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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 13

November 15, 2004

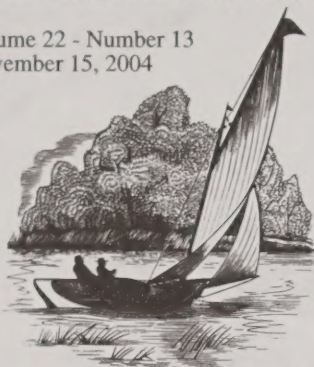
Special Features This Issue
"Scotia on My Mind" - "Baja Survey"
"Low Pressure Launch Assassin"



messing about in BOATS

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Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.
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For circulation or production inquiries or problems, contact:
Roberta Freeman at
officesupport@comcast.net

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 7 Window on the Water
- 8 Scotia on My Mind - I
- 12 Baja Survey
- 15 Kayaker in the Dark
- 16 Bimbo Island
- 18 2004 at the Mystic Boathouse
- 19 Three Rookers Roundup
- 20 Assassin...a 16' Low Pressure Launch
- 22 Half Model for the *Laura Catherine*
- 23 Magnificent Schooner Models
- 24 What Makes Them Go Fast?
- 25 Bird Dog Net Boat
- 26 Bolger on Design: Slicer Utility Launch
- 28 Bahama Moor Revisited
- 29 Budget Sailing for the Impecunious
- 30 Trade Directory
- 36 Classified Marketplace
- 38 Xmas Gift Subscription Order Page
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Turner Matthews' *Fairehope*, which graced our October 1 cover, is back for an encore, here holding onto her mooring as Hurricane Jean swept through southwest Florida. She survived unscathed despite widespread damage to other boats and docks all around her.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



With winter season at hand and most of us off the water (yes, I know Florida's on the water season is just getting underway) my thoughts tend towards the winter workshop mystique, for that's where I found my greatest satisfactions in my earlier years of messing about in boats. Today I still spend a lot of rewarding time in my shop, but no longer working on boats. It's more mechanical of an activity now working with my quadriplegic friend Charlie on our special handicapped bicycling projects. And my recent return to somewhat limited motorcycling also finds me back wrenching on them. Shades of all those years prior to boating coming into my life.

In my fantasy life I still have some boat-building projects I wish to carry out. I really enjoyed working on the smaller projects back in the '80s after my first round of involvement with bigger boats like the 23' cutter that was our first boat. Highlights included restoring a couple of Old Town Rangeley Lake models, a Penobscot wherry, and designing and building my little Cockleshell kayak, which is remarkably like the Heritage Featherlite advertised regularly on our back cover, albeit built of plywood rather than rotomolded plastic.

So why not return to these fantasy boatshop projects? I spend my working week on this magazine, and while it still is an absorbing and enjoyable way to earn my living, when I turn to some form of avocation it now is mainly my bicycling in all its forms. Winter shop time is spent working on the special bikes we design and build for our own enjoyment and for those disabled persons we come to know who want to enjoy again the mobility offered by a bicycle, even if it is a tricycle in their cases.

Charlie and I do get out in my 21' Seda Tango double kayak some each year and the fantasy project involving that is the fitting to it of the trimaran sailing rig I built for my smaller old 17' Seda Viking. The transferring mainly involves all new hardware components fitting the Tango hull to which to attach mast, akas, amas, and centerboard (actually a sideboard). This still could happen but the rig, when assembled with its 21' length and 16' beam, does not fit into my 12' x 30' shop in which the woodstove keeps us comfortable. We have to work on the assembled tri in the "carriage shed" which connects our house to the barn. Its open side has a southern exposure in true New England farm style and with its full size plastic covered winter doors in place does get some solar heating

on sunny days. But those days often do not coincide with the times we can get together.

The strongest motivation still comes from being in the actual presence of an ongoing project, be it a visit to a local maritime museum or with individuals I have come to know who are doing what I'd sorta like to be doing myself. I can avail myself of this sort of experience locally dropping in at Pert Lowell's shop where traditional small wooden boats are always in process in some way. Back in the late '80s I spent a couple of years helping out owner Ralph at times when he was shorthanded, and still recall those early winter mornings when the wood stove (fired up about 6am) had not yet heated up the shop and we got to work bundled up as if outdoors.

Thinking back on those days, I find that my early (around 1980-85) infatuation with traditional small wooden boats lingers on, that the Swampscott dory I wanted to build still is not entirely faded from memory. But lacking time or a commitment to focus on that sort of project I indulge myself vicariously as I read and publish your stories of what you are building or restoring. Sometimes you exert a powerful influence that fans the embers still within me.

It's not just for me that I welcome your project stories, for all along I have felt that the strongest motivation is generated by learning about how someone else built their boat rather than seeking the necessary drive to get on with it from how-to publications. By sharing your experiences with our readers you may be providing someone with just that last bit of encouragement needed for them to get going on their dream project. And you will also be sharing your experiences with people who understand. Understanding for the amateur boatbuilder is not always readily available from family and friends.

So with winter at hand I again extend to any and all of you an invitation to send along your stories of your projects. I welcome them all and acknowledge immediately their receipt, usually with an indication of when your story is likely to appear. Do not be bashful, thinking who would care to know about your modest endeavors at building a boat, you have a lot of company amongst our readers. And if you are amongst the hi-tech communication population, yes we can accept your contributions on computer disc, CD, or even by email via my daughter's address in the box at the left. I look forward to hearing from you during the coming winter season.

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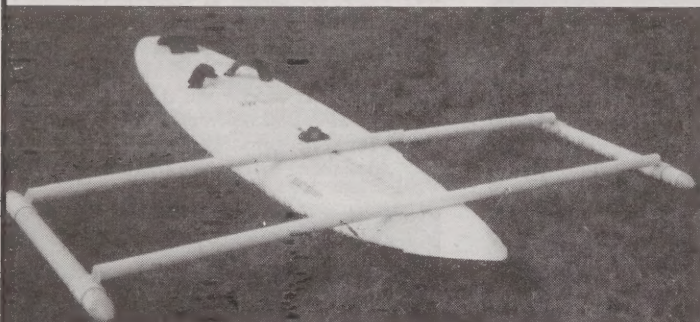
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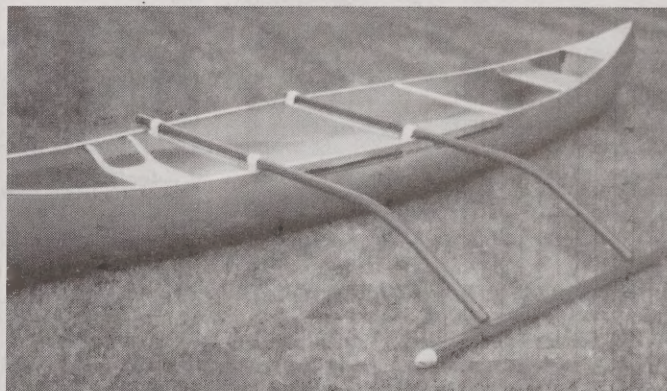
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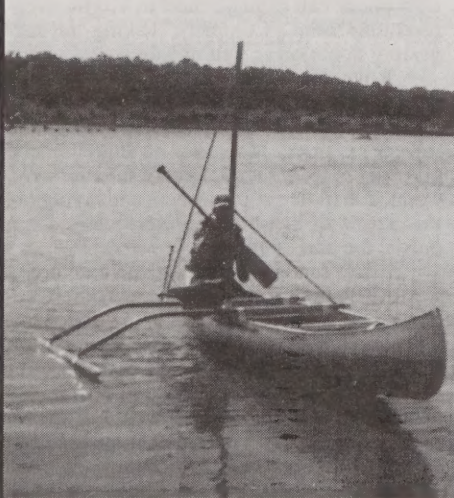
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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

News From the Norumbega Chapter Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

Summer has gone by too quickly but many of us in Norumbega have tried to make the most of the short season. With winter imminent we are in the process of setting up some indoor activities such as workshop sessions with a famous boatbuilder and a hands-on re-canvassing day.

Our summer events went off pretty much as they were planned. The Millers River trip on June 5th was an adventure into uncharted territory (for Norumbega) and proved to be a good river for future activities. On June 19th we paddled a most pleasant portion of the Sudbury and Concord Rivers. July 10th was our paddling clinic and safety day.

The next time we do this I want to see more swamped canoes and more swimmers! This was a fun event. The Blackstone River trip on August 7th was one of those shallow water trips that included a lot of wading and bumping our way downstream. This journey resulted in a new coat of red paint on my canoe, but that's what it's all about.

The Tully Lake weekend turned out to be just a one-day event since nobody showed up for the Sunday trip on Lawrence Brook. On Saturday we paddled up the East Branch of the Tully River into Long Pond. At the delta in the north end of the Pond we were able to locate the outflow of the river in just a few minutes.

On other occasions this outflow has proven to be very elusive and hard to find, as it seems to move every year and is always hidden in grass and reeds as it flows into the pond. We managed to work our way up over several beaver dams to our planned turn around point, under the power lines, about a mile up the stream.

After we returned to the canoe launch we continued into Tully Lake for a paddle to the Tully Dam and back. At the Tully Campground, although the day had been almost unbearably hot, it turned out to be a perfect night for tenting.

Things are going well in the chapter, new members continue to join, however, it is becoming apparent that perhaps our activities should be broadened in some manner to appeal to the greater membership. While my main interests involve paddling these canoes and building them, perhaps it may be time to create within the organization a committee to study and plan activities that will appeal to the group as a whole.

Readers with an interest in traditional wood/canvas canoes are invited to contact us for more information about our activities. Our Norumbega Chapter serves Massachusetts and environs, contact Steve Lapey, 9 Doris St., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 374-1104, lapdg770@aol.com. The national organization can be reached at WCHA, P.O. Box 226, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, www.wcha.org, <wcha@wcha.org>

Designs...

Tin Hood Boat

This photo is of a 9' "Tin Hood" boat taken at a recent Antique Outboard Motor meet at Lake Ponnne De Terre, Missouri. The boat is the combination of two 1947 Buick hoods welded together. Arlie Fagan of Kansas City, Missouri, is the captain.

This quick fix type of pond boat was seen on ponds in the Midwest. Might have come from an idea in *Popular Mechanics* or a Weston Farmer article. People say they have heard of this type but never seen one.

Maybe Robb White or other noted pond sailors remember the origin. Not much free-board!

Ray Stockwell, Weatherby Lake, MO



Information of Interest...

Newf Safe Haven Project Update

Readers of *Messing About in Boats* may be familiar with Safe Haven, a fund raising project launched by my company over a year and a half ago to generate money for Newfoundland Dog Rescue Programs across North America. Given the fact that Newfs share a heritage with the water, and coupled with the fact that my company NORS sells nautical goods, I felt it was appropriate that we spearhead this cause.

The concept of the program is that we take donated sails and turn them into a variety of products that we sell with the Safe Haven brand on them. We design and make totes, duffels, sea bags, travel bags, and now this autumn, apparel including hooded wind shirts made from lightweight spinnaker material. We have received donations of decommissioned sails from all over the country... from sail makers, yacht clubs, private individuals, and in one case the wife of a divorcing couple where the husband got nearly everything in the settlement, including a 42' sailboat, and the wife got only the sails. She donated a full set of sails. Guess how many tote bags that made!

All of us at NORS are committed to this program. With a U.S. population of only 30,000 Newfoundland dogs, on average, 500 or more a year end up homeless. This can be attributed to sometimes abuse, couples getting divorces, military families being transferred, etc. It is a high ratio given the breed's small population. Sometimes it is just the

matter of an owner's circumstances changing and the dog is found to be unsuited to his or her present home. We market the goods via our web site (www.norsgear.com), at events we exhibit at, and now through a growing market of retail shops. But most importantly, 80% of the retail price of every item goes to Newf Rescue.

Newfoundland Rescue groups across North America maintain waiting lists of pre-screened adoptive homes interested in acquiring a Newfoundland. Newfoundlands become available for adoption from many sources including owners, breeders, humane shelters, animal control agencies, veterinarians, The Newfoundland Club of America has 26 regional clubs across the U.S. and most of the regional clubs maintain a Rescue Service. Money raised through Safe Haven helps defray the cost of vet bills, food, shelter, and relocation expenses for the dogs. Since the launch of Safe Haven we have raised a lot of money for Newfs. I encourage readers to consider donating used sails to this program and to also purchase Safe Haven items this coming holiday season.

You can reach us by telephone (207) 442-7237, by email at <norsman@care2.com>, or by mail at NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, Maine. The physical shipping address for sails is 372 Bald Head Rd., Arrowsic, ME 04530. We'd be glad to send you a catalog and newsletter. Thanks in advance for your support.

Alexander Bridge, Woolwich, ME



Roger's Boat Finds a Home

MAIB arrives, with my ad to sell Roger's 16' Whitehall, complete with sailing rig, cover, and trailer. Same day, first response is a telephone call from Michael in Virginia, representing "Ship's Company," asking and suggesting donation in lieu of sale.

Roger, in the process of moving from central upstate New York with his bride to inland Virginia, is interested in proposal and lowers his price. Mike replies immediately, agreeing to Roger's price for Whitehall's rig, cover, and trailer, sight unseen, and laying out this series of steps which were carried out before the end of July.

Roger sends Whitehall's Manufacturer's Certificate of Origin and Title, each now endorsed to "Ship's Company," to Michael. Upon receipt, Michael sends donation receipt letter to Roger and directs Myron, Treasurer of "Ship's Company," to send Roger his check. Steven, "Ship's Company" member in New York City area, drives to Skaneateles in central upstate New York, picks up the Whitehall and all, with current New York State trailer plate, completed trailer registra-

tion paperwork, and tows it to his farm downstate, temporarily, and subsequently to Baltimore, Maryland, for mid-August event with Revolution era warship *Constellation*, all thanks to e-mail and good faith.

Mike arranges for professional appraisal of Whitehall and sends to Roger to legitimize his charitable tax deduction.

Cast of Characters, if you wish:

Roger is a retired public school environmental science teacher, a great enthusiast of classic sail, former owner of a Herreshoff 12-1/2, and frequent participant in windjammer cruise weeks on Penobscot Bay Maine. He is also a fine downhill skier and an old and great friend.

The Whitehall was built for Roger in 1996 by Great Lakes Boat Building Co., Michael I. Kiefer, South Haven Michigan. She is plank on frame, finished bright inside, painted outside, with classic sailing rig, a beautiful example of the boatbuilder's craft. After six seasons of use on Skaneateles Lake, she is even better than new.

Ship's Company, formed in 1981, is a maritime living history educational organization operating in the Annapolis, Baltimore, Washington triangle, with 50 C3 IRS designation. Their 80 members are organized into six major elements in support of museums and historic sites of 19th century American naval history. Their live re-enactments are at least as professional and enthusiastic as those of the better known Civil War buffs.

Your reporter is a lifetime small boat sailor, naval veteran, former boat dealer in Skaneateles, New York, and long time subscriber to this unique periodical.

Dick Besse, Skaneateles, NY

A Modern Facility For Seth Persson Boat Builders

Seth Persson Boat Builders recently relocated to a modern facility in Centerbrook, Connecticut. This move will allow for more efficient production of the wide variety of boats offered by the company. The climate controlled facility will also be utilized for boatbuilding classes which will be held throughout the fall and winter months.

Stock boats built to order by Seth Persson Boat Builders cover a full range of uses, from simple skiffs and rugged workboats to elegant boats for rowing, paddling, sailing, and motoring. Recently completed projects include: a 12' mahogany plywood skiff, finished with mahogany seats and trim, varnished throughout; a hull for a 27' houseboat; and four 15' kayaks, built in a class by their junior high school aged owners. New designs in the works include: the Atlantic 19 open water rowing boat; a 28' Down East style motorboat; and conceptual work for a coastal cruising houseboat.

Over the past five years Seth Persson Boat Builders has conducted boatbuilding classes in which participants build their own boats from a kit of pre-cut parts. Under the guidance of Jon and Rick Persson, participants go through the steps of setting up, fitting parts, and assembling their boat. The choice of boats offered include 12' and 14' skiffs, the 15' Abecedarian Kayak, and the Atlantic 17 open water rowing boat. Either of the skiffs can be built as basic plywood boats or as lapstrake boats finished out in mahogany.

More information on the boats and classes offered by Seth Persson Boat Builders may be found at www.perssonmfg.com. To contact us call (860) 767-3303, or email at perssonmfg@abac.com. Our new address is Seth Persson Boat Builders, 17 Industrial Park Rd., Suite 5, Centerbrook, CT 06409.

Opinions...

Musings

That was a good Commentary in the October 1 issue. We in the trade pay so much for a little booth at the shows, then customers have to pay considerable to come in and possibly make a purchase.

A few years ago I flew south to a show. The two lines of sailboats I handle in my store were to be on display and I wanted to see the new models. As a dealer for both lines I had been invited by both firms, but neither sent an admission ticket. I went to the show office and filled out a dealer form, but was told that if I did not pay the admission fee I could not attend the show. I was stubborn and didn't think I should have to pay the admission, so I left for home without seeing the show or the new models.

I have to grin when I see the designs of so many of the modern cabin cruisers. I'd hate to be out in a good nor'easter in some of them. I'm still of the old school when I think that most boats built in Maine are things of beauty, not only beautiful to my eyes but they can take it if things get rough.

I was once president of a boat manufacturing company. We built mahogany runabouts in the 14' to 20' range. I enjoy quality in a boat. *Messing About in Boats* pictures some great ones and also what I consider some very poor designs. I've noticed that some builders of small wooden boats put so much effort into creating near perfect craft that they fail in a few things.

I can't help it, but I always glance at the planking of a boat where it joins the transom. I may see the heart wood out on one plank and in on the next. That is so wrong. The heartwood should be in on both planks so when they swell they won't be fighting each other and leave a bump.

Orange peel is something else that often spoils a sprayed-on varnish job. A third line with gas will also eliminate those pretty little bubbles that can spoil a varnish job. I've seen refinish jobs where a blister in the varnish has been cut out and sanded. It's nearly impossible to blend so it doesn't show.

I have found a way to solve that problem and it has worked for me many times. Take a hypodermic needle, fill it with varnish, and inject the varnish under the blister on one edge. Then, with a rubber straight edge, squeegee out any excess varnish. No one can ever tell that was once a blister there.

