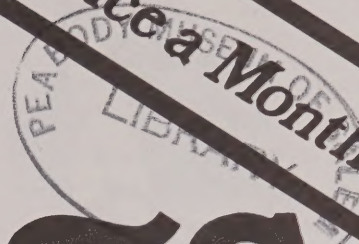




messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!



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messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will feature our coverage of the February 17th "Snow Row" if weather permits, opening the 1990 on-the-water season here in New England for rowers. From back in the shops we'll have reports on redoing an Alden "O" Boat many years ago from Tom Sleeper; the restoration of the schooner "Grace Bailey" into the windjammer fleet's new "Mattie", by Ray Williamson; and how to make your decks non-skid and "salty" by Stephen Olson. From the drawing board comes Ocean Kayak's newest "Scrambler"; Common Sense Boat Design's new catalog of 16 designs you can build; Sponberg Yacht's "Delft 25" build-it-yourself cruising sailboat; John Marples' proposal for a mini-multihull class, "3-Meter Multihull" design; and Ely Trail Craft's "Happy Wanderer" homebuilt kayak designs. Outings on Chesapeake flatwaters by Neil Wilson, and a cruise down the Petaluma River in a 7' camper cruiser (yes, SEVEN foot), "Sleeper" by Derek Van Loan get us on the water. There'll be a review of Leonard Eyges' book "The Practical Pilot", and a new serial will begin, "A Cruise in a Pilot Boat", from an 1881 issue of "Century" magazine. Of course, these all cannot make it onto just 32 pages, but many will.

On the Cover...

Hugh Horton's photo of winter paddling at Cedar Key in Florida has a lot of appeal for those of us winterbound in the north country. Hugh has a long tale to tell about wrapping up the '80's afloat from Seattle to Cedar Key in this issue.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

We are hearing from more and more clubs devoted to various ways of messing about in boats, mostly by receiving their newsletters. These publications run a gamut from simple typed sheets to very professionally done booklets of a dozen or more pages. While they are intended to keep their respective members informed of club doings and plans, they serve in my case to remind me of just how much is going on out there with small boats.

I'm not a devoted club person myself, I've tended to do my own thing mostly, not that I'm anti-social, but more that I just don't seem to need the involvement of others in my boating in any sort of systematic, organized way. I do belong to one "club" which I organized in 1980 here in Salem, Massachusetts, and occasionally I attend meetings at other clubs. The Salem club is a Traditional Small Craft group that meets monthly at the Peabody Museum in that city to socialize, talk boats, and enjoy programs related to messing about in small boats. I originally organized this as a means of meeting others in my area who might share my interest in traditional small boats. From a startup of about 40 members, it has grown over ten years to about 100. It has no formal structure, all that rigamarole of organizational stuff. We collect \$10 a year from each member to pay speaker honorariums and for refreshments. It meets September through June, one evening a month.

Just before this issue was wrapped up I attended a meeting of the U.S.S. Constitution Ship Model Guild in Boston at the Charlestown Navy Yard. I'm not a model boat person, preferring to mess with the real thing, but they have a very active and enthusiastic club of about 150 members, and the program was to be on the Herreshoff Museum in Bristol, Rhode Island. I've yet to visit this museum, but am planning to do so. Michael Pesare gave a very informative illustrated talk on the Herreshoffs and what is to be seen at the museum.

This club has an interesting regular feature of each meeting, a member "show and tell" where any interested member can bring in a project and talk about it for a few minutes, either to inform others or to solicit advice and assistance. The three presentations at the meeting I attended covered the Platt Monfort geodesic model kit of his Whitehall design; a tiny, intri-

cately constructed tender for a larger model; and a sizeable model of a freighter. The man who built the latter, despite some problems speaking due to some breathing difficulties, personified to me the dedication that makes messing about in boats so interesting. While he discussed some of the technical difficulties involved in details on his model, he also displayed a comprehensive knowledge of this particular class of freighter, something called a "C-2" class. He couldn't own the real thing, so his model had to do, but he knew all there was to know about the type, its design details, history, and even the people involved in its history.

I really appreciate this sort of commitment to one's own dream of what messing about in boats is all about. Like anyone else, I will only be involved with a few of the different ways one can indulge in boating, for reasons of personal preference and time and expense. But I find I can enjoy learning from those who do the things I'm not ever going to do, especially if my informant is a really dedicated enthusiast. So it is with ship models, I can see and appreciate the attractions of this interest, and observe the rewards the people indulging seem to receive for their efforts.

So all the multitude of clubs out there which indulge in messing about in boats provide focal points of these enthusiasms, bringing together like-minded people to share their enthusiasm for each's own way to play. Reading the newsletters that come in, and sometimes publishing extracts from them, provides me with a really broad overview of what is going on out there in boating. It keeps my focus as publisher of this magazine from becoming too narrow and specialized, even while I indulge myself in a more limited number of choices for my own boating.

I'm building up a file of clubs and will probably publish a list of them and their respective special interests later this spring. I've come to regard "Messing About in Boats" as a periodical that is between the club newsletter level and the special interest newstand periodical attempting to serve a national interest in its choice of boating activity. Not as localized as the club newsletters, not as specialized as the national consumer oriented publications, I feel we are able to provide a wider scope of news while retaining the local level of individual enthusiasm.



Your Commentary

KEEPS COMING UP WITH OUR NAME

Over the years I keep coming up with your name in connection with small boats. We used to have a small sailboat, a Ted Brewer designed 22' Grand Banks dory ketch, and we are now talking with a builder about having another boat built. The most likely choice is a 20' yawl designed by Sam Crocker, the "Sallee Rover". For a short time in the mid-1960's we lived in Manchester, Massachusetts while I attended Gordon College in your adjacent town of Wenham. But then I had barely noticed sailboats and had never heard of Crocker and his family presence in Manchester for several generations.

So now I'd like to know if "Messing About in Boats" might be what I'm looking for in a boating magazine, and could you possibly send me a sample copy to help me decide?

David Keith, Springfield, NS

BACK ISSUES

I would like to inquire as to whether you have any back issues available and if so, how much would the cost be, and is there an index? I have enjoyed my first couple of issues on my recent subscription and am regretting that I had not been aware of your publication earlier. We do have some individuals who enjoy small wooden boats in my area and I hope to introduce them to "Messing about in Boats".

As for myself, I am completing an eight foot pram for use on some of the local streams and lakes and I hope to rig it for sail.

Bob Slusher, Dutzow, MO.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We get requests for back issues more frequently now, so here's the deal: Many are available, but not all, earlier than 1985 are few and far between. The cost is \$1 per issue, or any dozen for \$10. There is no index, we haven't had time to compile one. You can assume safely enough that any back issues will reflect what you get currently, the same eclectic mix of articles.

IT DOESN'T HAVE SOUL

I think I know the fundamental reason your fiberglass Folbot Super is not as satisfying as the fabric one (see "Boats", Dec. 1, 1989). It doesn't have "soul". Like appliances, cars, and clothes that you go buy, use up and discard, the fiberglass boats serve the purposes they were designed for more or less efficiently. But we sacrifice "soul" for efficiency, in my opinion.

For example, can you relate to these things the way you relate to the sweater your wife or mother knitted (despite the mistakes), or to the car you and your son restored for him to take off to college, or to that skiff that you finally finished?

My Super, with its varnished wood, compliant hull, and sometimes ornery, obstinate assembly, captures this thing I call "soul" like no fiberglass boats I've ever been in. Call me a romantic and sentimentalist if you want, but I believe the world's a little better place for it.

You magazine has "soul".

Charles Krause, King City, CA.

DOES RESPOND TO INQUIRIES

A while ago one of your readers wrote to me requesting information about hardware. I lost his very nice letter and with it his address. Could you include this note in your letters column indicating that I am still alive and in business, and do respond to those inquiries that I manage not to lose?

Gardner Callanan, Indian Point Guideboat Co., 732 Midland Ave., Midland, PA 15059.

ENJOYS THE VARIETY

I am a new subscriber and I enjoy the variety of articles you publish. I am a sailor with 33' and 9' sailboats and am now an aspiring sculler. I think you do a fine job of bringing interesting material to your diverse readership.

Lenny Lipton, Bronx, NY.

FOUND SOME KINDRED SPIRITS

Didn't you used to write for "Small Boat Journal" at one time? I know I came across your name before, when I had received the pilot issue of SBJ while living in Utah. I subscribed right away at that time, and had a review published in it soon after. I really liked the old SBJ.

"Messing About in Boats" has some of the, what should I call it, philosophy, editorial slant, point of view, about small and simple boating, ideals I hold myself.

As a result of your mailing last fall to the Maine Island Trail Association, to which I belong, I subscribed, and now feel as though I have found some kindred spirits.

There is a lot of boating activity around here on China Lake and the Belgrade Lakes, and perhaps I can write a few articles about it for your readers' enjoyment.

Dan McCarthy, N. Vassalboro, ME.

EDITORS NOTE: I had a story published in that pilot issue of SBJ, and a half dozen more in the early years when Dave Getchell, Sr. and then Jim Brown, were editors. When SBJ went to Vermont and new owners, the editorial "slant" adopted no longer fit my kind of writing. Since nobody was interested, I started "Boats" in 1983 so I could get published again!

KLEPPER ICE BOAT

I was very excited to see a Great South Bay Scooter iceboat this winter, and would like to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of such a craft in this western Long Island Sound area.

With thoughts of converting my Klepper into such a winter craft, I called up Dieter at Klepper and asked him if he'd ever heard of anyone modifying a Klepper for iceboating in winter. He very solemnly replied that he had never heard of such a modification. Secretly, he must have thought me to be nuts. I think that there's a genuine need for an iceboat that will remain floating if it breaks through the saltwater ice.

If any readers have any ideas about how to convert a folding Klepper kayak into a semblance of a Great South Bay Scooter iceboat, I'd like to hear from them.

Gail Ferris, 1 Bowkay Hill, Stony Creek, CT 06405, (203) 783-4225, Monday-Friday, 7:00-3:30, or (203) 481-4539 at other times.

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From Sea to Sea with Sail & Paddle

This started out as a report on the West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium in Seattle, Washington, but has turned into a year's end review of the fall and winter messing about in boats we have been enjoying.

Starting the first week in September, my father Hal and I drove with a Hydra Sea Twin on the roof from Detroit to Seattle, and back through Boulder, Colorado. We ate at every Mexican restaurant we could along the way.

In October, Howard Rice and I drove to Mark Balogh's on Cedar Island, North Carolina, then on to Hampton Roads, Virginia, for the Chesapeake Bay Kayak Symposium.

In early November, Kayann Haske and I flew to Albuquerque, New Mexico, hiked about the west end of lovely and alluring Heron Reservoir in northern New Mexico, visited with oldest son Huff, and feasted on the local superb vittles.

Between these trips, and before the Clinton River froze in front of our house, too early in late November, we paddled twenty-one times on Lake St. Clair in the Sea Twin and Sea Runners. My partner in the Sea Twin is usually five-year-old Erica, Kayann's daughter, but most paddling was done either alone or accompanied by Kayann or Howard.

