once briefly the residence of Joyce himself and Oliver St. John Gogarty.*

The boats lay in a cluster drawn well up from the water (the tide range is surprisingly great here) down from a small group of cottages clinging to the cliff below the railway.

The boats are rental craft, available to all beachcombers by the half hour. But they are not your ordinary rental boats. These are not the high-sided aluminum, unrowable knockabouts found in city park ponds nor the slab-sided plywood or glass skiffs rented to fishermen along the Jersey shore or Long Island's South Shore. These are proper pulling boats, of wood. There they sat, on the sand, seemingly abandoned. Half a dozen varnished beauties, the like of which one seldom sees these days except at places like Mystic Seaport, and then not so many nor so pretty.

The train rounded the headland and the boats were gone. But the passenger resolved to return another day and find out more about these handsome craft.

It's almost easier to get off the train at Killiney Station and walk than to get to those boats in a car. The approach is a one-car-width path under the tracks and long the cliff with no room to pass nor turn around, concrete wheel-smashing pillars on the one side and a sheer drop to the strand on the other. At the end of the path, an oil drum and "No Parking" sign bar progress to the tight parking space just below the cliff-clinging cot-

tages and a large shed that looks like a tea room but isn't.

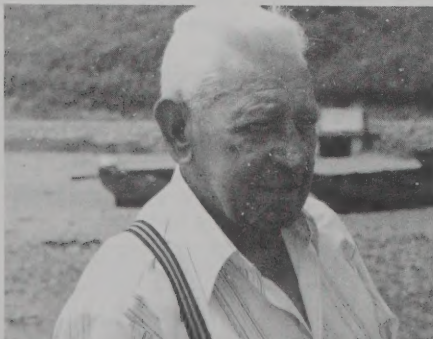
This is White Cottage, a truly tiny resort at the edge of the sea, home of the boats glimpsed the day before.

The boats still lie on the beach, but one is just putting to sea with one man and a tiny Sea Gull outboard. A stock white-haired man helps launch the boat and see it safely beyond the ripples that go for surf this day. The man is Fred Homan, 74, who with his wife Nancy runs White Cottage, built and maintains the boats, does a bit of fishing himself, and keeps himself a busy man, as he constantly reminds the visitor.

"The name is German," he says, "but we're three generations here -- my father, myself and my son," said in a distinctly non-Germanic accent. The tiny cluster of cottages clinging on the hill, the boats, the fishing, provide a living in good times and bad. And the last couple of summers have been bad. "Dreadful weather, everyone went to the south of Europe." Things are looking better this year so far, though the season doesn't open until July 1. This is Ireland, after all, at about the latitude of Labrador, where there is no season at all.

The cottages, minimal, rent for 45 pounds a week in season. The sand is as wide as one would want, the railway station close by and the much grander Court Hotel even closer by. "We don't get many Americans," says Mr. Homan, "mostly Irish and English." It's that sort of place.

It's also the sort of place where land and housing prices are going out of sight and every cow pasture becomes a development overnight. Covetous eyes have looked toward White Cottage, as they have everywhere else along this coast that's within minutes of central Dublin. "I could get a bundle for the place," says Homan. "But a bundle can't replace what you love. And what would I do with a bundle? I'd start drinking and go mad!"



Fred Homan, 74 year old proprietor and boatbuilder.

Fred Homan's father started building the boats, then Fred and his son carried on, though they no longer build them. "I'm too busy to build boats now. They take an awful lot of labor." It's enough to maintain them over the winter in the roomy boat house that looks like a tea room.

The boats are superficially the same but, like same-patterned Waterford crystal wine-glasses that their sterns resemble, no two are identical. They are about fifteen feet long, four feet beam, with the rounded forefoot, fine entry, graceful sheer and wineglass stern of the classic pulling boat. Intended for fishing in the sometimes turbulent Irish Sea, they are fuller in the bow and carry their beam further aft than, say, a Whitehall. But fishing boat or not, these are boats meant to go far on a single oarstroke, glide easily, yet live well in boisterous waters.

Construction is classic and durable. Indeed, the fleet's flagship, built by Fred's father, is 78 years old. The oldster takes its place in rotation with the others and is indistinguishable from them except that its interior is painted rather than varnished.

Unlike most rental fleets, each boat has a name, not a number. A wooden plaque inside each transom has a female name carved into it. "Family members," says Fred Homan.

The clinker-built vessels are each taken off molds laid up on an earlier one. Ribs are oak. Gunwales are pitch pine and planking is deal. What's the deal? "The cheapest wood you can get," says Homan. In Ireland today, the nation's oak forest long since gone to build British warships, that's probably pine, though it would be good, straight, clear pine. Fastenings are 100% copper nails and bronze screws. All boats are varnished, inside and out, except for the oldest, which has a painted interior. "I use the dearest varnish I can get," says Fred Homan. "It costs a couple of pounds a pint more, but it's worth it."

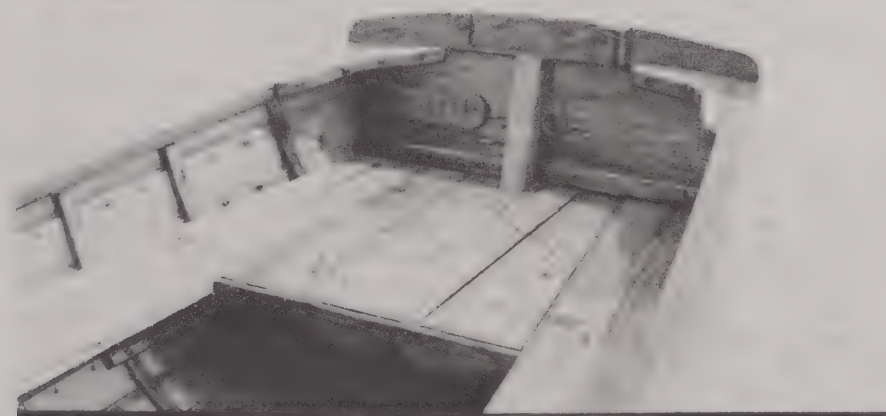
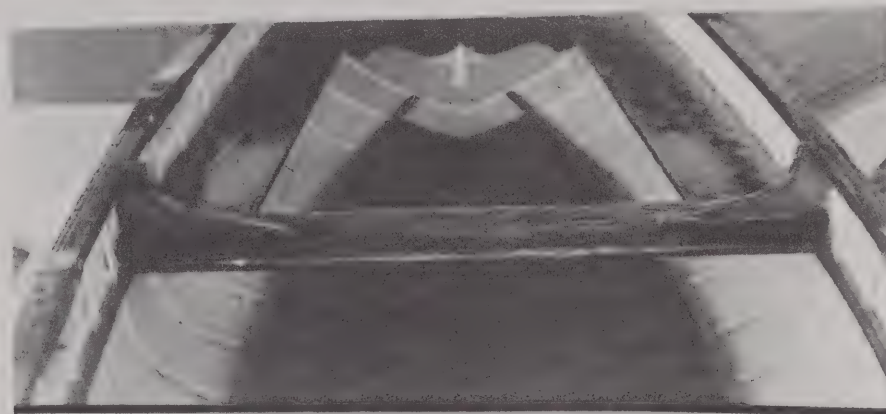
Homan rents the boats, with their hand-hewn oars, for £3 per half hour. He has out-board motors, 2 HP Sea Gulls and a couple of 10 HP Evinrudes. "We don't rent the motors to the general public," he says. "They abuse them. They're for fishermen." Presumably fishermen well-known to the management.