It's important, too, to line up the grain in those little mahogany or teak plugs. If they aren't in line it could spoil a nice finish job. The grain of wood is also important in boat building and also in picking out a good paddle or oar. Some canoeists are wise to grain. I've seen some spend a half hour going through my stock of ash paddles looking for just the right one. I've been fussy, too, so most of mine are handpicked center tree.

I'll get off my soapbox now and get back to selling kayaks and sailboats.

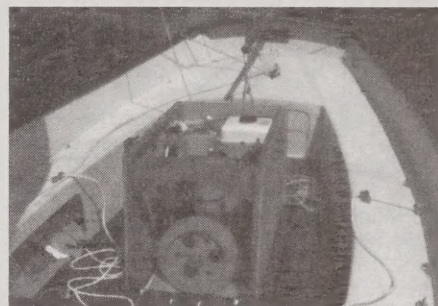
Bunny Fernald, Fernald's Marine, Newbury, MA

Projects...

A "New" Engine for Scoot

I enclose a photo of the new engine I put in *Scoot*, my 1974 Drascombe Driver, this year. I'm told it is a 1911 Detroit marine engine, complete with brass oilers, grease cups, and buzzer coil ignition (I'm using an Army flame thrower coil, which does the job well and has better weather protection than a Model T coil.) You wouldn't believe how quiet it is! Yeah, with a piston that must weigh close to 5 lbs. she shakes a bit, but she turns so slowly it doesn't matter.

Sam Powers, Portland, ME



In Memoriam...

Verlen Kruger

Verlen Kruger, famed long distance canoeist, died on August 2 in Lansing, Michigan. He was 82. Kruger had been ill with cancer and troubled by other medical problems as well. Despite his grave condition and pain, Verlen kept paddling this year and longed to be on the water as his last days rolled out. He was a devout Christian and had no fear of death, and he goes now to his reward.

I am proud to have worked with Verlen. He was a true and inspiring friend, humble, generous, and intelligent. And he was tenacious, when he set his mind to do something nothing could stop him from finishing it.

He did amazing things, above all his two great trips; the Ultimate Canoe Challenge in 1980-83, 28,000 miles around the North American continent; and the Two Continents Canoe Expedition, the canoe trip in 1986-89 from Tukroyakruk on the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn at the tip of South America. His last big trip, 2,500 miles down the Yukon River from Whitehorse to the Bering Sea, was impressive, too. He did it with his wife Jenny and friends in the summer of 2002 to celebrate his 80th birthday!

In his life Verlen paddled more than 100,000 miles, more than anyone else ever has. He lived a full life and set paddling records that will be hard to match. Rest in peace, Verlen.

Brand Frentz, *Hut! Magazine*
(Sent by Richard Winslow)

The Greatest Sailing Stories Ever Told:

27 Unforgettable Stories

Edited by Christopher Caswell.

Guilford, CT - Lyons Press, 2004 - \$14.95

Classic Sea Stories

15 Incredible Tales of the Sea

Edited by Tom McCarthy

Guilford, CT - Lyons Press, 2003 - \$9.95

Reviewed by Stephen D. Regan

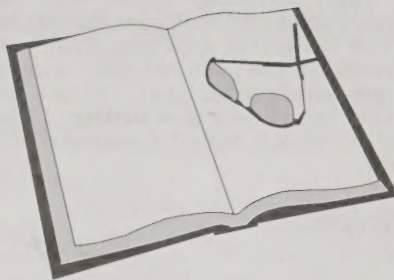
Any person who ever stepped aboard a steamboat, cruiser, dinghy, canoe, kayak, or raft has connected permanently and inexorably with water, be it for good or be it for bad. Some of us have fallen into a total love relationship with the sea or lake or river, some have been frightened or become ill to the point of hating it. Nevertheless, floating on water creates an indelible mark.

We sailors will find that these two books serve as a wonderful nexus between us and the water we love. Exciting stories, either in fact or fiction, are shared in these inexpensive volumes in a manner that allows euphoric entertainment while not taxing our precious time. Both Caswell and McCarthy have achieved laudable levels of editing. Most of the tales are short stories such as James Thurber's *The Story of Sailing* or are selected chapters of a lengthy book like Melville's *Moby Dick*. Interestingly, both editors selected pieces from *Moby Dick*, one from the beginning of the book and one from the end of it. Both chapters are interesting, riveting, and incredibly outstanding literary masterpieces. Those of us who suffered reading the book in toto in college found it ponderous and long, however, at the individual chapter level we are awed at the maritime story and writing mastery.

The books were originally selected for relaxation during a Finnish vacation where the land of the midnight sun allows late night or early morning opportunities for reading. Caswell's book is "tradeback" size and is physically designed well with larger fonts, simple and easy to read type, good use of white space, and with his knack for editorial selection, short chapters. This book was a wonderful item for sitting around waiting for my wife to finish her make-up or catching a break on the shore. I also read a story before falling asleep each night and the lengths of passages were perfect.

McCarthy's book is a paperback size and smaller print that made me wish it was as physically well done as Caswell's because I liked his selections slightly better. Still, for a paperback it is noted for its excellent binding, paper selection (acid free and very white), font style, and ample margins. Lyons Press is to be congratulated for excellence in publication. I still would have gladly paid the extra three or four dollars for a "tradeback" size book. McCarthy used authors ranging from Shakespeare to Edgar Allen Poe. His selections tended to be longer than Caswell's, but it was a book to look forward to reading.

Classic Sailing Stories tended to stick to its name by singling out well known authors from the literary past. The names of all



Book Reviews

the writers are common: Erskine Childers, Melville, Conrad, James Fenimore Cooper, Richard Henry Dana, and Robert Louis Stevenson. *The Greatest Sailing Stories* was a more varied approach to the topic and included such luminaries as William Buckley, Cleveland Amory, Sterling Hayden, and Samuel Eliot Morison. This book tended to lean more toward modern writers and toward some people not necessarily thought of as sailors such as E.B. White or the aforementioned Cleveland Amory. Caswell included a section on Shackleton's sailing from Elephant Island that made you feel a need for a warm meal and a warmer bed, while McCarthy ended his volume with Shackleton's voyage to Elephant Island. Regardless, you wanted to run to the library and get Shackleton's book for the full read. *Greatest Sailing Stories* tended to be fairly even in pace, about 10 to 15 pages in story length. *Classic Sailing Stories* was more uneven with stories running from 10 to 25 pages or more.

Both books are interesting, varied, adventurous, and reflect noteworthy tastes in editorial selection. The two editors deserve great praise for their publications. Lyons Press also warrants commendation for putting together a physically attractive and easy to read pair of books. Rarely does a reader pay attention to such details, but Lyons makes these two stand out like a pair of tall ships in a harbor of dinghies. Considering cost and taxes, the \$25 for this twosome is money well spent and an excellent return on a dollar for hours of entertainment. Forget the library, buy these two and pass them on to your sailing friends. It's better than a bottle of wine.

Barrow's Boys: The Original Extreme Adventurers

A Stirring Story of Daring, Fortitude & Outright Lunacy

By Fergus Fleming

Atlantic Monthly Press, 1998

ISBN 0 87113 804 2

\$15 Paperback

Reviewed by Erik Brown

Regarding polar exploration for the British Crown, Shackleton's story is just the tip of the iceberg, so to speak. Nearly a century earlier, dozens of expeditions were under-

taken with the same bravado and sense of destiny and riddled with the same challenges, starvation, untried gear, missed opportunities, close calls.

From 1804 to 1845, Second Secretary to the Admiralty John Barrow was the driving force behind the British Navy's polar and sub-Saharan exploration. A megalomaniacal civil servant determined to fill the gaps in the Admiralty's charts, unhindered by expertise or oversight, Barrow motivated others to perform incredible feats of discovery and endurance. The resulting events are often stranger than fiction, as the men battle formidable forces, from floe ice to a lovelorn princess.

The explorers are interesting characters in themselves, including the acclaimed Parry, manservant/explorer Lander, the tyrannical Belcher, the fatally bigoted Simpson, the fiery Clapperton, rakish Lyon, rebellious McClure, the feuding Rosses, and the doomed Franklin, "the man who ate his boots."

What makes these exploits magical is their antiquity, they were undertaken in the age of sail and oar. The lone steamer among them (John Ross, 1829) jettisoned his troublesome engine and proceeded under sail. The discipline and ingenuity of the captains and crew are generally admirable and provide a fascinating study in human nature, particularly when the chips are down. One of the crews spent four winters locked in the ice, using the weeks long summers to saw ice and warp the ships less than a mile!

I was sorry to reach the end of the book as Mr. Fleming has assembled an action-packed, well-researched work with plenty of historical context to give greater meaning to every icy step, every febrile shiver, and the many ironic twists of fate. Anyone with a taste for a good adventure story will surely devour this book.

The Private Revolution of Geoffrey Frost

Being an Account of the Life and Times of Geoffrey Frost, Mariner, of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, as Faithfully Translated from the Ming Tsun Chronicles, and Diligently Compared with Other

Contemporary Histories

By J. E. Fender

Hardscrabble Books,

University Press of New England

Hanover and London

297 Pages, Paperback

Reviewed by Paul McDade

I love books. I love reading books. I'd rather be reading a book than doing most anything else. Don't tell my girlfriend that (...though I reckon the dear woman figured it out long ago, and I certainly do owe her on that account). I love books and reading books so much that back in mid-November of last year when Bob Hicks, in his Commentary, offered free books, free for just the offer to review them, I leapt at the opportunity and called him right away.

I just this moment got up and counted, and I have 34 books stacked and awaiting

reading plus two more a-reading with book-marks in them. I probably had at least as many unread books back in November, but no matter, a free book is a free book, and in my lust thereafter I kind of mentally skipped over the "offer to review" part (my apologies to the most patient Mr. Hicks).

I have never before written a book review. Not unless one counts the book reports I wrote in junior high school. Back then I read and reported on a lot of biographies. They all had orange cloth covers which was how I selected my next report subject. From Kit Carson through Jeb Stuart to John Paul Jones and beyond, their stories were diverse and my reports tediously similar.

These many years later, my reading-and-writing-about-it has brought me back to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where John Langdon, merchant, Continental Agent, and builder of Captain Jones' ship *Ranger*, is cousin to Geoffrey Frost, the heroic main character of *The Private Revolution of Geoffrey Frost* (subtitled): *Being an Account of the Life and Times of Geoffrey Frost, Mariner, of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, as Faithfully Translated from the Ming Tsun*

Chronicles, and Diligently Compared with Other Contemporary Histories.

Geoffrey Frost considered himself first and foremost a trader, a merchant, and principal of the Frost Trading Company of Portsmouth. When we first meet him, however, he is returning to Portsmouth with cannons seized as a result of the Continental Navy's assault upon a British fort in the Bahamas. Nearing home in his own ship *Salmon*, Frost encounters *HMS. Panther* and the precious cannons are jettisoned to lighten the *Salmon* in an attempt to escape. The *Panther* is too quick, though, and the ensuing battle is vividly described by Mr. Fender, thus bringing me my favorite reading experience, the mental movie wherein I readily visualize the action on the page. Mr. Fender does this well, repeatedly, and the book is lively throughout.

Mr. Fender's weaving of historical and nautical detail is impressive. More nautically/historically informed readers will likely have to put the book aside less often than I did in favor of the dictionary in order to look up such terms as bowse, fife and taffrails, bilboes, quoin, langrage, frizzen, parrel, kedge, targe, and lazarette. My only annoy-

ances with this necessity came when my home dictionary proved insufficient to the task.

The characters are well drawn and many are made interesting enough that I would wish to meet them again in order that I might learn even more about them. Most notable in this regard is Ming Tsun, the Chinese gentleman/warrior/scholar whose life Frost saved in an earlier encounter which is barely alluded to in this volume and who is now devoted to Frost as friend, servant, familiar, and protector. One would hope that subsequent volumes (and there is one so far, *Audacity, Privateer Out of Portsmouth*) will explore the background of this relationship more fully.

This, Mr. Fender's first Frost novel, has been compared to Forester's H.H. Hornblower series as well as to the work of Patrick O'Brian. This is my first foray into the genre so I can say nothing of the sort. I can say that I thoroughly enjoyed the book.

Mr. Fender has stated elsewhere that there are enough stories in the Ming Tsun Chronicles for him to be able to write new books for the rest of his life. I look forward to them... may his life be long.

Fall is a special season, especially on the coast. Ever since I was a small child, surrounded by artistic adults, there was the concept of The Magic Hour. Why isn't there a corresponding time at the opposite end of the year in mid April?

Flat light, the artist's light, all these descriptions of a very finite point in time/season... it's something that most messabouts will identify with if not acknowledge while out with friends. I am speaking about that special time frame, late afternoon, early evening, when the sun's rays are slanting through the atmospheric detritus to layer exquisitely clear color across the landscape. The Magic Hour has been part of the legacy of painters and creative people for centuries, but who better to appreciate and observe this phenomenon than people out on the water in the fall of the year?

As a child, landlocked in a rural New England township, I was instructed about the "flat painter's light" each autumn evening as my father and I walked the back hayfields or strolled through a neighbor's woodland to emerge into a glade. On occasion we'd find ourselves on a visit to the beach and witness the glory of an early fall sunset. Several moments prior to the actual sunset there would be a time suspended from all reality we could identify with, and Dad would intone the solemn phrase, "Look, there's the painters light, The Magic Hour." It never lasted 60 minutes, but it lingered long enough to impress a young mind.

The Captain and I were out this afternoon/evening for a last sail off the mooring (we'll be trailer sailing for the rest of the season). As we came back down harbor from the newly hatched sand bar off the Middle Ground, the setting sun affected a Magic Hour. I was cast back in time and place to a few years ago when we drove through the Northern Californian wine country with our eldest child and her best friend. Rick's comment from the back seat as we rounded a corner, emerging from a redwood forest into rolling vineyards, "It's the Magic Hour," sparked



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

The Magic Hour

an immediate response in my East Coast mind. I saw the flat 'Painter's Light' on Crane's Beach or Plum Island Beach. It was an automatic response on my part. We messers have got an ingrained sense of place.

What is this transient phenomenon? This dreamlike quality of fading luminescence? Why isn't it the same both ends of the calendar? Chewing over the subject after today's sail, the Captain and I came to some conclusions, most specifically, it is a fall phenomenon. The conditions are just right. We've come through a warm season and a ripening of fruits and grains at the end of summer, so there are certain atmospherics in place to build this look upon. The air is still relatively warm and light... there is a larger proportion of dust and dry particulate matter suspended in the air to refract/reflect the lower angle of sunlight available. In the opposite season, spring, the air mass is still chilled, heavy, and wet with not much in the way of light, dusty particles floating about to deflect the sun's

rays. We see it here, as have famous European artists, and our own Hudson Valley School of painters like Albrecht Bierstadt, good company to share the magic with. This is indeed a time of wonder and reverence if you pay attention to the subtleties around you. With all the tropical depressions and hurricanes forming this season, I hope that you'll be able to have at least one afternoon messing about and experience for yourself, The Magic Hour.



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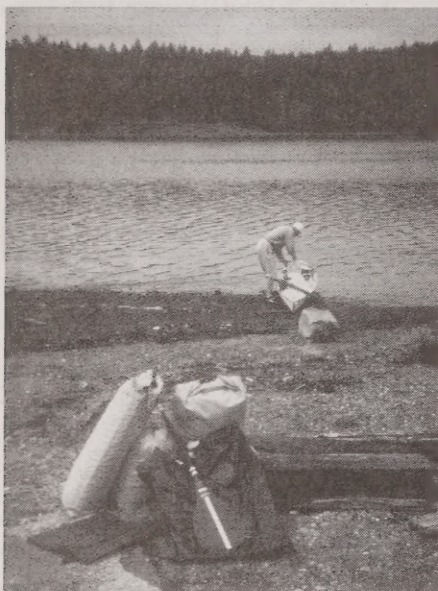


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Winter Thoughts

Ever since I finished the first half of my Nova Scotia venture from Port Elgin, New Brunswick, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, in August 2003, I had been thinking about the second half of my solo circumnavigation which would take me from Halifax along the south shore to Yarmouth and into the Bay of Fundy to Digby. I have to admit I somehow felt very compelled to finish my project, but more importantly I wanted to see Halifax after Hurricane Juan hit the harbor city head on on September 29, 2003, compare the remote eastern shore of Nova Scotia with the more populous and popular south shore, and thirdly, meet the challenge of rounding the corner at Cape Sable Island into the Bay of Fundy.

So Scotia was very much on my mind during the cold Maine winter months, filled with the usual neck to toe arthritis flare-ups. But they are best ignored and replaced with positive thinking about trips and all my great gear, my totally awesome lightweight carbon fiber bent shaft canoe paddle, and my thoroughly reliable 17'2" Kruger sea canoe. It has all the good features of a sea kayak without those ridiculous 8" gear stuffing holes. My boat effortlessly swallows my mammoth shelter bag with tent, sleeping bag, mattress, and Crazy Creek chair, as well as two old fashioned lidded milk crates full of food for 20 days, five gallons of water, and a couple of



Put in: Loading up in Halifax.

Ready to go.



Scotia On My Mind Halifax Yarmouth Digby July/August 2004

Part 1

By Reinhard Zollitsch

other waterproof bags for clothes and personal gear, as well as my pack of charts, satellite phone, marine radio, and plenty of reading. The trade-off? I cannot fully roll the boat and have to make sure I stay upright.

Compass and charts were again mounted right in front of me and instead of a GPS, which my two sons wanted to give me, I opted for a fully enclosed high tech lensatic radar reflector mounted on my stern deck. Thank you, Mark and Lee. I did not want to change my way of navigating, dead reckoning has been my style and my pride, but I would not mind showing up on other boats' radar screens in the fog, which I knew I would encounter even more so this year than last.

Off Again

So on July 27, 2004, Nancy and I drove up to Halifax via the St. John Digby ferry (with a quick peek at my eventual take-out spot in Barton/Digby), for an early morning launch the next day into the northwest arm of Halifax Harbor. The boat launch at Point Pleasant Provincial Park, where I had finished my 2003 trip, was fenced off (because of last year's hurricane damage?) but other than that, Nancy and I were nicely surprised to see how fast Halifax had repaired the tremendous damage Hurricane Juan had caused. The streets looked a bit airier though. Many of the old trees were gone. Only Point Pleasant Park still looked like a half plucked goose when I paddled by it and will need decades to replace its former dense canopy of trees.

