

Special Features This Issue
"The Blackburn Challenge" - "Mist of Avalon"
"Bonaventure - Grasper Highlands to the Sea"



messing about in BOATS

Volume 17 - Number 9

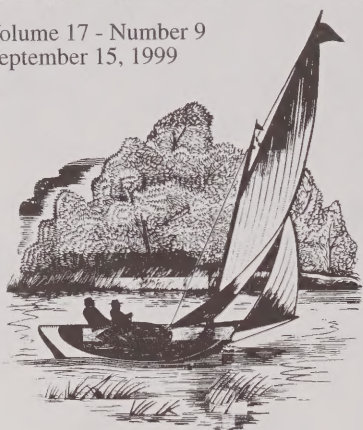
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In Our Next Issue...

Roy Terwilliger provides some photos and comments on the "Wooden Canoe Heritage Assembly" in New York's Adirondacks.

Robb White tells us about "The Reynolds"; Tom McGrath describes how "A Mariner Awaits the End"; Jeff McLaughlin describes "Another Small Voyage"; Dick Winslow concludes his wild river canoeing chronicle "Bonaventure"; Lee Kemble provides "Track of the Typhoon Follow-up", commentary from 1920 issues of the *New York Times*; and Steve Turi's "Adventurss of a New Jersey Boat Nut" continues with Part 2.

Paul Bennet presents his latest budget build-it-yourself design, "Pilgrims' Pride 16"; Vyes-Marie de Tanton shows us his 1980's "Airplane Wing-Sail Rigged Magie Noire"; Richard Carsen proceeds with Part 2 of "My Own Personal Dreamboat"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will come through again with as yet unrevealed design.

Sam Overman offers us advice on "How to Build a Kayak Dolly" and on "Drawing Long Curves".

On the Cover...

The Blackburn Challenge rowing/paddling race around Massachusetts' Cape Ann again attracted a wide variety of human powered boats, the cover shows a Cheticamp 19 double and a six oared Cornish gig, exemplifying traditional types of entries. Many more photos in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



By 6:30am on the morning of July 24th I was once again on my annual trek over to nearby Gloucester, Massachusetts on the Annisquam River shore at the launching ramp to look over the multitude of small human powered boats that were entered in that day's Blackburn Challenge rowing/paddling race around Cape Ann, a 20 mile grind on the open ocean. There aren't many things in my life that get me up and out somewhere so early in the day. While I am up at 5am daily so I can get to work in my office right here in our home by 6am, providing me with about four uninterrupted hours of productivity before the world starts to intrude, I seldom am up and away to somewhere else.

There's an appealing aura about an early summer morning that makes me wonder why I don't do this more often, especially if on the waterfront on what promises to be a nice sunlit day. In this case my outing is enhanced by about 125 different small boats of all sorts, all in one place, to be looked over. And the energy of the close to 200 participants readying for the day's event is all around, mostly younger (compared to me), typically physically fit men and women wearing in many cases today's serious sporting attire. Lots of obviously fit bodies ready to test themselves in their chosen sport.

As I circulated in this environment I enjoyed just being an onlooker, as I was participating in my own way as a photo-journalist so I could pass on to you my observations of the boats and the people. This is not a physically demanding task of course, but while I still felt some residual stirrings of a desire to maybe have entered this event myself, perhaps with a companion in our double Seda Tango sea kayak, reality is right in my face when I think of the long, long way it is around the Cape. I have been around it in the past, so I am no stranger to its landmarks and how long it takes to pass by each succeeding one.

I think this still lingering desire to be taking part is stimulated by being right there in that pre-race bustle. I observe in particular the alert excitement amongst the six person crews of the Cornish gigs and the Hawaiian outriggers, their esprit de corps. The individual rowers and paddlers are more subdued, not having teammates to share directly their own excitement, but I know it is there, for I did spend 18 years of my life participating in competitive motorcycle racing. A radically different game, but still it had the same underlying human drives.

Once the race is underway I drive about five miles to Lane's Cove on the western shore of the Cape where the boats will pass by right alongshore past a rocky point where I can get

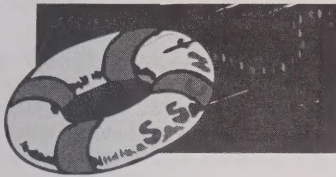
my photos and even converse with some I know as they pass by. Here I can view the physical efforts being made rowing and paddling. This sort of racing is slow enough so the knowledgeable observer can see how each competitor is doing their thing, unlike faster moving sports such as soccer or football, where things happen too fast at times, necessitating today's TV instant replay to clarify what had just transpired.

Having shared a bit of the ambience at the start with those taking part, I now get a second small shot of "wanna be out there" because I could be. I am fit enough to do the whole 20 miles at a moderate pace on an easy day like this one, hardly racing, more just touring. But, as the essence of the event is to race, I know I'd be tempted to try to keep up a pace I couldn't sustain, anytime I was near another boat not obviously going much faster than I. Better I just watch and photograph and observe.

I find the pace and nature of human powered boating competition most pleasing to me, the people are foremost as they take part. Sail racing is more manipulation of the boat and rig to gain position, and of course powerboating is gassing it and controlling progress at the very high speeds attained, much as I once did on my motorcycles. I think of rowing and paddling as more analogous to running or cross country skiing, it's the body's muscle doing the job. Sail and power contests are more like downhill skiing in which the body is controlling outside forces. This too can be physically demanding, I know from personal experience, but it is not just "my body's gotta do this for me".

At least as I basked in the aura of physical effort and excitement vicariously, I was content to no longer be driven to test myself, having done it for so many years in my younger days. Having experienced competition in my chosen sport first hand I could now really appreciate and understand how these people were feeling on this golden morning, and yet not be saddled with a "wish I were doing this too" desire too strong to resist.





Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

Upside Down Tow

This true story has two endings, a happy one for two people, and a dismal one for their vessel.

I was preparing my boat for a routine safety patrol when I saw another vessel, about my size, being towed in to the dock upside down. I watched with real interest, the difficult process of turning her over so a forklift could pick her up and was astonished to see, when she finally was in the air, several yards of fishing net dangling from the propeller.

This is what happened. Two fishermen set out on the July 4th weekend with the intention of first catching bait. They tried to set their net in Carolina Inlet, something I suspect is illegal and I know is foolish given the strong currents and abrupt shallows of that pass to the sea. In short order the net fouled the prop, leaving them helpless as the current swept them out of the channel and into the surf. Fortunately, they had time to put on their PFDs. Equally fortunately, those PFDs were truly "readily accessible," and not buried under piles of miscellaneous gear.

Once out of the channel and into the surf, their boat was quickly capsized and they were thrown clear and picked up, almost immediately, by another boater who braved the surf with a vessel under full power and control.

Bow Riding

Happily, I don't see it often, but yesterday's routine safety patrol was an exception. In the course of six hours on the water, we saw seven cases of "bow riding," people (often, but not always, kids) sitting on the bow of a power boat with their feet hanging over and supported only by arms over an 1-1/4 steel bow rail.

It is a most dangerous practice! Any abrupt change of speed of their boat, an unexpected wave, possibly from a passing vessel, a failure to hold on very tightly, any of these can cause the bow rider to fall overboard into the vessel's path and be thoroughly chewed by the propeller as the boat passes over them before the skipper has a chance to react. The record, as far as I know, of a survivor of this practice had 364 cuts in his body from the prop. As we say in the south, "T'aint wuth it!"

As an Auxiliary vessel with no law enforcement authority, all we can do is have a uniformed crew member stand in our bow and point, as dramatically as possible, while the skipper, using a megaphone, shouts, "feet in the boat, feet in the boat!" It usually works,

That was a nice piece of seamanship. With the two men safely aboard, the "rescue vessel" put out a PAN PAN call since the capsized boat was clearly a hazard to navigation in that busy inlet. The dock master at my marina responded to the PAN PAN and, again with some very skillful seamanship, got a line on the capsized boat, a 20' open outboard, and towed her the short distance in. (Ours is not named Carolina Inlet Marina for nothing).

The end result was that two boaters were saved who might well have been lost but for a skillful skipper who happened on the scene, and because their PFDs were truly "readily accessible." The boat, I fear, is a total loss save, perhaps for the hull. Certainly, I would not want to trust myself to it after engine, electronics, and control cables had been rolled over and over in salt water.

A final note. Because this was the July 4th weekend, the dock was crowded and a considerable group of boaters had to wait for their boats to be launched while the overturned vessel was righted and, with difficulty, got on the forklift. I suspect that when they did get underway on that warm and sunny Saturday, they were just a little more cautious than otherwise might have been the case. An upside-down boat is a sobering sight.

but we suspect that once we are out of sight the bow riders resume their dangerous practice. Indeed, late in the day, we passed the same boat a second time. They saw us coming and the bow riders scrambled to get back aboard. Clearly they were more concerned about a potential ticket than about boating safety.

Granted, the chances of an accident from bow rising are slim. Granted, it is fun, especially on a hot day. The fact remains that this is an unsafe practice with potentially dreadful consequences. Again using a southernism, "T'aint wuth it!" When *Aux 551* is on patrol, we do all we can to discourage it. This article in *Boats* may be worth a hundred patrols.

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Activities & Events...

Soundkeeper's 4th Annual Pull for the Sound Open Water Race

The Pull for the Sound is a 8-mile open-water crossing of Long Island Sound from the mouth of Oyster Bay Harbor on Long Island to the beach at Cove Island Park in Stamford, Connecticut. It will take place on September 18th. The goal of the event is to bring public awareness of the water quality and marine habitat of Long Island Sound and to raise money for the work of Soundkeeper. The race offers prizes in the following classes: Fixed Seat Oar on Gunnel; Kayaks & Surf Skis; Outrigger Canoes; and Sliding Seat Ocean Shells. Visit our web site at www.soundkeeper.org

Steve White, Soundkeeper, Norwalk, CT, (203) 847-6283

Opinions...

More Lauan Hue & Cry

So much has been written on the "delamination and the whys" & howcomes of lauan ply, I thought I might add to the hue & cry. Yes, I built a boat of lauan, (meranti), and I feel the main culprit of failure is the extreme thinness of the outer plies. Most plywoods have good glue, although if not enough is applied during manufacture, there's trouble ahead. But I have a feeling that if the outer ply is too thin, unless it is glassed, it will come away in strips. Mine did, even having been coated with preservative, varnish, and/or primer & paint. It came off in strips about a half inch wide, and the wood was not much thicker than the coat of paint. Close examination showed that the wood was stringy, with not enough there to hold together.

I built an enclosed trailer some time ago, the roof is lauan, painted with flat exterior latex. Every 6 months or so, I find bare spots, (bare wood), exposed to sun and rain. I repaint of course, but have had no indication of any degradation of the wood. I assume the outer plies are more robust than the ply I built the boat of. So, get ply with not too thin outer plies, glass it, even with polyester, (epoxy alone is not going to work). I'll stick with fir ply I think, but lauan is so great to work with!

We don't have much flood or ebb tides to worry about, go or come back when you please. Wow, a high tide of 3" at noon Thursday. And if you happen to go overboard, forget hypothermia, the water is now at 86 degrees. Last month we had the windsurfing championships here, (15 to 20 knots), plenty of wind for sailing!

John Benton, Corpus Christi, TX

Drunks Cause the Accidents

Before we all have to wear lifejackets when we row around the shallows maybe we all better understand the meaning of the statistics in Tom Shaw's August 1st article. For one thing, the accident rate is "declining steadily" despite what Tom calls the "incredible" increase in the number of boats on the water. Things are getting much better fast. For another, if 90% of the drowning victims were not wearing lifejackets and 85% of the accidents (which by definition includes drowning) involve alcohol, then what we have to concentrate on is getting the drunks off the water.

As long ago as 1913, when Walter Prichard Eaton wrote in *Barn Doors and Byways* about the so-called fishermen of New York City "who go down the bay of a Sunday with more bottles than bait", the drunk boater has concerned thoughtful observers. A handful of drunks now twists the whole safety issue into the "everybody in lifejackets" frenzy. If we middle-aged boaters expect young people to take safety seriously, we have to take statistics seriously. Booze causes the vast majority of boating accidents, not weather, not mechanical failure, not sea serpents.

Never have I seen a Coast Guard Auxiliary inspector examine steering cables for fraying (cables snapping at high speed can not only cause collision, but can confront the operator with repair and towing problems), and never have I heard an inspector inquire into why three twenty-something guys in an eighteen-foot boat need seven six-packs of iced beer to "go fishing". It is time to get real.

I have found the vast majority of motorboaters and PWC riders to be not only courteous but gracious, but I have never found a lifejacket, even the first-class ones I own, in which I can row lazily all day in the July sun, let alone one in which I can jump overboard and swim a bit to cool off, and few women I know enjoy how they feel over their bikinis.

Even suggesting to the boating public that everyone ought to wear a lifejacket only deepens the distrust of so many young people of all authority. Over and over I hear people say that the everyone-in-lifejackets crusade is one intended to mask the inability of the Coast Guard to make law-abiding citizens safe from drunks. In the end, the Coast Guard, its Auxiliary, and the state and local police must either act on the statistics Tom relates or haul down their flags in surrender to the drunks who cause 85% of the trouble.

John R. Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

Most People I Know Like Small Boats

I read with great interest your commentary in the June 1st issue. It seems to me that most boating publications are aimed at the go-fast crowd. This is a shame since most of the boat people I know enjoy smaller boats. There is a shortage of publications that are aimed at the small boater. I still have every issue of *Small Boat Journal* that I received up until it turned into a glossy advertisement for metalflake go fast boats. No one publication has taken its place and I sure do miss it. I now have to subscribe to several magazines to get the same information, *Messing About in Boats*, *WoodenBoat* and *Boatbuilder*.

All of my boating friends have small boats. The largest boat is 33' which is nearly 10' longer than the next largest boat. The friend who owns the 33 footer sails a 14' daysailer a lot more than the big boat. Several of my boating friends have moved down to smaller boats after having owned large boats. Most say that the fun factor is greater in the smaller boats since they are easier to get in the water. The boats most used seem to be day sailers, canoes, rowboats and pontoon boats. All of them are not fast or flashy. They are a little beat up but are well used.

I own a Tanzier 16 and am restoring a Newport 19. My main holdup on getting the Newport in the water is finding someone to build a centerboard for it in my area. My son-in-law and I have used my brother's portable sawmill to cut up some cedar logs. If all goes well by spring two new cedar strip canoes will roll out of my garage. After that I hope to dust off an old set of plans that I bought years ago and build a 26' sailing sharpie.

My point is that most people I know get their enjoyment on the water messing about in small boats while the industry seems to be aimed at the big, shiny go fast crowd.

W.C. Vines, Andalusia, AL

Editor Comments: The industry aims where the money is and the "mass market" for boats is powerboating in those go-fast boats you mention. The publications also go where the money is, same boating crowd. We are anomalies, way out on the fringe. *Small Boat Journal* failed financially in its original format, not enough advertising because the readership it aimed at was all of us low budget types.

This Magazine...

Reader Help Very Gratifying

The number of replies, and the valuable information I gained from them, to my inquiry about the Erie, and New York State Barge Canals, was very gratifying. It is proof that the readers of *MAIB* are truly a fine group of people.

Hans Waecker, Cliff Island, ME

Experiences...

Whale Watching Opportunity

Here is a photo of what one can see aboard the whale watch vessel I captain, *Friendship V*, out of Bar Harbor, Maine. These are humpbacks lunge feeding 35 mile southeast of Bar Harbor.

Larry Nusslein, Bar Harbor, ME.

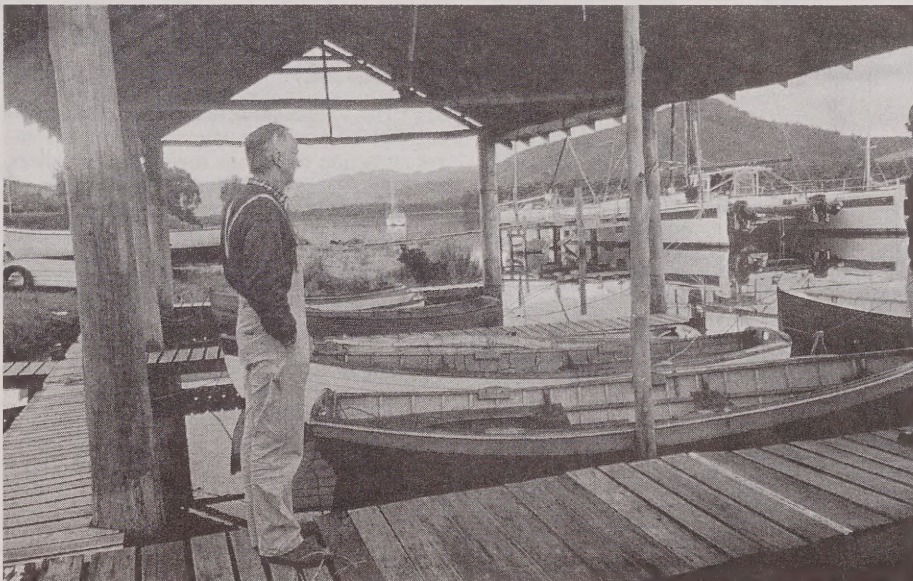


Swan Boat Sighting

I saw this vessel on Candlewood Lake in Connecticut earlier this summer, powered by an outboard. I was told it was built about two years ago. Note the portholes in the "bow", must be a cabin there.

