



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 24

May 1, 2004

Special Features This Issue
"Gerumpfel IV" - "Refit Report of Alisa"
"Skimmer... The Poor Man's Whaler"



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



As we are about to launch our on-the-water season in those parts of our nation which suffer a "winter" (off-the-water) season, our much overloaded and underfunded U.S. Coast Guard (or local harbor authorities co-operating with them) is likely to become a larger presence in what we do. They are facing a July 1 deadline, it is the day they promised to begin their enforcement of new anti-terrorism rules mandated by the federal Maritime Transportation Security Act of 2002.

The scope of this commitment boggles the mind. They have 361 ports to protect, 95,000 miles of navigable waterways to defend, and 20,000 ocean-going vessels to keep an eye on (read about that world in Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" series). The Coast Guard states that it will be focusing on the nation's 11,700 most likely maritime targets of terrorist attacks.

About 3,200 of them are ashore; oil refineries, nuclear power plants, liquid natural gas storage tanks, and hundreds of waterfront sites that use or store hazardous materials. The other 8,500 are afloat; ferries carrying tens of thousands of commuters to work, barges and cargo ships that crisscross U.S. harbors and inland waterways, oceangoing tankers and freighters, and container ships that bring in 16 million containers each year.

While the Coast Guard is counting on some new technologies to assist in this herculean task, they are putting much of the onus onto local and regional port authorities. And here is where your boating might be impacted. Small boats on the water may no longer be considered innocuous, the *USS Cole* was blown open by explosives in an inflatable in Yemen, so who's to say that it can't happen here, not just in New York, but even in the smallest of those 361 ports.

So how do the local authorities cope with this prospect? The approach of homeland security efforts so far has been to assume that everyone is a potential terrorist and thus may have to be carefully vetted when they venture forth in a situation which offers potential terrorist opportunities. The airlines illustrate this approach in action with a process that looks at everyone in detail. But people who fly are but a small percentage of those who travel otherwise. How will the authorities scrutinize the millions who every day use subways, trains, and private highway vehicles in or near the vulnerable areas?

The Spanish train bombing illustrates that one need not even be a fanatic willing to

die for the cause, you can just drop off a bomb in some innocent appearing package (backpack) and light it off remotely later on by dialing up a connected cell phone. The vista of terrorist opportunity is greatly expanded with such simple technology and anonymity.

Okay, so what's this got to do with our using our small recreational boats? Surely many of those 361 ports are used by some of us, and no doubt we may be sailing or paddling or rowing near some of those 3,200 objects alongshore or some of the 8,500 afloat. We may be going to face increased local (if not Coast Guard) notice of our activities, and the usual bureaucratic approach to dealing with an unmanageable problem is to find some little piece of it that can be managed and grab it to show something is being done.

Recreational boating, easily adopted by a terrorist bent on some maritime act of terrorism because of its relative anonymity and lack of close scrutiny and regulation, may be in line for much more stringent regulation, starting with registration and licensing of ALL boat owners and their boats, involving even personal evaluation of the applicant by the local enforcement authority. This may later be followed by a ruling that would require filing float plans with local authorities in or near any of the 3,200 sites, every time you take out your boat.

The possibilities are endless given the nature of our current paranoia about terrorist attacks constantly fueled by the mass media. Getting at the bad guys by fencing in everybody is a tactic used historically by non-democratic governments. A popular novel 70 years ago in the 1930s about this very topic was entitled *It Can't Happen Here*. Don't bet on it.

Hey it was only a year ago that legislation was introduced in Connecticut to require that ALL small non-powered watercraft be registered and display large ID numbers. Connecticut small boat people had to move fast and effectively to head that one off. And the instigation? Some of the constituents of the legislator who filed the bill owned expensive waterfront property and suspected that the flotillas of unmarked sea kayaks passing by could contain burglars casing their places for future robbery. There's a lot more pressure driving the terrorist scare than was behind this barely averted new form of regulation.

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On the Cover...

Spring sometimes stirs the urges to fix up some old boat and Greg Grundtisch has a candidate for us. He says this boat has been on Rt. 5 south of Dunkirk, New York for 20 years, but nobody seems to want to claim it for their own. Anyone interested?

SALEM, MA 01970

"It pretty much spoils you
for any other rowing
boat."

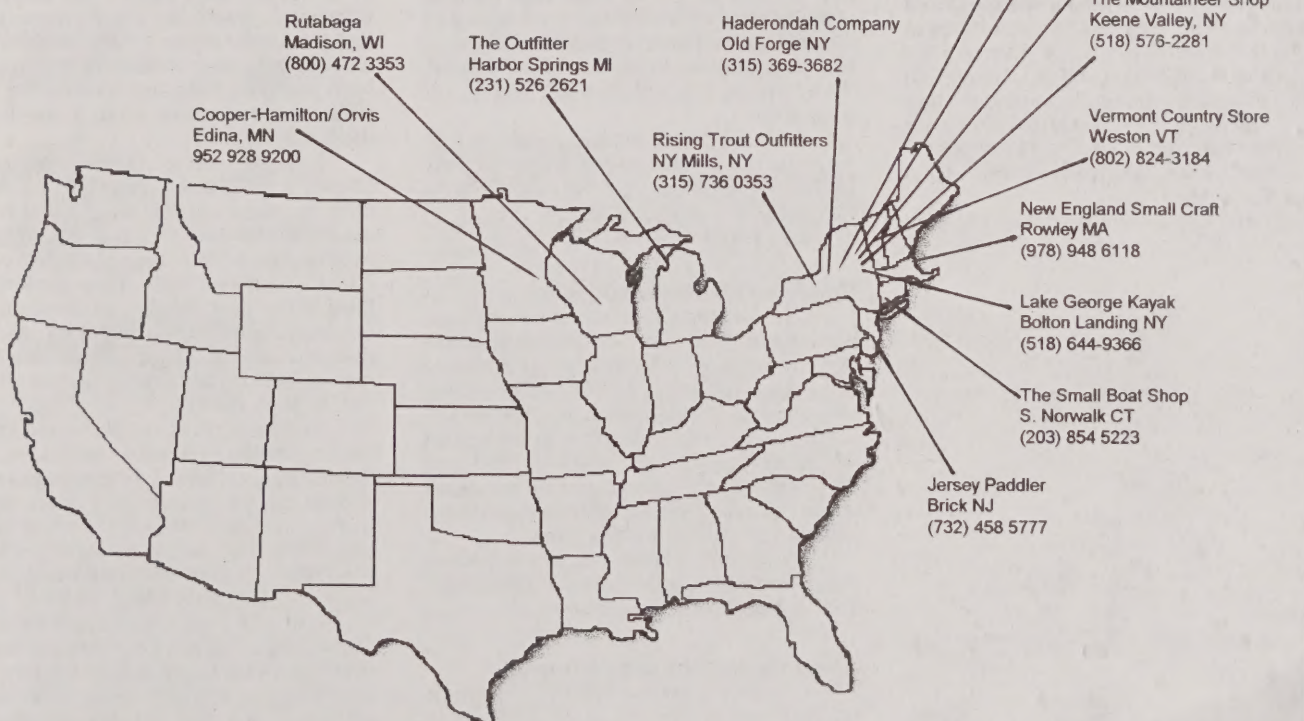
Yachting

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"It is 5:15 a.m. I am rowing my
Steve Kaulback Adirondack Guide
Boat off the coast of Cape Cod. The
waters are glassy. My prow slices
the surface. I disturb several diving
cormorants. I am transfixed. I am in
touch. I am human. Great stuff.
Trust me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

River Wrights Regatta

Our Annual River Wrights Regatta at Captain's Cove Marina in Bridgeport, Connecticut, is on for May 22, 12n-3pm. It is a chance for the kids who have built their own boats in our program to appreciate what they have achieved. Anyone interested in bringing a home built boat is welcome. For more information call or email:

Ted Littlejohn, River Wrights, Bridgeport, CT, (203) 913-3109, <tedlittlejohn@hotmail.com>

Adventures & Experiences...

Cover Your Boat

After reading Chris Kaiser's "Cover Your Boat" in the March 1st issue, I ruefully wished I had! I wish I had covered my 8' El Toro sailing dinghy which I bought from the Riverton, New Jersey, Yacht Club when they sold their fleet of six and replaced them with a smaller fleet of 14' Flying Juniors, the unsinkable fiberglass version of the Flying Dutchman.

I kept the hull on top of a shed roof in my backyard, uncovered because it was "in the shade" and "out of the sun," thus safe from decay. Wrong! The northern exposure subjected the hull to rain, sleet, hail, snow, and ice. Soon the thin plywood had rotted due to my ignorance. Now the rudder hangs on the living room wall, the mast and boom hang in the back hall along with my kayak, the daggerboard and rotting cotton sail languish in the cellar. Only the rudder is here to stay.

Sweet memories! The photo shows those days from '63 through '76 when I taught sailing in the El Toro at the Riverton Yacht Club on the Delaware.

Charlie Hewins, Philadelphia, PA



Information of Interest...

Pine Tar Formula

In response to the letter from Jay Berube in the latest *MAIB* regarding pine tar, the old formula I always used was 50% boiled linseed oil, 50% turpentine (not that foul smelling new stuff but good, old-fashioned, sweet smelling turp that comes from trees, I don't know what that new vile liquid is), and a dollop of pine tar. I usually made it up in gallon batches and applied a good soaking coat every spring. If you keep the boat exposed to the sun all season, the woodwork will turn black, not an unpleasing color and at one time very common as many work boats were treated with soaking oil. It takes no time at all to apply and I love the smell.

When I was working at Mystic Seaport a call came in one day from a small maritime museum, on the West Coast I think. The caller was asking about pine tar and the call was handed to me (I worked in the Shipyard paint shop at that time). They had built a small skiff (a Culler Good Little Skiff, if I remember correctly) and having heard that pine tar was a good preservative for raw wood, had slathered the entire interior with the stuff. It was quite a mess and they were wondering what was wrong. I gave them the formula we were using at the time and we chatted about boats for a while.

After I had hung up, I got to thinking how the Seaport got all these calls from all over the world. We were the experts, and by picking up the phone at that time I was, in fact, the world's leading expert on soaking oil. Wow! Maybe I should have had some cards printed up.

Anyway, for all related questions, I always referred folks to the books of Pete Culler, where I think I got the formula in the first place. It's still good advice.

Dan Marcus, Noank, CT

Update on the Boaters Network

I got an immediate response to my suggestion of creating a boaters' network, unfortunately it was a very small group. I want to bring it up again that we need folks willing to share their boating pleasures with visitors from out of town. This seems to me a great way to meet new boaters and to expand your own boating world. Let me know if you are willing to join this group of boaters and have a chance to share in their boating.

Mississippi Bob Brown, 12936 Galaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN 55124, (952) 432-7557, <Bobsboats2@aol.com>

About the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*

I read with interest Peter Gray's article on the Newport News Mariners Museum in the March 15th issue. However, I would like to point out a mistake in Mr. Gray's facts concerning the *USS Monitor*. The epic battle with the *Merrimac* took place off of Hampton Roads, Virginia. The *Monitor* survived the battle, as indicated by Mr. Gray, but foundered and sank in a winter storm while under tow

off of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, where it lay on the bottom until recently discovered. I don't think it ever spent time in Chesapeake Bay as it came straight down from New York to battle the rebel ship.

Dane Martindell, Manchester, NJ

Re: "Speaking the King's English"

The recent article of this name by Gene Bjerke was very interesting. Since the Vikings were not the only people on the water, it should be noted that the steer board was on the right side of the vessel until the 1200s (or so). One source, *Dictionary of Ship Types*, by Alfred Dudzus and Earnest Henriot, notes on Page 78 that, "Among the important innovations introduced on the cog was the first verifiable centreline rudder, in 1242."

A review of Roman and Greek ship designs will show the single rudder over the right side of the vessel (except for some that had dual rudders) and the concept of docking the vessel (grain and cargo ships especially) with the steering oar away from shore is defensible.

Keep up the interesting articles and information even if some of us will disagree with the authors.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Marlinspike Seamanship Inspires

So enthralled was I by the discussion of marlin/pike seamanship in your March 15 issue that I am renewing my subscription way in advance, to be sure I don't miss anything.

The leverage sheepshank Mr. Howard ably described depends on constant tension, and is easily undone by pulling out the loop, so it seems best suited for temporary tightenings down. Mr. Lund's more durable and permanent rigger's hitch seems a better choice for lashing a canoe to a cartop. I've been practicing both, and have hauled in and secured several chairs, a four poster bed, and the family dog.

I am the sort of fellow who, having learned you can throw away a reef knot, will do it incessantly for the sheer joy of it. How does one throw away a reef knot? Tie two overhand knots, left over right/right over left. There's your reef knot. Then yank the left hand string over the top, to the right. That breaks the knot. Squeezing along the string from left to right like wringing water from a rag or shucking kernels off an ear of corn, throws away the knot.

Doubtless many people would call left over right/right over left a square knot. What they'd call a reef knot is a slipped square knot, slipped the way you tie your shoes, leaving loops to tug out. I am leery of using slipped knots for reefing, though. Especially when the wind howls, a knot that comes undone with one yank is not your friend. Anyway, square riggers usually used a square knot for reefing so they called it a reef knot, much to the consternation of landsmen. Sort of like how when an ordinary rope goes to sea it works under a new name, as a sheet or halyard or shroud or an anchor warp, or at rest, a hank or a flemished coil.

Debating antique knot names is the sort of thing you can get away with only in a magazine like this, and I appreciate the opportunity.

Jock Yellott, Charlottesville, VA

Still More Knots

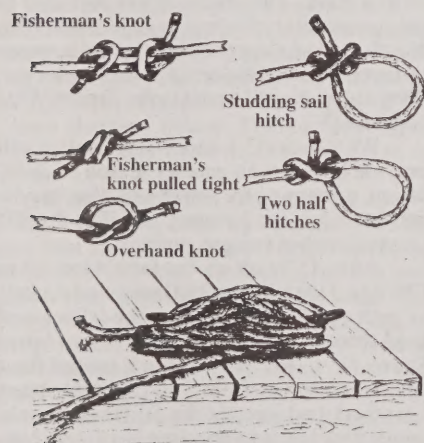
At one time I decided I needed a small loop of line tied so it wouldn't come loose no matter what. I would be happy to cut it with a knife if it needed to be replaced. I chose a fisherman's knot. See the illustration. When it gets pulled tight it will be a bear to untie, so don't plan to ever untie it.

Most of the recommended knots are those which hold tight but untie easily. Many will shake out in certain circumstances. The simple overhand knot, if pulled tight, will stay in place, but it is another that may need to be cut to release. If you want it to stay tied permanently leave about a 1" tail on 1/4" line and about 2" on 3/4" line because the knot may roll a little as it tightens. You don't want it to roll off the end.

The studding sail hitch is a neat knot that won't flip untied. It is two half hitches enclosed in the knot instead of two half hitches that are tied going away from the knot. Look at the drawing and try to see that. With the hitches being inside the knot gets tighter and tighter, locking in the ends. I used it on our J-24 to tie the shackle to the spinnaker halyard. I wanted to be able to snug the shackle as close to the mast as possible and not get the splice caught in the block or the mast. It worked great and we cut the line later when we put on a new shackle.

If you don't want anyone to steal your boat from the dock when you go in to have dinner at the Hickory House, then take your mooring line and fill the horns of the cleat with half hitches. Each one should be pulled as tight as you can and then do more half hitches around the whole mess until it won't hold anymore. Throw a bucket of sea water on it and go for the "blackened grouper."

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL



New Rowers' Almanac Available

The *Rowers' Almanac* is the world's only almanac covering rowing in over 100 countries. It features the most comprehensive and up-to-date lists of rowing clubs, colleges, universities, juniors, camps, and rowing businesses, along with articles, rower recommended restaurants, and travel information.

It is sold on our website, www.rowersalmanac.com, on Amazon.com, and distributed at regattas around the world including Head of the Charles, Royal Henley Regatta, Royal Canadian Henley Regatta, and San Diego Crew Classic, among others.

Karen Solem, Publisher, The Rowers' Almanac, Inc., Bethesda, MD

Information Needed...

Inboard Powered Dory

I have a commission to build a 17' dory to be inboard powered. My first thought was to rig a small Briggs & Stratton type air cooled motor with a forward, reverse neutral transmission, but after some discussion with those who have tried this, I've come to the conclusion that there must be a better way. My customer doesn't want anything that has a hand crank or pull start, got to have electric start, etc. Any suggestions on this would be helpful. Thank you.

Bruce Hutchinson, Gull Lake Wooden Boat works, 1381 W. Gull Lake Dr., Richland, MI 49083, (269) 629-7231, <bhboats@aol.com>, www.gulllakewoodenboats.com.

Opinions...

Plenty of Room on Lake Powell

I enjoy reading Jim Thayer's writings about his trips to Lake Powell and other places. However, I disagree completely with his proposed solution to the "problem" of jet skiers on Lake Powell.

I find it interesting that his plan involves forcing others to quit using the lake the way they want to, while allowing him to continue using the lake the way he wants to.

Lake Powell is the best place I have ever seen for houseboating and other types of boating. I spent seven months there in 1990 doing houseboat maintenance work at Bullfrog Marina while exploring the lake in my own small boat. I was there two weeks last summer with my children and grandchildren on a rented houseboat.

Lake Powell is the second largest man-made lake in the country and there is plenty of room there for all kinds of boating.

Craig Wilson, CA

Another Solution

Having read Jim Thayer's editorial in the March first issue of *MAIB*, I feel that I must get my two cents worth in. In 1961 I was assigned to the Marine Inspection Office in Cincinnati, Ohio. That MIO had three officers and three enlisted men. I was the lowest rated man in the group.

We had 30-footer that we ran around the harbor keeping peace among the pleasure boaters. That was the year that a new law went into effect that required all undocumented pleasure boats to display a number. We spent most of that boating season explaining to folks how to display their numbers correctly.

Each week after a crazy weekend out on the river we would report in to the office (downtown Cincinnati) and bring in all the paperwork from the previous week. We would share some of our experiences with the officers at the station. We all came to the conclusion that much of that craziness would change as soon as they required motor boat operators to be licensed. I am still waiting 40-some years later.

In my mind it is unthinkable that someone is free to operate a boat that may have hundreds of horsepower and have no need to show any proficiency to operate that machine. In Minnesota you must have a license to run a boat over a certain horsepower if you are

under 14. We are forcing our kids to learn some of the basics. There has been no move to require adults to do as much. We must wait, it seems, for all the older boat operators to die off so we finally have some folks who were forced to pass a test as kids to take over the waterways.

All of the politicians who could change the law seem very much opposed to stepping on the toes of the boating industry. There are a lot of boats built in Minnesota and folks seem to think that such a law would kill the industry. Licensing auto drivers hasn't hurt the auto industry, has it?

