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messing about in BOATS

'98 Cedar Key Small Boat Meet - A Boat for the 21st Century
Special Features This Issue
Maritime History Symposium

Volume 16 - Number 22

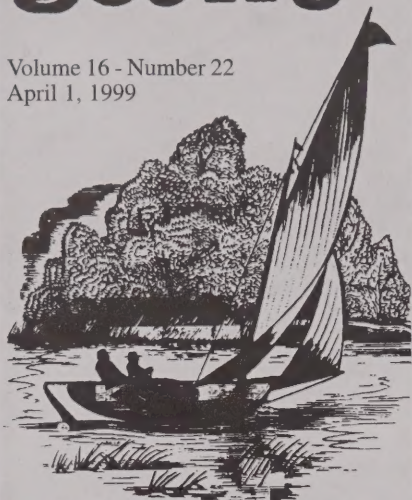
April 1, 1999



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In Our Next Issue...

Dick Wagner reminisces about his "Center For Wooden Boats...Still On Course After 20 Years".

Richard Zollitsch paddles his canoe on "Three Lakes...Three Different Worlds"; Tim Weaver presents "A Modest Proposal" involving history and schooners; Robb White describes ways of being "Seasick"; Charlie Matthews' "Log of Therapy" concludes with Part 6; and William Washburn Nutting's "Track of the Typhoon" crosses the Bay of Biscay.

Craig Wilson details his "Viking Resurrection"; Mark Steele describes how "Huia...An Historic Topsail Schooner Comes to Life"; and Harry Davis provides an example of "A Surveyor at Work".

John Marples introduces his "Sea-clipper 16, a Tri for Two"; Jim Michalak introduces "Two More New Boats"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" looks at "Motor Sailer Muppy"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present their "Prince William Sound Yawl".

On the Cover...

Adirondack guideboat versus canoe, Jack Hornung compares these two and has a lot more to say about his "Adirondack Guideboat...A Boat for the Twenty-First Century" in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We started off 1999 with another major cruising tale, the serialization of William Washburn Nutting's 1922 book, *Track of the Typhoon*, in part because last year when we serialized *By Waterways to Gotham* we had the most reader response ever to anything we've published, all positive. It seems that such cruising tales find a ready readership.

After getting *Typhoon* underway I decided to run the rest of Charlie Matthews' much more modest cruising tales, "Log of Therapy", which I had in hand from 1997, as counterpoint to the scale of Nutting's world class adventuring. Charlie cruises on the protected inland waters of the St. John's River in Florida. Both he and Nutting sailed in what they refer to as small boats, but *Typhoon* was a 45 LOA ketch while *Therapy* is a 15' LOA Montgomery sloop. Let see, by the rule of cubes, that makes *Typhoon* about 9 times as big as *Therapy*.

Both these skippers, some 75 years apart in time as well as worlds apart in scale of their adventurous aspirations, bring us some understanding of the appeal of cruising. It's the going somewhere allure, constrained by the individual's capabilities and pocketbooks.

Cruising tales have always been grist for the nautical press, and even enjoy their own specialized periodicals today. *Cruising World*, for example, is about as focused as it can get on the topic of going somewhere under sail. Cruising tales almost always have been about adventures involving some serious distances, off-shore stuff, good sized "small" boats, usually some dangerous moments far from shore. In short, typical adventure tales for those of us who are shorebound, or along-shorebound.

In reading some of the cruising tales in the earlier boating magazines from between the World Wars, I had noted that often the editors of these publications were skilled sailors themselves, often going off on cruises which they subsequently reported upon. I greatly respect and admire them, they wrote wonderfully well from extensive personal experience.

Well, I hardly measure up to their standard, I am content to potter about in protected waters in very small boats and cruising is something I hardly ever did get

to do, other than a couple of overnights and one charter cruise with friends.

Well, why not? One factor was I started too late in life, I was in my mid-forties when I first got interested in boats at all and took some sailing lessons. I'd already done about 25 years of motorcycling and was becoming prey to early middle aged growing lack of confidence in my ability to undertake what I viewed as potentially demanding new activities.

Another was that the few "cruises" I did go on, local coastal small boat outings over two or three days, and a ten day Caribbean cruise with another couple (they invited us along at the last minute), revealed to me that I wasn't all that thrilled about spending so much of my time just sitting around.

Perhaps the combination of these two sort of negative attitudes would have been avoided had I started out in boats as a youth and made them my younger years' main activity. With 25 years of sailing behind me I'd probably have been at ease cruising along our interesting local coastline, vacationing afloat, and all that. I don't think I was personally endowed with the adventurous sort of personality that trans-Atlantic and world cruises require.

So I am predisposed to publishing the cruising tales many of you send us about your own modest adventures, Charlie's being just one example. This sort of cruising stuff fits the magazine's scope nicely anytime, and I enjoy all the many different ways in which you indulge in these mini-cruises, the sort I might actually undertake if incentive enough arose to distract me from the ongoing momentum of my present lifestyle.

As an editor, I don't have to be experienced in all the activities which are chronicled on these pages. I do need to understand the nature of the activities so I can appreciate what the writers are telling us. As a publisher I have to choose material that I feel will interest enough of you to make its publication worthwhile.

So I'll continue to bring you the modest cruising tales we receive and also the occasional major league cruising story such as *Track of the Typhoon*, this all conspiring to emphasize the truly broad gauge of the subject "Messing About in Boats" as far as the using of them goes.

Impossible, But...

1 Dead, 1 Missing

On January 4th strong wind flipped an outrigger canoe, tossing six members of an experienced paddling team into 50 degree Pacific water off Oxnard, California dressed only in shorts and T-shirts. One man died, another was missing and a third was in critical condition.

The six set out from Channel Islands Harbor in a 40' outrigger to paddle to an oil platform about 10 miles off the coast. Only about 1-1/2 miles into the trip the boat capsized in 40mph winds and sank. None of the crew was wearing a life jacket. The crew detached the canoe's outrigger and tried to float to shore, but they were thrashed by high waves and a strong current pulled them toward the open sea.

One man drowned as a result of extreme hypothermia about 90 minutes after the boat capsized. After he died, another decided to swim to shore. He was rescued by a sailboat about four hours later, in critical condition with extreme hypothermia. Another crewmate left the group about an hour later also hoping to swim to shore. He remained missing.

The three others who stayed together were rescued by a fishing vessel shortly after noon as they drifted about 2-1/2 miles from shore. The three were treated for hypothermia and released.

(From an AP report published in the *RICA Paddler*, with following Editor's note: "The lesson here is that no matter how good you are, no matter how experienced you are, no matter how good your equipment is, you can still capsize and you can still get into serious trouble. Everybody knows that the design of an outrigger canoe makes it impossible for them to tip over. Well, maybe not.")

Mandatory Safety

I agree with you that people need to be responsible for their own safety when they are in a boat. In response to Tom Shaw's inquiry about what we thought about mandatory boat education on his page, I think that folks ought to be responsible for their own education too. It is not the business of the government to teach people about recreational safety. Even if the hard working people of the Coast Guard Auxiliary volunteer their capable help, such a thing is bound to cost a lot of money. If something needs to be done to keep incompetent boat operators from killing the rest of us, I suggest a fee-paid, self financing, licensing examination with escalations, both in class of license and cost of the examination, sort of like what the Coast Guard requires for commercial captains. I believe that the class of license should reflect the horsepower of the engine of the boat.

As an aside, that's a good way to tax boats too. Horsepower is what does the damage, to the channel, the taxpayer, the environment and to the poor folks who get run over.

While I'm stepping off to one side of the subject, let's look at mandatory wearing of PFD's for grown people. I guess the motorcycle helmet and seatbelt laws pro-



Small Boat SAFETY

bably benefit society. If some fool busts his head when he pitches off his bike onto the asphalt or bashes through the windshield of his car and roots up a bunch of square feet of sod alongside the road and has to go to the hospital, it is liable to cost us innocent bystanders a lot of money if he can't pay the bill. Heroic medical procedures might save that person's life and put him on our bill as a brain-dead ward of the state if he wasn't already occupying that status.

A PFD is a different thing though. If some joker wants to flip over the side and sink to the bottom of the ocean and not come back up, it really is none of our business. If he stays sunk, he's not going to wind up as a dependent of ours. It is possible that he was already costing us money. For instance, what if he was just out on his last drunken fling before he got locked back up? We might be better off with him down there in Davey Jones' locker where we won't have to pay to teach him how to turn his life around again.

I hate to be callous, but one boating fatality is one too many depends on who it is. It is really just as bigoted to think that a whole class of people ought to be saved as it is to think that an identifiable group of people should be condemned. The only fair way to do it is to take each one on his own merits like Tonto did with the Lone Ranger when he got snake bit that time.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

I Did Not Laugh Again That Day

For some time I have wanted to write something that would be helpful to potential drowning victims, because of an in-the-water experience in the Straits of Juan De Fuca in winter. Lucy Iannotti has done that for me in the December 15 issue. Her "Drownproofing at Hull" article is very much worth reading and thinking about. What has to be emphasized is that the experience of finding one's self in the water can happen. By planning ahead a boater will know how to get aboard again. Ms. Iannotti has done a fine job of pointing to some techniques, and to the need to know them ahead of time.

When I went overboard I was alone, and it came without warning. It struck me as so funny that an old codger like myself should fall out of his own boat that I was laughing when I hit the water. I swam around to the transom, but could not climb in. I did not laugh again that day.

It was in December and I was in the water a long time before rescue. That involved the Coast Guard, a helicopter, frogmen, and some skilled medical attention to carefully bring my body temperature back to normal. All of this fuss brought my experience to the attention of many persons who knew me. Many came to me with their own experiences of having been in the water. There were a couple of experiences of persons stepping off the dock into the water and being unable to get out unassisted. There were others who, like myself, never knew why their boat had shifted or rocked just at a critical point in balance.

When one is in the water clothing gets heavy; I have heard that it can gain as much as thirty pounds. If the water is cold (in my experience it was about fifty degrees) the muscles and the brain do not work as well as normal, and that degradation increases with time in the water. That is an important point. The longer it takes to get back into the boat, the less capable one is to do it. Obviously one needs a plan, and the article in your magazine is absolutely correct to point out that each boater should try it out in safe and controlled conditions. As the article pointed out, the last few inches are the most difficult, and may be the difference between failure and success. Each of your readers should be certain that she or he is able to get back on board.

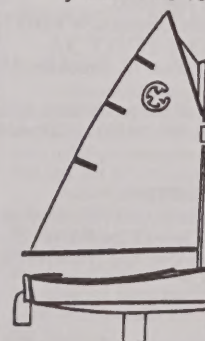
Many experienced sailors trail a line from the boat as an emergency line to grab. Soloing, how does one get back on board once one gets to the boat? My boat always will have a line to grab and use to climb aboard. A loop tied in the end provides a place to put a foot to step up to get those few extra inches that may be needed. I have made certain that line can be reached from the water.

My thanks to Ms. Iannotti for the article which is an important one which may save some lives.

P.R. Angel, Port Townsend, WA

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ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (781) 934-7555.

Activities & Events Organizers '99...

A new year is now here and we'll soon begin to dream about our opportunities for messing about in boats (in winterland areas anyway) when the on-the-water season gets underway in a few short months.

As a center of a sort of small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many, many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are frequently asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or organization or event.

To expedite this we publish this "Activities & Events Organizers" listing. We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we don't want to spend a lot of time either on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about opportunities. Instead we periodically publish this list and suggest that readers contact any of these that seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you want in this listing, then contact us, we may be able to help you. But bear in mind that everything we hear goes onto this list, we're not holding anything back.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950. (978) 462-8681.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 3551 NW Federal Hwy., Jensen Beach, FL 34957.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.

Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>

Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.

West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.

Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.

Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.

Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.

Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.

New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.

New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.

Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.

Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.

Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.

Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.

Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.

Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.

Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.

Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.

Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.

Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.

United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention.

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.

Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.

New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.

New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.

Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.

Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.

Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.

Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.

Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com>

www: http://www.seanet.com/~jrweiss/tscapuget

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.

South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.

Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950

Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.

Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.

Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.

North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.

Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,500+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event. Events and activities advertising will appear in the 1st issue of each month on our "Happenings" pages where readers will be accustomed to looking for it.

By asking you to pay a modest sum for the space you need, we will be able to pay for the added pages that will come to be necessary to provide this service, something we cannot afford to do at no cost.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Hulbert Outdoor Center Canoe & Traditional Camping Skills Day

Hulbert Outdoor Center's Canoe and Camping Skills Day on Saturday, May 29 will take place at Camp Aloha Hive on Lake Fairlee on Rt. 244 in West Fairlee, Vermont. It will be a day of workshops, demonstrations, activities and displays. Experienced canoers and craftsmen will teach skills, demonstrations in birch bark canoe building, quiet and white water paddling strokes, poling, trip preparation, outdoor cooking, flycasting, camping techniques, children's activities, canoe paddle carving. Participants may bring traditional small boats for display, tailgate vendors of low key, boating related items are welcomed, used boats or equipment for sale or swap.

For more information and a listing of events, please contact us.

Deb Williams, Hulbert Outdoor Center, 2968 Lake Morey Road, Fairlee, VT, (802) 333-3405, or visit our website at: <alohafoundation.org>

IYRS to Mount *Coronet* Exhibit at Newport Art Museum

The historic schooner yacht *Coronet* will be the focus of an exhibit opening June 26th, running to September 12th, at the Newport Art Museum in Newport, Rhode Island. The exhibit will present a comprehensive picture of this historic vessel. Entitled, "An Air of Greatness: the Yacht *Coronet*," the exhibit will feature historic paintings and photographs, design elements from the vessel, artifacts, and unique contemporary works of art drawn from a variety of museum and private collections.

Built in 1885 to undertake long ocean

Woods Hole Model Boat Show

The Woods Hole Model Boat Show to benefit the Woods Hole Historical Museum will be held on April 17th and 18th with special scheduled indoor workshops and outdoor events throughout both days.

Model ships, vessels, and boats of all kinds will be on exhibit in Woods Hole Museum, Woods Hole Library, Woods Hole Community Hall and Laboratory buildings. Demonstrations of radio controlled submarines will take place in W.H. Oceanographic tank and sailboats and power boats outdoors in Eel Pond inner harbor. VMYG and AMYA radio-controlled model yacht regattas will be on Eel Pond. Models of research vessels and sail training ships will be on exhibit at Oceanographic Institution and Sea Education Association buildings.

There will be special workshops on model building techniques, including student model boat building demonstrations, and radio control methods. Hands-on operation of radio controlled boats will be offered. Appraisers will be on hand to evaluate models and marine artifacts. Both models and model kits will be for sale.

The U. S. Coast Guard Woods Hole Station will be holding Open House Saturday. There will be Sea Chanties by Tom Goux and members of male chorus

Paul Ferris Smith, WHHC Model Boat Show, P.O. Box 185, Woods Hole, MA 02543.

cruises in comfort and style, *Coronet* has done that and more through a 114 year career that has included two circumnavigations, three roundings of Cape Horn, and a trip to Japan in 1896 to view an eclipse of the sun. She survives today with a great deal of her historic structure intact. Over the next few years *Coronet* will be meticulously restored by the International Yacht Restoration School to become their flagship.

For more information about the exhibit, *Coronet* or the International Yacht Restoration School, contact John Summers or Ruth Taylor at (401) 848-5777.

IYRS, Newport, RI

Mystic Seaport Sounds Call for Entries

Mystic Seaport is accepting applications for two popular summer events, the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop and Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous.

Celebrating it's 29th year, the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, held June 5th & 6th, is an exuberant gathering of small craft devotees who share, paddle, row or sail every type of small boat imaginable within the magnificent vista of Mystic Seaport. Boats which are accepted for the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop are powered by human power or by nature (wind); and of traditional design or built of traditional material. The Workshop, which emphasizes individual involvement with traditional boats, is not meant for the commercial builder who may want to bring a line of products.

The Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous marking its 24th year on July 24th & 25th, is a grand gathering of restored wooden power and sailboats built before 1952. Requirements for participation in the Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous are a fixed head (toilet facilities), fixed galley (stove, icebox, etc.), fixed bunks (at least two), arrival at event on its own power, built by 1952 or before, and built of wood. Runabouts, a class of boat only recently accepted, are excepted from the above requirements.

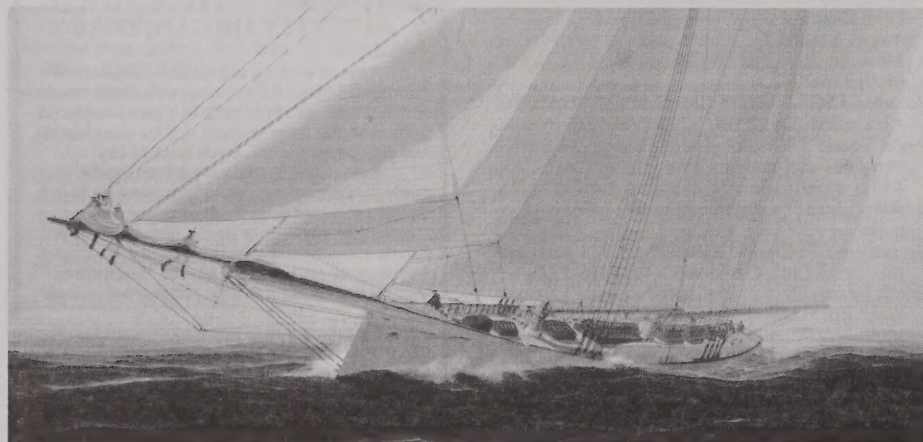
To receive an application for either the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop and/or Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous, call 888.9.SEAPORT. You may download registration forms for the small craft event by visiting <www.mysticseaport.org>.

Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT

On the State House Lawn

One of our Adirondack guideboats graced Vermont's state house lawn last fall as pictured. Nice setting for a nice boat.

David Rosen, Adirondack Guideboat, P.O. Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445



Needs...

Pearson Hawk Rigging

My son is restoring a 1963 Pearson Hawk (16'4"x 6' Carl Alberg sloop) and needs to learn how the mainsheet is set up; size of blocks and sheaves, mainsheet line size, and geometry. Can anyone help?

Richard Ramsey, 3007 Prairie Grove Dr., Ft. Wayne, IN 46809, (219) 747-2437

Outboard Drag

We all know that drag is bad, especially in a sailboat. But how much effort to eliminate drag is practical? I have a 24' full keel sloop with a 6hp outboard in a well in the stern. In the normal course of sailing the lower unit and prop are in the water creating what seems to me to be a lot of drag. What is this costing me in actual sailing velocity, especially beating to windward? Would it be worthwhile to try to remove the motor when sailing (it will not just tip up out of the water) or would the difference be so small as to not be worth the bother?

Jack Dice, Oceanville Boat Shop, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 367-0966, <oceanvilleboat@acadia.net> (23)

Opinions...

Electric Motor Technical Point

Russ Meade's pluperfect article "Just Mother 'N Me" sure hit home. There's a guy with both heart and class.