Our day trips here usually begin with a two-mile paddle to the Lake and on out to 50 yard long Bee/Grassy Island. To avoid heavy power boat traffic at the mouth, we take Catfish Cut, one of four short canals. From Bee Island one can look north to Anchor Bay; east two-and-one-half miles to Strawberry Island, the beginning of the

captivating "Flats", the St. Clair River's big delta; and southeast and south to the bulk of the twenty mile wide, shallow lake. Typical of these late fall days are decreasing boat traffic, increasing waterfowl presence, and wild skies. My favorite ducks are buffleheads, so I try to keep track of their whereabouts on these outings.

One afternoon I briefly towed a 24' sailboat that had a defunct outboard, mast lying on its deck, and a frantically wiggling rudder. With two men onboard, she was being blown out of a side canal onto the river. And she had no ground tackle! Fun. The day after Thanksgiving, Howard and I broke the ice and backtracked some before reaching the lake. The next day I re-opened our trail, saw a lone male canvasback, quick sunlight through a hawk's wings and a long twilight. That was it for the decade's paddling in Michigan.

The principal objective of our September trip to Seattle was to promote the idea of sailing kayaks at the West Coast Symposium, but other aspects of it offered allure too. One was the weather. Indian Summer in Michigan can last several days, out there it goes on for weeks. And at an exhibit at the Seattle Center we saw about a dozen of the hats worn by Aleut hunters. These were of steam bent wood, intricately decorated, with long visors with flaring sides and backs, and sprouted crests flecked with sea lion whiskers. Wouldn't those be a hit on our Motown lake!

But, on to the Symposium. Attendance appeared to be twice what it was in 1986. Three-hundred people attended the Friday night show

which featured Tom Derrer's artful slides of family vacations, Howard Rice's slides of his solo 1989 Cape Horn trip, and a video by Eric Soares showing some of the astounding adventures of the Tsunami Rangers playing in the Big Sur rocky surf. The crowd loved it all. Wow!

The Symposium enjoyed warm breezes which suited us (Klepper and Balogh Sails) perfectly. On Saturday and Sunday we were all fully engaged in giving rides in Kleppers and Hydras equipped with B.S.D. rigs. For Howard's sailing class on the beach, each manufacturer brought an example of its rig, including Easy Rider, Windspeed, the "V" sail, and our B.S.D. Due to injuries suffered in a thirty-foot fall from a roof five weeks earlier, Howard didn't demonstrate sailing, but Eric Stiller in a Klepper and my middle son, Bard, in a Sea Runner, did. Bard and his wife Jessica, live and work in Seattle.

The heavy emphasis on safety at the L.L. Bean Advanced Coastal Kayak Workshop noted in your August 15th issue didn't seem so pronounced here. Great care was taken, however, to be certain all people trying boats wore PFD's and were legitimate Symposium attendees.

A Mount Baker sunrise paddle session was to be part of a video filming effort for Klepper. Our day began at 4:15 a.m. aboard the 38' yacht "Lively Lady" moored in West Sound off Orcas Island. I woke up too early as usual, got Howard, and soon we were off, standing in the 12' aluminum skiff, paddling with the oars through a calm starry

darkness, each oar swirling in the brightest, non-tropical, luminescence I've ever seen.

We woke film maker Eric Teed and Stiller, both night people, caffeined ourselves from a thermos provided by hostess Jeanne Scott, and were on our way, driving with assembled Kleppers on the roof. Over at East Sound, the pre-dawn was just beginning. We scouted locations, tried to guess where the sun would actually rise, chose our spot, and launched the boats. "Wild" Rice and I were paddling an Aerius II double (his first paddle pushing since his accident) and "Von Turbo" Stiller was in an Aerius I. When the sun finally appeared, it was almost centered in a notch near the crest of Mt. Baker. It was stunning and magical.

Altogether it was a grand trip. In three weeks Hal and I tried seven more Mexican restaurants, and Rice and Stiller and I sampled four others. We visited 82 year old Uncle Henri Horton on Orcas, and youngest son Dural in Boulder. Finally, I met George Dyson, he of the heat-shrink nylon skin on aluminum frame baidarkas. We paddled and sailed Hydras and Kleppers at Port Townsend on Admiralty Inlet, on Green Lake in Seattle, on the Sound just north of Seattle, and to the Wasp Islands southwest of Orcas and to Sucia Island to the north.

The Greater Chesapeake Symposium in October was held in Hampton, Virginia, near old Fort Monroe. This meet, although sunny, had strong, dry, cold breezes, and what seemed like at least as many exhibitors as participants. We all had fun, though, and on Saturday, "Pine Needle", my 18'x30" "concept" boat (as they say it in Detroit) loved the blustery 22-28 knot SSW wind over flat water. The event appeared to have more of the narrow, easily rolled, usually British kayaks, in contrast to the wider, more stable touring boats in the Pacific northwest, and the folding ones from B.C., France and Germany.

On our drive back to Michigan, Howard and I stopped to see Robert Manry's "Tinkerbelle" in Cleveland at the Western Reserve Historical Museum. Alas, she'd been put in storage in a warehouse across town and the curator, a busy man, was unmoved by earnest efforts at persuasion from two intent pilgrims. Our disappointment was heightened that evening by the worst Mexican dinner of my life.

Opposite page top: Kayak sailing off Orcas Island. Right, from the top: On the beach at the Seattle Symposium. Two kayak downwind sail types, the "V" sail and the Balogh "Twins". On the beach at the Chesapeake Symposium.





Ready to leave winter behind in Detroit.

With winter upon us in Detroit, Kayann and I left on Christmas Day at 7:30 p.m. in a light, and soon to be heavier, snow, to drive to Cedar Key, Florida, in the mini van with her two girls and a friend of theirs. We towed our Bill Cross trailer with two Sea Runners, the Sea Twin, "Pine Needle", and three little bicycles lashed to it.

Of the five full days down at Cedar Key, we had four of fine boating. The first three were clear and calm with early morning fog due to the recent very cold weather (Detroit and Gainesville had identical highs of 18 degrees on one recent day). Although our first day's

high was 60, and increased several degrees each day thereafter, the thin water felt like spring in Michigan. It was starting. After an hour or so out on the water, my feet would get cold, and then my hands. Ashore this would have been impossible.

On our first day, son Dural and his girl friend Marcie in the Sea Twin and I in a Sea Runner, paddled to the southern point of Atsena Otie Key on a rising tide, barely scraping over the sand. It was a great little trip, with typical Cedar Key stuff, including people-less beaches, shore birds, terns, pelicans, cormorants, an osprey, and three bottle-nosed dolphins

greeting the girl from Denver. It was her first time in a kayak and on salt water.

Day two was a solo paddle for me. I began following some dolphins, then went upcurrent checking its direction from marker to marker, then followed more dolphins, two loquacious loons, etc., 'til I reached Snake Key. The tide was now high enough to go with the flood up a tightly meandering creek so narrow I took apart my paddle. After about a hundred yards, I reached a hundred-foot wide pond overseen by a pair of great blue herons perched atop two palms. It was the crest of the flood and it was intriguing how the current began to ebb in minutes at the pond's entrance. I drifted down with it for about thirty yards. Then it was slack, and then flooding again, but gentler than on the ride up. I beached at the mouth, and ten minutes later it turned there. My two mile return was a lazy paddle but for the occasional dolphin chase, feet now a trifle icy.

Day three was a family day and Kayann was finally able to paddle a boat. Marty Stevens with his wife Phyllis and son Leif had driven down from North Carolina towing "Emerald", their green Bolger Micro, with a blue Redmond Whisp riding on top. Joining our group also were Bill and Sue Seyforth and their bunch in a fishing boat and an aluminum canoe. We all met on Snake Key for some major messing about. Rocket scientist



Dural and the kids built an elaborate sand castle. It was a splendid day, the picture of family boating.

On our paddle back from Snake, we saw some duck decoys and a portable blind on the NE corner of Atsena Otie. A hunter shouted, "Great piece of civilization you've got here!" Atsena is the only private offshore key, so he may have been legal there, but the incongruity of his "civilization" with trying to blast the ducks from the sky flabbergasted me.

The last day (sob) came dark with thicker than usual fog and a fairly steady 8-11 knot southerly. Moving air! After waiting for the tide to bring some water, and to see if it would clear at all, Dural and I gathered our gear, ground some oyster shells with "Pine Needle's" bottom, and were off on a port reach. Visibility was less than a hundred yards but it was enchanting. In seconds the left lens of my glasses would mist over with fog droplets. We sailed west from marker to marker, watching the 1-2 knot current setting us ENE, now and then catching a loon's voice over the hull/water slaps and gurgles, or a whiff of cormorant or grass bar. Our destination was North Key.

Joy, oh joy, on the last day of the decade! "Pine Needle" being driven by 36 square feet of efficient sail power, scooted along at 3-4 knots, cradling us in her sprawling comfort. Past the last marker, after the wind notched up, we donned wool shirts and foul weather jackets almost as soon as dollops of spray plopped aboard. By then she'd been sliding along at five knots and I'd been thinking it wouldn't do to miss North Key, so we altered course to 285 for seven or eight minutes, then resumed our 270 and were soon a few feet over sand. A couple of minutes later a horizontal white line appeared, which Dural, with binoculars, said was a beach. Then came some trees, and we were there. "Sur-

prising relief and pleasure," I wrote later in my log.

Dural and I, shod with flip-flop thongs, stomped and sometimes sort of Tai Chi stepped about the island for an hour or so. Big prickly pear cacti have grown along the high tide line where sand has been frothed up with reeds to form a soil. We tried to avoid the cactus spines while I muttered to myself about the stoop required of those who follow game trails.

One sublime pleasure was seeing the grace and flight of several great white egrets with a single great blue heron. We ambled upon them in the fog after crunching across a shell beach. On another occasion we waited about five minutes for traffic to resume in a small sand crab village. Almost imperceptibly they'd appear, sidestepping fluidly from their holes, eyes up, until with a tiny movement from us, they'd vanish.

Back at the south end of the key, as the mist flew at us, not one thought intruded of business tangles, Detroit, or the 1990's. Life was visceral.

Our return ride was about a quarter-mile north of the track out. We could just see islets where, two-and-a-half years earlier on a lower tide, Kayann and I had carried our Sea Runners across in the July swelter. Now, crossing Northwest Channel, which leads seven miles NW to the mouth of the Suwannee River, the current should have been with us, but as we pointed up, we found a counter current. Reaching off, we zoomed along, again with the current, heading for the barn. The SW corner of Cedar Key itself developed out of the fog and in another quarter-mile we ground over the oyster shells again, a day of glorious messing about in boats on this last day of the decade!

Now, if Cook's Cafe could make up some oyster enchiladas!

Story & Photos from Hugh Horton, Detroit, Michigan.



Right from the top: Sandcastle and the Micro "Emerald" at Snake Key. Beachcombing on Snake Key. Below, "Pine Needle" on the beach on North Key.



The fogs of Maine are legendary. In as little as ten minutes, one can be completely socked in. I had cruised the waters around Swan's Island, Maine, for four summers and pretty much avoided the soup. However, I knew that sooner or later I would find myself sailing in a fog, and had spent some time studying the skills needed for such a time.

