

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Cedar Key 2000 Journal"  
"The Bandana Boat Boys in Burgundy"

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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 5

July 15, 2000



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Volume 18 - Number 5  
July 15, 2000



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## Looking Ahead...

Sharon Brown reports on the "John Gardner Small Craft Workshop" at Mystic Seaport.

Retired Italian Admiral Elio Sandroni recalls his World War II experiences in "The First and Last Mission of the Submarine *Macalle*"; Bill Zeitler has another "minimalist cruise" tale in "6-Day Cruise with 5hp"; Dick Harrington continues his Maine coast small boat cruise story in "Thread of Life - Part 3"; Phil Thiel concludes his travelogue of canal boating in France in "The Bandana Boys in Burgundy"; and we'll start on Chapter 10 of Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox".

Sam Overmann tell us that "Love is a Mirage"; we'll bring you an excerpt from Mike O'Brien's unique magazine, "Boat Design Quarterly"; Richard Carsen's "Dream Boats" will feature the "Hovara Rig"; and Phil Bolger & Friends bring us "Wyoming...an added Cabin Accommodations Option";

Robb White discusses the pros and cons of "Two-Part Polyurethane Varnish"; Ward Knockemus discusses "When Metals Corrode"; and Jim Betts offers "Some Helpful Tips".

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



As I write this on June 17 summer has finally arrived here in New England after a cool and wet spring. The advent of the on-the-water season here has brought along with it a rising chorus of anti-PWC outcries, not only from those who enjoy quiet small boating, but also from some of the coastal communities and those with inland lakes and ponds open to boating that are facing the arrival of the summer swarms. As one example, on our "You write to us..." pages in this issue you can read a lengthy polemic against allowing PWCs on any of the waters of the Cape Cod National Seashore from a National Parks advocacy group.

Certainly the carefree abandon with which too many PWC operators enjoy their boats has created much public opposition. The advertising on TV of the firms offering these highly maneuverable and undeniably exciting craft emphasize "going for it", they show us happy PWCers cutting doughnuts and blasting across the waves at obvious high speeds. Speed sells.

The ads are remarkably similar to those in the motorboating print media selling megapowered outboard and inboard projectiles, they're bigger and sometime faster than PWCs, but not nearly as nimble. Instead of the macho dude at the bars of the PWC, sometimes with his babe hugging him from the back seat ala motorcycling, the macho dude is way up there on a flying bridge with his elegant lady (typically wearing a bikini) laying a wide and high wake back to the horizon. Much more money involved here, of course, so these big powerboat projectiles do not swarm.

It's the agility and intrusiveness of the PWC that riles people. I lived it all in my motorcycling years. I was never one of the roadburners with loud pipes who tore over the roads, cutting in and out of traffic, antagonizing motorists and sometimes prompting legislative attempts to ban them from the roads. But I had to constantly justify my enjoyment of my sport, I was lumped right in with the exhibitionists.

Legislating motorcycles off the roads proved impossible, they had a long established history as road users, and today they are enjoying a major boom with many of the "right sort" of people now out there on \$20,000 Harleys. Legislating PWCS off the water looks to be, to those who wish to achieve this, a more

doable prospect, they only recently made the scene and have no constituency within the communities trying to kick them out to oppose such efforts.

This spring famous Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the Pilgrims first landed at the famous Plymouth Rock, voted in town meeting 77-9 to outlaw PWCs on its lakes and ponds. The state already prohibits PWCs from ponds under 75 acres, but still allows their use on ponds and lakes larger than this. As a result the state environmental police (gotta just love that title for marine police!) are unlikely to approve the town ban. The Plymouth police, who find it difficult to control the PWC excesses on the lakes legally open to them from a landbound cruiser, have acquired a 17' console outboard with which to patrol the largest town pond, 310 acre Sampson's Pond.

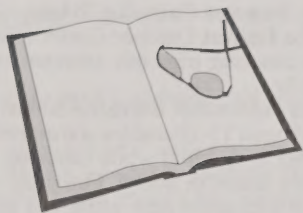
In the give and take in the local papers (sent to me by a local subscriber) there were also some rational calls to accommodate, while regulating, PWC activity. The same thing happened initially to windsurfers, most came from out of town and intruded on local swimming beaches, so towns booted them off, only to find they had to offer some alternative access.

People are always like this. The established majority involved in an accepted activity resist and attempt to prohibit any new game in town. Snowmobiling had hard going for years against opposition of skiers and snowshoers. Mountain biking is beset in many places with strenuous hiker opposition. Sailors have long cursed power boaters for the incessant summer weekend droning of their motors and the boat rocking big wakes they pull behind them.

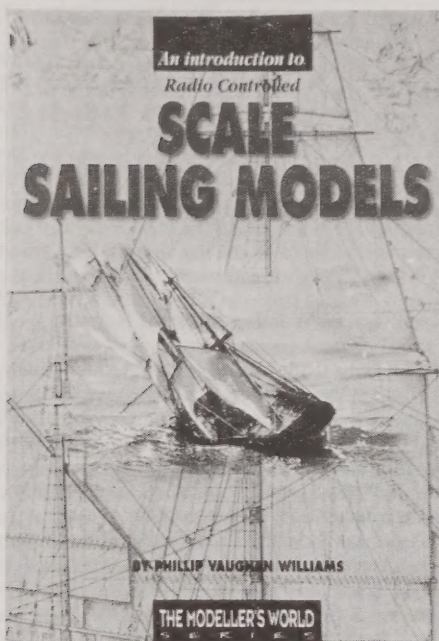
The most righteous who oppose all intrusiveness typically are those who pursue the most basic activities, hiking on foot, paddling a canoe. But, it is not safe to be too sure of your righteousness, for around here just about all the beaches, seashore and lakeshore, prohibit the launching of any sort of small hand carried boats, not just the late arriving windsurfers. Here and there a spot has been set aside for those who paddle and row, but we are not as righteous in our choice of suitable activity at the shore as those who simply wish to swim or lay on the sand. We are a danger to swimmers and should be banned from the swimmers' playgrounds.

## On the Cover...

Sea Pearls flock to the island of Atsena Otie at this May's annual Cedar Key Small Boat gathering in Florida. We have Ron Hoddinott's log of the weekend activities featured in this issue.



## Book Reviews



### *An Introduction to Radio Controlled Scale Sailing Models*

Mark Steele reviews a book to ignite the fuels of desire to get involved in model sailboating.

It's not often that a book comes along and one enjoys it so much that he wants to yell out to the far corners of the earth and tell people, "Hey, here is a book you should buy!"

When, as a small publisher I received all the way from England, a copy of Phillip Vaughan Williams *An Introduction to Radio Controlled Scale Sailing Models* from the publishers for review, it took me very little time to realize that here was a book that had great motivational qualities, one that would very likely motivate many people into getting involved in the scale model side of model yachting.

Published by Traplet in England where it retails for twelve British pounds, this profusely illustrated 144 page book, while extolling the virtues of model sailboating in areas that covers the widest spectrum of types and choice, is as comprehensive in text as one could ever hope for. It goes into all aspects of building, from modelling basics up to and including the planning of a project, scaling problems and solutions, and covers in depth all areas of sailing scale models, including hulls and decks, masts, spars, sails and sail rigging, right through to control systems and sailing techniques.

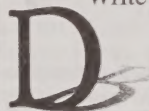
An absolutely incredible quantity of stunning models are shown within; boats built by some of the best and most respected scale ship modellers in the hobby. The printing is superb, the photographs and drawings clean and clear, and sources for advice and materials included in an extensive contact section. This is also a book for the home bookshelf, one for reference as well as for savouring periodically, one that you won't want to get grubby.

It is a book that will excite the reader, and spur him or her into getting involved. It is not for those interested in serious class racing, but more geared for the casual model sailboat enthusiast or windler into building and sailing boats that look like the real thing.

Those in the USA can obtain copies from Traplet Distribution USA Ltd. (books, plans, magazines such as *Marine Modelling Monthly* and videos) at 3103 Tatman Ct., Suite 105, Urbana, IL 61802. There is also a toll free number for orders: (800) 695-0208.

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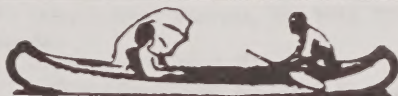
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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Three-Day Boatbuilding Courses

Professional boatbuilder and woodworking teacher Aime Fraser of Traveling Boatworks is offering a series of boatbuilding courses for beginners at the Woodworkers Club, 215 Westport Avenue, Norwalk, Connecticut, on July 20-23 and August 3-6. The courses are sponsored by Porter Cable, Bessey Clamps, Woodworking Fasttrack, Bench Dog, and System Three Resins.

Anyone can build the boat, individuals, small groups of friends, or even families with teenage children, and they'll get a unique opportunity to spend an intensive three days, plus one evening, building a 14'8" mahogany plywood skiff. By the time the class is over, each individual or group will have a finished vessel ready to paint and varnish. The boat is suitable for rowing and can take a small outboard, and with a little more work at home (or by returning for another weekend) the skiff can be converted to a sailing boat by adding spars & sails.

Says Aime Fraser, "I designed the boat to be very simple to built yet be safe and able. Beauty is essential in a boat, and that was a high design priority as well. It's based on the traditional sharpie working skiff used by oystermen on Long Island Sound. The boat has ample beam, moderate flare and a flat bottom. I also wanted to avoid "instant boat" construction methods. This boat is built using simple, modern construction methods. It teaches essential boatbuilding skills such as lofting, laminating, beveling, making fair curves, and how to read line and construction drawings. It's hard work to build a boat in only 3-1/2 days, but with good organization and the right location, it's possible."

Each course lasts a long weekend. The cost is \$400 for instruction plus approximately \$450 for materials for the rowing version. The sailing version costs about \$200 more, not including the sail.

Aime adds that private instruction is available for anyone who cannot take the course, and you can also buy a finished boat to order. She can be reached at Traveling Boatworks at (203) 247-1338 or <aime@travelingboatworks.com>

For further information and to register for classes, contact the Woodworkers Club at (203) 947-9663 or visit [www.woodworkersclubnorwalk.com](http://www.woodworkersclubnorwalk.com).

### Celebrate Buzzards Bay

The Coalition for Buzzards Bay has scheduled a three day celebration involving sailing and rowing events of interest as part of our annual fund raising activities to support our environmental awareness efforts on the Bay. On July 28, six 12 meter yachts racing from Newport, Rhode Island will arrive in

New Bedford harbor at 6pm and will be open to the public during the evening.

On July 29, 12 meter races will take place on the Bay all day long, with participation open to interested persons as passengers or crew who are prepared to pay the \$225 fee to take part.

Also on the July 29 the Whale City Rowing Club will host a rowing/paddling race on the Bay open to anyone with oar or paddle powered small boats.

Visit our website at [www.savebuzzardsbay.org](http://www.savebuzzardsbay.org) for further information and registration forms or call us at (508) 999-6363.

The Coalition for Buzzards Bay, 17 Hamilton St., New Bedford, MA 02740

### Telesmanick Regatta 2000

The 2000 Leo Telesmanick Championship Beetle Cat Regatta will be hosted by the Champoquoit Yacht Club in West Falmouth, Massachusetts on August 12 & 13. CYC is located on Champoquoit Island, a private community whose residents have invited NEBCBA to hold this event from their Little Pier on the north side of the island. Across the harbor at the Town Dock there is a launching ramp

Hopefully, the wind in the bay will be great for all sailors from Mitey Mites to Tired Fathers.

The New England Beetle Cat Boat Association, [www.capecod.net/sqtg/nebcba](http://www.capecod.net/sqtg/nebcba)

### Pond Boat 6th National Regatta

The Marblehead Model Yacht Club (MMYC) is hosting the sixth national regatta for older racing models (pond boats) at historic Redd's Pond, Marblehead, Massachusetts on August 11 to 13. This event is sponsored by the US Vintage Model Yacht Group (VMYG), a special interest group of the American Model Yachting Association (AMYA). This year's regatta has a Vintage M (VM) class model competition combining old-style free-sail and modern radio-control (R/C) racing with a display contest. The design idea for these 1930 to 1970 VM models came from a founding MMYC member, Roy Clough, with their first launching at Redd's Pond in 1930. This event is helping to mark the 75th birthday of the MMYC.

Another 2000 activity honoring the MMYC is a model yachting history exhibit through October at the Marblehead Historical Society. This exhibit features over 30 models sailed at Redd's Pond this past century with supporting artifacts. Contact the Marblehead Historical Society at (781) 639-1768 for details.

For additional information: MMYC: J.R. LeBlanc, (978) 745-3742 and VMYG: John Snow, (781) 631-4203.

### Family Summer Canoeing Trips

The Hulbert Outdoor Center offers two unique canoeing trips this summer focussed on families.

An elderhostel intergenerational canoe trip on August 13-19 enables you to spend time with your grandchild while canoeing on the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. Enjoy the natural world at a leisurely pace while you and your grandchild learn camping and canoeing skills for a safe and memorable trip. For information contact Deb Williams, (802) 333-3405, <[deb.williams@valley.net](mailto:deb.williams@valley.net)>.

A family canoe camping adventure on the beautiful Rangeley Lakes of Western Maine on August 19-26 enables you and your family to relax, make new friends and spend that special time together that is often lost in the hectic pace of everyday living. For information contact Lynn Daly, (802) 333-3405.

Hulbert Outdoor Center, 2968 Lake Morey Rd., Fairlee, VT 05045, [www.alohafoundation.org/hulbert](http://www.alohafoundation.org/hulbert).

### Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Regatta

The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society hosts its 18th annual regatta/rendezvous, at Battery Park Marina in Sandusky, Ohio on August 18. All owners of wooden sailing craft and interested visitors are welcome. There will be something to interest all: 7' prams, to a 77' schooner, all rigs, all designs, all vintages. For more information, please contact:

Ruthie Goetz, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145

### Bob Speltz Antique & Classic Boat Show

The 25th Annual Bob Speltz Land-O-Lakes Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous, promoted by the Land-O-Lakes Chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., is taking place on August 19th and 20th at the marina of Treasure Island Resort and Casino near Red Wing, Minnesota

The Rendezvous has been designated a 25th Anniversary Show of the Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc. Over 100 antique and classic boats are expected to be on display, including wooden runabouts, row boats, utilities, cabin cruisers, houseboats, classic fiberglass and aluminum boats, wooden canoes and kayaks, wooden sailboats, "exotic" boats, antique outboard motors from the Antique Outboard Motor Club, antique Red Wing marine motors, model boats from the Edina Model Yacht Club (on land and in water), a restoration answer booth, classic automobile pairing with boats on trailers, vendors of nautical items, food and drinks as well as live musical entertainment, fun for the entire family including activities for children

New this year will be a Pre-Rendezvous Mississippi River Cruise. For three days prior to the Show (August 16th, 17th, and 18th) a flotilla of boats will cruise the mighty Mississippi. The daily trips will originate and conclude at the Treasure Island marina. You may participate in all three days or just one.

Contact the Bob Speltz Land-O-Lakes Chapter for additional information at (877) 636-3111 x4, <[bslol2000rdz@aol.com](mailto:bslol2000rdz@aol.com)>, <[www.acbs-bslol.com](http://www.acbs-bslol.com)>, or write BSLOL, P.O. Box 11, Hopkins, MN 55343-0011

## Opinions...

### Say "NO" to PWCs at Cape Cod National Seashore

As summer's heat settles in our bones, many of us look forward to weekend escapes by the water. Many enjoy a lazy morning or afternoon drifting in our canoe or paddling across a serene inlet. And if we are fortunate to live close to a national park, such as Cape Cod National Seashore, we may find solace in the availability of open space and its soothing natural soundscape.

But how many times have you been in search of a peaceful paddle trip only to find yourself in the path of a 65mph Jet Ski, bouncing erratically across the water? One of the most intrusive recreational activities to enter our national parks is personal watercraft use (PWC), more commonly known by the brand name Jet Ski. Their wakes swamp your boat, the fish have been scattered for at least three hours, and the exhaust smell lingering in your nose is akin to sitting in Boston's Big Dig traffic. Is that what you came to Cape Cod National Seashore for?

Managers at the Seashore are currently investigating how to manage PWCs at this popular summer vacation spot. The National Parks Conservation Association (NPCA) firmly believes that the only way to preserve natural soundscapes and healthy habitats for wildlife at the seashore is to ban PWCs from all national park waters. The aggressive, thrill-seeking nature of PWCs, as evidenced by their marketing and advertising campaigns, is incompatible with the purpose of the park as Senators John F. Kennedy and Leverett Saltonstall envisioned it in 1961:

PWC use in a national park is also inappropriate in light of the National Park Service's mission, which is to protect park areas unimpaired for future generations. NPCA supports traditional activities that existed at the seashore when the park was created, such as fishing, surfing, swimming, and paddling. PWC use is not compatible with any of these activities. (Despite the industry's claim that PWCs are similar to other boats, a number of federal and state land management agencies have regulated PWCs differently than boats because of the problems inherent with PWC use.)

The majority of personal watercraft emit roughly 25-30% of their gas/oil mixture unburned into the water during operation, a fact that remains undisputed by the PWC industry. Two hours on a 100hp PWC emits approximately the equivalent of driving a 1998 passenger car for 139,000 miles, according to the California Air and Resources Board. The shallow draft of PWCs allows them to access the narrow waterways that other motorboats cannot access. In so doing, they send nesting birds, fish, canoeists, kayakers, and anglers fleeing for quieter retreats.

Noise levels of typical PWCs reach 85 decibels. The varying levels of frequency and pitch becomes extremely annoying when PWCs are used to jump wakes or access narrow waterways. PWC use in shallow water may also cause increased turbidity, which can limit light penetration, deplete available oxygen, and negatively affect fish and bird feeding.

In Massachusetts, PWCs have been involved in a disproportionate share of boating

accidents in the last five years, according to the Massachusetts Environmental Police. In 1999, PWCs were involved in 25% of total accidents, the highest on record for the Commonwealth. Yet PWCs accounted for slightly less than 5% of all motorboats registered in Massachusetts for 1999. Furthermore, in 1999 PWCs were involved in 36% of boating accidents in which people were injured in Massachusetts waters. Of these accidents, 86% were collisions, where a PWC collided with another vessel, with a person, or with an object. Nationwide, canoes and kayaks were involved in 167 accidents in 1998, according to the U.S. Coast Guard, compared to 3,607 accidents involving PWCs.

