

Special Features This Issue
"Eastern Boundary Waters Canoe Trip"
"Pop Gun" - "My Autocanoe" - "Laughing Gull"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 5

July 15, 2004



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Looking back through the first 12 issues of this year (including this one), I took note of the fact that we had presented 33 small boat designs of various types in this period. They ranged from a reader's recollections of his first boat "designed" at age 13 to fit around an old air-cooled engine, to Phil Bolger's Sharpie Schooner and Egg Harbor 33 power cruiser. There was a nice mix of amateur and professional designs. In this issue, for example, we have professional Arch Davis' Laughing Gull flat bottomed sailing/rowing skiff alongside amateur John Montgomery's Autocanoe pedal powered amphibian.

The types break down into 12 for motors, 11 for sails, 7 for oars, and 3 for paddles. Phil Bolger is responsible for much of the heft of motor powered designs, for these have been a longtime significant aspect of his design work, but even so traditional a source as the Atlantic Challenge Apprenticeship came up with a small lobsterboat design. A minority were larger craft, Bolger's Egg Harbor 33 powerboat, for example. Most were smallish boats. The amateur designs were all of a smaller scale.

It is understandable that anyone who has troubled to pursue his/her motivation to do boat designs by acquiring formal education in the field to achieve this goal may not feel the amateur designs are worthy of the title "design." But they really are, they usually represent someone's concept for their "perfect" boat. Being small, they can be indulged without too much concern about safety (that word again), at the worst they fail to perform as hoped, but the designer is usually the one to suffer from his mistakes on that first outing afloat.

Some of us do seem to have that notion that we can design and build the object of our dreams, not just boats. The tale of the first boat designed and built at age 13 surely must have resonated with readers who had similar youthful experiences. Those of us who man-

age to retain this attitude of doing it ourselves into our adult years without succumbing to the established wisdom that only experts or professionals are qualified for such endeavors have a wider range of opportunities to do interesting things messing about in boats. I welcome your amateur creations on our pages despite occasional concerns raised by more cautious readers about safety or utility.

I also welcome the input of those many professionals who advertise designs for small craft in the boating press. There are a lot of them. I have extended this invitation to present their designs to us for years but still seem to find that many who might benefit from so doing do not trouble to do so. I am not talking about paid advertising but about articles about their boats, their concept, creation, construction, and realization as plans others can build from. This is news as far as I am concerned. Certainly if such a designer wishes to follow up with advertising I'll be happy to have it, but this is not a prerequisite.

Phil Bolger caught on to this in 1987 and has provided 24 designs a year for your enjoyment ever since. This is not because he has special dispensation from me. It is because he simply takes advantage of the opportunity offered. I am, of course, delighted for this has attracted many readers who are Bolger fans.

All the design articles, like all the rest of our content, are presented in "as submitted" format, I do not attempt to impose on any of them any viewpoint I may have as editor. They stand or fall on their own merits.

So if you have something in small boat design as amateur or pro that you would like to share with our 5,000 readers, please do so. If you are not sure of how to go about submitting such material, call or write and we will work out the best format for you.

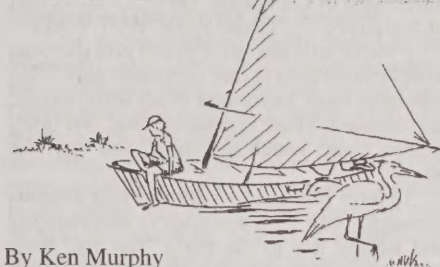
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On the Cover...

Reader Richard Winslow enjoyed another of his backwoods canoe trips last fall at season's end, paddling what he refers to as the "Eastern Boundary Waters" in northern Maine, and chronicles it for us in this issue. The simplicity of the canoeing experience in a remote wilderness area projects a very strong appeal to an armchair paddler like me.

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Gray Treefrog



Our backyard in early June is filled with sound. The 17-year cicadas are still with us. They start singing early in the morning. Their sound reminds me of the science fiction movie, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. As the spaceship lands in Washington, D.C., you will remember the accompanying music, eerie electronic music composed by Bernard Herrmann. Well, the cicadas sound just like the landing spaceship.

By the middle of June the 17-year cicadas will all be dead, having completed their three-week life-span as flying insects and their main objective, the depositing of fertilized eggs in the leaf stems at the tops of our trees. But the frogs will still be with us.

Having a small fish pond, we attract frogs. One type makes an occasional peeping sound while another has a peep having the same cadence as a barking dog. But there is a third type, the loudest of them all, that starts singing when the sun goes down. It gives out a trill of about seven sharp peeps lasting a second, that repeats after several seconds, rest. This call is answered by two or three neighbors. They seem to come from the bushes in our yard. As you try to approach one of these singers, they stop. But when you do get close and they start singing again, you actually have to back away because their calls are so loud

that your ears start hurting. They sing right under our bedroom window. What a racket! But we miss them when they stop at about midnight.

After years of listening to these loud calls, their mystery was finally solved. Two weeks ago my wife, Virginia, came running into the house saying, "Ken come look at this cute little frog." I followed her to our wisteria vine and Virginia pushed back a branch. There he was. Cute and little and unmoving. I ran to get my camera and took a bunch of pictures. His coloration was nearly white with some yellow, with black striping. His eyes had black pupils surrounded with silvery coloration. What made him special was his three-toed legs with a round pad at the end of each toe. What a beauty. He was maybe 1-1/2" long from nose to rump.

I got right on the Internet to see if I could find the name of this little frog. Actually, I thought toad at first because his had warty skin. It took a few hours checking all the photos and calls that are on the Internet. There are sure a lot of these buggers, but most were certainly not as pretty as our little guest. When I first came across the gray tree frog I had my doubts, big doubts, because the photos showed

green, brown, or gray frogs, none were close to the color of ours. But then I got to a site that had a recording of the gray tree frog's call. A trill came across the wires, piercingly loud, no doubt that it matched the call that has sung us to sleep all these years. With more reading it became obvious that we had gray tree frogs in our backyard. Their scientific name tells the story, *Hyla versicolor*. *Hyla* stands for the tree frog genus (of which there are about 75 species, Nature is infinitely grand) and the species designation, *versicolor*, stands for, you guessed it, the ability to change color! So these little frogs will change color depending on their surroundings. So now we know our little visitor's name. Virginia keeps a check on him every day. He spends most days on the very same branch, she worries when he can't be found. Yet every night he sings to us and his neighbors answer. Well, actually they sing to attract the opposite sex and to keep the competition at bay, but let us not quibble. We do have a sense of satisfaction for having uncovered one of Nature's mysteries. Now, there are so many more left to go!

Contributions to this column should be e-mailed to Ken Murphy at kgmurphy@comcast.net

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Nicola Dixon, Maritime Artist

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Sparkman & Stephens Summer Spectacular

2004 marks the 75th anniversary of the establishment of the yacht design firm of Sparkman & Stephens. To celebrate this anniversary year, the Sparkman & Stephens Association and Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. have scheduled a series of special sailing events that began with a 75th Anniversary Gala and Concours d'Elegance on July 10 at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut. Over 50 of the finest yachts that reflect the very best inventory of the current and past designs of Sparkman & Stephens were to be on display. Olin Stephens and several of the premier yacht builders who have brought S&S designs to form were to be on hand to speak of their storied partnerships.

Following up the Mystic gathering, the International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island, invited the Sparkman & Stephens yachts to join its 5th Anniversary Classic Yacht Cruise July 11-16, which rendezvoused off Mystic at the West Harbor of Fishers Island. The cruise visited Orient Point, Gardiner's Bay, and Cherry Harbor, Block Island, before arriving in Newport.

2004 is also the 30th anniversary of the legendary America's Cup Defense Trials where *Courageous*, skippered by Ted Hood and Dennis Conner, won the honor to defend the Cup during the last trial race against *Intrepid*, skippered by Gerry Driscoll. The Museum of Yachting and the Sparkman & Stephens Association will celebrate these anniversaries on July 17th and 18th with the Annual Sparkman & Stephens 12 Meter Regatta, held in conjunction with the New York Yacht Club Race Week. Several legendary 12 meters are expected to race. Also attending will be approximately two dozen S&S designed yachts, arriving in Newport as part of the IYRS Classic Yacht Cruise.

The celebration then moves on to Castine, Maine, for a week-long stay with the Cape to Castine S&S Cup Race from the Cape Cod Canal to Castine on July 31st. The tentative course of about 180nm will run east to Monhegan Island and then north to Castine.

On August 3rd there will be a Designers' Symposium of leading designers of our era, featuring Olin Stephens and distinguished colleagues with whom Olin has worked (and competed) over his extraordinary career, including German Frers, Bruce Johnson, Bruce King, Roger Marshall, Greg Matzat, Chuck Paine, David Pedrick, Doug Peterson, Bob Stephens, and Craig Walters.

On August 4th there will be an exhibition of representative S&S yachts and NY 32 class racing with crews augmented by designers and visiting yachtsmen.

On August 5th the 5th Annual Castine Classic Yacht Race, an 18nm day race from Castine to Camden for Classic and Spirit of Tradition yachts, will take place. August 6th will feature a Camden to Brooklin feeder race sponsored by Camden Yacht Club, and on August 7th the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta

will be followed by a party and award ceremony at *WoodenBoat*.

George H. Colligan, 75th S&S Anniversary Celebration, 529 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017, (315) 376-0132
<colligan@northnet.org>

Buzzard's Bay Kayak Race To Benefit New Wareham YMCA

The Wareham, Massachusetts YMCA will host its 2nd annual kayak challenge, the Bird Island Challenge (from Lighthouse to Lighthouse) on August 15. Sea kayaking enthusiasts will join internationally known environmentalist Richard Wheeler of Wareham over a challenging 12-mile course from the Narrows in downtown Wareham, around Bird Island, and back to benefit the new Wareham YMCA. There are two shorter courses, the six-mile Great Hill Course and the two-mile Long Beach Course, but previous ocean kayaking experience is recommended for all participants. The 12-mile Lighthouse Course circles Bird Island, and all three courses end at Besse Park. Safety boats will be stationed along the way.

Participants are asked to register in advance by August 9 with a minimum of \$100 in pledges to benefit the Wareham YMCA. No registrations will be accepted on the day of the race. All racers will be given a complimentary race package including an original Bird Island design T-shirt, lanyard and safety whistle, visor, and other items. Each racer will also receive a complimentary breakfast and two complimentary lunch tickets. All participants will receive the coveted "Gilded Clam" medal at the awards ceremony following lunch around 1:00 P.M. under the blue tent in Besse Park.

Modeled after the Annual Blackburn Challenge in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the goal of the 2nd Annual Bird Island Challenge is to celebrate and support the new Wareham YMCA to benefit youth, families, and adults throughout the Southcoast area. For more information about the events and to receive registration materials, please contact the YMCA office at P.O. Box 466, Wareham MA 02571.

A Message from Richard Wheeler, Race Director: The Bird Island Challenge was created to celebrate and support the new Wareham YMCA. We want the event to be fun and we're hoping to raise a tidy sum for a very worthy cause. But our overriding concern is for your safety.

We've planned a challenging route and we've chosen a time when there's a good chance of flat water, but it is Buzzard's Bay, which is notorious for choppy water when the wind and the tide collide. It is up to you to watch the weather and make your own decision to participate.

We will recognize the achievements of the "go fast" folks in the awards ceremony. But our philosophy is that everyone who participates is a winner, so expect to be showered with praise and "thank you" gifts.

Check out last year's photos on our website at www.ymcasouthcoast.org/special/events.html

Regatta and Irish Festival

The Great Lakes Wooden Boat Society's Regatta and gathering will be held in Huron, Ohio, August 13-14. The boats will be on display in the Huron Boat Basin adjacent to Huron Park. This is a beautiful park and basin on the shore of Lake Erie, about 45 miles west of Cleveland, Ohio, 15 miles east of Sandusky and Cedar Point. BUT WAIT!

There will also be a grand and glorious Irish Festival held in that very same park. This will have food, beverages of all sorts, music, and dancing. There is some seating, but bring a lawn chair, watch the show, and visit the boats.

I have it on good authority that Seamus Donagain will be there singing and dancing and adding life to the party. You will have fun, have a pint or two with Seamus, you'll see.

To learn more contact <grundy@fantasia design.com> or check the web site, hit key word GLWSS.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Information of Interest...

MITA Reaches Out to Yachtsmen

The Maine Island Trail Association, serving small boats cruising and camping along the Maine coast, hosted a Yachtsmen Focus Group meeting on April 13 in Freeport, Maine, to determine what the yachting community might feel could be done for its interests by MITA in its ongoing efforts at preserving the Maine coast boating experience.

The meeting was well attended and generated a spirited and illuminating discussion, out of which MITA is taking the following suggestions to heart:

The need for better articulation and promotion of MITA membership to the cruising boat population.

Cruising boat appropriate additions to the Guidebook Newsletter articles with a cruising boat focus.

Proactively seeking opportunities to present MITA's mission and stewardship conservation work to yacht clubs.

Other possible focus group gatherings in other areas of the coast.

Paying closer attention to mooring and anchorage issues.

MITA, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841-0735, (207) 596-6456, Fax (207) 596-7796, <info@mita.org>

Old Time Tools Available

I would like to take this opportunity to offer the following "old time" tools at NO COST to anybody who undertakes to use them. I just hate to see them go to waste. I am getting too old to use them any longer, and I know that they will have some value to a craftsman who likes to work wood in a more primitive manner.

All I ask is that anybody who would like the tools take the whole packet at one time and communicate with me by e-mail or regular mail (no phone calls, please) to make arrangements for pick-up.

The tools are: Draw knife; froe with handle and fruitwood maul; broadaxe (new and virtually unused); bow, or turning saw; Japanese marking gauge or splitter; short

stone hammer; record rabbeting plane; dowel maker; curved spokeshave; dowel pointer.

I hope there is somebody who can use these tools to his advantage.

Joseph Ress, 45 Pontiac Rd., Waban, MA 02468, <charles.river@rcn.net>

Northeast Chapter WCHA Formed

We have organized a new chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, called the Northeast Chapter, covering Maine, New Hampshire, and parts of Canada. Our first meeting was held on May 15 with 12 people attending, nine being WCHA members. It was proposed that we have two meetings per year in the spring and fall. The fall meeting will be held in Thorndike, Maine, at member Ed Howard's, with the date yet to be set.

Our meeting was the start of something good, to get 12 canoe nuts together in one place was great. We plan to paddle together during the summer and fall, including participating in a number of events that welcome traditional wood canvas canoes. Interested readers are invited to contact me for further details.

Bob Bassett, Kimball Pond Boat Barn, P.O. Box 111, Vienna, ME 04360, (207) 249-2814, <kpboatbarn@yahoo.com>

Opinions...

About the Coast Guard Today

In the June 1 issue Mississippi Bob writes a sort of puzzling letter about the Coast Guard. Hey Bob, why not accomplish rescues by air when life is in danger? Little boat people will surely concede that aircraft are faster than watercraft.

Next, I have to ask, why shouldn't commercial tugs haul in disabled boats? The Coast Guard's job, pretty much by definition, is to guard the coast, not to baby-sit the nautically challenged, or even the unlucky, when private enterprise can do the job (and send them the bill). Why my tax dollars?

Bob says the C.G. can't do this work because they are, "too busy playing cops. Since 9/11 they are too busy keeping our ports safe for George's war on terrorists." This has a negative ring, but I accept this on its face. If it is George's war, it was handed him by a previous administration clearly inept in the realm of national defense, catalyzed by an attack on U.S. soil. Shouldn't the President and C.G. be in the business of protecting our lands and waters?

I agree with the financial part of Bob's letter. The C.G. is sadly underfunded. I would appreciate it if my government would pay more attention to its very few Constitutional mandates.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa FL

Projects...

Rot Proofing Wood

From Dave Carnell's Chemotherapy For Rot web page (DaveCarnell@worldnet.att.net), I have tried glycol (anti freeze) and found that it really works and it is much safer than the green, foul-smelling cuprinol. When the glycol eventually dries, paint and glues will adhere to the wood. Nothing seems to

stick to the cuprinol. Takes a year or more to cure. A good preservative in specific areas, primarily in workboats. I believe the old formula is now illegal and a new, less hazardous formula is now on the market, or so I'm told.

For the real traditionalists out there, here is a tried and true formula. It is also the exact, correct, and proper one. Some will no doubt disagree, but they would be wrong. I will reduce it down to a more usable volume. It smells good, too.

One cup boiled linseed oil; 1 cup gum turpentine, the real stuff; 1/2 cup pine tar; and 1/2 cup Japan drier (aids in curing the oil and helps thin the oil as well).

This works well on masts, spars, etc. It gives the wood a very pleasing color and will take varnish well. It needs to be regularly re-applied. It is more of a weather proofer than water proofer. A coat of epoxy squeegeed onto the wood surface is as close to a water proofer that you can get. Cheaper polyester resin can also be used.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Real Copper Bottom

Put *Egret* in water mid-February here in Florida after putting real 1/32" copper sheet on her bottom. Got tired of spending all that time and money on bottom paint that was scraped off from running her up on beaches, her real forte in these waters. Also took motor out of well and put on side bracket. Ugly, but wasn't able to tilt motor up before and you can't believe the barnacles in all the engine orifices in no time at all. Used to put mask on and go after them with screwdriver in prop exhaust. But "handsome is as handsome does." Much faster in total, too.

Wrote to Bolger and Brewer for their recommendations. Used asphalt under heavy tar paper and nailed with bronze ring shank. They were both a bit concerned about nail-

ing into plywood, but I'm not worried? Looks great, too. Took her out last week and only some slime on copper, green patina only above water line. Spent about \$700, so pay off in about seven years, not including labor.

