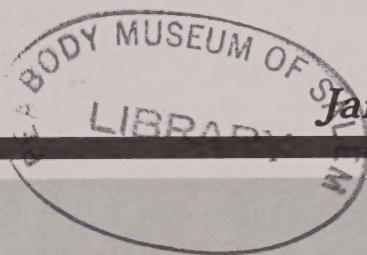


Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 7 - Number 16



January 1, 1990





messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will have several more adventures afloat: "Canoeing the Delaware" with Carol DeCarlo; "Introduction to Boating - The Great White Chunk" with Sandy Brown; and continuations of Tom's "Cruise of the Whitecap" and Gail Ferris' "My Arctic Adventure". Our tugboat enthusiast, Hugh Ware, brings us his coverage of last summer's Tugboat Muster in Boston Harbor, a review of Matt Lyons' "Tugboats & Towboats" calendar, and a look at a New Zealand "water tractor" tug. For designs we expect to report on the "Slatts 22" hydrofoil proa by Hydro Flyte; the "Scooter Plyak" by Joe Reisner; and the best bilge pump by John Beirne. The reviews of three books that didn't get done for this issue will appear: "Herreshoff of Bristol", "Spritsails & Lugsails", and "The Practical Pilot".

On the Cover...

Bill Alletshauzer aboard "Trixie", his 1928 Norton cabin cruiser, in Battleship Cove in New Bedford, Massachusetts, in late November. Full report on getting "Trixie" home in this issue.

Commentary

BOB
HICKS

Looking back over 1989's letters from readers, I found that the subject of my kayaking coverage seemed to be the only one that really elicited pros and cons. Some readers told me I perhaps gave kayaking too much emphasis, it took up too much of the available space. One other cancelled his subscription because I did not have as much on kayaking as he had hoped.

I don't turn out issue after issue seeking any sort of "balance" between various forms of messing about in boats, but rather produce each issue pretty much on an ad hoc basis, what have I got in hand that seems interesting or topical. So, with no data to go on, I could not evaluate these conflicting claims about the kayaking coverage. To find out, I took an hour and went back through the 1989 issues and counted up the articles devoted to four categories; sailing, rowing, paddling and motoring. The articles could be about outings and adventures, or designs, projects, or builders. I didn't include any of "Your Commentary" or "Happenings" in my survey.

Interesting results. I published 112 articles related to sailing, 79 related to paddling (some in canoes, not kayaks) 41 to rowing and 25 to motoring. The 24 covers featured 12 on sailing, 5 each on paddling and rowing and 2 on motoring. So I guess I'd have to agree more with the reader who didn't find enough on his favorite subject, kayaking, rather than with those who thought maybe I had too much on that subject.

What everyone really wants is a regular, interesting, informative, readable magazine all about their own particular enthusiasm. Why kayaking seems to be the one sore point, if this can be so regarded, is not really apparent to me. I think maybe it has something to do with the "newness" of the "fad" currently in full run for today's hi-tech plastic and fiberglass kayaks. People with no prior experience in boats are coming directly into the kayaking game and when they see we spend a lot of time on other ways of boating, they wish it wasn't so.

The kayak sport has its own periodical, "Sea Kayaker". But it comes out only four times a year, with a strong Pacific northwest focus. It's full of good stuff all about the sport, historical, technical, health, safety, camping, equipment. But little of direct focus on the east coast paddlers as to locales and trips available to us here. And it's a very long time between issues. There is also the

newsletter of ANorAK, published six times a year in the east (New Jersey), essentially a typewritten stapled together compendium of member submitted articles. Good useful stuff here too, but circulated to a relatively small number of paddlers who are members of the club.

The problem with publishing a magazine focussed narrowly on a very specific way to play is that there's not enough support out there in reader land to make it affordable on less than a national basis. And then the local focus disappears. I chose to have a broader gauge focus on messing about in all sorts of boats, not just because it would provide the necessary broader readership for paying what it costs, but also because I felt we all needed to better understand how the other guy plays.

While you may prefer to sail or row, reading about paddling gives you a perspective on other ways to enjoy a boat on the water. So much is common to all ways, the water and weather conditions, the places to go, the ways to cruise for overnight or longer, access to the water, events to attend that cater to several sorts of craft.

Despite my making no effort for "balance" I think it has worked out pretty well in past years, some sort of statistical thing must be involved here. With over 250 articles published in a year, there's bound to be something for everyone. My interests are hardly narrowly focussed, while I paddle and sail personally by preference, I find the rowing and old time motorboating to be interesting. And I've found that many readers are similarly involved in several ways of enjoying boats. My favorites are the other "fleet owners" who have several boats, to serve several needs.

Well, this little bit of concern expressed to me about my kayak coverage has been just a little bit. Probably those who have failed to renew their subscriptions include some with lack of enthusiasm for the spread of subjects, including the kayak thing, either pro or con. But from over 3,000 readers I've heard less than a dozen complaints. And our renewal rate is very high, so I guess most of you are happy enough in sum with what turns up in each issue.

Myself, I'm just enchanted with the variety of people and their choices of boats in which to mess about. I think of this as an open-ended subject, so broad in scope that I'll never run out of interesting news.



Your Commentary

REPLACING THE OLD PENN YAN

My nephew and I recently formed a "syndicate" to buy Bill Bailey's UTX outboard skiff. The whole affair is your fault. It started when your magazine, which I read cover-to-cover, put in the pictures of that Portsmouth gathering. From the picture I could not tell exactly what the "UTX" was but it raised my curiosity. Could it be the boat that would take the place of my old 1929 Penn Yan 12' high speed dinghy? It took over 20 years to destroy it, lightly built as it was. With a 16hp Johnson, we broke its keel in a 4'-5' Vineyard Sound chop and broke its nose when the stop button failed and we hit the boathouse wall. We dropped back to 6hp and got years more use out of it until the canvas could no longer hold it together. Returning from a trip to Maine in September, I turned off at Kittery and found Bill and the "UTX". I was delighted with both. When I got home I persuaded my nephew to split the cost with me. Then on November 1st I drove back to Maine in my pickup, spent a nice evening with Bill, and drove back to West Falmouth with the boat. I was a bit hesitant to tell my wife of this latest transaction as it makes boat #10 living on my premises. Five of them actually will float! You know how it is!

Sloat Hodgson, W. Falmouth, MA.

BACK TO KILLINEY STRAND

Nice job with the Killiney piece ("The Boats of Killiney Strand", Nov. 15th). The photos came out quite well. I was in Ireland again in mid-November and stopped by Killiney Strand. The sea was no millpond this time. enormous breakers were coming up the beach and crashing on the rocks and the sky was so dark, the clouds so lowering at midday, that cars travelled with lights on.

Peter Brennan, New York, NY

CAMP CRUISING ON PENOBSCOT BAY

I enjoyed Allyn Bradford's report on his stay at Warren Island this summer. It was an evocative description of the essentials of small boat cruising in my very favorite bay. My boat, an old Cape Cod Knockabout in a state of construction, was voted ugliest boat in Gilkey Harbor, or any other harbor on Penobscot Bay.

Mr. Bradford's philosophy of boating and camping being combined is refreshing. He is certainly right about having a boat one can sleep on if necessary. During our cruises around the bay, we found it necessary on several unplanned occasions. Thanks to the Maine Island Trail Association, it wasn't necessary too often.

We tended to go back to a few favorite islands, such as Mark Island (after the nesting season) and Lime Island (southern tip the most interesting). The children assembled a museum of marine life from ordinary mussels and scallops to sponges and corals (for which Dad got some wet and cold). Anyone wishing to trade information on such cruising hereabouts can drop me a line. I hope Mr. Bradford's article encourages others to try the same and see our coast up close, as something more than scenery.

We will be able to spend only two weeks at Warren Island this year, but will be out every week for day trips. Perhaps we'll meet somewhere, sometime on the Big Foggy.

Robert Leon, 1 Asbury St., Randolph, ME 04345.

SUPPORTING SMALL BOATERS

I'm very much looking forward to receiving your journal regularly as a recently addicted sea kayaker. I have many friends who sing your praises for your work in support of small boat builders, owners and enthusiasts.

Forrest Dillon, Manchester, MA.

BUILDING A MINIATURE TRIMARAN

I really appreciate "Messing About", although it seems your fans are heavily on the kayak side. I tend towards pulling and sailing boats.

I envy you guys in New England with your coves and bays and rivers. I used to live in Norfolk, Virginia where I sailed various boats on the Elizabeth River and lower Chesapeake Bay. I once succeeded in capsizing a Shark catamaran off the Naval Air Station and was rescued by one of their picket boats.

Now I'm building what I call a "miniature trimaran". The main hull is formed initially of one of Jim Thayer's Ducker hull layups. It is slightly under 16'. I've completed the port ama (or outrigger hull as the "Pacificos" call them) and have the starboard one framed. I'm using regular mill run lauan (which absorbs water but won't delaminate by test) for planking, covered with zynole polyester bedded in epoxy. I invented my own "anchoring" system for the akas (cross beams). I still have a long way to go, but will send you a report on how it turns out.

Dick Randall, Cherokee Village, AR.

TAKING A ROWING TRIP

I enjoy your format, keep it up. I would enjoy articles on taking a rowing trip. Items to take; types of boats; how many miles a day? Not in a fancy fiberglass scull. Did you ever publish a plan on how to build a drop-in rowing seat? (Owen Cecil offers such plans for home builders, SASE for details, P.O. Box 584, Manistee, MI 49660, Ed.)

Howard Hamann, Manitowic, WI

LOOKING FOR A 17' SLOOP

I am interested in finding and refinishing a 17' sloop, possibly lat rig, in reasonable shape (wood), preferably a class boat rather than a one-off design.

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When the truck finally turned up an hour late at the ramp in Battleship cove in New Bedford, where we waited with Bill Alletshauzer and his 28' "Trixie" to be hauled out, you'd have thought we were somehow the bad guys. The driver of the big Brownell type boat hauler was bullshit, he leapt from the cab and strode across the dock to where we had "Trixie" tied alongside and launched into a verbal assault at Bill, once he was sure he was the guy with the boat.

"What the HELL are you doing HERE? What's that, a WOODEN boat? I'm not hauling any old WOODEN boat! Thgs was supposed to be a Chris Craft! You were supposed to be at the ramp upriver by the powerline towers!" That sort of thing. I concluded as I observed this behaviour that the Yankee Boat Haulers were'n't hard up for customers if they treated one like this.

Bill kept his cool, and when the tirade ran down, told the simmering driver that he'd "sign-off", taking full responsibility if anything happened to his boat on the 60 mile overland trip home to Framingham. We were at the ramp in Battleship Cove as Bill had been instructed over the phone by someone else at the boat hauling firm, someone who also knew that Bill's boat was a 1928 wooden cabin cruiser. Whatever communication gap had developed back at the office, it wasn't Bill's doing. Apparently this ramp by the battleship "Massachusetts" was for state police use only.

So we all headed up river the half-mile or so to the correct ramp. Bill and Peter took "Trixie", Ron and I drove in Ron's van. It was just a short hop and we were soon there. No sign of the boat hauler, who had left ahead of us going the wrong way up a one-way street in a great roar of diesel to the main highway that ran alongside the



Bringing "Trixie" Home

river. We had taken the round about way on local streets observing the one-way traffic signs. Bill and Peter were already there too. Maybe this wasn't the right ramp either? Boy the guy would really be mad now!

However, he showed up shortly, where he'd gone, we knew not. And soon a pickup arrived with another guy and some jackstands. The two of them soon had the big trailer unhooked off the truck and rolling down the ramp to pick up "Trixie". Tempers were more subdued now. And when the hydraulic jack stands had "Trixie" propped on her keel on the trailer and all was reconnected for the trip home, "Trixie" hadn't even collapsed, 60 year old WOODEN boat that she was yet!

