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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 23

April 15, 2004

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Scotia on My Mind" - "The Whalen Boat"  
"Robert H. Cloutman Boatbuilder Postscript"



# messing about in BOATS

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## On the Cover...

Long distance paddler Reinhard Zollitsch heads out on a 400 mile cruise around the coast of Nova Scotia, Part 1 of his tale of this journey is featured in this issue.

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



It's been a while since I discussed how things work around here on this page, but something has come up now that I thought I'd share with you. If nothing else, it shows that I am not totally a Luddite when it comes to today's instant communication addiction. We are looking into the possibility of "mailing" certain subscribers' issues via the internet in order to improve delivery time and reduce costs to subscribers. These certain subscribers are the 100 or so who live outside the U.S. and thus do not get the benefit of the bulk mail postage cost that is part of the domestic U.S. subscription fee.

It costs \$6.60 in postage to mail a year's worth of issues (24) to subscribers in the U.S. This leaves us \$21.40 for everything else. The ADDED cost to mail to Canada or overseas runs from \$16 for Canada to \$49 for faraway places like New Guinea (yes, we have a subscriber in New Guinea). European subscribers pay \$36 extra, and this is for surface mail delivery, up to eight weeks overseas by boat. Even nearby Canada, where we mail the magazines by international air (it's less than surface mail for some reason?) gets delivery measured in weeks.

My technical advisors (!) have shown me how the magazine would go via e-mail. In essence, if you have the necessary computer/internet setup you'd be able to view a page-by-page scroll on your screen. Presumably you could then print out your own magazine as a pile of 40 sheets of paper. My understanding is that you would need a high speed internet connection (cable, DSL) and Acrobat Reader software (the magazine would be sent as a PDF file) which would provide the page-by-page print-out.

This seemed to me something that might be welcomed by overseas readers who pay so high a fee for so slow a delivery. Obviously, eliminating physically moving a magazine from here to New Guinea eliminates the postage entirely and the time delay becomes nil. What it does cost me to be able to e-mail each issue (via my daughter's business internet connection we use for subscription fulfillment purposes) I do not know, certainly some time is involved for each issue to be "mailed," whether or not this can be automated or will require human oversight remains to be seen.

We are going to test this with a few overseas readers who indicate ability to receive such e-mail issues to see how it works out. If it proves successful we can eliminate their extra postage cost and treat them just like our U.S. subscribers; i.e., charge them just the

standard \$28 for a year. Whatever cost is involved in handling this small number of subscriptions this way will be covered by the \$6.60 part of the fee that everyone in the U.S. pays.

The internet addict immediately leaps up to tell me that, hey, if you e-mail all issues, U.S. as well as foreign, no more printing bill! No more postage bill! Hey, a subscription could be greatly reduced! Great for us! Indeed, if sufficient readers out there really wanted to receive the magazine this way, I could cut back on the print order to enough to serve those not desiring electronic delivery and, of course, the concomitant postage. Of course, reducing the print order would increase the cost per issue of those still printed as economy of scale shrinks.

As you can see, there are a number of variables involved in pricing a subscription if circulation becomes split between print and electronic delivery, and at this point I haven't even begun to look into this. One thing is quite clear, however. Just because printing and mailing costs disappear with electronic delivery does not mean a virtually free ride. All my time and all the production and subscription management time still are there to be paid for. I mention this only because I've noted what's happening in the world of music where consumers seem to think it quite all right to download free copies of what they want from some sort of sharing internet site, apparently believing the publisher of that music deserves no payment.

All this is still a ways off, if it happens at all. While we undertake to run our first try-out overseas, any of you who think you would like to become an electronic delivery reader can email us this fact at officesupport@comcast.net. This should give us a feeling for the level of interest. Make it brief and don't expect a reply. This e-mail address is for subscription fulfillment purposes only.

On another topic, that of credit card payment for subscriptions or renewals. We do not accept credit card payments, however, we have arranged with [www.duckworks.com](http://www.duckworks.com), which does accept credit card payments, to accept subscriptions and renewals via their website for \$32. That's \$2 for the credit card company, \$2 for duckworks to handle it, and \$28 for us. Credit cards are a convenience for the user but not for us. We would have to wait for our money and wouldn't get it all. Having to mail us a check has not stopped anyone who has called expecting to order by credit card yet.

EAST INDIA SQUARE

It was taught how to fish by two old black men, Henry and Peter. They were ten or fifteen fishermen, who focused on flounder. Henry showed me how to dig up the best bait for flounder, sandworms, in the dark and smelly mud along the shore of Great Neck, New York. The sandworm is not like the gentle earthworm, but is a big nasty fellow with two black mouth pincers that will draw blood if you're not careful. I showed a brave front to Henry, not wanting him to think I was a sissy. After all, I was being treated like a fellow fisherman by these two men and so did my best to act like one.

We did not use fishing rods, too costly, but used drop lines. Two flounder hooks were attached to the working end of the line along with a heavy lead sinker. Then, working from the line's other end, it was first carefully flaked out in a figure eight on the ground before the fishermen. They baited the hooks with sandworms, then twirled the hooks and weight around, and let go at a precise point in its trajectory to launch it out 50' or more into Long Island Sound. The men taught me not to jerk the line when the first bite was felt, but to wait until the flounder had swallowed the hook before setting it and bringing in the catch.

It might have been the third time I fished with Henry and Peter that I hooked my first eel. Fishermen do expect surprises, like an ugly blowfish or some other disagreeable looking catch. But I was not prepared for the eel. It was coiling its body around my line and twisting and turning. I tried to catch hold of it behind the head with my bare hands. Was that ever a mistake! The eel's slime made it impossible to get a good grip. It was not only the slippery slime but the powerful coiling and uncoiling that caught me by surprise. Soon I was all slimed up and holding my line at arm's length, keeping the repulsive, twisting eel as far from me as possible.

Henry finally noticed, grabbed an old glove he carried with him, and said, "Look at that, what a beauty, big, too!" He popped the eel off my line and offered it to me. I shook my head no, somehow I had lost my voice. "Ken, you mean to say I can keep this baby?" Henry said with a big smile. "Eel for dinner tonight!" he said, picking up his string of flounder and threading the eel on. He looked at Peter and winked. I turned a little red from embarrassment, I had not acted like a real fisherman but like the little 14-year old that I was.

Henry and his family no doubt enjoyed that eel for dinner. But it is curious that so few Americans eat eel. The possible exceptions are those who are first or second generation immigrants from Europe. My Italian father-in-law would tell of having eel during Christmas Eve dinner. The Frenchman, the Italian, the German, the Norwegian, the Belgian, all love eel. Eating eel is a Japanese national pastime. But it's not so here in the U.S. The Chesapeake Bay waterman would treat eel as a trash fish used only for bait. It was during the 1960s when a Dutchman, George Robberecht, started airlifting American eels to Europe that American waterman discovered the economic value of the eel and started to catch them for the hungry European.

Despite my repugnance of the eel, its amazing life cycle caught my imagination and so this article. We all know that salmon spawn in our fresh water rivers and then migrate to

## The Joys of Nature

By Ken Murphy

## The American Eel



the oceans to grow and mature. The American eel (*Anguilla rostrata*) and the European eel (*Anguilla anguilla*) do just the opposite. They spawn in the depths of the ocean and the young work their way toward their respective rivers, maturing in fresh water.

The life history of the eel remained a mystery until early this century. It had been common knowledge in earlier centuries that elvers (young eels that are about 2.5" long) run up into fresh water in spring and adults journey downstream in autumn. Myths grew to explain why this occurred and how and where eels reproduced. Aristotle speculated that eels rose spontaneously from mud. And so our ignorance persisted until such scientists as Johannes Schmidt of Denmark in the 1920s discovered the eel's breeding places and the history of the eel's various stages of growth from the larvae, or leptocephalus stage, to the ribbon-like and perfectly transparent transformational stage, to the elver stage.

American and European eels mature in fresh water rivers and in the brackish waters of coastal bays over a period of up to 20 years. Once mature they begin their one and only migration back into the ocean. Once in the ocean they swim to such depths that they simply cannot be traced. Once in saltwater the maturation process of ovaries and testicles are assumed to proceed. The breeding and spawning activities remain a mystery because they have yet to be observed. Spawning occurs at great depths in the Sargasso Sea. We know this because of the appearance of the newly hatched eels that are tiny, paper thin, free floating larvae. The adult eels that breed in the depths of the Sargasso Sea are never seen again. Apparently once they breed they die.

The spawning grounds of the American and European eels overlap so there is mixing of the larvae. But one miracle about the eel is that no American elver has ever been taken in Europe nor a European elver taken in America. Thus they must untangle from one another in the Atlantic and show up on their respective coasts several years after hatching. The American elvers swim up our rivers and the European elvers swim up their rivers. In fact, it is believed that each elver migrates up the particular river of its parents, ignoring the hundreds of other rivers along the coast. Amazingly, their navigation abilities must be all in the genes. No GPS needed.

Contributions to this column should be e-mailed to Ken Murphy at <kgmurphy@comcast.net> Stories or recipes involving eels gladly accepted!



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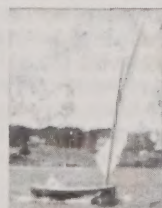
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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### 2004 Cedar Key Small Boat Meet

Cedar Key is in north Florida on the Gulf, a few miles south of the mouth of the Suwannee River. It's an isolated cape of offshore islands and was the railroad port before and during the Civil War. Now it's marshes and sea, not cutting cedars for pencils, capture fishermen and naturalists, artists and writers. There are no traffic lights, nor fast food, nor golf courses.

This coming May, Saturday and Sunday, the 1st and 2nd, will be the 20th informal meeting of small boats at Cedar Key. Tides and weather are still the only organization. There are no planned events, signups, or fees.

What boats? Shallow draft is what counts. Sharpies, kayaks and canoes, catboats and catamarans, trimarans, rowing skiffs, sailing dinghies, scows and sampans are all fine. Weather at this time of year can be light or breezy. But if it blows, whatever direction, there's always an interesting place in a lee, even at lower tides, for paddlers. For sailing canoes, it's paradise.

So all shallow craft are always invited. Most years there's at least one of each of the bigger and a few dozen or so total, with most types represented. Days are usually in the 80s, water temperature upper 70s. Because of nutrients from the Suwannee and extra oxygen from riffing tides, the food chain is full. So think fishing, birding, and wildlife watching.

However, using our boats at such a splendid place competes with socializing, even with old friends. So "catching up" is mostly among the oyster spits and islands or on a beach with whomever at the moment. Often through the weekend we're not even a collection of boats and people. We're just individuals in their boats, scattered across a lovely scape of sea, offshore islands, and salt marsh.

You're invited. For further information contact me, Hugh Horton, at (586) 468-6456, <hhorton5976@wowway.com>, Cedar Key Chamber of Commerce at (352) 543-5600, or Larry Page at (941) 746-2686.

Hugh Horton, Mt. Clemens, MI

### Norumbega WCHA Paddling

Our Norumbega Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, located in eastern Massachusetts, has scheduled six spring trips offering a nice mix of different styles of paddling, with something for everyone.

April 3: The Ipswich River in Topsfield.  
April 17: The Parker River in Byfield.  
May 1: The Squannacook River in West Townsend.  
May 22: The Essex River in Essex.  
June 5: A central Massachusetts exploratory trip, the details have not yet been determined.  
June 19: The Sudbury and Concord Rivers in Concord.

These trips are for traditional wooden and wood/canvas canoes. Readers wishing to learn more about our WCHA chapter and these outings should contact me.

Stephen Lapey, c/o Norumbega, 9 Doris St., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 374-1104.

### Summer Season at LCMM

The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum is gearing up for our 16th Annual Small Boat Festival on July 17-18. We have moved the Festival from the weekend following July 4th due to our launching of the canal schooner *Lois McClure* in Burlington on July 3 (see review in March 15 issue). This year's theme is "Get up, get out, and get moving in a small boat!"

Beginning May 3 and running through October 17, the museum will host 45 events and workshops. For more information write Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, 4472 Basin Harbor Rd., Vergennes, VT 05491, or call (802) 475-2022, or go to our website at [www.lcmm.org](http://www.lcmm.org).

Mike LaVecchia, LCMM, Basin Harbor, VT

## Information of Interest...

### Chesapeake Baybird Class

James Niederlehner (Information Wanted...March 1, 2004) wants to know more about the origin of the Baybird class. Perhaps I can help. The Baybird was designed by my father, J. Ramsey Speer, Jr. in about 1937, shortly after he and his father, J. Ramsey Speer, started Oxford Shipyard, Inc. in Oxford, Maryland. Father, one helper, and a mule felled the pine trees and sawed out the planks needed for the big boatshed and laid salvaged rail for the marine railway. They then went into the boat building and repair business.

Initially they built Comets, the 16' day sailer designed by the old Star champion, C. Lowndes Johnson, who had earlier introduced father to sailing. Then with, I suppose, dear old Lowndes looking over his shoulder, father produced the lines for Baybird and his yard, under the supervision of that fine boatbuilder, Price Sinclair, built a few of them. Neither then nor later, however, was father very good at promoting his products. I think the *Yachting* article Mr. Niederlehner mentions was the only printed notice of Baybird's existence. As a consequence I don't believe they sold more than four or five of the boats, even though she was well behaved, sea kindly, and a natural outgrowth of the Chesapeake tradition.

Baybird was one of only three boats of father's design that ever got built. A second was the Indian Landing 20, a 20' hard chine plywood day sailer with a huge fore triangle and matching genny, a high aspect ratio main, and a heavily stayed plank on edge for a mast. Perhaps 25 of these boats were built between 1946 and 1950. The other was the Cruiskin, a 26' hard chine, fin keeled plywood cruising boat. Two or three of these boats were built around 1950. Both boats sailed wonderfully but neither was promoted sufficiently to generate substantial sales.

Oxford Shipyard's (later Boatyard's) main achievement on father's watch was not in building but in rebuilding boats. We were proudest of the complete rebuilds we did on the Naval Academy's two famous ocean racers, *Vamerie* and *Highland Light*. Under other ownership just after World War II, however,

the yard built two or three dozen of Bobby Henry's well known Oxford 400.

Having mentioned Lowndes Johnson, and at the risk of rambling, may I share with your readers the story of how Lowndes and his brother Graham lost the last race in the Star class internationals at Oxford in the early '30s? Lowndes and Graham had sailed together all their life so they had each other's moves down cold. They operated like a well oiled machine and never needed to utter a word while racing. In this particular race the wind was, as it often is on the Chesapeake in the summer, zero knots gusting to one.

With Graham at the tiller the brothers got a good start and found themselves ghosting along on the starboard tack in a nice windward berth, then the wind ceased entirely and the whole fleet sat fully becalmed with the light Choptank chop slatting their sails. Lowndes spied a catspaw on the water to windward and nodded silently toward it. Graham glanced that way and put the helm down, drifting painfully slowly up toward the bit of breeze. They caught it and gained several hundred yards on the rest of the fleet. Then suddenly, their breeze dropped to nothing and at the same time the entire fleet to leeward picked up a good sustained wind and sailed off, leaving Lowndes and Graham high and dry in dead last position. It was then that Graham violated the practice of a lifetime and spoke. He looked at Lowndes and said, "Shut up, chatterbox."

Jim Speer (J. Ramsey Speer, III), P.O. Box 2363, Rockport, TX 78381

### Drownproofing and Avoiding Hypothermia

Sam Chapin's article on "Avoiding Hypothermia" in the February 15 issue provides a great addition to the drownproofing information developed by the U.S. Navy during WWII. I took this course in the fall of 1945.

We first learned to remove our navy trousers, tie knots in the legs, and fill them with air to act as makeshift PFDs. Then we learned to tread water for an hour with our wrists bound behind us. This was followed by treading water for an hour with our ankles bound to our waist. This was to build confidence in survival if you had a broken limb.

We learned to "bob" to the beach, sink to the bottom, then spring toward the beach with our legs, take a breath and repeat. Each "bob" would move us closer to shore. This could also be done with a disabled limb.

Finally we learned to hyperventilate, submerge, and swim two lengths of the pool underwater on one breath, this was to be able to escape burning oil on the surface. I don't remember any mention of hypothermia.

Ruddy Ellis, Atlanta, GA

### Those Exeter Museum Boats

Here's some more info on those boats that used to be at that Exeter Museum which you have been featuring, from the January issue of *Classic Boat*:

"The future of the collection of ethnic and European small coastal craft that used to form the International Sailing Craft Association in Exeter (successor to the Museum) until 1996 seems finally to have been secured. The collection, which has swollen from 150 to 400 boats, is to be based in the fishing town of

Eyemouth just north of the border on Scotland's east coast. Part of the town's Old Fishmarket will be turned into a revolving exhibition. Other plans include placing pontoons in the harbor and holding boat building displays. The promoters stated, "We want to try and create a Mystic Seaport type place involving the townfolk."

They aim to be ready this April with official launch in August.

Roy Terwilliger, Harwich, MA

## Opinions...

### Robb White's Book

I just bought *How to Build a Tin Canoe* by Robb White. I know it's been out a while, I've been waiting for a friend to lend or give me their copy but no one would let go. I am about halfway through the book and it is some delightful reading. There is one problem though, trying to make it last. I am taking it slow, reading a few pages at a time, trying to savor Robb's enjoyable turn of phrase, but I keep seeing that end out there.

My advice to anyone who gets this book is to take it easy. It is a small volume and could be slurped in an hour or so of rabbit reading. But you won't get all the "goody" that way, as Robb would say. And for Mr. White I would ask one minor favor, next time write a bigger book, something like *War and Peace on the Waterfront*.

Hoz Joven

## Projects...

### Grumman Copy Progress Report

Here are some pictures of the mold setup that Henry Champagny built with Sam's plans for the Grumman copy. He had the advice of the high school shop teacher whose class has built many strip canoes. They will build this boat, too, and Henry will donate the mold to the school so they can expand their repertoire. The kids are able to put on three strips to the class. They sell boats to finance their shop and projects. I think the U.S. government should send a SWAT team down there to Tennessee to try to figure out how to introduce that sort of divergent thinking into the whole education system of this country. I am afraid that divergence is the product of one man (Martin...I forgot his last name) and I bet people who are able to handle such free thinking are few and far between in public education. Oh well.

Sam is almost finished with the prototype, and as soon as it is out of the shop he is going to set up the complete set of new molds that he built by the full-sized patterns in the plans and build another boat. We'll offer the plans for sale as soon as we get far enough along with the project to tell if everything works. I would be horribly embarrassed if something wasn't right. Another thing is that I want to try this "improvement" out before I start the big talk about its superiority. I would hate to put my foot in my mouth...again.

