

Special Features This Issue
"The Maine Boatbuilders' Show",
"Bucking the Tide" - "Toughies in the Back"

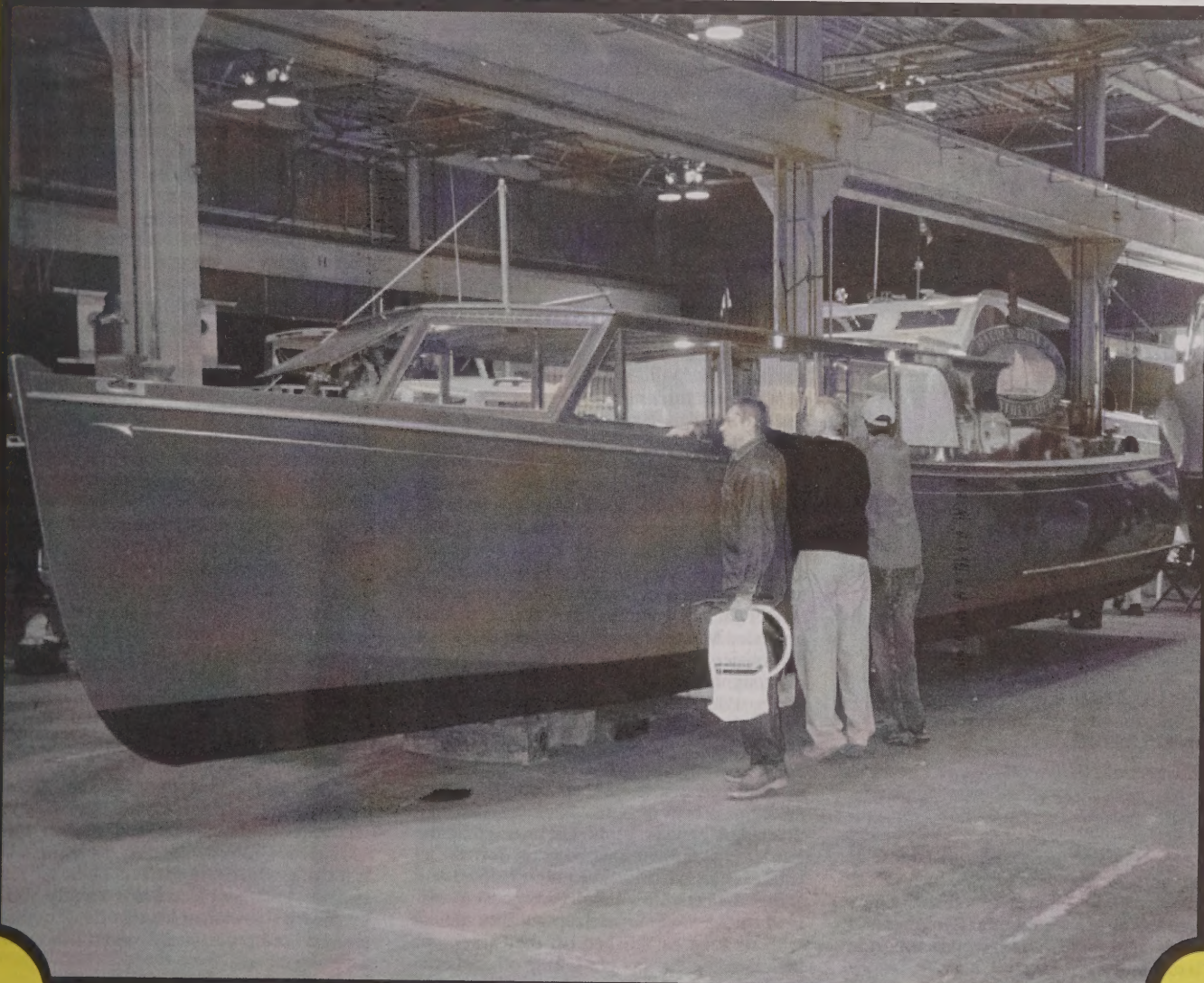
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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 19 - Number 24

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Reader Lewis S. Baldwin, a wood engraver, sent me this engraving done from a recent photo. I am delighted to be able to change what I've been running at the head of this page for something so much better. Thank you, Lewis.



As we walked through this year's Maine Boatbuilders' show I felt that this might be the year when the Show moved beyond where I am at. Last year we decided to retire as exhibitors in the two boat shows we do, this one and the WoodenBoat Show, as the commitment of time and expense was just not cost effective (bean counter jargon). This year, after absorbing the \$15 each ticket price for Jane and I (which had metastasized from the advertised \$10 due to a last minute insurance crisis, we understand), having already paid the parking man \$7 to park nearby, we were confronted with the Ellis 36 Express Cruiser flaunting a \$525,000 price tag. Sharing its up front and center spot was a Saberline 36 Sedan Motor Yacht, which was not flaunting a price tag. Getting past these diversions, we entered more familiar surroundings, a gallery of the smaller boats on which my interest in the show has rested for 12 years.

But, when we moved along to the next cavernous gallery we were greeted with two long rows of "lobster yachts" completely dominating the gallery to its furthest end and then, rounding the turn into the last main gallery downstairs, we were confronted with yet more of these craft. A moment of visual relief burst upon us there as we spotted Alex Hadden's 34' William Atkin Seabright Skiff, custom built for a client, a Jaguar sports car nestled amongst a room full of SUV behemoths.

SUVs, that's what came to mind as I contemplated these boats offered by those in the Maine boatbuilding trade who appear to be chasing after Hinckley and its Picnic Boat (which also was on display). That's a trademarked name, son, Hinckley's lawyers go after any builder even implying their version of lobster yacht is good for picnicking. One well respected Maine designer explained to me that the lobster yacht concept has been the single most significant development in powerboats this past decade, taking what has long been a wonderful workboat design and gussying it up as a yacht. They all look sort of like lobster boats above the waterline even if below they may rely on that deep V concept that drives most powerboat designs today. It seems that the deep V can carry a bigger crowd than the lobster boat hull without bogging down.

SUVs are trucks. The pioneers like Land Rover and Toyota's Land Cruiser were off-road trucks to the core. Jeep got into the act with its long established off-road truck vehicles. When this fad got rolling others in the

auto industry belatedly decided to get onboard and so today we have Mercedes, BMW and Lexus behemoths on the roads, costly fuel guzzling luxurious versions of trucks that seem to have particularly attracted women who drive in fear of accidents and thus hope to be the ones who prevail in any accident that may befall them.

And so it is with the lobster yachts, aside from the accident aspect. Serviceable workboats brought to costly luxurious levels of opulence, powered by monster 500hp diesels that alone run to \$35,000 each. There have always been expensive yachts available for those who could afford them, but the outpouring of these big powerboats inundating the Maine Boatbuilders' Show this year suggests to me that the builders assume there are still plenty of prospects for these craft in our post-affluent economy. Or maybe were when they started to design and build their contenders.

So, back to the show. Most of the small boat builders who regularly participate were there, additional space had been made available to allow for the influx of the high end boats. Costs had gone up, not only for showgoers, but also for exhibitors. The required liability insurance for those not covered by their own business insurance had quintupled. Can many of these smaller builders afford another year? It depends on results. Those I spoke with seemed optimistic about their experience, so perhaps all will be well for the small builders.

But, I still recall the year the Small Boat Show held at Newport in the early '80s went upscale with an influx of arrays of flashy outboard powered boats from volume boat dealers. The original small boat exhibitors soon disappeared, followed soon thereafter by the demise of the show itself. I do not see how the evolution of the Maine Boatbuilders' Show in its apparent direction will continue to be attractive or affordable for small boat builders. Phin Sprague has long promoted his show as an effort to boost the Maine boatbuilding industry, and this year it appears he has been spectacularly successful.

Acknowledging this, the show is now evolving into something other than what I am interested in, moving beyond where I am at, as I stated. This is not faulting the show, which is moving with the times. It is I who am stuck in place, but it's a place where I really want to be, amongst the small boat world of builders, amateur and professional, and all those who love small boats.

Looking Ahead...

Barry Donahue provides a photo essay on "Working Haitian Waters"; John Conway brings us another *Buckrammer* adventure in "Treasure Hunters of Brenton Cove"; Robb White has another adventure tale in "Another Reynolds Rescue"; David Buckman continues his chronicle of "Bucking the Tide"; and Bill Gamblin's "Looking Back" series continues with "Rescue of the Rowdy".

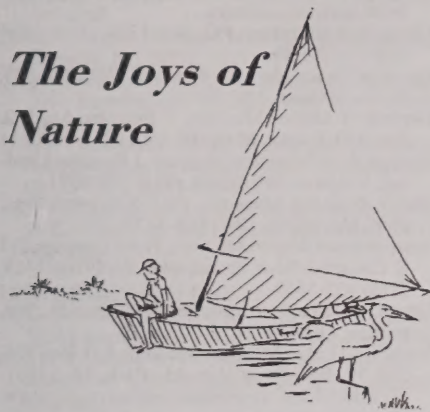
Mark Steele offers us his "Memories of Frisky Whiskey"; A.J. Kolodziejki reports on his experience "Working on the Schooner *Sultana*"; Hugh J. Hagan III details "Restoring the Mobjack"; and Andreas Jordahl Ruhl tells us how "An Oldtimer Returns Home".

Glen L Marine presents their "TNT (Tiny 'N Terrific)"; Phil Bolger & Friends will surely have something for us; and Jim Wonnell describes a "Lightweight Cartop Boat Trailer".

On the Cover...

Alex Hadden's superb Willam Atkins 34' Seabright Skiff may not have been up front and center at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show but she was the "Queen of the Show" in our book. Find out more in our six page report in this issue.

The Joys of Nature



Don't Wait Any Longer (To Mess Around a Little)

By Nancy Koschmann

Several years ago on the front page of our local newspaper a color photo appeared of two women kayaking across Dryden Lake, a small body of water tucked into the rolling farmlands of New York's Finger Lakes region. Now there's a peaceful little place to explore, I thought. I slid the idea into one of my favorite mental folders, "interesting places to mess around..." My intention is always to pull out the file on a sunny afternoon or a lazy summer evening, but too often teaching duties, committee meetings, house repairs, and errands pile themselves on top of my file. But the events of the early fall jolted me into a new appreciation of time and opportunity, and so, with the late September sun reminding me of the coming winter, my paddling companion and I set off to Dryden Lake. It turned out to be a perfect day, and a perfect spot, for messing about in a boat.

We decided to take our green kevlar Mad River tripping canoe, thinking that if the lake turned out to be quite shallow now that summer was over, we'd be able to float comfortably in a half foot of water. I remembered that no motors were allowed on the lake. With our canoe topping the car like a cap, the paddles dumped unceremoniously in the back seat along with two life vests and a waterproof bag of water, snacks and sweatshirts, we headed for the outskirts of Dryden, New York, some twenty minutes from our home in Ithaca.

After parking in a gravel area marked by several signs detailing the local fishing regulations, we surveyed the small park memorializing Kevin P. Kinsman, a local man and Dryden Public Works employee who had spent considerable effort creating and caring for the recreation area on the side of the lake. We could see the entrance to a lovely walking and biking trail, which we later discovered ringed nearly a third of the lake. A wooden lookout offered pedestrians and bikers a place to stop and admire the scenery; later we would discover a second such patio perched out over the water. A small path through underbrush and young spruce led to the put-in, where we stopped for a moment to preview the lake.

Our shallow pond, as it seemed at first glance, Dryden Lake is about a mile and a half

long, maybe a mile across, and about a fifth of it could be classified as either very shallow with a variety of interesting, floating debris or just plain swamp. I had optimistically worn my swimming shorts and sports top, and, looking at the water, felt a little silly. The afternoon, however, was to offer much more than a fall swim or companionable paddle.

We put in without sinking into the mud and headed out of the small cove to the lake proper. Just around the corner from the put-in we were greeted by several painted turtles, soaking up the warmth as they dozed on a log. Although they clambered into the water, disappearing as we floated by, it felt like a good omen for our trip. We continued to meet their many relatives and relations on the numerous floating branches and half sunk logs as we paddled around the shallow lake. The ancient Chinese, so they say, believed that the world was held up on the back of a turtle, and that if one goes back, or down, far enough historically, one will always find a turtle at the origin. Turtles in Asia also symbolize long life and successful efforts, and thus we always feel a little blessed to come upon one of these beautiful, elusive creatures.

So you can imagine our joy as a huge snapping turtle swam up to us. I hadn't seen one that close since I'd rescued a snapper from the middle of a state highway several years back. Putting this creature most carefully on the passenger seat beside me, I'd driven to the nearest gas station and asked directions to the local swamp. The attendant, a sweet young man wearing a Yankee cap and a plaid shirt, nodded knowingly. "I'm picking 'em up all the time and takin' 'em back home. Those mamas, they get confused crossing the road when it's egg laying time." I followed his directions down the gravel road to a swamp where I cautiously removed Mama Snapper from the car and watched her slip into the water.

This particular turtle was covered with algae and muck, and if he hadn't poked his nose out of the water for air, we might have missed him all together. He could have passed easily for just another tangled barge of weeds. Instead, we watched him swim slowly toward us, his webbed feet propelling him through the muddy water with hardly a disturbance. At the side of the canoe he raised his head and blinked, paused, blinked again, and then seeing us, disappeared into the mud so fast that we had no idea where he had even gone down. We waited a few minutes, but he was gone for good. We paddled on, each stroke creating a massive whirlpool of swirling, oily blackness and liberated plants. How had he slid through that water without even a trace of movement behind him?

A slender gray heron, perhaps an adolescent, flew ahead of us and landed on a large rotting tree trunk with its roots still sprawled in all directions. We tried to hold the canoe steady in the wind, eventually realizing that by digging our paddles into the mud we could stay quietly in one place without too much effort. The heron waited motionlessly for some time; finally convinced that we were just one more large piece of debris, she stepped gracefully off the trunk into the foot or so of water. She moved like a feathered cat slinking toward her prey; so carefully did she lift her long legs through the water that not a ripple could be seen.

Her neck reached out slowly, then re-

tracted, then out again. She waited and we waited and then in a flash she struck and pulled back, a silver fish, perhaps six inches long, flopping desperately in her mouth. She swallowed. Her mouth muscles, then her throat and neck, rippled as the fish went down. Again she went into stalking pose, turning her head to the side without moving her body, and again she pounced, and another fish became dinner. How many herons had we seen before that afternoon, huge blues, shaggy grays, always rising up far ahead of us into that majestic flight! This was the first time one dined before us, and like good wait staff, we remained silent and attentive.

Dryden Lake, we learned, is home to all sorts of wildlife; weasels, minks, painted turtles, snappers, herons, ducks, fish of all sort, deer, coyote and woodchucks. Many species of birds stop on their migrations north and south, resting sometimes for a day, sometimes for a couple of weeks. Because we were there in the afternoon, we missed the small mammals running along the shoreline as they no doubt do in the early morning and at dusk. We did see a deer flit through the woods, and watched an array of birds come and go from the trees. A large bird, perhaps a hawk or vulture, eyed us for some time, and at the edge of the woods near the golf course what looked like a wild turkey scurried into hiding.

In our trusty canoe, we were able to navigate the entire shoreline of Dryden Lake; the weeds and reeds, murky water and deeper hollows where water plants tickled the bottom of our canoe, tiny lagoons filled with rotting logs and turtles, clear pools of water, until the carp sensed our presence and rumble-tumbled the place with clouds of dirt and sunken leaves. The sun went lower behind the hardwoods and pines as we floated by wooded state land, still green farms, a golf course, and several newly built residences. In the lovely September sun, we paddled gently, exploring the swampy coves or, almost as often, sat motionless, watching nature go about her business.

I never purposefully recall committee meetings, where I went on an errand, or what mistakes those student papers contained. But I do often bring to mind the places and times I have messed around in boats. All fall and through this winter, moments from that lovely afternoon on Dryden Lake have been with me; remembering that trip has been a simple but effective antidote to the sadness of 9/11 and the worries of a world terribly off kilter. We floated there in such serenity, full of awe at the animal life and vegetation.

Goldenrod shook their heads at us, and once, as we rounded a corner of weeds, a fully adorned apple tree greeted us. Cattails waved hello and then goodbye, along with late purple aster and a few relentless Queen Anne's laces. Over by a huge hollowed out pine stretched a grove of milkweed, still green and young, but soon to fatten and spread their silky seeds over the land.

Why did it take me two years to finally explore Dryden Lake with my canoe? And why don't I spend more afternoons, and mornings, and early evenings messing around in boats? I'm off again now: spring is struggling to arrive and we're going to do Dryden Lake at dusk in hopes of seeing an early mink or a weasel. Life is short and the water is waiting, reminding us that beauty and peacefulness still exist for those of us willing to see it. You should go mess around for a while too.

ANTIQUÉ & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <hq@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org>
Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Chris Craft Antique Boat Club, Inc., d/b/a Antique Boat Club, 217 S. Adams St., Tallahassee, FL 32301-1708, (850) 224-2628, www.chris-craft.org, <wwright@netally.com>
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Soc., 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.
The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436, (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>
Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.
Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 903-4284, www.chesapeakeboatsbayou.cktl.com.
CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 388-0162.
Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
NW School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.
Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768.
Washington Cty. Technical College, RR1 Box 22C, River Rd., Calais, ME 04619, (207) 454-1000.

Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2002

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

In 2002, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

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

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

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

Galveston & Trinity Bay Marine Museum, P.O. Box 641, Bacliff, TX 77518, (281) 559-1092, www.scowsschooner.org.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org>.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.
Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum, Gary Kissal, Curator, 5 Bessom St. #101, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-2567, <jmorgan@marblehead.com>
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.
Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Hist. Soc. & Mus., 155 W. Bay Rd., PO Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.
Penobscot Marine Museum, 5 Church St., Searsport, ME 04974, (207) 548-2529.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662.
James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St, Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-0097.

Model Guild of the Ventura Cty Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035 (805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster@aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.

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

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

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

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

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Nancy Rodgers, 20 Brookline Rd., Scarsdale, NY 10583, (914) 472-8274, <saltworksx@aol.com>

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

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

The Catboat Association, Inc., c/o David E. Hall, 115 Elm St., S. Dartmouth, MA 02748-3801, (508) 991-5491, <Quickshole@aol.com>

West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Bill Beddow, 1333 Corby Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650

PADDLING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, PO Box 226, Blue Mt. Lake, NY 12812 <wcha@wcha.org, www.wcha.org>

ROWING

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

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

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

Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <www.c4.net/viking>

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

East River Crew, c/o Tori Gilbert, 22 E. 89th St., New York, NY 10128.

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

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

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

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

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

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

New Charleston Mosquito Fleet, c/o Rob Dunlap, 2121 Woodland Shores Rd., Charleston, SC 29412. (843) 762-9247.

