



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

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Commentary

BOB
HICKS

It's only mid-March as you read this (late February as I write it) but already the long suppressed hopes of winter are surfacing in anticipation of getting back into the boats again. A week or so ago I attended the Snow Row in Hull, Massachusetts, (story next issue) where those oarspersons who simply could not wait hit the water into the teeth of a 25 knot northwesterly wind. Conditions on the water were far worse than a summer storm which would keep them all at home. But, the sun was shining and the water beckoned. Punishment in the name of sport.

And elsewhere in this issue is a tale of winter sailing in New Jersey, another who could not wait, having just gotten his new boat at season's end. I haven't had any of the usual winter paddling adventures from the sea kayakers, but maybe something will turn up. They must have been out there.

For most of us, I'd guess, it's been the usual winter doldrums, with some hard at work on new boats for next year. I even got to do a little work on one of the Townies I have around here, not much, what with other winter maintenance projects around the place needed to keep winter outside. Some people can keep up the old momentum right through the depths of winter, really getting their boats in shape for April or May. Others need the stimulus of the early balmy days to get the boat projects going again, and then, inevitably, as launching time grows nigh, the boat's not quite ready. "If only I'd started sooner, like in January, right after the holiday interruption."

We've been hearing of a few boats that are in process with prospects of their being ready for display at one of the summer shows on tap for this year, the new Albany Wooden Boat Festival in June and the Strawberry Banke Small Boatbuilders' Day in July. These two events, I believe, will rejuvenate interest in the building of small craft as they offer builders, both professionals and amateurs, very low cost opportunities to display their handiwork and look over what other builders are doing.

We have a notice in this issue's "Happenings" of a "Homebuilt Messabout Day" out in California the end of April, organized by an amateur builder who says he's not bashful about showing off what he's built; and another inquiry from an amateur builder into possible interest in such a day this summer in Illinois. And, of course, the one

that started it all, Small Craft Day at Mystic Seaport, will celebrate 20 years of messing about in small craft this June with focus on the dory. Back to basics, honoring the man who gave this traditional small craft thing a badly needed push back in the early '70's, John Gardner.

All this grass roots stuff just enchants me, I love to mix at such gatherings with all of you who are doing these neat small boat things. So do most of you, or you'd not be turning up for the affairs. The hope that was invested in the Wooden Boat Show was unhappily disappointed as that ambitious effort suffered a lingering death under the pressure of high costs. Small craft are just not destined for the big time, and we seem to be becoming aware of this.

The Albany Show will charge each exhibitor a flat \$40 fee, regardless of the number of boats brought, to defray costs of advertising it to attract the largest possible interested public. But the public gets in free. At Strawberry Banke, the exhibitors get in free, the public pays a \$7 museum admission. The Mystic event costs about \$25 to take part for the weekend, bring your own boat or not. These various ways of covering basic costs of financing such gatherings are well within the grass roots level that small boats fit best into.

We're just like the small builders, we build 24 small boat magazines a year instead of the boats. This makes us part of this grass roots scene too, and our part in it is, I believe very strongly, the bringing to anyone interested all the news of what's going on messing about in boats. Please, if you are aware of any event or project or builder involving what we all are interested in, let me know about it so I can spread the word.



Our Next Issue...

Will include many of those articles promised for this one. Lessee, now, there's my Snow Row report; Tom Sleeper's "O"-Boat conversion; Ray Williamson's schooner restoration; Stephen Olsen's "salty decks"; Ocean Kayak's "Scrambler"; Bernie Wolfard's Common Sense Designs; Eric Sponberg's "Delft 25"; John Marples' 3-Meter multihull design; Norman Horne's "Happy Wanderer" kayak project; Ed Selings review of "The Practical Pilot". And as yet unpromised; Peter Brennan's tale of buying that first "yacht", "I'll Never Fall in Love Again"; Ted Bailey's good times in an old 30' Liberty Launch conversion; Stephen Allen's Simmons Sea Skiff project. Better stop here.

On the Cover...

Weekend cruising in a 7' boat seems to be a possibility, Derek Van Loan tells us how in this issue in "Sleeper on the Petaluma". Talk about "pocket cruiser"!



Lois Darling Author, Illustrator, Sailor, Artist

With profound sadness and deepest regret, TSCA mourns the passing of one of its most distinguished members, the accomplished illustrator and artist, Lois Darling of Old Lyme, Connecticut. Those who have attended the June Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport will recall a diminutive woman in large floppy-brimmed hats paddling about in an equally diminutive Bart Hathaway canoe. In spite of her deceptively slight physique, Lois was a deep-water sailor with impressive credentials. In 1941 she was the National Women's Sailing Champion. She taught sailing and on one occasion served as a mate on a large yacht that placed high in the Bermuda race for that year.

Although Lois was a committed pacifist who abominated war, she served as a WAVE during World War II drafting for the war effort, during which time she worked in Starling Burgess's design office.

After the war, Lois studied at the Museum of Natural History in New York City where her talents for sketching and drawing began to become apparent. At this time she became acquainted with Louis Darling, a young art student of about the same age and of similar interests. Following

their marriage and until Louis's death from cancer in 1970, the two collaborated closely in writing and illustrating numerous books, including textbooks, on natural history.

Probably Lois's best-known works are her illustrations for Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. Favorites of hers were the pen-and-ink sketches she did for Llewellyn Howland's *Sou'West & By West of Cape Cod*, recently reprinted by Yankee Books. Especially charming and amusing is her illustrated children's book *Nessie*, in which the Loch Ness monster is presented as a kindly, comic, and somewhat bewildered survivor from the age of dinosaurs.

Shortly after her husband's death, she moved to Old Lyme to a house she designed with a large studio on the second floor looking out over the salt marsh. Here she continued to draw and paint with time out for occasional trips abroad. On her last trip she visited the location on the River Thames where years before Kenneth Grahame wrote *The Wind in the Willows*, beloved of children and adults the world over. There she talked with those who had known Grahame, searched the river banks for old boats she sketched, and took a row on the river in a scull much

like Ratty's, bringing home plans from which she proceeded to build a very precise planked model of Ratty's boat.

The model was well along to completion last Spring when the sky fell in on Lois's world. Out of the blue her doctor informed her that she had an advanced case of leukemia with only a few days or weeks at the most to live.

She refused to give in. Living from day to day and from blood transfusion to blood transfusion, she was determined to at least finish the job she had started and to finish it to the high standards she had set for herself. Time and again it seemed that she would never make it, but she kept coming back, and finally after six months of excruciating effort, the model was complete to the last tiny nail and brush stroke. And not only the boat, less than 2 feet long, but Ratty was seated at the sculls with Mole on the stern bench facing him and grasping the tiller lines.

Ratty's boat is now on view at Mystic Seaport where it will remain permanently as a gift from Lois and a testimonial to unflinching grit and an indomitable human spirit.

—John Gardner



Lois Darling with her recreation of Ratty's Boat from "Wind in the Willows".

Reprinted from the "Ash Breeze", newsletter of the Traditional Small Craft Association.

TOURING UNDER OAR

Tom Colgan asked for feedback on rowing shells for touring in a bygone issue. My wife, and partner on the water, have been "sea kayaking" on the Maine coast for about nine years. Our Klepper Aerius II is now rigged with a Martin Oar-master portable sliding seat rig in the stern cockpit, using 9'9" sculling oars, and is "coxed" from the bow cockpit with rudder footpedals.

We had begun sea touring with kayak paddles, but years of white water grunting and chilled splashes caught up with my elbows. Charlie Porter, a neighbor, and one of the quiet stars of climbing, had cruised the Cape Horn region with a rig like our present one for over six months, successfully. We tried it and it has worked well, especially since one manpower at the oars is better than two paddling. We can trade places at sea in moderate conditions.

None of the recreational shells such as the Alden had enough volume and comfort for a sea touring double. We settled on Klepper only after trials with open cockpit rigid kayaks and the Folbot models. Our trips have usually been two to four day tours with full camping gear, including water and the mandatory bottle of wine. Depending on the season, total camping gear weighs around 60 pounds; stove, tents, foul weather gear, food, emergency things.

We've been out to Isle au Haut, Roque Island, and most of the Maine archipelago from one to twelve miles offshore. We usually tour alone with the attitude that only good sea sense to conditions, weather, and our experience avoiding "emergencies" will, and have, make the hundreds of trips safe and fun, although not always easy and dry.

I've done workshops and presentations on our sea touring for a variety of groups. Now sea kayaking is in vogue, with many "challenging" the sea. They've had many "adventures" and close calls; we avoid "adventure" of this type.

Aaron Glazer, Groton, MA.

EXPENSIVE DOCKAGE

I own a David Scarborough built 17' sailing skiff. She is wonderful to sail or row, or even to just sit in and commune with the elements. I live in Washington, DC and keep the boat on the Potomac River next to National Airport at the Washington Sailing Marina. It's just fifteen minutes from my home, BUT, at almost a thousand bucks a year for a slip, it's hard to justify the expense. I decided I'd better sell the boat (see "Classified Marketplace") as I haven't been able to find less expensive dockage.

Ed Jones, Washington, DC.



Your Commentary

HOW ABOUT THE DN?

Your recent issues included reprints on building old ice yachts. I'd like to suggest that building plans for a modern DN ice boat would truly qualify for "Messing About in Boats". The DN originated in the "Detroit News" paper years ago, it can be built by a handyman in a small space. The TV commercial for Chap Stick lip balm shows several DN's very clearly. I have made a half-dozen fuselages and runner planks (the hard part) in my cellar and sold them through your "Classified Marketplace". These ice boats are sailed nationally and internationally as a class. They can be easily car topped by one man, and in the right conditions will sail faster than the wind, a fantastic hard water ride.

Arthur Spear, Gloucester, MA.

EDITORS NOTE: The articles on the old ice yachts were of historical nature, although one could build one if desired. The DN plans are copyrighted and must be purchased from the DN Association.

CONCERN OVER CHAPELLE

I read with interest the report by Jim Lacey on the Mystic Seaport Symposium in the January 15, 1990, issue, in which the knowledge and honesty of Howard I. Chapelle were called into question by one of the program papers. This could be very bad news for members of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, because Chapelle's book, "The Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of North America" is not only the only complete account on the subject, but until now was considered to be first rate scholarship.

I would like to get a copy of the paper by William Dunne and Henry Silka, either from them or the Seaport Curatorial Department to see for myself how far this revisionism goes on the subject.

Stuart Cattell, Homer, NY.

RESURRECTION OF THE SIMMONS SEA SKIFF

Back in 1984 a reader wrote to "Small Boat Journal" asking if plans for the Simmons Sea Skiff were available. Richard Lebovitz answered that he would check with Mike Alford at the North Carolina Maritime Museum in Beaufort. I wrote to Richard to tell him that Mike would probably ask here in Wilmington where the boat originated, and he asked me to write a story and look into plans.

This started me on a continuing project that has been real fun. Two magazine articles, plans and building directions for two designs, over 500 sets of plans sold by the New Hanover County Museum Foundation, three Simmons Days, and many pleasant experiences later, this looks as if it may be a career.

David Carnell, Wilmington, NC.

THE "TRUTH" ABOUT THE RACE OF TRUTH

Jim Chute's account of the Race of Truth in "Some Recent Events" in the November 15, 1989, issue contained an untruth. Jim reported that the 1989 race recorded three "firsts"; the sun shone, a rowing boat was first overall, and all boats completed the course.

I was not there so do not question either that the sun shone or that all boats completed the course. I do disagree with his statement that a rowing boat finishing first overall was a "first". The inaugural Race of Truth on October 13, 1986, was won by a "Pilot 21" sliding seat rowing double rowed by Frank Mainville and Andy Parks. As reported in the December 1, 1986 issue of "Boats", their time was 1:27:24, which apparently still stands as the course record.

Chuck Mainville, Sudbury MA.

PICTURESQUE PADDLING POSSIBILITIES

The metamorphosis is complete. Once an avid sailor of the Atlantic seaboard from Nova Scotia to the Virgin Islands in vessels of all sizes, high performance cruisers to 100' historical tops' schooners, once a subscriber to the likes of "Yachting" and "Sail", I am now, and ever will be, a lover and advocate of the small boat, the affordable floatable for the "everyman", and I live to devour my bi-weekly issues of "Boats" from cover to cover.

I am also living with the dream of tossing the school teacher life to the wind in not too many years and building small boats on a regular basis, not as a main source of income of course (I've read all the letters on that subject), but just to put other beautiful small boats out into the world every now and then. I am currently building a 16' strip canoe with high hopes of showing it in Portsmouth this July, and then will start a larger family canoe in which I would like to explore the most picturesque paddling possibilities of the Northeast.