It brings up a technical point. Seemingly mini-hp electric motors might benefit from a prop shroud/Kort Nozzle/ducted fan to eliminate prop tip losses. With the slow speeds, the shroud could use flair, and not just a direct thru device.

My last boat was a one-off 42' version of a 110. Repo-bought sans engine, I used a HP Permanent Magnet electric motor with shaft coupled with a length of multi-layer water hose well Marman clamped. Guesstimate were 40 minutes at 12v and half of this with 24v. Great for getting in and out of the slip or scurrying from some omnipresent ocean freighter.

Like Meade had, two batteries; one should ask to see the plates for marine batteries as they have considerable more bulk. Running out of money, I switched leads to change rotation. I'm kinda an electric dummie, but an experienced friend told me a Briggs affixed to a police car 75a alternator would drive the boat indefinitely.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Comments on Recent Articles

Frank Cameron asked for advice on photographing boats. One book on this subject is *A Guide to Marine Photography* by Pete Smyth, which I got from the Dolphin Book Club. Also useful advice on this can be found in Mike O'Brien's "Launchings" section in *WoodenBoat* magazine, "Hints for taking good photos of your boat".

WoodenBoat also runs a section in their classifieds "Boats for Free". I have seen a few free items in *MAIB* classifieds

but not many. Perhaps if you drew more attention to them by listing them under such a separate heading, more items would show up and we bottom feeders could find more boats or gear to put back on the water again.

Tom Shaw invited comments on taking a mandatory boating safety course as a requirement for operating a boat. Proponents will say that boats can be lethal and that one boating fatality is too many. True, but those truly concerned with saving lives should put their efforts into activities where fatalities are much more numerous and commonplace than in recreational boating (try automobile operation!) and have a much greater positive impact. One can ask why hasn't mandatory driver education substantially reduced highway fatalities?

I have been operating boats since 1956 and have taken Coast Guard auxiliary and Power Squadron boating safety courses. A few years ago I began motorcycling and took the Motorcycle Safety Foundation riding and street skills course. I believe this sort of operator education is indeed helpful and should be voluntarily taken but I strongly object to the government requiring me to take them.

Legislation is probably coming, decided upon by money and politics. I just hope that the courses I already took are acceptable and that I am not required to take them over again.

Craig Wilson, Groveland, CA

About Tools

I read with great interest the articles by Dynamite Payson on used tools. I have always been painfully aware of the lack of tools in my shop, partly because I had no great need for them but also because of the cost. Before I started my recent boat building project I started going to garage and estate sales trying to find used (inexpensive) hand tools like chisels, planes, spokeshaves, drawknives and especially clamps. Over time, I was able to amass a shop full of great quality tools for a fraction of their new cost. I resist paying antique prices, unless the item is just something I can't live without; hoping, of course, to find that overlooked bargain.

I would rather use an old tool than a new one anyway. Usually the older tool is a much better tool and has a patina of long use which I like. I also feel a kinship with the previous owner knowing this tool was used in his important projects, in some cases even before I was born, and enjoy believing someone else will use these tools after I'm through with them.

One byproduct of my boat building project has been that I have started an extensive collection of antique wood working tools with the intent to create a shipwrights tool chest which I now display in our living room (to my wife's chagrin). In fact I'm starting to fill my third chest, you know once a collector gets started he can never get enough. Needless to say it's difficult to find authentic shipbuilders' tools around here but you never know what you'll stumble onto. I found an old Stanley ship caulker's hammer at a tool collector's booth in a flea market in Delta, Colorado last fall at an apple growers festival in the

middle of the Rocky Mountains. My tool chest really, really needed even if it was priced as an antique.

J. Stephen Crim, Richardson, TX

Almost a Ready Shanty Boat

Consider we have almost a ready shanty boat in the older style 18' scow bow fiberglass hull called monohedron I think. Quite out of fashion and misused, they are seen abandoned in vacant lots or else priced to sell for a few hundred dollars, trailers included.

Old Luger Industries ads had a tasteful kit offering showing just how much cabin room was available on these squarish hulls. I like the idea of adding runners of strong material to the bottoms, either laminated or bolted through. I feel this makes a superior leakproof boat ready for the fir framing and plywood siding superstructure of the shantyboat.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

This Magazine...

Congratulations on Safety Certificate

Congratulations on your "Certificate of Appreciation" from the Coast Guard. As I think I have told you before, I read every article that Tom Shaw writes and feel that they are very valuable to all of us. You are to be commended for including them in the magazine.

Question: Where the hell is Pend Oreille??? An article in the January 15th issue has a report about a nice rendezvous there, but I have no idea where it took place.

Roy Terwilliger, Harwich, MA

Editor Comments: Another unidentified event location slipped past me, I've already been reminded to set this right. Pend Oreille is in Idaho I believe.

Fascinating Articles

Reading your wonderful little publication I came across a fascinating article on a little junk called Yonk Hi-Tao. I take note of the author, something I'm apt not to do, but this is so interesting I do, and I discover he is the author of another fascinating article in the November 1st issue, "Bent Boats and the Direction of the Wind". This sends me digging through past issues looking for more "Dreamboats". I had mostly overlooked these before because time sometimes presses and there were so many other interesting things in the magazine. I discover Richard Carsen is a fascinatingly knowledgeable and observant person. In areas where our experience overlaps I am amazed how close we see and think.

John Erickson, Shelton, WA

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Anyone who regularly reads the pages of *Messing About* will readily recognize the name Old Town Canoe Company. It evokes an image of quality boats and a Maine-based manufacturer that has been around for a long time — a hundred years, in fact. How Old Town managed to stay afloat through a century of changing consumer desires and the debilitating effects of two World Wars and the Great Depression is a story that should be told.

Those who are not already intimately familiar with the history of U.S. canoe manufacture in the 20th century will be pleased to find that this book deals not only with Old Town, but of necessity touches on several other famous manufacturers such as Carelton, Gerrish, Morris, White and Penobscot, all of whom were virtually in the same neighborhood.

Throughout the book Susan Audette takes the reader off on a number of enjoyable tangents. For example, there is the curious connection between the founding of the company and the Gall Cure. A gall is a sore on a draft horse that is caused by the chafing of harnesses, and this was a serious problem for any business that relied on horse power (in those days, many did). It seems that Abiel Bickmore, who was born in Old Town in 1851, formulated a salve that promoted the rapid healing of galls. With the backing of the Gray family, who were prominent in the area's lumber business, the Bickmore Company was established in 1892 for the manufacture and distribution of the Gall Cure. The business was so successful (the product is still being sold today) the Grays started looking around for another business, and, perhaps inspired by a December 1894 editorial in the *Old Town Enterprise* which stated that "a canoe factory would pay well in Old Town" they decided to begin the manufacture of canoes.

Book Review

The Old Town Canoe Company *Our First Hundred Years*

By Susan T. Audette

Tilbury House, Publishers

132 Water Street

Gardiner, Maine 04345

800-582-1899

Softcover, 162 pages, 1998, \$35.

The Indian Old Town Canoe Company was founded in 1900, occupying the second and third floors of one of the Gray buildings, the first floor of which was the Gall Cure plant. "The powerful engines used in the manufacture of the Gall Cure on the floor below will supply extra power and heat for all necessary requirements in that direction" according to an *Enterprise* article announcing the new company. But perhaps the most important aspect of the Gall Cure connection was that Bickmore salesmen, who called on prolific numbers of hardware stores, retail shops and liveries, now added Old Town canoes to their offerings, i.e., a valuable channel for the distribution of the canoes had already been established.

Through its insistence on quality and tireless efforts at new product development, Old Town survived wars and depression. However, the onslaught of the Grumman aluminum canoe, a fallout of World War II, was another matter, and in the 1950s Old Town found itself in increasing difficulty. So, as the saying goes, they cheered up, and sure enough, things got worse. In the early 1960s the rising cost of raw materials used in Old Town's traditional wood-and-canvas construction combined with a downturn in demand for recreational products seriously threatened the company's very existence. It was time for fiberglass. Old Town, now managed by Deane Gray, recruited Walter King, who had been supervising the building of fiberglass boats for E.M. White. For Old Town, King designed a revolutionary canoe that was assembled from only two molded parts — a one-piece hull and a one-piece top. The design was beautiful, and it actually won the 1966 Grand Prize of the

Society of Plastics Industries, Reinforced Plastics Division, beating out other prestigious products such as the Studebaker Avanti.

King was then assigned to develop a line of larger fiberglass boats for Old Town. At the same time, Gray hired Bart Hawthaway and Lew Gilman to develop a line of whitewater kayaks and to continue expanding the fiberglass canoe line. Gilman, who had been engaged in building canoes of Royalex ABS before joining Old Town, brought valuable expertise into the firm.

With the arrival of the 70s Old Town finally was beginning to recover. But in 1974 the Grays were approached by Sam Johnson of the S.C. Johnson Wax Company. Johnson was in the process of diversifying his enterprises into a range of products that catered to outdoor enthusiasts, and Old Town must have appeared to be an ideal addition. In December 1974, after months of careful deliberation, the Grays sold their interest in Old Town to Johnson.

Few changes were made under Johnson. Importantly, Lew Gilman continued his product development work, and a breakthrough came in 1983 when he perfected a three-layer polyethylene hull using a rotational molding process that he had invented.

In 1984 the Discovery canoe, which utilized the new hull material, was introduced. Suddenly, for the first time since the company was sold in 1974, Old Town began to turn a profit. In 1985 sales grew 27 percent, largely at the expense of Coleman, whose Ram-X canoes had been dominating the lower-priced market. In subsequent years a broad line of canoes, using Gilman's process, was introduced and Old Town flourished.

Now it was time to get serious about kayaks. Although Old Town had manufactured some fiberglass kayaks in the early 70s, sales had not achieved expectations, and with the departure of Bart Hawthaway in 1974 Old Town lost interest in the line. But in 1990, after watching rising public interest in kayaks during late 1980s, Old Town aggressively re-entered the market with a broad line of specialized craft. The importance and success of their efforts is attested by the fact that kayaks were expected to account for 42 percent of the company's 1998 unit sales.

By the way, Old Town still produces wood-and-canvas canoes — about 60 units a year.

The Old Town Canoe Company is a book that will be enjoyed by everyone because it has so many dimensions. It is a history of canoe-making which inevitably illuminates many other facets of the American experience during the 20th century; it is an engaging profile of a company that has repeatedly adapted and survived; and it is a story of several intriguing individuals. Even if you don't like to read, you will enjoy the illustrations: there are 195 of them, 64 in color, and they include extensive coverage of historic Old Town catalogs.



There is nothing— absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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Remembering

Joanne S. Scott



Illustration by David Scott

Chic

A gaff-topsail sloop
Out of Essex, Connecticut.
Length, twelve feet, nine inches.
Beam, four feet, eight inches.
Weight, one hundred fifty pounds.
Lightly constructed in 1894 of white cedar
planks
With wineglass transom and oval coaming
of mahogany.
Floorboards and seats of teak,
Oak keel, spruce spars, plank bowsprit,
Centerboard, bronze plate rudder,
Laced mainsail with mast hoops,
Club-footed jib, topsail.
One hundred fifty square feet of sail area.

Sailed over the century
By Designer Ernie Way,
Marcus Potter, Clifford Scott.
Given to David Scott in 1960
Under covenant that
She'd keep on sailing.
Painted Chinese red,
The sand-bagger hull
Sailed like a moth between
Mill Creek's shores,
Eager for open spaces,
Undiscovered realms.

One summer David
Provided that by cruising
From Whitehall Bay
Across Chesapeake Bay
To Poplar Island,
South of Kent:
The challenge, to sail alone
A round trip of thirty miles,
To cook and sleep
In twelve feet, nine inches.

He drew on a paper placemat
The stowage of gear:

A small propane camp stove,
Ice chest, pot, utensils, canned goods,
Sleeping bag, duffle for a pillow,
Slickers, a tarp in case of rain,
Charts, compass, dividers, parallel rules,
Fog horn, riding light and matches,
Perhaps a good book, Joseph Conrad or the
like.

Poplar Island, the rendezvous,
Vanished now, like Brigadoon,
Erased from charts
By wind, tide, time.
With the Bay he knew so well:
Quays with watercraft, watermen
A man working a trot line
Dipping crabs,
Or just rowing by.
Buy boats, skipjacks,
Quiet tree-lined creeks.
Gusty storms of summer
Coming out of nowhere.
Brisk autumnal winds
Whipping up the Bay.
But back then, cruising to Poplar,
The horizon seemed constant
The waters, navigable.
The charts, timeless.

Now, *Chic* is on display
Near her place of origin,
The Connecticut River Museum.
Bright work gleaming,
Gilt on her transom.
One hundred years of waves
Against her hull.

Strange how objects outlast people,
While tide and time keep
Washing away the past.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Going Home for the Holidays

As I write this, I am looking at a photograph of a wintry scene at South Street during the last days of working sail. The scene is unmistakable. The photographer is on the bow of a neighboring sailing ship. It's low tide, so everything afloat is well below pier level. A harbor launch has steam up. Most of the schooners and sloops are laid up for the week between Christmas and New Year's. It's snowing, but the shipkeepers have cleaned most of the snow from the decks. One schooner, rafted third out from the head of the slip, is loaded with fashionably but warmly dressed women. I'm the guy on the bow.

This trip became necessary because the captain felt the need to get home. Normally, we just stayed wherever we ended up through the Christmas week, visiting with friends and family, but the captain was only married about

a year and his wife was about halfway through her first pregnancy. When I mentioned this to Fanny, she commented that she was thinking of closing up the house for the holidays, as business was always essentially nonexistent during the holiday week anyway.

The house Fanny owned was what is sometimes known as a "house of ill repute" among the ignorant. I say among the ignorant because any sailor who happened to spend time there never got bad food or booze. He was always treated as a member of an extended family and, once he discovered the place, always came back. None of Fanny's ladies worked the streets or was on call. All received good medical care. A visitor was under no pressure to indulge in the goods the house offered. It was quite all right to sit in the library and read, or play the piano, or just talk with friends. If you

wanted a good cigar, one of the ladies might enjoy one with you. In other words, it was more like a gentlemen's club than a house of immorality. Despite all the amenities, it was possible for a working sailorman to leave at the end of a full visit with money in his pocket. No one ever got robbed, and Fanny was known to be comfortable.

She suggested I invite the captain to come back for dinner that evening. When he came by, she told him that she had a friend in Boston she and the girls would like to visit, and could he accommodate them for the run and then give them a ride back after the New Year? After making the usual sounds about how cold it could get during the end of December, and how rough the trip might be, and how we were not really fitted for passengers, they made a deal that pleased both of them.

Shortly after the picture was shot, the launch towed us out into the East River and we headed up for Boston on the tide. We never had an easier or more pleasant winter trip. Fanny and her ladies must have been some sort of charm. The breezes favored us both ways, never going above about 15 knots or below 10, and the temperature stayed in the 40s while we were at sea. There was the usual Christmas freeze during Christmas week, but it broke right after New Year's, just as we were leaving to return to New York. I don't know that there was magic involved, but the odds are very much against the sort of trip we had. Everyone, including the captain, enjoyed the voyage. I still look back happily to that trip with the ladies.

A trip to Mystic's Symposium takes a little preparation, the mental sort. With five speakers, it's a busy day that, with a few breaks and lunch, runs from morning to just about dark. But it's a place to see the way the facts of past times, or present times for that matter, can be strung together to make sense of things.

There's usually variety: the true professional historian, often a talented writer who can really take a subject apart and show the audience something in a new light, often something of broad significance; the younger historian, perhaps one just beginning to feel scope of the historical tides, with an enthusiastic piece; often the curator of a small museum who has taken the time and effort to go through his, or her, historical collection and come up with a very specific, truly regional paper; and there's usually one amateur historian, someone with a real feeling for a local time and place. This year it wasn't exactly that way, but it was close enough.

For background rumblings, add the fact that Mystic Seaport is in a transitional position itself, in the midst of an effort to recast itself as a museum of broad national importance from an historical and, and this is the really hard one, a contemporary cultural perspective. It's not easy work. Three big efforts are on the table: the Seaport's new book, *America and the Sea*; its participation in the *Amistad* project, of which Mystic is one of several key players, and a new gallery effort that is likely to be highly influenced by these projects, especially the participation in the *Amistad* project. It makes for an interesting day from many angles with a lot of fascinating cross currents, underlined by Revell Carr's appearance, he's the President of the Seaport, and his spirited presentation of the new book.

Then it was on to the symposium. Roderick Mather, a young professor of maritime history and underwater archaeology at the University of Rhode Island, was first up. His topic was "Technology and Underwater Shipwrecks." He has an interesting situation on his hands. As he explained it, sonar, magnetic imaging, global positioning systems, all tools of the underwater historian's trade, have come down in price and have put key wreck-searching tools in the hands of any intelligent sport diver, especially shallow water divers, divers not trained in historical underwater research. This puts wreck sites of historic value at risk. It's leveled the playing field, so to speak.

Perhaps one aspect of the solution to this problem will be the Internet. It won't be long before we're downloading via satellite, and these modern sport divers won't be lacking in the sort of gear that does just that. Maybe the answer will be Internet sites manned by maritime archaeologists who can lead a diver through his new find, perhaps archaeological web sites that can parse the steps of basic procedures that will help the diver do things right, and most folks want to do things right. It's an interesting dilemma, and maybe there's light at the end of the tunnel.

For myself, it reminded me of the crossbow story, one that a fellow I once met was quite fond of. His stepfather, a Frenchman, claimed, and more than once it seems, that the crossbow was the key to democracy, forget ancient history. It was the crossbow that leveled the playing field and let the king know that anyone could kill him. That fact led to the Magna Carta, a definite plus if you like democracy, and unfortunately an English, not

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

Maritime History Symposium



Mystic Seaport Museum

By Tim Weaver

French, event. But to move on, the key here is technology, technology leading to a new freedom. It is to Mather's credit that he kept his presentation at a level everyone could find interesting. The tools of underwater imaging alone could have led to a talk that few might have understood. Instead, he brought up troubling aspects of the current situation that all could relate to, and let the audience have a go at it in a lively question-and-answer session that created more questions than answers.

Next came Arthur Donovan, a professor of maritime history at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York, with "The Container Revolution: An Historical Reconnaissance." Container shipping doesn't begin on the high seas. It starts with a trucker in the 1930's in North Carolina, one Mr. Mclean, ring a bell? As in Mclean Trucking or Mclean Transportation, and Sea Land? That's what he sold Mclean to start, where he found the money to put his notion into action. It's a straightforward business tale. Mclean saw freight as a cost addition to product, pure and simple. Lower freight, lower price, and he did it. The average price of a product before container shipping, called break-bulk shipping if I have it right, was about 17% of the price of an item.

After containerization revolutionized shipping, it was 1% or 2% of the price of an item. Other facts along the way: containers from the Pacific Rim come as value-added product, jeans, shoes, jewelry, machinery, electrical goods; containers returning to the Pa-

cific Rim contain rags and hay. There's something missing in this situation. As for Mr. Mclean, he sold Sea Land at the top of the market in the late '70s and in his 85th year is running specialized container ships between Florida and Puerto Rico. He's my kind of guy, quit when you die. Next was lunch.

