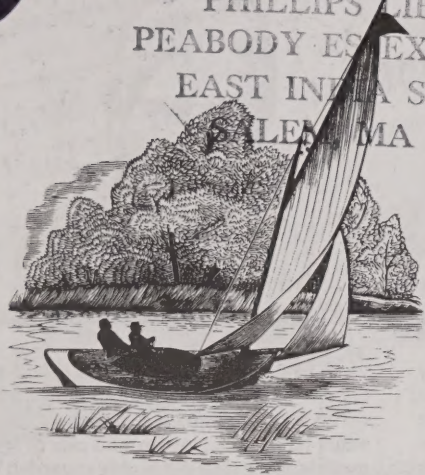


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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 15

December 15, 2004



Special Features This Issue
"England's Beale Park Boatshow"
"The Palacios Raid" - "Take-Apart Fishing Pram"

messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



One of the publications which comes my way is *Wooden Canoe*, the journal of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association. While I am not an active member, I did produce that 20-page bimonthly magazine for the club for several years, 1990-1994, and remain on their comp list. A supplementary benefit of this is that I also receive the newsletter of the local Norumbega Chapter.

So when Chapter Chairman Steve Lapey sent around a short announcement to chapter members that he would be hosting a visit from wooden canoe guru, Rollin Thurlow of Northwoods Canoes, to assess an ancient Gerrish canoe that Steve had acquired, I thought, gee, Rollin is making house calls all the way from Atkinson, Maine (way up there on the edge of the North Woods). I figured maybe I'd drop over to Steve's in Groveland, about a dozen miles from here to see what this was all about.

Well, it was all about a few enthusiasts gathering around an apparently rare artifact of traditional canoeing and having a really great schmoozing session about their favorite topic, with the man who really knows about those canoes to chat with. About a half dozen of us crowded into Steve's new, but only just big enough (in which to work on one canoe at a time) shop for the occasion on a chilly November Saturday. Steve gives us all the details on page 19 in this issue.

While I am not a wooden canoe enthusiast, I did at one time restore a couple of Old Town lake rowboats, which were Rangeley Lake hulls built canoe style, canvas covered, so I had some experience with the genre. While the conversation revolved around just what Steve had been given, no fooling, from a nearby barn where it had reposed for ever so long, and what should be done with it, I was speculating about the man who had built it ever so long ago (about 125 years). He was apparently the first to build wood/canvas canoes, departing at the time from the conventional birch bark type inherited from local Indians.

He has been gone a long, long time, his business wiped out by fire in 1909, so it seems unlikely that he ever got to prosper a great deal from his innovative ideas: Whatever his

view of his enterprise and its product (soon copied by all the canoe builders), he never could have imagined a bunch of guys 125 years later gathering around one of his early models (probably not highly regarded by him at the time as he groped towards a perfected building technique) in awe of what they were viewing.

Steve enumerates in his report his conundrum about the potential fate of his windfall. Altruism seemed dominant, the question was how could it be properly displayed as an original and unrestored early Gerrish piece of work for those so interested to view as we were on this Saturday morning. Steve's initial cursory check around local maritime oriented museums found lukewarm to no interest, and one has to keep in mind that museums often accept donations only to turn around and peddle them for badly needed cash or store them away in their storage areas, inaccessible to public viewing.

Several present allowed as how they would be pleased to relieve Steve of this burdensome responsibility. In my usual somewhat frivolous way I suggested he build a special trailer, which would open up into a proper display case, in which to transport it to appropriate canoe gatherings to display it to the cognoscenti. Seemed like a lot of work. My further suggestion that it not only be displayed but also be launched and paddled about was greeted with horror. Despite what seemed to me to be a rather complete and solid looking hull, it was considered to be very frail by those in the know, apparently iron fastenings used to cut costs were sadly rusted away and the stresses of paddling the craft would open her right up.

Finally the subject of value came around to dollars and Rollin, who certainly knows the market after 25 years in the trade, including being the owner of several later Gerrish canoes in poorer condition, suggested that perhaps the Ross Brothers, well known traders in antique canoes, would probably ask about \$7,000 for the canoe as is. Ask, not offer. Still, Steve seems to have a very valuable old canoe on his hands.

Decisions, decisions... isn't this a great game we play?

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On the Cover...

Reader Bill Hatch had the opportunity while in England to look in on the Beale Park Boat Show and found it a delightful event, his report is featured in this issue.

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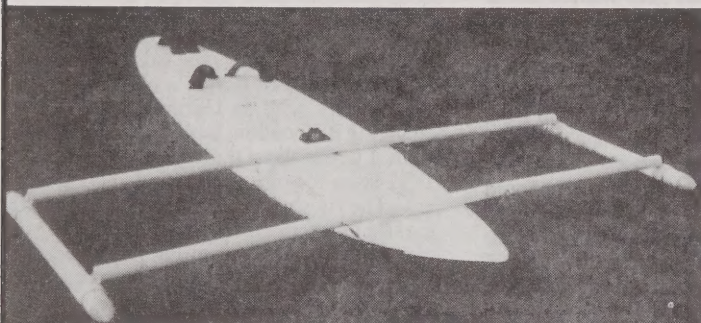
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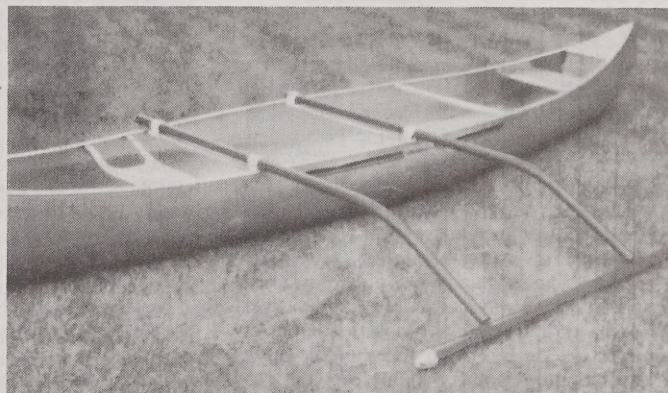
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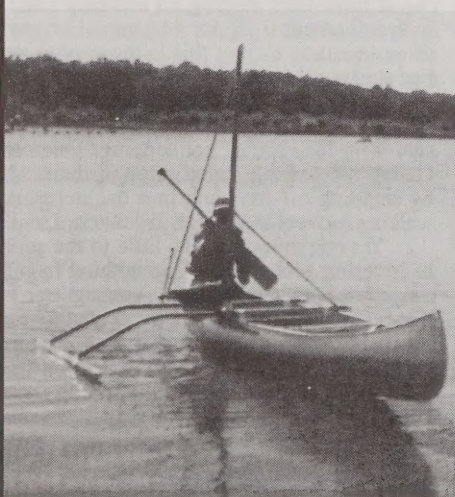
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You write to us about...

Designs...

Hoover Box Boat Plans

I thought when I first saw "Old Man" Hoover's Box Boat that it would be a natural for stitch-and-glue building methods, so I sent on that info to you for possible publication (October 1 issue). It is possible to purchase the plans for this boat from Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355, where they have a Box Boat on display.

Gene Loveless, Yonkers, NY

Jozebote Gets Around

A few years ago I designed and offered plans for my 16' flat-bottomed plywood kayak called Jozebote. She turned out to be fast, stable, seaworthy, and about the simplest thing anyone with two sawhorses could put together. At the moment, I count about 135 in 23 states and three Canadian provinces. Now Fyne Boat Kits of Cumbria, U.K., has added my design to their line of both plan sets and kits. They've added metrics to my original step-by-step instruction sets and are in production with plywood kits.

Fyne is an outstanding company and I'm deeply honored to be with them. They cover the U.K. and Europe, hold the license to manufacture and distribute Chesapeake Light Craft kits, and represent such major designers as John Welsford.

Jozebote's simplicity appealed to Fyne's Stanistreet Brothers. A lot of would-be amateur builders are intimidated by some tough skill requirements, even where kits are supplied. Jozebote is super simple. And she can be built anywhere. Many people in the U.K. and E.U. lack the workspace most of us in North America take for granted when we're ready to go to work. Fyne even provides shop space and counsel at the plant for those who request them.

Jozebote's now on Fyne's web site, www.fyneboatkits.com, and they can be reached by email at info@fyneboatkits.com.

Joe Reisner, 9600 Seventeen Mile Rd., Marshall, MI 49068, (269) 781-6974

Comments on *Fairehope*

I was struck by Turner Matthew's idea of needing to visualize the finished product so that the myriad construction details became only a part of the process of bringing *Fairehope* into reality (October 1 issue). As a professional engineer, I worked 40 years in the environmental protection business. I was always struggling with other professional's inability to visualize the "finished product." In the 1970s the United States government told every industry in the country to clean up their waste discharges. What did that mean? In some industries, such as the New England paper industry, it meant massive construction projects and large investments in systems that had nothing to do with making paper. But they did it. The major rivers in New England are so much cleaner than in the '60s and '70s that we can contemplate Atlantic Salmon returning to their native streams. This meant that

someone was able to picture the facilities that would need to be constructed and the outcome they could produce.

What does this have to do with messing about in boats? In the past, I have written articles about small boats and books about early designs. I have recently returned to a favorite, *Early One Designs* by Diane Easterly, published in 1979. The book is a collection of beautiful one designs that were "visualized" by some of the most famous designers going back as far as the 1900s. One of my articles was about a scaled down version of one of the designs from the book by William Crosby. Reproducing one of these early designs in 3D can let you see for real how beautiful a boat a good designer can create.

Fairehope wouldn't fit into the collection from Diane Easterly's book because it was primarily a collection of club racers. However, the next book that gets written about early cruising designs would have to have *Fairehope* in it. The lines and proportions are just right for the type and size of boat. As a would-be designer myself, I know how hard it is to not only visualize the design you want but to get it onto paper so someone can look at it and want to build it.

The above mentioned new book should also include a discussion of Turner Matthews' approach, because it is right on. It is hard to visualize the finished product. Visions of work, costs, family, commuting, and home repairs keep interfering. However, over the years, in *Messing About*, *Wooden Boat*, *Boatbuilder*, and others, we have seen home grown boat builders visualize and produce an incredible array of boats to mess about in. Because of that there is hope for us all, in this time of confusion and turmoil. Let's keep at it.

Tom Doane, Designer, Apple Creek Boatworks, Ipswich, MA

Impressed with Echo

I enjoyed your coverage of Doug Martin's Echo rowing shell in the August 1, 2003 issue. I rowed an Echo (with Doug) a few weeks ago and was impressed, not only with how expertly his design handles a variety of water conditions but also with the design innovations. A big step ahead for open water shells.

Daniel V. Edson, Newburyport, MA

Information of Interest...

Epoxy Cleanup with Vinegar

Dave Carnell's article on epoxy and fiberglass was one of the best I've ever read on the subject. I'm amazed at how much information he packed into it.

I'd add one thing. One of the best ways to clean up epoxy is with plain white vinegar. Vinegar kills the amine hardener right away and it's a pretty good solvent for the rest of the resin. But you have to get the vinegar on the resin before it cures, because once it kicks into B stage (gummy) it takes a lot more soaking and scrubbing.

When I'm working with epoxy I keep a quart polyethylene takeout container about half full right at hand. If I get resin on myself, (generally on the outside of my gloves) I dip into the vinegar and the resin comes off in a few seconds. Ditto if I dribble it on something that isn't supposed to get epoxied, except there I use a rag (paper towels shred up too much). And for cleaning brushes and other stuff like the ribbed aluminum rollers, I pour a quart or two into a bigger bucket. Smoodge the brushes around in the vinegar and let them soak a little while, then rinse them with a garden hose.

About the only drawback is the smell, which can get tiresome in a closed space.

Pete Heinlein, NY/NJ

Opinions...

Rowing as Exercise

With regard to rowing as exercise and the sliding seat vs. fixed seat debate (October 15 issue "You write..."), I would add my views on the joy of using a sliding seat in a boat thought of as primarily a fixed seat design. I refer to my own adaptation of Steve Redmond's Whisp to take an Alden Oarmaster. Whisp is a 16' sharpie that rows wonderfully with an Oarmaster solo or, by changing its location, with a passenger in the stern. I wrote about this in the November 15, 1991 issue for those interested.

The rig shown with Bob Awtrey's letter looks a bit specialized for my needs and yet I can share his enthusiasm for sliding seat fitness. Perhaps a boat midway between a recreational shell and a fixed seat boat would be ideal.

John Wilson, Charlotte, MI

Re: Sliding Seat Rowing

I noticed the latest exchange of shots between the fixed seat and sliding seat rowing camps. It seems the fixed seat crowd does not care for the extreme hulls and emphasis on speed associated with sliding seat rowing. The sliding seat crowd is baffled as to why anyone should be satisfied with fixed seat speed and leaving the leg muscles out of the fun. There is a middle ground and it is superior to either extreme. Put a sliding seat rigger in a stable hull.

I have been rowing an ordinary canoe with a Piantadosi rig for 15 years. For anything less than racing, this is the way to go. Far cheaper than a scull, it is nearly as fast. It's probably twice as fast as the typical fixed seat boat. The canoe beats the typical fixed seat boat for ease of car topping. One can launch the rowing canoe through the reeds by stepping off the bank into the stern and walking forward to the seat. Try that in a scull.

Yet one gives up very little to the scull in covering a lot of water and nothing in getting a full body workout. One can sightsee in the canoe without fear of throwing off the boat's balance. In the canoe, one can let go the oar handles and feel perfectly secure. The oars contribute too much to the stability of a scull to be casually let loose.

The canoe is maneuverable, too, while still tracking adequately. If you don't need the sliding seat speed, just back off on the effort. The canoe can handle a chop and a passenger or two.

For the record, I also row a fixed seat boat (14' Oughtred Whilly Boat) and a recreational rowing shell (22' Maas Aero). Whilly is pretty but plodding. It's fun to get in the rhythm and drive the Aero hard now and then. But my first choice for a turn on the water is the canoe.

Doug Thomas, Lakeland, FL

Unwinnable Debate

With all due respect to Bob Awtrey and all his sliding seat buddies (October 15 issue), I just have to jump in here. I suppose that overall, the "fastest" rowing boats will be those long, skinny, sliding seat ones that may or may not tip over when you breathe and that may or may not swamp in the first wake they pass. I also suppose Bob's and his friends' legs get more exercise than mine. On the other hand, the most relaxing and the most seaworthy boats I've rowed have been of the fixed seat variety, and most of the home built ones have also been sans rails and wheels.

I've been sailing for over 35 years, paddling kayaks for a mere six, and only got into rowing in the past two. After messing about in quite a variety of rowing boats at local TSCA messabouts and several years' worth of John Gardner Small Craft Workshops in Mystic, I decided that MY "joie de rowing" would be found on the fixed caned seat of an Adirondack Guideboat.

I tried out a significant number of boats over the past four or five years. Some were too slow, some too hard to row, some too heavy, some too tender, some too small. But one day I found just the right boat that would take me (with or without wife, dog, and/or picnic) into virtually any rowing environment I could imagine with grace, speed, safety, and style. I could carry it atop my car, launch from ramp, dock, or beach, and turn it around in its own length (or just row backwards) when needed. It would take me over a silky smooth lake, against a tidal current, or through the significant swells and waves of Puget Sound without complaint.

Personally, I think the fixed seat vs. sliding seat debate is just as unwinnable as the straight paddle vs. feathered paddle debate among kayakers and the fixed keel vs. lifting keel debate among sailors. I've tried them all and owned a wide variety. Each has its advantages and disadvantages, proponents and detractors, and favored environment. I won't laugh at anyone for buying a shell with spoon bladed oars, nor will I try to tell anyone the ONLY way to sail is with a cat ketch rig and leeboards. On the other hand, I'm not going to give up my 39" wide Kevlar hull, 4+ knot cruising speed, fixed cane seat, or pinned, flexible, straight-bladed cherry oars any time soon.

John Weiss, Seattle, WA

Left Wondering Why

Having recently returned to Florida from my second boat show of the summer, I, too, am left wondering why the first show, the WoodenBoat Show in Newport, Rhode Island, celebrating that magazine's 30th anniversary, went wrong, and the second, the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival XXII in St. Michaels, Maryland, went better.

I may be prejudiced by the fact, mentioned in your October 1 report, that in Newport we couldn't put our museum flagship, *Lizzie G*, in the water for lack of insurance.

At St. Michaels I sailed my own sharpie, *Ella*, extensively and raced with crewman, Bob Doordan, of Media, Pennsylvania. We suffered an ignominious finish in the middle of the fleet, but were grinning all the way.

I must confess, also, I have never helped stage a boat show or regatta. My hat's off to anyone who tackles that obviously daunting task. But let me begin as though I were back on the road, trailering a boat and approaching the show venue.

At Newport, nothing anywhere directed us to the show at Fort Adams Park until we had become committed in downtown Newport traffic to its array of one way paired streets. Having been there once, by boat, I instinctively stuck as closely as possible to the harbor, jogging left and right to ultimately reach the park, a real challenge towing a 23' wooden boat with a rudder jutting beyond the transom. The sketchy map we'd received in the mail was of little use.

Driving north three months later I picked up directional signs to the Small Craft Festival in St. Michaels at the Maryland Eastern Shore/Virginia border. By the time I got to Cambridge, Maryland, there could be no missing the turn at Easton, and signs on St. Michaels' streets led to the museum venue.

At the exhibitor registration tent in Newport pleasant young ladies checked us in, gave us our credentials, and waved us toward our site. It was easy to find, but nothing showed us how to position *Lizzie*, nor were there any event or WoodenBoat staff available to help. Accordingly, we set *Lizzie* up on her trailer as best we could and left to check into our accommodations. The next morning, show day, we found a neighboring exhibitor had swung her 90 degrees, in part to make his exhibit space more amenable, which still worked fine for us. No complaint there.

When I launched *Ella* at the St. Michaels town ramp, to which an excellent show supplied map directed me, conditions were much different. Also, St. Michaels is much smaller and I knew it well, having commissioned a boat there for two weeks in 2003. Yet, when I approached the floating dock under sail, not one, but two, event volunteers plus a dockmaster were there to assist. I was even offered a ride back to the ramp to retrieve my truck and trailer!

The comparative difference in care and coddling of exhibitors at the two events was dramatic. At Newport, no event or WoodenBoat staff ever asked if our site was working out. At St. Michaels, staff plied us with coffee, doughnuts, and bagels every morning. And at the dock, every time I returned from a sail someone from staff was there to assist.

Comparative audiences: I'm not surprised at the 1500 count for Friday in Newport. I had estimated no more than twice that and guessed maybe 200 visited *Lizzie*. At St. Michaels it was sometimes elbow to elbow on the dock and throngs of folks packed the grounds of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum which served as the regatta venue for three days.

Timing: I understand the show at Newport overlapped a Tall Ships event in New London, Connecticut, just an hour or so down the pike. That unfortunate coincidence probably was unavoidable and undoubtedly winnowed out many potential WoodenBoat show attendees.