I find it hard to even imagine a world where auto drivers and aircraft pilots would not be required to have licenses. I also wonder how long it will be before folks realize that a motor boat with three big outboards capable of 90mph can be just as lethal as an automobile or an airplane.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley MN

Watch Those Knees

Please encourage Stephen L. Priest, 500th Issue, "East Branch of the Penobscot River," to seek his doctor's advice regarding his swollen ankles and sore knees. Two years ago I suffered an unexpected heart attack. Steve does not want to go there! A report that nothing is wrong from your doctor is wonderful news.

Joseph A. Valasek, Ford City, PA

This Magazine...

Congratulations on 500th Issue

Bob you've done a really great job, keep up the good work.

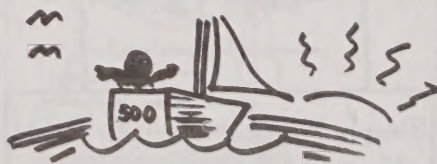
Carl Erickson, NJ



Still Around for Issue #1000!

Congratulations on your 500th issue of *Messing About In Boats*! I am proud that my "Shiver Me Timbers" cartoons are part of it. Hopefully we both will still be around in 2025 for issue #1000!

Robert L. Summers, Hiram, OH



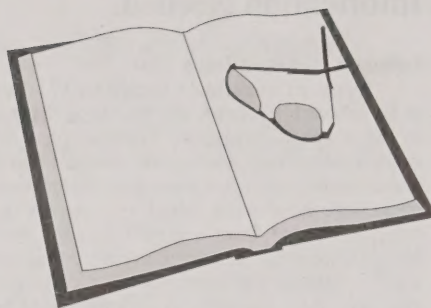
What An Accomplishment

Many congratulations on turning out 500! As a longtime writer/editor type, I know what an accomplishment that is. To have done it with such high quality and next to no staff makes it all the more impressive.

Carl Kaufmann, Block Island, RI.

On Whale Island: Notes From A Place I Never Meant To Leave

By Daniel Hayes
Co-author of *My Old Man and the Sea*
Algonquin Books, Chapel Hill, NC



Book Review

After chronicling a saga with his father around Cape Horn in a 25' sailboat without an engine in the popular book, *My Old Man And The Sea*, Daniel Hayes sets off in a different voyage, living on a 50-acre hardscrabble island seven miles off the coast of Nova Scotia.

The subtitle, *Notes From A Place I Never Meant To Leave*, hint at an interior tension within his heart, unspoken yet constantly present. "Where do I belong?" In search of a way to quiet his heart, Daniel moves onto Whale Island with a new wife, her nine-year-old son, no well for running water, no utility company for electricity, no television, no car for trips to town. Did he really believe that somehow they would fall in love with this island wilderness and want to live there for ever?

Daniel stepped ashore and left his sailboat *Sparrow* to work on a graduate degree, then he married and purchased a 3200 square foot suburban home in Idaho with the royalties from *My Old Man And The Sea*. Soon Wendy, Stephan, and Daniel decide to abandon this dream and they fired up their outboard engine on an old open aluminum boat filled with their belongings and headed offshore to live for a year on a deserted island.

"I wanted a wild place where I could hide myself, recharge my vital being and, in so doing, be found." *On Whale Island* is Daniel's story in journal form of a year living on an island in a hand built house with two dogs. Their boat and a 25hp outboard are their only links to civilization. Daniel and his family learn how to be dependent upon tides,

seasons, light, darkness, and at times one another. Wendy's journal entries are about getting mad and making do, "Yesterday I got so angry at Daniel that I wasted about a gallon of water on doing the dishes and boy, was he pissed!"

"I had to carry boxes, sacks, books, food, pillows, enough about the bad stuff," complains Stephan after lugging a thousand items of survival from boat to house, a distance of 1,000 yards. Homeschooled by Daniel, Stephan's observations are youthful and keen as he discovers wilderness out his back door while at the same time learning how to live with a stepfather.

Years ago I felt the urge to leave a stressful life in the city and headed off to the woods of Piedmont, North Carolina. I purchased an abandoned mill and farmstead sitting alongside a river and brought my two daughters and then wife to a farmhouse, broken in half by a fire, lacking electricity and water. We drilled a well, installed an outdoor shower, and a toilet under the stairs and moved in.

In the course of almost 15 years I tore down three tobacco barns and moved them onto the land, collected rainwater in barrels, and built a passive solar hot water heater. The wood stove heated the hot water and blew out the pipes when the temperature outside dipped into the 20s. The cows across the river spent spring mornings munching on my broccoli, the dogs tipped over the milk buckets of our Nubian goats. My daughter, Molly, her hands pecked by a rooster while gathering eggs, fled the chicken house leaving the gate open and the chickens hightailed it out to the garden, pasture, and woods. Living off the land lost the allure of being a paradise. I quickly learned to be a plumber, carpenter, jack of all trades, and occasionally a pessimist.

I chuckled when Daniel described how he collected rainwater, installed solar panels, a windmill, and then proceeded to cut, with assistance from Wendy and Stephan, cord after cord of spruce for the wood stove. Much goes wrong with this Eden and this is what makes this a great book to read. Not just the problems of living "off the grid" but how Daniel and family deal with them. Often humorous, sometimes sad, Daniel learns humility as a stepdad and husband.

A central conflict emerges early in the relationship between Wendy and Daniel. "I think the single most difficult thing in my relationship with Wendy is our different un-

derstanding of time. I like now. Wendy likes to plan and is panicked. What will we do?"

Wendy daydreams with furniture catalogs, goes to town for a Tupperware party, yearns for her woman friends to sit and drink coffee. Stephan, on the other hand, seems to thrive in the wilderness, although most of his frustration is directed at Daniel, yet the two of them put aside their conflict and show up for class each day. What sustained them for all those days? Rituals. A daily walk around the island, homeschooling, baking, writing, lovemaking, solving the myriad of daily problems related to house and survival, and the occasional boat trip to town.

Nine months into their experiment Wendy pounces on plans for the future. A job for Daniel, a house for her, friends for Stephan. Daniel was still busy fixing leaks, dreaming about buying a sailboat, wondering whether he could support himself on the island by becoming a fisherman.

"I want to get back to civilization bad, I miss yard sales..." says Wendy. "I'm content here, watching the seasons go by, I never want to leave," responds Stephan. "Our walks around the island are becoming sad for me... I feel the heaviness of an awful momentum, an inevitability. We'll have to go back." Daniel. "I left the wood for as good a reason as I went there," Daniel quotes Thoreau, as he writes the concluding chapter. This family of three left the island when their year was completed. What was Daniel's good reason?

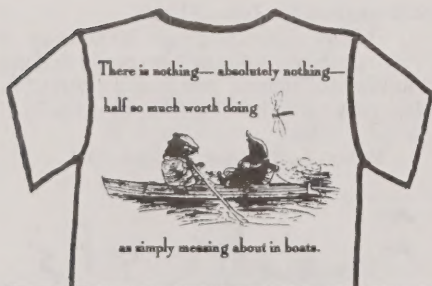
They don't just move off the island, they go west. Longing and yearning seem barely contained in Daniel's new lodging, an air conditioned house lying at the edge of Salt Lake City's International Airport. Just how did that threesome end up there?

These questions point out the weakness of this book. The reader is not included in the conversation of where to go next and why. Nor does Daniel sort out for us what it means to leave a place "he never meant to leave." They move, they live next to the airport. What happened?

What's next? I expect this move will provide Daniel with another season of dislocation, a yearning for someplace else, maybe another edge for jumping off. The Pacific Ocean, another voyage, outbound?

After 15 years on the farm I moved to Chicago. I identified with Daniel's reluctance to pack up his family, leave the island, and head west across the wide span of the United States. Now later yet I live in a second floor apartment across from several uninhabited islands. I feel deeply the stirrings of salt, wind, and the precariousness of survival. Each morning I watch the Atlantic pour by Shackleford Banks and Carrot Island, the wild horses wading, munching on spritely green spartina next to a colony of ibises. I moved here a year ago after living on a sailboat for three years. My body still senses the ebb and flow of tides, the counterclockwise Pacific winds, someday I'll return and allow the sea to have her way with me.

What does it mean to be found? How does one know where one belongs? On water, on land, in town, in the country? I believe I know. Does Daniel? He leaves us with this brooding thought, "I can get the desert wind to browse through the house like its ocean cousin used to. Like listening to a shell, I think I can hear the waves but it's really just my own heart."



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This morning it was -7°F. The wood stove has been devouring logs at an increased rate to keep the front rooms comfortable. Strong winds had increased as the sun sets stealing any vestigial warmth old Sol might have left behind in protected south facing pockets.

We are in the grips of a coastal cold snap. Weather reports indicate it will be getting worse over the coming weekend, not a healthy situation for thousands of football fans who will sit in an open stadium Saturday night. These fans have a sharp difference from the hundreds of shore birds I'm watching fly over the fuzzy surface of the Sound out front. Football fans chose to expose themselves to killer conditions. Heck, they even pay to be uncomfortable. The birds out front have no choice, this is as far south as they migrate.

I've been watching for half an hour and the clouds I assumed were "normal" are, in truth, the residual of the salt water cold temperature has been sublimating into its gaseous state we call sea smoke. The bay out front is covered in cotton candy. The water is moving sluggishly with areas appearing slack as they start to freeze on the top, starting at the shallow mussel beds, then moving out into the channel. Over on the Island the ice is smashed up onto the beach in shallow windrows, making an interesting declination between the still open water and the tan sand.

As with the wildfires out west last year, it looks like the frozen fires over the ocean may create their own wind patterns. The old maple on the front lawn sits 30' above the water and is standing quite still, a neighbors flag is hanging unresponsively, so what is happening a few inches off the ocean's surface? As I watch, something is pushing the wispy film along in fractal patterns. The base of these effervescent clouds appears to stick to the water's surface, with the topmost parts being stretched and draw upwards before getting swept sideways. The pattern of the mists, has no relation that I can see to that of the ocean currents below. The surface effect where wind and wave meet is totally out of sync.

What's this? Out of the white blurry mass down toward the day beacon comes the gun boat from Hell. Bouncing and churning through the frozen confection of sea and cloud, this apparition looks like something from a grade B war movie. Mike Megamotor and his sidekick, Duane Duckhunter, are all toggled out in brown and green camouflage outfits. As the out of trim, over powered, metal skiff comes closer, I can see that what I mistook for a bunch of Holstein cow lawn ornaments is actually a clump of fake geese hung over the thwarts.

The hardy pair stops just out front and has a conference as the boat tilts from side to side. Both men are standing and pointing up harbor toward Newburyport. Macbeth's witches never had such wonderful ground affects in any theater production. The tendrils of disturbed sea smoke curl about the hull and reach out to caress the faces of the hunters, who pull up the hoods on their suits over dark watch. Perhaps it is this cold kiss on surely already frozen cheeks that convinces them this wasn't such a good idea after all. After a bit more consulting and arm waving, they spin the boat about, skewing the smoke in a crazy tilt-a-whirl motion and head back at speed for the river delta.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Where There's Smoke...

The Sound is empty of life above the water once again, save for a few gulls. The rafts of Bufflehead, Goldeneye, and Eiders that were out earlier have departed for more protected waters, perhaps up the river or Fox Creek to grab a mouthful of bait fish. Within the past hour's observations the waves have increased in size and are set against the current of the rising tide, their frequencies increasing to seconds rather than minutes, with a strengthening breeze flowing from the northwest.

Out beyond the island the low clouds formed by the tendrils of rising sea smoke are thickening and rising in tattered clumps. The dark streak of Cape Ann is a stark background for this activity. Long ropes of gasified ocean snake upward, seeking to join the voluminous banks of frozen moisture sent skyward earlier by the meager warmth of a rising sun. The wind out front has increased to clip off the tops of waves not releasing their moisture to the gassy film fast enough. There is a rush to the eastern horizon, wind herding the smoke toward the corral formed by Steep Hill Beach, Crane's, and the mouth of the Annisquam. A border collie couldn't do a better job of maneuvering these sheep like wraiths along the ocean's surface.

We went into town, driving along the inlet between Great and Little Necks. The marsh at the end was frozen fast in a frothy mix resembling the nests of summers "spittle bugs." The tall beds of reeds held the frozen spume above the rising tide, leaving proof that this morning's cold had its beginnings under the bright full moon. As we made the turn along the western reaches of Eagle Hill Creek, we saw the clam flats were covered in a broken frosting of ice. Boulders that lurk just under the surface, laying in wait for unwary sailors, were draped in icy shrouds. The rocks blended into the winterscape so well that if anyone were to attempt ice boating here, they'd be stopped as abruptly now, as many are in the summer upon hitting one of four hazards to navigation in this delightful pocket cove.

Coming into the curve by the town landing on the Ipswich River, the margin between fresh and salt water was evident. The ice was

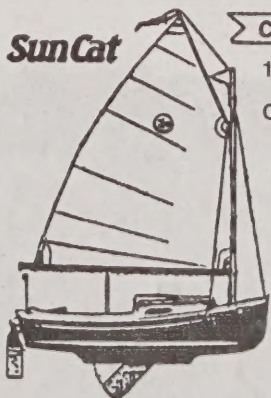
thicker, and clung more tenaciously to the shore, than out along the salty mouth of the river. An old rowboat which has wallowed half filled with water the past month or so is now locked tightly in place, only able to rise and fall with the changing tides. If the cold continues, we'll soon see the smelt shacks bloom like frozen mushrooms out on the river's surface. Some years there isn't a thick enough layer of ice to support the shacks, this doesn't look like it will be one of them.

Returning home the long way round, along Northridge Road, I witnessed acres of sea smoke rising, being chivvied along to join the herd in the corral behind Cape Ann's headlands. Close to high tide, the Middle Ground was rimmed with a frigid necktie, mists rose off the water that readjusted this hangman's noose of cold crystals, dragging the bitter end to the south and east, to break up and float away.

The swans in Clarke's Pond are huddled together at the northern lee end of the pond, all three heads turned backward to tuck frosty bills into the thick down along their flanks. A small spot of open water remains around them, kept open by the action of the wind or perhaps by their own powerful feet treading underwater. A flight of Greater Scaups or Eiders came in as I sat back at the window to check on the scene outside. There is still enough smoke rising from the water as to obscure the flock as it is joined by a mixed group of Herring and Black Backed gulls.

Now would be a more temperature appropriate time to venture forth in a boat, I wonder what the earlier hunters ended up doing? Their trailer was still parked in the beach lot at noon, perhaps they found adventure on the rising tide up the creeks or along the icy banks of the river. It takes a strong desire to be messing about in the inhospitable chill of early January, but still seems preferable to sitting in the deep freeze of a football stadium.

Watching the sea smoke this morning dissipate into the early afternoon's rising temperature (10 degrees) belies the old saw "where there's smoke there's fire..." However, judging by the amount of smoke rising from a myriad of normally quiet chimneys, perhaps there is some truth to it after all.



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On Atlantic Tides The Eastern Shore

Now for the second stretch, 250 miles around Cape Canso on the open Atlantic to Halifax. I had to swallow hard. If the car shuttle had been easier, I could have stopped right here, but Halifax was so much more convenient and I had always wanted to paddle this stretch of coastline, and so I went on. It was going to be the real challenge, and I also hoped to finally get that monkey off my back. Twenty-six years was long enough. Watch out, here I come!

Canso Strait was like a one-mile wide river attracting all the people with their towns, ports, and industry, which were missing on my first 200-mile stretch. And where there are people, there is lots of trash and debris and civilized ugliness. All castoffs were simply dumped over the edge into this "river," refrigerators, stoves, car parts, concrete chunks with bent reinforcing rods sticking out of them, bricks, mortar, 2x4s and old boards, tons of blacktop and concrete lava from emptying those big cement trucks. Maybe all of this was done in part with the misguided thought of shoring up the coastline from erosion and storm damage. It looked awful and was an environmental disaster.

The greatest crime, however, as I saw it, was dismantling stunning Cape Porcupine, a 600' high, very distinct cone-shaped mountain right at the causeway to Cape Breton Island. Huge machines had already gouged out the entire side of the mountain facing the Strait and hungry conveyor belts were loading a 10,000-ton freighter with the processed rock material. I wept over how any country can sell their natural beauty at such a visible place. Three miles down the Strait at Hawkesbury more yellowish looking earth materials were loaded onto huge freighters. Tall smoke stacks were belching nasty looking smoke into the sky over a mammoth tank farm. I had to get out of here and pushed on down the thoroughfare until a thunderstorm forced me ashore to put on my Gore Tex.

The rest of the day was gray, wet, and not very uplifting and it seemed very long to the end of the Strait at Eddy Point. I always like to stop before points and headlands to

Canso Harbor.

Scotia On My Mind Around Nova Scotia By Sea Canoe

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Part 2: Port Elgin to Halifax August 2003

size them up for a while and hope the problem/challenge shrinks with time, and it normally does.

Big Chedabucto Bay

Chedabucto Bay is large, 45 miles around to Canso Harbor, or 16 miles across as the crow flies. But I am no crow and Chedabucto is wide open to the east. It was going to be hard enough rounding the many shoaling points on the NW side like Argos Shoal, Oyster Point, and Ragged Head. I decided to go around this big bay and hope to make it to Cape Canso (yet another Canso!) in two days, and I did just that.

I made it fine around those one-mile shoals to Ragged Head where I stopped for lunch. At that point I seriously considered jumping across the 4.5-mile wide bay, hoping to save myself about seven or eight miles. But when I got back into the boat a wave broke into my cockpit before I could close the spray skirt. I was wet and upset with myself and decided to punish myself for this faux pas by making myself go around. And I am glad I did. At the outflow of Guysbury Harbor the wind suddenly piped up to 20-plus knots from the southwest and I noticed the tide had turned. My sailing directions mentioned a 4-5 knot tidal flow out of this large tidal basin. It was like being on a whitewater river and I had no problem with those regular predictable waves. But I thought they would dissipate and level off. Instead they mixed with the strong wind waves from the northwest and the waves bouncing off the

steep rocky shore, and I was in a dancing mode in no time. I was ready to take out and call it a day, but I couldn't.

I had to hang in there for seven more miles to Halfway Cove. It looked as if it had an inner lobe which should allow me to take out away from the steadily building surf. The lobe, however, was gone. It was cut off by a sandspit bar with a tiny hard running opening. So I had to prepare for a surf landing. Adrenaline was running as hard as the ebb tide as I got myself out of the boat and the boat out of the surf without filling the cockpit. Phew, that was rough!

The night was bitterly cold, but next morning Chedabucto Bay was as calm as a mill pond and I had to reread my trip log to convince myself yesterday was real. But I was not complaining about today and made good time to Fox and Durells Island. I even dried my wet clothes.