As for the tryout, we are fixing to go to the Cedar Key Messabout on May 1. That's the twentieth one of those events and they are planning a big deal with a steel band in the park on Saturday! Wow. I would go just for that but I might get to stand around on the

beach and talk noise and look at boats and slap yellow flies with a bunch of messers, too.

Which, I went to the store to buy a piece of plywood to make a cover for my granddaughter's sandbox and Sam and I were trudging through the plywood section and Sam said, "Ain't your ears burning?"

"Why would my ears be burning?" I asked.

"From the squawking of 5,000 messers, that's why." Luckily they had a sheet of Masonite.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA



### Laying of the Keel

On January 16, a keel laying ceremony took place at the North Carolina Maritime Museum for the periauger, a Colonial era logboat. Actually, the periauger does not have a keel. These workboats used by colonists in North Carolina during the 17th and 18th centuries were constructed using a cypress log that was split into two pieces and planked in the center to increase the beam. Rather than being called a keel, this center planking was known as the bottom piece or spine.

The construction of the periauger is a joint project with Perquimans County, the Perquimans County Restoration Association (PCRA), which operates the Newbold White House Historic Site in Hertford, East Carolina University's Program in Maritime Studies, and the North Carolina Maritime Museum. Once completed, the periauger will be located in Historic Hertford Harbor and eventually at the Newbold White House Historic Site as part of its hands-on educational programming. On hand for the ceremonies were Michael B. Alford, designer of the periauger and Craig Wright, boatbuilder for the project.

Volunteers in the North Carolina Maritime Museum's Watercraft Center are constructing the 30' periauger weekdays 9:00am until 4:30pm. Visitors may observe the development of this historic project from the observation deck inside the boatshop. No periaugers have been built since the early 19th century. This 18th and 19th century counterpart of a modern "pick up," or delivery truck, will be a test of the skills and endurance of museum Watercraft Center volunteers as they grapple with the tools and skills used by those who built these utilitarian vessels a couple hundred years ago. The boat will be completed in April or May 2004.

Jane Wolff, North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC, 28516-2124, (252) 728-7317, [www.ah.dcr.state.nc.us/sections/maritime](http://www.ah.dcr.state.nc.us/sections/maritime)

### River Wrights Boat Builders

River Wrights Boat Builders was founded in 1999 in Hartford, Connecticut, and expanded to Bridgeport in 2002. We are part of the YBC, a youth business incubator that forms our crews from groups of urban high school kids who need some mentoring and structured activity. We provide that through the medium of a wooden boat building business. Our participants take a part in building a boat from start to finish. In addition, they help to create selling materials, make sales presentations, attend trade shows, and they receive a share of the proceeds when a boat is sold. Importantly, they learn teamwork, take pride in the finished product, and acquire a grasp of the basic elements of a small business.

Three examples of our work include a restoration of a 1956 Old Town wood/canvas canoe, the construction of an 8' Weekend Dinghy II from two sheets of plywood, and construction of a 13'6" flat bottomed plywood fishing/rowing skiff.

Readers interested in learning more about our venture are invited to contact me.

Ted Littlejohn, Program Manager, Innovation Center, 955 Connecticut Ave., Bldg 10, 2nd Floor, Bridgeport, CT 06607, (203) 333-3957, <[TedLittlejohn@hotmail.com](mailto:TedLittlejohn@hotmail.com)>



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Two rivers. Two journeys. Two generations. Lewis R. Freeman traveled the Columbia in the years of my mother's childhood, and Harlan Hubbard traveled the Ohio and Mississippi at the very beginning of mine. Neither book can be accused of a foggy "good ol' days" bias because each is a contemporary account of its own time and its own river. To my eye each, in its own way, tells a story of days that we are the poorer to have lost.

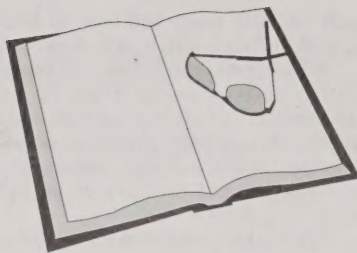
Originally published in 1921 and reissued 80 years later, *Down the Columbia* is a firsthand account of a courageous, if foolhardy, run down the Columbia River "from snowflake to salt." Freeman claims to have been the first he knows of to have run the entire length of the Columbia from its glacial sources all the way to the Pacific Ocean, although he acknowledges that all of the river he covered had been run by others, just not all in one run by any one man.

His claim, if correct, likely means that he was the first, last, and only white man to have ever run the entire length of the Columbia. Within a dozen years after Freeman's run the heart of the free running Columbia was in the process of being buried in a vast man-made, and still existent, lake behind Grand Coulee Dam, not to be run as a river again until the huge dam's inevitable demise some future day.

It is only fair to note that Freeman and party didn't actually "run" the entire Columbia by boat. Parts of it were simply unrunnable, most notably waterfalls. So the "run" as described includes some portages and many stretches where it was all they could do to let the boat down by line, never mind trying to navigate it through. But they traveled the full distance under whatever terms were possible.

Freeman and Dixon Price conspired to offend me, a denizen and lover of broad, shallow, and fertile alluvial rivers, before I ever opened the book. The back jacket praises the mighty Columbia's lack of delta, swamp, or wetland: "Of all the great rivers in the world, there are only two that have had the audacity to gouge a course straight through a major range of mountains. These are the Brahmaputra, which clove a way through the Himalaya in reaching the Bay of Bengal from Tibet, and the Columbia, which tore the Cascades asunder in making its way to the Pacific. But the slow process of the ages by which the great Asian river won its way to the sea broke its heart and left it a lifeless thing. It emerges from the mountains with barely enough strength to crawl across the most dismal deltas to lose its identity in the brackish estuaries at its many significant mouths.

"The swift stroke by which the Cascades were parted for the Columbia left 'the Achilles of Rivers' unimpaired in vigor. It rolls out of the mountains with a force which endless eons have not weakened to a point where it was incapable of carrying the silt torn down by its erosive action far out into the sea. It is the one great river that does not run for scores, perhaps hundreds, of miles through a flat monotonous delta, the one great stream that meets the ocean strength for strength. The Nile, the Niger, the Amazon, the Yangtze, the Mississippi, all of the other great rivers find their way to the sea through miasmic swamps, only the Columbia finishes in a setting worthy of that in which it takes its rise."



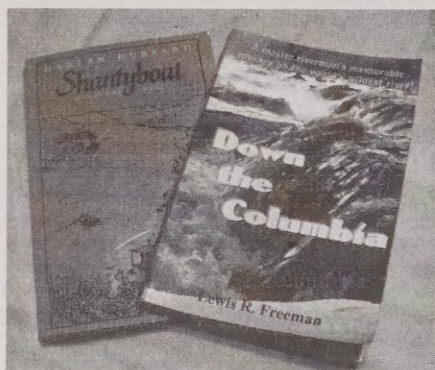
## Book Reviews

### *Down the Columbia*

Lewis R. Freeman  
Pub. 2001 Dixon Price  
First published in 1921  
Shantyboat

### *A River Way of Life*

Harlan Hubbard  
Pub. University Press of Kentucky  
First published in 1953,  
Copyright renewed 1981  
Reviewed by Capt. Jeff McFadden



Hmmph. It was then, and still is today, characteristic of many humans that in order to acknowledge the beauty of something they love they feel it necessary to denigrate that which somebody else loves. The glory of great rivers lies in their difference. It would be fair to say that not one of the earth's great rivers is like the others. The grandeur that Freeman saw in the Columbia's headlong rush to the ocean is different from, but no greater than, the grandeur of the great swamps and deltas that were, before arrogant humans destroyed most of them, the rich nurseries that helped fill the oceans, rivers, and the skies themselves with life.

I swallowed my annoyance, grit my teeth, and waded in, and in the long run was glad that I had. There is much to be learned in *Down the Columbia*, only part of which would have been noticed by a 1920s reader. Freeman was a world river traveler, evidently quite well known in his day. This particular trip was born in a movie producer's head, a plan to create a semi fictional, semi documentary film of a trip down the Columbia. As a result, a great deal of the text is as much about 1920s era moviemaking as about rivers. It is sometimes difficult to decide whether this is a book about a river journey or a book about making a movie. I guess the answer is both. It features one cameraman, one hand-cranked

movie camera, and continuous stewing about excessive film consumption. Freeman is, and refers to himself often as, the "Star." The cameraman calls people "Toothogs," meaning that they consume too much film footage with their slow action. One struggles to imagine a modern day cinematographer worrying because the production was consuming too much film.

For much of the journey the river is more backdrop than centerpiece of the story, until finally the miles of moviemaking end and only Freeman's commitment to running the entire Columbia keep him traveling on to the sea. The writing style is, to a modern reader at least, excessively flowery, overwrought, and somewhat hard to read. I'm not positive that it wouldn't have had at least some of that same overwrought feel even in 1921, but one gets used to it. The farther one gets into it the more comfortably it seems to flow. The flowery style does tend to get in the way of, rather than support, the story, but it's not intolerable.

They began their journey in Canada's Selkirk Mountains, high in the headwaters of the Columbia, which leads almost directly into a reach known as the Big Bend, known to be deadly. At this point I must admit that I know nothing at all about the Columbia and nothing at all about running rivers, even approaching the Columbia's magnitude and force, either. My whitewater experience is on Missouri's Ozark streams, where one can approach most rapids sideways or backwards and toss one last cast into a shady backwater before dropping the pole, grabbing a paddle, and getting organized to zip through a few hundred feet of lively water where the worst that's likely to happen would result in stories to tell to your friends in *MAIB* or over the dinner table at family gathering.

Canada's Big Bend of the Columbia is a whole different story. Nearly every rapids and chute is named after somebody who got killed there, and there are countless names left over. I have no idea whether, with modern inflatables and technology, running these waters has become commonplace, but it was a genuine life-threatening journey in a wooden 30' double ender with two men rowing and one manning the steering oar. If it was an adventure, and it surely was, it was a foolhardy adventure, but people have thrown themselves into foolhardy adventures for probably as long as there have been people, and this group survived nearly unscathed.

The other strand that runs through the entire tale, though, is a totally unintended strand, a strand that clearly wasn't even visible to its author and likely was not visible to many readers of early editions, either. This tale is filled with descriptions of natural beauty and an odd, almost offhand sort of appreciation of it. That said, it is also a tale written 20-some years before Aldo Leopold would, in *A Sand County Almanac*, introduce the phrase and concept of a land ethic into the American consciousness. Freeman makes casual mention of tossing jelly tins into the river, of tossing rum bottles into the river, and in general the reader comes to understand that, without a second thought, they treated the river as a scenic wastebasket.

One particularly colorful description of his passage under a new highway bridge as a crowd of people above threw their trash and garbage off the bridge into the river, and not

coincidentally into Freeman's boat, was, to my modern eye, thoroughly disgusting. The fact that some of the garbage wound up in his boat disgusted Freeman, but the idea of tossing it into the river in the first place didn't seem to bother him at all.

Freeman recurrently brings up the "waste" that the Columbia River represents, wasted horsepower with no generators spanning it, wasted water running to the sea, wasted land too dry to farm. He fully subscribed to the early 20th century ethic of "reclamation." Even as they traveled the river and commented on its beauty, he often remarks on the "need" to "harness" the mighty river. I guess it's a case of "you don't miss your water 'til your well runs dry." The beauty he praised had no "practical" value. He couldn't see, or didn't care, that the mighty salmon that ran the basin were suited exactly to the rivers that gave them birth, and that the dams and harnessing that he foresaw and advocated would surely be the end of the salmon, as they nearly have been in less than one human lifetime.

In spite of his praise of the mighty Columbia, as seen in contrast to the lazy brown rivers he despises, he can't think of much else to do with all this glory and beauty than to dam it up, drown it, use it to run generators for a people who haven't the wisdom to use energy wisely and therefore can never have enough, and ship the river's water to arid fields in order to grow produce cheaply enough to put other farmers out of business at their own taxpaying expense.

As Freeman traveled he was assisted by an assortment of independent and self-sufficient men, river men who braved the fierce Columbia because they had learned to earn their livelihoods there. Freeman's stories of these men give them credit for their intelligence, their wisdom, and their quiet courage. Their lives were often harsh and difficult, but they lived the lives that they had chosen and they were satisfied. These pictures bring memories of an America that I was born just in time to see end, and leave me still unconvinced that we have improved our nation, or even our economy, at least not when measured in terms of human satisfaction, independence, and honor.

It must be admitted that most of what seem to me to be flaws in *Down the Columbia* are flaws as seen by a reader who is massively unimpressed with the 21st century. I found myself reading a tale written by one of the visionaries of the early 20th century who dreamed us into this mess and I kept shouting "fool" at his memory.

In spite of all that, Freeman's tale of his journey is unlike anything else I have seen anywhere, and from the strong men and wooden boats that carried him, to his conversations with steamboat captains who had braved an amazing length of the mighty Columbia in stern wheelers, it is a story that will open your eyes, and one well worth the reading.

Harlan Hubbard's *Shantyboat* is a whole different kettle of fish. Where Freeman went seeking adventure and recognition, Hubbard and his wife Anna went seeking simplicity and a life in harmony with the rivers and the seasons. Where Freeman chose the deadly rapids of the Columbia, Hubbard chose the fertile and often lazy waters of the Ohio and the more dangerous Mississippi. Where Free-

man relied on others to provide boats, provisions, and, to a significant degree, even the necessary muscle power to get him through, the Hubbards designed and built their own boat, grew their provisions or drew them from the river, and although they gladly accepted help and guidance where it came to them, they relied on themselves and were just as satisfied to take their own chances and never looked for somebody else to get them through the journey they had chosen. Where Freeman's journey was just that, a journey, one season on the river from start to finish, and then on with other adventures, the Hubbards built their boat looking for, as the subtitle says, a "River Way of Life," then entered into the new life and lived it gladly and well for some years.

At this point I should admit to readers that I am far from an unbiased reviewer of *Shantyboat*. This is possibly my favorite book of my lifetime, the understated journal of a man and wife who lived my dream before I ever knew to dream it.

Harlan Hubbard was 21 when Lewis Freeman published his account of his journey down the Columbia, an odd young man who valued his freedom and independence more than he valued what the world around him called success. He was an artist, a musician, a reader, and a lover of the natural world around him, but he earned his livelihood as a day laborer and tradesman. He didn't marry until his mid-40s when he married Anna, a musician and librarian nearly his same age.

It seems strange that these two already aging adults, both intellectuals and quite refined in their own way, would soon settle down to building a shantyboat so that they could cast themselves adrift on the Ohio on what would be a journey of several years down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans.

Hubbard describes shantyboats, and shantyboaters, in the early pages of his journal, "The tradition of drifting was carried into our day by an amphibious race usually called shantyboaters. A shantyboat is a scow with a small house on it. Nearly always a homemade job, it is put together of odd scraps of material and pieces of driftwood and wreckage. The shantyboat may be embellished by any of the appurtenances of living. Yet it is more than a floating homestead, it is an ark which the river bears toward a warmer climate, better fishing grounds, and more plentiful and easier work ashore...

"Some boats are so neatly constructed, fitted, and kept up, being painted handsomely...that shantyboat is not a suitable name. Nor will houseboat do, it is too prosaic a term for the unfixed dwelling of water gypsies and nonconformists.

"The true shantyboater has a purer love for the river than had his drifting flatboat predecessors. These were concerned with trade or new land. To him the river is more than a means of livelihood. It is a way of life, the only one he knows which answers his innate longing to be untrammelled and independent, to live on the fringe of society, almost beyond the law, beyond taxes, and ownership of property. His drifting downstream is as natural to him as his growing old in the stream of time. Away from the river he languishes, as if taken from his natural element.

"I cultivated the acquaintance of old time river people whenever possible and listened

to their yarns almost with reverence. The simplicity and naturalness of their way of life fascinated me and gave a definite shape to the vague longing which the flowing river had inspired."

Hubbard's journal of building, with his new and beloved wife, his own shantyboat, and of living on it, drifting on it, living a very modest and yet satisfying life as a couple on this very small floating home, of tying up summers and gardening and then drifting winters to new gardening grounds where they could repeat the cycle again, is one of the most satisfying tales I have ever read. The Hubbards lived a life I admire greatly, both in their years on the boat and later, back in Kentucky on the banks of the Ohio once again.

Hubbard's writing is simple and unadorned. There are times when it seems to flow very slowly and make a long story longer, but Hubbard was drifting a few miles a day, a few months of the year, and there is no hurry to the tale he has to tell. Not everyone in today's hurry-up society could easily slow down to his pace and take the story in, but anyone who can enjoy rowing a boat or paddling a canoe in lazy waters should be able to find Hubbard's pace comfortable. Hubbard's line drawings and woodcut illustrations scattered throughout the text add another dimension to an already wonderful tale.

*Shantyboat* begins at the beginning, before the boat is even begun, when Anna said, "Now we can build the boat we have so often talked of and drift down the river." World War II was in full swing and materials were hard to come by, but the Hubbards were able to find a building being wrecked and acquire the lumber and were able, as well, to find somebody to haul it to the river bank in a balky old truck. Almost immediately, in spite of the fast approaching winter, they abandoned their home on land and moved to a temporary shack on the river bank, a roof, three wood walls and a canvas cover for the fourth, and not even full standing headroom. The shack was built of wood which would later be required to finish the boat and, as such, couldn't be cut to make a better shack. I am amazed by their courage and with the ease with which they took on such a Spartan life, yet he speaks of their "cozy apartment, lacking only a window or two."

Hubbard makes no claim of knowledge, no claim of expertise, but rather shares his learning experiences with the reader. He learns to fish, to hunt and prepare wild greens, and speaks of the special flavor of food gotten with one's own hand.

The Hubbards built their shantyboat and found that there was so much to learn just to live on water in one place that it would be two years before they would cast off and begin their drifting journey. They would be five years on the way, drifting, gardening, painting, and playing their music, making friends and learning and covering 1,385 miles of Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Hubbard had a bout with appendicitis at Natchez, Mississippi, and while he was laid up he wrote out the journal of their experiences to date, which would become this book. The language, the illustrations, the journey, and Harlan and Anna Hubbard are all the finest of their sort. It is indeed a shame that, as Hubbard said more than once, the race was dwindling and today is all but extinct.

As I watch from my Window on the Water, the new day develops like a Polaroid picture. My first view of Polaroid pictures came from my best friend's father, Phil Myers. Not only did Phil amaze two young girls with the miracle of instant photography, he also showed us the fun of sailing. A consummate "Messer," Phil shared the intimacy and immediacy of sailing a small boat that was lacking when we'd be guests on larger craft.