And finally, venue. Newport Harbor is a crowded, busy place with a lot of traffic. The park is distant from the town and the small boat basin you mentioned was entered through a very confined channel cut through the breakwater. Frankly, I was happy *Lizzie* didn't get wet and would not have attempted that constricted space under sail at any rate. St. Michaels, by comparison, is a much smaller, more sheltered harbor, though still quite busy. Furthermore, docking under sail at St. Michaels hardly could be easier. As an aside, docking *Lizzie G* in Rockland, Maine, two years ago at the 2002 Wooden Boat Show, also was relatively simple.

I suppose the summary critique I supplied as an exhibitor at Newport sums it up best. I recommended that the WoodenBoat crew seek another venue and specifically recommended the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum at St. Michaels, or a return to Rockland, Maine, or Mystic, Connecticut, and suggested Beaufort, North Carolina, and Charleston, South Carolina, both ports I've sailed in, as options. Our crew had a good time in Newport, but as a show venue we agreed it failed to measure up.

I love *WoodenBoat* magazine and would like someday to attend the WoodenBoat school in Brooklin, Maine, and wish its staff all the best. I'll keep attending Wooden Boat Shows as I can, but probably not again at Newport.

Allan Horton, Nokomis, FL

In Memoriam...

Richard Besse

I wish to make you aware that my friend and "messenger" extraordinaire, Richard Besse, passed away on September 17. He will be missed by many in central new York boating circles. He contributed many pithy comments to *MAIB*. Richard was 83, he died at his home in Skaneateles, New York, of cancer. He was a graduate of Yale University and Commodore of the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club. He served as a Lt. Commander and navigator of destroyers in the Navy during World War II and the Korean War.

Beginning in 1954, Dick spearheaded the revival of small boat racing at the Skaneateles Country Club. In 1976, with Janet, he founded both The Sail Boat Shop and the Skaneateles Sailing Club.

Dick qualified as an alternative Finn Class skipper for the 1952 Olympics, won the Rhodes Bantam National Class Championships three times, qualified for the Laser World Championships in 1974 and crewed in many ocean races. He designed and built several wooden boats, including a Rhodes Bantam that is on display at the Skaneateles Historical Society. He was also president of the Central New York Racing Union and a charter member of Mystic Seaport. As a retiree Dick served on the board of the Skaneateles Sailing Club, and spent many hours working on club projects.

A celebration of his life was held on October 9th at the Skaneateles Sailing Club following a naval burial service.

Joe Spalding, Skaneateles, NY

For the majority of us messabout boaters, wintertime means our boats sit forlornly under a tarp covered with snow. We try to pass the time by reading books or planning that big dream cruise. We are stuck firmly at home and, for most of us, home is damn cold just now.

Some clear thinkers have licked this winter problem by keeping two homes, one up north with its delightful summers and one down south where they cheat Mr. Winter by being closer to the equatorial sun.

Of course, many species of birds figured this summer-winter home bit out eons ago. Take, for instance, the tundra swan, a huge white bird with a 7' wingspan. This bird summers all along the northern coasts of Alaska and Canada where it breeds and raises its young. It's a short Arctic summer ending in September when the tundra turns red and gold. As ice begins to form in the open waters, the tundra swan begins its amazing migration. It's first stop is the boreal forest wetlands inland from the coast. It consumes large quantities of aquatic vegetation. It is a time for the young to gain in strength for the long flights ahead, and thus the birds stay a good month or more in these wetlands. The next stop is the large inland wetlands in central and southern Saskatchewan for three weeks or so. Here, two populations of tundra swans split up, the first moving toward the western U.S. wintering areas, and the second toward the East Coast. The eastern population will visit all along the Great Lakes Region and move through the Chesapeake Bay area, with most winding up in the huge wetland areas of North Carolina. Total migration mileage runs between 3000 and 4000 miles.

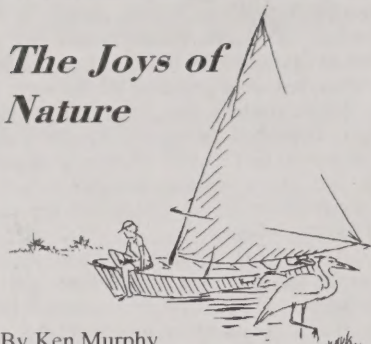
Swans are among the most aerodynamic birds with very low drag/lift ratios. They have got to be efficient to get their 20-lb. bodies airborne and keep up a sustained flight for many hours. Timing also helps, the birds wait until a major cold front passes through before riding the favorable northwest winds. They can also fly at a three-mile elevation to take advantage of any high level winds.

We in the Chesapeake area wait patiently for the first arrivals in mid-November. A few will stay, but most will move on down to North Carolina in January or so. Along the Chesapeake the name for this bird used to be the "whistling swan," which refers not to its voice, but to the sound of the airflow through its flight feathers as it makes its slow, powerful wing strokes, but the tundra swan is the preferred common name.

The tundra swan's bill makes it easy to distinguish it from the mute swan. The bill of the tundra swan is black, while the mute's is orange. The tundra swan is magnificent to observe. In Bay country the lucky observer will see long strings of swans flying in. They come in high and use all kinds of maneuvers to lose altitude quickly, noisily talking to one another. Their landings remind me of a 747, neck out, wings extended, flight feathers curling upward at the tips, and their black feet extending downward like landing gear. Some strong back strokes at the end, a splash, and they're down.

The details of the tundra swan's migration has, until recently, been pieced together from on-the-ground population observations and tagged bird data. With the development of miniature satellite transmitters weighting a mere 30 grams and the ARGOS satellite

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Tundra Swan



system, individual birds can be tracked for several years. One of the three ARGOS satellites passing overhead detects the transmitter's coded signal, and with triangulation calculations the bird's latitude and longitude is determined. The ARGOS ground station sends this information to the researcher's computer via e-mail shortly after the satellite pass. So over the next few years a far greater amount of information will be known thanks to Canadian and U.S. scientists who are tracking these birds. A U.S. tagged bird named TR (for Teddy Roosevelt, the founder of the National Wildlife Refuge system) has been tracked since December 2003. TR was a juvenile tundra swan rescued after falling into an oil pit. The track of TR over the last 12 months is shown below:

12/3/2003 to 1/5/2004: TR is released at the Eastern Neck National Wildlife Refuge on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The swan stays at Eastern Neck for several weeks, exploring the area in ever-increasing ranges. Then the satellite data indicates that TR heads east for Delaware's coastline where she remains for another week. (The bird was named TR before its sex was determined; though a lady bird the name, TR, remains.)

1/6/2004 to 3/13/04: Hourly readings document the swan's flight from below Salisbury Maryland, across the Chesapeake Bay, beyond Gloucester and then Norfolk, Virginia, and finally to eastern North Carolina! TR successfully migrated to the winter destination of nearly 90,000 tundra swans, and possibly the site of an amazing reunion with the bird's own family. TR continues to over-winter with the other tundra swans in North Carolina, ranging across the marshes near Mattamuskeet NWR and throughout the Pamlico Sound, with occasional visits to the Outer Banks

3/14/04: TR begins her spring migration. The morning satellite reading shows her still in North Carolina, then there is a sequence of

lost data, followed by one final coordinate that shows TR over Virginia.

3/18/04 to 3/30/04: The swan successfully migrated to southern Ontario, near Canada's Long Point Bird Observatory on Lake Erie, a major staging area of tundra swans during both fall and spring migrations. TR remains along Lake Erie regaining strength for the rest of her migration.

3/31/04: TR starts moving again with the satellite coordinates first showing the swan mid-Michigan, four hours later she was almost across Lake Michigan and approaching Wisconsin. During the four hours covered by the satellite relay, TR traveled approximately 380 miles at an average speed of 80mph.

4/4/04: Coordinates show TR crossing Minnesota during the early morning hours of April 4 and arriving east of Bismarck, North Dakota, by 9:00am. The bird seemed to travel along Route I-94.

4/8/04 to 5/28/05: The 4/8 satellite coordinates show that TR is in western Minnesota. Yes, that's east of Bismarck, not north. But what looks like back tracking is actually the movement of this young swan through another major staging area, the Red River Valley. She and her flock stay in North Dakota, but the transmitter signals shows a lot of movement to such places as the Prairie Pothole Region along the Minnesota-North Dakota border. Here rich wetlands are offering the migratory swans a diet of high-energy vegetation and high-protein invertebrates. On 4/29 members of the Fargo-Moorhead Audubon Society visit Cass County, North Dakota, to find a flock of 150 to 200 tundra swans, including TR. Photos are taken of a young swan wearing a transmitter. Late in May the satellite data confirms TR's location as being along one of Minnesota's many rivers, the Big Fork in Koochiching County.

5/29/04: TR finally leaves Minnesota and arrives in Canada, in the southeast corner of Manitoba, near Lake of the Woods.

6/8/04: After two lost cycles, the satellite received clear readings from the swan's transmitter today. During the ten days since the last transmission, TR has traveled over 500 miles, due north, and is now in northern Manitoba.

7/8/04: Today's transmission had only two sets of coordinates, but they consistently indicate TR's location as just south of Churchill, Manitoba, near one of Canada's largest national parks, Wapusk, which contains expanses of inland tundra that provide migratory swans with habitat for either staging or nesting. Later transmissions indicate that TR remains in this area throughout the summer.

9/21/04: Today TR began her fall migration, leaving Hudson Bay summer grounds in Wapusk National Park near Churchill, Manitoba and landing at South Indian Lake, Manitoba, a distance of approximately 200 miles. Over the next four days, TR travels approximately 450 miles to reach Lake St. Martin, near Lake Manitoba, by 9/25.

For the continuing story of this bird go to: <http://easternneck.fws.gov/>. I hope to get my wife to go with me to the Eastern Neck Wildlife Refuge in December. We might be able to get to witness TR's return.

Contributions to this column should be emailed to Ken Murphy at kgmurphy@comcast.net

The endless summer of 1954 came to a surprising end. We were scheduled to stay until the weekend after Labor Day. Little did we know that we'd have a lady house guest arrive on August 31. Her name was Carol and she was a Blowzy Floozie who went through southern New England like a dose of salts.

On the morning of August 31 I awoke to a strange and sudden calm. When you're seven and you want to be first at the beach to see what a falling tide has left, you dash about your own business. I think I might have sensed the adults were upset over something, they spent time at Uncle Jack's house listening to the radio. Duke wandered by and spoke to all the women whose husbands weren't in residence, advising them that a blow was coming and to put the shutters on the windows.

Mom made extra sandwiches and filled bottles with water. The aunts lugged ice from the store at the top of the hill, filling any cooler they could find. Duke stopped by to check that we had found the oil lamps and candles, and slipped the children some penny candy root beer barrels and licorice whips. Thinking it was just another fast-moving summer thunderstorm, I stayed out and watched the progression of the storm as it swept up the coast and circled around from out of the east.

Mom explained it was a hurricane and that they behaved differently than "normal" easterly moving fronts, that the cyclonic winds were centered around an eye. I believe she bargained with me to come in when the rain started by saying we'd take a look as the eye went past. The aunts were upset we didn't take shelter with them in the bigger house. When visiting the cove last October, Karen and I could see that the position on the top of the granite hill was less protected than our little shack (still standing) which had survived the blow of '38.

No one knew just how bad this Hurricane Carol was to be. It devastated Connecticut and Rhode Island, recording the strongest sustained winds on Block Island of 100mph with gusts to 135mph. The storm surge in southeastern Massachusetts was worse than in 1938 and it wiped out several small boat yards, strewing shattered hulls along the coast and leaving wooden skeletons behind that are still being found as the sand shifts with modern coastal storms. It caused damages in excess of \$2.4 billion of today's dollars.

Hunkered down without benefit of phone or radio, we spent the time napping, reading, and helping Mom make peanut butter cookies in the old gas stove. The storm hit seriously around noon to 1:00 in the afternoon, the sky going from that bruised yellow green tinge to Stygian blackness in the blink of an eye. The wind had been growing in force steadily, the glass dropped so quickly that my sinuses hurt adjusting to the barometric pressure. No one, not even our brave and nature-loving mother, was going to open the door to this uninvited guest. Karen and I slept in rickety bunk beds against the eastern wall of the shack, the dining table was set against the western wall with five feet of space between.

Soon the wind picked up its hellacious rhythm, plucking on the little shack like a musical instrument. The force would bow the shack to the east, bending it in such a manner as to open up the vertical wall planks so the



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

The (Hurricane) Eyes Have It

Part 2

In Which the Writer Meets Carol, Dolly, and Edna – Three Bad Girls

outside yard was visible where tar paper had been torn off. Within a half hour the wind would shift and bend the frame in the opposite direction, now we could peek out through the walls next to our beds and view the storm-lashed cove. It seems odd that with all that flexing the little house stayed upright and the occupants remained unafraid. I speak for myself, as I'm sure my mother had to pull from her deep well of faith to remain calm.

Unknown to us, Dad had left Boston before the 148-year-old, 200' tall steeple of the old North Church had pitched to the ground. He was driving on the partially completed Route 128 in a boxy Hillman Minx, a wonderful British made country wagon. As he came up to the humpbacked bridge over the Annisquam River, the wind and atmospheric forces were such that he had to open all the windows so as not to be blown off the span. We left the poor man out in the storm

for a few minutes because the thundering of his knocking sounded like further punishment by the wind. I don't know if his suit could ever be salvaged. Having Dad there made it alright and we settled down for the duration.

The aftermath of the storm was a shocker. Part of the seawall, a solid construction of huge granite blocks, was askew and in the protected cove was a messy tangle of boats and trees ripped from distant shores. A few cottages were destroyed or so badly damaged they had to be rebuilt. On the relatives' house, shutters were peeled away like sagging wall paper, yet our "shack" and Duke's next door came through with flying colors. Dad had the chance to retell the old story of the willow and the upright oak, teaching us that if we bent with the forces outside our control, we'd live for another day.

At the time this was lost on a seven-year-old, but it laid a premise for dealing with life long after the occasion of Hurricane Carol. It reinforced everything I witness as I go about the waterways, fresh or salt, take a rigid posture and be uprooted, be flexible and bide your time and you'll have a second or third chance to pursue what interests you.

After the first blow was spent Mom, good to her word, opened the door and trooped us down to the cove... well, a few feet over the lawn to stare in awe at the tidal surge that had brought the sea to almost our doorstep. A change in pressure alerted us to the last gasp of the most destructive storm since 1938. We stayed on through the next week's threatened Dolly, who fizzled and went out to sea, but as Edna was approaching Dad decided we'd had enough good fortune and packed us up to ride that storm out at home. Yes, the summer of 1954 was one to remember and the eyes (of the storms) definitely HAVE IT!

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

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

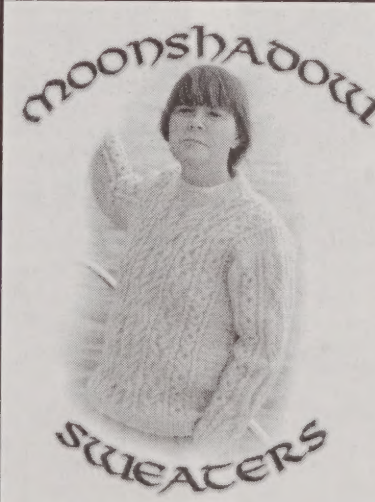
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Serendipity is wonderful. While visiting a Seattle newsstand, I saw a wooden boat magazine which I had never met before. Of course, I bought a copy of *Water Craft*, a British publication, much like *WoodenBoat*, and now I am a subscriber. We'd been planning a trip to England, so when I saw an advertisement in *Water Craft* for a boat show while we were to be there, I knew we'd have to make the journey to the third boat show at Beale Park.

From London we took a train north for about an hour to the village of Pangbourne on the banks of, as one person put it, Father Thames. From a riverside pub, The Swan, we took a diesel launch on a 20-minute ride up the Thames to Beale Park. For me the ride was a metaphor for the United Kingdom. In one short stretch of river there were elegant homes with wonderful gardens, a modern road, but also crumbling boathouses encrusted with years of foliage hiding what must have been true splendor. And running through it was the Thames tamed by its locks, dams, and waterways but still grandly flowing through the countryside to the marvels of London.

The show surrounded a small lake with a bevy of small boatbuilders and exhibitors showing everything from electric punts to elegant antique steam river craft. The informal atmosphere, friendly boaters, great food, and tasty British beers made this a great family outing. For me the best part of the Beale Park show was the "try a boat scheme." Most of the builders, and I do mean builders, not manufacturers, had craft ready to pop into the water so visitors could try them out. The lake was full of sails, oars, paddles, and puffs of steam with quick little remote control sailboats flitting between them.

Pulled up to a floating dock on pond's edge was a fleet of perhaps a dozen small sailboats, some open, some with cuddy cabins, and some with elaborate cabins, but all small. A bit up the grass in tents above them assembled members of the Dinghy Cruising Association, a jolly lot of vigorous, if no longer youthful, men ready to share their wisdom. To me a dinghy is a small, simple boat,

Try a boat scheme.



England's Beale Park Boat Show

By Bill Hatch

often used as a tender which can be rowed, sailed, or motor driven and suitable for a couple of people. Their boats, while by no means large, were not small or plain. So I inquired, "What makes a boat a dinghy?"

The men of the association didn't have a clue. Views were wide and various. "Perhaps," volunteered one gent, "it should be an open boat."

"No, no" responded another, "It can have an elaborate or simple 'cabinette.'"

"Yes, but the important thing is that it can be pulled out of the water by one man."

"Yea," if you're superman?"

The discussion was closed out with, "Come to one of our meetings and hear the endless discussion on the matter." And I'd love to go hear more from this crowd of yarn spinners.

There were a number of tinkerers, including Peter Williams and Nick Newland of Swallow Boats who are working to perfect their vision of a two-man pedal-powered river skiff, the Winsome (www.swallowboats.com/winsome). Peter claimed he really didn't have too much to do with the boat except to "badger Nick into making it." The design features two pedallers facing the center of the vessel, one with his back aft and the other with back forward. Peter says they are "trying for an Edwardian feel, graceful but useful." I feel that this boat will not be a novelty craft but a fun and useful vessel. After they get the bugs out of their boat show prototype, which was completed just as the show was to start, they will have a quiet boat for relaxing trips. Pedallers will not have to strain to make four or five miles per hour and it will be a silent running boat, perhaps useful for birders.

A boat that I would like to own was a 12' rowing dingy built by Adrian Morgan doing business as Viking Boats of Ullapool (www.viking-boats.com). It was clinker built

with beautiful detail work and mirror finish, and the affable Adrian immediately offered to let me take it out for a row. I couldn't believe that an inexperienced oarsman like me could make it zip across the pond. His blending of traditional building techniques and modern material makes Adrian's boat functional art.

