



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival"
"Building a SkiffAmerica 20"

Volume 23 - Number 14

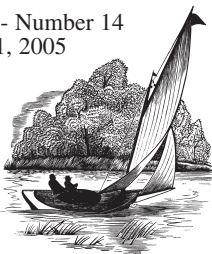
December 1, 2005



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On the Cover...

A nice action shot at the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival, especially impressive as there was virtually no wind, and how the crew got her to look like she was really flying was to all get down on the weather rail to heel her.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We drove down to Maryland the first weekend in October to the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival, first time in a number of years. You will see the results of this effort in a nine-page spread on the event that I put together for this issue.

What has kept us from attending more often was not the ten-hour drive itself, but what it had to be driven over. Once we leave our home here in the northeastern corner of Massachusetts, we head into ever growing congestion as we approach New York City and then even more after getting past it on that godawful New Jersey Turnpike. We have used that road ever since the early '60s heading south to various motorcycling events we used to cover (and often participate in) for our former motorcycling magazines. We came to hate it then and it is far worse now.

I recall my elderly parents driving it enroute to Florida and how my dad really got disturbed by the trucks tailgating him because he drove at 60mph not 85mph. In recent years a niece and her daughter had reason to drive it from Maryland to Massachusetts a number of times in connection with her daughter's schooling, and more often than not they'd get caught in a massive traffic jam heading home (south) as six lanes of traffic funneled down to two before arriving at the Delaware Memorial Bridge.

Our appearance at the Festival elicited some surprise from those who knew of my distaste for the trip, one came from frequent contributor Greg Grundtisch, who afterwards wrote, in part, the following:

"My bride, the lovely and talented Naomi, decided we should attend the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St. Michaels, Maryland, this year. I agreed with her as I always do. It has been about four years since we last attended so we were really looking forward to it. It was good then and it is even bigger and better than ever now. It may be the best boat event on the East Coast. The location on the grounds of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is certainly the prettiest.

After looking at the various land displays, we went out onto the floating docks to see what was happening out there. On our way back Naomi grabbed my arm and said, 'Hey, isn't that Bob Hicks?'

I turned and saw a man walking away so I couldn't see for sure. But then I said, 'No, it couldn't be, he said he would never drive on the New Jersey Turnpike again.'

Just as I said that, Naomi met Jane Hicks walking by, exchanged greetings, and promptly said, 'See, I told you that was him.' I agreed with her again (as always). Then I noticed Bob walking back toward us. We

exchanged greetings and then I asked about the New Jersey Turnpike. Staying true to his word, he explained how he went AROUND IT!

If you look on a map and see Massachusetts, and then find Maryland, you will see what it takes to go around it. To do this you must have a strong fear of it, or hatred, or both. It is a road that can be a pain in the transom most of the time."

Yes, that's what I did, I found a way around that corridor. It added about 50 miles to the total distance but did an end run around all the congestion. We usually take I84 from the Massachusetts/Connecticut line over to New York, and then head down I684 to the Tappan Zee Bridge and on to the Garden State Parkway (with all its irritating toll booths) and thence onto the New Jersey Turnpike.

This year we kept on west on I84 past Newburgh, New York, turned south on the New York Thruway, picked up a nearly empty I287 through scenic western New Jersey to within about 35 miles of Trenton. To get to I295 near Trenton we did have to drive that 35 miles on a two-lane state highway with a number of stop lights, but it was otherwise scenic and passed through Princeton. Once on I295 we ran parallel with the Pike but without any of its traffic congestion, to the Delaware Bridge. And so our trip was hassle free.

The scale of the Festival has grown since our last visit and yet the Museum fits everyone nicely into very limited space, including campers spread throughout the grounds. The waterfront access has been further restricted now as the once vacant shoreline adjacent that was available for the event now has trophy homes built along it. Yet, without any beach at all, and with just two small floating launch platforms on the boardwalk, anyone who wanted to launch a hand carried small boat could easily do so. The larger trailer boats were tied alongside a number of floating docks attached to the several piers on the Museum waterfront.

We had a great time Friday evening, all day and evening Saturday, and Sunday morning, so many people to meet and talk with, so many boats, and constant on-the-water activity. I did not avail myself of any of the boats for tryouts, at these gatherings I find that if I continually circulate I meet more people, see more boats, and happen upon interesting vignettes. You will note some vagueness at times in my coverage, I didn't always get names of boats or persons. I'm no longer "Bob, the Boy Reporter" hard at work and was often distracted by all that was going on. It was just a great time!

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It was a warm and exquisitely beautiful fall day, more appreciated for coming after a run of gray, dull weather. One would be a fool not to do something special with this day, to preserve it in mental snapshots against the cold rain and sleet of the coming winter when visions of summer warmth would be found only in the flames of the wood stove.

It has been many years since I last paddled a canoe on the Ipswich River. Passing the beckoning shoreline as I drove to work made me acknowledge that the waterway of my youth deserved a visit before it was a frozen over.

Calling on friends to join us, the Captain and I rented a tin canoe from the Foote Brothers, who were celebrating their 50th year in the watercraft business. The operation has been a recreation destination for generations of families. The brothers have hosted thousands of school groups and individuals from the dam site that the business sits on. They can drive to the various drop-off landings upstream where a dozen canoes and their occupants can be hauled via a van towing a multi-level rack trailer holding canoes. Our friends would launch their own canoe north of the foot bridge and meet us at the rental landing, we'd then paddle in tandem upstream and visit as many of the five beaver dams as possible.

It's surprising how many small but seemingly important things can crop up once you've got a plan in mind. We spent several hours re-tuning the plan to go out and almost put the trip off to the following week. This is where the Mess About gene is important, if we weren't dyed-in-the-wool Messers we'd have put it off and then sat looking out the windows at the gray rain that fell for the whole week afterward, having missed a glorious day on the water. Life is short, opportunities fewer than you might imagine, so grab the chance to enjoy a good day whenever you can, particularly in New England where weather can change so quickly (and stay gray so long).

To get a canoe we had to pass muster with a delightful master curmudgeon named Whit. He'd spoken with me the day before so I was ready for his dry and resourceful humor. Whit gave us the two minute verbal tour of the river and suggested that we had plenty of time to get over a few of the beaver dams before heading back by 6:00. He assured us that we didn't need a map, if we would just "stay in the watah" we'd be OK. Yes, there were a few drier areas, and most of the short cut channels I might recall from my youth were covered by the beaver ponds, but up to the first dam everything should seem much the same as 40 years ago.

Giving us a firm push away from the small landing dock, Whit told us to have fun and enjoy one of the nicest days of the season. We plied our paddles with more strength than skill for a few strokes and then settled into a smooth rhythm that can come only from years of sharing activities on the water. Nowhere else can you find a better test of a couple's compatibility than in a canoe, someone has to steer and someone has to provide steady power. Any power struggle becomes quickly obvious and the old expression "rocking the boat" is readily seen.

The Captain is a past master woodsman, he grew up in the land of ten thousand lakes, he's done the Boundary Waters trail and has an understanding of the quirky nature of



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Mud Wrestling Messabout

canoes. He doesn't subscribe to "put the woman in the bow and be prepared to do all the work." He also understands my need to be a strong partner in everything we do. Even though I took the bow paddle, I was able to provide the steady power that he could channel into directing us through the water and between snags, threading us through the narrow riffles left open between drought stricken riverbanks.

Unlike the megaphone-wielding coxswain of Charles River racing shells, he quietly admonished me when to draw paddle. There were times when I became diverted by a kingfisher's flight or the view below the surface. Despite his firm coaching and steering skills, I still got us hung up in the tules a few times. It's amazing how fast Kamikaze swampy weeds can throw themselves into your path.

Paddling upstream we were passed by returning school kids who looked totally frazzled and exhausted, some were exuberant, but most were just plain tired out and glad to be on the home stretch. Memories of my own school trips down the river are blurred by so many different trips. Some trips as part of a group, and later as a participant of "river dates," where my girlfriends and I would decide to test the summer's catch and see if they were made of stronger stuff than just looking good in cut-off jeans. Being horsewomen, we were usually stronger than the fellows accompanying us. Once they realized their dates were more than able, we'd have rip roaring races and great fun.

Of course, when we hit the river with the local boys who were "just friends," all bets were off and we'd find ourselves sharing a canoe and the boys competing to see if they could beat us... most couldn't. Shoveling manure and holding back iron jawed old camp horses gave us a distinct advantage in upper body strength that was very useful in a canoe.

Grade school trips were another kettle of fish, there we'd be put three to a canoe. As

a particularly strong little girl, I got the stern position and prayed for a well-coordinated bow paddler to offset the inevitable klutz or Nancy Nice type who would be the third girl. When my mother wasn't able to join us, a neighbor's mom was often along and her ever-watchful eye was all that stood between me and my urge to dump out the offensive passenger.

The years rolled away as I witnessed these new students coming around each bend. I loved to see the look of wonder on some faces as they held up a bag with a fresh water mussel in it or stopped with rapt expressions to watch the flight of a great blue heron cross their paths. Even the most tired looking and disgruntled were keen to tell about their trip and seeing the beaver dams when we asked, "How's your trip been?"

The teacher or parent behind this trip has done more in a few hours to help educate and instill some sense of balance about the world around them than any week long course in a classroom could ever achieve. When these children are sitting in a board meeting someday and the question of water quality and resources arises, they'll be pulled back into that moment on the river.

We made it as far as the last hairpin turn before the first beaver dam and couldn't get through low water and over a barely submerged dead tree trunk. We hauled out onto a muddy bank to eat lunch where the kids had made a slippery portage. Being later than anticipated due to following a couple of channels that died out, we decided to turn back and save the beavers for a spring trip next year.

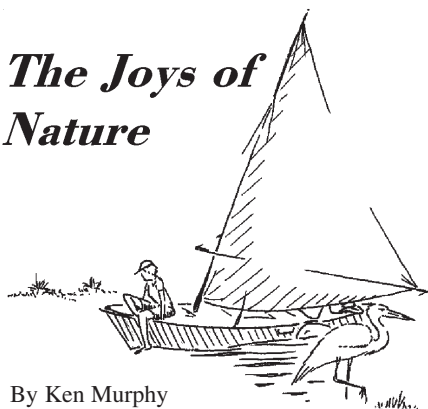
The return trip was faster, not totally due to the negligible current but because we'd already passed this way. A few hours before I had been struggling to find my rhythm and become a helpful partner with my Captain, now we were a smooth team. The outgoing trip was punctuated by happy exclamations and delight between friends as we discovered the next wonderful scene or event, every basking turtle was pointed out and shared, the resident guide, a great blue heron, was remarked on every time we encountered him or the 12 herons we disturbed by our passage.

Returning we paddled in companionable silence, drifting along, allowing the other couple to get ahead and share some silence for themselves.

The afternoon light was not quite that of the "magic hour," but its slanting rays limned the shores and highlighted the clear or muddy bottom in a remarkable way. The sepia toned water captured the flight of a school of minnows chased by a young pickerel, it made a swimming red-eared slider look like a bug stuck in amber. All along the shoreline the falling sun lit the depths of hemlock groves, beckoning us to stop and explore the mystery within. The softening of the light from the earlier harsh, brow-beating noontime exposure made this a different river altogether.

We could have pushed on and ended up mud wrestling the canoes over the portage, or we could have returned and discovered a second journey lit by a foreign feeling sun hidden behind an evergreen trimmed horizon. I'm glad we turned around and left something for winter speculation as to what the spring trip will be like, and much as I love messing about, the thought of mud wrestling held little appeal.

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

Mysteries Under the Keel

I believe one reason we are drawn to the water is its mysteries. The undersea world is unknown to most, its secrets are closely held, and few humans have the guts and tenacity required to reveal what is going on beneath our keels.

It is our lack of knowledge of the undersea world that both draws and repels us. We still carry a fear of what lies below the waterline. Sea monsters still wander in our psyches. After a "Joy of Nature" article on the American Eel, a reader wrote to me about a day fly fishing in a creek a 1,000 miles from the ocean. He was sitting on the bank with his legs dangling in the water when suddenly a snake-like creature started swimming around his legs. He leaped up, nearly jumping out of his skin in fright. He wrote that for years he hadn't fly fished because of that one scare. Aren't we all like that to one degree or the other? Now that he found out it was probably an eel, he might get out his rod again.

I certainly remember the first time I took a swim after watching the movie *Jaws*. I was not a happy swimmer. All these fears come from our pathetic lack of understanding of the watery world.

Staying for a bit longer with sea monsters, I read in today's *Washington Post* (actually my wife reads it while I play with my computer, but she's the one who points out articles of possible MAIB interest) that Japanese researchers have taken the first videos of a live giant squid. It required a video camera being dangled on a 3,300' long line and some bait to finally capture the first images of the largest invertebrate in the world. Think about this a moment. We knew that such a creature existed when the first complete specimen, dead, was taken from Newfoundland waters by fishermen in 1874. So it took 131 years before we humans got the first glimpse of a live giant squid. So the sea gives up its secrets with great reluctance.

Of course, dedication is the secret. We are all curious of the sea but few of us have the drive, know how, and time to really get to know this other world. But we are lucky that there are those few willing to dedicate their lives to such endeavors. I've been reading a republished book entitled *The Bay*. First published in 1951, this is a gem of a book by Gilbert Klingel which concerns the study of the Chesapeake Bay. In it Mr. Klingel

describes the building of a submersible designed to view the Bay's underwater life. Built on a shoe string budget, the Bentharium was put together from odds and ends, but allowed Klingel and others associated with the Chesapeake Biological Laboratories to view Bay life at depths down to about 80' in relative comfort. Among the secrets learned from day and night-long observations involved the color of fish underwater.

Here is what Mr. Klingel writes: "Fishes, which in the upper air are plain gray or silvery, when viewed in their own medium may become the colors of pearls, brilliant yellow, old rose, or iridescent green or blue. Thus menhaden, dull things of tarnished silver, become glittering objects of burnished coppery gold. Anchovies, those little fellows which are the source of the dismal mess known as anchovy paste, are really flaming lavender. Mullet, ordinarily dull mottled gray, assume a deep purple edged with yellow when lighted at oblique angles by the sunlight.

"I have talked with many fishermen, oystermen, and other watermen and, of all these, none seem aware of this considerable difference in color. In some cases the alteration is so great that the only comparison I can think of would be to assume that all the birds of the upper air had suddenly changed hue and that sparrows had inexplicably been transformed from dull brown to iridescent grass green, or that bluebirds had overnight become saffron yellow or mockingbirds deep scarlet with purple primaries. That this is not so exaggerated as it sounds will be attested to by anyone who has spent any time under-sea."

So you see from this one observation that even the most experienced watermen lack some very basic knowledge of life underwater. So the next time you are messing about, remember how little you know of what is below that keel of yours. The secrets await the few of us with the drive to know.



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

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Activities & Events...

Anahuac Harborfest Rescheduled

The aftermath of Hurricane Rita has forced the rescheduling of this year's Harborfest in Anahuac, Texas. The Small Craft Festival, messabout, and annual meeting of the Lone Star Chapter, TSCA will now be held on Saturday, December 10.

The Scow Schooner Project is partnering with the Chambers-Liberty Counties Navigation District to host its 5th Annual Small Craft Festival. This year's event will include a four-mile row/paddle/float down the Trinity River, terminating at Anahuac Harbor and site of the Festival. Some of the Schooner Project's skiffs are available for the trip. So as to make this event available to a wider group, this year's run will have a "sag wagon" boat follow along to tow in those who don't wish to row that far. Also, rowboat rides will be available in our big skiff. Sign up early!

Free interpreted River Tour Rides on the Navigation District educational boats will be offered to the public throughout the day. This is a great way to get to see the Trinity River Delta.

The very popular Kid's Boatbuilding Shop will be ready for kids of all ages to come and create their own special small craft, and there will also be a raffle for a bateau.

Everyone is invited to bring his or her small craft to show or participate. Call or email for more information.

Howard Gmelch, The Scow Schooner Project, (409) 267-4402 www.scowschooner.org, email scowschooner@earthlink.net

Adventures & Experiences...

Platt Monfort Recalled

A few issues ago you published a tribute to Platt Monfort. I never met him but we did correspond via email while I was building his "Classic 10." He seemed like a down-to-earth type person.

Tom O'Connor, Gig Harbor, WA



Information of Interest...

More Details About Camping Gear

In the September 1 "You write..." a reader asked for more details about the camping gear used in *Hazel's* cruise of Everglades National Park ("Hazel Cruises the Everglades," July 15, 2005). Happy to oblige, John!

For shore camping, I use the MSR Hubba Hubba tent. When pitched flyless it's

pretty much nothing but net, so you can sit smugly inside of a bug-filled evening and watch the stars come out, without swatting! Unfortunately, my theory that raccoons would not attempt to enter an all-mesh tent if they could clearly see a sleeping human inside was proven false. Duct tape to the rescue.

My cooker is a Sierra Stove, a small twig-burner. Now this is the height of coolth, paddling out from your private chickee into the mangroves to harvest dead twigs. Too bad dead mangrove wood doesn't burn worth beans. Still, image is all.

As far as my camping setup aboard *Hazel* is concerned, I must admit I was purposely vague. I was loathe to admit before this illustrious company of craftsfolk the sorry state of my "shelter." As you can see from the photo, it is not exactly what you'd call stormworthy. It also turned out not to be bug-worthy. It is composed of two Balogh mast sections, each capped with a wool sock to create a non-skid grip for the "ridgepole" (a piece of line) that joins them. Over this is draped no-see-em mesh which is "secured" (the mosquitoes chuckle at my use of the term) around the cockpit by a loop of shock cord and many tiny, yet ineffective, shop clamps. In case of inclement weather, my plan was to add a nylon tarp layer to this concoction, under the mesh. Clearly, this system needs a serious overhaul!

Ann Rougle, arougle@earthlink.net



Red Tide

Recently several events on the coast of New England have intertwined in an unusual way. Fortunately they have been observed and will be reported. The first was a "red tide." This event was usually described by the press as "a dangerous infestation of coastal waters by an algae bloom containing microorganisms which can be transferred through the food chain where they affect and sometimes kill the higher forms of life such as zooplankton, shellfish, fish, birds, marine mammals, and even humans." However, according to most scientists the term "red tide" is a misnomer because blooms are not associated with tides, they are usually not harmful, and those species that are harmful may never reach the densities required to discolor the water.

So now that we've established that red tide is misnamed, we can address the second event, a somewhat eclectic aggregation of boats from a Massachusetts harbor which made its way to Maine on its annual Yacht Club Cruise. It was on a stop at Isle Au Haut when some of the aggregation went ashore for dinner with friends and a remark was made about an amber drink being consumed by several of the group. The originator said that they called it a "Red Morning Sky"

because of the implications of the phrase. Later the hostess, in requesting a taste, called it a "Red Tide." Her name, for posterity, is Margot Hammer and the date was August 26, 2005. Now, what could be more appropriate?

And so, we have a good name for an excellent drink. It's time to spread the word and tell how it's made. There are two ingredients, the most important being a dark Bermuda Rum, "Goslings." First, fill a glass with ice. Second, add 1/2 to 2oz of rum, no more. Finally, fill the glass, depending on size, with Fresca. The effects are quite remarkable. The usual result of imbibing is that the beats are shorter, the reaches faster, and moorings are always made with little recognizable effort, at least, in the telling.