Phil would grab whatever crew was at hand and head out for the day. Sue and I were horse mad and spent most of our time in one barn or another, but by August the choice between sweaty horsehide sticking to bare legs and the rush of water beneath the hull was a no brainer. If we could manage to avoid taking her younger brother or sister it was all the better. However we got to travel out on the same Sound as I sail today was just fine with us.

In the early years the boat was kept at the American Yacht Club in Newburyport, where I learned the implacable power of the tides on the mighty Merrimac River and the patience needed to maneuver about with other craft that were always larger than our tiny vessel. I can recall a scornful muttering issued from the helm in ever rising volume as we were hit by the wakes of careless power boaters trying to get their overpowered, under balanced tubs up onto a plane and impress each other. The greetings from the local lobster men where sure indicators that we'd find a bargain at the dock when we returned.

Phil would always plan the trips with attention to the tide and weather. This care was not lost on two girls who were used to having a self propelled means of getting home with the horses. His obvious concern for tides and wind direction altered the way I looked at/saw the world around me. I began to take into consideration forces outside my own ego. A teenage girl's ego is nothing to sneer at,



## Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

### A Hole in the Water

for something to make an impression through its armor plating is remarkable. The river and the forces of nature at work on a boat were attention-getting elements. Phil subtly equated these natural forces to other areas of our lives. The care needed to sail safely made the frustration in teaching a young horse a new command seem less impossible when we saw it took time and concentration to work with the elements surrounding the sailboat.

With a love and understanding of sailing small craft, Phil took us on adventures that we thought were designed for our sole entertainment. I look back and see that we were potentially just a good excuse to go sailing when the lawns needed mowing or, more likely, as a good audience for a dyed-in-the-wool gunk hole sailor.

Going sailing with Phil was never a passive experience, he was always teaching us about wind and wave, both physically and metaphorically. My first experience of sailing alone was when Phil deemed Sue and myself competent enough to take the Townie out on our own. The boat had been moved down into the more protected waters of Plum Island Sound, moored at the Ipswich Bay Yacht Club. It was thought safer to loose a couple of teenage girls onto the waves within the comforting embrace of the mainland and the long arm of Plum Island then to chance our getting in trouble out on the river. I had never been really comfortable sailing the river until we had reached the Basin or the open coast.

For our first solo sail we packed a lunch large enough for a half dozen starving Shanghai crew. The launch operator earned his tip that day, we had several baskets of essentials that both mothers insisted we carry. Finally we set out, sailing off the mooring like the pro Sue had become. We went immediately down to Crane's Beach and trolled along front, on the lookout for cute lifeguards and boy lobster men. We anchored off Steep Hill Beach and waded in for lunch and a bit of tanning. Memory fades, but I'm sure we socialized with whatever young males came along to "check out the boat." When it was time to return home, we congratulated ourselves on NOT hitting any of the sandbars that Phil had such an affinity for.

Perhaps we'd dozed in the sun too long, or had explained the intricacies of sailing to

too many interested parties, but we left it a bit too late and had to return on a falling tide with quirky afternoon wind shifts. Sailing back we noticed our perfectly executed tacks were getting us nowhere fast, in fact, we seemed to be sailing backwards. "Take the helm, Chrisy, I'll start the outboard," was Sue's comment. I was less than pleased to have to take the tiller and watch the set of the sail as I hadn't developed the skills Sue had with more time on the water. After a couple pulls which failed to start the motor, Sue pulled the starter cord one final time with all her strength and watched in horror as the motor jumped off its cleat and sank below the transom! NOW we had a problem.

The afternoon breeze died down and the outgoing tide made us wonder if one of us should have taken Portuguese in the ninth grade. Being a weekday, the usual powerboat traffic was absent, making us feel very much alone.

Soon the practical matters intruded on our overall concerns, if we didn't get back on time we'd miss getting picked up and thereby miss our movie dates that evening! Just then the wind shifted and carried us closer to other boats where we got help from a couple of 12-year-old boys in a whaler who gave us the look as if to say, "girls, what do you expect?" They towed us over to the mooring, helped hook us up, and were getting ready to ferry us over to the dock when one of them noticed a shadow hanging under the boat from the safety chain. The motor hung there, if not by a thread, at least by just a few bent links jammed into a narrow slot.

Trying to explain what happened was going to be bad. Time and time again we'd been told to check and double check for the supplies and make sure everything was shipshape before going out. Neither one of us would have mounted a horse without checking the girth and bridle fastenings, now here we were having almost lost an expensive motor to Davy Jones because we hadn't checked its fastening. I can't recall the end result of damage to the motor, but I do remember that Phil took responsibility for the incomplete attachment, relieving us of tons of guilt.

Here I am, looking out at this ever changing yet enduring shore generations of "Messers" have enjoyed, the same coastline a younger me had reveled in the freedom offered by a small boat with a special man at the helm. It's currently low tide and there are a few hardy souls plucking mussels off the beds out front. They have come in a small motor skiff now tied to a stake wedged between the rocks. Hopeful gulls are swooping overhead and scolding the human poachers for the trespassing on the gulls' private sea garden.

I can drift backwards and enjoy yesterday's adventures or project toward the coming season and imagine the adventures yet to be enjoyed. The one thing I can't do is fill the hole in the water left when my friend and "extra dad" Phil Myers cast off his earthly lines and set sail across the bar for the ultimate adventure that faces us all. On our first day's sail this spring, I'll take the helm and head over to hit the bar in his memory. I know the Captain will understand I'm not "sailing like a girl," but paying tribute to an old Messer who influenced my love of the water and small boats.



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Some places you can sail are like your home waters. If you sail outside San Diego Harbor, that's one scale, New York Harbor is another. When the World Trade Center was still up we sailed by the Statue of Liberty on our way south, sailing snowbirds. The Empire State Building was tiny beneath the Twin Towers. Scale. Still another is Long Island Sound. The Prairie Creek Reservoir outside Muncie, Indiana, is another. Scale. Long Lake, Twin Lakes, Pamlico Sound, Tampa Bay, Bay of Islands, Ontario, all are one scale belonging to the landscape and lake/ocean scape, its location, and relationships to what else is around. When you sail your "home" waters you are invested into the scale, the landscape and the sizes it represents. After some experience there, you know how far away from that dock or this rock, that shore or this one, you are.

You begin to understand the distances involved, the time it takes from here to there, how the winds and waters behave, and your comfort in similar surroundings is very high. Some of us love that comfort zone and don't go further. Some travel.

I liken it to skiing where someone stays forever on the beginner's hills or never gets past the intermediate stage. They are comfortable where they are, thank you very much! Attempts to move them up to a more advanced level, new slope or ski area will meet with failure. Then there are those of us who really like trying new ski areas, new runs, and bursting over the edge on a new downhill stretch you have never skied before. One time like that I busted a mogul hill at a resort in Colorado and, because I'm not much of a mogul skier anymore, the way I skied that hill was to die for, perfect timing, perfect turns throughout, with no errors. I will forever remember that wonderful run. The same spirit drives some of us to try new places to paddle or sail and explore.

That's why I went to Lake Powell one late, snotty April and May, leaving northern Michigan behind to her sometimes thawing snow, cold and nasty rains. I'd skied in Colorado before but had not been south to New Mexico or Arizona. As I drove west, then south, then west, the desert appeared. Dry, scrubby landscapes punctuated by distant mesas and buttes. Mesas tend to be large with flat tops and buttes are smaller with more pointed and flat tops usually. I think of huge mesas and tall buttes. It works.

As I drove over some of the blue highways to Page, Arizona, the vistas were wonderful and the sky matched the great sky of the open plains across America's breadbaskets of Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado, Kansas, and South Dakota. It also reminded me of the above timberline areas of the Yukon. I love big sky country and I love sailing. These are related loves, big sky, vast horizon, distant horizon, unknowns beyond the horizon.

The first glimpse of Lake Powell at Glen Canyon Dam was a real eye opener. The photos I took from the first pullover for a scenery stop are like all the good postal cards. The same view, the same huge lake dotted with mesas, convoluted shorelines, red and tan rocks, buttes, and tiny little fans of boat wakes. Boats smaller than ants. Scale.

Scale gone awry. Scale not seen or experienced before. Launch ramps eight lanes wide and what seemed a quarter of a mile long! A low water level of 96' below the nor-

## Scally Scale

By Anne J. Westlund

mal 3,700'. Scale. Go over toward that beach. An hour later nothing has changed. I have motored the calm, unable to sail and still going nowhere close to the beach. Scale. Suddenly I am in shallow clear water, time to drop the anchor and it is in a foot of water! Scale. I wade ashore with a bow stake and line, tie off, and look around. I am rimmed by landscape and water over domed by sky. The sun is intense and nearly overhead. I walk up the sandy and sandstone littered slope. A half hour later I am not near the top. It is further away than it was. Am I shrinking? Scale. Have I forgotten how to walk? Scale. I look down and the boat is tiny, tiny, tiny, an ant boat.

Charts don't exist. Fisherman's maps are all that is available. Bottom contours are marked on it's waterproof surface, and are really topographical interval lines from pre-dam days when the Colorado River flowed free and wild. Careful piloting and frequent sights for bearings help me realize that some of those buttes and mesas are thousands of feet high and miles and miles away. Scale. I follow the 100' contour line as the only guide. I can go all day in a little sailboat and still see the same butte on the far horizon. Scale. Did the deserts kill for lack of water or lack of hope after the geezer hiked for days, seemingly getting nowhere at all? Scale.

Keeping track of my location is verifiable due to the mile markers mid stream placed as if being 500' below the level I am at is the real Colorado River. Scale. The GPS doesn't help much. There's no map in its data. Scale.

I check my bearings and figure I can make it by 1600 hours. At 1700 hours I decide to beach it at the next likely spot because I figured the distance of that landmark wrong again. Scale. I anchor at 1830 for dinner and the night. Scale.

Snug in my winter sleeping bag in May I think I am on Lake Superior as I turn over in the cool desert night. Then it comes to me. No moisture in the tiny cabin of my West Wight Potter 15 and I am in dry country, the desert. No dew on the cockpit seats in the morning and by 1000 it is hot out. Scale. The bit of laundry I did is dry in ten minutes.

The canyon walls seem to be close. I edge and edge over knowing the water is dark blue, clear, and over 60' deep right down off the walls. Above me is a white bathtub ring of alkaline scaled sandstone rocks, the high water mark towers 100' above. I edge on and finally am closer to the wall. Overhead I think my mast might hit the indented wall, the cliff tops are many, many times higher than the high waterline of white. Scale. I meander with the narrowing canyon alone, hearing my motor chuckle the water around the bow. It's noisy as if in a speaker funnel yet still enough to hear a Canyon Wren sing its descending trill. I cut the motor. All is silent. The bird lets loose loudly enough I think for an instant of covering my ears then leave them open, and my spirit open to the sweet blast of love notes it sings. Scale.

The eagle from below was wider of wing than the 13' Old Town Trapper seemed long. Spooked from its fishing perch during Rainbow Trout spawning season, it flew at the

spook, me. I had slapped the water a la beaver tail with a noisy "SPLAT." The dawn was broken but full light was an hour away in the northern twilight. I rolled the canoe over to avoid the huge talons hanging down below the eagle like tree branches. I could just briefly catch a glimpse of the tail feathers startling white against the blue purple of the sky. Scale.

I came up under the canoe, took a deep breath, and felt fully alive, glad I was not a blood bath of torn scalp. No sounds broke the stillness and echo chamber I breathed in. I waited. The water was cold but tolerable or I have forgotten or never knew. It was exciting and grand to have been rolled by an eagle. Scale. I was ten. Scale. Throwing the canoe up and over I crawled back in. The eagle watched from his branch looking no bigger than a robin. Scale.

Fifty-nine days on a 15' sailboat. Scale. Exploring places only a small dinghy could go. Scale. Traveling 400 nautical miles in about two months yet never more than 30 miles from a village. Scale. Sailing all day and anchoring in 8" of sandy bottomed bay clear as gin. Scale. Waves to 3' one hour and flat calm the next. Scale. Skirting the shores of Strawberry Point Lighthouse screaming along with the tiny boat under sail and hard sheets, I think that larger sailboat skippers must think the Potter captain is nuts. Scale.

Diving off the side of *Peapod*, the wreck appeared close enough to touch. Down into the clear waters I dove, down and then floated back up. Too much body fat! Can't get very deep without weights. Lazy, I drifted over the old lumber barge looking at the pieces and parts of the vessel, breathing through my snorkel. Scale. Into my face, into my goggles, swam a huge bass, between me and the anchor. Huge as a grouper, large as a shark, I jumped up, startled. Scale.

I couldn't see the opening. It appeared that it went between boulders and disappeared. I edged closer and could feel the current grab the boat. I steered away and approached again. Then a small boat skimmed out of the rocks to the left and I knew I had missed seeing the channel. I edged over carefully and the way opened before me, then took a sharp right around a surface boulder. Pushed by the current the little channel passage took no time at all. Scale.

What enchants? Is it the hawk taking the large dragonfly from my hair where it rested in the early morning coolness? Or the doe and two fawns bursting from cover to trot the beach into the woods? Is it the bear hesitating at the water's edge before stepping into the water to swim to the next island? Or is it the bear standing as tall as possible before that first step? Is it the full, ruffed face of a backwind blown wolf staring up in fright, startled at my silent approach? Is it the chuckle of wavelets torn by my bow in the heady wind on the windward side of an island where me and my boat as one tear through the flat water as birdsong fills the June morning? Is it the quiet damp of a foggy morning split by the squawk of a heron taking flight? Is it the gathering in the rocks by the fire, surrounded by friends well fed by a shared meal of shrimp, chicken, steak, and a wee spot of wine? Or is it the hunger that grows as the ice melts and buds swell in the trees heralding another sailing season? It's all these things and more. I love it.



Port Elgin, New Brunswick, ready to go.

### The Plan

I had been thinking about paddling in Nova Scotia for a long time, but I somehow always went somewhere else in the Maritimes instead. I canoed around Prince Edward Island, followed the shores of New Brunswick, and even went around the Gaspé Peninsula, but never made the jump across the Bay of Fundy from St. John to Digby, or from Bar Harbor to Yarmouth with the super fast CAT. Either ferry could have gotten me there in a couple of hours. I even have good friends in Wolfville whom I should have visited years ago, but it wasn't until last summer, August to be exact, that I finally decided to do some serious paddling in Nova Scotia. Ever since my horrific sailing experience off Nova Scotia in 1977, I have been shying away from that province. Enduring two days of 60-knot winds near Sable Island must have left an indelible impression on my mind that would not go away until I finally wrote down the events of that trans-Atlantic voyage 25 years later (*MAIB*, July 15, 2003).

In previous years I had paddled to Port Elgin, New Brunswick, right on the border with Nova Scotia, so it was obvious for me where I would start my Scotia venture. I would follow the North Shore for almost 200 miles, almost due east, to the Strait of Canso, separating Nova Scotia proper from Cape Breton Island, and swing around Cape Canso on the Atlantic to Halifax in a clockwise rotation for another 250 miles. I knew that 450 miles (720 km) solo would be a significant stretch for 18-plus days, but not much longer than last year's trip on the German Baltic. My 17'2" Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe could handle all the supplies for such a trip,

Into the fog...



## Scotia On My Mind Around Nova Scotia By Sea Canoe

By Reinhard Zollitsch

### Part 1: Port Elgin to Halifax -August 2003

plus 5.5 gallons of water to be refilled in two ports, and I felt pretty confident that I could pull off another long trip like that.

Nancy again sweetly agreed to car shuttle me to Port Elgin and pick me up in Halifax afterwards. I felt very lucky, as with all my previous long distance trips. Thanks, Nancy. So, on August 9, 2003, we drove the 325 miles from Orono, Maine, to Port Elgin and checked into the little motel near the lighthouse and fort at the mouth of the Gaspereaux River, my put-in point.

#### Fog, Rain, and a Heavy Boat

Loading the boat the next morning was easy, since the high tide came right up to the road. But then I had to follow a compass course across Baie Verte to Tidnish Point, a good three miles away, because thick fog had settled in the bay and it was raining. A wet hug and a kiss goodbye, and I was off in my Gore Tex suit and floppy hat, a typical send-off. I promised to call Nancy each evening at 6:00 pm (Nova Scotia time) on my satellite phone so that I would not worry that she

would worry about me being out there all by myself.

It did clear eventually so I could follow the shoreline around Coldspring Head and Lewis Head into incredibly shallow Pugwash Bay. I had picked Bergeman Point at the tip of a peninsula sticking into the middle of the bay since it looked like the only deep spot to land at. By now it was low tide and my energy was also ebbing. But I spotted a more or less level area on the sea wall for my tent and started portaging.

The first three days of a trip are always the hardest for me. The boat is at its heaviest with all the supplies for 21 days plus 5.5 gallons of water and, being a pencil pusher by profession, I am not quite used to heavy lifting. To boot, I had to hustle my gear at low tide over a slippery boulder field to the sea wall. When it came to carrying the boat up, I was so spent I could barely lift the boat. I was devastated. I had to get it up there, it was low tide. Were age (64) and arthritis finally catching up with me? NO WAY! I heard this little adamant voice in me and jerked the boat up and lugged it over all those slimy rocks in one big launch to the sea wall. I almost pulled my back out in the process, which would not have been a pretty picture, but I felt I had to prove a point and ignored the warning signs.

I huffed and I puffed, dropped the boat on a bed of seaweed and me on a big rock, and decided this was it. And while I was down, I figured it was also a good time for a water break and granola bar. At that point, I noticed to my chagrin that I had left my 3-gallon water container under my seat in the canoe, adding about 25 lbs. to the 65 lbs. of the boat! I could have been mad at myself, but instead I managed a tired smile because that meant I had not lost it after all. There was hope for the rest of the trip, and believe me, this did not happen again. As a matter of fact, after that I would remove absolutely everything from my boat, deck mounted spare paddle, bailer, air horn, and even the chart, and portaging the boat was never a problem again.

Next morning I started my usual trip routine: up at 6:00 am, off by 7:30 am. By then the tide was almost up to my tent and made life easy. I set my boat on driftwood rollers near the water's edge, stowed my gear, pushed it into the water, and hopped in myself.

My day started with a two-mile crossing to Fishing Point. Then I headed straight east for about 13 miles, following a red sandstone shore that reminded me of Prince Edward Island. Except for a brand new swanky resort area with significant golf course at Cape Cliff, the shore was almost empty, only a few small houses here and there, one church, but no real settlement.

At Smith Point I had to go south for three miles and cross two long ocean arms. The wind had settled in the west/southwest and was suddenly whipping up whitecaps and streamers. I had to work real hard and dance the waves as they were cresting almost parallel to my boat. Most of the ledges off Oak Island and Schooner Point had lots of gray seals on them, who were checking me out with a big splash as I paddled by.