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

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

Saquish Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986

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

SAFETY EDUCATION

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

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

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

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

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

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

"Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>

West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

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

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

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

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

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Robert T. Ratcliff, 2861 San Carlos Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598. (925) 939-4073.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

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

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

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

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

TUGBOATING

International Retired Tugboat Association, c/o N.A. Foraker, 250 N. 50th, Longview, WA 98632. (360) 423-4223, <tugsname@aol.com>

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

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

WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

WATER TRAILS

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

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

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

WOODEN BOATS

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

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

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

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

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

Wooden Boat Found., Cupola House, 2 Pte. Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

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

You write to us about...

Designs...

Hownowscow

In our ongoing enjoyment in refining small boats, the advantages of the historic scow design might be reviewed. I believe it was William Atkin who observed excessive beam should be avoided in flat-bottomed boats. And we're advised that attempts to convert the production aluminum john boats to sail suffer from lack of rocker. Conversely, the refined shapes of lake scows develop shapes for greatest sailing speeds.

In a reasonably proportioned scow, wave action would give nice lift to the stern, and the full bow lines should avoid digging in or sheering off to broaching. I'm very much in favor of boats that can be beached in gucky shores and disembarked as favorably as possible. Conversely, embarking with least walking/shoving is good, and I think of small kedges that might be slung out like water depth lead-lines and pulled in via simple winches. Seems a bit better than prying attempts with oars.

As to load-carrying and launching, I've read that the Pacific Dorys in Oregon can have metal sheathed bottoms to skid amazingly well over water-slicked sand. While the scow is the easiest boat to build, a bottom sheath of common galvanized sheet metal should guarantee leak proofing and maximum durability. Virtually all scows have no side flare, and this might provide amazing results. Certainly flat sides favors good leeboard attaching. And as a load container trailer or launched, the scow is unbeatable. I'm strong on sleeping aboard in cruising/camping, and the scow excels here with any tent attachment providing maximum size and simplicity.

I guess the most unattractive thing about scows is what the name envisions. We're sure not talking about rock or garbage carrying scows, and a civilized redesigning seems to hold everything good.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Information of Interest...

To Encourage More Small Boat Enjoyment

I am a small boat enthusiast who would like to see more small boats being enjoyed, hopefully in lieu of some of the overpowered terrors. I would like to appeal to you and your readers for help. Please review the material below and if you think it is worthwhile I would appreciate any help you can offer.

I am putting together material that will be used to lobby for a modification of regulations, primarily fishing regulations, that will encourage the use of small boats that have no mechanized propulsion devices onboard. The thought is to introduce small boats to those who otherwise use overpowered, oversized tools for their intended purpose and reward them for doing so, by setting by law and marketing a kind of "bow hunting" season for fisherman using motorless boats. This is accomplished by allowing an early season or ex-

tended limits on certain species as deemed appropriate by science. Hopefully some of those introduced will become enamored by the "macho factor" in the boat handling of motorless boats, the increased sporting factor (as in bow hunting), and the economy and simplicity of small boats.

What I am looking for are stories, photos and commentary relative to fishing in motorless boats that are released and approved for publication for this effort only. Once a presentable collection is established it will be introduced to lawmakers and regulators (Florida first) environmental groups, and fishing associations. Since there are no restrictive changes proposed there should be minimal opposition, making it a popular project to promote.

Anyone able and willing to provide any of the above or any thing else that they may think will help, including advice but excluding money, along with an appropriate release statement I will make sure they are used for the purpose stated.

This endeavor is not restricted in any way. Anyone who would like to take direct action along these lines is not only welcome to do so but encouraged to do so.

Steve Kingery, 4341 S Corbett Ave.,
Homasassa, FL 34446, <Skorl@netzero.net>

Save the Seagulls

The wildlife credo of "Save the Seagulls" is also applicable to the ancient outboards. A letter from a precious lady user bemoans her Seagull has a "hole in the cylinder" requiring replacement. I rather presume this is a hole in the water jacket. The Seagull water coolant systems is remarkably low pressure, and the cylinder jacket can probably be fixed with epoxy putty. Mainly remove that water outlet fitting from the cylinder and poke around no end to break up walls of crystallized salt (or gunk). And (repeat) see that the Amal carburetor has some device to prevent wind from blowing (as in bad weather) directly into its throat.

For about 60 years of my life I've found outboards overly costly for my means. And things haven't changed.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Boat Portraiture

I read with much interest "Boat Portraiture" by Robert Kimball, Sr. in the March 1 issue. As I do a lot of photography on the water it was good to learn of others' ideas.

One important point I'd like to add is "keep the horizon level!" Too often I view photos others have taken, perfect light, great subject, but the horizon was off. Bad, bad bad! So add this to Mr. Kimball's great tips, please remember, "keep the horizon level!"

Ray Strickland, Stuart, FL.

Mystical Fog & the Buckrammer Story

You know, fog is an interesting sight. It changes everything, as we know it, something like darkness compared to brightness and semi-blindness as to crystal clarity. Fog, an unattractive looking word, the three letters in

that sequence suggest all kinds of unknowns. Fog, many tales attach themselves like barnacles and find a place within its shroud. The Fog, it makes things appear larger or smaller closer or further away, distortion is its middle name. It causes claustrophobia and a choking feeling, all of which will be dealt with, because there's no choice; even if it's 80 degrees you get cold, and you see your breath. Disorientation and direction becomes the main menu; all senses become honed after 30 seconds in the thick of it.

These tiny droplets of floating water, so densely packed, under just the right conditions, have the power to bend twist and separate light space and time! Completely different colors are sliced and defined when light and fog or mist, collide, within a prism spectrum, a rainbow. The distance between two points and actual travel speed of a craft is obscured.

The fog, it makes sailors uneasy; it knots up the bellies of even most experienced nautical travelers. If a person's best friend on land is the dog, then surely a seaman's best friend is the compass, but unlike the K-9 the compass relies on magnetism; in fog true north can become a liar.

The catboat, *Buckrammer*, and her seasoned skipper had a very special thing happen to them created by the fog along with an unexplainable combination of conditions, perhaps magnetic pulling and pushing along with suspended water floating on air, quite a good conductor for a mystery; nobody really, will ever know. I for one, believe the *Buckrammer's* skipper, John E. Conway, had himself a peek into history and yet another barnacle attaches itself to the fog.

So remember shipmates, when you see that mystical mist rolling in on you and your vessel, put one arm around your dog and one arm on the tiller; one eye on the compass, and the other eye? Well, that eye is reserved for the unknown; keep it peeled mate. I enjoyed reading "Encounter in Tarpaulin Cove", thanks to John for for sharing his story with us.

Arthur MacDonald, Ass't Harbormaster,
Revere, MA

Opinions...

MBBS Not What It Used to Be

I'm just back from the Maine Boatbuilders' Show. It's been a favorite of mine for a long time but I think that's all over now. It's not what it used to be, too many big (really big) fiberglass boats.

Jonathan Davol, Sturbridge, MA

Small Adventures

Your remarks regarding the interest that "The String is the River" (March 1 issue) has aroused are well taken. That people connect with "The River" through reading the story is easy to understand. It is such an appealing place. Plus, it really exists!

I hope the tale will encourage folks to experience life. To live life instead of observe it, or watch it on a TV screen. There are all these small adventures that are just outside our own front doors. All we have to do is just stand up, gather our families around us and walk outside. The world awaits!

Hugh Hagan, III, Roanoke, VA

More on Misbehavior Afloat

Bruce Armstrong from the West Coast, and Peter Hunt on the Atlantic side, have addressed the subject of misbehavior on the waterways of North America. Please let me throw in a couple cent's worth of experience from the Great Lakes region.

Michigan has the largest number of coastline miles of any state other than Alaska. And we have the largest number of registered powerboats of any of the 50 states. I don't know if we also have the country's largest population of stupid, rude, arrogant and self-centered boaters, but we certainly are a contender!

As a deep-water kayaker, I know my limits and stay out of the way of trouble. I also know the rules of the road, and whatever my legal rights may be in any set of circumstances, but I'm not dumb enough to try to exercise those legal rights. I do, however, think that it should be possible for me to paddle along any given shore without being buzzed by a boatload of nitwits pulling a string of their ilk on skis. Jet skis are, of course, the worst offenders of all, especially with their ability to function in the shallows where we hang out, but they're just another manifestation of the basic problem: Entitlement.

There's no law that actually prohibits me from racing a pregnant lady to the last seat on the bus. I paid my fare; I'm entitled to a seat. There's no legal prohibition against my pushing through the door of a busy public building and not holding it for a second for the person behind me. I'm entitled to go through the door and if I let it fly into somebody following me that's just too bad. And if some pinheaded baseball player wants to set his hair on fire and do 110 miles an hour in a boat, there's no law that says he can't.

Am I whining? No, I'm simply observing what should be obvious to anyone who hasn't been living in a cave for the past fifty years and who should be able to see what's become of what used to be a halfway decent society. Now it's in-your-face, gimme-mine, I-gotta-right, the-hell-with-you. We saw it in the good old Enron boys. We're entitled, they said, and too bad about all you suckers.

Are we beyond the point where we can ever go back? Probably. There are simply too many people who have been handed too much; too much money, too many toys, too much unsupervised freedom. In many eyes, these are not privileges, they're entitlements. And it has been all too easy to make use of them anywhere and anytime the owner chooses, without regard for anyone else.

There are some laws here and there, with or without effective enforcement, bearing on water safety and basic rules and practices. Classes conducted by the Coast Guard Auxiliary and Power Squadron have done great things for the more intelligent of the boating public, but the jerks don't take the courses.

Eventually there will be enough hue and cry and some sort of a horrific accident or disaster and government will step in, most likely with licenses. This probably wouldn't be a bad idea, if it were handled right. With a license, there's something to be taken away after an offense. Of course, this can be bobbled quite easily. This week we had local news about a drunk who had been arrested for the sixth time for driving without a license.

Peter Hunt has it right, we of the non-confrontational boats contingent need to

get more vocal, more active. We need to annoy our various elected officials. There are some lakes in inland Michigan on which engines over a certain rated horsepower are prohibited between certain hours, so fisherpeople and paddlers/rowers can be at peace. Let's start yelling for more of these. We need an organization, a unified voice.

Maybe we could call it the North American Anti-Purple Lamborghini Association.

Joe Reisner, Marshall, MI

Projects...

Found a F.O.R.D.

I found two boats at a roadside with "Free" signs on them, so I picked up the one nearest the road. It is a Voyager by Nylox, a make I have never heard of (Nylox, Western Marine Supply, LA). It is 17' long, 6-1/2' beam and was powered by an inboard outdrive which is now missing. So I can rebuild it with any inboard or outboard configuration. Does anyone have any suggestions?

I thought a good name for the boat would be *Lost & Found*, but my son suggested *F.O.R.D.*, *Found On Road Dead*. He painted this name on its transom with a spray can as soon as we got it home.

Craig Wilson, 31451 Hardin Flat, Groveland, CA 95321.



Information Wanted...

Scottish Cat Ketch

A few years ago we saw this beautifully designed and built cat ketch in the harbor at Scourie, Scotland. At that time I spoke with the owner, who had sailed her to Harris and back across 40 miles of open ocean. He had nothing but praise for the vessel. I have misplaced the rest of the information I had on this boat and wonder if any readers might know of her origins.

I seem to recall she was made in Canada, but it could have been England. She is a boat that camper/cruisers should find of interest. She looks fast and able, has full flotation with a ballast keel, something to pay attention to. Her only drawback, in my view, is that she

seems to be a little small.

Bob Woodruff, RFD Box 572, State Rd., Vinyard Haven, MA 02568, (508) 693-8447.



This Magazine...

A Friendly Port

Just a note to thank you for the story on our Winters Brothers efforts in small boats (March 1, 2002). I think we have discovered a friendly port in a stormy world.

Fred Winters, Winters Brothers Boats, Caledonia, MI

Where Is It?

Is there some way at the start of an article, perhaps under the title or with it, of showing where the activity is located? So often I have to search the article for some clue. For example, the March 1 issue article, "Interlude in a Dinghy" took a little work for me to find they were sailing in England. Of course, there are other articles the locations of which are readily identifiable.

Dick Schneider, Rye, NY

Editor Comments: Yes, we can do that and have promised to do so in the past, but it keeps getting away from us as we produce each issue.

**Give to me and I will give to you,
says the Lord"**
(Milachi 3:6)

Your boat & marine equipment are
needed for His service.

Cruising Ministries

6110 Florida Ave.
New Port Richey, FL 34653
(727) 849-3766
<graced@gte.net>

Hard Bottom

A Novel by G. F. Michelsen
A Hard Scrabble Book
University Press of New England
Hanover, NH 03755, 2001
360 Pages - 2 Maps
ISBN 1-58465-081-8
Clothbound - \$24.95

Reviewed by James Broten

In the few years that I have been a reader of this magazine, I do not recollect any previous review of a fiction book; but I'm sure I'm not the only reader who enjoys reading fiction so here is a short review of *Hard Bottom* to enable you to decide if you would like to obtain this book to read yourself.

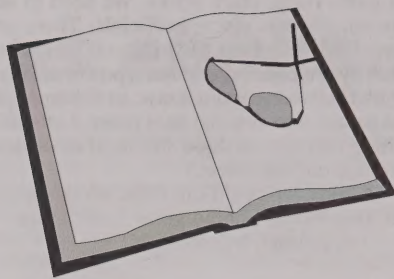
Hard Bottom is a story, related in the first person by Ollie Cahoon, of a very difficult period in his life. He was operating a fishing boat out of Chatham, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, competing with the big operators, fishing the hard bottom, and not really making it financially, and all the while his marriage was going to pieces. His only apparent hope to raise enough money to get his boat back in shape and to keep his fishing business going, would be to sell some inherited water rights, something he doesn't want to do, but most of the townspeople want, since it will enable commercial development to proceed, and create employment in the area. Ollie hates the potential loss of the natural area where he spent his boyhood.

The author seems to have a couple of causes to push in the course of telling his story. First, the state of the Cape Cod area fishing industry and the direction it seems to be going. Second, the intense development of Cape Cod and the resulting damage to the environment. This reviewer, having spent my life in the heartland, can't comment on the accuracy of the author's views, but can empathize with the similar situations we see here, large farming operations pushing out the family farmer, and urban sprawl encroaching out over the landscape.

Ollie Cahoon tells his story well; the onboard scenes seem especially well told, and it is obvious that the author has spent time aboard fishing boats and is aware of how the industry functions. The bad weather scenes and the USCG encounter during one of those scenes, were vivid. I found the Mad River Glen skiing interlude kind of contrived; it did provide the opportunity for some adulterous sex activity and Ollie's guilt feelings for the balance of the story.

One interesting technique of story telling was the author's use of several inserts indicated as reprints from *Notes on the Ecology of Cape Cod* (Salt Marsh Press....etc.) and *Children's Tales of Olde Cape Cod* (Olympia Imprints, etc.). When I hunted for some permissions to use such reprints, and found none, I came to the conclusion that these were also part of this author's creation. What I'll call "earthy language", seemed overdone and tiring; yes I know people talk like this, but the story would have been just as good if it were toned down some. Ollie would agree that he drank too much, and some references to illegal drug use seemed a little too casual.

When I was about fifty or sixty pages into



Book Reviews

this book, I said that if I had picked it up at the library, I'd quit and take it back. As it was, since I had agreed to do the review, I persevered and read it through to the end, and by then I was glad that I had; I had learned much about an industry and an area about which I had known very little. The way the author ended the story did leave me a little disappointed, but maybe he's planning another story for Ollie to tell. I'm sure that people who have lived on Cape Cod, or visited, will find the book of special interest, others will find a good story and some interesting views.

Working Thin Waters Conversations with Captain Lawrence H. Malloy, Jr.

By Stephen Jones
University Press of New England
Hanover, NH 03755 2001
352 Pages - 41 Photographs
ISBN, I-58465-103-2
Clothbound - \$29.95

Reviewed by George La Pierre

Occasionally, while rowing along a tidal riverbank you'll come upon a sunken barge with a bunch of well-used workboats sitting in mud berths surrounded by piles of unmistakably nautical gear. They appear somehow commercial, but not in a twenty first century sort of way. Who works there? What do they do?

Stephen Jones vividly records the working life and times of Captain Lawrence (Larry) Malloy on the bays and estuaries (shallow, or "thin", water) of eastern Long Island Sound. Over the last seventy years, Larry Malloy did everything from submarine salvage to potato hauling to barge towing, tending oyster beds all the while. He is the man who delivered the Mystic Seaport bandstand, by water, from Fisher's Island.

Through the history of this man, we get glimpses of the historic changes that the twentieth century wrought upon the water. Early in life, he helped transport coal and manure to the Orient Point area; later on he ferried ornithologists and estuarine scientists. Captain Malloy received his license based upon work experience and an interview in the New London Post Office. His father never even needed

one.

Always in the background of Larry Malloy's story is the history of his boats. As a boy, one of his first memories is standing with his father beside *Anne* (pronounced *Annie*) in Greenport where her original square stern was being replaced with a stronger tugboat stern more suitable for oystering and towing. *Anne*, built in 1884 in Smithtown on Long Island, was already about forty years old the first time he saw her. Although his father eventually sold her in the thirties, she ended up being the last boat that Larry Malloy professionally used. You will be happy to know that she was recently rebuilt at Stephen Jones' boatyard and has many good years ahead of her.

Larry Malloy used *Anne* like a pickup truck or a favorite pocketknife. Although primarily an oyster boat, she was a towboat or cargo hauler or prop wash dredger as circumstances dictated. (You can find more photos of Malloy family boats at www.99main.com/~vindex/index.html, which is maintained by Larry Malloy's nephew).

A short but absorbing chapter addresses innovation and inventions aboard an old oyster boat. Larry Malloy describes *Anne's* hoisting boom: "We'd see a guy come in with a different way of rigging a boom or something. We'd keep an eye on him and see if it was working out. If you'd see him again a little while later, and he was still doing it, then maybe you'd look a little harder. That's how the boom on *Anne* got rerigged. Pretty soon you'd see everyone doing it that way and you'd say, "Hey, wasn't that always the way we did it?"

