

Special Features This Issue
"Sea Pearls Sail the San Juan Islands"
"Big Boulders & Floating Leaves" - "The JointAbility"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 17

January 15, 2004



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Well, the first announcements of coming attractions involving messing about in boats for 2004 have arrived, three in fact. On December 2 we received the announcement of the Depoe Bay Chamber of Commerce Depoe Bay Wooden Boat Show/Crab Feed in that Oregon community. On December 10 we received a "public service announcement" about the Thompson Antique & Classic Boat Rally in Marinette, Wisconsin, and the Land-O-Lakes Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous in Red Wing, Minnesota. On December 13 we received an "early release for calendar editors" about the Bridgeton, Maine 2004 Maine Canoe Symposium.

These announcements herald the growing flood of such publicity that will now continue throughout the coming season. Most are not so early off the mark, but as we are a logical media in which the organizers of all these good times would like to spread the word, we get to hear about them. I once tried to publish the gist of all this publicity as a "public service" for readers, but space in which to accommodate them all ran out, so I tried a different tack. I compiled a list of all the known organizers of activities which might be of interest to you and published it as a two-page directory to which you could refer if looking for specific types of events.

Eventually the two pages this took up in each issue were needed for other articles and I cut back publication to every other issue, then to four times a year, and finally dropped it altogether. I heard no complaints, so maybe it wasn't as useful as I had thought it might be. Based on my own early experience trying to find activities and organizations involving traditional small boats, I assumed that there might be an ongoing need felt by newcomers to this somewhat obscure activity we pursue.

This past year I have published selected event announcements as letters on our "You write to us about..." pages, the choices being made chiefly on my own subjective judgement as to the merits of the events. The main qualifications for being so chosen were that the activity be specific to our interests, of course, but additionally that it be offered by a group acting pretty much on a volunteer basis or as a non-profit group. As they were not going to be cash-

ing in on the event, I felt free announcements would be justified.

As I contemplated the steady growth in publicity material arriving in our mail (and even by email now via our subscription fulfillment email address) in search of space on our pages I found myself growing resistant to the idea that someone promoting an event for financial gain should expect to get free space about the event as a "public service." I have no objection to anyone wishing to host an event in which they expect to make some money providing us with a good time, but I do resist the assumption inherent in their "public service" announcement that I should publish their publicity as a free service. I'm happy to accept paid advertising in such instances.

Another interesting aspect of this that dawned on me was that precious few of the groups or individuals wishing us to announce their impending events that might be of interest to you are subscribers to this magazine. We are viewed by most, it seems, as a medium in which to place some free publicity, but the inherent charms of our little publication do not attract these organizers otherwise.

I hasten to say here that I have not become cynical about this, I can understand the thinking behind publicity disguised as "public service announcements." I would like to let you all know what is coming up that may be of interest to you. If I hear from you any desire expressed for it, I will resurrect and update the listing of event and activity organizers as a one-shot during the winter months for year-long reference for those who value it. And I will continue to choose from amongst the mass of media materials we receive those events which I think deserving of a free ride, particularly from those who are subscribers, and enter their pertinent information on our "You write to us about..." pages.

Instead of casting aside the rest I am going to suggest to them that they invest the very modest sum involved in advertising their coming attractions. Should sufficient response to this arise I will set up a "Coming Events" section of ads in any timely issue. I think this will make it clear just how much value they place upon letting you know about their events on our pages.

In This Issue...

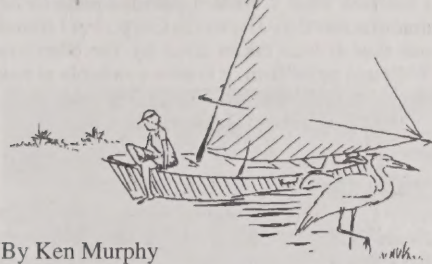
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On the Cover...

The Fifth Annual Salish Sea Pearl Regatta took place in Washington state's San Juan Islands with Mt. Baker watching over it all as pictured on the cover. A full report on this scenic gathering is featured in this issue.

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The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

Winged Migration



My messabout friends love Fall. The glorious days and cool nights make cruising a joy. But it's the migrating birds that give Fall a special meaning. On the Chesapeake, the Canadian geese are the most obvious migrators. When *Sanity* sails down the middle of large bays where the land is near the horizon, you can sometimes see distant flocks of geese on all points of the compass. Though miles away, the sound of their calls combine in such a way as to bring tears to the sailor's eyes.

On one memorable trip, heavy with geese, I ghosted toward a large floating flock.

When I was in the middle of the flock, the birds had enough of my intrusion and all took off at once. Immediately I was surrounded by hundreds of birds yelling for their mates and flying off in every direction. What a blast it was to be in the middle of all that commotion! A moment in life that lives on in my otherwise poor memory.

That very night, and it was a pitch black night, I was anchored in a very quiet spot. I was in the midst of adding some thoughts to the ship's log when I heard a flock of geese. Looking out at the blackness, I was surprised that the birds hadn't landed earlier while there was still light. They flew overhead and then apparently did a 180 degree turn and lost altitude. Sure enough, they had decided to land in the same little cove that *Sanity* occupied. Birds landed ahead of me, beside me, and behind me. I held my breath expecting one to come through the bimini tent of the Bay Hen. I instinctively ducked my head! Geese must have good night vision because they all got down safely, but the noise they were making concerned me. I wouldn't be able to sleep with all that ruckus. But surprisingly they quickly quieted down and the cove became as quiet as before their landing.

With such experiences under my belt, I made a quick decision when the film *Winged Migration* came to our local theaters. Off I went to have a look. The film was breathtaking. You get to fly several thousand feet above the earth. Right beside you is a migrating bird. You look right in his eye and see his wings pumping as he looks down across farm land, tundra, and ocean. It then strikes you that he'll be pumping like that for hour after hour, sometimes for days at a time.

The film was produced and directed by the well-known Frenchman, Jacques Perrin. Five teams (more than 450 people, including 17 pilots and 14 cinematographers) were necessary to follow birds such as snow geese, Canadian geese, sandhill cranes, Eurasian cranes, white storks, bar-headed geese, and Siberian cranes. The migrations went through 40 countries and each of the seven continents. All manner of man-made machines were employed including planes, gliders, helicopters, and balloons. Numerous innovative techniques and ingeniously designed cameras were used to allow cameramen to fly alongside, above, below, and in front of the birds. This is a not-to-be-missed film, one that brings home the incredible feat of winged migration.

While any migration is mind-boggling, there is one that beats them all for distance. That is the Pole-to-Pole migration of the Arctic tern. Here we have a relatively small bird, weighing in at 2/3-lb. and a bit over 1' in length. Though small, it accomplishes a remarkable feat of migrating over 22,000 miles each year, the longest migration of any bird. During the trip the tern feeds on small fish, insects, shrimp, and krill. He dives for his food or scoops it up. Aside from hunting for food, the tern seldom lands, spending most of his migration in the air.

The Arctic tern (*Sterna paradisaea*) breeds in the Arctic tundra (within the Arctic Circle). They are social birds living in large colonies. Both the male and female terns help incubate one to three eggs. The eggs hatch in about 23 days after they are laid. The hatchlings leave the nest quickly and hide in nearby vegetation. Until they can feed themselves, the parents catch small fish and carry it to them in their bills.

Immediately before beginning a migration, a noisy colony of birds suddenly becomes quiet, and then the whole colony will take off to begin its migration (this behavior is called "dread"). They go south into Baffin Bay between Canada and Greenland, then southwest across the North Atlantic to the coast of Africa near Morocco. As they pass Cape Verde, the flyway splits in two. An eastern path continues south following the African coast, and a western path crosses over the Atlantic to the coast of Brazil, then south along the coast of South America. Both flyways bring the terns to the edge of the Antarctic ice pack. Arctic terns live as long as 30 years. So doing the math, a bird that old would have migrated over 660,000 miles. Not bad for a bird weighing less than a pound!

Send in your Joy of Nature notes to me at kgmurphy@comcast.net.

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Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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Removal of Hazard to Navigation from ICW

While southbound on a routine USCG Auxiliary Safety Patrol in the ICW, my crew member, Herman Franke, spotted what at first glance appeared to be the top of a dark colored baseball cap in the center of the channel near Marker 142. On closer inspection it turned out to be the tip of a cedar log some 8' in length and approximately 16" in diameter. It was much too big and too heavy to take on board.

We were able to get a line on the tip of this log and take it in alongside tow to the marina where I keep my boat, securing the tow line to a dock accessible to the fork lifts. I then moved to the gas dock to fuel my vessel. The crew of the marina told me that they could not and would not take this hazard to navigation, that they were a private organization and did not remove "trash" from the waterway. They advised me to leave this hazard on a beach, despite the fact that it was some two-and-a-half hours before high tide, and any such beaching would have allowed the hazard to float free into the ICW.

Here I interject that, at a later time, four young men employed by the marina attempted, without success, to haul the log onto the dock and determined that it was essential to use a fork life to get it from the water.

I confess to some anger at this point. I had, not without difficulty, brought a hazard to navigation to my marina where I have kept a boat for 13 years, to be told that as "a private organization" the yacht marina had no responsibility for waterway safety.

After further exchange of words the marina employees did use the fork lift and removed the cedar log (and my tow line) from the water, strongly suggesting that I would hear from the marina's Board of Directors because their action was in violation of the Club's rules, no copy of which has ever been sent to me as a slip owner. (I have never heard from the marina's directors, possibly because they did not wish to lose a client.)

It seems to me that everyone who uses our waterways has a definite and positive obligation to make them as safe as possible for all boaters. I trust that most in the boating world, whether primarily afloat or ashore, feel the same way and that my marina's management is definitely atypical.

Tom Shaw, USCG Auxiliary, Wilmington, NC

The Ann Lis Found!

This past summer I wrote an article about my ongoing, unsuccessful effort to find my Uncle's old doubler in the *Ann Lis*. I then requested the aid of the Messers to help locate her. Well, the Messers came through!

Mr. Fred Bennett (aka Capt. Freddy B.), of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, found her. You may remember his three part story titled "A Letter From Xanadu" in the December 1, 1999 through January 1, 2000 issues.

While cruising one evening on his catboat, *Sabot*, Capt. Freddy B. noticed a wooden doubler in the distance sailing in the moonlight. Later, he was to spend the night at the same marina in Union Springs, New York. The owner left before Capt. Freddy could talk to him, but the pretty sloop left a lasting impression. When he read my article, he sent me a card telling me where he saw the boat.

The lovely and talented Naomi and I took off for Union Springs that next weekend and sure enough, there she was. And never looking better. There was no mistaking that cabin and window light, not to mention the beautiful transom and a sheer that gives new meaning to the words 'fair curve.'

The *Ann Lis* is now named the *Secret of the Sea*. The current owner is Mr. Fred Richards. Fred found her abandoned by her previous owners in a marina in Rochester, New York. Fred began restoring and sailing her in 1985, and by 1988 had her in Bristol condition. On September 1, 1988, the *Syracuse Post Standard* did a long story about the restoration. Fred contacted the original builder in Denmark and received photos and descriptions of how she was built. The original owner was also contacted. It turns out that the *Ann Lis* won quite a few racing trophies, too.

The *Secret of the Sea* is now being sailed by Fred Richards' son and he is planning another restoration soon if he can find time between sails. Looks like a good story coming up.

So, the *Ann Lis* has been located, thanks to *Messing About In Boats* magazine, the Messers, and especially the sharp eye of Capt. Freddy B. I had made mention of a handsome reward for finding her. The Captain requested a sail on the skipjack I am building as the handsome reward. He wants to sail on it at the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St. Michaels, Maryland, next October. Oh well, I need to get busy building this winter.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY



Information of Interest...

Cuprinol Rediscovered

After searching in many lumberyards, hardware stores, and paint stores for the once widely available Cuprinol wood preservative, I learned what's what. Cuprinol used to be manufactured by Darworth Corp., but I found out that it was taken over by the Sherwin Williams paint firm. It is now available at any Sherwin Williams store in gallon cans.

Bob Whittier, Duxbury, MA

Model Show Scheduled

The USS Constitution Model Shipwright Guild and the USS Constitution Museum have scheduled their Annual Model Show at the USS Constitution Museum in the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston, Massachusetts (alongside Old Ironsides) for February 10 through March 6. Interested readers wishing further information about the show may contact Tim Mahoney at (978) 352-8241 or Sarah Watkins at (617) 426-1812 ext 126.

USS Constitution Model Shipwright, Charlestown, MA

This is a Magical Place

At the Center for Wooden Boats, in the peace of the evening the story is told. First come the muffled sounds of sailors and boats as the last arrive back at the dock. The hurry and bustle of boaters as the light is fading and the sailors' day comes to a close in the livery. From the shop the whine of a saw, the whack of a wooden mallet. Boatwrights are working late. A class is in session. Above, in the library, the measured voices of volunteers are planning the annual festival, family boatbuilding, more programs for children. Ah, the children. The Center for Wooden Boats is alive and thriving.

How many thousand toy boats built at CWB sail bedroom windowsills this night? How many sailors, how many lifelong navigators are born each year at CWB? How many children are mentored in the nautical life? Thus it goes. CWB fulfilling its mission. History and tradition informing and tempering modern life. Good people investing in a good future for children. Everyone giving of time and money for the good of the community. Everyone belonging.

The CWB spirit is thriving. The City of Seattle is looking to CWB to be the heart and soul of its new Lake Union Park, the recreational and cultural nexus of the redeveloping South Lake Union neighborhood. This calls for more facilities, more programs, more staff. The State of Washington is looking to CWB to replicate itself at the Cama Beach State Park opening on Camano Island in 2005. Significant growth.

CWB funds itself through program and membership fees, events, corporate sponsorships, grants, and donations. We spend our resources carefully, squeeze pennies when wise. We work at expanding our funding sources. When all is done, we turn to our friends and members for an Annual Donation.

Twice each year, right in the fair season, half our docks (on loan from boat dealers) are taken away for shows. For about three months we have to curtail programs, lose rev-

enue and waste staff time. So we are planning to build our own docks as well as a new entrance ramp. We are mounting a capital campaign to raise the funds required. If you wish to help initiate this campaign, if you wish to have your name on a plank, or even a whole dock, support us with your donation. A thousand thanks more.

The Center for Wooden Boats is a non-profit organization under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code. Your contributions are tax deductible to the extent allowable by law. Our federal identification number is 91 106172.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109-4468, (206) 382-2628, www.cwb.org, cwb@cwb.org



Information Wanted...

New Definition of "Perfect Boat"

As I get older, my "perfect" boat changes. I now look at prospects of three grandchildren going boating and think about the boat that would be nice to have. Perhaps a reader/designer would take this idea and run with it.

My boat would have room for at least two adults and three kids. To keep it really open, I'd use leeboards. Boat would have "modest" amount of sail, if wind is so slight as to make that much difference we'd likely start the engine. Ah, the engine. Perhaps 5hp, hopefully hidden. Boat would perform nicely as a power launch for all those creeks that don't lend themselves to efficient sailing.

John S. Smith,

Opinions...

Hardly the Place for Propaganda

As usual, immediately upon receipt of the November 15, 2003 issue of *MAIB*, I put every current matter aside and started to happily read about one of life's great pleasures, boats and boating. Then I came to the article entitled "A Bolger Boat May Violate the Patriot Act!" It began by painting an interesting picture of a visit to Canadian waters and soon degenerated into a pseudo sarcastic political attack on the Attorney General as a result of the actions of certain customs officers who were doing their job properly.

Did the author imagine that he was somehow immune from an inspection of the boat he was towing because it was designed by Phil? Or perhaps he felt put upon because he found he was subject to the same kind of treatment that anybody else might experience. A boat, like any other conveyance or large device, is perfectly capable of concealing explosives or any number of infernal contraptions that might pose a serious terrorist danger. So what was the problem?

What the Patriot Act has to do with this kind of incident is a complete mystery to me, and the gratuitous insulting commentary about the Attorney General is best left to other publications which might be more receptive to such politically inspired, fatuous prattle.

