

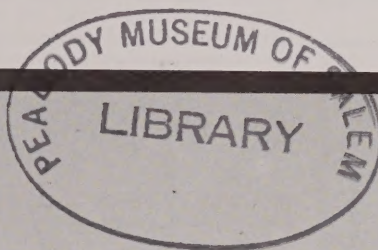


messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 7 - Number 18

February 1, 1990





messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Has a full mix of adventures
and designs. Ivor Lofving tells us
about "First Fog" sailing the Maine
coast. Carol deCarlo reports on a
"Week on the Delaware". Mac
McCarthy praises "Paddling Trus-
sum Pond". Gail Ferris continues
her "Arctic Adventure". Peter
Brennan warns us all on buying
that used sailboat in "We'll Never
Fall in Love Again". For designs
and projects we have Byron
McCulloh's re-incarnation of an old
Peterborough canoe; Bob Stephen's
new 20' camper cruiser; an update
on Don Betts' proa; Jim Lacey's
comments about sharpies; and
Buckminster Fuller's alternative to
the oar. We'll have news from the
boatshops of Nelson Silva, Bill
Sweetman and South Street Seaport.
No, it won't all fit, but March 1st
is coming.

On the Cover...

Michael De Ridder's "Stowa-
way" 14' sailing tender not only
sails and rows just fine in anchor-
ages, or outboards if you like, but
also stows on deck in 7', as it
comes apart and nests. All the de-
tails in this issue.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

It looks like the onset of win-
ter has encouraged me into doing
more serializations of articles. I
hadn't intended to do so, but in
the absence of on-the-water activ-
ity to report on, I began to run
various chronicles that all were too
long to run complete in a single
issue. Once the Bishop serial,
"Voyage of the Paper Canoe" was
completed, I had intended to com-
mence another of the old time books
I think have a lot to offer to our
way of messing about in boats. But
Gail Ferris' contemporary report on
her trip to the arctic to kayak last
summer arrived and it seemed to me
to deserve the most immediate pub-
lication. Gail really got into her
story in depth and so we're now on
Part 5 and still counting.

Well, that was going to be the
serial for a while. But then Tom
turns in another of his longer tales
of cruising misadventures, and so I
found I had two serials ongoing.
Tom's finishes up in this issue,
after only three installments.

In the meantime, it seemed to
be the season for an iceboating
tale, and when I received the
1880's article from the old
"Scribners" magazine, I was lured
into yet another serial. It wasn't
serialized originally, the magazines
of that era went in for really leng-
thy articles, far different than our
bite sized stuff today. They could
afford the space with hundreds of
pages in every issue. So now
you're partway through this report
on how it was to be onboard the
world's fastest vehicle about 110
years ago. And then we'll run an-
other telling you in detail how to
build one of these impressive ice
yachts.

I am attracted to these bygone
boating stories for several reasons.
The major one is that I feel these
people telling us about how it was
messing about in boats in their
days are doing so at that time, not
as retrospectives. So the view-
points are contemporary to the
times, and thus the comments and
attitudes are unsullied by any ink-
ling of what the future would real-
ly be like. Here some of us are in
that future, seeming to be striving
to recapture or retain or preserve
some of that era's creations and
concepts concerning the enjoyment
of boats of all kinds.

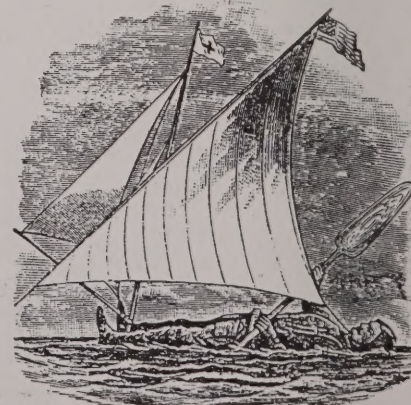
The messing about in boats of
a century ago, when boats had only
recently come to be viewed as more
than vehicles for over-water trans-
port, was pretty much the province
of the well-off, the majority of the
population was still grinding out a
living under the thumb of the in-
dustrialists. So "yachting" was the
way that it was viewed. Today,
most boating is done by a large

segment of our consumer middle
class, and our periodicals focus on
this matter of promoting ever more
consumption of ever costlier boats.
The boats being offered have come
to resemble cars and homes in this
effort to remove from the use of
boats any need for having some
sort of nautical knowledge or expe-
rience.

This little magazine seems to
have focussed on the older concepts
of boats as boats, and not as some-
thing else, and those of you who
have come to enjoy this seem to
share many of the views of those
people a century ago about the un-
iqueness that boats have, and the
special skills and attitudes that
they require. For this reason, al-
so, I tend to include something
from that past era, for back then
they were talking about something
we seem to want to preserve in to-
day's flood of new "products".

I also happen to enjoy the way
writers used the language in those
old time articles. They were zest-
fully enthused about elaborate
phraseology, carried away on
flights of descriptive fancy. They
also wrote very well organized ar-
ticles using exact terminology to
describe what they had to say,
rather than a limited vocabulary of
buzzwords heavily loaded with
hucksterism. When the old time pe-
riodicals carried hucksterism, it
was in the advertising and was
really almost too much in its lavish
praise of the advertised product.
But this wasn't in the editorial ma-
terial in significant amounts.

No danger that "Boats" will
become just a reprint periodical,
there's too much going on today of
great interest. But it will continue
to carry what I think is useful and
informative items from out of the
past that tend to encourage our own
way of thinking about our boats.
Thanks to several readers, some of
this material has come my way that
I'd not otherwise have seen myself.
So your participation continues to
make this magazine happen, even
with out-of-the-old-days subjects.



NUALA O FAOLAIN



NCB Ireland

LAST WEDNESDAY afternoon I was sitting, need I say, in a licensed premises, looking at the television. So was anyone else who possibly could. The Federation of Irish Employers did not, as far as I know, repeat the appeal to our more responsible selves that they made about the Northern Ireland match. I presume they've given up. And that they're bracing themselves for next summer, when the entire country is going to put on the most extravagant display of indifference not only to work and duty but to the most ordinary dictates of self-preservation.

And why? Why were we all sitting there in puddles of sentimentality? Why would there have been an authentic decline in national wellbeing if we hadn't gone through to Italy? Sporting patriotism is a pretty vague form of patriotism; one doesn't know quite what it is inside that is being moved.

Nor can you predict collective emotion. Take the ocean racer, NCB Sail Ireland. Snail Ireland, you hear it called. Or JCB Ireland. Or the Never Coming Back. Yet it is representing us, same as our soccer team. And its crew are having a far worse time than footballers ever did. There they are, slogging across the southern ocean in snow and ice, hopelessly far behind in the race. Apparently their only chance of winning is if everything else sinks. And yet, as far as I can see, not many people are greatly exercised.

I suppose the public relations problem starts with the fact that ocean racing is the sport of the very wealthy. When they reach out to ordinary people, as the Sail Ireland consortium did, they have to use a particularly empty kind of rhetoric to paper the gap. Howard Kilroy, for example, wrote that "this is a project which will belong to the people of Ireland, North and South, and will bring together the dynamism and skills of our island." The trouble with a statement like this is that it is pure assertion; the boat would have to win for it to be meaningful.

And even if the boat did win, I'm not at all sure that that would convince us of our collective dynamism, skill, etc. I think maybe you need the actual amount of people on a football team to seem to characterise a whole country. Or you need history. The history of soccer is the history of the working class. It was a public-school game, and the preserve of "gentlemen" until industrial workers won the half-day. On that day they'd kick the ball around the factory yard; eventually they formed themselves into clubs and sometime in the 1890s one of those clubs won the Cup Final. The game spread with English engineers, pipe-fitters and the like, working in places like Russia and Brazil. Since then, in England and large parts of the world, it has been a solid career-opportunity for the otherwise unprivileged.

On my recent trip to Ireland, I happened across the enclosed newspaper commentary regarding big time yacht racing. The yachting community frets a lot that nobody seems interested in their sport. This lady gives them a good answer.

Peter Brennan, New York, NY

Ocean racing, on the other hand, belongs to the history of the elite. So, of course, does motor racing, or show-jumping. But another factor enters in. Just as every male 10-year-old can imagine himself scoring the winning goal, so people can imagine driving a car or riding a horse. But racing yachts? How many people know anything about navigation, or setting sails or whatever other skills are involved? For myself, I don't know how to talk about them. When I went to see Dermot Desmond, I mumbled something about his boat seeming to go much slower than the other boats. The withering look I got suggested that this is not the expert's way of putting it.

Mr Desmond is not the only sponsor of NCB Ireland but he is the one who took the risk of associating the name of his own company with it. So far this can't have done him much good. The poor Russian skipper walked out of Punta de Este in his tennis-shoes and hanged himself from a tree. Another skipper defected with the passports and valuables of all his crew. There has been one accidental death. Two members of our own crew went off to work on the British boat. And, of course, our boom broke.

Mr Desmond, however, is in this for us, so to speak, not for himself. He's a marvellously persuasive man and he talks of the boat as a "coming together", a combination of human and technical skills from all parts of this island designed to show what a truly national effort can do. He talks of what the Jewish community in North America do for Israel and what we could do for ourselves if we had the same clarity of purpose. He talks of the "learning curve" and of how it is the same in sailing as in business or finance. He talks of self-confidence, and of Ireland taking its place among the sailing nations of the world. He talks of our image abroad, and of what their participation in the America's Cup did for Australia and New Zealand.

He talked me into a certain enthusiasm, I can tell you. Even though, secretly, my main impression of Australia after watching the America's Cup was that Perth is a beautiful place seriously disfigured by the presence of huge, loudmouth Australian sailing millionaires, each more tediously macho than the last. I hope the Irish sailors aren't like that.

Mr Desmond's beliefs are echoed in the most curious places. A left-wing TD I was talking to last week crossed the ideological divide to endorse every one of them. And furthermore, he went on to talk about the fishing industry and of how the sea is far more valuable to us than agriculture is and about how we "Irish are a seafaring nation" or, if we're not, how we ought to be. But all these sentiments are a very long way from the simplicities of sport. And a very long

way from the unfeigned popular emotion which Jack Charlton's team so steadily evokes.

If the boat were up there in contention I suppose that we'd rapidly become experts on ocean racing, same as we all became experts on cycling when Kelly and Roche came along. But it may actually serve the cause — if that's the right thing to call it — of ocean racing better that NCB Ireland is doing so badly. A different syndrome comes into play: the gallant-little-loser syndrome, the poor-but-honest trier. You would have to have a heart of stone not to feel for the frostbitten crew, doing their very best even though they're hopelessly far behind and even though they've some 20,000 miles and six months to go. This does a great deal to overcome the distance that the £4.7 million the venture has cost so far naturally puts between NCB Ireland and ourselves. Somebody even remarked that if it hurries up the boat will get to Italy in time for the World Cup, and that's the first time I've heard the two endeavours mentioned in the same breath.

THE IRISH TIMES,

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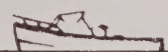
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BROKERAGE FOR SAIL AND POWER

MORE ON NAUTICAL FLEA MARKETS

Here in Seattle we have a retail fisherman's supply firm that holds an outdoor sale a couple of times a year. They invite the public to set up tables in their parking lot to sell nautical gear. The sale runs Saturday and Sunday, but by early afternoon on Saturday most of the good stuff is gone. But, as people sell and move on, new ones do come in.

This flea market draws people to the retailer's own sale and everybody seems to have a good time of it. The retailer sets up a big tent and opens up a section of their warehouse. I'd guess that at any given time, over 100 persons are around. The selection is sometimes good, sometimes not so good, but you always go just in case. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Gene Galipeau, Seattle, WA.

YET MORE ON NAUTICAL FLEA MARKETS

I was surprised to learn that some previous local efforts at holding nautical flea markets have not drawn larger crowds. There are one or two not very large benefit sales in Marblehead each year, each of which draws very enthusiastic responses, even lines to get in a half hour in advance. I'd go out of my way to attend such an event and would love to see one organized.

Perhaps the right venue is the answer. I can see where having one in conjunction with the Small Boat-builder's Day at Strawberry Banke might not be the right choice, but some sort of similar location would be the answer.

A thought I had which might encourage more vendors to turn up is to set up a consignment table where someone like me, who might have just a few items to offer, could drop them off early in the day, and come back later after doing the market, to collect what's unsold and the receipts, less a commission to whoever operates the consignment table. In this way I might sell something with little effort while enjoying cruising the market myself.

The annual nautical "Jumble Sale" in England in April is a huge event, with over 900 stalls set up and over 40,000 people attending over a two-day period.

Andy Updegrove, Marblehead, MA.

WHERE'S BATTLESHIP COVE?

We are starting our third year of "Boats" and really enjoy it. I did want to make a correction on your January 1st issue story on "Trixie", though. Battleship Cove is in Fall River on the Taunton River, not in New Bedford.

Paula Mueller, E. Freetown, MA.