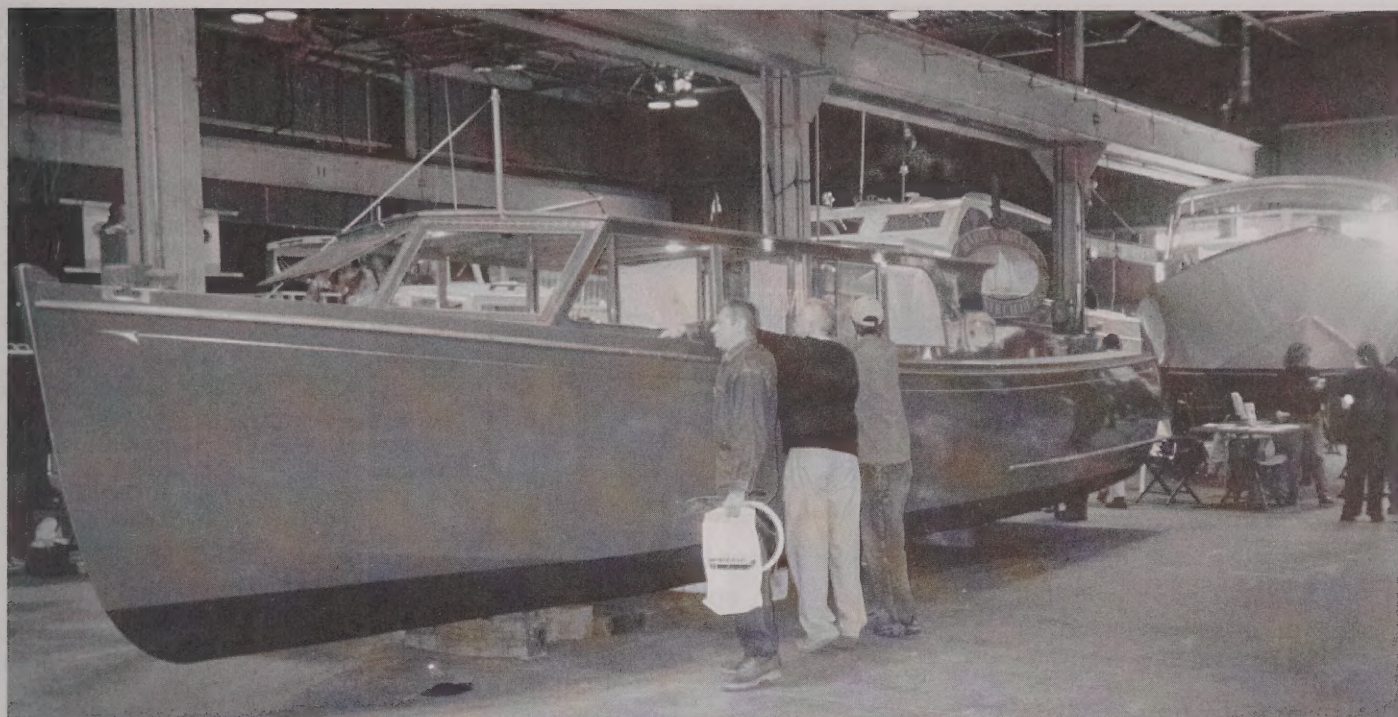
Numerous other traditional workboats come and go throughout the book, most of them ending up as makeshift bulkheads and breaker's salvage. Particularly interesting is the account of the two aging Malloy brothers almost gleefully taking a chainsaw to the oyster boat *Alice*. Reminiscent of boat builders burning their molds and photographers destroying their negatives, such a moment illustrates the dark side of a lifetime of intense personal labor.

Stephen Jones succeeds in the difficult task of chronicling and organizing oral traditions into a literary work. Growing out of years of conversations, the book is arranged partially by topic and partially by chronology. This can be frustrating when looking back for a specific reference, but works well on the whole.

More importantly, he manages to maintain a perfect empathetic tone towards his subject. In *Working Thin Waters* an English professor meets a waterman who never finished high school eye to eye, looking neither up nor down. This is as rare as it is refreshing.

Content ranges far beyond the particulars of the Malloys' story into discussions of current shell fishing practices, the rise and fall of various waterfronts, prop wash dredging and extensive local history. Especially fascinating is the mystery involving a spar from the America Cup Defender *Rainbow*.

Working Thin Waters is a well-written, wide-ranging essay in the tradition of John McPhee. Stephen Jones variously ruminates on everything from the evolving nature of employment to the whereabouts of Captain Kidd's treasure. In one passage Malloy refers to *Anne* as a "ten knot boat" capable of a steady eight to ten knots in any weather any time. Jones has created a "ten knot book" that never races and never slows.



The Maine Boatbuilders' Show 2002

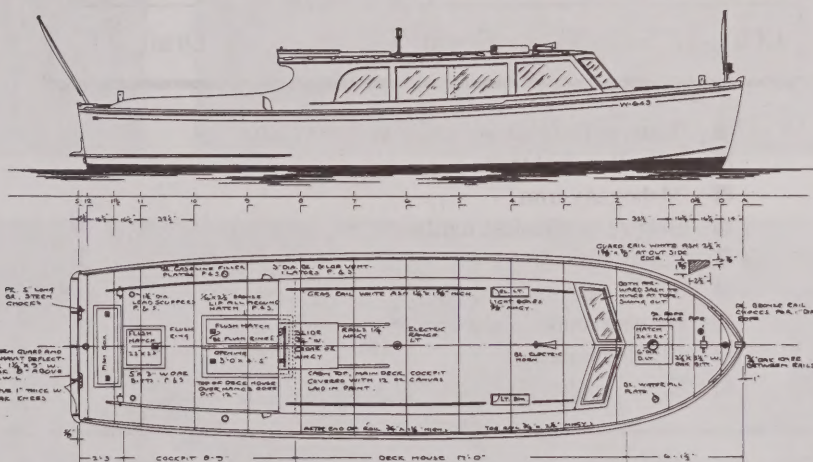
By Bob Hicks

Last year, once we got past the ticket sellers, we were confronted by the Ellis 36 Express Cruiser. Beside it stood a price poster itemizing all its goodies. The total came to \$497,900. We moved on. This year it was back, or one just like it, but no itemized listing, just a simple price tag scaled to the boat's size hung on a string beside the stairway leading to the viewing platform way up there. The price, not itemized, was \$525,000. We moved on.

Our subsequent tour through the show to see what was there revealed many, many more of these lobster yachts, express cruisers, sedan cruisers, picnic boats, by whatever name they are called, large power boats ranging from 24' to 36'. I made a rough count of 17. I'm not going into any more detail on these boats as they typify the high end affluent consumer boating to which I do not aspire.

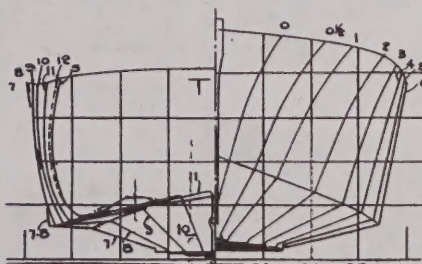
But there were three powerboats that did get my attention, led off by Alex Hadden's 34' Willam Atkin Seabright Skiff, custom built of wood for a client. Alex's work is flawless and the boat, long and low and gleaming in its bright red and brightwork finish crouched amongst the towering lobster yachts surrounding it like a Jaguar sports car amongst a parking lot full of SUVs. The price, "A lot," was Alex's response to that question posed by two women while I looked on. Once a builder gets into all the custom modifications a client wants done to the original design, the costs soar. The box at right gives you all the details on this unique boat. It was a beacon of delight amongst the upscale fleet dominating this year's show. Hadden Boat Co., 11 Tibbett's Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548.

Moving on, I was attracted to Jay Hotchkiss' Chinook 21 Pilot Launch. At \$53,995 it is still a lotta money for my life



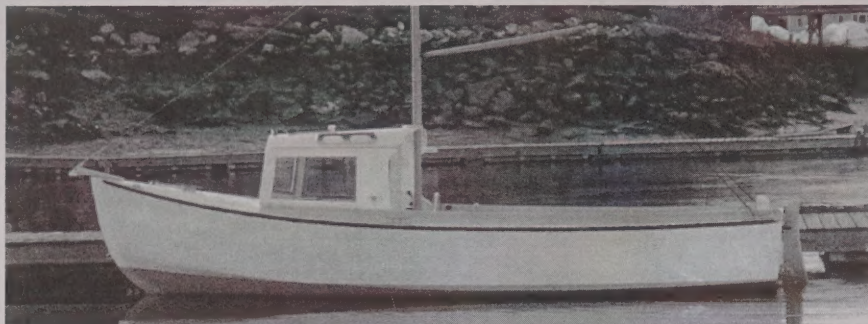
34' V-Bottom Sea Bright Skiff,
designed by William Atkin, 1950

- Ultra shoal draft: 1'4"
- Jersey box deadwood with tunnel stern allows safe upright grounding anywhere
- Exceptional stability for blue water voyaging
- Comfortable motion (non-rolling)
- Easily propelled, excellent fuel economy
- Lots of room below, 6' headroom throughout
- Pleasing low profile house above
- Seam-battened planking permits leak-free Spring launchings



DIMENSIONS:

L.O.A.	34'-1 1/2"
L.W.L.	32'-6"
BREADTH	3'-2"
DRAFT	1'-4"
FREEBOARD: BOW	4'-4"
LEAST	2'-1 1/4"
STERN	3'-1 1/4"



The CHINOOK 21 PILOT

A seaworthy, little launch that captures the grace and beauty of boats of a bygone era while utilizing today's high-tech, epoxy composite construction techniques and reliable diesel power. It's hard to imagine any boat looking better crossing your favorite cove or pulling alongside the yacht club dock.

LOA: 21'5"

Beam: 7"

Draft: 20"

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- 24 gallon fuel tank
- Mahogany trim
- Bronze or stainless hardware
- Safety glass windows
- Wood mast and boom
- Forward cuddy / storage
- Lighted compass
- Easily trailered

Harry Bryan's Rambler.



style to contemplate but barely 10% of what the Ellis Express Cruiser was priced at. Of course its only a 21' pilothouse launch, one of several such designs Jay offers to those who wish to day cruise economically in boats "that capture the grace and beauty of boats of a bygone era". It's epoxy composite construction, powered by an 18hp Yanmar diesel. It was not possible to get a decent picture of it so I substitute one from Jay's brochure, along with the pertinent specs for your perusal. John Jay Marine, Inc., 100 Commercial St. #205, Portland, ME 04101.

Rounding out my chosen three power boats I thought most attractive amongst the fleet was Harry Bryan's 16'6" V-bottom launch, Rambler. Smallest and least powerful of this genre, it is Harry's offering of a powerboat "designed to protest the poor mileage realized by today's powerboats". Harry even suggests that its Yanmar 1GM diesel can use a fuel called bio-diesel, a modified vegetable oil which causes no increase in atmospheric carbon dioxide. The Rambler appears to be an evolution of his earlier Handy Billy outboard launch, but Harry has sacrificed that boat's rear mounted, soundproofed outboard for a mid-mounted diesel, so it's likely to be noisier. The boat is traditional built lapstrake cedar planking over black locust frames fastened with copper and bronze. The price? About \$25,000. Bryan Boatbuilding, 324 Mascarene Rd., Letete, NB E5C 2P6, Canada.

Harry's little Yanmar diesel was on display at Bill and Laurie Sweetman's Orr's Island Boat Works booth, in fact there was a row the small Yanmars along one side. But, in recognition of what seems to be happening to powerboating, front and center was an imposing white 500hp diesel with an equally imposing price tag of \$35,000. Got to be ready for what today's customer wants. Orr's Island Boat Works, 8 Park Pl., Orr's Island, ME 04066.

Yep, there were many small boats to be seen too, I rough counted about 42 in all amongst the total of 200 exhibitors. Most were show regulars but, as always, a few new guys were on hand, those unable to get inside space in the sold out show were lined up outside by the entrance, on a weekend that was free of snow but substituted a biting northwest wind. Two of these hardy new guys were Jerry Mathieu with his 17' Westport work skiff, Chog, and Jim Conlin with a sliding seat lapstrake Whitehall and a strip built Wee Lassie type canoe.

Jerry has been in the auto repair business a long time and now is feeling the pinch as today's hi-tech cars are fast rendering his sort of wrenching obsolete. There's always work for a good wrench, I suggested to him, we have our work that I cannot do done by just such a one man shop. But, Jerry explained, he's located amongst a half dozen others all competing for a shrinking market. So he's turned to small boats, a long held love. I dunno as this is a good move from a business viewpoint but, hey, if you love the work, it may float. Jerry's Chog is a taped seam skiff, light for its size and "easy on the eyes". He also sells plans for the boat for home builders. Jerry Mathieu Custom Skiffs, Box 3023, Westport, MA 02790.

Jim Conlin is a guy who cannot help building boats and as his fleet accumulated he felt some pressure to dispose of some of them to recoup his investment, maybe even make a



Jerry Mathieu's Chog.



Jim Conlin's Whitehall.

little money? He told us he had about six boats on hand of various sorts when he decided to give the show a try, and brought a very nice Whitehall fitted out with a sliding seat rig. He admitted that "everyone" is building Wee Lassie canoes since Mac McCarthy popularized strip building these little boats, but brought his along just in case someone preferred one all built for him. Conlin Boatworks, 10 Emerson Rd., Wellesley, MA 02481.

Okay, back inside. Living proof that a builder of traditional small boats can become a success is Steve Kaulback and his Adirondack Guideboats. Steve was right up front in the show opposite that Ellis Express Cruiser, sharing space with Lowell's Boatshop since he is soon to be teaching a course there in building his lovely boat. Steve's been an advertiser with us since day one, close to twenty years, and has gone from the days of hauling his one boat to those former Wooden Boat and Small Boat shows in Newport back in the early 1980s on an old station wagon roof to now being proprietor of a booming business that built over 200 Adirondack Guideboats last year. Steve says that about 75% are the fiberglass versions, but he still gets a lot of orders for the ultra light wood composite design he pioneered way back in the beginning. Steve says he and his partner got around the problem of growth taking him out of the shop and into the office by "hiring a CEO" to take care of that side of the business so he could continue doing what he does best, building very nice small boats. Adirondack Guideboat, P.O. 144, Charlotte, VT 05445.

Lowell's Boat Shop, has always laid claim to being the oldest continuously operat-



Steve Kaulback's Adirondack Guideboat in progress.

ing boatshop in the nation going back to the late 1700s, and has tenuously hung onto this claim after the last of the Lowells' sold out back around 1970, with the new owner at that time, Jim Odell, for many years struggling to keep the old shop going on the bank of the Merrimack River in Amesbury, Massachusetts,

until he finally sold out also to the nearby Custom House Museum in Newburyport. Soon the shop secured a National Historic Site status and became a sort of living museum adjunct to downtown Newburyport's former custom house. My suggestion that this was still the case drew an immediate denial from ge



Thad Danielson's 50 year old Whistler Class daysailer/racer.



Harold Burnham's *Hannah* half model.

Merv Hammatt's Classic Cat.



nial Mike Brown, current manager of the boatshop. "We are a working boatshop building boats for customers and making it go as a business," he assured me. Maybe so, but the public can still go and watch this boatbuilding in progress, and programs like summer boatbuilding and fun boating for kids are scheduled and looking for participants. Lowell's Boatshop, 459 Main St. Amesbury, MA 01913.

Thad Danielson always gets on our pages because he builds or restores small boats totally in the traditional way at his Redd's Pond Boatworks in Marblehead, Massachusetts. This year's project on show was a Spaulding Dunbar designed and built Whistler Class daysailer/racer owned by the same family for a half century but now in dire need of major restoration. Thad's known for doing this correctly, no modern short cut techniques, and his boats have always tugged at the remnants of my early infatuation with truly traditional small craft. This latest project will go back to its family in the condition it once was fifty years ago. Redd's Pond Boatworks, 1 Norman St., Marblehead, MA 01945.

Right alongside Thad was the expanded display of Michael Severance's Bay of Maine Boats, another long time advertiser with us, starting back when Michael fell in love with a derelict Piscataqua River wherry and was persuaded by the builder he chose to restore it to use it as a plug for a mold to reproduce fiberglass versions for sale. This was an appealing hobby business sideline to his family seaside hotel business and he has not regretted the move, adding a couple of other models as time passed. This year Michael told me he was thinking of expanding by signing up dealers. "My wife and I contemplated the years gaining on us and how much longer would we really like to be running a hotel, and concluded this would be a nice way to taper off with an ongoing business venture when we turned over the hotel to our children to run." Bay of Maine's boats are flawlessly built by nearby East West Boats, Ted Perry's busy, busy fiberglass boatbuilding business (we have to go see Ted's operation this year, with 17 different designs for his customers currently in production). Bay of Maine Boats, P.O. Box 631, Kennebunkport, ME 04046.

Another favored local builder of ours in the traditional genre is Harold Burnham of Essex, Massachusetts, builder of the schooner *Thomas B. Lannon* and the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Chebacco boat, and rebuilder and charter skipper of Friendship sloops. Harold's next project, scheduled to begin in September after his summer Friendship chartering business is over, is a 75' replica of the local Revolutionary War privateer, *Hannah*, which will charter out of nearby Beverly, Massachusetts, which claims itself to be the "Birthplace of the American Navy". Harold had the half model from which he will build her on display and has an interesting tale to tell about the problems he faces with the USCG safety regulations applying to building such an authentic vessel for carrying passengers. We'll bring you his discussion of this topic in an upcoming issue. Talking about his most recent three major projects, Harold commented, "Despite all the fame and such from a cover story in *WoodenBoat*, all three of my biggest jobs to date have come from people right here in town, who all knew me and from where I come (a dozen generations of Essex boatbuilders going back further than

his family history can name). Burnham Boatbuilding & Design, 141 Main St., Essex, MA 01929.

Cape Cod's two premier builders of fiberglass catboats, Tony Davis of Arey's Pond Boatyard and Merv Hammatt of Compass Classic Yachts, both located in the town of South Orleans, were all smiles. Merv's 14' Classic Cat was a lone sailboat in the back gallery amongst all those powerboats, right next to Hinckleys' Picnic Boat, not a bad spot at all. There weren't a whole lot of sailboats to look over in the show and his stood out. Tony was up front opposite the Ellis Express Cruiser with his 16' Lynx catboat featured. Tony told us he is booked ahead a couple of years now on new orders. And we heard from another source that used Arey's Pond or Compass catboats are impossible to find on the Cape. These boats appear to be keepers. Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662; Compass Classic Yachts, Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662.

Our old friends from Pert Lowell Company in Newbury, Massachusetts, Ralph and Joanne Johnson, come back every year with their display unchanging, for the 16' Townie daysailer never changes, it has been what it is since 1935 or so, aside from a fiberglass version being offered since about 1960. Over 2,000 wooden and 200 fiberglass Townies have been built since Pert Lowell came up with its modified dory hull as a summer camp daysailer for kids camps down Maine, and the design was adopted by Marblehead's yachting community soon after as a means of interesting the "townies" in what the yachties were up to every summer in their harbor. Ralph was feeling pretty good about an impending order for a new Townie to go to a lake in New Hampshire already sporting two others. "It's the sort of lake the Townie was originally designed for," Ralph said. Pert Lowell Co. Inc. Lane's End, Newbury, MA 01951.