We are sufficiently inundated with unrestrained partisan babble elsewhere. Seems that *Messing About In Boats* is hardly the place for propaganda.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

Editor Comments: Reaction to Dennis Bradley's humorous slant on the terrorist paranoia and obsession with homeland security presently afflicting us would seem to be based on how one views the Patriot Act. I regarded Dennis' tale as a lighthearted spoof of that threatening authorization for increased government surveillance of us all in search of the elusive terrorists. In the face of what our government has been telling us, it pales as propaganda.

How to Build a Tin Canoe

Well, I've waited and waited and waited some more to read a smashing review on the merits and superiority of Robb White's *How To Build A Tin Canoe*. I first stumbled across the name Robb White in the '60s when my husband and I were running a small windjammer in the Caribbean. One of our usual stops was a small island in the Virgins, Marina Cay, where drinks and dinners were offered up to visiting yachties and tourists who liked the charm of the place. They could come ashore and savor the spectacular views of reef, sea, and islands. Here (and at any bookstore in the neighboring islands) you could purchase a copy of *Our Virgin Island* (later republished as *Two on The Isle* by Robb White (that's daddy)! It gives a delightful history of Marina Cay and its first development by R.W. and his wife in the 1930s.

In the '80s, finally wrenched loose from the islands and itinerant boating life and settling into life in rural Virginia, I discovered Bailey White on PBS, looked forward to her rare essays and her appealing voice, and

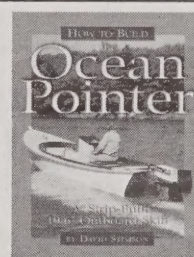
found her books and tapes in the local library (that's sister)! This writing dynasty includes our Robb White, who comes to us regularly courtesy of *MAIB*.

To anyone who discovered Robb White through reading *MAIB* and looks forward to his sparkling commentary on all fronts, *Tin Canoe* will give you insight into that idiosyncratic personality, from his young beginnings roaming with the wild, savage children of the Gulf Coast beaches and piney woods, through his early, then later times as a wild, savage grown-up. All this savagery naturally gave him a greater understanding of the water part of the world and the things that live in and on it, but not one in a million could articulate with wit and erudition as Robb does.

Fact is, it's pure delight! It makes you chuckle and hits bullseyes on a good many subjects. He's right about so many things, you have to love him or hate him. He actually should be about 120 years old to have gotten so knowledgeable and expert in marine sciences, wood sciences, boat building sciences, plus the art and science of putting words together so they soar right off the page.

Ain't read it yet? Get you a copy. You won't be sorry. It's a great book!

Dee Carstarphen, Wicomico Church, VA

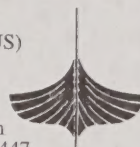


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For the last few weeks the weather has been exceptionally cold. The harbor seals that had arrived from the Gulf of Maine have gone further south or found a warmer spot to haul out than the day beacon out front. Eider ducks were congregating in ragged hordes until yesterday's afternoon low tide had several dozen stretched out along the wrack line at Clark Beach. Seeing them as we drove down the hill prompted Kurt and me to exclaim simultaneously, "I've got all my ducks in a row," actually I said "row," and he said "line," which was more correct from drafting terminology.

In drafting, ducks are used to keep large sheets of paper plans or nautical charts from rolling up on the user like a Chaplinesque slapstick routine. Anyone who has tried to unroll a poster or chart stored in a tube for any amount of time knows that the paper has a perverse memory and will keep trying to roll itself back into the stored shape. We've all used coffee cups, books, tennis shoes, whatever was handy to hold the corners flat. This is usually okay until you have to get information from the plan in the upper right



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

All Zipped Up

hand corner or have a sip of coffee. I have several round beach stones I employ as ducks. The stones are adequate for the most part as paper weights, but they can't do what the real McCoy does for drawing a curved line as in designing a boat.

While we were in Sidney, British Columbia, visiting Paul Gartside, I noticed he had a wonderful batch of handsome ducks in

different weights. While Kurt and he went over various plans, I fondled the duck nearest me. Its shape was a classic whale form and had the narwhal horn like extension off its "nose" to hold a spline away from the bulky bronze body. This clever thin rod is bent at a 90-degree angle to facilitate the draftsman's pencil and line of sight in relation to other lines set down. Like a giant good luck charm or Greek worry bead, the duck without its extension fits seductively in the hand, smoothed by decades of use. It provided a pleasant weight that conveyed a sense of purpose and utility.

There are modern manufacturers of these useful tools, some are encased in a non-marring plastic, others are rough cast steel or lead, the best are brass or bronze, ground and polished to a silken finish. They have bridged time over the centuries of continued use in the same trade for which they were originally designed. This boating business has many arcane holdouts from its past, many like the four masted tall ships have lost much in translation over the years, whereas the ducks continue in to provide a low tech solution to a common problem. These simple tools have transcended all the improvements that people might have attempted and remained just simple very pleasing devices. Much like the simple pulling boats that are being revived across the country, they, too, have their place in messing about should you either wish to draft the lines for your own craft or hold down a recalcitrant chart that spent the winter months snug in its tube.

Leaving the ducks to their work, I have looked out the window over the last week or two and have seen a die straight line of ice being carried down the sound with the outgoing tide. This batch of ice crusts that has broken away from the marshes and beach margins gets chivvied and nudged out into the center of the current from both the island side and the mainland side until, meeting in the middle, they resemble a gigantic zipper. It wouldn't surprise me to see the sandy bottom exposed should the wind manage to tug hard enough on the zipper's pull tab. Mornings when the zipper effect is in place there are no birds on the sound nor are the stalwart hunters of birds out plying their trade.

Our thermometer gave up over the last cold snap so we don't know the temperature. I, for one, am not convinced of global warming, at least not this week. A weather station here on the bay would be a useful endeavor. Now that the plastic thermometer has given up, I'll need to rummage about in the storage bin to find the brass one and wait for a less finger numbing day to mount it on the lee side of the entryway.

Even with icy zippers we aren't having the hard winter that Europe is enduring. The Bay of Finland has frozen and trapped several ships, a phenomenon that hasn't occurred since 1942. If we hear that Boston Harbor is freezing, then we can get concerned. The boats left in the water along the banks of the Charles River looked like very cold abodes for the few hardy souls that live aboard all year. When I think about living aboard, it always is accompanied by pictures of palm trees or the coast of Maine in July. To stay aboard here in New England in the winter is not my idea of fun, but then that's what makes the boating community so enjoyable, everyone's idea of fun is slightly different.

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The 23rd Annual America and the Sea Symposium was held at Mystic Seaport on Saturday, November 8, a blustery day with whitecaps on the river. Formerly focused on New England, the symposium has expanded to include all of American maritime history. Unfortunately, although the subject expanded, the audience has diminished to some 40 participants, including the presenters and the Seaport staff, about a third the number often on hand in years past.

Perhaps this diminution signals the decline of the golden age of interest in wooden boats, or the fact that most of those who were in the fisheries, the carrying trade, or in boat shops during the '20s, '30s, and '40s, and were often the most lively and compelling symposium speakers, have passed from the scene.

In any event, host Bill Peterson announced that there would be no symposium in 2004, but that it would emerge anew in 2005 as the Maritime Studies Symposium, further expanding the subject to include literature, the arts, and all other things nautical. This change coincides with evidence of some academic interest in this field, including a modest program of Maritime Studies recently

MYSTIC SEAPORT THE MUSEUM OF AMERICA AND THE SEA TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL AMERICA AND THE SEA **History Symposium** NOVEMBER 8-9, 2004

By Jim Lacey

inaugurated at the Avery Point Campus of the University of Connecticut.

This year's symposium featured a wide range of topics, including accounts of the great New England sea serpent (June O'Neill), the adventures and misadventures of the *USS Galena* during the Civil War (Peter E. Demarest), the battle between locals and Greek immigrants over harvesting sponges in the Gulf of Mexico (Michael N. Kalafatas), a discussion of Maritime Studies and Nautical Archeology programs at East Carolina University (Timothy J. Runyan), and a detailed account of several 19th century explorations of the Eastern Arctic (Fred Calabretta).

Though each of the presentations was of considerable interest, the lack of unifying theme or thread muted any overall impression. As Bill Peterson pointed out, the faithful in the audience included many speakers

at former symposiums. At my table were Doug and Linda Lee, with whom I have sailed on their windjammer schooner *Heritage*, Jon Johansen of the *Maine Coastal News*, and Ralph Stanley. When Doug Lee and Ralph Stanley began to swap stories over lunch, I was reminded of yarns spun by many a salty speaker in the early days of this symposium.

The advent of Maritime Studies may invigorate the symposium. Maritime history has tended to be a backwater to professional historians of America, who either, when I was a student, dedicated themselves to the curious notion that the United States is New England puritanism grown large, or, turning their backs on New England as well as the sea, found the seeds of things especially American in the frontier experience. With American Studies, Women's Studies, African American Studies, and all sorts of other interdisciplinary programs establishing roots in the academy, why not Maritime Studies? After all, when Cotton Mather, discouraged by the decline of religious zeal, berated some folks in Maine for forgetting why their ancestors had come to the New World, one salt is said to have replied that his ancestors had come to fish!

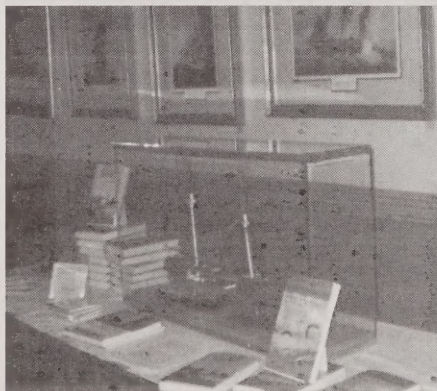


A blustery day at the Seaport with few visitors.

Speakers Timothy Runyan (left) and Michael Kalafatas discuss a point.



A model of the *USS Galena*, along with books by speakers: June O'Neill, *The Great New England Sea Serpent*; Michael Kalafatas, *The Bellstone*.



June O'Neill hopes to spot the great New England sea serpent one of these days.



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Bob and I are good friends, he also happens to be my doctor. One evening in August we were paddling on Lake Nokomis. This was our first outing together since he separated a shoulder earlier in the summer. We were doing a leisurely paddle around the lake when he asked if I had heard about the canoe marathon. He next asked if I would be interested in doing the race with him. We had done some races together a few years back, but I had retired from that game. I had sold the last tandem canoe that I owned as I never expected to race again.

"I don't have a boat to race in anymore," I said.

"That's okay," he said, "I can borrow Dick's." Have you ever felt like you're being set up? Bob had permission to borrow the boat before he even asked me to race.

"Bob, it's been two years since we have raced, I'm getting old for that stuff," I said.

"Well think about it anyway," he said.

When we got back to the beach to load up my canoes there was a lot of activity at the beach. One of the outdoor stores from Minneapolis was having an in-water demo of their canoes and kayaks. After my boats were tied down, we went back to the beach and looked over the different boats when he suggested that we should try some of them out. We signed the waivers and got our hands stamped, then we were free to try their demo boats. It did feel good to paddle bow for Bob. We spent a few minutes in all of the faster canoes and I was hooked. We agreed to do the half marathon.

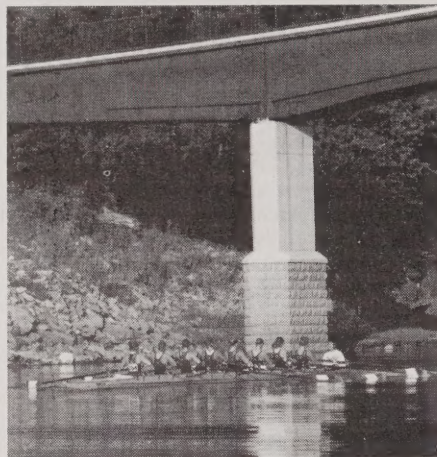
The race would start on the Minnesota River and end in downtown St. Paul on the Mississippi. The next time I met Bob he had Dick's boat and we did a couple of fast laps around the lake. There is something about paddling a fast canoe that turns me on. We made plans for our next training run. That run would be on the river doing a part of the race course. We wanted to look good, and I didn't want to let Bob down, so I did a bit of training on my own. Each evening I would head into Minneapolis to do a couple of turns on Lake Nokomis. I was determined that if we were going to race we were going to finish in a respectable place.

I still had another problem, I don't do mornings very well. The 6:00 AM time for the racers' meeting was about four hours earlier than my normal wake-up time. Hey, I'm retired, I don't have to get up early. Two

The Great Rivers Marathon

By Mississippi Bob Brown

Photos Courtesy of the Minnesota Rowing Club



More women in an eight passing a highway bridge.

weeks before the race I began moving my get up time earlier by a half hour at a time. I would tip toe out of the house so that I didn't wake the dogs or my bride. She doesn't do mornings either. Race day I had the clock set for 5:00 AM and was wide awake at 4:30 AM. I was at the start and had the boat unloaded before 6:00 AM, when Bob met me.

Following the racers' meeting we lined up for our chance to launch. We launched and paddled down to the starting line. We waited as a couple waves of kayaks started then the solo canoes. The starting officials were getting the numbers off the canoes waiting at the start then starting a batch at a time. We were in the second and final wave of tandem canoes.

Looking over our competition at the start I could tell, for sure, two of the canoes that would beat us. I wasn't sure about the others. One boat was a 24' boat with three strong paddlers. The other held a couple of old friends, Bill and Joe. I had paddled against

these two before and I knew what to expect of them. They also had a USCA Cruiser, an 18'6" racing canoe. This boat had 6" on our length. I knew from experience what a difference that length could make.

Very shortly after the start the 24-footer was around the first bend and out of sight. Bill and Joe were slowly opening a lead. All of the other boats in our wave were falling back. As we moved down the Minnesota we began passing canoes from the first wave and then the slower kayaks. By the time we reached the Mississippi there were no more canoes to pass. Joe and Bill were so far ahead that we knew they were untouchable. We reeled in a couple more kayaks on the way to the finish and got passed at the finish by an eight man rowing shell. The eight had just finished the full marathon in just over two hours, nearly double our speed.

It seemed like there were a hundred volunteers at the rowing club dock when we landed. Some young guy shot my photo and a some young lady hung a medallion around my neck. I know how Lindbergh must have felt when he landed in Paris. The Minnesota Boat Club, the organizers of the event, did quite well with the after race snacks and drink. They did very well with all the details of the race. I could find very little to fault them on. This was the first time that they held this event and everything seemed to be going very well.

I met Bill and Joe after the finish. They had done the 13 miles in two hours even, six minutes faster than us.

Bob's wife Mary arrived at the club's parking lot and after a few more minutes the lot was beginning to fill with other finishers, so we loaded up and headed back to the starting line. Our drive back gave us a good view of the river we had just run, there were still a lot of boats out there. We sorted all our gear at our starting line and headed home. As I crossed the river heading south, from the top of the bridge I could see several kayaks that had not reached the starting line for the half marathon coming down the river. Those guys were in for a long day.

Some interesting things I derived from the race times. There were two races held sharing starting times and the same finish line. The longer race was a 26.2-mile marathon and the shorter race half that distance. There were a great variety of boats ranging from eight man rowing craft to very short kayaks.

The fastest boat in the race should be no surprise, it was the eight man shell. This boat did the 26 miles at a blistering 5:48/mile with a total time of 2:32:08. There were a couple fours and a double that managed to beat the women's eight. The women still turned in a very good showing with an average speed of 6:59/mile for a total of 3:03:54. The slowest pulling boat did 9:41/mile. This was quite a bit faster than the fastest kayak on the long course and slightly slower than the fastest kayak on the short course.

The fastest kayak on the long course did 11:48/mile, while on the short course the fastest kayak managed to do a very respectable 8:20/mile. Generally the kayak times between the two races reflected about the same time spread through the entire list. The kayaks were broken down into two classes, under 15' and 15' and over. It comes as no surprise that there was a big difference in their times.

My partner and I passed one real hero in a very short boat. His boat was a generic roto

A women's eight on the Minnesota. The background is very typical of that river.