Your Commentary

WHAT A SURPRISE

What a surprise to see the cover photo and article on "Trixie". She was owned by a neighbor of mine for many years; Jim Barter. He was a carpenter, a really nice guy, and sure did right by "Trixie". He died a year or two ago, but had bought a larger boat to succeed "Trixie" around ten years ago.

Jim was active in the Newport Yacht Club, I believe, and may even have been its commodore at one time. I think he berthed "Trixie" at the Club's long ago location next to, or at, the Norton Boatyard in a corner of Newport Harbor near Long Wharf. Winters "Trixie" was stored in his yard.

You say she was hauled at New Bedford but I'm inclined to think you meant Fall River, which is near Tiverton and does have Battleship Cove. But, that's not very important.

Jim Casey, Newport, RI.

HELP FOR "GAZELA"

We're working hard on our dreams for Philadelphia's tall ship, "Gazela Primera", and with vast amounts of help needed yet, we hope to raise enough money to restore her transom, counter and stem, and ready her for participation in the 1992 celebration of the 500th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of the New World. Involved is a trans-Atlantic re-enactment of his voyage.

Big dollars are needed, about \$2.5 million. Our experience is limited, not so our enthusiasm. I'd like to hear from any readers who want to know more about our plans and dreams and how they can help out.

Annie Sadler, Pyne Poynt Marine, N. 7th St. @ Delaware River, Camden, NJ 08102.

THOSE SIGNS ON THE SUDBURY

Your brief account of "A Sunday on the Sudbury" was interesting to me since I used to live near the Sudbury and used it quite a lot.

I think your remarks about the Refuge signs were uncalled for. They aren't needed to keep people from "going ashore through the swamps", but to advise all who use the river which areas are closed to hunting. A good deal of the river area is open to, and used for, duck hunting, so it's important that gunners know which areas aren't open. Incidentally, it's not the Park Service that puts up the signs, but the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service.

Alanson Sturgis, Portsmouth, NH.

GETTING THOSE INSTRUCTIONS DOWN

After eight years and 4,000 miles of trying my various paddle experiments (see "Boats", August 1, 1989) I'm finding it hard to condense into a set of instructions all the options. I've tried three times to write it all down, the first two were failures, the third seemed to start to make some sense after I wrote it up to send off to one of your readers, Dave Williams. Maybe I'm getting close. I also had a nice chat about it with a reader from the Boston area and have exchanged correspondence with James Gay from Texas.

In my area I have been asked if I would make some of my paddles for sale. I said no, but a fellow took one of mine on a three-day trip, and if he wants one, he and a couple of friends will meet at my house, use my patterns, hear my speech and I will show them how to make them with their own materials. This should help me to better organize my thoughts. Maybe a video recorder would be the answer?

Gene Galipeau, Seattle, WA.

AN ALTERNATIVE TO A KAYAK

I especially appreciated the short pieces on kayak safety in your December 1st issue, a topic you have been covering off and on for a long time now.

The sea kayak capsizing problem seems to be a constant topic. Since I am not a sea kayaker myself, I don't give it much thought, though whenever I see one, which seems to be quite often these days, I have to wonder why inexperienced people are being encouraged, in many cases through hi-powered sales pitches, to get involved with them.

I'm not writing to damn the sea kayaks. Rather, this letter is to point out that there are other small, lightweight, decked over craft propelled by double paddles which allow you to get out on the water without having to worry about whether you will be upside down on the other side of the next wave crest. Double paddle canoes. For an excellent discussion of their many merits and very few demerits, check out the September/October, 1989, issue of "Wooden Boat". Mike O'Brien, even though he has more miles under his sea kayak keel than anyone I know, makes a fine case for double paddle canoes.

I have been using a double paddle canoe for more than ten years, in fair weather and foul, on the ocean and on rivers and lakes. I have surfed down the faces of following seas I couldn't see over, and pushed into headwinds out of the northwest that kept single paddle canoes off the lakes. I have never capsized (knock on wood); I have never felt insecure; I have never taken more than a few cupfuls of water into the cockpit; I have never had to sweat all day from the waist down from an airtight cockpit skirt or all over my body from a wet or dry suit; I have never had to buy a bunch of expensive, hi-tech equipment to make up for deficiencies in my boat (because it has none), or worry about where I am going to store my camping equipment (because I have plenty of room). I have covered miles of water all over the northeast with nothing more than a double paddle, a water bottle, a sponge, a life jacket, and a piece of rope.

My boat, the only one I ever had of any type for any purpose that I never wanted to get rid of a month after I had bought it, is a 10'6" Rob Roy by that wizard of small craft, the paddling demon, Bart Hawthaway of 640 Boston Post Road, Weston, Massachusetts 02193. It is based on Rushton's Wee Lassie design, built of fiberglass, and weighs 27 pounds. It is fairly wide in beam for its length like all canoes, in comparison to kayaks, which makes it stable and capacious, and best of all, simple to get into and out of. Since it's not as

long as a sea kayak, it is not as fast, but if you are using it for hunting and fishing, or bird watching, or just messing around, what does speed have to do with it, anyway?

My recommendation to anyone who has never used a double paddle anything before and is in the process of being seduced by the current gung-ho sea kayak mumbo-jumbo, yet is just a tad nervous from the endless articles about what to do in an unstable boat, is to try out Bart's Rob Roy before making a choice.

Peter Spectre, Camden, ME.

BAJA KAYAKING

Early last December my wife and I took a wonderful trip to Baja California and spent six days sea kayaking on the Sea of Cortez. We camped out along sandy coves on Esperito Santos Island, which has over 25 miles of shoreline. The trip was organized and staffed by Baja Expeditions, who have been running such trips for years.

We had never been sea kayaking, I do a lot of ocean rowing in Aldens and my wife and I have done a little kayaking in slalom boats. Most of the people on the trip had never done any kayaking.

Baja Expeditions did a great job of running the trip. They supplied the kayaks, tents, food and fine leadership. Each of us learned how to get out of our kayaks after a capsize. Safety was stressed throughout the trip.

The solo kayaks were made of a rigid vinyl, I believe, and the doubles were made of fiberglass by a firm in Washington state. The food was excellent, cooked by three Mexicans, and no one got "Montezuma's Revenge"!

Highlights of the trip included swimming WITH sea lions at a rookery off Esperito Santos Island and an exciting three-hour paddle on the second to last day of the trip in three to four foot following seas with a strong following wind.

Their trips run January through March and combine sea kayaking with whale watching. I believe they schedule weekly trips. Interested readers should contact Baja Expeditions at (800) 843-6967. For more information about our trip, call me at (617) 383-0586.

Jack Hubbard, Cohasset, MA.

INCREASING CIRCULATION

After reading your comments about increasing circulation of "Boats", I have an idea I'd like to share with your readers. I think dropping off old issues that they're finished with when they go for a haircut, or visit the dentist or doctor, in the waiting rooms, would introduce the magazine to others, amongst whom might be some potential new subscribers.

Larry Jones, Raleigh, NC

BRICKS, MICROS & HOT TUBS

I have rented a one-car garage in the apartment complex I moved into here in Portland, Oregon, on my relocation back "home" from Baltimore. So for the first time in almost two years, I have a shop to build in. I am starting small, building two "Bricks", one to sell, the other to test as a micro "drift boat". "Drift boats" are highly evolved dories used to fish for salmon and steelhead in small, steep rivers full of rapids. One characteristic making them unique is their amount of rocker, a characteristic shared with "Brick". Who knows, it might work. On the other hand, I just might get wet!

Next I hope to build a long, narrow, low-powered cruiser useable by someone such as myself confined to a wheelchair. Bolger sent me a cartoon on this and it got my blood going again.

I visited Bolger this past summer before coming back to the Pacific northwest, and here's a picture of us taken by my companion, Bob Archibald, in Montgomery's Boatyard in Gloucester. No wonder Phil likes shallow draft boats, the tide was out and there was no water at the yard, just mud! Bob, incidentally, was buying up "Micros" for a charter business on the Chesapeake. If this interests you, drop me a line and I'll put you in touch with Bob.

Bob was driving home later from upstate New York with a "Micro" on the trailer when he was stopped at a road repair site. The flagwoman came over to look at the load on his trailer. "It's a boat," Bob explained.

"Oh, my girl friend just put in a hot tub and I thought that's what it was," she replied.

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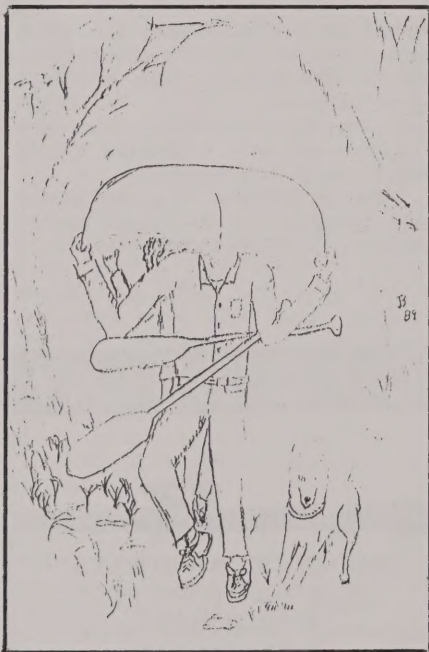
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My introduction to boating was on my first date with this man, his dog, and the ugliest canoe I ever saw. After much coercion, I finally gave in and agreed to a date on the moonlit waters of the Shenandoah River. First off we had to heft this monstrous canoe atop a van. After some grunting, pushing and scraping, the monster canoe lay there, six feet overhead, with pieces of foam wedged here and there to protect the van (or did they just cover up previous dents and scratches?). Some ropes were tossed over the canoe and pulled taut, tied to the van bumpers, and off to the river we drove with a "clink-clunk" sounding on every bump.

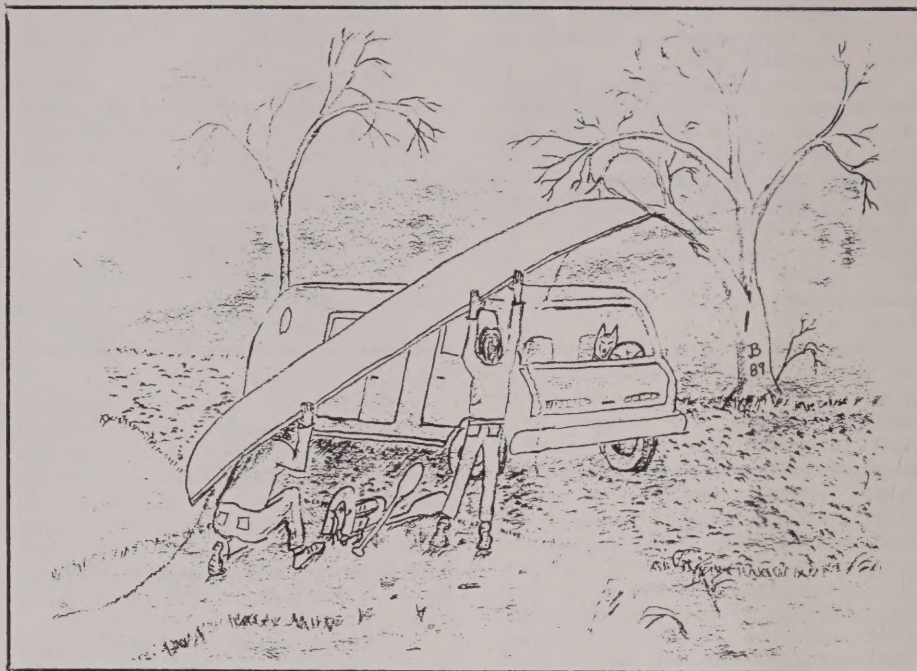
We arrived with no problems and then had to get the monster back down off the roof. After undoing the ropes, we edged one end of the canoe off the van and I held it until he got the other end off. Ugh! The weight was then upon us, with an anxious dog weaving in and around our legs. Then it was stumble off down a path to the river with life jackets and paddles tucked precariously beneath our arms.

Lugging the canoe down this path, and then being coordinated enough to flip it over and set it down may look easy, until you try it. While we're resting our arms and legs before getting on the water, the dog jumps in, wondering why we need a break.



Heading out on the water, we slowly paddled up the river with the moon just coming up (romantic?). Everything was so quiet and peaceful, actually sort of eerie. I think I read too many horror stories! The dog's ears shot up when we neared shore and she jumped out to explore the banks while keeping pace with the canoe as if she were a sentry.

My Introduction to Boating



As I was getting the technique of paddling down without banging the sides of the canoe (not that THAT mattered), we suddenly steered to shore, where the captain got out and wandered away. Here I was, in the dark, the canoe not anchored to anything; no dog as my guard as she followed her master, and thoughts of "Psycho" and "Friday the 13th" flashed through my mind. As I was about ready to scream, the man with his faithful companion returned. I realized he'd just made a "call of nature" stop.



Yes, with all this gurgling water around, I could see the sudden urge for a walk on shore.