The Evinrudes are for retrieval work and the Homans' own fishing expeditions. Prominently piled on the boat ramp is a large number of lobster traps, which attest to yet another source of income. A pretty poor source of late. "We've taken only three lobsters this year and the crabs are no better," he says. Nor was it any better last year. Why? "Water's too cold," he says. "The Gulf Stream hasn't been coming in for the past couple of years. Anyway, that's my opinion."

The visitor looked at the young couple just putting to sea in one of the boats. He gazed asea at the privileged fisherman who had gone out earlier with one of the Sea Gulls. His glance lingered on the two well-proportioned young ladies basking topless on the sand nearby and noted the gentleman further up the beach changing into his bathing togs. He shivered in his heavy tweed jacket and wondered how cold the water could be. He wasn't about to test it for himself.

Maybe the lobsters knew something the Irish didn't.

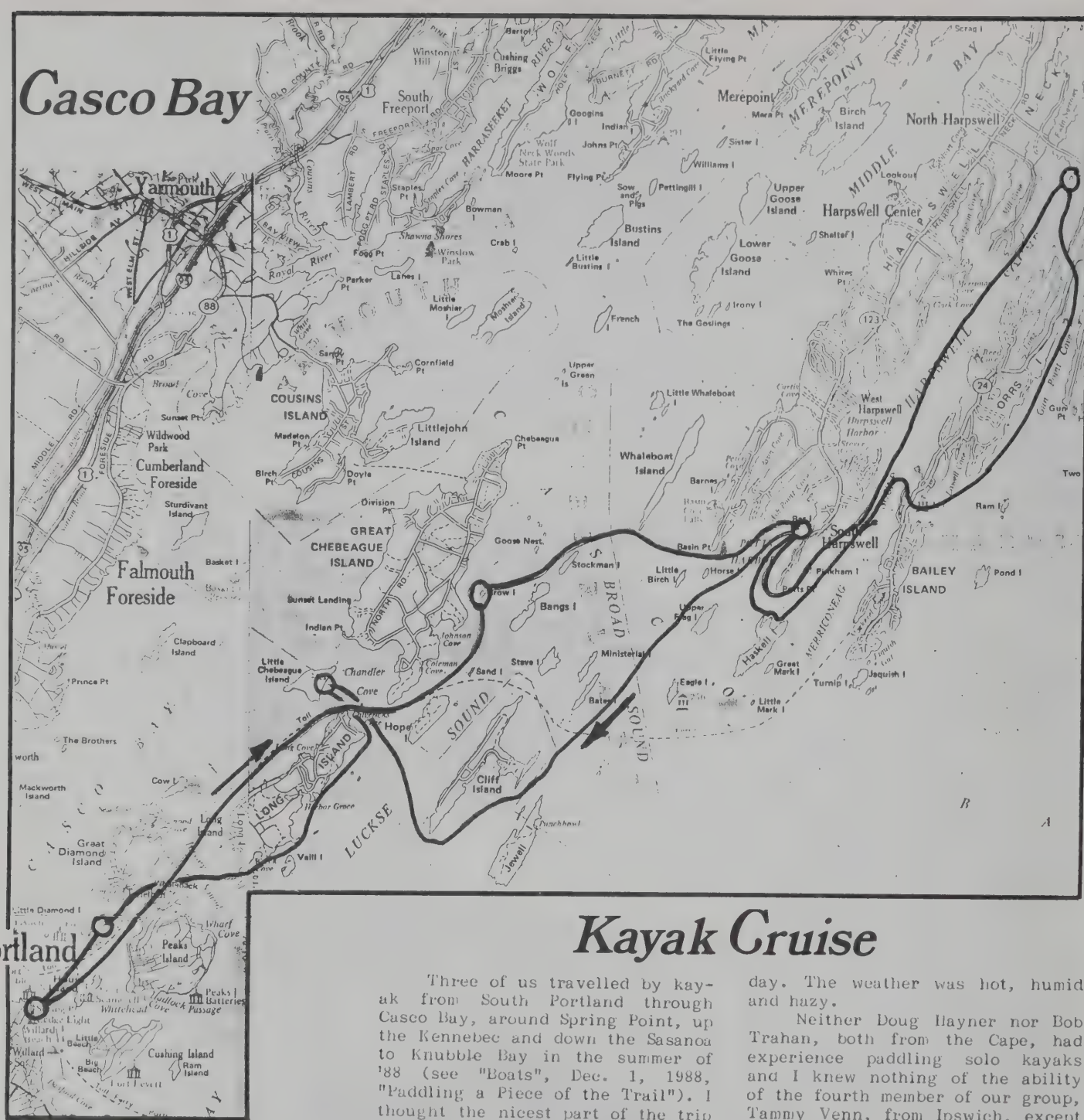
by Peter J. Brennan



From the top: Nice view of one boat showing overall construction. The interior of the oldest boat shows her age in the blackened layers of varnish. All the boats have nameplates like "Edith"-inside transoms, named after family members. Rental customers rowing out to do a little fishing.

Casco Bay

Portland



Kayak Cruise

Three of us travelled by kayak from South Portland through Casco Bay, around Spring Point, up the Kennebec and down the Saco to Knubble Bay in the summer of '88 (see "Boats", Dec. 1, 1988, "Paddling a Piece of the Trail"). I thought the nicest part of the trip had been amongst the islands of northeastern Casco Bay, so this year I decided to explore this area further.

It looked for some time as if only two of us would be doing the trip. The two who had paddled with me last year were otherwise occupied this year. Then a fellow with whom I had been biking signed on and, a few days before we were to leave, a fourth asked to join us.

I planned a route which would take us northeast through the islands from Spring Point in South Portland around Orrs Island and back, a minimum distance of about 35 miles. We met as we did last year at the home of a friend in South Portland and put in on the morning of August 15th, a Tues-

day. The weather was hot, humid and hazy.

Neither Doug Hayner nor Bob Trahan, both from the Cape, had experience paddling solo kayaks and I knew nothing of the ability of the fourth member of our group, Tammy Venn, from Ipswich, except that she had been paddling for a couple of years. While I had planned a route I hoped to do, I was prepared to modify my plans to suit conditions and my companions' abilities.

Loading up our boats on the lawn of the Southern Maine Vocational & Technical Institute, we were amused to watch Tammy having to load her Nordkapp item by item through the small hatches. Leave it to the British to come up with the hard way to do something. To her credit, she dealt with this well despite our kidding.

Once on the water, I discovered that sun and water had all but obliterated the numbers on my compass. Oops. But I did manage to figure out our course and we were

on our way. The first day's paddle was down the channel between Peak Island and the Diamond Islands, along the inside of Long Island to Great Chebeague, and around its corner to Crow Island. This was an easy paddle with a fairly strong following wind. Crow Island was a cozy little island with a good cove on the northeast side. It was thickly vegetated with wild raspberry and had a ramshackle cabin.

Wednesday dawned hot, humid, windy and very foggy, quarter to half a mile visibility. Crossing to Stockman Island, we made our way along the inside of this island to its northern end, from where I planned to make the jump to the lower end of Whaleboat Island. This was only about three-quarters of a mile but it was a very long three-quarters of a mile in the fog with the wind and waves coming up Broad Sound. Both Bob and Doug had trouble with their Chipooks weathercocking, and even Tammy had some difficulty with her Nordkapp. It seemed to want to fall off the wind. Following a compass course and adjusting for the strong incoming tide, I was very relieved when the marker on Whaleboat materialized out of the fog. From here we still had a mile to go to Potts Harbor, but finding Whaleback gave me confidence. Lobster boats could be heard in the fog but were seldom seen.