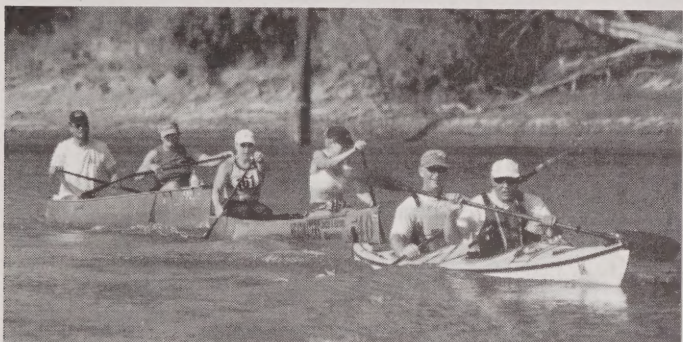
molded boat with an add-on skeg. We were two-thirds of the way through the race when we passed this lad pushing his boat at hull speed. His little boat was creating one terrific pattern of waves. I know how hard he was working. I hope for his sake that he did well in the class as he really earned it.

All of the hardcore canoe racers were in the long race. They nearly all had times better than our 9:39/mile. There is no getting around the fact that two young athletes in a racing canoe can outdo a couple old guys.



A group of canoe racers near the start.

A mixed group. The young women in the center seem about to pass a double kayak.



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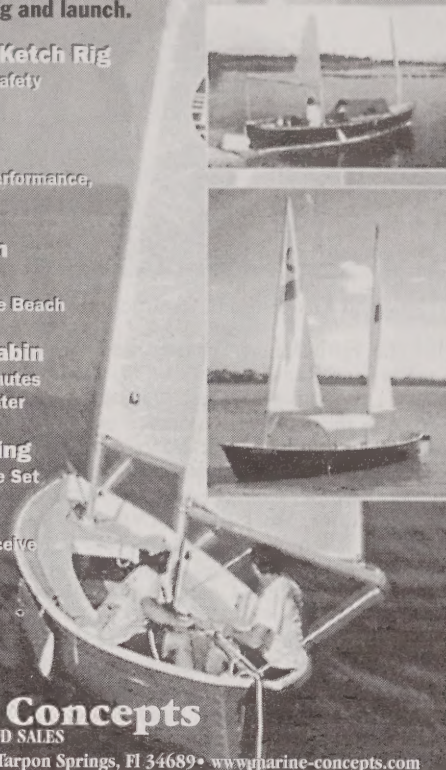
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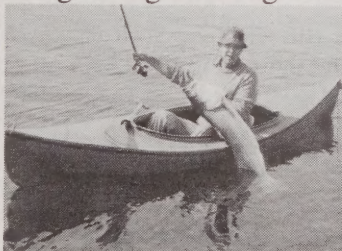
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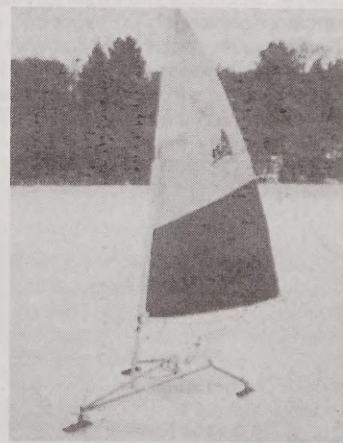
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Alciope and *Kaselehli* in Obstruction Pass.

The Fifth Annual International Salish Sea Sea Pearl Regatta (VAISSSPR) was held last July on and about Orcas Island, Washington, in the San Juan Islands. Four boats and their crews attended: *Kaselehli*, John Scull and Linda Hill, Maple Bay, British Columbia; *Alciope*, Colin and Mary Hermans, Friday Harbor, Washington; *DragonSong*, John and Ellen Weiss, Lake Forest Park, Washington (hosts); and *Anhinga*, Rudy Doormann and Mary Court, Napa, California.

Although the "official" regatta started July 21, the first flag dropped on June 25 when Rudy and Mary left California with *Anhinga* (centerboard model, 1987 vintage) in tow, enroute to an extended Pearling vacation in Washington. John and Linda left Maple Bay for Roche Harbor aboard *Kaselehli* Sunday, July 20, and rendezvoused with the Hermans, Rudy and Mary, hosts Dan and Eileen Drath, and others in Friday Harbor for a pre-regatta party. The festivities celebrated the start of both VAISSSPR and a San Juan Islands cruise hosted by the Draths and attended by members of the Puget Sound and Sacramento Chapters of TSCA.

Linda recalls, "John and I had very little time to return to our senses after a windy international voyage across Haro Strait before our host Colin Hermans whisked us off to a gathering of many people who know that

Anhinga, *Joshua*, and others at Orcas Landing.

Sea Pearls Sail The San Juan Islands

By John Weiss, *S/V DragonSong*

Photos by John and Ellen Weiss, John Scull, Linda Hill

'there is nothing, absolutely nothing, quite so wonderful as messing about in boats.' Dan and Eileen Drath introduced us to their new home on San Juan Island and a wonderful collection of people and boats, mostly from California, who had gathered for a week of rowing and sailing through the San Juan Islands.

In between the extremes of one couple who had spent their youth sailing around the world, and a newcomer who had just learned to kayak, there were all sorts of folks who simply love small boats and small boat voyaging under oar and sail. We even met another Pearler, Rudy Doormann, and had a chance to inspect *Anhinga* approvingly. It was a wonderfully friendly evening that I will long remember."

Monday morning *Kaselehli* departed Roche Harbor, *Alciope* departed Friday Harbor, and *DragonSong* departed Anacortes, all heading for Obstruction Pass at the southeast

corner of Orcas Island. The regatta destination was Lieber Haven Resort on the Orcas shore of Obstruction Pass (48 degrees 36 minutes 19.7 seconds N, 122 degrees 49 minutes 00.6 seconds W; www.lieberhavenresort.com) near Olga. All arrived mid afternoon, met hosts Kitty and Captain Dave Baxter, and settled in for the first of three gourmet dinners (this one lasagna, courtesy of Mary Hermans) on the patio of Colin and Mary's cottage while we plotted currents, regatta courses, subsequent meals, and beer and wine pairings. Ellen presented each crew with a commemorative (and useful) dry sack embroidered with a SeaPearl silhouette in colors representative of their boat.

Tuesday morning we set sail for Orcas Landing, about eight miles west (across the mouth of East Sound and through Harney Channel between Shaw and Orcas Islands), and a lunchtime rendezvous with the TSCA group who had started rowing up from Turn Island near Friday Harbor. The winds were light but behind us at the start. A thick fog bank was apparent to the south of Obstruction Island, but our way to the west was clear.

DragonSong (the only boat with the larger vertical batten sails) soon passed the others and took the lead through Obstruction Pass and across the mouth of East Sound. While we could see the cats paws a mile ahead at the east entrance to Harney Channel, the water was almost perfectly calm except for



Linda Hill and John Scull on *Kaselehli* reaching down Obstruction Pass.





Alciope under Mt. Baker.

occasional whiffs of breeze from random directions. Two of the crews broke out oars while *Alciope* took advantage of thermals between Shag Rock and Foster Point, all in search of the best combination of wind and current. After a couple hours, a conversation with Dan over the VHF revealed that we were in danger of missing the rendezvous with the other group if we did not make better way, their vanguard was already at Orcas Landing and they needed to catch a favorable tide through the Wasp Islands enroute to Jones Island.

One by one we reluctantly lit off our engines and headed for Harney Channel. *DragonSong*, still in the lead, caught the promised breeze and reached at 5+ knots toward Orcas Landing. *Kaselehli* and *Alciope*, about 10 minutes behind, missed the fun as the wind died in *DragonSong*'s wake. Finally, only 10 minutes after the planned rendezvous time, *DragonSong* arrived at the landing with the other boats close behind, but found the TSCA fleet preparing to leave. After greetings and much ogling of each other's boats, the two fleets parted, Dan's group, including *Anhinga*, toward Jones Island and ours for lunch at the local cafe. Heading back toward Olga with a mild current once again behind us and in no particular hurry, *DragonSong* and *Kaselehli* drifted, rowed, dodged ferries, and occasionally sailed back toward Lieber Haven, while *Alciope* motored toward a nap while awaiting a curry dinner prepared by John Weiss.

Wednesday brought a repeat of the fog bank to the south with the addition of another bank to the west. After a leisurely breakfast prepared by Linda Hill, the fog started dispersing to the west. We decided to sail up East Sound to Rosario (about halfway up the six-mile-long sound), then back down to Olga for ice cream before returning to Lieber Haven. It turned out to be a great decision, as a brisk

southwesterly wind built and blew up East Sound through the late morning and early afternoon. Mary stayed at Lieber Haven and Colin single handed *Alciope*. We reached and ran up East Sound, then played around the Rosario harbor while munching lunch before turning back upwind toward Olga.

Kaselehli was almost swamped by one particularly nasty motorboat wake on the downwind leg, but managed to recover and meet the others at Rosario. As sailing tradition dictates, the wind veered more southerly as it freshened, making for an almost direct upwind sail to Olga, with a few good sized swells marching up from Lopez Sound just to keep it interesting. *DragonSong*'s larger

The fleet moored at Lieber Haven.



Embroidered dry sack for *Kaselehli*.

sails required a 2-0 furl (the main roller furled 2 turns around the mast, and the mizzen left full) to maintain a comfortable heel.

After ice cream and a tour of the artists' co-op, we set sail again toward Lieber Haven. While *DragonSong* and *Kaselehli* headed for the wind in the middle of the sound, *Alciope* with sails furled 2-1 headed for the thermals Colin could see building along the east shore south of Olga. However, he was becalmed at the entrance to Obstruction Pass and the other boats caught up to him as he was unfurling the sails. Assembling there, we took the opportunity to take numerous photos of the boats with snow covered Mount Baker looming over the tree laden "V" formed by the hills of the nearby islands.



Crew rations: Linda Hill, Mary Hermans, Ellen Weiss, Colin Hermans, John Scull, and John Weiss with beef burgundy on the patio.

DragonSong and *Kaselehli* ran before a weak westerly up the middle of Obstruction Pass while *Alciope* took advantage of a back eddy along the shore of Obstruction Island. Colin's inshore tactic failed this time,

DragonSong silhouetted against the fog.

and he ended up rowing in long after the others had retired to the patio, opened the wine, and started salivating over a beef burgundy dinner being prepared by John Weiss. Tall tales of clever tricks and lessons learned were told that night.

Thursday was return to home day. Though the fog bank reappeared in Rosario Strait, Lopez Sound and Harney Channel were clear for the passages back to Anacortes and San Juan Island respectively. We finished breakfast, packed the boats, said our good byes, and reluctantly made our way back to "the real world." The following awards were declared:

The "Driftwood Award" to *DragonSong*, for John and Ellen's off-the-wind ability in light air.

The "Friends of the Tidepool Award for Inshore Navigation" to *Alciope*, for Colin and Mary's ability to consistently find favorable winds within a few yards of the rocks and trees (most of the time).

The "Hard Alee Award" to *Kaselehli*, for John and Linda's upwind magic in heavy air.

Anhinga would have won an award, too, but Rudy and Mary were unable to escape the TSCA fleet and thus missed the award ceremony.

SAISSSPR (Sixth Annual) is currently being planned for July, 2004 in Canada. Two sites within the Gulf Islands are currently under consideration. If you're interested in joining us, contact John Weiss at <jrweiss@attglobal.net> or John Scull at jscull@island.net>.



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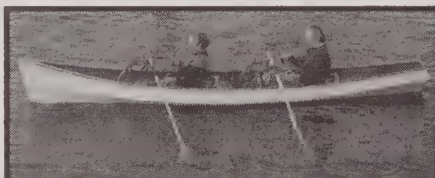
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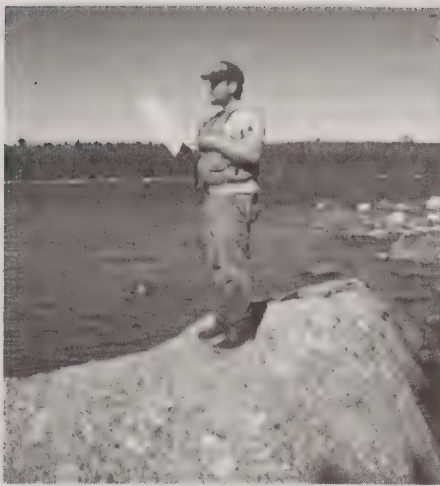
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Rob aligning the map with the topography.

Tuesday, October 8, 2002, Day One: "I'm home again," I exclaimed as I washed my face with a towel drenched with the cold water of Cathance Lake in eastern Maine. Along with the tingling water, the early morning air awakened me. Waves rolled in, and fall colors ringed the shoreline.

I was full of anticipation, ready to canoe the upper lakes and the St. Croix River itself, the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. I had paddled the river section back in 1994 and now I would pick up the upper lakes as well.

Along the shore was the Base Camp for Sunrise County Canoe and Kayak, which Marty Brown had purchased some 30 years earlier for canoe trips on the nearby Machias River. The compound consisted of two 1930s vintage cabins, an outhouse, storage sheds, a trailer office, racks of canoes, tent platforms, and vans. Over the years, I had often visited "Base," as the guides always called it, to join these canoeing expeditions.

As I walked back to one of the cabins for a hot breakfast, I reflected on this modest compound's historic significance in the world of canoeing. From here had been launched countless expeditions and "exploratory" first descents throughout Maine, the American Southwest, and Eastern and Arctic Canada. Here there had been planning sessions for trips even farther afield, to Iceland, Scotland, Costa Rica, Australia, even Mongolia. And

Spednic Lake put-in at Forest City Landing.



Big Boulders & Floating Leaves: The St. Croix River in the Fall

By Richard E. Winslow III

here, over maps, checklists of food and gear, phone calls for bush pilots, along with hot coffee and other beverages, fearless adventurers worked at the cutting edge of canoeing exploration. Marty and his guides had chased rivers all over the world, always seeking new challenges of pioneering canoeing routes. That spirit brought me here.

At the cabin, Rob was frying eggs. I had met him for the first time the previous evening for a cookout and sleepover. He was a third-generation Maine Guide, an athletically built fellow in his early 30s with a russet beard. It was late in the canoeing season and no one else had signed up for this trip, but Rob had accepted me as his only client, saying he was eager to return to the St. Croix (which he had already canoeed about 20 times). "It's the best time of year," he said. "The bugs are gone, fall foliage is out, and we'll have the place to ourselves."

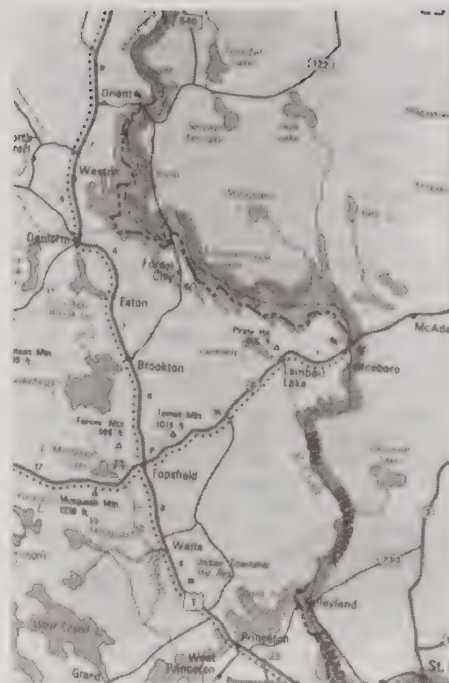
After our final pack-up, we awaited Jimmy, our expedition driver. Soon his van rolled down the dirt road and halted alongside our piles of duffel. Jimmy was a burly jovial man, probably in his 40s, with wit and wisdom easily outstripping that of Tim Sample, the unofficial State of Maine humorist. As we headed north to our put-in, Jimmy made use of all the back roads and shortcuts he'd known since his youth. It would be impossible to retrace his route. He also knew every local fishing hot spot, especially in his home lake, Meddybemps, noted for bass.

At Greenland Point in the Long Lake/Big Lake area, we stopped at a former forestry camp now owned by the University of Maine at Machias and used for college outdoor trips. Rob had arranged to pick up an XL Old Town Tripper here for our expedition. "We'll be better off with a larger canoe," Rob said. "There'll be more room for duffel and it'll handle better in rough lake water."

The camp supervisor helped pull out the canoe from the Mallard cabin and admonished, with a smile, "Please bring it back in one piece." Jimmy, as usual, had the last word, "We'll glue it back together, whatever shape it's in."

After passing through the hamlet of Forest City, Jimmy slowed to pick up a one-lane dirt road twisting through the woods and switchbacking down a hill. After a final turn, we stopped at Forest City Landing on Spednic Lake.