Took short cruise solo from Pine Island to Goodland near Everglade City, Florida, and returned. Sailed in company with a Mike Ives of Bradenton. Fascinating bloke with a Nimble pilot house motor sailer, which is to say, we agree politically, etc. Former newspaper columnist and sports writer, pro pool player. Relaxing, no excitement or adventures to report. But he's been to Bahamas, etc. and next year I must get there before it's too late. For me that is...

Denis Bradley, Shoreview, MN

Bantam Project

My wife and I will be free to travel in one year. I am also seriously considering building a Phil Bolger Bantam, that would be good winter project.

Smiley Shields, Anchorage, AK

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Poetry Corner...

Inspired a Limerick

I've been meaning to send you this limerick for years. I still remember the day I tipped the boat over. I was out at Round Valley, a New Jersey reservoir known for its erratic and unpredictable wind. Before even putting the boat in the water, I spotted a guy leaving with his Bolger Bobcat. I got so excited about his boat that I didn't heed his warning about the severity of the wind. In fact, I got so involved looking at his boat and in our discussion that I didn't put my life jacket on. Now that was something, since I am known for always wearing a life jacket, even on the smallest pond. That was the last time I've forgotten my life jacket. The Coast Guard-approved cushions that I use to sit on in the boat just aren't enough. Imagine my embarrassment

when friendly people brought me back to shore and three different ambulances complete with medical crews were waiting to check me out.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ

Wind and the Windsprint

The Windsprint is great but it was my fate to buck a huge wind where in hindsight I sinned.

The boat's no plain Jane so it flew on a plane but that wind knocked me down and drew more than a frown.

The sail's a large size as you may surmise so to cut future grief I'll just have to reef.

The Billy Ruffian: The Bellerophon and the Downfall of Napoleon

By David Cording Bloomsbury
320 pp - \$25.95

Reviewed by Bill Marsano

Well here we are, me hearties, smack in the middle of the Age of Fighting Sail, when the Royal Navy, Nelson's Navy, made clear to the world that Britannia ruled the waves. Our foe be the awful French led by the beastly Napoleon, who makes no secret of his imperial ambitions. Britain, that nation of shopkeepers, aims to stop him. Are we having fun yet, or what?

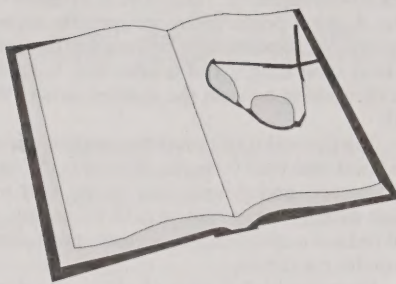
Shakespeare put it about that "ships are but boards," yet few sailors would agree. Most come to believe that ships, some at least, are living things, possessed of souls. They love them as if they are living beings. Such a ship is the subject of this "biography of a ship of the line," which reads like a novel but is factual from keel to truck. The ship is *HMS Bellerophon*, *Billy Ruffian* to her crew. A most fortunate ship, she was designed in 1782 by Britain's leading naval architect, Sir Thomas Slade, and built by a great constructor, Edward Greaves. Launched in 1786, she was officered and crewed according to her desserts and then sailed uniquely into history.

No other ship, I think played such a part in the conflicts of that era. *Bellerophon* fought splendidly in the three greatest sea fights of the Napoleonic era, the Glorious First of June in 1794, the Battle of the Nile in 1798, and Trafalgar in 1805. For her, the greatest of the trio was doubtless the Nile. In that action Nelson found the French at anchor in Aboukir Bay, west of the mouth of the Nile, formidably protected by their advantage in numbers of both ships and guns, by their powerful defensive formation in a shallow, treacherous bay, and by the approaching night.

That didn't stop Nelson nor did it stop the *Ruffian*. She laid alongside the French flagship, *L'Orient*, and the two hammered each other with unrelenting broadsides. The *Ruffian* was dismantled and hideously mauled, but although *L'Orient* had bigger guns and more of them (120 to the *Ruffian's* 74), the *Ruffian* had Jack Tar and Dick Nastyface, and they had hearts of oak. *L'Orient* was set afire and, as the fire spread toward her powder magazines, the *Ruffian* slipped her cables to drift clear of what would become that battle's single best remembered moment, *L'Orient* blown to kingdom come in a detonation that was heard and seen 20 miles away and recreated in countless paintings of the fight.

Then came Trafalgar and after that a remarkable post-Waterloo climax. For it was on *Billy Ruffian's* deck that Napoleon, after much shilly-shallying about whether to flee or to fold, and deluded with the notion of an honorable retirement as a prisoner on a little farm in the English countryside, finally surrendered to the Crown, his implacable enemy.

And then? Peacetime doldrums. In time, *Bellerophon* was struck from the list, dis-



Book Review

armed, dismantled and "hulked", turned into a prison ship or hulk for the remainder of her days. The veteran David Cording Bloomsbury, author of *Under the Black Flag: The Romance and Reality of Life Among the Pirates*, does a handsome job of telling *Bellerophon's* story, and he doesn't slacken his attention even during her days as a hulk. The result is salty pleasure from beginning to end.

(Bill Marsano is a well-known pest in these pages.)

Catboat Summers

By John E. Conway
ISBN 1-57409-171-9 - \$19.95
2003 - Sheridan House
145 Palisade St.
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522
www.shericanhouse.com

Reviewed by Charles Rouse

"In the winter of 1993 our family did something impetuously reckless by purchasing *Buckrammer*, an almost 100-year-old, leaky, rust plagued, repair hungry wooden boat. What were we thinking?" John Conway starts the book with this question anyone buying an old wooden boat might ask. The star of the book is a 24' Crosby catboat first launched in 1908. Conway describes the boat as one of the last working fishing catboats the Crosby Yard built before they changed to mostly yacht production. Of course, the boat had several owners between then and now and was in sailing condition when he bought it, but any old wooden classic is going to need ongoing maintenance.

The book is a collection of stories on the themes of catboats, New England, cruising the area from Newport to Boston, the Conway family, and *Buckrammer*. Some of these stories were published in *MAIB* starting in 1995, and Conway credits the encouragement of Bob Hicks for continuing the writing that led to the complete book. I'm personally pleased that Mr. Conway continued. These are great stories, everything from catboat lore to the care and feeding of the auxiliary engine, a Westerbeke 4-60, sailing the big cat, cruising the legendary New England cruising area, Tall Ships in Boston Harbor, a ghost story, being contacted by previous owners of the cat from 60 years ago, gunkholing, all the stuff boat addicts like.

I've never sailed a catboat out of Cape Cod, but heck, I'd like to and I love reading about it: I found the descriptions of sailing *Buckrammer* fascinating. At 24', a Cape Cod catboat is a big boat because of the beam, typically half the length. Conway refers to the inside of *Buckrammer* as "cavernous." I leave it to those who own a family sailing cruiser, how many can describe their cabin as 'cavernous?' "Cramped" would be the polite description for the cabin in my project boat, a Venture 17.

Buckrammer has a 500sf gaff sail and a displacement Conway describes as "a five-and-a-half-ton pile of lumber." If those are short tons, that's 11,000 lbs. When they first sailed the boat and lifted that gaff in a good breeze, the family was surprised both by the acceleration and by the fact that the catboat doesn't heel much because of the wide beam. There's no tiller on this boat, there's a proper ship's wheel and in front of the wheel, a good old binacle.

The Conways sailed the old Crosby catboat to Osterville, Massachusetts, on a visit to the Crosby Yard a few years before it tragically burned in December of 2003, as reported in *MAIB* and elsewhere. Though the main cat in the book is the old Crosby, the cover photo shows a rebuilt Beetle Cat. Conway rebuilt an aging Beetle Cat before he bought *Buckrammer*. I think the Conways like old catboats, and who can blame them?

Catboat Summers is a great read for interested boaters and an excellent introduction to an interesting traditional boat for the rest.

A Splendid Madness A Man A Boat A Love Story

By Thomas Froncek
ISBN 1-57409-179-4
224 Pages Hardcover
Sheridan House \$23.95

Reviewed by Jim Martin

This is a personal account of a middle-aged man's discovery of sailing. He uses words such as passion, madness, and addiction to describe what sailing, and sailboats, came to mean to him once he began to take sailing lessons on the Hudson River.

I think most of us who read *MAIB* have shared similar joys, excitements, adventures, and scary moments as we have messed around in boats. Reading Thomas Froncek's account is good for some chuckles, and it will bring up half-forgotten memories of some great times and some not so great ones. Every boat I've owned has given me a lot of pleasure, and also some pain. It's a bit like owning dogs and cats that way. Even more like having kids.

The one thing that hit me wrong in this book was the author's dismissal of wooden boats and gaff rigs as outdated relics of the past. I happen to love those boats and think they are still a very lively option, but that is a minor point. It is a good book, an enjoyable read. I don't see it as a great book, but those are rare indeed. This is a fun book to read on a cold, rainy, windy day when you can't go sailing. It is also a cautionary tale for those who think they might like to dabble a bit in sailing.

Haleakala'a was a 68' cutter that I delivered from Honolulu to San Diego, oh, some 25 years ago or so. She was a rotten boat, literally. I had no idea how rotten when I contracted to deliver her to San Diego for the owner. She was fiberglass, balsa core, and had been condemned because she was delaminating. Core samples had been taken by the insurers and the policy on her had been cancelled. I was not told of that, but it was common knowledge in the waterfront and Pete's Boatyard at Ala Wai, Honolulu. I found out later that bets had been made whether I would make it. They knew, but did not tell me.

With a crew of three I cast off and set sail. A day out the main steering cable broke and I brought her back using the trim tab. Only a sailor would know the terror of zig-zagging up the Ala Wai channel, basically out of control, having a man on the bow yelling to boaters to get out of the way. I did manage to make fast to a dock without mishap (skillful seamanship!) and made repairs. Next morning, with a new stainless steering cable, we again set sail.

A few days out the starboard jenny winch blew apart, and we made do with a Rube Goldberg arrangement using snatch blocks for fair leads, cam cleats for stoppers (a sailor will understand all this), and the port cockpit winch for sheeting. Then the halyard winch went kaput so we rigged up more fairleads to the one functioning winch aft to hoist and lower the main. For some reason, she had more snatch blocks than any boat that I have sailed on, and we used them all.

Sailboats need wind. There is a "great Pacific high," an area of calms, that sailboats have to avoid in order to get to the trades. Sailing west, sailboats go south, under the high pressure region to get the prevailing trades. Going east we have to go north to catch the easterlies. The "high" is a vast area of calms that powerboats seek and head through in a straight line to their west coast destination, while sailboats avoid. Due to some meteorological reason, this time the high was a lot further north than expected. We were nearly at San Francisco's latitude, heading east, when "it" hit us. A gale bordering on a hurricane.

It blew, oh, how it blew. And it was cold, so awfully cold. We had just celebrated Christmas the day before. It was winter in the North Pacific. What was I thinking, not being prepared for this kind of weather. South is SOUTH, which is warm, and north is NORTH, which means cold in the winter. It was a fierce, dry winter storm. A clear sky, freezing cold. The boat had a stainless steel wheel, no spokes, just a round wheel, and in the freezing temperature it was a bitch to hold as we had no gloves. The seas became mountainous, enormous greybeards breaking all around us, thundering past. We were shortened down to a tiny storm staysail, the main was cranked down to a small triangle (we had roller reefing), and we were doing 11 knots, 11 freaking knots, running dead for it. That's over 13mph under storm rig.

As the sun set the storm increased its intensity. The electronics crapped out so we had no way of knowing how hard it blew, but I guessed near hurricane strength, and not a cloud in the sky. Just pure fury. I took the graveyard watch (12-4), and when I came on deck I was startled by the brilliance of our surroundings. It was full moon, the sky was

Dance of the Dolphins

By Indrek Lepson

jet black with brilliant stars studding the blackness and a blinding brightness, as if from high intensity lights, lit up the scene. It was freezing cold and it was hard to hold the wheel as it was slippery with salt and frost. We were cleaving through the seas as if on a surfboard. When a following sea caught us, we were surfing with the crest. I have no idea how fast, as the speedometer needle was fast on the pin, and the maximum on it was 12 knots.

We exceeded hull speed for sure as we were shaking violently during these spurts. Then, as the crest passed us, we squatted down into the trough, waiting for the next ride. It was exhilarating and terrifying. We had a speaker in the cockpit and a tape deck below. When I came on watch I tucked Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* into the slot. A freezing, brilliantly lit night, Vivaldi mingling with the sounds of the fury around us and mingling with the thunder from the cresting seas, blinding white in the moonlight, and a mournful moaning from aloft as if the weather gods were playing a tune with the rigging. It's difficult to describe. One has to experience it.

Then the dolphins came. Suddenly, I just happened to look at a breaking crest when four gray torpedos leaped out of the black foam laced sea, glistening in the bright light, arced gracefully, and disappeared into the back of the towering sea, to emerge moments later just below the breaking crest and, with a barely audible snort from their blowholes, disappear again into the next sea. They were the forward scouts, as soon there was a battalion of dolphins all around us. Throughout most my watch they entertained me, and I was barely conscious of the freezing cold as I was mesmerized by the show that played all around me, of which we were a part. How long the show lasted I don't recall, but at one point there must have been hundreds jockeying for space and I felt as if on a toy boat in a herring seine. Then, with a staccato of snorts, they were gone as abruptly as they had arrived.

Again I became aware of the cold and started to shiver, urging the watch to move faster so that I could escape to the comfort of my bunk. It was almost as cold below decks but there was no wind, it was quiet and I would soon be warm. After what seemed to be a half an hour, I looked at my watch again and only five minutes had passed. Slowly, oh so slowly, eight bells sounded and I was relieved by the next watch, who should have been on deck at least ten minutes earlier, but in this weather not a minute of one's comfort was sacrificed.

After giving him the course and talking for a few minutes about the preceding events, I took a turn around the deck to make sure that everything was shipshape, then went below, lit the alcohol stove, boiled some water, and made some bullion for the helmsman, who was shaking violently in the cold. He muttered his gratitude, grabbed the mug with stiff fingers, and greedily slurped the scalding liquid. If it burned his mouth he didn't show it. I regretted that there were now no dolphins around to take his mind off the cold.

Fully clothed, I sank into my bunk, pulled a blanket over my head, and instantly was asleep. I had barely closed my eyes when I was called by the helmsman, he asked if we could make more sail. Brilliant sunlight was streaming through the opened hatch and the boat was rolling from lack of sufficient wind to steady us under storm rig. I looked at my watch, it was just past 7:00. Six bells had struck from the clock over my bunk only moments before and I heard nothing, but a faint call from the helm woke me. We set the main to three quarters, hoisted a jib, and picked up speed, which had dropped to four knots.

During the night we had sailed north-east almost to the latitude of San Francisco and with a fresh breeze made good easting. The rising sun warmed us and our spirits. The cook made breakfast, bacon, eggs, pancakes, and strong coffee. During mid-morning the wind moderated and we set the full main and medium genoa. With a quartering wind we were eating up the miles at nine knots and soon forgot the misery of the preceding night. By late afternoon we got the trades and headed south toward the warm latitudes.

The cold was soon forgotten, but never the dance of the dolphins.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

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First Day, Monday, October 6, 2003:
"You can put in right here at Living Waters," Dave Conley said to our party, "and I'll help you portage your gear down to the water."

Dave's greeting convinced me that I was in the right place at the right time. Three of us, Jimmy Smith, the shuttle-van driver, Rob Scribner, my guide, and I, had just arrived at the Living Waters Bible Camp on East Grand Lake near Danforth, Maine. We had originally intended to put in at nearby Butterfield Landing but instead continued up the road to the camp located on Dark Cove. Both Rob and I had known Dave for some years in the canoeing and kayaking world, and we made a snap decision to look him up.

Luckily, Dave was there, busy supervising the construction of a new building for the camp's wilderness trips, for which he was program director. After helping us with our carry to the waterfront, Dave provided further assistance. "The campsites are at Birch Point, Norway Point, and Hayes Point," he advised. "If you head north around the last point, you'll find sites on the Five Islands." Thus, the first part of our trip was expertly planned even before Rob and I had paddled a single stroke.

I had returned to the Chiputneticook Lakes, five lakes in all, which, together with connecting streams, comprise the 95-mile international boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. Rob and I had paddled the lower section in the fall of 2002. As an aside, I should note that America's Midwest features the much better known Boundary Waters Canoe Area, a watery passageway between northern Minnesota (including Voyageurs National Park) and southern Ontario.

Here in the Atlantic coastal region, the Eastern Boundary Waters Area, if I could coin an unofficial geographical term, the Native American names still survive, capturing the unique spirit of this place. Long known as Schoodic, the "place of trout" in the Abnaki tongue or "point of land" in the Algonquian dialect, the lakes in recent times have been renamed Chiputneticook, the Passamaquoddy word for "great forked river." The whitewater St. Croix River owes its birth and sustenance to the Chiputneticook Lakes runoff. Laden with Indian names, myths, and legends, Rob and I were anxious to resume our sense of discovery and explore what we had not seen the previous year.