My favorite boats in the show were the old and traditional boats. Three steamboats were on display at the park dating from the 1890s, including the *Consuta*, which in her day could cruise at 27 miles per hour. *Consuta* was restored and relaunched in 2002 by Henwood & Dean Boatbuilders. I asked a nameless gentleman who was working on *Consuta* how fast she could go today. He told me that they don't really know because they have pledged to not violate the Thames current speed limit of 5mph. But with a glint in the eye, he said, "We have reason to believe that she'll do at least 16mph today." The work to keep these beauties on the water must be unending. I, for one, felt privileged to see these beautiful boats.

Moving from the elegant to the plebian. On display were versions of two ancient salmon boats used for fishing on England's Severn River. The first was the salmon coble, a round bottomed rowing skiff with a tar bottom propelled by long slim oars, only a couple of inches wide, which were held in place with single pin oarlocks. Those oars weren't going to escape. The second Severn River vessel was a long narrow punt. Built for fishing efficiency, the inside of the boat is entirely open, probably so caught fish could flop about and nets not get snagged on obstructions. In the prow of the Severn punt is a well just big enough to shove a pole through. When the fisherman needed instant mooring all he had to do was shove the pole through the well into the mud and he'd be held fast. For more on these fascinating boats visit www.salmonboats.co.uk.

If you are planning a visit to the U.K., go the first part of June and take in the boat show at Beale Park. For more information, go to www.visitthames.co.uk/bealeparkboatshow.

Try a boat scheme.





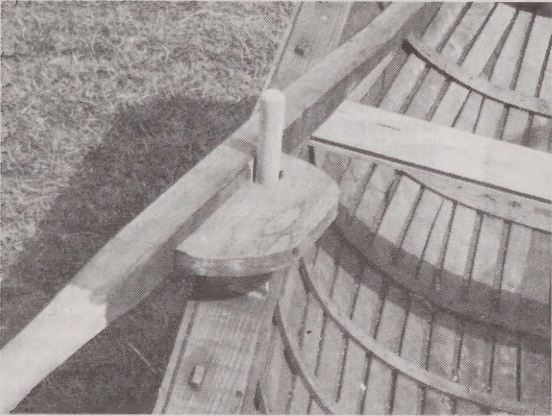
Severn River punt.



Severn River coble.



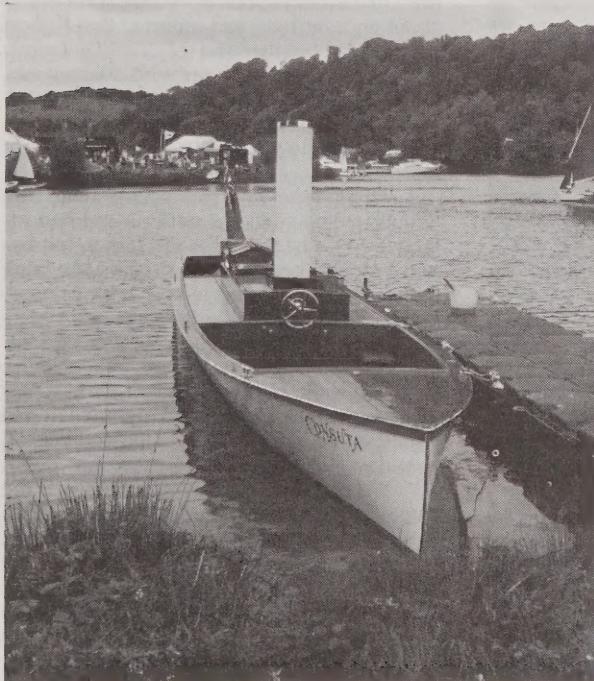
Severn River punt 2.



Oarlock on Severn River coble.



Severn River punt 3.



Steam launch *Consuta*.



Unidentified informant works on *Consuta*.

Being a professional boatbuilder (Tosh Custom Boatworks, TCBoats.com) has its merits and is a lot of fun but, like anything else, too much of it can "make Jack a dull boy." So I called my friend Robert E. Lee (really, that's his name) on Thursday, the 30th of September, and asked him if he would like to caravan to Palacios, Texas, for a weekend of fun and sun and sailing on the Gulf Coast. Naturally he said, "by all means, yes!" We had had the Annual Palacios Raid (an event put together jointly by Tosh Custom Boatworks and Duckworks Online Magazine) scheduled for the weekend of October 9th and 10th for several months and shove-off time finally arrived.

I made reservations to stay at the Luther Hotel since it was only a block away from the boat ramp we use on Palacios Bay. The Luther is a very old and quaint hotel on the Bay with a LOT of history and really is a delightful place to stay. Billy and Dollie Hamlin are wonderful hosts, the rooms are clean and reasonable and the hotel in general is not cluttered with the modern contraptions such as elevators or telephones. Each room does have

The Palacios Raid!

October 9-10, 2004

By Bill Tosh

satellite TV and air conditioning though, at least two of the things we say we just can't do without. I highly recommend the hotel, especially if you like things kinda laid back.

By nightfall, a few other guys had drifted in, Wayne Yeargain, Louis Cisnero, Chuck Leinweber (Duckworksmagazine.com), and Bob Williams. With those, one or two more, myself, and Robert E. Lee, we could see the making of a motley crew for a good sail on the Bay the next day, and brother was it ever a day!

Winds were supposed to hold to the north at 10-15 through Saturday and shift to the south by sometime Sunday. That would have been super for a return trip from Palacios Point (where we intended to camp), but it never happened. By mid-morning we had

gusts to around 20mph or so, but still not so as to be alarming or appearing dangerous. So at 10:00am sharp, after a formal christening of the Meadowbird as the new *Lizzie B*, we were off.

Some of who were a little early sailed up and down the Bay in front of the launching area until several more of the morning's arrivals joined us. Then out to the Point we went! We had gotten a little over halfway into our course when the winds really got pumped up, gusting to around 25mph or so, and we were by that time far enough out into the Bay that we were beginning to experience some attention-getting swells.

My boat, the *Lizzie B*, was brand new. I had just finished her and this was to be her maiden voyage. Actually, coupled with that, it was to be her proof of the pudding as being seaworthy (and I do mean seaworthy). She handled great under full sail, responding to the helm as she should until the swells got really UP in size (a little redesign on the rudder is in order). What with the wind to our backs and following the waves, the *Lizzie* did some really neat surfing down the face of the swells. Her hull speed should only be in the 5-5.55-h range but my GPS tracked her on three different occasions in excess of 8... yep, 8mph... I was beginning to get a little uneasy.

I was keeping an eye on Robert E. Lee and thought he was doing fine, so I began searching for a decent area to beach in and establish camp, but after landing at last year's site we found the surf and wind so tough that we had to abandon it and round the point to the south side, somewhat sheltered from the winds. Four or five boats made it there, but not Robert! Others thought they had seen him on ahead of us, but I just didn't think that was possible, and Chuck confirmed my fears when he said he thought he saw him inbound to the Point beach we had just abandoned.

I knew I couldn't be of any help with my boat since the motor I was using was very old and not very reliable or strong (and neither am I, strong that is). Chuck volunteered to go back and look for him and would radio us when contact was made (prince of a guy that Chuck Leinweber, good man!) He did so about an hour later and reported that Robert was OK, but beached and they could not move him. So another volunteer with a larger motor went to the rescue, and rescue they did. Robert made it on to the camp area running his jib only. He was really tired when he got there.

There were also two young men (Boy Scouts) who sailed out with us and had intended to go back in that afternoon, but being on board boats they just could not buck the wind and resolved to stay with us overnight. We phoned in with Noel's cell phone to their dad to let him know they were alright. Randy and others came up with enough extra food and some clothes, bedding, and skeeter spray to get them through the night. Their dad would come after them in a powerboat the next day.

We had a reasonably good night at the campsite except that the continuing winds shifted to the NW, which started the swells coming around the point and really banging us around. I got up at around 3:00am and walked up to the campfire, which was now only smoldering. There sat, by himself, Robert E. Lee, wrapped in a quilt and shivering.



Christening the *Lizzie B*.

Skippers' meeting.



He said it was too cold to start the fire so I got it started again and, as Robert was thawing out, he peered up at me from his quilt hut and asked, "what is it that makes otherwise intelligent and mature men do insane stuff like this?" I cracked up, and had no answer.

Early morning, around 7:30 or so, the other guys began to stir. Everyone seemed a little spooked and quiet from the day before and were certainly nervous about the coming day and trip back in. We could see the Point from the campsite and beyond there were still the swells, which were now beginning to whitecap, breaking over, not good. Without anyone saying anything, everybody just began to rig up and batten stuff down for a rough ride in. We began shoving off, one by one, and heading up to the Point.

I had reefed my main down a couple of feet and decided not to run the jib. Maybe that would give me a little more control. It did and I was really glad I took Yeargain's advice from the night before. He said if you have thoughts about reefing you should probably follow those thoughts, because they were probably going to be right in the first place. I had almost continual spray to the extent that my glasses were totally useless and, in fact, a problem as I could not see with them. Shortly I had green water coming over the top of the cabin and that happened several more times. To be honest, I was much more than just uneasy about things, I was downright worried. It was really getting dicy!

But the Good Lord was with us and the winds stayed to the NW, making most of the trip back a close reach. We only had to cut back to the Bay a couple of times in order to miss the shallows just off Oliver Point (half-way home). We made it back to the ramp OK, but no Robert E. Lee, missing again. I waited for a while longer and, thank goodness, Chuck Leinweber was the hero of the day again. He had seen Robert round the point and then suddenly lose his mast! We later decided that the keeper pin on the forestay had lost its safety clip and worked its way out.

Robert took a lick on the head from the mast and had a large goose egg to show for it with a little blood. Chuck could not pull him with his motor (again) and had to abandon his boat on the point beach once more. So Robert and I went into town to try to find someone to go out and retrieve his Sparrow 12, and after talking to several folks we found a guy willing to take us back out. Now, here's the wonderful part. As we drove back into the parking lot with the rescue boat following us, Robert spied his boat tied to the dock. It seems that the Boy Scouts and their dad had recognized it and pulled it on in for him. Man, what a relief. Many thanks to those two young men and their dad. The favor from the night before had been repaid!

We really had an overall exciting trip and thank goodness a relatively safe one, no one drowned. We have decided, though, that next year we will have a contingency plan and secondary campsite somewhere on the leeward side of the Bay so that we don't get trapped in a potentially dangerous situation. We'll be going again in September of next year and look for it to be an even larger event and fun for all. Come on down and join us. To be a member of the motley crew, all you have to do is hook up to your boat (if you have one) and show up!

Love it, go sailing, you'll love it!



The fleet gathered at the overnight camp spot.



Chuck Leinweber, hero of the weekend.

Palacios Point campground.



Robert E. Lee working on his tiller.



"On the Road" to Cape Forchu, Yarmouth

Thick fog greeted me the next morning. It was so thick I could not even see the harbor docks on shore. But my trusty Ritchie compass, my charts, and watch took me around the point and up the coast towards Chebogue Point which, I must admit, never looked good on the chart since it had lots of point rips drawn in. And the tide was still ebbing until noon and the wind had kicked in at its usual south/southwest 20 knots.

The waves grew fast and became steeper while the visibility remained poor as I island hopped towards the point. Then suddenly I saw myself reverse course. It was getting too chancy. I got slapped by the waves and could not see where I was going, no shore to hold onto anywhere. It felt as if I was headed out into the open ocean. However, ten minutes later I was back on my original course with a plan B/C, run a bit deeper into the bay behind the point and sneak up on Chebogue



Cape Forchu. lighthouse, Yarmouth Harbor.

Scotia Prince ghosting out of Yarmouth Harbor. (notice my new radar reflector).



Scotia On My Mind Halifax Yarmouth Digby July/August 2004 Part 3

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Point from behind, or hole up there until the weather improves and the tide turns.

But when I got there and poked my bow around the point to size up the situation, I suddenly felt confident again that I could dance around it, which I did, in very confused sea conditions but with the southwest wind now helping me along.

I did not see Cape Forchu, the entrance to Yarmouth Harbor, until I was upon it. The mouth of the harbor looked and felt like open ocean. Halfway across I finally saw the tall white lighthouse on the high bluff on the eastern tip of the forked cape. I only hoped the CAT ferry from Bar Harbor would not show up now. Would it see me with my new radar reflector? I certainly hoped so.

I had just pulled out on a small pebble beach below the light when the big ferry to Portland steamed out. Soon thereafter I heard the roar of very powerful engines and the CAT breezed into port, pushing effortlessly through the water compared to the blunt bowed wave bruiser, the *Scotia Prince*. I had my hands full with the wakes of both boats, but more so with the fast pressure waves of the CAT than with the much slower regular bow and stern waves of the Portland ferry.

It was almost lunch time and I had planned to wait here anyway for the tide to turn around noon time. Cape Forchu is a formidable headland and I felt I had to set up my rounding very carefully (Forchu is pronounced something like "horseshoe" and, of course, means "forked cape" since it has two thin pointy connected headlands like a pickle fork).

I had lots of time for my minimal lunch and to reflect on my trip. Before I started this trip I had set myself a couple of "goals of achievement." Having had neck and shoulder problems all winter and spring, I was not

really sure whether I could pull off another trip like last year, or any trip for that matter. Shoulder or no shoulder, I decided, I would definitely paddle the first 100 miles to make the long car shuttle worthwhile, even if I had to finish a whole bottle of Tylenol. I could not call Nancy for help sooner than that, nah! My second goal of achievement was making it to Cape Sable Island; i.e., finish the entire south shore of Nova Scotia (Cape Sable Island is the official entrance point into the Bay of Fundy).

Stage three would take me to Yarmouth, because it would be the easiest pick-up and car shuttle back to Orono, Maine (via the CAT). The fourth stage was the stage of full success at Barton/Digby, also because of an easy car shuttle back home with the Digby/St. John ferry. Paddling around the rest of the Bay of Fundy was out of the question. I wasn't even interested. I had seen this tidal mud hole in Cumberland Bay in August of 2001 and decided I wanted none of it.

Cape St. Mary's, Last of the Big Capes

Twelve noon came, it was about dead low tide, and I was off again for ten more relatively easy but boring miles straight north to a seawall in Sandford Harbor. I had set myself up so that I would wait out the turn of the tide at the next big cape, Cape St. Mary's, come tomorrow. The tide was supposed to rip over the extensive ledge outcroppings, according to my Sailing Directions. My chart shows rip waves all around this cape plus the unmistakable words "Cape Rip." I can read, folks, and I would much rather avoid trouble than try to "conquer" it as mountain climbers like to say about their ventures. I avoid fights, especially with nature, and use my brain rather than my brawn to be successful. I am also a firm believer that success is no accident, but rather is carefully planned.

So next morning I left at my usual 7:20am (up at 6:00am) to take advantage of the calmer wind and sea conditions. Since I had to paddle against the ebbing tide, I could not change that. After 12 miles I got to Cape St. Mary's Harbor and pulled out on a wooden dinghy ramp for a long lunch break and even some reading, while listening to the very melodious two tone foghorn. Its pitch sounds like the first two notes of the theme song of the old lions in Africa movie *Born Free*, or the notes "a e" on my piano. Do any of you readers remember it? Then suddenly it was time to leave again, the tide was about to turn.

One of the "baddest" capes around was just purring, no claws, fangs, roaring or spitting; i.e., no nasty rips over the rock outcroppings, because at this stage of the tide the rock outcroppings were all exposed, like an extension of the coastline. I liked that and only had to handle the wind waves and old swells crashing against the "new formerly submerged shore." And that was relatively easy and fun. I grinned from ear to ear as I rounded the steep, intimidating looking, ragged slate headland. I even took a self portrait of my grinning, bearded self with the cape behind me. I felt so good about my decision.

To my surprise, this steep, rough looking slate headland continued for almost seven uninterrupted miles, almost all the way into Metaghan Harbor (the French Acadian pronunciation puts the stress on the second syllable of that name, with the "a" as in "bad").

This shoreline rivaled that of the Ovens near Lunenburg, it was most impressive, but at the same time foreboding and far away looking, simply awesome.

Metaghan is a big and busy fishing port with a couple of extra schooners and sailboats because the schooner *Bluenose*, the pride of Nova Scotia, had just arrived as part of the 400-year celebration of Acadians in the Maritimes. I had finally caught up to them again and next morning I left Metaghan along with the *Bluenose*, both headed for Digby where I saw her again, she going the outside, I the inside route.

Along Acadian Shores – St. Mary’s Bay

St. Mary’s Bay started shoaling in Metaghan and the shoreline was almost as flat and low as the farming areas along the North Sea shores in northern Germany and the Netherlands, with which I am very familiar. So it came as no surprise to see dairy farms down to the water’s edge and hear and see Holsteins in the extensive fields. It reminded me also of the Acadian farming areas at Grand Pre near Wolfville, Nova Scotia, and on shore that afternoon and evening I heard more French than at any other place I had visited on my entire canoe trip. No wonder, with town names like Saulnierville, Comeauville, Pointe Noir, Grande Anse, Anse des Le Blanc. I even had to dust off my by now quite rusty school French. But Acadians always impressed me as kind and fun loving people and they liked hearing about my trip “avec ce petit bateau la,” “that tiny little boat there.”

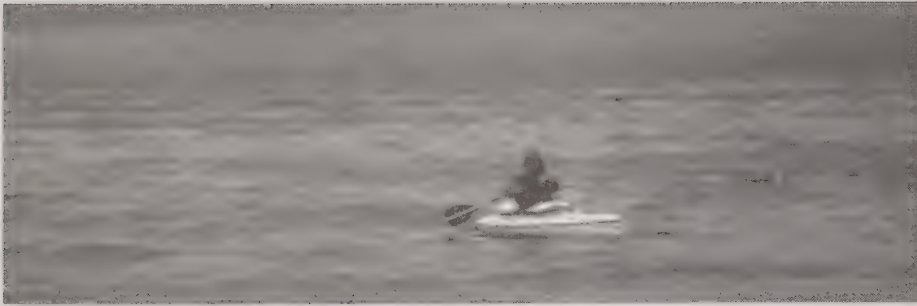
I was in a good mood. No more points to round, no more bad rips. All I had to do was flush into the bay with the tide and the



Bluenose II in Metaghan Harbor for Acadian Windjammer Parade.

Fundy tides in Metaghan.





"I am coming in!" Arrival at Barton/Digby.

Take out in Barton/Digby.



Info:

NOAA charts, Halifax to St. Mary's Bay: see Canadian chart catalogue for numbers

Sailing Directions, Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast) and Bay of Fundy: Fisheries and Oceans, Ottawa, Canada

Sea Kayaking in Nova Scotia: Scott Cunningham, Nimbus, 1996

Sailing Alone Around the World: Joshua Slocum, New York, 1900

Lone Voyager (Howard Blackburn): Joseph E. Garland, New York, 1963

Equipment:

Verlen Kruger 17'2" Sea Wind sea canoe (Kevlar) with rudder and spray skirt

Zaverall Whitewater/Expedition carbon fiber bent shaft marathon canoe racing paddle (11-oz.)