I decided to stop before Tatamagouche Bay, which would have a significant 2.5 and a 3.2-mile crossing, and pulled out on a long sandspit island around Malagesh. No slippery rocks to stumble over this time, just nice sand.

Great, I thought, but the wind blew the sand all over the place. It got airborne and I had to close my tent and sweltered as a result. I needed shade and decided to look harder for a shady spot for my tent, come tomorrow.

### The North Shore Getting into the Routine

Cape John, with its steep red sandstone cliffs, was a welcome sight after the two crossings. It looked just like the North Shore of PEI and continued like that for about 23 miles all the way to Caribou Point, from where the ferry to Wood Islands, PEI, leaves. I found a perfect little pocket beach at trip mile #88, with a steep sandstone cliff behind me casting some shade. I felt good for the first time on this trip, not exhausted, hurting or overheating, just plain good. My trip was beginning. I was adjusting to the rigors of paddling 25 miles a day and learning what not to do along this coastline.

Next morning was a paddler's delight, sunny, calm, and warm with the tide almost high for an easy take-off. Navigation was a bit on the tedious side, you might say, 20 miles straight to the east, but I accepted it gladly since it was easy, confidence building, and pretty. There was more sandstone shoreline with small towns, mostly summer colonies with modest houses and camps and their modern equivalents, house trailers, no developments, marinas, or large, noisy beaches. It was quiet ashore and on the ocean. The lobster season was over and there is no ground fishing in Nova Scotia except for a few small outboard sport fishing boats with guys mostly hand lining.

Otherwise the horizon was empty and the waters were unobstructed, no myriad of lobster traps as along our Maine shore to snag my rudder or grab my paddle. Granted, those lobster buoys are pretty in their colorfulness, but a real nuisance to small boaters, including sailors, let's face it. Fortunately, Maine requires line that sinks, made of nylon, not poly, which floats on the surface and can really do a job on your rudder or propeller. These floating lines can also be harmful to seals and whales, I hear. Nova Scotia and the Maritimes in general still allow floating poly line and, in my opinion, should switch to nylon for all the above mentioned reasons.

Near Caribou Point I could see "The Island," Prince Edward Island that is, 13 miles across Northumberland Strait, and ferry boats coming and going out of tiny Caribou Harbor. The wind had freshened as I rounded the point and was blowing from the SW. Getting into picturesque Pictou Harbor was a good workout, but the lighthouse at the end of the mile long sandspit looked too enticing. I had to get there, it looked like a great stop for water and a granola bar. And it was, and a group of five sea kayakers thought so, too, but the belching paper mill up the bay on Abercrombie Point was an offensive sight and I pushed off soon to reach my goal for the day, Mackenzie Head at the eastern end of Pictou Bay.

### Rounding Cape George

Seven hours for 26.5 miles, a long paddle, but a swim and later coffee on my small shady pocket beach picked up my spirits in short time. After that I usually write my trip log and prepare tomorrow's run by reading the official Sailing Directions for this area



Red sandstone along the North Shore, NS.

and Scott Cunningham's *Sea Kayaking in Nova Scotia*, and transfer all the pertinent information onto my Canadian charts. Tomorrow I would start the 40-mile-long hitch to the northeast to the rather intimidating looking Cape George. I should make it to the small harbor of Arisaig tomorrow if the weather holds.

Then it's supper time, the high point of the day. After supper is time for a quick call home and for some nonacademic fun reading, if possible something that fits into the area I am paddling in. This time it was *Lone Voyager*, the Blackburn story, his heroic survival row and all his later ocean voyages, as well as a mix of the intense *Perfect Storm* and the whimsical new book by Robb White, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*. Sunset occurred at about 8:00 pm, Canadian time that is, as the tide came in again.

Another calm sunny start to the day and good progress to Merrigomish Island, which is connected to the mainland with a three-mile-long very narrow sandspit bar. Suddenly the wind breezed up from the northwest and in no time there were breaking waves getting steeper by the minute. I considered bailing out at Bailey Brook, but did not like the sound of it and pushed on. After so many miles of beaches I figured I could always make a safe beach landing somewhere, but I was mistaken.

The shore got steep and rocky and very inhospitable looking. I realized I had to hang in there for another five miles to Arisaig, which had three breakwaters. Numbers 1 and 2 formed the inner boat harbor with steep concrete piers for big fishing boats to tie up to. So I aimed for the space between Numbers 2 and 3, which turned out to be the town swimming beach. This area was wide open to a northwest wind and the waves were crashing on the shore. Since I had no choice, I was going to land there also. With spray skirt open and rudder up, I beached my bow, jumped out, and jerked the boat out of the surf before the next wave could fill it. No problem. Some kids came over to cheer and checked out the "beached white beluga" (my canoe), then went about their business while I set up my tent and followed my afternoon routine. At

the fish pier I found a trash bin and a water faucet, which made Arisaig a very useful and necessary stop for me.

I stared at tomorrow's stretch around Cape George to South Lake for a long time, looking at every harbor and bight as well as every offshore rock or bar because the shore looked bold and very unforgiving. It also was a major point and would have tidal currents accelerating towards the point, or worse, meeting there. I was going to be ready, physically and mentally.

A dark sky over land greeted me the next morning. The wind was light but the sea was very confused, not just from rebounding from the steep rocky shore. It was tidal. I made it past Malignant Cove (what a bad name!) in 2.5 hours to Livingstone Cove, where I took a short breather, drained and refueled my "engine," and set out for the point rounding. The shoreline had changed drastically after Arisaig. The red PEI-like sandstone was gone. Instead the shore looked rough and ragged with sharp bluish gray, hard, smooth surfaced fractured rock interlaced with white lines. After Livingstone Cove, the rock changed yet again and took on a mocha brown rounded shape and had the consistency of coarse compressed gravel. It looked very gritty, soft, and geologically "young," glacial, that is, and its shape and color reminded me of the "badlands" along the Upper Missouri River which I had paddled earlier this year in Montana.

But enough of geology. I had to keep my eyes on the waves. The wind had picked up and the current was very noticeable, the surface of the water looked more and more like a tufted meringue pie. I was bounding, bracing occasionally, but most importantly keeping up speed, not standing still, because in a canoe one always has one vulnerable side. I had learned years ago that it is best to paddle and brace mostly on the windward side of the canoe, which is possible with a rudder. It's like giving ten degrees side rudder, if you were a pilot in a small plane, to compensate for the drift or yaw.

Paddling and bracing on the offwind leeward side will trip you up sooner or later. Wind and waves will throw your boat sideways over your paddle, which inevitably will



My view of Arisai.



Rounding Cape George.

Strait of Canso locks.



end up under your boat with you still attached to it. Not a pretty picture.

This scenario, by the way, is still one of the most frequent causes for capsize at sea. So learn this little trick, if you don't already know it, and practice facing the wind and waves, don't shy away from the spray, face it! It is not safer to turn away from the oncoming danger and paddle/brace on the "safe" side, you will not get your paddle out of the water fast enough when a wave throws you sideways, trust me! The same is true for paddling a sea kayak, of course. You need to time your strokes and not be caught paddling or bracing on the leeward side when the boat is being rushed in that direction by an oncoming wave.

Five hours into the day I rounded Cape George and, to my relief, found calmer seas and wind conditions on the other side. I even took pictures of the stunning mocha brown coastline and suddenly felt very accomplished to have rounded the Cape. The remaining stretch to Canso Strait was going to be a piece of cake. But eight miles later, at #164, South Lake, after 7:18 hours in the boat, I was "running out of gas" again and called it a day. I was still on my predetermined 25 miles per day pace and refused to feel bad about getting tired.

#### Barachois and Hops

South Lake is one of the many "barachois" or "hops" along this shore, all the way to the Strait of Canso. They are small lakes, connected with the ocean through narrow tidal guts, some navigable, others just shallow tidal inlets. Vikings used to like places like this in Europe because they provided shelter when they were in and allowed them to go out with the tide. I noticed Pictou had such a neat "harbor lake" (appropriately named Harbor Lake), and I remember lots of them along the north shore of PEI. But like any tidal estuary, those hops could also be wicked for boaters at the wrong tide.

Tomorrow would take me further south, past the large tidal inlet of Antigonish, then east, past a string of more tidal estuaries like Monk Pond, Pomquet, and three large inlets around Tracadie. I would have to watch them carefully, but a flood tide is easier to traverse than an ebb tide.

Sunrise was at 6:11 am right outside my tent door, and I was off in my wet clothes from yesterday. The wind was from the south and after rounding each point I had to head right into the wind. The water looked black, streamers were forming, and it was hard work, no shortcuts or straight lining today. At Little Tracadie Harbor I pulled out on a sea wall before the gravel bar. I had to do some landscaping before I got a 5x7 spot that was level enough for my tent. The sandy beaches were gone, the shore got steeper again, more red sandstone.

#### The Strait of Canso

I woke up to a leaden sky and opted for Gore Tex. I had read up on the almost 20-mile long Strait of Canso, separating Nova Scotia proper from Cape Breton Island and its locks, the night before and I had everything ready, my VHF marine radio was set on Channel #11 to hail the lock master, my two water containers rested between my legs, and my wallet with Canadian money was in my side pocket in case there was a lock fee.

"Canoe Locks, Canoe Locks, this is sea canoe *Sea Wind*, sea canoe *Sea Wind*, asking permission to enter the locks from the northwest."

I mostly use my VHF radio to get the marine weather report but do not use it much to hail other people like marinas, drawbridges, locks, and the like, but I instantly got a reply, "Sea canoe *Sea Wind*. I cannot see you. Stay back from the gates and I'll open up." Then the locks opened, one wing that is. Some water poured out. I waited a minute, then paddled into the huge 820' long, 80' wide and 28' deep lock chamber (I knew readers would ask how big are the locks...so here is the answer). Then a curious face appeared over the left pier. It was lock master Harry. "Any fee?" I asked.

"Nope."

"Any drinking water at the locks?"

"Right here," he answered, while handing me the hose. I was glad I was ready, because there was no way for me to get out and get the containers set up. I filled them while we talked. Harry was impressed with my stickers on the boat, "Boston - St. John" and "Around the Gaspé," and wished me good luck for my trip around Nova Scotia to Halifax. He was a very friendly, accommodating fellow. We could have talked longer. But then the other gates opened and when I got there, the tidal difference had already leveled off and I was out, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the waters of the Atlantic in just a couple of minutes. That ended the first leg of my trip, 200 miles from Port Elgin to Canoe Locks.

(To Be Continued)



At my age (86) you would think I would have known better. It was a nice day in southwest Florida, a nice 5-10mph SSE wind. I had a quick sail from Shell Point across Rookery Bay and through the pass into First National Bay, all in a northerly direction. I sailed around the point on the right, then a starboard tack SE across an arm of the bay into an apparently blind mangrove corner, which I knew would open out into an S-curve channel that led into more bays and channels called Sand Hill Creek.

Now I knew the tide was coming in rather strongly and I kept to the right of the first part of the S-curve, sailing, but with the wind very light due to the encroaching mangroves. I knew the tidal current might carry me to the outside of the curve if I lost steerage way so I approached close to the right side. I suddenly realized the tidal current had seized my canoe, so I grabbed my trusty paddle and back ferried to stay on the inside of the turn. But just then a puff of wind came through the pass and hurled my canoe forward, straight for the mangroves on the outside of the curve.

This all took place in seconds. I thrust the paddle into the canoe and prepared to dodge the old broken mangrove branches that threatened to spear me. The canoe crashed with a bang into the shoreside branches and the mast and gaff went into the overhanging branches. As soon as we stopped the strong 4-6mph tide sweeping under the hull from left to right started to roll the canoe upstream. All my weight on the starboard rail had no effect and the upstream rail went under. The canoe

## Trashed in the Mangroves in a Sailing Canoe

By Bob Halsey

filled with water and the current took hold and I was in the water.

Now the canoe pivoted on the bow and moved in the current until the stern hit some old branches and hooked onto them. Now the canoe was locked in place with the stern hooked to the shore branches, open downstream and the bow at 45 degrees to the shore with the mast and sail just under the surface of the water in a little opening in the branches. I was struggling to keep my paddle and dry box from joining my hat, water bottle, and sponge as they floated away. I moved to the stern, and tried to push it free. It would move only a couple of inches, then stop, locked tight.

As I looked up I saw two fishermen in a Carolina skiff. They called over to me offering help. I swallowed my self rescue pride and waved and called to them to come on over. They came upstream carefully to keep clear of the current and mangrove branches. I had to duck under some branches to get to the bow, carefully, not wanting to get snagged underwater. The men in the skiff now approached me carefully and I gave them the end of my 3/8" bow line and they backed off, but could not budge the canoe.

I then told them to go on, I would just wait until the tide changed and I would then be able to release the canoe. But they refused, saying it would be two hours. I considered the possibility of hypothermia in the 62 degree water and windy air. They came up again and offered me their anchor line, which I tied to my stout stern thwart. I asked them to pull the stern upstream. They pulled away and I pushed away on the stern, there was a loud crack and crash, and the canoe broke loose and swung out into the current.

I swam out after it and went into the bay below the pass. I tried to roll it up but the sail was wrapped high on the mast. In the middle of the bay it was only 3' deep and I could untangle the rigging lines, straighten the sail and boom and mast, and stretch them out over the rails. The air bags floated the load. I coiled my rescuers' anchor line and thanked them.

I was able to get into the canoe with its rails just above the water. I retrieved my bailer which was tied to the boat and started bailing. Slowly it rose up and as it did I put my anchor overside to keep from drifting back into the mangroves. I bailed it out and then straightened out the mess, but kept the sail down until I paddled back up through the pass. The tidal current was much reduced by now.

Back in First National Bay I put up the sails. The bend in the gaff made the canoe sail better on the starboard tack, but I got back okay despite my worries that the gaff might break. I was thankful for my sturdy self built cedar strip canoe, the help of those fishermen, and my guardian angel.



*Return to Forever* tucked into nook, North Channel of Lake Huron. Note raised fiberglassed galley section with fixed windows and dodger over cockpit.

I find myself lying on the small dock. My shin really hurts. I look down to see a rapidly rising hematoma on it already the size of a grapefruit. My husband stumbles past me, "I've got to lie down." What is happening? Why did I misjudge the distance to dock so badly skinning my shin and barely fastening the line? Why did it take all my energy to get some ice out of the cooler for the now softball size swelling on my shin? What happened?

My husband Bob and I left Manitowaning, one of the first European settlements on Manitoulin Island, shortly after daybreak on a clear, quiet morning. Although we have traveled the North Channel of Lake Huron for several years, this was our first visit to this small historic settlement located at the south end of a bay of the same name. Our sailboat is a 23' 1975 Aquarius named *Return to Forever*. She has been very accommodating as she very comfortably slips into the shallow nooks reserved just for the very shallow drafts, and we feel very safe exploring new areas off limits to larger craft. We set out to explore a new route that morning with a stop in Sheguiandah known locally as "Sheg," a tiny village in the next bay north with plans to walk and fill the ever needed ice supply.

The air was still, the sun was bright. We motored out with the canvas dodger over our heads to shield us from the sun. The water was flat as glass, reflecting the dark pines and light birches of the bay's high hills. It was a lovely North Channel morning. In the distance, however, the shore became more bluffed. The early morning land fog hung heavily over the point that we needed to round toward Sheg. Nearing the point we noted that marking our course became more difficult with the shortening visibility. We slowed, making sure to count the small islands, matching them to our chart. There was no noticeable wind and I remarked to Bob, "The air is certainly heavy."

I marked islands while standing in our raised galley mentally thanking our son for

## Carbon Monoxide In The Small Boat

By Jean Bloom

his fiberglassing. He created a doghouse with 6' headroom and installed large side and front windows. *Return* looks like a little trawler. Our son Robert builds offshore racing boats at Douglas Marine in Douglas, Michigan. He fiberglassed the hull to strengthen it and built the doghouse from scratch creating a unique Aquarius.

Suddenly, without thought, I just had to go forward and put my head out the opened forward hatch. With some fresh air I continued to spot our way through the narrowing island passageway toward Sheg. Then the moment every sailor's wife hates, the motor started to miss. No wind, a new area with limited visibility, and a missing motor. "Is it water in the gas?" I called back.

After what seemed a long time, but really was only about 20 minutes, we finally spotted shapes of small cottages and docked boats. Circling the area we located "The Government Dock." In reality it was a launch ramp with a 10' dock. It was this easy tie-up that I royally missed. I misjudged the distance and landed on my shin. Over an hour later my head was clear enough to walk up the dock to where my husband was laying under a tree, whereupon I was given the explanation for my sloppy landing.

"We were almost asphyxiated, carbon monoxide poisoned," he said. "I realized when the motor missed it was missing oxygen needed to run." "Oxygen," I said. I thought our 4-stroke Honda just needed gas! My husband went on to explain that just as cars need thousands of cubic feet of air to burn their gas, so does our small 9.9hp engine. The engine was taking up what oxygen was left under the dodger, leaving us with the carbon

monoxide. There was only enough following wind to balance our forward motion. The air was heavy. With our forward motion air was being sucked up out through the forward hatch, pulling engine exhaust into the cockpit under the dodger where the steering station is. Neither us nor the engine was getting enough oxygen to breathe.

We had heard of the dangers to children dying of carbon monoxide poisoning because they were hanging onto swim platforms on the sterns of powerboats. We never gave it a thought on our small sailboat. Now we are installing carbon monoxide alarms. Perhaps we may be even more susceptible for carbon monoxide build-up, for with our efforts to be able to beach the *Return*, we have installed the Honda 9.9 motor inside the cockpit in the rudder well, replacing the Aquarius rudder with a Cal 21' kick-up rudder on the stern.

In conclusion, when motoring in calm conditions we will all be wise to consider the chance of carbon monoxide build-up. I am very thankful for the instinctive drive to stick one's head up through the hatch and GET FRESH AIR!

(Bob and Jean Bloom now enjoy retirement in DeTour Village located on the eastern end of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, exploring the North Channel of Lake Huron in their 23' Aquarius sailboat. The boat has been reconfigured to allow very shallow beaching. Their son has added a fixed doghouse with windows to increase the galley headroom. With a canvas dodger over the cockpit and lowered clear plastic sides they are very comfortable in their small boat in any weather. They always find those private places to enjoy. In the spring and fall the Blooms are found on their 34' 1969 Nautaline houseboat. Since 2001 they have been traveling on the Mississippi, Ohio, and the Cumberland Rivers).