Rounding the point into Canso Harbor, a real harbor with breakwater, piers, and tank farm, a southerly breeze sprang up and worked itself up to 20 knots (I always stop guessing wind speeds at that number so as not to scare myself, but often hear later, on my weather radio, that this was another small craft advisory day.) I decided wisely not to go around the outside of Cape Canso but follow the fishermen's channel inside of Andrew Island. It is not much of a cape anyway, I assured myself, just a pile of rocks half a mile to the east of that island.

I had picked Portage Cove for my overnight spot. It was nicely protected from almost all sides and the word portage conjured up images of a sandy beach to launch boats on. I also weighed the option of taking advantage of this portage into Dover Bay, avoiding going around the next very exposed miles to Little Dover Run, or worse, around big bad White Island with its formidable ledges to the south.

I checked out two arms of Portage Cove but did not find any big haulout site, beach, or portage trail. All I found was a winding little stream into a bog, too shallow for my rudder. If I had to use the portage I would find it, I told myself, but since I hate portages, I was just as happy not finding it and being tempted in the morning to use it. Instead I found a more or less flat 5' x 7' chunk of almost white granite near deep water. I decided to pitch my tent on it. Eight bailer scoops of finer gravel took care of the cracks and crevices in the rock and I had a very peaceful and amazingly comfortable night there. I even went swimming and noticed that the Atlantic is significantly colder than the waters on the Gulf side.

A Maze of Islands

With Canso Harbor the fun navigation was starting. I had always pictured the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia to be more or less straight and steep, with a couple of bays, of course, but nothing like our Maine coast with its myriad of islands, ledges, deep cut bays, tidal estuaries, and inside passages. How wrong I was. The eastern shore is like Maine, only more so, but with fewer harbors, people, boats, markers, and lobster buoys. I first realized that when I got my nautical charts. After the initial gasp of "how will you ever find your way through all that with such minimal buoyage and without GPS," I got real excited about the challenge.



In a nutshell, this coastline is a sailor's nightmare but a sea kayaker's delight. You add the fog, which I hear is the dominant feature most of the year, and as a sailor you would have to stay so far offshore you could be sailing anywhere. But a small sea kayak or sea canoe like mine can go almost anywhere and experience the shore, and in bad weather take advantage of all those little passages and avoid rounding the big exposed points. I could not wait to get started. Getting into Portage Cove was only the beginning.

A Meeting at Sea

I had visualized, and now immensely enjoyed, going through Little Dover Run, then Dover Passage, behind Whale Island and many more islands to Eastern Passage. I would then pass White Island on my left, a huge chunk of almost white granite, to the mouth of Whitehead Harbor. There I had to gather my wits, take on some food and water, and make sure I was set up right for the very exposed rounding of Flying Point. The wind had freshened to 15-20 knots out of the southwest with long older swells mixed in.

It was exciting to say the least. The waves were thundering on the ledges and the steep shore. I managed to stay outside of all this melee, feeling awfully small and vulnerable all by myself, but kept on going, watching each wave as it approached and powering over it. Waves, that is all I think about in a situation like this, the next wave and the waves ahead, nothing else, no distraction, especially not about other people.

And then, almost halfway into Port Felix Harbor, I saw about seven sea kayaks bobbing in the waves coming towards me. Who else is foolish enough to be out here in sea conditions like this, I thought to myself. It could only be a group led by Nova Scotia's sea kayaking guru, Scott Cunningham. So when we met up I voiced my suspicion and asked them point blank which of them was Scott. They all pointed to a bearded fellow in the #2 boat. "Nice to meet you, Scott. I am Reinhard from Maine," and he recognized me also from my trip write-ups in *Messing About in Boats* and *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*.

We talked briefly. I learned they were headed for White Island and Canso, where I had been this morning. They looked at my sea canoe and were surprised to see me out here with that "broken kayak paddle," my Zaverall bent shaft racing canoe paddle. The rest of my boat passed inspection, since it looked like a regular sea kayak with rudder and spray skirt held up with suspenders.

Then I noticed I almost enjoyed answering their next question, where I had put in and where I was headed, a bit too much. "Port Elgin, New Brunswick, headed for Halifax." Most of them thought I was putting them on. Nobody does that but their trip leader, who did it with a friend and a dog in an open canoe in 1980. But they calmed down a bit when they read the trip stickers on my boat, especially the one about my 1,000 miles around the Gaspé. They were expert kayakers and knew what that meant.

The whole meeting, only my third meeting with other people on my entire trip so far, did not take more than a few minutes. I pointed out the surf off Flying Point. They nodded, we parted, and each went our own way.

I still had a formidable task ahead of me, crossing huge Tor Bay by island hopping along the Sugar Harbor Islands with two miles of open water, straight into the wind at the end. Any open water crossing is a big deal for me, always. But I shifted into overdrive and all went fine. I set up camp for the night inside of Berry Head. A day of great accomplishments, I wrote in my trip log, a stretch I had worried about before the trip. I had hoped I would rise to the occasion and meet the challenge, which I normally do, but I also knew one could never count on it.

Point Roundings

A large fog bank over the ocean and to the east greeted me the next morning, but visibility to the west was decent and, best of all, it was quite calm. I made good progress towards New, Coddles, Seal, and Drum Head Harbor where I briefly stopped for lunch. At that point the coastline was changing. For the next 25 miles, deep rivers and tidal estuaries were running into the ocean in a southeasterly direction, forming many pronounced headlands. After rounding County Harbor Head, Cape Mocodome, and Barachois Head, my 25 miles were up again and I found a lovely sand cove just inside the lighthouse of Port Bickerton.

The nicest moment of today's paddle was hearing a herd of gray seals on Black Ledge singing their gurgly, throaty, howly,

growl and ignoring me completely. What a privilege to hear them, otherwise Nova Scotia has been surprisingly quiet. I heard only a few song birds, a few bald eagles and ospreys, but heard numerous ravens calling each other in their loud raucous voices. Of course, there were a variety of gulls, terns, cormorants, ducks, plovers, and even loons, but it was basically quiet on shore except for the shrill whirr of the August cicadas. I saw no whales, porpoises, or harbor seals, only loud, splashy, boisterous, gray seals.

It was quiet and lonely on the water as well as on shore. No truck, chain saw, or people noises. From Cape Canso to New Harbor there isn't even a road along shore, which translates into there is no way in or out, for that matter, should you have a break down. You are on your own for sure.

Looking at my chart that evening I sincerely hoped for calm weather for tomorrow because I had five more bad looking points to round on my way to Liscomb Harbor. The first was called Fiddler's Head, a steep drumlin island connected to a natural one-mile long rock bar connected to another island bar combination, making the whole thing extend three miles into the ocean. If that was not bad enough, Fiddler's Head was surrounded by more ledges in the two to three meter range, extending yet another 1.5 miles out, which in any sea would mean surf in all directions. Needless to say, I tiptoed through this



Minimal rock perch in Portage Cove.

White granite on White Island.



minefield and into Indian Harbor, only to skirt another bar island 0.7 miles off Wine Head. The tide was low and there was no way of short cutting.

By then the wind had picked up to about 15 knots and was soon up to its usual 20-plus knots, inevitably from the SW in these waters. I had to dig deep again to get anywhere. I rounded Cape St. Marys, then cautiously crossed the St. Marys River, not at its mouth but a bit upriver because it is one of Nova Scotia's biggest rivers and I expected the ebb tide to do a job, but it was manageable. Again, there was no indication that there was a major harbor, Sherbrooke, upstream, it could have been an ocean bight except for the flow.

Cape Gegogan was my next big problem. It had a 1.5-mile long bar running to a small island. The first half mile was already dry and to my initial horror had claimed a large freighter in its toothy fangs. It was the liberty ship the *Fury* which had foundered here in a hurricane in 1965. It was already

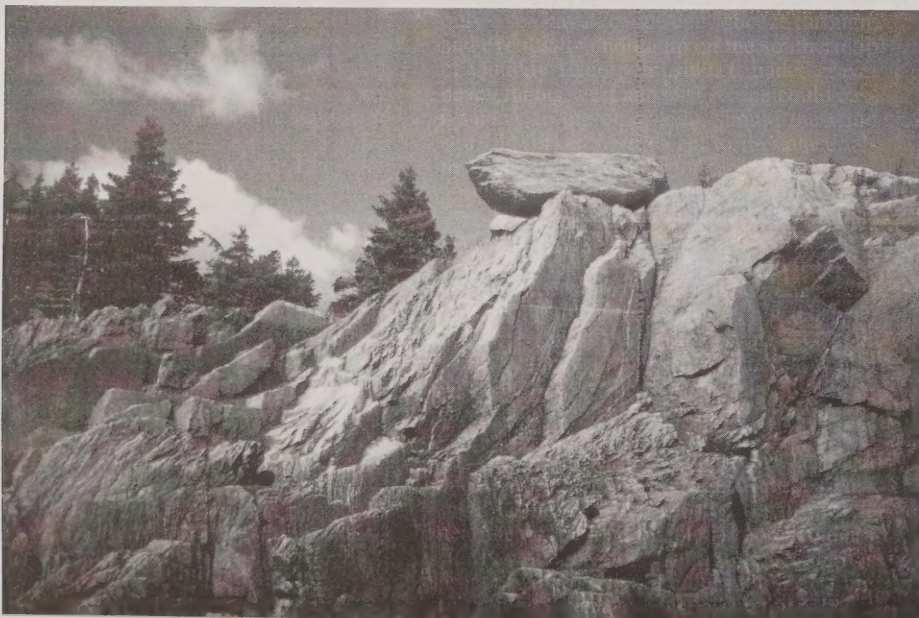
reduced to a huge skeletal hulk but was still looming tall on top of a ragged ledge. Most of the sides had already corroded away, only the boilers and heavy engine were clearly visible. I snapped a few pictures, aiming the camera in the general direction of the wreck since I could not let go of my paddle in the waves, or take my eyes off the waves for that matter.

Again I had to go into the next bay quite a distance before I dared to cross over. By now the wind was blowing 25-30 knots and I was struggling around Redman Head to Gravel Head in outer Liscomb Harbor. I had expected some sand or at least gravel, but instead it was a very rough sea wall which needed some landscaping before I could pitch my tent on it. I investigated a small grassy area a bit further in, but was eaten alive by mosquitoes and opted for my windy rock pile. Liscomb Island used to be a homesteading island, I read, but today only a broken down pier and some level ground are reminders of those days.



Shipwreck off Cape Gegogan.

Bobs Bluff, granite and glacial erratic.



Fog, Thunder, and Rain A Day of Rest at Liscomb

The weather report that night did not sound very promising, fog, rain, thunderstorm, winds gusting to 50 knots, high tide at 5:00, low at 11:00. Was I safe here? I was at least on the inside of an island and close to a real harbor.

Fog rolled in and the rains came down all night, but the 50-knot wind gusts did not materialize. I did not mind, but at sunrise the fog got so dense that I could not even see the end of the bar I was on, and since the coastline was changing yet again, a tangle of islands the likes of which I had never seen, I opted to sit out the fog and enjoy an extra cup of coffee and some reading. Then suddenly at about 11:00am a violent thunderstorm hit. It was right overhead. The rain and wind were fierce (gusting to 45 knots) and the thunder got closer and more menacing. I quickly packed all my gear in my dry bags, spread a tarp over everything in my tent, and steadied the tent from the inside. The storm went on for two hours, like a long band of thunderstorms. I was glad I was not on the water. I later talked with Scoff Cunningham about this storm. He confirmed my observations, he and his group had holed up in Canso Harbor.

By 2:00pm the storm let up a bit but the rain kept coming all day while the fog wafted in and out. It was an enforced rest day which I obeyed, sleeping away most of the day in my sleeping bag under an added rain tarp.

More Islands

The fog and rain were gone the next morning. It was clear again, I could see shore, but it was still windy (west 15-25). I was stiff from sleeping two nights on this rough sea wall, but the tide was in at 6:00, making loading up a cinch. I was off, invigorated and eager to see this maze of islands.

Smith, Turner, and Hayes Points were the three gateways to the Ecurm Securn area. I had to paddle all the way into that little harbor just so I could say that, of course, I had seen Ecurm Securn and even Necurn Teuch, which I did not even know how to pronounce then. ("Teuch" sounds like "Taw," I just found out.) After that I did more gunkholing, enjoying all those little passages and shortcuts only a sea kayak/canoe can squeeze through, and eventually ending up on the southern tip of Quoddy Head peninsula. It had a gravel beach facing west and east so one could easily carry to the other side, should the wind shift. I worked hard to get to this place, almost seven-and-a-half hours, but I felt I got going again after the forced day of rest.

The night was cold. The weather report was not kidding when it sent out a frost warning (for August 24!) and more wind from the west southwest, in the 20-25 knot range. Getting off at high tide was easy, but that also meant it would be ebbing for my six-hour paddle today, and in these waters that would be to the northeast. Both wind and tidal current would be against me, no break again today.

It was still quite cold past Port Dufferin and Beaver Harbor into Sheet Harbor Passage. I stopped briefly to top off my water near the public landing, then scooted under a sturdy wooden bridge out into Sheet Harbor proper, which looks like the mouth of a big river, like Sherbrooke just a few miles back.

The wind was fierce as I clawed my way from Danbury Island via Western and Gibbs to Mushaboom Harbor and Bob's Bluff, where I finally found a protected little cove below the impressive granite bluff to enjoy an early lunch, since breakfast was only a cup of dry granola mix. No time for coffee or milk, I had to get around Taylors Head before the wind got even worse and the tide had run out.

But I was too late for that, I realized, and slowed down with my lunch and rethought my predicament. Taylors Head is a very "conspicuous headland, a potential barrier to an extended trip," Scott Cunningham points out. "Don't round Taylors Head itself, except in very calm conditions."

Well, these were not calm conditions, but I figured it was not the wind which made Taylors Head so dangerous, but the shallow 0.9 meter (3') of water over the bar on its southwest tip. This mile-long bar runs from the point itself to two tiny islands. At low tide, like right now, in any westerly wind, like the present west southwest 25, there would be surf for at least a mile to a mile-and-a-half out to the red buoy (YA4). I wanted none of that under the present conditions and decided to hole up just east of the point in a small cove if possible, on the sea wall again, if necessary.

I felt a bit guilty about that since the entire point is part of Taylors Head Provincial Park, which does not allow camping. But I consider myself such an environmentally friendly minimalist, with a strictly adhered to carry in/carry out, no fires, and leave no trace policy, that my moral compunction was also minimal. (Being a long time Maine Island Trail Association member I know how to tread easy).

My presence would most likely not even be noticed, I figured, since I always make a point of blending into the scenery in my granite colored tent and boat which looks like bleached driftwood. For a safe point rounding, I argued against my offense, I needed an early start on the high tide before the wind springs up. And that is exactly as it happened the next morning.

Bay Hopping

The day started with a wonderful sunrise illuminating a well defined dark cloud bank in the northeast from below. Launching was again easy at high tide and Taylors Head was very manageable, just a few old swells, breaking only occasionally. I felt good about my decision and felt energized to make up the miles lost yesterday.

Today I would traverse a number of large harbor bays, all running northwest to southeast. The first already came yesterday, Mushaboom Harbor, and today Spry, Popes, Tangier, Shoal, and Ship Harbor as well as Owls Head Bay. Some of the bays allowed an inside traverse, like from Spry to Popes, I chose the pretty shortcut through The Baleens, and from Tangier into Shoal and from there into Ship and eventually into Owls Head Bay, a wonderfully protected and interesting inside passage through a myriad of more islands.

After Owls Head light I also took the shortcut behind Cuckold Island, only to find myself in a "field of ledges." Sharp ridged long ledges everywhere, what a nightmare in the fog, even for kayakers, since there is no clear shore to hold on to visually.



Dawn at Taylors Head.

Tidal Estuaries and Barrier Beaches

After Little Harbor the shoreline suddenly changed yet again and continued like this all the way to Halifax. Suddenly there were very distinct and smooth shorelines with few ledges and ledge islands. The shore consisted of a string of large crescent beaches with occasional estuary or river outlets. The chart revealed huge tidal basins storing up massive amounts of brackish sea water behind this barrier sandspit coastline, all running south, all leftovers from the last Ice Age. Most points along this shore were accentuated with drumlins, headlands of a glacial moraine which were now slowly but surely crumbling into the sea, leaving shallow rock or gravel bars behind while turning the rest into long, swoopy, sand beaches.

Clam Bay was just such a large crescent cove with drumlins, barrier beaches, tidal estuary outlets, and all. It seemed endless, but then it also was my longest day, 31 miles (50km) in 7:15 hours. With all those lovely beaches I thought it would be easy to find a nice spot for the night. But the shore was shoaling too far into the sea and many of the beaches were Provincial Parks or private. I ended up on a deserted sea wall again, somewhere before Jeddore Harbor.

Thick fog greeted me in the morning and hung around for most of the day. "I can handle that," I thought to myself. "Along this type of shore, no problem, just watch out for the many ebbing tidal outlets." I love navigating in the fog, figuring everything out ahead of time, then staring at the proper compass heading (don't forget to compensate for the almost 20 degree westerly deviation; i.e., add it to the true course, don't subtract it, or you'll be in deep trouble!), checking my time and ignoring what my senses tell me; i.e., what I feel I should be doing. Feelings and senses have no place in fog navigation, as in instrument flying. Plan prudently, trust your instruments, and do what you had planned to do. Do not double guess yourself or change your plan in midstream, is my advice, you are apt to get lost or run into trouble.

My day went super and I chuckled to myself as I checked off one point after the other. The harbor and bay outlets of Jeddore, Musquodoboit, Petpeswick, Chezzetcook, and Porters Lake were all ebbing, but not so hard as to create standing waves, more in the 1-2 knot range for which one can compensate nicely. I loved seeing the line of drumlins peering through the fog between Chezzetcook Inlet and Three Fathom Harbor, great course markers.

At Wedge Island the fog lifted somewhat, which was nice, since this is a very formidable ledge point extending far out into the open ocean. I had originally thought of spending my last night of this trip on Wedge Island, but decided to go on when I got there. Should the wind breeze up in the morning out of the west, I figured I would have the darndest time making it to Halifax for sure at the prearranged pickup time. Shut In Island also seems to be connected to shore via a shallow rocky bar and would be impossible to cross in any westerly wind.

So I paddled on until I found a reliable spot for my last overnight, the eastern side of Half Island Point. Taking out was almost as hard as my first day, but I remembered to take out my water container. The rocks were slippery and impossible to walk on, but I do not drag my precious Kevlar boat, any boat for that matter. I am a sailor at heart and that is one of the basic sailing rules I learned early. Do not let your boat or any part thereof touch bottom. As a result, I always seem to have the cleanest and smoothest bottom among boaters, boat bottom, that is. My reward this time was a piece of level grass above the rocky low tide shore, my first and only grassy spot of the entire trip. Great, I needed that.

Halifax Bound

My satellite phone was still on its first battery pack and worked flawlessly. Nancy had left Orono, Maine, this morning and was already in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. We would meet up at the boat ramp in Point Pleasant Park at the southern tip of Halifax proper, just south of the last harbor dock at 1:00pm tomorrow. No problem here, only 17 miles! I



Busy Halifax Harbor.