Stopping at the marina in Potts Harbor, we were met by a kayak tour group that had a lot of questions. They were trying to get out to one of the islands but were being told it was too foggy and windy. After a stretch on land, we returned to our boats to enter Merriconeag Sound. As we paddled away from the more open water, the fog cleared and it became a beautiful hot day. As we came opposite the bridge to Bailey Island, it occurred to me that perhaps we should do the east side of Orrs Island then, as I was not sure what the tide was like in the narrow cut at the north end of the island. Better to be a bit late today than have our entire schedule thrown off for the next day. As it turned out, there seems to be no problem with the tide there, and once again this was one of the prettiest spots on the trip. Again we saw several seals in this area.

We made camp on the little island at the mouth of Strawberry Creek. The best place to land and bring the boats above high tide seemed to be on the south side. Also on this side we found an open camping area. The flats around the island dry out at low tide on all but the south side. Wednesday night was the night of the eclipse of the moon and we had an ideal vantage point. The sky was almost perfectly clear. However, I had heard that the eclipse was at about

10:30, so we turned in at 8:00 with alarms set for 10:30, only to get up and discover we had missed much of the eclipse.

Thursday morning was clearer and drier, a weak cold front having come through. We set out that morning on flat water for the first time. It was a beautiful paddle down Harpswell Sound. Approaching Potts Harbor, Doug suggested that we look at the coves on Haskell Island. These were absolutely beautiful and we paddled within a few feet of the rock walls in the shade of the trees above. The smaller cove had a tiny creek which went up into a pretty marsh. Kayaks or canoes offer the only way to explore places like this.

Stopping at the Potts Harbor marina again, we hung around for a long time eating lunch, watching the activity, and finally showering ourselves with the hose running out the dock for washing boats. Finally on the water again, we decided to take a longer way back, since it was such a beautiful day. We headed southeast to Jewell Island. As we approached it, some rather threatening looking clouds began to build up to the northwest, so we decided to go inside, rather than outside, Jewell. We encountered some quite disturbed water between Jewell and Cliff, evidently the result of some sort of tidal conflict. Rounding the south end of Cliff Island, we crossed Luckse Sound, entered Chandler Cove and camped on Little Chebeague. This island had a long sandy beach facing Chandler Cove. There seemed to be evidence of many years of discarding of shells above this beach. We wondered if this was a huge Indian shell midden.

We had only a short paddle to Spring Point on Friday, so we decided to go around the outside of Long Island to make the most of another perfect day. This was a good decision as this shore was very beautiful. We paddled into Harbor Grace, then stopped in a pretty sandy cove next to Shark Cove. Here we had lunch, lay on the beach, and went for a swim. Leaving this idyllic spot, we cut between Long and Peak Islands and paddled to Fort Georges. We landed and explored this Civil War granite fort which was outmoded before it was completed by the development of rifled barrel cannon which could penetrate granite walls.

We got back to my friend's house early enough to avail ourselves of their offer of showers and cold beers before they arrived home. After an enjoyable dinner with them, we went on to the Appalachian Mountain Club Knubble Bay Camp overland. There we joined 15 others for a paddle to the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath on Saturday. On Sunday, Tammy, Bob Porter, who had joined us Saturday evening, and I paddled to the head of

Robinhood Cove before we'd have to get on the road for home. Robinhood Cove and the Beal Island area seemed to have more osprey than anywhere else I've seen on the Maine coast. It certainly was an attractive area and surprisingly undeveloped.

I can hardly imagine any way this trip could have been better except perhaps if it had been longer. Sometimes a group of people seems to click together. This was one of those times. The weather was such as to give just enough challenge to be interesting. The scenery was beautiful. The islands were delightful. This was kayaking at its best and going by kayak was by far the best way to do such a trip.

Report by Chuck Wright.

SOME COMMENTS ON LEADING TRIPS

I try to get everyone to share in the leadership of a trip such as this one. But someone has to assume the major responsibility. This can be rather intimidating. All sorts of "what-if's" run through one's head. All one can do is try to plan well (once again, I had compass bearings mapped out in advance for the trip); try to be flexible; continuously evaluate the abilities of all (especially important with relative beginners); and try to leave a margin of safety. This is not particularly easy, but the satisfaction of leading a successful trip is worth the worries. This year I was the only one with charts, having lacked time to photocopy them for the others. Not a very good idea. And then, there were those faded numbers on my compass...

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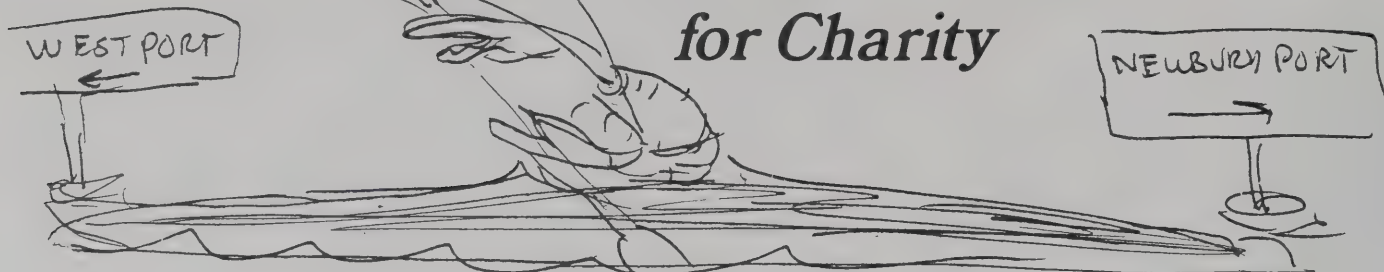
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Marathon Paddle for Charity



Dick Wheeler, until recently the director of the U.S.S. Constitution Museum in Charlestown, Massachusetts (he retired this summer to pursue other interests) is an avid sea kayaker who has made long distance paddling his specialty, adopting the concept behind various land-bound fund raising "a-thons" to paddling his kayak. His trips have included a round trip two-day marathon from Boston to Plymouth to raise over \$80,000 for the Museum to acquire a treasured historical painting, and in earlier years various marathon paddles to benefit a school he was headmaster of.

Dick's older brother Robert recently died of cancer at 61. He was a professional lobsterman in Massachusetts since retiring from the Navy in the '70's (lobstering had been in the family), and was very active in the Massachusetts

Lobsterman's Association, representing their interests in dealing with the legislature and government bureaucracies. Dick, who is 59, decided to do a marathon paddle to raise serious funds for the Lobsterman's Association scholarship fund, which exists on minimal funding to help the children of members afford college educations.

Always thinking big, Dick decided to paddle the Massachusetts coast from Newburyport on the Merrimack River to Westport on Buzzards Bay, via the Cape Cod Canal. The schedule called for stops enroute at Gloucester, Hull, Marshfield, Sandwich, and New Bedford. The trip through the Cape Cod Canal required a power boat escort, and lobsterman Stephen Kelley of Plymouth provided this escort in his 32' "Jill & Jennifer". Dick's choice of early October was based on settled weather conditions suit-

able for the exertions involved.

The weather gave Wheeler his roughest ever marathon trip. Dick told us how it was in a letter following the successful completion of the effort:

"I hope you'll stress the planning and preparation that must go into this sort of thing. I've been doing marathon and expedition paddling for fifteen years and I've focussed on this particular one for months.

Even so, I encountered things that are hard to plan or train for. My last three hours on Monday trying to reach Gloucester were as hard as anything I've ever done, and then it just got harder every day after that, with some of the stiffest winds against me in the last dozen miles to Westport. If it had been a jaunt down the coast I'd have aborted the trip early on, but a purpose of the effort was to have it serve as a metaphor for the doggedness of the lobstermen in the face of adversity, so I felt I couldn't abort unless I ran into a three-day nor'easter.