You hadda just love old "Trixie". The name conjured up an image of a dance hall girl to me (I liked that better than that of a small French poodle of the yappy

variety). We had ridden in "Trixie" up the Taunton River to New Bedford from Tiverton, Rhode Island, where she'd spent the summer on a mooring off the boatyard where Bill had found her last spring. Bill and his wife and infant son had commuted the 60 or so miles between home in Framingham, Massachusetts, and Tiverton most summer weekends to cruise in Narragansett Bay at a leisurely 6 knot pace, while Bill's wife fished. That was her thing, fishing. Bill's thing was this classic old boat, now so dowdy and faded.

Bill's previous boat had been an old Toppan Dory powered with an old make-and-break motor. Bill loved it. His wife didn't. Not too reliable. And for 1989, with the new addition to the family, no more family outings in THAT boat. A bigger boat, with a cabin, facilities, shelter, and a good fishing platform. Bill advertised the Toppan and in one of those nice little twists of fate, sold it to the grandson of the original builder from Medford, Massachusetts. Chasing down another wooden boat to meet his family's new requirements before the proceeds of the Toppan sale were squandered on something domestic, he found "Trixie" sitting in a boatyard in Tiverton, just waiting for someone like him. When he found he could own the whole nine yards, ready to go, for only \$3,000, he was hooked.

Bill's work schedule being what it is at Digital, he did not attempt to do any reconditioning of "Trixie". She was launched as soon as he determined the hull seemed okay and the four cylinder Palmer still ran. And so, like an old used car that somehow has outlived all of its troubles and settled down into just keeping on going, "Trixie" hit the water for the first time in a couple of years. And she didn't leak at all!

The paint was faded, the brightwork varnish just about weathered away, the interior dark and gloomy and dingy. But the molded rubber stair treads leading below still had "Trixie" visibly molded into them, as did several cast bronze plates in various places. She'd always been "Trixie" since she had been built at the Norton Boatyard in Newport, Rhode Island back in 1928. Bill soon learned that the Norton Boatyard was still in business, now over across the bay in E. Greenwich. From them he got copies of some old photos of "Trixie" in her youth. The old dance hall girl was some looker then. While the bloom was long gone now, you could still see the underlying appeal beneath the dowdy exterior.

Well, "Trixie" made it home just fine, and by the time Ron, Peter and I got to Bill's (we'd detoured through the local maritime museum in New Bedford while Bill

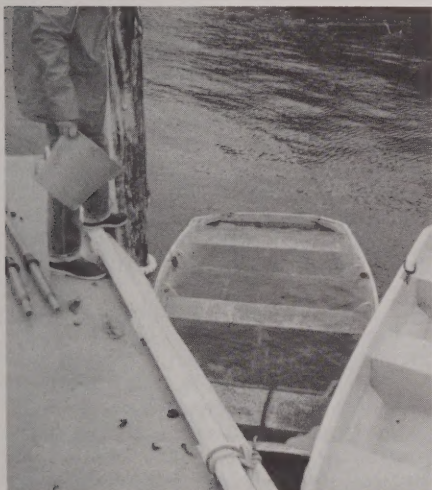


"You hadda just love old "Trixie".

rode shotgun with his truckdriver "friend") "Trixie" was on her jack-stands beside the garage. Deep ruts leading diagonally into a small pine grove to one side on Bill's house lot testified to a failed attempt to back the rig uphill over rain slicked wet grass and leaves over soft loamy soil. Bill was busy digging up some loam in the grove to fill the ruts in the lawn to deflect possible future domestic turmoil. But, what the hell, when we got there, everyone got busy with hose and brooms scrubbing off the summer's accumulation of marine organisms.

Bill tells me now in early December that he's got his Shipmate stove set up in "Trixie", so when he gets home from the office, he can fire it up, and by the time supper's over, it's all nice and cosy inside for the winter reconditioning work to proceed in comfort, safely tucked away in a snug harbor. And all for \$300, and enduring some verbal abuse! Next spring "Trixie" should have some of her old time glamour back. We'll have a look then.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks.

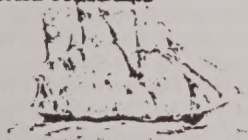


Not much hope for the tender.



The Brownell trailer design is pretty sophisticated. Here the trailer detaches from the truck and drives down the ramp under its own power, controlled by the man on the front. The hydraulic pads adjust to center "Trixie" and then she's hauled forward and propped with her weight on her keel. The trailer then returns up the ramp and reconnects to the truck.

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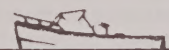


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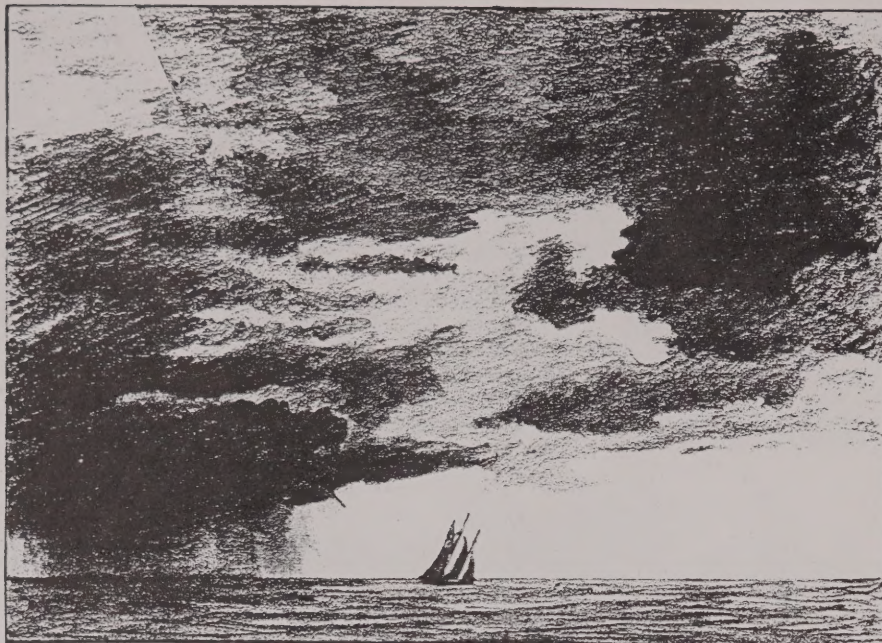
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SQUALL!

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It was a summer much like the one before and unlike any since. Snug Harbor Trailer Park in 1960 was a boy's dream come true. We swam and fished and crabbed right outside of our front door. We had two sailboats, the fast thirty foot "Nocatee" and the heavier twenty-eight foot "Roll-a-Belle," tied up at the dock out front. The inlet leading to Snug Harbor is on Tampa Bay on the St. Petersburg side of Gandy Bridge.

There was always work to do at Snug Harbor, but my cousin, Randy, and I always found time for more important things. As Aunt Lucille said to Uncle Walter, "now Walter, this Florida sun is too hot for the boys to work past noon." Never mind that we were brown as burnt toast from afternoons of sailing, swimming and fishing. We did work. We ran the lawn mowers around the Spanish ships cannons mounted on their white concrete "carriages." The heavy anchor chains that formed the fence around the cannons made a good place to sit and rest. We couldn't talk because we kept the throttles on the mowers wide open while we took a break. Mowing wasn't too hard except for over the septic lines behind each trailer in the park. We liked to hack down dead palm fronds with the machete. We could pretend the luckless fronts were anything we wanted them to be. We would bury the garbage from the park back at the dump, but I never did figure out why. It would have been easier for us and the "critters" to just leave their meal on top of the sand for them.

The rules at Randy's house were pretty straight forward. Any cuts were treated with hydrogen peroxide and alcohol and carefully bandaged. You didn't touch the civil war sabers or the wickedly curved Moroccan knife which hung on the walls. Standing on the glass top of the table made from a massive bronze porthole was not a good idea although it would probably hold you. You never tilted back in the wicker chairs. Walking a respectful distance away from the hanging gaping shark jaws, with their menacing rows of razor sharp teeth, was something you just learned once you brushed against one.

There was one difference that summer. Elart, Randy's other cousin, was visiting from Germany. Elart was okay, but he

didn't have the spirit on a real "Florida cracker." We did our best on him in the short time we had. We made sure he looked right, but no self respecting "cracker" ever made an "acht!" sound.

He only got really mad at us one time. The three of us had sailed out of Snug Harbor into Tampa Bay on the "Nocatee." A great steady breeze was pushing up small choppy whitecaps and the "Nocatee" was leaving as pretty a wake as we had ever seen. We were flying! Elart yawned and laid down on the deck between the cabin and side where the brace wires from the mast tied down. He fell sound asleep. Randy and I watched this happen in total shock. This kind of sacrilege must be dealt with.

"You ready?" Randy asked grinning broadly.

I laughed into the wind.

He nodded and I pulled the jib tight. He held the tiller with all his strength. I yanked the boom of the mainsail with everything I had and held on for dear life as the wind popped the battens at the top of the main. The "Nocatee" surged forward eagerly and laid way over on her side as Randy and I stretched as far out over the upper side as we dared. The bay itself seemed to swell as the bow fought to skim over it. The gray foaming water came crashing into the front of the cabin and roared down the deck along the cabin wall. Elart was just waking up as he neatly sluiced by below us. He never touched a thing.

When my Dad has been stationed in Germany with our family, my new German buddies had carefully selected my beginner's vocabulary. I heard all of those familiar words and phrases and some that I guessed were updated variations coming from the bay. Randy and I finally got ourselves and the "Nocatee" under control enough to go back and fish him out.

Elart was a good sport though, he never took an oar to us. He did blab to Uncle Walter and Aunt Lucille at supper that night. They both got the strangest expressions on their faces and suddenly they both choked into their napkins and had to be excused. When they came back, they made Randy and me apologize to Elart.

Lunch time was when our day really be-

gan. Either a breeze would blow up by then or it would start raining. Rainy afternoons weren't too bad. Randy would practice "Malguena" on his guitar and neat songs like "Dream Lover" and "1814" were on the radio. If there was just a drizzle, the mosquitoes swarmed out of the mangrove swamp and buzzed the screen porch hungrily. We would spend the rainy afternoons relaxing and planning.

Sometimes around ten o'clock in the morning we would feel a breeze stir as we worked.

I'd say, "Randy, did you feel that?"

"Yeah, let's hurry up and get this done."

I didn't remember my other German friends rolling their eyes as much as Elart did.

If a steady breeze was blowing when we went in for lunch, Uncle Walter would say, "Sure is good sailing weather." Randy and I would grin at each other in anticipation of an afternoon's sailing on Tampa Bay.

Randy read about a race starting at the St. Petersburg Yacht Club and entered the "Nocatee". We sailed her to the club the day before the race and made sure everything was ready. The next morning dawned clear and crisp with a steady breeze. We were lucky to have this kind of day. Most mornings were muggy and still when we woke up.

Either Elart was ready to race too, or the thought of Randy and I actually racing had him real agitated. Uncle Walter played his "what if" game with us and we went through our mental checklist. Aunt Lucille bubbled in the kitchen fixing the cooler. The three of us decided who would do what and when during the race and we all piled into the old Ford and headed for the club.

A boat that we couldn't believe was tied up next to the "Nocatee". She was all mahogany and brass and looked like she was flying just sitting there. The three of us looked at each other.

I said, "We came to race, not especially to win."

Elart grinned at me.

"I'd sure like to beat her," Randy mumbled.

"Come on Randy, get serious."

"We might win," Randy said with a grin and a wink.