What unites many of us in our pursuit of relaxation is our need for tranquility. Do we go to the shore to be surrounded by ringing cell phones or chattering TV sets? Do we hike a trail or go camping to listen to honking traffic or blaring radios? National parks are refuges from the loud, busy world in which we live, but their peacefulness is disappearing as PWC proponents push the Park Service to open park waters to their noisy vessels. Allowing PWCs and their resulting environmental harm in Cape Cod National Seashore runs counter to the purpose for which it was

founded. The image and technology of PWCs matter little to the appreciation of nature on its own terms. The National Park Service is in no way obligated, legally or otherwise, to accommodate every new motorized activity that is marketed to our society.

NPCA urges anyone who believes PWCs do not belong at Cape Cod National Seashore to write to the superintendent and express your support for a full ban on these intrusive, noisy machines. Address: Superintendent Maria Burks, Cape Cod National Seashore, 99 Marconi Site Rd., Wellfleet, MA 02667; or e-mail: <maria\_burks@nps.gov>. Thank you.

Steven E. Bosak, Program Manager, Katurah Mackay, Outreach Coordinator, National Parks Conservation Association, Northeast Regional Office, 41 Winter St., Suite 403, Boston, MA 02109.

(The National Parks Conservation Association is America's only private, nonprofit advocacy organization dedicated solely to protecting, preserving, and enhancing the National Park System. NPCA was founded in 1919 and today has more than 400,000 members. Visit us at [www.npca.org/quietwater](http://www.npca.org/quietwater) for more information about our campaign against PWCs).

## Information of Interest...

### Do You Know About the Triak?

Re your interest in trimarans, do you know about the Triak, a racey looking one person kayak that can be used with or without a sailing rig? It is built by Island Innovations, 738 Selkirk Ave., Victoria, BC V9A 2T5, Canada.

Jim Casey, Newport, RI

**Editor Comments:** The Triak is a sea kayak fitted with very small amas mounted to the rear which act as hydrofoils when speed builds up.

### Steam in the Garden with Steam on the Pond

Reader Ron Brown of Newark Valley, New York has been publishing a small special interest magazine much like *Messing About in Boats* for ten years serving those who are interested in model steam railroading.

*Steam in the Garden* is now of some interest to those who enjoy model steamboating, for Ron has added a sub title to his masthead, "With Steam on the Pond". A substantial portion of the sample issue we enjoyed, May/June 1999, (I gotta stay away from this steam stuff, too addictive!) was devoted to model steamboating.

If you'd like to see a sample of a recent back issue with model steamboating content, send \$6.75 for 1st Class mailing.

Steam in the Garden, Inc., P.O. Box 335, Newark Valley, NY 13811, phone (607) 642-8119, Mon.-Thurs. before 9pm, fax anytime (607) 642-8978.

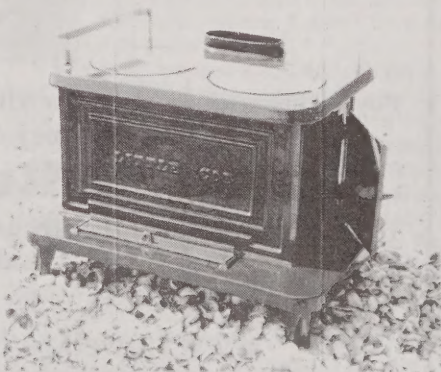
### Little Cod Now Available

We are pleased to announce that the Little Cod marine woodstove for heating and cooking is now available. This is the first in a series of five traditional cast iron stoves which Williamsburg Mobile Marine will produce using Lunenburg Foundry's original patterns. This compact stove weighs only 40lbs and measures 13.75" x 18" x 13". First made circa 1917, the Little Cod was initially designed for use in the countless small fishing boats that worked the waters of the Canadian Maritimes.

Stoves manufactured by WMM will feature a porcelain enamel finish available in five standard colors (marine blue, flat black, hunter green, medium grey, and cream), plus a custom color option. Complementing and contrasting the beautiful enamel is a sturdy stainless steel sea rail and "button head" door hinge pins.

Please have a look at our website at [www.marine stove.com](http://www.marine stove.com) for complete details regarding our products, or call us directly at (718) 486 8049 to discuss this great stove.

Williamsburg Mobile Marine, 68 South First St. Brooklyn, NY 11211 <sporeprint@worldnet.att.net>



Here's my subjective and biased report about the Essex River Row in held on May 13 in Essex, Massachusetts. Forty-five boats turned out May 13 for the annual event, sponsored by the Cape Ann Rowing Club. Under thick clouds that threatened rain, seven classes of rowers and paddlers wound their way with varying results down the twisting 6-mile course out into Essex Bay, counterclockwise around Cross Island and then back to the finish line near the Essex Shipbuilding Museum.

Dimitrios Karamanlidis, in the Men's Single Sliding Seat category, put in the fastest overall time: 49 minutes and 20 seconds. I cannot tell you exactly what make of sliding seat vessel he rowed, my deepest interests being focussed for aesthetic reasons to the single and double fixed seat rowers.

I can, however, report the second and third overall winners, thanks to the efficient tabulations of Bernie Smith, the race timer. Kinley Gregg placed second overall in 53 minutes and 20 seconds competing in the Women's Sliding Seat category. Third place overall went to Bill Reagan, paddling in Surf Skis and Racing Kayaks, in 54 minutes and 10 seconds. (Kirk Olson followed right behind him five seconds later, in the same category).

The four rowers in the Men's Fixed Seat Singles started the race at 10am. Tom Mailhot in his Whitehall (no rudder this time) smoothly and quickly took the lead by more than a couple of boat lengths. Mailhot finished first in this class (1:01:44) followed by Tom Hunter in his Merrimac Screamer (1:11:32), Mike

## The Essex River Row

By Anne Farrington

Cushing in Black Rose(1:12:53), and John Lucido (1:18:25).

The Double and Multi Fixed Seat rowers left the starting line two minutes after the fixed seat singles. This group included Team Saquish (six awesome women and Mike Jenness), and four husky guys in two Banks Dories.

But I only had eyes for my heroes, the Carter brothers, Don and Dustin, in *Daniel J. Murphy*, a fast and sleek stretched Piscataqua River Wherry (built by Andy Hall of *Green Onion* fame, and of which I am half owner!). I can say from personal experience that it feels almost as good to watch the *Murphy* speed through the water, powered by those two aging but larger-than-life rowing enthusiasts, as it does to row her.

The Carters placed first in this class (1:01:11), followed by Geoff Thomas and his buddy in one Banks Dory (1:13:10), Jim Tatantino and his buddy in the other Banks Dory (1:13:46), and Team *Saquish* (1:19:42).

After the Carter brothers disappeared into the marsh at the starting line, I chased up to Conomo Point, where we soon were able to observe Tom Mailhot still leading the pack around Cross Island. Mailhot was followed

shortly thereafter by the Carters.

I stuck around to watch other boats begin the turn around the island, and for a few tense moments it appeared to us that Mike Cushing was going to smash into a dock on the other shore. We told ourselves we should have known better, as Mike easily rowed under the dock.

When the last boat pulled in a couple of hours later, participants and supporters gathered in the town parking lot for scrumptious chowder donated by a local restaurant whose name I've forgotten already (possibly Woodman's? Ed.).

The awards ceremony was delayed a bit while everyone moved their illegally parked cars out of the parking lot in preparation for the impending return of the local clambers. Then lovely medals were awarded, and anyone who didn't walk away with a door prize must not have stuck around long enough, because there were LOTS of them!

Seen by many of us here as the official first race of the season, the Essex River Row began some dozen years ago. It is now a competitive rite of spring for many. "One guy here today from Virginia told us that this one is the only race between here and Virginia that isn't a sprint," said Ruth Kuykendall, one of the race organizers. "The Essex River Row started as a family outing sort of thing and then evolved," Kuykendall said. She recalls that the event began to take a competitive turn when it was decided to go ahead with the row despite awful weather one year.

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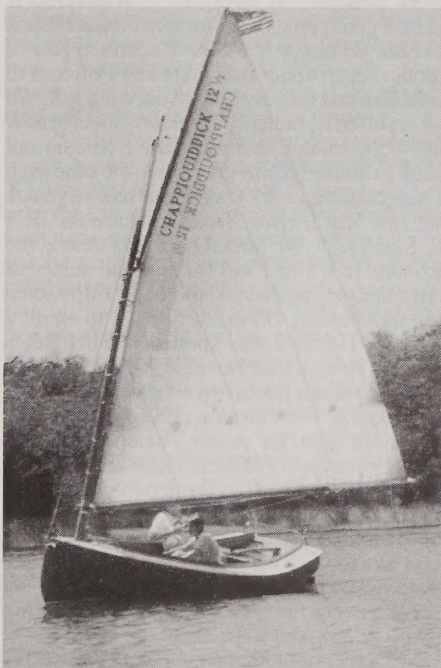
On the beach at the Island House.

## Cedar Key 2000 Journal

By Ron Hoddinott

Friday, May 5th: I'd waited long enough, one year to be exact. I decided to get on the road, even though it was not yet eight in the morning. I'd packed the van and boat the night before, and I'd had my morning coffee. I'd checked the lists and gone through all the necessary mental gymnastics to be sure that I'd forget only those things that I wouldn't go back

Bob Treat's Chappaquidick 12-1/2, *Freddie the Cat*.



for because I really could get along without them.

Along U.S. 19 somewhere north of Crystal River I discovered that there was at least one thing that road builders in Florida could do well, make a straight road. It was so straight that it somehow seemed to melt into the horizon like the vanishing Road Runner. Even with the windows open and the local country station blasting out a Travis Tritt ballad I was barely able to stay awake. Finally the second blinking yellow light north of Gulf Hammock signaled highway 24 and a left turn toward the springtime small boat sailing Mecca, Cedar Key.

As soon as I made the turn, I was wide awake, taking the increasingly salty air deep into my lungs with every breath. Crossing the number 4 bridge over the salt marsh, I could contain myself no longer and let out a loud and sustained rebel yell ... we had arrived.

After checking into the Island Place and launching *Whisper*, I motored her under the bridge to set up the rig. A few boats were out, this being the Friday before the big weekend. I'd spotted Ron Sell and Hugh Horton when I'd arrived, and Bill Kolesar was waiting for Rainer Kern to arrive with his new Sea Pearl Trimaran. Mark Stewart had his Bolger Light Schooner in cutter rig form on the beach behind the Island Place, and it looked fast. Bud Tritschler's and Paul Waggoner's Sea Pearls were on the beach behind the Island Place. Tosh from Atlanta was quickly converting some canoe camping buddies with the speed and ease of Sea Pearling. Larry Whited's Sea Pearl Tri was anchored over by Atsena Otie with no sign of him aboard.

*Black Puffin*, Hugh's sailing canoe was

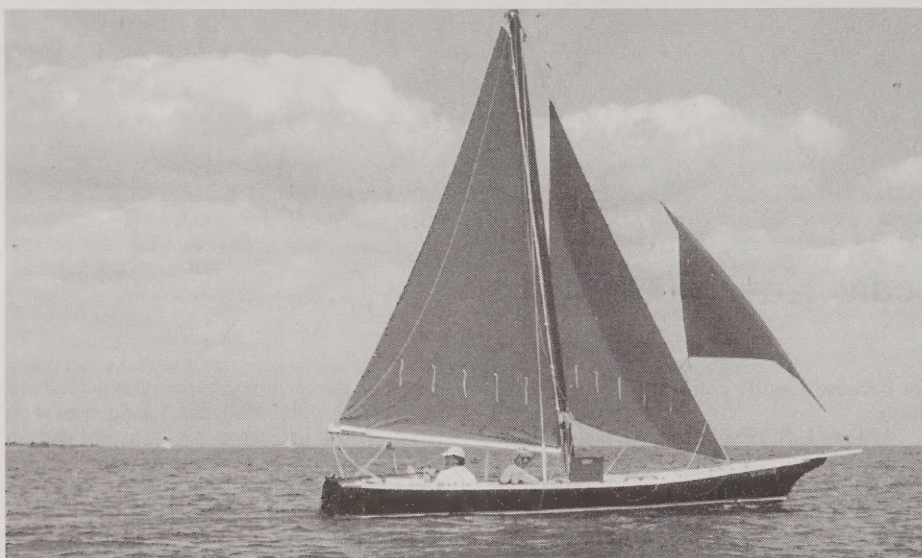
rounding the eastern shore of Atsena Otie as I sailed over to have a chat. I landed next to where Hugh had taken his beautiful carbon fiber and spanish cedar sailing canoe. Hugh and I are planning a trip to the Marquesa Keys in June and spoke of our plans. Then I asked to have a chance to sail *Black Puffin*. The wind was light, at 6 to 8 knots out of the southwest. I finally got the hang of the push-pull tiller sticks attached to the yoke of the rudder. *Puffin* responds to every puff with a pleasant acceleration, and cuts through the wavelets with aplomb. She has a light and buoyant feel in the water.

Off to the west I spotted a pod of porpoise. As I sailed toward them, they came over to play, turning their large sleek bodies at just the right moment to raise their eye out of the water for a quick peek at the sleek black canoe plying their waters. Then a sudden spurt of speed propelled by flicks of their powerful tails and they were gone. I left them in peace and sailed back to the beach. Hugh was waiting, taking pictures as I sailed in the last few yards to the beach, wishing I didn't have to hand her over to her owner.

I'd always wanted to sail through the island, but had never been able to discover the right place to enter. Back in *Whisper* with *Black Puffin* for company, we sailed around to the west side where the reeds parted and a quick right turn behind an oyster bar shoal revealed the inner passage through Atsena Otie. Inside we were transported back in time. We were the trespassers here. Two loud birds on opposite sides of the inner lagoon announced our intrusion to the assembly. Osprey nests and quiet reedy sanctuaries for wading birds and wildflowers were the waypoints of our pas



Hugh Horton sails his *Black Puffin* inside Atsena Otie.



Mark Stewart's Bolger Light Schooner.

Steve Morrill at ease in *Black Pearl*.



sage. On the other side we spotted a sleek bright-finished cat boat beating into the north-east entrance, it was Bob Treat in *Freddie-the-Cat*.

That evening, after my hotel-room-sharing-buddies, Steve Morrill, and Tac Cooney had arrived, we made our way over to an open house at Bob Treat's new get-away-home on 7th street. Inside, there was an assemblage of small boat cognoscenti that would make Phillip Bolger weep with joy, and an open bar as well! Thank you Bob, your house is lovely.

Saturday, May 6th: Saturday was a carbon copy of the best weather one can experience on Florida's Nature Coast. The tide was on its way out, but we were all able to get off the beach, and soon the channel was filled with flying sails and hulls. The Halifax Trailer Sailors showed up, now led by their new Commodore Bob Cauble in his MacGregor 26. Richard Sandy in his blue Peep Hen, Bob and Carol in their Pocket Cat, and Dana Decker in Sea Pearl #1 were all out sailing. Most of the Sea Pearls were following Ron Johnson over to Snake Key, so we followed along. Soon the beach on Snake was filling up with Sea Pearl Tris and mono hulls; Alan Chappuis, Paul and Dotie Waggoner, Rainer Kern and Bill Kolesar all in Sea Pearl Tris; Mark Cramer and family, Steve Morrill, and myself in Sea Pearl mono-hulls. Then over the horizon I noticed one large marconi sail approaching. It was Oggie Helt in his Clark Mills SunCat. He'd launched down by the Waccassa River and sailed up in the early morning.

We were having such a great time chatting and comparing boats and ideas that I had forgotten the time. I'd promised Bob Wood and Les Renner that I'd meet them on the beach by the Island Place at 10:30. I was an hour late, and the wind was dying. The 48lb thrust electric motor wasn't up to a sprint back to the mainland and the wind was going very light during its middle of the day get-ready-for-a-switch-to-the-west trick. Tac and I shoved off and switched the electric to full power. We went off to the north at a stunning 3 knots with all sails drawing for perhaps another half knot.

Back at the Island Place, Bob and Les were nowhere to be found. I wondered if they'd given up on me, but there wasn't much I could do about it. Mike Roberts appeared on the beach about that time, and I offered to take him and his lovely wife out for a sail. We all set off in a gradually increasing breeze, now out of the southwest. I thought we'd better sail back to Snake Key to give Steve the sandwich I was chilling in my cooler, but halfway back we saw him leaving Snake to chase the fleet to North Key. We turned back and treated the Roberts to a silent sail through the center of Atsena Otie, practicing the trick I'd learned the day before. On the way back to shore a mystery Dovekie was spotted. "I bet Bob's found a ride on that Dovekie," I thought. We swooped down tide to investigate, but he was not aboard. The Dovekie tacked away, and I never did catch the owner's name.

Dropping off Mike Roberts and his wife, we spotted Bob and Les up on the bridge above the Island Place beach. They'd gone for a bite to eat and missed us the last time around. As it was already getting on in the afternoon, they declined an offer of a ride in *Whisper*, and we spent most of the rest of the afternoon talking and watching the sails come and go.

Dinner at the Captain's Table was set for

seven, but I called ahead to make sure they would be ready for us. They'd forgotten, but the manager set aside the best window seats for a party of 35 to 40 hungry sailors. The party soon arrived and all the tables were filled. John Zwack, the new builder of the Sea Pearl, who brought along a newly designed Sea Pearl Tri with telescoping akas instead of hinged ones, handed out Sea Pearl hats and folding gym bags with the Sea Pearl logo. Ron Johnson, the original builder of the Sea Pearl, was also in attendance. The food and service was good, from our table's perspective. But the best thing was the opportunity to share reflections of the day and stories of past cruises aboard our small boats.

Sunday, May 7th: An early breakfast at Cook's Cafe had the crew of the *Whisper* ready for another day of sailing the tidal flats and salt marshes around Cedar Key. We'd missed out on Saturday's gathering at North Key while looking for Bob and Les, so we hoped some of the other sailors would like to catch the last of the ebb tide to sail out there again. We promised to investigate the west side of the island where the beautiful McCrary's Cove is located.

Soon *Black Pearl* and *Whisper* were riding a following breeze and an outgoing tide across the flats to North Key. Tac was steering *Whisper*, while I kept an eye on the chart and tried out my new handheld radio by checking in with Steve Morrill in *Black Pearl*. Oggie Helt in the *Sun Cat* was coming back from North Key, having spent a quiet night afloat in McCrary Cove. We exchanged greetings as we swept by each other on reciprocal courses. The morning was warm and humid and the small fishing boats in the distance looked like wavy lighthouses until we got close enough to discern a white-shirted fisherman standing on the poling platform of his flats boat.

McCrary Cove on the west side was as I remembered it. The pure white sand dunes intruded into the interior of the island in huge swatches of sand piling up mounds that would make excellent sites for a small tent camp. *Black Pearl* led the way to the beach, followed closely by *Whisper*, *Wag's Folly*, *Strider*, Gordie Hill's Core Sound 17, and the Bauer 10 sailed by Alan Hall. Anchors out, we walked the beach looking out for other sails on the horizon. Two intrepid kayakers landed and came over for a gam. The beach chairs were soon unlimbered, and Paul took a nap on the wing deck of *Wag's Folly*. I decided to cool off with a quick dip in the briny.