The suppers each night with the local lobstermen were great, and by the time I finished up in Westport in weather that had them standing on end in their 40' boats, their support for me was just incredible (incredulous too, they couldn't believe what a kayak could endure). I cannot praise highly enough the seaworthiness of my Ed-dyline Wind Dancer, a real boat that passed all tests with flying colors.

I also swear by the special fluid I drink at a rate of 8-10 ounces each hour. One brand is Erg and the other is Exceed, they're essentially the same, a glucose replacement, and they prevent my ultimate nightmare, leg cramps.

I always am concerned that the publicity my paddle-a-thons generate (about a dozen newspaper clippings from cities along his route, including much "Boston Globe" coverage, were included with Dick's letter, Ed.) might encourage inexperienced paddlers, even some who think of themselves as experienced, to try this without doing all that I do to prepare. Also, I am a better swimmer than paddler, and my flippers are my parachute!"

Dick's hope was to get the scholarship fund onto a sound fis-

Dick Wheeler comes ashore at Westport after his toughest day. (New Bedford "Standard Times" photo).

Photo by Dana Smith



Donations can be sent to the Massachusetts Lobsterman's Association, 8 Otis Place, Scituate 02066.

cal basis with enough assets to provide annual scholarships to lobstermen's children from income from the invested fund. Until now, the fund has struggled on from year to year essentially using all its donated funds for the scholarships. Dick's goal is eventually to attract \$50,000. Early contributions from lobstermen along the route had added up to about \$2,500 by the time Dick reached Westport.

Dick ran ahead of his daily schedule all week, despite strong adverse winds, but the final day from New Bedford to Westport was the toughest, and he was about 20 minutes late at the finish. The New Bedford "Standard Times" report, in part, described this last day thusly:

"Kayaker Richard Wheeler finally got the wind at his back Saturday, for the last mile of his 150 mile paddle from Newburyport to Westport. Wheeler said that Buzzards Bay was the hardest part of

the trip. He said he ran into a very stiff breeze off Barney's Joy in Dartmouth. "About how far would you say that is from here," he inquired, "about 100 miles?"

"About 10 or 12," was the reply.

Wheeler said he threaded through the rocks near Gooseberry Neck, a small island off Horseneck Beach in Westport connected to the mainland by a small causeway, to save time and effort, and a friend awaiting his arrival on Gooseberry Neck was surprised to see him pop out from amongst the rocks.

The weather had been pretty rough all Friday and Saturday, according to Wheeler. He estimated the Saturday winds on Buzzards Bay at 25 knots, gusting to 30 knots. His navigation aids were a soggy chart and deck mounted compass. When faced with fighting a particularly tough stretch of wind driven waves, "sometimes I just dipped my head down and watched that com-

pass," he said.

Wheeler's other brother, John, met him outside of Westport in a lobsterboat. He said the rough water made Wheeler hard to spot, estimating the waves at 10 to 12 feet. "He was only 300 to 400 yards away when we first spotted him," said his brother.

Explaining why he thought a kayak trip might help lobstermen's public image, Wheeler said, "A lot of people relate to what hard work it is paddling his kayak in these conditions, but don't relate to how hard the work of the lobsterman is routinely."

During quieter moments alone on the sea (he was unescorted, although in touch with Coast Guard and lobstermen via VHF radio when necessary) Dick Wheeler said he thought of his brother Robert. "Bob had always wanted to join me in kayaking, if he ever got rid of that leukemia."



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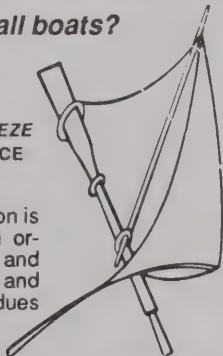
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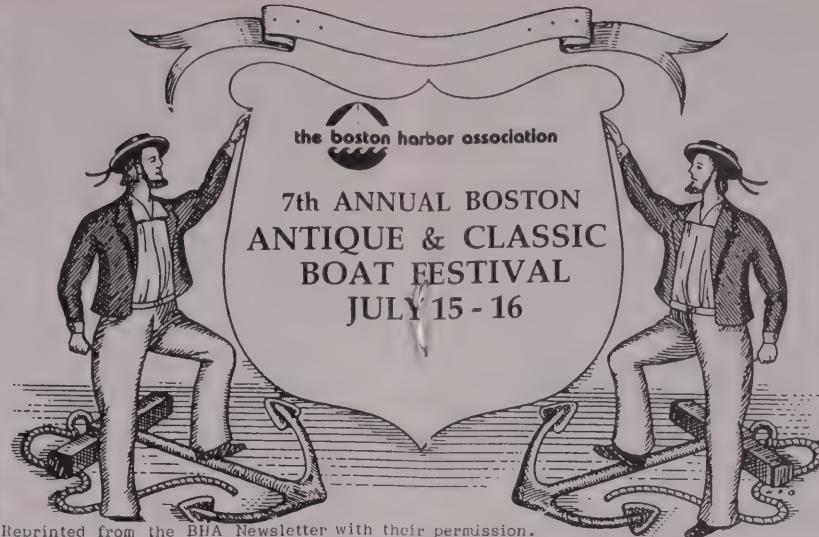
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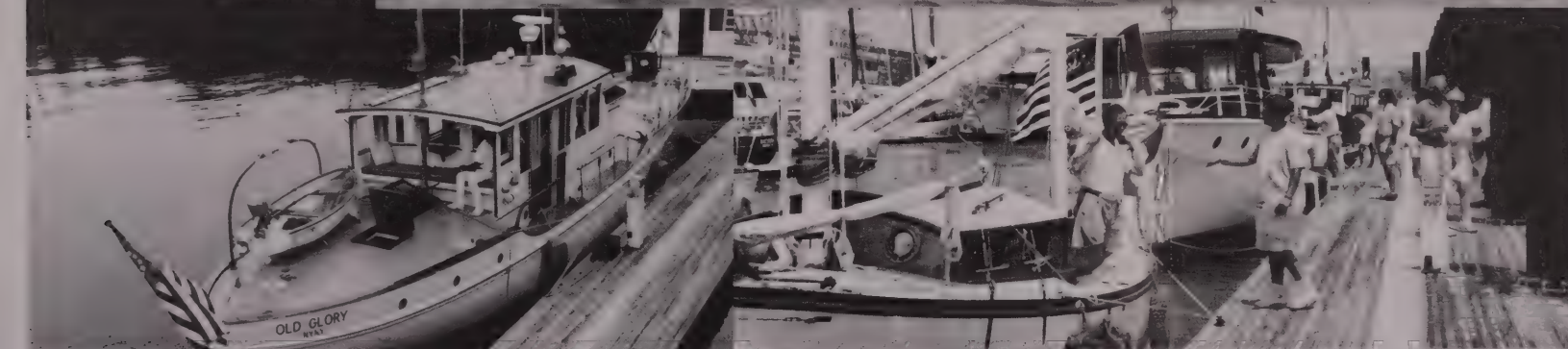
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Top L & R: Schooner ASCHANTI OF SABA won the Judges Jubilee Award. Middle L - R: Polishing PILOT; WHIRLWIND, 1958 runabout; GROUSE, 1929 tripple cockpit runabout; Pirate Stephen Olesnevich. Bottom L - R: OLD GLORY, 1918 Lawley cabin cruiser; 1930 Pinky EMMA SHOTWELL receives exhibit card; ERWAN, 1929 Elco.