For those looking for something even smaller, Michael Vermouth's Newfound Woodworks was there with a display of his ever growing list of strip built kayak, canoe and pulling boat kits. He's already talking up next September's gathering of home builders at a New Hampshire lake state park. Last year over 300 of the faithful attended and there's no end in sight. It's a great gathering of those who have built, or are building, their own stripper boats, whether or not they got them as kits from Michael. Newfound Woodworks, 67 Danforth Brook Rd., Bristol NH 03222.

Not many others offering canoes and kayaks were to be seen. Jerry Stelmok of Island Falls Canoe, 220 Stagecoach Rd. Island Falls, ME 04426, displayed traditional Maine woods canoes; Mountain Ranger Guide Service, 1094 Rt. 2, Rumford, ME 04276 offered a custom mahogany kayak; and the Arundel Canoe Company, 143 Proctor Rd., Kennebunkport, ME 04046 had its canoe campsite setup featuring their woodstrip Red Arrow canoe.

Unfinished "work in progress" boats were few this year, apparently everyone got their boats done in time for the show. So it was an unusual experience to see Dick Pulsifer with a partly finished Hampton hull to show, which elicited all sorts of questions according to what we heard. This gave Dick some respite from his now long polished presentation on the charms of his version of a motor launch. The Pulsifer Hampton is one of those boats that has attracted a long list of loyal owner/



Michael Vermouth's many kit boats.



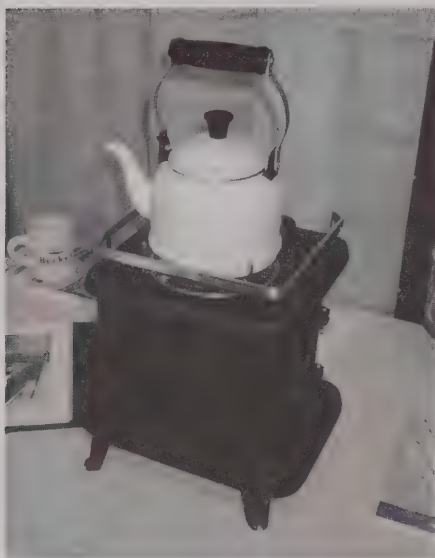
Alex Bridge's smallest dory.

The folks from Maine Coast Lumber and Harbor Sales.





Andrew Moore's convertible Sardine stove.



Mudd Sharrigan's knives.



Show post mortem at William Clement's Small daysailer?

fans. The Pulsifer Hampton, 642 Merepoint Rd., Brunswick, ME 04011.

The smallest boats we saw were Alex Bridge's traditional fishing dories, a 10.25" long version at \$24 and a larger 15.25" version at \$38. Alex said these are made for him by a retired Nova Scotia skipper, real lapstrake planked with two sets of oars. Alex offers lots and lots of nautical ephemera and clothing

from his Nors Products catalog. He reported to us that the show had been phenomenal for his line of goods. Everyone wants something to take home from the show, and with walking around money falling somewhat short of \$525,000, maybe a mini dory would do just fine. Nors Products, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04530.

Well, those of us who build our own have

to have a source for the wood we need and one source for the good plywood so many choose to build with now are the folks at Maine Coast Lumber in York, ME. Set up about nine years ago with the help of Mary Ellen from Harbor Sales in Baltimore, they've been supplying high quality plywood ever since to builders large and small. In the photo are, from the left, Bob Provencher, outside sales rep for Maine; Jim Covington and Mary Ellen from Harbor Sales, and Steve Flynn, general manager. Maine Coast Lumber, 35 Birch Hill Rd., York, ME 03909.

Andrew Moore's newest recreation of an old time Lunenburg Foundry solid fuel stove for small boats, the Sardine, is small indeed, with an unusual feature, a drop-in alcohol burning unit for those times when one wants only to heat some food and not the rest of the boat. This innovation brought down the government guys on Andrew, it seems that they felt this could be unsafe should someone try to insert some wood through the side door while the auxiliary burner was still in place. So Andrew has had to design a sort of barricade which will prevent the insertion of wood in such a case. Kinda reminds me of the safety engineered lawnmower so designed as to not be able to be pulled backwards so users would not cut off their toes.

Talk about safety, I guess no government guys have yet noticed what Mudd Sharrigan makes, custom knives, sharp ones, especially rigging knives for the maritime game. Mudd is an enthusiastic boat nut and booster for us also, and his knives cover a wide spectrum of uses. He featured his rigging knives at the show, along with the custom made sheaths for each. One hefter of those on his table encountered some difficulty reinserting the knife into a sheath as we looked on. It seems that it was not that knife's sheath at all, even if it resembled it. "These are custom knives with custom fitted sheaths," Mudd explained, "each knife has its own custom sheath to fit it perfectly." Mudd Knives, 111 Bradford Rd., Wiscasset, ME 04578.

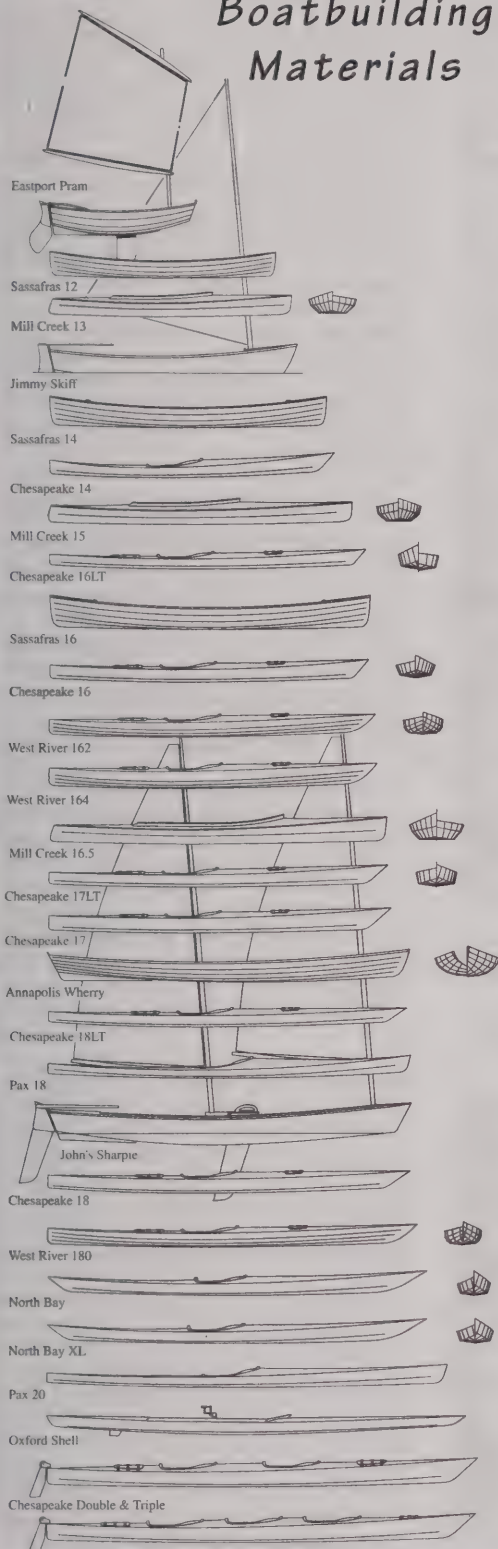
By Sunday afternoon at 3:30pm it was growing very quiet in the cavernous buildings housing the show, for it was almost closing time and only a few people still wandered through the show. Many exhibitors had abandoned their displays to wander about themselves, and as we departed we caught this vignette of three small boat builders and a youthful kibitzer gathered at Bill Clements' 14' daysailer, Small, designed originally by Antonio Dias for Jenny Bennett, the expatriate Brit who was for a while on the editorial staff at *WoodenBoat*. While we did not eavesdrop, one cannot help but speculate as to the gist of the conversation, and think that perhaps it included the question that always is raised at show's end, "well how was the show for you?" William Clements, Boatbuilder, 18 Mt. Pleasant St. N. Billerica, MA 01862.

Perhaps you noticed many familiar names in my report, for most of them are regular advertisers on our pages. I am delighted to be able to bring news of what they have to offer to you. They are the ones amongst all who exhibited who seem to think you might be interested enough to warrant their regular advertising on these pages. I appreciate their business and suggest that you might appreciate their boats and gear.

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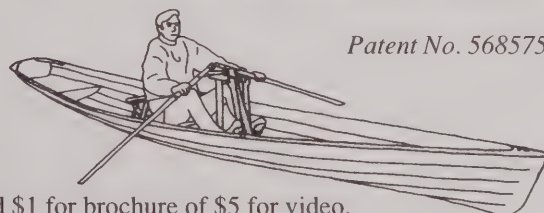
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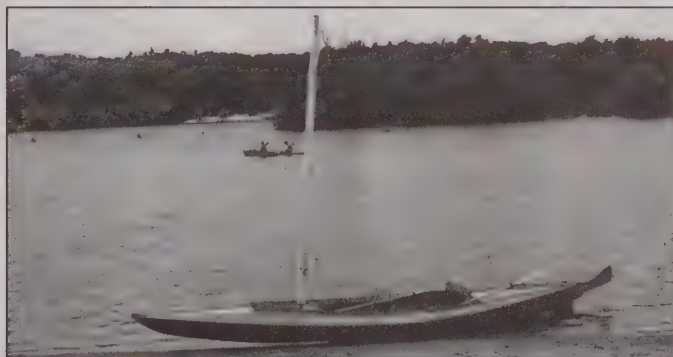
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Preface

There are more than a few twists, turns and challenges along the path of life in which the course and choice appear limited by convention or convenience and striking off on your own is freighted with uncertainty. There are, however, as many ways of doing things as there are points of the compass and the resourceful student of life who seeks his or her own truths will find that even a partial vindication of personal mythology is a powerful notion.

Adventuring on life seems more and more to be defined by the marketplace rather than the fertile constructs of our own imaginations and the most dramatic, romantic and

Bucking The Tide

Excerpts from the book by David Buckman

fulfilling of experiences are routinely assigned to the most distant, costly and complex of pursuits while the idea of going to great lengths close to home is within the reach of those of modest means and fertile imagination. Giving shape to such possibilities and envisioning their success are the first steps in the process and the rest depends on your willingness to work at it and weather a few setbacks.

Bucking The Tide is about simple pleasures and great adventures. It is about the dramatic theater of a decade of cruising the New

England and Canadian Maritime coasts from Narragansett Bay to the Bay of Fundy and the St. John River in a simple 19' sloop. It seemed at the outset, and proved true in a decade of cruises, that there was a level of adventure and excitement in this undertaking that compared favorably with the ocean crossing accounts in larger craft that we'd read so avidly. In a small way this account touches the lode of economy, resourcefulness, resiliency and simplicity plumbd by the likes of John McGregor, Henry David Thoreau, Nesmunk, Maurice Griffith and others.

Handicapped as I was by the most pedestrian levels of derring-do, our timid probings revealed a nature that we could adapt to and at length produced an extraordinary body of experience and knowledge about ourselves and the world about us that we might well not have known otherwise. That the dimension of these adventures might have been invested with more meaning or a greater sense of adventure had we wandered further afield in a larger craft seemed as unlikely as that a masterpiece might be improved by merely making it larger

The Sows Ear/Silk Purse School Of Cruising

In the beginning, restrained as I was by a shortfall of what marketing types like to call "discretionary income", a studious avoidance of anything even remotely resembling a "real job" and family responsibilities, it was obvious that my desire to explore the New England and Canadian Maritime waters under sail would have to follow a road less traveled.

I knew how to sail. I'd spent more than a dozen years of my youth engaged in the excesses of one-design racing aboard Lightning class sloops. Within the near criminal boredom and electric stress of such pursuits I often wondered about the wisdom of a culture whose idea of fun was spending weekend after weekend racing around triangular courses when I'd of much preferred to sail to a quiet cove, or an island or a beach and have a picnic.

That thought was not forgotten when I struck out on my own life, got married, had a family, steady employment (in the ski business) and at length accumulated a few hundred dollars to invest in a sailboat of my own. I wanted to put my imaginings to test, to be a traveler, who author Paul Theroux described as someone who doesn't know where he's going rather than a tourist who, he wrote, was unlikely to really know where he'd been.

To become that traveler and entertain those possibilities, the first task was to find a vessel to float my dreams. My father, who was wise in the ways of making the most of things self described as "thrifty, not cheap", advised me to wait until ice covered the lakes around my New Hampshire home before I began my search. This pursuit was to be quite a different thing from the usual broker arranged and bank financed transaction. To begin with I had but \$500 to devote to the cause.

The class of vessel I was looking for rarely even made the boatyard listings. If they did they were appended with the dreaded phrases, "handyman special, needs TLC or make and offer". And so it was that I began prowling boatyard backwaters in search of a sloop that was in bad enough condition that it



The *Leight*, fully modified for cruising, is a tidy vessel easily singlehanded in a breeze with a reef in the main and a little storm jib flying. She's shown here on her home waters, New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee. (Leigh Buckman Photo).

Camping out in the *Leight* is a simple life, after dinner cleanup an easy task with ample water so handy alongside.



wasn't worth much, but not so far gone that it couldn't be put right with a modest investment of elbow grease and time.

My first wholly owned vessel, snatched from the jaws of flower planterdom for \$175 five years earlier, was a 13' Old Town Whitecap. Possessed of no shortage of structural defects, including fist sized holes in the planking, putting it right was not a little labor intensive, though it proved decidedly enlightening as it turned out.

The search for such a vessel turned up nothing for the first several months until I stumbled across a world class candidate for a distress sale, if there ever was one. Taking a short-cut through the back lot of a yard only a few miles from home, I cursed my choice of route as the car tossed about in the frozen ruts and I had to slow to a crawl. It was only then that my attentions were drawn to a boat whose canvas cover billowed in the breeze as though it were a living breathing thing. I couldn't even tell whether it was a power or sailboat at first. It had a "For Sale" sign stapled to its topsides, however, and duct taped, nailed or stapled signage were defining elements of the kind of craft I was seeking, so I took a closer look.

The biting cold and spitting snow made my inspection a brief one but that glance was encouraging, not because she appeared in particularly good shape but that her afflictions were dramatic. Her bilges were filled with at least six inches of green ice and her mast lay fractured on the ground beside her, having apparently been run over by the yard snow plow. Probing with my jack knife, I found some softness in her frames and transom, though she seemed relatively sound otherwise. Later, I realized that maybe the reason that her wood seemed sound was that it was frozen solid.

January is a lonely time of year for north country boatyard owners. Cashflow is but a distant memory and the warmth of commerce is replaced by the warmth of a space heater and a snifter of ambrosial spirits in the desk drawer. Gilford Marina owner, Dick Burchell, seemed glad to hear another voice when I shouted a "hello" into his deserted looking shop.

"Back here," came a muffled reply, and following a narrow path between cases of paint, outboards and just plain boatyard junk, I found him with his feet up on the desk and a thermos of coffee at his side. The yard dog, displaying the ill temper of a breed which is overfed in the summer and nearly starved in the winter, curled his lips back and growled. Dick wasn't going to let anything get in the way of a potential customer and he slammed his hand down on the metal chair under which the cur was resting. It bolted like a pup and, with a gloved hand extended, I sat.

My offer of \$400 for the thirty year old sloop was the funniest thing he'd heard all day. He added that it was a thousand dollar boat. Shaking my head as I got up to leave, a look of desperation crossed his face as he muttered, "Okay, okay, but get it out of my sight today and don't tell anybody about this."

My fate was pretty much sealed for the next five months as the *Leigh's* (named for wife Leigh T as in Taylor) refurbishing was crammed in between work, familial responsibilities and the maintenance of marital accord. Being but a modestly skilled woodworker and boat fixer I was not restrained by any "best practices" code and took some practicable,

quick and dirty, approaches to addressing her ills. Her bottom, for instance, was much the worse for wear so I ripped the caulking out of her seams with a circular saw, refastened the planks and caulked her. There was an area of rot in the transom that had spread to the adjacent bottom and after agonizing over how to fix it, at length I simply cut a couple of inches off the stern and landed a new transom in solid wood. The centerboard came out for repairs, eight new frames were installed, the mast was glued and splinted and the rest of the project was the messy and time consuming tedium of caulking, sanding and sealing.

It was fun renewing my impressions with the hard chined centerboarder and Leigh was a game mate. We put her up against anything that blew down Winnepesaukee that first summer. A Sparkman & Stephens design, she was fast for her size and would often easily sail away from craft with a dozen feet more waterline and sail area. She needed to be aggressively "managed" in a stiff breeze but I'd done plenty of that racing. Riding her rail and leveraging outboard with our feet under hiking straps we learned again to feather her along on the winds edge, spilling its excesses, luffing the mainsail and footing along in a welter of spray, for these are about as wet a boat as there is going to windward.

During the next two summers we added further refinements like reefing points, a storm jib, a genoa and beefed-up hardware. And Leigh and I and friend, Scott Smith, expanded our horizons with a number of tentative cruises along the Maine coast. We learned what we knew and just as importantly, what we didn't know, the later being not inconsiderable. No fools, we held in reserve in the back of our minds on those first cruises an ultimate bail-out plan. We'd stay within swimming distance of shore whenever possible. We were strong swimmers!

Though I recognized that my barebones cruising concept was not without flaws, the flames of doubt were fanned by more than a few that I confided my plans to, including Olin Stephen's, a member of the famous Sparkman and Stephens Naval Architects who designed the *Lightning* and to whom I'd written. Olin, a monumental man of the yachting cloth, responded that any boat that could capsize was a doubtful candidate for the cruising arts. He had me on the capsize thing. In the heat of racing I'd seen it happen more than once, though such a fate hadn't befallen father's rather matronly *Old Schusser*. Weighing in at well over the 700 pound class limit we achieved a parity of sorts in heavy air.

On the positive side of the ledger I took some encouragement from Henry Thoreau of Concord who wrote, "Man's capacities have never been measured: nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried."

(To Be Continued)

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I have been working on the doo dads of this radical departure in the shop so intensely that I have been getting up in the middle of the night to go in there (my wife and I have a tiny apartment attached to the shop) and stand at the lathe in my wrapper robe. It had been so hot this past December (88 degrees on Pearl Harbor day, which I remember perfectly what I was doing when FDR told us about that horror... lying in my bassinette snoozing and drooling) that sometimes I did my machining, buck-naked, at 2:30 in the morning... had to adroitly hop back every now and then. That inability to sleep is one of the time saving benefits of getting to be old. Boy, I wish I had discovered that back before I decided to give up sex to save time.

Anyway, I had to go to my granddaughter's ballet show (they sure do have some young ballerinas around here...some hardly walking age). While I was in the bathroom shaving off the whiskers that such a compulsive boat building weakness fertilizes, I happened to look myself dead in the eyes. They looked like two piss holes in the snow. "Man, you need to go fishing," I told myself.