Steve Bobo, Cohasset, MA

MITA Boat Donation Program

Maine Island Trail Association's boat donation program is in place and we're finding it to be a fun and practical means to raise funds while benefiting all parties involved. We are currently hoping to acquire more rowboats, canoes, kayaks, pocket cruisers, and daysailers. We are asking for help to spread the news of this program to folks who may be interested in either purchasing or donating a boat, or both!

By donating a boat to MITA, donors avoid the ordeal of storing, marketing, and selling the craft and receive a tax benefit (of the amount the boat sells for) while providing funds for a most excellent cause. Purchasing a boat from MITA is a pleasurable way to support island stewardship.

To handle large yachts, sailboats, and cruisers we utilize a brokerage arrangement with Block Island Maritime Funding of Newport, Rhode Island, who specialize in selling donated vessels on behalf of charitable organizations. Thanks to this partnership, MITA is now positioned to receive a range of large vessels that yield substantial funding for our stewardship work on the coast.

The small cartopped, hand-carried, and trailerable boats are still brokered within the organization. We have found the small boats (although they do not generate the same level of income as do yachts) are able to be sold quickly, be stored easily, and are within reach of most MITA members. Personally, I find them to be more intimate and akin to MITA's size.

Word of mouth by volunteers and friends close to the organization was the most effective first step to communicate the launching of this initiative. Additionally we have mailed an announcement to over 100 boatyards in Maine and plan to actively market the program next year. If you are able to spread the word of this new MITA program we would be extremely grateful and thank you for your help.

Anyone interested in more information on the program or who wishes to donate a boat should contact me directly.

Drew Wyman, MITA, Portland, ME, (207) 761-8225, info@mita.org

Stereo View of Boatbuilding and All-Season Shell

I enclose a copy of a stereopticon slide of a long-ago boat building project that I thought readers might enjoy. I bought it on Ebay last year and there's no photographer's mark or indication of where it was taken. Anyone with an old stereopticon viewer will

see how the boat just jumps off the back-ground/street with the 3-D effect

I recently bought an Echo rowing shell. My Maas 24 (favorite boat) and Alden Star are too wet to row in the winter and I'm leery of the ocean shell with its open cockpit. The Echo should stretch my season considerably, especially in the spring when the air warms up, but the water is still hypothermia-inducingly cold. Unfortunately, I haven't had a chance to row it much, as it has been foggy and/or pouring for the fortnight that I've owned it.

Kinley Gregg, York, ME



Check Out Paddling.net

I'd encourage fellow *MAIB* addicts who like canoes and kayaks to check out Paddling.net. It's extremely informative and enjoyable. Comprehensive buyer guides to boats and equipment, practical information for beginner and experienced paddlers, places to paddle in all states, free classifieds, reviews of boats and equipment by readers, discussion boards, etc.

Pat Nagle, Olympia, WA

Information Wanted..

Enterprise Association Seeking Lost Boats and Owners

The Enterprise Association is trying to locate the whereabouts of its United States and Canadian fleets as we are trying to get the fleet back together for some regatta action. At one time there were many active fleets of this 13'6" racing dinghy on the East Coast, West Coast, Great Lakes, and Canada. In New England active fleets were in Osterville, Harwich, and Taylor Pond in Maine. Sailors of all abilities and of all ages race the boats. Regattas, while being competitive, have a focus on having fun and enjoying the camaraderie of other sailors.

The Enterprise is still active in many parts of the world. In the United Kingdom, hundreds of boats are present for the many regattas held in England, Scotland, and Ireland. They are also sailed in Canada, China, Hong Kong, India, Ireland, Korea, Pakistan, South Africa, Singapore, Thailand, the U.S., and Zimbabwe.

The boats are made of either wood or fiberglass and are distinguishable from other small racing dinghies by their blue sails. This boat spreads 113sf of sail on a 260lb hull. Since the boats have a very simple layout and full flotation, they are popular as trainers and racers by sailors of all ages and abilities. A smaller reduced rig is an option that will allow sailors to cruise more at a more leisurely pace. Some of my fondest memories as a youth were sailing out to the tip of Monomoy Island in our Enterprise for a day of exploring, swimming, and fun. The boat always brought us kids back to Harwich in time for the dinner hour.

For more information on the enduring Enterprise, check out the association Web

site: <http://www.sailenterprise.org.uk/>. It would be nice to see this great class revived in the United States. Plans are available from the Enterprise Association.

If you know of anyone who has, or who has owned an Enterprise, or if you see one on the water, please have him or her contact me.

David Jost, (508) 881-7506, <david-jost@verizon.net>



Source for Evercoat Epoxy

For a long time I have been using Fibreglass Evercoat # 674 Epoxy Paste Glue. It's a two-part mix of somewhat stiff consistency. Needing more, I ordered some from my usual supplier in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Alas, they tell me that this product has been discontinued, so I wonder if any readers of *MAIB* could tell me either if some marine store they know of still has some in stock, or if some company makes an equivalent product?

Bob Whittier, 17 Lodgepole Ln., Kingston, MA 02364

Opinions...

Credit Where Due

I once thought that all the wrangling that Hollywood makes over whose name should appear where in credits was silly. But sometimes it has to do with respect and acknowledgement for the actual work done.

You apparently edited a single word which changed the meaning of the attribution of a quote that I made in my article in the October 15th issue ("Documentation of a Skaneateles Model #5"): "(D.W. Dillion AND Paul Lipke et al., *Boats: A Manual for Their Documentation*, pp. 58). The original word I used was IN, not AND. I wish that you were right, that it was not just a Dave Dillion quote from the book, but that he should get his share of the credit for the book in which "Paul Lipke et al." got all the glory. Dave got only that anonymous secondary listing even though he wrote 232 of the 371 pages!

John Wilson, Charlotte MI

Projects...

Steel Hulled Bolger Boat

We attended a small messabout at Lake Monroe, Bloomington, Indiana, in late summer. On Sunday everyone went over to John and Susan McDaniels' in Columbus, Indiana. They have a boat in the construction stage that they will not be launching in Lake Monroe. It is a 48' steel hulled Bolger design. It is amazing to see the staging that had to take place prior to even the materials arriving. They built gantries to handle the sheets of steel. The bottom is 1/2" thick, the boat will displace about 36,000lbs when complete. John said that the trickiest part of handling the steel was the 1/8" topsides, if you can imagine a 4'x50' noodle. He has approximately two more years of labor, grinding and welding, sandblasting, painting.

He will be building a wooden insulated box inside the hull for the cabin. Air will circulate around the accommodations. We were in awe of the massive effort, not to mention that is one big hull to stand in. Not something you see everyday in Indiana.

Rex and Kathie Payne, Nashville, IN

Environmentally Acceptable Paint Strippers

On October 1 the Northeast Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association had a varnish stripping test at Kimball Pond Boat Barn. We used two soy based strippers and one citrus based stripper. They all worked about the same. They need to be left on longer than the chemical strippers. But if you cover the boat to keep it moist it will work well. You can also use this stuff inside. You do have to wash it all with water and a brush. I hope you all will try these strippers. It is better for the earth and you.

Bob Bassett, Vienna, ME

In Memoriam...

Sloat Hodgson

I regret to pass the word that Sloat F. Hodgson died October 13 at home in West Falmouth, Massachusetts, at age 94. Sloat was a long time *MAIB* subscriber and always gave me a gift subscription for Christmas each year.

Sloat was a long time expert messer-abouter. In the 1920s he sailed dories and sailing canoes on Buzzards Bay and crewed on his grandmother's big yawl. In the 1930s he ran the family's Coast Guard style double ended inboard and his sister-in-law's single rear cockpit inboard speedboat (both victims of the 1938 hurricane), often towing relatives on an aquaplane. In the 1940s Sloat excelled at sailing a Beetle Cat and an International 110 at the Chapoquoit Yacht Club. As he got older he shifted to running Beetle Cat races in West Falmouth Harbor in the fall, when many of the moored summertime boats were out of the water for winter. He was affectionately known as "The Launch Boy" during these "Hog Island Racers" events.

Sloat loved outboard motor boats, also. His motto was "Twice the speed with half the horsepower." His favorite boat for years was an 11' PennYan. It planed beautifully with a Johnson 5hp twin, but occasionally Sloat would drag out his old opposed piston Johnson 16hp.

In 1951 Sloat and I built a 12' Chris Craft kit boat during my two-week vacation. We ran a Mercury 7.5hp KR4 on it. Top speed was 23mph. Later Sloat and I bought the wooden boat built in Kittery, Maine, and shown in *MAIB*. We ran an 8hp Yamaha on it.

Sloat's last effort was to build from scratch a 3/4-scale wooden rowboat. His son, Tom, had to finish this boat for him but he lived to see the launching this past August.

In September we flew his 100-year-old sister (my mother) from Atlanta to Hyannis and she and Sloat had a great, final two weeks together.

This is a brief summary of a long life of "Messin' About." Sloat taught me to sail and many other great things. He will be greatly missed by his family and the Chapoquoit Yacht Club.

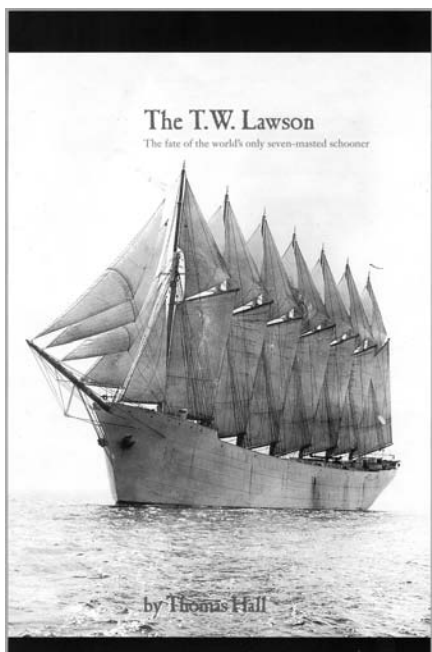
Rutherford "Ruddy" Ellis, Jr., Atlanta, GA

The T.W. Lawson

The Fate of the World's Only Seven-Masted Schooner

By Thomas Hall
ISBN 0-976-44230-2
Orchid Hill Publishing,
12 Denison Ln.,
Terrace Park, OH 45174

Review by Kinley Gregg



The T.W. Lawson: The Fate of the World's Only Seven-Masted Schooner showcases a mesmerizing selection of century-old photographs, photos of Thomas W. Lawson, the flamboyant financier who bankrolled the enormous steel-hulled schooner that bore his name, photos of the schooner under construction in 1902, under sail, capsized at a pier, under sail again, and finally, turned turtle aground off the southwest coast of England. Emphasizing this ignominious end are photos of lifeboats, lifesaving crews, and a grim log entry noting a charge of £2.1.7 for "Fetching Dead Bodies from T.W. Lawson."

Fortunately, one can make perfect sense of the pictures before troubling to read the text, because *The T.W. Lawson* is organized in the manner of Cliff Notes, beginning with



Book Reviews

an annotated "Cast of Characters," followed by a timeline, and concluding with "Making Sense of the Story," a section in which the dilemmas and decisions of the major players are reprised.

Not that *The T.W. Lawson*, at 113 pages, rivals *The Brothers Karamazov* for verbosity. Thomas Hall succinctly sketches the schooner's biography without packing his prose in an excelsior of excess. He begins by explaining the economic and regulatory conditions that led the *Lawson's* backers to believe that a seven-masted sailing ship, lacking auxiliary power, made sense at the dawn of the 20th century.

Among the more optimistic scenarios, in the aftermath of the Spanish-American War Washington might bring the Philippines under the protection of U.S. coastal shipping laws. Such legislation would have forced foreign-flagged vessels out of the hemp trade, a coup for American ships, especially ships freed from the necessity of filling their holds with fuel instead of freight paying cargo. But politics played out otherwise and after her launch in July of 1902, the *Thomas W. Lawson* was put to work carrying coal along the East Coast. (Hall never does explain why he refers to the schooner by initials when the name Thomas is clearly painted on her stem).

Unfortunately, the *Lawson* had some drawbacks as a coaster. For one thing, she drew 32' fully laden and couldn't get into many ports. For another, she was intractable. When designer B.B. Crowninshield asked the *Lawson's* first captain how long it took to tack, the captain replied, "Well! You go below and eat your dinner and when you come on deck she may be off on the other tack."

Often the crew either wore around or club hauled the schooner, an onerous maneuver involving an anchor. The author helpfully suggests that so innovative a ship as the *Lawson* might have benefited by the innovation of a bow thruster. Eventually the owners gave up on the *Lawson* as a sailing ship and employed a tug to tow her up and down the coast as though she were a common barge.

In 1906 coal rates dropped and the *Lawson* was leased to the Sun Oil Company and refitted to carry bulk liquids. After an interval of transporting oil from Texas to the East Coast, in November of 1907 the schooner was loaded at a Pennsylvania refinery. She then embarked, under sail, for London, her first transatlantic passage after five years of coastwise trade. The enormous schooner, with an inexperienced crew recruited at the last minute, suffered a rough passage, her lifeboats and most of her sails destroyed in a series of gales. Finally, after

25 days at sea, Captain Dow spotted notorious Bishop's Rock lighthouse off the southwest of the Isles of Scilly. Ominously the light lay to the *Lawson's* south. Recognizing his precarious position, yet uncertain how to extricate his awkward and storm-worn ship, Dow dropped the anchors.

Bishop's Rock had long been recognized as a particularly unpleasant landfall. In the year 1284 it was decreed, "When anyone is attainted of a felony he ought to be taken to a certain rock in the sea and with two barley loaves and one pitcher of water upon the same rock they leave the same felon, until by the flowing of the sea he is swallowed up."

At anchor, and surrounded by treacherous rocks as a gale raged, the *Thomas W. Lawson* was approached by two lifeboats. The lifesaving crews attempted to persuade Dow to quit his dangerous anchorage and get underway, or at least to remove his men from the schooner. The captain, adamant his hooks would hold, and aware that Scilly Islanders derived their livelihoods from salvaging shipwrecks, declined to set sail or abandon ship. The lifesavers put a pilot on board and returned to their stations. Hours later, at approximately 2:00am on December 14, 1907, the *Lawson's* anchor chains parted and the schooner was cast upon the uninhabited island of Annet with the loss of 17 lives, including the local pilot. Only Captain Dow and the engineer survived. The ship's cargo, 2-1/4 million gallons of oil, washed ashore, the world's first significant spill.

Hall devotes considerable attention to the bravery of the lifesaving crews who ventured out on a brutal night to assist the unknown schooner with a "picket fence" of masts that had anchored among the rocks. Scilly islanders, some of whom had objected to the erection of lighthouses "because it would rob them of God's grace" were regarded with suspicion by mariners. Yet Hall emphasizes the lifesavers' selflessness, even as he allows that the pilot who so earnestly implored Captain Dow to get his damaged ship underway in a gale couldn't possibly have comprehended the *Lawson's* utter ineptitude under sail. Heroically it was this pilot's son who swam the injured Captain Dow to safety from the crag on which he was found the day after the young Scillonian's father had perished with Dow's ship.

The *T.W. Lawson's* one shortcoming is its lack of a chart of the Isles of Scilly. As events build toward the crescendo of the schooner's wreck, Hall focuses on the location of the many rocks and the *Lawson's* perilous predicament. Yet the reader has no more idea of these hazards' locations than did Captain Dow when he anchored in their midst, for the only maps are of the schematic kind used by tourists to locate the nearest ice cream stand. Water is one monochromatic shade, land another, and the ship shown bloated and all out of scale.

Save yourself some aggravation and scrounge up a chart before settling into your Barcalounger with *The T.W. Lawson*. And have a snack handy. The book is difficult to put down. Thomas Hall nimbly narrates a fascinating array of archival photographs illustrating a spectacular experiment in the waning days of commercial sail. Likewise, anyone interested in the lifesaving craft and protocols of the Isles of Scilly will appreciate Hall's account of the *Lawson's* final night and the pictures of the boats and men that ventured out in a vain attempt to save her.



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Two Calendars

It's calendar time again, but thankfully we do not get inundated as we once did. The only calendar that I find really useful is the desktop pad on which I mark in all the things that need to be dealt with from day to day. Just a plain old \$2.95 Staples model. But two calendars that did show up this year are worthy of mention, I felt.



Calendar of Wooden Boats

Benjamin Mendlowitz's *Calendar of Wooden Boats* is the stuff that dreams are made from. Each year I do hang this one on the side of the filing cabinet to the right of my computer desk. It's a bit like that wallpaper you can enter into your computer to relieve the plain background when the screen is not otherwise occupied.

Mendlowitz specializes in at-sea shots of spectacular big yachts, and four of these appear in this year's calendar. March has the 48' *Elizabeth Muir*, June features Mystic Seaport's 62' *Brilliant*, August the 95' *Mariquita* sails along a spectacular Mediterranean shore, and November shows us the 76' *Lynx* with a square topsail.

The other eight months present a couple of anchored yachts, a birch bark canoe underway, as well as a 46' motor yacht. But it is October's *Resolute*, Harold Burnham's 28' Friendship sloop that he built as a mere lad in 1973, moored alongside his old timey boat shop at the head of a creek off the Essex (Massachusetts) River that grabbed me the most, for I have known Harold for years and always have admired how he has managed to stay with the traditional boatbuilding methods of 100 years go in today's boatbuilding trade.

The *Calendar of Wooden Boats* is published by NOAH Publications, P.O. Box 14, Brooklin, ME 04616, www.noahpublications.com



Pirates

Here is a calendar all about nautical people, the quasi-mythical pirates of yore, not today's criminals. Artist Don Maitz made his name when, in 1982, he did the art that decorates the labels of Captain Morgan Spiced Rum. Since then he has been breathing new life into the old tales of the "Golden Age of Pirates," if you can imagine anyone living in that era thinking of it in those terms.

Maitz's pirates are craggy looking dudes replete in spectacular costumes, most of them with evil glints in their eyes. Most are posed in awesome splendor on the poop deck, but one is up a palm tree with a spyglass, another is about to load a cannonball into a cannon with an evil sneer. Titles range from *No Prey, No Pay*, to *Blackbeard's Revenge*, but the one that stuck with me (I am not much interested in pirates) was a boatload of glittery eyed ruffians bristling with guns heading out in *Pursuit of Happiness*. Hadda like that.

The calendar is priced at \$12.95 and is published by Tide-Mark Press, P.O. Box 20, Windsor, CT 06095-0020, check out their website at www.tidemarkpress.com.