My problem is this. Nowhere can I find a resource that will list or describe where these possibilities might be. Every book on canoeing seems to list only the rivers that offer the highest challenge and the greatest threat to life. I find myself mellowing a bit as I round the mid-century mark, looking for quiet waters where one might spot a deer or moose in the early morning mist, or hear the loon's cry as the sun sinks behind the mountains, and where I might find a suitable, secluded campsite, uncluttered by trash at water's edge, along the way. Do they still exist?

I would like to hear from any readers who might know of a source book of this sort. If not, I would also offer to eventually write it if readers would mail me suggestions for possible locations or trips. I am aware that, if such a book was written, the locations might not offer solitude for long!

Bob Richardson, 695 Prospect Ave., W. Hartford, CT 06105.

ABOUT THAT PAPER

Don't like the new paper used for the February 15th issue. As always, of course, the content is great!

Mike Connelly, Brunswick, ME.

ED. NOTE: The printer ran out of our usual budget paper stock and substituted the much more expensive matt coated paper at his own expense so we would be out on schedule. I couldn't afford to change over, so not to worry.

SAVING THEIR HOMELANDS

The Cree and Inuit peoples of the Great Whale River in Quebec, on Hudson's Bay, have planned an extraordinary journey by canoe to save their homelands. A multi-billion dollar scheme, "Phase II Hydro-Quebec", will convert their ancestral hunting, canoeing and fishing grounds into a vast "energy colony" with thousands of square miles of flooded river corridor and forests. The destruction of their five North American rivers will be financed by other North American peoples. To heal this division will require bold action. The peoples of Great Whale River send you greetings and wish to enlist your support in the survival of their homelands and Mother Earth.

In Billy Weetaltuk's canoe shop at the mouth of the Great Whale River, a twenty-four foot wood and canvas paddling canoe is under construction. The canoe will be launched in March and begin a long journey south. First by sled over the ice of Hudson's Bay, then down the overland route to Montreal.

The paddling leg of this journey begins at noon on April 2nd on the St. Lawrence River. The Great Whale paddlers can be joined by the paddlers and oarspersons of Quebec and the U.S.A. We can travel together into America on the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain, and by canal to the Hudson River. The journey ends at Battery Park on Manhattan Island on Friday, April 20, 1990, Earth Day weekend.

The Inuit and Cree request your small boat and onshore support. All groups are invited; boaters, birdwatchers, gunners, anglers, local energy producers, corporations, watershed and wilderness buffs. Find an old war canoe, skiff or motor launch, paint your logo on it and join in for an hour or a week. Persons living along the route can help with logistics, local knowledge and media support. Anyone who knows members of the legislatures, power authorities, public service commissions or governors, should contact the co-ordinators of the trip to get them into the Great Whale canoe for re-orientation.

Advance Hydro-Quebec contracts are being signed now in Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. These are OUR waters!

To quote Great Whale River Chief Robbie Dick: "All our productive lands that we fish, hunt and canoe will be destroyed, as well as a complete way of life of my people. The Project will release vast amounts of mercury into whales, seals, fish and birds. THOUSANDS of square miles of forests and muskegs to be flooded will

release methane "greenhouse gas". The calving grounds of the Bienville Caribou Herd will be flooded. The only fresh water seals on the continent will be eliminated. The nesting and feeding sites of thousands of migratory birds we share will be lost forever. You are involved as much as we are in this Project. The powerlines from this destruction will lead to your homes."

I can think of no more honorable purpose for small boat building and journeying than to save these rivers from which these fine craft first emerged.

Denny Alsop, P.O. Box 422, Stockbridge, MA 01262, (413) 298-3065.

HONESTY OF EXPRESSION

I personally am in boating for the sailing, but I don't mind "wading" through the paddling and pulling articles. The old stories are the high point for me. To be able to read something with the honesty of expression found in the "Voyage of the Paper Canoe" is becoming almost impossible. "Boats" arrives like a long drink of ice water on a hot, hot day.

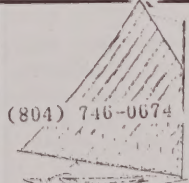
On another topic, I wish to buy a copy of a book entitled "Celestial Navigation for Yachtsmen" by Mary Hewitt. I have written to four publications in my search so far, no replies yet. If any of your readers might know of the book, I'd appreciate hearing from them.

Frederick Coyer, 6731 Georgia Ave., Bradenton, FL 34207

BOATBUILDERS' SUPPORT NETWORK

Boatbuilders seem to be very independent folks, but I think we amateurs need to develop a support network to provide the help and encouragement to get on with our projects. I am organizing a "Home-built Boat Day" here in Marina Del Ray, California on April 29th (see "Happenings" listing in this issue) because I think it is needed to show the beginner what can be done. I'm not bashful about showing the results of my efforts and hope they will inspire others to get their dream boats into the water.

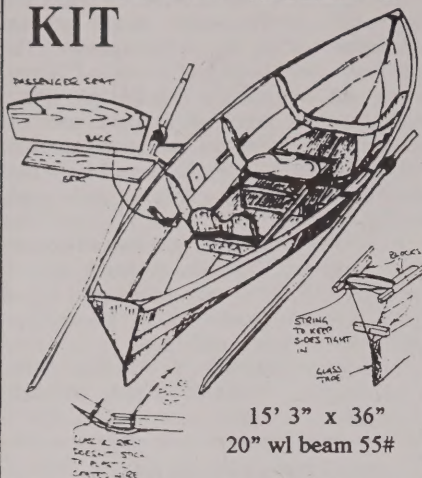
Joe Tribulato, 6465 Longridge Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91401, (818) 762-8945.



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HAPPENINGS

BOLGER & HOMEBUILT MEET

Joe Tribulato of Van Nuys, California, is organizing a "Small Boat Messabout" for April 29th at Marina Del Ray, California. Special emphasis is on owner-built boats, but other interesting types as well as enthusiastic spectators are welcome. The site is a beautiful one with dock, ramp, picnic area, etc. nearby. The only fees are the ramp and parking fees charged by the management of the area. Joe says he's already got five boats lined up; he'll have his Bolger "Oldshoe" and "Teal" and Tom Hill ultralight canoe, while Tony Groves ("Emily's First Row", "Boats", Feb. 1, 1990) is bringing Emily's "Roger De Lauria" and maybe his 19' "Scooner". Information from Joe at (818) 762-8945.

AND BACK IN ILLINOIS

Bolger aficionado Jim Michalek ("A Season of Birdwatching", "Boats", Feb. 1, 1990) wants to organize a homebuilt meet for this summer at Rend Lake in southern Illinois. Information from Jim Michalek, 118 E. Randle St., Lebanon, IL 62254.

NOBSKA SHOW

The Friends of "Nobska", owners of the former Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Steamship Authority steamship, will be presenting their multimedia program on "Nobska's" past and hoped-for future at the Old Colony Historical Society in Taunton, MA, on April 19th. For anyone interested in the days of the "night boats", coastal steamships of the earlier part of the century, this is a must. And so is "Nobska" herself, now on the threshold of major restoration to bring her back as a working steamship. Information from Friends of "Nobska", P.O. Box J-4097, New Bedford, MA 02741.

OPEN OCEAN REGATTA

An open ocean rowing regatta is scheduled for April 8th at Sausalito, CA., organized by Open Water Rowing, 85 Liberty Ship Way #102, Sausalito, CA 94965, (415) 332-1091 days.

OPEN HOUSE & FLEA MARKET

Al Bratton, owner of Woodstrip Watercraft in Perkiomenville, PA, will host a weekend open house at his shop, where he builds and restores canoes. In conjunction with the open house, there will be a marine flea market open to any interested public. Information from Al at (215) 234-0680.

APRIL FOOL'S RACE

The Chelsea Rowing Club of Norwich, CT, hosts a season opener race for sliding seat boats on April 1st at Norwich. Information from Susan Fisher at (203) 886-1867 evenings for details.

MINUTEMAN MODEL YACHT RACING

The Minuteman Model Yacht Club of Needham, MA, opens its 1990 racing season at the Needham Reservoir with the April 1st "Ice-breaker". This is followed up on April 16th with a Patriot's Day race. Any class of radio-controlled model sailing yacht is eligible. Information from Ridge White at (508) 359-7467.

DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL

The 12th Annual Dragon Boat Festival is scheduled for June 2nd on the Charles River in Boston, but early notice is given here looking for eight-person rowing crews to participate, people willing to make "dragon heads" for the boats in the race, and even people willing to build a suitable boat for the race. The race is part of a day-long Asian-American festival at the Hatch Shell on the Charles. Information from Joseph Su, (617) 229-9068 evenings.

NISSEQUOGUE RIVER CANOE CLUB

Early spring canoe outings planned by the Nissequogue River Canoe Club of Long Island include the following:

March 25. Nissequogue River Cleanup, Long Island. George Jones, (516) 265-1773.

March 25 or April 1. Class 2 paddling on the Shepaug River in Connecticut. Rich Bousquet, (516) 673-0558 eves.

April 9 - 13. Class 1 paddling on the Suwanee River in Florida, a five-day wilderness trip. Rich Bousquet, (516) 673-0558 eves.

Early May. Class 1+ paddling on the Battenkill River in Vermont. Rich Bousquet, (516) 673-0558 eves.

Membership information from the Nissequogue River Canoe Club, P.O. Box 124, Kings Park, NY 11754.

PEDAL POWER POTLATCH

A variety of pedal powered watercraft will gather at the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle, WA. on May 5th and 6th for their 5th Annual Pedal Power Potlatch. The interested public is invited to try out the variety of racing and cruising craft that will be on hand. Information from Phil Thiel, (206) 633-2017.

SAFETY AT SEA SEMINAR

Last call for the Safety at Sea Seminar taking place at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, MD, on March 31st and April 1st. Two programs are aimed at novice offshore sailors and at those with a few offshore passages, and these concentrate a lot of expertise in one spot for a \$40 fee. Information at (301) 268-7676.

CCRA EVENTS

The Connecticut Canoe Racing Association has its 1990 schedule set, with championship point racing beginning on May 5th at Glasgo Pond, and cruising beginning on May 19th on the Quinnipiac River. Earlier events include the Salmon River Slalom on March 25th, the Hockanum River Race on April 8th and the Upper Willimantic River Race on April 14th. Racing information from Dave Landry, (203) 642-7659. Cruising information from Dan Pelletier, (203) 237-2474.

TITANIC AT SOUTH STREET SEAPORT

An ongoing exhibit of "Titanic" memorabilia will open at South Street Seaport in New York city on April 17th and run until October 1st. The materials exhibited come from museum collections in Ireland and England. Information from Kathy Madden at (212) 669-9430.

RUN OF THE CHARLES

The big event opening the paddling season in eastern Massachusetts each year is the Run of the Charles Race in the suburban Boston area. A choice of starting points offers distances ranging from about 25 miles to 5 miles, all flat water, but with some portages on the longer courses. Scheduled date is April 29. Information from the Charles River Watershed Association, (617) 527-2799.

TRADITIONAL WOODEN BOAT SHOW

The North Carolina Maritime Museum will host its annual Traditional Wooden Boat Show on May 5th and 6th at Beaufort, NC. Information from them at 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

WHITEWATER TIME

It's spring and the brochures are arriving from the whitewater adventure people. First one in this year is from W.I.L.D./W.A.T.E.R.S. Outdoor Center of Warrensburg, NY. They offer something for everyone at all skill levels in whitewater action, canoe, kayak, raft, clinics, outings, you name it. Information from W.I.L.D./W.A.T.E.R.S. Outdoor Center, Warrensburg, NY 12885, (800) 283-WILD.

NO MORE "RIVERBLOCKS" ON THE SACO

In 1988, Maine state officials trying to stop illegal and rowdy conduct on the Saco River in western Maine set up "riverblocks" at which ALL canoeists were stopped and searched. As a result of a lawsuit filed by Daniel and Jarlene Hatfield of Rochester, NH, a state court ruled that such catch-all "riverblocks" amounted to illegal search and seizure and prohibited further such efforts. The state appealed the decision but lost the appeal in November of 1989. The Hatfields had three cans of beer with them and no drugs, yet an agent insisted on looking into Daniel's shorts! No wonder they were upset! So not to worry about it in 1990, if you're behaving yourself, nobody will hassle you.