Tosh gave us an excellent demonstration of his ingenious use of a four season Eureka XT tent that he had converted into a shelter over the forward cockpit of the Sea Pearl. The tent made use of the side decks, while sealing out the weather and bugs. Well done Tosh! We were intent on completing our circumnavigation of North Key, but there were rumblings that we should stay and have lunch first.

I dug out a semi-smashed turkey on rye, and a St. Paulie Girl beer. Tosh, aboard *Strider*, had a better plan. His sailing buddies all pitched in. Picture this... four guys in a Sea Pearl all contributing to lunch. No plates, no forks, one pot. One fellow tore a whole head of lettuce into small pieces, another opened two cans of tuna, two cans of sardines in hot sauce, and a can of smoked oysters, another opened a small jar of mayo and pickle relish. Everything was tossed into the pot. They lamented that they didn't have a jar of sliced black olives. Extra hot sauce was optional.



Gordy Hill and Mandy Kraft with Gordy's Core Sound 17 cat-ketch.



John Zwack's new Sea Pearl with telescoping akas.

Tosh show off his adaptation of a Eureka XT 4-season tent to his Sea Pearl 21.





Dale Niemann's *Bananas*, a Marples 3-Meter Tri.

Sea Pearls on Snake Key.



This concoction was eaten on a slice of unleavened Norwegian wheat bread that was like a huge round cracker. It may sound gross, but it was delicious. They called it their "fish salad". Wonderful.

Lunch over, we all cast off together and sailed west to find a passage though the shoals to complete sailing around North Key. Steve Morrill in *Black Pearl* took the lead, with *Whisper* right behind. I was a passenger as Tac sailed *Whisper*, but I made myself useful by frequently sounding with a five foot length of bamboo. "Two feet... one foot... two feet.. no bottom," I called back to our helmsman. Ahead was a spread of oyster bars that seemed to span the horizon. We had to detour sharply to the east to find safe passage. I'd stand by the mast and scan the water for ripples or a slightly lighter shade of bottom. Through the oyster shoals, we headed toward Atsena Otie like a work horse heading for the barn. Now in deeper water we started to feel the incoming tide giving us a boost to the east. The wind had switched around to the southwest as we enjoyed our broad reach on the home stretch.

Soon the beach at Atsena Otie was again filled with sail and paddle craft. Hugh Horton arrived in *Black Puffin*. Ron Sell was sailing his Bell North Shore 18 canoe. Larry Whited loaned me his Chesapeake Light Craft Cape Charles to paddle about. Dale Nieman made a dramatic approach in the Marples 3-meter-tri, *Bananas*, flying his spinnaker until the last moment. The sun was warm and the winds

constant. It was a moment that was a microcosm of the entire event. Great weather, fine boats, good friends, and new acquaintances.

It was getting on into afternoon, so we headed back to the Island Place. Tac and Steve sailed *Black Pearl* onto the beach in an amazing display of avoiding an oncoming powerboat, a rowboat, and two young kayakers who insisted on being broadside to wherever Steve pointed the *Sea Pearl*'s bow at the last minute. Everyone held their breath, especially the kayakers who looked like deer in the headlights of an oncoming truck. It was time to decompress. Steve and Tac were heading back, and I had to get started on this journal while it was all fresh in mind.

Our last minute decision to have one more dinner out before their departure took on new meaning when we met Cecil and Melanie Johnston. They had just returned from living in China for several years, and have also purchased a *Sea Pearl*. Over dinner they regaled us with tales from living in China and Thailand before that, as well as their first long *Sea Pearl* adventure, ten days on the St. John's river. Cecil has also purchased land in Belize and plans to take the *Sea Pearl* and a camper down to enjoy while they build their retirement home. An adventurous pair to say the least!

After dinner we all said goodbye, and Steve and Tac took off for the Tampa Bay area, a three hour drive. I went back to the Island Place and started working on this journal.

Upstate New York is a great place to live if you love to sail, and I lived for summers spent racing dinghies on the Finger Lakes with an occasional "big boat" experience on Lake Ontario or Lake Erie. I worked at Colgate University in the student affairs area, and one of my colleagues, Carl Westerdahl, the Dean of Students at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (R.P.I.) in Troy, NY, kept a beautiful, Sabre 28 cruising sloop on the New York side of Lake Chaplain. I crewed with Carl on a few occasions, and despite having rather limited big boat credentials, I finally worked up my nerve and asked if I could charter the Sabre for a weekend cruise with my two young boys.

To my delight he agreed, and he chartered the boat to me on three separate occasions. These were memorable weekends, and I was careful to return the boat in better than received condition, cabin clean, holding tank pumped and gas tank full. Carl didn't charge much (about the equivalent of a medium priced motel per day), but he did ask that his charter skippers always leave a small "gift for the boat" for each charter, and I always enjoyed my outing to the local ships chandlery to pick out some utensil or useful gadget that would make life aboard a little more enjoyable. Our last cruise was on one of those beautiful late fall weekends with the Adirondacks ablaze with color, warm days, brisk winds and cold nights.

The following May, I got an early morning call from Carl who presented me with a tempting adventure. It seems that he had decided to power the Sabre from its winter berth on the Mohawk River through the New York State Barge Canal to Oswego and from Oswego across Lake Ontario to Sackets Harbor on the eastern edge of the lake and eventually back to Lake Chaplain via the St. Lawrence River and the Richelieu Canal. He had a small group of friends as crew, but just shy of Oswego, he learned he had the leave the cruise and return to R.P.I. to respond to some pressing matter that had landed on his desk. He knew I was familiar with the boat and wondered if I wanted to skipper the boat from Oswego to Sackets Harbor where he would then rejoin the cruise?

I thought about it (for all of a few nanoseconds) and readily agreed. After all, it was early May, the sun was shining, the breeze was beckoning, and it sounded like an easy sail and a great way to spend the weekend. (Note: When things look too good, they usually aren't, as the events of the weekend would quickly demonstrate).

I joined the boat in Oswego harbor the next day, and was pleased to see that Carl and his crew had stepped the mast and converted the rig from canal mode to laker mode. After introducing me to his buddies (a likeable enough lot), he gave me the keys to the Atomic 4, wished us good luck and hit the road. We decided to take a shakedown cruise and spend the night in Fair Haven Bay just a few miles to the west and make the crossing to Sackets Harbor the following day. It was unseasonably warm for early May and a nice 10-12 westerly made for an enjoyable outing and easy trip to Fair Haven. The crew seemed to know what they were doing, but little by little I began to sense that they had never sailed the boat in big water before.

That night, I took stock of the boat and equipment on board. The hull, rig, sails and motor were in tiptop condition. She carried a

## Lost in the Fog On Mexico Bay

By Alan Glos

mainsail with two rows of reef points and choice of two jibs, a large jib that I guessed was about 110% and a small, high clewed heavy weather jib. We also had all the required safety gear (anchors, PFDs, lights etc.) but no radio, or depth sounder and no navigational equipment other than a recent chart of the east end of Lake Ontario and a working magnetic compass (which Carl told me had been calibrated...at some point).

After supper, I unrolled the chart, penciled in a direct course northeast by north across Mexico Bay from Fair Haven to Sackets Harbor. Then, using the rudimentary navigation tools in the chart locker (dividers and a set of parallel rulers), I transposed the compass heading off the compass rose on the chart and entered the heading on the chart. In doing so, I exhausted most of my rather meager navigational skills. The marine weather forecast was for clear skies, waves 1'-2', and a steady 10-12 knot wind out of the west making for a broad to beam reach across Mexico Bay, a distance of about 50 miles, an easy day's run in the conditions anticipated.

When I was just about done with the chart, I looked up and noticed that some of the crew were staring at me with curious looks on their faces. "What," they wanted to know, "was I doing with that funny looking map?" I explained that I was plotting out the course we would sail and trying to figure basic compass headings and estimating drift. They probed a little more, and I explained that by going directly across the lake (rather than hugging the shore line) we could save a lot of time and avoid the shallows and shoals near shore and, depending on visibility, we might be out of sight of shore for a few hours. I didn't tell them that I have never sailed in this end of the lake and, thankfully, they didn't ask, but they grew quiet and...well, reflective at the idea being out of sight of land (I later learned that several of the crew had never sailed out of the sight land before).

A word about Mexico Bay. Mexico Bay is relatively shallow as Great Lakes go, and there are no protected harbors if one needed to take refuge in bad weather. Anchoring conditions are "iffy" in much of the Bay, and as the usual winds are west to northwest most of the year, there is not much sea room if one needed to run downwind. In a pinch, beaching the boat would almost surely save the lives of the crew but such behavior would not endear me in the eyes of the owner and would not look at all good on my nautical resume. No question about it, I wanted to give the beach to leeward a wide berth. At the other end of the Bay, the entrance to Sackets Harbor is guarded by some small islands and some rocky shallows.

The Sabre was a great sailor, but if anything a little underpowered in the engine department. If we had to claw to windward off the lee shore, we would probably have to depend on sailpower rather than the little "iron genny." As on all of the Great Lakes, weather and sea conditions change quickly, so we had to be prepared for the worst.

Sunday dawned clear but a little windier than predicted, and motoring out of Fairhaven I lined up between two known features on the chart, took a compass bearing and computed that the compass was reading a few degrees off true. The marine forecast was revised a little from the previous evening calling for winds in the 12-20 knot range and "patchy fog burning off by noon".

We hoisted the main and larger jib and set a course a few degrees west of the rhumb line (to allow for a little easterly drift) and sailed directly into a fog bank that persisted for the next six hours and did NOT "burn off by noon". The wind increased to about 15 knots and we were rail down headed north-east with visibility of about one to two boatlengths. I tried to inspire confidence, but the crew (including me) was clearly a little worried. The wind picked up, shifted slightly from west to north (as winds around an advancing cold front tend to) and it started to rain hard, reducing our visibility from poor to ever poorer. However, we were making great time and flew across the Bay at hull speed. I estimated that we would make landfall in about 6 hours one way or the other.

As any experienced sailor knows, sailing in fog with no clear fix (this was pre-GPS days, boys and girls) is a truly eerie sensation. The sense of sensory deprivation is acute, and one is left to the basics of dead reckoning and rather slavish adherence to the predetermined compass heading. We did have a foghorn on board which we sounded at regular intervals and we kept a sharp lookout for any obstacles in our two-boatlength range of vision.

By early afternoon, the fog lifted a little and the visibility improved. By my rough calculations, we would soon make landfall, and sure enough, we began to make out a rough shoreline and then a few islands. We were looking for Association Island, a former Eastman Kodak employee's association summer retreat, and if we could positively identify the island we were looking at as Association, we were no more than 1/4 mile off course! We could see a manmade tower on the island, and to our delight it was clearly marked on the chart. We plotted a course through the ledges and shallows shown on the chart and sailed almost all the way in to the pre-determined marina then motored in to the harbor to find Carl waiting for us as arranged. "How was the crossing?" he said jauntily.

"Piece of cake," we replied almost in unison. As for me, I was glad to turn the helm over to the owner, but it had been an adventure, and after all, what could have gone wrong?

A lot of things could have gone wrong, and candidly, we were not well equipped to deal with a worst case scenario. The fog could have continued or worsened, and the weather could have deteriorated forcing us to remain on the lake throughout the day or even the night with little chance of making a safe landfall. Without a marine radio transceiver, we were essentially out of touch with any outside help, and in retrospect, a more prudent mariner might have postponed the crossing as soon as fog was encountered. Today a \$200 hand held GPS device would have made the cruise a true "piece of cake". But then again I wouldn't be writing about it almost 20 years later! A little risk is at the core of all true adventure, so we all regarded it as a day when the risk was worth the outcome.



Harbor Island. By later in the day I arrived I had been joined by three other cruising yachts.

## Thread of Life -- Part 2

### Ten Days of Adventure on the Coast of Maine in a 16' Sailboat

Harbor Island, an Island Paradise: I was cooking hamburger goulash (since the tide had been too far up to gather mussels), when a 16' skiff rounded the point and tied up to a nearby mooring. It was a much smaller craft than I had been expecting. The lone man then took the rowboat that had previously occupied the mooring and deftly sculled over to the steep, rocky embankment. There he pulled the boat up and out of the water. Nearly hidden in the shadows of the dense spruce trees were two small cabins. As the man approached the nearest cabin a shaggy dog appeared, offering welcoming barks and a wagging tail. While I ate dinner, I watched the islander go about his chores of fetching water and gathering firewood. Later as dusk fell, I could see light from a gas lantern coming from one of his small cabin windows.

Taft mentions this sort of thing in the cruising guide. They are usually lobstermen who live very primitively and privately on a few of the islands during the summer months. I had never thought I would witness it. What solitude and escape from the world this must be! I was impressed. Across the harbor was a much more imposing residence. It was poised to offer a grand overlooking view of the sea and islands, and had a neatly mowed lawn leading down a gentle slope to the water's edge. It occurred to me, that this heavenly and peaceful place was no doubt paradise to all who lived here.

Harbor Island and Hall Island form the Harbor Island anchorage. They are joined at the southern end, the direction from which the prevailing weather comes, by a narrow ledge of rock that is only a couple feet above sea level at full tide. The two landforms spread apart to the north, creating a gorgeous pie-shaped harbor that is very well protected. Arriving midway on the flood tide, I had sailed to the head of the harbor. There I found a nice exposed stretch of sandy beach and shells where I could anchor *Blue Mist* in the shallows. Well away from the residences, I had an hour or more of fun exploring and getting in some photography before being forced to leave

by the rising tide. By later that day, three other cruising yachts had also arrived.

Colonial Pemaquid: It is Friday morning, September 4th. I am at the harbor of Colonial Pemaquid and have been sailing now four days, enjoying outstanding weather. Yesterday's rounding of Pemaquid Point, though interesting, was uneventful, as the winds were quite light making sailing more work than fun. I am getting to see a part of the coast that I have not seen before, at least as seen from the sea that is. This region, being less of a driving distance from the east coast population centers, is noticeably more developed with an increasing number of houses. Just the same, it is different and fascinating and there is a lot I am anxious to explore.

Colonial Pemaquid is a Maine historic site and park. Besides a small museum and the park offices, it consists of ruins and a reconstructed fortification, the great western tower of what was Fort William Henry. It dates back to the first settlers who arrived in the 1620s. This puts it among the few early new world settlements. Due to its unique and strategic location, the settlement, though completely wiped out at least several times, enjoyed a long and varied history; first as a fortification of the British, then later the Americans. Finally, around the mid-18th century, it was abandoned and forgotten until rediscovered in the late 19th century.

Places such as this make terrific cruising stops, especially for someone like me. Besides providing a welcomed break in the daily routine, the good facilities afford an opportunity to wash away several days of grime and salty crustaceans. The excellent harbor and picturesque surroundings make this a great place to visit.

Both yesterday and today there has been a threat of showers; however, nothing has developed. The rain has stayed to the northeast. Today's forecast is for clearing and partly sunny by late afternoon. Then surprise, a big change is in store for the weekend. A cold front with breezy conditions, meaning lots of wind, and much cooler temperatures, is due to arrive.

Well, I knew it couldn't hold forever!

Having dallied, listening to the stories of the park ranger, who was an excellent story teller, who didn't care that he had an audience of just three (all cruising folks), it took me a bit longer than usual getting ready. It wasn't until 11:00 hours that I departed. The wind was nice and on land the sun shone brightly. But out on the bay, thick puffy white patches of fog drifted with the breeze. Next stop busy Boothbay Harbor for a weather radio shopping trip.

Just a Little Patchy Fog: The wonderful thing about Maine's coast is its incredible variety. The land formations in this, the central region, are much different than the sandy beaches of southern Maine, the flatter Penobscot Bay region, the mountains around Mount Desert Island, or the down East coast. Here, many long high north-south rocky ridges jut far out into the sea like gigantic fingers, creating a multitude of long narrow bays and sounds. There are many prominent points to be navigated and, as always on Maine's coast, lots of intriguing islands.

Eons ago, major geologic forces combined to crinkle the rugged granite of this region until the rock layers stood on end, forming numerous tall parallel ridges. Then, at a much later period, the weight of the great continental glacial ice rounded down these ridges and depressed the land. When the glacial ice receded, it left behind the sunken coast of today. It also gave us the two great rivers, the Kennebec and the Sheepscot, that flow to the sea along this part of the coast. As anyone can imagine, this coast is wonderfully interesting to cruise and affords many excellent, well protected harbors.

To sail west or east means that, most of the time, these long points have to be rounded, making for lengthy, although enjoyable, passages. Once in a while, however, there will be a break in the promontories that affords a short cut. Many of these short cuts are narrow passages and are commonly referred to as a "gut". The tidal currents through these guts can be strong, requiring careful passage tim-

ing for someone in a small sailboat.

It was the start of the holiday weekend. As I headed into John's Bay across the way, I could see a couple in a small, pretty, gaff-rigged day-sailer also about to go out to enjoy the pleasant breeze. It all seemed very fitting. My plan was to make a beat south, down the Bay, go outside Thrumcap Island and then turn east for Fisherman Island Passage off of Linekin Neck. Boothbay Harbor was just a short run north-northeast from there, the total trip being under 11nm. I didn't envision the patchy fog presenting any big problem.

I had thought about taking a narrow passage on the east side of John's Bay. It runs inside a string of rocky ledges and Shipley Point. The channel is buoyed and would provide a sizable short cut. The unusual name of this small channel, "Thread of Life", had caught my fancy. However, being afraid that it might be too narrow, I decided to go the long way around. Close-hauled, I cut behind John's Island and smack into the thick white stuff. My bright, sunny world turned instantly gloomy and damp. One minute I knew where I was, and the next, I was lost in the soup. The fog was thicker and much less patchy than I had thought.

Having had plenty of practice sailing in the fog, sometimes with good results and others with less success, I have learned a couple of things. One is not to attempt beating to windward (i.e., tacking back and forth) in dense fog in these waters with only a compass as a guide and expect to end up at the desired location. So, now I hove-to and reached for the GPS and chart.

Though having sailed for several days already, this was the first time I bothered to get that little magical instrument out of its case. Prior to this, I had not taken the time to power it up to acquire a position or input any waypoints or routes. Well, guess what? That's right! It, too, was a dead duck, just like the radio. Try as I would, it wouldn't power up. I could hardly believe what was happening to all my electronic equipment.