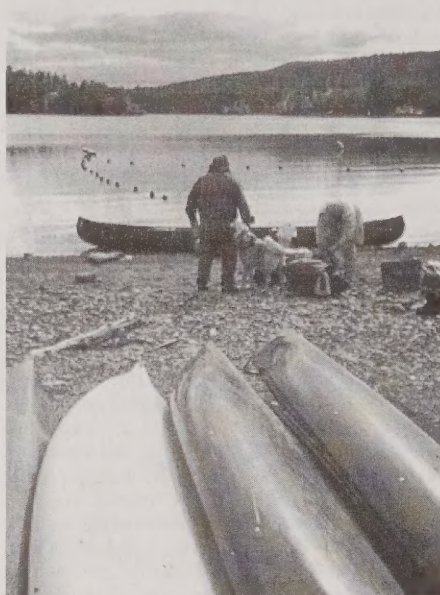
I also sought a change of pace. During August, I had gone on a big, ambitious expedition on Quebec's Coulonge River, full of Class III and IV whitewater, waterfalls, and danger. That excitement over, I now yearned to close out the canoeing season with a more mellow, relaxing trip on waters closer to home. Perhaps my mood was best captured by the last two words on a poster of a fictitious Native American chief at Rob's Cathance Lake base camp: "Bury War Clubs, Smoke Peace Pipes, Drink Fire Water, Forget Troubles." In other words, it was time to head for the wilds, away from it all.

With Rob in the stern poling off the beach, and me in the bow, we freed ourselves from sand and civilization and at last were underway. The deep cove lined with tall pines and an occasional camp dock soon opened up into the wide expanse of East Grand Lake itself, seventeen miles long. The air was crisp, even chilly, but our paddling quickly warmed us. Fall foliage had not yet peaked, but yel-

Chiputneticook Lakes In the Fall:

The Eastern Boundary Waters Canoe Trip

By Richard E. Winslow III



Out of season except for us. Deserted put-in scene at the Living Waters Bible Camp beach.

low birches lined the shores and an occasional red maple flared as if on fire.

In our quest to see something different, we were following no fixed itinerary, no structured schedule. "Let's put in at the upper end of East Grand Lake and continue down," I had said earlier to Rob. "I'm excited," he had answered, "that you're interested in lake paddling. Our only constraint is we have to be at the Vanceboro Dam takeout by Friday." It would be all new territory for Rob. As a third-generation Maine Guide, he always was adding to his storehouse of knowledge.

We reached Birch Point, past a long string of exposed boulders, and turned into a

quiet cove with a crescent-shaped sandy beach; another rocky point anchored the beach's other end. We landed and walked around. I noticed an apple tree, a piled-up stone fireplace, and a badly weathered wooden table with sagging gray boards. Dave Conley's campers undoubtedly had been here, but otherwise the place appeared unused, with no telltale debris or litter. Then we headed out again, rounding the second peninsula with its tongue of boulders on our way to Norway Point.

Once around, we encountered virtually the same phenomenon, but even larger. Here, too, the melting glacier ten thousand years back had left a large moraine or esker, with huge arms sheltering a sweeping sand beach. It was now about 3:30pm, and with only twelve hours of daylight at this time of year, Rob quickly decided that this would be "home" for the night, a safe-but-sure campsite.

We enjoyed a haddock dinner as an almost full moon rose from the horizon, silhouetting the trees on the far point. As the increasingly whitish moon climbed free of the trees and into the lower sky, it was ready to give chase to red Mars higher up. Toward morning, as I viewed it at intervals, the moon caught and passed Mars, and then descended to disappear from the horizon, a truly magnificent aerial show.

Finishing supper in the darkness, I reflected that I never undertook these canoeing trips in a mental vacuum, they always were a combination of events happening at the moment, the guide's stories, and other writers' accounts of their travels. A light breeze caressed my face as my mind drifted back to Bob Marshall's musings at his campsite in the Brooks Range, Alaska. My own contentment here on the Chiputneticook Lakes mirrored his thoughts: "We didn't say very much sitting there," Bob wrote in *Alaska Wilderness*. "We just sat, with a feeling warmer than the crackling fire... and feeling the wholesome cleanliness of arctic breezes blowing on cheeks and hair."

Second Day, Tuesday, October 7, 2003:
Out on the lake in the early morning, we first paddled eastward toward Hayes Point. On a beautiful clear day, little waves broke laterally against our canoe hull, with just enough

Don't drop the food box! Rob unloading at Norway Point campsite.



turbulence to keep us honest in maintaining a steady, even pace.

I should add here that for the rest of the five-day, four-night trip, any suggestion of a wind, whether head or tail, blew gently, if at all, ensuring the most ideal paddling conditions. Plus we had nonstop sunny skies with nary a drop of rain. To cap off the perfection, we never saw a single soul, canoe, or motorboat during the entire trip. The fall weather had sent home the summer people, tourists, and camp groups and killed all the insects. We had the place to ourselves.

As we approached Hayes Point, the lake spread out in all directions, a sweeping panorama of bays, coves, islands, peninsulas, and points, a wild entanglement of land and water. We glanced northward to view the distant Five Islands that Dave had mentioned, the crowns of their trees glimmered in the rising sunlight. As part of our self-appointed inspection of all campsites, we landed at Hayes Point, a long sliver of land like an index finger pointing north. A strong prevailing northerly wind obviously would buffet this promontory with full force, the very reason Rob had wanted to camp at Norway Point the previous night.

The point terminated with a huge, car-size boulder, half on land and half in shallow water. I scrambled up its shoulder and onto its flat back. On top, a Tinkertoy-like gray cement shaft culminated in a pyramid head. "It's an international boundary marker," Rob explained. On the eastern side, the indented letters spelled out CANADA. These boundary markers, which I spotted occasionally during the trip, had, indeed, provided employment for the surveyors and marker manufacturers and installers along this uninhabited and unfortified frontier. But they were unnecessary and superfluous to most canoeists, useful only as checks against the map. If a person were lost on Hayes Point, then he or she would be REALLY lost, miles from nowhere. On our inspection tour, Rob and I independently walked on generally uneven ground, discovering that almost all the potential campsites were humpy with roots and stones.

We then resumed our paddle, hugging the Canadian side. The shoreline, typical of the whole region, looked like a continuous rampart of boulders left from the glacial age and augmented each winter with lesser boulders pushed onshore by ice heaves. Animals and birds often sun themselves on these safe rocks, but this chilly morning we spotted no wildlife.

Rob and I paddled along in silence, half-mesmerized with the rhythm of each stroke, as once-distant landmarks came closer and closer. The spell was broken when we stopped at the sprawling Red Bank campsite area, complete with an access road and dock. Alas, those superb tent sites would have to go to waste, as we intended to push on.

Back on the water, I reflected that I had approached this trip very differently from past trips. On previous expeditions, I had assiduously recorded in my notebook all the conversations, geographical descriptions, and random nature musings, as though such diligence was an essential part of the trip. This time, I rarely opened my notebook, and I was taking fewer photographs. The experience before me, living it moment by moment, seemed so much more important than trying to record it all. And these ruminations



No border guards or customs officials on duty. Hayes Point looms in the distance on the Canadian shore.



Huge Hayes Point boulder features an international boundary marker (center), with Big English Cove in background.

From Hayes Point, Rob glances down the lake to check the route.



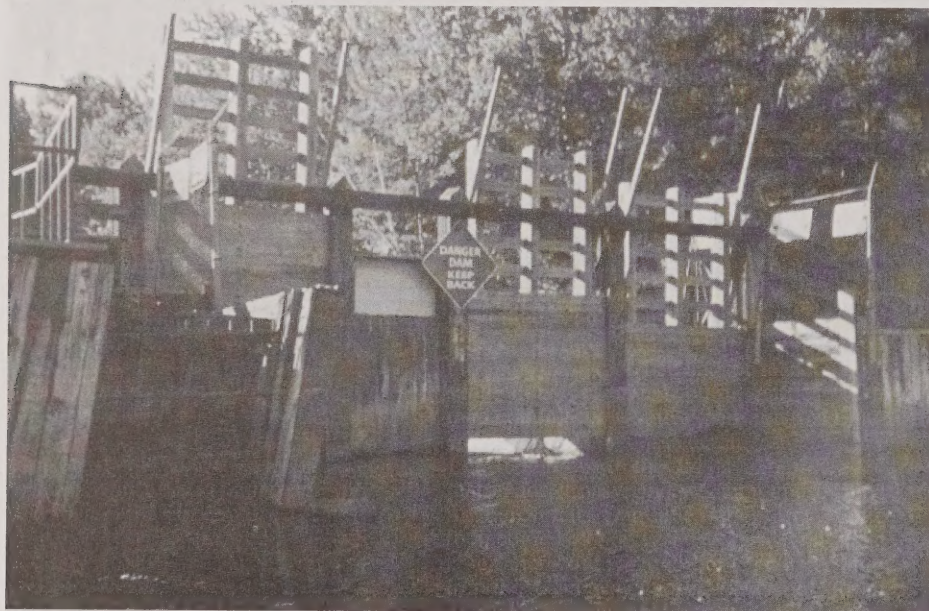


Author holds up a tree at Patterson Point; the sign features a Canadian campsite logo.



"Don't disturb the chef", especially with steak night ahead.

Below: Forest City Dam hampers passage, a manmade obstacle never faced by Native Americans at the East Grand Lake outlet.



With Houdini-like skill, Rob squeezes through the narrow damsite conduit.



reminded me of something Ernest Hemingway had written about his thinly disguised alter ego Nick Adams in the short story *Big Two-Hearted River*. Nick was hiking alone on a fishing trip in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. "Nick felt happy," Hemingway wrote. "He felt he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs. It was all back of him."

For me, and perhaps for Rob as well, that outside world had faded, becoming as unimportant as the canoe wake behind us. I suppose I could have been back at my writing desk, drafting a book and spending time with my infirm mother. Rob might have been home with his wife and infant daughter, working on an addition to his house. Such responsibilities were the accepted norms. Yet we were elated to be on this trip, come what may or what other people might think. Our sole concern was to keep the canoe pointed forward, with everything reduced to the elemental needs of eating, sleeping, and paddling.

Eventually we landed at Patterson Point, a typical sandy spit backed by forest. We lingered over our lunch sandwiches. "We'll camp here," Rob decided. "It would be four o'clock or later by the time we reached the Mud Lake Falls campsite." It was a camper's version of the bird-in-the-hand-is-worth-two-in-the-bush proverb. We had a beautiful spot here and knew nothing about the more distant site. Besides, it was steak night.

Third Day. Wednesday, October 8, 2003: Morning brought another perfect canoeing day, dry, calm, and sunny. Since the night before, Rob and I had been speculating about the original Native American explorers who, in a time before maps, had faced finding an outlet to this lake. Undoubtedly they were bewildered with a maze of coves, inlets, peninsulas, and islands. "It was probably one or two days before they discovered the outlet," I figured. "In the major white man's expeditions in the Far North, the exploring party would halt and the leader would send out two or three scouting parties rather than commit the whole expedition to a time-consuming hit-or-miss search."

In contrast to the old days, our detailed map made it easy, and we soon approached the Forest City Dam, the outlet on the route to Spednic Lake. Forest City turned out to be a summer colony gone home, not the metropolis its name suggests. Not a soul stirred in the hamlet. Just before the dam, we took out on the right (United States) side. On the steel walkway over the dam was a profusion of red and yellow signs about danger, border crossing, illegal immigrants, and the dangerous current. It seemed apparently that the most sensible way to maneuver past this obstacle would have been a portage around the dam to pick up the stream on the other side.

Rob looked over the situation with the cautious eye of a field general. The first Native American who stumbled upon this outlet undoubtedly had it easier, no dam, no concrete, no steel, no cranky signs. Rob's reconnaissance over, he chose the lazy man's way. After asking that I join him on the other side, he paddled solo through the crammed, tunnel-like opening, which was just large enough for a canoe and a crouched paddler. I pointed my camera at the "tunnel" exit and clicked away as Rob emerged. A potential fifteen-minute portage had been reduced to a precise, thirty-second exercise.

After I climbed back in, we raced down Forest City Stream, the current accelerated almost immediately. "I once rented a canoe to a couple who came here," Rob said. "They told me afterward that they had experienced a moment of truth on this run." Rob and I sensed instantly what they meant. The already narrow stream pinched even tighter, picking up speed as it headed for a boulder field. We stopped paddling to reconnoiter for the best lead. The predominant current headed straight for a river-right bridge abutment, so we jerked to veer toward the center, with Rob yelling out paddling commands over the water's roar. After a brief flurry, we shot the rapids in perfect position to dart under the bridge and down into the calm water of Mud Lake.

Rob and I felt we had earned the next stretch, a quiet restful passage. Tall grass and other vegetation along the mud banks provided the bird life with ample feeding and nesting security in natural habitat. As flushed ducks flew ahead of us, the fall foliage was near its peak. This lake, really a pond by Canadian/northern Maine standards, served as a connector to Spednic Lake.

We soon landed at Joe Louis Carry, a portage trail to Spednic. After examining the situation, we opted to take our chances with the shorter portage trail near the Mud Lake Falls outlet at the far northern end of the lake. The Joe Louis trail was about half a mile long, with no glimmer of distant water through the trees. The rocky, hummocky ground provided space for two or three crammed together tent sites, a makeshift place at best to spend the night.

Easy paddling took us to the Mud Lake Falls landing, and the throaty roar over the precipice left no doubt that we would portage. The outlet to Spednic Lake dropped an undetermined distance over an old dam of piled-up rocks. Thick brush on both sides prevented close inspection. We could not see the bottom of it.

First we scouted the twisty, up and down portage trail, probably a quarter to a half mile, to less powerful rapids and a campsite below. On the way back from our scouting, I noticed a vague suggestion of a trail, so I scrambled down among boulders and brush to the base of the falls, probably seven feet high. Below the enormous spray, a wild torrent raced downstream, a Class IV or V situation. Only suicidal daredevils would ever consider plunging over these falls and then shooting the rapids. They surely would have come to their senses long beforehand.

Our portage required five carries and took roughly an hour, tiring and sweaty work in the warm midday temperatures. After Rob carried the canoe down without a rest, we figured we'd earned a quick snack before reloading.

Back in the canoe, we immediately entered a section of Class III rapids, managing to become hung up once or twice in the boulder garden. After a hundred yards or so, we finally broke through the fast-water labyrinth to reach the placid, fifteen-mile-long Spednic Lake. The descriptive Abnaki name, Spednic, applies collectively to the lake, the falls, and the mountain: "visible, but shut in by mountains."

After checking the map for water levels, I realized that we had dropped 55' in two stages for the morning's work from East Grand Lake at 435' above sea level to Spednic



"Don't take pictures, Dick! Just paddle." A hasty photo shot in the direction of Forest City Stream bridge.



"Portage or else" is the only sensible advice at Mud Lake Falls drop.



Portage muscles ripple as Rob on a canoe carry bypasses the falls.

Mud Lake Falls and runoff rapids race downstream to connect to Spednic Lake.





At the combined campsite and put-in below Mud Lake Falls, milder rapids are far enough downstream to allow for a launch.



Open water spreads out ahead: Spednic Lake extends south for fifteen miles. Skirting sleepers, Rob poles into Upper Todds Island campsite landing.



Lake at 380'. "It felt like this last section was a whole new river," Rob said. "It seemed as though we were on the Machias or the St. John River." I readily agreed. Often, canoeing friends will ask me for an assessment of this or that river that I have paddled and whether or not I would consider it worth their attention. My reflections on this morning's exertions recalled my standard response in almost all cases: "You will get the work and won't be wasting your time."

We soon emerged from a protected cove, skirting islands, sand bars, and boulders before passing a bay named "Booming Out Ground." The label was a legacy from the logging days, although the last drive was held about thirty years ago. In that wild era, logs were gathered in "booms" (chain "corrals") so they could be herded down the lake, then down the St. Croix River, and finally to the sawmill.

As we rounded the last point to enter the broad trough of Spednic Lake itself, we continued to be lucky. Through this natural wind-tunnel slot, noted for severe blows, there was only a suggestion of a breeze, providing a slight tailwind. Before we knew it, we were pulling into Forest City Landing for lunch. This landmark, the end of an access road, with a few parking places and a dock, was the put-in for our 2002 trip. From here on, we would be in familiar country on the way down to the Vanceboro Dam.

During the afternoon, we approached a campsite on the Canadian shore, our intended home for the night. But we didn't land. A red sign warned that no camping or even beaching was allowed, to protect nesting eagles. We continued down the lake, not even venturing close enough to read the large red letters of the warning sign. I felt a sense of goodwill in respecting the privacy of the eagles and their young, leaving them undisturbed.

Within fifteen minutes, we found what was probably an even better site, containing enough level tent sites in a pine-needle-carpeted forest to bivouac an army. Portaging, paddling, and eating a chicken dinner sent me to my sleeping bag early.

I woke up several times during the night and walked down to the shore to watch the moon and Mars show. I also listened to the loons at close range. I have never tired of their laughter and feel disappointed if I don't hear it. Their haunting cries are symbolic of their freedom and independence. It makes me think of a passage at the end of "Brute Neighbors," in Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*. After describing the loons, Thoreau then discusses the habits of the ducks that often landed at Walden Pond. He writes: "What besides safety they got by sailing in the middle of Walden I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason I do." I likewise felt the exuberance of being on the waters of the Chiputneticook Lakes, sharing with the loons and ducks a common love and joy in being in this magical place.

Fourth Day. Thursday, October 9, 2003: As we prepared to launch our canoe, four loons swam by close to shore, ready to dive for their morning's breakfast. Our standing on shore failed to alarm or agitate them in any way. After they dove, I told Rob that I sensed the loons must have slept at least part of the night on land. "The loons sleep right on the water, feed there, and only come ashore for nesting their young," Rob explained.

"Rarely do they fly, except for migrations to the ocean to spend the winter." Intelligent birds that they are, the four loons as a team were now coordinating their fishing efforts, underwater like wolf packs in search of prey.