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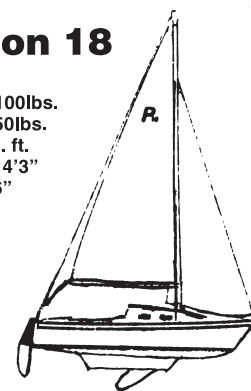
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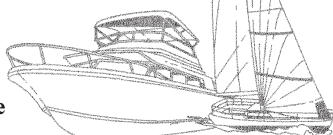


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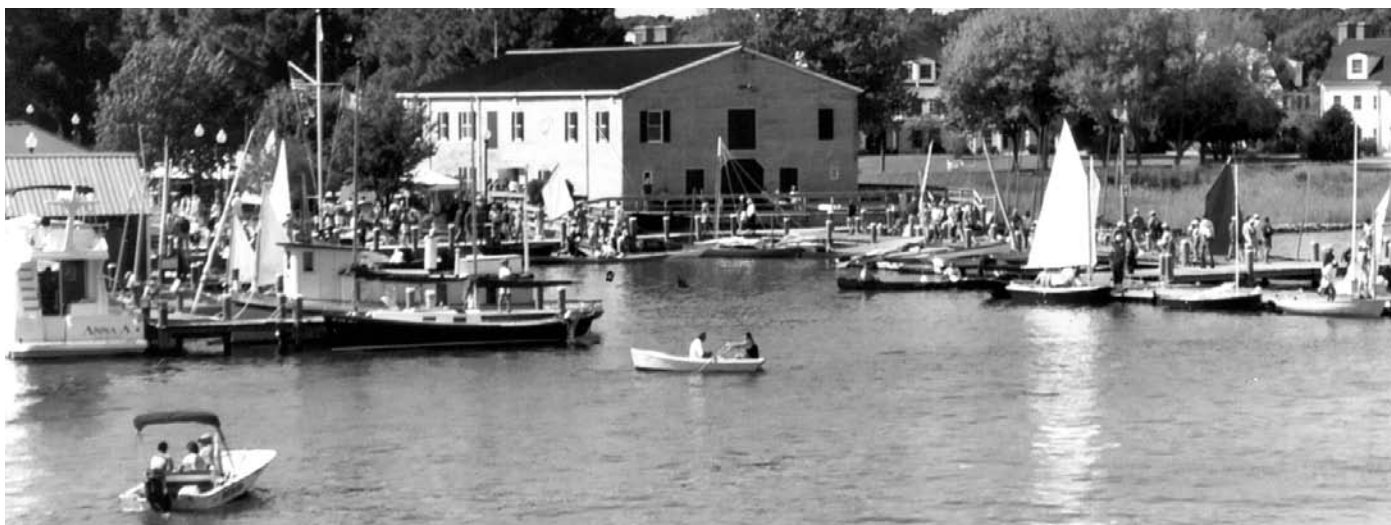
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That title acronym stands for Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival #23. The turnout this year was phenomenal, 356 registered participants including 68 children. And amongst those adults were those who once were children way back in those early days, still coming and now bringing on the next generation. Turning into the Chesapeake Maritime Museum Grounds beneath an enormous raised drawbridge onto a winding boulevard through a stand of large pines, we found the grounds covered with tents tucked into every nook and cranny. Free camping is one part of the appeal of this event.

We arrived early evening on Friday and joined a fair number of participants visiting around while a bluegrass band played in the main tent. A number of barbecue fires were going and eating and visiting was already underway. Another part of the appeal, the Friday night welcome. One person with whom we spoke commented that when he approached the festival area from the main museum facilities (closed after hours) and heard the music and saw the lights and heard the voices as he walked carefully through a dense array of small boats already spread around the festival grounds, it was "magic." Agreed.

A strong family boating mystique permeates the Festival, there are young adults still coming today who first came as tiny tots back in the early 1980s.



MASCF XXIII

Report and Photos by Bob Hicks
Additional Photos by Greg Grundtisch

Saturday morning brought bright sunshine and mild temperatures and now we could really see the array of small craft assembled here. One hundred and thirty-five boats brought to the event, the hand carried small craft laid out on the green, the larger trailer boats docked at an array of floating docks. It was crowded with people, also, yet over the weekend the crowding didn't seem to matter, anyone wanting to get a boat into the water could carry it (with help if needed) a short distance to one of two small floats moored alongside the retaining wall.

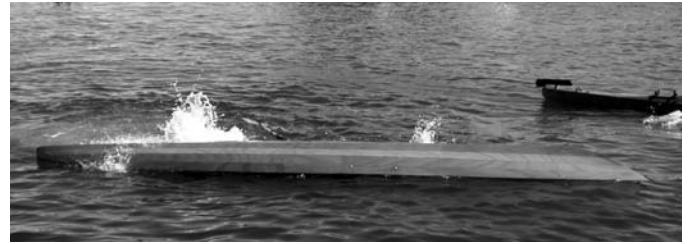
Saturday brought the judging of boats for building quality and an assortment of afternoon racing for oar, paddle, and sail, adults and youth. A busy pool on the deck of the Steam Building was filled with model boats the kids had built. A number of special topic workshops were ongoing. And wrap-

ping all around these organized activities was the looking at, talking about, and trying out the assembled multitude of small craft.

Saturday evening the throng gathered under the tent for a superb catered dinner and the awards program. The latter went on for a while for there were many awards recognizing well built boats and winning on-the-water performances. At a climactic moment during the presentations, one of the yellow shirt guys from Florida's Gulf Coast Museum seized the opportunity, while receiving one of the awards, to promote their April 2006 Small Craft Festival on Sarasota Bay. He got out his message OK and was then challenged by one of the local Chesapeake guys with maybe "stealing" the idea from MASCF. The flyer that Gulf Coast had been handing around bore a remarkable resemblance to the MASCF flyer. All this in high good humor, but the inescapable fact is that MASCF sets the standard for this sort of gathering, ergo it's a good example to emulate.

John Ford, for years the Chesapeake Museum's moving force behind the Festival, spoke of why it is so successful a gathering, citing the involvement of key participants, along with the entire Museum staff, in planning, setting up, and running of so major an event. He also took the occasion to announce that much of the organizing this year had been in the capable hands of Robin Newberg, the Museum's Manager of Visitor Services. Kinda sounded like John may be bowing out after all these years. If so, thank you, John, for all your effort and vision. While I did not record the names of the Museum employees cited, I do have the list of the participant volunteers who collectively have brought this gathering to so highly rewarding a level:

Chair: Peter Balczunas
Judging: Dean Meladones, John England, Greg DeKowsky, Kevin Brennan
Workshops: Bob Cavanaugh, Vera England, Laurel Lydecker, Virginia Blackwell, George and Marla Surgent, Dave Cannell, Pete Peters, Joe Klavertkamp, Don Boehl
Children's Activities: Lynn Davis
Sailing Races: David and Katherine Cockey, Richard Scofield
Rowing Races: Ahren Surgent, Dan Muir
Three Legged Race: Ahren Surgent, David Cockey
Recycling: Ryck Lydecker
Other Contributors: Ron Blackwell, Winslow and Helen Womack, Brad Faus, Pete Leshner, Robin Muir



A serious kayak racer arrives at the finish and with a flourish, dumps it in front of the assembled multitude.



The christening and launching of a brand new boat, a more appropriate place would be hard to suggest.

The ultimate manifestation of instant boatbuilding has to be cardboard boats. Corrugated cardboard provides a degree of rigidity coupled with real easy cutting and fitting. Alas, exposure to water soon disintegrates it, so the youths building the boats for this race were permitted the use of duct tape. Lots of it. The cardboard boat alternative for epoxy.

Typically design concepts ran wild and also, as usually happens, the conservative concepts that resemble real small human powered boats prevail. Particularly unfortunate this year was the young man who created a trimaran aiming, it seems, at good stabil-

The Cardboard Boat Race

ity. Unhappily, the spacing of the hulls and the akas connecting them was so tight that he found no place to swing his paddle for propulsion. After a lot of frantic vertical prods with the paddle availed him little in the way of progress, he bailed out and proceeded to swim along towing his craft.

Despite this dramatic solution to a basic design problem, he couldn't catch another young man who moved right out in a rather tall, blunt ended kayak, nor the two girls in

the somewhat flexible canoe that kept on going despite some alarming folding and unfolding of the topsides reacting to their paddling efforts.

Cardboard Boat Races

1. Rob Muir, Suzy Lydecker, Feli Kodderitzsch, Heidi Wilder, Andy Manning, Anthony Roselli
2. Maggie Gerty, Mary Gerty, Kelly Manning, Tori Manning
3. Casey Rooney, June DePaolo, Emma Tichenor, Clare Brennan
4. Sean Brennan, Grant Osborne, Ryan Murphy, Connor Murphy, Liam Boyle





The Sailing Race

A large fleet was ready to go in the sailing race, but the wind wasn't there. Only a few tiny catspaws riffled the water near shore. We went out to the triangular course out on the bay in the Committee Boat to view the proceedings with the Committee, David and Katherine Cockey and Richard Scofield. We waited quite a while.

As time dragged on and the fleet made almost imperceptible progress out to the start, the Committee made an executive decision, that, in view of the flat calm, the race would be revised from the original triangular course out on the bay to just a straight race back to the docks. When finally they could wait no longer, the Committee ordered the warning gun to be fired and after another rather longish five minutes, the deed was done and the starting gun went off. The few stragglers still laboring out to the start found themselves now in the early lead by simply turning around.

To deal with any controversy which might arise from this situation, the one and

only rule which governs the race would prevail. "No protests will be allowed" takes care of it.

Sailing Races

Under 12'

1. *Sugar*, Frank Stauss
2. *Pelican Blues*, Dennis Keener
3. *Oir*, Chris Boyle

12'-16'

1. *Sunfish*, Tony Roselli
2. *Katie Maru*, Peter Balczunas
3. *Josh*, Dick Kelly

16'-20'

1. *Oofah*, Andy Lookup
2. *Kingston Lobster Boat*, David McCulloch
3. *Juni Jump Up*, Turner Matthews

Over 20'

1. *Wind Dancer*, Rich Galbraith
2. *Marianne*, Pete Leshner
3. *Honga*, Bill Doyle

Tuckup

1. *Blackberry Seeds*, John England

Under 8'

1. *The Maltese Cat*, Karen Seo



The Three Legged Race

Sunday morning a final race takes place, the three legged race. Each boat entered must row/paddle the first leg, sail the second leg, and use either or both means of propulsion on the third leg. It has a LeMans start and, as he finished up his pre-race remarks, Dave Cockey suddenly hollered "Go!" It was the start right from the tent. The entrants sprinted for their boats, where in multi-person crew instances the rest of the crew stood ready. And the finish would be there in the tent also, upon returning each boat had to send one crew member ashore in a mad dash for the finish.

I do not know who won, it looked like the Delaware River Tuckups large crews (for the paddling part) and sail areas had the edge. All that sail didn't appear to be helping much on the downwind run to the dock, the guys were all paddling so hard they had caught up to the wind and the sails went slack! In the final sprint along the docks to the tent from the furthest out point possible to land at, it was diminutive Marla Surgent who set what appeared to be a blistering pace. I complimented her on her apparent speed and she responded that she only just looked fast because her legs were so short.

Other Results

Broken Oar Award

Peter Vermilya

Joe Liener Award

Charlie Seigerwald

Fish in the Boat

Karen Seo
Sean McCutcheon
Chris Boyle

Paddling

1. *Charlotte*, Dennis Schuelkens
2. *N/N West River*, George Krewson
3. *Three Sisters*, Wendy Byar

Men's Rowing Sliding Seat

1. Brian Schexnayder
2. Paul Coffin
3. Denham James

Oar on Gunwale

1. Claude Lawrence
2. Steve Paskey
3. Dean Meledones

Paddle

1. Patrick Doyle
2. Gil Humbert

Perseverance

Cam Trowbridge

Multi-Paddler

Dave and Mary Gerty

Women's Rowing Sliding Seat

1. Lacy England
2. Marla Surgent

Fixed Seat

1. Wendy Byar
2. Michelle Cobb

Paddling

1. Charlotte Roselli
2. Liz Rutherford
3. Mary Accardi

Kid's Rowing & Paddling Ages 9-12

1. Liam Boyle
2. Olivia Kodderitzsch
3. Julianne Wiese

Age 8-Under

1. Jia Gates

Builder Judging People's Choice

1. *Sallie Adams*, Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum closely followed by Frank Strauss' Adirondack Guide Boat and Dug Campbell's *Svanen*

Traditional Design & Construction

1. *Fairehope*, Turner Matthews
2. *Orion*, David Rutherford
3. *Sallie Adams*, Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum

Contemporary

1. *The Maltese Cat*, Karen Seo
2. *Miss Anne*, Ralph Wight
3. *Ecanoe.org*, Jim Campbell

Restoration

1. *Babe*, Florida Gulf Coast Museum
2. *Oir*, Chris Boyle

Traditional/Contemporary

1. *Svanen*, Dug Campbell
2. *Kingston Lobster Boat*, David McCulloch
3. *Comfort*, Douglass Oeller

1st Launching

Folding Dinghy, Ralph Wight



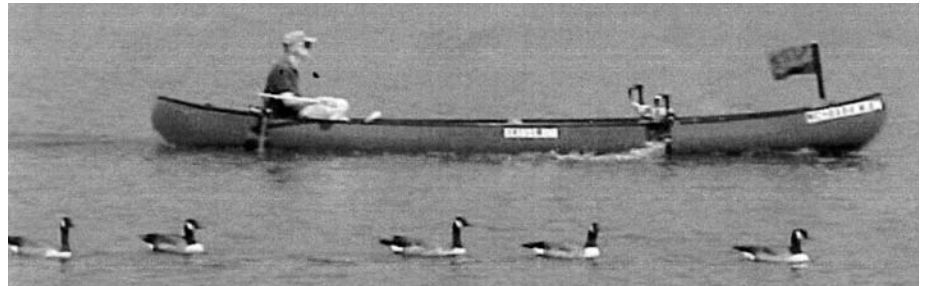
Early on Saturday the Havre deGrace Boatbuilding School had a gang of men surrounding what appeared to be the two sides of a fairly large skiff set up with a lot of tiedowns across the two sides to apparently pull them together at the transom, but on Sunday only one man was hard at work, cutting out what looked like sections of the chine log between the ribs with a power saw and hammer and chisel. I didn't dare inquire, it sure looked like the undoing of a major mistake. They sure had a nice truck, this '46 (or '47?) Chevy.



A busy corner of the kid's pool.



Bob LaVertue was demonstrating this model of the *Titanic*, which when placed in the water would get underway and then proceed to tilt up and break apart as it slid beneath the waves.



The eCanoe guys busied themselves cruising the waterfront in their computer controlled steerable twin electric motors powered craft. Can this be the next leap forward in canoeing?

John Harris brought an impressive lineup of his CLC kit boats over from Annapolis, they got a lot of tryouts, including some use in the races.



List of Participating Boats



Steve Kaulback displayed both his kevlar and woodstrip Adirondack guideboats.



An original Platt Monfort Puddle Dipper canoe owned by Don Campbell of Chicago, Illinois.



Svanen was designed and built by Dug Campbell of Richmond, Virginia, as a sort of conceptual scale replica of a Viking ship.

Jerry Davis of Havre de Grace, Maryland, designed and built this square back canoe.



- Melonseed**, (1920s), with spritsail. Built by Franklin Marshall. Owner Richard Scofield, St. Michaels, MD
- Little Rangely Rowing Skiff**, (1980s). Designed and built by RKL. Owner Dick Shirey, Easton, MD
- Miss Anne, Harbor Master 19**, (2004). Designed by Jacques Mertews. Built by owner Ralph White, Frederick, MD
- Dinghy**, (2005). Designed and built by owner Ralph White, Frederick, MD
- Rebecca Ann, Caledonia Yawl**, (2002). Designed by Iain Oughtred. Built by Jeff Kerr and owner, Dale Davenport, Linville, VA
- Sailing Canoe**, (2004). Designed by Iain Oughtred. Built by owner Andrew Slavinskas, Philadelphia, PA
- Plastic Kayak**, (2001). Present from Santa. Owner Alice Wilson, Galesville, MD
- Inflatable Craft**, (2004). Owner Cam Trowbridge, Galesville, MD
- Blackberry Seeds, Delaware River Tuckup**, (1985). Built by owner John England, Urbanna, VA
- Persimmon, Butternut Double Paddle Canoe**, (1995). Designed by Pete Culler. Built by owners John and Vera England, Urbanna, VA
- Sassafras, Butternut Double Paddle Canoe**, (circa 1995). Designed by Pete Culler. Built by owners John and Vera England, Urbanna, VA
- Moonlight Lady, Sliding Seat Rowing Boat**, (2005). Designed by Ken Bassett (modification of Firefly). Built by owners John and Vera England, Urbanna, VA
- Cedar Strip Canoe**, (1993). Built by owner Joe Manning, Bel Air, MD
- Adirondack Guide Boat**, (2004). Built by owner Joe Manning, Bel Air, MD
- Comfort, Marsh Cat**, (2005). Designed by Joel White. Built by Big Pond. Owner Douglass Oeller, Germantown, MD
- Tree Sisters, 6 Hour Canoe**, (1996). Built by Chrissy, Katie, and Beth Taylor. Owner Wendy Byar, Willingboro, NJ
- Joy, Sailing Skiff**, (1997). Designed by Karl Stambaugh. Built by owner Carlton Stambaugh, Spring Grove, PA
- Canvasback, Kayak**, (1999). Designed by Karl Stambaugh. Built by owner Carlton Stambaugh, Spring Grove, PA
- Wee Sort**, (1990). Designed by William Sands. Built by owner Pete Doyle, Baltimore, MD
- Obadiah, Catboat**, (1983). Designed by Joel White. Built by O'Connell's. Owner Pete Peters, Washinton Crossing, PA
- Ecanoe.org, Canoe**. Built by Old Town. Owner Jim Campbell, Pfafftown, NC
- Square Back Canoe**, (2003). Designed and built by owner Jerry R. Davis, Havre de Grace, MD
- Bella Sophia, Whilly Boat**, (2003). Designed by Iain Oughtred. Built by Rob Barker. Owner David Moreno, Philadelphia, PA
- Adirondack Guide Boat**, (2005). Designed by Steve Kaulback. Built by owner Frank Stauss, Sewell, NJ
- Sugar, Shellback Dinghy**, (2001). Designed by Joel White. Built by owner Frank Stauss, Sewell, NJ
- Chamberlain Dory Skiff**, (2003). Designed by Chamberlain. Built by owner Joe Fernon, Annapolis, MD
- Redwing 18 Power Skiff**. Designed by Karl Stambaugh. Built by Bill Thomas. Owner Karl Stambaugh, Severna Park, MD
- Car Topper**, (1980s). Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by Bob Booth. Owner Ron Blackwell, Willow Street, PA
- Sallee Rover II Dory**. Designed by Crawford. Owner Cary Moskovitz, Chapel Hill, NC
- Oir Duckboat**. Built by Beaton. Owned by Chris Boyle, Pine Beach, NJ
- Oofah!, Daysailer**, (1969) Designed by Uffa Fox. Built by O'Day. Owner Andy Lookup, Forked River, NJ
- The Pinky, Crotch Island Pinky**, (1974). Designed and built by Peter Van Dine. Owner George Surgent, St. Leonard, MD
- Blue Jay**, (1959). Designed by Sparkman & Stephens. Owner George Loos, Cape May Court House, NJ
- Fairehope, Gaff Sloop**, (1987). Designed by Nelson Zimmer. Built by Bob Pitt and New Fogartyville Boatworks and owner Turner Matthews, Bradenton, FL
- Skip Jack, Spritsail Skiff**, (2003). Built by George Luzier. Owner Jim Alderman, Palmetto, FL
- Rowboat**, (2002). Designed and built by owner Paul Coffin, Gaithersburg, MD
- Sockeye, Rowing Cruiser**, (1989). Designed by Andre de-Bardelaben. Built by Middle Path Boats. Owner Joe McCreavy, Doylestown, PA
- Tara, Whitehall**, (2002). Designed by Holbrook. Built by William West. Owner Joel Klaverkamp, Silver Spring, MD

Second Wind, Blue Jay, (1964). Designed by Sparkman & Stephens. Built by John Wright. Owner Ronald Hearon, Cape May Court House, NJ.