My welcoming party.

Halifax, done for this year.



did not tell her that the weather report had issued a small craft advisory again, 20-25 knot winds from the west, right in the face for me. I could do it, I thought to myself. Why worry her unnecessarily. (She most likely listened to the same report and is not telling me for the same reason.)

I was on my last chart of the trip and I had studied up on Halifax, even set my VHF radio on channel #65A should I need to get in touch with the Harbormaster to get a reading on the ship's traffic in the main channel. I had to cross it from McNabs Island and knew it was a very busy place. Maybe I would leave the Harbormaster just a brief informational call saying a sea canoe was crossing over to Point Pleasant Park. You never know. Maybe fog would waft in. Then I would definitely need his help to cross over safely. For that scenario I had tied up my aluminum survival blanket in a large ball and had secured it under my spray skirt behind me as a make-shift radar reflector.

All went fine straight into the wind, due west. Rounding Hartlen Point and the large ledge shelf surrounding it would be the hardest part of today. On the chart it looks as if Devils Island off its tip was once connected to the shore, leaving a shallow bar in The Gap, as this narrow channel is called. Knowing this, I left a safe distance between me and shore and kept a healthy respect for the old swells breaking in The Gap. Twenty to 25 knot wind waves are manageable as long as the fetch is not too long, and I enjoyed the exciting last stretch of my trip. Then I slipped into more protected waters behind Lawlor and McNabs Island.

The shore to my right was suddenly filled with houses, then harbor piers where big freighters were docking. One large car carrier had just finished unloading a mess of VWs and Mercedes and was picking up steam as I was passing. Two tugboats made sure bow and stern would not run away. Then it motored up into the inner harbor, almost up to Georges Island, before turning sharp left past the main Halifax Harbor and down the reach to open ocean. There were helicopters overhead, Coast Guard, fishing, and pleasure boats, including lots of sailboats, criss crossing the water in every direction. And since visibility was great, I figured one more boat in this unorganized dance would be just fine.

It was only one mile across to my take-out. I checked for traffic, gauged the speed of other boats and mine, and went for it. It was very windy but I had my head down and wanted to get there. It was 12:30pm and I had 30 minutes left.

And then suddenly I saw Nancy and our daughter Brenda on a ledge, waving exuberantly, what a nice welcome after such a lonely trip around an almost deserted and very desolate looking coastline. I had about 100 more yards to go when I was abruptly stopped by a Coast Guard boat with three officers on board. What now, I thought, as they came alongside, giving me the spiel about how dangerous solo boating was, about what a small craft advisory meant, etc. etc. Fortunately I was wearing my PFD with orange whistle or else I would have been in real trouble. But when they asked me what I was doing out here, where I had put in and where I was going, I had to smile and decided to make their day.

"Port Elgin to Halifax, 450 miles in 19 days, solo." I then showed them my compass,

stop watch, air horn, VHF radio set on the Halifax Harbormaster's channel (#65A), my homemade radar reflector, pump, and outrigger reentry pole with float bag, and finally pointed to my satellite phone in its watertight bag. They were suddenly beaming, realizing that I was not the usual naive beginner "who should not be out there on a day like this," but someone who, for a change, was immensely experienced, well prepared, and equipped to be out on open water.

Instead of handing me a ticket or warning, they asked me whether it was OK to take a picture of me, with each of them in it, one by one. But I had the last laugh when I told them that they had interrupted my trip 100 yards short of my goal with my wife and daughter dancing on the ledge ashore and waving their arms. I heard a big "whoops" and a loud apology shouted over the water towards my family.

The End, for Now

And that is how my 2003 trip around Nova Scotia ended. We stayed an extra day in town since Halifax has so much to offer. I, for my part, just hung around the harbor, stepped on board the *Bluenose*, the sleek and incredibly fast former Grand Banks fishing schooner, and watched the replica of the 148' square rigger *Jeanie Johnston* arrive after its maiden voyage from Ireland, a big TV mo-

ment for the city. In the years 1848-1855 the original boat made 16 voyages across the Atlantic, carrying 2500 Irish immigrants to these shores. I also did some people watching. I had met people only three times during my 19 days at sea and was a bit people starved.

We then drove back to Maine via the Digby St. John ferry, already talking about next year's trip, which might take me from the same place in Halifax, along the South Shore of Nova Scotia and around Cape Sable to Yarmouth and Digby, another 375 miles. I'll let you know.

Info

Canadian Charts: Port Elgin to Halifax (for numbers, see Canadian chart catalogue)
Sailing Directions, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Fisheries and Oceans, Ottawa.
Sailing Directions, Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast) and Bay of Fundy. Fisheries & Oceans, Ottawa.
 Scott Cunningham: *Sea Kayaking in Nova Scotia*, Nimbus Publishing, Halifax, 1996.
 Atlantic Geoscience Society: *The Last Billion Years., A Geological History of the Maritime Provinces of Canada*, Nimbus Publishing, Halifax, 2001.

Equipment

17'2" Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe (Kevlar, with deck, spray skirt and rudder).
 Carbon fiber bent shaft canoe paddle (whitewater/expedition lay up) by Zaverl, NY.
 VHF marine radio telephone (with NOAA weather stations)
 Iridium satellite telephone.
 Sponsors: None

Reading

Joseph E. Garland: *Lone Voyager*, Touchstone, 1963/2000.
 Sebastian Junger: *The Perfect Storm*, Harper, 1997.
 Robb White: *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, Hyperion, 2003.



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I remember my first boat. I had been in other boats ever since I was a little baby, but the boat in the coach house was the first one to belong to me and, you know, that makes a lot of difference. I think I was about seven years old.

There were two segments of my family. My grandfather was an unusual man. Though he was capable of doing anything useful and was loved and respected by everybody who knew him, he was incompetent in the management of money (sort of like me, I guess). I believe that he suffered from excess enthusiasm. If he had been in a primitive situation... something like an old savage sitting around his fire, roasting little pieces of meat on a stick for his grandchildren...he would have been fine, but he just didn't fit in the modern world (never learned to drive a car, for one thing). He, my mother, me, a bunch of aunts, and all sorts of folks who worked the old place were one segment of our family. My father and all my uncles were off attending to the war.

The other segment of our family was connected to my grandfather's sister who, along with her husband, was a rich Yankee. Our place (12,000 acres then) was what they call a "hunting plantation." Which, I believe, are maintained by rich Yankees as a winter refuge from the rigors of piling up money and as a tax dodge.

There were, and are, a bunch of them around here. This is longleaf pine country and those kinds of woods were thought to be "salubrious" back when people were scared to death of things like tuberculosis, so the industrial tycoons of the late 19th century started coming here for their health right after the Civil War. There were hotels in Thomasville that catered to them and, at first, my family stayed in one (The Piney Woods) for extended vacations in the winter. Then they built a house in town, then they bought the old Blackshear place in 1886 and started vacationing out there.

My grandfather had been a rich Yankee, too, but he loved roaming through the woods and messing around in the water down here so much that he never went back to Philadelphia to tend to his business and it dwindled to nothing, even before the crash of '29. He worked for his sister as overseer of the plantation. His children ran the woods like coons, all the time. There was a tutor who lived on the place and was supposed to teach them the three Rs, but they were so bright and eager to get out that all that was accomplished before breakfast.

These children quickly reverted to "wild type" like the escaped fruit flies in a genetics lab. The deformities of civilization evaporated from them like the ether used to knock out the special flies in their jars in the lab. One story is that if they found a shubbox (eastern box turtle) while they were wandering the woods, they immediately raked up a pile of pine straw, set it on fire, and put the turtle in there to roast. If he (or she, he has red eyes) crawled out, they raked him back in with a stick. He was done when the steam began to come out from under his tail and they busted him open and ate him on the spot. My mother, who was the Red Cross lady in Thomasville for many years, was such a nice person that nobody ever suspected the depths of her savagery. She was never sick a day in her life and attributed that to early challenges to her immune system.

The Boat In the Coach House

By Robb White

Anyhow, these wild children were extremely cruel to the little tame Yankee cousins when they came down. I mean, goddammighty knows, some of those stories will curdle the blood. I'll quickly whip out two so you can see what I mean, but I'll try to spare you all I can. One time, they hung a little innocent boy by his belt onto the horns of a deer skull nailed to the wall of the coach house. It wasn't child abuse...at first. He was willing, but an airplane flew over about then (1918) and they had to run see and forgot the little fella until they noticed his empty place at suppertime. Another time, they told the whole crew of innocents that when you chewed sugar cane you were supposed to swallow the pummins. They had them all in a row swallowing like matching cormorants each with a pinfish trying to go down backwards. Jesus. My sisters and I did it to one of our Yankee cousins, too, and it was pitiful. I hope St. Peter is involved in a TV evangelist meeting when my time comes so I can slip by the substitute.

The little wild children didn't have anything much. They made bows and arrows with the single wornout pocket knife that they shared and they had a few fish hooks and a spool of "Aunt Lydia" sewing thread and later, when they were old enough (about seven), a gun, but they lived in poverty. Oh, they ate well because this was actually a working plantation with big fields of peanuts and a garden from which everybody on the place (maybe 30 people, all told) had all they needed.

There was livestock of all kinds. My grandfather raised pigeons...for the squabs. You know a squab is a peculiar phenomenon. When they get ready to kill and eat, they are much bigger than a grown pigeon...sort of like how a caterpillar is bigger than the butterfly into which it metamorphoses. They don't actually look all that appetizing with their pin feathers sticking straight out and all that dook stuck on their bottoms because their legs are too flaccid for them to waddle out of it. But, I tell you this, a squab roasted with a strip of bacon is a treat. There are a lot of foodstuffs kind of like that, you know, those that don't look too good as raw material but, with proper preparation, turn out fine. A hot dog is a good example.

Well, the little Yankees had all sorts of toys and junk. Everything a child could have was provided for them, not only down here, but back in Philadelphia. Momma said that they had a real steam train, big enough to ride on. She showed me the little rusty tracks running all out through the flower beds over at the big house. They also had a tiny boat.

Everybody was grown up when I came along. My sisters and I and a bunch of children of the folks that worked the place ran just as wild as before. What did you think... that someone like my mother would, all of a sudden, fly into a frenzy of supervision? I was the oldest, by far, and for a long time, I was kind of on my own. I was out there in the coach house one time when I found a ladder

nailed-to the harness wall, and after I had climbed into the loft I found the most charming little boat.

I'll get right back to it in a second, but first I better explain the coach house. Back in the horse and buggy days a buggy was an expensive thing and a "coach" was something reserved for people like my ancestors... people who were apt to top it the knob every chance they got. One story is that when they came (I guess my grandfather was a little boy at this time) down for the winter on the "Carpetbagger Express" they would spend the first night in their house in town while their servants got the coach ready. It was big enough to haul them all...all the men in their Prince Alberts and all the ladies in their plume bird hats. There was a little perch up front for the driver and a little perch back aft for the man who blew the horn to warn the peasants to get out of the way. If that ain't topping it the knob, I don't know what is.

Anyway, the coach house is where the coach stayed so that the mohair and plush and leather wouldn't get rained on. When I was a little boy it was full of agricultural implements, rusty tools, old harnesses, and one or two dusty buggies...no telling what happened to the coach and the horn. I actually knew one old man who remembered those days. He said, "You heard that horn, you better get your ass out the road or them goddamn Masons would run over you in that big assed thing."

So I found that little boat up in the loft with some old fishing poles (we had our own bamboo grove which is right down in back of my son's house right now...most excellent stuff) and old dusty lumber. I remember it exactly. During the time of the coach and on up into the '30s, there was a man named Dan Kidney in Ohio who built double-ended duckboats. They were decked over and had an oval cockpit.

When I was a boy there was one in every pond (six) on the place. They didn't last long down here though, and by the time the war was over and I was old enough to make much use of them they were rotted out. The one in the coach house was a miniature that the Yankees had built specially to suit the needs of their children. Initially there was a whole fleet of them, but all but one had succumbed to the fecundity of the South. Nobody knew how this one got up in the loft of the coach house, but there it was. I immediately interrogated out who I needed to see to get it down so I could get to messing.

I dragged it to the closest creek and slid it in. The old cedar planking had shrunk and gapped so bad that I couldn't keep it bailed out. When I got in, the bottom spouted like the whales in "McElligot's Pool." It didn't make any difference in the long run, though, because the creek was too little to float the boat anyway.

I fought and dragged it all the way to the delta where the creek spread out at the head of the pond. There the button bushes, briers, and grass were too thick for me to get any further and I had to abandon the whole project right there. I guess an archaeologist, armed with sophisticated infrared devices, could find a hint of extra richness in the shape of a tiny boat, in the humus of that place. I might fight my way back through the impenetrable thicket myself one of these days with my metal detector and see if I can find one single clenched tack for my artifact cabinet.

Epilog:

When I got out of the Navy in 1963, all the old Kidney boats on all the Yankee places down here had rotted out. I hate to talk bad about legendary things, but they weren't very well made. When the Yankees found that there was a boat builder in town (right downtown in an old storefront), one of them asked me if I thought I knew what a Dan Kidney boat looked like and, if so, could I build one?

"Will a turkey swallow a lizard?" was my reply. I surveyed a few wretched scraps at the ponds on our place and found little pieces of galvanized tin, rusty steel nails, little pieces of rotten northern white cedar, and even a little crust of painted canvas. From that, and my childhood memories, I was able to build an ersatz Kidney boat.

Abercrombie & Fitch had stopped selling the real thing by then so I had no competition. The duckboat business was one of the things that lured me into deceiving myself that I could make a living as a boatbuilder. I built a lot of them...saturated the market. The only problem was that I didn't have good business sense like old Dan. Mine were made of old growth, red heart cypress fastened with bronze, and they never rotted out.

The old boats had two galvanized tin pipes down through the foredecks (they were symmetrically double-ended) and all the way through the bottom that you could stick a pole down into the bottom of the pond to stabilize the boat in the blind. Though the Yankees didn't do much bream fishing, I found that the pipes (mine were copper) were the best way to hold the boat over a bed (do y'all really call that a "redd"?), so rambunctious grandchildren won't turn the boat over when the old red bellies get to biting like they do sometimes. Does that mean that I have one of those duckboats? Can a fat baby fart?

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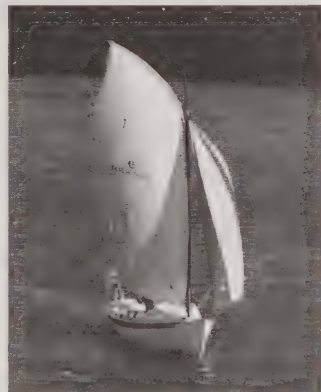
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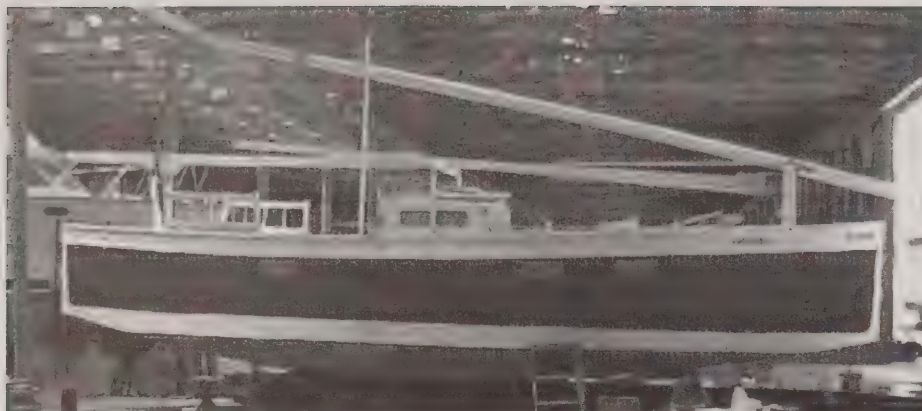
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Part 1: 2002

Chines 94 Hours

Alisa is very solidly constructed, the builder did a first rate job and she is in great condition overall after eight seasons of continuous use. When I bought her I knew there would be work to do on the mast, bow well, and chines. For much of her life the sheathing along the chines has allowed water into the boat. After I removed the old stuff from the chines, I counted 15 dark spots on starboard and 20 on port and numerous spots around the fasteners. There were air bubbles around many of the fasteners on the port side, it looks like they were introduced over time due to expansion/contraction, maybe from the freezes they get up there on the St. Lawrence. I ground all of these out with a grinder/sanding pad and filled with thickened epoxy before resheathing with three layers of 10-oz. The screws are stainless and the picture you see is the worst area of the whole boat.

The bottom of the boat is lightly convex (which puzzled me until Bruce Hector mentioned on the Yahoo forum that his Micro is that way from the way he assembled the hull

Chine repairs pre-grinding.



Refit Report of *Alisa* A Bolger AS-29

By Frank San Miguel

upside down). Also, *Alisa*'s chines were only 1/2" radius. These two factors combined to cause problems both in blocking the boat for



More chine repairs. After filling, before smoothing.

winter and launching the boat in the sling. I've worked out a gentler blocking scheme and radiused the chines (using my drawknife and a plane and a grinder) to 1" and added three layers of 10-oz. cloth cut at 45 degrees, which should give me an increased strength in this area of 4 to 10 times. None of the black spots penetrated very far and I found only one or two areas where I could easily chop stuff with my chisel. I filled these areas. I'll have to take a look next spring to see if problems are getting worse. If so, I'll have to chop out portions of the bottom and scarf in replacements (like I did with the mast).

I am very happy with the way the 10-oz. 45 degree strips work on the chines. I used 8", 6", and 4" widths, cut with scissors. The width gets narrower when applying because of the 45 degree cut. I did the two 8" layers first (overlapping 2") and then the 4" last. Then I glopped loads of stuff thickened with 50/50 microballoons and fused silica. I used Raka epoxy, which cures soft. Much of the work was done in 90-98°F temperatures, which the Raka very slow hardener handles very well! I experimented with biaxial cloth and 9-oz. tape and the 10-oz. 45 degree stuff was the best by far in quality of application.

Robb White used 16 layers of 4-oz. cloth on the bottom of his Rescue Minor boat. I think that technique might be even better, thought it would involve more cutting.

Blocking

A lot of damage was done to the chines while *Alisa* was in the slings and on blocks because of the aforementioned convex bottom and sharp corners. I devised a pretty simple but effective way to minimize stresses during blocking. After one launching and one haulout I can claim success! With the combination of armor plating on the chines plus the new blocking system I have seen no damage, dents, or cracks.

The key was supporting the 2" x 10" bunks a few inches inboard of the chine, allowing the bunk to bend to the concavity of the bottom. A bunch of old carpet didn't hurt either.