We slowly started drifting back to our put-in as the moon cast a silvery gleam over the water. As we neared the shore, the dog jumped out splashing me with the murky river water. My escort, deciding to be a gentleman, helped me out of the canoe by steadying

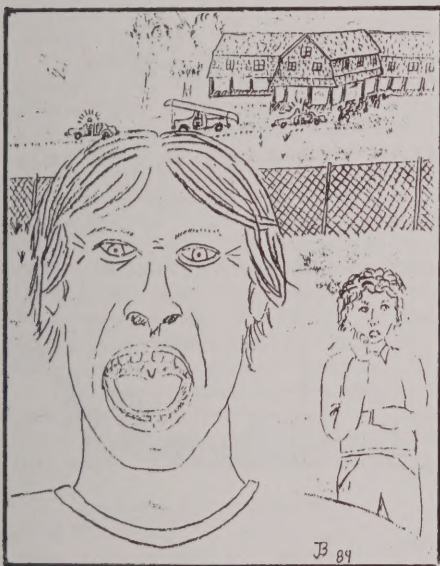
it, then informed me that there was a snake at my feet. I'm not squeamish by nature, but after this night of canoeing with horror stories on the brain, a snake at my feet did not put me at ease. The snake, if there really was one, slithered away and we tromped back up the path with the life jackets and paddles, and then returned for our weight lifting exercise. Walking on the path at night with the moon shining wasn't bad until the white hulk again was lifted onto our shoulders. The leading man guided and pulled his blundering companion up the path to the van. Umph! Up and onto the van goes the monster. With the ropes now wet, tying on the canoe took quite a while. Finally, with ropes as tight as we could manage, we wedged the foam and were on our way home. Driving along, I heard a quiet voice ask, "Do you wanna go canoeing again tomorrow?". Hmmm, maybe.

Six months later, the white chunk and dog joined us on our honeymoon up the Atlantic coast. At Rehobeth Beach, Delaware, we had a new experience of canoeing in tidal waters. After spending the day paddling through bays and inlets, our stomachs told us it was time to head back to camp. We soon realized it was taking a lot of strokes to make any headway. Paddling more and getting nowhere fast, my new husband proclaimed that the tide must be going out. Next I was yelled at to paddle harder or we were going to lose it. I thought for sure this was our "grand finale". Being a lover of swimming, I never feared the water, but I had never been challenged like this. Oh, Lord, what a honeymoon!

After much galley slave laboring, we exhaustedly made it back to camp. As we thankfully felt the security of the land, we knew we had won this time. I had gotten a glimpse, though, of the sea's powers which I will never again take lightly.

Leaving Rehobeth, we soon found ourselves exploring new waters on Cape Cod. Finding mussels and oysters everywhere, my husband got excited about collecting a "free" dinner. When we returned to our cottage, he cooked his treasures and enjoyed a hearty meal. I said, "No thanks!". An hour later, he is hugging the toilet. After a day of recuperation, we were content to merely watch the sea life as we paddled over it.

On this trip we also learned about the "canoe jail". We left the canoe on the neighbor's beach (they were never home) figuring if they did come home, a canoe on their beach would be no big deal. One evening as it was getting dark, we saw police cars pulling into our neighbor's drive. With red lights flashing, it looked like a murder must have taken place. After a few moments of wondering what was going on, we saw our canoe being hauled away (guess who didn't like a canoe on their beach?). Those may have been tears I saw in my husband's eyes as he stomped around cursing and hitting things. Temper tantrums got us nowhere, and we waited until morning to search for the "arrested" canoe.



Is the law harder on men than on women? My husband didn't want to find out, so I was elected to rescue the canoe. After making several phone calls and wondering if anyone in the law enforcement system knew where the "canoe jail" was, I was told where it might be, so we headed off to find it. I played the part of having left my canoe on the beach and now it was gone. Description and I.D. number? No I.D. number, sir, and it's probably the ugliest canoe in your

lost and found department. The kind gentleman takes the young distraught lady out to a yard full of bicycles, rafts, canoes, etc. all enclosed inside a chain link fence topped with barbed wire, and anxiously awaiting their owners. I probably could have had my choice of canoes, but remembering the previous night's emotions, I pointed to the white hulk. As I was paying the \$5 bond, Mr. "Thrilled to Pieces" (my audience throughout the entire episode, hefted that baby all by himself, onto the van. Then it was off to more adventures as we left civilization and headed off to the wilds of Maine.

On Maine's lakes and bays we enjoyed quiet, peaceful canoeing, always wary now of tidal currents, a lesson well learned. With only seals as neighbors, fears of canoe jails and other social amenities vanished in the fog. We felt winter approaching as it became more difficult to keep our fingers warm. On one of those chilly days, as we drifted along, I heard about my husband's first canoeing adventure.

He and his brother took a trip on the Schuykill River on a "warm" winter day. Losing control when the canoe encountered an overhanging tree limb, they were capsized. Hanging onto the canoe, my husband made it to the shore and saw his brother, with big fireman's boots on, dangling from the limb above the bitterly cold water. After a frantic search for a rope, branch, or anything, he climbed out on the limb with his belt in his hands to drag his brother to shore. Now I knew why we always wear lifejackets with whistles and carry ropes, even on the most peaceful of lakes.



The white canoe ' went into hibernation for the winter and dreamed of being carried from pond to pond in the wilderness. Then in early summer, those dreams came true as we found ourselves portaging at the PEAK of bug season in the Adirondacks. With bug repellent dripping in our eyes and black

flies biting anyway, we took the loads off our shoulders to wave the bugs away while catching our breath. Suddenly a man jogs by with a lightweight canoe under his arm and I see envy in my husband's eyes. That night in his dreams, the white plastic canoe goes into hibernation and emerges as a beautiful new lightweight canoe.

Yes, my life with boats began with a man, a dog and the great white hulk. Many days of learning a bit at a time have given me a variety of vivid memories. Six years later as I stumble along with my husband's boating fantasies, I find us struggling to paddle forward but always fighting the current. I wonder if we will ALWAYS be novices in the making?

Story by Sandy Brown.

Illustrations by Jeff Brown.



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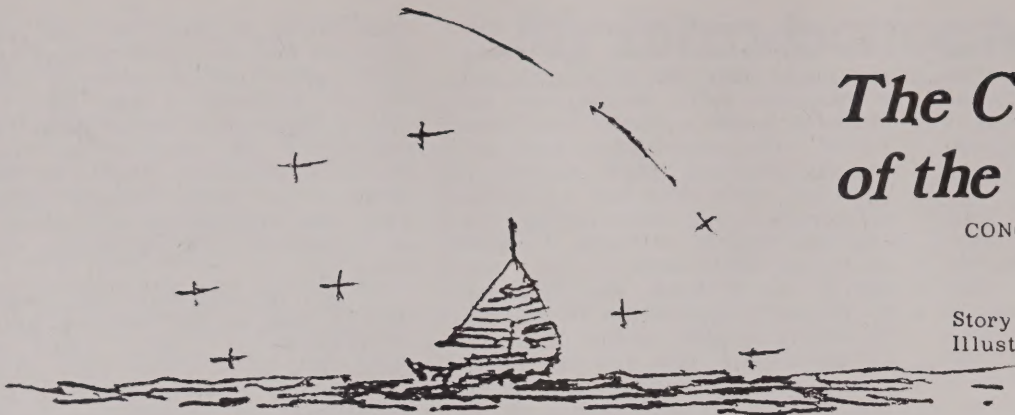
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The Cruise of the "Whitecap"

CONCLUSION

Story by Ken
Illustrations by Tom



In the morning I awoke, well rested, found dry clothes, and went topside. T was sitting on the crushed raft staring at the town. He looked exhausted. "Didn't sleep, huh?" I asked.



MORNING

"Nope."
"Did I snore?"
"Yep."

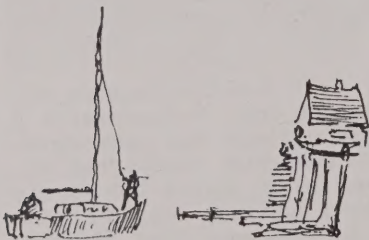
"You live in too delicate a world," I said and turned on the radio. The weather forecast was, "blustery winds and continuous rain." "What do you want to do?" I asked. We talked it over and decided to spend another night there and sail back tomorrow.

"Let's get a slip along the wharf," T suggested. "We can step ashore, dry our clothes, and avoid using this damn submergeable."

We hauled anchor and motored to the wharf. There were many slips open. "Which one should we take?" I asked.

"Any one," T answered.

"Which one?" I asked again, hopelessly trying to make a decision.



WHICH ONE?—

"That one," T said, pointing an exasperated finger.

I circled. "Let's go to that one," pointing the boat to another. We pulled in and tied up.

"Why do you make such a chore over a decision?" T asked me.

"I have to consider all the possibilities. Decisions are easy for you. You don't care whether you're right or wrong."

An attendant came. "That slip's taken," he said. "You'll have to move to another."

"Which one?" I asked.

"Which one do you want?"

"That one," I said. Giving a prompt decisive answer like that would startle T. The attendant ran back to his office to check.



TO THE OFFICE

"No, that one's taken too. Pick another. T sat down and covered his head with his hands.

"Shame it's an imperfect world," I laughed. "Tell us what's available."

Another trip to the office. Another return. "Take that one," the attendant said, irritated that he had to make the decision for us.

After we moved, I spent the day washing and drying clothes. T wandered off to reminisce on his days down here years ago as a starving artist. Wondering why he ever bothered. When he could have bought a boat and sailed wherever he wanted. And let culture go to hell, where it inevitably went.



CULTURE WENT TO HELL

I went into town to buy some more tourist junk and returned to the boat to tease T. "I suppose you looked at all the fancy stuff in the galleries. That's a waste of time. That's not Art. This is Art." I pointed to the junk I had bought. "And I support it. You'd say it's bad, but it's so bad it's not just good, it's great!" I held up a T shirt with an obscene poem slashed across it. "I like it."



IT'S GREAT

T sat with his head in his hands.

"You're a miserable purist. Eat, drink and be disgusting," I laughed.

That night I snored in earnest as soon as I hit the sack. The wind howled, the mooring lines strained and groaned, the boat rolled and bumped against the slip. Waves slapped the sides of the boat and the rigging sang. Expectedly T couldn't sleep. The poor dear. I faintly heard him get up, dress, and walk ashore. "Too delicate," I muttered to myself. "But, I'll never get a slip again, more comfortable at anchor." With that conclusion I passed out and made as much noise as I could.



WALKED ASHORE

T walked the beach, watching the moon set, the tide ebb, and the sun rise.

I awoke at 6:45. The boat was listing heavily to port, not being balanced by its other occupant. "Let's get going," I yelled, popping my head out of the hatch.

T was standing on the dock dejectedly.

"Cast off mate and let's get underway."

"NO," T said. "Let's go into town and have breakfast."

"Don't have time," I insisted.

T started his explanation. "In fifteen minutes the breakfast shop will be open. A half hour to eat and fifteen minutes to return and cast off. An hour would be wasted at the most. At three knots that would be three miles lost. We'll spend all day on the water eating candy and crackers."

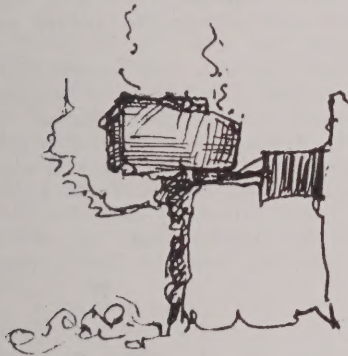
I got dressed and went along to breakfast reluctantly. I had coffee and toast in protest over the delay. T as usual ate like a bird.



BREAKFAST

We returned to the boat and cast off, motoring away from the slip.

The radio predicted 25 to 30 knot winds later in the day. The motor refused to circulate cooling water again. "The hell with it,"



THE HELL WITH IT—

was the magic phrase that got it started. The wind was supposed to shift from the northwest to the west. So we headed directly west, filling the sails and making for the mainland. When the wind shifted later, the plan was to tack over and head north towards Nahant.

The high hills of the mainland appeared quickly. We tried to stay close to shore to hide from the rising wind. The motor had been laid



CLOSE TO SHORE

to rest. The wind gusted to 20 knots. We put a reef in the mainsail. Eventually, we had to tack over and head offshore into the full force of the elements. T went below and got sick. I sang sea chanties. When T came topside again he had put on more clothes. I didn't think anyone could wear so many clothes.



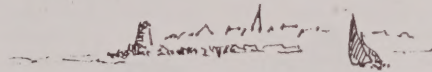
MORE CLOTHES

"I got chilled," he said. "How come you always get sick?" I asked.

"I always get sick on other people's boats," he explained. "I never get sick on my own boat," he added proudly.

"Some sailor," I said.

The sun was close to setting when T suggested we go into Scituate and spend the night. "No, we've only got a short distance to go," I said.



SCITUATE

"What's the rush? You've always got to get where you're going," T accused me.

"And you don't care if you get anywhere," I accused him.

The argument continued with his inevitable explanation. "It's four miles to Minot's Light, then eight miles to Graves Light, then three miles to Nahant. The wind hasn't shifted so we'll have to beat into it, making the distance longer."