We ambled down the docks looking at all of "Nocatee's" beautiful competitors. We mumbled "hello" to the big, powerfully built crewmen, who we held in awe, even though we tried not to show it. When we got back to the "Nocatee", she didn't look any worse to me. Bright brass and shiny varnish weren't our style. Trouble-free bronze and durable white paint gave us more sailing time. I just didn't want the three of us to mess up in front of one of these other older crews.

One of the other skippers asked Uncle Walter, "Is that your crew, Red?"

Uncle Walter said, "Randy's the skipper today."

Looking back now, I don't remember any laughter as we started our ten horsepower Johnson outboard and cast off the lines.

The "Nocatee" skipped through the narrow protection of the massive stone jetties. When everyone was ready, the starting pistol fired. We were bow to bow with the bigger boats. We sailed as close to the lapping brink of disaster as we dared, which was pretty darned close.

I yelled to Elart "No sleeping today!"

He shook his head and the stiff, concerned look on his face was funny. When we had a chance, we would look with admiration at the graceful beauties dancing away from us. We didn't know that the crews on those boats also looked back with their practiced eyes at the eager, charging "Nocatee." Elart gradually started "whooping" right along with Randy and me. We sailed for what seemed like a short time and the other boats were out of sight.

In an hour or so, the other boats, with the mahogany beauty in the lead, had all passed us going the other way back to St. Pete. We hollered and waved at each one as they sliced cleanly by. Their skippers and crews waved back.

I said to Randy, "We aren't doing so bad, really."

As we neared Gandy Bridge, a dark squall line appeared to the west. I didn't like the look of it at all. It was too dark and moving too fast. We discussed what to do. The channel to Snug Harbor was right there and we could be in and tied up at home before the rain hit. Randy wanted to finish the race and he was the skipper. A part of me didn't want to drop out either. We kept racing. I joined Elart in looking from the too dark roiling wall of clouds to the channel leading to Snug Harbor and home. We rounded the marker at the far end of the course and started the return leg. Randy looked over his shoulder more and more often. I was standing on the cabin roof holding onto the main mast when I saw the wind scraping the water surface in a long straight line. The black explosion of clouds with the solid gray sheet of rain barely showing in the small crack between the clouds and the surface of the bay was right behind.

"It's coming!" I shouted.

"Drop the main," Randy barked.

I was already untying the knot. I started to lower it carefully.

"Let it go!" Randy screamed.

The nylon rope zinged through its pulley as the full force of the wind caught the mainsail. The top of our main rifled straight out.

"Duck, Elart!" Randy yelled and the boom sliced wickedly over Elart who had wisely made a dive for the deck. Our carefully tended mainsail billowed and popped

and then flopped into Tampa Bay. Elart and I struggled and rubbed our fingers raw on the coarse, heavily soaked canvas. We hauled it in and lashed it to the boom in an unseamanlike manner. I ran below to double check the portholes and front hatch cover. Elart began tying down the cooler and etc. in the cabin.

"Get the life jackets!" Randy yelled through the open hatch from the cockpit.

I looked at Elart and said "Uh oh!"

Elart rolled his eyes and said "Ach der lieber!" or something to that effect.

I checked the gas lines for the Johnson and tightened up the big wing nuts that held it to its rack on the transom. I then went back into the cabin and pumped up the five gallon pressure gas tank as high as it would go. Randy, Elart and I sat on the sides of the cockpit as the merciless walls of rain started their beating.

"This is going to get tight," I grimaced.

Randy nodded and said "It sure is."

I asked "Should we tie our life jackets together in case she goes down?"

"No, if these waves get as rough as I think they will, we would be jerked to pieces," Randy yelled over the howling wind and staccato pounding rain.

The thought of sharks started nagging at me, but I didn't mention it because I didn't want to scare Elart. I told myself "I'm not scared, just concerned."

We were sailing with our small jib sail still raised to keep us moving forward and headed into the increasingly wild breakers. Randy turned the helm over to me and kneeling on the pitching deck, leaned over the stern to start the Johnson. He pulled the rope and the motor fired. He set the idle to let it warm up. He tied a rope to our bailing bucket and threw it over the stern as a sea anchor.

Before long the wind was screaming and the breakers were building fast and getting more erratic. I put the Johnson in gear and jacked up the throttle. I released the jib and it snapped more violently than the main had. Thank goodness it was smaller. Elart and I grinned at each other when we finally got the jib secured. Nobody needed to break anything or get thrown overboard now.

We were making our way back to the cockpit when we saw the monstrous black outline of the bow of a tanker bearing directly down on us. I opened the cabin hatch and grabbed our huge conch shell with the top knocked off. When I blew it right, it made a first class fog horn. I stood on the cabin roof hugging the mast hard and blew the conch shell with everything I had. The freighter kept on coming.

Randy yelled "If he hits us, swim clear as fast as you can. The props will suck you in."

He didn't need to explain anything about getting ground up in the house sized propellers. Just as Randy finished yelling those instructions, Elart jacked the Johnson wide open. At the same time we were trying to get out of the way, we had to keep our bow heading into the increasingly large breakers or they would have capsized us. The huge freighter bow towered above us and I was completely out of wind. Right at that moment, the storm hit us full force and we couldn't see or hear anything but rain and wind. We braced ourselves and got ready to dive off. We never saw the freighter again. We were sure he had us and then he was gone in the dark howling wall of water.

The breakers kept building and, even

from the cabin roof, I could tell that Elart didn't seem to be holding on quite right. I steadied myself with the braced boom and jumped down into the cockpit. His face was drawn up in a gray grimace. I got Randy's attention and jerked my head toward Elart.

Randy shouted "Elart, go in the cabin and don't open the hatch or any portholes for any reason."

I protested "There are a lot of fumes from the gas tank in there."

"I'm sorry Elart," Randy yelled sternly.

Elart grinned feebly at us and unsteadily staggered below locking the cabin hatch in place. Randy and I shook our heads at each other.

Randy yelled "No matter what happens now, Elart will have the worst of it."

I stood on the roof of the cabin hugging the mast at first hand signaling and later yelling "PORT!" or "STARBOARD!" to Randy at the helm. The slashing rain got so strong that Randy had to look down to protect his eyes. It was the first time I was truly happy to be a "four eyes." I could turn my glasses directly into the rain and blink the water out of my eyes to make out the frothing outline of the next gigantic wave bearing down on us.

I didn't know waves could get so big in Tampa Bay. I was six foot two and a half and the cabin roof was a good four feet above the water line and these things were rising way above my head.

The metal runners for the main and jib felt like they were slicing into my forearms and hands. I quickly let go of the mast and checked just after we had crested a breaker and I wasn't bleeding so I knew it couldn't be as bad as I thought. The rain driving into our exposed skin was thousands of stings a minute. An occasional scream would ease the torture. I yelled to Randy "Thank God for these vests!" I knew he couldn't hear, but it helped to talk to him.

Now I was having to look at Randy to scream directions to him. He covered his eyes with one hand to protect them and still struggled with his other hand and forearm to control the tiller yanking against him. We would crest a huge wave and I could look down into deep chasms of dark angry water. The shuddering flip forward, horrible thudding crash and water flying over the bow and smashing into my feet and legs would tell me that we had made it one more time. The poor Johnson would scream in protest as its prop was yanked out of the water. We would race down the backside of that breaker until the bow buried itself in the face of the next one causing the "Nocatee" to wallow sickeningly. The Johnson would completely submerge when the bow rose up the face of the next monster. I knew the cowl over the engine had trapped air for the carburetor and the tough engine kept running. We would be pitched backward on the face of the breaker and then finally crest it with me again looking into the yawning chasm below. Waves crashed together and knocked the bow to the side. We would scream a warning to Elart when this happened, but I suspected that he could feel the frightening yaw as the "Nocatee" careened and tilted dangerously out of control. The Johnson and the bailing bucket we had tied to the stern as a sea anchor were just barely enough to get us almost straightened up before the next breaker was on us.

Time lost all meaning. I was exhausted

and my arms and hands were cramped in agony. My legs had never felt like rubber before. Having my body fail me was new and strange. If Tampa Bay had been Calamine Lotion, I probably would have gladly jumped in, the rain stung so bad. I didn't know about Randy and Elart, but I did know that the third guy on board had just about had it.

Suddenly the sky became slightly less menacing. I croaked to Randy "Lighter!"

He said "Yeah."

Slowly the rain slacked up enough that we began to see the outline of some familiar buildings. We were opposite St. Pete. We gradually angled toward the yacht club, but fought the tendency to relax now. The breakers were still terrible and we had to hit the channel through the huge rock jetties just right.

We made it! Once we were in the protection of the jetties the water became just violently choppy. A small Coast Guard cruiser came out to assist us but they bumped our gallant "Nocatee" and we angrily waved and shouted them away. The valiant Johnson kept pushing us slowly toward the docks. Elart escaped from the cabin and gave us a weak, pale grin before he sat slumped on the deck beside the cockpit.

I clapped him on the back and said "Good

job, Elart."

"Danke," drifted softly back.

Randy said "Boy, this is embarrassing."

I said "What is?"

"All of the other boats are in. Some race!"

"They missed the storm. We did okay, Randy."

As we got near the dock, we could see Uncle Walter, Aunt Lucille and some of the skippers and crew members from the other boats standing on the covered main dock. Randy backed the "Nocatee" into our slip as Uncle Walter, Aunt Lucille and several of the men gathered around in the now steady rain. Elart and I handed the mooring lines over to eager hands.

Aunt Lucille said "You boys had us scared to death. We saw the "Nocatee" bobbing like a cork and the mast looked like a metronome. It almost touched the water with each swing. I thought she was going to capsize any moment."

"Now Lucille," Uncle Walter tried to soothe her, but he didn't look too relaxed himself.

Something kept me from saying "It was a lot worse an hour ago."

Uncle Walter said "Are you boys okay?"

"Yes sir." We all grinned.

"I couldn't get the Coast Guard to go out and get you."

Randy said "They were probably right not to go in that small cruiser."

I cut off the Johnson. As I unbolted it from its stand, I heard one of the crew members say "Eight mile an hour winds and fourteen foot breakers with only an old docking motor. I'm glad I wasn't out there with them."

Another man said "Yeah. That's hurricane force plus some."

One of the skippers said "Nice sailing boys. You got everything you could out of her."

We grinned and all three said "Thanks."

The skipper of the mahogany beauty said "You men can crew for me any time you want to. Just give me a call."

When we looked up to thank him, all of the men were nodding their agreement.

Randy and Elart and I continued to square the "Nocatee" away. As we worked, we talked to Aunt Lucille and Uncle Walter. We also talked comfortably and easily with the other men standing on the dock beside our slip. It didn't seem like just that morning that we were barely able to mumble "Hello" to these same men.

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The Cruise of the "Whitecap"

Story & Illustrations by Tom



I awoke at 6 a.m. for some reason. "What was I supposed to do today?" I asked myself. "I'm supposed to do something and I can't remember what it is."



THE REASON?

"Think," I demanded.

"I can't think," I admitted desperately.

"Then, what would you like to do?"

"Sail," I answered. "That's it, I'm supposed to sail" I got up, dressed, ate, and questioned myself further.

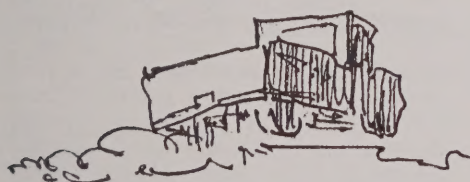
"Whose boat?"

"Who has a boat?"

"K."

"I'm supposed to pick him up."

I threw what I thought I'd need into the truck and drove off, asking myself frantically, "Where does he live?"



DROVE OFF

"There. You just drove by the house." I turned around, parked, ran to the door and pounded on it.