Ritchie deck mounted compass with course memory bevel

Lensatic passive radar reflector (from West Marine) mounted on stern deck

Iridium satellite phone and VHF marine radio telephone with NOAA weather stations

Standard camping gear and food for beach camping

Expenses:

Other than gear, food, and car shuttles, none

Distances:

Given in statute miles, unless specifically given in nautical miles (as on all charts)

prevailing winds, a cinch. Then I heard that another hurricane was on its way. Bonnie was coming up the coast fast, dumping lots of rain and whipping up some strong winds.

Getting out onto the gently shoaling beach at Metaghan yesterday afternoon was a long portage, and putting in my boat and gear this morning was almost equally rough. But I wanted to be off and was not willing to wait for the tide to pick me up. The sky was darkening, the wind was picking up, and in no time the bay was filled with whitecaps and streamers. Fortunately for me both forces were helping me up into the bay, but I had to keep a sharp lookout for breaking seas from behind, especially in these shoaling waters. Digby Neck and its two islands at its southwest tip, Brier and Long, came into view briefly before they disappeared in a low deck of black clouds. I felt St. Mary's Bay should be more sheltered from the open sea, but instead it was gusting to 30 knots and at 10:00am the tide changed and ran against the wind, which made for very interesting paddling.

I had thought of going up the Sissiboo River into Weymouth Harbor for my last stop of the trip, but it was blowing too hard out of the wide mouth of the river, so I decided to go on to Brooks Beach. The word "beach" also sounded more promising and proper for my last overnight spot of the trip than the silly name "Sissiboo." However, I found out that "Sissiboo" is the English corruption of the French name "Six Hibou," "Six Owl River" ("River of the Six Owls"). I'd like to think, though, that the original meaning was more bird specific and less mathematical. I'd like to think of this river being the "Home of the Six Hooter Owl," the Great Horned Owl that is, which mostly hoots five or six times and

was a new species for the new settlers from France (the "Eight Hooter" being the Barred Owl). But I cannot prove that.

Checking in with Nancy that night I heard of yet another hurricane, a third one, Charley, which was just hitting the west coast of Florida in the Punta Gorda area and was also predicted to come up to Maine and the Maritimes. I sensed it was time for me to get off the water.

End of Trip

The portage onto the seawall at Brooks Beach was long and hard, so was the night. There was no beach, by the way, just soccer ball sized rocks. Bonnie let loose that night. It rained profusely right through breakfast and my tent takedown. I was in Gore Tex but everything else that was not quickly stuffed into waterproof bags got wet. It was so bad it was almost funny, my last night of the trip and my last day on the water. I knew only one thing, I had to get to the prearranged take-out spot near the church in Barton, my only landmark, at high tide, at 10:00am today, August 14, 2004.

The sky got darker by the minute. Digby Neck disappeared again, turning into a black cloud bank, releasing tons of water. I was eager to get going and cover the remaining eight miles to Barton. I was glad I had not left myself 18 or 28 miles to the take-out spot. Bad picture weather for my grand arrival, I thought jokingly. Just think of the band and the Mayor and all the townspeople in their uniforms and best, all getting wet. What a shame, I chuckled, as I rounded the last bend and there she was, in her Gore Tex suit, waving her arms, welcoming me in. Thanks, Nancy, you are a gem!

But all of a sudden eight or ten more people came to the shore, waving excitedly. What was going on? I have no fan club, nobody knows I am coming in today, hardly anybody knows or even noticed I was gone. What's up? It turned out we had chosen a take-out spot where the owner had planned an annual family and friends get together and now they were all waelcoming me "home" and helping me get my gear and boat to my car. I did not have to do a thing. Thanks guys, I needed that! And then I suddenly had a cup of hot coffee in my hands and Nancy and I were munching on a piece of delicious carrot cake, our favorite, which we had just enjoyed at our 40th wedding anniversary celebration with family and friends at home in Maine.

What a great homecoming, what nice warm people along this mostly Acadian and Micmac shore. Thanks, Carol. We were urged to stay for the big party (50 people were expected) but we had ferry reservations and other pressing obligations back in Orono. We made the 1:00pm Digby ferry to St. John, New Brunswick, and rolled into Orono around supper time that same day.

A great ending to a great trip, 382 miles (612 km) in 17.5 days, and again right on schedule, for a grand total around the Province of Nova Scotia of 832 miles (1331 km) in 36.5 days. I felt elated and greatly relieved to have finished my circumnavigation without a hitch. I surely shook the monkey off my back. But please don't ask me right now what great trip I am planning to do next year. I need to dry out first. Squish...

Reinhard Zollitsch, 61 North Main Ave., Orono, ME 04473, <reinhard@maine.edu>

I am constantly haunted by water, I try to drink eight full glasses a day, swim as often as possible (the dog paddle is my favorite stroke), do some menial hard labor task so that I coax tiny droplets to ooze out of me, and I adore working in a hot spring during those quiet crepuscular hours before dawn, in contemplation of all that the day may bring. But my favorite association with water is sitting on top of it, in a canoe, rhythmically stroking a good wooden paddle again and again and again, in motion meditation.

This morning, close to dawn, I am out of the water. I can't see it, touch it, nor even smell it, but I can think back to the Good Friday when Malcolm White and I were I about halfway into our Paddle Down the Pearl, a 431-mile odyssey that began at the Nanih Vaiya Mounds in the land of the Choctaw. We were in the process of paddling the entire Pearl River raising money for the Blair E. Batson Hospital for Children. We'd been talking daily to our fellow Mississippians through television, radio, and newspaper about what the hospital was doing and the condition of our state's longest river.

It had been one helluva Good Friday morning, as Good Fridays go, paddling into a headwind, our rose-hued necks arched forward as we strained our arms and shoulders in an effort to make a press conference in Monticello. Bert Case had been calling, inquiring about our location. He wanted to go live at noon on WLBT. "We're just up river from you, Bert. We'll be there, we'll be there." Just as the scorching April sun reached its apex, we rounded a bend and spotted a cheering throng of well-wishers gathered at Monticello's River Park. There was a convergence, and oh, how Bert loves a convergence.

We'd made it, a couple of sweaty, smelly, sunburned river rats in need of showers and cold beers. As the high school band played, TV cameras rolled and men cooked catfish in large vats of boiling oil. Rather large glasses of, and I'm positive about this, absolutely the best iced tea I have ever had, quenched our thirst.

Monticello greeted us with open arms. After a grand picnic of cole slaw, French fries, hush puppies, and fried Mississippi catfish, we thanked all and headed toward our canoes. The mayor stopped us, asking if we'd like to stay overnight in their bed and breakfast. After a nano second of consideration, in unison, we replied, "Yes we would!"

A long hot bath in an old claw-foot tub does wonders for aching muscles from 18 days on the river. There were copious amounts of food, bottles of soothing wine, pleasant conversation, why, we even colored Easter eggs. I slept soundly, dreaming of children riding on the backs of great birds, giggling uncontrollably, their hair flowing in the breeze. I don't know, but it may have had something to do with the luxurious feather bed on which I slept.

After breakfast Saturday morning we received a call from Captain Coyt of the WLBT Skycopter, who had been on assignment in New Orleans. They wanted to airlift us two muffulettas from the Central Grocery on Decatur Street. Did we want them? In unison again, "Yes we would!" Down at the river we heard the chopper approaching. It circled twice, hovered low, and a rather large plastic bag fell, splat, between our canoes. Every-

As Good Fridays Go

(Reprinted from the *Jackson Free Press*)
By Bruce Browning

one waved and the chopper headed north while we headed south, on toward the Gulf of Mexico.

Even though we'd only been off the river for 24 hours, I had missed it terribly. There's a groove you get into after so many days of doing a thing. River travel is no different. It becomes calming, the canoe becomes home. Stroke after stroke after stroke brings you closer to the oneness where you, canoe, paddle, and river are all one thing, one creature moving in harmony through currents of space and time. In that oneness we moved effortlessly even though it was hot, white hot, and our skin reddened more and more. Occasionally we stopped to slip into the water, somewhat cooler than the air, but not much. Yet it took away some of the sun's sting.

There were times we wouldn't see each other for hours, following our own drummers, then joining up again to tell stories about the bird or alligator or that huge sandbar, the one with all the tracks.

We traveled on unspeaking, reflecting in our own motion meditation until late afternoon when we encountered a small johnboat containing a man, a boy, and a black dog. They broke the silence with, "There they are! Hey! There they are! We've been watching for you since Wednesday!" Even the dog welcomed us with uncontrollable barking and rapid horizontal movements of her tail. "Welcome to our section of the river!" Bombarded with questions, we talked and floated for probably half an hour, and as we began to break off and head on down to find a suitable campsite for the night, they would not hear of us sleeping outside again, not on Easter weekend, not when their camp was so close downriver.

So when asked if we'd stay the night, in unison we replied, "Yes we would!" They would go ahead and make everything ready. We asked, "How will we know how to find you?" They replied in unison, "Oh, you'll know." With that, they sped away.

With the setting sun, we picked up our pace, wanting to get off the river before it became too dark to be safe, growing ever more anxious until we rounded a bend and there, river right, was one of the largest bonfires I have ever seen. We nudged up to the bank, threw a few things out that would be needed for the night, hopped on the back of their truck as they slung sand, holding on white-knuckled. Where were they taking us? We climbed up and up off the river to the top of the bluff to another huge bonfire surrounded by small mismatched buildings, a refrigerated truck bed used as a bunk house, a wooden A-frame structure developed into a living room and master bedroom, an outdoor bathing area. But the main living space was in the open, surrounding that huge fire ring. On two sides were an open air pavilion containing freezers, outdoor cooking units (deep fryer, gas grill, charcoal grill with spit, microwave and oven), and all around the fire ring were evenly spaced upholstered recliners. Our hosts offered us beers and chairs. In unison, we said, "Thanks, we'll take it!"

We talked while they were steadily frying fish they had caught that day, motleys, another name for flathead catfish, listening to tales of how the Army Corps of Engineers, with their practices, had damaged their property, river, and consequently, their way of life. These river folk were not too enthused about governmental bureaucratic intervention. Soon our hosts left us at their camp. A hot shower, clean clothes, and a comfortable bed in a refrigerated truck box called me to sleep and I willingly went.

Anxious to be back on the river, I arose before dawn and awoke Malcolm. We left our newfound friends a thank you note and, as we hiked the switchback down to the river shrouded in fog, a small red fox scurried across our path, stopped briefly, looked directly at us then, seemingly unconcerned, continued to her den after a long night's journey.

We were living a dream, our dream and the dreams of would-be Huck Finns and Thor Heyerdahls, would-be curiosity infected explorers who in their dreams travel rivers and oceans, cross continents and mountain ranges. The dreams of hard working individuals who long to take the time from responsibilities of home to skip the light fandango.

It wasn't long before we interrupted three fishermen running their trot lines. After pleasantries of, "How ya doin? Catchin' any," the older man of the trio beckoned us over with a gentle wave of his arm. "I know who you boys are," he said. "You're paddling our river raising money for children. Come over close. I just want you to know that I think it's a wonderful thing you're doin'." Then he slowly pulled from the back pocket of his well used overalls a thick wallet that looked as if it contained his life history. I can imagine its contents, fishing licenses and tiny scraps of paper with writing only he could decipher, pictures of grandchildren, not all of them, just the youngest four, and a picture of him and his wife taken when they spent the weekend back in 1964 at the Pink Flamingo Motel on Biloxi Beach. He removed the two blue rubber bands that held it together with his rough and scarred, yet nimble, fisherman's fingers and pulled out a slightly damp \$20 bill, saying, "I want you to add this to what you've collected for the children." Before he was finished, the old man had cleaned out his wallet, \$53 in all, at the request of his son and grandson.

Thanking them for the more than generous donation, we began drifting apart. The old man put his hand to his mouth and, with a wink, said, "You know, these are my boys, and you know I'll never get that money back, but it's OK! It's for the children."

I was not prepared for the generosity of the people of the Pearl, the size of the hearts of a linear community of people so diverse in their socio economic backgrounds, yet so single minded in their generosity toward those in need. I don't want to ever forget that Easter. The people of the Pearl changed my life forever. They enriched it. So did the river.

Well, the first bad thing that happened was when we went over to the mainland and bought the new weekly Carrabelle paper. We read on the headlines that the last commercial fishing outfit in Carrabelle has been sold for condo purposes. They call such a thing a "dockominium" where these affluent people own a part of an apartment building and a place to put the big offshore boat so they can park their stylish wives in the company of other like-minded women to sit in the private, communal bar and sip and discuss wine and each other while the men of the house go offshore to harass a few groupers, amberjacks, and maybe some of the dwindling red snapper resource. Right now it costs some three hundred bucks a month to dock a shrimp boat sized vessel in the river, and that is certainly fixing to change for the worse.

That's pitiful but it is a concise indication of what's wrong with Florida and maybe the whole country. I'll be brief with my political opinions because I don't know anything about any of the facts of the matter, just how it appears to me. I think the government is letting most of the people down because they don't have enough money. A condo developer just simply has enough money to override the county's self-proclaimed "comprehensive development plan" that the current commissioners were patting themselves on the back about back when they got elected and appointed their cronies into the "Planning and Zoning Board" and assured all the residents of the county that they would make sure that the Floridification that has ruined most of the rest of the state for anything but frivolous purposes wouldn't happen to them.

Yeah, right. I guess the comprehensive plan for the residents of Franklin County now is that they better get ready to learn how to clean up condos, cut grass, wait on tables, tend bar, do bottom jobs on other people's big, fancy boats, caddy golf, and other "service related jobs" if they want to make a living down here because they sure as hell won't be able to work in the fisheries anymore like has been a proud, generations-old tradition. It isn't just a failure of the county government to look after the people either. The federal government is just as responsible because of allowing such cheap imports of fish and shrimp (it costs the Chinese 17 cents a pound to raise shrimp...the break-even point for a U.S. shrimp boat is \$2) to completely eliminate the local market while assuring that the price of fuel continues to skyrocket because the boats have to compete with all these insatiable, enormous SUVs for the fuel availability as it is presently manipulated. Even an outboard skiff after crabs or oysters has a big fuel bill and a shrimp boat...whew.

All the government would have had to do to relieve the fishermen and other commercial mariners a little bit would have been to cut the gas tax for non-road fuel. Of course, that would also be a break for these gas guzzling deep V runabouts and offshore monster sports fishermen. Cutting the fuel tax wouldn't have been more than a drop in the bucket for federal revenues but would have helped a struggling (doomed) minority business for a little while until all the rich people realized that shrimp raised in a polluted pond aren't as good as wild shrimp and demanded an import duty so the local industry could maybe recover enough to survive a little longer...if they could find a place to tie up.

A Bad Weekend

By Robb White

Those self-centered manipulations of the government in favor of big money developers are bad and, to my notion, evil but the main thing that dooms all traditional coastal business in Florida is property taxes. Goddamighty knows what some taxes they have in condo land. I have a buddy, an old messer, who bought a little building lot over on the Carrabelle River. It doesn't even have water access but fronts on the marsh. He was planning to build a little shanty on there sort of like ours but the almost instantaneous building boom down here nipped that project in the bud.

Not only did the planning and zoning crew make it so that no normal person can afford to build the current minimum house (you have to build an enormous plywood Edwardian mansion in Franklin County, now) but, since it seems that his little piece of property will be in the shade of a condominium, he can't afford the taxes so he can't even hold onto the lot for posterity...and nobody wants to buy it because of the impending condo, and the condo doesn't want it because they don't see the point of buying the cow when they can get the milk (view of the marsh) through the fence.

That's what I told the man to do with it...put up a barbed wire fence and run some cows and rusty cars on there. All this development will mean big money tax revenues down here but I bet the schools will still be poor. They'll fix the roads (the state is going to reroute the coastal road, US 98, to facilitate a new development) so these out of place part time residents won't whine so loud about how rough the newly leased Escalation is riding, but I bet nothing they do will actually benefit the people who voted those officials into office.

That's the pitiful situation over on the mainland, but over on Dog's Island it is almost as bad. There used to be just a few of us hard-bitten folks over here, people who were willing and able to live in a really primitive situation with no phone, out of range of the TV, and intermittent electricity so weak that if two air conditioners cycled at the same time they burned each other up. Now some big shots have moved in and built these million dollar plywood Edwardian (a few Victorian with a hint of Cape Cod just for variety) mansions and wheeled and dealt not only a buried electrical cable big enough to run all the air conditioners in a big city but internet connections and a real phone service.

We would be in the shadow of a condo pretty soon (federally insured out here on this sand bar) except that The Nature Conservancy owns most of the island. Of course, that doesn't do anything for the property taxes. Thank goodness I am a legal resident of this place with homestead exemption which I plan to maintain. All I have to do is spend more time here than anywhere else which, you know, for a man like me, ain't all that hard.

I know I have said this before, but this is the damndest year for weather I ever saw, and I know that a lot of folks all the way up the east side of the country will agree with me. It was a long, cold, and stormy spring and the summer hasn't been all that much

better. Here in the middle of July the jet stream dipped so far down that the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration said that a cold front (!) was forecast to stall out just south of the fall line where the piedmont turns to the coastal plain and all the rivers and creeks have to take a little fall...a weather making place.

A cold front is a pretty good weather maker in its usual season during the relatively dry wintertime but, man, in the summer when the temperature is nearly 100 and the humidity is, too, a little differential of 20 degrees is something else. It doesn't blow a five-day norther like in the wintertime but usually just jacks up the regular SW wind into blowing very hard out of the due west and with serious storms training along just ahead of the front, one right behind the other. Before we came down they were talking about hail and flooding and tornadoes all along just north of us where the front was. Such a thing as that makes for a doubtful seagoing situation but the daddy of five of our grandchildren had a little time off so they fed all the cats and hamsters and came down.

Boy, it was a rough trip over in the old Rescue Minor but we were all used to it so it wasn't nothing but a thing (two of them fell asleep) and we got here about lunchtime and ate a little something out of the ice box and headed east to Tyson harbor which would give us the only chance of a lee. I hoped I would be able to catch some mullet to feed all those gourmets but rough conditions make it hard to see them. Which, you know, when I first started fishing with a cast net, an old man (commercial fisherman...didn't know he was the last of the Mohicans) told me that there were two things you had to learn to be able to catch fish with a cast net.

"You have to learn how to throw it and then you have to learn how to throw it on the fish." Those are simple rules but I think you have to work at it for about 50 years before you get any significant compliance with those two rules. It has been tough trying to catch something to eat this year. You have to be able to see them before they see you and, when it is rough, you can't do that but just in a rare chance. We anchored up in the lee of a little beach in the harbor and they all piled out to swim and I took the net and went looking. Right there the water is very deep real close in and it is a good place to throw if you can ever see where they are. Just as soon as I got made up, I saw one jump. I could tell by the horrified expression on his face that he had no idea that anybody was anywhere around and the net followed him back down before he could tell everybody else to run.