Carl Erickson, Verona, NJ

Editor Comments: In our July 1, 1994 issue, reader Richard Santacoloma sent a photo and note about a 37' swan boat being built by Laurance Colombo of Patterson, NJ. Built of marine ply, it would not be trailered but would have a tongue and axle that bolted directly to the keel, removeable on launching.



John Young greets the new day on the dock at his Shipwright's Point School.

Useful Information...

The Seed

Further to Fred Bennett's comments in the June 15th "You write..." about "A Modest Proposal", you might find it of interest to learn about our efforts in this matter of boatbuilding as a youth activity, "The Seed". In our work we believe there is a way for the young and the old to get together to provide the lessons that are hard to find in the traditional classroom. We offer many projects as a learning environment.

The sailboat *Westy*, a 50' schooner built in 1940, is undergoing restoration to become our roving ambassador spreading the "seeds" of our ideas. We are also restoring the *Elder*, a 1913 37' motorsailer, and the *JoJo*, a 31' fishing vessel of unknown vintage is soon to be launched.

Those interested who have internet access can look us up at <www.theseed.org>, or email us at <madman@theseed.org> or write The Seed, Inc., P.O. Box 5528, Charleston, OR 97420.

Kriss Anderson, N. Bend, OR.

A Striking Contrast

When I was recently in Tasmania doing a story on the huge Incat shipyard which builds four of their huge 280' aluminum catamaran fast ferries yearly, I had occasion to visit a fascinating wooden boat building alternative, John and Ruth Young's Shipwrights Point School of Wooden Boat Building. The Youngs offer a full two year diploma course in all

aspects of wooden boatbuilding at their facilities in Franklin, on the Huon River near Hobart. They have been doing this since 1991 and get many more applicants yearly for their tough school program than they can accept. It is in a fabulous spot on an estuary from where one can depart directly for the Antarctic Ocean.

Alicia Moore, New York, NY

Explorer Scout Project

Your recent articles about youth boat building prompts me to inform you that last January a couple of local boat builders and I organized a project for the local Boy Scout Explorer Post #2060 building an 11' sailing skiff. Builder Brad Ansley had a Marples constant camber mold and a desire to work with young adults. Six scouts along with our volunteer staff were supported by several trade firms in the project.

Amongst other things we were given \$500 cash, a big load of spruce wood strips,

mahogany wood for scantlings, a long fir pole for a mast, plans and permission to build the boat from the designer, an epoxy use booklet, varnish, and a booklet on community projects.

Upcoming projects now include stitch & glue canoes, a half model of the schooner yacht "America" and a multi-hull sailboat, that should be quite fast on the water, using the constant camber method.

Interested persons can inquire of the Durland Scout Center, Post 2060, 310 Stuyvesant Ave., Rye, NY 10580.

Joe Angillelo, Rye, NY



Fastest time of the day was set by Linda Kennett and Joseph Holland in their Kingfisher at 2:26:17.

CAPE ANN ROWING CLUB



BLACKBURN CHALLENGE

By Bob Hicks

This long running major open ocean rowing/paddling race continues to exert a powerful attraction to serious rowers and paddlers wishing to test themselves over 20 miles of open ocean coastal waters. Despite the \$40 entry fee per person (\$180 per boat maximum) the entry limit of 150 boats was filled again this year, and at the start at 7:30am on July 24th, 127 of these actually turned out. A high cloud deck kept the day warm but not hot, and it was calm, the seas and wind were not major factors.

Again sea kayaks dominated in numbers with 52 actually taking part (59 paddlers, figuring in the doubles), but the twelve 6-paddler outrigger canoes which entered outnumbered the kayaks in people, with 6 in each they had 72 paddlers in action, plus 3 more in solo outriggers.

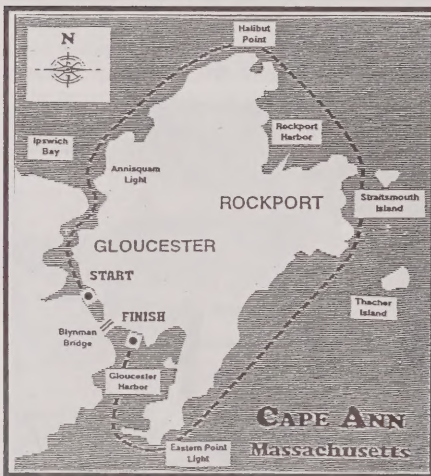
The multi-oar class has faded from former glories, none of the Boston/Hull boats that form the backbone of multi-oar rowing on Massachusetts Bay travel to this event. But the area's top Cornish gigs, *Mike Jenness Sr.* and *Saquish*, belonging to the Jenness family and friends from beyond Boston on the south shore, showed up with both men's and women's crews. The local Gloucester seine boat *Nina* turned out but indulged in a leisurely cruise rather than a race pace.

I observe the race from Lanes Cove on Gloucester's Ipswich Bay west shore, about 5 miles into the race, as the boats pass close to shore rounding a rocky promontory, a good spot to photograph from and to see how the race is shaping up. The first boat to arrive was a Kingfisher double racing shell rowed by Joseph Holland and Linda Kennett, despite their starting 25 minutes after the first class, the Banks dories. First on the water got them first overall as well, turning in a 2:26:17, topping 14 boats this year to finish the 20 mile course in under 3 hours.

The outrigger canoes and all the kayaks started after the racing shells, so it was possible that one of them might still best the on-the-water leader on time, but the outrigger canoes, which filled 2nd through 7th places, were led by the boat entered by Robert Silvernell, finishing in 2:28:36, a bit over a minute slower than the Kingfisher shell.

Ed Joy's winning Anton Ski surf ski was 8th overall in 2:49:04, followed by another outrigger, and rounding out the top ten was Larry Thomas' winning Wave Excel racing solo kayak in 2:49:31.

The more traditional boats cannot compete for overall time, of course, but they have enough entries to provide spirited competition.



Nick, Dave and Joe Kosh toured leisurely around the course in their Lowell dory to set the slowest finishing time of 6:42:26.

Manuiwa Outrigger placed 5th overall, 4th in class in 2:37:52. What about the winners? Well, when the first three came by all in a bunch I was changing film in my old telephoto camera and just didn't finish in time.



Outstanding was the 3:18:08 time set by Tom Mailhot and John Zeigler in a lovely Whitehall, finishing over 17 minutes ahead of runners-up Mark Peters and Dan O'Reilly in Dan's Piscataqua River wherry. Paul Neil continues to dominate the fixed seat solos in his Steve Kaulback Adirondack Guideboat, his 3:38:40 bested Jon Aborn's Monument River wherry by about 5 minutes.

Women are increasingly taking part, not only was Linda Kennett the woman half of the overall fastest team, but also there were full women teams in *Saquis* and two outriggers. Women also were out there in mixed crews and in mixed doubles as well, along with the sea kayak solo women contingent. My rough count came to about 32. Best placed women were in the outrigger canoe in

20th overall at 3:06:20. Two solo women who were outstanding were Kinley Gregg, sliding seat racing single in 22nd overall at 3:09:04 and Denise Radtke, kayak racing single, 33rd overall in 3:21:44.

For the statistical minded here's the list of winners by class in order of times. And then on to the photos.

Sliding Seat Racing Doubles

Joseph Holland & Linda Kennett, Kingfisher, 2:26:17

Outrigger Canoes

Robert Silvernell & Crew, 6-person Outrigger, 2:28:36

Surf Skis-Men

Ed Joy, Anton Ski, 2:49:04

Kayak Racing Singles - Men

Larry Thomas, Wave Excel, 2:49:31

Sliding Seat Racing Singles - Men

Tim Cooley, Peinert Dolphin, 2:57:39

Multi-Oared with Cox

Mike Jenness & Crew, Cornish Gig, 2:58:47

Sliding Seat Touring Singles - Men

Ernie DeRushie, Alden Ocean Shell, 3:01:30

Open

Gina Lampassi, Jed Kriegel & Ken Parker, Sliding Seat Triple, 3:05:22

Kayak Touring Doubles

Mark Jacobson & Duncan Douglas, Necky Nootka, 3:08:37

Sliding Seat Racing Singles - Women

Kinley Gregg, Alden Star, 3:09:04

Kayak Touring Singles - Men

Dana Gaines, Necky Looksha III, 3:12:05

Fixed Seat Doubles

John Zeigler & Tom Mailhot, Whitehall, 3:18:08

Kayak Racing Singles - Women

Denise Radtke, Seafarer Sprint, 3:21:44

Outrigger Singles

Kevin Kahikina, Outrigger Connection, 3:28:24

Kayak Touring Singles - Women

Sarah Everton, Surge, 3:31:15

Fixed Seat Singles

Paul Neil, Adirondack Guideboat, 3:38:40

Surf Skis - Women

Karen Ristubin, Futura II, 3:47:12

Banks Dory Singles

Geoffrey Thomas, 4:10:06

Sliding Seat Touring Doubles

Steven Davis & Joe Novello, Alden Shell, 4:18:21

Banks Dory Doubles

Glen Harrington & Dan Kiebart, 4:38:36

Multi-Oared without Cox

Nick, Dave & Joe Kosh, Lowell Dory, 6:42:26



One paddle vs two oars, checking each other out departing for the start. The sliding seat solos outpaced the solo outriggers overall.



The Gloucester seine boat *Nina* turned out this year, John Novello and crew touring around in 5:37:547.

Saul Stanten (left) and Michael Taub entered their Aquaterra Prisms in the open class, toured the course in 4:40:38 and 4:12:33 respectively.

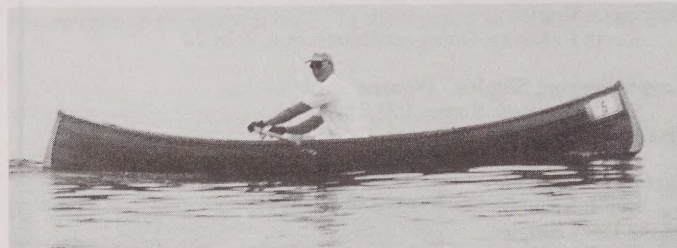


Traditional fixed seat boats await their crews at the launch ramp. Anchored out is a Whitehall. My guess of what we see on the beach is, from left: A Bolger light dory, a Monument Beach wherry, a peapod, and a homebuilt plywood dory.





The winning fixed doubles crew were Tom Mailhot and John Zeigler, really moving their Whitehall in 3:18:08.



Paul Neil and his Kaulback Adirondack Guideboat continued his winning ways in fixed seat single rowing, topping 9 entrants in 3:38:40.



Fastest racing men's solo kayaker was Larry Thomas in his Wave Excel in 2:49:31, good for 10th overall.



Denise Radtke, paddling a Seafarer Sprint, was the only woman racing solo kayaker, she did the course in 3:21:44, about 10 minutes faster than the winning woman touring kayaker, Sarah Everton in her Surge.



Winning solo outrigger paddler was Kevin Kahikina in 3:28:24.

Banana Split (in foreground) topped the open class crewed by Gina Lampassi, Ken Parker, and Jed Kriegel, in 3:05:22.



Sliding seat versus fixed seat duel briefly before Donald Wassell in his Alden moved on by Tom Hunter in his Merrimack River Screamer to finish in 3:22:03, good for 3rd in the touring sliding seat single class. Tom went on to finish in 4:02:32, also third in his class, fixed seat single.



Daniel J. Murphy is a stretched Monument River wherry rowed by Donald and Dustin Carter to 3rd in the fixed seat double class in 3:38:02.



Mark Peters and Dan O'Reilly cut the rocks so close that they had to ship the port oars and coast on by in Dan's Piscataqua River wherry, they finished second in fixed doubles in 3:35:27.



According to the official results, #114 is a Banks dory rowed by Geoffrey Thomas in the single class, but the photo does not concur.

John Sanger in an Alden Star finished 2nd in the sliding seat racing single class in 3:00:56, about three minutes slower than winner Tim Cooley's Peinert Dolphin. Tim went by too far out to photograph successfully.



The Westport Outrigger Canoe Club women's crew turned in a 3:25:21 time.



Bill and Jeanne Bauman paddled their Cape Charles sea kayak to 3rd in the touring doubles class in 4:16:18.



Mark Jacobson and Duncan Douglas topped the touring double sea kayaks in their Necky Nootka in 3:08:37.



Two surf ski entrants; Andrew Boiesec (rear) went on to finish 3rd in class in 2:54:10, good for 12th overall, while Mike Tracy (we believe) couldn't match that pace, coming in with 3:22:29.

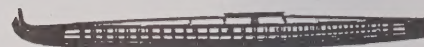


The Cornish gigs from the Jenness family and friends comprised 2/3rds of the multi oar with cox class. The men in *Mike Jenness, Sr.* topped the class in 2:58:47, good for 14th overall. The women in *Saquish* turned in a 3:38:07 placing second.



The Sixth Annual Northeast Tribal Skin Boat Gathering

June 12 & 13, 1999
Chatham, Mass (Cape Cod)



By Gardner Congdon

It had been almost a year since I'd been on the Cape and though I've only spent a handful of weeks there over the last 30 years, it felt familiar. Cool, moist ocean air and gray morning skies; the kind of peace you can find off-season or if you're up before the tourists. A glance down at my directions, then spotting a white kayak on the shore, and I knew I'd found my destination. I parked and walked down the beach to introduce myself to Bill Low and Paul Banks, the first arrivals of a group of men who build skin boats.

Though animal skins have been largely replaced by canvas, nylon or polyester, the construction of these boats is still referred to as skin on frame. Being limited in representation at this year's gathering to kayaks, skin on frame boats range from umiaks, designed to carry several people and cargo, to coracles, basket-looking craft designed to carry a single occupant across a small river or pond. In fact, many of the original construction methods which date back as many as several thousand years have been adapted to modern methods and materials.

Although many frames are still constructed of wood, there are those who prefer aluminum or even titanium tubing. Where animal sinew was used to lash the frame members together, waxed polyester has been substituted. Whale blubber is no longer used to waterproof the skins, and has been replaced by everything from house paint to two part urethanes to airplane dope. But despite the modern adaptations, the boats still hold a unique allure and organic beauty.

Gradually over the course of the morning more boats and their builders arrived. There were many variations on the baidarka, a Russian word used to describe the unique design of kayaks from the Aleutian Islands, and one Greenlander, what most people would describe as a traditional Eskimo kayak. Though a small group, some have traveled a fair distance, Paul Banks has come up from Brooklyn, NY, and William Russell has driven all the way from Michigan, completing a tour of three regional skin boat gatherings.

Most of us have never met but recognize each other's names from the baidarka mailing list, a recommended online resource for the first time builder. We paddle each other's boats with high praise for different handling capabilities or design modifications or just plain beauty. Most of the day is spent talking about the boats. Every aspect of the builders' design and construction is queried. Whose plans did you use? How did you steam bend your ribs? What did you use to seal your skin?

As I asked and listened, I began to see that we were all building a higher understanding of boats which had almost become extinct.



(Until recently, whether from the oppression of a native culture or from the convenience and practicality of assembly line production, the construction of skin boats had nearly died out.) I also saw that though it was obvious that we shared an appreciation for the aesthetics of the craft, we were also a group of men who had decided that no, thank you, we'd rather build our own boat than buy one. And because we did, we have a better boat than we could have ever bought. In some cases maybe not as shiny or flashy as a bright red fiberglass boat, but better because over those 200 or so hours, we built a part of ourselves into

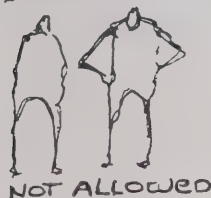
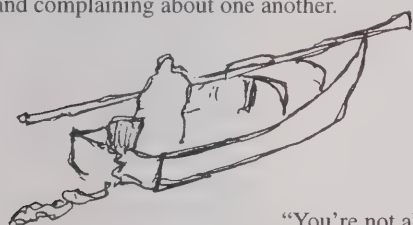
those boats.

The day wore on as the sun played hide and seek in the clouds. Several non- or possibly future builders wandered down for a look and to ask questions. The sight of nearly a dozen of these unique craft- some with translucent skins, upturned bifurcated bows, and stitched deck seams proved too alluring for many. As is often the case, the builders were more than willing to answer the browsers' questions and share resources. Many had already heard of George Dyson's excellent book *Baidarka: The Kayak*, or had seen one of Bill Low's boats for sale at the Wilderness House

in Boston or Billington Sea in Plymouth. The seed had already been planted.

Finally the skies gave way and some light rain started to fall, signaling it was time to pack things up for the day. Several of our group made plans to meet later for dinner, and those who were able to paddled out to North Monomoy Island on Sunday. Irony was lost on the dozens of seals that seemed fascinated by the kayaks. They swam directly behind, in front, and under boats they could never know were originally designed to hunt them, and were indeed once built with their very skins.

I motored my 19' Typhoon to the club dock and dropped the mast in preparation to pulling the boat out on the nearby public ramp. I went up to the clubhouse and into the bar where all the members were getting smashed and complaining about one another.



NOT ALLOWED

"You're not allowed to tie up at our dock," a member told me.

"I was just going to hang on an unoccupied mooring until I could get a trailer to pull it out."

"No one is allowed to lend their mooring out," I was told by another member.

The Commodore of the club came over. "What's the problem?" he asked.

"I intend to pull my boat out on the public ramp when I get a trailer," I said.

"I have trailer you can use," the Commodore said. "It's nearby, I'll call and see if it's available." He returned to explain that all the tires were flat.