I knew how to set a compass course. I had read, and listened to, many accounts of what to expect in a fog, such as the tricks of sight and sound which the fog causes. I had become familiar with the waters in which I cruised. I had experienced thick haze fairly often and had sailed inside the harbor in fog. One time I had tacked down the steeply sloping eastern shore of Swan's Island in a fog. I simply went out for fifteen minutes and then back in for the same time, following my compass, which I knew was accurate. So, I had trained for the day when I would meet a fog and have to make a passage in it.

A friend and I planned on an overnight cruise to North Haven from Swan's Island, which lies south of Mount Desert. We chose a clear, sparkling Maine day, the kind of sailing conditions which earn the Maine coast its reputation as one of the finest places in the world for cruising. We spent the night in North Haven, tied to a friendly lobsterman's mooring. I woke up early in the morning and greeted the dawn with a cup of coffee in the cockpit. When cruising, I always enjoy the quiet of the early morning, with the anchorage just beginning to wake up, lobstermen chugging out to their traps, ducks paddling by, the sky and water a milky grey-pink, and the

First Fog

first caress of a breeze.

We left the mooring under sail, the faintest of winds fair from the southwest, and a fair tide, the main and a 170% genoa making the best of it. Gradually we sailed, drifted east along the Fox Island Thoroughfare, heading back to Swan's, hopefully before a predicted fog.

Out in East Penobscot Bay we saw haze ahead, the shore of Deer Isle a vague pale blue line. The wind, still from the southwest, was picking up a bit. For the first time in my short cruising career, the business of setting a compass course for a landfall was more than an academic exercise. Course set, we reached on, and about three-fourths of the way over saw the lighthouse south of Stonington, a cause of some satisfaction because it was the mark we had set.

All through the Deer Isle Thoroughfare we went from mark to mark, cans and nuns, each one coming out of the mist ahead as we lost the one behind, our wind still fair. At the east end of the Thoroughfare we came on a final bell buoy. Beyond it a great wall of fog in Jericho Bay wiped out all to the east. Emboldened by our success earlier in the morning, I set a compass course for a bell off Halibut Rock, east-southeast of us. This bell starts the passage through Toothacre Bay to our home-

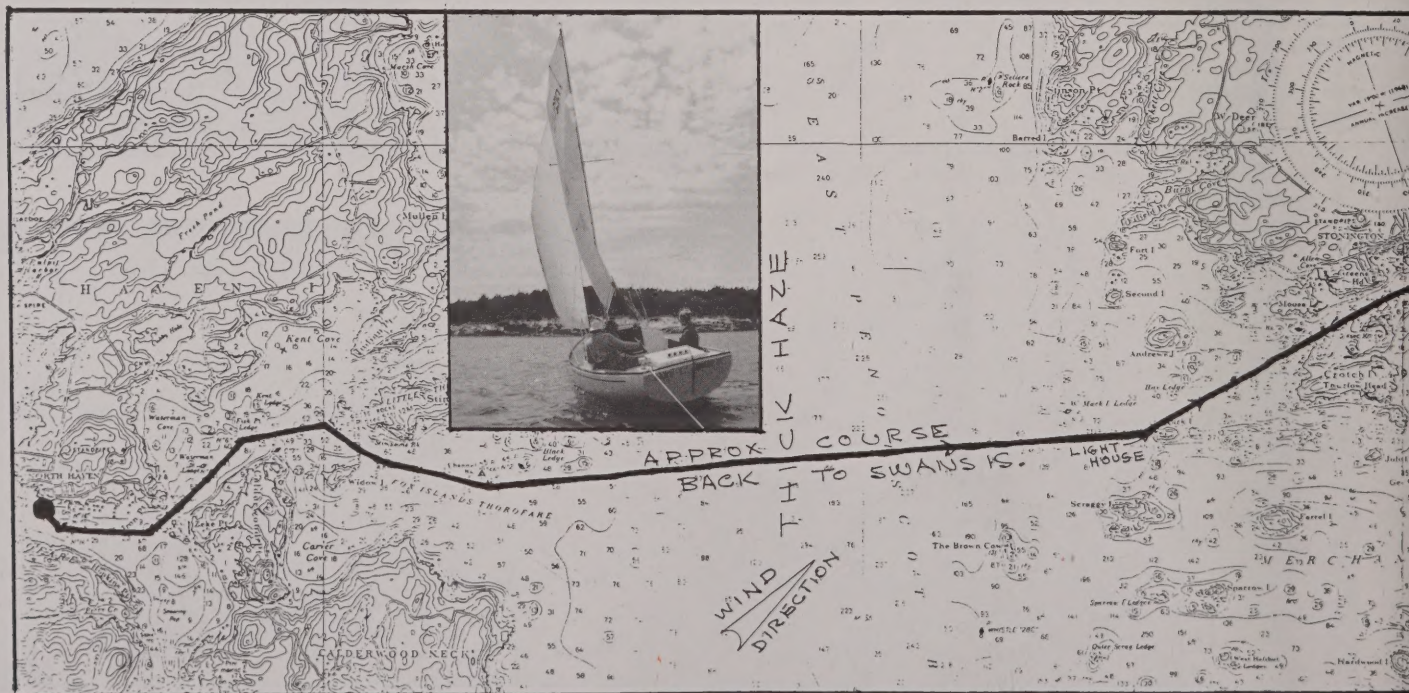
port of Swan's Island Harbor, also known as Burnt Coat.

By now the tide was falling. I knew it ran about one to one-and-a-half knots down the bay. From experience I knew my boat's speed would be about three knots. I therefore plotted the course from bell to bell and set it a degree more to the north to allow for the drift. Our wind held from the southwest at perhaps ten knots. We had a distance of about two-and-one-half miles to go to the southeast so we allowed ourselves about an hour. We had a beam reach wind, the water was calm, and we had no desire to turn on the motor.

It was magical to sail through the fog, sounds hushed, the void all around us. We heard a whistle buoy, a source of some worry since the only one it could possibly be was way down south of what we hoped was our course. We nervously agreed that hearing it must be one of those strange fog effects we had read about. Then right on time and a bit to the south of us, we saw the bell, hearing it at about the same time. We jubilantly sailed so close to it our dinghy almost sideswiped it.

On the way over I had plotted our next course for a red nun in the middle of Toothacre Bay. Then right after passing the bell, we had an abrupt wind shift to east/northeast. We still had the big genoa up and now she gave us some trouble. By the time we were back under control, the buoy was lost in the fog, sound and sight, somewhere to our southwest.

We set our new course heading east up Toothacre, now close hauled, with the fog thicker than ever. My companion went up into the bow as a lookout. Every so oft-



en I heard the deep foghorn of what must have been a trans-Atlantic liner, no doubt going thirty knots. The sound seemed to come from every direction. We responded with our breath-powered horn, making a loud but slightly falsetto sound.

In the confusion from the wind shift after leaving the last bell, I had neglected to note the time, and had lost track of how long we were on our course. We had a distance of about two-and-one-half miles to go, with the tide now dead against us, so we were probably making less than two knots over the ground. I noticed on the chart that if we went too far south and missed our nun, and the next mark, a bell, we had no further landfalls until Europe, some distance away.

After what seemed like forever, I noticed that the motion of the water was beginning to feel like long deep swells, just like the thing you expect to have offshore. We could see only about forty feet ahead of us. I was sure I had missed the nun. I checked my watch and decided to go on for another fifteen minutes. If we didn't see the nun then, I would begin to box. After what I was sure had been the fifteen minutes had passed, I looked at my watch. Five minutes had passed. We sailed on. For the first time on this cruise I felt the panicky nervousness in my stomach, and asked myself, "How did I get into this?"

My companion and I were silent, peering tensely into the enormous wet grey curtain that endlessly parted just a few feet ahead of our bow. At one point, my friend broke the silence with a remark that it was a consolation to him that he didn't have the responsibility of command at this juncture.

I ruefully wondered how he would feel several hours hence when I suspected we would be groping our way offshore, perhaps headed for Cape Sable, graveyard of the Atlantic.

A few moments later the fog seemed to coalesce a bit off our port bow and the form of the nun materialized, seemingly close enough to touch and big enough to rival an iceberg. We heaved great sighs of relief. At almost the same moment, the foghorn we had been hearing sounded unmistakably closer. A large modern sloop appeared under power. They had been behind us, making for the same mark. We heard them talking to one another over some sort of loud-speaker system. I thought of all the electronic goodies that must be aboard their boat, perhaps some of them even in working condition. I called to them, asking for the bearings to the next mark, a black

and white bell to the east about two miles near our harbor entrance.

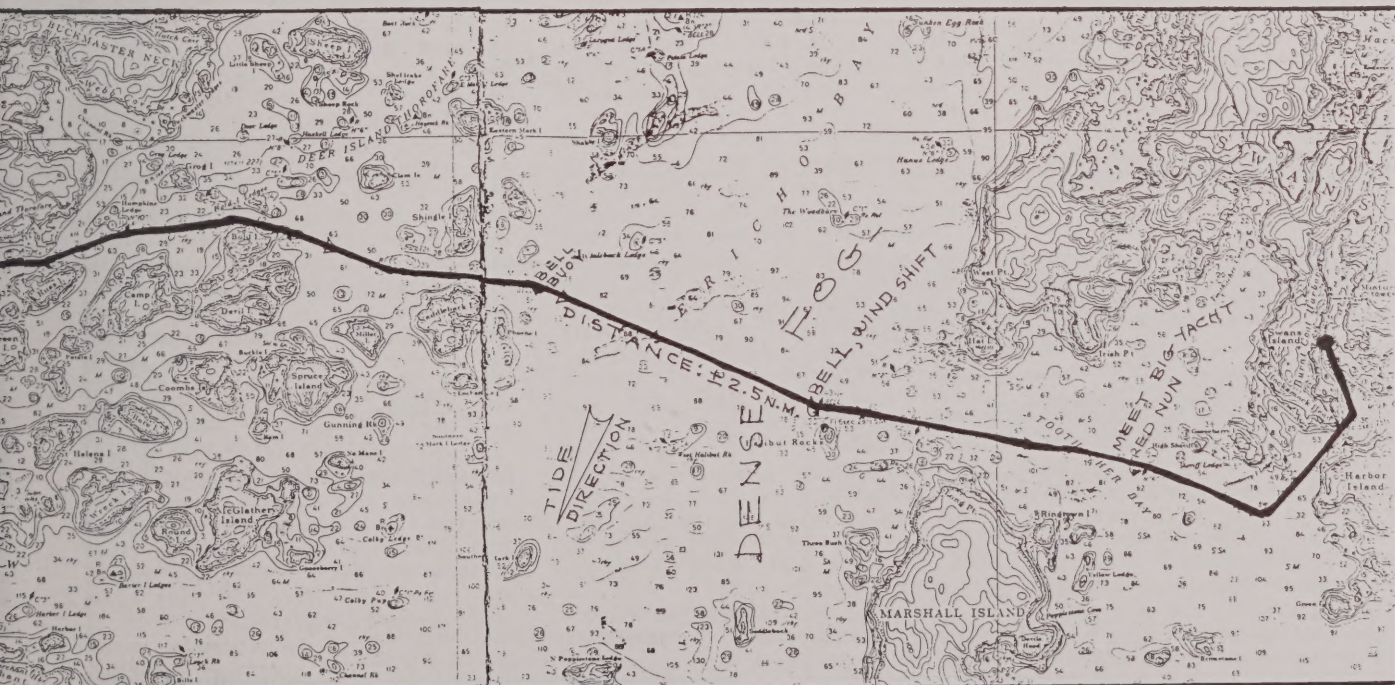
They gave us a reading which was slightly different from ours. I decided to relax a bit by motoring the rest of the way in behind them. My companion politely suppressed his disappointment and started to help furl the sails. We jogged along behind, being careful to keep a safe distance, and note the time and course in case we lost them. The fog gradually thinned to a condition of haziness, with visibility of about a half-mile. Tying up to our mooring was no doubt less dramatic than if the fog had persisted. But we had experienced one of the great tests of sailing in Maine, and now had our own fog story to match those of others.