I caught six real nice ones by the short snatch method. You know there are two kinds of cast nets. The regular kind has bail lines going through a little grommet ("horn") at the center apex of the net and all the way to the hem, and when it hits the bottom you draw it in by those bail lines and they pucker up the hem of the net into a bag and the fish can't (?) get out. The best thing about those kinds of nets is that they are easy to get grass out of compared to a bag net (Spanish net) like I use.

A Spanish net has the hem tied up into a permanent bag all around the bottom by little short bail lines made up back to the body of the net. You have to go all inside the net to get grass, hermit crabs, and other trash (or

fish) out but it is worth it when trying to catch big mullet because when the net hits, the fish try to run out from under it and, with a brail style net, they can hit the net and just keep on running until they run out from under the hem before the net hits bottom. But with my net they can only run until they hit the bag. Then you have them without the net ever having to get to the bottom.

When the bottom of a deep hole is suspicious (oysters or junk) an old expert like me uses the short snatch method. That is, when I feel the first fish hit the bag, I snatch the net up short and haul it in before it ever gets to the bottom. You miss a few fish that way but six Tyson Harbor mullet are plenty for a crew like this. Harbor mullet aren't as big as marsh mullet (say 18" vs. 22") but by this time of the year they are as fat as possible and hard as a piece of wood...most excellent.

You know there are some gourmet children in this crew. The littlest one (Rebecca Jane, six years old but only 35 pounds) will damn near eat her weight in fish and still have room for the field peas and a Dixie Doodle and the Chinese...whoo, y'all...a Jewish or Italian mother would love to have a crew of them around the table.

It stormed all afternoon but after supper the tide started to fall and the wind died down some. That's one meteorological phenomenon I am not sure I understand. It might be that all that water heading out to sea drags the wind with it. Or maybe there is a net loss of heat with the loss of water or something but it usually calms off a little inshore when the tide runs out. Sometimes when the conditions are right it fogs up, too. Maybe it is the coolness of all those flats getting exposed, but whatever it is, this is the week of dark nights and the low tide was at 10:30pm, a very low spring tide, so it fell quick and the wind did, too.

Children love a low tide on the flats. They call it "when the islands come out" because all the little bars turn into islands and there are plenty of them to lay personal claim to and the children of a five child family are very possessive. Of course, they like to have visitors to their property so invitations are being continually offered and, since there is plenty of land to go around and no debtor's prisons or starving serfs or happy-go-lucky natives to exploit, empire building is not possible, so all is polite out there on the flats about sunset. Running from island to island is risky business, though. Not only might someone step on a crab or a perverse Busycon conch...

I have to stop right here and explain one of the silliest aspects of marine biology. I believe there are people in that business who, after the rigors of the field trips of graduate school, spend all the rest of their lives in air conditioned laboratories looking at dead animals and smelling formaldehyde and arguing about the proper Latin names of those stinking animals. Take formaldehyde, for an example. Though they deal mostly with dead things, marine biologists do not like to be put in the same class with undertakers. They don't call their preservative "formaldehyde," it is "formalin." It is the same stuff, though, and I don't like it.

One time this girl (plenty of them in "marine biology"...a lot of them majoring in "delphinology"...porpoises) was on the little

FSU research vessel while they were sampling the benthic (bottom) fauna out on the Florida Middle Ground, which is a peculiar shallow place in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico with an environment much more tropical than the rest of the waters of that latitude. They were pickling all these animals they dragged up in jars with "formalin" siphoned from a drum down in the hold of the boat. To do that they had to lead the tube down below the bottom of the drum and hold the jar down in the bilges.

Apparently this degree bearing scientist did not understand gravity (who does?) or something because she siphoned 55 gallons of formaldehyde into the bilges of the boat and they had to cut the trip short and sleep on deck all the way back in because, even after extended bilge pumping and flushing, nobody could stay below for more than 15 minutes without running the risk of becoming embalmed. It was a rough trip, too, and I saw them getting off the boat. They were very disgruntled looking and probably vowed to stay in the lab from then on and argue about the name of the perverse Busycon conch, which is not actually a conch at all but a whelk, but they get big enough for those who are not so picky about classification to call a conch if they want to.

What makes them so perverse is that they spiral the wrong way. If you hold a regular conch (or whelk) by the nose with the hole looking up, the opening is on the right side, but a perverse Busycon is on the left side. I don't remember the sequence of all the various ways they have agreed (?) on the name, but the species name of this animal has gone from *sinestris* to *perversa* and back at least 16 or 20 times. I think biologists need to put the thesaurus back on the shelf and go trot around on the flats a little bit. Then they would know that what a left-handed conch will do when the tide goes out is bury himself deep in the sand with nothing but his little, sharp nose sticking up just below the surface and, if you are running around and step on that thing, it'll cut a perfect little cylindrical core out of the bottom of your foot and it'll hurt like hell and be slow to heal, too.

I bet I stepped on a hundred of them before I learned not to run around out on the flats. Caution must be self taught, though, and no adult can explain the dangers to a child who is ready to go. Rebecca Jane got stung in the heel. When I saw her stop and holler, I hoped it was a Busycon (say "bew see conn"), but when Rosalie (the oldest, nine years old) put her on her back and headed for the house, I knew it was something bad. Jane had the hot water ready as soon as she got here. What you have to do is soak your foot in water hot enough to denature the poisonous protein of the living encapsulating sheath of the spine without actually cooking the tissues of the foot. It ain't a pleasant thing to have to do but works miraculously. In 15 minutes a pain unlike any other you ever experienced will be completely gone and the wound will heal up without infection or any other trouble. That's a tough call for a little kid, but old Rebecca Jane was a man about it. You know a man just has to do what she has to do.

She was perfectly alright in a little while...well enough to play a game of chess before going to bed. Chess is a good game for children., They like the rigidity of the rules

and the personalities of the little characters and...they love the warlike tendencies of the game. They like to bring somebody to his or her knees is what. One would think that real young children couldn't master all the complications but he would be wrong. Though a four-year-old might get crossed up with the movements of the horse from time to time, it is not that she doesn't know how the thing moves, it is that she is not mature enough to understand that she can't get away with trying to fool somebody with the same trick over and over again.

I mean, if you play with a little kid, you are liable to notice that one of the baby's pawns has somehow side stepped and opened a hole for the dread castle, and not know when or how that happened or what to do about it so you just play on. You have been outfoxed is what and while you are thinking about whether or not to make an accusation, a damned horse will, in some inexplicable manner, take your queen or a queen will, in movements at least as inexplicable as those of a horse, box in your king in a totally unexpected checkmate. My advice is to pay attention to what you are doing. Playing chess with babies is a lot like running with stingarees. It is easy to underestimate them so they are dangerous and might put you in hot water.

It breezed back up for real during the night and got stormy, too. We listened to the weather radio and they were trying to hedge their bets about how that front was going to stall out and, by morning, the wind had lost all its south and was blowing out of the west a steady 30 knots (a west wind in the Gulf turns into a northeaster as it goes up the east coast. This thing turned into the bad northeaster of the middle of July 2004). The weather service said that it was blowing up to 60kts in squalls out to sea and there was "torrential rain" and hail in some of the storms over the land and they predicted that it would get worse all day and most of the night as the front passed.

This was Sunday morning. Daddy is a band director for a little school with a very proud little band and they were in the middle of band camp which is the most important practice period of marching musicians and he had to get back. We were thinking that we would wait to see if there was a chance that it would lie down a little bit when the tide went out just before sunset but it sure didn't look good.

The children have all learned enough to watch the weather and they were making educated assessments of the situation, too. The eight-year-old Chinese boy looked out at the dirty looking waves and grey whitecaps rolling down the bayside and the Rescue Minor pitching at the two anchors of its Bahama moor and asked, "Is that a good boat?"

"Sure, boy," Rebecca Jane chimed up, "Pop Pop built that boat," as if that laid the question to rest. You know I would get the big head if it hadn't reached its elastic limit when I was about ten years old. Anyway, while we were watching a big thunderstorm formed over the mainland to the west with tendrils of rain blowing out at about 60 degrees from vertical on their way to the ground and lightning flashing almost continuously. We noticed that it was so far away that we couldn't hear the thunder and then, all of a sudden, the wind dropped off completely from the storm drawing the air in to itself.



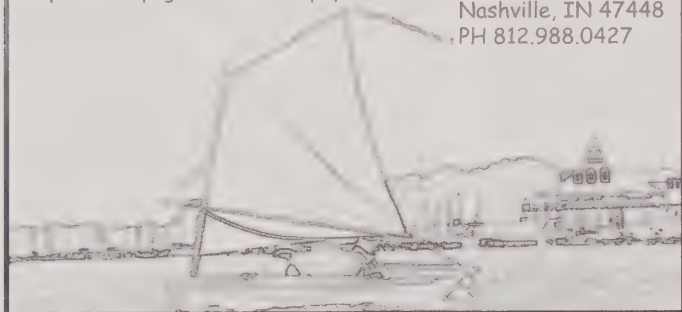
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We trotted for the boat. The children were so quick that I didn't have time to get both anchors before they were piling in over the side and putting on their life preservers. We hauled it for the mainland. At first there was a little residual round topped sea but it didn't impede the progress one bit. I hardly ever run the Rescue Minor wide open and I was curious to see if I could detect any black in the exhaust but, though there was a little cloud, I believe it was condensation of hot exhaust water vapor in the saturated atmosphere. I couldn't see any black. I think I am going to pitch the wheel up another inch.

Anyway, as we went into the river big cold raindrops about the size of gummy bears started to pelt the big Bimini top. We idled on in all huddled in a wad. Fortunately the lightning stayed inshore but the wind did not. I nosed up and they hopped out and ran for the car while Jane poled us back off and we idled out the river trying to put on our slickie suits. Boy, was it ever a rough trip. We couldn't see either the mainland or the island

and didn't know the exact condition of the wind shift as the storm moved through, but we knew it had shifted because of the confused state of the violent chop.

Jane leaned over and hollered in my ear, "Confused sea." You know blind navigation by looking at waves is sort of tricky but anybody can learn how to do it if you know which way the wind is blowing. You have to remember that waves refract toward any land they come close enough to so that their turbulence touches bottom. They curve around so they break on every shore. On the lee end of the island, when it is real rough blowing right down the length of the island, they'll curve all the way around to where the bayside and seaside waves meet each other head on. That's a confused sea for real.

I started to get the GPS or the compass out of the box but decided to hold just about what I thought was right in all that confusion and finally a little gap in the rain showed me the island and I knew I was right and we came on in. The lightning started striking as soon as we got both anchors set and we just abandoned the boat. We had left the house wide open and the rain had blown all the way through and the chess men were all lying in puddles under the furniture and all the children's salty clothes were plastered against the seaside screen. They weren't salty anymore so it wasn't all bad.

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On October 23, nine WCHA members met at my workshop in the back yard of my home in Groveland, Massachusetts, to look over the old Gerrish canoe that arrived on the scene earlier this year. We were fortunate to have Rollin Thurlow come down from Atkinson, Maine, to give his professional advice regarding the best way to preserve and protect this valuable relic.

In looking over the boat it quickly became apparent to all that this is a very early example of Gerrish's work. First, it was noted that the canvas was attached to the stems in the normal manner, but then the ends were covered with a ribbon-like strip of canvas tacked to the stems. This was a practice used prior to 1890 when the builders started to use brass stem bands as we use today.

Also, the canoe has no seats, only two slats at each end that one would either use for kneeling or to sit on the bottom and use as a backrest. This is more like the native birchbark canoes that Gerrish was using as his design model. In addition to the slats, the canoe was made with a center thwart and two quarter thwarts. At some time the center thwart was cut out flush at the gunwale as the stub ends were still in the mortise provided on the 'wale. Apparently someone felt that three thwarts were too many so they took a saw to it. Fortunately, there is no damage to the gunwale and a replacement thwart could be easily installed to stabilize the shape of the canoe.

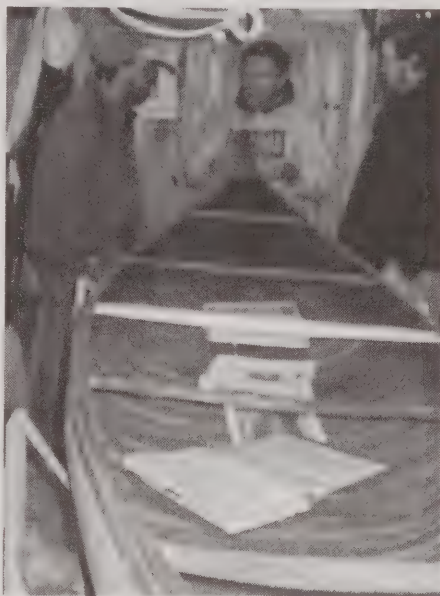
The feature that really identified this as a very early Gerrish was the method of planking that the builder used. Gerrish was the inventor and the first to build the wood canvas canoe around 1875. His only previous experience with canoes, as a guide and paddle maker, would have been with the native birchbark canoes, and it appears that most of his design came from the Penobscot canoes that were prevalent in Maine at the time he was doing his work. He must have built this canoe on a mold, and when he started the planking things went well enough, but as he neared the curve of the bilge he started to have some problems fitting the planks and as a re-

Stem band pulled away to show method used by Gerrish of overlapping canvas on stem, canvas appears to be original.



Rollin Thurlow Inspects My Ancient Gerrish Canoe

By Steve Lapey



Rollin, Steve, and Larry Meyer focus on the old Gerrish, documents in the canoe are historical material, old Gerrish catalogs, and such.

sult of this many of the planks are of random widths and seem to join at odd angles.

The final outcome was alright and one really has to look twice to notice, but it is apparent that he had not yet mastered the method of tapering, or goring, the planks as they go around the wide part of the hull. Rollin has worked on many of these Gerrish canoes and he believes that all of the newer ones that he has seen have been planked in what we may refer to as the "conventional" manner, with three or four full length planks followed by three gore planks, each one full width in the center, tapering to about 1" at each end to fill in the curves in the center of the canoe.

These features combined have brought us to believe that this Gerrish canoe was most likely made by Gerrish himself in the early 1880s. He claimed to have made his first wood canvas canoe in 1875 and we know that he was manufacturing them from 1882 until 1909. Rollin said that there was a great fire in Bangor in 1909 and that may have put Gerrish out of business. Gerrish's foreman continued to make canoes on a small scale under the Gerrish name until about 1930 when the name disappeared altogether. In their peak building years the Gerrish factory was making about 100 canoes per year, so the total production of these canoes was probably less than 2500 units. It would be interesting to find out how many have survived. Rollin reports that he has four Gerrish canoes, all newer than this one and in pretty poor condition. Also, he has restored several of them for customers. I have noticed several in the WCHA classifieds in recent years so they are out

there. If anyone has an older one than this, I want to see it.

The general consensus regarding the future of this canoe was to safely preserve it, possibly find a permanent home for it where it may be displayed for the enjoyment of serious wooden canoe fans like us. Another possibility would be to make a trailerable display unit that would allow us to transport it to the major wooden boat shows and to the WCHA Assembly.

I am starting to like the idea of a permanent home for this and I am planning on contacting some major institutions to see who would be willing to make a commitment to preserve this important historical object. My concern about doing this is that it would be accepted by a museum and then just put into a storage area somewhere and left to deteriorate.

It would be nice to know more of the history of this boat. As much as I have learned it was in one family's barn for years, almost never used. One family member recalled putting it in the water 15 or 20 years ago for a very short paddle which resulted in lots of bailing. It was returned to the barn until they decided to send it over to my home. Their other option was to throw it out, so I am delighted that they made the correct decision.

It is hard to believe that a wood/canvas canoe could still exist after 120 years and still have its original canvas which seems to have been repainted only once and have no broken ribs. A few cracks appear in the planking but they are minimal. All in all the canoe is in exceptional condition. Some of the original fasteners used were of iron or steel and they are showing some deterioration. Those were used to attach the ribs to the gunwale and to secure the decks. When the canoe was repainted a keel and brass stembands were added. This looks to be the sum total of maintenance or alterations that have occurred in its lifetime.

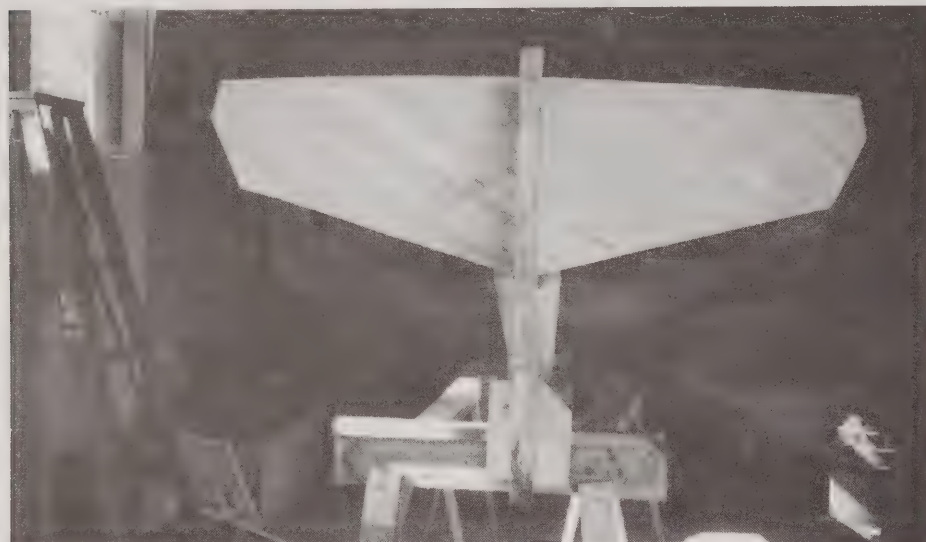
I want to thank Rollin for taking the time to come and look at this canoe and to offer his insight on how to progress with it. Also, I should thank Larry Meyer for convincing Rollin that he should see this. The other WCHA members who joined us were John Fitzgerald, Bob Hicks, Ed Howard, Paul Littlefield, Frank Repensek, and Bill Verry.

The historic old canoe occupies pride of place in Steve's workshop.

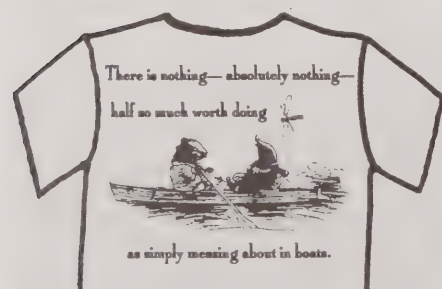




The shop is all set for our long winter, wood stove and all.



I did get the transom fastened in place, thanks to some experienced advice from Mr. Tom Gruenauer.



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The next time there'll be foliage in view outside the shop door the hull should be blocking the view.