Just the day before I had been talking to my old friend who runs the bait store just up the road (Shepard's Bait Store, US 319, S. Thomasville, GA). You know a bait store man has to keep pretty early hours and that is convenient to old people. "Been doing anything good?" I asked.

"Well, yeah, I went to Lake Talquin and caught my limit of 20 speckled perch (black crappie, *Pomoxis nigromaculatus*) and they weighed 37lbs," he said.

"Dang," I said.

I was in the middle of machining the fixture to adapt a SHURflo(r) diaphragm, all plastic, self priming, most exquisitely reliable, electric salt-water pump so that it would run, not electrically, directly off the camshaft of the little Kubota tractor engine of the Rescue Minor to cool the engine oil and wet the exhaust. I had already machined the double-flanged outside part of the adapter, complete with the press-fit bearings and the boss that keyed the thing exactly concentric to the camshaft connection of the engine, and had figured out how I was going to do the shaft but I knew that it wouldn't be good for my quality of life to continue on that project right then.

I was sitting in the parking lot of the bait store in my old Mercedes with the skiff behind when Charlie showed up at 5am on Pearl Harbor Day. I made him dip minnows while he was still eating his sausage biscuit. I had forgotten to rummage all under the floor-mats for some change so I had to get him to put it on the tab, them and two cans of sardines and Vienna sausage. The whole transaction didn't take but a minute or two and I was on the road, heading west... minnows sloshing in the back... almost full moon shining right straight ahead... dead calm, perfectly clear, warm summer-like morning.

It started out as an idyllic trip to Lake Talquin down the little country roads that I know so well... not enough light to see the trash which gripes my ass so bad and too early for the horrendous traffic that is taking over almost everywhere within commuting distance of any metropolis in the world, I guess. I remember one time I pushed my old souped up Cushman motor scooter seven miles down one of these roads without meeting a single car to

Toughies in the Back

By Robb White

give me a ride and, now, I can't get out of my driveway without a ten minute wait.

Well, alright, I heard all those yelps of disbelief about the souped up Cushman from those who have not yet learned to believe everything I say. I'll lay that doubt to rest with just two words..."nitrous oxide". It would outrun a 36hp Volkswagen for a little while. The reason I was pushing it was because the end of the half of the connecting rod that was still attached to the crankshaft had beat a big hole out the side of the crankcase. I'm certainly glad the piston didn't come up through the seat.

Back to me and the minnows sloshing in the back of my old station wagon. The only town on the way to Lake Talquin is little old Havana which ain't much, just a little bigger than Coon Bottom which doesn't even have a store anymore. The county where Havana is used to be the shade tobacco capital of the universe. They grew thousands of acres of very pampered tobacco under vast muslin shades. Hundreds of people worked constantly under there picking off bud worms and the huge, ugly tobacco hornworms which take three stomps to kill, and breaking off the tips of the plants and popping off suckers to force the tobacco to make the biggest, best leaves to make the wrapper for cigars. It seems like it wouldn't be such bad work under the shade like that, but I tell you it was terrible. For one thing, muslin ain't much of a shade material but it will certainly cut off the breeze. For another thing, tobacco is, I believe, the meanest vegetable to have to fool with I know... worse than okra. It'll put an itch on you that won't quit.

That tobacco labor was a peonage situation. The black folks who did the work never managed to get paid up with the rent, the bill at the store, the car loan, the kerosene tab... never saw any money... nothing. If they didn't show up for work, here came the sheriff. Finally, about 1960, the federal government shut that system down and sent the shade tobacco business to the Dominican Republic along with most of the few white people who owned the whole county. Big old antebellum houses fell to ruin and Gadsden County became one of the poorest in Florida.

The tobacco fields (some of the best farm land in the state) went over to tomatoes and pole beans and the field hands went Hispanic. I don't know, but it doesn't look like the wages situation in the field is any better than it was. At least, the hideous urban infestation of Tallahassee has brought in a little money as the politicians, bureaucrats and their support yuppies metastasize out through the countryside like the spread of an infestation of German roaches. Some things are bound to get better while others get worse, I guess.

Fortunately, as I passed through Havana, it was impossible for me to see all the "Shoppes" that now occupy the little former fertilizer and hardware stores that sold what it took to raise shade tobacco... and the little grocery stores and general merchandise places where the poor peons could never catch up on the bill.

I have a talent for ignoring things that I don't like, but about first-daylight, it became

impossible to ignore the bumper-to-bumper parade of behemoth SUVs wallowing into the rising sun in the oncoming lane. They were all driven by intense little women, cheeks gleaming like polished apples, eye shadow like coons, lips shining like taillights in the glare, heads wiggling like hand puppets to the tune of the cell phone clamped to the side of every head. They say that women can't get a foothold in the management of this country but it seems to me that they damn sure do run the state of Florida... over the phone. I thought I saw that one who decided the presidential election for us.

The only people heading west, away from the metropolis, were field hands packed in the back of pickup trucks going to pick tomatoes (and this December 7. I told you it has been a hot winter) and school busses. I could see the tomatoes gleaming on the healthy bushes in the fields and the children waiting in little groups by the driveways into trailer parks. Most people hate to follow a school bus and some do ridiculous things in order to get past, but I like to watch the children get on. It is a cheerful sort of camaraderie and makes a hopeful start to the day. I ignored the trash alongside the road and refused to look at the women tapping impatiently on their steering wheels in the other lane... the bus strobe just made a bad sight intolerable.

Pretty soon, I had progressed so far west that I was out of commuting range of Florida's capital city and into the sharply divided hills that signify the presence of a big river. The Ochlocknee is the second biggest river running through the panhandle of Florida (the Apalachicola is much, much bigger) and was the first one around here to be dammed up by the Corps to generate electricity. Back in the twenties when the dam and Lake Talquin, which was named for little old Tallahassee (smaller than Thomasville then) and its twin, Quincy, county seat of Gadsden County, were built, the generators produced all the electricity the people needed. Now, it wouldn't light a 40 watt bulb in but about ten percent of the closets in Tallahassee. I am going to have to get off this rant, but I believe that somebody needs to put some birth control in the salt like they did iodine.

Anyway, it is real hilly around the river. The Ochlocknee runs through our old home place just north of the state line and it is hilly there too and as wild as any place on this planet. My cousins and I had a hard time staying away from there when we were children... especially me. As you can probably tell, I skipped a lot of school to mess around back there at the river, and when I see the land change, I still get excited, thinking I am skipping some unpleasantness... like I had some unpleasantness to skip.

I skipped myself down to the boat ramp. There wasn't a soul there except for a great blue heron and a big old gray horse standing right in the middle of the ramp. The horse was taking a leak... you know how they do... a real delight for children. He didn't act like he wanted to move when I backed down to launch in the foam but the heron moved and it was easy to tell that he didn't like it one bit. Despite all obstacles, it was only the work of a minute (practice makes perfect) and my skiff was floating like a beauty in the shallow water (you know, if your boat ain't too pretty to walk away from without turning for another look, you ain't getting all the good out of life)

and the old Mercedes was parked in the shade of a big swamp chestnut oak and I was on my way. I got all the way out on the lake and was admiring the scenery when I remembered the bucket of minnows still in the back of the car.

I have to admit something to you or I won't be able to live with myself. After I got the minnows, I sat there in the middle of Lake Talquin, without a hint of civilization showing anywhere, either on the water or the virgin woods of the bank, and called the fishing license hot-line maintained by the state of Florida.... on my cell phone. I expected lightning to strike me out of the clear blue sky as I explained to the woman (probably one that I passed) all my particulars and read her my credit card number. Jesus, y'all. I don't normally fish the public fresh waters of the state of Florida and I only have a salt water license and those people weren't awake when I finally made up my mind. I had to do it. When you go around acting like me, you know you damn sure better be in compliance.

Lake Talquin is, I believe, the prettiest lake around here. Early in the morning of a weekday, it is hard to see any sign of civilization. Somebody has taken good care of the shoreline and it appears to be virgin woods. The whole shore is very steep, almost impossible to climb with your shoes on. Enormous oaks, ashes, poplars, hickories, beeches, magnolias and the biggest Walker pines anywhere grow all along the high banks and there are big black gums and cypress trees on the little bit of level land. The shade keeps the ground almost bare except for the leaves and acorns. I don't know who those woods belong to but I hope it ain't St. Joe paper company (DuPont).

For a long time, St. Joe was run by Ed Ball and he was sort of benevolent, for a paper company man. Under Ed Ball, St. Joe preserved some of the prettiest places around here but, after he died, man, they have turned rapacious. I can imagine what the shores of Lake Talquin will look like in a little while if they belong to St. Joe. The state will build a six lane highway to Tallahassee to accommodate all the lumbering Cadillac and Lincoln panel trucks.

You know, Florida is kind of funny about what they do with their money. They just got through cutting a zillion bucks out of the already inadequate education budget because all the tourists are too terrorized to come down here and drink the tiny \$6 cup of beer at Disney World. I accidentally caught a glimpse of the action of the legislature on the TV before I could find my little glasses to see which button to push. I am not sure, but I believe Florida has the worst looking set of politicians in the country. There they all were in their brand new, World Trade Center knock-off, capitol building in the middle of an horizon to horizon sprawl of other immense government buildings, rocked back in their huge, overstuffed, leather, swiveling armchairs (the kind with all those diamond headed brass tacks so close together that the heads touch) with their big, plush bellies gleaming in the TV lights and their fat jowls jiggling as they congratulated themselves on their fiscal achievement. They will be the ones to vote in the funds to build the superhighway to the new Lake Talquin Condoland. They'll it too. You can tell just by the looks of them.

But not yet. The sun was rising beautifully in the clear air as I finally, face as red as those women's lips, put up the phone and

started my engine. I even hated to do that... wished for my Felucca but there wasn't a breath of wind anywhere on the lake. Talquin is about 14 miles long and maybe two wide if you measure up into the convolutions of the shoreline and there were a bunch of places I wanted to go see, so I set out.

I had to go slow because, when they built the lake, they left all the trees still standing and they died and rotted off just about flush with the average waterline and the stumps have been preserved just as solid as if they were brand new. Some of those old stumps are so big and flat that you can prance around on them and throw the cast-net for shad minnows. But you damn sure better know where you are throwing because the whole bottom of the lake is covered with tops and limbs and even two or three airplanes and the water is not clear enough to see where you are tangled up so you have to get in there and feel it a loose and the average depth is fifteen feet.

I didn't have to throw for no shad minnows though. I had two dozen store-bought minnows swimming around in the medicinally poisonous, blue water from the bait store. I don't know how they raise those things and don't want to but they have selectively bred them so that they are as far removed from a wild animal as a chicken. You can't hardly kill one of them for one thing.

I like to hook them in the mouth and up through the top of the head. That way they'll stay on the hook when you throw and the hook will ride point-up. You can't hook any kind of real minnow like that or he'll die on you and speckled perch are sight feeders... won't mess with a dead minnow. You can hook one of these poor little "Toughies" through both eyes and he or she will still pull hard enough on your line that you can feel him and they aren't but about 1-3/4" long. They got some bait store worms that don't look exactly right either, probably inbred. You know earthworms are set up both ways so they might even be self-bred. I don't normally buy bait, but this was a special situation.

I know the previous paragraph might be repulsive to some but, when you think about it, the inability to bait your own hook is a dysfunction, just like the inability to provide your own food directly from the source... and nothing to be proud of. I would rather be a shad minnow than a toughie and I would rather be a heron than a chicken. If I had to be a bird though, I wish I could be an eagle. That is one government project that turned out fine. There are plenty of eagles around here and I saw two working Lake Talquin. An osprey is also a fine bird to my notion, but they have to jump in the water in sort of an undignified way to catch a fish but an eagle flies down and snatches the fish right straight out without even getting his feathers wet.

Don't you know that's a horrible experience for the fish. Here he is swimming along minding his own business, and the next thing, the talons are clear through him and he is on his way in a completely different, and absolutely hopeless, situation. When I was young, there weren't any eagles around here and I formed a misimpression. For one thing, they hardly ever soar like ospreys and buzzards, they beat their wings quickly and powerfully all the time... none of that lazy work like herons and certainly none of the sloppy flapping like a crow. They aren't very big looking either. Except for the way they act, they would

be hard to tell from an osprey.

They are built different though. An osprey is very light but... they had an eagle at the Junior Museum down in Tallahassee back when I was teaching. He was kind of tame and would sit on the arm of the man doing the explaining. "Mr. White, would you let that bird stand on your arm like that?" one of the kids in my class provoked.

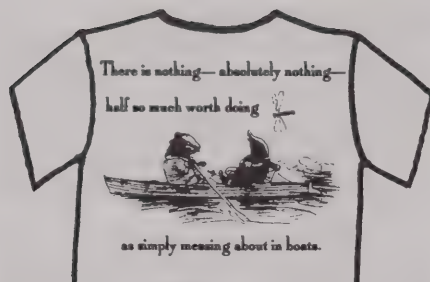
"Why certainly," I replied thinking I was perfectly safe. With that, the man handed me that big old eagle. Fortunately he gave me the thick towel first but even then, I could feel the power of the eagle's grip on my forearm... and the weight... and I hoped he wasn't looking at me like it looked like he was. An eagle is as dense as a turkey. God help a poor fish within sight of that eagle eye and within reach of that hellish grip... or anywhere near me when I'm in the mood.

I moseyed slowly down the shoreline in the brilliant sun. I have never seen so many squirrels in my life. It has been a very good year for acorns and hickory nuts. When I stopped to drift, I could hear the big (pigeon egg sized) swamp-chestnut-oak acorns hitting the leaves. The thrashing and chattering of the squirrels was so loud that I had to stay pretty far out on the lake to get any tranquility. I had put in at the upstream end of the lake and the old river bed runs right along that north (Gadaden county side) bank so there was enough current to drift pretty good and that is what I mostly did. I drifted up on a good many deer eating the swamp chestnut acorns. Which, I'll have to digress again.

I don't know why most deer hunters are so stupid. I guess it is the same infection that has hold of damn near everybody so they can't just go directly at something, but have to involve every possible abstraction to do anything at all... like all those SUVs full of one woman trying to get to work when a 36hp Volkswagen (or a naturally aspirated Cushman) would do just as good and then they wouldn't have to work so many hours for the gas money.

I think Florida has hit rock bottom in the deer hunters of this nation. They sit, surrounded by their trash, alongside the road on cushioned swivel seats on top of the dog box in the back of a pickup truck and drink beer and talk on the phone and wait for the dogs to run the poor old, harassed into inedibility, deer out of the woods into the right-of-way of the public road. When that happens, they shower down on him (or her) with an overpowered semi-automatic rifle with such a scope on it (not sighted in) that, if it was a flashlight it would hold five batteries. Sometimes, they manage to cripple the poor deer so badly that he (or she) can't outrun the dogs anymore, but usually, all them bullets just continue down the road until they hit something else. Watch out.

I don't want to brag, but I eat a lot of deer (8 this year). It ain't any trouble for me to kill them. I do it methodically and perfectly, while they are not expecting anything like what is going to happen to them... like the fish and the eagle. I always shoot them in the neck right under the ear and they always die right then. I never wear camouflage clothes, sit in a ridiculous deer stand, or use bait, silly scents or those foolish plastic horns that you are supposed to knock together to imitate big bucks fighting.... ain't even got a scope on my grandmother's old .25/35 (Marbles tang-mount, peep-tight), and don't shoot anything I don't want to eat...



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no big bucks that have just finished pissing on themselves for one thing (but I used to). Deer hunting is a simple thing, all you have to do is go where they are before they get there and stand still and shoot straight. It ain't just me either, both my sons, all my cousins, nephews and uncle. do it like that.

I could have loaded the boat with deer and squirrels right there on the north shore of Lake Talquin. I saw one deer that looked just right...a 1-1/2 year old pre-puberty buck, fat dumb and happy. I saw another that didn't look just right too. On my way back in the car, I passed two men drinking beer at 11:30 in the morning, cleaning a doe hanging from a junk wrecker in the front yard of a trailer. Two rifles worth more than the real estate leaned against the door of a pickup truck worth more than the combined lifetime net worth of the two men (don't worry, I won't get into what I think of the credit situation).

The poor little animal was so shot up that she didn't have two good legs to hang by so they had her hung by the neck. It was a pitiful looking thing. You know, you are supposed to thank the Good Earth for her bounty and treat your prey with respect. It was 88 degrees too and the blowflies were walking all over the carcass and the lips of those two men. Jesus. But I am getting ahead of myself and about to exceed the incredible tolerance of our editor.

It was just the loveliest kind of a day. I finally got to the mouth of the Little River and crunk the four cycle Evinrude and eased up at a dead idle (which that engine will do most exquisitely... when all it's modules are in order and it will run at all (help us Mr. Bombar-

dier). The little river was so narrow in places that the squirrels could jump across on the enormous trees that grew on the mountainous banks.

I tied up at one spectacular place and got out and climbed up. It was too steep to do with shoes but fortunately, I didn't have any. When I got to the top, I tried to take a picture for y'all with my disposable camera, but while I was peering through the little hole, I got a case of the blind-staggers and dropped the damned thing while I was clawing at a palmetto bush to save myself. It bounced all the way down and floated most marvelously. It took me so long to get back down that it was long gone... brand new too.

When I got back in the boat, it was so hot and still that I had to take off my hat, but the overhanging trees gave such shade that I didn't need it. I would have taken a dip but I have never seen such alligators in my life (another successful government project). They were insolent too and I know enough about them to know that they're dangerous as hell so I stayed in the boat. You know alligators eat a heap more Floridians than sharks but even with that, they ain't getting the job done.

Alligators are normally holed up by December, but these enormous things were on every log and flat place on the banks of the river. I felt like William Bartram on the St. Johns (*Travels Through Georgia and Florida*) before the revolution... wished I had brought my, never-miss old .25/35 just to lay my hand on every now and then... but I did have my old, single shot SLW .22 (which has missed once or twice but that was back in the ignorance or my youth) and my, miss-aplenty sling-shot with some extremely excellent taconite pellets that Dennis Bradley sent me, but them alligators and squirrels and deer were perfectly safe from this terrible terrestrial predator. I was fishing that day.

I finally saw some other fishermen and stopped to talk a while. They were regulars down there... I believe illegally catching speckled perch to sell... nice men, sons of the shade tobacco hands. They said that they had done pretty good yesterday but that it was slow today. They liked the looks of the skiff and were glad to get them two dozen toughies I gave them and they gave me two turnips to eat with my sardines and Vienna sausages... a good combination for real.

I didn't wet a single hook and was back on the road by eleven o'clock and back at the lathe by twelve thirty. I felt reinvigorated but my eyes haven't improved all that much. I might have to give up that naked machining at 2:30 in the morning or... maybe take up sex again. It don't take all that long.