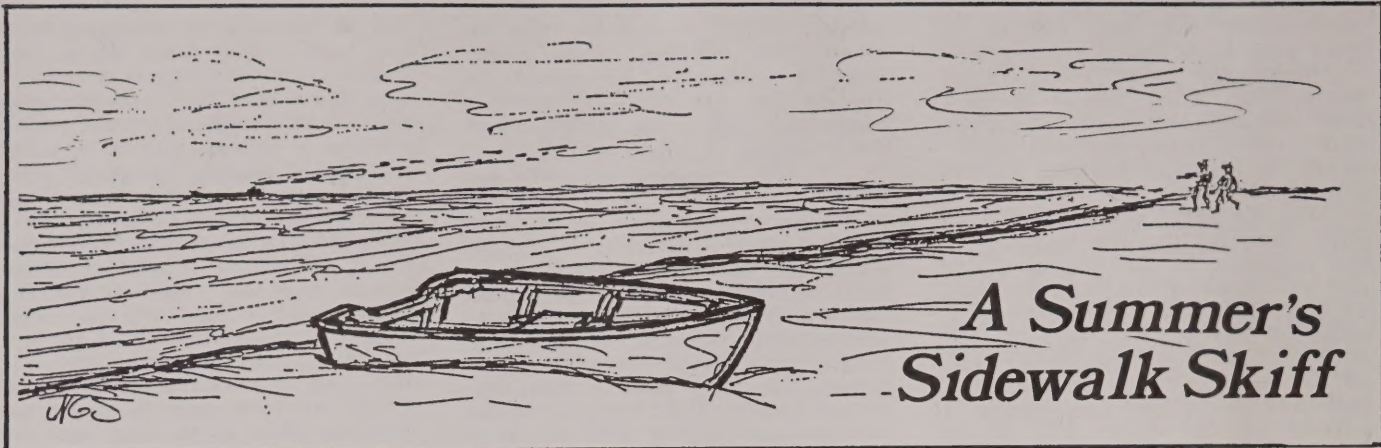
Story and chart from Iver Lofving, Swan's Island, Maine

Photos by Howard Young and Rick Whyman.



Headed ashore in the dink.





A Summer's Sidewalk Skiff

How lucky could a kid get? It wasn't every day we went down to the Touhy Avenue Beach in Chicago and found a real boat to play with. Right away we could sort of tell we wouldn't get into trouble over it; not like playing in the lifeboats, which would get us kicked off the beach by a lifeguard if he caught us.

It lay in the sand just above the water's edge. Freddy and I tried to move it and couldn't, so we went to work scooping out the sand inside with our bare hands. Eventually we discovered that we were digging deeper than the bottom ought to be. There was no bottom!

Straining up on one side together, we broke it free of the sand. The seven foot dinghy was just topsides and transom, braced by a single thwart. The bottom was just gone. Only bits of splintered plywood clung to the chine. The gunwales were cracked in places, and weathered plywood showed through flaked black paint everywhere. Strictly speaking, in terms of construction, I suppose the boat was actually a skiff, but its proportions were more like a "dink".

So what if it wouldn't float? We weren't allowed to play in Lake Michigan without our parents anyway. We figured it must have washed up in a storm. It sure hadn't been there the last time we were at the beach, which was often during summer vacation from second grade.

One of us had an idea; "Let's pretend we're marines on an LST!"

"Yeah, let's!" This was 1946, and once my father had taken me downtown to Navy Pier where they had an LST with its bow doors swung wide open to the public. Inside the cavernous hold of the ship they had various vehicles, including an armored tank, a jeep filled with radios, and a truck hitched to a howitzer, so we could see how the navy loaded them for invasions. There were also life-size dioramas of combat. Mannequins outfitted with gear people said was captured from the Japanese and Germans were locked in mortal struggle with other mannequins wearing the hero-

ic uniforms of G.I.'s and Leather-necks. I remember back then I could never figure out the meaning of these two names, but they were what a lot of grownups always called American soldiers.

By whatever name, they had made a lasting impression. We found some sticks for rifles, and exhausted ourselves jumping over the bow and running across the beach to the woods, screaming patriotic insults at "the enemy".

We were late for supper that evening. Mom didn't seem to realize that a derelict dinghy was a good reason to be late.

Next day the black boat was nowhere in sight. But upon rejoining the battle for Iwo Jima in the brushy field above the beach, we found it again in a foxhole. Some big kids must have moved it.

By now Fred and I had spread the word and almost every kid in the neighborhood had joined up to play war with our boat. With the strength of numbers, the idea emerged that we might claim this wonderful thing for ourselves. Why not? Nobody else seemed to have much regard for it. We had more right to it than the big kids, "cause we found it first!" If we could carry it back to the apartment courtyard, we wouldn't have to worry about the big kids anymore.

There were about a half-dozen of us, between six and eight years old, who lugged the hulk out of the woods, across the intersection of Touhy and Sheridan Road, and up the street to the apartments. The chine had too many bent nails and screws sticking out for a good hand hold, so we rolled the hull over and lifted it by the gunwales. Rest stops were made at several points along the way, but the crossing of Sheridan had to be done in one carry, and quickly. The biggest obstacle turned out to be the courtyard gate. Our four foot beam was too wide, so the hull was rolled onto its beam ends and skidded through and down a short flight of stairs.

Some of our mothers were surprised when they saw the derelict. Sheridan Road was a busy four-lane

lakefront artery, even at that time. We bragged that we had "made it easy on the green light," but the fact was that we had required some patience from the traffic.

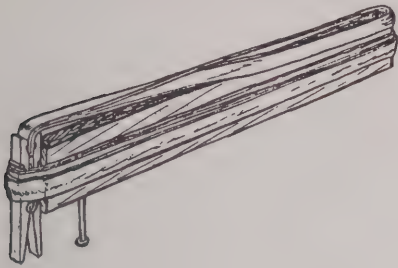
The first project was to find two boards and a hammer. Nails were no problem, we had plenty available in the chine, they just needed to be pulled and straightened. Then we measured the length of Jacky's red "Radio Flyer" wagon and nailed boards across the open bottom, spaced so they would bear on the front and rear of the wagon box.

A warship requires armament, of course, and this we provided with rubber band guns and bean shooters. Our rubber band guns were a long-time favorite toy that I've never seen anywhere else. Details of this ordnance don't have much to do with the study of boats, but for readers of a certain maturity, they will bring back memories of a time before computer games, when kids entertained themselves with junk salvaged from the trash barrel at the corner gasoline station, or with an empty crate from the alley behind the neighborhood grocery store.

The big kids showed us how to make these weapons, though I don't know why. Perhaps the nuns at school told them they should practice acts of charity. At any rate, you were old enough to have one when you could scare up the raw materials. The key components were fat rubber bands cut from old inner tubes, and even after wartime rationing was over, inner tubes were still hard for a kid to obtain. Any tube that could somehow be patched would be used as a doughnut float at the beach. Only badly ripped blowouts were cut up for ammunition. Actually, the big kids' patronage was perhaps prompted by the hope that we might share a few fresh cuts from our bounty. These guns were fearsome in appearance, but the shorter range and the slower, elastic projectile, made them quite a bit safer than bean shooters. (How in blazes did kids ever outgrow bean shooters?)

The other components were simply a 1"x2" board measuring

anywhere from 14" to 18" long, a large nail, and a spring type wooden clothespin. This last usually had to be filched, because if you asked Mom, she might guess what it was for and wouldn't give it to you.



Our intrepid amphibian was a stout vessel indeed, able to deflect a withering hail of beans or fifty-caliber rubber bands as well as Old Ironsides. One engagement with the big kids was lost, however, and they captured our ship. But they blundered in taking away the boat still attached to the "Radio

Flyer". When Jacky's mother heard about it, she telephoned one of the other mothers who knew the family of one of the big kids, and we got both boat and wagon back the next day.

The dinghy toppled off the wagon occasionally, and collided with a lamp post now and then, but somehow we managed to navigate through the summer without wrecking our craft any worse than it was when we found it. Plywood, even old beat up plywood, is tough stuff.

We planned to rebuild our prize eventually. At home, whenever I talked about our bottomless boat, my father would say,, "When you learn to swim, we could put in a new bottom and rig up a sail." It was at about that time that he planted the idea that sailboats were much more desirable than motorboats. Dad understood that small boats could be fun of the finest sort, often expressing the wish that the family had kept the "Migra", a twenty-foot sloop he and

Mom had sailed in Detroit, where I was born. But the deeper lesson he imparted was that it was simply foolish to mess about in boats without some regard for personal safety.

As it turned out, I did not learn to swim that year, though I understood full well that the rebuilding of the skiff would not be undertaken until that milestone had been achieved. But all that would come in good time. We enjoyed a great summer with our little black boat just as she was, sailing the Seven Seas on sidewalks all over the neighborhood. One day we might be the victorious company of our favorite ship, the battleship "Missouri"; then renegade pirates the next. Whatever the role, the battered old dink never lacked hearty hands.

It was not until I was eleven that Dad and I rebuilt the boat, learning some wonderful things in the process. And that will be a later tale.

"Moby Nick", Mound, MN.



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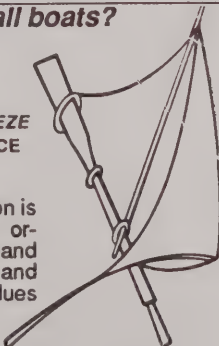
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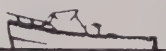
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Assessing Wave Size

Many times reports on outings in small boats make mention of wave size, how big the "seas" were running on the occasion. Reader Bob Whittier sent us a book some time ago on the subject, "Wind Waves at Sea, Breakers & Surf", published by the U.S. Navy Hydrographic Office. It's a 175 page illustrated discussion of waves, and includes some very impressive photos of just how big waves can be. Herewith a few of the more specta-

cular photos taken at sea from large ships. They make that two-foot chop we may encounter seem somewhat less intimidating.

The book is probably long out of print, but perhaps your library could track down a copy for you if you'd like to read it. "Wind Waves at Sea, Breakers & Surf" is Hydrographic Office Publication #602, published in 1947 and reprinted in 1953 by the U.S. Navy Hydrographic Office, Washington, DC.