Again, as with the radio, before leaving home I had powered the GPS and it had worked fine. Because it too had taken a dunking in the Chesapeake, I had even removed the batteries to make sure there was no corrosion. The batteries had been nice and clean and, since they were practically new, I put them back. But GPSs are known to eat up batteries (for this reason I always carry spares) and all I could conclude was that the batteries were dead. What I would discover later, upon arriving at Boothbay, was that I had gotten confused and reinstalled the old batteries upside down. (This still wasn't the end to my equipment problems carrying over from my earlier capsizes).

Much different than with inland lakes, sailing in the fog here doesn't always mean experiencing light winds. On this occasion I enjoyed a nice, steady breeze of about 10 knots. The problem was that it was out of the south. Had I been able to reach or run, navigating would have presented much less of a concern. In past situations, I have had impressive luck sailing in fog just by compass and dead reckoning. With the help of a GPS, held in the hand or propped on a mount where it is easy to see, sailing in the fog can be an enjoyable experience. The hushed sounds and nearness of the sea and sky imparts a sense of solitude and peace. Often, seals will allow you to



I have been sailing now for four days, enjoying outstanding weather. Yesterday's rounding of Pemaquid Point, though interesting, was uneventful, as the winds were quite light.

approach closer than usual and surprise you by suddenly popping their heads up right next to the boat. If I'm feeling comfortable with my navigation. I enjoy this kind of sailing.

There was no alternative. I was going to have to make a series of tacks down the Bay and estimate my track as best I could. I had to hope for an occasional break in the fog that would let me recognize some distinguishable landmark. Being completely unfamiliar with the area, I could count on recognizing only one good aid, the buoy marking the entrance to Thread of Life. Beyond that, it would be a long way around Thrumcap Island with nothing to navigate by. In my struggle, I revisited the idea of taking Thread of Life. It was a good short cut, narrow enough to keep from getting lost and well buoyed. If the fog didn't clear, it would be a much safer route. From the best guess of my position the buoy was about 2 nautical miles upwind. I would try for the buoy. Quickly, I estimated *Blue Mist's* speed, the number of tacks, and the time it would take. Then I started my stopwatch. I would need to be lucky!

It should be about time! I had made several tacks, running blind and close-hauled, until a glimpse of a rocky shore emerging from the fog told me to come about. Breaks in the fog had been few. But now, being in the wider portion of the Bay, I had to time the length of my tacks. I had been on a port tack sailing toward the rocky east shore for what seemed like a long time. If I had done right, the Thread of Life buoy should be close by. But this was a treacherous spot, laced with submerged ledges and rocks. If I missed, I would have very little idea of where I was in relation to danger. A few more anxious moments passed by, then "Bless the Lord", there was a small break in the fog. Less than a hundred yards to port, I saw sharp ugly rocks and a nasty surf, and just a bit out from that, a large beautiful buoy. Yes, I was lucky!

(To Be Continued)



Harbor and dinghy dock at Colonial Pemaquid. The excellent harbor and picturesque surroundings made this a great place to visit.

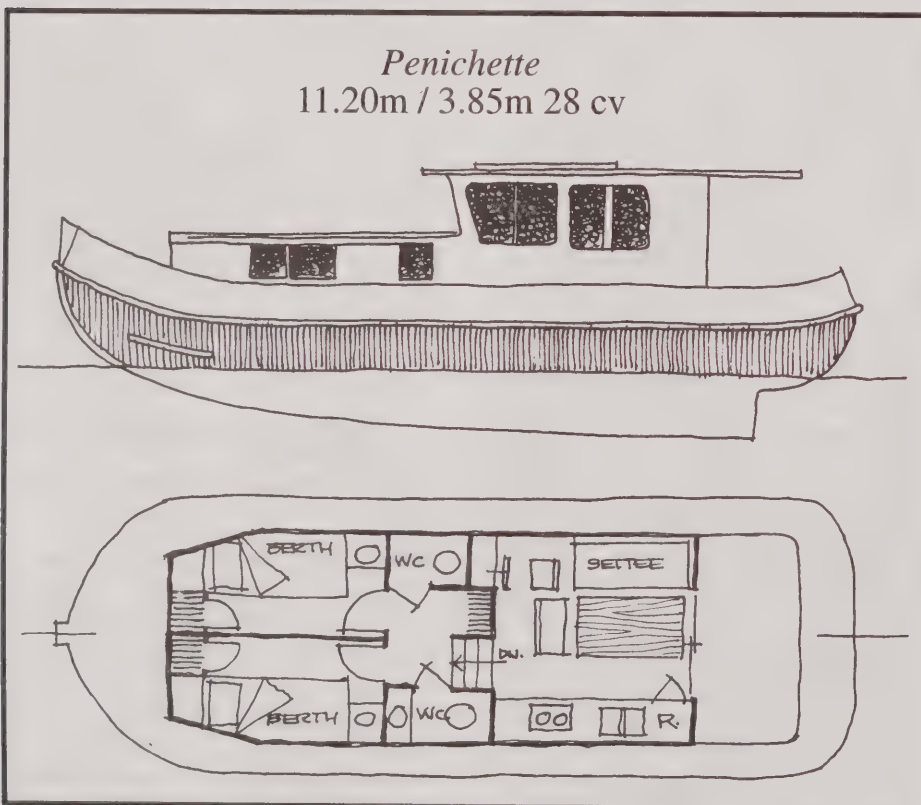
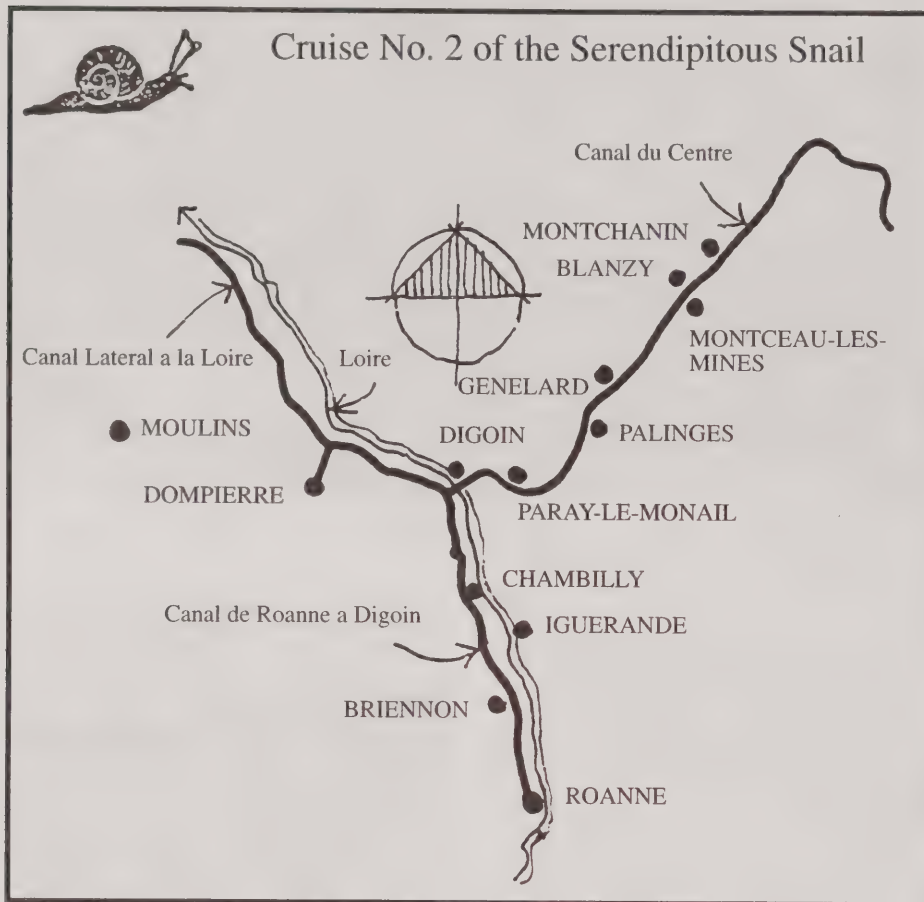
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# The Bandana Boat Boys In Burgundy

## Two Weeks in France on The Canal du Centre

### Fall of '96 - Part 1

By Phil Thiel



The question in the back of our minds as the train accelerates out of Paris Gare Lyon is, "Will the second week of our two-week cruise, when we retrace our course back along the canal, offer less delight than the continuous sequences of new scenes and situations, as on our one-way trip last year?" Two and a half hours later we descend from the Grandes Lignes express at Moulins-sur-Allier and transfer to the little rail car that dawdles through the Burgundian countryside to Dompierre-sur-Besbre (the next stop after Thiel-sur-Ancolin). With the help of the local ambulance-taxi we shift our bags through town to the boat rental depot. Here we are charmed by Florence M., Chef de Base, who completes our contract formalities and directs us to local restaurants and shops.

After lunch our 11-meter "penichette" *Negra*, is ready for us, and Mlle Florence instructs us in its operation and handling. The good news is that this boat has good directional stability, unusual in shallow-draft craft, and steers wonderfully well. The bad news (we discover later) is a faulty electrical connection which requires occasional under-deck access to the motor when starting up.

After stowing our gear we move down the short Dompierre embranchement to the canal lateral a la Loire and proceed to the bridge by the extensive 18th-century walled Abbaye de Sept-Fons (presently producing "Les Produits Dietetiques") which lies just opposite the equally extensive 20th-century fenced Renault iron foundry (presently producing automotive engine blocks). Here we have supper and lay over for the night and continue our familiarization with the boat.

Early the next morning Mlle Florence turns up with the rest of our rental bikes, and fiddles with the engine wiring. Then off we go, weather cool and overcast, up through locks 6,5, and 4 (Besbre, Putay, Theil) where we inaugurate our new pourboire system: Red bandanas outbound, blue bandanas return. At the village of Pierrefitte we go ashore to wander the quiet noontime lanes; red tile roofs, ochre stone walls, and pink oleanders in the gardens. After lunch we wake the keeper at lock 3 (Oddes), who is embarrassed at having over slept his lunch hour.

We motor slowly through quiet fields and forests, through lock 2 (Talenne), with glimpses of the broad meanders of the Loire off to our left. Just before the town of Digoïn we hang a right into the branch canal that leads up to the city of Roanne. We are now heading south, still alongside the Loire. The wonderful "opportunistic lassitude" of canal cruising is now beginning to take over, and we treat time wantonly and impulsively; overnight at the bridge at Bonnard; the next afternoon we stop to shop at Melay, and then moor for the night at Briennon.

Here, after supper aboard the boat (for which Gary now is taking the initiative, since, as he states, "I want to know what I will be eating") he and Donn go off to play boules (an obsession they developed last summer). Meanwhile I prow about the port de plaisance. But soon I seek them out, to lead them to a great discovery, a small new factory producing the heavy steel balls used for this game. Warmly welcomed by the young proprietor, we have the mystery of their construction revealed to us. They are formed as hemispheres stamped out of strips of half-inch-thick steel. Faced off in a lathe, the two halves are

laser-welded together and then polished and tested for uniformity by floating them in mercury.

The next morning Donn and Gary are back at the boules works discussing international franchises and concessions, while I photograph some commercial barges. The morning mist burns off and we proceed up through locks 3 (Briennon) and 2 (Cornillon), where I make a bad approach, due to heavy downstream outflow and eddies, to the terminus at Roanne. This city, dating from before 1 BC, has always been associated with downstream water transport on the adjacent Loire. When the Briare canal was opened in 1583, this travel extended to Nantes and Paris, and with the opening of the Roanne-Digoin canal in 1838, traffic averaged 300,000 tons per year up to 1962. Presently it is used chiefly for pleasure.

That evening and the next morning we explore the town and replenish our larder at a hypermarche. Then its back down the canal to Iguerande, where Donn and Gary bike off to visit the nearby 12th-century church on a hilltop overlooking the valley; which we spotted on the way up and reserved for this later visit.

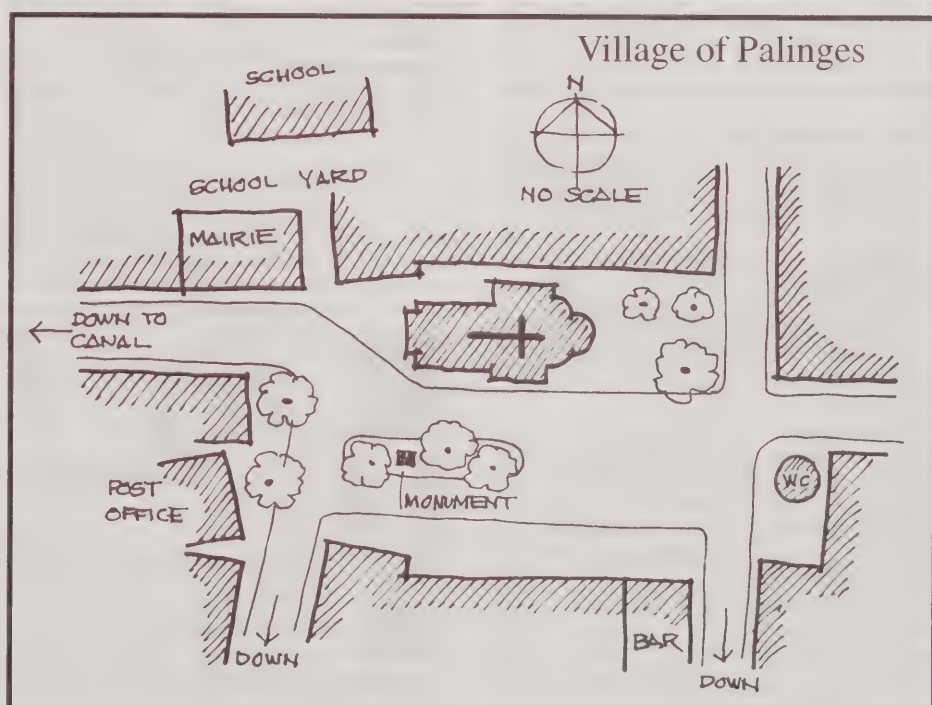
That night, spent at this location, is very clear, and the sky is resplendent with a panoramic Milky Way. The morning mist soon burns off, and in brilliant weather we descend the canal; past Artaix, with its attractive port de plaisance bordered by orderly groves of black poplars, through locks 4, 5, and 6 to Chambilly. At this hamlet, squeezed between a bend of the Loire and the canal, we hasten to shop for food supplies before everything closes for the sacred lunch hour, and then wander the empty streets, marveling at how it all resembles a stage set for a provincial French village. After lunch we continue down the canal to the junction where we turn right into the Canal du Centre. The weather is exhilarating; bright and cool, and as a foretaste of autumn, the canal is carpeted with the yellow leaves that drift down from the bordering trees.

Soon we are gliding over the Loire on the long masonry (Photo 2) pont-canal, or aqueduct, before Digoin and, passing through the town, moor for Saturday night at a deserted quiet location opposite the enormous Endurit chantier (asbestos-cement building products). Supper is on board, and afterwards during the long twilight Donn expounds on piscatory matters while Gary explores the neighborhood (no place to play boules!).

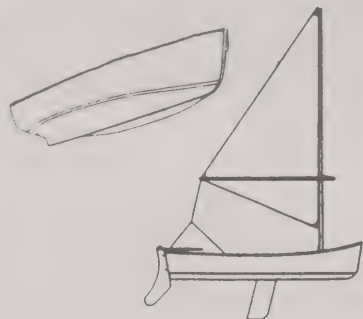
After a leisurely breakfast next morning we move on through two locks to a mooring at Paray-le-Monail. This pilgrimage town features a 12th-century basilica, fronted with a manicured esplanade on the river, and a 12th-century town hall embedded in a wonderful warren of narrow streets and irregular (Photo 3) "squares". After lunch, naps, and a game of boules, we drift onwards, and near Thiellay 18 glimpse the silhouetted towers and perterre of the Chateau de Digoine on the crest of a long grassy slope; of which more later.

Just beyond we tie up at the bridge to Palinges, and Donn makes friends with cow no. 29 in the adjacent pasture. The village of Palinges, a short walk up from the canal, is centered on a church at the conjunction of six roads and offers another case study in human-scaled townscape.

Next morning we discover that cow no. 29 has brought all her friends over to the fence



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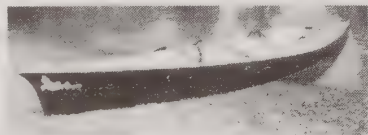
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for handouts of fresh bunches of grass, while up in town the square is full of schoolchildren and mostly mothers, awaiting the 9 o'clock opening of classes for the new term. This day we motor 20 km to arrive at the city of Montceau les-Mines about 5 pm, and make a wind-beset landing at a float in the municipal harbor. This segment of the canal is notable for many dogleg turns, automated locks,

bridges, a canal-side nuclear power plant, and, just before the city, an interior basin for loading barges with coal from the mines.

The next morning we awake to find that a massive open-air (Photo 4) street market has materialized on the adjacent quad. We change money at the Credit Lyonnais and stock up on food, film, and postcards, and, at a discount shop discover some inexpensive blue workers' clothing. Our final outbound segment is now up through ten automated locks to the summit pool, where the bounding locks are named Ocean 1 (leading to the Atlantic) and Mediterranee 1 (leading to the Mediterranean). Here we stop at the bridge near Montchanin, and after lunch, Gary and Phil walk up to town and at the center discover a street arrangement of two lanes bordered by a row of pollarded plane-trees; in turn bordered by a lane of parking, an access lane, and then a broad sidewalk. We refresh ourselves at an outdoor cafe with tea and an ice, and reflect on the circumstances underlying such urban distinction in such a small town.

This is our turnaround point. Returning downstream through eight automated locks, we find that with no traffic and open, ready locks we average only seven to eight minutes at each. At the bridge to Blanzky we rest overnight and the next morning, upon visiting this even smaller town discover still more townscape marvels

(To Be Continued)

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We had not provided ourselves with a tent, and no artifice on our part could protect us from these torments; so, vainly dealing blows right and left, we discussed the oft-mooted point of the mosquito's usefulness to mankind. We lords of creation believe that everything is made for the gratification of man, even thinking at one time, in our ignorance, that the beautiful colors of flowers served no other end, than to gratify the sense of sight. But this fancy, made beautiful by the songs of our poets, has been dealt with as the man of science must ever deal with stubborn facts, and the utility as well as the beauty of these exquisite hues have been discovered. The colors in the petals of the flowers attract certain insects, whose duty it is to fertilize the flowers by dusting the pistils with the pollen of the ripe anthers, some being attracted by one color, some by another.

Flowery thoughts were not, however, in keeping with the miserable state of mental and physical restlessness induced by the irritating mosquito, and its usefulness seemed to be a necessary thought to make me patient as I lay like a mummy, enveloped in my blankets. The coons were fighting and squealing around my boat, which lay snugly ensconced in a bayou among the reeds, for, once under my hatch-cover, the presence of man was unheeded by these animals, and they sportively turned my deck into a species of amphitheatre.