Here before me was the Great American East. I had traveled throughout the Great American West, but this endless expanse of forest, water, and sky excited me just as much. I had come, there was no doubt in my mind, to the right place, all those Western and Arctic waterways would have to wait. I was giddy looking at the wild blue lake, extending either end as a broad mile-wide slot, with Canada in the distance. Of the river's 95-mile course from the Chiputneticook Lakes (a collection of water bodies including Spednic) to



Forest City to Kellyland map.

Passamaquoddy Bay on the Atlantic Ocean, we would be paddling 55 miles in the most scenic midsection.

I felt, in fact, doubly giddy as I had been fighting a cold for four days, wondering at times whether or not I should even attempt the trip. Now that I was finally here, with the crisp, invigorating air, I knew I could make it.

As we loaded the canoe, I noticed that Rob had not packed a fishing rod. "The fishing season is over," he remarked, "and now it's catch-and-release. No fun and nothing for the skillet." His essential gear, however, did include a shotgun for duck hunting. At this moment, with only the occasional duck flying in the distance, the chances for a duck kill seemed pretty unlikely. But Rob's opportunities would improve dramatically once we were on the river, where we would encounter marshy sections and stagnant ponds, the birds' natural habitat.

After joining us for a hearty, make-your-own-sandwich lunch, Jimmy stood up and promised to meet us at the Kellyland takeout five days hence. Then he shook hands with us and headed back to his real job as a much-in-demand computer expert.

Rob and I were now alone, ready to begin a great canoe trip along this international route, lake and river right in the United States and lake and river left in Canada.

The importance of preserving and protecting such a magnificent waterway was not lost on the two nations that share this corridor to the sea. In 1987 the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick established the St. Croix International Waterway, and Canada even designated the St. Croix as a Canadian Heritage River. The fact that more than 5,000 people annually run this river does not lessen its appeal. For long stretches, complete with rapids, this route has been left almost as pristine as it was when the Native Americans originally found it. Even veterans of far more exotic expeditions have been surprisingly enchanted by the river. As two of

my Arctic Barrens canoeing friends, in between major expeditions, had confided, "We found the St. Croix paddle thoroughly exhilarating, more than exceeding our expectations."

We pushed off, Rob in the stern, I in the bow, backpaddled a few strokes out into deep open water, and then swung parallel to the shore. The stiff tailwinds picked up our craft immediately, almost as though we'd been drawn into a wind tunnel. We hugged the American shore to avoid the high, bouncing whitecaps in the center of the lake. Rob's foresight was immediately evident, as the long canoe tracked perfectly in the high water on our fast-forward course. We stayed just far enough offshore so we could zoom by huge boulders, some the size of cabins, left behind when the glaciers melted 10,000 years ago.

Rob and I concentrated on directing the canoe, not engaging in idle chatter, with a hands-on, eyes-wide-open determination. My hands gripped the paddle as tightly as my mind groped for the right lead ahead. I could not help but recall Jack London's youthful comment about his self-discovery in the Yukon, "It was in the Klondike I found myself. There nobody talks. Everybody thinks. You get your true perspective. I got mine." As London had so plainly articulated, I had likewise found myself on these canoe trips, my true perspective on what was important

and what was not. Here on the river Rob and I had but one fixed objective, to carry out a safe expedition with all our exertions directed to that end. My mind was totally void of all the clutter of the "outside," bills, schedules, time constraints, commitments, and petty squabbles. Here the ever-present instinct for survival was everything.

The scenery flew by and even more so when we left the protection of a long point on lake left to pick up even blowier water on the main thoroughfare. The full force of the wind was sweeping down the lake. With his well-honed skills Rob kept analyzing the situation. "We cannot angle over to the far side and reach the Birch Island campsite with these winds," Rob shouted over the gusts. "They are too hard to buck. I've heard about a campsite at the end of the bay on this side, but I've never seen it and it's too far to attempt at this time of day."

Another cause for his concern stemmed from the few remaining hours of daylight, the drawback of a fall trip. Rob wanted to be off the water by at least 3:00 so we could set up camp before dusk arrived at 6:00. In any event, we would be eating supper in darkness.

Knowing the actual hour of day or night as to what we ought to be doing meant little on these trips. Rob and I concurred with the adage of another guide we both knew, "Time to paddle, time to eat, and time to sleep."

Shortly thereafter we approached a point and immediately turned toward shore. A cove led to a narrow beach with huge, gray-white boulders emerging from the sand. Nailed to a tree was a sign with a Georgia-Pacific timber company logo, "Authorized Lunch Site." The sign went on to state that the Maine Guides Association had leased the land only as a lunch site and that overnight camping was strictly prohibited.

"We're home," Rob announced as we landed. He had made the right and most pragmatic decision. The view from the shore was magnificent, a sweeping arc of the lake. It seemed worth facing possible recriminations if we were brought to justice. Noticing several flattened spots, I was certain others had camped here in the past, whether or not dictated by emergency conditions.

Rob rebuilt the collapsed fireplace, as must be done at many sites, and we cleared the area of old glass from a rotted-away cabin. We ended up leaving the place in better shape than we had found it.

For hors d'oeuvres, Rob set out crackers and St. Croix Black Pepper Cheese, a Maine specialty.

"Thanks, Rob," I said. "Nice of you to include a local flavor on this trip."

"I knew you would appreciate that," he smiled as he efficiently organized our dinner. We ate in darkness.

As I nestled into my sleeping bag, I reflected that, on the outside, I always fretted at night about whether or not I had accomplished enough during the day. Here there was no question, Rob and I had made the best possible efforts. There was nothing more to do. Now worry-free, I drifted into sleep.

Wednesday, October 9, 2002, Day Two: We donned woolen gloves to break camp on a chilly morning, then discovered that even the canoe's gunwales and deck were white with frost. Fortunately the sun provided psychological warmth on this clear, cold day.

Wearing sunglasses to block the harsh glint of the rising sun, we swung into the tailwinds blowing south. Rob decided that our best course of action was to paddle down to the end of the bay and look for the island campsite he had heard about from another guide. He was following his previous day's strategy, avoiding a crossing in windy conditions until we reached the narrowest strait.

As the shore raced by with boulder trains, blowdown tangles, and the forest sweeping up from water's edge to the Spednic Mountain ridgetop, the trip was going our way. I had rarely experienced a trip that had "found itself" so quickly. Too often rain, wind, a forgotten piece of gear, or a cranky client (perhaps all of the above) can upset the rhythm of an expedition. Like writers trying to articulate their thoughts, Rob and I had caught the spirit from the outset, gaining well-timed coordination with each forward paddle stroke. We were rolling.

Every now and then flocks of ducks flew across the bay, their profiles streamlined for speed. From his bow seat, Rob called to caution me, "I'm going to take a sight with my rifle, so we won't need to be paddling." I had perfect confidence in Rob, safety is everything, but my mind flashed back to an October 1939 incident near Sun Valley, Idaho, as related in several Ernest Hemingway biographies. Gene Van Guilder, Hemingway's close friend, was killed in a canoe-related duck-



Big boulder country; no campsite here.

Time to unload the canoe and set up camp.



hunting accident. (Hemingway was not with him at the time.)

After firing a standing shot from the bow, Van Guilder was shot at extremely close range by a mid-canoe hunting passenger who foolishly disregarded (or was unaware of) the cardinal rule of shooting from a small craft, only one person fires while his seated companions look on with empty weapons. "I will turn around and shoot only in the 180-degree arc in back of my stern seat. That is my only range of fire," Rob assured me. "No experienced hunter would ever shoot in the direction of a person in front, even way over his head." As it turned out, Rob never got off a shot as the birds were still considerably out of range.

That excitement over, we soon landed on an island at the end of the bay where we found the campsite Rob had been told about. It had no official sign or, for that matter, any marking. It was apparently known to only a few and well disguised by a nondescript landing slot hidden by heavy brush. If Rob ever were to need this site in the future, he now knew where to find it.

We paddled halfway around the island to its far side where, to our surprise, we saw a camp complete with dock and motorboat. Its owner evidently was there as two angry black dogs, agitated by our offshore presence, ran up and down the little beach, barking incessantly.

We diverted our attention toward leaving the bay, a natural wind tunnel, to gain the next point. As we paddled against the full blast of a headwind our canoe mostly handled the troughs and crests beautifully in a bouncing, bucking ride. One evil wave, however, caught us flush, sloshed over the gunwales, and drenched me to my knees, providing a very cold and wet wake-up call.

Once we reached the protection of the point the winds diminished considerably, whereupon we made our crossing without incident to the far side of the lake. Ahead was a long peninsula, Sandy Point, a remnant of an esker born of the Ice Age. As we drew close to what I thought was a sandy beach, Rob informed me it was a mirage, we were actually approaching a granite ledge slab that ended at the water's edge. "Welcome to Canada," said Rob as we stepped out. It all looked the same to me, just more beautiful country.

During these conditions of particularly high water, Sandy Point had temporarily become an island, cut off by a channel filled with myriad boulders. Rob hoped to see some new terrain here so he suggested, "Let's scout to see if we can maneuver through to paddle down the back side."

Our reconnaissance, a bushwhack over a thickly forested hill, then a descent to marshy ground, was an ordeal in itself. In the end we agreed that the hoped-for shortcut passage was another mirage. It would have involved considerable dragging and lifting, with much lost time as well as potential damage both to the canoe and to our overtaxed muscles and backs. Let another expedition attempt it, not us.

A better choice was a hot lunch. Rob fired his Coleman stove for instant soup, tea, and coffee to accompany our sandwiches. The day had warmed to the point where we could shed a layer of garments and I felt drowsy in the hot sun. After the full meal, my mind

wandered. I felt the same sensation (half-hallucinatory, half-coherent) that I had experienced on every canoeing trip, a euphoria that made me hate to think of leaving. I loved the solitude and freedom of this place, an isle of dreams.

My thoughts drifted back to a story told by a female mountaineer about being with her boyfriend in the Himalayas. On a summit he proposed to her but, wondering "whether or not the high altitude had affected his mind," she was unsure about accepting. After they descended to a much lower altitude she asked him about his intentions, assuming that by then he had his wits about him. After he repeated the proposal, she accepted, convinced that his word now could be trusted.

In a vaguely similar manner, I realized I was drifting back to reality and concluded reluctantly that it was time to move on. The spell of being in a perfect place was shattered minutes later when we paddled by an official campsite with picnic tables and a fake inukshak (a stone man erected by the Inuit in the far North).

Under increasingly gloomy skies we paddled hard to reach Todd's Island, where we planned to camp. After landing at the northern (upper) campsite and walking the grounds, Rob concluded, "Great for sunsets, but subject to winds." So we paddled on to the southern (lower) campsite which he assessed positively, "No view of a sunset, but sheltered from winds." Once again we had the place to ourselves.

The immediate area around the campsite had long since been picked clean of every twig, so I accompanied Rob on a wood-gathering detail. In our now-empty canoe we paddled back a few hundred yards to search for dead maples, the best firewood. After wedging the canoe in rocks and tying the painter to a live limb, we set out. The footing was especially treacherous, with roots, rocks, and blowdowns requiring a careful planting of each step. Once through the thicket we entered little natural clearings where boulders and slabs were exposed. Rob lopped away with his axe and I dragged the limbs to the canoe. On one of my returns to the cutting area, I saw Rob struggling for balance. "The pine needles and dead leaves have concealed many holes," he said, "and I've punched through to my knees, even my thighs." I opined that the whole island was undoubtedly the rock-strewn top of a glacier moraine or esker gradually filling with soil and decayed vegetation over the last ten thousand years, yet leaving many unstable and unconsolidated places.

Back at the campsite with an ample wood supply, Rob attended to his fire and kitchen chores, while I pitched my tent. Af-

Lunch on Sandy Point.



ter a long day together in the confines of our canoe, Rob and I both needed quiet time to collect our individual thoughts. As the clouds thickened and the air grew cold and clammy, we ate supper in darkness.

Thursday, October 10, 200, Day Three: I awoke at 5:30 AM, zipped open the tent door, and saw the red glow of Rob's cooking fire in the darkness. Since we would need as much daylight as possible for the work ahead, I lingered not another moment more. Besides, the dirty gray sky indicated the weather would be against us.

We broke camp. As I knelt to slip my folded tent into its carry bag, I glanced at where my tent had stood, now merely a flattened layer of pine needles and a few goose feathers that had escaped from my sleeping bag. Soon the site would revert to its original wild state, as though I had never been there, and I realized that I might never return here, at least under the same circumstances. Every trip, even if repeated in some aspect, is unique, a once-in-a-lifetime experience. As I walked away, I felt a little sad.

In our winter jackets, wool hats, and gloves we paddled out into the raw, heavy-with-moisture air of the utterly still morning. Ahead was a portage over Vanceboro Dam, rapids and finally home down the St. Croix River. As raindrops fell, the lake kept narrowing into a slot. Finally we landed at Ice House Point.

Every guide develops his or her style. Rob's trademark was to stop whenever he felt hungry or thirsty, a custom to which I readily adjusted. In addition to hot drinks and instant soup, Rob reached in his wanigan and pulled out a little surprise, delicious doughnuts he had baked in his own kitchen to provide a touch of home on the trip. We took turns shaking one at a time in a bag of sugar.

"Kill-Me-Quick Rapids are ahead, just beyond the portage," Rob said. "On a previous trip, a girl froze up here, and she cried as she anticipated the rapids. As it turned out, she ran the rapids without incident but

Todd Island wood-gathering detail.



dumped later on downstream. When that happened, she was not afraid, by then she had overcome her fear."

Back on the water I almost froze up myself, but for a totally different reason. As we hugged lake right down the increasingly narrow last stretch, we spotted a floatplane on the opposite side. The inattentive pilot seemed to be taxiing about while talking over the clatter to someone on shore. As we drew nearer I hoped the pilot would spot the movement of our paddles and get out of the way. Apparently he did, because he roared off in a straight-ahead takeoff, creating a wake that we cut through.

At the Vanceboro Dam takeout, which was lined with logs, we portaged the gear over. Up a steep grade, with superhuman effort, Rob half-pushed, half-dragged the canoe over the wire-grated top of the dam, after which we both carried it down a steep hill to a rutted path and a landing. Out of the conduits roared the origins of Kill-Me-Quick Rapids, hell-bent for dumping any watercraft. A sign proclaimed, "Dangerous Water. No Swimming," as if the sign needed to be erected in the first place.

The blessing of the flow (the reason the dam was built) was that its release would guarantee ample water not only for electricity for the Woodland Paper Mill far downstream, but also incidentally for canoeing parties along for the ride. Its curse was the

enormous discharge the dam artificially created to cause a safety hazard to any canoeist, kayaker, or tuber who might capsize in its runaway surge.

After reloading the canoe at the put-in place at the end of the path, probably 75 yards downstream from the dam, Rob and I lined the worst of it along a back channel on slippery rocks to avoid the initial surge. Then we jumped into the moving canoe and zigzagged at breakneck speed through a maze of boulders. As we raced ahead, Rob yelled rapid-fire commands, "Right," "Left," "Draw." I had no time to think, just to react. The run happened so quickly that I could not even reconstruct it in my mind. I had only a lightheaded feeling of half exhilaration, half fear until we finally shot to safety under the buttresses of a highway bridge. Kill-Me-Quick Rapids mellowed out as we passed underneath a second bridge and eddied out river right at Russell's Landing, the start of my 1994 trip on the St. Croix.

The sight of the railroad bridge here reminded me of its historic significance, its "15 minutes of fame." On February 2, 1915, during World War I, German Captain Werner Horn dynamited this bridge in an attempt to halt, at least temporarily, the flow of the vital war material carried by the Canadian Pacific Grand Trunk line to the port of Halifax. The botched blast, however, caused little damage, and repairs reopened the bridge for traffic the

same day. At the time, the attempted sabotage triggered front-page headlines in Canada and the United States. Now, more than 87 years after that terrorist event, the scene appeared so ordinary, so peaceful.

With the weather steadily improving and the river widening, we easily navigated a few rips. Soon we spotted some Canada geese on river left skimming around in a still cove. We also saw teal, wood ducks, black ducks, mergansers, osprey, and even bald eagles either flying or soaring overhead or clustered in minicolonies on the water. Cautious and wary as we approached, most flocks flew downstream. Rob identified the various species by their cries, color markings, or flight patterns. He never reached for his shotgun, the ducks were too far out of range.