Bow Well 20 Hours

I bought *Alisa* knowing I would be repairing some leaks, the most pronounced of which is in the bow well. The failure was in the bond between the fillets and the epoxy coated plywood on the floor of the bow well. Every piece of wood in the boat was epoxy coated before assembly. The wood is in great condition (built in 1994). I can think of two explanations for the failure:

1. Insufficient surface prep before applying the fillets. I certainly can understand how this might happen after spending four hours in that little space. It is a very hard area to get into.

2. The fillets were too small. I think 1/4" radius isn't sufficient. Also, there was no stitch-n-glue style sheathing over the joints. I am sure more strength is required based on the stresses imposed by the mast/tabernacle.

I chopped out all of the old epoxy fillets, sanded the whole bottom down to the wood (epoxy primer and polyurethane rust paint, whew!), laid down 1"+ radius fillets and laid a layer of 7-oz. tape plus another layer of 7-oz. sheathing over the whole floor. Looks pretty nice. Talk about a difficult space

to work in though! 10" x 4' x 3'. My bones were creaky from all of that contortion work!

Mast Rot 18 Hours

Rot had set in to the foot of the mast where the lead weight is attached using screws and SS plates. I suspect it happened during the winter when the mast was horizontal and water and snow could collect on the horizontal surface, since the rot was worst on the top/forward side of the mast!

I had to scarf two 1-1/2" x 4-1/2" boards into two sides. I also had to make a wedge 13" x 1-1/2" x 9" (stop for mast bevel). That's four 4-1/2" x 15" scarf cuts plus a big 13" cut. I've made scarf joints once before (for a mast) using a saw, hammer, chisel, and a hand plane, but I was looking for a more efficient way. I first tried grandfather's 6" jointer (Big Power Tool) for the 13" wedge. It was loud and dangerous and made a lot of dust, but it worked. My mast was still on its tabernacle, the piece to be repaired was suspended 15' in the air, so I couldn't bring big power tools. Instead, I marked the cut and made depth cuts every 2" with my Japanese saw.

Then I sharpened up the drawknife and chopped away. It is amazing how much stock you can cut away in a short time with a sharp drawknife. Wow! I finished up with a Baily #4 plane and a bull nosed rabbeting plane (total of \$80 worth of tools from various antique shops in Pennsylvania).

Filling the Weave

When I built my 15' sharpie I figured fairing the hull was for sissies. After all, I wanted workboat finish and who would care if there were some rough spots. I sheathed bottom but not the sides. Filling the weave with a third or fourth coat of epoxy seemed purely optional. All those articles and chapters in the books and magazines about fairing are merely the result of some misplaced 19th century yachting aesthetic that places a disproportionate value on form over function, right? I'm not so sure. After spending a week-end upside down sanding off poisonous bottom paint from an unfilled, unfaired bottom in order to effect some repairs to the sheathing, I've realized there is a very practical reason for fairing and filling, repairs!

Part 2: 2003 and Beyond

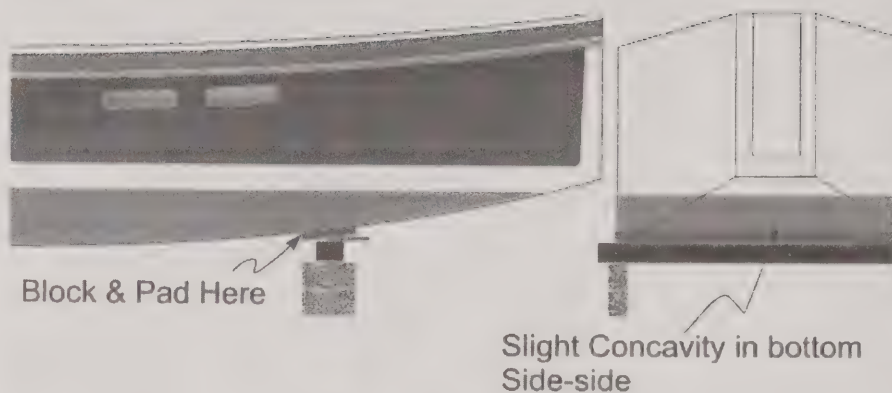
Bilgeboard Trunks

After launching I still had leaks into the boat. These are almost certainly coming from bilgeboard wells. Figure 1 shows how the boat is now and what I've done to fix it. The plans seem a little ambiguous on the subject, but John Dalziel's AS 29, *Zoella*, is built like AFTER. The current construction in *Alisa* prevented the builder from taping the seam between the bottom and the trunk sides ("tape here" in the illustration).

As a result, water gets in right along the dotted line. I think I may be getting a little bit of water from underneath the exterior chine as well.

After doing the repair to the bilgeboard, I discovered that the chines were rotten for a few feet near the bilgeboards. These will have to be replaced and the bilgeboard trunks repaired. The work hasn't been done yet.

For more information: <http://wwwfsanmiguel.com/boat/>.



Blocking arrangement.

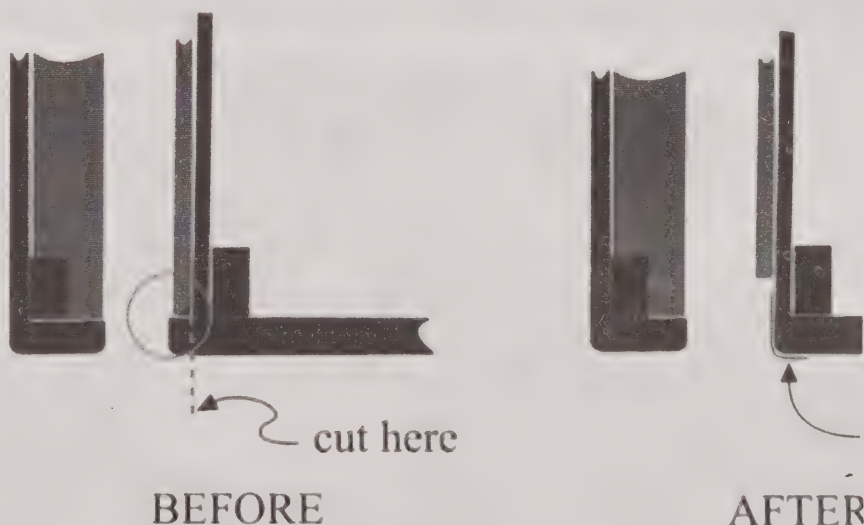


Repairs to the bow well.



Replace rot in mast foot.

Bilgeboard leaks



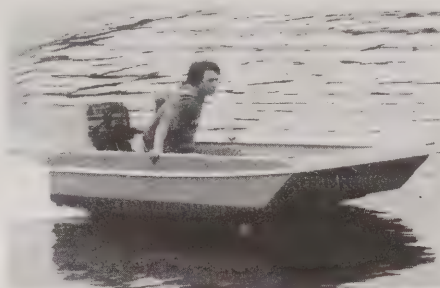
I don't suppose Skimmer would win an award purely for looks, but for the shortest time between two points she fills a need, and she does that handsomely. Her total cost of \$50 to \$75, which represents the current tab for a couple of sheets of plywood and a few 2x4s, justifies my calling her "the poor man's Boston Whaler."

Watching lobsterman Don York skittering around Spruce Head Island in a similar type of his own design first aroused my interest in this kind of speedster. Actually, he turned out a series of variations. His first effort was perfectly flat bottomed with her forward end turned up like a Sea Sled's, poor cornering and cavitation spurred him to further experimentation. At one stage, his chariot was two Styrofoam logs in a framework bolted to a piece of plywood on which he mounted an old fashioned wooden kitchen chair. All you could see was Don upright in this chair, tearing across the harbor like a bat out of hell with water flying everywhere.

It was one of those things people are sometimes driven to do for the good of their souls, I guess. You've got the motor, you've got the materials, you've got the goal. So you do it. I'm all for this kind of thing, but it's best done with the aid of a designer. The fun of the thing kept nagging at me and kept me

Skimmer The Poor Man's Whaler

By Dynamite Payson



nagging Phil Bolger until he gave up and designed Skimmer.

Even so, I had plenty of critics busy making me uneasy. Brooks Townes, then with *National Fisherman*, kept telling me, "You know, you can flip one of those when you get air trapped under her." I let Phil know of my concern and left it to him to make the venture safe. When I got the plans I began to

wonder about the effectiveness of the three skids along her bottom. How much lift would they give and how much tunnel effect would they provide, as the Whaler's cathedral hull does, to let the air escape?

An explanation accompanied the plans, from which I gathered that the combined area of the three 1-1/2" skids would produce quite a bit of lift, similar, for example, to the human feet, which have performed successfully as substitutes for water skis. Anyway, during the trial runs of the prototype, my son Timothy drove her at a good clip with his 10 horse Merc and I could see that she cornered very nicely. When he took her on longer trips, such as out to the Muscle Ridge Islands, he reported that she never showed any tendency to back up.

Materials

Two sheets 1/4" 4' x 8' AC exterior or marine grade plywood. Four 8' 2"x4"s for bottom skids, inside gunwales, transom framing, and bow transom filler (optional). 20' of 3/4" pine, spruce, fir, or mahogany for chine logs and seat framing. One 1-1/2" x 5-1/2" 8' plank for motor support board and bow transom framing. A 5" board for the bow transom top framing.

1 lb. of 1" #13 bronze anchor nails for fastening chine logs to bottom. 1 lb. of 1-1/4" bronze anchor nails for fastening bottom skids. 1 lb. Weldwood dry powder glue (or epoxy or marine glue of your choice, it's not critical elsewhere, but epoxy is best for the bottom skids).

20' of 3" fiberglass tape for chines and a short strip of wider tape or fiberglass cloth to cover the bow transom joint. 1 qt. resin and hardener.

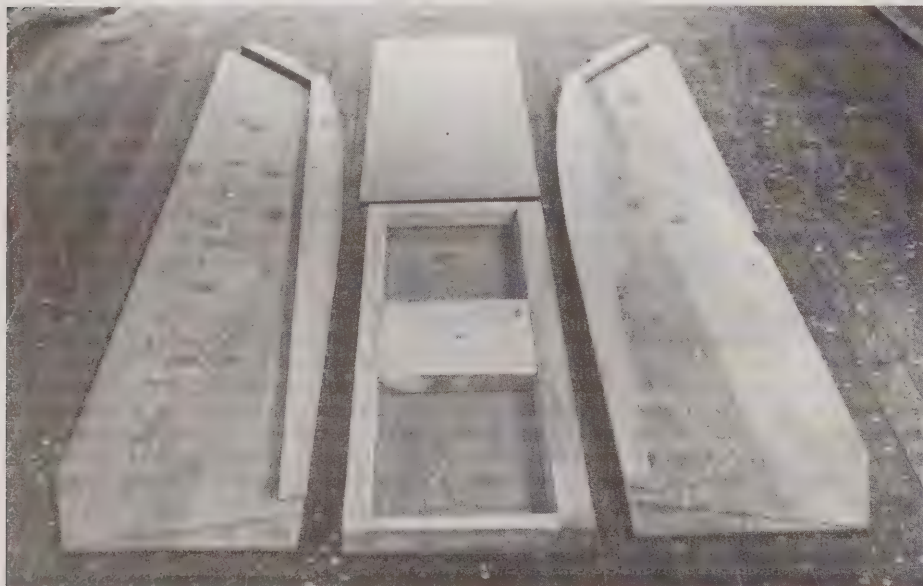
Oarlocks, oarlock side plates, and 3/8" x 4" bow eye. Dow Corning sheet styrofoam (blue) for flotation under seat.

Layout And Assembly

Mark a sheet of plywood at 1' intervals as on the plan and draw in perpendiculars to use in measuring from the edge of the sheet to establish the shape of the sides. Define the curve area near the bow by driving nails and springing a batten around them. Mark sides for molding, waterline, transom rake, seat location, and oarlock side plates. Cut the framing for the top and sides of the stern transom from a 1-1/2" strip, the bottom framing is 1-1/2" x 2-1/2" and is beveled 14 degrees.

Establish the shape of the chine logs from the sides. Lay the sides on the floor and glue and fasten the chine logs to the inside bottom edges. Instead of the filler block noted on the plan, use a piece of 2" x 6" plank (detail drawing of this option is included). Let the bottom and bow transom plywood butt at this joint and glue and fasten the hull bottom and bow transom using 1" nails. Fasten the ends of the plank to the chine logs, plank ends flush with the outside of the sides. Round off to suit and apply fiberglass tape and resin. Fasten the bow transom top (a 3/4" x 4-1/4", 3' 11-1/2" board) to the bow transom using glue and 1" nails.

Mark the outside bottom for the locations of the skids. Cut these from 2" x 4"s, six strips in all, and glue them together in pairs as shown, using epoxy. Form the curve either by securing each pair to the extreme outside edge of the bottom before gluing, shorting in place to follow its outline, or by con-



Bore pilot holes for skid fastenings through the bottom, glue skids with epoxy, and fasten them from the inside with 1-1/4" anchor nails, shifting to the 1" nails in the tapered sections.

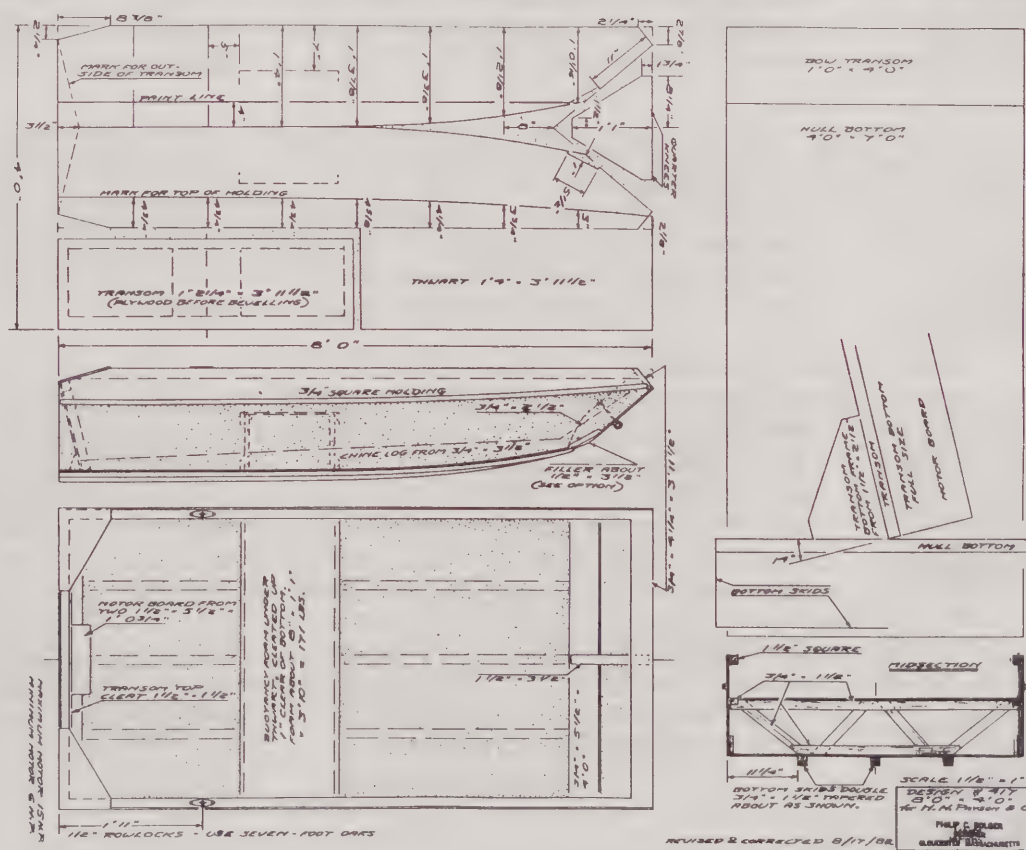
Turn the boat right side up. Install the inside gunwales, sheer moldings, quarter knees, and seat frame. Pack Styrofoam flotation under the seat. Install the 1- 1/2" x 3-1/2" backing block for bow eye.

The only change I made in the original plans, with Phil's approval, was in the bow joint, which catches the lower edge of the bottom as described in the option noted above. This is simpler and faster and it makes for better nailing than using the 3/4" x 5-1/2" framing as originally drawn and adding a filler piece.

There are no bugs in building Skimmer. The hardest part is getting the correct bend in the skids and holding it. I bent and glued two pieces of 1-1/2" x 3/4" spruce together and clamped them to the outside edge of the bottom to conform to that shape until the glue dried, one set of skids to each side. I clamped the third set to a jig, taken off the shape of Skimmer's bottom. The next day I tapered their forward ends and fastened them on, nailing from inside while a helper backed the skids up with a heavy maul from the outside.

Skimmer is a very stable platform, stable enough to stand up and fish from. 10hp to 15hp is just right for Skimmer. Don't put on any more unless you want to scare yourself half to death.

Plans are \$30 a set, from H.H. Payson,
31 Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston ME
04858.





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).

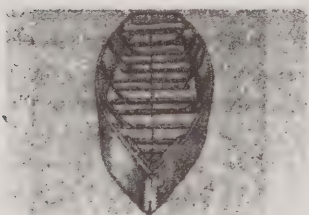
The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

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.



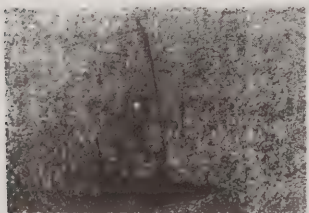
- 88. DORDOGNE BOAT** Probably the only example of a European boat of this unusual construction still in existence. There is evidence to show that boats were built in this way in North Germany two thousand years ago, but much has yet to be learnt. It is noteworthy that although the boat is derelict,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



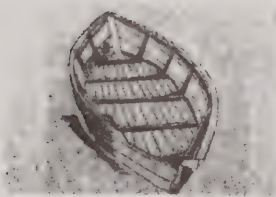
- 89. INTERNATIONAL 14 FOOT RACING DINGHIES (ALARM AND LIGHTNING)** ALARM and LIGHTNING, both winners of the Prince of Wales Cup, are modelled on Uffa Fox's first really successful planing dinghy AVENGER. The International 14 was the forerunner of all the planing dinghies of today. The craftsmanship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



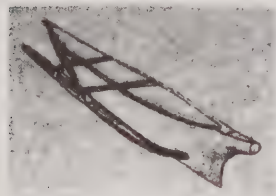
- 91. MORGAN GILES INTERNATIONAL FOURTEEN** This boat, with its bronze centre plate and bamboo mast, represents the era of Internationals before Uffa Fox's break-through with AVENGER which put all craft before it out of date, as well as astern. This probably accounts for the fact that this boat, shipped 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.



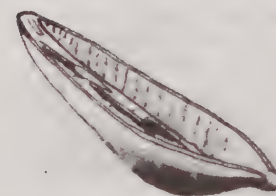
- 93. SEDGEMOOR WITHIES PUNT** Used in the drainage ditches of Sedgemoor in Somerset to carry bundles of withies for basket making or reed for thatching. The shape is governed by the width of the ditches. Presented by Mr. Alan Coggle of Somerton.