"Let's go on a little bit more, then decide." The wind rose to 25 knots and gusted to 30 knots. We were luffing both the jib and main and still with a good angle of heel.



25 KNOTS

"We can get a good meal in Scituate," T said. My stomach gurgled in reply. It wanted that meal. The sky grew darker, the waves crested and whitecapped, the boat was pounding and we were going nowhere. It seemed hopeless.



GET A GOOD MEAL

"That's it, let's come about," I said, admitting that I liked sailing and not suffering.

"Let's come about," I said again. We tried and went into irons. The boat was stationary in the water with wind on both sides of the sails. We backed down and fell



EYE OF THE WIND

off on the same tack. We got up speed and tried again. This time I eased the boat into the wind, leaving a little movement in the tiller. When the boat was head to the wind, I shoved the tiller over hard and backwinded the jib. The boat went smartly through the wind and fell off on the other tack. We let the sails out and ran for the harbor.



RUNNING FOR SCITUATE

"Look at the chart," I told T, "and see how close we can come to the entrance."

"There's deep water right up to the entrance light, you can cut it as close as you want."

"Good, I don't want to jibe in this wind, and we won't have to if we can stay close in. We'll get into a good position before I try to start the motor. It may not start."

The sun had left us in twilight. The tide was against us at the mouth of the harbor. The way everything was going, I hadn't really expected the tide to help us. Nothing else had.



ENTRANCE



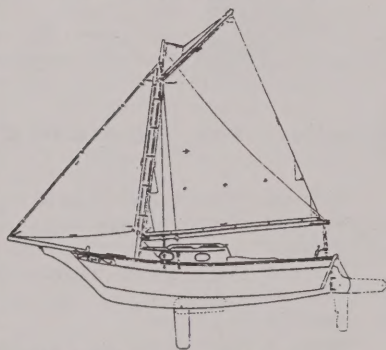
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"Come on little motor, don't fail me." It rocked back and forth imbecilically, but started on the first try and motored us into the security of the harbor. We tied up at the public dock and asked the harbormaster for a mooring.

"Take anything out there," he told us.

"Can we get a good meal in town?"

"Leave the boat at the dock where it is and go over to that diner on the corner, great food."

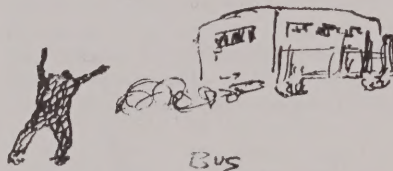
"Now, how about a bus to Boston?"

"One leaves in the morning, don't know what time."

"Thanks." We found the diner and sat at a table, wet and dirty. When the waitress came, I said, "I'll eat everything. Start at the top of the menu and bring food until I tell you to stop. Oh, ya, and bring a small bag of birdseed for my friend, here." I howled with malicious laughter. I thoroughly



enjoy disgracing myself and humiliating T. After gorging myself overfull, we returned to the boat, motored out to a mooring and secured everything, napped and ate some more, and waited for the next day.



Next day after T had caught the bus, I started out again. I couldn't find the compass. T must have taken it with him by mistake. It was a clear day. I didn't think I'd need it. I estimated that I could get five miles on a gallon of gas. I could get 60 miles with the twelve gallons on board. I did a few 360's close to Minot's Light trying to get some good photographs of it. I stayed close to shore.



Now I had to decide whether to go into Boston Harbor through its islands or stay outside past Graves. By the time I caught the weather report, contemplated the alternatives, and otherwise procrastinated, the wind and tide had carried us towards Graves. There I circled and took some more photos. The action was spectacular. Some of the rebounding waves reached out to me, colliding with incoming waves and peaking sharply. One time I drifted in too close to shore

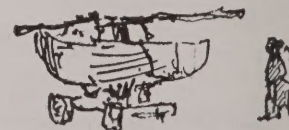


and got caught in the inward pull of the waves. It made the distance off shorten quickly, so I turned the boat sharply and got out of there. I know it was crazy, but you do crazy things in a boat sometimes, especially if you have no one else onboard to advise you not to.

Now the sun had become glaringly hot as it climbed in the sky. The wind was in my face so the engine droned on. The otto-pilot was broken. I had to sit and steer all day. I was drag-ass. In time I passed the bell buoy and the boats moored in Nahant Bay. T shouted from the dock that he had brought



the trailer for the boat. He backed it down the ramp and I motored up onto it. We were hauled out, and as much as I love that boat, I was glad to get the hell off it.



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A Winter Paddle on Casco Bay

The thermometer at my house read a frigid minus six degrees Fahrenheit, and I wondered about the wisdom of going kayaking on the bay. It was December 10th and I had agreed to go kayaking with a friend who had been away for the past year. When we made the date, we had been warm and it sounded like an adventure. At 7:30 a.m. on this morning, however, it seemed more foolhardy than wise. Still, we had been out during the winter before and with proper planning, it had been a lot of fun.

The weather radio confirmed that, although it was cold, the paddling conditions would be good. The sea conditions were calm and no wind was forecast. I packed up my gear, made a thermos of coffee, and dressed in all of my warmest paddling clothes: Polypropylene tights and turtleneck; Thermax shirt; pile pants and pile pullover from L.L. Bean; and a drysuit over all, made up my wardrobe. On other paddling outings, half as much insulation would leave me in a sweat and unable to wear a hat. Today I would wear it all, and be barely comfortable.

I met Steve at Lookout Point on Harpswell Sound, and we looked at the water. There was a light breeze blowing uncharacteristically out of the northeast, but the conditions looked good. We put on all our warmest gear, got into our boats on the snowbank, and slid down the snow into the water. So far, so good. With pile gloves and mountaineering overmitts, my hands were toasty warm.

We decided to head down wind, following the shoreline and sticking fairly close together. Steve's last outing in a kayak had been in September at the TASK Symposium in Port Townsend, Washington. There was quite a contrast between summer on Puget Sound and winter on Casco Bay.

As we paddled and talked, I couldn't help but think about the difference between this winter trip and all my summer trips in these very waters. Often I practice my roll during summer paddles to cool off as well as to keep in form. I had decided to practice my roll at least once every time out, but somehow I couldn't quite bring myself to get wet on this trip. The deck stayed mostly free of ice, but whenever we stopped paddling for even a few minutes, the paddles iced up. I wasn't sure what my face would feel like with a veneer of ice on it, and I didn't want to find out.

We explored ice-covered coves, and took pictures of our boats floating amidst the ice sheets. We were able to see Mount Washington

in New Hampshire for a short time before the clouds obscured the view. Steve and I talked about mountaineering, skiing and other sports more appropriate to this season. It was a great feeling, though, to be able to paddle safely and enjoy ourselves during the winter.

Two years previously we had been out paddling during a winter snowstorm. It wasn't nearly as cold, but the blowing snow and choppy water made it a more dangerous paddle. At that time I had just purchased a used Chinook kayak and was anxious to get as much paddling time as possible. I wore pile clothing, but no wetsuit or drysuit, and I knew little in the way of rescues. The most serious calamity on that trip had been when Steve tipped over getting out of his boat during an island stop. Fortunately, he had a change of dry clothes. After that, we were more cautious and we survived to learn the proper way to prepare for winter kayaking.

On our trip this winter there were few birds and no seals present to look at and to keep us company. One solitary goose anxiously watched us break through the ice and paddle around, but we kept our distance and he remained standing on a chunk of ice. Later we watched an osprey fly by, a lonely token of the scores of birds usually found here during the summer.

Despite the flat calm on the sea, there was little boat traffic. We waved to a lobsterboat passing by, and I imagined us all thinking how crazy it was to be out in these cold temperatures. Steve and I were warm and comfortable, and the lobsterman was used to this sort of thing, so we were all happy to be out on the water.

We returned after two hours. It had been short enough of a trip so that Steve could get to work and I could get back to my family, yet long enough to get a taste of kayaking in the "off-season". The thermometer had risen to twenty degrees and the bay had remained calm. Now if only January will be so kind...

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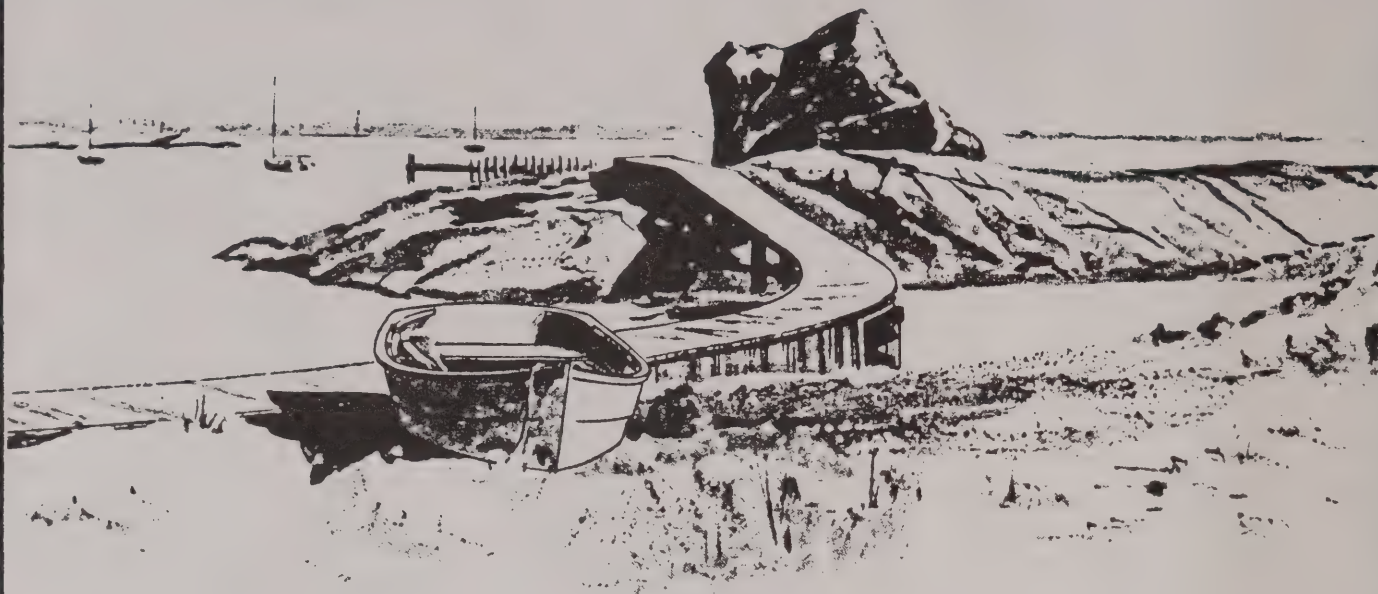
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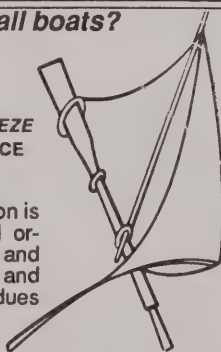
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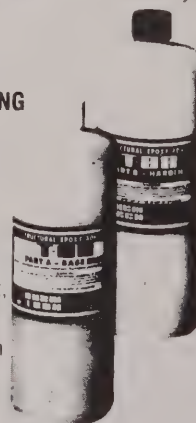
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PART II

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the crack, the water flies, but if the forward ends of the runners rise over the farther edge, she will plow through it all. A yacht and her crew may pass over a wide crack by backing her into it till the boom hangs over the farther edge of the ice; one or two men cross, by holding to the boom for safety, and lift the stern up on the ice. She is then backed still farther, till the runners also are raised on the farther edge of the ice; then the rest of the crew cross over on the bowsprit.

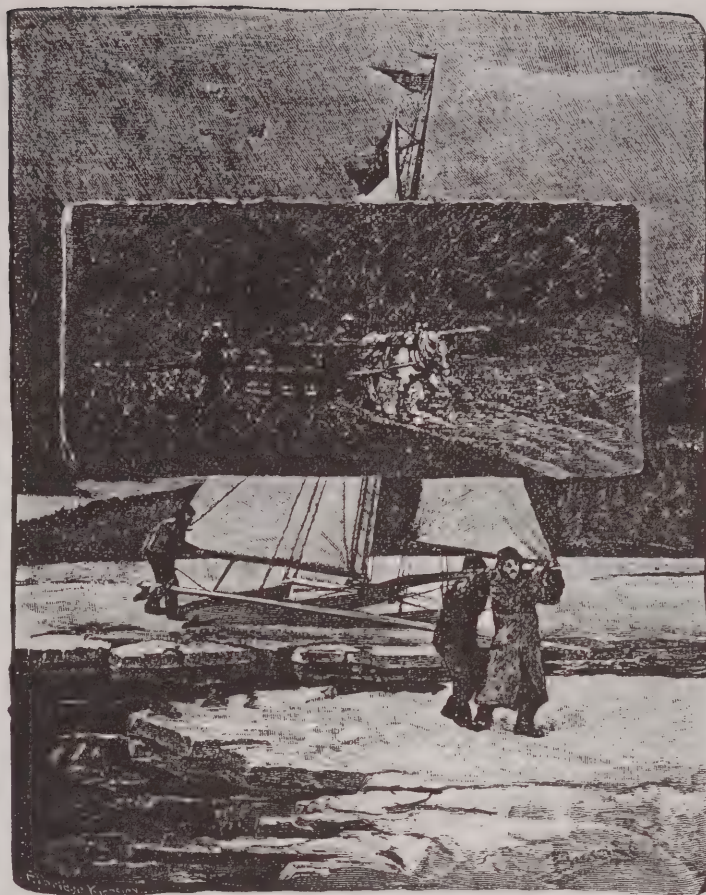
The rules of sailing adopted for regattas are the same as those of the New York Yacht Club, varied slightly to suit the requirements of ice-yachting, and extended to include a provision for pushing the boat under certain circumstances. In a puffy, flawy wind, of course a yacht may stop; and if she is allowed to remain stationary the runners settle into the ice so that she would not start again in a light wind. Hence it is necessary to allow a limited amount of pushing.