Our alternate put-in on South Street, which a police officer had suggested, was even better than the park. The road led right down to the water, no portage for all my gear and boat. Zipping up my spray skirt, my mind raced through my entire gear list. Had I thought of everything? Because this was suddenly it. A quick good-bye, a wave with my paddle, and 100 yards into my trip Nancy disappeared in the fog and I was off. Three hundred and eighty-two miles to Digby and, as always, all alone. I gulped. Thanks for letting me go again, Nancy, and the long car shuttles. You are a sweetheart!

Canada's Operation Sail 2000

I had planned my trip to coincide with Canada's big Operation Sail in honor of the Acadians' arrival on America's shores 400 years ago (in 1604 on St. Croix Island, Maine to be exact; see my article in the September 15 issue: "The Acadians Have Landed"). The parade of square riggers and schooners was to start in Halifax on July 29 and would swing along the south shore of Nova Scotia as I was doing, stopping in various harbors, eventually making it to Digby (on August 13/14) and across the Bay of Fundy to St. John (on August 14/15).

I also wanted to be home for the TV coverage of the 2004 Athens Olympics starting in mid August. So I set my daily goal for the trip at 20 nautical miles (22.5 statute miles) which is 2.5 miles (10%) short of my usual daily target of 25 miles. I had to take higher tides and more fog as well as my advanced age (65 and certain health problems) into account, and it felt good and worked out perfectly. I made every single predetermined landfall for 18 days and did not have to add extra days for storm, rain, or fog delays. I was able to paddle through everything this year. That takes a lot of careful advance planning and constant perseverance to stick to one's plan.

Day One: A Typical Day on the Water

Day One turned out to be a typical day on the water. After the initial 12 miles to the southeast I eventually turned southwest into the prevailing wind, which varied from 5 to 25 knots, increasing with each hour of the day. Almost every day was foggy, varying from thick, like on the first day when I had to cross Sambro Harbor and never saw it, to a distinct haze. Visibility was almost always restricted. The air was heavy with mist settling on my eyebrows, or it even rained, but I never had big thunderstorms, at least not during the day. Almost every afternoon, when I had set up camp on shore, I had a hard time drying my one paddling outfit for the next day (yes, one long sleeved shirt and one pair of paddling pants for the entire trip, I travel light). Even my Gore Tex stayed clammy.

There always was a big open ocean on my left and there were many exposed points to round, like Pennant Point the first day. Wind waves and old swells were infallibly crashing against a hard, mostly granite shore or were breaking on offshore ledges and rocks, leftovers from a receding shoreline. But I saw many more harbors and houses here on the south shore compared to the eastern shore from Cape Canso to Halifax. But boat traffic remained sparse compared to New England standards, with Mahone Bay being the only exception. That first night I was looking for a pocket beach between Martin and Saddle Islands in Pennant Bay, and there it was, with light gray granite just behind it. And yes, I had packed all my gear. I was really ready to go now.

Dancing off Peggy's Cove

Day Two started out in thick fog again, but then it cleared enough for me to enjoy the cutest little passage between Lower Prospect and Ryan Islands and a bit later the passage through the Port Dover area. By then the sun was out, the wind had sprung up, and the big ocean swells came rolling ashore. I was getting to the massive, bare gray granite

headland of Peggy's Cove, the most visited tourist spot in all of Nova Scotia. In our early married years Nancy and I were standing there, too, looking out to sea, summing up the immensity of that experience in the one word, "Wow!"

I had to smile and could almost hear the hundreds of tourists on shore now mouthing the same three letter word while I was doing my best wave dance in my tiny little boat, dashing along shore, avoiding the breaking parts of the waves, and mailing myself between shore break and outlying magnificently breaking Halibut Rock. After I was safely through, I wished I could have seen that solo paddler round this point and I felt smug to have given the many rock bound tourists a good show rather than provided them with a now very typical TV disaster moment.

But I was pressing on towards Indian Harbor since I had planned to jump across the three-mile wide mouth of huge St. Margaret's Bay in tomorrow's early morning calm, rather than going around this big bay. Sand was scarce in the granite harbor bay and what little sand I found for my tent got partially claimed by the sea at high tide. I had to move my tent to higher ground, which happened to be a level lawn belonging to a nice retired couple from Halifax. Rather than shooing me off, they treated me to cookies, a glass of orange juice, and friendly conversation.

Mahone Bay: Nova Scotia's Ocean Playground

The morning was calm and clear and crossing St. Margaret's Bay was easy and a great relief. I would then round the Aspotogan Peninsula and slip into Mahone Bay, leaving the two big Tanook Islands, squatting there like two formidable guardians of the bay, to my left.

I had wanted to paddle around Mahone Bay for a long time. My chart of that area was so much older, it must be outdated by now but should still do fine for my purposes. After six hours my 20 nautical miles were up and I was at my predetermined spot, a small pebble beach in East Chester. I enjoyed cooling off in the cold waters of the bay, but I have to admit I had to restrict my swimming in the more exposed open water areas still to come since the water was simply too cold. I cannot remember any water as frigid as along this shore. I resolved to make absolutely sure I would not take an involuntary swim, because I knew I could not handle these temperatures, no normal person can, for that matter. So I promised myself to be prudent, careful, and sharp.

I had done tomorrow's trip many times in my mind, since it was the essence of Mahone Bay, the ocean playground for Nova Scotia. I am speaking of the western half of the bay, from Chester past Mahone Harbor to Lunenburg. I especially liked Chester, the approach from the east into the harbor and the passage known as "The Canal" under the granite and wood bridge leading into the Back Harbor. The houses ashore, as well as the moored boats, reflect a lot of class and affluence. Mahone Bay is so big and is studded with so many beautiful islands one could explore a new one every day for an entire year and come up with ever new passages between or around those hundreds of islands. The official *Sailing Directions* also point out that "during fogs, which are frequent in July and



Chester, Mahone Bay, ocean playground of Nova Scotia.



Lunenburg's Marine Museum Waterfront.

August, the SW shore of Mahone Bay is usually clear with winds west of south," great for small boat sailing.

I had a fun time here, always looking for the most enticing inside passages I could find while enjoying perfect visibility. The power boat traffic, even on a Saturday, was nothing compared to what I am used to in Maine. There was good sailing wind from the west, but when the wind exceeded 20 knots right on the nose I decided not to run the extra couple of miles into Mahone Harbor proper for some quick sight-seeing, but instead move on towards my goal for today, the eastern edge of Second Peninsula at the back entrance to Lunenburg. I had collected enough beautiful images of Mahone Bay, I was satiated like after a great meal. As I hate overeating, I also do not like to gorge myself visually beyond a certain point.

My sandy beach site in Sandy Cove was perfectly chosen back at my desk in Orono in the middle of winter, and I was still on

schedule. I like it when a plan works out. It is very gratifying and motivating for the rest of the trip. I am not a floater, I need goals.

Lunenburg's Past and Present

The Lunenburg area was my next big goal. I, of course, had to see this significant fishing harbor and home of the fastest fishing schooner, the *Bluenose*. But I was also afraid of what I would find there after off-shore fishing went belly up some years ago in Nova Scotia, and the northeast Atlantic shores from Cape Cod to Newfoundland, for that matter. The ship building industry also went under. I had read that Lunenburg was declared a "UNESCO World Historic Site," which sounds better than it is for its citizens, I thought to myself. I was afraid that that designation would turn the town into a museum and become a static, stale, and lifeless place, in other words, wrung out. I was afraid to see a town with such a great past turn into a place with no real future unless it reinvents itself.

But I decided to spend an entire day in the greater Lunenburg area, 23 miles worth of it, and find out for myself.

I first poked through The Narrows into the Back Harbor of Lunenburg, which had absolutely nothing to show other than being the start of a side trip I had been looking forward for a long time, going down Back Passage and Tanner's Pass into the Blue Rock area, a jumble of ragged slate islands and a myriad of sharp edged, elongated ledges. This shore is so different from the rest of Nova Scotia's shoreline, which is either granite mostly gray, or glacial drumlins, crumbling gravel, and rock banks.

I had hoped for a high tide through this area, and got just that, because the Back Passage is impassable at low tide, as are a few other shortcuts I wanted to try out. It was going to be a real navigational challenge without GPS. I was psyched. And this stretch was as much fun as anticipated since visibility was perfect. The Back Passage was very narrow, rocky, and almost treeless and made me feel I was in Labrador and not at the edge of Mahone Bay. Rather than going outside of all those menacing looking ledges, my course was aiming for the tiny Stonehurst Bridge right in the middle of the rock garden, eventually getting me into Mud Cove Harbor and Blue Rocks from the back, from the north-east.

It was my best gunkholing ever and I was right on target. The sun made the slate take on various shades of blue, darker when wet and grayer when dry. I stopped for lunch at the mouth of little Mud Cove Harbor, which could barely be called that. The harbor itself would run dry at low tide; i.e., was only accessible at mid to high tide and was protected from ocean swells only by a thin string of slate ledges which would lose their protective function at high tide. Waves would either crash on or break over them. In either case, it must be extremely difficult for boats to get in or out, even for small lobster boats. I surely would not want to do that on a daily year-round basis, I thought to myself.

While I was munching my PB&J sandwich, a carrot, and a small cup of applesauce, the wind sprang up to its usual noon strength of 20 knots, as so often is the case, from the west/southwest. It was a hard pull to the Lunenburg lighthouse on the massive breakwater and into the inner harbor. The first thing I saw when I got in was the huge defunct fish processing plant on my right and then a string of large, rusting, and peeling derelict fishing trawlers tied firmly to dilapidating docks. Names like *Sable Island*, *Cape Race*, and *Cape Chidley* were reminders of former great fishing grounds. Now the boats are part of a "living museum," with tourists gawking at gear and a world they do not understand.

Trawler *Cape Chidley*, Lunenburg.



Except for one tour boat swinging through the harbor, pointing out the different boats from the water, the Lunenburg harbor was dead, a museum, a large expanse of very red boat sheds and buildings fronted with rusting and peeling obsolete fishing boats, schooners, and other marine relics of the past. It seemed as if the city had decided to sell its past to the tourists because there was nothing else to sell, a sad sight when all there is is history.

The only cheerful thing for me was suddenly spotting a Joshua Slocum's two-masted Spray from Boston tugging at its mooring in the outer harbor in a pod of modern sailboats. It had an eager dinghy off its stern as if it was ready to round the globe once more. It was a total surprise for me to suddenly see the boat of one of my boyhood heroes. I had originally thought of visiting Slocum's home town on Digby Neck, as well as Howard Blackburn's birthplace in Medway Harbor, to pay homage to two of my nautical heroes, but this would have to do for Joshua Slocum because crossing large, tide ridden St. Mary's Bay towards Brier and Long Islands was not prudent for a little boat like mine.



Joshua Slocum's Spray, Lunenburg.

Seeing Spray cheered me up immensely as I swung around Kaulbach Head, Mason Point, and Corkum Island, my overnight spot for the night. But to my surprise, Corkum Island was connected to shore with a steep rocky causeway. I had anticipated a bridge so I could go inside. Instead, I had to back-track, which is not my favorite thing to do. I was also getting tired from paddling against the strong headwinds today and the bay I was in was very shoal. My energy and spirits were also drained from what I had seen in Lunenburg Harbor. I was spent and finally, after 6:45 hours in the boat, crawled out onto a hard, nondescript seawall at the southern tip of Corkum Island. But I had covered the first 100 nautical miles of my trip, hurray! Only 240 more to go! My three-minute satellite phone call to Nancy that night was a great pick-me-up.

Point Roundings

My seawall campsite was marginal with the midnight high tide almost kissing my tent. I was stiff and wondered whether I could get my aching bag-o-bones back into my boat. But the day picked up nicely as it mostly does. I was rounding a spectacular coastline, "The Ovens," a steep, jagged, often undercut slate cliff shore. Some of the clefts, caves, or "ovens" were huge and looked awesome and menacing at the same time in their cool bluish black hue. I only wished man had left this spectacular shoreline alone and admired it from the sea, but instead I found numerous massive concrete stairways and viewing plat-

forms built down to the water's edge, I guess so that every "Hans und Franz," Tom, Dick, and Harry could see it.

I am offended by something like that. I see it as a violation of nature. Tourists could just as well take a boat ride out of Lunenburg Harbor to see this unique coastline. They do not need to be able to clamber down those stairs to see it from their trailer park just beyond the cliffs. I had to move on and think about something else, namely how I could best round the next four rather exposed headlands.

Point roundings are always a big deal. My first, Ovens Point, was very ledgy and needed some special attention. Rose Point sounded sweet, but I had to cross two-mile wide Rose Bay to get there. I almost got stung when the wind suddenly piped up to 25 knots and threatened to blow me out of the bay into the open ocean and almost made me miss the point. But I got the message and hugged the shore all the way around the next night, King's Bay.

When I came to Point Enrage with Hell Reef off its point, I knew what to expect and made sure I was set up right. Names like that are mostly there for a purpose, which I always try very hard to find out by carefully studying my charts. Names like that make me very humble and I was more than willing to tiptoe through the rock garden off Cape Enrage. But when I got to the point it was slack high tide and there was plenty of water on the reef, no rip tide running over the shallow rock shelf, no hell. I'll take it! The wind even let up for a moment, and I felt the "sleeping lion" did not even notice me passing by and instead purred like a pussy cat.

Gaff Point, on the other hand, sticks out into huge La Have Bay like a crooked finger and took some hard paddling to get around, but it is clean and that makes all the difference. For the next hour I then hugged the north shore of the huge bay which, by the way, was named by Champlain in 1604. At that point I decided to jump across to West Spectacle, Outer Hirtel, and Bush Islands, my stop for the night. And a nice, warm, easy, sandy beach campsite it was, with friendly people nearby who let me top off my water containers with good tasting well water.

More Fog and Big Swells

Next morning was different though. I had to feel my way through thick fog down Crooked Channel, through some very shoal waters into Green Bay, past famous Crescent Beach, and eventually to Pollock Point and yet another Hell Bay. I noticed a lot of large swells from the southwest crashing on rock outcroppings today and I was watching out for them in the fog, especially rounding ledgy Pollock Point. One edge of one breaker got me though in Hell Bay and I was wet for the rest of the day, but stayed up.

I stopped for lunch on a tiny island across the mouth of Medway Harbor and thought a lot about Howard Blackburn, the indomitable fisherman/rower/sailor who grew up here before he joined the fishing fleet out of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Everybody always admired his survival row off Newfoundland in a winter snowstorm, an ordeal which cost him several fingers and toes and took the life of his fishing partner. But that did not stop him from sailing solo across the Atlantic several times when that was still a great

feat. But he finally (in 1903) had to give up his attempt at another solo trans Atlantic sail, in a small dinghy this time, right along this south shore of Nova Scotia. He was only 44 years old then, when arthritis more than the storms stopped his questing.

He then wasted, as I see it, the second half of his life (29 more years, to be exact), turning himself into a living museum, retelling his survival story to anybody who wanted to hear it while serving liquor to his listeners in his Gloucester pub, the Blackburn Tavern, of course. But I admit, he was one tough fisherman and sailor when he was younger and very generous and kind to the poor people of Gloucester when he got older. He is very well remembered in that fishing community. There even is a 20-mile open ocean small boat race in his memory, the Blackburn Challenge, in which I participated the last three years.

(To Be Continued)



Lunch stop in La Have Bay (slate shores).



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Sometime last winter, while the sun was grasping at the southern horizon and the frost hung heavy, the Mate and I were looking speculatively at a map of Mexico. She allowed as how she would sort of like to go to the end of Baja. Well! I've been trying to get there for 50 years. I should have done it straight out of college on my motorcycle, but I got caught up in the hunt for bigger fish. Back from a year abroad I was hog tied and set to the grindstone.

So I said, "Could do that," in an offhand way and immediately set about getting us locked into the idea. No boat! It would be a laid back, have a look, survey to pick out the good stuff.

We've been down that way before. Old Timers may have an orange cover with the very first A Duckah! on a screaming reach. Kokonauts had a good time at Baja de Los Angeles recently. So I'll just try to give you a feel for the place and point out some attractive spots.

In February everything came together and the Durango 4-door pick-up slid over to Moab to sneak the mountains and then dropped straight down to Organ Pipe. Over

Baja Survey

By Jim Thayer

the border and headed west on Mex. 2, one enjoys some nice recent volcanics. Fill up in San Luis Rio Colorado because the official price jumps in Baja.

At the border, if you haven't already done so, you have to get a permit. No money changes hands at this point. You take the form to a bank anytime, anywhere on south, pay the fee, get it stamped, then flash it when you come back or take the ferry to the mainland. You should join one of the clubs such as Vagabundos del Mar or Discover Baja for their insurance deals. They will also get you this permit and avoid the likelihood of a long line at the bank.

Zigzagging through the delta farmland, we hit No. 5 which brought us into San Felipe after dark. San Felipe is a party town for the southwest U.S. and the prices reflect this. After passing up several overpriced joints, we settled into a fairly nice place for 50 bucks,

stateside prices. There are "campos" both north and south of town where you can park a trailer or camp. You can launch off the beach in SF like the fishermen do and there is a nice little artificial harbor south of town. There is very little shelter along this coast and the tides are fierce.

Heading south you are in for a treat or a treatment, depending upon your disposition. On some maps the road is shown paved to Puertocitos but don't expect too much. The Mexican term for pothole is "olla" (ohya), a jug. Puertocitos has a nice harbor and a launch ramp. It also has a shorefront hot spring but the Mate turns up her nose at the sulphur smell. South from Puertocitos there is some great scenery and a number of fine beaches, some with controlled access. I didn't check on prices. This stretch would be fine for kayaks but dubious for bigger stuff.

Bahia Gonzaga would be a good place for day sailing. It's where we got the A Duckah! cover shot. Still plenty of tide here. South of Gonzaga the road angles west to join up with the main highway. This is empty country through here and we passed up some dandy camp spots, but our final choice wasn't too shabby. Over much of this stretch it's preferable to run the sandy track alongside the main road.

Some miles south of Gonzaga you will encounter some homemade "topes," traffic cones, stop signs, and such, signaling Coco's Corner. Do not fail to stop at the compound decorated with thousands of aluminum cans. Coco is one of those legendary characters you sometimes find in far flung places. He has only one leg due to a falling water tank, and says it's the best thing that ever happened to him. Have a drink in the shade, admire his panty collection, the cards, notes, and photos, then check his guest register.