"I know where there's a trailer, but I need a truck," I said.

"Good," he said. We can use my truck to pick it up." When we arrived at the trailer we discovered that the truck had no ball on the bumper.

"No problem," he said, "I'll get my other truck. He returned to say that the battery was dead in the other truck.

Ken, the owner of the trailer, offered us use of his truck.

"No problem," the Commodore said as we drove off with Ken's truck and trailer. When we arrived at the ramp the tide was dead low, with not enough water to haul out.

The Commodore suggested that we back the trailer down the ramp and wait for the tide. "No, I'll drive back to Ken's and return later."

"Good, I don't see that you'll have any problem," the Commodore said, and returned to the club and its inebriated, disgruntled members.



COMODORE

No Problem

By Tom McGrath

I returned to the ramp at high tide with Ken. After we had lashed the wooden cradle to the flatbed trailer, we backed the trailer into the water where the whole thing floated. Another problem. We pulled it back out and weighed it down with large rocks. Some things should float and some things shouldn't. It sank. I rowed to the club dock to get the boat.

"Whose pram is that you're using?" a member asked.

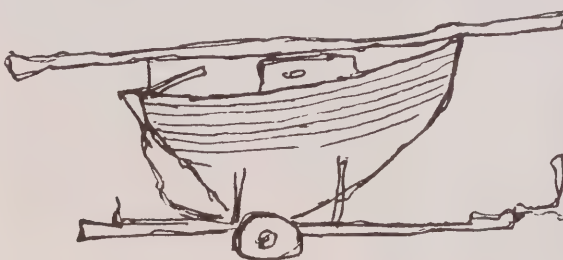
"The Commodore's, he told me I could use it."

"He has no right to, I'll put him on report for this."



NO RIGHT

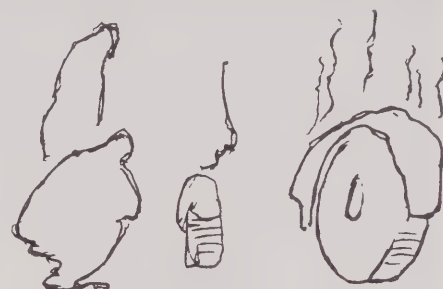
I left the pram and motored the Typhoon to the ramp and up onto the cradle. We pulled the trailer out and found that the boat was not in the cradle right. So, it went back into the water three times before it sat properly.



We lashed everything down and drove out onto the highway. The trailer wheels started to squeal and smoke. We stopped. The fenders were dragging on the tires. They couldn't be pulled away and the bolts were frozen. We broke the bolts off and threw the fenders into the boat.



LOW TIDE



HOT WHEEL

"Let's get off this highway," Ken said. "This trailer isn't registered, it's getting dark and it has no lights." We pulled out just behind a police car. "If he was behind us we would be in trouble," Ken said.

"Take the corners slow, this load is too much for one tire." I expected the whole rig to do something funny. Ken backed the trailer into the yard perfectly, ignoring my conflicting directions.

"We'll take the boat off the trailer tomorrow," I said, wondering how the hell will we get this 2,000 pound boat in a cradle off the flatbed trailer. I decided then to name the boat *Problem*, and true to her name, she has since taken me from problem to problem.



PROBLEM

On April 21st the Maine Island Trail Association (MITA) and the Maine Bureau of Parks and Lands (BPL) held a public meeting to discuss the future of recreational usage of the public islands on the Maine Island Trail. The gathering served as a forum for a variety of users and other interested persons. Attendees included individual boaters (kayakers, sailors, etc.), commercial kayak outfitters, camps and schools, schooner captains, coastal residents, island owners, coastal conservation and management organizations such as Acadia National Park, and other interested persons from coastal communities, collectively viewed as stakeholders in the islands' futures. The meeting was held at the Owls Head Transportation Museum in Owls Head, ME. There were 75-100 attendees.

The meeting was arranged in three main parts:

Brief presentations by MITA and BPL staff to provide background information and an overview of island conditions and usage trends, past and present.

A summary of current and future projects addressing increased use, and a presentation of the proposed pilot program of voluntary use guidelines and educational signs

Open discussion focusing on the following questions: Is there a problem and a need to take action? What are possible solutions? What do people think about the proposed use guidelines?

Karen Stimpson, Executive Director of the Maine Island Trail Association, welcomed participants and established the goals of the meeting: To raise awareness about increased usage trends and consequences now and in the future; to understand the interests and concerns of all island stakeholders; to seek agreement and cooperation in developing recommendations for long-term management solutions and an Island Management Plan for all the state-owned, public access islands on the coast; and to gain feedback on proposed short-term usage management strategies.

Steve Spencer, Outdoor Recreation Specialist of the Maine Bureau of Parks and Lands, gave a brief history of the Trail. He described the use of the public islands for low impact recreation, as well as BPL's cooperative partnership with MITA to steward the islands. Steve emphasized that the Bureau is ultimately responsible for the management of the 45 BPL islands on the Maine Island Trail.

Karen Stimpson described how increased recreational use both takes its toll on the natural island environment and erodes visitor experience. The expanded use also effects nearby residents, communities, and island owners. Karen stressed that we are in the early stages of seeing effects and that we must anticipate future problems. The goal for managing the BPL public use recreational islands is "to protect the natural aesthetic appearance and the ecological integrity thus providing an opportunity for visitors to discover and enjoy relatively wild and natural coastal islands."



Present & Future

Sid Quarrier, MITA Trail Volunteer, described observations from MITA staff, Trail monitors, stewards, users, and neighbors. As use increases, the islands are relatively clean and human waste is somewhat less of a problem. However, with more visitors, increased wear and tear on camping and use areas, as well as the trampling and cutting of vegetation, are persistent problems. Island crowding, such as a dozen people camping on a tiny island, threatens both the natural island environment as well as the visitor experience. Sid noted that the most severe problems are limited to a dozen heavily used islands during the peak summer season.

Karen described how MITA uses a stewardship model to address increased use. Through the Monitor Program and the Adopt-an-Island Program, the Trail islands are checked and cared for by trained volunteers on a regular basis. *The Maine Island Trail Guidebook*, the *Island Trail* newsletter, and the *Fragile Islands* brochure educate MITA members about low impact practices. A critical problem, however, is that only a small percentage of public island users are MITA members. It must be a priority, therefore, to proactively reach out to all users.

Potential management strategies to employ on the public Trail islands:

Increase the resource (add islands or mainland overnight alternatives such as campgrounds, B&Bs).

Modify user behavior (educate users about low impact practices; voluntary use guidelines).

Harden the resource (add tent platforms, privies, board walkways, etc.).

Limit use (close islands or parts of islands; limit group size, length of stay, etc.).

MITA currently works in each of these areas, but avoids significant hardening of the resources because it isn't practical or necessarily desirable. The last and most stringent measure would be to limit use through a reservation system. This is not currently being considered because of its many disadvantages and complications.

This season MITA will initiate a two-year pilot project that includes new educational signs, voluntary use guidelines on length of stay and maximum group size, and camping capacities for 11 heavily used islands for the year 2000. The signs will welcome visitors to the public islands and appeal to them to help take care of the fragile island ecosystems through low impact practices. The voluntary use guidelines posted on the signs will recommend limiting the length of stay on an island to two nights and limiting the maximum group size on the Trail to twelve persons. MITA will also post and recommend camping capacities for 11 heavily used islands this sum-

mer, 1999.

A summary of comments/agreements from attendees in open discussion follows:

Action must be taken to deal with increased use.

Posting clear, complete signs on the islands is an essential step in educating the members and public about low impact practices.

The greatest environmental damage takes place in the early stages of island/site use. Protection could be most effective on the lesser used islands and campsites.

Avoid a one size fits all approach; different islands need different management strategies.

Human waste presents a significant concern that must be addressed through education.

Group size restrictions would affect outfitters this season because arrangements have already been made with customers (school and camp groups) for outings involving more than twelve individuals.

Limiting island capacity raises important safety concerns. Where do folks go if the island is full and the weather is poor?

Although outfitters and schooners bring larger groups, they provide valuable low impact education in their programs.

Several people felt strongly that it is time to stop being gentle and that we need to be aggressive about limiting use and protecting the islands.

The issue of fires on the islands was raised.

Local community involvement is also critical to future success of island management.

A second stakeholders' meeting will be held in the fall to revisit and review public island use over the summer 1999 season and to discuss voluntary guidelines, capacities, and strategies for the future.

Since this April meeting the BPL, MITA, volunteers and partner organizations have been busy addressing these issues of increased use and identifying key strategies for this season:

Pilot Program. This summer, MITA and the BPL launched the proposed two-year Pilot Program involving educational signs posted on the 45 public islands. These signs appeal to visitors to care for the islands, educate about low impact practices, and introduce voluntary camping guidelines.

New Sites. This year, 12 managed mainland sites (campgrounds, shoreside parks, and cottages) have been added to the Trail to provide overnight and day-use alternatives for coastal visitors.

Low Impact Training Workshops. MITA Staff have been active leading Low Impact Training Workshops for instructors, guides, and teachers at Outward Bound, Chewonki, LL Bean, and Maine Sport Outfitters.

MASKGI Partnership. The Maine Association of Sea Kayaking Guides and Instructors (MASKGI) has partnered with MITA to encourage higher low impact standards among commercial island user groups.

Fragile Islands Brochures. MITA distributed the *Fragile Islands* brochures to coastal outfitters and boat sale/rental outlets to insure that the public has access to island guidelines.

Monitor Skipper Program. This season, MITA Monitor Skippers will visit the islands at peak usage times to collect valuable, consistent data about usage patterns and educate island visitors about low impact practices.

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Sunday, 14 June 1998: Arrival at Bonaventure Lake. Through the black spruce branches on a remote Canadian hillside, I caught my first glimpse of Bonaventure Lake. It was thrilling. Our van and its canoe trailer had just arrived at a hunter's cabin in twilight, with darkness less than an hour away. At the first available moment, I dashed down a rutted path to the shoreline of the lake, about 1,350 feet above sea level. The water was chilly as I dipped in my hand. Headwaters of the Bonaventure River, the lake is nestled in a pocket of the Chic Chocs Mountains of Gaspé Peninsula, Quebec. From this wilderness lake with no other manmade intrusions on its shores, the river surges through the lake's southern outlet to race 85 miles to the sea, Chaleur Bay, an arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Bonaventure River, so long it covers eight 1:50,000-scale topographical maps, is best done in June when runoff is adequate. This brief season creates an almost-continuous Class II and III rapids to the sea. Halfway through the trip comes a Class IV rapids, followed by The Stairs, a succession of ledge drops. Ranging from Class I (easy) to Class V (extremely dangerous), the Bonaventure ranks high for whitewater canoeing. No one should treat this river without respect, planning, or common sense.

I savored one last thought at lake's edge before returning to the rest of the party to help pitch tents and prepare supper. I had canoed most of the rivers in Maine, and now I was exhilarated to be in Canada, the home of the voyageur and the coureur de bois, the land of Jacques Cartier and others who explored the watery veins of North America. With his explorer's prerogative, Cartier had aptly named this beautiful region for us long ago. In 1534, he called the island off present-day Percé, Ile Bonne Aventure. In time, the same name was applied to other Gaspé localities; the county, the town, the lake, and the river itself. Cartier's choice of a name was perfect. I was back with the early European explorers, at least in spirit, paddling the same waters in the best canoeing country in the world.

Our party quickly pitched tents on every available inch of flat land, as precious as gold in that cramped area. Then came supper. We were four guides and nine guests: Four women (one of them a guide) and nine men, ranging in age from 19 to 63. We represented many diverse professions, but all of us were river veterans, committed to canoeing and embarking on trips at the flimsiest of excuses. After saving up enough money and vacation time, we water-addicted nomads longed to break loose from stultifying responsibilities and corporate commitments to head for the river, any river. All of us appeared to be independent sorts, intent on leaving "the job" to chase rivers throughout New England, the Barrens of Canada, Iceland, and Central America, much as a shaman seeks religious faith.

For leadership, our Bonaventure "family" looked to a remarkable chief guide; Larry, a retired mechanical engineer in his late fifties. After 29 years he had abandoned the corporate ratrace. "It wasn't engineering anymore," he said. "It was committees, meetings, and politics." He was now happily reincarnated, spending up to 200 days a year in the wilderness with his paddle, fly rod, and hunting rifle. He had first descended the Bonaventure in 1983, then again in 1997. He

Bonaventure From the Gaspé Highlands To the Sea

By Richard E. Winslow III

was the only one in our party who had been down the river before. Larry would paddle solo in the lead canoe, exactly where we needed him, for the entire trip. Bringing up the rear in the last canoe, Dan was the other seasoned guide, a black-bearded sled-dog musher who was also proficient in a variety of outdoor pursuits.

Twelve others would follow, some in tandem canoes, a few solo. Roger and Joan, husband and wife, cancer surgeon and paramedic, had medical skills if needed. Well travelled on the canoeing circuit, they were handsomely clad in wet suits. Jim and Marsha, from Virginia, had just been on a Rio Grande trip in the spring. Marsha generously provided a full wine dispenser for each evening meal. Neil, a college student and geology major, was following in the footsteps of his father who would be searching for dinosaur fossils in Siberia and India later on that summer. George, a commodities trader in New Jersey, was another canoeing veteran. He had Iceland experience and would be heading with Larry during August to canoe the Snake and the Macmillan Rivers in the Yukon. Jamie, another Virginian, brought along his camcorder to record the trip. Shauna, an office administrator, also had the Yukon in her future. Dwayne and Bahia, who had first met in Nepal as Peace Corps volunteers, now lived in Maine and were licensed Maine guides. Bahia worked as a journalist while Dwayne served as a consultant to various Maine government agencies related to fish hatcheries and wetlands. I, a New Hampshire librarian and historian, had a summer-long Barrens expedition under my belt. I had first met Larry in May 1998 at a poling clinic, but many of us had crossed paths during previous paddles.

We washed our plates and silverware, slapping an occasional mosquito. It was now dark, with only a red sunset ring lingering for a minute on the mountain ridge above the lake. It had taken two days to reach our put-in, collecting people from various prearranged places in Maine. Meals were eaten on the run, and the final push took us over unpaved logging roads, where dust would stream in from a wide crack in a faulty door. We looked like bandits, handkerchiefs covering our faces.

The last ten miles on the access road tested the mettle of any driver or guide. There were no official signs. Logging roads intersected, split off, some freshly cut, going every which way. At one T-junction, Larry jumped out, compass in hand, to take a bearing. Where were we? The compass arrow indicated that we should turn left, so we went downhill to follow a drainage valley, which Larry seemed to recognize vaguely from his previous trips. The road narrowed into mere ruts as it continued down a steep hill toward a creek at the bottom, our vehicle pitching down and then vaulting up with a terrible lurch of the jackknifing trailer.

After such a saga, we were happy to head for our tents and a night's sleep. As I snuggled

into my sleeping bag, a loon cried from the lake. We were at home at Bonaventure Lake Camp.

Monday, 15 June, 1998: Bonaventure Lake to Big Burn Camp. As we broke camp and carried our packs and gear down to the lake, a fisherman and his wife arrived in a pickup truck with a tied-down boat. Dwayne, my canoeing partner, talked to him, as I was still loading our canoe. The man's face was highly animated as he spoke. Dwayne told us later, "He said there are caribou herds only thirty miles north of here. Some of the lakes are barren of fish, but some have so many trout that they almost leap into your boat." The fellow also gave Dwayne the local Gaspé Peninsula weather report: "The weather is going to be cloudy, rainy, and unsettled for the next three days." He was right. It rained off and on, mostly at night, for the rest of the five-day trip with constant cloudy haze, swirling fog, mist, and showers. During the final day, the sun threatened to break through the clouds, but other than that, it was an ideal time to field-test rain gear, kitchen-fly tarps, and waterproof tents.

Undaunted we launched our expedition. It was idyllic paddling on the crystal-clear lake, very quiet and peaceful. The end of the lake was about two miles off, just long enough to limber up our muscles. The rapids and hard work would come later. Lush forests swept from the shore up to knobby mountain crests broken only by the scar of clear-cutting on the uppermost elevations of the ridge beyond the southern end of the lake.

Our pale yellow canoe, an Old Town Tripper, was named *Obadiah II*, after Obadiah Hill, a Maine trapper who died in 1786 at the age of thirty-four and is buried on an island downstream from Holmes Pitch on Maine's Machias River. Hill's solitary grave in the woods, often visited by Machias River paddlers, has become something of a canoeist's shrine. Thus far, *Obe* as I had nicknamed our canoe, was performing admirably, and with Dwayne in the stern I expected no problems.

With the easy part of the trip over within the first half hour, I heard fast water ahead, the just-born, very youthful, and narrow Bonaventure racing southward, perhaps a mile of Class I to Class II rapids, moving toward Little Bonaventure Lake. The river water, like that of the lake, was characterized by an almost unreal transparency throughout the trip.

Roger, poling in the stern of his canoe, and Joan, seated in the bow, broached on a rock. The abrupt stop sent him to pitching back heavily into his seat. Standing again with his pole, in an attempt to free the canoe, Roger flipped out into waist-high water. Unhurt, he resumed the work without delay.

After manoeuvring around a huge log jam, we entered Little Bonaventure Lake, a mere pond by Canadian standards. Soon, a cleared-out slash complete with a moose blind came into view. We landed to stretch and climbed a rickety ladder to the enclosed stand, strewn with tin cans, beer bottles, and cigarette butts. The window offered an unobstructed view across the pond to a swampy backwash area ideal for moose feeding.