Building *Dreamcatcher*

Part II

By Greg Grundtisch

It has been about a year since my last report on the little skipjack. Stuff has happened! None of it very positive in regard to boat building. Various work, home, family, social obligations, seasonal preparations, medical problems, etc. have once again caused a delay in progress on *Dreamcatcher*.

That is not to say nothing has been done. I did sand off all the #10 green cuprinol where it was necessary. Paint and glues do not adhere well to it. It does stink out loud, too. So that took some time to get off.

I just recently got the transom fastened on. What was to take an hour or so marking off the shape on construction paper, tracing it onto the wood, and cutting out took on a brief life of its own. The table of offsets does not show all the heights and numbers you need to get the correct shape. I was fortunate to have Mr. Tom Gruenauer, a very talented boatbuilder and restorer, to help show me the way. On the plans it shows the heights and half breadths for the sheer and chine, but not the overall height and top finish angle.

Not to be outsmarted by that, Mr. Gruenauer showed me what a mechanical graphic scale rule is and a tick strip. This gave the exact numbers needed. This is done by marking the dimension from the shape on the drawing onto the strip and applying it onto this scale. A remarkably simple tool and stunningly accurate.

The next step is to get going on the sheer and chine stringers this week! With that done, I can get started on the hull and make some real progress.

This boat WAS to be completed in time to take to the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St. Michaels, Maryland, this past October. Very disappointing. Well, there is always next year and that will be the new deadline, maybe sooner if other stuff would stop happening for a while.

I also got the wood stove in so the winter cold will not be an excuse this year. Happy sails.

Crazy Boats in My Life

By Chester Oscarson

Roofing Tin Speedboat

When my dad left me off at the dock of East Pittsford Dam, I had no idea of what the day would hold for me. My father got up early to fish and often took me, reluctantly, along. He drove away in search of a rental boat to fish from. The lake behind the earthen dam was huge and very deep with an island near its middle.

At the dock were seven brothers from a nearby farm. They had made a speedboat from one sheet of roofing tin that had been left over from redoing the barn. The tin was about 14'-16' long and probably 3' wide. The sides and back (transom) were made of rough cut 2" thick lumber. A curve gently led up to the front where there was a 1"x4" attached to the sides with a few nails. Roofing tar filled any gaps there might be. That is all there was to the boat.

To make it go, the boys had borrowed their father's 40hp Johnson outboard motor. It took four of them to carry it to the lake from the farm. When put in, the boat, in the arms of the largest boy, it was discovered that it would have sunk everything! With out batting an eye the older boy, who apparently was in charge, handed it back up and climbed up onto the dock.

Several boys were sent back to the farm for ropes. When they returned with them, the ropes were fastened to the motor and to the front of the boat. The extra boys held the boat up while the older one fastened the motor to the transom. One of the smaller boys got in with him as he started it, which was no easy thing. That old Johnson had an exposed fly-wheel on top with two huge wooden knobs on top to start it. When the timing lever and throttle lever were set, they turned the fly-wheel back until they felt compression and then they quickly yanked it around the right way. Most often it would fail to start, but they were persistent enough to get it to cough a time or two, then burst into a furious roaring monster.

The motor was fixed so it couldn't turn at all, so when it settled to a full steady roar at the end of the ropes, the ropes were dropped and the boat would immediately plane off across the lake toward the island. The victim (pilot) soon found he could turn just by leaning one way or the other. It took about a minute or so to get to the island and even less to get back after leaning to go around it. The stopping was not difficult because all that was needed was to run it up onto the gravel bank next to the dock.

Most of the morning, I watched the boys take turns running the boat around the island. If the motor had stopped or even slowed much it would have immediately sunk. I think most of the boys could swim. I didn't know for sure. They played with the boat until about two gallons of gas were gone. They left the boat at the dock and carried the motor home.

The next time I visited the lake the boat was still there up in the weeds and bushes. It didn't look like it had been used again. A few years later the dam gave way and washed away the town directly below it and just flooded all the towns below that on the Otter Creek, including my town.

Innovative Inner Tube Motorized Raft

On a hot sunny summer day in Florida, it is suspected that the sun tends to melt your reasoning somewhat. In this case, in some respects it is true. My friend asked me if I would like to go with him and his young son on a fishing expedition that should last most of the day. Having not much else to do I accepted his offer. I followed him to his trailer which had a very large inner tube raft on it, a large wooden frame nailed together with a make-shift transom. It was not to much effort to carry it the few feet to the large drainage ditch that led to the Indian River. The river is a lagoon on the Atlantic coast.

In just a few minutes the raft was in the water and motor (5hp Elgin) attached. My friend got aboard and helped his son, then me, to get on. His wife came over and handed us a paper bag of sandwiches. His Cocker Spaniel wanted to come, too. After a short heated discussion she handed the dog to my friend who grumbled as he took it.

We all sat in a way to balance the weight as my friend started the motor. We slowly moved down the canal a few miles toward the river. The huge raft drew very little with eight or ten overinflated truck tire tubes as flotation. Everything went well for the first mile or so and I had settled down to watch the orange groves slip past. Unknown to us, the ditch had recently been dragged deeper and wider with a huge dragline. You might think that does not matter, but when the dragline dragged its bucket, it cut off the roots of trees on both sides of the ditch. It would still not matter except they were left very sharp.

We discovered this when one of the roots punctured a side tube and it collapsed. My friend, a born optimist said, "Don't worry, I'll stay away from the banks." Before he shut his mouth two more collapsed and the raft began listing. Then, as the raft got lower in the water and as we were still moving, the rest of them let go and I found myself swimming. My friend was very interested in retrieving his motor and dove for it. Meanwhile, his son was quite a way away from us and appeared to be drowning. Each time his curly blonde hair came above the water the Cocker Spaniel climbed up on him sending him back under.

I swam to him and pulled him ashore. He hung on my neck while I held the dog away from us. My friend was ashore and had the sparkplug out and was pulling the motor through to get out the water. His first words were, "I think it is going to be all right."

He carried the motor while I carried his son back to the house. When he got there he told his wife, "It sank." Nothing more was said and I went home to dry clothes, resolved not to go boating with that guy again.



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My brother George had a nice new truck with a 6' bed, but the 6' pram he had seemed too unstable for serious fly fishing. There is always a temptation to stand to cast when fly fishing since it's easier to get more distance, and you can also cast more readily in all directions. In a way it's a self defeating situation though since, if you remain seated to cast, you don't need to cast far. Standing just makes you more visible to the fish and, if standing, you MUST cast farther. The 6' pram seemed too small on some of the cold water and large lakes along the Alaskan highway. We mulled over how to get a one quart boat into a one pint truck.

The answer was obvious and I drew up a plan for a 9' boat made of two parts, a 3' bow section and a 6' stem section. The two part boat turned out to have an unanticipated advantage. The two sections are each light enough to handle easily, but a one piece 9' boat would have been too heavy for easy handling, especially if car topping.

George has had plenty of experience in boatbuilding and made a few changes from the plan to ease construction. He will tell you about this.

Construction: Tom supplied helpful construction tips. This boat is very easy to build. I began by ripping a 4'x8' sheet of 1/4" ocume plywood to make two 2' wide sheets. I scarfed a 2'x2' piece to the end of each, using the Payson method, to make material 2'x10' for two sides.

Next I laid out the sides following offsets from Tom's plans, and used a batten to get a nice curve to the bottom close to the layout lines. Having cut out one side, I clamped it to the other and used it as a pattern for the second side.

I built the bulkheads and transoms about 2" too tall, laid them on the sides at the places

Take Apart Fishing Pram

By Tom and George Fulk

indicated in the plans, then marked off the bevels for the bottom and top. I cut the bevels on a table saw. Next I notched out places in the cross members for the chine logs, screwed and glued chine logs to the inner faces of the sides, then attached sides to transoms and bulkheads. The two bulkheads are installed about 3' aft from the bow and only 1/4" apart from each other. Temporary spacers were used to maintain the 1/4" spacing between bulkheads and the two bulkheads were installed as one assembly. I added gunwales, laminating two pieces to make finished wales 1-1/2"x2".

I placed a full sheet of plywood on the lower edge of the sides, clamped it in place, marked off the size, and cut it out for the bottom. I scarfed a second piece to the first to form the completed bottom, which can just barely be taken from one sheet of plywood. Next I added the deck to the bow and knees to the stem. The knees reinforce the side and transom connection and need to be fitted and fastened well. I taped the chines with fiberglass set in epoxy. At this point the boat looked almost finished, but the fun part was about to begin.

I turned the boat over and drilled four holes through both bulkheads for the bolts. Then I took a hand saw and cut the boat in two, sliding the saw between the two bulkheads. That was the first time I cut a boat in half. Suddenly it took up a lot less space in the workshop.

Next I added the seat and oarlocks. To strengthen the holes for the bolts which hold the two parts of the boat together, I added small stainless steel plates around the holes to both sides of the aft section and to the forward side of the forward section. The 1/4" carriage bolts are permanently glued into the forward section. I used small brass wood screws, countersunk into the plate, and glue to hold those plates in place. They prevent the bolts from enlarging the holes when taking the boat apart repeatedly. Tom suggested reinforcing the holes by gluing copper tubes into the holes. That would have worked, too, I am sure. I buttered up the inside of the holes with epoxy to prevent water from soaking into the end grain. The holes need to be 1/16" larger than the bolts. The bolts are above the water line so there is no worry about leaks.

I placed three 3/4"x1" cedar runners along the bottom and covered each with a flat aluminum strip. They do a lot to strengthen and protect the bottom from wear. It would be best to laminate the runners for the forward section from 3/8" thick stock so they would bend more easily and conform to the curvature of the bottom. I painted the boat with a one part epoxy paint, Brightside by Interlux. It took three quarts, including undercoat.

Following Tom's advice, I built 7-1/2' oars for this boat. They were easy to build, inexpensive, and work well. The blades are 1/4" ocume plywood covered with fiberglass, set in a slot in the looms. The looms

are laminated from a clear 2"x6" ripped lengthwise. They are finished round about 2" in diameter at their inboard ends, tapering down to almost nothing at the blade end.

Sea Trials: I took this boat on a two week camping trip around Lake Superior, using it almost every day. I think the boat offers a practical solution to the person who wants to carry a 9' boat inside a 6' pickup bed. That said, it would be better to have a 8' single piece boat in a 8' pickup bed. It takes five minutes to put the boat together and another five to take it apart again, so I lose 10 minutes of fishing.

I was a bit skeptical about how easy it would be for one person to load this boat into a pickup. Once I got a system, I found it was really quite easy. To load the boat, I take it apart and set the forward end of the larger section on the tailgate. The larger piece weighs a little less than 60 lbs., but I am lifting only one end at a time. With one end on the tailgate and the other on the ground, I place the smaller section of the boat into the larger. The smaller weighs 27 lbs. Now I lift the whole thing up and slide it in.

Once the boat is together and on the lake, it is a wonderful fishing platform. It moves along nicely with the big 7.5' oars. These oars have long, narrow blades (36"x4"), and once I get the boat moving I can keep it moving with little effort. To give the oars a little more clearance over my knees, I added 3/4" thick oak pads to the gunwales and mounted the oar locks on them. The boat is stable. I can stand up to cast, move to the side to net my fish and to either end to lift the anchors. It is a safe boat. I have a styrofoam block under the seat and 1-1/2" thick foam panels along the sides. The flotation is covered with fiberglass cloth and tied firmly in place. The styrofoam has the volume to displace 85 lbs. of water.

This boat is designed to be for one person but I found that, with a few modifications, I can take a passenger. I built a small box seat that conforms to the bottom of the forward section with a notch to fit over the lower frame of the bow transom. I added 1-1/2" thick pads to the gunwales of the smaller section where the sides meet the bulkhead. The pads strengthen that joint and provide an elevated mounting for a second set of oar locks. The boat is nicely balanced with the passenger setting in the stem and me rowing in the bow. My wife and I made a circuit of four lakes in Canada, pulling the boat on a two-wheeled dolly over the portages.

I suppose I could put a small 2hp motor on this boat, but I am content to row it. The gently slap, slap of the waves hitting the bottom as I row upwind would become a terrific pounding if under power.

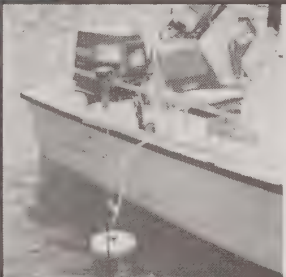
A Final Note: Flotation in small boats used mostly in cold water is essential. It should be securely and well placed. Hypothermia is always an issue in trout fishing since water temperatures are seldom over 55° and frequently in the 40s. It's best, I think, to have a boat which will float level, into which you can slither if the worst happens. Boats like this will seldom overturn even though they may fill. The most common accident is falling overboard. Getting your body out of the water even a little enhances your survival chances. Having offered this bit of sermonizing, let me add that my favorite trout fishing boat has no flotation.

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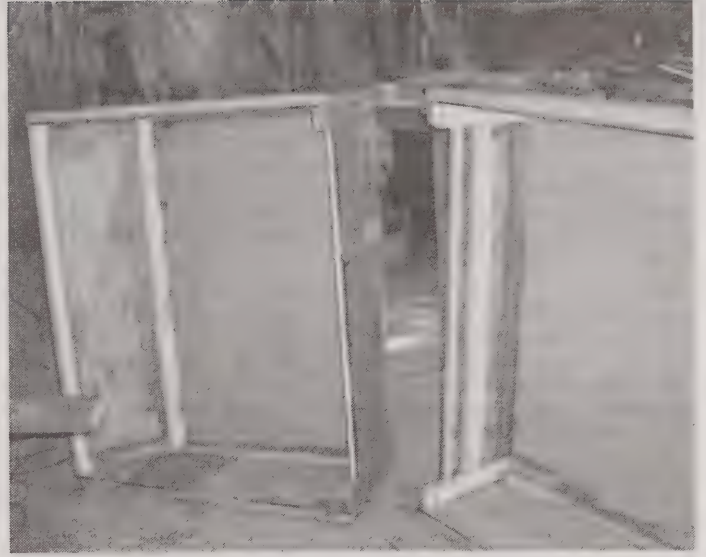


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Time after time, as I idle across the channel on a warm afternoon, I have watched a big schooner under full press of sail overhaul me and ploy sedately by, yes, even a bit contemptuously at times. I have seen the glasses of the curious leveled at my little craft. I have almost felt the scornful superiority and the sense of patronizing proprietorship which permits me to even sail upon the seas. But somehow it is a thing I cannot resent, for I

I Love a Little Ship

By Cleon Mason

Reprinted from *Fore 'N Aft*, 1929

Submitted by Wes Farmer, Jr.

understand just how they feel, poor jaded souls! I am only sorry, for they have lost something which they now seek, yet they search forever in the wrong place.

While I watch the swirling wake of the big ship from ever increasing distance, my little one boisterously proceeds upon her care-free way. She picks her rolling course from wave to wave and with all the bubbling happiness of a thing alive, dips her graceful bow in foam and fairly laughs to watch the flying spray when she rises quickly. The vixen! She always does that very trick when I dreamily watch the big ship, wondering, wondering. She seems to know when I think of things like that. And I ease off the main sheet and again she takes the swells more gently.

I love my little ship, and loving her I know her. I know when I can drive her hard, right into the teeth of the gale, over hills and vales of moving green. I know her little tricks, especially that one of climbing the watery hill as meek as any lamb and then suddenly, when I least expect it, she pays off and I am drenched. There is something of the devil in her. But I jerk her up quickly, and knowing she has been caught in mischief she settles down and, childlike, tries to make amends. I know all of her faults, she knows mine, too! She knows I often wander from the tiller to search below for a mislaid book or my half smoked pipe. She knows and resents that most annoying habit I have of sailing with the mainsheet too close hauled. Each time she tells me of my faults in no uncertain way. I must forego my search and seize the stick or ease the mainsheet so that she will ride more comfortably.

There is not a nook or cranny in my ship I do not know. Up in the eyes the gear, old ropes, chains, blocks, and sails, to port and starboard comfortable berths beneath which are my simple supplies, and further aft the galley. Here is the little nook in which I keep tobacco, there the shelf I built to hold my books. You see my little ship is simple beyond words and I think my regard for her would be complete but for one thing. Up in the bow there is a tiny leak. I know it is just a little leak, but its very littleness is aggravating. Three whole years I have searched for it in vain. Oh, well, maybe some day I'll find it. And after all, perhaps our faults are really oblique virtues in that they build our understanding.

Little things take on an intimacy which is denied the large. There are the commonplace of our everyday life, scarcely large enough to be recognized, yet they aggregate surprising totals and go to make living the contented state it should be. To really live one must first learn to love the little things and, having once learned that, the large can be approached without fear. Those whose souls are so myopic that nothing can be seen except it is big lose all the joy which comes with little things.

Take that little ship of mine. There isn't one on that big, joyless schooner who could

take my craft and make her do his bidding. The schooner is a big machine, no one knows her every nook and cranny, she has no aggravating habits. A soulless mechanic ironed out every flaw. If she tugs too hard upon the wheel the calculating architect is sent for to change the sails. Why, she hasn't even a little leak to annoy her owner because he has big automatic pumps to keep her dry. Oh, she obeys the helm but gives obedience grudgingly. She carries her burden of unhappy souls much as one performs an unpleasant duty, but no one loves her, she is too big.

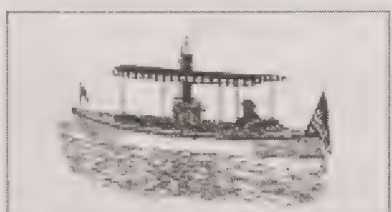
The songs which have moulded the courses of many peoples and which have been sung by many generations are not the mighty choruses nor grand Te Deums, rather the world sings and remembers little songs, songs which have a way of snuggling deep into our very beings and filling the spaces left after larger ones have failed to satisfy. Still hungering we leave the vast cathedral, dissatisfied we wander from the halls of great orchestras and quite unconsciously we catch ourselves humming or whistling a world old refrain, a wistful fragment from a great musician's mind.

Snug in a quiet harbor, safe from the wind and waves, safe from that big schooner, too, the evening is far too short, what with books I have to read. I shudder to think what a high and mighty critic would say if he should read the titles. Or the scorn which would fairly ooze from Mencken, that major prophet of discontent, should he survey the shelf. But discontent somehow has never seemed to ride along with little things, and on my little ship we have no room for heavy tomes, no room for books which are not happy books.

There's *Peter Pan*, I frankly love the story. There, too, is *Graziella*, *The Wind in the Willows*, and *Imennsee*. And I must not forget the bit from *Les Miserables* of Gavvoche and his elephant! While these may not be the particular volumes which others have read and loved, they are, fundamentally, world old stories of the little things and, as such, they have been spiritual guides which any who would assume the role of literary censor must scan rather closely before casting them aside.