Kayak. Built by Sevytor. Owner Jimmy Quast, Easton, MD

Puck, Crotch Island Pinky, (1976). Built by Peter Van Dine. Owner David Post, Rock Hall, MD

Wind Dancer, Celebrity Sloop, (1972). Built by Everson. Owner Rich Galbraith, Worcester, PA

Zephyr, Sailboat, (1966). Designed by S & S. Owner Will Hutton, Villas, NJ

Henry Boy, Albacore, (1964). Designed by Uffa Fox. Owner Al Fittipaldi, Titusville, NJ

Kayak. Designed by Perception. Owner Frank Mt. Pleasant, Syracuse, NY

Josh, Penguin, (1965). Designed by Phil Rhodes. Built by Beaton Boats. Owner Dick Kelly, St. Michaels, MD

Laser. Owner Jud Vodges, Haddonfield, NJ

Skua, Rowing Cruiser, (2005). Designed and built by owner Andre DeBardelaben, Middle Path Boats, Edinburg, PA

Orion, Simmons Sea Skiff, (2005). Designed by T.N. Simmons. Built by owner David Rutherford, Cape May Point, NJ

Kermit, San Francisco Pelican, (1989). Designed by Bill Short. Built by Bob Guess. Owners Ed and Michelle Cobb, Virginia Beach, VA

Bonital, DC-10 Sailboat, (1999). Designed by Douglas Cooper. Built by Bob Guess. Owner Marie Cobb, Virginia Beach, VA

Sabot, Catboat, (1993). Designed and built by owner Fred Bennett, Harrisburg, PA

Svanen, Row/Sail Boat, (2004). Designed and built by owner Dug Campbell, Richmond, VA

Chela R 2, Cat Yawl, (1991). Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by Bill Hugeliet. Owner Larry Huffman, Arlington, VA

Frisky Biskit, Crab Skiff, (2001). Built by owner Brad Faus, York, PA

Sunfish, (1975). Designed by Vanguard. Owner Tony Roselli, Bayville, NJ

Sunfish. Owner Liam Boyle, Beachwood, NJ

Laser Radial. Owner Joan Boyle, Beachwood, NJ

Annie, Whitehall Sailboat, (1988). Designed by Jim Thayer. Built by owner Dan Muir, Springfield, VA

Woo-hoo, Rowing Wherry, (2002). Designed by Kalciki. Built by owners Dan and Annie Muir, Springfield, VA

Jalapeno, Plywood Shell, (1994). Built by owners Roger and Denman James, Windsor, CT

Gentoo, Penguin, (1955). Designed by Rhodes. Built by owners Roger and Reade James, Middletown, CT

Charlotte, Light Canoe, (2005). Designed by Tom Hill. Built by owner Dennis Schuelkens, Allentown, PA

Mysti, Dinghy, (1982). Designed by Herreshoff. Built by Van der Leek. Owner Charlie Steigerwald, Rocky River, OH

Taffy, Melonseed. Owner David Bevan, Gladwyne, PA

Zephyr, Mary Jane Sharpie, (1990). Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by Richard Cullison. Owner John Gerty, Concord, MA

Elusive, Canoe Yawl, (1994). Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by owner William Clements, N. Billerica, MA

Mystery, Scow Skiff, (2000). Designed and built by owner Roland Anderson, Richmond, VA

Marion Brewington, Tuckup, (1988). Built by John Brady. Owners Tom Shepard and Pete Peters, Pittsgrove, NJ

Miss Liberty, Rowing Shell, (1986). Designed and built by John Martin. Owner Mike McGee, Pasadena, MD

Cactus Wren, Catboat, (1979). Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by Guy Hammon. Owner Bill Rutherford, Metuchen, NJ

Catspaw, (1980-2005). Designed by Joel White. Built partially by owner Howell Crim, Alexandria, VA

Sallie Adams, Sprit Sail, (2005). Designed by Vernacular. Built by volunteer crew. Owner Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum, Cortez, FL

Coquina, Skiff, (2005). Designed by Vernacular. Built by volunteer crew. Owner Nick Baden. Cortez, FL

Mighty Sparrow, Abaco Dinghy, (1970). Designed and built by Wines Malone. Owner Bob Pitt, Cortez, FL

Babe, Abaco Dinghy, (circa 1956). Designed by Vernacular. Built by Albun. Owner Florida Gulf Coast Museum, Cortez, FL

Wings of the Morning, Sea Pearl, (1983). Designed by LFH/Ron Johnson. Built by Marine Concepts. Owner Ned Asplundh, Huntingdon Valley, PA

Kayak, (2001). Designed by Chesapeake Light Craft. Built by owner Bill Parker, Mechanicsburg, PA

Zephyr, Sailboat, (1969). Owner Gil Humbert, Toms River, NJ

Hobie Mirage, (2005). Designed and built by Hobie. Owner Ron Eike, Crownsville, MD



Holley B. doesn't seem to be on the entry list by that name, but we saw some of the Gulf Coast Museum crowd moving her so perhaps she is another of one of theirs.



Honu is one of Peter Hunt's unique little kayaks, built by Emma Kate Tichenor of Jersey City, New Jersey.



Puck, a 21' Crotch Island Pinky, was built by Peter van Dine and is owned today by David Post of Rock Hall, Maryland.

The lawn adjacent to the docks and two launching platforms was crowded with an eclectic mix of hand carry to launch size small boats.





Karl Stambaugh designed this tidy little Redwing 18 power skiff. It was built for him by Bill Thomas.



This bright blue flat bottom skiff was rigged with a big aluminum standing lug rig. The owner (my apologies for not noting his name) told me that because the hull was dead flat and wide at the stern it kinda dragged a lot of water along at speed, but still...



Two of the fleet brought to the festival by the Florida Gulf Coast Museum crew. I'd be guessing as to which they were so I won't try. One of their boats, *Sallie Adams*, won the People's Choice Award, perhaps she is here?

This double ender at the dock had a lot of appeal, as did that cabin cruiser behind her, both nice examples of their types. Sorry I seem to have failed to make note of either's identity.



- Honga, Sharpie*, (1989). Designed by Baymen. Built by owner Bill Doyle, Manokin, MD
- Sailing Skiff*, (2004). Designed by Arch Davis. Built by Duke Marine LLC. Owner Duke Blythe, Bozman, MD
- Blue Stocking, Gypsy*, (2002). Designed by Phil Bolger. Owner Mike Wick, Moorestown, NJ
- Velella, Sharpie/Dory*, (1987). Designed by Munroe/Schwicker. Built by Will Murdoch. Owner Eric Lundberg, Germantown, MD
- Ellen, Ellen Dinghy*. Designed and built by John Brooks. Owners Jon and Lindsley Rice, Wittman, MI
- West River 18*, (2005). Designed by Chesapeake Light Craft. Built by owner George Krewson, Cocoa, FL
- Greenhead, 6-Hour Canoe*, (2003). Designed by Mike O'Brien. Built by owner Greg DeCowsky and Rafe Weber, Earleville, MD
- Snow Shoe Canoe*, (1993). Designed by Platt Monfort. Built by Mike Wick. Owne: Greg DeCowsky, Earleville, MD
- Honu, Open Kayak*, (2003). Designed by Peter Hunt. Built by owner Emma Kate Tichenor, Jersey City, NJ
- Mudhen, Sloop*. Designed and built by Evanson. Owner Ronald Gibbs, Paoli, PA
- Mudbug, Canoe*. Designed and built by Wolf. Owner Ronald Gibbs, Paoli, PA
- Caroline, Canoe*, (1980). Designed and built by Bill Hunley. Owner Emma Youcha, Arlington, VA
- Cawley, Canoe*, (1998). Designed by Dennis Davis. Built by owner Jared Ferber, Edison, NJ
- Melonseed*, (1997). Designed and built by Tom Jones. Owner John Guidera, Vineland, NJ
- Kayak*, (1954). Built by Granta Boats. Owner Ron Gryn, Sr., New Britain, PA
- Cinnamon Girl, Crabbing Skiff*, (1993). Designed by Chapelle. Built by owner Kevin Brennan, Pheonix, MD
- Wye Knot, Chesapeake Light Craft Mill Creek*, (1999). Designed by CLC. Built by owner Kevin Brennan, Pheonix, MD

These look like the sailing canoes of the LaVertue family, father Bob, son Scott, of Springfield Fan Centerboard Co., of Ludlow, Massachusetts.



Sailboat, (2003). Built by owner Philip Maynard, Ridley Park, PA
Chrysalis, Skiff. Built by Klepper. Owner Stephen Paskey, Adelphi, MD
Quicksilver, Adirondack Guideboat, (2005). Designed and built by Steve Kaulback. Owner Stephen Paskey, Adelphi, MD
Rowing Skiff, (1993). Designed by Steve Redmond. Built by owner George Spragg, Waterford, CT
Katie Maru, Sailboat, (1982). Designed by William Short. Built by Bay Boat Company. Owner Peter Balczunas, Carlisle, PA
Plilu, Norms Boat, (2001). Designed by Jim Michalak. Built by Richard Cullison. Owner Norm Wolfe, Washington, DC
Bolger Dory, (1980s). Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by owner Thomas Shepard, Woodstown, NJ
Railbird Skiff, (1980s). Designed by Vanneman and Blew. Built by Philadelphia Maritime Museum. Owner Thomas Shepard, Woodstown, NJ
N/N Blue Kayak. Owner Catherine Morgan, Beachwood, NJ
Black Swan, Sailing Canoe, wood and fiberglass. Owner Bill Covert, Doylestown PA
Marie Aine, Sailing Skiff. Designed by Reuel Parker. Built by owner Richard Burnside, Fredericksburg, VA
Pelican Blues, Shellback Dinghy, (2000). Designed by Joel White. Built by owner Dennis Keener Earlysville, VA
Old Town Canoe. Owner David Soltesz
Adirondack Guide Boat, (2004). Designed by Grant. Built by Dan Van Tassel. Owner J.H. Bahn, Silver Spring, MD
Vermont Pack Boat, Kevlar with cherry wood trim, (2005). Owner Steve Kaulback, Charlotte, VT
Vermont Fishing Dory, (2004). Designed by owner Steve Kaulback, Charlotte, VT
Adirondack Guide Boat. Traditional design built with modern materials. Owner Steve Kaulback, Charlotte, VT
Zee Muis, Whitehall, (1969). Built by Cape Dory Yachts. Owner Ryck Lydecker, Germantown, MD
Pyro II, Catalina Sailboat, (1973). Owner Chris Smith, Pine Beach, NJ
Purple Dippa, Puddle Dippa, (1980). Designed and built by Platt Monfort. Owner Don Campbell, Chicago, IL
The Maltese Cat, Queen Mab, (2004). Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by owner Karen Seo, Arlington, MA
N/N Canoe, (1940). Built by Peterborough. Owner Brent Rauber, Canisteo, NY
St. Lawrence River Skiff, (2004). Designed and built by owner Claude Lawrence, Annapolis, MD
Pedal Boat, (2005). Stitch and glue construction. Owner John Thomson, Vestal, NY
Kingston Lobster Boat, (2005). Designed by Ransom. Built by owner David McCulloch, Old Lyme, CT
Canoe, (1999). Designed by Rushton/Gardner. Built by Dave Gerty. Owner Anne Gerty, Woodbridge, VA
Canoe, (2003). Designed by Stillwater. Built by owner Dave Gerty, Woodbridge, VA
Crabbing Flattie Skiff, (2005). Designed by Chapelle. Built by owner Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Apprentice for a Day Program, St. Michaels, MD
Sweet Pea, Sailing Canoe, (1997). Designed by Iain Oughtred. Built by owner Owner Tom Tuttle, Alexandria, VA

This Kingston lobster boat, built by David McCulloch of Old Lyme, Connecticut, was the boat that drew me deepest into the "wouldn't I love to have that boat" dreamworld.



I couldn't identify this neat little outboard cruiser but it sure was an attractive small powerboat.



One of the two San Francisco Pelicans entered, this one could belong to Peter Balczunas of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, or Ed and Michelle Cobb of Virginia Beach, Virginia.



John Thomson of Vestal, New York, built this racy looking pedal boat around a Hobie Mirage pedal powered flippers unit.

Captain Freddie B. (Fred Bennett) of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, designed and built this Bolger lookalike, *Sabot*, in 1993.



Two Buildings

At one point we were asked if we'd done the new exhibit building, "At Play on the Bay" and we confessed we hadn't, so on Sunday morning we toured the new facility that brings to the public's attention recreation on the bay rather than all that work stuff, oystering and crabbing.

There's a lotta stuff in this building, almost too much. Every square foot of floor and wall is covered with artifacts, maps, signs, photos. A full two-story high conceptual map of Chesapeake Bay rises up into the upper recesses, a montage of hundreds of photos of people at play, too many to even begin to think of looking at each, never mind how far away they get way up there. The layout leads one chronologically along a wandering path around the ground floor, thence upstairs to a balcony which surrounds the open center within which are two fully rigged racing one design sailboats indigenous to the Bay (one was a Comet, I seem to recall), thence back downstairs to complete the tour from earliest fishing/hunting camps on through those years when only the affluent could afford to play, then to the contemporary years of sailing, cruising, racing, and powerboating.

Amongst all this were some of those interactive kiosks at which one can view or listen to a subject. One caught my eye, "The Sounds of the Bay," and amongst all the pleasurable natural sounds of water, wind, and wildlife I discovered "PWC." Indeed, hitting that button introduced the whine/buzz of high revving two-strokes into the quiet of the museum, pretty much concentrated around the kiosk's immediate proximity. Well, they are being honest about today's play on the bay.

The exhibit that most impressed me was a nostalgic inside display of memorabilia, artifacts, and photos from the life of the motor yacht, *Isabel*, which had provided one moderately affluent family a lifetime of pleasure on the bay. It captured the essence of a time of genteel boating from the last century. The restored *Isabel* is docked alongside the building for viewing, donated to the museum along with funding for her care by the family that had enjoyed so many years of play on the bay aboard her.

On our way back to the festival area I noticed a small shanty set back from the boardwalk. Investigation revealed it to be a fishing shanty mounted on a scow hull. These shelters were towed to the fishing grounds and used for overnighting on the fishing site, wherever it might be. The door was wide open so I hastened to have a look around inside, only to find the openness to be an illusion, the interior was protected from public abuse by a door size sheet of glass. I did peer within and found it charming, a double bunk, worn old table and chairs, and a wood stove, snug shelter indeed in inclement weather out there working (not playing) on the bay.



During 12 years of my part-time residency the Northern Gulf, or Sea of Cortez, has shown itself to be a changeable and seasonal sailing destination. My favorite month is May when the shrimp boats that growl through these waters are back in port, the sea temperature is in the 70s and rising, the north winds are gone, and easterly and southeasterly breezes give the area a sensual, tropical feeling. June can bring some fine boating and swimming in the 80 degree water provided onshore breezes hold down the increasing heat. October is also a favored month but November, due to Pacific Coast storms, can bring, two or three day northerlies. There's one today, I'm locked in my trailer with ratpatrol Charla (my cat) making tortilla soup.

The easiest way to get to the Northern Gulf from San Diego is east via Highway 8 to El Centro, south on 111 to Calexico and the Mexicali crossing, and on to Mexico Highway 5 to San Felipe, passing Rio Hardy and what remains of the Cocopa Indian settlements of the Colorado River delta.

Only a few decades ago the delta was a Mexican Amazon. When Aldo Leopold and his brother explored it by canoe in 1922 "the river was nowhere and everywhere, for he could not decide which of a hundred green lagoons offered the most pleasant and least speedy path to the gulf." They saw clouds of quail, geese, teal, widgeons, mallards, cormorants, blue egrets, avocets, willets, and yellowlegs. There were coyotes, raccoons, bobcats, deer, and signs of "el tigre," the great jaguar. "All game was of incredible fatness."

Then came the Great Diversion and the monumental goof that created the Salton Sea, when the river got away from its would-be tamers. The system of dams on the Colorado River began from a Protestant mentality that saw the desert as "wasteland," the Devil's country, worthless and barren, needing to be "reclaimed." But a desert is not a "fallen" or "useless" land. A desert is itself, just as a raven or a bobcat is itself. The foolishness of trying to turn a desert into a pastoral landscape is now apparent in the dying ecosystems of the Salton Sea and the Colorado delta.

Yet two great natural areas still exist in the delta. One is La Cienega de Santa Clara (Santa Clara Slough), whose wetlands fluctuate with variations in Colorado River inflow. It has become a haven for birdlife, ducks, geese, rails, avocets, herons, and terns.

The other major natural area is the Rio Hardy wetlands. A driver will pass its periphery on Mexico Highway 5 at about mile 32 on the 116-mile drive from Mexicali to San Felipe. There a small group of Cocopa (Cucapa) Indians and their descendants still cling to their shrunken homelands at the delta's western edge.

Past Rio Hardy comes a surreal landscape of glimmering salt flats and distant mountains in red, ochre, purple, mauve, and black, a Salvador Dali landscape. One almost expects to see clocks melting over the ridge tops. And time does melt away in this spacious land of Now. If I don't mark off the days on my tide calendar, I lose one now and then.

Small boat sailing or kayaking via beach or car/trailer launch remains the best way to go on the Gulf. The October issue of *Latitude* 38 has several complaints from cruisers about the extensive paperwork required for port clearance for oceangoing

Off the Grid

By Georgia Tanner

vessels. One letter writer recommended boycotting Mexico. A cruising couple wrote, "While all the port captains were helpful and courteous, in most cases the process takes half a day and is very annoying. No other mode of transportation is required to pay similar fees or go through such a complicated process." They plan to head south to Central America next spring rather than stay in Mexico.

All this does not bode well for the proposed Escalera Nautica, 22 marinas "stair-stepped" down both Baja coasts at pristine locations, plus some on Mexico's west coast. Ecologists, surfers, and many boaters see it as a possible environmental disaster and white elephant like past FONATUR projects in Loreto and Puerto Escondido that have ruined natural resources while failing to benefit local communities. Not only has the Mexican government neglected to do environmental impact studies for the proposed sites, and still needs to raise over US\$1.7 billion for completion, it has not even carried out market studies among U.S. yachters to determine if there is a demand for the 8,000 slip project with its hotels and golf courses. Many fear it provides opportunities for intensive land speculation and drug money laundering.

Sometimes, however, in spite of development in San Felipe and homes along the coast, this area reveals the fabled abundance of the Sea of Cortez. Such as on October 14th, the day I think of as the Magnificent Frigate Bird Convention.

Yes, "Magnificent" is part of their name, and magnificent they are. Mexicans call them Tijereta for the "little scissors" shape of their tail, though nothing about this bird is little. For its weight it has the largest wings of any living bird, 90" from tip to tip with an overall body length of 40". It's a tropical sea bird, though it can't swim, its feathers don't shed water, and it can't take off from water. I have seen M.F. Birds rob other sea birds in the air, but for the most part they snatch their food from the water or grab fish leaping to escape.