We landed at Birch Island, a standard Spednic campsite for most down the lake parties. I had missed this place the previous fall, having been blown off course by severe winds. There was no sign that anyone had camped there for some time.

For the rest of the morning, we retraced our previous year's route. Hugging the Canadian shore, we passed another Norway Point and the Ledges campsite with its fake inukshak (a stone man built by the Inuit in the Canadian Arctic), now rebuilt and enlarged as if destined to be a prime tourist attraction.

About noon, we landed on a deserted beach on Sandy Point, ostensibly to exercise our legs. But the proposed brief stop easily extended into lunch. Before I knew it, I decided to lie down, placing my rain hat over my face as a shield against the hot sun. I must have drifted off for a few minutes; Rob was quiet as well. On every trip, I judged these naps and idle moments to be just as important as running rapids, seeing wildfire, or hearing a bear story around an evening campfire. Many outdoor narratives portray the experience as perpetual excitement with nary a dull moment. But for us, noontime naps were equally satisfying aspects of the trip, the reason we had come here in the first place.

As we rounded Sandy Point, Sandy Cove extended three miles back in the distance. Marked on the map at the far end was a fish symbol indicating an outfitter or *pourvoyeur* (purveyor) located there. Although Rob was tempted to investigate, he realized that with all the time and distance involved in this side trip, such an excursion would have to wait for another time.

So we forged ahead to the Upper Todds Island campsite. The previous year, we had

camped at the lower site, a much more protected area with a thick forest cover. Rob opted for a variation. With no wind, the upper site would be, at least for this night, a perfectly satisfactory place, notwithstanding its exposure and cleared out appearance. Our bonus was a spectacular sunset, for which this site is noted.

Fifth Day. Friday, October 10, 2003:

The last morning of every trip inevitably brings on a pensive, reflective mood. We ate a simple and quickly prepared breakfast, the last of the cantaloupe, hot oatmeal, and the remaining cookies Rob's wife, Jenn, had specially baked for our trip, so that we could be underway shortly.

"Our trip could well be the last commercial outfitted canoeing trip in Maine for this year," I said.

"I agree," Rob responded. "I'll be packing away all the equipment when I get back to base camp. My canoeing season is over."

"What would you say," I asked, "about doing it all over again next fall, a trip on the extreme northern end of Chiputneticook Lakes chain?" This idea had been building up in my mind for the previous two days, and I finally blurted it out. "We could put in at Orient, explore all the islands, bays, and campsites, and eventually take out at Living Waters."

"I was thinking the same thing," Rob responded, almost as if he had anticipated my thoughts. "We can establish fly camps, explore for the day, and return in the afternoon. That would also be all new country for me."

We easily paddled the last leg of the trip to Vanceboro Dam, luxuriating in the ideal conditions we had enjoyed since our put-in. But each paddle stroke brought us closer to racking up our paddles for the season. Finally, at the Vanceboro Dam boat landing, we could no longer delay the end, so we slowed the canoe and jumped out on the slanted concrete slab. The trip was over.

As we awaited Jimmy and his van, I recalled novelist Thomas Wolfe's remark: "The West for desire, the East for home." I was a New Englander who canoed and kayaked mostly in Eastern home waters and only occasionally managed to break away for great Western and Arctic expeditions. Those trips could wait. As I stood there at the dam, I had no regrets, no yearnings to have been canoeing anyplace else for the last five days except on the Chiputneticook Lakes. The East, both for desire and for home, had fused into one great trip that Rob and I would never forget.

Practical Information for the Chiputneticook Lakes

An experienced canoeist with adequate maps, guidebook, and common sense should be able to safely lead a Chiputneticook Lakes trip. For those who prefer a guided trip, three outfitters are currently available:

Rob Scribner, Sunrise County Canoe and Kayak, HC 68, Box 154, Grove Post Office, Maine 04657. Phone: (207) 454-7708, or toll-free 1-877-980-2300. FAX: (207) 454-7162.

www.sunrisecanoeandkayak.com

Martin Brown, Sunrise International (Sunrise County Canoe Expeditions, Inc., 4 Union Plaza, Suite 21, Bangor, Maine 04401. Phone: 1-800-RIVER-30 or toll-free 1-888-490-9300 or (207) 942-9300

Mike Patterson, Wilds of Maine Guide Service, 192 Congress Street, Belfast, Maine 04915. Phone: (207) 338-3932

E-mail: <wildsofmaine@hotmail.com>
www.wildsofmaine.com

Fun's over. The end is in sight at Vanceboro Dam (center), with take-out dock on right.

"Wait until next year." Racking the canoe on the van roof marks the end of the paddling season.



Many years ago, when Skipper got the word he was being transferred to the Los Angeles office, he hustled over to the Hammond Map Store. There he found a fabulous aerial photo mosaic map that showed every body of water in the greater L.A. area. The star, by far, was a huge puddle labeled "Lake Hollywood." It sparked a glorious image in Skipper's dream box, a quaint shore-side cottage complete with a dock for a roomy daysailer and a smart pulling boat and, if motorboats were legal, a spiffy outboard run-about.

Reality squashed that dream flat. Desert-dry L.A. turned out to be sadly short of navigable inland water. Lake Hollywood had long since been paved over. Malibu Lake was dust. The Skipper family had arrived at the beginning of a record four-year drought.

A semi-stagnant pond graced MacArthur park. Skipper and Skipper Junior brought *Albatross*, their large, homemade model schooner, and rented an electric powered launch as a chase boat, but the wind was wimpy, even wimpier than they were used to putting up with in New York's Central Park. They heard of a breezy model boat pond in far-off Alondra Park, but when they launched *Albatross* it ran aground, even though it drew only 16".

Then they discovered Marina del Rey. It was under development, a vast labyrinth of deserted waterways that Skipper thought

The Saga of Flying Clam

By Steve Tiebout



of as an aquatic moonscape. All they needed for real adventuring was a boat they could get into. Their old-fashioned garage fitted their Chevy Biscayne like a glove. Skipper sketched a flat shallow hull that could lie on its side in a foot wide slot next to the car. Two bargain priced sheets of 1/4" 3'x6' inte-

rior ply yielded an 11-1/2' x 39" double ender, fiberglassed with short forward and after decks, plus 4" side decks with 3" coamings.

One could say that the resulting *Flying Clam* was a fat, flat kayak, and it went like one, leisurely, that is. But Skipper and Skipper Junior thought it was a greyhound of the sea. They had once built a craft from six inner tubes that had a top speed of approximately 1/8th knot. Cruising Marina del Rey was hugely successful, with the added spice that it defied the "No Trespassing" signs. Next (while Mrs. Skipper was away) they challenged the sea. They made it through the mild surf at Santa Monica in the lee of the half sunken breakwater, but capsized coming back. Skipper's fault, not the boat's.

An interesting addition to *Flying Clam* was a small sail right aft, Maine lobsterboat style. It didn't seem to do much but Skipper thought it looked salty as hell. To celebrate the new look they took Skipper Junior's friends, Billy (9) and Linda (7) for a cruise, which was fine until the mothers heard about it. Skipper's stock sank to a new low. In his defense he pointed out all the kids wore life jackets. "Oh, and what about SHARKS??"

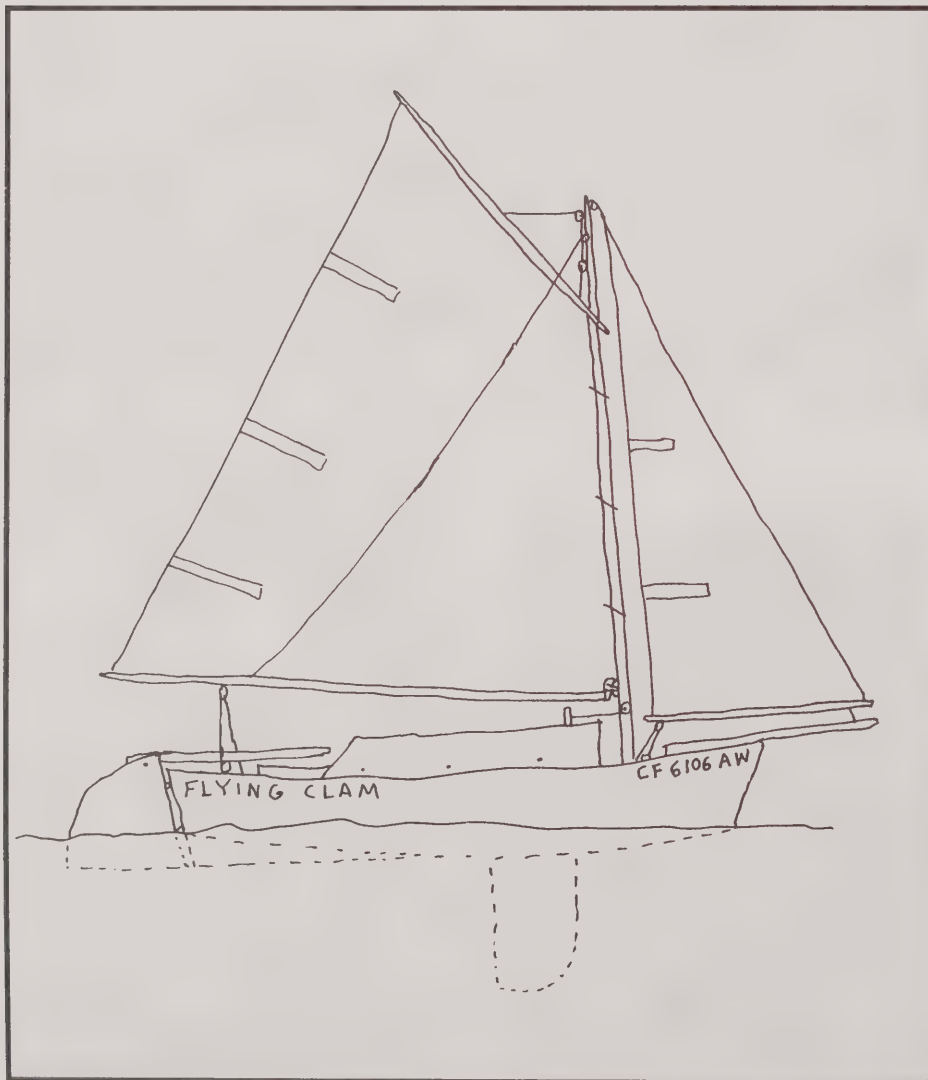
Now that Skipper had been discouraged from taking youthful passengers, he said, "What the heck, why not throw caution to the winds and make *Flying Clam* into a real sailing vessel?" So *Flying Clam* metamorphosed into a gaff rigged sloop with a bowsprit and daggerboard. A demountable cuddy and 10" bulwarks helped deflect surf and spray.

How did she sail? Skipper thought she was a winner until a marconi rigged skiff about her length left her in the ruck. Still she was well balanced, stiff, and fun to sail, and undoubtedly professionally made sails would have helped her a lot to go to windward. Her moment of triumph arrived on a late afternoon down at Newport Beach. She was gallantly broad reaching at top speed in a narrow channel that led to a launching ramp on the other side of a fixed bridge, which she had sailed under coming from the ramp that morning. There were powerboats steaming along with her, before, behind, to port, to starboard, hemming her in, no room to maneuver.

As they got closer to the bridge Skipper realized that the damn thing was too low. The tide! Tides were things he never had to bother with before in his innocent young life. The powerboats were forging happily along, they didn't have high rigs. Grinning spectators on the bridge waited hungrily for the delicious impending disaster. Desperate, Skipper clawed the peak halyard off its cleat, the tip of the gaff swung down a fraction of a second before it could connect with the bridge, and *Flying Clam* flung herself under and out the other side. An admiring gawker called out, "Is that how you always do it?"

"Of course," Skipper called back. "Every time!"

There came a day four years later when Skipper got the word he was being transferred back to New York City. *Flying Clam* voyaged to the East Coast via moving van, but Skipper never found an opportunity to cruise her there. He gave her to a customer who set sail in her with three little daughters on Long Island's Lake Ronkonkoma and promptly capsized, fortunately with no harm. That's when *Flying Clam* attained Nirvana as a peaceful and practical flower planter.



Boca Grande Pass, Charlotte Harbor, and Pine Island Sound are located roughly 100 miles south of Tampa on the west coast of Florida. It's an area full of history from the time of pirates plying the Gulf Coast waters, and full of islands surrounded by shallow waters. Pine Island lies north and south, dividing the waters of Pine Island Sound and providing a convenient jumping off place for explorations of the islands to the south of Charlotte Harbor. These islands were the destination for the West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron's March Cruise this year.

The WCTSS was founded in 1999 and is made up of a great group of roughly 60 members, most of whom reside in Florida. We occasionally are chided about the name of our sailing group. Yes, we know that Florida is on the East Coast of the United States, but we sail the west coast of Florida, enjoying the beautiful sunsets, warm shallow waters, and the abundance of islands and coves for protected anchorages. Our club offers its members once-a-month opportunities to get together for day sailing or cruises all over the coastline of Florida, from the Keys to Pensacola.

The weather forecast for the entire week was highs in the 80s and lows in the 50s with a steady 15 knots of east wind. The cerulean sky was studded with puffy cumulus clouds and the wind stirred the white dusty gravel in the parking lot of the Harbor Hide-a-Way Marina in Bokeelia on the north tip of Pine Island. Ed and Becky Combs were setting up their West Wight Potter 19 and Mark Hamilton was getting his ComPac Picnic Cat ready to launch.

Bokeelia resident Paul Waggoner was waiting for me to arrive and, after a warm greeting, informed me that he and wife Dodie would be heading out in their Montgomery 23 shortly. Mark got his catboat launched and then, just as I was launching, Art Gregory and Brenda Bell came back to the marina with their Nimble 20 under tow. It seems a mizzen sheet had slipped into the motor well and fouled the prop. Even after clearing the propeller the engine didn't seem to have any thrust, so their cruise was over, much to their disgust.

I took *Whisper* down the canal to Shell Cut and listened to my handheld VHF radio to see what the weather was like out in Charlotte Harbor. NOAA was reporting 17 knots with gusts to 26 knots. That's pretty gusty for a Sea Pearl, so I pulled up on the inner beach near Shell Cut and opened the water ballast valves to fill the tanks. That adds almost 400 pounds of additional ballast down low. Dennis Bradley's Munroe sharpie Egret was lying in this basin, looking authentically historic with its low decks and raked masts.

Out in Charlotte Harbor the wind was indeed quite gusty. I elected to stay inshore of Jug Creek Shoal as the tide was rising and the wind was opposing the wind, making the waves stand up on end. Ed and Becky elected to go out around the shoal in their Potter and I could see them out there rolling around. *Whisper* was getting thrown about as well, but I had the sails set wing-on-wing which helps keep her running straight downwind. Skirting the shore about a quarter mile off, I got around the Bokeelia town docks. Then the land bore away to the southwest and the land provided a barrier to the waves. Then all I had to worry about was skimming over

Pine Island Sound Cruise

By Ron Hoddinott

Jug Creek Shoal and bearing down on the entrance to Pelican Bay, where I expected to find several WCTSS members already gathered.

The shoal proved to be no barrier to *Whisper* with her leeboards raised. We skimmed right over the sandy shoal areas, just making sure to avoid the spots where the seabirds' toenails were visible. I used my Garmin 48 GPS with the Pelican Bay waypoint entered. Even well reefed down *Whisper* was exceeding six knots. Plenty of speed. Before long, Steve Anderson of the East Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron called me on the VHF radio. He reported that there were already several of our boats anchored in the bay and that he'd managed to get his Sea Pearl behind the sand bar protecting it from the chop in Pelican Bay. With his direction and the help of Billy VanDeusen, who jumped into chest high water to grab my bow, I was also able to pull *Whisper's* bow up on the beach on the inside of the cove.

Looking around, I was delighted to see so many Squadron members already anchored in Pelican Bay! Terry and Dawn Poling had left behind their Sea Pearl *Tri-Sport* this year in favor of their Precision 23 *Luna-Sea*. Billy and Joyce VanDeusen were there in their beautiful Sea Pearl 28. Paul and Dodie Waggoner onboard their Lyle Hess designed Montgomery 23 had anchored out and were headed ashore in their dinghy.

Stin Lenkerd was also anchored in the bay aboard his West Wight Potter 19. Mark Hamilton and his family were pulling up on the beach with his Picnic Cat. Before long, Ed and Becky Combs brought their almost new West Wight Potter, *Minnow*, into the bay and expertly anchored right off the beach with their daggerboard raised. Stin was having a problem with a parted lift system on his daggerboard. The board was stuck in the down position! Not a good thing in the shallow waters of Pine Island Sound. We never did find out how he got this problem resolved, but I certainly hope he got it figured out for his return trip home.

As we were renewing friendships, making new acquaintances, and lifting our glasses and bottles of refreshment, we spotted a sleek vessel making her way toward the entrance to the bay. It turned out to be Dennis Bradley's Egret sharpie with Chub White aboard as crew. Some of us know Chub as the originator of the Sea Pearl Tri concept and an avid sailor of all types of small boats. Dennis is famous for his exploits on the pages of *Messing About in Boats* and his adventures with Jim Thayer at the Kokopelli cruises. Dennis also owns a Philip Bolger Long Micro. Steve Anderson was extremely interested in the Egret, being an owner/builder of a Martha Jane Sharpie by Phil Bolger. We waded out into the water together to take a closer look.

Dennis graciously offered to take people out sailing in the Egret, but about that time we were all thinking about shifting our anchored and beached group over to the other side of the bay out of the wind, in the lee of Punta Blanca Island. There is a nice deep cove

there for the deeper draft boats and a small sandy beach for a cookout and evening campfire.