Husband Bob motoring, "too much wind." Dodger overhead.



Back in 1980 I decided that it was time to go back to school for a master's degree so I could get a real job. I'd been scratching along in the motorcycle shops for years and finally figured out that fixing toys wasn't a reliable or lucrative occupation. Since I was giving up racing bikes, and was expecting to be short on cash for a couple years, I opted for a low intensity hobby to fill in between studying and part time work. I bought a cheap canoe and a used fishing rod and started going bass fishing with old Wayne who lived across the street from me.

I hadn't fished any to speak of since I was about 14 years old, when I saw my first motorcycle, and I'd never developed much taste for fish nor learned how to prepare them, but Wayne helped me work my way through the basics of both catching and cooking the Sunshine Bass that were stocked in every little permanent puddle in central Florida. I still recall how amazed I was that these things would mistake a glittery purple strip of plastic for something they'd like to eat.

Anyway, I was maintaining my standard of never getting things quite right in life and was pursuing a thesis in microbiology. The reason that was wrong just then is that in 1981 President Reagan convinced the nation that the Soviets were about to beat us to the draw in the missile fight at OK Corral, and all the grant money in the country for graduate programs was then going to engineering and physics so we could build more sophisticated weapons. When my second thesis fell through because the grant wasn't forthcoming, I needed to sort of kill some time there in the university while we dug up something else to try, so I signed up for a course in limnology and as a research assistant for the professor of that class.

In case you don't know (as I didn't until I signed up for it) limnology is the study of fresh water ecosystems, lakes, rivers, and ponds. The research project Dr. Osbourn was pursuing was a study of herbivorous fish as a means of controlling the growth of nuisance water plants like Hydrilla and water hyacinths in isolated ponds and lakes. He'd been doing some widely regarded work with varieties of carp, but had decided to see if striped mullet had any future in the pond mowing business.

Now there were at least three good reasons for trying them. First, they were indigenous, so he didn't have to jump through all the hoops to get Dept. of Natural Resources consent to put them in ponds. Second, they live fine in fresh water but they can't breed until they get back to the ocean, so their numbers are controllable. And third, but high on the list, there are hundreds of thousands of them in Lake Harney, which is connected to the St. Johns River, less than an hour's drive north of Orlando. Ready availability of the subject had become a higher priority as the money supply drained away toward the next building on the campus. So Dr. Osbourn introduced me to the two other grad students on the project and we organized a mullet gathering trip. It was astounding.

The device of choice was a shocker boat. These things are totally illegal if you don't have a research permit, and for obvious reasons. They work way too well to let every yahoo with five grand go fill up his ice chest. It was a small pontoon boat with a 5kw 110v generator sitting in the middle of the deck.

## Smoked Mullet

Subsistence Fishing at a  
University Graduate Level

The power leads were hooked up to a pair of chains at the bows and a pair at the sterns, so when the genset was running there was a sizeable potent field of electron flow under the boat. The first rule Doc set was, "If you drop your wallet, your wallet is GONE. DO NOT reach into the water."

Collecting was done after sunset. The technique was to aim floodlights at the water along the front of the platform and two or three catchers would stand at the rail with long handled, non-conductive dip nets. When a fish entered the field it would convulse and roll. The light would flash off the silver scales on its side giving the net handler a cue that there was about a half a second to take a lunge at the fish. If the net missed the fish would somehow invariably get in a good thrash, leave the water, and cover the next hundred feet skipping along the surface like a biological torpedo. Obviously the shock wasn't doing them immediate mortal harm.

Not everything that we netted was a mullet. When a fish flashed, first you had to react and then, if you got it, identify. If it was a gar or a bowfin (also known as a mudfish), it was returned to the lake with great care taken to keep fingers away from the toothy part. There's a reason those two have remained successful predators since the dinosaurs were hatchlings. If it was a bass, it went back, too, unless it somehow fooled us all until we got back to the lab, when it was too late, so it might as well be fried up. That didn't happen much, though.

Now the reason I was there is that they were having about a third of the mullet die within a day of capture and, though they suspected physiological stress, they wanted to rule out bacterial involvement. So when we got back to the university with a tank full of fish we'd unload most into the test ponds, but put a random sample of 20 into a set of aquariums. Dave and I would sit up all the

rest of the night and the next day recording how each was doing. If they went into distress and died, we'd sample the skin and gut, plate it on growth media, and incubate the plates to identify what was there. Then we'd sample the ones that lived through 24 hours so we'd have a standard. At the end of it we'd have 20 big fresh mullet lying dead on the lab bench.

I hate waste. I couldn't stand to throw them away and Wayne (remember Wayne, across the street) had showed me how to smoke fish slow in the barbecue grill with some hickory chips on the coals and the vents almost shut. So after 36 hours without sleep, I'd clean fish for an hour while the charcoal got settled down, then stack those fillets on the grill and go catch about four or five hours in the sack. In the morning I'd pack up all that mess and take it up to the fifth floor of the biology building, where someone else would hustle up some potato chips and condiments and we'd all eat the research specimens.

Hell, we had to. Couldn't afford to BUY food. Only engineers and football players could do that. But then we couldn't be too mad at the engineers the day we took the food up to the roof so we could watch the space shuttle Columbia rise on its brilliant flaring tail out of the eastern horizon, with the ground shaking rumble of its power arriving a minute later from Canaveral, 50 miles away. A tremendous show to accompany the refreshments. Not all the tax money was wasted.

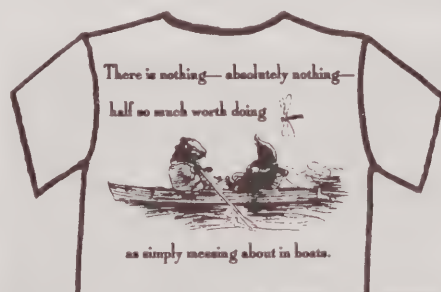


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Pete and Jim at the launching of my father's motor boat in 1936 on the St. Croix.



Three ribs were replaced first and then tensioned to keep the boat shape true. Dark area under rib is primer. All fastenings were copper rivets on all ribs and both old and new planks. My estimate is that about 1/2 of the old boat is original at this stage of its life, and I believe that it should last another 25 years or more with reasonable care.

Planking the bottom with clear boards, caulking and primer coat finally finished the job in November, 2002



## The Whalen Boat

By Chas. (Brand) Livingstone

The Whalen boys lived on a 200-acre wooded expanse with spacious green fields that looked down on the St. Croix River at Red Beach, Calais, Maine. Jim, the oldest, and Frank (Pete) were bachelor boat builders, often called "Pete and Repeat" because they always repeated each other when they talked. They worked both here and in Portland, Maine, during WWII. They built mostly power boats for the local trade, boats up to 50' and 60' for the commercial or pleasure trade and lots of rowing boats. They had no power in their house or barn so every plank and rib was cut by hand and processed by plane and hand saw.

John Gardner, who grew up a few miles up the river, in an interview article in *WoodenBoat* #40, by Peter Spectre, said, "When I was young I used to spend a good deal of time at a nearby boatshop owned by the Whalen boys. The shop had no power at all. Pieces were ripped out of rough sawn lumber with hand saws and then planed. They used adzes and broad axes. I was influenced by these men."

About 1928 they built a rowboat for my father, 15' long and shaped just like a schooner. It was a sturdy boat that we used hard during June, July, and August on the St. Croix River, rowing at first, sometimes tandem, five miles to Calais, four to St. Croix Island, and five to Docket Island for camping. Later we had a Johnson 4-horse which must have run 4000 miles before it wore out.

Hard use all through the '30s and the boat was still sound, but in the early '40s my two brothers and I went away to school, then WWII service, then jobs, marriage, and kids kept the boat in storage, and the boat was neglected. But during the '60s it was rejuvenated by a small boat builder in Eastport, Maine, Alfie Trott. Replacement of the stem, some helper ribs, a couple of bottom planks, and re-nailing made the boat seaworthy and kept it in use summers for the next 30 years in the tidal St. Croix River.

Before the rebuild my son Alan stepped a mast at the forward seat and stayed it to the gunnels with a rudder attached to the transom, finding that it sailed very well on a broad reach or downwind. Beating to windward there is a fair amount of slippage for the keel is only 3" amidships and goes to 6" at the stern. We expect that she will be sailing again upon spring launch. Her schooner-like lines when sailing remind me of the times I watched many schooners sailing the St. Croix. I think the Whalen boys must have scaled down one of the many half-model schooners they had in their barn to arrive at this boat's lines.

By late 2001 my son Alan said, "this boat is dangerous and should be repaired," and he was right. Most of the boat was now 75 years old and the rocky shores of the St. Croix had worn through the nail heads and she was leaking badly. I made contact with Dean Pike, a teacher at the Washington County Community College Boat School, in Eastport, Maine, and owner of Moose Island Marine, who also runs a boat repair shop and he surveyed the rowboat and gave me an estimate for a substantial rebuilding of this fine-lined historic

boat. The boat went into Dean's shop and the man assigned to do most of the work had another job but would work on this project when time allowed through the winter of '01 - '02, and spring, summer, and fall of '02. It was slow but thorough work over the year and careful attention was made to hold the shape of the boat while many new ribs were bent and bottom planks replaced.

It took considerably longer to finish the work than I had expected because the dedicated builder, Pete Hilyard, a product of the Eastport Boat School a few years ago, was busier than expected with stevedore work at the Eastport pier. Over the next 12 months of intermittent work he very carefully removed planks, old ribs, caulking, and floorboards and removed most of the old paint. Pete replaced 18 ribs, 10 half ribs, 8 keel blocks and 9 planks, and secured hundreds of copper rivets.

I trailered it back to my barn and in the summer of 2003 I finished the inside painting and fixed new blocks to the gunnels, fore and midships, and mounted the brass oarlocks. I had bought a set of light strong oars from Shaw and Tenny a few years ago. They are 7-1/2' long with leather and copper tips and a joy to row with.

She is a heavy, strong boat again but one can ask if it was a financial success. It wasn't, but I am a sentimental old codger (81) and I know that we have saved the Whalen's boat design. I have felt so comfortable in this boat over the years, in any weather, and can't wait for a spring 2004 launch in the St. Croix River. I could have had her in the water last summer but I had both knees replaced in April and that slowed me way down until too late in the fall. As a local historian with a history of "messaging about in boats" I feel good about saving another piece of St. Croix River history.



Dean Pike, who with a helper of his finished up the work and applied a prime coat of paint after caulking and I took delivery on November 7th, 2002.

Ready for launching 2004.



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Sam is putting the furniture in the Grumman Sport Boat improvement project. Well, actually, he is through. Furniture, to me, is the slowest and most aggravating part of boat building. We call anything that isn't the hull of the boat "furniture," that's the seats and the foredeck and all. This boat even has a little live box under the front seat. All that stuff takes way longer than it seems like it ought to take and, if you don't watch out you'll mess around and have to do a lot of it twice and make it take even longer.

Fitting seats is a good example of that. Not only do they have to go where they are supposed to, and fit in that place, they need some kind of center support. Even a heavy 3/4" thick seat will bend enough under a plump rump to spring at the sides. I like two props to the bottom of the boat under my seats. That way the seat can be thin and light. The live box under the front seat serves that purpose and I would put a flotation box under the stern seat to float the weight of the outboard motor in case I flip the boat in a high speed (7.2hp...) turn and sink it, but I want to be able to put the gas tank under there so I will be able to put my foot back in the very stern to tilt the motor when I come to a log or a stump in these boogery waters in which I intend to use this boat.

It has four vertical stanchions to brace the stern seat. What I plan to do is to use a 6-gallon plastic gas tank and only put two gallons of gas in it and tie it under the seat to those stanchions. I figure that'll float the engine at least so the boat won't hang vertically in the water. If I flip it, it'll serve me right to have to clean the engine and that thought might make me be more careful.

The front of the boat will be floated by the PFDs tied up under the foredeck. I know it is against conventional wisdom, but I don't wear a PFD unless I am out of range of something I think I can swim to under the conditions. I can swim a hell of a lot faster without any PFD than I can with one, and hypothermia don't give a damn if you have your life preserver on or not. Anyway, old men like

## Furniture

By Robb White

me are expendable, the world is just filling up with us and the yuppies need more room to drive.

We always glue the seat directly to the planking instead of adding the weight of a carlin or some kind of cleat. We have proven that a properly done end grain joint like that is plenty strong. It is hard to pull an inside measurement to get the length of both edges of a seat from planking to planking across the boat. That foolishness with using the case of the tape style rule to take an inside measurement just plain doesn't work. The old folding rule with the little telescoping tongue was better, but I made a little inside measuring rig a long time ago and it works so well that I haven't boogered up a seat in years.

What it is is just two pointed sticks which slide alongside each other and are held together by two spring clamps. We mark the position of the seat just where we want it on the sides of the boat and span the width with the two sticks and telescope them until the two points of the stick just touch the two points of the place where we want the corners of the seat and clamp them together. Then we can lay that out on the board we are going to use to make the seat. Once we get the width of one edge, we mark a mark square across the board and divide the difference of the length of the other edge so the seat winds up a symmetrical trapezoid (and you thought geometry didn't have any use in everyday life). It is possible to pull a width down the middle of the seat to get a little of the curve but we just eyeball that.

After you get the thing laid out, you have to think about the bevel so you won't go backwards and make the seat too short. On most of our transom style boats, the stern seat has to be beveled with the widest part on the bottom because of the tumblehome and the front

seat is beveled the opposite because of the flare. Keeping such as that straight keeps the brains liquid and nimble so they won't stiffen up on you before the time comes.

You can hop for the bevel gauge (I inherited mine from my momma) and do all sorts of contortions to try to make some mathematics out of that complex rolling bevel, but we just eyeball cut it, then plane it absolutely perfect with the block plane. Which, at that, I need to tell you something. I love a plane more than about any other woodworking tool.

I have a dearly beloved collection that I wouldn't take anything for. When I go to the coast, I carefully hide my favorite hand tools in a secret hiding place and my planes go first. I have a quick release Stanley low angle block plane like none I ever saw before. It has an adjustable throat and all and will shave the end grain of a seat most miraculously, and when the shavings pack up in the narrow gap between the front shoe and the frog I can pull the little cap off and take the blade out in exactly one second. It is a handy little thing.

But I don't use it to trim seats. I use the little Stanley nickel plated, stamped, sheet metal model maker's plane. It is low angle, too, and when I drop it on the concrete floor it just bounces two or three times and doesn't even need to have its blade adjusted. My good block plane is for big deals like transom edges and frames. I hate to tell you another thing, too. I just use a plane to touch up the bevel I put on there by eye on the edge sander.

I learned a long time ago to get the seat in the boat before you try to fit the center props. It's possible to fudge the seat a bit fore and aft to get it to fit exactly right but you can't do that if the position is fixed by some structure. Never build oarlock stations before the seats are fitted for the same reason.

In this boat, I fooled around and built the live box in there before I fitted the front seat so that eliminated most of the fudge factor. Not only will you not be able to move the seat forward into the taper of the sides of the boat, you won't be able to raise it up or lower it down just a skoshe to make it fit, either. The whole thing has to come together at the same time. It was aggravating but we built the seat about an inch wider than the live box and started with most of that inch hanging over the back side so we could slide it forward to tighten up if we needed to as we refined the bevel. It got to fit before we got the seat centered, though, and we just quit right there so the front of the seat has a little less overhang than the back...dang...imperfection...oh well.

I wasn't going to tell you this but I have to or my self respect will be jeopardized and I can't have that. I built the live box on a whim one rainy weekend when Sam was not working. I had to build it and fit it and fiberglass it inside and out. It wasn't much actual work but it took a long time for the epoxy to get right at each stage so it was an all weekend project. I figured I needed to have it in there and finished when Sam came in on Monday morning, so I got up in the middle of the night after the last epoxy had got to where it wasn't too sticky to handle and went in there and glued the box in the bottom of the boat and fiberglassed the joint real good so if the bottom were to flex a little, it wouldn't break loose and make the live box leak.

Even at 3:00 in the morning I had sense enough to Scotch Brite™ the place where the

box was going to go so the epoxy would stick but, when I did that, I erased my marks. I knew about where they were supposed to be, though and I thought the box would only fit in the right place so I just lined her up symmetrically with the strips in the bottom of the boat and glued her in there and went back to bed.

The next morning, Sam came in and fitted the floorboards (more on that later). I was busy writing an article about shrimpboats for *WoodenBoat* to a deadline (it'll come out in May) so I just let him have at it.

After a while I noticed that the bandsaw was silent and there was no sound of screws being driven or anything and I went in there and he was staring at the live box and scratching his head. "You know," he said, "I don't know exactly how to tell you this, Pop, but that live box is exactly one strip width off center."

In the middle of the night I had miscounted strips and made a 1-1/8" error. Of course, I didn't tell him that. "Of course it is," I proclaimed. "I did that so the water in the live box off to port like that would offset the weight of the trolling motor on the starboard rail."

"Yeah, right," he said and went back to fitting floorboards.

I don't know if I told you this before or not but I love floorboards in a boat. There are a lot of pros and cons and all sorts of arguments about worms and minnows getting under there and lost hooks and all, but I hate like hell to fish in cold weather with wet feet. I even built a set of plywood floorboards for the old Grumman, but they didn't hold up and I never got around to making a proper set.

I'll tell you what a proper set is. The lumber needs to be quarter sawn. If you can't get that, you need to make sure that the inside of the board (the part that faced the heart of the tree when the board was still in the log) faces up. Most people (including Howard I. Chappelle) erroneously think the outside of the tree is supposed to be on top. Lumber shrinks more on the outside than on the inside, so you wind up with the boards cupped up. Think about it and do it right and your floorboards will be a pleasure instead of having the edges cupped up to splinter and check. I recommend tulip poplar (yellow poplar... *Liriodendron tulipifera*) for floorboards. It is remarkably stable and the annual rings are the same density so it weathers uniformly.

Proper floorboards in a properly stored boat dry out real well so you can get away with a good little bit of sapwood without worrying about rot. I make floorboards 1/2"

thick and put a good many little floor timbers to support them off the bottom of the boat. I fasten them down with enough screws to keep them from blowing out of the boat on the trailer but you can use all sorts of ingenious toggles and little strings through the limber holes or you can just leave them loose between the frames of the boat.

Never fasten floorboards down with Phillips head screws. I hate to be like this but I don't have much respect for Mr. Phillips. If you want to get cute, those square drive house trailer style screws will run rings around a Phillips screw for holding onto the screwdriver but you don't want to use them to hold the floorboards down, either. Like a Phillips, the little hole will fill up with stomped in mud and you might not be able to get the screw out when you drop the last shear pin and it rolls under the floorboards with all those mummified minnows and worms. You can usually get a straight slot screw out, though.