The vices and virtues of the mosquito may be summed up in a few words, always remembering that it is the FEMALE, and not the MALE, to whom humanity is indebted for lessons of patience. The female mosquito deposits about three hundred eggs, nearly the shape of a grain of wheat, arranging and gluing them perpendicularly side by side, until the whole resembles a solid, canoe-like body, which floats about on the surface of the water. Press this little boat of eggs deep into the water, and its buoyancy causes it to rise immediately to the surface, where it maintains its true position of a well-ballasted craft, right side up. The warmth of the sun, tempered with the moisture of the water, soon hatches the eggs, and the larva, as wigglers or wrigglers, descend to the bottom of the quiet pool, and feed upon the decaying vegetable matter. It moves actively through the stagnant water in its passage to the surface, aerifying it, and at the same time doing faithfully its work as scavenger by consuming vegetable germs and putrefying matter. Professor G. F. Sanborn, and other leading American entomologists, assert that the mosquito saves from twenty-five to forty per cent. in our death-list among those who are exposed to malarial influences.

With malaria, the curse of large districts in the United States, sowing its evil seeds broadcast in our land, and daily closing its iron grasp upon its victims, who could wish for the extermination of so useful an insect as the mosquito?

When the larva reaches the surface of the water, it inhales, through a delicate tube at the lower end of its body, all the air necessary for its respiration. Having lived three or four weeks in the water, during which time it has entered the pupa state, the original skin is cast off; and the insect is transformed into a different and more perfect state. A few days later the epidermis of the pupa falls off; and floats upon the water, and upon this light raft the insect dries its body in the warm rays of the sun; its damp and heavy form grows lighter



## Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879  
(1837-1902)

### Chapter 9 On the Gulf of Mexico (continued)

Marshes and Mosquitos - Important Use of the Mosquito and Blow-Fly - St. Joseph's Light - An Exciting Pull to Bay St. Louis - A Light-Keeper Lost in the Sea - Battle of the Sharks - Biloxi - The Watercress Garden - Little Jennie

and more ethereal; it slowly spreads its delicate wings to dry, and soon rises into the clear ether a perfected being.

The male mosquitoes retire to the woods, and lead an indolent, harmless life among the flowers and damp leaves. They are not provided with a lancet, and consequently do not feed upon blood, but suck up moisture through the little tubes nature has given them for that purpose. They are a quiet, well-behaved race, and do not even sing; both the music and the sting being reserved for the other sex. They rarely enter the abodes of man, and may be easily identified by their heavy, feathery antennæ and long maxillary palpi.

Unfortunately for mankind, the female mosquito possesses a most elaborate instrument of torture. She first warns us of her presence by the buzzing sound we know so well, and then settling upon her victim, thrusts into the quivering flesh five sharp organs, one of which is a delicate lancet. These organs, taken in one mass, are called the beak, or bill of the insect. A writer says: "The bill has a blunt fork at the end, and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove, and projecting from the centre of the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a handsaw. On either side of this lance two saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp,

and the teeth well-defined and keen. The backs of these saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights, with its peculiar hum, it thrusts in its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play beside the lance, until the forked bill, with its capillary arrangement for pumping blood, can be inserted. The sawing process is what grates upon the nerves of the victim, and causes him to strike wildly at the sawyer. The irritation of a mosquito's bite is undoubtedly owing to these saws. It is to be hoped that the mosquito keeps her surgical instruments clean, otherwise it might be a means of propagating blood diseases."

While the mosquito is a sort of parasite, Professor Sanborn, the "Consulting Naturalist" of Andover, Massachusetts, informs me that he has discovered as many as four or five parasitical worms preying upon the inside tissues of the minute beak of the insect.

When the young female mosquito emerges from the water, she lays her eggs in the way described, and her offspring following in time her example, several broods are raised in a single season. Many of the old ones die off; but a sufficient number hybernate under the bark of trees and in dwelling-houses, to perpetuate the species in the early spring months of the following year.

Another insect scavenger, found along the low shores of the Gulf, is the blow-fly, and one very useful to man. Of one species of this insect the distinguished naturalist Reaumur has asserted that the progeny of a single female will consume the carcass of a horse in the same time that it will require a lion to devour it. This singular statement may be explained in the following way. The female fly discovers the body of a dead horse, and deposits (as one species does) her six hundred eggs upon it. In twenty-four hours these eggs will hatch, producing about three hundred female larva, which feed upon the flesh of the horse for about three days, when they attain the perfected state of flies. The three hundred female flies will in their turn deposit some hundred and eighty thousand eggs, which become in four days an army of devourers, and thus in about twelve days, under favorable circumstances, the flesh is consumed by the progeny of one pair of flies in the same time that a lion would devour the carcass.

Our sleepless night coming at last to an end, we rowed, at dawn, along the prairie shores of the northern coast towards the open Gulf of Mexico. Back of the prairies the forests rose like a green wall in the distance. A heavy fog settled down upon the water and drove us into camp upon the prairie, where we endured again the torture caused by the myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, and were only too glad to make an early start the next morning. A steady pull at the oars brought us to the end of a long cape in the marshes. About a mile and a half east of the land's end we saw a marshy island, of three or four acres in extent, out of the grass of which arose a small wooden light-house, resting securely upon its bed of piles. There was a broad gallery around the low tower, and seeing the light-keeper seated under the shadow of its roof, we pulled out to sea, hoping to obtain information from him as to the "lay of the land." It was the Light of St. Joseph, and here, isolated from their fellow-men, lived Mr. H. G. Plunkett and his assistant light-keeper.

They were completely surrounded by

water, which at high tide submerged their entire island. Mr. Butler, the assistant light-keeper, was absent at the village of Bay St. Louis, on the northern shore. The principal keeper begged us to wait until he could cook us a dinner, but the rising south-east wind threatened a rough sea, and warned us to hasten back to the land. The keeper, standing on his gallery, pointed out the village of Shieldsboro, nine miles distant, on the north coast, and we plainly saw its white cottages glimmering among the green trees.

Mr. Plunkett advised us not to return to the coast which we had just left, as it would necessitate following a long contour of the shore to reach Shieldsboro, but assured us that we could row nine miles in a straight course across the open Gulf to the north coast without difficulty. He argued that the rising wind was a fair one for our boats; and that a two hours' strong pull at the oars would enable us to reach a good camping-place on high ground, while if we took the safer but more roundabout route, it would be impossible to arrive at the desired port that night, and we would again be compelled to camp upon the low prairies. We knew what that meant; and to escape another sleepless night in the mosquito lowland, we were ready to take almost any risk.

Having critically examined our oar-locks, and carefully ballasted our boats, we pulled into the rough water. The light-keeper shouted encouragingly to us from his high porch, "You'll get across all right, and will have a good camp to-night!" For a long time we worked carefully at our oars, our little shells now rising on the high crest of a combing sea, now sinking deep into the trough, when one of us could catch only a glimpse of his companion's head. As the wind increased, and the sea became white with caps, it required the greatest care to keep our boats from filling. The light-keeper continued to watch us through his telescope, fearing his counsel had been ill-advised. At times we glanced over our shoulders at the white sandbanks and forest-crowned coasts of Shieldsboro and Bay St. Louis, which were gradually rising to our view, higher and higher above the tide. The piers of the summer watering-places, some of them one thousand feet in length, ran out into shoal water. Against these the waves beat in fury, enveloping the abutments in clouds of white spray. When within a mile of Shieldsboro the ominous thundering of the surf, pounding upon the shelving beach of hard sand, warned us of the difficulty to be experienced in passing through the breakers to the land.

It was a very shoal coast, and the sea broke in long swashy waves upon it. If we succeeded in getting through the deeper surf, we would stick fast in six inches of water on the bottom, and would not be able to get much nearer than a quarter of a mile to the dry land. Then, if we grounded only for a moment, the breaking waves would wash completely over our boats.

Having no idea of being wrecked upon the shoals, I put the duck-boat's bow, with apron set, towards the combing waves, and let her drift in shore stern foremost. The instant the heel of the boat touched the bottom, I pulled rapidly seaward, and in this way felt the approaches to land in various channels many times without shipping a sea.

Saddles kept in the offing, in readiness to come to my assistance if needed. It became evident that we could not land without filling

our boats with water, so we hauled off to sea, and took the trough easterly, until we had passed the villages of Shieldsboro and Bay St. Louis, when, like a port of refuge, the bay of St. Louis opened its wide portals, which we entered with alacrity, and were soon snugly camped in a heavy grove of oaks and yellow pines. Here we found an ample supply of dry wood and fresh water, with wud ducks feeding within easy gunshot of our quarters. There were no mosquitoes, and that fact alone rewarded us for our exertions and anxieties.

It was after five o'clock in the afternoon, and, sitting over our cheerful camp-fire, we had little thought of the scene being enacted on the ground we had just gone over. The light-keeper was still at his post, not anxious now about our little craft; but, peering through the fast gathering gloom, he turned his telescope in the direction where he expected to find the boat of his assistant. He soon saw a tiny speck, which grew more and more distinct each moment as it rose and fell upon the waves, beating against a head wind, with sails set, and coming from Bay St. Louis to St. Joseph's Light. It was the boat he expected; and, adjusting his glass, he awaited her arrival.

The cheery light shot its pellucid rays over the dark water, inviting the little sail-boat to a safe harbor, while the mariner hopefully wrestled with the wind and sea, thinking it would soon be over, and his precious cargo (for his wife, her friend, and his three children were on board) safely landed upon the island, where they could look calmly back upon the perils of the deep.

Bravely the boat breasted the sea. It was within three miles of the light, though hardly visible in the gloom to the watchful eye of the light-keeper on his gallery, when Butler attempted to go upon another tack. Twice he tried, twice he failed, when, making a third attempt, the boom of the sail jibed, and instantly the boat capsized. The disappearance of the sail from his horizon told the man upon the gallery of the peril of his friends, and quickly launching a boat, he proceeded rapidly to the scene of disaster.

He found the two women clinging to the boat, and rescued them; but the man and his three children were drowned. A week later, the body of the assistant keeper with that of his oldest child were washed up upon the beach; the others were doubtless thrown up on some lonely coast and devoured by wild hogs or buzzards.

Four months later, some fishermen, while hauling their seine, found the boat imbedded in the sand, in about eight feet of water. Thus the treacherous sea is ever ready to swallow in its insatiable maw those who love it and trust to its ever varying moods.

The gale confined us to our camp for three days, during which time we roamed through the beautiful semi-tropical woods, cooked savory meals, and, lying idly near our fire, watched the fish leap from the water. While in our retreat, Dame Nature favored us with one sharp frost, but it was not sufficiently severe to injure vegetation.

On Monday, January 31, we left the beautiful bay, and rounding Henderson's Point, pulled an easterly course on the open Gulf, along the shores of the village of Pass Christian, which, like the other summer watering-places of this part of the Gulf coast, was made conspicuous from the water by the many long light piers, built of rough pine poles, which

extended, in some cases, several hundred feet into the shoal water. Upon the end of almost every pier was the bath-house of the owner of some cottage. The bathers descended a ladder placed under the bath-house to the salt water below. The area beneath each house was enclosed by slats, or poles, nailed to the piling, to secure the bathers from the sharks, which are numerous in these waters.

Two of these ferocious creatures were having a fierce combat, in about four feet depth of water, as we rowed off Pass Christian. This coast is destitute of marshes, and has long sandy beaches, with heavy pine and oak forests in the background. The bathing is excellent, and is appreciated by the people of Louisiana and Mississippi, who resort here in large numbers during the summer months. All the hotels and cottages of these sea-girt villages are, however, closed during the winter, just the time of the year when the climate is delightful, and shooting and fishing at their best.

From Lake Pontchartrain to Mobile Bay, a distance of more than one hundred statute miles in a straight line, there extends a chain of islands, situated from seven to ten miles south of the main coast, and known respectively as Cat Island, Sloop Island, Horn Island, Petit Bois Island, and Dauphine Island. The vast watery area between the mainland and these islands is known as Mississippi Sound, because the southern end of the large state of Mississippi forms its principal northern boundary. The Chandeleur and many other low marshy islands lie to the south of the above-named chain.

Northern yachtmen can pass a pleasant winter in these waters. The fishing along the Gulf coast is excellent. Not having had an opportunity to identify their scientific nomenclature, I can give only the common names by which many species of these fish are known to the native fishermen. Among those found are red-fish, Spanish mackerel, speckled trout, black trout, blue-fish, mullet, sheep's-head, croakers, flounders, and the aristocratic pompano. Crabs and eels are taken round the piers in large numbers, while delicious shrimps are captured in nets by the bushel, and oysters are daily brought in from their natural beds. The fish are kept alive in floating wells until the cook is ready to receive them.

Venison is sold in the markets at a very low price, while the neighboring gardens supply all our summer vegetables during the winter months. I thought, while we rowed along this attractive coast in the balmy atmosphere, with everything brightened and beautified by the early moon, how many were suffering in our northern cities from various forms of pulmonary troubles induced by the severe winter weather, while here, in a delightful climate, with everything to make man comfortable, private houses and hotels were closed, and the life-giving air blowing upon the sandy coast, from the open Gulf of Mexico, dying softly away unheeded by those who so much needed its healing influences. This region, being entirely free from the dampness of the inland rivers of Florida, and having excellent communication by rail with the North and New Orleans, offers every advantage as a winter resort, and will doubtless become popular in that way as its merits are better known.

About nine o'clock in the evening we passed the Biloxi light-house, and decided, as the night was serene and the waters of the Gulf tranquil, to run under one of the bath-houses,

and there enjoy our rest, not caring to enter a strange village at that hour. The piling of some of the piers was destitute of the usual shark barricade, and selecting two of these inviting retreats, we pushed in our boats, moored them to the piles, and were soon fast asleep.

About daybreak the weather changed, and the sea came rolling in, pitching us about in the narrow enclosure in a fearful manner. The water had risen so high that we could not get out of our pens; so, climbing into the bath-rooms above, we held on to the bow and stern lines of our boats, endeavoring to keep them from being dashed to pieces against the pilings of the pier. While in this mortifying predicament, expecting each moment to see our faithful little skiffs wrecked most ingloriously in a bath-house, sounds were heard and some men appeared, who, coming to our assistance, proved themselves friends in need. We fished the boats out of the pen with my watch-tackle, and hoisted each one at a time into the bath-house that had covered it.

Two gentlemen then approached, one claiming Saddles as his guest, while the other, Mr. J. P. Montross, conducted me to his attractive tree-embowered home; and with the soft and winning accent of an educated gentleman of Yucatan, the country of his birth, placed his house and belongings at my disposal. "I was in New Orleans when you went through that city," he said, "and learning that you would pass through Biloxi, I at once telegraphed to my agent here to detain you if possible as my guest until I should arrive."

We remained a week in Biloxi, where I became daily more and more impressed with the great natural advantages of these Gulf towns as winter watering-places for northern invalids or sportsmen. During one of my rambles about Biloxi, I stumbled upon a curious little plantation, the lessee of which was entirely absorbed in the occupation of raising water-cresses. In Mr. Scheffer's garden, which was about half an acre in extent, I found fifteen little springs flowing out of a substratum of chalk. The water was very warm and clear, while the springs varied in character. There was a chalk-spring, a sulphur-spring, and an iron-spring, all within a few feet of each other. The main spring flowed out of the ground near the head, or highest part of the garden, while ditches of about two feet in width, with boarded sides to prevent their caving in, carried the water of the various springs to where it was needed.

The depth of water in these ditches was not over eighteen inches. Their preparation is very simple, sand to the depth of an inch or two being placed at the bottom, and the roots, cuttings, &c., of the cresses dropped into them. This prolific plant begins at once to multiply, sending up thousands of hair-like shoots, with green leaves floating upon the surface of the running water. Mr. Scheffer informed me that he marketed his stock three times a week, cutting above water the matured plants, and putting them into bundles, or bunches, of about six inches in diameter, and then packing them with the tops downward in barrels and baskets. These bunches of cresses sell for fifteen cents apiece on the ground where they are grown. New Orleans consumes most of the stock; but invalids in various places are fast becoming customers, as the virtues of this plant are better understood. It is of great benefit in all diseases of the liver, in pulmonary complaints, and in dyspepsia with its thousand

ills.

The ditches in this little half-acre garden, if placed in a continuous line, would reach six hundred feet, and the crop increases so fast that one hundred bunches a week can be cut throughout the year. The hot suns of summer injure the tender cresses; hence butter-beans are planted along the ditches to shade them. The bean soon covers the light trellis which is built for it to run upon, and forms an airy screen for the tender plants. During the autumn and winter months the light frame-work is removed, and sunlight freely admitted.

Cresses can be grown with little trouble in pure water of the proper temperature; and as each bed is replanted but once a year, in the month of October, the yield is large and profitable.

The intelligent cultivator of this water-cress garden frequently has boarders from a distance, who reside with him that they may receive the full benefit of a diet of tender cresses fresh from the running water. Few, indeed, know the benefit to be derived from such a diet, or the water-cress garden would not be such a novelty to Americans. We, as a nation, take fewer salads with our meals than the people of any of the older sister-lands, perhaps, because in the rush of every-day life we have not time to eat them. We are, at the same time, adding largely each year to the list of confirmed dyspeptics, many of whom might be saved from this worst of all ills by a persistent use of the fresh water-cress, crisp lettuce, and other green and wholesome articles of food. Such advice is, however, of little use, since many would say, like a gentleman I once met, "Why, I would rather die than diet!" Three hundred feet from the garden the water of its springs flows into the Gulf of Mexico, the waves of which beat against the clean sandy shore.

Among other things in this interesting town, I discovered in the boat-house belonging to the summer residence of Mr. C. T. Howard, of New Orleans, John C. Cloud's little boat, the "Jennie." Strange emotions filled my mind as I gazed upon the light Delaware River skiff which had been the home for so many days of that unfortunate actor, whose disastrous end I have already related to my reader.

The boat had been brought from Plaquemine Plantation on the Mississippi River to this distant point. It was about fifteen feet in length, and four feet wide amidships. She was sharp at both bow and stern, and was almost destitute of sheer. There was a little deck at each end, and the usual galvanized-iron oar-locks, without out-riggers, while upon her quarters were painted very small national flags. She was built of white pine, and was very light.

Each summer, when guests are at Biloxi, sympathizing groups crowd round this little skiff; and listen to the oft-repeated story of the poor northerner who sacrificed his own life while engaged in the attempt to win a bet to support his large and destitute family.