Just as we were making preparations to move the fleet, a single sail was spotted making tracks for the bay. We watched it get closer and realized it was Oggie Helt sailing his original Clark Mills designed SunCat 16. Oggie got the message that we were shifting our base of operations and likewise made for the opposite shore. After getting all the anchors down, Paul Waggoner rowed over in his dinghy with the grill and table and everyone broke out their beach chairs and kicked back in earnest. The fare was mostly brats, beer, hamburgers, and steak, with Dawn Poling providing a wonderful chocolate cake for dessert.

As we were finishing up dinner we noticed a small blue sloop sailing through the anchorage. I thought, what the heck, another friendly sailor we haven't yet met, so I waved him in to the beach. After beaching his South Coast 23, we learned that his name was Tom and that he was soloing around the area for a few days. He had left Punta Gorda in the morning and had made 16 miles in three hours. Pretty good sailing, Tom. We enjoyed his youthful enthusiasm, telling us how he was learning as he goes with a book in one hand and the main sheet in the other!

As night fell and the campfire burned low, we realized how tired we all were and retired to our boats for the evening. The temperatures at night were perfect for sleeping aboard and there were no bugs.

The next morning I enjoyed coffee, corned beef hash, and boiled eggs aboard *Whisper*. Then I used some leftover hot water to clean up. As not everyone could stay with us the entire time, we had to plan our day with the knowledge that some members were heading home. Ed and Becky had to attend church and Steve Anderson also had to head back. Stin was staying to try to figure out the stuck daggerboard problem and Dennis Bradley and Mark Hamilton had returned the previous afternoon.

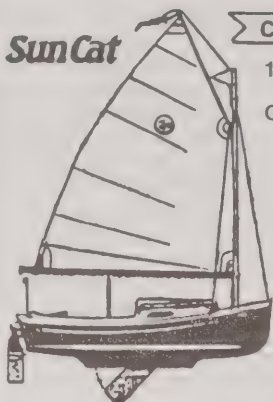
The remaining sailors decided to sail south towards Foster's Bay just south of Captiva Pass on North Captiva Island. Paul and Dodie had told us of this spot several times before, but time or conditions had never really worked out before. We started off with a great NE wind to push us along. By about 10:30 it slowly died until we were completely becalmed just east of Captiva Pass. Luckily everyone's engines started up, so we slowly motored over to markers 45-46 in the Intracoastal, following Paul's instructions to line up the markers with two cuts through the trees approaching Foster's Bay.

With Paul's instructions Billy and Joyce, Oggie, and I were able to slip over a shoal and find the deep channel that leads to the anchorage at Foster's Bay. Unfortunately for Paul and Dodie, the Montgomery 23 proved to be too deep to get over the bar and, after running aground, they decided to power back to the south end of Useppa Island. We hoped that Terry and Dawn, who had stopped at Pine Land Marina to pick up their son, would join us but we made no further contact. I certainly hope the rest of their trip turned out well.

Approaching the beach at Foster's Bay we saw several day tripping powerboats, but there was room to the north of them for a beach type of anchorage with anchors fore

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and aft. The water was deep right up to shore and almost as soon as we were anchored we noticed that we were surrounded by a fairly large group of manatees, including several large individuals and some young ones. We were all fascinated by this event as it is somewhat rare to have so many manatees stay so close to our boats. In fact, they stayed right there the entire time we were at Foster's Bay! Our best guess, judging from all the close interaction that was going on, was that we were observing a manatee mating marathon.

The Gulf beach was right through a few scraggly looking sea grape and mangrove trees, so we walked over to check it out. On the way we encountered a sign that said, "Welcome! Private Property. If you go beyond this sign you may encounter nude sunbathers." That warning notwithstanding, we decided to check out the beach, if not the bathers. This being a beach with no houses or condos on it, it was almost deserted. If there were any nude bathers there, they must have been quite discreet as we never saw them.

There were a few wrecked boats that had been washed ashore in some big storm or hurricane. One didn't appear to have been there that long as it was close to the beach and filled with sand. It was one of those party deck boats with a large open foredeck for seating and a wet bar. I couldn't make out the make of the boat but the model name was proudly displayed on each side, "Hurricane," it appropriately said.

The other boat was much farther up the beach and had been stopped from crossing over the island completely by a large palm tree. A tree grew up through the hull, an indication that it had been there much longer than the other boat. Nearby two broad cuts through the Australian Pine Trees indicated that at some time a strong storm or hurricane had

threatened to cut a new pass through this barrier island on Florida's west coast.

The afternoon was lazy as we napped, listened to a cool jazz station on the radio, and read books or caught up on writing in our logs. Dinner for me that night was simply cold fried chicken and sticks of cheddar cheese washed down with a Corona Extra. No clean-up required. Before sunset we all walked back to the Gulf side to watch the sunset and hope for a green flash. With the passage of a cold front and the wind picking up out of the northwest, the air was much too dry for a green flash sunset, but we could always hope! Sunsets on this coast are usually spectacular even if the green flash is relatively rare here. Despite sailing this coast for over 30 years, I've only seen the green flash four times.

As the weather turned cooler with the front passage and sunset, we hurried back to our boats for sleeping bags, pillows, reading lights, and paperback novels. Snug inside the canvas cabin of *Whisper*, I read *Flashback*, a mystery novel about a park ranger on Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas. As I had been there a few times, this made the story much more real. The wind whistled through the trees all night. I went to sleep dreaming about the all the islands that I might visit the next day.

Trying to sleep late is futile when all around your boat loud splashes are heard and occasionally it sounds like someone is trying to remove your rudder from the stern! I unzipped the canvas cabin door on *Whisper* to see what was really going on and was greeted by Joyce VanDeusen aboard *JoySea* saying "The manatees are scratching their backs on our rudders!" What a way to start the day!

Sometime during the early morning breakfast and clean-up time the wind

Dennis Bradley's spectacular Egret sharpie.



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switched over to the northeast. Suddenly we were depending upon our stern anchors to keep us off the beach. Oggie and Billy and Joyce were planning to return home this day, so I had to decide if I wanted to solo for a day or two longer. The weather forecast was not sounding too promising with increasing wind and temperatures dipping into the mid-40s, which is considered cold here in south-west Florida. I still hadn't made up my mind but determined that I would decide later, after I showed Oggie how to find the entrance to Jug Creek so that he could lower his mast and get back to Bokeelia without going back out into Charlotte Harbor.

We powered back out the way we came in. I was using my bamboo sounding pole to check the depths as we motored along. Reaching the marked Intracoastal Waterway channel, we were able to motor sail north along the Intracoastal Waterway. I unfurled my mizzen most of the way, and kept *Whisper* to the east of the actual waterway, keeping pace with *JoySea*, the VanDeusen's SeaPearl 28 in the waterway channel. The wind was quite gusty so I was happy to motor sail for a while.

Then, as I gave a mighty heave on the mizzen boom vang, the fitting on the mast gave way and I fell backwards onto the laminated tiller. I heard a crack, and knew that I'd somehow managed to break the tiller. I quickly checked how bad the break was and was happy to know that it could be jury rigged aboard. I also checked my back to see if I was injured, but apparently the tiller "broke" my fall. I lashed my bamboo sounding pole, which was right at hand alongside the tiller, and determined that the tiller would be fine as long as I didn't put too much pressure on it. This final straw helped me decide to call it a cruise and return home with the rest of what remained of the fleet. I tried to contact Billy and Joyce on the VHF, but their radio's battery had given up the ghost. Oggie didn't have a radio aboard, but he was on course with me to the east side of the Intracoastal and we had a plan.

JoySea and *Whisper* began to leave Oggie's *Lulubelle* behind and I worried that Oggie wouldn't know how to find the entrance to Jug Creek. Then I saw that he was making sail. It was just too good of a day not to. Clear bright skies and a 15-knot wind. I decided to wait for him nearby the entrance and wave him in as he got closer. *JoySea* and I parted company right by "Part Island" appropriately. As they headed on down to Pineland Marina and their trailer, I headed over to Little Bokeelia Island and, gaining the shore, anchored to wait for Oggie. Oggie was making good time, tacking up the channel between Useppa Island and Part Island. I wasn't sure that he'd spotted me so I waited until he was on a tack that was headed right in my direction and signaled him.

Oggie and I slipped into Little Bokeelia Bay and anchored to remove our masts. Oggie carries a homemade tripod attachment that allows him to lower the mast at the tabernacle in a very controlled way. Aboard *Whisper* I just pull the masts up one at a time, and let them slip through my hands to the balance point and lay them on the deck. After a lunch break and a rest, we started our motors and wound our way through the winding channels and canals that led through the island to the Harbor Hide-a-Way Marina where our trucks and trailers awaited us.



The anchorage at Foster's Bay, scene of the manatee marathon.



A peek at the Gulf across the "Welcome, Private Beach," no nude sunbathers in evidence.

The remaining sailors enjoying a beach interlude.



Hook and line fishing is sort of like sex. Sometimes it pays off but mostly people just do it for recreation, and they do a lot more of it when they are young and ignorant than they do when they are old and smart. Me, I don't waste my time in fruitless endeavors anymore unless the circumstances are so tempting that I just can't help myself. Say, something like a herd of bluefish chasing the pogies slap up on the beach will make me trot for my pole alright or a big cobio circling a mooring float. Nobody but a crazy person would throw a hundred dollar cast net on a school of blues or a big cobio.

You know bluefish are pretty good if you do them right and immediately. I love smoked bluefish. They don't keep well, though and don't freeze worth a flip. A cobio, on the other hand, is a delicacy right out of the freezer and the knowledge that there is a 50-lb. one of those lying frozen in there will make one sort of self-satisfied. Before I got so epoxified, I used to build boats outside and my bandsaw was set up right there under the shade tree. I would take the huge carcass of the cobio out of the freezer, unwrap the visqueen, saw off some steaks, wrap him back up, and put him back in, and the ants would carry off the fish sawdust.

I always started my steaking at the tail and the steaks just got bigger and bigger as I progressed up the carcass. I don't usually grill fish steaks (or any other kind), I am a frying pan man, myself. I am too stingy to stand there and watch all that gravy drip onto the coals. I fry the steaks in a little butter or olive oil and then make onion and mushroom gravy with a little wine. I have a big old cast iron commercial style frying pan and a big, rusty gas hotplate that I scavenged from the dumpster.

Which, as an aside, you know the modern throwaway style people these days have just about eliminated yard sales from my itinerary. The little granddaughter, who is currently employed as an apprentice at the shop, got to be two years old this year and all two-year-old children need a sliding board. So we went to Lowes and cursed WalMart looking, but the damned things were so cheap made and high priced that I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I decided to make her one out of galvanized tin. You know the lubricious nature of zinc has long been exploited by people like me.

My first sawmill was just a long wood table covered with galvanized tin with a bandsaw in the middle. I could just chop out a cant with broadaxe, pop a chalk line down the middle, and push it through by hand. It worked wonderfully. If you bust a cant right down the middle like that, the two pieces will bow apart as the tension is relieved.

Then you can turn the cants so they sit on the table like the rocker of a rocking chair and rock right along cutting out planking. The curve of the boards is exactly like what you would get if you sawed a lapstrake plank out of a big, wide board, and the grain runs along the sweep, too, so cutting the gains in the ends is easy, and the little rolling, tapered rabbit doesn't try to split off on you, and the plank is quarter sawn so it has maximum stability. That early, primitive sawmill set-up is how I lucked into finding out how to build such good boats without having to spend big money and devastate vast acreages of public land.

Hook and Line Fishing

By Robb White

Whew, y'all, am I getting worse and worse or what? Anyway, my wife and I were passing by the dumpster one afternoon and she spied a sliding board somebody had discarded. Not only was it far superior to anything WalMart had for sale, it was attached to a most excellent swing set. We already have a swing hanging from a live oak limb 20' off the ground. I don't like swing sets because they aren't high enough to get any good swinging and the damned little seats are way too narrow for my big ass, but I do like free steel tubing.

I bet I have pumped more automotive, farm, and industrial machinery exhaust through a swing set than anybody. My wife had an old rusty B18 Volvo that I bought for \$100 back about 1968. It was such a bargain because none of the local yahoos at the used car auction could figure out how to make it run. You know those little original Volvos that were first imported into the U.S. in the '50s looked sort of like a miniature '48 Ford. They had two SU (short for "satisfactory/unsatisfactory") looking carburetors that are just plain inscrutable to the ignorant and it doesn't take but just a little mis-fiddling to disable them.

Because it was so rusty I knew this car hadn't belonged to any southerner and must have come down with some Yankee. It wasn't just the rust that suggested that. Real southerners do not like little cars. Of course, I am not a pure blood southerner so I guess that accounts for a wider range of tolerance and a potential automotive bargain does not escape close scrutiny, no matter how outlaw it might be. It needed a little work but it was easy to do...mostly it was just the carburetors all messed up. After I got it running, I welded up a swing set exhaust system that pooted out the side right in front of the port side rear tire. Though it had a cherry bomb muffler welded into the system, the whole run was so short that it was very loud.

I don't know if you know this or not, but a B18 Volvo was a sleeping bomb for real. An MG or a TR3 or a 356 Porsche wouldn't stay with one and most American cars wouldn't either. This was the time when four lane roads and streets were just beginning to appear down in Tallahassee and those people down there are ridiculously competitive. I think Tallahassee thinks it is the L.A. of the South. Anyway, you ought to have seen the shocked expressions on the faces of the yahoos in the fast lane when the hellish bleat of that 1800cc's worth of exhaust assaulted them straight down the earhole as the old Volvo walked off and left them.

It finally rusted half in two. I would lament the passing of the old car (it is back behind the shop in "junker grove" with every other car we ever owned) but my diesel Dodge has taken its place. It is just as ratty looking and I didn't put a muffler in the exhaust system at all. It is straight pipe right from the turbocharger. Though I have to change five old, heavy duty transmission gears and am a little slow on the get off, if I can get through the first three, ain't an SUV

in Thomasville that will stay with it. Of course, I have to run in the fast lane because the noise comes out on the starboard side, but that just enhances the ambiance of the situation.

Here this little woman is sitting alongside talking on the cell phone saying, "What is this old man doing in the fast lane in that old piece of junk?" Then the light will change and she'll shower down on the big, shiny Escalation and gain three car lengths on me before I can get in fourth gear. Then, though, by God, I'll drown out the volume on that cell phone. I would go down to Tallahassee and smoke them off the road down there, but I am working on the Guinness Book world record for not going to Tallahassee. I ain't been back since I "graduated" from FSU in 1969.

Anyway, to get back to hook and line fishing, just barely in time to legitimize this tome, I was sitting on the sofa looking out the door at the sunrise on the seaside this morning when I noticed a little fish activity in the calm water. The ospreys had just started their morning foray for breakfast and I could tell that they were ready to get it, too. They always act mighty anxious early in the morning and none of them are sitting around on the nest or standing on limbs or anything. They are all out and about as soon as it is bright enough to see. This morning (and last night) was beautifully clear and calm and it was easy to see fish. There were little pock-ets of pogies (menhaden) dimpling the water all the way to the horizon and the ospreys were working on them.

One time we were coming to the coast down highway 98 in my old convertible Cadillac (yes, Virginia) with one of my son's girlfriends. We were all in the front seat since I had had to throw the back seat away because the previous owner had died in it and his bodily fluids had soaked in mighty bad. The road goes right along the beach down at St. Teresa and the ospreys take advantage of the updraft, caused when the sea breeze hits the trees of the beach to gain a little altitude, to fly back to the nest with their heavy catch. Eagles harass ospreys and steal their fish all the time. We saw an eagle attack an osprey that was carrying a big pogy, and the stoop of the eagle scared the osprey and he dropped the pogy.

The eagle tried to catch the falling fish but couldn't do it. They don't really care if they catch the stolen goods in the air or not. They'll stand right there in the middle of the road and eat it. Anyway, we were so fascinated at the drama of all this that I just slowed to a stop in the middle of the highway and damned if the pogy didn't fall right into that girl's lap. Luckily she was built for the duty and luckily, the eagle pulled out of his dive just in time, but we felt his wind and smelled him (kind of strong smelling).

So this morning I was watching the ospreys and pogie when I saw some kind of big fish jump clear out of the water right in the middle of one of the schools of bait. I felt the old hook and line twitch and started to go get my pole. Then I saw another fish jump and recognized him either for a very big Spanish mackerel or a small king fish (a very big mackerel, indeed). Instead of my rod, I went and got my computer and sat back down and wrote this story instead of going fishing. I ain't crazy about mackerel no matter what

Oh yeah, the sliding board was most excellent. It has a stainless steel sliding surface and steel rails and all. I had to build a jackleg ladder to hold up the high end but it works well. I think I can elevate it in stages as the child grows...might give it five speeds like my old Dodge. Of course, the swing set aspect of the scavenging won't work for an exhaust system on the truck because it needs about 4" pipe...maybe one of these old raggedy Mercedes. A turbocharged diesel engine suffers a lot of horsepower loss from back pressure. I wonder what a Mercedes sounds like with straight pipes? I wonder how fast one is? I wonder which side would be best to poot out of? I'll let you know.

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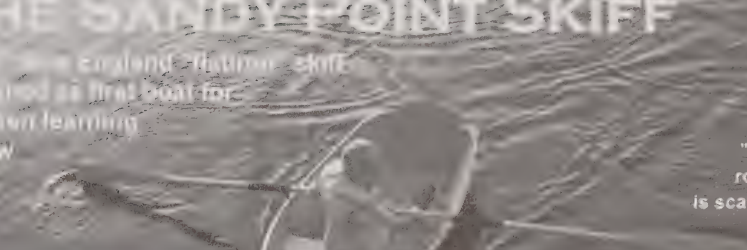
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The pounds and inches were melting away effortlessly. I had been getting far too fat. Now it was time to do something effective about my girth. I started rowing on the Intracoastal Waterway. Almost daily I'd row for an hour or so in my custom rowboat. In a month I'd lost almost 20 lbs. and, best of all, 4" off the love handles!