While standing in line waiting my turn at the buffet, I found the man behind me was Ralph Stanley who, with his wife, had traveled from Maine for the Symposium. A Down East boatbuilder from Mount Desert with old ties to the area and an abiding interest in its history, he was thinking about getting it down on paper. He was in the right place. If he gets his history as right as his Friendship sloops, lobster boats, and daysailers, and he surely will, it'll be interesting. In a lot of ways, I was thinking as I talked with him, that's what the Symposium's about, sort of an informal apprenticeship kind of atmosphere for amateur American maritime history fans, a place one can get a feel for writing history, for the craft of it. This quality has always been an aspect of the Mystic symposiums that I've attended.

Then came John Hattendorf, one of the major historians down Mystic way, a co-author of *America and the Sea*, Director of the Seaport's Munson Institute of American Maritime Studies, and a professor at the U.S. Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. His subject was "The Contexts of Maritime History." This is historical theory, a stab at the likely dimensions of man. It's a subject that can lead to powerful repercussions, can change the way we see things. The subject was, of course, the sea. The sea as nexus, as the tie, as bond between lands and the great variety of geographic, social, political, artistic, and economic forces at its shores, forces that thrive upon the sea and via the sea inform its shores.

His example was the Mediterranean, literally speaking, the sea between the lands, and ways of thinking about it in contemporary times, to see the area in all its relationships, how they work together, how these forces may or may not pull the entire arena towards one type of activity or another in time of distress. No easy task, this sort of thinking and one, he acknowledged, that can have potential dead ends. But it is one that, if I got the notion right, holds the position that the whole is beyond the sum of its parts, that sees a dynamic that is beyond nationhood, that ultimately views the sea as power in itself, a power that changes the lands it touches.

The next speaker, and they move things right along, was Thomas Legg, a young historian with a Ph.D., now a Fellow in the Williams/Mystic Seaport Marine Studies Program. He brought enthusiasm to his subject, "The Fall of Charleston is the Fall of Satan's Kingdom." This is the sort of presentation that intrigues the history buff. "Satan's Kingdom," that's Charleston, that's fixation from the northern point of view during Civil War times, one of those symbolic centers of all that's wrong. This notion created a plot that had twists. It turns out Lincoln liked science and gadgets, in fact, is the only president to hold a patent.

Enter one Mr. Dalhgren, a somewhat scientific naval officer who invented the Dalhgren gun, or perhaps its the Dalhgren shell. In any case, it is not the favorite weapon of his peers. But he has Lincoln as a friend. He takes Lincoln and his family on his ship,

probably lets Lincoln fire his misunderstood weapon. The president likes it, and likes Dalhgren. Result, Dalhgren has a patron, a patron who sees no harm in Dalhgren aiming his shells at Charleston.

But the really interesting fact is Charleston. It's not strategic, at least not in proportion to the energy and firepower its surrender entails while more important objectives are left alone. Such is the tale, but maybe, just maybe, there was more going on here. Carolina, if I have the facts right, was settled from a much different perspective than most of the colonies. It does not flow from the religious furor of 17th century England, at least not directly. Directly speaking, it flows from the slave culture of Barbados, a culture in which slavery was essential to the existence of its society. The other American colonies had slaves, but they were not the key to those colonies' ways.

Fact is, some say, that had not Barbados settled Carolina, we might not have had a Civil War, that it was the nature of slave use in Carolina that gradually seeped throughout the South, that turned Georgia from its original course that, in a variety of ways, bled into Virginia and Maryland. One dollar just might bring back ten that Lincoln and thousands of others were aware of the this undercurrent in American history and saw Charleston in that light. Maybe psychological objectives, ones that create popular force, were just as critical as more realistic objectives in that terrible war. Maybe the shoe was on the other foot, Lincoln using Dalhgren. Who knows?

Next up came a nice piece on America during the last, and perhaps, most extreme age of sail, 1800-1900. It's pretty much clipper ships and Cape Cod captains. In "Merchant Mariners of Nineteenth Century Cape Cod: Private Lives and Extraordinary Voyages, 1803-1912," Theresa Barbo, President of the Cape Cod Maritime Historical Association, explores Cape Cod captains of a hundred years past. The Cape was alive with captains. In South Yarmouth there were at least 10 Captain Bakers, 12 Captain Crowells, and 10 Captain Mathews at about the same time.

With Donald McKay in Boston, they had a few fast clippers to push. In more than a few ways all this seagoing was a neighborly and family affair. There was respect for the money to be made, early retirement was hardly a novelty. The skills needed to move from deckhand to mate were respected, more than one lad must have been brought along in geometry before being turned loose on deck, and likely carefully watched by friends and relatives as he came along far from home, developed the skills to move up the ladder, decided on the coasting trade or had the feel, and the constitution, that was probably the big thing, for the grinding offshore work that went with sailing the seven seas.

With so many captains from so many villages going so many places, it doesn't take much imagination to realize the Cape was conversant with the major trends in American commerce of that age.

One can't say it was an easy life. Take Bangs Hallet, at sea for 30 years, the father of nine children, seven of whom died between 1837 and 1853, most while he was a sea. Given the facts, one wonders what such a fellow thought when he was out there and nothing was going right. Seems without question it could be a hard life and harsh. But what did Hallet do to pass more quiet times? He wrote

poetry that might console his wife:

"Oh Anna be that solace thine
Let hope her healing wit impart
And soothe with melodies divine
The anguish of a mother's heart."

And

"To hear thee whisper thou art mine again
To see in eyes we love the tear drops fill
With more feeling than the lip can tell."

And he had his sayings, too:

"He who loves money above honor will
rate it above honesty."

And

"He who masters his passions conquers
his greatest enemy."

Amen. Such was the speaker's tale, but my mind began, as it habitually does, to wander. There seems something more here than the sea and sea captains. Maybe, in a way we are looking at a mirror of some of our oldest American virtues, a belief in family structure despite what must be. Something that built New England, the Massachusetts Bay Colony, something that the founding fathers of those days felt essential for a successful presence in this world, something that in conjunction with an assumption that folks had a right to go their way with their beliefs was to sow the seeds of a democracy that, despite its faults, is still the most open in the world. It just may well be that complex cultures such as ours are based on such simple things.

But perhaps that's whitewashing things a bit, turning history into stick figures, ignoring other complexities of a time and a place. There's also a certain truth to the notion of Simon Legree, a northern boy gone to sea and gone bad in Harriet Beecher Stowe's amazing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. More than a few old-time Massachusetts Bay Colony sailors, mates, and captains knew the sort of world Simon Legree had come to terms with, knew the Atlantic runs from Africa to Brazil, and the Brazil to Cuba run, the English ships of the West African and Caribbean Stations, knew the ways of highly raked, pole-masted, fast, shoal schooners that had originated in Baltimore and were common to all Atlantic shores by the 1830s, knew how to build the deadly between decks that would make a run to the West African coast the kind of financial success that winning the lottery is today, knew what to do when they found a case of smallpox on such a run, knew the value in painting the outer limits of a schooner's main boom and bowsprit white, and knew the incessant traffic between the West Indies and the emerging frontier of the deep south, West Florida, Louisiana, the Mississippi river towns.

Here was the action, where sugar cane and cotton were taking hold, where forced labor was always in short supply, where, amongst other things, displaced Caribbean grandees, their money, and their enslaved workforce still intact, were making a new start, where Afro-Americans from the Upper South, surplus forced labor because of changes in that region, were shipped, their families ripped apart, their lives flung into a new maelstrom. The land of grinding gang labor and the whip, right to the edge of Indian country, early Faulkner country. It must be said, those men and women and children of the Upper South left a poetry of their loss also, the beautiful and deeply personal and religious church music of faith, hope, and long suffering that is characteristic of those regions to this day.

It was all part of the picture, the far reaches and last years of an Atlantic basin still

active in an ageless, despicable trade. Quite a century it was. And the Cape Cod captains must have had a certain familiarity with it, too.

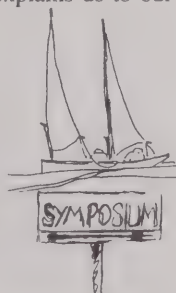
I couldn't help thinking that that century, especially the first half of it, is when so much of our beginnings, especially the contradictions within our beginnings, begin to collide. Then there is the savagery of the Civil War, Reconstruction, the metamorphosis of slavery into racism, an irrational, unconscious form of common sense that defies reason. Throughout the period, there are the great European immigrations, one aspect of which was an assimilation of American values, unconsciously integrated contradictions flowing out of an American past that few new citizens were aware of. Well, that was beyond the speaker's story, but it was the way my mind wandered through the presentation.

That wandering started to have a life of its own, got me thinking about the John Hattendorf's earlier presentation. It was, to characterize it simply, Braudelian. Braudel is, as I make out, a much unacknowledged yet widely imitated writer (at least on the surface) who held that it is to the sea that we may look to see how things flow from shore to shore, and so illustrated his notion in *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II*, and later, on writing that included the Atlantic.

Some of the finest contemporary historical writing looks to Braudel for inspiration. Fact is fellows like the remarkable researcher and writer, Philip Curtin, and the-always-thinking-about-ramifications historical writing of John Thornton, to mention but two, have silently taken the stage from the more traditional maritime writers. Such writers have gone that extra step, have been willing to see the Atlantic and its eastern shores and the Caribbean, South, and Central America as intrinsic to any understanding of North America of the 1800 and 1900s. They do not brush the 1500s, the 1600s, and the 1700s aside quickly.

They study the Atlantic's shores of those years and the Atlantic travel of those years, revealing the post-Colombian bedrock of the Americas previous historians have not. Then there is the writing of Ira Berlin. His most recent book, *Many Thousands Gone*, is an example of writing built on this new study, writing that reveals a side of Colonial America that is rarely seen. Fact is, anyone reading Bolger's book, *Black Jacks*, is going to need this book by Berlin to see *Black Jacks* in perspective. Fact is, a book like *Black Jacks* could not have found its way without the sort of thinking Curtin, Thornton, Berlin, and others have developed.

Perhaps we'll begin to see speakers of this type down Mystic way, Braudelians of a sort. As Mystic embraces the work of this new generation of historians, it will be well on its way towards the museum of the future, the museum that truly helps to explains us to ourselves. It will be a continuation of the American spirit, the travail, the strength, the contradictions, the willingness to try, and try again to get things right, to fulfill the words of that most illusive of documents, the touchstone of the American soul, *The Declaration of Independence*.





"I can't tell you how glad I am to be here!"

'98 Cedar Key Small Boat Meet

By Hugh Horton

You're invited to the 15th Annual Cedar Key Small Boat Meet on May 1st and 2nd. Cedar Key is on the Gulf, 100 miles north of Tampa, 7 miles south of the Suwannee River. Its islands form the cape between Tampa and Apalachee Bay up at the bend of Florida's coast. Cedar Key is rich with life. Nutrients from the Suwannee combine with extra oxygen from the turbulence around the islands. The water inshore is cloudy and tannic. Probably you won't see the oysters that rasp your bottom, and it's unlikely you'll see the clapper rails clattering with gusto in the cordgrass.

Here in Michigan, looking at last year's log and snapshots, I think about the gift of memories.

You and others, I'm sure, have and would have memories invigorated by a patch of sand

or cactus, or by a leaping mullet, by dolphins. How about pelicans (brown or white), ospreys, or bald eagles, and no-see-um all-jaw gnats? Ibis or sandpipers give you a recollection? Mosquitoes, herons, or clacking rails?

Besides catalyzing memories, Cedar Key is always fresh and new. Intriguing tides wafer changing wind and sky do it. Add old friends and new acquaintances. It's almost like seeing Jupiter's moons for the first time.

Wednesday

Last year before the first weekend in May (the meet is always the first weekend), Ron Sell and I drove all night from Detroit, crossing the #4 Bridge, the first bridge out from the mainland, about 11:00 AM. The same elation blasted up. I crank the windows wide open and

suck in thick, humid air. It's air of the Gulf and marsh, not I-75.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to be here!"

"Yeah," he beams. He had spent the winter in Colorado at 8,500 feet and up.

Near 5:00 PM it's in the upper 70s, NE 5-7, sultry, light showers under some clouds. Ron kneels and paddles a *Bell Magic*, an open canoe 16' x 30", under 40 pounds. I sit in decked *Puffin*, 15' x 34", 45 pounds. She's my Reuben-esque sweetie, equally capable, more or less, under sail or double-paddle.

We paddle the half mile to red marker number #36 to check the current in the main ship channel. Eddies trail west from the rusting beam. Cedar Key's tides dominate activity. They're mixed semi-diurnal, with an alternating greater and lesser tidal range. This adds spice. Now the ebb is draining a 3:00 PM higher high.

We head for Atsena Otie Key and the channel dividing it. A few dolphins surface. Because this higher high has so much water, we use the inner passage on the north side of Atsena to get to the channel-thru. Short lines of ibis fly northeast. Mullet are frisky in the southwest lagoon. Often a mullet leaps in a series of several, couple yard jumps. These oily fish can be over two feet long. People meeting a nearly flying mullet, although feeling vaguely honored, don't recall the encounter with glee.

"See the loon?" Ron asks.

"By the dead tree with the osprey nest?"

"Chicks in there again?"

"Yea." Percussive clapping echoes out of the grass.

"Rails are here...somewhere."

Although the water is high, it isn't high enough for the rare exit straight out the west lagoon. We paddle out the usual way, then

Mike Leiner helping untie the boat bundle, *Magic* on top, *North Shore* foreground, *Puffin* behind.



north under the dock. We beach the boats to read a sign about Atsena's new status, publicly owned refuge. Mosquitoes and no-see-ums are fierce, so I push away.

Ron hustles back and gets out a new paddle, a double-paddle. He makes exquisitely shaped canoe paddles, bent shaft and straight. This symmetrical double-paddle is a departure for him. It looks organic and fluid friendly, unlike many double-paddles. He paddles north. I go back to #36. The westbound ebb is gurgling and hissing as fast as I've seen there.

By 6:30 PM we beach at the Island Place. I'm so glad to be in Cedar Key, part of me is still skipping like a kid at the thought of an ice cream store. Another part is beginning to further relax after the all-night drive and the paddling.

"Ready for a rum?" I ask.

"Sure."

Thursday

After 5:00 PM the breeze is SSW 9-11 and rising. Ron is sailing his *North Shore*, 18'6" x 35", 75 pounds rigged. She still has the big windsurfer sail. I'm sailing *Puffin* with her 26 square foot gunter sail. Stu Hopkins, Dabbler Sails, deserves much credit for *Puffin's* abilities. Think how small this sail is. She has only one sail, the shape must be good, and all the wear and tear is on those few feet.

After checking the ebb at #36, we start west around Atsena. Ron reaches away so I have a ten minute start, but he catches me by the Atsena dock.

"Too fast," I complain.

"Yea. She needs a smaller cruising rig."

At Atsena's south tip, where the wind is hitting the ebb, a chop is up over the shoals. I have plenty of memories here. People get splashed. Boats show their style. I scoot around the tip and see the first little beach is underwater. We stop at the second with two or three square yards of sand.

The wind is up and the ebb is fast. It's great for reaching. Ron is already there when I fall off for the entrance to the Island Place basin. Because of corky *Puffin*, bobbing around in the wind-against-tide chop, and fishing lines off the Gulfside Motel's dock where I want to be to miss traffic into the Town ramps, I run in, short reaching and tacking.

"It was okay," he says over rum. "I gybed in, a little hairy."

Friday

Midday the wind is WNW 10-12, mid 80s. Ron paddles the *Magic* to Atsena's north beach. I sail *Puffin*. A Wee Lassie arrives and other boats. Near 4:00 PM I sail northeast for Corrigan Reef. With the wind up to 15-18+ with the flood, it's a slithery broad reach, occasionally faster than hull speed. Past Dog Island a group of dolphins parallels us. At the all oyster reef, a bald eagle is on the north end of Cactus islet. The eagle lifts off as I beach on the oysters.

Today I don't see any prickly pear cactus pads. Maybe, I hope, they're hidden by new weeds. A 3' high, 8' across prickly pear with at least 50 yellow blooms was here for years. Friend Ned Sharples, who died three years ago overlooking the marsh and the reef from his home near the #4 Bridge, appreciated those blossoms.

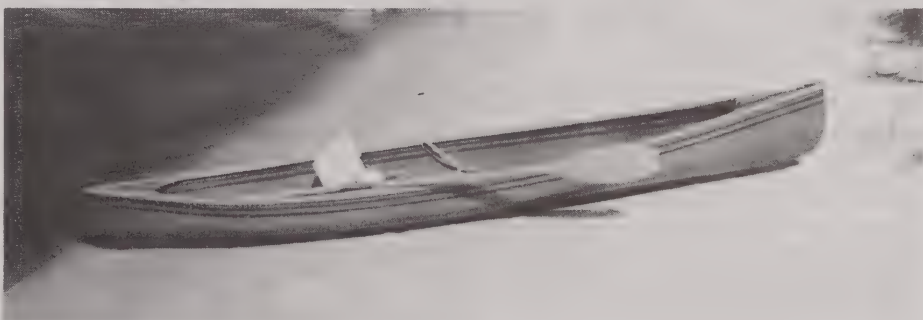
A dozen or so white pelicans soar out the reef. I snap a photo, then hear the film rewind. I glance north. Scores of them are flapping and



A tree with osprey nest with youngsters. Note oysters in foreground on beach. Inside Atsena from *Puffin*.



The Mager's Catspaw.



A Wee Lassie.

gliding toward us, *Puffin* and me. High above them is a great, long floating line of ibis. I'm stunned. The melancholy I had been feeling flies away.

Nine years ago I'd had breakfast in *Pine Needle* on one of the oyster bars east of the reef. I'd sailed to it in the morning from this islet. A great egret had eaten seafood and preened 50 yards away on the next oyster patch. The egret had left with a chum as I'd shoved off. (See *MAIB*, 15 December 1990).

The ebb has begun by 6:00 PM. I paddle out the reef with the sail, yard, and sprit boom

in my lap. Northeast is an oyster patch covered with white. With binoculars I see a hundred or so white pelicans. I paddle back up Corrigan's east side in the lee, checking the currents between the islets. At Cactus, where the eagle was, I turn upwind and paddle through, then beach her on a small key. It's still WNW, but 18-20+. The ebb sets offshore. I set the full sail knowing I'll be pointing up in the lee. Dolphins plow along, sometimes nearly half exposed. Past Dog Island I tack up several times. The ebb helps to windward all the way to the Island Place.



A young fellow from Indiana brought this strip planked daysailer.



This may be a Bolger Windsprint turned tri.



Birdwatcher by Bolger.

Gathering on Atsena's north beach.