POUNDED

"What do you want?", K demanded angrily when he opened the door.

"Going sailing," I said.

"What?"

"We made plans to go sailing."

"I don't remember...but if you say so, I'll be ready in a few minutes." He went back inside grumbling. He soon re-appeared with bags of food and hastily gathered paraphernalia.



CAN'T REMEMBER

"Where are we sailing to?" he asked.

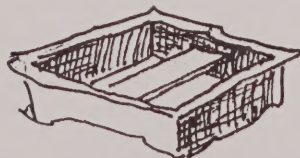
"I can't remember," I answered. It was a dour ride to the Dory Club with both of us desperately trying to remember where we were going. At the Club, we pulled his pram off the rack and threw it into the water. K caught me staring at it.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's square," I answered.

"Of course it's square, I built it myself."

"I never saw a square boat," I confessed.



SQUARE BOAT

"It rows in all directions," he explained, dismissing my astonishment. "Row me out to the boat and then come back for the supplies," he ordered.

We piled in. I took three good sweeps with the oars and we were still in the same spot. The damn boat never moved. "Am I doing something wrong?" I asked K.

"No, it just takes a while to get it going."



TAKES A WHILE

I continued rowing and eventually the thing started moving. It had me rowing like a galley slave against the wind until we reached his sailboat.

"You can row back for the supplies while I get the boat ready," K said.



ROW BACK

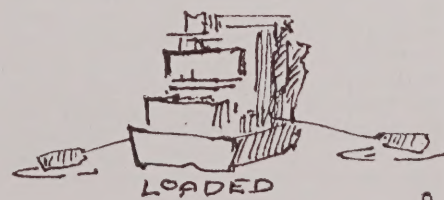
"Can I rest a while?" I asked.

"Not too long, we've got to catch the tide."

"The tide turned against us two hours ago," I explained, finally remembering something of importance.

K blithely dismissed this fact. "Hurry back."

When I reached shore, I loaded the boat so I would have to make only this one trip. We looked like a container vessel that had no right to be afloat. I reached the sailboat just as my arms were ready to fall off..



LOADED

We sat in the cockpit after the supplies were aboard. "Where's your compass?" I asked.

"I thought it was aboard," K answered. We looked. "Guess it isn't. Do you have one?"

"On my Townie," I heard myself saying.



NO COMPASS?

"Get it," K ordered.

I climbed back into the box and rowed to the Townie, took the small compass out, and rowed back. Now my arms didn't even feel like they were part of me. All this time I was wondering if this square box wasn't an introduction to the sailboat. "Should we take this can of gas?"

"No, leave it in the pram, we've got plenty, enough to get us there and back," K said. "Cast off," he then ordered impatiently. "We'll lose the tide."

"We don't have any sails up," I said.

Then put the jib up, dammit, and cast off. We've wasted too much time already, missed the tide, probably."

"We never made the tide," I explained again. I cast off the mooring line as the jib pulled us slowly away in a contrary tide.



AWAY

"Away at 0900," K proclaimed, "and we missed the tide, damn you." Cursing the crew is in the best tradition of the sea. "Take the helm," he grumbled, going forward to bend on the mainsail. We drifted out of the crowded harbor before the main was raised. With all sails set, we slowed to immobility.

"What happened?"

"Wind died."

"I'll fix that," K said. He hung over the stern and went through the prehistoric ritual of starting a fire in a box of metal that turned a wheel in the water and pushed the boat forward. He played with and talked to the ancient rusty thing until it started

talking back, evolving into an eccentric whine. We sat and watched it hanging loosely on its bracket, rocking from side to side like a lunatic. That noisy, stinking, stone age piece of junk propelled us at a steady three knots.



RUSTY LUNATIC

Then K noticed that water wasn't coming out of it. Just steam. The motor wasn't being cooled. K shook it back and forth. Kicked it and pleaded with it. "The hell with it," he concluded, "we'll run it 'til it blows up." The motor urinated in a panic then and began circulating sea water.

Not content with this mechanical aid, K declared that he was going to set the "Otto-helm". He dashed below and re-appeared with three mechanical parts that fit together mysteriously and attached to the tiller. Everytime it corrected the course it made a noise. I knew it would. "Zitt, zitt, zitt."

We both sat there now doing nothing while it went, "Zitt, zitt, zitt." I began to hate the damn thing. "Zitt."

"Shut up," I said.

"Zitt, zitt."

"Damn you!"

"Zitt."

"Isn't this great?" K said. "It does all the work."

Now I had the time to look over the boat I had shipped aboard. It was a centerboard Cal 21. The centerboard pulled up into an opening in the cockpit floor making it possible for anything that was casually handled to fall into the opening and sink gracefully to the ocean floor. This opening also helped the sea to geyser up and keep the helmsman soaked from the waist down. To raise the centerboard, one had to fish for it with a cable, pole and hook, then crank this up with an old rusty winch that had to be set into place for the purpose.

Below decks everything forward of the mast was sealed off by a wall of junk. If anything happened to find its way up there, it remained there forever. A third of the boat was forward of the mast. The anchor sat up there in sublime isolation. It could only be reached through a small hatch in the deck, barely large enough to pull it through. The cockpit was 1/4th of the boat. That left the remaining 1/4th for us, except that all our gear was pitched into this part.

"I'll get the solar panel," K said. K is a true follower of the sea. He reads every book and mag-

azine published and consequently sends away for every gadget and gizmo advertised. He has a hand-held gadget for every problem. He will dive down that rabbit hole and come up with some strange device that will give you an over-precise answer to any problem.

The weather was mild. K was dressed in shorts and tee shirt, hatless and barefooted. I was dressed for the arctic, with a shirt, sweater and foul weather gear, rubber boots and two hats. The first hat covered my ears. The second hat had a visor to shade my eyes. It was my Harvard hat. My children told me that I looked too shabby. They were ashamed to be seen with me. They told me I had to do something to improve my image. I found this hat in a trash barrel. It had "Harvard" lettered on it. Just the thing, I thought.

"That's it, pop," they all agreed. So I wear it all the time.

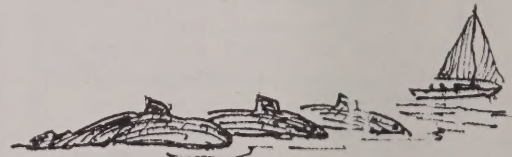
K muttered something then about tacking over and filling the sails. "Coming about." Too late. The boom hit me on the side of the head and knocked the Harvard cap over the side. I watched my new image float astern and disappear. The motor rocked on the transom with demented glee and the "Otto-helm" added a "Zitt, zitt." Since the wind was dead on our nose, we fell off to the southwest to fill the sails.

The wind was coming up stronger now. "Maybe we should shut the motor off and sail awhile," K suggested. "I don't know whether we have enough gas to make it to P'town."

"You told me we had enough gas to go there and back," I said.

"All right, so I made a mistake," K admitted.

"Leave the motor going," I said. "It's the only thing aboard that knows what it's doing."



3 WHALES

The fin of a whale broke the surface of the water to starboard. Another, and then another. The three whales circled us conversing with the imbecilic motor, thinking it the only intelligent life aboard. They soon tired of its garrulity and swam off.



HORIZON

Left alone, we studied the horizon off the bow waiting for the appearance of Race Point on Cape Cod. It never appeared. The tops of the tallest buildings in Boston could still be seen behind us when the sun finally fell into the sea.



BOSTON

Night closed in and pin points of light sparkled everywhere like the interior of a candle-lit cathedral. One bright light blinked at us dead ahead.

"That must be Race Point," K said. "I'm going below to take a nap."

"What?" I asked in astonishment.

"I'm tired," he replied and disappeared down the hatch. I was about to protest. I didn't like that shore at night. The land was too low and you could never tell how far offshore you were. The loneliness and the silence made me mute. I watched a star fall from the sky like someone had kicked it over. When I looked back down, a small Christmas tree was coming at us. It grew bigger and bigger. I turned on all the lights we had to out-shine it. It still came at us. I changed course and it didn't seem to make any difference. I pointed the bow at it and waited. It passed port to port. It was a passenger liner and might just as well have been a dragon the way it terrified



LINER

me. We bounced over its bow wave, then twisted and spun in its wake. When I regained control, we again headed for Race Point Light.

Soon the light loomed overhead and I realized we were too close to land. I tacked away to find that we were in the rip; a characteristic of Race Point. It accelerated our speed. In other words, we were going like hell. Beach buggy lights flashed by on the shore. A steady white light with a green light high above it completely puzzled me as it flew by. Neither one was bobbing on the water. Now a steady red light was ahead.

"How're things going?" K yelled from below.

"You'd better get up here and make some decisions. This place scares hell out of me."

K popped out of the hatch and saw the red light and the monument off to port. "Turn and head for the town now."

"No, I think there's a low beach there that connects to an island. The chart says there's a



MONUMENT

lighthouse at the end of the island where we should turn in."

"We're going too far, we're going to Wellfleet," K kept insisting. There was a glow in the sky over the land.

"A little further and the land should turn in on itself and the light should appear." I tried to sound confident but I didn't feel too confident wondering why the damn light wasn't visible now. Sure enough, the small lighthouse appeared. It was hard to believe



LIGHTHOUSE

that someone would build a lighthouse so small and obscure. A flashing green buoy was off to the right. We rounded it and made for the monument in the town. The lights of the town made it difficult to see. I remembered that there was a breakwater before the town wharf, so we made for the red light to the left. We stayed well clear of it and entered the channel.

K slowed the motor as we slid by anchored boats and large trawler moorings. I couldn't see a damn thing. The boat just happened to miss everything.

"This is a good place to anchor," I suggested.

"Circle around," K said. We circled.

"Now?" I asked.

"Circle again." We circled again.

"Drop the hook and stop farting around!"

"Wait 'til I get my fathometer."

"F--- your fathometer, drop the hook," I yelled with the finality of a sailor about to secure himself to the land. The hook splashed over the side and gratefully grabbed a good grip on the bottom.



HOOKE

"Do you think the centerboard will hit bottom when the tide goes out?" K asked.

"Pull the pin and if it hits the board will bounce up," I answered.

"I don't think we have to pull the pin," K replied.

"Why do you always ask for a solution to a problem and then never do what's suggested?"

"I know, I know. I'm always wrong." K began flagellating himself with self-criticism.

"Sorry I said anything," cutting his performance short. "I just want to crawl into my sleeping bag and pass out." We descended glumly into the innards of the boat and began re-arranging everything to accommodate our weary bodies. Anything that fell to the cabin floor sloshed around in bilge water.

"Boat's got a leak," K explained, repeating the phrase that has undoubtedly been spoken in every language in the world since we first learned to grunt. And it was the last thing I said to myself before my mind sank into oblivion. "Boat leaks."

(To Be Continued)

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Above: The Mainvilles and Henry Szostek view bucolic countryside. Below: Park Service graffitti. Bottom: Approaching the lunch stop on Fairhaven Bay.



A Sunday on the Sudbury

While winter came early indeed this year, with January cold arriving by Thanksgiving time, we had a couple of nice Sundays in November, and on one of them, Jane and I joined some friends for a few hours paddling on the Sudbury River, putting in at Sherman Bridge Rd. in Sudbury and enjoying a picnic lunch at our turning point on an island in Fairhaven Bay in Concord. Not a long trip, but a pleasant outing in remarkably rural surroundings. The only clanger was the proliferation of partly submerged signs every hundred feet or so along the river banks where it flows through a portion of the Great Meadows National Wildlife refuge. So the refuge provides a natural setting and the bureaucrats provide the intrusive "graffitti".