Leaving the pond, we began the river trip in earnest, the start of the Class II-III rapids all the way to the sea. "We can't scout every rapid," Larry told us, "or we would be here for three weeks." For the rest of the day, with time off for a pull-off-the-river, stand-up lunch



Log jam.

stop, we battled the Bonaventure, not only the river itself but also the debris and chaos left by the break-up (or ice-out) of thousands of tons of ice that a few weeks earlier had ripped through the river valley, grinding, crunching, gouging, mauling, pushing, smashing, and tearing everything apart in its surge to the sea. Even though I have paddled several Maine rivers in spring conditions, St. John, Allagash, and Machias, I had never seen anything like this. The spectacle of destruction was evident for the rest of the trip; numerous strainers or sweepers (fallen tree trunks and branches in the water), trees leaning over the water and ready to crash, avalanche chutes, and high-bank mud slicks with exposed boulders ready to tumble down. Ducking under strainers became second nature, rather like using a limbo bar for daily exercise.

Larry had warned us that we would be entering a burn area, ravaged by a forest fire some years earlier. Throughout the valley on both banks, ascending to the ridge line, were thousands of blackened stilt-like trees with sooty, branched crowns, sad mementos of the

blaze. Everything was charred. The burn zone continued for miles, occasionally only on one side where the flames had failed to leap the river.

After the big burn zone, we slowed down and then stopped when Larry encountered difficulties ahead. A buzzing sound filled the air as Larry chainsawed through fallen logs that had blocked our route. He'd saw for ten minutes or so, then we would advance past the floating sawdust and sawn logs haphazardly pushed aside. Dwayne and I often were knee-deep in water, dragging *Obe* over logs. As water splashed in over the gunwales, we bailed vigorously to lighten the weight.

The battle to get beyond the log jam continued through the afternoon, with precious yards gained for great physical effort. As Dwayne and I continued bailing, it became obvious that *Obe* had sprung a leak. The bailing succeeded as a stopgap measure, as we were unable to find the leak to plug the hole temporarily. When Larry had broken through the last obstacles, we paddled out, only to discover an enormous log jam that would have

required days to clear out if we'd stayed on the main river channel. But we didn't. Larry directed us to a "mud portage," involving much hauling and pulling with four or more people dragging or lifting each loaded canoe over hurdles, and another team grabbing the gunwales. At last we reached a little side stream. The roundabout route to the bypass stream and back to the main channel required a half hour of strenuous labor.

Around five o'clock, we reached a gravel bar, our planned campsite for the night. To make it easier to remember this place, I named it "Big Burn Camp" in my field notes, a practice I continued throughout the expedition to fill in the blanks on the map. Campsites are not marked on the Bonaventure, even where dangerous rapids lie ahead, so canoeists simply select existing sites for camping or, if forced off the river, construct a makeshift site. This place was as good as any, with five to ten feet of gravel between the river and the soggy undergrowth. Our riverside tent city looked like townhouses, covering almost all the available space. I joked that we ought to wear our life preservers in case the river rose during the night.

As rain began to fall, the guides set up the kitchen fly immediately, with poles at the corners. When Dwayne and I hauled up *Obe* as a canoe kitchen platform, we found damage, an eight inch crack on the right side of the hull, a previously patched slit that had reopened enough to see daylight through it. That repair job would have to wait for morning. After supper, I would have enjoyed a long walk, even in the light rain, but the woods in the back were a soaking-wet, trailless thicket. We were so hemmed in that I paced back and forth on the gravel bar a half dozen times. After an eventful and tiring day, I crawled into my sleeping bag at Big Burn Camp.

Tuesday, 16 June, 1998: Big Burn Camp to Class IV Rapids Camp: During the night, it rained buckets, creating puddles in the gravel and in the folds of my waterproof bag, left outside. Despite the light early morning mist we rose quickly, needing no special wake-up signal to begin the usual chores. Larry was frying eggs, calling out good-naturedly to the "adhering crowd": "If you don't eat it, I'll throw it out!" To the stragglers, who appeared minutes later, he joked, "You're too late, breakfast is all over." On my earlier Machias River trip, the guide preparing some hot oatmeal had remarked, "If the boys don't eat it, we'll use it to repair the canoes." That was the immediate issue for Dwayne and me this morning, to repair *Obe* sufficiently before we paddled an inch.

After breakfast, Dwayne and the other guides concentrated on fixing *Obe*. First they tipped the canoe very close to the cooksite fire to dry it out and warm the damaged hull surface. Soon the plastic surface softened a bit and the guides applied strip after strip of duct tape to seal the crack. For the next three mornings, this process was repeated, as the constant wear and tear undid previous repair work.

Our expedition swung into the always fast water of the Bonaventure, and all morning we danced on the waves and whitewater. At an infrequent eddying-out opportunity (and a brief break for a candy bar), I asked Dwayne where he had picked up his poling skills. He mentioned an old Maine guide who often accompanies him on trips on the Pleasant River, which empties into the Atlantic north of Mount



Poling around a strainer.

Desert Island. "The old fellow has had several heart attacks and surgery, leaving his heart weakened. He knows that another attack may take him at any time, but even though it might happen on a paddle, he is willing to take that risk. He says he has enjoyed his life fully as a guide and has no regrets." We talked about age restrictions on canoeing trips and agreed that the only real obstacle was the attitude of those who don't go. "I guided an 83-year-old man once," Dwayne said, "and there was nothing to it."

Lunch was on a gravel bar on river right, near an old trapper's cabin now virtually collapsing. Larry remembered the cabin as a sturdy dwelling when he stopped here fifteen years earlier, but the weight of heavy annual snows had taken its toll.

All that afternoon, we dove down troughs and surfed atop waves, a magnificent ride down spectacular canyons, around bends, and over plunging chutes. It was almost literally breathtaking. At one stop when someone asked me how I was doing, I said, "I want the doctor to check me out to see if I still have a heart after all those continuous rapids!"

At times I felt I was back in the Northwest Territories, where I had done a two-month Arctic Barrens trip ten years earlier. Once or twice, I actually called out, "Jim," the name of my Barrens guide, when I meant Larry, to ask a question. I was, indeed, spiritually wafted back. The momentary illusion, strange as it was, produced a most pleasant feeling.

As the afternoon wore on, all of us became physically tired and often eddied out for brief rest ashore. At one stop Larry related an incident from his spring Rio Grande trip. In his party were a father and his eleven year-old son. "They entered a Class II stretch of rapids," Larry recalled. "In the middle of the rapids, the kid in the bow abruptly put down his paddle and calmly tied his loose shoelace, while his father struggled to keep the canoe upright through the worst of it. That kid, I guess, felt he was pursuing his right priorities."

In the lead canoe, Larry became increasingly alert to spot the evening campsite. Everything seemed to look the same, rapid after rapid, without any distinctive landmark. Once or twice he pulled off the river onto a gravel bar and in vain scouted around. The rest of us waited in eddies, anticipating a hand signal to land. From the previous year's trip, Larry vaguely remembered a cliff face opposite the campsite. If he missed this campsite, he would have committed himself to the approach to Class IV ledge rapids, possibly a point of no return. Around the bend, just after we swept down a roaring Class III rapids, Larry almost immediately dug in hard to land on river right, revealing a half-hidden gravel beach of perhaps three or four canoe widths. Only a guide with eagle eyes would have seen it, a totally inconspicuous nook wedged in the rocks. In a moment, Larry clambered up a slippery bank trail to the woods, found the campsite, and waved us in. The site was small, just a ring of stones for a campfire and a few places for tents. I followed an almost overgrown trail heading toward the downstream, hearing the river's roar increase with each step. The path was obviously the regular scouting trail. As I stepped through the last bushes and onto a slippery ledge jutting into the river, I faced a forbidding sight, almost all whitewater and exposed ledge slabs and rocks, the water ripping

through channels to drop in gaping holes. Others joined me to look it over, scanning every angle and potential route with their binocs. A canoeing expert with luck and an empty canoe might run it and emerge unscathed, but for a party our size, ranging in ability from above average to limited, such a run was out of the question. In the event of an injury, evacuation would have taken a day or so in that inaccessible place. According to plan, we would line along river left the next morning.

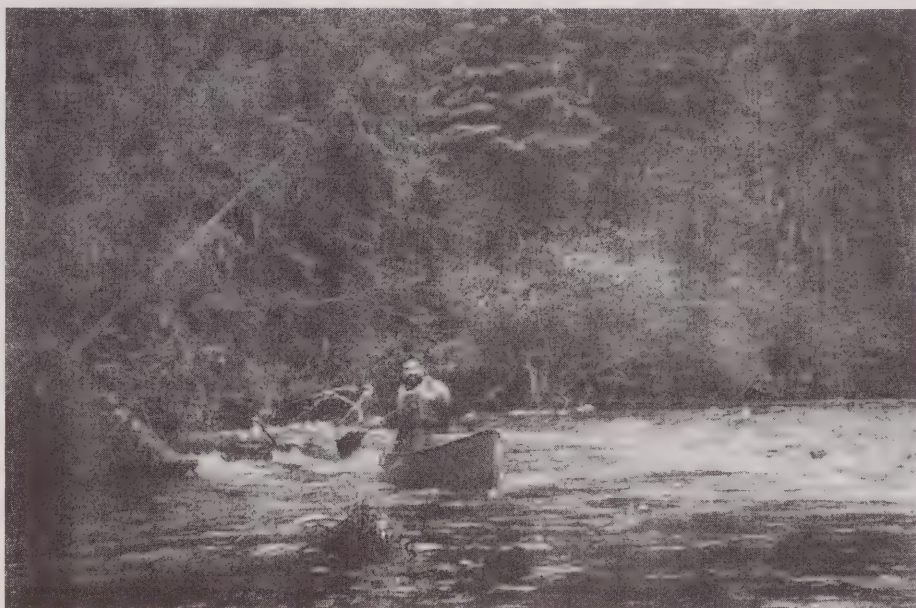
By the time I returned to the camping area, all the obvious and choice campsites were taken. But I then noticed a level area overlooking the Class III rapids we had just run. With a few tugs of saplings and bushes, I cleared my own site, a perfect spot, flat, scenic, and away from the other tents and cookfire smoke.

Supper was a spicy Mexican meal, accompanied by stewed vegetable greens, fiddleheads and fireweed which Dwayne had picked. After three days, we had finished the water in

our individual jugs and canteens, so we were drawing water from a large jug strategically placed at the end of the buffet line. The drinking water tasted slightly metallic, and I wondered if it had been treated to spare us from giardia, but no, river water was being boiled to guarantee safe drinking water, and the taste came from the fire's smoke and ash. Many of us headed straight to the wine dispenser every evening for the cool California rose wine. It certainly tasted better than the water, and after every dinner the dispenser was always drained.

The notorious black flies were for some reason absent on this trip, but nasty mosquitoes abounded. The midges (or no-see-ums) as well were having their own supper on us at Class IV Rapids Camp. My after supper walk was back to the Class IV Rapids promontory, pointing the way toward tomorrow's whitewater, roaring away in the direction of The Stairs.

(To Be Continued)



Paddling under a sweeper.

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I used to fix engines in boats to make money so I could stay in the boatbuilding business. There is plenty of that kind of work and, unlike building small boats, it pays pretty good. I think the reason is because when people already have a big inboard boat that won't run they feel like they have to fix it even if it costs a bunch of money whereas they don't actually have to turn loose of a big wad for a real good dinghy right this minute. A little glue and the old inflatable will serve just as wonderfully as it has in the past. I guess doctors, lawyers and undertakers are all richer than me for the same reason. When something bad happens, folks expect to shell out. Some bad things happen down in the engine rooms of boats.

Around here, in the north Gulf of Mexico, there is a species of little green minnow that hangs around obstacles in the water. I have been trying for a long time to find out what they are and I am sure that I will as soon as I get up the nerve to brave the turmoil of Florida State University so I can go to the library. These little minnows, though much smaller than anchovies, are adults. They are vigorous feeders on amphipods which live in little mud tubes which they, the amphipods, build on any solid surface near a mud bottom, solid surfaces like boats. They are so thick on my own sailboat where it swings on its mooring over a mud bottom that I don't have to fool with the bottomjob ritual. The thick coating of mud amphipod tubes on the bottom of the boat make it so that barnacles can't find a place to hang on.

When I have to use the boat, all I have to do is swim around for a little while and scrub the mud off the bottom with a barbecue grill scrubber. It ain't all pure joy though. Those amphipods don't like to have their little mud houses destroyed and they bite. They particularly like to gnaw all around the waistband of a bathing suit so, though this is a public place, I work naked. In the interest of propriety, I wait until I am in the water before I take off my bathing suit and hang it on the wheel and, I try not to porpoise too much as I dive and scrub.

The harbor where my boat stays with its protective coat of tiny homes is one of the coziest little shelters in Apalachee Bay. People anchor up here all the time to get away from northerners and southeasters and these damned two week blows out of the west that will sandblast the shine off of anything. Though it is a good little hole, the mud bottom makes it so you feel like you got hold of something when you ain't and some of those people wind up drug ashore that first windy night.

There are other hazards of the little harbor too. Sometimes, the weather holds them up in there longer than they want to stay and they run out of battery. They crank up the main engine to make a little electricity to keep the stereo playing those oldies. Sometimes, if they have a good dinghy, they make a little trip to see the sights while the engine is running. All too commonly, when they get back, the engine is not running anymore and has seized so badly that it cannot be recranked.

If they have a heat exchanger, they find that all the antifreeze has boiled out, the exhaust hose is cooked, the paint is blistered on the cylinder heads and the whole boat stinks. If their engine is raw-water cooled, they find that the exhaust hose is cooked, the paint is blistered on the cylinder heads and the whole boat stinks. If they have a keel cooler, the en-

A Few Little Known Organic Hazards Of The Sea

By Robb White

gine is still running, the battery is charged and the whole boat stinks. If their engine is cooled by a rubber impeller pump (one of the most treacherous inventions of modern man) feeding the engine directly or a heat exchanger, they find that the raw-water strainer is jam-packed full of green minnows, getting greener all the time.

I dove on such a rig one time just to see how it happened. The school of little fish was clustered back around the propeller and the rudder. Though that was their main hangout, small groups or even individuals were continuously making short forays all over the bottom of the boat. They looked industriously all around the shaft zinc and cutlass bearing. They stuck their noses into the crack between the rudder stock and the sternpost and they checked every through-the-hull fitting most carefully. When they looked into the little hole where the engine water goes in... zoop. It is amazing how many of the people who get in that fix will just abandon the whole project and leave the boat, dead minnows and all just as they found it without realizing that the mechanic has a surcharge for working in a stink-ing boat.

I mentioned how disasters of that sort make a boat stink but it doesn't take all that to make a boat smell bad. The stench of a hot engine and all its hot hoses in normal operation is hard to keep away from on a sailboat but after it cools down and the vent fan runs for a little while, it is possible to imagine that all is idyllic again. Most cruisers get so used to it that they don't realize that, like submariners, they have a characteristic smell, no matter how much wiggle-tail water and hair spray they use. Cruisers smell like an exhaust hose and submariners smell like diesel fuel. The smell comes from their clothes. It is best not to keep the restaurant clothes up there with the holding tank either.

There are at least two other families of animals around here that can unintentionally wreak havoc on a boat. One, the whole family of mud-dauber wasps, is death to Volvo MD series engines. Those engines have air intake silencers that are shaped sort of like a banjo with the neck down. One cylinder engines have one silencer and two cylinder engines have two and so on. Mud daubers love to build their gritty little nests up inside these things. You guessed it. The mud available to the wasps down around the coast doesn't hold together very well, and as soon as the old Volvo busts off and goes to hammering, it knocks the nest loose and sucks the sand into the cylinder.

The first indication is usually, in hand cranked two or three cylinder engines anyway, that the engine won't start if only the compression release of the front cylinder is tripped after spinning the flywheel. To start the engine, you have to reach back and trip one of the rear cylinders. Eventually, the engine won't be able to run fast enough on the starting cylinder to even get enough compression

to fire the front cylinder at all and the engine will have to be re-built. When you get inside, there will be sand all over the top of the front piston, and all banked up on top of the first compression ring too. The other cylinders are apt to be fine because the wasp just made her nest in the first hole she came to after she crawled into the engine room but you better check the crankcase.

Despite that peculiarity, those old heavy duty Volvos are very long lasting, reliable engines if you keep cooling water to them and clean oil circulating. When they are in good shape they are easy to hand-start even in freezing weather. All you have to do is warm those intake silencers a little with the Bernzomatic. I always stick a paper towel in the hole to keep the bugs out and it is best if I don't forget and set it afire with the torch. It is also good if I don't forget and start the engine without taking those paper towels out first. What happens is that the engine starts just fine but then goes to skipping while the intake valve chews that paper towel up small enough to swallow and digest.

Mud daubers build their little hollow nests as a safe place for their babies to grow up, which they do, all the way from the egg to breeding age adults without benefit of any more parental help after the nest is closed. The food for these babies is a bunch of anaesthetized spiders which stay sort of stupidly alive in the nest while they wait to be eaten by the mud dauber grubs. The nests are always made in places sheltered from the rain so that they won't dissolve. A mud dauber nest is the best bluegill chum in the world. We used to poke them off from under the docks with the butt of our fishing poles. You could see the ripples of the bream coming across the lake from a quarter of a mile away after they heard the "ploop" of that nest when it hit the water.