And no self-respecting little ship would be complete without the tang of the sea, Slocum's immortal *Cruise of the Spray*, *The Venturesome Voyages of Captain Voss*, which is a veritable storehouse of sea wisdom, Kipling's *Captain Courageous*, these are alive with the life of little things, even as little as tacks which insured Slocum's final and successful attempt to gain the Pacific after his troubles in the Straits of Magellan. Mixed with the salty volumes are several of the poets, Poe, Mansfield, Byron. You see, altogether my books are quite a conglomerate assortment. I could hardly believe the particular ones I have named would suit any other taste than my own, but that is a small matter. Yet any row of books with which one had to live day after day would represent the same general atmosphere of peace and contentment.

So I shall sail my little ship. She carries what I want, my simple books, my simple songs, and best of all, a generous store of contentment. Now, if I could only find... But stop, I think I even love that leak! Such is the way of little ships.

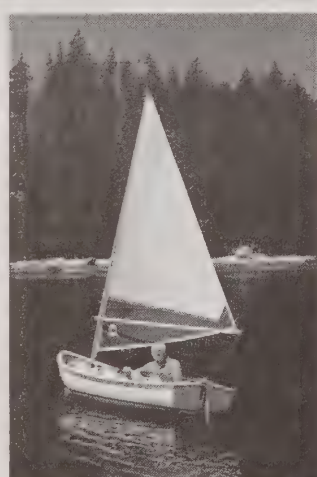


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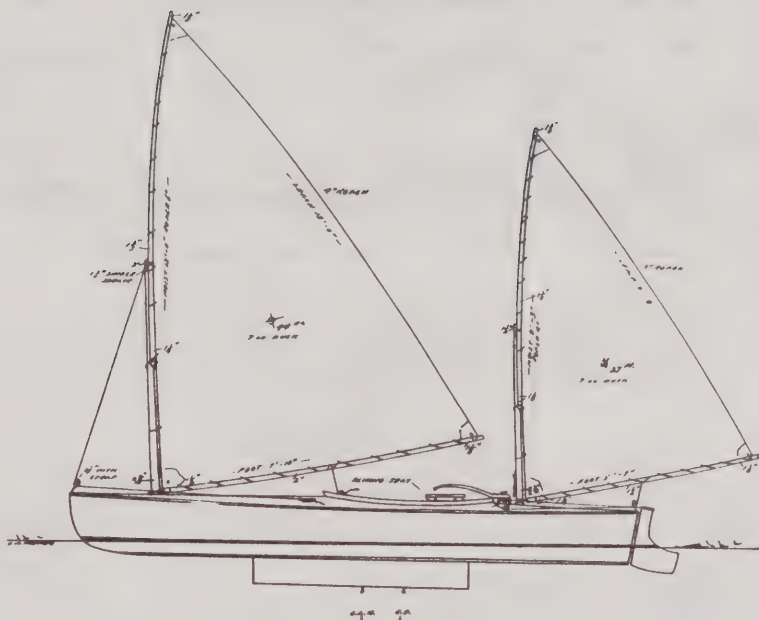
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Furious... A Sailing Canoe

By Weston Farmer

This sailing canoe was designed in 1925 for Mr. John Godfrey of the Quaker Oats Company, Saskatoon, Canada. Two of the model were subsequently built, proving much fun, as there is hardly a branch of sailing which calls for as much agility as sailing a good canoe. It was found the center of effort traveled ahead rapidly in this type of boat, while at the same time the center of lateral resistance travels aft.

This accounts for the relatively large distance and peculiar arrangement of these centers as shown on the plans. There is no center board. The removable fin is of oak and can be shifted to obtain perfect sail balance, being fastened by long screws through the keel from which it can quickly be detached. Shifting the board instead of the sail is something new in balancing wrinkles.

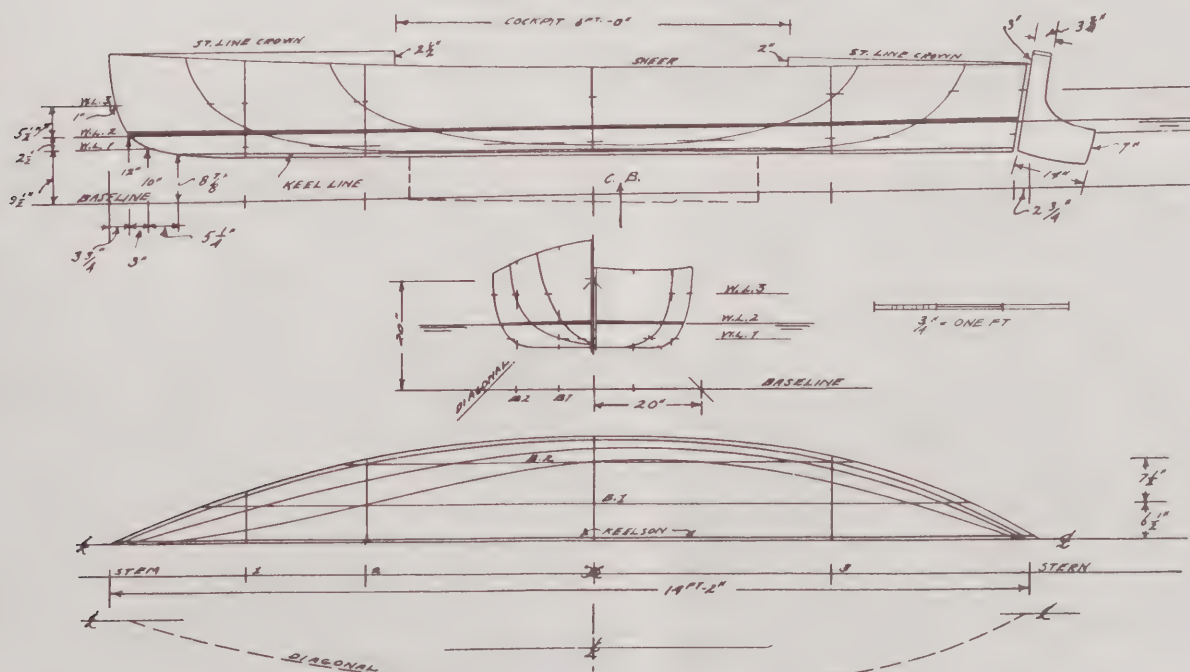


HALF - BREADTHS FROM $\frac{1}{2}$
in feet, inches & quarters

STATION	STEM	1	2	3	4	5	STERN
SHEER	0.0.2	0.10.0	1.3.2	1.7.0	1.3.3	0.0.2	
W.L. 3		0.9.0	1.2.1	1.6.1	1.2.1		
W.L. 2		0.5.3	0.11.0	1.5.0	1.0.2		
W.L. 1		0.2.1	0.7.0	1.2.2	0.10.1		
DIAG.		0.6.2	0.8.0	1.1.1	0.11.1		

HEIGHTS ABOVE BASELINE
feet, inches, & quarters

STATION	STEM	1	2	3	4	5	STERN
SHEER	2.3.0	2.1.3	2.1.0	1.11.0	1.10.2	1.10.2	
KEEL LINE		0.8.3	0.8.2	ST. LINE		0.6.2	
B. 1		1.1.1	0.9.1	0.8.1	0.8.3		
B. 2			1.5.0	0.9.1	1.5.0		



E. WESTON FARMER'S 14 FT. BY 32 IN. 50 POUND CANVAS SINGLE-HAND CANOE



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We wrote up the Le Cabotin project in detail in *MAIB* Volume 20, Numbers 14 and 15, in December 2002. She's the 11.5m (38') x 2.4m (8') x .33m (1') oceangoing sharpie shown in its original form in Chapter 70 of our book *Boats With An Open Mind* (McGraw Hill), which cruised from northern France to the West Indies via the Mediterranean but was primarily intended for in port living in warm places.

The earlier essay explains why Jean and Gabrielle Gauthier's rendering needed upgrading from the original stark machine, namely that they intended to spend several years cruising from Quebec across the North Atlantic, up the Baltic and across Russia to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and back to America. The time offshore and the northern climate to be encountered were the main points driving the additions and alterations. The drawings here outline what we thought was needed.

Bolger on Design Progress Report On Le Cabotin

Design #576 (Upgraded)

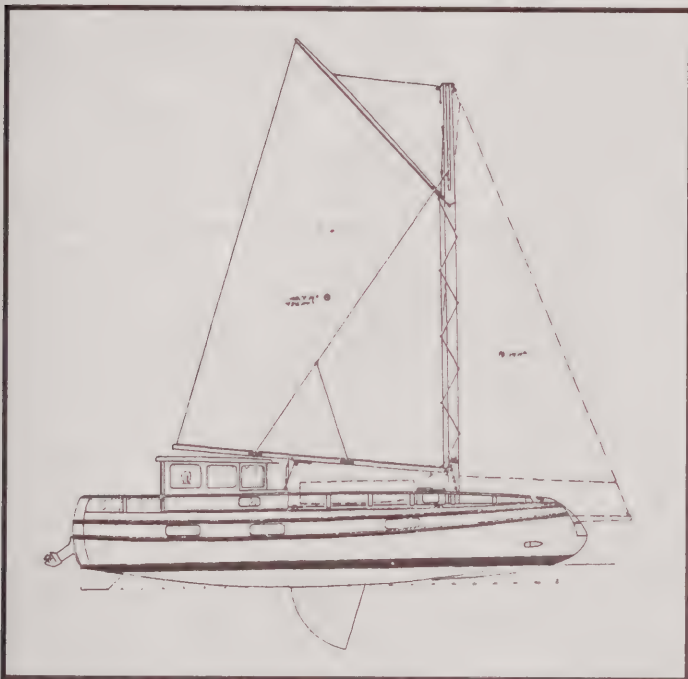
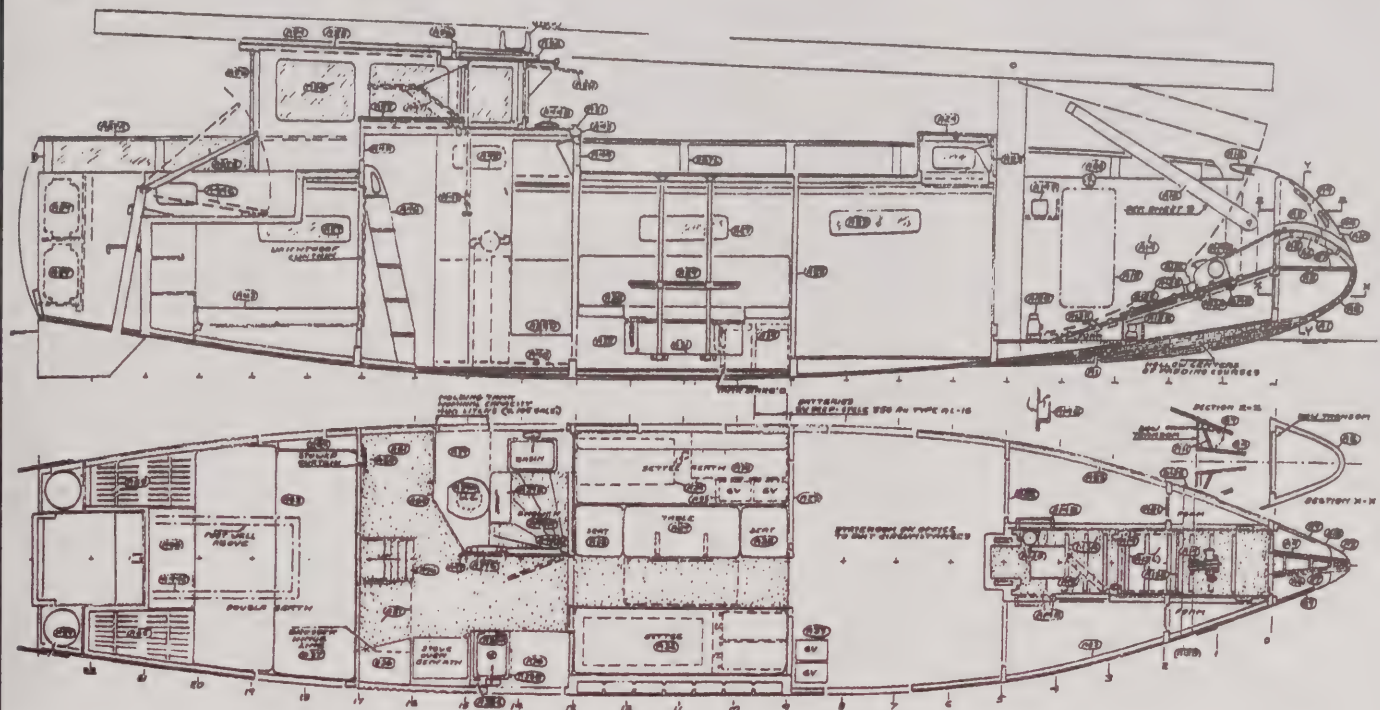
The photos show what they've accomplished in three years of summer vacations from their school teaching work. They should be off on the Grand Tour next year, down the St. Lawrence and away. The boat is true to the plans and shows a high finish. We doubt many, if any, professionals could or would have created a better outcome with an equal investment of time and money, a good omen for the success of the ambitious itinerary.

If the boat looks bizarre, it is because she is about the simplest possible boat of her capability, far from the current conventional wisdom. She is designed to be a minimum

"go anywhere" boat, including into wading draft places and onto beaches and flats, through narrow canal locks, and under low bridges with only a brief interruption of her sailing capability, as well as being fit to go off soundings. The shape which enabled her to be so quickly built by comparatively inexperienced people (though from the looks of these photos they were, or became, meticulous carpenters), was also economical, for the efficient insulation for living aboard in winter in, for instance, Finland was a factor in designing in full positive buoyancy, that is, unsinkability.

Plans of Design #576, including the Le Cabotin plans with those of the lighter and cheaper, but less capable, original version, are available for \$500 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, nine 22"x34" sheets of drawings and detailed keyed specifications, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, U.S.





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It is fascinating to think about the number of boaters using charts who have no idea of how to plot latitude and longitude. They look at the general landmasses and identify visual contacts. They watch the numbers on the GPS and aim for the waypoints. Unfortunately, after years of safe boating, they are embarrassed to ask someone to explain latitude and longitude. Sea School has adopted the assumption that all students need to be taught how to interpret ladder-tude and long-a-tude.

An informal survey done by Sea School, The College of Nautical Knowledge, indicates that more than 62% of the students who come to their classes for a commercial boat captain's license do not really understand how latitude/longitude works. This is Sea School's simplified method of teaching basic lat/long taken from their Coast Guard approved basic boating course. A slightly more complex method is used in their famous USCG approved captain's license course.

First, think of an old fashioned wooden step ladder. The sides going up and down represent lines of longitude. The equally spaced rungs represent parallel lines of latitude. You might think of steps on a ladder equal ladder-tude. On a chart, sometimes called a water map by a novice, those lines or degrees of latitude, 60 miles apart, are broken into 60 minutes, which equals one degree of latitude. Each minute of a degree of latitude equals one nautical mile. You might say a mile a minute.

There are 180 degrees of latitude circling the earth north to south and there are 360 degrees of longitude circling the earth from east to west. Each is numbered. The secret is to know where the starting or counting point is for each. It's really simple. We count lon-

Plotting For The Average Boater

Ladder-Tude and Long-A-Tude Made Simple

By Bill Baxter, Maritime Press International

gitude from the observatory at Greenwich, England going east and west. We count latitude from the equator to the north and south poles. Since we in the U.S. are west of England, we are west longitude. And since we are north of the equator, we are north latitude.

The numbers from Greenwich, which is zero longitude, are numbered in both directions starting with one east on the east side, and one west towards us. Longitude number 180 is neither east nor west and happens to be the International Date Line in the middle of the Pacific. This is 180 degrees from Greenwich on the opposite side of the world. From the equator which is zero ladder-tude, the numbers progress north starting with 1n, and south starting with 1s, ending up at 90 at each of the poles.

As an example, the latitude and longitude of St. Petersburg, Florida, is 27.8n lat. and 82.7w long. That tells us that it is 1668 miles (27.8 x 60 miles) from the equator. Unfortunately, we cannot use the same measuring system between lines of longitude because they are not parallel but are curved from 60 miles apart at the equator to touching at the north and south poles.

In our part of the world the numbers lat/long are laid out on the chart just the oppo-

site of the way we read a book. Latitude, because it is numbered from the equator, increases going up, and longitude, because it is going west from England, is laid out increasing from right to left. Therefore, charts in our hemisphere have increasing numbers starting from the lower right hand corner going up and to the left.

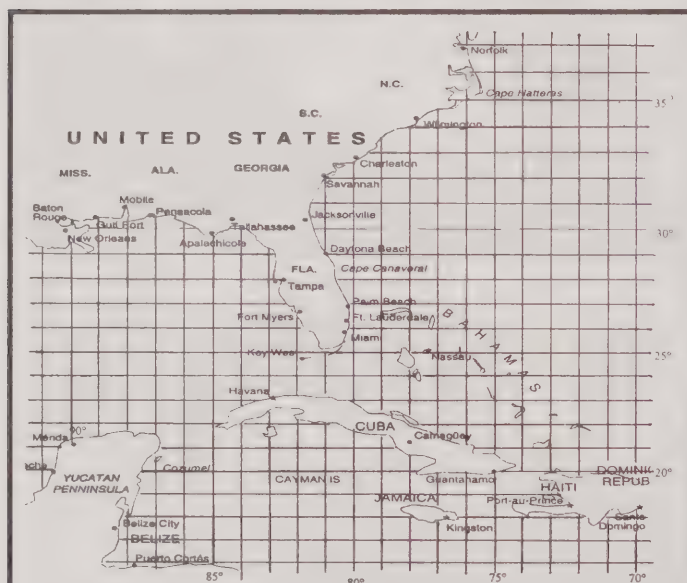
With this much information the boating chart should make just a little more sense. As an example, the 80 degree west line of longitude goes through the center of Cuba off the Atlantic coast of Florida near Ft. Lauderdale and Palm Beach and goes through Charleston, South Carolina.

Twenty-five degrees north latitude goes through Nassau, Bahamas, and crosses the Florida Keys between Miami and Key West. Look at your chart and see if you can figure that Savannah, Georgia, is approximately 32 degrees north lat. and 81 degrees west long. If a storm was northeast of Savannah just offshore, it would be something less than 81 degrees long, and something more than 32 degrees north lat.

Practice using the boating chart to see if you could find the lat/long of a city near you. Here are some examples: Key West, 24.6n, 81.8w; New Orleans, 29.9n 90.0w; Miami, 25.8n 80.2w; New York, 40.8n 74.0w; Charleston, 32.8n 79.9w.