There are shore points between here and Bahia de Los Angeles, and further south as well, but they involve long rough dirt roads. No. 5 joins the main road at Laguna Chapala and on south is the turnoff for Bahia de Los Angeles. The December 15, 2003 *MAIB* article gives an account of cruising there. It's a great place for kayaks but less hospitable for bigger boats. Puerto Don Juan at the southern end and a spit near town offer the only good protection. There is a ramp in town and beach launching is easy north at La Gringa.

There is a road south from Bahia de Los Angeles, but it is reportedly pretty rough. If you are headed on south a dogleg will take you by Mission San Borja and let you off on the main road at Rosarito. It's a pretty fair road with good veggies and the mission is one of the best.

As you approach the line between Baja Norte and Baja Sur you will see in the distance the large stylized eagle. Soon, on your right, you will spot a small motel with friendly but well-mannered dogs, which is a good value at 200 pesos. It has a nice little restaurant but beware the sopa de mariscos, it's mostly tentacles. Janis never tires of describing it.

Guerro Negro (Black Warrior, named after a wreck of the same name) is a modern town, dependent on the salt works. It's the center for whale watching on Scammon's Lagoon. There is a good road that runs a long way north through the marsh to the old salt loading facility. There is nobody out there now but a few locals throwing hooks. With a



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

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little effort you could launch there and there looked to be an inhabited shack, so somebody might keep an eye on your car.

The land here and for many miles south is about as featureless as it gets, so you are sailing just for the sake of sailing. It seems to be generally agreed that you can't launch into Scammon's to go whale watching on your own.

Leaving G.N. you are into the famous Vizcaino Desert. It isn't any more barren than many other desolate spots. Midway through there is a low sandy ridge that is lush with large veggies. Sand soaks up all the water and is a much better environment than clay. The only thing that soaks up water better than sand is lava. The result is San Ignacio, a true oasis with palm trees and a respectable lake. There is also a very fine mission and a couple of glitzy hotels to snag the whale crowd. On the south side of town is the adequate motel La Posada, and a couple of blocks west is a restaurant that serves lobster tails.

Next morn we are on the road for Laguna San Ignacio, enjoying some world class washboard. While stopped for breakfast we are passed by several whale vans, pedal to the metal. Closer to the sea we encounter vast salt mud flats that look as if they are inundated on occasion. The track is now mercifully smooth and it looks as if one could zoom off for miles in any direction, however, we soon discover evidence that one had better hew to the straight and narrow.

Arriving at the water's edge next to a down scale assemblage of fishing shacks we find a crude sign prohibiting boat launching. There are a bunch of highly organized pros further along so I don't know what the reality might be. The water tanker had gotten a bit careless and now listed about 15 degrees. I inquired if he had a "pequena, problema" and he countered that he had a "gran problema." It looked rather hopeless, and to compound the problem the tank was leaking water into his rut. He was a cheerful fellow and we gave him a lift to hunt for help.



Tanker con problema.

We had been following signs and groups of three white painted rocks to Campo Cortez. Our passenger opined that it was as good as any. It looked like a military base with white wall tents and white rock lined paths, one leading to an ecologically proper john. The tariff was 40 bucks a head, which produced a couple of body wracking gulps from the old peso pincher, but the Mate correctly pointed out that we had come a long way and now was no time to fool around.

The boat was a typical panga with a big Yamaha and a sharp looking capitan with spiffy PFD and radio. The whole operation inspired confidence and more so when, after a run of several miles, we met a boat with "Rescue" on the side. Our man had been on the radio to locate the action and we were soon in the company of several other boats. It was apparent that our fooling around had been a blessing as we had a boat to ourselves while the others were packing eight or ten. For a half hour or so it looked like we would strike out. We got short glimpses of whales a hundred yards off. Finally the boatman pointed down and, looking over the side I saw a shell covered bottom just a few feet down. But it moved! A barnacled whale right under the boat. From then on there was plenty of action. The boat got one light bump. Our main visitors were two cow/calf pairs. I got two touches and Janis got one. Made her day. Eighty bucks well spent.

About three hours later, back at the water truck, we found our friend with a pile of timber, a very large bag of rags, and a

BAJA CALIFORNIA

- 1 San Felipe
- 2 Puerto Citos
- 3 Bahia Gonzaga
- 4 Laguna Chapala
- 5 Baha de los Angeles
- 6 Rosarito
- 7 Guerro Negro
- 8 Laguna San Ignacio
- 9 Santa Rosalita
- 10 Mulege
- 11 Bahia Concepcion
- 12 Loreto
- 13 Puerto Escondido
- 14 Bahia Magdalena
- 15 La Paz
- 16 San Jose Delcabo
- 17 Cabo San Lucas
- 18 Todos Santos
- 19 Bahia San Quentin
- 20 Golfode Santa Clara

Suggested Reading

West Mexico From Sea to Sierra, Charles Kulander. Includes west coast of mainland. Good. Just the ticket if you are taking the ferry.

The Magnificent Peninsula, Jack Williams. Good background stuff, 3100 miles of road logs.

Baja Adventure Book, Walt Peterson. Slanted toward fishing, but also biking and climbing.

The latest edition of *Lonely Planet Mexico* will have the scoop on lodging and eating.

Guia Roji por las Carreteras de Mexico (the cover is red but the editor's name is Roji) is a good map book available in Mexico. It's quite adequate but you might find something better on the web. I have an incredible large scale map book given me many years ago by Bill Duncanson, back in Virginia. As far as I know, it's no longer available.

pile of shells, along with a helper. He had the frame up on cribbing and was applying his 20 ton gato hidraulico to the wheel rim. I would have liked to have stayed, cooked up some lunch, and worked on my Spanish. As it was, we contributed a couple of beers and wished them buena suerte. My guess is that they were home for supper. We have sent photos to remember the occasion.

On eastward one drops off the plateau via the notorious "Cuesta del Infierno." It's no place for brake failure. At the bottom lies Santa Rosalia, an old French copper mining town. There is plenty to see for the technically and historically minded. The small marina harbors about six long term cruising boats. The capitan was an amiable fellow and gave me some nice blue ore samples. There is a breakwater and some commercial traffic but there doesn't appear to be much of interest for the small boat man.

On down the road lies Mulege, (mu le hey) with a palm lined river which small boats can carry into town, at least at high tide. One could beach launch on the north side of the river mouth at El Somberito. There is a good mission and a museum in the old carcel.

From Mulege it's a short hop to Bahia Conception, a celebrated cruising ground. Most of the sand on the western shore of Conception is cheek by jowl with motor homes. A convivial cruising man might postulate a regime based on hanging around these motor villas and harvesting a steady diet of sundowners and supers. These folks must be desperate for a little diversion. Sailboat rides?

Loreto, visited by Holland American Lines, has a nice mission, museum, shopping, and hotels. There is a splendid sea front esplanade but slim pickings for the small boat crowd. It's an easy and very rewarding day trip west over the hill to Mission San Janiver. There is a B&B or one could camp out along the pretty stream.

Just a way south of Loreto is the fabled hurricane hole of Puerto Escondido (hidden port). I had always pictured a steep walled little crater, but it is really quite large with plenty of room for the wind to get in. The reputation was tarnished by last fall's hurricane which did considerable damage as far north as Mulege. According to a sailor I met in Santa Rosalia, 14 boats went ashore. One is still perched on the breakwater. It looks like an easy salvage, with little damage, but is said to be the subject of an insurance dispute.

Puerto Escondido is a classic example of the Mexican talent for grandiose conception and poor execution. It's interesting that the early padres, with only unskilled Indian labor, managed to build magnificent cut stone cathedrals with elegant carving which still stand, while modern projects start to crumble before they are finished. Puerto Escondido is, I believe, a project of the Mexican Government Tourist outfit, Fontur, which is pushing the Escalera Nautica scheme. The breakwater is badly damaged and the sea wall is starting to crumble. The fancy boulevard light poles, deriguer for any Mexican project, have the wires hanging out, and the hotel stands half built overlooking an artistically laid out basin.

However, these failings needn't concern us here. There is a fenced area with a good steep launch ramp, and guard shack. One could spend a pleasant week just sailing around and visiting with the cruisers. There

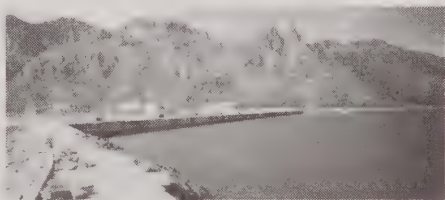
are islands in the neighborhood for the venturesome. A good trailer park is just down the road for creature comforts. The place looks to me like one of the better bets for Baja sailing.



Easy salvage on crumbling breakwater.

Just beyond P.E. the road crawls over the Sierra Giganta and heads for the west coast. The attraction over there is Bahia Magdalena, a very extensive bunch of water. I don't know anything about it but is reputed to have whales, mangrove swamps, and offshore islands. Looks like a great place for the intrepid explorer.

Next up is La Paz, a modern town with a very attractive sea front promenade. A small number of boats were anchored out. There are a couple of marinas. There is a very attractive lagoon east of town and offshore is Isla Espiritu Santo. Our limited road survey suggests that the area would make for good small boat cruising and quite a bit warmer than further north.



Development at Puerto Escondido.

It's hard to justify going further south unless you are into glitz and golf, but we had to see the end. We got out of town on the wrong road but the detailed map indicated that we could get through to the coast road. If you need directions in the boonies, find a truck driver. He will get down and draw you a map in the sand.

The coast road from Buenvista around to San Jose del Cabo is built on weathered granite which encourages spectacular washouts. It's a pleasant trip if you are in no hurry. The road crosses incredibly wide washes, some with a trickle of water. Where they debouch on the sea, you will find the usual collection of Nortenos, ranging from the blue tarp crowd to plush motor homes. The bigger outfits can't make it too far down because of the washouts. There is not much hope for trailer boats because of the large storm built berms.

At Cabo Pulmo there were a number of beach launched Pangas. The day we were

there, there was a stiff wind and a surf that would discourage an ardent sea kayaker. Wonder of wonders, there was a clinker built pulling boat with proper cover moored off. Every few waves it disappeared completely from view.

From S.J. del Cabo to Cabo San Lucas is four lanes of So. Cal. I gritted my teeth and only stopped for a shot of the arch. Whipping on north, we holed up at Todos Santos, notable for an artsy crafty American colony. Los Fuentes, on the main corner, is a good eating joint.

From La Paz back to Lago, Chapala, we had to retrace our outbound track. Another time we will go straight north from Villa Insurgentes via Comodu and come out near Conception. After all, Baja is about dust and boonies.

The upper west coast doesn't offer much except Bahia San Quentin, which looks good on the chart but hasn't had much recommendation from the sailing press. Seems to me I read something about a guy getting shipwrecked there by a roge wave. It is favored by board sailors and fishermen.

Inland, between Ensenada and the river, an area where our esteemed editor used to ramble about on his motorcycle, lies Laguna Hanson. It's a beautiful area, but unfortunately the lake is sometimes dry. Further east down the escarpment the Laguna Salada will probably never have water again.

Technically not part of Baja, but by reason of isolation emotionally connected, is Golfo de Santa Clara at the mouth of the Colorado River. Thanks to development in the good ole US of A, the river has long since dried up. I've never been there but the place has appealed to me ever since reading an account of early explorations in the delta. Without an influx of fresh water the place may not have the bird life it once did. Without the river flow, I don't know if the fearsome tidal bore still occurs. If the fishing were good the place should be over run with Californians. There are enough questions so that the place bears looking into.

The Durango 4.7 ran faultlessly. We did get a slow leak which held 'til we got home, a cactus thorn I suspect. We covered 4,726 miles for an average of 16.2mpg. I expected better but the automatic wants to rush the hills and the cruise control prides itself on holding the speed right to the mile. As a result it shifts down coming out of every vado (gully). If those techno freaks in Detroit wanted to do something worthwhile, they would add a variable tolerance control so that speed could vary, up to 10% say, without a downshift.

Motels vary all over the lot. Three hundred pesos isn't necessarily better than 150. We usually found some for 200 which were adequate. Four hundred will get you a pretty decent joint with a restaurant. Meals run about the same as stateside but beer is cheaper and better and the service has a little more finesse.

Pesos were running ten to the dollar and banks have cash machines (cajero automatico). The better hotels and restaurants take plastic, the rest want real stuff. Keep a stash of coins and small bills for street vendors. Greenbacks will fly but you probably lose on the rate.

Unlike the mainland, we never saw any aggressive cops. I got nicked in Ensenada many years ago. These days I think the tourist authorities are looking out for the goose.



Allow me to set the stage. My kayak is a Chesapeake Light Craft Chesapeake 18 that I just completed last spring. I finished her bright and I have to say she looks great (or did, anyway). Some friends and I planned a kayak trip from the Hanover, Massachusetts, canoe launch down to Couch Beach in Marshfield, along the Indian Head and North Rivers, about a two-hour leisurely trip. They were camping there for the night, but I could only stay for dinner and then had to get home. I planned on kayaking back up the river on the incoming tide to the Hanover launch. The tide had begun to flood just after dinner and right around sunset (the picture is of me beginning the return voyage) I began the trip back to my truck. I wrote the following email to my friends to let them know how my evening trip back to the Hanover launch site transpired.

"Okay, so I leave you guys in the midst of a spectacular sunset. Really, you ought to have come along for a while. I've never been on the river when it was so beautiful. The moon made the river a ribbon of silver. Current gently pulling me along. Birds flying overhead in the darkening sky. Wind just a slight warm breeze. Peaceful, soothing, just lovely. Until the Washington Street bridge. Then all hell broke loose.

How can the rapids be flowing against me when the tide is coming in? And where did all those damn rocks come from? My guess would be the current coming down the river is actually faster than the flood until some time at mid-tide. I had to fight like crazy to get through the rapids under the bridge, all the while grinding the bottom of my precious wooden boat on the rocky bottom. I finally got through, sweating my ass off, and the current settled into something I could easily overcome. Then the bottom kept on shoaling up. Not rocks, but lots of weed that slowed me down some.

Getting near the bend into the mouth of the Indian Head River, I got a little bit turned

Kayaker in the Dark

By Jim Fitzgerald

around and ended up floating in one of those dead end cul-de-sacs until I realized that the river was behind me. Remember, all this is happening in the dark. I was surrounded by tall reeds and could not tell which way to turn. I went to refer to my trusty GPS to point the way. Note to self: Replace batteries in GPS before trip. Dug around in my deck bag looking for the replacement batteries that I am sure I threw in there earlier. Second note to self: Make sure you actually throw the batteries into the deck bag. Scavenged batteries out of one of the flashlights. No good, not enough juice. Finally I decide I am fairly certain that the turn is just ahead, so just forge onwards without the benefits of technology. Hell, if the Indians did it, so can I.

Turned the corner and scared up two geese resting on the riverbank, in turn, they scared the crap out of me. Just as my heart is recovering, a bass gets scared out of the reeds on the bank and does a kamikaze run on the kayak. He actually rammed the boat trying to get away. Then, thankfully, I finally found the entrance to the Indian Head River.

Everything goes smoothly for about five minutes until the weeds make it almost impossible to discern between river and blind leads that go to nowhere. Couple of minor mis-directions, but I am going in the right direction. When I finally think I've got it all licked I run out of water. Hard aground I shine my headlight around to see what's about. Two beady eyes light up in the reeds then scamper away. I figure raccoon. Then I hear a coyote bay not too far away. Now I'm thinking I may have some more serious issues. Then some bird starts making wacky noises in the reeds on the other side of the river.

I'm feeling like Jim in one of those Mutual of Omaha Wild Kingdom shows. You know, the guy who was always down with the wild animals while Marlon Perkins rode safely above in the helicopter. Great! News headline: "Man found eaten in beached kayak. Investigation into why he thought it was a good idea to paddle up a river he doesn't know in the dark to follow."

Anyway, although the current is flowing briskly against me, the tide is rising. While aground, I get out of the boat to get the batteries out of the rear hatch (I know I have extra batteries in the rear compartment). Without my weight the boat now floats... and floats away from me. I have to grab the painter before the boat gets swept downstream into a particularly nasty stump sticking out of the water. Boat now in hand. GPS now functioning, I get back in and, lo and behold, there's enough water to get over the shallow spot I was stuck on. I get over this skinny stretch and back into the "deep" water (in reality I'm poling, not paddling, since the water is so low I hit bottom on every stroke).

GPS now shows me 100' from the goddamned pull out. It's 9pm. I'm tired. I'm dirty. I'm fed up. I'm aground once more. Dammit! Looking ahead I see that there's a wall of rocks that won't go under for hours. I figure the only way I'm getting home is to walk it. So I get out of the boat (which will now float) and tow her in. The boat will just fit through a channel between two of the big rocks in my way. Unfortunately I don't notice that the current has spun the boat into one of these big rocks so she has a nice long, deep scratch up her side, the side I spent four weeks finishing with spar varnish to a mirror like, cabinet grade finish. Ugh! Finally, I win the landing and celebrate my efforts with a big gulp of cold coffee from my "to go" cup that, unbeknownst to me, has some peculiar weedy thing stuck in the mouthpiece. Yuk! What an altogether fitting end to an ill-conceived adventure.

I'll run through the nautical part of this real quick so I won't lose the attention of people who read this magazine for a legitimate reason, and then I'll gradually wander off the subject and justify that title. What has happened is that, because of the price of the gas to escape, Jane and I have been staying on the island through major holidays, which we used to try to avoid because the exhaust smell is so bad. There is a sand bed road running by on the seaside of the house and a boat parade on the bayside. The people on the sea-side ride by in their cars all day and most of the night and the sea breeze blows their stench through the house. In the morning, the same class of people troll continuously up and down the bay trying to catch the (inedible, in my opinion) Hispanic mackerel while the remnant of the land breeze is still blowing and that blows their smoke through the house.

I don't know which I dislike most, the smell of idling two-stroke outboards (usually two 250s) or the smell of an enormous 4WD, V8 SUV with four plugs fouled from bogging around in low gear all the time. Both are real bad... particularly when mixed with the odor of the sun screen (one granddaughter says "sun scream," a better name) that these people slather all over every exposed inch of themselves which, on some bimbos is quite a large area of surface subject to diffusion.