October 14th gave me two hours of sailing in dreamy seas, the kind that feels as if you can go on forever making good speed through the light chop, breathing in time to the swells as the ancient Polynesian navigators were taught to do in order to become one with the sea. Then the wind came up to whitecap strength and I brought the boat in. As I was hauling her up the beach I saw a dozen frigate birds approaching. Then there were dozens more, all coming from the south and joining to circle in a thermal north of camp. They just kept coming, gliding on their long slender angled wings, putting the seagulls to shame. They came in twos and threes and fives and dozens right over my head, close enough for me to see the long hooked beak, the female's white breast and dark head, the all-black male's red throat pouch, the scissors tail, open or slightly crossed. One male casually used his beak to scratch under one wing, contorting his body in midair without the slightest effect on his soaring speed or position. Finally, there appeared to be 200 or 300 birds circling in the thermals above the shore. One vulture

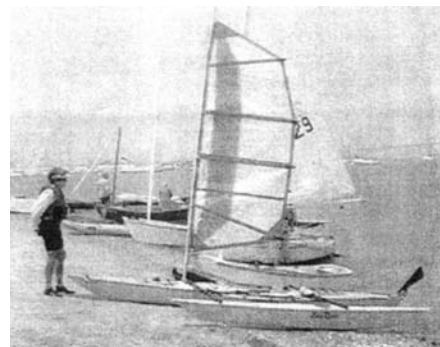
who had been sitting with several companions like black stones on a wall left his perch and began to imitate the soaring frigates. He did a couple of lazy spirals and then returned to his perch as if to say "hey, I'm a vulture, after all."

Do these Magnificent Frigate Birds have fun or what? Apparently they come from nesting sites on Las Islas Encantadas about 30 miles south. They must know when conditions are just right to create thermals. I wanted to soar with them but I'm stuck on land with the turkeys. At least that's what I call the kind of bird that broke into my trailer while I was in the U.S. for the summer and stole everything of commercial value, including tools and clothes. But I find I don't miss much of what's gone; the important things, books, papers, solar oven, solar still, were not taken.

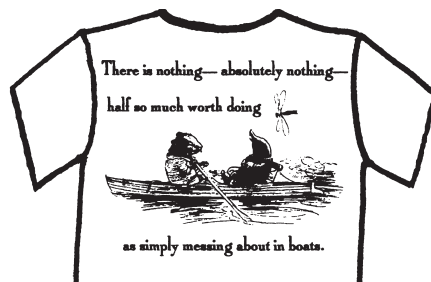
Birds tug at my heart and calm me, especially the birds I see here often; the frigates, terns, seagulls, pelicans, ravens, hummingbirds, ospreys, and Great Blue herons. One day in the patio a cactus wren landed on my head. I froze for a minute, becoming a human perch, feeling strangely blessed.

The Northern Gulf, then, seems a magical yet fragile and sometimes harsh place. My mood can oscillate like lines from Rilke's poem: "...sometimes blocked in, sometimes reaching out, one moment your life is a stone in you, and the next, a star."

(This story first appeared in the *Scuzbum News*, Newsletter of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society in 2003.)



My Baja reef-sailing Easy Rider sailing, outrigger kayak.



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I am not kidding. It is the day before Thanksgiving and it is hotter than I can believe. We really have not had any even chilly weather yet. Even though there has been a pretty good breeze over here on the island, we keep the 12' wide doors open on both the bayside and seaside all the time. It is even hot early in the morning, foggy, too. It is amazing. I usually have killed two or three deer by this time of year and I don't do that unless I know it is going to stay down in the 40s for a day or two. Ain't going to be any venison for Thanksgiving this year, ought to have saved a little bit.

So, what am I going to feed all these hungry children? Fried mullet is what. They would much rather have that than an old dried out, store-bought turkey. I could easily shoot one of these stupid wild (?) turkeys but to hell with them. I don't know where the state got the breeding stock when they restocked them all over the place, but we had a resident population still hanging on down on the old place and they were a different animal from the state turkeys... smart... alert and dark, dark iridescent color compared to these dumb tame turkeys which diluted the old stock into oblivion. They are so stupid that they will walk in the highway in front of the car and you have to get out and shoot them off the road so you won't run over one and get your brake lines kicked loose. They are stupid, but they are still turkeys.

Dang, I'll get to the boat part in a second or two, but first I have to tell two short turkey stories. One time my father had a buddy who was a hell of a man. He was an old PT boat veteran and the principal of my high school and brooked no foolishness from anyone or anything. Despite the fact that he had run down and torpedoed no telling how many Japanese destroyers and cruisers and such, he had never gone hunting for any game in his life and had heard that a wild turkey is the most worthy of all (which used to be true), so he made it a tradition to come out to our place every year and try to kill one... and after about ten years he finally did.

Well, he crippled one anyway. You know a crippled turkey is hard to deal with. The main thing is that he can run about three times as fast as a horse and through the thickest bushes in the world and can hide like a snake. He'll get to striding out about 45mph (statute) and lay his old long neck down on the ground and slide 20' up under pine straw and little limbs and stuff and, even if you saw him do it, you can't find him to save your life. When you finally step on him, here he goes again and it takes you so long to get your combobulation back that it is hard to concentrate and he usually gets away.

The only thing I can think of that is similar is a stepped-on flounder. So the old skipper let one get away from him and had to walk back to the house to get my mother to come help him try to find him. She had an old underutilized bird dog and it didn't take him long to point a little limb pile. The old vet peered up under there and saw one of the turkey's legs sticking out and assumed that he was dead. He was wrong... and how. If you have to grab a turkey, it is best to try to get hold of both legs and, even if you do, he'll do a pretty good wing job on you but they don't bite. It is hard to beat a man of that caliber but, when it was finally over, it was hard to tell who was in worse shape, the shot turkey or the clawed man.

Thanksgiving

By Robb White

The other time was me when I was a teenager. I hope to hell I have proven my truthfulness because some of this story is pretty incredible and it starts off like that. One time my oldest younger sister and I were riding in my father's old surplus army jeep (which he claimed that he had bought out of a comic book ad for \$10) when a turkey erupted from the woods beside the little dirt road on the place and started running right down the middle of the road about 50 (statute). Despite the fact that his head was swinging like Venus' racket when she is waiting for the ball, I jumped up on the seat with my grandmother's .25/.35 and shot over the windshield and killed him deadlier than a doornail. Shot him right in the head. When I got to him I could see a little bloody streak right in his powder-blue scalp.

I was examining that when he decided that it was time to come back to life and leave. Whoa, y'all. I'll just leave out most of it, but I ran through the woods shooting until the rifle ran out of shells (and it was a long barreled rifle with a full length magazine). I think the turkey was about blinded and I was actually able to almost keep up so I leaned the rifle against a tree and continued the pursuit. Blind or not, he was still a turkey and he ran me until I couldn't even breathe before he dove into an extremely thick brier patch. I had to lean over with my hands on my knees for ten minutes before I could make the next mistake. I saw one of his feet... had to have my nose and one ear sewed back on.

The water is so clear that it is like the Bahamas down here. The mullet are running on the bayside and the seaside. They love Dog's Island at run time. I think the reason is that the water is so clear over here and they can see what's coming. We are about equidistant from the only two mud washing rivers (Apalachicola and Ochlocknee) running into Apalachee Bay. It is muddier to the east and to the west of here. Since the net ban, the run has become spectacular like in the olden days. Let me explain that.

Mullet come in five stages and have names for those stages like they were separate species. Run mullet are three years old and the breeding of them is called the run. What they do is congregate in favorite places and run along in huge schools. The ones who are actually breeding separate off from the rest and come to the surface in strings about 20' long with the big old female in front of all the boys. Every now and then she'll roll on her side and let out a few of the small (about like #9 shot) red eggs and the boys will get a little too excited and leak out a little white gism. There is not any actual contact. It sounds like not much but they have to wait for three years to get to do that and it is such a big deal to them that the doing makes an oil slick clear to the horizon. They only do it at high tide in the lee. The rest of the time they mess around down on the bottom and flirt.

When the water is clear it is impossible to catch them in a cast net. Unlike most other animals when in that position, they are most alert. You can throw your arm out of joint in clear water. Over on the mainland they do it, too, and it is muddier and they can be caught. I love mullet roe both female (red roe) and male (white roe) and so do these children,

and I would make a special promenade but the older I get the more important special events of the past seem to me.

I hate to bother run mullet. I'll stick with the two year old pre-pubescent teenagers which are called (at this time of year) "feeder mullet" ("spring mullet" earlier). A run mullet of either sex is completely depleted of body fat and has started to consume muscle in order to make the most of that single opportunity and, except for the roe, ain't hardly fit to eat. I don't throw away any of nature's gifts so I have to eat the whole thing and, as I have said before, I'm a gourmet so I leave them alone is what. After the run the old wore out fish are called "door-pegs" and I leave them alone, too. I think they are so worn out that they die like salmon.

One year old mullet are about 8" long and are called "babies." You know, alongside a lot of other fish (catfish, for an example) mullet are slow growing. Think that's why they are so good.

The net ban has been in effect since the spring of '93 and the mullet population has yet to reach an equilibrium with the predators. About the only predators of run mullet are people and porpoises. Sharks don't even fool with them. When the run first started this year I was out on the seaside bar fishing with a fishing rod when I saw a real big bull shark swimming right along the bar on the outside with the run. He just swam right through them like they weren't there and they hardly moved aside as he passed. I guess they knew he didn't have sense enough to do anything and he knew it, too. He would have swum right into me if I hadn't shied at him with both arms and swatted the water with my rod. At that, he darted out into the deep water.

You know bull sharks will bite you if they don't know what you are but, stupid as they are, they have sense enough to know better than to fool with a grown man. Mullet seiners in the old days would wade out into the water and gaff a bull shark out of the net. Sharks are bad but man is the man and proved it for sure with the monofilament gill net.

Which, because of the popularity of Dog and St. George Islands with the run mullet, the FWC (Fish and Wildlife Commission... the saltwater division used to be the Marine Patrol) boys have to be mighty diligent. Roe mullet prices are sky high these days and a man with a couple hundred yards of gill net could load the boat with one strike. Gill nets are illegal and the only thing they can use are some small mesh nets less than 500sf and you can't catch these fish in clear water with such a thing as that... unless you stop a creek which has always been illegal. There are run mullet for sale in the store, though. Most of them are caught over on the mainland with cast nets. A good man can catch a thousand bucks worth a tide when things are right (calm or a good lee in a good place).

In the run of '03 one teenaged kid skipped school on voting day and caught \$1,500 without even using a boat. His granddaddy taught him how to do it and showed him where to go and he just drove his pickup down to the creek and threw off the bank. He wouldn't tell me where he went but I know one place and, since you are all good people, I'll tell you.

Halfway between Medart and Panacea there is a little sand road off to the south of

U.S. 98 down through the wildlife refuge to a place called Skipper. It is a fascinating little place to me... a regular Indian hive back in the old days. You can get in there with a regular car and I advise you to do it if you are ever over this way. Skipper Bay is what Florida is supposed to be like. All around Panacea is... at least for the time being. Next, go to the end of Bottoms' road and also look at the shore in the town of Panacea, too. Follow that bayside street to the boat ramp way to the west.

I read in the paper where the FWC had caught three men trying to strike 200 yards of gill net in Nick's hole on the bayside of St. George Island. The law came around the point and the people dumped the net and took off in the boat. One of those old bird dog skiffs is no match for a marine patrol rig (what is?) so it didn't take them long to catch up but the lawbreakers didn't stop. Some people don't have as much sense as others. The lawmen just kept alongside the other boat until they recognized who was who and, when they saw the helicopter they had called, gave up the pursuit and went back and recovered the net for evidence.

The net boat went way down to the west and through the shrimp boat cut that the government had made all the way through the island (and which, some think, caused a lot of bayside erosion) and continued on to the west on the seaside. I guess they thought they could hide from the helicopter because two of them hopped out and ran off into the woods. As soon as the two officers back with the net explained to the pilot that they knew who the men were, the helicopter flew off to continue its business. The three men were served with warrants at the house early the next morning. The boat and net were confiscated. Like I said, some people have more sense than others. Some people have the ability to overlook that fact and are apt to do the same stupid thing over and over again... unless there is something like a term limit.

So how did I catch the Thanksgiving mullet in these impossible conditions? Did I break the law and stop a creek? Hell no. Me and Jane went in the Rescue Minor to this marsh I know about. Though the run is in full swing and there are no roe bearing fish in any of the marshes anymore, the feeder mullet are absolutely prime and they love marshes and creeks of all sorts. Of course, the water everywhere over here is crystal clear and they can see you when you make the backswing and be 50 yards up the creek when you throw if they want to (which they don't... 29' is fine with them) so I had to outfox them. Jane and I waded slowly up the creek like we were looking at the sights. We were looking at the sights.

You know a marsh creek is a fascinating place. One of those tiny boats like Mack McCarthy has helped so many people build is just the ticket. I advise a regular paddle instead of a double paddle because some of the creeks are too narrow and you might get to thrashing around in the grass and flush out all the little rails... maybe one of those bent-shank jobs like Reinhard Zollitsch is so fond of. You know when a person with that much experience finally evolves his rig down to the pure trick, he must have it right.

It was easy to see an enormous herd of mullet swimming about 50' ahead of us. In the deep creeks they just look like a dark place in the water, but in the shallow flats of the wide places they make a wake like a

williwaw of wind as they swim about six or seven knots up the creek. They did it in stages. When they came to an interesting place they stopped and messed around until we got too close then they took off again. I know the marsh real well and when they left the first wide place they went in a little, very narrow deep creek on their way to the next wide place.

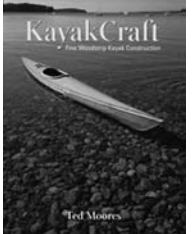
I have tried to catch them there before. It will almost work if I can get up there before they come into the marsh with the rising tide. There is a palmetto bush on the high side of the creek and if I stand still beside it they think I am part of it (I guess). The only trouble is that the creek is so narrow the net has to be thrown within inches of the bank and is liable to get propped up and they'll run out. All that was a moot point since there was no way I could get ahead of them and they were long gone into the next wide place before I could get there, but I got out the high bank and trotted through the woods to the next creek between the second wide place and the next (there are about 15 wide places in this marsh). I figured to hide behind another palmetto bush while Jane waded slowly up the creek to keep the mullet moving.

Boy, it worked like a charm. As Jane flushed them out of the wide place, they eased into the creek in a big wad. I knew they were fixing to hit that seven knot stride in a second and I might be able to catch one or two, but the wad was too far away to throw. Jane had the intuition to stop and they milled

around in the clear water and some of them swam back into the wide place but about 13 of them eased down toward me. As a matter of fact, it was exactly 13. I counted them as I took them out of the net. They were all 16" long... probably all hatched at the same time early in the run of the fall of '02... probably around Thanksgiving. Which I think is appropriate.

So, what'll we have? I'll fry the mullet on my old yard stove (LP gas) and we'll make a traditional big Brunswick stew out of a few young squirrels and a wood duck. Everybody will contribute. My sister has already shot the squirrels. They were getting in the attic of her hideout house in a little town way over in West Florida. She baited them up and shot them with those real quiet .22 CB caps out of the kitchen window with an old Stevens Favorite. She hadn't consulted with me so she didn't know that they migrate in big herds to wherever their news service says there is a hot spot. She had to kill every squirrel in Walton County so she was able to pick through a lot to pick out the best. She boiled up the rest to feed to her old dog. He ain't near as prissy as me.

So when am I going to finally get to the boat part? I ain't. I got to start cooking now.



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After breakfast we went to the hardware store and bought some oakum, pitch, nails, and rope and thence to the sawmill. We had all the bottom boards on before noon and commenced to pack the joints on the way back. After dinner we got some empty fruit cans in an open lot, which we took to melt pitch in after we had finished packing. I melted some pitch and put it on, then I tried it again but the can had been opened at the wrong end and the piece that is soldered on came off and caught fire and I had to cover it with sand to put it out. I tried another can with no better result.

In the next yard there were some men at work calking and repairing a steamer hauled up there and, hearing so much hammering, came over to see what we were up to. Seeing my trouble they lent us their small kettle and we finished it up in good shape. They joked us considerably about the shape of it. The weather this morning was hot and the sweat poured from us. This afternoon it has been cloudy but still too hot.

After supper we took a walk, the minstrel played for half an hour on their piazza. The Freedman's Bank Building is close to our hotel, the building is of brick, painted, three stories high with a French roof. The Negroes are having a dance in the hall and have good music, sky rockets and other fireworks are illuminating the heavens. The boarders at the house are having a Christmas tree. The sitting rooms are lit up beautifully with pitch pine fires in the fireplaces and gas.

The next morning we tipped over the boat, put in the bow piece and pitched it, nailed on the blocks to hold the rowlocks, put in a seat, sawed out some pieces for oars, and then commenced to launch her. We rolled her through the gate into the next yard and then down close to the water. The place was very ruff with logs and small pieces of joist. But with the assistance of the two men from the steamer, which we were side of, the boat was lifted clear of the ground and deposited in the water. We then put in some clapboards and other lumber to build a top of and rowed up to the dock next to the hotel.

Ben then went to the hotel and got our trunks. I then went to get some groceries. I got onions, Irish potatoes, pork, crackers, our having pepper and salt. Oranges are five cents a piece, Irish potatoes two dollars a bushel, two small apples for five cents, private board seven dollars a week, haircutting thirty-five with oil and perfumery, a dry cut thirty cents, taxes are about five dollars on a hundred.

We left the dock and rowed about three miles and anchored close to the shore on the west side. A hard row it was with our ill-shaped oars and the tide against us. We tried her backwards and found that she ran straighter by far. We pulled the boards over the bottom, I took the two we had left and covered them with paper for a pillow. Ben used his coat. Then, putting on our overcoats, we lay down and covered up with the canvas. It had been hot all day and we were pretty warm in bed, but by morning it was comfortable. We slept for five hours during the night. Mullet were continually jumping out of the water, making quite a noise which at first kept us on the alert.

Next morning, Sunday the 27th, we were up before the sun, had a lunch of crackers and cider and apples which we had brought from home. We then made for a point some five miles south and on the shore.

Trip to Florida And Back

Part 2

From Providence Rhode Island

There was a buoy which appeared to be close to the point but to our surprise we found it to be in the middle. We landed, I took the pail and went up to a house to get water, which I found at a spring. The water was by no means like northern spring water but it was better than the river water, which is covered with a green substance which comes from the weeds which is similar to seaweed but is from half to three-quarters of an inch wide. This is what the cattle feed on mostly. While I was gone Ben shot a dipper and we went after him, which we landed, took out all the things and laid them upon the canvas.

We then went to work to build the house on the back end which we finished about one o'clock. We then fixed the places to sleep, Ben's berth being a wide board on four legs and set over his trunk which was set on blocks to keep it out of the water; my box, with an addition similar to Ben's berth, the box being blocked up, formed mine. Ben shot a gray squirrel in the forenoon and while he was making a stew, I lightened and shaped the oars with the axe and plane which made them light and handy. The stew was well got up and seasoned and set well upon our keen appetite, the day was hot, we went barefooted.

I now proceed to describe the boat, also the house built upon it. It was built of hard pine. The roof of the house was pointed and covered with clapboards, the hull was of inch boards, 16" wide, upon which five pounds of tenpining and one-half pounds of clapboard nails were used, every joint was corked and pitched.

Dimensions

Length of hull 17'
Length of house 8'
Width of hull in middle 4'4"
Width of hull at stern 4'10"
Height of hull at bow 1'5"
Height of hull at middle 1'5"
Height of hull at stern 10"
Height of house eaves 2'11"
Height of house at (?) 3'11"
Oars were 8' long
And the blade little over 4" wide

We rigged a place in the front of the boat to set in a mast. When loaded she drew about 3" of water and leaked about a pail full in 24 hours. In the roof boards were some worm holes through which the rain came, but by covering it with the canvas we kept dry. The roof was very handy to keep the oars and other articles upon.