So there it is with all the furniture in there. There are a few odds and ends like the drain plug and the bronze stem hardware and I'll cover that later. Another odd end is the rails. We'll put them on there in one day and, even though I had an article about rails in a previous issue, I'll touch that subject briefly, again, at another time.

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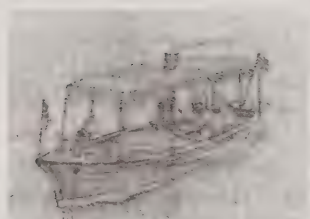
## EXETER MARITIME MUSEUM OF BOATS

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).

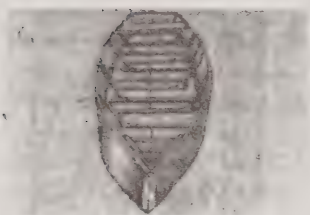
The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

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.

**Notice: this museum is no longer in existence.**



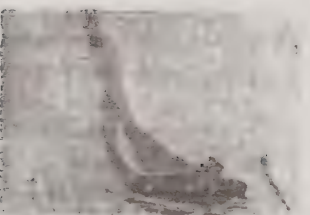
- 87. HERO** A steam launch of great beauty restored and returned to steam by Mr. Tom Trevethick for John Players of Nottingham, HERO has been seen at many regattas and featured in the TV series 'The Onedin Line'. She was probably built in the 1880s by Andrews of Maidenhead and spent her life running trips on the Thames at Windsor, but was rescued from dereliction in a Somerset farmyard by Mr. Christopher Stirling who now owns her.



- 88. DORDOGNE BOAT** Probably the only example of a European boat of this unusual construction still in existence. There is evidence to show that boats were built in this way in North Germany two thousand years ago, but much has yet to be learnt. It is noteworthy that although the boat is derelict, none of the ribs (which are made of chestnut) have broken.



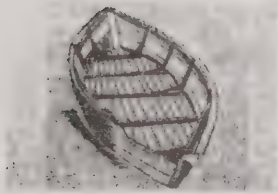
- 89. INTERNATIONAL 14 FOOT RACING DINGHIES (ALARM AND LIGHTNING)** ALARM and LIGHTNING, both winners of the Prince of Wales Cup, are modelled on Uffa Fox's first really successful planing dinghy AVENGER. The International 14 was the forerunner of all the planing dinghies of today. The craftsmanship in these boats is outstanding.



- 91. MORGAN GILES INTERNATIONAL FOURTEEN** This boat, with its bronze centre plate and bamboo mast, represents the era of Internationals before Uffa Fox's break-through with AVENGER which put all craft before it out of date, as well as astern. This probably accounts for the fact that this boat, shipped to America in 1927, probably never raced there and is therefore in its completely original 1925 condition.



- 92. BRAZILIAN JANGADA** A log sailing raft used on the North-eastern coast of Brazil. The sail is stitched to the mast and there is a centreboard. Obtained with grants from the British and Brazilian Governments.



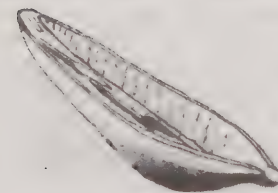
- 93. SEDGEMOOR WITHIES PUNT** Used in the drainage ditches of Sedgemoor in Somerset to carry bundles of withies for basket making or reed for thatching. The shape is governed by the width of the ditches. Presented by Mr. Alan Coggle of Somerton.



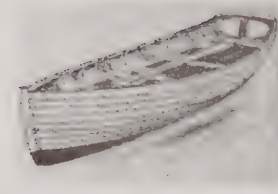
- 94. WESTERN SAMOAN OUTRIGGER** A well made and symmetrical dugout with an outrigger closer to the hull than is usual in the South Pacific. An outrigger is not an indication that the boat needs support when sailing, it merely reflects the narrowness of the hull and the conditions of water in which it works.



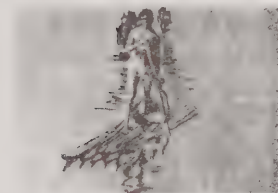
- 95. TUVALU OUTRIGGER** A very light dugout from the South Pacific. Tuvalu is better known as the Ellice Island - part of the group of islands that Arthur Grimbell described in his delightful books 'A Pattern of Islands' and 'Return to the Islands'.



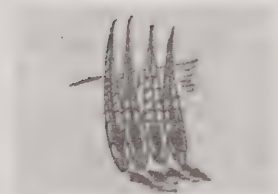
- 96. ZAIRE RIVER DUGOUT** Absence of an outrigger on a dugout is usually an indication of sheltered waters - in this case 800 miles up the Zaire. Presented to the Museum, along with all his annotated charts, by the navigator of the Zaire River Expedition, Squadron Leader Mike Barnard.



- 97. SIX-OARED GIG** A beautifully proportioned and built rowing boat of about 1925. Presented by Mrs Pamela Poole of Corse Lawn in Gloucestershire.



- 98. WESTERN AUSTRALIAN RAFT** A single-man raft representing a type of craft that probably existed on earth for upwards of 40,000 years. Presented by the Government of Western Australia to mark the 150th anniversary of the founding of the State.



- 99. BEACH REED BOAT FROM HUANCHACO, PERU** A long graceful raft made of Tortora Reed carrying a single man riding "jockey-fashion." Hence the local name of caballito.



- 100. SEDGEMOOR TURF BOAT** The turf boat is used for transporting peat or turf used for fuel and cut from the Sedgemoor levels. It has been strengthened with bolts and rods but the bottom, made of one single plank of elm, is noteworthy.

Articles on Robert H. Cloutman (1923-2002), boatbuilder of Marblehead, Massachusetts, his father Albert Henry, and grandfather Henry, published earlier in *Messing About In Boats* (June 1, November 1, and 15, 2003) precipitated generous feedback.

In June 2003 Bob's daughter Jeannie Parker e-mailed, "As I was reading along (the manuscript), I wanted to share with you my ideas on what I have always thought of as the unique societal position of the boatbuilder/boatyard owner. Because my dad worked with such a variety of people, from fishermen to doctors to mechanics to priests, he made close and lifelong friendships with all different personalities and economic classes of individuals. He was as comfortable sitting outside of a fisherman's shanty as he was attending a cocktail party at Leonard Cronkite's house. His life was quite well-rounded and full, he loved to travel, he was a fabulous dancer, a voracious reader, an avid snow skier, and even had his scuba license! I also couldn't help but think of how World War II was the catalyst for so many changes-to-be to the small town, insulated lifestyle...how it opened up the world to that generation."

Jeannie shared a collection of old family portraits, tintypes, and a daguerreotype. They were held by Bob's mother, Alice Horne Cloutman, a pillar of the Baptist Church who never remarried after Albert's death in 1951, though she lived another 41 years and died at 92 years of age in 1992. The formal images of stern, hardy looking ancestors include Bob's great grandfather, Albert Imperial, and Bob's grandparents, Henry and Harriet Alice Imperial Cloutman, dated 1888, the year of their marriage.

At the 2003 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop in Mystic, Richard Sleeper of Troy, New York, introduced himself, having read my account of Bob's "little sailboat" in the June 1 issue of *Messing About In Boats*. He spoke of his father, Thomas Till Sleeper of

## Robert H. Cloutman, Boatbuilder

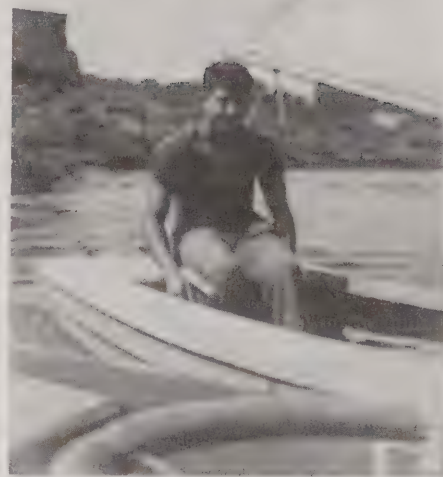
### Postscript

By Sharon Brown

Marblehead, who from 1946 through 1991 built four modified Chamberlain Swampscott dories, a Sam Brown double ender, and several stitch and glue kayaks. I subsequently learned from Tom that he was the one who collected Albert's plans for the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem some years ago.

In July, Bob's grandson, Nick, laid out family photograph albums on the dining table and I turned pages which chronicled Bette and Bob's life outside of boats. I lingered over frames of Bob, Alice, and Albert at Graves' New Hampshire camp, and Bob and David Johnson in 1938 in the cove off Brown's Island in the 14' sloop that Albert had built in the cellar. The yearbook entry for Bob, Marblehead High School Class of 1941, was prescient, "Bob's happy combination of wit and gravity have won instant and universal approval." There were wedding pictures of Margaret Elizabeth Carter, then assistant head nurse at Salem Hospital, and Bob with best man Walter Barlett on May 2, 1945, and a record of Bob's Navy service from December 1942 through his discharge in March of 1946. Afterwards, on a stunningly beautiful morning, I walked Old Burial Hill Cemetery above Redd's Pond and read the weathered grey headstones of Cloutmans buried there.

Also in July, Tom Sleeper generously shared a copy of his notes on the Cloutman plans. But I was not to learn until November that Tom died on his morning walk outside his Marblehead home on August 14. The news



Bob Cloutman at the helm of the lapstrake sloop which his father Albert designed and built for him ca. 1934 in the cellar of their Norman Street home in Marblehead (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).

was numbing and we are bereft of his knowledge. His obituary in the *Marblehead Reporter* outlined his lifelong interest in boats, his passion for wooden boatbuilding, and his active volunteerism in many groups, including his work at the Peabody Essex Museum.

Almost a year after Robert Cloutman died, I viewed the plans which he donated to the Peabody Essex Museum. Drawings P3317 to P3336 (A to E) are those of his father Albert H. Cloutman (1897-1951). Across the table from Curatorial Assistant, George Schwartz, of the Maritime Arts and History Department, I examined each sheet, occasionally supplementing Tom's notes taken in May 1994. Without Bob or Tom to elucidate, the pencil sketches on scraps of paper, formal ink drawings on linen, and job estimates in pencil remained mute, the magnifying glass given to me by John Gardner only serving to accentuate my ignorance.

There were exceptions. Sheet P3325 is a pencil drawing by A.H.C. dated March 19, 1932, of the 15' lapstrake (referred elsewhere as 14' or 14'8") decked sailing skiff with sliding gunter main. This is the sloop which Albert built in his cellar and which Bob learned to sail and donated to Mystic Seaport Museum (Accession No. 79.26 with three station molds 69.58.1-3, see *MAIB* June 1, 2003). P3321 is a sheet of lines for the 32' Eastern Yacht Club launch dated December 19, 1936, built by Albert in 1937 at James E. Graves, Inc. (copy in Bob's collection as previously noted, *MAIB* November 15, 2003). P3319 is a drawing of the lines of a 30' lobsterboat with offsets which appears to be the lobsterboat, *Bob*, which Albert designed and built for himself and launched in 1944.

Sheet P3324 holds the lines of a 31'6" x 10' V-bottom lobsterboat which Tom noted, "three built in winter." That would be the *Patty Z.*, *Millie II*, and another for the Zdanowicz brothers in the winter of 1948 (see *Wooden Boats To Build And Use*, by John

On the left, Albert Cloutman, superintendent of James E. Graves, Inc. at the Beacon Street yard in Marblehead where he worked until 1946. With Albert is Harold Smith, founder of Salem Oil & Grease, and Marquis S. Smith, both of whom competed against Albert in the Alpha/Beachcomber dory races sponsored by the Corinthian Yacht Club (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).





Two views of the *Lizzie H.*, a 30' V-bottom lobsterboat designed by Albert Cloutman and built in his Calthrope Road boat shop with Bob for Marblehead fisherman, Ed Hawkes: shortly after her launch (left) and later, with a rig for towing with her boom (right). "She was pretty wet going to windward in a good breeze," Hawkes added (Edward F. Hawkes Collection).

Gardner 1996, *MAIB* November 15, 2003). P3330 is a pencil drawing of a 15' x 4'11" rowing skiff drawn by A.H.C. and dated May 1949 and January 1951 and is likely the plan for the rental skiffs which Bob and Albert built for the Marblehead Transportation Company (*Maine Coast Fisherman* December 1951) and Bob later donated the molds to Mystic Seaport Museum (Accession No. 1969.59.1-1969.59.11).

Other plans, all drawn by Albert, include: a 15' x 4' dory with tombstone transom dated January 11, 1935 (P3331), the 32' x 10'2" runabout *Honker*, drawn December 9, 1936, and built for Link Davis of Marblehead by James E. Graves, Inc. (P3326), alterations drawn March 26, 1938, for James E. Graves, Inc. of the 33+ x 15'3" power cruiser *Margaret*, owned by M. Ferguson (P3322), a 21'6" x 5'7" sailing dory, drawn April 9, 1938 (lwl 17'2", sail area 123sf main, 27sf jib, total 150sf, P3336), a 22' x 7'6" double ended dory dated November 15,

1938 (P3337A), and a 25'6" round bottom lobsterboat drawn in November 1947 (P3323). Miscellaneous sheets and scraps of paper, include sketches of a 21' catboat, with estimates for labor and materials, for W.F. Roy, a 18'3" loa double ended dory, a 7'2" skiff, a 15'6" skiff, and a 19'3" loa dory

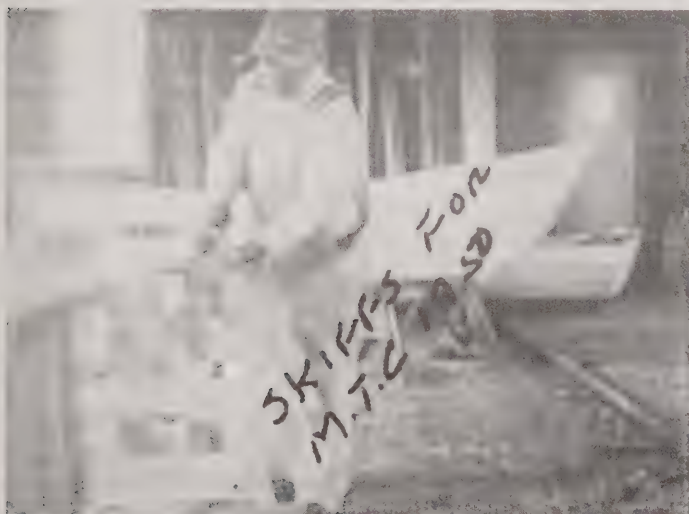
Bob was loathe to discard that which he thought would be of value to the small museum near his summer camp on Sokokis Lake in Limerick, Maine. He donated more than 50 items (in 1985, 1986, and 1992) once belonging to his father and grandfather to Willowbrook Museum at Newfield. He recognized the dory skiff on display there, donated to Mr. King, the founder of the museum, as one that he and his father Albert had built in 1949.

Fred Bartlett's V-bottom lobsterboat, *Millie II*, built by Albert and Bob Cloutman, was featured in a brief article comparing the lobster fisheries of Beverly, Massachusetts, and Point Judith, Rhode Island (*Maine Coast*

*Fisherman*, December 1950). Though separated by a mere 75 miles, not only did the price of lobsters vary by 10¢ a pound, but the approximately 40 lobstermen operating from Beverly in 1950 fished an average of 260 traps, setting ten traps per trawl vs. the 20 or so Pt. Judith boats which averaged 100 traps each, deployed singly, and commanded the higher per pound price of 45¢. Both fisheries had adopted flat traps over the half round variety which they deemed less practical.

I was unsuccessful locating the McCorisons of Dark Harbor, Maine, who in the mid-1950s were milling wood and discussing with John Gardner their plans to build Albert's 31' V-bottom lobsterboat in cedar with locust frames and considering rock maple for the keel (*Maine Coast Fisherman*, April 1957), and attempts to locate photographs of the *Patty Z.*, reputedly at a dock in Gloucester, or the *Stella Z. II* (*Wooden Boats To Building And Use*, Chapter 12), last reported at the Hawthorne Cove Marina in Sa

Albert (left) planes the bottom bevel to accept the garboard for one of the skiffs he built in his shop with son Bob (right) before his death in November 1951. Bob identified one of these skiffs in the collection of the Willowbrook Museum, Newfield, Maine. He donated the molds to Mystic Seaport Museum, and later, the plans to the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).



lem have also been foiled. But, I did meet one of "Bobby's pals," Dan Brayton, Sr. of Marblehead aboard *Deva*, his 36'6" L. Francis Herreshoff designed double ended ketch (*WoodenBoat* No. 157, 2000), at Mystic Seaport. He spoke highly of Bob, who did some work on his Meadowlark and planned the installation of *Deva's* Westerbeke diesel.

It was interesting to learn that the rudder of the 24' x 11'3" Eldredge-McInnis, Inc. designed catboat, *Trim Again*, which is under repair for her Old Lyme, Connecticut owner, in the shop of Taylor & Snediker Woodworking in Pawcatuck, Connecticut, was built in 1959 for Stanley W. Ferguson (1887-1963). It was his 50' express cruiser, *Trim-Too*, which was destroyed in an explosion in 1940 next to superintendent Albert Cloutman's office at Graves Beacon St. yard.

With reference to planking the 38' picket boats during the war effort at Graves, some recall that it was one round of plank finished per eight hour shift. There were three planks in each strake and two strakes per round. Each night that John Gardner worked planking the boats, depending upon the amount of backing out necessary, with one man spiling each plank and two men hanging the plank, fastening it on the boat, it was possible to go around the boat once only, six planks tops. There was enough variation from boat to boat that it was not efficient to make a pattern for each plank as is common in production shops. Some dispute the total of 64 picket boats built at Graves, believing the total was actually 73.

Walter J. McInnis of Eldredge-McInnis of Boston was the design agent for the 38' picket boat. According to Robert L. Scheina (1982, *U.S. Coast Guard Cutters & Craft of World War II*, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, Maryland), 538 picket boats were built at different yards around the country, 68 before December 7, 1941, and 470 after. Weighing up to 15,700 lbs., the carvel planked hulls, 38' loa x 10'4" x 3', were powered by various engines depending on the boatyard contract and achieved maximum speeds of up to 19kts. Ubiquitous during the war, the two man cabin patrol boats were used for policing harbors and the coastline and other adjunct Coast Guard work.