One characteristic we use to classify women into the bimbo category is that they insist on being carried ashore by their accompanying hunk when they arrive on the bayside flats by boat, but as the bimbo bulk increases from excess consumption of couch potatoes (who is "Little Debbie" anyway?) the mass of the average hunk is becoming redistributed from around the biceps and glutes to the love handles. I guess the bimbo can appreciate that when the time comes, but it kind of lets her down when being carried to shore with that one loaf of bread.

Hold on, now. I'll get to the boat part of this in a minute. You are perfectly welcome to wander off and read a little Hugh Ware just to break up the monotony of all this social commentary. Believe it or not, I know Hugh Ware. Back when he had the Sea Scout meeting up in the forecabin of the old schooner *Adventure* up in Gloucester, he wrote that they needed some wood to fix the old boat so it would quit raining and sleeting in on those kids. I sent him some and I hope it helped. I am learning a lot about subtlety from reading Hugh's section. He has a way of letting his opinions become known without actually stating them straight out. I admire that and so does the rest of my family. Jane wonders when I will begin to put a little of this subtlety into practice.

We have observed that there are one loaf and two loaf bimbos, which is maybe sort of like how there are one fender and two fender Hunter sailboats (identified by how many fenders they have hanging over the side) which motor, usually with a fair wind, over here to anchor up and indulge themselves ("Do you want vodka or wine?" is one cry we heard from down below up into the cockpit one time.) Here is how we came to separate bimbos into categories defined by loaves of bread.

Sometimes these hunks over here hang out in gathering places in big cities over on the mainland where bimbos tend to congre-

Bimbo Island

By Robb White

gate. They are apt to brag about how they have access to a house on an island with white sandy beaches and how much fun it is to ride back and forth on the three-mile-long sand bed road all day long in the 4WD SUV with only three functioning spark plugs. The novelty of the concept is so alluring that the attending bimbos decide to pay this hotshot a visit. Back when there was a public ferry they could do it for six bucks one way each. You know, when not in the company of a hunk, bimbos travel in pairs or small groups. Anyway, when you see a woman get off the ferry carrying nothing but her cosmetic case and loaf of special bread, that's a "one loaf bimbo." If she has two loaves of special bread and her cosmetic case, that's a "two loaf bimbo."

Now that the private boat that does most of the hauling charges \$60 (one way but that can be divided among six people... he has what they call a "six pack" license), any bimbo that gets off is a big deal bimbo no matter how many loaves of bread she has. The reason these women came to our notice is that, back before the telephone reached this place, sometimes the hunk would not be here when the bimbo arrived and there she would be in the man's house with nothing but one or two loaves of special bread and the ferry would be gone and the hunk had et up all the Little Debbies and there was nothing in the house to eat and no hunting and gathering skills, so pretty soon the bimbos ate up their bread and became hungry and wandered the road (not the beach where there is food) until she (or they) came to our house where they stood down in the sand and plaintively cried up at us that they were in a fix and had noticed our boat (that's "boat" with three syllables) and could we take them back to where the shopping is. "Yep," we always replied, "but you'll have to wash off that sun scream and knock the sand out of them high heeled shoes."

I was just setting the stage there, y'all. Fourth of July weekend was actually pretty nice. It was the usual summer pattern with thunderstorms over the water in the morning and over the land in the afternoon and a good sea breeze during the day and the delicious land breeze at night. It was cool, too, and we only had to run the fan during the little time when the transition was happening. We did our navigating in the early morning when all the bimbos and hunks were asleep and only elderly people were up and about. Well, up anyway. Most of them sit on the porch and read, and so do we when all our navigating has been accomplished.

The mullet situation during bimbo season is sort of poor over here because of the slick of sun screen on the water, so we have to travel quite a way to get to a more Third World sort of place. I love to run the old Rescue Minor along the shore for long distances at 10.5 knots. The exhaust note calms the worries of the trivia of civilization and the prospect of adventure in far off lands is exciting to the vestigial wildness in my soul. I imagine how big and stupid the mullet are there where it is too shallow for yahoos to penetrate with their bimbos.

I like to run out of range of jet skis which also have the ability to run in shallow water. Fortunately they have not learned how to build them with enough gas capacity to feed some hundred or more two-stroke hp (a magazine I get says there are 250hp jet skis now) for long enough to actually get anywhere. That's why you see them blasting around in idiot circles near the boat ramp all the time. They are afraid they'll get off in an uncivilized situation and run out of gas and the ice will all melt and the beer will get warm... and the bimbo will have eaten the one loaf of special bread.

With a little local knowledge it is possible to get completely away from all that nonsense if the boat runs economically. Running along the shore in the shallows is a charming way to travel, too. I have learned a little confidence and no longer flinch when we cross a very shallow sand bar. If I can see that it is real shallow I slow down and let the boat touch. Sometimes I'll have to detour out to get across, but I have found that the way the propeller is set up above the bottom it'll push on across most of them.

Despite doing that a good bit, the tips of the prop blades are not even shiny. I discovered quite by accident that the Rescue Minor will run over a derelict wire crab trap without damage. It'll squash the trap pretty good and skin some of the yellow scum off the white epoxy bottom paint, but that's all. You know that's another interesting thing. The boat has been in the water so much that it has (had) some barnacles on it. They love the propeller cavity. We discovered a long time ago that they don't stick to epoxy paint very well. When they are little and feel sort of like sand we can just rub them off with our hands while swimming around the boat, and even if we miss some and they get to be as big a BB they can easily be pushed off with the thumb.

Needless to say there are none on the very bottom of the boat. You know I don't believe in copper bottom paint. Trying to maintain a bottom job on a big boat is an expensive, poisonous, and frustrating thing. I like to swim and scrape. I (we) can scrape the old Morgan in about an hour no matter how bad the barnacles and oysters are. The only problem with it is that the scrapings attract all those little fish and they forget what it is they came for and like to bite us. You know there are no barnacles in the Bahamas. I don't know why.

Anyway, we finally came to a little creek where I used to go long ago but we found that it no longer opened directly onto the shallow flats of the bay like it used to and the old opening was grown up with salt marsh grass (*Spartina alternifolia*). If I hadn't known exactly where it was, I would have never suspected it was there. Fortunately the grass hadn't yet caught enough sand (or mud) to stop the fish from swimming up the creek, and mullet just love a situation of that sort. They are not afraid of anything when they know they can run out in the grass and hide, and they'll do it in water too shallow to get completely submerged.

One would think that he could wade out in there and grab them with the bare hands or certainly stick them with a gig or shoot them with a bow and arrow, but they are smarter than anything and hide like a snake and, when they see you coming, they dart away through the grass in such a zip that you can't see where

they went. Plus, the grass traps silt (which will turn into peat in a thousand years) which can be about crotch deep and makes the going mighty slow. I believe mullet will bury themselves in this silt because, if you keep on harassing them in a blind hole like this one, they'll eventually disappear completely and cannot be found, even though you know they have to be in there.

These mullet in this creek were too ignorant of intelligent predators in shallow water (no mullet is ignorant of porpoises... that's why they love the shallows so much) so they did a little initial hiding when they discovered that Jane was blocking the hole and I was wading up the creek, but I could see a bunch of them running ahead in the clear. They were so inexperienced that they stopped in about a 4' deep hole. You know the biggest mullet almost exclusively stay in shallow water when they know they have gotten too big for an osprey to fly off with them. Well, that ain't exactly accurate, in salt water the big ones stay in the shallows. Porpoises don't go very far up rivers so mullet feel safe up there, and you can see very big mullet swimming in perfectly clear holes in most of the spring fed rivers around here and, indeed, some of the biggest mullet in the world are permanent residents in old Wakulla Spring which is the headwaters of the Wakulla river (say "waw culler"). I advise anybody who comes down around here to go see that remarkable thing. It is the biggest single spring in the whole world and now belongs to the state. The ancient lodge there was built by the DuPonts and used to be a mighty high class place and might still be... even though it is run by the state.

Anyway, I threw the net where I knew the mullet had gathered in perfect confidence in the hole. I don't know how many got out when the whole crowd erupted upwards as is their wont when startled. They pushed the net about 2' out of the water and I could see their big faces staring at me in horror. The ones who got out from under when the leads came off the bottom ran through my legs so fast that I could hear the grunting of their bones from the power of their swimming. The current of their passing almost knocked me down and I could see Jane trying to side step them as they ran out through the grass of the grown over entrance.

When mullet finally know that the jig is up and hiding won't work, they are fearless. They'll sometimes jump and hit you hard enough to knock the wind out of you. Only a fool hauls ass up a little creek in a boat. Twenty mph worth of boat combined with 50mph worth of 3-lb. mullet is a rib cracker. They run hard enough in the water to put a throbbing Charlie horse on the calf of the leg that'll leave a purple bruise for two weeks.

Fourteen of them did not get out. We had some ice (fortunately, it was a long way back) so we kept them all and came home and I cleaned them (took most of the rest of the morning) and we smoked them and canned them in jars. I watched the bimbo parade while I stood at the fish cleaning bench out on the bayside porch. Whew, thank goodness the sea breeze hadn't made up. I could see the sun scream fumes rising off those hot women like what comes out of the gas hole of the car when you are filling her up.

The way you tell a one loaf bimbo from a two loaf bimbo when they don't have their

bread and cosmetic case is how they act when they walk by the old boat anchored stern to the beach about 15' from the edge. A one loaf bimbo will walk right by with nary a glance, but a two loaf bimbo will look at that gold leaf and remark to her accompanying hunk (or significant other bimbo) and say, "Why did they cover the back of the boat with wood like that? Rescue Minor? ... I wonder what that means."

How to Can Fish

It is a big job, so don't do it if you don't really like canned fish. The best way to find that out is to buy a can of "kipper snacks" which are lightly smoked, pretty good-sized fillets of herring canned up in a big flat can. To me they are delicious and very expensive so I worked for a long time to figure out how to do it myself. Another delicacy of that kind is canned smoked salmon. As a matter of fact, that is so expensive that I have never owned but one can. I'll tell you this for a fact, though, canned smoked mullet is right in there with the best.

Fat style fish and the fat gets rancid immediately. You know, bluefish are sort of like that. A one-day-old refrigerated bluefish ain't fit to eat and freezing bluefish (or mullet) is a waste of good fish. Fillet the fish and remove the belly bones and cut the fillets up into little pieces (fry the backbones and gizzards and eat them for lunch). There are all kinds of seasonings you can use and there is nothing wrong with plain old salt and pepper. Don't oversalt the fish like you do for regular smoked mullet because the smoking doesn't last long enough for the meat to sweat out the salt.

I like this McCormick "Montreal Steak Seasoning" myself and so do all the people who are lucky enough to get hold of one of my jars. Just shake it on the little fish chunks and roll them around until they are uniformly speckled with the little pieces of dehydrated onion, garlic, pepper (both black and red), and salt. No need to add any salt with that stuff. Smoke the pieces of fish lightly in the smoker with some tinfoil on the racks so they won't fall through.

You don't want to cook the fish at all during this operation, so put the wood directly on the heating element and stop up all the rusty holes in the body of the smoker with tinfoil so no air can get in there and make the wood catch fire. Only run the element for long enough to make smoke. Sometimes you have to plug and unplug three or four times to get enough smoke to make the fish the right color

When you get through, pack the fish in pint jars and use the handle of a spoon to let the air out. Add water salted one teaspoon to the pint to the jar to fill any cavities. Leave about 1" of headspace and put about 1/4" of olive oil on top and put them in a high pressure (better than 10 psi) pressure cooker for one hour and 40 minutes. That's the trick. The fish will firm up in the jar and shrink down until they are about exactly the same texture as a kipper snack or canned salmon.

The canning process will completely deoxygenate the meat and juice and it'll keep for a long time. I wonder if the anaerobic smoking process might introduce a little carbon monoxide into the situation to further reduce the oxygen. The layer of olive oil will keep the air from getting to it after you open the jar, but you need to keep it in the refrigerator while you and your significant other (no insignificant other will eat canned fish, even on a piece of special bread) snack away. Which, I think I need to remind you of something. You know, that stuff is very concentrated. It is sort of like eating dried apples or tomatoes. It is an easy matter to sit there and smack your lips with delight and overindulge. After all that fish re-hydrates in your belly... One time when Sam was just a little boy, we ate a whole bag of dried apples. Whew.

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Weather wise it was not an easy season with every week impacted, but a dedicated crew of staff and volunteers maintained a high level of enthusiasm and camaraderie putting people in traditional small craft on the Mystic River. From May through September, 80 registered volunteers contributed a total 4,928 hours.

Volunteer Coordinator Rhoda Hopkins again came to our aid enlisting a fine group of energetic, competent youth with supportive families who arranged transportation. For the fourth year Boathouse student volunteers were recognized for their achievements at the Volunteer Reception with honors shared by Mike Dunn and Erica Brown. From afar, Richard Ellers of Warren, Ohio, and Nick Egle of Pleasanton, California, returned. Frank Tencza of Wilbraham, Massachusetts, joins us each Sunday, Jaz Herzberg of Bridgewater, New Jersey, spent family vacations with us, and Enrico Obst, Charles Robertson, and Tim Lord were among those who returned to visit.

Paid staff included *Resolute* skippers Granville Beals, David DeMaris, Donna Kelly, Peter Littlefield, Bob Tombari, Ben Ragsdale, and Mark Jalbert; *Breck Marshall* skippers Brian Hill, Jim McGuire, Fred Smith, Walt Lincoln, Doug Butler, David Percival, and David Rood; and Boathouse Attendants Bryan Hammond, Tia D'Alessandro, and Bob Bushey. Eddy Murphy's job at ISIS afforded him opportunity to visit often and we took advantage of his willingness to help, missing him terribly when he returned to school. We paid tribute to Todd Wilkins' memory and continue to honor and miss those we have worked with so closely with over the ears, including dear friend and colleague, Christopher Fay.

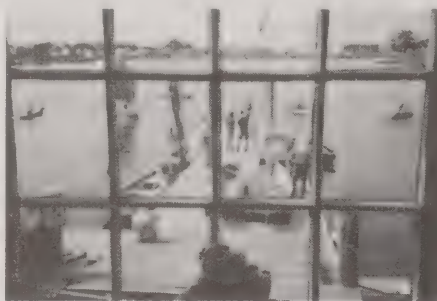
After 91 days of operation we tallied the second highest income in 17 years of operation, boosted by the 2003 fee increase being in place over the entire season and by *Araminta* charters. Disappointingly our numbers are down, 8,462 people accompanied by a bunch of happy sea dogs. While the statistics are important to survival and our educational purpose, it is the daily interactions with people, which we do not tally or measure in dollars, which make The Boathouse such a joy to enter.

Some of the seasonal highlights follow. Pilots listened as Mike Dunn recited his blessing and anointed each vessel with a cedar bow dipped in the Mystic River, opening our 2004 season in May. Swelling with pride between Mike and Bryan, I was near tears while Bryan joked and CCA members looked on in wonder. Memorial Day weekend was impacted by heavy winds, as was the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop June 5-6 when we put 113 people on the water in 50 rentals and were blessed with a \$750 cheque from the Traditional Small Craft Association. The number of Boathouse volunteers rowing to Mason's Island on Sunday morning was inspiring.

During Sea Music Festival Don Betts of New York's Floating The Apple rigged the Beetle Cat *Pip* and Bob Sears and his wife of Toronto enjoyed the first 2004 *Araminta* charter with Jim McGuire. *Resolute* and *Araminta* participated in the Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous parade downriver. On Members' Day, a washout, Evie Ansel and Sarah Kate Ragsdale learned origami with Paula Peterson and inspired visitors who ducked in to warm body and soul next to the wood stove lit to

2004 at the Mystic Boathouse

By Sharon Brown, Boathouse Supervisor



dry out volunteers who pumped the boats between downpours.

Thirty-three people took the Friday traditional Boathandling Classes, including the McGinn family of Pomfret Center who purchased the entire class for family and friends (the last family to book the entire class together was from Alaska)! The McGinn's expressed their appreciation in a well-received letter to President Doug Teeson. On one Friday I counted 31 trips from The Boathouse before 8am to deploy all the equipment we use, plenty of opportunity to reflect on the support we have enjoyed from all the volunteers who have made this special day possible for students over the last 16 years.

Ann Brown had a small world experience in *Helen Packer* with student Clay Berry when she learned he crews on Narragansett Bay aboard the 1936 35' Concordia sloop *Cinderella*, the very same boat which Ann recently realized her long time dream of sailing.

Fifteen people and Charlie the Beagle have participated in the Tuesday night Beetle Cat Racing Series with a couple of Portsmouth Class boats joining the round the buoys races including *Sandy Ford* with Carol Roffee and Sue Rapport sharing the helm on a regular basis. Erica Brown's solo debut on the course subbing for her grandmother in *Pip* July 27 was a resounding success, she took first place by four points after six races! The series wrapped up with two Saturday events, October 2 and October 9.

Donations received included the new Beetle Cat, *Skip's Star*, given by Edward R. "Skip" Eberle's widow Barbara of Waterford and dedicated in a ceremony on July 24; Mimi Neary's sailing model of the 10' Chaisson Dory Tender built by Barry Thomas and Bill Sauerbrey and given by her daughters Mary Louise and Lisa and their families; and the Eric Dhow built Riverside Dinghy, *Fenwick*, donated by *WoodenBoat*; a copy of the boat in our collection *Little Haste* donated by Peter Littlefield and written about by John Gardner in *Classic Small Craft You Can Build*. The ties that these boats have to The Boathouse and our colleagues make them natural candidates for careful stewardship; i.e., loving care.

The Anderson Island Irregulars, Inc. donated \$350 for much needed equipment and Ann Baird, widow of volunteer John Baird, made a significant donation which will result in purchase of a digital camera and soon,

the construction of new benches for the deck. The Lord family of Hampden, Massachusetts, donated a photograph in tribute of our friend Mimi, "Forever in our hearts," and Bob Bushey skillfully built a new desk top "whirligig" to replace Bob Watts' well loved but battered original.