CAPE COD FROSTY SPRING RACING

The Cape Cod Frosty sailing dinghy racers have already begun their spring racing schedule, they race every Sunday, starting at noon, in Wychmere Harbor in Harwichport on Cape Cod until April 29th, when they move to the Dockside in Hyannis Harbor, and then to the Hyannis Yacht Club on May 5th and 6th for the North American Championships. Information hotline is (508) 432-0268.

And on the Chesapeake, the Frosty fleet, now close to 30 in number, is already racing Sundays at the Maryland Yacht Club (location not given). Information from Kathy McMahon, 1897 Poplar Ridge Rd., Pasadena, MD 21122.

Finally, in Maine, the small 9 boat fleet based in Kittery plans a spring series. Information from David Masury, 136 Gerrish Island Ln., Kittery Point, ME 03905.

For overall Frosty information, the Cape Cod Frosty Class Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534 is the contact.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM SPRING PROGRAMS

The Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, ME, offers the following lectures and workshops this spring:

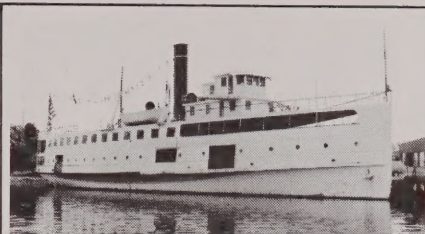
April 14. "Caulking" workshop with John Mariato in the Apprenticeship.

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

May 9. "A Trip Through the Archives".

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

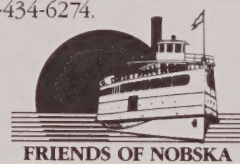
The Museum is open daily 9:30-5 except on major holidays. Details on the winter programs are available on request from the Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.



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HOME TO ESSEX

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts, home for historical artifacts and information related to that community's history of building thousands of the famed "Gloucestermen" fishing schooners, will soon have its largest yet artifact in hand, a complete, raised from the deeps, fishing schooner hulk, the "Goulart". It is supposed to arrive in Essex on the highest tides in March, when she'll be hauled at the town ramp and stored at an adjacent site until a permanent home is decided upon. Long range plans are to rebuild the "Goulart" as an onshore exhibit to illustrate the construction of the "Gloucestermen" schooners. Information from the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, P.O. Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (508) 768-7541.

NORTH POINT SAILING ASSOCIATION

Sailing enthusiasts on the upper Chesapeake may like to know more about the North Point Sailing Association, located on Old Road Bay, MD. The club runs seasonal racing for everyday recreational small cruising sailboats, and organizes cruises for trailerable sailboats as well. First of these will be a three-day cruise to St. Michaels, MD, on April 29-May 1 weekend. Information from Jim Fischer, 3805 Font Hill Dr., Ellicott City, MD 21043, (301) 461-3081.

PADDLING OLYMPIC CLASS CANOES

The Columbia Canoe Club of Columbia, Connecticut, has a fleet of 27 Olympic canoes in various sizes and types available to its members. The Club offers instruction at all levels and is expanding its long-time focus on Olympic level paddling to a broader offering of canoe sport. In early May they plan a "canoe day" at which all aspects of canoe sport will be featured. Membership includes use of club boats and instruction as wished. At \$25 for adults, \$15 for juniors and \$50 for an entire family, it's a good deal. Information from Sue Audette, (203) 228-9114.

L.L. BEAN PADDLING SCHOOL

A series of one and two day weekend clinics for people interested in instruction in paddling skills for both canoe and kayak, has been scheduled by L.L. Bean at a variety of locations, beginning in March and running through the summer. Whitewater canoeing, classic canoe paddling strokes, tandem canoe paddling strokes, sea kayak rescues, eskimo rolling, and coastal kayak paddling are all covered in separate clinics. Detailed brochure on request from L.L. Bean, (800) 341-4341, ext. 7800.

EXPLORERS AT SEA

A full season of sea kayaking trips on the Maine coast is again offered by Explorers at Sea of Stonington. Two new programs are being offered in addition to the usual group and family outings. A nine-day "Stewardship Expedition", co-sponsored by the Wilderness Education Association, is offered to highly motivated environmentalists as training for them to conduct their own personal adventures in a low impact manner. And trips for women only will be included this season. Information from Explorers at Sea, P.O. Box 51, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 367-2356.

ROWING REGATTA CALENDAR

The U.S. Rowing Association has published its 1990 calendar of sanctioned rowing events throughout the nation. It is a 16 page booklet with hundreds of races listed with all pertinent details. If you're a rowing regatta enthusiast or would-be participant (they're not all olympic, college or high school events), you might inquire about obtaining a copy. It was included in the winter issue of the Association's magazine, sent to all members. Contact U.S. Rowing, 201 S. Capitol Ave., Suite 400, Indianapolis, IN 46225, (317) 237-5656.

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATING

We've some steamboat fans as readers, so thought brief mention of yet another boat tour brochure to turn up here might be of some note. River Cruises of Galena, IL, operates two sternwheeler steamboats on the Mississippi, taking folks on two-day river cruises. Of the 'Julia Belle Swain', they rhapsodize as follows:

"The 'Julia Belle Swain' is really steam-powered just like the riverboats of a century ago. In fact, she is one of only five authentic river steamboats remaining in the United States. The raucous melodies of the steam calliope beckon you aboard. The hiss of the vintage steam engines and the churning of the big red paddlewheel carry you back to years gone by when Mark Twain described these boats as floating palaces."

A nice brochure is available from River Cruises, P.O. Box 406, Galena, IL 61036.

COMPUTER COMPETITION

The manufacturers of "AutoBoat", a hull design computer program, are running a design competition open to students and amateur would-be boat designers, aimed at promoting the use of their program in evolving better designs. You have to use their "AutoBoat" software, of course. Information from Ships & Chips Software, 264 H St., Suite 201, Blaine, WA 98230, (604) 597-2846.

KAYAKING FROM A MOTHER SHIP

The 40' sailing vessel "Jessie Rose" will be available this summer as a mother ship for groups of up to six sea kayakers, for extended cruising along the Maine coast, serving as a mother ship for local paddling over a wide area of cruising grounds, as "Jessie Rose" can cover large areas of open water quickly to carry its flock from place to place, and provide hot meals and dry berths. And paddlers so inclined can indulge in some hands-on sailing if they choose. Information from Steve Olson, Olson Marine Service, 13-1/2 Pearl St., Belfast, ME 04915, (207) 338-4652.

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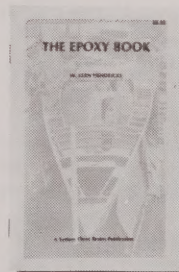
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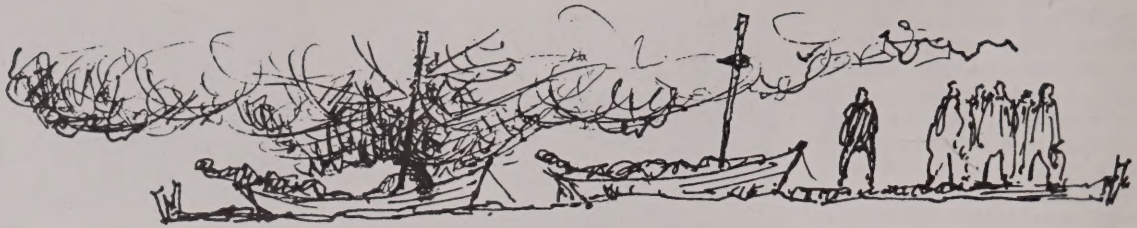
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Fishtale

Story & Illustrations by Tom

The old man sat in an ancient chair surrounded by discarded fishing gear. A young man stood by a small wood stove that took the chill out of the room. "So you want a story about the storm, young fellow?" said the ancient man-chair.



ANCIENT
CHAIR-MAN

"That's right," the young man replied. "A human interest story with the storm as a background."

"Tell you what, why don't you pour yourself a cup of coffee over there and let me think a bit."

"Fine, when you're ready I'll turn this recorder on."

The old man-chair puffed on his pipe and stared into the distance. Finally he asked, "Do you know much about sailing, young man?"

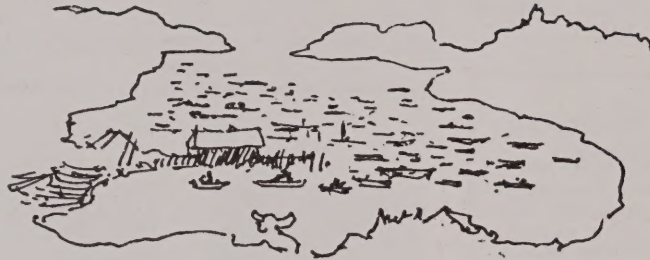
"No, not much."

The old man chuckled behind his pipe and went back into deep thought. After a while his thoughts came back into the room. "Well, there's a story that happened during the storm. You can take it for what it's worth."



DEEP THOUGHT

"Just a minute." The reporter snapped on his recorder and spoke into it. "This story is told to me by a native Nahanter as truthfully as he can recall."



HARBOR

The old man began. "This little harbor was crowded with boats. Lobster trawlers, longlining draggers, seineing scallopers, pleasure boats, dromons and carracks, hoo-gars and botters, hookers and hog-boats, koleks, ulaks, and umiaks; jangadas, mulettas, brawleys, scaffies, gyassas, gozoes and xebecs; willwas and dollops. All firmly secured with extra brummel hooks and sea anchors, and flying yellow storm burgees. Everybody was waiting for the big storm headed this way. This harbor is open to the southern quadrant and is reasonably safe, but it was always best to worry a bit. All the fishermen were right here in this room having a meeting.



BLACK NUN

At the same time, a small sailing dory passes the black belled nun at Joe's Beach. It beat wing on wing among the boats until the sailor leisurely picked up the rhumbline from his mooring and spliced it to the Charlie Noble, then shipped the rudder and lowered the leeboard. Put the sails full and by. Intied the lubber line to his scow and piped himself aboard and skegged over to another dory that was sunk to the trunnels. The sailor lit his hawsepipe while examining this boat. Taking up a drogoue, he bailed until the boat was dry, then looked for a

limberhole or a lubberhole; finding none, he secured the cockcombing futtock and swagged the scow for



SWAGING

the dock. Leaving it adrift, he walked angrily into this room. The meeting had just ended. The fish-buyer was just saying, "Is there anything else to be said?"



THE ROOM

"I have something to say," the sailor said with hard tack.

"Then go right ahead and say what's on your mind, young man."

"I have two sailing dories in the harbor. I've had them here for several seasons. This season they've been swamped, rammed and vandalized. They're well out of the commercial traffic, so it makes me believe it's not accidental. I want to know who's doing it."



TWO DORIES

"We talk fish business here. Go to the harbormaster with your complaint," a fisherman said.

"I think some of you know who's doing this," the sailor said.

"We all know one another and we help each other. We do not help you," the fisherman said.

"This is a criminal act. What makes any of your boats safe?"

"You do not belong on the sea. The sea is a livelihood, not a playpen for a baby. Boats are sailed to catch fish, not to play games with. Get out or I will fight you." The fisherman moved at him threateningly.



FIGHT

"Fighting settles nothing. But since no one wants to clear this up, we can settle it with the toy boats. You're all hiding your motorized monsters from the weather that's coming. My toy boats have been known to stand up to it. I'll challenge any one of you great fishermen to sail out around Shag's Light and back using my toy boats. It'll prove their seaworthiness and your courage, rather than fighting," the sailor said, staring truculently at the fisherman.

"I will sail your toy. I will beat you in this weather. I will beat you twice. After the race I will beat you with my fists," said the fisherman.

"We'll see. The boats will be at the landing in the morning at 0700. Regardless of the weather. And I'll put up \$200 to tempt your greed if your courage fails." The sailor left the room.

The fishbuyer finally spoke. "Well, we've heard him and we all know who's been damaging his boats. I don't know why you've been doing it, but it's up to you to settle it."

"I will. You'll see. I'll beat him good."

"If you don't want to sail, we can get somebody else."

"Who? Who can sail like I can? I sailed these toys as a child. I'll show him what sailing is. No one else. I will go."

"Then that settles it. You'll meet him at the dock in the morning and we'll take up a collection to match his \$200."

"Hah, for \$400 I will race him to hell!"



I WILL RACE
TO HELL

"With this weather making up the way it is, you may very well have to."

The next morning when the two men met on the dock, there was no sun and great seas broke at the harbor entrance. The wind rose in pitch and strength. A small group of men examined the boats and discussed the race.

The fishbuyer spoke. "As I understand it, you both start at the dock when I say; sail out around Shag's Light, be seen by the keeper, and return to the dock. The first one back wins. If either one of you doesn't want to race, now's the time to speak up. The weather's bad and it's going to get worse."