Actually, only Jane and I paddled, in our Folbot double, our companions all rowed. Chuck Mainville

and his daughter had issued the invitation and they rowed in Chuck's 21' Pilot Cutter with dual sliding seats. Pat and Dick De la Chapelle were with us in an Alden double and Henry Szostek rowed his own designed and built cruising shell, "The Unforgiving Minute". So we were the slowest, but it didn't matter, it was a pleasure trip, not an exercise in exercise.

I've been on the Sudbury closer to Concord, and others have often reported on how pleasant a river it is for paddling or rowing. We met only one outboard, with two men fishing from it, not nearly as intrusive on the peace and apparent solitude as the aircraft overflying from nearby Hanscom Field in Bedford. And those silent, but so clunky signs. I guess the Park Service must have problems with boaters going ashore through the swamps?

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks





The "Pilot 21" is a very versatile boat. It won the multi-oar class in the Blackburn Challenge, here it cruises leisurely on the Sudbury.



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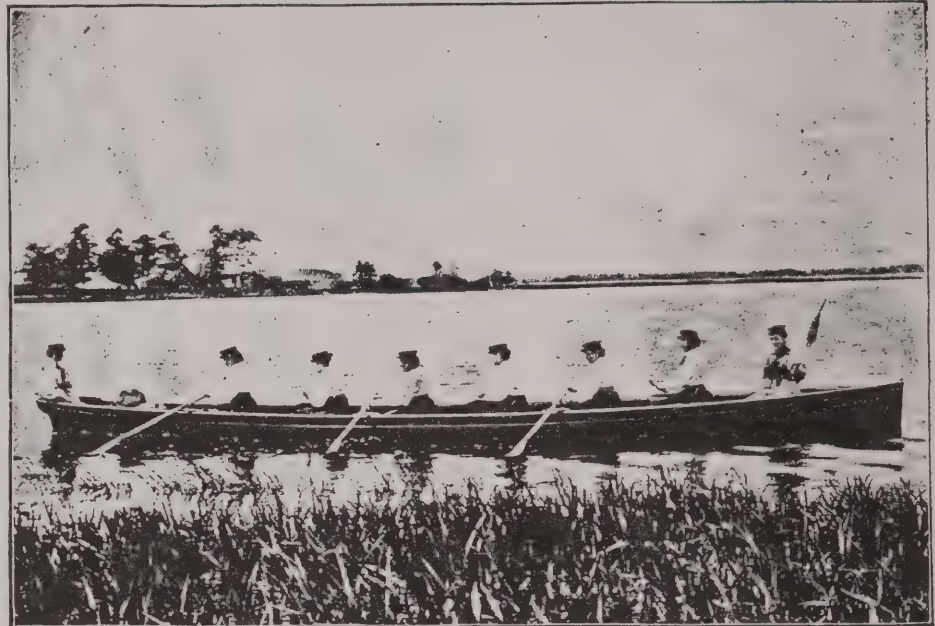
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IT is the belief of many persons that a row-boat is a most dangerous thing, and that, if it be in charge of a woman, it is about equivalent to suicide to embark in it. The truth about this matter, as of many other things, is that a row-boat is a dangerous vehicle, if its manager be incompetent. During the summer season, now about to begin, thousands of people will go upon the water in row-boats, and it may not be denied that many, alas! will never return alive. The number of deaths from row-boat accidents each year is pitiful to contemplate; and, when one recollects that nearly all of them are the result of carelessness, incompetence, or folly, there does seem to be some justice in the censure which many pass upon the boat itself. The gist of the matter lies simply in one's ability to handle the boat, in the quality of the boat itself, and in the conditions under which it is used. These points being covered, the use of the row-boat is not dangerous. It may pay to consider them somewhat in detail.

No one will dispute that, as an exercise for women, the use of the oars is beneficial. The muscles of the whole body are used in rowing, and that, too, just where exercise is best, out of doors. Rowing tends to develop the body in a uniform manner, strengthening arms, shoulders, back, chest, and legs. It is, therefore, an especially useful exercise. Apart from this, the pleasure of rowing is not a thing to be despised; and, again, there are times when one's ability to wisely and skilfully handle the oars means safety and protection. Summing up the matter, then, it is my opinion that every woman who expects to go upon the water ought to learn to row and to manage a boat (mere rowing is not boat-management) before she ventures. She should also learn to swim. This statement needs no argument to enforce it.

Coming to the practical phase of this discussion, let us assume that a woman wants to row, and to row well. Those little mincing strokes which some women give with the oars, using only their arms, are not rowing at all. They will not propel a boat with vigor, speed, or safety, and are liable to result in sudden mortification to the rower, even if nothing worse comes of them. To row well, sit erect and firmly upon the thwart, have the feet well braced, swing the oars well back, letting the blades grip the water firmly, with a very slight cant forward by the upper edges of the blades and pull a long, steady stroke, gradually turning the oars to a backward cant as they come to the end of the stroke. This will give the boat all the propulsion that there is in the rower and the oars, and will bring the oars from the water at the end of the stroke in a position nearly flat with the water surface. From this point the recovery begins. Throw the body forward with an easy gentle swing (without effort; there is



A College Crew.

By courtesy of Racine Boat Manufacturing Company.

WOMAN AND HER BOAT

By Fred Werden

("A rowboat a most dangerous thing!", 1897 opinion for women.)

no work to be done here, it being time to rest), keeping the oars well clear of the water, but not high above it, and when the back-stroke is finished, pull again; and that's all there is of the ordinary row-boat stroke.

There are many exceptions to this rule, but they apply only to rough-water rowing, which requires judgment and skill according to the conditions of the sea. The "feathering" of the oar-blades in rough water must, in fact, always be subject to adjustment, since the top of a running wave might make trouble should it coam over a feathered oar on its return trip. These points can be mastered only by practice, after the first lessons are well learned.

In turning a row-boat it is not always best to follow the countryman's rule of lifting one oar from the water while pulling the boat about with the other; neither is it always well to "back-water" with one oar while the other is pulled to forward. The turning of a row-boat in troubled water, or in a narrow place, is a matter of skill. Learn to do all these things in open safe water, before testing your ability in dangerous places.

Half the accidents that occur in the rowing of small boats are caused by bad management. When you have mastered your boat and know that you can do anything with it, it will be time enough to invite your friends to go with you. Until you understand the boat, it will be well to take as passenger none but

a man who can handle the boat and is able to get you out of a scrape if trouble comes. Once having mastered your boat, invite others to go, if you wish, but be careful whom you take. People who are afraid of the water should be left ashore. In time of panic they will almost certainly disobey you and will stand up in the boat and probably overturn it. There is but one general order in a row-boat; it is "sit down and stay there." If you can get obedience to that command your passengers will be safe, provided you can manage the boat.

The best rowing ground for women (and for anyone else too, for that matter) is not the open sea and the troubled waters of large harbors and lakes. It is upon the gentler inland rivers and smaller lakes that the row-boat as a pleasure vehicle is best used. And what pleasure more gratifying than to glide calmly along the banks, amid the beauties of some stream, combining exercise with rest, and rest with the contemplation of nature's charms.

A word as to the selection of a boat may be timely here, since the season for buying boats is at hand.

Much depends upon the use to which you wish to put your boat, and the waters upon which it is to go. If you are to use a boat in waters which are shallow, where very light draught is a necessity, a skiff will be found the most satisfactory type that you can select. It has another point in its favor, name-

ly, cheapness. But not every boat-builder knows how to make a good skiff. Seventy-five per centum of the skiffs which are in use are poor things, little better than boxes. They row hard, are heavy and clumsy, and have no beauty at all. The notion that all that is necessary to make a skiff is to have two sides and a bottom is erroneous. In the building of a skiff, the lines of the vessel are quite as important as in other forms of boat construction. A well-built skiff will have a graceful, easy sheer, a stern well drawn in, and plenty of hollow at the bow. Its bottom will be as nearly flat as possible and will not round up fore-and-aft like a spoon.

If the skiff be built properly it will row easily and handle quickly.

Flat-bottomed boats do not readily overturn if correctly modelled; that is to say, in smooth water. But in rough seas they are not safe unless splendidly managed. In other words, it is not the load which overturns them, but the waves.

Many row-boats are built on the dangerous plan of the sharp-floored yacht model. This practice, I am pleased to see, is going out, but for many years it prevailed to an alarming extent; the idea being that a sharp-floored boat was swifter than one with a flat floor. This error has been corrected, and the best builders now realize that the fastest boat, other things being equal, is the boat which is best able to stand up. Therefore nearly all row-boats of recent design are built with flat floors, and with a quick turn at the bilge. Such boats, if properly modelled in other respects, will row easily, carry a good load,

and handle quickly.

The stern of a row-boat may be either squared off or sharp like the bow. This makes no difference, provided the model below the water-line be good. It is the boat in the water, not the boat out of water that is really the boat. The double-ender patterns of row-boat are very popular, and certainly for general use they are neat and handy.

Get a boat with beam enough. A very narrow boat is necessarily dangerous, and its proper place is in the race. Mere beam does not make a boat clumsy, if the model below be correct, clean, and fine-lined.

Oars are generally of two kinds, the flat-bladed and the spoon-pattern. There are many kinds of oar-locks, but the best all-around style is the plain old-fashioned pin-lock. Many of the removable oar-locks are good, and in this matter taste and fancy may be used. The fixed lock will never be lost overboard, which is not the case with any other.

Spoon oars are not for use in rough water, and it is not proved that they are the best oars for use in water that is smooth. They are, however, the oars for the race. For general use, I would recommend flat-bladed oars of spruce wood. These are light and strong and will be found especially good for women.

In going out upon the water, it will be wise to have with you an extra pair of oars. You may be smart enough to paddle back with one oar, after the other is lost or broken, but it is easier to row home with two. Carry an anchor in your boat; you may need it

but once in your life, but that once may mean "life" in the most intense sense. You might be caught in a sudden blow when the wind and waves were so strong that you could make no headway against them; and then your anchor will be your salvation, if you have rope enough with it to reach bottom. No boat is going to swamp if her head be kept to the waves. An anchor will do this when the oars fail.

If out upon very deep water, a drag will be necessary, where the anchor cannot be used. It is a simple device, by which a boat's head can be kept to the wind when other things fail. Many a shipwrecked crew has lived through a mid-ocean tempest in a row-boat because the drag was used. The drag will not be needed in smooth inland waters, but the anchor may be. Have an anchor anyway, and have a drag if you contemplate venturing upon wide waters.

"Dress?" That is not a difficult matter to discuss. Almost any plain out-of-door costume will do; but it is best to wear clothes which do not compress the body and skirts which are not long. Many of the bicycle dresses now worn by women are suitable for the oars-woman, and selection should be easy.

And finally, keep a cool head upon your shoulders. The whole essence of enjoyment in the use of the row-boat lies in this injunction, for it is an enjoyment based upon a consciousness of safety and the ability to manage; and who would wish a greater enjoyment than that?



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Author's daughter Meghan
waits for dad

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Photos by Barry Donahue



Coming ashore on Sandy Neck

'Pulling boats,' the pride of Cape Cod Viking Club

By Barry Donahue

The scene looked like an image from a Winslow Homer watercolor. Oars flashed as the sturdy wooden open boats spread out across Barnstable Harbor August 26 making their way through the current.

Destination was the point of Sandy Neck, latest in the series of "picnic rows" held on the Cape every other weekend from June to October by the fledgling Cape Cod Viking Club.

The club is intended for traditional ocean "pulling boats," which means designs that can safely handle a heavy sea, powered exclusively by oars and human arms. Five boats made the trip from the Barnstable Village boat ramp to the Neck August 26, all as different as the people rowing them.