The mud dauber family includes several other little beasts that love to wreak havoc with marine machinery. The intake silencer wasps like to build their nests just stuck to most any sheltered surface. They'll go into a hole to build their nest, but they don't usually stop it completely up. Though the old inboard might have half a pound of mud-dauber nests in the exhaust, it will still crank. Of course, it'll spit sand and sleepy spiders all across the water when it does, but the exhaust will be able to come out.

There are others that like to stop up holes completely air tight. To me, they are the most insidious. They come in at least three sizes: 3/16ths, 3/8ths and 5/8ths. The 3/16ths ones just love to disable things like air hose coupling fittings. Their nest is so tight in the coupling that it will hold 150 psi of air. That size will also infest old-style twist-lock grease fittings like on bulldozers, big winches and barge pumps. Though the nest won't withstand the thousand or so psi of a grease gun, it is not a good idea to inject that sand into the bearing. Where they are common, no deep hole, up to about a quarter inch diameter is safe and what they won't stop up, the other size wasps will.

Holes like fuel tank vents, autopilot plugs, outboard motor coolant-indicator pee-holes and fuel hose fittings, crankcase vents, oarlock sockets are all fair game to the little boogers. I believe that more boats are sunk by the 5/8ths size of those wasps than by any other insect around here. They love an electric bilge pump hole. When you drive by a marina around here after a frog strangler of

a thunderstorm and see all those half-sunk boats floating in that oil slick, you can bet that half of them have a burned up bilge pump and a bee nest in the hole. I bet if you went to sleep in the cockpit long enough...

There is a species of bee that used to try to irritate me when I was building big boats outside. They are called carpenter bees and look just like a big black bumblebee. They drill an 11/16ths hole in almost any kind of wood. They particularly like a precious piece of almost horizontal wood like a horn timber or a bowsprit or the planking up under the transom or the bottom of the keel when the boat is on the stocks. Not only do they drill a hole straight in, but as soon as they are inside, they turn ninety degrees and hollow out a long passageway down the grain of the board. It only takes them a little while to do great damage.

Once, one drilled a hole in the planking of a strip planked cypress boat I was building. I was beside myself about it. Finally, after I had calmed down enough to fix the damage, I got beside that bee. I drew a picture of a hole right on the new plank exactly where the old one had been. The bee had been hanging around all that time waiting to go home. After he (actually she) had bounced off the solid wood three or four times, I finally managed to take her measure with my yardstick.

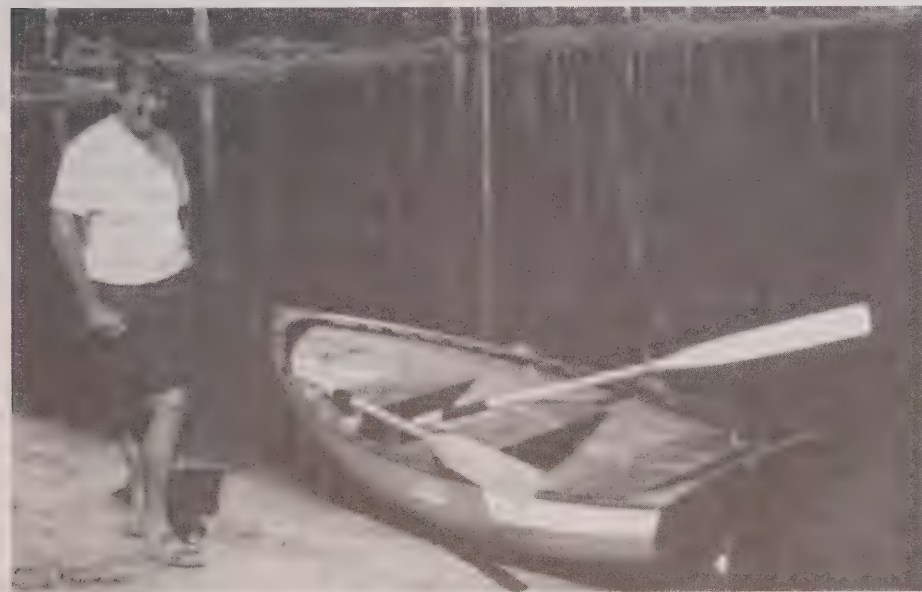
Not only are they destructive, those big bees are arrogant and will hover right in front of your nose and look you straight in they eye

as if demanding to know who the hell you are and why you are hanging around outside their house. This is pretty intimidating since, after all, this is a bee looking at his reflection in your eyeball. They are so nimble that it is very hard to swat them while they are remonstrating with you like that. The worst damage is when they bore a hole in a piece of wood that is so thin (less than 11/16ths) that the initial hole goes all the way through before they can make the ninety degree turn to begin the long tunnel.

As soon as they see daylight, they say, "Oh well.. if at first you don't succeed.." and start another hole. I have a friend who shot four ricochet holes in his picture window and one in the windshield of his car trying to hit one of those bees with a BB gun. That damage was nothing compared to the swiss cheese job the bee did on the juniper bottom of the sharpie he was trying to build. If I hadn't taught him the old badminton racket trick, no telling what he would have shot next.

My natural curiosity is an asset in this business. I love to see what there is to see, and I particularly like it when somebody pays me to do it. I have learned a lot in all these years and know just where to go looking. Unfortunately, even now that I don't have time to do that anymore for profit, there are people who can't help asking me to come take a look, for free, at some bargain that they have found. Old times are a powerful influence on me.

Robb about to embark in one of his rowboats during a respite from that engine troubleshooting and those organic hazards of the sea.



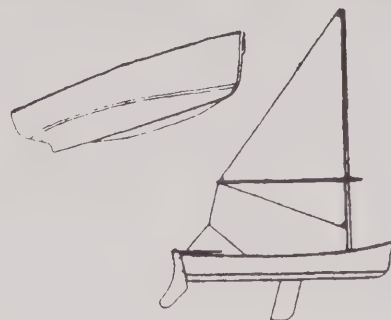
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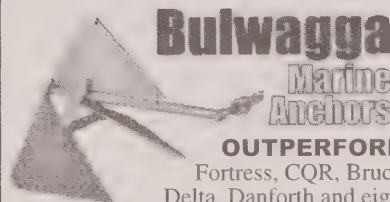
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I just completed one of the most interesting and challenging cruises of my life, from Carolina Beach, North Carolina to Portsmouth, Virginia, some 375 miles by water. We were to join a group of vessels and be part of a boat parade for the 60th anniversary of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, and we won the "Distance Prize" to get there.

We got underway on Sunday, June 13th at first light, 6:00 AM, aboard the 33' twin-engine cruiser *Chelsae II* with the skipper and his wife, a new Auxiliarist but licensed Master's Mate and his wife, and me, the novice among the men in that crew. At 6:45 we were joined by a 30' twin-engine boat with owner and wife aboard, and at 7:45 we picked up the third vessel in our group, a 25' single-engine boat with a husband and wife crew.

The weather was cloudy and cool, and at the last minute I had added a light windbreaker to my gear in spite of a forecast of temperatures in the 80s, for which I was extremely grateful later.

For all of that Sunday we were in familiar (or semi-familiar) waters. Our first destination was Beaufort, North Carolina, some 87 miles away, and all of us had been there at least twice. Later the sun came out and it was an easy run. All we had to do was be careful to watch the channel makers across a sound which is some nine miles wide and mostly two feet deep! It is a little startling to see a seagull standing in water up to his ankles only a few yards off your beam. We were secured in Beaufort by about 4:30, surrounded by dozens of boats, many of them big (45'-50') offshore sports fishermen, as there was a contest going on.

Good dinner ashore, peaceful night, but sleep broken at daybreak as the fishermen started their engines to go out. We loafed in the morning, visited the excellent maritime museum, and got underway about 11:00 into what was, for all of us save the skipper, totally unfamiliar waters. Good weather, an easy run of about five hours to Oriental, North Carolina, and again a good dinner at a nearby dockside restaurant. That was the last easy day.

We were underway by 7:00 on Tuesday with haze, a little light fog, and predictions of rain. We were crossing river basins, five to six miles of unbroken but very shallow water, so finding and conforming to channel markers was important. In mid-morning we stopped at Coast Guard Station Hobuken to collect two more boats which, because of their configuration and comfortable cruising speeds, did not stay with us for most of the trip.

A mile out of Hobuken the 30' vessel broke down, so Auxiliary training went into effect and we put her in alongside tow and took her back to the station for temporary repairs, one of the advantages of traveling in a group. It was also reassuring to be under radio guard from Coast Guard station after station as we moved up the coast.

With this delay, we took longer than expected to get to Bellhaven, North Carolina,

Power Cruise on the ICW

By Tom Shaw

where the skipper of the 30-footer could get some needed marine parts. The rain started just after we left Hobuken, so it was foul weather gear for the rest of the trip. I thanked my stars that I had invested in good gear, because I needed it!

If the 30' boat had to have trouble, she picked the right moment for it as Wednesday was a long and hard 10-hour day. Here let me explain that the Intracoastal Waterway varies from very protected and well-marked waters to thinly marked channels across river basins and sounds. You can be in the Intracoastal and be several miles from shore and, since all the water out of the channel is very shallow, any wind makes an unpleasant chop.

To complicate matters, there are several channels across these sounds, so paying attention to the chart occupied one of our crew all the time. This is no place to make a mistake in navigation. Consider then, a lot of open water, rain coming down with a fine mist, and a little fog and the wind steadily increasing on our bow to about 15-20 knots.

Because of the shallow water, it was a short and very steep chop in Albemarle Sound, where the markers are so far apart you have to run compass courses. You also have to keep an extremely sharp lookout for crab pot buoys, any one of which could foul a prop and leave you in real trouble. We were headed dead into the wind, and on my 33' vessel it was not too bad, but the 25' boat was taking it green over the bows and we had to slow, then slow some more.

In the midst of this uncomfortable segment of our journey, we passed a 30' sailing vessel southbound. Her skipper had adjusted his speed perfectly and, under jib alone, was easing through the waves while we pounded against them. Sail does have some advantage over power. For much of this day we were in radio contact with an Auxiliary radio station in Elizabeth City. The local flotilla had planned a wine and cheese reception for us under a tent, but it became increasingly obvious that we would not make it on schedule.

It did not matter. The rain increased so much that any outside party, even in a tent, was impossible. We were underway 10 hours this day, against an anticipated 8, and for the last hour the 25-footer was concerned about fuel supply, so we had a tow line rigged just in case (again, the advantage of traveling in a group).

Here I should say that the two wives with us were definitely NOT boat crew. Though they provided us with great food and company, they were not dealing with channel markers, rain on the bridge, or dock lines. We had five on board, but a working crew of three, and that crew really worked.

Elizabeth City is NOT a good place to stop. There are no facilities at the town dock, no shore power, no rest rooms, etc. To make it worse, the dock was surrounded by a fence, and the only gate to land was firmly locked. After we took on 200 gallons of fuel at the slowest gas pump I have ever known and tied up, two of our crew climbed the fence, went scouting through the rain, and came back with Chinese food which, I must say was excellent.

Our boat also had a generator, so we had lights, power to make coffee, and all the comforts of home. It was a lot more primitive on the other two vessels. We did, however, have one problem that was discovered in the morning. The ladies were all too generous in flushing the head (which the men never used at all), so at dawn the holding tank was full, again, more of a problem for the ladies than for the men. We were underway at 6:00 on Thursday to make the lock opening for the Dismal Swamp Canal some 17 miles away, and reached it with about 10 minutes to spare. To have missed that opening would have meant a wait of four hours.

The Dismal Swamp Canal is fascinating. It is only some 50' wide, but deep right to the edges. The water is the color of black coffee from the tannic acid from the cypress trees and turns to café-au-lait as the wake curls and foams. The 22-mile canal was first surveyed by George Washington, though built a good bit later. Trees and bushes come right to the water's edge and there were what looked like wild roses in profusion along the banks. Despite its dark color, the water is clear and you see reflections of the trees as you move slowly through it.

We went through in light mist with periods of light rain (foul weather gear again) and it was truly beautiful. There was also an optical illusion, the canal is almost dead straight and, looking far astern, you seemed to see it curve down into oblivion. Later, with changing light, the illusion was that the water of the canal curved up into the sky. Part way along there is a unique travel stop which serves automobiles on one side and boats on the other, for the canal is only some 25 yards from a highway. Because of the trees and heavy underbrush, you cannot see the cars and trucks, but you can hear their engines, a strange phenomena indeed.

We locked out of the canal in early afternoon and soon entered a busy river crammed, and that is an understatement, with all sorts of naval ships, some active duty, and some laid up against future need. They literally lined the banks for some miles, and we saw only a fraction of them as we dodged barges and other commercial traffic to get to our marina (and a pump-out station) about 3:30 that afternoon.

At this point I left the boat for the hotel as I had some meetings to attend, then joined the boat the next day for the parade of vessels past the reviewing stand aboard a 220' Coast Guard cutter brought in for the occasion. We proceeded in a strict order of precedence at 100' intervals with the Vice Commodore leading the procession (some good seamanship required here), saluted the Coast Guard Admiral aboard the cutter, and that was it for the day, except for more meetings for Division Captains.

I did not return with the boat because of other obligations, but I fear after looking at the weather forecasts that they will have a wet trip home. Hopefully, there will not be much wind on those open sounds and river basins, making the voyage vastly more pleasant.

Rain or no, it was a magnificent trip that I thoroughly enjoyed. I must say that I was thankful for that windbreaker. Even with foul weather gear, it was cold fighting the north wind in Albemarle Sound. Since I had my 74th birthday while on the trip, I doubt I'll have another chance to do anything like it and feel blessed by this opportunity.



Brief Beginning Blather

I've been enjoying boats and the waterfront for nearly 50 years. I've had many adventures and many pleasant, quiet days on and near the water. You don't know me and probably don't care who I am, but that's OK. Our common interest is boats and water, so please overlook my writing in the first person and simply share these pleasures I recall.

I recently rented boats at Mystic Seaport and Croton Sailing School. I was asked at both places, "What are your qualifications for sailing these boats?" It was not an unreasonable question. I hold no Coast Guard licenses, nor do I have any diplomas, salty or otherwise. I did convince the minions of seafaring rectitude that I could, in fact, operate their craft and return them in a semblance of their original condition. I thought about my 50 years of waterborne experiences and realized that it amounted to a modest but fair list.

Some of the following episodes may seem foolish or needlessly risky. They probably were. Hours and days of safe uneventful boating make dull reading, so here are only the highlights, or lowlights as the case may be.

I must humbly thank Lynn for steering me away from grammatical icebergs, Steve Weingart for encouraging me to scribble this stuff, and Uncle Joe for infecting me with boat fever. Thanks Dad, for my early boat driving lessons. A deep bow to Chrissy for getting me started on her word processor, and gratitude to all my passengers for not throwing the captain overboard.

The Steelcraft

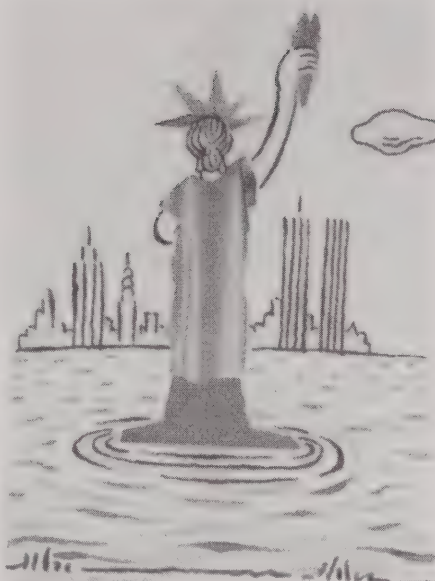
I was 6 months old in 1949 when my uncle, Joe Turi, bought his first boat. He named it the *Stevie 6*. (I suppose my being the first born of my generation conveyed some privilege). It was a Steelcraft. It was about 24' long and made, of course, of steel. It was likely powered by a small (180 cubic inch?) 6-cylinder gasoline flathead (side-valve) engine. I should look up where it was built and by whom, etc. He docked it at the Atlas Yacht Club in Bayonne.

Naturally, my memories of outings on this boat are a little dim. I've found some snapshots in the family shoebox archives that show UJ (Uncle Joe) and other family folks happily motor boating around the New York Harbor area. These pictures show a fairly high freeboard. Apparently there was very little boat underwater.

One of the stories my father liked to tell was that when he and his brother Joe were leaving the dock it was particularly windy. Dad asked Joe if maybe he should be at the wheel since he'd had some boat handling experience in the service. "Nah," was Joe's reply, "I can do it!" Well, as soon as they'd left the slip and turned broadside to the wind, the boat was seemingly picked up and plopped onto the opposite shore. No harm was done and the tide lifted them off somewhat later. This was to be the theme of many adventures to follow.

The Atlas

Bayonne, New Jersey, rests on a peninsula whose northern end abuts Jersey City. On its west side lies Newark Bay, on its east is New York Harbor. At the southern tip is the site of the Atlas Yacht Club, on the waters of the Kill Van Kull. The "Kull" is about a



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

Boating from Behind
the Statue of Liberty

By Steve Turi © 1998

I must down to the seas again, for
the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may
Not be denied.

John Masfield

half-mile wide and its far shore is Staten Island.