- 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.



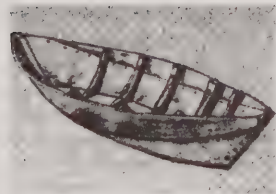
- 97. SIX-OARED GIG** A beautifully proportioned and built rowing boat of about 1925. Presented by Mrs Pamela Poole of Corse Lawn in Gloucestershire.



- 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.

International Scene

Spain is determined to keep its shores safe from what it considers to be risks. The elderly (built in 1979) single-hulled tanker *Geroi Sevastopolya* was inspected in Latvia at the port of Ventspils by European Maritime Safety Agency experts, including a Spaniard, and they found no reason why the ship should be detained from sailing to Singapore with 50,000 tons of bunker oil. In spite of their ruling, the Spanish government sent a warship to escort the vessel through the Bay of Biscay and to make sure the tanker did not enter Spanish waters, even though its master said he had no intention of entering Spanish or Portuguese waters. The International Transport Workers Federation denounced Spain's "gunboat policy," as did the vessel's charterer, who reaffirmed its dedication to safe shipping. As one maritime publication noted, the whole episode should have been a nonevent.

European Union shipowners want the commission to enforce legislation on places of refuge if member states do not comply with the self-imposed February deadlines. And, during its six-month presidency of the European Union, Ireland wants to introduce criminal sanctions for pollution offenses.

One commenter noted that the International Maritime Organization (IMO) is being forced to manage the political and economic demands affecting its members. Shipowners will fight U.S. proposals that the IMO regulate the competency of selected shoreside employees for the first time. And the IMO asked for comments on its draft procedures whereby a contracting party would be issued a dumping permit in emergency situations posing an unacceptable threat to human health, safety, or the marine environment when no other feasible solution is available. (This may be in response to frequent inspections by salvors on how to act if, for example, the dumping of some oil might later allow much more oil to be removed from a stranded, about-to-break-up vessel).

Twelve Asian nations pledged to better their cooperative efforts so as to protect the oceans and coastal resources in their region and to ensure that fishing grounds are not overfished.

The third engineer of the *Tasman Spirit*, jailed without charges along with six other of the crew plus a salvage master after the tanker went aground in Karachi Harbor last year and broke apart, now faces charges. Found in a pool of blood, he was rushed to a hospital for emergency surgery. He is recovering but faces several years in jail because attempted suicide is a crime in Pakistan. Protests and appeals to the highest Pakistani governmental levels have failed to obtain release of the eight, held since July 27. Pakistan is seeking \$1 billion in damages from the Malta-based vessel owners, although full compensation for the costs of oil cleanup is available from international funds established for that purpose.

In a related action, the Sindh High Court ruled that the salvage vessel *Sea Angel* was a salvage vessel and had nothing to do with the *Tasman Spirit*'s grounding and subsequent oil spill. The court agreed to delay sailing of the *Sea Angel* for a week to allow the Karachi Port Trust to appeal, but ruled that KPT must pay daily compensation if the appeal was denied. In spite of all the trouble that salvage

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

firm Tsalvaris has had after removing the tanker's oil, Smit Salvage started work on removing the halves of the *Tasman Spirit* when a deal was struck between the American Club (the vessel's P&I insurer) and the Karachi Port Trust. Finally, in Lahore a theatrical group made the *Tasman Spirit* oil spill the theme of its performance in the second annual Theatre of the Oppressed Festival. No news on what position the group took.

Cruise Ships

The line between ferries and cruise ships is blurring and Norway's Color Line is having the world's largest (and also the first purpose built) cruise-ferry built in Finland. The 75,000-ton *Color Fantasy* will have a "shopping street," saunas and a spa, and live entertainment and is supposed to provide a "mini-holiday" or, if you prefer, "the total experience" while traveling between Oslo and Kiel, starting late this year. Other companies are expected to follow suit with similar ships.

Three senior engineering officers who served on the cruise ship *Norway* were indicted for concealing the illegal overboard discharge of waste oil and associated monkey businesses. The crew member who reported the offenses will receive \$250,000. The Norwegian Cruise Line had previously pled guilty and cooperated in the investigation.

Ferries

Action in the ferry world last month was fast and furious, so let's cover much of it as quickly as possible. First, good news for Scottish operator Caledonian MacBrayne. It announced that its many ferries carried more than a million cars and five million passengers last year for the first time since the Skye Bridge was opened and the Kyle ferry was withdrawn. Now the bad news. The company revealed a deficit that "runs into millions" in its pension fund. The exact amount was "a private matter" and was "a matter of concern for both employees and its shareholders." (Note that company officials were omitted in this listing.)

But it was the CEO of Scandlines who had announced in October that he would resign from the company at the end of the year. He committed suicide just before Christmas by jumping off a vehicular bridge between Denmark and Sweden.

Giant ferry operator P&O announced it will replace up to 200 temporary workers with cheaper workers from southern Europe. The company noted turnover rates should drop since many of the existing temporary workers were Australians and New Zealanders, for whom an overseas sojourn of travel, punctuated by work whenever necessary, is virtually a part of their education.

In the U.K., a Plymouth bus operator is refusing to let his double-decker busses use one of the Torpoint ferries because they get hung up while crossing the ferry's ramp. The last time this happened, the ramp punctured the bus's compressed air system, thus automatically locking the brakes. By the time a

tow truck could arrive, the rear end of the bus was under water. The ferry operator said new ferries, coming soon, should solve that problem and in the meantime he will try to adjust the ferry's ramp.

Bad trips: In Norway, the cruise ferry *Fjord Norway* with 850 passengers finally arrived in port more than a day late. Rough weather delayed sailing from Denmark. When it tried to sail, wind and wave drove the ship back towards the pier where it collided with a tugboat, and then a line from the tug became entangled in one of the ferry's propellers.

In Italy, the island of Pantelleria was without ferry service for ten days until the Siremar ferry *Pietro Novelli* arrived at about the same time as two military C-130 cargo planes that brought in 24 tons of groceries and meat. And the Lampedusa ferry *Sansovino* docked some four days late. It had gone ashore on the island's shores and two Italian Coast Guard boats had evacuated all passengers except one truck driver who stayed with his truck of poinsettia plants. He and the crew eventually worked the vessel free and brought it to port where it is "waiting to be worked on in order to avoid situations like this in the future."

In Bangladesh, rampaging erosion of the Brahmaputra's banks forced a ferry landing to be moved three times in two weeks. Each move meant railroad tracks had to be re-laid and the passenger terminal moved. Passengers now have to walk a long distance to board a ferry.

Future trips: Ferry service between India's Tuticorin Port and Sri Lanka's commercial capitol of Colombo is likely but will be delayed until a security report is filed with the Sri Lankan Shipping Ministry. Pakistan's top Navy leader sees "no harm" in restoring ferry service between Pakistan and India since relations between the two countries are improving quickly.

The second of the Alaska Marine Highway System's two new ferries was launched in Morgan City, Louisiana. The *Lituya* (named after a glacier) is a 180' ferry based on an offshore supply boat design and will carry 150 passengers and 18 vehicles between Ketchikan and Metlakatla starting in May 2005.

And high speed ferry service serving Racine, Chicago, and St. Joseph, Michigan probably will not start this year, although tickets for this summer have already been sold. A suitable ferry cannot be leased and the company has no lease for a Chicago terminal.

The Rochester, New York, fire chief said the city must improve fire safety, including buying a \$122,000 fireboat, if the planned Rochester-Toronto ferry begins docking there. The 284' high speed ferry can carry 750 passengers and 220 cars per trip.

Fare increases and service decreases: Fares went up on Marine Atlantic ferries from Nova Scotia to Newfoundland. Ditto on British Columbia Ferries, plus another hike this fall.

Massachusetts' Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket Steamship Authority similarly increased both parking fees and ferry fares, about 7% to Nantucket Island and 3% to Marthas Vineyard. The Authority also wants to sell advertising space on ferries, terminals, and buses and even start an "in-float" magazine. Users and others naturally do not

like the fare increases, but dislike the other schemes even more, especially the magazine, as being competitive with local businesses. The man who thought up the magazine concept responded, "We will proceed cautiously and respectfully with the merchants on both islands. It was never my or the boat line's intention to pick the pockets of island merchants."

In Washington State, food service on commuter ferries stopped January 1st when workers, the concession company, and the State's Department of Transportation could not come to a mutually satisfactory agreement, although the workers agreed to a wage freeze, no annual raises in July, and cuts in hours. "It's better to have a job than not," explained one. But the concession company fired all the workers anyhow, so commuters will not be able to buy a hot snack for many months to come.

In British Columbia, ferry service resumed when BC Ferries and the union agreed to binding arbitration. The ferries run again but many problems will probably not be solved by the arbitration results.

A federal investigation into a truck fire last May aboard the big Nova Scotia to Newfoundland ferry *Joseph and Clara Smallwood* revealed the crew were unfamiliar with the fire detection system and the ferry lacked enough effective voice communication systems (that means telephones since radios don't work well inside the steel vessel), and bilingual announcements on safety precautions were omitted on sister ferry *Caribou* because a bilingual person wasn't available. The fire on the *Smallwood* was apparently extinguished only after the vessel reached *Porte aux Basques*, Newfoundland, and its fire brigade.

New York City ferries: The four Staten Island ferries will be getting hijack-proof doors to engine rooms and pilothouses. New ferries, coming into service soon, will have such protection built in. A bomb scare briefly halted service until an abandoned metal box was found to be without a bomb in it. A badly injured woman, hurt in the October 15 collision of the ferry *Andrew J. Barberi* with a pier, died and she became the 11th victim.

Caddell Dry Dock and Repair Co. was awarded a \$5.9 million contract to repair the ferry by May 15, 2004. Meanwhile, the several investigations of the accident continue to grind along. The captain has been fired and the pilot has been suspended without pay, will probably not be charged with homicide, and is in trouble with the Coast Guard because he hadn't reported he used a drug with possible sleepiness side effects.

This month's ferry disaster and near disaster: While floods and landslides were killing several hundreds ashore in the Philippines, a SOS was received from the 63-ton ferry *Piary*. It had left Mapun in the Sulu Sea and was bound for Palawan Island, 440 miles away, but a hole had opened in the side of the wooden vessel and it was sinking. Aboard were 69 passengers, including seven children and six crew.

The next day the Malaysian tanker *Pacific Valor* rescued 39 survivors, including three children. They were clinging to debris. Fishermen in two separate areas later rescued another seven. Outside of major areas in Third World nations, wooden ferries, often little more than oversized outrigger canoes, usu-

ally serve as the primary mode of transportation between islands and across rivers. Governments generally allow them to sail because there are no other economically viable alternatives.

Off Massachusetts, a truck loaded with 10,000 gallons of propane was tipped over by rough seas on the vehicular ferry *Katama*. No explosion, no fire, but a lot of tiptoeing.

Legal Matters

In the U.S. towing industry, those who began service or training to receive a license as master of a towing vessel before May 21, 2001, will no longer be "grandfathered" after May 20, 2004. The new requirements then apply.

An admiralty action that was brought in the federal court district of Chicago over a commercial tiff elsewhere was dismissed because, as the court explained, "the plaintiff was commercially sophisticated and is presumed to know where Benton Harbor is located."

The U.S. Coast Guard suspended the license of a U.S. mariner for failing to sound the warning signal prior to a collision in accordance with the COLREG provision that the signal must be sounded if one ship is in doubt about the other ship's intentions. But the National Transportation Safety Board decided that the mariner knew for certain that the other vessel was not taking proper action and therefore did not see any need to sound the warning signal. The argument went to court. A U.S. Appeals Court ruled that the National Transportation Safety Board (and other agencies) must defer to reasonable interpretations of the U.S. Coast Guard and cannot substitute its own interpretations.

Hard Knocks And Bad Times

At Sardinia's Porto Torres, four explosions rocked the Bahamian-flagged tanker *Panam Serena*, killing two Latvian crewmen, leaving another missing, and closing the port, an important ferry terminal, for five days. News accounts varied, stating that the tanker was carrying: a) oil, b) non-toxic benzene, and c) highly toxic vinyl chloride monomer.

A Liberian ro/ro went aground in strong winds on the breakwater for the Syrian port of Tartous, 144 miles north of Damascus. All 18 crew were saved. Interestingly, in light of the situation in the Middle East, the ship was headed toward Iraq with a load of cars.

Off Lebanon, a Syrian-owned cargo ship sank in high winds, leaving its 11-man crew missing. The ship was carrying sand from Alexandria to Lebanon.

In the U.S., the crane on a barge pushed by the tug *Gram Me* hit the open Jordan Bridge in the Norfolk area, shifting the center span to one side, closing the Southern Branch of the Elizabeth River, and leaving the bridge tender stranded in his cab. He soon scrambled down but it is lucky that there are alternative routes available for motorists for some time to come. Tolls had recently been raised to pay for extensive restoration of the 75-year-old bridge.

And off Japan the Panamanian-flagged tug *Marina Iris* sent out a distress signal. The Japanese Coast Guard found four Indonesian sailors, but two others are missing and presumed lost. The tug had been recently purchased from a Japanese shipping company and was bound for Singapore.

Shipbuilding

Containership orders in 2003 amounted to more than \$22 billion, five times the order rate in 2002 and well above the previous highest level of \$12.5 billion in 2000. But Hyundai Heavy Industry predicted it would have a heavy drop in orders after the record 2003. German yard Peter Schiffbau will cut its 100 strong workforce although it has plenty of repair and new build work going on. One reason given was that the strong Euro was making it hard to get orders. But smaller yards in smaller nations are optimistic. The Philippine's largest yard plans to double its building capacity by adding another slipway, and in India at Cochin, that nations' largest yard hopes to pick up orders now that Korean, Japanese, and Chinese yards are flooded with orders. So far, it has orders for nine tugs for Saudi Arabia.

In Spain, police fired rubber bullets at striking shipyard workers when they marched on the headquarters of Spanish shipbuilder Izar. At least 15 workers were hurt. In the U.K., VT Halmatic shipped a 295' (90m) hollow carbon/epoxy mast that will be installed on the *Mirabelle V* being built by parent company VT Shipbuilding. It is the tallest mast ever constructed for a yacht.

Russian officials insist that the nuclear-powered icebreaker *50th Anniversary of Victory* will be completed in 2005 although sufficient funds have not yet been allocated. The ship has been under construction for more than a decade, the keel having been laid in October 1989.

Queen Elizabeth christened the *Queen Mary 2*, some 35 years after she christened the *Queen Elizabeth 2*. The *QM2* is the largest cruise ship afloat, although the Cunard Line is careful to point out she is a liner, not a cruise ship.

Scrapping

The small freighter *Black Dragon* was seized while bringing in illegal Chinese immigrants to Vancouver Island four years ago. The impounded vessel was tied to a naval buoy last October when it sank. Raised, it sank again while under tow to a scrapping yard. The rusting hulk will be left where it is as an unplanned artificial reef, although it is an unlikely refuge for coastal marine life. Estimates are that the federal government must have spent more than \$1 million on the *Black Dragon*.

China's huge and ever-growing appetite for steel and a shortage of ships because freight rates are very high has boosted scrapping prices to an all-time record level of \$300 per light deadweight ton, and that may go even higher.

In the U.K., debate over scrapping former U.S. Navy vessels continues and one gets the feeling that the government would really like to get the business for the U.K. Although environmentalists and some neighbors of Able U.K.'s scrapping yard at Teeside are protesting, Teeside's local MP wants all 13 ex-U.S. Navy vessels to come to the North East. The Environment minister testified that the immediate legal dispute is a matter for the courts to decide but there is a pressing need for safe scrapping facilities because over 2,000 single-hulled tankers will be scrapped between now and 2015. "We want it (Able U.K.) to be legal but we want it to succeed. There is a need for this," he said.

In India, Greenpeace claimed the *Geneva Bridge*, a British ship waiting to be beached and scrapped, was "toxic" and the local government was forced to order an environmental inspection of it. The vessel was built more than 30 years ago, long before the use of toxic materials was banned in the construction of ships.

Germanischer Lloyd reported that cracks have been appearing on some large container vessels. The cracks show up after about ten years of service and are similar to cracking previously found on tankers.

The Pakistan Navy commissioned the second of three Agosta 90B submarines and the first that was locally built. *PNS-Saad* joined *PNS-Khalid*. The third sub, *PNS-Hamaza*, will join the fleet in 2005. All will be fitted or retrofitted with air-independent propulsion systems.

Odd Bits

Sixty grounding incidents in British waters over a ten-year period have involved the incapacitation or absence of watchkeepers. One such incident involved an on-watch chief mate whose pants pocket

caught on the chair's adjustment lever as he arose, causing him to fall and knock himself out.

The Panama Canal has opened a new four-story visitors' center at the Miraflores Locks.

The Suez Canal Authority no longer allows the use of light mooring boats and now a tug (at approximately U.S. \$22,000) must be used. An alternative is an open-type lifeboat if it conforms to the SOLAS definition of "lifeboat," but not an open-type "rescue boat."

Tanker operation through the Turkish Straits must be frustrating for owners and crews. On a typical day last month, there were 39 daylight-restricted tankers waiting to go southbound through the Canakkale Strait, with those arriving on November 26 eligible to head south on December 13 or later (a 16-day delay), eight tankers were waiting to go north and they had four-day delays, 11 tankers were waiting to go south through the Istanbul Strait and had three-day waits, and, funnily enough, northbound tankers could sail through the Istanbul Strait on the day after their arrival. The above was true if dense fog and strong currents didn't close the Straits, as they often do. Note that passages through the Bosphorus itself were not being delayed.

Headshakers

Three years ago, when British driver Brian Kent drove his lorry off a ferry from the Continent, he discovered it was carrying seven asylum-seeking stowaways. He duti-

fully turned them over to Immigration and, in accordance with U.K. law, was promptly fined £2,000 for each stowaway. Unable to pay, his lorry was then seized. The lorry was eventually returned to him but in such bad condition that he sold it for scrap. Now jobless and without a home (since he slept in the lorry), he fought to have the fine revoked. He recently lost his case on the technicality that the Immigration officer was not acting illegally. The judge, handcuffed by the existing laws, stated, "The moral of this whole appalling case is one that should be heeded by Parliament." The ex-driver will fight on.

A steel barge carrying a crane lay half sunk in a Florida waterway and the State wanted it removed. It gave the owner three chances in a four-week period to have it removed although he stated he lacked the necessary funds, then had him arrested. He may get six years in jail plus fines. News reports repeatedly noted that the barge is 25' long.

The log-carrying, German-owned freighter *Apollo Lion* was en route from Cameroon to Ferrol in Spain when the crew discovered a dead stowaway. By then the body had been a' mouldering for about two weeks in tropical weather. A Spanish judge approved an order to bring the body to Spain, another week away, but later stated he would not have let the body remain on board if he had known the ship had no cold chamber. Then, four days into unloading the logs, the fragrant body of a second stowaway was discovered! We can only wish the crew of the *Apollo Lion* a better New Year.