Here by the restless sea, which seems ever to be moaning a requiem for the dead, I left the little "Jennie," a monument of American pluck, but, at the same time, a mortifying instance of the fruitlessness of our national spirit of adventure when there is no principle to back it.

(To Be Continued)

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In a rare stationary moment, master painter, Shawn Sipple, poses with devotees, Bryan Hammond, Anne Johnson and Winslow Behney after a day of spirited instruction (Sharon Brown Photograph).

## Traditional Small Craft, Heart, and the Canifla Flactor -- Winter Maintenance at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse

By Sharon Brown

John Rousmaniere's definition of seamanship, inclusive and realistic, is my favorite:

"Seamanship in its broadest sense means to enjoy and safely use boats in all kinds of situations and weather conditions. A good seaman has mastered the principles and techniques of basic boat handling and piloting, and

while continuing to learn new skills, can move on to confident, self-sufficiency afloat. Anchoring, heavy-weather sailing, handling emergencies, and maintaining the boat and her equipment are all within the realm of proper seamanship, and each should be given due attention" (Rousmaniere, John. 1983, 1989. *The Annapolis book of Seamanship*. Simon & Schuster, New York).

Maintenance is definitely a component of good seamanship and is mandatory with small wooden boats. Proper annual maintenance can not only avoid a catastrophe underway but prolong the life of a small boat asked to serve hard time in the rental business. At Mystic Seaport's Boathouse, some of the livery fleet are over twenty years old. The Southport Pulling Boat, Captain Hook, built ca. 1920, was retired from service only last year.

Historically, maintenance of the Livery fleet was the sole responsibility of Shipyard's Paint Shop. But, given extra work needed on a growing number of vessels, including *Amistad*, and the vision that Waldo Howland had of a self-sufficient Boathouse, gradually more of the maintenance responsibility has been delegated to The Boathouse. This winter Boathouse volunteers met on a regular basis to scrape, sand, mend and paint a number of the fleet including the Chamberlain Dory Skiff, two Chaisson Dory Skiffs, a 15-foot Marblehead Dory Skiff, a 17-foot Whitehall, a large Lowell-built Swampscott Dory, a Seaford Skiff, a Rangeley Lake boat, our 16-foot semi-dory chase boat, a double paddle

canoe, and two Beetle Cats. And we started work on Grebe, the Willits Ansel built skip-jack.

The learning curve was see-saw and steep. Thanks to the wisdom of a new volunteer the concept of "we" was adopted; responsibility for work—good or bad—is ours. Each re-sanding was a lesson learned: prep work is critical, a curtain cannot be rescued, and "better than it was," is not necessarily commensurate with museum standards.

Our elusive objective was a fuzzy approximation of Waldo's vision of visitors hunkered down around the fire listening to the seafaring yarns of imported old salts dispensing nuggets of folklore on the fine points of boat maintenance, perhaps as he himself once experienced around the stove at Concordia or the Beetle shop (a la L. Howland's *Sou'west And By West Of Cape Cod*, Harvard Univ. Press, 1947, Yankee Books reprint 1987). We came close. And there were times when even he, along with Pete Culler, George Kelley, and John Gardner, would have smiled in affirmation. We chipped ice from the coffee pot, chopped more wood, felt the north wind rattling the doors, swept snow from the porch, and kept sanding. We even cooked; hard-boiled eggs as it were.

Working intensely in close quarters leads to sharing and exchange. We grew to anticipate each person's arrival. We'd look up to see the 1999 William C. Noyes Volunteer of the Year, Rob Pittaway, striding through the doorway. "Well?" he'd question with a big grin, leaning over to inspect each job before taking off his hat and opening his ditty bag. Soon he would be in the midst of a tangle of manila, knitting fenders from discarded line or hunched over fine splicing of thole pin and oarlock lanyards. The banter would begin.

Five new volunteers were initiated: Ann Johnson, Jim McGuire, Bryan Hammond, Bob Hopkins, and Vicki Smith.

Fifteen-year old Winslow Behney never missed a Saturday and spent school vacations with us. After a executing a difficult application of varnish he celebrated with an impromptu dance around the boats. He helped install nautical memorabilia when he wasn't painting topsides or puttying with trowel cement. A future naval architect who claims a family fleet of 22 wooden boats, Winslow took the first Mystic River Jellyfish Boatbuilding Class offered by the Boat Shop and with his father Philip, built his own boat. In addition to unabridged enthusiasm for wooden boats and a passionate desire to learn, Winslow brought a great sense of humor, oranges, eggs, candies, spring water, paint buster hand soap, his camera, an infusion of boating information, and a sensitive perception of many other topics.

Anne Johnson, a retired electrical engineer who ran experiments from the nuclear submarine Pollock, derived pleasure sanding oars or whittling cedar plugs by the hour. She improvised a limbo to apply varnish to oars resting between two sawhorses, and wary of our expertise, inveigled a book on yacht refinishing. Commenting on the overhead lighting she declared that undercoating the topsides of the Beetle Cat Lisa, was "like painting the barn in the dark." And the sight of George Spragg applying red bottom paint to the Swampscott using her husband's long johns—paint-rags-to-be—wrapped around his head as a turban still haunts her. The last rags she do-



Left: Eddy Murphy painting the rubrail of a 10-foot Chaisson Dory Tender (Sharon Brown Photograph).

nated, carefully cut into small squares.

Vickie Smith, who preps and varnishes the Pearson Renegade she and her husband Fred own, has had her share of tight spaces since we found she is the ideal size for painting the insides of small boats.

Bob Hopkins, who drives from Tolland, Connecticut to varnish and sand is happiest when he can work outside tucked in the lee of the wood box following the sun's path. Bob had one of his own "Waldo moments" when he wrote in late December, "It was really nice to be in the shop yesterday, just before I left. After I'd turned off the lights, with the little bit of remaining daylight, I looked to the south and stood for a couple of minutes. It was quite beautiful, with the Rushton off to the left and those sweet, little dories, red to port and green to starboard. ...it seems to me to be a distinctly sane island in a world devoid of that attribute."

We learned lessons of life including how important clear explicit instruction is as when at my direction a volunteer carefully painted the Swampscott spars to the clean rags they were resting on. Or as in the incredulity expressed by youth unable to fathom why someone four times his age and experience would need to be cautioned against using a scraper across the grain of the fine cedar bottom of a double paddle canoe. Other lessons were less humorous.

As when Dick Van Deusen looked up from his work on Fly, a Chaisson Dory Tender, to remark that he and the man he was working with, Tom Von Winkle, had last spent time together visiting the same room in the hospital which their wives shared at the end of their long brave struggles against terminal cancer. A quiet man, there were other Saturdays when we painted in rapt silence listening to Dick's sober account of being a prisoner of war in World War II, or later in March when he told us how as a young man in 1957 he drove Martin Luther King Jr. in Athens, Ohio and worked with an Ethiopian student to integrate southern churches.

Leaning over the Chamberlain Dory Skiff, Harry Williams, deeply engrossed in the application of "Chesapeake Pistachio," Jim McGuire of Noank learned that it wasn't only a career in teaching that he had in common with Robert Hopkins, his cohort on the other side. Bob was in fact the very same man that Jim had sold his Atlantic to many years before. I invoked Waldo. I hope that he was listening and gave us a point.

Early one morning I rounded The Boathouse to meet Jim at the door. His car backed up to the wood box where he had just set a beautiful axe, and two big chopping blocks from the trunk, and was striking a match to the fire built in the pot bellied stove. He had another surprise in tow, his brother-in-law Bill Munson, from California. After that trial morning, Bill signed up to volunteer for a month of Tuesdays. When he wasn't helping Jim paint a Concordia yawl, he endured repeated requests to strip Beetle Cat floorboards of years of build up of Gloucester High Gloss Topsides Enamel 204 Light Gray.

Young, home-schooled Bryan Hammond worked with Rob Pittaway to make Turk's head thump pads for Beetle Cat mainsheet blocks, or grommets (with the kit Anne donated) to hold a makeshift tarp on the completed Swampscott Dory. Through the weeks we listened to his accounts of Dyer Dhow sailing adventures, and watched in envy as he



Alison Pyott lettering the Good Little Skiff, *George Kelley* (Sharon Brown Photograph).

eagerly showed us his latest hand-crafted ditty bag. Chauncy Rucker, who cleaned our paint brushes until his wife Nancy objected on environmental grounds, mailed back a bulky padded envelope before going on vacation.

Imagining a booby trap, I carefully opened the package, to find four clean brushes neatly wrapped in individual blankets of newspaper. Volunteer Jonathan Lovejoy who drives from Westbrook to sand and paint, shared with us a glance into the history of Long Island oystering. His grandfather, Frederick F. Lovejoy, owned and operated the Whitrock and Grassy Hammock Oyster Co. of Norwalk, Connecticut and the two oyster boats, Ellen J. and Dauntless.

While painting floor gratings we learned that veteran Boathouse volunteer, Lee Treffeisen, who kayaks with her grandsons and sews sails for our model boats, met her husband Fred while both were in the Navy. She was a Wave, the first woman in Radio Materials School at Anacostia, DC during W.W.II. Years later, she and Fred, "who would pick up any boat that he came across," subscribed to the National Fisherman and piled family and friends in the car each June to drive from New Rochelle to John Gardner's Small Craft Workshop.

Our own Eddy Murphy, a young man with a demanding schedule who plans to attend college in the fall, helped supervise on Saturdays after swim meets. Versed in maintenance learned from annual work on the family skiff, he brings a special sense of humor and purpose to all jobs, whether scraping and cleaning the bilges of Beetle cats, wrestling cotter pins from peak halyard blocks, painting waterlines, or refastening planks.

We share images in common. We remem-

Right: Winslow Behney perfects his brush stroke on a Beetle Cat mast (Sharon Brown Photograph).

ber in the midst of the bustle, debating the responsibility of quality control, and generating questions, the blur of activity and a glimpse of feet, belonging to Allison Pyott quietly working in the corner, lettering the name Pe





Shawn Sipple strokes Kirby rich red on the aft deck of the Rangeley Lake Boat under the watchful eye of Winslow Behney (Sharon Brown Photograph).

ter F. on the transom of the Chaisson Dory Skiff donated by life member James P. Baughman. And when the weather allowed she set up outside lettering George Kelley on the transom of the Good Little Skiff with her dog

Vickie Smith and Bob Hopkins varnishing the coaming of the Beetle Cat, *Lisa* (Sharon Brown Photograph).



Mr. P. lying in the shade under the hull.

Visitors added to the mix, offering encouragement and engaging us in repartee. Resolute skipper and merchant seaman Bob Tombari brought Edward Watral, a boatbuilder and fisherman who built Verity skiffs on Long Island. Bob Hopkins brought Joel Connolly from Brewster on the Cape who sharpened our axes and spent the day rendering outsized butts of hardwood into firewood.

Young Brian Brown from Port Townsend, Washington rows a long boat operated by the WoodenBoat Foundation, and was in heaven when he visited, much to the amusement of relatives who watched as he soaked up all the information we could offer him about small craft, loading his outstretched hand with brochures. Janis Mink and her daughter Louisa with Jack Russells, Sweetie and Blue, were swept into our midst and we tried our hand at interesting Louisa in volunteering and boating. And Winslow gave a visiting recreational boatbuilder from New Hampshire a small boat tour of the Museum he'll always remember.

On a cold day in January when I stepped outside to replenish the wood supply I found people peaking through the window and invited them to enter. It was Texas A & M student, Nicole Giguere visiting with her father, Lee. Years before I had photographed her paddling her yellow Keowee with Blackberry, the family dog and she was delighted to find her photograph still hanging in The Boathouse. Nicole, who intends to return for a row in the summer, now has a Bob Watt boat model in her room, a reminder of her home New England shores.

There was plenty of opportunity to reflect on my blessings walking back and forth to Shipyard trying to fulfill a series of "wish lists" hastily scribbled on scraps of paper, replenishing painting supplies, consulting with Paint Shop professionals, or researching sources of 6" ring nails, 20x 6" round head

silicon bronze screws, 6 x 5/8" flat head Philips head silicon bronze screws, Forstner bits or scrounging tools we don't have. In the beginning it would have been difficult for any of us to believe that it could get just as warm in The Boathouse during potentially stressful winter maintenance as it does during summer operations.

But camaraderie developed quickly. Winslow, Eddy and I had some great times working up a storm on Saturdays, talking non stop and laughing at our naive mistakes. There were good times with the Gung Ho squad, kibitzing with the guys as they leaned into the sanding. And after lunch they would apply another coat of varnish. Often, the end of a perfect day was signaled by the entry of two shelties, Teddy and Joe, standing nose to nose at the entrance with Phil Behney behind. They would hang out for a bit by the stove and watch Winslow standing over the hull refastening and exchange thoughts on boats and life.

Once unknowing, Anne, Winslow and I worked past 5:30 PM, content to have the shop to ourselves after a boisterous day of activity when there were a record nine volunteers, plus visits from Shipyard to move boats and consult. We were ignorant of the fact that in a failed rendezvous, Winslow's mother had been turned away at the gate and gone home somewhat peeved.

Our biggest project to date involves the Beetle Cat Leo J. Telesmanick (Acc. #80.53) donated to Mystic Seaport in 1980 by Alma Telesmanick at the Small Craft Workshop in honor of her husband, "Leo's fiftieth year of building this fine little catboat." Two new planks are being cut by Nate Kirmmse of the Shipyard who is stabilizing her mast step, sistering two frames, epoxying her delaminating stem, and putting a small Dutchman in her keel where gribbels have been active, while we refasten her planking below the waterline, re-fasten her skeg, re-canvas her deck, and install new coamings. This is a huge project for us which we undertake with the support of Shipyard expertise as well as that of Jim McGuire who has worked on many wooden boats including his own Beetle Cat, Lil' Babe. It is a chain of instruction which ultimately permits all of us to participate and learn. We are very conscious of the responsibility we have and would argue that few love Beetle Cats more than we do.

Saturday the 6th of May was unique at The Boathouse. Shawn Sipple professional boat painter who works for Beetle Inc., drove down from South Dartmouth, Massachusetts loaded with gifts and a desire to share his knowledge of painting. He taught us to abandon sandpaper except for jobs needing course grit of 150 or less and use instead, "scrunge" pads. He still uses one that is three years old! He gave us tips on lining off, demonstrated how to "knuckle" a new brush, instructed us how to clean brushes by hanging them in coffee cans of lacquer thinner, and gave Anne and Winslow a workshop in painting of the gunwhale, frame heads and inwhale of the Rangeley Lake Boat. He "let" us go to lunch.

We are still benefiting from his generosity of spirit and dynamic, full volume personality. We are more confident. We know the value of the "canifla," as in the "canifla stick" (any part that you haven't ever heard of and doesn't belong in the boat) which you use to your advantage when need be.

The day also marked Winslow's debut in

his freshly painted Jellyfish. He paddled to The Boathouse to our welcoming whoops. She lay drawn up on the beach until Shawn departed when we packed up and headed to the water where we took turns admiring Winslow's paint job and paddling. Bryan, Winslow, Philip, Anne, Teddy, and Joe milled around enjoying the early southerly wind and reflecting on our good fortune and the full day we had had working with colleagues we like on traditional small craft we love to death.

We still have a great deal to learn about the craft of painting fine wooden boats. In the words of master painter, Shawn Sipple, "we have to jump a few fences before we reach our destination." And we are eager to improve. We look forward to helping visitors into these fine traditional small craft and we expect to cringe when we spot a holiday or curtain, or the paint gets scratched and the rowlock pads come loose, but we are more prepared now to fix them in house. Realistically, we understand the commitment.

We are better equipped in other ways also. Young people have knowledge to share and more skills to teach others. John Gardner's hope that traditional boats be used—used up, and more copies built—is happening at The Boathouse. In a world of gaudy plastic and one-size-fits-all, we are fortunate stewards of a diversity of functional small craft representative of individual talent, craft and design of historical significance. This historical legacy is a link with our maritime past and ancestry, real people, our families and friends. In turn we are creating our own small craft history in The Boathouse.

Mystic Seaport's Boathouse is open weekends only, 10 AM to 5 PM, May 20 through June 26, and daily, June 27 through Labor Day, September 4, and weekends again until closing on Columbus Day, October 9. We look forward to your visit and we welcome volunteers.



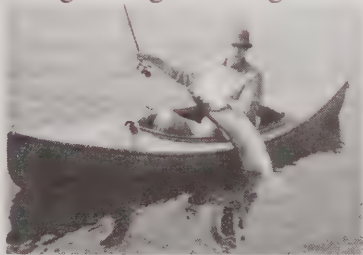
Sheila Zittel was so taken with Winslow's Jellyfish that she signed up to take the Jellyfish boatbuilding class with her nephew the following week (Sharon Brown Photograph).

Relaxing after Shawn Sipple's visit, Bryan Hammond tries his hand at sculling Wade Smith's coracle (Sharon Brown Photograph).



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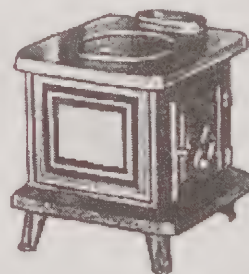
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My poor, benighted O'Day offers a good example of the disadvantages of an inflexible sailplan. The jib is small relative to the mainsail. Consequently, striking the jib in a high wind improves stability only slightly. The jib alone is nearly adequate for winds over 20 knots, but if left hanked to the forestay, far forward of the center of the lateral plane, it is not able to move the boat upwind.

In high winds, I have tried tacking the jib further aft (with the mainsail furled) in the hopes of improving the balance. But with no means of keeping the luff taut and straight, progress upwind is no better. The best solution, of course, would be to have (or to add) reef points to the main. Strangely, sail makers rarely include reef points as standard equipment; possibly, because customers no longer request them.

Assembling the jonboat rig should be easy and the materials inexpensive. The mast can be made of fairly thin-gauge aluminum tubing. Probably the greatest difficulty will be in locating a welder to attach the fixed yard to the mast. And ideally, the legs of the mast should be joined with a hinge of some sort so that the mast can be folded flat. Transporting it, otherwise, will be a major inconvenience.

Sails can be made from inexpensive, flat-sheet material, rather than tailored, panelled fabric. Tarps, Mylar or Tyvek should all work adequately. Roy Hendrickson, who has built a number of sailboats for his own use and who provided the illustrations in the previous installment, suggests experimenting with the huge pieces of shrink wrap that marinas routinely discard after winter storage. Fabrics that resist stretching and tearing, naturally, are essential. For the \$50, 5-Hour Canoe Sail Rig, I made two straight cuts in a 10' square tent fly, installed a few grommets, and was ready to go.