Rob's opinion of the bald eagle squared with Ben Franklin's assessment. Back in the days of the early republic, Franklin cited the bald eagle's bad habits and urged that the native wild turkey be adopted instead as our national emblem. But, as we are all well aware, he was overruled. As we watched a bald eagle glide overhead, Rob commented, "A bald eagle will eat dead remains first. Then, if need be, it'll steal from another predator or, as a last resort, reluctantly search and hunt on its own for live food. An osprey can fly faster and outmaneuver an eagle, whereupon the eagle will descend to steal the osprey's kill. A crow will outsmart them all."

The various flying and floating birds amused us as they shifted back and forth across the U.S.-Canada international boundary in perfect freedom, sans customs or passports and oblivious to any regulations from Homeland Security. The scene reminded me of a story associated with Lake Itasca, Minnesota, the headwaters of the Mississippi River, which I had visited a few years earlier. I related it to Rob.

"The Army Corps of Engineers surveyors in the 1830s were engaged in a meticulous expedition to check lake after lake in their quest to establish scientifically the authentic source of the Father of Waters. After a few hit-and-miss calculations, they settled upon Lake Itasca as the right body of water. The surveyors' Indian guides, greatly amused by all the fuss and bother, asked laughingly, 'What difference does it make? It is all part of the work of the Great Spirit, the water, the trees, the air, the land, everything. It's all the same.'"

That story suited Rob, as we were just as unconcerned at this point about which country owned what turf, we were more preoccupied with arriving in time at a decent campsite downriver. We ended up at English Cove on river left, choosing it over American Cove on river right.

Rob lining to avoid the worst of the rapids.



Floatplane pilot preparing for takeoff.

Vanceboro Dam and origin of Kill-Me-Quick Rapids.



"Tonight is steak night," Rob announced, as he placed two thick steaks on the open grill. "There is something wonderful about steaks sizzling and giving off this savory aroma." He also tended to some potatoes and watched green beans steaming in a pot. Soon we were enjoying a sumptuous, almost perfect meal except, as Rob commented, "The green beans have backbones" (meaning they were slightly undercooked).

Friday, October 11, 2002, Day Four: Always one step ahead of me with his symbolic gestures, Rob served up a rasher of Canadian bacon as part of breakfast. We both laughed.

After striking my tent, I lingered at water's edge. The pearly sky was soon broken by an orange smear as the sun started to break through. Across the river stood the tall marsh grass, each dying shoot brown at the tassel top, yellowish in the middle, and still green at its stem bottom. As a backdrop, the reds and oranges of the turning foliage mingled with the dark green of the firs. The river was utterly flat with floating leaves in a random mosaic pattern broken every now and then by a fish rising. I could have gazed at that peaceful scene forever.

But 15 minutes into the day's paddle I was jolted back to reality by the not-so-distant roar of Little Falls. We landed river right to scout our options. A full-fledged portage (our party's decision back in 1994) would take an hour. Rob and I scrambled down a steep rocky path to an observation boulder beneath the ledge drop.

"Our canoe is too heavy to run it completely," Rob decided. "I'll line down over the ledge and then we'll hop in for a fast run." It looked entirely feasible, a Class II rapids with high enough water to power us over the submerged rock garden below. "We had better get out of here," Rob warned. "We are standing alongside a patch of poison ivy." As I well knew, it is just as easy to contract a bad case of poison ivy from the shriveled dull-red petals of autumn as from the shiny green leaves in spring and summer.

As Rob returned to the canoe, I remained on the rock and planted myself firmly to stop the hull when Rob lowered it over the ledge. Waiting for the bow to emerge from the brush cover, I felt tense. But Rob soon came into view, poling, then paddling, and then jumping out on a rock to hold the rope in order to line the canoe over the ledge notch slot. With the bow rushing forward, I caught the gunwales. Rob said, "We'll need two quick, hard draws," and we hopped into the canoe, immediately dropping to our knees to maximize stability. We shot the rapids in a flash, with the hull bottom scraping a few submerged boulders but not enough to halt the forward momentum of the canoe. The sheer rush of water overcame any obstacles. We eddied out in mellow water on river left, having accomplished the run in less than a minute, far preferable to the alternative of an hour's portage.

This feat called for a celebration, with hot soup and drinks at a campsite table overlooking Little Falls. I looked at a register inside a canister. A flyer from the St. Croix International Waterway Commission mentioned that some 1,541 people from nine countries had signed the logbooks in 2001. Many of those who had signed the current logbook had added personal comments about the spectacular scenery and great canoeing.



Russell's Landing, with railroad bridge in background.



Breakfast at English Cove campsite.

No place for a dump (the author at Little Falls).





Rob poling above Little Falls.



Rob lining above Little Falls.

Resident moose staring at the author's camera.



Our break over, we enjoyed a merry paddle in rips strewn with huge boulders with occasional tight quarters requiring precise maneuvering. Some boulders were canoe-friendly ones that we could avoid with a quick twist of the wrist, others were not so friendly as we grazed by them, even bumped at times. I finally decided that a more apt name for the St. Croix would be Big Boulder River to recognize these glacial mementos that dominated the entire trip.

As we swung wide around a point to clear one particularly vexatious boulder, a bull moose with close to a full rack stood right at the water's edge. I was totally unprepared for this astonishing sight, and it was obvious the moose was equally startled as we interrupted his drinking and feeding. He and I stared at one another, eyeball to eyeball.

I froze momentarily, a case of photographer's buck fever, I guess. Fortunately, though, I recovered quickly, dropped my paddle in my lap, and grabbed for the camera slung from my neck. I snapped a head-on shot. When the moose twisted his brown flank broadside, I got off a second click. The bull then bolted back into the forest and was gone. I had waited 30 years for such a wildlife photo and the entire incident was over in a matter of seconds. Rob had viewed the whole scene but reacted too late to take photographs.

Rob's special time came later that afternoon. With an increase in wood-duck flights ahead of us downstream, he was anxious to try his luck. We landed on a grassy island beach and Rob, his shotgun pointed skyward, climbed the slippery bank to higher ground. He crouched down in the tall grass for concealment. I decided to stay with the canoe, out of the way.

Below the grassy island on the far side was a small pond, a bog or natural feeding area for ducks. We waited in silence for a few minutes. Then some ducks took flight, heading not toward Rob's natural blind but in the opposite direction, too high and far to warrant a shot. As he climbed down the hill, Rob further split his already ripped pant seams. There would be no duck dinner tonight.

We stopped for the night at Brown's Corner, with enough tentsites to house an army. I could not resist humming Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land," mentally changing the words to "This campsite was made for you and me."

Red squirrels chattered and darted about high in the pines. Near dusk we could hear shots across the river. "Some hunters on an access road," Rob explained, "are probably shooting at ptarmigan." As I lay in my sleeping bag that night, a wood owl in a nearby tree serenaded me to sleep with his huffing, out-of-breath hooting cry. I have generally heard loons on such canoeing trips, but this owl's wail was just as haunting.

(To Be Continued)

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A New Zealand Working Model of Excellence

By Mark Steele

Visitors to the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, Hawaii, may have seen the full rigged square rigger, *Falls of Clyde*, built in Port Glasgow and launched in 1878. Now fully restored as a static museum, the boat was the inspiration for master modeler, Roy Lake of Auckland, New Zealand, who built the 2.3 metre long *Pride of Monterey*.

This latest creation is a marvelous example of Lake's work and was built for the working Monterey Park Modelworld Museum on the outskirts of Auckland, a visitor attraction that is gaining stature and popularity with each passing month. In fact, anyone visiting who is even vaguely interested in scale models would do himself or herself a disservice if he or she did not visit the facility.

The model, which is under RC, has been built with a bread and butter hull fore and aft out of cedar, and under sail in the Modelworld pool, this four master makes a lovely sight. The model has radio control on all sails except the jibs and two recessed rudders, one fore, the other aft, providing effective control of the model.

The sails are of lightweight Japara cotton glued rather than stitched, masts are of South Island (of New Zealand) beech, the spars are made out of kauri. The dinghies were carved from solid native kauri, ribs and seats were then added, and the six crew members were all made by Roy, bodies, legs, and arms out of balsa, heads from pine dowseling, then painted with flat enamel. Roy Lake's figures are always beautifully done and I can testify to that as I have two boats in my collection with crew members made by him.

Pride of Monterey, as readers will observe, has been produced as a gaff rigged top-sail schooner as opposed to *Falls of Clyde* which was a square rigger. A Mabuchi 540 motor geared down 6 to 1 is installed, this powered by a 6v 7a rechargeable battery. When the sail arm comes in, it touches a switch which then starts the motor. Roy thinks of everything.

Accessibility to the gear in the hull has been made easy through every lift off hatch, and a weighted (5kg to 6kg) drop in keel, though the cargo hatch provides adequate ballast.

In her chequered life, the *Falls of Clyde* was the first of nine vessels for the Falls Line and from her launch the schooner traveled the world carrying a variety of general and bulk cargo. Her hull had been constructed of riveted wrought iron. Sold into private hands in 1922 she could well have ended up as a log breakwater at Vancouver but for the enthusiasm of the people of Hawaii and a Captain Klebingat (who had once been a second mate on the boat) whose joint efforts resulted in money being raised by public subscription, and under the ownership of the 1968 founded Bernice P. Bishop Museum, major restoration took place.

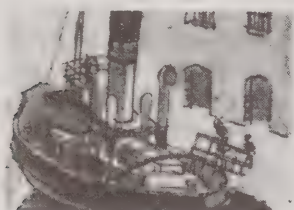




The Maritime Museum in Exeter has the largest collection of working boats in the world, and is still growing. It is to be found on the banks of the River Exe in the heart of the city and only five minutes from the cathedral. It is housed in a number of historic warehouses and in the Exeter Canal (dug in 1566).

The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

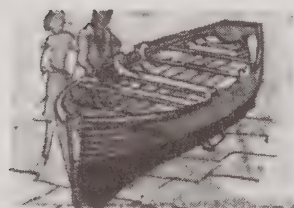
This catalog lists all the boats in the possession of the Museum. Some of them are not on display, and others may be withdrawn for maintenance or sailing. The mention of a boat does not therefore imply that it is on display. Please enquire if there is one which you are particularly keen to see.



1. **STEAM TUG 'ST. CANUTE'** Built in Denmark in 1931, she was harbour tug, ice breaker and firefloat at Odense, where she was known as 'St. Knud'. She is in full working order and is in steam from time to time. The wheelhouse, engine and boiler rooms are all open to the public. Please enquire at the Office about Steaming.



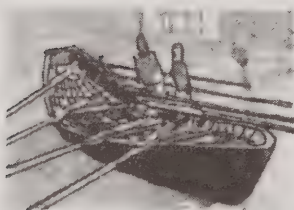
2. **BEDFORD LIFEBOAT** (Outside the museum building in the Old Fishmarket) 33ft. trolley-launched pulling boat, built in 1886 and used until the 1930's. She is oak timbered and planked and fastened with copper. The buoyancy cushion is of cork and she is entirely self draining. She was presented to the museum by the Tyne Lifeboat Society.



3. **EXE SALMON BOAT** Open 21ft four oared clinker built boat (i.e. the planks overlap) built in 1906 by Dan Trout of Topsham, in use until 1966 for netting salmon on the River Exe. This was the first boat presented to the museum and was given by Mr. Jim Voysey, fisherman of Topsham.



4. **GIG 'VENETIA'** Built in 1900 and presented by the St. Denys Amateur Rowing Club. She is double skinned. The gig can either be a sailing craft, usually built for speed, or a pulling boat, in which case there is often a small lugsail. 'Venetia' comes into this category.



5. **IRISH CURRAGHS** The 16ft. two man four oared and the 26ft. four man eight oared curragh are remarkably seaworthy craft. Their extreme lightness enables them to lift over both waves and surf as they work from beach or harbour.



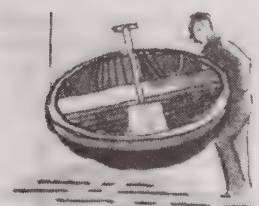
7. **EDWARDIAN RIVER LAUNCH 'LADY BETTY'**. From the construction and general condition, Lady Betty is thought to have been built around 1905. In 1915 she was known to be owned by a Bristol man who ran her, and two others, in the Avonmouth area under the name of 'The Penny Steamers'. It has become apparent that Lady Betty was never steam propelled but it is hoped to convert her to steam power in the future.



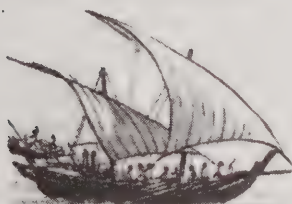
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- 9. TEIFI CORACLE and TYWI CORACLE** The earliest craft in Britain were probably dugouts, but it is certain that the origin of the coracle goes back to pre-Roman times. The earliest were covered with hide and skin sewn with leather thongs, but today canvas is used, sewn with twine and wire and covered with several coats of pitch. Tywi Coracle built by S.J. Thomas, Carmarthen. Teifi Coracle built by J.C. Thomas, Newcastle Emlyn.



- 10. SEVERN CORACLE** The coracle is used exclusively for salmon fishing. The method used is for two coracles to work together in pairs, trailing a net between them and drifting down on the salmon. So effective is this method that it is controlled by licence in the three rivers where it is still used in Wales and banned altogether on the Severn. Severn coracle built by E. Rogers of Ironbridge.



- 11. BAHRAIN PEARLING DHOW** (locally known in Bahrain as Shu'i). The Dhow is built without plans using teak fixed with hand made soft iron nails. The crew is normally 30 to 40 men and boys, who may spend up to a month at sea. This Dhow was built for the Museum and presented by the Ruler of Bahrain His Highness Shaikh Isa Bin Sulman Al Khalifa.



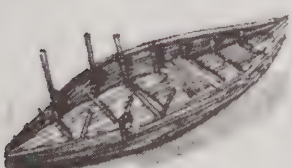
- 12. HURI FOR PEARLING DHOW** The huri acts as a tender to a pearling dhow and is usually carried across the stern. This huri was built in Bahrain with wood imported from Pakistan, but resembles in every respect dugouts found along the Southern Persian and Baluchistan coasts. Presented by Miss Ann Ashton of Brookfield, Teffont, Wiltshire.



- 13. DUBAI SHAHOOF** The Shahoof is found all along the coast of South East Arabia. It is a fishing craft propelled by oars and a lateen sail. The unique form of steering with its curious tiller and balanced rudder is of pure Arab origin. This craft was presented by Messrs Gray McKenzie & Co. Ltd. Dubai (one of the seven States of the United Arab Emirates).



- 14. BAHRAIN FISHING DHOW** or Huri, which in Arabic means more or less a dinghy. The Huri is used for fishing and attending to fish traps and is sailed or poled across the waters that surround Bahrain. The planking is teak, fastened with soft iron nails. The bottom is usually coated with a mixture of tallow and lime to repel the Toredos worm.



- 15. BATINAH COAST SHASHA** Made almost entirely from date palm, technically a raft, or wash through boat, but usually described by the generic term 'Reed Boat'. Used for line fishing, propelled by a simple square sail supported between two sticks. Presented to the museum by Shaikh Mohamed Bin Hamad Al Sharqi, the Ruler of Fujairah (one of the Arab Emirates).



The Crawford shop with Melonseed hull #300.

Since the 1980s when I began submitting occasional pieces to this publication, I have from time to time received a note or a phone call from a reader, but I've never had such a response as from my brief series on my quest for the ideal daysailer (October 15 and November 1 issues). Over the phone and via e-mail I've been asked for, and been given, quite a bit of advice and any number of suggestions, all cordial and friendly. One suggestion that proved particularly helpful came from Roger Rodibaugh, who said I just had to check out the Melonseed Skiff before making up my mind.

I knew about this little boat from ads and reviews I'd happened upon, and I recall Ed Rogers, who ran the Small Boat Shop in Rowayton, Connecticut, commenting years ago that it was the best boat he ever owned. I had the impression that this skiff was a one person boat and, though pretty, too small for my purposes. But I did check it out on the web. What I saw was enough to persuade me to contact Roger Crawford, who builds the boat, to arrange a date for Barbara and me to visit his shop in Marshfield, Massachusetts.