When an ice-yacht capsizes, which very rarely occurs, the movement is quite unlike her usual motions in being very gradual. As she "lifts" or "rears" and eases the sail, she slows up and heels over more and more, while the stern remains on the ice, and she quietly spills the crew out of the box, or lets them hang by the shrouds till they drop on to the ice. An ice-yacht often runs many rods on the leeward runner and the rudder, while the skillful captain keeps her poised in the wind. This "rearing" is an exciting maneuver. Sometimes the boom dragging on the ice steadies her a little. If she be beating up, she may at once be eased by

luffing; if she be running free, she may be eased by paying off, and the man who then stands for the first time on the windward plank when it is up in the air and descends as she wears away at that lightning speed, feels a new sensation,—a chill creeping over him, and his breath stopping; and, indeed, it seems as if one might be flying off to another world. This movement of wearing away before a strong wind tests the balance of an ice-yacht's sails and the helmsman's judgment and nerve. As she beats up to round a stake and turns it, she loses headway; then, when she wears away, the wind lifts her before she can get under way, and the question always is whether she shall be saved from capsizing by bearing off or by luffing. Then when the windward runner comes down on the ice, the rudder must be straightened just in the nick of time, to save her from spinning around. Even good helmsmen are sometimes flung out of the box by this maneuver. In wearing away, or in sailing free, a strong wind bears on the after half of the mainsail very strongly, and sometimes slues the stern around and heads her into the wind in the twinkling of an eye. When she runs through windrows, broken loose ice, or snow, the skates do not get solid bearings, and her motions are often very unexpected. Almost all ice-yachts carry a weather-helm, and no two have exactly the same balance. Breaking in is not a very serious matter. As the lee runner makes a long gash or crack in the ice, she slows up and capsizes before she runs the stern off the sound ice. The crew, if on the

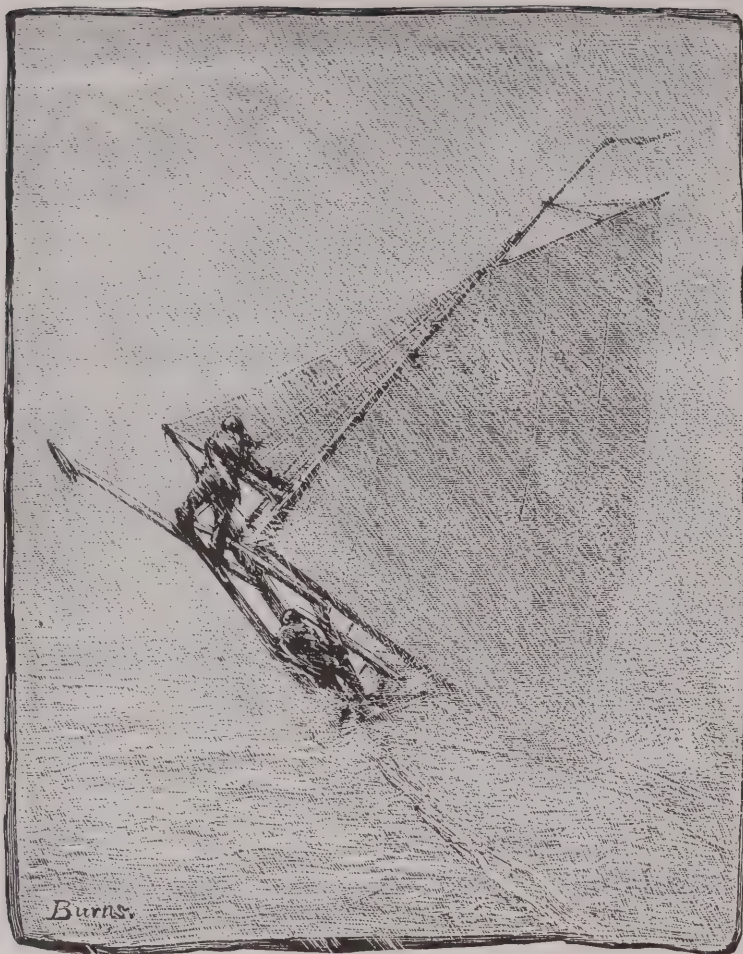
windward plank, are not slid into the water under the sails, but go aft, and get off at the stern with the captain. The sails are lowered, if practicable, and one of the hal-yards is unreeved from its thimble at the mast-step. The stern is swung around till the upper runner, when lowered, will rest on good ice. The halyard—fast at the mast-head—is passed over the upper runner, and then she is righted by hauling down this upper runner. If the ice be weak, it is well to place a board or a ladder on it, to prevent the runner from breaking in.

When the lower runner has been raised above the ice, it is held up while she is run off on to good ice. She is righted after a capsize by the same use of the halyard; the stern is swung around till the wind is spilt from the sail; if she be a small boat, she may be swung around till the wind helps to lift her, but if she gets too much wind, she will come down so forcibly as to break the runner-plank. It is dangerous for yachts to follow one another closely on the same track, or run in high winds very near together, for a captain may not foresee the movements of another, or a yacht may slide a little and become unmanageable for a moment, and thus produce collisions. The only fatal accident recorded from ice-yachting on the Hudson occurred several years ago, when the handling of ice-yachts was less systematic. One yacht followed another pretty closely; the head one, instead of crossing a small crack in the ice, ran parallel with it, and caught her rudder in it so firmly that she almost stopped, while the second yacht came on too sud-



TOWING A WRECK.

JUMPING A CRACK.



AN ICE-BOAT IN A SNOW SQUALL.

denly to avoid running her bowsprit against the man in the box of the head yacht. The by-stander on the ice is in more danger than the crew, unless he understand his rôle. When ice-yachts are darting about him, he should not lose his wits and attempt to dodge the fleetest thing that moves on the earth; he should stand still, that the yachtsmen may know where he is, and may avoid mowing off his legs with the runner-plank. One man, however, who found that the captain did not see him, had the presence of mind and agility to jump up at the critical moment and let the plank pass under him.

Ice-yachting, of course, has the disadvantage of a very short and uncertain season. The past winter afforded an unusual amount of sport,—about thirty-six days; but usually we enjoy perfect conditions of wind and ice on not more than sixteen days per year. We have, however, many other days of passable sport, when the enthusiastic sail, as well as they can, in spite of a few inches of light snow, rough ice, or light winds. The weather is never too cold for the ice-yachtsman, for the excitement and the motion help circulation. His suit includes arctics, a fur skull-cap covering the ears, linen drawers over woolen ones, a calf-skin coat, or else cardigans, under a warm pea-jacket. The trowsers are tied about the ankle or tucked into the legs of woolen hose. When sailing in a driving storm, fine wire goggles are sometimes worn, or a wire covering

for the mouth. But after securing even the best protection, you may some time have to study the best treatment of frosted parts.

The speed of an ice-yacht seems incredible, for a literal statement of it is the paradox that she sails faster than the wind driving her. This interesting problem lately brought to print many letters from diverse sources. The people inquired about the facts and their explanation. Some professors of science explained why the speed of a yacht could not equal the velocity of the wind. Ice-yachtsmen replied by

giving the recorded speed of their yachts as a mile a minute in a stiff breeze blowing at about twenty miles an hour. Then the professors reconsidered the problem, and sought for an explanation of the fact. Some of the contributors give long equations to demonstrate the relations between the rate of the wind, the amount of friction, and the speed of the yacht. One of the most elaborate studies—in Van Nostrand's "Engineering Monthly" of December, 1879, and January, 1880—shows that the yacht tacking before the wind goes a little more than twice as fast as the wind. This estimate seems, however, below the facts. But as the average reader prefers a more popular explanation than $x = y$, it is better to present here some of the most evident facts and principles connected with an ice-yacht's motion.

First. An ice-yacht meets with very little friction in moving on ice—less than that met in the very best mechanical appliances. The runners move on the ice with such ease that a yacht weighing eight hundred and sixty pounds can be kept moving with two strands of common cotton wrapping-cord. Moreover, in even the greatest velocity, the little heat generated by the friction is absorbed at once by the ice. Hence, so far as the running friction is concerned, she might run, perhaps, a thousand miles an hour, without much increase in the force of the driving power. *Second.* She never loses any of the effective power of the wind, or the sail-push, by making leeway. For the runners hold her from any side-motion, and allow her to move only forward or backward—unless, of course, when the wind is so strong as to heel her over or make her slide. *Third.* She meets the most resistance in the air-friction; that is, when beating to windward, or sailing in such a direction that the sails and other surfaces receive the wind from ahead. *Fourth.* Her great speed changes the effective direction of the wind or the sail-push; for, if the wind blow twenty miles an hour from the north, and if the yacht sail twenty miles an hour to the west, the wind will strike her on the starboard bow, as if it came from the north-west. *Fifth.* Hence she cannot sail with the wind without running ahead of it during the lulls, and thus not only

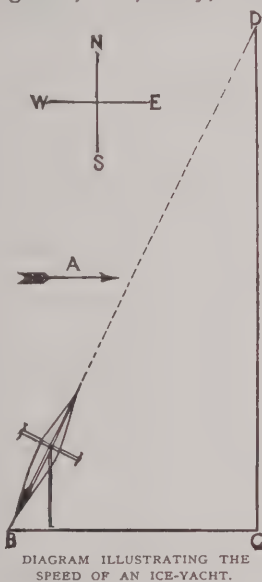


THE COMMODORE.

meeting air-friction from a wind apparently ahead, but also losing the force of the wind on her sails. In this direction, she cannot go much faster than the wind; it is her worst course. A wind on the beam is much better, for in this course, in going at right angles to the wind, she loses none of its force by her own speed; she cuts across it, but does not go with it. However, she meets some air-friction, which diminishes her velocity.

The practical results of these peculiarities are, that she never swings off the boom, but always trims her sails flat aft, and always beats to leeward, as well as to windward. It is easily foreseen that she will make the greatest speed on that course in which she meets with the least air-friction, receives the strongest push of the wind in a forward direction, and yet does not lose the wind too much by her own speed. This course is running free, with the wind on the quarter, or about one hundred and thirty-five degrees off her course. Suppose the boat heads north-east, while the wind blows from the west. Now, her speed diagonally across the wind causes her to receive the wind on the beam, as if it blew from the north-west. She practically has a wind on the beam; this offers but little air-friction against her forward motion. The running-friction is so slight that the boat keeps her way; the direction of the sail-push is sufficiently forward to be advantageous; and, lastly, her

diagonal course, partly with and partly across the wind, saves her from losing too much of the wind's force by her own speed. Suppose that a twenty-knot breeze blows from B to C, and that she heads toward D; while the wind, represented by the arrow A, blows in a given time to C, it carries the boat with it, in nearly the same time. But, as she heads diagonally across the wind, she is obliged to run the long distance from B to D, while the wind blows only from B to C. She therefore beats the wind. Her wonderful freedom from running-friction is the important element in the problem. Her speed is limited only by the loss or change of the wind through the effects of her own velocity. The greatest velocity of an ice-yacht is not recorded, because her finest runs occur either at unexpected moments, or when she sails over unmeasured distances. But the time over short and long courses has often been taken. The distance from New Hamburgh to Poughkeepsie is over seven miles. The *Snow-Flake* ran this course in seven minutes. This is the quickest time on record; but many winters the trip has been made in from nine to ten minutes. This speed is attained

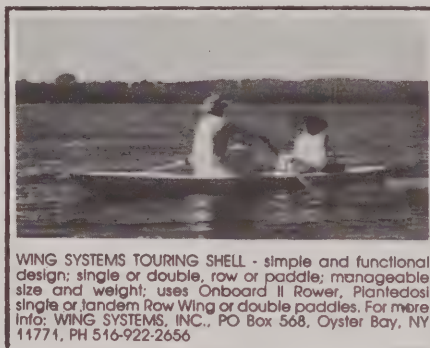


CROSSING AT THE FERRIES.

with a stiff breeze on the beam or on the quarter, and when the ice is tolerably smooth and clear of impassable cracks. But an ice-yacht very seldom runs a straight course for even a mile. Various obstructions have to be avoided; the wind changes direction very often, and also comes and goes in fitful puffs over the hills. The consequence is that she makes a very crooked course at

very uneven speed; she goes more than seven miles, and sails at her full speed during much less than seven minutes. Probably she flies at times from eighty to one hundred miles an hour. The speed of an ice-yacht, in working to windward, which is her poorest course, is from ten to fifteen miles an hour, against an eight to ten knot breeze.