If you stand on the Atlas club dock and look south across the Kull, you'll see tugboat dry docks, on the hill above them the buildings of Snug Harbor, the old sailors' home. Flying over the Kull is probably the most beautiful arch bridge in the world. The Bayonne Bridge opened in 1931 and its designer was awarded a prize for the gracefulness of his creation. The same guy designed another span

which opened the same year; it's called the George Washington Bridge. His name was Othmar Hermann Ammann.

Sitting between oil tank farms and semi-abandoned factories, the Atlas' gritty locale belies the spectacular cruising waters at its doorstep. Huge oil tankers unload next door, while ships from all over the world pass by going to and from Port Newark, Port Elizabeth, and the giant oil refineries of New Jersey. All this accompanied by the scurrying of tugboats with and without barges, the ceaseless back and forth of the Staten Island Ferry, and numerous and varied coastal tankers, workboats, and the occasional pleasure boat.

All this is before you sail east and take in the harbor, Brooklyn, the Statue of Liberty (or Livery as I first pronounced it), the Manhattan skyline and now, the Verrazano Bridge. Mr. Ammann had his hand in that design, too. According to an article in the *Jersey Journal* of April 13, 1954, the Atlas Yacht Club was founded July 21, 1915, at the foot of Chapel Avenue, Jersey City, with a dozen members. A lack of facilities caused the club to move to 41st Street in Bayonne in 1922. It was there until 1941, when the construction of the Bayonne Navy Yard forced it to move to its present location.

The same article pictures club members Allen Bank and Carl Herz, along with club commodore Morris Rosenblum. When UJ and I discussed this article, I remember him describing Morris Rosenblum as a yachtsman and a gentleman. Carl, he said, was the kind of guy who could fix anything and was always ready and willing to help other boatmen. In fact, the headline of the piece was "The Man - Not His Money - Counts at This Yacht Club." It went on to explain that the members did their own work on their boats.

When I visited the Atlas in October of 1997, it appeared that this same ethos held true. It looked pretty much as I'd remembered it, basically a long narrow wood-planked pier dividing perpendicular boat slips on the west side from tiny boat owner built shacks on the east. The land end of the pier is where the boat hauling railway exits the water. The rails run to the end of the yard where boats are stored for the winter. A tall chain link fence now surrounds the boat yard and the entrance. The boats are now fiberglass with a few wooden exceptions. They range from about 18' to 40' long.

(To Be Continued)

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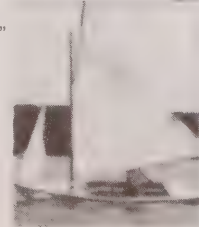
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The *Mist of Avalon* at a tall ship event, summer of '98. George guides the ship's dory. In 1999 the top masts are being set in place.

Project boat means different things to different people. George Mainguy and Gisele MacDonald have probably taken the term to its extreme. "We wanted something large enough so we could live aboard comfortably," states Mr. Mainguy. They began discussing their plans long before they mounted a serious search.

By 1992, the Ivy Lea, Ontario couple were looking at large sailboats. A two line classified advertisement in *WoodenBoat* took their search to Nova Scotia, Canada where they found a well-used schooner hull floating against a pier where it had been laid up for five years. Mr. Mainguy saw the potential. Ms. MacDonald questioned their sanity. Asked today if there was any time during the project when she questioned what they were doing she admits the first sighting was it. "I thought...that? We're looking at that thing?"

What they eyeballed those cool days in late September and early October, 1992 was a near derelict power schooner. Built by McLean Shipbuilders Ltd. in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia in 1967, she had been fished hard for 20 years then abandoned, her engine seized and rot already at work. Christened as *Liverpool Bay*, with a captain and crew of nine the motor vessel had worked the cod and lobster fishery. As the fish ran out and the longliner's equipment became old, she was abandoned at a pier beside the Halifax Museum. Bought at auction she was left for a few more years before Mr. Mainguy and Ms. MacDonald arrived.

Mist of Avalon

By Mark King

From stem to stern she is just over 74' and her bow rises 20' in the air. Construction is oak planks on oak frames. Although she had been ignored for over five years the couple were now told while they were looking at it that another buyer from B.C. was interested. "It seemed like a used car story at the time," says Mr. Mainguy, but it turns out that there was indeed someone else interested.

"The price was right," admits Mr. Mainguy. After a long look and an equally long discussion, they bought the ship... without a survey. The deal closed December 10. "A survey would have cost more than we paid for the boat. It was a case of pay the money and hope for the best." True project boat style.

They weren't surprised by the amount of work the boat needed and tore into it willingly. "Underneath the old equipment, rust and rot we knew there was a solid boat," explains Mr. Mainguy. "It could be the last of the wooden schooners that had actually been a commercial boat before it became privately owned."

The ship spent that winter in two separate dry docks. First its bottom was scraped. Marine growth after five years was like a jungle. "It was a pleasant surprise to learn the bottom needed a good cleaning, very little caulking and paint to make her seaworthy," says Mr. Mainguy. At the same yard the un-

derwater portion of the transom was replaced. Then she was towed to another yard where the rest of the transom was replaced, planks and ribs were replaced and her forward house and seized engine were removed. A 300hp Caterpillar diesel was installed.

During that winter, the couple made the 17 hour non-stop trip to Nova Scotia several times to spend 10 days or a week working away at the interior and checking out the progress of the major work. At home, Mr. Mainguy built a new name board for the vessel that they now call *Mist of Avalon*, named for the mystic Celtic island of rebirth. The most discouraging portion came when they were forced to drive all over Nova Scotia for transmission parts. The boat's transmission had been cobbled together from three different transmissions. "We got to see most of Nova Scotia," he says.

With the boat fitted out with a fresh coat of paint, new bulwark rails, a sound hull and good engine, the couple convinced seven others to join them for the trip to Ontario. They own a marina in Ivy Lea so it didn't take them too long to find crew. "When I look back on that today I'm amazed these people are still friends," says Mr. Mainguy. Sitting in the now luxuriously appointed salon, which was formerly the fish hold, he remembers that while the trip was relatively uneventful, the ship was wet and cold. The crew berths up front were the only built-in sleeping accommodations and cooking was often accomplished by above

deck barbeque. "We just got used to being wet and hoped the water in our clothes stayed warm enough to allow sleep," he recalls.

The boat and happy crew arrived in Ivy Lea July 16, 1993 two weeks after the journey began. On the ocean, Mr. Mainguy had his first feel for the boat. "We were in 20 foot swells and it was comfortable. It was well built initially and can handle rough water and weather."

Over the course of the next five years, the boat attracted the curious to Ivy Lea. Mr. Mainguy, when he wasn't busy with the marina, was busy with the boat. The overall plan was to build a 19th century sailing schooner. "It has been an experience," he says. For the first two years progress was slow. "It seemed like all I was doing was taking things out of the boat." Cranes arrived regularly to lift out old equipment and tanks.

A wood stove down below kept the boat warm in the winter as Mr. Mainguy fed it cords of wood stripped off the interior. The wood piles seemed to grow faster than the stove could burn them. The fish hold was cleaned and sandblasted; decks were sanded, sealed and recovered with new wood; hatches were removed, enlarged and new deck houses were built. Timbers arrived and were soon sawn and bolted into place. Lumber arrived by the truckload to be worked and attached. Twelve tons of concrete were poured in and smoothed over for ballast and interior rebuilding began.

"It sort of came together in pieces," explains Mr. Mainguy. For example the couple found a terrific bench seat. "The Salon was built around that bench." Visitors aboard the ship are now entertained by the music of Stan Rogers playing in the background. "The boat was rebuilt to Stan Rogers music," explains Mr. Mainguy. Through one winter he was especially attached to the song *Man With Blue Dolphin*, about a man who raises and repairs a derelict schooner originally built down east. It takes all his money, time and energy.

While Mr. Mainguy never gave up, he says there were times when the work became a bit of an effort. "We were fortunate to meet others who were doing the same thing. Occasionally we would visit them and talk about the boats. I always came back refreshed and ready to get back to work."

He learned a lot over the years. As well as heavy wooden ship construction and rigging he learned about schooners and traditions of the sea. Mr. Mainguy designed the rig that will eventually tower over 100' above the deck. "It's part science and part esthetics," he explains. Balancing sail sizes with wetted surface and weight while rebuilding the boat with a schooner rig took a lot of research, study and thinking. "Fortunately the skills needed are still available on the east coast," he explains.

In the 1800s schooners were popular work boats on the Great Lakes and many were built on Lake Ontario. "The skills died out on the lakes decades ago," notes Mr. Mainguy. In the Lunenburg, Nova Scotia area foundries still exist that can build anything needed on a ship, and shipwrights are available. Block makers and others continue to ply their trades. "It is a dying industry though," he laments. Through the five year restoration process Mr. Mainguy called upon the skills of many tradesmen in Nova Scotia. As well, local tradespeople were utilized for specialty items.

He believes the *Mist of Avalon* may be



The *Mist of Avalon* as she looked when George and Gisele purchased her in Nova Scotia.



The refit begins with major timber repair and replacement.

George and Gisele in the luxurious main salon, the former fish hold.



the only wooden Canadian schooner that was at one time a working ship. "You won't see any more of these built except by governments and corporations."

In August 1996, yet another crane arrived in Ivy Lea. Earlier that summer the ship's bowsprit was installed and the crane was on site to raise the steel masts into place on the now 100' LOA schooner. That was a major step, admits Mr. Mainguy. To all who saw the ship in those days, it signalled that the work had passed the peak. Indeed, the interior was essentially complete and rigging work was well underway...another new skill and a new set of tools acquired.

"We set a deadline that we wanted to join the flotilla to meet the *Matthew* when it arrived in Newfoundland in 1997." That spurred the work on to a finish. The first suit of sails was made in Kingston over the winter and spring of 1996-1997. Currently the ship carries a jib, jumbo, foresail and main sail with a total of 2,971sf which can bring her to hull speed of just over 11 knots easily.

"We attached them, had a 10 minute practice sail and headed for Newfoundland." Leaving after the main fleet that was going to Newfoundland had passed the area, the couple caught up to it in St. Pierre. After greeting the

Matthew, *Mist of Avalon* made her way back to where she began, Mahone Bay in Nova Scotia. The craftsman and shipwrights who had worked on her from a distance for five years finally had a chance to see their work. "They were pleased with what they saw," says Mr. Mainguy.

Last summer, the ship appeared in many different communities taking part in re-enactments and waterfront festivals of all types. Mr. Mainguy dons period clothes, offers deck tours and talks ships with anyone at the gatherings. "As soon as we arrive he puts on those clothes," laughs Ms. MacDonald. "He loves this," she commented at a recent event as Mr. Mainguy rowed his dory chasing a beach ball that had blown away from a couple of children.

She is more content just living on board, enjoying the sailing and visiting different ports. For the future, the couple still have more rig to attach. Topmasts will extend another 26' above the current masts and another four, light air sails will be made. They will almost double the current sail area.

And, they have one more goal. Halifax 2000 will see about 160 tall ships arriving in that port city. "Just being there to see all those ships will be a thrill," says Mr. Mainguy.



George Mainguy and Gisele MacDonald on the foredeck of their reborn *Mist of Avalon*.

My only disappointment with my handheld GPS unit is its performance as a knot meter. Like many others, I suspect, I dreamed of instant and accurate speed readouts with which I would test minute changes of boat and sail trim. I now realize this isn't going to happen. I'll be keeping my hand-held snorkel meter, which I look at with renewed respect. I have developed a system for extracting what speed accuracy I can from the GPS.

The stated intentionally induced error of the GPS signal is currently "less than 100 meters." On Garmin's website, it's stated that a typical position error due to all factors is currently ranging from 60' to 225'. For estimating boat speed alone, I'm comfortable using the 225' figure for the present.

GPS Utility

By Bill Perkins

My GPS unit has a man overboard feature. Press that one button and the machine provides a constant readout of distance and bearing to the selected point. The aforementioned error occurs when the unit fixes the position at both ends of the run. Assuming maximum and opposing errors at both points, the distance measurements will have a constant error of 450' or .074 NM. This is a very conservative assumption, but that's OK.

Time = Distance / Speed. Similarly, the minimum time of run required to achieve a given level of accuracy in a speed measurement is equal to the assumed error of the distance measurement (.074 NM for my purposes) divided by the allowable error in speed measurement. I've rounded the run times up to convenient fractions of an hour for pencil and paper solution, but of course a small calculator allows quick solutions for any time of run.

The lowest level of accuracy I'm interested in is to the nearest 1/2 knot. Minimum run time (.074 NM/.5 knots) * 60 minutes/hour = 8.88 minutes. The rule of thumb, make a timed run of 10 minutes (1/6 hour). Take the distance run from the GPS and multiply by 6 to get the boat's average speed over the ground. Round to the nearest 1/2 knot.

The next convenient level of accuracy is to the nearest 1/4 knot (.25, .50, .75). This takes twice the time to acquire as the previous example. Make a timed run of 20 minutes, multiply the displayed distance by 3, and round to the nearest 1/4 knot.

The highest practical level of accuracy is to the nearest 1/10 knot. Minimum run time (.074 NM/.10 knot) * 60 minutes/hour = 44.4 minutes. The rule of thumb, make a timed run of 45 minutes (3/4 hour). Take the distance run displayed by the GPS, multiply by 4/3 (1.33), and round to the nearest 1/10 knot.

If you start or end the measured run at a point of known latitude and longitude (or close aboard), you can enter these in the GPS unit as a waypoint and cut the acquisition time for a given level of accuracy in half. If a statistician would take on this problem, it would be interesting to learn the times of run required to achieve the various levels of accuracy 95% of the time.

All this requires no chart work on board and is hands free until the end of the timed run, very practical when rowing or sailing a small boat. Concerning chartwork, I think it would be convenient if our chartmakers started labeling the compass roses with the latitude/longitude coordinates of the rose's center point. My GPS unit can plot a position relative to a stored waypoint, which I assume is typical. The position of nearby roses could be loaded in the GPS, and the boat's position plotted relative to them. A straight edge would register directly against the rose to supply the correct bearing. If the straight edge was calibrated in NM at the chart scale, a quick fix could be obtained with a minimum of plotting equipment. Even a piece of string would work.

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A black and white photograph of a sailboat named "The A. Duval" from Rockland, Maine, docked at a pier. The boat's mast and rigging are visible, and a small flag flies from the stern. The boat is moored alongside a wooden pier with a white railing.

In the late 1970s, the *Rekord* sailed the east coast of North America to Maine, captained by James Sharp of Camden, Maine. Until the late 1980s, she was used both as a

Visit the Atlantic Challenge Foundation's new facilities at 643/655 Main St., Rockland, Maine.



"Jim Richardson stands out from other late 20th century Chesapeake boatbuilders for his view to the past, which sought to rediscover, preserve, and pass on methods used by craftsmen of previous generations. Not only did he have the ability to learn a wide variety of skills and techniques, but he was able to teach them to others. His legacy lies in the skills of those he taught, who continue to practice the craft today." (Pete Leshner)

From the start I must fess up to being passionate about model yachts, and I guess that also makes me a messabouter (with them) of reasonable standing. I also have this ability to close my eyes and see visions of beautiful models that sail past in full colour, even when I am awake, and honest, on such occasions I haven't had a drop of spirits to drink either! Perhaps that qualifies me as being some sort of natural imagineer.

Down here in what some refer to as the antipodes, where beyond New Zealand lies only the pack ice and penguins in the lonely wastes of the Antarctic, retired and at sixty-five, it's a case of both the water and the wind being free as my imagination sails aboard a beautiful turn of the century in style RC model ketch called *Marigold*. She's one of five sailing models housed in a back garden shed with just enough room left for tools, garden implements, a workbench and space for me to stand.

Whereas the pond is my bolthole for sailing, the shed known as the shudio, a combination of shed and studio, is what I also refer to as a desirable outpost, where things one day you just know you'll need, share space with other things that in time you find out you've never needed. The shed is to the New Zealander (who is also known as a sheddie) a place where he keeps the objects of his particular passion, along with bits and bobs, odds and ends, whatchamacallits, whathaveheres, wosnames and thingies. A man has just gotta have a little sanctuary.

Whether we care to admit it not, there is a bit of the little boy in every one of us, it is just that many of us have for years tried to hide it. Some used to go all green in the face, muttering something like, "Oh I am just getting the model right for my young lad," or even hastily lay the model on the grass and walk as far away from it as possible at the mere sight of anyone approaching. I have heard of others who, having been caught in the act of mere association with a model yacht, go to great lengths to explain that his was not a toy at all, instead it was all high tech, costing thousands of dollars, maybe even used in the pursuit of research. What balderdash, and why the stigma? That excellent quick sketcher, Tom McGrath, would capture those scenes wonderfully!

I messed about as a young boy with model boats, even fell into a huge deep pond in my homeland in South America while with a friend of my father who was free-sailing a large wooden hulled model sailboat. As I remember it, I would possibly have drowned had I not heeded his call to hold onto the boat and let it support me, while he got his prodding stick and extended it outwards.

When some of us get old, or older, it is so easy to get all cranky, and at odds with the world, with politicians, the traffic, the young, the rising crime rate, excessive noise, and perhaps lose interest in everything. Now three years retired, instead I have re-discovered my youth with this fascination with little boats that sail so realistically, and via a wonderful imagination, do all things other than transport me to a foreign shore. In fact they fuel my imagination to the point whereby I am so relaxed, that often I could just as well be jamming the wind aboard a seventy foot schooner, in blue waters off the Bahamas.