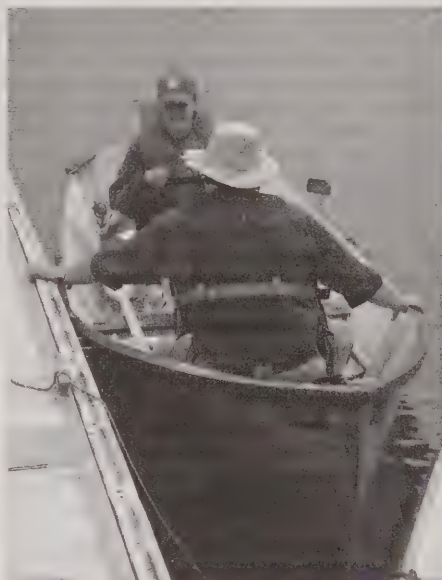
What made it so easy was the boat. *Twisted Seagull* is a 15' purpose built rowboat designed by John Welsford in New Zealand for choppy coastal inlets and bays. Here on the ICW she was in her element. I'd found her plans on the internet and formed her by hand from marine plywood and modern epoxies. She is a fixed seat boat, safe for three adults. Her two large air chambers render her safe and unsinkable. Her golden varnished sides and sleek curves called to the seaman in me, she wanted to be rowed. My first time at her oars was a revelation.

One pull on the oars and she'd glide 20 yards in calm conditions. Rowing a couple of miles wasn't work, it was fun. Anyone whose only rowing experience was getting to a marina when their power boat ran out of gas would be amazed at the gentle way she slipped through the water as if it was all downhill. The miles would slide by unnoticed, without conscious effort. The scenery constantly changed. The silence welcomed me and displayed wildlife and waterfowl far better than I'd ever see in a powerboat.

Nothing on the water is as environmentally zero impact as a rowboat. Motorless, it

Slow Boat to Fitness

By Bruce Hector



Readying for a shoot by the local Channel 10 morning show to promote the rowing club.

runs on your body's store of fats as it silently takes you where standard boats cannot go.

She floats in only 3" of water, which opens hundreds of miles of shallow bays and inlets far from the dredged channel for the super yachts. Often, yards away from the marked channel, my oars would bump bottom. As you explore any expanse of water you wish, motor boats are forced to stay far away inside their safe dredged route.

Rowing is easy on your body, also. Sport doctors recognize fixed seat rowing (as opposed to Olympic sliding seat sculling) among the finest low impact exercise you can do. A turn at the oars doesn't feel like exercise. It feels like fun. Hold the oars lightly, just two fingers now, and you can slide along gracefully with nary a ripple.

In the past, everyone rowed and real rowboats were plentiful. That ended after the second World War. With the advent of reliable outboard motors and mass produced power skiffs, the purpose built rowboat with a curved bottom has all but disappeared. In two months of rowing I've yet to see any but my own. That's a shame, as the joy of rowing and the grace of these sleek vessels is in danger of slipping from us.

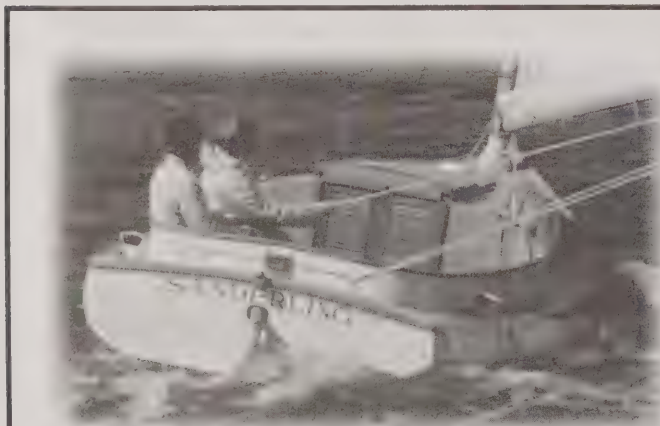
So we started a rowing club. The Sun Coast Recreational Rowing Club meets every Wednesday evening at The Pub Restaurant and Lounge, 20025 Gulf Boulevard from 5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. It's all free, so join us soon for some fun, fitness, and friendship. Bring your own boat, or if you don't own a rowboat, come and try mine. Then get on your own slow boat to fitness.



My mother and I leaving for a row on the ICW.



Elaine in the Welsford Seagull and I in the Michalak Sport Dory on the ICW.



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In 1999, back when I was first asked about a small lobsterboat for Maine waters, the list of criteria was simple. Twenty-two feet long and 8' wide, built down construction for ease of motion, tumblehome on the stern and a curved transom for the look and feel of an older style workboat, a small cabin to house a V-berth, a small pilothouse for bulkhead mounted steering and dash mounted instruments, a working deck back aft, inboard mounted engine, and enough power to cruise at 10-12kts. With a client who knew what he wanted, we went searching for plans.

After several weeks of looking, it became apparent that finding a design that included all of the above criteria would not be easy. I found boats of the right size but not the right shape, models with close to the right shape but the wrong size. Somewhat frustrated and curious, I began drawing a set of rough lines that I thought might work. From those lines I carved a half model so that the client could see the hull in three dimensions. That half hull became the basis for the first 22' lobsterboat and subsequent versions of the 24' and 26' boats.

Once the hull shape had been determined, I knew the layout of the cabin and house would have to be carefully considered to avoid as much weight up high both physically and visually. Small boats with a cabin and house can look quite top heavy. To avoid this, but to still allow for standing headroom, a break was added to the working deck and the sole was lowered in way of the pilot house. All heights were kept to a minimum and the pilothouse was made just big enough to allow for adequate shelter. To reach the desired speed for this boat, a 75hp Yanmar diesel was selected. Swinging a 17" 4-bladed prop, this

Techniques in Design

By Kevin Carney
Lead Instructor
Atlantic Challenge Apprenticeshop

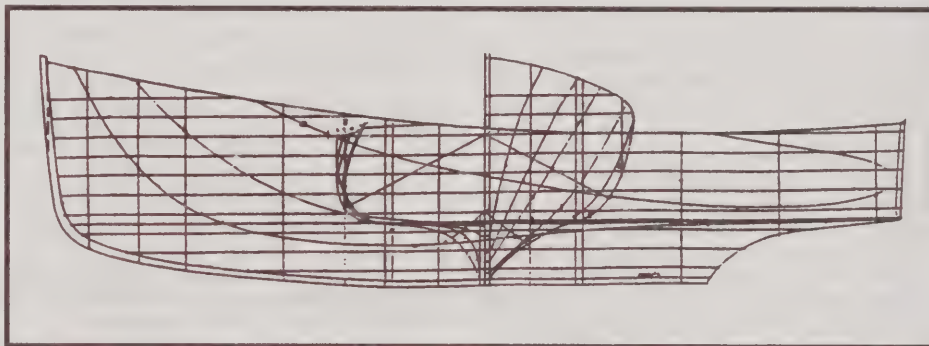
(Reprinted with permission from *The Apprentice*, Newsletter of Atlantic Challenge)

engine provided ample power to reach cruising speeds and achieved a top speed of 16kts.

During construction and after her launch, *Spike* generated a good deal of response. Within a year we were lofting a design based on the 22' boat. The new clients had seen *Spike* at her float in Camden and decided she was the type of boat they were looking for. Not as restricted to size, they asked if we could add length and possibly more power to increase her speed by several knots. All changes were made on the lofting table. We added 2' to her length, extending her flatter run back aft. We added several inches to her

beam for stability and flare to her upper bow section to try to keep her drier in a chop. The engine was increased to 98hp and, in this case, an Evolution Drive system was installed. At sea trials this model ran a top speed of 20kts. *Henry and Theo* lives in Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

This fall we had an inquiry about a 26' version with added accommodations and able to cruise at 20-23kts. Back to the lofting table. Modifications were the same as the previous model, addition of 2' to her length, primarily in the after flatter run, more beam to keep her stable, and added flare to keep her dry. Length was added to the cabin to allow for a fixed head. In this version we did add to the deadwood thickness to accommodate a larger shaft and enlarged the clearance between planking and keel to allow for a larger propeller. According to the programs an engine of 120-140hp should push this boat at the desired speed. An order for this latest design has yet to materialize, so final results are not in. But if this version acts like her predecessors, she should meet or exceed her expectations.



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Here is a sweet little motorboat with air cooled inboard power. She will make a fine fishing boat, especially for trolling, as she has a screw feed throttle

For ease of construction using standard boatbuilding techniques, the dory is hard to beat. Such a dory hull is Pop Gun. On about \$30 to \$40 (1950s \$\$) in lumber, another \$10 for fastenings, and say \$5 for paint, she'll be ready for engine and hardware. From the design shown here you will get, for these sums, what I think is one of the finest low pressure launches ever floated.

The modified dory is time tried. It was originated by Down East builders over 50 years ago for saltwater use. Here in Pop Gun I have merely modified the modifications so as to remove all traces of crankiness, so there is nothing experimental about her. She resembles closely the product of any of a half dozen Eastern Seaboard boatshops.

Hundreds of such boats have been built, powered with inboard engines of the air cooled industrial type, such as the 1hp Briggs and Stratton, the inboard Lausons, made by the Lauson Mfg. Co., New Holstein, Wisconsin, or the Wisconsin, made by the Wisconsin Motor Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The Pop Gun shown here is Briggs and Stratton powered, 1hp, using a 2-blade left hand outboard prop, 9" diameter by 7" pitch. Speed, about 7mph.

The whole idea of the boat wraps up into a rig in which you can turn the kids loose for a day's exploration secure in the knowledge they'll be back in time for dinner if they have sense enough to know when to turn around. They cannot capsize her and her gas tank, magneto, the works, are in one hunk, rain-proof and get-at-able under the deck. She'll go all day on 50 cents' worth of gas.

And despite the fact that it usually rains Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays when Dad gets her, she is a trolling boat with a nifty nose for fish. In this department Pop Gun will be a companion of the hunt in the same sense a good retriever is.

By using a plain screw feed throttle rod from deck to carburetor, you can adjust the chuff and blat of Pop Gun's exhaust so delicately you can get exactly the trolling throb you want. Dressed then in slicker and storm hat, you can ghost all day in the drizzle and snake in your strikes. Under the deck the motor will be dry and won't change pace.

The process of building Pop Gun is simple. It will be old hat to any man who can get a smooth cut.

The lines are laid down full sized and faired first. Lay these lines down on any floor, or cover the floor with stout brown paper and work on that. Proceed to reconstruct the lines drawing full size from the offset table in

Pop Gun

By Weston Farmer

cluded here.

These offsets read, say, 0-8-1, being 0 feet, 8 inches, 1 eighth. Feet inches eighths. You thus correct errors in scaling which occur with every design. This full sized fairing is done not to criticize the naval architect, but to provide the builder himself with a full sized drawing on which he can draw frames to exact size, sketch in knees, seat heights, take bevels, and so on.

Full sized lay-off is especially needed in Pop Gun because you'll have to accurately locate the outboard lap edge on each topside strake, then subtract 5/8" planking thickness, the overlaps, and the bevel in order to secure the exact point of frame knuckle on each of the three simple frames. No other way to get the knuckle.

Station 0 is not a frame per se. You construct a temporary mold here and later put in a bent flat strap of oak at this location.

After you have laid the lines down, the next thing to do is to build a strongback. Pop Gun is built upside down. This makes her easier to fasten, sand, and finish. The strongback has the shape of the keel line cut into it and is notched at proper spacing for cleats and the three oak frames. This strongback is set up on posts about 2"x8" stuff. Two posts will be enough and the strongback is then rigidly braced to the floor. If you build outdoors, which can be done only if it never rains or if you make provision to keep the work dry with one of these new \$6 vinyl plastic "auto garages," you can drive stakes into the ground and brace your strongback to them. A 2"x10" plank will do for the strongback.

Next the stem is pricked through your layout onto the 1-3/4" white oak stem lumber and this member is band sawed to shape, then beveled to the appropriate bevel. Plank ends do not land in a rabbet on this type of boat, just bevel the back rabbet, let the plank ends run over, and face them off as you plank. Later, run your plane over the ends and screw on the stem strip.

The transom is made from the expanded drawing. This expansion must be checked against your faired lines. I have specified 1-1/4" stuff, yellow pine, cypress, mahogany, or anything that holds fastenings well will do. The transom may be built up in more than one piece by gluing the joint with a feather run in by circular saw. No cheekpieces are called for.

Next the bottom or keel board is assembled. The material called for is 1" neat. Don't let the millwright who sizes your bill

of materials "go commercial" on you. The keel board of 1" stuff will bend right to the keel curve shown. This board is composed of one 4" piece on center, 6" pieces as garboards, and 8" pieces, maybe wider for the broads, as the pieces next to the garboards are known.

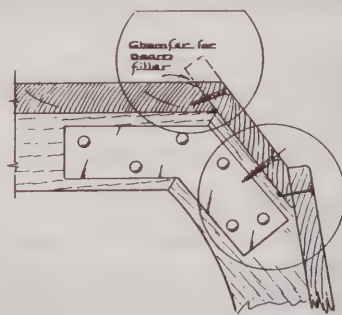
Erect the stem, keel board, and transom on the strongback and then bevel the chine edges of the keel board for the chine plank, using the bevels of the frames (which, of course, are placed into the strongback pockets first) as guides.

Now you are ready to begin the topside planking. This stuff is of white cedar preferably, but may be red cedar so long as it is flat grained and not rift sawn. Cypress or mahogany also can be used. The thickness is 5/8" neat. Stream the planks from stern to stern, working both sides as you go so as not to spring the shape. Use 1-1/4" #10 screws here, either brass or galvanized. Space the fastenings along the chine edge about 4".

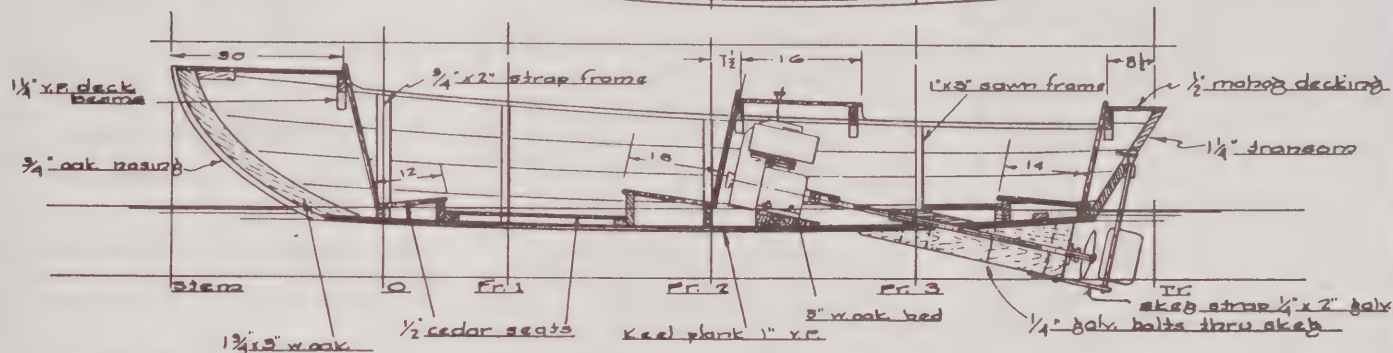
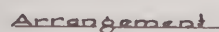
There is no chine member for the simple reason there doesn't need to be. The beveled keel board provides an ample face for chine plank landing. The bottom boards swell against the chine plank and a tight joint results.

This might be the place to point out something. Novice boatbuilders seem to think every seam on a boat should be caulked and proceed to ram a bird's nest of cotton into every chink. This is the reverse from proper practice. Wood has a natural tendency to gleet and get sticky when soaked, if two pieces come within kissing distance when dry, you can bet a dollar they'll swell and a watertight joint will result. Don't paint faying surfaces, therefore, despite all the expert advice to the contrary. Wood to wood and good fits are the answer to tightness.

With respect to the bevel on the keel board, it might be good amateur practice to cut a slight chamfer on inboard and outboard edges, see the detail sketch. Then, after the



Section through chine corner shows chamfer for 900 Seam Filler. Sawn frames of 1"x3" white oak are gusseted with metal clips, bolted through frame.



Construction Profile

chine plank and all the rest of the planks are on, after all the finishing work and sanding is done, and the priming coat of paint laid in, one can run a seam of 900 Seam Sealer into the fillets. This sealer is a rubber plastic the consistency of thick cream, which it resembles, and is run to the seam through an oilcan-like plastic bottle in which it is sold. The Marine Products, Inc., Oshkosh, Wisconsin, are the sales agents, and if your local boat dealer cannot supply you, these people can. The stuff dries a dark brown, stays pliable, and can be painted. It cannot be tooled, so apply it last.

The lapping of succeeding strakes at the knuckles is done using a wood plane, preferably, to face the upper plank edge down because your cuts will be smoother. Apply successive strakes after checking the frame knuckles for proper landings and either rivet

or clinch the strakes together. Don't use screws here, they'll eventually vibrate loose because after the first soaking and swelling the little nib ends will pull out and won't take up again. Copper rivets over burrs are best, but if you can't get them locally or through a marine supply house, copper clinch nails are next best and these are always available. The length depends upon the combined thicknesses, but I should say 1" would be about right, supposing 1/4" to project for clinching. Space 2".