Given their historical reputation, it is somewhat surprising that lugs are not more popular sails. Of the 101 Small Boat Rigs he evaluates in the book of the same name, Philip Bolger speaks most glowingly of the dipping lug. By his report, it was the rig-of-choice for French and British fishermen until the advent of the internal combustion engine. It also appeared to have been the rig-of-choice for pirates and smugglers. British revenue cutters were not able to keep up with luggers. As a result, English statute made it illegal to build or operate a lug-rigged vessel of excessively narrow beam. It was a lugsail, incidentally, that carried Bligh and his crew to safety.

If sail propulsion ever becomes a commercially viable option, and some have argued that it could, the lug rig is the natural choice among the conventional or traditional possibilities. It marries the reliability and ease of management of a square rig with the weatherliness of a fore-and-aft rig, at least in theory. The French are reportedly building a replica of the *Chasse-Maree* which features one lugsail stacked above the other. At last report, the French were having trouble locating anyone who knew how to sail it.

Of course, there is no promise that the A-2 rig will function as well as its antecedents. Bolger, for example, disparages a split lug (which this one is) as conveying the aura of having been designed in an office (as this one was). But he was undoubtedly talking about offices before they were equipped with computers, before they were able to function really efficiently.

## Sailing On The Cheap An Experimental Rig For A Jonboat Conclusion

By Charles Mantis

On a less controversial topic, there are a number of advantages, both theoretical and practical, to the leeboard construction illustrated in the previous installment. The leg of a mast, a leeboard and a mast step are all integrated structurally, each one gaining support or strength from the other two. Because of their link to the mast and maststep, the leeboards will be sufficiently well-braced to withstand pressure from either side. This allows both boards to remain in place on both tacks, a distinct advantage over the standard leeboard configuration. As the boat heels, the windward board will be lifted further out of the water, but the leeward one will dig deeper as will the leeward chine, for a net gain in the amount of lateral plane, and, hence, a net reduction in losses to leeway.

The design allows the leeboards to kick up when they meet with resistance from forward (like, for example, from a sunken log.) This is accomplished by passing a single bolt through the plywood maststep and leeboard. Tightening or loosening a wingnut will adjust the tension between maststep and leeboard, which will determine how easily the board kicks up.

Finally, the lift to drag ratio of two small appendages is higher than the ratio of a single large appendage. Smaller, fixed leeboards should work better than a single, large centerboard for the same reason that bi-planes and tri-planes were able to fly with low-powered, rudimentary engines better than single-winged planes were able to.

Joining the leeboards to the structure of the mast has an added attraction: The whole assembly can be lifted off the jonboat hull and clamped or bolted to another hull (provided, that is, you did not take liberties with the design. If your mast does not hinge at its apex, it will be mountable on a boat with an identical beam dimension only.)

With two identical rigs, you will be able to run side-by-side races to test the performance of different hulls. You will be able to determine if or under what circumstances a scow hull is "better" than a jonboat. Exchange skippers, and you will be able to isolate all of the major variables of sailboat performance. This would go a long way toward reducing much of the mythology of sailing that masquerades as science. Besides, it would be a lot of fun.

Of course, anything can look good on paper. Investors have lost millions of dollars on IPOs that looked good on paper. So some cautions are in order before you jump immediately into the manufacturing phase. While I have sized the leeboards to sail area (i.e. 4%), I have made no concerted effort to draw the sails to precise scale or to relate the center of effort to the center of lateral plane. You will need to scale or draw things out to your satisfaction.

Secondly, this rig carries a fair amount of weight aloft. We are relying on the weight

of the yards, after all, to provide us with straight, taut luffs. This weight is at best a mixed blessing. It makes the boat more tippy than it would be otherwise. And while the weight helps to bring the sail down fast, it might well be faster than we can get our heads out of the way of its trajectory.

This weight exacerbates another possible deficiency of this rig; fore and aft pressures are not well-handled by the mast configuration. Pressure from either side is well-managed, but pressure from forward (especially) relies on the balancing of the forces on the jib and mainsail and on their respective halyards. This might be too much to ask for, and it might be asking too much of the strength of the mast step, the only part of the structure providing any fore and aft support.

Strengthening the leeboards by attaching them to the mast legs places a high premium on the proper functioning of the kick-up mechanism. If your leeboards don't kick up when you hit that sunken log, they may bring your mast down on top of you, tearing your gunwales (or whatever else you've clamped your mast step to) to shreds in the process.

If you do build this rig approximately as illustrated, you will need to provide for a number of fairlead locations: Fairleads for the jib sheet when the jib is in its usual position; fairleads for the jib sheet when the jib is hauled to the reefing block; fairleads for the mainsail tack line(s); fairleads for the mainsheet; plus another set of fairleads for when the mainsail is in the reefed position. Then the fairleads might all need to change if the sailplan has to be modified to achieve proper helm balance. Gunwales, perforated at regular intervals, might be the order of the day until the final sailplan is established.

Another potential drawback is the water turbulence the base of the mast and the mast step will create. The pair located on the low side will undoubtedly splash water up against the hull. Since the first law of fluid dynamics states that most of the water you kick into the air will end up in your boat, this is another inconvenience that will need attending. Small canvas splash rails might provide the solution or, perhaps, an impressionable crewmember who can be convinced that his perpetuity depends upon his willingness to man the bilge pump.

Perhaps most fatally, the aspect ratio of these sails might simply be too high. Lugsails are never depicted in such a tall, thin form. Possibly, the jib does not conform to the precise definition (whatever that may be) of a lugsail. So possibly the same lugsail rules (whatever they may be) do not apply. In either case, its theoretical allure aside, this might not be a very weatherly rig. Off the wind, however, with all that canvas on a light, flat-bottomed hull, it should fly.

Those are just my reservations. Full disclosure requires enumerating Roy's (our erstwhile illustrator/sailor/consultant/meddler.) Roy does not believe there would be enough strength in a welded joint to hold the fixed yard in place. He would prefer to see the legs of the mast extended up past their intersection with some kind of gusset to reinforce the juncture of mast and yard. He also hates the idea of having to line up a welder to complete the rig; it deeply offends his sense of self-sufficiency, a sentiment he assumes is shared with other boat builders.

The leeboard-kick-up system is Roy's

suggestion. I had originally proposed a board mounted forward of the mast leg, held in place with some kind of a shear pin mechanism. He argued that boaters would not want to be bothered with carrying spare shear pins which needed replacing every time the board hit ground. And since he refused to provide a diagram of my method, we did it his way.

The type of kick-up system Roy diagrammed in the previous installment is quite common. My Catalina 22 uses something similar on its rudder. I don't like it. The rudder binds when I want it to swing free and swings when I want it to hold. In order to exert any kind of pressure on the wingnut (its equivalent, really), I have to dangle over the stern, often losing hat and/or sunglasses almost as a matter of course.

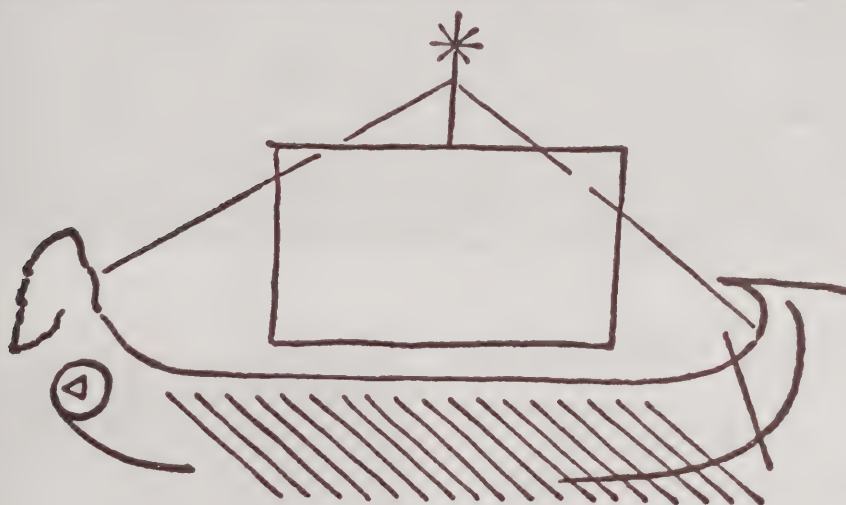
Perhaps, then, some kind of compromise is in order: A through-bolted pivot mechanism plus a thin cord that runs from the after edge of the leeboard (above the pivot) to a cleat somewhere further aft. The cord would break when the leeboard hit bottom (see "Leeboard Diagram", assuming Roy accedes to such a bastardization).

This introduces one final caution. Refining the oft-mentioned Canoe Sail Rig was not an instantaneous process. I tried three different mast systems, and three different major rig configurations along with four or five minor

modifications to the sail I finally selected. I tried two different leeboard sizes in two different locations and perhaps half dozen different methods of attaching them and holding them erect. At the same time, I was receiving some graphic feedback (read dunkings) as to how sailing a canoe differs from sailing a conventional sailboat. Likewise, neither should you expect a more complicated experimental rig with an experimental leeboard technology to be an instant success, nor should you expect to get it right the first time.

All of these reservations notwithstanding, this presentation has been so persuasive, I'm almost tempted to try it myself. Though goodness knows, as does my wife who is quick to remind me, I don't need another addition to my sailing fleet. If you are a devout tinkerer, looking for a cheap sailboat that comes with a built-in excuse to spend hours onboard, you'll probably get to it before I do.

If you try it and it works, let us all know. I'd be happy to take full credit. If it doesn't work, let us all know anyway, and I'll come up with some creative method of assigning full responsibility to you. If it works only adequately or to some limited degree, we can arrange for some kind of joint-credit custody. As for Roy, he can write his own damn article, as I have encouraged him to do on countless occasions.



## Dream Boats

### The Ghost-Boat of Santa Cruz Island

By Richard Carsen

It was, I think, the anthropologist for the Santa Cruz Island Society, who first called it the ghost-boat. Not only because at the present it seems to have disappeared from the archeological record, but also because what was found was not a factual ship or ships, but the outlines that were left, after the wood had disappeared, of the tar wherewith these ships had been caulked.

The man whose excavations brought this to light, was no one less than the curator of the Santa Barbara Museum of Prehistoric Man, Dr. David Banks Rogers. The photos and artifacts connected with this dig were deposited at a small museum at The Wharf, a wooden entertainment structure jutting off the Santa

Barbara coast from where they seem to have disappeared during a small fire, maybe some twelve or fifteen years ago.

According to Dr. Rogers, this area where the dig was made, seemed to have been the site of a ship-building center. The now Channel Islands were then hills in a landscape that stretched toward what is now the continental shelf. The Los Angeles river was then a mighty stream flowing south of the islands, hills, and navigable probably close to the La Brea Tar pits from where the caulking tar no doubt was taken.

One ship that had left a complete imprint was 100' in length, and the deluge which drowned it and covered it with debris took

place probably 14,000 years ago. All this and more can be found in a book called *Early Man on the Santa Barbara Coast*, written by Dr. Rogers, and published by the museum.

What does a 100' boat, normally proportioned, not a canoe, what does such a size boat mean in terms of the kind of civilization it belongs to? To begin with, several boats were abuilding or being repaired in this yard. This might point to an equally busy coastal trade. In terms of tonnage, a 100' coastal sailing craft in the beginning of the last century might have carried about 350 ton of cargo. Up until the beginning of WW II in those areas, the smaller coasters of the Dutch, northwest German, Danish and Scandinavian coasts were between 350 to 500 ton. An american packet for Atlantic crossing would be 115' in length and about 500 ton. As volume increases tremendously even at small increments, the 100' boat would probably carry 350 ton, comparable with the small coasters of the 1940s.

If the trade was lively, judging by what the find shows us in vessels in repair or abuilding, we will have to posit at least a coastal civilization very similar in tastes, wants and type of commerce we would find on the east coast during most of the last century. For such a civilization to be wholly destroyed, also must point to a cataclysm of great fierceness.

According to a manuscript found in temple ruins in the valley of Mexico, two banked craft, driven by 18 oars to a side, which would work out to about 100' in length, were known and used about 23,000 years ago in the Pacific. These boats also used a single square sail. It is quite possible that the Santa Cruz vessel was equipped in a similar manner. The accompanying drawing has been copied from a sketch in the above mentioned manuscript.

(From *Mu Revealed*, by Tony Earl, 1970, Paperback Library, Coronet Communications, Inc., 315 Park Ave. S., New York NY 10010.



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John Tuma in his Beach Cat, with Shoobox in tow.

15'1-1/2" LOD, x 6'6" Beam x 10" Draft in normal sailing trim with centerboard raised; 2'6" draft with centerboard down for windward sailing.

In 1985 I was challenged to design a plywood version of a Beetle Cat. The primary objective was to make a boat of that type that would stand trailer sailing without drying out; a secondary point, to reduce the time and skill needed to build one. The result was the 12'3" x 6'0" Bobcat (Design #470), which turned out to be an exceptionally nice-handling craft. We still haven't heard of any trials against Beetle Cats, but Bobcat feels at least as good and we suspect that she's better, mainly because of the end plate on the rudder which produces very sharp and positive steering by comparison with a traditional shallow rudder without one.

Bobcat's rudder is only 8" deep in average sailing trim, yet there is never any feeling that it's losing its bite. Every now and then we suggest that somebody racing in the Beetle Cats should quietly add an end plate to the rudder of their boat and see how she does against the standard boats. We would put down a moderate bet that the boat with the end plate would show superior form, especially on windy days.

Some years later we were asked to design a cuddy-cabin daysailer, and we used a similar hull shape to Bobcat for the 19'8" x

## Bolger on Design

### Design #589 Plywood Catboat (Optional Revision)

7'5" x 1'0" Chebacco 20. This design is one of the most popular we've done, with an international association. We gave it a cat-yawl rig because many people don't like a very long boom projecting over the stern, and if you chop the boom shorter they don't sail as well or look as perky as a cat should. The Chebacco 20 would be faster with a real cat rig, but she would be trickier to handle and would lose the steady riding at anchor and ability to heave to that are part of the attraction of the boats.

Beach Cat was designed to fit between these two well-liked boats. She was small enough for a real cat rig to be within most people's idea of controllable. We had the idea of making her into a camping cruiser, with high sides and enough deck to make her cockpit float well clear of the water even in a beam ends knockdown. She could go off by herself in squally weather without much tension at the

helm. We gave her a keel (but no ballast) to clear out the inside to make a 52" wide sleeping flat, and made space for a portable toilet forward. The keel only needed 1'3" of water, which didn't seem prohibitive even for trailer-hauling; she actually needed less water to sail close-hauled than a centerboarder. The photos show a boat built to this design, by John Tuma, a California professional boatbuilder for his own use.

This boat performed quite well, but the ergonomics weren't nearly as good as they should have been. I tried to make it look like a classical catboat, with the result that the broad side decks were too low to sit under and too high to sit on top of at all comfortably, an overall configuration that gave many potential builders material for endless interpretations as to how it should work. In fact, it was possible to slouch under the deck in a very good position for shelter and for helping the boat stand up to her sail, but not very comfortably and with no view except some sky or sea (depending on angle of heel) to leeward.

The sides ought to have been much higher and full of picture windows, Birdwatcher-fashion, to sit inside in comfort, or else the decks should have been much narrower. John Tuma put seats inboard of the coamings at a height to bring heads above deck level. This was comfortable but brought the weight too far inboard to do much toward helping the boat

stand up to strong wind, and more or less wasted the space under the deck.

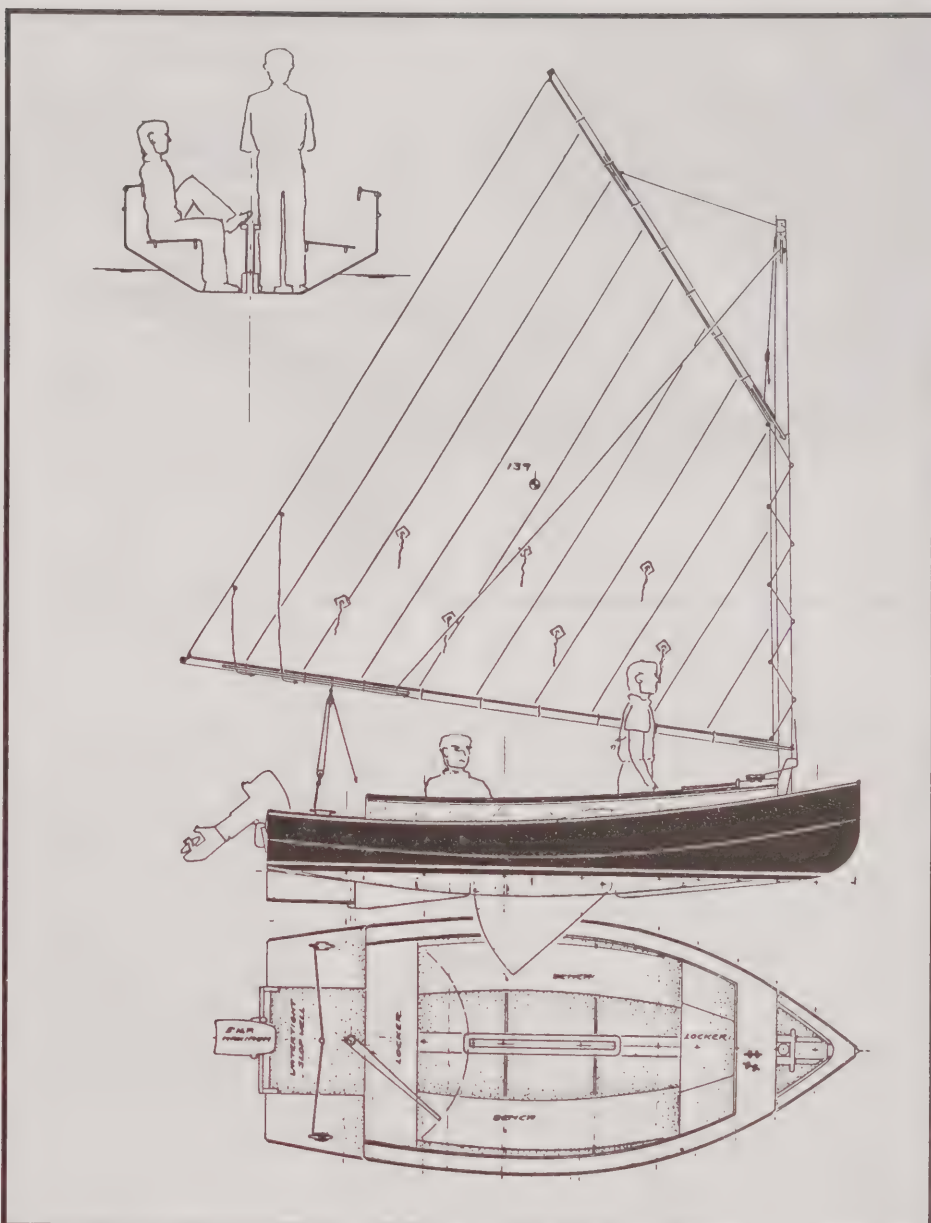
At any rate, we figured that an otherwise good hull and rig were not helped by the unusual interior geometries, and that it was time for a "normal" catboat layout. Now the narrow decks are high enough, and the hull sides are buoyant enough, to make it very hard to ship any water over the coaming in day-sailing weather. And the seating is very comfortable. She could still be organized as a camping overnigher without much trouble, boom tent and all.