Damn I wish I hadn't made that phone call. I guess I'll just have to go back to the lake to amortize my investment. Hell I might as well go right now. I done ruint the day writing this. I wonder if Charlie will spot me some minnows one more time? I still ain't been to town to liquefy none of my assets. Shoot, I'll just take my throw net, I ain't got time to fool with Charlie and that way, I won't have to haul minnows trying to slosh out in the back. When I get time, I am going to try to find the ones that sloshed out last time.. might still be alive... toughies you know.

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One summer I was crewing on *Rana* for a week's cruise upriver. The weather was beautiful, wind was gentle, and everything was perfect. Moored alongside the steamboat wharf at Wicklow, we had spent the afternoon examining the remains of a very small commercial schooner. She was about 60' long, had a 6' square hatch amidships, and was in the last stage of deterioration.

After dinner the people from a local farmhouse came to visit us and they had a girl from Saint John along. The conversation soon became dull for the youngsters, so I suggested that we go for a row in *Rana's* tender. We started down river and round the end of the island that lay in the center of the river and headed up the other side.

I thought that it would be a good idea to go around the island. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and I was, hopefully, showing off my best rowing technique, so we continued upriver at a good rate while, at the same time, I made some feeble attempts at conversation. The tender went very nicely, 11' long,

Looking Back...

By Bill Gamblin

Lost! On a Lake! On an Island! On a River!

oak and cedar, lapstrake, and equipped with a pair of spoon bladed oars, she was one of the skipper's standard designs.

When we had gone what I considered was the length of the island, we came to a gap on the island side and turned into it. The last of the daylight was fading and it was going to be a moonless night. The gap was about 100 yards wide and then it opened up as though we had come round the end of the island. We headed down river in the inky blackness and barely had gotten into a good stroke when we ran into reeds so thick that before the tender came to a stop we were surrounded by them. .

The only way out was to use an oar to push her straight back. This took a lot of time, not necessarily the first time, but by the third or fourth time it began to count up, especially since it appeared that we had stumbled into a lake with one narrow exit to the river! Time after time we scrunched to a halt in the reeds and had to unship the oars and back out, until at last we didn't find any reeds in our way and we realized that we had found the entrance!

Normally this would have been good news, but the hours wasted in poling ourselves out of the reeds in the lake made us very late, and I was worried about keeping the girl out so long! I made the best time I could, but the tender could only go so fast, and having been on the oars for over four hours I was getting tired. Finally the *Rana* came in sight and within a few minutes we were back aboard. We were welcomed in a very restrained way, which warmed a little when we explained that we really had been lost, on a lake, on an island, on the river!

(To Be Continued)

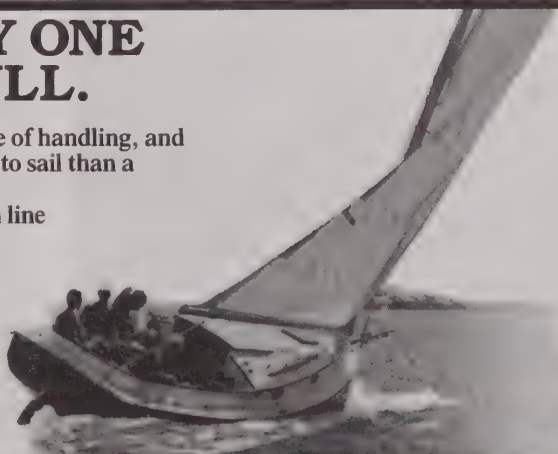
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Steve with Sea Pearl sailing!



Axon tour boat.

Day fades. Can supper be far behind?



Rocking & Rolling At Kokopelli (Conclusion)

By Jim Thayer & Steve Axon

Photos by Axon, Bradley, Thayer

Dwight's Expedition 18 might be described as a longer, lighter version of the Nina. The boat has no decking, and wooden lockers built in form the seats. She's beamier and deeper than the Pearl, with a huge gaff main and small jib. She should be a good all around sailor, although we were mainly shown her ability under oars this trip. Dwight had kept her light for the voyage, carrying all backpacking gear, and was able to row for miles at a remarkable pace. We had to open up our little 2hp kicker on the Pearl to pass him.

The Sea Pearl is a cat ketch, with unbattened sails of similar area that roller furl on the mast. This is a very convenient rig, quite foolproof, and fast off the wind. On a run the Pearl is particularly nice, since she sets a pyramid of sail, with a boom on either side. No tendency to jibe or round up in the gusts, thanks to the equal sail sizes. However, going to windward, the cat ketch is pretty feeble, suffering from both the ketch's back winded mizzen, and the catboat's lack of headsail.

I had borrowed a small jib from DeWitt, and fashioned a bowsprit from 2" x 2" x 6' stock, inspired by the success of Dennis's jib addition to *Egret*. I used the luff wire in the jib as my forestay, and the jib halyard was run aft as a backstay. While this modification to the Pearl added a little bit of speed in light air (up to 1/2 knot), it also threw the boat badly out of balance, creating lots of lee helm which was very disconcerting. And the unstayed aluminum masts are too flexible to support much tension on the luff of the jib, so I concluded that the added complexity was not worth the small increase in performance.

The interior designs of the beach cruisers deserve more discussion, but maybe we'll leave that for Jim's Novia design competition. The Pearl has a molded interior liner that forms the deck and seats. This keeps the boat reasonably light, and with a tight fabric cover seals her up pretty well. But she is tedious to load and unload through the restricted hatch opening, since the centerboard trunk fills the center of the opening. And there's no good spot to sleep aboard, both the floor and seats are too narrow. Most newer Sea Pearls have leeboards and water tanks, which give you a bigger, more usable floor space.

The Expedition 18 is a true open boat, with no decking at all. This should keep her light, but the heavy board (300lbs+) and large amount of mahogany inside probably weight her back down. She is laid out to sleep aboard, with an assortment of wooden lockers tabbed into the hull. It's an arrangement that invites experimentation and modification, and is quite handsome.

Jim has his Nina set up with a deck, and a huge catboat style cockpit with a raised coaming. The layout features seats, with lockers underneath, all the way around. He can comfortably camp aboard, with lots of flat surfaces to cook on, and locker space for even large items like a porta-pottie and stove. The

seats are wide enough to make comfortable berths, and the coaming forms a lovely back rest. I think it is a wonderful arrangement. The only upgrades needed are a built-in cooler, cleaner centerboard installation, and some sort of motor mount. External motor mounts are troublesome on a double ender, so we need to work out some sort of well for a small outboard. The challenge is to get the motor low enough to clear the tiller, yet have the prop swing clear of the water and rudder when the motor is raised.

Finally, we have to mention perhaps the finest vessel at the 2001 Kokapelli; meet Jack's beautifully finished pulling boat. A fine plumb bow ran into a low, beamy open stern with reverse transom, very original lines. She was light, stable, rowed well, and even sported a striped square sail for downwind work. Most impressive was the detailing, with beautiful dedicated lockers and fastenings everywhere. The level of thought that had gone into the boat was amazing. I'm sorry we couldn't have more waves to test her in, but she certainly had no problems keeping up with the fleet in the light going. Most days I'd motor along for a couple of hours only to find Jack sitting in the shade of some big cliff, waiting for us to catch up.

Wherein the old sailor resumes the narrative.

Steve was keen to explore the canyon above the main branch so us phlegmatic types made him a deal to have a look if he would let us veg out the rest of the day and stay another night. Deal! The Pearl with 2 horse outboard is ideal for tight canyon exploring. The hiker types sallied forth but got back in time to take advantage of Tom's warming up fajita leftovers.

Our camp had such a high cliff to the south that even at midday, if we crowded the water's edge, we had shade. Much of the afternoon was spent building a sailing dinghy. Back home we had rummaged around the shop and turned up a board and a rudder, fugitive from some Wee Punkin, as well as plywood scraps. Now, with Dennis' incredible tool kit, actually a portable shop, we installed mast partners and a stern sheets backrest. We hung the rudder with a couple of large spikes, dropped in Nina's jigger and away he went. Had we any real wind it would have been super fun

The Exploration 18 had gone off to do its eponymous thing. What with a long lunch, the dinghy project, a short hike and laying around, the afternoon had evaporated. Because of the high cliffs, sun over the yardarm is a tough call, unavoidably influenced by one's state of thirst or mind. I don't recall any serious disputes however. Steve did his spaghetti with pesto and hauled out a couple of squarish Corbett Canyons, red of course. The bright moon was like sleeping under a street light.

I spent the night a little up canyon from the group and with the early light drifted down on them. There was no perceptible wind but I moved over the mirror surface as if by some magical lateral levitation, the highlighted cliffs sunk in the water below me.

Wednesday morn I whacked the last melon and Tom did pancakes. A good start for a so-so day. I was away first but was soon passed by Jack. Then came Dwight, who offered me a rowing tow, followed by a procession of motor guys.



Steve, Tom, and Jay. Too many cooks?

There was just enough wind most of the time to keep me moving, and just as I thought I could finally see the channel, Dennis came back to rescue me. Once in the open we had a moderate little run down to Hansen Creek, by which time I had a couple of hundred yards on Dennis. Everybody except, of course, Jack and Dwight, burned gas clear to the end. Tom did smoked chicken, mashed potatoes and all the fixings.

Thursday morn was clear except for a couple of curious very elongated lenticular clouds. A sinister (beady eyed and black) raven perched high on the rocks surveying the scene. Marking victims? A good Indian could have made something of it. I did fried apples to go with Dennis' pancakes.

I started off on a line behind Dennis, which suggests something was happening to my normally optimistic character. In mid-ocean the *Julia May* came to a sudden dead stop and was rear ended by the clink. Turned out to be a large rock so Dennis went over the side and worked her off while I filmed.

Near the mouth of the canyon we ditched the Nina at a likely looking campsite. Here the party split up, most heading for Smith Fork to hike the narrows while the *JM* stood across for Forgotten Canyon to see the Defiance House ruins. We checked several gulches looking for the Moqui Steps, but without luck. We had about abandoned the quest when someone noticed anomalous marks on the cliff. Linda was apprehensive but Dennis had to give

Below: Dwight pacing *Julia May*.



it a try. It wasn't too hard but a little more difficult coming down. It is sobering to think that there was a couple hundred feet of cliff below where we floated.



Above: Chuck in Smith Fork Narrows.



Chuck the Pyronaut.



Last camp after long haul.

Flecha del Mar in lonely splendor.



Entering Forgotten Canyon, we stopped at the floating pooperina to dump the Porta-potty, then continued on to Defiance House ruin near the head of the water. The ruin, with restored kiva, is a popular spot and there were a dozen boats or so around. The kiva is a novelty but, aside from an obscene (to our puritan mentality) pictograph, the place is not much of an attraction.

Leaving Forgotten, we headed across to Smith Fork, thinking to hike the narrows. The Honda hiccuped a few times which made the mate apprehensive so it was decided to punt and head for home. Just as well since I had the supper duty.

My boat had mysteriously moved across to another draw which had a nicer beach. There were five little beaches around the head of the draw so some people had private spots. I set to work peeling potatoes and apples for my standard himmel und erde. I set the peelings to dry on the fordeck thinking to burn them. Unfortunately they weren't ready and some scoffer put them in the trash. Figure most of a day to dry peelings.

Everybody knocked over a plateful and some were eyeing the gob held back for the Nicholsons. It was getting pretty dusky when the Exploration was spotted heading up the canyon. Much shouting and light flashing brought them in for their share. We had a good fire and put a big knife to the wassermelon.

A big moon and a modest little breeze was a combination not to be ignored so Jay, Steve and I set off in the Nina to revel in the warm, wondrous night, as the luminous sails drew us silently o'er the silver sea.

Friday morn looked like another loser sailwise, so we dawdled over breakfast. Suddenly, real wind out of the east. Jack and the power guys were off while Dwight and I got set up to do it the hard way. Dwight had the first reef in and I had a couple of rolls around the mast. I was making pretty sloppy tacks 'til the schooner advised me that my rudder blade was up. I normally start the day with either the board or blade up evidently assuming that the boat hasn't fully awakened yet. Unlike McGrath's boat, mine just lets me bumble along 'til I finally figure out the problem.

Once out of our gully, we came on the wind for a nice reach to the main channel, then a good run down to Moki where it started to fade. Jack and the motor men, having caught the best of it, were nowhere to be seen.

It was tedious going through the houseboat mooring at Hall's crossing. It wouldn't have been too bad except for the constant slop. It did give me a chance to develop a taste for sun dried watermelon. The Ex 18 was a bit to the east and somewhat higher making the same kind of progress. Mid-afternoon found us getting into the main channel where the traffic suggested that we get on the oars and get out of the line of fire. Dwight picked up the beat and soon disappeared around the corner into Hall's Creek Bay.

By sighting Navajo Mt. over the nearby cliffs I convinced myself that I was sailing but from time to time I did some desultory work on the oars. As the afternoon wore on with no sign of camp, and spurred by faint stirrings in the visceral region, I began pushing the wood with renewed vigor.

The south end of Hall's Creek Bay narrows somewhat and so I faced an onslaught of missiles, sometimes three of four abreast. Even while rowing my mind had time to work out

the details of a scheme which involves a small submarine which docks into the bottom of a houseboat. I can't tell you more just now.

Just as I was about to despair and make camp on my own, Axon hove into view, tow-line at the ready. Fortunately he feels compelled to look out for me and so his range is circumscribed. We arrived to find Dewitt in chef mode with a great array of condiments, dips, munchies, and three attractive bottles. I hate to be late for an orgy but caught up as best I could.

Chuck found a real woodsman's ax somewhere in the bowels of the schooner and was mincing up a great pile of tamerisk. It was the last night on the water and was fully enjoyed.

Saturday morn had just enough breeze to get us off the beach and get our hopes up. There was little traffic so one could lay back and soak up the scenery. Dennis didn't have a chance at the pass and so set off motoring south on the long way around. The motors went on ahead, except for the schooner, which, after a late start, caught up, with Chuck and Dewitt on paddles.

We stopped for lunch at the pass, having made perhaps four miles. I found all the propeller tracks on the nearby rocks strangely satisfying. The afternoon was more of the same except that a serious looking cloud in the west kept us looking over our shoulders.

Within a quarter mile of the takeout a really fresh breeze popped out of the south. It was my first chance to try my new reefing gear. I had built a new Robb White ten stave spar. A standard 1" x 4" will cut three staves at 18 degrees with almost zero waste and the thing is a good fit in a piece of four inch pvc. There is a cobby looking hand wheel on the mast and the clew rides the boom on an endless line I snugged the mizzen and rolled in two wraps slick as a whistle.

Everybody was pulled out except Jay, who was zipping back and forth on the Laser. Dwight was jumping up and down wanting to get a turn on it. Jay was finally reeled in and we were off for our first night's camp on the hiway. My pile of wood was still there!

It only took a moment to turn Nina's deck into a sideboard where we did our best, while Steve whipped up some pasta. The fire was lit and we relived the week's adventure, all decrying the lack of wind, but still happy. I was awarded a nice Kokopelli banner which Linda had made and all had inscribed. I was touched and shall treasure it always. We burned the woodbox, the leaping flames from which signaled the official end of another Kokopelli.

Epilogue

Wherein he tired but happy Kokonauts go their separate ways. The return home is not without incident. Disaster barely averted.

Happy hulls find new home

Come morning, the Nicholsons got away early to explore the gustatory delights of Hanksville. The rest puttered around and finally produced a breakfast of leftover sausages and Linda's scrambled eggs. Finally, there was nothing for it but to hit the road. The Salt Lakers went west and Dennis and I headed east.

While taking a break under the towering cottonwoods of Comb Wash, Linda, ever on guard, discovered large bumps on two of the Ford tires. We crossed our fingers till Sam's Club could see to the problem. Things went smoothly 'til we had ascended the long grade

north from Dewey bridge. The Interstate was in sight ahead.

I heard a noise and felt a slight instability in the truck. Never one to panic, I concluded something was wrong and slowly got on the brakes, but not slowly enough. I climbed out to find a dandy dent in the tailgate of my new Dakota. What happen? As usual, a combination of things. See last year's saga.

I had outfitted my new truck with a Reese interchangeable ball. "Change without tools," the package said. Turning a central stud allowed the keeper balls to move in toward the center and the ball lifted off, to be replaced by one of different size. It required a screwdriver from the beginning, but otherwise was fine. Before long, however, even a screwdriver wouldn't do it. I managed to get it apart with a small pipe wrench. A shot of oil fixed the thing and then a sturdy thumbnail would do the job.

It didn't take long to analyze the chain of events. As usual there was a human error, two in fact. Only the winch line holds the front of the boat. I had concluded that another line was unnecessarily redundant. And after last year! The winch pawl had been giving trouble. Needed a shot of oil. I always run a line through the lower rudder gudgeon to keep the boat centered. In the hurry to leave the lake I guess I forgot it.

With everyone on the edge of their seat we are ready to explain how such an unthinkable event could occur. The winch pawl slipped, loosening the only line on the boat. On the long uphill the boat worked its way aft 'til there was no load on the ball. The clever fellows at Reese had figured that the stud could never come loose because the tongue weight is on it. Ah, but with no tongue weight there is just a tad of clearance. The upward pull on the ball puts a force on the little keeper balls which encourage the stud to rotate. The stud continues to rotate and pretty soon the hitch ball pops off still captured in the hitch.

There was a nice white line extending off to the south, bright against the brand new chipseal made with the sharpest, coarsest crushed rock available to the state of Utah. My irreplaceable Walt Simmons bronze gudgeon dangled by the top screw from the merest stub of my twice wounded skeg. The moral? If you are going to run a jackleg baling wire outfit you hadn't ought to buy a new truck.

Back in the Junction, Dennis concluded that he could carry two Urbanna Rocket hulls just as easily as one. He mentioned something about building a two stage rocket. There is no question but that this sale cinched the deductability of the entire trip. Some people seem to think that I do all this sailing stuff just for fun.

The old sailor, a firm grip on the oars which propel him to a plane of moral superiority, pontificates on the matter of engines.

I have never begrudged Dennis his Honda because it wouldn't be practical to row his Long Micro. Conceivably he could use a yuloh, but swinging it wouldn't be compatible with his dodger. It was gratifying to see him row the Egret last year.

Likewise, Steve was justified in having a motor because he is in charge of choosing a camp and his high standards require a good bit of running around. There have been times, however, when I thought he was pretty free with the thing. This year he came out of the

closet. The gay abandon with which he embraced the little monster indicates a serious, deep seated pathological problem.

Tom and Dewitt both had boats which were something of a burden to row. The schooner would go well with two sweeps but might need four to keep up with that demon Dwight. I think we may see something of the sort if he can shanghai a crew.

True, it's possible to rationalize the need in a hard chance or a long windless hot day. But it's quite possible that you will awake one morning to find the tent completely filled by your hairy humped helper, his chin on your chest. Ever see one of those big boats powering down wind, with a roller furling jenny, yet?

How About A Contest?