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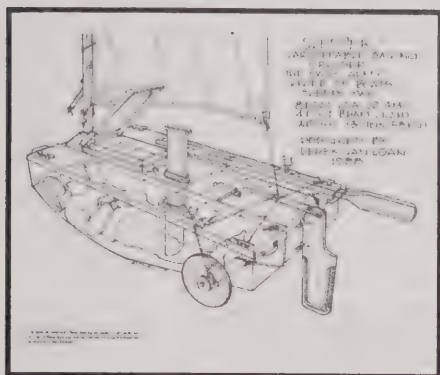
Photo by Doug Lee

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Building Sleeper

Part 11

By Don Elliott



On Page 16 of Sleeper's building instruction there is a detailed description of how to install the dagger board trunk blocks, so I will not repeat that here. Also, on that same page is clear instruction on how to build the dagger board, rudder, and the grab rails for the craft. Only the grab rail construction will be covered here as there is not much to tell about building the other parts and the plans cover those areas very well.

While the remaining parts are being built, cover the hull with a sheet of plastic or prime it with a thin coat of epoxy, make sure the wood is completely dry before this is done. This precaution will save you some work in the future. (Mask off any areas that

will be glued in the future, this will save you sanding the epoxy if none is there)

The grab rails for Sleeper serve a few purposes on the craft so they should be built of solid material and they also should be built well. To build the grab rails I have prepared a sketch to make the instructions in the plans clear.

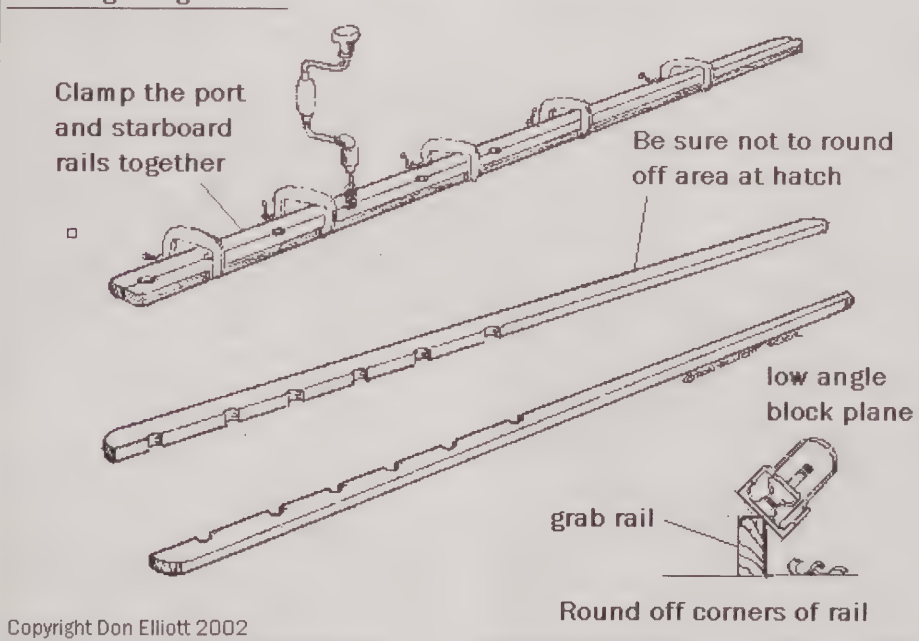
Each grab rail has six half holes, to make the grab rails easily clamp both the starboard and port rails together tightly and bore a single hole at the six locations indicated on the plans. When the sticks are freed from the clamps you will have two rails with six half holes in each rail.

Radius the top edges of the grab rails, the easiest and quickest way to do this is to take a small block plane, cut a 45 slice off the top corner, finish the rounding process with a sanding block with progressively finer grit. Note that the area where the grab rails come in contact with the hatch must not be rounded at all, but left sharp. While you are at it, also round the edges of holes, 12 places. Any sharp edges on a craft will open flesh.

Note that any part that might be damaged during normal operation of the craft should either be easily replaced or so it can be repaired in place. The decision to glue, bolt, or screw a part on should be based on that consideration. Where something is structural on Sleeper the proper fasteners are described on the plans. Generally on all boats avoid mounting any part that has any load of any kind with screws. In other words, if in doubt use a bolt, washer, and nut. Reserve screws for light duty work only or simply don't use them at all.

(To be continued)

Building the grab rails



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Alden Shells

in eastern New England



"Oarmaster 1" parts

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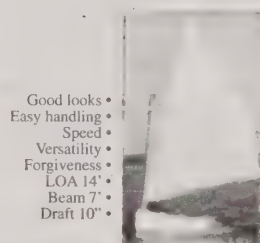
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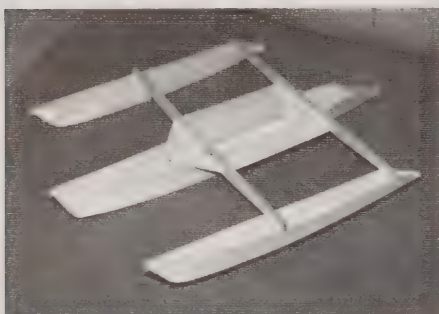
Gerümp(f)el IV (*Gerümpfel* means multihulled, *Gerümpel* says rubbish) is the Mark 4 version on my way to learn to plan and to construct a trimaran. In my career as a hobby boatbuilder I've built some boats, more monohulls than multies, but nothing compares to the difficulties to design and build a well sailing trimaran.

Mk I came out with 6m x 5m and 15sm sail area. A rocket, but too flexy, too small floats and not enough displacement for the main hull. I didn't finish it and gave it to my friend, Otto Johannsen, who finished it with his son, sailed it a season, tried to cure all the bugs, and then abandoned it. Don't know why because he won't speak to me about it.

Mk II somewhat bigger with 7m x 5m and a comfortable cockpit, folding beams, and a cat rig from a Dart Catamaran, but this version was too heavy and I sold it before it was finished.

Mk III was much smaller with 5m x 3.5m and a surf rig of 8.5sm, sailed wonderfully and was a sweet and easy boat to handle, but when there were two persons in the cockpit water came in pouring through the port holes which should drain the cockpit.

Nearing my retirement I wanted a perfect boat and, of course, a trimaran. I heard of the KISS formula of Jim Brown and Dick Newick, both of whom I admire a lot. I found another formula for me and called it BESS (basic on some aspects, easy on the pocket, easy to handle, easy on the eye, easy to stow



Model for Mk. I.

Mk. I under construction.



Gerümpfel IV

By Manfred Pech



Gerrump(f)el IV, 20' x 12', with jib, now 113sf sail area. Jib and main can be furled. Kickup rudder. Mast & akas fabricated with carbon fiber.

away in my garage, safe and simple). Maybe I've read this somewhere before...this "last" boat ought to be my best ever boat.

Therefore, I visited my dear friends Børge and Jens Quorning in Denmark, manufacturers of the Dragonfly family of trimarans, and listened to their advice speaking of length-to-beam ratios, static and dynamic lift, center of buoyancy, center of effort, wave resistance and skin friction, critical beam areas, where to place the floats, the daggerboard, the mast and the rudder or rudders and, and... Then they took me to their rubbish corner and gave me the float of a capsized Dragonfly 800 which was damaged when rescued to start the main hull of my project. I was happy and confused by so

much trimaran wisdom, but I managed to get home. When home again I read the name on the float, *Saerimner* stood there in big letters. That was the name of Odin's (God of the Vikings) pig.

From then on I spent every free minute in my garage, my wife watching me with interest. I removed the deck of *Saerimner*, cut out all from inside the hull, shortened it to 6.10m (20'), and repaired the torn open side. I widened the hull, which was very easy because I was used to torturing plywood and the hull was soft. So I didn't have to cut the hull open and insert a wedge. When I returned into our house in the evenings I often looked like *Saerimner*, the pig of Odin, and my wonderful little wife wouldn't allow me to come in without a severe clean. Picky, picky.

I started the floor of the hull with a sandwich of foam Styrodur 8cm (3") covered with thin ply above and light glass fabric on the underside. The hull should float when holed and be light enough to be easily handled by a man of 65. I made the daggerboard case from light ply and epoxied it into the hull and formed a bed for the foot of the mast with the same foam, plywood, and Kevlar epoxy. The attachments to accept the beams and the beams themselves were made of Abachi, a light but soft wood used in the saunas and absolutely not acceptable to build a boat. But together with epoxy, carbon, Kevlar, and plywood I used it as a core material.

Above the floor the boat should be open from bow to stern to get rid of the overcoming water as fast as possible. Therefore, I cut holes into the stern and gave an inclination to the bottom to give way for the water. Didn't like the thought to have my feet constantly in the Baltic Sea.

For the floats I took the arrangement of the Mk 3 boat. This meant a displacement of less than 100% for each float and I hoped to replace another 100% by myself moving my pounds carefully to the place where it would be useful to give stability. To compensate the lacking of static buoyancy a bit, the floats had extended decks like skis on both sides an inch to give some dynamic lift when forced down in a squall. To allow this, the floats were inclined some degrees to give a level run when the boat heels.

As a test bed one of the floats was made of polyester resin, the other of epoxy. Epoxy turned out to be by far the tougher material, but the gelcoat lost its white colour in favour of a brown tone I did not intend. Styroform was used for the small bulkheads and decks and for flotation when holed.

At my age I need a comfortable boat. There are little specials to give some help. As I do not like to sit on a trampoline with folded legs like a guru's pupil, I made catwalks for both sides of the hull to stretch out my legs when sailing. These catwalks were made from birch craft plywood with a foam core of Styrodur and are light to handle. They have strong wooden pins fore and after and are hinged in the beams. They can be folded away and the boat can be paddled sitting in the main hull.

In the bow and in the stern there are pieces of a surf mast moulded into the main hull to give a lighter handling and to help get the boat into or out of the water or stow the hull on the trailer. The mast of 22' is made from two surf sticks with a reinforcement of carbon fabric to keep it strong and light and

no shrouds or stays are used. The mast is rotating to give the possibility to furl the sail.

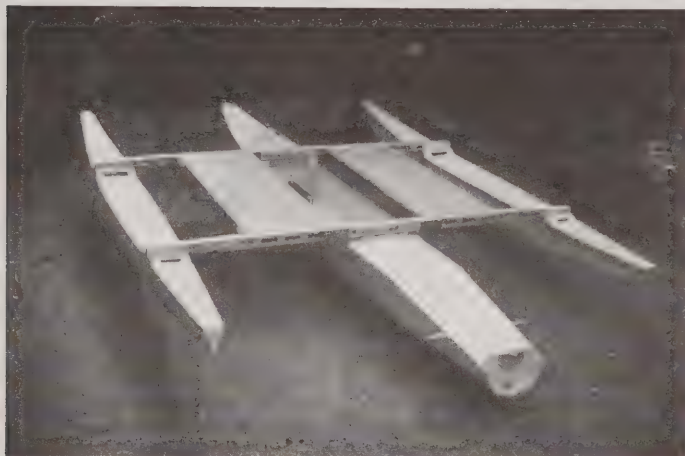
As I don't have any greed for speed (I'm not chased nor do I chase anybody), the Elvström sail has only 8.5sm and no boom to hit my head. The daggerboard is made of birch ply and hollow, as is the rudder to float when dropped into the water. As auxiliary I choose a Mercury 3.3hp which proved to be much too powerful for the light and easy driven hulls.

The day of the first sail came with a strong and steady easterly wind blowing into the fjord of our little town and I could not resist any longer to test the boat. I wheeled the tri to the shore of our club and pushed it into the water. It floated more than one inch higher than the painted water line. The careful use of light building materials did pay out. I started the Mercury and went out the club's harbour to make the first sailing test far from the critical eyes of the yachties.

In the middle of the fjord I stopped the motor, unfurled the sail, pushed the daggerboard into the case, tightened the sheet, adjusted

the rudder and tried to fall off, but nothing happened. The strong easterly wind pushed the boat backwards, the rudder ahead and swaying from port to starboard. I dashed forward, adjusted the board on another position adjusted the rudder and the sheet, but the boat kept on refusing to be sailed by me. All attempts were in vain. Hobby fishers in their boats started watching me with great interest hoping for a little sensation. I furlled the sail a bit more and tried it again, nothing. The beach came nearer, the fishers joked. *Saerimner* did not like to be ridden by me. At the last possible second my little Mercury saved me and pushed me back through the big waves of the surf. I furlled the sail, eased the board, and crept cautiously back into the harbour not to be seen by the yachties.

This winter I made a boom for the main sail, my sail maker provided a jib of nearly 2sm to move the center of effort more forward and in my cellar a new daggerboard is getting shape. This summer *Gerümpfel IV* (multihulled) will sail or I'll make *Gerümpel* (rubbish) of it.



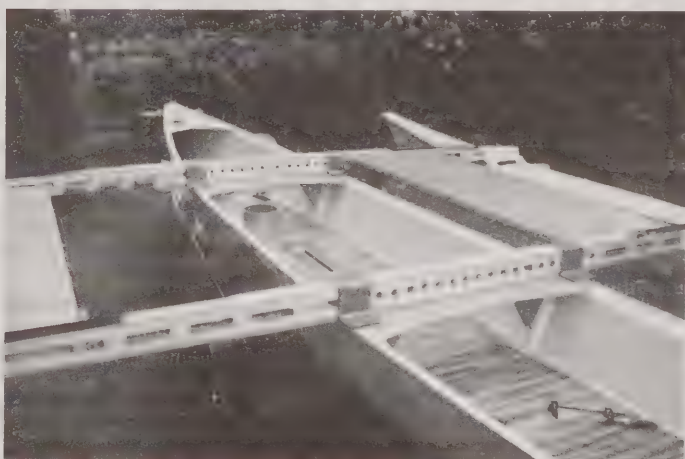
Mk. III.

Mk. IV rear view.



Mk. IV front view.

Mk. IV details of akas and hinged catwalks in place of trampolines.





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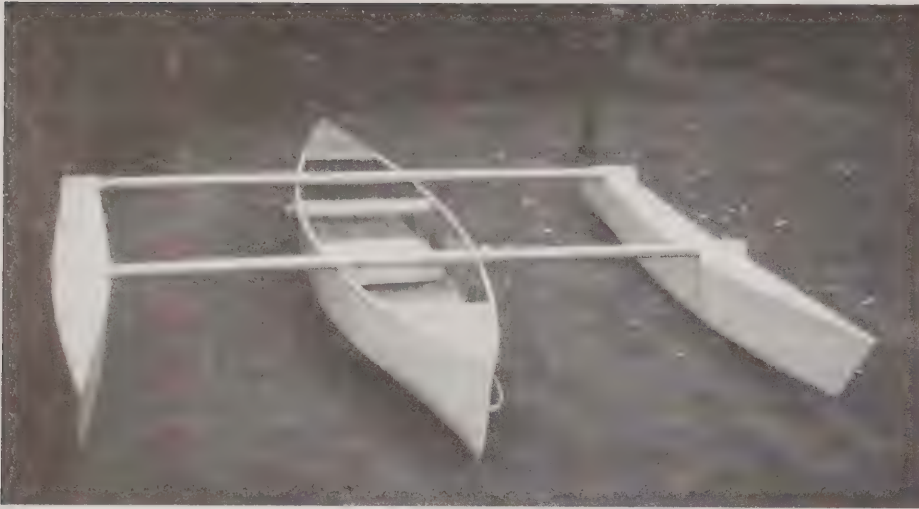
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Kanumaran... Another Approach



A small 4.2m (14') Kanumaran of stressed ply (4mm) with the floats from the larger trimaran 5.3m (17.39') Floats too big? Main hull weighs 76kg (35.27 lbs).



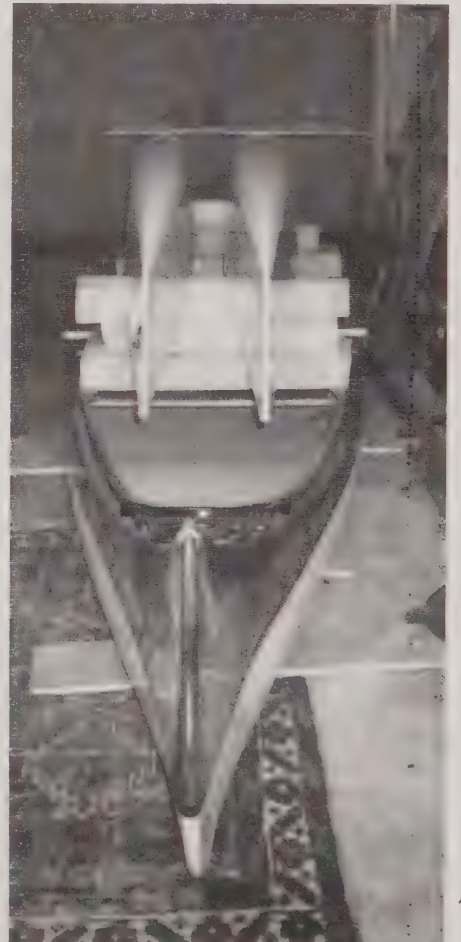
Another option with a single outrigger with Bruce foil (to come). Sail 3m surf sail (not yet ready).

New stern for attaching rudder. Aka attachment points and mast foot also shown.



Daggerboard box with 55 deg dihedral was difficult to glue and laminate into the hull.

Main hull and amas (ply with shaped styrofoam and glass fiber) and styrofoam blocks to fit into main hull.





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The 23' power dory owned by Richard Pratt was built at Sorrento, Maine. Pratt is enthusiastic about its performance and plans to have a similar power dory built with one-piece sides of plywood. Pratt believes this type of construction could be mass produced, cutting costs appreciably.

This was a custom design, done in 1954 for a New Yorker who had seen photos of 1900s power dories. At that time they were a staple of many local New England boat shops. My teacher, Nicholas Montgomery, started his career building them and used to say that he was the first to build them with carvel planking, before that they were lapstrake, being derived from sailing dories, and in particular from the rounded side Swampscott dories. They were also produced in considerable production by Lowell in Amesbury, Cape Cod Shipbuilding in Wareham, and Toppan in Medford (all in Massachusetts). Starting around 1900 they were produced eventually in diminishing numbers as it became clearer that it was possible to do much better by getting definitely away from the dory ancestry into the 1920s.

I owned a Cape Cod dory, built in 1921, for a couple of years in the early 1950s and had a good time with her. She was much like this design, though with a more pronounced rounding of her sides and the hull not quite so deep bodied at the stem (the prop shaft came out near the bottom of the "tombstone" with a skeg to protect the prop). She had a 4-cylinder Universal engine which had much more power than she could use as 6 knots was as fast as she could go with any power. The man I sold her to replaced the Universal with a Palmer Baby Husky, 5hp, a sweet machine that I wish was available now.