They included dories, a wherry and a Whitehall pulling boat -- all wooden, oar on gunwale rowing boats whose histories date back to the mid-1800s. Most were originally designed as workboats. Whitehalls were water taxis in New York and Boston Harbors, while various dory designs were used in the Grand Banks fishing industry and rowed from the beach to work the fish traps that once dotted the Cape's offshore horizon.

Viking club members run the gamut from police officers and photographers to a man involved in human powered submarine research in Woods Hole. Leader and club president is former second mate of a 100,000 ton oil tanker Mike Orbe of Bumps River Road, Centerville, who pulls a red 16-foot Lowell dory when he's not working as skipper of the Provincetown whale watch boat.

The Viking Club boats look small and tender but a

recent club row in Nantucket Sound off Dead Neck, Osterville proved their true worth. NOAA weather had forecast two to four foot seas and 20 to 25 mile per hour winds, and that's what the rowers got. All made it safely and easily around the barrier beach with hardly a drop of water shipped.

After lunch the group finished that day with a row around Oyster Harbors which better matched the philosophy of Pembroke police officer and club member Mike Jenness, who rows a 15-foot Banks dory designed and built by his father. "My motto," said Jenness, "is start off slow and taper off."

Orbe is from a different school, and he put his philosophy to work recently on the North Shore of Boston where he finished first in the annual 20 mile Blackburn Challenge offshore race.

Endurance rows are not part of the normal Saturday picnic series, however, which have taken club members around Lewis Bay, Hyannis, Monument Beach, Great Island in Wellfleet, Washburn Island in Falmouth, and Monomoy in Chatham. Scheduled September 16 is a row of Pleasant Bay, Orleans, followed by Provincetown-Long Point, September 30, and Ellisville, South Plymouth, October 14.

The picnic rows are for puttering around under oar power. "The exciting thing isn't going fast," said Snooky Souliotis of Hyannis, who rows her dory with her niece, Zoe Souliotis-Foley, "it's the chance to see parts of the Cape you've never seen...and you don't have to buy gas."

Rain, fog or high winds do result in cancellations. For more information on the club, call Orbe at 420-5487.

Bernie Smith and Mike Jenness pull their dory



Several years ago, I received the most unusual gift. My daughters gave me a Greek fisherman's cap for Christmas. It was a special cap. It had magical powers. I walked over to the mirror to try it on. It looked pretty good. As I adjusted it to a dapper angle, I noticed something unusual began to come over me. It had a nautical feeling. This cap had the power to make a normal forty-year-old family man have visions of standing on the tilted deck of his own "ship", leaning into the wind with his jaw set against the gale.

This was the scene I saw every time I put on that cap. As you know, most men go through life dreaming of Tahiti, Bora Bora, and the south sea islands, where the waters are blue, and the boss is twelve-thousand miles away. Most of us as youths dream of this only to wind up doing forty hours a week in some factory or office. Our only escape from our hum-drum lives is on the weekends. With me, it was having a vessel capable of sailing the seven seas that brought relief. Not that I would sail away on Friday never to return, but knowing that I could was the pacifier that I needed.

The first Saturday after Christmas, I put on that magic cap, tilted it jauntily to one side, and set sail for the local boat yard. As I recall, it was the coldest day of the year. I had visions of fleets of sailing vessels for sale at dirt cheap prices. Hungry boat dealers willing to make that December sale at any price, and me at the helm of my own boat, sailing into the cold December sunset.

These visions soon faded away. The boatyards were all full of plastic boats with price tags equal to those of a Malibu Beach condo. Those ships looked like something from a Star Wars movie set. They were loaded with instruments to tell the sailor his speed, direction, wind speed, time, temperature, and the Dow-Jones stock averages. The accessory list told of things like stainless steel riggings, high-tensile fittings, carbon fibers, Dacron sails and chemical toilets. The transoms were all backwards and they had airplane wings protruding from their bottoms. They were loaded with VHF, UHF, FHA, Com-Sat, Sat-Nav, and stereo systems that would sink a battleship. They were powered with three-cylinder engines of questionable parentage, and Oriental outboards. All I had wanted was an old sloop with a wooden wheel and a set of patched sails that could be picked up for a song. The old boat yards had been replaced by yacht dealerships specializing in one form of "sport" or another. Cruising, racing, monohulls, multihulls, and luxury yachts were their specialties. The personnel were "consultants" who wore blue blazers,



That Nautical Feeling

khaki pants and deck shoes. They praised the merits of kevlar, carbon fibers, stainless steel and Dacron. The names of the boats sounded like they were named by NASA scientists, and the boats all looked alike.

I headed home downhearted and discouraged. I could not even afford to buy the compass on some of the boats I had seen. I changed my game plan on the next weekend. I looked through the classified ads in my local paper. I turned up a couple of leads that sounded good. One was an old "Fish" class boat, the owner was a master at writing classified ads. The ad said, "needs work". Actually, what it needed was five-hundred board feet of new mahogany planking to make it seaworthy. My next stop was to see a 32' glass ship for the price of a good suit. The owner had inherited it from a disgruntled relative who had failed to leave fifteen-thousand dollars worth of rigging, sails and motor behind.

After months of this, I found my dream boat. It was a 27' Pearson Renegade that was seventeen years old. It was built like a tank. The brightwork was mahogany and the engine was a gas four cylinder American made job. The sails were Dacron but they had that well-worn look. The look of having weathered many a blow. I was pleasantly

surprised to learn that the bank would give me a fifteen year loan on the old girl. After a few signatures and a little cash down, she was all mine.

The "Serendipity" was of the classic design, but of trouble-free fiberglass construction. She was built by men who thought that hull strength and thickness were security against the angry sea. The hull was faded and needed a paint job and the upholstery was tattered and torn. But for the sum of fifteen-thousand dollars, she was all mine.

I contracted for the dealer to paint the hull but I was to sand and prep it between coats. For the next three months I was a dry sailor, sailing the sandy boatyard with bundles of sandpaper under my arm. We put on a new coat of epoxy and several coats of poly-something-or-other paint. Every time another coat of paint was scheduled, the wind would blow and the rain would fall. Mother Nature was against us. I went through several storms and a flood before she was even in the water. My friends began to doubt that I had a boat because I never invited them out sailing.

After three months and two thousand dollars, she was ready for the water. She looked like new. We put her in the water on Friday evening about quitting time as the workers headed for home. About an hour later, I noticed a strange noise in the engine room. My flashlight revealed a stream of water about the size of my little finger coming from the packing nut on the propellor shaft. When I tried to tighten it, it burst and a flood of water began filling up my dream boat.

The first twelve hours aboard, Friday night and Saturday morning, were spent pumping, praying and cussing. The next morning the dealer repaired it. "These things happen," was his only remark. I was too exhausted to sail her that day and Sunday the sky's bottom dropped out, bringing three inches of rain.

The next Saturday, my two daughters and I took her out in a twenty-knot wind where I tried to remember how to sail after a twenty year absence from the sea. The old girl was forgiving and we soon had her under control. She was free and running with a bone in her teeth.

For the next two years it was heaven on the water. I was the captain of my own ship and my crew was under my control. We were on the water almost every weekend with a baotload of our friends. Then my job began to take me out of town for weeks at a time. I was lucky to be home on weekends. I would sit in motel rooms hundreds of miles away and worry about the old girl. I had so little

time left for her, and seldom had the pleasure of her company.

After a year of this, I decided to rid myself of my responsibility to her. Writing checks for her upkeep was my only relationship with her. I began to both hate and love her at the same time. I felt guilty that I was not giving her all of the attention she deserved, and guilty for keeping her tied up all of the time. She was becoming human and I was the cruel master.

After going through one hurricane and two threats, I decided to put her up for sale. She was not hard to sell because of her seductive looks. I was happy to be rid of her, but sad to see her move on. I wondered if her new owner would love her as much as I had.

I quit buying sailing magazines and quit hanging around the marinas. I even quit wearing that cap that had started it all. The only way to forget her was to stay away from anything that brought back memories of our affair.

A year later I was browsing around at the news stand. I picked up a copy of "Small Boat Journal" and flipped through it. I noticed an advertisement for "instant boats" designed by a Philip Bolger, and found an article by Mr. Bolger on building your own boat. Needless to say, I was hooked again. For the next year, I pored through every issue of "Small Boat Journal" and several other boating publica-

tions. I began collecting bits and pieces of lumber and plywood from construction sites I was around. I also ordered plans of several sailboats.

One night last winter, my wife sent me out to clean up the garage. It was so cold I put on that old Greek fisherman's cap to keep my head warm. As I trudged out to do this menial task, I began to have those strange visions again. I had been reading some study plans of "instant boats" and as I looked at all those bits and pieces of lumber, I wondered if they might become my "instant boat". About midnight my wife began to worry about me. She appeared at the door of the garage only to find a bigger mess than before. "What have you been doing all night?" she asked.

"Why, I'm building a boat," I replied. "What better way to get rid of all of this lumber and junk laying around?"

Well, I built that boat. It was a sixteen foot rowing and sailing skiff of my own design, and I had enough material left over to start on another boat. All of those plans I had ordered must not go to waste.

After I sailed the skiff a few times, I discovered that I was too old for hanging over the rail to keep her upright. I decided that she needed a younger master so I gave her to my son-in-law, who was willing and able to handle her.

What I needed was something that was more stable and easier on the old bones.

After a few phone calls and much study, I decided to build an "Old Shoe" designed by Philip Bolger. Mr. Bolger must have had "old bones" in mind when he designed her for Elrow LaRowe, of Port Richey, Florida. She turned out to be quite a remarkable "little ship". She is a 12' cat yawl with a full length ballasted keel. She has enough room for four adults to sit upright in easy chair comfort. I even had enough room to put my porta-potti under the starboard seat. I named her "Cracker Jack" because she looks like a prize from a box of Cracker Jacks. She is not a toy, though, because I have sailed her in winds over twenty knots under full sail, and weathered a fifty knot blow in six foot seas.

As it stands now, my garage is still a mess. It contains the "Old Shoe", my son-in-law's skiff, the beginnings of a sixteen foot leeboard sharpie, an antique kayak to be recovered, and not to forget the wrecked Sunfish laying outside in the driveway. My wife will have to wait another year or so for a clean garage. Now I think I will get my old cap, head out to the garage and "mess around" for a little while.

Sam Huddleston, Mobile, AL.

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Sea Kayaking, Maine

(Editor's note: In August, Bob Huszar, Nondas Voll, Bob Mineo, and Marrianne McDonald paddled for a week along the Maine coast in a pair of double Kleppers.)

Robert Huszar

First day out was lazy, most of it frittered away buying supplies and packing our boats. We were headed for Steve's Island, which wasn't much of a paddle, being only a few miles directly south of our Stonington put-in. But we hadn't plotted our course for the next week, and Steve's central location would allow us to swing off in whatever direction the group finally chose.

Arriving, we made camp, as Nondas splashed her feet in the numerous tidal pools that dotted the island, collecting a huge batch of mussels. We steamed them in garlic and Geary's Pale Ale and ate them with pita bread. Afterwards, as we sat sipping Gran Marnier, toasting our departed meal, the sky began to glow with a ghostly and eerie light. The Grand Marnier was the first suspect, perhaps spiked mischievously by some benevolent prankster. Detectives all, we proceeded immediately with a round of investigative gulps. Bob and Marrianne speculated that perhaps I was the only one seeing things, my illicit past finally catching up with me. This conjecture, however, turned out to be nothing more than weak MCKC gossip, for as the evening progressed, and the nebulous twinkling increased in intensity, we realized we were privy to a very southerly visit of the Northern Lights. First nights don't get much better.

Next day we paddled south through Merchant's Row, past Harbor Island, then southwest and across to Isle au Haut. We paddled half way along the Isle au Haut Thorofare but realized it was too late in the day to reach Duck Harbor, which was on the far southern half of the island, along unprotected coast. We reversed our directions, circled the southern half of Burnt Island, just north of Isle au Haut, and camped on Wheat Island for the evening.