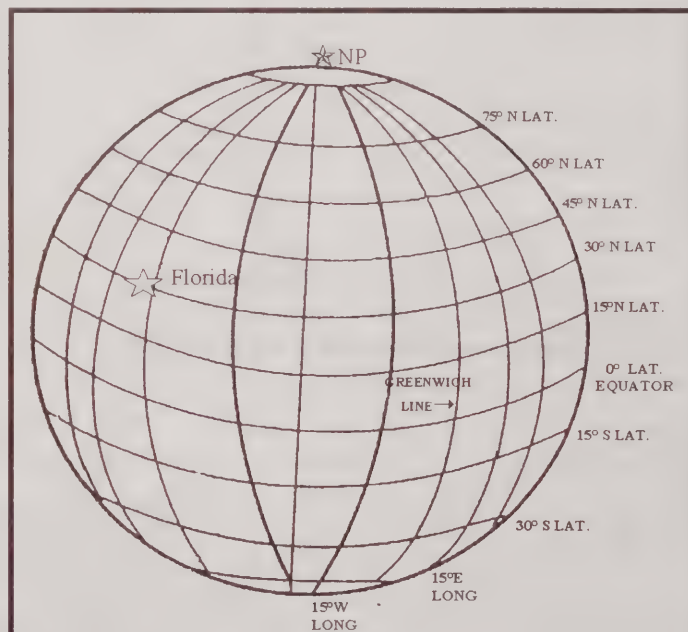
Next time you plan to go boating and hear the coordinates of a tropical storm, you will feel much more confident when you understand what the numbers mean. It's also a great way to show your smarts and impress your friends.

For any additional information, contact Ron Wahl at Sea School, (800) 237-8663 or <ronwahl@seaschool.com>



On this chart of the Caribbean the lines of latitude are 1° or 60 miles apart, which makes it easy to estimate distance between points of land. Note that Norfolk is near 37n and 76w. Charleston is just below 33n and 80w. Apalachicola is just below 30n and 85w. Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, is 20n and 75w. With a little practice figuring out latitude and longitude or, as we like to call it, ladder-tude and long-a-tude, can be a lot of fun.

As a pick up line at a party you can change, "what's your sign" to "what's your latitude?" When you explain this, look how smart you will seem. Remember the Jimmy Buffet line, "changes in latitude, changes in attitude."



In this depiction of the globe it is easy to see that the steps on the ladder are equally spaced (60 miles per degree of latitude). Here they are illustrated 15° apart for clarity which makes them 900 miles apart in this diagram. The lines of longitude bending out from the north to the south poles are furthest apart at the equator. Because they get closer going north and south of the equator, they are, unlike latitude, seldom used for measuring distances.

Budget Sailing For the Impecunious

By Alvan Eames

Sails

Many books and recommendations for lacing sails to spars refer to the use of a long continuous lacing, but there are two disadvantages to this. Firstly, it is awkward to reeve and, secondly, if the lacing parts then the whole length of the sail is loose. Such breakage invariably happens in rough conditions and disturbs the set of the sail at a time when efficiency is desired by dire necessity. If separate lashings are used then both the above objections are removed. The breakage of one lashing is not anything like a disaster and repairs may be effected at a more convenient moment than the throes of a squall.

A reef knot is commonly used for the separate lashings but a better way is suggested. A reef knot can fly loose when the weather is boisterous and often has the ends flapping about. If two simple thumb knots are used around the standing part, one on each side of the sail, they lock each other against the eyelet and the ends may be short enough not to offend. There is nothing hanging below the spar except one single turn of line.

There is a proper method of lacing the luff of the mainsail to the mast. It is incorrect to wind the line continuously round the mast and through the eyelets in one direction. The direction of winding should change at each eyelet so that the line does not jam when lowering the sail, or when raising it for that matter.

When it comes to reefing for heavy weather, it is usual for the mainsail to be reefed by rolling the sail round the boom by one means or another. I suggest that the traditional method of reefing by points is the better way. It can be done reasonably quickly if it has been practiced, and certainly results in a better setting sail without boom droop. If the reef points are arranged so that the reef is deeper towards the leach, then the boom is raised away from the heads of the crew.

One of the problems of point reefing is that it is possible to mix up the reef points of the first reef with those of the second and tear the sail. Using reef points of different material can guard against this as well as placing them at, say, 24" intervals for the first reef and 18" intervals for the second. When taking hold of reef points for the purpose of taking in sail, it is useful to give a tug on them so as to be sure that they are the same pair.

Reef points are seldom fitted to foresails these days, but it is a very useful way of balancing a reefed mainsail. A row of points, 24" up from the foot, with a large thimble worked into the luff wire provides for a quick operation. A large snap shackle at the tack enables a speedy reef to be put in and the jibsheet fastening previously mentioned is swiftly moved to the new position. This method is by far preferred to the other emergency jib reef where the sail is lowered, the halliard detached, a large knot tied in the head of the sail, the halliard re-attached, and the sail hoisted again.

The virtues of the jib roller furling gear have been extolled by abler writers than me, and I have found that the standard Wykeham Martin #1 is adequate for my needs. It is made

in bronze and I bought mine from Mr. Bosun's Locker in London. It uses a thrust bearing employing separate balls and these can be replaced during the winter refit for the cost of a few pence. Modern racing dinghy jib furlers are made from aluminium alloy with plastic bearings, are a lot more expensive to buy, and cannot be serviced with ease.

In the days of square rigged sails it was possible to extend the sail area by the use of the bonnet and drabber. A bonnet was a piece of extra sailcloth with eyelets along the top and bottom and was laced to the foot of a square sail in very light winds. If the area still was not enough for a satisfactory rate of progress, the drabber was laced to the foot of the bonnet. On the odd occasion when I have been sailing on a run up the River Lune towards the pub known as Snatchems (otherwise the Golden Ball) I have been known to rig my version of the bonnet and drabber, aka my water sail. This is a spare jib with the luff stretched out along the boom, the head next to the gooseneck, tack to boom end, and the clew held out by the boat hook.

Another ploy when reaching in very light winds is to hank the spare jib to the windward shroud, hoisting it by using one of the topping lifts as a halliard and sheeting it to the windward quarter. I only used this when out at sea on a long reach in gentle winds.

I have always used a kicking strap on my boats. It need not be an expensive stainless six-part purchase, but a simple two-part or four-part if rigged properly. The way that mine is arranged is to have the lower fixed point on the centreboard case a little aft of the mast. If mounted on the mast it would work well enough, but if rigged a few inches aft, then when the boom swings wide the whole set-up is tightened automatically. Af-

ter all, the kicking strap is most needed when running. Of course, pre-stretched terylene is used.

A burgee is best hoisted attached to a 2'-3' piece of bamboo. Cane costs next to nothing, is easily replaced, and suffers far less damage than expensive aluminium, as snags when hoisting are very common. I have found that a tubular windsock form of burgee is much steadier than the usual triangular pattern.

Just as a matter of interest, it is quite in order for a gaff rigged boat to wear her Red Ensign two-thirds up the leach of the mainsail instead of on a staff at the stern. A simple eyelet on the leach makes this possible with a very light line down to the boom end. This causes a little argument now and again with some sea lawyers who do not know the proper rules, and much amusement can be had.



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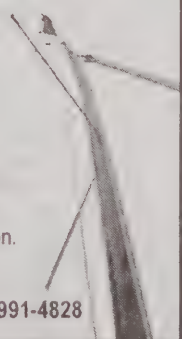
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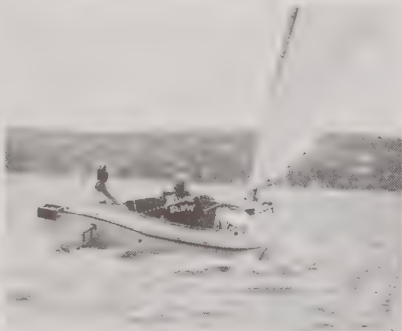
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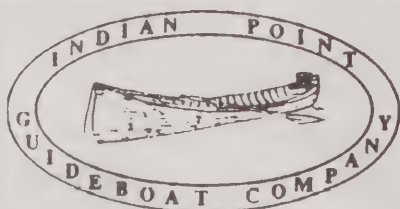
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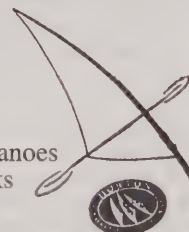
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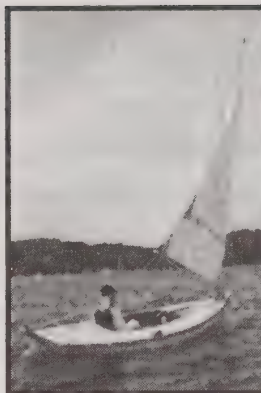


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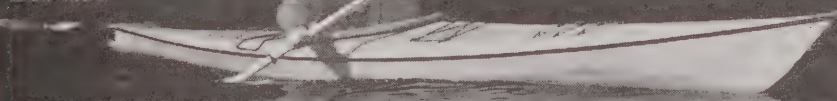
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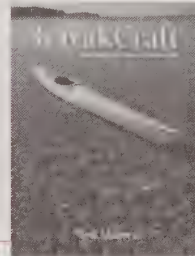
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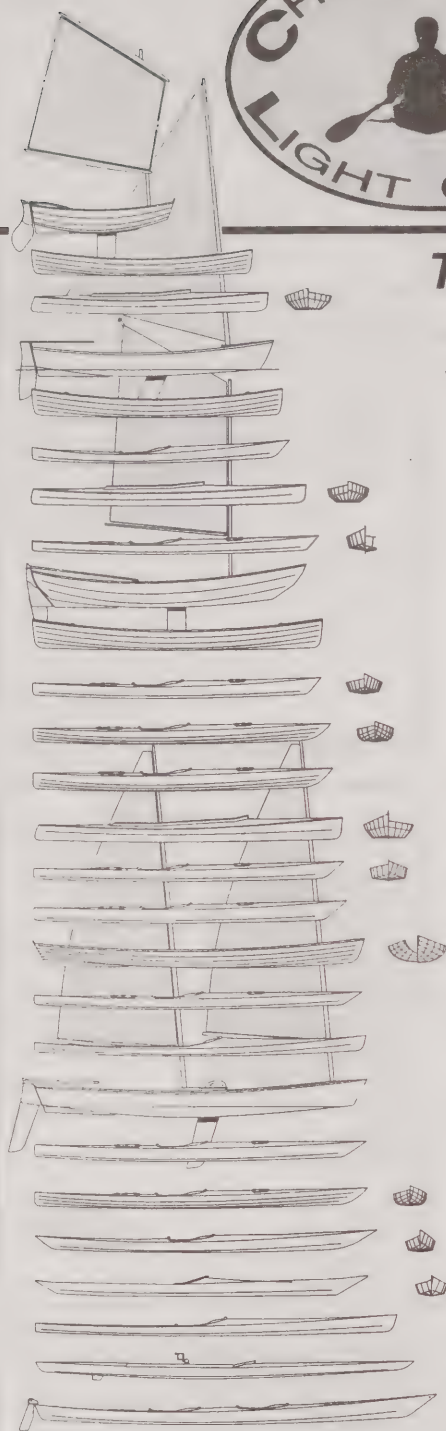
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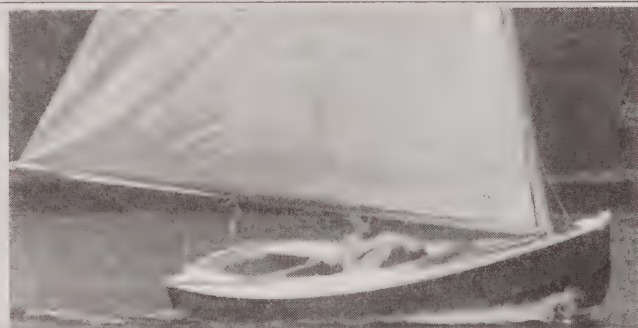
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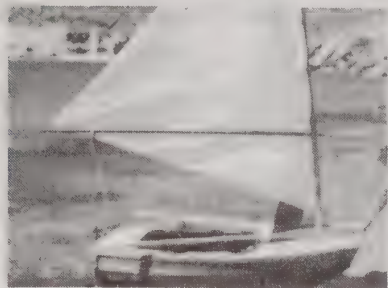
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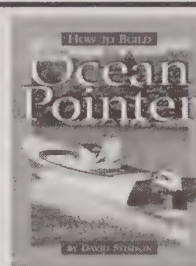
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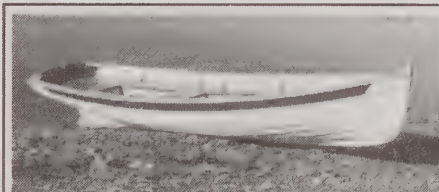
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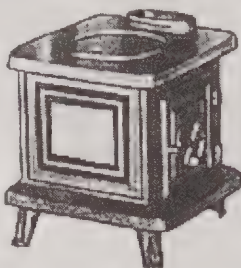
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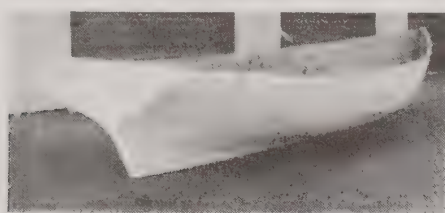
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20' Seacraft, center console & house, on single axle EZ Loader trlr, no power. \$3,000. 20' Chris Craft Scorpion, on dbl axle Load Rite trlr, nds new engine, new cockpit floor. Hull & trlr in exc cond. Make offer. 20' Chris Craft IO, hull only, no engine, no trlr. Could be converted to ob power. Make offer.
STEVE WILLARD, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-8462 (16)



26' Classic FG Keel/CB Sloop, '63 Bill Tripp design, Dutch blt to MORC rules. Yacht standard refinish, refit, repower ('01 Yamaha 4-stroke)) rewire & upgrade in past 4 yrs. Handy & handsome yacht w/26" draft board up for Cape Cod & Islands. One owner with inside storage for last 21 yrs. Health conditions force sale. \$7,500 obo to gd home.
BOB YORKE, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-1651 days/eves (16)

Free Boat, 19' William Atkins Nancy Jean, '58. Mahogany over steam bent white oak. Glassed over when built. Hull only. Never launched, stored inside. Nds compl.
BRUCE GIBBS, Lancaster County, VA, (804) 462-5684 (16)

'68 FG Drascombe Lugger, '80 6hp Suzuki ob, '76 EZ Load trlr. Varnished masts, decent sails, oars, 4 preservers, anchor & rode. Asking \$4,000 obro. Photos available. Free 16' Herreshoff DbI Paddle Canoe, nds work.
GENE GIFFORDS, East Islip, LI, NY, (631) 206-1261 (16)

12' Wooden Lapstrake Skiff, pine on mahogany, copper rivets. FG on ply bottom. Narrow, fast rowing boat based on Salisbury Skiff. \$950.
JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 534-9536 (16)

17' Klepper Aerius II, '80s in gd shape, incl full sail kit. \$1,500.
MARTHA & MITCH SIBLEY-JETT, Ashford, CT, (860) 429-1595 (16)

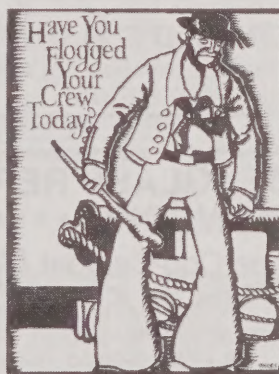
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DICK MARTIN, P.O. Box 52, Newbury, NH 03255, (603) 763-2464, <rrmartin@alum.mit.edu> (16)

15' Classic Lyman Decked Runabout, w/walk through seating & rear steering. 35hp Gale Sovereign electric start, Karavan split trlr. Totally stripped in & out, no rot. Motor in exc running cond. Tlr hardly used w/spare tire. All decking & seats removed & numbered ready for new replacement or installation. No time to finish. \$800 obo.
PETER DE BONA, Branford, CT, (203) 483-0299, <fastpete@comcast.net> (16)

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GEAR WANTED

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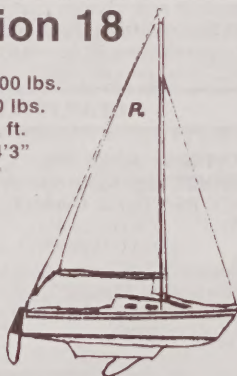
Boat Plans, all are unused & gd for building 1 boat. Bolger/Payson Birdwatcher \$60. Michalak Fat Cat II \$17. Michalak AF3 \$17. Mertens-Goosen Scilly Gig \$30. Ken Swan Princess \$25. Devlin Nancy's China \$50. Shipping within USA incl.

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Precision 18

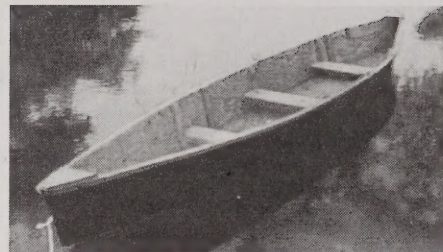
Displacement 1100 lbs.
Ballast, Lead 350 lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
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Draft, Bd Up 1'6"
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LWL 15'5"
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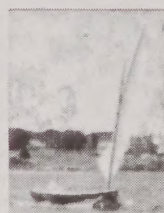
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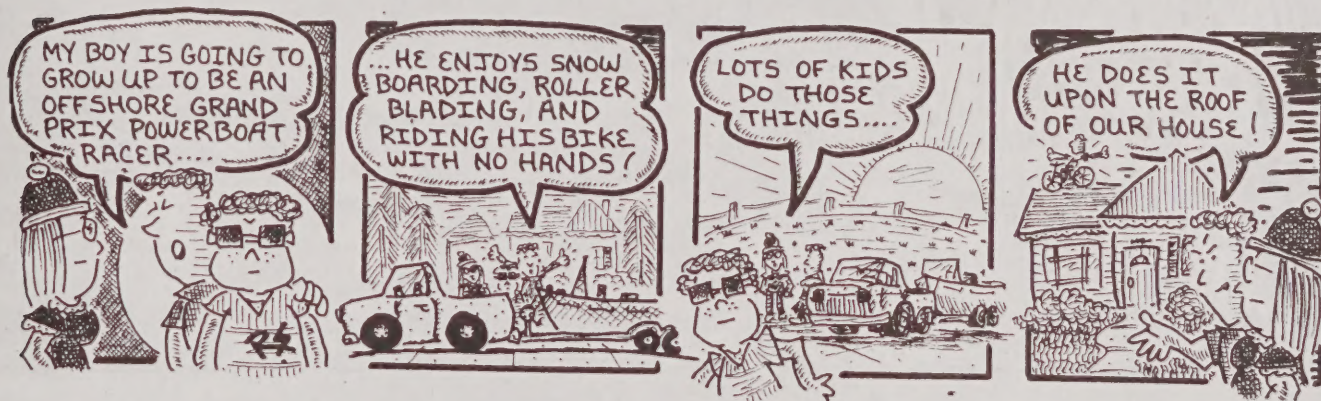
LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"



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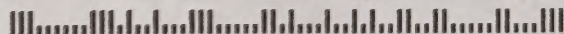
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