Some of the visitors and colleagues who share small acts of kindness each day included boatbuilder Andy Langendal of Greenport, New York, Ron Denman and Bobbie Kenyon of Lyme, who restored the 1893 W. Huxford built catboat *Dolphin*, and John Wheble of Kingston, Massachusetts, a sculling dynamo. Boatbuilder Huw Evans of Wales with his wife Lee and daughter Angharad of Toronto, declared his visit, "The treat of a lifetime." David Baranowski of Brooklyn, New York, owner of *Blueberry*. The Jordan family of Braintree, Massachusetts, camped out nearby with their dog Garvey so that they could spend the weekend dabbling in the fleet. "Hi! It's Drew! I've grown 4," followed by sister Mollie's log entry weeks later. Tyler of Tulsa Oklahoma, wrote, "Phew, my dad can't row," and Bruce Benson of Charlottesville, Virginia, "Our return to shore nothing less than a miracle," and young Karl Richter printed "I got to row the boat. It was perfect."

Children Alex Wilcox, Kim and Michael Goccia, Christopher and Marshall Wilbur, Sam Snediker and cousin Jack visited, leaving lasting images of their discoveries, and Dennis Schuelkens returns often from Allentown, Pennsylvania, with his wife Pat and grandson to sail and row the fleet adding, "Another sweet row in *Green Machine*!" Musicians Anton Machleder of Houghton, New York, and Pedro Pinyol of New Haven were on a quest to see Lightning No. 1, Virginia, who plans to build a New Haven Sharpie with Jim Rear who maintains a fleet of Beetle Cats in Georgica Pond, sailed her first sharpie with Bryan. Charles Martineau of Armonk, New York, was checking out Whitehalls and Allan Newell of Hammond, New York, specializes in St. Lawrence River Skiffs. All found help at The Boathouse. No weekend would be complete without a visit from Lee Spielberger who chills out from his stressful job rowing *Raven* or the Whitehall by the hour.

In June Bryan and I took *Green Machine* to the No Octane Regatta at Blue Mountain Lake, New York, and exposed her to onshore lake conditions and brawny boathandlers more familiar with pinned oars. We were well treated by our host Hallie Bond, Curator of Collections and Boats at the Adirondack Museum, and family Mason, Alex, and Margaret, and enjoyed making new friends including Phil Bolger and Susanna Altenburger. Bill Ames' friend Dave Clark, whom we met last year on a field trip to the *WoodenBoat* Show in Rockland, Maine, motored upriver aboard his sweet Bill Atkins' designed schooner *Winfield Lash* and entertained while tied up on Chubbs Wharf.

Bob and Cherie Douglas of Martha's Vineyard provided lucky young Boathouse volunteers with a lifetime experience, giving them a personal tour below decks on the schooners *Shenandoah* and *Alabama* and the opportunity to climb the rigging, a gesture that still engenders pride in the re-telling and has lead to new adventures.

Gene and Karen Cauty of Nahant were instant hits wearing shirts emblazoned with

"Swampscott High School." Frequent visitors Don, Danielle, and Lawrence Angel of Montreal returned twice over the summer and relaxed on their first downriver *Resolute* trip. Mervin Roberts of Old Lyme returned to our dock on his 1930 25' open surfboat to introduce family, and Dave McCulloch of Old Lyme and Max McGee sailed by *Araminta* to introduce his latest John Gardner designed boat. Kerry Brown of Narragansett, Rhode Island, brought his restored 1954 Maine picnic boat *Dorsey Dee* and peapod tender to our docks to share, Jack Spratt of Old Lyme

showed off his newly restored 30' MacKenzie bass boat *Encore*.

Peter and Tricia Bradford trailered their 18' John Gardner Gunning Dory *Imp* from Middleboro, Massachusetts, to join us a number of times over the season. Once, while we scrambled to prepare the fleet for hurricane weather, they rowed to Masons Island and back. On their most recent visit we accompanied them downriver after closing on Sunday night. They fired their cannon at 6:33pm sunset in West Mystic as our whaleboat, *Mary Peter J* just cleared the Amtrak bridge. The

merry crew, Mason Hall, Mike Dunn, Tia, Bryan, Grant and Charissa, Sarah Kate and Ginny Colbeth, "sang" in attempt to improve stroke cadence, sharing the channel with *Burma* and *Grayling*, returning to winter quarters with bemused crews. Like herding cats at sea. Aboard traditional boats with soul we shared laughter and a beautiful cricket filled end of summer moonlit night while patient parents waited to provide transport.

Thank you all for making The Boathouse a realization of John Gardner's vision.

This fall's hurricanes finally gave us a break here in Florida, if only for one week-end. The weather had a taste of fall in the air. The air was relatively dry and cool in the morning and there was a nice breeze out of the northeast. I spent the Saturday before the sail out getting *Whisper* ready. It took me all day to take the hurricane wraps off the boat cover and clean and organize the equipment. It had been almost two months since I'd had her out!

Sunday was a duplicate of Saturday and I hoped that the hurricanes were going to leave us alone for a few weeks at least. As I got to Sunset Park in Tarpon Springs, I was surprised to not see anyone else from the Squadron! I went ahead, launched the boat, and set sail for the south end of Three Rooker's Bar. A downwind run with a good breeze behind me made for a quick trip across the Sound. As I approached the south end I was surprised to see that the southern sand spit was gone! Looking over towards Honey-moon Island, it appeared that the sand had moved over there. The north cove of Honey-moon appeared to have grown!

I knew that some of our members were launching and sailing to the island from different directions, so I decided to sail north along the east side of the island to see if anyone was already there. Then I saw a sail on the horizon to the north. Judging from the shape of the hull, I thought it might be *Minnow*, Ed and Becky Comb's Potter 19. As I got closer I could make out the red trim on the boat and knew that I was right. Ed's daughter Jessica was with them and, if my eyes told the truth, she was steering the boat

directly toward the island. I was now on a close reach and bounding toward the approaching boat. We crossed paths and I turned around and sailed back toward them. Then we both turned toward the north end of Three Rooker's, looking for a suitable spot to land. With the wind from the northeast we were looking for a shallow bar to tuck in behind so that the waves would not pound us around while at anchor.

We got our anchors down and waded ashore. I had a radio call from Jim Leet on the shore. He'd come to see us off but had just missed me. He was with Steve Kingery, who was sailing his Dovekie. Jim couldn't come out because he was going over to the old Nimble plant to pick up the rest of the Hen Boat molds. Now that Nimble is out of business, Jim was contacted by Reuben Trane, who still owned the molds, to begin building the Peep Hen and Bay Hen again. Although the molds are in rough shape, Jim is going to give it a go.

Soon Steve's red Dovkie hove into view. We settled in on the shore, near the Three Rooker's sign, and were wondering where everyone was! Then we spotted two white

sails coming up along the gulf side shore. Ed's binoculars showed that it was Scott Smith in his Core Sound 17. Scott sailed around the north end of the key and swooped into the anchorage wing on wing.

So four boats were there and we thought that was all that there was going to be. Not wishing to waste the cool breezes, we decided to spend the rest of the afternoon sailing, so we all headed off towards the southeast. About halfway down the key we spotted a Sea Pearl 21 coming towards us. It turned out to be *MoonShadow*, Bill Fite's Black Pearl. He'd had a really hard time launching at the causeway and that's what made him late. They sailed off toward the anchorage. Then, as I approached the spot where the southern sand bar used to be, I spotted an off-white sail. A call on the radio confirmed that it was Art Gregory's Peep Hen and Brenda Bell was aboard as well. We stopped and chatted for a while, anchored over the sand bar in about 8" of water.

It was now getting late and we had a hard beat back to Sunset and the takeout. I started beating on a starboard tack back towards Three Rooker's and spotted two Sea Pearls in the distance. Bill had met up with Robert Wolfenden's new orange Sea Pearl! So now we had not four, but seven boats. We just never managed to get together in one place! The sail back was somewhat frustrating, the winds were shifty, and I got out of phase with the shifts more than once. Finally I began to close with Sunset and reached the beach. I was about an hour later arriving than I had planned, but the Bucs weren't doing anything great anyway, so there was no great loss!

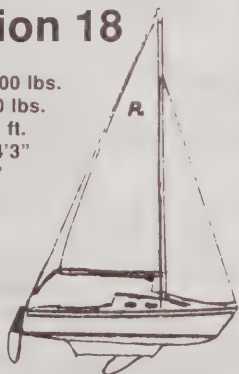
Three Rooker's Roundup

By Ron Hoddinott
(From *West Coast Trailer Sailor Squadron* Newsletter)

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of marine appeal. Boats are a lot like girls, pretty ones are everywhere, but lovely and beautiful ones have that extra something that makes them rare. The hull is rare. It is lovely.

Here are her technical data. Displacement, 690 lbs., beam length ratio 25%. Pounds per inch immersion depends on what you immerse it in, whether the Passaic River, the Chesapeake, Lake Superior, or Texaco Marfak.

And now a word as to the scantling sizes. Deliberately I have kept the scantling section (Mold 7) and the inboard construction plan free of type or lettering, the better to exhibit Assassin's plain boat building construction. Every bit of it is old hat and will not bother a proficient boat builder in the least. Old time techniques of construction are simplest for anyone who is a boat builder. Joel J. Johnson, 20 Arthur St., Black Rock, Bridgeport, Connecticut, can do a wizard job on this. The stem is a hackmatack knee-sided 1-3/4" and molded as shown. Use 2-1/2" sided if you care for plenty of back rabbit. The stern knee is of the same type of wood.

Hackmatack is known by at least ten names, larch, tamarack, jack pine, and others. Any stump from a burned over area will serve well. In fact, any resinous stump with splayed roots, providing it is fall or winter cut with the sap down, will do. The shaft log can be mahogany, teak, begac, birch, anything but fir, which is hard to bore end grain. The keel can be of fir. Oak is hard to get in decent lengths and is candy to teredos. I have seen fir keels 32 years old in good shape. The keel is sided 2-1/2", the log 3-1/2" swelled and rabbeted around the swell.

The frames are 3/4" by 5/8" white oak, bent on the flat through box holes in the apron. They are on 8-7/8" centers. Oak floors, 3/4" by 3", are placed atop the frame and apron at sectioned stations.

Shaft, rudder plate, propeller, and skeg should be bronze or brass. Flooring is 11/16" by 4" neat, sugar pine, shellac hardened. Decking is of fir or any good wearing wood 11/16" by 2", tongue and grooved or laid.

The planking will be 5/8" cedar, ponderosa pine, or mahogany. There are 14 strakes,

to a side, spiled, cupped, and fastened with banded No. 12 copper nails riveted over washers, or with 1-1/4" copper clouts, pre-drilled undersize and set up and puttied before painting.

The apron is 1-1/4" by 3-3/4" ponderosa pine, boxed for frames. The Canucks build boats this way, notably the Peterborough people, and the rabbet seam is formed by planing the apron down to frame height after the frames are bent in. Very simple and tight construction.

The boat steers with a lever, which can be wooden or brass as fancy as you please. She has a lazarette in which it will be ideal to install a Thermex type muffler. This is simplicity itself, just two half bowls of cast iron or aluminum. Very quiet. I have indicated a gas tank of 10 gallons forward. This will run all day on the powers indicated.

So turned out, Assassin will be a delight to own, easy in a wall sided chop, safe anywhere. It is a good deal of fun to modernize a time tried idea in hulls.

Illustrated Children's Book

Merlin and the Black Star

Winner of the 2003 Bancroft Award.

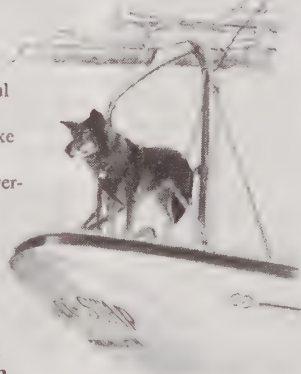
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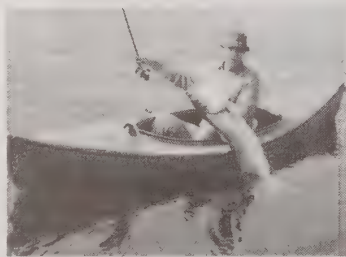
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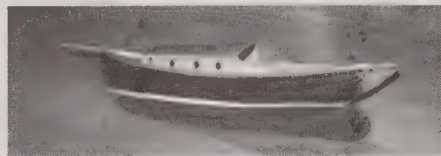
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A Quasi-Half Model for the *Laura Catherine 20*

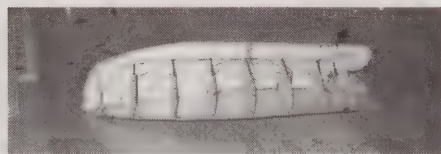
By Michael D. Dauscher
Three Rivers Marineworks



I've been collecting boat plans for a few years now, mostly small pocket cruisers that took my fancy. But just before I had planned to start construction, I would start having doubts as to whether I really want to build that particular craft. No one design is perfect. And being a perfectionist by nature has motivated me to design my own "perfect" pocket cruiser. Granted, my design is probably less practical than most. It's not the easiest to build either. But it's mine. And it's as ideal as I'm able to conjure up at present, given my design requirements.

I call her the *Laura Catherine 20*, inspired by many different designs that I've long admired. And since I've named her after my wife, the design represents much that is dear to me. For the underwater lines I studied some of my favorite catboat designs, for I wanted shoal draft and a comfortable ride. The topsides are inspired partly by a combination of Cape Cod catboat, Boston pilot schooner, and L. Francis Herreshoff's original Prudence sloop. She is roughly 20' loa, 6' beam, 2' draft, and displacement 2,000 lbs.

I describe her as a trailerable daysailing schooner with weekending accommodations. Her namesake prefers an enclosed head, so this is the primary feature in the cabin. The remainder of the cabin is mostly just to shelter the crew from sun and storm. I intend to offer a few different accommodations plans for those who prefer full-sized berths with a head tucked underneath somewhere. Since my favorite sailing locale bans gas motors, I've incorporated an electric trolling motor auxiliary.



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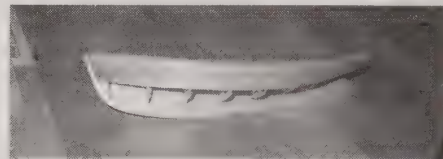
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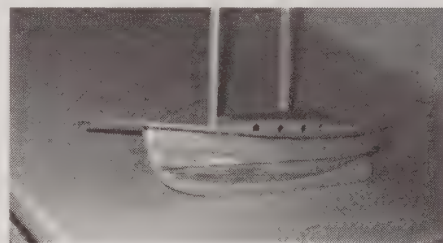
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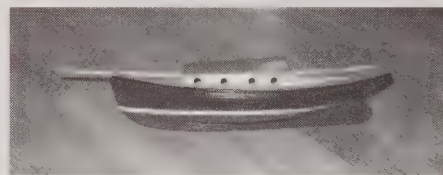
I started by creating the lines plan. After crunching numbers for stability calculations et al., then drafting the lines, I just wasn't happy with the result. I decided to reverse engineer a half model and go at this process in a more traditional fashion. I figured I could fair the hull using strip basswood planking, then take the "perfected" lines off the hull. Since the full-scale boat will be strip-planked, doing the same with the model seemed reasonable.



I reduced the plans to 1/2":1' scale to make the model a manageable size. I pasted the plans to basswood ply and constructed the frame for a hull model. I then strip planked the port side, in the process finding the anomalies in my design.



With a little filler and sanding, I finally got the hull to the desired contours. I then glued on the deck and calculated the dimensions for the cockpit, hatches, etc.



This worked out very well, as I found some of my preliminary dimensions for the cockpit and cabin did not fit as well as I'd hoped. I had intended to plank the starboard side to make it a full hull model. But I find referencing the lines and stations on that side to be advantageous. So I've ended up with what I call a quasi-half model, the original lines plan in three dimensions to starboard, the finished half model to port, and loads of dimensions penciled onto the deck and cabin. Unconventional, for sure, but for me it works.



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The South Carolina Man Who Builds and Sails Magnificent Schooners

By Mark Steele

As publishing editor of a worldwide model yachting magazine, I correspond with a great many people who build and sail model sailing boats. Many, in time, become friends even though the writer is in New Zealand and they are in other parts of the world.

Andrew Charters, who lives in Meggett, South Carolina, is one of them and, although we have never met, through letters and more recently via e-mail on the internet, he has gone from just being a subscriber to my magazine to a great and much respected friend. Andrew, who is a foreman for a general contractor and restores old houses in downtown Charleston, has a tremendous passion for model sailboats, in particular schooners 6' long and under radio control, of which he has recently completed his fifth.

Following such builds of models of schooners including *Puritan*, *Columbia*, and a *Bluenose*, Andrew's latest is a model of the Wiam Fife design *Cicely* built at Fairlie in Scotland of 263 tons in 1902.

Cicely was designed as a fast cruising yacht and was built for her owner, Mr. Cecil Qentin, who could not resist racing her. Excelling in strong winds, particularly when close hauled, she went on to win countless races against such yachts as *Meteor III*, *Nordwest*, and *Clara*. She was 114' long and carried 10,000 square feet of sail.

Over a period of seven months Andrew poured 375 hours of time into building *Cicely*, which he started on December 6, 2003, and was able to launch on June 6, 2004. The hull of the model is of ~~an~~ epoxy with fiberglass matt, her deck is old heart pine, and the mast and spars for the model are of pine that came out of a house built in 1768. The wood was figured to be well over 100 years back then and showed five growth rings to 1/8".

The sails are of 3-oz. polyester Dacron, and the deckhouse and skylights Andrew made out of mahogany. The length of the model is 109.5" with a beam of 16" and a draft of 9.5". She carries 43 lbs. ballast and has a total weight of 60 lbs., which includes her servos and winches.

An impressive model of a graceful looking schooner, it sails beautifully and drew much attention and plaudits at a Maritime Festival held in Charleston this year, particularly when sailed with *Columbia*.



A model of absolute beauty during trials.



Cicely (left) and *Columbia* show their paces at the Charleston event.

Cicely under construction in Andrew's workshop.



Fifteen years ago I was heavily into canoe racing. I had just retired from the sport when I met Bob. Bob is my doctor. He keeps dragging me out of retirement to be his partner.

I understand a little about hull speed and how a displacement boat can get trapped in it's own waves. I say I understand a little about this. Should any marine architects out there be reading this I would be glad to be corrected by anyone who really understands what is happening.

Last year Bob talked me into doing a race called The Great Rivers Marathon. This year the Doc bailed, out on me and I decided to do the same race solo. The trouble is I don't have a really fast solo canoe. Since I quit racing, my canoe fleet has changed. I now have two kayaks and five solo canoes, none are racing boats.