Reprinted from "Scribners Monthly", 1881.



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A Season of "Birdwatching"

Jim Michalak
Lebanon, IL.

Last spring I completed my Bolger "Birdwatcher" and sent some photos of it to you which you published. To recap a bit on the construction, the project cost about \$1,700 for materials, including a home-made trailer and sails, using common lumberyard materials to the greatest possible extent. I suppose I spent 250 hours building her. The plans are available from Bernie Wolfard's Common Sense Boat Designs, P.O. Box 91429, Portland, OR 97291. I promised at that time a report on how this unusual boat performed, and after a season on the water, here it is.

My overall impression of "Birdwatcher" is that of a roomy cruising boat for two or three folks, yet having the simplicity of a "Teal" skiff. Launching is easy, she draws less than 4" board up so floating her off a trailer single-handed is easy. I made my trailer with removeable sideboards. With these, launching or retrieving alone, even in a cross wind, is easily accomplished.

I can raise the mast, unfurl the sail, attach the boom and sail away all by myself in five minutes. Eight minutes if I have help.

Bolger designed "Birdwatcher" and "Dovekie" to be used without motors, that is to be rowed when not sailed. I was quite skeptical about rowing a boat this size, 24'



long and 700 pounds, but I tried it and it ain't too bad. With the rig stowed I can make meaningful progress into a 10 knot wind. One windless day I timed an 11,000 foot row in 45 minutes for a speed of about 2.7 knots. In dead calm conditions there seems little harm in leaving the mast up while rowing. I can't help but think that the excellent rowing geometry provided by the location of the oarports contributes to this rowing ease. I should mention that the addition of gear and people doesn't really slow her down either. I've scrapped my plans for adding a motor bracket.

By now anyone "Birdwatching" with me has come to deal with the most unusual aspect of this boat, she has no conventional "inside" or "outside". She is decked over from stem to stern except for a two foot wide walkway opening along the centerline. All sailing can be done "inside", surrounded by plexiglass which provides good visibility in all directions, including up. Being "inside" provides great security in rough water, or in a knockdown. The seating level on the floor is at water level and not three feet above the water as on most similar sized cruisers.

Of course, if you want to handle the boat from "outside", you need only stand up in the walkway. The tiller pivots up to permit this, and the rig has only one sheet which can be led anywhere convenient. The coamings are chest high so you always have good security. To go forward to set an anchor or to set the sail, you simply walk down the center with no bulkheads or thwart to rip you up. The sailing rig is offset to starboard to keep the walkway completely open. You need never go onto the deck.

The boat is very comfortable on hot days because the tinted windows cut the sun's glare and because the downdraft from the sail spills down through the walkway. These two factors seem also to be at work on cool days, I'm afraid. A tarp over the walkway to block the sail's draft helps offset this on those cool days.

I've camped in "Birdwatcher" many times, including on land on its trailer in campgrounds. Basically she has three "rooms", two of which are long enough to sleep in. They are 3-1/2' high, which permits good sitting headroom on low chairs to read, eat, or play cards. You have access to everything from stempost to sternpost while inside, and all those windows make her feel very roomy. Presently I cover the walkway with a bug net or tarp, which means I must walk around inside stooped over. I may have to work on a pop-up arrangement to cover the walkway for standing headroom when camping.

I gave up on air mattresses early in the season and went to using a folding chaise lounge, bought



for \$9 at Walmart, as a berth. It doubles as a lounge chair and triples as a rowing stool. In an instant, it can be folded and stowed in the bin to starboard of the centerboard case. I found this bin to be somewhat inconvenient for some items. When the centerboard is up, as it normally is when camping, access to the bin is blocked.

As for sailing, in winds below 5 knots you might as well be rowing. The relatively small sail plan which makes rigging so easy means you won't have a chance against sloops with spinnakers and big genoas. In stronger winds up to 15 knots she is fast, comfortable and handy. She self-steers surprisingly well. I set a jug on the tiller and sit up in the bow and watch the water slide by. Sailing alone, it takes about 20 knots of wind to lay her over. She is self-righting, release the sheet and she pops up.

The sail has a brail reefing system like a jiffy reef, but bundles the sail against the mast rather than onto the boom. This sort of reef is used because the simple rig has no halyard. The sail is permanently tied to the mast. It all looks great on paper because to

reef you need only slacken the snorter and pull on the brail line. For me, I've never sailed reefed because I removed the brail line early in the season. It was very hard to completely slacken, especially near the head, and ruined the set of the unreefed sail. This year I'll try a lighter, slicker line.

I've timed "Birdwatcher" on different points of sail. I covered 17 miles in 3 hours, 50 minutes reaching in about 12 knots of wind, about 4.5 knots. Beating into the same wind gave me 3.2 knots. These were average speeds, not spurts in gusts. I expect to tack through 120 degrees if I want to keep footing along. Like other sharpies I've used, she's active and noisy in rough water. Like other sharpies I've used, she's a speedster in some conditions and a slug in others. And like other sharpies I've used, she can be sailed in very thin water. I usually sail her full tilt onto a beach or launching ramp. I can always step ashore dry shod.

So that's my report for this past year. I'm looking forward to the coming second season with "Birdwatcher".



Stowaway

FOR years fellow blue water cruisers have admired Magic Dragon's 14 foot double-ended planing shore boat for its size and its performance. Thanks to a flat bottom with V section forward only, the dinghy is so stable a person can stand on its gunwale — and it draws only six inches with two aboard.

These qualities are not often attained in a rigid yacht tender. Its stability makes it easy for us to climb out of the water even with diving tanks. Its minimal draft means we can get ashore in shallows with dry shoes, and enables us to go over shoals and bars that few small rowboats can cross. Empty, it can be pulled in three or four inches of water. When surfing onto a beach the boat stops in the last six inches of water well inside breaking waves. Yet without the drag of a wide transom the long boat rows well, planes under sail and travels at speed with our 8 hp Yamaha outboard motor. The versatile work boat can carry up to seven adults at a pinch or an astonishing amount of gear.

The inevitable question is, "But where do you put it when you go to sea?" Some people ask if we tow it across oceans.

After examining the stowage space on our flush-deck 40 foot sloop, they are soon resigned to the fact that while such a shore boat is feasible for us, it's just not possible for them to carry anything like it on their more conventional vessels. Or as one maga-

zine editor said when we mentioned the practicality of a good-sized seaworthy shore boat, "Who has the space to stow a 14 footer?"

On our most recent trip from Canada to New Zealand we met Joel and Christine Simon and their son Cedric in Tahiti. We'd first struck up a friendship with this young couple in New Caledonia several years ago. Now they have logged many thousands of miles ocean cruising on Echapee Belle, a 37 foot aluminium 'Trismus'. When, in answer to his question, I told Joel that our dinghy was indeed the same one we had in New Caledonia six years earlier and that we had built it in St Thomas in the Virgin Islands in 1967, he was amazed.

Like us, the Simons cruise to out of the way places. In the process they have worn out one inflatable on rocky and coral shores. Their second was stolen in Tahiti. A third cost \$3500. Joel commented that his next cruising boat would have deck space for a good-sized rigid shore boat. I said, "Why don't you just build one in two halves. That way you can have two small boats instead if you prefer. One inside the other would fit on your deck easily."

We shared anchorages with Echapee Belle again in Mopelia, in Aitutaki and in Tonga. But it was in New Zealand one calm evening as we rowed past Echapee Belle clipping along 'Harvard doubles' style after a row on the Kerikeri River that Joel shouted out, "We must have one of those!"

I designed a modified shape where bow and stern fit together like a glove. Our dinghy's narrow transom form and the position of the seats turned out to be ideal for this purpose. (The front seat of the nesting/coupling version has to be removable.)

For ease of construction, I let the midship lines run parallel for a short distance fore and aft of the separation bulkheads so as to form 90° angles at the joint. I drew it up so all the plywood parts could be cut out of four sheets of 1/4" plywood. The bottom rub strakes and the sheer clamps can be ripped out of 4 x 2 into sizes that can be laminated without need for steam bending.

A portable 7-inch circular saw and an electric drill were the only power tools we needed for this building project. The plywood sides of the boats we stitched to the bottoms with mono filament. Epoxy glue, filler and resin, glass cloth and some 3/4 and 1 1/4" bronze nails made a sturdy structure of each boat. The seats and motor well formed large buoyancy tanks, accessible for dry storage through watertight hand holes.

I devised a sturdy locking system with four SS 'pin and hole' tangs to

attach the two halves of the long boat together firmly. Sixteen copper rivets and as many 1/4" SS bolts combine to fasten the locking tangs in place.

To secure the two short boats into one boat, two 3/16" x 1" SS bolts and wing nuts keep the locks from parting. Four 1/4" x 1" SS bolts and wing nuts fasten the removable front seat back where it belongs. We lashed a long rubber fender under the front seat for additional buoyancy and to do double duty as a roller for pulling the boat ashore.

Three weeks after Joel's first request, we launched Stowaway. The multi-purpose boat(s) proved to be even better than expected. The 2.3 m front end (longer) unit, with seat removed, swallows the shorter stern section. The nesting sections fit on the roof of a small car, or they stand upright in a garage, one inside the other, taking only 1.2 m x 0.5 m of floor space. The bow part is a rowboat by itself — stable, fast, manoeuvrable — and three adults do not overload it. The stern unit rows also, but better yet, it goes like a top on its own with a 5 hp Yamaha, a totally unexpected surprise!

Locking and unlocking the two boats afloat turned out to be even easier than on the ground where it is quick and simple. Bring the two together back to back, push down (or sit in) the stern unit to lock, or the front unit to unlock.

Joel, who tips the scales at 200 pounds, could hardly believe it when, with a 5 hp Yamaha, his new commuter clocked 14 knots on the measured mile. The boat's narrow beam lets her dip into waves without the pounding of a wider hull. Should the motor quit, this skiff can be rowed home. One or two sets of 7' oars make rowing the long boat a pleasure. The Simons' Metzeler sailing rig fits the boat, and with her near symmetrical fore and aft lines, she is docile under sail and stiff enough to climb to windward. When the mainsheet jammed on a gusty day, I righted the capsized boat without assistance.

To load and unload, using a hoist, we lift one unit at a time from its 'pointed' end. The wider ends lower onto deck or water, then the boats pivot upside down, or rightside up as required, with only a little guidance. While cruising, for only a short row ashore, the larger — the top or most accessible — row boat is in the water in a flash to do the job.

The multi-use yacht tender does what we hoped — and then some . . .

Plans for the Stowaway are available for A\$50 from the De Ridders at Box 246, Kerikeri, New Zealand.

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DESIGNS & PROJECTS



The "Simplicity Skiff"

My intent in designing my latest boat, a simple skiff, was simplicity in construction, minimal cost and no need for power tools and other complex equipment for building. All the materials came from local home supply yards and hardware stores, excepting the Wilcox & Crittenden mooring cleat. The 3/8" ply I used was Douglas fir ACX and all framing and reinforcements were cut from 2"x2" and 1"x2" framing lumber.

The skiff is 11'10" overall with a 4' beam. The sides were cut from one sheet of plywood with no curves. The sheer and rocker were achieved from the flaring of these straight sides when assembled. Each side was made up of 16"x8' strips cut from the ply panels, with one 8' strip cut in half and the two halves butted to the other strips to give the 12' lengths. Only two sheets were needed, with some scrap leftover serving for the

small foredeck. Thwarts were of standard 1" pine.

Fastening is with plastic resin glue and galvanized roofing nails. The seams are double fiberglassed with 2" and 4" tape. Total weight came to 120 pounds and I carry it on two carpet covered 2"x4" rails in the back of my Mazda pickup truck.

The skiff rows well and moves quite well for its short length. I've used it on Morro Bay on the central California coast, contending at times with 2-4 knot tidal currents. There is no skeg, but a full length 1"x2" pine keel strip provides good directional stability. My ultimate enjoyment of this boat is in rowing my 17 month old daughter Allison Marie with her sometimes reluctant mother on the local bay. On December 2nd we were out there on a clear, sunny day with a temperature of 78 degrees. Now I know why my parents moved out here from Connecticut years ago!

Report & Photos from David Amenta, 1305 Woodmere Rd., Santa Maria, CA 93455, (805) 937-9614.





The "Sprite" for Rowing Tours

I was very interested to read in the December 15th issue "Designs & Projects" of Tom Colgan's request for suggestions for small boats suitable for rowing tours. I have the North American license to produce the English designed recreational sliding seat rowing skiff design, the "Sprite". Several hundred of these kit boats have been sold in England and interest is now developing here in the U.S.