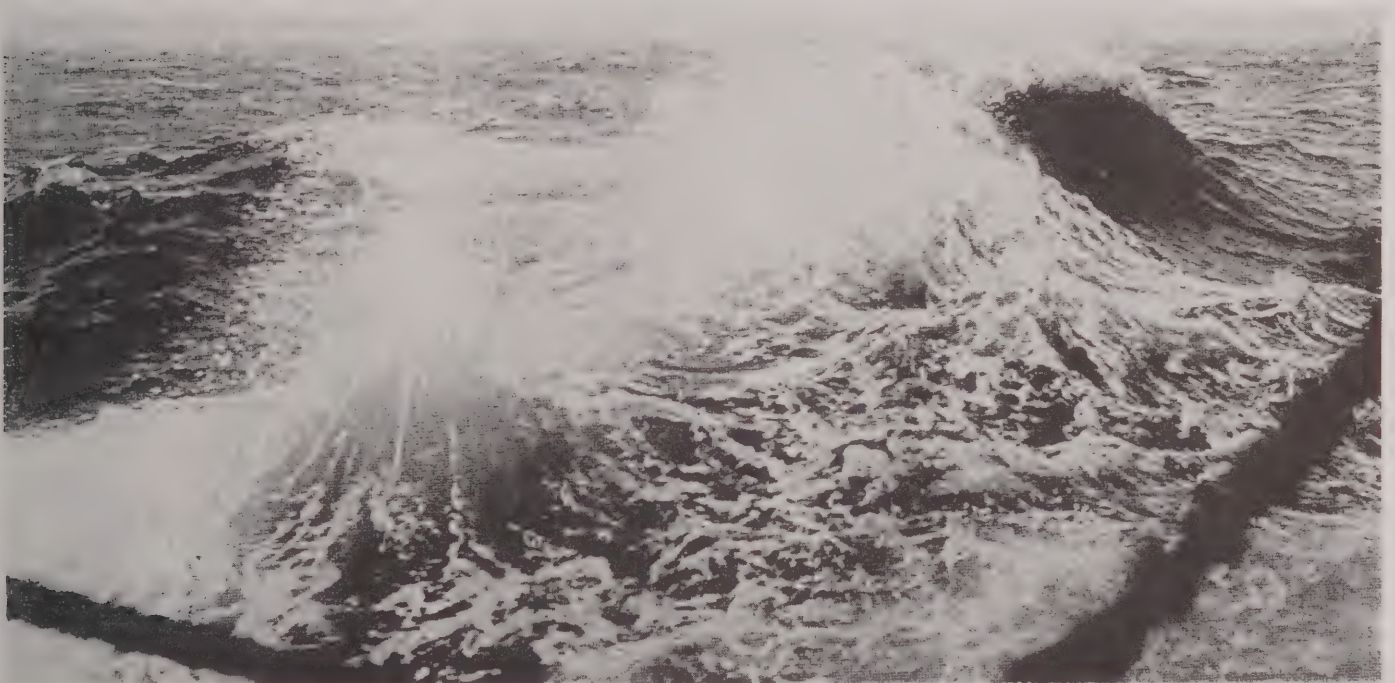
The back of the crest of a very high and breaking storm wave, viewed from a Coast Guard Cutter, as her bow is descending into the succeeding trough. (Official U. S. Coast Guard photograph.)



A moderately high and breaking sea, as viewed from a U. S. Coast Guard Cutter. (Official U. S. Coast Guard photograph.)



Smaller waves—some of them breaking—running on top of an older swell so large that a Coast Guard Destroyer Escort is largely concealed from view behind one of its crests, to illustrate the complexity of wave contours expected in windy weather. (Official U. S. Coast Guard photograph.)



Peaks developed by the interference between a sea of moderate roughness and waves set in motion by the passage of a light aircraft carrier. (Official U. S. Navy photograph.)



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From Wales to I.o.M. in a Motor Canoe

ON Wednesday, September 9, holiday-makers who were staying in Douglas, Isle of Man, saw a strange little craft approaching the harbour. The sea was running fairly high after 48 hours' hard blow, and the little boat was at times hidden from sight behind the rollers. It was a 15-ft. canoe, fitted with a Stuart inboard engine and equipped with a centre-plate, mast and 60 sq. ft. of sail, arranged as a balanced lug. It had left Amlwch, Anglesey, early that morning and had accomplished the voyage of 44½ sea-miles in 9¾ hrs.

The occupant, who is also the owner, designer and builder, was Mr. A. J. Pouncy, of St. John's Hill, Wareham. Pouncy has built a number of these auxiliary sailing canoes.

They are of all-steel construction, galvanized sheets of 20 gauge being used. The deck is of even lighter-gauge metal.

There is no keelson and there are no timbers, frames, stem and sternpost or gunwales! In fact, the canoe can be described as "all skin and no bones."

In the construction of the hull two rectangular sheets are used, these being joined by a transverse central weld, which is very neatly executed. Forward, the lines are V-section, merging into a broad U-section around the 'midships station and continuing into a narrow U-shape until the sides meet.

The sheets are cut to a template and shaped to the required curves by hand, the top edges being lapped over and welded to the deck. In the same manner a slot is cut for the centre-plate, the edges lapped over and welded to the trunk. No knees are used whatsoever, but the engine bearers, which are also of sheet steel, afford additional stiffness.

The machinery is housed abaft the central cockpit, and the 1½ h.p. Stuart two-stroke engine—which, by the way, is very effectively silenced—drives through a centrifugal clutch and a shaft line 10 degrees from the horizontal. The sterntube is welded into a steel plate, which in turn is welded to the skin, and the tube projects 18 ins. into the water to give a generous immersion to the 8-in. diameter propeller. The propeller drives the boat at 6 m.p.h. at 1,500 r.p.m.

The maximum beam (3 ft. 6 ins.) is well abaft of amidships—indeed, it is roughly three-quarters of the way from the stem to the stern. This gives the canoe a somewhat odd appearance, but it places the maximum buoyancy and stability just exactly where it is wanted—in way of the engine.

With an estimated displacement of approximately 3½ cwt., the canoe is made unsinkable by the provision of two large air-tanks and 4½ cubic ft. of



The 15-ft. motor sailing canoe shortly after arriving at Douglas. A 1½ h.p. engine is fitted.

Onazote expanded rubber, this quantity of the material providing nearly 60 lb. of positive buoyancy apart from the air-tanks.

A bamboo mast is stepped without shrouds and seems man enough to support the balanced lug of 60 sq. ft., which has been given three rows of reef-points. The canoe is quite efficient under sail alone.

Now for a brief account of the trip to the Isle of Man. Pouncy kept a rough log, which he carried in a waterproof pouch. It records his departure time as 6.10 a.m., wind south-easterly, and a following sea.

He carried tides with him for some distance. At 6.42 the sun showed itself, and at 7.5 land, or a low bank of cloud, was sighted in the direction of the Isle of Man. Pouncy had set his course from Point Lynas to Douglas Head, bearing east and then west of the direct line to combat tide-drift. He streamed a Walker Mark IV enclosed flywheel log immediately he cast off his moorings, and he steered by a Husun dead-beat aperiodic compass mounted on the centre-plate trunk forward of the helmsman.

At 10 a.m. Pouncy sighted the Isle of Man—he was sure of it this time—but almost immediately the land was blotted out by mist, and at the same time the wind and sea increased. By 1.15 p.m. he had logged 33 sea-miles, despite several stops to clear the propeller from floating weed. At 2 o'clock the Island was once more visible, and at 2.15 Douglas Head was located, the log at this stage recording 37½ miles. An hour later 41½ sea-miles had been left astern, and when the canoe passed the pier-head at Douglas the clock indicated 3.55 and the log recorded 44½ miles.

This works out at an average speed for the trip, including frequent stops for de-weeding the propeller, of 5¼ land-miles per hour. The canoe is said to cruise for six hours on a gallon of petrol.

Pouncy is marketing similar craft at from £50 upwards, or without engine but complete with sail at from £15 upwards.







My Arctic Adventure ~7

Report by Gail Ferris

The next day was as somber as a tomb. We leisurely paddled south past the west side of Frechette Island. My friends put ashore for lunch, but I kept going, having the tide with me and such ideal conditions, all was so idyllic. To my left were a series of coves and rocky low islands making it more difficult to discern the passage without accidentally ending up in a cove. The islands and peninsulas blended together in the clear arctic air, making separating them out a navigational task not readily apparent to the eye. I decided to cross over to Frechette Island because there was no doubt that the channel ran by there.

Passing by the vertical rock faces of Frechette Island I came upon a seagull rookery where two parents were guarding their two fuzzy grey chicks. These were Thayer's Gulls, very similar to Herring Gulls, which do not inhabit arctic Canada. They are just as capable of pot shooting those who venture too closely, with a strange form of precipitation.

I happened to notice with some suspicion an odd arrangement of small boulders which stretched from Frechette Island to the mainland across the western arm of Tay Sound. Little bells went off in my head, something told me this would be a very shallow spot about to become dried out as the tide was ebbing. Some of the rocks already looked like there wasn't much water around them. When I reached them I quickly jumped out, grabbed the bow of my kayak and hot-footed it across the sand bar with just barely enough water to float the boat. That was close, a few minutes later and I would have had to unload and carry everything across. I was surely glad to be on the other side, the scenery was nice, but not that nice. I wondered if it might have been a fish weir, because the placement of those rocks seemed more the work of human hands than of nature.

Now I faced my first solo arctic crossing, over the eastern arm of Tay Sound, in bright sunshine

and completely benign conditions. I was not at ease about this, but it was something that I not only could do, but had to do for myself. I am not a person without fear, but I know that fear can be reduced by placing the situation in its proper perspective for one's own skills.

At long last I got to the other side. The crossing seemed to have taken ages but it was just routine. I stopped at a brook for some fresh water, and as I turned to leave I saw some lovely green sea urchins, large enough to eat, all over the submerged rocks. I decided I was going to enjoy these tasty morsels in style. I never met a green sea urchin I didn't like. My idea of harvesting them in style was to do so while remaining in my kayak. I decided that with a little paddle juggling I could pry the urchins off their rocks, place them on a flat area, smash them open with my paddle and devour the orange egg-shaped balls on the top of the shells. Well, it worked, and I dined in style, but without candelabra, the sun was shining. Actually you can leave the candelabra at home on an arctic trip, it is never quite dark enough in summer to need them.

I progressed along the shore of endlessly complex metamorphic gneiss, the charcoal gray endlessly interwoven with striations of white and pink feldspar, looking like cotton candy swirls. I arrived at our old campsite of day four behind Qorbignaluk Headland on Tay Sound. About an hour later, after I had found a pleasingly soft, level, slightly dry campsite and set up my tent, I heard the familiar voices of my French friends. They had been following me after they had eaten their lunch. When they arrived at the rocks off the southwest tip of Frechette Island, they had found a lengthy carry with plenty of rocks to step over and around. They also found the treasure of sea urchins and had gathered many in a bag, and we dined on these as evening appetizers.

The next morning was our eleventh day, and we had planned to

rest from paddling and do some hiking for a change. It turned out to be a layover day anyway due to the weather, a rainy, foggy storm just hung over us, trapped in the area. Five miles away I could see different weather conditions. I later learned that this can happen in this area of fjords. We had cumulonimbus clouds stuck, so it seemed, in our valley, about 1,000 feet up on the back slope of Qorbignaluk Headland. We could have pretended we were angels by hiking up there and walking around inside these clouds. We did spend the day relaxing and exploring on foot.