As to the method of spiling, or getting the shape of the planks, you can take light 3/16"x 1" battens, tack 16 of them along the plank edges with brads, and then join them permanently with cross spalls or scabs. By peeling this latticed template off the hull and laying it out carefully on your plank, you can transfer the shape.

Handbooks on the art of boatbuilding will here be helpful if, as a novice, you get tangled up on the technique of the thing.

In such a small boat, and with so little curvature to the shape of the planks, it would be well to use single length stuff. The chine pieces may come too wide when shaped out, however, and it is all right to use butt blocks of oak, screw fastened if you want to. The tuck in the plank at the transom in the chine member may be more than some varieties of wood will take to kindly. Wet the piece for 24 hours, then swath it in cloth and pour boiling water on it for 15 minutes. Quickly remove the cloth and apply the plank. Wood that is wet and really hot can be slapped into position anywhere.

Once your hull is planked up, the usual finishing procedure takes place. In Pop Gun there are no seat risers, chine pieces, or sheer clamps. The covering board is let down over the frame head and fitted to the plank sheer edge. One screw per frame head 2" #12 and the thing is done. This forms a combined harpin and clamp in one. Ends up also being the covering board.



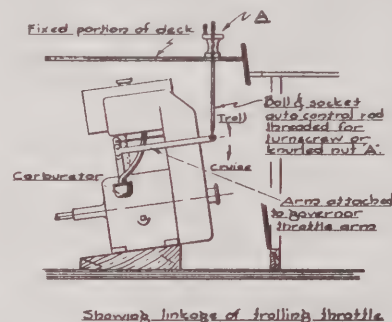
Seats and lazy back bulkheads, floor slatting, and decking are quite clearly depicted and you'll have no problems here. If woods specified cannot be had, use something of the same general working characteristics, keeping an eye on weight, workability, and fastening power.

Thorough sanding is next. Then, caulking with 900 Seam Sealer if needed. Fasten the skeg on, seal around the edges with a fillet of the old 900, and you are ready for priming. Paint the outboard stuff white or some light color like buff or even aluminum. Light colors reflect the sun's rays which are the greatest enemy to hull longevity, and such colors add years to the life of a hull. Not water, which wood loves, not rain, not grounding nor spray, but sunlight is your boat's worst enemy. Put some eye saving color inboard,

green, gray, and buff are old favorites.

Another thing, keep the hardware and fastenings all one metal. Use galvanized throughout if that is chosen, or brass and bronze if you elect that metal. Then, in salt water, or creekside in brackish industrial waters, electrolysis of fastenings will be minimized. For instance, use brass (bronze) cheekpieces on the frame heels or else go all to cold rolled sheet and after cutting get them galvanized. Most nickel plating outfits do this work. However, plywood gussets may be used at this joint, provided they are not run out beyond frame depth, thus interfering with floor space. One sits with one's upholstery close to the floor in Pop Gun and side slicing from gussets is not conducive to Sunday thinking.

The screw throttle used on the original Pop Gun is simplicity itself. A sheet metal bell crank is bolted to the vertical throttle arm on the engine. This is the same throttle arm which is actuated by the vane type governor with which most such engines are provided



A threaded screw rod on ball socket auto control rod, using a heavy wing nut on deck, allows one to control speed.

This bell crank is led off that side of the throttle arm which would open the throttle if the weight of the arm acted downward upon it. From the bell crank an ordinary automotive ball and socket control rod is led up through the permanent portion of the deck. Where the rod crosses the deck line it is threaded for a few inches and is then cut off, letting the threaded end of the rod project about 2" above deck level.

Secure from any junk pile or from some old engine or drafting board leg a wing nut which has some heft and which will fit the threaded rod. About 4-8 ounces is right. The action of gravity keeps the nut against the deck at all times and the throttle nominally wide open. By screwing the throttle setting to any desired pace you can get exactly the rpm you need from full ahead to dead slow trolling. The trolling adjustment becomes very sensitive, particularly in the low throttle range.

Of course, you'll loft in the engine you plan to use in the original full sized lay-off. The shaft angle can then be accurately laid in before the shaft log is cut and bolted up. Use 3/4" shafting, bronze, of course, if in salt water, cold rolled will do in fresh. A sleeve coupling with 3/8" Allen set screws, two to each end, will couple the engine and shaft.

And that's about all there is to it. These little low pressure boats are a delight to own. They pay off at the highest satisfaction rate per dollar in the entire boating realm. Try building a Pop Gun and see what I mean!



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I have always been interested in all things mechanical. I come from a family of engineers and have always loved tinkering. Several years ago I lived on a small wetland in eastern Washington where I inherited a broken down old skin-on-frame canoe which was literally held together with duct tape and bailing wire.

After rebuilding this canoe I moved to Port Townsend, Washington, where wooden boat manufacturing and restoration is a main industry. I also found a large number of human powered vehicle enthusiasts in Port Townsend. Between these three influences I became inspired.

The Autocanoe is a pedal powered amphibious recumbent street/watercraft. The configuration is basically a recumbent tricycle with two forward wheels driving and a third rear wheel steering both on land and on the water. The Autocanoe is overall 15'11" (under the Coast Guard licensing regulation length) with a 3' beam to give it lots of stability on the road and in the water. I gave the canoe a generous 12" freeboard and voluminous fenders/paddle boxes to deal with the splash from the paddlewheels.

The entire boat is skinned with marine mahogany panels. I tried clear greenhouse plastic early on for a glass bottom boat effect, but after placing my foot through it several times I went with the full wooden boat design. The fully adjustable canvas seat is a take-off from a design of a friend's vintage deck chair that had been sitting around for years and works well for any size person. Fore and aft are large watertight compartments for flotation and storage. Up front there is ample room for a friend and some gear.

After successfully completing my first roadable canoe I discovered that it worked better than I had anticipated it would. It was simple to build, simple to operate, and really fun. Every time I rode through town or took it out on the water a crowd of people would invariably gather and much conversation and questioning would ensue. The overwhelmingly positive public reaction to the

My Autocanoe

By John Montgomery

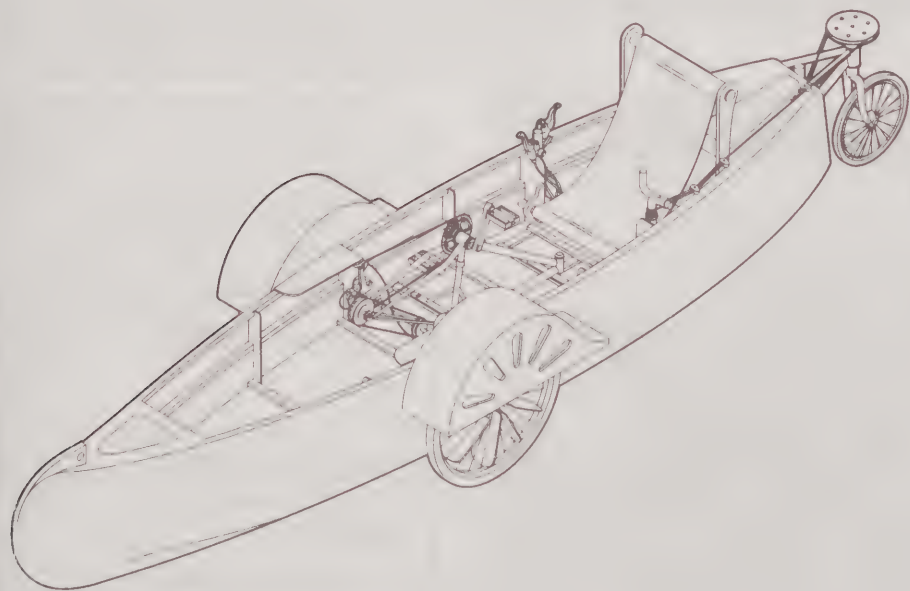
Autocanoe inspired me to produce a plan and kit that could be built by nearly anyone.

While producing the plan I made several major improvements to my original design, which includes disc braking and a differential. The newest design operates like a dream. I am presently working on a two-seater electric powered version of the Autocanoe which will be even more interesting and fun.

I think one of the most important things regarding the Autocanoe that most people don't understand at first sight is the fact that you ride it like a recumbent bike on the street and you travel directly from the road down the boat ramp and into the water. You don't get out, you don't add or remove anything, you just keep on going and it's great! Once you've enjoyed your nautical adventure you head for the boat ramp, ride up it, and down the street for home. You don't even get your shoes wet (unless you want to, of course).

Most of all, the Autocanoe is a lot of fun, from the design to the fabrication to the trips through town and especially out on the water. People really love it. I'd like nothing more than to see the Autocanoe on calm bodies of water the world over and that is my current goal. By providing plans and kits and finished canoes I hope to spread the Autocanoe far and wide. I am currently looking for investors to start a larger scale production of the Autocanoe and help share my craft with people everywhere. Check us out on the web at www.autocanoe.com and please e-mail or write with questions, comments, or orders. We would love to hear from you.

John Montgomery, Autocanoe Co., P.O. Box 310, Port Townsend, WA 98368, www.autocanoe.com. Autocanoe is a licensed registered trademark of the Autocanoe Co. Patent Pending.



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I designed the Laughing Gull for my 12-year-old son Jack, who loves to sail with his great friend Patrick. When these two adventurers put to sea they are looking for excitement. They wanted a boat that would be exhilarating to sail in a good breeze, I wanted a boat that would be forgiving of the exuberance of young sailors. From the start, I knew that she should be self-bailing. With a large flotation compartment in the bottom and large freeing ports in the transom, any water that might come aboard if they pushed her a bit too hard would immediately be dumped back where it belonged, without the bother of bailing. She would be practically impossible to swamp and I could be confident that she would take care of her crew. Children love to row when the wind drops (so do I), the boat would have to move along well under oars or with a small outboard motor. She would also have to be simple enough for an inexperienced woodworker to build and, of course, she would have to look right.

The Laughing Gull

By Arch Davis

I sketched a flat-bottom skiff with lapstrake sides, just under 16' long. I made a one-fourth scale model and, while playing with the drawings, thought about construction. Finally I settled on a variation of the method I used for the Jiffy skiffs, which are designed around a large watertight compartment in the bottom. Lapstrake planks for the topsides would need to be held in place during construction. I added a set of frames to take care of this. These have the additional benefit of stiffening the hull against the stresses of beating to windward in a strong breeze with a crew of robust youngsters hiking out on the rail.

For the prototype I chose a simple, unstayed cat rig with fully battened sail. Such a simple rig is very quick to set up and easy

to handle by the novice sailor. The plans show two additional rigs, one with a gunter mainsail and jib for more sail area and very exciting performance, and a sprit rig for the traditionally minded.

Sea trials showed that the Laughing Gull would do all that was asked of her. She is well-balanced, standing up well to her rig in a breeze with a light, positive helm. She goes to windward nicely and planes readily downwind. She slips along easily under oars. At 225 lbs. (102 kg) weight unrigged, she has a reassuringly solid feel in the water while being light enough to launch and retrieve easily from a low trailer. As I hope the photographs show, she certainly looks the part.

Plans and Video: The plans include full size patterns printed on Mylar, ten 24"x36" prints showing scale construction drawings, full size details, sail and spar plans, and other details. Included is a building manual, my most detailed and comprehensive yet, with over 100 pages and 140-odd drawings and photographs. It takes you step by step through the whole building process, from laying out the first parts with the full size patterns to making masts and other spars.

There is a complete listing of all the materials you will need, tools, and sources for obtaining marine plywood and hardware. There are also sections on keeping your tools sharp, dealing with problems during building, rigging your boat, sailing, and maintenance. A glossary explains any terms that may not be clear from the text or drawings. A two-hour video takes you in detail through the whole building process and ends with some exciting footage of the boat under sail. This is a great resource for those who need a little extra guidance. The plans come with a free advisory service.

Tools and Materials: You will need a basic set of common hand woodworking tools to build the Laughing Gull. These include, besides measuring tools, a few chisels, a plane, hand saw, drill, and jig saw. Some of your lumber will have to be ripped (cut lengthwise) to size. The best tool for this is a table saw (a small, bench-top model will handle it), although it can be done with a circular saw. If you don't have your own table saw but have access to one, or if the lumber yard will do the ripping for you, the cutting schedule in the building manual should help you get it done ahead of time in an hour or so.

Plans are \$160 + \$9 P&H. Video is \$29.95 + \$4.50 P&H. Epoxy kits, plywood packages, sails, rigging kits, and other items are also available.

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www.by-the-sea.com/archdavisdesign/

Dimensions

Length: 15' 9"

Beam: 4' 5"

Draft: Board up 5"

Board down: 2' 9"

Weight: 224 lbs.

Sail Area: 82 - 95 sq. ft.



In regard to the Sears Ted Williams 7.5hp outboard I described on Page 26 of the May 15, 2004 issue, a few days ago I went about the task of placing it back in operation. As mentioned in the article, the main problem seemed to be a fouled carburetor. While the carburetor now is easily accessible for removal from the rest of the motor, critical parts of the carburetor, its float chamber and valve (called in the motor's manual "the meter body and bowl"), could not easily be cleaned. This made it uncertain whether or not the intake orifice and needle valve that were part of the chamber were clean.

Initially, thorough cleaning of these components seemed impossible. The float was secured in place by a hinge pin that was considerably recessed and pressed into place in the chamber's aluminum body. There was no easy way to remove the pin. In addition, part of the pin and float assembly was a tiny phosphor bronze spring that carried much of the weight of the float. Urged on by possibly unwise curiosity and challenged by the task of mastering and cleaning the carburetor, I used a punch to knock out the pin. This released the pin, float and spring, but also damaged the spring.

The damage to the spring dismayed me because I was unsure if the spring could be repaired and exactly how it went back in. Research produced the reassuring information that new carburetor components, including the spring, could be obtained from Discount Marine, a firm that has a website, and whose phone number is (906) 466-2180. After talking with a technician at Discount Marine and studying the exploded drawing of

Ted Williams Outboard Follow Up

By Brad Lyttle

the carburetor in a manual for the motor, I developed an idea of how the spring should look and how it was placed.

The technical challenge was to remodel the float chamber so that the hinge pin could easily be inserted and removed. Pressing the pin in place might be satisfactory for permanent installation, but was not if a person wanted to clean the float chamber components. Since all of the components were small, and the spring quite delicate, I believed that the remodeling task might be beyond my capabilities and tools.

The approach that I decided on was to install round-headed machine screws in the float chamber at both ends of the slot that received the hinge pin. My plan was to make a pin that would fit just between the machine screws and be held down firmly by the heads of the screws when the screws were screwed down. Several challenges were posed by this approach. One was to mill holes at the end of the slot. I could not easily do this with twist drills because the drills might catch in the slot and break the chamber. I was able to mill the holes with diamond burrs.

The next problem was to drill holes that could be threaded for the machine screws. Eventually, I decided on using a #51 drill, the thread drill for a 2-56 screw. That is a pretty fine drill and a pretty small screw. How to

center the drill at the bottoms of the milled holes? Neither a center punch nor an awl worked well. Finally, I used a drill the size of the milled hole to produce a conical bottom to the hole. This guided the #51 drill to the center of the hole. I was able to drill and thread the holes.

I fashioned a hinge pin of just the right length from part of a large paper clip. I reshaped the broken spring and set its legs to 90 degrees, which I thought was the correct configuration. All of the components went together properly.

All of this was interesting and challenging, but pretty tenuous, engineering. Working with tiny carburetor parts was such a strain that I should have broken the job into at least two stages and taken a nap between them. Fortunately, despite pressing forward, I made no disastrous mistakes and the remodeled and cleaned carburetor seemed to work well.

The motor now has started and run powerfully in a testing tank. The carburetor offers no more mysteries. My present belief is that the motor can be made to run for many more years as long as it is properly lubricated and I don't forget to run its carburetor dry at the end of every season.

In hunting for parts for this 39-year-old motor and finding Discount Marine, I came to the conclusion that it is possible to find parts for almost any old outboard. My impression is that the huge electronic databases and communication links made possible by computers and the internet make managing enormous inventories much easier than before computers. Google is an example of this in the field of general information.

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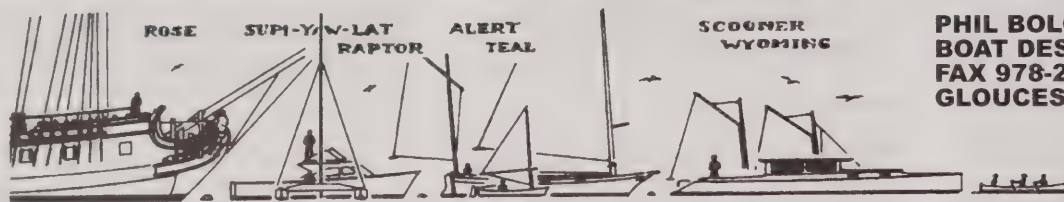


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This is the paddling version of the sailing pirogue we described in *MAIB* Volume 15, Number 2, June 1, 1997. (Pirogue: "Any canoe-like boat," Webster). The sailing version goes well and was simple enough to allow two of them to be built in a weekend with a nice finish, but the paddling version leaves out the sail, mast, gaff, boom, partners and step, two halyards and a sheet, rudder with pivoted blade, and leeboard. It's something close to ultimate simplicity, just to get out on the water for a couple of hours on the merest impulse, close to shore and in good weather.