Saturday

Wind is W 9-12 before midmorning, upper 70's, mostly sunny early, cloudless by noon. Ron paddles the *Magic* with one of his slick single blades. I sail *Puffin* to Atsena's north beach, where the boat meet folks group Saturday morning. A diverse bunch of small boats arrives. The first bald eagle I've seen at Atsena soars over.

The wind increases. I reef *Puffin*, thinking she may give rides, but no one sails her. By noon most boats have headed for Snake Key. I cut through Atsena from the north, sailing up current into the due west middle channel, which is straight upwind. Enough tiny tacking. I give up and lower the yard, furl the sprit boom to the mast, and paddle like a reasonable person.

At the southwest exit I meet a fellow with a double-paddle in a Phoenix Icarus. He looks like Verlen Kruger, but isn't. He asks if I'd follow him out to Snake Key. I close reach jogging upwind of him, hauling up for fun and falling back to chat. It's wet, but on a day trip with water temperature in the 70s, who cares?

Ron has paddled an hour ahead to Snake with his bent shaft in the open *Magic*. A fine group of small boats is beached and at anchor, knee or thigh deep. Ron paddles up from around the west end.

"Sure is peaceful back there," he says.

The wind is up. *Puffin* follows Richard Sandy's Peep Hen back. He's sailing and motoring at hull speed. When I stay up current, close reaching, he's faster. I ease the sheet and we're faster. We fall off for the southwest side of Atsena and the channel-thru.

Puffin and I run in and tuck into the cordgrass. Dave Stepan on a short Ocean Kayak sit-on-top, the gentleman in *Icarus*, and Ron in the *Magic* paddle in. We sail and paddle through with the easy current. Dave's building an Iain Oughtred Rob Roy sailing canoe. He came the longest distance from Wisconsin, the longest non-stop drive. At the northeast end we separate. With today's relatively deep water, one to three feet, I sail in places often with no water or just a few inches. By taking the same oystery inner channels Ron and I paddled Wednesday, I gain to windward and up current, too, for the reach back across the ship channel. In the lee I'm out of the eastbound flood's chop.

What a great day! Interesting people and their boats, a sailing breeze, and Cedar Key in the sunshine.

Sunday

We're back on Atsena's north beach. It's sunny, W-WSW 10-15 in the morning, 70s early, 80s in the afternoon. Boats come and go. A clump of sea kayakers paddles west from the beach. Rollin, from Richmond, Virginia, sails *Puffin* up at least half a mile, coming back smiling.

North Key is our destination since the ebb and westerly seem right. By 11:30 AM most have started. Ron has figured a way to reef *North Shore's* windsurfer sail. We had hoped for a long port tack, but couldn't hold it. He port tacks into Daughtry Bay. I tack in the channel's current, the direct route, and he's still ahead of me at the Suwannee channel. After we cross it we hear a "big, thumping boom," as I wrote in the log. Probably it was the sonic boom of the space shuttle landing. We pass the islet where my wife, Kayann, and I saw a bald eagle in July of '87, on a roaster of a day.

Most boats are on North Key's south beach. This is another place full of memories. In March '94, Nick and I recalled his wife, Margie, her quick intellect and vivid, snapping blue/green eyes. In December '90, in *Pine Needle*, third son Dural and I sailed here and landed in a dense fog, hardly the North Sea's Frisians, but a delightful, inshore piloting experience nevertheless.

We've been watching Mike Leiner working up in his Marsh Hen.

"I would've been here sooner, but the damn outboard...." Is he needling me, I wonder? I'd sold him the noisy beast eight or ten years ago.

The wind seems to be increasing. I reef *Puffin*. Bob and Carol Boyd's *Freedom* floats. It's time to go.

I'm last. Eventually I catch *Freedom*. She is a striking picture. Although not the fleetest sailer, she is able and her cockpit is sensational for warm water gunkholing. Back on North Key, Bob had been showing us plans of a new, small cruising catamaran whose stations he'd just cut. They launched her October 17th, congratulations to them!

On *Atsena Puffin* is taken for a ride by the WCHA member with the Wee Lassie, to whom I must apologize for forgetting his name, and by Dave Stepan. I hope Dave brings his Rob Roy in '99.

Huzzahs for all! I'm sorry I don't have your names with your boats. I thank all of you for coming. Thank you to the Magers from Houston for bringing their Catspaw Dinghy and for sending photographs. Thank you, Larry Appelbaum, for your humor and bringing *60 Grill*, your Nancy's China. Cheers to all. I hope everyone had as much fun as I.

Monday

Raining early, later blowing 18-22+ from the south, low 80s. Near 6:30 PM I paddle *Puffin* straight into it across the ship channel. I wrote in my log, "Quite a bouncy ride into a heavy, hard driven spray." I paddle up to the old cemetery and sit in the lee. The current seems to be flooding. Raucous clappers beat the wind. An egret lets me get close. Paddling out to the southwest, I crunch up on oysters and grind back off. Out of *Atsena* the fetch is long, but over shallows. I paddle across the wind and waves, rolling like a slow powerboat. I try to avoid breaking waves, but take a quart or two. Turning north, downwind, I sit back, steer a little, and ease along.

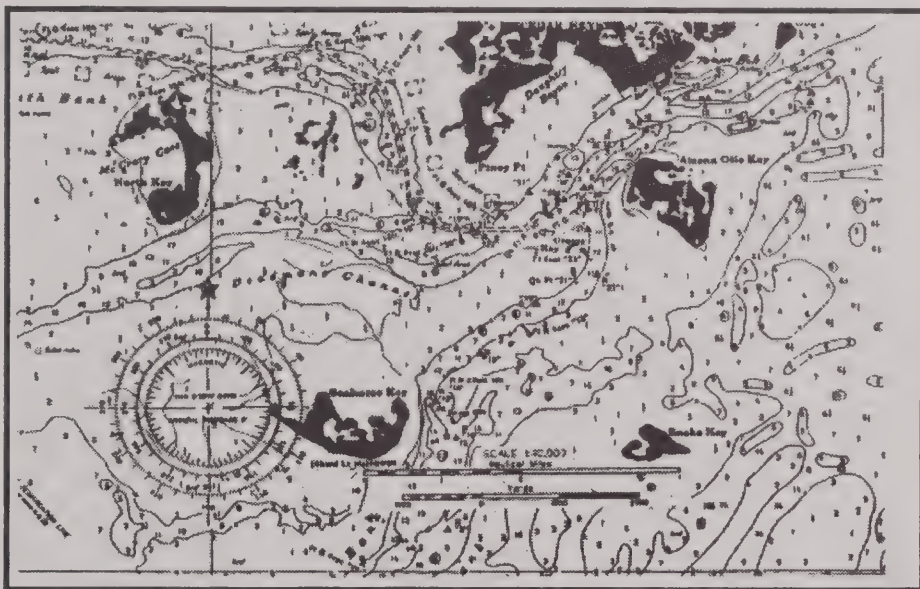
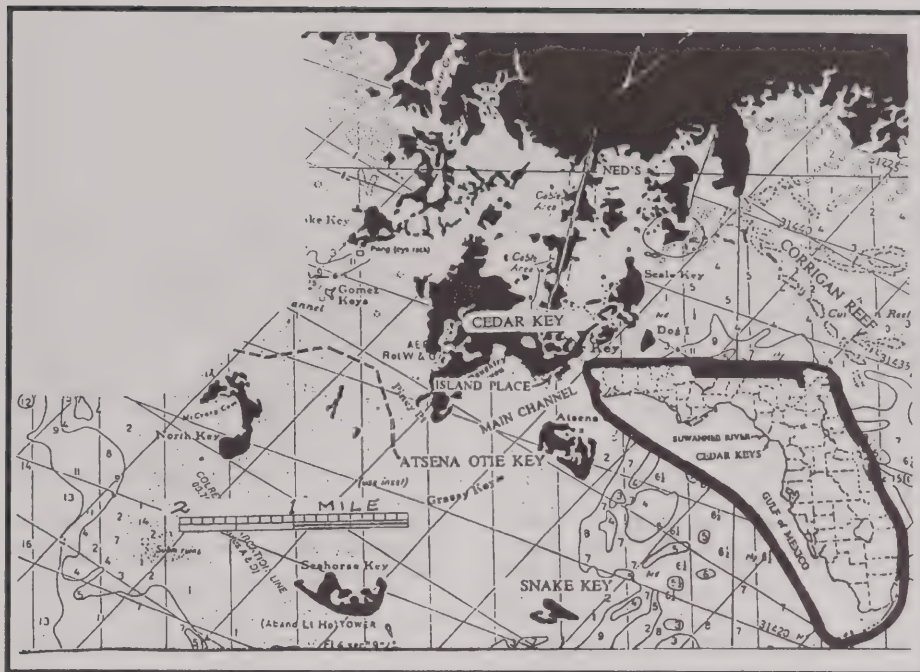
In the ship channel the temptation to surf gets me. I paddle down some waves. To slow I turn to port, up current. One wave wants me to go right and we do. I stay upcurrent of #36 to look, but it's too rough to see eddies.

Past the marker, I aim down a wave and take off. I'm blasting along, happy and excited, just sizzling. Soon I'm chinking, "How long?" We speed up. In my head I'm sounding like surfers at a surfing movie. But that broaching feeling is there, too. Faster. Finally I can't stand it and turn out to port with a lurching roll. I luck out. I gasp and feel like I've been drinking adrenaline. Looking back I see two lines of waves/swells running in. *Puffin* had been on a combined wave where they cross. If I'd asked myself at the time, "How was that?"

"Holy shit," I would have said.

Tuesday

WSW 7-9, sunny, 70s early, last day. About 9:30 AM Ron and I sail for Corrigan



Reef with the flood. *North Shore* has her full sail, and *Rapid Ron* sails away. A couple dolphins head away, too.

We zoom on a broad reach to Corrigan. As we pull up on the oysters, I think, "Wow, spotless sunglasses. I could have written notes with water soluble markers, or dusted inside the Rollei 35."

We reach out the reef and beach on the last little island. Only a dozen or so white pelicans stand on their oyster bar where so many had been Friday.

Two American Oyster Catchers, with their day-glo orange bills, stand as far from Ron and me on the islet as they can. Other shorebirds poke their bills down or fly in quick shoals.

After 11:00 AM we start back with the new ebb. Ron beaches on a key at the foot of Corrigan. I beat on to Scale Key and sail up to a beach in the lee, much slower than paddling. This is the curse and charm of a good sailing canoe, you sail well enough to want to climb little puffs upwind. Yet it would be quicker to

just paddle. Ron sails up in the lee, too, but faster.

We hug the shore, working the lee. Ron is ahead when a few dolphins, maybe a family, glide along with *Puffin*. Twice one or two pass directly under *Puffin* and me. A roiling water trail comes straight abeam. I feel a little shock wave on the leeboard, and the disturbed water appears on the other side. A midsize dolphin rolls and looks at us. Fun.

Heading Home

Returning to Michigan, Ron and I drive to Jim and Joanna Brown's home in Virginia on the lower Chesapeake. Last February my father, Hal, and I drove to see them and Jim's kayak, *Bottle Nose*. This boat has many unusual ideas. The notion of most interest to Ron and me is her underwater shape abaft amidships. The question is if this shape could help the sailing half of 50/50 sailing canoes, and not slow paddling.

In the winter, Jim admitted with a grin this was the first monohull he'd designed and built. After trading boats back and forth, we'd



rafted.

"I don't believe it," he'd laughed. "We're tacking to windward in this light air."

Two weeks after the boat meet, Hal and I drive back to Cedar Key with *Puffin* and our Hydra Sea Twin. Our timing is better. We leave at 11:00 AM May 17th and cross the #4 Bridge at 6:00 AM on the 18th. At dawn we stand in fog on the island side of #4, relishing the wet

warmth and gray marsh and Gulf. Ibis lines fly over low. A dolphin keeps splashing near a shallow bank, fishing, I guess, for mullet. I point past the dolphin, east southeast to Corrigan Reef where the white pelicans were two weeks ago.

"I'd like to carve one with the spur on top of its bill," Hal says.

Cedar Key folds around us again. By

noon *Puffin* and I are hard at it, beating to red #36. It's westerly 7-10 and rising, sunny, 90 degrees. We sail a figure eight around both halves of Atsena. We run through twice, first against the last of an ebb draining to a medium low, and with the young flood.

The next day is sunny, lower 90s, NE 0-3. Before noon Hal and I paddle the Sea Twin. We cross the ebb to Atsena Hal paddles daily in the summer, but I paddle now so he can photo and binocular. He'd been a commercial photographer. Now he snaps shots of family, friends, and critters. His photos aid carving.

We stop on North Beach, then paddle in the southwest end. Many fish are swirling in the southwest lagoon. I wrote in the log, "a larger chunkier one does a low, different jump than a mullet. Several osprey, one tearing up a fish. Some cackling dapper rails." By 1:30 PM we're back. Later, with Mike Leiner's help, we launch *Kaselehlia*, our Drascombe Lugger, a 19' yawl.

In the evening my middle son, Bard, flies in from Seattle with his wife Jessica, Zach (4), and Hannah (1-1/2). Kayann flies in, too. When Bard was in his late teens he spent the summers of '80 and '81 sailing in *Kaselehlia* almost every day.

Now, sitting in Michigan, I marvel that in Cedar Key he'd remembered how to rig her, although he hadn't sailed her in 16 years. He did forget to lead the mizzen sheet under the traveler, just as I'd forgotten after not sailing her for seven years.

The five-day visit with Bard flits by in a wink. We sail to North Key. With Zach we sail to Snake Key. We paddle through Atsena, are clacked at, and see dolphins. We paddle to and wade and drag our boats on, the lower low tide sands of Grassy Key and Atsena's north-east bar.

We slap at flies that bite harder faster than any temperate zone fly. They're shaped like a small horsefly, but colored khaki.

"Bastard flies!" we grimace.

On Corrigan Reef a dozen avocets look around, bills curved up. From Corrigan we close reach, starboard tack, on the WNW 9-12 for Snake Key again, against the flood. East of Atsena, in an eyelid droop, I wake and swerve to avoid a large turtle. It's the biggest I've seen. His tan head has clean dark markings. We gybe back and forth, but no turtle.

Our four generations with Hal, me, Bard, and now Zach and Hannah, thrill me. Will *Kaselehlia* inspire them with the affection Bard has for her? The adoration I have? I want to think Zach and Hannah will learn from her. That they will appreciate her versatility and will think of those who've sailed aboard her, maybe read her logs.

Zach, Hannah, Jessica, and Bard leave Sunday morning. Kayann misses Jessica and Hannah already. It seems Bard, Zach, and I had just begun in *Kaselehlia*. We pull her out in the afternoon, adding to the glum.

WNW 9-12, I sail *Puffin* past #36, through Atsena from the southwest and back.

That evening, before dinner at the Leiner's, we lean on their railing, looking west from their stilt house over a low tide mud channel below us. A dapper rail clacks. Out from the cord grass strolls a pigeon sized shorebird, head bobbing, followed by two black chicks. She clacks. We're dumbfounded. The rail family goes in the grass, comes out and recrosses the ten feet of mud. I can't wait to tell Bard and Zach, Ron....



Kaselehlia running in mizzen with jib already struck, rudder lifted, I'm steering with oar.

Son Bard and grandson Zach on grassy key. Memories are made of this.



Typhoon had remained at her moorings during her entire stay at Cowes. While she had stood up well under the drubbing of her run across the Atlantic, which was really her trial trip, there were a number of minor repairs to be made before taking her to sea again. You will remember that a day or two before reaching the Scilly Islands we had come near to losing our mizzen mast. Due to the shock of a gybe, the seizing had slipped down the mizzen shrouds, which are in one piece to the side, and this opened up the eye and allowed all the strain to come on the shoulder cleat which had crained away.

New cleats had to be fashioned and mortised into the mizzen head, and the shrouds had to be re-seized in a manner that would prevent a recurrence of the trouble. A strop had to be made for the main boom to replace the temporary one Casey had rigged up when the boom traveler carried away in mid-Atlantic. In a number of places where the shrouds chafed the mainsail and mizzen, the stitching had worn through, necessitating a day's work with the palm and needle, and there were other trifling things, unimportant in themselves, that took what time our hospitable friends would allow us.

Then there was the motor. Jim took it down completely, and after this major operation the vital parts lay strewn all over the cabin floor. Among other little troubles, we found that in some way water had worked into the cylinder and the rings were "frozen" in their grooves. I don't know just how this happened as our exhaust line runs out of the deck and is kept plugged when the motor is not running. When the job of reassembling the motor had been completed, still laboring under the delusion that we needed very high air pressure in order to start successfully, we took the air tank to the J.S. White shops to have it charged with their compressor.

We didn't realize then what we found out later on, that the motor will start on as low as 100 pounds of air if everything is right. We imagined we wanted about 300 pounds in order to make sure of starting without using the blow torch, but we split the tank before this was reached. After welding it, we tried it again and split it a second time. Welding it again, we finally got 200 pounds and went back and wasted it in a futile effort to start.

When we turned on the starting lever there was no snappy response, and it seemed as if something were obstructing the air line. Taking down the air connections to the cylinder again, we found a certain mushroom valve, the function of which we were unable to fathom unless it was placed there to prevent too great a rush of gas to the air tank when charging the latter from the motor compression.

At any rate, we took it out and thereafter had little difficulty in starting with even 100 pounds, although we noticed that to prevent hammering it was necessary to exercise care in opening the charging handle when the starting air was low. From then on, when for any reason we lost our air pressure, we had no difficulty in getting it back by means of the hand pump that was supplied with the motor.

When we arrived at Cowes, we still had about half the food with which we had started and, except for a couple of hams and a strip of bacon that had become insubordinate and had to be made to walk the plank, the food was still in good condition. Anticipating a stop on

The Track of the *Typhoon*

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter VI Across the Channel to Brittany

the French coast and another in Spain, we took on only a small supply of such things as fresh bread and tinned milk, meats, and fruits. The water in the main tank had held out well and had kept in perfect condition. In fact, although we used the main supply for washing as well as cooking and drinking, it had not been necessary to tap the water breakers, six of which were lashed along the sides of the cockpit.

Oak waterbreakers, I think, are much over-estimated as a means of carrying fresh water. Ours had been filled a week or ten days before we sailed and had been emptied and refilled several times, but even so the water was discolored with tannic acid and really unfit to use for any purpose except washing. I suppose it would be possible to correct this condition, possibly with soda, but we were not entirely free from it throughout the cruise, although later on we were able to use the water from the breakers for cooking and even for making tea and coffee.

Feeling that we could depend upon the main water tank, we discarded two of the breakers at Cowes and later on at the Azores knocked the head out of a third and used it as a pickle barrel for our salt pork and salt beef.

F.E. Knight, in his books, *The Cruise of the Falcon* and *The Cruise of the Albatross*, speaks of the necessity of getting down to simple food when making long ocean cruises. While we came to this later on, we had not thus far realized the necessity.