I began doing some time trials with my fleet. The fastest one I own is the Tern 2. This boat is 14-1/2' long. I began asking myself if I really wanted to race in a 14-1/2' solo canoe. Somehow this seems sort of dumb. I did some math one evening and calculated that I should add 35 to 40 minutes to last year's time in the tandem boat just to cover the difference in boat length.

Years ago, when I was a young 50, I did some triathlons. I built a boat that I called The Third Tri. I raced it for a while. When I retired from racing that time I sold it to a young lady who later married one of my friends. We cross trails from time to time as I was working for her husband. She reminded me that she still had the boat and it needed a freshening up. We made a deal, I would use her boat to train and run the race and she would get it back with a fresh finish.

I own two of the 14-1/2' Terns. The Tri is 16-1/2' long. This should be a no brainer. The Tri has to be faster. I went to the lake again with these two boats and a stop watch to do some testing. I had a plan. I would test boat one, then boat two, then retest boat one, and retest boat two again. My test went from my launching area across the lake around a buoy on the far side and back to the launching area. To be fair to both boats I repeated the tests with both boats. I did all my testing at an anaerobic pace trying to push equally hard on all the tests at a speed faster than I would run a long race at.

The first day of testing I had a wind from the northeast about 10mph off the bow quarter going out and off the stern quarter returning. I had forgotten how cantankerous a racing boat can be in a cross wind. The first test

What Makes Them Go Fast?

By Mississippi Bob

ended with both boats doing the course in nine minutes eight seconds. I rested for a couple minutes and rehydrated between each test. The second test ended up Tri eight minutes 49 seconds and the Tern eight minutes and 52 seconds.

I had obviously warmed up between the tests and the second set of times were faster. The difference that I expected was not there, all that testing and the racing canoe was only three seconds faster in about a half mile test.

A couple of days later I did a longer test at a different lake. This test ended with Tri 22 minutes 22 seconds and Tern 22 minutes 30 seconds. I was beginning to show some difference in the times but still not nearly what I would expect. My conclusion to the first tests were that the Tri was in fact faster, but I might need a better motor to get the speed out of it. I got the chance to test this idea a few days later when the Doc had a day off.

Bob and I met at the lake and we did some further testing. The wind was very light that day so it was a non factor. I let Bob paddle the racer first and get used to the boat. He is younger and stronger than me so I had my new engine. We went halfway around the lake as a warm up then raced back to the beach area all out. He beat me by 1-1/2 boat lengths. We swapped boats and did the same test. This time with me in the faster canoe it was a dead heat. Bob was a faster motor but only a little faster. The Tri was a faster boat but only a little faster.

I started thinking back to the time when I designed the Tri. I put just a little inversion in both ends of this boat thinking that it could part the water more easily and bring it together again behind the boat cleanly. One day, way back in that same era, I had the opportunity to take the lines off a Jensen pro racer that belonged to a friend. Racing canoes are all diamond shaped, right, that is what all the writers tell us. Well folks, the writers are wrong. The Jensen boat that I measured had fair curves up to the 6" waterline. There was none of the diamond shape that the experts talk about. There was also no inversion like I built into the Tri.

Two of the old classic boats that go way back are the Mad River TW Special and the Old Town Canadian. These boats look fast.

They have this fine entry with lots of inversion. You just look at them and you know that they are fast. Well folks, they are not. I have proven that racing against them. I feel that the reason that these boats are not fast is because the long inverted bow and stem sections don't figure into the hull speed formula because the bow wave begins not at the bow but at the point where the boat begins to widen fast. Both of these boats fail badly when it comes to speed.

A few years back there was a publication called *Canoe Sport Journal*. The magazine didn't last long on the market. I have a full set of all six issues. Harry Roberts, was the editor, and John Winters, a Canadian naval architect, was one of the writers. I read John's stuff from start to finish, then read it a second time. He had some interesting ideas presented and my more recent boats have some of his thought in them.

One thing that really got me thinking is his statement, "Why design a boat that can go six miles/hour when the owner will only paddle at three or four?" His idea, I think a good one, is design a boat that paddles easier. John also convinced me that rocker doesn't hurt the speed. This goes against everything I learned from the Jensen school. All of the racing canoes out there have a straight keel line, no rocker whatsoever. Jensen's boats, and most other racing canoes, part the water and push it sideways out of the way of the boat. John's boats with some rocker tend to push the water down under the boat. Is one better than the other? I really don't know.

I did another test at Nokomis, this time in a strong wind, 15 to 20 from the southeast. I decided to test into the wind and back so I picked a course from the landing to the south end of the lake and back. I did the same course once in each boat. The Tri took 23 minutes 48 seconds and the Tern 23 minutes 0 seconds. Now I am really confused. I have two weeks left to decide which boat I will use.

The Tri has a siding seat and a fixed foot brace. I was beginning to learn that if I move my one-seventy back in the boat it would seem less cantankerous. With a wrench and screwdriver I moved the foot brace to the furthest aft position. This seemed to help some in a cross wind. I was relearning to paddle a cantankerous racing canoe. I would slide forward a little when going upwind and back when running. On the cross wind course I would try to move aft to lower the stern and lift the bow. This gave the wind an equal grip on both ends of the boat.

Still undecided I thought about race day. I love my coffee and was having some bad vibes about standing around at the finish line waiting for the awards without my morning second cup. I also thought maybe I might want some warmer clothes to put on after the race. My truck would be 13 miles upriver and I would not see it again until after the ceremonies. What if I brought these things along? Five extra pounds in the boat, some think that is the kiss of death.

One final test back at Nokomis, this time with two liters of water ballast in the sterns of both boats. I ran the length of the lake first into the wind then back timing boat runs separately. I did this in both boats. Then after resting I went back to the first test that I had made across the lake and back with a strong cross wind. The Tri was beginning to prove itself. My decision was made.



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Bird Dog Net Boat

By Robb White

This wild coast where I grew up appears to be doomed. They used to call it "the forgotten coast," but now St. Joe Paper Company (belonging to DuPont) has remembered that they own most of the land around here and there isn't any money in pulpwood anymore. But they do know where some money can be made, so they have enlisted the aid of all the county commissioners and planning and zoning boards and have started what is probably the most instantaneously aggressive property development scheme ever in this country.

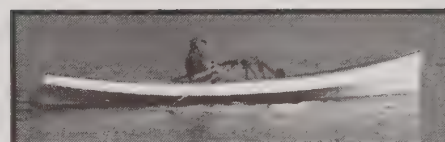
They have joined forces with Arthur Vining Davis (ARVIDA), was the main mover and shaker of the ruin of south Florida, and the big team has hired the ex-head man of the Disney Corporation to run the show and it is already happening. The once wild woods and undeveloped shore from St. Joe Bay to St. Marks is doomed. I think ARVIDA holds the world record for quick golf course building. I don't think it took them but one week to completely finish one of them in the woods between Panacea and Carrabelle. They have a website, www.stjoeland.com, if you want to see the extent of it.

I thought I would get that out of my system before telling you all about another extinct artifact, the bird dog net boat. This is the Lovel family bird dog. They operate a little restaurant down at Spring Creek which is a very pretty little place where a big spring boils up in the middle of a little creek in a hammock (a little high place in the marsh with live oaks, red cedars and palm trees... a lovely spot). The Lovels used that little skiff to catch mullet for the restaurant, fresh every day. It was retired as an "Historical Display" when the net ban amendment went into effect in

1993. That sign sticking up explains how pitiful it was that big money could eliminate a way of life like that.

The engine tilts down into a box that has a tapered tunnel behind it. A truck mud flap hinged lid keeps the water from spouting up behind and lets the engine tilt up. The tilt of the engine is adjusted so that when it runs only the gearbox and propeller are in the water, and the boat will run in water no deeper than the diameter of the prop (which decreases rapidly). Behind the fish box in the stern is a flat platform with a gill net on it. In this case, since the Lovels only wanted one day's worth of mullet, the net is short, but some bird dogs carried a thousand feet and were devastating to inshore species of all kinds. The reason the boat is called a bird dog is because, with the engine way up front like that, it tended to crab sideways like a dog when it was running slow. They run straight when they are planing. They aren't very efficient, though. That 40 mounted on the stern of a regular flat bottomed skiff would run rings around that thing.

In the background of the photo are the living quarters connected to the restaurant. The restaurant door is just to the right in the picture. I suggest you make arrangements to go in there sometime, and you better do it soon before the Lovels get taxed off that hammock and a condo full of perfectly ignorant people takes over the ancient woods of Spring Creek. The way you get to it is to turn south off of US 98 at the Spring Creek Road between St. Marks and Medart. They'll sell you a book they wrote called *Spring Creek Chronicle*, written by Leo Lovel, illustrated by Clay Lovel, and edited by Ben Lovel. It's about what they know about this part of the world and they know a lot. It is very well written and intuitively illustrated. I don't think you can get it anywhere but the restaurant. That's Spring Creek Restaurant, 33 Ben Willis Road, Crawfordville, FL 32327, (850) 926-3751.



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Slicer was designed for choppy water, to keep going without being slowed down much or slamming hard in, say, a 2' chop. Ed Haile of Champlain, Virginia, the owner from whom we got the most useful reports, says she is "quite elegant" in a 2' chop but "a bit out of her element in 3' and 4' seas," slamming and wet. He reports good steering manners, "holds her course in all seas starting at 3kts on up," with a 30' turning circle if she's loaded aft, it increases as the weight is moved forward. Top speed with a 15hp 4-stroke is 15 knots. At 12 knots she gets 15 nautical miles per gallon of gasoline (15 nautical miles equals 17-1/4 statute miles or 27.8 kilometers).

She was intended to be efficient with a wide range of motors, the man who originally commissioned the design wanted a boat with considerable carrying capacity that could run reasonably well with a motor that he could remove and carry away on his shoulder on account of a major theft hazard where he meant to keep her. We reckoned that she would do 7 or 8 knots with a 6hp 2-stroke and not be slowed down in a small chop. That may be conservative as Ed Haile's boat can make 11.5 knots with four adults with 9.9hp.

The designed construction was 1/2" sheet plywood, though not laid out for instant prefabricated construction, she had to be lofted and set up boatbuilder style. The first one built that way did not report any problems, though we'd suggest that it might be worthwhile to plank the forward end double 1/4" to make forcing the sheets up on to the stem easier to do and less of a stress on the sheets.

Ed contracted with a small boat shop to build her for him. The builder went to a naval architect to do a CAD rendering of the shape so the panels could be prefabricated. This was supposed to save lofting and construction time, but it seems that the N.A.'s CAD program wasn't able to handle the designed shape of the hull, which is not quite a true developable surface. Whatever happened, when they set her up, nothing fit. The boat showed unfair places and the sheet lengths did not come out right.

The builder tried to fudge it, resulting in a lawsuit and the transfer of the work to another shop, Craig Watson of North Beach, Maryland. Watson built her, with our approval, of 3/8" Coosa Bluewater foam coring with skins of 10-oz. glass cloth and mat. She came out fair and clean from Watson's hands and may be lighter than the plywood hull, though we don't have a reliable figure on that.

This boat is one more illustration of the distinction between long and narrow. The reputation of boats that are narrow for their length for rolling easily and deep is due to the fact that many of them are narrow for their breadth, height, and weight. The man who commissioned this design intended her to replace a 14-1/2' Jon boat, which he described as a stiff boat. Slicer is the same beam as the Jon boat, and she might be described as the Jon boat with a 14-1/2' cutwater added on to its bow to let her slice through a small chop. The added length was quite pointy so it did not add to her capacity in proportion to the added length, but I take it that nobody will argue that if the after 14-1/2' is a stiff boat and a good carrier, that adding 14-1/2' to its length is likely to make it tender! Still, I can hear many, "yes, but" coming...

Plans of Slicer, our Design #492, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube. Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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I know the letter from Jay Berube in the August 15 issue will bring some good explanations of the Bahama moor, but since I am such a fan of that way of anchoring a boat, I figured I would put my two cents in and add a couple of pennies to up the ante.

The Bahama moor is just two anchors set off the bow of the boat in opposite directions. It works real well down in the Bahamas to hold the boat where you want it so when the wind or the tide shifts it won't swing around and get onto a coral head or some solid limestone bar or something. The boat just stays right where you put it all the time, which is a good thing. Another reason for the Bahama moor in the Bahamas is that the bottom is so treacherous that with two anchors (a grapnel is the favorite of those people down there) you have twice as good a chance to actually hold onto something. When we are in the Bahamas we always swim both anchors until we can find a good place to hook them. You don't get to drag anchor down there but just a few times before your boat is tore up for you.

Since we have been using that anchoring method, I have made some observations. One is not to get the lines so tight that the boat can't cross one of them when the situation changes. Back when we were using the motor whaleboat or our old Morgan 30 for regular transportation back and forth to the island, we used to have to anchor way out there damned near in international waters. At first we had a regular, proper mooring (best described in the Hamilton Marine catalog) with two sizes of chain and a heavy nylon snubber and swivel and all.

There were several things wrong with that in our situation. One was that it was expensive and, with a boat tacking back and forth all the time out there, wore out pretty quick. Another was that we didn't ever know exactly what the situation was down on the bottom...if the big chain was worn out or the shackle or the eye of the mooring. In the summer it was just a quick little swim down to see, but in the winter when the bayside northerners put the most stress on the situation, such an inspection was an unappetizing prospect at best.

The Bahama moor was much better and a pair of 12H Danforths in the hard sand of our anchorage have proven to hold just fine. Of course, we soon learned to leave enough slack so the boat wouldn't hang up on the rudder and lie sideways to the chop and we wouldn't have to go out there in the skiff in the middle of the night in a 30 knot norther blowing all the way from Alberta, Canada. Slack lines will allow the boat to tack back and forth a little bit, but nothing like a single line will.

We also learned that a boat anchored out for weeks at a time will twist up the two lines and chafe them real bad. Now we make up the two lines to a swivel hanging off the bow of the boat. That way the boat can swing around for months and not tangle anything up. The only problem is that the way to set a Bahama moor from a big sailboat in deep water is to let out on one anchor as you drift back to where you want to set the other. You have to have more line on the first anchor than you'll need when you finally pull up and set both anchors against each other and that extra line will have to come on board and will twist up in the swivel and all.

The Bahama Moor Revisited

By Robb White

What we do is use a separate length of line to let the boat drift back far enough and we untie the sheet bend that held the extra line onto the real anchor line after we have pulled up. The extra line is exactly the right length to leave the set up with just the right amount of slack. We just let the boat drift back until it fetches up and then let go the second anchor and pull back to the end of the first line. My wife and I got so good at it that we always did it under sail without using the engine at all, both anchoring and pulling up to go.

To get going we would bend on the extra line to whichever anchor was most downwind and pull up to the upwind anchor and pull it and then sail the other anchor out. When done right it is sort of cute to watch (if someone knows what he or she is watching, and that's a dwindling audience).

Of course, we were out there in international waters and had all the room in the world to do our doings, but there are several possibilities of how it can go wrong on you. One thing is that the boat might not want to get close enough to the second anchor for it to want to come loose (a 12H Danforth two weeks in the ground wants to stay there) and that'll put the quietus on the cruise pretty quick.

Under circumstances of that sort the line handler is apt to let go and act like that was what he intended to do in the first place to retain a little dignity...and come back when nobody is looking and try to find the line. I always have a crab trap float on the bitter end just in case. Another thing is that with all that rapid anchor line handling and furious sheet work it is hard to pay attention to where the skiff is and one might run completely over it.

The practice of seamanship is good for the ego but the best thing was how well we slept when it started breezing up knowing that those two 12Hs were down there digging to China. We also learned something else. At first we were using these little clips to hook to the swivel, but they wore the galvanizing off the swivel and were apt to get tangled up and unclip themselves when the wind died and the swivel hung straight down while the boat swung around and around with the tide changes. We then got us one of those swivels with a shackle on one end so we could pin to eyes spliced in the ends of the lines, but then we kept dropping the pin overboard. We have finally evolved down to tying the lines onto the swivel with bowline knots. Ain't nothing wrong with that. They won't wear the metal and won't chafe or tangle.

On a skiff anchored in the shallows like we do now, we tie the lines directly to the bronze bow eye. The skiff doesn't stay anchored for days and days at the time so one or two twists won't do too much damage. On our old skiff, the little stainless clips we used to use wore the eye out and I had to go to a lot of heroic effort to take it off the boat and braze it back up. You ought to see my wife

whip them two bowlines onto the eye of the Rescue Minor in high surf in the pitch dark during a norther.

Another thing we learned is that big anchor lines are messy. I used to make a fetish of such. I thought it took at least 5/8" to hold a 26' motor whaleboat. Now I believe 3/8" is more than enough. Nylon line is mighty strong and there is never any real force on an anchor line anyway...certainly not enough to break it. The trouble with big line (besides the unhandiness and expense) is that it snatches too hard. Little line stretches and doesn't try to unwiggle the fittings and break the anchor out and all.

Anything that will cut a little line will cut a big line, too. One boat on a mooring down in the harbor got loose from a 1" polydac (polypropylene and Dacron combination (much favored for towlines because it'll float) mooring line when a motor boat drifted down on it and cut the line with the propeller. I know this opinion won't set well with some people, but I don't believe in leading any line through a fairlead to make it up to a bit or cleat on deck. A line tied off to some overboard connection like a swivel or a bow eye will not chafe at all. A fairlead will even chafe a chain.

One time we were anchored with the Bahama moor down in the intracoastal off a little island in Lake Worth waiting for the weather to suit me for a trip across to Grand Bahama in our old sailboat. I woke up in the middle of the night because the waves were slapping up under the overhang of the transom and gurgling in the exhaust pipe and I couldn't figure out how that was happening, so I got up and took the boat hook to untangle the line from the rudder but the line wasn't tangled with the rudder at all. After much poking and hauling and cussing, I finally figured out that the wind and current were opposite each other and the current was winning. It was a strange feeling thing.

Danforth used to make two grades of anchors. The most common was the "Standard" which is just stamped out of hot rolled steel and sold at consumer boat goodie stores. The other was called "High Tensile" and is forged from better steel. You have to get them from Hamilton or Jamestown. The designation for them is the weight and an "H" after the numeral. The way to tell a high tensile Danforth at a yard sale is that the shank is obviously forged like the handle of a genuine Crescent wrench and the blades are, too. The stiffening flange is forged on both sides of the inboard edge instead of just being bent over in 90 degrees on only one side.