At dark we pushed off and pushed her backwards for more than an hour along the shore in water two to four feet deep, the bottom was surprisingly hard, being mostly sand out of which springs the feed for the cattle. In some places the cattle wade out a quarter of a mile to feed. The tide raises and falls at this place about two feet and a half.

The pigs made a great deal of noise running along the shore but we soon got used to the strange noises and sounds and paid little attention to them. We anchored some 20 yards from shore, lit the candle which was

stuck in a beer bottle, Ben went to bed first, then I followed, blowing out the light. We slept in our overcoats, it was rather warm, but towards morning it was cooler.

We did not sleep more than four hours, we were up early and pushed between two and three miles. We shot six times at ducks, hitting none. They seemed iron clad, Ben went ashore to hunt and I pushed off to fish. I used a piece of a crab which I found on a wharf for bait.

Every house along the river has a wharf and one or more boats, some have nice ribbed round bottom boats, they have also dugouts made of the trunk of the cypress tree generally and of very good shape, they also have two or three ribs. The butt end of the log is always used for the bow of the boat. I have seen some 20' long and four feet wide at the widest part. They have flat-bottom boats, also. Most of them are made so that when the wind is right they put up a mast, hoist a sail and make use of it. They go to market in their boats.

In fact, this river is an immense highway, being navigable for more than 200 miles for steamers of 500 tons and 100 miles from Jacksonville. The Oclawaha, which is navigable 200 miles by stern paddle wheel steamers empties into the St. John. There are several creeks of good length one of which is Duns Creek running from Duns Lake.

I caught no fish but saw quite a number of turtles, some of which I think would weigh between 30 and 40 pounds, but got no good shot. Ben did better, bringing back three greys. They are not so tough or as large as northern greys. At eve we made some three miles.

Next morning we undertook to row across a cove to what appeared to be a village some four miles distant, but the wind sprang up from the south and the house catching so much wind that we had to run ashore. We went into the woods and I killed a grey. As Ben was coming back along the shore the cattle, of which some 50 were feeding, became scared at the sight of him and there was a real stampede, the sight was amusing and we amused ourselves wherever the opportunity offered. About four we put some bushes on the back end of the boat for a blind to shoot from. After it was finished we pushed off, then Ben took his gun and went inside while I, using one oar, pushed her towards some ducks which were sunning themselves at no great distance. We got pretty close and Ben fired both barrels, getting one, we then pursued our way.

I went ashore at a place owned by a negro to get a pail of water. He and his wife were setting out and watering cabbage plants, there was a patch of sweet potatoes yet to be dug. The hills are one continuous running the length of the patch, about six feet apart and two feet high. It was very pleasant among the pines, the still warm air scented by the pine, the singing of birds, and a clear blue sky all combined made it a very pleasant evening. We rowed from there to Mandarin which we supposed to be a mulberry grove, but it was so small and being on the other side we had not noticed it.

The river being from three to seven miles wide, four girls came down on the wharf to see our queer looking craft. One of Mrs. Stiles' girls of about 30 years was among them, but we did not know it. Our next visit to the place, Ben thought it was an Irish maid, we asked a few questions, the younger of the party could not control their

mirthfulness, but the old dames looked as stern as possible. Ben went ashore taking a letter which I had just finished, he bought a half bushel of sweet potatoes for 25 cents. When he came back it was dark and I lit the candle to see to putting away the potatoes, after which we pushed away leaving the candle burning in the doorway. We were in our shirt sleeves, I had no hat on. Pretty soon we met a boat who saluted us. Ben told them not to be scared. They said, "You look frightful enough." We soon came to anchor and went to bed.

Next morning we pushed a little and then set sail and made a mile or so but the wind gave out and we commenced to row. It was foggy about that time, we heard a steamer coming and we were on the lookout for her and we, being close to the water, saw them first. A man was throwing the lead and calling the depth, pretty soon he spied our boat and shouted, "There's a house." The boat was immediately turned hard off but they soon discovered the truth and we heard them laughing. She was the *Mary Draper*, a small screw wheeler making daily trips between Green Cove Springs and Jacksonville.

As the fog cleared away we discovered a flock of ducks feeding not far off and I backed the boat toward having my gun ready for use. But they became frightened and flew. We soon saw a large flock of coots. I backed her up close, Ben shot, hitting one as they rose. I shot and killed another, we soon went ashore and spent two or three pleasant hours among the pines. The shore was very level and we had to wade some 20 yards to solid ground. We then left for a point about two miles distant the wind had just sprang up and blew hard upon our side. But by hard pulling we reached the goal. We startled a flock, two were wounded and could not fly far. I got one of them.

There were some negroes in a boat fishing with a cast net. They are about six or seven feet square with leads attached to make them sink, to each corner is attached a rope, being held together in the caster's hand, when it is cast it spreads out on the bottom then, as it is drawn, the corners raise first and the fish which happen to be in the way find themselves in the bag. They sometimes caught five at a haul, which would weigh from a quarter to half a pound, the fish being mostly mullet which will not bite a hook.

They have what they call a gill net, these are large, the same as seines, and are set and left for some hours. The fish try to get through and those of a certain size get their heads through the mesh and are caught by the gills. I went ashore after water, I was shown to a well about 15' deep, the sides were boarded, the water looked white, which the boy said was caused by putting in lime to settle it. The family, of which the boy was a member, came early in the fall from Kentucky. The father asked us to stay all night but the wind had shifted to the north and we concluded to make a few miles so we started, Ben sitting outside acting as pilot and I in the house steering. It soon became foggy and dark and we could not see the land and a couple of times the wind blew in the front end instead of the back.

At last the fog cleared away and we discovered a bright light to our left and I steered direct for it, in the course of half an hour we were close ashore and anchored. The light we had seen came from a large fire on shore of pitch pine, there was no sign of life except a rail fence, we lit the candle, partially covered



the holes left open at the ends, and were about in when some darkeys in a boat shouted, "Ship ahoy!" We answered. They asked where we were from, one of them asked if tide was up, I told him I did not know. He said he thought it must be when such a large craft as ours got so close to shore. It did look pretty large when lit up, at first sight the light streaming through the cracks. The fire on shore was built to direct this boat load home.

Next morning the wind still continued and at times a little fog, we set sail and made a landing some 12 miles distant on the west side. The tide is high and the strong northeast wind is still raising it, the shore is now about six inches above the water but we ran the boat right up to the land.

(To Be Continued)



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International Scene

The European Council OK'd tougher criminal sanctions for pollution. In theory, Malta and Greece plus Cyprus are for reducing ship pollution, but they voted against or abstained from voting on the EU ship source pollution directive that would make accidental pollution caused by recklessness a criminal offense. The new guidelines would also make a master, owner, operator, charterer, and classification society all possibly responsible. The three nations said they were concerned about the negative impacts on seafarer recruitment and undermining of the IMO's authority.

Iran agreed to let Iraq use Iranian ports. The ports most probably used will be Bandar Imam Khomeni and Khorram Shahr in the Persian Gulf, and wheat from Australia and the U.S. would be the initial cargoes landed.

Rapidly falling bulk rates are causing some bulk operators to seek renegotiation of charters.

Malaysia warned mariners of thick haze blanketing parts of the heavily traveled Malacca Strait. The smoke was from forest fires.

The U.S. Maritime Administration signed contracts worth \$1.9 billion over ten years with nine companies for managing 54 ships of the Ready Reserve Force. The RRF supports U.S. forces in combat areas.

Drought in the U.S. Midwest lowered rivers so that barge traffic sometimes couldn't get through and the drought may mean that the heavily exported corn and soybean crops may suffer badly.

Hard Knocks and Skinny Places

An explosion on the empty tanker *Tradewinds Sunrise* killed at least four off the coast of Trinidad.

The gravel-carrying barge *Horai Maru No. 18* sank off Japan after a collision in fog with the small tanker *Ryoka Maru* which was carrying cooking oil.

The small tanker *Kyokuyo Maru* was rammed by the chemical tanker *Nikko Maru* and one engineer was burned to death on the *Kyokuyo Maru* while five more bodies were found on the burning ship two days after the collision.

The master of the freighter *Corona Z* was missing after it sank in the Black Sea at the mouth of the Bosphorus.

An explosion in the exhaust gas boiler on the Argentine ro-ro *Transmodal* injured 14 of the crew shortly after the vessel left Rio Grande do Sul.

At Chittagong, the *Marisha Green* rammed the *Banga Banik* at Pier 18 when an engine failed. Some containers were damaged.

At least seven were killed and nine were missing after a passenger boat carrying 30 collided with a cargo ship in the Huanghuazhou Village port.

A collision in thick fog between the Malta-flagged *Wei Hang 9* and the Japanese *Kaishin Maru* sank the latter vessel and may have killed nine. The *Kaishin Maru* collided with another ship in September 2003 and sank that ship, too.

In Southampton the engine failed on the brand new container ship *Savannah Express* and it ploughed into a ferry and the span that loads vehicles onto ferries. The span and engine both need extensive repairs. And so went the month.

Several navigators should go back to school:

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

An Australian report blamed the master of the passenger ship *Balmoral* for moving too close to Dagger Reef off Gower Point and going aground in 2004. A few months earlier another ship of the same company had similarly grounded and the authorities had discussed that incident with company officials only eight days before the *Balmoral* grounded.

On the Neva River at St. Petersburg within a few weekend hours, Russian sailors crashed two commercial ships into Neva bridges. The near sinking of the Baltic Fleet flagship *Neukrotimy* occurred in between these collisions. See the Gray Fleets section for details.

The Norwegian-flagged chemical tanker *NCC Madinah* collided with the Indonesian tanker *MR-1* in the port of Gresik in Indonesia, although both ships had local pilots aboard. Port authorities quickly ruled that both parties didn't know much about navigation (and the owners of the *Madinah* agreed).

Finally, Philippine authorities reported that last month's collision between the freighter *Sulpicio Express* and the tanker *Arowana-III* was also due to the lack of navigational skills on the bridges.

The month's worst accident happened when the platform supply boat *Samudra Suraksha*, on a mercy mission to pick up a sick worker, rammed the Mumbai High North production platform in the Arabian Sea and triggered a massive engulfing fire. Eleven people died and 11 more were missing, but 362 people on the platform or nearby were rescued in an effort involving eight ships, two aircraft, and four helicopters. Six divers were decompressing in the *Samudra Suraksha's* chamber when the collision happened and they stayed there throughout the fire and for four more days until they were decompressed. Soon after, the supply boat sank while being towed to port! The Mumbai High platform pumped a large percent of India's 33 million tons of crude annually and was home to the country's biggest gas field.

Gray Fleets

Most navies of the world did their things without public notice, but two submarines had close calls last month. Seven Russian sailors were trapped for nearly 75 hours on a small rescue submarine of the AS-28 type 195 meters down off the Kamchatka Peninsula in Russia's Far East. Apparently the sub ran into a fishing net, or maybe an anchor line for some kind of coastal monitoring system, details were contradictory, that entrapped the mini sub and fouled its screw. Remotely operated underwater vehicles (ROV) were airlifted from the U.S. and the U.K. and four ships were dispatched from Japan, while the Russians tried to tow the mini sub into shallower water. The U.K.'s Super Scorpio ROV was ready first and cut away the tightly wrapped netting (shots shown on Russian TV) with assistance from three U.S. divers and all hands were safe. Then criminal investigations of high Russian military officials started as to their roles during and before the incident.

Farther south, the Australian submarine *HMAS Dechaineux* was making a deep dive

when a hose parted in the lower engine room. Only quick work saved the sub from a fatal plunge maybe ten seconds later. Again, all hands were safe.

Sport divers discovered a World War II bomb on the wreck of *HMS Caroline*, a Dutch trawler turned into minesweeper that was mined off Wales during the war. An explosives team soon made a satisfactory bang.

The Russian Navy nearly sank the Baltic Sea Fleet's flagship *Neukrotimy* when currents brought a dummy mine too close to the ship during a show in the heart of St. Petersburg. The mine, equipped with 30 kg of TNT to make a big splash, exploded and this popped a seam and flooded the engine room.

Officials at a Russian yard demolishing old warships have been musing whether to strip the nuclear powered cruiser *Admiral Ushakov* and convert it into a casino and strip club.

The U.S. Navy administratively accepted the amphibious ship *USS San Antonio* (LPD-17), first of a new class of 12, although the Navy's own inspection board had warned the Navy not to accept until significant problems were fixed or waived by the Chief of Naval Operations. Bad wiring, inadequate ventilation, corrosion, safety deficiencies throughout, incomplete sprinkler systems, a crash prone engineering control system, and compromised watertight integrity were some of the 37 problem areas found by inspectors. In spite of this imposing list, the ship actually came through builder's and acceptance trials with a lower number of major deficiencies than most first-of-class warships. The ship is, however, two years late and \$400 million over budget.

Analysts told U.S. lawmakers that the cost of building the first of a new class of destroyers was too high. They said it would come in at \$4.7 billion. The Pentagon had estimated that the upper limit for an "affordable" DD(X) would be between \$4 and 4.5 billion, whereas the Navy had set the cost at \$3.3 billion with following ships at \$2.6 billion each, and Congress had proposed capping the first-ship cost at \$1.7 billion. Also unsolved are the dual questions whether two yards or one should build the destroyers and why does the Navy need such an advanced warship anyhow, given the current environment worldwide? Think "China," maybe?

The *USS Texas*, second of a new class of submarines and the first to be built by Northrop Grumman Newport News, looks as though it will cost 24% more than the original estimate of \$2.19 billion.

We don't know what to make of the next item. The Nigerian Navy's Chief of Staff stated that the Nigerian Navy had saved \$18 billion by repairing 26 abandoned warships locally. The dollars are local, possibly the naira, currently at 136 to one U.S. dollar. These ships included the 3,600 tonne frigate *NNS Aradu*, which went on to represent Nigeria at the recent International Naval review in the U.K.

A heavy machine gun went off accidentally on the Japanese destroyer *Shirans* and a petty officer was seriously wounded.

The commanding officer of *HMS Edinburgh* may be English but he wants his ship to properly represent the Scottish nation's capital, so the ship's officers will wear Royal Scots tartan trews for mess dress and a musically gifted seamen has been sent

off to the Royal Scots regiment to learn how to play the pipes. He will be the Royal Navy's first official bagpiper.

White Fleets

An American on a honeymoon trip on the *Brilliance of the Seas* in the Mediterranean disappeared under mysterious circumstances. His wife had passed out in their stateroom but neighbors heard loud noises and voices and a thud. The next day blood spatters were found in the room and a broad swath of blood stained an awning.

In Taiwan's Kaohsiung Harbour the 9,800gt cruise ship *Royal Pacific* had a fire on board and, a day later, laid on its side. The Harbour Bureau gave salvor Titan Maritime a month in which to clean up the oil spilled from some of the ship's 26 tanks and submit a plan for refloating the vessel at its berth. Scrapping would take too long and would lead to more pollution.

They That Go Back and Forth

In southwestern Nepal a ferry capsized and perhaps about 100 died.

A ferry sank off Indonesia's Papua province and another hundred or so died.

But not all news was tragic. The three-man crew of the small Norwegian ferry *Edoy* went to a party on Saturday night and were tested on the ferry's first trip Sunday morning. Still drunk, they were suspended.

Nigerians refused to use a ferry supplied by the contractor rebuilding a bridge for fear of being drowned. They prefer to wait until the bridge is opened each morning after a night of work on it.

Because of many ferry breakdowns, the Greek government used Navy ships and diverted the large ferry *Aiolos Kenteris* to handle record crowds of vacationers returning from the more than 1,100 Greek islands. Some travelers had been kept waiting at ports for two days or more.

Passengers on a new high speed ferry on Loch Ness will be able to watch sonar and see Nessie if she happens to swim by (and the bubbles of high speed transit don't interfere).

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Globally, piracy dropped 30% in first half of this year and there have been no signs of terrorism yet.

When the London insurance market considered the Malacca Strait to be a war zone because of possible terrorism, Malaysia, Singapore, and Indonesia formally agreed that they do not want foreign patrols there although they would accept assistance from the U.S., other user nations, and relevant international agencies.

The tug *Care Play-14* was towing the scrap vessel *Radwan* when both were attacked by pirates in the Bay of Bengal. But a mobile team from the Bangladesh Coast Guard cutter *CGS Tauhid* responded and captured 41 pirates in the act and also the five trawlers they had been using as bases. The day before the Coast Guard had captured three smugglers in Chittagong Port.

Italy will send a warship to the Indian Ocean to cut down on piracy.

Both Canada and Denmark claim small, barren Hans Island between northern Greenland and Canada. Canada sent its Defense Minister there for a surprise visit so the Danes sent a formal protest plus a warship (if it can get through the ice). The island

may become important if global warming proceeds far enough.

Metal-Bashing

The U.K. awarded contracts for a fisheries protection vessel and a ferry to a Polish shipyard although Scottish yards were more than ready and willing (if not competitive).

In Australia, the Defense Ministry picked Tenix Defense to build seven new warships before even deciding on the ships' characteristics. Next, the Ministry announced it would relax competition guidelines for two amphibious ships so Australian builders could beat good quotes from Spanish and French builders.

MarAd is seeking Congressional approval for sending 55 of the 132 aged reserve ships to scrappers in Turkey and Mexico, but that requires waiving of federal requirements because toxic materials cannot be exported.

Business conditions are forcing Indian ship scrappers at Alang to turn to other businesses, leaving 25,000 breakers unemployed and most scrapping berths empty.

Legal Matters

The Ukrainian master of the freighter *Smyra*, accused of abandoning at least six stowaways in a small boat about three miles from the Canary Islands, had his case thrown out of a Spanish court because the stowaways gave conflicting testimony.

But three stowaways from the Ivory Coast didn't fare as well in the Aegean Sea. Thrown overboard from a ship, one man survived and was picked up by a British yacht, which recovered the body of a second man.

Shipping giant P&O Nedlloyd was fined for not knowing that three of its ships that called in South African ports were carrying undeclared arms and ammunition. The cargo, in transit from Brazil for Mauritius and Saudi Arabia, consisted of armor piercing shells, incendiary ammo, and more than a million rounds of rifle, shotgun, and handgun ammunition.

The French master of the bulk carrier *Common Progress*, when fined \$110,000 for pollution, said his crew was simply washing coal dust off the deck and there was no sample of the evidence (a slick on the sea shown in a photo taken by a photographer in a plane). The photographer never appeared in court. The master called himself a victim of "Prestige madness."

Odd Bits

A former Royal Marine will attempt to cross the Atlantic this summer on the *Murka* (Russian for "cat"), a 14' kite boat propelled by seven canopies or kites above the boat. The crossing will be a test for his next project, a sail from pole to pole (well, that's what the British news item said).

Lifeboats may save people but testing lifeboats seems to kill and hurt mariners. Four Syrian sailors on the North Korean-flagged *Seawind* were injured when their lifeboat, being tested at Malta, gave way and crashed onto the quay two stories below.

Petroleum spills in the State of Washington brought fines of \$4.01 and \$10.92 per gallon for two tanker truck spills onto the ground and \$122.76 per gallon for a spill of heavy oil onto water. In all cases, the spills were between 2,000 and 5,000 gallons.

Unsuccessful attempts by two of the most powerful tugs in the world to remove

the log carrier *Kiperousa* from the shore of South Africa after 1,600 hardwood logs had been lifted out by the world's largest helicopter led to another salvor taking on the job of removing another 7,000 logs. The ship itself is a total economic loss.