During the night a thick fog moved in. We breakfasted in pale grey darkness, with the prospect of paddling an unknown and invisible coast looming before us. While the group broke camp, I exercised my God-given ability to make excuses for staying put. Bob Mineo patiently nodded, agreeing with everything, then cut through all my rhetoric with, "It'll clear!" And off we went.

We paddled out between Wheat and Pell, the towering pine and jutting rocks shimmering with shrouded, spooky beauty. We rounded Burnt Island, this time from the north, then traversed again the Isle au Haut Thorofare to Robinson Point and its inoperative lighthouse that divided the safe channel from the harsh Atlantic.

Nothing stirred, neither wind nor wave. The coast was coated with a thick mist, but relatively visible. It was tranquil. Everything felt good, so we hugged the shore and proceeded south. After an hour, we came to Moore Head, our only problematic area. Moore Head forms the northern lip of a huge cove called Moore Harbor. The question was whether to follow the shore in and around, taking us several miles out of our way, or stay on our present course, cross the huge mouth, and pick up the shoreline farther south. Some-

body remarked on the insanity of an open crossing where the next shore was invisible, but the rest of us were too busy arguing compass bearings to listen. I plotted 180; Bob and Marrianne wanted 150; we compromised with 160 and continued. Twenty minutes later the next shore came into view, along with a lobster boat pulling up its pots. We paddled toward the boat, but by the time we reached the area it had moved to other pots farther out. Nondas and I gave chase, but again it was moving out of reach. This time, however, it saw us and reversed directions. The old captain smiled when he pulled alongside. "I bet I know what you fellas want. I sold six to some kayakers a couple days ago. How many do you want?" Now came the most dangerous part of the journey, maneuvering the remaining few miles with four live lobsters tucked under our sprayskirts. Fortunately, the crustaceans proved in better humor than the humans, who persisted with dire speculations on genital death. Future kayaking partners will be pleased to note that all participants survived intact.

That night, as we slept satiated and sound after our lobster fest, a new front came in. We woke to high winds and a white capped sea. Bob and Marrianne did a quick reconnaissance, climbing the lookout point on Duck Harbor Mountain. The west coast was rough, but the south coast was sheltered and calm. The east coast was not visible, giving rise to the prediction that it too was protected from the brutality of the northwestern gale.

Paddling out through Duck Harbor Inlet wasn't bad, as the waves were breaking perpendicular to our Kleppers. However, our object was to go south, continuing our circumnavigation of Isle au Haut, and that meant a following sea with swells on the starboard beam. So we turned toward the south, the turbulence increasing; still, after a time, we fell into the uneasy rhythm of extending each starboard stroke with a brace. We maneuvered through and around the rocky outcroppings, being careful to avoid the barely submerged ledges that the dropping swells seemed to aim us toward. As we progressed, I remembered a passage naming the sea 'The Big Fear,' and I tingled with the realization of how appropriate the description was.

We continued on, and eventually, dead ahead, between Western Head, a huge granite point, and an island called Western Ear, lay our channel to the south, surging with clapotis. As the sea lifted us and shot us forward through the channel, Marrianne asked Bob why the rudder wasn't working. Bob replied dryly, "It's working fine, at least when it's gracious enough to stay in the water."

Passing through the channel was like entering a church: outside, noisy and frantic; inside, quiet and serene. We passed along the southern coast with a leisurely outspilling of conversation, jokes, and photo taking, generally coming down from the adrenaline fury of the previous waters.

Our halfway mark was Eastern Head, and we rounded it

without incident, expecting an equally sheltered and passive coastline. Here our deductions proved faulty, for the Isle au Haut mountains were too low to block the wind and instead channelled its full fury into the sea before us. We paddled into its teeth, fighting it for every mile, gauging our progress against Black Horse, White Horse, and Little Spoon Island to our east. At Turnip Yard the wind died down and we passed by York Island and Rich's Cove with an easy cadence. We were home free, or at least that was the joke we told ourselves. But as we rounded Rich's Point and started across the Burnt Island Thorofare, the wind sprang its punch line: 20-25 knot winds, the strongest we had encountered so far, creating a frothy white barrier between us and our camp.

Oddly enough, there was no fear this time, only mounting exhilaration. It was a head-on gale, no technical problem, only personal endurance. Wheat was just a few miles away, we could do it. We paddled, no ordinary stoke, our backs, our souls, our hearts in every movement. Every stroke was a symphony, an orchestration of life. I could hear the cymbals clashing in the howl of the wind. Ahead was a lobster pot, Nondas suggested holding on for a moment. I gave in. We rested, I was impatient. I wanted that feeling again. Something was breaking loose within me, threatening to fly free of the kayak. Every stroke excited me more. The wind was fuller, but I didn't care. To our left the sun was sinking into the water. Golds and reds were everywhere, dancing with a frantic froth on the waves. Suddenly Bob and Marrienne appeared, paddling with the same fury I felt building within. They passed between us and the western horizon, surging right into the setting sun. Momentarily they disappeared, seemingly swallowed in magenta. Reappearing, their boat looked like hammered gold. It was so bright I couldn't face them.

We rounded Burnt Island and Wheat was in sight. No one spoke. It was just the wind and the oars, no people at all. It was life distilled to its purest state. I'd like to think that moment is locked away somewhere in eternity, preserved on an altar, a place where you could go when the world was beating you down, when you needed to replenish.

We had reached Wheat, but the winds were still building and pushing us towards the rocks. There was no safe landing place. We were all exhausted. Nondas suggested circling and landing on the other side. We did, but by the long way, fighting every stroke, each of us slowly sinking into a state of wakeful oblivion. A soft beach was visible ahead. We glided in and climbed from our boats, stumbling and dragging them behind us. Once ashore, we collapsed, panting and laughing, delirious with fatigue and pleasure.

The next day we returned to Stonington. ■

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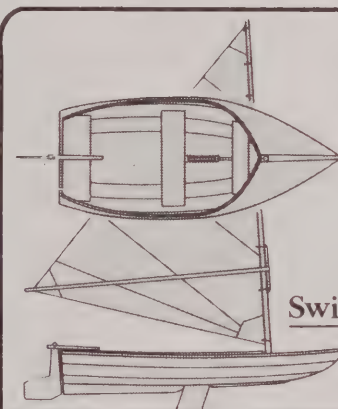
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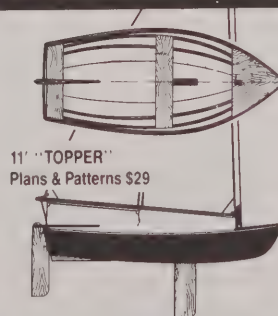
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My Arctic Adventure~3

Report by Cail Ferris

Well, what do you do with a roll of duct tape at 40 degrees F? I found myself hoping I'd have some other repair method up my sleeve, because this tape doesn't stick at 40 degrees F. It might be useful for making a smoky fire in an emergency. Well, in thinking about it, I recalled that the eskimo have been making and repairing things for eons by sewing. Indeed, some of the most exquisite examples of utilitarian, windproof and waterproof sewing are done to this day by the Inuit, and the work is often exquisitely decorative too. Ordinary mittens and kamik are sewn with almost invisible stitches. So another reason for my choice of the fabric hull Klepper as my boat, and what to take along in the repair kit, was based upon the fact that duct tape does not adhere at 40 degrees F.

Yes, my prior winter paddling experiences have convinced me that the Klepper expedition hull is again a great combination of modern technology and traditional utility. It is a hull that can be repaired in arctic conditions, even inside the protection of one's tent if the weather is that nasty. The adhesive for applying the patch is similar to bicycle tube cement and forms an immediate bond. You can, in fact, patch a puncture with ordinary bicycle tube patch if need be.

Of course the canvas deck of the Klepper can be sewn. So, I brought with me in a completely waterproof container, a good sewing kit with an assortment of needles and ultraviolet-resistant dacron thread. I additionally carried an assortment of Klepper fittings for the frame, and a "Leatherman" repair tool, well designed and made with precision.

Well, after all this advance planning and choosing of appropriate equipment suitable for possible repair in the field, I did not have to repair anything! But, it was comforting to have the capability available to me. It was a long way home, and I hadn't figured out how

I could walk on water, especially with a hundred pounds of gear.

For emergency communication, the question of radio contact with Pond Inlet, once I was out on the water, or with the Coast Guard, or even with my paddling partner, at first seemed no problem to deal with, given today's range of light, portable VHF radios. Two factors that at first seemed significant, the price and availability, and the size and weight, were quickly sidelined when I learned that the only radio frequencies useful in the Pond Inlet area were in the 5,000 megahertz range, because of the proximity of the magnetic north pole and its attendant magnetic fields. Radios that functioned in this frequency range were not suitable for carrying on my kayak. I would have to rely on passing motor boats in case of need, for those used in that area are all fitted with radios.

When it came to packing along my gear, and repacking it every morning into the boat, in polar bear country meaning just about all of it, I had the pleasure of finding out what it is like re-inventing the wheel. Ignoring sage advice from my friends, I chose large bulky bags which proved most difficult to jam into the pointed ends of the kayak. I watched each day in dismay as my companion packed his kayak in just minutes because he had chosen long, narrow urethane coated nylon bags, and turned then to my awful ordeal. The large PVC coated bag which I had allocated for my sleeping bag had the insidious habit of drawing air back in through the seal and re-expanding to an unloadable size if I delayed at all in loading it immediately after expelling the excess air within after packing it. The PVC also bound up on any other surface with which it came in contact, and became too stiff to form a good tight seal in the 40 degree weather.

On my deck I kept my shotgun, as described in an earlier installment, in a "Bone Dry" bag made by Adventures & Delights in

Alaska. This bag is expedition grade 4mm urethane coated nylon with not only welded seams but with cloth binding sewn over the seams to protect them from unravelling. These bags were designed to last a long time. The urethane coating is especially heavy. The seal is a roll-over type with a lastex clip which can be undone quickly with only one hand. The corners had brass grommets for securing it to the boat.

I took along the Klepper "drift sail" which I had purchased in early spring in order to give myself time to learn how to use it. I practiced sailing in an empty boat without leeboards, very conservatively in the early spring cold water, to satisfy my curiosity as to what it would be like to sail a kayak, for I wanted an alternative means of propulsion in case paddling became a problem for me through injury or other adversity.

Dieter Stiller at Klepper very much encouraged my adopting this sail rig by re-assuring me that both the design of the sail and the Klepper hull would make sailing simple and not nearly as risky as might be the case in other kayaks. The drift sail will pivot completely around the mast when let go, should a sudden gust of wind strike, and just flutter harmlessly in the wind. The Klepper hull has an unusually large margin of secondary stability because the above-the-waterline surface area created by the inflated sponsons allows the boat to heel well over on a broad reach with no danger of capsizing.

I found sailing the Klepper, after so many years of paddling, to be an absolutely delightful, thrilling experience. Cruising across the harbor without lifting a finger or making any sound but that of the hull passing through the water just seemed so extraordinary.

For food I brought an assortment similar in character to my regular diet, because keeping to a routine lessens the stress of travel. I made it a point to bring some

items which I knew I especially liked and could add to embellish a less interesting meal. These included nuts, spices and butter. The butter was especially pleasing when I found mushrooms to sautee. I feasted on mushrooms both at breakfast and dinner because when I found them, they were abundant. I also found blueberries here and there in acidic bogs, and there were plenty, tart and tasty.