We set out on a Friday in mid November, the first morning with some sun in a week. There are three or four ways of getting to Marshfield from where we live in Willimantic, Connecticut, all of them complicated, and I found it odd that it takes considerably longer to get to Marshfield than to Boston, even though Marshfield is closer. After driving up, down, and around outskirts of Boston under clouding skies, we arrived at Crawford Boatbuilding in a light drizzle.

Roger welcomed us warmly and gave us his lecture on the Melonseed Skiff, its hand crafted construction, its functional design, and its sailing characteristics. I had difficulty paying strict attention because right next to us was the just completed hull #317, with lines as elegant as any the Herreshoffs had ever drawn and displaying extraordinary work-

Quest for the Ideal Daysailer Conclusion

By Jim Lacey
<Lacey@EasternCT.edu>

manship and attention to detail. Having done some homework, I knew from Chapelle's American Small Sailing Craft that the Melonseed was an 1880s variation of the Barnegat Sneak Box, made more seaworthy for the bays and open waters off New Jersey.

When I asked Roger about the design of his particular fiberglass version, he told us the story. "It began in 1987," he said, "when a customer asked me to complete an unfinished hull, based on Chapelle's lines, which he had bought to save from death by dry rot." Roger didn't want the job because he "couldn't afford to get interested," but the customer abandoned the hull at the shop anyway, "like Moses in a basket." Crawford did his best to ignore the boat, which he hid under a tarp, but urged on by local kibitzers and his own growing enthusiasm, he decided to finish the skiff.

When the Melonseed turned out to sail much better than anyone expected, Roger developed a fiberglass version that has a bit more buoyancy, a rig with a sprit boom for better sail control, and 25% more sail than the original carried. In May 1995, with his Melonseed Skiff featured on the cover of *Sail*, Roger completed hull #100, which sported a centerboard to replace the dagger.

After a tour of the shop and Roger's office, which is decorated with half hulls, landmark reviews, and photos, we took a good look at his own hull #300 atop its trailer on the sidewalk just outside the shop. Roger

rigged her in about two minutes, removing the hull cover, stepping the mast to which the sail is attached, affixing the sprit and sprit boom to sail and mast, and hanging the rudder. When Barbara and I climbed into the cockpit, we found sufficient room for two to sit on cushions upon the floorboards in reasonable comfort.

After climbing out, we hefted the light Douglas fir mast and noted that all equipment, including 7-1/2' oars which are housed out of the way under the side decks, fits nicely in the boat under the cover. A video which Roger had made with Melonseed fans, or "Melonheads" as this convivial group calls itself, shows any number of Melonseeds prancing under sail in a stiff breeze and being rowed efficiently. A small boat that both sails and rows well!

On the trip back to Willimantic, which took even longer in traffic, Barbara and I had a lot to talk about. Since I clearly was sold on the Melonseed, Barbara played the devil's advocate.

"It's a very pretty boat," she said, "but there wouldn't be room for the kids." On our Nimble 20, we had taken our daughter Beth with her husband and two-year-old for a sail on Fishers Island Sound from time to time.

"That's true. But we could trailer the boat to Rhode Island, launch it in Point Judith Pond, and all take turns sailing," I replied, pleased with my quick thinking.

"It would be too small to sail to Napatree, wouldn't it?" Again, once or twice a season we had sailed *Chatterwug* to Little Naragansett Bay and stayed there for a day or two.

"I'm sure the Melonseed can handle Fisher's Island Sound. But if you'd prefer, we could launch at the ramp near Barn Island and stay at a bed and breakfast in Watch Hill."

"What about an engine? There's no place for an outboard."

"That's a plus! No engine or gasoline to worry about! The Melonseed will sail well in light air, and when there's no wind at all, I'll row. I might also keep a canoe paddle aboard for maneuvering around launch sites."

"You seem to have made up your mind. Have you decided on a color, too?" Roger had shown us several standard colors for the hull, deck, and sails.

"I thought we'd get the dark green hull, ivory deck, and tanbark sails. We could call her *Chatterwug IV*. Those colors looked great on the Nimble 20, and Crawford had said they were the most popular for the Melonseed.

"But won't people ask who shrunk *Chatterwug*?"

The conversation continued, all in high spirits, for a few days. Barbara, I knew, would be happy with any boat I really wanted, she was just making sure I didn't buy something impulsively. And I had to admit being love struck by other boats recently. So many lovely boats! How do you choose one and try to forget about all the others? Certainly the choice is very personal and depends on taste and circumstances at a given time.

My quest for the ideal daysailer itself made me aware of qualities and characteristics I was looking for but had not been completely aware of. I realized, for instance, that I wanted a boat with some tradition behind it, one of the reasons I was attracted to Cape Cod catboats. I also discovered I wanted a

fiberglass hull in a boat that could be mistaken for a traditionally built wooden boat, a requirement that some may consider odd or perverse. I also wanted a boat that was easily trailerable.

George Haycraft, a like-minded sailor who has been very helpful via e-mail with detailed information about small boats, including the Melonseed Skiff, and who owns or has owned about a dozen interesting daysailers, provided me with a more precise term for the trailerability I was looking for. The boat should be "daytrailerable;" that is, one you would think nothing of trailering, rigging, sailing for a few hours, unrigging, and trailering home. None of the boats I have reviewed or recently checked out on line, such as the handsome Sturdee Cat or modern variations of the classic Herreshoff 12-1/2, are truly daytrailerable in my opinion, except the Melonseed Skiff and the Picnic Cat.

What made me go for the Melonseed? I fell in love with the elegant finish and details, the beautiful lines, and the simple but striking rig. It sails well on all points and in conditions from a zephyr to a good blow. It is truly daytrailerable. The builder is proud of this boat and sails one himself, and his shop is close by. And there is an enthusiastic group of Melonheads who chat on line and get together for casual sails and messabouts. So I have ordered a Melonseed Skiff.

Taking Barbara's suggestions, I decided that a new boat deserves its own name and appointments suitable to its scale and design. The hull will be powder blue, the deck will be beige, the sails will be off white, and amidships on line with a gold pinstripe will be her name, *Barbara Anne*.

For additional information: Crawford Boatbuilding, P.O. 486, Humarock, MA 02047; (718) 837 3666; <roger@melonseed.com>; www.melonseed.com/index.htm.

Roger Crawford with just completed hull #317. Smile Roger!



Roger demonstrates how to rig the Melonseed and shows Barbara how a cushion works as a seat.





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If the Sleeper boat builder wishes to produce a solid and lasting bond between the plywood and the sticks, he must roughen the surface of the plywood before assembling the pieces (and the sticks if they have been burnished by planing). Plywood, in its building process, is pressed tightly together in large hot-presses. This heat put a hard finish on its surface and it is worthwhile for the builder to roughen this surface in a cross-hatch pattern with coarse sandpaper (60 to 80 grit).

All stick edges that need rounding should be done at this stage or before.

If the builder is to apply a protective interior coating to these panels, now is a good time to do this. I would recommend not applying any coatings to areas that are to be bonded in the future, this precaution avoids secondary bonds. Having said that, this is strictly up to the builder as some feel the secondary bonds are good enough (if cleaned and sanded). My point of view is why not avoid secondary bonds entirely if one can in the first place. Also, this eliminates some work and time (preparing the secondary bonds for subsequent gluing) that the builder could put to use elsewhere.

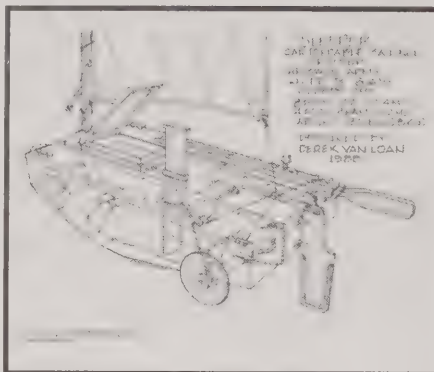
The builder is now ready to begin assembly of the hull, this assembly is done without a jig or mold of any kind. On hand should be glue, nails, a hammer, a large square, and some scrap wood cleats.

Sleeper is assembled upside down; that is, with its deck surface resting on a level floor. The builder must not fidget while doing this task, once the glue is mixed he should be ready to glue, nail and align, and brace all the panels without any unnecessary delays. The Sleeper's plans call for planing the bow transom after assembly, if one wishes one

Building Sleeper

Part 4

By Don Elliott



could measure the bevel and cut it with a table saw or powered hand saw prior to assembly, if not, follow the instructions given in the plans.

Use diagonals and a square to check the structure to make certain its panels are square to one another. If this isn't done, a lot of problems will occur with future assemblies (fitting parts). Failure to make these checks may mean the builder will end up making a lot of odd shape parts or possibly being forced to do a great deal of trimming to edges that are mismatched or poor fits simply because things aren't square.

Once the panels are square to each other, brace the structure with a series temporary of wood scrap planks as shown in the sketch.

A measurement can be made using a tape, or using a string from corner to corner is a good method of checking that the panels are square (dimensions should be equal). Of course, even after the panels are glued to-

gether they can be moved slightly, however any kind of movement can break the bonds at the joints (even if they are cured solid), so it is best to make it square now and not take the chance of damaging the joints attempting to make it square with force at a later time. The wood cleat braces should be nailed solidly to the panels. These braces should remain fixed in place until the deck is assembled to this structure. The brace nail holes won't affect a thing.

Clean-up all glue runs or use the tape method to limit the runs. My boats during the gluing process look much like a car that is taped off or masked ready for painting, tape everywhere. I don't like cleaning glue runs. It makes little sense to try to wipe large amounts of glue with a rag. If tape isn't used, the builder will have to clean up the glue joint squeeze out by some method or leave it; that is, if the looks don't bother him.

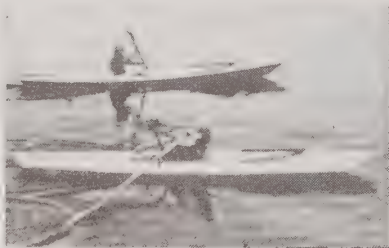
The best advice for clean-up is to do as one does in the home kitchen; that is, first scrape off the plate, then rinse it off or wash the surface, and finally wipe it clean or dry. The same kind of thing works in boat building. Using a metal putty knife, first scrape off the large lumps or any gobs of glue that may have occurred during the assembly process, follow this with a cloth soaked in vinegar (heavy gloves on your hands, right), and finish up with a fairly dry or slightly damp cloth.

Don't put this clean-up process off or you will be doing some very difficult sanding later. Epoxy cures to a hard substance, the surrounding wood is, in comparison, a much softer surface, making careful sanding a difficult task; that is, without damaging the wood surface. Better to avoid this condition by masking or cleaning those wood surfaces before that epoxy cures.

(To Be Continued)

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Step 2.
Assembling the
separate panels

Cleat overhang

Ring nail

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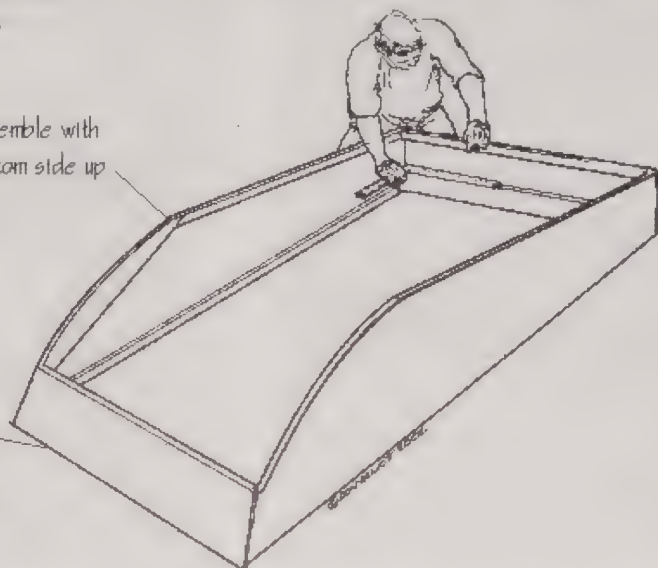
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Step 3 Assemble sides, bow and stern transom.

Square up all panels before nailing in place

Assemble with bottom side up

Important: Bow transom top edge should project above sides at this time.

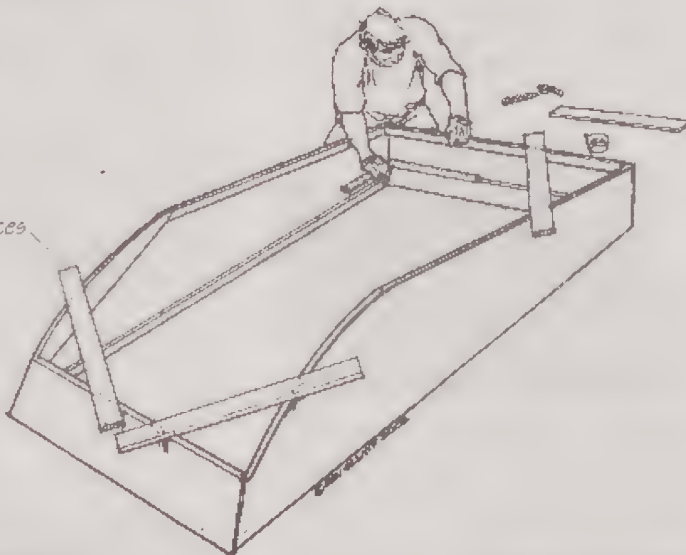


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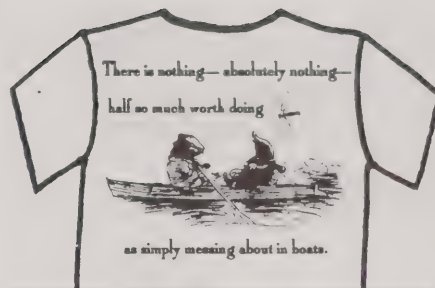
Step 7 Brace structure with scrap wood gusseter allow the glue to set

Wood scrap braces



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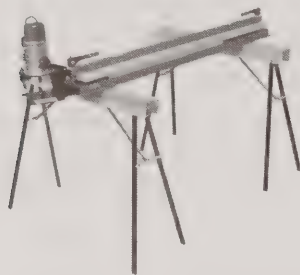
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The JointAbility

THE Wood Jointing Tool For Boat Builders

A Review by John Cupp
(Photos provided by RB Industries)

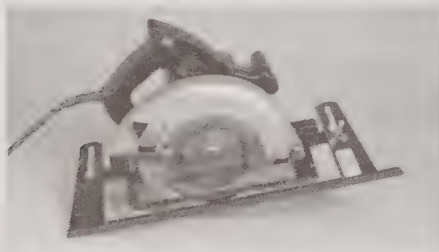


Greetings, my fellow boat builders, and read about one of the most innovative tools I have seen in the last 20 years. I love building boats and not all of them can be under 8' in length. As I perused a kit of information pamphlets mailed to me by a woodworking group, I noticed a tool called the JointAbility on the postcard-sized advertisements. It stated I could mail this card in and get a large information packet with a video for free (it cost me postage). A few weeks later the packet with the video arrived in my mailbox.

After opening the packet and watching the video I had to review this very special tool. A more appropriate word could be "cutting jig," but it was much more. I called the manufacturer, RB Industries (RBI), and spoke with a company representative to make arrangements to get the large unit delivered to my door. The box was nearly 7' long and deceptively narrow for such a great tool.

Most of you know what a jointer is usually used for, but for those who may not it is commonly used to make an unfinished board of wood have a nice straight flat side or sides for further woodworking. It is essential that a board have at least one straight side in order to square the rest of it. That is what the JointAbility does, but with a tool both reasonably priced and light in weight. You can even take lumber that still has tree bark on both sides and make dimensional lumber for boat building.

This tool allows you to seamlessly join plywood together, butted end to end or lengthwise side to side. To do this you need a handheld circular saw, a router, and a spiral router bit. For mounting to the circular saw, RBI makes a bracket that requires two holes drilled into the bottom shoe.