Our original stock of food had been remarkably complete and included a big supply of tinned beefsteak and onions, corned beef, vegetables, and fruit, and had such things been available later on, the problem of meals for the homeward cruise would have been simple. But fancy food of this kind, at the few places on the other side where it is available, is tremendously expensive, and I would advise anyone contemplating a long cruise to lay in a good supply of flour, potatoes, salt beef, salt pork, sea biscuits, and, in fact, the sort of thing that is carried on sailing ships that are not equipped with the cold storage facilities of our modern steamships.

Before leaving England, there is one institution we must mention because I hope that some time there will be such a one in our own country. This is the Royal Cruising Club, whose membership includes many of the real cruising yachtsmen of England. My friend, Mr. Claude Worth, the Vice Commodore, told me many interesting things about the activities of this organization and presented me with a number of the charts which it publishes.

These charts cover much of the English coast, at least that part of it which is suitable for cruising, and also parts of the French coast. They are conveniently arranged in small sheets and of a scale about that of our own 1/80,000 scale U.S. Coast Survey charts, and they contain all the information required by a small boat, much of which is not shown on the regular Admiralty charts. At the outbreak of the war, the data compiled by the Royal Cruising Club was of inestimable value to the Admiralty which, I believe, cooperates with the Club to some extent in the work of preparing the charts. Why can't some such club be started on this side of the Atlantic?

It was on Tuesday, August 31, that we finally took leave of Cowes. The quaint town that had come to mean so much to us had sobered down again after its annual fling, to drift placidly along for 50 weeks until the next regatta should stir it into life again. The English yachting season already was drawing to a close, the *Britannia* had gone into her winter quarters, and we began to realize that there were long miles ahead of us and that it was time to be on our way again.

Had we started earlier, I had planned vaguely to cruise possibly as far as Dover or the Thames Estuary and then cross the Channel to the Belgian coast and visit Zeebrugge where the *Vindictive* and the gallant *M.L.*'s wrote one of the most brilliant pages in naval history. From Zeebrugge I had thought of following down the French coast as far as Ushant and from there taking a departure for Cape Ortegal or Cape Finisterre at the point of the Spanish Peninsula. But Cowes, the Solent, Southampton Water, and the Hamble had proved fascinating and had held us too long. Besides, the English coast from the Isle of Wight to Dover is far less interesting to the yachtsman than that section we had already passed from Land's End to Cowes.

The coast of France, especially the Brittany coast, I had had a hankering to visit, and the quaint Channel Islands, Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey, those little bits of the British Empire that lie nestled close to Cape la Hague. It is a wicked coast, this coast of Brittany, broken and rock-strewn and therefore fascinating. But to get to New York before bad weather should set in meant direct courses and hard sailing and left no chance for exploring a coast that in itself is worth a season's cruise. So we decided to make directly for Ushant or some point on the mainland which would allow us a glimpse of Brittany without taking us far out of our track.

By 1:00 on August 31 everything was in readiness for the start. The Sea Scouts had come down in their rowing cutter to cheer their two comrades on their way, and Mr. Bruce Atkey and his children had come aboard for the run down the Solent. A little group of friends waved us farewell from the pontoon as we slipped our mooring and worked out into the harbor under motor power. Circling the fleet of yachts that had dwindled greatly since



The Sea Scouts of Cowes board *Typhoon* on the morning of her departure.

the big week, we chugged our stately way past the Royal London Y.C. and the Castle of the Royal Yacht Squadron, dipped our ensign, and headed down the Solent for the Needles.

Halfway to Hurst Castle we met an incoming pilot cutter under power. She whipped out a snappy "bon voyage" by semaphore and Fox, who proved to be an expert with the code, shot back "many thanks."

At 2.55 PM Yarmouth was abeam and here the motor, that had been performing perfectly, slowed down and seemed unable to carry the load, although it picked up instantly when the clutch was thrown out. We were approaching the deep narrow passage between Hurst Castle and Ft. Norton. In fact, a fair tide was carrying us down at an alarming speed and there was not wind enough to give us steerage way under sail. We cleared the kedge anchor, ready to let go in the hope of picking up bottom in time to prevent being carried through the narrows with its mill race tide, and possibly on to the rocks that lie beyond.

Examining the stuffing box, we found that it had heated due to the fact that the gland had been drawn up too snugly. After this was backed off and the shaft and fittings had been cooled with water, the motor was started again, without even the necessity of a fuse, and thereafter maintained a constant 422 rpm.

Shooting through the narrows with tide and motor power, we bent in to Totland Bay, threw out the clutch, and stood by while a boat from shore took off our passengers. As we drew out again and headed for the Needles, we passed an inbound liner. The ship proved to be the old *New York* and she must have known us, for as she passed, her ensign came down in salute.

Months later in New York I happened to meet a man by the name of Melville. During our conversation it developed that he was the first officer of the *New York* and had been on the bridge and given the order to dip the ensign. The world, as somebody I believe has said before, is small after all.

Threading the Needles in broad daylight with a fair tide and motor power was not nearly so exciting as it had been that memorable night when Casey shot *Typhoon* through under full sail, and by 4:00 we were clear of this ticklish place and were again in open water. Outside we found a westerly breeze which by 6:00 had freshened enough to warrant putting on sail.

Under full sail and motor power we were able to hold a WSW course, which is about

SW x W magnetic, for the deviation of our steering compass we found by comparison with the spare one to be about one point north on westerly and southwesterly headings. By 7.30 we were off St. Albans. The log registered 17 miles and we concluded that the tide was still with us, for St. Albans' head is about 19 miles from the Needles. But the wind was dying and we faced a night of chugging under power.

Until the new members of the crew should be broken in, we decided to run four-hour watches with two men to the watch, and at 8:00 Charles and I went below for a rest while Dorsett and Fox carried on until midnight. When he became familiar with the ship, I felt that Fox, who was the only other man besides myself who had had any previous cruising experience, would be able to act on his own initiative, and for this reason I put him and Dorsett in one watch and took Charles in the other with me.

This arrangement would enable us to carry on indefinitely in bad weather, and when things were quiet we could reduce the watches to two hours with one man on deck at a time.

The last entry in the log for August 31st is:

10:45: Full-rigged ship about two miles on port hand going our way, sails shining in the moonlight. Hardly a breath of wind, oily swell, head tide since passing St. Albans.

Wednesday, September 1st: Barograph high and rising slightly. No wind. Running under motor power.

1:00 AM: Log 45.25 miles.

1:15: Breeze springing up from NW.

1:50: Log 61.00 miles. Stopped motor, flashes every 20 seconds).

3:10: Engine slowed down. Picked up again when clutch was thrown out but stopped when clutch was thrown in. Got Jim up, started motor, and pumped up air. This rest seemed to cure difficulty which may have been due to clogging or improper fuel adjustment.

4:00: Log 61.00 miles. Stopped motor, turned out port watch.

5:00: Breeze freshening. Course WSW.

8:00: Wind dying. Log 68.75 miles.

8:30: Wind dead.

9:30: NW breeze springing up.

11:00: Log 74.75 miles, course W x S 1/2 S.

11:40: Wind heading us. Course SW x W.

12.00 M: Course SW. Log 78.50 miles.

3:45 PM: Changed course to SW x W. Log 96.75.

4:45: Set up main backstay and mizzen forestay as wind is all we can stand under full sail. Log 102 miles.

5:00: Took double reef in mainsail.

7:00: Log 116.15 miles. Course WSW. All three of crew seasick.

8:00: Took off mainsail entirely and lashed boom in crutch. Stowed Charles and Fox, who seemed to be greatly perturbed over being sick, especially so soon after partaking of tinned peaches, his favorite fruit. Dorsett feeling better.

9:00: Got Jim up again at the wheel while I took off mizzen. *Typhoon* was doing nicely under full jib and mizzen but really requires someone at the wheel and I feel the need of a rest. Under jib alone she will sail herself with wind abeam or abaft the beam. As there is considerable shipping, even in this part of the Channel, hung out a riding light and at 10:00 PM joined the invalids below. I figure we are midway between Start Point and the coast of France and about 50 miles off land.

10:30: Wind NNW. Course WSW. Log 131 miles. Glass rising. *Typhoon* steering herself. All turned in.

Thursday, September 2nd: Cloudy. Wind NW. Barograph high and steady. All slept late while *Typhoon* sailed herself under jib alone.

4:00 AM: Fox went on deck and reported glow of two lights below horizon off port bow.

6:00: Lights proved to be two light houses, one on a small island.

7:00: WVN prepares breakfast of oatmeal and tea as crew are still a bit groggy.

10:30: Raised mizzen and steered SW along French coast now plainly visible. The islands abeam seem to be Les Sept Isles as nearly as we can judge from our small scale chart.

11:30: Started motor to fetch point that makes out ahead of us.

12.00 M: Log 154.00 miles.

1:30 PM: Changed course to W to clear outlying island which seems to be Ile de Batz. Slow work bucking strong head wind and tide and decide to put in instead of beating farther.

3:30: Ran through fleet of small fishing boats with red (and some blue) sails. These boats are practically uniform as to size and rig, about 25' to 30' in length with tiny jib and mainsail double reefed. One of these craft tried to overhaul us, man standing in bow like Maxfield Parrish's pirate, gesticulating madly and yelling, "Pee-lot, pee-lot" at the top of his voice. Left him yelling astern and took a chance of getting through the rocks with lead line going constantly. Picked our way between two light houses on rocks, luffed up in the lee of one of them and slid gently on to a mud flat. At low tide the section we had come through looks like the Sierra mountains and "*Typhoon*" proved herself a sensible little ship in picking out the only available soft spot on which to go aground.

Log 172.00 miles. (As it is 15 miles from Cowes to the Needles, where we streamed the log, we had covered 187 nautical miles.)

At last we had hit French soil, but whether the picturesque little town that lay across the rock studded harbor was St. Pol de Leon or Roscoff we were unable to tell from our chart. We are always getting into places for which we had no large scale charts, and that fact recently was seized upon by one of our newspaper friends as proof that we were indeed ama-

teur sailors. I should like to remind this man, however, that we carried more charts than an Atlantic liner and, if we had taken on large scale sheets of all the sections of the European coast on which our sketchy itinerary might land us, we should have had little room for anything else.

The only part of our itinerary that was adhered to strictly was the run to Cowes. From there on, as I already have explained, we had no very distinct plans and, while we don't advise this sort of thing, the fact remains that there is a great fascination in exploring unfamiliar coastlines armed solely with general charts. By studying the lay of the land, the range lights, and the other local aids to navigation, and by constant use of the lead, it is possible to get into the worst harbors, as we had proved on many occasions, but this sort of thing, of course, is not "sensible yachting" and should never be attempted in bad weather except under motor power. When in doubt, better stay outside.

Kedging off was not a difficult process, as the tide was rising, and to get the tender overboard, to place the small kedge anchor and back *Typhoon* off with a windlass took but a few minutes. The motor, which we had allowed to run idly during the process, died for some unknown reason and we lost our air pressure in an unsuccessful effort to start it again.

While working on the motor we had a bit of an accident. We had lighted the primus stove which is hung in gimbals under the bridge deck and, while opening the valve on the air tank, I

knocked the stove out of the rack into a pile of kindling in the coal box. The burner broke off, releasing the kerosene under pressure and causing something of a conflagration, which was put out without difficulty with one of the Pyrene guns.

In the meantime, Fox had gone ashore to forage. Knowing no French and lacking confidence in his ability to make himself understood by sign language, he armed himself with a pencil and a paper plate on which he drew the items required for our dinner. In an hour he returned triumphantly, stone broke, but the proud possessor of four mackerel. He reported a fine protected little inner harbor back of a stone quay, and after an elaborate dinner we beat in under sail and moored at dusk at the very back door of what proved to be Roscoff, one of the quaintest of the coastal villages of Brittany. Already the quay was alive with Bretons in wooden sabots and picturesque tam o'shanter, vastly excited over the fact that a strange, rakish looking craft, manned by a crew of mad foreigners, had come into their very midst, *without a "pee-lot."*

One of the greatest fascinations that cruising holds for me is the landfalls. The long passages in themselves sometimes are tiring and often are monotonous, but they serve to make keener the joy of dropping in out of the sea on some strange seafaring nook and fraternizing with its people, with whom one who loves the sea is bound to find much in common.

It would have been difficult indeed to have struck upon a more delightful place than

the one we had found totally by accident. For centuries Brittany has withstood the onslaughts of modern civilization, and this picturesque corner of France still lives largely in its legendary past. Even the religion of the Bretons is colored with legend and superstition and the costumes are those of another century.

Everything in Roscoff is old. The stone buildings, constructed at a time when men built for permanency, are gray with age and weathered by the winds that blow in from the sea, and even the people give the impression of age. So far as the men are concerned, this impression is a reality for Brittany, like the rest of France, gave all her young men to the defense of her country, and but few of them returned.

One of the first of those to greet us on the quay was an Englishman by the name of Carnegie, who took me in tow for a stroll about the town and a glass of *vin rouge* before turning in. Despite the hospitality of this man, who became our good friend, the first evening ashore was a melancholy experience. The unlighted streets were melancholy, the gray houses were melancholy, and the people themselves, though hospitable, seemed melancholy. We turned in that night with a depressed sort of feeling, for you see we had not experienced Roscoff by daylight and we did not realize what lay in store for us.

(To Be Continued)



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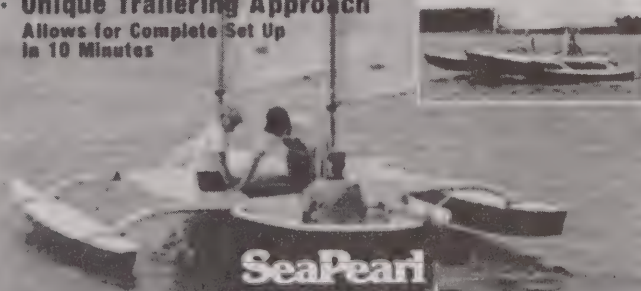
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Monday October 2: Left home at 1200 and put in at Crystal Cove Marina on the St Johns River. Motored across the river against an east wind, set sails and had a nice sail south, anchoring at 1830 behind Buzzards Island across from Edgewater between markers 12 & 13 for my first night out. Nice clear night, half moon and lots of stars.

Tuesday October 3: Up at 0530, ham and eggs, and drip coffee. This is my first time using the one cup drip coffee maker. It sits on top of the mug, uses #1 disposable filters, one heaping teaspoon of coffee, pour in the boiling water and you get the good smell and taste of real coffee. A good start of my first full day out. 0800 a few white clouds and a bright sun, east wind 3-7 knots. Sailed to Welaka Springs, a pretty, small cove, actually only enough room for three boats with about 50' of rode each. This cove is sheltered on all sides but has a soft mud bottom requiring a good anchor if the wind kicks up.

Sailed ten miles and motored one. Anchored at 1400 and had a late lunch, my big meal of the day. This is a manatee area, but I only saw noses. Had a little pied billed Grebe keeping me company all the afternoon, about 20' to 50' from the boat most of the time. Bright sun and 92F. 1700 had a few dark clouds and a couple of light showers. Wind has been mixed up and gusty today. 2000, bad storm, wind, rain and lightning, lasted for an hour. Even in this protected cove the big anchor was needed.

Wednesday October 4: Up at 0530, clear sky and a nice breeze, lots of stars. Hurricane Opal with winds of 120-150mph is supposed to hit the Western Florida Panhandle late today. We are on the fringes and the weather report is for storms, winds 30-40mph and flooding, inland waters very rough. Since this is a good spot to ride out stormy weather I will stay here until tomorrow.

On the brighter side, in the past I used a soft cooler that would hold one bag of ice. This time I am using an Igloo Playmate ice chest. In the quest to find ways to make ice last longer I cut a piece of Ensolite foam to fit snugly on top of the ice. Ensolite is used by backpackers as a sleeping pad, it insulates you from the cold and moisture of the ground. Also, I try to use the ice chest primarily for food, not as a drink cooler. If I want a cold beer I put one in for a couple of hours. This also allows more room for ice. My ice now last for two to three days, double what I was getting in the past.

Another new item on this cruise is a one gallon thermos which I filled with ice and then water, giving me cold drinks, tea, lemonade, tang etc. for two days. So you see, even on a little ship, us spoiled wimps can have some of the niceties of life.

Thursday October 5: 0600, raining, storms off and on all night. Had to fix breakfast inside, coffee and oatmeal. 0700, clearing skies, on the move at 0800. Stopped in Welaka for ice. Sailed close hauled all day, a few very light showers, wind 5-15mph. Got to the Georgetown area at 1630, wind coming off

From The Log Of Therapy

Cruising in a Montgomery 15 on
Florida's St. Johns River
Cruise #5, October 2-14, 1995
By Charlie Matthews



Lake George 15-25mph. Doused the jib and was on a run to Saunders Cove, about a mile off the main stream. I should have put a reef in the main, running with too much sail is dangerous. No wind in this cove, lots of lily pads and very aggressive mosquitoes at dusk and dawn. Did nine miles today. No storms but lots of rain during the night. Very quiet here, saw or heard no sign of humanity until daybreak, kind of nice!

Friday October 6: 0630, coffee and grilled cheese, on the move at 0800. Motored for about a mile. No wind until 1030 then 5-10mph almost on the nose. Out into Lake George (five miles wide and ten miles long) and to Glen Cove Springs, arriving at 1230, making the eight miles in 4-1/2 hours. This is a pretty place, crystal clear water and hard sand bottom, good place for swimming but too many people, I should say, power boat party people. A real pretty sunset, I think I was the only one to notice it. Eight power boats here for the night.

Saturday October 7: 0600, a couple of the boats ran generators all night. This has been the noisiest anchorage that I have ever had. Nice colorful dawn. Had a good breakfast of ham and eggs, coffee and Tang. Took a swim. 0930, more power boats coming in. This is not for me, a city of boats. Up anchor at 1000 and headed north for Salt Springs. The wind has changed so I am beating again. Did this until 1300, bad looking storm headed this way, started motor to try to get out of the lake before it hits. This lake averages four to eleven feet deep and can kick up very quickly when the wind starts to howl.

Made Salt Spring Run before the storm, this is a three mile long creek with a minimum depth of 2-1/2'-3' at low water. Arrived at Salt Springs at 1500, had rain for the last hour. This is like a spot of heaven, the spring itself is about 200' in diameter and expels millions of gallons of

water each day. Outside the springs it widens out to about 1/4x1 mile before it starts to get narrow again. The springs are in Salt Springs State Park, a nice big campground with boat ramp etc. Most of the boats that you see here are fishermen, and they are gone by the time it gets dark. I was here for five nights and was the only one here. The water is crystal clear and a white sand bottom, I could see my anchor 60' away. This is also a good bird area. Had a full moon and a beautiful sunset at the same time. It can't get much better than this.

Sunday October 8: 0600, had breakfast inside away from the mosquitoes. Lots of Gallinules (a bird about the size of a small chicken, called mud hens by some) in this area. There are three alligators in view most of the time, each one about three feet long. Rain showers every two or three hours. A few fishermen and swimmers around, all are pretty quiet, just out for a little Sunday fun. 1930, have the place to myself now, very peaceful.