In 2002 the decommissioned landing ship *USS Spiegel Grove* was reefed off Florida but landed on its side. Hurricane Dennis pushed the 510' vessel back upright, and divers are pleased.

Hurricane Ivan tilted the then-unmanned *Thunder Horse*, the world's largest semi-submersible production platform, until one deck edge was in the water. Quick and careful work by more than 900 workers from about 75 companies saved the platform.

A slip-up at the Coast Guard Vessel Traffic Center at Valdez, Alaska, allowed two large tankers to sail through the Valdez Narrows at the same time. The *SeaRiver Baytown* and the *Polar Adventure* stayed at least a mile apart but local greenies were "concerned."

How would you transfer a blimp from Europe to South Africa? Fly it? Then what about its mast truck and ground crew? Nope, the blimp was loaded onto Dockwise's float-on/float-off carrier *Enterprise* and headed south safely tucked between its dock walls.

In the U.K. the Coast Guard called out several specialty teams (mud rescues, a lifeboat, and others) to rescue a bullock that had become mired in mud at Bideford Quay after it escaped from a nearby cattle market.

A female diver was sucked into an 8' pipe on the bottom of Lake Michigan. No point in trying to swim out, the water was moving at 6' per second. She emerged about a half-mile later in a canal leading to a power plant, unharmed except for a bloody nose.

But four Danish scuba divers and their Canadian instructor failed to surface off Zanzibar. It was suspected that strong currents drew them into underwater caves.

In Ghana, purification rites were performed by local priests and priestesses at a shipyard that had a fatal fire last March that killed 18 workers. A spokesman explained that it was good time because the Homowo Festival was about to start and the gods would be listening. The rites, involving sacrifice of three kinds of animals, incantations, and blood sprinkling, had the approval of the Ghana Ports and Harbours Authority.

Headshakers

The wife of a Japanese-American died so he sailed solo to Japan to bury her ashes. That done, he started to sail back to the U.S. His boat was found drifting and he was dead. He was 81.

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As a sailor transplanted from the Chesapeake Bay to central Colorado, my desire to keep up with boating activities didn't vaporize. However, the terrain, climate, conditions, and opportunities are much different. This, coupled with my moving from semi-retired to fully retired, got me to thinking.

I want a boat that is easy to trailer, easy to launch (shallow draft), has boat camping capabilities, and will go upstream. My Bay Hen fits most of this except going upstream effectively.

Then I heard about this Kilburn Adam's design, SkiffAmerica 20, that would allow me to explore the rivers of the West and Midwest, plus it should be relatively easy trailering to most other parts of the country. Delving into the web, seeking info from current owner/builders, prospective builders, or anyone who would offer an opinion, I committed to building a SkiffAmerica 20.

January of 2004: Order the plan/build a model/ponder the model/order the plywood and epoxy/set up the garage/begin the project. Having built a Bolger Nymph and a 9' Lark years ago, I felt OK taking on this project. I was alright with the technique, but it was the scope of the task that was a bit intimidating.

Studying the plans and the detailed instructions, I moved forward laying out the various parts (panels), epoxy coating as I went, essentially creating a kit to be assembled later. This took from the end of February

Building A SkiffAmerica 20

By Paul Breeding

until August sort of full time (I did have a life beyond this).

In August I built the construction frame. This boat has no traditional frame but uses the hull/sides/bulkheads/cabin top/furniture to give it the rigidity needed. So the building frame was simply that, an external platform to keep everything solidly aligned to build a boat on.

With most of the kit ready, assembly started and surprisingly quickly it began to look like a boat. Building a 20' skiff in the middle of Colorado is not an everyday occurrence. As the boat was taking shape a following of neighbors, utility men, meter readers, trash collectors, etc. was emerging. With the attention I was both flattered and motivated to keep moving ahead, I couldn't let my fans down. I had chosen to build the boat outside under a portable carport until the winter weather drove me inside. The dry climate and the fact that all the pieces were coated with two or three coats of epoxy before any assembly began relieved me of any worries about moisture penetration.

Until I had the major parts together I needed the additional walkaround space to complete the outer portions: sides, cap rails, outer gunwales, transom, inner stem, and chines. After that most of the work would be inside the hull and I could work in the garage (with a small wood stove). But as luck would have it we had an early snowfall before I could fit the permanent chines. However, as the boat was able to hold the snow in with the chine pattern pieces in place, I assumed it would also keep the water out. Shortly after that I moved the operations into the garage.

At this point the bottom (3/4" meranti), sides (1/4" okoume), transom (3/4" okoume), forward and aft bulkheads (3/8" okoume with 3/4" mahogany trim), outer gunwales, and five-part cap rails were all solidly epoxied in place, plus the temporary frames were anchored with drywall screws. In addition, the bottom was solidly, though temporarily, drywall screwed to the building frame. It's a little flimsy for moving but solid enough to be put in the garage to be leveled again to fit and epoxy the chines and start taping all the inside seams (epoxy, 2" and 4" tape, filleting using peel ply). It was quite a learning experience with mixing epoxy through a broad temperature range and applying it as smoothly as possible (to minimize sanding later).

After fitting and epoxying the chines it really started to be fun, boxing in the flotation compartments, affixing some of the trim pieces, the splash well, etc. It should be noted here that all the trim pieces, all the furniture, the inner and outer gunwales, the cap rails, everything is designed to add strength to the boat. As you are attaching all these parts you can feel the boat become more solid, a comfortable feeling.

A bit of an aside here, as part of the pleasure of each day's accomplishment which usually followed a routine of morning coffee, go to the garage, build a fire in the wood stove, cut and fit whatever pieces/parts were going on that day, have lunch, come back out, suit up (latex gloves, tyvek sleeves,

old shoes, old shop apron, etc.), then epoxy together whatever is on that day's agenda; the best is yet to come, unsuit, scrub up, pour myself a glass of wine, go back out to the warm garage, and spend a few minutes sipping the wine and feeling good about the day's work. It should be mentioned here that some days it didn't go all that well, in which case I cleaned myself up, poured my glass of wine, and pondered my mistakes to decide how to either fix them or cover them up. Paint alone does not camouflage all errors and a glass (or two) of adult beverage mellows out the mistakes.

While all this is happening the interest of neighbors, delivery men, meter readers, etc. continued unabated, and I liked this level of interest. The most fervent of all was my mailman, who maintained a continuing interest from the completion of the model on, although on some of the winter days I think he was more interested in the warmth of the wood stove than boat building (I live in a part of town where the mailmen walk their routes).

The mailman's interest was spread among his colleagues, to my good fortune, when he offered to put together a crew of postal carriers as the crew to turn the boat upside down. May 1st of this year had seven strong employees of the USPS show up to flip my boat, OK, they were promised Bloody Marys and bratwurst. The flipping went fine and we had a bit of a party afterward.

The next major task involved sheathing the bottom, chines, stem, and transom with epoxy and fiberglass cloth (actually a polyester cloth, Xynole). Again the camaraderie of the shallow boat world came to my rescue. A canoe building acquaintance from Minneapolis, Bob Brown (aka Mississippi Bob) volunteered to come out for a week to help with this major task. As it turned out, Bob's experience and knowledge had him leading this operation and me helping. This part of the building went so well that we had a full day at the end of the week to take the Bay Hen out for a day sail, again Bob sailing and me as crew.

After Bob returned home I began the laborious job of sanding/filling/painting, sanding all the paint off because of the poor finish. Then sanding/filling/painting all over again, but this time I was able to achieve an acceptable finish (certainly not museum quality). Now I am ready to flip it right side up, put it on its real trailer, install motor/steering/electrical system/etc., plus finishing all the details of the boat. My goal was to launch in August, finishing all the cosmetic details after the season.

Three days prior to the scheduled right side up flip the cardiologist said he thought a coronary bypass was a higher priority than flipping a boat. It goes without saying his opinion won out. So at this point I have a boat ready to flip, although I am not ready until the end of September (with cardiologist approval). My goal is to launch in October or March (depending on the Colorado winters) at which time the final chapter of this tale can be submitted. It's been a hoot all along, success and setback taken in stride. I've had the chance to spend a couple of days on the water in other SkiffAmerica 20s, which fully validated everything I expect of my boat.

For more information on the SkiffAmerica 20: Website <http://www.skiffamerica20.com>. I can be contacted by email at pbreedingco@msn.com.

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June '04, contemplation of the model.



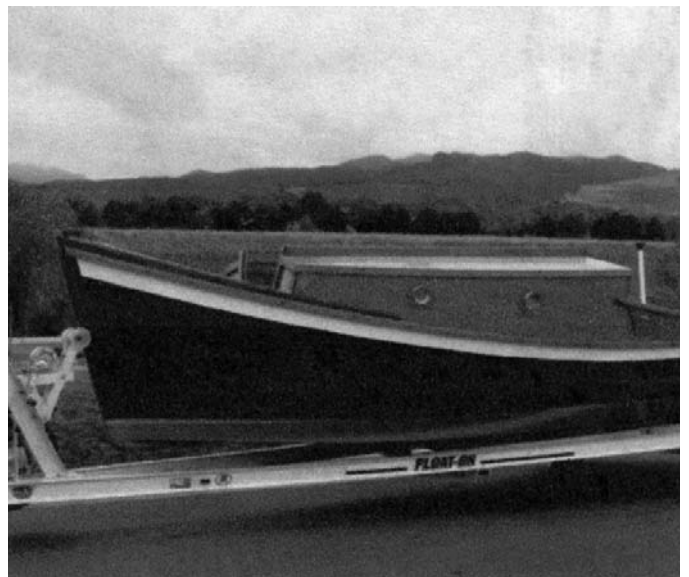
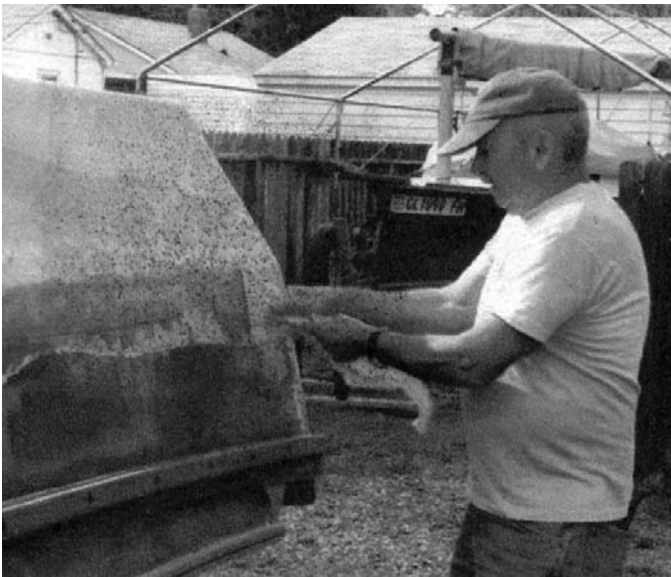
August '04, bottom up construction underway.

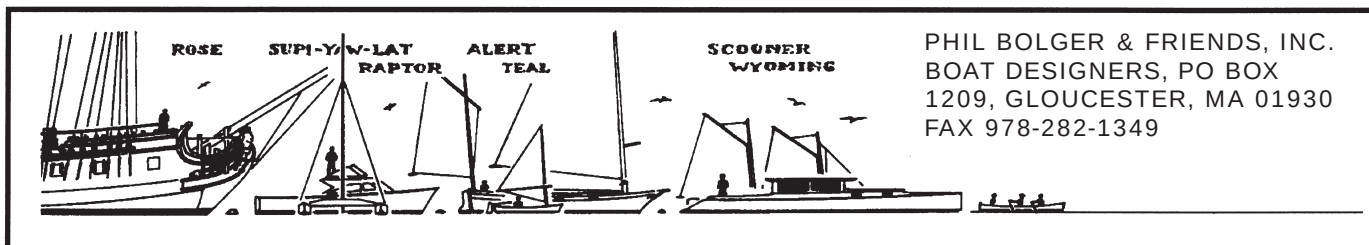


October '04, completing sides, cap rails, outer gunwales, transom and chines.
June '05, Mississippi Bob glasses the hull.



May '05, Postal Service team helping flip the boat.
September '05, first trailer ride for state certification, much yet to do.





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Bolger on Design

Mikim Plank-On-Frame Day Boat Design #376 24'0" x 7'9" x 2'5" 4200lbs Displacement

Mikim was designed about 1980 for the old *Small Boat Journal* of fond memory. She was supposed to be a photographer's launch and general journalist's workboat. She wasn't built for them, but a few years later a boat was built to the plans as what would these days be called a picnic boat. Later still, an inshore lobster boat was built to the design. Just lately we had a run in the first one, including some rough water. I had always liked the design for its nice shape and general modest neatness, and this run confirmed the liking by the competent way she handled quite a nasty northeaster sea. She lifted in buoyant fashion to a steep head sea, throwing her spray low and close alongside, and ran steadily before it despite a rather sloppy hydraulic steerer. The turning circle was short, the stem could be kicked around at a standstill with a quick burst of power, and she could be steered with the engine out of gear while she carried her way. Vision from the tall helm shelter was good all around without exposing ourselves to spitting rain (no spray).

The catch was that she was horribly noisy with no muffler on the dry exhaust, hard-mounted engine, and no attempt to make the cuddy bulkhead tight against sound. This is ironic, as one of the reasons for the forward engine position was to cut off its noise from the cockpit. Another reason was to keep the cockpit clear for portable furniture and for moving around, on our run the other day it left some space after getting the dinghy out of harm's way, as the photos show. The third reason was to make it really convenient to work on the engine and therefore encourage maintaining it. This it does, you can get at it from all sides with plenty of elbow room and, in fact, it was clean and glossily painted.

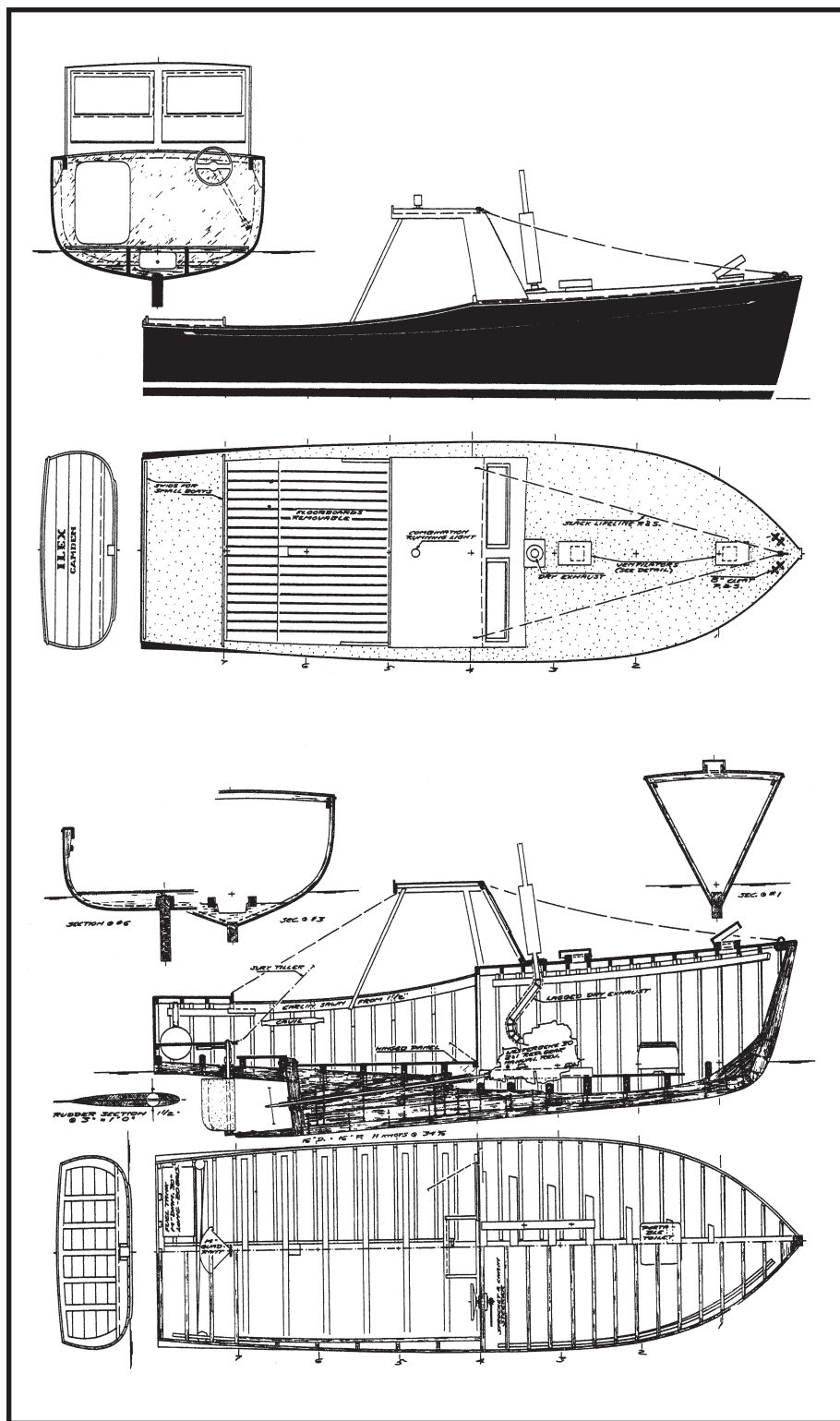
At the time these plans were made there were still plenty of boatshops all around the New England coast that could make a clean job in fast time of this bent-frame and carvel construction. I was brought up on it and still have a fondness for it. Bronze-fastened and well-ventilated, it will last a long time, especially if it's kept wet. Fresh-cut red oak that's been steamed and thin eastern cedar planking, don't rot overnight if there's no place for fresh water to stand. If the planking is well



lined-off and the frame-spacing is even, the visual effect inside and out is most pleasant. After all, we keep seeing fiberglass boats that have the plank lines faked on.

Mikim has always had bigger, that is heavier, engines than she was designed for. The present one is 120hp, about four times what she can use efficiently. She carries the weight well enough, but she'd be every way better with less weight there. You can not use this arrangement in a high-powered boat. Note in the photos how the bulk forward that enables her to carry the big engine in this position produces a wave crest well forward, with a comparatively short crest to crest wave with a deep trough abaft amidships. She's making about 8kts in the photo at speed and it would take a lot of power, mostly wasted, to make her go even a little faster. She is happier, and much more economical, at, say, 7kts or a little less, and would do it with the 30hp she was designed for.

Plans of Mikim, Design #376, are available for \$150 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA, 01930.



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The Apprenticeship of Atlantic Challenge launched the 2005 building season in late August with the arrival of four new first year apprentices and the return of eight second year apprentices. This season, students hail from France, Canada, Michigan, and points beyond. Returning to the 'Shop in Rockland, Maine, for their second year are Phineas Ramsey of Sacramento, California; Eric Stockinger of Dearborn, Michigan; Lisa Zykowski of Caledonia, Ontario; Martin Feracci of Gif du Sur, France; Sara Forristall of Newburyport, Massachusetts; David Parham of The Woodlands, Texas; Todd Kosakowski of Lenardsville, New York, and Rick Ramenda of Newington, Connecticut. First year apprentices include: Evan de Bourguignon of Portland, Maine; Shaun McFee of Massillon, Ohio; Bella Pierson of Woodstock, Vermont; and Tom Martinelli of Augusta, Maine.