The old sailor, his fevered brain throbbing in the burning sun, is at a loss to decide whether unloading the stuff off the top of the cooler to extract a cool can would result in a net gain of energy. It did, and produced a thought as well.

A year ago Steve and Dewitt were hanging around the shop and one of them wondered when I was going to stretch the Nina. I allowed as how I was too old for such a project but maybe if I had some help. The Sawzall was soon in hand and the deed done. That was the easy part. She is now back in one piece but we still haven't gotten to the hard part, which is getting her perfectly fair and super smooth. It will be a good way to spend an hour of two on warm afternoons for a couple of months.

Where is the best place for the icebox? Perhaps we need a day box? The perfect beach cruiser is unattainable, but still something worth shooting for. We have been brought up that two heads are better than one. This soon leads to committees. Better to have highly motivated people do their best and then pull together all the good ideas.

Thus, The Novia Design Contest. The hull is already given, an 18' double ender. What we want is rig, lateral plane, storage, sleeping and cooking aboard if necessary, anchoring, propulsion, cabin or tent and where to put that icebox. No doubt there are lots of other clever little ideas that can be worked in. Things need to do double duty, store out of the way and so on. Safety, lots of flotation, check with Robb White on this.

Now about that motivation. First prize is a Novia bare hull, which lists for \$1,800. Second and third get deep discounts, and there will be honorable mentions. Don't need a hull? We'll help you sell it.

To cover postage and incidentals we are charging a \$5 entry fee. So get your check in the mail today and sharpen your pencils. Fancy drawings are nice but it is innovative and practical solutions to the problems of living out of a small boat that really count. Put your oar in and give it a try. You may become rich and famous.

By the way, there is a video. We haven't by any means mastered the Mac but we have made progress. There are some titles and fades but none of those wild sky swings or endless pavement shots. Turn that cold dark winter evening into a trip to the sunny southwest with those intrepid Kokonauts. Just \$18 postpaid.

Novia Design Contest, Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC, 15654 57-1/4 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624. See you on the beach.



Kids of one of the Fiji Islands off Suva and their coconut husk hulled, tree leaf boats.



George Surgent with a simple model of the *Preussen* being tested.

Proud young sailors of today at the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival with their *Polliwog* flat iron skiff in style models. (Photo by Marla Surgent)



George Not the King And George Who Follows In His Footsteps

By Mark Steele

Model boats and model boat sailing these days tend to revolve around those in adulthood (the critics might call it senility), but cast your eyes back to the boyhood days of our own lives, and the chances are, our fading minds may still remember building simple, often pretty rough sailboat models that gave us a great deal of pleasure on tiny waterways, creeks and calm rivers.

In the Fiji Islands here in the south Pacific, some youngsters build model boats out of halved coconuts, twigs for masts and leaves for a sails. I photographed this group in the shallows at their tiny island off Suva. Were they having fun? You bet! Today we live in the high technology era of computer wizardry, and aside from the most fleeting of interest by youngsters in models sailed by their peers, accompanied by two questions, "How much did it cost?" and "How fast does it go?" most are off from the place of sail without even a whistling beback!

I have one friend, in the river city of Wanganui in the North Island of New Zealand, who goes out of his way with youngsters showing interest as he himself sails, lets them have a go, and considering the expense of his square rigger model, this is admirable.

In the U.S. and in Prince Frederick, Maryland, my friends George and Marla Surgent of Seaworthy Small Ships run simple boat-building and sailing activities at various Spring and Fall waterfront festivals in several areas.

I so enjoyed George's narrative about a character, "King George", who lived on his own tiny island out on a river in the days of Surgent's grandad, it reminded me how different and delightfully simple even model sailing must have been in those days, and how technology has so changed virtually everything. The advent of radio control is wonderful, but because of high costs involved, and the great lengths of time taken, and the skill and patience needed to produce some of the really beautiful scale sailing models one sees today, it is no wonder that young kids show but a fleeting interest.

Back to "King George" who spent his early manhood sailing over the oceans aboard all manner of ships, and why he chose a life of solitude on the island remained a mystery, though his knowledge of ships and boats did not. From scraps of lumber, cloth, metal and string, the old man fashioned a myriad fleet of model boats, including square-riggers, schooners, catboats, sloops and skiffs as George Surgent's grandad remembered.

What made these models so fine was their simple build and recognizable character, and the fact that every one sailed. The old man did not see much sense in building a model just to sit on a shelf. He was generous to young visitors too, and gave many boats away.

"King George" not only inspired George Surgent's grandad, but George himself benefited, and today, he produces little kits of similar simple yet sturdy build, and with Marla, his wife, continue to sow the early seeds of model sailing boat interest in the minds of so many youngsters, some of whom may well be sailing fullsize boats in their adult years.

Her name was Sara. She was some kind of terrier, perhaps Jack Russell mixed with God knows what. My softhearted wife had accepted her in our role as a foster home for wayward dogs. The local animal welfare group, Calvert Animal Welfare League (CAWL), always needed a temporary home for these poor neglected or abused creatures. How could we say "No" to such a request? At the time, we only had two dogs of our own, both gifts from friends who could no longer deal with them. Sara was the third in a series of dogs that we cared for before they were adopted. They all quickly adjusted to life with our permanent dogs, Bubba and Opie, a Bichon Frise and a yellow Lab, and soon were dashing madly around the house and yard on some mission.

Our community, Drum Point, is at the mouth of the Patuxent River on the north shore opposite the Pax River Naval Air Station. Eighteen years ago, a dedicated, thoughtful group of residents bought the property along the confluence of the river and the Chesapeake Bay to prevent it from being developed. This lovely, private beachfront property now belongs to our community and includes open woodland, a tidal pond and a community center. It is a favored place to take the dogs in the early morning for a run and a swim, or at least a wade.

"Sara really likes the water," my wife, Carole, said when I first met the newest addition. I thought Carole was trying to blunt any criticism from me about the presence of yet another demanding new dog. She knows that I love the water and spend as much time as possible on my boat, so I figured that she said that to make the dog more acceptable. But Sara really did like the water and swam out an alarming distance when we went to the beach for our morning exercise.

I did not think much about Sara until I was going to Solomons Harbor by boat. I had several errands to run involving stops at two marinas and at the Calvert Marine Museum. I decided to take the dogs, all three. Opie and Bubba love riding around in my boat. We live on a small cove that connects to Mill Creek, a tributary of the Patuxent River. The boat is behind the house and the dogs run down to the end of the pier to check on it regularly. Opie always jumps in and looks expectantly toward the house. Bubba is too small to jump aboard unaided, so he just sits on the pier and whines. Sara followed Opie everywhere, so she was soon in the boat on a regular basis as well.

It is an old wooden boat built in Massachusetts in 1963 with wide gunwale caps and is very stable. Sara ran around the entire boat, bow to stern, on the eight-inch wide mahogany gunwales without the slightest hesitation. I decided to tie her to a cleat with a mooring line when we went out on our errands. Her total lack of fear made me uneasy about her and concerned that she would jump overboard while we were underway. I reasoned that at least with the line around her neck, I could haul her close enough to pick her up.

Things went smoothly enough on our first two stops. Sara sat on the engine box and looked around excitedly. Opie and Bubba both behaved remarkably well until we got to the last stop, Town Center Marina. This is one of their favorite places. There are several resident dogs and lots of good places to explore. As soon as we pulled up to the gas dock, Opie was out on the pier and headed for some se-

Sara

By Kenneth Robert Spring

cret spot. Bubba complained loudly until he was boosted ashore. Sara sat calmly on the engine box as I filled the fuel tanks. She clearly wanted to be ashore with the other two, but I felt that I could not trust her so I kept her tied. I went up to the office to pay the bill and as I emerged, the boy working at the pumps said, "Your dog just jumped into the water!"

I ran toward the boat and saw the rope dangling over the side with no dog attached. I dashed up forward grabbed my fish net and set off along the pier to find her. "She's swimming this way," the boy called. She was swimming all right. She was going so fast that she was leaving a wake. This was an Olympic class water dog. We ran down the finger pier as she dodged and weaved around boats and pilings, easily avoiding my swipes with the net. Finally, near the end of the pier, I got her in the net. She just changed direction by 90 degrees and headed out toward the Bay. Luckily, another boat was just coming in to get gas and saw the commotion. The owner jumped down on the swim platform and scooped her up as she swam past. We were all very relieved.

I loaded her in my boat and tied the line to her collar. The other dogs had shown up to watch the aquatic entertainment, so it was easy to get them aboard. Just as I was leaving the marina, the boy called out to me, "Sir, you left a dog." Sure enough when I turned my back

to start the engine, Opie had jumped back onshore for a final romp. I turned around and got him back on board. I chuckled to myself on the way home about the show that we had put on and kept checking Sara to make sure that she was still on board. The other dogs were energized by seeing her swimming and created a commotion all the way home.

Our cove is rather shallow, and I have a stereotyped docking procedure that involves pointing the bow toward our pier and then swinging the stern in slowly by "backing and filling". As I was doing this, Opie decided that he could jump from the boat to the pier. He missed the pier by at least five feet and landed with a tremendous splash. He quickly swam to shore, waded through the muck and emerged as a 75% black Lab, 25% yellow. When I helped the other dogs onto the pier, they took off with Opie and were soon the same color. They were running crazily from the muck to the pier, even trying to get back on board. I fought them off with a vengeance. They were a swirling, furry mass of foul smelling mud. By the time I had them under control, the pier and walkway resembled a Jackson Pollock painting.

The next hour was spent washing dogs and pier. It took an extended period of washing to clean Opie as there is a great attractive force between yellow Lab fur and grime. I hosed the pier down well, but eventually had to power wash it before it lost its mottled appearance. Sara was adopted that weekend and soon replaced by another lost soul, Lucky. He adjusted so well to life in our house that we adopted him ourselves. So, now we are up to our full canine complement and can accept no more boarders even if they really love the water.

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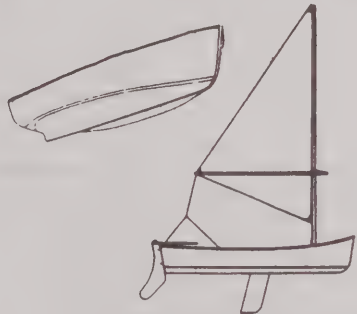


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In *Boats With An Open Mind* of 1993, #601 was first introduced to a wide readership in Chapter 61. Eventually a number of boats were built, one of which was featured in *MAIB* Vol. 17 No. 2, June 1, 1999 by owner/builder Stephen Crim. Of all FMS built, his was the most high powered version, reinforced here and there, carrying a 140hp two-stroke to hit 34mph. But none of the boats were ever fitted with the sailing capability which was her initial purpose after all. It seemed that the rig, single leeboard, and off-center rudder were to be left unrealized, that is until we heard from Jurgen Marquardt in Germany.

Jurgen (pronounce it Yourgen) Marquardt had first assembled a scale model of her and, with that detailed 3-D understanding of her, he built her exactly as designed, including following the 35hp Honda outboard proposal, using the then available 40hp version. To state it right up front, while in general we still support the principle of less rather than more horsepower, the 40hp was just plain not enough, even in light load, to make her a happily planing craft.

Similar to our experience with the first Retriever, Marquardt's FMS in cruising mode and with all rig details installed was equally underpowered, lumbering along at low teens max speed, good enough for short range slow-burst-speed to get out of harm's way in a busy shipping channel or reduce the risk of getting stuck in a squall-line. But it is hard on the engine, making for an unhappy hull attitude, and the crew never getting out of this

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butt-in-molasses sensation. While a bit apologetic about her weight-gain, she now also carries an inflatable dinghy across her transom on dedicated davits, Marquardt is now looking for a 75hp or a 90hp Honda, same basic engine and thus weight, but different levels of tuning and thus possibly life-expectancy.

But, to the surprise of perhaps even other FMS owners, the rig does work. He had read the account in *Boats With An Open Mind* and knew about the limited maneuverability of that dipping lug rig to, for instance, readily tack up the narrow waters of an inland canal. It was chosen in this design for most simplicity of parts, and intended for occasional reaching and running purposes for fun, allowing impromptu sessions of moderate or even surprising progress under sail, offering a break from the drone of the outboard, and finally soothing the mind somewhat with the realistic opportunity to be used as get-home-power should the outboard either die or just run a bit low on gas.

Marquardt took his time over several summer seasons to grow his sea-legs aboard

his FMS *Dunnerkiel*, with wife, brother-in-law, and friends alternating as crew. The boat's name is northern dialect for literally "thunderbolt", but actually meaning the equivalent of an expression of surprise and amazement. Towed behind an older Volvo 240 station wagon, considered reasonably big in Germany, on a surge braked trailer, he gradually explored the inland waters of northern and northeastern Germany. The German FMS saw mostly motoring in speed-restricted canals and rivers, with various episodes of sailing whenever convenient or just tempting. With one or two notable exceptions, he reported a surprising absence of curiosity in marinas and town-landings as to this rather unusual-looking watercraft.

While not completely unheard of in these parts, in the third largest economy in the world with lots of inland waterways and two very different saltwater shores, homebuilding boats is still very rare, considered mostly a peculiar phenomenon typically indulged in by strange people, and apparently all around weird enough to not warrant inquiry about its outcome in broad daylight, especially in regards to a power-cruiser with leeboards, rig, and off-center rudder! Many a salty wise yachtsman must have averted his eyes with a mix of surprise, genuine shock, pity, and the more prevalent "there ought to be a law against stuff like" this bubbles over their blank faces.

Somewhat disappointed by these blank wordless stares, quite the opposite of *Dunnerkiel*, Marquardt continued steadfastly to put her through her paces, and got more ambitious about sailing her more frequently and on courses somewhat beyond original design-intentions. He eventually remarked that this rig seemed to demand more of her crew to tack smartly across busy shipping channels than sailing boats he grew up with. Putting particularly his brother-in-law through a number of tack shifting proceedings from her forehatch, he began to find it sporting by good measure.

At last he felt ready for saltwater, having made his way towards the coast of North Sea and Baltic Sea. We once reached him on his cell-phone weatherbound in a North-Frisian fishingport not far from the Danish border where he sought shelter from a blow quite audible even on our end. Somewhat tracking the *Riddle Of The Sands* crew into the Baltic, *Dunnerkiel* cut across via rivers and canals and was off exploring the Baltic, where on one occasion he indulged the impulse to do 8.7 knots motorsailing to cut the crossing-time with least fuel burn between two islands.

With this track-record, he is about as far away from the definition of your average stuffed shirt yachtsman, and we felt no need to slow the man down. The tenor of his various letters seemed to emphasize growing fun of sailing moderately seriously between powering sessions. Since he has found delight in exploring higher hull-speeds under sail, we decided to

offer him a more suitable rig that would be less strenuous on crew and perhaps allow even higher overall sailing performance on this unballasted planing powerboat hull.

He stated repeatedly, as if the point needed stressing after building this particular design, that he likes to experiment. And judging by his workmanship and the custom-hardware he produced for various details, this does not mean that he goes at it slap-dash and cuts corners. While various "authorities" may not understand particularly this boat, they do grasp clean paint job, attention to detail, gleaming stainless, thus drastically reducing the likelihood of some local badge-man to whistle him back from going beyond the breakwater.

The new rig uses his existing mast and the well used yard, adds a boom, cuts off some width of his dipping lug sail, and adds a balanced club jib resulting in 258sf versus the original 267sf, set more or less at the same height. Now the rig has gained only a few pounds, but dramatically gained strength through shrouds for fast-reaching sessions, and should be easy enough to handle without sending his crew through the forward hatch for every tack.

This rig would work with the original single leeboard and rudder. But it seems that,

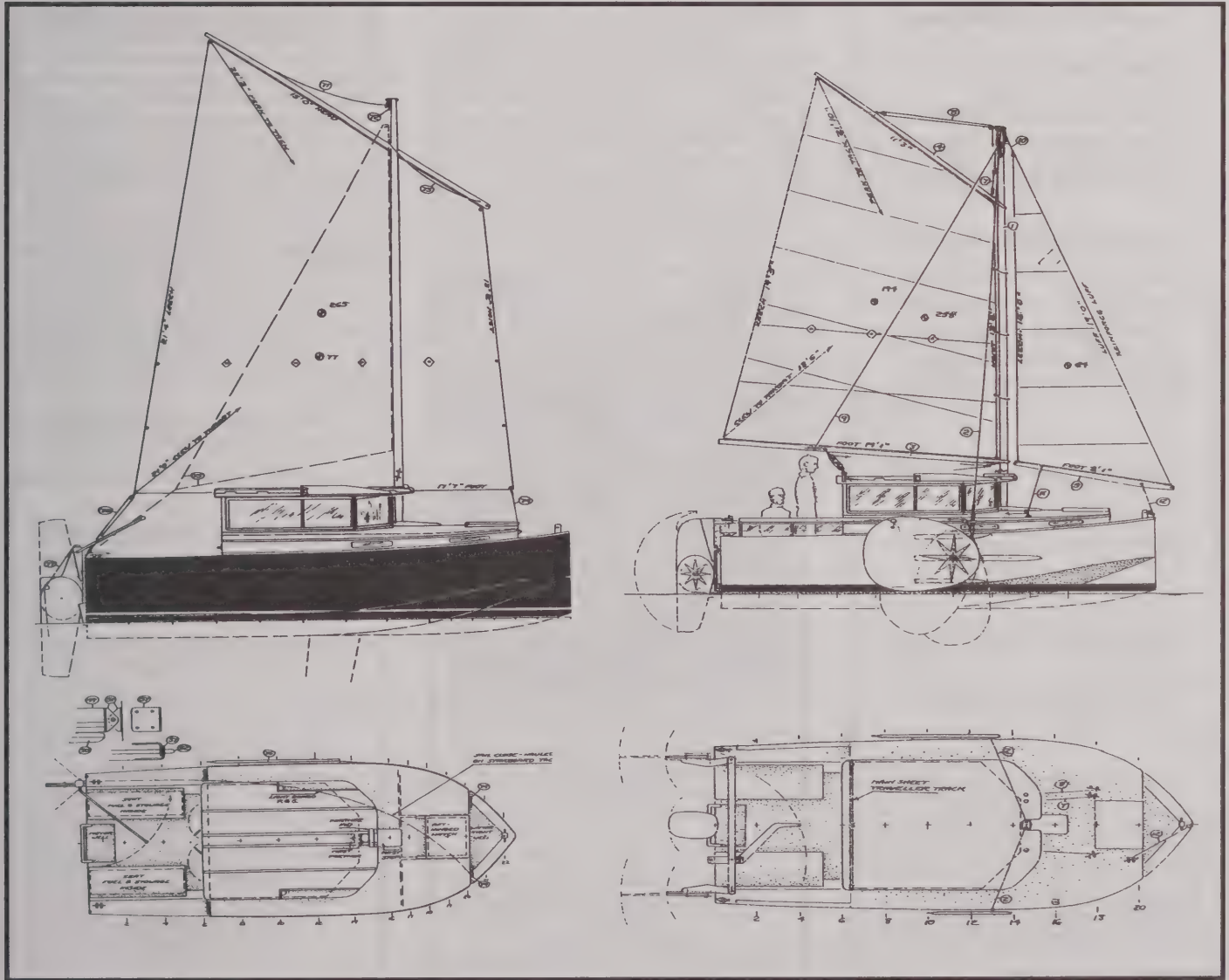
while the original asymmetry and low parts count was proven quite workable, distributing stresses and underwater areas over a few more but smaller pieces at less draft was indicated. Allowing routine cruises under sail in shallower waters than the original tall rudder and leeboard, she now can be built with two lower-aspect ratio leeboards and rudders, the latter powered still by just one tiller. Finally we added a few local structural reinforcements and gained ergonomically by sheeting the main-boom to the wheelhouse top, keeping most of the mainsheet out of the cockpit.