There was no response from the sailor or the fisherman.

"Very well, the race officially starts now," the fishbuyer declared, checking his dogwatch. The two men climbed into their boats.

The old man paused in his story and puffed on his pipe. "Have any trouble with the story so far, young man? Anything you want explained?"



CLEAR SO FAR?

"No, the story's great," the reporter replied.

"Well, let me tell you something about the Nahant Dory. It's usually 16' long from stem to bow, but never truly; measurements were rarely used. The length of each boat was as far as they could spit that day. They were built by the



three Dory brothers, named Pitch, Roll and Yaw. French Canadians



ROLL - PITCH & YAW

who settled in Nahant in the 1800's. When they began fishing in the spring, the story goes, they

tore their houses apart and made boats. In the fall, they broke the boats up and repaired their houses for the winter."



FALL



SPRING

"Made to be loaded with fish, each boat needed 800 pounds of cobblestones, called prayer books, for ballast to stay upright. As the fish were caught, the stones were thrown overboard. One fish, one stone... They had to be quarried



ONE FISH - ONE STONE

and shaped. There was a strange connection between the stones and the fish. If the stone wasn't weighted and shaped right, the fish wouldn't bite. Many a ship came home still filled with prayer books of the wrong shape and weight. Boston's streets were paved with those stones, while the good ones paved the fishing banks."



"The transom of the boat was shaped like a tombstone. The dorymen's names were carved into them. When the men were lost, the boats were almost always found. When the boats were dismantled for the homeward voyage, the transoms were stuck into the ground at any convenient landing. Each ship carried a goodly supply of transoms in the galley and you'd often catch yourself staring at your own name as you ate, reminding you how close you were to the everlasting."



THE EVERLASTING

"The sail in the dory had so many reef points it could be brought down to the size of a man's shirt. Beyond that, you had two pair of hackmatack oars that were balanced like throwing knives...to beat the fish off when the boats were loaded and you had to haul in the lines."



BEATING OFF THE FISH

"That's enough details about the boat, let's get back to the story," the reporter interrupted.

"Details are important, young man. You should pay attention to details," the old man chided, "but I'll get back to the story."

The sailor and the fisherman lost no time brailing their jibs and clewing their gollywobblers. Lubberlines were cast off. Both boats goosewing jibed and headed for the entrance of the harbor. The fisherman frapped his kite and kedged his scantlings while the sailor tommed up and furlled by, disappearing into fiddlersgreen beyond the harbor. The fisherman scandalized his boat. Waited and watched. Then pitch-poled the boat about and tumblehomed back to the dock.



GOOSEWING THEIR GOLLYWOBBLES

Why did you come back?" the fishbuyer asked.

"I saw that nothing could survive out there," the fisherman explained.

"I do not think that you intended to go."

"I did not think that he would go until I realized he was mad."

"Why did you lead the man on?"

"To get rid of him and his damn boats. Good riddance. It was



MADMAN

his choice. He said he knew the sea. The sea is cruel. I will not fish ever again if he returns, but I think that is the end of that madman."

"I wonder. Madmen do strange things."

For the remainder of the day the wind was furious and the sea became wilder. Trees were uprooted. The church steeple toppled. Boats broke loose, smashed against one another and broke up on the rocks. The eye of the storm passed



THE EYE

directly overhead. The wind shifted 365 degrees. It was the worst storm any living Nahanter had ever experienced.



SMALL SAIL

Next morning a small sail appeared in the entrance of the harbor. The townspeople stopped cleaning up their wreckage and stared in disbelief. They watched the boat approach the dock. It was in shambles. The hounds were athwartship. The partners were moonsheered. The whipstaff was snaffled. Even the pintles were gudgeoned. When he came alongside, he stepped ashore and frapped the rhumblin to a convenient baggywrinkle. No one made a move to assist him. He paid them no mind, walking up the ramp and into this room. The fishbuyer was here.

"That was quite a feat, young man," he admitted.

"It's better than brawling and it shows that my boats are as good as any in the harbor," the sailor replied.

"Well, we've talked about that while you were gone and agreed anyone found damaging boats will be caught and held accountable."

"That's all that I ask."

"And, that's the end of the story," the old man concluded.

"Did he ever explain how he did it?"

"Nope, but the keeper at Shag's Light reported that a small sailing craft had laid in the lee of the lighthouse during the storm."



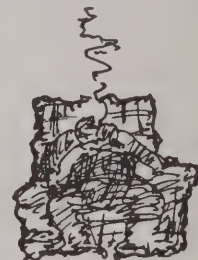
LEE OF THE LIGHT

"And the fisherman?"

"Those are his slickers hanging on that hook. Don't expect they'll be used again."

The reporter snapped the recorder off. "Thanks, old man. We just wrote a bit of history."

The old man sat alone afterwards and mumbled to himself, "Is that the way history is written?"



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"Sleeper" on the Petaluma

A light warm breeze blew us upriver. We had launched our "Sleeper" over a concrete barricade at the end of G Street in the old industrial area. Now we sailed by empty, gray, corrugated steel buildings, once part of the river's economy.

We decided to eat ashore before embarking on our Labor Day weekend excursion. On this Saturday we share the stream with motorboats bristling with fishing poles. They are loaded with plastic ice chests and crewed by men and boys in primary colored bill hats, bearing logos of agricultural feed supply houses and trucking lines. Weed-grown pilings slip past on either hand; it's narrow here, the water sluggish, like liquid brown earth.

Ashore again after a short sail, waves of heat rise from the pavement. We search for an open restaurant. Most shops are closed. Inside the old brick buildings the few open shops are dark and cool. As we stroll we seek the shade of awnings that project from the cast iron store fronts. There could be no more appropriate lunch than the one we find at Foster's Freeze in this time-frozen all-American town.

While we eat, the wind switches direction and it's now stronger and blows us down river beneath the cool bridges. I stand forward holding the unstepped rig as Katrina, my seven-year-old, steers. I cradle the bundle of sail and spars in my arms. Under one bridge a nest of rags lies on the hard packed mud. Even in Petaluma there are homeless people. Bizarre, semi-literate spray-can graffiti

covers the gray concrete abutments. I try to imagine awakening in so strange a bedroom.

The breeze increases. "Dad, what does this mean?" Katrina points to a wreck symbol on the chart. We look for the indicated shipwreck but don't find it. At the railway swing bridge we meet a bunch of yachts bound up river. The bridge had been stuck closed. Heated air shimmers above a pair of diesel locomotives, as they idle in the hot sun on either side of the river. The railroad embankment is an amphitheater. Judging from the number of people watching, this had to have been the best show in town, but now the big power cruisers are stirring the waters to a livid froth in an effort to make up for lost time. We unstep our rig again and squeeze through a side channel.

A grand breeze fills our sail as we pass sailors who are upbound under power. Everyone waves. Holiday mood pervades the day. We sail, board up, to one side in the shallows. Speedboat wakes pitch us fore and aft and side to side. "I like waves," Katrina says.

"I could do without them," I think. Some of these fast craft reduce speed as they pass, and steer to the far side of the channel. Thoughtful people.

As we round a river bend a slough appears on our port hand. "Let's explore, Dad." It's a reach into the mouth of the slough, which quickly narrows to scarcely more than the beam of our vessel. The sail brushes past wild spiky grass that sprouts from overhanging banks. The dusty odor of hot

farm country replaces the damp river smell. A subdued wind pushes us inland. Rusty farm implements appear on the banks. An abandoned barn, with broken windows, is open for us to see clumps of hay bales inside. Its big doors lie on the ground, grass growing up through them. A rusty wire fence bars our progress, so we turn around in the narrow slough to reach out again into the river.

Lakeville is today's destination. Our progress is more than sufficient to take us there before dark. "Sleeper's" wake is a foamy white sheet in the late afternoon wind. As we follow the sinuous river we gybe from time to time. Katrina lies along the side deck and I duck as the loose footed sail sweeps across. Dinner time arrives and so does the waterside village of Lakeville.

The center of activity here is Ghillardi's Restaurant and Bar, and its host is Phyllis. Phyllis, a refugee from Sausalito, has become a refugee again. After years of polishing the ambience of this charming place, she has lost her lease. "Progress". The news has travelled up and down the river; there's to be a farewell party. I wonder if they will tear down the leaning wooden sign marker with its signs: "Mulege 1050 miles," "Lisbon 9500 km.," "Papeete 6000 miles," "Yap..." The party has already started. The sign on the highway says, "Ghillardi's Resort, Weird Food".

Katrina and I have a weird hamburger, and weird orange sodas on ice. I suppose the ice is weird too, but we can't taste the difference. The band plays on, good sax player. My friend, Paddy, calls this place a "damn fine pub". Tom, who watched us sail in, says, "It'll all be Orange County North!" Couples dance, people talk and eat and kids race in and out making new friends. The bar, on one side of the little red building, is packed. More boats arrive to raft up outside. Everyone seems to know that this is the last fling for a fine old resort. The beer and perspiration smells are swept away by the cool evening breeze as the sun sets over the flood plain.

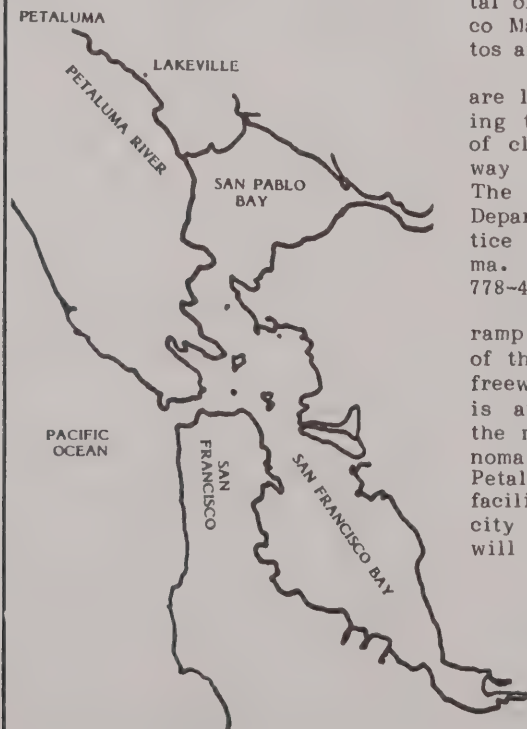
Katrina and I row across the river into the slough opposite Lakeville. It's high tide and the water is level with the grassy meadow. We pull "Sleeper" onto the slippery marsh grass for the night. Below decks we spread mattresses and sleeping bags on either side of the boat. Knapsacks with food and cooking gear are placed in the cockpit. Our solar charger has topped off the motorcycle battery, so we watch "Fawlty Towers" on the 2" TV. Katrina lasts through the first five minutes, I barely make it through the program. A full day and it's good to be snug aboard for a welcome night's sleep. Across the river, the party continues.



Breakfast time on board "Sleeper".

THE PETALUMA RIVER

The Petaluma River is a tidal river about twelve miles long. It flows southeasterly from Petaluma, a city of 34,000 people which is about 35 miles north of the city of San Francisco, into San Pablo Bay. It has a mud bottom and is dredged for commercial barges which carry petroleum products and cement up to the city. The channel tends to be "U"-shaped, so going aground is like running into a soft wall.



Depths vary, however yachts drawing as much as seven feet can navigate the river as far as the turning basin in downtown Petaluma. Tidal currents can exceed one knot, so bring your tide book.

Until the early part of the twentieth century, scow schooners and sternwheel steamers carried eggs and hay down the river from the surrounding farms. Petaluma used to be known as the "Egg Capital of the World". The San Francisco Maritime Museum has many photos and stories from this era.

The railroad swing bridges are left open on weekends. According to "Coast Pilot 7" there is 70' of clearance below the fixed freeway bridges and the power cables. The City of Petaluma Public Works Department requires four hours notice to open the bridge in Petaluma. Their number is (707) 778-4303.

There is a public launching ramp and parking on the south side of the river below the Highway 37 freeway bridge. Overnight berthage is available at Lakeville, and at the mouth of the river at Port Sonoma for a nominal charge, and at Petaluma for \$5 a night. Waterfront facilities are being expanded in the city of Petaluma, 200 new berths will soon be available.

At 1 a.m. I awake, open the hatch, and peer over the side into a jagged chasm that resembles the Grand Canyon. A trickle of water glints in the night, six or seven feet down. Tide's out, fortunately we'd had the presence of mind to pull "Sleeper" far enough ashore!