The Apprenticeship is one of the oldest and finest traditional wooden boat building schools in the country, beginning in 1972 within the complex of the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, Maine. Founded by Lance Lee, the 'Shop was inspired by the philosophy of Kurt Hahn, who believed that education should encourage both thought and action, not one or the other, but both at once. The apprenticeship program is a two-year, full-time commitment to experiential, hands-on learning. In contrast to mainstream academic education, apprenticing does not assign grades to participants, nor does it require them to attend classes. Instead, apprentices spend workdays overcoming the challenges presented by their boat projects by cooperating with each other. Crews focusing their energy on "learning by doing" and more experienced apprentices help to teach those just coming in. Through this process, traditional skills in woodworking and craftsmanship are preserved not in a glass case, but in the hands and minds of apprentices who graduate from the 'Shop.

During the two years at Atlantic Challenge, each apprentice can expect to

Apprentices Begin 2005 Building Season

By Trisha Badger



New season's apprentices at the Apprenticeship: Front row, seated (l to r): Eric Stockinger, Evan de Bourguignon, and Todd Kosakowski. Second row, seated (l to r): Phineas Ramsey, Rick Ramenda, and Bella Pierson. Back, standing (l to r): Tom Martinelli, Lisa Zykowski, Shaun McFee, David Parham, Martin Feracci, and Sara Forristall

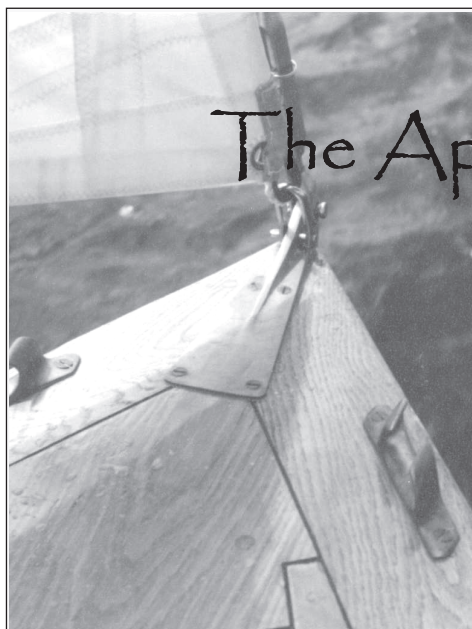
build or restore between two and five traditional wooden boats. Because the 'Shop is funded largely by commissions, specific projects are dependent on buyers. 'Shop-built boats range from 7' to 38' and run the gamut from small, open rowboats to lobster boats and schooners. Most projects are built

new, though some restorations are extensive enough to present apprentices with a thorough education and are taken on by the 'Shop. Each boat starts with lofting and ends with finish work, developing skills in back-bone construction, framing, planking, and joinery along the way.

In addition to boats, apprentices are responsible for 'Shop operations, crew management, and client relations as well, rounding out their education to provide graduates with experience that they will need as they enter the work force. Many apprentices have gone on to begin their own boatshops, a testament to their experience. Other craftsmen and women who've graduated from the 'Shop have gone on to become educators for highly respected companies and organizations such as Thomas Moser Cabinetmakers and Mystic Seaport. They have worked on and been researchers for traditional projects from the Azores to Sardinia to Russia. Many have worked on historic projects such as Sultana and Amistad.

The Apprenticeship graduated five apprentices in July following the summer launch of 'Shop-built boats: Neil Joyce of Shad Bay, Nova Scotia; Andrew Nencheck of Califon, New Jersey; Tito Parodi of Genoa, Italy; Nick Carlson of Balsam Lake, Wisconsin, and Kate Tanski of Bar Harbor, Maine.

In addition to the two-year apprenticeship, the 'Shop offers custom internships, Community Boatbuilding, Marine Mentoring, and other custom programs for institutions and individuals. Atlantic Challenge is a non-profit educational organization dedicated to inspiring personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and traditions of the sea. They have been serving their students for more than 30 years, using boatbuilding and seamanship as tools that allow youth and adults to challenge themselves and to explore their maritime heritage. For further information, contact AC at (207) 594-1800 or visit our website at www.atlanticchallenge.com <<http://www.atlanticchallenge.com/>>.



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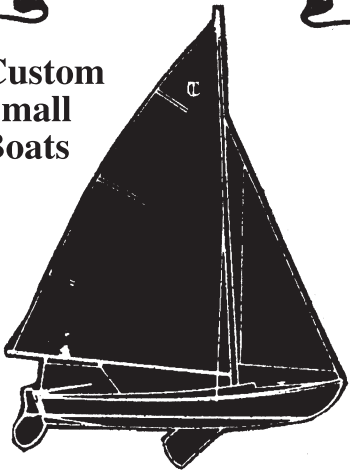
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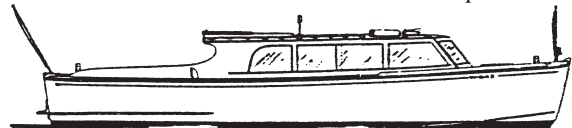


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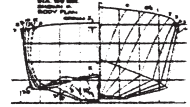
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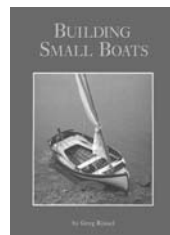
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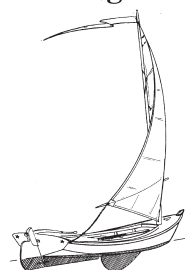
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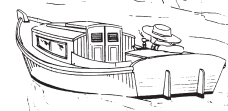
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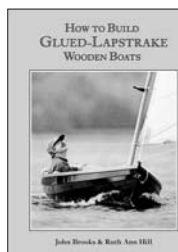
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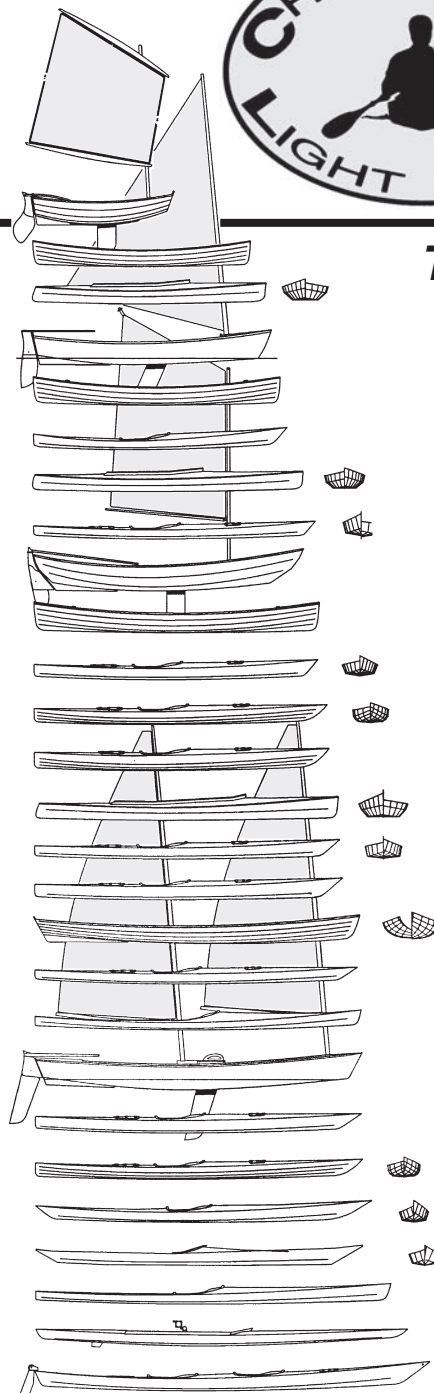
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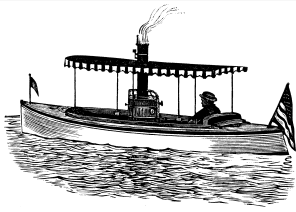
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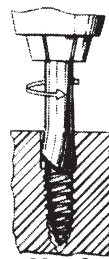
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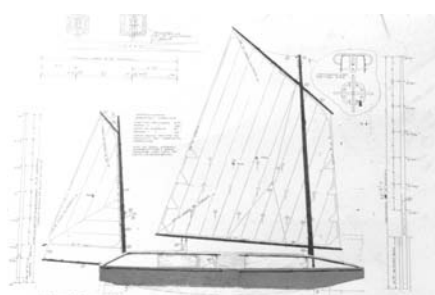
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BOATS WANTED

Whitehall, if possible I would prefer to have a sailing rig.
TOM LEAMON, (508) 942 8982, <tom@leamon.org> (15)

BOATBUILDING HELP WANTED

Competent Builder, to take on my project, converting my '57 Old Town 13-1/2' Whitecap sailboat to Robert Manry's Tinkerbelle. Nd to install larger cb case & ss cb, build cabin, etc.
LAUREN KATZ, 659 Nassau St., Orange, NJ 07050, (973) 325-3741, leave message (15)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Fully Battened Mainsail, for a Freedom 32' sloop, in reasonably gd cond. Free picked up in Old Greenwich, CT.
JOHN JINISHIAN, Old Greenwich, CT, (203) 637-0647 (14)

GEAR FOR SALE



New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.
NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)

Production Molds, Fixtures & Jigs, for building the hull of the Antonio Dias design "Small," a 14' daysailer. See *WoodenBoat* Issue #181, November/December '04. Incl are: full set of Sepele plywood precut planks all epoxy coated; laminated inner & outer stems; laminated inner keel & stock for outer keel; compl assembled cb trunk w/9mm Sepele sides & teak trim all epoxy coated; compl assembled transom of heart pine, inner face epoxy coated & 1 partly compl teak transom; 9mm Sepele plywood to cut out pre-traced bulkheads & floors; 3/4" PVC cb & rudder blade, cut but not shaped; various other bits & pieces too numerous to list. For details: WILLIAM CLEMENTS, Boatbuilder, (978) 663-3103, www.boatbldr.com, <wjc@boatbldr.com> (15)

Marine Engine Sale: Perkins 6354 6-cyl Diesel compl w/1.5-1 reverse gear, fresh water cooled. Runs great. \$2,000. Also Buick 225 V-6 I/O, runs, good for parts or rebuild. \$1,500obo.
HADDEEN BOAT, Georgetown, ME, (207) 371-2662 (14)



Holiday Special T-Shirts: Oarsman (Goin, Rowin'), Helmsman (Headin' On Out!) HD, Ash Gray, 100% Cotton, 11% Sky & Marine Blue Front Silkscreen. S-M-L-XL \$16.00, XXL \$17.50 + \$4.00 S&H ANY quantity. Sales Tax FL only. MO, Check only. Ask for specifics: <GoinRowin@verizon.net>, (813) 866-1442 (15P)

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Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the World. T-shirt \$18.00, Long Sleeve T \$23.00, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$25, add \$1 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 8372, Silver Spring, MD 20907, Toll free (877) 637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

Dinghy Mold, prof made female mold for 8' dinghy. Lines taken from PennYan classic. 7 hulls made, all weighed less than 70lbs. Incl patterns, templates, & some supplies. \$1,200. Also prototype hull #1, gray int/ext, mahogany trim. \$300. \$1,300 for both. CHIP EICHORN, Belmar, NJ, (732) 922-4711, Chipmystic@aol.com (15)

Nautical Bric-a-Brac: Mushroom anchor, 75lb. \$45. 4 boat stands, 30". \$100. Furuno 1622 Radar, turns on but does not work. \$45. Large gimballed gas stove. New Tempo 12gal fuel tank. Loran and antennae (it works). Several electronic items, RDF, Radar Detector, other things as I stumble upon them. All items are best offer. KARL BERARDI, Bedford, NH, (603) 785-1536 (15)



Forward Facing Rowing, convert your rowboat to forward facing rowing with EZ-ROW. Uses existing oarlock pins & a clamp which affixes rowing system to the gunwales of your boat. FORWARD FACING ROWING, (651) 465-6608, www.ez-row.com (23EOIP)

GEAR WANTED

Propellor, for my vintage Albin 25, 3-blade 16-1/2" diam 12" pitch, 1" bore, or something close. LH rotation. TONY GAMBALE, E. Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462. (15)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Egret 17' Skin-on-frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info: ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256 West Mystic CT 06388 (15P)

Wooden Boat, #1-#185, compl & mint. \$675 plus shipping. RON KILBURN, Oriental, NC, (252) 249-3359 (14)

Boating Book Cleanout: *Sea Kayaking, a Manual for Long Distance Touring*, John Dowd, '81, 240pps, 5-1/2x8-1/2 softcover. \$8. *Wood & Canvas Kayak Building*, George Putz, '90, 136pps, 7-1/2x9 softcover. \$8. *Upgrading Your Small Sailboat for Cruising*, Paul & Marya Butler, '88, 212pps, 7x10 softcover. \$10. *Beyond the Paddle, a Canoeist's Guide to Expedition Skills*, Garrett Conover, '91, 116pps, 8-12x11 softcover. \$10. *More Building Classic Small Craft*, John Gardner, '90, 242pps softcover. \$15. *Form & Function of the Baidarka & The Baidarka as a Living Vessel*, George B. Dyson, '91, 48pps & 32pps softcover. \$8pr. Packet of 12 John Gardner Columns from *National Fisherman* '70-'75. \$5. All prices incl 1st Class or Priority Mail postage. Postage adjusted for multiple purchases combined in one shipment. Call for quote first. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984-12943, (978) 774-0906 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

Catalogs/Magazines/Newsletters, which might be of interest. Before I toss these I'm offering them for cost of postage & handling. Packet of 3 design catalogs: 1901 *Fred W. Martin Album of Designs*; 1984 *Devlin Design Catalogue*, 1984 *Dave Gerr Small Craft Catalog*. \$5. Packet of 4 *Ash Breeze*, 2004-05 TSCA Journals. \$5. Packet of 10 *Wooden Canoe*, 1983-'84 & 2004-'05 *Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Journals*. \$5. Packet of 4 *Gazette Annual*, 2000, 2002-04, *Antique Boat Museum Journals*. \$5. Packet of 5 *Winding World*, 2003-05 *New Zealand Model Boat Journals*. \$3. Sent Priority Mail. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

Small Boat Plans: The following are complete with all necessary information for building: lines, offsets, construction and sail plans. 19' Sprit Rigged Sailing Dory. 12' Vintage Gaff Sloop. 22' Auxiliary Surf Dory. 4 Ply/Canvas Sea Kayaks: 16' Gantock Single; 19' Gantock Double; 16' Kempock Single; 19' Cloch Double. One GRP Sea Kayak: 16' Hebrides Single, \$5 ea. Sent Priority Mail. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

250lbs Magazines, mostly *MAIB*, *SBJ*, *Offshore*. Free to good home. KARL BERARDI, Bedford, NH, (603) 785-1536 (15)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@ec.rr.com>

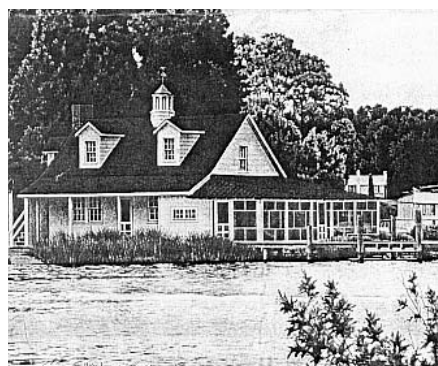
BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs. ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

Small Boat Journal, 6 of the original large format issues including the March '79 Pilot Issue, October '79, May, July, August, September '80. \$25 for all, I will not separate. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

Special Interest Publications: *The Gaff Rigged Yachtsman*, 1944 Darrell McClure Cartoon Book. \$5. *Essex: (MA) The Shipbuilding Town*, 1976 Bicentennial History Journal. \$5. *Building the Harvey Gamage*, Warren Paper Co. Color Photo Portfolio. \$5. Sent Priority Mail. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm. (TF)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



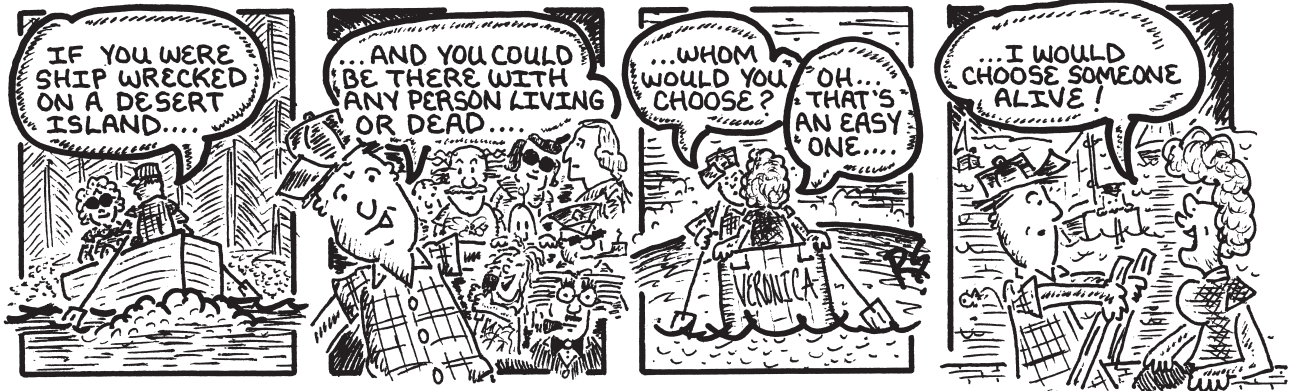
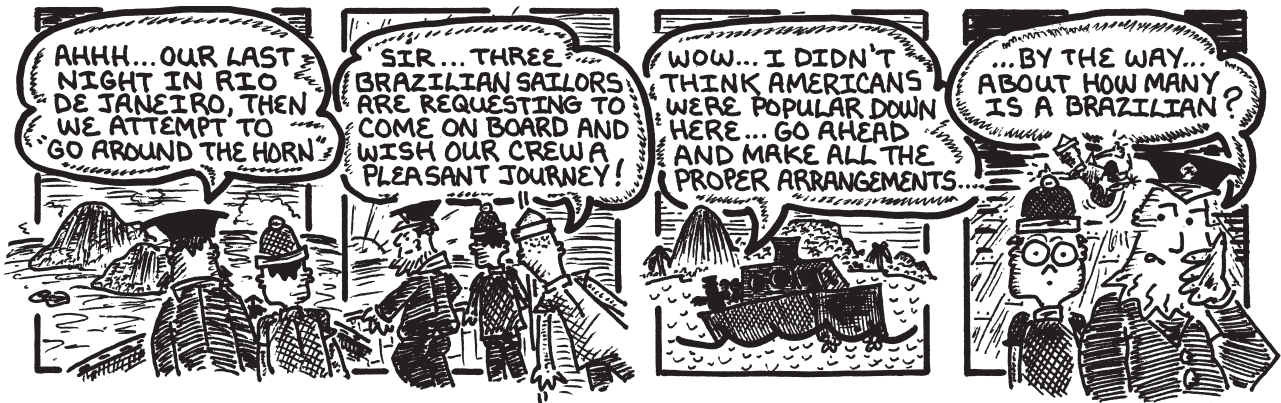
Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)



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Jan 11-15 Atlanta Boat Show
Jan 20-22 Fly-Fishing Show, Marlboro, MA
Jan 27-29 Fly-Fishing Show, Somerset, NJ
Feb 16-20 Miami Boat Show
Mar 10-12 Canoeconia, Madison, WI

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