I decided that for its inexpensive price, a Ryobi circular saw would be perfect for permanently mounting to the bracket. I will be using it for years to come. I made a trip to

Home Depot and picked up the Ryobi saw for about \$30 and mounted the kit on it. That saved my good hypoid saw the indignation of having holes drilled in it and mounting and demounting it with the required setup measurements. I purchased the spiral 1/2" router bit at a tool supply store but RBI has them in stock and they are less expensive. With oak at the maximum thickness, my 1-1/2hp router could not pull the load. I found using my Ryobi 2hp plunge router a better choice. It also has a micro adjustment needed to scarf two plywood sheets together using my method of 1/2" overlaps.

Now the JointAbility comes in two sizes, a 96" version for the boat builder and a 60" version for making furniture or smaller boats. I decided to try a sample of 5.2mm lauan joined together. It has three plies with the middle being the largest and strongest. I set my circular saw to cut to the exact middle of the center ply 1/2" from the end. I then set the router to the same dimension and I had half of my joint ready. I took another piece of lauan and did the exact same thing to it. I then epoxied both pieces together. I let them cure for a day.

I then set one end on a concrete block and tried to break the lauan plywood. It broke, of course, but nowhere near the seam I made with the JointAbility. I switched to 1/2" seven ply fir plywood and it didn't break. The plywood lamination held, even after the eighth or ninth try, which is more than the effect on my already crippled bones and joints. If it wasn't for the small amount of epoxy at the joint you couldn't tell where the seam was.



When making the seam, place plastic wrap on the bottom of the JointAbility. Then place the plywood and epoxy joint inside the JointAbility and add more plastic wrap. Clamp the joint while it cures. I had some 2-1/2" x 12" pine from an old waterbed, so I ran it through the planer to take off all the dark stain. I then put the pieces in the JointAbility and trued up the edges like a jointer is supposed to do but without tear-out and snipe. I placed two bar clamps across the pine and cranked on the pressure, but the pieces never bowed up or down because the JointAbility makes exactly square edges on the lumber. They also have a handy router holster to safely place your router so it won't interfere with what you are doing until you need it again.



RB Industries produced its first piece of woodworking equipment in 1929 as a contract manufacturer for the old Belsaw Company. From 1929 until 1980 they made all of Belsaw's wood planers and various other woodworking accessories. In 1980 they designed and patented what is currently known as the Universal Wood Planer System, which allows the owner to remove the cutter head from the machine and replace it with either a molding assembly, sanding assembly, or a gang sawing assembly.

This new design was offered to the then Foley-Belsaw company to market and they decided against it, so they worked out a plan to cut ties to them and went out under their own name with the new design, RB Industries. A large cast iron jointer could cost over \$1000 and take eight men and a boy to move it. Just a month before testing this machine I had the opportunity to buy a used jointer that was not at all cherry for \$600 and I thought it would be a good deal, but I got there as another buyer was loading it.

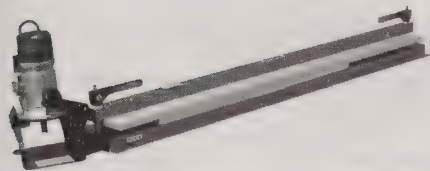
Here is even some better news! The JointAbility is on sale right now and the smaller 60" unit that is normally \$299 is now \$229. And the 96" unit that I used is now \$329 instead of \$399. I suggest everyone get the router holster for \$49 and the saw guide assembly that bolts onto your circular saw. You absolutely need the saw guide, but the router holster can be bought at a later time. I bought the router bit at Western Tool Supply for a whole lot more than the same bit from RBI which costs only \$39. I suggest you buy the bit from RBI.

According to their website, 80% of JointAbility buyers already have a jointer! You cannot get better surface from any jointer than you get with using the JointAbility. I almost fell over myself when they told me the JointAbility has a five-year warranty. Even a novice can make accurate glue joints the first and every time with this tool.

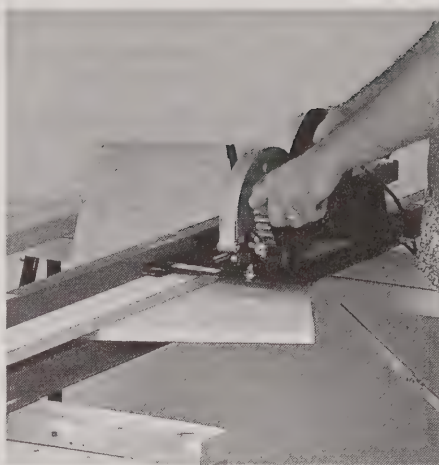


I have seen some very ugly fiberglass joints on boats made with multiple sheets of plywood. With the JointAbility the seams fit together so tightly they are nearly undetectable. You can even make large flat panels like I did with the old waterbed frame. It looks like someone cut off a 6' wide slab of yellow pine. I may use that for my chart table in my next cruiser, but I know I will forever be hooked on the JointAbility. It is built of steel that is

powder coated to a mirror finish and with a long piece of double laminated Melamine. The best part is it is built right here in the U.S.



It can also be used for cutting an ultra smooth cut on plywood edges. A planer cuts at 6,000rpm, but the router you use to smooth the cuts on the JointAbility is turning at approximately 24,000rpm. Angle cuts are also no problem and if it is a soft substance like UHMW you can also make a smooth finish. I tried it but I can't say anyone at the RBI factory has tried it. It worked for me.



If you plan at anytime to join together wood or plywood do yourself a favor and buy a JointAbility. You will never regret the purchase and with it's heavy duty construction you should own it for many years. I'll be using the JointAbility on my next boat and the

next and the next after that one. When you are done using it you can stand it up in a corner of your workshop so it is not in the way.

If you do end up buying a JointAbility, tell them that you read about it here. Their phone number at RBI/Hawk Tools is 800-487-2623, the fax number is 816-884-2463. The web address is <<http://www.hawkwoodworkingtools.com/>>. With a Hawk credit card you can pay an affordable \$25 a month for the 96" JointAbility.

The JointAbility is a tool you use as a yardstick to compare other tools by with its time after time perfect performance. I am very happy that I tested this tool's capabilities because the manufacturer has hit a grand slam home run. I can find no faults other than my total captivation of thinking of other useful ways to use it. If you build boats of any length, do yourself a favor and send for the information. It has improved my plywood joints assuring perfection with each joint. Although not impossible, mistakes are very hard to make using this tool. It also makes it easy to improve your boat building. From my Tool Crib to yours.

Here in Australia we have, and will continue to take, our cues from the good old U.S. of A. in general, and Hollywood and Detroit in particular. So it was that we grew our very own brand of "Petrol Head" or Hot Rod Harry, driving a souped up Ford or Holden V8 with big mobs of chrome and excessive rubber on both rims and roads. The Australian Auto Industry was soon booming along with a life of its own and has now reached the point where Holden has accidentally produced the hairiest four-door sedan on the planet, assuming all doors remain on.

General Motors has done very well in the U.S. by flogging thinly disguised Holdens called Chevrolets to the unsuspecting American punters. Course this is only the beginning, it won't be long before industrial espionage claims the entire gamut of Aussie innovation, including the rare and wondrous hand carved Mulga clutch plate, and even Spinfex tyre inflation.

A well adapted and established species such as the Horsepower Hoon is not apt to be wiped out overnight, by jingo, and has survived and indeed thrived upon attempts at their forcible removal from their natural environment via wowserish drink driving legislation and blatant use of radar to check reasonable knottage.

And so it is with amazement that we have witnessed the decline and near disappearance of the aquatic equivalent, the Horsepower Hoon, on water. He, too, was booming along nicely from the long nosed front engine speedboats of the '20s through post war years, where the Aussie HHOV could be glimpsed through a curtain of spray and noise, idly twiddling the wheel of his fabulously expensive imported Chris Craft.

But as his land based equivalent expanded in numbers, overcoming exorbitant car prices by hitting the chop shops to "do his own thing" and make horsepower excess available to all, the HHOV failed to join in the creativity and faded from sight.

At this point we must pause to point the finger in blame. The real problem is lack of

Horsepower Hoon Afloat

By Jeff Gilbert



guidance. The wheeled hoon has almost unlimited resources in the matters of design and availability of both potentially adaptable machinery and shop manuals to steady the manic creative hand. Building one's own uniquely fast "set of wheels" merely requires a set of spanners, plus the usual lashings of poor taste and enthusiasm. The land based Aussie hoon has these in abundance, the former aptly demonstrated by national worship of the Sydney Opera House, the latter usually generated by the prospect of "getting a bit." This latter spur is sadly missing for the HHOV, "going for a burn" in someone's dodgy "set of wheels" at least does not offer a 50% chance of drowning.

Back to guidance. The requirements of the HHOV are obvious, yet in this age of myriad designs for the home boat builder, he remains standing on the dock, or perhaps chain smoking Camels in his darkened workshop, forlornly sharpening propeller blades with a rusty #8 bastard.

But hark, the solution is at hand. What are the HHOV's simple requirements alluded to above? They are merely the same as those of his wheeled cousin, seating for two or three, a steering wheel, windscreen, cigarette lighter, wireless, and rear tray for...well, fishing? A pickup that floats.

The #8 bastard file hits the floor with a joyous clank, narrowly missing a suddenly unnoticed spotted mutt. Something is up

thinks Khan, and settling down in the sun he watches his corner of the world go mad. The '40s Ford ute with the rusty doorsills and the solid 289 donk is turned on its side to reveal a solid chassis, which the boss pats, calling it the Fortri. Ho ho ho! This is a worry.

Months pass quickly in a frenzy of activity. Wave shaped bulkheads are bolted and glassed across the chassis. Strip planking forms three hulls and two tunnels under the black Ford, with the centre hull bow faired up into the grille, supporting engine and radiator mounts on shaped hardwood blocks. Outer hulls of the Fortri are faired into the wheel wells, doors are shortened, and new sills built halfway up. The dog hides behind a pile of mag wheels and suspension bits, trying to get used to the stink as epoxy and bog kill the back lawn in scruffy patches. The dog wonders if dinner will be late again and worries he is not getting enough sleep. The master has lifted up the front jaw of the Fortri and stuck his head in its mouth. He shouts at it for several days, and hits it a lot. He only closes its jaw when it roars at him, with the same roar that used to wake Khan as a pup.

The pickup floor is up and the jet impeller fits straight along the old drive shaft line from gearbox, in second for posterity to transmogrify. The snout of the jet is linked to the steering. The dog wishes the discarded diff were a discarded bone.

The master smiles as paint mist fills the air. The dog is a pale shade of blue.

Khan pricks up his ears. A carload of his dopey master's noisy friends have arrived with green cans not containing dog food. They use a lot of familiar words in loud voices and the Fortri is soon in a big box behind another car. Khan gets in the big box.

The rest is heaven and history. In between swims there are bits of bait to eat. Sometimes Khan jumps through the sunroof to share the front seat with Dopey and Shaylene. Dopey keeps roaring the Fortri and saying odd things like "40 bloody knots, mate" and "she didn't even get her feet wet." Ah, this is the life!!!



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The design number indicates that it was done in May, 1957. By our present numbering system it would be somewhere in the 90s. Many young designers don't like to have low numbers on their designs, thinking, and rightly, that it gives away inexperience. Even Philip Rhodes got his lifetime numbering fouled up from this phenomenon. As for me, one day I counted up and made it 116 (as I remember it) and decided to number consecutively from there....

Egg Harbor Boat Company had built a series of sea skiffs that got progressively blunter in the bow as they tried for roomier accommodations. Eventually they did a series of 30 footers that were so full that they did not run or handle as well as the builder would like. It happened that their foreman carpenter, Ted Sharp, had built an outboard utility to my design for his own use. It was

Bolger on Design Egg Harbor 33

Design #5-57

31'0" x 11'0" x 2'6",
 Displacement 9000lbs.

the original ancestor of the Shivaree, our own present utility. It wasn't as good as its descendants, but they liked it well enough to have me design this 31 footer for their next model.

I went to the other extreme, with an exaggerated fineness forward, practically what they called a double wedge model in the 1900s. The widest waterline beam was four fifths of the way to the stern, and the greatest depth of hull close to the bow. The wedge shape also shows up in the forebody sections and these boats were extremely smooth riding in a head sea and made 24mph with twin 125hp gasoline sixes; 18mph with a single one. Double wedge boats had a bad name for uncontrollable yawing in following seas, but the reason was that many designers liked a strong concavity in their bow flare. This meant that their bows dove deeper before the flare picked them up, and also that they tended to be bulbous below the waterline.

These 31 footers behaved very well in the various, and notorious, New Jersey inlets. Phil Boyd, the company manager, and I tried out the prototype's inlet running behavior in moderate conditions, and I learned a sharp lesson: They had asked me to design some advanced spade rudders for the boat. To me,

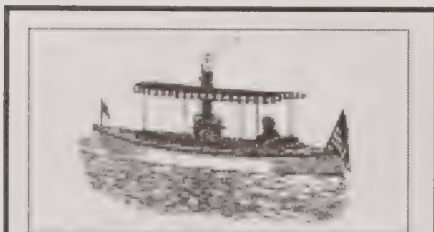
at the time, "advanced" meant high aspect ratio, and I drew up the rudders shown on these drawings. They were nicely cast, with some NACA section, and we were pleased with the light steering they produced.

But as we came in across the bar a sea built up under the stem and a gentle yaw developed. Phil put the wheel over with a sharp jerk to correct, and suddenly we had no steering effect at all; we thought both rudders had broken off. The yaw stabilized in a curved course, Phil pulled the throttles, and suddenly we had steering again. What had happened, of course, was that the thin bladed rudders had stalled, and they did not have the brute area to steer the boat in that condition. Those rudders were promptly melted down, in favor of a more conventional shape. But the behavior of the boat had been reassuring.

Egg Harbor built upwards of a hundred of these boats, and owners liked them a lot for their good behavior in rough water. But their dealers did not like them because they thought, probably correctly, that they were losing sales because the narrow bow spoiled the forward berths and reduced their ability to carry bridges and towers, and that there were more people who valued roomy cabins and towers, than there were admirers of smooth head sea action. They were superseded by the more conservative 37 footer designed by Dave Martin. There are still some of both types around as they were very well built in the first place, and often inspired affection that led to good maintenance.

Small epilogue: Eddy Perkins, who runs the main marina in Essex, Massachusetts, came over and asked me to design him a boat that would be an exact copy of one that he admired, which turned out to be this one. So there was one more built, by Story in Essex, which gave good satisfaction until he sold her, and she eventually came into the hands of a man who erected a tower on her, and mounted a long and heavy tuna stand out over her bow, and complained bitterly that she handled badly. That attitude is so common that I gave up on this model and evolved one that is not quite such a good head sea eater, but is roomier and carries a load, especially a tall load, better. The later model can also be driven faster because the claimed 24mph is close to the point where the deep forefoot of the double wedge is forced up out of the water and the boat does start to have control problems. But once in a while I see one of these boats, now forty odd years old, and the clean way she goes through the water gives me a lift of spirits.

Plans of the Egg Harbor 31 are not available for the present as the keyed specification has gone missing and we are too pressed with work to take time off to reconstruct it. Also something has to be done about those rudders! (They were replaced with a then standard Columbian pattern).