Monday October 9: 0600, cloudy. Ham an eggs etc., the crew on this little ship is well fed. Bright sun and things are drying out nicely. Replenished my ice supply with an 8lb block for the cooler and a bag for the thermos. 1530, black clouds, a squall headed this way, my 8lb Danforth anchor is out with 60' of rode, giving me more than a 8 to 1 ratio, all buttoned down and ready. Strong wind and very heavy rain for a half hour, the strongest wind, estimated at 40mph, only lasted for about five minutes, somehow it always seems much longer when you are getting pushed around. It would not have been nice to be out on Lake George at a time like this. 1700 raining again.

Tuesday October 10: 0600, rained all night. 1300 finally clearing up. Got to a pay phone and called my wife to let her know that I was OK and still having fun. 1800 rain. Did a lot of reading. I had moved the porta potty out into the cockpit and have a small sand chair that fits nicely into that spot giving me comfortable sitting inside.

Wednesday October 11: 0600, another day of rain, flooding is a problem in some areas along the St Johns. Had chicken and rice for supper, threw in some stove-top stuffing, it made a good hot meal.

Thursday October 12: 0600, fog, then a nice colorful dawn. There is actually some blue in the sky. Took a nice swim bath. Saw an otter. Got a block of ice at 1100, the last block lasted three days. On the move again. It took 1-1/2 hours at 3/4 throttle to go the three miles to Lake George. The little 2hp Evinrude is not enough for a lot of motoring. Up sails, and you guessed it, I am headed north and the wind is NE, so I beat for six miles in 4-1/2 hrs. Anchored in Fruitland Cove near channel marker # 63. Had a MRE (meal ready to eat) for supper, not bad, they are always a nourishing meal. No rain today.

Friday October 13: 0600, very foggy, had a quiet night. On the move at 0800 with a following breeze and only the jib up. Just easing along taking in the shoreline. At Little Lake George I went to the eastern side and checked out springs

and creek. Not much to be seen of the springs, the creek is small, but the water is over four feet deep and there are a couple of spots for a small boat to anchor with protection on all sides.

1200, had lunch and on the move with full sails with good wind most of the time. Due to the river changing directions was on a hard beat at 1500, wind 10-15mph with strong gusts, watched the water closely and played the gusts for two hours, finally put a reef in the main at 1700, making the sailing much nicer. Playing the gusts for too long under full sail is dangerous, you have the potential for a knock-down with every gust. Anchored behind Buzzards Island at 1900. A nice sunset,

cheese and crackers and a can of fruit for supper.

Saturday October 14: 0530, partly cloudy. The boat is laying off the island about 150' and there is a little breeze and no skeeter problem. Had a nice dawn, and a nice breakfast in the cockpit with no bugs, not a bad way to start my last day out. On the move at 0900. Had a nice easy three hour sail to Crystal Cove Marina. Took the boat out, took a shower and visited a Burger King. This was the first food that I had bought since leaving home. Got home at 1600.

Well! this has been my longest cruise. It is the first time that I have stayed out as long as I wanted to. Actually, a week

to ten days seems to be about right for me. Even with a few days of bad weather this was a successful little cruise. Other than ice I had everything that I needed for the two weeks. The little things that I have added to make the boat more comfortable help a lot. Planning and preparation for a cruise is very important if you want to have fun and not frustration. A 15' boat is small, but as you can see, a good cruise is possible. Better to have a small boat and take small cruises than to have a big boat sitting at a dock. I see the larger boats, sitting at the docks every time I go on a cruise. Who is having the fun?

(To Be Continued)

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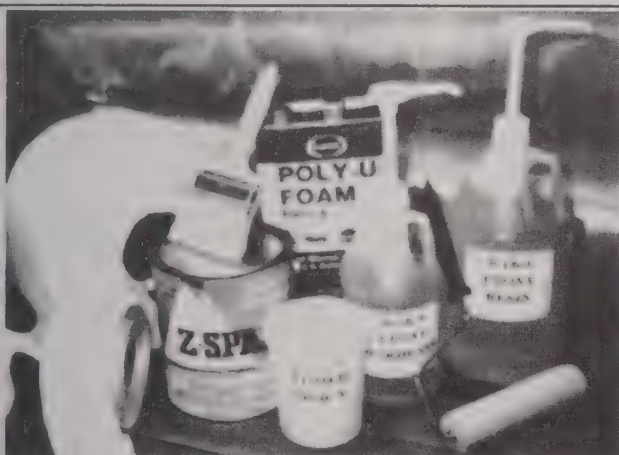
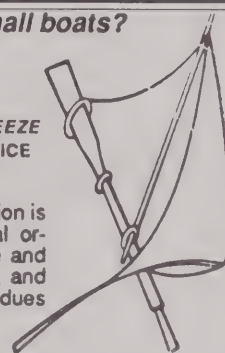
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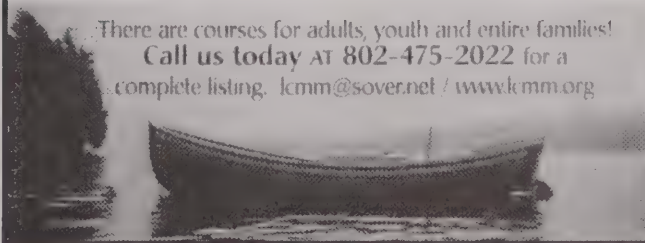
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Most people interested in small boats have either heard of, or read about, the Adirondack Guideboat or perhaps have seen one in the flesh, most probably at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake where a number of these legendary boats are on display. The question naturally arises, is the Adirondack Guideboat just a lovely but obsolete museum piece, or does it have relevance and utility today. From my experience cruising in my guideboat, I believe that the guideboat is an excellent, if not superior, choice of a small boat for cruising today. In this article, I will try to show you why.

Before discussing the virtues of my guideboat, I wish to first acknowledge the virtues of its builder, Gardner Callanen, boatbuilder par excellence and proprietor of Indian Point Guideboats of Industry, Pennsylvania (near Pittsburg). Gardner is a man of few but wise words. I admire his respect for his-

Cruising in a Nineteenth Century Legend The Adirondack Guideboat

A Boat for the Twenty-First Century

By Jack Hornung

torical accuracy, craftsmanship, sage counsel, straightforward and fair business dealings, and his immediate servicing of emergency problems.

I don't consider myself as an expert, but in the two years that I have owned my 14' kevlar guideboat reproduction, *Brie*, named after Gardner's lovely daughter of that name, I have accumulated substantial experience. I have rowed my boat, loaded with camping gear and my 70-pound dog, Ursa, on 450 miles of New York's fascinating, lovely, and vastly underrated Erie Canal. I have also had Class I river experience on a trip down of Oregon's Willamette River for about 150 miles in the company of experienced canoeists. I have rowed it locally, without load, on Seattle's Ship Canal and Lake Washington. I would estimate that I have rowed a total of at perhaps 750 miles and lived out of my boat for perhaps six to seven weeks.

I would guess that my experience rowing my boat on water and carrying it on land during on long trips fairly closely replicates the experience of the old time guides, by whom this type of boat was developed.

First, I would like to tell you about the boat's seaworthiness. Study the picture of my friend, Jim Janeski, in my red Old Town Discovery 16' canoe, and compare the apparent stability of this canoe with that of my guideboat.

Notice the subtle and superior grace of the lines of the guideboat, especially that captivating sheer. For looks, the guideboat is a head turner every time. I still react with deep

aesthetic satisfaction every time I look at my boat. It was love at first sight and has remained an enduring romance. But those good looks are based upon very practical principles.

Notice how the bulk of my body is very low, most of it right at the waterline. Boat and occupant seem to be integral with the water, somewhat like a kayak. In contrast, despite the fact that Jim is kneeling rather than sitting in the canoe, the bulk of his body sticks up well above the water. The vastly superior stability of my guideboat should be obvious.

Less obvious, unless you see the two boats in cross-section, is the superior stability of the guideboat due to hull shape. Viewed in mid cross-section, my canoe is box-shaped, giving high initial stability. In contrast, the guideboat's cross-section is basically like a shallow bowl with a narrow flat bottom. This roundish hull shape makes the guideboat somewhat tippy until you sit down. But experienced boaters will know that under adverse conditions, the deceptive stability of a canoe like mine disappears, presto! Before you know it is happening, over you go, absolutely helpless to do anything to right the boat!

But if you are in a guideboat under the same conditions, the advantages of its secondary stability will quickly become apparent. Should it start to tip sharply, a shift in your body position will quickly and easily bring it back upright. From experiments with my guideboat on a warm sunny day in the sandy shallows of a mountain lake in the Cascades, I can authoritatively state that you have to make a deliberate effort to tip the guideboat to the point where it takes on substantial water. You actually have to hold the gunwales down by force to fill it up with water.

Another important feature of my guideboat is that in the unlikely event of a complete capsizes, it will not turn turtle like a canoe, but will rotate upright. In this situation you will not be able to bail the boat out when deliberately swamped because the gunwales are underwater. But you can easily slither in, regain your seat and, despite waist-deep water, you could paddle to shore. In contrast, I have found it impossible, when alone, to get back into an overturned canoe in deep water.

To emphasize the importance of stability in a small boat, I would like to tell you of a recent canoe experience my wife and I had the last free flowing section of the Columbia River here in Washington, known as the Hanford Reach. This is a wide, fast flowing, smooth Class I river where we were not anticipating any problems. But for mysterious, and to this day unexplained, reasons, our canoe unexpectedly just rolled over, dumping us into the icy water. I am positive that had we been in the guideboat instead of the canoe, we might have been rocked, but almost certainly not tipped over.

What about shipping water while underway? I have to point out a puzzling feature which perhaps one of you readers can explain. Look at the freeboard on the canoe, perhaps 10". Next, compare the extremely low freeboard on the guideboat, necessary, I think, to enable the oars to be used by the rower sitting at such a low position in the boat. Gardner thinks the low gunwales were to reduce weight. I have measured that low freeboard at about 4" when the boat is loaded with dog, gear, and self. Invariably people at docksides ask me if I am not worried that the boat will take on water if the weather kicks up.



My boat and its maker, Gardner Callanen.

Canoe and guideboat compared on the water.



I don't think my questioners believe my answer that in all kinds of weather, some of it moderately severe, with wind and waves from any direction, the boat has never shipped one drop of water, I repeat, not one drop! Besides waves due to wind, I have sat astride 3' high wakes from the Ghengis Khans of the monster powerboat crowd. Again, not one drop shipped, despite my heightened apprehension.

Another example: I was crossing the Hudson River at midpoint below Albany where it is fairly wide. Suddenly a very strong wind sprung up in direct opposition to the strong tidal current. If you have had this experience, you will know that in a small boat, the agitated, dancing chop that results from these conflicting forces can result in a dreaded situation. I didn't know whether to turn back or continue. I decided to continue, the conflict between wind and current worsened, and so did my very real apprehension. But although the boat and I got knocked around a bit, my fear abated. My confidence soon returned as the boat stayed absolutely dry and showed no signs of tipping or capsizing.

But let's suppose that a guideboat did ship water, say from being caught in the extreme chop of conflicting giant power boat wakes, the only situation I really worry about. What then? From my experimentation on that mountain lake, I can tell you that the boat will take on bathtubs of water and still have freeboard. Let me try to quantify this statement.

Gardner told me that my boat's safe capacity is 800 pounds. If we allow 400 pounds for my dog, camping gear, and myself, that leaves 400 pounds of water, or a drum of 50 gallons of water, the equivalent weight of two big men, that the boat could take on and still be within the limits of safe carrying capacity. But from my experiments, I'd be willing to bet that my boat's margin of safety would enable it to take on even more water, with sufficient freeboard left to row to shore safely.

I have dwelt upon the stability and dryness of my guideboat because to me, safety is the most important and essential feature of any vessel. I have rowed or paddled numerous small boats.

Never have I felt safer than in my guideboat. Next, I wish to tell you of my experience rowing the boat.

When I ordered my guideboat from Gardner, I told him that I didn't need any special oars because I had a good set of long, spoon type oars already. But Gardner pointed out to me that the special oars developed for the guideboat were essential to its most efficient and satisfying use. How glad I am that I listened to him! Guideboat oars are so beautiful that they could hang on museum walls. Mine have permanent, 9 pin-type oarlocks and, for sound reasons, do not rotate like the oars of a shell. The oars are light, graceful and long, with two special characteristics, the throat is so slender that the oars naturally flex and bend, and the handles overlap each other for extra leverage.

From Gardner's instructions and from subsequent experience, I have learned that you do not row a guideboat primarily with your back, but in a "back upright" position with short, slightly whippy, unhurried strokes, using mainly your arms. The oars are perfectly balanced for the blades to rest in the water at exactly the most efficient level to row. Your draw stroke is made by letting the oar float lightly at its natural level in the water and pull-

ing the oars steadily but not heavily with your fingers curved over, lightly hooking but not gripping the oars.

At the beginning of your draw stroke, the flexible oars provide an entry kindly to the arms, at the end of the drawstroke the oars provide a little whippy kick. The stroke is relatively short, with the blades entering just behind your back (handles about at the knees), and ending as the handles reach your stomach. Use of the thumbs is unnecessary, in fact, they will be mashed if caught between the overlapping oar handles. On the return stroke,, a slight downward pressure raises the oars to just clear the water. Just the ball of the palm, lightly resting on the handle, returns the oar. All motions are steady and easy, not forced or strenuous.

But rowing style varies with conditions. In calm, placid water, I found I needed to develop a stroke and glide rhythm which allowed me to rest, utilizing momentum to keep the boat going. How do I know that my glide is timed properly? Cruising loaded in my boat, if the little oar whirlpools are about 15' apart, I am doing it right. Some wind or small waves will call for more frequent strokes.

When I row against serious wind and waves, or when these are abeam, I no longer row symmetrically. Instead, I employ alternating strokes, handle over handle, canting the boat downward toward the stroking oar to let the returning oar clear the waves. Using this method, I have always been surprised at the good progress I could make without much increased effort. In fact, no opposing wind and waves have ever caused me to stop my voyaging or slowed me down substantially. If, in a canoe you have experienced the tiring frustration of paddling against wind and waves, I am sure that you will readily see the marked advantages of the guideboat in these same adverse conditions.

The hand-over-hand alternating stroke may also be used in calm water as a relief from normal rowing on long passages. But with strong winds and waves pushing the boat at the stern, I don't use the oars so much for propulsion, but to maintain steerageway and to keep the boat properly aligned to the following seas. Often I use one or the other oar as a

rudder. I must say that running before these semiwild conditions in my guideboat is exhilarating without undue worry for safety.

You may wonder, as I did, how the guideboat will serve on a Class I river with substantial current. To answer this question for myself, I took a three-day trip on the fast-flowing Willamette River in Oregon in the company of experienced canoeists. I can report to you two lessons I learned. In current, the guideboat was just as easy to use and fast as a canoe. In fact, with oars instead of a paddle, I found it easier to ferry cross-current to miss obstacles. Where the river widened and/or deepened periodically, causing the current to abate, use of the oars enabled me, rowing singly, to pull out and ahead of canoes with two experienced paddlers.

Here is some additional information about oars and paddles. Following Gardner's advice, whenever I approach a dock or shore, I ship my oars to keep them from getting damaged and instead use my paddle. In addition to my traditional paddle, I carry and use a very long kayak paddle with which I can turn the boat around and face forward, as when passing through an interesting town or to provide relief from the use of the oars.

Because the guideboat is double-ended, you might think that the oars can be used to "push" the boat. Sometimes in very calm water this works OK, but in general I have found a kayak paddle more suitable for this purpose. Incidentally, because the guideboat gunwales are so low at midships, the kayak paddle works quite well. A kayak paddle is also a useful backup in case an oar breaks. However, I do carry a spare set of oars. I have found that for maneuvering, a normal paddle propels the guideboat as easily as it does a canoe.

Leaving the matter of propulsion, you may be wondering, as I did, about the speed of my guideboat and how much territory can be covered in a day or week. On this point I had major misconceptions which had to be dispelled. On my first trial of my new boat without load, exhilarated by its responsiveness and speed, I put my back into the effort with satisfaction and delight and rowed the boat hard. After a couple of hours, I found myself lying on my back exhausted, wondering if I

Self in boat showing oars.





The guideboat is a real freighter as well.



The boat as shelter.



had made a mistake in buying the boat. Later, while rowing the Erie Canal, I saw a man in gym attire, doing the same thing, rowing a guideboat mightily for his morning exercise, an endeavor I knew that he could not continue for long if he had to.

I know that guideboats are successfully used for exercise and racing, but I am convinced that they were not designed primarily for that purpose. I have learned that if I am huffing, puffing, and straining, then I am not using the guideboat properly for cruising. Rowing a guideboat is more like steady work than aerobic exercise. I think that it was for this reason that Gardner talked me out of getting a sliding seat and those oar extenders used in racing shells.

After considerable trial and error, here is my cruising practice with load. I bring the guideboat up to what I feel is a proper cruising speed that is less than its maximum hull speed, and I keep that pace. For my 14' *Brie*, I find that this speed, with my dog, gear, and self, is about three miles an hour. Following the laws of physics which govern such matters, Gardner tells me that a 16' guideboat, a more customary size, would be somewhat faster.

Once, to make a lock closing deadline, I sped my boat for an hour at a pace between three-and-a-half and four miles an hour, but I would not do this very often. I have found that under normal conditions, I row about 20 miles a day on the average. I have done 25 miles in a day, but would not want to do this regularly. I think of my guideboat as a neat little waterborne pickup rather than as a Ferrari! Employing a sensible cruising speed, I find that after a seven or eight-hour day on the water, I am tired but not exhausted.

You will surmise that I like solo travel. What about two people cruising in a guideboat? I think it would be great. With two persons, the rower sits on a seat at the bow using the second set of oarlocks provided for that station. The second person (preferably one's significant other) sits as a passenger in a stern seat facing forward and made comfortable by a neat little back rest. With two people, the gear is loaded in the middle, rather than the ends. Because the guideboat is easily maintained at cruising speed, there is no reason for the passenger to paddle, although he or she could. Instead, the passenger may watch the scenery or birds and, from time to time, change positions to relieve the rower.

With nightfall, my guideboat continues in service. I carry it overhead, supported by its yoke, to a nearby camping spot. There, I use the boat to provide the structural element for an extremely comfortable and weatherly shelter, keeping me securely dry and warm in rain, wind, snow, sleet, and thunderstorms. Here is how I construct my shelter. I invert the boat and raise one end of it by means of a braced, disassemblable "horse."

This horse is made of two slightly splayed 2x2s connected by an arched piece of plywood fixed to the 2x2s by means of four carriage bolts and wing nuts. I rest one end of the boat on the ground in the expected direction of the wind. Then I lift the other end, invert the boat, and set this high end on the horse. Then I drape the boat with a large, staked-down tarp. Snugly ensconced within the open end, sheltered neatly from the wind and weather by the streamlined shape, I sit on my lawn chair and cook my meal, read or just enjoy the experi-

ence, usually with a small campfire in front for warmth and cheer.