It was slightly windy on the twelfth morning, about ten knots, but we had bright sunshine. We crossed Oliver Sound, a distance of about four miles and pulled into a protected harbor for a simple lunch of soup in the thermos. Then with the tide receding and a light headwind, I once again left my friends, heading back to Pond Inlet. I knew being alone along this coast was unlikely to be dangerous because I could land almost anywhere on the way back. No high cliffs, just low, sandy terrain. And the possibility of meeting a polar bear was not likely in this area.

The wind ceased blowing and the tide assisted me as hour after hour the miles went by. I encountered a flock of snow geese at close range and was so absorbed in watching them I forgot to record the moment on my cam-corder. The water was clear and the gravel and rock bottom was colorful and interesting to study. The only ice in sight was some bergs here and there across the bay, some twenty miles away.

I passed a large hunting camp on a point which had a few large tents, and as the evening hours approached, a number of motor boats passed by, heading in the direction of the camp. Other motor boats were headed out to the west for Cape Hatt and the Milne Bay area. This was a Friday evening and traditionally everyone goes camping on weekends.

The Inuit are a highly fam-

ily-oriented culture, reflected in their camping and hunting trips on which the entire family always goes. As soon as the ice is out enough at winter's end, all the boats in Pond Inlet are launched and the whole town is off on camping and hunting trips. You can ask after someone in Pond Inlet at any given time, and find that nobody is certain of his whereabouts as to which camp site he may have gone to. And the Inuit do not pay much attention to the time, they do not adhere to any schedules but do their traveling and tasks when they feel it appropriate. This can be difficult for we tightly scheduled types to relate to, but when the sun just keeps on circling around the horizon twenty-four hours a day, the idea of time of day becomes absurd.

I landed my kayak on an expansive sandy beach and prepared camp. Now the motor boats were passing by so frequently that I decided I must have arrived at "Broadway & 42nd St." I no longer had to give any consideration to thinking I was alone out here!

As I was cooking my dinner in the long orange rays of the waning sun, I suddenly noticed I was being visited by a curious fox. I was so completely surprised that again I never thought to try to film him. He danced and pranced on his toes around my kayak, inspecting everything. I had not thought that an arctic fox could be THIS precocious. I had read of the trait, but hadn't thought it likely that I would have such an encounter with one. The only other wild creatures I can think of with similar personalities, which like to heckle campers and kayakers, are ravens and seals.

Later I slept well, and awoke to a bright sunny thirteenth day. After a leisurely breakfast, with two cups of Italian coffee, no less, I launched for the final push to Pond Inlet. It was brilliantly sunny and dead calm at first, but then came this soft wind from the west generating gentle swells more widely spaced than they were high, having the character of ground swells. As the wind continued to blow, these grew in height. As I came past a shoal beach area with outlying islands, the swells steepened in the constricting shallows, and began cresting and breaking in places. The beaches were varied enough that a protected area could be found if necessary.

I noticed in the distance ahead a darkening on the surface of the water, and thought it might be due to the presence of a tidal current as I was working my way more easterly towards Pond Inlet, where there is a distinct tidal current. But the darkening in the distance gradually drew closer and closer until it was upon me. It was caused by a freshening wind coming out of the east, and now the west wind

that had generated those swells disappeared and I now had the wind in my face. And the cloudless sky was giving way to increasing clouds.

Paddling now became more interesting as the short choppy waves from the east would intermingle every so often with the remains of the westerly swell, something familiar to me on Long Island Sound. The waves developed a rhythm of a set of three from the east and then a roll from the west. I took advantage of the latter to aid my headway into the easterly wind and waves. The wind speed increased and I paddled ever more strenuously, working harder and harder to round one of the large unnamed points which seem to separate east from south turning the corner in Eclipse Sound towards Pond Inlet. Now the tide changed against me also. I thought I was never going to see the last of that unnamed point! I was engaged in a treadmill paddle, inching my way eastward, but I just did not want to give up yet and so I plodded along and the time passed by.

Finally I progressed around the point enough to see the town of Pond Inlet far ahead. I resigned myself to the fact that this was a futile effort, and that paddling the remaining distance be put off, so I began to look for a place of refuge at which to land. After one attempted approach, I realized that there was a lack of suitable places because the beach was so narrow and the waves were breaking so it was easy to catch one which would dump into the boat. Then I found a slightly calmer place with shoal protection moderating some of the wave action. I decided to land here where a wide-mouthed ravine offered a place where I could put my boat and tent out of the wind.

I took advantage of the intermittently larger swells to bring my Klepper up as high on the beach as I could go without having to carry it. Then I unloaded the boat, and picked it up and carried it up into the ravine. Here was enough area for me to set up my tent, and I enjoyed its shelter while the wind pummeled the rest of the now gray world outside.

I dozed in my tent snug as the bug in a rug. I awoke to find the sun peeping through the clouds, the storm was subsiding. I found that I could not ignore these brilliant yellow rays, so with renewed energy I decided it was time for a celebration cup of my favorite espresso and some dinner. Further up the ravine I found a protected cooking area and some convenient fresh water. Nothing like a good cup of coffee to make a party!

As I was brewing my coffee I gazed up at the opposite side of the ravine and saw an arctic fox standing there only about seventy-five feet away. I was startled to see this little creature sniffing the

wind and trying to figure out what I was doing. He then paced over to my left a little closer and sat down. I had to watch the coffee pot on the stove, but this did not disturb my very curious visitor. After a few minutes of observing me, he yawned, as if becoming bored, and proceeded to scratch behind his ear. Some shedding hair was dislodged, and then he shifted to the other ear. He then paused in these toilettries to watch me for a bit more.

He again re-situated himself, this time to my right, and a little closer, and resumed yawning and scratching. I shut off the noisy stove and poured myself some coffee, again not disturbing my visitor in the least. Finally he could withstand his curiosity no longer, and walked directly up to within six feet of me, when I, in fear of his maybe being rabid, shooed him away. He turned and ran off, resuming his endless tour of the tundra. I thought he might return later, or that I might find him again, but after much walking and looking I found he was gone. During all of this, I had not dared to go for my camcorder. In retrospect, I realized that he seemed so tame I could have taken the risk. He did not run off until I had actually shooed him away.

Now that the wind had died down, I felt more energetic again and broke camp and headed off again for Pond Inlet village, now in sight. The sun was beginning to set through the departing clouds with brilliant reds and oranges lighting the blue and gray skies, with a pearly luster of pinks and grays on the now softly rolling water. I had been enveloped in this peculiarly arctic play of sunset light before, but had not previously filmed it, so this time I did so with the camcorder held over the side just at water level. Opposite, the moon was just discernable through the clouds. It had been full a few days earlier. The sky was still too bright from the sunlight to see any other astral bodies.

Now I had the tide running with me, and in this magic world of arctic sunset light, I turned towards the end of my arctic adventure, Pond Inlet, now but a couple of miles away beyond the shoals of the Salmon River. But, I will return in August of 1990 to see more of the arctic, the home of the kayak.

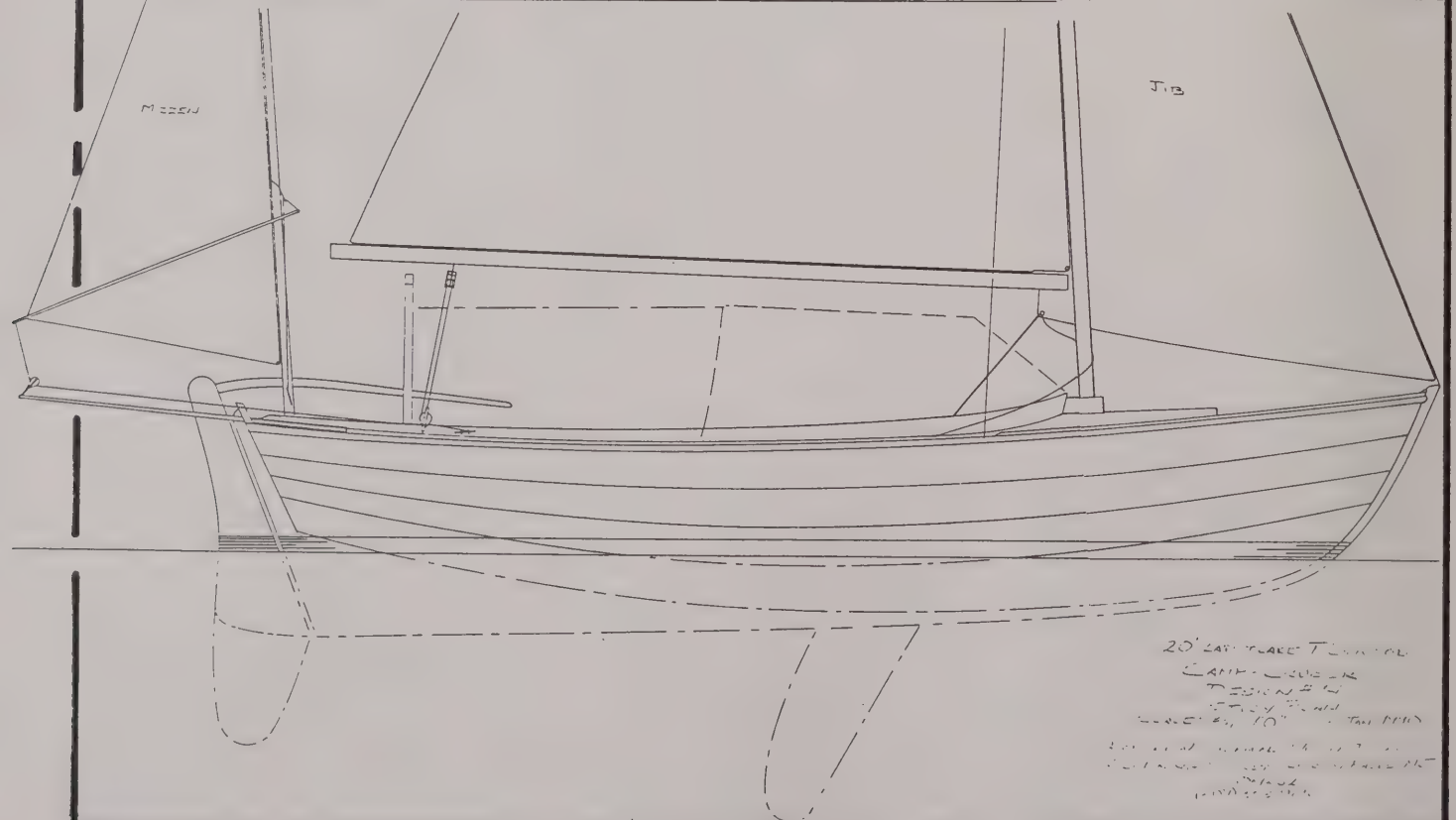
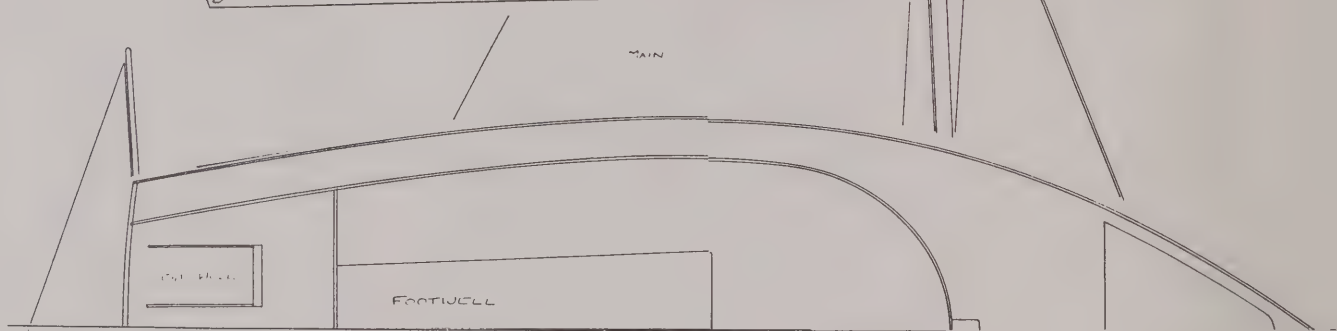
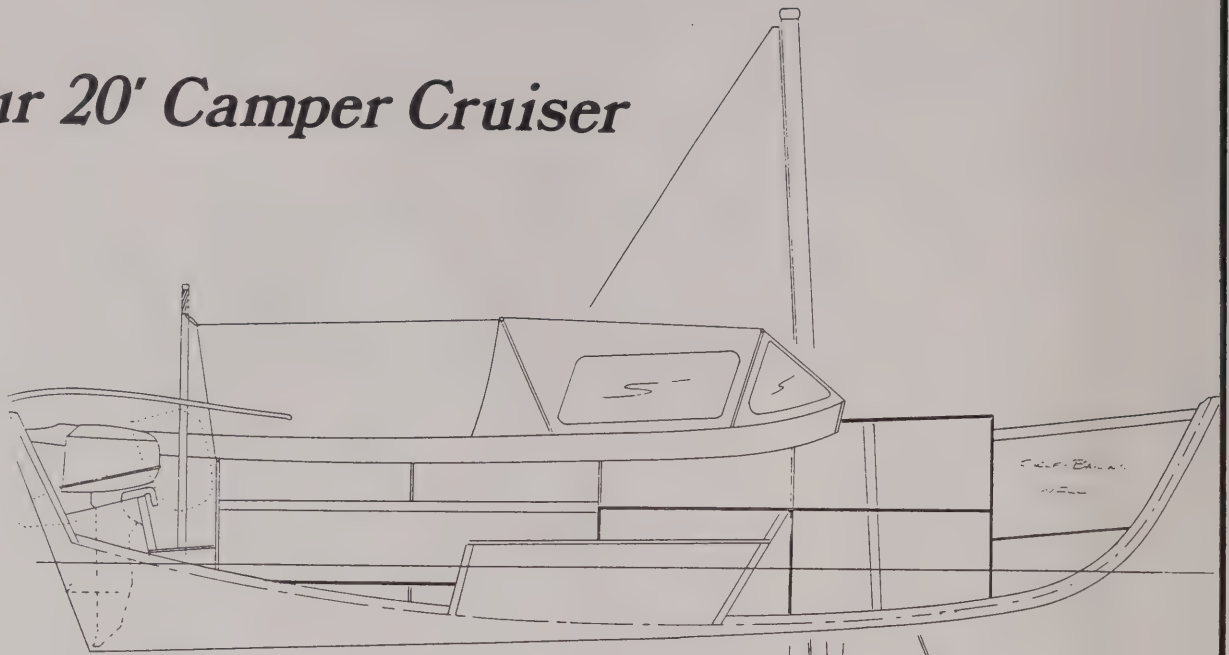
Conclusion