A table in Scheina's book prepared by W.D. Wilkinson indicates that James E. Graves, Inc. used 225hp Kermath gasoline engines and built 34 boats in 1942 (20 costing \$11,595 each and 14 costing \$11,767 each) and 30 in 1942-43 (\$11,156 per boat). By this account Graves built a total of 64 picket boats. No wonder that 20 years later, when John Gardner was commenting on boat shop production work, he opined from personal experience, having planed up thousands of feet of northern white cedar planking for over a year. He stated that no time would be wasted "on being fussy where it was not necessary." And he added, "I got so I knew every plank and could have got them out in my sleep" (letter K. Durant, September 15, 1964).

I learned also that Lincoln Hawkes of Marblehead worked on the larger sea sleds built at Graves (*Maine Coast Fisherman*, May 1960). He "worked with the machine shop crew during construction and was the engineer during trials and subsequent delivery to the navy at Norfolk." Rich St. Pierre of Salem still has occasion to fire a cannon built by Lincoln's brother, Bill Hawkes of Marblehead, "out of a big shaft of a boat that



In Marblehead Ed Hawkes (back to the camera) and crew haul Gerry Smith's gunning dory, *Republican*, at the end of duck hunting season. This 17' dory built in Smith's Pond Street shop in 1960 was featured in John Gardner's last book, *Wooden Boats To Build And Use*, published posthumously in 1996. Gerry's son, Lyman now rows *Republican* on lakes near his home in South Sutton, New Hampshire. This is the boat which inspired Ed, his son Ted, and Bob Cloutman to build a 16' copy in his shop in 1976 (Edward F. Hawkes Collection).



The Perkins family of Marblehead, eight-year old Ned, his brother Robert, sister Susanne and their mother, Hazel Stone Perkins, enjoy flounder fishing in this 1945 photograph of one of Gerry Smith's gunning dories near Brown's Island (Edward Perkins Collection).

we hauled. The carriage is made from the *Mohawk*. The wheels are made from *Old Ironsides'* lignum vitae blocks, and the bottom of it, an axle of live oak, is made from the battleship *New Hampshire*." Rich added, "Smart as a whip, Linc Hawkes. I used to bring my family down on Sunday morning. He used to play the organ. No music. He worked with John at Graves" (personal communication, 2002).

Ginny Bates Williams shared information about her father, Mandon Bates (1915-2001). Predeceased by Virginia, his wife of 48 years, he founded Bates Boat Yard at Little Harbor, Marblehead, fished commercially, and worked at marine railways in Gloucester, Manchester, and Graves. Then, with Marblehead neighbor Ed Hawkes, he formed the marine survey firm Bates & Hawkes, doing business in Boston for 18 years before retiring in the 1970s. Despite taking up civic

duties at his summer home in New Durham, New Hampshire, he was still living in his Marblehead, Norman St. home on a sweltering afternoon in the summer of 2001 when I "interviewed" him through the screen door, hollering to be heard, while he rested comfortably out of sight in his skivvies.

In mid-December Gerald Smith's son Lyman wrote, "I well remember the Cloutmans. I was about 12 when Albert died but I spent four wonderful years running one of his 26' launches for the Corinthian Y.C. while in high school and college. Mrs. Cloutman (Alice) walked by our house on Pond St. every day. She was one of the nicest ladies Marblehead ever had. Dad worked with Bob at the shop on Calthrope Rd. during winters when he was on Mercury. And I skated against Bob on Redd's Pond. He was better than good and he spotted me about 20 years! I hadn't seen him for years until he and Bette

arrived at Dad's funeral. I was devastated to see how terribly bent and hurting he was from the arthritis. They were all such wonderful people, the spirit of Marblehead."

And finally, in a letter to his *Dory Book* collaborator, Sam Manning (January 31, 1963), John Gardner shared photographs of his "second 19' surf boat being built at Bob Cloutman's in Marblehead. This boat has a pronounced sheer curve, possibly its most slightly and characteristic feature." The tense might lead you to believe that the boat was built in 1963, but it was actually built earlier, in the winter of 1960-1961. It replaced the boat built at Frederick J. Dion Yacht Yard of Salem by John Gardner with Fred Dion's son, Richard "Dick" Dion, from lines which grew tattered on the shop wall over the years, "19-Foot Surf Dory, Lines Plan and Offsets, Sheet 1, and 19-Foot Surf Dory, Construction Details, Sheet 2. As built for the Texas Company per order NYF-91900-L of April 14, 1955, Improved and redrawn March, 1956, Re: Lines and Offsets, Sheet 1, Mate-

rials List, General Specifications, Building Notes, John Gardner."

After 55 years of marriage, Bette is adapting to solo with Callie, a kitten, gift of her grandson. She celebrated Thanksgiving 2003 with family at the camp. "In September the whole family came and we hired a boat and went out to Half Way Rock where we scattered some of Bob's ashes. We will scatter some at the camp. He's everywhere!"

There is more to tell about Bob, his family, and colleagues, and their contribution to the tradition of wooden boatbuilding. Perhaps these remembrances will smoke out other leads and eventually more information about John Gardner (1905-1995), the person who first wrote about the Cloutmans 46 years ago while he was working at Dions.

Lunch at Maddie's in late November revealed that the Alpha/Beachcomber silver plate trophy won by Albert has still not made its way back.

"See you later, Bob."

(Submitted: December 29, 2003)



The surf dory which John Gardner designed, and built in 1955 with Dick Dion, for the Texas Petroleum Co. Damaged beyond repair in a bad landing on a beach in Nicaragua, Bob Cloutman built her replacement in his Marblehead boat shop in the winter of 1960-61. Behind her in the shop at Frederick J. Dion Yacht Yard, Salem is the the 39' auxiliary cutter *Blue Peter* wrecked in Hurricane Carol (John Gardner Photograph).



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Sleeper's plans and instruction sheets are very complete and have everything one needs to build the craft. The instructions even give additional information on how to do some special tasks and also how to set up the boat for sailing.

Most builders will be able to read the Sleeper's blueprints without any problem whatsoever as there are many isometric or 3D views to clarify all details. Along with this information there are a couple pages of photos of various construction steps. Therefore, any average person, even without basic boat building skills, should be fully capable of building Sleeper. With the aid of all that information and this series of articles building Sleeper should be completely trouble-free.

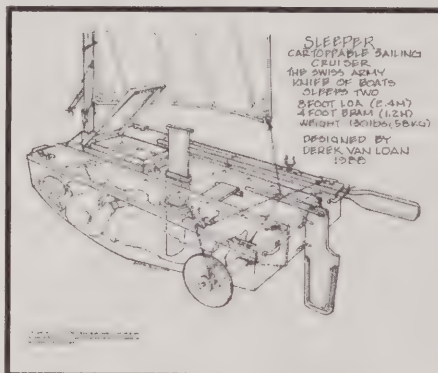
One area that might give some problems, that is, for one who is not real good at reading blueprints, is the drawing on the plans for the mast support and its installation. It is drawn clearly and has a small 3D drawing to clarify how it is built. However, I can see where some may have to study the details on the drawing for some time before it becomes clear. For those people I have prepared a sketch along with a few building notes.

Sleeper's mast is located forward on the hull, and the mast and its support is designed so the spar can be raised and struck easily at any time.

## Building Sleeper

### Part 10

By Don Elliott



On Page 15 of the instructions there is a detailed explanation of how to build the mast support and cut the hole in the deck to receive it, so I will not repeat that information. Various tips and hints are given in Sleeper's instructions to make certain that every essential step is covered and this series is just an

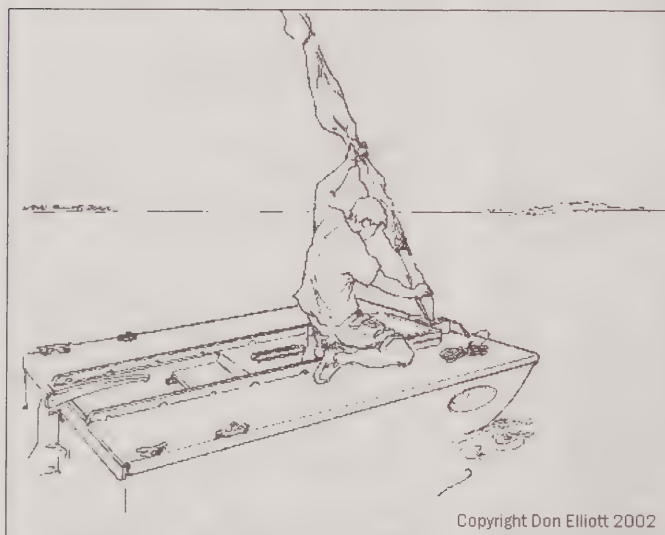
additional aid for the building process. Simply make certain that the hull is level in all planes so that the spar will stand straight.

Below is a sketch of the mast support, left off this view for clarity is the forward brace, and this brace is clearly visible in the drawing above and is shown on the plans in detail.

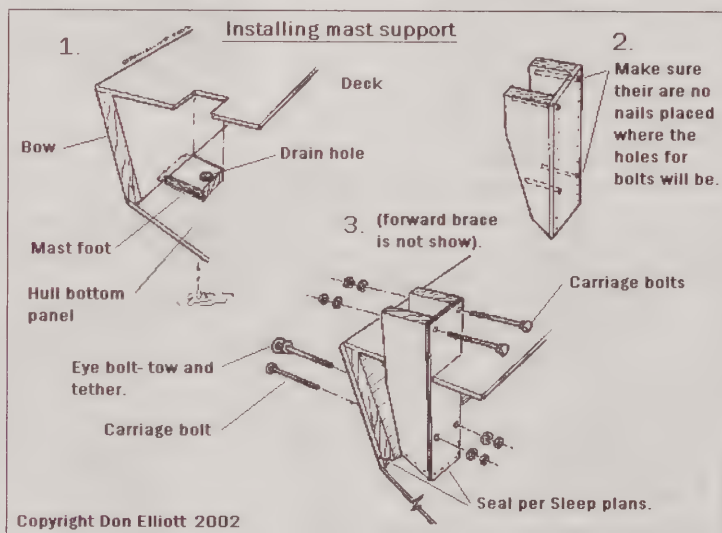
At the mast foot is a support (View 1 in the sketch) designed with a drain hole in it. This allows any standing water in the mast pocket to leave that area. In Step 2 it is important not to install any ring nails in the area where the boltholes will go (or you will be drilling through them). To avoid this condition, lay out the hole for the bolts on the back piece of the mast support prior to nailing it in place, and hammer the nails around these future bolt location.

Note in View 3 that one of the fasteners is an eyebolt, the other three are simply plain carriage bolts. This eyebolt allows a line to be attached at the bow. The plans specify the material for these items and all fasteners should be fully bedded down with compound at installation, this will prevent rot from occurring at the bolts. An oversize washer should be used on the tow-strap/tether eyebolt. Sleeper's instruction and plans give details on how to seal the mast support area.

(To Be Continued)



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# Building A Stitch and Glue Melonseed

By Phil Maynard

Reprinted from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

I took the two pages from Chapelle's book and developed sections that could be built in plywood/stitch and glue/multichine construction. I tried to hold as closely as possible in overall dimensions to the original, except for three areas:

1. The bow is radically different in order to build in plywood, the original was not at all possible in plywood. The garboard/middle plank joint does not rise in elevation going forward as is convention, instead it dives down to make the bottom plank "disappear" since the middle plank had a much better chance to follow the forward sections whereas the bottom plank could not.

2. I straightened the back lower run (that seemed to me better than trying to follow the original sections which were not very clear from the Chapelle sections just exactly what they were anyway).

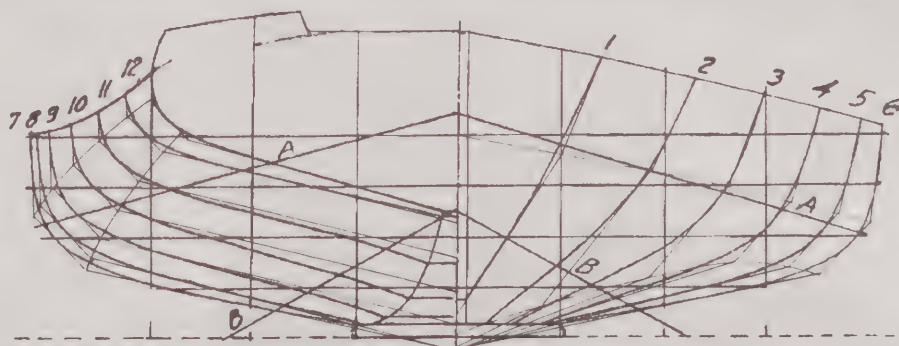
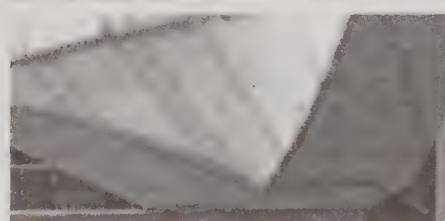
3. I increased the camber of the deck beams (to give more room under the forward deck, otherwise it was so tight as to make it almost unusable).

Hauling the Melonseed, I use a truck cradle instead of a trailer. It may look unstable but it actually handles better than a trailer. I have lights on the top of the rear deck and a rubber trailer roller in the very back of the cradle. I can launch and retrieve the boat directly into the water by myself. In the cradle photo, the upper rack on the truck was to carry a rowing scull and is not part of the Melonseed cradle rig. I also built a dolly so that I can store the boat on its side in my garage so it does not take up so much space.

From the beginning I put effort into trying to make it easy for someone to duplicate my boat if they were so inclined, even though I was building a one-off. I was always thinking from the beginning "how could the boat be mass produced and what can/should I do now towards that end?" That may, of course, be a moot point and I'm sure there are many ways to improve what I did from that point of view, but that was my intention anyway.

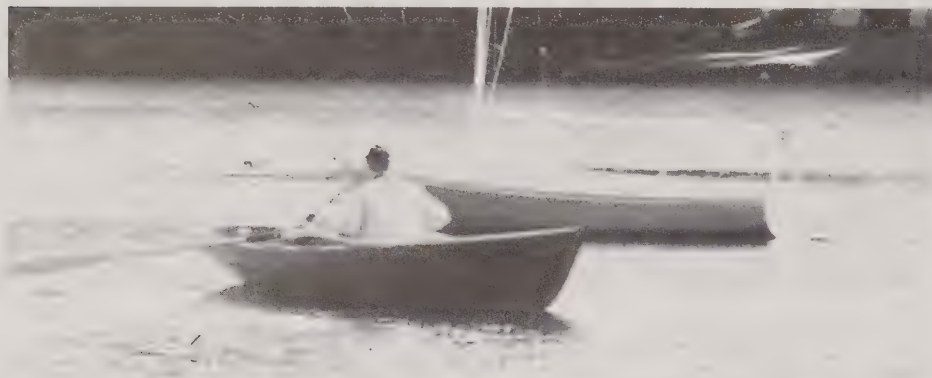
I have lots of photos on my website, [www.prnaynard.lunarpages.com](http://www.prnaynard.lunarpages.com), and I was going to develop a set of plans but have been busy with other things.

You can reach me by e mail at <[phil@pmaynard.lunarpages.com](mailto:phil@pmaynard.lunarpages.com)>





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## Bolger on Design

### Victoria Recreational Rowboat

Design #218  
 Length 15'6" - Breadth 4'2"

Publication of my Spur rowing boat in a big circulation magazine produced a flood of letters asking for plans. Knowing how much skill and patience it had taken to execute that design, I thought that broadcasting the plans was a bad idea that would lead to a lot of frustration, and refused to release them. I think now that I had no business making such a decision for other people (some of whom probably had enough skill and patience to get it done). I should just have made it known what I thought about it and let people make their own decisions. However that may be, the editors of *Popular Boating* commissioned a design that, I thought, would be what these people ought to want and would enjoy if they got it. Victoria was the result. A good many plans sets were sold and a few of them got built, not many as rowing for pleasure was at a low ebb at the time.

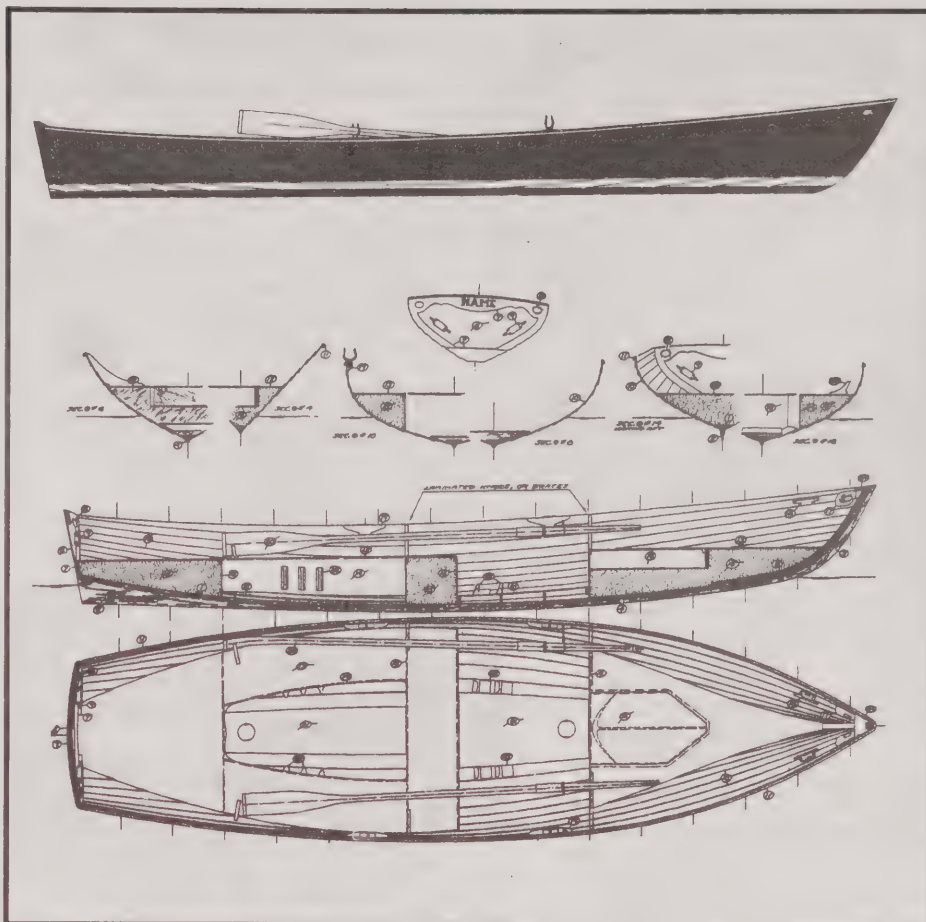
John Hoagland of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, was one of the select few. He made a lovely job of the boat which, while not in the class of difficulty of Spur, was demanding enough. The dark boat (actually bright finished) is his, I'm sorry but I've lost the name of the builder of the white boat, which looks like an equally good job. When *MAIB* published my account of Spur, John wrote me saying, among other things, "You do yourself a disservice if Bolger & Friends does not follow up on the Spur I article with a piece on Victoria. It is my humble opinion that Victoria is one of the best human propelled boat designs, ever." He has a point and, after all, there can't be too much written about the pleasures of rowing.