By means of a yoke, it is relatively easy to carry the inverted guideboat to my car, launching spot, campsite, or on a portage. My boat weighs only 65 pounds, so carrying and setting it down entails no problem. But hoisting it into position for carrying is another matter. Gardner demonstrated the proper technique to me. He grasped the gunwales of the upright boat with one hand just ahead of and the other just behind the yoke, then bent slightly and lifted the boat up on his bent thighs in a sideways position. From that temporary rest, he then lifted and inverted the boat, rolling his body under it so that his shoulders neatly nestled into the yoke. It was beautiful to watch him.

If you are strong and well coordinated, this is an easy method. But for me, sometimes it works smoothly and at other times I find myself staggering around under the boat's weight, wondering what I did wrong. For

non-athletes, I recommend an alternative lifting method, using the same little horse which I use to make the boat a tent. Brace the horse in a free-standing upright position, leaning slightly off plumb. Lift one end of the boat up, invert the boat at this end, and simply set it on the horse upside down. Then you can stoop under the boat, bring your shoulders up into the yoke unhurriedly, take hold of the wood runners inside the gunwales, lift up, and away you go easily and surely.

I have made some modifications to my boat based on experience and with the help of Lee Moyer, owner of Pacific Watersports here in Seattle. Perhaps Gardner shudders at my departure from tradition, but I hope the old-time guides would approve. Here are the things I did. The bow and stern mooring rings were replaced by drilled and epoxied stronger towing holes in the fore and aft stems, enabling me to both tow and lock the boat more securely. I had numerous D-rings and cleats installed fore and aft inside the gunwales for

tying things in. Glassed in D-rings with shockcord hold in the floorboards securely both in the water and upside down on my truck rack.

Traveling solo as I do, I temporarily removed the fore and aft seats because they interfere with the proper low stowage of gear. I have replaced the middle traditional canoe rower's seat with a fiberglass tractor type seat which minimizes pain and soreness, as well as providing enhanced stability. Most usefully, Lee made me a removable fiberglass cap to fit over the stern deck for protection when the boat is inverted.

All in all, I couldn't be happier with my Adirondack Guideboat. I have owned numerous sail and rowing boats and tried out many others. My boat is head and shoulders above any others I know for its intended purpose. My satisfactions have been enormous, and my troubles negligible. I urge you to try one yourself and see if you don't agree that the Adirondack Guideboat is just as beautifully relevant today as it was in the last century.

The Frontrower is a great new way of using muscle power to propel a boat. The power generating capability and the exercise quality are comparable to rear-facing sliding seat sculling, but it is more efficient and easier to use. And it goes forward instead of backwards, so you can have the pleasure of seeing where you are going.

The Frontrower's oars are mounted on an uprigger at the center of the boat, and this design limits the width of the boat to 3' or less. Some boats that can be used are: a general-purpose tandem canoe; a touring shell, such as an Alden Ocean Shell; a kayak with a large open cockpit, such as a Klepper Double; and a custom-built narrow-beamed rowboat, such as a Firefly.

What's the best choice? For most people, we recommend a general purpose tandem canoe. Consider the purposes for which a Frontrower equipped rowing boat may be used: regular exercise; recreation; special interests such as bird-watching, photography, or fishing; wilderness traveling and camping; and coastal touring.

For almost every purpose, the canoe is better suited than the other choices. A touring shell is faster, but unless you are racing you won't notice the difference. But you will notice the greater stability and cargo carrying capacity of the canoe. A canoe is heavier than a touring shell. Once in the water, weight is not a problem, but on land it could be. Using a trailer or a boat cart can solve this problem.

Almost everyone has paddled a canoe and knows what this is like. But what is rowing a Frontrower equipped canoe like? Here's how Frontrowing (solo) compares with tandem paddling:

1. The quality of the exercise is better. You use your legs as well as your arms.
2. It is more stable. The Frontrower seat is 5" above the bottom, compared to 10" for typical paddling seats, so your center of gravity is a lot lower.
3. You only need one person. You generate a lot more power and use it more efficiently when rowing.
4. It is more comfortable. You have a large breathable fabric seat with an adjustable backrest.
5. One person can row faster than two

Canoes as Forward-Facing Rowboats

By Ron Rantilla

paddlers in the same canoe. You have more power and less weight.

6. It is easier to steer and to maneuver. To turn, you simply take a longer stroke on one side. You can stroke forward on one side and backward on the other and turn around in your own boat length.

7. You have better control in the wind. One person sitting low gives less windage than two people sitting high. Power is applied to both sides, and farther out, so correction is easier.

8. It is more seaworthy. Having less weight, having the weight concentrated in the center (rather than at the ends) of the canoe, and having the center of gravity lower makes a canoe more seaworthy.

9. You can row with your feet, freeing your hands for other things like taking pictures.

Many people who are considering rowing have a wish list that looks something like this:

1. A boat that I can launch and row by myself.
2. A boat that is fast and responsive enough to be interesting.
3. A boat that is stable enough to relax in.
4. A boat that is seaworthy enough to take some chop.
5. A boat with enough room for a passenger.

An ordinary general-purpose tandem canoe fitted out with a Frontrower can fill these

needs perfectly. A canoe of between 15' and 17' in length, 30" to 36" in beam, and 12" to 14" center depth is ideal. A lake-type canoe with minimal rocker is best.

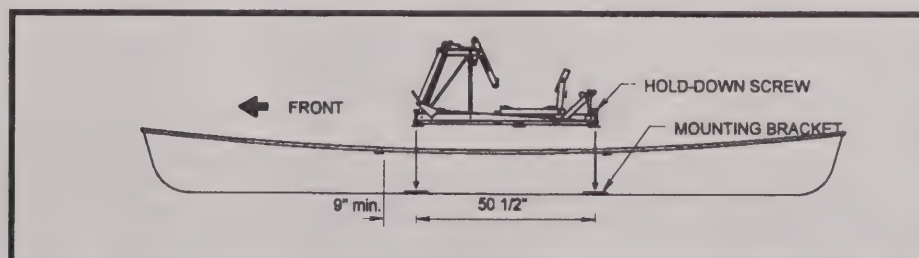
How to Set a Canoe Up for Frontrowing

To set a canoe up for solo rowing, you want to position the Frontrower so that the weight of the operator and gear aboard is slightly aft of the centerline.

This means that you are going to have to remove the center thwart or cross beam. This beam is an important part of the structure, so you will need to compensate for its removal with additional bracing. The easiest thing to do is to install two additional thwarts, one 32" in front of the center thwart, and one 32" behind it. Do this before you remove the center thwart, so the canoe will maintain its original shape. Now you have enough room in the center of the canoe to install the Frontrower. Nine inches of open space is needed in front of the Frontrower, so install it as far aft in this space as possible.

The resilient rubber mounting pads on the Frontrower take up the irregular shape of the bottom of the canoe. Gravity will hold it in position for trials, but to keep it in place mounting brackets should be permanently glued to the bottom of the canoe floor. Two mounting brackets with threaded holes receive the hold-down screws at the front and rear of the Frontrower. This allows easy installation and removal of the rowing system for storage and transportation. Thickened epoxy works well for gluing the brackets to most fiberglass hulls.

The Frontrower is available from Aquamotion Systems, 30 Cutler St., Warren, RI 02885; phone 401-247-1482.





Teamwork on the *Arch Dink*.



Contemplating progress on *Toto*.

Thoughts on Summer Club Projects

With last summer gone, members of the Middle of Mitten Boatbuilders' Club were missing the fun we had building the club projects: *Toto*, a 13' double paddle canoe with nice lines, weighing only 45lbs, just right for one paddler, impressing us all as we pulled the hull into place and glued it up; and the *Arch Dink*, a 7' dinghy.

Both boats were designed by Jim Michalak. Even though the *Toto* and *Arch Dink* are not difficult to build, the learning experience was good for all of us in the club, as we are dedicated to learning to build boats and to working on and restoring some of the older boats that are around.

The way we go about building boats is as a group project. The owner supplies all the materials and then the club members do the building. We try to leave most of the many decisions on how it is to be done to the boat owner, but in practice it usually comes down to a consensus of the club members.

So far this has worked well on the four projects we have already finished. We are a small club, only about a dozen members at any one time, as some new people join and others move out of state or pass on. While this small number puts some constraints on the size of projects, it is also a good thing as everyone knows everyone else and work well together. The biggest problem so far seems to be getting a time set up to work on the boats that everyone can live with. In today's fast-paced life, the one thing in short supply is free time.

Our answer to this problem, up to now, has been to be as flexible as possible on times to work on projects so, even though everyone is not at every session, the job gets done and we all have a chance to help as much as we can. On this summer's projects most of the work was done on Wednesdays from 6:00 to 9:00 in the evenings. Three hours a week is not a lot of time to spend on a project, but with six or eight people working, a lot gets done. Three or four people can really gang up on the harder work and finish it in short order.

Now that the two boats are at the point of final sanding and painting, we started thinking about our next project. As cold weather was on its way and we did not have a heated building to work in, the winter looked like it would be long and boring until someone suggested that we put a tent up in the 60' x 80' polebarn we have been working in. This polebarn is 14' high at the eaves and is just too big to heat, but a 10' x 20' canopy with nylon tarp sides is just right.

One of our members came up with a small gas furnace which works fine. The next decision was what to build this time. We made out well again as two of the members had plans they wanted to build.

One is a Mini Mackenzie designed by Paul and Mary Butler, it's a 12' 90 pound drift boat. The other is another Jim Michalak design, a Roar 2, 14' rowing boat. This boat looks as if it will be as good-looking as the last one we built; in fact, it looks like the bows are the same shape.

Ron Mamerow, MOMBC, 980 E. Grand River Rd., Owosso, MI 48867- 9717; phone me at 517-725-7407; e-mail me at rmamerow@shianet.org.

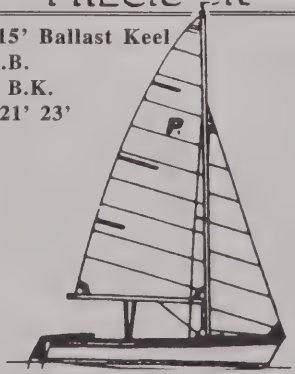


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Several years ago I sent off for a plan called the Swamp Yankee. The boat was designed by a young guy in Connecticut named Robert Sparks. I have put off building this boat for a long time as I have completed several kayaks of my own design. The time had come. We were trying to bring new life into our boat building club. I volunteered to do the program at our December meeting: We would build a boat.

A year ago I had made a masonite pattern from Sparks's plans. I had some 3-mil marine ply on the rack, so I laid out the parts and sawed them to shape on my garage floor. I then carried the parts into my heated shop where I did a Payson splice. A couple days later I trimmed the two sides with a plane trying to achieve mirror images.

On the 17th we meet at The Boat House, a new store for boat building stuff in St. Paul. I arrived early enough to set up our workspace and wait for other members to show up. Folks drifted in and everyone had to look over all the neat stuff the Dale sells at the store. Finally, at about 7:30, we got organized and began the serious job of building a boat. I got a couple of guys drilling holes for the ties, and in a few minutes we were ready to tie the whole thing together. We used small electrical wire ties to hold the parts together. We tied the keel very loosely, with the plastic ties putting all the locks on the outside.

I began to deviate slightly from the plan at this point. We opened up the hull like opening a book, set it on the floor and began to weight it down. We used several gallon cans of epoxy (unopened) from Dale's inventory to hold the boat in shape. Now we had four

Building Swamp Yankee

By Mississippi Bob

wings sticking out that would become the sides of the boat. We pulled them together and found that they overlapped nicely and fitted up against the bottom panel, so we clamped them. Next we tied the sides and bottom together. It was beginning to look like a boat.

I had cut two sticks 1/2"x1" that were 27" long, 1" less than the finished beam of the boat. These pieces got nailed in at the gunnels about a foot off center. It looked more like a boat. We still had gaps about 1/2" wide, and next we began pulling up some of the slack to close the gaps. Satisfied with this, we duct taped the outside of all the seams to keep the resin from pouring through.

Someone said that the "V" was to much. We all agreed, so we loosened up the clamps that held the sides together and pushed down on the ends and watched the "V" disappear. Another good look and someone determined that the flare varied between the sides. We loosened one side only and played with this until everyone agreed that the boat looked symmetrical.

Time for the resin. I mixed a small batch and handed it to one of the gals and had her start wetting out the wood next to the keel seam. I mixed another batch, adding wood flour and thickening it to peanut butter consistency. I showed someone how to do a fillet using a plastic coffee spoon. We had the fillets going well and I started someone else laying a 4" tape into the wetted surface right over the wet fillet. I found a second plastic spoon

and got a second person doing the fillets. By now someone was busy mixing batches of resin, and the person who had been wetting out the wood finished that job and helped lay on fiberglass tape.

As we neared completion of this stage, it was obvious that under the glass the fillets were a bit sloppy. I used a plastic squeegee and found that I could straighten up the fillets pretty well, so we went over the entire boat quickly cleaning up fillets. Dale came by with a foam roller and asked if I wanted to prime the whole interior while we had the crew going. We mixed another small batch of resin, wet out the roller, and proceeded to coat the remaining parts of the interior.

The inside finish was quite acceptable and will require a minimum of sanding. The inside is nice enough that I may leave it bright. By now everyone was standing around gabbing. I looked at my watch and it was 8:30. We had spent about an hour getting the boat to this stage, and we all headed for Dale's goody bar.

I went back to The Boat House on Saturday and got my boat, put it in the back of my van, and headed home. I set the boat up in my (heated?) shop, pulled off the duct tape, and sanded the outside of the seams. I brought the project into my house, set it up in the furnace room, and began to complete the taping. I'll do a lot lot fairing before I paint or varnish. This will take as much time as the actual building, but it can happen after the shakedown cruise.

Not exactly a six-hour boat, but not bad either. As a canoe designer myself, I must say, "You did very well Robert Sparks."



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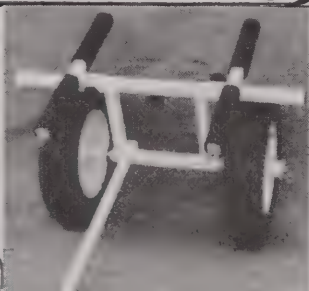
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Length on deck 23'6"
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Hull centerboard raised 10"
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Displacement in sailing trim (designed waterline) 2500 pounds
Water ballast in double bottom 96 gallons or 820 pounds
Sail area 150 sq. ft. mainsail, 52 sq. ft. mizzen

This boat was designed for use on the east coast of Florida. The owner died while she was under construction, and we don't know what became of her. He was a sociable man and expected to have several friends with him. She was supposed to be undemanding to sail, a stiff shape, and a rather short rig, and enough watertight volume and ballast to make sure that she couldn't be capsized under pleasant afternoon daysailing conditions.

The deep midships cockpit could flood in a knockdown, but most of the water would spill out through the stern. The deep midships footwell would have to be bailed out, it could hold as much as 60 gallons of water, but the watertight volume at the sides and in the ends would allow her to sail with it full.

Her shape is unusual, a pure sharpie from amidships aft with a conventional plywood, convex section, vee bottom forward to keep her quiet when sailing upright, or anchored, in a small chop. The vee is faired in gentle curves to take the plywood reasonably easily. This shape is the reverse of the Hampton Flattie, a well-known type with a sharpie bow and deadrise aft; "non-pareil sharpies" had deadrise at both ends with flat bottoms amidships. We don't know of another case of deadrise forward only, but it is a reasonable arrangement because:

1. It's the noise at the bow that is complained about in flat-bottomed boats;
2. With the flat bottom carried well above water aft there's room for a fixed rudder un-

der the hull within her 10" draft (a rudder as small and shallow as this one will be adequate to control the boat because it is mounted with the stock at an angle that makes the top of the blade sweep the hull bottom closely, "bottom sweeper," and with a sizable end plate on the bottom; all the water encountered by the rudder goes aft, none over the top or bottom of the blade).

The ballast water is contained in a double bottom, as deep as possible and spread around to damp her motion. It's not as unusual as it was when this boat was designed, but there's no harm in explaining one more time that the initial stability of a water ballasted boat is that of the unflooded part, while the reserve stability is enhanced by the weight of as much of the tank volume as comes above the waterline as the boat heels. Water ballast works best in very shallow boats in which it can be spread out to the sides. The tank is flooded and drained through a seacock which can be reached through the box shown at the after end of the deep cockpit.

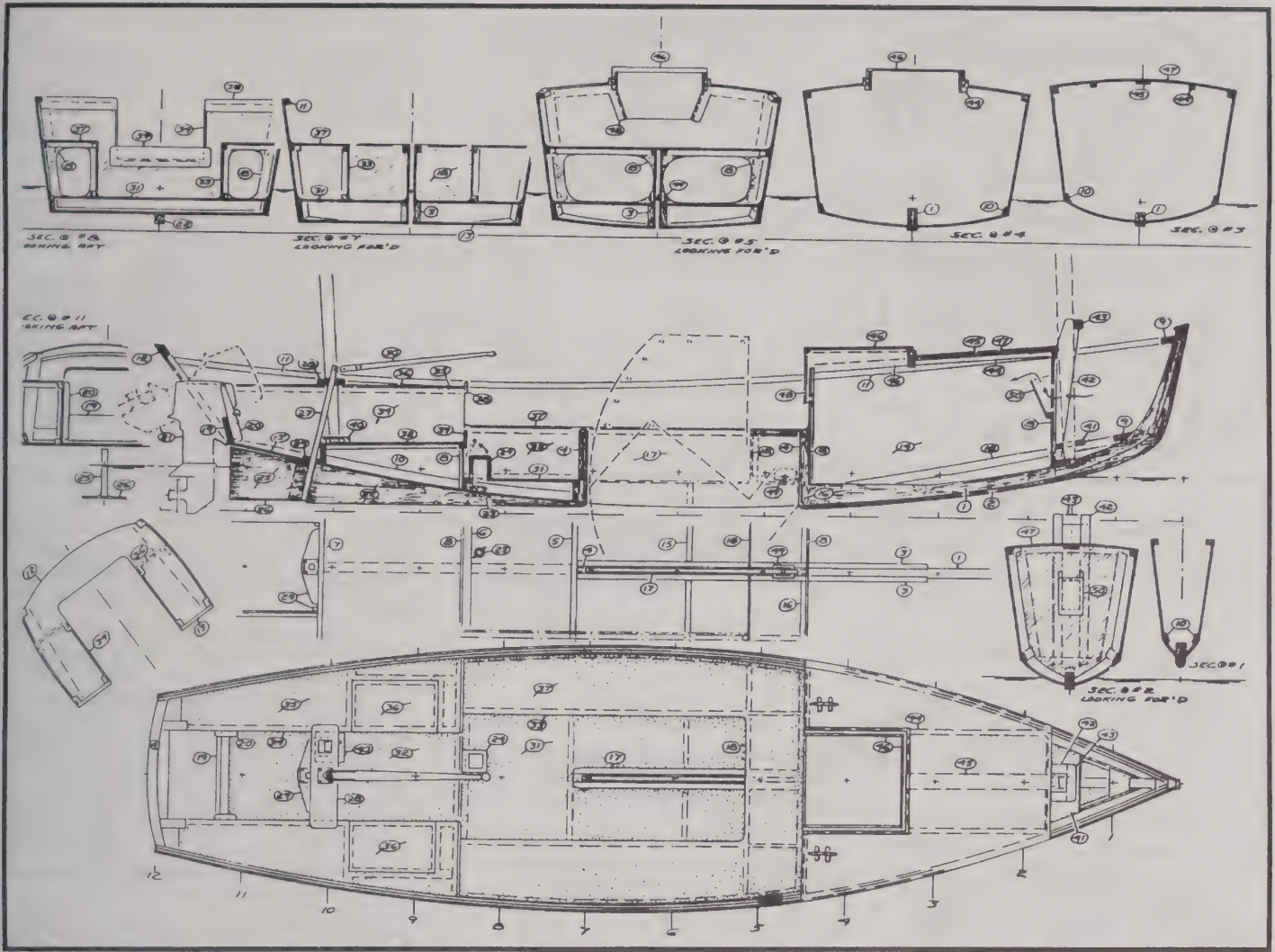
The centerboard is controlled directly from its top forward corner, with no pendant. It has a stop to control its maximum depth, and the grip pin at the top would keep it from dropping out if the pivot pin failed. There should never be any problem clearing a jam. It is supported at various depths with a pin through the row of holes up the after edge. She could sail to windward in 2' of water, though not very fast. In a fair breeze, with a well-cut mainsail with plenty of draft in the right place, she would be a fast sailer in 4' of water.