These were not bad boats in many ways. They were buoyant and dry in a chop and very economical to run if they were not pushed

Bolger on Design Power Dory

Length 23' 1"
 Breadth 6' 6"
 Draft 1' 7"
 Displacement 2500 lbs.

harder than the hull form suggested, which was about 5 knots. They maneuvered well, stood grounding well, and looked graceful and shipshape. It was the last quality that attracted my elderly client. They were very tender, heeling over at the least excuse, which was desirable for a hand line fisherman because they would bring their rail close to the water to bring a big cod inboard. This design of mine was even more tender than most of them due to the buoyancy of the deep stem and the small amount of curve in her side frames. And they were very long for the useful space.

The fact is, the mystique of the dory persisted, and still persists, long after the reasons for its design had been largely forgotten. They were evolved to row as well as possible while carrying very heavy loads and to nest compactly so that many of them could be carried in the limited deck space of a mother ship. Look up Alan Villiers' book, *The Quest Of The Schooner Argus*, to understand how they were meant to be used. They could

be sailed after a fashion as almost anything can, but they were not good sailboats.

When they were being built primarily for sailing, they gradually evolved into decent sailboats that looked less and less like dories. First the sides were given a slight rounding, then a more pronounced rounding until they were quite hard bilged or even hard chined. The flat bottom grew narrower until it disappeared entirely into a conventional keel. The stem got wider and the bow overhang shorter. Eventually the result was a good sailboat that could not perform any of the functions of the original dory.

The motor dories had a parallel evolution, being altered to improve their steadiness and speed until they no longer were anything like the real dory. In both cases the original dory persisted, and does even now, because some people liked their looks and associated them with legend. The qualities that drove the original type, the ability to be rowed by one or two men while loaded very deep with fish, and to nest in compact stacks, were no longer any part of the picture. As this design illustrates, a dory like boat is not at all space efficient, though a nest of four or five of them is so. They're long and wide and very slow for any given use. This 23-footer has less usable space than a 16' utility of the same beam now, and is no abler in rough water if the 16-footer is well designed.

We still see the original dory shape, the real "Banks Dory" being built. They're apt to be somewhat decadent, with less flare and rocker than the best of the working dories, which makes them a little less tender to move around in but spoils their rowing more or less at all loadings. But they are not good rowing boats by any standard when they're riding light, as they always are these days. In light condition they're too high in the water, forcing the oars to work at an inefficient angle. It's depressing to see innocent youngsters introduced to rowing in these replica bank dories. It's a quick way to convince them that rowing is hard work and no fun!

The man who commissioned this design had her built and told me he was happy with her. He liked her looks and had confidence in her rough water ability. He did not mind her slow speed because he did not want to go far. Fair enough, if you think that a low power motorboat can't be attractive unless it has a remote resemblance to something designed for a different, and extinct, requirement.

The original tracings of this boat's plans have long since disappeared, but we do have them complete and usable, though at much reduced scale, from a How To Build article I wrote about it for a magazine called *Boats* which is long out of business. We would seriously dissuade anybody from thinking of building one for the reasons given, plus the fact that the design is not especially good even on its own terms. As Francis Herreshoff wrote



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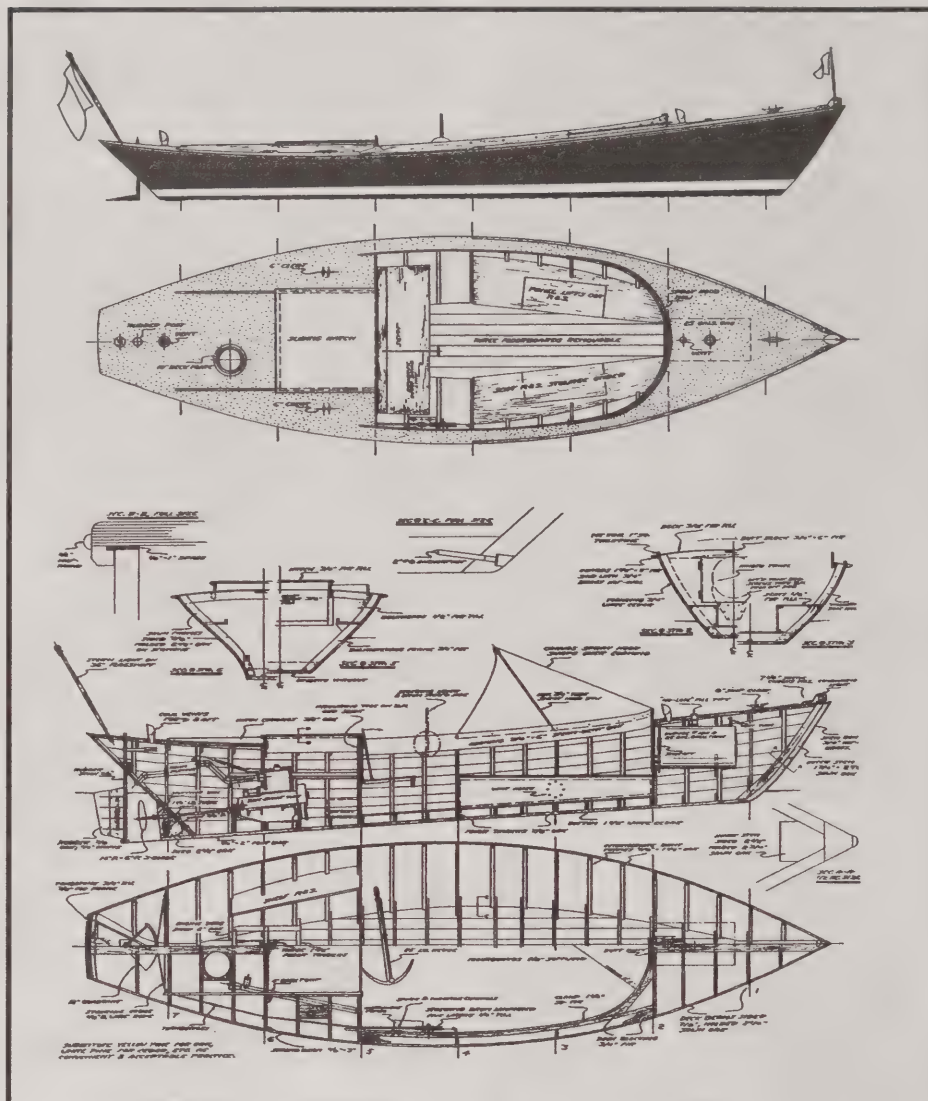
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in a similar context, "I designed this boat before I knew any better". But it serves to illustrate one more complaint about the misunderstandings about dories.

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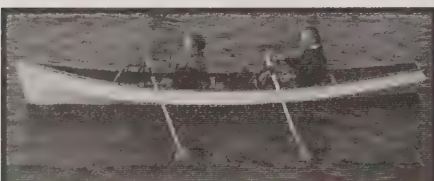
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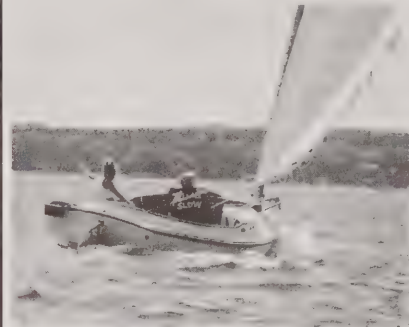


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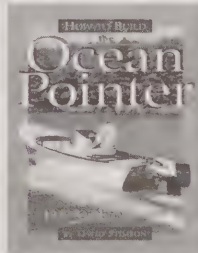
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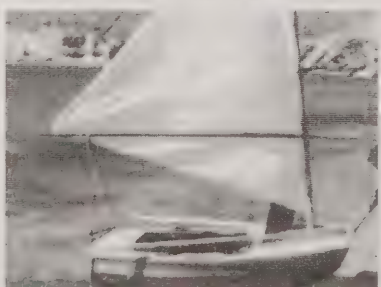
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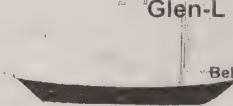
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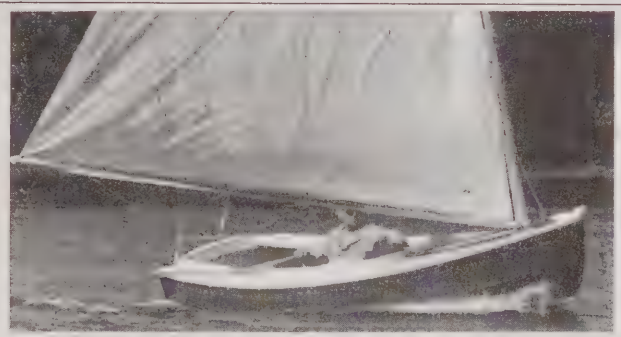


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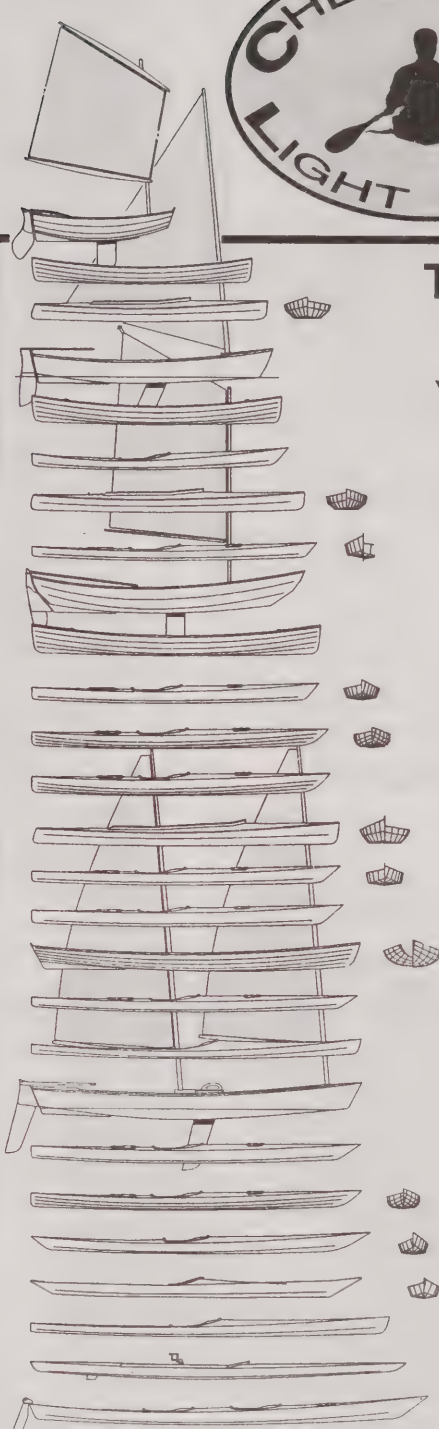
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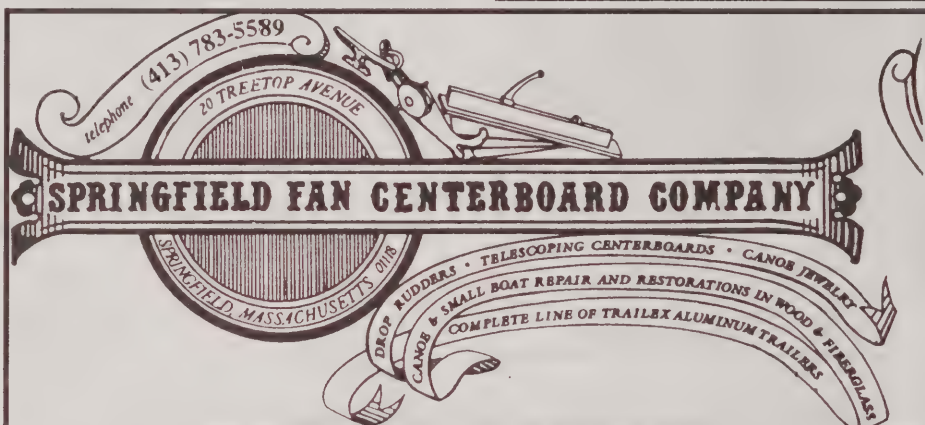
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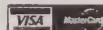


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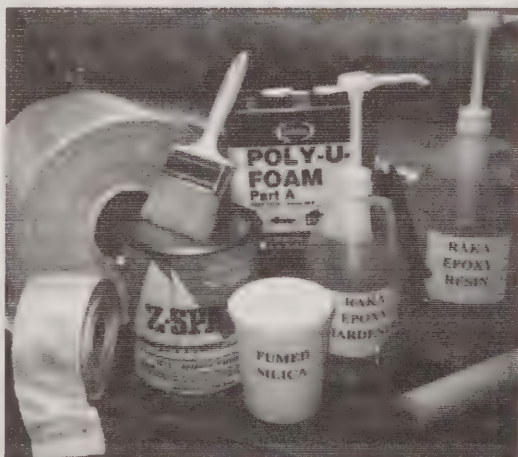
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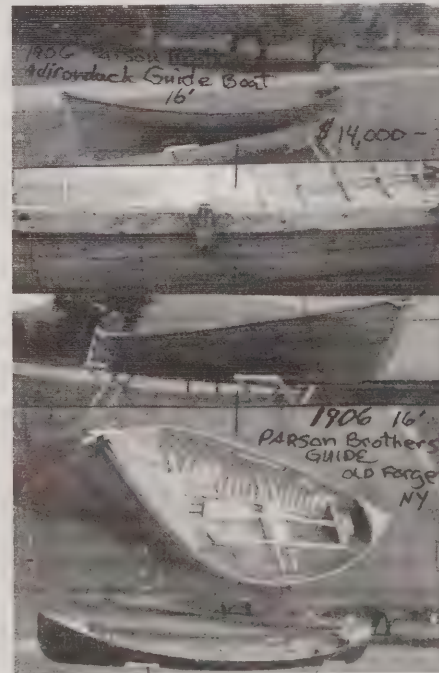


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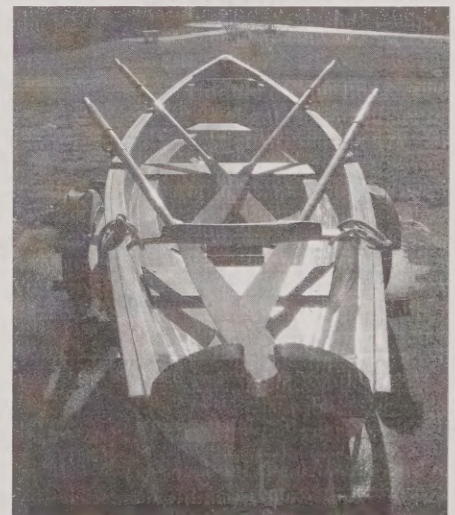
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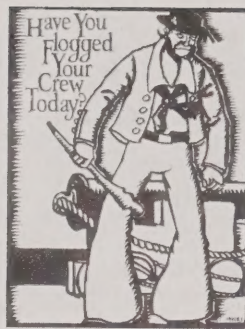


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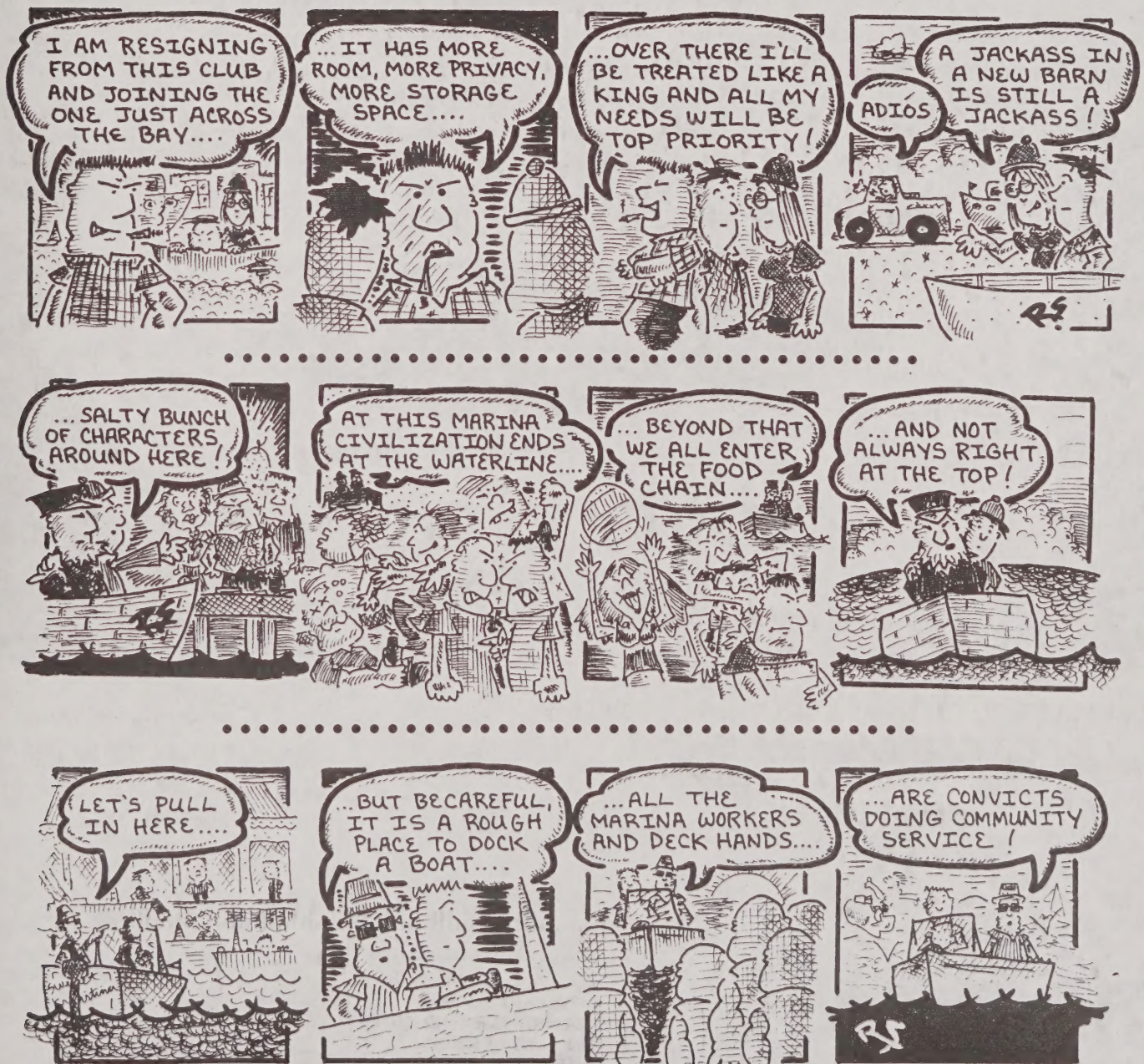
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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

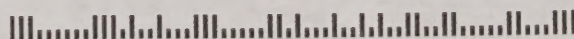
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