Award winners included, among others: Best Powerboat: a tie: WHIRLWIND, 1958 Runabout, Richard McDermott, Braintree; GROUSE, 1929 Triple Cockpit Runabout, West & Chris Frazier, Charlestown. Best Sailboat: FIREBRAND, 1965 Sloop, Douglas Kent, So. Weymouth. Best Replica: EMMA SHOTWELL, 1930 Pinky Ketch, Sarah & John Appleton, Manchester (TBHA members!). Oldest Power Boat: OLD GLORY, 1918 Lawley Cabin Cruiser, Ed & Beryl Caffrey, Mattituck NY. Judges' Jubilee: ASCHANTI OF SABA, 1954 Schooner, Aschanti High-Seas, Ltd., London.



Budget Car Top Proa

Here are some photos of my proa experiment at its present stage of development. I wanted a large, fast sailboat I could cartop between our two kayaks on the Toyota Tercel. I thought the proa might fit the bill so I put the drawings from "Boats" and others from Haddon & Horells "Canoes of Oceana" (available from Chicagoland Canoe Base) on the board and then drew out full size hulls on plywood. I had a 4'x8' sheet of 1/4",

another of 1/8" and an 8'x20" piece of 1/8". I spent about \$8 for three 2"x4"x8' studs for crossarms, used some Sitka spruce I had intended for some kayaks for gunwales, and bought a windsurfer mast for \$1 in a department store.

A few days work produced the two hulls. The ama seems about right, its a compound curved structure with a dacron top. My original idea was to fill it with water for ballast, but there seems to be no need for it as yet. I'm not yet so sure about the main hull, with its flat lee side, and the 2"x4" connectors need to be trimmed down a lot yet. The mast was too bendy with the original sail, a little kevlar will fix that.

Initially the boat would either take off like a shot or stall out. It was sensitive to tack placement, luff tension and mast rake. It needed refinement. But the kids liked it, sailing or paddling. They want a net between the hulls though.

We went from the Strawberry Banke Boatbuilders' Day to Maine, where I had the chance to mess with it some more. Wind was light, I figured out a one mile course, reach there and back, and the proa did a relaxed seven minute mile.

Tacking turns out to be easy, when nothing gets tangled. My next spar will have the tack lines out of the bottom. The tacking procedure is to unclasp the tack line when going fast, the front end of the sail then falls into the water.

The boat slides on past it and the tack is now snugged up as it reaches the new bow. Then it's pull in the sheet and off in the new direction.

The proa has no centerboards or rudders so there is no problem with sailing right up to shore, dropping the tack just as the proa starts to ground out. To get off, the tack is pulled up on the off-shore end and the boat then sails off the beach. A non-feathered double bladed paddle serves as rudder, easily moved from end to end, with the inboard blade providing a good grip for rudder control.

The mechanics of the rig are simple, requiring two continuous lines, one for the tack and one for the sheet; and a topping lift to maintain control when things get tangled when the sail is backwind-ed or caught too far downwind when tacking. The tack line is fastened both ends to the butt of the spar, running from it through a block on the end of the boat, across the platform to a cleat, to a block on the other end of the boat, thence back loose along the outside of the hull to the butt. The sheet does the same, from clew to block, across platform to block, around butt of spar and loose up to the clew again.

The boat is now in Buzzards Bay (mid-August), the wind is better. But now it needs a deck as the waves are bigger here.

Report & Photos from Don Betts, Brooklyn, NY



Ready to go sailing!

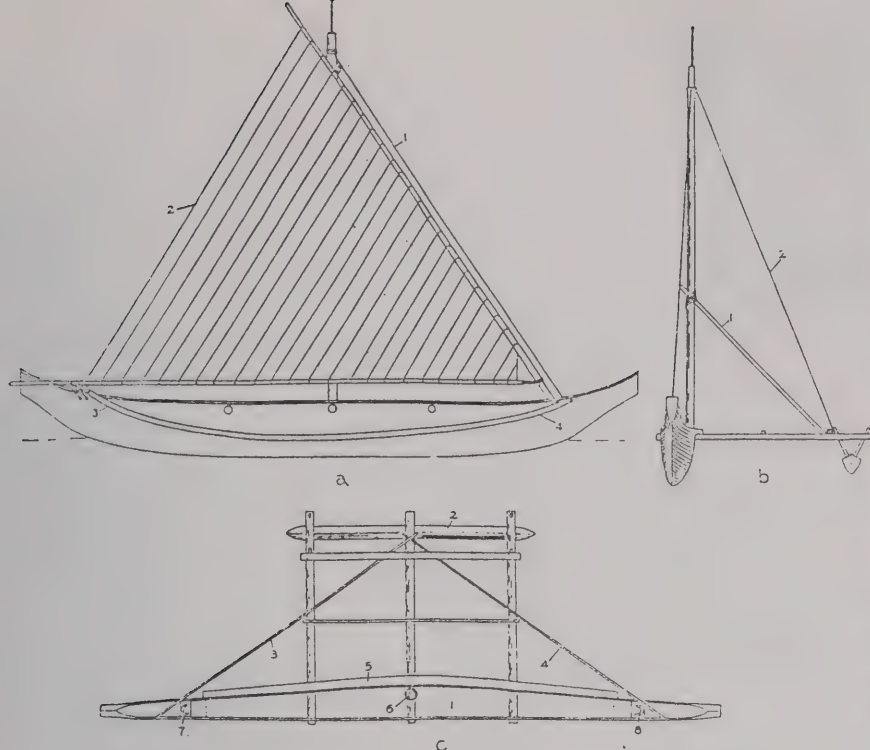
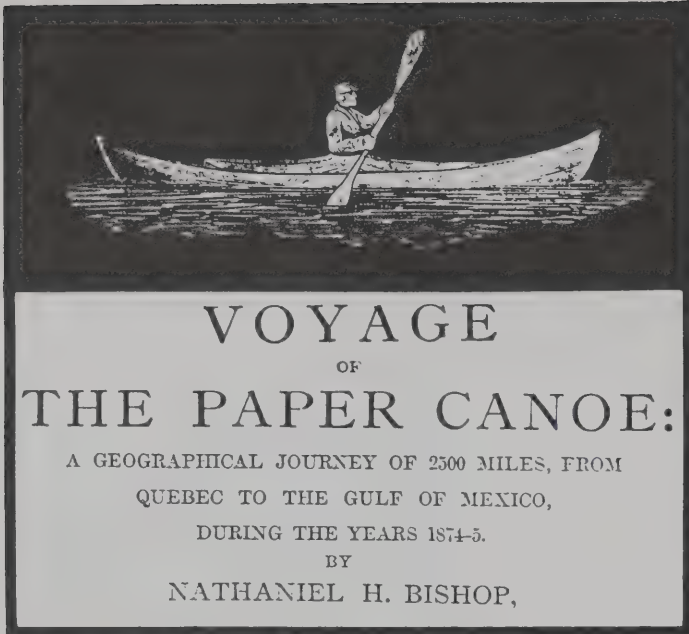


FIGURE 300.—“Flying proa” of the Marianas Islands. *a*, view from leeward with sail set: 1, one of two stays supporting mast, the other hidden behind sail; 2, matting sail; 3, 4, running stays. *b*, head view, outrigger to windward: 1, mast shore; 2, shroud. *c*, plan: 1, proa; 2, “boat” at end of outrigger frame; 3, 4, braces from the ends to steady frame; 5, thin plank placed to windward to prevent shipping of water, to serve as seat for native who bales, and sometimes as rest for goods transported; 6, part of middle outrigger boom on which mast is fixed; 7, 8, horseshoe sockets, in one of which yard is lodged according to tack (after Anson, 1743).



Report & Photos from Don Betts





CHAPTER XV.

DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER.

THE RICH FOLIAGE OF THE RIVER. — COLUMBUS. — ROLINS' BLUFF. — OLD TOWN HAMMOCK. — A HUNTER KILLED BY A PANTHER. — DANGEROUS SERPENTS. — CLAY LANDING. — THE MARSHES OF THE COAST. — BRADFORD'S ISLAND. — MY LAST CAMP. — THE VOYAGE ENDED.

SOME friends, among whom were Colonel George W. Nason, Jr., of Massachusetts, and Major John Purviance, Commissioner of Suwanee County, offered to escort the paper canoe down "the river of song", to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance, according to local authority, of two hundred and thirty-five miles. While the members of the party were preparing for the journey, Colonel Nason accompanied me to the river, which was less than three miles from Rixford, the proprietors of which sent the canoe after us on a wagon drawn by mules. The point of embarkation was the Lower Mineral Springs, the property of Judge Bryson.

The Suwanee, which was swollen by some recent rains in Okefenokee Swamp, was a wild, dark, turbulent current, which went coursing through the woods on its tortuous route with great rapidity. The luxuriant foliage of the river-banks was remarkable. Maples were in blossom, beech-trees in bloom, while the buck-eye was covered with its heavy festoons of red flowers. Pines, willows, cotton-wood, two kinds of hickory, water-oak, live-oak, sweet-gum, magnolia, the red and white bay-tree, a few red-cedars, and haw-bushes, with many species not known to me, made up a rich wall of verdure on

either side, as I sped along with a light heart to Columbus, where my *compagnons de voyage* were to meet me. Wood-ducks and egrets, in small flocks, inhabited the forest. The limestone banks of the river were not visible, as the water was eighteen feet above its low summer level.

I now passed under the railroad bridge which connects Live Oak with Savannah. After a steady row of some hours, my progress was checked by a great boom, stretched across the river to catch the logs which floated down from the upper country. I was obliged to disembark and haul the canoe around this obstacle, when, after passing a few clearings, the long bridge of the J. P. & M. Railroad came into view, stretching across the now wide river from one wilderness to the other. On the left bank was all that remained of the once flourishing town of Columbus, consisting now of a store, kept by Mr. Allen, and a few buildings.

The sloop and the canoe had left Columbus a little before noon, and at six P. M. we passed Charles' Ferry, where the old St. Augustine and Tallahassee forest road crosses the river. At this lonely place an old man, now dead, owned a subterranean spring, which he called "Mediterranean passage." This spring is powerful enough to run a rickety, "up-and-down" saw-mill. The great height of the water allowed me to paddle into the mill with my canoe.

At half past seven o'clock a deserted log cabin at Barrington's Ferry offered us shelter for the night. The whole of the next day we rowed through the same immense forests, finding no more cultivated land than during our first day's voyage. We landed at a log cabin in a small clearing to purchase eggs of a poor woman, whose husband had shot her brother a few days before. As the wife's brother had visited the cabin with the intention of killing the husband, the woman seemed to think the murdered man had "got his desarts," and, as a coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide," the affair was considered settled.

Below this cabin we came to Island No. 1, where rapids trouble boatmen in the summer months. Now we glided gently but swiftly over the deep current. The few inhabitants we met along the banks of the Suwanee seemed to carry

with them an air of repose while awake. To rouse them from mid-day slumbers we would call loudly as we passed a cabin in the woods, and after considerable delay a man would appear at the door, rubbing his eyes as though the genial sunlight was oppressive to his vision. It was indeed a quiet, restful region, this great wilderness of the Suwanee.

We passed Mrs. Goodman's farm and log buildings on the left bank, just below Island No. 8, before noon, and about this time Major Purviance shot at a large wild turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*), knocking it off a bank into the water. The gobbler got back to land, and led us a fruitless chase into the thicket of saw-palmetto. He knew his ground better than we, for, though wounded, he made good his escape. We stopped a few moments at Troy, which, though dignified in name, consists only of a store and some half dozen buildings.

A few miles below this place, on the left bank of the river, is an uninhabited elevation called Rolins' Bluff, from which a line running north 22° east, twenty-three miles and a half in length, will strike Live Oak. A charter to connect Live Oak with this region of the Suwanee by means of a railroad had just passed the Florida legislature, but had been killed by the veto of the governor. After sunset the boats were secured in safe positions in front of a deserted cabin, round which a luxuriant growth of bitter-orange trees showed what nature could do for this neglected grove. The night air was balmy, and tremulous with insect life, while the alligators in the swamps kept up their bellowsings till morning.

After breakfast we descended to the mouth of the Santa Fé River, which was on the left bank of the Suwanee. The piny-woods people called it the Santaffy. The wilderness below the Santa Fé is rich in associations of the Seminole Indian war. Many relics have been found, and, among others, on the site of an old Indian town, entombed in a hollow tree, the skeletons of an Indian adult and child, decked with beads, were discovered. Fort Fanning is on the left bank, and Old Town Hammock on the right bank of the Suwanee.

During the Seminole war, the hammock and the neighboring fastnesses became the hiding-places of the persecuted Indians, and so wild

and undisturbed is this region, even at this time, that the bear, lynx, and panther take refuge from man in its jungles.

Colonel J. L. F. Cottrell left his native Virginia in 1854, and commenced the cultivation of the virgin soil of Old Town Hammock. Each state has its peculiar mode of dividing its land, and here in Florida this old plantation was in township 10, section 24, range 13. The estate included about two thousand acres of land, of which nearly eleven hundred were under cultivation. The slaves whom the colonel brought from Virginia were now his tenants, and he leased them portions of his arable acres. He considered this locality as healthy as any in the Suwanee country. The old planter's home, with its hospitable doors ever open to the stranger, was embowered in live-oaks and other trees, from the branches of which the graceful festoons of Spanish moss waved in the soft air, telling of a warm, moist atmosphere.

A large screw cotton-press and corn-cribs, with smoke-house and other plantation buildings, were conveniently grouped under the spreading branches of the protecting oaks. The estate produced cotton, corn, sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, and poultry. Deer sometimes approached the enclosed fields, while the early morning call of the wild turkey came from the thickets of the hammock. In this retired part of Florida, cheered by the society of a devoted wife and four lovely daughters, lived the kind-hearted gentleman who not only pressed upon us the comforts of his well-ordered house, but also insisted upon accompanying the paper canoe from his forest home to the sea.

When gathered around the firesides of the backwoods people, the conversation generally runs into hunting stories, Indian reminiscences, and wild tales of what the pioneers suffered while establishing themselves in their forest homes. One event of startling interest had occurred in the Suwanee country a few weeks before the paper canoe entered its confines. Two hunters went by night to the woods to shoot deer by firelight. As they stalked about, with light-wood torches held above their heads, they came upon a herd of deer, which, being bewildered by the glare of the lights, made no attempt to escape. Sticking their torches in the ground, the hunters stretched themselves flat

upon the grass, to hide their forms from the animals they hoped to kill at their leisure. One of the men was stationed beneath the branches of a large tree; the other was a few yards distant.

Before the preconcerted signal for discharging their rifles could be given, the sound of a heavy body falling to the ground, and an accompanying smothered shriek, startled the hunter who was farthest from the tree. Starting up in alarm, he flew to the assistance of his friend, whose prostrate form was covered by a large panther, which had pounced upon him from the overhanging limb of the great oak. It had been but the work of an instant for the powerful cougar to break with his strong jaws the neck of the poor backwoodsman.