Hot oatmeal bubbles, and Bach's on the FM. Katrina helps with breakfast between her overland forays into the marsh. The tide's schedule and our's coincide. We are in no hurry, the air is pleasant and warm and water quietly fills the canyon. We launch. We blow up river with the breeze. Just south of the marina we board the anchored boat of a friend. After talk of boats and life, we re-embark on "Sleeper", to sail further upriver, past Lakeville. The wind turns against us, and powerboats with water-skiers proliferate, so we pull into the mouth of a tiny ditch of a slough. We're in just far enough so that the wakes die before they reach us. I tie up to a couple of handfuls of marsh grass. Our sail is set to shade us from the hot afternoon sun; the breeze blows downriver over the grassy peninsula and drafts down our sail to cool us. After lunch, Katrina and I take turns reading aloud from E.B. White's "The Trumpet of the Swan". We nap below, lying on the boat's cool bottom. After tea and crackers with peanut butter in the late afternoon, we cast loose to sail out onto the river again. The sinking sun reflects gold in the waves. The wind is strong and puffy, and before long we round up into the Lakeville marina at dusk.

I fill our water jug from a tap next to the soda machine at the side of Phyllis' restaurant. The place is packed. Last night's party continues. Parked cars fill the dusty lot and overflow down the side of the highway. As night falls we heat our dinner aboard. Dance music pours out through open doors and windows. The red neon beer sign flashes on and off into the night. I set the anchor to hold us away from the mud bank, which will appear again during the early morning hours.

It's morning. Katrina sleeps below as we sail downriver. Whisps of fog rise from the water and blow along with us. No other boats are about. The current runs strongly against us, so we bounce along the river's side, close to the mud bank to avoid it. It's overcast, and the breeze is chilly. Katrina dresses below and the boat lurches every time she moves. With each shake, I think that we have run aground. Katrina comes on deck to take the helm while I juggle a pot of hot oatmeal and the propane camp stove. Before long we each have a cup of porridge topped with brown sugar and milk. Our appetites are stimulated by the chilly morning air. Katrina steers while I wash up with water heated on the stove.

The sailors who went upriver Saturday are returning, some under power, some under sail. Around the river bends the boats appear to be sailing through green meadows. The wind goes light and turns against us as the tide ceases to flow. We pass under huge powerlines and beat through the piers of the freeway bridge. Port Sonoma welcomes us with cold soda and a telephone. My wife, Mae Margaret, is on her way with the car. We will motor home to windward at 55.

Katrina pays my boat the ultimate compliment: "Dad, could I have this boat when you die?"

Story, Map & Photos by Derek Van loan, Mill Valley, California.



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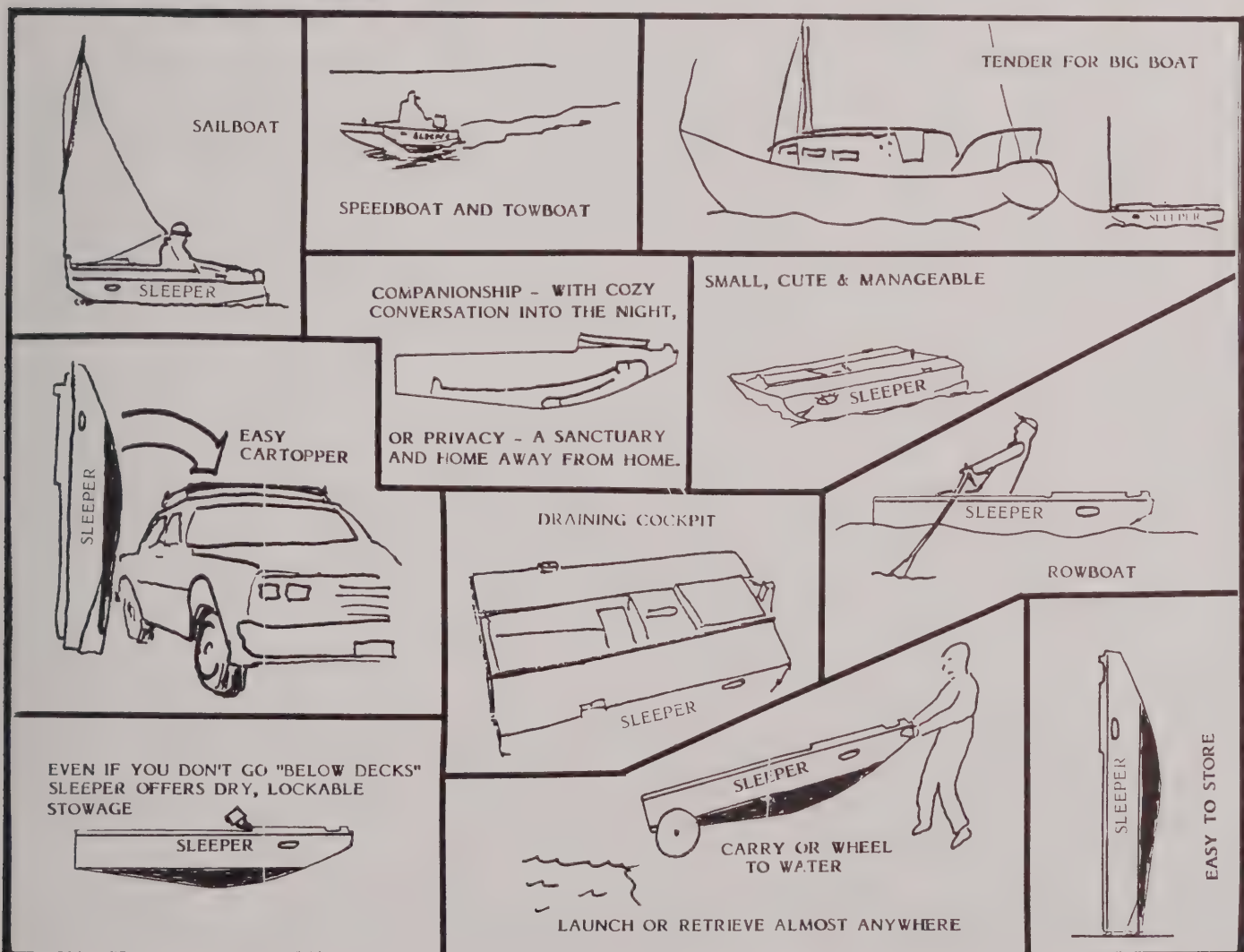
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How Great It Is

I've been sailing my Crawford "Melonseed Skiff" quite often this winter despite the frigid temperatures we've all experienced so far. Sailing in a stiff breeze a mile or two offshore on a frigid December afternoon requires a high level of trust in both your boat and its builder. The hull, spars and mast cross your mind as you glance toward a snowy shore through a field of whitecaps. I have come to trust the boat's integrity thoroughly, and every time I have gone out I have come to appreciate yet another of her qualities.

When I bought her I knew she was a miniature yacht with her classic lines and sheer, gentle bow, wineglass stern, dark green hull, teak rubrails and coamings, bright fir spars, tanbark sails, white streamer off the leach. Quite an enchanting spectacle! A boat that knocks my socks off even while she's still on the trailer. The quality of the workmanship is reminiscent of those "Old Money 40's" that you see in New England harbors.

On her first time on the water, she pulled away into a gentle 8 knot breeze. I didn't expect her to perform that well in light air. On a reach, she behaves so competently I may never again want to sail anything other than a sprit rig with a sprit boom. There's none of the slatting, no rising and crashing of a conventional boom, and no

frustrating backwinding of the jib. Who needs MORC rule beaters?

During New Year's weekend I was drawn to the lake by an energetic southwesterly which had been rattling the windchimes in front of our house. These were by far the heaviest conditions I had yet encountered. Armed only with a drysuit, I took a long tack to the south. What a delight! The boat hunkered down the way traditional displacement hulls will and she plowed along quite smartly. She strongly shouldered aside each wave, converting it to spray rather than pounding over it. Her kindly bow with its hollow sections gently sliced through the chop. I sat on the high rail with the tiller in hand and enjoyed the ride. Although it was gusting to 20 knots I never needed to luff the main. No, she just plowed along in harmony with the weather. It was great!

I've started carrying an "anchor" along with me to ease the launching duties. It's actually a large metamorphic rock which is fastened into a mooring system with a stick as its float. I had been using it as a mooring for my rowing shell last summer. The other day I neglected to untie the mooring as I began to sail away. I dragged the rock into some thick weed before I realized my error. Rather than return the tangled mess to the ramp, I leaned over the bow, raised my glacial erratic mooring to the deck

and lowered it through the forward hatch. Presto, an instant mooring system is invented.

I have been making a deliberate effort to get some exercise each time I'm out in the "Melonseed". I put the boat in irons, release the sheet, kneel in the front of the cockpit, reach forward, remove the rig and lower it into the cockpit where it is quickly apart and stowed neatly beneath the deck. Then I start up my auxiliary and start "powering" along. I row into little marshy coves and around rocky points. Sure the skiff rows a little more heavily than my 45 pound shell, but wow, the increased security is wonderful on these winter waters. Under oars, you really know you're in a displacement boat. She doesn't rock much side to side, she'd rather just go up and down a little as the waves roll by.

The practicality of this traditional design continues to impress me. The dagger board trunk forward of the cockpit makes the cockpit as roomy as a keelboat, yet causes no problem of weather helm. Quite remarkable. The shallow rudder, being no lower than the skeg, allows stress-free launching yet steers effectively.

I could go on all day about how great my little "Melonseed Skiff" is.

Andy Follansbee, Lebanon, NJ.



Slouch Paddling on the Chesapeake

The Region. Future paddlers were granted a boon when the ice age glaciers melted and turned the lower Susquehanna River into what is now Chesapeake Bay. The product of that great thaw is a 200 mile long region of creeks, bays, tidal rivers, islands and marshes; a watery cornucopia that can engage the attentions of a flatwater paddler for a lifetime.

Unless one is a sea kayaker and addicted to the open Bay itself, there is nothing very exciting about paddling these waters. Chesapeake sidewaters and backwaters are pretty much Class A for amiable. The scenery is not spectacular either. It is usually close up and to human scale; relaxing rather than awe inspiring.

One of the best things, in my own experience, has been that almost every trip offers something new, and it's frequently something totally unanticipated. The first eagles I ever saw were a pair winging low across the marsh at Nanjemoy Creek. Behind Gwynn's Island, on the waters of Milford Haven, one bright October day, I saw and heard loons for the first time. Somewhere else there were painted turtles sunning on the deck of an abandoned and half-sunken work boat. And down on the Pocomoke, there is the special world of the cypress swamp. Following are three examples of the varied fare that the Chesapeake has to offer.

King's Creek. From the geologist's perspective, King's Creek is a classic alluvial stream, snaking through its small flood plain like a Mississippi in miniature. From the

biologist's perspective, it is a typical tidal freshwater creek and marsh, as witnessed by its mix of characteristic freshwater vegetation. From the kayaker's perspective, King's Creek is several things; a source of mild exercise (the current isn't much), a source of close up and pleasantly varying scenery, and a place of solitude, away from population and boating activities.

The put-in is on the Choptank River, about a quarter-mile above the mouth of King's Creek, at a place called Kingston Landing. Here, near an isolated farm house, in a setting of woods and soybean fields, a patch of shell and gravel beach serves for launching. In this isolated corner of Maryland's Talbot County, one is unlikely to meet anyone. Yet on the breezy July day when my friend and I launched my Klepper double here, we had an unexpected sort of meeting at the put-in site. A young lady was taking her lunch break here, sunbathing in a day-glo pink bikini, with her Labrador dog for company. This is NOT typical of the upper Choptank. But it is one of those unanticipated events that I have come to anticipate when paddling the Bay region.

The river here is perhaps a quarter-mile in breadth, with a wide horizon to match. But the mouth of King's Creek gives entry into a different scene. The world narrows down to an olive brown creek and truncated arc of blue sky, walled in by tall marsh grasses. Among the grasses are the seed heads of wild rice. In front of

them, at the creek's edge, is a solid border of bright green pickerelweed. This plant's local name is tuckahoe, and when my friend and I were here it was in bloom, showing tall spikes of blue flowers above the arrow shaped leaves. Wild rice and tuckahoe both say freshwater marsh. Later in the season the rice will say lunch to several kinds of birds, including migrant waterfowl.

After the creek has taken a couple of bends, the scene again changes. A looping curve reaches the marsh edge and fast land appears. It is wooded, and its mix of tall hardwoods makes a much higher wall than the marsh grasses, offering shade as well as boundary. In the creek itself, bleached corpses of fallen trees contrast with the green lushness of the live trees behind them. They remain useful even in death, providing perching places for herons and kingfishers.