This design, made in 1964, stands up quite well. The sharpness of the bow is exaggerated, as the shape of the bow flat in plan view shows, but too fine is better than too blunt and these boats certainly go against choppy water with a beautifully smooth action, and go cleanly at all times. John may or may not be rowing fast in his photo, there's no telling because with a light load his Victoria won't make appreciable waves at any speed. If one of these is towed she has no more, maybe not as much, drag as the usual 8' pram or inflatable. The catch to using her as a tender would be a great reluctance to run her into the usual dinghy park.

When I designed SPUR II 30-odd years later, I gave her less rake to the stem for a longer waterline and lower sides amidships for a lower angle of oars. We like Spur II very much, but it's doubtful that the difference in action is detectable in a recreational rowing context. I do like Spur II's style a trifle better, and with fewer strakes with smaller laps she was faster to build. These were the reasons for making a new design, other than that I simply like drawing rowboats!

I also eliminated most of the seating flats and positive buoyancy compartmentation, the reason for that being to save weight in a boat we carry on a cartop rack rather than a trailer. John Hoagland's boat weighs 160 lbs., of which probably 50 is in this interior joiner-work. It doesn't make a big difference afloat, but for carrying around on shore it does. There is one difference afloat. I had a chance to try an ultralight version of Victoria with a shell of 3/8" Airex foam very thinly sheathed with fiberglass and with a single light thwart. It weighed about 90 lbs. and its most noticeable quality was acceleration. When I took a stroke, she leaped ahead. Contrary to some opinions, this is more valuable than momentum in rough water. She also had a very short braking distance. Of course, all that positive buoyancy might be a comfort in some circumstances, but we've been through some very rough water in Spur II and never come close to needing it. She is unsinkable, of course.

Plans of Victoria, our Design #218, are available from us for \$75 ppd. first class mail, to build one boat. Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





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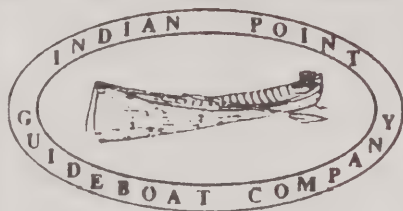
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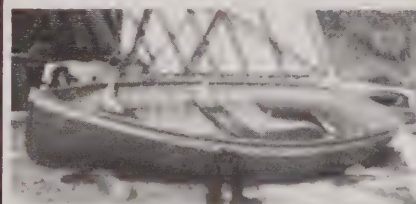
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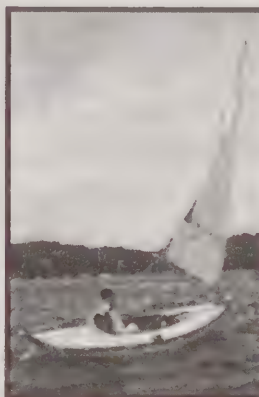


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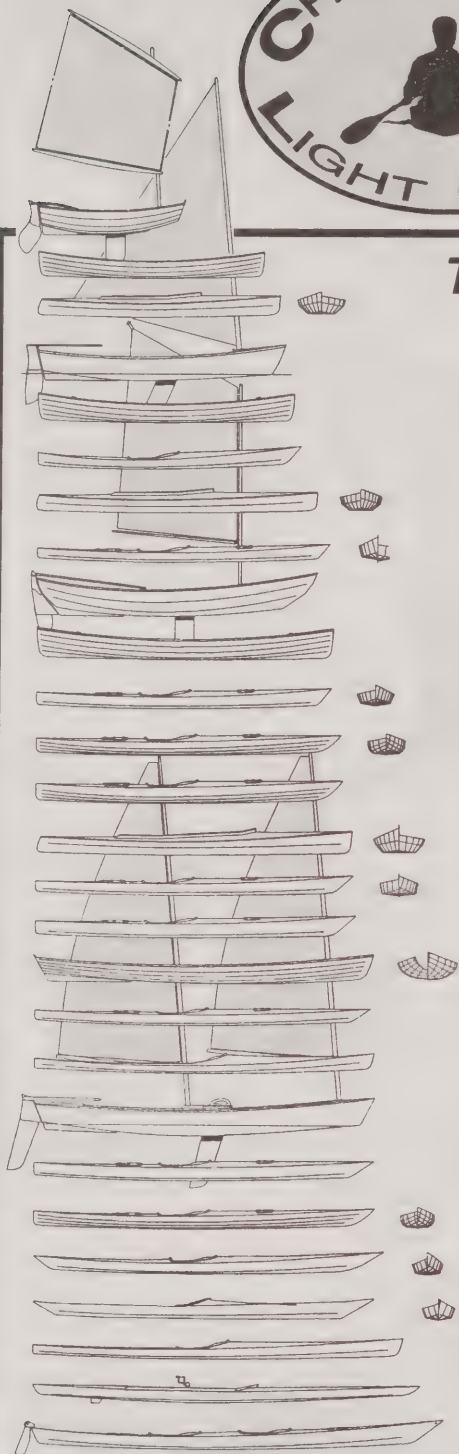


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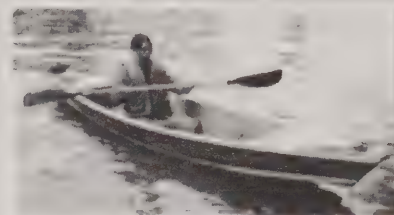
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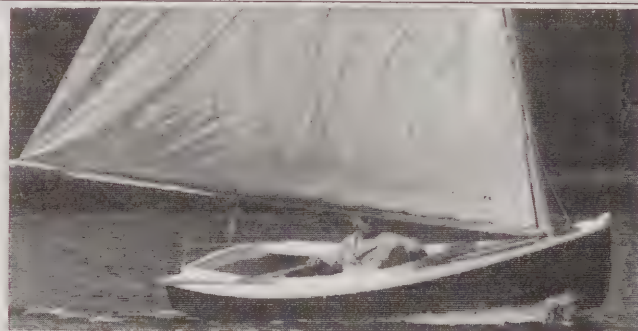
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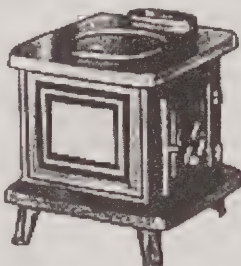
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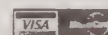


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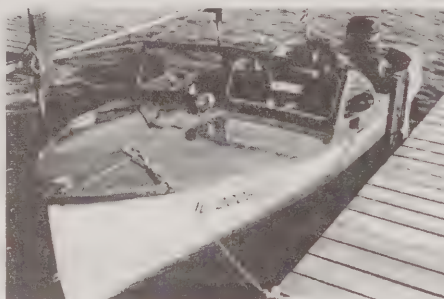
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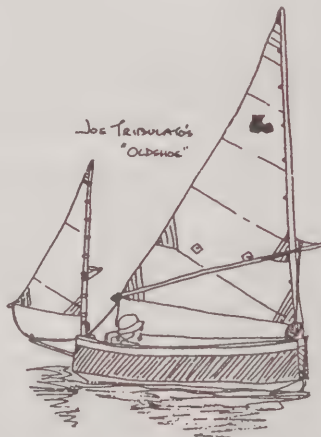
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**'52 Lyman 15' Ski Boat**, refurbished '84. 35hp Merc OB purchased new same yr. In dry storage all but 8 of last 20 yrs. Fast, fun & beautiful. \$3,500. JERRY MACKEY, Oak Park, IL, (708) 524-0219, <mortsnsus@netzero.com> (24)

**13' Catpaw Dinghy**, new. Cedar on oak. Dk blue w/red sheer. Nat Wilson sail & Shaw & Tenny oars. A great rowing & sailing boat. \$7,500. **New 15' Matinicus Island Peapod**, cedar on oak. Dk blue hull w/white sheer. A beautiful rowing boat. \$6,100. For more information please call Tony or Bob. THE CARPENTER'S BOATSHOP, Pemaquid, ME, (207) 677-3768, <boatshop@midcoast.com> (24)



**Old Shoe Cat Yawl**, by Bolger. 11'7" x 5' x 15". SA 92sf, displ 821lbs. Small Micro, a little ship v'y well built '89. Gd galv trlr. \$3,000/offer. JOE TRIBULATO, Watsonville, CA, (831) 724-2999. (23)



**30' Sisu Downeaster**, Royal Lowell design. '80 hull powered w/4-53 Detroit Diesel engine compl overhauled less than 500 hrs ago. Injected 140hp drives hull at max of 10-11kts, cruises comfortably at 8-9kts w/fuel usage 2-3gals/hr. Two 80 gal Diesel tanks w/level indicators. 4 bladed prop, spare prop on 1-3/8" SS shaft. All commercial grade equipment. 1.91:1 Borg Warner hydraulic gearbox, commercial electr fuel pump, Racor water removal filter system. 4 deep cycle batteries, 60a alternator. Raytheon radar, Garmin GPS, Raytheon sounder, VHF electronics, all antennas mounted on mast. Manual anchor windlass on bow, 16' mast w/cargo hoist, deck light. Simple open bridge, extended pilot house. Extra large Olympic V-berth below, small galley w/15gal fresh water system w/foot pump. This hull is now produced by Eastern Boats. It is a classic downeast sea boat, fine for coastal cruising. Asking \$35,000. Pictures on web at <http://mysite.verizon.net/vze8686p>. JOHN BEIRNE, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-7485. (24)

**17' Conn. River Drag Boat**, recently restored w/ new spars, new sails by Nat Wilson, sweeps & new galv Venture trlr. \$2,800. **Folbot Super**, 2 person folding kayak w/wooden cross frames & compl sail rig. In gd cond. **'67 Wittholz 25' Catboat**, Roy Blaney bldr. Albin 10hp engine upgraded '03. In exc cond. Located Sag Harbor, NY. RAY HARTJEN, East Hampton, NY, (631) 324-2490, <rhartjen@hamptons.com> (24P)

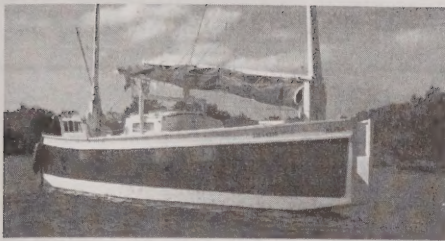
**17' Marsh Hen**, unique day sailer/camp cruiser. Dodger & full length tent. Traditional looks w/gaff rig, tanbark sail. Trlr w/new tires. \$1,700. DON WALLACE, Springfield, VA, (703) 922-9055, <Dwal792183@aol.com> (24)

**'85 Gloucester 16**, FG, slps 2 in cabin, sloop w/ self bailing cockpit, steel CB, galv trlr, Minnkota electr OB. \$1,450. HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-0064. (24)

**16' Evinrude "Sweet 16" Tri-hull**, 88hp I/O, closed deck. Nds restoration. Classic '64 w/ futuristic look. Asking \$300 for boat, \$500 w/trlr. MARTIN KOWAC, Hamburg, NY, (716) 627-2805. (24)



**Muskoka Classic Gentleman's Runabout Mab**, blt by Minett Shields (Canada's finest) in '34. Designed by John Hacker, mahogany, oak frames, 21' loa, 6' beam, 20" draft, 160hp GM V8. Speeds to 40mph. Prime cond. \$65,000US, \$95,000CAN. DAVE PARDOE, Huntington, MA, (413) 667-3118 before 6/15, (705) 765-5089 after 6/15. (24)

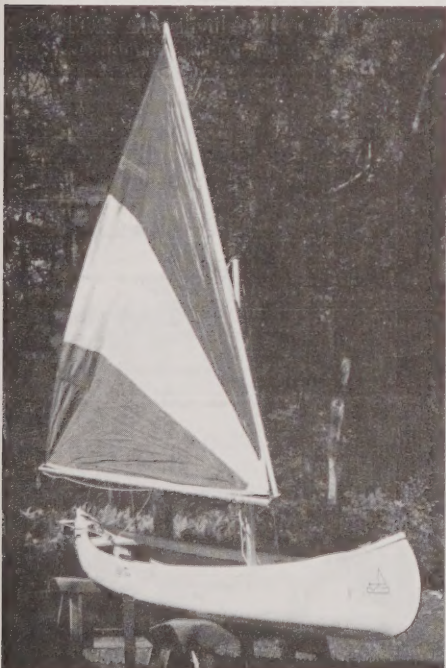


**AS-29 Alisa**, our planned 1 yr family cruise has been postponed, so sadly *Alisa* is for sale. Chinese & bilgeboard cases and work, grt springtime project. A steal at \$5,000US or will trade for gd cond trailer sailer (preferably Bolger or similar). Yamaha 9.9hp 4-stroke w/high thrust prop & extended foot, controls mounted in cockpit. 7oz tanbark mainsail in vy gd cond, exc stitching & tack, clew & head patches. Details at <http://www.fsanmiguel.com/boat>. FRANK SAN MIGUEL, Landenberg, PA, (610) 274-3381, <[sail@fsanmiguel.com](mailto:sail@fsanmiguel.com)> (24)

**Decked Dbl Paddle Canoe**, Harry Bryan's design used in *WoodenBoat* School. 12' x 30", epoxy glued lapstrake mahogany plywood plus FG on bottom & garboards. Approx 40lbs. Exc cond. \$657. C. CAMPBELL, E. Marion, LI, NY, (631) 477-0650. (24)

**Compac 16**, '82, perf cond. Trlr, 2hp Nissan, new sail & tiller covers, upgraded blocks & cleats. Sails in exc cond. Halyards lead back to cockpit. Black walnut woodwork on foredeck. Draws only 19", sails like a dream. Cockpit as large as some 30 footers. Enclosed cuddy cabin & self bailing cockpit. Custom fitted winter cover. \$3,500. BURKE LIBURT, Orient, LI NY, (631) 379-1627, <[burkecrossroads@earthlink.net](mailto:burkecrossroads@earthlink.net)> (24)

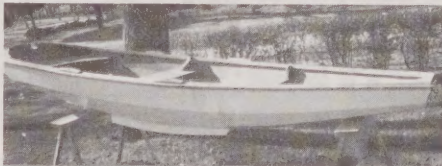
**25' Gulfweed Hanna Schooner**, '42 2 masted fixer-upper. Universal engine, newer sails. \$500 firm. **26' Douglas Steel Cruiser**, '60, 283 Chevy w/Borg Warner trans. Hvy duty dual axle trlr. Asking \$3,800 OBO. ANN SOUTH, Columbia Station, OH, (440) 236-5610. (24)



**16' Old Town Wahoo Canoe**, #184720 white FG blt 4/70 compl w/mast, sail, mahogany leeboards, kick-up alum rudder, tiller extension, paddles, sweeps, sliding rowing rig, bracket for 2hp OB. Lightly used, beautifully maintained, stored inside. Valued at \$3,000. Reasonable offers considered. SARAH THOMSON, Carlisle, MA, <[miller.do@mykairos.com](mailto:miller.do@mykairos.com)> (24)

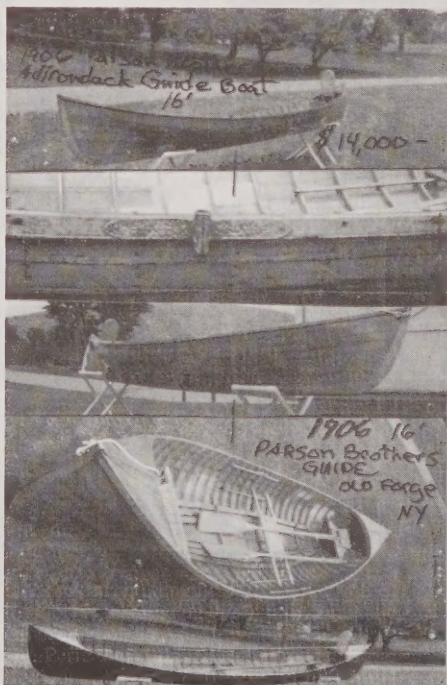


**NY 17' Whitehall Rowing Boat**, if you like to row you will love my boat. It is the premier rowing boat. Blt of cedar, oak, mahogany & teak. Sails of tanbark Dacron, jib & sprit main. Trlr galv, wet only once Oct 22 to launch for photo taking. Starting price for whole package orig \$6,000, now \$5,000. WALT STEIN, Bayshore, NY, (631) 666-6274 anytime (no machine). (15)



**11-1/2' Wood Norwegian Pram**, lapstrake, rove fastened, *WoodenBoat* supervision of Simon Watts. Never christened/named. \$2,000 OBO. WILLIAM MUNSON, Mystic, CT, (860) 572-1587 (23P)

**16' Herreshoff FG Bullseye Sailboat**, blt '65 by Cape Cod Shipbuilding. Vy gd cond, custom Triad trlr, main, jib, genoa sails, extras available. \$7,750. MERV TAYLOR, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 789-5676, <[merv@midmaine.com](mailto:merv@midmaine.com)> (24)



**'06 Parsons Bros 16' Adirondack Guideboat**, Old Forge, NY. \$14,000. BILL WHEELER, New Preston, CT, (860) 868-0828. (24)

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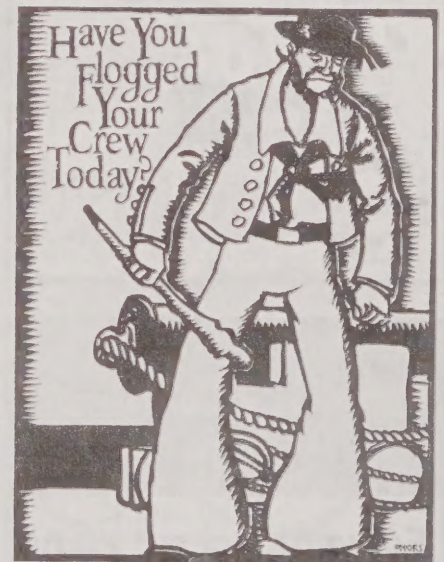
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**Dickerson Kerosene Burning Stove**, Bristol Model. Incl tank, fuel filter, 3" smoke pipe damper. Free in Norwalk, CT.  
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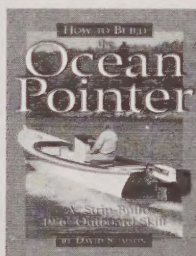
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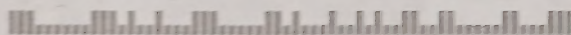
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