In this rare case of a panther (*Felis concolor*) voluntarily attacking man, it will be noted by the student of natural history that the victim was lying upon the ground. Probably the animal would not have left his perch among the branches of the oak, where he was evidently waiting for the approach of the deer, if the *upright* form of the man had been seen. Go to a southern bayou, which is rarely, if ever, visited by man, and where its saurian inhabitants have never been annoyed by him, — place your body in a recumbent position on the margin of the lagoon, and wait until some large alligator slowly rises to the surface of the water. He will eye you for a moment with evident curiosity, and will in some cases steadily approach you. When the monster reptile is within two or three rods of your position, rise slowly upon your feet to your full height, and the alligator of the southern states — the *A. Mississippiensis* — will, in nine cases out of ten, retire with precipitation.

There are but few wild animals that will attack man willingly when face to face with him; they quail before his erect form. In every case of the animals of North America showing fight to man, which has been investigated by me, the beasts have had no opportunity to escape, or have had their young to defend, or have been wounded by the hunter.

It was nearly ten o'clock A. M. on Friday, March 26th, when our merry party left Old Town Hammock. This day was to see the end of the voyage of the paper canoe, for my tiny craft was to arrive at the waters of the great southern sea before midnight. The wife and

daughters of our host, like true women of the forest, offered no forebodings at the departure of the head of their household, but wished him, with cheerful looks, a pleasant voyage to the Gulf. The gulf port of Cedar Keys is but a few miles from the mouth of the Suwanee River. The railroad which terminates at Cedar Keys would, with its connection with other routes, carry the members of our party to their several homes.

The bright day animated our spirits, as we swept swiftly down the river. The party in the shad-boat, now called "Adventurer," rowed merrily on with song and laughter, while I made an attempt to examine more closely the character of the water-moccasin — the *Trigonocephalus piscivorus* of Lacepede, — which I had more cause to fear than the alligators of the river. The water-moccasin is about two feet in length, and has a circumference of five or six inches. The tail possesses a horny point about half an inch in length, which is harmless, though the Crackers and negroes stoutly affirm that when it strikes a tree the tree withers and dies, and when it enters the flesh of a man he is poisoned unto death. The color of the reptile is a dirty brown. Never found far from water, it is common in the swamps, and is the terror of the rice-field negroes. The bite of the water-moccasin is exceedingly venomous, and it is considered more poisonous than that of the rattlesnake, which warns man of his approach by sounding his rattle.

The moccasin does not, like the rattlesnake, wait to be attacked, but assumes the offensive whenever opportunity offers, striking with its fangs at every animated object in its vicinity. All other species of snakes flee from its presence. It is found as far north as the Peedee River of South Carolina, and is abundant in all low districts of the southern states. As the Suwanee had overflowed its banks below Old Town Hammock, the snakes had taken to the low limbs of the trees and to the tops of bushes, where they seemed to be sleeping in the warmth of the bright sunlight; but as I glided along the shore a few feet from their aerial beds, they discovered my presence, and dropped sluggishly into the water. It would not be an exaggeration to say that we passed thousands of these dangerous reptiles while descending the Suwanee. Raftsmen told me that when traversing lagoons in

their log canoes, if a moccasin is met some distance from land he will frequently enter the canoe for refuge or for rest, and instances have been known where the occupant has been so alarmed as to jump overboard and swim ashore in order to escape from this malignant reptile.

The only place worthy of notice between Old Town Hammock and the gulf marshes is Clay Landing, on the left bank of the river, where Mrs. Tresper formerly lived in a very comfortable house. Clay Landing was used during the Confederate war as a place of deposit for blockade goods. Archer, a railroad station, is but twenty miles distant, and to it over rough roads the contraband imports were hauled by mule teams, after having been landed from the fleet blockade-runner.

As the sun was sinking to rest, and the tree-shadows grew long on the wide river's bosom, we tasted the saltiness in the air as the briny breezes were wafted to us over the forests from the Gulf of Mexico. After darkness had cast its sombre mantle upon us, we left the "East Pass" entrance to the left, and our boats hurried on the rapidly ebbing tide down the broad "West Pass" into the great marshes of the coast. An hour later we emerged from the dark forest into the smooth savannas. The freshness of the sea-air was exhilarating. The stars were shining softly, and the ripple of the tide, the call of the heron, or the whirr of the frightened duck, and the leaping of fishes from the water, were the only sounds nature offered us. It was like entering another world. In these lowlands, near the mouth of the river, there seemed to be but one place above the high-tide level. It was a little hammock, covered by a few trees, called Bradford's Island, and rose like an oasis in the desert. The swift tide hurried along its shores, and a little farther on mingled the waters of the great wilderness with that of the sea.

Our tired party landed on a shelly beach, and burned a grassy area to destroy sand-fleas. This done, some built a large camp-fire, while others spread blankets upon the ground. I drew the faithful sharer of my long voyage near a thicket of prickly-pears, and slept beside it for the last time, never thinking or dreaming that one year later I should approach the mouth of the Suwannee from the west, after a long voyage of twenty-five hundred miles from the head of the Ohio

River, and would again seek shelter on its banks. It was a night of sweet repose. The camp-fire dissipated the damps, and the long row made rest welcome.

A glorious morning broke upon our party as we breakfasted under the shady palms of the island. Behind us rose the compact wall of dark green of the heavy forests, and along the coast, from east to west, as far as the eye could reach, were the brownish-green savanna-like lowlands, against which beat, in soft murmurs, the waves of that sea I had so longed to reach. From out the broad marshes arose low hammocks, green with pines and feathery with palmetto-trees. Clouds of mist were rising, and while I watched them melt away in the warm beams of the morning sun, I thought they were like the dark doubts which curled themselves about me so long ago in the cold St. Lawrence, now all melted by the joy of success. The snow-clad north was now behind me. The Maria Theresa danced in the shimmering waters of the great southern sea, and my heart was light, for my voyage was over.



NO. 14. THE VOYAGE ENDED.

AND FOR OUR NEXT ACT...

With Bishop safely tucked away on the Gulf coast of Florida in 1876, we now move ahead to today and begin a shorter chronicle of a contemporary paddling expedition. Frequent contributor Gail Ferris of Stony Creek, Connecticut, spent her summer vacation kayaking in the Arctic from Baffin Island, and her story will start in the next issue.

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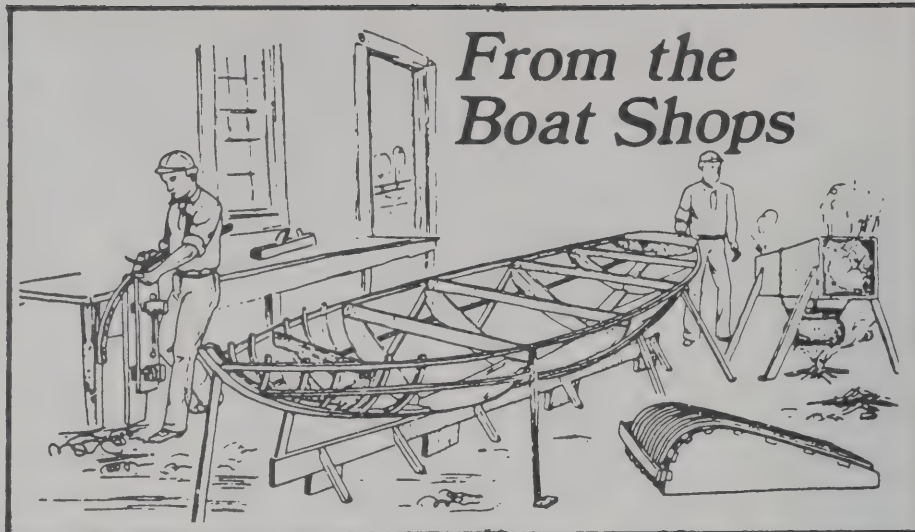
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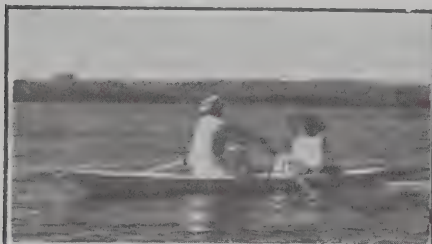
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BUSY WINTER AHEAD AT NORTH RIVER

We're settling into our winter work season here at North River Boat Works, with the wood stove already burning after a busy summer in which we participated in about 15 boat shows. At the Clayton show in August, partners Frank Houde and Dan Sutherland accepted two awards, the Howard L. Chapelle Memorial Award and the Non-Power Reproduction Award for their Rushton 109.