While a fast hull under power, she might offer higher speeds under sail as well, particularly when tempted to look for surfing conditions in following seas, but it should still never be forgotten that this is indeed just an unballasted motorboat. She is helped in an extreme chance by her high sides and house and thus unadulterated reserve buoyancy, assuming you did not compromise her side widows with wimpy opening gadgets, centerline openings only, please! But while she's part of a long and wholesome tradition of unballasted sailing craft, let's not throw common sense to the wind and go for risky stunts. And no flying bridges, topsails or other such "improvements" please!

Other than that, if Marquardt's pursuits

are any indication, the chapter in *Boats With An Open Mind* seems to be confirmed in reality. Later this year we may hear from Marquardt again.

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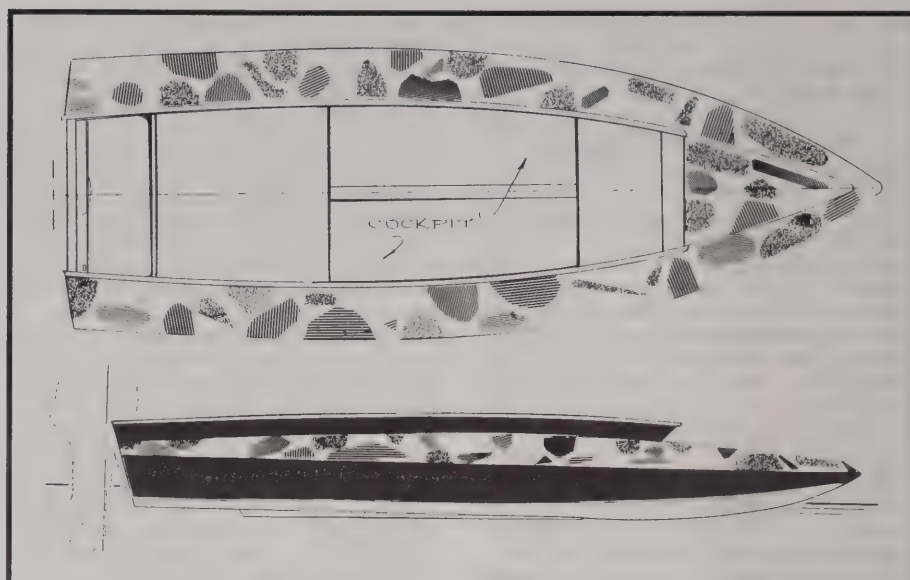
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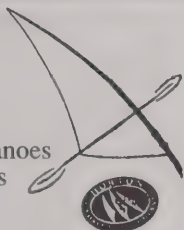
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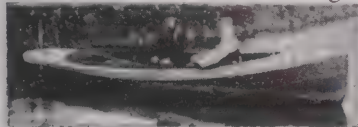
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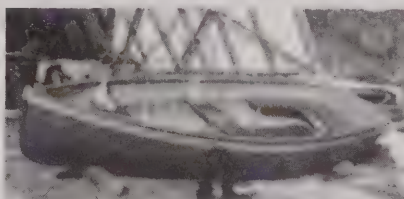
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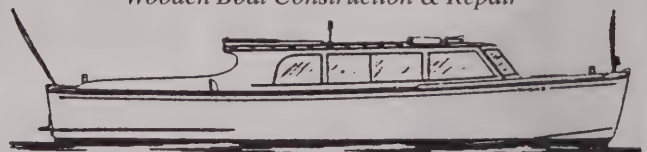
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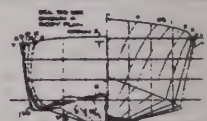
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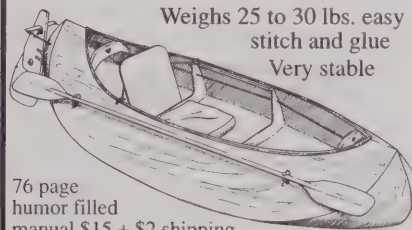
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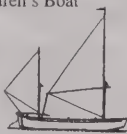


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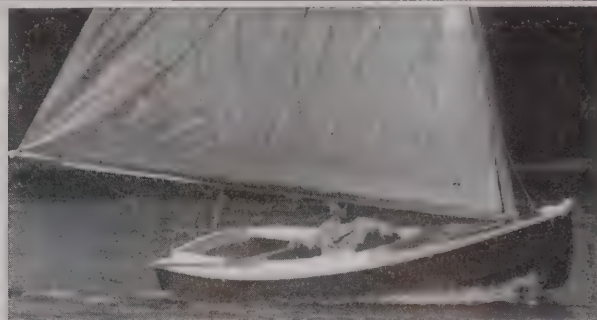
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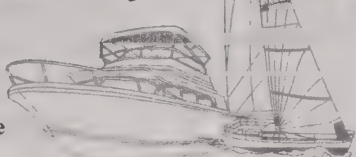
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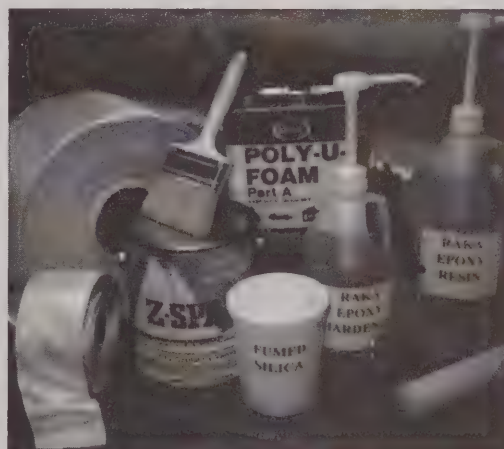
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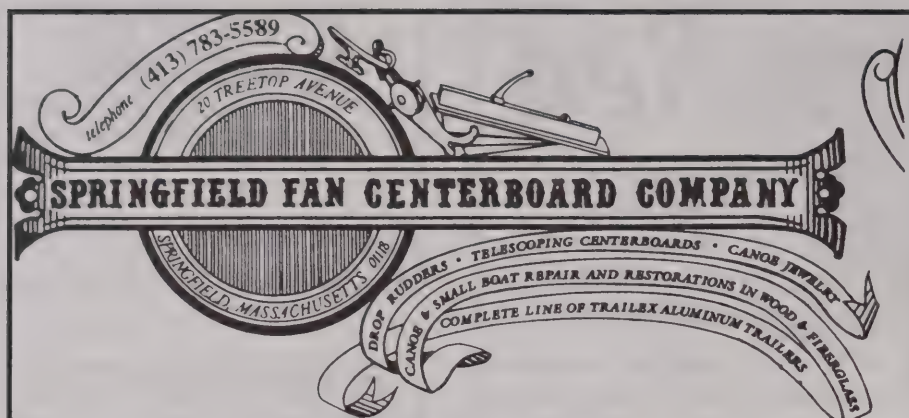
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14' Glen L Sloop, daysailer w/trlr. FG covered marine plywood hull, Dacron sails. \$2,500.
WILLIAM E.S. BIRD, 47 Sterling Rd., Princeton, MA 01541, (978) 464-5564. (24)

16' Wooden Sailboat, blt '95. Varnished mahogany plywood over white oak frames, new spruce spars, new sails, trlr. Grt daysailer. Ready to go. \$2,500.
MIKE PARSONS, Ridley Park, PA, (610) 461-4821, (610) 986-7516. (24)

10' Swedish Sailing Pram, all varnished, lapstrake constr, new sail & oars. Grt cond. \$1,800. **17' Sea Kayak**, varnished mahogany, ltwt, exc cond. \$1,900.
RAY STRICKLAND, Stuart, FL, (561) 308-6180. (24)

2 Turnabout FG Hulls, new fitted rudders, misc masts, booms, sails. Both nd some work. \$1,500 takes all.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (24)

Freedom 21, '83, shoal draft, main & stays'l, gun mnt spinnaker but spinnaker ripped. '93 6hp Evinrude, Triad trlr. \$3,900.
PENN PFAUTZ, Middletown, NJ, (732) 957-0474. (24)

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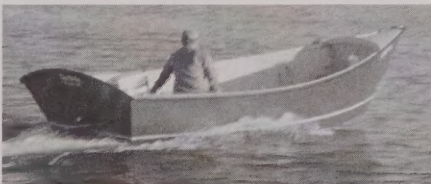
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29' Atkins Channel Cutter, 34' LOA, custom blt Airex. Refit '99, new Kubota diesel, electronics, Cold Machine refrig, SSB, dodger, life raft. All varnish redone Dec '01. Bottom stripped & faired Nov '00. Compl, ready to cruise. \$53,500.
RAY STRICKLAND, Stuart, FL, (561) 308-6180. (24)

14' Penn Yan Cartopper, an ultra light outboard/rowing boat of canoe type constr. Blt '52, compl restored 6yrs ago, not used since. Wife won latest argument about whose boat got stored indrs. Rather than store this one outside (or sleep outside myself) have decided to sell to gd home. Asking \$1,800.
DAVE JACKSON, Fairfield, CT, (203) 259-2935, <Dojackson@aol.com> (24)

West Wight Potter 14, reluctantly selling. Set up w/OB & galy trlr, ready to sail. Slps 2 adults. \$2,200. Poss trade toward 13' Whaler or HD alum boat.
MIKE KEMSLEY, Milton, VT, (802) 893-2743, <Nortryder@aol.com> (1)

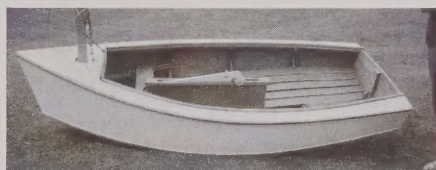


'97 Dory, 19'6" in length. Blt of marine plywood & epoxy. Hull is vy light. '88 Johnson 20hp OB compl rblt incl new block. New paint topsides & bottom. 2 bilge pumps, 2 new batteries. Sunbrella sunshade covers compl boat. Trlr plus many extras. Well maintained. Professionally blt by Del Walters Small Boat Works, Tyaskin, MD. \$4,800 OBO.
JOHN SCHNEPEL, Delmar, MD, (410) 749-8057 day or eve. (1)



'83 Marshall Catboat Hull, 26' x 12' x 2'6". FG is about 7/8" thick at keel, solid, no core. Finished out by Concordia Yachts, S. Dartmouth, MA. Chosen for its stability for a man in a wheelchair. 75hp, 4cyl FWC Volvo diesel, 2:1 reduction w/less than 100 hrs. Edison hydraulic steering & wheel. Twin bilge keels. 2 bronze sea cocks are only holes in bottom of boat. 5 dbl bronze steps on rudder & hull, 4 10" & 1 12" cleats, 4 chocks, 12 HD chainplates for any combo, dbl rubrails w/1/2 rmd guard, all above hvy bronze. Cabin section about 1" of insulation, 9 cabin windows all opening, molded in deck shelf entire hull length, full length engine stringers 2" x 10", extra stiffeners in hull. Crows nest, 2 gin poles. Gear that goes w/boat too much to list or remember. Also scale model of boat incl. \$25,000. **'72 Marshall 22**, new sail & sail cover '99. 22hp Palmer (gas) runs vy well. Larger sail area than normal. Open arrangement below. Nds cosmetics & repairs around deck icebox. Sailed every day from May to November weather permitting. \$19,000.

BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742-4750, (732) 295-1590 before 9am or after dark, at 81 I still go out to play every day. Sorry, no email. (4)



9'6" Catboat, w/CB. Well constr w/plywood, oak & mahogany. Bronze fasteners. Spruce mast. Nice details. '90s? Stored in garage. \$600. W/tender \$900. Delivery poss.
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LARRY WINGER, Newtown, PA, (215) 504-4727. (1)



'81 Victoria 18 Sloop, trailerable fixed keel (2' draft) pocket cruiser w/many improvements incl new mainsail & genoa '01, running rigging '00. MagicTilt trlr w/new hubs, coupler, bunks & lights. Gd working jib, 2.5hp Johnson OB. Grt sailer & owners' group (see www.geocities.com/Yosemite/Meadows/4900/). Have bought lrg boat & must sell. Asking \$2,800 OBO.

CHRIS HUSTON, 517 Jefferson Dr. East, Palmyra, VA 22963, (434) 591-0429, <cdh9b@virginia.edu> (1)



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KEN ARNOLD, 7476 Philatelic Dr., Spring Hill, FL 34606-6723. (1)

18' Discoverer Daysailer, yellow FG hull, white deck & raised cabin; white mainsail, jib; blue sailcover; aluminum mast & boom; retractable motor mnt; trlr. Good coed. \$2,500 firm.

ROBERT ROGERS, 1534 N. Park Ln., Fergus Falls, MN 56537. (218) 736-4110 or (218) 864-5876. (1)

Sea Pearl 21, '87, dk blue hull, water ballast tanks, new tanbark sails, new tan convertible cabin, galv trlr, 2.5hp OB, oars, compass, etc. \$6,500.

DOUG THOMPSON, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 763-4491. (1)

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Sea Pearl 21, '83, water ballast, rotating goose-necks, alum marconi rig, OB mnt (no OB), oars & oarlocks, compass, soft cabin (camper) top, trlr, Danforth anchor & rode, teak refinished, overall vy gd cond. See more pictures at www.angelfire.com/dc/seapearl. \$4,500.

GUY NOWELL, Edgewater, MD, (410) 721-1024, <bobandguy@hotmail.com> (1)

15' Finn, by Newport. 2 sails, new cover, new trlr, ready to sail. \$1,500.

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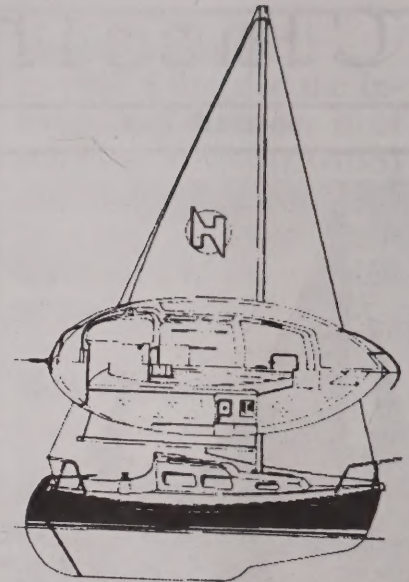
Wayfarer Dinghy, #7923, Abbott Mk III, exc cond, trlr. \$3,000.

BOB FEHRENBACH, Brookfield, WI, (262) 373-0496 eves, <bobf@wi.rr.com> (24)



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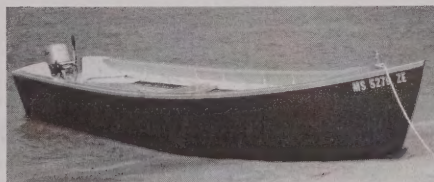
Folding 3hp Johnson, in case, all orig. \$600. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (24)

Fine Pair Spruce Oars, 6-1/2', epoxy protected tips. Perf cond, altho showing some weather stain. \$60. Can ship UPS firt collect on receipt of payment. DAVE HILL, 1776 S. Palo Verde #C-III, Tucson, AZ 85713, (520) 326-3574, <Dhill5440@aol.com> (1)

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BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

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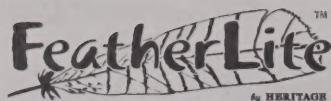
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The FeatherLite is a beautiful lightweight kayak with a large cockpit, adjustable foot-braces, built-in flotation, a comfortable seat and convenient end carries. Highly stable and user friendly, it's a breeze to handle on the water ... or on and off your vehicle!

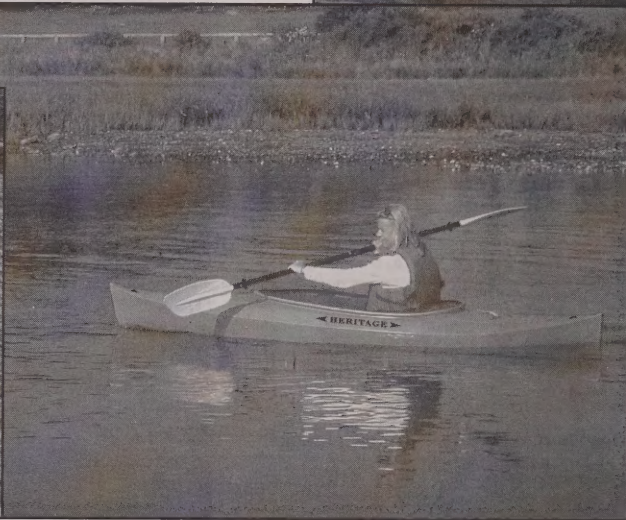
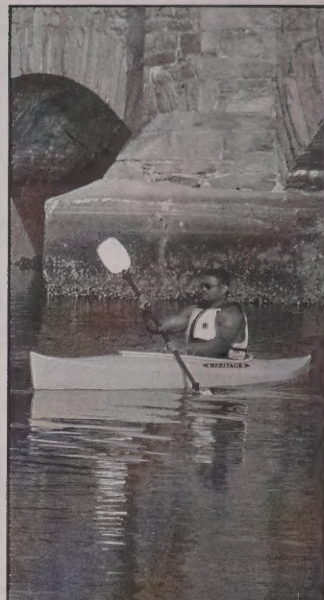
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Width	30"
Weight - FeatherLite	36 lbs.
Weight - FeatherLite Pro	37 lbs.
Carrying Capacity	300 lbs.

SUGGESTED RETAIL

FeatherLite	\$299
FeatherLite Pro	\$399



◀ HERITAGE ▶

Heritage Kayaks ▪ 55 Ballou Boulevard ▪ Bristol, RI 02809 ▪ (401) 253-3408 ▪ www.heritagekayaks.com

If the FeatherLite is not available through a nearby retail dealer, Heritage can coordinate delivery through a participating dealership.

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XIX-24

PRSR STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148

S1 P6

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