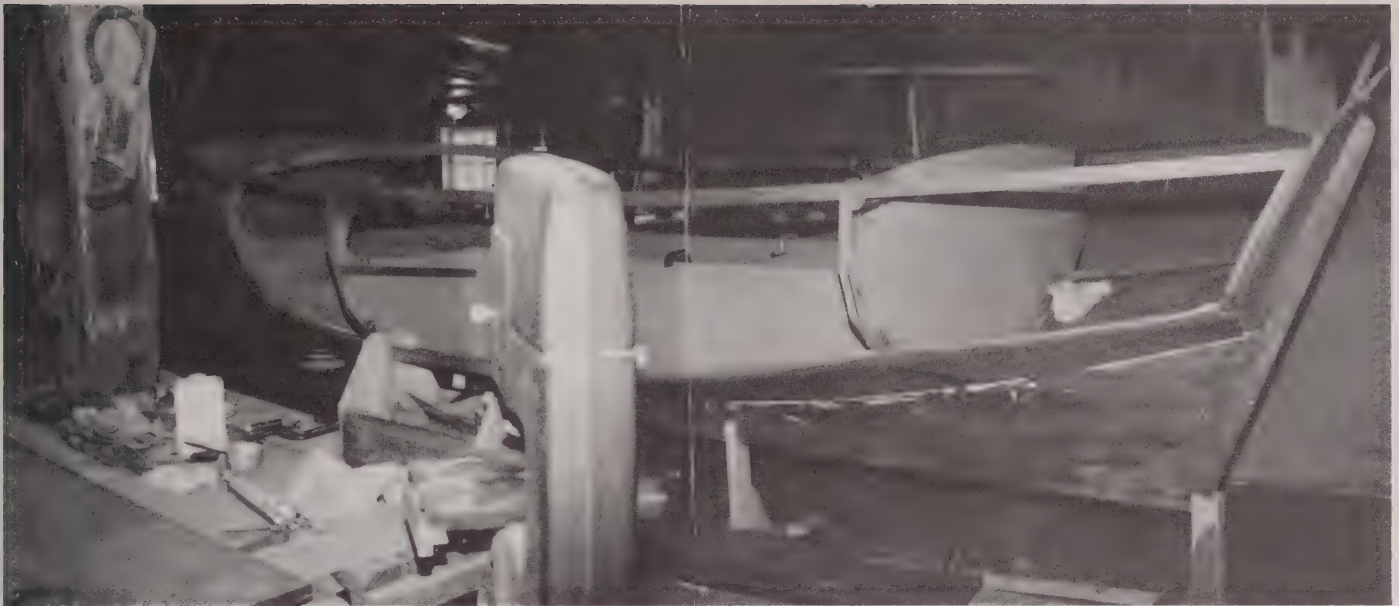
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The left side looking forward.

David Lake of Ravens Wing Watercraft and I, Bob Stephens of Robert W. Stephens Wooden Boats, of Lisbon Falls, Maine, are working together this winter on our latest project, a yawl-rigged camp cruiser, 20'3"x7'x1'5" (CB up)x1,200 pounds, to my own design. She's built in lapstrake plywood, three planks per side above wide bottom panels over five permanent plywood bulkheads, to give a light, strong, remarkably shapely hull which is quite quickly and efficiently built, because the time and expense of building temporary molds is eliminated.

The layout of the boat is rather interesting. The after three feet are separated from the cockpit by a water-tight bulkhead and are devoted to a motor well to accommodate the 5hp to 9.9hp outboard and to stowage for such unpleasanties as fuel tanks, batteries, and cooler; keeping unwanted leakage and odors out of the passenger compartment. I like to think of it as a "back porch", maybe with a grating over the tanks and battery.

The cockpit is 10-1/2' long with a 6'4" footwell and chair height seats, to accommodate Ann and Jack Thompson, the owners and their six grandchildren. Forward of the footwell are 6-1/2' of "sleeping flat", providing lounging and sunbathing space during the day and a wide double bunk at night. Large lockers are located under this flat, split by the centerboard trunk, just to starboard of the keel. A big boat type dodger on stainless steel bows covers the sleeping flat; this can be folded forward in good weather, or left up while underway to provide shelter from wind and spray. At anchor, an extension zips onto the after end of the dodger, extending the canvas "cabin" over the whole cockpit and using the boom gallows at the aft end of the cockpit for support.

The forward three feet of the boat are given over to another self-bailing well, with a sole at chine level, for anchor handling and stowage duties. It bails through holes in the side planking, covered by clamshell vents to prevent backwash when heeled, Phil Bolger style.

The yawl rig was chosen for several reasons, the major one being for appearance and personality. Other good reasons included the ability of the mizzen to keep the boat head-to-wind at anchor or at sea (while drifting for a leisurely lunch, for example); the ability to "tune out" weather helm with the mizzen sheet; and the ability to instantly reduce sail drastically and continue sailing by dropping the main and continuing on under jib

and mizzen. To this end, the main is rigged with lazy jacks and a sturdy permanent gallows is fitted. I can imagine the skipper caught out in a squall dropping the main into the lazy jacks, starting the outboard, ducking into the shelter of the dodger and motorsailing to a sheltered harbor.

David and I, as well as Ann and Jack, think this will be a great boat with a lot of possibilities, and we are eagerly awaiting the coming of spring to see how she fulfills that promise. We also hope to bring her to Strawberry Banke this summer.

Bob Stephens, Robert W. Stephens Wooden Boats, 23 Vining St., Lisbon Falls, ME 04252, (207) 353-9616.

The building molds also form permanent bulkheads in the finished boat.





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She is 15 feet 1 inch overall, by 4 feet 3 inches beam. She weighs dry about 275 pounds, so is not a boat you can carry on the car top. At present prices, depending somewhat upon locality, \$75 should build her.

She'll require a goodly space in which to be built and this space must be dry, because rain will swell and readjust her slats until you'll scream at patching up her bevels. All boats are like this. They must be put together dry. If your garage or basement isn't big enough to accommodate her, build a lean-to to shelter the work. Since there are only ten boards in her hull, she builds easily and no hot bending is needed.

The dory type is well known in Eastern coastal waters. Usually these boats are slab sided, narrow sterned and are built so as to "nest"; that is, the thwarts are stowed in the bottom, and one dory goes into another. By this means deck loads of these boats are carried to the Grand Banks, where they are used far offshore by the fishermen handling codfish.

Such boats are seagoers, but the

BADGER

No small vessel can top the Gloucester dory as a boat able to take punishment and ask for more. But a true dory is the world's crankiest boat. *Badger* has all the dory's virtues of sea kindliness and husky charm, yet she'll be easy to power and maneuver.

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pure dory design is cranky and requires able handling by men who know how.

By modifying the type, widening the bottom and giving the stern end some bearing, the dory is made into a docile craft for small outboards. *Badger*, shown in the opening photograph, and in the drawings here, has proved fast with small power because her waterline is narrow with a light load. As she goes down in the water, these waterlines widen and she becomes quite stiff. The more you load her, the more stable she gets.

I have used the boat shown in the photo for a long time; I have had her out in anything Lake Superior could throw. I have hauled rocks for the crib of my dock until her wales had only an inch of freeboard.

She is shown after one such trip on a calm day resting placidly at the end of my dock. Just enough rocks have been left aboard to tip her and show her shape. The photo was shot from the window of my design office, right over the drawing board on which her drawings were made.

The first thing to do in building any boat is to lay down her lines full size. Use either brown butcher paper taped to the floor, or, much better, a couple of panels of cheap plywood, size 4', 8' and $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick for this. These, laid end to end, serve as a record for the bevels and stem and frames. It is much better to use this plywood "lofting floor."