From here on the scene moves in a kind of slow rhythm, as one swings up through the esses, fast land left, marsh, fast land right, and so on. And always the green fringe of tuckahoe follows along, regular as a sidewalk. The drainage area isn't large, and the current we faced was negligible. The creek is perhaps eighty yards wide at its mouth and amply deep for the mile or more that we explored before turning back. It narrows gradually and eventually the marsh changes to a freshwater swamp, tenanted with small hardwoods.

Bird life is plentiful here. We saw the usual assortment of great blue and green herons. Both are



Opposite page: Osprey habitat on Hollis Marsh. Above: The beach on Currioman Bay, Hollis Marsh.

ubiquitous in the Bay area. The osprey we sighted, likewise was not unexpected. But it was a special pleasure as we neared the end of our run, to look up and see an eagle fly from a tall tree on the bank. These birds are making a comeback, but as yet are far from common.

The real unexpected treat, though, came at the end of our run, just before we turned back. There were bright orange lilies (Turk's Head we think) blooming in the swamp. No flower can compel attention, I know, any more appropriately than a lily. We deserved to have been impressed. Yet I have to admit that what their colors immediately reminded me of was the bikini we had seen at the outset of our trip. Our whole day had been symbolically enclosed in pink parenthesis.

A Potomac River Island. Islands are special places. This is particularly so when they are uninhabited and accessible only by your own unscheduled boat. One such island in the Potomac estuary has been drawing my eye for several years. From the shores of Virginia's Westmoreland County, about a mile away, anyone can see that this is no great masterpiece of island making. Its western half is beach and marsh, its eastern half a cedar scrub woodland.

This patch of marsh and scrub timber lacks even a proper island name, the chart simply calling it Hollis Marsh. Its origin is in the erosion of the high Stratford Cliffs just upriver. Over the centuries, downstream currents have carried their sloughings across the mouth of Currioman Bay, leaving them in a long narrow spit. Storms have broken through the neck of the spit, giving us an island. It is readily accessible from a nearby

public ramp, and on one fine October day, a friend and I went there.

Launching from the ramp at Currioman Landing, we set course for a spot of white beach where the marsh joins the wood and where the chart shows a lagoon penetrating the island. The breeze was brisk but on the beam and the crossing of Currioman Bay was an easy one. Wind had pushed the tide low enough to dry out the lagoon, so we hauled out on the beach beside it. Though we were 120 miles above the entrance of the Chesapeake, these waters were brackish. The marsh grasses were the familiar saltmarsh cordgrass, and the smell was the good familiar saltmarsh smell.

A walk of only two or three hundred yards around the edge of the lagoon brought us to the sound of gentle surf, and we were on the beach on the island's far shore, facing the Potomac itself. Three miles away stood Maryland, directly across from us we could see the tall white cross on St. Clement's Island marking the place where the Maryland settlers first landed, some three and a half centuries ago.

Looking upriver and down, over roughly a twelve mile reach of estuary, we saw two boats. This was an autumn weekday, but even in summer, the lower Potomac doesn't get crowded. Historians say that a century ago this part of the river would have been filled with working sail. Nowadays everything moves by truck, and the few oyster tongs out this day were working a different part of the river.

Besides its island status, Hollis Marsh turned out to have at least two attractions that were rather special. Its beaches are of coarse, clean, and almost blindingly white sand (not all that common

on the Bay), and it has a large colony of osprey nests. The osprey is making a great comeback in the Bay region, and their nests are a common sight on daymarks and beacons. But these nests were in dead trees, both standing and fallen. One nest, in a deadfall on the Potomac shore, was right at eye level. At the time of our visit the birds were long gone, but in summer the osprey scene here would be remarkable.

All the wildlife that we did see was a mixed flock of gulls and terns taking a siesta on the sandbar at the lagoon entrance and a few cormorants that had labored off on our arrival. But tracks in the wet sand of the lagoon said that a raccoon had recently passed this way, so animals do live or visit here.

We explored the woodland last, after struggling through the salt bush thicket that stands border guard on the interior. Not surprisingly in this sandy place, the trees were a modest lot; red cedar with a scattering of oak, pine and cherry, and a little grove of hackberries. A pair of gunning shacks stood windowless and abandoned in a clearing, with their yards growing up to scrub. Waterfowl winter in the Potomac estuary, and it is natural that hunters would be attracted to this place.

Looking back to where we had come from, we had a pretty enough view, with Currioman bay sparkling in the sun path and the mainland woods blue-green behind it. But a wind shift had put the landing dead upwind, and the mile-long return trip was a pretty good workout for retirement age muscles. The lady on the bow paddle even got a bit damp. We both figured, though, that an island was worth that much.

Pocomoke River. The Pocomoke is a true southern river. You will have to go farther south to find Spanish moss, but the Pocomoke has all the rest; bald cypress, southern swamp hardwoods, and black water. Maryland's Pocomoke River State Park is here, in two separate units. Both have ramp access, and in season, camping facilities (fees in season also). Milburn Landing on the west bank abuts the river directly. Shad Landing on the east bank has a marina and ramps on a side creek which hooks around behind an island to tie in with another tributary creek. Thus a loop trip is possible, with the main stem of the Pocomoke forming one leg of the loop.

It was a breezy October day on my latest visit (solo this time) so I chose Shad Landing with its loop trip, where the upwind leg would be in sheltered creek waters, and the wind would be at my back when I turned upriver on the Pocomoke.

moke for the return leg. The visual contrast between the confinement of the creeks and the broad river itself also made this an attractive choice.

It being a solo trip, I was in my Chesapeake, a beamy and stable little kayak, and an apparent near cousin to the Poke Boat ("Boats", Oct. 15, 1987). At this point my class as a paddler, or lack of it, has to be admitted. For with a plump boat cushion under and another behind, the Chesapeake becomes a real Barca-Lounger of a boat, perfect for the kind of slouch paddling that I do best, and that these swamp creeks encourage.

Once away from the marina, one is immediately in a swamp wilderness. The trees here are taller than the span of the creek, and what there is of sky is straight up. The understory is lush, with shrubs reaching out from the bank. The evergreen sweetbay I could recognize. Its various companions I knew merely as deciduous, some of them turning tawny autumn shades. Leaf fall had begun. This was the quintessential place and time for slouch paddling, with the paddle set on intermittent, drifting along on quiet black water sprinkled with colored leaves.

Field guides promise many kinds of birds here. This happened not to be the day for them, but enough kinds of wild creatures appeared to keep me entertained. Thus, detouring around a fallen tree, I spooked a gathering of little water bugs. Each one bore a tiny air bubble and as they skittered around, sidelighted by the afternoon sun, they metamorphosed into a tribe of miniature lightbulbs gone berserk.

At the junction with the second creek, there is a choice to be made. A left turn leads further into the swamp to an eventual dead end. I took the right turn that leads to the Pocomoke. This second waterway, though still sheltered, is broader than the first one. The wider view of sky reveals more of the cypress in the canopy. They are still green in October, though they will shed their needles later. Although this part of the river is over twenty miles from the Bay, it is still tidal and leaves were drifting upstream against me on a gentle current.

Continuation of the fauna inventory included a muskrat sliding off a log, disturbed by my approach; a turtle sunning on another log, undisturbed by my approach; and a flicker unseen but heard in the woods. The occasional sound of an airplane or a truck on the highway did not seem an intrusion, rather, by contrast, it tended to emphasize the remoteness and quiet of the swamp. Except for a few fishermen at the marina, I had



Top: Shad Landing on the Pocomoke River, solo "Chesapeake" in the foreground. Bottom: Migrant cypress and friends moved into midstream.

the place to myself.

After bending indifferently this way and that, the creek eventually opens out. The sky widens, and there beyond a bed of spatterdock is the Pocomoke itself. Cypress are more evident here than in the side creeks. As I paddled upstream I met at close hand several that had left their fellows and moved out into the river, as cypress like to do. Some had even carried their dependents offshore

with them; shrubs and some pale blue asters that had found enough soil to survive among the cypress knees. A lone cormorant, taking off laboriously, finished the critter inventory. The daymark at the mouth of the marina creek appeared and I headed in. I had covered roughly a mile and a half, and it had taken roughly an hour and a half. That's the sort of pace that the Pocomoke encourages.

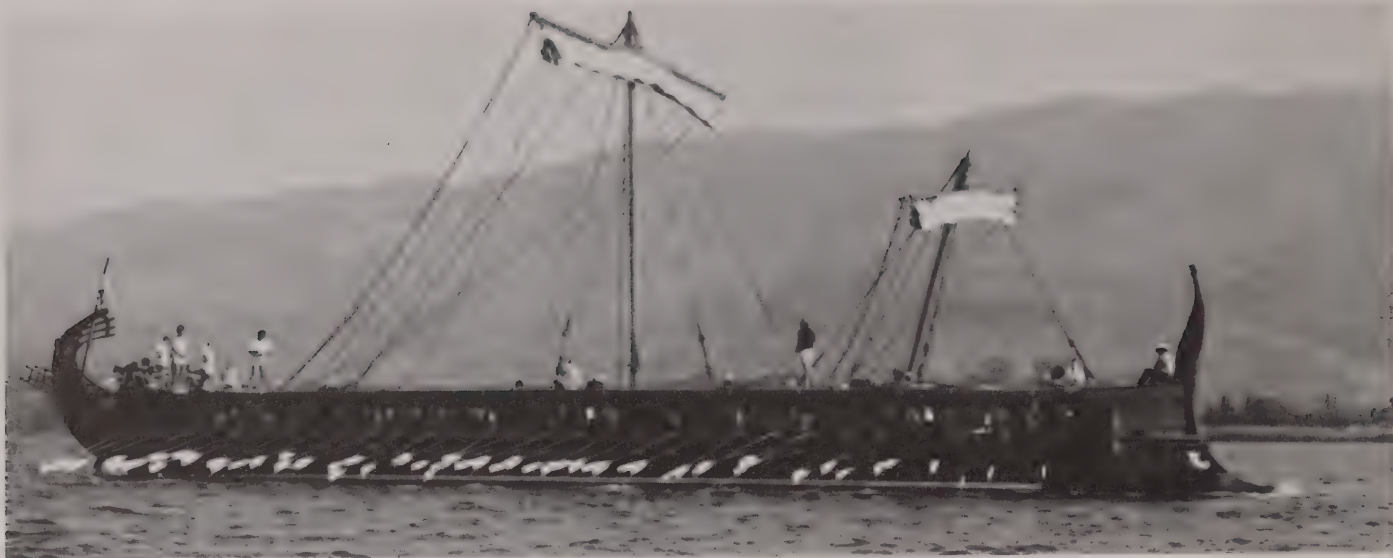
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The Trireme Beckons

How would you like to row in unison at nine knots with 169 other people? The Trireme Trust is recruiting rowers for the 1990 sea trials of the 170 oared trireme "Olympias" (see "American Rowing", March/April 1988; "Archeology", April, 1988; "Boats" center-spread photo, April 1, 1989). This 118' reconstruction of the ship that served as the linchpin of classical Athenian hegemony has completely overturned our understanding of the operation of oared warships.

The objectives for the July 21st through August 12th sea trials include achieving a constant sprint speed of 9 knots under oar, a cruising speed of close to 8 knots, and a possible voyage of three or four days around the Saronic Gulf, including bivouacking on the

beach. Simulating the ancient battle maneuvers, the crew will work to achieve tighter, faster turns, a quick backing away (as if retreating after ramming an enemy) and acceleration runs better than last season's record of 0-7 knots in 32 seconds.

Much of the improved performance is expected to result from modification of "Olympia's" oars. Responding to analysis of the two previous trials, the oars of all three tiers will still be the same length, but will be made much lighter, with smaller blades and longer handles.

The new recruiting guidelines closely reflect these ambitious objectives. Some 900 American applicants are being sought to fill the U.S. quota of 90. Short-legged,

tough, experienced rowers. By selecting a crew that better fits the ship's ancient Athenian-sized rowing furniture, the project organizers hope to achieve the necessary longer, stronger stroke. Participants will undergo a weekend of intensive training on a specially designed mock-up in Boston before joining the rest of the international crew on the island of Poros in Greece.

Successful candidates can expect to spend about \$1,600 on air fare and meals. Accommodations are free, courtesy of the Greek Navy, which owns and operates the ship. Interested readers who also happen to be fit, under 5'10", and experienced rowers, canoeists or kayakers, are encouraged to contact Ford Weiskittel, Trireme Trust USA, 803 S. Main St., Geneva, NY 14466, (315) 789-7716.