The principle goes back to the most primitive craft, starting with straddling a log, through more or less sophisticated dugouts, papyrus rafts, and (after the invention of the saw) plank boats superficially much like this one. Its closest ancestor in many ways is the bark canoe, with which it shares light weight derived from sheet material. But a bark ca-

Bolger on Design Paddling Pirogue

11'6" x 2'0"

noe is a very complex device indeed, as a reading of *The Bark Canoes And Skin Boats of North America* (Chapelle and Adney, published by the Smithsonian Institution) will make clear. It's one of those inventions, like maple sugar, that call for so many steps to work at all that it's hard to imagine how the final product was conceived in the first place.

There are some complicated processes behind the simplicity of this boat. Making plywood as we know it is not simple and calls for a big investment and massive machinery and quite a bit of skill, as anybody who has tried the patching process as the flawed ve-

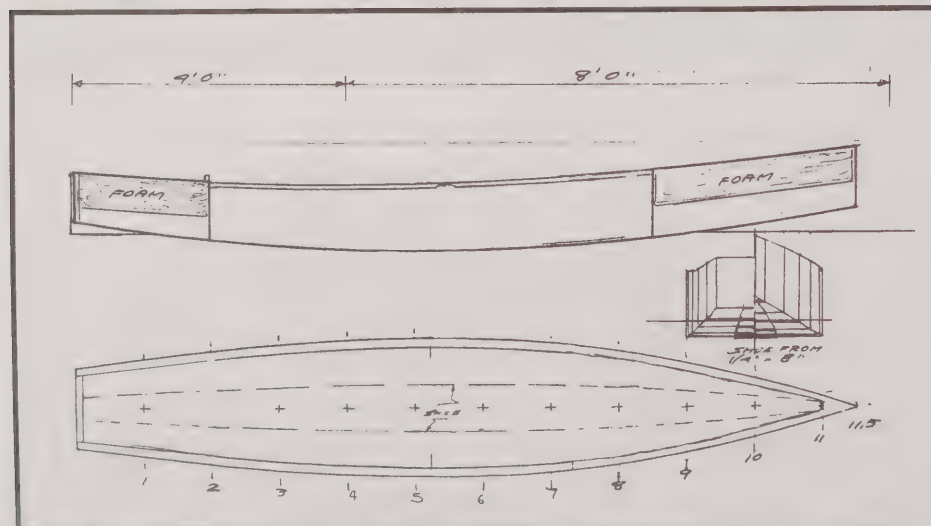
neers roll off the cutter can testify. The wonderful glues and seam compounds and fiberglass sheets and tapes that we go a few miles at most to pick up are not produced by primitive methods. The "ultimate simplicity" depends on a high state of industrial civilization, and incidentally to a finite and diminishing asset, the oil used to make the glue and the fiberglass and to drive the machinery that made the plywood, and to get to the hardware store that sold the components, and to get the boat to the water in most cases. (That's to say nothing of the oil infrastructure that keeps us fed and sheltered, skim *The End Of Oil* by Paul Roberts for a scary analysis of how precarious all this is becoming!)

The boat in the photo was built by Arthur Strock in New Jersey to replace one of our Yellow Leaf pirogues which he used with his daughter. She's away on her own so he wanted a smaller and lighter boat in which to go alone. Besides leaving off all the sailing paraphernalia, he left off the end decking and buoyancy blocks which saved some weight. He hasn't said what it weighs, but 35 pounds would be a good guess, well in the range for a single person to put on a car rack or to carry some distance on foot, as to a secluded launching spot. At our suggestion he added a skeg under the bottom at the stem to help tracking.

He took some pains with the finish "all brass, bronze fasteners, plastic resin glue, inner wood chines, plus one layer of glass tape on outside of chines using polyester laminating resin (no wax) from Defender Inc., Moore's porch and deck enamel, lauan plywood, end grain saturated with resin. Rather nice for paddling, don't you think?" An interesting mix of materials, sensible for a boat that won't be left in the water or exposed much of the time. In some corner of a cellar or garage this boat is immortal, and it does not look crude in spite of having been designed in a few hours on typewriter paper.

The single paddle is part of the ultimate simplicity and the 2' wide flat bottom carried well fore and aft makes a stable enough boat to stand the high center of gravity of a kneeling paddler. You can even stand up in it (very carefully!). Most canoes are wider but their round bilges and sharp ends take away most of the gain in stability. The flat bottom and the open ends make it less demanding to board and leave than a kayak, while you can still sit on the bottom of the hull. The high ends fit it to get through a motorboat wake with a good chance of staying dry. We would advise some foam in the ends to make it possible to bail it out afloat after a mishap. It's unsinkable but the structure alone doesn't have much reserve buoyancy.

Plans of the Pirogue 12, our Design #637, are available for \$25 ppd. First Class mail, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



In an earlier sketch we saw the gear that is used to propel *Sleeper* under sail.

In this article we shall describe how to assemble this gear to the hull to make it functional. Basically there is one sail, a piece of line that is used for a traveler, and another line that controls the sail's position. This line is called the mainsheet. There is no boom on *Sleeper*, it is a loose-footed sail, nor does it need one. The following sketch shows how to arrange these lines on the craft so the crew can manage *Sleeper* under sail power.

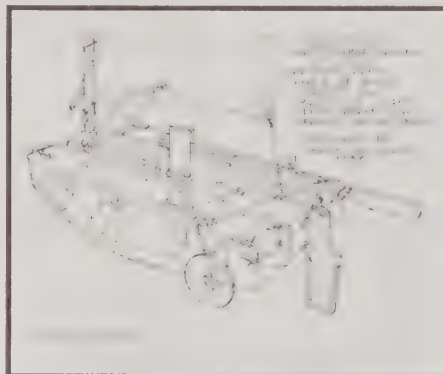
The two aft cleats are put to use to secure the traveler line at each side of the craft. This line passes through the ring on the mainsheet. The sketch shows the traveler line made fast to the cleat in the same way one would normally tie a line to a cleat, however, to reserve the cleats for possible other use the traveler line could just as well be tied to one of the legs of the cleat. This traveler line can be quite small and, if one sails a great deal, a wire could be used and two small eyes could be added. This, in turn, would free up the cleats for other uses. Every sailor is different, and what suits one may very well not suit another.

It should be noted that the cleats of any craft should not be unnecessarily encum-

Building *Sleeper*

Part 16

By Don Elliott

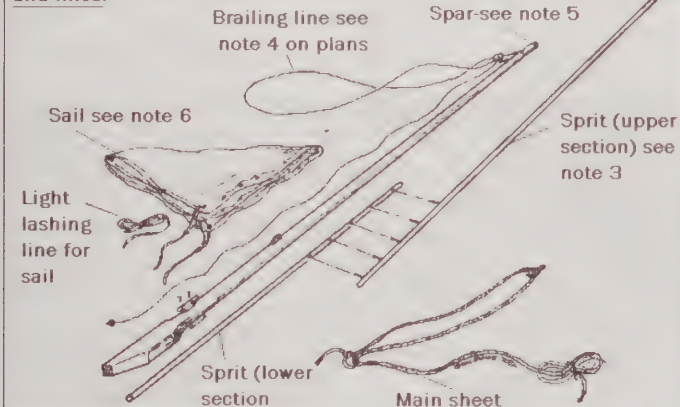


bered, meaning they should be free at all times. They must be so as there may be a need for them to be put to use at a moment's notice, fumbling to get another line off the cleat to attach another more important one.

A friend of mine on a passage went into a rage when he was slapped in face with a large knot that attached to the clew of the large headsail. This sail was flapping violently as the sail (and knot) passed over to the other side of the craft. He thought it had broken his nose and it left a nasty bruise for days after. Be very careful what you put at the clew of sails, and also mind where you put your face.

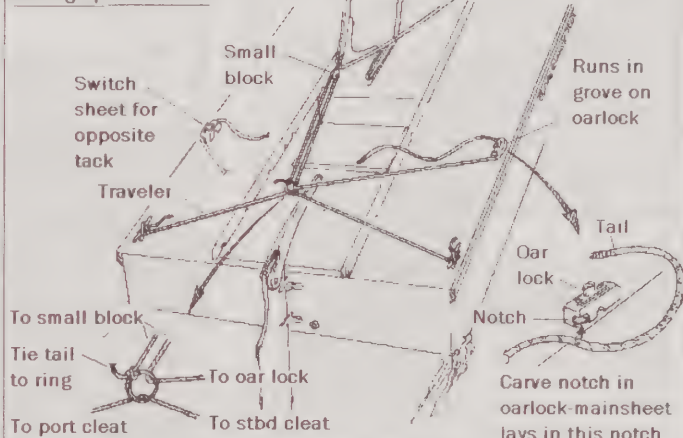
Sleeper's mainsheet is attached to the clew of the sail with either a small block or a small ring, both will do the job, and, of course, the ring will cost a great deal less than the block. It is handy to leave the complete mainsheet attached to the sail at all times, this avoids having a loose piece of gear that might get lost or having to spend the time finding a place to put it. This would mean the traveler must be arranged as shown in the sketch and not on a permanent wire, otherwise it would mean untying the knot at the ring every time one wanted to free that line. Seems like a small thing of little concern, however, if you do it many times these small things become very important to the sailor. Some dinghies do, in fact, reach a surprising high level of sophistication in their set-up and arrangement, others are sadly mistreated and managed in the worst way.

Sail, spar, sprit pole and lines.



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Setting up mainsheet



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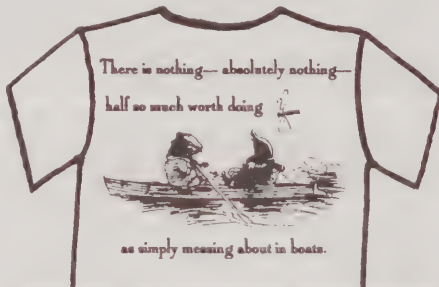
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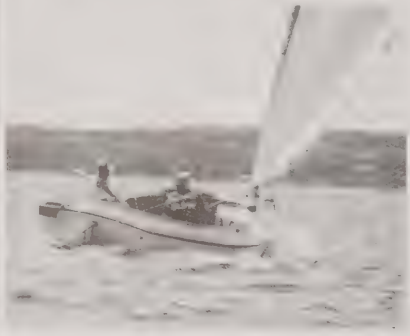
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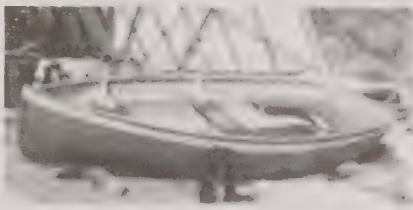


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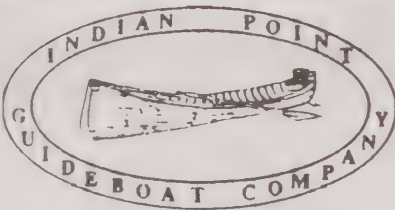
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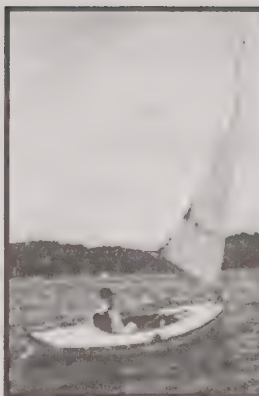


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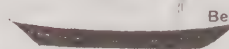


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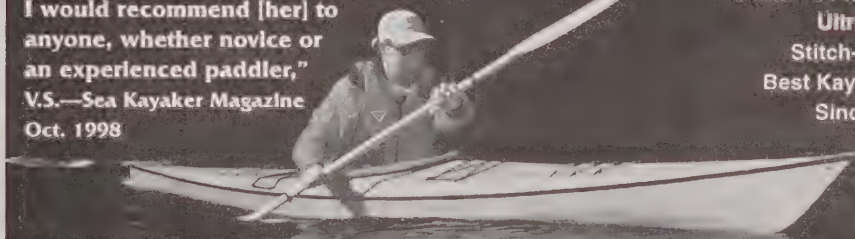


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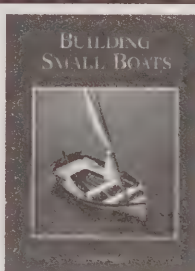
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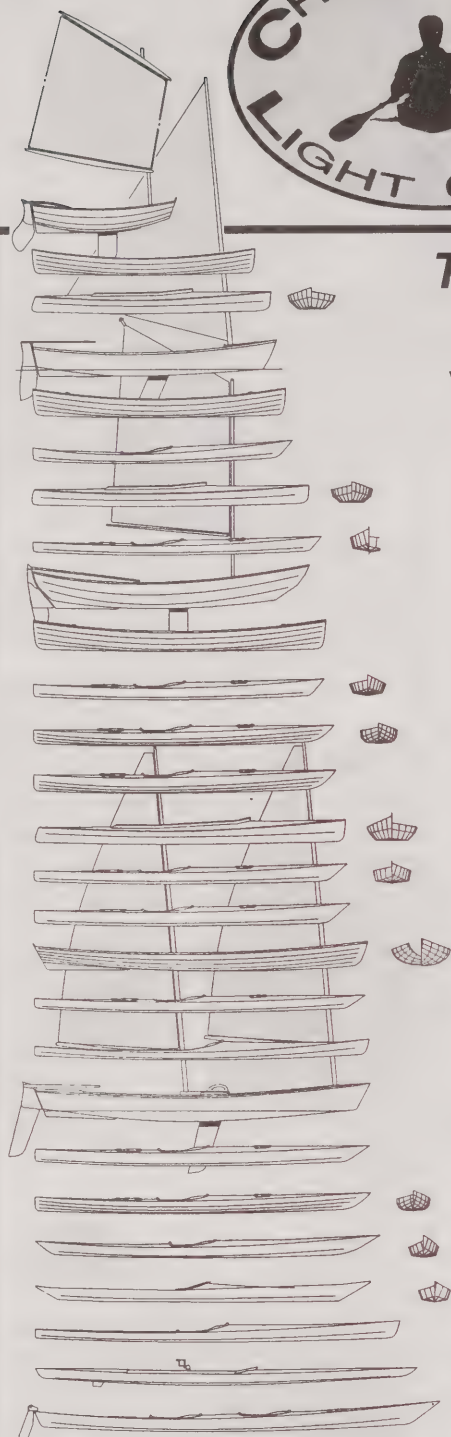
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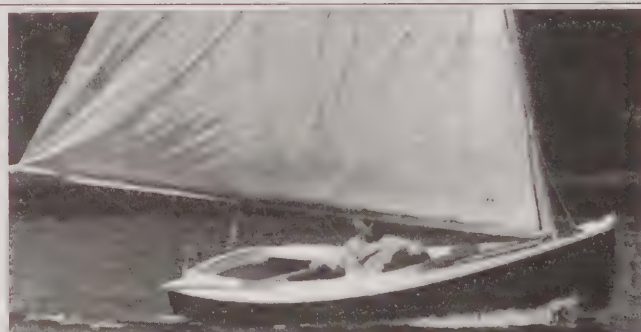
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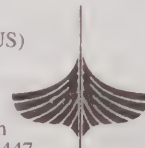
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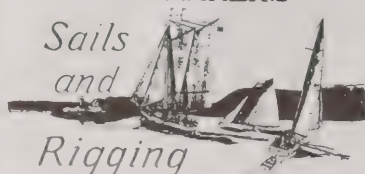
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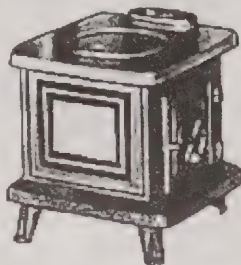
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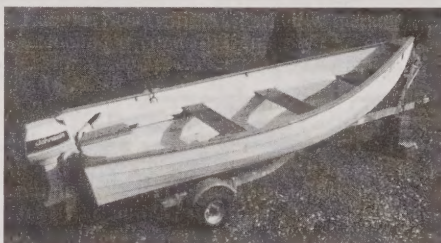
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14' Amesbury FG Dory, '88, Sturdee Boat Co., '91 Calkins galv trlr, '93 Johnson 6hp, pr 3 gal tanks, pr 7' oars, removeable lights./marker plate bar. Exc cond. \$3,200.

MACE BELL, Clinton, CT, (860) 669-2177. (5)



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D.J. LYNCH, P.O. Box 1303, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-6145, <SortaSalty@aol.com> (5)



24' Strider Catamaran, Woods design, cold molded constr. Grt young family cruising boat. 14" hull draft. Exc cond. W/dinghy & 3hp ob. No trlr. \$9,500.

BOB COLE, St. Augustine, FL, (904) 284-2063. (5)

Hydra Kayaks, Sea Twin 18', 2 seater w/rudder, 2 storage comp, exc cond. \$995obo. **Solo 17'**, w/rudder, 2 storage comp, exc cond. \$695obo. **Sea Venture 16.2'**, sit-on-top, 2 storage comp, exc cond. \$595.

FRANK ALBERT, Marco Island, FL, (239) 642-2357. (5)

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ALEX HADDEN, Hadden Boat Co., Georgetown, ME, (207) 371-2662. (5)

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KARL WEBSTER, P.O. Box 261, Brooksville, ME 04617, (207) 326-9781, <ksw@midmaine.com> (5)

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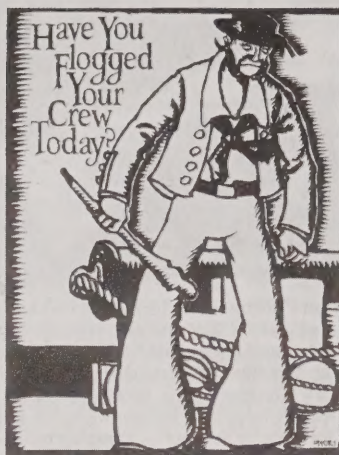
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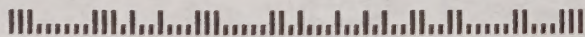
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