The "Sprite" is a very roomy 15'3" skiff of 36" beam weighing only 55 pounds with all hardware. Its 20" waterline beam makes it quite enjoyable to row. I have of-

ten thought of doing a rowing tour of the San Juan Islands of the northwest in the same manner as the sea kayakers. The "Sprite" proved to be quite dry when I rowed it in the Seattle Great Sound race where I placed second in class on a round trip course. Rafting type waterproof bags would fit nicely into existing points at either end of the rowing station to provide a very balanced loading. The "Sprite" design includes provision for a passenger seat, so weight capacity is no problem.

I offer the "Sprite" kit (plans are NOT available) for just \$795. UPS shipping is now less than \$25 anywhere in the continental U.S. and I also offer a sculls kit for \$125 that includes the plans, Sitka spruce, epoxy glue and leathers. The "Sprite" kit consists of precision cut Philippine mahogany marine plywood hull planks accurately mated using predrilled alignment marks; mahogany hardwood parts; fasteners; epoxy kit; stainless steel outriggers and rowing seat hardware; with a new "whitewood" beauty strip to dress up the gunwale. Jig-less construction is simple, stitch together the double-chine hull panels following directions in the 50 page illustrated assembly manual. Only simple hand tools are needed. Construction time of around 40 hours is typical for inexperienced builders.

Ron Mueller, Wayland Marine Ltd., 8686 W. 68th Ave., Denver, CO 80004, (303) 422-6797, 6 to 9 p.m.

Capt. Culler's Plans

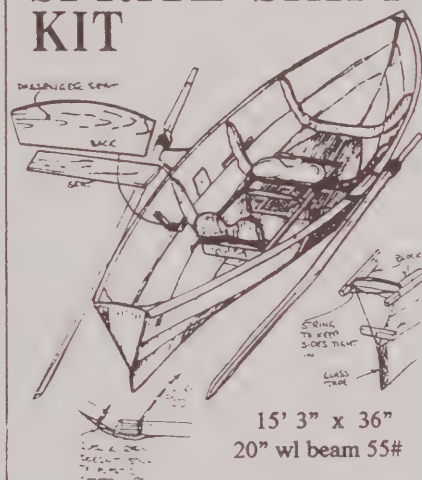
George Kelley of Hyannis, Massachusetts is now the owner of, and supplier of, the plans of his long time friend, wooden boat guru, Captain Pete Culler. George has a detailed list of close to 100 plans ranging from a 10' work punt to a 125' three-masted coaster, priced from \$10 to \$600. You can even buy the plans for the "John F. Leavitt" (\$600) if you want to try something of that scale. About a third of the designs are for small sailing and rowing craft under 20' in length. George will send you the detailed list if you send him \$1 for postage and handling. Capt. Pete Culler's Plans, George B. Kelley, 20 Lookout Ln., Hyannis, MA 02601, (508) 775-2679.

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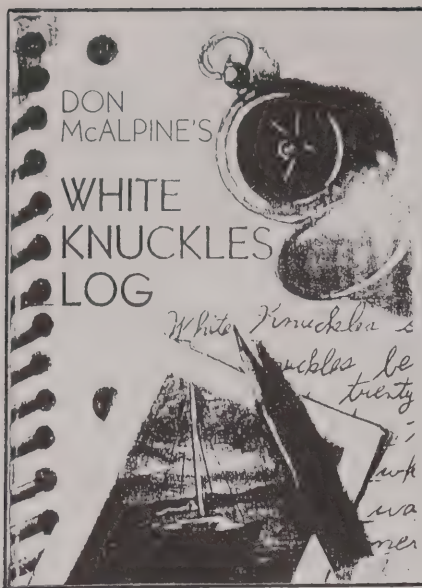
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WINTER READING



WHITE KNUCKLES INDEED

"White Knuckles" was the name of the used sailboat that retired postal worker Don McAlpine bought to fulfill his dream of sailing down the Arkansas and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf and beyond. The book is literally the log of his adventure, recording day-by-day the enjoyment, misgivings, hard-earned insights, and the intermittent flirtations with disaster which McAlpine experienced alone aboard his Hunter 25 sloop from November 3, 1979 when he launched her on the Verdigris River near Inola, Oklahoma, until March, 20, 1980, when he penciled in his final entry, riding at anchor near Fort Myers, Florida. "White Knuckles" and I have found the sea, and sailed it," he concludes in a note of triumph, muted somewhat by the harrowing nature of his recent offshore passage.

Since McAlpine's sailing had been limited to a lake on the outskirts of Oklahoma City, his single-handed excursion amidst currents, locks, tides, barge tows larger than city blocks, and ten foot seaways, proved to be what euphemists call a "learning experience". After spending more than two days trying to get through his first lock, for example, McAlpine learned that the lock keeper had nothing against small craft but simply had not heard the hand-held horn he had been tooting and, that there was indeed a signal chain at every lock for such small fry.

One attractive feature of the book is that the reader participates in McAlpine's growth from very limited experience to a modest competency in handling his boat under challenging circumstances. We share his apprehensions about future trials as well as his qualified triumphs.

McAlpine turns out to be a man able to cultivate the very different sorts of people he encounters

along the river; whether a hospitable tug captain who gets him out of a scrape, a sullen fisherman with dark forebodings about the enterprise, or the amiable father and son team aboard a more suitable boat for the journey to the sea. When he spends a few days with friends or with his brother and his wife near Pascagoula, Mississippi, McAlpine thoroughly appreciates home cooked meals and the ambience of affection in these homes. At times like these he longs for his wife Melba and admits to feeling guilty about the selfishness of his adventure and gratitude to a wife willing to put up with it. Occasionally he wonders whether the whole idea isn't just crazy.

There are few things as satisfying as making a passage alone on a sailboat without the aid of fancy equipment. Of course, being alone on a boat when things go wrong, as they inevitably do sooner or later, usually complicates the problems, especially when sailing in unfamiliar waters. McAlpine's four or five flirtations with disaster during his five month odyssey were occasioned by an unreliable six-horse outboard, inexperience with anchoring in a current, and occasional carelessness.

For a trip like this involving episodes in seven knot currents with enormous tows of barges, a reliable engine and at least a hand-held VHF radio would seem to be required equipment. When McAlpine decides to undertake the forty-eight hour offshore passage from Appalachicola to Tampa, in reported ten to twelve foot seas, the reader begins to wonder if this perceptive and likeable sailor is not a bit crazy after all.

Throughout this vivid and engaging account, we enjoy McAlpine's observations of the landscape and the people he encounters, as well as the leisurely pace of his excursion. When we read in the epilogue that McAlpine was drowned after running aground near Galveston while preparing to sail around the world in another boat the following year, it gives us pause, however. Was this a freak accident, or had this well tempered sailor once too often crossed the uncharted boundary separating the venturesome from the reckless?

"White Knuckles Log" was discovered in the cabin of his boat after his death. It was published by Council Oaks Books, Tulsa, Oklahoma in 1986. It is available from Sailors' Bookshelf, 623 Ramsey Ave., Box 643, Hillside, NJ 07205 for \$7.95.

Review by Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT.

"HERRESHOFF OF BRISTOL"

Here's another one of those \$50 books I've always admired from afar. Actually this one's \$45, but it's in that same league. Big, heavy and spectacular, this particular chronicle of the famed "Nat" Herreshoff and his boat "manufacturing" business is done in the old "Life" magazine manner, lots of great photos with supplementary text, rather than occasional photos illustrating predominately written text. The 256 page book has 250 illustrations and measures a hefty 10"x11" and is hardcoverd.

The neat thing about the photos is that most are from Herreshoff family albums and the Herreshoff Museum collection in Bristol. Family photos somehow catch the subject more intimately than do the usual news or professionally done photo chronicles. So we get to see more of the family doing its thing, as well as the fabrication of the boats and gear. Historic old waterfront photos of Bristol are also included.

While everyone who loves old wooden boats has to admire and respect the Herreshoff designs and technical perfection of the boats they also built, I am additionally impressed by the mechanical side of this whole operation. Herreshoff not only worked in wood, but in metal, designing and building the engines and machinery for the power yachts they built, from scratch. Pictures of big steam engines, huge propellers, intricate machinery for propulsion, complement the familiar scenes of wooden hulls of incredible grace being built and launched.

There was a lot of secrecy surrounding the Herreshoff operation as the family was not only at the forefront in innovative yacht design and construction but also had a strong business sense. Protecting one's methods from being copied was a paramount consideration. So again, these photos from inside the family itself are revelatory.

This is another great "coffee table book" in a positive sense, it is a spectacular book to browse through, and permits reading in bits and pieces at any point in its chronology. And it brings the reality of the Herreshoff family alive from behind the myths about this very successful "manufacturer" of classic wooden yachts.

"Herreshoff of Bristol", by Maynard Bray of "Wooden Boat" magazine and Carleton Pinheiro, curator of the Herreshoff Museum, is available from Wooden Boat Publications, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616 for \$45.



Emily's First Row

It looked like it was going to be another hot day in Moreno Valley, where we live, but we did not mind. My wife Mary, my nine year old daughter Emily and myself were off to try out our new boat, a little skiff 14'6" long. Phil Bolger designed it, I built it for my daughter, and she, a cat lover, named it "Growltiger" after the piratical cat in T.S. Eliot's poem.

Seventy miles away, over the mountain, it was pleasantly cool in Dana Point Harbor, with light fog blowing in from the Pacific Ocean. The launching went well and the little skiff soon showed itself to be easy to row and lively and fun under sail. With its false gun ports, striped lateen sail, and Jolly Roger ensign flying from the flagstaff atop the rudder, it drew a lot of comments and brought smiles to people's faces. Both builder and owner were very pleased with it.

When the wind died away later in the afternoon, I took Emily out for her first rowing lesson. She found it difficult at first. The oars kept popping out of the oarlocks and she had a tendency to make a push instead of a pull stroke. Each time she did this the oars tried to push her off the rowing bench. She became a little disheartened and told me, "Daddy, I'm not sure I can do this."

She kept on trying though, and quite suddenly she got the hang of it and her attitude rapidly changed. Now it was, "This is quite easy, really. This is fun!"

I just sat back and let her get on with it after that, and she played happily at rowing for quite a while, pulling ahead, turning with one oar and even rowing the boat astern. Suddenly she remembered Mary waiting for us back at the dock and headed back that way to show off her new skill. Our course back was far from straight and the oars came out of the oarlocks a couple of times because she was trying too hard and kept looking over her shoulder to see if Mary

was watching. She made it, though, and she need not have worried. Mary was watching.

When it came time to leave, Emily felt confident enough to announce that she would row Mary and I back to the launching ramp. This was about a mile away. She still had some trouble keeping a straight course so I helped her a little with the rudder.

About half way back we came upon two men drifting in an inflatable dinghy. Their outboard motor had expired and they had no oars or paddles. They pointed out their boat in a slip about 300 yards away and asked for a tow. Emily declined my offer to help, telling me, "No, it's all right, Daddy, I think I can do it." She found, to her great delight, that she could.

Before we reached their boat, one of the men stood up and loudly hailed his wife, "Hon, hey Hon, you gotta see this. Get the camera, get some pictures!" We saw them safely back to their boat and Emily was thanked, photographed, and sent on her way rejoicing. "We rescued them," she announced. "We saved them!"

After hauling out the boat and getting it ready to go home, we went into a little restaurant nearby for a meal. We sat at an outside table from where we could see the water and the boats. Between mouthfuls of fish and chips, Emily chattered happily about the exciting day she had just had. When another family sat down at our table, Emily struck up a conversation with them and was soon giving them an account of the rescue. They were nice people, they listened attentively and acted suitably impressed. Mary and I just sat there and marvelled at our little girl, growing and learning and gaining self-confidence right before our eyes.

The next time someone asks me why I spend most of my spare time out in the garage building small boats, I may try to explain how

good that day at Dana Point made me feel. Then again, I may not. I am not sure that I could. But I certainly would try to suggest the building or buying of a boat to find out what a good little boat can do for a man and his kids.

Report & Photo from Tony Groves, Moreno Valley, CA.

"GROWLTIGER"

Prototype for the "Roger De Lauria" Class.

Specifications: 14'6"x4' plywood hull. Sail area 81 sq. ft. (65 sq. ft. reefed).

Designer: Plans are available from Philip Bolger, 29 Ferry St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

Builder: Replicas and further information are available from Tony Groves, 11070 Davis St., Moreno Valley, CA 92387, (714) 242-0131.

Purpose: To be a light and simple skiff, well suited for home building; to sail and row well and to be suitable for a new and exciting type of junior racing known as "Pirate Racing" (see rules with this article).

RULES FOR PIRATE RACING

1. Races to be sailed around a course decided upon by the race committee.

2. Two person crews.

3. Use of oars permitted at any time.

4. Before racing begins, each crew will be given sealed orders naming them as Treasure Ship, Pirate Ship, or Neutral, numbers of each determined by the race committee.

5. Races start with boats in the water behind a chosen line. A horn will be sounded five minutes before starting time. Racing commences at a second horn OR whenever a Treasure Ship decides to start.