Candidates will be ranked by a combination of factors. These standards are not absolutes but will be used as guidelines.

1. Height, a maximum of 5'10" with a floor-to-crotch measurement of no more than 32" in stocking feet.

2. Cardiovascular fitness for sliding seat rowing of 7,500 meters in 29 minutes or less on a Concept II Erg; OR a 5 mile run in 35 minutes or less; OR 25 miles of cycling in 1 hour 15 minutes or less; OR equivalent fixed seat rowing experience.

3. Character which can appreciate humor and the absurd.

4. Strength for 150 60 pound bench pulls in 6 minutes or less.

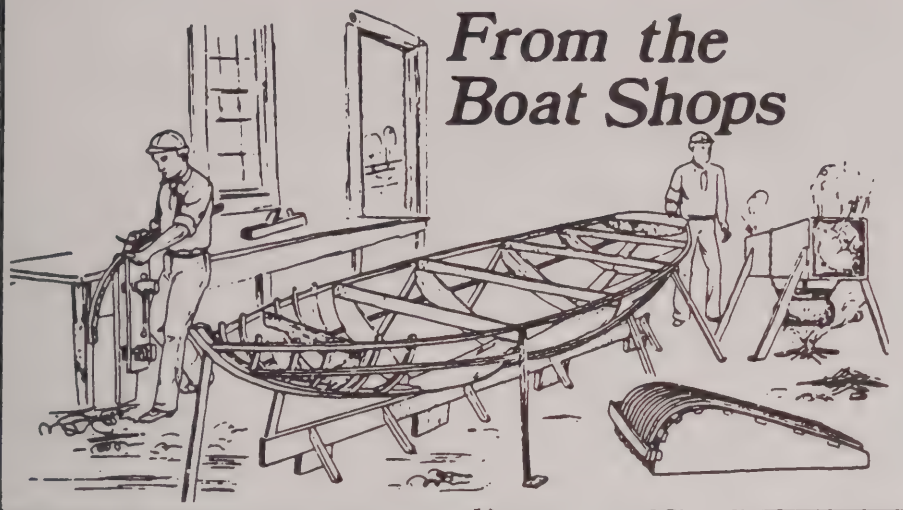
5. Flexibility for sitting flat legged, feet 6" apart, and reaching beyond the heels.

Training mockup illustrates the three levels of oars, but where are the overhead beams?



Paul Lipke Photos

From the Boat Shops



RESTORATION BUSINESS BUSY AT WOODSTRIP WATERCRAFT

While building new boats has been slow this winter at our small shop in Perkiomenville, Pennsylvania, the canoe restoration business has been busy. This winter we have completed several, among which were a 1915 AA grade Old Town Ideal, a 15', 50 pound Old Town and a 25' Old Town war canoe. In progress are a 1921 Kennebec 17' and a second 25' war canoe, with a 1910 Carleton 16' and a 1924 Kennebec 17' next.

I still haven't had time to build the boats I wanted to this winter; an Acorn skiff and Cockleshell. Perhaps later this spring?

On March 31st and April 1st we are holding an open house with discussions on boat design, building, repairs and restoration. With it we are having a boating equipment and used boat flea market, open to any interested readers wishing to sell marine related gear only. Contact me beforehand if you would like to participate.

Al Bratton, Woodstrip Watercraft Co., Box 1140, Lansdale, PA 19446, (215) 234-0680.

CUTTING THEM IN HALF AT THAYER'S

I have gotten the office and tax stuff finally cleaned up enough so I can go back to doing something productive in building boats. I split a Ducker hull down the middle and widened it a foot, so now I have a "Garvey Ducker". The 18' "Duckah" is nearly finished and due to go to Baja soon. And I have cut a Mallet's Bay launch in half the other way (across it) and it will go to 19'. Plenty to keep me off the streets of greater downtown Collbran.

Jim Thayer, Thayer & Co. Boatbuilding, Rt. 1, Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (303) 487-3088..

PICKING UP AT OLD WHARF DORY

I thought I'd write to tell you how things are going here at my boatshop in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, now that there is something to tell. Not much boat work last spring and summer, I worked on a post and beam house project to get by, but things picked up again in October when I finally sold the 12' Pelican I had started in 1981 to a man from New Jersey. That is now out the door. Two other small jobs are next, recanvassing a 17' Chestnut canoe, a family boat; and building an 18' work skiff for a local fisherman.

Then comes the major project for this spring, building an 18' Norwalk Island Sharpie. This is a nice little pocket cruiser, shoal draft, sort of a fat sharpie or skinny catboat, very similar in type to Bruce Kirby's other boats of the same family. I believe it will be the first one built of this design.

I have also been getting increasing numbers of calls about possible projects. I've quoted estimates on an 18' Kayleigh power cruiser of Tracy O'Brien design and a 29' Advanced Sharpie of Phil Bolger design. This latter one would be a very interesting boat to build as it embodies Phil's latest ideas. A relatively simple, shoal draft cruiser, it has 7'10" beam and draws 1'1", yet has 6'2" headroom under the doghouse.

The projects in hand will keep me busy until July, and I can hopefully work in some trout fishing, blue fishing, photography and canoeing. I will be at the Albany Wooden Boat Show in late June, looking forward to that.

Walter Baron, Old Wharf Dory Co., Old Chequessett Neck Rd., Wellfleet, MA 02667.

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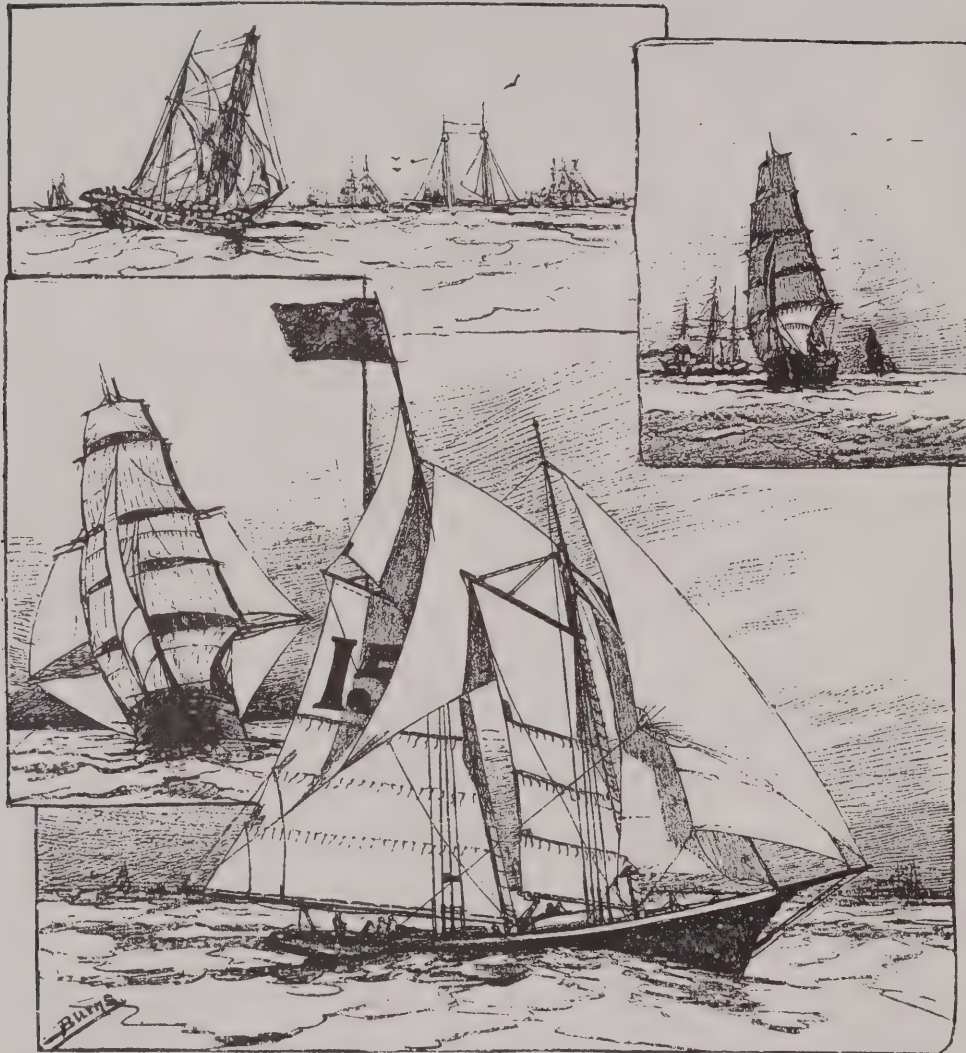
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FEW of those who have heard of, or have seen, the trim pilot-boats of New York Bay are aware what a thorough preparatory education and experience is required of a New York pilot. Nor is it generally known how systematic is the organization which regulates the movements of these pilots, and what hazards they must encounter in plying their vocation on the boisterous Atlantic.

Having accepted a cordial invitation to take a cruise in the *Caprice*, Mr. Burns and myself were notified to keep ourselves in readiness to sail at a moment's warning. The schooner was then at sea, but was expected back at any hour to pick up her pilots and provisions. More than a week passed, however, before we were notified to be at the pier on the following morning. The *Caprice* had been

detained by severe weather, which gave us the promise of a boisterous trip. When we reached the office of the Pilot Commissioners,—a low-studded, elbow-shaped room, on the corner of Burling Slip,—everything portended a storm. A massive antique mahogany desk, at one side, served partially to conceal the busy secretary of the department, whose position is by no means a sinecure. All the multifarious accounts, together with most of the shore business of the pilots, pass under his eye. Between two windows stood a large and elaborate chronometer clock, including with it a barometer and thermometer, and around the room were ranged a number of closets or lockers. One by one the pilots straggled in, took a look at the glass, and discussed the prospects of the weather, which

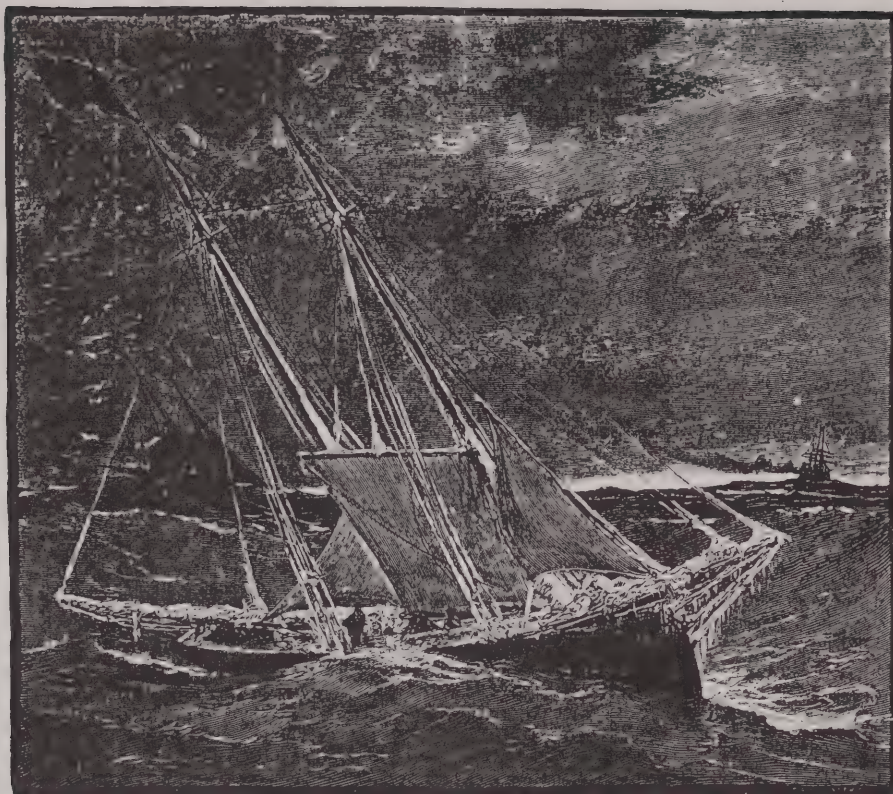
was pronounced to be unusually foreboding, with the mercury ranging below twenty-nine degrees and a sky of the most sinister aspect.