A 5H is a hell of a little thing. I have had one ever since about 1953 and it was used so much without a twin on the other side that the tacking of the skiff wore out the eye and I had to weld it back and take the anchor to the galvanizing place in Jacksonville. I did such a neat job welding and filing that the eye was smooth enough to tie the line directly to instead of fooling with a chain and shackle. An anchor knot is better than a shackle or an eye splice, to my notion, because it cinches up tight and won't wiggle. If I wanted a chain, I would make it up to a short section of line going to the anchor. Of course I now use little Chinese Bruce (Simpson Lawrence "claw") anchors on skiffs because they stow so neatly and don't clank like Danforths do but I'll stay with my two trusty 12Hs with the sailboat.

Choice of Boat

I have maintained for several years a dinghy of the Oyster Class for sailing in and around Morecambe Bay. The Oyster is 16'9" overall, totally undecked, heavily clincher built, gunter rigged on solid wood spars, and ballasted by a heavy iron centreplate. The design is by John Leather and was sponsored by the Yachts and Yachting magazine some years ago.

The modifications and methods outlined here have all been used in the true practical sense, and I shall try to show how the impecunious enthusiast can sail and maintain a cruising dinghy at a very low cost and with good efficiency.

My Oyster, *Morag*, has outsailed many Bermudan rigged cruisers both beating and running, and on the one and only occasion when I was cajoled into taking part in a cruiser race, I came in second in spite of making a pot of coffee halfway through the course. Following the example of Hilaire Belloc, I do not approve of racing, believing that sailing is for pleasure, not for punishment.

Choosing a boat for someone else is rather like choosing someone's wife or buying him a pair of shoes, but having started sailing in a hard-chine, carvel built oddity and progressing through a succession of plywood dinghies, I had formed a fair idea of my ideal boat. All sailing men seem to yearn for a bigger boat, but the Oyster, at under 17', can be sailed single-handed and is also capable of carrying four or five adults with ease.

On one notable occasion I sailed up the River Lune in a vigorous Force Four wind with 12 adults aboard. This was evidently too many as I went aground and was unable to persuade the party to get out and push me off, so I was stuck for a full tide. It never happened again. This size, moreover, is easily handled ashore for maintenance and, given use of a handy beam overhead (or sheerlegs) for tackle and a few old tyres to ease rolling over, may be kept up to a very acceptable standard without help.

The bookshops are full of works that cater to the rank amateur, teaching him how to sail and what to do so as not to make a fool of himself. These notes are more for the man who can sail and seeks the reward of doing his own modification and maintenance and is not frightened of innovation. Innovation not for its own sake, but in the constant search for efficiency at low cost.

So much for my choice of boat. Now on to the rigging and the methods used.

Standing Rigging

The modern pundits, almost without exception, preach the use of either 7x7 galvanised wire rope or 7x7 stainless steel. The disadvantage of both of these materials is that splicing is a job for the professional or demands the use of a Talurit machine. Furthermore, the galvanised 7x7 uses such a fine gauge wire as a base that the zinc coating is so thin that it does not last in service.

The suggestion is that 7x1 iron wire is used. The reader will have noticed that there are large numbers of telegraph poles scattered about the country, and many of these poles are supported by iron stay wires of 7x1 construction. As the individual strands are so much thicker than the fine wires of 7x7, it must follow that each strand can take a thicker coat of zinc.

Budget Sailing For the Impecunious

Part 1

By Alvan Eames

Occasionally I have confided these views to chandlers and riggers and they have all poured scorn on them, declaring that such wire could not possibly last and would certainly not be strong enough. But chandlers and riggers do not all sail boats, and I respectfully submit that Conor O'Brien is a much more valid authority to people who have heard of him. He sailed round the world using such wire for his standing rigging and published a few books explaining the advantages. Unfortunately his books are not much read these days, with the modern passion for lightness, speed, and the everlasting seeking after publicity.

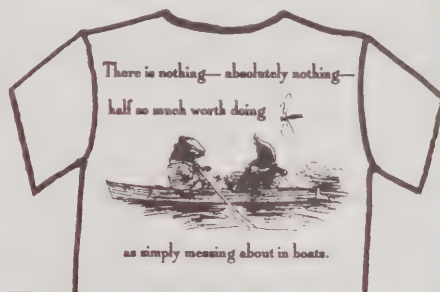
There is a certain flexibility in iron wire used for standing rigging, as it is not possible to remove all the kinks therefrom, but a little give, in shrouds, is permissible rather than having them bar tight which can give rise to undue strain in a choppy sea. It is not possible to buy such iron wire from your friendly neighbourhood yacht chandler, and even if it were the price would be quadrupled. Rather, go to your local television and radio retailer. The wire, of nominal 3/16" diameter, is sold to TV aerial riggers for the purpose of holding aerials onto chimney stacks. A 200' coil can be bought for a very modest price and like as not you will get a handful of thimbles thrown in.

The galvanised 7x1 wire is child's play to splice. The method is to turn up 10" to 12" round the thimble, push a spike (or a screwdriver) through the lay on the standing part, separating the seven strands into four and three. Then unlay the tail into its separate strands and push three of them through the hole made by the spike. Next, squeeze up the hole with pliers as tight as possible round the three inserted strands. Then put a 1/2" right angle bend in the ends of the three inserted strands and spread the seven ends evenly round the standing part, each end laid in line and away from the thimble. Then, taking one of the inserted strands, wind it tightly round the rest until 1/4" remains. Bend the 1/4" stub to lie in line with the rest and take the next

available inserted strand lying near the 1/4" stub and continue to wind as before. After the inserted strands have been dealt with, do the others in turn. The last strand is wound up as tight as possible without.

Standing rigging, as described, has lasted without attention on my Oyster for five years. Incidentally I use lanyards, not turnbuckles, for tensioning the rigging. For the lanyards I use 1/8" diameter pre-stretched terylene and about five or six parts per side. The same iron wire is in use for the span on the gunter yard. The use of a span makes adjustment of the peak halliard unnecessary whilst reefing. There is a special span shackle available, but I used an ordinary shackle until I was able to get the right part. I put a Turk's head, of small line, as a stopper on the span to prevent the shackle moving too far forward when setting or lowering the sail.

I also use the same iron wire for part of the throat halliard arrangement. In view of the need to have a tight mainsail luff, I use a 2:1 purchase. The end of the halliard is made fast to the masthead, then down to a block on the end of a wire with the other end of the wire shackled to the yard jaws. The halliard then goes up to a block at the masthead and down to its belaying pin. The wire thus used saves a few feet of expensive pre-stretched terylene in the throat halliard.



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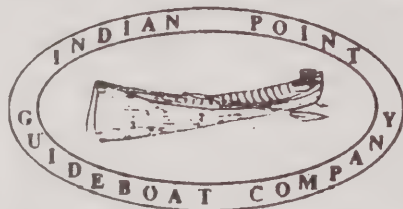
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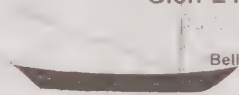
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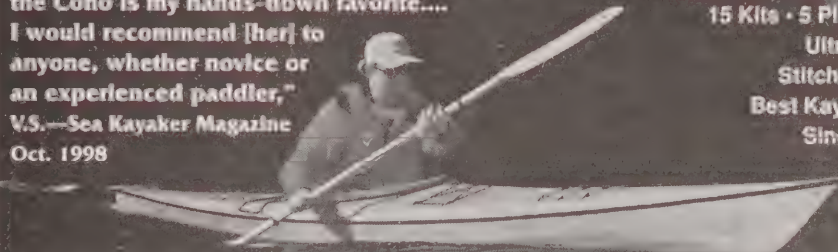
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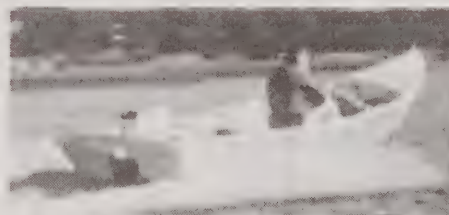
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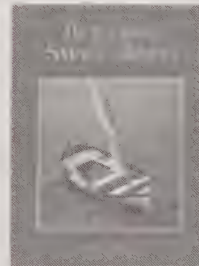
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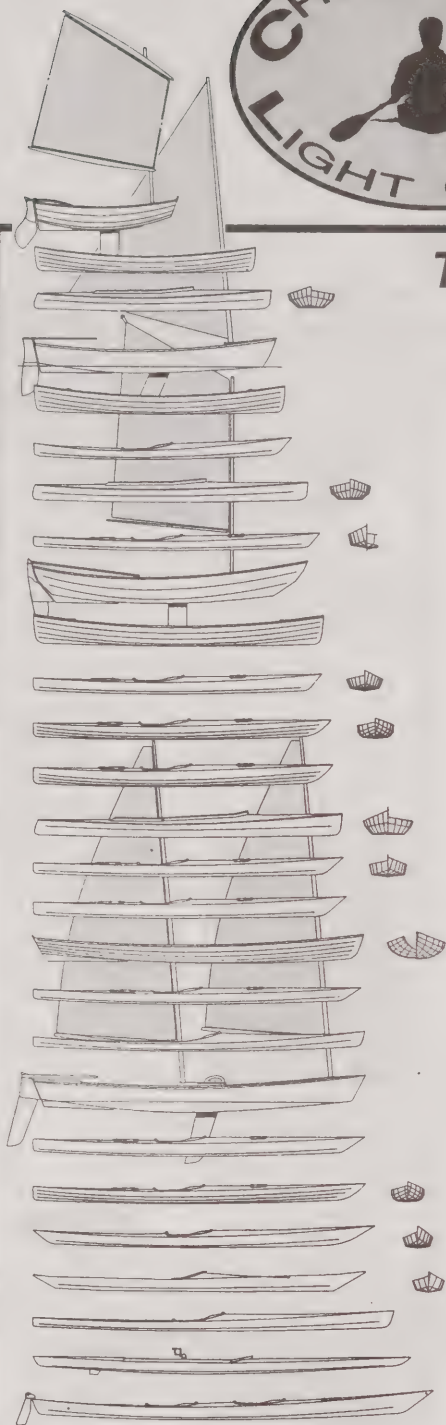
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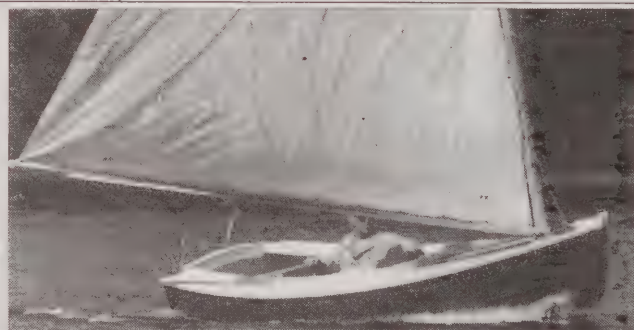
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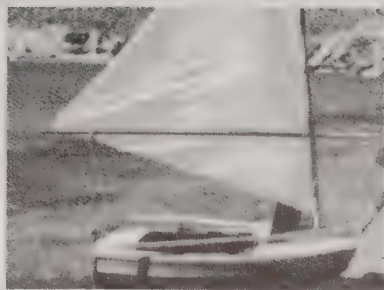
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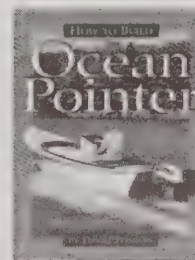
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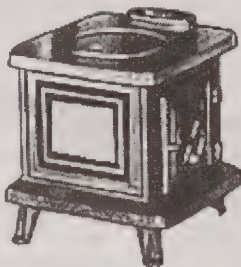
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PAUL SKALKA, Ewing, NJ, (609) 771-1775, <PaulSkalka@monet.prs.k12.nj.us> (13)

15' Old Town Canoe, XTC, 3 layer, rugged, 36" wide, exc cond w/2 paddles, green ext, tan int. \$350.
ROB WIGSTEN, Charlestown, RI, (401) 364-8580 (13)

21' Sea Pearl Cat Ketch, exc cond, located central FL. Late '80s leeboard model w/water ballast. Lots of extras, super trlr. \$6,750.
A. TILLEY, Vero Beach, FL, (772) 234-1218, <Atilley1@bellsouth.net> (13)

10' Dyer Dink Sailing Dinghy, exc cond, stored in shed. Varnished spars, sail, cb, patched rudder. Two 6'5" Caviness FeatherBrand oars. On brand new Magic Tilt trlr. \$2,600. **Cape Dory 14 Daysailer**, Exc cond, canvas cover, stored in shed. Aluminum spars, sail, cb, rudder. Two 7.5' Caviness FeatherBrand oars. On new Triton Lite trlr. \$2,900. **Folbot Greenland II Double Folding Kayak**, exc cond. Aluminum frame, blue Cordura deck, gray Hypalon hull. Rudder system, 2 paddles. Used in fresh water only. \$1,400.
SUSAN SCHMIDT, Beaufort, NC, (252) 728-4240, <susu@starfishnet.com> (13)

16' Sturdee Skiff, new mahogany (the real thing) seats, rails, breasthook, and quarter knees. 25hp Merc electr start ob runs great. Trailax alum trlr. \$3,600.
JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-6962 (13)

'04 Kevlar 15' Adirondack Guideboat, dark blue w/cherry gunwales & seats. Sliding seat component, cherry oars & cover. Used 3 times. \$3,000.
BOB BRISTOW, VT, (802) 985-9926, <Bob.bristow@bd.hgi.com> (13P)



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18' Herreshoff America Catboat, (late '70s?) *Phalarope* has 2 sails; 1 is the original w/flag design, 1 is several seasons old & in gd shape, made by North. There is a lot which goes with her, incl a gd trlr, a nice dinghy w/Shaw & Tenny oars, a vy gd dealer maintained 4 yr old Yamaha 6hp ob & 2 3gal gas tanks. New this season: a Ritchie Helmsman compass, professionally adjusted (no deviation), 2 custom made closed cell berth cushions, & new running rigging. \$7,500.
JON POTTER, Rockport, ME, (207) 236-2852 (14)

'97 Sea Pearl 21 Trimaran, lightly sailed, carbon fiber tabernacle masts, fully battened main and mizzen, black hulls w/white decks & white sails, Tonneau cover, bimini tops, 2hp Honda, camper canvas & tent, galv tilt trlr w/ama support & 530x12C tires, Bruce type anchor, etc, cost over \$20K new, \$10K.

JIM PLOURDE, 114 N. Marshall St., Allentown, PA 18104, (610) 437-3470 (14)

25' Bristol Corsair Sailboat, '67, white fg hull, 8' beam, 3'5" draft, displ 5,900lbs. Aluminum spars, ss rigging, m/j sails. Gd solid project boat nds work. Asking \$2,500 obo.

MIKE MULLANEY, Johnston, RI, (401) 942-3722 (13)

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BOB PATTERSON, Billerica, MA, (978) 663-2724 3-7pm, Mon-Sat, <b9bpattson@aol.com> (14)

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RICK RAMSAY, Ft. Wayne, IN, (260) 478-2306 (14)

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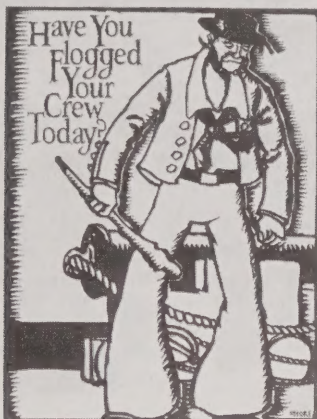
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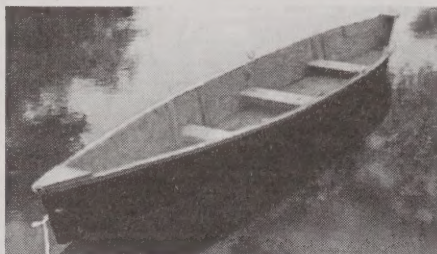
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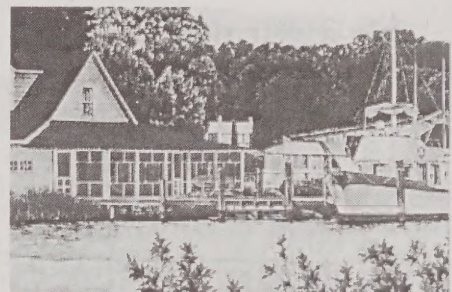
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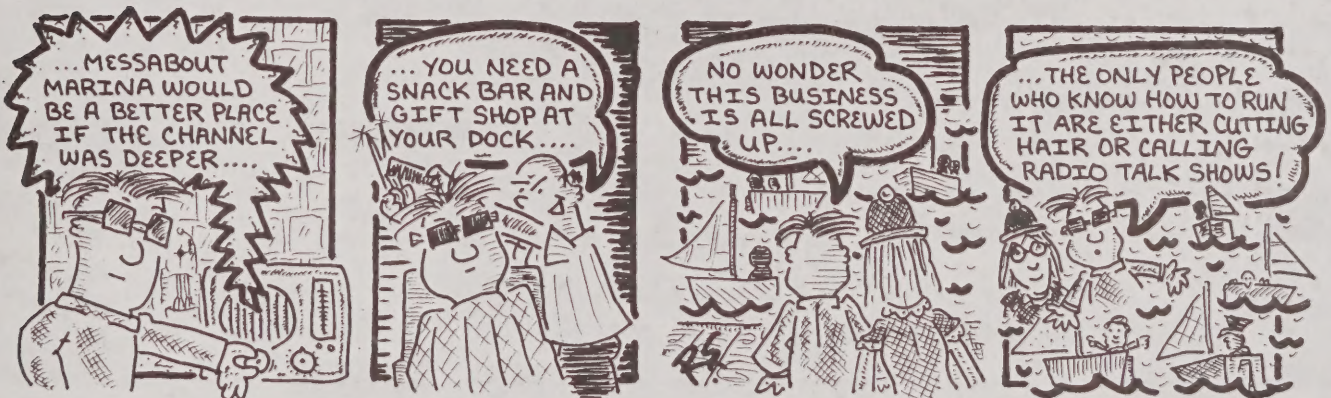
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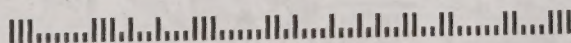
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