During the summer we also built a run of three Rushton 109's and an experimental proa, and added the 12' Sutherland Trout Boat to our product line. August was especially busy for us.

We have added two more workers, expanding our work force now to seven in all, three partners and four assistants. The two new workers are another boat builder and a double paddle maker.

Right now going into winter, partners Frank Houde and Howard Mittleman are each restoring 100 year old Rushtons; Frank's doing a Vesper sailing canoe for the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain

Lake, New York, which will be part of a new exhibit there; and Howard is doing a Rushton Iowa for Lance Lee, former director of the Rockport Apprenticeshop. A 1909 Ditchburn canoe awaits restoration, as does a 1948 Chrysler Town & Country "woodie" convertible car.

Partner Dan Sutherland is building a second new St. Lawrence skiff to go to South Carolina in November. A Rushton is on order for Christmas delivery and a North River sailing skiff for January. A transom sterned version of the North River skiff is being planned as a spec boat for the 1990 season.

Readers interested in possibly having North River build or restore a boat should contact us early as our available time is filling up and boats intended to be ready by next season should be ordered soon. We build on a first-come, first-served basis. Our shop is open to visitors on any working day.

North River Boat Works, 6-C Elm St., Albany, NY 12202, (518) 434-4414.

KEVIN MARTIN'S CANOES

Kevin Martin hosted his second annual fall open house/yard sale for canoe folks in September at his shop in Epping, New Hampshire, so we drove up to see what was happening. After about 8 years, Kevin has built up his one-man business to the point where he's wondering how to handle the growing volume of work, both new building and old canoe restorations.

Kevin had several old boats available for sale, as is, or for him to restore to order, and invited customers with boats to bring theirs along too. He also had a recently restored Old Town dinghy on display as an example of the sort of work he can do on an old boat.

A few photos tell the story best. Kevin Martin is located at Box 441, RFD 1, Epping, NH 03042, (603) 679-5153. \$2 will get you his information packet.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



Above: An Old Town 11'6" dinghy from the '40's just restored by Kevin. Below from left: This old Sebago Lake Boat from the '40's has real promise, Kevin maintains. Not as bad as it looks. An Old Town 17' Charles River canoe available for purchase or restoration, and a 16' Anderson built in W. Roxbury, Massachusetts that's a keeper for Kevin. This white square stern will be returned to double ender configuration for a customer.



From the Rockport Apprenticeship Newsletter

ON THE WAYS



Builders & Restorers

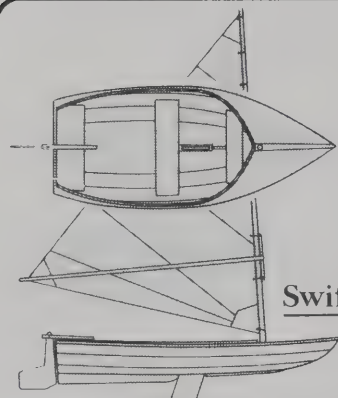


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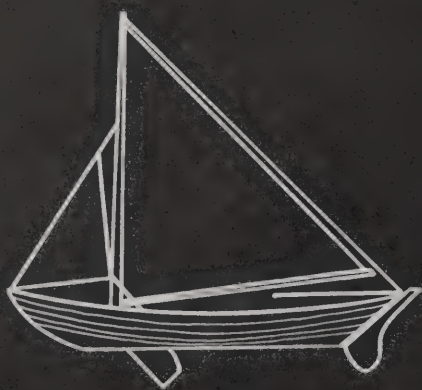
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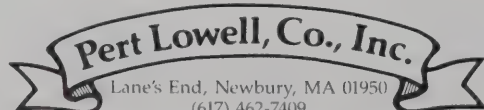
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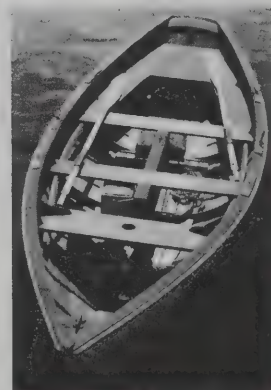


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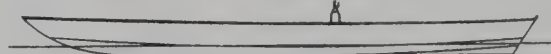


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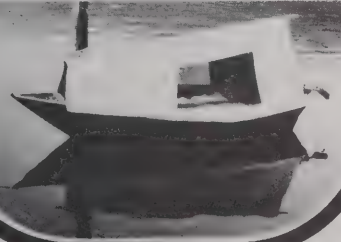
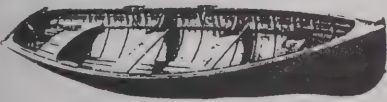
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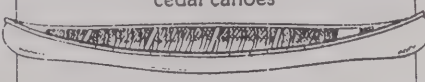
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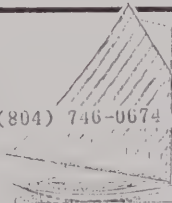
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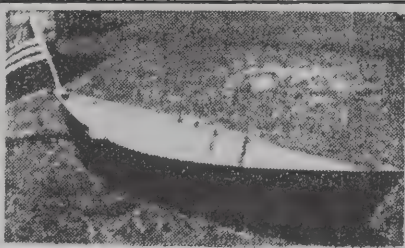
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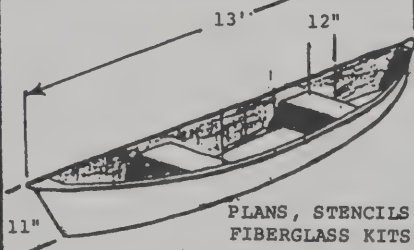
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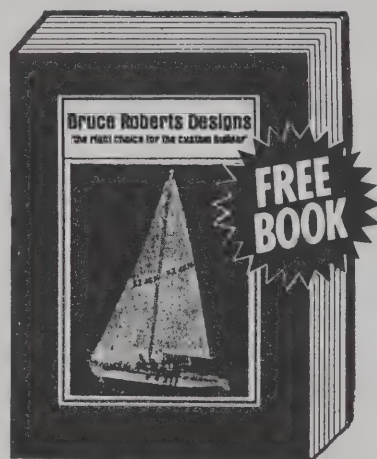
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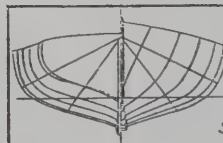
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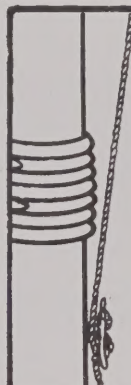
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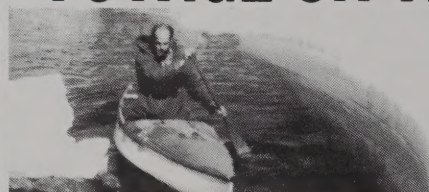
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