On the floor you strike a line near the top, to represent the dotted line shown on the lines profile drawing. This line represents the building floor. A distance of 31" away strike a parallel line. This represents the waterline, and it is from this line that the dimensions for the rocker in her bottom are given. Another line elsewhere below will serve as a centerline for the half-breadths measurements.

Using a pine batten about 1" x 1" and 16 feet long, reproduce the lines profile drawing as close to the measurements as your batten will come. This, then, gives you a full-sized lines profile drawing to the outside of the planking. On this drawing, and at this time, you draw in also the outline of the expanded transom

and the outline of the oak stem piece, shown on the Sectional View of Stem, Keel Boards and Transom. Later, you can pick off these patterns on thin plywood to use in cutting your actual transom and stem.

Next, sweep in the half-breadth plan. Carry along with this the fore body and the aft body plan, noting that the point of reference is to the outside, under edge of the planking lap. This planking is $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick of cedar, juniper or white pine. Red cedar is not recommended because unless it is in strips, it is too brittle to lap well and won't hold fastenings.

The lap line is thus established from the profile plan, the half-breadth plan and the point of reference for the lap is put on the body plan. Now you must determine the inboard point for the jog in the frame, or the change in frame angle. This is done by subtracting the planking thickness.

When you have the fore and aft body plans "gee'd" up, inscribe a line inboard $\frac{1}{2}$ " to make the actual frame line. In other words, you subtract the planking thickness. When the face of each frame has been marked, then outline the final frame pattern $2\frac{1}{2}$ " inboard of this, sweeping the chine portion or heel of the frame across the bottom.

As shown in the drawing, these frames are three in number, 1" x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " white oak, and are joined at the chine heel. A good way, in fact the best, for this boat, is to put a saw cut $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide in these heels, and insert a gusset of $\frac{3}{8}$ " waterproof plywood. Using waterproof glue, the frame can be glued up right on the body plan, first placing a piece of waxed paper under the joint to catch drip. When set, the joint can be riveted. The complete frame then can be beveled from the actual frame line without having to make allowance for fore and aft movement as when top and bottom frame are handclashed at the chine.

The stem is of $1\frac{3}{4}$ " white oak, molded as shown. The transom may be of $1\frac{3}{4}$ " fir, or oak, or yellow pine, even cypress. It should be feathered at the joint.

Bear in mind that the projected transom on the body plan is not the transom to build. You must expand the transom along the raked depth. This will give you the true beveled shape for the piece.

Patterns for the stem and transom are made, and these pieces got out. Next, cleat up the bottom keel boards. These must be a full 1" thick to properly bevel and to take fastenings. The two center boards are $7\frac{1}{2}$ " wide. The wing boards may be left until cleated, and the width to "come." Cypress, oak, yellow pine will make good bottom boards. Yellow pine is perhaps the most available. The cleats are of yellow pine, marked "intermediate ties" on the half-under view of the bottom.

Now lay out the centerline of the boat and the frame station on your shop floor, and erect the frames; then bend down the keel board and secure with bronze or galvanized screws through the keel boards into the frames. Use about $2\frac{1}{2}$ " No. 12 screws. Bronze is to be preferred.

Brace the works up to suit, and then make a template for the chine planks. These are of $\frac{1}{2}$ " material, and should be fastened starting at the transom and working forward, having first ascertained the shape. Allow a little over along the chine for trimming, and do not bevel for knuckle No. 1 until the plank is fastened. It is easier to bevel the edge true this way, working right from the frame. The overlap will be about 1", as the sectional sketch above the lines' half breadth shows.

A good device for horsing home the planks at the stem is shown in one of the sketches. Triangular pieces are temporarily screwed back of the landing portion, and clamps can then be used to bring the plank up to the stem bevel. Use 1" screws No. 8 on $1\frac{1}{2}$ " centers for the stem fastening. The hood ends are trimmed off and a $\frac{3}{4}$ " oak batten is bent around as a stem band.

The laps in the seams of the planks are clout-nailed, using 1" copper clouts, or rivets may be used. About 2" centers is right. Marine supply stores carry them.

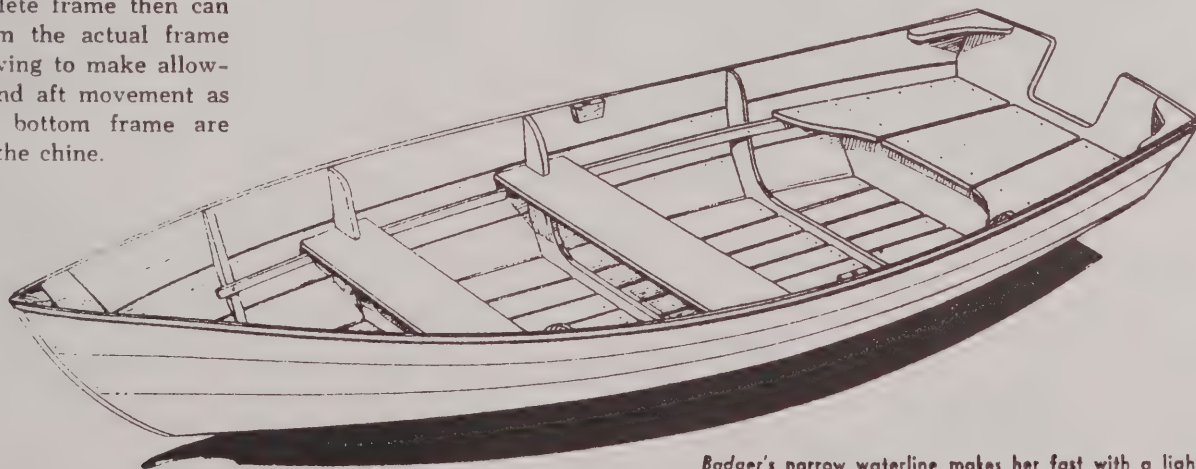
Removable slat floors go over the inboard cleats.

These may be of $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 4" pine or other light wood. They should be spaced about $\frac{3}{8}$ " between slats, and be tied across underneath with 1" or 2" crosspieces screwed to the slates from underside. Each of these floor slat sections is a unit between the main frames and is hence removable for cleaning out sand and debris. You will find that these floor slats are more than worth the trouble it takes to build them as without them bilge water and sand will always be wetting your feet. The thwarts had best be made of $1\frac{1}{8}$ " x 12" material, screwed to the riser at the height shown on the blueprint. The riser is $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 2", white oak.

Painting and general finish is the same as for any boat. Buff interior, white outboard is fine.

PLANS FOR "BADGER"

Building plans for "Badger" are available from Weston Farmer Associates, 18970 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 for \$50. Wes Farmer, Jr. reports that they recently received an order for these plans from a man who had seen the boat at Isle Royale 38 years ago!



Badger's narrow waterline makes her fast with a light load. Loaded, she stiffens up and becomes more stable. With only 10 boards in her hull, she is cheap to build.

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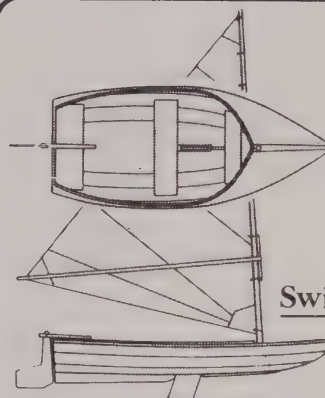
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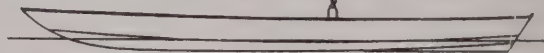


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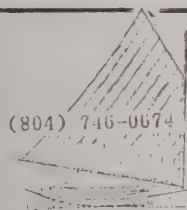
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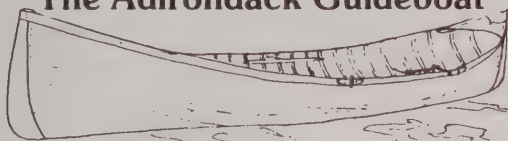
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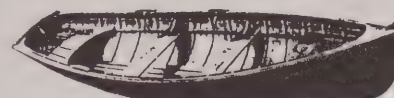
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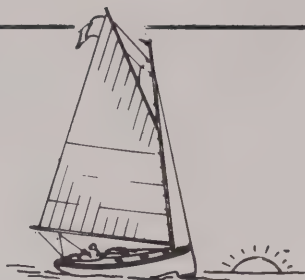


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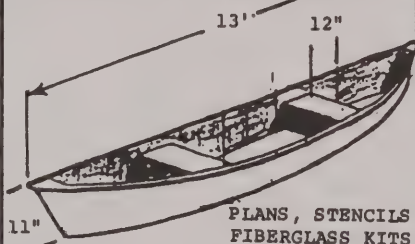
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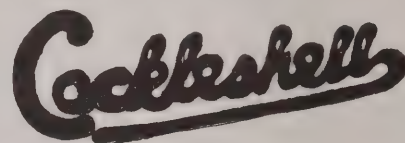
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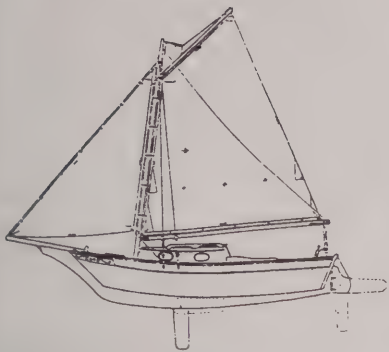
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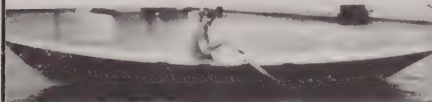
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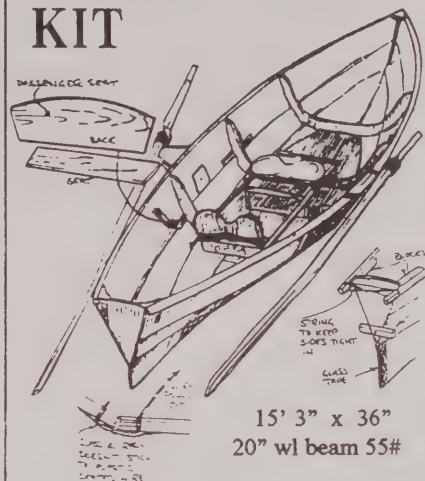
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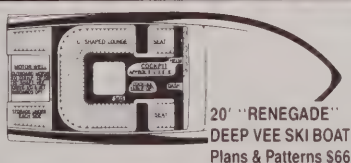
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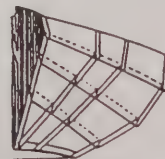
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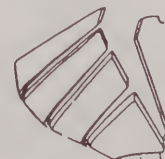
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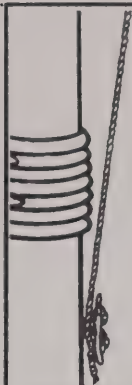
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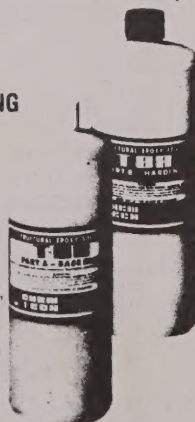
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