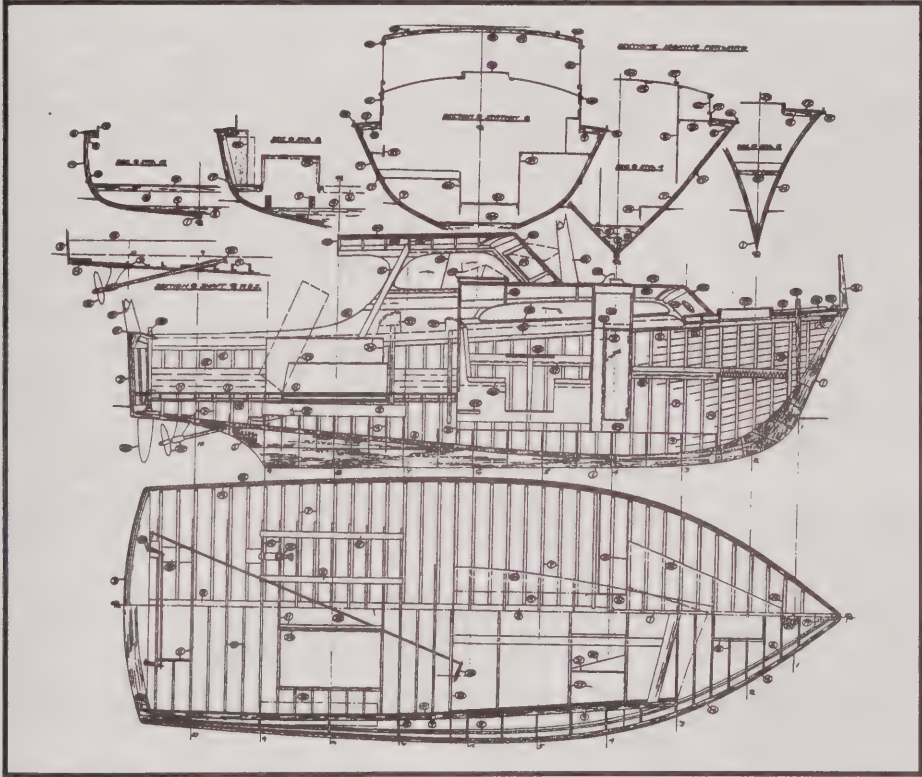
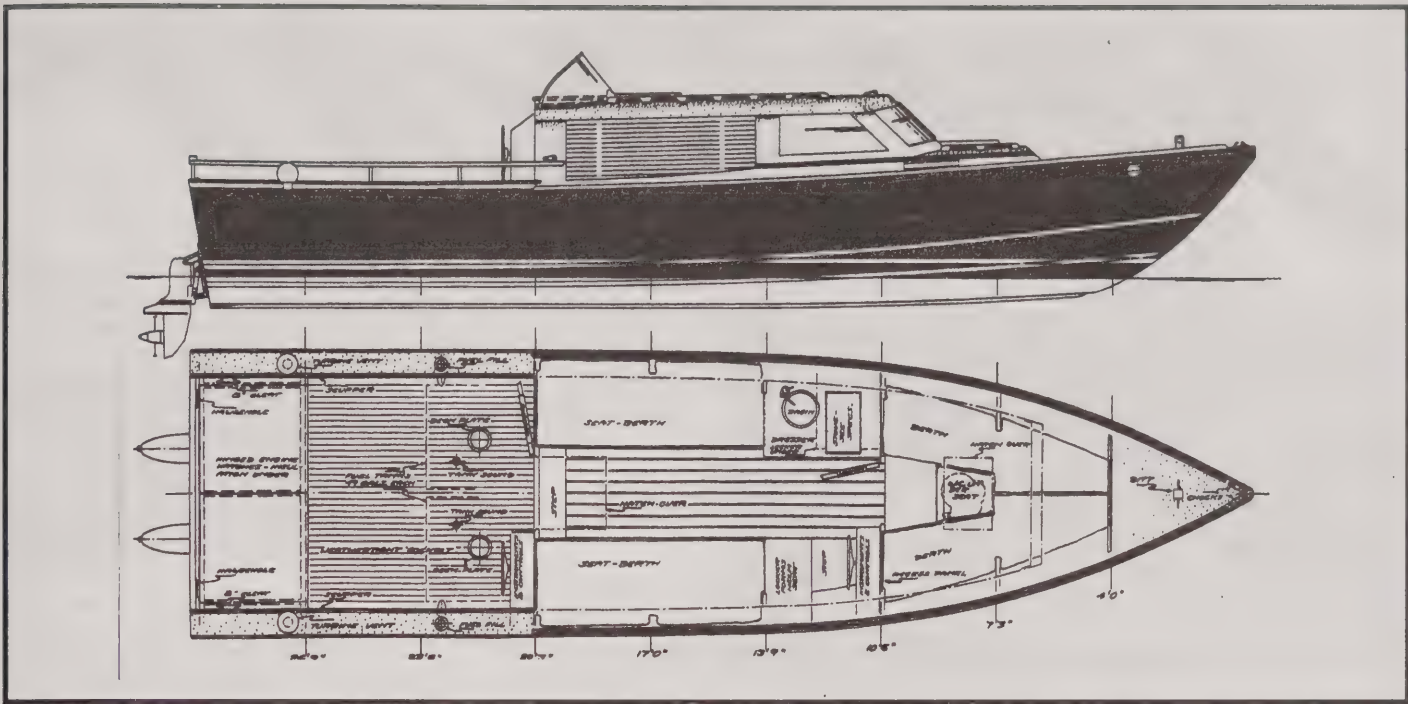


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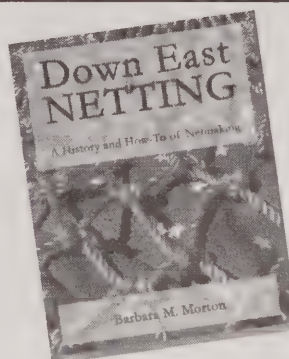
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This year I have been working to produce our newest boat, which was originally developed as a coaching boat for crew and paddling team coaches. The hull is from the same mold as the Triton hull, but the deck is entirely new as is the console. The Versacat weighs under 350 lbs. without the motor. It can be powered by an electric motor, 8hp to 15hp outboard, or twin jetski motors, one in each hull.

We are quite happy with the way the Versacat performs and has been received by potential buyers. We have sold our first one to the Newport Aquatic Center in Newport Beach, California. We have presented the boat to Sanford University and USC so far and both have expressed a sincere interest in purchasing some for their crew coaches. At present we are in production and refining some of the accessory items we feel are appropriate for the boat's many uses.

Unique features include hand laid up fiberglass hulls, deck, and console and spacious watertight hatches in each hull to keep decks clear and protect stored contents. The deck is 7' wide x 10' long, is totally flat, and extends clear to the bow ends. It is approximately at dock height when the boat is in water, making boarding safe, easy, stable, and buoyant, even when people step on the extreme ends.

Some advantages over most other boats are that it turns sharply with ease, allowing safe contact, communication, and load transfers with other boats, and it takes up less space while docked or stored. The 30" wide hulls plane quickly, create less wake, and have voluminous storage. It performs well with an 8hp or 9.9hp motor which are economical to buy and operate. The driving position is high, allowing better visibility. The 36" wide console provides protection for one or two persons and has a large graphic identity area on the outside with ample storage inside. The bow deck allows rowers and paddlers to be transferred without have to get wet.

Because the Versacat has a totally flat, wide deck and is extremely stable and efficient to operate, it may be set up equally well as a fishing boat, dive boat, patrol boat, coaching boat, touring boat, work boat, ferry boat, or rescue boat. It may also be used with a wide variety of gas or electric motors and has a lot of optional accessories, including bimini top, T-top, leaning post, handrails, and a wide variety of seating options.

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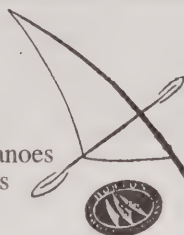
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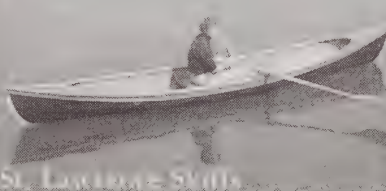
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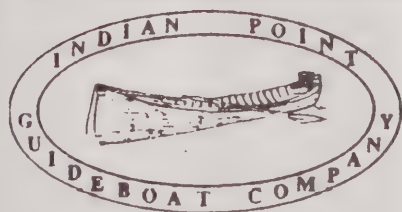
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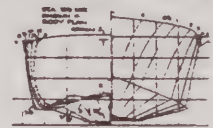
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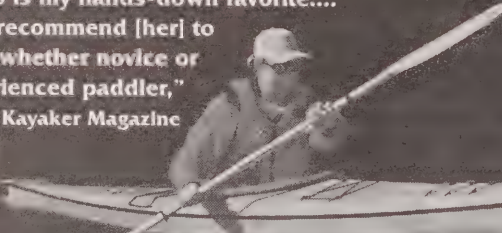


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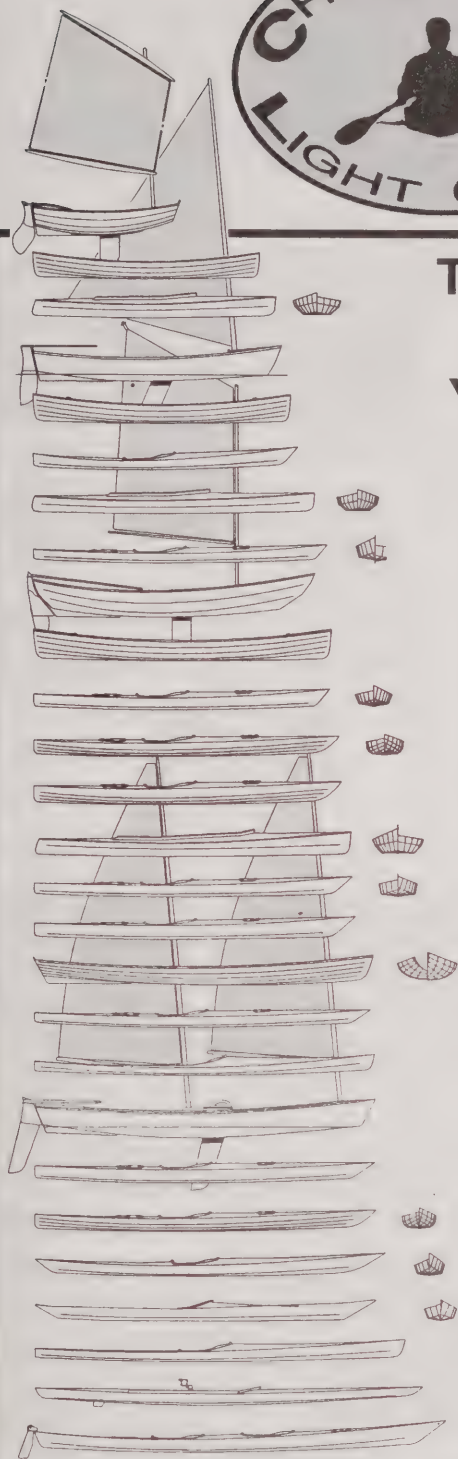
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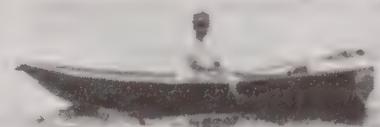
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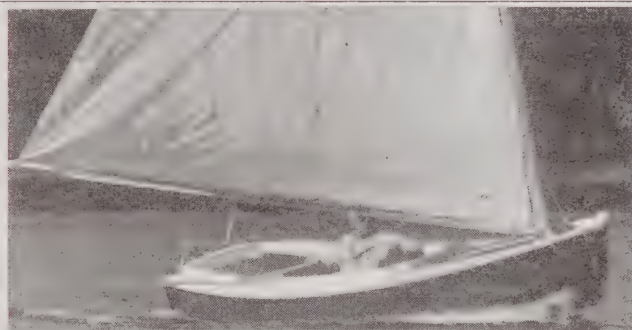
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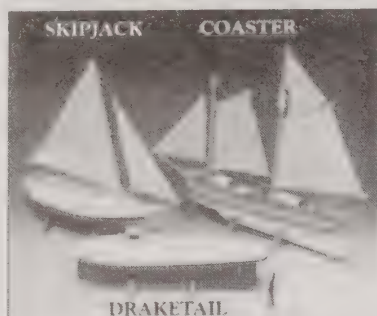
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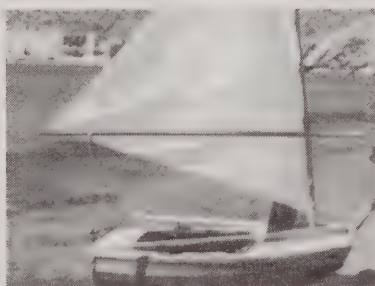
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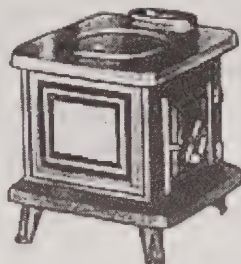
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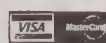
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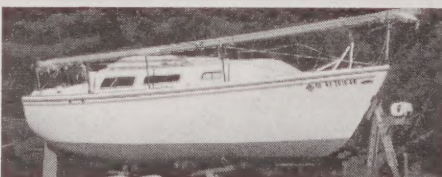


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West Wight Potter, '85, main, jib, genny. \$1,100 include trlr w/new tires. ED BEDNAREK, Poland, OH, (330) 707-1738. (18)

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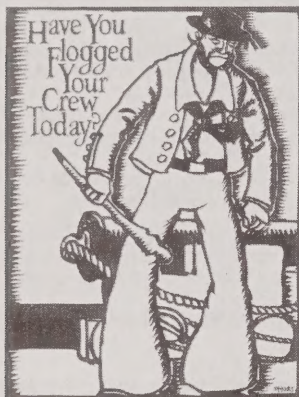
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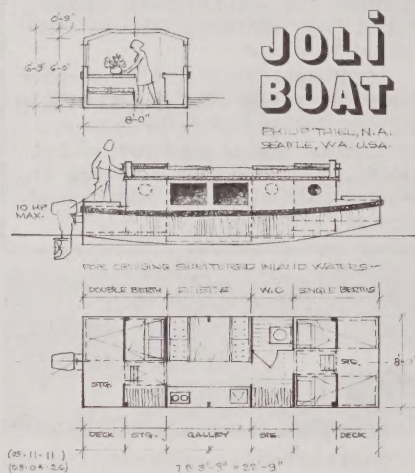
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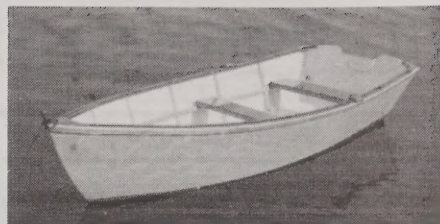
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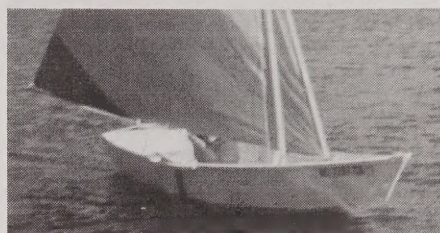


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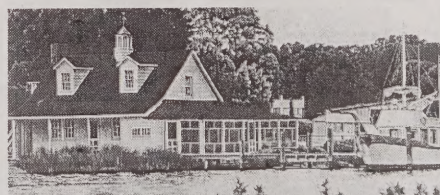
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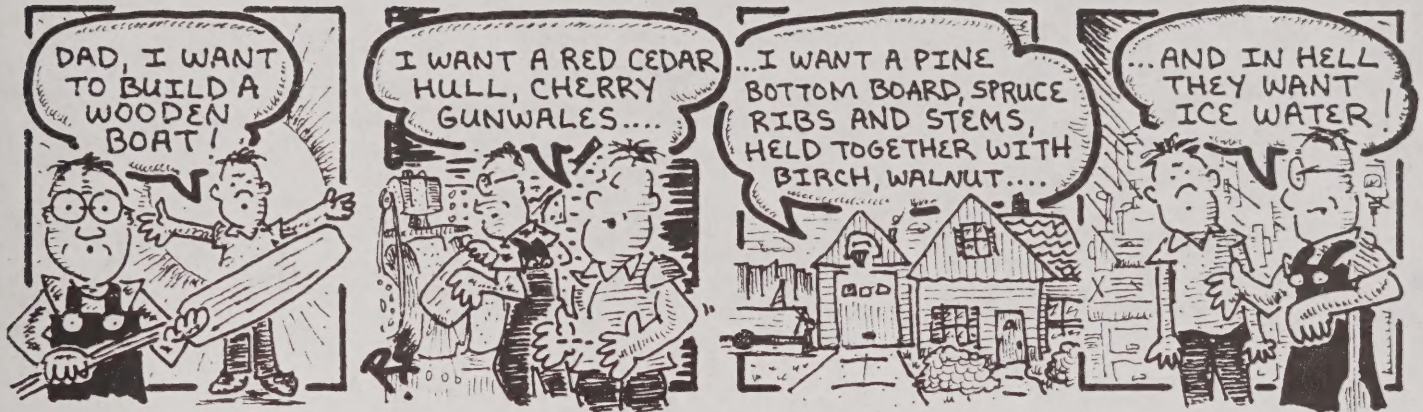
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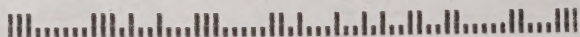
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