By half-past nine, the pilots who belonged to the *Caprice* having arrived, we started for the pier where she was lying. I confess the prospect of a cruise in such a graceful little craft filled me with enthusiasm. She was ninety-six feet long and twenty feet beam, and drew eleven feet aft. Not over-sparred, like too many of our yachts, her masts were beautiful sticks and admirably proportioned, without a knot or a crack. The cabin was coziness itself; nothing can exceed the comfort of a snug little cabin when all hands but the watch are below, the swinging lamp is lit, and the long steady howl of the gale and the boom of the seas breaking on deck blend in a sublime organ-peal—the tumult of the storm often rising above the jests and yarns of the men gathered around the table or lying in their bunks with feet dangling over the side. A stove was firmly fixed in the center, on a brightly burnished plate of brass. On each side were a state-room and two berths that could be closed by slides. The galley and quarters of the crew were amidships, and were divided from the cabin by a bulkhead. The crew included four able seamen, a swarthy lascar cook, a cabin-boy, and the boat-keeper. The latter commands the schooner, and takes her back to port after all the pilots have been put on board other vessels. But before that, the boat is under the direction of the pilot whose turn it is to board the next ship.

We put to sea with six pilots, the full complement being seven. These formed a joint-stock company, but while all were licensed pilots, they were not all of equal rank. This matter of rank underlies the whole principle involved in piloting according to the laws of the State of New York, and a *résumé* of the regulations is therefore pertinent, while the schooner is making sail. The number of pilot-boats licensed to run out of the port of New York is fixed by law; it is now twenty-eight, and they register from forty to seventy tons. Each boat is obliged to carry its number in enormous black figures on the mainsail. These boats are owned by about one hundred and seventy pilots, but, strange to say, they are never said to be manned except when left in charge of the boat-keeper. Including pilots and crews, this fleet of schooners gives employment to nearly four hundred men. In this survey we do not, of course, include the New Jersey pilots who sail out of New York Bay, but are subject to the laws of the other State. This number is by no means excessive when we consider that the

foreign entries and departures of vessels in the port of New York are at present over ten thousand a year, while the coastwise entries and departures are nearly four times that number. Coasting vessels, though they often find it expedient to employ a pilot, are at liberty to decline to take one. But vessels coming from, or bound to, foreign ports have no option in the matter. If a pilot-boat can get near enough to hail them, they must either accept a pilot or pay the full charges he would be entitled to receive if he boarded that ship. This law is by no means so unfair as some might regard it. The pilots must devote much time and expense to qualify themselves for their business, and are exposed to great perils. Unless they are protected by the laws from the whims of sea-captains, the profits of pilotage would be so reduced that it would be impossible to induce capable men to enter the service. While it may be alleged that in fine weather their services are often not needed, on the other hand, emergencies frequently arise when a good pilot is indispensable.

The responsibility devolving on a pilot, and the extent of his qualifications, may be partly appreciated when one learns that, immediately on boarding a vessel, he takes command, and is answerable for any accident until he has discharged his duty of taking the vessel in or out of port. If any mishap befall the ship at that time, he is liable to have his license revoked, and thus lose all further opportunity of plying his vocation. The New York pilot must, therefore, for the good of all concerned, pass through a long and rigorous course of training. He must serve, man and boy, before the mast till he masters every problem in the management of every form of rig. To this he must add a thorough knowledge of navigation. Then he must contrive to obtain the position of boat-keeper or pilot's mate. In that capacity, he must serve three full years on one pilot-boat before he can be admitted for his examination for a license. If through ill-fortune he lose his position, he must begin *de novo*, and serve the full time on another boat. Sometimes, a boat-keeper serves nine or ten years on various boats before his apprenticeship is complete. After all this, he must pass a most rigid examination on all points of seamanship and navigation before the Board of Pilot Commissioners, and exhibit a thorough knowledge of the tides, rips, sands, and all other phenomena for hundreds of miles out from the piers of the East and North rivers. But even after receiving his license, he is sometimes forced to wait years, until some pilot happens to die and leave a vacancy for him. The first year



ICED UP.

of pilotage, he is granted a license to pilot vessels drawing less than sixteen feet. If he give satisfaction, the following year he is permitted to take charge of ships drawing eighteen feet. If he pass a satisfactory examination the third year, he then receives a full license, entitling him to pilot vessels of any draught, and is then first called a branch or full pilot.

This matter of draft often gives rise to amusing maneuvers between captain and pilot—the former sometimes endeavoring to evade a correct statement of the actual draft of the vessel at the time, and the latter in turn employing his wits to get at the truth without appearing to doubt the word of the captain. Vessels drawing under fourteen feet pay three dollars and seventy cents a foot; the rate increases by degrees, until ships drawing twenty-one feet and upward pay six dollars and fifty cents per foot.

On receiving his license, the pilot must give bonds for the proper discharge of his duty, and he is liable to heavy fines if he declines to fill a vacancy or to board a vessel making signals for a pilot. He is also required to be temperate in his habits and of reputable character. The proper execution of these regulations is to a large degree insured by the great competition among the boats, and the consequent vigilance of each to detect delinquencies in his rivals.

It is evident that to be a New York pilot is no sinecure, and that the position is one of great responsibility and trust.

IN a few moments the *Caprice* was stealing past Castle Garden, and leaving behind her the towering roofs and spires of the lower part of New York. Nothing could be more disheartening than the pall of sullen clouds that hung over the bay. There was scarcely any wind, but the glass and the sky indicated that we were either in the center of a revolving storm or that one was rapidly approaching. But there were also signs of a shift of the wind into the north-west, and a few vessels bound south had concluded to venture out, and were gliding with the tide toward the Narrows.

No sooner had we put off into the stream than the pilots began to look about for a possible prize. Their keen enterprise was illustrated sooner than I expected. Scarcely had we shoved off from the pier when we saw a schooner putting to sea a mile away.

"Johnnie, head her for that schooner," said one of the pilots, to the man at the wheel.

"You can't catch her," said another.

"Yes, we can. She's only got her foresail and jib up."

"She'll have her mainsail up in a minute. They're hoisting it now."

"I don't care if they be. We'll catch her, anyway."

And catch her we did, by making all sail with man-of-war speed. Hauling under her stern, we hailed her, and sent a pilot on board to guide her past Sandy Hook. We then took some provisions from Staten Island, and glided through the Narrows. We picked up our pilot at the station-boat. This leads us to notice that one of the pilot fleet is always stationed off Sandy Hook, to serve as a rendezvous to pilots when they leave vessels, after having piloted them out of New York. The boat anchors between the lightship and Sandy Hook for four days, when another boat takes her place. When the weather is very bad, the station-boat lies off and on. Sometimes she is forced to make a harbor herself, but it is wild weather indeed when she is obliged to do that. A penalty of one hundred dollars a day is enforced on every boat that delays to appear at the station when its turn has arrived.

The storm signal was flying at Sandy Hook, but it is not for pilots to observe its warning, and we ran out to sea and headed south. At night-fall we double-reefed the mainsail and hove to. We were now in the water where the *Caprice*, at Christmas-time two years ago, encountered the most frightful dangers. Every sea that came on board froze, until the ice on deck was twelve inches thick, and it was feared she might founder with the weight of the ice. Great blocks of ice grew on the furled jib, and could not be detached without tearing the sail. On New Year's Eve, William Wright, the boat-keeper, entered in the ship's log-book: "January 1st and a happy New Year!" Five days after that, another hand entered on the pages of the same log-book the following terse but tragic record: "Thursday, 6th. Blowing hard from N. E. At 4 A. M. hauled the jib down. Lost a man off the bowsprit. Hove the yawl out and lost two men and the yawl; then hove the other yawl out and lost her. Lay around tacking till daylight, and kept a lookout on the mast-head till 8 A. M. Then started for town at 1 P. M." One of these poor fellows was Wright, the boat-keeper. One month more, and he would have been licensed as a pilot!

Two years before this, the *Caprice* was hove on her beam-ends in a terrific squall, losing both masts and a man who was in the rigging. On still another occasion she was tripped by a huge wave and nearly filled. Momentarily expecting her to go down, the crew took to the boats and were picked up. The schooner survived the gale, however, was towed into port by a passing vessel, and

was repurchased at auction by her former owners. On another occasion she was run into by a steamer, cut down to the water's edge and sunk in shoal water, from which she was raised again. She seems to lead a charmed life, but her career well illustrates some of the hazards of piloting—which are so well appreciated by the underwriters that they charge ten per cent. premium for insuring pilot-boats.

Nothing of note occurred during the first night, and after running south for a few hours after daylight, we had just hove to again with the helm lashed, when the lookout at the mast-head cried:

"A pilot-boat on the weather bow, sir."

Immediately the order rang out, in quick, sharp tones:

"Shake out the reefs of the mainsail and keep her away!"

An exciting race followed between the two pilot-boats, several miles apart, to reach a large ship standing north. Now rising, now plunging over the gray seas, and staggering under a press of canvas, we neared the prize only to see it snatched from our grasp by the other boat. No sooner was that fact ascertained than we shortened sail, the lookout was sent aloft to his usual eyrie at the fore cross-trees, and the pilots, without so much as a word of regret, returned to studying the chart, reading a threadbare novel, fingering the well-thumbed cards, or snatching a little sleep in their bunks. This is about the ordinary routine in a pilot-schooner during good weather—intervals of seeming quiet broken by sudden alternations of the utmost excitement, together with a feverish, endless vigilance from mast-head and deck.

(To Be Continued)

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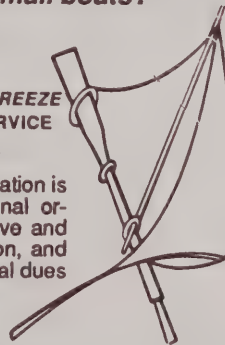
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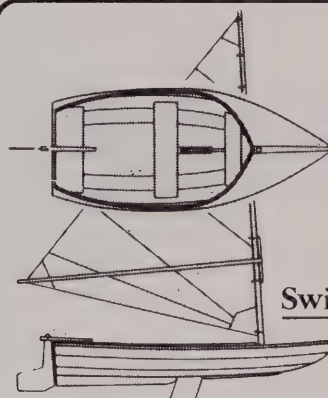
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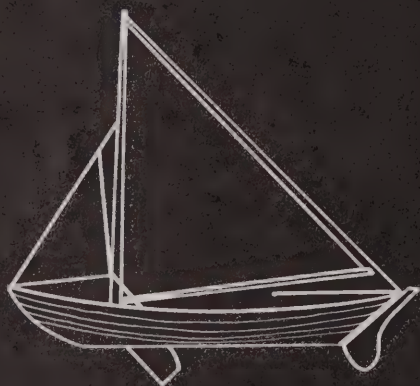
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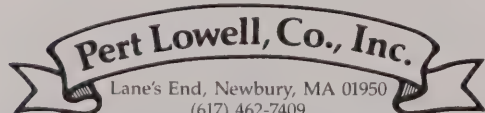
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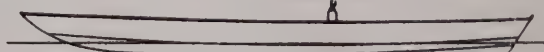


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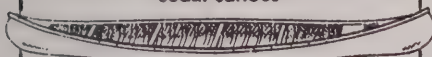
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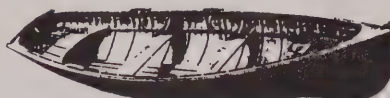
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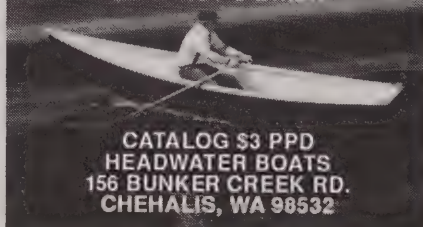
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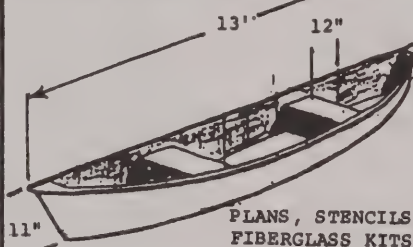
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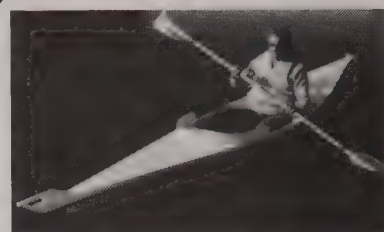
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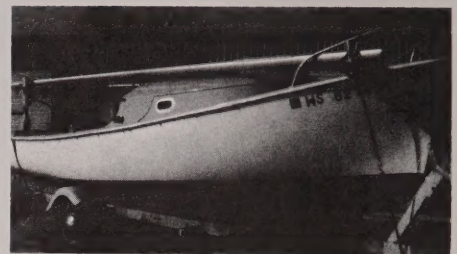
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