I felt my food had to be nutritionally balanced for each of the three daily meals because the physical demands of paddling all day, and the emotional demands of travel in unfamiliar surroundings, can soon compromise one's feeling of well-being, making the trip into an ordeal. Both dried and freeze-dried foods worked well as a base on which to add locally available extras. I found the individually packaged meals to be bulkier than desirable, and plan to work out a different food packaging system this year. "Knorr" dried cup soups were always pleasing for lunch, I made them up at breakfast and stored them in my "Nissan" stainless steel thermos.

Prior to my departure, I dried a couple of corned beef briskets and London broils in my oven at home. Sliced thin and placed on teflon coated cookie sheets, they dried nicely at less than a 200 degrees F setting. Next time I will follow Will Steiger's technique of adding some vegetable fat to the meat, and maybe some maple syrup, to make the dried meat a more balanced snack. The meat was very tasty along with some freeze dried vegetables after soaking in the thermos of hot soup all morning. Yet, even chewing on a dried strip of the meat was very satisfying at times. Seal or char obtained from the Inuit were both very delicious, and eating the seal raw was helpful if I felt I was low on necessary vitamins.

(To Be Continued)



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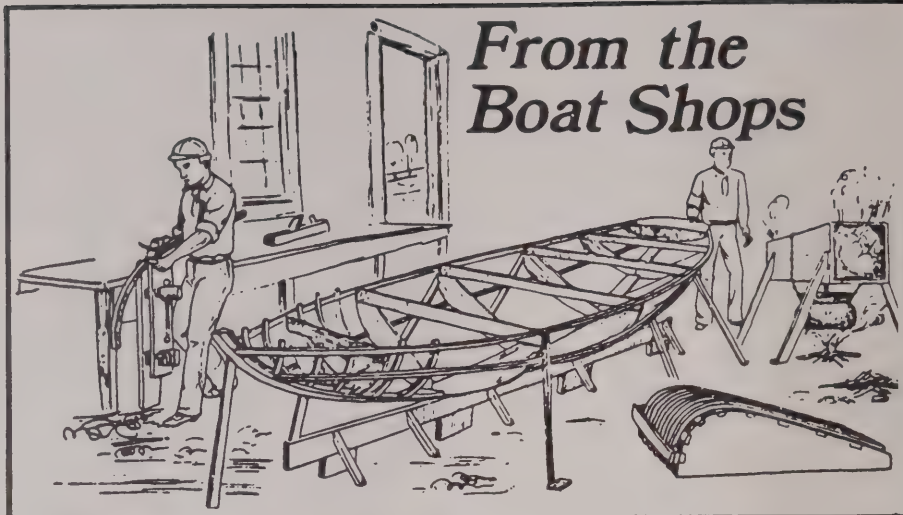


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From the Boat Shops



FEATHER CANOES

I've been staying busy here, currently I have two 18' rowing shells in different stages of completion, a Wee Lassie about half done, and two solid oak bookcases (big ones) in process, so my shop is crowded. I like it that way.

Mac McCarthy, Feather Canoes,
1705 Andrea Pl., Sarasota, FL
34245.

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We're not stuck entirely in the past of the guideboat, though. One customer fitted his "Eldon" model with a Piantadosi drop-in sliding seat rowing unit, which permits the boat to remain unaltered for conventional oar-on-gunwale rowing. He was so impressed with how well this worked in the traditional hull that he's written articles for major magazines on its virtues. So we now offer this option for any interested guideboat prospects.

This coming spring we will introduce a new 16' boat based on a double ended rowing craft of the 1912 era. This boat is fast, stable, and very versatile. Equipped with three seats, it can be rowed or paddled or used with a small outboard. It's easier to get into and out of than a guideboat and is stable enough for a fly fisherman to stand in and cast from. This stability also makes it very safe for children to use.

We are finishing our new catalog that will include all the additions to our product line and have a videotape showing several of our boats in use and being built that will be available on a loan/deposit basis.

Gardner Callanan, Indian Point
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Midland, PA 15059, (412) 643-5457.

LOON KAYAKS

I am in the process of kayak building again after the business was put on hold for several months due to family considerations. Some of your comments in "Boats" about the small boat building business certainly struck close to the heart of my efforts with Loon Kayaks. I hope your comments stimulated some thinking and reflection by builders and promoters. It was morale boosting to learn that one is not alone in these efforts to make a small boat business viable.

As I gear up now for another season, I have had time to reflect on the quality of my boats through the experiences of others as well as myself. I send out a newsletter each year and have gotten positive feedback from customers, which is gratifying. One criticism as to the scratching of the marine varnish finish on my hulls has resulted in my switching to a linear polyurethane for outer protection of the epoxy sealed wood strip hulls.

I have personally used my boats in varied conditions, most significantly in high seas and winds in Maine and northern New-

foundland. On all of our days in Newfoundland, we contended with rough conditions, winds to 30 mph and swells to 10 feet. I had experienced such conditions locally, but not for five continuous days. The boats performed well and I still want to enthusiastically recommend a straight tracking kayak for rough conditions.

I did get out to Monhegan with a fellow paddler, from New Harbor in July. Ten miles of open water is a substantial psychological barrier, but the weather smiled favorably upon us.

Chip Chandler, Loon Kayaks, Box 253, Small Point Rd., Sebasco Estates, ME 04565-9519, (207) 389-1565.

MIKE COLLINS & CO.

While presently aground, I was born and brought up on Cape Cod and have been messing about in boats most of my life. I am presently building and restoring elderly houses, remodelling kitchens and baths and the like, but I do find several hundred hours a year during which to work on some nice old boats. Most recently a Century Resorter sat in the basement shop getting its finishing touches on a complete epoxy and varnish job. A little transom cancer made the job more interesting. We also recanvassed some canoes last winter. But, some of this boat work conflicted mightily with our house carpentry schedule leaving some ruffled feathers all around.

You wrote some great stuff in bygone issues about the problems and illusions of making a living being a wooden boatbuilder. I'd like to hear from others discussing our relationship as boatbuilders to the development of our melting pot western culture. Woodbutchers of all persuasions have certain rights and duties regarding both our natural resources and our market shares.

Mike Collins, Wooden Boats, Canoes & Classics, RR 1 Box 1060, Bradford, VT 05033, (802) 222-5583.

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After five years of making small boats, I am not dissatisfied with the numbers, as to date we have built over 100 small boats of our three designs (Bras D' Or Tender, Medway Salmon Wherry, Wing System Shell). I am not sure just what we will do this winter. I have a new building, fiberglass equipment and the rest of the gear to make more boats, but after five years of it I might take a rest for a year. I've grown somewhat weary of the efforts involved in selling these boats, boat shows, advertising, dealing with the public, and the slim profits that result after everything is said, done and fried! I am not yet packing it all in, but re-assessing the territory.

I recently attended the Stamford Boat Show with our boats. We sold one! A two-thousand mile round trip odyssey, with the only solace being that the other small boat exhibitors did no better. I still believe in small boats, somewhat dependent, though, on one's location. The market is limited and not easily reached from our distant location. I would be interested to learn how many boats the small builders collectively have sold in a year as a measure of potential volume to be anticipated.

Last winter we built a new 215' wharf with finger piers to serve our yachting clients here and hopefully to entice more yachtsmen to our unspoiled sailing territory by providing dockage, service and winter storage.

Henry Fuller, Cape Breton Boatyard, Ltd., Box 247, Baddeck, NS, Canada B0E 1B0, (902) 295-2664.

HADDEN & STEVENS

After having a slow fall, we're now very busy. We are building another "Piccolo", repairing and recanvassing an Old Town and a Kennebec canoes, and are working on the hull and deck of a Carroll Lowell designed lobster boat at Pete Kass' John's Bay Boatbuilding Co. Pete is the only builder we've heard of currently building traditional wooden workboats one after another.

Rob Stevens, Hadden & Stevens, 65 Main St., Topsham, ME 04086, (207) 729-7402.

HEADWATER BOATS

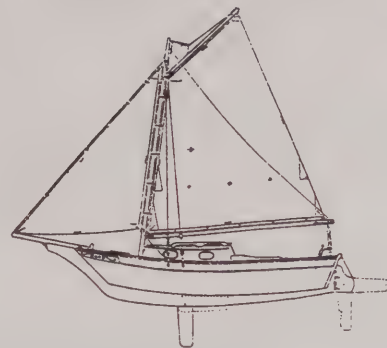
My building season certainly started up with a bang. I'm currently building a 22'x8'5" power cruiser and I've got orders for a 22'x7'5", express utility boat and a 32'x8'5" glass cabin dreamboat based on a horseshoe sterned Florida mullet skiff. The first two will be powered with Volvo-Penta I/O's and the dreamboat will have an outboard in a well.

Tracy O'Brien, Headwater Boats, 156 Bunker Creek Rd., Chelalis, WA 98532, (206) 748-4089.

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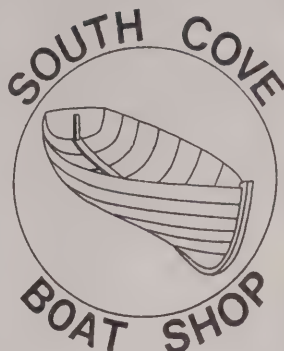
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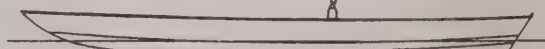


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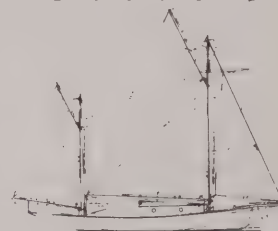
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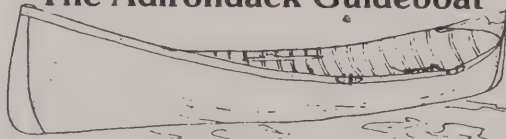
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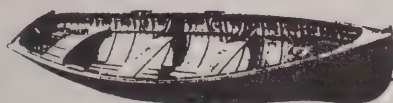
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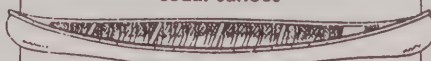
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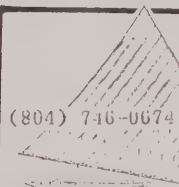
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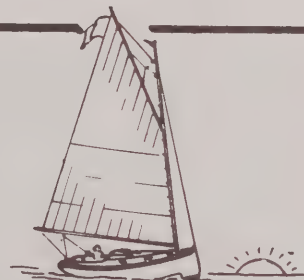
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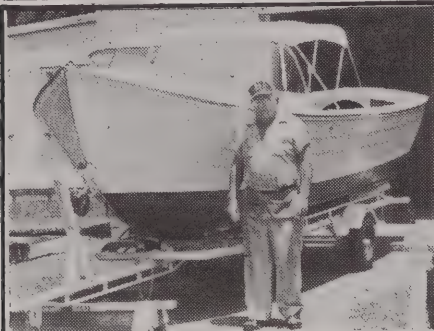
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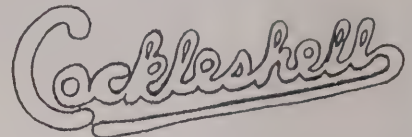
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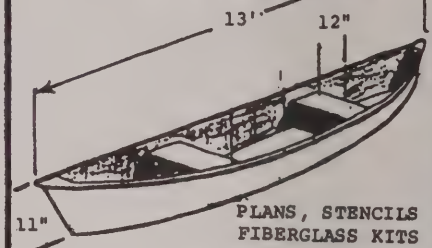
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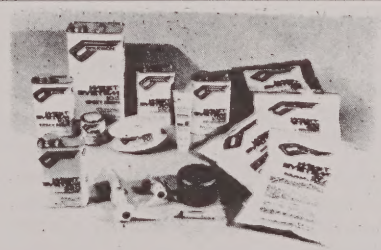
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