I have never had so much fun as I've had in these recent years of model sailing, and

Wind, Dreams & A Waterborne *Marigold*

By Mark Steele



have found that with the right attitude, the pastime can bring untold benefits. In many places in the world, you will find individuals and small groups of people, out with model sailing vessels on lakes, ponds and rivers, enjoying each others boats, each others company.

I am not talking here about serious racing model types, whose purpose is to seek both adrenalin rushes and trophies through competition, those who must know the rules backwards and are prepared to argue their rights with the regatta authorities. I have been there and done that, and to me (and countless others) that, in our books, is simply not fun. Hav-

ing said that, we are all different and to each his own, and we must respect others choices. Whatever turns you on as the saying goes.

It is going on four years since I launched my own little magazine on fun and recreational use of model sailboats, and it is absolutely amazing how many people from various parts of the world there are, who like me, now seek the quiet peace of the pond, or the solace of the lake or creek to leisurely sail their model yachts either alone or with friends. I call it *Windling World*.

The fastest growing aspect of full size sailing boat activity is cruising, and model sailboating has in windling such an equivalent. It is an activity needing only the right attitude, perhaps a lecture to oneself that it is neither childish nor verboten to be seen enjoying time just messing about with a model boat, and of course, a boat itself.

Some stand for hours and call it fishing, others fly kites, go fanatical over used squares of once stickybacked paper called stamps, fly model aeroplanes, collect metal toy soldiers with which they wage wars and call it war gaming. I pose the question therefore, where is the stigma about grown men out enjoying themselves sailing model boats?

More and more beautiful boats are appearing, and in Auckland when our regular Ancient Mariners' windling fleet sails weekly, where several cormorants dive to fish, preen themselves and watch us intently (here we call them shags) the presence of the boats draws increased interest and onlookers. Schooners, ketches, sloops, and fishing boats ply up and down the pond, and as the water shimmers with the hues of morning colours and *Marigold* glides outwards to seek that little zephyr of wind that her skipper (me) knows is almost certain to be out there somewhere, well, I'm just headed for heaven you could say!

The beauty about windling is that one can sail anything, and a boat is a boat whether it is large or small. In various parts of the world, you're just as likely to see schooners, International one metres and boats like my UK friend Tony Searle's *Man O Wars* sharing time and space on the water. Not confined to men, in Auckland you'll on occasion see ladies too like Jacqui Wellington out free-sailing her handmade little traders with her friend. I consider my sailing time an honourable but unpaid, highly pleasurable occupation.

Jacqui Wellington (at right) with her friend Loma and two of Jacqui's fine little sailboats.



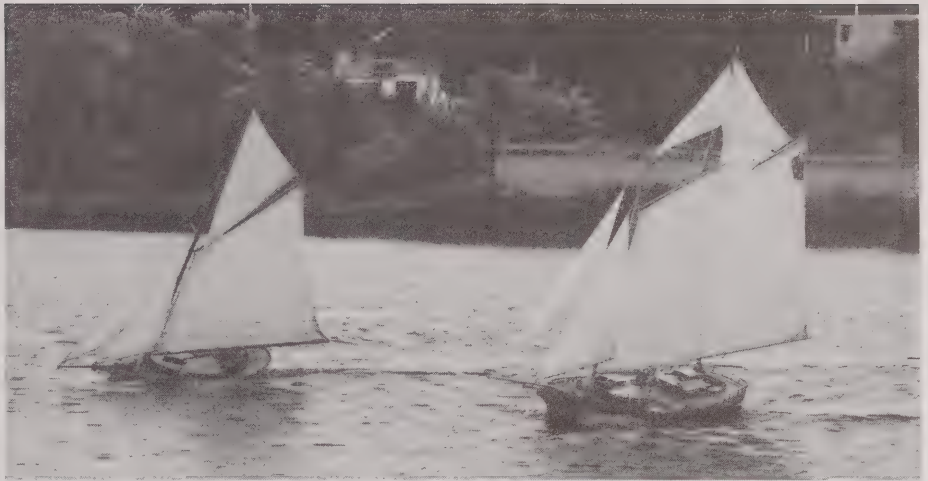
A man with his childhood lost forever, or with no imagination, is a man without soul, and my windling hours represent quality time within which to regain lost innocence before my dawn of no tomorrow comes. Hey Lord, not too soon now, please! I've got a few more voyages to sail.

(*Winding World* is published thrice yearly by Mark Steele, 42 Trinidad Rd., Forrest Hill, Auckland, New Zealand.)



Tony Searle's *Man O War*.

The ever-observant cormorant.



A couple of real beauties: The Friendship sloop *Seareach* ahead of the schooner *Dolphin*, both built and owned by Aucklander Malcolm Wilkinson.

Remembering...

By Joanne S. Scott

Illustration by David Scott



Solomons Island, Maryland

The winter of '53, new banks
Of oysters opened for harvest.
Prime, untouched for years.
At Solomons, a rural inlet
Off the Chesapeake Bay,
Midway between Annapolis
And Norfolk, a harbor
Near the banks.
The small village, strung
Out on a strand,
Had one road,
Lots three houses deep,
Had a pub-eatery
Packed every night
Our house, three tiny rooms
Was right at the water's edge.
A spindly dock stood out
Into the shallows.

Throughout the week,
Skipjacks and bugeyes gathered,
Sixty-five vessels in all,
Raked masts criss-crossing,
Rafted against one another
So close the men could almost
Walk across the harbor.

Every morning before light
We heard the sharp
Metallic sound of ice
Being chipped off decks.
Kerosene lights
Hung in the rigging
As boats ghosted out into the Bay.

At dusk they returned
Laden, the crew sprawled atop
The day's haul of oysters.
Then the rafting up began
All over again. Lines flung
From one boat to another,
Men hopping across decks to get ashore.
Later, rabble-rousing filled the night air
As watermen headed for their bunks,
Full of the night's celebration and the joy.

Next morning, huddled in blankets
Before sun-up, hearing the sound
Of ice picks, we watched, again,
Huge canvas sails blot out the stars
As they passed our window
Heading for the channel markers
And the chop of the open Bay.

My own dreamboat, if I were to design and build one today, would be very much along these lines. This is actually a composite: One boat which I owned, the Clipper Marine 21, designed by Bill Crealock; one boat which I sailed, singlehanded, a harbor boat in Alexandria, Egypt, a dhow; the British coble, which I know about, but never sailed or handled; and a small rowing boat which, somewhere along the Atlantic coast of Portugal, the fisherwomen use to tend their traps when their menfolk are away to the Grand Banks.

They all have in common a wide transom, except the coble which is more full than wide,

DreamBoats

My Own Dreamboat - Part 1

By Richard Carsen

it seems, which makes them excellently fitted to land on the beach, stern first.

The CM 21 had a deep rudder and no skeg, same as the coble. When you lift the rudder out, most shores having an onshore wind, the

stem immediately swings seaward, meeting the oncoming surf. As by now you should be close to the beach, you can jump out and pull the boat up on the sand. I've never done this on beaches directly open to the sea, but I have done it in partly sheltered coves where there was still some surf, albeit reduced. It worked like a charm and turned out, with the help of an anchor, set when incoming, also easy to put the boat afloat again. The little rowboat, called Peniche, doesn't have a rudder. The harbor boat has a skeg and a shallow rudder, as it has to be able to work in shallow parts of the harbor.

What they all do have in common is the deep forefoot. Both the CM 21 and the harbor boat have a long sloping stem, as in the drawing, and the harbor boat has a foregripe, formed by a thickening in the vertical of the bottom end of the stem. This feature can be seen in other dhows. It makes these craft very weatherly. In the big dhows there is no foregripe, but the effect of the forward and down sloping keel is the same. The sheerline is also at its deepest at about that point.

The beauty of the lugsail, for that is what it is, is that it is a lifting sail. There is therefore little or no heeling torque, the vector working on the rig, which comprises its sideways component, points upward instead of downward. There is thus less need for correction as with present day conventional sails.

The CM 21 had such a conventional sail and therefore needed an outside keel. This was accomplished by a drop-keel, weighing about 400 and some pounds, which swiveled around a sturdy bolt and was operated by a cable and winch at the aft end.

Such a keel was then fairly new, and the usual crowd of critics predicted every kind of failure. MacGregor, who is still building boats out there, had them on his 21s, and proved beyond a doubt that this solution was perfectly feasible. In races in rough weather, the skippers of his twenty-ones were at their umptiest drink at the bar at the their club, when the more conventional small keel craft were still struggling away to make harbor. I do not know whether he was the inventor, he did invent many things, maybe even the inner lining? But he certainly showed that this was the way to go on small craft.

My CM 21 did not have an inner lining. One day I was cleaning the overhead, while lying on my back in the forepeak, when I got nauseated. The boat was on its trailer in the driveway, so there could be no reason for seasickness. But I now knew why we always felt queasy on that boat: We were breathing in the toxic gases from that raw inside of that fiberglass hull. I myself, in all the years I went to sea, storms included, have never been seasick, one of the lucky ones, I suppose. Yet I too got queasy on that boat; now I knew.

The harbor boat had a very steep yard which obviated the topsail shown here. It also had no jib. The rig shown here is more conventional. Sometimes a fourth sail is carried. It runs from the forward end of the tops' l yard to the end of the bowsprit and has somewhat the fourpointed shape of a jumbo-jib. A sprit, hooked to the middle of its luff, keeping the luff from sagging, is set on the foredeck. All these sails are, of course, for very light winds.

In the next issue I will endeavour to explain how the lug is handled in tacking, and the main advantages of this particular type of lug.



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Trying Out a New Dabbler Full Battened Lugsail

By Robb White

Wow! We spent a week with a new sail that Stuart Hopkins made. Wow. Despite my scrapped up bamboo yard and boom and polypropylene crab trap warp rigging, my son and I got it working just exactly right. The new sail matched perfectly (which was my only worry, as this little boat rigged sprit style with the rump-sprung old sail had a neutral helm that I liked). With the new *Dabbler* full-battened lug-sail, we could take the rudder off if the wind was steady and steer by ooching our rumps forward or aft.

The main thing was how it goes to weather now. It was always pretty good but now it is amazing. The new sail is cut very flat in the leech especially for fast sailing upwind and the full battens keep it fair. That little boat was always fast because it is built with strong deadrise (slack bilges, if you must) all along which makes it sit very narrow on the water and with that sail, it seemed to sizzle. It is sort of like planing... sort of like riding a unicycle too. Though the boat doesn't rise up, the water does leave the stern cleanly and the speed is much faster than the hull speed of a twelve foot boat.

After the first day, the wind picked up to about fifteen or so, and we had to reef for the whole rest of the week...sail still set beautifully and the boat still went to windward like a snake. I think I could tell a difference when I had my hat on or off.

On the last day, my son had to leave and my wife was trying to read on the last of her school teacher spring break so I decided to take a little expedition. It was breezing up steady from the SW like it does when a high and a low get together in the spring. I planned to try to sail as far west as I could and still run back in time to come in just about sunset.

I thought I would have to beat up to the west but when I got it all cinched in just right, the little boat went all the way up the bay, close hauled on one tack. I had to rig a wet paper towel for a knee pad (wished I had had two, another for my toe). It was a tickley-bender trip all the way. I sailed and bailed all the way down the bayside of Dog Island, across the pass (up and down the swells from Yucatan) and west along the bayside of St. George to where the trees started interfering with my wind.

Running (more or less) back was the best sailing time I have ever had in my life. The lee of the sea-oats end of St. George, and Dog Island was as calm as glass...the only wave was my wake breaking on the beach. The water, from this drought, was as clear as in the Bahamas. With all that wind, I just plain flew home right along the edge of the sand in water so shallow that I had to dodge the breeding horseshoe crabs of the spring high tide. I must have scared twenty flounders and a thousand stingarees...could feel their vibrations through the planking.

I sailed up in every bay and skirted every sandbar all the way back trying to make the return trip last as long as I could. I only had to jibe two or three times and re-rig my jack-leg vang lizard. The only mishap was that I cap-sized trying to surf down the big breakers from the pass where they washed up on the west end of Dog Island...should have sailed around in the lee before I approached the land. I lost my paper towel when I stood up to dump the water out. I passed a couple from a sailboat in Shipping Cove while they were sitting on their inflatable dinghy on the beach looking at the sunset. "That sure looks like fun", said the man. "Is," said me as I swept past. I could tell by the look on his wife's face that she thought I was crazy. Old poot like me ought to be home watching C-Span instead of throwing my dignity to the winds in a tiny little boat like that.

All week long I itched to do it again. Friday afternoon, when we went back, it was blowing 25, gusting to 35... "bay and inland waters rough". If it hadn't been out of the north, we would have had to sleep in the car but we surfed over in the skiff, a wild trip, I tell you...had to steer small. Though it was cold in our little shanty, it seemed like the place to be all night with the wind popping the roofing and shaking the whole house on its pilings.

Next morning, it was cold (like 45...this on May 1st), low overcast, blowing a steady twenty. The seaside had a worried look, but was lee-side calm and irresistible. It is deeper over there right along the shore (even on a norther blown low tide) and we (took my wife for ballast and vang adjustment) scared the sand fleas all the way to the west end along the treeless part, a free reach all the way up and back.

There were zillions of anchovies banked up along the edge and the windward bow wave threw them up and they blew back into the boat all the way. We had what they used to call "fry cakes" in the West Indies for breakfast. Ain't nothing but a biscuit with whole anchovies baked up inside...kind of good. We would have done it again, but I had the old engine of a big sailboat laying crossways in the dinette getting an exhaust, motor mount, stuffing box job and a little wire brushing and paint touching up so I had to go to work.

A good little sailboat is one thing, but a good little sailboat with a fine sail is something else. I'll do it again and hope to get a better picture.



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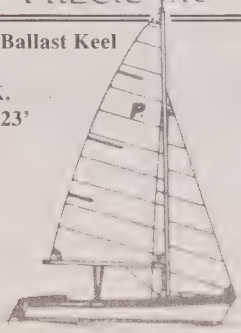
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This design was never completed in detail, although it is buildable, with lines and offsets for lofting and a good deal of detail begun in faint pencil. It was designed as a trailer cruiser for two couples, each owning half of the boat and each with their own trailer and storage spot. They could have lived far apart, to join at some agreed-upon launching place. It would not be much different from a similar arrangement between people who like to cruise in company, but they would have one big, fast boat instead of two small ones.

The 44' whaleboat-like vessel, slim and fine-ended, with a 40% ballast ratio, could reach 8 knots in a fair breeze or under power, and keep going, fast, in weather that would stop two 22-footers. The assembled boat would have other advantages of large size (or rather of long length) such as the comfortable center cockpit in which crew weight does not

upset the trim of the boat and, in general, insensitivity to weight placement and weight overall. She would have the stability and deliberate motion of boats of her length. The proportions are reminiscent, though not as extreme, of Captain Voss' *Tillicum*, the canoe that crossed the three oceans around 1900.

Separated with water ballast tanks empty, each half would weigh only 3000 pounds on the trailer. The rig to haul each half would not be formidable or unusual. The two halves are independently watertight and stable, and the stern half is mobile and controllable, though not very efficient, without the bow half. Conceivably, two separate launching places could be used, one on each side of a river, for instance, with the stern half coming over to pick up the bow half.

It's been suggested that she would be good for places where a sizable boat is desir-

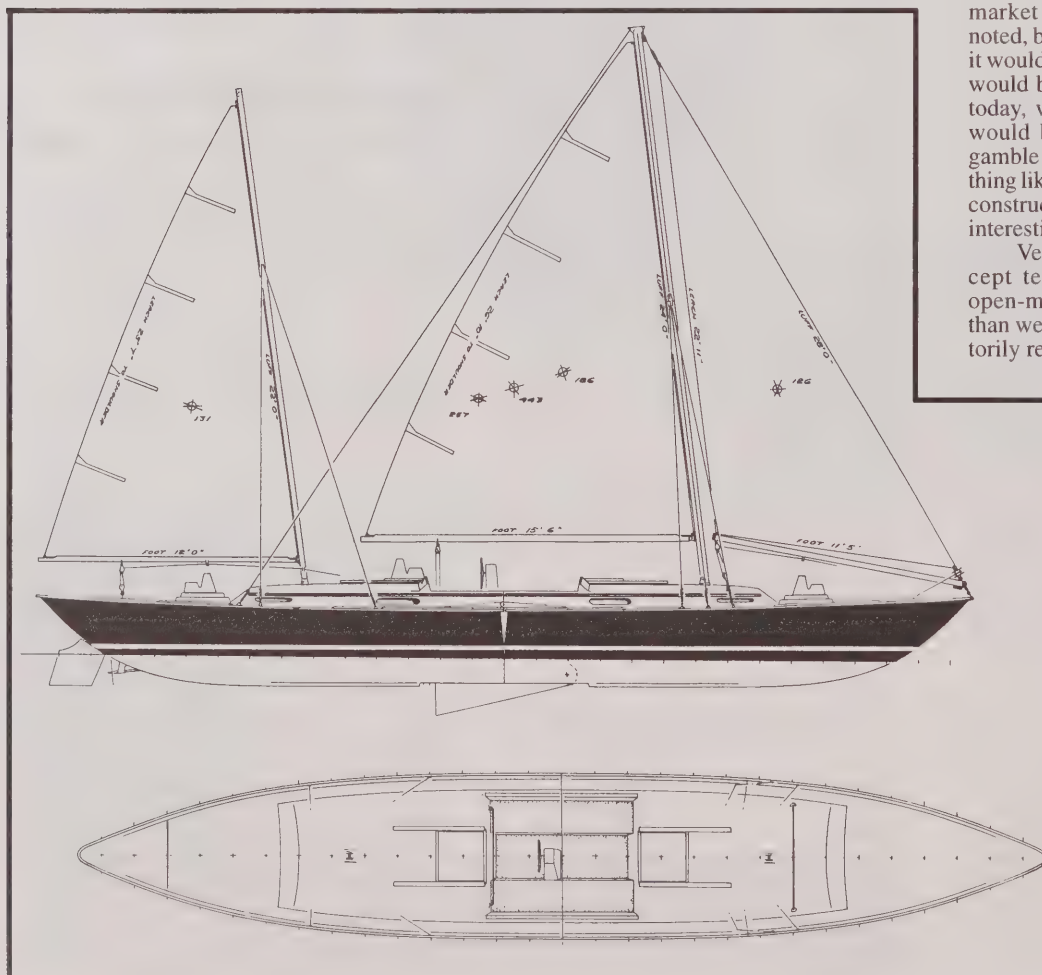
able, but access is difficult. Two ordinary 4x4 trucks with ton-and-a-half trailers could go where a big multi-axle rig could not.