The centerboard is a further option, to make her still more like a traditional catboat. We guess that performance and handling are close to the same. The keel boat's deeper rudder may just about compensate for her less-efficient lateral plane shape. We carried over the keel boat's inboard rudder into the centerboarder, to retain the very convenient and neat-looking motor mount that has been appreciated in the Chebacco 20.

Some day we'll probably get around to redrawing her once more, to cater to those with the widespread no-lead-melting impulse who desire a "garageable" light cruiser with hard shelter for 1+1 crew, this time with a Birdwatcher-type house.

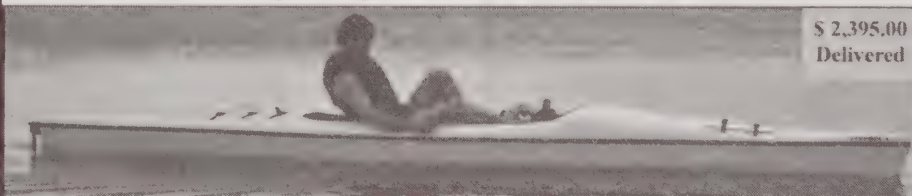
Plans of Bobcat, including the new optional layout on four 22" x 34" and three 17" x 22" sheets of plans with a keyed specification, are available for \$100 to build one boat from Phil Bolger & Friends, 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester, MA 01930-1627. Fax (978) 282-1349. For those who already own their set of Bobcat plans, the three upgrade sheets are \$50 to build one boat.

John Tuma and crew in his Beach Cat. Note the natural position of the motor.



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## Cal-Tek Now Building Rob Roy Canoes

By Dan Sheehan

My Cal-Tek Engineering is now manufacturing the modern 28lb fiberglass Rob Roy decked canoe originally designed and built by Bart Hawthaway of Weston, Massachusetts. It is primarily designed for double blade paddling with hull seating. The cockpit has an integrally molded seatback thwart that can be used for single blade propulsion.

The 4' long x 21" wide cockpit is terminated at the deck with a kayak type cockpit rim. This is a comfortable boat for photography, fishing, environmental or recreational activities. Designer Bart Hawthaway in the photo assures us that there is plenty of room in this Rob Roy for that striped bass. A highly functional craft for an hour or a day or a weekend's enjoyment or packing in to an isolated pond.

Major dimensions are 10.5' long x 30" wide with a 12" cockpit depth. A 98" (ideal) to 100" double blade paddle with drip rings is recommended. Color is light gray with black gunwale trim stripe. It has under deck flotation and multi-position foot bracing.

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### History of the Rob Roy Canoe The Boat That Helped Start North American Recreational Canoeing (Circa 1876)

1866\*: John MacGregor of Scotland, after an 1859 trip, designed the original Rob Roy canoe and modeled it after the Eskimo kayaks of Kamchatka on the Bering Sea, using canoe dimensions to adapt to extended traveling with double blade and sail propulsion. One of John's books, published in 1866 is: *A Thousand Miles in a Rob Roy Canoe on Twenty Rivers and Lakes of Europe*.

1880\*: J. Henry Rushton, Canton, NY canoe manufacturer, made numerous 12', 14', and 16' wooden models of Rob Roys in the 60lb-70lb range. In 1880 the ACA christened Rushton's Rob Roy cedar canoe "Rushton's American Traveling Canoe".

1960 - 2000: Bart Hawthaway of Weston, Massachusetts, a designer-builder of kayaks and canoes, designed this 28lb. version of the Rob Roy decked fiberglass canoe to meet the functional needs of today.

2000: Cal-Tek Engineering of Kingston, Massachusetts commenced manufacturing Bart's Rob Roy decked canoe when Bart retired from active building.

\*Bibliography: Manley, Atwood: *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*, pp 24-25.

### PRECISION

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Yesterday, for the first time, I rigged the dinghy (read Snark) for sailing and took her out. Since I sold the Marsh Hen (regret, regret, regret), I have sailed with Nick and Jerry on Nick's Mud Hen, but still have no boat. Well not really! I had forgotten that when I bought a Snark to use as a dinghy, it came with a rather tattered sail, some corroded aluminum poles, and two pieces of clothesline rope.

Yesterday, I surveyed and took inventory of all the pieces and parts of this "sailboat". One plastic-covered picnic cooler about 12' long, 20" wide, and 4" deep. It is the hull, I think. There is a thwart forward with a broken cleat, and a pipe glued to the thwart and the bottom of the "boat". This has to be the mast socket. There are three aluminum poles. One is about 6' long. It has a plastic cap with a hole in it. The mast, perhaps. The other two are about 14' long and bolted together at one end. Spars. She is lateen-rigged, and there is a really tattered sail, more patches than sail. There are also two pieces of wood; one with an aluminum stick attached and the other just a piece of wood. Rudder and dagger board! And, there are the two pieces of clothesline rope. All the requisite parts are here.

I loaded all the parts into the picnic cooler and put the "boat" in the creek. From there it is a 40' paddle through the mangroves to open water. In my infinite wisdom, I chose to rig the boat in the water. The sail was bent on the spars, but other than that, all the parts were just rattling around in the bottom of the boat. I cleared the creek, and noticed that the water was about 8" deep. We have been having some extremely low tides lately. As I put the mast in its socket, the 8 knot breeze slowly blew me back into the mangroves.

I finished rigging the boat in 3" of water. All the parts went together well. I tied off the shorter piece of clothesline to a ring on one of the spars and fed it through the hole in the plastic cap, instant halyard! Two wraps around the broken cleat and a clove hitch around the mast, and the sail was up. I put a rolling hitch around the lower spar at an opening midway between

## Sailing in A Picnic Cooler

By George Hilliker

the mast and the end of the spar, and had mid-boom sheeting.

Now you have to get the picture; 8 knots of wind, 3" of water, and the sail is up and flapping in the breeze. Notice, I said nothing about the centerboard or the tiller, which were lying in the bottom of the boat! Fortunately, the rudder was of the kick-up variety. I attached it with a 4", L-shaped pin provided for the purpose, and lowered the rudder the available 3". It has a nice design where, when lowered to a ninety-degree angle, most of the rudder is in the water but pointing aft, rather than down. I put the dagger board into its slot, and it immediately hit the bottom.

Plan B: Using my paddle as a pole, I poled out to slightly deeper water (6") and pushed the dagger board down again. This time it bit a little water and, when I hauled in the sheet, the wind caught the sail and we spun around like a top. Hmm, I thought to myself; next time I will hold the sheet and the rudder.

After drifting partway down the bay and trying to get comfortable in the bottom of the picnic cooler, with my feet hanging off one side and my arms & head off the other, I finally got hold of both the tiller and the sheet at the same time. This time, when I hauled in on the sheet, whoosh, off we went. In 8 knots of wind, this 35lb boat, with one, 200lb man hanging on for dear life, took off like a rocket. The acceleration was more like a catamaran than a monohull. I was really surprised. Since the hull is foam plastic (like a picnic cooler), almost none of it was in the water. There is no keel, so it is a lot like a windsurfer.

I sailed out to deeper water, and pushed the daggerboard and rudder all the way down. By gosh, this thing really did sail well; I was really surprised. On a broad reach (don't ask how high she points), the boat would surf on occasion. I sailed out to the channel and generally potted around the bay for about two hours. On a beam or a broad reach, when the wind picked up, the daggerboard would cavitate and I was not sure if the whole mess was about to come apart.

Other than being dreadfully uncomfortable, and difficult to move about in, the little 12-footer did rather well. It was even well mannered on a run, where most round bottomed boats are a disaster. Other than picking up some weeds from the bottom on the daggerboard, sailing flat and un-heelled was easy. Even a jibe was uneventful. I have no idea if the boat can be sailed in 15 knots of wind, but up to 10, she is rather delightful.

Of the many maneuvers possible, accidental or otherwise, tacking is the most interesting event for a fifty-nine year old (last Saturday) like me. The boat will turn on a dime, but moving 200lbs from one windward side to the other on a dime is no mean feat. There are no decks. You have to sit in the bottom of the boat and hang your feet over the leeward rail (yes they get wet on occasion), and lean your back and head against the windward rail. When tacking, you have to reverse the position by using your bottom as a pivot point, spinning around under the boom as it comes across. Trim is adjusted by how far you scrunch up on the windward rail. I was familiar with the trim options from my days with the Force 5, but this is a much better mannered boat; having significantly less sail area has a lot to do with it, I am sure. It was a beautiful afternoon here in paradise, and, even when aboard the picnic cooler, it beats working and is just about the finest activity in which man can indulge.

Until a new Hen (or other suitable craft) arrives, I send you greetings from the picnic cooler. Sail fast, Live slow.

Now here's a twist. I was busy in the shop this afternoon working on scarfing together some pieces of fir for some 24' long chine logs for a Martha Jane. Sandy, the old faithful Lab, was fast asleep in the sawdust on the floor, pieces of wood in all shapes and sizes scattered about. The garage door was wide open and the day was sunny and about 75 degrees. My concentration was intense, cutting scarf joints is not second nature to me so I have to give it all I've got.

Glancing up, I caught a motion out of the corner of my eye, and what do I see but a big 4' long Black Snake slithering his way across the wood and right towards me. I hate snakes. Never mind that Black Snakes are extremely beneficial, I just hate snakes, mostly because they startle a person. And that's rude. They seem to thrive on sneaking up on you when they are the very last thing you would ever expect. So I let out an involuntary yell and started waving a chine log at it. The dog, of course, woke up at this and jumped to his feet, having decided that I woke him up to play catch with a stick. He pranced around, barking and having fun, oblivious to the snake which was still descending on us like the Black Plague.

## Slithering Through the Workshop

By Steve Anderson (currently building a Martha Jane)

The snake? He froze and started swizzling his tongue at me, staring with beady eyes. After a final poke with the chine log he took off the wrong way. He went under my indoor woodpile, from which he will be destined to streak out at me when I am not expecting it and reaching my hand into the pile, looking for a nice piece of mahogany to use for a tiller.

So I ran around to the other side of the pile, having exchanged the chine log for a smaller weapon, and peered into the pile from the forward end. There he was, still swizzling his tongue at me. So I poked again, figuring that this time he'd head for the open door behind him. He retreated to the stern end of the woodpile. Sneaking back to that end, I spy him again and poked with my 1x2. He just sat there,

taking it, and managed to get himself picked up on my stick. Meanwhile, our Lab is getting more and more excited. This is apparently a new game which he's never seen before, Run Around The Woodpile. He's having a blast.

The snake slid off my stick and headed back under the woodpile, not to be seen again, today. And there he lies, waiting for me, or maybe for my wife, who one day soon will come out there to run the laundry and she too will suddenly get very excited. He will wait until his presence is least expected and there he'll be. Or perhaps he too has suffered a heart attack over the entire affair, in which case he will begin to stink in about four days or so, and I will have to unstuck all that wood looking for his slimy carcass.

Now there is one positive side to all of this, besides the fact that the old Lab got his daily workout. That old Black Snake is now locked into my garage somewhere, but yesterday we also discovered that a rat had burrowed into the wall from the outside, and we haven't been able to trap him yet, so maybe, just maybe the two will meet.

When they talk about boatbuilding having certain health hazards, I don't think this is what they meant.

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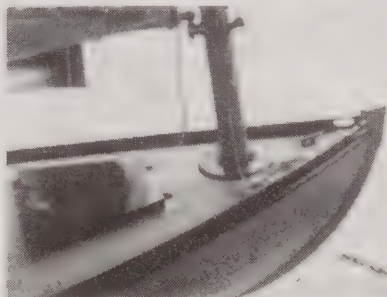
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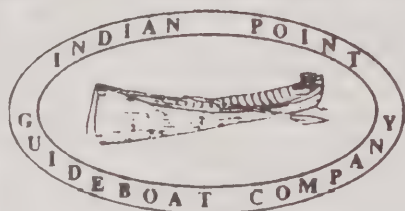
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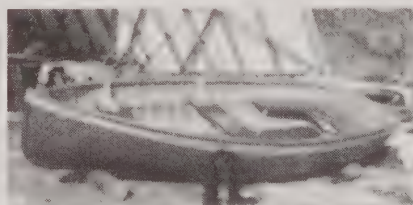
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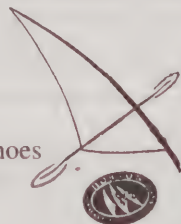
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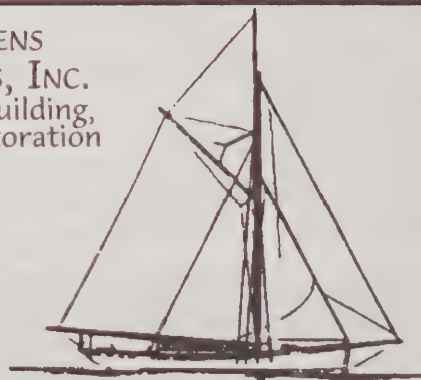
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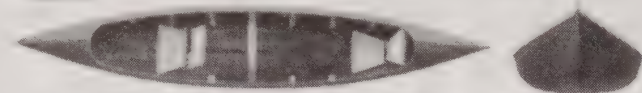
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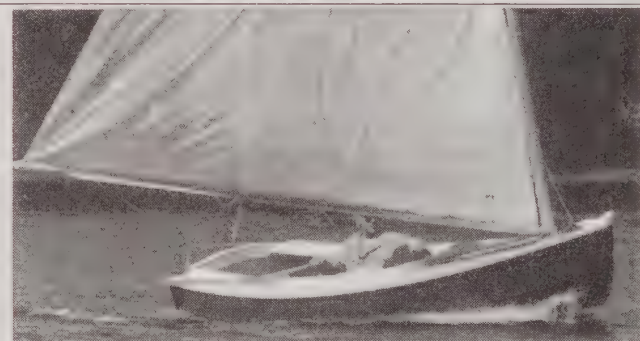
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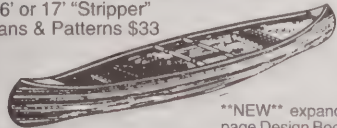
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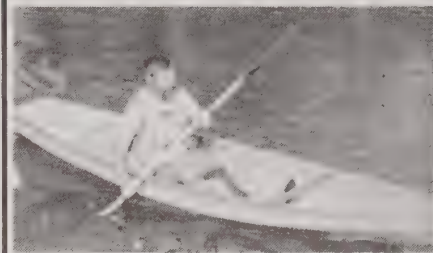
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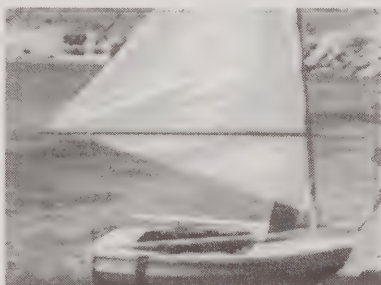
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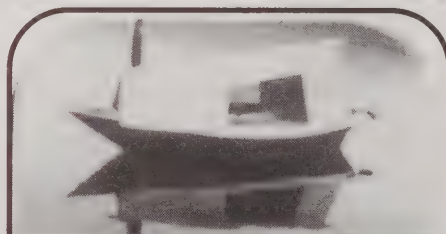
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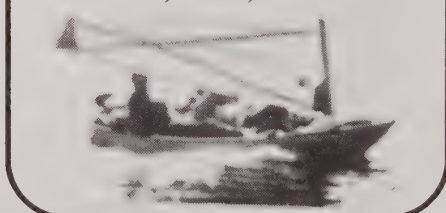
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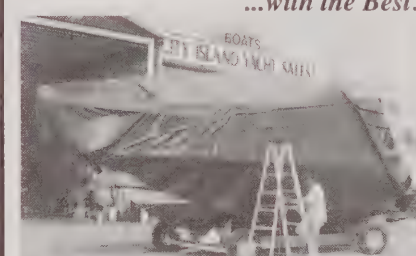
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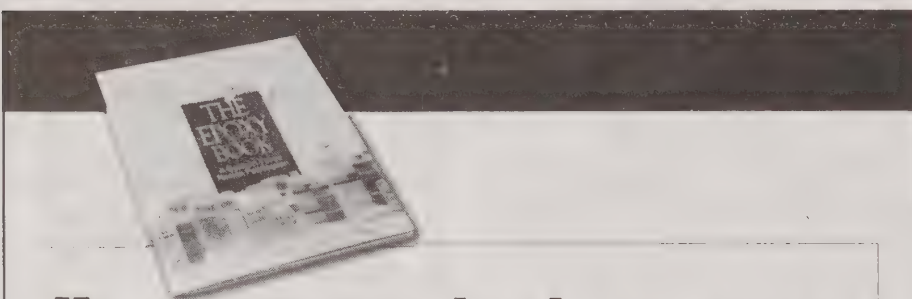
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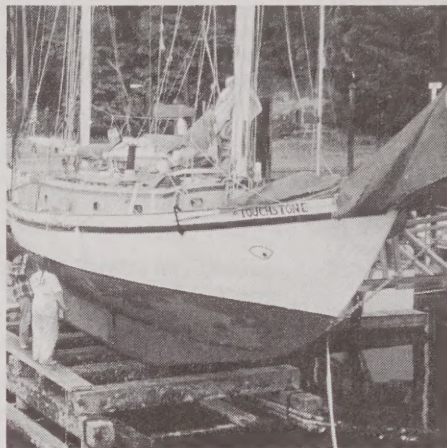
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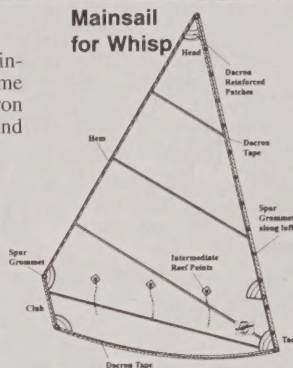
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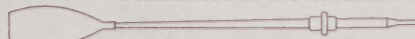
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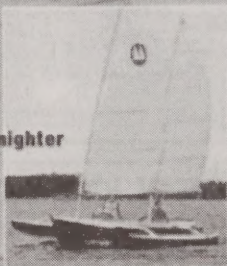
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