6. Treasure Ships must display a yellow treasure flag as they cross the starting line.

7. All others may start as soon as a Treasure Ship has started.

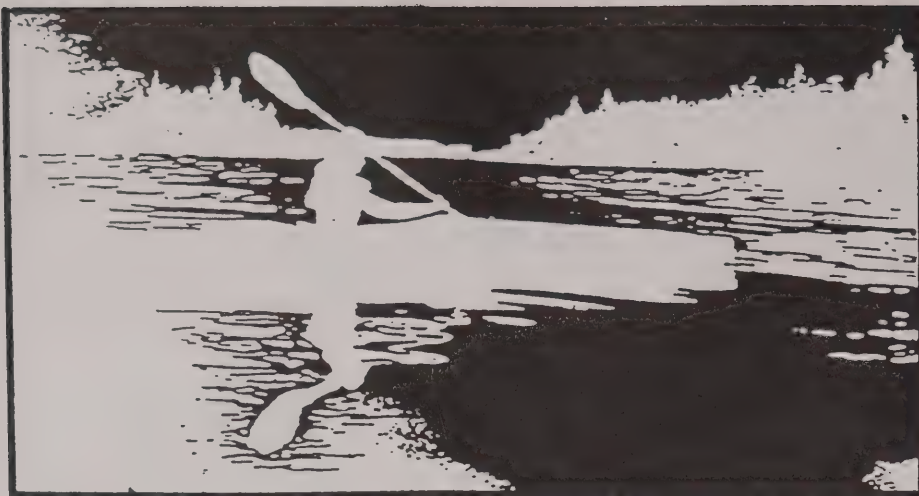
8. Pirate Ships are NOT obliged to show the Jolly Roger flag until making an attack on a Treasure Ship. An attack is the removing of the Treasure flag from a Treasure Ship. Once shown, the Jolly Roger must continue to be displayed.

9. Neutrals may not attack Treasure Ships until they first become Pirate Ships by capturing a Jolly Roger.

10. All captured flags must immediately be flown.

11. Boats may cut the course to make attacks but will subsequently be disqualified if they do not complete the full course.

12. Points will be awarded as follows: 1st place - 3; 2nd place - 2; 3rd place - 1; Treasure flag - 3, Jolly Roger - 2.



My Arctic Adventure-5

Report by Cail Ferris

Our fourth day was an idyllic summer day, bright and balmy. We paddled along the western side of the cove we had camped at, enjoying the endless swirls of quartz, and both white and pink feldspar in the charcoal grey gneiss. The swirls of minerals became so fine that they looked like cotton candy, something which seemed absolutely extraordinary to me.

We had a wonderful time gazing into the clear water looking for sea urchins which we would have been delighted to gather for later consumption. We saw the loveliest ctenophores called "Box Comb Jelly" which look slightly box shaped and have two wonderful three-foot long tentacles which stream behind them in the current. We saw another ethereal looking jellyfish called a "Medusa".

We then started on the crossing to Emmerson Island, which offered nothing but sheer rock faces and occasional talus slopes. These grey cliffs had wonderful wide bands of feldspar with layers in them. We were on our way west to the northern tip of Frechette Island where we knew we could land. The eastern shore of Frechette Island was similar to Emmerson Island's southern shore, offering no areas at which to disembark.

We no longer saw any "Sea Butterflies" which we had seen in the millions back in Pond Inlet. The "Sea Butterflies" there were two types, one was a long tadpole shape, mostly clear with orange spots and little flipperlike wings; and the other was solid black, pill-shaped, with little black wings. These creatures occurred in large swarms near the surface often and I believe the "Fulmars" ate large numbers of them. They are food for some whales also.

We were happy to have arrived, none too soon, at Frechette Island for lunch, because the lack of wind and intense sunlight were making us uncomfortably warm. Midway I had shed the upper half of my dry suit, because I was just too hot, and I could see no need to wear it in such benign conditions.

I was glad that my suit has a diagonal zipper across the chest. It is nice to be able to open the zipper when too hot and also to easily be able to check to see that it is closed.

We had the company of a stranded iceberg at our lunch stop on some sand and rock shoals not noted on our charts. I guess nobody expects any oceanic vessels to be calling at Frechette Island, but I did think this lack of information on an official chart was rather odd.

To our west, for a distance north of about five miles, lay Cape Knud Jorgensen. What immediately caught my eye were the cliffs. Although they were of the same height at 1,500 feet as the topography we had to our east from where we had just come, they had the distinctive appearance of being sedimentary rocks. They had very definite stratification in thin layers. At the bottom of these cliffs were talus slopes extending up the escarpments a long way, almost twenty to twenty-five percent of the cliff face. Only soft sedimentary, finely layered rock cliffs have this type of weathering. I also thought one could easily be showered by these rapidly disintegrating rocks coming down at any time if we were to venture too close to them. Massive rock slides are easily set off from this type of rock.

From the top of these cliffs on this cape fell three waterfalls, each more grand than the previous, tons of water hurled down the cliff faces. The aquifer feeding these waterfalls must have had some extraordinary artesian pressure. Only at the base of one of these could one possibly land along this five mile expanse of coastline. As we rounded the tip of Cape Knud Jorgensen, we noted a few landing places, but none very suitable for camping.

I looked for the "Beroe" ctenophores in this area of Eclipse Sound, another form of sea life I had seen in great numbers in Pond Inlet. These ctenophores look quite different from the majority because they spread open a mouth into an

umbrella shape. By opening and closing this mouth repeatedly they capture their food. They are often stranded on shore where they look like clear orange/pink, almond shaped jellyfish. They have no tentacles like the rest of the ctenophores do. They had been transported on the rapid moving currents that sweep around Bylot Island in Pond Inlet, as were those "Sea Butterflies". One was much more likely to see open ocean creatures at Pond Inlet, particularly those dependent upon ocean currents for transportation, than at Eclipse Sound. And we no longer saw any "Fulmars" as there was not enough food for them floating on the surface of the sea.

We could see lush green tundra across White Bay on Curry Island. As we crossed, the weather was still fine and the sea calm, as it had been all day. We were looking forward to dinner. We stopped and scouted the northeast tip of Curry Island, only to find that there were only rocks to land on and that the lush green tundra had no level areas suitable for camping, being instead quite steep. Fearing that someone might accidentally slip into the frigid water when trying to negotiate landing on the available inclined smooth rock face, I suggested we proceed further west along the coast of Curry Island to where the most likely campsites might be, where the topo map showed two streams. I was just making a guess, and we were all starting to feel tired.

Was I glad when we finally found the stream my chart indicated. There had been no way of knowing for sure, because the maps were not detailed enough. Our chosen campsite faced northwest. After preparing camp and eating dinner, we were treated to a brilliant sunset at midnight. As we were actually on Eastern Daylight Savings Time, the true midnight was at 1 a.m. I recorded the sunset on my videocam and then retired for the night. The peregrine falcon that had been guarding its rookery far up on the rocks above us also

became quiet for the evening.

The next morning we got underway for our fifth day, heading west again. We passed the other potential stream mouth campsite on the north shore of Curry Island, and it looked larger and more pleasant than where we had stayed. Then we found as we rounded the northwest tip of Curry Island that the rest of its coast was inhospitable. A curious quality of this coast had been its symmetry, the eastern and western tips and the two campsites encompassed between them were nearly mirror images.

We crossed the western arm of White Bay to Cape Hatt, which is part of Baffin Island. It's highest elevation was 1,400 feet, which didn't look very different from the earlier higher elevations from the cockpit of a kayak. My first impression of this place was that it was not a likely place for us to even imagine landing on, because we saw nothing but huge blocks of brown iron-stained rock surrounding the cape. I had been told that it was a wonderful place to go hunting and fishing, which told me that there must be some good spots to go ashore, spots I was not now seeing. We did pass by a large protected keyhole-shaped cove which we did not explore. It looked suitable for larger powerboats and was flanked by low ridges which would provide excellent hunting lookouts.

A couple of miles after rounding Cape Hatt, we began to pass along the eastern coast of Ragged Island at the eastern arm of Milne Inlet. Ragged Island, from our position, appeared to be a crumbly grey mass of rock without green or water. Perhaps the far side would have been nicer but we never did see that side.

We encountered an extensive low profile multiple-layered stony and sandy beach and the accompanying shallows. The most unusual quality this beach had was its size, both width and depth, and the very clearly defined layering which extended as much as thirty or forty feet above sea level. It appeared to me as though storms would drive the water, carrying stones and sand, far up the beach leaving these deposits when it subsided. I really didn't want to camp there, it looked ominous.

Rounding a rocky peninsula, we spotted an area which looked safe and protected for camping. Finally I had a favorable wind again for some down wind sailing, and that's just what I did. After twenty minutes of this, though, my teeth were chattering. I was glad when we finally made our landfall, I was by then quite cold.

After making camp and dinner, I indulged in my old hobby of contemplating the natural phenomena. I noticed it was quite strange here. Why the large amount of lime green clumps of filamentous algae growing in the brooks? Why the extensive areas of all sorts of grass growing everywhere? Where were all the mushrooms and familiar acid soil plants? Some strange lichens grew here instead. The ground lacked the deep soft spongy feel of a peat bog and the water was not tinted brown from the tannins leaching from the peat. I had the

feeling we were now in a limestone area. Indeed, on the next day, which was too windy for paddling, I found heavily eroded limestone. In it I found some fossil mollusks. There also was granite which occasionally harbored areas of acid soil plants. This was the first granite I had seen on Baffin Island.

A friend had told me that he had seen no granite at all on Bylot Island. Bylot has highly fractured dark grey metamorphic rock not suitable for rock climbing, but Milne Inlet was one of the few areas having granite. The granite I found was well weathered and glacier worn with a series of twenty-foot diameter stepped potholes, each one lower than the next. These potholes were uniquely fascinating to explore. Something much different than the other ragged and crumbly rocks in the area.

From atop the knoll I could see the shimmering blue passage behind Ragged Island which opened into the main portion of Milne Inlet, but on this, our sixth, day we could only sit and look, hoping the wind would wane. We so much wanted to paddle into Milne Inlet because we wanted to see the great pods of narwhals and the profusion of wildlife in the area. But, when the wind did not ease off, my travelling companions decided that they would prefer to head back to Pond Inlet with some extra days available in case of poor weather.

(To Be Continued)



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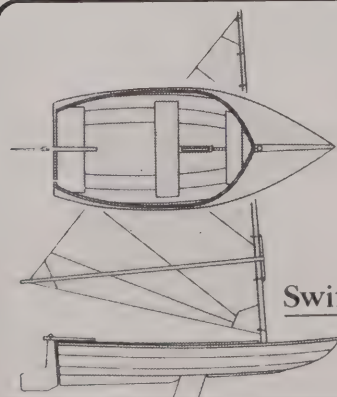
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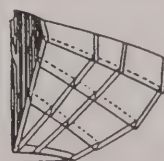
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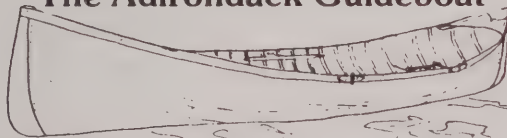
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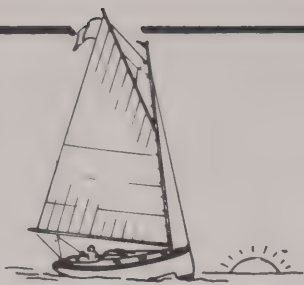
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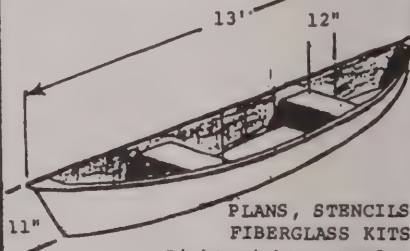
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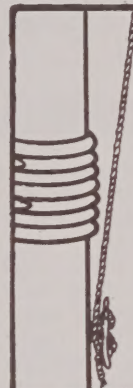
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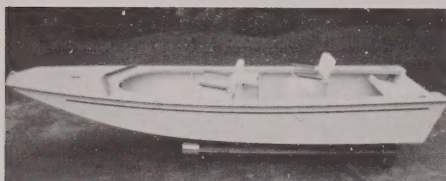
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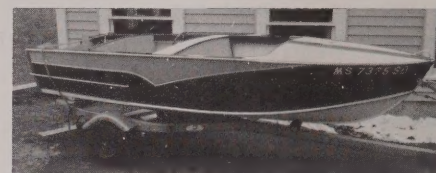
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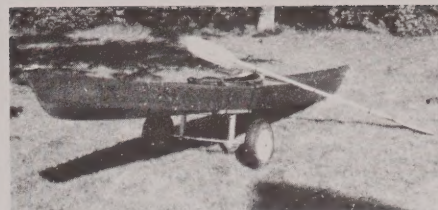
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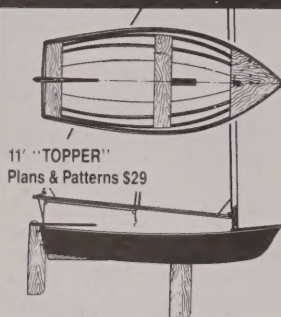
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