She was to have been an ordinary solid fiberglass lay-up construction, using a split mold. The two ends use the same mold, including the deck mold, molded-in centerboard trunk and mast steps and, at some sacrifice of ergonomic possibilities, hull liner mold. The tooling cost to produce several boats would be practically that of a 22-footer. Boats with identical bows and sterns have a long and honorable history, mostly in canoes and rowing boats. As with them, she is intended to be trimmed slightly deeper aft than forward, the weight of the engine taking care of the trimming in this case. The stern is sharper than would be ideal, but the penalty is not worth forgoing the production convenience.

The concept was much too radical to be taken seriously in 1970. Water ballast in small boats was unheard of at the time. Boats proportioned long for their accommodations have hardly ever been popular. “A 44-footer that doesn't have standing headroom? What are you thinking of?”

Considered as a production boat, the market might be there for the advantages noted, but it would be so widely scattered that it would be very hard to notify the people who would be interested of her availability. Even today, with much better communications, it would be a bold manufacturer who would gamble the tooling cost of producing something like this. Redesigning for practical one-off construction, something like it might make an interesting proposition for a home builder.

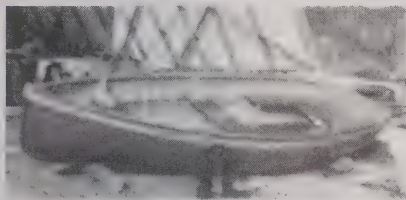
Verdict: This still looks like a viable concept technically. It would call for more open-minded comprehension and resource than we have learned to expect to be satisfactorily realized.



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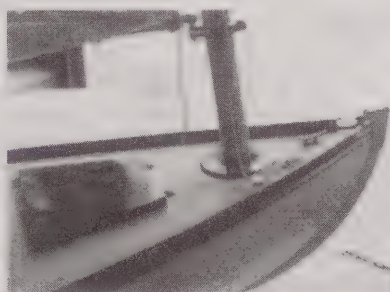
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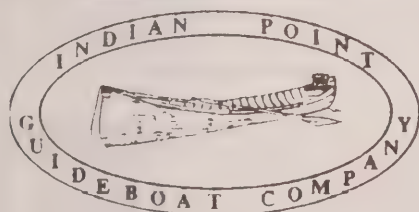
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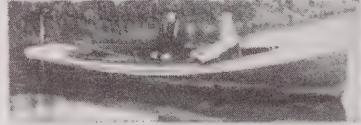
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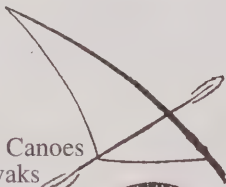
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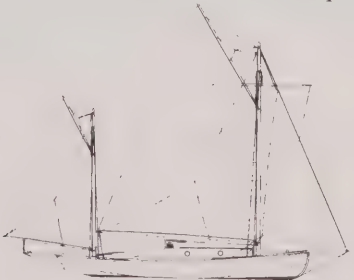
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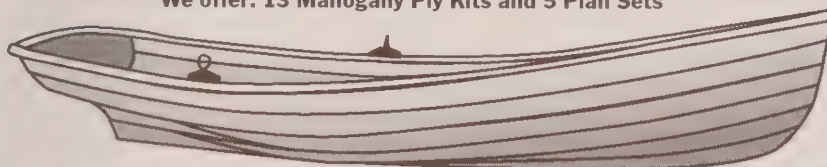
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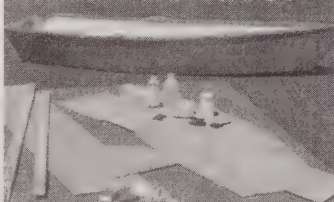
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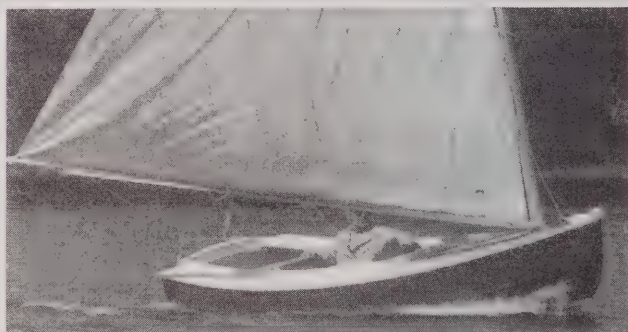
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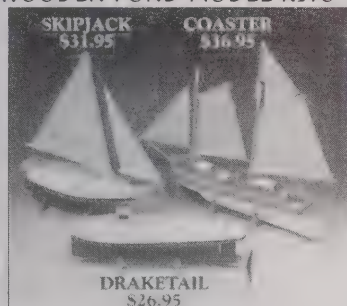
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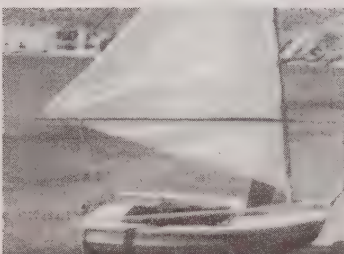
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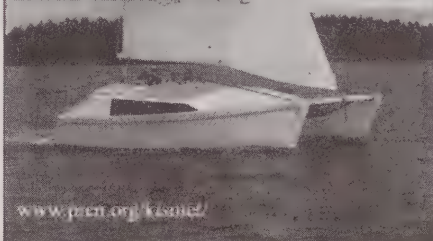
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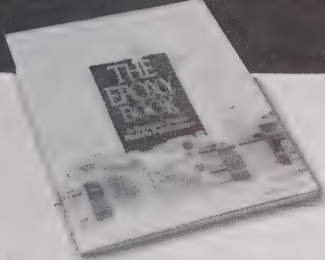
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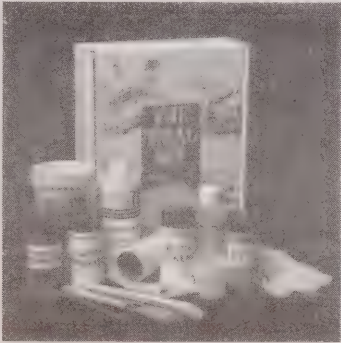
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23' O'Day FG Sloop, '73 shoal draft keel-CB combination. Berths for 5, roller furling jib & main, porta potti, depth finder, marine radio, 7.5hp Mercury long shaft OB, alcohol stove, cradle. Will incl FG dinghy. Trailerable (but no trlr). In water at Southwest Harbor, ME. Asking \$5,200. PAUL GORMAN, P.O. Box 338, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679, (207) 244-3598. (10)

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'82 Drascombe Longboat, 22' FG sailing dory. yawl rigged w/dacron sails, reliable 7.5hp Johnson, improved seating, stowage & sheeting arrangements, registered roadworthy trlr. \$3,500. KEN GREGG, S. Hamilton, MA, (978) 468-3156. (10)

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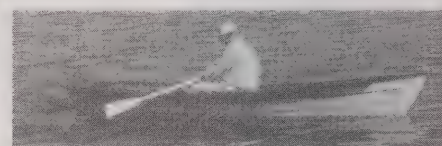
Carpenter's Boat Shop Sale: 20' Highlander Class Sloop, FG, full suit sails incl 2 spinnakers, wooden mast & boom. Nds new ply deck. \$750 OBO. **28' Sloop**, fixed keel, deck stepped rig, gd cond. Nds minor work. 1 suit sails, cedar planking on oak frames, grt cruising design. \$4,500 OBO. **9' Lawley Tender**, cedar on oak frames, lovely rowing craft, w/oars, ready to go into water. \$2,850. DARIN CARLTON, The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768. (3)

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10' Dory Skiff, 4' beam, cedar on oak, sprit rig. Comes w/utility trlr. \$1,300 OBO. JETHRO DENMAN, Union, ME, (207) 785-4369. (09)



12' Amesbury Sailing Dory, sprit mainsail & jib both relatively new & in exc cond. Boat custom blt in '60s, lapstrake design, cedar planking, oak ribs, copper fastened. CB, boom vang. Vy gd cond, great boat for kids & adults. \$800 firm. At cottage in NH but can be brought to home to Wellesly, MA. STEVE LAGAKOS, Wellesley Hills, MA, (781) 237-0343. (09)



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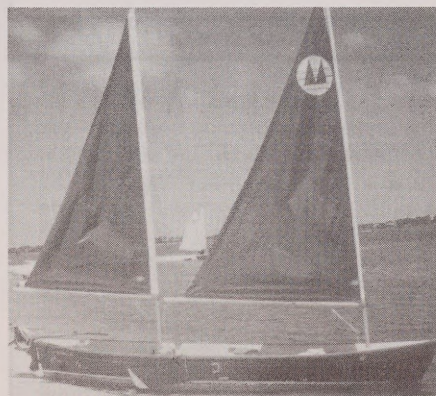
18' Simmons Sea Skiff, 25hp OB, on trlr, exc cond. PAUL MCKEEN, Kittery, ME, (207) 439-7292. (10)

Swampscott Dory, 16' LOA, w/oars. Rowing only. In water & tight. Gd cond. \$875. (09) FRED EBINGER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-7416.

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20' Sharpie, round stern, Dynel cloth & epoxy covered, marine ply over oak & cypress framing, bronze fastened. Beautiful Egyptian Dacron sails by Dabblor. Cat-ketch rig, sprit sails, loose footed main, sprit boomed mizzen. 4 yrs old, like new cond. Tandem axle trlr. A pleasure to sail, well balanced helm. Green hull, cream decks, Beautiful boat! \$4,800. **18' Swampscott Dory**, Iain Oughtred, "John Dory", design. Mahogany ply on oak frames, bottom and garboards sheathed with FG. Watertight decks fore & aft. Gunter rigged, sprit boom, folding rudder, a very able sailer. Rows nicely w/1 or 2 at the oars. 2 prs of Culler style ash oars. Red garboards and decks, white topsides, varnished stem, transom, floorboards, frames, gunwales, tiller, spars. A beautiful boat in excellent cond. On new trlr. \$6,000. JACK MANLEY, Northville, NY, (518) 863-2100. (09)

22' Chrysler Cabin Sail Boat, FG, beam 7'9", swing keel, draft 1'11" to 4'6", jib, genoa, mainsail, swim ladder, 10hp OB, trlr, sleeps 4/5, Porta-Potti, pop-top hatch, vy gd cond. \$5,000 JOHN ROOMES, Sidney OH, (937) 492-3016. (09)

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19' Endeavor Recreational Rowing Shell, w/wing rigger & Piantadosi oars. All in 1st class cond. \$1,250. D. GRAY, Lancaster, PA, (717) 299-1176. (09)

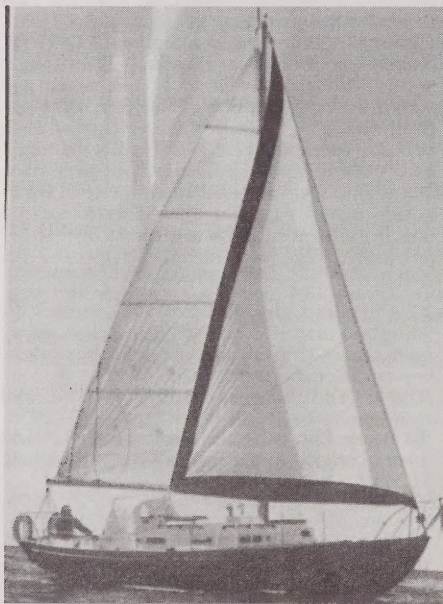
18' Dory, hand blt, nds scraping & coat of paint. JANET MYERS, 260 Main St., Catskill, NY 12414, (518) 943-4091. (10)

20' Gloucester Sloop, '82 swing keel w/galv trlr, Mercury OB, VHF, DS, main & jib, sail cover, boom vang, potti, sink, water tank, safety gear, compass, solar panel, battery, lights, dinghy. Asking \$3,450. WAYNE BARLOW, Raynham, MA, (508) 823-5562. (09)

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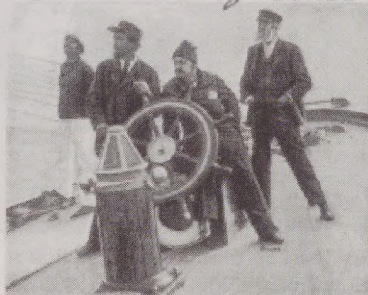
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Trailer, boat/utility use. 6'x10' flatbed, plus 9' A-frame tongue, lg wheels, 2" coupler. Worked fine for my 19' dory. \$350. BETH SCHWARZMAN, Falmouth, MA, (508) 540-0595. (10)

Honda 2hp OB, short shaft. \$450. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (10)

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British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

Snipe Parts, refitting '70s FG Snipe, nd useable or restorable daggerboard, rudder, rigging. Mid-Atlantic or SE location preferred. DON BOLGER, 520 Balsam Ridge Rd., Waynesville, NC 28786, <75231.415@compuserve.com> (09)

Saroca Gear, tent & fly, cockpit & boat cover, OB motor bracket. CHRIS SPOHR, P.O. Box 308, Barnstable, MA 02630, (508) 362-2248. (10)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Bliss, the Quick & Easy Canoe, plans \$26. Illustrated leaflet of 16 small craft designs \$2. DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (11/99EOIP)

Boat Plans, due to the death of my husband the following boat plans are available: Rangeley Guideboat, Whitehall Pulling Boat, Wharrah Surf Cat, Bobcat, 24' Nugget Trimaran, 19' Monfort Classic (sail), Triad, 18' Dory. JANET MYERS, 260 Main St., Catskill, NY 12414, (518) 943-4091. (10)

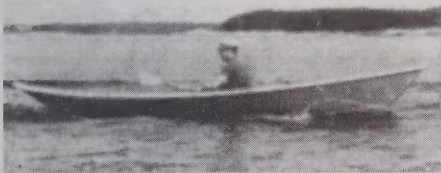
Recycling Boating Books, maturity, wisdom, changing interests, & having moved again encourage decision to sell extensive collection of boating books. SASE for compl list. PETER GRAY, 40 Franklin Ave., Rockaway, NJ 07866. (10)

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.

EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)



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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

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Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

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WAYNE BARLOW, Raynham, MA, (508) 823-5562. (09)



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PEN & INK PRESS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579. (TFP)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.

TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35.

ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

Back Issues, *WoodenBoat*, 1980, 1982-1987, 1989-1997 complete, a total of 120 issues. \$120. *Multihulls*, 1979-1983, 1986-1991 complete, a total of 58 issues. \$58. Plus shipping from CT.

A. MALINOWSKI, 118 Contact Dr., W. Haven, CT 06516. (10)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

Old Canoe Catalogs.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19777, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

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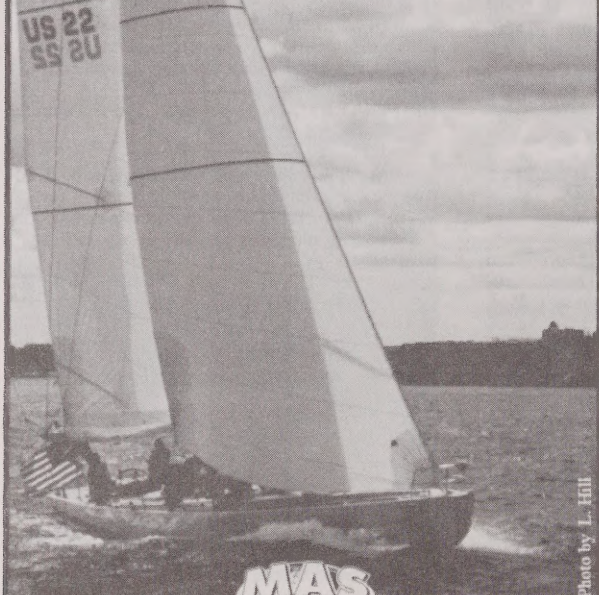


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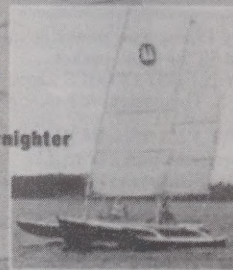
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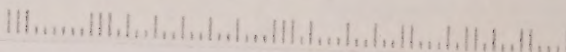
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