Reaching and running she'd be fine with less to no board down, of course. The cat-ketch (yaw!) rig produces steady riding at anchor and the ability to heave to with the bow well up to the wind. Sprit booms hold the clews down without any need for kicking straps or complex sheet leads. The 25'5" mast, very light at the top, is stepped by running it through the partners horizontally and walking it upright; no need to set it up precariously vertical before dropping it into its step. This arrangement is much simpler than a pivoting tabernacle and is satisfactory in a boat in which the mast doesn't have to be lowered frequently.

The sharply raked transom protects the motor and somewhat blends it into her looks, but its main advantage is that it's possible to sit comfortably and securely next to the power head. Four horsepower would be enough for most afternoon use, six ample for all seasons, and ten overkill, though she could carry the ten without problems. Top speed would be around 6 knots.

The wish list for this boat did not include any cruising capability. The cuddy was solely for secure stowage and watertight volume for safety. With a hood over the hatchway, a portable toilet could be used in it with some sensation of privacy. With the footwell partly or wholly covered, and a good boom tent using the main boom for a ridgepole, she could have been turned into a good camping cruiser since the deep cockpit is almost 8' long. Nowadays we'd suggest adding a Birdwatcher top, a shelter of transparent plastic open down the centerline, so she could be sailed from shade and shelter and incidentally, be immunized against any flooding in a knockdown.

Plans to build one boat, \$150, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, fax 978-282-1349.



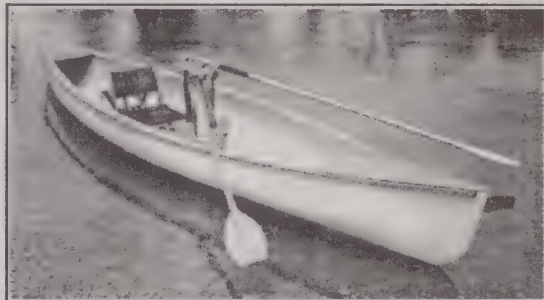
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By Richard Carsen

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Rig: Mast set on deck with four shrouds, in tabernacle. Bowsprit setup can be used to strike mast. Topmast can be housed; topsail can be set with single halvard.

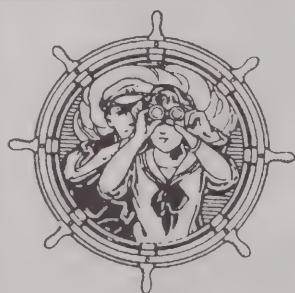
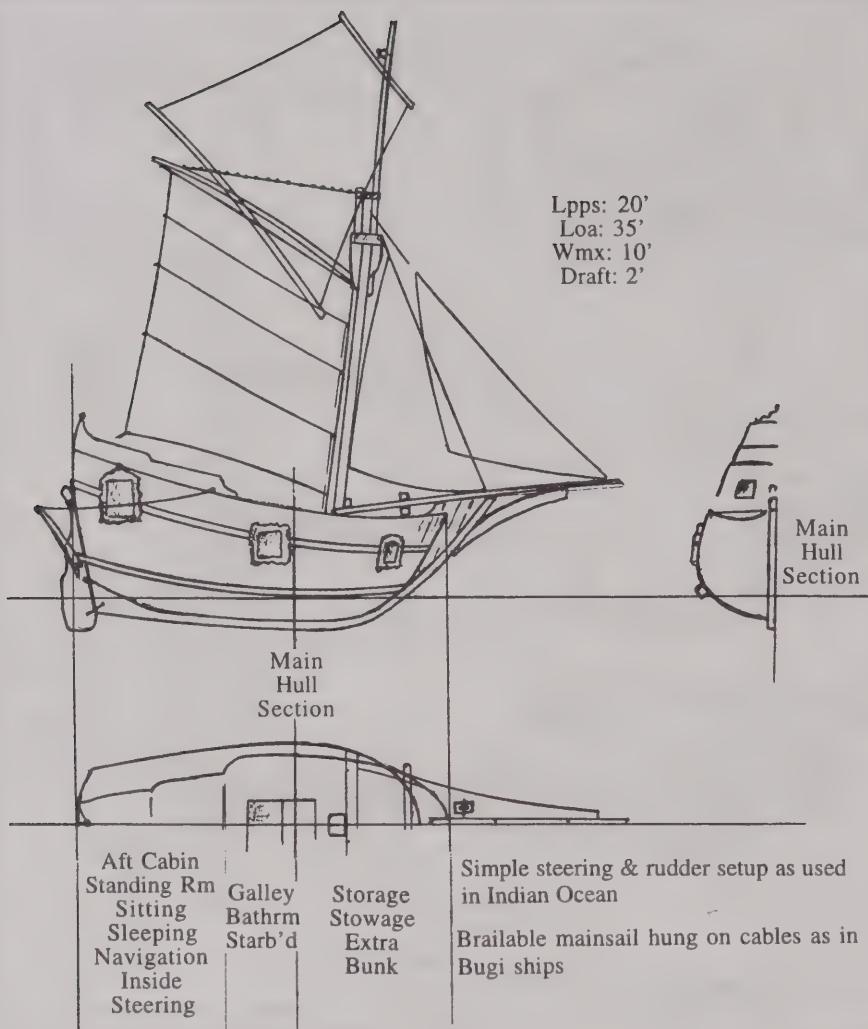
Standing gaff, chained to top of (lower) mast. Sails run on cable. Mainsail can be brailed (parallel sides) by pulling in brails, attached to one line.

Simple rudder, hung on cable below and attached at top; runs in V-shaped guides. Lines from backward pointing helm (this doesn't take any inner room) run to small wheel on forward bulkhead of aft cabin; can be detached to steer from anywhere on deck.

Hull cold molded from thin ply, using forward cabin bulkhead and the bulkhead separating bathroom/galley area from forward area, together with transom and stem, all set on keel, to arrive at hull form with battens in the usual way. Some temporary molds/frames will be necessary, with battens let into them longitudinally. Ply strips are run diagonally for easy curves, the second run covering the seams of the first. Temporary frames are then removed and the interior ceiled, leaving opening at top and bottom, with shelf for salt at top. Some floors should be set up in the center section, and beyond the mast position, a hog, inner keel plank, laid and thru-bolted thru floor and keel.

Deck can now be laid, and the ballast in the mast area laid on top of this, and secured; ballast should not touch the hull. Schooner builders, I am told, used to put in some ballast before launching, then finishing ballasting once the boat was in the water, watching the designed LWL, keeping in mind that more weight would be added finishing and outfitting the boat.

Some will add outside planking to bottom up to waterline, but when building interior, keep top light. Cotton sails should be tarred; cloths on main taken straight up and down, no false seams. Gaff should have a vang on each side to allow the sail to set "lifting". Don't forget the flagline at the end, which is also the attachment for your topsail.



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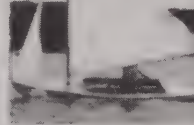
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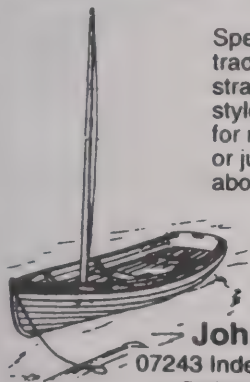
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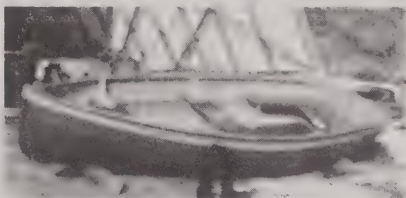
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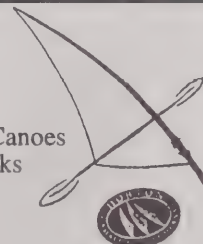
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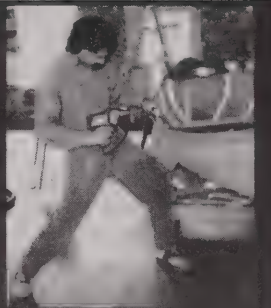
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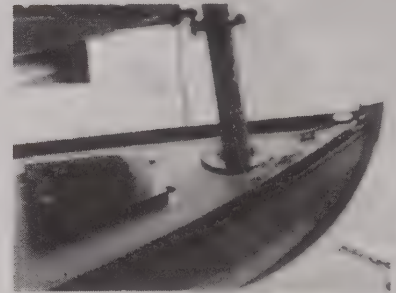
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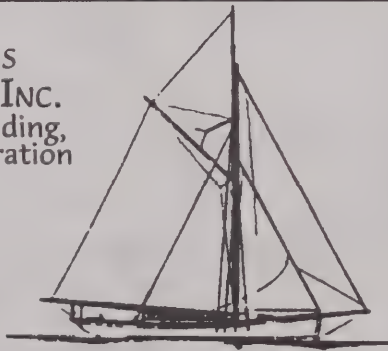


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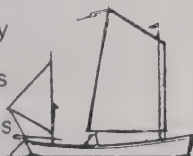
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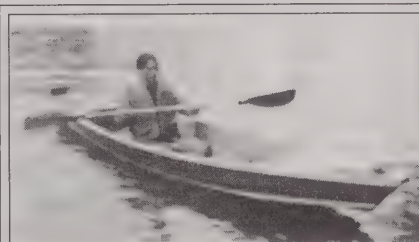
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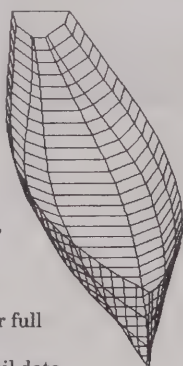
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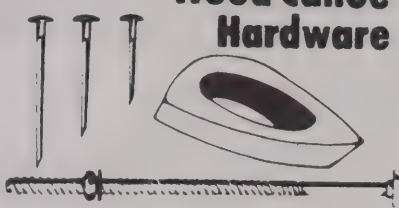
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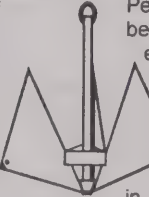
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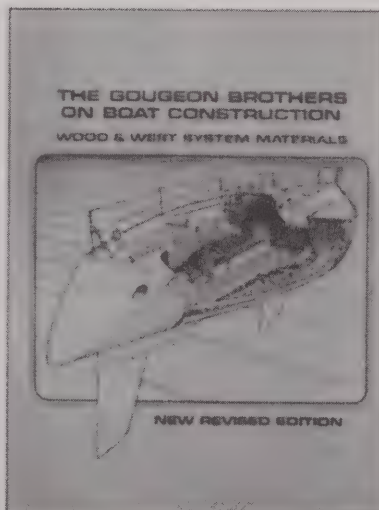
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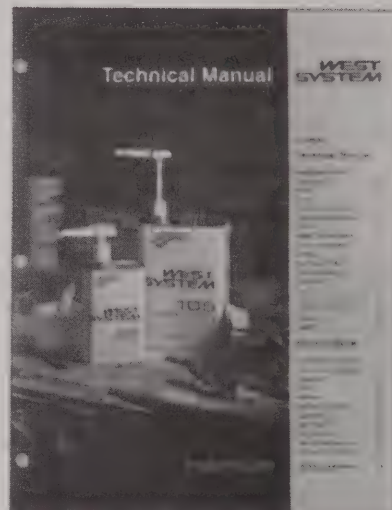
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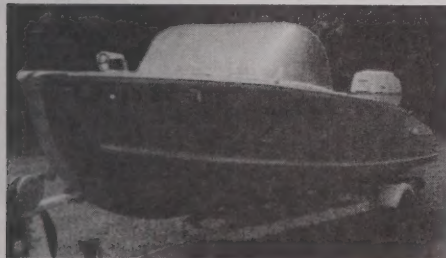
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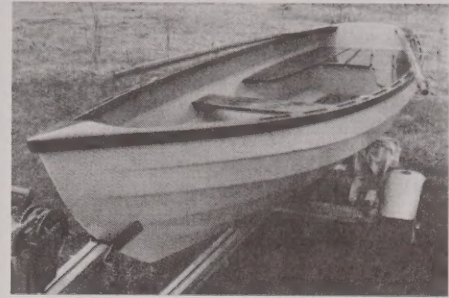
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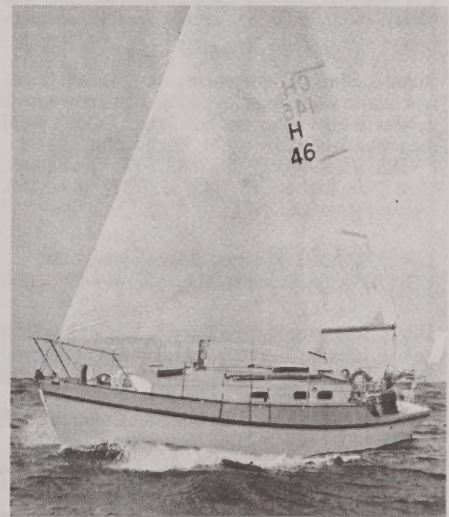
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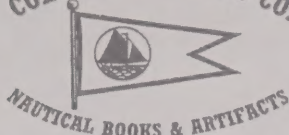
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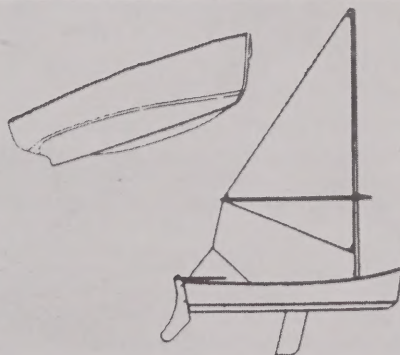
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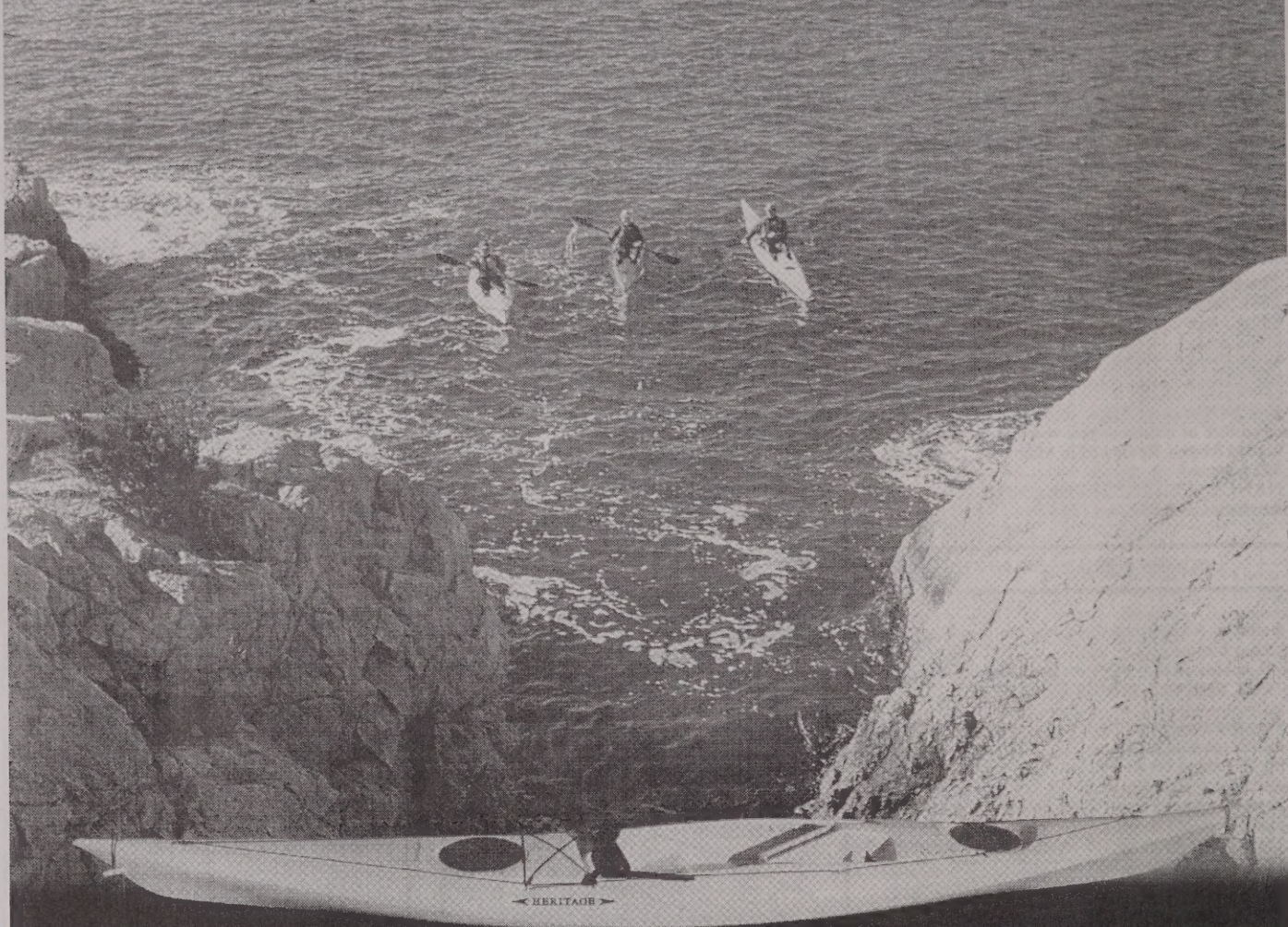
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